

SEX & THE MODERN MAN

Yikes! Today I had one of those unfortunate experiences that happens to those of us who read other people's minds. As I've said before, Emmett's mind is a clear lake, transparent all the way to the bottom—and I do mean "bottom." Today, I was accosted by an image of Emmett holding Rosalie upside down by her waist with her legs wrapped around his neck. His mouth was strategically located, as was hers. They were enjoying some private time together sans clothing.

Emmett thinks of that particular feat as the "Vertical 69." It's not a position humans could manage...at least not for long. Eventually, the pooling of blood to her head would make the woman pass out and the man's arm muscles would fatigue. Vampires, especially those as strong as Emmett, could maintain it virtually forever if they liked.

Those two have been together for close to eighty years and they still act like crazy teenagers in the bedroom. They strayed long ago from the four or five most common sexual positions into the "fun and the fabulous"—as Emmett thinks of it—or the "weird and the wild" in Rosalie's words.

One of Emmett's favorites is to lift Rose onto his shoulders facing him...or more accurately, with her nether regions in his face. He thinks it's convenient to shoulder press her to get at all her nooks and crannies (an image I refuse to see through his eyes). Of course, Emmett is also fond of holding his wife in his arms with her legs around his waist, lifting and lowering her with his frighteningly powerful forearms. Rose is impressively strong too and could hold Emmett around her waist, but what would be the point?

Emmett also gets a charge from the "wheelbarrow" position, which he saw in the Kama Sutra, the ancient Indian book of love. Rosalie balances on her hands and Emmett stands between her thighs, lifting them off the floor at whatever height is required. Sometimes he drives her around the room like a wheelbarrow. (That one I don't understand, though I'm starting to see a theme here. He likes to get a workout with sex!) I suppose

Bella and I could try the wheelbarrow sometime when we feel like having a laugh. Who knows? Maybe there's something to it.

The other day my brother asked me how "things" were working out after five years with Bella. I knew what he meant. He used to ask me this question when Bella and I were newlyweds, mostly to offer advice due to my admitted lack of sexual experience. Now he asks entirely out of prurience, as I haven't been a virgin for a long time. He has seen enough of Bella and I in public and heard enough of us in private to know that we are doing exceptionally well. He wants details, though, and when I don't supply them, he asks me questions that begin, "Have you tried...?" Sometimes he gets his answer in an unguarded curve of my lips or a sparkle in my eye. He badgers me. I can't be perfectly contained at all times.

Emmett once showed me the box of sex toys that he and Rosalie have collected over the years. It reminded me of when I went to medical school and discovered what "facial massagers" were used for. They were advertised in newspapers when I was young, but I thought they were for giving facial massages. Why someone would need one, I didn't know, but I was a kid.

Vibrators were invented to treat "female hysteria," a category that included symptoms as diverse as "overexcitement," headaches, or "nerves." A woman made a doctor's appointment for a "pelvic massage," which consisted of clitoral stimulation by hand to orgasm. Mechanical vibrators were first used by doctors to make the job easier on their fingers and wrists.

Women often showed great improvement in their symptoms after being given an orgasm. They reported feeling more relaxed, better able to sleep, and free from bodily aches and pains. In those days, inducing "hysterical paroxysms" in a patient was not considered sexual because the woman's vagina was not penetrated. In the 1920s, discussing the "pelvic massage treatment" in polite society became taboo, but the technique was still taught in medical school in the 1940s. I never worked directly with patients, so I never got any practical experience at it. As Emmett likes to say: "Edward learned about sex the hard way—from books."

Times have changed. Women are aware of their own sexual needs in this century and, if Bella is any indication, are willing to share their needs with their husbands. Doctors probably still counsel patients on female anatomy and sexuality and hand out literature, but I doubt if they provide masturbation services anymore (not legally, anyway). The term “female hysteria” was retired a long time ago and everyone assumes now that women want and are entitled to sexual satisfaction.

Emmett’s toy collection was interesting in an ethnological sort of way. It consisted of a variety of vibrators, phalluses (dildos) of various lengths and girths, though I wasn’t sure why they would need those. There were vibrating “cock rings” —which I assume were not used for their original purpose, maintaining an erection—and a selection of funny-looking “French ticklers.” He had strings of beads he called “back-door balls,” which I tried not to think about, but couldn’t avoid the picture in my head. My brother had gadgets that rotated, “double-pronged” phalluses and one huge, double-ended phallus with straps on one end. When I pointed at it, Emmett hooted raucously.

“Rosalie picked that one out, but I think it was more as a threat than anything.” He laughed again. I didn’t get it. What I could imagine didn’t seem like it would be a lot of fun.

“How would you use something like that?” I asked, puzzled.

“Oh...well...see, the woman puts it on, or rather ‘in,’ and hooks the straps on like a thong, right? Then she’s fully ‘equipped,’ so to speak.” He snorted.

I looked at him with raised eyebrows and he smiled a wicked grin. “I think they’re made more for girl couples,” he said, “but Rose gets it out sometimes when she’s mad and wants to scare me. It works too!”

I dropped my forehead onto my fingers. Emmett’s transparent mind had its downside—he didn’t even try to block his memory of my sister wearing that...uh...device. Though oddly appropriate, it was an image I did not need to see, especially since we never forget anything. God knows I love my brother, but it was sometimes hazardous being in his head.

That's one thing I love about Alice and Jasper. I can read their minds too, but they are better at not thinking about such personal things when I'm around. I only rarely get surprised by images of Alice and Jasper in their private moments, but even when I do, the way they think of each other makes it okay. Jasper often has intimate thoughts of Alice, especially when she's not with him, but the images in his mind are usually of Alice looking into his eyes. Alice thinks of Jasper frequently in various states of undress, but I've taken too many high school gym classes with him in the last fifty years for that to bother me.

Carlisle and Esme are similar to Alice and Jasper. Even as newlyweds, the pictures in their minds were tender and beautiful and not unexpectedly explicit. They are still absolutely in love with one another, but they've learned to restrain their thoughts around me, more for my sake than theirs, I'm sure. Early in their marriage, I left their home for ten years not only because I wanted to try a different kind of life, but also to give them the time alone that they needed. In those days, reading minds was new to me and I was not yet used to the intimate knowledge that it sometimes forces upon me.

Right from the beginning, Bella was different. Though I was insanely frustrated sometimes at not being able to read her mind, it was intriguing too. I had to make an effort to know her, which was not something I'd had to do with anyone before. She was a challenge to me and honestly, challenge isn't something I got much of before I met her.

Edward

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