



The Book of Goddess

Elevating Your Desirability to Mythic Proportions

by

The Beautiful Kind



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The Book of Goddess:

Elevating Your Desirability to Mythic Proportions

by

The Beautiful Kind

Sex Consultant and Author of The Beautiful Kind website

*Be open and honest.
Don't be ashamed of your inner pervert.
Work the kinks OUT.*

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Cover Photo: Michael Draga

About The Beautiful Kind Website

The Beautiful Kind is a sex positive community where people can get advice, share their experiences, and learn a thing or two from TBK, a bonafide sex goddess. This site strives to bring shy folks out of their shell, and offer a safe haven for perverts. All genders, sexual orientations, lifestyles, and fetishes are accepted with open legs.

Open, honest, and authentic, The Beautiful Kind is sure to entertain, educate, titillate, and inspire. **Smut for smart people.**

The Beautiful Kind

embraces sexuality and is not ashamed;

realizes that talking about sex and other sensitive topics will change society for the better;

believes LOVE is the most important thing in the world.

About TBK

TBK is a 30-something bisexual atheist vegetarian sex goddess located in St. Louis, MO. She is a passionate sexplorer when it comes to kinks, fetishes, BDSM, swinging, polyamory and perversion. She is a sex writer and consultant, having helped thousands of men and women discover their true selves and work the kinks out of their love lives. You can reach her at love@thebeautifulkind.com.

Why the term Goddess?

- 1. A woman of extraordinary beauty and charm.*
- 2. A greatly admired or adored woman.*
- 3. Someone who is fully in touch with her radiant feminine energy.*

I have faith in myself.

I believe in myself.

I take charge of myself.

I love myself.

The Rundown

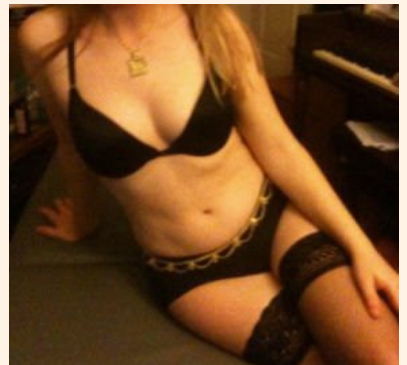
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Foreword: Full Circle – How My Tits Have Served Me

"I'd like to see you in my office."

"Oh good, they're going to give me my raise early," I thought.

I followed my boss into his office. I had just received my second promotion that year. I worked at a small tech company, and had been there five years. I witnessed all the ups and downs, and in the past few months, the company had doubled in size. My most recent promotion put me in a great position. I was invigorated, and I felt good about things.



I sat down and he turned on me with cold eyes. "Last week when you were on the business trip to San Francisco, you drank too much and behaved inappropriately. Your supervisor Dan said you propositioned him, and that you...exposed yourself to the bartender. We feel this violates the company vision and warrants more than just a warning, so after discussing it with management, we decided we have no choice but to let you go."

WHOA. I was completely stunned. I felt like a cat, settled down and purring, enjoying all the stroking, and then suddenly having my tail yanked. They loved me at my job, all the way up to the CEO. And he DID treat me like a pet, always hugging me and touching my

hair when he was around me, and I used his sexism to my advantage. I pretended like his jean and loafers-with-tassels combo was acceptable, and looked modest whenever he bragged about me being one of the best employees.

And shit, it was a business trip in San Francisco, not Davenport, Iowa (I use that city as an example because I visited my grandma there for years and never ONCE saw her flash someone.) Surely exposing 34B's to the night air for a split second in that town was commonplace. I mean, I had just seen a male-to-female transgender person perform Bruce Springsteen cover songs at an Irish pub. I thought anything goes!

My supervisor was new to his position and wanted to prove himself. What better way than to go on a modern day witch hunt? And I couldn't believe Dan took my flirting seriously – we all knew he was gay, so I figured he wouldn't feel threatened, since his penchant for cock sucking rendered it a moot point.

The whole thing seemed sexist to me, and definitely unfair. As I packed up my things and turned over my key in stunned silence, I fumed over the details. The incident was after hours. It didn't affect my work performance. I was ready at 7:30 the next morning for a day of meetings. Dan never said a word to me. Honestly, what I did was along the lines of the company culture! It was a drinking office. Beer was passed around the office at 5pm on Fridays and the ping pong table was hauled out.

Supervisors often took groups of people out for a night on the town, hitting bars and strip clubs, renting private rooms for lap dances. On one business trip, a few guys got so wasted they were too sick to attend meetings the next day. One time a co-worker passed out at the dinner table from drinking too much. None of these incidents resulted in disciplinary action. The only thing close to a reprimand was when a supervisor showed pictures of his girlfriend giving him a blow job to his team during a meeting. He got in trouble, but he didn't get fired.

Before I left the building, I confronted my boss. "I think this whole thing is unfair, and

it's unfortunate that I offended Dan. Please let him know I'm sorry. I think having an employee handbook with conduct guidelines would be a good idea. And I don't understand why I'm being fired when so many other outrageous things have gone on around here. Also, I don't understand why me flashing a bartender is worse than my co-worker Bill walking down the beach topless at last year's office business trip. His boobs are way bigger than mine."

He blinked in surprise.

I finished, "And what's most ironic is that your wife was my La Leche League leader, my breastfeeding coach, and it was that connection that got me this job. SHE'S seen my boobs. She's seen me use them for what they were intended. And for some reason it's OK to expose them and use them for that, but otherwise they are dirty shameful things that must be kept under wraps? It doesn't make sense." I glared at him, angry and hurt.

He just kept blinking. There was nothing more to be said. Hell, I'd already said too much.

As soon as I got home, I deleted all the work files from my computer. I cheered myself up by thinking of all the shit I had done that I didn't get in trouble for – looking at porn at work, masturbating at my desk, working naked from home, updating my racy blog on company time, keeping a harem of young studs at the office and taking turns fucking them on lunches, sometimes right in the bathroom at the office...

I thought of the time I wordlessly met a cute 21-year-old co-worker in the tiny bathroom, how I sprang his loaded cock out of the confines of his jeans and gave him a blow job he'd never forget, and how he kissed me after I spat his cum in the sink, the look of electric gratitude in his ocean blue eyes...yeah that was some of my best work.

Since then, despite learning my lesson and behaving myself at work, I was fired two more times from jobs. Once because a guy became obsessed with me and they decided

to blame me (witchcraft?) and once because they discovered I had a website with adult content. At that job I kept my personal life very separate, was on my best behavior, and dressed like a Mormon. But it didn't matter – I was still a pariah.

I looked for jobs online, and kept recoiling at the corporate fuck opportunities. I didn't want to work for the Man again, to attend pointless meetings and play Office Bingo (skill set! out of pocket! think outside the box!) and go brain dead writing processes and reviewing projects for accuracy. I didn't want to be stuck in a grey cubicle, which is pretty much a zoo enclosure for humans. I didn't want to dress business casual and overhear inane conversations about stupid TV shows.

I went to a career fair, and listened to the bubbly blond with lots of makeup who led the seminar advise the group of desperate women: *"Don't settle. Do what you love. Anything is possible."* I contemplated this as I watched women in business suits stuff their purses with the free samples sponsors provided – granola bars, pens, soup packets, toothpaste. Ugh, I didn't want to network with them. I left the hotel and continued to weigh my options.

The thought of being a marketing coordinator or project manager made me gag, but what could I do to make a buck? My dream job was to be a librarian, either in an elementary school or at a university. But those jobs required degrees I didn't have (sleeping with professors only gets you so far.)

I briefly considered my own porn site, or creating a business called "Third Wheel," where I'd offer myself up as the elusive, hot, bisexual holy grail chick needed for turning mff (male-female-female) threesome fantasies into a reality. But finally, I settled on writing about sex, desire, relationships, and living by my own rules.

I think social norms interfere too much with happiness and pleasure, especially for women. As a sex activist, I believe that the more we talk about sex, kink, fetishes and what turns us on, the more open we'll be to accepting these things as normal and

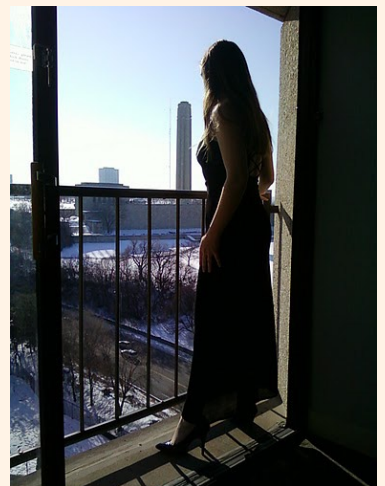
healthy, and there will be less shame associated with it all.

As long as sex is between consenting adults and everyone is on the same page, I say the sky's the limit as to what you can do.

Imagine acting on your fantasies, living your fantasies. You know, life experiences worth reminiscing about when you're slumped over in your wheelchair in the nursing home.

I've had many women approach me, asking, "TBK, how do you do it? You're always busy, you have an endless string of admirers, you've got young guys, older gentlemen, single men, married men, all wrapped around your finger... how do you seduce them? How do you get them hooked? How do you get them to say things like 'I'd give my left arm just to taste your sweet ass.' –

What's your secret?



I'm going to spell it all out here in these pages so that you have the tools you need to get whatever you want, and to have fun along the way. Do you want passion? A stable of studs? Just one great guy? Fabulous sex? A boyfriend AND a girlfriend? The ability to let go and ejaculate all over your lover?

You can have all that and more. You know why? **You deserve it.** You deserve to live a rich and beautiful life. If you get 80 years on this planet, you're one of the lucky ones, and you owe it to yourself to make the most of it.

Finally, I think there's a need for a female Dan Savage-type in the Midwest who actually practices what she preaches. I've had experience with men and women, threesomes, foursomes, moresomes, different types of relationships, prostitution, stripping, swinging,

oral, anal, female ejaculation, toys, fetishes, BDSM...Anyone who has read my website knows I've experienced things that go beyond outrageous; some folks don't know whether to blush or accuse me of lying. I'm *ludnica*, baby, and am proud of it.

I hope you learn from both my good and bad experiences, and that you get busy with creating some of your own!

1. The Secret to Having It All: The Three Basic Things You Need

“...I’m on the dance floor. There are three women and one man surrounding me, lavishing me with attention, petting me, playing with my hair, crouching before me. Hands are all over me. It feels so good, all that touching. I reach out and touch them, too, my hands roving, a sublime grin on my face. One of the women takes my hand and leads me to a bedroom, where she sits me down and works me over, pulling at my bra and skirt to taste my flesh. The man follows us in, and slips into the mix, kissing my breasts as she pushes my panties aside and licks my pussy. My head tilts back and I gasp...”

- TBK’s Private Journal

1. The Secret to Having It All: The Three Basic Things You Need

You know that scene in the Marilyn Monroe film *Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend*, where she's wearing the pink dress and dripping with diamonds and has all those hunky men in tuxedos catering to her? OK, even though that poor woman was exploited in real life, that scene is total goddess material. Can you imagine how she was feeling at that moment, positively glowing and worshiped? (For the record, worshiping goes both ways – it's not just someone bowing down at your feet and indulging your every whim. But more on that later.)



That's how I feel most of the time. My reality is most people's fantasy. If I think it would be hot to sleep with my three young co-workers, I do it. If I think it would be hot to blow my man's out of town buddy, I do it. Why? BECAUSE I CAN.

I figure, *"It's better to regret something you have done, than something you haven't done."* Unless we're talking about murder, of course. This philosophy runs along the lines of *"Live like you're dyin'."* I'm talking about HEDONISM.

Your goal should be to live a rich and beautiful life.

Look, we all want to be happy. If you find that you are not happy, FIX IT. Happiness is feeling pleasure, feeling ALIVE. Pain can also make you feel alive, and can be a positive part of your life - if you take ownership of it.

You can have a rich and beautiful life, as long as you hone these three things:

- 1. Looks**
- 2. Brains**
- 3. Personality**

I list and discuss them in this book in order of importance, with the last one being most important. Many people think looks are most important, as that's the first thing a person notices. God, no! Sure, it'll get you in the door, but it's the brains and personality that will make the guy beg you not to leave.

The secret to having it all is to HAVE IT ALL. Date multiple people, explore, have fun. You deserve it. Don't settle! Keep rotating them out until you find a good balance. Don't be afraid to clean house on occasion, purging the dating lineup and starting fresh. And maybe sometime you'll find you're happiest with just one person. That's great. Enjoy it while it lasts, but keep checking in on your happiness. If you start consistently having less happiness and satisfaction in that relationship, break it off and start shopping again.

Of course it's your responsibility to keep others in the loop when it comes to your actions and moods.

Open communication and honesty are the most important pieces of a good relationship.

It's tempting to hide behind lies in order to spare the other person hurt feelings, but you're doing a disservice to both you and your partner if you go that route. Sensitive honesty is the best policy. **Keep it real.**

I've been married and I've had a kid. So maybe I got the traditional American dream out of my system. When I met my husband, I was playing the field. He was one of four Michaels I was dating (two Jewish, two British). He swept me off my feet, rescued me from living in a crummy little apartment that had roaches and no central heat (there is something to be said for combining incomes!)

When we were married, he was kind, generous, loving. I had previously never wanted to breed, but had a maternal twinge one day sitting across from him eating pancakes. I felt the desire to reproduce with the guy. Six years and one kid later, we both changed drastically and wanted different things. So we split up. The experience taught me that you never know what will happen, so think hard before signing contracts that tangle you up deep with someone else.

A lot of mainstream conventional fuckers will drive you crazy and try to make you feel like you're a failure if you're not doing what they're doing. Well guess what? You don't HAVE to get married. You don't HAVE to have kids. And you don't HAVE to be monogamous.

Think outside the cage. You can live life on **your own terms**. Here's how.

2. You Are The Beautiful Kind

“...I’m lying in bed with my beautiful 21-year-old stallion. We’re naked, relaxing after a fabulous sex romp. I trace his tattoos, the contours of his hot muscles, the veins in his arms, and strum my fingers across his washboard belly. He runs a hand through my hair, and kisses my forehead. “God you’re so beautiful,” he murmurs in my ear.

“Then take my picture,” I purr, and he reaches with his long arm for the camera on the bedside table. Turning off the flash, he leans back and captures soft, blurry images of me, my cat-who-ate-the-canary smile, my tousled hair, my breasts, still glowing from my orgasms.

“Do you feel like another round?” he asks, his cock stirring.

“Oh my god yes!” I exclaim. He sets the camera down, and we pull even closer, his long lean thigh hooking around my soft curves, drawing me in...”

- TBK’s Private Journal

2. You Are The Beautiful Kind

I love mirrors, camera, being naked and admired. Does this make me an exhibitionist? Oh, sure. I suppose I have the opposite of low self-esteem – I suffer from high self-esteem, **and it's fabulous.** I like brushing my hair, caressing my soft



belly and of course making sweet love to myself. To me, the title of this section states the obvious, but since I go out in public daily, I see that legions of folks have not gotten the memo when it comes to appearance. Lucky for you, women are better looking as a group than men, so you already have an edge. But let's take it up a notch.

Buck the Barbie Myth

My daughter saw a pic of porn star Jenna Jameson and said, "That lady looks like Barbie." Yep. Poor Jenna grew up playing with Barbies and somehow got the impression that plastic dolls are how people are supposed to look. She probably got that idea from watching television. Have you noticed how so many young women on television have the same look, even if they are black, white, or Asian – long straight hair, eye makeup, tight clothes, thin? Yawn.

Be your own beauty standard. Stand out from the crowd. Here are some tips to get you started.

Beauty and Hygiene Tips

- **Keep your hair touchable.** Don't make it all stiff. The goal is not to worry if you get rained on. You shouldn't spend more than 10 minutes doing your hair in the morning.
- **Yellow is a bad hair color.** Avoid accessorizing with peroxide.
- **Stick with your natural skin tone.** Why do so many people go to great lengths to lighten their hair and darken their skin to the point of clashing? Leave it alone! Anyway, you don't want to go in those tanning beds, because guys go in there and ogle the hot receptionist and then whack off in the beds. So maybe they can convert the tanning beds into masturbation parlors.
- **Moisturize under your eyes** in the morning and before you go to bed with a lightweight moisturizer. Dab it on.
- **Use sunscreen daily**, even during the winter months and on cloudy days, especially on the backs of your hands.
- **Don't remove your eyebrows and draw them back on.**
- **In fact, keep it all as natural as possible.** Don't opt for blue eye shadow except for special occasions, like a drag show.
- **Avoid plastic surgery**, especially on the face. It looks bad. You're better off preventing accelerated aging.

Fashion Police

- Yeah you like color, but does tangerine look good on you? Bright yellow? Turquoise? **Consider your skin tone.** On the opposite end of the spectrum, don't wear black all the time – that's too predictable. Mix it up.
- **Don't wear sports jerseys.**
- **Don't wear clothes that advertise for a huge corporation like Nike.** Why should you give them free advertising?
- **Don't wear Crocs.**
- **Go through your closet and donate anything you haven't worn in the past two years.**
- **Wear clothes that are the right size for you, not the size you wish you were.** Trust me, you'll look much better in a size 10 than trying to squeeze into a size 8.
- **The most feminine part of a woman is the curve of her hips and softness of her belly.** Celebrate this part of yourself by accenting it with a belly chain or taking belly dancing.
- **Come up with a signature piece,** such as a flower behind your ear, a special brooch, or red lipstick. For years I wore silver jewelry because it was fashionable, but I've since traded it in for my unique bronze pendant that looks like a fairytale letter "K." It holds special meaning to me.



Love Your Guts

Now let's get past all this superficial crap and dig deeper. Work on becoming beautiful from the inside out. A lot of the things that will help you retain your youthful good looks are the things that will also prevent cancer from setting up shop in your bowels.

- **Stay active.** Get at least 20 minutes of exercise in every day. I find that a 20 minute walk gives me more energy than an hour-long nap.
- **Eat well, and not as much.** Reduce the amount of meat and dairy you consume. If possible, go vegetarian or vegan – it's better for the environment and reduces the amount of suffering in the world. The less you eat of it, the cleaner your karma, which leaves more room for love. Read the book *Food Rules*, by Michael Pollan for more details on food lifestyle, NOT diets.
- **Stand up straight.** Good posture is a sign of confidence and will pay off when you get older.
- **Drink up.** Green tea, red wine. LOTS OF WATER. Flush the toxins out.
- **Eat cinnamon, pomegranate, cranberry, young coconut water, blueberries, broccoli, quinoa.**
- **Take your vitamins.** Vitamin D, folic acid, omega 3 are all crucial, in addition to the usual calcium and Vitamin C.
- **Pay attention to fiber.** You can get plenty from fresh fruits and vegetables, but if you think you could use a boost, take a daily fiber supplement that has flax seed.

- **Eat lots of green leafy plants.** It's worth repeating: Read *Food Rules* by Michael Pollan.
- **Get touched.** Massage improves circulation, assists in pain management, and feels sooo good. Also, the more sex you have, the younger and more vital you'll remain. I swear, sex is my most reliable workout. And if you don't have someone in your life you're comfortable having sex with, at least cuddle up to someone. Find a cuddle buddy for movie night. If you have kids, you have built in teddy bears. And if you're lacking human interaction, get a cat or dog or volunteer at the local animal shelter for some heavy petting.
- **Do the yoga.** Yoga reminds you of the muscles you forgot about, and helps the blood flow to all the nether parts. It's also relaxing, promotes mindful breathing, and keeps you limber for all those great sex positions.
- **Don't go to the tanning beds.**
- **Don't smoke.**
- **Floss.** It's not just good for the teeth, but benefits the whole body.
- **Meditate.** Being aware of your breathing and focusing on the present can clear your mind and even help with depression.
- **Masturbate.** It's great for circulation. Like exercise, the adage "Use it or lose it" applies here.
- **Play with your tits!** They need a little TLC after being cooped up in your bra all day. Give them a nice massage in the shower, it keeps the tissue healthy.

The Problem with Fake Tits

Breasts should feel soft, and they should be pleasure zones. Don't take a knife to such sacred ground! The problem with fake tits is that it makes the woman look like SHE CARES WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK. She cares so much about what a handful of shallow strangers think that she will mutilate herself to win their approval. Fake tits are a badge of insecurity (unless we're talking about reconstructive surgery).

Redefine beauty. Stop reading those magazines featuring the same recycled content and skinny models. Seek out your own idea of beauty. Look at nature for beauty – see the curve of a mountain, the dip of a valley, and then see that in yourself. Beauty is REAL and can be found in the actual trees themselves, not the glossy pages that come from pulverizing and processing them.

The most important thing to realize about yourself:

You look great NOW. I can't tell you how many women I know who curse the fact that they were shy about wearing a bikini when they were in their 20's and a size 8. They thought they weren't thin enough to pull it off. Now they are 35 and a size 12 and WISH they were a size 8 again. So just wear the fucking bikini, OK?

3. The Brains Behind the Operation

“...I crawled back to him on my hands and knees, and sucked his cock some more. Then I pulled back so he could put on a condom. God DAMN it felt like a dream. He was so skillful with his tongue and fingers, I couldn’t wait to rock his cock. I rode him reverse cowgirl. Of course the other guy came around and used my mouth while I got fucked. I was surrounded by cock and male energy. I didn’t have to share it - it was ALL MINE...”

- TBK’s Private Journal

3. The Brains Behind the Operation

Live it, learn it, LOVE IT.

#1 RULE: DO NOT DO BORING. Do not ever say you are bored. Uttering this phrase will surely doom you to a life of mediocrity.

I am NEVER BORED, not even if I'm tied to a cubicle, trapped at an airport, or posing for an art class as a figure model and I have to stay still and do nothing for 20 minutes or more.



Here are some ways my brain keeps things interesting:

- **Play with words.** Say a word - any word - over and over again. It will begin to sound weird.
- **Learn the alphabet backwards.** Who knows, this could come in handy someday.
- **Knit.** I knit in traffic or at stoplights.
- **Kegels.** I do my Kegels – pelvic muscle exercises – when I'm stuck somewhere.
- **Read.** Bring a book with you wherever you go. Whenever I see people sitting in a waiting room staring into space, I think, *"Who ARE these people?"*
- **Technology.** I hate to admit it, but the iPhone has broadened my scope.

- **Travel.** Make a list of the places you've been. Think about the places you want to visit.
- **Get pregnant.** Pregnant women are never bored. If that's not your cup of tea, find something else to obsess about.
- **Have a crush on someone.** Healthier and cheaper than having a drug habit, the temporary insanity of a crush is a great way to pass the time.
- **IMAGINE.** Think of the craziest shit, undress people. Wonder what people's skeletons look like. Imagine your boss breakdancing. Picture an angelic little toddler cussing someone out.

The biggest sex organ is the brain.

Do you fantasize when you masturbate? I have a rolodex of fantasies I go through in my head when I'm rubbing one out, but I hear some women aren't sure what to think about. If you need inspiration, check out a book like *My Secret Garden*, by Nancy Friday.

The most effective way to become smarter and gain control of your thoughts is to **stop watching TV**. TV controls your thoughts, influences you, steals your time away from better things. TV shoves mainstream media at you, leaving no room for original thought. So turn off the TV and keep informed with news and events online.

Replace TV with human interaction, a new hobby, creating art, music, or reading. Read whatever you can get your hands on, but be warned that women's magazines are a waste of time because they just recycle the same info over and over like reruns.

Stop caring about celebrities. They don't care about you. Let them do what they're getting paid for without you obsessing over their every relationship change. But come to think of it, notice how they practice warp speed serial monogamy. There's not much of a difference between polyamory and fucking a bunch of people in a row with some overlap, except polyamory is a more open and direct method, and would probably result

in more lasting relationships, and less of the crash and burn approach.

I was at a meat market bar the other day and noticed women squinting and frowning, eyeing each other up and down. I know what they were thinking: *Is she thinner than me? Her skirt is too short. Look at how she throws herself at men. She laughs like a donkey.* Don't be one of those women who think other women are your enemies. They are not the competition, they are your allies.

Enrich Your Vocabulary

Guess what? The words slut, whore, cunt and bitch are whatever you want them to mean. Think about what they **really** mean. If you break them down, you see that they aren't bad words after all. That's why I've repurposed them and claimed them for my own. A slut is someone who fucks around and is in touch with their sexuality. Yep, that's me. A whore is someone who performs sexual favors for payment. Yep, been there, done that. A bitch is a woman other people don't agree with. I **dare** you to agree with everything I say.

If someone calls you a derogatory name, don't let it bring you down for the rest of the day. Don't let it stick to your psyche. Let it sting for a moment, acknowledge it, process it by breaking it down rationally, and then move on. Don't give it too much of your energy, redirect to something positive.

Come Out as Bi

Everyone is bisexual to some degree – it's a wide spectrum. So go ahead and play with it. Besides, the world would be a better place if everyone were bisexual.

Relationship University

Bear with me as I cover the topic of relationships in this section. Relationships are one area in which we are the most stupid. I for one have made plenty of stupid relationship choices in the past, which resulted in my self-esteem taking a hit. Keep in mind that your emotional well-being is very much tied into who you choose to spend time with.

Safer Sex

“Despite a lifetime of service to the cause of sexual liberation, I have never caught venereal disease, which makes me feel rather like an Arctic explorer who has never had frostbite.”

- Germaine Greer

There are safe ways to be a slut. One of the best ways is to choose your partners wisely. Stick with geeks, avoid players. Communicate a lot before you start groping. State expectations ahead of time (“I always use condoms,” “I don’t fuck on the first date.”) Carry condoms with you, don’t expect the guy to supply.

When you use condoms, put them on your partner instead of letting him do it. A lot of guys will start to put a condom on backwards, touch the tip of his penis, then flip it around, which will protect him but expose his cooties to you.

If he’s a big baby when it comes to condoms, experiment with them and see if you can improve sensation by using a dab of lube on the inside as well as the outside. Try condoms that offer more head room. Practice makes perfect – the more you use rubbers, the less awkward they are.

Also, sex is not just penis-vaginal penetration. There are so many other ways to enjoy sex with someone that doesn’t involve exchanging body fluids: Phone sex. Online chatting.

Mutual masturbation. Masturbating each other. Using toys. Handjobs. So much of the fun of hooking up is not about the orgasm, but about discovering what the other person smells like, tastes like, sounds like, feels like. Focus on those sensations and enjoy the present.

Be Prepared

In addition to condoms, be prepared for intimacy by showering before a date. If you wore tights all day, wash your crotch. Wear matching undies. Carry gum with you.

And don't forget your bedroom! Is your bedroom sexy? Make sure it has good energy. Don't have piles of clothes lying around. Get some mood lighting like a soft lamp or candles. Make the bed. Be aware of pet fur and debris. One time I hooked up with a guy and was horrified to discover that not only did he fail to change his sheets before our date, but his bedding was full of kitty litter. Turns out that was the least of his problems that night, but I digress.

Don't Settle

So many women allow themselves to be chosen instead of choosing a partner for themselves. **The goal of current relationships is to heal the wounds of past relationships.**

In other words, don't keep repeating the same mistake. I learned this after dating a series of men who were wrong for me. They were all sensitive, submissive types, and I wanted them to be in charge. They resented me putting that on them, so they picked fights and pointed out my flaws. I HAD NO IDEA I was trying to change them into something they weren't until after the fact.

Finally, I met a naturally dominant man who easily fit the role I wanted in a partner. He was able to be himself, so there was no friction or wasted energy. Instead, we got to focus on having a good time and fucking a lot. SO much better.

Not being honest with what you really want is cheating on yourself. Many people entering a new relationship will put on a good behavior mask so they make a good impression on their partner. They hide the fact that they love country music, can't stand dogs, or have rape fantasies. Don't rock the boat, they think. Relationships are compromise, but if you sacrifice too much of who you really are, you start to lose your identity, which leads you down the path of unhappiness.

It's wiser to be upfront about your desire never to reproduce in the beginning than for it to come to light deeper in the relationship. Don't sabotage yourself. Being true to yourself is more fair to others.

As long as you have food in your belly, a roof over your head, and people who love you, you're good to go. That's all you need. I learned this from my friend who did a lot of work in war torn countries and witnessed horrific things helping refugees escape genocide. It was a good reminder of Maslow's basic hierarchy of needs when I started stressing about losing my job or getting a parking ticket.

Leave things better than you found them. That goes for people, places, and things. Compliment someone. Smile at strangers. Pick up a piece of trash. Straighten a shelf at the bookstore. Be aware of your surroundings and be a positive part of something bigger.

Jealousy is all the fun you think they're having. Jealousy is a normal emotion and is a sign you're feeling insecure or threatened. But my god, if you pitch a fit because your boyfriend wants to look at a Sports Illustrated swimsuit issue, you're only going to drive him away. BUY him the magazine and look at it together. Appreciate the gorgeous bods,

get turned on, and take it out on each other.

It's NORMAL and HEALTHY for men to look at other women. They long to taste and experience different things. It's normal for women to be non-monogamous, too. It would be wonderful if we didn't have to hide this natural part of ourselves from our partner.

A lot of people fear the unknown, which is understandable, but try being courageous. Courage is doing something even though you are afraid. It took a lot of courage for me to tell my boyfriend at the time that I wanted to sleep with other men. It almost ended our relationship. But after many honest conversations, we ended up exploring swinging, and it was an experience that brought us closer together.

It could have easily gone the other way, and actually did later on down the road. The combination of living in different cities and finally realizing that even though we were both great people, we weren't great together led to the demise of our relationship. We had no way of knowing it at the time, but it ended up being a blessing in disguise for both of us.

Breaking Up

True love is not give and take, it's give and give. Smart people know when to call it quits. It's easy. A relationship should add happiness and pleasure to your life, but it also takes work. If you start having to work harder and get less pleasure out of the relationship, it's time to reevaluate things. Oh and if you WANT to break up with someone but are not sure if open and honest communication is the way to go, there are three ways to speed things along: a) Get married; b) breed; or c) Get matching tattoos.

So let's say your guy finds someone else he likes better. Yes, you're an independent goddess, but it turns out he'd rather be with a co-dependent troll with a prison record.

His loss. You're allowed to have a few days to thrash about in agony and puke and not sleep or eat, but then cut yourself off quick. Take one of those gross pictures of a gaping anus (goatse, anyone?) you can find on the internet easily enough and Photoshop his face with the pic. Place this on your computer desktop. Every time you think of him, click on the pic and remind yourself that he is an ASSHOLE. Smile and feel grossed out, Close the pic. Move on.

The big thing to remember is **you don't want to be with someone who doesn't want to be with you.** And go ahead and drive your three closest friends crazy with your irrational thoughts, but whatever you do, don't call the ex, drive by the ex, let the ex know you're dwelling. This will only turn him on more when he has sex with the new chick. You don't need to add to their exciting new relationship energy, to make it even more Romeo and Juliet dramalicious. Your pain will only heighten their pleasure.

Ending a relationship is not a failure – it's part of your growth process.

And finally, do not despair that you will never have such great sex again. Yes, you will. Believe it or not, it only gets better, I promise. Remember, a soulmate is a mirror, a reflection. The right person will bring out your best qualities and make you shine.

Be brutalno. That's Bulgarian for "brutally brilliant." Yes.

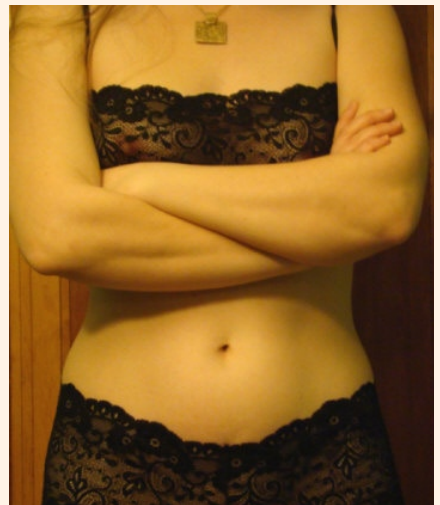
4. Ovaries of Steel: On Personality, Attitude and Being Brave

“...He led me back to his bedroom, and we slowly shed our clothes between kisses. When I got his shirt off I about screamed “OH MY GOD FUCK YES!” I wanted to clap my hands and squeal, but instead I just giggled and glanced shyly at his torso. He was one of those people who looks better naked than with clothes on. He was like a work of art. He had the physique of a slightly leaner Michelangelo’s David. Right down to the pelvic V...”

- TBK’s Private Journal

4. Ovaries of Steel: On Personality, Attitude and Being Brave

Too many women let their insecurities get in the way of pleasure. They don't want to have sex with the lights on because they have cellulite. Or they don't want to receive oral sex because they think they smell bad. Um, have you noticed that most women are better looking than men, and have you ever seen a man pass on a blow job because he wasn't trimmed up down there? So get over it. A man will tell you nothing is sexier than a naked woman gazing into his eyes, a sexy smile playing on her lips, touching herself. He is there because he wants YOU.



Tell him what you want, what you need in order to cum. Breathlessly ask him to put a finger inside you, to fuck you from behind, to play with your ass. He wants to know. And if it doesn't go over well or he doesn't catch on, get a different partner.

Be Loud

There was a woman I knew who made a teeny little peep when she sneezed. I commented on this, and she explained, "My mother taught me that woman should be seen and not heard."

Fuck that shit! I want my presence known. I wouldn't go as far as entering burping contests like I do, but go ahead and stomp around, sneeze loud, project your voice, and commence to hollering during sex. That way he'll know he's doing a good job – your sounds will ignite him.

Be Sweet

Get in the habit of calling people "honey," "sweetie," or, if you're in the south, "sugar." But don't be phony about it, people like their sweetness real. This endears people to you. If that feels too corny to you, incorporate a person's name into the conversation – that engages them and draws them closer.

Be Sane

If you are mentally unstable, a Negative Nancy, or a drama queen, you run the risk of being an energy vampire, which people tend to avoid. Do your best to control your behavior. You are in charge of yourself. There are many things you can try before resorting to medication. Exercise, adequate sleep, journaling, and healthy eating are all good options. A book that has helped me in the past is *Feeling Good*, by David Burns.

Figure out what's keeping you unhappy and actively work on fixing it. Seek professional help. Research online. There are tons of resources available. Here's what I do to keep sane:

- **First thing in the morning, I write two pages in my journal.** I got this idea from *The Artist's Way* by Julia Cameron. I learned a lot of good habits from that book. If I brain dump on the pages, it clears my head for the rest of the day so I can be more productive.
- **I walk at least 20 minutes a day.** The bipedal movement helps clear my brain.
- **I eat smarter.**
- **I drink a glass of wine.** Or two.
- **I do my best to sleep eight hours a night.**
- **I fuck A LOT.**
- **I spend time with people I enjoy.**
- **I notice beauty in little things, every day.** The way my cat's fur glows in the sunbeam. The way the lavender irises in my front yard smell like grape candy. The way my daughter's voice sounds so lyrical on my voicemail. The way my man's springy chest hair feels like my homeland. The way an oyster tastes like the ocean (or a mermaid's pussy.)

Be a Graceful Sensualist

I've got the sensualist part down (see above), but not the graceful part. I can't dance - I'm a klutz - and I'm always in a hurry. A fellow goddess told me, "A sexy woman is never in a hurry."

So yeah, one up me on this, will ya? I love people who can do things I can't, like dance, play music, speak more than one language – oh, just about everything, really.

(Other things I should do more often but don't: Yoga and meditate. I'm working on it.)

Be Brave

It's easier to cut someone's balls off than it is to carve someone's ovaries out.

One day I was sitting on a plane heading back to the Midwest from California. The girl I sat next to asked me what I was reading. I told her it was a book about werewolf prostitutes. Her eyes got wide, and she knew I was cool. Turns out she was a stripper from L.A., and she regaled me for the next 3 hours with stories galore. *NOTE: She was a stripper from L.A. who didn't have fake tits. She was B cup. She declared that she didn't NEED fake tits in her world. And what a world it was.*

Her stage name was Ivy. She was a fellow hedonist. She drank three vodkas on the trip, and told me how much she loved weed. She was on her way back to visit her Number One guy – a rich Porsche driving yuppie who gave her the Tiffany collar she was wearing.

She proceeded to describe the other men on her list – we got to Number Seven by the end of the trip. She told me, "I want to be the rich trophy wife who fucks the pool boy – is that bad?"

I assured her it was not.

The best story she told me was about the time she was at the strip club in the manager's office chatting with the club manager, and an armed robber stormed the office. He pointed the gun at her and ordered her to shut the door.

In that moment of panic, she remembered something her mother told her: if you get in a kidnapper's car, you have a 90% chance of dying, because you put yourself in his box. This was the same concept.

So what did she do? She walked past the gunman and threw open the door wider. The robber was so shocked it gave the manager a chance to escape as well. She went back to the dressing room and sat down, her heart beating wildly, but she kept her cool. And she saved at least two lives that night by doing so.

Stay in the Pleasure Zone

When you're in bed with a man, don't let self-conscious thoughts of cellulite, folds, or drooping flesh trip you up. If you're in bed with a man, he's INTO YOU. He isn't focusing on your flaws, he's celebrating your beauty. Trust me on this one – I've had SO many guys tell me this, they PLEADED with me to share this fact. He wants to partake in your feminine flesh – give in to that and ENJOY YOURSELF. If you let anxiety hijack the situation, you will miss out on pleasure. Don't be silly and miss out!

5. How to Seduce: Casting Goddess Spells

“...They followed me back to the bedroom hand in hand. I lounged on the bed like a cat as they stood before me. He wound his hand into the hair at the nape of her neck and pulled her closer. They started making out. I got so turned on hearing her moan softly and watching their tongues entwine, and could have kept watching, but he pulled her onto the bed. He didn't waste time stripping us both down. He put us where he wanted us, which was fine by us.”

She and I made out. It was the first time, so electric. I explored her neck, her soft skin, her perfect breasts. Then he put me in the middle of the bed and instructed her to take one of my breasts, as he took the other...”

- TBK's Private Journal

5. How to Seduce: Casting Goddess Spells

Despite men ruling the world with an iron fist and dominating with violence, women possess the key to calling the shots and making things happen, if they would only employ those talents.



I used to work at a strip club, and would hear the debate about whether the men or the women had the power in that situation. The men insisted the women did, sucking their money from them with every twitch of their ass, and usually fellas find their way to places like that because they are lacking something in their life – affection, sex, good taste...But I maintain to this day that men have the power. I mean, who's the one with the money in the first place? (you know the Golden Rule: Whoever has the gold, gets to rule.) And who's the one naked and hobbled here? And who OWNS the damn club? A man.

But hey, it doesn't have to be that way. Do you know how many websites are out there that focus on sissy boys and fem doms? They all proclaim that the future belongs to women. It's not Penis Power – it's **Pussy Power**. Exercise your Pussy Power.

Plant Seeds

Don't throw yourself at someone. There are ways for women to be direct and get what they want without blowing their chance because they came on too strong and turned the guy off. For instance, one time I introduced myself as "the office slut" to a cute new guy at work. There. Seed planted. Imagination goes wild. Notice how I didn't follow that with, "And I'd sure like to fuck you on your desk." I went about my business and ignored him. Days later, he approached me, ready for his initiation into the goddess lair.

Play Hard to Get

Make him want more. And when I say this, I don't mean play a game, but keep busy naturally. Join a book club, local organizations, volunteer, keep on top of what's going on in your town. If he asks if you're free this weekend, tell him no, (hey, hopefully you have a kick ass road trip planned) but next weekend you are. Don't always answer your cell phone, let him leave messages.

Talk Dirty to Him

Tell him that you'd like to share him with another woman. Tell him every man deserves to have his cock sucked by two women at once. Tell him these things and more, and better yet, tell him when you're in bed together and you're whispering in his ear.

He'll probably try to crudely and quickly make this happen. Not so fast! There's a catch, ain't no double standards here. Let him know if he wants one of the top male fantasies to come true, it's only fair that you get two men at once. Chances are he'll try to argue this point, saying he doesn't want to share you or whatever. Hold your ground. Fine, you don't want to share him, either.

After enough discussion you'll be ready to add others to your sex lives, and guess what? It's way easier to snag a second guy than it is to find that elusive holy grail hot bi chick. And when you do finally get that mff (male-female-female) threesome, you win again. You get to watch your man do what feels so good on you, see it from a different perspective, know how much pleasure he is giving your guest. You get to play a part in one of his hottest fantasies. If he's a decent fellow, he'll be forever in your debt and regard you as a goddess for being so generous, confident, sexy, and adventurous.

When you give your blessing for your guy to sleep with other women (or men) you're endowing him with your trust and showing security in yourself. You're also showing him confidence that he can do his thing, keep it open and honest and that you know he'll come back to you because you're the best. And if he doesn't, you don't want him. You'll get someone better.

Be Wary of Birth Control Pills

They can fuck you up. They can lower your sex drive, dry out your vagina, cause mood swings and breakouts, but most dangerous of all, they can affect who you're attracted to. They can mess with your chemistry.

When you're on the pill, your body is in an artificial pregnant state. You will be more attracted to men who are more genetically similar to you. Brotherly types. Your sense of smell will be off. Then you marry the guy and a couple years later go off the pill. All of a sudden you're not so into him. You don't even notice this consciously, but he doesn't smell right to you.

Then some other guy will cross your path who is more genetically diverse, and you'll fall in lust with him. THAT is what you really want, and it's game over with the other guy. So just be aware of this tendency as you are searching for your mate. Consider using

hormone free birth control methods like condoms or a copper IUD.

How to be a Goddess

First, you have to create her. You may be an ordinary woman with hang ups. You may be really shy and awkward at parties. You may be clumsy and a terrible dancer. You may be sexually reserved. You may prefer reading and knitting quietly at home.

But Aphrodite is not. Neither is Sheba, Cleopatra, Venus, or TBK. TBK is my Goddess alter ego. When I first started my website, I was an average mom who dressed like a librarian (the non-sexy kind). As I posted stories on my site, I began exploring my sexuality, and those stories turned into adventures.

I started building confidence online. I felt sexy, powerful, confident, and knew what I wanted. Then I started having TBK get together, and instead of morphing back to my shy mom self in real life, I channeled TBK at the parties and let her run the show. I was an introvert, but TBK was outgoing. She went right up to people and dazzled. She looked right into people's eyes, touched their arms, complimented them warmly, remembered their names, and asked what fragrance they were wearing. She asked questions and soaked up what they shared with her. She held court, made her rounds, and laughed with joy. Her confidence was sexy, and served as her ticket to more intimate gatherings.

I wasn't faking my way through it, by the way. I was merely adding a layer to myself. A good woman is like an onion. Think about what you would LIKE to be and create an alias that possesses those qualities. Then claim it for your own. A worthwhile mate will appreciate your many layers. I created TBK by accident, and she's not a monster. She's a Goddess.

I still can't dance worth a damn, though.

What's Your Fetish?

I maintain that EVERYONE has a fetish, both male and female. Some people – especially women – are so repressed they don't even realize they have a fetish. Fetishes are not a bad thing – they are a very good thing.

A fetish is something that charms you sexually.

My #1 fetish (I have at least 365) is a hairy chest, especially man cleavage. Man cleavage is when you can see the promise of a manthicket peeking out at the top of a man's shirt. As a fun little exercise, make a list of things that turn you on. What is sexy to you?



Then, share with others. This is a GREAT icebreaker. Men love knowing what gets you going.

The Grand Finale

Men don't care if you are rich or have a fancy car, house or job. Men aren't so concerned with your age or if you have kids. They care much more about how you make them feel. If you want to be worshiped, be prepared to worship them. **Mutual worship is key.** Make them feel awesome. Be open-minded and sexual. And, most importantly:

Suck cock on a regular basis.

I have NO idea why the term "cocksucker" is used as an insult. Doesn't EVERYONE like to have their cock sucked? Cocksuckers are the best people in society, in my opinion, the cream of the crop. People don't realize it, but there's so much power to be had here.

Here are my blow-by-blow tips on how to suck dick:

1. **Great conversation topic.** Before you put your mouth to good use, ask him what he likes so you know what to lay on thick and what to avoid. Does he like his balls licked? Teeth? Lots of suction? Strong head stimulation?
2. **Take the tease trail.** For example, start by kissing the guy, then slowly heading south, kissing and licking his nipples, chest, belly, thighs, balls, shaft, then head.
3. **Open your damn mouth.** I keep hearing from both men and women about these women with small mouths who can't get the job done. Despite what you might think, my mouth isn't that big, and I can stuff something substantial in it. Though I can't fit a soda can in it like I saw one woman do. That's impressive.
4. **Like it, love it.** I also hear about women who get tired or a sore jaw and can't finish. I think that's because they're not doing it right, and they really do consider it a job, not a pleasure. You need to get the mindset that you want the cock, to devour the cock, to worship the cock. Focus on it, don't think about what you need to get done tomorrow. Get wet just from sucking it, hearing his moans, feeling his hand in your hair, knowing that you are giving him intense pleasure and attention. Hell, I've had orgasms from feeding off his carnal energy. Lose yourself in the moment.
5. **Get a grip.** A gentle touch won't do much for most guys. Don't be wimpy about it; his cock is used to being manhandled. You can get pretty rough with it.
6. **Hand to mouth ratio.** Make sure your strokes are long enough - catch the base of his head as you work your fist up and down, while focusing your mouth on the head, licking, sucking, fucking it with your mouth. Use the other hand to play with his nipples, ass, or yourself.
7. **Party tricks.** Ball licking, eye contact, rimming, deepthroating, these are all good techniques to employ, but the most important thing to keep in mind if your goal is to make him explode is keeping a consistent, steady rhythm. Of course you should

mix it up until you're ready for the home stretch.

8. **No ick factor here.** Go ahead and make those weird noises - gagging, moaning, slurping. And let the drool flow, it makes good lube.
9. **Jackpot.** Ooh you made him cum! Now don't be cum shy, it's part of the fun to play with it, dribble it out of your mouth, let him have a taste. (One time I had a guy tell me, "Cum is for the ladies." He's lucky I didn't punch him.) When he cums, give him a break, stop the stimulating, but don't retreat - stay with him, savor the afterglow. When you do back off, do it slowly and gently. Oh and you don't have to swallow it - I only swallow the ones I love.
10. **Yeah baby, you're a goddess.** Now repeat as necessary.

In Conclusion

I could have spared you the first twenty pages and just shared these last couple pages with you and you'd be good to go.

In a nutshell:

- Be honest.
- Be open-minded.
- Take ownership of your sexuality.
- Replace negative energy with positive.
- Suck dick.

So go be a goddess already, and make everyone's life easier, OK?

Love,
TBK



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