



Profiling
Potential

LOVERS  ONLINE

SAMPLE PREVIEW CHAPTERS

DATE RiGHT Profiling Potential Lovers Online

By Patty Ann

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Foreword

While many still regard looking online for a partner as *desperate*, the fact is, approximately 40% of Americans have looked online for love! And, stats say that men at 52% outnumber women at 48% for online profiles! Another interesting tidbit; approximately 20% of committed relationships started online. And, sadly 48% use email, or text, to end a relationship. Goes to show social media breakups bite.

Statistics aside, online dating captivates and titillates our sensibilities. From intentions of getting a fast hook up to luring a lifetime partner, the fascination of finding our next dream date is addicting.

At the heart of every online relationship is an adrenaline rush. A thrill is knowing your certain someone waits inside your email account.

Life changing promises flow free. As friendship turns into personal disclosure, doorways open. Boundaries cease to exist. Together you have co-created the perfect online contract. Nirvana indeed exists, at your fingertips.

Yet curiosity has a price. When expectations are met with empty promises. When commitment falls through with no return. When you decide you no longer want to be this person's secret. What do you do?

Profiled here are my real life online encounters. Should I admit there were more than many? Yes. Particularly, after I earned my certificate in divorce! Among them, there were more first-last dates than my fingers can count. Many engagements had an intention of becoming more than *just* a date night. To which they went home disappointed.

Then there were those who disappointed me. With their twenty year old pictures. It was odd to dine with decrepit old men wannabes living in the past. They were good *only* for a free meal. And, a few had an agenda for my life to which they had all figured out on our first date! Some, I dated for awhile and just for fun. These didn't stick around too long since I didn't put out. Men don't want girls as friends. They want a girlfriend.

There were special ones. One in particular who shone a light into my world during darkness. We remains friends still, just as we had promised. There were those who were sweet, and wanted more than I could give. And those, who, when learned of my bipolar background ran like the plague.

During my final years online I grew tired. Of the constant condition of my affair\$ these potentials wanted to suck out of me. I found a quick remedy. After we went down the avenue of *what do you do?* Rather than explain, I sent men to my website. Best idea ever to cull off the weak and the meek.

My life is an open book. Literally. All one has to do is peruse my book covers for a myriad of controversial topics. What can I say? My life was lived in the land of BIG contrasts. But no more. However, the writer-teacher in me indulges. So my subject matter scared plenty of men away. Or, I was told I was to *brainy* for them.

And, a few read my books only to become groupies. Alas, I gave up. Deciding karma and fate would just figure it out for me.

Before all these aforementioned, I met a few chosen characters online who left an indelible impression on my psyche. Perhaps, and because, these were my first introductions into the online dating arena. And, to which I now must share. So, follow in my footsteps. For granted by my lovers online came adventures turned into lessons hard won.

Beckoning Call

Are you privileged to be among a most unique blend of folks unimaginable? A social class that interacts primarily in the domain of the internet world when it comes to seeking companionship? Social networking is not new. Online pursuits is love is not unorthodox. And, there is one driving force. That is millions of us seek to find our soul mate online. I deem this a beckoning call.

Since the onset of online dating services there is a whole social sub-culture that has spawned. It is a class of distinction, much like wearing designer clothes. Online lovers are a special breed of audience. Seeking love online comes with its gambles and payoffs. A quest can be rewarded in a variety of ways. With a casual encounter, seeking creative adventures, or perhaps to find a lifetime mate.

My own fingers discovered this online world much by accident, more by fate, and largely out of curiosity. Here I will openly share my-and my mates- stories and experiences. Why? To tell you my lessons learned. And, besides, this all makes for an amusing tale.

Readers please be entertained. You may see yourselves inside these familiar scenarios. Or, if you are new to the online dating scene then you will have many caveats to ponder.

All names were changed, however the events are very real. However, if you find yourself described in any such scenario, I would personally like to thank you for contributing to this book!

DATE RiGHT

Profiling Potential Lovers Online

The Online Motivation

Loneliness. Seeking a mate. Finding a cheap thrill. All are reasons why I began looking online for friendship. Curiosity and wonder that provide stolen moments of pleasure were temptations. But, the idea of looking at others secrets were intoxicating.

Craigslist (CL) is fun. Sometimes it is actually amusing. Anyone will agree, because anything goes. I've used CL since it's inception and have sworn by it. To unload things I've sold all sorts of perfectly good sh*t to the buying public.

CL use to be a good gig until folks started spamming, listing hoaxes, and turned into no show flakes. But, for awhile it was decent. Probably still is considering the given situation.

People told me about m4w, w4m, and misc. romances. So my curiosity got me to wandering. To the far left column. Occasionally I'd sneak a peak. For fun of course. Then I'd run back to the safety of the classifieds as if caught with my hand in the cookie jar. The temptation was insufferable. Then occasionally my eyes and fingers would travel back to forbidden fruit.

I would read in awe what people, both—men and women, heterosexuals, bisexuals, gay and lesbian, wanted in a mate. Everyone was seeking some—thing. Yes, they coveted love. And, here the merits of a perfect partner waited to be revealed. Inside

electrons and cold, rigid displays of computers, anticipation waited. At times it was for a hook-up. In my day we called it the one-night-stand.

Others were looking for advice. A sympathetic ear. To a couple ads I began responding. I had logical opinions, plenty of life experience, so why not share a perspective. Sometimes people just want to be told what they already know. Either way, they were grateful.

One person had a ridiculously silly poem. Since that point, this poem has been around the world and back. But at that time I had to write and ask if this person was the author. This non author was a man. We began corresponding and over several months time we grew to know each other pretty well.

What we both got was we enjoyed the attention of the opposite sex. You know how it goes. Are you married? How many kids you got? Where do you live? What do you do for fun? Blah, blah, boring. Really for the most part you want to skate right through to get to the meat of who this person is and what they can offer you.

Then there comes that day when you start the real connection: What went wrong with your last partner? Why did he or she leave? Was there infidelity? What happened in your relationships? Humans only seemed interested in the dirt. I'm no exception.

However, I crave info that goes one step beyond. I want to know: what a person learned from their relationships. It's the teacher in me. It also shows me the depth and type of character that I am conversing with. To take an event and learn a bit of something from this event shows a person has curiosity and backbone.

That merits fiber.

Anyway, this man; I'll call him "Terry". It was very apparent to me, WE would never BE, even for a fling. He was nice enough to keep as a friend. But that was it. Eventually we met. Yes we actually did. I was on a road trip and dropped by his town. We met. Upon first meeting we didn't even shake hands. Kiss or hug? Nope. Truthfully? Terry, well, he grossed me out. He was unkempt, in poor health, and overweight. This screamed of someone who had issues. BIG issues.

Nonetheless I valued our friendship and I am dog loyal to those who befriend me. And I would have hugged him. Really, it's true. But Terry would have to make the first move. He didn't.

Anyway, straight up Terry pissed me off. He showed up 30 minutes late. How rude is that? I lived 5 hours away. Him only 15 minutes. Red Flag. Next day it was the same. Twenty minutes pass due. We weren't *an item* and had no chance of that, so I let it pass.

I guess it is my issue that I think being that late is disrespectful. Anyway, we did have a good time. Terry showed me around town and took me to lunch. Our final good-bye was flat, emotionless. We never touched.

I continued to write my friend when I got home. I never heard from him again. Guess he figured, "What's the point?" True. But I just don't throw away friends too soon. That is also my problem.

Online lovers we weren't. The potential was never there. Not for me anyway. Perhaps he held out hope. I guess people don't want friends unless it serves them. Especially guys hunting girls. That's okay too.

I just have an issue about staying in touch with a friend. In the end Terry was probably smarter than I. Continuing a relationship that was never to be, even as friends, was pointless. And, truthfully many a man has told me that if a gal don't put out they don't hang around. That is just the way a man is wired. Unless they are gay.

What did I learn from that encounter? That you can learn a whole lot from writing someone. If you are both reasonably educated and know how to articulate words, then you'll read their storybook. Online provides an anonymous portrait of who you—or they are. Rejection is minimized. You save a bunch on dates. Why waste time if it is not to be? You can paint and control the perimeter of the type of relationship you seek. You can be incognito. The world is at your finger tips. What a smorgasbord! It's a thrill. It's an emotional high when another person wants to spend their time chatting with you. It smacks: *you are special to me*. And who doesn't want that elation?

There is a flip side. The human connection. As you become vested, your emotions drive you. What you say, how you say it, when, and where, even- and ironically online. You begin projecting who you are to this *Online Lover*. You paint a pretty picture and then some. Dare you get rejected. An online rejection is devastating. I know. Save that for another chapter.

An online friend can tell half-truths. Or a downright lie. They can be married, in prison, otherwise inaccessible, and say not. Without the face2face (F2F) contact a person never fully knows what is fact from fiction. Body language is 90% of communication. That speaks loud. People may actually change their lives for better, or worse. Feelings hide behind email encounters. Fragile emotions, online, are just as vulnerable. People get hurt. Disillusionment results when

your online lover rejects you. A human's basic instinct to breed and belong is all consuming. And it drives us forward as we open yet another online ad.

From this experience I learned that we are all seeking....life partners, friends, lovers, casual sex, group sex or other. I wanted a man's perspective. And his friendship. I got both. Yet, I didn't stop there.

I should tell you upfront, at this time I was very married. About 33 years worth. Shame on me? I didn't believe I crossed a line. Yet. I was dying inside. My marriage was dead. We got together when we were babies. He was my soul mate. I thought. And, for the rest of my life I had hoped. Turned out we had 2 marriages. The first one for about 15 years B.C. That's Before Children. Then life got hard. This is not the time and place to spill my marital woes. We all have them. Simply put we became 2 separate people walking our own paths.

In any event I found myself living life as a single because he was preoccupied with his hobby cars. Even though I pleaded, sadly there was no room for "US" anymore. Hadn't been for years. Communication was nil. I discussed. He didn't talk. Counseling? Nadda. Zilch. It was difficult. No, it was next to impossible to have a relationship. Our life isolated me. I needed validation. I wanted male companionship. My career and family life was full, yet I was adrift without a raft, much less a boat. I carried a happy face, but this didn't sway my world as it worsened.

And, so after Terry I continued to write a couple other men. They too lived afar. This kept me safe. One wanted to hit the hay pronto. We wrote for a bit. I wanted to know what made him tick. He had an

Asian wife who he said did not like sex. How did he put it? *She didn't understand the need for human fornication.* Hogwash. Unless one is a Eunuch, everyone gets the biological urges. I suspected the wife made him a kept man. Didn't sound like his work life was too demanding. Or that he worked, much. In retrospect he was a playboy. Period.

Anyway, this guy said he had a long term relationship with another gal. He was looking for someone to fill her shoes. Apparently, the gal's husband got a job elsewhere, so bye-bye pussy. This person was interesting, but his language and reasoning didn't sit well with me. Too self serving. After I asked for his pic and sent him mine, we never emailed again. I just had to see who it was that I had been conversing with. He was a fine enough looking guy, for a cheese puff that is only good for one crunch.

After a time or two it doesn't take much to know exactly who you are attracted to, or not. There is an online feel for the “game”. The words your significant other picks to use in his/her ad are tip offs. Perhaps their sense of humor relates well with you. Maybe it's their flirting style. Our online encounters mirror who we want- or need to meet at that time in our dating speculation.

For instance, there was a very nice guy that I had a long term chat with. Married forever like me. But, sex with his wife was 100% missionary style, lights out, and the under covers all the damn time. Endlessly boring. He was seeking a fun ride. Our emails were playful, amusing, and honest. He was also seeking to recover his lost soul mate. 10 years prior he found her. Lost his heart to her, but made a stellar choice to remain loyal to his family. I offered to meet him (as friends) as I drove through his town on occasion. Never

would hear from him, until much later. Some men like the thrill of the hunt. The titillation of the attention. They dream. They taunt you. But when the rubber is suppose to meet the road, they just don't DO it. They lack courage. Or, are frantic they might be found out.

Oh, and there was that cowboy from the outback. Said he liked to get- and give oral. Whoa there. Had to check him out. He serenaded me morning and night for a week, or two. Then I sent my picture and the coyote call stopped. Most guys don't like short hair. They have no idea what they are missing. Or they get a picture in their head straight up about how someone *should* look. And when they don't? Never no mind.

There may have been others. Can't remember. Probably not. Probably those encounters drifted out of my brain as fast as they entered. Anyway, why complicate things. I had a marriage to get out of and I didn't need to add another human to that stress. Or did I?

The Surprise

After a few email entertainments, one night I again found myself perusing CL classifieds. The m4w and Misc. Romance section. I was far from home, looking online in another state to pass time. Distance was a safety net. Where my online endeavors did not have to be hidden.

I crossed a title *Looking for a friend and a lover*. Nothing too unusual about that. So I looked inside. The wording was short and sweet and much like other ads that I read. This person sounded more (than less?) sincere. Don't know why but I sent a note in response. My note read:

Hi! I'm in same situation. Where in E. OR are you? Tell me more about yourself. Within a day I got back a note from "John Carter". I sent back another short note.....

Hi John,
What does NSA - mean? Sometimes I don't get these acronyms!
Wow, blanket-blank is way out of my range of travel :-(
Well, good luck to you...if you want to chat on here that's fine too.
-Ann

To this day I'll never know why I added on that last line, ...*if you want to chat on here that's fine too*. Obviously, it was an invitation to keep our conversation going. Probably I was prompted from beyond this 3D world. Intuition is like that.

Thank You for Previewing



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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Patty Ann is a life-long educator who has taught college, high school, and was an Instructional Designer who wrote training for corporate development. Now Patty authors a variety of genres. From fiction and non-fiction, to real life use-it-now lesson books.

Patty is an avid animal lover. Her book proceeds benefit animal welfare through her **Patty Ann's Pet Project** a 501(c)(3). View more thought provoking books and/or contact Patty through her website at **PattyAnn.net**. Thank you!

