Self-Taught Sex Education

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A young girl learns the mysteries of the female body

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I am an only child, and my parents were married 18 years before I made an appearance. I think they figured they would never have children. Needless to say, I was a daddy's girl, through and through. My mother was a hard woman to love, and even harder to live with. She had a vicious temper and tended to self-medicate with alcohol a bit too much. My father, on the other hand, could do no wrong, in my eyes.

When I was five, my dad changed jobs for health reasons, and his new job required him to be out of town during the week, leaving me home with my mother.

She was very strict, in her household rules, and if I wasn't obedient enough, well, I would be punished with anything from a "Go to your room!", to a smack across the ass with a wooden spoon. One day, she was so livid, she hit me across my face. I remember my stunned reaction to her violent outburst, but not the transgression that would cause such a reaction.

I used to live for weekends, and dread them at the same time. My dad would be home on the weekends, and for those few days, I would see a reprieve in my mother's outbursts as she turned he anger full force toward my dad. I dreaded the ensuing fights, which were full of abuse, both verbal and physical. Everything would be calmed down by Sunday evening, and we would have a Sunday dinner in the dining room that would make "The Walton's" green with envy. Monday would come and Dad would leave. I would then silently count the hours until I faced my mother's wrath once again. I knew it would come, as sure as day follows night.

I can remember being about 10 or 11, getting to the age when a young girl needs to know certain things about her body. My mother, being the generation that she was, decided that she didn't need to talk to me about sex. There was nothing to be learned at school at that time, sex education hadn't made it in to the curriculum, but, I digress. Mother thought it best if got books from the doctor and have me read them. I was given two pieces of "motherly" wisdom. The books were not to be shared with anyone, and "don't let a man put his body into yours until you are married". I was to read the books and if I had any questions, she would make an appointment for me to talk to our doctor. (He

was a kind old gent, but I would die from embarrassment if I had to ask any questions pertaining to sex!)

I took the books upstairs to my room, (we lived in what people called a "wartime" house, 1 1/2 storey home, with the two bedrooms upstairs on either side of the staircase) and I opened the first of the three books. It was written for girls, eight to ten years of age. It told about how we would develop breasts and we should wear a good fitting bra, so support, so that our breasts did not sag as we got older, and also showed exercises to do to help prevent that as well. (Yeah, okay, I'll do the exercises, because I sure don't want saggy titties, like my mother had, who claimed they were all *my* fault. Well, she should have doing these exercises long ago, my fault indeed!)

The book went on to explain that girls go through puberty. (I thought it was PUB-erty, until I looked it up in a dictionary.) During this phenomenon, I would grow hair under my arms, and on my legs, and that many girls shave their underarms and legs, as the smooth skin was more pleasing to the eye. (EWWWW, hair under my arms, YUCK!) I would also grow hair on my pubic area (where the hell is my pubic area, oh right, turn the page), a diagram showed a female pubic area, sans hair of course. Well, I whipped down my shorts and panties and breathed a sigh of relief, no hair yet. (I don't know what I was expecting, instant bush?!)

The book also explained about hormones and getting your period, and what that meant, and at the moment of your first period, you were considered, "a woman". (Hold it here, I'm a kid, 10 years old, I am NOT ready for "womanhood".)

Hmmph, no where in this book did it talk about a man's body in mine. What the hell was that supposed to mean, so I read on.

The next book was a bit more exciting. It had diagrams of female *and* male genitalia. This was my first glimpse that I was different from the boys. I read about the female stuff--more pertinent to me. It showed the labia, (I went and got the hand mirror from my dresser set, pulled down my shorts and panties and lay down on the bed with my knees drawn up. I spread my legs and positioned the hand mirror so I could see my pubic mound--Yup, got those) and also showed the labia minora, (I put the book down and picked up the mirror again, and spread the outer lips, Yup, got those, too). The book went on, giving simple details about the clitoris, and if it was stimulated it caused "pleasurable sensations". (See diagram for clitoris--OK got one of them too!) Stimulated, huh? I touched it, nothing, touched it again, thinking maybe I had the wrong spot, still nothing. (Well, take this book back, it contains wrong info!) I read the rest of the book and it explained the vagina and the use of pads and tampons and how a girl can bathe, and even go swimming when she has her period. (EWWWW, bleeding down there, boy can't wait for that to happen--NOT!)

Moving on the the next book, which was for teenagers. NOW we were getting somewhere. In more detail, masturbation was described. I read the passage about stimulation of the clitoris, how some women like it soft and slow, and others like it hard and fast, but most like a combination of the two kinds of movements. It said that saliva was a good lubrication, so I licked the index finger of my right hand, and spread my outer lips with my left hand, and began to circle my little clitoris, around and around, fast, slow, softly, then harder. It wasn't long until a flood of sensations washed over me and I

lay on my bed panting. (OH YEAH, IT WORKS!!!) I read about how an aroused man's penis becomes hard and erect and that he places it in the woman's vagina, and this is called sexual intercourse, and it is pleasurable for both the man and the woman. (Of course, this was pre HIV so there was no mention of condoms, but the rhythm method would be a good method of birth control, should the woman not want to conceive. Conceive What???)

Okay, so I licked my index finger and found my vagina. I put my finger in there and, well, nothing. I pulled it out and did it again. Still nothing. Crap, turn the page, maybe there's more to this, or maybe you can't use a finger, maybe it has to be a penis---ahhh, the light bulb went on. . .a man's body in mine. (Shit, you mean I gotta wait until I'm old and married to do this?)

Okay, let's try this again. I licked my finger, making sure it was real wet with spit, and put it in my "pussy", (I heard my mother call it that.) I licked the index finger of my other hand and started to rub my clitoris. I could feel my pussy muscles clamp down on my finger, and I moved my finger in and out of my hole, as I rubbed my clit, softly at first, then with more force, because I wanted to feel what I felt before. OH MY GOD,WHAT WAS THAT!!! (I think I've peed myself, oh shit, I'm in trouble now.) I got off my bed, there was a wet spot, but it didn't look or smell like urine. Okay, maybe my secret was safe for now.

I continued my sexual explorations, masturbating, silently when ever I had an opportunity, which I made sure there were plenty. I started to look for something that I could insert into my little pussy while I rubbed my clit. I found a pen, bigger around than a stick pen, and I used that, I washed it off, and took the refill out. I kept it hidden in the back of my closet with the books, and I would wash it off every night before I went to bed, hiding it in the pocket of my robe. Sometimes I would use it when I masturbated and at other times I would just finger myself. I found that the faster and more pressure I used, the faster the wonderful feeling would come. I found an old towel that was in the back of the linen closet and I took that to my room, in case I had a gush of fluid again. I could hide the towel, but hard to hide my bedspread and my bedsheets. I had this down to a fine science in short order, and I would masturbate some days, up to five or six times a day. A perfect way to spend a time out in my room. School days were the hardest, because you couldn't just go to the bathroom and rub yourself silly, but I made sure recess was used to the full potential, and would ask to go to the bathroom more frequently than before.

About this time, I developed an interest in romance novels, you know, the kind they sell at the five and dime stores. Nothing hard core, but enough to fuel a young girl's fantasies. I loved it when the heroine would say to her lover, "Please. . .make love to me." and a tame (by today's standards) description would follow. I would read that and masturbate at the same time usually feeling very satisfied and tired afterwards.

One night, after a weekend argument, I heard my mother ask my father for sex. She was talking dirty to him, and it didn't take me long to figure out that "I want you to fuck me. I want your fucking cock in my fucking cunt" meant that she wanted my father's penis in her vagina. My heart started to pound. My father resisted, and my mother continued her pursuit. "Come on, fuck me now, you know you want to." My breathing got heavier. "Let me get my hands on that cock of yours." It wasn't long until I heard

my dad grunting, and I could hear thrashing about. Their voices were getting louder, and my heart was pounding faster. I could feel my belly start to ache. (My hand snaked under my own covers and found my clit and I put *two* wet fingers into my pussy.) "Put that thing in my cunt--I told you I want you to fuck me NOW!"

My dad sounded angry. "You asked for this bitch" and I heard more grunting from both of them while my own explorations were going on undercover. I heard my mother gasp. "Harder, you bastard, I want your cock as hard as you can give it to me." The bed started to bang up against the wall and their sex act was hard, fast and furious. I heard both of them cum that night, and so did I, many times as I fucked myself with my hand and listened to them go at it.

This was not the sweet way I had imagined "making love" would be, and over the years, I wondered if they were role playing, but knowing my mother, I somehow doubt it. I never mentioned that night to them, for fear of punishment. I, to this day, dislike the rough stuff, and prefer, the long, slow sweet lovemaking I get from my lover.