

Around the dawn of my sexuality, my well-endowed chest surfaced. It seemed like one day, I woke up, and it was just there. While I was always relatively modest about its presence, my peers were not. My group of all-guy (and all-gay) friends from grade school still make comments in passing about the size of my tits. Every partner I had commented on them, positively, but identifying me as an outlier, nonetheless.

While I never felt ashamed of my boobs, for a long time, I almost felt like they were for someone else. They were a gift to my partners but not necessarily a resource for me.

This mentality started to change in the Fall of 2019 when I began including nipple play into my solo sessions in earnest.

At first, if I'm being honest, it was just okay. Good, but not great. I never felt a huge attachment to my chest. It's hard to imagine now, but for years, I didn't feel much pleasure when they were engaged. Nipple play was something I had to remind myself to incorporate, or it could easily become forgotten.

Around this time, for various reasons, my sessions were becoming longer and more present and meditative than ever before. I began to anticipate that nipple touch, those specific waves of warm pleasure they bring. I started craving that expression of intimacy with myself.

I started building up sensitivity and pleasure in my nipples, understanding in detail what nipple touch felt like for me. Being intentional with my entire upper body helped me further break down what I could expect from this type of play.

The earliest notes I have of my journey in nipple play are from November 2022:

*"I was going hard on my nipples—rolling them between my thumb and index or middle fingers."*

*"For the most part, I was dialed in, enjoying the moments I could tease my nipples and the times I would focus on my pussy alone. As the session progresses, I feel so horny and overwhelmed."*

*"I keep moving towards my nipples to touch them, but I don't think I can handle playing with them right now; I feel that I could potentially be that close at any moment."*

*"Can't help but work my nipples; they are so greedy."*

My bank of techniques is constantly evolving. I have created and employed many when it comes to nipple play.

At first, I prefer simply thinking about my breasts and nipples, their connection to each other, and the rest of my body, my clit. This pairs well with breathwork. Sometimes, even just moving the upper body can be enough to change up the environment and turn on my nipples. I notice this when squaring my shoulders or if there's a fan on in the room. Those subtle moments can increase my arousal substantially.

Early in a session, I tease my nipples through layers, usually shirts, or blankets. I tease with open hands/palms; this is almost frustratingly impersonal. I undress at a slow pace. Eventually, when I disrobe to touch my breasts directly, I try to avoid the nipple for a while to build the tension. I make sure to feel every inch of the upper body—I run my hands through my hair, across my face, around my jaw, down my neck, across my shoulders and pecs, rounding my breasts and up the sternum, returning to tracing my hands through my hair without touching the nipple at all.

I play with a light touch that starts from all directions before making its way to or across the nipple, teasing my chest from the sternum, sideboob, and especially underboob. That caress from under the boob, upwards across the nipple is perfect. It feels incredible.

When I cannot help myself, when my hands feel constantly magnetized towards my nipples, I give in wholeheartedly. Once I give myself this permission, my touch gets firmer, unapologetic.

I take my nipples and squeeze them, I rotate them in my fingertips, teasing them rapid-fire, sometimes tapping on the nipple. Grabbing onto it, letting it slip from my fingertips, consistently picking it back up, repeating that process. Teasing until I am on complete autopilot— consistently experiencing earth-shattering pleasure, but at no risk of going over the edge.

My partner loves cocktails. As such, we always have citrus on hand. One day, I wondered what might happen if I grabbed something as mundane as a strip of citrus peel and used it in play.

I turned it into a ritual— getting nude, breathing in its intoxicating peel as I express the oils over my areolas, working the wet nipple, working it with the wet peel itself. Across the nipple, around it, folding and flicking the nipples with the citrus peel to completion. Licking the oils off until I cum again. I've found lemon/grapefruit work best.

A great set of nipple clamps has been a game-changer.

While I've never appreciated pain in sexuality, the dull, sustained pressure from clamps really works for me. Playing with my nipples directly while they are horny between the clamps elevates the pleasure build-up even more. I love teasing and shaking the chain, which impacts both nipples at once. When I remove the clamps, my nipples are always so turned on. They are supple, huge, and always different in character than when I put them on.

I like to have a mirror accessible in session, and I often marvel at how genuinely stunning my tits are in clamps.

In general, toys applied to the nipples or upper body at the right moment can be electric. I've tried simple bullets and lipstick vibrators (Je Joue bullets or the Dame Kip, for instance). Something that can be turned and used horizontally can be great. Pinpoint vibrators and clit suction toys also work well for nipples.

I'm lucky enough to be able to lick my own nipples. This technique is so intense I need to be careful about using it, particularly when I am edging close. It's erotic not having proper use of your tongue because it's busy pleasing your own aroused tits. Or even more so when you try to announce but can't because your tongue is actively engaged with your swollen titties. Unreal.

Straightforward licking, sucking, and occasionally using a bit of teeth on my nipples feels wonderful. Getting into a prone position (laying on my stomach) where both breasts can be positioned in front of me is amazing. This way, I can work them easily with my mouth and hands while grinding into a toy, working my clit hands-free.

In this recent era, it seems I can never get enough. Positively, my tits have a mind of their own. My nipples are so horny, instigators of sessions begging me to play. Deep into a session, I usually need to have uninterrupted, constant contact with my nipples. My partner is great about giving them ample attention. In those moments, they truly add a great deal to my pleasure.

In early 2023 I was beginning to notice that I could edge using my nipples as the variable. I would get to the edge and could continue teasing my clit, but if I carried on with nipple play, I would orgasm. This happened solo and partnered. This was an interesting and exciting phase! My arousal levels were shapeshifting and transcending.

In my SFW life, I'm a naturalist specializing in tidepools, an avid camper, and a frequent solo camper. In May 2023, I took a solo camping trip to a Redwoods state park that I know well. I often plan for nice solo sessions during these camping trips. On that first camping trip of 2023, my goal was straightforward: To nipple edge.

I wanted to get lost in it, entirely lost in it. I was ready to surrender, to go even deeper.

I went on a hike to the old-growth redwood patch. The trees on this hike are up to 1,400 years old. There's this wisdom in the air there, an ancestral knowing.

I spent some time meditating in the trees, taking in the sacred energy that it has to offer—observing the forest and searching for banana slugs. The place has this lulling effect. I often feel like I need to close my eyes as if another

sense is about to take over. There's merit in being willing to feel rather than see. Those redwoods always leave me with a sense of at-oneness.

Once I was in that lulled headspace, I didn't have a hard time focusing on what was in front of me; it was just myself and my peace. I had been playing on and off through the day in my tent; that evening, I began teasing my nipples while managing my campfire. I've long said that managing a campfire is one of the best active meditations possible.

Eventually, I positioned my camping chair to ensure privacy and exposed my tits under the blanket draped over me.

Feeling the energy from the fire and through the ground I teased my nipples slowly at first, then rapid-fire, resulting in a throbbing orgasm. I felt the pleasure in my nipples connecting formally with my clit. Creating this interconnected tension and release, forcing me to moan and exhale deeply.

When something new like this happens, I always try to double down. I immediately want to know how much of what I've just learned I can apply again. I enjoy trying new things, but I am more concerned with authentic and repeatable techniques than with novel experiences. I turned two more nipple orgasms at the campfire, each one nearly identical to the first, before retiring back to my tent to get entirely naked and boundless.

My initial impression of the nipplegasm was that it's less intense but similar to a clitoral orgasm—sharp pulsing at the vulva. But also initiating distinctly from the nipples. Shorter than a clitoral orgasm, but it was wild.

At first, I thought my success could be connected to the sense of place I felt in the redwoods, that I felt in that campfire and that night's energy. I thought maybe it was a fluke and that I shouldn't push it too much further. I wanted to accept the experience for what it was.

Orgasming non-traditionally was never a goal of mine; it's just where my journey in sexuality has organically taken me. Notes from sessions directly following that first set of nipple orgasms:

*"Teasing my nipples slowly. It's good torture."*

*"The nipple play goes right to my clit; I could orgasm from it again. It feels so delicate and precise."*

*"My clit is pulsing, and my nipples are so eager."*

*"I lift my shirt and see my perfect titties and nipples. I take them in my hands and push them together; they look so aroused. I don't touch them, but I stare at them. It's torture. My face looks pained; I am pained, lol. Eventually, I put my fingertips on either side of both nipples and became so tempted I had to stop altogether. Put my shirt back down and stand up. I'm soaking wet. I can't save myself, lol. I lift my shirt and play with my nipples, up and down. It feels incredible. I can feel it through my fingertips; my nipples feel so into it. They are so supple. It's a slippery slope. I can hardly concentrate."*

*"Teasing my nipples. One stroke at a time at first, then squeezing them, then on complete autopilot."*

*"Teasing my nipples as much as I can handle. Going wild. Legs spread back on the chair, thrusting, occasionally shifting the vibrator slightly."*

By later that summer, July 2022, the language I use to describe my experience changes and deepens; these notes taken during a solo camping trip on the Sonoma Coast:

*"Christ. I put my phone in my hoodie pocket. My hand goes straight through, and I catch my nipple accidentally. Then I start fucking flicking my nipples hard; I have two super distinct nipplegasm. My vulva was contracting involuntarily. Wow. It felt insane. I knew what I was doing."*

*"It's so hot. I immediately start working my left nipple, tugging it, twisting it. It's so nuanced. I know instinctively what to do and how far to take it. Fuck. This is so hot and horny."*

*"I come close to a nipplegasm by touching them for about 10 seconds. My whole body is just that sensitive. It's buzzing. I feel a few distinct pulses in my clit."*

Though I had been on the journey towards rewiring my pleasure pathways for sometime, I owe a lot to that experience in the Redwoods. That leap of faith. After that, I started incorporating nipple orgasms into sessions more and more often. I find nipple orgasms to be moorish, after I've had one I always want more, or another type of subsequent orgasm.

Once I understood my sexual energy better on a granular level, I started to know how to manipulate it and send it to other areas of my aroused body. I started experiencing more layered combination and full-body orgasms. I saw more and more merit in simply being present in sexuality, leaving your mind behind, and accessing the beautiful depths of your body and soul.

Through rewiring, my nipples joined the ranks of my primary erogenous zones.

Beyond my nipples, I began using the principles I learned during my rewire for having orgasms with many different surface parts of my body— behind my ears, my lips, my kneecaps, and the soles of my feet. I started to feel my sexual (life-force) energy coursing through me constantly, an energy I could tap into at any time.

Possibly helpful companion resources:

[Matei Nipple Article](#)

[Subtle Body Model](#)