

X-POSED

Secrets of The Sexes

WARNING!

This eBook could seriously affect your love life



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Home Page

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Part 1 of 2

Personal stories and Observational Humor

Adult Content!

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Blue Testicles and Pointy Shoes

Do women check out a man's goodies with a furtive glance down on a date?

Well, according to men we do. Is that just wishful thinking though? Perhaps we're just looking at their shoes. We women can tell an awful lot about a man from his shoes.

Pointy = quirky and unusual sexual desires - fetishist perhaps

Trainers = Low to medium sex drive - prefers a beer in front of the TV

Casual but trendy = healthy sexual appetite - might like a bit of sub/dom activity

Sandals = naked in the woods, beach, anywhere except the bedroom, expect carpet burns with this one!

Or ARE we looking at their packets and if so what exactly are we looking for? Are we admiring, sizing up, thinking lustful thoughts, trying to hint to the chap it's time to move to a more romantic activity?

Well, I prefer a nice set of thighs myself. If the packet is unusually visible it can make you wonder what message the chap is trying to convey or perhaps he's just boasting, that or he just can't help it, it's so huge whatever he wears it will show through!

In this day and age of baggy jeans male genitals are fairly easy to disguise if a guy wanted to disguise them.

Here's a story that will put you off your cornflakes.

Many moons ago, when I lived in windy Scarborough, I was subjected to a navy [blue testicle](#). It was peering out of a male friend's holey jeans. The blue was of course his pants and not that he'd turned blue due to those constrictive jeans he was wearing! Anyway, he had his leg propped up, knowing full well that his testicle was in my face!

I actually found this rather gross, but years later this friend assured me that this blue testicle was meant to make me amorous and had worked for him with other females.

So ladies, my question to you is, would the blue testicle have worked for you?

Vibrators are NOT for sharing

I used my aunt's Vibrator and then told my Yr 8 class about it!

This is ONE of those embarrassing moments that only really becomes clear several years after the event.

I was about 12 at the time and had been on a holiday break. When back at school the teacher asks who wants to talk about what they did on holiday.

So I stand up in front of the class and announce the following:

"I used my aunts vibrator. It was really good, I put it on my bum and it vibrated."

An eerie silence descended on the class, there were no 'questions' and the teacher himself looked absolutely stunned. The uncomfortable silence prompted me to say more:

"It was fun, me and my auntie even had a go on it together."

The silence continued so I sat down.

It was not until a few years later I understood why my little story got that reaction.

The ['vibrator'](#) I was talking about was an exercise machine that you stand on. It has a large 'rubber band' type thing that fits around your waist/thigh/bottom and 'vibrates'. I think it's meant to reduce cellulite.

Anyway, my aunt called this her 'vibrating machine'.

I was only 12 and was unaware of other 'vibrating devices'. UNLIKE my disreputable classmates it seemed!

Anal Probe - to boldly go where no one has gone before

Many Many years ago, I had a terrible crampy stomach condition accompanied by vomiting and had to go to the hospital. I suspected appendicitis but the consultant suspected constipation!

At the time I was wearing one of those outlandish outfits, once seen never forgotten. Grass green velvet leggings (I said it was a long time ago!) and a very long knitted jumper with a country cottage scene embroidered onto it WITH rocker style biker boots.

Anyway, much to my absolute dismay and embarrassment the consultant asked me to get on the table, lie on my side and then he slipped on the rubber glove. He gave me an anal probe!

That's not the worse part ladies and gentlemen.

A few weeks later, I was at that hospital again this time as a visitor to a sick friend. I happened to be wearing the same outlandish outfit.

In the corridor, I was stopped by a consultant in white coat.

"Scuse me Miss" He said,

"Where do I know you from?"

Well I'm not gonna remind him!

I think he assumed I was a deaf, mute with early menopausal symptoms as I flushed bright red from head to toe.

"Please God don't let him remember" was all I kept repeating over and over in my head.

Life!

Most amazing snogs - kissing secrets revealed

The most amazing kisses are NOT always the most memorable ones.

Let me give you some examples.

Memorable Kisses:

1. Chap came over in nightclub, held me in a movie style embrace, planted his kiss, then disappeared into the mist (this was before the smoking ban!).
2. Chap looked deep into my eyes, held my gaze, then lunged into my mouth. I swear he was trying to get his head in my mouth. Tongue full on down my throat, digging up dinner. A lot of hard pressure on my face. Gross.

So chaps, both memorable but only one was pleasurable.

When kissing a female for the first time, err on the side of caution and take it gentle. Lip action to begin, then gentle introduction of the tongue, not deep just tips, then go with the flow and try to mimic her style. Save the biting of tongues and sucking on lips for subsequent dates when it's ok to dabble!

Oooh, and kiss her neck and nibble her ears! Guaranteed to make her fizz!

Mr. Chipolata I presume?

Men with small penises

Size does not matter chaps, so fear not it's not one of THOSE posts.

But I have to tell you about the true story of Mr. Chipolata.

Mr. Chipolata was so self conscious of his 'chipolata' that he wanted to capture his females brain, heart and soul before she got her hands on the goodies. This resulted in some really elaborate foreplay! Lot's of arm stroking (no that is not some weird English expression, it IS what it IS ... Arm Stroking!) lots of snatch and grab and defensive maneuvering from the Chip, er I mean Chap!

This went on for a fair while (friction burns on the old arms) after which time he told her he could never ever perform due to medication, which made him impotent! The reality was of course that he was just a wee bit 'shy'.

What he didn't expect however was for the female to brush aside the serious medical condition he claimed to have and instead suggest he get himself a strap on. That did not help ease his nerves!

Top tip chaps! If you've got it, use it or you'll lose it!

The truth about large penis's

The subject of penis size once came up (no pun intended) on a science forum, and the question was 'why does the size of men's penis's vary?'

My obvious answer to this was that, it was to accommodate the fact that the size of [women's vagina's](#) vary. One size foot does not fit all size shoes!

My answer was disputed on the grounds that a humble duck has one of the largest penises in relation to its body size of any other animal. A whopping 42.5cm, nearly half a meter in length! See [HERE](#) for more details.



The scientist's argument was that this duck penis could not possibly have been designed for a duck vagina of equivalent length. BUT I did some research and found that indeed this penis was a perfect design for its mate whose interior cavity was twisted and coiled.

So chaps, those of you who desire nice tight ***** are biologically only destined to have one if you have a nice small ****. You larger chaps are similarly intended for the larger, more spacious accommodation.

It gets sore you know

Chaps, while you are rejoicing at your successful marathon [love making](#) session, and taking pleasure in seeing your woman writhe about, features distorted in some pleasurable display. Consider this:

It is not pleasure, it is pain. It gets sore you know!

Never mind saying 'get some lube', you get some lube and let us rub you for two hours!

Sex Talk - SHUT UP

You know how annoying it is when you're playing Golf, or just about to take a snooker shot and the person next to you starts talking. IT PUTS YOU OFF!

What is it with people who start talking in the middle of sex?

"How is it, is this good?"

Well it may have been, but while all engines are go and the rocket is just about to take off for the moon.....you start talking. Rocket engines shut down, mission aborted. Command Control NOT HAPPY!

Find another way of gauging interest please and keep your GOB shut, unless it NEEDS to be open.

Beauty Hurts - I burned my bum

A friend of mine recently emailed a hilarious true story of a woman who had a rather unfortunate accident while waxing her bikini line. Her leg was propped up on the loo, while she carefully applied the wax and strip but when she removed the strip, the wax was nowhere to be seen. Some how it had slid down past her bikini line. It had also dried.

Her, what does Ali G call it – punani? Was sealed shut, as was her rear exit!

A frantic phone call to her best friend (who recommended she call the fire brigade) and several 'hair raising' removal attempts later she eventually freed herself.

Anyway this reminded me of a rather unfortunate incident that happened to me.

I sat down on my bed and felt a 'prickly' sensation on my bare bottom. I was getting ready to go out, so was naked. I thought I'd sat on my hairbrush so didn't immediately get up, but then the prickle became a burning and I realized I had in fact sat on my very hot curling tongs! I had a 4-inch brand on my butt!

So, I do what any sensible person does in this situation, and I get a bowl of cold water to sit in. Just as I do this I hear a car pull up outside. I look out the window and see my flat mate arriving with her student friends. I had just about enough time to get dressed when they walked in.

I was too embarrassed to say I'd burned my bum and needed immediate emergency medical attention, so I suffered through their entire visit. When they went and for several weeks afterwards my flat mate had to assist in giving me a progress report on my burned bum, as I could not see it myself!

Life!



We're just having SEX

What is that 'one' thing that men are after?

A Wii?

A football season ticket?

A clear view of the TV?

Ok, so let's assume it's sex.

There are some new labels on the block, now as well as

- Married
- Single
- Divorced
- Dating

we have:

MEFB – mutually exclusive friends with benefits, this means you're having sex but only with each other, but are NOT dating. The bloke likes to emphasize the NOT dating part!!!!

MHS – mates having sex, this means you're having sex, and can have sex with other people, but are NOT dating. The bloke likes to emphasize the NOT dating part!!!!

Dear Fella's.

Re this NOT dating part. If you wonder why despite making it very clear to your woman that you're only having sex, in her mind.... you're dating! This is why when after a few weeks she'll come out with something totally random like: "When are you moving in?"

You of course will go into a semi-state of shock, will reinforce the fact you are NOT dating, and hope things go on as before. The woman will consider you are madly in love with her at this point but that you have commitment issues, perhaps due to a vile, nasty, cheating, double crossing, bunny boiling ex! Thus she'll keep quiet for a while. Then she'll come out with: "Shall we get engaged?"

You will be perturbed and may even cool thing off for a while, but if you can't get laid elsewhere (and she cooks up a mean breakfast) you may continue seeing her. After of course, stating once again, you're NOT dating.

Few weeks down the line, she tells you she has a surprise for you: "Darling, I'm pregnant".

.....YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED

I can't I'm on my period

How often do women use this expression to get out of doing things they don't enjoy!

What an advantage we have over men ay! They have no idea whether we are or aren't or how uncomfortable and indiscreet it is; only what we tell 'em. Which if we are ladies, is nothing at all!

So let's list the times this excuse comes into operation:

To avoid sex. Very common - usually the real reason for declining is that we haven't shaved our legs, but we could NEVER admit to that!

To avoid playing sports – I used to get out of running the 800m race on Sports day with the old 'I'm on my period' excuse. I hadn't even started them at that time and really hoped the teacher did not ask for details! But that's one thing you can be guaranteed of with an excuse like this, is that you will NEVER be asked for details.

To avoid stakeout duties. Here's an interesting TRUE story I heard recently. A certain female Police officer assigned to stake-out duties (which involves sitting for hours/days on end in a single room) gets out of her share of stake-outs by conveniently being on her period.

Time off work. Well this excuse only really works if your boss is a man. A female boss will require a GP's note that you suffer more than the average. Some women have terrible pain, which is a genuine reason for being off work. Overall though women are much less sympathetic towards these matters.

So what would be the male equivalent for "I'm on my period"?

Maybe it's "I can't go to shop and buy you Tampax, it's not manly."

Or "I can't wear that shirt, it's too 'gay'."

Something else?

Why are women such bitches?

I recently joined a forum predominantly populated by [females](#) and it was amusing to note the 'mob' mentality in full swing there. A gagging collection of babbling bawling bitching girlies. Not all of them of course but the ones with nothing better to do than respond to posts they can barely comprehend, so accuse the poster of Bs when really what is at fault is their IQ. A little stretch and they snap. No flexibility there.

I did my hardest to be ...er reasonable, but it was really a waste of time.

When the geese get gabbling, clucking and their heads start bobbing up down, up down, up down, gabble gabble, cluck cluck (fella's you know what I'm saying!) there is no stopping them.

Bah who am I to talk, gabble gabble cluck cluck. It must be catching! But then it is catching and this is why it's called 'mob mentality'. Usually a term attributed to rioters I can easily see this behavior on forums, though men are by far more civilized and less competitive.

What is it in nature that makes women behave this way? Like bitches to each other rather than being supportive and nurturing which is the shit we're all force fed into believing women are about? Does it stem from the past when we thought other women might eat our babies? I seriously think some of those women would eat their own babies!

Thank you for making yourself pretty for me – said the Doctor

A true story told to me many years ago.

This woman was preparing for her annual smear test, and as she was in a rush and had no time to shower she decided to spray her nether regions with deodorant.

Later while being examined by the Doctor, the woman felt uneasy as the Doctor was smiling while he probed her most intimate parts.

Finally when the examination was over, he told her:

“Thank you for making yourself pretty for me”.

The poor woman got out of there as quickly as she could and it was only later when at home she realized her error.

While in a rush to get ready, it was not her deodorant she had sprayed herself with but Gold body glitter.

Girl Power

True story

This woman was carefully maneuvering her Landover into a car parking space when a young male in a sexy red Ford Escort pulled into the space leaving her with nowhere to park.

He got out, jangled his keys at her and said:

“That is what you can do when you can drive.”

After driving her Landover into the sexy red Ford Escort, completely destroying its entire back end, the woman jangled her keys at the young male and said:

“That is what you can do when you have money,” and drove off.

Ahhhhhhhhhh this story makes me feel all cozy and warm inside.

Women - who needs 'em

This post is a spin off from the last little quip:

Men...

you can't live with them

***and you can't live without them... telling you
that you can't live without them!***

Meanwhile I am sure it can be more said the other way round re women. Women set out to arrange matters so that men need them, to create situations of indispensability, and of course then remind them of their worth at every given opportunity.

'I iron all your clothes

Who will cook and clean for you if I leave

She won't drive you to work and back like I do (if he's leaving)

You can't leave me... You NEED me!

The accommodation of every one of your partners 'needs' to the point of running his bath, combing his hair and ironing his underpants starts off as being a labor of love but pretty soon it's just hard labor!

So one puts a purposeful spin on it to make it worthwhile and that is where the plan to be 'needed' comes into operation. As long as you are doing everything except inhaling and exhaling for your partner they need you and so can't do without you. Sure fire way of hanging onto your man, not sure if this plan works so well with women.

Women's needs are far better met by ensuring they have endless access to new shoes, handbags and weekends away with 'friends'.

To summarize, men and women have needs and both seem to like being needed but it's more about control, capture and retention than a desire to be fulfilled.

Men say they don't like 'needy' women, but chaps, you got it all wrong, it's those that will satisfy all your 'needs' you need to watch out for.

Why women are crap at D.I.Y. – DIY for Women

A few weeks ago, my loo broke.

Well, that's not strictly true.

I had a minor drip from inside the cistern (probably due to worn washer) and so I decided 'I am WOMAN' I will FIX IT MYSELF'.

So, I loosened a little screw thing, which released the water to make a bigger drip, an unstoppable drip in fact. I was unable to retighten the screw, it was stuck!

So, I went to my sons room, gathered some 'stuff' and fitted the 'stuff' between the screw and thing that it needed to press against to stop the water gushing out (valve thingy).

Yahoo it worked! Toilet fixed, BY ME! 1 nil to girl power.

I spent lovely coffee morning with my pals, had some friends over, collected daughter from school, came home

It's raining in my kitchen. The toilet cistern has overflowed, is dripping through my electric lights, onto my kitchen floor. Bathroom floor is ruined; all tiles (which I fitted myself not so very long ago) are lifting off the floor.

But I couldn't stop the water gushing everywhere!

I did what any sane female would do and phoned first bloke I could think of i.e. my ex!

BUT, he was working and out of town, so what was I to do. I tried to locate the indoor stopcock to turn off all the water to the house, but couldn't turn it off, as it was stiff. I remembered this tap being an issue when we fitted the kitchen 2yrs earlier. I had asked the ex to replace it! He had not so I tried to locate the outside tap to turn off the water supply. That was of course after another phone call to ex to rant about him not replacing that stiff tap!

Outside, I bravely opened the cover to the hole where the tap should be. A giant pig eating spider leapt out at me, so swiftly the cover went back down.

Nothing left to do now, but ring the emergency services!

I rang the emergency water board, to see under what circumstances they would come out and turn this tap off for me, so I didn't have to.

It was NOT good news.

I was told I had to lie on the pavement and put my whole arm down the narrow (barely arms width) hole, as the tap was some two feet down.

It was dark in that hole! Armed with torch, plastic bag over my arm, I approached the hole. I established that it was now pig-eating spider free and then did it. Put my arm in the hole. No tap!

No tap! It was covered and submerged in dirt.

My arm wasn't long enough to dig it out.

Several phone calls later I found out I needed a long tap turning off thingy. So, I got kids and myself together and we went to the hardware shop. They never had one, but sold me something I could use to dig out this tap.

So, it was dark now.

I had a go at digging, arm in hole. Not so bad now, as was second attempt.

Finally ex arrived at the scene! By that time though I had roped in my next-door neighbor to help find this outdoor tap. So then both of them set to, trying to dig around it so we could turn off the water to the house.

No luck, we just could not find it. I called the water board again to rant about this missing tap! They said how much it would cost for them to come out and turn the water off for me but then I'd have the problem of them coming back to turn it on again.

What to do? What to do?

I called my plumber friend (not in my area so no home visit) to see if we could somehow turn off the water some other way and he mentioned freezing the pipe.

So, the ex went under the kitchen sink to look at the stiff stopcock tap and see if the pipe could be 'frozen' or whatever.



“Oh!” he exclaimed,

“Here’s the NEW stopcock tap I fitted when I fitted the kitchen”

And promptly turned the water off.

The moral of this story dear readers:

‘DO NOT rely on females to pass on accurate information about the presence of absence of things pertaining to plumbing!’

Ooooooops Wrong hole

No I'm not talking about Pool.

I am talking of course about anal sex. Not a pretty subject and one that must be approached with great caution and delicacy.

Most men will freely admit that they either enjoy this or would like the opportunity to at least try it, but what they are afraid to do is blatantly ask for it. Instead they opt for two techniques to find out if the female is receptive to this [‘taboo’ sexual activity](#).

Techniques:

1. Thumb up the bum
2. Ooooooops wrong hole

Did you know that a ‘badge of honor’ is allocated to chaps by their friends when they have had anal sex. They are awarded their ‘brown wings’. Charming.

Meanwhile it would be irresponsible of me to leave this topic without some cautionary words.

Do not go from back to front - health and hygiene reasons.

Meanwhile, [a helpful link](#), to ‘point you in the right direction’!

Moving swiftly on.....

Gagging for it or just gagging?

Most ladies complain about 'gagging' when performing oral sex on a chap, but what is worse is not gagging at all...not even a tiny splutter because the 'organ' is so small it doesn't reach the back of the throat!

Despite how unpleasant the Gag experience is for women, men do tend to like hearing women gurgle, rasp and choke on their manhood.

So what if after all valiant attempts at trying to take it in deeper, it barely reaches?

Faking orgasms is one thing, but faking a gag reflex is just ridiculous!

For Relationship and Dating
Advice check out X-Posed
Secrets of the Sexes Part 2!

www.1soulmate4u.talktalk.net/x-posed_part_2.pdf

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My Sites:

Home Page : www.creative-blogger.com

X-Posed – Secrets of the Sexes: www.girltalk-ladiesonly.blogspot.com

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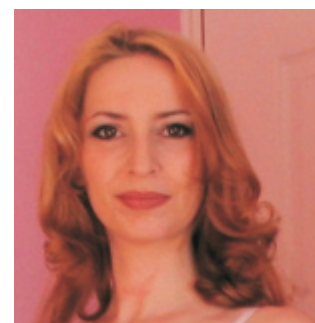
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ABOUT ME



I am Leah Gray, Writer and Relationship Columnist.

My background is in Retail and Health Business Management but I started writing a couple of years ago, mainly for pleasure but with a little bit of profit.

I have covered a variety of subjects but have found that I rather enjoy identifying the differences between men and women and why we love each other and why we do not!

I started the ball rolling on that subject with my ever so popular blogsite:

[X-Posed - Secrets of the Sexes](#)

I have been told my approach is fresh, dynamic and just ever so slightly naughty and most importantly Entertaining!

My articles have a little bit of something everyone can either relate to or learn from and if you're not rolling with laughter at my funnies then I'm not doing my job properly!

For more practical dating and relationship advice, check out part 2 of this eBook here: http://www.1soulmate4u.talktalk.net/x-posed_part_2.pdf

To keep up to date with my latest work, visit my 'What's New' page at www.creative-blogger.com

Meanwhile, if you want to say hi email me at creativeblogger@aol.com

I hope you have enjoyed your eBook and thank you for reading.

Leah x

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