Snapshots: Rebekka Armstrong

The Playmate is in love, in the loo and feeling real

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My current obsession is poo. I go through bouts with my meds when I can't have bowel movements. But this week I'm going every morning. I don't know what the heck's going on. Fiber is the first thing that enters my body every day -- homemade bran muffins [for the recipe and much more, visit www.rebekkaonline.com]. Or I put a little plain yogurt in my bran cereal with flaxseed oil and a scoop of peanut butter. I think that's what's keeping me more regular -- introducing live enzymes into my body.

After a week without being able to move a single thing througH my system, I need my partner to help out with an enema. It's a beautiful thing that you can trust somebody and let go of all that weirdness that comes up when somebody is actually sticking a tube in your bum to give you some relief. It's all about love at that point.

I was on E!'s True Hollywood Story. Out of thousands of e-mails I got in response, Oliver's stood out. Sometimes I get sensationalized as the Playboy Bunny With HIV, and I appear to be something that I'm not. Oliver wrote, "I saw that you were real, and I could identify with you. I want to know you." Something told me to write back: "I am so nervous about doing this, but here's my home phone number." *Send*.

Oliver hobbled down a cliff to a beach to propose to me. He'd been in a serious accident before we met -- he crushed both ankles and feet, broke his back. We're getting married in the spring. We asked Hef [*Playboy* founder Hugh Hefner] for permission to do it at the Mansion. If not, it's going to be all my Playmate sisters and friends barefoot at the beach. My first marriage was out of fear of nobody ever loving me again, fear of living alone and dying alone. My relationship with Oliver is the first time I totally, 100 percent know that I get to be me.

I just competed in the miss Galaxy Fitness Competition. We were judged 50 percent on our physique in a bikini and 50 percent on a military obstacle course. I completed it in 46 seconds -- up a 25-foot cargo net wall, over hurdles, up a 12-foot rope wall. I didn't place in the top 10, but I did amazing. I train four to six days a week. My biceps are 13 inches around, and I can bench-press my body weight. I'm healthier than I've ever been, undetectable with T cells from 300 to 500. I'm hoping to inspire other women with life-threatening illnesses.

I’m doubling up on the evening primrose oil to help alleviate PMS, and I still wanted to tear Oliver’s face off. I wake up like, “This ’life’ stuff is just too much.” Or “I hate you! If you do one little thing, I’m comin’ at ya with everything I got!” My doctors prescribed an antidepressant for before and during my period. I haven’t taken it yet. I’m so fearful of taking another fucking pill, but I might have to resort to it.

Our sex is so freeing. I actually feel like a fucking human being again. Oliver is not afraid of my blood. And I’m not all worried about bodily fluids being cleaned up immediately. It’s not this sanitized, superficial, crazy plastic world. I feel like I’m a real woman in a real life, and I get to be me. Even though my virus has mutated three times and Oliver is only on his first cocktail, the chances of me transmitting something to him are not as high as him to me, so I’m not so concerned about it. We have a much more carefree sex life than if the roles were reversed.

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