

## Fixation

### Posting to Man Addiction Forum

It was never *meant* to turn out like this! My obsessive interest in men had never been a difficulty to me before. I'd always been able to attract any that I wanted and didn't ask if they were already spoken for. I never wanted to be comfortably secure in a relationship, 'Use them and lose them,' was my motto. I've spend my entire adult life hopping from man to man and enjoying it.

However, that was before I noticed how cute Danny was. I think he had always been, but with him being my best friend Belinda's husband, it didn't seem quite right to make anything of it. I do have *some* morals.

The problem is I'm getting older now and not as attractive as I once was. Men are getting thin on the ground and I'm getting desperate. I'm used to men wanting me!

I thought that it couldn't hurt anybody; I was just playing around, having Danny in my head. The empty feeling could be replaced by an imaginary relationship high. My covert mission was to keep thinking about him as if he is mine and mine alone. He should have behaved in whatever way I willed him to.

Problem one, I have gone and got addicted to the 'Danny in my brain'; problem two, he doesn't reciprocate my feelings.

The emotional consequence of this has hit me hard. I am consumed by the thoughts of him, day and night. Psychologically, my desires are not fulfilled; neither is my body come to that!

I feel wounded and dejected but who can I hold responsible bar myself.

The effects of this have made me retreat into my shell. My heart aches so much; I can't bear to see anyone else enjoying themselves. The voice in my head says, *'You don't deserve to go out.'* The consequence is that I have become an agoraphobic. I spend all day moping around the house.

I won't answer the doorbell or the 'phone to anyone. So the effect of this is that I have lost all contact with the outside world. I have even lost the support of my best friend Belinda as well. I have not a soul to shore me up.

The burden of what I carry has become too much for me, I've succumbed to a rollercoaster ride of not eating, then eating too much. If truth be told I am on a fast descending gradient. My highlight is watching 'The Jeremy Kyle Show' in my pyjamas. Everyone on the programme appear to have a much fuller life than I do.

I am desperate, is there someone out there who can be of assistance in helping me to think positively?

I will respond to all emails.

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