

Heterosex

Yum, says Michael Flood.

IF THERE is one act that's essential in sex for me, it is kissing. I love those light, teasing kisses: I just brush her lips with the tip of my tongue and my lips, and when she reaches up to kiss, pull away, to then touch again, doing this until I (or she) can stand it no more and we press our lips together. And full-mouthed, wet kisses, sometimes slow, sometimes fast and frantic.

I find kissing intensely erotic. Like all sex, kissing can be languid and slow, playful and silly, or passionate and hot. I love women's smooth and soft cheeks and chins. I'll often shave before going to bed to remove my abrasive stubble.

Women's bodies are amazing. I find the feel of a woman's breast cupped in my hand extraordinarily arousing and moving. I adore kissing women's nipples, gently brushing, licking and sucking.

One of my favourite things is to kneel over my partner, lying on her back, and kiss her neck and shoulders, her breasts, her tummy. I find tummies delicious, and sometimes like to rest my head there.

And perhaps wander further down, kissing her thighs and pubic bone, gently licking and kissing her vagina. (I don't like the word *vagina* very much. Some women say *fanny* or *cunt*. I'll use what my partner uses, or just say, "Can I lick you?" or "Can I go down here?" I avoid that clinical word *cunnilingus* altogether.) This is utterly delicious, and another favourite. I love the wet fleshiness and the taste, the incredible sexualness of it, and the sheer variety of pleasurable possibilities.

I adore the feel of my lover's body and mine wrapped around each other. Legs intertwined, arms around each other, our heads together as we gaze and kiss and talk. I love lying in a "spoons" position: we lie facing the same way, with my chest against my lover's back, my thighs resting against the backs of hers, and my arm around her, sometimes holding hands. I love waking up in the morning with a partner, sleepily

whispering "Good morning."

I love the feeling of intercourse, my penis enclosed by a woman's vagina. (The problem of language exists here too. *Penis-vagina sex* is too clinical, *fucking* is ambiguous and can sound harsh, and *enclosure* is obscure and not necessarily descriptive. I'll use *penis-vagina sex* or *intercourse* if I'm chatting in a cafe, but if I'm in bed with someone, I might say, "Can I be inside you?")

I like the way in which we can lie together during intercourse, our bodies touching from our toes right up to our chests, kissing and stroking each other. I also really like being on my back, my lover lying or kneeling on me: she has more control over what happens, and I can stroke and play with her body.

I find it difficult to write about sex in this explicit way. What will my ex-partners think: will they feel strange about my descriptions of sex with them? Or will they simply appreciate my enjoyment of that sex? And will others think I'm somehow sleazy, for writing about something that many men do but few talk about?

I must confess, I write this with a heavy heart at present. I've just ended a relationship, and I miss the physical and emotional intimacy it embodied. Much of

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my blissful appreciation of these sexual intimacies is about having a relationship. The cuddling, the sex and the everyday intimacies are important because they demonstrate the connection between that woman and myself.

But I also like sex for sex's sake. Remember that Wham song?: "Sex is beautiful, sex is good, not everybody does it, but everybody should." Well, not everybody. But sex is yummy. ●

Kate (opposite) and Michael (below) have never had sex together, although sex is their favourite topic of conversation.

"Hang on, what about that time when we almost kissed?"

"Oh yeah."



Photo: Colleen Fetch