Lust

Bad-Girl Edition

The Cosmo Kama Sutra

Cosmo is to sex positions what Apple is to the iPhone—when we release a new version, it comes with some pretty awesome features. In this case, very naughty ones.

By Carolyn Kylstra

NIPS AHoy
SPANk ME MAYBE
MISSION CONTROL
BELT IT OUT

PEEP SHOW
DOWNWARD-FACING DOGGIE
VIBRATING V
WILD RIDE

Cosmopolitan Magazine, November 2012, P. 166-169
HOW TO HAVE HOT SUMMER SEX
(WITHOUT GETTING POISON IVY, HEATSTROKE OR ARRESTED)

IN THE CAR

You can't go wrong with the beach. Just don't forget to bring your sunscreen and water. Don't forget to change the car air filter too.

AT A STADIUM

There's probably not a better place to watch a baseball game with your friends and the refreshments are aplenty. If you can't get tickets, don't worry. You can always find the perfect spot to watch from the comfort of your own car. Just don't forget to pack snacks and drinks.

UP AGAINST A TREE

Never go hiking alone. It's safer to go with a friend or a group. Always let someone know where you are going. If you get lost, stay calm and don't panic. Use your phone to call for help.

AFTER DAY-DRINKING

Don't drive home after drinking. Take a cab, ride-sharing service, or a designated driver. If you're feeling adventurous, try a bicycle or skateboard. Just be sure to wear a helmet.

AT A CROWDED SUMMER SHARE

Share your summer with others. It's a great way to meet new people and make memories. Don't be afraid to get out of your comfort zone and try something new.

Cosmopolitan Magazine, July 2014, P. 143-152
Between the athletic moves, the means of ecstasy, and the thrill of a climactic finish, the Olympics are just like sex, really. Our special Sex Olympics issue makes Bob Costas blush, but it'll give you the play-by-play on how to become a world champion sex machine.

**The Olympic Village**

Get a know-how edge on the athletes by watching them work up a sweat. Take note of their technique, their body language, and their strategies. It's a great source for inspiration. If you need a workout partner, you'll have an involuntary reference. And you get a kick out of it, too. It's officially known as a sex machine.

**The Golden Medalist**

Two words: sexual high. Have your man lie down in bed (or novel sheetsoptional), and slip into reverse cowgirl. Then have him pick up, sink into your panties, let his hands roam over your breasts and abdomen...and enjoy the ride! It's a real winner, since premature ejaculation seems to be a fast and effective way to dissemble and slow down...until the moment ends in a liquefied orgasmic glory. 10 out of 10.

**The Bawdy Booby**

Two words: sexual high. Have your man lie down in bed (or novel sheets optional), and slip into reverse cowgirl. Then have him pick up, sink into your panties, let his hands roam over your breasts and abdomen...and enjoy the ride! It's a real winner, since premature ejaculation seems to be a fast and effective way to dissemble and slow down...until the moment ends in a liquefied orgasmic glory. 10 out of 10.

**The Long Pole**

You're surrounded by deep, attractive people, who are warmed up and ready to go. But you're not. You're feeling a bit shy and uncertain. Then you spot the perfect opportunity. You take the plunge, and... bam! You're on your way to a sexual victory.

**The Heavenly Spiral**

This is the sexual equivalent of the heptathlon. You start with the dude in front, then turn to the side, then the other side, then the other again. And then you're on your way to a sexual victory.

**The Sensual Snowboarder**

Now you're in the men's halfpipe, and you're on top of the world. You feel invincible, and you're ready to take on the world. You're on your way to a sexual victory.

**The Siberian Bawdy-Style**

This is the sexual equivalent of the ski jump. You take off, and you're on your way to a sexual victory.

**The Laps of Love**

You're on the final leg of the 1,500-meter race. You're tired, but you're determined to win. You take a deep breath, and you're on your way to a sexual victory.

**The Sex-Goddess Ski Jump**

You're on the final leg of the 1,500-meter race. You're tired, but you're determined to win. You take a deep breath, and you're on your way to a sexual victory.
Cosmopolitan Magazine targets young girls by regularly featuring teen stars on the covers and in headline stories.
Cosmo encouraging readers to try group ‘sex parties’ with strangers and explaining how it works.

People there. Not everyone was interested in everyone, but everyone was accepting. The diversity was heartening, and the freedom was interesting. I was hooked.

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 and/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).

A woman—a rarity from the “please don’t leave the alone energy she was giving off before we arrived. No longer in quite mode, Darren and I explored the party 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 directly nods his head in the direction of a gorgeous couple in their early 30s. He’s tall and dark-haired, with a big, friendly smile and a carded cornroll outlined by his right shirt; she’s petite, slim European with long, silky hair.

We find a spot that’s mostly partygoers and start talking and exploring the party and where the party is going to go. They are both absolutely gorgeous! Seriously interested in women but not very experienced, so I try to pay extra attention to both of them, running my hands up and down their bodies, telling them how much I love them and how much I’m enjoying myself on the little couch we’re sitting on. Darren is suddenly making his way down between my legs. I tell him to start going down on her while her boyfriend brings himself to release. After a few minutes, I ask her if she’s ready with the “yes” she’s in her mouth, and the two of us slide our boyfriends’ faces to the floor, his long, double-bubble job. My husband slides out from underneath me, and eyes back, and I comment on how hot this looks as he starts rubbing my dick from behind. A moment later, we pass our love down to our lovers so they can take over, and we slide our boyfriends’ faces to the floor. You can see the look on their faces—well, I can. They’re a little distracted, but they both immediately start kissing my mouth. That’s all she needs, and she just puts her hands on my husband’s chest body, and I find myself on the floor, kissing the fellas’ faces, holding them together. We’ve crossed, embraced, entwined, thoroughly in the moment. I love seeing the anticipation in his eyes as she begins to

led on a chain leash by a dark-haired woman. Two pretty gay guys are making eye contact in the corner. In a bedroom, one of my friends and his friend have set up shop with their husbands, a little 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.

Cosmopolitan Magazine, April 2015, p. 151-154
Just a few of the tips from Cosmo: Try anal, sexting, sexual violence, and hooking up with your teachers, your boss and strangers.
Q: I'm super horny and cruising Tinder like a mad woman before my period. What's going on?
A: A PMS mood could stand for Prowling for More Sex, mainly因为 the hormone progesterone spikes pre-period, making our愿望 parts extra sensitive. Even "your underwear brushing up against you can make you a little hornier," says sexologist Rachel Ross, MD. Progesterone also leads to more discharge and lubrication. Cruise on, you sexy diamond!

Q: My boyfriend wants me to wake him up with a blow job, but that feels weird and intrusive to me. Is this something guys really want? Should I just go for it?
A: I have never met a guy who didn't love being awakened by a blow job. Maybe not every morning, but... not usual when a girl says blow job, even every morning. So it's not weird... and since your boyfriend asked you to do it, it's not intrusive. Don't tell him the night before that you're sleeping today, because it'll ruin the surprise. Do it when he wakes up. If it doesn't work, replace the oral with a kiss. Pretty much any other day, you should absolutely go for it. (Or, if you want it, you should.)

Q: The incredible guy I'm seeing just came out to me as trans. So far, we've only made out—but he still has his male genitals. So what does looking up look like for us?
A: It sounds like you're asking how you'll have sex if he doesn't have a penis. Luckily, "sex can take many forms and specific genitalia need not be involved," notes Michelle Angelo, PhD, a clinical sexologist who specializes in transgender identity. "There are infinite ways to have mind-blowing sex with this guy." They include your mouths, fingers, sex toys, or a strap-on to simulate a penis, if you're into that. Start by asking him what's comfortable with—Angelo says that some trans people are okay with using their genitals and others have "no-go zones." The easiest thing to do is talk about what you each need.
The Night of 3,000 Hookups

Penn State does everything big—there are 35,000 undergrads here, and an estimated 3,000 of them get freaky on Frat Formal Friday, the epic date party thrown by all 30 fraternities on the last Friday of each semester. If we assume each frat’s 100 brothers all attend, that’s 3,000 guys bringing dates, and the potential of 6,000 people getting lucky. You don’t need to be a math major to figure this one out. Those are some good odds for getting some.

—CELESTE ROBERGE, a 2014 graduate of Penn State and Frat Formal Friday veteran

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA
IVY-LEAGUE ANAL

No butts about it, anal play is on the rise. The number of coeds having anal sex doubled between 1990 and 2010, according to the book Sex Lives of College Students. Penn students like buttplay and they cannot lie....

—ARIELLE PARDO, a 2014 UPenn grad who’s afraid of “the shocker”

“I love a finger in my butt during oral sex, and a lot of my male friends do too. It’s a more intense feeling that can make me come way faster.”
—Ivan*, 21, junior

“Every guy I hooked up with or dated in college either propositioned me for anal sex or flirted at it. In a weird way, I think anal sex has taken on this romantic nature. I saved my anal virginity for a guy I really, really liked.”
—Jana, 23, recent graduate

“I absolutely love butts—I’ve had anal sex with six girls. Most girls here are comfortable and experienced with anal. Almost every time I go down on a girl, I also lick her butt.”
—John, 20, junior

*Names have been changed.

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CONDOMS ARE NOW sexy (YOU'RE WELCOME)

Nearly 10 percent of you say sex feels better without a condom. Until now. We don't blame you for being skeptical, but trust Cosmopolitan, rolling on a rubber can make serious sparks fly. Try these moves.

THE MOVE

the Mouth Master
Get low, like you're about to give your partner oral sex, and roll the condom on using your hands, tracing your tongue down the back of his penis as you do.

the Slick Rick
Squeeze a couple of drops of a lubricant inside the condom. Just don't go overboard—too much lube can cause the condom to slip off. Our spies report that the sensation of the condom with lube inside is amazing.

the Breast Remedy
Put the condom on a quarter of the way (it should shear just the tip). Lean over, position his penis between your breasts, then squeeze them together and use them to work the condom down over his shaft.

the Move With a View
Have you heard? Men are very visual creatures. Tap into that by applying the condom in a 69 position (with you on top). He can give you some oral pleasure while you work your magic down below.

the Foootsie Roll
Place the condom securely on the tip with your hands, then lean back and balance on your forearms. Place your feet on either side of his penis, and gently roll the condom down with your big toes.

WHAT TO SAY WHEN HE SAYS “No, Thanks”

He Says: “What if we just start off without a condom? I'll put one on later.”
You Say: “We're not going to want to stop once we start. Plus, some of your super sperm may still escape.”

He Says: “I'm so big, they don't fit me.”
You Say: “Wow, humblebrag.”
He Says: “And that's why they make the Magnum size.”
You Say: “I know, but I can't come at all when I'm worried that I might end up pregnant.”
He Says: “You're on the Pill, and we're in a relationship. Why do we need condoms?”
You Say: “I want to protect you, and I'm sure you want to protect me. Why don't we get tested for STIs and show each other our results? Then we can have a celebratory dinner, go home, and have crazy, condom-free sex.”

—J.K.
SOURCE: NATURAL RUBBER AND CHEMICAL DIVISION OF THE DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE, DAYS IN SAVES MILLIONS OF LIVES

COSMO TRIED GLOVES WE LOVE AND TESTED

1. TROJAN ECOASTY FIRE AND ICE “I noticed a pleasurable tingle—ll it bit fire. It'll bit ice. Better yet, it didn't feel like there was much of a condom there at all.”

2. LIFESTYLES FUN BUMPS “The bumps were surprisingly enjoyable—obvious enough that I noticed the sensation but subtle enough that it wasn't uncomfortable.”

3. TROJAN SENSITIVITY BARESKIN “Using this is like having sex without a condom—both of us could barely feel it.”

4. ONE GLOWING PLEASURES “We laughed seeing him aglow in the dark. That made the sex looser and crazier than usual.”

—GIANNA BARNWELL
WHAT REALLY HAPPENS AT A VIP SEX PARTY

Inside the naughty playground of the haute and bothered

BY ANONYMOUS
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 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.

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 and/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-behaved. 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 baffle 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 explains how pleasantly surprised she is at the overall vibe and friendliness.

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

“All names have been changed.
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 chiselled torso outlined by his tight shirt; she’s a petite, 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.

**IT’S LUST AT FIRST SIGHT, 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.
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. This is 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 off 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.

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 her fiancé have set up shop with their Syrian, 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.

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.

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.
Let Him Take Control

1. **Tighten one of his belts** around your waist, and let him hold on to it like a leash while you two have sex.

2. **Tell him to pinch** (or if you like the sensation, use clothespins on) your erect nipples.

3. **Lie across an ottoman**, and tell him, “Professor Wankerton. I’ve been bad, and I need a spanking.”

4. **Use two sets** of novelty handcuffs to bind your ankles to the bed. Tell him that you’re his prisoner and he’s your pervy guard.

5. **In the shower**, get him to shave your legs for ultimate submission.

6. **Lie in bed** with your legs closed, and challenge him to open them.

7. **Using special wash-free tape from Baboland**, let him bind your wrists to the wall and above your head before you two get it on.

8. **Introduce him to a tracing wheel** (it’s like a plastic blunt-edge pizza cutter), and tell him to roll it over your clitoris (lightly).

9. **Give him a pair** of exfoliating gloves, and have him run his coarse fingers over your body.

10. **Instruct him to wrap** your chest and torso in plastic wrap and touch you through it—the muted sensation feels amazing.

11. **Put a bunch of (clean!) loose change** in the freezer for an hour. Tell him to lick your vulva with warming lube then cover it with the coins (outside only!). The cold against the warm? Incredible.

12. **Tell him to slap** your butt right as you climax—you are turned on and can take more pain, and the mix of pleasure and sting will leave you breathless.

13. **Have him use his tie** to create a gag for you—it’s soft enough that it won’t hurt too much. Have scissors on hand in case he has trouble untwisting it.

14. **Buy a tiny** remote-control vibrator, and slip it in your underwear before dinner—then hand him the controller.

15. **Get him to wrap** your wrists and ankles in toilet paper for a lighter restraint. While you are bound, he should tease you to the point where you’re so turned on, you have to rip free of your shackles.

16. **Ask him to trail** your pointiest stiletto down the length of your chest and abdomen, stopping just short of your pubic mound.

17. **Have him use a ruler** to lightly tap your inner thighs as he goes down on you.

18. **Have him create a homemade** whip with a small hand towel and whip your backside with it. He should start off gently and learn the difference between snapping his wrist rapidly versus a slow follow-through.

19. **Tell him to grab** the bottom front of your tee shirt and pull it over your head, sliding it halfway down your arms to restrict them while he has his way with you.

20. **Let him run an electric toothbrush** between your toes midforeplay. He shouldn’t stop no matter how much you squirm.

21. **Did you know that** each nipple has a different level of sensitivity? Yup. Play a little game with yours to see which one can withstand the most amount of pain. Have him start out on the left by tickling, eventually graduating to scratching, pulling, and tweaking until you beg for mercy. Then switch to the right side, and see if it can hold out longer.

22. **Walk, no, haul ass** over to the kitchen, supply aisle, and purchase a silicone pastry brush for him to stroke over your breasts and clitoris.

23. **Give him an ice cube**, and instruct him to hold it on one of your nipples until you beg him to stop, at which point he should pop your chilly nip in his hot, waiting mouth.

24. **Let him write** “Property of [his name]” on your underwear before you leave for work. It’s an all-day-long reminder that he is your “master,” which is awesomely kinky.

25. **When he’s going down** on you, he should stop when you’re close to orgasm and pin your hands down so that you can’t touch yourself, until you are begging him to keep going.

26. **Have him lay you down** on top of a piece of clothing that’s embellished with studs. The hard little knobs will press against your skin in a way that awakens every nerve.

Sources: Mia Caleb, Ph.D., Jaime Avanhoa. Coalition of Pot Sex (Over 25 Things You Can Try Tonight!)
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

IVY-LEAGUE ANAL

No butts about it, anal play is on the rise. The number of coeds having anal sex doubled between 1990 and 2010, according to the book *Sex Lives of College Students*. Penn students like buttplay and they cannot lie....

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“I absolutely love butts—I’ve had anal sex with six girls. Most girls here are comfortable and experienced with anal. Almost every time I go down on a girl, I also lick her butt.”

—John*, 20, junior

“I love a finger in my butt during oral sex, and a lot of my male friends do too. It’s a more intense feeling that can make me come way faster.”

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“Every guy I hooked up with or dated in college either propositioned me for anal sex or hinted at it. In a weird way, I think anal sex has taken on this romantic nature. I saved my anal virginity for a guy I really, really liked.”

—Jana, 22, recent graduate

ABOUT 2in5
SEXUALLY ACTIVE COLLEGE STUDENTS SAY THEY’VE HAD ANAL SEX.

*Names have been changed.
HARVARD UNIVERSITY

FROM A+ TO F’ED

BY ALEXIS WILKINSON,
president of the Harvard Lampoon

Like a whopping 72 percent of my classmates, I entered Harvard a clueless virgin. Explaining my school’s overwhelming virginity is easy. To quote Kelsey*, a freshman, “We’re all a bunch of fucking nerds.”

My very first day on Harvard’s campus began with a bang, to use the easiest pun imaginable. I lost my virginity at Harvard’s prefrosh visiting weekend, Visitas. I prefer to say I “made my sexual debut” because I didn’t really “lose” anything (except for a hoop earring that somehow got wedged under his mattress, my hookup calling card to this day). In the morning, I felt oddly empowered, despite the lackluster five minutes of actual intercourse. I was finally a college girl! I could have meaningless sex just ’cause! College sex was going to be totally awesome!