

From Behind Our White Picket Fence Week 167
By Freddy and Eddy

Valentines Day

With this weekend's arrival of Valentine's Day, our busy season officially comes to a close. Owning a sexuality boutique, we're lucky enough to gain an extra few weeks over non-adult businesses, taking advantage of a good number of visitors daring enough to bring home a vibrator, dildo, or other such item. In fact, this Saturday should be fairly busy if past years are any indication, meaning we'll be able to comfortably pay our rent through March before the inevitable slowdown fully kicks in. Though sales are off overall from previous holiday cycles, we count our blessings as we continue to fight on through these tough economic times, albeit with our cautious optimism dialed down a notch or two. With only the two of us running the entire show, inventories being kept lean, our personal expenses cut to nearly zero (outside basic necessities), there's not much more we can do but hope those dollars that *are* out there looking for sexy items will find their way through our door and into our bank account.

So we'll see you in the next couple of days for that last minute sexy gift, riiiiight?

Valentine's Day is sort of bittersweet for us. Because we have to work right up until kicking everyone out of our store at 8pm, there's little time for celebrating ourselves. We usually arrive home, collapse on the couch, and while away the remaining hours in front of the television with our son, choosing to forgo the expensive dinner for a late night quickie and some quiet time the following day (we close the shop to recuperate). As we'll probably be under a downpour all weekend, the snuggling will be that much more relaxing (who in LA ventures out in the rain, right?) and intimate. There's still the matter of demented Mom wandering around our house, but we'll probably up her sedative that day and confine her to her room for a few hours to get a respite.

So how will you be spending your romantic day? If we didn't already run a sex shop and have to work all day, we can tell you what we'd *like* to be doing ourselves. Curious? Let us share a few tips...

First, let's pretend we don't have an elderly care issue and that Mom is safely tucked away in an assisted care facility. We'd put having hot sex as our goal, and everything we'd do would revolve around that result. Ideally, like Mom, we'd have our son away for a sleepover or, at the very least, occupied for the day with friends to give us some flexibility. We'd sleep late, rising to take a walk through our neighborhood (luckily for us this means a short stroll to the beach) and breakfast at our favorite local spot. Returning home, we'd engage in a little oral foreplay, focusing on teasing, but *not having sexual intercourse*. If twenty-plus years together have taught us anything, it's that patience is directly correlated to sexual pleasure, so slowing down before, during, and after love making keeps the heat up and boredom down. What's the hurry, anyway?

Once late morning passes, we'd jump in the car (or preferably our RV) and head up the coast to our favorite coffee spot, the Starbucks at Trancas Market in Zuma Beach. The 45 minutes of winding Hwy. 1 takes you along the coast and past So. Cal coastal spots such as Patrick's Road House, Gladstones, Topanga, Big Rock, Malibu, Pepperdine, and Point Dume. At almost any stretch, one can simply pull over, walk a few feet and be walking along a sandy stretch enjoying the crisp salt air and sounds of waves crashing just offshore. Once at Starbucks, we'd grab our caramel macchiatos and sit outside on their patio, looking out over the ocean and simply, well, *be* with each other.

On our way back, we'd probably stop at Moonshadows for a drink, then beat the crowds for an early dinner at one of our favorite sushi spots (Wabi Sabi on Abbott Kinney, most likely), then have an after dinner glass of sangria at Primitivo just down the street. Our hunger sufficiently satisfied, we'd return home at around 8pm, smoke a bong load of mellow pot, then pull out the massage table for long, deep tissue massages under the glow of aromatherapy candles (visit www.zyanya.com for some of the best - and locally produced - aromatherapy products found anywhere).

Following our massage turns, a few minutes of porn might make an appearance, perhaps a couples-oriented title like "Pirates" or Jenna Jameson's classic "Flashpoint." We'd then commence to making love on the couch, drawing out the experience via tantra (visit www.embodytantra.com for more information on tantra), perhaps not climaxing on the male side until the following morning, instead focusing on pleasing her. Repeatedly. Along the way, our trusty Eroscillator Top Deluxe would make an appearance, as well as our Sliquid warming lube, a Screaming O vibrating cock ring, and perhaps a dildo, such as our Tantus Charmer or one of our glass wands. We might even throw in a little light BDSM via our Sportsheets Under the Bed Restraints. Once fully exhausted, we'd fall peacefully asleep in each other's arms, dreaming of our next Valentine's Day experience, occurring 24 hours later...

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