

Sexual autobiography

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A sexual autobiography is a personal analysis of the development of one's "sexual self".

It tries to answer the question "How did I get to this point as a sexual being?" Therefore, the autobiography considers personal development in relation to developmental theories and issues as learnt in academics (Sidonie and Watson 112). Sexual experiences and development is influenced by one's beliefs, values, attitudes and behavior as experienced in sexuality and intimate relationships such as parents, culture, religion, media, peers and personal experiences. The following is my personal sexual autobiography. It reflects on my sexual life from the time I was an adolescent to my relationships and later warped perception of relationships. At the beginning of the essay, I start with discussing what transpired before I was born, especially to my parents and my mother, in particular. I felt that it was necessary to include this section as it has significant influences on my later experiences in life and reactions to certain situations.

The story of my mother's expectations before she gave birth to me was told by a close family relative, whom I will not mention in this autobiography. Later, I came to consolidate the broken links and realized that the story made sense as the reaction of my mother towards me is still questionable. Therefore, this essay has three main sections, pregnancy, adolescence and relationships. As I had stated, the pregnancy section highlights things that transpired before I was born. It mainly discusses the experiences that my parents underwent prior to my mother's delivery.

In the second section, I discuss my early adolescence experiences and sexual realignments. Lastly, I reflect on my personal perceptions about relationships and sexuality in general. **Mother's Pregnancy** When my mother was pregnant, the expectations were quite high as I am the first born in a family of three. However, my parents were disappointed as they were expecting a boy. I once heard my mother saying that she wished I was a boy and that is how I came to realize that I was an “ unexpected child.

” On further investigation, I realized that when she was pregnant, all the shopping she had made was meant for a boy. Therefore, I know that my family was not as happy about my “ arrival.” My father loves me and has always showed me all the love I have ever needed, unlike my mother. When I considered my early childhood experiences with that of my friends, I realized that most of them were treated in a special manner by their parents. For instance, mothers would call their sons “ daddy” and their daughters “ mom”. However, this was not the case with me as my mother never used any special names to refer to me.

She simply called me by the name. My father was almost an absentee father as he used to arrive home late at night when I was fast asleep. Being a baby in my family was double edged since my mother never liked me as such; I was my father's pet, although, we spent very limited time together as he was a workaholic. Therefore, being a baby in my family did not positively contribute towards my sexuality, but rather made me have a twisted perspective towards love life. However, my parents demonstrated affectionate behaviors towards each other. I remember a day when my father “ climbed” my mother in their bedroom one morning.

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By then, I was still sleeping in their bedroom and I guess my parents thought that I was still asleep. After few minutes, I heard my mother crying softly, although she did not seem to be hurt my father. I felt like I would scream but since my mother was not resisting, I held my self aback. Also, I never liked my mother that much and in any case, I preferred my father to her. I later took a good look at my mother's face (she was facing my direction although she had her eyes closed, so she did not realize that I was looking at her); I realized that my mother had a beaming face.

I was shocked since I knew that when someone was crying, it meant that they felt pain! How could by father beat my mother and yet she seemed to enjoy that beating? This raised many questions in my head. Since that day, I told my mother that I wanted my own room. She was astounded but then thought that after all, it was a good idea. Since then, I could spot my parents kissing every time my father came home early while I was still awake.

Adolescence Stage My adolescence period was full of romantic episodes as many of them were imaginary.

Prior to my adolescence, I would listen to girls older than I was talking about their sexual fantasies and desires. I would wonder what they meant as I never thought of such as had never felt such crazy feelings within me.

During this time, most of my friends were girls of my age and I would spend limited time with boys. With an increased talk of sexual fantasies and escapades, most of which I started gathering from media and social networks, I got more interested in my body and would try touching my bare chest and smooth pussy to experience the so cold “ greatness”. That was before I started experiencing gradual but crazy developments in my body.

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My nipples had begun sensing stimuli and I felt like my body was not the simple normal body I used to have. The adolescent stage has arrived and I was there, experiencing all that I read in books, all that we were taught and all that I heard people say made up a woman was making me up. During the adolescent period, I enjoyed being approached by boys because they made me feel very important as we would walk holding hands while whispering sweet words into my ears. This was a great feeling and I cherished such moments and always longed being with him. However, the more we continued spending time together, the more I developed some sexual feelings towards him, especially when he touched me. This made me realize that I really needed a man in my life as I wanted to experience what my parents were experiencing.

My elder friends had also talked about the fantasy of having muscular boyfriends who rocked them hard. I thought that it was my time to make some pleasure with my body. I had always thought of having sex, although initially it did not strike me so hard since I had not yet developed any strong desire for it. We would be so intimate with my boyfriend but there was no subject of having sex between our talk. He once kissed me but it was so awkward that we both felt embarrassed and he withdrew.

As time passed, my boyfriend started slowly but surely demanding sex. He told me to prove that I loved him and the only way was through sex. Later, I came to realize that he was reacting to his peer pressure; his male friends were pressurizing him to have sex with me so that I could prove my love for him. I really felt like I was in love with him, and I did not want to lose him since having a boyfriend was a “cool” thing and every girl of my age had

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one, if not several. Therefore, I gave in and had my first sexual encounter at the age of 14 years.

Although I had heard people speaking of sex with high regard; I never anticipated that my first encounter would be so horrible. Although I had prior information about the first encounter being painful if a girl is a virgin, I thought the pleasure would subdue any pain. It was a painful encounter which made me feel so dirty but I had to maintain my boyfriend! However, this encounter opened the door for sexual abuse in later years as after a few months I broke up with my boyfriend and got involved in other relationships which were abusive. Two of my boyfriends abused me sexually, psychologically and physically and this was quite traumatic for me. The immediate boyfriend after my first was stronger and was heavily built.

Since I had heard other girls praising boys with “ stamina”, I thought that my second boyfriend should be muscular and “ manlike”. However, this was a recipe for trouble. He would get sex when he demanded it did not matter whether I concur with him or not. Given his relative strength, I remained helpless and submissive. We broke up with him and thought that I could have a break with relationships.

This was not after my third relationship come knocking. It’s funny how women can swear not doing something ever, and wake up the following day to go straight into it! My third boy was a moderately build boy two years older than I was. He looked gentle and caring. Initially, he did not push me into having sex and I fell for it. Since I was developing a negative attitude towards sex from my previous relationship, I felt that I should open up for my

current boyfriend and treat him like a man. As such, I initiated another sexually abusive relationship.

Although he would not force me into it as was the previous case, he begged for it and I could not resist. Due to the abusive experiences from two boys, I had a self-talk which helped me “recollect” myself and decided that it was that high time I changed my ways otherwise I would end up dying of stress. I resolved never to engage or indulge myself into any relationships with men. This is because I concluded that men are evil and are always after wasting girl’s time. This means that my sexual orientation was greatly affected which is still reflected in my relationship with men in life; I always avoid men and this has been quite rewarding as I no longer experience heartbreaks later in life.

As I already mentioned earlier in this autobiography, I was initially “unwanted” in my family, especially by my mother, since I was born a girl while my mother anticipated a boy. Therefore, I grew up having an unwanted feeling since the person that I spent most of my childhood time was my mother and she could sometimes openly express displeasure with me. Therefore, before my experience with my first boyfriend, I always longed for someone who would tell me how beautiful I was as early childhood experiences made me feel unwanted. I always longed for someone who would just show me affection, hold me in a manner that made me feel loved and spoil me with affectionate words. I longed for a handsome boy with a broad shoulder so that I could talk to and lean on him whenever I was stressed. In addition, I always wondered how intimacy takes place and the idea of undressing in the presence of a man always scared me.

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I also wondered if my parents had any sexual encounter as they avoided the subject of sex. In fact, discussion about sex was an abomination and finally, I wondered how a boy's penis looked like but this mystery was solved during my first sexual encounter. I feel good concerning my experiences and I don't regret having gone through that as they helped me "grow up" at the early age. This is because past experiences have helped me in making well informed decisions in life as I am usually careful while relating with men. Also, if I never underwent all that abuse, I would still be entangled in abusive relationships as I can never tolerate any abusive relationship! Relationship

An intimate relationship is a relationship between two persons that involve emotional or physical intimacy. Scholars state that physical intimacy is characterized passionate attachment, romantic, or sexual activity (Sidonie and Watson 89).

In relationships, intimacy is determined by how a person expresses himself, especially through proper choice of words or phrases like "I love you", touching, holding hands, kissing but not a necessarily sexual intimacy. During an adolescent period, I had a warped view of the word love and how one should treat me in order to show that they loved me. Love is just a set of emotions or feelings that are expressed by members of the opposite sex. Love is when a man tells me that he loves me, "misses me" all the time, makes promises and always wants to be with me but above all, makes me a priority in life hence always communicates with me. I always know that I am loved when I develop strong feelings towards a man and always want to be with him which is addictive.

Whenever we are together, the kind of his body language and how he treats me will make me know that for sure, he loves me, and that we are in love. After my despicable sexual relationships with my abusive boyfriends, I came to realize that love is beyond what a man tells you. It takes a considerable time and association with a member of the opposite sex in order to determine whether you are truly in love or just infatuated about them. Initially, a boy could just tell me that he loves me, hold me passionately and kiss me; and that was enough to tell that he loves me! However, as I started experiencing hardships in my relationship, I realized that what transpired was very far away from what one should define as love. I prefer general relationships with the opposite sex as I do not have to commit myself to a man. This is because in such platonic relationships, there are no ‘ strings attached” hence a lot of freedom involved.

Therefore, I can freely socialize with men, have sex and will not be accountable to anyone. I also realized that the more you get emotionally attached to another person, the higher the chances of being hurt and the worst experience you will face during the break-up. However, in this relationship, it is difficult to express my emotions or feelings to my friend as there is no strong bond between us. Although I feel like having a person that I can open up to, share all my experiences and allow them into my heart once again, I prefer having general sexual friends as there are no heartbreaks involved. I always ensure constant communication and at times having joint parties or participating in social events like volunteering in social work together.

In the process, I realized that a relationship would last much longer when the parties are not emotionally involved. This has maintained our relationship for quite a long time as compared to my “love relationships”. My belief in love and how love life should be has been affected by childhood experiences. I grew up in a family where my parents loved each other and expressed love in their activities. Though at times, my parents would disagree, they never expressed their differences in public.

Therefore, I grew up thinking that people do not differ in relationships which I was misconceptions as I later came to learn that they were in the marriage for the sake of children but were not “happily married” as they claimed. My parents often fabricated an outlook of a perfect family in which there are no quarrels, fights and disputes. In addition, I remember the pain my best friend in school was going through as her parents often fought. She was very reserved about the cause of her frustrations but always confided in me. On the day, she opened up and asked me whether I loved both my parents told her that I loved both my parents very much but I found a stronger emotional connection to my dad than there was with my mother.

She in turn expressed how she never loved her mother at all, and only reserved limited love for her father. My friend lamented how her mother would throw tantrums at her father, which would result in a fierce fight between them in front of their children. She had a very negative and withdrawn attitude towards men and said that she always contemplated celibacy and becoming a nun. Therefore, after experiencing abusive relationships during my adolescence, I realized that all men are the same and would only use women in order to satisfy their desires. Although I had a <https://assignbuster.com/sexual-autobiography/>

reserved perception about my dad, I thought that he was a very different kind of man; the only one that would provide the kind of love that I fantasized. Unfortunately, I could never marry my dad and there was none like him out there.

With such perceptions and misconceptions resulting from abusive relationships, I resolved never to get married. My parents are staunch Christians so they will be very disappointed when they discover that I am not interested in marriage as they expect me to raise children in a marriage setting. I would like to have an offspring but relating with men is a problem. Therefore, I opt for adoption of two children, a boy and a girl. I know there would be challenges in raising them, especially when they start asking about their father as they become mature.

However, if in the future I feel like having my biological children, I would go for a sperm bank for selective conception. In the relationships I was involved in, I was disappointed with sexual performance with my partner. In fact, the experience left me with so many unanswered questions. This is because my partner ejaculated prematurely and, lousy in bed and this was a disappointment as I had high expectations about our sexual performance. This is, especially, in reference to the second relationship which turned out to be abusive. The man that I thought was masculine enough to satisfy my sexual needs turned out to be “useless” in bed.

Since I was no longer a virgin, I expected to fulfill all the fantasies that I heard elder girls talking about. I wanted my man to get me to climax, make me scream in bed and drive me crazy. Contrary to my expectations, I only

experienced orgasm once, during my first sexual encounter with the second boyfriend, and guess this happened because I was psychologically prepared for a “ high voltage” experience. I am always ashamed of informing my partners about my dissatisfaction as I am afraid to offend them, something that might end a relationship. This perception emanated from my peer girl friends that had this myth that telling your partner that they need to do this or that in order to improve their performance amounted to “ stepping” on their ego, which resulted to a bad reaction.

I later came to realize that as a matter of fact, it was partially true.

Therefore, I have trouble in focusing on my own pleasure as I concentrate in entertaining my partner. Despite the dissatisfaction with my sexual partners, I have resolved to change my attitude toward sex. Therefore, whenever I do not attain orgasm, I will be informing my partner. In addition, before any sexual encounter, I will be discussing intimacy with my partners so that I can evaluate them about their perception on sexual matters.

For instance, in my last sexual encounter, I was confused as my partner ejaculated prematurely and the man just fell asleep when he was done! How on Earth do you do this? I felt like telling him how unfair he was but I decided to sleep beside him but in the future, I will just wake him up and tell him that he should ask me how I feel about the experience. I have often faked orgasm. This is because I do not want to hurt a man’s feelings because this will make my partner uncomfortable. Also, I think my partner faked orgasm as there was no presence of sperms after he had attained orgasm! On asking him, he claimed that men at times produce small bits of sperms but I still don’t know how true that is because I have never bothered to investigate <https://assignbuster.com/sexual-autobiography/>

about this matter. I do not discuss sex life with a partner because it is like a taboo; I am just uncomfortable about it. Also, the partner might have a negative perception about me that I am a prostitute.

For instance, it's difficult to discuss my past sexual encounter, orgasm and sexual styles with him. Finally, where do I begin? It's difficult to initiate conversation about sexual matters or defending my ideologies about sex. For a comfortable and productive conversation, there ought to be a perfect environment. For instance, discussions about sex should not begin during but before sex. Issues about dissatisfaction or sex styles should not be limited to the bedroom.

Therefore, good sex begins by change in attitude so that it can be interesting. I have always had a negative attitude towards sex and I think that is why my performance has been affected. Conclusion In this sexuality autobiography, I have talked about my early sexual experiences and how these experiences shaped up my adult life. The main contributor to my sexuality was my own experiences. As I have discussed above, my mother really never educated me about sex or contraceptives. We were not that close and occasionally, she would just tell me that sex was bad without going into details.

Later, I learnt about the abusive nature of some relationships through my own personal experiences. Although I have a warped perception about relationships and sexual intimacy right now, I am hoping that someday I will face my past with some positive attitude and make something good out of my life.