

I B D 4 U

I've Been
Dating
for You

Guest

The Guest Collection

Forward

I have a lot of content on my blog! Trust me, I know, I wrote it & I have now sifted through the 500+ posts to create this - for lack of a better word – book series.

The posts all feature on www.ivebeendatingforyou.com which can be difficult to navigate unless you followed along weekly, it also has a lot of content that wasn't written by me & includes some fiction I wrote.

So I have created “Collections” for you to read in an easy to read way.

These are guest posts that were shared with me to share with you, I have linked to their website. I don't own their content, only the snippet I write before their story.

If you're new to #IBD4U & read the collections as a standalone book, they should make sense, however my experiences from all the other blogs lead me to the decisions I made in the stories.

Trigger Warnings: I am brutally honest. This includes a wide range of trigger, this can include but is not limited to extremely sexy content NSFW, foul language and many things you may not agree with!

I hope you enjoy my candid sense of humour & reserve judgement, I can't take back the things I did, all I can do is share my experiences.

Get in touch

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#IBD4U

Liza: 4 Nov 2018

One of my fabulous readers sent me this dating story. With his permission, he has allowed me to share it with you.

This had never happened to me (yet! hahaha!) & it really opened my eyes that women can be just as bad as some men.

Thank you for sharing your story with me & allowing me to publish it, I feel very privileged to have you trust me!

Here it is:

12 months ago, chatted to a lovely lady on Zoosk, let's call her Liza, chatted for weeks, professionally employed, rather senior. Super intelligent yet the banter and jokes were abundant.

Thinking here we go, a little older in mid-forties is ok, has kids, busy professional lady, keeps fit and healthy, drop dead gorgeous... just my type!

Finally agree to catch up. Kid free weekend for both... fabulous!

Had not yet established what each other were looking for (pitfall one) or how long each other had been single for (pitfall two)

Meet at a well-known eastern suburbs hotel, quite close to her suburb. There's a tick... ease for her to get there.

The usual customary meeting out front, looking stunning in a summer floral dress and heels (a holy shit moment!)

Order the wine, which she pretty much skulls the first one, ok, shall I get another?

Yes please...

A bit slower on the second (Thank god... otherwise she will hammered)

Banter and BS conversation continues, rather enjoyable.

Talked about careers, and where we grew up... Country towns pops up in conversation... have where we lived in common, great!

Do you know this person and that one... lovely!

Share a platter, a couple more wines, more cheekiness and banter...

Time to head home, enough drinks to be had safely.

Ok, will do the gentleman thing as I always do and walk her to her car...

Customary kiss on cheek and hug... then moved to kiss... very quickly turned slammed against a garden fence with hands being used liberally....

Common sense prevails from my end "hang on, a little over the top for standing in the wide open view of the eastern suburbs residents, think I should bid you farewell and catch up another night"

Answer... think you best come to mine for a coffee...

Now, not being completely naive, knew where this was going...

Short drive, told to just wait a few minutes for house to be ready to enter...

Ok then.

Arrive, knock on door... meet at door with Liza in a see through slip... ok, so no coffee first then!

You can imagine the rest after this...

When leaving at 5am next morning, the last goodbyes, the question of catching up again completed with "a maybe, let's see how things go" (so that's a no) from her end... the last question from Liza is... "Do you know ***** from ***** area?"

Me... "Yes I do, why's that?"

Liza "He's my ex-husband"

Me "Oh"

Me again "You've only been broken up for a few months?"

Liza "that's right"

Oh dear...

Me "does he know you're dating"

Liza "no essentially "

Me "Ok, then"

Liza "He does know you, and also knows that I caught up with you last night, and will now know that you stayed here last night and what went on"

Me "What!!!????? how's that?"

Liza "I sent him a message to tell him, also a pic of you sleeping on his side of bed"

WTF!!!!

And few words of disbelief, I bolted, and basically could not believe I'd been used etc



MJ
@mollyjemson

u ever meet someone who is just the
human form of crumbs in the bed

A text a few days later from Liza basically said... "Thanks for the fun night, the pic worked, pissed *** off!"**

My exchange was "you're a nutter"

Her reply "Well, couldn't date you seriously because you know him anyway, you're a hot guy and I just needed some and in the end you were perfect ammo... But don't despair... just know that the sex was fucking awesome and enjoyed fucking you. Cheers"

WTF!

Wow! Just wow...

#IBD4U

The Animal: 21 Nov 2018

My wonderful reader has another story for you... Interesting to have a male perspective on dating.

Ok, for those that read "[Liza](#)", this story comes from quite a few months down the track, which in between time "The One" has happened, as has the "Woodwork Booty call weekend". Happy to share those at some stage in the future.

So, The Animal...

After the One had finished up (didn't end well obviously), the decision was made to rejoin online.

Having met Liza and the One online, a little bit of trepidation with this, yet stick to rules and criteria:

Well-dressed

Attractive

Has a bio

Swipe left on:

Filtered with bunny ears

Sunsets or coffee mug pics

No bio

Gym selfies(love the gym, but how about leaving what God gave you until we see each other in flesh?)

Oh and fellas, feedback I have heard is Hi-Vis isn't sexy (that stuff is keeping you safe at work) either is a gym selfies (compensation)

or pics with your dogs... Just a tip I've heard!

Anyway, swiping and swiping, cause following the rules means you wipe out over 70% of profiles...

Ah bang... The Animal... (And I have named her this out of purely how this turns out! Not because she is! A term of endearment! Politically correct and all) looks good, tall, well dressed, attractive and highly educated. Swipe right.

Match.

Great. Start the conversation, you know the usual? Kids, career, interests.

More in depth re: each other's single journey. Awesome. Interesting lady.

Chatted for about a week.

Let's meet.

Time made, event in town, going to a comedy show.

Sounds great. Laughs and banter will break the ice.

Few days pass, idle chit chat, nothing significant.

The evening arrives, after spending 45 mins trying to decide which outfit to wear, finally arrive at date.

We have the usual greetings, bonus point is she looks exactly like her photo!

There's a tick!

What the show happens to be a show about dating and sex.

Anyway goes well, walk back to apartment to drop her off. For some reason all my dates end up in a passionate embrace and a snog.

That aside, we make a plan to catch up next day, I like this girls style.

Adelaide Hills, wine tasting, walk. Sounds great. Some romance with wine and food.

10am Sunday morning start, off we trundle to the Hills, I will spare you all the details whilst doing the tour, let's say was one of those nice dates with good conversation and banter (we all have those yeah?) No red flags as yet. Perhaps only one with reminder occasionally the Animal has 3 degrees, including one in Psychology. Yeah ok, I get that you're smart!

Comes to the walk part of date, where you sort of know that there's definitely going to be some physical touch going to happening... this is punch line... more than you may be expecting.... and just the beginning!

So a lovely trail is chosen, very secluded, she picked it(still no red flags going off!)

About 15 mins in, well, here comes the kissing etc... A few minutes of that nice, hot and heavy action, I get a little whisper in ear "I have a fantasy and fetish"

Do you now?

Yep, you guessed it...

Now I consider this for a few seconds, not really my thing in the middle of the bush, beach maybe, bush not so appealing.

Some gentle encouragement from her brings me around to the idea... Off the track a little we head. We all understand it takes a few minutes to get a few things unhitched, time to get to it...

"Oh wait" I whisper..."No can do, no condom"

Within a flash from the clutch comes the little packet! (Thinking here...WOW, did she have this pre planned? Seems a little organised)

Ok, rolled on, ready to go...

"Before you start, there's something I need you to do" she says

"Yes for sure"

"Grab a small gum tree branch with a few leaves on it"

"Huh!!!???" Completely confuses now...

"I want you to spank me with the branch... On my bum, just a few times before you start"

At this point I'm going WTF, yet stupidly run with it, because, well I now need release myself! Can't waste it...

Spanking done (and at this stage the red flag has just popped into head big time) Start on the (we know this bit)

Then there's noise, noise like a mating male Koala, and no it wasn't me, and it wasn't coming from the trees either... Definitely in front of me!!!

(Again...WTF is coming to mind)

Was over quickly (thank fuck!) to which she had a very satisfied expression...ok.

A different experience for sure.

"Apologise for the grunting" she says "I'm fascinated by Koalas and how they mate" (How many red flags would you be having by now???)

All good is my reply, yet completely unnerved at what the hell just happened in some ways....

Walk back to car, a couple of cheeky grins, however internally completely wondering 'How the hell did I end up doing that! And what's with the Koala thing?'



As we start to drive back to town, she leans over and says "I want more"

"More what?"

"More!"

I drive an automatic car, so you don't really need your left hand... Yes, you guessed it (maybe!), my left hand was asked to infiltrate the panties on the drive home...

No grunting this time, however earth shattering shrill and OMG, she looks at the stop lights at the bottom of the freeway! If the cars next door couldn't see, they for sure could hear!

By this stage, I had sunnies on and was trying to pull myself down in the seat like those douche bags do in their beat up old Commodores... Again... WTF... Can I go home now????

Arrive at apartments, walk her to the door. The pleasantries of how nice a day it was etc... blah blah blah... Then the conversation of the afternoon...

"Was awesome fun" Was her description..

"Definitely different" my reply..

"Different!!!????? What do you mean different????? You didn't like it???, you joined in!!" She screamed.

"Omg, calm down... Just something I would not do normally, so yes different."

“Well, if didn’t like it, there’s not much point us continuing to see each other!!!”

Off she storms....

Shaking my head now.... Seriously... Ummmm yep! WTF. Run!!!!

Jump in car.

Text message ‘Sorry I yelled, can I call you tomorrow’

‘Well, half of Adelaide heard you, however apology accepted’ (Not sure why I said that!)

‘Can I call?’

‘Tomorrow, yes. Not tonight’

‘Ok cool’

Will she call? God knows....after how that ended, I hope not. Not sure I want to answer the phone!

My, at times, naivety has just been shattered even further, and a mind full of what the fuck just happened today? How did it go from wine to grunting???? Then again, will give me the chance to say “Hey, was fun, however I don’t think we should go on” over the phone... which is lots better than by text...

In the meanwhile, I’m off to find a beer, or 6, and dull the senses a little....

Will she call you think? Will she be apologetic? Where the hell will this end up?

Well, that’s another WOW moment! Maybe dating women isn’t easier. I won’t be jumping the fence any time soon!

#IBD4U

The One That Got Away: 28 Nov 2018

Another fabulous reader & also a fellow blogger has shared a few stories with me & allowed me to share some with you. This one almost made me cry (& I never cry!) – I have had a similar experience, you are all yet to read about! #WatchThisSpace!

This is the story of the one that got away. I know; it's hard to believe. After all these crazy sex hijinks you've read about, there's someone I was involved with deeply that I didn't sleep with. He was the real deal. My first proper love. We met at - of all places- church, while I lived in Adelaide. He was quiet, unassuming and incredibly shy. He fumbled with his words a lot. It was kind of endearing. He tended to hang out on the periphery of whatever activities we had going on. Somehow, we always ended up across from each other though, and caught each other's eye. He'd flush and give me a shy smile and look away. After a little while, I decided to be brave and force an introduction, to see if I could get him to come out of his shell (I have a knack for this). I got a mutual friend to introduce us, and from that moment; we were inseparable when together. You wouldn't think that we knew each other from the way we behaved. We barely spoke. We didn't have to. The silence between us was peaceful, and we both took succour from it. We had a quiet acceptance of each other, just as we were. He kind of had this alternative/ goth/ heavy metal thing going on. I looked like bubble-gum. But somehow we just fit. He would give me his little half smile and it'd make my toes squidge. In a good way. To this day, it still does. One of the best nights of my life was when we went ice-blocking in the City, and after our asses were suitably damp and cold, we just sat on a hill together, not saying much. I sat between his legs and he wrapped his arms around me and that was it. I felt so secure in his arms, and I didn't want to go home. Then, when all was going so well, my family moved interstate. I was devastated at the thought of leaving him. He was equally upset. Neither of us could put out finger on why. Once I was all moved, he finally told me that he wished he'd been brave enough to ask me out. I wished that, too. We tried to make it work long distance, but he met someone; who made a move on him. I couldn't blame him though; and we stayed close friends. Thankfully, their

relationship fizzled out. We decided to commit to each other to make the distance work. It was hard, but somehow we made it work. We talked every chance we could. There was nothing we didn't tell each other. Still, to this day, he's the person I'll confide absolutely everything to. He knows my heart better than anyone- even better than me sometimes. We finally got a chance to see each other for my birthday one year. I was ecstatic! I couldn't wait to see him. Watching him walk towards me at the airport was surreal; like something out of a movie. We hugged and shared a brief first kiss (I know; how romantic, right?!), before slipping into our comfortable silence, hand in hand. We were headed down the coast to my friends place for the weekend. It was perfect. Going to sleep next to him and waking to see him as soon as I opened my eyes was everything I'd hoped it would be. Spending all day with him and having my friends see me so happy was the best feeling. It was over all too soon, though; and he headed back home. Seeing each other strengthened our bond, and renewed our fire to be together every day. We planned for me to move home to Adelaide and find work full time as he studied. It was at that time that I got my first big promotion. I was torn. I'd finally been given my dream job; which meant I needed to be firmly rooted where I was. He offered to defer his Uni to one near me, so that we could be together... and I couldn't let him do it. I had a whole support network in Adelaide; if he came here, he'd only have me. He'd have to start from scratch. He'd also be away from his family, even though mine would have welcomed him openly. I didn't think I was enough for him. I felt that, if he did this, he would resent me for it. He would feel isolated and unhappy. I didn't want that for him. I did the unthinkable. I told him that I didn't want him to do it. I said that I'd fallen out of love with him and that I'd met someone else and that I couldn't do it anymore. I told every lie that would readily come to my lips to cut him deep enough that he'd let me go. He fought against it till the end. He begged me to reconsider and that we could make things work. It took some time, but he came to accept it, with the stipulation that we remain friends (as hard as that would be). After it was done, I knew I'd made the wrong decision. But I was committed to my course of action and my career. So I ran with it. Breaking his heart left what felt like a ragged hole in my chest; and no matter how many men I fucked, or how successful I had become, or how or what I tried,

nothing could fill it. It still feels like that today. I can at least say he's still my best friend. We still talk all the time. We still have this amazing bond. He knows when I'm struggling with something, or hurting, or scared... and out of the blue will ask me what's going on. I'm the same with him. Over time, we've grown more alike. Our relationship is the elephant in the room. It's the one thing we don't talk about. I don't blame him for not wanting to discuss it. I know how bad I hurt him and I never wanted to do that to him, of all people. My girlfriends have since asked me why I've never pursued him again, seeing as we are so close and once upon a time- we were so happy. The answer to that question is this: he deserves better. Those who truly know me, know that I'm a hot mess on the best of days. He deserves someone much prettier and cleverer and more together than I am. He's my benchmark, and I don't think I will ever be his equal. I feel like I'm punching above my weight with him. Plain and simple. I always have, even when he would look at me like the best present he had ever been given. I doubt he will ever find this. I doubt he will ever read these words and recognize our story and feel the flood of emotion I have in writing this... but just in case: I lied. I broke both our hearts. I'm sorry. I love you still. I think I always will. Miss Slut xx



OMG, tell me that didn't tug at your heart string! Thanks Miss Slut for sharing.

#IBD4U

The Animal #2: 5 Dec 2018

Well I don't know about you... But I've been waiting [The Animal](#) to call!

I wonder what will happen, this woman (or animal) is a little out there! Even by my standards!

So we left this at The Animal going to call me, after her antics, wasn't quite sure I wanted the call!

Yet, I did like this girl... Fit, intelligent, reasonably good sense of humour... maybe it could work? Even with the "Outdoor" escapade desires!

Anyway, so two days later I get a call...

The usual 'Hi how are you?' etc... Then the apology for going off her nut.

Apology accepted.

Would you like to come over, I'll cook dinner and we'll have a wine or two?

Yeah, why not!

In to the city, meet at apartment foyer, kisses, cuddles, all the nice stuff.

Up we go. Extremely nice dinner with Salmon and healthy stuff we are both in too.

White wine to start, followed by a lovely Pinot from the Adelaide Hills... Going well. No signs of the crazy side coming!

Discussion had of the antics, plus the loss of plot!! All good, stress from work and ex can do that to you (Right? We have all been there!!)

So after a wine or 3, the glass keeps getting filled... At this point very aware I can't drink too much more, have to drive.

"No, you can stay here" she says...

Ok, well I guess we have done the deed already, so what is that going to hurt?

More wine... Turns to romance... Then fun in the kitchen.... (Kitchen is fun by the way... Just saying... Sturdy bench???? You get the picture...)

"Let's move to the bedroom "

Not going to say no at this point, as there are things that have to be dealt with...

Didn't think about the last time with a tree branch... Surely this will be normal...

WRONG!

So to keep condensed and not go into all the gory details, just before we end up completely naked, she asks

“Have you ever been tied up, and had sex with a Tiger?”

Being a lad from way out of the city, sheepishly reply **“Nope”**

Then notice the dog like collars on bed head....

“Would you like to?”

There’s alarm bells going on here already, yet the little head was talking not the big head... Mmmmm.... Fuck it, only live once hey....

So strapped in....

Rather different not being control...

This is the part where the nickname comes.... May not seem nuts for others, yet my naive country upbringing comes out here...

She starts to growl, then scratch and claw at my chest.... And very close to drawing blood... And the mind is going **“WTF!!!!!!”**

At this point... Yep, have to say I’m not enjoying this and the more I bucked, the more she seemed to be getting off...



Then thought, Na... I’m done with this... I have to say so....

But before I could she says

“You’ve gone limp”

Yep... It happened....

“Yeah well, not sure having sex with a Tiger was on my agenda this evening”

Boom! Released the **“Animal”**

Still tied up, out came a horse whip...

Laying completely starkers, I’m thinking **‘Holy shit!!’**

“What the hell are you going to do with that?”

“I’m going to punish you and “him” for spoiling my fun”

Now this is when I lost it and pretty sure most of the CBD heard me...

I went off my tree ”Get me the fuck out of this shit!”

“Really?” Was her reply

“Fuck yes... NOW!”

With that, and a very forlornly face, she undid the collars....

Out of bed like a jackrabbit, with the “Animal “ quickly behind trying to apologise for being so forward...

Clothes gathered, put on, completely ignoring every single word...

Dressed and bolted...

No parting words from me except this... ”Animal, please, next guy you want to do this with, take it easy on him”

Never heard from her again...

Did run into her going up Lofty once, with the new guy. Ignored each other. One good thing though, as I was coming down and she was on way up... Fuck did I run faster!!!

And with that Ladies and Gents, that’s when I ceased to use anything online for dating...

And also pretty much lost interest in any sort of meet and greets...

Sit back these days and smile a little about this, as in “Holy shit I find myself in some pickles”

Not willing to do find myself in those situations again. However, still believe the fairytale exists... Think everybody should...

Moral of the story.... Enjoy your time being single, yet if you don’t like it, never accept anything that is less than your standards...

If it doesn’t fit with who you are, say so. Be honest. Honesty is better than silence.

I am really lost for words with this one! But thanks to my reader for being brave & sharing with not only me, but with all of you!

#IBD4U

Sex On The Beach: 12 Dec 2018

Another one from my guest blogger & fellow blogger. Anyone remember [MIA Undies](#)? Kinda seems like I'm not 100% alone, except maybe for the losing my undies part. Hahaha.

... Is better off being a cocktail! I met an out of Towner at my local and we hit it off. There was a lot of chemistry (and maybe more than a bit of sauv Blanc on my part) and we both wanted to act on it as soon as possible. There were too many people at my place (which was always the spot for after parties), so we snuck away down the path that lead over to my local beach. It was a beautiful night; the stars were out, the offshore breeze wasn't frosty, and the moon and stars were out. We stripped quickly and got stuck into it. That's when I realised that sex on the beach was not going to be anywhere near as good as they make it out to be on tv and in the movies. For one thing, it's really hard to maintain a stance or position in soft sand. We were constantly scrambling to try and keep a steady spot for decent thrusting. Secondly, the ever shifting sand, coupled with that little bit of breeze managed to blow sand into some very delicate places. It felt like I was being whittled out. Not in a good way. No thank you to being fucked with a sandpaper condom. Thirdly, this sex was average at best anyway. This isn't something I'd do again. Miss Slut xx #thatsmisssluttoyou #sandinmypants



Sand paper condom! Oh god, that brings back memories.

The link to her new FB page to follow her is – <https://m.facebook.com/The-Secret-Diary-of-a-She-Wolf-421003095109070/?ref=bookmarks>

Thanks again for sharing. This is exactly why I started blogging. So I know I am not alone!

#IBD4U

Sex, Drugs and Rock N Roll: 19 Dec 2018

Another story for you from my guest blogger friend, I can't say this has ever happened to me.

Ok.

So the title doesn't sound great hey? It's actually one my regrets in my single life...

It isn't indicative of who I am as a person.

On one hand, the guys would say "Fuck Yeah" and from a female point of view, typical bloke.

Just to be clear, no drugs, not much rock n roll, shit load of sex.

So this is in between "The One" and "[the Animal](#)" for those keeping up. And yes I'm going backwards...

So after "The one" had crushed my heart, I was in need of a weekend to forget about it for a bit, all my friends had other plans on my kids free weekend, so, stuff it... I'm a confident guy that can just do this shit himself, let's get smashed and see what I can pick up (cause you know, random sex makes you feel better!)

So, it's Friday afternoon, thinking of just hitting City, the Union possibly, maybe Hindley st, who knows, who cares!

Random messenger text... Now I know this happens to the girls a fair bit, generally not blokes... Message from BC2 (booty call 2)

Have not heard from BC2 for 6 months... last I heard she meet a guy not long after me....

"Hey! How are you? Thought of you the other day, and how long it's been since we caught up. How's things? Are you seeing anyone?"

So the explanation comes if not a great experience recently and that this weekend is all about me...

"Oh no...you need some cheering up, how about we do coffees tomorrow morning after gym?"

Yeah fuck it, why not, she's fit, super-hot, and well... the sex was great, and she's a nice girl. Play my cards right...

"Done"

About a hour later....

"Hey!"

BC3... 9 months since I've seen her...

"Saturday catch up? Been ages"

"Yep, how does lunch sound?"

"Awesome see you then!"

Ok, BC3... running chick, own business, funny, attractive... fuck... might get two in a day...

In very quick succession (because I'll condense all this!)

BC4

BC5

BC6



Similar messages, same reaction... stuff it, why not? The common theme here? All from 6 months to 12 months since we had been on a date... and sad to say, hadn't worked out, yet after two three dates had slept with all of them. So you just never know, could come to something... yet ladies and gentleman, my mind was just on sex. Nothing else. And where was theirs? Well... you guessed it.

You may be asking where's BC1? That's coming!! (or did... anyway!)

So with a heap of dates set(?), the last three set for Saturday night, and Sunday Brunch and a Sunday afternoon drink... away we go. 5:00 pm hits, and into town I head...

Waymouth St. Beer and Vodka. Normal crowd building by 9:00 pm, chatting to

some random people, couple I know, a few really pissed guys in suits... that's keeping me entertained for sure.

9.30 pm... order a Vodka lime and soda...

A tall, blonde lady catches the eye... I know that girl?

Walks in with a guy... shit, that sucks.

Alcohol fuzziness eludes me of the name...

Uh huh! Got it! BC1...

Shit! Been 18 months at least... must be kid free... fuck it... have to say Hi, that one night... hot.

Wander over as she is standing at bar...

"Hey there Miss, can I buy you a drink? Grenache perhaps?"

OMG... get the biggest "Hey" I've ever had.. Awesome! In!

Pleasantries completed, drinks ordered, life story of last 18 months talked over...

Guy she was with kept trying to butt in, eventually introduced as a guy she meet down the road... yeah whatever.

Conversation continues, more drinks added.

"Cmon, come to the dance floor"

"What about the guy?"

"Oh my dear, you're hotter, so shit your arse out there "

Uh huh! Bingo! Dressing well works! (By the way... he was in some weird cotton t-shirt that didn't look like it had been washed at all, shit denim jeans and some really bad flip flop things... Chinos and shirt all the way!)

Ok... dancing... gets closer... then kissing... then hands moving freely...

More drinks

More dancing (by this time the guy had worked it out, and left)

BC1 "I'm ready to go home, no more for me"

"Ok, I'll come out and wait for the taxi with you"

"Naaw, sweet"

Stumble out, bundle lovely lady into a taxi... not gracefully mind you, and considering she had a one piece black, shirt dress on and heels, didn't leave a great deal to imagination when she couldn't get in!

"Shit!, my knickers are showing!" yeah, not shit! Anyway...

In she gets... lean in to kiss good bye (thinking stuff it, I may as well just jump in)

“Are you coming or not?” (Not yet I’m not LOL!)

“Yep”

The usual back of taxi antics, and yes, he would have been privy to a almost poem style show... wait for it...

Arrive at her address...

Me... “Nice house!”

“Just moved here... it needs christening!”

Happy friggin days!

Now, this whole time, I had actually had flashbacks to the “One”, however not now... I’m about to fuck a super-hot blonde...

Taxi takes off...

“I left my knickers in the taxi!!!!” She cries

Doh... ah well....

In we go....

Clothes of in the hallway, you can guess the rest... thank god she had the condom supplies... needed 3.

(Please remember this is all pretty condensed)

Sleep time... spooning... all that nice stuff we all miss.

5:00 am.... beep beep beep

Alarm.... are fucking serious? 5:00 am!!!!!!!

“WTF is the alarm going off for?????”

BC1 “Oh, it’s gym time”

WTF? I love my gym, seriously? 5:00 am on a Saturday? Guess to have the hot bod, got to the work! (Don’t I know it!)

“You can sleep though, in fact don’t think I’ll go”

Fall back to sleep... all good right? Might get some morning action?

Wake at 8:00 am... hungover, shagged out, tired.

Roll over... WTF. She’s not there... maybe she’s up already. Walk out to kitchen.

Nope. Toilet. Nope.

Note on Kettle.

'Make yourself a coffee, use the pods, I've gone to gym. Just pull front door closed when you leave, I won't be back until this afternoon. Great to see you again. May run into again sometime. Had a great night as always spunky man. xxxxx'

What???? She has left me here by myself! WOW! Ok.

Coffee done. Felt really weird cause it wasn't my house... anyway, washed up, got dressed and walked outside.

Pretty sure I was still pissed, and needed a way to get home, yet didn't want to spend a fortune on a taxi or Uber.

Shit. I'll call my mate and see if he will come and get me...

"Hey mate, Where is this suburb in relevance to the city? And can come and get me so I can get my car?"

"Sweet Jesus dickhead, that's like halfway across the state!"

Google maps.... holy shit! Don't remember the taxi ride being that long!

"See you in 45, you can tell me the rest when I get there"

Cheers mate! Love your work...

Mate arrives... story told... as is the rest of the weekend planned...

His reply "I bet you won't fuck all of them, and if you do I will laugh"

Challenge accepted....

His last piece of advice... which is very true...

"You know if you do this though, it won't bring her back to you, and it won't help with the hurt, you need to process it before you start doing anything else... you will regret this in the end"

Yeah whatever, I'm not listening, not interested... I'm hungover, need a shower, and need to get my arse to the eastern suburbs for my coffee catch up...

Those words from my best mate... still hear them, and he was right. Didn't make it better... yet I wasn't in mindset to listen...

On we go to coffee catch up with BC2... and possibility of more sex...

Very interesting advice from his friend! Definitely agree.

Also who leaves a guy in their house that they don't know to go to the gym?

#IBD4U

Rug: 26 Dec 2018

Another guest blogger has decided to share some stories with me too. I love that you are all not leaving me out here on my own! Thank you for that.

I like to post the ones that aren't similar to any of my stories & this is definitely one of those!

-So Enjoy!

A few years ago I met this guy online, not on tinder, some other site I can't remember. I'd consciously decided to try dating guys outside of my usual type... cos that hadn't really been working out for me so well (hot, unemployed and practically homeless). So this guy had a job (tick), a house (tick) and was funny (tick), he was also pretty short and a bit squishy. We had good banter so we went on a few dates which went well.

At about date 4, I think, he invites me and my dog over for dinner. He can cook (tick) and he also has a dog (tick). Anyway, his dog is one of those rampant humpers and he went absolutely bananas over my dog, it was hilarious. My dog is a clueless asexual galloot and is just running around like a loon with his hornbag dog in hot pursuit.

My belly was sore from laughing (not just at the dogs) so we, the humans, retired inside with a glass of wine on the couch and he makes a really cheesy manoeuvre for a first kiss (think yawn and stretch), it's nice and we progress to his bedroom. He is a bit of a watcher so he starts playing with himself while I get naked and we're fooling around and it's fun. We start the old P in V action and then he screams, really screams, in agony, I try to work out what's wrong and he advises he's got a detached or travelling ball which has decided to jump up into his body cavity not in the cosy scrotum where it should be, he insists on continuing and doesn't withdraw but continues grimacing. Bit of a masochist maybe.

Anyway, I clamber off after bit and just play with his cock until his ball resumes a better location. We start again and I'm grabbing his arse to pull him in hard and then in the moment I grabbed his hair gently to push his head up. He freaks out and grabs his head and runs to the bathroom. I'm completely confused and it turns

out I had dislodged his toupee/hair piece thing that I didn't know wasn't real hair. (I don't need my eyes checked, it was really good, completely real looking).



He's totally soft at this point and embarrassed and returns with a beanie on his head and turns the lamp off. I ask him about the hair trying to reassure him that being bald is fine and he tells me he had an accident when he was younger and he got partially scalped and there's some ugly scarring. I figure that's fair enough but my bullshit detector is ringing a bit, but who knows! He's feeling pretty vulnerable so we end up getting back into it and he finishes with the beanie in place and my hands firmly pinned to the bed.

Funniest, weirdest most awkward interlude I'd had for a while...

I think we had one more date, I spent half of it looking at his hair when he wasn't looking. The hair wasn't the killer for me though he had some other quirks I wasn't too keen on, so that was that!

WOW, I don't think I'll be able to not look at guys hair now & wonder!

#IBD4U

The Blown Match: 3 Jan 2019

Well this reminds me of [We're fucked before](#), in a way. Casual tinder dates are fun, until someone is blown away! hahaha.

This is the story of another really regrettable tinder hook-up. The chatting and the banter was excellent. He was funny, playful and engaging. He was pretty cute in his pictures (he photographs well; in real life, I wasn't as into him). I agreed to a sneaky lunch time quickie at my place, as we were both really time poor.

He wanted the porn-star experience: full makeup, lingerie, heels- the whole bit. In return, I was going to get banged like a barn door in a hurricane. He'd dropped some dick pics, and I was seriously questioning how it was going to fit. He was roughly the dimensions of a large sweet potato. I pre-gamed some painkillers just in case.

His finger-work was rough and unskilled. For someone who works with his hands, I expected a little more dexterity. I'd already lubed up, so just wanted to get stuck in. He barely managed to get the tip in, before pulling out and spraying me from neck to belly-button in baby gravy.

30,148 likes

textsfromyourex Also, a mosquito sucked on my neck and I moaned a little bit. @singlesswag

I laid there, stunned. His after etiquette left much to be desired. He didn't offer to get me a towel/ something to clean his mess up. He didn't offer to do anything to make it enjoyable for me. He mumbled some vague comments about how into it he was and that "this has never happened before"- you can hear my eyes rolling as I write this. He got up and left. I was relieved.

He at least stuck to my rules- no mouth kissing, no cuddling after, no sleepovers.

The only good thing about this encounter is that he missed my hair and face with his premature gush of goo.

Miss Slut xx

Seriously, I don't understand men. Can someone please explain?!

#IBD4U

April Fools: 9 Jan 2019

This comes from the same guest blogger who wrote [Rug](#). This story is very familiar!

Thanks for sharing with us again!

So, this is about a first date, not all that remarkable in terms of where we met or how, but it's one that is firmly burned into my memory banks with the chemistry that we shared and for the journey that followed.

It started with a somewhat tentative swipe right based on an intriguing bio (switch, BDSM, kink, all of which I had no idea about at the time). And he was hot, really, really hot. We chat and we click and it's fun and easy so we arrange a date for two days later. We both had plans with friends but agreed to meet later in the evening after we'd caught up with our friends properly and it would be fine to cross mingle.

We meet at a bar, I saw him approaching and we just locked eyes and smiled. We hug, grab a drink and head to the dance floor. It's immediate chemistry. I announce I'm hungry after dancing and chatting for a bit and he disappears leaving me with his friend and my girlfriend. He reappears 5 minutes later with a sneaky cheeseburger, which is a semi drunk girls best friend. I was smitten.

Our friends all slowly disappear and we're left on our own. Still hungry, we go have some blueberry pancakes and chat and laugh and flirt away for an hour or so. We leave, I insist on a piggy back ride, he happily obliges and we run off looking for a cab. In the interests of full disclosure I advise that I'm at the end of my period but I'd like him to come home with me anyway. He's in and we're off back to my place. I do love a man that's not scared of the female body in all its sometimes gory glory. It's hot, primal and accepting. We get back to mine and it's on, there's kissing and more kissing and not tentative boring kissing, but really good, passionate hard kissing. The kind that leads to clothes coming off and being literally thrown down on the bed and being masterly attended to. He starts with finger fucking me in a way I never have been and I squirt and cum all over the place (note... I did not know what squirting was or what was happening at the time... but hey it felt good). I lost all inhibition that night and got absolutely lost in the moment. He's

clearly enjoying the experience and fucks me hard and well (and yes there was momentary pausing for condom action, because I'm not completely mad and nor was he).



After all was said and done, I slept like a well sated nymph. I awake to a gorgeous adonis entangled up in the sheets with me and a bed that looks like a raging storm has blown through. I may have also had a mild hangover... We breakfast on coffee, tea and tiny teddy biscuits as I'm not by any stretch a chef or home maker. I drop him home and kiss him and say see you later friend. I did see him later, again and again for six months and it was a journey, my own personal sexual awakening. It was one I went into with my eyes wide open, knowing that it would lead to heartbreak (mine). But I'd do it all over again (and again).

Where do these people go after an experience like that? Why do they disappear? I don't get it!

I wonder if we'll get another instalment? I don't think this story is over!

#IBD4U

Collection: 16 Jan 2019

I literally laughed out loud when I read these. I love it.

Thank you to She-Wolf for allowing me to share her stories with you!

Below are a collection of my funnier sexcapades.

These are the stories my girlfriends snicker over. I still do too.

Sex should be an enjoyable experience. It should be memorable.

If anything, I hope these stories give you a belly-laugh, and make you think “thank god that’s not me”...

1. Overexcited

This guy I met walking home. He kept lapping past me, beeping his horn to get my attention. He finally realized that I wouldn’t respond to cat-calling and showboating, and decided to pull over to talk to me.

He was a little older than me, with beautiful Mediterranean features and a hint of an accent. He asked me for my number and I gave it to him. These days, I wouldn’t; but back then I was young and stupid.

We met a few times and on about the 3rd date we actually kissed. It wasn’t great. Too much tongue. Kissing can be taught though, so I gave him the benefit of the doubt.

The next time we met, we went for a drive. In broad daylight. He took me to a local parking spot in the middle of the afternoon. I knew what he was thinking and I knew I wasn’t up for being an exhibitionist.

He started to kiss me- thankfully, he’d taken my hints and his technique was much improved. That little kiss did way more for him than it did for me. He grabbed my hand and stuffed it down the front of his shorts, while exclaiming “see! You’ve got me all excited!”... to which I replied “you’re really not doing anything for me today; can you take me home now?!” I’ve never seen an erection deflate so fast!

2. Broke-Dick

I have known this guy basically my whole life; he’s a family friend.

We ran into each other when we were all grown up and hadn’t seen each other in years.

After too much vodka and not enough thought, we bundled into a cab and went back to his place.

Initially; it wasn't so bad. I knew him, even though I had never been this intimate with him before, so I was less hung-up than I'd normally be.

We decided to play with the handcuffs he had- which was a lot of fun. He was really physically strong, so moved me about however he liked (which I enjoyed).

After a few thrusts, we both felt a bit of pain. I told him he wasn't doing it right. But he shook it off and tried to continue.

By now, he was really feeling sore and couldn't work out why. He pulled out, and that's when he saw it: blood.

Naturally; his first instinct was to ask if it was mine. It wasn't. When he realized the bleeding was coming from him, he let out an almighty girl-scream and ran through the house naked, waking his housemates in the process.

He ran a shower and as the warm water lashed at his ripped frenulum, he screamed anew. I'd managed to get loose of the cuffs and get changed to go check on him.

His housemates burst into fits of laughter when they realized what had happened and started chanting "broke-dick". The name has stuck.

3. Banana-bender

I met this next one online. We had a really lovely date (anything with Messina makes me happy) and there was a lot of chemistry.

He'd been in some kind of fitness competition and really badly hurt himself. I graciously offered him a massage. He accepted my offer, even though I told him that this wasn't going to be one of those massages like in porn.

There will be no happy endings here!

Pfft! That bit of wishful thinking didn't last long. I can't help myself, after all.

When he pulled it out for me to look at, I had to choke back my laughter with a fake cough; it was literally so bent I bet he could pee around a corner! No joke- it's basically a right angle.

Yes; we somehow managed to do the deed. Yes; it felt really weird. But surprisingly not that bad. A little bit of a quick-draw, but flawless technique.



4. The Thrill of Brazil

I'd been on a really lovely date with this guy. Date number two was at my place; I was cooking.

Naturally, the privacy of my home gave us both other ideas. He'd said to me that he was "very dominant" and that he wanted to do something "special" with me.

As we started to get into it, he took out his "python"- the name he gave to it (really, it was not bigger in overall dimensions than a pork sausage- delusions of grandeur, perhaps?!)

And proceeded to basically rub the tip of it over my face, like he was drawing an invisible mask of zorro on me, or performing some kind of weird blessing.

As he did this, he repeatedly whispered the word "special" to me. I was literally too stunned to move; face screwed up in a curious mix of distaste and disbelief.

I mean, come on! Who the hell does that in real life and finds it erotic?!

The python spat too early and he was so embarrassed about his performance that I haven't heard from him since.

5. The Convict

I met him after a work party that I ditched in order to go party at a strip club instead.

One of his friends mistook me for an escort and tried to worm his hand up my skirt. The slap to the face I gave him made him see otherwise.

My convict called me over to him to apologize for his friends behaviour and make sure that I was ok. He and I spent the rest of the night together- drinking, dancing and getting to know one another.

He propositioned me and I accepted. He had the bad – boy look. I didn't think twice. After a marathon round of gymnastic Sex , I said goodbye and he swore up one side and down another that he'd call me.

I was pretty "whatever" about it. But to my immense surprise, he did!

Though he would only call me on Wednesdays. And he'd flat out text and call me on weekends, trying to arrange to see me again.

It wasn't until sometime later, when I questioned the pattern and asked him if he was secretly married or something that he finally admitted to me the truth- he was on weekend release from jail and gets a phone call every Wednesday.

Soon after this, he got into some more trouble and his weekend release was discontinued.

I never heard from him again.

6. The ANZAC Day Punter

Let it be known that the wine they serve in RSL clubs played a massive part in this bad decision.

We met around the two-up table. I won most of his money. He kept betting with me to try and win it back, but also to have a reason to stay close to me.

By the end of the night I was well past the point of making a good decision. To drunk me, he was at least a solid 8/10, with short, curly hair, broad shoulders and kind eyes.

I dragged him home and had my way with him, apparently. I don't remember it at all.

The next morning I woke up with a raging, head-splitting hangover... and a foreign arm draped across me. I carefully peeked over my shoulder to see what I'd done and threw up in my mouth a little. My 8/10 in the harsh light of day was barely a 2.

I sent my mum a message and asked her who he was. She said I apparently really liked him. I told her she was awful for letting him take me home.

I made him a coffee, then feigned a busy day ahead to force him to leave. I thought that'd be the end of it.

I was so wrong.

About 3 months later, I was in bed asleep; blissfully unaware that someone was calling my name from the front yard.

Yes- it was him.

The noise woke my mum though; so she went to investigate. And, in a move so awful I can only describe it as a lesser form of child abuse, she let him in and woke me up to speak to him.

He told me he hadn't stopped thinking about me and that he thought he was in love with me. I tried to mask my distaste as I told him there was someone else in my life (there wasn't) and asked if he could get home ok.

He said he couldn't, and suggested to sleep in my bed with me. I gave him two options; my lounge, or my lawn.

Thankfully; he had left by the time I woke up.

7. The Pro Soccer Player

We met in a nightclub and he wouldn't let me go from the moment he came and introduced himself to me.

He was really sweet; a genuinely lovely guy. He was really humble, and was polite to everyone who came to speak to him that recognized him. That kindness impressed upon me.

We went back to my place and got stuck into it. Mum was supposed to be staying at her mates place that night, so I figured I'd have the place to myself. Midway through, I thought I heard the lock turn on the front door, but I wasn't 100%, so I just kept going, until mum flicked on my bedroom light and screamed in shock.

I did plenty of screaming myself ("Mum! Close the door! "). The mood was instantly killed. And I sent him packing through the back door.

Clearly, mum recognized him.

She had told her friends, too.

Who were all waiting to greet me in the morning with a Mexican wave, screaming "goal" and singing "ole! Ole! Ole!" at me.

It took a few weeks for that incident to die down.

She-Wolf xx

Yep, I got a big chuckle at the office when I read these on my lunch break! Hahaha...

For those wanting to read, here is the link for She-Wolf's blog.

<https://wordpress.com/read/blogs/155174584/posts/33>

#IBD4U

The One That Got Away #2: 23 Jan 2019

Do you remember [The One That Got Away?](#) One of my first guest blogger posts? It actually hit home for me & you will find out why soon enough – when I get to posting those stories... I don't consider myself a romantic person, but I wonder why can't these 2 be together?

As you can probably tell- I ran away interstate to be with him.

As luck would have it, things haven't exactly gone according to plan. But if I'm going to tell it, I have to go backwards to go forwards...

During things with "the impossible situation", things between "the one that got away" and I became pretty flirty and- because we came close to going there so long ago, but didn't go through with it- I was definitely curious to know what I'd been missing.

I flew interstate for his milestone birthday and that's when it happened. In a king-sized bed in the city, late at night. I very nearly lost my voice, and I'm convinced that our room had extra thick walls (which is good for me, because I get kinda loud).

We climbed into bed after his birthday dinner to "go to sleep". He rolled over to spoon me and started nuzzling my neck and feeling me up with shaking hands.

After the first moan escaped my lips, I knew I was done for.



When his hand slid between my thighs while kissing me, I knew I was going to be altered. He has impossibly long, “piano player” fingers, and it’d been years since someone was able to affect me so much with just the tip of a finger! It made me crazed.

Naturally, I jumped him! I was so wild for it that I needed to feel him inside me. It was worth all these years of waiting and wondering. There was not a single thing about that night that wasn’t perfect- not just a realistic kind of perfect, but also the way the movies portray it.

When we weren’t adventuring, eating or sleeping- we were in bed together. It sounds ridiculous for someone like me to call it making love, but that’s exactly how it felt. It’s the only time I ever have. Usually- I just fuck. I learned that weekend the difference between the two and it altered me. I felt like this is what I’ve been wanting and needing and looking for all along. I felt at home with him.

The best part was that I felt no pain. Normally during/ after any level of P-in-V action, I’m in screaming agony, thanks to my troubled uterus. With him, I only felt peace and contentment.

Upon reflection, the only thing I could think of that was different from other people is the emotional connection. This man knows everything about me- we have known each other half our lives- and that affection and trust was a point of difference. Usually, I fuck first and think later; after is when I decide how I feel about the person I’ve been with. This time it wasn’t like that, and I think it made all the difference.

Discovering afterward that that weekend was his first time having sex rocked me. Apart from thinking “damn! That’s some natural talent!”, it made me feel like there was a degree of emotional intimacy there. I thought it meant that we were on the same page emotionally.

After leaving “The Impossible Situation”, I took some time to get my head right. He damaged me a bit, and I wanted to make sure that I was better before jumping into things with “the one that got away”. We saw each other when our schedules would allow, and he told me to move down for good and live with him when his house was finished. It all kind of seemed too good to be true (it kinda was), but I felt at the time that I deserved this bit of happiness that was coming my way.

Fast forwarding to living together, and it isn't all rosy and bright. After being here together a few months, he realised that he doesn't want to be in a relationship with me. I'm too affectionate and I need more emotionally than he's capable of giving me. He feels guilty as hell for basically bringing me down here under false pretences and some days it is hard to look at him and not want to smack him upside the head for it.

I gave him the ultimatum a few weeks ago- get your shit together and be what I need, or watch me walk away. I refuse to have wishy-washy bullshit. I don't want grey areas. I don't want him to think he can be a true fuckboy and pick me up and put me down as it suits him. I'm a hell of a lot better than that. He chose to walk away.

Thankfully, through all this- we are still best friends. We adore each other. I am his plus one to just about everything because he knows while I'm distracting everyone with my larger than life personality, it means he gets left alone.

Living together is easy. There's no more emotional stress, there's no sexual tension and we can just grow old being dorks together... at least until someone comes along, who can give me exactly what I want- once I reestablish what that is.

For any potential suitors reading this- he's a part of my life you have to accept.

Don't make me choose between you, because I will always choose my best friend.

He's a pretty rad dude, so you score bonus points for getting along with him! You also don't need to be fearful or jealous of him. We are seriously JUST FRIENDS.

She-Wolf x

Here is the link to her blog <https://wordpress.com/read/blogs/155174584/posts/123>

All I can say is, why?!

#IBD4U

Honest, Unfiltered Advice: 30 Jan 2019

Some of this is hard to read because it's so true for me... I think we sometimes like to ignore the reality for the fantasy, I am so guilty of it.

This will be a constant work-in-progress: read through these when you have problem or aren't sure what to do.

I'm being blunt for a reason. Some days, even I get tired of being a "Dear Abby" for my nearest and dearest.

So here they are- some pearls of wisdom from the she-wolf herself:

- **If you have to ask if you should leave; you already know the answer. You don't need someone else to validate you. It's your damn life.**
- **If things haven't changed by now, they won't. Ever.**
- **If you want to put up with the same shit day in, day out, then why are we even having this conversation?!**
- **No-one is coming to save you, so stop being such a sook and get your shit together.**
- **A man won't fix your problems. Stop waiting for a knight in shining armour, because they're all fucking retards wrapped in tin foil.**
- **A vibrator might not take out the trash or hug you, but it won't cheat, lie or ruin your life either.**
- **If you don't even respect/love/want/ care for yourself, you shouldn't expect anyone else to, either.**
- **It's ok to just cut people off without saying goodbye.**
- **If you have to seek validation from other men by way of things like lingerie selfies/ videos, because your man isn't appreciating you as much as you'd like, then you really need to ask yourself if you should be marrying him.**
- **There's a difference between being alone and being lonely.**
- **The grass may look greener in the other side, but it's likely going to be fertilised with the same shit.**
- **If he cheated with you, he will cheat on you**

- Don't listen to your heart, because your heart is a fucking idiot. Listen to your brain and your gut. They have more sense.

Here is the link to this blog:

<https://wordpress.com/read/blogs/155174584/posts/246>

Relationship advice

Pay more attention to
your life partner
than you do
to your phone.



I've said it before that you need to love yourself before anyone can love you, something I'm still working on!

#IBD4U

Relationship Accountability: 6 Feb 2019

Here is some different advice from another blogger I follow. Different points of view & different opinions are what can make dating hard, everyone has an opinion – me included & sometimes things often work out differently because people don't always do what we hope they would. This advice also hit home for me...

Ghosting, icing, simmering and other names for bastardry

Past generations did not have so many names for shitful behaviour. Maybe ghosting existed, but without smartphones and the expectations around keeping in touch 24/7, it was more of a slow fade.

These days we have a veritable tsunami of names of how to behave badly when it comes to our interpersonal, 'romantic' relationships. This is my shorthand way of saying relationships that involve 'more than friendship', although friends can choose the slow fade as well, but it's not as pervasive.

Relationship Accountability Spectrum

	GHOSTING	ICING	SIMMERING	POWER PARTING
Definition	Ceasing communications suddenly and entirely with someone you are dating, but no longer wish to date.	Manufacturing a reason to suspend the relationship, a la, "I'm too busy."	Reducing the frequency of dates and communication.	Ending it conclusively, in language that can't be misinterpreted by wishful thinking.
What it is for you	You cannot face the pain you will inflict, so you make it invisible to yourself by disappearing.	You want him/her to pine for you and be there if you change your mind. It's equal parts ego and anxiety.	Something isn't working for you, but you like the security of companionship and you want bandwidth to browse other options.	You know and trust yourself well enough to know when something isn't working, and you have faith in the future.
Typical text	**crickets**	"Work is super crazy right now and I need to stay focused. Can't wait to hang out when my schedule frees up."	"Sorry for short notice but can't make it out tonight. Maybe we can get together week after next?"	"This isn't working for me. Thank you for sharing the world of improv. I enjoyed our time together and wish you all my best."
What it does for/to the recipient	Short term emotional chaos, mid-term confusion and doubt, long-term resentment.	He/she knows exactly what's going on, and he/she knows you're just too weak to end it. Fastest path to resentment.	A vague sense that something is wrong and that an end is imminent, but not enough evidence for a direct confrontation.	Clarity and resolution, a faster healing time, and no haunting hopes or ambiguity.

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In my [Glossary](#), I have a useful collection of terms in case you want to brush up on your online dating lingo. Of course, these behaviours are not limited to dating that originated from an online dating source (e.g. most modern dating), but they are extremely common behaviours where there aren't other connections like mutual friendships, community, work or family to help keep people accountable.

This post was inspired by one from [Confessions of a Reformed Cad](#), which reminded me that modern dating behaviours need to come with a users' manual and a regular, no-kid-gloves reminder of what they mean. Stories that people tell about their dating experiences are littered with these unethical and abusive behaviours.

Some of the names for these modern-day behaviours, in addition to the ones I've already mentioned, are benching, bread-crumbing, catch and release, monkeying, layby, and zombie-ing.

At their heart, each of these behaviours is a form of emotional cowardice. Some might call it a dislike of hurting someone else or being the bearer of bad news, but the other – less palatable side – is a lack of empathy or consideration for someone else's feelings or lived experience. Some people just don't care about the effects of their behaviour. They can justify it as 'being too busy', 'not really being into them', or it being 'all too hard'.

As [Esther Perel](#) says, "In this relationship culture, expectations and trust are in constant question. The state of stable ambiguity inevitably creates an atmosphere where at least one person feels lingering uncertainty, and neither person feels truly appreciated or nurtured. We do this at the expense of our emotional health, and the emotional health of others."

If you consider the row in the table that gives examples of typical text messages according to relationship accountability I'm certain that you'll have experienced all of these if you're seriously giving online dating a go. Just reading those examples brings back uncomfortable memories of when this has been done to me, not because I was necessarily emotionally invested in the person, but because it's game playing and dishonest. It leaves you 'not really knowing' where you stand; it sucks your confidence and if, like me, you're a generous person who believes in giving people the benefit of the doubt, it leaves you feeling tricked or abused. More than once I've walked away from ['textationships'](#) that repeat patterns of building and then dashing hopes –plans for meeting, plans for sex, plans for dating plans that involve actual commitment to a time and place. Making a decision and sticking to it seems to be a rare combination sometimes!

Cad says, “I’ve come to realize nearly everything that goes wrong in a relationship can be addressed simply with vulnerability and a change in the angle of approach. I firmly believe now, that if I had better skills when I was younger, I would still have a loving marriage with my ex-wife.”

Wise words indeed from someone who is not afraid to ‘do the work’ and take a good, hard look at their own behaviour and culpability – something so many of us are afraid to do.

Esther Perel believes that ghosting and behaviours of the same ilk are “manifestations of the decline of empathy in our society — the promoting of one’s selfishness, without regard for the consequences of others. There is a person on the other end of our text messages (or lack thereof), and the ability to communicate virtually doesn’t give us the right to treat others poorly.”

Wherever you may sit on the spectrum of relationship accountability, acting passively (or passive-aggressively) and hoping someone will ‘get the hint’ is not a responsible or ethical choice. It’s not easy sometimes, and I know I haven’t always been perfect in the past, but it’s the right thing to do. By recognising others as worthy of the same honesty and compassion that we ourselves seek, we are acting true to our own moral frameworks as well as ‘creating positive vibes’ in the world around us. If you want to read any of my past stories about ghosting, these are a good place to start.

[Whatever your relationship status...](#)

[Expectations in online dating and the risks of addiction](#)

[Another online dating adventure – Ian the octopus](#)

[Digital landmines – people don’t treat people like humans anymore](#)

[What should I do when the guy I like ghosts on me?](#)

Here is the link to her blog: <https://wordpress.com/read/blogs/135700479/posts/1344>

With all this great advice over the last couple of guest blogs, do you think I will make better decisions?!

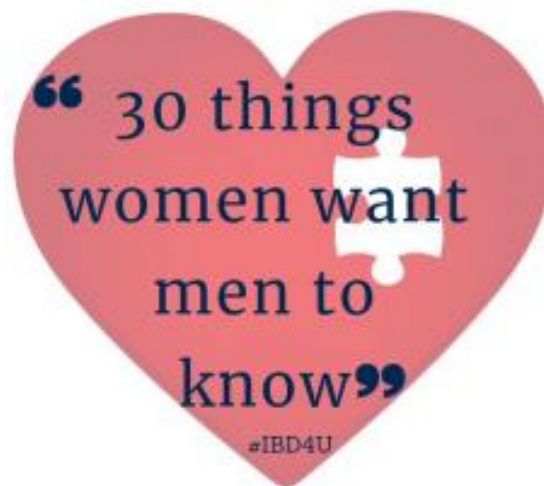
#IBD4U

30 Things Women Want Men To Know: 6 Mar 2019

I read this via another Blog (<https://wordpress.com/read/blogs/135700479/posts/1094>) & I found it very interesting.

I disagree with number 2 personally, I've said this many times before. However the rest of these are very true for me too!

I was really trying to avoid blogging about anything concerning sex but I guess it was highly inevitable. Today I am sharing those things most women wish men knew but simply don't tell them. My personal thoughts are points 1-10 and 30 and the rest of the points are from the women I asked. Here's hoping no one takes offence but maybe takes notes instead and make sex something both you and your partner enjoy.



1. It is not about the quantity but the quality of sex. Why are you trying to have 8 rounds of 2 minute sex?? One session of good sex is good enough and if you are doing things right and hitting the spot then by all means rest assured I am fine.
2. Size does matter. For me that is, that motion for the ocean line doesn't hold water. I am a big girl, I like big things.
3. Sex in the dark? NO, switch on the light please I want to see what's going on.
4. If you have to ask "how was it" you know the sex was lousy.

5. Do not keep asking me how it was; you are not ready for the truth.
6. Just because the last woman you slept with liked anal sex does not mean the next woman does. Ask before trying to sneak your dick into my ass hole!
7. I don't fake orgasms, if I didn't cum I didn't cum, it is really that simple.
8. Oral sex is a big turn on. Eat that pussy like it's the cure for some life threatening disease! Note I said EAT not small little licks!
9. Do not bite the clitoris! Just because it is shaped like a jelly bean it does not mean it was made for biting. That is a sensitive organ, be gentle.
10. Don't be lazy, put your back in it!
11. Take off ALL your clothes. Why do you leave some clothes on? Socks, vest, take it off we want to see all your body parts.
12. Screaming doesn't mean we are enjoying it. It can mean one of three things. Maybe we just want to stroke your ego and make you think you are pumping us proper, we want you to stop or it's actually painful. LOL
13. We don't always orgasm, but that's okay. Do not make it a big deal because if you do we end up faking orgasms.
14. Sex should not always be about a good fuck. Sometimes a woman wants some good old deep, delicious and slow love making.
15. Change of scenery will definitely spice up the sex. The bedroom becomes boring. Sex in the shower anyone?
16. We love surprises; introduce goodies like chocolate, strawberries, yoghurt, edible lingerie...
17. Take a bath! Who do you want to climb on top of smelling like you were ploughing in a field all day?
18. Sweat is a NO NO. Show up smelling divine and maybe a different cologne every now and again is a huge turn on.
19. Do not be a selfish lover, wait for the woman to orgasm.
20. Do not keep switching tempo. We do like variety BUT constantly changing tempo interrupts our flow. Worst time to switch is when we are about to orgasm. Do you have any idea what it takes to finally get an orgasm??? Do not tempt us to punch you in the face during sex!

21. If a woman is not in the mood for sex she is not. No amount of parading in the room naked will change her mind.
22. Foreplay is more than just sticking your fingers up her pussy.
23. Enjoying sex does not make me a freak.
24. Sex is meant to be fun.
25. If you expect to get head you better wash up your dick properly!
26. Women probably love sex more than men but our society has raised us in a way where showing that labels you a loose woman.
27. Most women are shy to initiate sex but in her mind she has ripped off your clothes and done all sorts of unimaginable things!
28. Women are horniest when they are on their period. Some actually don't mind sex during that time of the month.
29. You don't know women like that. Just because your friend told you his woman liked this, it doesn't mean I will like it.
30. TALK, TALK, TALK! You must communicate during sex. That way you both say what you want. Laughing is even welcome when things go wrong. That's the whole point of sex, to have a good time. Give specifics and help each other to enjoy amazing sex!

***Side Note – Remember to practice safe sex. If you have sex without any form of contraception, then you may be at risk of a pregnancy (as well as a sexually transmitted infections).**

Posted on [May 20, 2016](#) by [MaKupsy](#)

Here's a link to their blog: <https://makupsy.wordpress.com/2016/05/20/30-things-women-want-men-to-know/>

Hope you all enjoyed!

#IBD4U

The Recipe: 13 Mar 2019

I love this concept. I was only just talking about this the other day, the fact I have done so many unsafe things in my dating life & how I have been so bloody lucky nothing terrible has happened to me! I am so thankful for that, however this is a great safety tool that all single people should adopt with their friends.

Code words!

Ladies... *have you had dessert?*

This question could be life-changing...

Yes, that rich, flourless chocolate cake COULD actually change your life, but have you asked a friend recently if they've had dessert?

After a recent spate of great and not-so-great Tinder/Bumble/pick up in a local bar dates, in one of our weekly dish sessions, my concerned friend expressed that she was worried that my sister or myself might find ourselves in a dangerous situation. Obviously we always tell each other our location, his name, photo, any random information about him that we have accumulated, but in this imaginary scenario, our usual "are you ok?" message might be met with aggression where we might be forced to reply 'yes', when in fact, we're not ok. So we devised a plan...



Have you had dessert?

A discreet and seemingly harmless question, sent approximately 30 minutes into a date, with a series of code responses:

***Yes, I had chocolate means the date is going very well!**

***Yes, I had vanilla means it's good, but a bit boring.**

***Yes, I had pistachio means it's ok, but I'm ready to go home.**

All of the above answers indicate that we are all good. Unfortunately, for my sister, I like to mix and match, so she often receives 'chocolatey vanilla', or something completely different. Sometimes, when I forget the code, she gets things like "pancakes with blueberries", because I actually had that. Or when it's been really spectacular: "triple chocolate with whipped cream and extra chocolate chips with sprinkles". Obviously, all men would love to be this one, but it's reserved for a certain Canadian gentleman... well, they're his words, but I fully endorse them

If things are not going well...

***No, I'm thinking of having a chocolate sundae means it's not going well, but I'm ok.**

***No, I'm thinking of having some rocky road (get it? The road is rocky?) means it's getting worse, be on standby.**

***No, I'm thinking of having a banana split (split... right?) means if I don't contact you in the next 10 mins, call or come and get me.**

***No, I'm thinking of having a banana split – DO YOU WANT ONE TOO? means get me out now.**

And one that we will hopefully never have to use: No, tell Dad to get some donuts means call the police and tell them what's happening.

We wrote this code laughing hysterically, as my son walked into the room asking 'oh, are you guys getting dessert?', but we realised that it's not really a laughing matter. I mean, realistically, if something were really wrong, chances are we wouldn't be using code, but it makes it a little more fun...

And let me be clear, this is not about sex... we can have a different one for that

So here I am, writing to you all, sharing stories so we can support each other through good dates, bad dates, heartbreak and excitement and of course, mind-blowing sex!!

I hope you'll continue to read this and share it with your friends.

Stay tuned for more dating adventures...

To check out this blog: <https://wordpress.com/read/blogs/156817670/posts/9>

Just as you practice safe sex, please practice safe dating!

#IBD4U

The Wedding Cake: 20 Mar 2019

Here is a guest blogger who also has a blog!

The true romantic in me believes this story & hopes that it is as wonderful as it says it is, however the cynic in me thinks this story is a load of bollocks... Which one are you?

Romantic or Cynic?

After all, it's easy to lose hope when you're looking for love, isn't it?

So many tales of betrayal, broken relationships, swiping left and right, dick pics and commitment phobic men (and women) out there in our culture. Sometimes it seems that people have become so interchangeable, so disposable, that it's become acceptable to discard them without any warning in the cowardliest of the cowardly act of 'ghosting' (If we have a term for it, it must be a thing!).

It's easy to lose hope, right? That good people are out there, looking for the same thing we are: to love and be loved in return – isn't that the holy grail – or the wedding cake, if you will? But how do you believe in that when so many people lie about their intentions to get what they need?

When friend after friend tells you of their failed attempts to find what they're looking for: a love so strong, that not even years and/or miles between two people can dull its lustre, that someone would choose them over all the other options they have out there, how can you not become cynical about love?

Recently I was talking to a friend of mine; a fairly busy woman, full-time single mum, upon full-time Italian teacher, upon part-time student who was seeking a moment of tranquillity in her otherwise hectic day at the park in front of the Arts Centre – you know the one?! She sat on a bench in front of a pond and took a deep breath of fresh air, feeling herself relax. She noticed that a man had sat down next to her, and turned to see an elderly, fairly short, weathered-looking man smiling at her. Now, this happens to her all the time, people tell her their stories without any encouragement from her – she has one of those faces – so she smiled back. He asked her, *'Are you Italian?'* *'Yes, I am'* she replied, *'are you?'* No, he explained, *'I'm French, but in the war, I fought in Italy. While I was there I met an Italian woman and I never forgot her.'*

A secret sucker for a love story (a closet romantic, but she'd be mortified if people knew), she asked him to tell her more. They met when he went to her village in Italy, and after the shortest time, they fell in love. He was mesmerised by her, and though they couldn't understand each other well (a recipe for a happy relationship in my opinion) they felt like they had known each other forever.



'And then what happened?' she enquired. *'A friend had told me about Australia, I wanted to go there, and for her to marry me and come with me, but she was promised to another man by her parents. She said she could not come with me, it was not the right time.'* And so he left, unable to pass up the opportunity for a better life, settled in Melbourne and met his wife. They had children and he had a great life here, exactly as his friend had promised, but he confessed that from time to time he thought of his Italian girl. He always wondered what she was doing, but didn't have any way of contacting her.

Oh, she thought, disappointed... but the story didn't end there. Many years later, his wife died and, noticing that he was lonely, an Italian friend of his invited him to his home for his granddaughter's birthday party. He could not believe his eyes when, at his friend's house, he saw a woman who bore a striking resemblance his Italian girl!! He wasn't sure that it was her, but he asked, not prepared to lose the chance again. They spoke at length of their lives; her husband had passed away also after they had come to Australia together. All this time, they had been in the same place, but had no way to contact each other! Somehow, fate had led them back to each other, and now they are together.

It's easy to lose hope, right? But then you hear a story like this...

Here is her blog: <https://wordpress.com/read/blogs/156817670/posts/60>

#IBD4U

Article – Why Pain Makes Us Horny: 27 Mar 2019

As I have been very vocal about the exploration of the kink world & my sex life, including talking about how much I enjoy pain, I have been looking around for some articles to share with you about why I do...

It's definitely not for everyone, I get that. & I'm not asking you to try it, especially with just a random or inexperienced man/woman that you're dating... If you do want to try, make sure you trust the person inexplicably before venturing into this, also lots of open communication!

I never thought it would be for me nor did I think I would want it, but somehow, I really enjoy it. The more I do it, the more I get out of it.

This article really makes me feel better & I hope it gives you more insight as we delve deeper into my kink scene!

Why Pain Makes Us Horny: The Process That Turns Pain Into Pleasure

"I enjoy getting my ass beaten until it bruises. It turns me on a lot."

This statement isn't strange in the kink community, but it can sound rather extreme for those who haven't been initiated into the rituals and activities of BDSM.

"How can you enjoy being spanked like that? It hurts!"

Most masochists would answer something like, "I don't know why. It just turns me on." Not content with this answer, I decided to look a little deeper into the mechanism that can turn pain into an orgasm.

The Mechanisms of Pain

Pain perception, also called *nociception*, is the mechanism that triggers a response to potentially harmful stimuli through the nervous system.

Pain can have three sources: chemical (like an acid burn), mechanical (like crushing or cutting) or thermal (hot and cold). Any of these three stimuli strong enough to activate the nociceptors (pain receptors) of the affected area will trigger the transmission of the stimuli to the brain. The reception and processing of the stimuli occurs in different areas. The brain then gives you an impulse to move or do something to avoid or stop the pain.

So, when you put your hand on a hot stove, the nerves in your skin send a message to your brain to tell it that it's burning. Your brain screams "BURNING" and you remove your hand as a result. That's generally how it works.

Pretty simple, right? Except it isn't.

Pain and Neurotransmitters

The way pain is processed by the brain also triggers other things in your body. Most importantly for our discussion, endorphins, serotonin, melatonin, epinephrin, and norepinephrine can all be released following a painful and/or stressful stimulus. These hormones act as an analgesic (painkiller) and stimulate the fight-or-flight response. So, when you get hurt, your brain makes its own Tylenol and gives you a boost of energy to fight your attacker or run away.

Remember how chemical cocktails influence our sexual and romantic behaviour? By receiving pain, you are activating a lot of those same chemicals, especially serotonin and adrenaline. In other words, the same chemicals that turn you on when you're sexually aroused flow into your body when you're being hurt.



How Do We Actually Get Pleasure from Pain?

If we follow this train of thought, applying painful stimuli the right way activates nice, floaty, pleasurable hormones in the brain. If the pain is applied gradually and for an extended period of time, you can get someone very high on endorphins. In the BDSM world, this is called "subspace."

Here's how it works, from my experience:

At first, the pain level is low: a nice flogging on the upper back usually gets me nicely started. It doesn't hurt a lot, but there is a little sting. It feels a bit like pushing your body through a tough workout.

Then, when the intensity goes up, it can *really* hurt. It hurts to the point of cringing, even screaming. Somehow, it's bearable, because you already have a little flow of endorphins going. When you're tied up and *can't* fight or flee, the rush of adrenaline is also quite a rush.

As this pain is administered, there's a point at which I start resisting. This is when the adrenaline has kicked in. I start hissing, cursing at my top, kicking, trying to escape my bonds. (I like to be tied up when I get beaten). The pain rises to a peak, and so does my resistance.

Then, somehow, I give in. Once another burst of endorphins floods my brain, I relax into the pain, and it suddenly – and literally – turns into pleasure. My mind has found a new way to cope: by turning pain sensations into pleasure sensations I can withstand the “torture” longer. Best of all: I get very, very horny.

Nobody is quite sure how pain can literally turn into sexual arousal. It may be one of the ways that the body interprets the sudden rush of endorphins because it is so similar to “typical” sexual arousal. What we do know, though, is that masochism is no longer considered pathological by the DSM (the bible of mental disorders), and that masochism that's expressed in a healthy and sane way doesn't require intervention.

If you find that, after exploring some kink, you're definitely getting a kick out of being creatively hurt by kind sadists, there's nothing wrong with you. Your body is reacting to what's happening to you with hormones and chemicals that make you feel good. You should enjoy every second of it.

The article link : <https://www.kinkly.com/why-pain-makes-us-horny-the-process-that-turns-pain-into-pleasure/2/14117>

#IBD4U

The Internet's For Porn: 10 Apr 2019

I agree with this 100%... I used to be one of those chicks who was annoyed her [boyfriend](#) watched porn, especially when I found a massive porn collection that was never shared with me... But it's so normal, everyone in their life has probably watched some porn.

Now, these days, I go through phases with porn, I don't watch it a lot but I like to watch it. I have specific tastes in what I choose to watch too. I even have specific tastes on porn stars that I like to watch too... I won't just watch anything! But I definitely think that people should watch porn if they like it & not be afraid to talk about it!

I have also recently discovered that my new smart TV's have internet browsers, so I can watch porn directly on my TV... It's annoying to use the remote control, so I think I prefer using my phone however, wow, I watched a lot of porn once I discovered that...

These tips are spot on, I used to be a bit of a starfish lover, but obviously had a sexual awakening & am told by quite a few men that I am nothing like a starfish lover! (Which is always good to hear!)

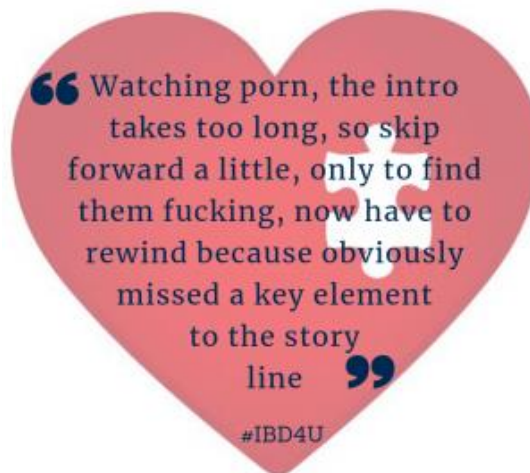
Porn is fun! Porn is fun alone, porn is fun with your partner, even your own homemade porn is fun (yeah... stories to come! hahaha) Find the type of porn you like & have fun with it! Let's get it off the taboo list too!

Let me start by saying I Love Porn!

No, seriously; I really do.

As in I watch porn almost every day. Whenever I'm having some solo time, I'm watching porn while I double-click my mouse.

Personally, I see no harm in it. I know a lot of girls out there are put off by a man who watches a lot of porn, because they feel insecure about their own desirability, but let me assure you that it's not a problem- if he's still sleeping with you, he's still into you on some level.



His porn choices can also give you a clue as to what kind of bed play he likes, or wants to try out. It's the easiest way to work out what you'll be in for, or what your personal limits might be.

For example, I haven't minded dressing up like a naughty school girl, but I balked at my foot slave dressing up like one and getting pegged by yours truly.

It can be a great intimacy tool, too. Ask your partner to watch some porn together, and then act out the scene, or indulge in a little solo or mutually beneficial play as you watch. You can also play a game of hold out, and see who cracks first.

The possibilities are endless.

Porn was one of the best guides for how to be a great lay, and I think a lot of women don't get past their insecurities to see this.

The Pro tips I've extracted from porn for real life application are this:

- keep your hands busy; touch him, touch yourself, whatever. Just use them.
- eye contact; it builds intensity.
- participate and/ or take control once in a while; no one likes a star fish!
- don't be afraid to say what you want.

Go watch some porn now, if you don't believe me!

She-Wolf xx

If you want to read her blog: <https://wordpress.com/read/blogs/155174584/posts/113>

#IBD4U

Article – 13 Things To Try If You’re New To BDSM: 17 Apr 2019

So, I’ve been doing some research for you all, as I am no expert! Some of my guest blogs, they’ve been articles about the kink community, not actual other dating stories from my readers...

A friend shared this one & I thought it was perfect for those thinking they may want to try this kink world but are too scared at how to go about it. I started off slow & if you keep reading you’ll find out a lot more of this kink world I get into, however this article has some great ways to start exploring with your partner.

I will always suggest that you have a conversation with your partner before trying anything with them, consent even for a simple light spank is very important. Communication is the key, I was missing that with some of my exploration & now I am deeper in to kink, I understand how much communication can be required with a new partner!

Enjoy...

OK, so you know you’re turned on by BDSM and kink. You’ve thought a lot about it and maybe you’ve even done some of the things that the experts recommend you do before you get started with BDSM. (Sign up for that FetLife account yet?) You’re ready to start thinking about and planning your first “session” but... You’re not totally sure where to start. Perhaps your fantasies are more varsity level than JV and you want to start slow or maybe you’re just at a loss for ideas because, well, you’re a newbie!

Before we even get into activities, though, I want to take a minute and reassure you a little bit. I know that BDSM and kink can get kind of a bad rap in the media, like it’s some kind of deviant activity that only messed up people are into. Like a lot of things we see in mainstream media, though, that’s a total load of BS. BDSM and kink are practiced by all kinds of people with all kinds of backgrounds — and they play a huge role in the fantasy lives for a large proportion of women. There is nothing wrong with being into kinky sex play and it doesn’t mean there’s anything wrong with you. All it means, in the end, is that you’re into kinky sex play!

Now that we have that out of the way, it’s time to get down to the nitty gritty. I have a million kinky friends (well, maybe not a million, but *quite* a few) who are

happy to share their expertise on great entry level kink and BDSM activities for those of you who are 100 percent new to the game. I decide to focus specifically on suggestions made by Miette Rouge, 43, and Jenna, 26, both of whom are active members of their respective kink scenes. One more thing before we get started, though: they both wanted me to remind all of you that communication — before and after — is essential if you’re going to try any of these BDSM 1.0 things. Other than that? Enjoy!



1. Hair Pulling

Miette suggests hair pulling as a good way to start getting into kinky play. It’s easy, doesn’t require any toys, and can be as gentle or as rough as you want it to be.

2. Light Spanking

Spanking is definitely a common fantasy and starting lightly is a good idea, with the option of ramping it up as you go, of course. Start with hands and then incorporate toys as you and your partner(s) become more experienced.

“I found it really exciting as a beginner to be told I had to count the number of blows I was going to receive because it was not only a pain thing, but a power thing,” Jenna tells Bustle.

3. Aggressive Language

Miette suggests incorporating aggressive language into your play. Words like “slut,” “whore,” “jerk,” “wimp,” and “f*ck” are all good places to start. Name calling, however, should definitely be pre-negotiated, as one slut’s turn on may be another jerk’s *major* turn off.

4. Tying Up With A Scarf

A lot of people fantasize about bondage and scarves a good place to start because they're soft and it's hard to do real damage with them — unlike, you know, rope and handcuffs. Miette's main tip is to make sure that two fingers can be slipped between the tie and the skin in order to avoid cutting off circulation, which definitely *can* do damage.

5. Under The Bed Restraints

Once you're ready to move on from scarves, Jenna recommends trying out under the bed restraints or "just canvas strap restraints."

"Even if you don't do anything else besides fool around, if you've never done it before giving up control over your body is an exciting intro to BDSM for beginners," says Jenna.

6. Incorporating "Sir" Or "Madam"

In addition to aggressive language, Miette advises that a "sir" or "madam" can do wonder to set the stage. It's a simple way to establish roles in a dom/sub scene and keep you both involved in the fantasy.

7. Biting

Biting is a great entry-level way to play, but Miette warns that talking about it beforehand is again essential — and part of that talk should be about marks. Some people are into them and some people really aren't, so make sure you know where your partner stands before you start chomping down.

8. Subbing/Topping Role Playing

Jenna suggests that "something as simple as having your arms tied behind your back while performing oral sex" can be a really hot entry level activity for people who are just getting started. Other suggestions might include begging (for sex or punishment) as well as being put in or putting someone in a submissive physical position.

9. Play With "Pervertables"

Miette is really into what she calls "pervertables," which are basically every day objects that can be transformed into toys. She recommends things like wooden spoons, brushes, spatulas and narrow things like canes, thin belts, and rulers with

the metal guide on them if you want to make a mark. The best thing about these toys, according to Miette, is that no one but other kinksters will recognize them for what they are. They're like a kinky secret signal!

10. Sensation Play With A Blindfold.

Both Miette and Jenna recommend blindfolded sensation play. What does that mean, you ask? Basically, you lightly restrain someone (or are restrained yourself, depending on your preference), blindfold them, and then introduce various sensations with various objects. So maybe you run a feather over them or you pinch them or you give them a spank or tease them to edge of orgasm. The idea is allow the non-blindfolded person to have control of everything that's happening and for the blindfolded person to surrender control to them.

11. Floggers

A flogger is more like a BDSM 1.1 step rather than a BDSM 1.0 step, according to Jenna. She recommends to newbies, though, because the pain it provides isn't very intense but it *looks* scary, which can heighten your enjoyment of it. Her second tip when it comes to this kind of pain play? "Leave the cane for once you've experienced a little more, because that sh*t hurts."

12. Clothespins

Jenna also thinks that clothespins — which can be adjusted and removed quickly, if need be — are a good way to start exploring pain thresholds. She recommends trying them out on nipples, stomach, and inner thigh at first as you start to understand your or your partner's limits. Once you've mastered these,

13. Candle wax

Candle wax is another way to play that Jenna tells Bustle "seems scary but isn't, isn't that painful, and is an exciting way to intro/explore pain." Her only warning is that you do some research beforehand about different types of candles, as certain kinds burn hotter than others and those are the ones you *don't* want.

Here is the website to this article <https://www.bustle.com/articles/133513-13-things-to-try-if-youre-new-to-bdsm>

#IBD4U

Article – 10 Important Lessons I Learned When I Found My Local Kink Scene: 24 Apr 2019

There are many things you should discuss with your partner before embarking on a kink lifestyle. I know that now, but I entered it quite blindly with people who didn't really know what they were doing. While it worked out alright for me, it could've been a very different story.

I want to use this blog to also open the dialogue, why should it be a secret. Like I said in my guest post [why I do what I do](#), I don't understand why kink & sex is such a taboo subject. I'd rather people know I am into kink & doing it safely, rather than no one knowing about it at all!

Here's some more tips for you!

It seems like more people than ever are experimenting with kink. many do so from the privacy of their homes and learn from books and websites like this one. I found it even more helpful to explore my local kink scene at the same time. finding the kink scene was one of the most transformative experiences of my life. Here are the 10 important lessons I learned.



1. How to set boundaries

In the kink scene, it's standard for people to negotiate what they are and aren't ok with before playing together. essentially, the submissive explicitly sets boundaries with the dominant. These boundaries are normally known as hard and soft limits. Hard limits are things that you don't want done to you under any circumstances. Soft limits are typically things that maybe you are kind of hesitant to take on. Or you're only willing to do them with certain people or at certain times.

There are BDSM checklists that you can print off to help you have those discussions. No matter what a submissive's limits are, it's a standard practice to clearly establish them before playing. This is especially important because the dominant and submissive are operating outside of societal norms of what's right and wrong.

As a recovering people pleaser, I found the process of setting limits within my BDSM practice translated into learning to set them in my personal life. I started to push back on friends or relatives who ignored boundaries I set. I also became better at clearly stating those boundaries in the first place.

2. Something can be scary and not kill you

It is completely natural to avoid what we fear. Fear is an extremely intense emotion. often, fear limits us in ways that actually impede our survival. Fear might keep us from switching jobs when our current employer isn't treating us well – or prevent us from even looking at other opportunities. Fear might make us stay in a relationship that's unhealthy because we're afraid of being alone.

I was scared to death when I joined the kink community. I've also had scenes that scared the pants off me (sometimes, quite literally). I survived. Challenging those fears ended up being incredibly fulfilling for me. It was a rush to conquer my fears and make it to the other side. I also gained the knowledge that I am capable of handling much more than I thought I could.

Whether it's a new sexual act that you're nervous about trying or a big life change, the unknown can be terrifying. it's also where some of the best things in life are. Facing fears is the only way you grow.

3. You can tolerate pain & survive

One of the biggest lessons I learned was that just because someone is hurting (even me), it doesn't mean that anyone did anything wrong. I also learned that just because something hurts right now, doesn't mean that it will hurt forever.

In fact, a lot of positive changes *require* that you tolerate pain or discomfort on the way to achieving your goals. People typically understand this when it comes to changes like dieting or going to the gym, but they usually have a hard time translating it to *emotional* growth.

Playing in the kink community directly increased my physical pain tolerance, but that wasn't the only change. It helped me develop self-control and the ability to delay gratification, two strengths that I use constantly in my personal life.

4. You can do you

I was like a lot of people who first show up in their local kink scene: really unsure of myself. I felt curious and a little ashamed that I was exploring something that society thought was taboo.

What I found was one of the most accepting communities I'd ever encountered. Like any community, it has its quirks but by and large, I noticed a very encouraging pattern: people who had been active on the kink scene for a while *owned* their fetishes. They didn't seem ashamed at all. They were *proud* of them.

Little by little, as I spent time with them, I built up my own sense of personal security. Over time, the petty things people said to me became less like valid criticisms and more like noise. I learned to qualify the person who criticized me to determine whether they were an accurate judge of the subject (and me) or not. If the criticism didn't come from a source I respected, I simply stopped caring about it. I found that if someone doled out baseless criticisms about things that they didn't have much knowledge about or hadn't experienced themselves, it didn't make me doubt *myself*. It made me doubt *them*.

Once I stopped constantly shaming myself and responding in a knee-jerk way to the shaming from others, I focused more on building and understanding my own values system to define my own sense of what is and isn't important to me. again, this didn't just help me within the kink community. It made me a more effective manager and consultant within the workplace. It made me a better friend.

5. There's a difference between a dominant and a control freak

A lot of people dipping their toe into kink for the first time will start by going online and chatting with people. while this can be an easy and discreet way to find like-minded others, it can be very difficult online to differentiate between people who are healthy, experienced dominants and control freaks claiming to be dominants who've just watched a lot of bad porn.

A good dominant:

- Cares whether a submissive provides consent
- Will negotiate and respect whatever limits and boundaries are set
- Doesn't just take power and control, they take *responsibility*

While it might be scary to set foot in a real life kink group for the first time, I've found that getting connected to a local kink community is one of the best ways to sort out this difference. it's much easier to tell all of these things in person.

6. We're into different things, which is why consent is important

There are some common sayings in the kink scene that acknowledge that while some people are into certain stuff and other people aren't, it's ok. a few of these are your kink is ok and your kink is not my kink, but your kink is ok, or ykiok or ykinmkbykiok (for short...ish).

What's important here is that the kink scene openly acknowledges that one person's kink is another person's squick. Or that one person's yummy is another person's yuck.

It is *most* important that whatever people are doing involves clear consent. If it makes everyone happy and it's not harming anyone (as opposed to hurting them, because as I wrote above, pain isn't necessarily bad in the right context), then it's a good time.

This was a really liberating idea that followed me everywhere else. maybe certain people didn't get my life choices, but they made sense to me and the people close to me and that was what was really important.

7. Don't trust people who don't respect your boundaries

Once you get used to explicitly setting boundaries , it becomes painfully clear who doesn't respect them. and who will repeatedly violate them.

This was a painful realization in the short term because I *did* lose some people from my life. Yet, it was the best thing that ever happened to me. Because I had more time for people who *did* respect my boundaries, I also had more time and energy to pursue things that *fulfilled* me rather than things that *drained* me. It was a huge lesson. People all mostly act alike when you say yes to them. It's when you start saying no to people that you really see who they are. Because most people can tolerate a reasonably stated no.

If they can't, that's not a person you should trust.

It doesn't matter if they're a top with a flogger, your best friend from college, or your mother-in-law.

8. You learn to recognize the real deal from the fakers

I've met some of the most brilliant, adventurous, and just plain old *fun* people I've ever known in my local kink scene.

That said, I've also met some braggadocios who puff themselves up and lie about having kink experience and competence that they don't have, essentially padding their kinky resumes with things they haven't actually done. Maybe they saw it done once at another club and they tell you that they did it. Or maybe they say

they have an extensive military background where they learned all sorts of rope and knife tricks – and you find out, no, wait, actually, they dropped out of basic training and watched a bunch of action movies.

I learned a lot by meeting people and observing them. I've even learned by personal experience. Over time, I developed a natural instinct where I could more easily spot a hype man much sooner and from a further distance away.

And this isn't just useful in the kink scene. This lesson is also especially helpful in business meetings. or when a friend is dating someone they're gaa-gaa over who just sits with me the wrong way.

9. Watch out for people who want power & no responsibility

As I mentioned above, a key difference between a dominant and a controlling person is that a dominant takes on responsibility when they take on power and a controlling person doesn't.

I'm extra sensitive when it comes to spotting people who want to make decisions but don't want to have any responsibility for the outcome of those decisions. I learned this difference on the kink scene, but just like the rest of these, I've found that I'm also better able to spot this difference in other settings too.

for example, it helps me figure out the difference between a good boss and a bad boss.

10. Reputation can help keep you safe.

The kink scene has its downsides just like any other community, but it definitely has some built-in safeguards that (although not foolproof) absolutely help make things a little better and, often, safer.

One of these is the power of reputation. I typically don't play with brand new people. Instead, I tend to observe them for a while and talk to other people who have known them longer.

If I discover one “enemy,” it isn’t enough for me to consider someone a *persona non grata* (everyone has a bitter ex or two, myself included). However, I do pay special attention to *patterns*. If I hear negative things from enough people, especially people whose opinions I’ve come to respect and tend to be credible, that’s enough to give me serious pause.

It’s actually changed the way that I date. I like to know people for a while and get a sense of who their friends are before I get seriously involved. It means that I’m typically friends for a while first. This isn’t something that everyone is open to (a slow transition into a relationship), and that’s fine. However, it’s really been the best way I’ve found of assessing if someone’s life is going to match well with my own and vice versa.

Here is the link should you want to read it. <https://www.kinkly.com/10-important-lessons-i-learned-when-i-found-my-local-kink-scene/2/17262>

#IBD4U

Divorce: 1 May 2019

Another one from my fellow blogger She-Wolf.

I feel like we have a similar writing style & some similar experiences... What do you think?

You will find out why some of her posts are so relevant to me & I will reference them when I can!

Thanks for letting me share!

So... my marriage is over.

Surprisingly, this is a lot more difficult for me to write about than I expected.

My (now Ex) husband announced last night- via SMS- that he plans to reconcile with his ex-wife, for the sake of his son.

He was wonderfully articulate about it. He did his best to be gentle and comforting. He could not be more apologetic; so that was something at least. Also, the marriage meant that he had to call it off; he couldn't turn ghost on me and never speak to me again.

That being said, rejection still stings like a bitch, and after some particularly confronting personal news, this was just the perfect dressing on top of my suck-salad.

I even surprised myself with how well I took it. I didn't abuse him (which is a big deal for me, given that hell hath no fury like a woman scorned; especially when that woman is me). I didn't get drunk (like I wanted to). I didn't bury my face in a trough of ice cream and pity-eat myself up a whole dress size, either.

I cried alone.

I cried on the phone to my best friends.

I cried with my cat.

Eventually, I cried myself to sleep.

It was fitful; I tossed and turned all night. It felt like I had this cinder block of sad, weighing on my chest all night; with bags of gravel being left under my eyes in the morning.

If I'm being truly honest with myself, I knew it was coming. He stopped contacting me as frequently. He stopped his ritual of telling me every day how beautiful and

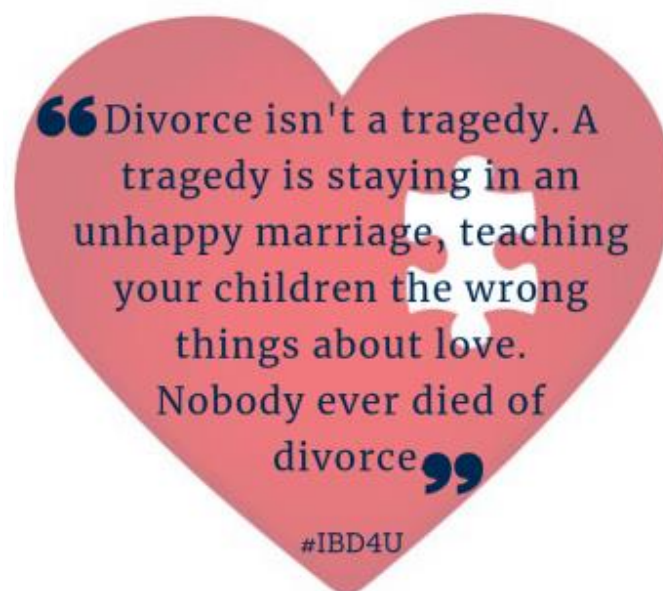
desirable I am, and that no man has a better, more beautiful, intelligent or articulate wife anywhere. He stopped saying that he loved me.

The saddest part in all of this – in my opinion- is not my wasted, much abused heart; it's that he's only reconciling with his ex-wife for the sake of his child. A parents' love is a powerful thing. I'm no stranger to it myself.

What I struggle with is the fact that he would rather his child see him miserable- but with his mother, than happy and without her. Having been the byproduct of a very unhappy home life, I question his decision.

That being said, I haven't told him that I feel that way. It's not my place. He's made his decision and now he has to run with it. I stupidly even suggested that he and I remain friends. He would apparently like that very much. I told him that I could deal with that- being friends- but that he was to never ask me to be his wife again. Given that this is the closest I've come to an actual marriage (though I've been engaged several times), it hurt me a lot more than anticipated.

Much of that pain comes from the fact that, in the few precious moments we shared as husband and wife, it felt real. I got a taste of what it would be like to have a husband come home to me and treat me well and appreciate me to the fullest. I discovered that I love being called wife, and that having a husband make love to you is a deeper, more profound experience than having a lover that fucks you. I loved that, after cooking for him, he'd look at me like I hung the moon.



That taste has become like a craving in me- especially now that I'm not getting it. That is something I will have to live with. I have learned through this that, even though it hurts like a bitch, it is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all.

I know with certainty that I could be an amazing wife one day, and that any man would be damn lucky to have me. That's what I'm choosing to take away.

The upside to all this is that I'm now able to keep experimenting with new lovers guilt free, for your reading pleasure. That, and the spiteful part of me feels less bad about cursing my husband and feeding him non-halal meat.

She-Wolf xx

Here is the link to the blog: <https://wordpress.com/read/blogs/155174584/posts/45>

#IBD4U

The Writer: 14 June 2019

Another Guest Blog from a reader of mine. She's written some stories for us before, this is another story she has for us...!

This is similar to some stories for me, I feel like I am not alone & am thankful that you share your stories with me & allow me to share them!

I love that you're all involved in my crazy dating life & want to share your similar stories...!

Bit of a short one today, but I hope you enjoy anyway!

So, I had been using a kink dating app, testing it out and it linked to my FetLife profile. After I deleted the app I got a message from a man on FetLife explaining that he'd followed me from the app and he wanted to chat with me, if I wanted too. Now, that maybe sounds a little creepy but he writes beautifully and I'm interested in having a chat. I'll start by saying he's not my normal type, he's older by quite a bit and he lives interstate, he's also in an open marriage. I normally don't invest my time in people that will be hard to meet up with or married men, even open marriage men. But anyway... I do and I'll call him The Writer.

We chat on FetLife for a bit and then we move to another chat app. I'm loving the conversations we are having, they're intellectual, sexy, emotive, curious and we talk about everything, even mundane day to day stuff. I like him. He loops me into a group chat with his wife after a bit, she wants to know who I am as she's been hearing so much about me. She's lovely but a little aloof. She's happy for me to be chatting with her husband, she's got her own partners outside their relationship that she spends time with and is happy with the arrangement.

After a few months of intense chatting we're starting to make plans to meet. While this has been going on I've met someone locally that I've started a relationship with, I've been open with him about The Writer and the relationship we have and local boy is onboard for me to meet up with him...until it gets too real and then he wants to tap out and wants me to cease contact.

I really like local boy and want to respect his boundaries and want to give our relationship a reasonable chance of making it. So, sadly I chat with The Writer and

tell him where I'm at, he's sad but understands. We only occasionally message each other to say hi, happy birthday etc... No sexy chats at all.

“ Part of the thrill of dating apps is not knowing if you'll meet your future spouse or if you'll end up murdered and worn as a skin suit

”

#IBD4U

Fast forward about a year and my relationship with local boy has gone wonky and we break up. Not long after The Writer contacts me to say hi and we have a bit of a chat about what's been going on. We chat a bit more over a few weeks and we decide that we're going to meet, I book some cheap flights and we spend a few days picking an air bnb to stay in. He's going to come and meet me in Melbourne and we're going to talk and hug and cry and laugh and maybe have some kinky sexy fun.

Finally the day comes to fly out to meet him, he meets me at the airport and it's lovely, like meeting an old friend. We check in and head out for an afternoon of exploring the city. Afterwards we head back to the bnb, I nap and when I wake up we make love, it's tender and heartfelt and nice.

The next day he wakes me up, kisses me and then blindfolds me, he's touching and licking and playing. My wrists get bound and then my thighs, he walks me carefully down some stairs and sits me on a swing in the lounge. My ass is hanging off the back of the swing, he ties me up harder and ties me to the swing, I'm tied up like a mummy. My senses are heightened and I'm really turned on. He pulls out a flogger and starts flogging my ass, it feels amazing, pleasurable pain. I'm still blindfolded.

He stops flogging and I find a hard cock in my mouth he gently fucks my mouth for a bit before getting out a small whip and teasing me and whipping me. He's playing and teasing. He then fucks me from behind. I'm suspended, tied and blindfolded, I can't do anything but ride it and it's amazing. We finish and he lays me on a cowhide rug on the floor and unties me, my body is tingling and buzzing with the release of the ropes and I can feel the sunlight that's streaming through the windows caressing my skin. He takes my blindfold off and I see the play scene around me and I want to do it all again.

But we don't and that's another story.

I leave the next day, The Writer and I still chat, I'm still swooned by his amazing way with words that paint a vivid picture and hit you in the emotions. It's an odd, endearing relationship we have. I'm glad we have it.

#IBD4U

Locked Out Of Heaven: 2 July 2019

Another Guest Blog from a reader of mine. I love these stories... I hope you do too! Breaks up the ongoing stories I share.

I believe this was another bloggers stories, but I don't have the link of where it is posted! Bit of a short one, but a good one! Hahaha.

Hope you enjoy anyway.

I hadn't been separated very long, and as any newly single woman does, I went through a bit of a wild phase.

My favourite drink went from hot milo to tequila, my clothes from mumsy to classy single lady on the prowl, hooker heels, red lips, and a whole lot of sass.

Now considering I've never been a huge drinker I had to learn to manage my drinks and to handle my liquor.

I was out with the girls, frocked up to the nines, a few drinks under my belt when I saw him. We had locked eyes a few times and I gave him that cheeky smile, liquor induced of course.

Bruno Mars Locked out of Heaven came on and I'd made up my mind. I wanted to dance. I wanted to sexy dance. I wanted to sexy dance with him.

So with that extra dutch courage I hopped down from the stool I was on and strutted over to him, let's just call him Mr Hottie. Not only because he was sexy as fuck, his body was rock hard muscle, but when my hands found their way under his shirt he was warm, no, hot, to touch. Argh! Got there way too early. Rewind...

As I swayed my hips over to Mr Hottie, I reached for his hand and asked him to dance expecting him to oblige, however, he chose this point that he decided to play shy and told me he couldn't dance.

I laughed and told him "there's no such thing as can't dance. Dancing is just like sex and I bet you rock in bed". Yep. Good old dutch courage because this girl would never have said that to a stranger sober.

And with that I led him to the dance floor, stood in front of him with my hands on my hips, rolled my hips and then raised my hands in the air and with one I slowly sexily ran one hand down the inside of my still raise arm, down my throat,

between my breasts to my hip, then lifted my hand and bit my finger and purred to him “tell me you can’t dance again”, before hooking my finger into the keeper of his jeans above his crotch and pulled him toward me.

Girl was on fire!

I placed my hands on each of his hips and stood with one of his legs between my two. I whispered in his ear and gave him the sultriest look I could manage, “show me how you can dance, just pretend you are having sex”.

And as the music blared in the club we proceeded to sexy dance to the sound of Bruno Mars. Hips rolling, hands wandering, neck kissing, ear sucking, heart rates increasing.

And by the end of the song, Mr Hottie showed me he definitely could dance, and later on that evening he showed me that those dance moves were incredibly arousing, orgasm building, sexy as fuck sex moves as well.

And that ladies is my memory of Locked out of Heaven, Mr Hottie and the night I got crazy on tequila and had the confidence to approach the hottest guy in the club.

Thanks dutch courage. Love you!



#IBD4U

Article - 50 Reasons Why We Love Guys: 11 Aug 2019

So I had this for ages... I just found it recently & thought how relevant it is. Plus I think we all need a break from [Noodle!](#) -It's fucking intense right now, we all need a breather! Hahaha... I admit that I didn't write this, it's been around for years, you probably read it when we used to send a million bullshit email jokes to everyone in our contacts but I also don't know where it came from, so I can't refer you to the site... However, it's worth a read, because OMG it's so true!



1. **The way they look when they step out of the shower dripping wet, with a towel wrapped low on their hips!**
2. **How they proudly make you spaghetti for dinner and act as if it's a gourmet meal!**
3. **Their deep, husky voices in the morning!**
4. **Uncensored talk about how great you are in bed – during movies, sporting events, funerals... in fact anywhere!**
5. **Shower Mohawks!**
6. **Little boy bed-hair!**
7. **The moment when you stroke them under the table at a restaurant and they instantly lose 75 per cent of their basic brain-functioning ability!**
8. **How they lick their fingers with abandon (just like you want to) while eating spare ribs, cake and all things sticky!**
9. **How they lick you with abandon too!**
10. **That rush you get when you open your eyes and share one of those in-love gazes while the two of you are kissing!**
11. **Their knack for being harsh, loud-mouthed jock-heads with the boy's one minute, then turning into shy, sweet 'butter wouldn't melt in my mouth' S-N-A-G's when they come over to ask you out on a date!**

12. The way they look like a frog in a blender while they dance!
13. The sloppy cursive chicken scratch or super-neat handwriting that somehow always looks like a guy's!
14. Even better when it's passionately scrawled throughout a three-paged love letter!
15. Boxer briefs!
16. That rush when they sneak up behind you and throw their arms around you in a 'Me Tarzan, you Jane' clutch!
17. Brad Pitt, Heath Ledger, Jude Law!
18. Their endless fascination with your breasts!
19. How they offer you their coat when it's freezing – even though they're in a tee shirt and you're wearing a jumper!
20. How they help solve your petty fights with girlfriends and rarely over analyse!
21. How they can't believe how soft your hair is when they play with it!
22. When they 'accidentally' leave the button of their Levi's open!
23. Even better if they are button fly!
24. How before sex, they take their watch off and put it on the bedside table so it doesn't scratch you!
25. That dent they get in their forehead when they're thinking really hard!
26. Six-packs!
27. How they swap plates with you at a restaurant if you don't like your meal!
28. The incredible feeling of being kissed on the back of your neck!
29. The way they turn into boy scouts if your mother calls... even if the two of you have just been up to no good!
30. That cute yet frustrated look they get when they're trying to work out how to undo your bra!
31. The way they willingly (but not always so ably) step up to the challenge of fixing your hairdryer, bookshelf, stereo, kitchen sink...
32. The simple way they try to cheer you up by looking into your eyes and pulling a stupid face until you start laughing!
33. The times they spontaneously go out and buy you something when you know they detest shopping!

34. The way they take their tee shirts off differently to us – by pulling them by the back of the neck over their heads – without even trying to be sexy... But it is!
35. How they can crash and burn on their motorbikes but completely freak over a simple blood test!
36. The funny, misspelt, all-lower-case emails they send you at work – which keep you smiling all day!
37. Those thigh tingling times when they use their teeth to take off your underwear, little by little!
38. How when they sit you on their lap and you worriedly ask if you're too heavy, they always say "No, you're fine. Stay!"
39. How they act when watching football – as if their life depends on the outcome!
40. The cool, smooth, feeling of their fresh, clean-shaven faces!
41. Perfect two-day stubble works too!
42. How when you tell them they shouldn't kiss you in the morning because of your morning breath, they ignore you and kiss you anyway!
43. How cute their faces look when they're covered in shaving cream!
44. How they think it's sooooo cool when you accidentally burp out loud!
45. That mesmerized "Ohh, baby" open-mouthed expression when you take off your clothes!
46. The way they put their hand lightly on the small of your back as they guide you through a crowd at a party!
47. The way they say your name out loud during sex, like it's the only word left in the English language!
48. The fact that they take an average of 4 minutes and 30 seconds to get dressed, even on formal occasions!
49. Their secret appreciation of how you're not afraid to ask for directions when you're running late for a function in an unfamiliar area – and are hopelessly lost!
50. The silly irrational way they get possessively jealous when a sales assistant, bartender or waiter flirts with you!

16, 34, 46 are my favourites! What one are your favs?

#IBD4U

Why Tinder Is Bad For Your Love Life: 10 Sept 2019

Remember the book launch I went too? Well this is one of my favourite blog posts, written by him. He is focused on mental health issues, particularly for men, however as a fellow singleton, he's posted this amazing blog about why Tinder is bad for us! I am 100% with him on this. I mean just read any one of my blogs to realise why any online dating is bad for us! He's also just released a book on mental health so make sure you check it out too... It's called Redesign Your Mind.



Why Tinder Is Bad For Your Love Life

Tinder is the most popular and convenient way to date these days, so why would it be bad for your love life? Check out my story and find out why Tinder is actually bad for your love life!

Ok so for those who haven't read my blog before, I am a 29 year old, single (why else would I be talking about Tinder hah), male, living in Australia. It is crazy to think that it has been over 5 years since Tinder was introduced to the world, changing the dating game as we know it. I have wondered how did so many relationships come to blossom without the use of the iconic dating app in the years Before Tinder (BT). During this time I have been known to have a frequent swipe on the app for different reasons depending on my mood and what I was looking for at the time. Yes I have had my fair share of funny stories and good times, but

ultimately it hasn't led to a long lasting relationship (which is the same for many of my friends). About 6 weeks ago I deleted tinder after I felt that I was wasting my time on there; and after my time on the sidelines I thought I would write about why I think Tinder is bad for your love life. I even went speed dating with a mate recently (that's a story for another time), and everyone that I met at the event said that they had been on Tinder recently and hated it. So why has Tinder taken over?! Have a read and have a laugh at why I think Tinder is bad for your love life.

So what are the basics of Tinder?

Have you been living under a rock for the past five years? Haha okay Tinder is the dating app that allows people to meet and chat to members of the opposite (or same) sex in their area and catch up for friendship, for dates, sex, relationship or all of the above. Within minutes you can have your profile set up and be swiping away at potential new matches. Oh yea – and you can only start chatting to someone if you both 'swipe' right / yes to each other. Seconds later you could start a chat and lead things wherever you like. Instantly you can have a series of dates or hook ups lined up. If the conversation isn't up to scratch – it doesn't matter because there are another 10 potential matches ready to chat whenever you are. Sound's exciting doesn't it? That's part of the problem.. Now that I've removed you from under that rock, let's take a look at why Tinder is bad for your love life.

Tinder is superficial

Now don't tell me that it's not superficial and it's all about the conversation, because we all know that is a lie! The first thing we see is a picture, and without having to read anything about the person we usually swipe away. If we actually read their bio, in we might actually find that the hot, 25 year old blonde we just swiped right to might actually be crazy – but because she looks great in a bikini we instantly swipe right. Ladies don't laugh because you are just as bad.. how many times have you swiped right to a guy that you know is a jerk, but he has a cute dog so it's all good right? Hah no wonder why we are back on Tinder hours after our first date..

Tinder makes us focus on the wrong areas

Ok so this is one for our mental health.. When we see people's profiles and they look great, have the right hair, the right clothes, maybe a profile pic in a cool location, a pretty smile and a nice body, this is what we personally focus our own goals and sought after features on. We look at ourselves and others and focus on the physical aspects. What we need to improve on with ourselves, maybe we need to hit the gym or get a makeover? But this doesn't help us grow as a person. This means we put too much of our self-worth in how good we look with our first impression before our potential lover swipes. If you are looking for a relationship, none of these things matter and what does matter is your personality and how you treat the other person; you know, like whether you are right for each other or not. We all need to work on our mental health, positive attitude and setting goals that give us meaning, however Tinder trains our mind to think about a good booty and sexy profile pic. [What we need to do is show gratitude to ourselves and be grateful for what we have got. Find out more in my post about gratitude here.](#)

Tinder doesn't allow time for a relationship to grow

So you had a first date, and it went okay, but you might as well go on Tinder and check out what else is out there right? Or you had a second date, and you are not sure if they are really interested, so sure I might as well go on Tinder and have another swipe. I am so guilty at falling for this and it is one of the things that I personally am working on. We need to give things time to settle, to find out what we really think about the person. Love is not like in the movies where you fall in love and live happily ever after at the end of the 90 minute screenplay; it takes *time*. We need to give things *time* before we move on to the next one, but I know all too well that Tinder makes it hard to resist.

Even if you are faithful on Tinder, are they?

I have heard so many stories of people who have been hurt by someone that wasn't on the same commitment level as them; or they thought they were exclusive when they were not. Tinder makes it so easy for people to have multiple relationships going. I am not saying that you have to be mutually exclusive, everyone wants to date and see what's out there, but Tinder has made it harder for us to stay committed and faithful. If a relationship is on the rocks, a partner

might just go for a swipe, when BT they would have to wait until the weekend before they could go out with friends, and hopefully by then things have sorted itself out. This also sucks for those that are matching people that are just coming out of relationships and who are not sure what they want. I have heard of many stories (including some of my own), where people haven't told the full story about when or how their last relationship ended, and whether they are still in contact with their ex-lover. Do you really want to be dating someone who is still talking to, or thinking about their ex? Not me thanks!

Tinder has stopped us from meeting people in social settings

Here's another thing Tinder has killed. I'm not an old man (yet), but after 10 or so years of social events and nights out in bars and clubs, I have noticed the change in how people act when they are out. In the years BT (Before Tinder) people were way more likely to go and talk to a random person they liked, but now they would much rather meet in the safety of their phone and chat online instead of going up to someone. I had a friend who saw a guy that she liked and said 'Oh wow I hope he is on Tinder'. Why not just go up to him and say hi? The fear of rejection in a social setting is now just too much for everyone, when instead if we get rejected on Tinder, half the time we will never know about it. This snow balls because now girls and guys don't expect anyone to come up to them and start a chat, so when it happens their guard is up and they are less likely to go anywhere with the conversation (maybe because we don't have the confidence or social skills to cope with a random conversation anymore hah).

Tinder trains your brain to seek instant gratification and not a lasting relationship

Now I know that I sound like I think that the creators of Tinder are evil and seeking to create havoc on the world haha but even though this isn't their intention (I hope anyway), it is the result. Whenever you swipe right and get a match, you feel good. If it is someone you thought was cute, you are instantly gratified and get a sense of happiness. Your brain likes this feeling, and wants it again and again.

Unfortunately if you aren't on Tinder, or you are with someone and things aren't going well, you want that high again. You want that feeling that someone wants

you, and Tinder brings it to you right on time. Tinder trains your brain to want the short, quick, easy highs, and not the slow and everlasting high of a long term relationship. Wow I never knew that I could make Tinder sound so philosophical haha.

And the biggest reason why Tinder is bad for your love life...

Even after everything I have said above, and all the time wasters, the cheats, the players, and even though I have been off the app for over a month; I know that it won't be long before I am back on Tinder, swiping away in a frivolous session that will only end once my phone runs out of battery or my finger gets tired from swiping. Maybe it's too late for our generation and we must all succumb to the reality that Tinder and online dating is the way of the future. Times have changed and unfortunately I feel that we will all have to fit into the online dating world, or fear being left behind.

Okay so it's not that bad, but have some fun with it and be sensible!

So we all know that it won't be long before I'm back on tinder, but I hope that this time I go back on – that I can make changes to be more faithful and spend my time searching only for what I am actually looking for. If we are to get our love life back on track, I think we need to be sensible to ourselves with how we use Tinder.

Maybe we should have to pass a test to get a Tinder license before we can swipe away? Don't be silly Stef, no one would pass that test. Don't forget to subscribe to the blog – just fill in your email address into the form on this page and you will stay up to date each time I upload a post to improve our mental health (and hopefully our dating game!)

About the author – Stef – Mental Health Advocate

I write about mental health, living a positive life and wellness. I often drift off on to topics like Tinder... Overall my duty is to help people love their mental health. So follow the blog if you want more, or check out my Instagram for regular mental health and wellness tips. [Click here to go to my insta and don't forget to click follow!](#)

Here is the link to his blog: <https://wordpress.com/read/blogs/135747605/posts/212>

#IBD4U

The Start: 2 Oct 2019

A reader has shared a couple of stories with me, she calls herself Cinderella. There are a couple of stories, so please enjoy her tales...

Thank god I am not alone in the crazy dating world. Thanks for sharing.

After leaving my ex-husband in less than ideal circumstances and a near death experience that involved a colostomy bag sex was the last thing on my mind. I hadn't even bothered masturbating, I had never been any good at it – and I hadn't bought any toys either. I was healed up and feeling myself again so it was mostly out of interest that I leaned across to my friend Di in a bar and as the only single woman there quizzed her on Tinder. In my mind Tinder was for hook-ups, I wasn't interested in a relationship (or so I thought) I had the kids, a busy life and I decided the only thing missing was some consistent sex.

Setting up Tinder was the easy part, choose some decent photos from Facebook (be make sure to show your "size" I am not a small chick), and start swiping. I had a lot to learn in regard to Tinder language (although I considered myself not to be too naïve). We were driving home from the airport when I set it up, we had an hour's drive in front of us and with my sister driving I entered the world of online dating for the first time.

The first "match" I made resulted in us screaming in laughter, I had a match. Before I could realise what I had done a message popped up "Hi" (what an opening for a conversation, now a days she would expect more but back then I knew no better). "Hi" I replied. "Where do you live?" was his next question, I replied with my town and he told me he was an hour away. Working out how to look at his profile made me thankful the conversation stopped there, there was a gaming chair in the background and I could not imagine dating someone who played console games! I had just turned 40 for goodness sake.

The next match made was Cedric. Now Cedric was a tall Nigerian man who lived in a town an hour away. He had his occupation listed as a pharmacist. The conversation was not thrilling, but a date was made for the next week for coffee, I

needed to be in the city for a specialist appointment and I thought I would kill two birds with one stone.

Meeting Cedric at a coffee shop was both thrilling and bloody awkward! This was the first date I had been on in almost 20 years, I can usually make conversation with anyone but thankfully for me I did not have to do much talking. He was full of chat and came across as very self-confident. In our chats on Tinder I got the usual "What are you looking for?" I had answered with something casual, at this point I thought I wanted sex only, but with one person. I had answered to that effect and he had replied that he was ok with a casual relationship. When sitting across from him at the coffee shop he leaned toward me and asked, "so you have been separated 2 years?", I said yes, he asked "How do you take care of yourself?" of course I was shocked by the question. For starters we were sitting in a coffee shop on the riverbank and this man is asking me about my masturbation habits! I deliberately misunderstood and told him I kept myself very busy, the kids and my part time small business kept me occupied.

A sentence or two later, he tried again, "when you said you wanted casual..." At this point I was mortified. I felt like we stood out like a sore thumb, this big African man and myself sitting at the table in the coffee shop surrounded by friends catching up and families stopping after bike rides. I suggested we go for walk to talk. We set off on the walking track (why is it easier to talk when you walk? Is it because you don't have to look at the person you are talking to?) As we walked along he grabbed my hand, you know how sometimes you can just feel someone's intentions? I could tell he wanted to get closer to me but I didn't know how to instigate anything, and we were in public!!!

After walking awkwardly for ten minutes or so with him holding my hand we sat down on a bench. Next minute he had his arm around me and was pulling me close. Now I feel like I need to explain myself a bit here: I hadn't dated or been touched by a man in almost 2 ½ years, and it was nice, he had a strong arm, did not seem put off by my size at all (I'm still waiting for some douche to tell me I don't look like my pictures) after some more awkward chit chat he asked if he could kiss me. Fuck, did he have to ask? I am a chronic over thinker and you should not give me the opportunity to think things like this over, regardless I agreed, then we are

sitting on the bench by a walking track kissing. I was feeling very self-conscious at this point, even more so when his hand went up to my breast. I pushed it down and told him very quickly we were in public and that needed to stop. After 20 minutes of kissing and conversation I needed to be on my way. We kissed goodbye at the car, much better than at the bench... Why is it men think sticking their tongue down your throat is such a great kissing move? I said my goodbyes and off we went.

Cedric sent me a text later telling me how much he had enjoyed meeting me and we made plans to get together the next weekend. Lots of things about him made me realise there would never be a proper relationship between the two of us – and that was fine. He was religious; I wasn't. He lived an hour away from me, his work hours didn't work within my life very well and he seemed tight with cash, I actually thought he might have been expecting me to pay for his coffee at the café, that wasn't going to happen mate!

He had also told me while we were sitting on the park bench that there were some Australian women who only dated African men, he seemed to find that very interesting, he said he had mates who dated women that only dated African men. I am pretty sure I made sure that his ethnicity had nothing to do with my decision to have coffee with him. I had also been chatting to a man Ryan who lived much closer to me, we had arranged a date for Saturday night – he was a sex only hook up I had planned.

Cedric rang me twice that week, surprising me both times, he sounded lovely on the phone and we made a date for Saturday as well – suddenly I had two men booked in for the same day – different times of course! I had plans to cancel one of them if the other worked out. My gut was telling me that it wouldn't work out the way I wanted it too – I thought I would be let down by both – and a message from Cedric on Friday confirmed my suspicions. Just after Cedric's message I messaged Ryan – "Still good for Saturday night?" His response confirmed my suspicions. He had just got out of hospital from a suspected mini heart attack and was feeling very tired. He promised to make it up to me soon.

Cedric's car wasn't working – to be honest I wasn't surprised – it looked like a \$500 bomb, and the car he was borrowing off a friend couldn't be used on Saturday. I

was having dinner with a friend when the messages were coming through. I asked her whether I should offer to pick him up – he lived an hour from me – I didn't want to come across as desperate but I hadn't had sex in over 2 years – he seemed like a sure thing!

I offered to collect him and he took me up on the offer, it shows how much I wanted some attention that I was out of bed at 7am on a Saturday morning and on my way to collect him – I love a good sleep in! I collected him from work and we headed back home, chatting awkwardly on the way. We arrived in my home town and went for a drive and walk along the beach – I thought he must have gone off me – he was not making any attempts to hold my hand or kiss me. I looked down at his socks in sandals and wondered what the fuck I was doing. Oh well, in for a penny, in for a pound.

We made our way home. Came into the lounge room and things started to get quite weird! We sat next to each other on the couch and next second he is launching himself at me, kissing me hard. He leaned back, undid his belt and pulled his pants down. He looked at me and said "blow me". Now having just come out of a marriage of a long time and not having "dated" in the last 20 years I was at a loss. What was I supposed to do? The pressure got the better of me, I looked him in the eye and said "you are going to be really good to me after this aren't you?" I kneeled on the floor in front of him and sucked his cock for a few minutes. It's not something I particularly enjoy unless I am in the mood... I got up and suggested we go to my room, on the way out he slapped me on the backside, I was like "what?" He told me some women liked it rough. I was like which women? He told me his friends had told him that some women liked it rough.

We made it into my room and onto my bed where we were kissing and touching more he started to touch my breasts, squeezing them like they were avocados and he was checking for ripeness. I just went along with things giving him the benefit of the doubt. If need be I would take control of the situation. We were both naked and I was grinding my clit against his cock when he said to me "Am I inside you?" I was shocked, turns out he had lied about his age saying he was 38 when he was actually 32. Instantly I realised that if he was not a virgin he did not have much sexual experience at all. He suggested we just lie and "cuddle" for a bit.



Now I am all for enthusiastic consent but I was feeling a bit led on at this stage. This man had met me, called me and knew exactly what I wanted SEX!!! We laid next to each other for the next hour or so with his arm around my shoulders, my hand would make its way down to his cock and he would tell me I was naughty and that he just wanted to “cuddle for a bit”.

I made the mistake of mentioning Netflix or the TV – I can’t be sure which – he was very excited to hear I had a TV and wanted to go to the lounge room and watch it. I still had to get this guy back to his home town – an hour away. We went and watched tv for a couple of hours and then I suggested I could take him home earlier than we had planned if he had liked. He said yes – I had cracked the shits big time, I hadn’t offered him a drink or food in the time since he had left work and I wasn’t about to either! We drove back to his town in uncomfortable silence and I took him home to get his stuff ready for work. While he was inside I sent a quick text to the other guy I had lined up previously to see how he was feeling....

#IBD4U

Ryan: 9 Oct 2019

This is from Tinderella. She has changed the names, so don't start thinking about every Ryan you know. Hahaha...

Enjoy this story too... This one had me giggling!

Not being one to count my chickens before they hatched I had been chatting with a number of men on my newly made tinder account. Ryan popped up with a "Hello Miss" earlier in the week and I am a sucker for being called Miss. The usual conversation went on, (what are you looking for – something casual) but Ryan surprised me when I asked him if he had done the casual hook up thing before and he answered that he had. I asked if you just met up and went to bed, he agreed yes that's what happens, he told me if it was good you continued it and you got to know each other while you were in bed together.

I can be very literal and take people literally (funny that!) and I had taken Ryan's word for it that we would meet and go to bed. Needless to say I was disappointed on Friday night when I texted Ryan to check if we were good for the next night and he told me he was out of action.

While I was sitting outside Cedric's house on Saturday afternoon feeling very deflated I sent Ryan a text – I asked how he was feeling – of course I had other intentions, but I didn't want to be pushy. I was relieved and surprised when he responded telling me that he was feeling much better and I should go out there after all. I drove home and hopped in the shower and got ready to go. I sent him a text telling him I was having a glass of wine for Dutch courage. Ryan asked me if I was staying the night. I had been thinking that we were going to fuck and then I would leave (after a polite time of course) – suddenly I was being invited to stay – then he told me to bring the bottle of wine with me.

When I pulled up at Ryan's he came out to meet me. Now to say he wasn't what I expected was an understatement. The problem with any online dating app of course is you are only seeing people's best photos. When describing him to my friends later I used the phrase "I wouldn't leave the house with him", it wasn't that he was unattractive, it was his whole personality. The way he walked, spoke and acted – this guy was a wanker.



What greeted me when Ryan came out the door was a wiry man, shorter than me (which I never usually go for) who was pissed. And I mean pissed. Turns out Ryan had been playing bowls all afternoon – and drinking in the sun. I walked in: horse racing on the TV, some heavy rock music playing and an ashtray on the table. Fuck I thought to myself what have I got myself into?

I can also be a bit blunt – I said “Oh, no do we have to watch horse racing?” Ryan turned off the TV and I poured a glass of wine and sat next to him. We sat there in awkward silence for a minute, I can talk to just about anyone and I started to put my conversation skills to use. I couldn’t hear a word Ryan was saying over the music, so I asked him to turn it down – “You’re pretty fucking bossy aren’t ya?” he said to me. I was only half a glass of wine down and thinking about making my exit. He turned the music down and we sat and made small talk. Not one move was made by Ryan (or myself) but he was shocked when he found out I had only bought one bottle of wine with me. He suggested we go to the bottle shop and I agreed – better go before I drank too much more – when we were in the car he asked if he could touch my tits. I agreed and next thing he had his hand down inside my bra. He informed me that I had “nice little tits” and we went back home. We were sitting on the couch – Ryan smoking and drinking me just drinking and the time was getting later and later. Ryan made mention a couple of times that if I chose not to sleep in his bed I didn’t have to – he had a spare room that I was welcome too. He also told me while we were drinking that he wasn’t fucking any

one woman exclusively. I would like to think now a days I would have hauled my arse out of there but I was half pissed and I hadn't had a fuck in 2 ½ years. My experience with Cedric that day had left me feeling like I wouldn't find anyone to fuck ever – so I wasn't going to give up this opportunity. He told me that when he fucked a woman more than once or twice they became attached – I told him he didn't have to worry about that with me.

Finally after midnight he had enough to drink and we went to bed. Ryan informed me that when “his women” – yes he used that phrase – it makes me cringe now – stayed they didn't wear anything to bed. I hopped into bed wearing just my underwear – when Ryan got in he felt my arse and said “what are these doing on?” I took them off and he told me that was better.

Before we started he told me that when his women stayed he liked them to leave him a “love letter” before they left so he could read it and smile when he got up. Yes, he actually used the phrase “his women” more than once!!!

He kissed me and surprisingly considering how drunk he was he wasn't a bad kisser. He made the usual moves playing with my breasts and then he went down on me. When he came back up to kiss me he just put his dick straight in. I was in shock and didn't say anything . I regretted that afterwards of course and had to go to the Dr feeling very sheepish and ask for an STD test.

Ryan was great fuck, talking to my sister later we realised the poor guy must have had some self-esteem issues. He was strong, knew how to move and had me cumming twice although while we were fucking he asked me twice if he “was the best fuck I had ever had” of course I answered that he was I may have paused but I am not a complete asshole! Once he had enough of fucking he laid on his back and asked me to suck his cock. Remembering that this isn't something I had done often in the last couple of years (and writing this I just realised I sucked two men's cocks on the same day! Not my usual style at all!) I went to work. Ryan started to snore so I stopped. He woke up and grumbled about “women who stop sucking after 5 minutes” – he was a real charmer... I went back to it and he passed out again....

#IBD4U

Article - The Love Of Your Life Only Comes After The Mistake Of Your Life: 5 Nov 2019

A friend shared this article on their FB page a while ago, while it's not technically a blog nor a story about dating, it really hit home for me after the whole [Noodle](#) debacle & I really have to agree.

I hope that after Noodle, I can have the love I deserve!

"Maybe our mistakes are what make our fate." ~ Carrie Bradshaw

Perhaps we need to be broken first before we can finally become whole.

Painful love is the worst kind of heartbreak. It's the one we had such high hopes for, the one we gambled everything for—only to find it was a bet that would never be won.

So we break into a million small pieces of ourselves and wonder how we could have gotten it so wrong.

We make mistakes in love.

We choose people based on the lessons that our souls need to learn without realizing that it's usually those difficult lessons we need to experience the most.

We can't be changed by ease and we can't have our minds broken open by the mundane—instead it can only happen when we are left with nothing but ourselves and our regrets.

Maybe there is no such thing as a mistake if we indeed needed it to learn more about who we are and how we love, but still there are those loves we wish we could rewind and just take back. The ones whose endings were too painful for us to want to permanently claim as part of our history.

But no matter how much we wished that this love was something other than what it was, it will never change the reality that the only reason we needed this love in our lives was to break our hearts.

The thing is, we need that big mistake to help propel us toward the love of our life.

We need to be broken in order to find out how we want to put ourselves back together.

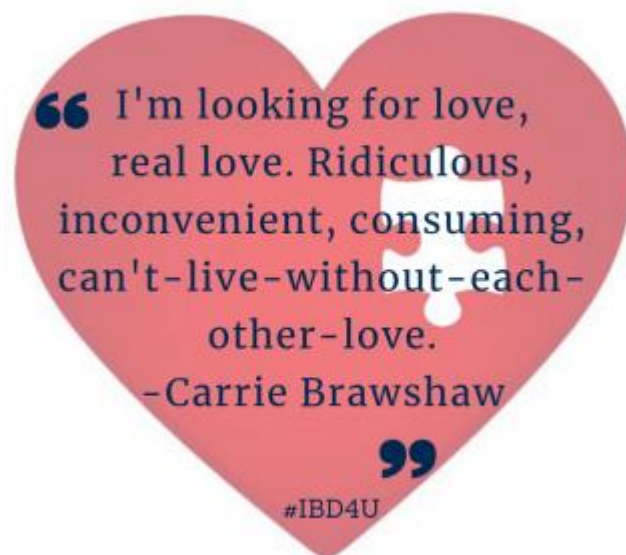
Often times the biggest mistake of our lives is a relationship that we should have walked away from the minute it began—or at the very least should have let go of long before we actually did, and way before it all went downhill.

But we didn't, and it's not because that love was meant to be, but because without it we might never have realized what love truly is.

We always have the choice to stay in a relationship that is a constant battle of wills and ideals. Yet, no matter how many times we hope it will end differently, or just maybe work this time around—it never does.

This is because it's not meant to.

Our mistake is meant to end, usually bitterly, and often catastrophically. Its purpose is to rock us to our core and challenge our very self and our beliefs about love.



We are meant to question what went wrong, and to wonder what love really means to us. This isn't an overnight process, but one that we need to take the time to immerse ourselves in until we no longer hide from the truth that our hearts whisper.

It's a state of healing that lets us know that we can send someone our love, but we can also walk away with our heads high and our faith strong knowing that we haven't messed up the best thing we ever had.

Because the love of our life is out there waiting for us and when we meet there will be no question about why we needed to have our hearts broken in the way we did. There won't be battles to conquer, or qualities to be changed. There won't be unfulfilled needs, or drama around every corner. In reality, this love is going to show us why none of our previous relationships worked out.

Because all along they were only leading us to this—the person who was created just for us, and somehow through the meandering paths that life takes, ended up not being perfect, but still being perfect for us.

Our worst mistake and our deepest heartbreak is only meant to help lead us to the love of our life—because without it, we might never know what that actually looks like.

The love of our life only comes when we are ready for it. When we have broken apart who we thought we should be and instead embraced who we are. This love only appears when we have gained the ability to believe that we deserve what we want.

The love of our life won't look or feel like anything we've ever experienced. It might come softly, or it might even enter as a wrecking ball. It may come dressed as friendship, or perhaps something so hot we thought for sure we would get burned. But, because of that great mistake we are not the same people we once were, so we will approach love differently as well.

We will look for the peace instead of the intensity of the storm.

We will allow ourselves to gaze past the superficial and instead appreciate the energy that this person brings into our lives, revelling in the new-found depths of connection that we are experiencing.

Slowly we will realize that it's not necessarily who someone is, but rather what type of person they bring out in us that determines whether it's a once-in-a-lifetime kind of love.

With time, an understanding develops that love should not only feel like it adds value to our lives, but it should also help us become the best possible version of ourselves.

Only a great love can raise us to greatness.

And that's the thing about the love of our life—it may not end up being who we thought it was, and it may still not come without challenges, but there is just something about it that makes us want to be better.

It's a love that inspires us, and shows us that perhaps we aren't scared at all, and that just maybe we haven't screwed up as badly as we thought we had.

Because finally we realize that our "great mistake" was really a north star all along, leading us to the love of our life.

"Sometimes the bad things that happen in our lives put us directly on the path to the best things that will ever happen to us." ~ curiano.com

Author: Kate Rose

Editor: Nicole Cameron

(Source: https://www.elephantjournal.com/2016/11/the-love-of-your-life-only-comes-after-the-mistake-of-your-life/?fbclid=IwAR0KEcBIHZHLfPsOPHLee2h9tZ_oq8isYruQdcDWui5nMmCttiETNT2IQvo)

I can only hope that there is something better out there for me!

Please universe send me something good!

#IBD4U

Article - Spirit Animal: 13 Dec 2019

A friend shared this on her Facebook & I thought it was a great article & I realised that I found my spirit animal.

I laughed a lot with this article then has a weird thought, if female dragonflies have to fake their own death to avoid sex with a predator dragonfly, then what hope so we all have? Actually, I laughed a lot, but this is quite disturbing. It's almost like a woman having to pretend she has a boyfriend to stop a guy from talking to her.



Female Dragonflies Fake Their Death To Avoid Males

Everyone has those nights when their significant other comes to bed and — for one reason or another — they decide to feign sleep to avoid talking or ... doing other stuff.

Well, female dragonflies take this kind of sneaky sexual rejection to the next level — faking their own deaths to avoid having sex with aggressive males.

Scientists recently captured this phenomenon on video for the first time while observing moorland hawker dragonflies in the Swiss Alps.

In the newly released footage, the female is seen freezing mid-air and plummeting to the ground, where she lies motionless until the male leaves.

(When researchers approached the females, they immediately flew away — showing they remain alert throughout the fake death.)

This behaviour, which has been previously observed in five other species, is called sexual death feigning. It's believed to have developed as a survival tactic, since female dragonflies often risk injury or death when coerced into mating.

“In a lot of dragonflies, males try to seize the female with or without consent,” Rassim Khelifa, a biologist who recently published a study on the phenomenon, told National Geographic. **“The fittest — that is the fastest, most powerful male — is usually the one who mates.”**

Male dragonflies often pounce on their female victims as they bask in the sun by the water. After a female has laid eggs once, Khelifa found, she’s pretty much met her quota for sexual interaction.

And that’s when she starts playing dead.

It’s apparently an effective escape method, since more than 60% of the females who employed it successfully deceived their male pursuers — and every female who didn’t was intercepted.

Other methods used by female dragonflies to avoid having sex include laying their eggs in dense vegetation and avoiding areas heavily populated by males.

Sexual death feigning isn’t only used by the ladies, though.

On the opposite end of insect gender relations, male wolf spiders often play dead to avoid getting eaten after getting laid.

So next time human dating is stressing you out, take comfort in the fact that you always know whether or not your date is alive.

Here is the link to the website if you would like further

reading. <https://thewildchild.co.za/female-dragonflies-fake-their-death-to-avoid-males/>

One thing though I disagree with is the knowing if your date is alive. I always pretend that the guy if he doesn’t text me back, that he died. I mean why else wouldn’t a guy want to text me back after meeting me? Surely it’s because he died... Hahaha...

My eyelash lady told me the other day who’s been in a relationship since high school with the same guy, that relationships aren’t always what they’re cracked up to be. I get that, I am not that stupid to think that a man will complete me, I don’t need a man to complete me. I am a strong independent woman, so I am not worried about being completed. But I **want** a partner. I mean I haven’t had a proper boyfriend since **Boyfriend** about 12 years ago now. Well **Noodle** did say I was his ex-girlfriend, but can I really consider what I had with him a relationship?

#IBD4U

Things #IBD4U Wants Men To Know: 15 Dec 2019

So I've posted other blogs about what women want men to know, written by others & other types of blogs but I've never written one myself. There are things men should know when they are dating a woman, a woman like me who is an overthinker. This is not a one size fits all post, lets get that **straight** now, however, I'm sure this is pretty relevant for some of my readers... Especially the overthinking ones!

A friend once said to me that I have high expectations & it made me think. **Yeah I do**, I follow though, if I tell someone I am going to be there at 5:00 pm, then I am there at 5:00 pm. So I expect the same from them, you know 10 minutes late for me is considered extremely rude. So I am on the fucking dot. I'm that annoying friend, I know! Hahaha. If I say that I am going to text someone, then I text them – I don't say I will if I won't. I might intend on texting someone & forget, but I haven't set up that expectation that I will prior – if that make sense. Does that mean my expectations are too high because I expect the same thing in return? I don't think so, but my friend does.

I know I obsess & I twist words to suit myself sometimes, (or all the time hahaha) you just have to read this blog to know that's what I do, I am aware that I do it & I try to think **rationally** a lot more now that I used too, but I'm sure I'm not alone here... I am a true overthinker with major self-esteem issues – who has also been very recently diagnosed with anxiety. (So even the thought of the Cocktails with #IBD4U that is coming up in January 2020 – check out my Facebook invite – is stressing me out – even though I want to meet you all so badly, I am **worried!**)

People reading my blog contact me all the time saying they feel like they could've written some of my blogs, so I'm assuming it's because people are similar to me & I'm not alone in this. I over think, I obsess, I twist words to suit me & I get angry when things don't go my way. I don't mean too, I just do... I've been single a long time. It's **annoying** when things don't go my way.

So I've been thinking about what I want men to know about me, or about the type of person I am.... I have been drafting this list for a while, I have a lot more male readers than I ever thought I would have, so here are some things that I want men to know. Well mainly here is a list for any future guy that I may date...



1. Be honest, if you want a hook up, then just say it. Don't tell me you want a relationship when you really just want to get your dick wet.
2. If you say you're going to text or see me. Then do it!
3. Make plans – don't make me wait. If you want to see me again, ask me.
If you don't, then tell me, so I am not waiting around like a loser.
4. Be chivalrous, offer to pay sometimes, pull out the chair & open the door.
5. If you don't have time to reply to my message, then I'd prefer if you didn't read it.
Just wait till you have time to read & reply. I hate when my message is read but not responded too.
6. Don't be late...
If you are late, text your ETA prior to the original time
7. Don't play with your phone when on a date, unless you're using it to show me something. Same goes for your smart watch.
8. A lot of effort goes into getting ready prior to a date (even if it's just Netflix & chill!) –
Shaving, waxing, shaping, straightening, exfoliating, changing sheets etc (things men obviously don't think about), so bailing last minute is beyond rude.
If you do have to bail last minute, then apologise & set up the next time to catch up.

9. Don't ghost. Ever. Be a decent human being & tell the person that you're no longer interested!
10. If you like me, tell me. I am dumb when it comes to feelings, I don't know.
11. Start out as you intend to go on. If you text me daily, I expect a text daily, don't let it dwindle off as you lose interest or get me where you want me. We don't have to text all day, but at least a good morning or good night message would remind me that you are thinking of me.
12. I am affectionate but I struggle with showing it first. Please help me out by making the first move.
13. Don't say you're busy or been busy as an excuse. It's SO offensive. I am busy too, but you can't be that fucking busy you can't reply to my message in a 24 hour period.
14. Flirt but don't be a creep about it.
15. Don't send me a picture of your cock. If I want to see it, I will see it in real life.

I'm sure there are more things to add to this list – Which I know makes me seem high maintenance, however, I'm really not... All you need to really do, is text me back & not be a hoe! Hahaha.

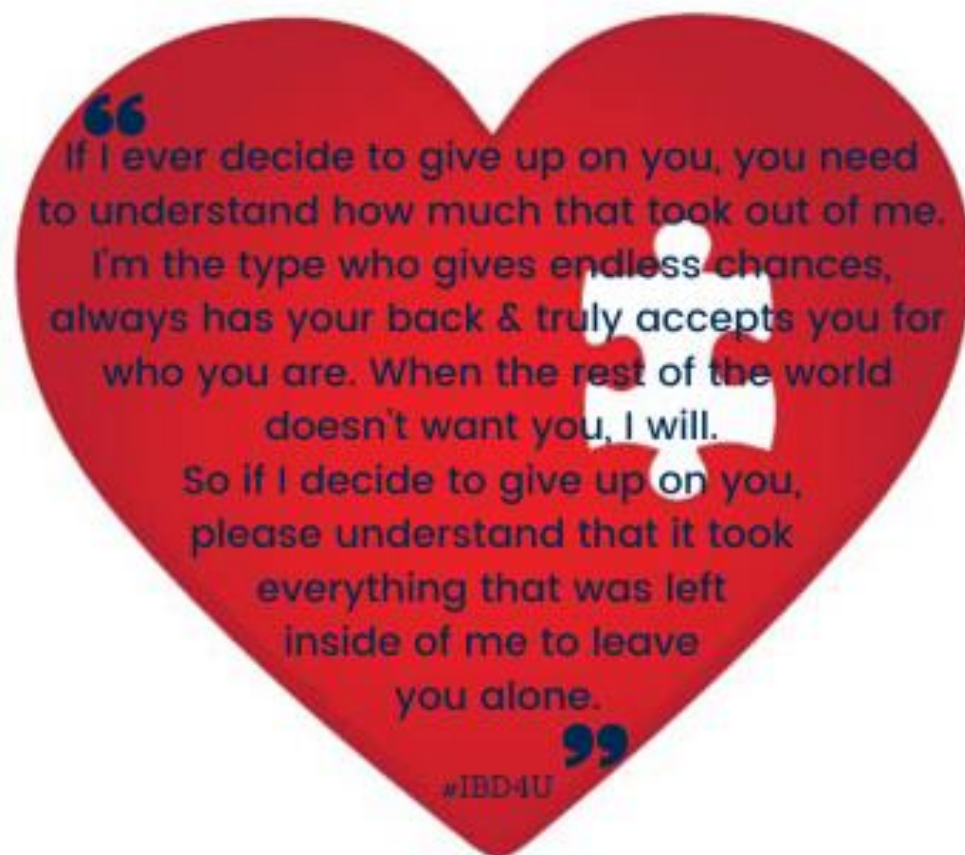
#IBD4U

Letting Go Of The One That Got Away: 5 Feb 2020

So this guest blog is from someone I that found my blog & was also writing her own. I read & shared [The One That Got Away](#) prior to even starting to post on my blog about [Noodle](#), but at the time Noodle was already over & I knew that her story was similar in a way, to mine with him – it resonated with me. I obviously didn't say at the time of posting her first post about the one that got away because none of you knew about Noodle yet, but I feel like Noodle is the One That Got Away from me...

She-Wolf posted this update the other day & talked to me about her experiences in private with me, over messenger. She even originally helped me start the Noodle story as I wasn't even going to post about it – I was going to skim over that part of my life & pretend it didn't happen, so this blog post made me bawl like an idiot... Knowing, she walked away just as I did...

As you know, Noodle will always be the one that I think [What If](#) with... I only gave up on him because it hurt too much to keep trying, not because I stopped loving him.



I did write this story a while ago, and realised it was written too soon. It may be months now, but the wound is still raw. It still hurts. It's still unfinished. For me, anyway.

The beginning of the end came in the form of an opportunity – a job. One that on paper was too good to pass up. As much as I wanted it, I didn't want to have to give up life with TOTGA to do it.

In the end, he convinced me. He said I'd be mad not to and that I'd regret the chance if I didn't take it. I knew he was right; he's always right- so I grasped the opportunity with both hands.

At the time, TOTGA had begun dating someone. Someone just like me. She is slightly less broken and easier to love. She's funny and beautiful and he was happy; and I was genuinely happy for him. I knew I was leaving the person I loved most in the world with someone good, who could care for him and continue his emotional growth.

I'm no good at goodbyes, especially when it comes to TOTGA; so I constructed an elaborate plan to fill the lounge with photos of us from our first year in the house hung from balloons, and dinner ready in the fridge- one last bit of home cooking for him to enjoy- and a letter, saying all I wanted to say. His sister talked me out of it, so on the night before I flew out, I broke down and told him my leave date was the next morning.

I gave him the letter. It read:

I didn't want to leave without some kind of goodbye- but you know I'm bad at them. Do you remember the first time? When you and (name) and a few of the other "church kids" did a mad dash to the airport and literally made it just in time to see me off? I remember promising you then that I'd come back for you one day- it only took me 15 years!

Every time between then and now when I've had to say goodbye to you, it's felt like losing a part of myself that I can only just manage to function without. You've seen me in some serious pain; I'd choose that pain all day, every day if I had to choose between it and saying goodbye to you.

This time, I want it to be different. I don't want the tears that I can't stop from falling; I don't want you to have to listen to me beg you to stay, or that moment

when I'm holding onto you so tightly, willing you to tell me you want me to stay, and that everything will be ok.... This time, I want to be able to walk onto the plane with my shoulders back, head held high; clear of heart and mind and conscience and purpose- confident completely that what awaits me on the other side is the kind of happiness I thought awaited me here.

I Had hoped I'd find that kind of happiness I've sought for so long here- where I left it with you. I've realised that I'm still in grey Kansas- I haven't made it to technicolor OZ yet. I came here thinking in all the colours of the rainbow, but my world has been shades of grey. I didn't ever truly find my place- because in your life, you've never given me one. I forgive you for that.

In my technicolor mind, I believed with my whole heart that one day you would see what was in front of you and so clear to everyone but you. I thought that if I did the right things and worked hard to get on with your family and friends and that if I did everything possible to make your life as easy as I could, that one day you would look at it all and love me back the same way I came here loving you. Clearly, that didn't happen.

What I have done – I've realised- is taught you about the kind of unconditional love you deserve to find, and how to return it. I've taught you about affection and intimacy and putting someone else above your own sense of pride- even when it seems pointless. I've shown you through my own actions that love is as fragile and sweet as is it brutal and unforgiving- but that the best kind comes without condition. Quoting Walt Whitman "The best kind of love is the kind that awakens the soul and makes us reach for more, that plants a fire in our hearts and brings peace to our minds." That's the kind of love I hoped I've shown you, so that you – in turn- can begin to love fiercely and without fear.

While I know it's going to take me a while to trust my own heart and love without fear again, I hope that I've imbued you with the courage to do it for us both. It hurts like a bitch that you don't return my feelings, and it's been a bitter pill to swallow, but the thing I want most for you is to just be happy.... however that looks (even when it looks like you playing video games in your underwear!).

I haven't come out of this without learning some things either. I've learned more about who I am and what I want. I've learned that I'm capable of doing more than I

ever thought was possible for someone like me. I've learned that I don't exist to be some mans substitute mama and that men with questionable hygiene need to be avoided at all costs. I've learned that I have a voice, and that I can use it to scream and yell as much as I can use it to calm and soothe. I've learned to never concede ground to a man who can't say he'd jump a puddle for me, much less move a mountain. I've learned that I can't play RPG games for shit.

I'm reasonably confident that I'm leaving you as prepared as I can for life alone until you're ready to take the leap into something permanent, lasting, loving and cohabitational. Please remember to eat, and know that wherever I am, I'll still be loving you always and forever.

I left him to read while I cooked.

He came over to me- tears in his eyes- and crushed me against his chest. The dam wall broke and the tears began for both of us. Cathartic. Healing. Honest.

He let me know I had it all wrong; that he did love me and that he only put himself out there because he thought I wasn't interested.

The next morning was harder. I begged and pleaded with him to ask me to stay. I told him I'd do anything he wanted if he'd just ask me to stay. All he had to do was say it and I would have called my boss and cancelled my flight and that would be it. But you hugged me tight and kissed me on the forehead one last time, and left for work- knowing you'd come back to an empty home.

Retrospectively, I wish he hadn't said that. It gave me false hope. It prolonged my own hurt, while he compartmentalised his feelings for me and focused on the girl in my shoes. The one who is better than me. Less damaged. Easier to love.

I'd love to tell you that time heals all wounds. This one still feels like a gaping, whooshing hole. Some kind of abyss inside me that's dark and deep and endless. I wish I could say that our friendship isn't different – but it is.

You always had a better poker face than me, and you'll never tell me how you really feel because that's not your way. I have to mind my words and walk on eggshells and be mindful that you're not just mine anymore. We will never be free to be our most honest selves together again; sitting on the lounge, eating fried chicken in our underwear, listening to music on the internet.

There have been times since I went away where I have felt angry, hurt, betrayed and saddened by you. There have been moments I resented you. Not because you didn't come after me or because I wish I had the happiness you do, but because it felt like my friendship meant little to you and that cut is the deepest.

You've spent half your life shielding me and putting me back together, piece by piece, until I was the most whole I'd ever been in a long time.... and then you broke me worse than anything or anyone ever has- and you did that to your friend. You protected me from all the monsters, only to become the worst of them all.

Loving you hurts – but I've always been a masochist. Naturally, I couldn't stay mad at you even if I wanted to because it's you. You're the very best part of me outside of my body. You're a living, breathing piece of my heart that I can see and touch and feel.

Some nights I still cry from missing you. Some days, I still think I'm going to see you when I get home. Part of me longs for these days to stop; the other part of me also knows that when it does, the last bit of Hope I have that I too will someday find a "happily ever after" is gone.

So I keep waiting for that.

That moment I can say I'm happy.

I'm free.

Life is perfect.

Here is the link to read the rest of her blog.

<https://thesecretdiaryofashewolf.wordpress.com/2020/01/19/letting-go-of-the-one-that-got-away/>

OMG.... I can't read this again... I am crying again! (What has happened to me!? hahaha.)

Thank you She-Wolf for sharing & allowing me to share.

#IBD4U

Article – Stop Blaming The Other Woman: 19 Feb 2020

A friend shared this with me the other night, obviously I have been the other woman, more than once. & like I said to Noodle a few times, why is his partner **SO** angry at me & not at him? He always said she was angry at him, but she had so much anger towards me – wanted to bash me up & I guess she did hit him & threaten him with weapons... But also like I said to Noodle, so many times, that I am single, I am **allowed** to be on dating apps, chat apps & talking to anyone I want... He is not, therefore I am not the problem.

I am not saying I am completely innocent here either so don't misunderstand me, I went into things with some men knowing full well what the deal was, that he had a partner, but I'm sure there are others who lied to me & said they were single but weren't & that's why they disappeared...

If a man or woman for that matter, is in a **“committed”** relationship & they are online chatting to other people, meeting other people or fucking other people, the person that becomes the mistress isn't the problem. This is an amazing article & really hits home for me – of course!

“Ladies, stop blaming the ‘other woman’.

She didn't cheat on you. He did.”

Not a single day goes by that I don't see someone talking about what they would do to the other woman or how another woman better not talk to their significant other. I see women blaming the other women for their man's indiscretions.

The side chick isn't your problem. Your man is, and you're making it worse.

Ladies, you're not dating the other woman. You're not married to the mistress. She isn't the person who cheated on you, so she's not your problem.

Why isn't she your problem?

Your man is a cheater, and you need to stop blaming the other woman for his bad behaviour. If it wasn't her, it would be someone else. It will be someone else in the future because the problem will remain the same. It's your man.

When you blame someone else, you're telling him it's not his fault. You're telling him he can't help himself. You're training him to believe it's expected of him.

Whether you realise it or not, you're telling him it's okay because he has no control over his actions. When you go after the other woman, you're showing him you blame her.

You're telling him you don't hold him responsible for cheating even though he was the person who cheated on you. You're teaching him to keep on cheating, and you're looking foolish for not placing the blame where it belongs.

The other woman didn't cheat on you. He did.

She wasn't the person who did you wrong. He was.

The other woman didn't break your trust. He did.



Don't tell me she knew better because she knew he wasn't single. He made the decision to cheat knowing he wasn't single. The other woman didn't force him to cheat. Women aren't out there holding guns to their heads to make these men cheat. He made a decision, and he made that decision knowing how it would affect you.

Going after the other woman does two things. It tells him it's expected that he can't control himself, and it lets him know you're not going to hold him responsible for his actions.

Sure. You may huff and puff at him for a little bit, but you're going to focus on the other woman. You're showing him he can cheat with little repercussion.

You're showing him you'll hold a complete stranger responsible for your heartache before you'll hold the actual culprit accountable. You're teaching him it's okay to cheat.

Sit back and think about who hurt you. You don't care about her, so she can't hurt you. He's the one you care about. He's the one who hurt you. His actions are what caused you pain.

The other woman doesn't matter. She could have been anybody. It will be another woman next time, and he'll still be the person cheating on you.

Stop teaching men they can't control themselves and aren't to blame. Stop teaching them to blame others for their own actions. Stop enabling cheaters and start holding them accountable for their choices. Otherwise, you're just teaching him to cheat on you.

Here is the link to the article. <https://www.msn.com/en-au/lifestyle/familyandrelationships/ladies-stop-blaming-the-other-woman-she-didnt-cheat-on-you-he-did/ar-BBZNsd9?ocid=sf2>

Simply Amazing & 100% true!

#IBD4U

How Can You Still Do This To Me: 20 Mar 2020

This is a bit of a different post from me, this is actually a Facebook status update from a guy – a public figure, called Tyran Mowbray – Facilitator, Speaker, Mentor for men around masculinity, Sexuality & Relationships.

I know this was written by a man about a woman – presumably, but it's so relevant with things that have happened recently, that you are yet to find out about too & I know I should forget about [Noodle](#) but I wonder if he's thinking like this about me?

HOW CAN YOU STILL DO THIS TO ME?

I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

It's been over a year now and still when I get a message from you it can send me into a wild frenzy of emotions.

I lose my boundaries, I lose my centre.

I can feel the longing of the love I experienced with you reactivate. I know it was dramatic, I know it was painful, I know it wasn't really healthy, but I also know there was love.

A love that I haven't experienced since and a love that I deeply yearn for.

And I can see the unhealthy pattern that wants to play out. So clearly. I can see the part of me that wants to scream at you and tell you, you dont love me.

I can see the part of me that wants to hurt you and hate you.

I can see the parts of me that wants you to prove your love to me.

The parts that want to be chosen above anyone else. The part that wants to own you. The parts that want to get lost in the wild, chaotic expression of love with all the darkness and light mixed into one upside down inside out relationship.

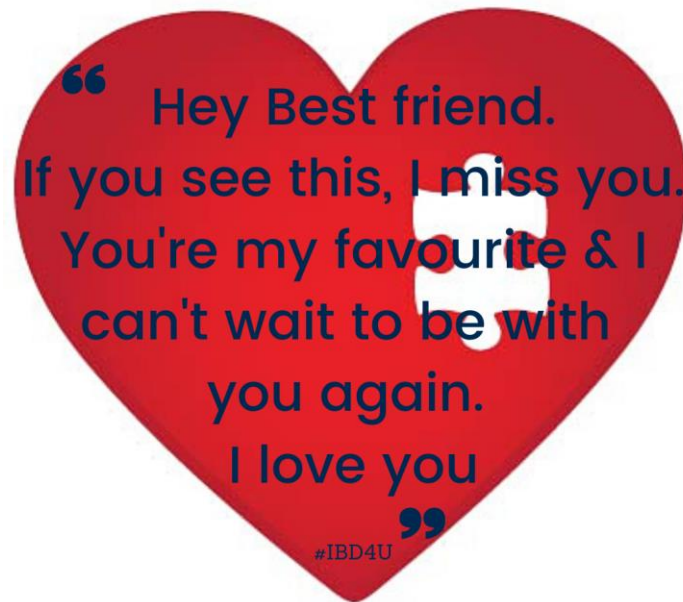
AND I can see the part of me that just wants to let go, surrender and cry in your arms.

It's like my little child or wounded feminine inside that just can't maintain their emotions and wants to go wild and destroy anything and everything.

It takes every ounce of strength that I have to rationalize and hold my centre.

I guess time will tell how this continues to unfold.

#menhaveheartstoo #lovealwayswins



I find it astounding that a man wrote this & how much it speaks to me – not that men can't write, but that it's written so well that it speaks to me as if I wrote it. I know men have feelings & emotions but I am so used to never seeing them from a man, especially a man like Noodle that I find it difficult to remember that they have feelings just like me. But honestly, I feel like I could've written this – I feel like I did write this...

For those that didn't understand the connection I had with Noodle, I hope this helps you to understand it just a little bit better... **It's a fucking drug, it's an addiction**, it's a feeling, it's un-explainable.

It's hard to send you to the link for this exact post but it was posted on the 16 January 2020 & here is the link to his Facebook page. <https://www.facebook.com/ShamelessSexGod/>
But I hope this helps somewhat to understand what I felt, what I feel...

#IBD4U

Mixed Bag Guest Edition: 22 Mar 2020

This is my first mixed bag guest blog. My guest blogs aren't always long enough for a blog of their own – just as some of my stories aren't long enough & so I created the mixed bag with some short stories. Here are a couple of short stories from 2 different guest bloggers .

Enjoy.

Ex-Girlfriend

So I went on a date with a guy my friend had previously dated. We messaged beforehand and he asked if I could get any weed and we could have a joint. So I sourced some weed and we met up at a pub and had a drink. He asked if I wanted to go back to his place and have a joint... So we went back. I rolled it up and he mostly consumed the whole lot to himself, and it was a large joint! He sat chatting on the rug, when he got up to go to the fridge, next minute – bang he fainted and hit his head on the floor.

I was like, oh fuck, I asked if he was ok, he mumbled blergh leave me for a bit.... So I put a pillow under his head and waited... He had fallen asleep and he wasn't getting up any time soon, so I decided to bail. It was now 1am. So I try to get out and I'm stuck. He lives in an secure city townhouse and I can't find the button to release the gate! I sit and SOS to friends, but they are asleep. I go back in another hour later... His GIRLFRIEND comes to the gate and can see him through the glass panel on the door, and sees me and it looks like I have killed him! She starts screaming, he starts stirring and wakes a bit, and says – that's my kinda ex-girlfriend – hide, she is crazy!! So I run and hide behind a couch and wait... He stays on the floor, his phone is ringing (It's her).

I wait about 30mins until I hadn't heard her for a while, go to him and shake him awake. "YOU NEED TO LET ME OUT" He rose and stumbled to a panel which had the gate unlock mechanism, opened the door and said RUN!! SHE COULD BE HIDING. So I ran as fast as I could to my car, locked all the doors and then I just pissed myself laughing.

Just unbelievable. Worst date ever.



Henry

I meet Henry on Tinder and we match. I am chatting to a couple of guys at this time, but he and I get along and he suggests a date straight away. We swap numbers and I am pleased to get a "Good Morning" text each day, and lots later in the day to see how I am. It feels like he is messaging me when he is on his breaks at work. After the guys that I had met that showed no commitment it was great to finally feel like this guy is really showing an interest. We chat a lot via text – to the point the kids ask who I am talking to and we make a date to meet one night after work when the kids are having dinner with their dad. I was hoping for coffee or a drink but instead he suggests we meet at a local beach and go for a walk. I am waiting at the beach at the right time, starting to think I have chosen the wrong part of the waterfront when he finally arrives. He gets out of the car and after we have worked out that we are who we think each other is we sit down. We chat easily for over an hour and I am late for my one gym class a week because we are getting along so well.

We continue to chat via text message, he is messaging me each day to ask how I am and things are going to well I ask my parents to have my children while I meet him at the river for another "date". I am waiting at the river in the car park at 1.30 when we have agreed to meet. At 1.50 I am still waiting and shoot of a text message asking if he is still coming. He replies to say he is on his way, another 15 minutes later he arrives. He gives no apology for being late (one of my pet hates –

show some respect for my time!) and we make our way over to the other side of the river. A red flag had popped up when I joked via text that I thought maybe he had changed his mind. My sense of humour has always been to make a joke at my own expense and when I feel uncertain I joke hoping that my fears will be squashed. He had replied saying no, he had just had visitors turn up unexpectedly and he didn't seem to get the joke. We sit on the other side of the river and chat, sitting on the ground on a picnic blanket gets a little uncomfortable. We have a pause when he asks if he can kiss me, he does and the kisses are nice. I want to keep kissing – I am loving the affection – but he says something about getting an erection and being embarrassed so we don't kiss any more. We have a date lined up for a weeks' time, the next night we are both taking our children to an event that comes to town. I am already overthinking how I am going to handle it if we run into each other.

When I am at the event, I send a message saying “Hey, haven't seen you at the *** tonight” – he replies to say his plans had changed. In an attempt at humour I reply with “Oh, that's ok, I thought maybe you were trying to avoid me!” with a face palm emoji. I am shocked by his response a minute later which reads “I don't know what you are trying to insinuate but I don't appreciate it”. I am shocked, and send another message telling him that I wasn't trying to insinuate anything, and is he suggesting we shouldn't see each other anymore? He replies saying he really wanted to have that conversation in person but yes. I reply saying I assume dinner is off then? He replies again with yes, I ask if I can call him, he says no. I try to call twice but he won't answer.

The next morning, I receive a text message saying good morning and asking how I am. I regret it now but at the time I replied saying good morning and I am glad he had messaged me. That's the last I heard from him... I saw him in the supermarket a few months later when I was with someone I had started to date. I tried to dodge him and not meet his eye! Looking back I think I dodged a bullet there!

I hate to say it, but dating doesn't discriminate! Doesn't matter who you are, there is always a douche canoe out there!

#IBD4U

Rooster: 28 Mar 2020

This is a blog post from someone who has guest blogged with me before... I love this story! Enjoy.

So... it's been a while, but you may or may not remember the last encounter I wrote about was with a charmer named [Ryan](#). Believe it or not after the debacle that was Ryan I was still keen to try to find a regular friend with benefits. A week or so after seeing Ryan I thought I should message him to be polite, I messaged him and said that I hoped he hadn't thought I had been rude, I had just been really busy. He messaged back to tell me that he had met someone (in 8 days – when not looking for a serious relationship – wow!) I wished him all the best and tried to put him to the back of my mind.

I was swiping through Tinder again later that week when an intro caught my eye. The guys profile pic was of a tractor (lesson learnt since) but the intro said that he was a genuine guy, looking for a friend for fun and if you liked being pampered he was your guy and you could lay back and relax.


A match was made and over the next week or two there was a lot of chatting. When I asked the guy why he did not have his photo as his profile pic he explained that he was trying to keep a low profile. When I asked for a picture (he had seen my face and body shape after all) he replied with one and quickly after asked if I was still going to chat to him. I replied of course (he wasn't unattractive I didn't think) but he seemed to think that women once they saw him had changed their minds in the past. We had quite a lot of chat happening on Tinder and then it moved to Snapchat. I HATE snapchat as a chatting medium, I hate that messages disappear, and you cannot see the message history of what has been sent. We chatted for a while and things started to get interesting. He lived over an hour from me so meeting wasn't as simple as I would have liked. A date to meet up was made. The meeting was set for the Sunday after my 40th birthday, during the party I was chatting and my girlfriends were in stitches at my story and could not believe

it was going to happen. Neither could I, I had high hopes for this hook up becoming a regular thing. The afternoon of the meeting I had a gut feeling...

Bam, there it was, a snap chat message telling me that his adult son had broken his car and needed it fixed so he could get to work the next day. Rooster needed to help him fix it so he could not come visit that day. I felt he was genuinely sorry – he certainly sounded like he was in the message he sent. Later that afternoon I sent him a video of me using a toy (why do I give guys my time and energy who don't give theirs to me???) and his response after he saw it was "I'm going to punch my son in the mouth" which had me laughing.

We kept trying to make a date to catch up, but he worked in a mine and was 4 days on 4 days off which made it hard for him. I also have children at home so we were juggling my weekends that were free. One night while I was cooking tea my snap chat notification came on. It was him, he was stark naked at a lookout on the way to work and had stopped and taken a full frontal selfie on the lookout and sent to me. He must have set the phone up, stripped, set a timer and then went and posed. It had me laughing for days

The chat continued, mostly sexual and then another date was set. This was one was on a weekday and the anticipation had been building. I got a message around an hour before were due to meet, him telling me he was on his way. I arrived home from work to find him waiting at the front of the house – he followed me in and I told him I was nervous, he grabbed my hand and kissed me and then we made our way to my bedroom.



“
Anyone else had an ex
with a weird fetish?
Mine had one, he'd dress
up in his own clothes
& act like a
fuckwit.”

#IBD4U

The foreplay was good, he went down on me which is something he had alluded to in his tinder profile. He was another one that didn't even think to use a condom. We were playing with each other and next thing he was on top of me. I asked him if he was worried I would fall pregnant (after all he didn't know me well), he told me he had a vasectomy so he wasn't concerned. We fucked twice and then to my disappointment he was getting up and ready to leave. When we had been chatting I am sure he had told me he had more time but he wanted out of there!

We kept chatting via snap chat for a little while longer, the messages were getting further and further apart. We had spoken when we were together about not fucking anyone else – I just wanted one friends with benefits to rely on – that's it. When he had asked me the usual “What are you looking for” that's what I had told him too. One day I got a notification on my tinder (I had hidden my profile as per our agreement) and I was very annoyed to find a notification that he had changed his tinder profile picture.

I decided he was dead to me and I was moving on. It was good sex, I just wish he had been honest, maybe I wouldn't have fucked him just once but at least I would

have gone in with eyes open. This all happened in December 2018, then during the Coronavirus pandemic in April 2020 I was working from home with kids at home. I was working in the front room and heard a truck pull up, I live on a busy main road so I paid it no heed. Next thing there was a knock on the door, I let my children answer the door and I heard "Is ***** here?" I came around the corner to find Rooster standing there. To say I was shocked was an understatement. This guy fucks me, disappears and then just calls in 16 months later??? We stood there very awkwardly smiling at each other, he explained that he had been driving past and thought he would stop and say Hi. I told him I thought he had been dodgy disappearing like that – he told me he lost his phone, snapchat everything.... I'm thinking yeah dude, that old chestnut... As my sister pointed out – he knew where I lived so he could have found me if he wanted to!

This is literally something that would happen to me. I am so happy about this post, not that it happened to one of my readers but that it's so similar, that I know I am not alone!

#IBD4U

Recover and Reflection – An Introduction: 9 May 2020

This is a regular reader but first time writer. She is not from Adelaide, so it's good to also get a different perspective from a different location. This is a very personal story & I am thankful that readers trust me enough to share with me but also trust me to share with you too. It's always good for me to hear stories from other readers & also from people in very different places in their dating life than me.

Break ups hard, everyone has an opinion on your situation and love to tell you them; but here's the thing, relationships are only really felt by the two that are in them, and even then, I have come to realise that each person's perspective can be very different. For example, looking back on my marriage, all I remember is feeling scared and being completely owned by him, however if you were to ask him his memory would, and I am guessing, that he worked long and hard hours in mines every day to afford me the freedom to stay home to raise our children, and that I took that for granted. Which I did, to a certain extent, however his idea of how the house and the children were to be kept was very old school. Think 1950's ideals, as in he was king and the rest of us were privileged to be around him. His mother said many a crazy thing to me, but one was that I should put myself together a bit for when he gets home, a bit of lipstick and everything! I was shocked at the time, but now, as an older woman, I understand that that would have gave him a sense of appreciation and that he wasn't just a pay check. I wish I knew then what I know now!

I don't want to claim that I was always a victim, I wasn't, I thought I was all that when I met my husband, admittedly I was very young and had no idea just how stupid I really was. Shortly after our meeting we were at a social event and someone I grew up with approached me to tell me that she had heard he was very violent and that he had choked a previous girlfriend. I being all that, bounced straight up there and hit with the hard question of whether or not that was true, in his defence he admitted it straight away, making no attempts at hiding the truth. I took this as acknowledgement that he knew it was wrong and wouldn't do it again, on reflection though what he gave me was a list of excuses on why he did what he

did, and I stupidly felt sorry for HIM, and sympathised with HIM, he had just admitted to me readily that he was someone who laid his hands on a woman and I SYMPATHISED WITH HIM! How stupid are 21 years olds? Fair Dinkum! Anyway, our relationship progressed rather quickly, becoming pregnant unexpectedly followed by an engagement. I was so happy when things were going well, so full of myself, look at me with this handsome man, and he wants me to have his baby and marry him! But then there were the times when they were not great, like, I would be crouched on the floor, crying and scared for my safety. He started by threatening my closest friend, my best mate, being a male, was a major threat in his mind, and he had to get rid of him as soon as he could. He used to threaten to hurt him so bad, and I was filled with guilt that if he got hurt, the blame would rest solely on my shoulders. I did leave a couple of times, before the pregnancy, I made conscious decisions that he wasn't good for me, but that was the game to him, he would send gift and messages and promise the world and apologise until I once again let my guard down.

“
Sometimes I feel like I've
got my life together but
then my windscreen gets
foggy & I don't know
what temperature
to use to fix it

”
#IBD4U

The emotional side of living like this took so much out of me, living in a war zone is tough. So now, being 12 years since I walked out of this relationship I am still trying to heal. Yes, you read that correctly, 12 years later. I have only just realised, this last week, upon heavy corona induced reflection that I am now scared to be attracted to the men I am attracted to. He has made me too scared to trust myself in any way with the opposite sex, and I have only just realised! Talk about slow! But yes, I like manly rough and tough men, alpha's if you will, but the last alpha I was with destroyed me, but then also gave me two gorgeous kids.

Dating after divorce is tough on everyone, we all have the scars after building a life and having shared a dream with someone. I actually decided, at some stage, that a happy marriage shouldn't be based on love and lust, that it had to be a sensible decision that you make consciously, and I went on to waste years of time with someone that I just really wasn't into. Yep, what a knob! Everyone will be shocked to learn that this relationship, also ended! I can hear the gasps now! Haha! But I was so desperate to have another baby, and I had passed the horrible 30 year mark and the ticking and the tocking of that damn clock rang loud in my ears. I picked an ok bloke, he was ok, boring and in 5 years I never met a person that he was friends with, yep, he seriously had no friends. There were so many signs that this relationship should have been a one night stand, but me trying to prove to myself that I was a good partner and good wife just hung on in there. We went on to have that baby that I was desperate for, and I did so in a very grown up business like way this time, planned, talked about, full control. That was honestly my main focus though.

So after growing a set, and realising I can not actually live like that I'm back out in the dating world, very different these days, and with a few kids in tow. Living in a small town makes it even worse, plus how do you measure chemistry online? Seriously, good texters are no indication of whether you will like them in real life, there's a shock! But meeting people organically doesn't even seem to happen anymore, my life revolves around children and their activities and are generally including all the happily married couples, you know the types, #soblessed! Haha! I went through a bitter stage where the happily married types drove me nuts, and I was always looking for holes in their relationships, nasty I know, I'm glad I have

stopped that. I actually am more defensive of marriage now then ever before. I would never want someone I loved to have to go through a divorce like I did. It's painful and you miss your children and you feel resentful for the broken promises. That's how I know now that I still have so much healing to do, my emotional fluctuations, wanting to be a other half to someone, and realising that I can't just live with someone for the sake of it, that would be worse than another volatile relationship, a relationship where I just settled. There has to be some sort of passion involved, to be in the arms of someone you love is the most amazing feeling in the world, even in the middle of a fight I want a strong man who can come and wrap me up in his arms. But in order to get to that place I need to be able to let myself go and get out of my head. Trust myself that if someone shows the signs that my ex-husband did that I know enough now to get out of that situation. It's a funny thing, being savagely independent yet craving the type of relationship where you can trust your partner to take care of you.

So onto Tinder I went, I have had some great experiences, some not so great, but all in all, allot of chances to learn about myself and grow and change. Cause here's a shock, I contributed to all the dating disasters in my life! I know, I wasn't expecting that either, I mean, come on, I'm a catch haha!

I had it in my head that Tinder was casual, ok, I only want casual right now, I need an easy relationship with no pressure. I am the queen of pressure, if I'm not under some, I quickly create some... so I started chatting, I'm a talker, it comes easy to me, and my interests are diverse, I can find things in common with just about everyone. But I started referring to myself as casual, trying to convince myself that I could be, and needed to be casual. The day of my first date arrived, my palms were sweating like you would have never seen before, and the guy was travelling to meet me, not a quick trip either, a good 4 hour drive in outback Qld! I know, how trusting was he! I could have been a complete nut case! But I was so lucky, I mean, I met the nicest guy you could ever hope for, he arrived, we had coffee, went out for dinner and of course had sex. I was being casual after all!

Problems quickly arise, in the form that I am not a casual person, in the slightest, I soon fell in love. I'll be completely honest, the sex was the best I had ever had in my life, and he never made me feel intimated, because he was not someone I

would usually go for, in a social situation, I probably wouldn't have noticed him, but I'm so glad this was my first tinder experience. I needed the gently landing he gave me.

Obviously, this relationship wasn't to be, but it kept us both hooked for close to a year. I think the sex was just so mind blowing it was hard for either of us to walk away from. Tough lesson that one, it was all in the timing, and I wasn't ready, either was he, not to mention the distance! But I'll go into details in future posts, if anyone is interested in reading my story.

Thank you to this reader for sharing her story. I do love reading your stories & hope this reader continues to write for us!

#IBD4U

Toxic Love & The Road To Recovery: 24 Jul 2020

This guest blogger is one of my favourites. She has her own blog “Diary of a She-Wolf.” She doesn’t write as regularly as I do – which probably is wise because the writer’s block is still rearing its ugly head for me, I know you’re all keen on the story I have to tell, but below in someone else words & experience, is what I have felt too in the past. It’s almost like she took the words in my head & put them on paper. She is a real writer, not just me who writes a diary & posts 3 times a week, she has a great literary talent that I wish I had!



Enjoy

After [TOTGA](#), I haven't been ok. At all.

He broke me in a way that I'm not accustomed to.

I've been beaten. Raped. Emotionally attacked. Mentally destroyed. Financially fucked over.... and now, finally- my spirit has been crushed.

Over the years of stories I've shared with you, this is the love that has damaged me the most.

The absence of it crashed down on me, seemingly breaking every bone in my body; piercing my skin, tearing flesh and leaving me battered and broken. My mind was a

storm of emotion that was so intense I couldn't distinguish one feeling from another. I felt like my heart had been dragged from my chest and the wound left open; a cavernous, Black, whooshing hole that nothing could escape from.

Worst of all- I could feel the light inside me dying.

When it all ended, and I moved away, the candle in the coal mine that kept me going- the flicker of light and hope inside me was not my hope that I could save myself again.... It was the hope that HE would save me: from the scores of men lurking in my future that will do me harm somehow. Just like always, he would save me from the monsters from without, and within.

The moment I realised he wasn't coming for me, that light was almost snuffed- by my own hand, no less. In hindsight, it seems so strange to me that after everything I have faced to date, that this one heartbreak (half a lifetime in the making) would be the thing that finished me.

I stood at the edge of the cliff and was ready to jump. More ready than I've ever been in my life. I took the deep breath in to steady myself and... my phone pinged. Some notification or other. That ping saved my life.

In that split second I realised – with more clarity than I've felt in a long time – that somewhere deep within me, I still had a spark of life that still held on. It was faint, but with some care and kindling, it could become a flame once more.

Admitting this is the hardest thing I've ever done. It's a moment in my life that I'm not proud of. I was weak. Broken. Hurt. Dead inside. Seemingly irreparable.

My lesson from this love is that to be free of the hurt it causes you- you have to pull it out by the roots. Pack up the photos and mementos. Set fire to the house where love once lived. Pack it away until it doesn't hurt you anymore. It becomes just another piece of the mosaic of your life- the sum and total of everything you have been up until this point. A part of the background. Just another story.

He will always be a part of me, but it's up to me to work every day to make him a part that I don't need in order to feel whole. I get to decide what part he plays in my narrative.

He is rewriting our story now. Each chapter being amended to include the one that's easier to love. That's less complicated. That's better than me. Seeing each

edit has been an accumulative injury- like a wound that keeps opening just as you think you're finally healing.

It still makes me wince. If it didn't hurt, I wouldn't be human. I'm more in control of how that hurt affects me now. I won't let it put my fire out. It's never easy to see someone you thought you'd grow old and grey with writing you out of their narrative, but life has a way of doing that.

I'm finally ready to close this chapter. I have loose ends to tie up, but once they are done, I can finally begin to write a new story.

For the first time in a long time. I feel hopeful. Optimistic. Unshackled from the past... and maybe- just, maybe- I might finally be free.

Here is the link to her blog!

<https://wordpress.com/read/feeds/90834386/posts/2582191091>

#IBD4U

The Beauty Queen: 15 Sept 2020

I am hating the new WordPress... I can't work it! (If you noticed, this went live when I was editing it! FFS) So sorry about the formatting of this guest post from a fellow blogger in the USA.

I follow him but with everything that's been going on for me, I have been relaxed in reading his & other blogs I usually follow with every post. However, when writers block is killing my blog, he offered up some of his stories.

I love reading his blog from a males perspective... It seems that it isn't any easier for men than it is for women?!

Speaking of curious cases, this one is more recent:

Early last December, the woman I had been dating, and who had professed her love, unceremoniously broke off our relationship. She is deserving of a multipart series of her own, of course, and I hope to return to her soon. During all of the time I dated her, and in fact all of the two plus years I've been on these dating apps, there has been another woman. Let us call her Pia, my friend Pia. We met right after I started online dating. I've mentioned her before (in particular [here](#)). The month of December, as it often is for me, began fairly bleak. The woman who loved me, broke up with me. My birthday occurs mid-month. My now ex-girlfriend had booked a hotel in Washington DC for the weekend. We were going to have ourselves a fun little getaway. Those plans were quashed. My friend Pia stepped in and saved the day for me. It was quite nice. As often happened with her though, I would hope we were getting more serious and she would pull away. During holidays, she often disappeared almost completely. New Year's Eve was barreling towards me. Pia made plans to see her spinster, older cousin at the New Jersey shore. It was looking like I'd be alone.

Maybe I could bandage my broken heart, I thought. I went on a dating app after Christmas, swiped right on a several women, and waited. A few women matched back and I chatted them up. One caught my fancy more than the others and we honed in on each other. Her profile gave her age the same as mine and her photos showed a pretty woman who appeared younger than her years, fit and happy. We

chatted easily by text, discovered neither had anything to do new year's eve and decided to meet late that afternoon at a restaurant in beautiful Piermont, New York, along my side of the Hudson River. The scenery, however, was shrouded in darkness due to the early sunsets in December. We met at the bar. She looked decidedly older than her pictures. Nevertheless, she was an interesting date being a costumer for major movies. She had fun anecdotes about famous stars. We were not a match, though, and the date died a natural death a couple of hours later. Neither of us texted to the other, *Let's do it again*. Anyway, I have a rule about that: if I pick up the check, I leave it to the lady to call or text me a thank you. She did not. As it turns out, this post isn't about her. It's about Tasha.



By the time I got home it was still just early evening. I mixed myself a drink, took a seat on my couch, and resigned myself to an evening of Netflix. Pia and I would exchange a few messages. I would wonder why she chose boredom down the shore when she could have been bored with me. My phone pinged. I looked down and saw I had a new match. And thus, I was introduced to Tasha. There once was a study that folks on these dating apps choose people who are 25% more attractive than they are. How do they figure this out? The person chosen gets more hits than

they do. I opened my app and saw clearly Tasha was not 25% more attractive or desirable than me, she was easily 75% more. She was so ridiculously beautiful, she could have been in and won a major beauty pageant. I'm talking beautiful. Her profile said she was in her mid-40's, lived a few towns away, had a daughter, and ran her own little business. She was blonde and extremely well-proportioned. Her pictures were sexy, while not being overtly sexual. In one, she had on fitted jeans and a cropped, button-down knit sweater, that showed a bit of her defined abs and cleavage as well, but offhandedly, not ostentatiously.

When you get a match notification, you can surmise the lady is on at that moment. Despite Tasha being out of my league, the drink in my hand, combined with the two I had had earlier at the restaurant, lent me liquid courage and I dm'ed her: *Hello Tasha, I wrote. Would you believe I'm wearing that very same sweater? Really?* she asked, almost immediately. And we embarked on a whirlwind night...
#middleageddating #lastfirstkiss #love #aging #autobiography #memories #writing
#nyc #bergencounty #nnj #biography #covid19 #coronavirus #beautyqueen

Here is a link to his blog! <https://wordpress.com/read/feeds/85889956/posts/2703146567>

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The Beauty Queen #2: 29 Sept 2020

This week as you can imagine, finishing the last blog as it did has been a struggle to write. However I do have a lot of new fun, stupid & cringeworthy content coming up! I promise. But in the meantime here is part two of the beauty queen, a male blogger in the USA. I love his blog.
Link is below!



New Year's Eve and I was alone. I don't think there is any more alone than alone on New Year's Eve. I guess, if you think about it, getting a date should be pretty easy. After all, no one wants to be by themselves that night. Yet, here I was on my couch, turning on Netflix, resigned to a dismal evening. My girlfriend had broken up with me less than a month before; my "friend" Pia had escaped to the shore; and the woman I had met earlier rang no romantic bells (catch up with [pt1](#) here). And then I got a notification I had a match on a dating app. *This must be some woman even more desperate than me*, I thought, as I signed in only to find a beautiful woman staring back from her profile pic. Tasha.

I joked I was wearing the same sweater she had on in her profile pic. *Really?* she asked. *Yes*, I replied. *My abs aren't as defined as yours and my cleavage isn't as sexy, but definitely the same cropped sweater.* I accomplished a lot with that line, I think. I acknowledged I wasn't as hot as her. It wasn't false modesty on my part. This woman was more beautiful than 95% of the world's population. For the time being, you'll just have to trust my subjective opinion on the matter. I noted her obvious sexiness without howling like a wolf. And I displayed a sense of humour. She lol'd me and said she loved a man with cleavage. And so the dance began. In all relationships, I think, there is an alpha and a beta. One person is reaching higher and the other is holding a hand behind. Maybe it's looks or personality or maturity or finance, but there's always something. In this case, Tasha was most definitely the alpha. I had two choices from there: bow down before her beauty or ignore it. I suspect a woman like Tasha is accustomed to men fawning over her. I decided to go the opposite way. I had nothing to lose and possibly a beautiful woman to gain.

I often think back to my college days a very long time. I went to Rutgers, the state university here in New Jersey, USA. As you might imagine, most of the students were in-state, as it was a cheaper alternative to private university. The school itself had a decent reputation nationwide. Rarely would you find anyone from California at Rutgers. There just was no reason. Why would anyone travel from that fantasy land on the west coast to the much-maligned state of New Jersey on the east coast? Don't get me wrong, I love New Jersey. In fact, I think it has so much to offer from bustling beaches to skiing, access to New York City pizza and Philly cheese steaks from the source, and high tech corporations to family farms. I consider it the most eclectic of states. Come visit, you'll see. That said, I cannot think of a single reason anyone would voluntarily leave California to go to Rutgers University. Nevertheless, I saw Catherine from California in a bikini playing frisbee on the quad between the apartment buildings the first week of September 1981. She had clearly stepped out of a Beach Boys song and taken a wrong turn. She was blonde and blue-eyed, lithe and tanned. She was like a beacon of pure light on the green expanse of lawn. She laughed with each toss of the frisbee to her friend, like no one was there watching them. I was mesmerized. Every boy within eyesight was.

All of a sudden, every one of them wanted to hang out on the quad. The Buffs felt the need to lose their t-shirts. Other frisbees started gliding back and forth. She was the focal point of all conversations the rest of the day and by day's end, most of us knew she was from California and single. For some reason, she got the nickname "Senior Project". I'm not sure why. She was a freshman and most of the guys were not seniors, but I guess the idea was to make her your own by senior year. And dozens of guys took their shot. She shot them all down as gently as can be. I bring Catherine up because she was actually the most wonderful of girls, beautiful inside as well. I did fawn over her too for some time, but she never went for it. She was always attentive and polite to me, but did not encourage my boy games. In the end, she began dating a guy. He was neither the most handsome nor the most athletic, but they connected completely and it was easy to see they had fallen in love. I knew such things were possible.

Tasha and I passed the night easily. We each made a cocktail or two at our respective houses, asking questions, making jokes, just talking about movies and music and food. The dm'ing was delightful and the night passed quickly. I learned she was from a state out west, she was of Scot ancestry, owned her own cosmetic business, had one daughter, lived fairly close, and was divorced. For the briefest of moments, I wondered if I should invite her over. No, no, I realized this was just one of those magical times when I connect with a wonderful woman, but it was destined to be brief and, in the long run, inconsequential. I didn't really think Tasha would fall in love with me like Catherine had with her boyfriend so many years ago. This would just be a very nice memory tomorrow. We watched the ball drop in Times Square and wished each other the best of new year's. We were just two lonely strangers passing the night. She sent me the kiss emoji and I sent one back. Just before we said good night, she said, *Tell me something very few people know about you.* I told her I had written an unpublished book some time ago. I'm proud of it and consider it one of my few, but great, accomplishments. *And you?* I asked.

She sent me a picture. Tasha was considerably younger, but the woman in the picture was her. She was in a flowing teal gown. There was a line of gorgeous women in a row behind her, also in long gowns with sashes naming counties I did

not know. She was smiling broadly and genuinely, while grasping a huge bouquet of roses. She had a tiara on her head and a sash draped diagonally from her shoulder proclaiming her Mrs. ***** County*. She was being crowned a state beauty queen. And the beauty queen was saying good night.

*the number of *'s does not correspond to the name of the county.

Here is a link to his blog! <https://wordpress.com/read/feeds/85889956/posts/2703146567>

#IBD4U

Article – Animals Are Kinkier Than You: 21 Mar 2021

As I am away on a much needed short trip away in Victoria with my puppies, I haven't had time to finalise my blog. I'm sorry, there is more coming for T**y, I promise! This article though, really gets you thinking... How kinky am I?

Leather cuffs, ropes, candle wax, edible underwear. We humans, in all our arrogance, think we've got the creative sex market cornered.

But the truth is that we're nothing more than kinky amateurs in the sexual marketplace. Our non-human cousins have been engaging in sex acts that we might consider taboo a lot longer than we have. It's nature's best-kept secret: for any sex act that you might find arousing, and a bit outside of traditional sexual conventions, there's an animal that not only engages in that behaviour, but for whom it is the norm.

You think [Fifty Shades of Grey](#) is hot? Here are seven ways that animals are kinkier than you ever thought.

A sip of giraffe urine

Perhaps the obvious place to start is the giraffe. The long-necked animals spend most of their time quietly munching on leaves. At least, it sounds quiet to us, because most of their vocal communication occurs outside the range of human hearing. But what they lack in their ability to shout, they more than make up for when it comes to assessing the suitability of a potential mate. The bull, which is what you call a male giraffe, visits various herds looking for a female, called a cow. When he finds a cow he likes, he doesn't coyly ask for her number. There are no flowers, no chocolates, no movie dates. He gets right to the point by leaning over and gently nuzzling her rear end. The goal? To catch a sip of her urine.

"When the bull nuzzles her rump," [write researchers David M. Pratt and Virginia H. Anderson](#), "she must produce a stream of urine if he is to catch some in his mouth and savour it," they write. The idea is that he can detect various chemical indicators in her urine that indicate whether she's prepared to mate. He knows none of this, of course. He's just doing what evolution has guided him towards doing: wandering around, lapping up some urine, looking for a date.

Hippos' flying faeces

But the giraffe is an amateur compared to the hippo. The most under-appreciated of the African megafauna, the hippopotamus may seem like nothing more than a waterborne cow, but they are not to be trifled with. According to legend, more people are killed each year by hippos than by sharks, and while they're not all that graceful on land, they can charge at superspeed when they're in the water. Like giraffes, male hippos are called bulls. Unlike giraffes, hippos are more into dung than urine. For a species that can be quite aggressive, it is perhaps not all that surprising that they spend a good deal of time marking their territories. And they do that by leaving very large piles of dung on the banks of the rivers and ponds they swim in. As they deposit their excrement, they use their tiny tails as tennis rackets, [shooting bits of poo off in every direction](#). Some males can send their faeces flying off as far as two metres away!

But the males aren't the only ones who engage in "dung-showering," as it is called. When a territorial male is on the prowl, the females aren't entirely passive. If a female hippo is interested, she turns around, raises her rear end out of the water, and presents him with a dung shower of her own. Like the males, the females also use their tails to spread the stinky love around. Researchers refer to this sort of mating ritual as "submissive defecation."

Garter snakes' massive mating balls

As winter turns to spring in Manitoba, Canada, the snakes emerge from underneath the ground in search of both food and sex. They get together in aggregations that can number tens of thousands of individuals and wiggle around in massive, writhing mating balls. The balls are created after the females release a pheromone that indicates their presence, a sort of serpentine clarion call. Males from all over sniff her out and slither on over, hoping for a chance to father some limbless offspring of their own.

But group sex isn't all that's going on. In the middle of all the sex (or, at least, attempted sex) going on inside the mating ball is a group of males who are pretending to be female.

For a while, many researchers suspected that males who released the same sorts of pheromones typically released by females were doing it to deceive other males. For one thing, pretending to be a female would allow a male to avoid aggression

from other, larger, more dominant males. By avoiding the ire of another male, the female mimics could survive another day in hopes of finding a chance to mate. Alternatively, the mimicry could be an effort to trick other males into wasting their sperm. The duped males would go on thinking they'd managed to secure their genetic heritage, none the wiser about the con.

But in 2001, a group of researchers came up with [a different explanation](#): warmth. When a groggy male snake emerges from its winter slumber, it's only a cool 10 degrees Celsius. But reproductive males are usually a good fifteen degrees warmer. By pretending to be female, the mimic could simply be trying to warm up. As a bonus, by hiding underneath a mass of eager males, the female mimic could avoid predation by the hungry crows that wait nearby.

Three is company for North Atlantic Right whales

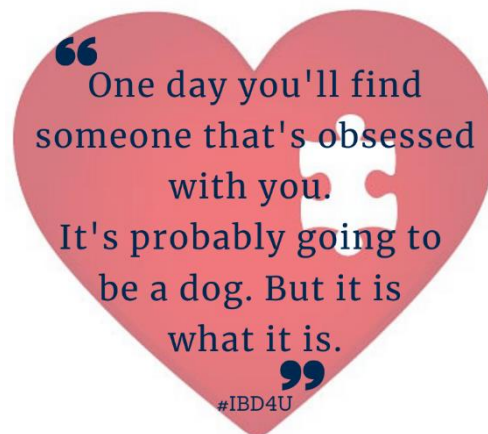
Garter snakes may be known for group sex, but usually the snakes only have sex with one partner at a time. That wasn't the case for [a female North Atlantic Right whale](#) who was observed by scientists in the August 2000 in the waters off of Canada.

It was a summer afternoon in the Bay of Fundy when a group of researchers conducting observations of the whales' summer feeding habits found themselves with front row seats to a scene that would make even Christian Grey, the eponymous male character in the Fifty Shades of Grey book and [film](#), blush. *For forty seconds, the three-way was engaged in what the researchers referred to as 'simultaneous intromission'*

A female was traveling with three males, a typical aggregation known as a "surface active group" or SAG. In some species, males compete for reproduction by attempting to prevent others from mating. For these whales, however, the sperm does all the competing. So it's common for the females to mate with several of the males in her SAG, multiple times. When the female is ready to have sex, she typically rolls over and swims upside down near the surface. The male rolls onto his side to allow his prehensile penis better access to the female's vagina. When the researchers observed the female and one of the males begin intercourse, they weren't all that surprised. The copulation lasted for about two minutes before the male disengaged and rolled back over to breathe. "Several

undulations of the penis were observed during the copulation,” write the researchers, “but it is not known whether these were associated with ejaculation.” About fifteen minutes later, the two whales resumed their positions and began to have sex again. Just then, one of the other males surfaced alongside the pair. And thirty three seconds later, he inserted his penis into her vagina as well. For forty seconds, the three-way was engaged in what the researchers referred to as “simultaneous intromission,” before the first male had to make the threesome into a twosome in order to catch a breath of air.

It wasn't just an erotic marine mammal ménage-a-trois. It was, as the researchers noted, scientific history: “the first observation of a female right whale copulating simultaneously with two males.”



Sexual frenzy of the grunion fish

Speaking of salty sex, no list of surprising sexual practices could be complete without the humble grunion. It's an unassuming fish, silvery with hairline streaks of blue, red, and yellow running along the length of their bodies, which rarely grow longer than 17 or 18 centimetres.

For several nights surrounding each new moon and full moon in the spring and summer, roughly from March to August, the fish gather on sandy California beaches from Mexico's Baja peninsula all the way up to Point Conception. Surfing the high tide onto the shore, the fish have gathered there for just one purpose: to mate.

It's a salty, sandy, wet, moonlit piscine orgy. The females cruise in on a wave and wiggle themselves, tail first, into the cool wet sand, until just their heads are

visible. Once in position, each is ready to deposit her eggs, just four inches beneath the surface. But not before they get fertilised. The males take the next few waves to the shore, gathering themselves in circles around the females. There, they release their sperm in a white-ish fluid called milt. The milt flows down the females' slick bodies until it reaches the eggs. The males ride the next wave back out to sea. The females twist and turn their way out of the sand and they, too, return to the surf.

Most females spawn six times during the season, which means over the course of an entire season she can lay as many as 18,000 eggs. The males, for their part, release as many as one million sperm in a single spawning event, and they can participate in several spawning's per night. Several hours later, the beach once again gets quiet. The following morning, beachgoers likely have no idea that they're frolicking about just hours after an intense sexual frenzy.

Buprestid beetles mate with beer bottles

Perhaps one of the most common ways in which humans try to spice things up in the bedroom is through the use of sex toys, or less commonly, inflatable sexual partners. These are usually silicone or plastic objects that have been made to resemble male or female anatomy, either visually or behaviorally, or both. Luckily, our big fat primate brains usually know the difference between a sex toy and the real thing. Not so for an Australian jewel beetle called *Julodimorpha bakewelli*.

It was in 1983 when a pair of Australian zoologists named Darryl Gwynne and David Rentz noticed a photo being passed around among entomologists of a male beetle attempting to mate with a beer bottle. Was it a fluke or could the behaviour be reproduced? The researchers set out in search of beetles and litter. In just half an hour, they spotted at least [six male beetles trying to mount and copulate with beer bottles](#).

Unfortunately for the poor males of the species, the forewings of females are a beautiful brown hue, dotted with small dimples. The problem is that they're remarkably similar to a particular colour and texture of glass often used in beer bottles. "The shiny brown colour of the glass is similar to the shiny yellow-brown [wings] of *J. bakewelli*," they wrote, while "a discarded wine bottle of a different colour brown held no attraction."

Not only do discarded beer bottles pose an environmental hazard, they also pose a serious problem for these beetles. The bottles are so attractive to the males that they actually prefer them to actual females. And that's not all: ants have learned to congregate near discarded beer bottles, waiting for a lonely beetle to try his luck. Then, they can quickly attack, overpower, and gobble him up. As a result, the species is rapidly on its way towards extinction.

Red velvet mites' sperm garden

The [red velvet mite](#) sounds like a slightly creepy cross between a spider and a cupcake, and it basically is. When a male decides he's ready to stop living the single life and settle into fatherhood, he builds a structure that some folks refer to as a love garden.

He constructs the garden from plant parts, using his own sperm as the glue. Then he lays down a silk road leading to the entrance of his garden, like the world's strangest red carpet. There he sits, waiting for a female to come by. If she likes what she sees, she may accept his invitation back to his place. There, she sits herself down on top of a package of sperm and nutrients called a spermatophore, and the happy couple can rest easy knowing that their genetic legacy is secure. But some male red velvet mites are bullies. If they discover another male's love garden – and if it's empty, because the architect is waiting for his beloved at the opposite end of the silk trail – he'll make a mess of the place.

It's not just that he wants to destroy his competition; he wants to let his competition do all the work for him. And he does that by covering the shattered ruins of the love garden in his own sperm. After the original builder does all the hard work of attracting a female and luring her back to his place, she has no problem going right ahead and impregnating herself with the bully's sperm...leaving the cuckolded arachnid to weep with sorrow and begin the slow process of rebuilding his love garden once again.

By Jason G. Goldman

13 February 2015

<http://www.bbc.com/earth/story/20150213-animals-are-kinkier-than-you>

#IBD4U

The Asset: 22 Dec 2021

A good friend of mine was inspired to write. I haven't done a guest big in a while... Hope you all enjoy... I know I did & I asked her for more! Hehehe.

So, I use this chat app and I started talking to this guy in a group forum, we flirt every time we are both online and people notice and begin to write things like to "get a room." So after a week or so we arrange to meet in public (my rules of online dating, I never invite a strange boy over to my house no matter how horny I am or nice they are at the time) after we chat for a bit I feel like we have the same "I want to fuck you senseless connection" as we do online and I say to myself this guy is nice and has his head screwed on, this could be a good thing!

The flirting gets more heated within the group chat and in our private chat we have secret jokes, and the tension builds so it's not long until we arrange to meet this time at my house for "coffee." I know we would end up fucking because of the intense flirtation we've had, it's been addictive as we are online every chance we get plus I was on leave from work so I had heaps of time to up my sleeve, he's said he's just looking for fun in our private chat and I was cool with that because my friend with benefit I was seeing said 2 weeks prior that he needed a time out (great I'm wearing my fwb's out ha-ha!) Seriously I can't be that bad right?!

He comes over and we chat over a coffee just about everyday stuff and about this guy I was dating about 3 months prior, he went away for work interstate, he had messaged out of the blue he's coming back in a few weeks and wants to see me, The Asset gives me a male's perspective and I appreciate it. When I'm nervous I ramble on about shit and tend to over share and I'm sure I sound like a crazy fucktard.

We finish our coffee and I put our cups on the sink, on the way back to the couch he pulls me in for a kiss, and I land in his lap, we kiss it starts to get hot and heavy I'm thinking it's clearly time we move this to the bedroom, he's a good kisser yes! Love it when a guy can kiss me so passionately (This is one of my biggest turn ons) , as we are heading to the my bedroom we start undressing ourselves and doesn't take long to get the rest of our clothes off, he kisses me briefly then bends me over

my bed with force, I feel instantly wet as the dominance is something I haven't had in a while he puts a condom on and I'm patiently waiting for his cock to nudge up against my pussy and he does not long after he sticks his cock in and slowly fucks me, I'm so wet!

He begins to fuck me so hard because in our chats I've said I like it rough and OMG! Did he deliver. I orgasm once and he blows in the condom, it's been a while for both of us, him longer and it was good that he waited for me to cum first, I know it would have been hard.

The next day I see some bruises coming out on my thighs, I smile because I've just re-lived what happened the previous day. We fuck once, sometimes twice a week if we both have time, after a couple of months he tells me his chatting to this girl in the group. She's an online friend of mine and we have this pact not to cut each other's lunch, she doesn't know this guy and I are fucking and he has no interest in her sexually but I'm annoyed anyway. Why??

I know this is casual sex and yet I still feel annoyed. I end things with him, it's no big deal as I have no emotional connection with him, but he was a friend, I would of liked to keep in touch with (He's good value) I hardly speak to this girl online anymore and I'm not bothered by it she is a bit of a gossip and I'm a private person so is maybe why I feel annoyed as I don't want to be spoken about behind my back and ended things with him.

What do you all think?! Sexy right... Though my friend & I have discussed at length, I don't understand why she's annoyed at either person... The chick didn't know they were FWB & they weren't exclusive, so why end a good thing for no reason & you definitely can't be pissed at the chick if she didn't know... What do you think?

#IBD4U

The Rebound Guy: 6 Sept 2022

Here is a blog post written by Lucy.

So, I've been chatting to this guy on a dating app we are connecting well, and the conversation is flowing, this goes on for a few days until he gives me his mobile number the ole line "this app doesn't give me notifications" and "I'm hardly on here". So, I think what the hell he must be a good guy right?!

So, we end up texting and he starts to get a bit cheeky, and I like it, which I get pretty cheeky back, we arrange to meet for a drink on this coming Saturday at lunchtime while our work schedules have lined up. We continue to text every day until Saturday as he becomes more cheekier, I'm getting more turned on for this guy, I want sex, it's been a while.

He's nice and charming and says he's going to book into a hotel for the night if I want to join him for dinner and or go to the casino on Saturday. I said to him I have dinner plans with a girlfriend that weren't confirmed yet, so I could leave it open as I wasn't sure if I wanted to at that point, I never make future plans with someone I've never met before on a dating app, I mean let's face it some people put up old pictures on their profiles (I have no idea why its false advertising) and I knew where this was leading.

The day we meet I think he's cute and funny has those muscles in all the right places, we have a couple of drinks and chat over an hour and a half he asks me about my plans tonight he must think I'm cute to or wouldn't have asked, he had the I want to fuck you vibe about him which was confidence boosting at that point as I was a bigger girl and fresh on the dating scene after a 3 year relationship.

At this point I'm thinking I want to meet him later for dinner and have a hot night of fun and whatever else (I haven't had sex in 6 months, I just split with my ex-partner 3 months prior to our date.) We finish the date no hug or kiss, but he says he's going to check in his hotel, and he will message me when he gets there and unpacks. I say ok I'll talk to you later.

When I get home, I start to panic WTF am I going to wear?! I literally have nothing! I try on what dresses I have, and I don't like any of it (my legs look fat in this dress).

He texts me saying any news as I said I would text my friend about our “dinner plans” I reply with my friend has bailed on me and I’m free to catch up if he still would like to. He seemed happy to hear and asks what I’d like to do I said how about dinner and drinks, he said that sounds perfect. I’ve never been to that hotel before, so he was considerate enough to meet me in the carpark, he grabbed my hand and held it all the way to the room even when it was sweaty, and I wanted to let go HAHA.

When we get to the room, he gives me a can of CC (Canadian Club) dry, and we sit on opposite sides of the bed it was huge the room had concrete walls kind of ugly I thought. He gets up and comes over to my side of the bed and sits down next to me, he kisses me and he’s actually a good kisser bonus when you find someone who you like to kiss, I said “let’s start in the shower” didn’t take long before we end up in the shower first kissing and touching each other I washed him he washed me you know the lead up to jumping each other like you haven’t fucked in years my hand stroking his cock and his hand on my clitoris, after soaping each other up and rinsing off we dry off a little and take this to the bed!

He says I want to taste you and my reply was I taste fucking amazing! HAHA.

He pretty much shows me he’s in control by throwing me into position god that’s so hot being thrown around the bed as a heavier girl you don’t get that from guys like they might hurt themselves or something. He grabs my hips and goes in for a taste as he’s sucking and licking my clit, I can feel myself getting wetter as the intense feeling of someone’s mouth pleasuring me feels so good, my juices are dripping onto the bed, God I just want this guy inside of me! It’s been too long, and I want to orgasm while we are fucking and not before, he comes up for some air and a kiss (I find it a turn on tasting myself on a man’s lips Lol), I start to suck his cock I believe it’s only fair he has a nice cock it’s so much nicer if they are circumcised must be the clean freak in me HAHA. I get a condom from the nightstand yes I come packing lol (we used them all through the night). Turnover he says while putting a condom on I’m thinking to myself ‘oh taking me from behind’ ‘I like it!’. I turn over onto my knees and he takes me from behind, OH MY GOD does it feel good to be fucked again, we change positions to me on top men

love playing with boobs, we fuck for an hour between three positions and then get ready to go downstairs for dinner.

During dinner it's a standard conversation I don't eat all my food as I'm cutting my portion sizes at this point, but he polishes his steak off and half of my schnitzel he pays for my drink and dinner which was lovely of him to do.

We head back upstairs and lay down for a bit still drinking CC's it's not long before we are kissing again, if they're a good kisser, it's an instant turn on for me. So, we are at it again starting in the shower as I won't let him go down on me unless I'm clean I'm sure every woman can understand or I' just super clean and a freak LOL. Trying to fuck in the shower it's awkward so we dry off and walk to the bed kissing, lips locked all the way which isn't very far in a hotel room, we fuck for another hour or so in multiple positions, me on top, him on top, doggy, binding (It's where I'm on my side with one leg in the air and he is inside me apparently they can get in deep) when we have both orgasmed we are pretty Knackered and just lay on top of the bed naked and fall asleep after a while.



I wake up at 4am and I'm so fucking horny my vagina is screaming at me wanting more WTF!! (haven't you had enough?!), he needs his sleep we both study a degree and have assignments due in the next week or so and both of us had said that Sunday was to get some of our assignment done, so I get dressed and go for a

walk on the way out he says wait I'll come with you I'm like No. that's ok I just have some energy to burn I'll be fine (sweet of him to ask though) I walk about 3km and return not feeling like I've burnt to much energy when I return to the room but I get into the shower as it was a warm summers night and I was all sweaty.

I crawl back into bed and snuggled up to this guy he puts his arm around me and I'm wide awake (rolls eye's) I lay there thinking I want round 3! WTF is wrong with me?!

I don't want to wake the poor guy, but I end up fidgeting and moving around as I can't seem to stay still or get in a comfortable position which wakes him up and he asks if I'm ok, I say I'm fine just wide awake and might need something to wear me out again, he says at this hour of the morning? I guess he's not an early riser like me. I doze off for an hour or so, and when I wake up, I start to touch him I want more before we get up and leave and he responds with "morning" I say, "are you ready for round 3?"

He kisses me and we are into it before I know it, he takes me from behind and in the binding position and he's pounding me I have the vibrator handy, and I put it on my clit and I'm coming in minutes I'm so loud! He doesn't take long to come after me and somehow, I'm still not feeling fully satisfied. Is this normal for other women?

We get dressed and walk to the car park together he says goodbye and gives me a brief kiss and says I'll talk to you later, we had assignments due in the coming weeks so we won't have to time catch up again for a bit so I'll just play it by ear...

#IBD4U

I B D 4 U

I've Been
Dating
for You

Guest

The hilarious, brutally honest,
sometimes sizzling dating blog.