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Chiller Dream
The Seductress
Greedy Libido

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MICK

After my split with possessive Colin, I lost faith in men and stared at the ground instead of at men's crotches, until I met Mick. He brought me back to life and gave me back my pervy eye. My sexual confidence returned, and sex with him shocked me to the core. I still think about our footsy session when I head to Manchester for my favourite chocoholic.

Silence rarely echoed the streets during my very early trot to work. The sound of attention seeking wails and annoying coughs from smokers sucking in long inhalations filled the air, melting with the erratic traffic.

Wind swirled through the air picking up debris and litter from the dirty pavements, and I immediately used the sleeve of my purple woolen coat to protect my contact lenses, which gave me more than my fair share of discomfort.

That day, I pranced like a jailbird just released from prison past the same old shops and beautifully scented bakeries who often seduced me inside to buy tea and hot buttered two-inch thick toast, except this morning I craved only my full fat latte.

The calm but sporadic gusty wind brushed against my skin, pushing a sexy ringlet onto my face. Although I smiled at a multitude of happy and sad faces, I received only odd looks in return.

Overnight, my personality changed from one of misery to one of spontaneous joy after dumping Colin. Happiness dominated my face, but occasionally I thought of him and how his harsh words deflated me. “You’re not good enough for anyone else but me,” and “your thighs are getting a little chunky,” turned me paranoid inward whenever a man admired my thighs.

Friends and family continued to ask me why I remained in such a destructive mentally abusive relationship. Instinct told me repeatedly, *why do you put up with this shit! Surely, you deserve better.*

My issue with low self-esteem overpowered my unbearable, critical mind. The best bit of all was that Colin meant nothing to me on my good days. Thoughts of him turned into an uncomfortable itch, like those felt on the right hand that should be avoided as it rids the superstition of prosperity. Dispersing the nasty memories of his evil nature took over my sexy swagger. Every time a harsh memory arose, I strutted with my head held high. The need to get flirty with sexy strangers took hold like a supernatural power overruling all sane thought.

The emergence of the thoughts, *I’m not good enough* somehow vanished, and in stepped faith and hope for a happy existence with someone kind and mentally together. Overnight, I changed from a frumpy, under-confident girl who covered her curvy figure in loose, unflattering clothes into a girl charged with vibrancy.

Without Colin’s disappointing eyes to judge me, I enjoyed experimenting with unique fragrances and splayed them on the nape of my neck and wrists to excite the spark in others. The tight clothing I hid during my relationship now dominated my wardrobe and accentuated my pear-shaped figure.

Dressed in smart black opaque 40 denier tights, knee high black boots, and a bright purple short knitted dress, male lookalikes dressed in monochrome suits with mirror shine shoes looked my way—or so my ego confirmed. Some checked me out a second time, nodded their head, and smiled. The trendy style suited my five feet six inch figure, and the three-inch heels added height and gave my curvy bottom sexual movement.

My healthy size twelve figure flattered my dress. In most cases, a dress flattered the person, but today I worked for the dress.

“You are overweight!” Colin constantly told me.

To his surprise, I stood my ground and yelled, “I don’t need to lose weight for a loser like you, buddy.”

Another man passed me on the street. He glanced and did a double take. Inward, I grinned. I stared at myself through the large storefront window, and caught him staring back. I swayed my hips with a mild exaggeration and giggled *I still have it. I may be overweight, but some men love*

to handle a woman with a lot to offer for the hold.

The dread of Monday mornings filled my head with dread. A false smile always complimented my face on my arrival at my accounting workplace. However, today it felt different. Joyous thoughts and a love for the world displayed through my swaying arms. If superstition existed, I certainly awoke on the right side of the bed that morning. I avoided walking under ladders, picked up a penny for good luck, and seeing a black cat crossing my path add depth to my day.

During my casual walk to work, slight perspiration mixed with my perfume to create a unique fragrance of its own. One glance at my watch told me I had ten minutes to spare. *Coffee time I think.* I licked off the strawberry-scented lip-gloss and savored the thought of sipping my favorite cup of steaming Irish cream latte.

I occasionally suffered with one minute of positive thoughts and two minutes of negative memories. Struggling to push Colin's disgraceful words to the back of my mind, the hundreds of unflattering thoughts immediately started again while wandering past thousands of fellow workers walking at various paces and obstructing my path. *Maybe this short dress does make my legs look fat. No, this is all negative chitchat. Screw you, Colin.*

The paranoid thoughts gripped my sanity and every look from a stranger; whether good or bad hung on those thoughts. It amazed me how quickly a possessive screw ball like Colin overpowered my mind.

Of course, I fell head, line, and sinker in love with his deep Scottish accent and dark chocolate eyes. Our five-year relationship was pure hell, but I accepted the fact I would never find anyone better than him. I often brought up the conversation of past relationships, but he always brushed it to one side. Perhaps he had suffered but felt too afraid to admit it to me. His nasty comments left a path of abuse in my heart.

My fearless mind and selection of supportive friends helped me through the hard times when I truly believed I could attract no one else. Colin eventually stooped to an all time low after more game playing when I complained that what he told me wasn't right. I said he was lacking in love and he turned ballistic. Deep down, I knew the love of my friends were helping me make the choice to walk away from this mentally destructive relationship. Of course, I could do better than this sly worm.

Only hours had passed after their breakup, but still his negative comments dominated her mind. Jibes about her accounting career and her curvy size twelve figure pushed her to question whether looking for love was worth the second bout of pain. Colin's final words before he slammed the door behind him were, "You're nobody' just a plain Jane who deserves no happiness."

At times, it felt like I was being possessed by a dark entity who wanted to ruin me with negative thoughts, although I could soon misplace those cruel, taunting memories with happy thoughts. Other times, I wallowed in self-pity and felt the rush to return to my usual Malboro reds to ease my anxiety.

During the first few months of our relationship, Colin charmed me with raised eyebrows and beautiful poetry. My heart skipped a beat during our weekly romantic meals. Of course, I fell in love with him almost immediately. I'm either into a guy or play hard to get.

A year later, I fell into a shell of my former self. His snarling comments and aggression toward the way I stared admiringly at my favorite hunks on the movie screen kept me on red alert. At times, I was afraid of blowing my nose in case his head would divide into three