

q opinion: with ISABELLA FELS

At first, chasing the great ken lookalike during my time at university came way before getting my degree. Even though he put me through the third degree, nothing could stop me hitting on him. I kept imagining riding on top of him like a horse - with him also going hoarse - instead however he went coarse telling me where to go.

I keep obsessing over him, however. I paid far more attention to him than all the important textbooks and even the greatest lecturers. In the lecture theatre I would miss many important points made by the lecturer as I kept wanting to anoint him as a God. He would not let me get anywhere near his hot bod.

I was no angel to him, but rather a parasite. He almost put me in solitary detention as I tried to get his attention with slit skirts, killer stilettos, and a fully made-up face. Acting like a femme fatale drove him even further away. As I flaunted my pathetic little body, he made it clear he wanted no part of it. I was becoming a real pest as I kept flying into his nest making constant prank calls to both he and his soon to be pregnant bride.

I showed no control, so he almost brought in pest control: Changing both his number and all his private details. He was straight down the line thanking me for helping him again but stressing that a relationship would never work. Yet I kept chasing him - completely humiliating myself.

My lust for him was unbridled. I didn't stand a chance at even light romance. I wasn't even a friend. More a fiend. In the student pub he would keep going off with the boys as I would hopelessly sulk alone in the corner. He was rude and crude, yet I still found him a cool dude and would have loved to have gone fully nude for him. This was only to be in my wildest dreams.

Now as I look back, I shiver at the way I slithered all over him. I feel total remorse for the way I kept hanging onto him for dear life. How I hated being straight and made to feel third rate. I felt almost being put into a strait jacket and been left in dire straits by him.

And then suddenly my life turned a corner. I found a great counsellor who helped me get over my obsession with Ken. Even though it was hard work at first, I slowly adjusted as I hit the books rather than hitting on Ken, I could feel myself winning, I kept pretending I was riding a horse with blinkers on shadowed away from Ken.

As I shook Ken off, I began to look at women. Suddenly in the pub I came across the most beautiful looking human barbie doll who totally changed my life. As we made eye contact and exchanged names and phone numbers, she helped me to forget all about Ken. We soon went for it in her play pen and had the time of our lives. Slowly making love felt like being treated as gently as a dove. It was like having found freedom - my degree flourished too.

Things kept looking up the more we kept hooking up as a new couple. Our love was satisfying too. I enjoyed flirting with her and feeling her up above her hot mini skirt. She was not shirty like Ken. As we thrust at one another with our beautiful busts banging together I found both pride and joy. She was a great toy. Even though it never worked out with Ken, I'm glad I had this beautiful human barbie doll to get all excited about and dolled up for. Most importantly though, she helped me get back on a roll with my studies.

