

I have had clitoral orgasms all my life without thinking much about it. I remember their intensity in the early years when first having sex as a teen and I also recall a lack of satisfaction with them in later years (dependent of course on many other factors, still...)

In my late twenties I had my first multiple orgasm and thought wow it's true they do really exist! And from there on I thought the multiple was like winning the lottery, it seemed to be luck to me or a case of a correct body fit with my partner, something akin to the working of a well-oiled and aligned gear. I thought this because my best sex was always with men who had a lean and wiry body type similar to mine. Of course I did factor in a comfortable and intimate sexual relationship here as well, though it was clear that other men of different body types were never my preferred lovers.

Then in my forties a newly divorced girlfriend began to have very exciting sex experimenting with the notorious G spot (which up until that point I had thought was a myth generated by the likes of sex obsessed braggarts or the porn industry) and once again I discovered a new

sexual frontier just as I had done with the multiple in my twenties.

Though this frontier was to be explored alone as by that time I was not in a relationship nor having sex and that was just fine with me, however I had to experience the Gspot aka the vaginal orgasm for myself. It was then that I had recalled another friend explaining to me where this spot was and how to find it. At the time I had disregarded this, again as some sexual myth, now I tried to recall just exactly what she had said.

Apparently it was to be found in the vagina somewhere in the vicinity of the bladder or the front of the body and as I was told I would know I was there by the feel of a little patch of membrane there that was rough feeling or had a different texture from the surrounding area. What I did find was something that felt like scar tissue, just a strip of it, not necessarily a spot, more of a line. Once there simply rubbing it produced a full body sensation that I experienced much like a drug, a very definitive altered body state that seemed to get more and more expansive – when I visualize this feeling it looks like waves of concentric circles expanding outwards and

reverberating with intensity as it grows in circumference. Not a very original picture but still an accurate description of my experience. There seems to be some manual dexterity required in order to achieve the DIY vaginal orgasm, however once started there really is no other option but to continue , in fact I experience it as being not only incredibly erotic but nurturing and reassuring in some deep body way.

This orgasm seemed to encapsulate what I had always wanted from a clitoral orgasm. It seemed to move from oh that feels good to ooooh that feels crazy good and maybe even walks the line at times of pressure and pain, (perhaps because of its close vicinity to the bladder?) while deepening and stabilizing as it progresses, the pressure falling away to a warm, long and delicious sensation that is somehow to me at least comforting. I always experienced a clitoral orgasm as a wham! A Sensation that sometimes left me somewhat unnerved if not right on the razor's edge. I find no razor in the vaginal orgasm, only a welcoming inner sanctum.

Now in my late forties, the next phase of my sexual exploration is unknown. I do know this though it will surprise me and I look forward to it.



Trip To Bliss