

Expanded Lovemaking Blog *January – February, 2007*

Tuesday, January 09, 2007

Keeping It Smooth

Keeping it smooth... is something I also call "continuity of touch". It is one of the easiest sexual techniques you can learn to apply to whisk your lover into those legendary and magical places. And it is also one of the nicest of techniques, of course, to receive. It is an excellent technique to start with for bringing someone into a more expanded state of being using physical touch.

What is continuous, anyway? We think usually of continuous as something that is unbroken through time. Smooth, slinky, silky, swishy, glide-y, sexy... continuous feelings evoke sensuous moods. You want to sway your body, dance to the music, let go of the rigid control of the mind, and start to feel the music. Even now, feel the feelings in your being. Are you ready to let this state of "Smoooootthhhh...." share the real estate in your consciousness? Just thinking about being smooth has some people naturally begin to let go and relax.

So keep it smooth when you touch your partner, and watch the results of your date go up, up and away! You'll want to begin by feeling smooth actions in your own body first. Run your hand up and down your own body, so continuously that you don't stop or even notice little pauses. This can and most likely will take some practice! (Three minutes is more than enough). Once you have this mastered, extend smoothly, sweetly, luxuriously, ... continuously... to touch your partner's arm or face.

What feels good on an arm or face feels just as good on your partner's genitals. But a few differences do exist between stroking arms and your beloved's most private parts! Continuous stroking on genitals is a key ingredient to expanding orgasms. However, it's a little – no, a lot less charge-y to start on your sweetheart's alluring arm or fabulous face than on her red-hot and possibly throbbing vagina (or his crowning glory), so do take the time to practice continuity on the easy places first! Plus, it'll turn your partner on like crazy.

Okay, once you're here, at the nerve-rich clitoris, or g-spot, (for women) or penis and prostate (for men) ... remember what you learned! Make your touch continuous and smooth and you'll find the two of you transported on a bullet train to bliss!

So keep it smooth, baby..., keep it smooth....

Till next time,

Yours in ever sweet, smooth, silky, slithery and sensational Expanding Love,
Dr. Patti

www.ExpandedLovemaking.com

Copyright 2007 Patricia H. Taylor, PhD. All Rights Reserved

Thursday, January 18, 2007

Praises for my "Trained Man"

My partner – as you might expect – is an amazing "trained man" – trained to give me maximum pleasure when we hook up for a date. One aspect I love is his ability to energetically turn on a dime. Case in point: Yesterday was one of those nutty stressful days. He ran around with his hair

screaming out in ten directions. He ate cereal with barbeque sauce and didn't notice. He talked in half-sentences because even he didn't want to listen to himself!

But come time for our date, Mr. Amazing left it all outside the room in one second flat. He knows all too well that every thought and feeling of his goes directly from his mind, through his body, and into mine. I feel all of him: the good, the bad, the neutral, the joyful, and the loving. And he decided he wanted me to feel the good stuff. So, he'd better go get the good stuff from inside of him.

He touched me from the start in this melty way that had me start letting go in seconds, not minutes. He cooed like a dove, bringing us both into a new dimension of feeling and awareness. In minutes, my pussy was throbbing, reaching, and hungering for his touch. Next he teased me. My clit was laughing, dancing, and begging for his attention. Now he shape-shifted into the big old bear who wouldn't give me what I wanted (okay, just for a little while) before showering me with delicious, all-over, endorphin-rich, blissfully perfected energy reaching me in places I never knew existed! This went on and on. He took me over edge after edge....

Apparently, there is life after stress. An expanded lovemaking life that never ceases to amaze me.

Your, in ever-expanded training... and love!
Dr. Patti

www.ExpandedLovemaking.com

Copyright 2007 Patricia H. Taylor, PhD. All Rights Reserved.

Tuesday, February 06, 2007

The Love Thing

Women have a thing about love. Personally, I have mixed feelings about the word and have tried to avoid defining it. Still, I'm often pressed to do so to eagerly awaiting females, pens in hand. They seem to want to capture love, own it, control it... or maybe, just, understand it, so that they can have more of it.

Well, I did develop a definition for love. It's a working one I use as a "rule of thumb" to test for myself, "is it love"? It's a very "in the moment" kind of love.

Three conditions must be met:

- Do you see the other person's perfection (or find them right just the way they are in this moment) without wanting to change them?
- Are you willing to communicate honestly from a caring - not changing - place? (This would involve some risk-taking).
- Are you willing to open yourself up to vulnerability (again, in this moment)?

By this definition, a lot of women would pass with flying colors at a romantic candle-lit dinner. But women, what would your score be the next time your beloved wants to give you sexual pleasure in the bedroom?

Are you going to tell him what you want, where to touch you, and how it feels? How joyful you are to be with him (if this is true)... how much you want him to notice when the two of you lose connection and you need his encouragement to keep talking and touching... (or whatever it is you are risking to share)?

Guys want love, too. They tend to fall in love (and lust) with the woman that they're giving a lot of sexual loving pleasure to. I've had more candle-lit dinners after great sex than you could ever imagine!

Yours in ever-expanding love,
Dr. Patti Taylor

www.ExpandedLovemaking.com

Copyright 2007 Patricia H. Taylor, PhD. All Rights Reserved.

Monday, February 19, 2007

Falling as I'm Climbing

I was well into my sensual pleasuring date the other day with my beloved. His right hand was placed firmly on my favorite spot on my clit, and his left hand was delicately balanced, with two fingers up to the second knuckle, reaching in and teasing my G-spot. My partner was reaching into me – or was I reaching into him? I felt waves of pleasurable sensation pulsing all the way from my my abdomen to my thighs. I even felt micro-pulses inside my vaginal canal that just about took me over the edge time and time again, but each time, I relaxed to spread the energy. Long ago Mr. Fabulous had learned not to drop me when we reached these places. Still, I could feel myself searching for his next wave of touches.

Delicious waves of sensation alternately crept through me, and then shot through me, delivering doses of pure feeling that just seemed to fill me with just about as much pleasure as I could handle. In those moments, just subtle seconds, my whole being wanting to hold on, even grab a little, and ask for more. Then I would drop back, into relaxation, to savor for a few split seconds more, the energy coursing through my neural networks. This seemed to be going on in cycles.

"Wow", my beloved said, "You're falling as you're climbing".

He gave me more sensation within a moment or two, careful not to drop me in the process. In my orgasmic reverie, I considered this comment. How often things make sense "out there". And how nice, that, finally, in pure pleasure, they don't have too.

Pleasure thrives in a place of not making perfect sense! I'm reaching as I'm relaxing, and enjoying as I'm letting go.

So here's wishing you a day where at least one thing in it doesn't make total sense just because it's so totally wonderful!

Yours in ever-expanding love,
Dr. Patti Taylor

PS: I have a special request. If you have read my book *Expanded Orgasm*, and enjoyed it, I would love it if you would consider posting a review for me on www.Amazon.com? (it doesn't have to be long or eloquent, just your own words.) And, it can even be from "a reader" if you wish. Many thanks!

P.S.S. Get ready: Very shortly, I'll be announcing the opening of my new Internet audio podcast show on *Expanded Lovemaking*! It's going to be really hot and super fun!

www.ExpandedLovemaking.com

Tuesday, February 27, 2007

Is this the End or Intermission?

Expanded Lovemaking, practiced as an art form, is about getting out of our story, and sticking with the processes we learn, through thick and thin.

Yesterday, we had been flirting, doing nice things for each other, rubbing elbows, blowing kisses, and cuddling. I was generally sending out those “come get me signals” all day.

So, when we finally started our Expanded Orgasm date, within moments I was climbing up a staircase of sensation that carried us both along, like a river effortlessly carries a raft with two happy people aboard. My breathing was full and deep and whole-bodied. I spread the sensation to prevent myself from going over the edge too soon. His expert hands were simultaneously like butter and like rubber bands, melting into me and yet pulling me this way and that, confusing me enough to send my body singing into a sweet surrendered song.

Like a symphony filling Music Hall, several sensational crescendos began building perfectly. That is, until my beloved slowed down, suddenly, his touch eking its way over the next two minutes to a draggy drawl.

Okay, how, what, and why? But, by the time I had stopped to ponder as much, my body had come in for a semi-orgasmic landing. I had “gone over a low edge”: going over an edge, but not a truly satisfying, or completely definitive “finale” kind of edge, be it a star-birth, epiphany, magic-carpet ride, or anything that has a name.

We could have put on our best appearances, ending there, grateful for all that we did experience. Hey, let’s just give it two more minutes, he suggested. I agreed, and we started to play again.

Patiently, he lovingly played with my most delicate flower while I did my best to feel anything. I couldn’t. Not two, but rather, five minutes of no feeling must have gone by before suddenly I felt something felt really, really good! And up we went, and up, up, and away from there.

And that’s the real story here. We took our attention off our frustration, and returned to the art of having presence, feeling, connection, and pleasure. Rather than getting stuck, we retuned to our practice, and our art. Did we make totally new and amazing music together? Yes!

And, we learned something new: Low edges do not always mean the end of a date! They may just be a very promising intermission!

Yours in ever-expanding love,
Dr. Patti Taylor

www.ExpandedLovemaking.com