



Gian Cescon

TRAVEL & ADVENTURE

Inside the Resort Where Clothing's Optional and Swinging Is Encouraged

Written by Kristin Hanes
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"It's car wash time!" The Jamaican man's accent blared over the microphone at the nude swimming pool at Hedonism II, a tropical resort where anything goes. I mean anything. My boyfriend Tom and I glanced at each other, eyebrows raised. *Car wash? What?*

"You might not want to participate in this if you're uncomfortable with a lot of touching," said one of our new friends, a burly American ex-Navy officer who'd traveled all the way to Jamaica from Kazakhstan. And his partner was a gorgeous Ukrainian with honey-toned skin. It was their second time at Hedonism this year. As people started moving around us, Tom and I wondered if we'd have to make a quick exit from the pool. But within minutes, we understood this car wash thing, whatever it was, happened outside the pool, not in it.

A line of giggling, middle-aged naked women climbed out of the water, forming two rows along the pool's edge. Hedonism employees splashed them with soap, sudsing up their bodies. Then the men lined up, sashaying through the "car wash," which was more along the lines of college dirty dancing. Boobs jiggled. Butts swayed. And the men got the car wash of their lifetime as the '70s Rose Royce classic with the same name jammed in the background. "Working at the car wash! At the car wash, yeah!"

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The car wash is one of the least risqué "games" played in the adult nude pool. Every afternoon from 1-5 pm, the pool turns into a spring break-like party for older people. "One time, there was a game where you had to identify your husband's dick with your eyes closed," one 40-something brunette woman told us. She'd just finished the wet t-shirt contest, where the ladies were judged on their breasts. Hers were large, natural and bouncy—a clear winner. "They sat the men down on the edge of the pool and blind-folded the wives. We had to suck their dicks to identify our husband. I had to go through the line four times!"

Then, she and the Ukrainian woman gave Tom a personal "car wash", complete with an "undercarriage treatment." That's just the way things are at Hedonism II.

The resort, best known as a playground for swingers, has been around for 37 years. It's sprawled along Negril's 7 mile beach, next to the iconic Sandals, and is organized into a prude side and a nude side. The prude side is clothing optional, while the nude side is 100 percent nude. You aren't allowed to wear a hint of clothing and any cameras stay behind. The all-inclusive resort is undergoing a major facelift, with crews renovating entire blocks of rooms before the busy winter season. Recently, management expanded the prude side into "clothing optional", to accommodate the numbers of people wanting to dare going bare.

"We're seeing more young people and more people from Latin America trying us out," said Michelle Facey, who's lovingly known as Hedonism's Chief Pleasure Officer. "Exploring sexuality and acting out fantasies is become more of a norm. Before, everyone snuck around." And fantasies abound at Hedonism II. We saw a woman leading a leather-clad man around the dinner buffet on a leash. Others dished up food wearing full-body mesh bodysuits. A man in a tutu and knee-high socks belled up to the bar. The resort's "playroom"—where couples go to have sex—has an adjoining bondage room, complete with a swing, cage and shower. Hedonism is a little Burning Man, a little nude beach, a little spring break rolled into one big pile of fun.

"We want to make your fantasy come true, as long as the fantasy doesn't hurt you or anyone else," said Facey. "If you're into bondage and want to be tied up in a tree, we'll do that." One night, it was time for the foam party, where large hoses pumped vats of white stuff into a gigantic, above-ground pool. Naked people danced to hip hop music; hands fondled body parts hidden deep beneath the foam.

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Naturally, being adventurous, Tom and I took it all off and jumped in, clawing our way through clouds of foam to find a spot to dance. I peered out at the other couples as foam piling up around me, enveloping me in my own privacy bubble. It was an incredibly sensual experience, watching and writhing, my body slippery with soap.

Afterward, I wanted to head straight to the playroom—a courtyard open to the sky that is couples only and booze free. Mattresses clad with white sheets lined the floor; small swimming pools bubbled. Stars sparkled overhead as we settled down on a twin mattress away from the other couples, exhibitionists for the night.

At Hedonism II, sex is the norm rather than taboo. People of all shapes, ages and races have sex openly and unapologetically. It's okay to watch, or join in. One of the first things I witnessed was a couple having sex on a chaise lounge right outside our room: She rode him sensually, breasts dangling, as the Caribbean Sea shimmered through the bushy trees. At first, I was a little shocked. I didn't want to see older people having sex. But then a different, less judgmental thought crossed my mind: At least they're having sex! Good for them!



At Hedonism, there's no judgement, no social standing, no occupations. Nobody asks what you do for a living. People start real conversations, smile genuine smiles. It's so far from the typical American norm where income matters more than who you are. During my four days at Hedonism, I opened up and relaxed. The walls I'd placed around myself in San Francisco cracked and broke. Instead of averting my gaze and walking away from strangers, I walked toward people, wanting to truly know them. Finally, I'd found my tribe.

Hedonism isn't only for swingers. In fact, we met a couple from South Dakota who goes every year. They love to be naked and scuba dive, calling themselves “swinger friendly.” Instead of playing dirty games in the nude pool, you take out a Hobie cat, windsurfing gear, a paddleboard or kayaks. Outdoor sports abound in Negril's quiet lagoon. But we also met swingers, a couple who told us all about “the lifestyle”. They taught us a pineapple outside a room door means “come in” and a red light means “come join.” They told us the longer the necklace, the more times someone has been to Hedonism II. The resort comes with a language all its own.

There's really something for everyone at Hedonism II. Whether you're a fledgling nudist, going topless for the first time, or a full-blown swinger, there's no pressure, no expectations.

Anything goes, but only as far as you'd like.

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