

Return of the Chameleon

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Return of the Chameleon:

Chameleon had been “doing” random strangers throughout 2008 and telling people that it was part of an open-marriage scenario. So, in Fall 2008, I walked out on her.

However, in January 2009, Chameleon contacted me and told me that she'd “changed”.

The problems with her had happened due to drugs, she said, and she was no longer taking them. Everything was going to be O.K., but she needed my help with a Court issue. If I could do that for her, we could still have a life together.

I helped her with the Court issue and, on February 01, 2009, I moved her and her children to Scranton, PA. And I moved back in with her.

In May 2009, Chameleon brought home a Catholic girl, age 21 or so. She'd found the girl in a bar.



They went into her bedroom, where Chameleon pressed the girl, who was reluctant, to use a “Hungry Beaver” vibrator on her. This was a device I'd purchased for Chameleon in MI as a gift.

I confronted Chameleon about the Catholic girl subsequently. She said that she'd brought the girl home to evangelize her.

I noted that I'd heard everything and that it hadn't sounded very evangelical. Chameleon got angry and said that I shouldn't have been listening through the door.

But, actually, sounds carried in that place. The fact that the beaver had been hungry could be heard right through my own bedroom door.

Days later, on May 19, Chameleon brought home a man with the intention of having sex with him. I escorted the man out, got the ring back from Chameleon, and called off the pretend marriage once and for all.

I don't know what she was thinking. Was the fact she wasn't hiding it this time supposed to mean that I'd accept it?

Maybe she genuinely believed that I was O.K. with polyamory. She was able to convince herself, as well as others, that black was white or 2 plus 2 is 3. But I'd broken up with her just months before over the polyamory issue.



Chameleon's behavior was similar, come to think of it, to the Fourth Way. She'd offer challenges, but

meeting them was never enough. Maybe I was used to that from growing up and thought it was normal. I know I was a “rescuer”. That is a common trait of Adult Children of Alcoholics. They usually end up with people out-of-control like their alcoholic parent.



I'm about 6' 2" in height. Chameleon was 1' shorter. She had a forceful personality, though, that made height a moot point. She'd set out to be the focus of attention at any church group, party, or bar gathering and usually succeed.

Jake taken by Chameleon 2002



Chameleon took the preceding photo using a Polaroid camera that we shared after learning that we had a mutual interest in Polaroids. It's good for a Polaroid snapshot.

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