

Checking my reflection in the car mirror, I adjust my dress, reapply my lipstick and squeeze into a pair of designer heels. As I make my way to the bar to meet my 3pm appointment no one would ever imagine I was doing anything other than meeting a business colleague. But the reality is, my 'appointment' is with a virtual stranger and 20 minutes from now we'll probably be having sex in a hotel room.

After being with my husband for 25 years I realised that a happy marriage doesn't always have to be a monogamous one. And while it's not something that would suit everyone, it works for me.

For me, having extra-marital 'arrangements', as I prefer to call them, are the secret to my marriage surviving. To me it's no different from getting my hair done. It's about taking care of my needs.

Let me explain. At 25, I got married. And I had what you'd consider a perfect life, a nice house, a big car, a hard-working husband and two wonderful children.

My husband and I have always got on well, through all the years of juggling careers – his in accountancy and mine in sales. We made a great team, but there was always one thing missing – sex. It would happen once a month, if that. And for me it wasn't enough. For years, I'd try and talk to him, but each time the subject would be quickly dismissed. I was left in



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# 'Happily married for 25 years... BECAUSE I CHEAT!'

*Mum-of-two, Jenny has been having sex with men she meets on the internet and, incredibly, credits her affairs with saving her marriage...*

a quandary. Should I leave the husband I loved or stay trapped in an unfulfilling marriage? Was there another option?

So four years ago, as we watched TV, I brought up the subject of marriage and monogamy, boldly stating that, given the chance, many of us would probably have affairs if it was socially acceptable.

My husband and I always enjoyed a good debate and we ended by saying an affair was fine, but neither of us would want to know about it. He may have been joking, but deep down that's what I'd wanted to hear, so I took it as a tacit agreement between us.

Still, it took two years before I had the courage to search for 'married' and 'dating' online. When I did, [undercoverlovers.com](https://www.undercoverlovers.com) came up: 'Are you starved of affection at home? Whether you're seeking a full blown affair or brief illicit fling, we can help...'

I'd found a dating agency for married people. Signing up using my work email account, I selected my ideal fling. Aged 45-55, over 5ft 10in, average build, not overweight and no long hair. Most of all he had to love his family and not want to leave them – a crucial factor!

## I blocked out my guilt

I tried not to think about how I'd feel if my own husband was doing it, so as soon as those feelings crept in, I pushed them away.

Trawling through the profiles was thrilling and addictive. Within minutes of logging on I found hundreds of men all married and wanting affairs. Some people might find that a turn-off, but I understood. After all, wasn't I doing the same thing?

I decided on Phillip, a nice-looking 50-something, dark-haired architect from London. Arranging our first date via email, we met at a hotel bar on the outskirts of London. I felt a mixture of excitement and nerves when I arrived and kept telling myself it was just a business meeting.

As I ran through my date 'checklist', making sure he didn't want a relationship and that he had a family, it couldn't have been less romantic. But the fact he also had two children and had been married for 20 years to a woman who no longer wanted sex reassured me. We both had the same amount to lose if anyone found out. He wasn't wearing his wedding band and while I did feel a connection with him, it wasn't sexual. This was more a meeting of two people with the same needs.

We didn't have sex straight away, although it was tempting. Instead, we met up the following week at the same hotel.

**'I DON'T SEE THAT WHAT I'M DOING IS WRONG'**

Sleeping with the first person, besides my husband, in 25 years was a massive release. I'd finally found what I needed and our 'arrangement' went on for a year. Each month we'd meet at the same hotel, have sex, get dressed and then go our separate ways. We kept chat to a minimum.

Then suddenly he stopped emailing. I never asked why because it didn't matter. I just moved on to another lover, Colin, also in his 50s and an engineer.

I now have a few men on the go and I can honestly say I'm happier. And my marriage, while not necessarily stronger, is also

happier. I feel the odd pang of guilt, but I've learnt to block that out. This is my life and I have to live it. And, I tell myself, as long as I practise safe sex, I'm not putting myself or my husband in danger so it's OK.

I've had a couple of bad dates where I could tell they lied about being married and

that for me is a big no-no. I'm not looking for a new husband.

Some people might wonder if I ever develop real feelings for the men I have sex with, but I vowed from the beginning that if I did I would end it immediately. My marriage really is my number one priority.

That's why I'll never fall for someone. I'm not after an emotional connection, just a physical one. I could stop whenever I want, I just have no reason to.

I don't see that what I'm doing is wrong. None of the men are going to leave their families for me and, as long as it doesn't interfere with my own, then why not? ☺

## CAN CHEATING EVER SAVE YOUR RELATIONSHIP?



Couples' counsellor Helen Mia Harris (via [helenmiaharris.com](https://www.helenmiaharris.com)) says:

\* It's not OK: Unless Jenny and her husband

have explicitly agreed that they can both see other people, then the web of lies will undermine their relationship. And, even if they have each other's permission, eventually affairs can still leave everyone involved feeling jealous and betrayed.

\* People don't cheat just for sex: there's obviously something else lacking. If Jenny wants to save her relationship then, rather than sleep with strangers, she needs to sit down with her husband and a therapist and work through their problems.