

# First Time Celebration

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# First Time

It was, after all, the first time.  
The first time to open.  
The first time to trust.  
Still, there was no going back.  
That it had never been done before,  
done before in this self,  
in this self-less, no expectation, way.

This first time guide is strong.  
Sometimes whispering, as if soft flow  
of breeze through lace curtains,  
or perhaps, booming in like the cymbals of thunder.  
Oh, chocolate thunder resonating, do not betray me.  
I can not return from whence I came.

Moving forward into the trust,  
Removing the bands of fear,  
that have held me captive.  
I am ready now for this,  
My First Time!  
Fresh as dew in the sunrise, pink, soft, golden.

To experience exactly the experience.  
To be totally present in this.....  
the most heavenly and human of experiences.  
Taken now for the first time as holy sacrament.

I give praise and am grateful for nothing less or more.

Komala

## **About This Book**

*First Time Celebration* is a fantasy built on the possibility of Total Sexual Satisfaction. Take a moment to imagine a time and place where everyone is totally sexually satisfied. Most importantly, what will your world be like when you are totally sexually satisfied. The first sexual experience sets the stage for a lifetime of sexual experiences. This fantasy is an imaginative exploration. Envision the possibility of that first time being a joyous celebration.

### **Why I Wrote this Book**

I sometimes wonder what it would be like to live in a society where sex is considered a normal, natural, healing, vitalizing part of life. It is my opinion that sexual energy is powerful and can be used in a positive as well as destructive manner. Sexuality is an important aspect of the human experience. To learn to use it in a productive, pleasurable manner is of intrinsic value to all people. And the first time a person experiences sexual communion sets the stage for the lifelong experience of sexuality.

Ask 10 people what their “first time” was like. When people open to tell their stories it is indeed a special space. Shame and secrecy, however, seem to be the predominant accompanying hallmarks. For example, a person who had sex at an early age feels shame about promiscuity. A person who didn’t get to it until later may express an underlying shame or ridicule about remaining a virgin for so long.

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Many people feel their story is strange or unique. Sadly, far too many people have had very bad experiences.

Unfortunately, many people have so much shame and secrecy surrounding sex. Books about sex and Dr. Ruth's sage advice are an interesting start toward building understanding. Knowledge about the physical and emotional aspects are a starting place. But I quest also for understanding about the value of sex for spiritual growth, healing, and the generation of happiness. What am I feeling and how does it compare to what other woman feel? What does the man really feel? My belief is that sex and sexual energy can and should be a high form of spiritual sharing and growth.

This book comes out of my desire to create dialogue. Suppose we lived in a society where sex, sexuality, and sexual energy were accepted as important and respected parts of life. Imagine being able to talk about sexual details and feelings in the same manner we discuss other life activities. What if we could talk about sex in the same way we talk about food? There is no shame or sin connected with sharing a good recipe, or talking about what you will have for dinner or something special that you have eaten recently.

The main concept I hope to communicate is that sex can be more than a physical encounter involving physical stimulation—the old in-and-out. This fantasy invites you to believe there are patterns and pathways for improving an important vitalizing flow of energy. Sexuality—sexual energy—can be so much more than most of us are settling for.

The seed was planted when I read Jean M. Auel's *Earth's Children* series. In the book *The Valley of Horses*, she presents the scenario of a female's "first rites" ceremony. Also, Jondalar (the lead male character) lovingly and respectfully remembers his early learning experiences from an older, experienced woman. It got me thinking about the idea of a formal kind of experience for the "first time". This book grew out of my fantasy about the details of that experience, along with the type of societal norms that would allow it.

### **Background Information**

This background information provides a brief overview of some alternative theories about sex. These theories are reflected in the first time celebrations. The sexual fantasies are intended to have a poetic flow rather than a technical orientation. This introductory section presents some ideas that may be unfamiliar to many people.

First, a few thoughts, ideas, or attitudes about orgasm. For the male, ejaculation and orgasm do not have to occur simultaneously, although they often seem to. It is possible for a male to experience something that could be named "injaculation".<sup>1</sup> Ejaculation is when the semen leaves the body. Injaculation is when the semen "fluid" moves inward, upward, rather than squirting out. The theory proposed is that semen can be absorbed inwardly and that this is very beneficial to the male. It can nourish inner organs, build strength. The theory continues that if this form of holding back is practiced at least a few times before ejaculation, then when ejaculation does occur, very little of the male

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<sup>1</sup> Chang, Stephen T. *The Tao of Sexology: The Book of Infinite Wisdom*. San Francisco: Tao Publishing, 1986 page 64

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precious fluid will be lost because its vital essence has already been absorbed inwardly by the body.<sup>2</sup>

I heard a story from a very believable woman. She was pleasuring her male partner with oral contact. She experienced him going through all the motions of orgasm and then falling into a deep sleep. The interesting part is that there was no ejaculation. He woke remembering a vivid dream-vision, with an enhanced state of vitality. Believe it or not.

For the woman, theory has it that there are several levels of excitement. What is normally considered orgasm for a woman is really a middle phase. Women who talk about multiple orgasms, saying they get better and better, are not lying. They are, however, quite rare—unfortunately. What is usually considered to be orgasm may only be a step toward a more ecstatic state—valley orgasm, or Advanced Superior Orgasm.<sup>3</sup>

Then there is the idea of orgasm beyond orgasm. The theory goes, rather than climbing the mountain all in one day (you get too tired to reach the top), climb for a while, then camp, then climb some more. You have a lot more fun along the way. You can pause to enjoy the process, smell the scents, enjoy the views, listen to the music of nature. In this way you can climb much higher. With training and proper breathing (breathing seems to be the key—key to life), it is possible to hold or sustain the orgasmic ecstasy for extended periods of time.

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<sup>2</sup> Chia, Mantak. *The Multi-Orgasmic Man: Sexual Secrets Every Man Should Know*. New York: Harper-Collins Publishers, 1996 page 23

<sup>3</sup> Chang, Stephen T. *The Tao of Sexology: The Book of Infinite Wisdom*. San Francisco: Tao Publishing, 1986 pages 116-121

Much longer than the fleeting moment that seems to be the norm for most.

Believe it or not. I heard about a woman who experiences orgasm from various places in her body. Most women experience orgasm somewhere between the legs. This person claims to have that feeling from other places—for instance, her ear or her toe.

The mind is the most erotic part of our bodies. The mind is not only the brain. The mind is throughout the body.<sup>4</sup> Emotions carry and/or control biochemicals that affect cells and control physiology. The state of erotic passion is a state of mind. Orgasm beyond orgasm is a result of an advanced, disciplined spiritual/mental/emotional/physical state.

Sexual energy is a reality of the human experience. When it is on course, in tune and humming, life is good and people are happy, contented. When it is ignored, suppressed, or sublimated, it can often pop out (when least expected) as out of control emotions and actions—for example, hate, anger, addictions.

It has been suggested that the kind of sex many people are accustomed to is almost like having sex with a dead person. There is little breath, and it happens in a short amount of time. Sexy is a state of mind. Our concept of ourselves as sexual beings affects a major part of our ability to live life happily and fully. I believe that sex and sexuality is too often shrouded in shame, secrecy, and guilt, and that this is affecting our state of happiness as a collective society. Let's begin discussion and dialogue to get the juices rolling. I believe in the

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<sup>4</sup> Moyers, Bill. *Healing and the Mind*. New York: Doubleday, 1993. pages 7-23

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possibility of total sexual satisfaction for everybody. How do we get from here to there?

### **How To Use This Book**

You may start with either the Male Celebration or the Female Celebration. Each begins with a brief introduction; some of the information is the same and some is different. “The Man Teaching” and “The Woman Teaching” are both short pieces that assume there is a learned elder to teach the students as they prepare for their sexual journey. It is a vehicle to present what would be said by this learned one. In this fictional land, older people are respected for their wisdom, and sexual adepts are especially respected and valued. For illustration, let me tell you the fable of an older woman with “the magic touch”. Her presence causes people to have an increase in libido. If she touches a man he will have increased sexual prowess and stamina, and it is a special blessing for her to touch his penis (think “magic wand”). Imagine that.

Read and enjoy.

## Introduction for the Male Awakening Celebration

Before reading this section it is important to understand the action occurs between two consenting adults. The actual age of the person is less important than the level of maturity and readiness to take this important step. In this make-believe society, the ceremony is carefully arranged by people who specialize in human sexual awareness and the development of the body, mind and spirit. Imagine a space and time where sex is accepted as a joyous, natural, sacred rite. This celebration is occurring enveloped by the acceptance and encouragement of the community, a society that *honors* the exchange of male-female sexual energy as pleasure.

Certain “facts” or presumed realities are not contained in the text to allow for its artistic flow and to encourage the imagination of the reader. Let me set the stage before we start the show.

This fictional community is structured with a variety of celebrations that are ceremonial in nature. We are familiar with ceremonial celebrations such as marriage, baptism, first communion, bar mitzvah, graduation, prom night, and many more. These are formalized events (some less formal)—societal traditions that mark life events or passages. These ceremonies serve to provide structure for the individual. They form a net to help the person stay connected and

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supported by the approval, and if you will, caring of the circle of family and friends.

The physical building is like a religious/spiritual center—a special place set up for sexual energy exchange. A “hot spot”, so to speak. It is beautiful, clean, spacious and sanctified. The room is specially prepared for this activity. There are flowers, food, and music available. The community participates by sending him good wishes and strong thoughts. There might be a community party of some sort before, after, or both.

The man receives a significant amount of training and some teaching prior to the actual first time celebration experience. The training would include a strong program for physical exercise to build general health. It would include information about anatomy and physiology, emotions, tips about physically pleasuring a woman, some information about sexual energy, that sort of thing. Most importantly it would include rigorous practice of general relaxation coupled with positive affirmations. From there it would involve learning to hold back from ejaculation by practicing while self-pleasuring. There are exercises, something like yoga, not too complicated, that a man can do to enhance achieving this. By daily practice of a few simple, short activities, any man can improve his ability to hold back. This not only enhances pleasure for both partners, it can provide direct health benefits for the man. (reference, *The Multi-Orgasmic Man* by Mantek Chia)

After the training is completed the ceremony would occur—kind of like a graduation or final exam. The female would be carefully chosen by the young man and the teachers. She would be someone he desires.

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She would be someone who is already well practiced in the art and science of controlling and manipulating human sexual energy. Training and teaching for the male would continue after the ceremony as sexual energy is a continually unfolding mystery.

This fantasy is intended to jump-start people's thinking about sex and sexuality as more than just "rubbing skin", a physical exchange of energy. Think about how we as a society might want to go about elevating this important aspect of our lives—physical sex. This book is simply meant to be an example. Even as I wrote it, I knew there could be many other variations or ideas about how this celebration might be enacted.

Mostly I want to open people's hearts and minds to the notion that sexual exchange involves subtle energy and goes beyond physical union. Also I want to expand—explode really—the idea of orgasm as a goal. I like to think of human sexual exchange as a dance, or perhaps even a video game, with more and more challenging and rewarding levels.

## The Man Teaching

The boys' cabin has a fire burning. It is the last night of the two week training and the boys are tired. The pace of training was strenuous. Up early, exercises before breakfast, then hiking, rowing, swimming. The older boys had been learning the affirmations right from the start. By now, they each knew them in their sleep. I am perfect MAN. I am everything MAN is. Breathed them, tasted them, moved with them. My *maleness* is a gift. It is strong and satisfying to woman. They had learned about their muscles. How to talk to them, how to listen, how to relax, and also to feel the tension.

Johan, Greg and Mathais are the younger boys. They had a bit more free time to wander the woods, look for frogs, or just throw stones in the brook. Mike and Avid along with Eric were taught the meditations, the visual images and the hold back techniques. Eric was taught the practice in preparation for his first time. Larkin is the coach—teacher. He is also the one chosen to awaken the young woman in the coming first time celebration.

It is customary for both the men and the women to gather, each in separate places, on this, the night before the celebration. It is a time for the Beloved Man, the cherished *grandfather*, to speak of life and love. So it is, Larkin and Beloved Man are gathered with the young men around the fire. There had been some joking and some stories about

the day's activities. Now, a hush falls as they know the Beloved Man is ready to speak.

“Young ones, it is my privilege to let you know about the power and presence that you possess as men. Yet it is incomplete without the love of women. That is what it is to be human. Yes. All of us, each of you were born of woman. Conceived from the bond of man and woman. The sacrament of sexual union is the genesis of everything that lets you see and hear, feel and live.” The cadence of his voice, mingled with his powerful presence, causes each one of the boys to feel his heart fill with a sense of connectedness. If they were aware of it, they might describe it as a sense of belonging and purpose.

“The *moment* of union, and I call it a moment because it is actually a timeless experience, it is the fabric on which many things rest. There was once a time when men were thoughtless and careless with the moment. It was not considered sacred and so little else could be taken seriously. Many were unhappy, there was war and famine, in the world and in the soul. Now it is your duty and privilege to know that you can bring unlimited pleasure and presence to woman. All true pleasure that you feel comes through that *moment*, extended moment of union.

Passion blooms through compassion. It is a feeling of being linked, connected to everything, everybody, everytime. Take a deep breath and imagine being—totally present in your *self*, in your body—in this moment.” He paused. “Now be conscious that each man here is totally in his body. What are you feeling? Know for a moment that each one is feeling something special and unique to him, perhaps. Yet still, and all, there is something about all this that is the same.

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“This is not something you get all at once, but rather in little sips. Each moment you feel it is another taste. No reason to hurry and take big gulps. Savor the flavor. Each of you take a moment right now to record your feelings.” Beloved Man pauses only briefly. “Take whatever knowledge of being connected you have just perceived and pull it back to yourself, back inside. It is yours to keep.

“When you love a woman, first center in the knowledge that you are MAN. You have something important to give. Something she does not have and wants from you. It is more than your semen. So much more. The semen is a physical representation. Yet there is a more precious prize you give. It travels from every cell of your body, as if out through the pores of your skin. Your mind. Your heart. Prepare to give all. Yet first center your *self*. You are *Every Man*. No man more. No man less. You... Are... Every... Man.” Here he makes eye contact with every one before continuing.

“Then, as you prepare to give this gift, pay attention to the moment. Each moment you feel passion, know it as compassion, sharing. We cannot know what woman feels. We can know how we feel with woman. The more of yourself you can share, the more you will be able to receive.

“Let me assure you that this first time is only a beginning. It is the faintest whisper of a much richer symphony yet to come as you learn more about drinking from the chalice of sexual fulfillment. It is moving toward a time—when you have given every ounce of your *self* in every way possible—that you will be in a position to receive the greatest bliss. When it starts to be returned to you, do not be afraid to

receive. As you awaken into the nectar of her returned love, you will feel giddy at first. It is most intoxicating. You can feel afraid; it is so powerful, this seeming loss of control. Remember your practice and remember the affirmations. Allow yourself to disappear. That never seems like the right word, yet I have not found another one better. Sometimes a man can feel lost. It is easy to simply let it all go. The moment feels like it needs to be urgent. And you can—and you will—let it go many times. All things have a right place.

“I tell you now that the nectar beyond simple orgasm is divine. Hold on to the pleasure of the sharing. Hold back, knowing—before the urgency is past the point of no return—knowing when. Practice and practice and practice again. Loving, blessed practice.”

The Beloved Man’s smile fills the room. The younger boys giggle and squirm nervously. The older boys stir and chuckle. It is as if they all catch their breath.

“Breath, yes, that is the key.” He continues. “Find the space of her breath. Focus on it. Get in rhythm with the breath. Use it to set the pace. She is the Queen and you are the King. Ah...” He seemed lost for a time as one might take his time to smell a flower. “Ask for what you need. Be ready to move apart. Move close. Tell her what you are feeling. Make verbal contact. Ask her what she would like. Listen as she speaks. Ask her what she is feeling, how your touch feels. Remember, pleasure is for fun. Be playful. Tussle like puppies. Do something silly.

“Let your eyes meet. Eyes can share so much. Remember it is a dance. You are the drummer. Passion, when shared, is compassion.

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Attention to each movement keeps the focus. Express your gratitude. Give her your thank you's and I love you's. Let her know you care about her with words. This reminds yourself that your life has meaning. As you give, you will receive.”

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The bath water is warm and fragrant with an earthen, musk scent. A large vase of peonies is nearby adding to the sweet, fresh ambiance. This is his time to relax and allow his mind/body/spirit to empty. Easy to say, now seems hard to do. This is really happening to him and it is really happening now. The training and preparation have left all the muscles of his body taut and stiff. His emotions are on edge with the anticipation. All the teasing, joking and stories he has heard over the years, especially in the recent past, want to tumble through his mind. He wonders about his ability to be a man. Doubts and fears want to creep in. Will he embarrass himself and slip into boyish impetuosity? Worse yet, will his physical anatomy fail to perform? He pushes these thoughts aside and begins the relaxation series.

Well he knows the relaxation techniques, he has practiced them over and over in training. He slips into them now with comfortable ease. He begins to tense and relax his muscles, each one, starting with the toes, moving up the leg. Tense and relax, deep breath. He takes his time. There is plenty of time. He slowly moves from one muscle group to the next, using deep long breaths to spread the relaxation throughout his being. To quiet his mind he uses the affirmations, now so familiar to him it feels like singing a song.

- Right toes and foot. Tense, inhale.  
I am LIFE—GOD—in the form of person, expressing as MAN.  
Exhale, relax.

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- Right leg (calf, knee, and thigh). Tense, inhale.  
I am complete Man-Woman Being, expressing as MAN.  
Exhale, relax.
- Left toes and foot. Tense, inhale.  
I am natural man, a unique, individual expression of all Man.  
Exhale, relax.
- Left leg (calf, knee, and thigh). Tense, inhale.  
I am all that MAN is, I have all that MAN has.  
Exhale, relax.

No hurry

- Buttocks. Tense, inhale.  
I am as manly, as masculine as any man who ever lived.  
Exhale, relax.
- Groin. Tense, inhale.  
I rejoice in my penis as the creative center of my Man *self*.  
Exhale, relax.
- Anus muscle. Tense, inhale.  
My man nature is alive, vibrant, all sensitive, vigorous, strong,  
aggressive, fearless.  
Exhale, relax.
- Entire pelvis. Tense, inhale.  
The universal desire of Man for Woman is centered in my beautiful  
penis.  
Exhale, relax.
- Lower back. Tense, inhale.  
I am as sexy as any man who ever lived.  
Exhale, relax.
- Abdomen. Tense, inhale.  
I am a free perfect expression of MAN force.  
Exhale, relax.
- Upper back. Tense, inhale.  
I am the essence of masculinity, the masculine aspect of the  
Universal Creative force.  
Exhale, relax.
- Chest. Tense, inhale.

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I have complete acceptance of Woman, and of myself as Man.

Exhale, relax.

- Right fist and arm. Tense, inhale.

My man nature knows how to fulfill Woman and to fulfill myself through Woman.

Exhale, relax.

- Left fist and arm. Tense, inhale.

I am in complete control of my sex expression and of my orgasm.

Exhale, relax.

- Shoulders, neck. Tense, inhale.

I know how to bring to Woman the greatest joy, and how to enjoy her to the fullest.

Exhale, relax.

- Jaw, chin. Tense, inhale.

There is nothing in me to judge or reject any woman, or to judge or reject myself as Man.

Exhale, relax.

- Eyes and face. Tense, inhale.

I know all that Man knows.

Exhale, relax.

- Scalp and crown. Tense, inhale.

I know all about my man nature, and new truth about myself as Man is now being revealed to me.

Exhale, relax.

Relax and float in the calm space.

I completely accept Woman.

I accept complete union—orgasm—with Woman.

I am one with Woman.

I am the essence of Masculinity

His mind/body/spirit is at rest in the timeless space. Sweet nectar of peaceful serenity, “at-one-ment”.

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Keeping centered in the relaxed feeling, he knows it is time and stands up. She has been waiting and enters the room to greet him. Her body is proportioned, strong, soft, full. She is wearing a short, sheer gown the color of deep indigo-violet. Her hair is long and thick. Her eyes are bright and sparkling with an impelling depth of warmth and soul. Her face and presence radiate cheerfulness, warmth, and sensuality.

Their eyes meet and greet. She uses her eyes to sweep his body, down and up, before returning to his eyes. Taking his hands she begins by saying, “I see you are a virile, healthy man. I am honored to be able to lead you on the path of many pleasures. Will you accept me as your guide?” His nervousness causes him to swallow before responding. “Yes.” She continues by asking, “Shall we begin now?” He nods and smiles.

He is still covered with moisture from the bath as they engage in a full body hug. She kisses him firmly, warmly on the lips. She breaks apart a bit as her hands move in a firm but loving stroke from his cheeks to his shoulders and down to his arms. The dynamics of her caress, the way her fingers pause to explore his shoulder and arm muscles, coupled with the slant of her eyebrows and the sparkle in her eye, communicate to him pleasure and appreciation for his male body. It puts him at ease. She says. “Please sit back in the water. I’d like to wash your hair.” He breaths a sigh of relief as he complies by returning to the water. Her female presence is so hypnotic and compelling, her scent so intoxicating, he is grateful for the opportunity to return to the water. He realizes that his blood has begun to pound. He laughs

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inwardly as the phrase “be still my beating heart” runs through his head.

She begins to lather his hair. The feeling of her fingers on his scalp is relaxing. He also notices a few chills almost like sparks, flying down his spine, even into his toes. Relax, breath, experience. He uses the affirmation “I have all that Man has. I am as manly as any man who ever lived.” Having this special woman perform this routine service for him causes something inside to click. This common activity of washing hair brings for him a feeling of normalcy. He feels special and pampered, yet also comfortable and familiar. She finishes by rinsing his hair, then towel drying in a flurry of fluff. Interesting—he notices that not only does his hair feel clean, but also his whole brain-mind feels open and clean.

She uses soap and a washcloth to lather his shoulders, chest, back and arms. The washcloth is firmly stimulating, almost like brushing the skin. The water and soap feel both warm and cold. Then her fingers, slippery in the soap weave a magic dance over his skin. Her touch is smooth and firm. Occasionally she nibbles his ear or plants a short, sweet bitey kiss on his shoulders or neck. His mind/self is confused, perhaps overloaded. It feels a bit like being cared for as a child—warm, fuzzy, comforting. Yet there is also something else going on, something new. He realizes his man organ is responding to the feel of her fingers sliding over his skin along with the brush of her breath, especially when it is near his ear. The juxtaposition of feeling comforted and cared for against the tantalizing experience of being close to *this* woman is blowing his mind. He wisely decides to turn his mind off, to just experience each moment. Let her do the driving.

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She rinses his upper body and asks him to stand. She lathers his legs, starting from where his calves emerge from the water. Her hands and fingers seem powered by a rhythm of their own. She is humming. Her eyes as well as her hands are exploring his body. Her eyes communicate her delight, joy, and acceptance of his manly physique and presence. She scoops and pours water to rinse his legs and buttocks.

She speaks, slowly and directly, as she begins to wash his genitals. “You are a marvelous embodiment of Man. This special man tool will bring much pleasure and delight to woman and to yourself.”

She takes her time. He closes his eyes, overwhelmed to experience the sensations flooding his young body. Her hands, warm, soft, experienced, and slippery with the soap are causing his already awakened man tool to *respond!* Waves of pleasure are pulsing up and down his spine and throughout his body. He knows he needs to relax into it, he wants to relax into it, maybe, but this electric energy causes him to almost want to shake.

The woman knows the effect of her hands and continues the process with skill. Fingers of one hand encircle the shaft and move up and down. Fingers of the other hand play with the testicle bags, circle round, in between, paying special attention to the place behind. He opens his mouth to breath. He seems to gasp for breath. She cups her hands in a special way and presses on the point, the special place between-behind. His head goes back, his knees almost buckle, and all the air leaves his lungs in a single “Ahhhh”. He experiences a strangely enjoyable feeling of emptying and filling. He opens his eyes.

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Their eyes meet in a knowing exchange of pleasure. She scoops some water and playfully rinses him with plenty of splashing.

As he steps out of the tub, she uses a towel to dry him. Rubbing boldly she takes patient time to cover his entire body. She lingers at his back, giving special attention. Rubbing up and down, especially along the spine, first with the towel, then with her hands. He senses her hands have the effect of both grounding the energy and allowing it to flow more freely.

Then he sits by a small tub of water where the woman washes his feet. She takes a long time. It is more like a massage than a cleaning. She ends by drying his feet and rubbing in oil. Then she combs his hair, playing with his ears, rubbing his shoulders and applies small drops of scented oil to various places on his body.

He feels alive, centered, and vulnerable. The nervousness and anxiety have been replaced by the comfort of the loving presence of the woman. He puts on a robe. It is royal blue silk with a dragon embroidered on it. He feels important, special and yes, he feels like a man. It is time.

Arm and arm they leave the bath and go down the hall to the altar bedroom. It is filled with soft music and flowers. It feels clean and fresh. There is a soft summer breeze flowing through the window. She gazes into his eyes and smiles. Kissing him on the forehead, she says, "In honoring ourselves, let us honor pleasure together." They hug a full body hug. His arms around her, her arms around him, pelvises

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tight together. Her hands move to his face and cheeks. She kisses him squarely and softly on the mouth.

She moves her hands lovingly down his arms as she separates from him. Then holding both his hands she begins an undulating dance. His hands move with hers. Their eyes lock for a time, then the eyes begin to explore each other. Her gaze upon him feels almost like touch. His eyes move over her body, fascinated by the motions, especially of her pelvis and torso. His own body comes into motion, in tune with the rhythm conveyed through her hands. It is hypnotic, this trance-like feeling brought about by watching her and experiencing the union of their motion.

At first the separate space is maintained, until their thirsty eyes have time to drink. Then the dance brings them closer. The motion is swirling their energy as the two move toward one. She brushes her body against his at various times and places. Their joined hands lead the dance. The rhythm of the motion, along with the sensation of the closeness of *her* and her body's fragrance, invite him to leave the mental space. He is not thinking, only feeling. Any sense of time passing and all nervousness disappears. He feels her body press close to him at times, music becomes motion. In the dance she begins to feel like an extension of himself. There is only this moment and the feeling of union through motion.

Their hands separate at the same moment. Hands begin to explore. She caresses his neck and shoulders. His arms and hands encircle her torso. Her hands move down his back, following, almost describing the contours of his physique. His hands move up her back.

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He can feel his nature rise in anticipation. Without actually thinking about it, he feels his energy sparkling, almost prickling, moving through channels of his body from head to toe. All headed toward converging at the center of his manhood, between his legs.

Next he knows, she is kissing his cheeks and eyes and forehead. Her hands are in his hair, pulling him down to her lips. It feels like falling, falling into a place with no thinking, a place where there is nothing, no time, no space, no other people, only the sensation of touch and union. Her body is slowly, tightly moving against his body, her leg between his. They both can feel the throbbing hardness of his engorged male member. He feels an intense urgency to plunge deep within her. She pulls away, knowing full well his state of pleasure—moreover, knowing how to expand and increase it.

She asks him to sit on the bed. She begins a relaxing massage at his neck and shoulders, moving down his back. Occasionally she works the energy back up through his scalp, but mostly moves the energy down his back and spine. The urgency he feels continues, but oddly dissipates. He swallows and exhales. Her touch is loving and tender, with a strength and calm sureness. His heart is opening with love and a feeling of vulnerability. She encourages him to relax and engage the moment. He melts into her hands.

She moves to his front. Continuing with long, flat, kneading strokes, she works the energy up his chest and down his arms. Occasionally she adds a slow moist kiss at a random spot of skin. He feels his body awakening. It seems as if rivers of light or electricity are flowing into paths her hands discover. He watches her body. His eyes

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are irresistibly attracted to her breasts. It's as if he breathes her motion through his eyes as she moves and breathes. Occasionally their eyes meet for a long moment and they drink of each other.

She continues now to move the energy down his legs, from the groin to thigh, knees, calf, feet, and toes, still planting occasional moist kisses to his skin. She lets her hair and cheek softly brush his now partially swollen instrument of pleasure. She inhales deeply the scent of him. He is tantalizingly torn between the feel of relaxation from the deep calm massage and the enticing stimulation of her presence, her breath, hair, and lips.

In the flash of a heartbeat she playfully attacks him, rolling him down and over on the bed, growling and tickling. He is surprised for a moment, but soon rebounds to defend himself. He can also play the game. He tickles and wrestles along with her as they roll around on the bed. Laughing, scrapping, tussling like a couple of puppies, until they collapse in each others arms, panting, out of breath, still tickling, just a little tease.

When they catch their breath they move into a kiss, long and deep. Their bodies, now horizontal, begin to rub each other. Hands explore, some light touch, some touch more firm. He feels his body begin to glow. There is a sensation of flow, but from where to where? Head, feet, hands, muscles, bone. He does not know or care. The glowing and growing is focused in his groin. Like a big "V" collecting heaven's energy.

His hands want to feel everything. She is soft and warm. He can feel her body respond to the explorations of his hands. His hands find

## **The Male Awakening Celebration**

her breasts. They are like magnets drawing his hands. He notices her breath change and her body melt. In a flash his consciousness fills with memories of the many times he has imagined this moment. The many times he has listened as other males have discussed the feel of a woman's breast. He experiences a flash of the primal memory of suckling at his mothers breast, feeling the soft warmth with baby hands.

He wants to linger with the breast, playing with the nipples, feeling them wrinkle and harden from his touch. However, he remembers from training that to pleasure a woman a man must not keep the focus exclusively here. Exploring, touching, awakening all the skin of her body is important. His groin is already on fire, quick to ignite, but the woman takes longer. He has been taught the male hold-back technique. He knows now why there was so much practice of this in training. He pulls away from her body, knowing that with continued close contact he will not be able to hold back for long.

He swallows and breathes deep, tightening his groin and anus muscles. She lays still, somewhat still, watching him as his hands continue to explore the curves of her body. Her body and breath respond to his touch. He has been taught that there are rivers of energy that flow through the body. He has seen drawings and pictures. He closes his eyes to increase the ability of his hands to sense, to feel these subtle currents.

His brain engages and he realizes that he is actually doing that which has been before only real in his thought. How often had he imagined what this day would be like? As the time grew near and the training so rigorous, he had thought of little else. Fragments, pieces of

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the many stories he had heard over the years growing up, told by both men and women about the Awakening Celebration, come bubbling through his mind. The realization of this being him, *now*, his story, his time, overwhelms him. It is really real and happening for him *now*! *His* touch is causing her to respond to him with pleasure and arousal. Her aroma and presence are intoxicating. Her soft, smooth curves are opening to his tender, inquisitive touch. He knows that soon he can be inside her. Again he swallows and breathes deeply.

He rolls her over to explore more of her skin and curves. He can't yet believe he is finding the paths of energy. There is a pleasurable feeling to moving his hands over her body. With long smooth strokes, sometimes kneading with his fingers, there is a sensation of pushing or pulling something. He will learn with time and practice.

It is time to begin, more than time to begin. He stands up and she joins him. Holding hands and looking into each other's eyes, he says. "I am ready to learn the art and secrets of giving and receiving sexual pleasure. Will you guide me?" She responds with, "You are all that MAN is. You have all that MAN has. I am pleased that you have chosen me to BE ONE WITH. I will guide with love and respect."

She pours the sparkling cider. He drinks and passes her the cup. She drinks, then watching his eyes watch her, she removes her gown. The gown, being so lightweight and sheer, in fact, hid little of her physique. Still he feels a thrill of response to see her entire body nude, the smooth uninterrupted curves. She slowly turns around. Knowing

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the effect of her female body, she playfully, erotically, dances around him.

She feeds him soft, sticky rice from her fingers, and takes a few bites herself, while feeding him. He licks her fingers. His hand plays with her hair as she removes his robe. It falls to the floor.

They kiss deep and long in a soulful embrace, their hands moving slowly to begin the rhythm of sharing. The feeling of closeness, of warm touch, is like the ocean. Like small waves lapping the shore when the breeze is soft and low. The pleasure and passion weave together, beginning a pattern—or is it a rhythm? Perhaps it is the feeling of drinking in an ancient rhythm, a primal dance whose steps have always been known, but whose secrets must once again be reawakened. Restructured through the expression of the individuals and the time-space.

His brain is thinking none of this. He is totally lost into the experience. Time, space, individual bodies have no meaning here and now. He realizes she is talking, he is listening. The sound of her voice is calling him home. His entire body is throbbing. His every muscle is tight, taut, ready. He feels like a balloon blown up, ready to pop. He feels like a nova comet, burning from the inside, radiating heat out, racing across the sky. All these feelings are converging into timeless moments.

Her voice sounds like music. “I honor you, worship you, respect you as the perfect expression of MAN, God’s created maleness. It is my pleasure to offer you this first drink of the female cup of mystery. May you continue throughout your life journey to grow and expand.

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Nurture and be nurtured in the presence of loving grace. Relax now. This is your time. All will go well.”

He realizes her speech is over, although the sound of her voice seems to continue to echo. His body is moving, seemingly without command or control on his part. While she talks her hands take blessed liberty with his body, touching his flesh and muscle. Her fingers tempt, teasing fibers of feelings to course through his body. At the same time she encourages him to relax, all will go well, her hands have found the prize, his now engorged and throbbing stalk of manliness. Her hands, soft as silk, know exactly what they are doing.

It feels to him as if all the strength and will of his body, of his self, from the hair on his head to the tips of his toes, is being pulled along fiery channels to the central source of action. There is nothing but feeling. He doesn't want to stop, yet there is a feeling of urgency to plant the shaft. He opens his eyes. The room is spinning, so he looks only at her. She is watching him closely. He dives into her eyes and finds comfort. They are moving, almost dancing, very close to the bed.

She moves behind him and squeezes her arms and elbows around his chest, her flesh and muscles tight against his. He feels the soft curves and warmth of her body, tight and pulsing. Is she pushing or pulling? He can't tell. He doesn't care. He feels the energy, the fire of his passion, moving inward and upward. He tightens with the in-draw; it almost feels like smoke sucking up a chimney. With it he feels the heart center open. Breath entering his chest quickly, then hold. The steady, unrelenting pressure of her still body close from behind, causes

## **The Male Awakening Celebration**

everything to melt. His erection softens some. He feels strangely limp, like a wet dishrag. He also feels acutely aware, exceedingly alive.

She feels him relaxing. She guides him to sit on the bed. She also sits on the bed, somehow still wrapped around him from behind, yet facing him. She touches his face and lips with her fingers. She brings her fingers to her own lips. Inviting his kisses she moves her fingers to trace a line from her lips to the ear and down the neck to her breast. Her finger tips encircle the nipple, then hold the breast as if in offering.

Her hands return to his chest and back, as he moves to kiss her lips. One of his hands moves through her hair and scalp. The other hand takes the invitation and caresses the offered breast. His lips stay with hers for a long, passionate kiss. Then he nibbles her neck and ear. He inhales deeply the intoxicating scent of her femininity. There is no hurry. He takes his time to explore her body with his hands and mouth. He is totally absorbed by the softness, the pliability of her breasts and the silky smooth texture of the skin on her chest and stomach. As he kisses and suckles at her breast, the passage of time disappears. As he senses her responding to him, he feels a surge of power and warmth, almost like an electric charge. Her breathing shifts, her body shifts, there is a trembling. Her legs open and he senses a subtle new fragrance. His hand seems to automatically move to the space between her legs.

He rubs the skin of her inner thigh. Any nervousness melts as his hand feels the soft tug, as if a magnetic pull toward her honey cup. As his fingers part the hair, he finds there is moisture. It feels slimy, slippery. Her breathing changes again, long breath in and exhale,

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followed by shallower breath. Her hand joins his to guide his fingers over and around the place he knows is called clitoris. Her other hand has found his pulsing shaft. She is talking about pleasure, something about the beauty, grace, and privilege of sharing passion as pleasure. It's hard for him to focus on words because the experience of feeling is so overwhelming. His mind does flash for brief moments on remembering some of the stories he has heard about sexual experiences, and on some of the videos he has watched. But now he knows, nothing can compare to the actual real experience.

When he feels her mouth on his man tool, any stray thoughts completely leave his mind. *Woah—wow* Takes his breath away! He breathes in quickly, then exhales in a long sigh. The soft velvet of her lips, the provocative movement of her tongue is causing his whole body to respond. He almost feels as if he has become one huge penis, no flesh but this flesh. Nothing exists, nothing else is real, anywhere, anytime; the only reality is this incredible feeling of pleasure passion.

He knows he must hold back now or it will be over. Tempting, so tempting to let it go. This is the hardest one ever to try to hold back, but he wants to make it last, knows it can get better. Hard to imagine better. He clears his throat as he begins to pull away. She knows what to do. She presses and holds the point at the base of the perineum. She calmly holds his head and neck. His body is physically still, yet the experience is more exciting than ten thousand roller coasters. The thrilling exhilaration of the pleasurable energy coursing through his body can-not be put into words. As the body rush passes and he relaxes a bit she uses her hands to move the energy up his back and neck, then over the head and scalp and down his chest to the navel area.

## **The Male Awakening Celebration**

With the emptying feeling, there is also a sense of filling. He feels a strong sense of peace, intense energy and strength. He lies down. His penis has softened some, he almost feels like sleeping for a moment. Her hands are moving, massaging his legs. She is rubbing his feet and toes. After a while, a fairly long while, she moves her hands back up along his inner thigh, only briefly fondling his now soft penis before moving up to his stomach and chest. She lays down full length next to him, cradled in his arm, her head near his heart. They lay together for some time feeling connected and at peace.

When he starts to stir, she offers him a drink of the sparkling dry cider and more of the rice. They both chew a little food and share the drink. It is grounding, centering. He can't help feeling a bit like a child with a new toy to unwrap. He feels safe and clean, powerful and confident. He feels as if he wants to explore and know and feel every inch of her, outside and inside.

He starts by touching and kissing her eyes and face. Then he rolls her over to play with her back. Everything about her is fascinating. The curve of her neck into her shoulder. The way the curls of her hair fall. The way her muscles are so smoothly defined. Then there is the scent, the scent of the woman. It is sweet and flowery, also pungent and earthy. It is the beauty of a flower garden fresh with bloom. It is the invitation of a newly plowed field, ready for planting.

She responds to his touch, the attention of his hands, fingers and mouth, with small movements and soft cooing noises. He is clearly giving pleasure, she is purring. He moves down her back, tracing each rib bone and feeling the spine. He lingers on the firm soft globes of her

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buttocks flesh. He moves down her legs with long, firm strokes. He kneads her feet and twirls her toes.

Then he turns her over and works his way back up. Her legs seem to part like magic. He buries his face in the mystery, inhaling her fragrance and tasting the honey dew. She inhales sharply, then exhales a passionate moan. He feels the stirring of his own passion, as he knows he is stirring hers. He continues to nibble and suck and lick, while his hands move along her inner thigh. First her hips start to move, then her legs and feet. Her back moves to arch. His hands move along her stomach and up to her breasts. He hears her passion mount as the cooing turns to deeper moaning, punctuated with sharp inhales. His own level of passion has become hard again.

As he moves to kiss her belly and breasts, his hand moves in to continue exploring the wonderfully responsive blossom. His finger slides deeper, slowly, tentatively moving into the soft moist folds of her inner skin. The motion of her hips and the feel of her flesh and muscles generate a magical rhythm. There's a pulse to it like the beat of a drum. He rubs and glides in sync and syncopation. He feels her tremble. He senses waves of small contractions, and then she relaxes. Her breathing changes. She says, "That's good, so good."

He buries his face in her neck and they both catch their breath for a brief time of relaxation. He lays full length, kind of on top of her, between her legs. Her hand can reach his now throbbing male prize. She deftly fondles it and guides it to her welcoming spot.

He is ready, so ready, but the actual feel of entering her takes his breath away once again. He follows his training and enters only part

## The Male Awakening Celebration

way, then holds it still, to soak in the union. He feels her inside muscles as they contract and relax. He begins to move with her muscle motion. Pushing in a bit, she relaxes, pulling out, she contracts. He feels the rhythm moving to unite their two bodies into one body. It is so like a dance. They kiss long and deep and their breath joins together as part of the grand rhythm.

Her hips rise to accept him as he pushes deeper. She slides a pillow under her hips. Her legs move up and back a few times before wrapping around him ever more tightly. The thrusting is getting faster as it goes deeper. He gathers her tight. His hands feel the flesh of her buttocks, like plump, ripe fruit. He can hear the smack of their love juice as he moves in and out. She is sucking his ear lobe and the flesh of his neck. She says, “It’s so good, ... yes..., let it come, ....yes, ...Ahhh...”

Her fingers are pulling the flesh of his buttocks as he releases the orgasmic energy in thrusting passion and vocal discharge. They wrap into each other tightly. The waves of ecstasy are passing between them—one body, one consciousness, one timeless moment. They continue with the thrusting motion as the waves linger and fade into a peaceful bliss. He stays inside her as their breathing calms and their consciousness floats in the special paradise that is the bliss of successful male-female bonding.

It is a fine beginning for a lifetime of lessons.

## Introduction for the Female Opening Celebration

Before reading this section it is important to understand the action occurs between two consenting adults. The actual age of the person is less important than the level of maturity and readiness to take this important step. In this make-believe society, the ceremony is carefully arranged by people who specialize in human sexual awareness and the development of the body, mind and spirit. Imagine a space and time where sex is accepted as a joyous, natural, sacred rite. This celebration is occurring enveloped by the acceptance and encouragement of the community, a society that *honors* the exchange of male-female sexual energy as pleasure.

Certain “facts” or presumed realities are not contained in the text to allow for its artistic flow and to encourage the imagination of the reader. Let me set the stage before we start the show.

This fictional community is structured with a variety of celebrations that are ceremonial in nature. We are familiar with ceremonial celebrations such as marriage, baptism, first communion, bar mitzvah, graduation, prom night, and many more. These are formalized events (some less formal)—societal traditions that mark life events or passages. These ceremonies serve to provide structure for the individual. They form a net to help the person stay connected and

## **Introduction for the Female Opening Celebration**

supported by the approval, and if you will, caring of the circle of family and friends.

The woman receives a minimal amount of sexual training or teaching before her ceremony. The woman will receive more information and teaching about sexuality after her first experience. She is, however, an adult woman judged by parents and community to be ready. The man who “does the honors” would be of her choosing. He would be someone she is attracted to and desires. He would also be someone like a religious/spiritual caregiver. He would be well trained and practiced, able to control and manipulate human sexual energy. He would need to have reached an advanced level of holding back or controlling his own level of passion to be eligible to perform the female opening celebration .

An elder couple observes the woman’s celebration. People may find the concept of an elder couple watching to be quite strange. The main purpose of their presence is to accentuate the importance and powerfulness of the female opening. It is assumed that the elders are well respected, probably not related to the girl, and seasoned adepts at the art and science of sexual ecstasy. Their presence enhances and vitalizes the energy. Another reason for their presence is to assure that things go well for the woman. Every person is different. Every situation is unique. If the young couple is not bonding well, if there are problems of any kind, the elder couple is there to intercede, to give guidance or encouragement. It is assumed that the man is chosen carefully to match the woman, assuring a positive, nurturing flow of energy. But you never know for sure until it happens. So the presence

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## **First Time Celebration**

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of the elder couple is intended to have an enhancing and calming effect, and it emphasizes the importance and delicacy of the female first time.

The physical building is like a religious/spiritual center—a special place set up for sexual energy exchange. A “hot spot”, so to speak. It is beautiful, clean, spacious and sanctified. The room is specially prepared for this activity. There are flowers, food and music available. The community participates by sending her well wishes and happy thoughts. There might be a community party of some sort before, after, or both.

This fantasy is intended to jump-start people’s thinking about sex and sexuality as more than just “rubbing skin” a physical exchange of energy. Think about how we as a society might want to go about elevating this important aspect of our lives—physical sex. This book is simply meant to be an example. Even as I wrote it, I knew there could be many other variations or ideas about how this celebration might be enacted.

Mostly I want to open people’s hearts and minds to the notion that sexual exchange involves subtle energy and goes beyond physical union. Also I want to expand—explode really—the idea of orgasm as a goal. I like to think of human sexual exchange as a dance, or perhaps even a video game, with more and more challenging and rewarding levels.

## The Woman Teaching

The women are gathered. Supper was shared with stories and laughter, dishes put away. Now a fire crackles in the wooden cabin, flames dancing, casting a web of soft glow on the faces of the women. Amalia is the youngest. Having recently had first moon flow, she can now join the circle. This is her first gathering lesson. Danelle and Christa are the next youngest, sisters, only a year or so apart in age. They have come before to three and four of these teachings. Ona, June, and Sonora are older still and more seasoned with the gatherings. Alena is about to graduate. This gathering is to prepare, honor, and celebrate the coming of her own first time ceremony.

It is customary for both the women and the men to gather, each in separate places. At the end of the day, Beloved Woman, the cherished grand-dame, will speak to the young women. So it is that Beloved Woman looks out from the space of grace within which her being resides. She sees the young girls, ready to move into, or rather towards, woman-ness. Octona, the garland priestess ( a garland priestess is a woman already well established as a learned fountain of ecstatic sexual bliss), is drumming and leading the group in soft flower songs. The sound of their voices, mixed with hers, feels like rain on a hot summer day. Beloved Woman closes her eyes and remembers her own childhood with its inevitable passage into being *woman*. She remembers her first taste of nectar from the love chalice. How

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delightful he had been. Her thoughts flow round and round, eventually reaching the nothingness that is all.

Their songs fade into the night as if nestled under the wing of the Beloved Woman's ever—pervasive state of bliss. Dusk had silently left. The blanket of night brought with it a slight breeze and the scent of late spring, full of the fragrance of the early flowers.

She began to speak.

“Ah, my sweet daughters. As I watch your faces now, I am reminded of my own time of moving from being young to being more a woman. So many adventures await you. Each of you holds the key to the great happiness. There is but one key. Yet for each of you, as you take hold of it—magic!—it becomes unique to you. Each of you has a special journey to travel—it is your own path that takes you there.” Here she pauses, and speaks the next sentence slowly, catching the eye of each girl as she speaks. “All that *woman* is, you hold in you. Each of you *is* every woman.”

“Men, whom the illusion would have us believe are so different, are truly more the same than different. Yet it is the difference that makes the appetite yearn. The difference makes the hunger—and the fulfillment of that hunger—possible. Let it stay with you, always in the back of your mind, that we are all human. Male and female, we are all tailored from the same cloth. Then allow yourself to forget that truth and be lost in the illusion of the difference. He is hard while you are soft.”

Her eyes catch Octona's eyes, in a glance recognizing the profound simplicity. A chuckle becomes a laugh. Christa pokes Danelle and everyone wiggles and sighs.

She continues.

“This special pleasure, the drink of love, has many flavors. Some choose to taste with a variety of partners. This can be a joy, yet one may find that the partners change and the flavor stays strangely the same. It can even become stale and flavorless. Some choose to stay with one lover. Theirs can be the joy of tasting the changes through time. Deep, strong love growing ever more flavorful.

“You will learn to listen to your heart, and to your feelings. All guidance comes from within you. Pay attention to the signs of the outside world, then let the knowing-ness of your *self* guide you into the journey that is your own expression. Inside your heart, where love lives, that's where you need to look and listen. Build your home around the heart and soul. This part is so important I will say it again.” She does so, more slowly the second time. Her eyes lovingly penetrate each girl, as if drilling home the point. “Inside your heart, where love lives, that's where you go to look and listen. Build your home around the heart and soul. Oh, so simple and so elusive.”

“The dance of male and female is like the tides from the moon. It influences the very fabric of your being. The build-up of female sexual energy, the desire to ground or diffuse it through blending with male counter energy, is natural, wholesome, and necessary. God knows why! There are many ways to allow this circuit to happen. It is the way to balance, enhance, and guide your healthy *self*. Physical

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intimacy, sex, is the most powerful and demanding way. Yet there are other ways. Conversation, the touch of hands, eye contact. You will learn, based on experiencing your own need cycle, when to spend time only with other females and build the charge, keep your own energy strong, and when to meet and mate with your lover. Thunderstorms are necessary, powerful and bright, yet the sky is not always filled with them. Sometimes the gentle rain is enough and many days are without clouds and filled with sunshine. All are good and necessary. You see, God's plan is to give variety. This makes for richness in our lives.

“Each of us is like an instrument in the orchestra. Each has a unique tune, rhythm, and tone. It will take time to develop and know for yourself what works best. There is no “right way”. There is someone for everyone. Each of you will find your own timing, tune, the right person and pattern for your individual path.

“The most important part about loving is learning to love yourself. What I'm talking about is spending the time with yourself to know who you are. Attraction to someone else can sometimes be because he offers something you feel you are missing. When this happens the bond is flawed from the start. You will not be satisfied until you can build that part into yourself. He will always let you down. There is no other option.

“What is love?

“Some say it is everything. Everything, perhaps, that is human. The humanness that aspires to the divine shines through Love, compassion, and sharing. Sex without Love is empty, nothing, less

than nothing. Sex with Love is so rich, so full, you can live a whole lifetime in one moment.

“Blessed be, there are many moments in a lifetime.

“I love you all. I love you each, and every one. My love pours out of me and into you and still I am full. This love, this compassion, take it with you. Take it with you in your attention. Pay attention to right now, this moment, Each moment you are alive, remember the a—live—ness. And be grateful.

“Sisters, there are many steps in a journey, and many paths lead to the goal. The goal is your heart’s desire. Be at peace with your *self*. Find and know your *own self*. Then step ahead bravely into the picture you paint with your *self*. Remember, my loves, attention to each moment. Gratitude for each moment. Compassion for all that may seem other than *self*. There is only Love, anything else is simply illusion. We are all connected.”

The room is silent for an unknown time. Amalia softly weeping brings the focus of the group back to her feelings. Christa hugs her and croons softly; the rest of the group sighs. They all hug each other. Sonora says, “It sounds easy when you talk about it”. Octona speaks. “Lessons in love are always the most potent. They spin powerful webs to create the illusion of complication. Finding the path of your own heart has unique pitfalls and personal triumphs. Our Beloved Grandmother has lived many stories and so will each of you”.

While Octona talks, Beloved Woman has already started dancing. She and Ona, hand in hand, moving at first slowly, bending, dipping, painting patterns with her hand. Up on toes, then faster, swooping like

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## First Time Celebration

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a bird, then twirling. Taking another girl by the hand, soon all the women fill the room with dancing motion.

“Attention to now. Right now. This *moment!* Create a space for yourself. Learn to do *it* and you can always return to this moment. With that said, the Beloved Woman manages to kiss and bless and hug each girl before spinning out of the room. The girls continue to dance.

## **The Female Opening Celebration**

The water is warm and fragrant. The room is filled with fresh spring flowers. The scent of lilacs fills the air. She feels relaxed and strangely numb. Yet the excitement and readiness fill her and she leaves the comfort of the warm bath. Her attendant girl friends wrap her in a fluffy towel. They lay her down and rub fragrant oil onto her skin. She feels loved and important. There is some chatter and cheerful joking while they comb and arrange her hair and apply special cream to her face. She looks in the mirror and sees there is a woman in her body. Strange, because she has been so used to seeing the girl. They help her into the light gossamer robe, and put some flowers in her hair. She feels like a precious jewel. She also feels extremely nervous. They take her hand and open the door.

The elder couple is waiting outside and together they walk down the hall to the altar bedroom. Her attendants hug and kiss her, wish her well, and she enters the room with the elders. He is waiting. The room is filled with flowers and soft, melodic music. The ceremonial food is on a tray and the elders take a seat by the door. Her eyes are glued to him and she has to remember to breathe. The sight of him wearing only a wrapped tunic around his pelvis takes her breath away. She had seen his muscles before and longed to touch them, but she had never

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seen so much of him, or been in a space where fantasy would become reality.

She moves toward him slowly as they join eyes and hands. There is no sense of limited time or urgency. His hands move to her waist and lower back. Her hands move up his arms. They embrace, enfold, and she melts. They begin to move slowly with the music, as if dancing. Hands begin to explore each other. Touch and stroke the hair. Long strokes up and down the back. The feel of his tight, hard muscles starts a strange gnawing feeling in the pit of her stomach and a warmth fills the place between her legs. While they slowly “dance,” they move apart a little to look at each other, to let their hands explore, and to drink in each other’s eyes. His hands find the soft flesh of her buttocks. She feels his breath on her neck. He inhales deeply as he pulls her close and tight like a bunch of flowers. He whispers “relax, beautiful goddess”, warm breath on her ear. She melts into his arms and being.

He moves apart a bit as he runs his hands up the side of her back. He massages her shoulders then runs his hands down her arms. He lifts her arms high above her head as he moves behind her. She feels his body, warm and solid, press against her. He slowly works his hands down her arms, awakening the skin and flesh and bones as they travel. She can feel a delicious, strange new feeling. Is it warmth or tingle? Certainly it is a very alive feeling. His hands, his marvelous hands. What magic is this? Expectancy precedes, excitement follows in the wake of his fingers. He moves slowly and methodically past her armpits, over her breasts and down toward her navel. She moans as an unexpected wave of ecstasy runs through her body. She can hardly

## **The Female Opening Celebration**

catch her breath. Her hands have found their way behind him, into his hair and around his neck. She feels his breath on her neck and cheek. She doesn't even recognize the voice that softly, slowly touches her ear. It says, "You are so beautiful. Relax and enjoy."

The sound of his voice brings her back from somewhere else to remember who she is, who he is, and what they are doing. It feels heavenly. He massages her belly, gently but firmly and deeply, with respect. His calmness and assuring movements serve to kindle the flames of her passion. It feels like heat. This strange energy is moving so quickly all through her body. It is almost uncomfortable. A ribbon of sandpaper-like ache spreads down her inner thigh to her toes. Her toes curl and her hips start a slow motion.

He bends her forward, running one hand up her back. The other hand strokes down her leg, starting at the top of her buttocks, using a firm, flat stroke, more fast than slow, but not too fast. It almost feels more like a doctor than a lover. He does this stroke more than once, working different lines down the leg and back. He switches hands to do both legs. It changes the heat, redirects the energy. The trembling excitement she feels on the skin moves deeper. What had been on the outside moves inward.

She had felt the ache of passion before, from her thoughts. She had thought about this day, and what it might feel like. What his body would feel like. How she might feel. She had listened to the stories people told her. She had thought about what it would be like. And yet, nothing had prepared her for this. Along with her excitement, she is

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also apprehensive. It is all so new. Their eyes meet and drink of each other. Her apprehension melts into desire for union.

He gently brings her back upright. His one hand moves up her back to her neck, the other hand moves from the bottom of her belly up to the space between her breasts. Her body is trembling. He pulls her close to him and she feels his strength and confidence. Her hands move slowly from his shoulders to his buttocks. She feels his warmth. He bends her slightly backwards and also caresses her back, moving from shoulders to buttocks. He softly and methodically kisses her face, her forehead, cheeks, nose, chin, mouth. He lingers on her mouth. She begins to open, wanting to pull him deeper. He moves to kiss her neck and ears.

He gently pulls away, leaving one hand massaging her back, while the other hand works on the front. Smooth, even strokes up and down the front and back. Her nipples feel hard and hot as his hand methodically moves over her chest. She feels an unexplainable, uncontrollable urgency mounting. It starts to build in her toes and her ears. Her body is undulating in its own rhythmical pattern. She is making a soft moaning sound. Her whole body is overcome by a mounting rhythmic wave. Rolling energy seems to come from every part of her body, back to the center as a whirlpool, then move outward. She feels as if she is falling. He catches her and pulls her close. She wraps her arms tightly around him. They merge from the center. The sweetness is intense. She can feel the energy move from her, to him, and back again. It is an exhilarating feeling. She can do nothing but attempt to melt into him.

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There is a feeling of relief. She takes a deep breath. He is still holding her close. She can feel his swelling man part under the thin cloth that separates them. When she has caught her breath, he lightheartedly spins her around and catches her in his arms in a sweeping, dance-like gesture. They move around the floor in a playful, dancing discharge of energy. For a time she almost forgets the softly insistent tickle-itch of a warm glow between her legs.

He leans over and tells her, with his warm breath in her ear, that she looks radiant, feels inviting, and smells wonderfully fragrant. He takes a flower, lets her smell it, then rubs it softly on her cheek before putting it in her hair. There is nothing hurried about his movements or actions. There is a warm breeze blowing through the window and the scent of spring is everywhere.

He begins to nibble on her ear. She feels his breath on her skin and that soft, warm glow she had almost forgotten is instantly ignited, as if someone threw a handful of leaves on a campfire. She doesn't know or care where the sparks fly. She does know this is a very different feeling than anything she has ever felt before.

There is a part of her that is scared, scared of the pain perhaps. She now understands more about pain and pleasure. Scared perhaps of this feeling of losing control, of being swept away. It catches at her heart. They haven't even taken their clothes off. What would the rest be like? This is really happening now and it is happening to her. Soon his hard man stem will open her woman flower. She swallows at the thought. She knows she doesn't have to do it. She can still call the whole thing off, say she isn't ready. But, man oh man, she is ready, so ready.

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He is kissing her neck. His hands are leisurely kneading her shoulders and back muscles. The heat moves into a slow simmer. All fear melts away. She wants to feel every inch of her skin next to his skin. She knows she must start the food ceremony before the clothes can come off. It is the traditional way for the woman to officially accept the man. She moves toward the bed.

By the bed is the tray of food and drink. She pours the sparkling fruit cider. Looking directly into his eyes, she offers him the glass and says “I am ready”. He drinks deeply and replies “Blessed be”. He pours more and with a playful flourish returns the glass to her lips. She tries to sip and swallow, but nothing about her body seems to be the same. She remembers some of the joking she has heard before. That it might be hard to drink. Now she knows only the feeling. She drinks, she swallows, she starts to shake. He takes the glass, sets it down. Then he simply holds her close and sings a soft chant. She feels a warmth and strength fill her body.

After a time, he takes the orange and peels it. With the smell of the orange peel, her sense of normalcy returns. He puts a section of the sweet, juicy fruit into her mouth. He eats a few sections before accepting the rice from her. He chews slowly. She is fascinated. Their eyes meet and then their bodies move together. She slips out of her gown.

She finds herself fascinated by his muscles. She needs to touch them, somehow drink them in. As she reaches toward him, he sits on the bed and pulls her onto his lap. Her hands feel compelled to explore every muscle. She is sensing rivers of light. The energy is moving in a

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“V” toward his pelvis. Her hands become his muscles as she moves them along his chest to arms, shoulders, back, and down toward the center.

In a slow flash, she realizes her body has become like a burning nova. Her consciousness shifts to his mouth. It is kissing and sucking her breast. It had been turning her body into molten jelly, while she was lost in his muscles. It is only the beginning of the next wave of ecstasy. This incredible ache, this sucking feeling has begun between her legs. She needs his special man part. She loosens his wrapped tunic, feeling under the cloth to find it ready and waiting. She feels, at this moment, that it is the most wonderful thing imaginable.

The burning ache in her own woman place is almost unbearable. She can feel the moisture of her female flower and the closeness of his hard, throbbing treasure. Her hips are moving any which way, opening her legs and trying to find a way to bring his metal to her magnet. His mouth moves to the other breast. His one hand is smoothing and teasing the breast that has already enjoyed his mouth. The other hand is supporting her back and neck.

He lifts his head, gazes into her eyes and says, “You feel so soft. Relax darling, we have plenty of time. Are you feeling pleasure?” She gulps and nods in an affirmative reply. She takes a deep breath. He loosens her grip on his penis and moves her hand to his shoulders. He kisses her deeply. She melts into it and feels the motion of the warm heat of passion moving through her body. She leads his hand to the source between her legs. He knows her urgency, but still he takes his time. He lets his fingers do the walking, lightly on the surface. His

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mouth seems to be everywhere, yet his pace is slow and thorough. Kissing alternately lightly and deeply her neck, ears, throat, breasts, shoulders.

The pleasure wave is mounting, moving to a crest. She finds her hips moving to their own rhythm, trying to get away, yet wanting more. She wants his fingers to rub more, to go deeper. He only has one finger slightly in and it rides along with the motion of her hips, so as not to be stroking or applying pressure. His thumb is on her lady slipper, alternately resting and stroking. It feels so good it almost hurts. It is like a pinching, searing feeling. Her breathing turns to panting and she is chanting: “ah... ah... ahhh...” Her hips want to make him rub harder, deeper. Please! Now!

This wave breaks onto the shore. She moans deep and long. It is such a releasing feeling. Almost like a sneeze, only longer. He knows she is exploding and his whole hand covers her base. She feels the ripple of the muscles inside her as they move in rhythmic contractions. She feels the waves of pleasure run down to her toes, out through her hands. Her head is spinning. Her spine curves as her whole body arches in response to the pleasure emanating from the central core. His body is moving with hers. His one arm is supporting her around her back, while holding her close. The other hand is moving with the mound, almost like milking her contractions, or like making music with her flesh and muscle.

Gradually her breathing and motions slow down. She takes a long, deep breath. When he feels her completely relax, he kisses her on the forehead and then on the mouth. She feels limp and drained. He waits

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for her breathing to become even and her eyes to open. Then the hand that had held her opening during the torrent of pleasure, quietly waiting, begins to move. His thumb is on her clitoris, his fingers around the opening. Slowly he begins to rub and knead, sometimes gently tapping. The rhythmic contractions of her vaginal muscles that were gently and softly ebbing outward, turn and go deeper with a startling new intensity. Again she moans, this time as if someone had poked her with a stick. There is a deep sucking feeling as a prelude to the slow burn of her passion and the beginning of the next wave. He continues this special massage all around the opening—softly, gently, slowly—until her hips and hands start to move and her breath quickens.

He rolls her on her stomach and begins to work her back with long strokes from her head to her feet. Then he uses his strong fingers to press deeply into her muscles. The action is slow and methodical. She feels deeply relaxed. When he gets to her buttocks, he playfully works her cheeks like a batch of bread dough, rolling her hips back and forth. He tickles her sides. She giggles and writhes. In a smooth movement he raises one arm and continues a deeper, softer “tickle” up her side and underarm and along the soft skin part of her arm. He kisses her palms and does the other side and arm. Now both her arms are above her head. Her pelvis begins, all on its own, short, tight rhythmic jerks with her buttock muscle contracting.

He glides his hands back down to the center of that motion and lovingly kisses various places along the way. Then he moves his hands down her legs. It is as if he is pulling the passionate energy from her female center out through her feet. Working on the feet some, then holding the foot, he lifts and shakes the leg, then pulls and kneads.

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Taking his time with each leg, again he encourages her to relax. She takes a deep breath and truly feels some relaxation.

When he finishes working the legs, they are somewhat open. He moves his hands up the inside of the legs and then rolls her over. Now she is stomach up. He continues the same long strokes and loving kisses, this time working from her passion flower down to her feet, then moving to work the upper part of her body. Her hands are still above her head. She almost stays relaxed, but the feel of his hands moving over her breasts starts a warm pulsing and she moans for the joy of it. The feeling of his fingers on the soft skin of her underarm and arm causes a pleasant aching itch. Her hips start to move, rocking up and down. This wave of building passion is gentle but persistent as it balances outward and inward energy.

He positions himself above her head and begins a slow methodical massage treatment to her face and head and neck. It is very relaxing. The warm glow of her passion goes deeper and her body totally relaxes. They both take some time to pause and center in this space of relaxation. Her hands are resting, over her head, gently, by his leg and buttocks.

Before he moves from this position, he leans over a bit to spend some time playing with her chest and abdomen. Gently teasing her passion until her hips again start to move, her breath quickens, and her hands again are in motion exploring his body.

He then moves to a space between her legs. He bends her legs to open the woman prize. His hands move the energy along her inner thigh toward the knees with a few swift brushing strokes. Their eyes

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meet and he says “I am honored to be the one to open your flower of pleasure. Are you ready?” She manages to say “Yes, oh yes.” “Sweet blessed woman” he replies. His fingers then carefully open and explore the delicate flower. Light touch, up and down, side to side, round and round. He can feel the small bud swell, pulse and get hard. She is sighing and moaning and her legs and feet shake from time to time. She feels as if it hurts, it almost hurts, but don’t stop. He bends down to smell and she feels his breath, then his tongue. He alternates between teasing her with the tip of his tongue and softly, gently sucking. Her hands are in his hair. Her feet and legs are trying to wrap around his body.

His fingers have begun their job of opening. She moans, almost a deep growl. The tingling and heat are racing in spurts through her body, moving from the center in so many directions. Starting from her cheeks, she feels a hot flush fill her face and head. She feels almost angry, trapped, she doesn’t know what to do; her whole body is taken over by a strange spasmodic motion. She wants more. She wants it all now. This overwhelming wave of unutterable sensation is crashing all around her and within her. Inside out. Outside in.

She realizes someone is making a loud noise. It is her and him. Their voices blend in exuberant passion. It seems to echo from the walls. He is laying full length beside, almost on top of her. His breath is near her ear. She can’t seem to catch her breath as the wave of passion is mounting and dissipating all at the same time. Her body is writhing on the bed, hips and legs in motion. She wants to wrap around him. Her one hand is on his buttocks. Her other hand, he is holding above her head, at times applying something like a stretch.

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She isn't really conscious of anything except the ebb and flow of energy through her body, generated by and returning to the pleasurable, hot sensation between her legs. She takes a few deep breaths. As the pleasure wave passes, her body becomes still. There is a feeling of relaxation, wanting to melt into the bed, melt into his being. The heat between her legs is still there, and so is his hand. Now it is time for the opening.

His fingers are slowly opening, going around the moist, slippery cave. Taking his own sweet time. He applies pressure to a spot, holding, releasing and moving around the circle. It is as if she is a clock. He presses a spot at each one of the hours. Press and release, slowly taking his time, no hurry. The first time round, pressing around the outermost part of the opening. Each subsequent time around going deeper. He will go around seven times altogether. This opening is the most important part. It needs to be done with great sensitivity, respect, and patience. It awakens the flower of woman excitement. He can feel the responsiveness of her muscles and watch her breath to help him time the pressing and releasing.

He lifts his head often to observe her in her dance of agony and pleasure. He knows what she wants. He also knows the opening must take time. When her breathing and motions become too excited, he strokes her forehead, cheeks, or arms. He talks to her and asks her to tell him what she is feeling. It is hard for her to talk. He may stop entirely until she relaxes and talks. She can say a few words like "feels so good," "oh...nice," or "don't stop". If she appears too relaxed, he will play with her breasts or use his thumb or tongue, to keep the passionate excitement at a medium level of heat.

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Each round starts and ends on the fleshy mound, top center. After each round and before going deeper, he asks her to contract and release her inner muscles seven times. His finger can feel the action. He counts aloud as she performs. He encourages her to do it slowly, the holding and releasing.

At the end of the seventh round she is so ready. The extended time of passion at medium burn has transformed her body into a prickling, red-hot inferno. There are no thoughts in her head. There is plenty of her own passion-flower juice. Its scent fills the air. An incredible feeling of control and no control invites her surrender. His tongue and lips spend a few moments to enliven the top spot of her anxious red flower. The thumb of the hand with the finger deep inside continues the job, while his mouth moves up, kissing her belly then focusing on her breasts. His other hand is playing with her ear lobe. Her body reacts like turning up a gas stove. The medium burn is now on high. Her blood is boiling.

He doesn't need to ask her to contract and relax. Her reaction response is released and the wave is fully in motion. This time, his finger deep inside is riding the waves of contractions, enhancing the pleasure with pressure and strokes on her inside mound. Like playing a musical instrument or pumping a bike tire, but mostly just playing with the pressure like a surfer rides the waves.

He moves his body full length next to hers. Their eyes join. He uses his other hand to roll her a bit, and to pull the energy up her spine. His feet play with hers. Her body is following the waves of motion

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gyrating from between her hips. She feels relief, release and openness. They are both “singing” as he joins her moaning love panting.

Her body moves change from the contractions to an all-over shake. He is kissing her mouth deep and long. One arm is around her shoulders, the hand playing in her hair and scalp, as if pulling the energy up her spine. The other hand with the finger still inside is purposefully and carefully massaging the royal mound. Round and round, back and forth, up and down.

The shaking continues until her hips start moving in rhythm with his finger. She needs to break the kiss to catch her breath.

He slowly brings his finger out, maintaining the rhythm, giving more attention to her clitoris. She feels almost paralyzed and becomes very still as the potency of the release and sharing of her pleasure totally takes over. He moves his finger leisurely up the center of her body. The finger holds the scent of the woman. They both roll on their side and wrap their arms tightly to pull each other close, full length. He and she immerse in the magnetism and beauty of the man-woman attraction. She feels the comfort of his hard, strong male body. So much skin, so close to her soft, smooth body creates an overwhelming sensation. They become lost in the bliss of togetherness for this timeless moment.

Her face nestles in his neck and shoulders. She begins gentle, sucking kisses, then moves to his ear. His hands move with an ever-so-light touch up and down her back. Feels like fairies walking or a spider crawling. Soft sounds of “Ah.....ah....AH.....” are shared between

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them. She feels the hard throbbing of his man pleasure tool so close to her now slow-simmering woman place. She takes a deep breath and remembers that she is human and a woman, and is overcome by the reality of this feeling of pleasure and desire and relief. This is indeed her first time.

Sensing her reflective pause, he pulls apart and gazes deep into her eyes. He tells her she is a wonderfully responsive woman and a joy to be with. They both sit up and he offers her a drink, reaching over to get the glass. She takes a couple of sips. He takes a few swallows. She thinks about the pleasure. How strange it is to want more and not want more. It is hard for her to think rational thoughts, because the feelings are so strong and new within her.

They playfully roll around on the bed, somewhat like wrestling. He tickles her. They tickle each other. There is laughter. She is laughing so much, almost crying, when he rolls her on her belly. Using long smooth strokes, he pulls the energy down her arms, back, pelvis, and legs. She feels relaxation and surrender. He is in charge of the energy and motion. She is fully receptive to the giving. Underneath the relaxation are bursts and periods of intense, pleasurable excitement. What comes next? She knows what will soon be next. Surely it cannot be long now until he really enters her body with his.

Again he works her feet, pulling the energy down her legs. He spends time with each toe, blowing on the spaces between her toes. She feels the relaxation and the heat of passion. It is a slow burning ache. He is moving up her body with his hands and tongue and lips. He gives special attention to the space behind her knees. He uses a

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combination of finger kneading and percussive techniques to work her inner and outer thighs and buttocks. Then, sitting with his knees astride her upper legs and his stiff special man part resting so close to her simmering female place, he continues the massage on her back. Long smooth strokes, finger kneading, light percussion, and soft scratches. She is squirming a bit and making soft, dove-like noises.

After a time, he leans forward to kiss and breathe on the back of her neck and ears. She moves to roll over and reaches for him. As she rolls over and moves to him, he holds both her hands. He knows that a woman in this phase of passion may sometimes want to claw or bite. Holding her hands makes it easier for him to keep track of them, making it safer for him. Also, the energy flows freely between them with their hands together. It is almost time to enter.

There are special pillows to prop behind her back and under her buttocks. She is partly sitting up. He kisses her breasts a lot, interspersed with kisses to her neck and belly. He is telling her how soft and warm she feels. How wonderful a woman she is to be with. The sound of his voice—encouraging her to relax, asking her if everything is OK, is she ready? there's plenty of time, this is her special time—only makes her hotter. She doesn't want to relax. She doesn't want to wait, she wants it now, right now. She is making noises, growling, panting, whining, begging. He takes his time, and keeps a gentle hold of her hands as they dance and play.

He presses both breasts together so the nipples are close and licks them both back and forth quickly. She lets out a sound kind of like a crow, and her hips raise about three inches. He goes down to smell and

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lick and kiss the blossoming passion flower. It is swelling and full of nectar. Her toes are curling and her hips and legs are sometimes bouncing off the bed, opening the gate of trust.

He begins to maneuver into position for entry. He holds both her hands over her head, stretching her torso for a long moment. Then he takes both her hands into one of his hands. Still over her head, but without the tension that stretches the torso. She is taking deep breaths. Her knees spread apart and bent. Her flower is open and moist and *oh so ready!* He kisses her ears, face, lips, and neck while the fingers of his hand are opening her entrance and guiding his man prize to the mark.

As skin touches skin, the first contact, her breathing pauses on the intake. He just holds it at the point of contact for a long moment. She swallows. He moves it up and down in the slippery nectar, barely dipping into the pocket to get the juice then moving up to tease the now red slit a bit. She feels a need to release vocally. “AaHHHaa...” Her breath discharges with a noise she didn’t know she could make. He slowly pushes in about an inch, then holds it still. She inhales a deep breath, followed by a pause of expectation, then slow panting. He begins to move slowly, still barely inside her.

His hand can now move from guiding the pleasure stalk to massaging her abdomen and chest, and alternately holding her hips still to keep her from undulating and escalating the passionate pleasure too fast. He asks her if it is OK. He knows the answer by the look in her eyes and the feel of the energy. Still, this is part of the formal custom. She nods and manages to speak, “Yes, OK, more.” A kind of

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shudder goes through her body, a kind of shake from the spine. He pushes in a little more and holds it.

He jokes and says, “It needs to just soak a bit.” He asks her to tighten and relax her muscles, slowly. He counts aloud as she complies. “Tighten, hold... relax... 1, good...relax...OK...tighten... hold.....relax....2...so nice...just relax.... OK....” He moves just slightly with her muscles. Back and forth, round and round, barely motion. The counting and the focus on her own muscles and the control of her muscles, centers her consciousness. She can feel the energy moving back and forth between them. “Tighten, hold...relax...5..good,...OK...tighten...” Her entire being is overcome by the merging of pleasure and pain into the center of her passion. The feelings of openness, receptivity, sucking, all blend into a central core of red-hot, pressure cooking energy. “Tighten, hold...relax...7, excellent!”

He pulls out with a circular motion and rubs her top nugget with the tip. Immediately, he pushes back in, this time going somewhat deeper. With this thrust he uses two strokes to reach the goal depth. Again he asks her to tighten and relax. Again he counts, but this time making the pace shorter and the count to six. He repeats this paced insertion seven times, each time pulling completely out, rubbing the clitoris before reinserting, using more strokes each time to go deeper. Each “round” counting one less for her to relax and contract, and pacing the counting a bit faster. All the time holding her hands and hips (except to occasionally guide the master of ceremony as needed).

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Her hands and hips are held, but the rest of her body, her head and torso, legs and feet are moving in an effort to shake out the building energy. When she is concentrating on contracting her inner muscles there is less overall motion, but her legs and buttocks help with the squeeze. During the relaxation part, sometimes parts of her body need to move with a jerk. He can feel her tension mounting, coiled like a spring tightly compressed.

With the seventh counted insert he is deep inside. He releases her hips and uses his hand to excite other parts of her body. Her hips immediately begin a rhythmic motion. He paces himself in a syncopated pattern to the rhythm of her hips and muscle motion. Some strokes long and deep, some short and deep, some pulling way out before plunging in, some quick and fluttering. As she moves to match his pattern, he changes, occasionally pulling entirely out.

She is frantic, panting, moaning. Her whole body is in motion. He is kissing her in many places, including her breasts. He is holding both her hands. Her entire *self* becomes the wave. She feels a delicious peace in the release of the intensity of the passion. He tightens his buttocks, pushes deep, and rides the wave. He maintains the tightness and the hardness to achieve his holdback and to give her more pleasure. He absorbs the essence of her release.

After a time her breathing and motions slow and they both pause for a short time to catch their breath. To smile and talk a bit. He can release her hands as now she can move into the phase of true fulfillment. A great peace fills their bodies and souls as they move to

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the inner rhythms of the beautiful dance of merging, flowing energy. They change position. He begins with the sets of nine.

The endless ocean of communion is beautiful and profound. It can last as long as the lovers wish. They still have food and drink left and will stay in blissful, playful union for a longer while. They will change position many times in this celebration of the dance of love. The elder couple already left the room sometime earlier, after knowing the event was progressing well. Others in the village will join the celebration, each in their own way. The beautiful human energy generated by the opening of the first blossom is magnificent, powerful, and far-reaching, through time and space.

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