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What Really Happens at a VIP Sex Party

"The diversity was heartening, and the freedom was intoxicating. I was hooked."



by ANONYMOUS

APR 4, 2015



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After five years together, my husband, Darren*, and I are as deeply in love as when we first met through mutual friends in New York City. We share values about virtually everything that matters to us: politics, art, passion for our jobs, and not least of all, the need for nonmonogamy. By the time we hooked up for the first time, one sunny June day on a wooden deck after a long swim to a tiny island in the middle of a private lake in the Adirondacks, we both knew monogamy didn't work for us. I had just ended my second unsuccessful attempt at an exclusive relationship and promised myself to never

second unsuccessful attempt at an exclusive relationship and promised myself to never promise monogamy to anyone ever again. He, on the other hand, had had nothing but open relationships for the past 15 years. So when things started to look serious, there was never a debate about whether we'd be open.

I'm a social scientist in my early 30s; he's a software engineer in his mid-40s. We have highly rewarding careers and great friends. And every now and then, we go to sex parties. For us, it's a way to bring novelty and excitement to our (already satisfying) sex life, and we have many friends who share our sexual lifestyle and views. I went to my first sex party when I was 23 and living in Berlin. I've been a highly sexual and intensely curious person for as long as I can remember, so when one of my lovers asked, I didn't think twice. There were all kinds of people there. Not everyone was interested in everyone, but everyone was accepting. The diversity was heartening, and the freedom was intoxicating. I was hooked.

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There are about 40 different commercial sex parties (ones that charge admission) in NYC. Some of these happen most nights at sex clubs; others happen only once every few months at venues like hotels or private homes. Each caters to a different crowd or sexual interest: younger people, older people, kink, vanilla, LGBTQ, couples only, couples and single women only, and ones where single men are allowed as well. Some welcome everyone; others require an online-application form and a photo. Still others are very exclusive, reserving spots only for the most attractive or well-heeled. Some charge symbolic prices (\$15), while others charge a small fortune (\$500). Some are more adamant than others about ensuring consent, minimizing sexual health risks, or limiting drug and alcohol use.

Recently, our sexually curious and fairly experienced friend Veronica, who's a sex party newbie, asked us to take her to a party. We decided on a recurring party that Darren and I love — it's highly selective but not in the superficial ways (money, looks, or fame). Getting in requires that a past attendee brings you and vouches that you will add to the experience.

After a quick check-in process, we are escorted into a large suite in a hotel, where we're warmly greeted by an incredibly seductive, voluptuous young woman with full lips, wearing only a lacy black face mask and a thin metal chain that starts at her neck, then falls between her breasts and circles her waist. She's one of the many volunteers — greeters, bartenders, food servers, vibe monitors — helping to make sure the party runs smoothly. We put our coats away, then give Veronica a tour through the gorgeous, two-floor space: high ceilings, candles everywhere, many comfy couches. We wander through the three larger rooms, each with its own fireplace, and half a dozen bedrooms with open passageways (there are no doors to any rooms except for bathrooms). There's a lovely view of Manhattan at night through the floor-to-ceiling windows, and as we walk around, Veronica exclaims how pleasantly surprised she is at the overall vibe and friendliness.



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We mingle over cocktails, and by midnight, the party boasts a healthy crowd of 250 people ranging in age from early 20s to late 50s. Most are in upscale cocktail attire, a few in fetish outfits, and a few already mostly nude. Many of the women and men are traditionally attractive, including several who could, did, or do model, but there are bodies of all shapes and sizes, and everyone seems to have one thing in common: They all feel beautiful and comfortable in their skin. We chat with some of our good friends and past and current lovers, check out the new people, and wonder about some people we've flirted with but never had a chance to "play" with.

We introduce Veronica to everyone we know, and she decides to roam the party on her own for a while — a far cry from the "please don't leave me alone" energy she was giving off before we arrived. No longer in guide mode, Darren and I begin to flirt with the other partygoers. You see a lot of flirting and making out in the center of the dance floor and more serious action — topless massages, oral sex, blindfolded tickling — happening on the edges of the room. Soon after, Darren tugs on my dress and discreetly nods his head in the direction of a gorgeous couple in their early 30s. He's tall and dark-skinned, with a big, friendly smile and a chiseled torso outlined by his tight shirt; she's a pale, slim European with long, silky hair. It's lust at first sight for both me and Darren, and when our glances meet theirs, we approach.

The small talk begins, and it turns out, it's their first sex party ever. They've talked about opening up their relationship before, and after three years of living together, they are finally taking the first step. With two couples involved, things can get a bit tricky. Chances are good that one of the four will not be comfortable with the situation and will pull the plug. My husband and I can read each other very well, and we're also comfortable letting the other person play while stepping out if need be. We ask if they want to take things slow, but no, they're ready now and they like us, they say. We ask about boundaries. He confesses he's not sure if he'd be comfortable with her playing with another man, but "you never know." Darren assures them there's no pressure to do anything they're uncomfortable with. After chatting for about 30 minutes, I suggest we move to one of the rooms.

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Safety is taken seriously at this party — there are condoms and bottles of lube (as well as wet wipes) all over the play spaces. Refusing to use a condom with a non-primary partner would get you banned from the party forever. Privacy is also a concern. Remember the first rule of Fight Club? It's kind of the same here. It's so exclusive, it doesn't have an online presence — no website, no Facebook page, no Twitter account. You are not allowed to take photos or videos.

We find a bed that's mostly empty (no beds are ever completely empty at this party) and start kissing and exploring one another's bodies. The clothes slowly come off. They are both absolutely gorgeous. Earlier, she mentioned she was interested in women but not very experienced, so I try to pay equal attention to both of them, running my hands up and down their bodies, telling them how beautiful they are. Initially, my husband is only focused on me, slowly but surely making his way down between my legs. I get on my knees as I start going down on her while her boyfriend brings himself to her mouth. After a few minutes, I ask her if she'd share with me the "toy" she has in her mouth, and the two of us ladies give her boyfriend a nice, long, double blow job. My husband slides out from underneath me, our eyes lock, and he comments on how hot this looks as he starts rubbing my clit from behind. As the situation gets more heated, our new lovers seem to relax more, and the boyfriend decides to push his boundaries. "You can play with Darren, if you'd like," he says to his girlfriend. "Are you sure?" she asks. He is

a little distracted by my lips around him and nods encouragingly. That's all she needs, and as she puts her hands on my husband's toned body, he and I smile at each other, loving the fun we're having together. We're aroused, exhilarated, thoroughly in the moment. I love seeing the anticipation in his eyes as she begins to slowly unbutton his shirt and unbuckle his belt. For the next hour, we find ourselves in several different positions, sometimes breaking into twosomes, sometimes all entangled, each of us silently but regularly checking in with our partners. Everyone has at least one orgasm except her. After the rest of us finish, I ask if there's anything we can do for her. She says, "It's a bit overwhelming" but assures us she enjoyed herself immensely.





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We lie on the bed, catching our breath, only then realizing that we've had a bit of an audience. A cute girl comes over and says, "My girlfriend and I were watching the whole time. That was so hot!" We all laugh. We get dressed and give our new friends a big hug, then go our separate ways. We head back into the main room of the party where the dance floor is now packed. A hot Asian guy wearing only a scarf walks in followed by a cute girl who immediately drops down on her knees and starts giving him oral. Soon after, he bends her over and puts on a condom, and they start having sex right there on the dance floor, with nothing but the edge of a sofa for support. "I'll take care of that for you," I say, as I take the condom wrapper from between his lips and dispose of it in the trash. The party is on.

As we get to the bar for more drinks, Darren sees one of his favorite lovers and goes to say hi to her. I realize I haven't seen Veronica in almost two hours and embark on a quest to find her. I walk through the rooms — the sights and sounds of sexual pleasure and playfulness are everywhere. A tall man walks by, led on a chain leash by a dark-haired woman. Two pretty gay boys are making out in the corner. In a bedroom, one of my friends and his fiancée have set up shop with their Sybian, a saddle-like masturbation device that vibrates and rotates, and there's a line of women waiting to try all the different internal and external attachments that go with it. The one who's currently using it appears to be unwilling to part with it.

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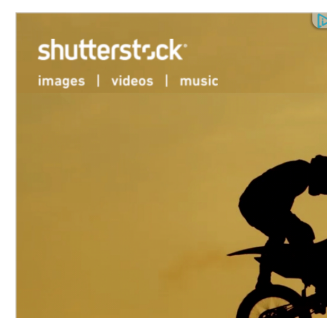
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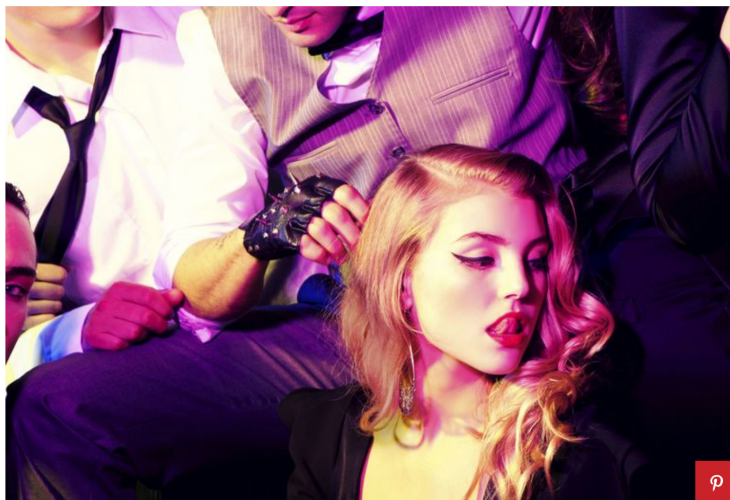
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When I finally see Veronica, she's sandwiched between two tall, skinny, hipster guys, frantically making out and ripping off one another's clothes. A threesome with two men has been her fantasy ever since she was a teenager, and I'm glad to see she's having fun. Then something else catches my attention. My friends Michael and Tanya, a couple in their late 20s, are leaving at the height of the party. Michael is on the verge of tears. "This is not working out," he tells me. "After five parties, a lot of money spent, and countless hours talking about everything, it really seems like Tanya and I are not on the same page about this. I'm loving it, but she doesn't want this. I think this is our last party." I sympathize with him — it is not uncommon for partners to have different



reactions to their initial attempts at sex parties. If this is as final as it seems, Michael is going to have to make some tough choices in the near future: suppress his need for sexual exploration or leave the woman he loves. A few parties ago, I was the first person they ever invited to play with them, so I feel somewhat connected to their entry into nonmonogamy. I offer to get lunch with him the following week so he could have someone to talk to.



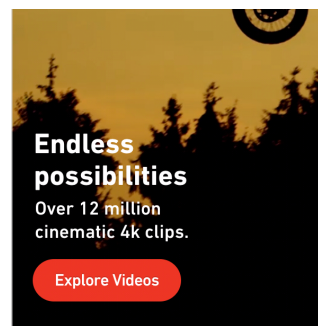
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I reunite with Darren, and we chat up another stunningly beautiful couple in their early 30s: a tall, ample-busted redhead and a blond man with a smooth, hairless chest and flat stomach. She's been in the lifestyle for a few years, but he's brand-new. He has a hard time getting over his jealousy of seeing her with other men, so for the moment they only play with women, hoping to build toward a more equitable arrangement over time. They didn't play with anyone here tonight, but all the flirting and watching others has made them so turned on that they say they're going home to ravish each other. It's great to see people openly expressing their desires, acknowledging their limits while trying to push them, and showing patience and understanding for their partner's needs.

A gorgeous female DJ in lingerie is replaced by a shirtless dark-skinned guy sporting a perfect set of abs (I admit I have a thing for men with very toned abs). He's not only a pleasure to watch though — he plays excellent music, so for another hour or so, Darren and I just dance to great electronic music surrounded by a continually shifting group of smiling, sexy people in various states of undress. Veronica appears out of one of the adjacent bedrooms and exclaims, "I feel so free here. Everyone is so nice and nonjudgmental!" For a moment, I see my 23-year-old self at the party in Berlin.

Eventually, it's time to go. Darren and I grab a cab back to our apartment, dropping Veronica off on the way. We brush our teeth, then jump under the covers and relive the night as we lie in bed wrapped up in each other's arms. I get a text from the girlfriend of the couple we played with: "You two were the best part of our night." We drift off to sleep, happy.

This article was originally published as "What Really Happens at a VIP Sex Party" in the April 2015 issue of Cosmopolitan. [Click here](#) to get the issue in the iTunes store!



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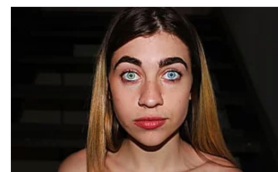


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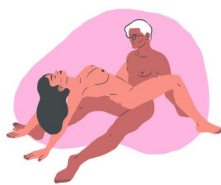
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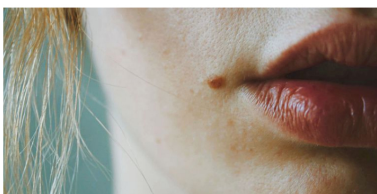
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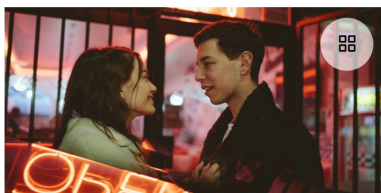
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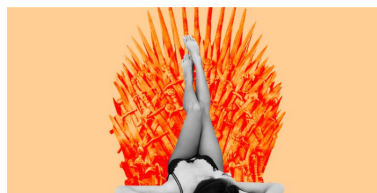
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