



# PAGET: I went to a nudist sex resort and here's what happened



It's 2:30 p.m. on a quiet afternoon in Negril, Jamaica. I'm lounging poolside when I hear a ruckus coming from the path below. I watch as a pack of women run towards the beach. They're fully nude; the only thing adorning their perfect bodies are neon coloured balaclavas. They scream, "all hail the nude ninjas!" before rounding the bend.

To my left, a naked 70-year old man plays a game of ping pong with his female companion. He keeps dropping the ball. I cover my eyes with a magazine as he crouches to pick it up. The waiter comes by and I order another pina colada with extra dark rum drizzled on top. I was handed this drink when I checked in a few hours earlier and it's delicious. "Actually, on second thought, make it a double. I mean, triple. That's a thing right?" I say.



Over the next four days, I'd learn this was par for the course at [Hedonism II](#) — the iconic clothing-optional, “adult playground” where nudity and sex are as free flowing as the rum punch. Nestled at the edge of Negril’s 7 Mile Beach, the 280 room all-inclusive resort features two main zones: a “prude side” where clothing is optional and a “nude side,” where public nudity isn’t just a given, it’s mandatory. However, if you’re worried you’ll see errant appendages pressed against the sneeze-guard at the morning omelette station, fear not. Clothing is required in the main dining areas (planning to eat my bodyweight in jerk chicken while in Jamaica, I quadruple fact checked this before I got on the plane).

Unlike the mega-resorts that surround it, Hedonism is intimate and modest. It’s unnerving. Aside from the impossible to miss mirrored ceilings in every room, it almost feels more like a seaside resort from days of yore, than a site of imminent bacchanalia. Almost. Turns out, I just wasn’t looking in the right places.

With an entire day to kill before meeting up with friends, I decide to explore. I head down the snaking pathway towards the nude pool. It looks like a sardine can; the water barely visible amidst all the sunburnt, drunken bodies. I slip off my sundress and get in, gingerly making my way through the throngs of naked flesh until I reach the swim up bar. To my left there's a couple having sex on the edge of the pool. Unsure where to look or how long they'll be, I ditch my drink and jump out of the water. On my way back to my room, I spot my neighbours in flagrante delicto on their patio. If they saw me, they didn't care. Welcome, to Hedonism.



The next night at dinner, myself and a group of fellow journalists take in the evening's performance, which involves a gorgeous woman acrobatically writhing in a kiddie pool while her equally buff male partner pours (what looks like) melted vanilla soft serve all over her. The audience goes wild whenever some manages to land in her mouth.

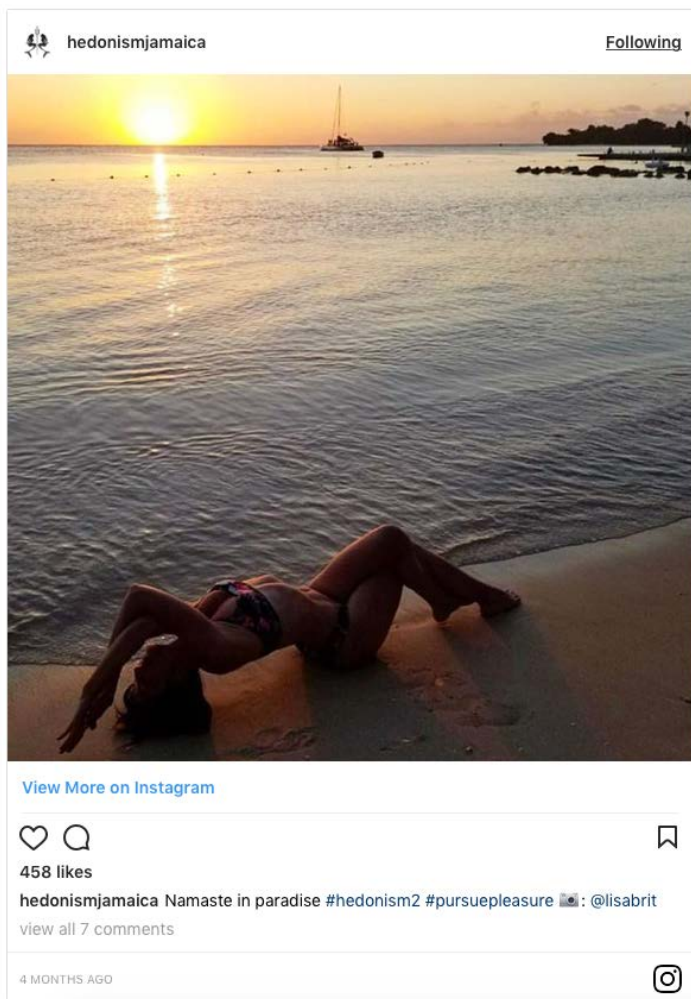
My friend nudges me, "I get it, but I also don't get it," – a statement that basically sums up my entire time at Hedonism.



To understand the appeal, I speak to the regulars. Snaking my way back to the bar, I meet Margaret and Rick, a 50-something married couple who've been coming to the resort for over 15 years. While they enjoy the obvious things Hedonism has to offer, it's the people that keep them coming back. "We've made lifelong friendships here," Margaret tells me. "No one pressures you to do anything. You can just be yourself" adds Rick. They're also fans of the all night snack-bar's club sandwich. "They'll put anything inside it," Margaret purrs.

(Later, I run into Margaret again. She's naked and blissed out after a session in the resort's on-site bondage room. She asks if I've tried the sandwich yet. "They also make a really good pizza," she says. It takes multiple people making the same recommendation before I realize that this isn't a sexual euphemism.)

Hedonism, the pursuit of pleasure and self-indulgence, is defined as a “theory that pleasure (in the sense of the satisfaction of desires) is the highest good and proper aim of human life.” From late night carb-loading to public orgies, whatever your desire, Hedonism II wants to fulfill it.



While I never reached the comfort level of my new friends Margaret and Rick, after a few rum soaked days in Jamaica, I loosened up. I tried the naked pool again – this time, late at night, with a plate of fries in hand – and skinny dipped in the Caribbean sea.

As I waited for my shuttle bus to take me to the airport, I watched as a gorgeous 30-something woman passionately embraced a much older man. They looked visibly stricken to be saying goodbye. I smiled to myself. I didn't find my tribe at Hedonism, but someone did and that feels like enough.