The Miracle Of Birth

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I’ve always thought of myself as a spiritual person, so when I got pregnant, I knew I wanted to have an orgasmic birth. A friend from my yoga class had shown me a documentary about it a few years before which open my eyes to the possibility that birth could be something beautiful, sensual and intimate, even pleasurable. My husband Chad was really supportive when I told him I wanted to have an orgasmic birth. He even seemed excited by the idea, which thrilled me. I hadn’t had an orgasm in weeks because it had been so difficult to get Chad to have sex with me since I’d started gaining weight from the pregnancy, but that night we made love. He was very affectionate and kissed me a lot, which felt nice; the pregnancy had made me very emotional and i needed some loving. Once he was inside me, however, he started doing some things I was not entirely comfortable with. He rubbed my belly and whispered in my ear in a frighteningly unfamiliar voice, “tell me about how you’re gonna cum all over our baby”. This was not the Chad I knew and loved, and it worried me that he was fetishizing this beautiful, spiritual birth I was about to have. What if he became sexually attracted to our child?!

I hate men. I hate how they sexualize and sully everything that is pure and spiritual. Sheryl from my yoga class tells me that male sexuality tends me to be violent and profane because of the rigid chi and masculine energy within their root chakra. Women are more embodied and chi flows into our womb, grounding us. Sometimes, when Chad is making love to me, I worry that he isn’t even really a feminist. He sexualizes my body while we are having sex and it feels like he doesn’t see me as human even though I know he loves me. Sex should be something that is pure and spiritual, not something that is dirty and violent. I was always trying to convince Chad to meditate but he would always refuse, claiming he was too busy with work. There is more to life than just material satisfaction, which was the reason I had quit my job to pursue a spiritual path.

The next day, I started discussing the idea of orgasmic birth with Mandala, my spiritual advisor and he was impressed I knew what it was.

“Orgasmic birth can bring you to one of the highest, most exalted states of consciousness, my student. Too often in Western culture, birth is treated as something scary, something that must be painful, but in Tibet, birth is a time for mindfulness and contemplation, an opportunity to increase mind-body awareness and bring your child into a environment of love and light.” Mandala proceeded to give me a special reflexology massage with his mouth to prepare me for giving birth. As he sucked on each of my toes, I felt him sucking my stress away and I could tell there was spiritual energy flowing because he began to moan. When he was finished, I paid him his $600 consultation fee, we bowed to one another and he recommended that I set up an appointment with Dr. Shylock Shekelstein, an OBGYN specializing in orgasmic birth.

The next week I went to see Dr. Shekelstein. Stepping into his office, I felt right at home. The sweet smell of white sage and nag champa incense welcomed me as I sat down on a zafu in his waiting room and skimmed through the latest copy of Meditation Monthly. There was even complimentary jun tea. When Dr. Shekelstein was ready to see me, his secretary struck a gong and the doctor entered the room through the beaded bamboo doorway curtains.

“Namaste”

I followed him into his office. Despite his short stature, he had a profound aura.

“So, you want to have an orgasmic birth?” he said. I nodded respectfully. “well, let me explain to you a little bit about the science of how orgasmic birth works. The primary chemical which enables orgasmic birth is oxytocin, also known as the love hormone. Oxytocin is a neuromodulator which is essential to pair bonding. It is released in our brains during orgasm and, in childbirth and the moments just before or after childbirth, there is more oxytocin released than at any point during a woman’s life. This is the connection between childbirth and orgasm. This oxytocin release should bring intense physical pleasure for both you and your baby and promote bonding between the two of you, kind of like when you orgasm with a partner. This peak of oxytocin release should also ensure safe delivery of the placenta and your baby and minimize the amount of blood you will lose during childbirth.

“Now, the issue with traditional childbirth, the reason why most women do not orgasm during childbirth and complain of physical pain is that feelings of self-consciousness can stunt the release of oxytocin. When women give birth in a hospital, surrounded by doctors telling them what to do, they are often unable to relax and feel comfortable and therefore do not experience the peak of oxytocin. Hospitals will also sometimes give women artificial hormones and injections which stunt the release of their natural hormones. For this reason, if you want to have an orgasmic birth, I suggest you give birth at home, in the dark, perhaps in the bathtub, without too many people around you. Keep talking to a minimum, just relax and enjoy the natural birthing experience.”

“Wow. That sounds amazing. Is there any way I can prep for it in the meantime or will the orgasm just happen naturally?”

“Well, since you asked, there is one exercise we can practice, but it’s expensive and isn’t covered by your insurance.”

“That’s quite alright Dr. Shekelstein. My husband Chad has a very high paying job, so money is no issue for me.”

“That’s wonderful.” He rubbed his hands together. “Well then we should schedule you for weekly sessions of birth simulation. We can start today.” He lit a candle and a stick of incense.

“What is birth simulation?”

“Well, in addition to the cold environment of Western hospitals stunting the release of oxytocin, another source of pain during childbirth can be the vaginal stretching. A baby is much larger than anything most women have ever felt in their vagina, so for some women, birth, even natural birth, can cause discomfort and even tearing of the vaginal walls.” I shuddered. “For this reason, I like to practice birth simulation with my patients in order to prepare them for the vaginal dilation they will have to experience.” Dr. Shekelstein reached into a cabinet and pulled out a baby doll. “So what we are going to do now is a little practice of what’s the come, so to speak. Lie down on your back and try to relax. Focus on counting your breaths, each inhale and exhale, until you get to ten, then start over. When thoughts arise, just acknowledge them, let them go, then continue to focus on your breathing.” I did as he said. Through the corner of my eye I saw him rubbing a clear liquid on the head of the doll. He shut off the lights, so that he was only visible to me by light of the flickering candle flame. I tried to suppress my curiosity and focus on my breathing.

As I lay there, entering a deep meditative state, being fully present in that moment, I felt his warm, rough hands lift up my batik maxi skirt, rub my thighs then remove my panties. I shut my eyes, trying to focus on my breath, as I felt a cold liquid poured on my vagina. Then a large object pushed into me. It was the dolls head. It hurt and I yelped in pain, but the doctor held me reassuringly. He poured some more cold liquid on my vagina and rubbed my clit, then slowly, I felt myself stretch and the doll slip inside me. I began panting; I couldn’t help myself; the stretching was so intense. “Just relax and focus on your breathing” he whispered, fondling my breast. I tried my best but I was so swept up in the intensity of this doll being inserted into me. He rubbed my clit and then I felt the orgasm coming on. I started moaning and convulsing then felt a warm liquid spray against my feet and ankles. He removed the doll from me and I lay there in bliss and ecstasy, feeling the oxytocin pulse through my veins to all parts of my body. He left the room and instructed me to lay there and continue meditating. I fell into a deep, spiritual relaxation.

When Dr. Shekelstein came back into the room, he turned the light on and I sat up and opened my eyes. The warm liquid on my feet and Birkenstock sandals looked like a mans cum. Confused and on the verge of outrage, I asked him, “did you cum on my feet!?”

He blushed and stammered. “Well uhhh… Since the oxytocin release in your brain during orgasm is fundamental to bonding, it is not uncommon for those around you to experience shared orgasm. Your oxytocin levels can get especially high during pregnancy, even to the level of telepathy.”

“Wow, that’s amazing. I definitely felt like I entered a powerful, spiritual, trance state.”

“Good. You are making great progress. Keep meditating and I will see you next week… Oh and by the way, you should shave before our next session.”

“Why?” I asked. Feminism has always been very important to me and I could not fathom the idea of allowing choices about my body to be dictated by some *man*. My body hair was a huge part of my feminist identity.

“The spiritual chi and oxytocin will flow better that way. I know it may be counterintuitive, but chi works in mysterious ways.”

I accepted and returned home to take a shower and shave my bush. The next week, I returned to Dr. Shekelstein’s office, clean-shaven and excited to move further along on my spiritual journey of becoming a mother. This time, Dr. Shekelstein performed an ultrasound and I learned I was having a boy. I had always wanted a son! I almost jumped in joy when he told me but worried about hurting the baby. I phoned Chad immediately.

“Chad?”  
 “Yeah, hey, is everything okay?”  
 “Guess what?”

“What?”

“We’re having a boy!!!”

“oh my god oh my god oh my god oh my god” I could hear the excitement in his voice. We were both crying. “I’ll see you when I get home, baby, I’m so excited about this.”  
 “Me too.” I got off the phone and turned back to Dr. Shekelstein. “Sorry about that, I just had to tell my husband. Can we prep more? I’m excited for my orgasm!” I laughed, embarrassed.

“Yes, we will need to be prepping more. Did you shave?”  
 “Yes”

“Good. Now, another factor in discomfort during pregnancy can be anal dilation. During the second stage of labor, a woman’s anus dilates, which can be painful and potentially impede on your orgasm, so today we will be prepping for that as well. Try doing this breathing exercise. Lay on your stomach and cover your right nostril. Now breath out through your left nostril and breathe in again.” I did as he said. “Now cover your left nostril and breathe out through your right nostril.” I felt him lift up my skirt, take off my underwear and rub a cold liquid on my asshole. Then I felt something slowly slide into my ass. I cried out. It hurt. “Focus on your breathing” he told me. I kept pressing my nostrils. He put his hands on my hips. Then it dawned on me. How were both of his hands on my hips? He must have been fucking me in the ass. How could this be an actual medical practice. Nevertheless, I trusted his judgement and believed in alternative medicine, so I continued to do my breathing exercises. Surprisingly, after a short time, as I relaxed, the pain subsided and it started to feel good. I felt myself having an orgasm again. It was so intense. I was still pressing my nostrils and doing the breathing exercise but I was also screaming and could not help myself. I heard his breathing getting heavier and heavier, grabbing my tits and rubbing my shaved pussy. Finally, I felt him cum in my ass and I had another orgasm.

Dr. Shekelstein and I continued to have weekly sessions which included anal and vaginal insertions and a lot of orgasms. I felt myself arriving at a heightened state of consciousness.

When I finally went into labor, I was wet with anticipation, ready to have the most intense orgasm and bonding experience I had ever had in my life. Despite what Dr. Shekelstein had recommended to me about not having a lot of people present during my orgasmic birth, I felt I had practiced enough to handle it and would, in fact, feel more comfortable having my friends and loved ones around with me, sharing the bonding experience. There was also a part of me that was proud of all the work I had put in with Dr. Shekelstein and wanted to show off to my friends how much progress I had made. At my first contraction, I invited Mandala, Dr. Shekelstein and all my girlfriends from yoga class to come over. I lay down in my warm bath, turned off the lights, lit some candles and relaxed as Chad, Mandala, Dr. Shekelstein and my yoga girlfriends all cramped into our bathroom, sitting on the toilet and the floor, to share this beautiful spiritual experience with me. Mandala had brought a singing bowl and was playing it while we all sat there in silence, meditating and relaxing, basking in the love and light and energy of the room.

As I meditated, the contractions become more and more frequent and my anticipation grew with each one. Finally, I felt my baby start to crown. My pussy got so wet and he slowly slid out of me. The exercises I did with Dr. Shekelstein must have worked because I did not experience any pain, instead I felt grounded and present in my body, bonding with my child. It was intense, but not uncomfortable. I pushed as hard as I could, and shit myself. Slowly, I saw his feet come out of me, then his legs, then his torso and finally the beginning of his head. I rubbed my clit furiously as his head was sliding out. I was close to orgasm but not quite there yet, but his head was almost out. I grabbed his little legs and started fucking myself with his body, sliding him back in me and out of me again. This felt amazing, spiritually powerful, intensely pleasurable, I was gushing cum and finally I had an orgasm. Dr. Shekel was right. This was the greatest orgasm I had ever experienced in my life. I fell into a deep, relaxed pleasurable state and let my child slide out of me for the final time.

When I opened my eyes a few minutes later, I looked at my loved ones, grinning in post-orgasmic bliss, but to my dismay, they were all staring at me with looks of horror. I looked down and the bathwater I was laying in was red with blood. My dead child floated beside me. My husband was crying. My yoga friends were looking at me terrified, not knowing what to say or do. Mandala had begun to count prayer beads, apparently also very worried. Dr. Shekelstein spoke.

“I’m so sorry this happened. I have never seen something like this before. If you need a recommendation for a psychologist, let me know. Again, I’m really sorry.” He stood up to leave and I could tell he was hiding an erection. Slowly, everyone awkwardly herded out of the room. Chad could not even look at me. Tears were rolling down his eyes. Mandala burned some white sage over me, said a prayer then also left. I lay there by myself in the bathtub, crying, so upset and ashamed with myself. Wiping snot from my nose, I put the baby back in me.