

AS SEEN IN...



Love in the Club

How music can make a dance-floor kiss feel like sex in public
By Laura Roberson

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THE NIGHT WHEN EVAN KISSED ME ON the club's dance floor, I was wearing a silk dress that brushed like a whisper across my body, making me feel sexy and free. I'd just stepped off the floor when I saw Evan, my ex, on a couch with a drink and a friend. "Want to dance?" he called out over the thumping bass. I nodded, and then he was behind me, the whisper of my dress now silenced by the press of his body. "Dancing with you reminds me just how sexy you can be," he murmured, or probably shouted, though only I could hear him. Then he tilted my head back and kissed me. In that moment, the pounding beat occupied my body; the energy of the room became the force of our kiss. It was electrifying.

That surge wasn't just lust. The music had hijacked my brain—in a good way. Neurologists say the chills triggered by music are a type of brain response similar to those seen during sex. The eroticism of music, combined with Evan's intimate touch and the thrill of being on public display, transformed his simple kiss into an insanely pleasurable, total-body experience.

The mash of bodies made me feel both protected and exposed in an arousing, anything-can-happen kind of way. I was free to lose myself in the kiss, to let go despite the risk of being seen. There wasn't a drop of alcohol in my system that night—it was the music that gave my body permission to surrender.



WHEN THE MUSIC TAKES OVER

LOTS OF SEXUAL MEMORIES HAVE A SOUNDTRACK. THE "WOMEN IN OUR SURVEY TOLD US. LET'S LISTEN IN

"My boyfriend was studying for the LSAT, and I stopped by for a quickie wearing only a trench coat. I was blasting Rihanna's 'S&M' in the car during the ride over."
M.J., 22

"He undressed me to the beat of the music. He never missed a beat and kissed me the whole time. Impressive."
ALEXIS, 32

"I was fooling around one of the first times with a new man, and his cell alarm kept going off, repeating the same song over and over—no way were we stopping."
AMY, 26

"On my birthday, my long-distance guy called me from a Coldplay concert. I could hear both my boyfriend and Chris Martin singing 'Yellow.' Ménage à serenade!"
NAOMI, 23

"Giving a blow job as Phil Collins's 'In the Air Tonight' played in the background. He climaxed at the drum solo."
ERIN, 22

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