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Girl with a One-Track Mind

Abby Lee

WARNING: THIS EXTRACT CONTAINS EXPLICIT LANGUAGE

Saturday 1st January

Quite frankly I need a shag.

The last person I slept with was my ex, Steven, and that was months ago. Now I'm gagging for some more action.

Last night I thought I'd struck it lucky. The whole of London was partying. It seemed like I was surrounded by possibilities; everywhere I looked, there were men with potential. So when I encountered not one, not two, but three promising blokes, I figured something would happen with one of them, right?

With some friends from work egging me on, and the help of a few beers, I plucked up the courage to approach one of the guys. I'll call him Party Boy.

As we chatted he seemed funny, sweet and kind. I felt confident enough to flirt a little and even blurted out that he had a nice arse, but he said he didn't want to 'take things any further' and left me standing there on my own by the bar. Result: confused.

Round two: Brainy Bloke.

Shy, but witty and clever. We got into a deep conversation about ID cards. I thought I was in there with a chance, but midway through my polemic on the Labour Party's authoritarianism, he walked off to chat to a pretty blonde girl instead. Result: annoyed.

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Round three: Tall Man.

Smart, and handsome in a cute way. After leaving the club, we drunkenly kissed in the street, then suddenly he said he had to go home to get some sleep and left me there waiting for a night bus. Result: gutted.

I can't understand what went so wrong. I think I'm not a bad looker (if you're into curvy brunettes who go for a run three times a week); I reckon I'm reasonably intelligent, perhaps even funny. I know I'm clumsy and have big feet, but surely having big boobs balances out the negatives?

Something must be really unappealing about me or my approach; I thought at least one of these blokes would result in some action. I was wrong - on three counts. To misread all three situations so badly must surely mean I've lost my mojo? If so, how do I get it back?

And why is this happening now, when I'm in my sexual prime?

I suppose doing a Bridget Jones and sitting in on a Saturday night wondering where all the good men are, doesn't help matters. But after three rejections, I'm not quite sure if I can pluck up my courage and try a new approach just yet. I need a little time to recover.

I'm going to have to do something soon though, because my vibrators are getting a hell of a bashing.

Monday 3rd January

Combine horniness with a new broadband connection and you get a girl who is spending far, far too long on-line.

It's all getting too much for me; the fast downloading speed has meant I keep looking at porn, and then I end up yet again with my hands in my nether regions. What a timewaster I am.

It's not just the porn-surfing either. I've discovered weblogs too, and find them totally compelling. I love finding out what goes on in other people's lives, especially the ones who have more, and more interesting, sex than me. I'm starting to get addicted to some of them and check them every day for new posts.

Not all of my favourites are erotic - well, obviously erotic. Some of them are very funny, and if there's one thing I like - other than good sex - it's someone with a killer sense of humour. If they can make me laugh there's nothing like that endorphin rush; it's a fantastic release of energy, just like a good orgasm. And I certainly like those.

That's probably why a man with a good sense of humour has always made more of an impression on me than someone with a handsome face or who is skilled in bed.

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It's a very sexy quality for a man to have; when he makes me laugh, I loosen up and then I begin to feel at ease, and then it starts to turn me on.

So I can't read the weblogs which make me giggle the most without wondering about the men who write them. They make me feel so good that I find myself wanting to know what they're like in real life, and if they know what pleasure they give me when they write. And that they turn me on. I doubt it.

There's one which stands out. This guy - I'll call him Blog Boy - has me in fits of laughter with every post. I love his style - it's not just that it's hilarious, it's also very honest, and that makes me curious about just how warm and genuine he might be in real life. And yes, he makes my pants wet when I read him, even though I have no idea what he looks like or if he's single.

That sense of humour alone was enough to make me take the plunge and email him to see if he fancied a beer. It's probably stupid - he could be a weird internet psycho for all I know, but I still have to know what might happen if we meet up. If he's anything like his on-line persona it could be very interesting. You never know what might be on the cards. If I get my wicked way with him, that is.

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