

Here's What It Was Like to Cross "Threesome" Off My Bucket List

When I lost my virginity at 18 and immediately asked myself, that's it? I knew there had to be something more to sex than missionary in a dorm bunk bed, and so I started making a mental sex bucket list. At first it consisted of things like doggy-style and 69, and as my sex life matured, it started to include things like anal sex and sleeping with a woman. Of course none of these things are groundbreaking—just things I wanted to try. At the top of my list: a threesome. I didn't care if it was with two men or a man and woman, but I decided if the opportunity every presented itself, I'd go for it.

Thirteen years later, that opportunity finally came—long after I'd stopped thinking about it. I had just picked up and moved to Paris when I noticed Jean in the café below my building. It took us a few times of brushing by each other before we actually spoke, which made him all the more mysterious (and sexy). He was about my age, had that scruffy stubble that only French men can pull off and still look put-together, and of course, the accent. So, when I told him I lived upstairs and he suggested we head up to “get to know each other better,” I was 100 percent on board.

Although I knew what was going to happen, I didn't realize just how quickly it would happen. I assumed we'd at least have a glass of wine, as the French do, and there'd be some seduction process, but there was none of that. The second he shut the door behind him, he grabbed me and kissed me, and our clothes went flying in a matter of seconds. We didn't speak much—he said some dirty things in French that I had to translate with Google later—and we made use of every surface available in the apartment. It didn't matter that I didn't understand his words—we communicated with our hands, tongues, and bodies.

For the next couple weeks, Jean would come over on his lunch break or after work to mess around. We'd drink wine, have sex, then repeat. During one of our afternoon romps, we started talking about the movie *Vicky Christina Barcelona*. I had plans to head to Barcelona in the upcoming days for a week, and told him that I'd certainly have a threesome with Javier Bardem and Scarlett Johansson. As he got dressed to head back to his office, I jokingly asked if he could make that possible for me. He laughed and said he'd work on it.

Later that night I got a text from Jean. He asked if I wanted to get together the next day with a friend of his. At first, I was taken aback—we hadn't been seeing each other that long, I wasn't ready to meet his friends. When I told him just that, he politely reminded me of our earlier conversation and attached a photo of his friend Guillaume, who, honestly, didn't look much different from Jean (so not a bad thing). I remembered my threesome comment, but I hadn't meant it as a real request—just as a flirty response to the discussion about the movie. I took a sip of wine, debated it for three whole minutes, and texted back an enthusiastic, “OUI!” I was going to do this.

Before Jean and Guillaume arrived around 9 P.M., I showered and made sure every hair that was peaking out from my long-overdue Brazilian wax was gone. I applied and reapplied my lipstick, which, looking

back, seemed foolish. I put on matching undies and a bra for probably the first time of my life and a simple black sheath dress. I paced the apartment and tried to be casual. I waited, and waited, for my big moment.

When Jean and Guillaume finally arrived, there wasn't much talk. I was sitting on the sofa next to Guillaume and Jean was in the chair across from us. When we got about halfway through our glasses of wine, Jean joined us on the sofa—one on each side of me—and they both made a move. They took turns kissing me, and they both removed various items of my clothing. At one point I realized I was just in my underwear sitting between two men, fully dressed, with only their penises out. In that moment, I stepped outside myself and wanted to take a photo of how absurd it must have looked. I was the star of my very own French porn and felt a bizarre combination of proud and embarrassed.

We moved to the bedroom, where Jean and Guillaume undressed. I was sitting naked on the bed as two gorgeous men caressed my body, both completely focused on me. I wanted to laugh out of nervousness and an overwhelming feeling of *Am I really doing this?* but didn't. I didn't want to kill the mood.

After some lengthy foreplay, it was time to discuss details. I had always envisioned it being more organic than that, but instead, here were two men discussing who would do what, and what was OK. And that's where it went from sexy to silly.

I immediately ruled out anal. I agreed to oral and vaginal sex, but in doing so failed to see the irony that was to follow: me, on my hands and knees, a view of the Eiffel Tower in the window. The hot French porn movie I'd imagined was anything but as I tried to focus on the simultaneous (but different) sex acts going on around me—and didn't truly feel like I was part of it. I realized doing two things (or people) at once is actually quite hard. It didn't flow as naturally as it does with only one other person, because there was a third person with whom to contend. To be honest, I'm not very good at multitasking. So after roughly 15 minutes of awkwardness trying to touch this while feeling that, I said thanks but no thanks.

Jean and Guillaume acted polite but perhaps slightly disappointed. We got dressed and headed back out to the living room to finish our drinks. Somewhere before 11 P.M. they both left and I was relieved that I'd get to watch *Friends* (in French, naturally) in a world far less ridiculous than the one I'd spent the last couple of hours in.

Although I'd end up having one more threesome just a few months later with a female friend and a guy I was casually dating, I eventually decided that it's just not my thing. For me, threesomes were phenomenal in theory but not so great in real life. I have friends who love threesomes and have had fabulous experiences with them, but I guess they're just not for me.

But I can say, without the slightest hesitation, that I'm glad I did it. It makes for a fun story when there's a lull at dinner parties, and I'm a firm believer, as cliché as it sounds, that you should try everything at least once. That's how I lived my life up until the threesome, and that's how I've lived my life ever since. We're

curious beings for a reason—that's why I made a bucket list in the first place. But since checking off that item, my bucket list has become less about sex and more about achieving things outside of the bedroom.

By Amanda Chatel