

# Emma's Bedroom Talk. Why I Am Attracted To Strangers (men) 3/30/13

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A ride back in time relating how I picked up male hitchhikers and thought nothing of it. Well until the third and final time. With that in mind you would think I would not pick up men online. Nope! Plus of course I am still missing Myster Man!

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Dear Ladies,  
3/30/13

I am trying to figure out how all of my men fit into my life. Also, more importantly: Why do I continue to be drawn strangers, particularly men? This trait has always been a part of my personality. I have made friends in places such as Walmart, work, & school. However, this is my first (& last) Mystery Man online, my male advisor (no sex talk) in a plane, and reconnected with my First Kiss on Facebook. Hubby is of course number 1, Mystery Man #2, First Kiss #3, and Advisor # 4. I am divulging more info about my past. I hope you enjoy.

I got my first car in 86â a yellow 84â Nissan Sentra stick shift, named Lola, after the song Lola by The Kinksâ I know what I am, and what I am is a man and so is Lola.â Yes, somehow I trusted Lola to let me know if the hitchhikers I dared to pick-up. We (Lola and I) picked up male hitchhikers for a year before I learned my lesson. Our first lift was two cute guys with thumbs out and could not resist stopping. They actually took me pretty far out of my way but I drove them home anyway. They were nice and never made any rude comments or advances towards me at all. I do remember the guy with dark brown eyes asking if I lived alone since, I had a box of tide in the back seat. But that was all and they offered me cash that I refused.

The second guy I picked up was a young man who was standing next to his car holding a gas can. He also, had a buddy with him. He reminded me of my brother with his sandy blonde hair and wearing work pants and boots. This time I was a bit more cautious by having his buddy stay back and wait at the car. He was very nice and spoke to me casually. When I refused to accept money he brought me back a soda and chips. I waited for him to get his car running again and then watched as he waved goodbye to me. With this as another good experience under my belt up picking up strange men was not at all awkward for me.

My third and final hitchhiker was a middle aged man around 50 year and I was about 20 years of age. His car was stranded next to him and he too, was holding a gas can. I pulled up and did not find him attractive in any way at all. His body was hidden in a long black coat and he had greasy black hair and cold eyes. I did not get any feedback that he was friendly but, I was not terrified so, I let him in anyway. He just sat there staring out the window not saying a word. I cannot stand silence from people it always makes me feel uneasy. When we arrived I waited until he pumped his gas then when he entered gas station door and yelled out the window that I was leaving. I still have eerie chills revisiting this day. I am pretty certain I would have vanished that night had I not fled!

Despite that encounter I still trust people unconditionally until they give me a reason not to. Allowing Mystery Man in my life even, though it is through virtual space, is one of the best things that has happened to me in a long while. I cannot be upset that he has not written me in two weeks because, it was my idiotic suggestion. I got way too deep with my private thoughts that I have never shared with anyone (including hubby) and he called me complex. After a few uncomfortable messages I said I would leave him be until Easter Monday. Only I broke that promise and sent him three instead. When he did not respond I began thinking he is threw with me. Oh wow I must really sound crazy since, I am now reading what I am writing for you.

A couple of friends of mine have warned me to be careful in talking to these new men. They could not believe I met my Advisor on the plane ride with my family on the same flight. This man is not only good

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looking, but he is a gentleman too. He showed me his business card with his real name to prove his honesty to me. Then he too, warned me about be unconditionally trusting of Mystery Man. It is flattering to have another stranger care about my wellbeing. This new man has sent me encouraging messages and has even mentioned his wife to me. He made it clear not to ask, speak of, or initiate conversations about sex. He just wants to help me understand how men work. Both Mystery and Advisor agree I have much more to learn about men.

The last online friend I have is my First Kiss that I wrote about in a previous post. He contacted me on Facebook a little while back. I have known him and his family since I was 13 and his sister is married to my cousin. Therefore I have no reason to think he would do me harm. I asked him if he remembered kissing me over 30 years ago and he did. He actually recalled the person who stopped him from snatching my virginity. When he asked me if I spilled beer on him, I cleaned up the BS I wrote in the first paper by removing the orgy scene. Yes, I made that up but, the kiss was very real. His return message was nice saying I made him feel young again. He said I made him feel young and gave him a hard on. Then he went onto describe his worn out body and said that he "kind of" hopes I work it out with hubby. I am not sure what he meant by that statement.

Finally there is hubby who I told about Mystery Man from the beginning. Although hubby is aware that we talk about pretty much anything he has not told me to stop speaking to him. Hubby did make the comment a few times "HE DOES NOT CARE ABOUT YOU!" Perhaps a little jealousy or is it that maybe my friend, Advisor, and hubby recognize something I do not? I am not at liberty to divulge what we speak about, however, Mystery Man has never once made me feel anything other than deserving of being more than I am. It is with his help that I found a reason to live my life again. I am actually smiling all the time and can assure you that Advisor would not have taken an interest in me a couple of months ago. My hair was dirty blonde and my stomach was larger than my boobs, causing me to look much older. My outlook on life was dismal to say the least. Although at that time I could tell you all the latest gossip in Hollywood.

Looking back over the year's one must assume I have some sort of daddy complex. I did not know my dad very well and only have a faded picture of us together. Thankfully I had a wonderful, healthy, and happy childhood that included a deep relationship with my grandpa. He was the kindest, gentle man I have ever known. He just chewed his gum or sucked on Halls Cough Drops while I blabbed to him about everything. He never grew tired of me or my grandma. I see a lot of his patient qualities in Mystery Man and believe that is why I am attracted to him. I must stress that I have zero desire to sleep with Mystery Man or any other man. For now I have decided to remain committed to hubby! Yup, no divorce for me!

Heartfelt Sincerity, Rose

P.S. Tomorrow is Easter and Lent is over! YAY! I am making a special Easter Basket for hubby. I gave up sweets so, I could not do our syrup shower. I am buying Hershey's Carmel Syrup for our shower, and soft Carmel Chews to swap back and forth as we kiss. I may have to add some whip cream too.

Have a Happy Easter! Rose



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