

Lessons in LOVE

This month, our resident sex columnist Sarah Stone seeks bedroom guidance from a sexual healer*

Confession time: my attitude towards sex is generally poor. Often I treat it as a duty: glad that's out of the way, I think, now I can get on with the housework. Because, if I fix fornication at 25 minutes, there's still time afterwards to clear up the kitchen and tidy the house. So, minutes after orgasm, I'm popping a tablet in the dishwasher, and my husband Ed is scrolling through his messages and, odd as it sounds, this post-coital retreat from intimacy feels fine to us because we've ticked the box, made brisk hay, had our together moment.

But I know it's not okay. I am holding back: not sharing the love. Ed takes what he can get, but this is hardly what he dreamed our romantic life would be. He deserves more, but I can't rouse myself to change. Sometimes, I can't even fake enjoyment. It's hard to see yourself as a sexual being when your existence feels so prosaic: forever picking up toy soldiers and empty cereal bowls; wincing at your morning reflection; buying toilet paper; fretting about the next ruinous gas bill. The mythical switch that I'm meant to flick that suddenly transforms me into a heat-seeking sex goddess can seem far beyond my reach.

After a close-to-celibate month, I book an appointment with Elena Angel, sexual guide and healer. She specialises in meditation, energy healing and relationship theory. It's not my style, but I need to try something different. Elena says individuals or couples seek her help when they're depressed or lacking energy, or are merely suffering 'non-definite discontent'.

As we relax in her consulting room in London – all sweet orange incense, soothing music, goddess figurines and tea lights – I'm tense with suspicion. Will I have to get naked? But Elena only wants to talk about what might be chewing at my sex life. Ten minutes later, I'm still blubbing. In the past year, Ed and I have lost three close relatives between us, I tell her. Then he had a cancer scare. As I talk, I realise it isn't just me –

considering that we've spent 12 months paralysed with fear and grief, it's astonishing we have had sex at all.

Elena explains how sexual energy drives creation, whether you're making love or a new cushion. If one area of your life is troubled, it drains this central energy resource, and sex suffers. Elena advises me to accept and engage with my experiences – both good and bad – with my feelings, and with Ed.

The session ends with a 'goddess dance' (gentle swaying, eyes shut, wafting

hands – yikes). But Elena is so kind I put my cynicism aside. I'm determined to put her teaching into practice, which, simply put, means committing myself to deep, sustained emotional connection with my man – with powerful sex as the intended result.

At the weekend, I wake Ed by rubbing warmly against him like a tabby cat. Elena has urged me to 'explore physical communication' and to 'show appreciation with your body'. "Good morning," mumbles Ed, sleepily throwing his leg

over mine. That frisson of contact lights a spark of sexual heat that simmers throughout the day.

Elena says I must invest in what makes me feel feminine, so I dig out some posh underwear and put on a dot of scent. It makes me realise that, some days, I dress like a bag lady. I need to rediscover (or indeed, discover) my inner vamp. With tweaks of behaviour and attitude, we keep sex hovering like a promise in the air.

I also need to push Ed towards the masculine: "Do you feel like playing football this morning?" I purr (the feminine is apparently all suggestion and emotion – no screeching or haranguing). When Ed returns from football muddy, bloodied and buzzing, I sit astride his lap to wash his wound.

Being present – and playful – is apparently essential. I prompt him to engage. "Do you think I look nice?" I murmur that evening, modelling a see-through red nightdress. "You look fantastic," he replies. Result!

The next step is a practice Elena calls 'soul-gazing': connecting the heart and sex centres. In the cold light of day Ed would laugh at the notion, but with the hope of decent sex, he is at least willing to try it.

We undress and sit facing each other, my legs apart, resting over his. Slowly, we synchronise our breath. I focus on his left eye and vice versa – which is, according to Elena, "about being seen rather than looking" – and we create a circuit of energy.

Surprisingly, I'm overcome with longing – every nerve screams for his touch. As for Ed, his need is

stiffly apparent. His eyes burn with hunger – I am his object of desire and it's thrilling. We lean towards each other as if drawn by an invisible force and, when we kiss, the sensation of connection is so profound, reality warps. "I can't get close enough to you," I whisper. "Try," he mutters.

My lips brush his. He grips my arms and pulls me to him, crushing me to his chest. My legs splay helplessly over his, and I feel his arousal. I'm ravenous with gnawing, primal need. It's as if we are blissfully apart from the world and its trivialities: just him and me.

And smoothly, firmly, he lifts me on to him, and pushes deep and fully into me, and as we slide against each other the pleasure rush is so intense, such exquisite agony, that I shriek. I grip him and we kiss fiercely. He closes his eyes and I can feel us, in harmony, holding nothing back. When we reach the peak of ecstasy together, that magical, otherworldly explosion of sensation is shattering.

We lie there in blissful silence for several minutes. Then: "That was a bit quick, wasn't it?" draws Ed, rolling over and pinning me to the bed. "I think we should go again." "I think we should, too," says the voice of a heat-seeking sex goddess. ●

*That frisson
of contact lights
a spark of sexual
heat that simmers
throughout
the day"*

*NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED. ILLUSTRATION SANDRA SUY. VISIT ELENAANGEL.COM

