

# make good SEX great\*

Our intrepid reporter (and her very game partner) tested the latest lovemaking enhancers, and the results are in! Learn how to transform your average roll in the hay into something transcendent. **By Jenna McCarthy Photograph by Riccardo Tinelli**

From the first moment my husband, Joe, and I got naked together, the sex has been amazing. We talked openly about what worked and what didn't. We could do it several times in one night. We experimented and we laughed, fueled by pheromones and precious little sleep.

Fast-forward 10 years. The sex may be a bit more hurried (now, one late night requires three days of recovery), a lot less frequent (we have two small kids) and a tad less experimental (Why bother? We know what works), but it's still great. Better, in fact, because we are comfortable with each other and appreciate the intimacy and stability of a long-term commitment.

But it occurs to me that Joe is the only man with whom I'll be having sex for eternity, or at least until one of us dies. Ever seen "The Far Side" cartoon with two dogs peering into their bowls above the caption "Oh boy!...It's dog food *again!*"? Sometimes I don't know who to feel worse for, myself or my Labrador.

I wonder: Is our sex life as stale as yesterday's kibble? If, in 40 years, I want to be one of those bawdy old broads who's always groping her octogenarian husband in public, how do I set that up now? After much Googling, I settle on a handful of sex enhancers that aren't altogether deviant and start ordering. My task? To test their merit and report back. My grueling and selfless research goes down like this:

## JUMPING RIGHT IN The Bouncer

I'm scrambling to get dinner ready when the UPS guy comes struggling up the front path with a (blessedly plain-wrapped) dishwasher-sized package. "I think the trampoline is here,"

Joe says with a devilish grin. "We got a trampoline?" our 3-year-old daughter, Sophie, shrieks with joy. "We got a trampoline, Sash!" she informs her 2-year-old sister. "Tamporine! Tamporine!" Sasha chimes in. Oh, brother! I curse Joe for not mastering the spelling-in-front-of-the-kids bit. "Sorry, girls, Daddy got confused. It's just boring work stuff for Mommy."

"We want to see the trampoline!" Sophie insists.

"Who wants to watch *Dora*?" I ask, trying to divert them.

The Bodybouncer (aka the Bouncer, \$200 at Bodybouncer.com) is a structure designed to facilitate sensual, weightless and effortless sex. With a metal frame and black rubber saddle, it looks like a small, industrial ottoman with a cup-holder-like hole cut into the middle of the saddle. Users can sit on it, lay on or beneath it or "plant it firmly against a wall" and stand behind it. (A personal note: This move requires an excess of strength and coordination.) The hole allows access to certain body parts while supporting the weight of the rest of the body and providing a nifty bounce. Marketing materials boast that it "offers a new dimension of variety, comfort and satisfaction for your erotic adventures."

Children tucked snugly in bed, Joe and I inspect the cartoon-illustrated position menu. The names sound more like reindeer than sex positions—flexer, pronger, lammer, plunger—and, much to our surprise, it turns out that a few of the poses aren't even an option because we have foolishly forgotten to invite anyone to join us.

When Joe eventually hauls the 20-pound, 23-inch-by-17-inch-by-20-inch contraption onto the bed, the first thing I notice is that it smells...funny, like a (continued on page 190)

\*and great sex fantastic