

# NO SHAME TO TOUCH YOURSELF

LILOU

MY FRIENDS, LIKE ME, ARE IN THEIR LATE THIRTIES. MOST ARE ALREADY MARRIED, LIVE TOGETHER OR HAVE CHILDREN. ME, I'M STILL A VIRGIN. IT'S NOT THAT IT DOESN'T BOTHER ME, IT'S JUST THAT I DON'T DARE. THE IDEA OF SOMEONE STICKING HIS COCK IN MY VAGINA GIVES ME THE CHILLS. I DON'T THINK IT'S NORMAL THAT I PUT SUCH SCARY SCENARIOS IN MY HEAD, BUT IT'S STRONGER THAN MYSELF.

MY THERAPIST SAYS IT'S NOT ME, IT'S THE WAY I WAS RAISED. I CAN'T BLAME HER FOR THAT. MY PARENTS HAVE NEVER BEEN THE MOST LOVING PEOPLE. I NEVER SAW THEM TOUCH OR KISS EACH OTHER. HEARING MY PARENTS HAVE SEX, AS MOST CHILDREN SOMETIMES HEAR, I'VE NEVER HEARD.

I REMEMBER WHEN I TURNED THIRTEEN AND GOT MY FIRST PERIOD. MY MOTHER WAS FURIOUS AND MY FATHER LOOKED AT ME COLD-BLOODEDLY. LIKE IT WAS MY FAULT I LOST BLOOD.

EVERY WOMAN GETS IT ANYWAY, WHY SHOULD I BE AN EXCEPTION IN THIS.

MY PARENTS NEVER ALLOWED ME TO GO OUT WITH FRIENDS, AND AFTER SCHOOL I HAD TO GO HOME IMMEDIATELY. WHEN WE HAD SEX EDUCATION AT SCHOOL AND THERE WAS TALKS ABOUT PENETRATION, ORGASMS, FINGERING... I HAD NO IDEA WHAT ALL THAT WAS.

WHEN MY MOTHER SAW ME STUDYING THIS MATERIAL BECAUSE I HAD A TEST FOR IT, SHE GOT ANGRY AND CALLED THE SCHOOL. IT WAS UNACCEPTABLE TO HER THAT SUCH MATERIAL EXISTED.

'SEX IS DIRTY AND BAD,' SHE OFTEN SAID. 'DON'T EVER START, OR YOU'LL BURN IN HELL.'

CAN YOU IMAGINE IF I HAD TO HEAR SUCH THINGS SINCE I WAS LITTLE. OF COURSE I WAS AFRAID OF IT. I WAS EVEN AFRAID OF MYSELF!

WHEN I WAS IN MY TEENS, I STARTED TO FEEL THINGS I HAD NEVER EXPERIENCED BEFORE. I RUB MY VAGINA FOR A FEW SECONDS AND IT FELT GREAT, BUT IN THE BACK OF MY MIND I HEARD MY MOTHER'S WORDS AND I PUT AWAY THE NICE STIMULATION AND NEVER DID IT AGAIN.

WHEN I LEFT HOME AND LIVED ALONE. I DISCOVERED WHAT FREEDOM WAS, BUT EVEN THERE I NEVER TOOK THE STEP TO SEDUCE SOMEONE OR TO TOUCH MYSELF. IT DIDN'T BELONG, IT WAS DIRTY, IT WAS BAD... SO WHY GO LOOKING FOR IT. NO THANKS!

MY PARENTS WOULD BE VERY DISAPPOINTED IF I INTRODUCED MY LOVE TO THEM. MY DAD WOULD SIT WITH HIS HANDS IN HERS AND MY MOM WOULD SCRUNCH UP HER NOSE AND LOOK AT ME LIKE I WAS A PIECE OF DIRT.

BUT I REALIZED AS I GOT OLDER THAT THIS WAY OF LIFE DIDN'T MAKE ME HAPPY AT ALL. I FELT LONELY. I ALSO STARTED TO REALIZE MORE THAT I HAD ALWAYS LIVED MY LIFE THE WAY MY PARENTS WANTED IT TO BE. THAT'S WHY I DECIDED TO HIRE A THERAPIST. SHE FIRST TAUGHT ME TO LOOK FOR MYSELF. – WHO AM I? WHAT DO I WANT? WHAT AM I LOOKING FOR? – AFTER A YEAR AND A HALF IN THERAPY, I AM ALREADY MOVING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION. I AM LEARNING AND CAN FINALLY STAND UP FOR MYSELF, ALSO TOWARDS MY PARENTS.

NOW, WE'RE AT THE NEXT STEP. DISCOVERING MYSELF AND MY BODY. STEP BY STEP I LEARN TO ACCEPT MY BODY. TO DARE TO LOOK MYSELF IN THE MIRROR AND TOUCH MY BREASTS, WHILE ENJOYING IT. 'GREAT JOB,' MY THERAPIST ENCOURAGES ME. 'WHEN YOU ARE READY, YOU CAN MOVE ON TO THE NEXT STEP. IF NECESSARY, TAKE A SMALL MIRROR, LIE ON YOUR BED AND SPREAD YOUR LEGS. ON THE BASIS OF THIS YOU CAN SEE AND DISCOVER WHAT YOUR VAGINA LOOKS LIKE.'

OH THAT WAS A REALLY BIG STEP. I THOUGHT THE THOUGHT WAS DIRTY AND BAD. THAT'S WHY IT TOOK ME A FEW DAYS BEFORE I DARED TO TAKE THIS STEP. WITH A VERY SMALL HEART, I DID AS THE THERAPIST TOLD ME, BUT IT FELT LIKE MY MOTHER WOULD JUMP IN AT ANY MOMENT. WEIRD, BECAUSE WE DON'T LIVE TOGETHER ANYMORE AND SHE DOESN'T HAVE THE KEY TO MY FLAT, BUT I STILL HAD THE FEELING THAT SHE WAS WATCHING. IT TOOK ANOTHER TWO DAYS BEFORE I DARED TO PUT A FINGER IN MY SLIT.

I EVEN FOUND IT FASCINATING, AFTER A WHILE, TO EXPLORE WITH A LITTLE MIRROR. I STROKED MY LABIA, THE INSIDE OF THEM AND THEN I FELT MYSELF GETTING WET. IT ALSO FELT GOOD TO RUN MY FINGER AROUND THAT LITTLE HOLE IN CIRCLES. ONLY WHEN I PUT A FINGER IN IT DID I INTENSELY FEEL HOW NICE IT FELT. ESPECIALLY WHEN I ADDED A SECOND FINGER AND MADE SOME MOVEMENTS. I LONGED FOR MORE. WITH ONE HAND I HELD THE MIRROR AND WITH THE OTHER I STROKED, PLAYED, FINGERED MYSELF. THE SIGHT OF THE RED AND PURPLE HANGING LIPS NO LONGER BOTHERED ME. I STARTED TO LIKE IT.

AFTER A WHILE I PUT THE MIRROR AWAY AND USED MY OTHER FINGERS. THERE I DISCOVERED, IN THE MIDDLE, A BUTTON THAT GAVE ME HEAVENLY SENSATIONS. I COULD NOT BELIEVE IT! THE MORE I STROKED IT, THE MORE I WANTED TO MOVE ON. WITH MY INDEX AND MIDDLE FINGER I MADE CIRCLES AROUND IT AND WITH MY OTHER HAND I PUT TWO FINGERS IN MY VAGINA. GOSH, THAT FELT SO DELICIOUS!

I FELT THE REST OF MY BODY ENJOYING THESE ACTIONS. MY BREATHING WENT DEEPER. I FELT THE SWEAT ON MY FOREHEAD AND BACK. MY MIND, IT WAS COMPLETELY CAPTIVATED BY WHAT I FELT. I MYSELF FELT THAT AT A CERTAIN POINT I HAD NO CONTROL OVER IT. I ALSO HEARD MYSELF MOAN. WEIRD, TO MAKE SUCH SOUNDS, BUT AT THE SAME TIME I FOUND IT VERY EXCITING TO HEAR MYSELF ENJOYING.

AT ONE POINT I RUBBING FASTER AND FINGERING MYSELF FASTER, BECAUSE I FELT LIKE SOMETHING WAS ABOUT TO COME OUT OF ME, BUT IT DIDN'T FEEL UNCOMFORTABLE, RATHER INDESCRIBABLE. AN EXPLOSION OF INTENSE THRILLS CAME AND MY BODY TOOK CONTROL.

WOW WHAT WAS THAT!!!

WHEN I TOLD MY THERAPIST THAT, SHE LAUGHED. 'THEY CALL IT AN ORGASM,' SHE HAD REPLIED. CUM, I HAD CUM. I WAS PROUD OF MYSELF AT THAT MOMENT. I HAD ACCOMPLISHED SOMETHING ON MY OWN THAT NO ONE COULD TAKE AWAY FROM ME.

I'M CURRENTLY LEAVING THE NEXT STEPS FOR WHAT THEY ARE. THE FACT THAT I ACCEPT MYSELF AND MY BODY IS THE GREATEST GIFT FOR ME. I'M STILL DISCOVERING NEW STIMULI IN MYSELF, SO AS LONG AS I'M STILL DISCOVERING THIS, I DON'T NEED ANYTHING ELSE. BECAUSE WHO NEEDS A SEX PARTNER WHEN SOLO SEX EXISTS...