

THE SEX DIARIES

By

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Annie/Thursday, 13th April

We should have done this ages ago. It just makes so much sense. But of course Mr I-Know-Everything wouldn't have anything to do with it. Now, maybe, he'll see that dealing with problems is better than hiding them.

I intend keeping this diary religiously. Fiona feels that the reason a lot of these therapies fail is because people don't apply themselves properly. It takes effort to achieve results, so you won't see any slacking from me. I will write something, if only rubbish, on these pages every day. I used to keep a diary when I was in my teens on an off-and-on basis. Admittedly it was more off than on, but my life was so full then. I had so much to write about and not enough time to do it. Now, it's possible, that the reverse will apply. Came home from work, fed the men, stuck a washing on, watched TV, went to bed. Fiona says she doesn't mind us putting in the minutiae of our lives, that it can be cathartic. Dickhead probably doesn't know what that means. But I can understand where she's coming from. I want to put my life into some sort of context, especially with regard to the hopes and ambitions I once had. Who am I? Where am I going?

Mr Wilson, no doubt, will spew his sexual fantasies onto his diary pages in the first few days and then clam up like the repressed git he is.

But I think Fiona will keep the rod to his back. I admire her, she seems like a strong person. I'll need to thank Kate for recommending her. Kate! Who would have imagined her ever needing a sexual counsellor? Who would have imagined us? Annie and Phil, the perfect couple, if they only knew.

Not that there's anything massively wrong with our relationship or anything. I love him, and he loves me. I think.

I'll need to think of a filename to save this under in case Roddy finds it. Either that or get him his own computer, but money's a bit tight just now. I know! I'll call the file 'Homework', he'll avoid that like the plague!

Anyway, this is meant to be a sex diary. Despite a lengthy session with Fiona yesterday (and some excellent words of advice from her) Mr and Mrs Wilson did not have anything remotely like sex last night.

Annie/Friday, 14th April

No sex last night either. We had a bit of a kiss and a cuddle in bed, but just when I thought he was up for it, he turned over and fell asleep.

I said, "I think we should talk about this, Phil", and he said, "Uuunhuhh", which is unusual as he can usually only manage words of one syllable.

Progress!

Work is crap just now. Veronica, our Head Teacher, has it in for me. She thinks I don't maintain enough discipline. What does she know? When was the last time she was in a classroom? The only way to maintain any kind of relationship with your pupils is with a sense of give and take. I have a good relationship with my kids. They respect me. Okay, maybe I let them be a bit familiar at times, but Veronica would have me flogging them on a regular basis. Maybe teachers should be made to retire at 40, because by that time they're so divorced from their own childhood they can't possibly relate. What am I talking about? Setting myself up for retirement in four years time. If only.

But at least I know something about the kids' music and fashion and stuff. I understand Veronica, being a Buddy Holly fan, thinks she's 'with it'. I'll have to ration Roddy's computer time. Not only is he addling his brain with shoot-'em-ups, he's not giving me much of a chance to get this diary down. And if I'm struggling, it just gives Phil an excuse to avoid it altogether.

I know the diary is meant to be voluntary, but it doesn't hurt to give the lazy bugger a prod now and again. I wonder if he's actually written anything yet, or does he just come through here, log on to the net and surf for porn. I wouldn't mind so much if it turned him on and I got a result out of it, but nothing so far. Mind you, he's such a dozy git he probably can't even find the porn sites. I'll do some research tomorrow and put some addresses in his Favourites. It may be playing with fire, but I'm desperate for a heat.

P.S. Fly buggers just told me he's writing his diary on his work's laptop.

Not that I was going to look or anything.

Phil/Friday, 14th April

Ha bloody ha! A sex diary? As if I haven't got enough to do all day. It's all right for Annie, she can ponce about at the school and scribble at her desk when she's told the kids to get their heads down. But I'm in a job where the bosses don't appreciate you finding your inner-self on their time. Plus which, if any of the guys saw me punching my laptop at lunchtime they'd think I was sucking in with the company, and if I told them what I was really doing I'd be a laughing stock, which is something you can make at home with an oxo cube and a joke book.

But, just to please Annie and prove that I do care about our relationship I'll go along with this nonsense.

The bold Fiona Buchan says, "It doesn't matter who reads the diary, what matters is that you write it." But writing stuff that nobody's going to read smacks to me of masturbation, and I haven't had a wank since ... oh 9.30 this morning.

Anyway, I'm making a broad declaration right now, if only to myself, I do NOT have a problem in the trouser department!

Phil/Saturday, 15th April

Annie brought a book back from school - Hints & Tips on Keeping a Diary or Journal. Is she trying to tell me something?

Seems I'm to write stuff as if somebody will read it, including my thought processes and reasoning etc., as this helps clarify things. If Fiona Buchan thinks she's going to turn my personal musings into a research paper or thesis she's got another think coming. Once this farce is over every file is getting deleted. Hold on, I'm sure I read that the FBI can recover deleted files. Okay, once this is over I'm throwing this laptop in the bin. Then I'll burn it. Then I'll bury the ashes. Then I'll tell the company it was stolen.

Okay, here goes.

What this therapy lark is all about is me being tired. Nothing more complicated than that. Annie doesn't seem to realise that I'm not a teenager anymore. Or that I have a very physically demanding job, which she doesn't. I'm up and down ladders and scaffolding all day, frequently lifting heavy bits of kit. When I get home I'm wasted. All I want to do is kick off my shoes and put my feet up. And, yes, sometimes when it gets to the bedroom stakes I'm too tired for nooky now and again, and anybody with any sense of justice would understand that.

Apart from the tiredness I'm perfectly fine and healthy. All my parts are in perfect working order. I still behave like all the other guys and ogle passing girls. I whistle and make lewd comments, fulfilling my role as a sexual predator.

There is no connection or comparison between that and Annie's complaints.

Whistling requires little physical exertion, whereas what she expects of me requires a great deal, especially if you're doing it right with all the bells and whistles, special effects and in 3D. I don't love the girls I leer at. I don't want to marry them. I don't even want to have sex with them. But I do love Annie, I did marry her, and I do want to have sex with her.

I've tried to explain this to her, but she usually responds by saying I shouldn't be tired at weekends then, and why don't we have a little orgy to ourselves. Because I take a

drink to relax at the weekends, I say, and of course that's the start of another barney about my excess drinking. Do you deal with alcohol abuse, Ms Buchan, or are your interests exclusively in the nether regions?

So, bottom line. I work hard to give my wife and son a decent life. I don't like grief. What's so wrong with that?

Annie/Sunday 16th April

No time for a diary entry yesterday, I'm afraid, because Roddy was in one of his states. Still complaining about a sore tummy, and didn't even want to go to football. I think I'll need to take him to the doctor for a check-up.

I just hope this isn't some kind of symptom he's displaying as a result of watching his parents row. Dr Adams is a fine man and a good quack, but he's known all my family far too long for me to admit any troubles to him.

On the sexual front we have had no advances from Mr Wilson, and any I have made have been rebuffed. On Friday, I admit, he was tired and so was I, it'd been a long week at school. So we went to bed early - to sleep.

Yesterday was difficult, of course, with Roddy being in all day, but Phil started drinking at lunchtime and collapsed into bed shortly after he'd had his dinner around 8.30. He spent the day watching TV till his pals, Willie and Al, turned up, and then proceeded to listen to David Bowie albums at a ferocious volume while playing poker. It is hard to feel romantically inclined towards a man who plays along to Panic In Detroit on air guitar in front of people I regard as relative strangers.

Why does he mix with these people?

CLIENTS NOTES/WILSONS/1

Annie and Phil are a nice, intelligent, couple, in their late 30s, married for sixteen years, who are experiencing some relatively minor problems. Annie believes Phil has lost interest in her sexually and their frequency of intercourse has certainly decreased in the past year. Annie also believes that Phil has difficulty gaining and maintaining an erection, though Phil denies this.

They have begun keeping diaries logging libidinous activity, on my recommendation, and hopefully this will make them more aware of where their problems stem from.

However I am moving to intervention at an early stage because I believe their problems can be quickly solved with a confrontational approach. As they were childhood sweethearts I am therefore imposing enforced celibacy for a very limited period. This is a variation on Hoerdigger's *'Beyond The Beast'* Therapy, and I fully believe that within a few days they will be, in the vernacular, 'gagging for it'.

F.B.

Annie/Monday, 17th April

Is the woman mad?

I argued for weeks with Phil. I finally took us both to the doctor's for a general check-up. We're fine for our age. Then I argued for more weeks before he'd agree to go and see Fiona with me. And now she tells us she wants us to stop making love? Listen, idiot, we're not screwing anyway, that's why we consulted you.

I'm not daft. I know this could be some kind of 'forbidden fruit' theory, hoping that Phil will jump my bones once he knows he's not supposed to, but she doesn't know Phil. This just gives him an excuse to fall asleep. And snore. And fart.

What happens to a man's intestinal tract once he's married? During even a long and protracted courtship it is the very pinnacle of decency and gentility. The minute the keys of the marital home are turned, his guts turn putrid.

I'm digressing. The fact of the matter is that Phil, being an obstreperous bastard, will not perform according to Fiona's dictate, and I will remain unshagged. With regard to manual stimulation being sanctioned, I have no interest in having Phil rubbing my fanny for half the night searching for an elusive orgasm. I'm better at it myself, and he knows it, which is why he doesn't bother.

I will repair to the bath before bed tonight and give myself a damn good soapy seeing-to, and then I can turn over and fall asleep exhausted. Tomorrow I will phone Fiona and speak to her privately.

Phil/Monday, 17th April

Well, that was a turn up for the books. At our meeting this evening Old Fifi told us to stop doing it altogether. I knew it would come to this, what does an old boot like Fifi know about sex? Let's face it, with a coupon and a body like hers the last time she got laid was when the bow and arrow was a secret weapon.

Anyway, she's given us a sheet of paper with a list of do's and don'ts. We are allowed to kiss, including tongues, I may add; and we are allowed to sleep in the same bed. Manual petting is permitted, but there is to be no oral/genital or genital to genital contact. 'Genital to genital contact'? That's called shagging, you daft bugger, even kids know that, so why not just say it. 'Cause then you wouldn't be able to charge exorbitant fees, isn't that right, Ms Mind-Fucker?

Anyway, Annie's usually quite happy with just a kiss and a cuddle, so there'll be no problems there. But what if there's a mad rush of blood to Willie-Boy's head? It's going to take more than a piece of paper to stop him enjoying his conjugal rights, and I'm sure every court in the land would support me on that one. Especially if the judge's a man.

This could be an interesting night.

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