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BY ANKA RADAKOVICH

the new make-out parties

I remember my first teenage make-out party. I was 13 – the previous year I had officially entered into puberty. When I "became a woman," and sprouted a fresh pair of 36 C's, I wondered if they would keep growing and feared they would get too big. "Don't worry, the boys will like them," my mother told me. What on earth did boys have to do with my breasts? I thought. I soon found out... on the couch in a neighbor's basement... with four other 13-year-olds who were also figuring it all out.

It was not only my first make-out party, but the first time I ever made out with someone. I didn't quite know what was going on. I felt like we were doing something we weren't supposed to be doing, but I do remember it being exciting.

Fast-forward to the present. It's midnight in New York's Meat Packing District and I'm off to a Back to School party. A Back to School Sex party to be exact. "Everyone must be fashionably dressed and stylish," reads the invitation. School costumes are also welcome, but not mandatory. $40 a couple. All straight males must be accompanied by a woman. The password at the door is "I'm naughty."

Organized by Palagia, a sexy 32-year-old Greek-American party promoter who sells tickets through *OneLegUpNYC.com*, her erotic-themed parties promote sexual liberation. Past events include a Hats and Undies party, an Eros Meets Pathos party (very New York), a masked Jungle Ball and a Nipples Painting party.

Although I am a non-conformist, I don't mind abiding by the dress code. I wear a plaid schoolgirl skirt, fishnet stockings, high heels and a *Girls Gone Wild* T-shirt. As I walk in, I see that I'm not alone: 20 other girls are also wearing variations on the schoolgirl theme. One sports a white shirt, short plaid skirt, white socks and pigtails. Another has garters peeking out from under her plaid skirt. The schoolgirl look is so hot.

On the upstairs dance floor, DJ Nightside spins throbbing, undulating, Arabic-inspired house music, so arousing to one dancing couple that the guy keeps lifting his date's skirt – he smiles, she giggles – as if presenting her bare ass to me. ("Do you like her ass? Yes? You can share it with me if you want!" he seems to be saying.)

"Entertainment" for the evening includes a schoolteacher-inspired dominatrix and her cute, retro 1950s "student," who she bends over and spanks with a ruler. There is also a topless girl with nice D-cup implants who, after getting her body painted, parades around showing off her white thong underwear.

Downstairs, in the dimly-lit lounge that reminds me of my 13-year-old neighbor's basement, people are making out on couches. A girl is draped over a geeky Macaulay Culkin lookalike, who is wearing a five-sizes-too-small blue school blazer and wire-rimmed glasses, her creamy bare ass in full few as he spanks her. Every time he hits her butt cheeks, he scans the room to see if anyone is watching. He looks repressed, perverted and excited all at the same time, as her white ass reddens. Spank! "Did everyone see that?" Spank! "I am so into this!" Spank! "This is so naughty!"

But the most striking image of the evening happens at about midnight when the couches fill up with two-girl, one-guy threesomes. Despite New Yorkers being so shy about PDA (public displays of affection), at least the party provides some explicitly erotic eye-candy. (For guys, just seeing a few hot girls getting their coochies rubbed in public is worth the $40 admission.)

EAT-IN SOIRÉE: TAKING MAKE-OUT PAST THIRD BASE

At One Leg Up's Take-Out Soirée, the sexual activity doesn't include intercourse. But at the Eat-In Soirée – where couples pay $150, are screened by sending a photo and required to write an essay on why they'd like to attend – the make-out turns into a full-fledged orgy.

Previously themed events include Caligula's Ball and a masked Eyes Wide Shut party. These parties are usually attended by 30 to 40 couples. At 12:30am everyone is required to strip down to their underwear. "This is when the orgy action takes place," says Rick, a 32-year-old real-estate lawyer who attends with his wife. "Having everyone take their clothes off just loosens everyone up," he says. (That is always relaxing.)

One Leg Up specifies that "this is not a swinger organization," and insists that they have created a "sensual movement where like-minded people can be free." Several couples at the Take-Out party told me, however, that they found out about One Leg Up on the Internet because it was listed under "swinging events." (When 30 couples are having group sex, I'd say people are swinging.)

LET THEM EAT CAKE

"There are no 'good girls' and 'bad girls,' only 'Cake girls'," proclaims Club Cake, a New York party promotions company which throws "sexy fetes" at New York City nightclubs.

Cake hosts events like the Lingerie Birthday Bash, where everyone shows up in their underwear for some "pampering, striptease and lap-dancing from the Club Cake dancers" (amateur and pro). One of their themed parties, Eye-Spy, featured a steam room with fully wired surveillance cameras that broadcasted on the Internet.

Cake says that they don't believe in "pelgiarisms" or "stereotypes" (They ain't no hos!). In fact, Cake was founded by two hot chicks in their late 20s: Melinda Gallagher, who has a master's degree from NYU, and her friend, Emily Kramer.

Cake is also very politically active ("Make Cake Not War") and their website promotes sexual positivity (including masturbation, threesomes and female ejaculation). Their website posts newsletters for the "informed pervert."

A testimonial from one of the Cake girls says, "Cake celebrates couples in a way that is hard to find in the New York City bar/club scene. One can be married or coupled and have an open space to be publicly sexual and push the limits." (Right on sister! Freedom to make out in public!) The Cake site also sells "liberating" products, including thong panties, vibrators, lube and Trashy Cake Trucker Hats. (cakenyc.com)

Spank! "Did everyone see that?" Spank! "I am so into this!" Spank! "This is so naughty!"

Since this is a sex party and the crowd is attractive, I wonder why I'm not participating in any sex. Well, for starters, most people are already coupled. It's a place you go with a partner (or two) and then make out with them in public. The single men walking around are so sexed-up after watching girls get fingered that the sexual rules and regulations listed on the website (like "no" means "no") are thrown out the window.

One guy trolling around by himself, a 30-year-old accountant whose girlfriend is kissing another girl, laments, "See my girlfriend over there, she says she's bi, but I really think she's gone full-blown lesbo and won't admit it! Come on, make out with me!" he insists. (This has to be the worst pick-up line I've ever heard in my life.) After another guy appears from the woodwork, does an "Arnold" (groping my breasts) and a third, without saying a word, simulates a "tutor" (bending me over and bonin' my ass), indicating it is time for me to leave. (I gotta talk to a guy for a few minutes first before I let him dry-hump my butt like a jackhammer.)

"The make-out parties always end early," says Palaga. "Everyone has to go home because they get so horny."