

The Betting Pool

Last year, as my period surprised me, I heard commentary I was a biological woman. Blood was dripping down my leg, it wasn't the first I'd heard of those confirming what they knew.

"Yay Sylvanna!"

I got the distinct impression of a private sports bar. Bets being exchanged as those who swore I was trans had to pay up.

Of course if you can manipulate a situation into existence then you can cash in when you can correctly predict the outcome.

If true, most pools would end up "stacking the cards" but some would try to force a reaction. Probably slightly against their rules.

Did you bet if I could orgasm under duress and when it looked likely I would go tantric? What would happen? Would I really lose control? What then?

"I do not belong to you."

Crap while true you weren't expecting that. And my body deciding it was close enough.

Do you watch endlessly? Occasionally using a psychological firing squad?

What are the stupid odds that of all people to move in next door, it's a certain persons playmate as a child? The severe lifelong jealousy and resentment.

"Glass Swan" was alluring and his attention potent. I ran and apparently he chased in secret. Cyber stalking me to a level of scrutiny you can't legally get.

You can guess my opinion on why my head hurts right now. Does she really have access to torture anyone? Or did he place such deep hooks in to my system alone and the rest is just gaslighting?

It's gone beyond, "what will she believe next" or "What will she do?"

It's no longer as fun to see if you can predict my temper. My ideas, my reactions, what I'm capable of.

Unless you can manipulate it.

And my personal luck was always a little weird.

The wiki you have? Writing it aside, Glass Swan gained access. It must make interesting reading to one who is interested in changeable women, who revert back once in a while – or only slightly and now things are similar but different.

I've had to reach "super hero" experiences to survive. Learn quickly. Use my body to its limits. Get decent at escape driving – then good.

Who is she? Who lied? What can you make happen?

I mean, really? I end up in the room next to her? Well she moved in while I was recovering from a suicide attempt.

I mean. Did you bet against me pulling through? I bet some did. And those that knew the odds that I could not only live, but wake? Did you cash in?

Certainly the surgeon worked hard with a quick and ready team. I'm not doubting he was dedicated to trying a new method that was only recently theory. And some would be nasty and say I was just an impoverished woman to experiment on?

Yuck.

That I was "the real Sylvanna" and someone – maybe he, yelled "No!

I personally don't doubt his compassion and commitment. I was dying if he didn't try and he didn't look or care who. A surgeon of his caliber would be unlikely to find at a more expensive hospital.

He cared. And he was curious. And I don't know why but community hospitals attract highly skilled surgeons.

Can you torture him, a world class surgeon, into blurting why he was there? Was he really on his way to try the surgery? Or do you bet on how many you can make believe your version of events.

I hope you value his brain enough that after experimenting on me you at least leave him alone.

Do you even value people? Or do you think that's money when you establish "worth" in the most disgusting, capitalist perception of people and society?

I won't waste my words trying to persuade you to see beauty in life, in being part of a persons life rather than spend a government sized budget, scrutinizing and watching events unfold?

I will ask you to sod off.

But I think it will take shutting you down before I can just write my own work.

Can she recover this time?

You callus, shitty, worthless, capitalist scum that has wealth and time but no other talents.

Take your bullshit elsewhere.

Blood Sports

Sadly we need laws passed to prevent the kind of prediction market leveled at me.

I do have a constitutional right to privacy as part of the bill of rights.

But the wealthy squirm out – it's not their technology.

Hacking is pretty illegal, a GUI doesn't change that.

Again wriggled out of the sight of the law – they're not the ones hacking. Just benefitting.

Some lay in wait. Hacking in to phones and websites. Key loggers on hand. Viruses at the ready. Even AI geared to the ruin of work.

Extortion then follows some. But the rest just bet on if it works.

Stalking – illegal, dangerous. But same excuse if they're just watching the outcome.

Cyberstalking might be separate. I'm not sure. The story would be more involved than a few Facebook posts and more along the line of hacking Amazon to watch me shop. Technically you're not stealing. But it's still invasive.

That constitutional right is looking more important.

Copyright law? They're not technically making money.

Impugning someone's character? Good luck doing anything about that in America

Slander is the same, and courts only care if the person is already successful. Not if it's being prevented. If you could even present a case.

Racketeering?

Well the bastards likely argue they don't specifically organize results. But you could make a case for it.

Particularly if you add sex trafficking, prostitution, drugs, and manslaughter into it.

Some not content to watch. Manipulating the outcome.

All invading my privacy.

Really we need new laws about callus, jaded activity responsible for other crimes – just to manipulate a bet or not.

We can also tie in the constitution. It's not there just to wrangle the government.

I did wonder how this series of unlikely events kept happening to me.

I mean?

Oh that's Sylvanna Devlin again? Yeah right.

Did she really escape a cult?

Did that make her weird?

No one has this shit happen so frequently and so close together.

Unless there's money to be made.

How does that work?

One would think, if you are to treat people with such disregard. A bet is better set on the living.

Maybe there are even rules you can't bet on the suicidal.

A person needs be successful to have anything worth a gamble.

Unless it would be highly likely, the individual was talented and skilled enough without interference. No one would bet against a sure thing.

Which suggests categories and charts, not events alone. Maybe major ones like marriage and divorce. But otherwise like coins in a glass.

So one might consider it foolish to keep me suicidal - no betting on who kicks a person over the edge.

But one could bet he could make a healthy enough person suicidal and hope it doesn't result in manslaughter.

I start to get better fairly soon after harassment starts. You could begin to predict it. Tie in elements needed..

But you could then bet the speed you can make me suicidal.

And, let me recover enough between that and another attempt.

There's no grand cause now. If it wasn't just gaslighting before. Some truth enough. But most crime too difficult to levy more than a stab at it.

Sex traffickers would be noticed and caught. So unless it looks easy for a while - and it did. There is other low picking fruit.

Drugs? Can't get me hooked

Prostitution? Let's pause on that.

That's been the excuse. A cash cow to blunt my mind enough to be slightly willing. But the cost of attempts is getting so high I suspect there's a gambler in the building and an employee down the hall.

I get better? Dollar signs.

Worse? Different dollar signs. Particularly if the bet is on himself to drive you there.

That way he can worn out of "bets are off" when most think driving me deep into depression wouldn't be as reliable as it is with some asshole using reactive abuse.

Ahhh PTSD

He noticed anger makes me feel suicidal more quickly than anything else. Rage tips into the desire for death as soon as it's felt.

He bets he can, then prods a few buttons, I become dangerously close to an attempt- more so each time. Then guesses how long it takes me to recover this time.

He says it ends in the hospital. No cashing in if I just should.

It would just be a gamble to see how fast I recover this time. So wouldn't be so long he couldn't just repeat so I yo yo out of depression to euthamia in a dangerous arc.

If I could climb further out the stakes would no doubt be higher for both. But take far too long for a quick bet.

Low picking fruit applying there too