



It was Mrs. White...
in the conservatory...
with a strap-on

Blue Christmas

Even the nicest girls like to get a little bit naughty over the long, hard winter months.

Hillary Quinn gives you five foolproof ways to jingle her bells this season.

The month was December; the scene: 35,000 feet in the air. I was winging my way back to New York City from a quickie ski vacation in Vermont. Eager to enjoy every possible moment out on the slopes, I'd dashed to the plane in full ski regalia. My skin was rosy, my eyes sparkled, and there, 21B to my 21C, was a damn-fine-looking banker named Brad. It became clear Brad liked my ski look, too, as we lip-locked in the cab back to my apartment. Our first date was less than 24 hours later. If we had dinner, I don't remember. I do remember a certain appreciation on his part for my athleticism.

Sex with strangers isn't generally my thing; I swear this lascivious behavior had everything to do with the fact that Brad and I kindled our "relationship" in the cozy cabin of

**Wait three
dates before
putting out?
The rule
doesn't apply
in December.**



a snowy airplane. It was blizzarding outside; I don't like to fly; we were shoulder to shoulder for two hours... Yes, my girlfriends and I all agree there's something about the holiday season that loosens us up. Want her to slide down your chimney tonight? Saddle up, Santa: Here are five carnal reasons to love the holiday season and tips on taking advantage.

Reason to rejoice #1: She needs to feel connected.

All those holiday clichés about candles and cozying up in front of the fire may be a little Hallmarky, but the ideals of love and togetherness endure. You don't have to be a romantic to capitalize on the sentiment December breeds in women. No one—not even you—wants to feel all by their lonesome during the

twinkling season, and, consciously or unconsciously, we're willing to break our usual rules to make sure we make a connection.

Guiding a girl to your south pole will still require a little effort, but the season's amped-up emotional content means that even small gestures on your part will come off like grand romantic moves. Bring her a home-cooked meal, string some white lights around her living room, put on a romantic holiday CD. (Not Limp Bizkit, Sparky). You're not bamboozling her; women are aware of their vulnerabilities, and odds are she'll be just as eager to play along as you are to be played. "My friends and I always make sure we have a guy on deck for what we call the Winter-Up: They're there for warmth, sex, and watching movies with," says Melinda, 29, a television producer. No dates lined up? Don't worry: The holidays are the best time to look up an old girlfriend for an overtime round without looking like a stalker. ("I don't know why, but I've been thinking about you" always works.) One girl I know, newly unattached one winter, actually flew home and slept with three old flames in one weekend. "I needed to feel adored," she shrugs. Oh, come let us adore you...

Reason to rejoice #2:**It's damn cold outside.**

This factor is a matter of practicality: Bodies rubbing against each other crank up the heat a few notches, a reality that comes in very handy during the frigid months. "It's 1,000 times more exciting to have a winter dalliance over a bottle of wine or a flask of booze when it's freezing out, as opposed to getting it on when it's already balmy and humid," explains Penny, 28.

Plus, you're more likely to get her to try it in risky places like the car in the parking lot or the hotel roof, since there will be fewer potential Peeping Toms in Ice Age weather. "Sex is quicker in the cold, so a girl knows it'll be fast, exciting, and over before anyone will catch you," she says. (Or, as might be the case, before she changes her mind.) Bonus: The female body's tendency to cool down to ridiculously subzero temperatures (as evidenced by your ex-girlfriend's hands on your waist in the morning—remember now?) ought to work in your favor. "When you're shivering and a guy has warm hands on your frozen ears when it's cold out, you just kind of give yourself up to the moment," explains Terri, 27. Mmm, surrender.



Holiday parties give girls a built-in excuse to drink, flirt, and look good.

CREAMY, SLURPY EGGNOG LOVE

Because nothing unwraps a girl like this liquor delivery device.



This killer recipe comes from William Koval, chef at Dallas' five-star French Room: Beat eggs, sugar, and salt until creamy; put in a heavy saucepan, add half the milk, and place over low heat. Stir until

the mix is 160 degrees. Add rest of milk and vanilla, cool quickly to 40 degrees, then refrigerate. Blend egg mixture, cream, rum, and nutmeg for 30 seconds; garnish; pour into girlfriend. —Stef Sandello

Step 1:
Learn to
read

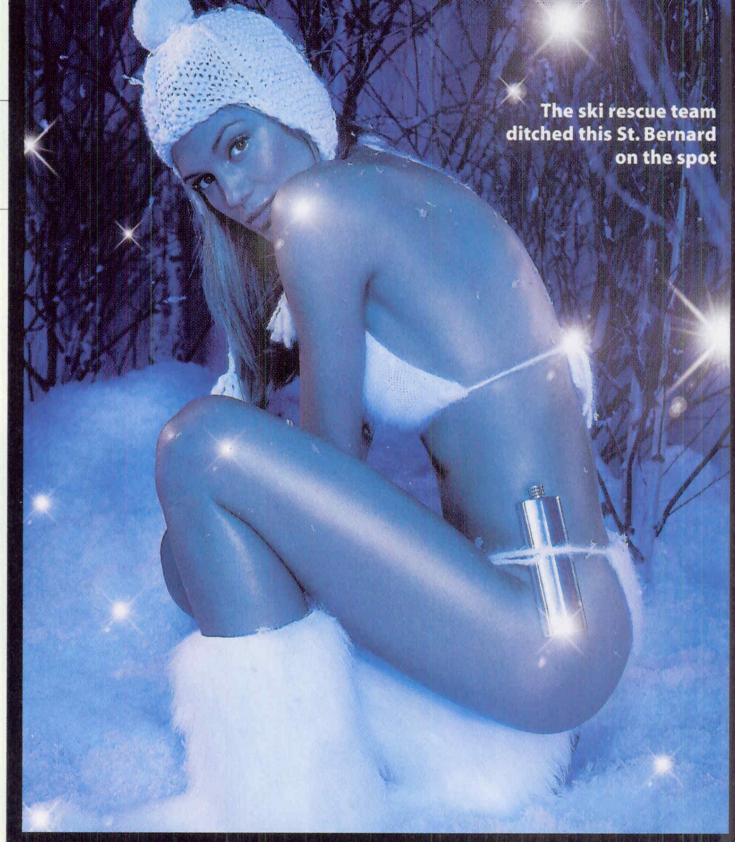
EGGNOG

6 EGGS; 3/4 CUP
SUGAR; 1 TSP. SALT;
1 QUART MILK; 1 TBSP.
VANILLA EXTRACT; 1 PINT
WHIPPING CREAM; 1 TSP.
NUTMEG; 1 CUP RUM;
1 CUP VANILLA ICE CREAM
(TO GARNISH HER CLIP);
2 TABS VIAGRA
(TO GARNISH
YOURS)

MAXIM



The ski rescue team ditched this St. Bernard on the spot

**Reason to rejoice #3:****Winter sports make her hot.**

Whether it's skiing Mount Diablo or slipping on the ice in front of Denny's, a sense of risk pervades, and that translates to sexy heat. You're both wearing athletic-looking gear, cool equipment, and tan faces. You're also pumped on endorphins, which encourages behavior one might otherwise never see. "Every single winter, I hook up with at least one guy I meet while I'm skiing," admits Lauren, 27. "The flirting goes on all day. It's like all these attractive men are pushing me to go a little faster, steeper, wilder. They're whooping and hollering, and it all feels dangerous—and that's sexy."

You don't even have to be able to ski in order to take advantage of her altitude-challenged tolerance for alcohol: Strap on snowshoes; try cross-country skiing; hell, rent a snowmobile if you have to. To capitalize later on the high energy of all those flirtatious chairlift rides over hot Irish coffee at the lodge fireplace, offer a friendly massage on sore muscles or exchange harrowing high-speed tales—made up, if necessary—to keep the adrenaline level high. Then direct that energy in a carnal direction by suggesting a dip in the hot tub. "Great skiing, like good sex, is a coming together of mind, body, and spirit. A perfect day includes both," says Cathy, 24.

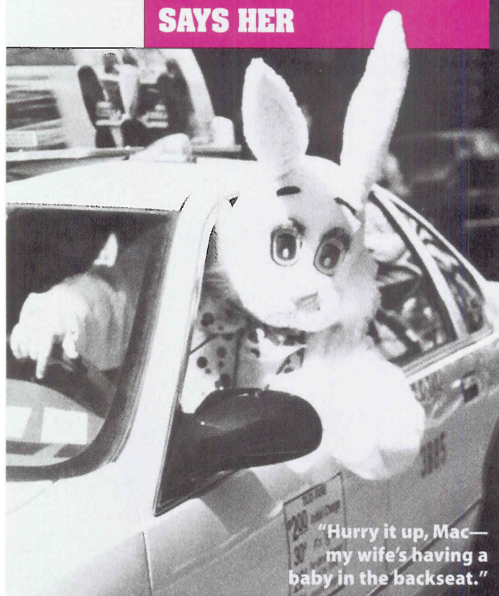
Reason to rejoice #4:**Real-world rules don't apply when we're on vacation.**

Once you get us away from the office and our prying mothers, we women feel a sense of

spontaneity that doesn't surface in everyday life. In other words, the wait-three-dates-before-putting-out rule is not in effect—we're more apt to participate in a booty call if it takes place 3,000 miles from home. Whether it's doing the mattress mambo with a new friend behind a DO NOT DISTURB sign or finally giving in to the lust we've been harboring for a hot office mate, vacation flings are always on our want-to-do list.

"One Christmas, my flight home was delayed due to ice storms," recalls Allison, 23. "I ended up having several Bloody Marys with a sexy soda rep who was also stuck at the airport." When both of their flights wound up being canceled, Señor Soft Drink offered to show her the local sights. "We had a great time out, one thing led to another, and it was an amazingly sexy night!" The relationship fizzled when they parted gates the next day, but Allison still drinks Pepsi rather than Coke, as a tawdry tribute to her one-night stand.

You might be tempted to dangle the possibility of something long-term emerging from a vacation hookup, but don't be fooled. This ain't the real world, and if a girl's going to hook up with you on the roof of a beach cabana, she wants to stay just as disentangled as you do. So go ahead and lower expectations from the start. If it's a colleague you're cuddling with, start making noises about your frequent 100-hour work weeks. ("Guess I'll be surfacing again in May—I hate tax season!") If you meet on a tropical island, make sure she knows about your opposition to long-distance relationships. Women agree: Vacation hookups should fade with the tan. ▶



"Hurry it up, Mac—my wife's having a baby in the backseat."

CHASING TAIL?

Clanking-ball studs reveal where the ski bunnies are.

PARK CITY, UTAH

Guys say: "They bus girls up from Salt Lake City, and there's, like, 20 of them onstage dancing at a time!" And that's just at the diner. Catch local, uh, flavor at faves like No Name Saloon, Cicero's, and Harry O's.
Try: "I swear I'm gonna buy a condo up here next year."
Not: "Five bucks says I can unzip that thing using only my teeth."

ST. LAWRENCE GAP, BARBADOS

Guys say: "It's like a Caribbean college town—cheap hotels, rum shacks everywhere! The girls are *looking* to have fun." Score cheap eats, cheap booze, and nice girls at the Ship Inn, After Dark, and Oistin's Fish Fry.
Try: "If loving your sarong is sarong, how come it feels saright?"
Not: "Sex on the beach for milady?"

BRECKENRIDGE, COLORADO

Guys say: "Sorority. Sisters." Warm up at Eric's Downstairs or Mi Casa.
Try: "Nightcap? And maybe one of my shirts?"
Not: "Hey, wanna ski Devil's Crotch?"

LAS VEGAS

Guys say: "With the aspiring strippers, bored trophy girlfriends, and bachelorette parties, the ratio of girls to guys is 10 to one." Check out Ghost Bar, Light, or Rumjungle.
Try: "Which way to the \$10K-minimum tables?"
Not: "Slots are fun, but I'm tired of pulling my handle. Your turn, baby."
—Stephanie Huszar



The holidays are the best time for a rematch with an ex.

Reason to rejoice #5: Parties strip away inhibition.

There's no more target-rich setting for a sexual army of one like yourself than the good, old-fashioned holiday bash. Popping your cork at a holiday soiree, for many women, is part of the master plan. It's the one time of year we pull on something sexy and sparkly and slit up to there, quaff a few glasses of bubbly, and watch as everyone starts to look more attractive than they do hunched over their ergonomic wrist pads. Basically, the holidays give us the rare "Get out of the rumor mill free" card, and we're more willing than you'd expect to cash in that puppy. "At my law firm's holiday party, everyone, even the most antisocial dweebs, gets hammered, and there's this legendary 'Who did whom' thing that goes on. It's almost a

rite of passage," explains Christianne, a 30-year-old attorney. "The next day everything is back to normal and nobody is judged."

So keep an eye on her glass to make sure it stays full, and—unless it's *your* office party—compliment her body in that drop-dead outfit so she knows she's on your radar. ("You have incredibly sexy shoulders" is a go-to come-on that always works, since shoulders are rarely fat.) Then keep returning over the course of the evening to show her some attention and save her from small talk with droning coworkers' wives. She should be giggling at your side long before the rent-a-DJ plays OutKast's "Last Call." Don't forget to get her under the mistletoe on the way out, in case your intentions weren't entirely clear. Season's greetings—and if you aren't in by noon tomorrow, we'll understand. ☑

"Race you down the mountain, Mr. Bono."



Nevada bike racks

