

# Sacred Initiation

A story of sexual awakening

by

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## **Sacred Initiation**

A story of sexual awakening

Ben followed his mother up the walk to the white building that looked like a temple. It had been a church for years. There was a sign, “Sacred Sexuality,” over the round gateway that lead to an open patio which was full of huge plants and flowers. He had heard of this place. It was quite controversial when it first opened several years ago, but the community had grown to accept it. There were only good stories about it — not just good, but enthusiastic. The young people who had come here to be initiated into adolescence were so much more balanced, open and happier than their peers. The results couldn’t be argued, and even some of the worst critics had backed off. Their intellectual and even theological arguments couldn’t hold up to the obvious facts of good results.

Ben’s parents were conservative Christians, good people with loving hearts. They had talked together for a long time about this, as it was so contrary to their own upbringing, but they wanted young Ben to have the very best they could give him, and walking around town they noticed the peaceful presence and sense of joy around the young people they knew

had been initiated. Ben's mother had even talked to several of them outside a supermarket and had asked permission to talk to their parents. The enthusiasm that was expressed to them by the parents had won them over enough to attend a weekly introductory meeting at the center. They expected a heavily Hinduistic atmosphere, but there were no religious trappings. The center was more like an art gallery, full of beautiful paintings and sculptures. The decor created a palatable atmosphere of peace.

The representative of the center was a woman in her mid thirties. She was attractive, immaculately groomed and extremely gracious. She explained everything in simple terms and spoke with a quiet enthusiasm that was infectious. She talked about the major developmental needs of a child up through adolescent awaking and how critical it was for young people to have their sexual awakening celebrated and connected to their deepest levels of being. She spoke of it in such a natural way that made perfect sense. She then shared stories of the results of their work at a center in Europe which had been established for fifteen years giving them time to follow the lives of their young clients as they matured. Without exception the young people had carried the best qualities of childhood — curiosity, playfulness, and a natural creativity — forward into their adult lives. They were naturally charismatic and their easy self-confidence had made some of them leaders in business and even politics. Many had become inspired artists doing highly valued work. Others had gone into medicine and other fields of service to humanity. Some had pursued training with the center and were now working with new centers which were springing up all over the world. And none of them had experienced the severe sense of estrangement so characteristic of adolescence. They had explored their expanding interests without a need to reject their youth and thus their family.

It was extremely convincing, and very good news. Ben's parents decided that when Ben showed signs of his adolescent awakening, they would have him initiated and signed the necessary parental permission paperwork before they left. They had talked with Ben about the plan as they were instructed, and told him to let them know when he had his first sexual experience. It had been a bit difficult for them to talk to him about it as they had both been raised never speaking of sex in their families, and talking to him so openly crossed the grain of their early conditioning. Ben too was a bit shy about it and listened but didn't say anything in return expect yes when asked if he would let them know. That was the way it stood until Ben came to them and said, "It happened." That was all he could say, but they knew what he meant and smiled warmly at him.

Two very gracious young women met Ben and his mother at the door. Ben thought they were cute, and the natural beauty of the place plus the warmth and beauty of the young women gave him a sense of excitement that pressed against his shyness and fear.

The young women thanked Ben's mother for bringing him. She looked at him with great love and kissed him on the cheek, which embarrassed him a bit, but he glanced at her as if to say thanks. The young women had obviously been through this many times before, and assured him that all was well as they went through some large, ornate doors, chattering quite naturally with him to help him feel more at ease. Ben's mother felt like she was saying good-bye to her little boy as she watched the doors close and felt tears well up in her eyes. But she also felt proud of him, and excited for all life held in store. She went outside. There was a little fountain tinkling in the midst of huge bird of paradise plants. A purple bougainvillea spilled down above it. She drew in a deep breath and surrendered her motherly desire for Ben to remain her little boy forever, then glanced up at the sky and prayed for his protection, assuring her

heart that this was the very best thing for him. She over her shoulder once more, then went out to meet the other responsibilities of her day

The young women led Ben into an all white room that opened into a hall with several doors. Out of one of them came a young, auburn haired woman. She was very pretty and Ben felt a crush on her immediately. His excitement grew. She smiled and put out her hand for him to shake.

“Welcome Ben. My name is Juliet. How old are you?” Her voice sang with a beautiful French accent.

“I’m 12,” he answered shyly, wishing he could say he was 25 or 30 and that he was going to take her to Paris and make love with her forever.

“Your mom and dad have given you a great gift, Ben,” she said as she nodded to the two young ladies and taking him by the hand led him down to hall. “We are going to welcome and bless your awakening body, your new sexual energy. Is that all right with you?” she asked, He nodded yes and followed her into a large room with a large colorfully covered mat on the floor. It lay against a white wall that was vibrantly alive with the colorful abstract painting that covered it. “When did you have your first experience of sex?” she asked with a sweet naturalness.

“Uh... just last week,” he answered shyly.

“How beautiful. And how did it happen?”

“You mean...” he paused to clear his suddenly foggy voice, “I’m kind of embarrassed.”

“I see. Oh, this is fun. It makes me want to know more. Were you by

yourself or with a beautiful young woman?” she asked with a scampish smile.”

“I was alone.” He could feel the tightness in his voice as if he were no longer the prince he wished he could be but a frog, small and inconsequential, in the presence of a queen.

“It’s ok, Ben. I am here to support you, to help you know there is nothing to be embarrassed about. If you want to tell me about it, I promise, I will understand. I won’t laugh at you — not at all, never,” she said, raising her hand up as if she were taking a pledge.

“Well, ok...” He knew he was blushing but went on. “I was climbing this tree near our house. I don’t know why really. It was in someone’s yard I don’t even know. But I felt drawn to climb it. I don’t know if that makes sense. I like to climb trees. The branches were kind of thin and straight up. It wasn’t easy to climb. I got up maybe as high as the roof and I slipped. I was struggling to keep from falling.”

“Was your body really tense?”

“Yes, really tense. And then I got hard, you know what I mean, and felt this pleasure, a really, really good feeling filling all of me. And I was almost falling, and then my pants got all wet and it smelled kind of like bread dough.”

“Yes, that was an orgasm,” she said with an easy familiarity, as if they were talking about identifying a certain flower. “It was God’s time for you to become sexually alive. You are becoming a man, Ben. Your body is waking up its fullness of Life. Nature is very wise. It knows just what it is doing. I’m glad you didn’t fall. But it’s beautiful that you had an

orgasm. What did you feel afterwards?”

Her eyes shown with enthusiasm: Ben couldn't help noticing it. He wanted to look at her eyes as much as he could; there was so much softness and peace in them, and something else he had rarely seen — not like this. He felt it must be love and didn't know how to take it. He had daydreamed many times of a woman looking at him like this, and here she was, loving him... but she wasn't the heroine in his story. He was too young, or she was too old. She was just naturally herself and he sensed that she showed this same love to everyone.

“Well,” he said slowly, “I got down from the tree and was relieved I didn't fall, but I felt embarrassed. I had this wetness in the front of my pants and I smelled. I didn't want anyone to see me.”

“That's normal,” she said sweetly. “Having an orgasm is an intimate thing. That means it is not something you share with just anyone. We have a deep instinct to keep it private. Yes, perhaps it would have been a little embarrassing to meet someone. But they probably wouldn't have noticed or thought anything about it. You could have just spilled a pop on your pants. Is this true?” she asked and poked him in the ribs with her finger as if to make him laugh.

“Yes, I guess that's true,” we said and turned half away from her. “I didn't think of that. I was shaking inside.”

“Were you afraid?”

“Yes, maybe: afraid of being caught.”

“There was nothing to be ashamed of — really!”

“Nothing?”

“No, of course not silly: this is life happening in you, in your good body. It is a beautiful thing and very natural. It felt good, didn't it?”

“Yes, very good. I've never felt anything like that before.”

“No, children don't have sexual orgasms. But they do naturally feel much pleasure in their bodies.”

“Does this mean I am not a child anymore?”

“Yes. It is a true transition, a passage from being a child to being a man. You are becoming a man, Ben. Isn't that exciting?”

His first thought was, yes, then I can take you to Paris, but then he thought a bit more. “I don't know. I love my life. I love being a child. I have had a lot of fun.”

“What do you love doing?”

“I love exploring, sometimes in the rocks by the sea, and on the beaches. I love the smells and sounds; I love riding the waves and laying in the warm sand and sun; I love eating popsicles and telling comic book stories to my cousins. In the hills behind our house: there is a canyon I love to climb and explore there too: I love playing in the gullies and climbing cliffs — a lot of things.”

“And do you think you will lose all that now?”

“Will I? I don’t know what growing up really means. Will I have to become like my father? I don’t even know him. And he doesn’t seem to be having much fun. No adults seem to be having much fun. I don’t know if I want to grow up.”

“Perhaps you don’t need to,” she said with that scampish look in her eyes again.

“What? What do you mean?”

“Well, not like that. Perhaps you can grow up some other way that brings a joy to you that your father has never known. Perhaps you can be a happy, free spirited adult.”

“You mean I can just play on the beach all my life?”

“No, not that exactly. Life is so full of many things. You may want to go out and explore the world. I must tell you, Ben, it is dangerous to resist life. Life is maturing you. Life is growing you up whether you want to grow up or not. Is it so?”

“Yes, I guess so. But I didn’t ask for this.”

“No. But do you remember asking to be born?”

“No. I don’t remember anything about that.”

“Neither do I. Most of us don’t. But here we are. Life has its ways. You can say, God has his ways. Do you believe in God, Ben?” she asked as she bid him to follow her over to the low bed.

“I don’t know. I don’t think about things like that. I don’t like going to church. It’s really boring. But sometimes I look at pictures of Jesus and feel good. And I remember seeing a picture of Jesus when I was really small. That felt good too.”

“Well, God is many things to many people. Here, sit down,” she said and pulled a large pillow over onto the corner of the mat. He sat on it and she walked across the bed and sat down on pillows with her back to the wall. “To me, God is Life. God gives Life and Life is natural and pure. Life is very beautiful. It is beautiful to be alive, and to be growing up. I am still young too.”

“How old are you?” Ben asked a bit eagerly, dreaming she would say thirteen. He could perhaps have a chance with her if she was thirteen.

“I am twenty-two.”

“Ah,” he sighed. “That seems old to me.”

“Yes, but when you are twelve, most everyone seems old,” she said with a smile, as if she could read his thoughts.

“Juliet, how do you feel about being an adult?” Ben asked, genuinely curious.

“I love it. Well, most of it,” she answered with a smile. “I miss being a child too. My parents don’t pay for everything like they used to. I must work and take care of myself. But I decided to do work that I love; something that really helps others — and I love my body and I love sex. So I work with what I love. It is so beautiful to help young boys and

girls become adults, to help them feel good about themselves. I feel like I am giving them something they will always value and remember with thankfulness.”

“Do you think I can find something I love to do as an adult?”

“Yes, everyone can, if that is what they really want. Whatever you want you just must pay attention to. Explore what you love and learn how good it is to help others as well and you can naturally find your way to a job you will love to do — and get paid for it as well. Not bad, eh?” she said with smiling eyes.

“That sounds ok. But I don’t know anything I would want to do as an adult. I just love baseball and collecting baseball cards and going to ball games and the beach and watching TV.”

“Do you like to read?”

“Yes. I like reading the Harry Potter books.”

“Well, if you read a lot of different things it could help you discover new things that attract you besides what you like doing now. You are still very young.” He winched a bit when she said this. She didn’t seem to notice but just went on, “Your sexual awakening doesn’t mean you have to stop doing what you love and become an adult right now. This is a step in that direction. You still have a lot of time to be young and enjoy life without many cares. Your parents must be very good people. They brought you here, which is a fantastic act of Love. It shows they only want the best for your life.”

“Yes. I know they love me.”

“Can you feel their love?”

“Well, I guess from my mom. She is always doing things for us kids. And I think if I really wanted anything she would get it if she could. She is a good mom.”

“And your dad?”

“I don’t know. I don’t really feel like I know him at all.”

“Oh, that is pretty normal,” she said, her eyes once more smiling as if they held a secret joy.

“Really! Why?”

“Well, mothers live more in their children’s worlds. Fathers too often live mostly in the world of business or their profession. They are out doing their jobs in the larger world.”

“Yes, I guess that’s true. But I wish he would talk with me sometimes. I don’t remember him ever showing any interest in me at all. He doesn’t even take me to the ball games. I go with a friend.”

“Maybe that’s the way he was raised by his father. You could ask him to talk with you. You don’t have to just accept things as they are. Sometimes just asking for what you really need makes all the difference.”

“You know, I never thought about that. I seem to just accept things as they are. Can I change things, really?”

“Yes and no. You cannot manipulate things, or make wishes and they just happen. But you can let your needs be known and ask. You can ask others to become aware of what is important to you. Your parents need this. They don’t see everything. It’s a hard job being a parent. Did you know that?” Ben nodded no. “Well, it’s the hardest job in the world. They need all the help they can get. And you can help them by not waiting for them to do everything. You can take action yourself by being honest about what you really want. Ask yourself, what do you really want?”

“You mean, now?”

“Yes, why not? What do you really need to grow and be happy?”

“I... I don’t know. I am pretty happy.”

“Ok: but what about your parents? What do you need from them that you aren’t getting?”

“Well, like I said, I need my dad to talk with me. I guess it would be nice if he shared with me his world. And I think I need him to ask me questions about how I am and what I like. I would like to feel like I’m important to him.”

“Yes, that is very normal — and very important to you, to every child.”

“And I would like him to read to me and help me with my homework because I really don’t like homework, but if I ask him he gets super upset and makes me feel like I’m dumb.”

“Are you dumb, then?”

“I don’t know. Maybe I am. I don’t like school much.”

“Why, Ben? Did you ever think about why you don’t like school?”

“Well, its boring. And when I have homework I hate doing it like I said, and lots of times I don’t do it and that makes me feel anxious about my grades. I feel like I am always falling behind. School sucks.”

“Really, I mean is it totally that way? There must be some things you like about it.”

“Well, I guess I like being around other kids. And I like girls, but I’m too shy to let them know,” he said, glancing up, wishing he could tell her that he felt love for her. “And I like gym. I’m pretty good at sports.”

“So, if your father helped you learn to do homework and you weren’t so anxious about your grades, would it be more fun?”

“I guess so. It is hard to imagine really liking to do homework.”

“But what if you looked at it completely differently. What if instead of feeling anxious about your grades you just loved learning new things?”

“But it is all so boring.”

“Do you think it has to do with the way it is taught?”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, what are some of your classes?”



“I have American History...”

“Yes, and don’t you think it could be very interesting to learn about how your country was born and the lives of the people and what they believed and how things grew and changed and became like they are now? There are so many interesting stories.”

“But it isn’t interesting. It is all about memorizing dates and facts and names for the next test.”

“So, perhaps the fault lies with how it is taught. If it was taught in a way that grabbed your attention like a good movie, would that make a difference?”

“Yes. I think so. I love movies.”

“Most people love movies, because they are stories, and we naturally love stories. Perhaps you have a story kind of brain rather than a memorizing facts kind of brain.”

“I’ve never thought about that. I do love stories a lot.”

“Well, if you ask me, the schools need a lot of improvements in how they teach. And they need inspiring teachers. Some kids can learn facts well. Their brains just love memorizing all kinds of things. Other kids need stories and music and dance, and to feel free and be creative. They have different kinds of minds. But the schools are not designed for them. So they find it hard.”

“No one ever told me that before. That makes sense. My dad definitely has a fact kind of brain. He’s like a walking Encyclopedia. But I don’t

think I do. Maybe that is another reason why I feel so far away from him.”

“Yes, it sounds like that is quite possible. What does he do?”

“He’s a lawyer,” Ben answered, and felt a bit of resentment. He wasn’t sure why.

“And perhaps you will grow up to be a writer or artist. Do you like to draw?”

“I did when I was younger. I loved to draw stupid little pictures of stick men fighting wars. I had a friend named Eric and we both loved drawing and spent a lot of time making whole worlds of stick men wars.”

“Trust yourself, Ben. Trust your differences. Life is like that. We are all different. We all share life together yet we are supposed to be different: each of us unique. Why don’t you tell your teachers you are having trouble with the way the books are written and the classes taught.”

“What difference would that make? They aren’t going to change things for me.”

“No, but it will make a difference to you. You will be saying your truth, and that is always good. It makes you strong.”

“Well, I don’t ever talk to my teachers.”

“It doesn’t sound like you talk with any adults. It is up to you to reach out. If things aren’t working as they are, it is up to you to change them. If you learn to express yourself to others, to be open and honest, you

will find that things will work a lot better. Even if things don't change at school, you will change. You will have more self-confidence and be more open and honest. Do you understand?"

"Yes... I think I do. I never thought of these things. Thank you," he said, and genuinely felt it.

"You are welcome," she replied with that beautiful bell-like music in her voice. "You are cute. I like your spirit, Ben," she said with a smile. He felt his face grow red again. She noticed and smiled, then patted the bed. "Now let's take the first step in your initiation. Do you know what an initiation is?"

"Isn't it something like being introduced into something?"

"Yes, introduced or admitted into a new place in your life. It is like passing into a new room you have never been in before. We are welcoming you into a new place of sexual aliveness. Life is doing this in you, and we are welcoming it. Would you like to welcome your new sexual feelings?"

"Yes, I guess. If they don't make me feel embarrassed or..."

"What, Ben. Go ahead, be honest. Remember, you can tell me anything."

"Well, guilty," he answered, his eyes dropping down to the bed.

"Why would you feel guilty about something so beautiful?"

"I don't know."

"Think about it. Tell me the first thing that comes to your mind. You feel guilty about sex because..."

"Well... I feel separate from the family. My parents brought me here because no one ever talks about sex at our house. It's like it doesn't exist."

"So, because no one ever talks about it what does that suggest: I mean what meaning do you take from this?"

"Hmm. Maybe that sex must be bad, or that sex isn't normal, you know, that it isn't good to feel sexual... I'm not sure."

"Yes. I think you do understand, Ben. That is what is implied. If we don't talk about it that means it isn't meant to be a normal part of our lives. But here, with me you can not only talk about it but explore it and discover for yourself just how beautiful and normal it really is. Does that sound good?"

"Yes!," he answered shyly, "But what are we going to do?"

"I am going to show you my body in a way that is very natural and sacred. That means it is pure in itself: completely pure. We will treat it as pure and natural. Ok."

"Ok."

"Are you curious about women's bodies?"

"Yes, a little. I haven't been so much, but now I feel like I really want to see a woman's naked body."

“Would you like to see my naked body?” she asked and smiled sweetly at him.

“I feel shy.”

“It’s ok. I’m glad you are being honest. Try this, put your attention on your stomach. Feel your stomach with your mind. Now answer from there.”

Ben put his hand over his stomach and pretended like it was talking. “Yes. Yes I would. Of course I would,” he said boldly, surprising himself.

“Ha ha. You are so cute. Ok. Sit right here.”

Juliet sat back against the wall and drew some large, red pillows around her and got comfortable. She slowly opened her long thin legs. She had tiny underpants on. She smiled at Ben. He shifted himself on his pillow and felt very happy and excited inside. She waved her long legs in and out like they were gorgeous, seductive wings then with an easy movement closed her legs and slipped her underwear off. Her yoni was shaved clean and shone with a ruddy pink color. She smiled seductively at Ben, playing with him. He just enjoyed her and start to lose track of himself altogether..

She ran her hands up and down her open thighs and then rested them tenderly like a wreath around her yoni. “This is my yoni,” she said very softly. “That is an Indian name for the vagina, which sounds so clinical. We like to call it the yoni. Do you like that name?”

“Yes. It sounds much nicer,” Ben answered with an enthusiasm in his voice that surprised him.

She ran her hands around her yoni and then back up her thighs. “A woman’s yoni is very tender and sensitive. It is perfectly designed to receive a man’s lingam, which is the Indian name for penis. Better, eh?”

“Yes, that’s a nice name, lingam. I have a lingam.”

“Yes, that is wonderfully true,” she said again with a smile. “Well, when a yoni senses a man’s lingam near and that she can trust him, it wants to open up and take the lingam in, to suck on it tenderly, to eat it.”

“To eat it?”

“I don’t mean it literally silly. But it is like that. The yoni loves to suck on the lingam.”

“You mean like a mouth?”

“Yes. The sensitive muscles in side a woman can caress a man’s lingam, welcoming it, loving it. The yoni, she gets very hot and juicy, longing for the lingam. Isn’t that beautiful?”

“Wow. Yes,” he answered feeling very flushed now, and not just in his face.

“Would you like to experience this?”

“With you?”

“No, that is not allowed here with boys your age. We won’t go that far, not unless your parents give permission. But it is very natural and beautiful. Never, ever feel that sex is wrong. The world has many

strange ideas about sex, but they are the ones that are wrong. These ideas are shadows of old social and religious fear. Sex is right. Sex is natural and very good. Your body knows that it is good to feel good. It is designed this way. Will you remember these things?"

"Yes, sex is natural and very good."

"And..."

"It is good to feel good."

"We give you permission to feel good, Ben. That is one of our jobs here, to welcome you to a healthy life, a joy filled life. Nice work for us, eh?" She opened her thighs again and ran her hands down them and encircled her yoni, gazing down tenderly at it, as if it were a dear friend. Ben was beginning to feel very warm inside again. She smiled seductively at him again.

"Come here, sit close to me so you can see better." She patted the mat next to her. Ben scooted over and sat in front of her, very close to her open yoni.

"That's good. Now the first lesson is how to pleasure yourself. Have you pleased yourself yet, Ben?"

"What do you mean?"

She smiled at him again, always pleased with the innocence of the young people who came to her for training. "Well, I mean that you purposely create a flow of sexual pleasure in your body. You pleasure yourself."

"No, I haven't done it to myself. It just happened to me. That's all."

"Do you feel a little embarrassed, Ben?"

"Yes."

"That's is ok. This is new for you. Don't worry about it. Now watch." She ran her hands down her outspread legs again and very gently began to massage the outside of her yoni. "Of course it is different for women and men because we are built the opposite of each other. Yours goes out, mine goes in," she said with a little laugh. "but the principle is the same. We get sexual energy flowing through our entire body. It is similar to taking a shower. We shower with sexual pleasure inside ourselves. Nice, eh?"

"Yes, it sounds nice. I didn't think about touching myself. I guess I thought it is just something that happens to you... when you are in danger of falling out of trees."

Juliet laughed sweetly. "That was the first time. God gave you a free one. Now he expects you to take care of yourself," she said with a smile and continued to lightly rub her hands around her yoni area. "It is healthy to pleasure yourself as often as you feel a need. For some boys, that may be every day, or even more. It is ok. You just want to keep things in balance, and we will talk about that later."

"Does that feel really good, like it feels for boys?"

"Oh, yes. Very good, but I haven't really gotten started yet. I'm just warming up," she said and laughed again. "Now since this is the first time you have seen a woman like this, let me explain a little more. My

yoni has two outer lips. They are soft and sensitive.” She ran her fingers very lightly over them. “When I rub them like this they start to come alive. It is like they are waking up. It is the same for you boys, but your lingams usually are awake all the time. You don’t need to remind them it is time to have pleasure.”

Ben smiled. “And what is inside of you, inside the lips?”

“Ah, that is a wonderful surprise. She gently spread her yoni open and revealed its sweet pinkness. “There are different kinds of yoni. You will realize that if you see many naked women, which I hope you do, for your lingam’s sake.” Ben smiled shyly and she enjoyed playing with his shyness. “The lips of mine are long and straight. Other women have a type of hood that covers even half the entrance to the yoni. Inside is a little lingam.”

“Really? You have a lingam too?”

“It is similar and yet unique. Your lingam acts both as a sexual gland and it releases urine. My urine comes out here,” she pointed to a tiny slit. My little lingam is called a clitoris. It is very sensitive. Even more sensitive than a man’s lingam, so you want to be gentle with it. You will learn to watch a woman when you make love with her, and read her signs whether you are stimulating her too hard or not enough. You will flow with her energy. And, always remember, to ask her how she is feeling and what she would like you to do. That takes away any anxiety you might have if you are doing it “right” or not. There is not a right or wrong way. There are only loving and selfish ways. The loving way is always right. The selfish way is always wrong. That makes it simple.”

Ben nodded his head, as if he understood. It was all so new and he never

dreamed he would be sitting so close to a woman and that she would open so intimately to him. He felt really good, like this was amazingly healthy.

“Ben, I am going to allow you to touch me if you like. Would you like to?”

“Yes...”

“Do you see the sink over there. Go wash your hands very carefully with the soap and dry them well, ok.”

Ben got up rather self consciously, realizing his lingam was quite stiff. He glanced to see if she noticed. She did and there was laughter in her eyes. He ran over and washed his hands and dried them as instructed, then returned, thinking only of the bulge in his pants.

“Thank you. Of course I noticed your lingam has filled with blood. This is a beautiful thing to me. It is to all healthy women. Don’t be embarrassed about it. It is a compliment. It means your body likes mine. A dog wags its tail when it is happy. Isn’t that so? So your swelling lingam is a sign of your body’s happiness.”

Ben smiled shyly and felt his lingam squeezed between his thighs as he scooted back close to her.

“Now, come closer and give me your hand.” Ben scooted right up next to her and put his hand out. She took it and placed it over her yoni. Now just feel. Don’t move, don’t try to do anything. Just sense what it feels like.” Ben closed his eyes and felt her warm, softness.

“Can you put it into words?”

“I think it is like... an abalone.”

“An abalone? Ha! You are the first person to say my yoni was like an abalone. Aren't they kind of tough? Am I tough?”

“No, very soft. Maybe, you are like a flower.”

“That sounds better. Yes, like a flower, ready to open to the light of a man's love. Now, gently, let your fingers slip inside me.”

Ben looked at her, a bit anxious, but saw only warm acceptance in her eyes. He took a breath and slid his fingers inside her opening. Her yoni felt warm and a bit slippery.

“How does that feel?”

“Nice, very nice.”

“It feels good to me, too. You have a gentle touch. Thank you, Ben.” As she said that she moved her hips back a little and his fingers slipped out.

“Now we will reverse the table, so to speak, and explore you. Is that all right? Remember, it is always up to you.”

“Yes,” Ben answered, and was aware that he didn't feel so anxious as before. He was getting a bit used to this openness.

“Lie down here on your back. Ok, that's good. Now, may I take your pants off of you?” Ben nodded yes and helped her pull his pants down.

She pulled them off his legs and laid them aside. His eyes were on her. Her naturalness helped him. “Ah, what a beautiful body you have. Your lingam is magnificent,” she said with a warm smile, looking very lovingly into his eyes. A man's lingam, like a woman's yoni, has its own intelligence, its own sensitivities. Just allow your lingam to talk to you, to have its own way. Ok?” Ben nodded yes. “May I touch you?” He nodded yes again. Juliet turned to a small pot of oil, warming over a low flame and poured some into her hands. It fragrance filled the room. She gently poured some on his lingam, put the pot down and placed her hands over him. He felt a surge of pleasure.

“Now, just relax into the pleasure. This is beautiful energy. It is from God. I am going to show you an important truth now. This energy is meant to flow through your entire body, not just be here under my hands. This way it brings health to every cell in your body and it naturally harmonizes with your entire self. You don't want to isolate sexual energy from your heart or mind or your deepest essence that is pure awareness. Did you know you are awareness?” Ben nodded no. “Yes, we are awareness; we are Life in a body. The secret of Life is to connect all parts of yourself together in loving acceptance. This is the big yes! to life that frees your best energies, that allows you to grow into your higher potentials.” She began softly stroking his lingam and the ecstasy was instantaneous.

“Ok, that's good. Just enjoy it. If you have an orgasm it is perfectly ok. But lets work with this. Move your attention up to your stomach, here.” She placed her hand gently on his stomach. Now, with your in breath, drawn the pleasure up into your stomach. As you breathe out slowly, just allow it to radiate through your entire body. Ok?” Ben couldn't talk, or didn't want to. He nodded yes. She began softly stroking his lingam again. He looked up into her eyes. She recognized his look and her eyes

softened into a warm, accepting love. “Now, breathe and draw it up into your stomach.” He did and felt the pleasure expanding. “Now as you breathe out, you can make a sound if you like, whatever feels natural, and just feel the pleasure expand with the oxygen into your whole body, even out to your hands and feet.” He nodded. He was still a bit too self-conscious to groan, though that is what he felt like doing, but he felt the energy flooding his entire torso and out through his arms and legs. She sensed it too.

“Ah, that is so good, Ben. You are a natural at this. Now, very gently, nothing forced, keep drawing the energy up and allowing it to flow into your whole being.” He kept the rhythm going, lifting with the in breath, moving the energy into his whole body with the out breath. She kept softly stroking his lingam, with a variety of touches and movements.

“Ok, now draw it up into your heart, here,” she said as she placed her warm hand over the center of his chest. “And in the same way, allow it to radiate into your entire being as you breathe out.” He nodded yes and found it easy to do. The beautiful energy just flowed where he decided to direct it. It seemed to freely follow his attention.

“Ah, that is so good. Just enjoy it: it is meant to be enjoyed.” She continued to stroke his lingam and he tried to keep lifting and circulating it, but the pleasure quickly grew too great and he started shaking uncontrollably, then couldn’t help himself, but screamed out as he felt his lingam arching up and spouting out warm liquid which fell in heavy drops all over his stomach. Juliet just kept stroking him, cooing softly, “Yes, yes, that is good. This is so beautiful. Just let it flow out.” There were several more spurts. His whole body was tensed, then, suddenly, he relaxed. She kept stroking him and he felt the warm fluid running down

his lingam and pooling at its base. He opened his eyes. She was looking down at his lingam, continuing to stroke it. There was white liquid all over her hands as well as him. She looked up at him with a warm smile. “Wasn’t that beautiful?” Ben nodded yes, and laughed. He felt relieved that she treated it all so naturally. She kept massaging him. It still felt so warm and beautiful. “This is your seed of Life, Ben. It is sacred. See how white and pure it is,” she said and showed him the seed on the back of her hand. Always treat it with great reverence. Did you know there are millions of tiny living cells in it, each one capable of creating a human being? Millions and millions — it is packed full of Life.” She smelled the seed that was on her hand and then put it up close to his nose. “Smell. You see, it even smells like hot bread. It is so beautiful.” He smelled it and remembered the fragrance from his orgasm in the tree. Through her words he experienced it unclouded by the embarrassment he had felt.

“Are you ok?” she asked, looking with great tenderness into his eyes. He smiled and nodded yes and was aware that he felt very loved by her, and in this love he felt strong, clear and whole. “Yes, I feel very, very good. That was just incredible. Thank you so much!”

“Ah, you are so welcome. This is what makes this work so good... and important, just seeing the peace in your eyes and knowing that you can accept this beautiful gift, this natural part of your self with Love. Ah, what a job!” she said and laughed. He started laughing with her, and it felt so good that he started laughing harder and he started to feel a little embarrassed. She sensed, it. “Just let it spill out, Ben, you are releasing something. Feel the joy. Surrender to it... laugh!” she said and giggled. Ben nodded as best as he could and the laughter kept gurgling through him. He was aware that

some old embarrassment was melting away and it felt fantastic.

His laughter grew so strong that Juliet couldn't hold back. She started laughing too, which only increased his sense of joy. They laughed together for a few minutes, sometimes looking at each other's eyes, sometimes rolling back and holding their ribs. It was a jubilee of joy. When the laughter subsided, Juliet put her hands on his head. "Just relax. I'm going to bless you now. Only rest and sense." He did, feeling so much happiness flowing through him. Her breathing slowed and became rhythmic and he felt his harmonizing with her. A beautiful peace calmed his mind into silence, and he then sensed this peaceful silence expanding from his head out, as if it was a bubble that was enlarging to hold his entire body. She kept it up for a couple of minutes, then slowly removed her hands and looked straight into his eyes. "Just look at me now, gaze into me, if you can." He felt so open and peaceful inside that he could. They looked into each other's eyes and he felt like something inside was drinking a milk it had always longed for, as if his deep insides were being nourished. The more he gazed the more beauty he saw in her. Her eyes were softly shining with a clear Light that was so beautiful it utterly enchanted him. It was like he had disappeared and what remained was a noble beauty, something beyond the human life he lived, and it seemed so familiar, like he was waking up from a dream into the real world. He was aware of beauty and Love, a Love so pure it ached.

She was smiling, but in a quiet, controlled way so as not to distract what she or he were seeing. He too smiled, and as his smile grew so did a dim sense of remembrance. He was not this young, struggling boy, not really. It was almost as if he were playing a role, but an important one, and that in truth he was ageless, and wise far beyond all he presently knew.

After a few minutes, she drew close to him and hugged him. He felt the

soft beauty of her body, her tender feminine warmth and pressed himself into her, just because it seemed the most natural thing possible to do. They held each other for several minutes, gently swaying to their body's intuitive response to the beauty of the meeting of the divine male and female in an embrace of Love.

Ben felt as if he had known her forever and loved her more than his own life... and yet, there was no need to attach to her, no desire to possess her. He felt complete, and in this completeness, free.

She gently let him go, and looked into his eyes again. He sensed that she was talking to him, that something deep within himself was communicating with her deepest self in a language beyond the mortal tongue. His mind somehow knew what she was saying. It was an affirmation of all he was intuitively feeling, no matter how silly it seemed. He felt as if he were a prince, as if nobility ran through not only his veins, but every cell of his body and her eyes were saying, 'yes, I see you, I honor you. What you sense is true, but cannot be said in here in this world.' Some deep part of him knew it was true, far beyond his body's biology or his young, growing mind.

He nodded at her, letting her know he understood without understanding, and she smiled as if she perfectly understood. She put her hands back on his head, drew him close and kissed him high on his forehead. He felt as if he was being crowned. All he could do with rest in this deep knowing and a growing sense of gratitude which was rising in him. It was for her, for all of her, the human and this beauty that was from beyond this world... but it was for more than her. It was for God. He sensed that he knew God, not as religion, but as a great beauty beyond all he could ever know. The gratitude spilled into his open heart like a waterfall into a pool, and he let it just flow through. At last he had to at least whisper it. "Thank you, thank you," was all he could say, barely audible. She looked



into his eyes and knew it was not aimed at her, and smiled the deepest, most genuine smile of happiness it is possible for a mortal to express.

They hugged each other again and seemed to melt into an eternal stillness in which all things are one. The boundaries of their bodies melted into a Light empty of everything. Ben felt as if this were his real home, as if he could rest here forever. She was feeling the same. After several minutes a small bell rang, telling Juliet it was time for her to prepare for the next person, the next holy being cloaked in forgetfulness and flesh. She gave him a squeeze, as if she wanted her body to pass beyond the integrity of molecules that held them apart, then backed up and nodded to him. He knew and silently put his clothes back on, turned, looked at her with a steady gaze for several seconds, saying thank you in a way words could never express, then walked out the door into a whole new world.