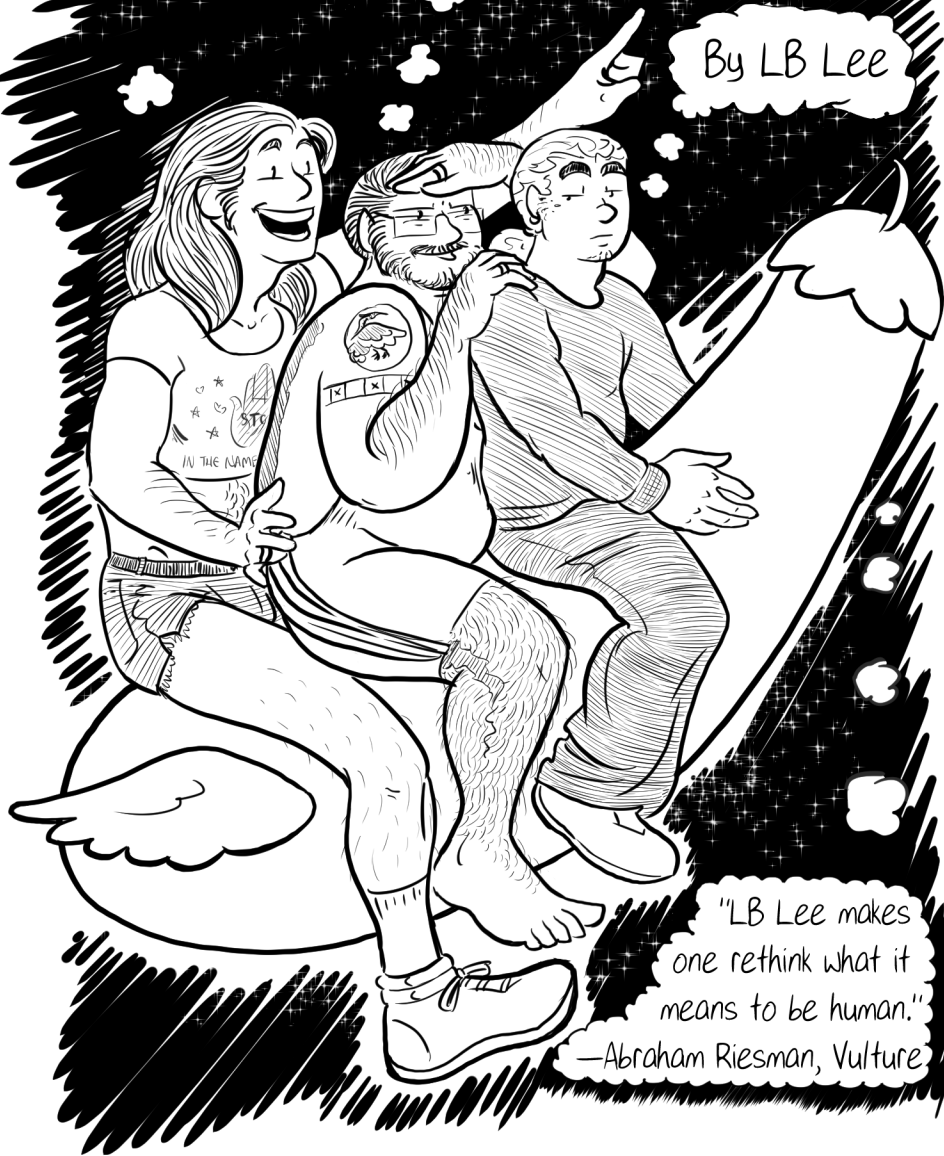


Multi, Orgasmic

A Headmate Sex Zine

By LB Lee



Quotes

“Our sexuality, our sexy body parts, have all been used against us to portray us as monsters [...] The thing to do, then, is to get there first, to portray ourselves [...] We really have to start saying what we do. We have to talk about our sexual practices. [...] I’m talking about the specific details of what your body is doing when you are having sex.” —Mira Bellwether, Fucking Trans Women, pg. 64, 68

“The most important thing in being able to give and receive love in this way is not to be ashamed [...] Accepting love and sex as a natural part of our internal relationships has been very healing [...] The physicality of our relationship affirms our mutual existence for us in a way that words alone never could.” —Daphne of Marianna, “Love and Sex Among Alters”, Many Voices, Oct. 1993, pg. 2

“Our fight for survival must include the sexy, the messy, and the pleasurable in order to win our liberation.” —Morgan M Page, Introduction to SfSx vol. 1: Protection.



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Terms and Disclaimers

We are only one multi, and this is only one zine, so there's a lot we can't or won't cover. No sex with corporeal partners, because I haven't experienced that. No rape, because it's the least unacceptable sex for a multi to discuss, and I hate that. And this zine is about sex, not vocabulary, so I just picked some words. If you don't like them, cross them out and write in your own.

Plural/Multiple/Multi: Anyone experiencing more than one self. "Multiple personalities" is just one variant.

Headmates: The selves/beings of a plural—alters, spirits, parts, people, imaginary friends, etc.

Vessel: A plural's communal meat suit, what you see "in real life." May or may not resemble or belong to any/all headmates.

Body: In this zine, for precision, I only use "body" for headmates' individual soul suits inside. May or may not behave (or look) like the vessels of "real life."

Thoughtleak: Hearing/feeling another headmate's thoughts, emotions, or sensations, by accident or on purpose.

Elsewhere: For this zine, anywhere neither online nor "real life"—astral plane, subjective reality, spirit world, headspace, etc. People may have many, none, or lose/gain access to them over time. They may have different laws of physics and perception.

This zine presumes y'all have not just a vessel, but also bodies and a place to use them. If you don't, this zine won't be much use.

We're stuck using our limited personal experience because we have so little to compare it to. If it doesn't apply to you, then it

doesn't. If you don't want to try any of the experiments, don't!

So, with all that out of the way: I'm Rogan. My husband Mac and my boyfriend Biff are among my headmates. We share a vessel and a primary elsewhere; some of us also have sporadic access to two others (shared dreams, AKA Dreamland, and also the world Mac and Biff came from), but for this zine, we'll stick with the primary one, which I'll call "headspace."



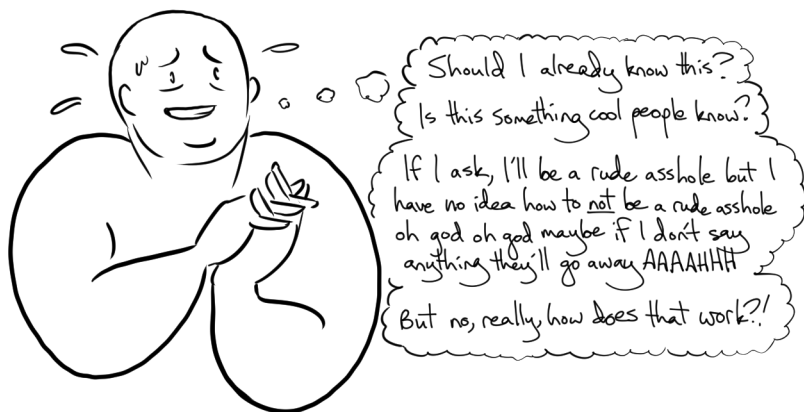
It's hard to talk about headmate sex! We hope this zine will help change that.

How Does It Work?

A lot of people (plural and singlet alike) see sex as a vessel-only affair, so when I mention headmate sex, their wheels start turning... then spinning:

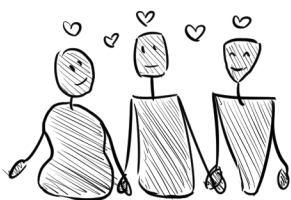


Some then go straight to Social Anxiety Hell.

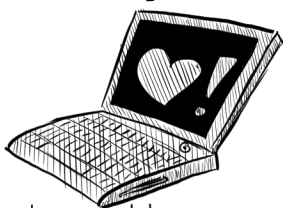


I don't enjoy getting invasive questions about my sex life from total strangers, but "educate yourself!" only works when there's something to educate yourself with. Having good sex with nobody and nothing to consult is needlessly hard. We could've been spared so many mistakes; maybe we can spare you.

So, to start, different plurals bang in different ways:



vessel sex



cyber, epistolary sex



Masturbation



Elsewhere Sex



Thoughtleak



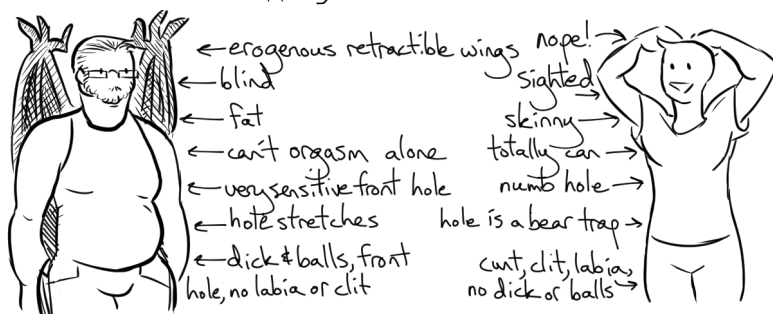
Sexy Art

I'll mostly focus on the latter three, since they're what I know best, and I've never seen anyone else talking about them. There are surely slews of other methods I don't know about, so don't let my lack of imagination stop you. Talk about it! Make your own zines! (And then tell us about them. We'd love to read them.)

Some people have vessel sex only. Others don't involve their vessels at all—it's unnecessary, distracting, or repulsive to them. Still others only use vessels for specific, limited purposes, like my husband Mac. He only plays with the vessel for my sexual pleasure, not his own. Otherwise it's just gross to him.



I'd avoid the vessel if I could, but unlike Mac, I need it to orgasm. You'd think it'd be double the fun, but in reality, it feels like juggling two bodies with different abilities, impairments, and erogenous zones. The mapping isn't 1:1!



When I was younger, the logistics drove me crazy. It felt like so much to keep track of! I spent a lot of time frustrated and resentful, treating the vessel as a millstone around my neck.



Over time, I got better at body juggling, though it's an uneasy truce. I still get frustrated at times, but I'm trying to be kinder to my vessel. It's doing its best for me; shouldn't I do my best for it?





Okay, okay. A brief incomplete list of Shit I've Done:

- Fucked my partners in headspace, much as singlets bang in the "real world," with or without vessel play.
- Read/watched porn together.
- Made sexual art, comics, and writing about my headmates, if they were okay with it.
- Shared/sold the above, if they were okay with it.
- Bought sex toys together in "real life."
- Made custom sex toys for my partners (and vice versa) in headspace.
- Shared mutual fantasies via thoughtleak.
- Wallowed in the sexy thoughtleak of my headmates without being involved (or even in the same room).
- Rubbed my thoughtleak all over Mac till he almost came.
- Shared erotic lucid dreaming.
- Made sexy birth control with headspace magic.

There's so much I haven't done! But what I have, I'll try to discuss in as much nuts-and-bolts practicalities as possible. (With the exception of lucid dreaming, which we have yet to manage on purpose. I don't want to repeat what I said in Alter Boys in Love, and I have nothing to add yet.)

Contraception, STDs

Plurals vary wildly on how birth and STDs work internally. I've seen everything from "just like the corporeal world" to "we never have to worry about that stuff." Different rules govern different places, even within the same plural; I've never worried that I might get pregnant in Dreamland, for instance, but I've had no such confidence in our primary headspace. Thus, when Mac and I started dating, we didn't share fluids till I got tested in "real life." (Mac couldn't, but he was dead, so...)



Mac and I both had unimpregnable bodies then, but when Biff came here, he didn't. And he hated condoms. He got tested in his own world and was trying to plan (expensive, invasive) permanent birth control when our headmate Sneak got an idea*:



* see "Headspace Discovery and Defense" in the Recommended Reading for details!

So we designed the ward, using symbols we'd mutually agreed upon with our headspace. (In here, an X signifies negation, endings, and death.) When I inked it on Biff's stomach with a brush, it proved a surprisingly intimate experience!



Mine, a couple days later, was much less dignified, on account of my copious body hair, but whatever, the point is, we're now worry-free! So even if you don't have traditional medicine or doctors in your elsewhere, you can find workarounds, if creative!

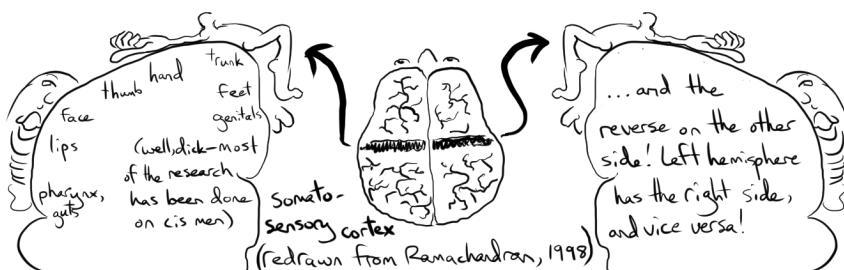
Phantom Nerves

(This section would not exist without the neuroscience work of Dr. V.S. Ramachandran. Look him up in the Recommended Reading!)

We usually think of touch like this:



But the reality is a lot weirder and more complex. Different body parts get very different amounts of cortical real estate; our faces and hands get the lion's share, in the somatosensory cortex anyway. (It's just one of our brain's body maps. Touch the relevant spot with an electrode, and the sensation carries to the relevant body part.)



And that's just the tip of the iceberg. People feel and move phantom limbs they don't have or never had; a woman born without arms may still gesture with her phantoms, and while our vessel has no wings, that doesn't stop me from feeling mine. (And if I retract them, it feels wrong!) Said phantoms can also change—a phantom limb can get stuck in a weird position, be limbered up, or disappear

entirely. (In Phantoms in the Brain, Ramachandran discusses a man whose phantom arm disappeared... though the phantom hand did not! It just moved up to his shoulder.) Phantom limb pain is a common problem; phantom limb pleasure also occurs.

In other words: our vessel skin and nerves aren't the only source of tactile sensation!



It took me a long time to realize that good touch was good, regardless of the mechanism through which I registered it.

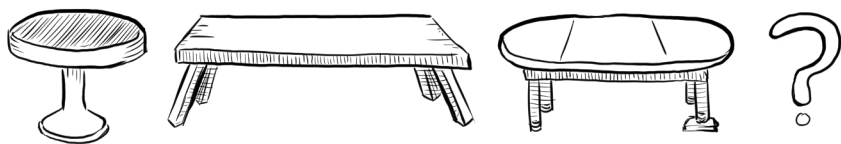
How can we feel things in headspace or elsewhere? Maybe we're still unconsciously stimulating vessel nerves, perhaps using deep muscle squeezes like Kegels or something. Or maybe we're shortcutting around the nerves and somehow directly stimulating a neurological sensory zone. If I were a neurologist, I know what I'd study!

People take all this for granted, dismissing it as mere imagination, but if that's so, why is it not under my control? How come a headmate hug is satisfying to me, while imagining one is depressing? Why can I hug, kiss, and make out, but not come? Something is going on here, and I think it's neurological.

My best guess is, imagination is a way more complex and important process than we give it credit for. We dismiss it as a childish game, so we rarely treat it as a skill worth honing. But it is a skill, and I think it's at least sort of learnable. Even if we LBERs are unusually imaginative, we still had to practice, and we still improved over time.

As kids, we got through a lot of boring waits or stressful injections by imagining things in the lushest, most multisensory detail possible. At first, it was just for entertainment or comfort, but when we realized we were plural, it was a huge boon in helping us see and talk to each other... once we learned to take it seriously.

Try it yourself! Practice imagining something, like a table, as richly as you can, with as many senses as possible. Is it square? Round? Wood? Metal? Does it fold? Is it covered in old coffee stains? Does it smell like pine resin? Can you feel it, lift it, tap it and make a noise? (If it gets violent or upsetting, walk away, calm down, and refer to "Headspace Discovery and Defense" in the back.)



As you get more practice, can you make your table stick around for longer, even if you aren't focusing on it? What senses are easier for you to bring up? Harder? (I touch way better than I see.) What happens when other headmates and their imaginations enter the mix?

Tactile imagination is especially important for sex. I don't mind my extreme nearsightedness at all, as long as I can feel. Most visualization guides are all about the visuals, but I've found one surprising place where tactility is the focus: ASMR videos!

ASMR, or "Autonomous Sensory Meridian Response," is a fancy way to describe the tingles, relaxation, and pleasure some folks get from stuff like whispers, haircuts, and slow, fluid movement. (See Allison in the Recommended Reading for details.) They're popular (and to some people, baffling) videos on the Internet.

A lot of them are roleplay; the nice vid lady is supposed to be giving that haircut to you, specifically. Obviously, she isn't, but these artists have spent years working around that, and some of them are really good at inspiring phantom sensations!

Biff and I get ASMR. Mac does not, but he enjoys his hair being brushed. We took to watching hair play and massage vids for date night, and it was a natural progression to copy the artist's movements, synchronizing in real time. It felt good!



We didn't know this at the time (and I doubt the vid lady did either) but we were probably hitting similar neurological buttons as those involved in the rubber hand illusion (look it up), or the phantom head and "standing outside oneself" illusions in the

Recommended Reading. In other words, we were neurologically “tricking” ourselves into feeling the same sensations as a person on a video. Sometimes it wasn’t even a person, but a mannequin!

We did this purely for fun, but imagine my surprise when, after a few years of this, suddenly I could feel a headspace rubdown better than before!

A good thing too;
my wings were
frashed, and
Grey’s good
with her hands.



If you enjoy ASMR and want to try this for yourselves, it is most essential that you synchronize your movements: the vid lady massages, you massage. She combs, you comb. Visuals and sounds are more negotiable; we’ve found success with vids from both first person point of view (the artist reaches out to touch the camera) and third person (the artist touches their friend sitting in front of them). Some people place a lot of stock in moving sound from one ear to another, but we only have one working ear and have noticed no problems. See if you have a preference.

Good luck!

Body, Image

We start our imagination practice with a table because tables are rarely imbued with great emotion. Our bodies and vessels, on the other hand...

Maybe you know what you look like; maybe you know only random details or nothing at all. Either way, getting to know your body and your vessel better can be intense. If you feel ready, turn your imagination inward on yourself. What happens? Whatever you perceive (or don't) is helpful information!

- What does your body look/feel like? Can you perceive anything, and how does trying make you feel? (Doodle space comes later!)

- If you can perceive them, what parts of your body do you like most? Your vessel? Write down what you like:

- How well do body and vessel mesh? Are they identical? If they differ, does it bother you?

- If the dissonance is a mild distraction, does syncing body and vessel movements help at all? Or do you want to keep the two as separate as possible?

- If the dissonance hurts, would it be worth modifying vessel or body to bring them closer together? (This can range from simple, temporary things like a haircut to heavy-duty surgical modification.) How might your headmates compromise for a comfortable vessel?

- Sexually speaking, do you have a preference for using body or vessel? Would you like sex to be vessel-only, body-only, or a mix?

If this makes you feel lousy, that's good to know. I hated my vessel and body both for a long time. I couldn't perceive myself hardly at all, and I didn't want to, because I felt so disgusting. My eyes and hands were the only parts of me I could see or tolerate at first, so I did my best to make friends with them. Over time, I unlocked more. Tattooing vessel and body helped. Getting top surgery for the vessel helped. Years of grueling trauma work helped. Having partners who loved (and lusted after) my body helped. Treating myself better helped.

I've gained a lot of weight and scars since those days, but I like my body a lot better than I did when I was younger, thinner, and unmarked. So if you're like my younger self and repulsed by your body, you're in luck: you don't have to like your body to treat it kindly. (Indeed, I'd argue the actions come before the feelings.) Any step in acceptance, however small, is an accomplishment.

I can dance now. I used to hate myself too much.



Juggling Erogenous Zones

I could've been spared a lot of frustration had I learned sooner that the vessel and my body had different erogenous zones. Maybe your vessel and you are closer than me and mine, but regardless, self-knowledge is never wasted! Do something to get turned on, and then feel your body up to see what you like. Do the vessel separately. Are there hot spots in common? What's different?

Use the rest of the page to doodle your body (at multiple angles, if you like) and shade the parts that feel good. (If you like, color code for hot spots, warm spots, and no-way spots.) Don't worry about "drawing good"; this is for SCIENCE!

Science demands experiments! So here are some things to try (preferably solo, to cut down on distractions):

- Find an erogenous zone on your vessel, and play with it, trying to root yourself as deeply into the sensation as possible. How does it feel? Good? Upsetting? Dissonant? Weird?

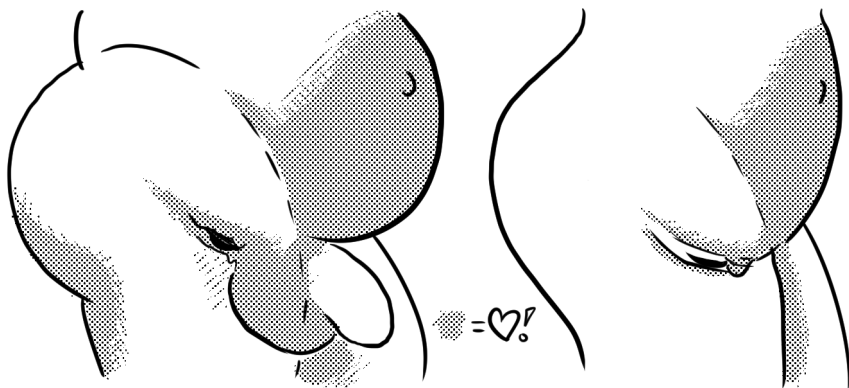
- Find an erogenous zone on your body, and play with it, ignoring the vessel. How far can you get? How is the sensation alike or different from that of the vessel?

- Find an erogenous zone your vessel and body share, and play with both at the same time. Can you manage that? Does it differ from vessel or body stimulation alone? How?

- Hard Mode: can you manage the mental spread required to play with different hot spots in body and vessel simultaneously?

If any of these things make you feel bad, back off! Don't scold yourself; sit and think about why instead. Are you trying something beyond your ability? Do your internal senses work differently? Is it a trauma thing? This is valuable information.

If you're one of those folks who likes examples, here's a quick erogenous diagram of my genitals versus the vessel's. Different!



I also have trouble maintaining the divided focus required to handle body and vessel too differently, but knowing this opens up new opportunities. Mac might take control of the vessel's hands and jack it off while at the same time fucking me (in the ass, the cunt, whatever), sparing me the mental load. Or I might put the vessel in harness and strap-on so I can masturbate it and the body using similar hand motions, while also using a vibrator to get the vessel off. Or we might forego vessel stimulation entirely so I can focus on Mac playing with my wings.

So many experiments! It's like mad science for sexy people!

Bodily Changes

Here in LB, our bodies are not under conscious control, and they can change in ways that corporeal vessels don't. The rule of thumb is: we get not what we want, but what we need... eventually.

Sometimes these changes are sudden, drastic, and agonizing. Growing wings in 2021, for instance, left me a headspace splatbat for weeks. (I was terrified but also indignant that I couldn't logic myself out of the painful process. What was happening to me? Why? If it was all my imagination, why couldn't I make it stop?)



Total night and day from when I grew (well, regained) a cunt in my late twenties. My genitals got blurry for a while (normal when our bodies are changing majorly) and upon resolving...



kind of anticlimactic, but the best reaction I could've gotten.

Mac and Biff just rolled with it, and I rolled along with them. For once in my life, my body was changing in a way that felt fantastic, right out the gate, and I was delighted. Usually, I have to do years of labor to get anywhere, but not this time!



Still, though, there wasn't anywhere to learn about what was happening to me. It took me a long time before I even felt okay telling other plural friends! I had no kind words to describe what I was becoming, and nothing is more galling than trying to explain a scary thing that I'm going through, only to get trapped in the endless mires of polemical terminology, so busy trying to find the politically correct language to describe the experience that I never get around to the actual meat and potatoes of it.

At least my surprise genital change meant that Biff had someone to turn to when he got his, a year or two later:





I'm a lousy flirt. I'm amazed it worked.

Why do our bodies do this? It's one thing to practice feeling things in headspace, another to have surprise limbs burst out of you, sensate from the start. Here's my best guess.

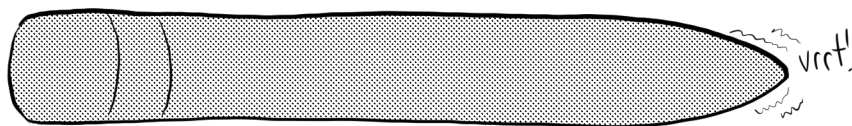
Our neurological maps of our bodies can (and indeed, should) change, because our bodies themselves change. We weren't born with tits, for example, flesh or phantom. They grew in later, and our vessel image adapted to reflect that. When we had our double mastectomy, they remained as phantoms for a while, but that was over a decade ago; these days, I really have to focus to summon the shades of our long-lost tits. I doubt this is strange! Our bodies

change, and our brains try to keep pace as best they can. (I suspect that this is also what's at work when you get a drastic haircut and automatically reach to brush hair that's no longer there. Your brain hasn't caught up yet!)

Some people are shapeshifters in headspace. Perhaps they're especially good at manipulating these maps of their bodies. I'm not one of them; perhaps us LB folks experience only gradual changes because our brain is less flexible, more attached to a set idea of what we "should" be. Some of our radical bodily changes seem to be conciliatory, bringing our self-images and bodies into closer alignment. Under that logic, Biff's and my genital changes aren't that strange: we're trans. We're getting the bodies we feel we "should" have, even if culture and biology disagree. The changes may have seemed sudden, but they likely involved years of gradual subconscious change that we never noticed until we hit a tipping point.

My wings, however, are a different story. I was not created with them, nor did I feel I "should" have them. A long time ago, an abuser forcibly warped my self-image in the process of breaking me; I lost them in a further act of violence. Their reappearance was a harbinger of those traumas that required processing, but I'm not sure why I still have them, or why I've integrated them into my self-image. Mysteries! But they are much healthier now, and if I need them out of the way, I can retract them.

Toys



Both in “real life” or elsewhere, toys (any object used for sexy fun) are great. Use them for specific sensations, to help mend body/vessel dissonance, or just for fun! Good ones can be pricey, but worth it! (And they make memorable gifts for a lover.)

I didn’t get my first vibrator until I was in my late twenties. I thought I didn’t need one, since the vessel’s hands had always been enough. But getting the vessel a vibrator meant less load on my attention; instead of coordinating two wildly different sets of movements, we could mostly let the vessel be. Other logistically helpful toys we haven’t tried yet are textured silicone “rubbies” for grinding on, like those from Fantasticocks; those movements don’t change much between our vessel and body, so might also free up brainwidth.

There are toys for all sorts of fun sensations—everything from whips to feathers. They don’t have to be pricey or hard to find either, if you’re creative! Coconut oil is great for massage and cooking. I love heat and water, so shower sex is great. (And Mac, Biff, and I once rented a private sauna booth for an hour for \$35. Hot and steamy!)

Other toys can bridge the gap between your vessel and your body. Does your robot headmate want to zap people? Try out a violet wand! Missing your claws? There are metal or resin ones you

can buy. You can also get silicone genitals in all sorts of sizes, shapes, and colors; getting strap-ons that felt right were game-changers for Biff and me. Fantasy models might be handy for nonhuman headmates! (Though human, Mac is especially fond of tentacle dildos, both in headspace and “real life.” I think he just likes playing tentacle monster.)



Speaking of toys in headspace, they have untapped potential. Both Mac and I have made sex toys that are sensate, and Mac's also been able to make them mobile. Fucking me with his temporary tentacles in headspace won't make him come, but he finds the experience singular and enjoyable—like fucking me with his soul, he says. If you're good at creating headspace stuff, give it a try! (Note, however, that mobile sensate toys can consume a lot of brainwidth; you may very well sit like a lump because all of your concentration is on the toys.)

Thoughtleak

Here in LB, we leak thoughts and feelings all over each other. Privacy can be a challenge; when someone overhears (or worse, overfeels) your sexy thoughtleak, it's like being overheard fucking through the wall, only worse, because it's way easier to stop banging than it is to stop thinking about it.



We didn't learn the fun parts of thoughtleak until one day in 2008. Mac and I were bored and horny in class, so just for fun, I took all the things I was thinking and feeling about him and beamed them at him as hard as I could. His reaction was unexpected... and gratifying.

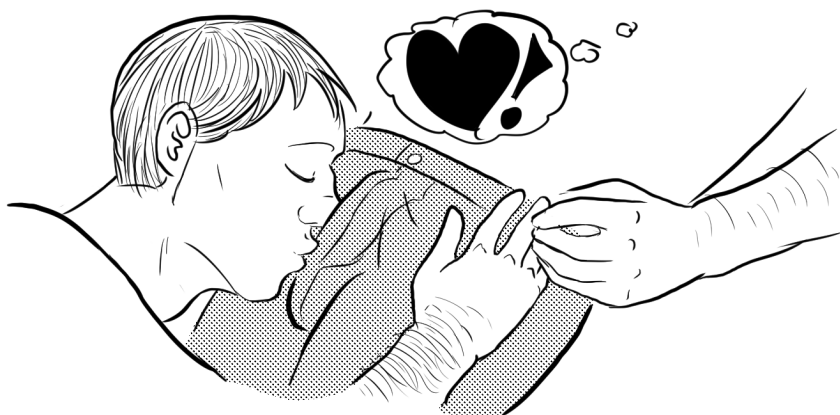


Mac later likened the sensation to getting run over by a sexy truck. No subtlety, no build-up, just wham! That might be fun for massive overstimulation play, edging, or orgasm manipulation, but it's way too rough and intense as a regular diet. (And while he probably could come that way, Mac generally doesn't want to. He'd rather not have his one orgasm come crashing down onto his head like a cartoon anvil.)

Still, there were other things I could do with thoughtleak. With it, I learned to flirt...



...to read Mac's reactions...



...even how to be a sexual being.

Of course, there were fumbles. Thoughtleak can't replace willed, conscious communication or negotiation. Mac and I learned that the hard way, the first time I ever came during sex with him.



Mac listened to my thoughtleak, not my words, and I crashed hard. Not knowing my rape history then, Mac thought he'd assaulted me, not just triggered me, but I knew otherwise. He didn't betray my trust; we'd just never been taught how to manage this situation.



Mac never made that fuck-up again, but better never to make it at all. Learn from his mistakes! Sexy thoughtleak is like a boner; it's not an expression of desire or consent all by itself. Willed communication trumps passive thoughtleak, and "no" or "stop"

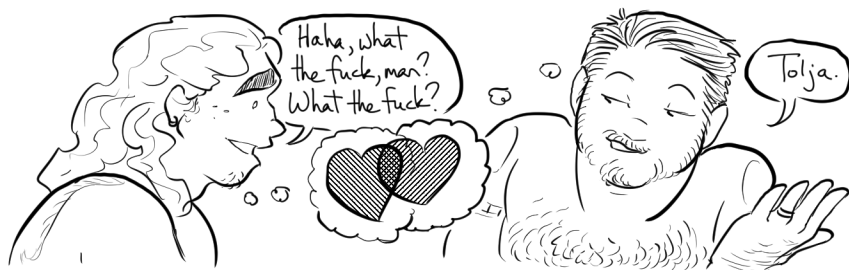
trumps all, no matter how it's communicated, unless negotiated otherwise beforehand, using conscious and willed communication. If you're going to play with fire, have water and aloe handy.

Different people have different skills with thoughtleak. Mac has a lot of finesse and subtlety, while I'm a monster truck. Biff can't do much with my thoughtleak at all; I receive way better from him than the reverse.

Different people also have different mindfeel. To me, Mac feels like a bearskin rug, warm and luxurious, the kind of thing you snuggle under in front of the fire while a snowstorm rages outside. Biff feels warm too, but in a thick liquid way, like honey, or what I imagine mead tastes like. A little boozy or intoxicating, even though he's been sober for years now.

Feeling each other's minds this way isn't necessarily a sexual experience, but it can be a painful one because of its intimacy. A lot of surface pretense gets ripped away. It's like being seen mentally naked.

It's also hard to describe. When I asked Mac and Biff what my mindfeel felt like, they weren't able to pin it down past "weird," "intense," and "good." Biff, when he tried to feel me, acted like someone spooked by a wax dummy. The experience is so intensely bare, sometimes all you can do is laugh at it.



He and M.D. have been mixing minds since '03, though, to the point that apparently now they're just used to it and see each other's mindfeel as "home."



That was only after years and years of experience, though. It took a while to desensitize! The first time they brainmashed, it was apparently mortifying.



A lot of fun can come from syncing up—feeling your partner's pleasure like your own or better. You can play with stamina...



...simultaneous orgasm...



...or just plain enjoying your partner's enjoyment.



There are downsides! You might orgasm-block each other or come much sooner than you wanted. And if one of you melts down, you can get sucked into loops of "I'm upset because you're upset."

On the whole, though, the perks outweigh the pains.

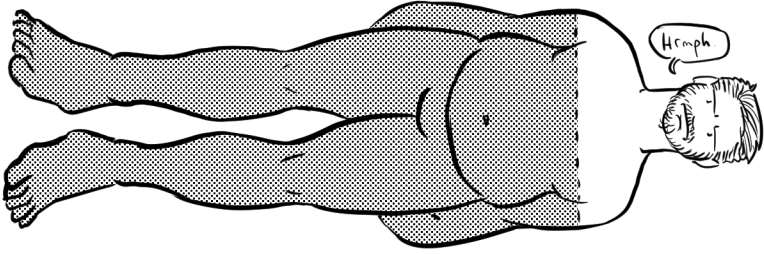
With thoughtleak play, having differing stamina or sexual cycles is really useful! Biff, for instance, goes through orgasms in bunches, getting progressively more and more intense. I could never... but his thoughtleak during it is amazing! (And apparently my own multiple orgasms feel similarly to Mac, who's a one-trick pony.)



Don't feel bad for Mac, though. He's done thoughtleak stuff that I never thought possible!

Rocking the Line

In early 2020, I spent two months insatiably horny and unable to get off. Body and vessel both felt numb, erotically dead from mid-chest down. Orgasm did nothing.



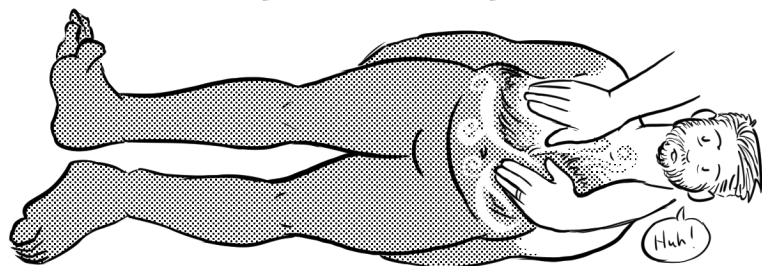
Erotic numbness happens to me all the time, but two months was an unusually long time to be stuck like that, and I sure didn't want to abstain. I did a lot of service-topping; Mac and Biff got creative.

Biff developed the habit of asking me where I'm "thawed," so he doesn't waste time on the "frozen" parts of me. Turns out, when I'm numb in one place, I'm often hypersensitive elsewhere, and just because I can't come doesn't mean I can't enjoy.



Mac, though, found his own trippy solution, using his own special gifts.

Mac is really good at receiving my thoughtleak and nudging it with his mind, often combined with body touch or massage. One day, as an experiment, he found my numbness line with his hands and mind, and then he tried gently manipulating it.



The sensation's hard to describe, but it was vivid, erotic, and transcendent—almost a religious experience. Heat and life poured through me. I felt revived, deep in my body and its experiences, like I was soaking in a hot spring made of Mac's beautiful soul. What's more, he could pull sensitivity back into some parts of my body, at least for a bit. Dripping hot wax on my back in this state was electrifying—and I'm not even into hot wax!

I didn't orgasm, but that was fine. It wouldn't have done anything anyway. What mattered was, when we finished, I felt totally sated.

So far, Mac is the only person here who can do this. Territory to explore! If you're more into massage, reiki, aura stuff, or other bodywork, try it out and tell me what you learned! There's clearly untapped potential here.

Sexy Media and Headmates

Porn (that is, any media designed to turn you on) is something you and your partners can enjoy even if you lack an elsewhere or co-consciousness. You can read, watch, or listen to sexy stuff, together or apart. You can buy it for each other, talk about your favorite kinds or what you like and dislike, get fun new ideas.

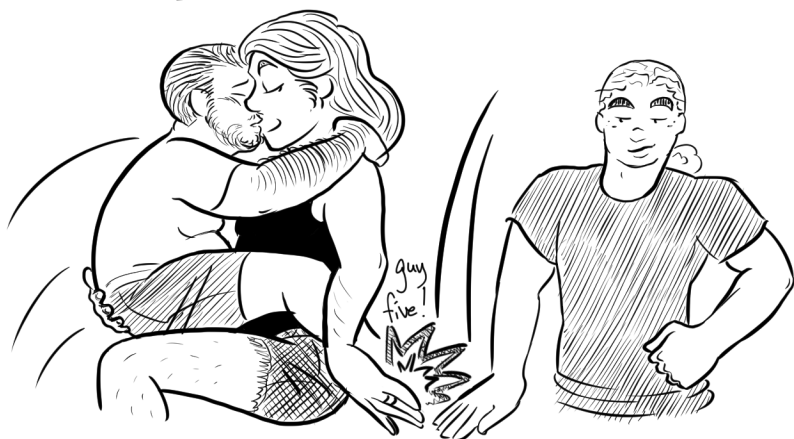
You can also make it yourself: draw each other looking good, write each other sexy poetry or stories. (Choose Your Own Naughty Adventure! Recounting your favorite times together! Lust letters!) There's an easy overlap with cybersex, if you're into roleplaying. If everyone involved says okay, you can share it online or in person, maybe make some money off it. I can't lie, sharing and selling sexy stuff I've made has been healing, scary, powerful, and hot.

I used to worry that I was being a creep, drawing my loves looking hunky and beefcakey. It took me forever to believe them when they said,



They really had to encourage me.

Since I can't take (or see) photos of my loves, art is what I have to remember them by. It's important to me, intimate, drawing the everyday moments of our lives, even if no one else sees them. Add sex and... well, Mac and Biff once managed an easy seduction of me just by asking me to draw sexy art for a while and then tapping me on the shoulder.



It's not just hot for me, either. Biff wasn't used to feeling loved; seeing himself through my eyes and pencil was a moving experience for him. Mac is more confident in his skin (he's always known that he's gorgeous) but even so, he has his own insecurities now that he's over forty and wears dresses. When it comes to reassuring him that I find him beautiful, words don't hold a candle to the art I make.

These days I err on telling headmates beforehand if I want to make sexy art of them. It just spares everyone a lot of trouble. But that only works if I know it's headmates I'm drawing!

Many plurals have a symbiotic, chicken-and-egg relationship to art. They get new headmates from media and/or create their own media based on headmates; the influence may go one or both ways.

In a society that sneers at plurality in general (and media-influenced headmates in particular), creating art might be the only way to self-express. It's certainly the safest.

However, here's where we run into the thorny brambles of consent: if the art is interactive and involves outside people (say, your headmates are roleplaying themselves in a D&D group and see the events of the campaign as "real"), do the other people involved know that? Is the story fraught for you in a way that you can't explain or warn for, priming for hurt feelings and confusion? And what happens if headmates see stuff you've made about them, without them, and they have opinions about it?

We've experienced the last scenario many times. We regularly mistook each other for fictional characters and had to make major changes to our work when they came (or returned) here.



If you find yourself in the awkward situation of getting folks from porn (or any other art) you've made, don't beat yourself up. These things happen. Still, fess up to them as soon as you can. Hiding it will only make things worse. If what you made was private, no big deal, but if you've shared it somewhere, let them decide if it gets to stay. If they ask you to make edits, do so. If you've sold it, well, you can try getting it taken out of circulation, but that's about it. Sorry. Maybe you'll laugh about it someday?

We managed to blunder through making art without any huge problems... until Bob and Grey, the only ones I'd made sexual content about beforehand. When they came back in July 2020, I was mortified. After everything they'd done for me, this was how I repaid them! (Their own response was comparatively laid back. After presuming me horribly dead for fifteen years, finding out they starred in fiction must've seemed like small potatoes.)



If I had to end up in such a silly position, at least it turned out all right in the end. After some thought, I locked a bunch of old stuff that I was no longer okay with, and the three of us then went through the remaining everything for edits. It took time, work, at least one big fight, and a lot of embarrassment, but once I'd adjusted things to their satisfaction, they gave me permission to share and sell it. It was quite the learning experience for all of us.

And the forced honesty proved oddly relationship-enriching.

Grey's main worry was that I would hate her or think her repulsive. I worried she'd feel the same way about me, so we ended up commiserating and reassuring each other. As for Bob, he'd always seen himself as an attractive man, but the art and culture around him had never agreed. To finally get validation when he was in his sixties (and from me, of all people) was a conflicting experience.



Unwanted Attraction

Horny thoughtleak is all well and good when y'all want this with each other. But what if you don't?

When Bob and Grey came back, it'd been 15 years. I was no longer a feral teenager, and they were in their sixties.

They were still wicked hot together, though. And I was an adult now, so I noticed (and recognized) way more than I had as a kid.

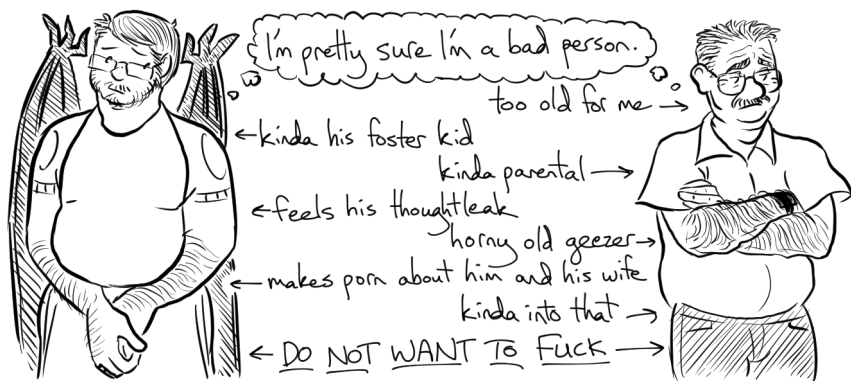


When I was a kid, none of us knew what thoughtleak was. Bob and Grey had no idea they were broadcasting anything, and I didn't know what I was picking up on, only that it made me feel safe (and sometimes squirmy). Grey's thoughtleak I found especially soothing; she felt (feels) like deep, still water. But now I knew what was going on, and I told them immediately.

With Grey, it wasn't too bad. After her initial shame, she mostly seemed relieved not to have to hide anything, and porn aside, she feels like my mother. With Bob, though... it was more complicated.

For months before Bob and Grey's return, I had weirdly intense dreams about their lives—they moving to a new house, Bob's first boyfriend in high school, stuff like that. I was a fly on the wall for all but one of them, and because God's a lousy comedian, of course it was a shared one where Bob and I had sex. Unlike the first time this happened to me (with Biff), there was no way we could've stopped it; it started in media res, neither of us were lucid, and I'd changed so much that Bob didn't recognize me. It was like getting stupid blackout drunk and ending up in bed together, only it could happen any night. What does consent even mean in that situation?

When he and Grey returned, he realized what'd happened, and the ambivalence hit hard. He remembered me as a terrified abused child, but now I'd grown up hot, and he felt like a sleazy lecher. He kept hoping it'd fade, that he'd come to see me solely platonically or as a hunky adult friend and pornographer, but his mind just couldn't square it. I was both. And that sucked.



What's more, I felt the same way. Bob is a kind, attractive man. Were he thirty years younger... but he wasn't, and he'd cared for me as a child. Ew. Squicked attraction makes for gross thoughtleak.

There's no map to this terrain. It's been over a year, and we're still navigating it. Society has neither words nor advice for us, asides from "get away, filthy abuser," or "have sex, this is fine." Neither are true: we didn't hurt each other; it's not fine.

But maybe it can be okay.

We get to make our own relationship rules. That's both the good news and the bad news. When there's no roadmap for your relationship, you have to make it yourself, and that's scary. There's far less certainty, far less recourse if something goes wrong.

But there is freedom too.

And it's been educational in a way I didn't expect. I already knew intellectually that attraction didn't have to be acted on, but it's one thing to know and another to experience. Feelings are just feelings. They don't hurt or abuse people all by themselves. They don't have to be shameful secrets, never to be discussed. They don't have to make sense. We can just sit with each other.

So for now, I make erotic art of Bob and Grey. We know more about each other's sexual desires and lives than we ever planned, and we never plan on banging. Being headmates is like sharing a bathroom; eventually, you just get used to the daily realities of each other that might otherwise seem gross.

My life is weird, but it's very rich in love. I'm lucky.

Everything I learned about platonic snuggles,
I learned from
roommates' cats.



"Real"

Multis often feel pressure to prove that they and their experiences are "real." But what does that mean? As much like the corporeal world as possible?

My body can do and feel things my vessel can't, and vice versa. What if these differences aren't "real" or "fake/fantasy"? What if they just are?

It's easy to second-guess my body and its sensations: "real" genitals come less/more," "Mac must need a 'real' lover; corporeal partners are better," "I can't talk about my experiences; they didn't 'really' happen."

What if I didn't do that? What if I got to define "real" and "fantasy" for myself? What would that look like?*



* Nowadays, we define "real" as "whatever requires our attention" and "fantasy" as "whatever requires no attention/maintenance." What's your definition look like?

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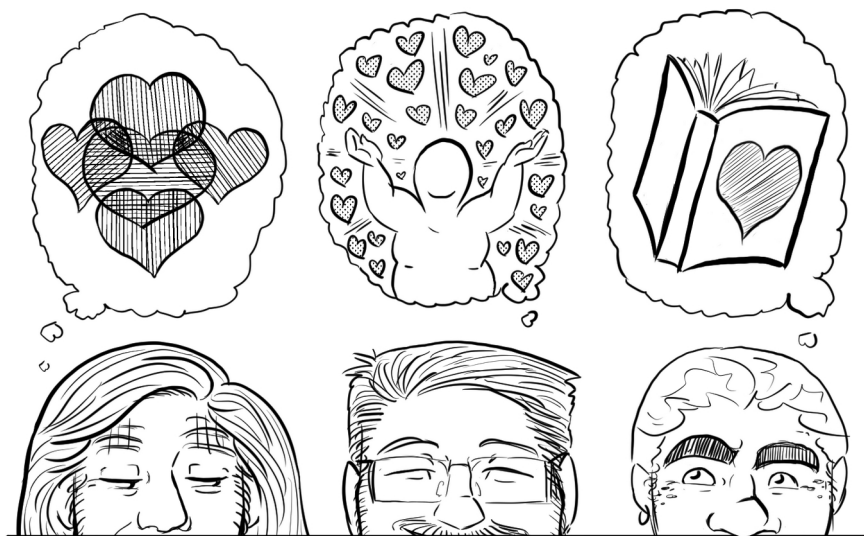
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Eros and Psyche

If we said you had a beautiful mind, would you hold it against us? Many plurals have headmate sex, but few talk about it, and that's a recipe for crummy sex! The brain is the biggest erogenous zone, so let's open up a conversation about...

- Headspace STDs and contraception
- Fantasy and reality
- Differing orgasm and sensitivity between headmates
- Radical body changes and differences
- Toys, porn, and headmate comfort regarding them
- Thoughtleak play
- ...and more!



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