



● Say you're a guy who'd like some other guy to bed your wife. No? Well, it happens. And when it does, Dave's the sort of man you call. He's a demure doctor from a quiet neighborhood. But thanks to some rare talents and ubiquitous technologies, he's also **A STAR IN THE BEDROOMS OF OTHERS**—and a helpful guide to the joyful, lusty life of the truly modern hedonist

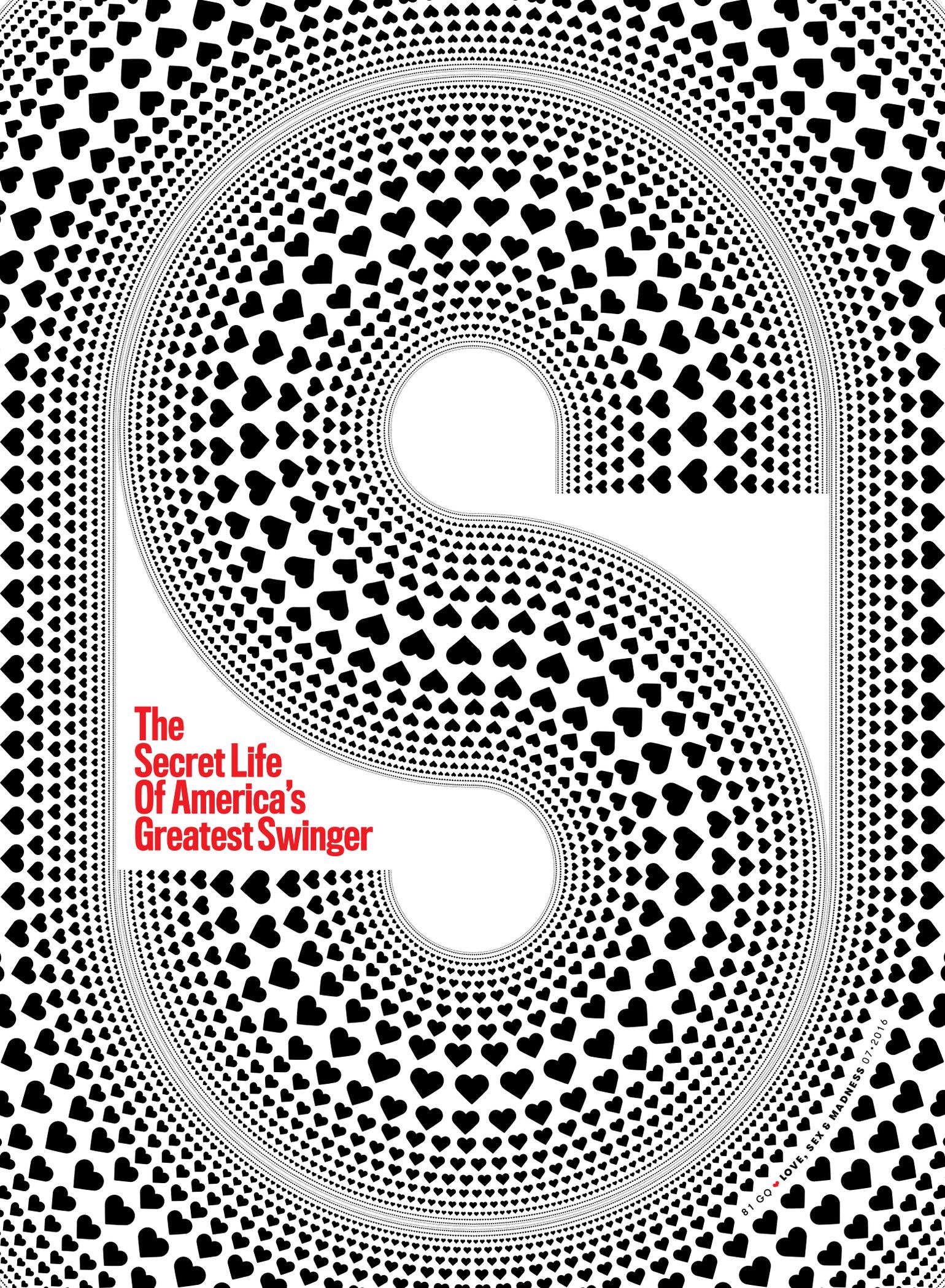


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**The
Secret Life
Of America's
Greatest Swinger**

81 GO LOVE, SEX & MADNESS 07.2016

DING!

DAVE* JUST GOT HERE, HASN'T EVEN SAT DOWN YET, AND ALREADY HIS CELL PHONE IS INTERRUPTING WITH A TEXT MESSAGE. IT'S 4:30 ON A FRIDAY AFTERNOON—PRIME TIME FOR PEOPLE LOOKING TO MAKE WEEKEND PLANS. "SORRY," HE SAYS, PULLING THE PHONE OUT OF HIS PANTS POCKET. "THIS IS WHAT I CALL RUSH HOUR."

The ding comes from a couple in their early 30s, staying at a local casino for the weekend. *I want to see a man with a larger cock give her what I cannot, the husband writes. Please give us serious consideration.*

In an era when the Internet and hookup apps customized to every taste are unleashing sexuality in unprecedented ways, Dave usually needs a few hours just to juggle the weekend's many possibilities. He is in his early 40s, a soft-spoken primary-care doctor, a tall and muscular black man with tattoos and a disarmingly boyish face—all of which has made him particularly sought-after in this wealthy part of Phoenix.

Ding! It's a picture of the wife in a bathing suit.

Dave suggests a meeting on Sunday night.

Ding! This time it's a message from another couple, a pair of long-married Christians he's arranged to meet for the first time tomorrow night: *I would love to see some kissing and touching while you dance, the husband writes. Playing under the table is hot.*

Dave's been trading e-mails with this couple for weeks. Skimming back through the messages, he reviews: They've been married since they were 19 and have three children, with one son still living with them, and they work together at a retail store. They say their marriage is rock solid and they're best friends. They began pursuing extramarital sex just three months ago, and it's been so much fun—and so good for their marriage—they've already been with four guys. *In the bedroom, the husband wrote, she likes to be controlled—not a mom, wife, daughter, or employee but a sexual being shedding her old-school thinking that sex is dirty.*

Ding! It's another picture from the first guy, the one who wants Dave to give his wife something he can't. This time his wife is on her knees, wearing lingerie that covers nothing. "Gosh," Dave says, "this guy really wants to see his girl get fucked."

He turns back to the thread of messages from the Christian couple. He's looking for the text where he raised the idea of bringing a reporter to their first date. He scrolls back through the string, stopping at interesting moments. In one note, the husband—who, like his



wife, is white—dismisses the idea there's anything racial in what he's proposing: *This is not a black fantasy. I never could figure how people could see other people as different from them.* In another he touches on questions of manhood. *Just so you know, I'm not a cuckold.* By which he means that he's not submissive to a dominant man and he intends to participate now and then.

Okay, here's the note Dave's looking for. *There's a reporter coming to town, he'd written to the couple, broaching the topic in a light comic tone that makes clear he's willing to drop the idea of my tagging along at a moment's notice. The last thing Dave wants is to have a reporter mess up the fun.*

And how did the husband reply?

Better be careful. She might not let him get out of the room without swallowing something.

DAVE FIGURES HE'S SLEPT WITH more than 300 women in the past ten years, all but maybe five or six of them white, usually with their husbands watching. He credits the Internet. Without the infinite multicast that connects him to the growing population of like-minded libertines, Dave figures, he'd probably be sleeping with nurses and meeting women in bars or maybe even

There's just something about three people sharing such an intimate thing, each for their own reasons but all together in the moment.

*Names have been changed throughout.

settled down into an ordinary “vanilla” relationship. He’s tried, God knows. He married his college girlfriend, but that ended in divorce a few years later. Not long ago, he took a break and seriously dated a woman with three kids. But it didn’t last. The “hotwife” phenomenon—in which a husband gets his thrills from watching his wife have sex with other men—was exploding across the web, almost as if he had personally summoned it, and the easy access to endless amounts of sex with strangers kept drawing him back. “It’s ubiquitous now,” he says. “The Internet took away the stigma.”

His adventures began at the turn of the new century, a time when the world of online hookups was in its infancy. His marriage had broken up over ordinary issues—long-distance love and conflicting ambitions and never enough time. Then a friend mentioned a website called AdultFriendFinder. “You don’t have time for romance, bro,” the friend told him, “but you got time for this. It’s a medical necessity!”

So Dave put up a profile, and after a few months of dead ends, he got a note from an attractive white couple who said they were taking a vacation in his town. They seemed real. They seemed nice. So he went to meet them at a hotel bar. He was so nervous, he says, that he must have circled that lobby 20 times. But finally he approached them, and the conversation was instantly comfortable, and the fear diminished so fast it began to seem silly. They were so *normal*.

After a few drinks, they went to the room and the husband stood aside. “Help yourself,” he said.

But Dave couldn’t perform. “I’m so sorry,” he told them. “This is my first time.”

On his way out of the hotel, he decided the whole thing wasn’t for him. But he left the profile up, just to make *sure* it wasn’t for him, and a few months later another hot couple got in touch. This wife was a “model-quality blonde,” he remembers, and Dave prepared himself with some Viagra. The sex was fantastic, and the husband took pictures of the whole thing, adding an extra thrill that took it to another level—not only was Dave fucking another man’s wife in front of him, the guy was *memorializing it for the family archives*. “That’s when I said, ‘This is the life for me.’”

Dave admits to a vain streak. He goes to the gym three or four days a week, working the big weights that make his muscles pop. Showing off those muscles seemed like the natural next step, and the Internet was made for that, too. Also for his nine-inch cock. Dave soon became a star on an amateur-porn website called RedClouds, appearing in photos posted by the husbands who took pictures while he bedded their wives. New couples would see and contact him and then post their own photos in the accelerated feedback loop of social media, normalizing and even popularizing behavior that had once been forbid- dingly obscure. Within a year, he’d slept with nearly a dozen wives.

Things really exploded when, after med school, he moved back home to Phoenix. There were so few black men that a handsome and well-educated sexual adventurer like himself was a rare prize. There were also some very active swing communities. He quickly became the star attraction at many private parties, often the only single man invited. As his fame spread, people began traveling in from out of state just to meet him.

And though he never accepts offers of money—he calls himself “the pro bono gigolo”—he does enjoy the ego boost that comes with



Uber, But for Sex with Clowns

Not into the “hotwifing” scene of Dr. Dave? Modern tech offers a corny solution for every desire!

Balloonfetish.org
Sexual arousal in the form of blowing up, sitting on, and/or popping balloons.

FursForChrist.com
Into anthropomorphic animals? Also a Christian? *Purrfect*.

TheAtlasphere.com
For fans of Ayn Rand to meet, date, and yell about *The Fountainhead*.

ClownDating.com
“Everybody loves a clown... Let a clown love you.”

Dead-meet.com
Dating and networking for death-industry professionals.

DailyDiapers.com
Must be over the age of 18. And really like diapers.

StachePassions.com
Would’ve been huge in the ’70s. Probably still huge for Burt Reynolds.

some of the perks his popularity inspires. One couple paid all his expenses to join them at a Mexican resort. Another sent him a plane ticket to California just to come to a party, and right now he’s sorely tempted by an offer of an all-expenses Caribbean cruise in exchange for participating in one of the cruise’s most popular nighttime attractions, a room where black men wait in groups to satisfy middle-class white women who would never do this sort of thing at home.

Today, he sometimes has sex with six or seven wives in a single night. One husband does nothing but pour drinks and serve appetizers and ask, during the course of the evening, “Is your drink okay?”

HE WAS ALWAYS a horny kid, he admits. In third grade, Dave used to look up the teacher’s dress, and one day she wasn’t wearing panties, which definitely made a permanent impression on him. There was treasure everywhere! All you had to do was look! He admits to a problem with intimacy and jokes about being a “man whore,” though he scoffs at the idea of sex addiction. Like Lady Gaga says, he was born this way. The Internet just made it all so easy.

Dave shows me an old framed photograph of his dad, also a doctor, looking as dapper as Billy Dee Williams, with his mom beside him in tight jeans and a flowing shirt. A cute little kid hides behind her, his eye on the photographer. “That’s me,” he says. “Always peeking around the corner.”

Even when he was a crumb-crusher, Dave says, he loved going to the hospital with his father. He always wanted to be a doctor. He had to give up his emergency-room work because of the stress, so he moved into general practice and he loves it—these little old white ladies give him a hug and say how happy they are to see him. That makes him feel so good. “It almost brings me to tears,” he says.

He sits down on the sofa, pulls out his laptop, and shows off what is rapidly beginning to seem like his other medical practice. There are at least 100 folders. The first one he opens contains photographs of a woman named Tara, who is married to an Army veteran. They’d had a couple of successful threesomes, and then her husband got orders to go to Afghanistan and asked Dave to “fill in” for him at home.

He clicks on another folder. This one has movies made on a laptop while the woman’s husband watched from home on Skype. Dave starts one of the movies, and two pairs of tangled naked legs appear on the screen. The husband’s voice interrupts: “I can’t see, baby.” The wife stretches her arm to move the laptop, positioning the camera more directly on the action. Now the camera shows Dave plunging away while flashing a thuggish sneer at the camera. “I kinda have to end up playing that role,” Dave says, sounding a little sheepish.

“I used to cringe when couples would tell me it’s not a racial thing,” he tells me later. “Obviously it’s a racial thing—a guy in the Old South gets lynched, and I’m pounding the shit out of this white woman? There *is* this basic, primal thing about it.”

Next up is a video of a memorable episode with a woman who’s sitting on Dave in reverse-cowgirl while her husband is on his knees, licking between her legs. *Oh oh oh oh*, she cries.

Looking up from the screen, Dave gives a shrug. “Whatever turns you on,” he says.

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extradition of any fugitive, and President Cristina Fernández de Kirchner's office had yet to do so. Everyone I spoke to last spring and summer was speculating about the final decision and when it would come.

During my visit in May, the Sonnenfelds told me they were confident that Kirchner would decide to protect him, but at the same time they portrayed their circumstances as a life of constant fear. Paula spoke of one of their daughters having nightmares of men invading the house to take her father away. She turned to Sonnenfeld while he and I were speaking and said, "I don't see how this is going to help our situation." She was worried that what he was saying could be used "against us." Luis D'Elía said that after the Supreme Court decision, Paula was "talking of suicide." (Paula would not corroborate this account.) Kirchner's time in power was drawing to a close, owing to term limits, and Sonnenfeld told me he thought that if she left the decision to her successor and the more conservative candidate won the presidency, he would be as good as doomed.

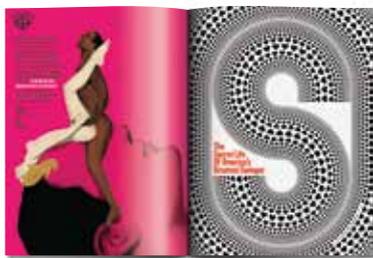
For some, that would mean justice finally done. Nancy's mother, Eleanor Campbell, said she ardently believes Sonnenfeld is guilty and had bitter words for him. "He is just so caught in a web of lies," she said. But she said her family had found a peace of mind she attributed to religious faith. When the prosecution asked her and her husband to sign a letter saying they did not want to see Sonnenfeld executed, they signed it. "We really did love the old Kurt," she said. But by the time of Nancy's death, she said, "he was downward bound. His life was falling apart." Campbell added, "I hope he remembers her delightful laugh."

Bill Ritter, the former Denver district attorney and Colorado governor, told me he was hopeful the Argentine president would send Sonnenfeld back to the U.S. "I think justice for his wife would be for Kurt Sonnenfeld to be brought to trial."

In November, the more U.S.-friendly candidate, Mauricio Macri, pulled out an upset victory, claiming the presidency over Kirchner's preferred successor. But before the election brought dramatic change in Argentina, Kirchner's administration quietly issued a decision in the Sonnenfeld case, in her waning days in office.

Defying the Supreme Court, Kirchner's government blocked extradition. The executive order cited concerns about Sonnenfeld's human rights, a reference to the capital-punishment argument that Denver authorities find outrageous. Argentina could be held responsible, the document said, for violating the international principle that asylum seekers should not be sent back to a country where they could be persecuted. It is possible U.S. authorities will appeal to the new president through diplomacy and get a reversal, but according to the Department of Justice, that would be an extremely rare occurrence. Unless American officials somehow manage it, Kurt Sonnenfeld will be able to carry on as he has in Buenos Aires for the past 13 years—living freely, an innocent husband and father and agent of truth. ❁

EVAN HUGHES was a finalist for the National Magazine Award for reporting in 2015. This is his first feature for GQ.



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On he goes through the folders, clearly enjoying himself. Here's the wife of a truck driver who said, "When I'm on the road, go over and see her." Here's a sweet-looking schoolteacher on her back with Dave between her legs. She flips the bird at the camera, which is held by her husband, who put the footage through a light edit and attached a helpful soundtrack to underline the spirit of the thing. The theme song is "Black Skinhead," by Kanye West:

*They see a black man with a white woman
At the top floor, they gon' come to kill King Kong
Middle America packed in
Came to see me in my black skin*

Sometimes, Dave tells me, the wives like to say the explosive word so laden with America's ugliest history. They usually ask first. *Is it all right if I call you the N-word?* But one woman, a yoga teacher, just screamed it out of the blue: *Give it to me, you fucking nigger!*

"That was so hot," Dave says.

There's a new term for this, too: "race play." The way Dave looks at it, it's a good thing. After all, he's calling the women "slut" and "whore" for very similar reasons—because it's just plain fun to violate taboos. "It takes the air out of it," he says.

He opens LifestyleLounge, his favorite swinger website. It's well organized by city and has a calendar feature into which you can enter the dates of your trips to other states.

The site also features brief testimonials and reviews—known as "validations"—wherein members assess one another; Dave wins universal praise. He's had sex with so many women from this website, he says—like this woman, an older-housewife type with a stocky, easygoing husband. "He likes me to treat her like a whore," Dave says, clicking her photos wistfully. Alas, that couple's daughter's in town and Dave hasn't seen them for months. Most of these couples are *seriously* intent on keeping their secret from their kids, which can be a real obstacle to his sex life.

Here's another woman he likes, pictured with a horse bit in her mouth. "She's a dance instructor," Dave says. "She's fantastic, such a fun fuck."

He stops on an average-looking couple and says this husband's thing is inviting three or four guys to a secluded park bench, where the excitement is heightened by the possibility of being seen or caught—and not just for the husband's pleasure, that's for sure. "She loves it," Dave says fondly. "She's a little slut."

Of course, there are a few weirdos. Sometimes the husband seems to be forcing his wife into it, and Dave won't cooperate with that. There was also a couple who had a

6-year-old asleep in the next room, which was just wrong. But this couple—he clicks on another set of pictures—really surprised him. Everything was totally normal at first: "Dude takes his shirt off, and he's got the SS on his chest, he's got other Nazi symbols, and I'm looking around, waiting to get jumped." But the husband quickly explained that he'd been in prison and only got the tattoos to survive. Dave shakes his head and laughs. "The things I've seen!"

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THE REAL SECRET TO Dave's popularity is simple. He loves women. A lot of men say this but find all sorts of flaws in the actual women they might otherwise end up bedding. But Dave really does have something good to say about every single woman he sees. The truth of this is on display one night at a local pickup bar. A statuesque older blonde walks by, probably 60 and a bit leathery from the Arizona sun. "Ooh, sexy lady," he whispers. I watch him ogle another woman, this one in her 50s, also a bit haggard but dressed in tight clothes and large in the chest. "Love it! Jesus!" The seriously overweight woman heading to the bathroom also gets his nod of approval. "Great ass on her," he says. "Woo!"

The waitress comes over to get a drink order. Dave asks for her name and flirts for a while, getting a smile out of her. He shakes his head in appreciation as she walks away. "She's hot."

She was *not* hot. She was bony and plain and possibly anemic, her skin so wan it seemed to be giving up. But Dave disagrees. She had a beautiful smile, he says. You could tell she had a sweet nature. And this is another thing he's learned—at the beginning of his adventures, looks mattered much more. He was always after the 10s ("dimes," he calls them). But wide experience has changed his views. Women with looks out of a magazine can be boring in bed, while an older woman or a bigger woman can be tons of fun. What he likes now is confidence. If a woman carries herself like she knows she's got it, that's always exciting.

Another night, he takes me along to dinner with a couple well into their 60s. The husband is a bald grandpa, but the wife is a vibrant

All these couples have known one another for years, and every few weeks they have a sex party. Dave is one of the very few single guys who ever get invited. He's proven himself, all the women agree.

redhead in a plunging black evening dress, with a silver necklace and like-colored hoop earrings. Seen through ordinary eyes, she's an attractive grandmother. Seen through Dave's eyes, she's hot.

Like most people in this subculture, the couple love telling their conversion story. They fantasized about sexual adventure for years, but they had six kids and prominent careers back east, and there was no Internet to make

things easy. Then they retired to a Phoenix suburb, and right away, the husband got cancer. "I figured, maybe we have a year," he says. "Let's have fun."

They started on Craigslist and found their way to more specialized sites; soon they were in contact with 500 couples and 150 single men. Seven years later, the husband's cancer is in remission and they run the most popular sex party in the area, with Dave a much desired guest. All of this is a complete secret from their children, of course, several of whom are conservatives, including one who became a deacon in a Southern Baptist church. "If I want drama," the wife says, "I'll call my children."

After a few glasses of wine, her eyes turn soft and flirty and her attention moves completely to Dave. "You only came to one party and you disappeared," she says.

"You found me," he answers.

She smiles at the memory.

Then she pouts. "I haven't seen you at the gym lately, either," she says. "I miss seeing you do those dips in the weight belt."

Her husband watches, grinning.

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FRIDAY NIGHT. Dave goes to an orgy. He meets his partners beforehand at a restaurant called Aunt Chilada's. The women are lively and sly, their husbands sitting back in the way of generous fellows who just want to let the party happen. They're all in their late 30s or early 40s and fairly attractive, the extra pounds offset by silky blouses and fetish heels. Lizzie's been married 16 years, has three kids, and works at a local magazine. Tony's a district trainer for a security company. Jack is a geologist. Colin's a financial analyst. The most talkative is Red, a lively nurse who has four kids with Tony. They got started in this nine years ago, she says, because she kissed a girl when she was a teenager and wanted to try it again.

Tony laughs. "I'm sitting there saying to myself, 'Really? All this time I've been havin' fantasies, and you didn't tell me?'"

Red rolls her eyes. "He's such an asshole, but I love him."

Jane is an actual schoolteacher, having taught third grade for 15 years. She notices that everyone ordered beef. "We like beef," she says with a wink.

"I don't deny it," says a woman named Marie, a petite brunette who looks French. Her husband, Jack, has tribal tattoos on his arm and the sun-bleached hair of a surfer. They met five years ago at a four-way with her then boyfriend and his then wife, Marie says, and the vibe was so good they started meeting on the side. They've been married for four years, but they both still love to swing. "We can go for months, and we have other things in life that are more important," Jack says. "We don't need to do this."

"But we can," Marie says.

"When we get the itch?"

All these couples have known one another for years, and every few weeks they have a sex party. Dave is one of the very few single guys who ever get invited. Too many others are creepy or cocky, and not cocky in the right way. But Dave has proven himself, all the women agree. He's not a pervert, he isn't trying to take anyone's wife, and he knows how

to wait for the invitation. "He's never overly aggressive," Red says.

Now it's after nine, and a sense of urgency disturbs the group. They start gathering their coats and possessions. A hotel room has been booked. They've done this so many times that they even have a code phrase: "Get dirty by 9:30," Red says.

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THE NEXT DAY, Dave tells me the story of what happened at the hotel. First, Tony grabbed Colin's wife, and they went into the bedroom and the smacking and moaning started; then Dave played with Karen for about an hour, and he was about to leave when Red scooped up his pants. "You're not leaving till you fuck me," she said, disappearing into the kitchen. But then she got pulled into the bedroom by Melissa's husband, and Jane said she'd tell Dave where his clothes were if he fucked her, so he did that, and finally Jane led him to the refrigerator—his pants were sitting on top of a tray of ice cubes. Man, they were cold! First time he ever saw the benefit of saggy pants!

Dave doesn't have any real guilt about his lifestyle, he insists. He even told his parents. Now when he's going out for the evening, his mother asks him, "Are you going out with your *regular* friends or your *special* friends?" And it's more than sex, it really is. A lot of people ask him why he's not married, and sometimes he wonders the same thing, but the truth is, he's stopped looking. After so many years, most of his real friends *are* his special friends. They go hiking, cook dinner, walk the dogs, hang out. In fact, when he got to the orgy last night, Red was out on the balcony crying about some sibling conflicts among her kids, and he calmed her down. In the morning, he checked in to see how things were going. Look, here's her response:

It sucks. Thanks for caring, you're amazing. XOXO.

And he really does believe he is helping people's marriages. Many times, a husband has told him, "I mentioned you in bed last night and she fucked the living shit out of me." He loves that. And he appreciates when couples credit their time with him to better intimacy

Dave pours himself a glass of bourbon and downs a fat herbal pill—better than Viagra, he says. "It keeps me going for four days. The only drawback is it makes your vision kind of funny."

and communication with each other. He also loves the T-shirts that say **IT'S NOT CHEATING IF MY HUSBAND WATCHES**. "That's awesome," he says. "That's *true*." There's just something about three people sharing such an intimate thing, each for their own reasons but all together in the moment. (Dave doesn't have sex with men, but he's not uptight if there's a little incidental contact with a husband who gets close.) He actually feels bad that he can't be so generous himself; on the one occasion when he was dating a woman who wanted to

try a three-way, he got a twinge of jealousy that freaked him out. "It threatens me," he admits. "It's kind of barbaric. I'm very envious of the husbands that don't have that ego."

He sometimes feels strange that he's not sleeping with more black women, but there aren't many in Arizona. Plus, he says, most black guys don't like to share, and there are just so many adventurous white couples.

But enough talking. It's time to get ready for tonight's adventure—the date with that Christian couple who've been together since they were 19: Jenny and Leon. Dave takes a shower and puts on some nice slacks and a dark shirt, then pours himself a glass of bourbon and downs a fat herbal pill—better than Viagra, he says, and you can buy it without a prescription at any porn shop. "It keeps me going for four days. The only drawback is it makes your vision kind of funny."

Half an hour later, Dave is waiting in a leather booth at a lively local bar, studying the parking lot through the window. "There they are," he finally says. That must be Leon in the blue golf shirt. He looks, it must be said, like Robert Carradine in *Revenge of the Nerds*. Jenny is wearing an orange dress, as promised. She has apple cheeks and an upturned nose, eyeglasses and strawberry-blond bangs, the cute girl from middle school mellowed into a sweet, homey mom.

Dave goes to meet them at the door, shaking Leon's hand first. (As he previously explained, acknowledging the husband first is Gigolo 101.) In the booth, Jenny is silent and seems very shy, huddling against Leon while he tells stories about the guys they've met before, including one who wanted to meet them at a dog park but didn't bring a dog. Another guy's screen name was Donkey Kong.

Dave laughs. "Oh, my God! Really?"

Soon Dave is warming Jenny up, drawing out her conversion story. In high school, she tells him, she dated other guys and Leon was always the shoulder she cried on. When they finally started dating, she didn't have sex with him for the first three years. Even after they got engaged she resisted, telling Leon she wanted to be a virgin on her wedding night. But once they got married, the fantasy of other men became a regular part of their pillow talk. And then one day Leon actually made it real, bringing home the football jock and prom king she'd always had a crush on—and they finally crossed the line.

That was way back in the '80s, so many years ago. But Jenny was troubled by the experience. She couldn't admit how much she liked it. For a long time, they debated the Bible: Does the ban on adultery include activities that are consensual, accepted with enthusiasm by both partners? For his part, Leon kept pointing to the social context that shuts down sexuality, even in marriage—phrases like "my old lady" and "ball and chain." Did they want to live that way? Like old friends? Whose business was it but theirs?

Time passed, their children grew and started lives of their own, they celebrated their 30th anniversary—and her resistance faded. At first she said all she wanted was an "erotic massage," but that prohibition didn't last long. Jenny still seems amazed by how fast it happened. "It was like a fog just lifted, and I said, 'Gosh, I really *enjoy* this.'"

"If I walked by you in the supermarket," Dave says, "I would have thought there was no chance. A nice Christian mommy like that?"

They all laugh, and the mood shifts. Jenny shifts a little closer to Dave in the booth.

Dave's not her first black guy, Leon admits.

"You naughty little thing," Dave says.

"Most of the white guys don't keep themselves up," Jenny says.

Look at him moving around, taking pictures to capture something that can never be truly captured. Look at him leaning in for a fleeting caress. Ah, humanity, there it is in a single image.

Under the table, Dave strokes her thigh.

"Before we got married," Leon says, "if I saw her say hi to another guy... Oh! The hair would stand up on my head!"

Dave whispers in Jenny's ear, and she wiggles a little closer.

When a band gets up, playing funk songs from the '80s, the dance floor gets lively. Dave and Jenny get up to join them, and soon she's giving him a long, deep kiss.

Leon snaps a picture with his cell phone.

Since they started this, he confides, he and Jenny have gotten way more intimate. And he's not talking just about sex—they cuddle more, talk more, give each other more passing caresses and hugs. One holiday weekend, they did it nine times in four days.

Leon takes a close-up of his wife's hand clutching Dave's muscular arm. "There's something special," Leon says, "about seeing a wedding ring dropped onto another guy."

In the hotel room, we arrive at the point of it all, the hidden pivot for this private universe of human behavior. The business with the magnetic key and the first sight of the undisturbed beds brings home the gravity of the moment. Sex is about to occur. And even watching could be a way of participating, especially with people like these—an observer, after all, might well be part of their fantasy. But the worst fear is that it might come off sordid or sad.

Leon ducks into the bathroom. I find a spot on the window ledge in the farthest corner of the room and take out my notebook and write:

She leans against the wall & Dave kisses her, long kiss. Leon comes out of bathroom. "You started without me?"

Is this where we draw the veil? When Dave strips off his shirt and moves Jenny to the bed? When she lies back with a sigh, running her hands down his muscles with an expression that approaches reverence?

Or maybe here, when he puts his hand between her legs? "That feels good," Jenny says. Leon lifts the camera high.

But we have to let Dave go down on her. He's made clear his pride in his skills in this arena. He was in college when a stripper taught him how, starting with the alphabet in block letters and then in cursive. "Oh," says Jenny. "Oh! Oh!"

There's a wonderful moment when she pulls off the orange dress and her hair falls straight down her back and settles just

above her firm little butt. Skipping that would be a betrayal of joy.

"She has very tender nipples," Leon advises. And then it begins, as Leon moves around taking photos. "Oh," Jenny moans. "You feel good inside me."

She says that over and over, *it feels so good, you feel so good*. At first it embarrassed her, and she tried to keep it under control, but then Leon told her, "I want you to enjoy yourself!" So she let go, and now she says it again and again, *it feels good it feels good it feels so good*, and damn if it doesn't begin to sound like some kind of primal invocation.

"How you doing, Jenny?" Leon asks. "Enjoying yourself?"

"Very much."

"That's what it's all about."

But wait—before we get carried away, let's pause for a moment on Leon's skinny legs and patterned socks, his blue golf shirt and blue boxers. Look at him moving around, taking pictures to capture something that can never be truly captured. Look at him leaning in for a fleeting caress. Ah, humanity, there it is in a single image. He takes his glasses off and gives Jenny a long kiss. When the moment ends, she holds his eyes with a loving, grateful look, and with a laugh of sheer triumph, she says, "That's way better than a massage."



SUNDAY AFTERNOON, Dave is a contented man. Last night was so great. Jenny was so hot. "She loved staring in my eyes, which made a huge difference," he says. Leon already wrote a thank-you note. They'll definitely get together again.

But in the meantime, Michelle just sent some pictures of herself in lingerie and also naked. Red sent a message, too: *I think I'm going to run off and track you down tonight*.

Ding! It's another e-mail from Leon: *Thanks again for the hot evening. Jenny wants more*.

He really should go to the gym. He has plans to meet some old friends for dinner. But even with his healthy habits and boyish face, Dave figures he might get only 10 more years of this, 20 at the most. Can he turn his back on such abundance?

Ding! It's the yoga teacher who so loves to deploy, for the purposes of pleasure, the most offensive word in the American language: *I'd love to see you a bit after work if the stars align. But I have my puppy so that might complicate things*.

Dave shakes his head, laughing. Her puppy! What a world! He loves this.

"Oh my," he says, laughing one last time. "I am going to be so tired for work on Monday."

Sure, he says, he might end up with regrets. He might end up old and lonely. Some jealous husband might gun him down. But he can't think about that now. Along with lust and vanity and the ticking clock, he's still that kid in the old family photo, always peeking around the corner, driven by the oldest American impulse of all—the need to explore new possibilities, to find a new route across the wilderness, to conquer our divisions and create a more perfect union.

JOHN H. RICHARDSON is the author of several books, including *In the Little World: A True Story of Dwarfs, Love, and Trouble*. This is his first article for GQ.

Page 37. On Jones (left), T-shirt: AllSaints. Earrings: New York & Company. Leggings: Jen 7. On McKinnon, jeans: Helmut Lang.

Page 84. Hat: Lock & Co. Hatters, at MrPorter.com. Necklace: Degs & Sal. Bracelet: George Frost.

Page 85. On model, left, backpack: Epperson Mountaineering. Necklace: George Frost. Watch: Omega. Bracelet: Caputo & Co. Slides: Vans. On model, right, tank top (around neck): Ron Dorff. Headphones: Beats by Dr. Dre. Watch: Omega. Sneakers: New Balance.

Page 86. On model, top left, hat: Aviator Nation. Necklace: his own. Bracelet: Miansai. On model, top right, bracelets, from top: Degs & Sal, George Frost. On model, bottom left, bracelet: Paul Smith Accessories. On model, bottom right, shirt: Vans. Sunglasses: Louis Vuitton. Necklace: Giles & Brother. Bracelet: Burkman Bros.

Page 87. On model, top left, tank top: Ron Dorff. Sunglasses: Ray-Ban. Watch: Nautica. On model, top right, hoodie: Gap. Necklace: George Frost. Bracelet: Burkman Bros. On model, bottom right, hat: Alex Mill, at MrPorter.com. Sunglasses: Garrett Leight. Tank top (at waist): John Elliott. Bracelet: Burkman Bros.

Page 101. Red dress and pink hat: vintage.

Pages 102–103. Left, wedding dress: Galina, at David's Bridal. Center, red dress: vintage. Striped bikini bottom: Dolce & Gabbana. Heels: Michael Kors Collection. Far right, black bra: Cosabella. Bracelet: Hermès. Glasses: Ray-Ban.

Pages 110–111. On him, bead necklace: RTH. Bracelet: Caputo & Co. Sunglasses (on blanket): Moscot. On her, vintage jacket: Melet Mercantile. Necklaces: RTH. Boots: The Frye Company. Socks: American Trench. Bag: Res Ipsa. Blanket (on bag): A.P.C.

Page 112. On him, beaded necklace: Degs & Sal. Chain necklace: Miansai. Bracelets, left, from top: RTH, Le Gramme. Watch: Nixon. Bracelets below watch, from top: John Hardy, Caputo & Co. On her, clogs: Birkenstock. Socks: Uniqlo.

Page 113. Beaded necklace: Degs & Sal. Chain necklace: Miansai. Left, bracelets, from top: RTH, Le Gramme, Caputo & Co. Ring: LHN Jewelry. Right, top bracelet: A.P.C. Both bottom bracelets: Caputo & Co. Ring: Le Gramme.

Pages 114–115. On her, necklaces: RTH. Bracelets, from bottom left to top right: A.P.C., RTH, Caputo & Co., RTH (tan tied lace with beads), Le Gramme. Two vintage blankets: Melet Mercantile.

Page 116. Necklaces, from top: LTH Jewelry, RTH. Blue bracelet (left) and dangling bracelet (top right): Caputo & Co. Cuff bracelets: LHN Jewelry. Ring (on ring finger): John Hardy. On pinkie, signet ring: LHN Jewelry. Band ring: his own.

Page 117. On him, necklaces, from top: LHN Jewelry, Degs & Sal, RTH. Bracelet, left: Caputo & Co. Bracelets, right, from top: LHN Jewelry, Caputo & Co. Bandanna (on bag): vintage.

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