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Bestseller List

Reviews

Classifieds

More

Twee

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Trends

Kate's Naughty Corner: Inside the World of Posh Sex Clubs



By Kate Allure

I am a lifelong weekend kinkster. Well, okay, just adult lifelong. I've been out and about exploring this side of myself, if you get my drift, but not always to my satisfaction (pun intended). Now, my Eyes Wide Shut fantasies are being fulfilled in my upcoming London Sex Club series from Entangled Publishing. The first, Seduced, debuts October 21st.

Besides an erotic romance love story, inside *Seduced* you'll find the sensual world I have built, both physical and social, in the form of Club Exotica, a society of likeminded, sexually-free individuals from the highest echelons of London society. Housed in two Mayfair town

There's something else that many vanillas don't understand. In most clubs, there is one absolute rule. No means no. A woman can attend alone and be safe. Unlike many regular bars where women must be vigilant about their safety, most kink clubs (at least in the US) enforce a woman's absolute right to her bodily autonomy. Everyone's bodily autonomy. No one can be touched without consent, and if someone changes their mind at any point in the play, then the other must stop. Don't take no for an answer and you are booted out. So strange as it may seem, I've felt safer in kink clubs where all manner of weird is taking place, than I usually do inside a regular place, where a stranger's hand might find itself on

houses, the club offers every luxury a wealthy hedonist would expect, from a four-stared Michelin restaurant, to a full-service spa, to private romance suites and an orgy pit, and, of course, the requisite basement dungeons with every manner of kinky contraption. I've constructed this fantasy world in my mind and on paper and you can find the blueprints on my <u>Pinterest</u> board.

But it got me thinking... And wishing... Do such places really exist and how can I get my foot in the door?

They do exist. From the old school <u>Les Chandelles</u> in Paris, to the floating <u>Desire Cruises</u>, to the womanfounded and women-centric <u>Killing Kittens</u>, there are posh, private clubs and experiences all around the world.

But first, perhaps, some basics. These clubs are not all the same. Some have permanent facilities while others are held in mansions or hotels and move about, their secret location not revealed until just before the event.

Even more important is understanding what the club offers. Is it for swinging, BDSM, or education. Is it gay or straight. Are voyeurs welcome or will you be expected—required—to participate. Understanding the purpose of the event is a lesson I learned the hard way, or maybe not so hard since the party lacked BDSM equipment and therefore I lacked a sore ass by evening's end.

But I must digress to explain. Somehow I ended up on a mailing list for an organization called Club Exotica, and since that's the name of my fictitious club I simply had to check it out. This event would be held in a mansion in a gated community. That sounded good. The price was not outrageous. Another plus. So we dressed to impress and off we went.

Upon arriving, we sat in the car wondering if we were nuts, but watching the handsome bloke in full steampunk emerge from his conveyance across the street reassured us, and in we went. Long story short...we had a blast. We socialized and drank complimentary mimosas by the pool while watching a mermaid. We danced to a fab DJ in a

my ass without my permission.

Enough digressing. Let's talk about one of the swankiest clubs out there. Just like my fictional Club Exotica—a place so secret, so wicked, so posh, a woman's every fantasy can be fulfilled—so too is Snctm. And just like my club, the highest membership level will cost a cool million. Don't worry. Lesser memberships are only \$75,000 or \$10,000. You've got that laying around, don't you?

There are other similarities. To gain entrance, one must pass a review by a membership committee complete with photos. One must sign an agreement to both protect the privacy of other members and the sanctity of a woman's right to say no. And just like Club Exotica, if you break the rules, you're out. Forever. No refund.

There are differences as well. Snctm doesn't have permanent facilities, but leases entire floors of posh hotels or borrows a swanky Beverly Hills mansion. Snctm offers "erotic theater," while in my club, the "entertainment" is provided by members just doing what they like to do as well as employees offering their bodies for a public display of chastisement (a flogging, in less flowery parlance). It's always their choice, but since my club has employee profit sharing, if one makes a mistake that lowers the take, one must offer restitution, whether financial or corporal. To my knowledge, no such compensatory activities take place at Snctm, but if you want a peek inside check out this <u>HBO short</u>.

And anyone can enjoy being a voyeur in my fantasy London Sex Club. However, getting ones foot inside the door of these real life luxury erotic havens, that's a tad harder. I haven't given up.

Meanwhile, check back in October when I share some less stratospheric but still sinfully wicked options for the kinkster in you. Places the average Joe and Josephine can enter to explore human sensuality and sexuality. And some are utterly private too.

By Kate Allure

furniture-free parlor. We munched on treats. We explored the many nooks and crannies of this fancy, marble-floored manse.



But we didn't find any BDSM equipment, anywhere. It was about that point when we began to realize we might be at a different sort of party. It's not like anyone would have minded if we'd whipped out our floggers, but that wasn't the purpose of this play. It was for swingers, and it was ladies' night. Dressed like cute predatory animals and, following the explanation of strict rules, the female guests hunted masculine prey. We still had a fun evening and no one required anything from us, but lesson learned. Understand what you're getting into!

• author of Seduced, a London Sex Club novel

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