

Diaries of an Internet Lover

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Extract

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LOGGING ON . . .

'Why does a good looking girl like you need to cruise a dodgy website for dates?' Are the words my daddy said when I told him what I was intending to do. And I understand why he felt confused. There is a stigma attached to Internet dating, which on many occasions can be justified - especially when you do it through the kind of site that I was intending to use.

Though the website I used is not specifically a dating site, it is notorious for its intimate adult connections. A section of the site, called 'Casual Encounters', is specifically designed for people who are looking for one off meetings with strangers; but we're not talking polite chats over coffee and muffins. It's about discreet, random and totally no-strings-attached sex.

Posts such as 'Wife is away for the weekend, come over and I will give you two hours of solid anal' are commonplace here. But before you snap the book shut thinking that this is a dark and sordid tale of my quest for the filthiest one night stand, just hang on. Call me old fashioned, but I would rather stay home and stub cigarettes out on my cheeks, thank you very much. There is another part to the personals section called 'Women looking for men', which catches the fancy of a much more mild-mannered clientele. It is here that I placed my posts, and, although I didn't actually advertise for sex, it's interesting to know that a subtle approach can achieve equally as successful results as a blatant plea . . .

Even though my healthy social life has always introduced me to multiple eligible lovers, here was a sure fire way for me to seriously satisfy my passion for all things fruity, and meet people who were totally disconnected from my life. I have now worked from home for three years, the chances of Managing Directors of international corporations who want to whisk me off my feet, or super

beautiful French stallions with fixations for performing oral sex walking in the door are few and far between. But with a bit of captivating wording and a few clicks of my mouse, all these fantasies became reality, and I was introduced to a fascinating and diverse list of characters, who have all made the last six months of my life more colourful than I could ever have hoped for.

I suppose I should tell you a little bit about me before I continue with my tale. I'm a 26-year-old female, who lives in London's Marylebone with my Siamese cat Lilu. However, and to save any confusion later, when I started this journal in January 2005 I was 25 and lived in a warehouse conversion in Hackney with seven boys, and of course Lilu, who, as you will come to learn, is my most precious possession.

My background is in TV production and PR, but after losing my job just before Christmas, I knew I wanted to be a writer. Rather than go back into full time employment I decided to take the leap and devote my time to words. That's when the idea to keep a journal of my Internet adventures came to me. After being persuaded by a friend to give it a go last summer, I was amazed by the social opportunities meeting people in this way offered me. Sharing those experiences and opening people's minds to this implausible societal awakening seemed like the obvious next step. Thus *The Diaries of an Internet Lover* were born.

I was born in Scotland but raised in Guernsey and I have lived in London for three years. I love it here and every day discover something new that makes me feel so lucky to live in what I would consider to be the best city in the world. Well, apart from New York, which I think is equally as fabulous, but I'll get to that later on when one of my dates so kindly took me there . . .

I love socialising, eating (a lot), drinking (a lot), writing, talking, walking and dating. Oh, and I love having sex. Nope, I'm not ashamed to say that I love sex for all that it is. I think it's fun, it makes me smile and I could do it all day . . . everyday . . . twice . . . with bells on . . . and maybe a strap on . . . (ha ha, I joke - that's really not my thing!).

When I started to keep this journal in January I had the intention to get it published, but I never really believed that would hap-

pen. I presumed it would be one of those things that people would find under my bed when I died, which my kids would make millions from but I wouldn't see a bean. But at a dinner party on 7 March 2005, when the gentleman sitting next to me asked me what I did, rather than bleat on about my job loss and dire financial straits, I told him about the Internet dates I'd been on and the written accounts I was keeping of them. He thought the idea was fascinating and – what a result – that gentleman was Adrian Sington, the Executive Chairman of Virgin Books. He asked me to send over the little bits that I had done by that point and by noon the next day we were in negotiations for a publishing deal. I couldn't believe my luck; it must have been fate. The good thing about getting the deal then was that it gave me a block of time. It meant that I really did have six months, and six months only to get as much out of the experience as possible. And I have to say . . . I really did!

Meeting people on the Internet wasn't about being kinky. I'm not into meeting strange men in dark toilets and having them fondle my bits while I spank them with a paddle. It's dating, normal dating. Drinks, dinner then the prospect of something more – should both parties be game. It's just a slightly unconventional way of setting it up. People out there reading this through their fingers must relax. Yes, there are horror stories, and I'm not suggesting that there are not. But it can be very safe and legit if you are savvy and judicious about whom you meet. Which I was . . . most of the time.

When I Internet dated there was a genuine connection from the initial email contact. This connection could be anything from a common interest to a similar sense of humour, or even an unspoken sexual attraction that managed to seep its way through the words. This has happened on a few occasions and you'll see a fine example of it with The Wolf, my second date. It was clear we'd caught each other in a horny mood and the conversation couldn't have been anything other than suggestive. It was a real buzz when that happened and, man, did it make the working day go faster!

The banter usually went on for a couple of days, so conversation on the nights flowed well as we already knew so much about

each other. So the only question when we met was: were we going to fancy each other? And I can tell you now, that although there were many unfortunate times when I didn't feel a sexual attraction, there were also many when I did, and they were excruciatingly saucy. It's like you share a secret, like what you're doing is a little bit naughty, like you are involved in a sort of underground dating gang that makes it all that little bit more erotic and gives you a sense of bravery that can result in a seriously engaging encounter.

Also, it's bloody exciting. Exchanging emails with a total stranger then arranging to meet them off the back of some tempting words was an adventure in itself. Every date I went on gave me an adrenalin buzz that isn't quite the same as when I've just gone to the pub, got off my tits, eyed someone up, snogged their face off for a few hours, gone back to theirs and then woken up in the morning doused in a crusty residue, remembering little more than the colour of their pillow. I'm done with that. For the time being anyway . . .

'It's a social experiment father,' I replied, while handing him a tissue to mop his brow. And it was. We put ourselves out there into the world and never quite know how other people perceive us. When I decided to try Internet dating I promised myself that I would remain true and constant in every scenario. What's fascinated me most out of all this is how I react differently to different people. With some people I may be the consummate lady, with others I'm a brazen hussy who can't wait to get my pants off; yet I'm always myself. Hey, I can't help the way that someone makes me feel and I *do* tend to act on impulse.

So, on this site that is most commonly associated with no-strings-attached sex, I placed simple postings along the lines of

Young, attractive, professional female wants to be whisked away. Take me on the date of a lifetime and let's see where it takes us . . .

I changed the posts a few times to attract an assortment of types. And occasionally, if they seemed appealing, I answered other people's.

It was a simple procedure. I decided what I wanted, advertised it and saw who bit my bait. The beauty of it was that I was in utter control of who I responded to. On the site I was anonymous, so no one knew anything about me. It was up to me how much information I divulged as there was no profile form to fill in, unlike many dating sites. And if at any time the banter made me feel threatened or uncomfortable, I could pull out instantly.

I won't lie, not every response was charming. But after sifting through the pictures of cocks – both hard and flaccid, yet all proudly naked – descriptions of sexual abilities or the many emotional outpourings from a load of divorcees, I managed to get some email banter going with some people who interested me enough to want to meet them. And sure, some were not quite who I thought they were going to be. One in particular sent me a picture of someone so far from their actual physical appearance that I actually lost the power of speech for a few hours. A very uncommon event I can tell you. But others – like The Gentleman who so unexpectedly stole my heart or Plato who has become one of my closest and most appreciated friends – are people who have undoubtedly affected my life in no other way but positively and who have made this whole experience so worthwhile.

You'll learn more about The Gentleman later, but for now let me just say that I never went into this looking for love. My singledom is precious to me and Lilo gives me just the amount of commitment that I'm willing to bear right now. I went into this looking for fun, adventure and some hot, steamy lovers who would be in my life as extras, rather than the sole focus of my emotions. I didn't want my life to change, but when something jumps up and bites you on the arse, you have to tend to the wound somehow!

I don't have a prerequisite with men and I certainly don't have a 'type'. I think it's ridiculous to say you would never fancy a blonde, or that anyone with a hairy chest is out. That defies the whole notion of chemistry. I have been out with tall, short, fat, skinny, hairy, bald, spotty, leathered and baby-faced men, and although I know which ones I favour, I would never say never on the others. Saying that though, I do prefer them to be the tallest,

but that's only really so I can wear stilettos and not feel like a street light.

The only feature that I was keen to avoid was dating men in their 20s. This is just down to experience. I reckon they are not far enough out of 'lad culture' from their university years, so individually they are usually inept at being with women. Yes, yes, not all I know, excuse my sweeping generalisation. But remember I said I used to live with seven boys? Let's just say I'm talking from experience. As much as I love them as friends, lovers . . . NO! And anyway, my social life is full of twentysomethings – I did this to spread my wings and experiment with age, occupation, nationality and anything else that makes someone a bit different from my usual squeezes. Including sex . . .

I could never deny being a bit bi-curious. And I'm surprised at how many women actually responded to my post, even though I was appealing for men. It got me thinking. Here is an opportunity to experiment in a low key, confidential and incredibly sexy way. So on the section of the website called 'women looking for women' I placed a simple post that read:

26 yr old female, professional, intelligent, heterosexual yet curious. Looking for a chance to experiment. If there is anyone else who wants to see how it could be, the other way, then get back to me.

I was inundated. It would seem that there are hundreds of women out there with secret desires that they are looking to explore. Interestingly, just like when I appealed for men, I got numerous oddbods going straight for the 'look at my genitals' approach. A swarm of horny housewives chucked over naked bath shots, bum shots, tit shots and, wait for it . . . straight up the middle shots. But through the many pairs of open legs I once again saw the light and found myself a very desirable lady to enjoy an evening with . . .

On top of this there were other responses that caught my eye. One in particular from a young lady called Gillian, who asked me to join her and her boyfriend for a night of 'fun'. At first I simply

read the email and moved to the next, but instinct took me back, and over the course of six months such a friendship developed that I actually did go and meet them, and it brought my adventure to a liberating and climactic close that I would never have foreseen when I set out to write this book.

It would have been impossible for me to include every person that I had banter with, or even all of the dates that I went on, but the following accounts of the ones that had the most impact on me are genuine and explicit. It's a humorous and sexy journey, a tale of lust, heartache, repulsion and risk taking which has taught me reams about who I am and who I share this crazy world with.

I hope you enjoy them. I did, but you'll see that for yourselves!

Post A

Young, attractive, professional female wants to be whisked away. Take me on the date of a lifetime and let's see where it takes us . . .

Post B

I don't know if I want sex yet. How would I know until I had met you? I want to be taken out for dinner, wined and dined the proper way in nice places. Treated like a lady then I will decide.

I like dating and no one does it properly . . .

I have my own money, its not about that, I just want a Hollywood style scenario where I'm whisked off my feet by a guys charm . . . is that too much to ask?

I'm a creative person, interesting, funny and attractive. I want to meet someone interesting who is looking for a bit of an adventure.

I can't deny I have a fantasy of a suited city worker where the sky is the limit

I want to have some fun . . . any offers??

Post C

Hey

I'm 27, very attractive and professional.

January is just so dull, don't you think?

My social life is great but I fancy a random night of fun with a total stranger. If I'm honest I would quite like to be spoilt rotten and made to feel a bit special . . . we all need that once in a while and that's the one thing my life doesn't offer. Anyone want to whisk me off my feet and show me how a guy is supposed to treat a woman?

Post D

If you are:

MALE

27-35

Successful

Funny

Not a relationship retard

Just too busy or not sleazy enough to try to pull in bars

Charming

Graceful

Sexy but not pushy

Experienced

Preferably not divorced

Confident

Love pretty ladies

Love socializing

Flirty

etc. etc .

Then get in touch

Me? I'm in my twenties, kind, honest, intelligent and craving
someone to show me how exciting life can be.

Anyone out there??

Bring on the ideas for the perfect first date and I'll do my best
to be there!

Post E

The girl who seems to have everything is missing something . . .
any ideas?

FRIDAY 7 JANUARY

Monsieur Cunni
Bon Appétit!

Post A

07/01/2005 13.23

From: Monsieur Cunni
To: Dawn
Subject: Bonjour

Hi,

My name is **** and I am a 31 yrs old French.

I would love to take you to dinner as I know a few places and wines is no secret for me.

What type of food do you enjoy most or would you prefer a surprise . . .

Have you ever tried a French lover? If not then you must.

I am free all weekend hope to ear from you.

I have attached my picture x

07/01/2005 13.39

From: Dawn
To: Monsieur Cunni
Subject: Bonjour

You are a good looking man . . . very nice!

Look like you take care of yourself quite well . . . I like your confidence, sexy!

What food do I like? French, for sure. If garlic had a willy I would marry it . . . where you taking me?

07/01/2005 15.49

From: Monsieur Cunni

To: Dawn

Subject: Bonjour

I know one called Eire Brother very nice with Mediterranean food and good wine and what is even better with room on Friday night! Where do you want to meet? Do you have a picture?

07/01/2005 16.58

From: Dawn

To: Monsieur Cunni

Subject: Bonjour

First question . . . what exactly did you mean by 'with room'? Interesting! Pic attached x

07/01/2005 17.08

From: Monsieur Cunni

To: Dawn

Subject: Bonjour

I meant that it is not always fully booked on Friday eve. Tres mignone! (Very pretty) Shall I book?

07/01/2005 17.14

From: Dawn

To: Monsieur Cunni

Subject: Bonjour

YES x

I can get to you for eight . . . that cool?

07/01/2005 17.48

From: Monsieur Cunni

To: Dawn

Subject: Bonjour

Eight is OK. Do you know the bar called The Electric Showrooms near Hoxton square?

07/01/2005 17.50

From: Dawn

To: Monsieur Cunni

Subject: Bonjour

The Electric Showrooms? I know it very well . . . see you there at eight!

ps -how tall are you? It's important to know what height shoes to wear . . .

07/01/2005 17.57

From: Monsieur Cunni

To: Dawn

Subject: Bonjour

180cm you will have to convert!

The Date

One hundred and eighty centimetres? My maths concluded that this made him fifteen feet tall . . . don't ask – I still haven't managed to get my maths GCSE. The figure suggested that I might have calculated incorrectly, so I decided that 180cm was probably six foot and, as planned, chose to wear my three inch stilettos.

I liked his bold emails, his straight-up and confident style was appealing and his photo was very cute. He stared right into the camera, big, deep brown eyes that I instantly imagined looking down into mine. I was in a particularly horny mood that night and had some seriously naughty intentions; my imagination was on override before I had even met him.

'You do not need ayt,' he said as he stood to greet me. I was slightly unsure of what he meant, but his dance-like foot movements made it clear that he was referring to my high heels. We measured out at around the same height, which was something of a relief. I like it when I'm not the tallest.

He looked just like he did in his photo. Tanned and flawless skin, short dark hair, cheeky smile with a couple of dimples and a particularly massive conk – I said conk, Jesus, give me a chance! – which in a strange way, really complemented his face.

'Which drink would you want?' He asked as he turned towards the bar.

I said a Jack Daniel's and Diet Coke and he walked away. Worried about the language barrier I relayed the word 'Diet' to him approximately three times. He got it right. As you would if someone repeatedly shouted something at you. He was French, not stupid; I soon learnt that.

Conversation started very easily, he glugged on his pint and I sucked on my straw. It wasn't particularly flirtatious, work stuff, French stuff and social life stuff . . . the usual. He was quite huffy. Raised shoulders, arms crossed, legs crossed, protrusive bottom lip. Like he was constantly saying 'I don't give a sheet.' And he did that thing that French people do when they hold their hands out like weighing scales, while pushing their chins into their necks and raising their eyebrows. I liked it, it was sexy as all was performed with a constant smirk, which undisputedly said 'I want to take off your knickers and stick my Eiffel Tower up your Watford Gap.'

We finished our drinks and walked a couple of streets to the restaurant. He led the way, waving his hands at speeding traffic and not making too much conversation. I tried but he was concentrating on getting there, so I quickly learnt not to bother.

The restaurant was pretty quiet, he had been right again; there was lots of 'room' for a Friday. I joked that in his email I thought that he was telling me that the meal is much more fun on a Friday when you have a room booked in the hotel upstairs, but he assured me I had got it wrong. We looked at the menus but he took control of the wine order, and I let him decide on our starter - a Spanish ham that we shared and that he spoke about a little too much. I mean, don't get me wrong, it was delicious but there is only so much you can say about ham . . . no matter how expensive it is.

The waiter brought over a dish of what looked like two sausages, I happily dived in. He stared at them, but didn't touch.

'That's pig blood, and guts . . . it is clotted blood and guts,' he announced as I took my second mouthful. A menstrual sow came flowing into my mind and I almost projectile vomited it across the room.

'I'm sorry, I need to urinate, that is not once, but three times I've gone . . . it is because of my pint.' He sauntered off to the toilets.

He didn't need to tell me that he had gone three times, I wouldn't have noticed. He had only been to the loo once since I'd been with him. But, I suppose all information is good information.

While he was away I had a chance to think. I wasn't feeling quite as naughty as I had been earlier on. I think that was to do with the pace of the evening so far. We hadn't been laughing lots, nor doing a particular amount of flirting, so my horniness had been tamed a little. However, when he returned from the loo the whole tempo of the evening changed when he burst out with the following comment.

'I just hate the way the British FAT!'

I choked on my rioja.

'Derr, um . . . baa . . . excuse me?'

'The way that they FAT! I was standing at the urinal, one British man on my right, one on my left. The one on my left did the biggest FAT I have ever 'eard, and neither of them reacted, like it was totally normal. I'm telling you it was the biggest FAT I have ever 'eard.'

Unsure of how to respond to such outrage at my country's gaseous habits, I did what any normal and slightly ashamed English woman would do in that situation and howled with laughter. It took him a few moments but he eventually joined in, and we chewed on the remains of our posh ham while giggling profusely and making the occasional raspberry noise.

He was a gentleman, in as much as he poured my wine, stood up when I stood up, looked at me when I spoke to him and laughed at my jokes (probably the most important thing). As we settled into the evening I fell more and more for him, his sweetness, usually a quality that irritates me in men, was so endearing and genuine. He wasn't one of those guys who do sweet things because that's what he thinks he should do; he did them because they came naturally to him and it was very welcome. He wasn't cringeworthy, even though he was very attentive. Lots of 'You are so beautiful's and 'I cannot stop but look into your eyes.' God knows how but it was working on me. It wasn't hard to refuse

dessert so we could get somewhere else and be slightly less civilised.

After dinner we walked over to Catch on the Kingsland Road. It was packed and over the bar I could see someone that I knew. I did everything I could not to catch her eye as I couldn't bear it if she came over. Not because I was ashamed of him or how we had met, but because I could not for the life of me remember his bloody name. I had been racking my brains all night, but wasn't stressing too much as I didn't really need it. I knew that if I saw him again after that night I could just read my emails and get it, but it would have been awful if I had to introduce him to someone.

She saw me and I strained a smile. She gestured that she was going to come over. I panicked and did the first thing that came into my mind to detour her. When he asked me what I wanted to drink I launched myself at his face and kissed him. At first it was erratic; he was blatantly taken aback as I nosed away at his lips like a hungry dog. But soon I had forgotten all about my friend and was so involved with what I would comfortably describe as one of the most sensuous kisses of my life that my mind could only focus on one thing. Him.

We kissed for ages; it must have been about five full minutes, which is a pretty long time as far as snogging in public goes. I couldn't stop. When he did eventually put both hands up to my face and stroke my cheeks with his thumbs I was totally delirious. It took me about thirty seconds to come back into the room and open my eyes, when I did so he was looking right into them.

'What drink will you have?' He asked with his outrageously sexually provocative grin.

I shook my head slowly.

He knew exactly what I meant, took me by the hand and led me out the door.

We didn't speak as he steered me to his nearby flat. Behind his front door we collapsed onto some stairs where more kissing took place, yet this time much harder and more passionate. I could have eaten him alive right there and then, but he had other ideas.

'Come,' he instructed as he gestured me to walk up.

'That won't be a problem,' I murmured.

Up two flights and I was aching for him. As he put his key in the hole I stood behind him, kissing his neck and groping his crotch. It would appear that the feeling was most definitely mutual.

His flat was open plan with a small kitchen in one corner with an open door next to it that led into a bathroom. On the other side of the room there was a double futon. The sheets were red and it had lots of pillows. It looked very comfortable and so I was ecstatic when he led me straight to it. The lights coming through the windows from the street outside were ample so that we could see each other clearly, yet it was soft and inoffensive enough to be incredibly sexy.

We lay down and kissed again, I automatically manoeuvred myself so that I could get on top of him but he restrained me and saw me onto my back. He knelt between my legs and undid my jeans, occasionally lifting my top and kissing my belly.

He slid off my jeans but left my knickers on. I went to take them off but he stopped me and shook his head.

He moved down the bed so that he was lying flat. Both arms were under each of my legs so his hands were looped through and resting on my hips, leaving his face between my legs.

He looked up. My head, which was perched comfortably on his mound of pillows, was positioned perfectly so I could watch him. Even though our intertwinement suggested exactly what was about to happen, the fact that he had chosen to leave my underwear on left me with a sense of unknowing which was driving me crazy.

He remained motionless for a while. I kept subtly tilting myself towards him, desperate for contact but each time I thrust he pulled his head away. I shut my eyes, realising that what was going to happen next was entirely his call.

Then what seemed like hours later he kissed me. The cotton of my sodden knickers felt cold as it was pushed back against my skin. He planted various pressured kisses on them; as they got harder I could feel the warmth from his mouth.

Now my thrusts were uncontrollable and he granted me the lib-

erty of gentle movement. He removed his right arm from under my legs pulled his face away as he moved my knickers to one side. My hands were on my face, motionless with anticipation.

He ran a finger over me. Slowly circling the bit that matters before slipping it inside. I sank deeper into the bed.

He licked the full length of me before locking his lips in place and putting his arm back under my leg, holding me so that I couldn't move again. It was just moments until I came. He stayed suckled onto me as I pushed into his face. I found it almost impossible to move my body.

Bliss.

'You see why you must 'av a French lover?'

I giggled.

'Yes, yes I see where your coming from now.'

I was trying to build up the power to return the favour, but when I gently pulled him up and kissed him he said.

'Tonight was for you. That was enough pleasure for me.'

Surely not!

I tried again.

'No, really, that was as sexy for me as it was for you. I'm 'appy!'

He lay back, linked his fingers and rested his palms on his belly. I sat forward and reached for my jeans. I hadn't planned to actually stay the night but I didn't think it was going to be quite so easy to leave.

I took my knickers off. They were soaking and I didn't want to catch a cold, it was freezing outside. I pulled on my jeans, stuffed my pants in my bag, gave him a kiss on the cheek and left one very happy bunny.

Bravo!