

### 3.2.2.3.5.3.3 Your wife... Cleopatra

Let's assume you are in a happy relationship. There aren't real problems. You don't argue. You have intercourse about twice or thrice a week.

An ideal constellation where she will take on a secret lover. Sure, she loves you. Or, in fact, she may just think that, well, you're an OK guy.

You yourself wouldn't let pass unused an opportunity to have a relationship on the side.

You yourself may think that your sideline business is of no major importance, is no threat to the steady relationship you're in.

But when you know of her lover, you're really hurt. Your heart screams: how could she do this to you? How could she, on Sunday morning, spend two or three hours in your embrace, have two climaxes, tell you how much she loves you, and then, while you are out buying some groceries, call her other man and tell him that she misses him?

Fact is: she can. Just as you can.

I remember a nightmare I once had about Queen Cleopatra. I imagined that eating human males' penises, cut into small pieces, pulled onto a skewer, and barbecued over charcoal, was one of her favorites. So, about every second day, the chef and his aides would round up two or three young palace servants, and castrate them, just for the sake of preparing a meal for the queen.

Fuck it. Why couldn't she eat some wholesome vegetables? Just for the pleasure of eating a juicy piece of meat, a pleasure that last a few minutes and is not a major one after all, she ruins the life of a palace servant, even if he survives.

Your wife, she'd be a Cleopatra if she'd have an opportunity, and it would be risk-free. Just as you would be Nero.

That comfortable little love relationship you're in is an illusion. The illusion in it is "love". In reality, you're just a length of territory for her. She'll add other properties if she can get them for a bargain.