

Meddling Girlfriends And Fantasy Football

Sometimes life is like a soap opera, but the story I'm about to tell you is something that even my writer friends here in Los Angeles could not have made up. You are truly not going to believe what I'm about to share with you. This story is so outrageous that it is just about the only relief I've had in the last week.

For any of you who don't know, Daphne (my beloved English Labrador) had two tumors removed last Tuesday. I sweated the pathology report all week long. At around 5:00 pm on Friday, the vet finally called me back.

He told me that Daphne has two mast cell tumors – one Grade I and one Grade II. Luckily the margins were clean on both and we had caught them in time. This dog is now going on a health regimen with herbs and healthy foods like her owner, because there's NO way I'm going to lose her.

So it was a tough week last week . . . until I heard this story I'm about to tell you. You are about to see just how much influence a girlfriend should (and should not) have in a relationship.

Before I tell you about all the players in this drama, I need to provide you with some background information. I have been playing in a fantasy football league that has been around for six years and which is comprised mostly of childhood friends of mine.

This year we decided to expand to twelve teams and add two new members to our league. One new member is another of our childhood friends, and the other is a guy who does marketing for me. This all sounds very innocent so far, doesn't it?

Well, apparently six years ago when everyone was drunk at a party, one of our new members (the childhood friend) copped a feel of the behind of one of our other member's girlfriend. Now keep in mind that this happened six years ago, everyone was drunk and apologies were exchanged LONG ago.

So let me introduce the cast of characters to you. Of course, ALL NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED . . . TO PROTECT THE INSANE.

We'll call our ass groper "Kevin."

We'll call the groped girlfriend "Kate."

And we'll call the groped girlfriend's boyfriend "Peter."

Poor Kevin is not crazy or a pervert, he just likes women. He actually has a history of groping, but at least he's honest about it.

The real question is whether deep down Kate is actually very turned on by Kevin, and it's her guilt that is causing this whole crazy situation in the first place. (Don't worry, I'm getting to the good part shortly!) Notably, Kate's portrayal of the groping was a manifested lie. She turned a simple ass-pat into something FAR more sexual.

The irony is that Kate's perfect Peter really is a pervert. When he was eight years old and away at summer camp, he asked me to send him a box of condoms. I mean what was he going to do with them there? Blow them up and make circus animals for his bunkmates?

So back to the story . . .

You won't believe what happened this week. After our new members were in and the draft order had been set, Peter all of a sudden had a seeming change of heart and decided he can't play in the fantasy league with his groping friend Kevin. As we dug deeper and heard more, the real story emerged.

It turns out that Kate had called up our fantasy football league commissioner and talked to him for a FEW HOURS about why Kevin should not be allowed in the league. You heard me correctly – she called the commissioner! Even worse, she did so while Peter was on the line listening but forbidden to speak (like a trained puppy).

If your jaw has already dropped, hold on because the story gets even crazier. After calling the commissioner, Kate then called another one of the league participants and spent TWO HOURS explaining to him why Peter is not allowed to play in the league with someone who groped her ass six years ago while everyone was drunk.

I know by this point you are sure this story is a joke, but let me assure you that I'm not making any of this up. Every part of this story really happened in

the last seven days.

Keep in mind that this is a fantasy football league. We don't even sit in a room together to watch games. It's FANTASTY! It's not real.

We're not even hanging on the same therapy couch together after all of this. I have been playing in this league for five years and have yet to ever meet some of the members. Of course we exchange emails over the course of the season, but that's about it.

Now our friend Peter, who's dating meddling girlfriend Kate, has always been pretty weak. He's allowed his mother to control him. He's allowed his dad to control him. Now he has Kate, an older girlfriend he allows to control his every move. The sad thing is he's actually a great guy – a little quirky, but a great guy I've known almost my entire life.

This next part of the story will make your jaw drop even further. Since the day Peter met Kate seven years ago, she has NEVER worked. He supports her. He, however, doesn't work either. His trust fund supports them both.

As you can see we're not talking about a normal relationship to begin with here. We're talking about two people who have WAY too much time on their hands. You clearly have way too much free time if you have time to analyze to this extent which people in a fantasy football league should (and should not) have the right to play.

A relationship should be based on allowing your partner to have their own interests – including being able to play with their friends whether you like them or not! Your partner should never ever be in the position of getting to approve (or disapprove) of everything you do in your life. That is not having a relationship.

That is a man living with his mother. He might as well send an email to all the players in the league saying "Mommy won't let me play after school with Kevin the groper anymore!" We've all done dumb things when we're drunk that we've regretted . . . but this is ridiculous!

In relationships, you should NEVER control your partner. Not only that, but if you let your partner control everything you do, you need to look in the mirror and see who you are as a person.

Let's remember that this whole thing blew up over FANTASY FOOTBALL! I can understand Kate not wanting to have Kevin the groper over to her house for a party, but to not allow your partner to play with him in a fantasy football league where everything is conducted via email is just plain psychotic!

I could maybe even understand this a little bit (and I do mean little!) if the groping had occurred yesterday, but it happened SIX years ago and apologies were exchanged. Give me a break!

By the way, if this story has you thinking that we're talking about a group of college-aged kids, think again. Peter, the friend in question who can't think for himself, is 38 years old. Kate, the meddling girlfriend, is 52 years old.

So today in honor of what's occurred, I am sending them a care package in the mail. I was cleaning out my house last Sunday, and found a collar that Daphne doesn't wear anymore. I also found a training leash, one of those long ones that will give my friend some extra room in case he still wants to run on a leash. I'm heading to FedEx right now, in fact, because I don't want Kate to lose track of her rich boyfriend at any time.

Oh . . . and if any of you have any extra bones, or anything else you'd like to send to my friend Peter, please let me know. We can put together a nice big care package to send to him.

About the Author

Hailed on Fox News, The LA Times, The NY Times, Playboy and more... Legendary Dating Coach Launches a New Revolution For over nearly 20 years David Wygant has been earning the trust of American men and women looking to transform their love lives. (<http://www.davidwygant.com>)

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