Not Tonight, Honey

This just in: Your sex columnist is not in the mood

January 1, 1998 By River Huston

I never thought the day would come I would admit this publicly, but I have come to an alarming realization: I don't feel like fucking or sucking or doing any such pleasantries so expected of me anymore. I know my libido is intact, because I can't resist my own lovely self. But when it comes to doing the deed with my man, lately it's been "Sorry honey, I have an IV in my arm," or a herpes outbreak, or my period, or... you fill in the blank.

My most recent excuse is the seven-inch growth on my ovary that causes excruciating pain with each pelvic thrust. A few years ago, that would have been right up my alley, along with a whip and nipple clamps. But I've since lost all endurance for pain. Maybe I've had one too many bone-marrow procedures or spinal taps.

I couldn't help but think that maybe the state of my relationship is causing me to "just say no." Last I wrote about my man, it may have sounded like we were close to the end. As a matter of fact, he and I have shacked up in a two-bedroom – but it is a rare occasion when we actually sleep together. This suits me fine; he, of course, is not all that happy about it.

Sometimes I feel bad that he's fallen in love with me – I am quite impossible. But now, more than ever, I like sleeping alone. I've never before had a relationship in which I was the first to lose interest in sex. Granted, the men I've bedded were no sex maniacs – they barely had a pulse, let alone a carnal appetite – but after a year, this guy still wants to roll me at least once a day.

I do have deep feelings for my man. I like his company and I'm affectionate with him, but it's not easy: The lightest touch on the forearm sends him into a sexual frenzy.

So I had to show him proof – an image of my ovarian growth – so he could understand. It's a cute little cyst of the hair-and-teeth variety. I'm not sure if it was the pain or the hair and teeth that convinced my man-of-the-perpetual-cock-of-steel, but trust me, he got the picture. The sheer terror in his eyes conveyed anything but lust.

But it didn't take long for the shock to wear off, and now, unfortunately, he's been reduced to preaching: "Honey, will you just *touch* it?" It's so unattractive to see a grown man beg, but I do oblige him. At least my saving account is booming: $50 for a hand job, $75 to blow him. (For obvious reasons, he gets a discount.)

OK, I don’t really charge him. But I don’t touch him, either. This scares me. Sex is important part of a relationship. It’s the lube that smoothes the rubbing of two lives together. But I can’t fake it, especially after seeing the orgasm-in-the-pool sex scene in *Showgirls.*

As much as I enjoy my own company sexually and otherwise, I know that the real culprit of our dead sex life is illness and its host of physical discomforts – not loss of libido. If any of you, dear readers, experience a lack of sex drive, you could be lacking in hormones and should talk to your doctor about testosterone patches. If you are a woman, there are other options, though none as fun as a scrotal patch.

Another possible source of libido loss is antidepressants. Yohimbe bark may help. Sometimes not taking the antidepressant for a couple of days can bring back libido, helpful for special occasions like anniversaries and bar mitzvahs. However, talk to your doctor first.

As for me, between a yeast infection that would have the Gyne-Lotrimin lady humping the oak tree in the yard, the suburban-sprawl herpes that laughs at Zovirax, and Herman the hairy cyst with the full set of choppers (I thought I’d name him since he’s become such an influence in my life), I don’t know when I will recover my carnal appetite.

In the meantime, I did give my man a hand job while watching an old Dan Aykroyd movie. Everything was fine until he squirted me. I guess I wasn’t paying attention (it was a really gripping Dan Aykroyd film). I hope that holds him for a little bit. Better yet, I hope I find a remedy for my ailments.

As far as Herman goes, no one knows what to do. My doctor is waiting to see if he will go away. But if it comes down to Herman or my honey, bring on the scalpel. I don’t like hairy men, anyway.

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