

SO, YOU'RE THINKING ABOUT A THREESOME...

It's his biggest fantasy. And everyone wants to be bold and curious in bed, right? But before you add a threesome to your bedroom bucket list, check out the experiences of these five readers. It's not always as easy as it looks in the movies.

As told to Annie Daly

“I had a
threesome to
please my
boyfriend.”

“I'd been dating this guy, Tom*, for a month when he mentioned during pillow talk that we should 'have a friend over.' I wasn't feeling it, but after he begged for five months, I caved. I felt guilty about depriving him of what he wanted and didn't want to be a bad girl-friend. On the day we'd planned a threesome with his friend Katie, I got my period, and since Tom was anti-period sex, I knew I wouldn't be getting any...but he didn't want to reschedule. At his place with Katie, we had wine and all started kissing. That was fine, but when the two of them started having sex, I felt so jealous that I pulled her off him and went down on her, just to stop them. It was weird. When it was over, I felt degraded, like Tom had forced me into it, so soon after, I dumped him. Now, I'm engaged to a guy who respects me. He says he'd love to see me with a woman, but we know a threesome could hurt us, so we're keeping it a fantasy.”

Who wouldn't
get cold feet
before a
threesome?

GETTY IMAGES

“I had a threesome while I was studying abroad.”

“When I was in college, I studied abroad for a semester in Stockholm. One night, I went to a club and met this tall, hot guy named Jed, and he introduced me to his bald (but still cute!) friend Adam. Jed and I exchanged numbers, and the following Saturday, he invited me over to Adam’s place. It happened to be my birthday, so I went out with my friends first and headed there afterward (I gave a friend their info so she’d know where I was). Jed made cranberry vodkas, and the three of us sipped them and talked on the couch. After an hour, Adam left the room, and Jed leaned in to kiss me. Then, *boom*—he pulled me into Adam’s room, and we started having sex. Just like that. I thought it was kind of weird that he brought me into his friend’s bed to do it, but I was so wrapped up in the moment (and him!) that I didn’t focus on that. Ten minutes in, Adam appeared in the doorway... naked. I realized they wanted to have a threesome, and I thought, It’s your birthday. You’re abroad to expand your horizons. Do it! So I did. Jed and I had sex while Adam watched. Then Adam kissed me, and he and I started having sex while Jed touched me and whispered sexy things in my ear. After we were done, we all lay there in bed, cracking up, before we dozed off. I felt wild but not bad for what I’d done. And I found myself really liking Jed.

“When I woke up in the morning, Jed was gone, so Adam and I got up and he made coffee and ham-and-cheese sandwiches. Around noon, I began to get antsy without Jed there, so I texted him to see where he’d gone, and he said he’d left to do an early errand. I hugged Adam good-bye and left. Later, Jed texted me: ‘Last night was fun.’ I was happy to hear from him. I wrote back, ‘Yeah, it was definitely interesting...,’ and we texted throughout the week. The following Saturday, Jed and I agreed to meet up again at the club where we’d met. Adam came too. It wasn’t awkward—we just didn’t mention our escapade—but I did spend the whole night making out with Jed. After that, Jed and I started dating exclusively (Adam understood), but we broke up when I left Sweden. My conclusion? Europeans are amazing. They are so open and nonjudgmental, which is exactly what I needed from my first threesome. I don’t regret it at all.”

“I had a threesome with

“In college, I hung out a lot with the boys in the lacrosse fraternity. I started hooking up with one of them, Pete, and it was the best sex I’d ever had. Pete had a reputation for being a little slimy, but he was so hot in bed that I didn’t care. We hooked up all throughout senior year, and then we graduated and lost touch.

“A couple of years later, I went to New York City to visit a friend and wrote on her Facebook wall that I was excited to come see

her. Pete saw my post and texted me—he lived in NYC, and did I want to hang out? Um, yes! I equated him with amazing sex, so I was excited. That Saturday night, he texted me to come to his friend Dave’s place. Pete greeted me with a kiss at the door, and as we were making out, Dave popped up behind us, so we stopped. He creeped me out right away—he had overly hairy arms and this look in his eyes like he had an evil plan. I looked at Dave, then at Pete, and I

the hot guy from college.”

just got it. They’d planned to have a threesome with me ahead of time! I thought, Pete *would* be one to have a threesome. Then—he’s hot, and I’ll try anything once. It could be really sexy, so why not? We all headed into Dave’s bedroom, and I started making out with Pete. We took off our clothes, and Dave stood in front of me, with Pete behind. Dave started playing with my boobs, Pete started touching me down there, and then we started to have sex doggie-style. Dave was

still in front of me, and I tried to give him a blow job...but it didn’t work out. I was too far away from him to do it right, and I couldn’t exactly scoot up closer since Pete was inside me from behind. So basically, I was trapped face-to-penis with the hairiest dude ever. Not sexy! I felt like I was on a cruise ship where everything is moving all around but you have no control.

“Finally, Pete finished and left to go wash up, leaving me with

Dave and his hairy arms. He hadn’t finished yet, but I couldn’t deal. I felt gross, like, What the f*ck am I doing here? So I stood up and said, “This is weird. I don’t want to be here.” A switch went off in my head and I thought, I’m better than this. So I ran out without saying good-bye. That was five years ago. I chalk up the experience to being young, bold, and curious, but it made me feel debased and disrespected. I know now that I deserve more.”

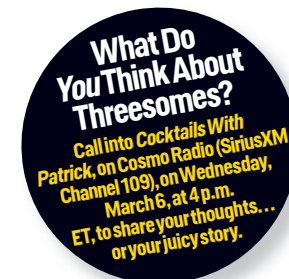
“I had a threesome with the girl I’d been crushing on.”

“I’m bisexual, and when I was a freshman in college, I had a major crush on this cute, reddish-blond-haired girl named Maggie. Unfortunately, Maggie had a boyfriend, Tim. They were both friends with my two roommates, so one night, Maggie and Tim were over at my place, and the three of us were drinking vodka Red Bulls and watching TV. All of a sudden, Tim turned to me and said, ‘So, would you be interested in having a threesome with us? We want to mix it up a bit.’ My immediate reaction was shock—I’d never had a threesome before. But I said yes because I’d get to hook up with Maggie! We made a date for the next Saturday night at Maggie’s apartment.

“I spent hours picking out my outfit, especially my underwear—I wanted to impress Maggie. I settled on a sweater

dress with tights and high heels and purple cotton undies with lace trim. When I got to Maggie’s apartment, the vibe was a little awkward, so we started drinking beers and made small talk about our classes. Finally, Tim said, ‘You guys ready?’ I said, ‘Yeah, of course,’ trying to seem cool but actually freaking.

“When we got to the bedroom, Maggie and I perched on her bed and started taking off each other’s clothes, while Tim watched in the chair next to us. I got down to my underwear, Maggie stripped down entirely, and we started making out. It was great, other than the fact that her boyfriend was sitting there watching. After a while, Tim sat down on the other side of Maggie and took off his pants. Maggie gave him a hand job, then I gave him a blow job, and he



touched Maggie as I was going down on him. Then Maggie got on top of Tim, and they had sex. I knew this would happen, of course, but I hadn’t fully prepared for how much it would hurt to watch them. I felt crushed. I kept thinking, Why can’t that be me with her?

“After they finished, that was it. No sex for me. We headed back out into the living room, turned on the TV, and had some more beers. Eventually, they went to bed, and I fell asleep on their couch. I woke up at five in the morning and left. I felt miserable and cried the whole day. Maggie and Tim broke up six months later—apparently, their connection fizzled. I never made a move on Maggie though. I eventually got over my crush, but it still hurts to think back on how vulnerable I felt that night.”

“I had a threesome with my best girlfriend.”

“During my senior year of college, I lived off-campus with my best friend Kate, who was hooking up with this guy, Brian. One night in October, I came home drunk and found Kate in her room, also a little tipsy, and we started chatting. A couple of minutes later, Brian walked in from the bathroom. He said, ‘Oh, I guess I should go...’ but we told him he could stay. Then, the three of us just started making out. It was one of those drunken things.

“Kate and I had kissed in the past—just alcohol-fueled kisses at parties, nothing meaningful. But this time, we were in the moment, so things escalated. We all took off our clothes, and Brian turned into the leader. He instructed Kate to lie down on the bed and had me go down on her. I’d never done it before, but I decided to just go for it. It was awkward and Kate got uncomfortable, so I stopped. Brian told Kate and me to switch positions, and then she went down on me. It didn’t take long for her to get uncomfortable again, and she left the room. In the heat of the moment, Brian took her place, and he and I started having sex. When Kate got back and saw us, Brian got up, and I felt weird and told them that I was going to bed.

“In the morning, Brian left early. When I saw Kate in the hallway, she stared at me and said, ‘Let’s not tell anyone...promise?’ I said fine. But here’s where the story intensifies: Brian began sneaking into my room late at night to hook up with me after he’d already slept with Kate. And at the time, I was okay with it. I thought I just wanted sex, but soon after, he told me he wanted to date me. Hearing that made me realize that maybe I liked him too. Later that night at a party, Brian drunkenly told Kate: ‘We need to break up. I was only dating you to get to your roommate.’ Not surprisingly, she told me she couldn’t trust me anymore or be my friend, and she never spoke to me again. Meanwhile, Brian continued coming over—he just ignored Kate. She and I lived in silence through the end of the year.

“I dated Brian for two years. We broke up recently because I moved away, and he didn’t want to do the long-distance thing. I lost most of my college friends over this situation—they couldn’t understand how I could do that to Kate. In retrospect, I feel horrible about it. It was such a careless thing to do. I don’t expect to be forgiven, but I know in my heart that I’ll never do something like that again.”