

AS SCHOOL
GETS BACK
IN SESSION,
PLAYBOY
TAKES AN
INSIDE LOOK
AT THE SECRET
SEX LIVES AND
STEAMY SIDE
JOBS OF SIX
ALL-AMERICAN
COLLEGE GIRLS.

PLUS:
DOES HE
SEXT? SHOULD
SHE WAX?
THE RESULTS OF
OUR CAMPUS
SEX SURVEY

**interviews
by Stinson
Carter**

sex on campus 2009

**photography
by Richard
Kern**

Role-Playing 101

LEA, 22, University of Illinois

It was my freshman year, my scholarship money was running out, and I didn't want to live in my parents' basement for the summer. I had a friend back home who had made good money as a phone-sex worker, so I thought I would give it a try. I quickly learned that fetish hotlines provide the best compensation. You don't have to audition; you don't even have to fake an orgasm—you just have to sign up for it. I was 19, and I'd had sex with only two guys when I started doing phone-sex work.

You get paid by the minute based on the average length of your phone calls, so I had a technique to draw them out longer. I would answer as an operator and ask, "What kind of fantasy would you like? Would you prefer a younger girl or a girl with more experience? Someone submissive or someone dominant?" Then I would put the caller on hold for about 30 seconds, clear my throat and answer the phone as whomever or whatever they'd asked for. Usually the guys were ready to go and just wanted to have someone on the other end when they came. Part of the job of doing the operator's voice was to talk them down so the minutes would keep adding up.

I kept a diary with descriptions of my different characters. The three I did most were Tiffany, my college bimbo; Natasha, my dominatrix; and Electra, my she-male character. I didn't know I'd need a she-male character, but one day this guy—without any hesitation in his polite voice—said, "I would like to speak with a she-male, please." And I thought, Am I allowed to do that?

There are rules about what you can and cannot pretend to be. You're not allowed to pretend to be an animal. You're not allowed to pretend to be a minor. And you're not allowed to pretend to be related to the caller—that's incest. But there's nothing in there about pretending to have a penis. So I ran into my living room, where my gay roommate was hanging out, and I said, "I need help." He came into the

room and started coaching me.

If every caller had been like the guy who wanted to talk to a mother-and-daughter pairing, it might have changed my opinion of men—negatively, obviously. But the guy who wanted a she-male was a perfect gentleman. He even said thank you after he was done. The job completely

sors was 28, and I was 18. A couple of weeks into class he asked each of his students to come to his office for a one-on-one meeting to get to know him. So I went, and we hit it off. He was pretty cute, and I got the feeling I wasn't the first student he'd had a relationship with.

Gonzaga has a strict policy about that. Professors aren't even supposed to be close friends with students. Maybe that's why I was interested—knowing it was bad. I promised him I wouldn't tell, and I lied to my roommate and to the other students on my hall in the dorm whenever I would go out and have coffee or dinner with him.

One night when he was drunk he said things that made it clear he was interested in me, but I didn't know what to do about it. I was only 18, and I kind of freaked out. One night a week later we were e-mailing back and forth, and he asked if he could come get me at my dorm. "Nothing has to happen," he said. "I just want to spend the night with you." So I was like, Fuck it, sure. He came to my dorm and walked me back to his apartment. While we were having sex that night he jokingly told me I was getting an A. I'm not stupid. I didn't buy that "nothing has to happen" line.

I most definitely got straight A's in his class after that. I would like to think I earned my A's, but I had been failing the class before anything physical happened, and I ended up with an A, so....

At the time I had real feelings for him, but I also think I had a romantic notion of that kind of thing—I wasn't thinking that I was impressionable or young or that he

had taken advantage of me.

He moved to the East Coast after that semester, but I still talk to him every couple of months, even now. It turns out he was dating another girl at school the same time he was seeing me, and he's with that other girl now in New York. I'm glad I'm not her and that I let it be just a college fling: the freshman girl who had a secret affair with the cute professor. I don't regret it at all.



Playboy College Sex Poll 2009

WE SURVEYED MORE THAN 5,000 STUDENTS—MALE AND FEMALE—ABOUT WHAT HAPPENS ON CAMPUS. HERE'S HOW THEY GET DOWN:

% OF STUDENTS WHO:

- HAVE SEX DAILY: 15%
- DO IT WEEKLY: 43%
- ARE VIRGINS: 17%
- HAVE HAD MORE THAN SEVEN PARTNERS: 20%

HAVE MET A HOOKUP ONLINE: 25%

HAVE USED A WEBCAM FOR SEX: 26%

HAVE VIEWED PORN ON A LAPTOP IN CLASS: 29%

ARE IN A NUDE PIC ON SOMEONE'S CAMERA PHONE: 34%

HAVE SEXTED: 49%

HAVE GONE ON DINNER-AND-A-MOVIE DATES: 73%

COEDS WHO:

- LEAVE AFTER SEX: 17%
- HAVE DONE WALK OF SHAME: 47%

41% OF SOMEONE (IN SOME CASES THEMSELVES) WHO HAS SLEPT WITH A PROFESSOR OR A TEACHER'S ASSISTANT. WE NEGLECTED TO ASK THESE STUDENTS TO GRADE THEIR TEACHERS IN THE SACK.

changed my perspective on having a partner with fetishes or kinks. It doesn't make him a pervert.

The most frightening thing anybody ever said to me? "Now let me talk to your mom."

Extra Credit

KATHRYN, 23, Gonzaga University

It was the first semester of my freshman year. One of my profes-



PayPal Panties

SARA, 24, University of Washington

I was in my last year of college, and I had zero money in the bank. But I had a drawer full of underwear I hadn't worn in years, so I posted a classified ad on Craigslist. I called myself Sadie and said I was a 19-year-old college student. I was actually 23.

I sold the panties for \$20 for the first pair and \$5 for any additional pairs. To me it was all profit; it was underwear I hadn't worn in a long time, or it was ripped or dirty, whatever. I didn't tell my boyfriend about it, but I thought, What he doesn't know can't hurt him.

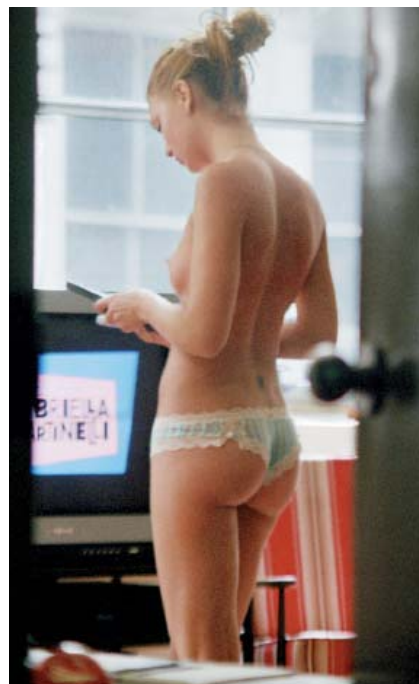
I was expecting it to be much seedier than it actually was. It cracked me up. I would sit in front of the computer for hours and laugh my ass off. Lots of the guys were really into full-back white cotton panties, which is strange because as a girl I think those are the least sexy underwear I own. It turns out these guys wanted to wear them. When I ran out of panties, I just got more.

There were a lot of questions about what sizes I had. Most guys didn't want thongs because it's more unnatural for a guy to wear them, I guess.

I never sent pictures, and I never met any of the guys in person. Some of them were really pushy. One offered me \$250 to stand on a street in downtown Seattle and pass him the bag of

underwear when he walked by. Mostly I mailed the panties, but sometimes I would wrap them in a little package with a bit of pink tissue paper, spray some perfume on them and leave them in a parking lot or some other public place. Then I would e-mail the guy about where they were.

Somewhere along the line it started to feel wrong. I thought, I feel dirty, and I don't want to feel like this. So I canceled everything and said to myself, I'm done. I would say to anybody who ever thinks about doing this: As long as you do it safely, it's a pretty funny way to make money during college, and you can make a lot. I'd say 70 percent to 75 percent of the guys were total gentlemen—aside from the fact that they were buying a 19-year-old's underwear online.



Tri Delts Make a Porno

JENNIFER, 22, Stephen F. Austin State University

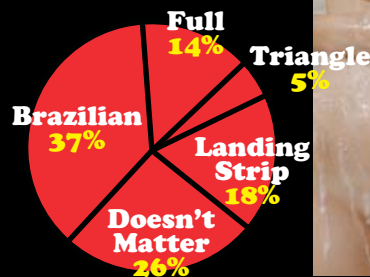
I'm a Tri Delt, and I was recruiting this really cool girl, Mandy, to join the sorority. We were at a fraternity party, and she and I started talking. It turned out we were dating the same guy. Let's call him Tom. She'd been his girlfriend for a while, and I'd been hooking up with him for only a few weeks. But once we realized he was a total dirtbag, we weren't jealous of each other at all; we actually hit it off as friends.

So we put our heads together. What can we do to nail this guy? He'd lied to both of us, telling her he was with only her and telling me he didn't have a girlfriend. And he'd sworn up and down that each relationship was exclusive.

Sex Poll cont.

HOW COEDS THINK A GUY SHOULD BE GROOMED: BARE 20%, NATURAL 21%, TRIMMED 59%

HOW MEN PREFER A WOMAN TO BE GROOMED:



47% HAVE HAD ANAL SEX, 17% TRIED IT ONLY ONCE, AND 13% ROUTINELY DO IT IN THE BUTT.

A DAMN GOOD REASON TO WEAR FLIP-FLOPS IN THE DORM BATHROOM:

18%

OF GUYS ADMIT TO MASTURBATING IN THE COMMUNAL SHOWER.



That night we left the party kind of drunk, went to Walmart and bought the cheapest camcorder there. Then I called Tom and made plans to go out. Mandy came over to my apartment with the camcorder before I left to meet him. Her plan was to hide in the closet, videotape us hooking up and then jump out with the camera to bust him.

Tom and I had some drinks, and I texted Mandy that we were going back to my place. She parked her car around the corner, hiding it from his view. Then she went inside my closet and cracked the door wide enough to videotape us.

Tom and I went back to my apartment. I took him to *(continued on page 116)*

campus

(continued from page 92)

my bedroom and started making out pretty heavily. I got him on my bed. I was pretty close to naked, and so was he. Then I started rubbing on him, and he prematurely ejaculated! Like *done*, in no time—with his boxers on. Mandy walked out of the closet and said, “You son of a bitch. I’ll show the entire campus so everyone will know you suck at sex.”

Mandy posted the video on the Internet, and we texted a link to all our friends. For the rest of college Tom was known as that guy on the video who came before he got his underwear off. He never had a date again—at least not at Stephen F. Austin.

“Dear Jenna Jameson...”

JORDANA JAMES, 24, Lincoln Land Community College

When I was 19 I befriended Jenna Jameson on MySpace. I grew up in a small Illinois town, and I would look at these girls’ pictures and think, Wow, they’re having fun and making great money. I wonder if I would like it. So I e-mailed Jenna on MySpace and got a response with a link to an adult talent agency. Five months later I flew out to L.A.

I’d been with only four guys, and the relationships had all been monogamous. I’d never had a one-night stand. I let everybody know from the beginning that I was there to make money for my education. I was focused. I had a goal, and I achieved it. I couldn’t have done that by hooking up and partying all the time.

The kinkiest thing I ever did: I was all dressed up—heels, makeup, hair done. It was really glamorous, and I was trying to look sexy. Then the photographer said, “Now squat, and pee in this cup.” And I was like, “What? Are you serious?” He was, so I did it.

In the two years I worked in the industry I never had an orgasm with a guy. I did one time with a girl. For me it has to do with knowing the person and being comfortable with him, and I never was because I would know him for only an hour—if that—before we had sex. It gave me a greater appreciation for my personal sex life. I don’t have to be told where to put my leg or which boob to grab. I have the freedom to do what I want without 50 people watching me.

Everyone in my family knew from the get-go. My father’s response was “I believe there’s a better job for you out there. However, if you’re going to do it, you need to make the most of it.” My mother didn’t say much. My sisters bragged around town about it. My hometown has an adult video store, and it has a shrine to me. They ordered all my movies and put up a sign by them that says LOCAL GIRL.

I’m studying premed now. By the time I’m done with school, hopefully I’ll be long forgotten in the porn business—because every day a new 19-year-old is just dying to take her clothes off.

Magna Cum Lesbian

BETH, 22, American University

I study feminist philosophy. Freshman year, my favorite female professor had a

girlfriend, but she didn't seem at all dykey. She alluded to the fact that she'd had male lovers, and I wanted to know her story, to find out when and why she'd turned to women. And I had a funny kind of crush on her, too; I wanted her to want me.

Then I met Katherine. She was everything. She was round with fleshy strawberries-and-cream breasts that trembled when she laughed. One night six of us girls locked ourselves in the bathroom at a party. These girls were all of the thinking sort, the searching sort, and when Katherine and I kissed, they cheered us on. The fact that there were no men in the room made it feel honest and pure. I always hated girls who were bi only when boys were around. Katherine and I kissed, and her lips were so soft. She kissed me the way I like to be kissed: slowly and quietly, with just a whisper of tongue. I touched her body. I touched her breasts; they were weighty.

We talked all night about what it was to be a woman, how men find us so enchanting and then get bored with the exact things that had enchanted them. We talked about

how we'd had it all wrong and how our mothers had had it all wrong: The enlightened woman knows that to be truly loved is to be understood and that men will forever see us as the second sex, the lesser sex.

Katherine and I went on that way for several months, musing over every detail of the soft, fluid sculptures that were each other's bodies. And then I got bored with it. I knew her inside and out, and frankly, it just wasn't hot enough. It was sensual, it was delicious, it was divine—but it wasn't steamy. As a woman, the thing that really gets me hot is the idea that a penis, a real live penis, could be plunged into me.

I was at a loss. I felt the largest part of my identity was my femaleness. A man could never truly understand what that meant to me. How could I reconcile my desire and my devotion to my female identity? I spent the next year of college engrossed in my studies, looking for the answer. I suppose I would still call myself bi, but I'm definitely not a lesbian.



"I'd like you to meet your treat from last year's trick."