

# The naked truth

How you doin' (it), New York? Locals lay bare their kinky, out-there and awkward only-in-NYC sexcapades.

**WE HAVE A** worldwide reputation for being DTF. But what exactly is going on inside (and outside) our bedrooms? For our annual sex issue, we asked New Yorkers to tell us every dirty, delightful and distressing detail. Prepare for titillating tales of pegging misadventures, threesomes as entrée to elite NYC and a whole lot of fetishes. Plus, we talked to five people whose nine-to-fives revolve around getting people off, including a sexual hypnotherapist and a camgirl who specializes in sitting on cakes. Get excited. ■ *Jillian Anthony*

PHOTOGRAPH: STEPHEN MEERDING



# I ROBBED MY GRINDR DATE.

His Grindr screen name caught my eye immediately: CASH SLAVE. I'd heard about cash slaves—men who got off by giving away their money, or having it taken from them.

"I don't want anything sexual," he wrote. "I want you to rob me. Meet up with me, grab your dick, tell me I can't have it, call me a faggot, take my money and go." In my head, I thought we'd meet in a dim, seedy alley. But the actual street corner we met up on in Bed-Stuy was very well-lit, shining a spotlight on our pseudo-criminal activity. Then, I saw him: CASH SLAVE himself. He was walking his tiny dog, had bad skin, wore his hair slicked back into a tiny ponytail and was a little heavy. I bent down to pet his pooch, but when I looked up, I realized he was jittery and couldn't even look at me.

I knew my task but I just couldn't be mean to this guy. I got up and before I knew it, he had slipped a wad of cash into my hands and started apologizing. "I'm sorry, sir, I'm really sorry, that's all I have on me," he said. "I know it's not a lot, sir, but there's no ATM open right now, sir, but I want to give you more next time, I promise, sir."

I just smiled and let him put his money in my hands. "Okay, well, I'll see you around," I said as I walked away, as if leaving a totally normal conversation and not an awkward-as-hell internet domination setup.

I couldn't even wait the entire block home to take out the money and count it. My haul for the day's work? Seventeen bucks.

■ Louie Rendon, 29, Bedford-Stuyvesant

# I USED MY RICH FRIEND'S APARTMENT TO HOOK UP.

After ending things with my last girlfriend, I resolved to date transparently: unfiltered photos, admitting to being between jobs and being honest about having dated men. (Some lesbians, I found, staunchly disapprove of this.) In short, I would charm the ladies with my refreshing authenticity.

But charm could not compensate for my digs in Queens. Wedged between Costco and a parking lot for ice cream trucks, the commute was a dating deal breaker. So when a friend asked me to house-sit his opulent Central Park West pad, I happily agreed. Couldn't I take a brief integrity hiatus and play rich girl for an evening?

At the Stonewall Inn, I dazzled a gorgeous NYU grad student with tales of my totally fabulous, totally fictional life. She asked to see my mansion in the sky. Feeling giddy but guilty, I hailed us a cab back to Central Park West.

As the doorman's gloved hands parted the massive front doors, my date looked around quizzically. "I think my uncle lives in this building," she said. "Really? Which apartment?" I asked, as if I knew any of the neighbors.

6C. My friend's apartment.

Of all the women in New York City, I had wooed the one who could definitely call my bluff. Feeling ashamed, I made up an excuse to get her to leave and returned to 6C alone. On the refrigerator I noticed my date's year-old high school senior portrait. I vomited in the sparkling sink. I wasn't rich enough for this apartment. She wasn't old enough for bars. ■ Katherine Hunt, 33, Lower East Side



ILLUSTRATIONS: ESMÉ LONSDALE; PHOTOGRAPH: STEPHEN MEIERING



PHOTOGRAPH: ANDREW TESS

## ASK A...

### Cake-sitting camgirl

Lindsay Dye, 29, Bushwick  
(lindsaydye.com)

#### How did you get into this?

In my chat room, I've received many requests to sit on objects. And I found that sitting on cakes was a balance between pulverizing an object and finding something tangible that every human has a relationship to.

#### So how does it actually work?

In chat-room shows, I bake for my audience.

Individuals tip me to crack an egg, stir the batter, put the cake in the oven, frost and, finally, sit. For in-person gallery shows, I purchase a cake and match the color of my lingerie to the frosting. In both cases there's either a crumbly mess left behind or the cake disappears, seemingly soaked into my skin (or elsewhere).

#### Tasty. So what the hell's so erotic about frosted desserts, anyway?

It comes from defiling a previously unsexualized, common object and the importance of the cake—an object that everyone has experiences with throughout their lives.

#### Is there a cake you like more than others?

All cake is worthy of a sitting.

■ Maya Lekach



ASK A...

(Former) phone-sex operator

Kelly Lynn, 46, Forest Hills, Queens

What's the secret to good phone sex?

It's all about keeping the guy on the phone as long as possible. That's how you make money. Of course, when a guy is really turned on, he doesn't want to stay on the phone forever. So you have opposite goals. Mine is to keep him on the phone; his goal is to get off—and then get off.

Why do you think so many men called?

It wasn't always about sex. It was about loneliness for a lot of people. Some of the callers just didn't have a lot of people in their lives. They just needed a friend. Other guys called in because

they weren't comfortable sharing their kink with their partner.

Ooh. What sort of kink?

One guy used to call in from work all the time. He wanted to start with normal conversation, but somewhere in there I was instructed to use the word *umbrella*. He explained that every time he heard the word he would slowly hypnotize himself into becoming a woman. He'd stay on the phone for like an hour and a half, at least. By the end of the call he was speaking in an incredibly high pitch and wearing lingerie.

■ Carrie Weisman



I WAS PISSED ON AT KINK CAMP.

Over lunch one day, a friend told me, "I'm going to a men's kink camp this summer. You have to be invited. I'm inviting you." Cut to two months later and, in a secret Northeast location, I was surrounded by 300 men in the sunshine: nude, in leather or leashed on all fours.

At the kickoff party, I was melting inside from shyness when this Asian guy right next to me started screeching as a horde carried him off. They tied him to a fence and pelted him with paintballs. My pal Bart said, "That's an ambush! Usually happens to newcomers." I thought, Eek! Would I hate that? Or maybe love that?

Two nights later, I was still feeling kind of homesick for New York. In the dungeon barn, I watched a rope master hanging twinks from the ceiling, when this pretty Puerto Rican fella named Diego I'd been eyeing all weekend sauntered up saying something about "pee play." I said, "Oh. Yeah, I tried that once, and you know what? I loved it!" His eyes lit up. Diego motioned to this Ed Harris look-alike standing by his side. Suddenly, the two had me in a headlock, got my hands behind my back and handcuffed me. They dragged me outside, threw me to my knees and yelled to a single-file line of men waiting to use the toilet, "Don't piss there! We have a urinal right here!" To my surprise, as seven men towered over me and the streams began to flow, I finally felt right at home. ■ Kevin Allison, 47, Bedford-Stuyvesant ([risk-show.com](http://risk-show.com))

ILLUSTRATION: ESME LONSDALE; PHOTOGRAPH: STEPHEN WEIERDING

I USED THREESOMES TO SEE FANCY-ASS APARTMENTS.

After four months of struggling to stay afloat in NYC, I couldn't believe I was sitting in a Tribeca loft sipping wine, about to join a ménage à trois. I wanted a distraction from the grind, so I answered a personal ad: Kinky woman wanted for threesome with rich, sexy couple. It was completely out of character for me, but multiple orgasms were exactly what I needed to forget my money troubles.

After I made out with them both, I reminded them that I was only into having sex with women. They found that even hotter. She and I had sex while he watched, then they got down while I watched. It was voyeuristic and arousing. After a couple of hours and a few orgasms, they suggested I stay over. We had omelettes for breakfast the next morning.

I had to do this again. Two months later, I did, meeting up with a polyamorous lesbian couple who lived in a chic brownstone in Brooklyn. Our foreplay consisted of oysters, copious amounts of champagne, lesbian porn, sex toys and role-playing. Besides the bed, we had sex in their enormous stand-alone shower. I stayed the night, and we all had sex again in the morning.

After my second tryst, I started to see a pattern. My kink wasn't just threesomes, but hooking up with people who had what I saw as a successful life in New York City. After one more rendezvous, I decided I didn't need my fantasy anymore. It was time to be my own success story. ■ Jacy Topps, 38, Glendale, Queens



ILLUSTRATION: ESME LONSDALE; PHOTOGRAPH: STEPHEN WEIERDING

ASK A...

Sex instructor

Kenneth Play, 36, Bushwick ([kennethplay.com](http://kennethplay.com))

Tell me about Hacienda Villa.

It's a sex-positive living community based in Brooklyn. I'm one of the founders. I'm also a sex educator, so we have a place to host sex-education classes and parties.

What's the most in-demand class you teach?

The most popular one I host focuses on female ejaculation. It sells out every time. It's kind of fascinating to see a room full of strangers practicing this technique together. A lot of times, one person will orgasm, and then the rest of the group will follow. It just turns into a chorus of moans.

What's the most common question people ask after finding out what you do for a living?

Most people just want to know they're normal. I always tell them that *normal* is the most dangerous word in sex. Second to that is guys asking me how to get their girlfriends to do anal. I tell them to be good at everything else.

What else are you cooking up at Hacienda?

I just helped invent a new toy. We're calling it a rideable unicorn that can give you epic orgasms. It's basically an oversize stuffed animal with a Sybian saddle vibrator hidden inside. ■ CW





## ASK A...

### Sex hypnotherapist

Richard Barker, 49, midtown (incrediblehypnotist.com)

#### Why do you think your practice is taking off in New York?

People let the city grind them down, and then they wonder why their penis stops working. Women wonder why they feel so tired and disconnected; they wonder why they can't orgasm. I mean, I've always helped people with certain sexual issues, but not on this magnitude. People are stressed out these days.

#### How can hypnotherapy help remedy certain sexual issues?

If you were to ask a doctor how to treat erectile dysfunction, they'd tell you to wear a cock ring. Something to trap the blood in there. When clients come into my office, I'll ask them to imagine the blood as a river streaming through their penis that flows in so far, it can't flow out, like a high tide. They need to visualize their erection.

#### What are clients' most common problems?

Sexual confidence seems to be high on the list. Women tend to be more self-conscious of their bodies. Maybe they had a C-section or have stretch marks or just general anxiety. Men tend to feel more inadequate about their performance. They feel like they're being judged.

■ CW



## IT TRIED TO PEG MY BOYFRIEND.

Shawn had a brand new strap-on in a box beneath his bed, and I was determined to break it in. I slid the leather harness over my hips and fastened the buckle in back. Its thick straps cut into my waist, confining me as if I were laced into a stiff combat boot.

And then the dildo came out: six inches of Barney-purple silicone. Like a drunk trying to put on a condom, I fumbled with fitting my lubed-up dick into the rubber ring at the harness's center. Eventually, Shawn had to secure my penis for me. Now that I was properly outfitted, I felt ready to fill him up.

"Is that it?" I asked, prodding to the far right of his anus. "Um, not exactly," he said. "What about now? Am I in?" I wondered aloud, fucking the air beneath his ballsack. "Still no." He was on all fours and suggested flipping over onto his back, which I found even more difficult. "This is hard," I complained. "Can't you go back on your hands and knees?" "I fuck you like this all the time!" he exclaimed.

"Yeah, but you can actually feel your penis!"

All this rapid-fire arguing was turning what was supposed to be a raunchy exploit into an episode of *Seinfeld*. Though his navigational suggestions ("To the right, no, up a little") were constructive, it began to feel like we were copilotting a forklift instead of getting it on.

During the rare thrusts that actually granted me access to Shawn's asshole, his taut muscles and my arrhythmic humping popped the dick out like a champagne cork. When I did achieve more than one pump, it became too intense for him, a discovery that shocked me, considering that this man routinely inserts a stainless-steel plug the size of an apple into his bum.

Before I knew it, Shawn was soft, and I felt like I'd failed him completely. "Maybe I just like stationary things in my butt," he said. He washed off the dildo and placed it back in its box, where it remains. For now.

■ *Madison Bloom, 28, Bedford-Stuyvesant*

ILLUSTRATION: ESWE LONSDALE; PHOTOGRAPH: STEPHEN WEIERING

PHOTOGRAPHS: ANDREW TESS



## ASK A...

### Sex-shop worker

Deborah Pannell, 56, Riverdale, Bronx

#### You transitioned from being a writer to selling sex toys at SHAG. What's the new gig like?

It's been a lot of fun. We had to go through weeks of training before we were allowed to be alone in the shop. You have to know about the inventory, the toys. I also had to get comfortable talking about this stuff with strangers.

#### Has the job affected you personally?

I think it's made me a little less shy about my desires, my body and my need for a satisfying sex life. It's

made me a bit bolder. I'm better at giving direction. I have a 14-year-old son, and I'm a lot more comfortable talking to him about sex now. I don't want to send him into adulthood with any hang-ups.

#### Any interesting experiences at the shop?

An Orthodox Jewish man came in the other day asking me about clitoral stimulation creams, and he was getting some massage oil candles. It was probably my happiest day yet.

■ CW

## Real sex in the city

### SHAG'S TOP SELLERS



Tenga Egg, \$10



Überlube, \$28 for 100ml



b-Vibe rimming plug, \$150



Eva vibrator, \$116



EXSENS Amethyst massage oil, \$32 for 100ml

→ SHAG, 108 Roebling St, Brooklyn (347-721-3302, weloveshag.com)



# I POPPED MY BDSM CHERRY.

On a brisk Monday afternoon, I approached 45th Street right on time, just as I'd been instructed by an older man who'd cruised me on the subway a week earlier. I assumed I was headed toward his apartment, but soon the directions revealed that I was coming to his job at a Broadway theater.

I wandered lost and alone through the stage door and the eerily empty backstage, surrounded by towering 1930s set pieces, until I found stairs leading up to the dressing rooms. He was sitting down, intensely focused, repairing a shirt for the show's leading man. Without looking up from his needle, he firmly instructed me to "sit down," in the same demanding tone he'd used to ask my age when we first met.

"See that bag over there? Open it." He named each item that I pulled from a black leather bag and placed on the counter: "Flogger. Paddle. Blindfold. Ball gag."

I looked at these tools, all laid out next to the chorus-boy makeup, and then over to him. He was looking at me for the first time. My chest was pounding. I'd never done anything like this before.

"Strip down," he instructed. "Hands against the wall." He put his work away, and my knees shook as I awkwardly peeled off my long johns. Once I assumed the position, he came up behind me, caressed my torso and established a safe word. Feeling his stubble against my jaw, he said lightly into my ear, "This is the flogger."

I never did use that safe word. ■ *Derek Smith, 29, Bedford-Stuyvesant*



ILLUSTRATIONS: ESMÉ LONSDALE; PHOTOGRAPH: STEPHEN MEIERHOFF



Never Sleep Alone



NSFW



Harder

# I HAD A LOT OF SKYPE SEX.

Two years ago—after yet another guy tried to finger me like his hand was an eraser and my clit was a huge spelling error with just seconds to go on a test—I gave up sex IRL for a few months.

When a dude on OkCupid messaged saying he wanted someone to watch him jack off, my initial reaction to his request was disgust. But as a professional sex writer on a self-imposed dry spell, I grew curious, wanting to understand his fetish. We struck up a conversation, and he turned out to be really nice. It also didn't hurt that I had a thing for watching solo-masturbation porn. I decided to give it a go.

Here's how our relationship worked: I'd text him to meet me on Skype, enjoy myself while I watched him come, then log off. It was like Dial-a-Dick: sexually satisfying, without requiring me to change out of my sweats (my camera was always turned off), and his cock was so beautiful it should be in the Smithsonian after he dies.

The funniest part? He lived four blocks from my apartment. We never met. ■ *Dana Hamilton, 29, Astoria*

## LAUGH Awkward Sex... and the City

You'll feel better about your own sexual mishaps after this titillating comedy showcase, in which a sweet lineup of stand-ups and storytellers take the stage to talk through their most cringe-inducing hookups.

→ *Pleasure Chest*, 1150 Second Ave (212-355-6909, [thepleasurechest.com](http://thepleasurechest.com)). Feb 16 at 8pm; \$15-\$20.

## Never Sleep Alone

The fictional Dr. Alex Schiller (played perfectly by Roslyn Hart) hosts an evening of matchmaking challenges during this musical-comedy bonanza. Strangers are encouraged to make out onstage and participate in other risqué activities in public, with the goal of getting everyone laid by the end of the night.

→ *Joe's Pub at the Public Theater*, 425 Lafayette St (212-539-8500, [neversleepalone.com](http://neversleepalone.com)). Apr 27 at 9:30pm; \$35-\$45 plus \$12 minimum.

PHOTOGRAPHS (CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT): JEN PAINTER; RODRIGO LIZARRAGA FOR NSFW; KEVIN JONES

# Everybody wants some

We've got the sex-ed up event for you, whether you're looking to up your game, get down or laugh your ass off.

## LEARN "Tantric Edging & Valentine Pictures"

Most people want a dick pic to be proud of, so why not take yours to the next level? Get tips on how to take the perfect penis portrait, and then enjoy a hands-on introduction to tantric edging (the practice of staying near climax for an extended period of time) to expertly prepare your member.

→ *3F Studios*, 51 W 14th St (3fsnyc.com). Feb 8 at 7:30pm; \$45-\$50.

## "Wrestling for Lovers"

Get rougher in the bedroom while keeping things sexy, fun and safe. This course walks you through the basic jiu-jitsu-inspired moves to control and contain your partner as you both "fight" for top.

→ *Brooklyn Zoo*, 230 Bogart St (347-987-3228, [brooklynzooony.com](http://brooklynzooony.com)). Feb 21 at 8pm; \$45-\$80.

## LOVE NSFW

This members-only club (with monthly dues of \$69—nice, y'all) provides classes on exploring kinks and how different drugs mix with doing the dirty. The space's fourth floor is where the action is, offering room for "penetrative play" supervised by "guardian angels" who make sure everyone follows the rules and receives enthusiastic consent.

→ [ns-fw.com](http://ns-fw.com)

## Harder

Spend your Friday night getting sweaty in the dark at this weekly LES dance party that draws a sexy, hirsute gay crowd. After you leave your inhibitions behind on the upstairs dance floor, head to the basement for no-holds-barred, hush-hush fun.

→ *Open House*, 244 E Houston St ([instagram.com/hardernyc](http://instagram.com/hardernyc)). Fri at 10pm; free before 11pm, before 1am \$10, after \$20.

■ *Will Gleason*

## DISCOVER!

Find tips on the best sex shops at [timeout.com/nysexshops](http://timeout.com/nysexshops).