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Preface

Hi, I'm Rachel and this is another instalment in my story about my sex life. Please do not let the title put you off. The theme has nothing to do with spirits and the paranormal; it is about the convergence of sexual energy, with spiritual energy which I have discovered to be a dramatic, intoxicating, and compelling combination which takes sexual pleasure to a whole new level. When I began to take an interest in exploring a spiritual path it seemed to me that spiritual energy and sexual energy are both forms of passion and being alive. Rather than being opposites, they are in fact complementary, or perhaps even the same life force. I have discovered that practicing spiritual sex can elevate sexual pleasure to a truly totally whole mind and body experience. In fact, I will make some bold claims that spiritual sex can enable sexual energy to go beyond the physical sensations of pleasure and orgasm, to a state of heightened awareness and expanded consciousness. We feel everything more deeply, and you can no longer distinguish between elation, euphoria, ecstasy, bliss and orgasm. I do not expect you to be convinced yet, but I invite you to walk with me through my recent experiences and discoveries of this whole new dimension to sex.

I have been writing about my sex life for quite a few years now and my revelations have always been popular. (Thankyou). Readers often ask me for a new story but obviously I actually have to have some more experiences in order to have some more to write about! I love to hear from readers, and many have asked me for an update on what I have been up to. Well now another four years have gone by and I have! My first book *Rachel Reveals All* combines all of my earlier short stories into a single novel. Thus in *Rachel Reveals All* I related most of the interesting sensual and sexual experiences of my life up until my mid-forties. In order to best enjoy this latest book, you would be better to read *Rachel Reveals All* first. This latest story will then make more sense if you know more about me and what has gone before.

At the end of *Rachel Reveals All* I said I did not know where my situation would lead. I was in a polyamorous relationship with my husband Andy and my dear friend and lover Tony. I was having interesting sexual encounters at the spa that we visit, but although I was having a lot of fun, I felt that my sex life had plateaued. I did not know where else it could go or what new sexual experiences were left for me. At that time, I imagined that further hi jinx at the spa would form a big part of it. Or maybe I would just start to grow old gracefully and my libido and desires will subside. I hoped that Andy and I would stay together. I love life and going into a future which is unknown is all part of its fascination to me. I did not know whether there would be another instalment. As I said at that time, I felt that my sex life had hit a cul de sac and I could not see what I wanted to do next to keep up the interest and buzz. My journey of sexual exploration seemed to have reached an end. Oh boy! If only I had known what was coming next. I could not have been more wrong. As I say I would prefer readers to tackle my earlier stories before this latest one as you will understand me more and enjoy this latest submission more.

This latest submission will pick up my story since I wrote *Rachel Reveals All* in 2015. Four years have gone by since then and I am now one year away from the Big 50.

As with *Rachel Reveals All* this story is intended to be an insight into the thoughts and actions of a real girl / woman who is a closet and sometimes not so closet exhibitionist. This I fear will be a fairly tame story for some readers as this is a story about a real woman and you need to get to know a bit about me and my feelings along the way in order to get the most out of it. If you like fast moving stories where the sexual gymnastics start in the first paragraph before you know anything about the characters, then this story will not be for you and you should move on. My story is erotic, but it is a slow burn and you need to get into the rhythm of it. What makes it erotic is that these are real events that have all happened to me. It is not an unbridled fantasy like most erotic fiction where anything and everything can happen but probably did not.

This is especially true because the sexual experiences on my spiritual journey have been perhaps less extreme and hard core than the things that happened to me in my younger years but are

nevertheless hopefully intriguing and erotic in a subtle way. What I am trying to say is if you just want traditionally hot encounters and you are not familiar with stories about my life already then you would be better served to read one of my earlier works than this one. This story is intended to describe what spiritual sex is really about by someone who has actually explored it rather than the fantasies that are often written about the subject.

This is an unusual story in that it will give you a rare insight into the mind of a real live mature woman exhibitionist. No real woman will normally be available or willing to share these real-life emotions, confessions and insights and I am only doing it because I enjoy it and it is a turn on to tell you exhibitionist and voyeur aficionados what it is really like being a lifelong exhibitionist. I have a husband, a reputation, and a career and I cannot just do the things that people make up in unbridled fiction but in this story, I will tell you what I have done in real life. No one in my family and very few of my friends know these things about me but such is the bizarre nature of the internet that you, whom I have never met, will. Naturally neither would I want them to know about my secret life.

If you do not like stories about the urge to exhibit one's body and be naked in front of others, then please do not read it. Similarly, if stories about having sex in public offend you then please do not read it. You have been warned. Finally, if you disapprove of me, I appeal to you to keep it to yourself and not leave spiteful feedback criticising me as a person.

How can I be so candid and indiscreet about telling you about my life? As I say, I feel driven to write about my experiences because I both enjoy it and find it such a turn on. But obviously, Rachel is not my real name although I do like it and it does suit me, but I need to protect my anonymity if I am going to share all this intimate stuff about me. However apart from the names of some of the other people in this story everything else is real. I would hate any of my friends to know about this side of my life. Obviously, our close friends Tony, and Andrea and my husband Andy do but they thankfully keep my secret, not least because they also would not want their lives coming into the public domain. Much of the content of this story concerns what went on during two retreats that I have taken part in. The organisers and guides of those retreats were happy for me to use their real names but most of the participants preferred me to identify them by changed names when I told them of my intention to write this book and I have honoured their preferences.

There are a great many ordinary people out there living ordinary lives who harbour secret desires and fantasies. It gives such people an outlet and a release to have the chance to read about the actual experiences of a few who are prepared to actually share their experiences with others. For some it is enough just to read about others and live their lives vicariously through them. For others they go through their lives feeling unfulfilled and frustrated. Only you can judge who is right. Many readers email me to say they feel the same urges as I do but are frightened to act on them. They would love to have the courage to do some of the things I have done. All I can say is that with everything in life it is choices. What you gain on the swings you lose on the roundabouts. Everything has a cost. If it does not feel right to you to risk your marriage or relationship just to seek sexual thrills, then don't. My personality is such that I do not seem to have any choice as I am so driven to do risqué things.

A Little About Me

Let me tell you a little about myself. I'm now in my late forties and have been married for twenty-odd years to my husband Andy. We have two now grown up children and we live in the south west of England. I have shoulder length hair, which is now a sort of medium red- brown shade courtesy of regular trips to the hairdresser. However, over the years, I have had it various shades of blond, and auburn and even black for a while but that did not suit me, and I hated it. If I had all the money that I have spent at the hairdressers, I would be a rich woman. I am pretty in a girl next-door sort of way. People say I have a nice smile and that my eyes and face light up when I laugh which is as often as possible.

I have always had to watch what I eat but have kept the weight off and remained slim and weigh about 135 lbs and am 5'5" tall. I have always liked to dress in such a way as to make the most of what I have and look as attractive and feminine as I can. I work full time in a high street office in a professional job (don't want to give too much away) and so get the chance to wear smart two-piece suits with above the knee skirts. When the sun comes out, I look nice in my short summer dresses and skirts. I love to look and feel sexy (which is most of the time) and have always enjoyed sex in all its forms but at the same time, I am quite a needy person who needs to be liked. That is why I really do care what readers think about me, and I love it when I get flattering and admiring email but equally hate it when I get critical and hurtful feedback. So, if you do write to me please be nice! I am a sensitive soul.

I always wear nice lingerie and just the thought that it is there turns me on. Back when I was twenty, I was very slim, probably too skinny really, and my breasts were smaller too before I had had children. I am only about 34 inches now but back then I was sporting no more than 32 inches but they were very firm and pert.

I met my future husband Andy at the beginning of my second year at Bristol University. We were not on the same course and we just got talking at the bar in the students union. We clicked right from the word go and it was one of those situations where within half an hour you just knew that as a minimum, we were going to be great friends and there was sexual chemistry between us from the outset. We became a couple pretty much immediately.

If I am honest, I have always been an exhibitionist-I was born like it although of course I did not know that it was a recognised disorder with a name until I was grown up. What I do know now is that it is a very strong compulsion that is very hard to overcome. I have always had a thing about enjoying taking my clothes off. I adore swimming in the nude in the sea although the opportunities for this in the UK are obviously very rare. Increasingly I discovered that I found brazenly exhibiting my body thrilling and I wanted more and more of this thrill of teasing blokes and even girls to be honest. Anyone will do! I just love being naked in public although sadly due to all the obvious reasons I have not actually done it that many times. They say there is a stripper inside every woman-well there definitely is inside this one.

Somewhat paradoxically and contrarily I am only an exhibitionist when I choose to be and am in the mood. As a woman I get tired of men you meet always staring at your breasts and legs first before your face especially at work. I hate it when you are chatting to them and you see their eyes running over your body lasciviously. I know many women feel the same. It is strange because as an exhibitionist you would think that I would like this, but I do not. It does not work that way. I told you I was contrary.

I have always loved the feel of being naked and always loved running my hands over the cheeks of my bum and over my thighs and breasts. From a young age I have loved squeezing my thighs together when I am naked and feeling the sensation that I get of squeezing my pussy between them. I love the feeling of cool air around my fanny when I take my knickers off and the greatest delight is jumping into a cold swimming pool or a warm Jacuzzi stark naked. I love the freedom of nakedness and the complete lack of restriction through not wearing clothes. At home I prefer to

parade around naked or semi naked as often as possible although I do not do this when the kids are about.

I have always wanted to take my clothes off in front of people and find it a real turn on. I just do not understand why most people are so worried and embarrassed about even a glimpse of their bodies being seen. If I am in a changing room at the gym the other women usually go to such lengths to keep covered up and not be seen even by other women whereas I love the excuse to parade around naked legitimately and dry myself without any shyness at all-quite the opposite actually. I would actually prefer it if changing rooms were mixed but I suspect not many women would agree with that. My condition, if you want to call it one, is that I am a compulsive exhibitionist-not a slut.

When you read my story some of you may be shocked or appalled at some of the things, I have done but I want you to know that I do not consider myself to be promiscuous or loose; I have not had that many sexual partners compared to what you hear is the norm for young people today. I have stayed married to my husband and been married only once and not so many people can say that, nowadays can they? Ok to be fair we now live in polyamorous relationships with another couple (Tony and Andrea) but even so.

I need to have feelings for a man I have sex with. I do not believe in pure physical animal sex and get no pleasure from it. Ok I have broken this rule on a couple of occasions through being drunk or exhausted and tired, but these experiences have only affirmed my beliefs. I do not like to simply have sex. I need to 'make love' to a guy with all the kissing, foreplay, emotions, and cuddling that goes with it. Nowadays I feel strongly that I need to know a man first to have sex with them. I would never be someone who would look for casual sexual encounters on the internet on e.g. Craig's List or on Tinder on your phone. I am only interested in actually meeting and knowing people and becoming friends with them first.

It Started with Mindfulness

Since my last submission, as I expected, for a while I continued to visit the naturist spa in Bristol and that was where I occasionally continued to partake in encounters with other men usually in the company of Tony. Usually these encounters were just flirting and fun, maybe with some touching or masturbation but almost never ended in full sex. I enjoyed these to a certain extent, but the novelty started to wear off, and I began to feel a little used and the experiences started to feel empty. I became a bit too well known at the spa and had a bit of a reputation to the point that too many blokes just assumed I was available to paw and grope as their right. The novelty was beginning to wear off and I wondered if there might be something different out there for me.

At that time, I also joined a naturist swim club that met weekly on a Wednesday evening and I have to say I did enjoy that a lot. I must tell you that swimming naked is so different to swimming in a costume. I do not understand why it makes so much difference and is so much nicer, but it just is. It just feels so pleasant on your body as you traverse the different temperatures in the pool. Your whole skin seems to become one erogenous zone! I do not know why I had not joined it years ago. They have a lane for swimming lengths and that was my interest really. I am a reasonable swimmer and I love bashing up and down that pool with the freedom of not having to wear a cossie. I have to say the great majority of those that attend are men, and women are in a small minority. And I am absolutely the only woman who does lengths. All the other females that ever come stick very closely to the male escort that they came with, and no other females ever come on their own. Why are women so timid? Well at least these women come at all. Ninety-nine point nine nine nine percent of women would rather die than swim naked in public. Well here in the UK that is true anyway. Curiously most people (including the guys) get in the pool and then after very little time congregate and chat. For most it is more of a social thing. Neither Tony or Andy ever come with me. When I have completed my lengths, I too enjoy chatting with some of the guys and it was in fact through this group that I first met Joshua who became my masseur in Bristol.

Another curious thing is that many of the guys obviously discretely play with themselves at regular intervals to try to retain a semi-erection in order presumably to be 'bigger'. Size seems to matter in that gathering at least. Honestly why are men so insecure about their size? Trust me size really does not matter to any woman. Once a penis starts to enter you the pleasure is all in the entry and around the mouth of the vagina. Most of the pleasure and nerves and sensitivity is all at the entrance of a vagina. It is not about going deep. In fact, large penises being thrust in deep can be very painful and uncomfortable. It is not the size but what you do with it as they say. I blame all the porn on the internet that only ever seems to show huge pricks being thrust roughly into women who are always writhing in ecstasy.

My journey into exploring spiritual sex started with my interest in mindfulness. I'm going to make this part as brief as possible because this is not a book about mindfulness, and neither are you reading my story in order to find out about such things. It is necessary though to tell you as succinctly as possible how my journey into spiritual sex began. At this time about three years ago I became a searcher into the more deep and meaningful stuff about life and happiness. People describe this as addressing the ache that many feel that there must be more to life than this. I was as I am sure you have already identified a fairly shallow woman who was driven by a fairly selfish and single-minded desire for sexual encounters with two men and occasionally more, and to get my kicks through exhibitionism. But I started to ask myself the common midlife questions of whether I was really happy, and was there more to life than this?

I began attending a Buddhist meditation group, which I know sounds out of character, but I was persuaded to attend a meeting by a female work colleague. I have to say right from the very start the things they were saying resonated with me. Not the airy-fairy stuff about reincarnation and rebirth, but the more down to earth stuff about calming the mind and understanding that we are what we think, and that how we have a choice about what we think and how we respond to life. I quickly became an avid consumer of self-help books on emotional and spiritual intelligence,

mindfulness, happiness, etc. I could not get enough of it and started to practice regular meditation. I actually moved away from the Buddhist group in favour of an independent meditation group where I made a number of friends who were also on a similar journey and were kindred spirits. I must emphasise dear reader, and it is important to me that you understand this, that I had not 'found God' or something. I am not religious in any way and neither is spiritual intelligence and mindfulness anything to do with religion.

I have to say that neither Andy or Tony joined me on this journey, and both tolerated it but thought I was 'out with the fairies'. Neither of them tried to dissuade me from my new path, but equally neither of them had any interest in it. Probably so long as I was still available to jump into bed with, they didn't care about this new part of my life. In a funny sort of way in a polyamorous relationship with effectively two husbands you divide and rule and have more freedom, independence and power as a wife than you do in a normal marriage if you can understand that.

Now I really do not want to go on about this period of my life except to ask you to trust me and understand that whilst this stuff might not work for everybody it really was working for me. I was amazed how over time I was able to develop deep inner peace, serenity, and contentment and feel love for myself and those around me. I really did cultivate the ability to live in the moment and could honestly describe myself as truly happy to a degree that I had not felt before. Anyway, this stuff was really working for me and I felt a whole new level of contentment and insight about what life was about. I felt a liberating sense of freedom that I had so much more control over my thoughts, desires and my life in general.

I must stress that at no time did I start to feel puritanical or a need to be good and holy! Quite the opposite really. I felt more and more that I owned my life and feelings and was completely free to go off in any direction I liked and could redefine myself and my life in any way I chose. I already knew that in the past I had had some awesome experiences exploring my sexual desires that at times had felt pretty profound. Experiences that had felt all consuming, exhausting and overwhelming on occasions. And I had this growing nagging feeling that there was more out there; a special place that you can find that would bring together my journey of sexual exploration and spiritual exploration. It would be a sort of convergence of sexual and spiritual energy that could be some sort of ultimate cosmic mind-blowing experience. I really could not understand it or articulate it any more than that at the time. It was just an intuitive feeling that became an increasing obsession that I could explore my sexual energy in a spiritual context that could take me to a whole new level of consciousness. I had no idea where or how I might find this combination or even be totally sure that it existed. Later on, in my journey of exploration, I would meet people who had been there before me and would be able to help me find this place, and even explain and define what I came to know as 'spiritual sex' meant.

My First Naturist Spiritual Healing Massage –They do exist!

Initially my beliefs and yearnings led me to search for what I called a spiritual healing massage. What I had in mind would be a relaxing naturist full body massage with a spiritual meditative healing bias. But did such a thing exist?

I imagined a spiritual guide and teacher who would perhaps chant loving affirmations whilst rhythmically massaging his healing hands all over my naked body. This would, of course, be accompanied by the mandatory relaxing music, and the burning of incense and very soft lighting. I would submit myself to this teacher suspending disbelief and become evangelical in following my new guru! Through this life changing experience, I would reach a higher level of sublime pleasure and consciousness in this fusion of sexuality and spirituality! Now as you can see this had become more of a fantasy for me that I kept embellishing. I just felt drawn towards something but did not know what exactly. It was just that I could not help believing that something like it was out there somewhere. I just felt driven to search for it.

I started to Google these words and in fact I was surprised by the number of people who were offering versions of what appeared to be what I was looking for but usually with the word tantric thrown in as well. They were all over the country of course but there was one offered through a thing called Craigslist not too far from me although not in Bristol. This was a masseur who called his studio, 'Serene Sensations' and was offering 'Spiritual Tantric Healing Massage'. Close enough I thought.

I did not follow this up straight away but coincidentally I got chatting to this guy, Joshua, in the pool at the naturist swimming club who told me he was a masseur. I then realised that the site I had been looking at previously was the website of this masseur guy that I knew from the naturist swimming club. When I checked again there was a picture of him, and I recognised him straight away. It's a small world I thought.

On his website he described his therapy as *'the fusion of love, inner peace, and the stimulation of the second chakra otherwise known as the sacred sacral chakra. Located in our hips, sacrum and genitals, it is where we experience the joys of intimacy, creativity, pleasure, our desires and sexuality. The sacral chakra is associated with our emotions and the centre of our feelings and sensations. It is particularly active in our sexuality and the expression of our sensual and sexual desires. Motivated by pleasure, it is the driving force for the enjoyment of life through the senses. Opening your sacral chakra allows you to "feel" the world around and is the foundation of our feelings of well-being.'*

'Wow!', I thought. 'That sounds like a hole in one. I could not get there soon enough That sounds so what I am looking for'.

The blurb went on, *'Tantric massage techniques are used that are designed to open up your heart, awaken your senses and balance the energies to enable you to attain a higher sense of ecstasy and a feeling of peace. Under my careful direction I will help you connect with your sexual energy by enjoying a stimulating massage that nourishes mind, body and spirit, and which will quite literally leave you feeling totally serene.'*

At Serene Sensations I treat your body as a whole. Everything is included; nothing is excluded as in conventional massage. You will be massaged from head to foot, (and everything in between), with a deluge of massage strokes ranging from the lightest touch to deliciously long flowing strokes from one end of your body to the other in a single motion. What I offer is a unique blend of professional yet sensual massage, a discreet refuge and oasis just for you, and the opportunity to explore erotic and sensual touch in a safe, clean and respectful space.'

This time I called him straight away in the evening actually. He remembered me and we spoke briefly on the phone about the type of massage therapy that he offered. Luckily, he had a spare

slot the very next day. I was glad as I was excited and could not have coped with having to wait a few days.

When I arrived, I was unusually nervous and had second thoughts about what on earth I was getting into. I had taken a slot out of my work schedule that day so was dressed in my work clothes of a dark grey two-piece skirt and jacket suit and white blouse. The studio turned out to be an extension of the therapist's house on the ground floor, so we walked through the hall and kitchen out into this room that was dedicated to treatments. Joshua was tall, thin, with a beard, and long greying hair tied in a pony tail and a welcoming smile and peaceful manner. He was dressed in a yellow short sleeved polo shirt and cream shorts under a white smock loosely tied with a belt. I would say he was about the same age as me. He exuded a loving and calm energy.

He quietly asked me to make myself comfortable on a soft sofa while he sat in a chair at his desk but turned towards me so he could study my face and eyes and get to know me better. He asked me to call him Joshua. He asked me to begin by telling him what sort of treatment I wanted. How embarrassing is this I thought. I hardly knew myself and, if he was really that good, I really wanted him to use his intuitive powers to tell me what I needed- not the other way around! ! What was on offer I wondered? I thought he looked more like a drop out weirdo than a massage therapist. I glanced around his treatment room and there was the usual array of framed certificates all sporting big rosettes. Who reads what is on these qualifications I wondered? They could say 'certified serial killer' and no one would ever notice. How can there be so much to massaging someone to justify all these different certificates? But it became apparent that I was going to have to lay myself out there and try to articulate this feeling I had that there might be a sort of enhanced super erotic massage that was based in a spiritual context. As I said it, I thought it just sounded ridiculous. He would think he has a frustrated mad woman on his hands!

He thought for a moment and then asked me if I had read his website and what he offered? I said that I had and that was why I was there. I said it sounded exactly what I was looking for and asked him to just give me his usual treatment and try to sense any special needs that I had! I immediately did not like how I had expressed that!

Joshua saw how uncomfortable I was and came to my rescue. He said that what he offered was a healing spiritual counselling session combined with a full body oil massage. I noted that he specifically did not use the word erotic massage. But then he went on to say that the treatment was not 'goal centred' and it had no right or wrong course or ending. 'Hmmm', I wondered. I had little idea what to expect. I could only think, 'Well it's only an hour and a half, I'm here now, and what will be will be. It could be a disappointment- and a waste of money even, and if it is no good, I won't come back.' But despite my rapidly dwindling confidence, to be honest at this stage of a massage with a new therapist the unknown aspect of what is about to happen is always a bit of a thrill.

Joshua then said, "I can give you a relaxing treatment that will address your whole mind and body and leave you feeling very serene and content. But when you say spiritual context, I would like to clarify what you have in mind. I call this a spiritual massage and by this, I mean a massage that encourages you to be in the moment and hopefully performed in a mindful manner where we try to raise your level of consciousness. In other words, sexuality should go beyond the pure physical act."

So thankfully he answered the question for me, and I was let off from trying to explain what I meant any further. I was relieved that he was no longer putting me on the spot and taking my quest seriously. I encouraged him to go on.

"The problem with most sex today is that it is goal centred and by that, I mean it is preoccupied with performance and reaching orgasms. What we call genitally focussed sex with a rush to rapid relief and let down. Most people find that immediately after an orgasm their thoughts switch to something else unrelated and there is little lasting benefit or change in their feelings of well-being.

“Another vital part of spiritual sex is feeling connection with your partner at the time and indeed with the universe as a whole.”

I was happy to let him lead me. I replied, “OK”, in a positive tone that said I am listening and prepared to give it a go.

Joshua said, “Why don’t we get started and see how it goes. Let us go through to my therapy studio.”

He got up and opened the door to his therapy room and I followed him in.

“I’m going to leave you to take off as much as you feel comfortable with and will return in a couple of minutes. Lay down on the mattress on your back when you are ready with the towel over you.”

Joshua went out of the room and left me to it. Well as you know I have had a lot of massages and of course I was going to take great delight in taking everything off. I hate having a massage where they ask you to keep your panties on, or even more ridiculous wear some of those horrendous paper pants. This was after all supposed to be a naturist massage anyway.

I looked around and started to notice my surroundings. His ‘therapy studio’ was an absolute delight. I saw that unusually he did not have a conventional massage table in the room. Instead there was a mattress on the floor surrounded completely in white linen centred under a four-poster canopy. Very cosy I thought if he is going to lie down in there with me to attend to my squidgy bits. I cannot tell you how much I loved it. It was perfect for me. I had grown to love the paraphernalia and ritual of spiritual and Buddhist meetings. It was all here with knobs on. The two windows were covered by blackout Roman blinds with a night sky with stars design. They let in no natural light.

The lighting was very low and around the room there were figures and effigies and giant Buddha heads and tall hand carved wooden meditating goddess figures. He already had the mandatory Eastern style relaxing music playing in the background. On the walls there were many traditional Indian, Hindu and Buddhist framed paintings. There were many aromatic candles burning around the room emitting a wonderful lavender fragrance.

I was relieved the room was comfortably warm. I hate having to be covered up by towels simply because the room is too chilly. I was hoping to eventually be lying on his mattress completely naked and uncovered. I was so receptive to imagining myself floating away on some deep meditative magic carpet of self-discovery if you can make any sense at all of all those mixed metaphors! I know many readers will think I am a bit mad but then you know that about me already.

I carefully folded my suit and blouse on a chair, removed my underwear and stockings and then settled down as instructed lying on my back on the mattress with the enormous towel that was in there over my chest, stomach and legs. After what seemed an unnecessarily long time Joshua knocked on the door and I called out for him to re-enter. What had he been doing for all that time? How long does he think it takes me to take my clothes off? I can do it in seconds!

Joshua had removed his smock so was now just in his tee shirt and shorts. I was relieved about that as I never really see why a masseur needs to strip off completely as well. I know some do but the justifications are very dubious, I think.

Joshua changed the music to some Indian sounding soft calming music, that to me sounded exactly the same as the music it replaced, and dimmed the lights right down even further so that the room was only illuminated by the candles. He then deftly climbed in to our ‘tent’ inside the four-poster canopy and it all felt very intimate and cosy. A real oasis from the world for a while. A delicious escape from the irritations of my work I thought. Hope I turned my phone off.

Joshua signalled the start of the massage by ringing a singing bowl like you get at the start of a Buddhist meditation.

He started by kneeling next to me on the mattress and holding my hands in his. He squeezed them in a comforting way and lifted my arms up into the air. After a minute or two he then slowly laid my arms down beside me again and placed his hands on each side of my head holding very still for a while. He then placed a hand on my forehead. He said, "I want you to breathe slowly and deeply and concentrate only on that. Breathe in, breathe out, breathe in, breathe out." I was used to doing this at the Buddhist meetings.

He then placed his palms on the towel over my tummy and repeated again like a hypnotist, "Breathe in, breathe out, breathe in, breathe out." He slowly moved his palms to be pretty much on top of my breasts still through the towel and pressed down holding this position for a long time. He said quietly, "Feel the energy of my hands flowing through you. Feel the connection. Feel our spiritual union."

I was putty in his hands now. He could do anything to me. I had surrendered. I was going to enjoy this.

After a while Joshua moved down the mattress to my feet and started to caress them one at a time lifting them up so he could massage them with two hands. Whilst he was doing this, he was sat cross legged in the lotus position holding my feet in his lap. Can you believe he could do that? My God he was supple. He began pouring lots of warm oil on my lower legs that smelt of almonds. As he lifted them up one at a time the towel started to slip away up my legs.

He then manoeuvred himself so that he was kneeling between my legs. He gradually worked his way up my legs stroking the calves and then my thighs. Unlike most masseurs who concentrate on one leg at a time he seemed to be able to progress up both my legs at the same time which worked much better I thought. His touch was amazing. I became desperate for him to reach my upper inner thighs and groin. I found it hard to resist lifting my thighs up a little to persuade him accordingly. But he sensed this and very softly guided me that to get the most out of this spiritual massage I must try to resist looking for more, to go further all the time but to just contemplate and savour the sensations now. He assured me that everybody does this; it is how we think to always want more-to always want things to develop instead of just savouring the now. He urged me to try to just be in the moment. He did then start to travel over my inner thighs with his palms and thumbs both at the same time. He softly chanted about the importance that everything is enough, that his touch at any moment is enough. He wanted me to lose all thoughts of wanting more, going further. He asked me to just trust him and the universe to look after me. So, I did! I think he was saying in his own way, 'All in good time.'

Just as it was getting irresistibly tantalising, he made one longer sweep up over my groin and abdomen under the towel and returning with his thumbs travelling over the sides of my pubic bone. It was delicious. A promise of things to come.

He then suddenly moved back to my head and with his loving touch kept placing his thumbs or fore fingers on each side of my temples and began gently chanting. He was chanting softly about letting his energy flow through me. He invited me to feel the rhythm flowing through me. I think he felt he needed to relax me more, to prepare me more by hypnotising me to become fully receptive to his treatment. He was used to judging this.

He asked me to turn over onto my front. He said that unlike most massages he turns you more than just once during the massage. He held up the towel to give me privacy to turn over behind. I was surprised given that we originally met at the naturist swimming club. He clearly does not know me very well yet! He laid the towel back down over my back. The time had come for me to say, "I don't need a towel over me-unless you feel more comfortable? I prefer to just lie naked. I find a towel distracting and unnecessary."

He replied, "No, I do not need it. Many clients do not have one. It is entirely up to you. However you feel most comfortable."

So, the towel was gone hopefully for good.

Joshua then went to work on the backs of my legs. He gently spread them apart and knelt between them. His strokes gradually worked all the way up them and over my buttocks. It was gorgeous. Gradually his hands moved over the sides of my legs and holding one at a time he ran his hands down the length of them to my ankles. Then he put his hands down both my hips and after a few strokes he kind of brought them down under my sides to lift me a little off the mattress by my hip bones. It is hard to describe but being lifted and manhandled like this is very sensual. He poured more warm oil over my legs and began exploring up my inner thighs again. I must say that when a masseur slides his oily hands up between your inner thighs and approaches your vagina for the first time in a massage it is heavenly. As his forays travelled ever further, he was almost imperceptibly gently touching the lips of my vagina such that I did not know whether it was deliberate or an accident. He then moved to massaging my buttocks both at the same time and letting his hands flow over them and down onto my hips and upper legs. He kneaded and squeezed my buttocks and as he ran his hands down them, he increasingly allowed his thumbs to run down the crack between them. His thumbs were definitely travelling over my anus and down the crack towards my vagina. Again, I was not sure whether this was deliberate or accidental! I suspect this was all part of his tantalising teasing techniques. However, he then did this one more time where he applied much more pressure travelling down the crack and unmistakably over my anus and then reaching the lips of my vagina. He had touched me intimately for the first time and I could not resist lifting my bum to meet him.

And then the bastard moved up and knelt beside my back and began massaging my shoulders and back. He had me reaching boiling point and had just left me to simmer for a while. Then he moved around to my head so he could kneel there and massage my back down to my waist. Whilst he was there, he gave my head a good scratch which is always delightful although I was worried how I would get my hair back presentable again to return to work.

It was then time to turn me onto my back again. He got himself back kneeling between my legs. He spread them apart again and I was happy and eager to help spread them myself. He massaged my breasts for a few minutes. He teased my nipples which were standing very pert. I was smiling as he then moved down to my stomach and spent a little while gradually working in circles down over my stomach and increasingly further over my pelvis. Then he was unmistakably including my mound in his treatment. His fingers worked around my mound pushing firmly and he was millimetres from his fingers actually touching the lips of my vagina again. I was desperate for more and he knew it. I kept trying to spread my legs wider and could not resist heaving my bottom up and down a little trying to get him to stop teasing me.

And then at last -heaven- he ran his finger down between the lips of my vagina. I could tell I was soaking down there. He did this several times as I lifted my bottom up to meet him. I was so desperate for him to plunge his fingers into me.

He quietly reminded me about enjoying the touch now and to try to not get into the old habits of always wanting things to progress. I meekly agreed. But it was bloody difficult.

He began a soft chant about embracing the universe, letting his energy and the energy of the universe flow through me. Stuff like that. He asked me to embrace and honour our sacred connection and love. He then launched into some chanting in a foreign language- Sanskrit or Pali I think. I had not a clue what he was saying but it sure felt mystical and created a sacred and transcendental ambience.

When he finally got to massaging my clitoris, it was just utter bliss. He was still chanting softly in Sanskrit! I was in some parallel universe floating away out of the earth's atmosphere! He had made me wait for this magic moment. His magic fingers moved in circles. And then he asked me, whispering, if it was OK to put his fingers into my vagina! All very formal and proper. Of course, it was. I thought he would never get around to it! And then he just entered the entrance of my

vagina with the tips of two fingers and hovered. I heard myself emit an involuntary groan. I felt utter sublime pleasure and an inexplicable sadness all at once. I could not help lifting my hips up off the mattress to meet him. He asked me whether this was OK. Was I alright? Of course, I was bloody alright! I was in heaven. He was just being professional I suppose. All part of the etiquette of tantric massage.

Lying there I thought I had only just met this man and knew very little about him really but was feeling this intense love for him! How mad are we-temporarily insane really- when we are in the hands (literally) of someone who is pleasuring us? Joshua was my tormentor and I was his slave. I thought it is like a case of that 'Stockholm Syndrome'. My stupid heart was bursting with love for Joshua and I was loving our intimate time together. On top of that I hoped I had found my spiritual sex guru-my mentor.

Joshua played me with the skill and precision of a concert musician. It was interesting to me to be tended to by a professional qualified therapist who does this for a living-a sex guru. I had been frigged so many times in my life, but Joshua had a whole new level of competence and skill.

He had me so intensely aroused now. Joshua was sitting cross legged between my splayed legs. He was rapidly plunging his magic fingers deeply in and out of me. He was a master of female anatomy. With my feet planted on the mattress I could not resist offering up my pussy up to meet him to assist his access. He was still chanting softly alternately in this ancient foreign language, and then in English. He was going on about energy, the universe, the yoni, the sacred yoni flower, the flower of Venus, some goddess or other. Stuff like that. It was all a blur, but he was certainly adding to the mystical ambience. I really was in a heightened elevated state of consciousness alright. But I just wanted relief. I only wanted to die in an earth-shattering orgasm. Nothing else mattered. He could have done anything to me then. He could have just rammed his erect penis into me. I could not have resisted in any way. I would have just pulled him in. But he didn't do this obviously.

As I approached my orgasm, I chuckled at how he had me in his hands (literally) and I had no control over the situation. As he relentlessly brought me to a crescendo, I stared into his eyes with a big smile on my face and he stared right back into mine. We locked our gazes, staring each other out, until the dam burst, and I started shouting and crying out in ecstasy and heaving and thrashing about. My cries of uncontrolled pleasure eventually turned into uncontrolled cries of sorrow and I had no idea why. I degenerated into a sobbing mess. I sat up and Joshua cuddled me. He told me this reaction is common. He said it was what experiencing higher consciousness is all about. It manifests itself in both extreme awareness of the bliss of being alive, and extreme fear of our own mortality and frailness. It is what happens when the mind is at a higher level of consciousness and awareness than is usual in normal life. He said another way of thinking about it was that I was so full of love and happiness that my body and mind could not handle it and I had to cry to release some of this energy. All I knew was that I felt an emotional wreck.

After a couple of minutes of cuddling me and stroking my forehead Joshua said that he was sorry, but I had come too quickly which he felt was partly his fault. Really? I thought it had been a fucking amazing orgasm and was completely satisfied. I still needed more release apparently. I had 'stuck energy' apparently. I needed to come again else I would be tense later. How does he know all this? He told me I needed to trust him.

He stopped and changed the music to just the sounds of ocean waves on a sandy beach. He said, "Right now I want you to try something different. I am going to put a blindfold on you. Is that OK?"

I nodded. Joshua covered my eyes with a rolled up warm towel.

"I want you to transport yourself to the sandy shore of a deserted Caribbean beach. Imagine it is sunset and the sky is crimson red. The palm trees are waving lazily in the warm balmy breeze. I want you to ignore me and forget where you are. Can you do that?"

I replied that I would give it a go.

It was a short journey for me from the cloud I was floating on down to the sandy beach he described. I made myself comfortable on the sand and settled down to watch the sunset. Joshua went off into his Sanskrit again and I just felt exhausted and sleepy. I descended into a dreamy state and the images became more confused and chaotic. All was good in the world.

I felt so relaxed just lying on this beach listening to the waves arriving near to me. I tuned out from Joshua's voice and listened only to the gentle rhythm of the waves. I momentarily felt the pleasure of Joshua's fingers gently entering my vagina again and I spread my legs. And then a strange thing happened. As I drifted away in my Caribbean paradise, I noticed that each wave brought its own wave of pleasure which travelled through my pelvic region and down my legs. The waves of pleasure between my legs seemed to be perfectly synchronised with the waves arriving on the beach. The physical pleasure became stronger with each wave. I never wanted to leave this beach. It was the beach of total ecstasy. And then the waves became stronger and began to overpower and overwhelm me. As they became too powerful, I was submerged and consumed by total pleasure. My body was gently convulsing and no longer in synch with the waves.

I did not try to fight the pleasure. I just let it wash right through me for as long as it wanted as I rolled around on the sand at one with the sea and universe. It was like watching and observing myself experiencing the pleasure. I really had drifted away and lost touch of time and where I was. It seemed to go on and on for ages. Weird wasn't it?

Eventually I was roused from my trance by Joshua removing the towel from my eyes and talking to me like an anaesthetist does when they bring you round after an operation. He was saying, "You have been asleep. You have had a massage."

Joshua signalled the end of the massage by ringing his singing bowl.

I gradually surfaced feeling very groggy but pleasantly calm and at peace. Joshua explained what had happened and how using his hands he synchronises the vaginal stimulation and masturbation with the sounds of the waves. He said the technique is very effective and consequently popular. I could only agree. He said my second orgasm had been much slower and much less frantic and thereby much more beneficial to delivering a lasting feeling of well-being. Oh, well-he is the expert.

I could not wait to get back to Joshua for a repeat performance, but it was quite a lot of money, for me anyway, so I left it about three weeks until I went to him again, and again another three weeks before I went for a third time. You have to believe me that by now I knew I was onto something special. Joshua was able to transport me to a pretty special place floating with the clouds and feeling spaced out, serene and content, and yes sexually satiated. A rare taste of feeling total well being and inner peace topped up by a healthy tiredness from mind blowing orgasm(s). What I was not sure about yet was what exactly constituted a 'spiritual' massage? What made it different? But I was open to believing and beginning to be convinced that it was.

I asked him once what was his record for consecutive orgasms he had given a woman during one appointment? He said he thought it was nine although that was a two-hour appointment! 'Blimey', I thought -I have a long way to go to match that!

It was after my third visit that Joshua sat me down in his office again and said he wanted to tell me about something that might be of interest. I was intrigued. He told me that he was involved with a spiritual retreat in the South West that I might enjoy and get benefit from. He said that it is not advertised, and is only by personal invitation from people involved with the retreat or who have been themselves. He thought I would fit in perfectly and it would be up my street. It was called a 'Naturist Meditation Retreat' and that described it well apparently. The idea of a naturist retreat alone was enough to sell it to me, but the meditation content would be a very good fit with the journey that I was on. Joshua said that these retreats also include a lot of yoga and talk a lot about naturism, nudity, exhibitionism, sexuality, promiscuity, spirituality, owning being yourself and being

free etc. He thought I would enjoy all that and he was right; I felt excited about maybe going on one. Joshua looked up the dates of the upcoming retreats and said he would contact them if I wanted and put me forward. I thought it would be nice if I did go that there would be someone there that I already knew.

Joshua also recommended some articles on the web containing stuff about what is called spiritual sex and I went off very keen to digest them.

Spiritual Sex

I studied the articles recommended by Joshua intensely. This in turn led me to others and I found that like every other subject known to man there is an enormous amount written about this on the internet. I wrote earlier, in the chapter about how my journey started, how I had this growing nagging feeling that there was more out there; a special place that you can find that would bring together my journey of sexual exploration and spiritual exploration. It would be a sort of convergence of sexual and spiritual energy that could be some sort of ultimate cosmic mind-blowing experience. I really could not understand it or articulate it any more than that at the time. It was just an intuitive feeling that became an increasing obsession that I could explore my sexual energy in a spiritual context that could take me to a whole new level of consciousness.

Well by the end of my research I was left in no doubt that what I had intuitively felt might exist really did and many people had got there first and written about it. This is what I found out. Many of these articles were long and detailed. I do not want to devote pages and pages to repeating what I have read. If you are interested in finding out more then you should consider searching the internet for Spiritual Sex yourself. My only aim is to convince you dear reader that my intuition was right and that I was on to something worth pursuing.

There is only room here to tell you some of the key assertions that influenced me and pushed me a long a bit on this journey of exploration.

Energy: The basis of all this is the concept of energy. What is often called the energy of the universe is also within us all. It is the basic life force and the fuel of passion and feeling alive. We are told that we must trust and follow the energy and allow it to flow freely through us and not try to suppress it. If we do this, we can feel bliss, joy, love, fulfilment and passion. When we allow ourselves to fully experience our feelings, we come alive.

Sexual Energy of Spiritual Energy: Our backgrounds and upbringing have often taught us to believe that sexuality and spirituality are opposing forces; that you cannot be virtuous if you have a lot of sexual desire because sex is a 'sin' and thereby 'unspiritual'. Whereas in truth sexual energy and spiritual energy can be more helpfully seem as the same force. It has not always been so. Many ancient societies had cultures whereby sex was sacred, and celebrated, and not a sin, and sexuality was regarded as an expression of the life force.

People who try to deny their sexuality in order to be more spiritual, create a conflict within themselves. Some people may be frightened of where their sexual energy will take them. People who try to deny their sexuality in order to be more spiritual end up blocking the very energy they are seeking. Sex can also work as a catalyst for cultivating spiritual well-being. To lead a spiritual life, you need to embrace and respect your sexuality just as much as any other part of your nature.

Of course, it should be stressed that the free expression of your sexual energy is never a licence or justification to do anything that harms another person.

Higher levels of Consciousness: The act of lovemaking can alternatively be seen not as a base physical act but as something sacred and profound. People are taught to deny their sexuality, dismissing it as a 'lower physical instinct' and encouraged to 'rise above it' as if there is some distinction between 'lower' physical cravings and 'higher' spiritual functions. In reality the opposite is true, and it is the sexual orgasm that gives us a taste of transcending our limited selves, and feeling boundless even if only momentarily. This type of sex can be described as a feeling of boundless pure bliss, warmth, and identity-merging (or ego loss) especially during orgasm. When spiritual sex is consciously practiced, mindfully, there follows heightened awareness and expanded consciousness and feelings of ecstasy. In its extreme people talk about merging with the life force, and experiencing the self as pure energy, in harmony and union with the universe.

Tantric Sex or Tantra: Many writers believe that it is what is called 'tantric sex' that is powerful enough to lift us to exceptional levels of conscious awareness. Tantra is an ancient Sanskrit word

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