



MS. SINGLE MAMA UNCENSORED

Dating, sex and love

by Alaina Sheer

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Preface

About the Author

Alaina Sheer, aka Ms. Single Mama



Alaina Sheer, known as Ms. Single Mama to the readers of MsSingleMama.com, became a single mother in the summer of 2006, when her son was just 4-months-old. She started writing her blog as Ms. Single Mama one year later. Since then, her blog has reached over 150,000 readers, who continue to come back, not only for her insight into dating as a single mom, but for her honest and refreshing attitude toward life, no matter how challenging it becomes.

Her dating advice is based solely on her own opinions and experiences and is no way qualified by professional psychologists or therapists— but thousands of single moms find her words incredibly inspiring in leading them to becoming happy and content... whether Prince Charming shows up or not.

She recently quit her day job to become a full-time blogger and writer. Her son Benjamin is now 3-years-old and the two live in Columbus, Ohio.

How to Read Ms. Single Mama Uncensored

I've organized this e-book into parts covering the topics I have found are most important to my single mom readers. Each part features the best posts from my blog and also new content. Pieces of content that originally appeared as posts on my blog will have a post date referenced while new content does not. If you see a post you read when it was originally published, don't skip it because, chances are, there are new tidbits you could be missing. Many of the posts from my blog have been expanded here because I found they deserved more detail.

The stories and posts in this e-book are not in chronological order. Instead, they are categorized by relevance to each topic. If you are new to my blog please catch up with the character guide before reading. If any of the topics you find here deserve more conversation, please feel free to start a thread on my Single Moms Forum at www.MsSingleMama.com/single-moms.

Your satisfaction is incredibly important to me.

If for any reason you are not satisfied with the purchase of this e-book, or would like a refund, please contact me via e-mail at mssinglemama@gmail.com. And also, if you have comments or would like me to expand upon a certain story or subject matter addressed in this e-book, please e-mail me with your suggestion. I am sure this is the first of many rounds.

Prince Charming Can Kiss My Ass

Once upon a time, I was in love with my son's father. In the beginning, he made me breakfast every morning. He held me tightly and whispered sweet nothings in my ear. We couldn't get enough of each other— and when he told me what we had was “magic,” I believed him. I still believe that.

It was magic because we were supposed to make Benjamin, my little Prince Charming. Today, for the first time ever, Benjamin told me he loves me.

“I uuvvv ooooh, Mama,” he said with his tiny voice. I love you too, Benjamin. And if I could do it again, if I had to do it all over again— I would. Because you are my everything (and your toes are pretty damn cute too).

As single moms who already have one prince or maybe a princess, can we really make room for another one? Did you ever believe in Prince Charming? I know I did. I think I still do.

To become a content and happy single mom, you have to stop waiting for a prince to rescue you, but that doesn't mean you have to stop believing in one.

Character Guide

This e-book is a compilation of my best dating, sex, love, and relationship blog posts. I've also added new stories and expanded upon old ones, all of which span over three years, from the time I became a single mom until now. Because I jump around chronologically I've included this handy character guide for readers new to my blog.

Ms. Single Mama – I am a 30-year-old divorced single mom. Many of you know me as Ms. Single Mama. That name, as you'll find, isn't only mine – it's yours, too. It belongs to every single mom or single woman who is on a mission to find herself again.

Benjamin – my three-year-old son and the love of my life. He is the reason for everything I do and everything I write. I want to be the best mother I can be; hence, I write posts that explore the heart and soul of us single mothers trying to navigate the dating and relationship field with our children's best interest always at the forefront.

Benjamin's Father – my French-Canadian ex-husband. He has his faults but he loves Benjamin more than anything. Typically he has Benjamin on one night a week, although now that Benjamin is 3-years-old, he has been taking him two nights a week.

The Biker – my first fling as a single mom. We all need a Biker.

My Crush – my first devastating crush as a single mom. We all have them.

Kris – my first post-divorce boyfriend. Kris and I were in a committed relationship for six months and continued to see each other for another six months afterward.

Cabin Man (aka Kennedy) - a fun fling. Dating Cabin Man was a challenge and forced me to directly address the issue of introducing the kids to your date.

Mr. Man – a boyfriend I felt hesitant about trusting. When I finally did, six weeks into our relationship, he broke a promise to me and I promptly kicked him to the curb. As it turns out, I wasn't crushed or broken afterwards. Dating Mr. Man made me realize you can be in control of your dating path if you are confident and self-assured about who you are and what you expect from men.

The Tiger – my first real lover. No commitment at all, no feelings, just – well, you get the idea.

John Bear – my first true love. As many of you know, this is just the beginning. Stay tuned to my blog to see how our story ends (although I hope it never does).

Mia – my best girlfriend. We have been friends since we were just five-years-old. Recently Mia became a single mother herself when her boyfriend of seven years cheated on her with a 23-year-old bartender.

Sydney – Mia's 5-year-old daughter and Benjamin's best friend.

Introduction

The Back Story

Why and how I became a single mother

Before you read my dating, sex and love advice it's important you know the circumstances that led me into single motherhood. My marriage to my ex-husband was difficult, to put it mildly. That is why you'll notice my hesitation to trust men and also my internal battle to permanently kick those bad boys to the curb.

The marriage, like our relationship, was a whirlwind.

When the INS pulled us aside on our way back into the United States we had only been together for nine weeks. I had bought the tickets to Montreal as a surprise to cure a case of his homesickness. Being a naïve 25-year-old I had no idea I was dating an illegal alien.

While they questioned him I sat by our suitcases and waited. I tried not to look at the men on my right and my left. Each had dark skin and turbans on their head. I couldn't bear to see the fear in their eyes, feeling it was enough – feeling it and seeing their shaking hands and hearing their incessantly tapping feet. We were all at the mercy of the men behind the counter and I didn't like it one bit.

“Is she with you?” They asked him sternly while pointing at me.

“Yes,” my boyfriend answered quickly. I had never seen him like this before. Usually strong and sure of himself he was nervous like the other men in the room. He had only been in the U.S. for three months but he had been working for a local restaurant. The owner had said a work visa was being processed but apparently he had been lying because the officers behind the tall counter couldn't find any trace of the paperwork.

“You might want to go catch your flight,” one of them told me, “because he's going to be here for a while.”

“I'm not going anywhere without him,” I said sharply. I decided that if these guys wanted to take away my sexy French Canadian boyfriend I wasn't going to make it easy for them. While I stared them each down I was brainstorming lines about lawyers and a rich and very powerful father. When they let us go they stamped his passport saying, “He has to be back in Canada by July 18th or show evidence of a Visa by then.”

On the flight home I studied his face while he slept. His long eyelashes looked like curtains, hiding beneath them his caramel brown eyes. His hand held mine tightly and I knew then I didn't want him to leave, not yet. The next morning I called an immigration attorney and within three hours we were at his office.

"Were you there?" he asked me while holding my boyfriend's passport, studying the stamp with the menacing deadline and then handing it to his partner.

"Yeah."

"That's why," the first attorney said to the one now holding the passport.

"Yep."

They kept looking at their notes, the passport and then one of them lifted his head and told my boyfriend, "We've never seen a stamp like this before. My only guess is they let you in because she was with you. You're lucky to be here."

After less than 30 minutes of questions and answers the attorney said, "Well, it looks like the only way to keep him here would be marriage."

"Really? There isn't any other way? Some kind of work visa or student visa?"

"No, I'm afraid not," he said. "Let us know if you do decide to get married we'll be here to fill out the paperwork for you."

When we walked outside to my car I actually felt nauseous. As a little girl my daydreams had never included a husband, a house and a white picket fence. I had always dreamt of living alone in the city, preferably in a high-rise condominium with beautiful dresses in the closet. Marriage, to me – even then – was scary as hell. It was June 24th. The clock was ticking.

"I don't have to stay," he told me.

"I know but if you leave you won't be able to come back. We would probably never see each other again." The thought of losing him scared me more than the thought of marrying him. But it had only been nine weeks. Was I losing my mind?

On the day we met rain was pounding down outside forcing me to run into the restaurant with my head down, covered by the hood of my yellow rain jacket. I was meeting a friend for lunch at one of my favorite restaurants. I knew the manager who seated me every time I came. After my friend showed up I was showing her the open kitchen when I noticed one of the cooks looking at me. Our eyes met and