



# What Sex Feels Like...

*...in a threesome, or when you're cheating, or after you get breast implants. Here, from women who've been there, is the real deal on the sexual experiences we all wonder about most. Now you know! As told to Erin Zammett Ruddy*

## **...When You're Cheating**

I think at some point in their lives, everyone wonders what it would be like to cheat. Well, it was amazing. And awful.

Let me explain. My husband and I had promised each other that if we ever had the urge to cheat, we'd say something first. But when I met a man I'll call Marco at a conference, reason was replaced with romantic clichés: I felt his presence the moment he walked into a room; we gravitated toward each other as if we had tractor beams. I kept reminding him—and myself—that I was married. Then one night, it was just Marco and me. Without a word, we walked to his room. He opened the door and kissed me, then said, "If you 

want to stay in your marriage, don't do this." I waffled, then left, and felt proud that I had. But the next night, I stayed.

It had been eight years since I'd seen another man naked, and Marco was dark and slim, the opposite of my husband. I'd grown used to a routine of vanilla sex; Marco threw me on the bed and we rolled around. I climbed on top, taking charge. He was adventurous, confident and ready to please, and when I didn't orgasm the first time, he was determined to get me there. And he did, again and again. I never let my husband touch my stomach, but as we fell asleep, I let Marco stroke it and then kiss it.

The next day, I spent the entire plane ride thinking about Marco. But once we touched down, I started to feel sick. A week later, I told my husband about the affair, and

he suggested I'd done it to get out of the marriage. Looking back, I see he was right—we divorced six months later. Marco was an excuse to do what I didn't have the courage to do on my own. Cheating was a complete cop-out. —Amanda, \*28, marketing professional, Boulder, Colo.

### ...With a Virgin

When my boyfriend and I started dating, I asked him his number, and it was zero (which made my five seem like 50). My first thought was, He must be gay! How else does an adorable guy make it to his thirties without doing it even once? Answer: an all-boys education, a complete lack of game and a

deathly fear of unplanned pregnancy. I found it all immensely charming.

One night we were making out PG-style when he whispered, "Do you want to?" Um, yes? We'd been dating for six months, and I was ready. *He* had been the holdout. But when he left to get a condom, I thought, Crap, I better make it good. After all, the guy had waited a long time for this. And I really wanted him to like it. He had seen enough dirty movies to know what to do. It was quick and not mind-blowing for me (I would eventually teach him how to please a woman), but he was sweet and grateful, and had a huge smile on his face for hours. I only wish I'd made it special for him—had I known then that he was going to be my husband, I'd have at least lit a candle! —Alison, 29, stay-at-home mother, Knoxville, Tenn.



### ...After You Come Home From War

*My husband and I were both naval flight officers. We had back-to-back deployments in the Middle East, which meant that just as I was heading home, his ship was on its way out for a seven-month tour. I'd spent months being catapulted off an aircraft carrier; I was tired and wanted to see my man. Our carriers were scheduled to pass each other in the Red Sea, and when they did, he managed to pull some strings and hop a helicopter over to me. My executive officer caught wind of it and said, "Do we need to have a lecture about how you're not supposed to bring him to your stateroom?" (Even married couples aren't allowed to turn a military ship into The Love Boat.) Fortunately, one of my roommate-less friends heard this and soon enough, we had a place to go. My husband arrived, and I gave him a tour and introduced him to my skipper—mostly for show. Then we sneaked away.*

*Coming-home sex can be awkward because you haven't seen each other for a long time. And we had only an hour and a half to reconnect. My friend's room was windowless and completely dark, and the sex was quick—only about 20 minutes—because my husband had to get back to his ship. But it was hot. I finished much quicker than usual. It just felt so good to be in his arms, to be naked with him, to be done with my deployment. Getting shot off a carrier and hitting more than 150 mph in less than two seconds is the best feeling in the world. Coming home from war is the second best feeling. And the third is coming-home sex. —Melissa, 30, accountant, Washington, D.C.*

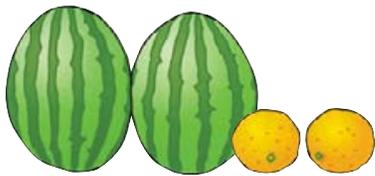
### ...After You've Lost 80 Pounds

When I was at my heaviest, my fiancé and I would have sex maybe once a week. This was my choice. He'd been with me before I'd gained the weight—which started with the freshman 15 in college, and continued after that—and eventually, I'd gained so much, I was convinced he couldn't be interested. He never said a word, and he always wanted me, but I'd refuse. When we did have sex, it was lights off—let's get it over with.

But when I started losing weight, I noticed that the lower the number on the scale dipped, the higher my libido climbed. I peeked down while making love one night after I'd lost 25 pounds and thought, Wow, I'm looking good, instead of my usual, Is he staring at the inner tube around my waist? Before, I'd never let my fiancé go down on me; after I'd lost 60 pounds, he asked if he could, and I said, "Go for it." He was thrilled with my transformation, and so was I—but not just the physical one. It didn't matter what I weighed; just learning to stop the loop of negative thoughts made my life better. Take morning sex: It used to seem like the most embarrassing thing imaginable—sunlight through the window exaggerating every flaw. Now that I feel good about myself, it's just a really fun way to wake up. —Jen, 28, loan coordinator, Thiensville, Wis.

### ...When He Has a Security Detail

I was dating an actor and went with him to an appearance on *Live! With Regis and Kelly*. Alone in the green room before his segment, we started to fool around. Even though he's a big guy, he had bodyguards, and they waited right outside the door. Knowing they could hear us added to the rush. I saw on the monitor that the



## ...With New Breast Implants

*A week after my surgery to go from a B to a D, my boyfriend and I tried to have sex. But I felt inhibited with my new four-pound boobs—literally, two apiece—wrapped in bandages. For a month the only action the girls saw was the doctor-ordered massaging my boyfriend and I did to soften them (not as hot as it sounds). Also, they were huge. And up at my neck. Then they settled into place, and it was like I had a new car I couldn't wait to show off. My boyfriend and I broke up (unrelated to my awesome new boobs), and when I undressed in front of a new guy, I honestly heard "ta-da!" in my head. Now I don't look, or feel, like a girl with implants. I just feel like me. —Rachel, 33, teacher, Selden, N.Y.*

segment before his was wrapping up, so we fiercely—and as quietly as possible—finished. Then off he went, his entourage in tow. The guards never let on that they knew what happened, and my guy gave a great interview. Of course I took credit. —Jennie, 34, TV producer, Huntington, N.Y.

## ...in a Threesome

A mutual friend introduced me to a couple at a party and then suggested they were attracted to me, so I figured, Why not? When I arrived at their place, they showed me the husband's prized Porsche, the hot tub and—no joke—the waterbed with silk sheets. Then I walked over to the wife and kissed her. I knew this would turn the husband on and keep *her* from feeling jealous. The three of us made our way to the bed, and it was clear the husband was unsure how to jump in, so I reached over and put my hand on his pants (Dockers, naturally). When he and I were having sex, I was too worried about harming their relationship to enjoy it.

The finale was a bit lurchy—a coordinated climax is tricky enough for two. But ultimately everyone was happy, and then it was over. They walked me out, and we said a polite good-night. It was as Emily Post as a threesome can get. —Tiffany, 26, writer, Austin, Tex.

## ...at 30° Below

The hardest thing about having sex when it's minus 30 degrees out is that you've got to stay mostly covered in your extreme-weather gear. My husband and I learned this in Antarctica. We were young, newly married, broke and adventurous, so we took contract work there and spent our time off exploring the continent. And having sex. Everywhere. It was a game: He would see something cool on a hike and say, "Do you want to do it over there?" Standing in the snow, we'd start unzipping, shifting thermal gear around to expose only the, um, essentials, me still wearing Big Red (my giant parka), my husband with his pack still on his back. (You can't put anything in the snow or it gets wet and then freezes, which is dangerous.) It wasn't the sexiest,

most passionate sex, but when it's frigid and you're exerting all that energy, you actually get more aroused. We did it on the Ross Ice Shelf, on top of Castle Rock, in the research lab, in emergency shelters. We even did it in an igloo, and our rising body heat set the walls to melting. We kept saying how lucky we were: Who gets to go to Antarctica with their spouse? And of those, who has all this sex outside in the middle of nowhere? It was crazy awesome. —Michelle, 39, filmmaker, Key West, Fla.

## ...With a Much Older Man

My boyfriend just got a hip replacement. How many twentysomethings can say that? David is in his sixties, more than 30 years older than I am (and 10 years older than my dad—yes, I cringe when I say that). He asked me out, and I was attracted to him, so I said yes. At first I put the brakes on sex—I didn't know if he could get an erection. I also worried he'd be wrinkled and gray down there. But after three months of just kissing, I went for it.

You don't picture an older man being sexy, but David is. He's handsome and fit, and—to answer your question—his man parts look normal. He gets help from Cialis (though we don't talk about it), and he's focused on pleasing me. We'll have sex and I finish, but he won't. Later, he'll wake me up for more.

It's been a year and sometimes I think, What am I doing? I'm the same age as his daughter. (Double cringe.) But I love him. He's kind; he's confident. There's no B.S. and no game playing. For now, that's exactly what I need in my life, and in my bed. —Alexandra, 24, hospital administrator, New York City

Our Smitten readers have some wild sex stories of their own. Find 'em at [glamour.com/sex-love-life](http://glamour.com/sex-love-life).

## Real Women Tell: What Sex Feels Like When You've Been With the Same Guy For...

### ...one year

It's not "one-night-stand hot like the very beginning," but "all the kinks have been worked out," so it's "incredible—for me, not just him, if you follow." And the "deeper emotional connection" means "I finally let him sleep over."

### ...five years

The sex is "better than ever" because "there are zero inhibitions," and "we had all those uncomfortable talks about what we both need." So now "we're so in tune, we literally high-five each other when we're done."

### ...10 years

It's "usually only once a week," but it's "more satisfying than I ever remember" since "we know exactly how to get the job done." And there's "no awkwardness at all," even when saying, "Babe, you're crushing my leg!"

### ...70 years

From Virginia, age 93: "Our sex life is good, I think. We'll be having pillow talk and get a more intimate, relaxed feeling, and then it happens. Sex settles a lot of heartaches and brings closeness. And it doesn't have to be sex as you get older: My husband gets tired easily, and while I always used to crawl all over him, I can't do that now. But that closeness is still so important—it's a comforting thing. We have our ups and downs, but as long as the good outweighs the bad, you can hang in there."