

I B D 4 U

I've Been
Dating
for You



The Mixed Bag 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

Mixed Bag - 28 June 2019

So, just so you know, I'm definitely not running out of stories of men I have dated or talked to over the years, don't be worried about that - it's actually **disturbing** me how much I actually have to write about! But I am going to start writing what I call a mixed bag series, which are basically just a couple of stories that aren't really long enough for a blog post on their own but are worthy a blog post. (I did steal a similar idea from a fellow blogger! Thanks She-Wolf!)

So this **filler** blog (as I call them so you don't get bored with the main story) is a mixed bag of a few different men. Still significant, but I probably should've written about them as it was happening or screen shotted more stuff, so I have some more content! Hahaha... But anyway, here are some short stories!

#IBD4U

Arrogant - 28 June 2019

Well this guy, Arrogant I matched with wasn't even that cute or attractive to me, he actually reminded me of the popped collar dude I dated ages ago, Offroad. He wasn't my type looks wise, but I was trying to expand the people I chat too & thought, why not "give him a go" (I'm going to shoot myself if I ever say that again!) Here is our exchange, you tell me where I went wrong?! I will happily take pointers on this one!

"Hey Arrogant, How are you?"

"Hey #IBD4U, How's it going? Happy Friday. Nice Profile."

"Happy Friday to you too! Thanks"

"So how's your weekend looking #IBD4U?" I wish he'd stop using my name... I know what it is, stop saying it! Why do men use your name a lot?

"Not too bad, yours?"

"Cycling in the morning but it'll probably piss down haha, then a date. In a coffee shop. Hardly ideal." Ok, right... I mean I know we're on a dating app here & we're not exclusive, nor have we met, but really does this guy have to tell me he's going on a date today?! Also why didn't he suggest somewhere better if he didn't want to meet in a coffee shop? What is wrong with a **coffee date** anyway? I think you should meet at least for a drink or coffee or something... What does this guy even want from a date?

"What's your ideal date then?"

"Depends on the premise of what's ahead, didn't it Ms #IBD4U. Women hit 34 & suddenly fun, flirtatious, sex appeal, go with the flow gets replaced with stale interviews." Errr, what?! Is this guy serious!?"You didn't answer the question?" What is his perfect date? Are we clear on that?

"I did & more. So BDSM, something I've haven't tried yet! Enjoy it?" Yeah he did type 'I've haven't tried' that's not a typo from me. hahaha... Does this guy seriously think he's going to get fun flirty messages from me now? He's an **arrogant** fuck!

"Well I disagree that you've answered... You explained what women are apparently like on a date, not what your ideal date was... Yeah I do enjoy it obviously."

"Seems like you've just proven my point. There goes fun & flirtation flying out the window." Yeah because you're an asshole! *"How have I proven the point? You said a coffee date was boring, I asked what your ideal date would be & you told me women over 34 are a stale interview!?"* He doesn't write back & I delete him before he even gets a chance!

Yeah... That really happened!

#IBD4U

Chatterbox - 28 June 2019

Thank you next... I find another man I am not really that attracted too... This might be the 'I'm not really that attracted too' series. **WTF?!** No offence intended here either, but I mean you all know I have no self-confidence, so when I say this, it's not because I have a big head, but these guys should be so lucky that I matched with them, I am a bit out of their league to be honest so maybe they know that & just try it on or maybe they are just **douchebags!**

"Hey Chatterbox, how are you?"

"Hey good thanks & you?"

"Yeah not too bad thanks. What's happening?"

"Not Much really what about you? Coming over?"

"Coming over?" Is he serious? After hello pleasantries, he invites me over? Well that wasn't even really an invite.

"Haha yes"

"You're 144kms away so doubtful" How did I match with someone so far away? How the fuck does that even happen?!

"Damm" I hit delete but really, is this what men do? Does it even work? & why was he so far away from me?! I'd be interested to see how often that approach works for someone.

#IBD4U

Drunk - 28 June 2019

Another man, another few wasted days of messaging... Again, someone that I'm not really that in to but in the interest of this blog, I give them a go... Why do they start off normal & I start thinking about a future meeting with these guys, then **bam!** They fucking get weird!

"Hi #IBD4U, how are you?"

"Hey, I'm good, you?"

"Good thanks, Just got back to work today though, unfortunately. So what do you get up to #IBD4U? I see you're from the south suburb, I grew up there." Why does he keep using my name too?

"Oh did you really? I have hurt my back a bit so struggling at the moment." Not sure why I offered up that info, usually they offer a massage that I will not accept.

"That's no good!! How'd you do that?"

"I'm not sure... Driving so much I think." He then takes almost 24 hours to reply.

"Not good! How's it going getting any better?" I stupidly take three days to reply... Probably because I'm not that into him, I just overlook the fact I haven't written back. Whoops!

"Sorry Drunk, I thought I wrote back to you... My back is heaps better, how's your week going?" He writes back at 6:30 am the next day.

"Just work unfortunately lol, I'm here till the 12th then 2 weeks at home." I don't reply or see that message, then later that night, I get some more messages.

*"Hey hun... I'm flat out intrigued by you!! lol I'm crazy sexual open minded!!! I love your pics!! Lol I'm a crane operator so of course I am a rigger lol flat out 100% dead honest!! I would love someone who would like to try swinging with me!!" **WHAT THE FUCK!*** Is he serious? Swinging? We haven't even met yet!

"I've had 3 somes before & shitty so called 4 somes!! I want someone whos dedicated to me & crazy open minded to have some fun together!! If that makes sense." Before I even see those messages, the next morning at 6:30 am, I get another message from him.

"I really need to turn my phone off when I've been drinking!!" I delete him... Firstly, everyone reading this knows I would probably be open to some sort open relationship with an established partner – eventually, but no way would I be venturing into that with a dude I didn't even know... **WHAT THE FUCK.** I guess putting up on my profile that I am kinky, wasn't a good idea. I thought it would attract a guy who understood kink, not every Tom, Dick & Harry that wants to try it!

#IBD4U

UK - 28 June 2019

I find yet another guy I'm not that attracted too... I pretty much match with everyone I say yes too, again not being big headed, I do believe that I have gotten a bit better looking as I got older & also my pictures are amazing! Hahaha. So pretty much every guy I like, I get a like back & we match.

"Hey UK, how are you?"

"Yes doing great thanks. How are you? I'm moving back to the UK fri night. I start a new job in rugby on Monday. Are you around before I go?" Well at least this dude is honest about what this will be & what he wants.

"Hmmm, probably not." I'm going away for work & have a busy weekend, don't think I can be bothered squeezing in a dude who's leaving.

"I'd love to meet you today?" Yeah of course he would... *"From your pics #IBD4U are you into BDSM?"*

"I can't... I work. Probably not much point if you're leaving Monday. BDSM is not about ONS." (ONS is one night stand)

"Well I think your gorgeous & would love to see you. I know I wish I wasn't leaving. Would love you to be my submissive." OMG, because that's how you get a submissive... Fucking hell people are really uneducated about kink.

"Well, as you would know if you're actually into BDSM. It takes time to build a D/s relationship. That which you don't have. Enjoy your last few days here." Then I hit delete..

Seriously, I don't even understand how these men even get matches! The scary thing about them is though, they'll probably be married before me!

So that is my first mixed bag! Who was your **favourite**? Hahaha.

#IBD4U

Rules: 14 July 2019

I can't remember when this was, it was a few years ago, it was when I was starting to get into kink & thinking about open relationships – probably around the time I started seeing [Milky](#) the first time, when I met someone online on the chat app who said he was married – what fucking surprise! I pretty much was like, I'm not talking to him but he tells me that has some rules. **WTF?** As if he has the audacity to tell me he has rules? But I am intrigued, so I bite & ask him what the rules are.

He tells me that he & his wife are open but they don't play together, they only play with other people alone, he tells me that they have decided on some rules such as that they must use condoms – well of course, this is a no **brainer**... That they can't bring the person back to their house, it must be in a hotel or at the other persons house but the rule that got me most, was that they can only see the person no more than 3 times. This intrigued me, especially thinking about it since I am now midst affair that is getting messy. If [Noodle](#) had this rule then I wouldn't be in this mess... I guess if I stuck to my rule of never chatting to a married man, then we wouldn't be in the mess either. I am in such trouble here.

But these rules get me thinking, I am realising how many married men & even women there are on these apps looking for something more, whether it be sex or just someone to talk to, there are more coupled people than single people. I wonder what I would be like in a relationship? Would I be open to being in an open relationship once we're established? Would I have rules or would I be able to be like [Max](#) & Sweetie & just let my partner go spend the night at someone else's house while I sleep alone? Potentially taking someone out on dates, while I sit at home alone? I highly doubt that I would ever be ok with my partner dating another women or spending the night with someone, I am not that secure in myself. I will admit that.

So my open relationship rules would be:

1. Must use condoms
2. No sleepovers or dates (perhaps a drinks date may be allowed)
3. Maximum times to see the same person eg: 3.
4. No bringing the person to our house (Assuming we're living together)
5. Take it in turns

I guess, it would all depend on the dude & I wouldn't be ok with it if we weren't established with trust, communication & respect. But it's an **intriguing** idea, I know I would be jealous, I know I would be so it would be taken in turns – so it's even, if he gets a woman then it's my turn until I get a man, then it'll be his turn again. This then stops any jealousy as we both get the same number of partners outside our relationship, it's definitely never going to be one sided.

This a very intriguing idea & I won't be having this conversation with someone to start off with – like the guy in my first mixed bag, but eventually I'll potentially float the idea just to make sure the spark is alive. I don't want to know that my partner is doing something behind my back, I'd rather it in front of my face while we're being honest about it. I would rather my partner be open about wanting sex with other women, than knowing he is trolling online to chat to other women. I am more ok with him having sex with someone than I am him chatting every day to someone, like Noodle & I are doing.

#IBD4U

New York: 14 July 2019

While living in Canada, I travelled quite a lot throughout Canada obviously, but I also did a little bit of the USA. I really wanted to go to **New York, Seattle & Alaska** (Story to come!), meeting all sorts of people. I wanted to do more, of course but I was backpacking so there wasn't a lot of spare money to do extravagant travel, so from Toronto to New York, I booked a greyhound ticket & catch the bus. This may not seem that bad, but at this time there was apparently a guy who went nuts on a greyhound & decapitated a fellow passenger who he didn't know while the poor guy was sleeping... Here is the link to the Wikipedia page about it – it really happened, & yeah it freaked me out because only a few weeks later, I was booking a ticket on a fucking greyhound for a bloody 12 hours trip.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Killing_of_Tim_McLean

Obviously, this was an **isolated** indecent, however, note to self, I sit at the front of the bus & don't sleep, not that I would be able to sleep anyway but also didn't have my music up loud so that I was aware of my surroundings. Also when we were at the rest stops, I made sure that I aware of what was going on around me. It was a very tense trip to be honest, but nothing happened, obviously or I wouldn't be here writing for you all.

The bus arrived in New York & it's later at night obviously being that it's a 12 hours bus ride. It's also winter in the northern hemisphere, the bus terminal is sort of underground too, so I get my bag & walk up to the sidewalk (as they call it) & I am in awe! There is people everywhere, I walk to the side of a building trying to get my bearings. It's interesting & takes me a while to work out that that it's so bright because there is a really low cloud cover with all the bring lights in the buildings, makes it almost day light. I am trying to work out where I am & if I should find a taxi to get to the hotel that I'm staying at.

As I stand lost, in the busy freezing cold streets of New York, a tall dude with dark hair walks over to me & says, *"Excuse me miss, if I asked for your number would you give it to me?"* This question is a little weird, if I say yes will he actually ask for my number? Or if I say no, will he ask for it anyway? As I am only in New York for seven days, there is no point so I just explain that I only have an Australian phone number, he walks away not really taking the conversation any further. I must admit, **it was a bit weird!**

Also why does everyone call me **Miss**? I hate it so much makes me feel about ten years old. Guys do it ALL the time... It's so strange. Does this happen to anyone else?

#IBD4U

Not What I'm Looking For: 14 July 2019

I match with a guy, he's a bit younger than me, I seem to always match with people younger than me, it's weird. However I definitely don't look as old as I am, so lots of younger guys match with me saying how hot it will be to be with an older women. If I had a dollar for every time I heard that, I seriously could retire.

We go through the usual pleasantries before he asks me, *"How do you see this playing out between us? I'm pretty open to most things."* Well I guess that's a different way of asking what I'm looking for. I say my usual spiel, that I eventually want a relationship but want to take it slow, not in a rush for anything, so regular kinky fun is good to start. (Remember my heart is closed! Hahaha) I ask what he's looking for & he says, *"Ideally a relationship & kids down the track, no need to rush those things though. so some cheeky fun seems good to me."* Shit, he wants kids... Well he's only going to be a short term thing. That's ok, so fun with a young guy might be just what I need. I say that I am keen to date & have some regular fun when he says, *"I'm not sure you're exactly what i'm looking for relationship wise if I'm honest. no offence intended."* **WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK...** He matched with me & we've sent like ten messages & he's decided I'm not what he's looking for? Fuck I must be ugly... (Self-esteem issues, I know!) I ask him why & say that there is no offence taken as he's not what I'm looking for because I don't want kids. He replies, *"Because if you did want kids your clock is ticking & it's something I don't want to rush, that's the only reason I guess."* OMG. Well at least it's not about what I look like! He says that if it was he wouldn't have wanted to fuck me at all.

I suggest that we just chat & can catch up for some fun, building up to some kink, he asks how kinky because he doesn't want anything up his ass. Well I'm not going to put something up his ass, unless he asks for it. He likes my messages but days later he's not replied, so I delete him. I have to give him snaps for this honesty at least. But this makes me wonder about other guys... Do other men think about my ticking biological clock? This has been a real eye opener!

What did you think of this lot? Is it me? I have been told that I am too picky, but really, am I?

#IBD4U

Satin Sheets: 26 July 2019

Young & hot at a nightclub dancing, singing, from having a great time with my friends, when my friend says she going home with some dude, I obviously have to go with her so but we went back to my friend's guys house & there was a guy who lived with him, who came back with us too. When my friend goes off with her man in his bedroom, I'm stuck with the other man. I'm not really sure what to do. Not really sure what's going to happen or if I should do anything or if I will, I am so drunk that if he makes a move, I probably would end up fucking him! **Way to go...**

He's not really my type. He's a bit older. I don't really remember this night very well to be really honest with you. I think I remember that he had very thin blonde hair, because I remember trying to grab it but it feeling a bit greasy too. It's probably the first night that I ever was given head, or maybe it's just my first memory of it?

One thing I do remember very well is his **black satin sheets**. I'll never forget that! Now I hadn't fucked a lot of guys at this point in my life, maybe two or three & he was the first one to have fancy sheets, that I wondered if this was the norm. While it was a little bit sexy. It was also a little bit creepy. I mean who has black satin sheets, it was probably about 1999 – would this have even been a thing? Who has black sheets anyway? Yeah, this guy! He goes down on me & I can remember it being a little bit awkward, with me not really knowing how it's supposed to feel or what's supposed to happen. I obviously don't remember a lot, I know we had sex & I go home with my friend shortly after we're done... **What a fucking weird night!**

#IBD4U

Spinning Around: 26 July 2019

Many moons ago, I used to go out every weekend. I was probably about 18 years old, we'd go to one club on a Thursday night. I finish work at 9:00 pm. Go straight home, get ready & be down there, drunk by 10:00 pm. On Friday nights went to the other club next door & then on Saturday nights the club next door to that. It was like a little club precinct.

So this time in my life, I am pretty much just constantly drunk, I could be drunk at like 9:00 pm sometimes, but I never even making it into the night club, because I got so drunk before! **Classy...**

I even got to the club once but with too many pre drinks, I wasn't allowed in & was unable to walk! I was one of those messy drunks, constantly vomiting or acting like a complete annoying idiot. But I never cause a fuss too much, expect for those trying to take me home, I'd call them names or something, but I never fought them. Most of the time I realised I was too drunk to function.

I then met this guy one Saturday night & we're dancing on the dance floor. Because I am drunk, I am all sexy (or trying to be) so bumping & grinding, with this dude. We're dancing & singing the song by Kylie Minogue 'Spinning Around' – here's the link to it

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=t1DWBKk5xHQ>

& so I'm drunk & I'm start spinning around as she sings '*I'm spinning around, move out of my way,*' so I'm dancing like no one's watching. I'm just like totally into this guy, just dancing singing being a complete idiot when there's a part in the song that goes, '*do you like what you see*' & he says "*Hell yeah.*" with a huge grin on his face.

I'm totally in with this guy, so I'm dancing even more bumping & grinding hard. We're dancing close, when I feel him **unzip** my dress. WTF. I'm wearing this cute little black dress. I still have it in fact & it never goes out to fashion as a little black dress. It has spaghetti straps, straight across the bust, long zip at the back. Just a really cute dress from the Miss Shop when it was around at Myer.

Anyway this dude has unzipped it on the dance floor! Why would you unzip my dress? He kind of just says that he doesn't really know why & didn't really have an answer. I literally walk away from him immediately thinking what the actual fuck just happened. But yes, it happened to me. Why would somebody unzip my dress on the goddamn dance floor? What is wrong with people?

#IBD4U

Brothers: 26 July 2019

When I was about 15, I got my first job & met some new people. I became friends with a chick who's brother I had a massive crush on. I have no idea why, I don't know but blonde hair, blue eyes – was 100% my thing. He worked with me & was always funny, always really sweet to me, maybe because I was his kid sisters friend.

I used to go out every Saturday night to a local club with all my friends, this friend didn't come out as often & it was really rare that her brother came to this club. But one night, he was there – drunker than I'd ever seen him, in fact I don't remember ever seeing him drunk at all!

He & I were really drunk & somehow ended up on the dancefloor together. We're dancing bumping & grinding as I did in those days, when we kiss, not sure who made the first move, but we were so close together it was inevitable. I feel like all my dreams have come true that this guy is kissing me, this guy is dancing with me & I think my fairytale will begin! Yet somehow we end up going home separately.

Little bit awkward, you know it's kind of the unspoken kiss with your friends brother that you work with, who you can't actually be with because of some reason. I don't know what & I'm obviously just assuming here because I never asked, but he just wasn't into me.

So then, years later at my friend's house for her birthday party. He's there, her brother I kissed. He's being DJ for the night. I ask him constantly to put on Intergalactic by The Beastie Boys (here's the link to that song! <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qORYO0atB6g>) He kept saying to me that he's already put it on twice. Nobody wants to hear it as much as I do, obviously so I try to find something else to talk to him about.

I don't know whether I wanted the song because I thought it would make me look cool or what, but it wasn't a song I had bought on CD or as a CD single, I just had heard it, knew a few words & wanted it on. I was that annoying drunk pestering people. Jeez I really am glad I don't drink like that anymore. The party kind of clears out & my friends other brother walks in who's older than the first brother. We were talking & chatting, I'm friends with them too, I guess in a way, especially the one I kissed because we work together. But somehow this other brother & I end up on the couch kissing. I'm sitting on his lap, straddling him, kissing him! Nobody else is in the room. I don't really understand how this is happening, but how drunk am I that I kissed her other brother anyway?

I don't see either of her brothers much after that to be honest, it's even more awkward when I do see the one I liked, but I just play it cool, what else can I do? At this point, I'm still really good friends with the girl, but yeah, I'm trying to avoid both her brother's now. I mean, I even used to pick up this chick every week from her house for work & drop her home, because her brother would come out & chat to me sometimes if he was coming or going. I always thought it was because he liked me, like he knew what time I picked her up & dropped her off & he was often outside loitering, then would come up to my car window to chat to me. But clearly after the kiss. It's not true.

Anyway all of them are married now, all with kids, The one I liked lives overseas, the other brother I think lives interstate & they've all got kids, yet here I sit, still here writing this blog...

#IBD4U

Vasectomy: 27 Aug 2019

Way back when, I was about 18 or so, one of the very first people I ever slept with, was a guy I met at a nightclub down at Glenelg. We were down there partying & drinking – **What a surprise**. What else did I do when I was younger besides drink & go out? Hahaha.

Anyway, we met & we were dancing & singing, then I was kissing this guy & in those days you actually, spoke to each other, not just sending texts that you can ignore the next day. So he talked to me & asked me to the movies. We go out for dinner & the movies, I remember sitting in the car with him, I was living with my parents & he tells me he can't take me home. Let's face it, I'm about 18 or 19, he's a bit older, but I'm thinking that this guy could potentially be something, when he tells me that he's got two very young kids & he's just split up with his wife. In fact that one of them is still breastfeeding! **WTF...** This might be too much for an 18 year old! He tells me that he's recently had a vasectomy. Now at that time in my life, I didn't know if I want to have kids or not. I had always said that I didn't really want kids & now I know that that is correct in my mid 30's. However at that time, I was really young & didn't want that choice taken away from me, so I knew that it wasn't going to go anywhere with this guy, even though I wasn't really sure.

I mean this guy had also just left his wife, for fuck sake... We catch up a few times though, the dinner & movies night then I remember having sex with him in my car, which was a tiny little Corolla, in the backseat, and I just remember riding him, as I leaned back in through to the driver's seat, with him rubbing his hands down my chest, in another shopping centre car park.

It didn't last very long with him, as I knew it wouldn't but it was a great experience. I guess something that I wasn't really expecting. I don't really what happened, I probably should have written about it back then, but yeah it was a bit of a learning curve I guess.

#IBD4U

Le Mans: 27 Aug 2019

Back in my younger days there was a fair bit of car racing in Adelaide. We had the Australian Grand Prix, we still have Clipsal & we had **Le Mans** – I think this may have been a once off race, can't really remember, I was drunk AF.

I went along with friends with pretty much didn't watch much of the racing at all... I mean we were three chicks there for drinks & possibly boys, also the concert. (OMG I just googled, it was 2000 that this happened! How do I even remember it?!) Upon the google search it was a new year's eve event, that's why I was there! Apparently there was Spiderbait, You Am I & The Living End... I do not remember this concert at all! **FUCK...** Either I have dementia or I have pickled my brain with too much alcohol!

I also don't really remember seeing the cars at all... Was this a special kind of race with special cars? I have no idea! Hahaha... We were kind of just hung around in the general admission area & just drank. Back in those days, they did do bag checks, but not like they do now. We had bum bags (yes a bum back that you wore across your body) with a hidden bottle of vodka in it! So needless to say we were free pouring & got super drunk!

We met a group of boys, I don't think either of my friends kissed anyone, but let's face it, it's me... **I kissed one of them!** Hahaha. We're standing there watching the memorable concert I'm dancing with this guy, him behind me with his hands on my hips, you know the type of dancing that happens when your guy is behind you. I'm rubbing my ass across his cock, through his pants. Him grabbing my waist tighter & tighter as he enjoys it more & more. Then he slides his hands down the front of my pants. I spread my legs a little bit to give him easy access to finger me, as if I am allowing this at a concert with my friends next to me. It's the first time I've ever done anything like that – but probably wasn't the last, but I allowed this boy to finger me at a concert in public. I'm not sure that anybody actually knew that that's what was happening & I'm not sure whether any of them saw it, but yep. Now you know, if you were there & you're reading this. Sorry. But I'm pretty sure he made me cum! Hahaha.

#IBD4U

Ankle Strapping: 27 Aug 2019

These mixed bags are such a trip down memory lane, again when I was very young, I used to go out every single weekend. I told you this before many many times & I used to pick up some random dude almost every week too, even if it was just to kiss. (This was back when I had good self-esteem – having not really been screwed over by anyone yet!) I never used to give a shit about what anyone thought about me & I'd go out & wear whatever skimpy thing I had. I was concerned about my weight but I still wore tiny skirts.

I meet someone & I dance with them, then usually ended up going home with them that night, always to theirs (which I never do now). So this one weekend at the local nightclub, it's nothing new. I found a guy, danced with him all night getting closer & closer until the ugly lights come on & we're forced out of the nightclub, doing the glaze that says on my face 'is he cute enough to go home with in the light' without him noticing.

I go home with this guy who lives with his parents, well I live with mine too at this time in my life, so I shouldn't judge! We got back to his house & we had sex, then I spent the night not having taxi money or knowing where I was.

In the morning, I woke up, a bit disorientated, not knowing where I was or what was happening. He has his back to me, but I can see him kind of doing something. I tried to figure out with the noise, what he was doing when I realise that he was jerking himself off a little, so he would be hard. I kind of stretch out so he knows I'm awake, expecting to have sex with him again, when he rolls over & literally climbs on top of me, slid inside me & fucked me... First lucky it's me & I was wet from the night before but what if this was a dry woman? I was like dude, **where's the foreplay?** I mean, did he really think that yeah him jerking himself off was enough to get him hard, but what about me?

I don't think he thought about what he was doing to be honest. First of all there are things that you need to do to make sure a woman is wet before you just ram your cock in. If it doesn't slide in easily & it takes a few attempts, you've probably not got her wet enough. I don't know if it's that they can't be bothered with foreplay or that they just want to fuck, but I mean would it even be nice for them to dry fuck something? I highly doubt it because I can tell you now, it's not a nice feeling when someone tries to dry fuck you.

I mean, I got wet when he started kissing me but I was just intrigued by this. What guys think that is required to actually fuck a chick. Obviously there is a lot more required for all

women, but he didn't seem to care. I hope I didn't ruin him for other women, because I didn't train him very well! But I did only have him for one night.

What's with the ankle strapping? You ask. **Sorry**. Well, the ankle strapping first of all. So when we got home that night. I didn't notice it obviously because I was confused about it the next morning. We had sex and I was like, why is this guy taped up? You know like the tape for sport injuries & whatnot. Both ankles were completely strapped to within an inch of their lives... They really did not have any bare skin whatsoever, & it felt kind of funny against my feet. It like it was like he didn't take your socks off, but also a little bit like. **What the fuck?** I don't know, it was weird. He told me that he has basketball & he had injured both ankles and had to have them strapped & he hasn't been able to take the strapping off yet due to his hairy legs. But that's why he's called Mr ankle strapping, but it's really quite interesting. It this story is more about the fact that he literally did not even try & turn me on before trying to fuck me. So I almost got dry fucked, but luckily for me, my vagina is ridiculous & gets wet regardless of what is happening around me & so it was not a dry as a bone. (Whatever that saying really means!)

#IBD4U

Alaska: 17 Sept 2019

While living in [Canada](#), I did a bit of travelling across the USA. I decided that I want to go to New York, Seattle & Alaska. However towards the end of the trip of six months backpacking, I couldn't afford to go to **Alaska**, so my wonderful sister lent me some money to buy the plane fare.

Everywhere I had been so far, I got off the plane on to a bus or in a taxi to the hotel at the airport, however Anchorage is pretty much like flying into a tiny country town where there is no life. It was the middle of winter & as everyone scurried out to their cars or their pickups, the doors locked loudly behind me, like it was the only plane that flew into this town & I stood there looking around for a bus stop or a taxi stand. Finding neither, I start to panic, it's freezing & I'm not sure that it's going to be light very much longer – not knowing that it stays light until like 10:00 pm here, so that was going to be the least of my worries. I have an Australian mobile & a Canadian mobile, this is really before the days of internet on your phone too, so I couldn't google a taxi number or even how to get to the hotel if I walked, so **I was fucked!** Standing there, I burst into tears not knowing what to do! When I hear a noise, a bus, it seems to be driving past, but then pulls up, the driver gets out & asks me what I am doing? I say waiting for a bus or taxi, he says there aren't any & tells me to get on his bus. I do so, not thinking about being murdered, there are others on the bus & he helps me with my massive backpack. I have never been more thankful for a good samaritan, he takes me into the town & it's a bit more lively than the airport. He tells me that there is the bus I need to get to the hotel & as I get off it drives off, the driver tries to radio it, but he can't. I thank him profusely & let him go saying I'll just catch a taxi. I jump into a taxi & finally get to the hotel. A shared bedroom thing with bunk beds, pretty much what I'd been living in the whole time.

An older lady is in my room, who I remember giving a pair of jeans too that no longer fitted me as I'd been walking so much that I'd lost some weight. She asks if I want to go to a pub with her & some guys that she knows from the hotel. I agree thinking that this will be a fun night out & I'm not really sure what else I'm going to do in this place.

We walk to the pub & I get a drink. The guys & woman get a drink too but something happens & a fight breaks out. What the fuck. Tables are going everywhere, chairs are being thrown across the room, I even watch a fucking fridge get knocked over & I'm not even sure

what started it or why it is happening but all I remember is the song that's on the juke box, that probably ended up smashed was All American Rejects – Gives you hell – here's the link <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uxUATkpMQ8A>

Every time I hear that song I am taken back to that evening in the pub with only one woman behind the bar trying to wrangle in these men that are just trashing the place. What was it even about & why did it get so violent. The woman behind the bar is screaming about not calling the cops as I find out later they will be shut down because this bar has too much fighting in it... **Oh holy fuck!** Time to get out...

I slip out the door quietly, basically walking as fast as my little legs will carry me back to the dorm room, freaking out. A little while later the woman comes back with the two guys & they apologise trying to get me to go somewhere else with them but I refuse & say that I am going to go to sleep now but that I have a lot of things to do while I'm in Alaska – What a fucking lie. I can't find anything to do in this town. I end up on a whale watching tour & see Orca's in the wild, the most amazing thing to ever happen to me!! & I hire a car & drive around seeing some beautiful country side. But I'll never forget that fight, I may have a bit of **PTSD** every time I hear that song or whenever someone starts a fight somewhere...

#IBD4U

Twister: 17 Sept 2019

I met this younger guy on the anonymous app that I was using a lot for just chatting but I used to meet a lot of guys on there... This guy what a surprise was younger than me, as is every guy that app, because it's designed for teenagers! Hahaha. We talk for a while & I don't really engage in much because he's so much younger, but somehow we decide that we should meet & play games...

Like I'm in my mid 30's & going to meet this guy to play a fucking game... So I buy twister as that seems to be the joke that we keep talking about, strip twister. I am not sure I'm going to be able to go through with naked twister with someone I don't know but I will give it a try.

I have spent ages getting ready, I look amazing actually, with a new short haircut, I invite him over & we sit & talk. But it's weird he says some odd things, like about my age & his age, (like he didn't know how old we were!?) that I think I am never going to fuck this guy. In fact we never even play twister. It actually never comes out of the box but this is a lesson why you meet people early on in the chat because you get attached, have a great chat & think there is a connection then they turn out to be a weirdo!

#IBD4U

21st: 17 Sept 2019

My 21st birthday was a night to remember, not that I remember it because what do you know, I was smashed drunk! We went to nightclub on the actual Thursday night of my birthday & everyone is buying me drinks. I am getting so drunk as usual when I was that age. This is even around the time I was good friends with [Italian](#) because he was there too with other friends.

Somehow on the dance floor, there are three men dancing with me. Some of my other friends are just standing around watching this all unfold! FUCK...

So these three guys all kiss me, I pash them all, taking in turns of kissing each one, like a fucking idiot! What the hell am I doing? But fuck this is really fun!

I don't remember the evening very well, but friends remind me of the time when I kissed three guys in a circle on the dance floor... But let's not forget, you only turn 21 once!

Hahaha...

#IBD4U

Alcoholic: 27 Jan 2020

This story goes back to about 1999 when I was just out of high school & turning 18. I used to go to a nightclub called The Planet on Pirie street, does anyone else remember it? It's oddly still empty almost 20 years since it closed...

Anyway it was the first nightclub I ever got into underage, it was the place we went every Friday night. Other friends would meet us there, couples & friends of friends, I was always single, as you may know I didn't get my first [boyfriend](#) until I was 22, so hanging out with couples all having sex, all being lovey at the nightclub **bumping & grinding**, I still hadn't even had sex yet! I had barely even kissed a boy, I hadn't kissed a boy that I like, only random people when drunk as fuck at a nightclub. I was jealous, I was so jealous of all my friends with boyfriends, I will admit that & probably part of the reason I became **bitter** after my relationship with Boyfriend ended, because I was jealous that others got to get married & I was 25 & single again...

My friend was dating a dude we worked with so sometimes his friends outside of the work people would come out with us. This guy 'Alcoholic' came along, he was always trashed, even more than me, which is saying something. He was always so super drunk every weekend that it was disturbing that he didn't ever get kicked out of places or was even let into places. But we'd end up **kissing** pretty much every time he was there, even if I was sober & driving but most of the time it was when we were both drunk!

I can't remember what the deal is with this guy's drinking, but he was always a terrible drunk, stumbling around the club & finding me. I always kissed him & we'd spend hours locked lipped at a nightclub.

But something snapped in him one day & he stopped drinking, **cold turkey**. However he still came out the nightclubs every weekend. We wouldn't really kiss as much when he was sober but I remember one night that I was so drunk & vomiting in the club, (yes, I was that chick!) when my best friend at the time got him to take me home. She came with us while I was begging for water unable to really talk, he stops at a service station to get me a bottle of water. He walks out with a bottle of Mt Franklin, probably the only type of water you could buy back then & my response was, "*I hate this water*" then I basically drank none of it. My best friend woke up my sister & got me into bed & I am thankful that I had a ride home. However, I never really see this guy again, he drove me home & bought me water & I was rude about it... I mean I'm sure him kissing me all the times he was wasted & I was sober should counteract it. But we after this, we don't see each other ever again & we don't keep kissing...

#IBD4U

Planet: 27 Jan 2020

Following on from that story, like I said we used to go to the planet every Friday night. I don't even remember where I met this guy to be honest, but I do know that I never knew what he looked like. However he had my mobile number... This was also before text messaging was a real thing, they used to cost **25 cents** each. Which seems like nothing now, but they added up fucking quickly! Think about how many texts you send now, if you send 100 in a month it adds up...

Now I hate speaking on the phone & tell every dude to text me, don't call me! Hahaha. You all know that, you know that I hate it, I have a work mobile so the last thing I want to do is talk on the phone when I get home.

Anyway this guy & I would chat for hours, we'd talk about all sorts of crap. We tried to meet a few times but it never panned out. This is also before the time when it wasn't illegal to talk on your phone while driving, he called me while I was driving with friends, I was so caught up in the conversation I didn't notice anything happening beside my friend saying "*Red, Red, Red*" then shouting "*Red*" when I realised that I just drove through a red light! **Fucking hell...** Now it wasn't the holding the phone to my ear that was the problem, it's actually the conversation. So I now refuse to have work conversations while driving in the car, even via Bluetooth!

I had many Nina Proudman (TV show Offspring) type fantasies about how I would meet this guy... I always imagined that he would be the one who said how gorgeous I was, which would be for the first time back then... That he would look me in the eyes, that he would kiss me, that we would be as **compatible** in real life as he have been via the phone. This was probably the first time that I really dreamed I would have a boyfriend...

I remember telling him about an example of how we'd meet, he'd be in the line-up at the planet nightclub with his friends, I'd be walking with my friends on the phone to him trying to find him, but there are crowds of people everywhere, so I ask him to jump to find me, he & all his friends start jumping but then he somehow comes to the front of the crowd like in a movie & he's standing there with a rose for me, I walk up & it's love at first sight, we kiss while our friends cheer! **-OHHH EMMM GEE...** I think I've had one too many romantic comedies...

But of course you know my story doesn't end up like that, I never meet this guy, I don't even remember what happened with him. I wish I could find my diary I used to keep back then, I would totally post it just to remember what the fuck happened!

#IBD4U

Fruit & Veg: 27 Jan 2020

Back at this time, I was partying every weekend, does anyone also remember Zanzibar at Marion? **OMG** that place was the place to be on a Saturday night & that's where I always was. Everyone from my work would be there on a Saturday night, in fact there are nights that I went down there with one group of friends & come home with someone else. Or I'd even go down with no one but find people to hang out with.

One night I'm there with friends, I don't know what happens to them but I end up being there with the guy from fruit & veg. I know that I am not into this guy at all, he's older & not physically attractive to me, but also I know that one of my close friends is **infatuated** with him. However we end up in a taxi together, he lives in the suburb I actually live in now, which is past the suburb I lived in when I was living with my parents, so I'm not sure why we went back to his house, especially since he still lived with his mum.

I remember his house very well, it's was where nick nacks went to **die**... They were everywhere... This house was tidy but it was also somehow a mess. It's a typical grandma style house.

At this point in my life, I don't think I had ever had sex & I certainly didn't want this guy to be my first so I tell him that I don't want to do anything with him, I don't even kiss him to be honest. This is the first time I've ever slept over a guys house too... I hate that this is the first guy that I have done that with... **Why am I climbing into his bed?!**

We do cuddle in bed, but I get too hot & barely sleep. I get him to drop me home in the morning thinking about what my friend will think, thinking about how things will be Monday at work? He' the quiet type so I don't think anyone ever knew. It was a bit awkward at work but it wasn't long after that that he left for another store.

#IBD4U

Square Bear: 11 Feb 2020

I met this guy in 2016, so we're going back a few years BN (Before [Noodle](#)) & still very new to kink. I mean I think I may have even been with [Milky](#) or that may have ended. I actually think this was just before I met Noodle & I was just about to start seeing [Max](#).... I don't even remember where I met this guy either but I know I chatted a lot on the chat app.

We literally chat a lot, we chat most days, for a while actually, so much so that I think we should meet because you know what I'm like, I build up a relationship in my head & then the dude is a douche or we just don't mesh well & then it's over, causing me to waste so much time with these thoughts of wedding bells – not really but you know what I mean! Hahaha.

We do talk about kink at some point during our conversation, at this point I am looking for more in this world & looking to explore a few things, so it's a topic that most guys find easy, they usually tell me how amazing they'd be & how they're dominant etc. I tell him that I have recently been spanked a lot & tied up enjoying it a lot, he asks a lot of questions about what I mean & what I enjoy, why I enjoy it etc so I think that this guy is into this, he will like when he tells me that, *"I couldn't ever hit a woman, I wasn't brought up that way."* Right? What does consensual sexual spanking have to do with the way you were brought up? I wasn't brought up being spanked & now I have a fetish for it? I get that men don't want to hit a woman, but I'm not asking him to hit me in a fit of rage, I'm asking him to hit me in a sexual context & I'm actually consenting to it. There's a very big difference.

Well I don't need kink, I enjoy it & I would like to explore it but it's not the be all & end all of my sex life, so I meet this guy for a date. We're chatting online on boxing day, both hungover & decide that we should meet later in the afternoon for a drink. I meet him & he's cute, pretty much like his pictures, but he's not hot, not exactly what I would like, but I'm not turned off.

We chat for hours, having a couple of hair of the dogs before we go home, kissing on the cheek goodbye... I didn't really feel the spark, didn't really feel the thing you should feel... I didn't know it at the time, but only a few months later, I would meet Noodle & feel that thing!

New year's goes by & I don't hear from Square Bear, I don't message him either, being the stubborn bitch I am. However he does eventually message to say happy new year & that he doesn't think that we're right for each other but he really liked me & think that I will find someone, he says that he knows he's a dickhead, that I'm amazing but he basically doesn't want to see me again.

No hard feelings there, but I would have given this guy a second date at least, I don't know how these men make such a snap decision with me, I mean I knew that we probably weren't right for each other, but I definitely would have gone on a second date with him...

#IBD4U

Game Show: 11 Feb 2020

One of the most mortifying things as a single woman with a lot of friends in couples is the fact that everyone in a couple thinks you should be in a couple. I mean I want to be in a couple don't get me wrong, but I hate when friends mean well but they can sometimes go over the top.

So I was at a 50th birthday party for someone that I work with, it was a mad hatters party & I was literally was looking amazing. I wasn't a hat person so I wore a 1920's style headband that I had worn to another party a few years earlier. I had a cute short bob hairdo & felt pretty good about myself. I didn't really want to go to this party alone but other colleagues are there so I will just go & have a good time.

There is one person in my life who I've talked about before, her house was that of the infamous [Christmas party](#). She is so lovely & wonderful & means well, however this night she's had a few drinks & she walks through the party gathering up the single people. I am reluctant to get out of my chair, it's cold in August at an outdoor party, where I have finally got a seat by the heater, however another friend sort of makes me get up & come with her as she's being pulled into the garden too.

There are four single women, ant marching their way to the bottom of the garden to a fire pit. We get to the place our wonderful friend has led us too & there are three dudes, she stands us opposite each other & basically becomes a game host!

OH HOLY FUCK...

I have either blocked it or was too drunk later in the evening to remember, but the game host friend asks us all a different question that we all answer, but then nothing comes of this game. We all go about the party like nothing happened, but standing there, in front of eligible bachelors & answering questions was the worst moment of my single life. I felt so fucking small & some degraded, I know that seems ridiculous but you have no idea what it is like standing in front of a party with them all knowing that you're fucking single & participating in some sort of weirdo game show at a birthday.

#IBD4U

The Bachelor: 11 Feb 2020

One thing I haven't ever done to find love is to go on a dating TV show. For those of you following my Facebook page, you'll remember that I posted a status ages ago about which show you'd all go on. Most of you suggest Married at first sight, however as someone who's never been married & I do want to get married one day, I want that more than anything... But I want it to be special not some douche on the tv that is only on their for the fame, only on their for their 15 minutes of fame.

While I assume most guys I meet now at my age will have been married before, I only want to get married once. Marriage means something to me, it means that I am pledging my love to someone in front of all my friends & family. Married at first sight, while I know they aren't really married, is just making a mockery of marriage in my view.

When I googled, the only show looking for contestants at this time was the bachelor, I set about sending in an application. Fucking hell, they want to know a fair bit about you, the survey took about an hour to fill out, they also want two pictures of you, one headshot & one full body shot. I got through the survey thinking, yeah my story is quite interesting so I may get a look in, however I get to the last page & you have to upload a video of no more than two minutes of yourself. **OMG** What am I going to say about my love life without sounding like a tool – I had just ended with Noodle & was feeling so shit about myself, would I talk about that? Would that be a good story or would I be the home wrecker on the show before people even get to know me?

I also immediately have visions of this video winding up on YouTube like a child star like Justin Bieber at the talent show he didn't win. **FUCK**. I never do it. I chicken out... & now reading back on the game show evening, I am fucking glad that I didn't go on a reality TV show to find love. I know that I would slink away into the background & I wouldn't have been given a rose on the first night. Those women are all so beautiful, I know that I would end up with my heart broken!

Maybe one day I'll be brave enough, but I doubt it.

Another mixed bag, which I hope you enjoyed!

#IBD4U

Pharmacy Guy: 25 Dec 2022

I met this guy online way back in 2016 before Noodle. His wife had just cheated on him & was with the guy, which oddly they were all living together for the sake of the kid... I saw him a few times but to be honest he was so skinny & weird that I struggled to want to meet him. He has been to my house & had slept over so he could get away from the wife & her new partner, but I didn't want to be used for my bed – however the sex I recall was pretty good even though he was skin & bones.

One other thing about this guy that always turned me off was his drug taking, he would apparently open up duromine (legal speed used for weight loss) capsules & take some out then seal them back up. Not only do I not believe him as duromine comes in blister packs but who would even do that?!

One night he's coming over but he's taking so long to get to my house that I go to bed & tell him not to come, but he says that he's in my driveway... I reluctantly let him in & I think that the first night he sleeps over.

I stop seeing him, I don't really remember why or what happens but it's done pretty abruptly, I think perhaps he reconciled with his wife. I never asked!

#IBD4U

Work Mum's Friend: 25 Dec 2022

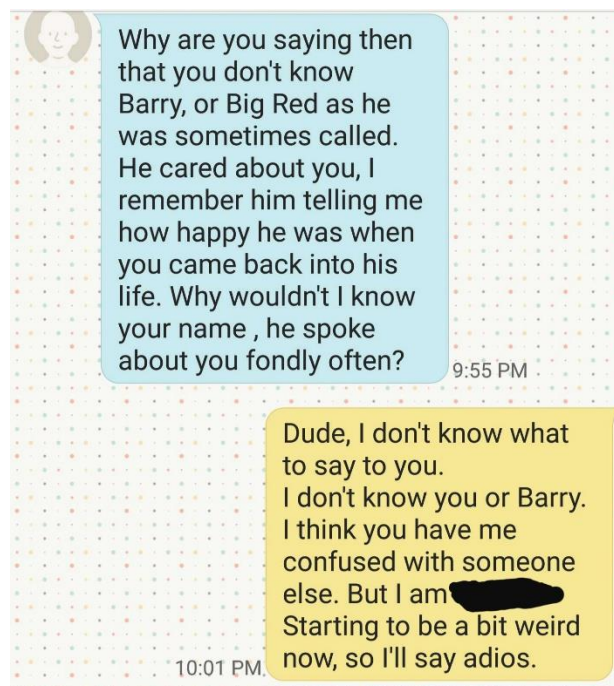
I think at every work place we have a work family, I guess she's my work mum though she's too young to really be my mum so I should say she's my older work sister. He has an electrician who she talks too about me & he says to her that I have a sexy name, I think perhaps this could be my love story... Again before Noodle. He'd just broken up with someone though so I don't want to get involved.

A few years later, I need some electrical work done & forgetting the sexy name comment, she recommends him & I give him a call. It takes him ages to come to my house for a quote & even longer to do the job. He was cute & I would've gone on a date with him, so I text him afterwards to say thanks & we did chat a tiny bit but then it dwindled out... Another romantic comedy scenario bites the dust...

#IBD4U

Big Red: 25 Dec 2022

Minding my on business one night I get a random text from a guy who keeps insisting he knows me. Saying that he is sorry that when big red & I stopped each other that he lost contact with me... I have no idea who big red is, but this guy messaging me seems to know things about me, so either he has me mixed up or someone is sitting opposite me in the pub having a good old laugh! What the fuck... This is so long ago I don't really remember it, but it was so funny, this guy knew my name but everything else was off... Now if you know my name, you'd see why this is so weird, my name is pretty rare – especially for people my age, so not like he could have guessed it. Also he had my number, but all the other facts were so incorrect that I have no idea how this guy got it so wrong... I had to just stop replying, it was getting too weird for me & I was starting to think I had a stalker, but he stopped.



#IBD4U

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Dating
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The hilarious, brutally honest,
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