



2 / Motorbunny \$899

I once found myself living in Cincinnati for nine months with nothing to do but drink, take drugs, have sex, and look for adventure. I was an anorexic 135 pounds when I arrived; less than a year later I was a bloated 225. The bar next to my apartment building was called Fries (pronounced "Freeze," although no one could explain to me why), and on my first night in town a woman I took home from Fries stole my brand-new microwave as some sort of sexual consolation prize. The next night I saw her and asked, "Why did you steal my microwave?" "I needed a microwave," she said. Fair enough. With that we both retreated to my apartment again. The next morning my TV was gone.

At some point during my time in Ohio, someone at Fries told me about a bar called the Yellow Rose in Dayton, 50 miles away, with a mechanical bull. I'd never even seen a mechanical bull, so without hesitation, I grabbed a classy yet sassy Midwestern lassie and drove into the night with the sweet scent of a nearby whiskey distillery leading the way. For nearly an hour we drove, hoping to get our rhinestone cowboy on; by the time we arrived it had already closed. I returned the next day only to learn they're closed on Wednesdays. I tried again on Thursday but it was a holiday. It wasn't until Friday that I decided I probably should've never left Fries in the first place.

I don't know if they've since repaired the bull, but back in the nineties that bull felt more dangerous than a handjob from Edward Scissorhands. The bull's engine sounded as if it should've been taken out to the farm a decade earlier, and the foam pads meant to brace your fall looked as if they'd been chewed to death by a dragon.

I was young and unfamiliar with the age-old bull-operator's gag of taking it slow and easy on the ladies so they can hopefully orgasm, while making it their personal goal to kill or maim any gentleman that dare sit on it. I learned this lesson the hard way. The moment my ass hit the leather my face hit the floor. I was instantly knocked out cold. When I came to, the entire bar was standing over me. I tried to joke, "I remember the Alamo." Someone in the crowd responded, "Maybe you should go back there, pussy!"

I'm quite certain I have PTSD from that night, because the moment I unboxed the amazing Motorbunny personal pleasure machine my heart started to race with fear, my palms moistened, and I again heard someone call me "pussy." "Luckily, it's not for you, pussy," my wife was saying. "Calm down," she added. "I've never fallen off a horse in my life." It's true. She holds many equestrian awards and truly loves it deep in the saddle, if you know what I mean.

Ever wonder why no one could figure out the Lone Ranger's secret identity? That mask wasn't fooling anyone. The Motorbunny taught me that confidence and bravado can be blinding. When my wife hopped up on the bunny and bucked that beast to 7,000 rpms, I no longer saw her for who she was; she became a sexual superhero, no mask needed. I've been married a decade, been with my wife for 16 years; we've had every manner of circus sex and owned far more expensive pleasure machines, but never have I witnessed such an instantaneous transformation from civilian to naughty nymph than with the magical Motorbunny. It's as if she ceased to be my wife and I was watching the Blonde Stranger ride again! It might have been my imagination (or my PTSD), but I recall her producing a lasso from out of thin air, hog-tying me, then spinning me on her index finger like a basketball until I admitted to robbing a freight train.

The Lone Ranger might've believed "that a man should make the most of what equipment he has," but I'm sure he'd rethink using his little pee-shooter if he knew about the ultimate riding machine. My wife got off six shots before I could unbuckle my trousers, and I don't think there's a lawman out there that could boast those kinds of results.

Hi ho, Motorbunny! You're a true American hero. (Lasso not included.)

Rating: 10 motorbunny.com