

A photograph of a man and a woman in a bathtub. The man is leaning over the woman, and they are both looking at each other. The water is bubbly, and the scene is intimate. The man has a gold hoop earring and a thin necklace. The woman has a gold hoop earring and a thin necklace. The text is overlaid on the image.

What's the best **SEX**, you've ever had?

Rampant, racy, romantic... or just downright *rude*. Here, seven writers share the sexual experiences they'll never forget

Here's the deal: you're destined to see out your days on a desert island and you're allowed just one sex memory to keep you going. What's it to be? Sometimes, a night of passion comes along that ever-so-slightly changes you *forever*. You wake up, usually from the deepest of sleeps, to find that the earth has somehow tilted a few degrees on its axis. Whatever it was that happened between your sheets and the bedpost has altered you – made you feel older, wiser, more alive perhaps. It's those occasions that quickly hardwire themselves into our memories – there whenever you're in need of a fantasy to draw on or a daydream to distract you from a pile of work. And it's these 'desert-island sex memories' that we've asked a selection of writers to spill here for the very first time. They're racy, raunchy and guaranteed to get you thinking about *yours*...

'THE BEST SEX I EVER HAD... WAS ON MY (SECOND) WEDDING NIGHT,'

says writer **Betty Herbert**



"We didn't manage to have sex on our wedding night, but when we renewed our vows a few years later, we more than made up for it.

"We returned to our seaside hotel room in Kent at 1am, wired and still full of energy. Instead of jumping into bed, though, we headed out to the beach. It was a hot, clear night and there was no one in sight.

"At our party earlier, some of the guests had skinny-dipped, and I was still feeling envious. So when we got to the water's edge, I stripped off and waded in. It was July, and the water was surprisingly warm. My husband watched

me from the beach. 'Come in and join me!' I said. He hates getting in the sea because he always thinks it's too cold, but he took off his clothes and paddled in to meet me.

"We didn't get round to swimming. Instead, we were soon passionately kissing, standing ankle-deep in the shallows. It was a beautiful moment – the slight summer breeze felt amazing on my skin, and we were concealed in the shadows by the wooden sea breaks. It was just private enough to feel safe, and just exposed enough to feel thrilling. We could hear music coming from the nightclub along the seafront, but we didn't see a soul.

"I leant back against the sea break and wrapped my legs around him. It was such a luxury not to rush, even though we were outside. After a day of mixing with our party guests, suddenly we were intimate, remembering exactly why we were renewing our vows in the first place. The only downside? Returning, glowing, to the beach to find that the sea had washed away my shoes."

• *The 52 Seductions by Betty Herbert is out now (£12.99, Headline)*

'THE BEST SEX I EVER HAD... WAS WITH AN OLDER MAN,'

says writer **Helen Croydon**



"Over the summer of 2008 I had a part-time lover. We'd meet for extravagant cocktails, followed by a lavish meal and then go back to his five-star hotel suite in Knightsbridge for mind-blowing,

uninhibited, night-long sex sessions fuelled by champagne and (I later found out) Viagra.

"I met him on dating website Sugardaddie.com. I joined because I'd always preferred older men, but only ever met uninspiring and needy guys my own age. I had a fantasy of being seduced in a plush hotel suite by a suited, sophisticated city high-flyer. I'd just ended a stifling three-year relationship so

something heavy was the last thing I wanted. He had his own reasons for thrill seeking. Newly divorced at 42, he was homeless. He split his time working as a private equities fund manager between Munich and London. He was handsome with an amicable sense of chaos about him. He'd talk at full speed, eyes ablaze, and his accent was so posh that I couldn't always understand what he said.

"We'd kick off our evenings at the fifth-floor bar in Harvey Nichols, then move on to a fabulous restaurant – Nobu or The Maze. Back at his suite we'd have furious sex until at least 4am. He stayed hard all night; I suspected he took Viagra but he denied it. Then one chilly evening, he lent me his jacket. I put my hand in his pocket and found a bag of blue pills...

"I've never been into casual sex, but doing it in five-star decadence with a man who oozes power can offset the guilt and sleaziness that goes with no-strings sex."

• *Sugar Daddy Diaries: When A Fantasy Becomes An Obsession by Helen Croydon (£7.99, Mainstream)* >

rgie

**THOSE
£20,000
COSMETIC
SURGERY
TUMOURS**

**only
mer
BOBBLE,
WIGGLE!**

**VERY
MAN
D DATE
Y MAN
(les required)**