
He Says, “Give Me Sex.” She Says, “Give Me Money.” The Birth of Betrayal in the Living Room

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Unified Theistic Naturalism Publications | 2025

DOI: 10.5281/zenodo.16891033

Abstract

On a warm evening in downtown Memphis, beneath the neon glow of Beale Street, a man and a woman shared a date that seemed, at first, ordinary—laughter, food, protection, and affection. Yet hidden beneath the surface of such encounters lies a timeless struggle. The man carries within him the core desire for sex, shaped by wiring, culture, and somogenic transmission. The woman, carrying the memory of betrayal, guards her heart and opens her door only for a fee. Thus, love collapses into transaction.

This paper traces the journey from affection to betrayal, from shuffle to transaction, from living room entry to locked domains. But it also reveals the breakthrough: when perfect action—born not of shuffle but of communion with the Divine—interrupts the cycle. On that night in Memphis, the difference became visible. Through kindness, attention, protection, and presence—unscripted and unpurchased—the woman recognized that transactions were no longer necessary.

The story is raw and direct, but it is also filled with compassion and hope. For here we see not only how monsters are born, but how kings and queens can be restored—if communion replaces oscillation.

I. The Setting: A Beautiful Evening on Beale Street

It was a warm evening in Memphis, the air alive with music and laughter drifting from the blues clubs on Beale Street. A man and a woman walked side by side, unhurried. They had planned nothing more than to enjoy each other’s company.

Dinner was shared without calculation—she paid for the parking, he paid for the meal. They walked without a time limit, as though the night belonged entirely to them.

There were moments of instinctive care: when strangers appeared suddenly, he stepped between them, shielding her. When she spoke, he listened fully. When silence fell, his affection flowed naturally—an embrace, a kiss, a gentle hand holding hers. He showed her proudly, not as possession but as partnership.

In those moments, the evening carried the cadence of paradise. But beneath the beauty of their steps lay a deeper story—one older than either of them.

II. The Hidden Core of Desire

At the root of the man's being was a core he could not deny: *I want sex*. This was not evil—it was natural wiring, reinforced by culture, life, expectation, and somogenic transmission. For him, sex was not just pleasure but relief: the one escape from work stress, rejection, religious guilt, trauma, and oscillation. The one place his horror film of daily life briefly dissolved.

So when faced with rejection, he learned to reshuffle his portrayal. He put kindness first, affection second, attention third. But his core remained unchanged. His gestures became blocks rearranged, not essence transformed.

For the woman, betrayal had been learned the hard way. One man after another had entered with affection only to reveal the wolf beneath the disguise. Her answer hardened: *Give me money*. If affection was only a trick to gain sex, then better to demand payment at the door than to be betrayed again.

This is how two unmet cores collided.

III. Betrayal in the Living Room

At first, the reshuffle seemed convincing. His words were kind, his touch soft, his gestures attentive. She lowered her guard, allowed him into the living room of her heart.

But soon came the anomalies. The kind word that lacked depth. The soft touch that did not rest in presence. The gestures that felt like performance rather than flow. Subtle, almost invisible, but real. Something was off.

And then it became clear: he was not standing where love stands. His core was still sex, not communion. She had let him in, but she could not open the deeper rooms. The betrayal was quiet but unmistakable.

Thus, she locked her domain. He remained in the living room, but access to her true love was sealed.

IV. The Birth of the Transaction

Here betrayal turns to transaction.

- He, starved of relief, learns that reshuffling can only advance him so far. Failing to enter fully, he redirects: *If I cannot reach love, I will pay for sex elsewhere.*
- She, weary of wolves, resolves: *If every man is here for sex, then at least he must pay. No more free entry. No more betrayal.*

And so, the cycle cements: *You give me money, I give you sex.*

Both are trapped. He reduces love to currency. She reduces her body to commodity. And through somogenic transmission, this betrayal is handed down, encoded into behavior, molecule by molecule.

This is how monsters are created—not in one dramatic act, but in the quiet betrayal of love.

V. The Breakthrough: Perfect Action on Beale Street

But that night on Beale Street, something different happened.

When she presented her fee, he paid it—but not for sex, not for affection, not for access. He paid only to illustrate. *Here is your fee. But you will not be reduced to this, and neither will I.*

Instead, he gave her something no shuffle could manufacture: perfect action. The natural flow of love, protection, and attention, unscripted.

As they walked, he shielded her when strangers appeared. He embraced her in moments of pause. He kissed her, held her hand, and shared his time without limit. She paid for the parking, he paid for the meal—balanced, without calculation.

There was no demand. No exchange. No transaction. Only presence.

For her, this became unmistakable. She saw the difference. She felt the difference. This was not the shuffle, not the fee, not the wolf in disguise. This was communion unfolding before her eyes.

Her words revealed it:

“Thank you for all my love, your attention and care were remarkable to me, I enjoyed it all to the fullest.”

This was no client's gratitude. This was recognition. She knew now that with this man, with this flow, transactions were unnecessary. Love, attention, and affection had been restored to their true place—free, alive, divine.

VI. UTN: The Only Way Out

Unified Theistic Naturalism (UTN) reveals why this breakthrough was possible.

- The man's core shifted—not from sex to performance, but from sex to communion.
- The woman's core shifted—not from security in money, but to security in presence.
- Together, they stepped out of oscillation and into cadence.

In communion with the Divine, betrayal dissolves. In cadence, every experience becomes harmonious. From this space, perfect action flows automatically—unscripted, effortless, always at the right time.

This is resonance flow. This is unconditional love in action. This is how kings and queens are made.

VII. The Question We Must Face

And so the question remains:

Do we continue the cycle of reshuffle, betrayal, and transaction, passing it forward through somogenic transmission, shaping monsters for the next generation?

Or do we step into communion, allowing cadence to restore us, and crown each other as kings and queens?

The Divine is here, waiting. The choice is ours.
