

A lot of lube and an oral sex gadget have *Clover Stroud* crying Yes Yes Yes

There comes a point in the year when weeks of exposure to the voluptuous hills embracing my house feel suddenly saturating, and I'm pummelled with an overwhelming desire to escape. Normally that desire to leave is strongest in February and March, when every day is unrelentingly dark and muddy. May, in contrast, is the moment when the countryside is at her most seductive, exploding in a climax of white froth, the hedgerows throbbing with the heady fragrance of cow parsley and blossom. I was feeling frustrated: my husband had been working abroad for weeks, the builders had turned their attentions elsewhere, and for ages I'd had no-one but toddlers to talk to during daylight hours. I was craving urban relief.

This trip to town coincided with my husband's birthday and for his return from abroad I'd scored a night at an exceptionally fancy hotel. But, hardworking girl that I am, along with my toothbrush and clean knickers I packed some sex toys and a multi-pack of YES lubricant (from £5.99, Lovehoney), since with no babies to breastfeed I was hoping for a long night of pleasure.

My husband works far too hard, so arriving at the hotel before him I had several hours to play with. I ran a bath and tried the mini bar, watched some porn then toyed with my favourite rabbit, dallied with a dildo, before letting my hands rest on the extraordinary curves of the Lelo Ora 2 (£145, www.lelo.com) which promised the experience of 'award-winning oral sex.'

'YES products aren't named after Meg Ryan's famous climax, but inspired by the final lines of James Joyce's *Ulysses*'

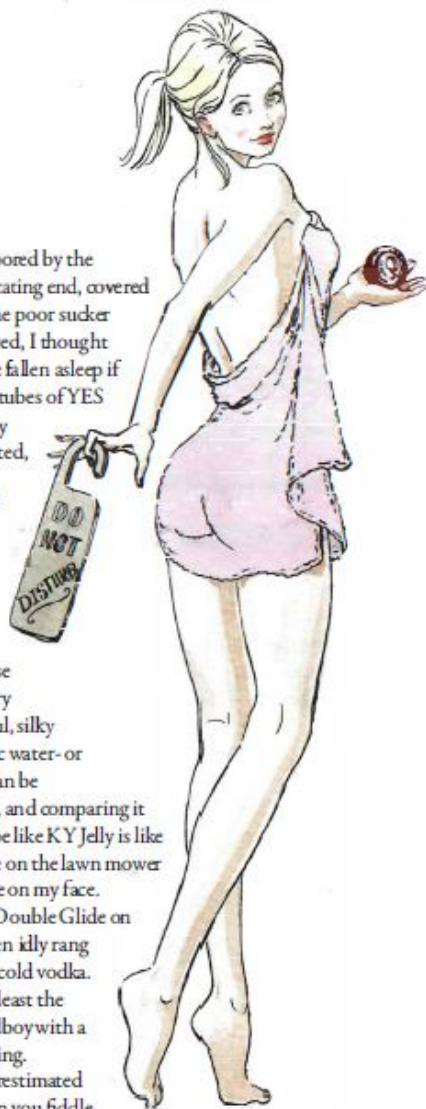
Now I knew full well that the person who deserved that prize was soon to walk through the bedroom door, but I was willing to give this pretty piece of kit the benefit of the doubt. Curved into a chunky bracelet shape, it's discreet, so much so that I might have chucked it into the children's toy chest if I'd found it kicked under a bed, and I wouldn't feel ashamed if the cleaner saw it. But while I loved the colour – that hot pink would look knock-out painted behind the Aga – I was, to put it mildly, extremely sceptical that a piece of plastic could simulate the experience of top-quality head.

And initially I felt only bored by the stroking sensation of the rotating end, covered in flexible silicon. Clearly the poor sucker who invented this hadn't lived, I thought to myself. And I might have fallen asleep if I hadn't remembered those tubes of YES lube I'd hastily flung into my overnight bag. Vanilla Scented, Double Glide, Anal Lube – YES products come in all shapes and sizes and aren't named after Meg Ryan's famous climax in *Sleepless in Seattle*, but inspired by the final lines of James Joyce's *Ulysses*. If nothing else I was titillated by this literary precedent. YES is wonderful, silky stuff, a life-changing organic water- or oil-based lubricant which can be used absolutely everywhere, and comparing it to a common-or-garden lube like KY Jelly is like comparing the WD40 I use on the lawn mower to the Crème de la Mer I use on my face.

I whacked a blob of the Double Glide on to the head of the Ora 2, then idly rang room service for some very cold vodka. If my toy gave me no joy, at least the presence of a handsome bellboy with a cold drink would be gratifying.

But I had woefully underestimated the power of the Ora 2 when you fiddle with the settings. Lubricated with YES, so it was like a really wet mouth, it truly felt like excellent oral, and then some. So much so in fact that by the time my vodka arrived, my legs were shaking so hard it was all I could do to stop myself trembling as I opened the door. The vodka was cold and quick, and luckily my husband arrived moments later. Shall I tell you what happened then?

...No, I think not. Another time perhaps, but let's just say it's lucky I had packed all those tubes of lube since my husband had a really lovely birthday present.



The Wild Other by Clover Stroud is published by Hodder & Stoughton (£20)