

From Behind Our White Picket Fence Week 127  
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## Sexual Re-emergence

Last week, we received an e-mail relaying the Weekly's head honcho requesting more sex in our column, which caused an awkward situation in that we haven't actually been *having* much action lately (well, worth writing about, anyway). Truth be told, we're way short of our New Year's resolution to amp things up, in fact falling behind in frequency to every year we've kept track since starting our business. It seems the strain of Mom, coupled with running our business by ourselves for the better part of 16 months has finally caught up with us and we've simply lost a step. A quick self-examination of our website bears this out; we've published only 10 new product reviews in the last five months, a result that speaks either to our extremely high standards in what we list, or a basic lack of enthusiasm for doing the reviews in the first place. Obviously, the answer lay somewhere in the middle, but we were afraid that position was weighted toward the latter.

This bleak assessment culminated with a pre-anniversary dinner (our 17<sup>th</sup>) at Café Brazil with our Tantra teacher Deva Charu and her boyfriend Martin in which they informed us they had made love four times that day (and would most likely be following dinner with a fifth time) resulting in some deep conversation afterward as to why *we* hadn't done it *at all* that day and who was at fault for letting them throw a sexual shutout in our faces. How, we asked, could we recapture our enthusiasm for doing it four times a day like them and sticking foreign pleasure objects into each other with reckless abandon? Well, we got about half way through that discussion before our sangria weighted eyelids slammed shut until 7am the following morning. Sigh.



Undaunted, and with our son away on a sleepover, we woke up, popped in an adult DVD, and let it work us up for some morning action, pledging to have sex four times throughout that Sunday even if it killed us. Luckily, the flick on our laptop, "Eden," by Adam/Eve, was the perfect morning video (believable sex, good chemistry, nice production values, and decent acting) and we notched our first climax before our morning coffee. Around 10am, and with a jolt of caffeine now flowing through our bloodstreams, we grabbed a

couple products that had been sitting in our drawer for months – a new cock ring by Jollies called the ErgoRing, and a removable rabbit vibrator from Spartacus (the Verve) – and knocked out interlude number two *and* dual product reviews. Excited with our progress, we set out sights on five times before midnight, a number we hadn't reached since our dating days.

Admittedly, our 44 and 42 year old bodies, respectively, began to let us down at this point, resulting in slight cheating by way of a Xiadafil tablet and a big bottle of Sliquid lube to assist with our biological deficiencies two hours later. At 2pm, we changed things up a tad and used our kitchen counter, then reached sexual interval number four on the living room couch after dinner at 7pm. With a full five hours to go before midnight would officially end the evening, we were confident number sexual climax number five was not just inevitable, but a done deal. Even Kealii being dropped off at eight dimmed our optimism, as he only managed 90 minutes before settling in to bed and giving us a last 2 hours of privacy. Our Eroscillator at the ready, we decided to go out with the biggest “bang” possible, slipping in another adult flick to kick things off. We were pretty spent, but put sexual climax number five on the board at approximately 11:40.

So what did we learn? For starters, we've learned doing it five times in one day isn't necessarily all one might expect. Sure, it was fun carving out the day to devote to something as worthy and wonderful as love making, but our house was still a mess, each successive attempt more difficult to achieve (even painful at times), and our appreciation for process overwhelmed by focus on quantity. Owning our business offers us an endless array of opportunities to creatively enhance our sexual boundaries, creativity, and marriage commitment, and have no further qualms that our journey toward that end needn't happen in 24 hours of frantic shagging.

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