

Just Another Night

Being a 22 year old bartender at a nightclub like 1311 is as much fun as one might expect it to be and sometimes, it's far more than that. I recently graduated and this job offers one last chance to have some fun before an office job sucks the life out of me in the fall. It's a private member only spot in the Village and most of the patrons are creatives, entrepreneurs, celebrities who want to be free from gawkers, and those who are using their jobs in finance as a springboard for something better in life than spreadsheets and 80 plus hour work weeks. The front of the building is nondescript, the interior walls are polished exposed bricks, and all of the furniture is reupholstered original from the days when it was a speakeasy in the Twenties. There are no reviews of it online because it is prohibited and prospective members can only be recommended by a current member. You can't be grandfathered in. I am not a member and only got the job because a friend recommend me. I enjoy this place because it is not pretentious like the Soho House where looks and money matter. At 1311, being an interesting person matters more than anything else.

Despite 1311's limited membership and strict door policy, by midnight on a busy evening, it's not uncommon for guests and members to be sweating, drinking, dancing, and looking for someone to share this little fantasy world we construct for them in a more private location. For me, it's a pretty sweet set-up; I get to be out on peak club nights without having to buy an alternate wardrobe, or deal with doormen and guest lists, and my friends actually pay, in the form of tips, to come see me on the weekends. They were interesting enough to be accepted. I had no interest when they offered to vouch for me because I rarely drink and I can hang out with them any other time.

1311 being the kind of place it is, the music is never too loud early in the evening and the conversations I hear are eclectic, and often very interesting. I enjoy taking part in them,

especially when really intelligent people get too drunk and aggressively forget what they are discussing and I bring them back to their main points. On a given night, I might eavesdrop on anything from a discussion of geopolitics to one on philanthropy, catch a pair of patrons trading hot stock tips, or collaborating on a new creative project.

I earn about \$100 in tips for each of the roughly four hours of actual work I do per night making drinks and entertaining patrons. I occasionally barter alcohol for services, like massages, good tables at local restaurants, and Yankees suite tickets. Sometimes things get even more interesting and profitable. Each employee is allowed two comped VIP guests per shift, and it's not uncommon for people to try and finagle those guest spots from the bartenders - regardless of whether they know us. VIP guests are not usually connected to members. A guy once stopped me while I was finishing my early morning run and offered me \$500 for my passes so he could impress the woman he was dating. When they came to my bar for drinks, it was obvious that she had little interest in him besides his money. It became even more obvious when she slipped me her number while he was in the bathroom and told me to call her. I didn't. I have no interest in drama, though I do enjoy novel experiences without negative repercussions.

Occasionally, however, drama does find its way across the bar, and often in unexpected forms. Tonight in particular, drama takes the form of an average looking white man in his mid-sixties who resembles a dirty pirate with alopecia. He is a little taller than average, wearing a short sleeve white knit shirt, and has a shaved head. He is way too tan and looks as if he wears a bandana all day because of the disparity between his dark face and light scalp. I continually catch him staring steadily at me as I serve other customers. This isn't the usual 'I need a drink' stare. There is an intensity and urgency to the way he is looking at me that goes beyond the need for a

drink. At first, I assume he is gay and either can't determine if I am straight, or just lacks the nerve to hit on me properly to find out. Regardless, the little staring-and-looking-away game goes on far too long, and I am about to just write the guy off as creepy when he finally waves me over. I lay down a napkin and ask what he is drinking, but he doesn't want a drink. He leans in and says, "I know you." I take a half step back and tell him that he doesn't, smile and move to another customer. He calls me over again after I serve a few more customers and this time he tells me, "My wife thinks you're cute." I wasn't sure if I'd heard him correctly and ask him to repeat it. "My wife thinks you're cute!" he shouts. No question that time.

I have heard many random things in the bar up to this point, but this is new. The guy points to a gorgeous woman sipping a drink and swaying to the music as she surveys the dance floor. I figure she is in her late thirties or early forties. She has the lithe physique of a regular tennis player, with muscular legs, trim waist, and toned arms. She is about 5'4", with tanned skin, blonde hair in a pixie cut, and a clear complexion free of makeup. Her white chiffon tank accentuates her breasts, and her white jeans and espadrilles are doing some very nice things for her calves and ass. The guy speaks again. "I saw your profile on Sensualist." At that, I freeze.

I'm a black guy with an athletic build. Think average height middleweight wrestler. I shave my head, wear glasses, enjoy being in jeans and a t-shirt, and consider myself a nerd. I love the library, listen to rap and alternative music equally, and don't usually feel comfortable hitting on women because I'm a bit shy. I am not like my male friends who have no problem being rejected by one woman and moving on to the next. I take rejection personally, which has led to a dearth of sexual opportunities. In fact, as of tonight, I haven't had sex since the summer after my senior year of high school, four years ago. I haven't taken a vow of celibacy or anything, but my shyness is a hindrance to sexy time.

The point of all this exposition is that the guy in front of me, gesturing toward his hot wife ‘knows’ me because about three months ago, my epic dry spell had gotten the better of me as I was working alone in the computer lab on campus one night. I started entering sex related terms into my search engine like ‘college sex’ and ‘threesomes’ and the latter search term is what took me straight down the online sex rabbit-hole. ‘Threesomes’ led me to ‘swingers,’ which led me to ‘hotwives’ and beyond. Among the usual porn sites, there were also swinger, dating and personals websites, which I told myself I was visiting for academic purposes. After all, I wasn’t even in a relationship with anyone. Not that it mattered; 95% of all of these services were clearly terrible, or bogus, or both. Just as I was about to go back to watching BuzzFeed videos on YouTube, I found Sensualist.com, a swingers site. Maybe my mind was anesthetized by the procession of nakedness across my screen, or my libido had finally had it with my lack of game - regardless, I created a profile for myself. I completed the essay questions, personal description sections, and ticked the “Seeking Single Women” box. Below it was the “Seeking Couple-MF” box. I thought, ‘What the hell,’ and ticked it also. I’ve watched porn, read the *Kama Sutra* and have the usual twentysomething dude’s fantasy of group sex. There was a statement on the photo page that read, “Members with a photo receive 75% more messages than those without one.” I didn’t want anyone I knew to see me, so I didn’t upload one initially.

I was intrigued by the site because I wouldn’t actually be hitting on anyone and the anonymity of the internet shields me from a negative in-person encounter because anyone reaching out already knows that I am interested in sex so we can dispense with the pleasantries and get right to it. There shouldn’t be any tension.

I took something of a shotgun approach to Project Sensualist, contacting all single women and couples on the site who were within the city. I composed and sent dozens of

messages over a 3 day period...and received a total of zero replies. How could this be? My essays were great! Clearly, my lack of a photo was suppressing my charismatic prose. So the next day I shaved, moisturized, and practiced my best underwear pose (which is a thing I found online). I took at least 30 shirtless bathroom mirror selfies before I had one that I felt I could live with.

I have since learned that the male-topless-bathroom photo is the Dollar Tree of the online hook-up world. It's cheap and everyone knows it's cheap, but it does the job. I uploaded my photo and waited for the windfall that was coming my way. It never came, but the counter on my profile that tallied the number of profile views finally started moving. Five on day one, seven on day two, and thirteen views on day three. I took this as a good sign and waited.

My inbox remained empty for days, but I was undaunted because according to the Sensualist.com marketing banner, "Sex Is Just Over The Horizon." Hopeful as I was, I was also skeptical. The site has a "Top Views" page, broken down into couples, single women, and single men. Members can see the metrics for profile views in each category. Perhaps unsurprisingly, single men received the fewest views, while bisexual single women received the most. I visited the site regularly, but didn't know what I would do if someone sent a message and wanted to meet. There isn't a playbook for this. I know because I googled "swinger playbook" and "how to be a swinger." I became a little anxious. Did I need new clothes? Did I need to make myself extra handsome in some way? Was it on me to pay for dinner if they wanted to meet at a restaurant?

Eventually, I went from checking my profile almost hourly to checking once a day, to not even bothering. Clearly, nobody wanted what I was offering, so I forgot the whole project and returned to my normal life.

Until now, that is.

Somebody had obviously seen my profile, and he and his wife are now at my bar, buying rounds of shots and insisting that I take one each time. I oblige, and promptly fake drink them and chase them with a beer. The beer bottle is half-filled with water and backwash from all of the shots that customers have purchased for me. Drinking on the job is allowed as long as it doesn't interfere with sales, but I can't drink 20 shots each night and had to create a system. I dump it into the slop sink behind the bar every time it is near full.

The guy is oblivious and a moment later, calls his wife over and she starts dancing on him. I don't know if what she is doing has a name, but I'm pretty sure the last place I saw those moves was in a strip club. He is standing with his back towards me and she jumps into his arms, wraps her legs around his waist, bends over backwards and balances herself on her hands while gyrating her hips. She then curls her body up with no assistance and kisses him. It was an impressive move - not just athletically, but also because she's been drinking most of the shots I've served them. She looks at me lustily and winks then he glances over his shoulder at me with a lewd "this could be yours" look.

I just smile. Swingers or not, women give me looks all the time and nothing ever comes of it, but I guess it'll go well for this guy later. Suddenly, she disentangles herself from her husband, grabs my hand as I am about to help another customer, pulls me close and says, "You're cute! We should hang out sometime." She has a sultry voice like Kathleen Turner's in the 80s and I am immediately turned on. An older gorgeous woman finds me attractive? Who am I, Benjamin Braddock in 1967?

She releases my hand, downs her shot, and returns to dancing. I watch her move to the center of the dance floor, appreciating how her ass moves as she weaves through the crowd. My view is

suddenly blocked by the Pirate. “We’re having a little get together at our place tonight. Interested?”

I am hesitant to express interest, but I am having a very hard time taking my eyes off of his wife, who is now commanding a spot directly in the center of the club, and capturing the attention of every man and more than one woman. Lust and curiosity override reason, and when Pirate Guy asks for a napkin and pen, I hand him both wordlessly, while never losing sight of her. He scribbles for a moment and I turn my attention to his writing.

“We live at North Shore Towers in Floral Park, right outside of Manhattan. This is the address. We’re in building one, the Beaumont Tower. Tell the doorman you’re here for the party in Penthouse 6. The bottom is my cellphone number. Call me if you can’t find the place.” He winks, hands the pen and napkin back to me, shakes my hand, and asks my name. “Tommy,” I reply. “Nice to meet you, Tommy. I’m Paul and my wife is Amy. See you when you get off.” I look down at the napkin for a moment and when I look up, both of them are gone. I place the napkin in my pocket and go back to serving, pleased and intrigued. Patrons often try to tip me in drugs; this is much more to my liking. I will do anything for a good story and this can be a classic.

After we close up and tip out, I hang out in the back alley with my coworkers while they smoke and prepare to get food at the 24-hour diner. Danny, another bartender, asks, “You eatin’ with us tonight, Tommy?” “Not tonight, I got somewhere to be.” “Where the fuck you gotta be at four in the mornin’? Church?” Everyone laughs and I smile. “Be safe.” He smiles and winks then I tell everyone goodbye and leave. As soon as I turn the corner I sprint the rest of the way to my apartment.

I take a quick shower, change into a new outfit which includes my snug underwear that accentuates everything, down a bottle of Gatorade, floss and brush my teeth. I walk to Duane Reade to pick up a box of condoms and then request a ride via the Uber application. I text Paul to tell him that I'm on my way.

I have never visited Floral Park because I live in Manhattan and spend most of my time here. I travel to the Bronx for Yankees games and the northern portion of Brooklyn for parties. The drive takes about 30 minutes because there is no traffic and I am surprised to see that this is a gated community. I didn't know gated communities existed in the five boroughs. The driver drops me off at the building, the doorman directs me to the elevators, and I ride up to the penthouse. The ride up is quicker than I expect and when the doors open there is a group waiting and I recognize all of them from the club. I exit, they enter, and I am alone. The hallway is quiet and their place is at the end. 'Why is this hallway so long?!' I begin to overthink the situation and start self-coaching as I begin to walk. 'You can do this! Be confident! Check your breath!' I exhale into my palm and sniff then knock once I determine that I won't offend anyone. Paul answers. He is wearing boxers and a white t-shirt. "Come in, we've been waiting for you." I notice that there are anchors on his boxers. Nautical themed underwear? Clearly, a pirate.

"Amy will join us in a bit." He leads me through the apartment and I realize how much space they have. Large kitchen, multiple balconies with views of the Manhattan skyline, a living room, dining room, and three bedrooms! My apartment can fit into their kitchen. R&B is playing and the lighting is soft. It seems as if I walked in at the end of the party because no one else is around. "Have a seat on the balcony. Wanna drink?" "I'll take water." He walks to the kitchen and I and size him up. I figure I can take him if things get weird, though I'd be at a disadvantage if there are other people here aside from his wife.

He returns to the balcony and hands me a glass and a bottle of San Pellegrino. He is drinking bourbon, neat. He tells me that he owns a few seafood restaurants in Brooklyn and continues to harden my belief that he is a pirate. He quickly switches to the reason I was invited just as Amy walks into the room wearing a snug purple tank top and matching boyshorts. “Hi, Tommy,” she says just before kissing my cheek and sitting beside us. “That voice,” I think. “We saw your profile and liked what you wrote,” he said. “Amy is a Sociology professor at NYU and likes men who are fit and smart.” Paul himself was not what most observers would consider ‘fit’, so I guess Amy is also into older men with money. I read that men get their wives into swinging, but it is the wives who are in charge. If the women are not happy, it doesn’t happen. It is actually refreshing to know that. I think this is the case in this instance also.

She takes a sip of his bourbon and looks at me, “I actually noticed you on campus in the rec center and was happily surprised to find you on Sensualist a few weeks ago. I have little interest in guys who are just seeking notches on their bedpost and wanted to find someone interesting. You seem interesting. We swing with other couples, but we’ve never played with a single guy before and we thought it was time to make it happen.” I immediately commit the faces of the people I just saw at the elevator to memory because I assume that there was a sex party prior to my arrival. I know one of the women is an actress on *Law & Order: SVU*. ‘Mental note: check IMDb on the way home.’

“We were at the club a few weeks ago and noticed you, but didn’t approach because Amy wanted to see how you interacted with others,” he said. We would order from the bartenders around you and we liked what we saw.” “So you conducted field research on me?” He took the last sip of his bourbon and replied, “Yessir.” She jumped in, “When we invited you over, we had to make it seem as if it was a big event. We can’t have you telling everyone at the club how we

met or what's happening tonight." I didn't ask why they trusted me. "What exactly *is* happening tonight?"

"I want to enjoy you and I want Paul to watch and possibly participate. I want to be the center of attention tonight. Any problem with that?" I took a long sip of the water and replied, "None." "Glad to hear it." She takes my hand and walks me to the bedroom. I begin self-coaching myself again. "Act like you've done this before."

We enter the bedroom and embrace. She smells like honey and her body is firm. The feel of the muscles in her back excites me. I pull back slightly and kiss her lips. They are soft like little puffs of cotton and I am lost for a moment. I can't hear anything and the only thing I'm thinking is how lucky I am. I can taste the bourbon on her tongue and I am becoming intoxicated by the experience. It's overwhelming.

She stops and tells me, "You're overdressed." She removes my shirt, shoes, socks, and pants then takes me by the hand and walks me to the bed. The fact that the room was four times the size of my apartment and had too many windows does not escape me. The curtains are open, but no one can see us up here. I wouldn't care if they could. She leads me to the bed and she begins to explore my body.

She gives me light kisses on my lips, neck, chest, and stomach until she reaches my underwear. She stops for a second and looks at them. "I like these." "I thought you would." I wink and she lightly bites her lower lip. She takes them off effortlessly and proceeds to give my cock attention. There is no way to hide that I am enjoying this and she takes advantage of the situation. She holds my shaft with her left hand and my balls with her right and strokes with both. The sight of her lean athletic frame made me feel as if I was dreaming. "This is happening to me? In real life?!"

She lowers her mouth to my balls and starts to suck while also stroking me with her left. This feels amazing, but I know what happens shortly after something feels too good. I immediately stopped her to kiss her lips because I didn't want the moment to end too soon. I am very close getting off, but play it smooth.

I turn her around, kiss both sides of her neck and slowly remove her top. I kiss her back from her neck to her waist before lying her down on her back and moving to her perfect breasts to give them the attention they deserve. I start with the left and lightly run my tongue along the side until I reach the top and lightly flick her nipple. She likes this. I use my other hand to caress the right one. I lightly suck the nipple and she whispers, "Suck it harder." I do as I am told and she repeats, "Suck it harder" in a more direct manner. I like her tone. I suck harder, her back arches, and she allows a light gasp to escape. I continue and enjoy the feeling of her rigid body.

I stop for a second and slowly lean back to take the sight of her in for a second and she smiles. "Do you like what you see?" "I do." I slide her boyshorts off and place them on the floor. I kiss her lips once again and replicate her southward journey. She is already wet. I spread her legs and start with slow and sensual licks as I tease her and feel her body relax. I adjust my position and taste her. She slightly shivers and I take this as a signal to both lick and suck simultaneously. Her light moans tell me that I am on the right path. I continue and gradually build speed until she begins to rock her hips and they are in sync with my tongue. I give her clit light licks and insert my middle finger. She writhes a little and tells me, "I like that." We are oblivious to our surroundings and fail to notice when Paul walks in. This party was rolling now.

Everything is going great until I realize my fear. I am a little too excited and erupt while I am still tasting her. This is the time to overthink something. 'Keep doing what you're doing and don't move too much.' I don't stop giving her attention. She wants to switch positions, but I grin

and tell her that I'm not finished, which is true, but I don't want anyone to notice the premature wet spot on the bed. They don't know that this is my first threesome and I am not inclined to tell them.

My body recovers quickly and I move up to kiss Amy so that she can taste herself on my lips. She and Paul exchange a mischievous glance then she looks at me. She pulls my head close and in that sultry voice says, "I want you inside me, Tommy." I stumble out of their massive bed, grab a condom, roll it on and place myself between her legs. They both watch me as I slowly enter her. She lets out a light gasp that quickly changes to a throaty groan. Paul kisses her and pinches her nipples as she arches her back to accept all of me. She grabs my waist tightly and controls my movements. I'm as excited as a kid locked in a toy store overnight, but must play it cool.

Amy locks eyes with me and the intensity of her gaze makes me blush. Time seems to stretch; I am sweating, and my second orgasm is getting closer. "Faster," Amy demanded in a low voice. "Faster!" I do as I am told, and have a full body orgasm. My toes curl, eyes roll back and my body stiffens. I think I can feel my teeth without touching them. I am sweaty, spent, and out of breath. Amy isn't.

"That was fun," she said as she rises and saunters to the bathroom. Paul and I both watch her exit the room and then look at each other. We don't say a word. She returns and has a look in her eye. She stares at me and asks, "Do you want to go for another round?" At this point I felt like a pro, and knew that it would take a long time for me to finish this time. She walks to the bed and stands above me in it. "Lie down on your back," she says. I follow the order and she straddles me, places another condom on me, and places me inside of her. She controls the tempo and I enjoy the sight of her having her way with me. Paul is still watching and smiling. She becomes

very verbal. “You wanted to fuck me at the club, didn’t you?” I nod. Her pace quickens. “You wanted to know what it felt like to fuck another man’s wife, right?” I nod again. This time aggressively. “Answer me,” she says. I utter a feeble “yes.” “Louder.” “Yes!” The sound of our wet bodies crashing together fills the room as she increases her pace and she begins to moan. The muscles inside of her begin to tighten and she arches aggressively and yells so loud I think the neighbors can hear her. She falls in a heap and rolls off of me. She is done for the evening.

She relaxes for a bit then invites me to shower with her. We hop into their shower, scrub each other and kiss. We are both smiling and spent. The steam fills the bathroom and she forces me against the wall and deeply kisses me again. I was not expecting that, but I like it. She knows what she wants and goes after it. She turns the water off, grabs two towels and we dry off. “Would you like anything to drink?” She asks. “I’m okay,” I respond. I get dressed and she hugs and kisses me and walks out of the room. “Don’t be a stranger,” she says. Paul and I gave each other the half hug handshake that seemed a little awkward, but I didn’t dwell on it because I just participated in a memorable event and want a future invite. “She likes you, kid. Thanks for stopping by. Give me a shout if you want to meet up again.” “You know I will.” Amy returns, hugs me, and whispers in my ear. “I like the way you fuck.” I smile and we give each other another quick kiss as I walk out.

I request another car from Uber and it is waiting for me as I walk out the front door. I get in and send Paul a text: Thanks 4 the invite. Hope 2 see u guys again. He responds: wuz great. Have some friends who you might like, interested? I replied: Y. I roll the window down and enjoy the cool air on my face as the sun begins to rise on my ride home.

I climb the steps to my apartment, strip down to my underwear and flop onto the couch. I remember to write a note to myself about checking IMDb and to write my journal entry in the

morning. In the last moments before my eyes close, the thought ‘Just another night,’ flashes through my mind. I smile as I begin to doze. I didn’t know it at that moment, but my life was about to change.