

FELIX NOOB



WAKE UP BROTHER

FELIX M. MAV.

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Author: Felix M. MAV.

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 **Cinderella (Dedication)**

For all who have given themselves body and soul to someone, believing that love would be enough to sustain everything. This book is for those who were left in the middle of the road but still found the strength to walk. For those who discovered that pain can also be a teacher. And especially for those who still believe that starting over is possible.

⭐ Preface

There are stories born from conquests, and others that sprout from pain. This book is the fruit of the latter. Each chapter carries marks of a journey that took me to the limit: I lost love, trust, my job, and even life's direction. But I also found something I would never have discovered without traversing the darkness: the truth about myself. The reader who opens these pages may recognize themselves in some passages, may be shocked in others. I didn't write to romanticize suffering, but to show that rock bottom can also be a starting point. What you have before you is not just a story of love and loss, but of confrontation, reflection, and reconstruction. May each word awaken in you not only memories but also the courage to face your own "traffic lights of life."

 **Author's Note**

Writing this book was like bleeding on paper. Reliving each memory, each pain, and each fall was not easy. But I felt I needed to share, not just as a vent, but as a mirror for those who have also seen themselves broken. The main message is clear: we cannot die for those who choose to live without us. If you've made it this far, I hope that by the end of this reading you find the same thing I sought — not just answers, but liberation. With sincerity, Felix M. MAV.

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Chapter 1 – My Sentence

Everything seemed to be in place, but inside I already carried an invisible prison. The sentence didn't come from a judge; it came from life, from choices, and from the weight I placed on my own shoulders.

People looked at me and saw an ordinary man, but inside me there was a defendant sitting in the accused's bench. Guilt judged me, longing condemned me, and the silence of the person I loved most was the judge's gavel pounding in my head.

My sentence was clear: to live imprisoned in a past I couldn't let go of.

Chapter 2 – Reliving Memories

The Beginning of the Disaster

June 15, 2023. I had reprimanded Keyla for talking on the phone with another man. She was so upset that she even lost her appetite. She packed her belongings to leave. I confess I felt a little guilty. I tried to stop her, standing in front of her and apologizing for ruining the day.

She said to me:

Keyla: "Why, instead of arguing, didn't you first ask the reason that led me to answer the phone?"

She claimed that she even told her male friends that she wanted distance from them, including by phone call, for the good of our relationship. And that's when she told me that I could never trust her, that I was too insecure to accept that she was trustworthy.

I thought it was unfair. She had always been very jealous and was the first to demand that I limit myself in female friendships. She looked through my phone and I never saw a problem with that. For me, a healthy relationship wasn't just quality moments, but trust and the need for stable emotional conditions for both.

The First Contact

I met Keyla in 2019. I was browsing Facebook when a new message came to me:

Keyla: "Hi, how are you?"

I replied: "I'm fine, and you?"

Her: "I'm fine too. You're very handsome."

Me: "Thank you."

Her: "Why have you been so absent from Facebook?"

Me: "You're very observant."

Her: "hahaha, I've really been watching you. I really like you."

Me: "Oh! That's good..."

Her: "I'm serious."

Right after, she sent me intimate photos. I confess: I had a rush of desire, but also a shock.

She had a lot of body hair, and at the same time seemed to expose herself too easily.

Later, she sent her number and asked for mine. I said I didn't have credit on my phone, but would call when I did.

She replied: "No problem, I have credit. Can I call now?"

I said yes. She called. We talked and even arranged a meeting.

But when I remembered the way she had exposed herself, I dismissed the idea. I didn't want to justify it to her. I simply ignored her.

She realized I didn't want to move forward anymore because I no longer answered my phone. At that time I was finishing high school, and I decided to let it go.

The Reunion (Two Years Later)

Two years later, with my financial life a bit more organized, I felt the need to have a partner by my side. I had broken up with Tatiana, a relationship without strong bonds, just a natural distancing.

It was at that moment that I encountered Keyla again. Only now she wasn't using "Lídia," the nickname from before, but her own name. She also didn't remember me, but I remembered her immediately.

I was honest and explained why I ignored her two years earlier: I said I thought it better not to move forward because I didn't like how she had exposed herself so early. I explained to her the value I placed on a reserved woman.

She listened, apologized for the immaturity of that time, and said that, from my point of view, I seemed like a man of great value.

From there, we began to build an emotional connection that resulted in a relationship.

The Care That United Us

She lived in a rental with her younger sister, in less than favorable conditions. I made myself available to help her.

At that time I had been suffering from a gastric problem for a year. I had already taken several medications and none worked. I told Keyla about it. That's when she told me she had inherited the gift of natural medicine from her grandmother.

She went in search of rare ingredients and prepared a remedy for me. In less than a week I was already cured.

This further strengthened our bond. I felt cared for, welcomed. And that gratitude mixed with affection.

The Attachment That Became Obsession

Over time, Keyla began to attach herself excessively. She called all the time. At first, I accepted it willingly, so that she would feel good.

But gradually, the level of obsession became clear. She demanded an explanation for everything I did. She would go into despair when I didn't answer.

When I did answer, I would put on an upbeat voice to prevent her from exploding. I always said I would never do anything to diminish her.

I ended up venting to my friend Isac. He said a phrase I never forgot:

Isac: "Sometimes those who most fear being hurt are those who have hurt others the most."

It was like a metaphor, but the message was clear: sometimes the most jealous person is the one who cheats the most.

The Discovery That Broke Everything

Although I had access to her phone, I didn't feel curious to look through it. But one day curiosity got the better of me. What I discovered ended my relationship expectations. My mind froze.

I saw that she had cheated on her ex-boyfriend, talking to her lover on the phone, inside her ex's house.

I lost all the trust I had in her. I showed her the evidence. She didn't deny it:

Keyla: "Everything you're seeing is true. But I would never do that to you."

I countered: "Why wouldn't you do to me what you did to your ex? What do I have that's so special that he lacked?"

And, taken by anger, I fired: "hahaha, you're a piece of trash. We all have flaws, but I never thought you'd be so disgusting as to do shit like that. That's your problem, not mine. Get out of here, it's over between us."

She knelt before me, begging:

Keyla: "Please, just give me one chance. The messages are from two years ago, I was immature. But you made me see the good side of life, the best version of myself."

I was already irritated: "Stop with that bullshit. Get out of here before I really get upset. Go find a sucker to accept the shit you did."

The Risk of Tragedy

She then grabbed a table knife forgotten in the room. I asked what she would do with the knife. She answered:

Keyla: "My life without you no longer has meaning."

I thought it was a bluff. Seconds later, she began to hurt herself, slowly pushing the blade into her throat area.

I ran, yanked the knife away and threw it far away, along with any sharp object. I begged her to stop that madness.

She left the house and simulated fainting at the door. The fall was so hard that her arm was injured. I ran, carried her back to bed.

Minutes later, she hugged me crying, saying:

Keyla: "Please, I can't live without you. I'll do anything you want. Even if you no longer love me, I'll love for both of us. If you insist on abandoning me, I'll take my own life."

Convinced that she was capable, I decided to give her a chance.

Even injured, she prepared the meal I liked most, without me even demanding it of her.

Over time, she began to change: she stopped doing things I didn't like, started dressing more decently, acted with more respect, became more feminine and more submissive.

And since I had always been a man who preferred a reserved woman over a modern one, I began to love again. She was becoming my priority.

Chapter 3: Giving Blood for the Family

Between Two Families

My mother and my siblings were under my care. In practice, I had two families to support: the family of my origin and the family I dreamed of building with Keyla.

After a few months of dating, we made the engagement official. It was her wish and also mine.

Soon after, she asked that we move to have more privacy. I agreed, because I also felt it was time to take a more significant step beside her.

The Shared Purpose

When I met Keyla, I followed a religious life with well-defined principles. She began attending church with me. Being close to God made me even more comfortable.

Additionally, she decided to give up alcohol and always anticipated her routines to me, without me needing to demand anything.

I felt she gave me a new purpose in life. We were young and began to desire children. So we began to have relations specifically during her fertile periods, but even after eight months of trying, nothing happened.

The Dream of Pregnancy

Each menstrual delay came loaded with anxiety. And the frustration was brutal when the tests came back negative. Keyla even sought natural medicines from more experienced women, but nothing worked.

Crying in my arms, she would say:

"Why do even those who don't even want it succeed? And we don't?"

"Maybe the problem is with me, baby."

I would console her:

"Don't say that. We'll succeed. Everything has its time."

"And if there's any problem, it might even be with me. But no matter what happens, I'll never abandon you. Listen here, silly: everything will work out."

Still, her smile faded little by little.

Wesley and Wilma

Over time, I noticed she had bought two stuffed teddy bears. She named one Wesley and the other Wilma — names we had chosen for our future children. They were derived from my nickname, Wilson.

Despite the sadness she carried, Keyla became extremely detail-oriented and careful. This inspired me to be more attentive to her, even when she complained that it was still insufficient.

The Price of Sacrifice

I molded myself completely: I worked hard, spent time with her, gave affection, gifts, even helped her family. But the price was high. I became exhausted, without strength even to work.

I told myself:

"If I don't hold on, everyone falls. My family needs me. Keyla needs me."

I got to the point of cutting off even my male friendships and giving up exercise and hobbies. All so she would feel secure.

Illnesses and Hospital

Keyla began to have crises of eye pain. I took her to the hospital and paid for the medicines. Later, bladder pains came. We rushed to the hospital again. It was raining hard that night, and we ended up sleeping together on a stretcher. When she got better, I believed again that everything would be fine.

The Repetition of Disaster

As if bad luck attracted bad luck, Keyla began receiving calls from men again. I had already asked that she not maintain contact with anyone outside the family. She had agreed, but that repeated on June 15, 2023.

I freaked out: I shouted, insulted, lost control. Later I realized she wasn't doing anything wrong, just clarifying that she didn't want third parties interfering with our relationship. I apologized, but she, proud, packed her things and went to her sister's house.

The Distance That Destroys

My mother, noticing what was happening, advised me:

"Never allow distance to become routine. It's the greatest enemy of couples."

I tried to bring Keyla back. I went to her sister's house. She was crying and telling me:

"Why does this always happen whenever we're about to take a big step?"

Even so, she refused to return.

I returned home repeating in thought:

"Damn, love, forgive me. I'm not insecure. I just don't want to lose you."

The Cooling Off

A month passed. Keyla, still at her sister's house, began to cool off with me. Everything that was once a quality became a defect. She ignored my efforts, said I made her suffer. Even without understanding, I found myself apologizing for things I didn't do. I didn't want to be right anymore. I just wanted peace beside her.

The Negative Transformation

But Keyla changed radically. She became aggressive, went back to drinking, started wearing earrings in various parts of her body, indecent clothes, went out without explanation. She even hung up on me.

What was once attention became provocation. Her phone was full of male contacts. When I tried to talk, she responded coldly that she wouldn't delete anyone, as many were friends from before me.

I withdrew in silence, but I realized: she was destabilizing me emotionally.

The False Relief

A week later, she called me in despair: her younger sister was in crisis. I ran to help, paid for the treatment and ensured the girl was well.

Four days later, Keyla asked me for financial help to open a small business. I didn't hesitate. I wanted her to have autonomy, not to depend only on me. So I handed over my card so she could start.

Chapter 4: My Fall

The Bank Scam

Two days later, I received an unexpected message from the bank where I received payments from my businesses: my funds had been frozen for illicit reasons.

According to the bank, the last transaction made in my account was considered fraud, because the payer had extorted money from another client and used that amount to pay for the material I sold.

I explained that I was also a victim, that it wasn't my fault to receive a payment with stolen money. I always followed legal banking guidelines, I didn't receive amounts from third parties without justification.

But the bank was inflexible. They put me before two cruel alternatives:

1. Withdraw the money from the account and lose the right to open another account there forever.
2. Keep the account active, but fully reimburse the client who had been extorted.

Either way, I would lose capital and profit. I thought about hiring a lawyer, but the process cost \$3,500, while my \$5,000 remained frozen.

With no way out, I chose to start over. I reimbursed the full amount to keep my account active.

Unexpected Unemployment

The next day, as if fate had conspired against me, I received a call from the company where I worked. They informed me that, due to financial losses, they would need to reduce the workforce.

A group of 18 workers was laid off — and I was among them. They promised compensation for time served, but with no set deadline for payment.

I lost my footing. In less than 48 hours, my business had suffered a hard blow and my job had disappeared.

Keyla's Disappearance

Dejected, I called my best friend Isaac, seeking support. He accompanied me to Keyla's sister's house. But when we got there, we received devastating news:

Keyla had moved and taken all her belongings.

In panic, I tried calling her several times, but my calls were ignored. I sent countless messages without response.

Only at the end of the day did she respond:

"I hurt myself a lot in this relationship. I need to take care of my mind, I need to love myself more. Goodbye, Felix."

Those words were like a final blow. I was devastated: without a job, without a business, without love, without myself.

Isaac tried to comfort me, reminding me that everything would pass. But I could barely believe it.

Seeking Answers

Still that night, I insisted on calling Keyla. No answer. So I decided to look for her best friend, believing she would know something. To my surprise, not even the friend knew about the move.

She, willingly, called Keyla in front of me. But the response was cold:

"I don't care anymore what Felix thinks. Leave me alone."

I left that friend's house even more devastated.

The Final Dialogue

In the midst of anguish, I sent a final message to Keyla:

"Truly, did you never forgive me for June 15, 2023?"

She replied:

"I have nothing to forgive, Felix. I just don't want anything with you anymore. I did everything I could, but you never acknowledged it."

We continued exchanging messages:

Me: Why are you saying I never acknowledged?

Keyla: You never acknowledged, Felix.

Me: And everything I did for you? I did it to please you and because of what I feel. I always acknowledged. We can still fix everything. I need you.

Keyla: Everything you did for me? Don't worry, I'll return every cent you spent on me and my family.

Me: I would never ask you for that. Why do you talk like that? I just wanted to show that I also made efforts for us.

Keyla: I never forced you to do anything. Everything you did, you did because you wanted to.

Me: You're manipulating even what doesn't make sense, turning everything against me.

Keyla: See? You never change. First you ask for reconciliation, then you call me manipulative. Don't call me anymore, don't send messages. I'll never respond again.

That was the end. Nothing remained but silence and unbearable pain.

That day I thought a lot. I know that life isn't always fair to people. But in my case, it wasn't life that was unfair to me, but the person I loved most.

And that realization hurt more than any material loss, more than unemployment, more than failed businesses. Because when life is unfair, we still find the strength to fight against it. But when injustice comes from the one you gave your heart to, you feel disarmed, without ground beneath you.

Chapter 5: Her Decision

There were so many questions debating with myself.

Our dreams, our life, our future... how could all of this be replaced so easily?

What do you want me to do, Keyla? Are you forcing me to give up on us? Is that it?

Damn... I just wanted to be able to understand how everything we lived became so insignificant to you.

We're dying and you only think about reacting against me? Don't you see that I'm fighting for us?

You would never accept being in my condition. You would never accept rejection coming from me. So why did you accept doing this to me?

I don't want you to stay with me out of obligation or pity. But I would just like to understand: how did being with me become a burden? Damn... how did I let myself get carried away?

But you said you loved me. How did you stop loving me? I believed your love would never end. I wish this were a dream. Please, I want to wake up.

It has to be a dream. But it's happening... and it's real.

Wow, I never thought it would happen to me what happens to others.

But why didn't you ever warn me there would be an end? If I had known, I would never have given myself. Or maybe... I would never have even gotten into a relationship.

Really?

Am I understanding that you want to know another mouth? Another body? Knowing that never crossed my mind? I would never do that to you. So... why me?
How were you capable of doing this to me? I mean, I know you have complete control over yourself, but still... why me and against me?
Why did you want me to be the right one in your life, knowing you would be capable of wronging me? I never desired another body but yours. How can you think of a life without me?
My Keyline... I need you. Just remember us a little.
What did I do so wrong to deserve this from you? What crap did someone put in your head?
I can't believe it... I'm shaking. This has never happened to me before. Why now?

Chapter 6: Who Left and Who Stayed

I remembered a day when I dreamed I was bedridden in a hospital. It was a silent, cold room, just the distant sound of machines. And then, a soft voice whispered to me: "You do everything for everyone... now tell me, who is here with you?"

That phrase remained engraved in me like an open wound. When I woke from that dream, I told Keyla. She hugged me tightly and said:

"That will never happen. I'll never leave you alone."

At that moment I believed. That hug seemed like a shield against any evil.

But now... now I smile to myself, an ironic and bitter smile, because I realize that the same one who promised never to leave... is the same one who left.

I told my mother I was no longer with Keyla. At first, my family didn't believe — they could never imagine we would end like that. It was as if everything we built had been a collective dream from which only I had awakened.

But I didn't have the courage to tell them I had also lost my job. It was too much pain to share all at once.

My mother began to take care of me as she could. Even without appetite, I ate a little just because of her insistence. She looked at me with concern, trying, somehow, to bring me back to life.

But inside me something was breaking. I began to feel insecure about myself. I had always been a man who liked to dress well, to go out, to face the world head-on. But I lost the taste for it. I lost the will to dress as before. I lost the will to leave the house.

Many times I preferred to stay locked in my room, in silence, staring at the ceiling and asking myself how everything had gotten to that point.

It was as if I were trapped between two people: the Felix from before, who dreamed, fought, and believed; and this new Felix, who needed to learn to walk alone after everyone left.

Chapter 7: God, I Need You

Every day I woke up feeling alone. An enormous emptiness accompanied me from the moment I opened my eyes until the moment I fell asleep again. There was no will for anything. The world seemed gray, without color, without music.

Not a day went by without me thinking about Keyla. I thought about how everything could have been different if she had stayed. I missed that face that made our dinner and the way she received me at the door with a smile and a kiss. Her touch, her voice, her perfume... everything seemed to have been trapped inside my memory, like an old song that never stops playing.

Damn... what will I do without her? Everything stopped making sense. I lost my direction, I lost my purpose. Sometimes I don't even remember who I was or what I wanted from life before she arrived. What remained were just plans that were for the two of us, now echoing alone in my head, like an empty apartment full of old furniture.

Please, God... give me a sign.

It's the first month without her. The first time in my life that I don't receive the calls, the messages, the little things that made my days less heavy. The house is too silent. So am I. Please, God... help me. Help me convince her to come home. I want her to come back to me, I want to believe that this is still possible.

But time passes. It's already the third month and I still hear her voice submerged in my memories. I remember the smile she smiled at me — maybe now she's smiling at someone else. And that image cuts me inside.

There's an immense emptiness here at home. Every corner seems to scream her absence. She infected everything with her joy. She was loud, but it was a noise that encouraged me, that reminded me I wasn't alone. Now, that noise has become silence. And it's in that silence that I call:

"God, please, hear me. I need you."

Chapter 8 – Only Way Out

Without answers, I fell into new habits. The desire for drugs now came with much more intensity. I experimented with various types that subjected me to increasingly deep states, as if each dose pulled me further into a bottomless abyss.

I sank deeper every day. It was then that, in the midst of that heavy silence, a voice spoke to me:

The voice: "If you make your addiction a comfort in the darkness, then when the light comes, you won't accept it, because you'll already be in other company."

Me: "Who are you?"

The voice: "I am Noob. And you know that I am the fruit of your reflections."

Noob: "I've always been with you. I'm the one you called instinct. I've been with you since birth and was reactivated when you began to discern."

Noob: "When you called out to God, He heard and spoke to me so that I could help you."

Noob: "It was I who tried to alert you in dreams. But unfortunately, you didn't perceive my presence, because you were too busy taking care of your relationship and your family... and ended up forgetting to take care of yourself."

Chapter 9 – Freeing Myself from the System

Me: I'm a piece of shit... I'm guilty for us being lost here.

Noob: No, Felix. Don't blame yourself. It's not your fault. Besides, you're exactly where you should be right now.

Me: Of course it's all my fault! Just look at what I did to us. See how far I took you because of a mere whim... And why do you say I'm where I should be now, if you said before that it wasn't my fault? Now you seem to be agreeing with me...

Noob: Felix, more than anyone you know: we needed this. Think with me — if we had never gone through all this, we would never know what it's like not to have both feet firmly on the ground. And the truth is she left us in the middle of the road. All of a woman's connection flourishes in the admiration she has for the man. And 99% of women connect to occasional attributes.

Me: So you're telling me that to have the devotion of most women, I would need to be a guy with many superficial attributes?

Noob: Exactly. And what's your response to that?

Me: I think it's shit. Still, that doesn't have to do with what happened to me. I gave her everything she could need.

Noob: Yes, you gave what she needed... but you stopped giving what she really wanted from you. Wanting is different from needing.

Me: What did she want from me that I stopped doing?

Noob: You've always had that answer. You just need to reflect on how you were with her and how she responded to what you delivered before.

Me: But at the beginning of my relationship with her, I wasn't so devoted to her... But that doesn't mean I didn't care about what she felt. I had my goals, my focus, and I wasn't very present.

Noob: And how did she respond to that way of being? I don't think I need to ask — you already have the answer.

Me: So I should have maintained the posture of someone who cared little to continue with her? But I didn't act that way on purpose...

Noob: I know...

Me: So you're telling me she's the type who likes toxic guys?

Noob: Technically, yes. But she would never admit that to you. And that's the pattern for most women.

Me: Is that why they say many girls love toxic guys more than those who would provide a healthy relationship?

Noob: That's the lie the system told.

Me: What do you mean? I'm not understanding anything anymore.

Noob: I understand you. Those who live through the painful grief of a relationship that ends, even while loving, get lost in not knowing how to identify the logical reason and the meaning of love. You got stuck in this labyrinth that all who truly love go through in the post-breakup, searching for answers that few reach.

Noob: But let me clarify a truth that the system hid: no woman loves the toxic guy. Women who stay with bad guys or guys of bad character love chaos — not them. Many romanticize suffering and pain because that's what was presented to them early on. A woman, by nature, needs a guide to follow; that guide should be a man.

Noob: A woman needs an inspiring paternal and maternal presence to understand that what's healthy is built in peace, not in chaos. And the first man she crosses paths with needs to lead based on these principles; otherwise, the rest is consequence.

Noob: The great truth the system doesn't speak is that the toxic man doesn't lead, doesn't build the future for both, has no firm direction, and is much weaker than he appears.

Many women don't realize this at first, because they only reach maturity at the height of age — a forced maturity.

Noob: I'm not defending that the ideal would be for a man to submit to every desire of a woman. But I say: the man who gives his blood for a woman is the man who saw her not just as a sexual partner.

Me: So you're telling me that for me to have continued with her, I should have been toxic.

Noob: Unfortunately, yes. That would be the price to pay. Your beloved was corrupted by modern society. And the price was you surrendering to the same environment. I'm sorry, Felix. You could never have saved her from herself.

Noob: The only way to remain by her side would be to succumb to the system. But the price of your mental health isn't worth it, brother.

Me: So all that drama of headaches without sense was never real?

Noob: It was real, but not the kind you imagined. All of that was the fruit of traumas she experienced before you. She reflected in you the part of how it could have been if she hadn't been traumatized.

Noob: The problem was never you. That's why, when you advised her, she saw a father figure she never had. There, she no longer understood who the partner was. The easiest path for her was emotional escape.

Noob: The raw, naked truth is that a large part of society is sick. This applies to both genders. Even psychologists and pastors were corrupted by the system. The media helps, in a negative way, with influencers giving distorted tips and causing the surge of disposable relationships. I'm sorry. We're in this alone.

Noob: But if you had had the chance to identify that you only needed to continue being that guy who cared little about her — now purposefully — would you accept?

Me: To be frank, I would be lying if I said no. I would have molded myself to be that trash if it did her good. But not with the mentality I have now. A love at the cost of both's sanity? I refuse to accept that, even if it were in another life.

Noob: Thank you for your honesty. I'm happy to note that you were never willing to negotiate that consciously.

Noob: There's something I had forgotten to add. Did you know that even "toxic guys" or "bad boys" are needier than the so-called nice guy?

Me: Why are you saying that?

Noob: With your answer, I came to this mystical conclusion. The toxic guy molded himself to be toxic and sick to keep the woman he loves, because he's more afraid of losing her than of gaining his sanity.

Noob: In summary: both the toxic and the others get lost in a conjugal relationship. The only one who "wins" the game is the toxic one, according to the system. But what many don't know is that even the toxic also loses before even winning the game.

Noob: And then there's only one class left that everyone believes to be the loser: the "Nice Guy." But he gives birth to three personalities:

1. The man who will seek revenge and cause chaos in other women (the toxic/bad boy/player is born).
2. The man who doesn't accept the pain of learning and continues repeating the cycle (the "wounded nice guy").
3. The man who learned, faced chaos up close and preferred not to mold himself to the system: the man at the height of his maturity — the "Man of Value."

Noob: Thank you, brother.

Me: Why are you thanking me? I should be the one apologizing for all the shit I caused and for putting our life at risk.

Noob: I'm thanking you because you fit the third pattern. You didn't fail her. You never failed. You simply handed the crown to a princess who was never ready to be queen, and who forgot who the king was.

Noob: My greatest goal is for you to be well. I'm not saying this to validate a reflection just for your stability, but to deliver a difficult truth to reach, so you know how to reflect better on your choices.

Noob: When I said that 99% of women respond to a man's attributes, it would be a lie to connect that to love. They respond to a single attribute that connects them to passion. Passion is not love. Passion can be temporary or continuous.

Noob: Money can attract a woman, but it doesn't keep her emotionally, unless she also falls in passion with the man. It's true that a woman falls in passion with the way she's treated, but nobody reveals that this treatment was never simply "being good."

Noob: A woman never loves a toxic guy. She falls in passion with chaos. It was never love. This passion can be continuous — she can remain by his side and even be loyal to him. The woman who stays for money or fame falls in passion with status; and this passion is temporary, it ends when she gets bored.

Me: So you mean she never loved me?

Noob: With absolute certainty. She only fell in passion with you. It was never love what you lived. She didn't leave you because she started loving another guy, nor because she never stopped loving someone from the past.

Noob: She's part of the 99%. 99% don't love — they only fall in passion. Only 1% would love genuinely.

Noob: When a woman develops love, she doesn't get bored. She doesn't need emotion, mistreatment, to test a man's emotional stability, nor to compare attributes. She doesn't discard a man she's with, unless he's toxic. And the curious thing is that the toxic guy has no emotional power to keep the Loving Woman — the Woman of Value.

Noob: The Loving Woman is never ungrateful. She's not respectful only when everything is fine; she remembers the positive qualities of her man and never gives access to another man when she's committed.

Noob: When the Loving Woman breaks up, she doesn't leave because she already has another. She's devoted to a single man and never thinks of replacing him.

Me: So, with all this, she only liked me.

Noob: Yes. She liked you very much — only the man you were, not what you became. She was willing to do everything for the man you were, but never for what you became. Although the man you became was exactly what she needed, but she couldn't see it from that side.

Me: That reminds me... now everything makes sense. On the last night I spent with her, she was punching my chest and crying, writhing in tears...

Noob: Those were signs you didn't perceive. She was screaming silently for help. Not because she was afraid of you. She was begging you to go back to being the same guy she fell in passion with.

Noob: She never asked you to be responsible for her peace. The war you caused was sufficient. You needed to cause war so she would understand that, embracing you, she would never be hit.

Noob: She wanted to cry because of what you caused more than smile because of what you avoided. That is emotion — and emotion is life to her.

Me: For a moment I started to feel anger toward her, to judge her. But now I only feel pity.

Noob: That's because you're the only one who grew within the relationship and understood that you don't need that anymore. You're not a pawn to compete in a chess game.

Noob: There's a line right in front of you. You need to cross it. It's the last step for your transformation. This line is the traffic lights of your life.

Noob: This phase is no longer about you both. Now it's only about you. This is where those who commit suicide for love stay, because of unanswered questions.

Noob: Some even manage to live without answers, pretending they don't need them. But this phase isn't possible to cross halfway. This is where your addictions die. This is the most important phase of your journey.

Chapter 10: Traffic Lights of Life

Now I understand: I don't miss her.

I miss the woman I thought she would be.

Suddenly, everything Noob told me begins to make sense.

People are like traffic lights. Each attitude of theirs transmits a message.

The toxic man is teaching his children through his chaos:

To his daughter, that the best husband is the one who brings more pain — and that violence, humiliation and betrayal are part of "love."

To his son, that beating, humiliating and betraying his wife is something that will be accepted.

The woman in passion with emotion teaches her children when she gets tired of her husband:

To her daughter, that no man is worth it, that emotion is worth more than commitment, and that cheating is a right in the name of happiness.

To her son, that effort has no value, that he'll only be loved while he's useful — and that it's better to be a player than to assume responsibility.

The man of value shows with his posture:

To his daughter, that true love has nothing to do with tolerating disrespect, violence or betrayal.

To his son, that it's possible to love without violence, without humiliating and without cheating.

The woman of value transmits in her example:

To her daughter, that marriage is not a fairy tale, but that the husband should be respected and honored, even on difficult days.

To her son, that a woman who truly loves will be grateful, will respect and honor his effort — and that it's worth giving his life for her.

And finally, society shows us that:

Kindness became foolishness.

And taking a stand became weakness.

"Now I understand. I understand why I couldn't start over: guilt.
The guilt of thinking I didn't have the right to make mistakes.
But today I know it wasn't just about having lost control over what I had already asked of her.
That was just the excuse.
The excuse to cover up what was already not well.
The excuse to justify a problem that had already been caused.
The excuse to hide the wound that was already open."
"And that guilt blinded me.
It made me ignore the alerts, the lights, the traffic lights that life placed before me."
Each traffic light of life brings a message.
Some ask to proceed, others to be cautious, and others scream for us to stop.
Ignoring these signals is carrying a weight that, sooner or later, will be charged to us.
Because, after all, an unresolved past is a future demanding corrections.

THE END