

I B D 4 U

I've Been
Dating
for You



The Origin 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.

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

Origin: 14 Dec 2018

One of my no no's for a profile is to write that you want *'a girl who looks after themselves'*, I **hate it with a passion**, I don't even know what they mean by it & do men not understand what type of message it sends to a woman? So I almost didn't add this guy because of it, plus he is younger & I wasn't really sure about his pictures either – he doesn't exactly look like he looks after himself, but we started chatting a bit & it was quite good, he gave me his number & we started texting. We text a lot, like every day all day, that I was getting to a point that if I don't meet this guy soon I am going to get too attached. So when he asked to go out on the weekend I say yes. He texts me all day of the date night but then at like 3:00 pm he says his mum called & wants to do Mother's Day dinner. I say it's all good, have a great night & end up going out with a friend & the ['Bowie'](#) evening happened (probably also because Bowie said that it was bullshit that Origin had to go to a family thing.) **Red Flag!** Anyway he continues to text me the next day when I'm feeling sorry for myself, **hungover & shameful** that I had sex with someone the night I was supposed to catch up with Origin. But all through the next week, we text every day, we send each other random pics of our furniture & we joke a lot with great banter calling each other names & about him not having a TV in his room & me having a king sized bed. We also text about everything that we hate about meeting people, I say how I hate that you never know what to do when you walk up, give them a kiss on the cheek? A handshake? or worse, wave at them? There's also the awkwardness if they go to kiss you on the cheek but you go to shake their hand, then you end up with their dick in your hand. Bahahaha. Origin says he agrees & that he'll kiss me on the cheek hello. I also talk about how my friend always tells me that I might come across superficial because I always talk about my renovations or where I'm travelling too next, I explain that it's not to make them feel bad or to prove that I am better than them, it's because I am finally in a place in my life that I can finally do things to my house. I think we've got all the awkwardness out of the way!

He finally asks me out again to have a drink. He texts me all day before the date but I also think that he'll bail so I plan the coffee date with [Woody](#) because I also think that this will be the end of chatting to Origin, as per every other date I have been on.

All throughout the day he messages to say he's been shopping to have something to wear & he's a **brand snob** so he's bought a Ralph Lauren jumper, so I start freaking out thinking I

need something nice & new to wear. After a long three hours at the hairdresser I have one hour until my next appointment for the day to go shopping, I run into my favourite shop & try on ten tops before running out with three. I run into another shop for tops to wear underneath & then into a cheap funky jewellery shop to buy a necklace or ring.

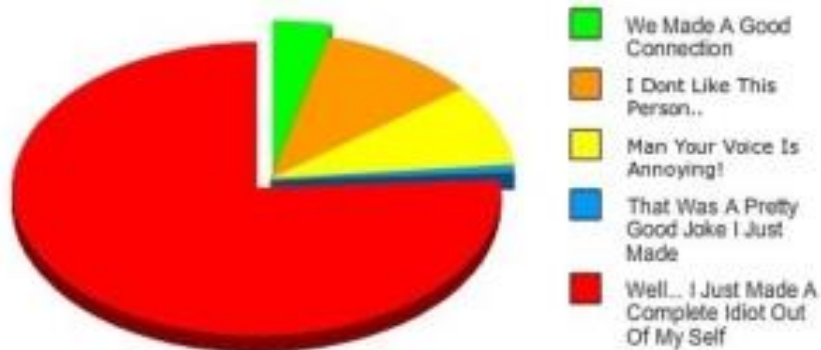
We plan to meet at & 7:30 pm but he's texting saying he's ready when I'm on the date with Woody, so I say perhaps 6:30 pm. He's there when I arrive, drinking a beer, he stands up & gives me a kiss on the cheek as previously discussed (Cute!) & he asks if I want a drink, I say I'll get it but he follows me to the bar & buys me a wine. We chat easily, about all sorts, he says he got there at 6:10 pm because he didn't want to be late. When he asks me which football team I go for, I say that I don't really follow football but if I have to I just go for the team my primary school friend went for because they were the only games I ever watched, he says which team & when I tell him he gets excited as **it's his team!** Scored some points there without even trying!

We have a few more drinks & he says he's hungry, I agree & he says *"we'll do Rock Paper Scissors to see who gets a menu"* I wish I had of played instead of saying *"I'll get them, I don't mind"* but anyway we're trying to decide what to eat because he wants a schnitzel because I talked about it all week, but he doesn't want a whole one, so I suggest we share & get an entrée too. He agrees & I go up to order since he's paid for all the drinks so far. I don't know what type of gravy he wants so I order & when I get back I ask which gravy he would've wanted, he says "pepper", I say "no", he says "Dianne" & I say "yes." Cute, scoring more points now!

We share dinner & 3 & a half hours later we decide it's time to go, he walks me to his car & he's parked almost nose to nose with me, he asks if I want to catch up again, I say yes. (I actually had a really good time & he's better looking in real life than his douche selfies.) he says **"give us a kiss"** pecks me on the lips & does this cute tickle on my stomach – which makes my tummy jump, before we go our separate ways.

I live about 3 minutes from the pub, so I'm home & in bed within about 8 minutes when I get a text from him, saying he had a good night & would've stayed longer if his dogs weren't inside. I respond letting him know I had a good time too, when he says *"sorry about that shitty kiss, I'm better than that"* I again say that's ok & maybe next time it'll be better.

What I Think After Talking To Someone



He texts me the next day to see how I am & he reveals his sick with a sore throat, so I say that I'm glad he didn't kiss me. He agrees & we chat a fair bit for the next few days, he takes the days off work so I keep asking how he is & we text a bit. On Wednesday morning I ask how he's doing & he says he's back at work, what are my work plans for the day, I say I'm in the city most of the day & he suggests we catch up for coffee, so I rearrange my lunch break to meet him for coffee near his work. I thank god silently that I got up that morning & put on a full face of makeup & had washed my hair the night before as I am going out for dinner with a girlfriend. I also was going to wear the top I wore on Saturday night but wore another one, which was **bloody lucky!**

I'm in the coffee shop when he arrives looking like a homeless person, t-shirt, jeans & beanie but he's still cute. He offers to buy me a coffee & we talk really easily for 25 minutes before he has to go back to work. I can't believe how quickly the time goes. We walk out of the shops & he says "Gee you are short aren't you?" I laugh as he's not that much taller than me & I say that to him, but he says he feels tall. I get the feeling he doesn't want to show me which building he works in but I parked my car that way so we walk together. He says he doesn't want to kiss me & get me sick so he's not being a prick, I agree so we just stand awkwardly saying goodbye, he says "we'll catch up again" I say yeah & he imitates me saying yeah & laughs, I say "fuck off" with a giggle & he says "see ya jerk" & we both laugh & walk off...

#IBD4U

Origin #2: 18 Dec 2018

Later that day [Origin](#) texts me to see how the rest of my day was. We text for a bit & every day afterwards. We kinda arrange to catch up on Friday night, without any set plans, but when I was getting ready in the morning I poke myself in the eye with a cotton tip (Good one idiot!) & I get a blood spot on my eye. I go to work not thinking about it but as the morning wears on it hurts more & more, plus I'd been in training for work staring at a PowerPoint presentation so my eyes were strained. They're so sore. After training I head to the pharmacy for some drops to ease the dryness & the pharmacist tells me to get to the doctor ASAP. **FREAK OUT!** I make an appointment & take the afternoon off. Of course my eye is fine but it was best to get it checked out. I text Origin to let him know that I am at home with a demented eye & send him a picture so he doesn't think I am lying about why I need to cancel our date – probably didn't need to cancel, but I did. He tells me I look pretty, even though he can only see the side of my face & my eye.

The Doctor has told me not to use screens too much that are close to my face, just relax & watch TV, so I'm sitting at home not doing a great deal when my phone rings, it's Origin! He rings to ask how I am & if my eye is ok, what the Doctor said. **OMG how fucking adorable!** We don't talk for long but I say how sweet it is that he called to see how I am. I also text him after the call to say how sweet it is (I'm not sure why I did that, I normally wouldn't do stuff like that, perhaps that's why I'm single?) he likes that I did text but he called because he was worried about me. Awww, too cute! I text him goodnight at about 9:30 pm when I go to bed like a grandma, he texts back after midnight saying he hopes I feel better & to enjoy my king sized bed.

We text on Saturday & he says he's hungover & doesn't feel like going out but if I want to come to his house to watch a movie. I agree, feeling nervous but he suggests I bring a bottle of wine. I knock on the door & his two dogs go mental & it takes a minute for him to open the door. I let the dogs sniff my hands then they walk off to their bed. We kiss briefly hello, he tells me I look nice & he leads me into the kitchen where he pours me a glass of wine & he inspects my eye saying it doesn't look that bad. He gives me a tour of his house, which I find a bit awkward – why do I need a tour? But then we just sit on the couch.

He suggests a movie on Foxtel which I hadn't seen so I said that would be good, it didn't start for an hour so we watched some crap on TV drinking the wine & chatting fairly easily.

Chatting so much that we missed the beginning of the movie, so we just started watching something else, when he said “*come here for a cuddle*” so I moved over & then we kissed properly, **FINALLY!**

I probably should’ve shown some restraint, one of my friends says that I shouldn’t have sex with any man for at least three months, another friend had said it was a bad idea to go to his house knowing that I’d probably have sex with him & then I’d be in the same position I was in with [Milky](#) – just having casual sex with no idea what he’s thinking, then I’d end up alone again!

But with all that perfectly sensible advice, I didn’t listen to any of it, it was a good kiss, I ended up sitting on his lap straddling him, kissing him like we were the last people kissing on the planet. We fooled around & ended up having sex, he took me to his room then went to take the dogs outside & for some reason he never took off my singlet, so I just left it on.



Afterwards he just got up & went to the bathroom, then went to let his dogs in, so I went to the toilet too, he asked me at the door if I wanted water, I said yes & he pokes a bottle through the door. I laugh, saying I didn’t need it right that second (& dude get away from the toilet door, I don’t want him to hear me pee!) I come out of the toilet & go wash my

hands, he's standing in the lounge room holding my pants, he hands them to me so I get dressed. That was weird...?! Feeling quite stupid I think that perhaps I should've listened to my friends & not rushed into having sex with him, after all, this technically is only our third date!

I hang around for a short time, watching a stupid movie that I have to keep explaining to him but feel more & more awkward so I say I better leave, he says he'll walk me out, he does, right out to the footpath, we kiss, then I stupidly turn my head & he kisses the side of my face like a weirdo, we say bye & I jump in my car thinking to myself '**what a fucking idiot!**'

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Origin #3: 23 Dec 2018

I get home that night, stripping off & jumping in the shower, as every minute passes, I feel more & more like an idiot for fucking him too quickly. I look in the mirror & there are two big hickeys on either side of my neck. **FUCKING great!** -Let me just preface this by, I bruise so easily, so a light kiss can bring on a hickey for me.

The little pink light on my phone is flashing when I get out of the shower, that means text message, my heart stops. I unlock my phone & see his name. [Origin's](#) text me, saying he had a good time & hopes I did but the movie is still confusing him. I tell him to go to bed & that I have hickeys which he apologises for but says it was such a turn on in the bedroom with how loud I was... **OMG!** (I didn't think I was that loud, I'm always too self-conscious to be loud).



I go out for lunch with my friend the next day & as I'm telling her about him, he texts me just to see if I'm ok & how my neck is. **Really, can someone be this sweet?** It's so weird for me! We text all afternoon, I send him a picture of my hickeys. We text about crap, mainly how big my bed is & how small my feet are (What?) but then he asks "*Did you cum last night?*" The poor guy, I put him out of his misery & let him know that I did. He was pretty happy with himself!

He asks if I'm around town that next week which I am not really, but he's also vague telling me when his lunch break is so I couldn't really plan another lunch date but I suggest wednesday night as that's a night I don't go to the gym which he says yeah that would work for him. I find out that I can meet him at work on Monday but he says he's too busy, nothing to worry about, I guess. I end up having a super shit day at work & hope that we have some friendly banter over text while I drink some wine & have a bath but he doesn't write back but I text him good night hours later when he says that he was asleep on the couch. I was asleep when I got that so I text him in the morning. We text again in the afternoon & I say that I am free on Wednesday night which he agrees, we don't decide what to do but he seems excited like he needs something to cheer him up & I agree.

We talk about us having sex & I say that we should have shown some restraint, he doesn't agree but he understands. I try to organise what we should do tomorrow night but he says that I should decide. But by midday the next day he's going home from work sick, he's apparently got the runs. I am supremely disappointed & it takes all my might to not write something bitchy back because this is now the second time he's bailed on a date & also he's now been sick more in the two weeks since we've been talking than I've been sick all year. I finally respond saying *"I'm sorry, I was looking forward to it but hope he feels better soon."* He writes that he was massively looking forward to it, I decide to go to the gym instead since I missed another class earlier in the week.

While he's sick he tries to set up a date for Friday night, I said that I'm going to a fundraiser dinner so I'm not free but I suggest that I am free to meet him for lunch on Friday afternoon, he doesn't commit but says that's good.

It's about this time he somehow comes up at a 'person I may know' on Facebook. How does Facebook even know we know each other? I have a light stalk of his page & most of it is public. I check out his photo's & see his ex-girlfriend & I kinda work out that they aren't that long broken up, the last posts about the two of them are from about six months ago. **Why am I even looking?!**

We'd had a laugh though about the fact that I had to kill a spider (I'm really arachnophobic, like really really really phobic, can't even look at spider pictures or see plastic ones) & when I spray them, I then put the can of spray over them so I can vac up their corpse later. He says he hates spiders too which I say is not good for me, but he says he'll man up when he has too. We also talk about tattoos & how he wants to get an arm sleeve; I tell him he would

look good with a sleeve. I like those type of tattoos on the right person, he says he's the black sheep because he is the only one in his family that has none, I am the black sheep because I'm the only one in my family with tattoos.

It gets to Friday we've text all week but I don't hear from him till I text him first yet again but I'm stuck 40 mins out of the city at 12:30 pm so I don't get to catch up with him for lunch.

But we somehow locked in Saturday night to have take away dinner & a movie at my house.

Let's see if this date goes ahead!

#IBD4U

Origin #4: 28 Dec 2018

I wait all day for the text to say that [Origin](#) is sick or something has come up, so when I hear from him at midday, I almost don't want to open the text when I see his name come up. But he just asks how my night was & we chat for a bit. Later around 4:00 pm I expect that I'm going to get the I'm busy text when his name comes up again, but he asks me what time I want him to come over. Why am I so quick to think he wants to cancel even though we've now caught up three times & he's still talking to me on a daily basis so what is it? Is it because I've been on so many bad dates already that I'm so jaded, plus this guy has been sick & also cancelled on me.

But when he comes over, he's so complimentary about how I look, what I'm wearing, what my house looks like, it's weird for me but I lap it up. I've never had a guy tell me how much he likes the way I look, especially since this is only our fourth date.

We go grab some dinner from a local Chinese shop & crack open wine bottle after wine bottle. We sit watching Netflix before he kisses me & we have sex. Like a lot of sex, we use five condoms & he makes me feel really good, although after three bottles of wine I can't really remember it all, which is a shame, it was really good. I was so sore the next day. **Perhaps I need to stop drinking when I have sex.**

He leaves my house about 1:30 am but texts me when he gets home (again! Cute!) to say he had a good time, I'd already passed out so we text in the morning & text a bit, he did say the night before that he wanted to bring me coffee in the morning but he didn't. He texts during the day to say that he wants to 'pop around.' About 1:30 pm he comes over & we just cuddle on the couch watching Netflix (I get him addicted to Downtown Abbey), it is so nice, I've never just cuddled & had someone put their hand up my shirt & tickle my skin, we do have some hot quick sex, using the sixth condom for the weekend & I say I should buy some more, he agrees & laughs.

While he was at my house on Sunday afternoon, he cleaned up a spider that I killed but was unable to vacuum because it wasn't charged & I didn't want to get the big one out, so he got a tissue without being asked & cleaned it up, knowing how arachnophobic I am. It was so sweet, it actually made me like him more & at this point I was thinking he was liking me more, now I think we're on par with each other.

We text later that day, he says *"I had a super weekend, it was heaps of fun, I think you're a rad chick."* This is my time to put myself out there a bit & tell him that I had a great time & that I love that he makes me laugh. We say goodnight & he says *"night sexy."* OMG I am getting attached to this guy already, it's only been 3 weeks! People say all the time that things can happen quickly, I just never thought it could happen for me! I actually start deleting my other online profiles (I think I had five on the go at the time, so I just delete the more obscure ones!)

I just want you
that's it. All your
flaws, mistakes,
smiles, giggles, jokes,
sarcasm. Everything.
I just want you.

The next day about 2:00 pm he asks how my day is going, we chat for a bit, well all night really, about how much he's thought about Downton Abbey (which I guess means he's thinking about being with me while watching it). He abruptly stops talking to me so I assume he's fallen asleep; I try to stay reserved so I don't text him the next day but at about 5:00 pm he texts to ask how my day is. He says that he's sick again with a sore throat (I have no reason to doubt the sore throat thing but I am also not sure that someone can have a sore throat so many times in three weeks, although he hasn't seemed to rest at all since he got sick.) He agrees says that three bottles of wine & up all night having sex hasn't helped him get better but he said it was fucking awesome though.

We text again later in the day, he's now got a sore rib too, so I ask how he is & what he's up too, we chat for hours via text & it's so easy & when we have nothing to say he still finds a way to text me something. He asks if I'm getting in the shower & says that he wants to join me which I say that I'd like that if he wasn't sick & he says he's looking forward to it.

#IBD4U

Origin #5: 1Jan 2019

I initiate texts with [Origin](#) in the morning (to show I'm interested too – this is something I struggle with) but he's home sick on the Wednesday with his sore throat. I don't hear from him much & work is really busy so when I get a minute about 6:00 pm, he still sick but we text a little, he's a little off, I just assume it's cos he's sick.

He says he's having a relaxing bath & I'm say I'm going to do the same but with a glass of wine & more Downton Abbey he says he's wishes he could join me; I say that if he wasn't sick I would've let him. We talk about his sore rib & I say I hope it's not from too much sex on the weekend, he says that *"if it was, it was worth it, **it was amazeballs**"* I say that I don't think there is such a thing as too much sex but it was great for me too (not only do I agree with that, but he told me that's part of the reason he & his ex-girlfriend broke up) he then tells me *"that it was fucking amazing, you're pretty good in the bedroom & you're a cool person"* & then he uses my real nickname & says *"I enjoys your company"* I swoon! He has been calling me shorty as a nickname but he used my real nickname that my friends use, it makes me realise that this guy actually likes me, this guy could be my boyfriend, he actually likes me, he's not shy to tell me how much he likes me. It's refreshing!

He asks me if there is anything I want him to do because he wants to please me (well there is lots but I want to discover that with him, not tell him over text) I tell him so but say that he can tell me what he might want to do too, but he says the same. I tell him how attracted I am to him because he makes me laugh all the time, even when I think about him at work. He says that's cute & he's glad I like hanging out with him because he definitely enjoys hanging out with me!

We text & text & text, it's so good, we talk about the wine that I bought the first night & how we had it the next time, he says that we should go for a drive to some wineries to have a look one day **(OMG YES!)** I say I'd really like that... Future plans? I mean this guy is keen, I can't believe it. I am so lucky!

He texts me at about 4:30 pm the next day just to see how my day is going, it's so sweet & I love getting texts from him, I light up like a dickhead when I see his name & it's so awesome that I've finally found someone who wants to see me as much as I want to see them! We text for a bit; he tells me to think of him naked at the gym & I will smash it. He didn't go to

work on the Thursday either, he sends me another random picture of himself sitting watching TV & I love it.

We somehow get onto a foot fetish topic which I say no I hate feet; he agrees but then says that I have cute little feet. **Can this guy be for real?** I mean surely I am not going to be this lucky! I just say thanks but he says that I also look heaps cute wearing my glasses as well as hot, he thinks they're really cute & he wants to '*do me*' in them, it'll be sexy. I agree saying that we can definitely do that. He asks me again what I would want from him sexually, so I just say that I'd like if he pinned down my arms & fucked me hard while kissing my neck, he says "*done but now he's hard thinking about it.*" He tells me to be open with him because it'll help me out, I tell him that I will be but I need a bit more trust to do the things want to do but he makes me satisfied.

He asks what I'm doing on the weekend, which I'm free Friday night but he's catching up with mates on Saturday night & I'm busy all day Saturday. He suggests a movie at my house on Friday night, even though he's had two sick days, I don't think much of it because I want to see him.

On Friday at 2:30 pm I get a text to ask how my day is going, I wonder if he's about to cancel on me, from past experiences I just assume that's what he's going to do, but we arrange to meet at my house at 6:30 pm & we'll grab take away & watch a movie. I'm so excited, our seventh date in four weeks (**Why am I counting?**). This is a record for me, I'm so excited to see him, I don't get nervous & act like a dickhead, I am just me. Finally, a guy has hung around long enough to see the real me. Finally, a guy that likes me for me, that doesn't want to just have sex with me.



I can't believe that I have found someone that I wasn't even going to add online because he's only 32 (younger than me) & I wasn't sure about his pictures & I hate that he has '*a girl that looks after themselves*' on his profile but this guy is so funny, which is something I am so attracted too, it's probably why I am liking him so much, that & how much he tells me I'm pretty or look good. I mean at one point he said he likes my house so much that I should be an interior designer. I am totally letting my guard down & letting him in... EEK! This guy can't be for real, he can't be for me!

#IBD4U

Origin #6: 6 Jan 2019

Origin comes over to my house again, telling me again how much he likes the way I've done my hair, that he likes my outfit (I've just walked in from work, nothing special TBH) & that he likes my jeans. I almost wish that I was wearing my glasses but I didn't put them on after work (I actually only need them for screen based work but always forget to wear them!). I try to just say thanks without telling him why he is wrong like I usually do, he says "*shit I wore slippers, I look like a homeless person.*" We have a joke about it, but I don't mind, I think that he looks pretty good.

We order Indian food & I don't order rice because I decide to cook it while we go pick up the dinner, but stupidly I forget to turn on the microwave so it would be ready when we get back. I like driving with a guy, when he's driving & I'm just the passenger... This is such a coupley thing for me. I'm not sure why, but I love it.

When we get back I turn on the microwave & say we have to wait 11 minutes, he looks at me with that look, moving closer, saying "*what can we do in 11 minutes?*" & kisses me.

We're in my kitchen, stripping each other, wanting each other, so much passion, I don't want him to stop. He pushes me up against my pantry & it's hot, our hands everywhere. He bends me over the kitchen bench & goes down on me from behind for a bit (**that's hot! Think that's a first from behind**), before we kiss & walk into the lounge room. He tries to push me towards the couch but I sit him in a chair & straddle him. I stupidly don't go get a condom, but we fuck without one but let him know that he can't cum inside me – I'm not on contraception, we have hot quick sex & afterwards, I say that was more than 11 minutes. He laughs & gets dressed, not touching me or being loving at all. (that's not that big of a deal, he hasn't really been affectionate after sex so far.) We eat dinner & watch some TV while drinking some more wine.



He picks some show on Netflix that he's always wanted to watch but we interrupt it to have sex, it's probably the best sex the two of us have had together, on my couch, again with no condom (for fuck sake) but I figure that when I see my doctor in two weeks I will go back on the pill. Not only am I allergic to condoms, it's so much better without them & this seems like it's going somewhere, right? He jumps up right after, saying next time he's going to stay over & goes to leave but I say that he should stay 5 minutes so I don't feel like a prostitute. He lays down & cuddles my legs but it's a bit weird, he's fully clothed & he didn't take off my top so I quickly put on my pants & steal his beanie to wear. He tells me how cute I look with it on.

When he says he's going to go I stand up & we kiss passionately & he laughs & tells me to stop, he asks for his beanie back but I say no, we laugh, kiss a final kiss goodbye & he leaves. I go to my bedroom, get ready for bed & the text that comes while he's on his way home. When the pink text light flashes I smile like a lunatic & am so excited that I found someone who likes me so much, I open the text not wanting to take his beanie off but find that it's from [Flaccid](#). I ignore him, I don't need anyone else now. Origin & I am going somewhere & it feels like it might be to a little town called '*relationship!*' It's a bit soon – so I need to be calm, but I think that we're both feeling the same & in a month or two, we really could be happy together. I can't believe that this is happening to me! I fall asleep with Origins beanie on my pillow because it smells like him.

#IBD4U

Origin #7: 11 Jan 2019

I don't hear from [Origin](#) so I text him in the morning when I get to the gym at 9:00 am, thinking I'll have a cute text from him when I'm finished & he might want to try to catch up again this weekend, even though I've got a few things to do, I'll squeeze him in. I'm at the gym for an hour, **nothing**. I'm at the dentist for an hour, **nothing**. I have a shower & wash my hair then straighten it (which takes about an hour with curly hair), **nothing**. I go to work about 1:00 pm & finally he texts to say that he just woke up & his throat is so sore but he hopes I don't get sick. I text him back but get no reply.

I am also freaking out about being pregnant & STI's, he didn't cum in me but I am just worried, I head to the pharmacy & get the Emergency Contraception Pill for the first time in my life. I wish I could talk to him about it, that I am responsible (since we both have said we don't want kids) but also I want someone to be there for me as I go through stuff like this. I don't tell him though. I plan to when we catch up next.

Later that night about 8:00 pm, I text to see how he is, mainly because my friend was egging me on to invite him where we were having a drink so she could meet him. He says he's down south having a few beers but asks how my day was (I thought he had a sore throat?!). I respond but just get 'nice' back, I send a smiley face & get one back but then he finally has a conversation, asks if I'm having some reds, I say "yes." He asks where I am, my friend immediately gets excited that he's going to just rock up, but I'm 100% certain that my life is not a romantic comedy & he won't. He says that he's about to go home at 9:30 pm & my friend wants to go so she tells me to invite him over. He's been weird all day & we don't have that kind of relationship yet, so I just say we're on our way home too. He says "*expressway bang*" so I assume he's on the southern expressway, so I casually mention he should get off at my exit, but then he says he hasn't even left the pub yet. What? I don't get why say he's on the expressway if he hasn't left yet? **Red Flag!** I don't understand this guy anymore... At least I know he's not out with a girl, because he wouldn't be texting me if he was. He says goodnight about 11:30 pm.

The next day I stay in bed all day & I login to my online dating account but stay invisible to just to check my messages, when I see that Origin is online. He hasn't text me & it's almost 2:00 pm but he's online. Has he been online this whole time but because I haven't been at all, I didn't even know? I text to see how he is & he says he's feeling shit again we text a little

bit but it's not a great interaction. It feels weird & knowing that he's online all day has really made me realise that I have no idea what this guy is playing at. **I really thought he liked me.** I try not to dwell on it, we aren't exclusive, I'm not that naive that I don't think people online are dating other people, so I think that I'll back off & let him text me. But fate... Fate steps in of course! My brother is playing with my phone changing my profile photo on Facebook to his own face like a douche, when he somehow dials Origin (he's a iPhone user, I had a BlackBerry at the time), not only once but twice! He fucking called him twice! My heart pounds in my chest, **For Fuck Sake!** Now I'll never know if he was going to text me. He calls me back & I explain that my brother was playing with my phone (as if he believed that) but he asked if I was free through the week & in the city to catch up for coffee, I said *"yeah maybe I could work it"*. He said *"we'll work it out."*

I text him to say sorry for calling & that I could work it out on Monday if he has an early break, he says he'll let me know in the morning. We text a bit I get confused because he called me 'shorts' as in short for the nickname he gave me of 'shorty' but I thought he was talking about wearing shorts so we have a few laughs over texts & he says that he could use a cuddle & that we would talk to me in the morning.

On Monday morning, fate fucking steps in again... on the way to work, I am on my work phone to a colleague through the blue tooth in the car when I grab my personal phone out of my back pocket & put it in the centre console of the car. About five minutes later I get a message & check it but realise that my phone has called someone, **FUCK ME HARD!** It's pocket dialled Origin!! What a fucking stalker, I am so stupid! Why oh why did it call him when I had a weird weekend with him & I wanted to see if the lunch date would go ahead. I text him to say sorry pocket dial, he said *"some guy was talking LOL WTF"*. I explain I was on my work phone, he says ok, that he's at work with the worst sore throat ever (again?! Really?!) I say that I have deleted him out of my recent calls because I feel like a fucking stalker. He says *"yeah you stalker & beanie stealer"* I just respond that I'll get it back to him & he doesn't reply.

However, stalker that I've become, I look at my online dating app all day & he's online most of the day on & off, is he looking for someone else? Have I not given enough of an indication that I am interested in him for him to not want to be searching online for someone else? I put my stalker tendencies down to the fact that I have more hormones running through me than usual due to the morning after pill.

But to my surprise at 7:45 pm he texts to see how my day was, things are better, but the whole time we chat, he is online (I am now in full stalker mode just sitting online but invisible so he can't see me) we talk like normal, he says how sick he is & how he might die off like the chauffeur's wife in Downton Abbey, I actually laugh out loud & say "*dude, she dies in child birth*" (**Spoiler alert!**). We laugh about how he might die being he's been sick for so long, I say don't die though because I like spending time with you & he says that he enjoys seeing me as well.



We kinda stop texting, so I put my phone down but then he asks me "*what else is new babe,*" do I assume he still wants to talk but I stupidly I think that he was meant to send that to someone else. But I reply anyway & we talk about how OCD I am & how his mum is the same & how he can't sleep with dishes in the sink. We get onto whipper snipping & how he likes to do that in footy shorts so I said he can do it for me anytime, I think that would be hot. He gets a bit of a complex when I say I think he's got hot arms & nice legs. Eventually he says after 11:00 pm that he wants to get some sleep so we can watch some more Netflix soon. I go to sleep a happy little Vegemite. Even though he was online the whole time, he is still keen to see me!

#IBD4U

Origin #8: 15 Jan 2019

The next day I am in a better mood, all is right with [Origin](#), I can't be mad he's online, we're not exclusive. I wait to hear from him, all day but get nothing. All afternoon nothing. All evening nothing. I go to the gym for two hours & think he'll text me while I'm there, nothing. This would be the first day that we didn't text since we swapped numbers if we don't text today. I don't want that. So I ask how he's feeling & if he died on me. He doesn't write back & I'm home & stalker like online (which he is not, **phew!**) so I jump in the shower & wash my hair. He texts while I'm in there saying he just got home from cooking his mum dinner.

When I head into my bedroom I see that he is online & not only online but his tag line that shows up under his name (that should be for '*who wants to chat*' or something like that) but he has some chicks user name. I fucking look up her profile, (**What am I doing?!** This isn't me!) she's gorgeous, I think a tad out of his league & I am laughing now because that will scare her off with her user name in his tag line, also he'll scare off anyone else in his list as well. Plus, if they haven't accepted each other then she can't even see it, so it's just a bit weird.

With this, paired with how much he's been pulling away & hormones racing through my body from the morning after pill, I think that I have to find out what he wants. I hate to do it over text but I can't go on this week feeling like shit, stalking him online & waiting for him to ask me out. I just am not this person, I am never like this, so I ask him if wants anything more than what we're going at the moment, takeaway & Netflix? He takes ages to reply to me, but says that he's been waiting for me to ask him this. That he isn't sure what he wants, he just got out of a five-year relationship & normally he'd jump right into the next thing but he thinks I am awesome & enjoys being around me & having fun, but doesn't want to rush into anything he doesn't think he's ready for. He respects me as a person & if it means it's not what I want at the moment he understands. He says he's a good person with morals & wasn't just using me for sex.

I take a while to respond. **Do I keep seeing him?** Knowing he's actively looking for other people? Am I that ok with being someone's second choice? I respond saying that I didn't want to do this over text but I get the feeling he's lost interest; we've gone from texting all

day every day to barely texting at all & I explain that I am not secure enough in myself to keep going in the hopes that he likes me back one day.

He says that he does like me & think I'm an awesome chick but he's having family issues (Err... that's new?!) & he's been so sick lately (yeah because he hasn't rested at all) that it's got him down but the last thing he wants to do is hurt me & understands how I am feeling. He really enjoys spending time with me but is not sure he wants a serious thing at the moment which is unfair on me but he was expecting this message from me but also didn't want it. But he's not someone that wants to hurt me while he is working out what he wants. He understands & will respect my decision.

What is my decision? Go on & be hurt anyway or go on & maybe have the relationship I've always wanted or end it now so I don't get a chance at being hurt? I hate when people list your qualities on their fingers, if I was that great, then surely he'd want to be with me, or make more of an effort to hang on to me. I don't want to be a backup while someone works out what they want.

I reply saying, *"yeah I know I'm awesome hahaha, just not awesome enough."* I say it was great to meet him & hang out with him & that I'll drop his beanie back. I say take care & hope he find what he wants. I expect that will be it, but he texts again.

He says I'm an awesome chick & seriously a few months down the track when he knows where his head is at, he'd seriously ask me out. He says he hopes I don't see him as someone that was just after one thing because it wasn't true. He had a super time enjoying my company, some fine wines & some of the best sex he's had in ages. If that has to be it he can understand but wishes me the best *'babe'* & hopes I find what I am looking for.

Doesn't this idiot realise that he is what I am looking for! Without even realising, he is the guy I want, he's funny, I find him hot regardless of how fat he thinks he is, we have so much in common & I am totally myself around him. Why is he online when he doesn't even know what he is looking for? That's why I believe that if I was hotter, like the girl he was trolling, he'd have jumped into a relationship with me.

I respond saying that I want to keep seeing him but my head is too scrambled with overthinking but that he should look me up when he is ready, as no doubt I'll still be single! He says it's understandable & he respects me & that he'll miss our Netflix sessions.

I don't respond, it only takes about ten minutes for me to be howling, like heaving crying – which is so unlike me, I hardly ever cry, especially over a guy. Again I put it down to the hormones. This is so ridiculous.

I cry on the way to work & am barely there mentally on Wednesday, when I get to the office in the afternoon, I burst into tears when a colleague asks me what is wrong. I go out for a drink with a friend in the evening who I have known for over five years & have never cried in front of, but tonight I cry while telling the story. An old couple walk off & as they do, the man tells her to watch the stairs, I burst into tears, my friend doesn't know what to do, to be honest, neither do I. Hahaha. I had this guy's phone number for just over 2 months! **I need to get a grip!**

Not only did I genuinely put myself out there & gave this guy way more than I've ever given anyone before & I really thought that he was going to say that he wasn't looking for anything serious but was willing to give up looking for other women online, otherwise I might not of said anything so soon. That was all the commitment I wanted for now. My friend told me to text that to him but I think it's over, I've made my decision. I have to drop his beanie back (in his letterbox) but then I will move on.



I guess now I am concerned about where I am ever going to meet anyone again, how I am ever going to let someone into my life again. I think that is why I keep crying so much too, how do I keep doing this to myself? My friend said that I am closer, the more I've opened up the further the relationships have gone, I just need to keep putting myself out there. I think I need to hibernate for the winter.

I somehow get through the first full day without a text from him or me texting him. I cry a lot but try to go to bed early, I wake up all through the night & call in sick the next day like an idiot. I know I can't give 100%, even 50% at work if I am constantly on the verge of tears but how stupid, I knew this guy for just over 2 months, how can I be that attached?

#IBD4U

Origin #9: 22 Jan 2019

After three full days of not talking to [Origin](#), I finally stop crying & feeling like the world is ending. At this point, I still don't believe that I am going to have a relationship ever again (not that this was a relationship) but I am at least not crying.

As I sit in the bath one afternoon with a **supreme hangover**, I start thinking about what will happen when I drop his beanie back. What if he's out the front doing gardening & we talk & I explain better in real life what I want? What if he sees me through the window & comes running out to tell me he made a mistake? What if I knock on the door, rather than being a pansy & dropping it in his letter box & then he'll invite me in & we'll talk properly about what we both want? If he's out, then once he gets home, he'll text me to tell me that he was wrong & wants to keep seeing me & can give me more of what I want. These romantic comedy scenarios make me realise that I have to drop this beanie back ASAP.

I drive to his house, my heart pounding like a drum, his car is in the driveway but I just pop it into his letterbox & drive off, secretly hoping that he'll text me while I'm on the way home. It's a Saturday so there's no reason for him to check his letter box but I hope that he saw me through the window.

I obsess over it for a few hours, maybe I should let him know it's there then I can let go. I am in two minds; I want to see if he'll text me but I also want to text. I just decide that because I ended it then he probably won't want to text me, because he'll think I won't want to hear from him. So I send a text, he responds quickly saying thanks & that I'm a legend. Should I respond to that or just leave it at that? **I respond!** Not waiting to end this with him... I say thanks for letting me borrow it with a winkey face. He replies anytime with a sad face. Could he be just as sad about us ending whatever we we're doing?

I decide to put it out there, I respond saying that I've really missed texting him this week & he agrees, when I say really, he says *"yeah sure, I think you're a top chick, I just can't commit at the moment,"* he says he's a straight shooter but missing hanging out with me but doesn't want to hurt me. I say that right now I'm not looking for a full on commitment, let's face it, it's only been 2 months, but I need to just go out on dates & know that it could be more in the future. He says that's cool, he's a bit of a homebody but he understands. (He is SO not a homebody, Like what?! He's been out like every day/night since we met!) I explain what I ended with [Milky](#), the 5 months of hanging at our houses & feeling like a sex toy & how I felt

like that was the path we were heading down. He says that's fair enough & I ask him if he still wants to see me. He says yes & that I'm tops, if he hadn't just been in a relationship for so long then he'd ask me out but he doesn't know what he wants. I say I understand where his heads at & that I appreciate his honesty but I don't want to stop seeing him, I think he's hilarious & I ask if he still wants to see me. He agrees to catch up, I'm sitting at home & so I invite him over, he says he's down at Glenelg having a few beers (Uh what, his car was in his driveway? & he's texting me back while out?! Homebody, my ass!!) but maybe tomorrow. He says he'll cancel catching up with his friends & come to see me. I said he didn't have to cancel but would like to see him. He says he'll message me in the morning.



Am I really doing this? Is this a good idea? I figure that this is not over for me yet & I realise over the last three days that I have always given up on men. If they don't chase me, then I don't even bother... I've probably got some stories in this blog of guys who I gave up on who actually liked me but the timing wasn't right. Let's hope this works out in my favour, but I am trying not to overthink & wonder where he is when he says he's out having a few beers. Surely he wouldn't be texting me if he's on a date? Although Milky used me as an excuse to leave his date. I'm not sure rekindling this is a good idea, but I have to try... Don't I?

#IBD4U

Origin #10: 27 Jan 2019

I get up early, washing my hair, putting on a full face of makeup (so that by the time he gets here it'll be faded like I didn't do it for him – **yes I'm a nutcase!**) cleaning my house, waiting for [Origin](#) to text me to say that he wants to catch up. The morning passes by without hearing from him. I try not to read into it being he said he was out last night, maybe he is sleeping in. Maybe he decided not to cancel on his mates & go out with them anyway. I start to think this is not a good idea, waiting around for him to text me, what have I done? Do I not remember what caused me to stop talking to him in the first place? He started backing off & not contacting me as much, he's looking for something else, **he's looking for someone else!** But stupidly I am not ready to give up on this one.

Just before 2:00 pm, I get a text saying he's got a few things that he has to do today so he can't catch up but offers up dinner on Wednesday night instead. I try to hide my disappointment but I agree to Wednesday dinner, thinking that a date is a better idea than him coming over to my house anyway & us ending up having sex & not sorting anything out. There is so much I want to tell him & I really want to see him too.

I guess my main concern is that I got the feeling he was really into me, I thought this was going somewhere so now how am I supposed to know what is going on? Or what he is thinking? The good part about this now, is that I wasn't upset when he bailed today. I'm just angry, I think that's what I need, is for this to fizzle out rather than me end it before I am ready to give up.

I text him on Monday, he responds & we have a short chat, it's a bit weird. Late Tuesday night he asks how I am; I reply & ask the same. He says he's sick (again – really?! Not this old chestnut...) but we have some friendly banter about how he should listen to me Dr #IBD4U & he says that's sexy, I say that I'll change my profession tomorrow & he says "*fuck yes*". Now all the while we're talking about how sick he is, I know that this is code for I'm going to bail on you tomorrow night. Sure enough at about 4:30 pm on Wednesday, I get the text saying he's in bed not well but he's free this weekend. This is what I wanted, my feelings are rapidly evaporating, he's a leopard showing his true spots. I agree to a weekend movie date but will bet \$10000 that I never see this guy again!

As I suspected, I don't hear from him about the movie date & I decided not to message him to initiate it. I expect never to hear from him again, which is now ok, I am not sad at all, I am

now quite ready to let him go. Yet at 12:00 am on Saturday night/Sunday morning I get a message asking how my night was going (he knew I was going out) I say I'm having a good night, my feet hurt so that's a good sign. He says he's tired & going to bed. WTF? I don't respond, why the hell did he bother texting me at all?

Sunday night about 9:00 pm he asks how I pulled up & we text for a bit; he says he's feeling better with antibiotics but his friend's dad died & he just found out. He changes the subject to talk about other stuff but I end up stopping the conversation. **What is with this guy?** It's been over two weeks since we saw each other & he's still keen to text me but I am still safe with my \$10000 bet!



One morning when I can't sleep, I am going through my phone when I decide to re-read every text we ever sent each other. As I start I think *'this isn't going to end well for me'* but as I read I see why I liked him & it wasn't all in my head that he liked me. But I read a very interesting text that I either glossed over when he said it or I just didn't take it in.

We were talking about meeting people from online & what the worst parts are (now you know I have A LOT of stories so it's probably why I didn't really get his response) I was too busy telling him about some of the douches I have met when he said that he hasn't met anyone from online yet. So, I was the first person he met online? I was the first person he met since his ex-girlfriend of 5 years! What if I reacted to that rather than being too busy

telling him some of my fucking stupid stories, would things be different? Would I have freaked out knowing he had only met me & probably needed to spread his wild oats after his relationship? Maybe not, maybe I would've kept my guard up a bit. Perhaps I could've got a little distance – kept seeing other people myself but taken it slow & seen where it went with him? Or would I still have gotten attached to him regardless but I would've been in deeper therefore I would've ended up more hurt?

Anyway I feel like it's still not the end with this guy & I don't know why we don't cut ties with each other, he is looking for someone else. (A trophy wife – his texts also revealed that he liked his girl to get dressed up when she met his friends – Don't know how I glossed over that too! Plus, with the chick he was stalking online, she was that type of girl) but I mean his profile when we met did say *'a girl who looks after herself.'*

He is looking for a trophy wife (which is ironic that his ex wasn't a trophy wife – maybe that's why they broke up?!) & I'm looking for what? I am looking for someone like him, someone naturally funny with one-liners, someone who compliments me on the way I look – who genuinely thinks that and someone who wants to see me. But most of all I want someone to love me.

I'm actually now really scared that that fear is making me desperate when a guy shows me a bit of affection!

#IBD4U

Origin #12: 15 Mar 2019

SIDE NOTE – There is no 11. I apparently stuffed up the numbering!

Swiping left & right one day, minding my own business, not thinking about anyone that could come up (That's where the mistake lies – when you stop thinking about someone... BOOM they appear!), so of course, that's when [Origin](#) reappears. **Oh Holy Fuck!** What do I do? It's been 8 months since we last spoke. Do I want to get into this again? I don't know... If I swipe left, I may never know if he's liked me or swipe right & have to wait to see if he swiped or I could also swipe right & match then have to decide if I say hi or not? I sit there staring at him for ages... What should I do? I close the app, yes, yes good idea, just close the app. Out of sight, out of mind... (Yeah right!)

A few days later, I'd forgotten about my swiping encounter with Origin so I open the app, swiping happily away when his fucking cute face with cheeky smile pops up again. Bloody hell! I shut down the app again, quickly, like he can see me or something if I have it open too long. One afternoon with my friend, we're talking online dating, all my relationship friends are so interested to see what these apps are about, they want to swipe for me, but he comes up again, so I show her his profile & she bloody swipes right for me over my shoulder quickly & we match! **FUCK...** Now what do I do? I have to message him, don't I? So I just say "hey" trying to be nonchalant about the whole thing but then he replies & we start talking.

My Nanna had just passed away on valentines day, who I was relatively close with, we saw her every week for a family dinner. I don't know why I tell him that, I guess I am desperate for a man. I mean [Max](#) was amazing the day she died & talks to me every day, but it's not the same, he's married, I'm not a priority for him. I never will be. Origin says to let him know if I ever need a wine & a hug – yep I need one right about now. So we swap numbers again, he sends me a **selfie** straight away, then asks me to add me to his snapchat. I hate snapchat. I hardly ever use it & the conversation disappears so quickly. Plus given my past experience of jerking off videos & dick pictures, I try not to ever use this app. Also stupidly when I created the account, I used my real first & last name as my user name which can't be changed. So since I realised that, I don't ever give it out to anyone anymore.



It's the day of my Nanna's funeral, also its the next night after getting his number so I ask if the offer is still good for a wine & a hug because it's been a difficult day, my friend has picked me up & taken me to a bar after it was all done, so I'm a bit drunk & my friend is taking me home at 10:00 pm, however I didn't want to be alone & I could really could use an Origin hug but he says that he has to pick up his brother from a wedding, so he's not free, I just say I hope he has a good night & I leave it at that. This was a pretty emotional day anyway, probably not a good idea to be really honest. I don't cry a lot over anything & I definitely don't cry in front of people.

He texts me the next day to see how I am, I say that I'm not doing that great & he offers to come over tonight to see me. I jump at the chance, wishing that I actually had a partner, because this has been harder than I want to admit to a random **fuckboy**. He brings wine & we sit chatting, I love that he asks about my Nanna & comforts me. We put on a shit movie but talk most of the way through it, he then asks me to move closer to him for that cuddle, I say "*No, you move closer to me*", so he challenges me to a game of rock, paper, scissors. This time I agree to it – not like our first date, showing my fun side but I bloody lose, I offer best out of three but he laughs & just tells me to just move over on the couch. He cuddles me tightly & tells me that I smell good. As my head is against his chest, he can't see me, a tear trickles down my eye... WTF! I never cry, it took me four days to cry over my Nanna & now I

can't stop! This safety of his arms around me when I am at my most vulnerable, means something to me... This guy wouldn't bother coming to see me at this time if he wasn't interested in me, this is a shit time in my life, a very personal time & it requires him to make sure he's a decent guy... No one wants to be the asshole breaking someone's heart when there's a death in the family.

We kiss & cuddle on the couch having a few wines for a while, not actually watching the TV. When we have sex later that evening, it's **sweeter sex** than we've had, I guess he knows that's what I need. However, he still gets up to go home with some excuse that his dogs are inside.

#IBD4U

Origin #13: 22 Mar 2019

The last time I saw [Origin](#), I forgot to mention about our conversation in the shower after we had sex, we were both standing in there, kissing & cuddling, washing each other when he starts having a bit of a D & M with me, writing numbers in the steam on the glass of all the women he's been with. He tells me that I was the first chick that he slept with after the breakup of his long relationship – well that explains why he never could (or didn't want to) commit to me... He says that he hasn't slept with that many women either, but that I was the most adventurous he'd ever been with & he really likes me. Awww, that's so cute, that I melt while standing so vulnerable, naked, in the shower with him. But of course, remember he left that night, while I was disappointed, I don't say anything to him.

We chat everyday via snapchat & text, working out that we should catch up next week. I am going out with a friend & suggest that he comes along. He declines to come to karaoke with us, but he offers to pick me up from the hotel & take me home. I jump at the chance, I am messaging him the whole night, while getting so legless that even for me, it's ridiculous. I was chatting to some guy & their friends, drinking some sort of green drink (**WTF?** I only know this because of the pictures on my phone later) when Origin appears to take us home. He drops home my friend first then me...

I will tell you what happened, however I don't remember ANY of it... This is all pieced together from talking to Origin afterwards & looking at my texts... **FUCK!** Origin & I go to my house & all I remember him not staying over. So at almost 2:00 am, as he's probably still in my driveway, I text him *"Thanks heaps Origin, I appreciate you staying over, it means a lot"* How passive aggressive! Jesus... I'm surprised he even wrote back to that to be honest. *"Dude"* (That's not a good start to a message from a guy) *"You made me wait until like 12 to pick you up, I pick you up, I can't even get a sentence out of you & then drop you & your friend home, I have to go to a family breky at 7, if you wanted me to stay or hang out longer you should have called me & said come get me, but it's my fault? I don't wanna argue talk toms xx night"* **DOUBLE FUCK!** I reply – yeah good idea! (I feel you rolling your eyes with me right now) *"I don't want to argue either but you could've stayed.... It's not your fault at all... but you left me feeling like a hooker... tonight was weird."* **FUCKING HELL**, please stop texting while drunk!!! But he replies *"Your right, sorry I thought u were heaps drunk & didn't want a shower so I thought I would just leave. Certainly didn't mean to have u feel like that."*

Agreed weird as write it off ok xx night." Seriously, thank fuck I read it but fall asleep! Why oh why the fuck am I such an idiot when drunk... But why oh why doesn't this guy never spend the night!



The next morning, I wake up just before 10:00 am, feeling like shit, not only because I am supremely hung over but because even though I don't remember what happened, I have this feeling something isn't right, I fucked up last night... I read through the horrifying text messages... I know he's been at breakfast with his family since 7:00 am but hasn't text me, that he is not going too, I don't blame him at all... So I swallow my pride & text him *"Thanks heaps for dropping my friend off & picking me up. I appreciate it, truly. I didn't realise I was so drunk that I couldn't even talk?! I'm sorry for last night, everything I did or said or snapchatted. I hope you had a yummy breakfast this morning."* I don't really expect him to reply either, I mean I was fucking insane. *"Hahaha you're a tripper you were blind. Meh it's all good, yeah was sick thanks, talk soon you can make it up to me lols"* I respond to him *"Yeah I don't remember much TBH... I have a bruise on my elbow. There are weird photos on my phone. I'm glad you're still talking to me hahaha. I will make it up to you for sure."*

We eventually arrange to catch up the next weekend after my family dinner, but I end up texting him to bail as I'm not feeling well, my biggest **pet hate** is when people bail on me, so I apologise a lot, which he is ok with it & wishes me to get better. We decide to catch up a few nights later, I am out for dinner with friends, so text him on the way home & he says that he's bailing on his friend to come over for a red & a movie.

We start to watch a movie that he chooses but it is so crap that we end up playing pool & talking about that infamous drunken evening. He tells me that I was biting him & when he asked me to stop I didn't (**WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK**) & that I was trying to suck him off when he was driving up the expressway, he said that he tried to get me to shower with him before we went to bed, but apparently I wouldn't get in the shower so he decided to leave... OMG I am mortified... Why must I ask like a douche when drunk!?

Anyway, we drink a lot of red wine before he makes a move. We go into my bed room & I get some condoms, when he asks if I like anal, I have only done it with 2 guys, a couple of times who had much bigger cocks than him so I say yes we can do it. Unbeknown to me, Origin takes off the condom & slips his dick in from behind me, unbeknown to him, he is not fucking my ass... He's sort of fucking my leg, sort of in me, but definitely not my ass. I cum from my own fingers, he cums, happily thinking he's in my ass & that's when I realise, he didn't have the condom on. I ask him & he says that he took it off... Why do men do this without asking? **FFS**. I'm not on the pill at this point in my life so I have just had unprotected sex with this guy, who is jumping up & getting dressed, yet again not staying over! I'm quite drunk, how can this guy be driving home?

#IBD4U

Origin #14: 26 Apr 2019

As [Origin](#) leaves that night, he says laughing *“Let me know about our baby”* then tickles my tummy & goes. I laugh, but I think about it & realise, holy fucking batshit! **FUCK**. He jokes but we could’ve just made a fucking baby! I don’t want kids... SHIT! I walk around the house aimlessly at almost 2:00 am, thinking WTF am I going to do... I get a text from him saying *“Thanks for tonight superstar, had a great night, love Origin xxx”* I don’t reply. I don’t know what to say to that... This guy could’ve just impregnated me & made a joke then left! Why doesn’t this guy ever stay the night?

I take the morning after pill & decide to let him know that I did, oddly I do this via snapchat like a teenager. I send him a snapchat picture of the box & tell him what I’ve done. He offers me money for it, but it’s not about that. It’s only like \$20, it’s not about the money. This is the second time in 35 years that I have had to take the morning after pill. I’ve always been on contraception & always basically a **condom advert**, but I had to take it last time I was seeing him. Fucking hell. Last time it made me a little crazy so I am careful of how I react. I am seeing [Max](#) & [Noodle](#) at the moment too, so I am going to have to be conscious of how I am with them too. I know I am being weird with Max, but he’s being weird with me too... I don’t see Origin for over a month, things are still weird with Max, things are going too well with Noodle that I need this – I need a single guy to come along & show me what I could have, what I deserve, not this half ass relationship from married men... Origin is the only single guy I am seeing... I mean I am still chatting a little to [Dom Dom](#), which is just fucked. When Origin & I were supposed to catch up but he forgot to message me because his dad was in hospital – **understandable**, but the whole bailing thing is getting old. I forgive him for that & hope his dad is ok, I sort of wish we were at the point when I could offer to go to his side... I really like this guy...

It’s the end of June when we catch up again, he’s been talking to me about bringing a weed muffin for us to try, I’ve never had a weed muffin, I’ve also actually never smoked weed before, I have taken drugs before as a late teen early 20 year old, quite a lot when I was partying as a youngan, but I grew out of it & now with my job requiring a driver’s license, it’s really important I am responsible. I even don’t even drink more than 2 drinks when out & driving. So it’s been many many years since I did anything.

He calls me in the morning to make sure I am free, this is sort of unusual for him, I assumed he was calling to bail – I almost didn't answer to be honest... He comes over & we order Indian food again, it's our ritual, I love it & don't get it often so I love that it's our thing. We eat, put on a shit movie that he wanted to watch but it is so fucking shit that we get distracted... hahaha. He offers me a quarter of the muffin but after about 30 minutes nothing is happening that we both decide to have the other quarter each. We hate the movie so we decide to play pool when I realise I am laughing like a lunatic at everything he says... **WTF is so funny?** Why is my smile so wide? I have to hide my face in my arms all the time to make sure he can't see it. I am literally laughing at every little thing like it is the funniest thing ever! He is also laughing, it's like a weird movie... Us just laughing at everything, not to mention playing pool terribly! If this is what an edible is like, it's not that great... We play a few games of pool before I sit on the couch saying that I am fucking tired. He agrees & sits next to me, we don't touch but just sit there. We talk for a bit but I start nodding off...

It's not that late when Origin leaves, like around 10:00 pm, spouting some shit about needing to go, I don't mind because I know Noodle is spending the day with me tomorrow & I have Sweetie's birthday drinks to go to, plus I have just become so fucking tired for some reason – like can't-keep-my-eyes-open tired. As soon as Origin leaves I jump into bed naked, not able to keep my eyes open long enough to plug my phone in...

Later the next day between things, I message him saying that I'm sorry for falling asleep on him but he says it's ok & that he's so scattered. I am scared I was an **idiot** being that one of the last times we saw each other I was a complete tool, biting him... (I still cringe at that even 2 years later!)

We chat a little but over text & snapchat but never meet up again, I then one day I send out a snapchat to all my friends including Origin, but he never opens it. **WTF?!** Even though he's the only single guy I am seeing, I seem to be putting all my eggs in the Noodle basket... So I don't seem to care that Origin never looks at my snapchat.

Ironically, a few days after that, Origin comes up as a friend suggestion on Facebook again, this time his profile picture is of him & a beautiful girl, cuddling up – **cosy**, like a couple... I know he doesn't have a sister, I know he wouldn't be in a profile picture with his sister in law, so all I can assume is that he has found a girlfriend.



While this upsets me a little, I mean only a couple of weeks ago he was at my house having sex with me that may have ended with a pregnancy & then a few weeks later with a weed muffin & now he's already in a relationship with someone so much so that they are at the point of changing his profile picture... **WTF?** Am I seriously the fluffer for men to find the one they want? I don't know if I told you but [Milky](#) also has a girlfriend now too...

I mean as Origin is a single guy (or was a single guy) that I actually liked, I am keen to see where this would go however with Noodle in the picture, I am keen to pursue that chemistry...

#IBD4U

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