

A woman is shown from the back, wearing black lace underwear. A man in a white shirt is touching her back with his hands. The scene is dimly lit, creating a sensual atmosphere.

# FIFTY SHADES OF GAME

VOL. 2

A GUIDE TO THE SWINGING LIFESTYLE -  
**SALACIOUS** STORIES AND THE 7 CRUCIAL **SEDUCTION**  
STEPS YOU NEED TO **MASTER** THE SCENE

TROY  
FRANCIS

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**50 SHADES  
OF  
GAME  
VOL. 2**

**A GUIDE TO THE SWINGING LIFESTYLE — SALACIOUS STORIES AND  
THE 7 CRUCIAL SEDUCTION STEPS  
YOU NEED TO MASTER THE SCENE**

## ALSO BY TROY FRANCIS

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TR  Y  
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Cover design by Nikola Novakovic  
Interior layout and design by [www.writingnights.org](http://www.writingnights.org)  
eBook formatted by [www.writingnights.org](http://www.writingnights.org)  
Book preparation by Chad Robertson & Troy Francis

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24 23 22 21 20 19 18 178 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

To the Sunday afternoon revelers at Rios, the Killing Kittens crew and everyone who was involved with or attended Fantasy Video and Club 487.



**SWINGER - CLUB**





I don't think human beings are monogamous by nature

– **SCARLETT JOHANSSON**

I'm going to go down swinging... I'm sure as heck not going to go home and say I had a bad tournament.

– **ANDRE AGASSI**



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## ALSO BY TROY FRANCIS

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# ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

All at Rio's Spa in Kentish Town, London; Killing Kittens; Fever Parties; [32 Portland Place](#); Paradise Spa, Essex; Zwanglos III, Swingerose Zwiespalt and Insomnia in Berlin for the fun and unforgettable nights.

VICE, in particular Jamie Clifton and Kev Kharas - this book contains elements from articles that they commissioned and edited and originally published online.

Dominique at Insomnia Berlin. Antonio, Anastasia, Shauna, Rafael, Christoph, Rob L., Pete N., Nigel, Dad, Mum and Trevor, Marc, Paul Janka, Rish, Sam, Nick, The Marquis de Shard, Roosh, Tom Torero, Craig Cassidy, Psychopathic Seduction, Gary PUA, Tom (tddaygame), Donovan Sharp, Charles Sledge, BK, Fisherman Alkali, Radwan, Jeremy, Kevin Ibanz, Spaniard, Adrian Olivas, Chad at Writing Nights for his great work editing and formatting this book and to everyone else who has supported me along the way.

# INTRODUCTION

In the gloom we stand, witnesses to the act.

The bed is black leather. The walls are mirrors. There is a murmur of electronic music, but here the spectacle is more important than the soundtrack.

A girl lies back on the bed. A man is fucking her. Beside them, standing, is another man. Perhaps he is the girl's boyfriend, and they are here to swing. Perhaps he is a stranger invited to join, and the guy on top is the boyfriend. Maybe she came alone and all three are strangers, naked, having sex here in a humid London basement sauna.

It doesn't matter, certainly not to us, the audience. Who are we? The audience? A young couple, half-naked; a late-thirties Colombian girl in lingerie; a solo guy with a wild, lonely, haunted look; and me. I'm standing with a girl in a bikini, who I don't know and whose name I've forgotten, who I fucked within five minutes of our meeting at the last Killing Kittens party.

Shift our focus back to the act. The guy standing reaches down and touches the girl's face. It's almost tender. It's his turn to fuck her now. The first guy just finished.

This second, previously standing, guy is lean and strong and young. The girl has a beautiful body. It's hard to make out her face at this angle. The crowd braces itself in anticipation. Even the inevitable glasses of Prosecco remain at waist rather than lip height.

This is going to be good.

Second guy mounts the girl, pushing himself into her. Pretty soon she is moaning in appreciation. He's fucking her hard, his powerful hips launching his cock into her again and again.

'Well, this is nice,' I say to the girl beside me.

It's lame but I say it to break the tension because I'm British and shy, and because, even for me, standing in a basement sauna watching butt naked strangers have sex is strange.

She doesn't last long, the girl. Perhaps because she's just been fucked, or maybe

she gets off on being watched. Maybe standing guy is just a really great fuck. Who knows? But soon she is bucking hard, shouting out loud and then she spasms violently and then...

As she orgasms she squirts, her spray exploding into the air before us. Little diamond beads of erotic moisture glint savagely in the darkness before evaporating into soft mist, floating to the floor.

... he pulls out. She giggles, half-bashful, half-gleeful, a confirmation that something has happened and yes, it's big. Previously standing guy rubs her wetness into her stomach and breasts, as the guy who fucked her first gently touches her face.

'All over his clothes,' he says, motioning to the other man's trousers splayed beside them on the bed.

'Don't worry about it,' says the second guy. Clearly a gentleman. There is a light round of applause from the crowd.

'Wow. Well, I'm going to get a drink,' says a woman, as though we've just seen the climax of a dramatic and emotional play. In a way I suppose we have. The crowd drifts slowly away.



If this story sounds fanciful and even unbelievable I completely understand. A few years ago I would have thought so myself. But it happened – on the 13th October 2017 – exactly as I describe.

Intriguing? Then read on – plenty more to come. Outlandish? Then read on too; this book will open your eyes to a sexual underworld of delights that you never even imagined existed. In cities all over the world right now, day and night, people are going to clubs and parties – with their partners or alone – in order to meet and have sex with strangers. Mind-blowing stuff, right?

Furthermore, the swinging scene is not relegated merely to older couples who've seen better days hoping to revitalize their sex lives. Swinging is popular with the young too, and if you go to the right parties you are likely to meet some incredibly beautiful women.

For some reason the swinging scene, rather like the BDSM scene, has not been covered much in traditional PUA material. Players have generally concentrated on



normal, mainstream clubs and on day game, and have not concerned themselves with the strange, seedy but fascinating midnight world of sexual transgression where sex parties and partner swapping take place.

But think about it for a moment. If the player's main objective is to get laid, why wouldn't he go to places where women go just to get laid? And why wouldn't these be at the top of his agenda? OK, donning a pair of leather trousers, or having sex with a girl in public while wearing a carnival mask may not be your heart's desire right now. Perhaps you're inexperienced in such things. But to ignore these scenes is just as foolhardy as someone writing about the markets and failing to mention Wall Street, or someone into casinos neglecting Las Vegas.

People get into game and pick-up artistry in order to meet beautiful women and have sex with them. There's no reason to apologize for that. Most human beings like sex, including most beautiful women. Sex is the strongest internal drive after the need to eat and drink. It is natural for men to be attracted to sexy girls and to want to be intimate with them (with the honorable exception, of course, of gay men). We must own that, even in these politically-correct times.

If you are not looking for a relationship at the moment, and have no interest in settling down, then you are in the market for meeting promiscuous women who are cool with having casual sex and aren't bothered about getting into relationships either. The problem that many players contend with is that they go to normal, mainstream, venues to meet women. Those girls probably just want to find a nice guy to settle down with after they've had fun in their college years, which is their prerogative. But when the player whose desires are for fleeting fun comes into the equation, he is in danger of hurting women who thought he was offering more when he moves on to someone else.

One of the great advantages of going to swingers clubs (and BDSM parties) is that you will meet women there who are like-minded and looking for exciting sexual adventures rather than domesticity, a white picket fence, and a dog. They are on the same page as you. This is why I wrote this Fifty Shades of Game series. These kinky scenes haven't garnered much attention from the top game writers, and this seems to me a major oversight. If you want honey you go straight to the honeypot. You don't mess around trying other jars near the honeypot hoping they might contain a little bit of honey.

Given that most guys into pickup are interested in transient adventures, what better place to search for them than scenes specifically geared for just that? In the following sections I will tell you some stories from the swinging scene to open your eyes to what is possible. But before I do we need to get some basic definitions out of

the way.

Whenever I talk about swinging on my website or on Twitter, guys come back with objections like 'It's all old unattractive desperate women,' or 'swingers' clubs don't let in single guys, or if they do you have to pay a premium,' or 'the odds of finding a half-decent girl amongst all the detritus are 1m to 1.'

These are reasonable concerns. To answer them let me tell you a little bit about the kinds of swingers' parties I am principally talking about here, and how to get into them.

All of my life I have been interested in secret worlds and their codes. All of my life I have been fascinated with cracking those codes – with finding out the secret ways of doing things effectively. The swingers' scene offers just such an opportunity. Clearly this is a place where sex is a given for the 'right' type of people. How do you become one of those people? This book will give you everything you need to know to enter the scene and begin your own voyage of discovery.

## THE SWINGERS' SCENE

For a long time the swingers' scene was considered a sad haven for unhappily married couples looking to inject a little 'excitement' into their dull and unsatisfying marriages. Its participants were likely middle-aged or older, gone to seed in the worst possible ways. Beer guts, varicose veins, drooping breasts, and love handles everywhere – and that was just the men! The swingers would meet up in suburban houses cold chicken wings and warm coleslaw served at a buffet, along with warm, “sparkling” wine. They would throw their car keys into a bowl on the table. The car-key lottery – couples picked out at random in order to pair their owners up with new partners for the evening.

Of course, this all sounds terrible, and if it were really like that – unless you have a fetish for MILFs and chicken wings – it's not something I recommend. However, the swinging scene has grown exponentially in the last decade and now incorporates some very different, and far more exciting parties.

I have to lay my cards on the table here and tell you that – as in [Volume 1 of this series](#), which was concerned with the BDSM scene – my main experiences have been accrued in London and Berlin. What I describe in this book though, is a global phenomenon, and swingers' parties like Killing Kittens take place in major cities in the USA including New York and L.A. Given that they are part of a growing trend, this is a scene you need to know about if you're looking to extend your pickup activities in a novel, sexy direction. Understand this scene's quirks and secret conventions and you will open yourself up to a world you have scarcely dreamed about. A world where attractive, sometimes extremely beautiful, young women go to enact their fantasies. If you can crack it, it stands to reason that you'll enjoy huge benefits.

Swinging as we know it today is a relatively modern phenomenon and came about in the 1960s as a result of the sexual revolution and the contraceptive pill. It wasn't really prevalent before then. There were strict social, and religious rules in place which prevented it from happening in most Western societies. Although, of course, all manner of unconventional arrangements went on covertly. So-called 'wife lending' was a feature in pre-Islamic Arabian nations as well as in African countries, Inuit societies, and Venezuela. Additionally, the polygamous pre-agricultural revolution setup described in *Sex At Dawn* by Christopher Ryan and Cacilda Jethá likely provided another precursor for what we now term swinging

## KILLING KITTENS

Killing Kittens is a party promotions company founded by Emma Sayle in London in 2005, who said of the name “it’s cyber-slang – every time someone masturbates, God kills a kitten. It’s about pleasuring yourself, so it fits quite nicely with our brand.”

Aside from being an extremely astute businesswoman, Sayle is from an upper-class background, having famously been associated with Kate Middleton, now Catherine, Duchess of Cambridge. The first Killing Kittens parties, held in townhouses and clubs around London, were filled with Emma and her friends, mainly posh and socially well-connected women like herself. There are even rumors that Kate herself attended – these remain unconfirmed.

Sayle’s ambition was to create a series of swingers parties where – how to put this diplomatically – there were no ugly people, or at least, certain aesthetic standards were maintained. In a move which in 2018, only thirteen years, later feels politically incorrect, Killing Kittens became the first notable swingers’ party where you could only gain entry based on a positive assessment of your looks. To get into KK – a ‘party for the world’s sexual elite’ – you had to submit several photographs by email so the team could judge whether you were good looking enough to attend.

As I say, even a few years later this feels like a risky move bound to upset the politically-correct. But it still goes on at KK and other parties, albeit more quietly than before. For the player this is, of course, both good news and bad news. Good, because it should ensure that the girls in attendance are attractive. Bad, because it means that he will have to go through the selection process himself, and there is the risk and potential humiliation of being rejected.

But you needn’t worry. You don’t need to be a male supermodel to get in. As long as you are reasonably in shape, and dress well, you should be fine. Having been to these kinds of parties many times, I can tell you that the standards are a little more ‘flexible’ than you’d expect. More on that later. If you want to attend then get your weight down, style your hair, put on some cool clothes, get a friend to photograph you and you’ll be good to go.

Another thing about Killing Kittens and the swingers’ scene in general is that, yes, as the name suggests, it’s about ‘swinging’ – that is: swapping partners. This explains why many think that single guys can’t attend, since a number of parties won’t let you in unless you’re with a girl. However, there are many singles parties on the scene where guys are welcome to attend. And for those events that don’t

allow it? Simply befriend a girl and go with her to the parties. She doesn't have to be a sexual partner – although it's a great deal more fun if she is – just someone who looks the part and is happy to go along with you and to pose as a couple to get through the door. She can act as your wingwoman.

If you are a reasonably sociable guy, this shouldn't be a big problem. A great many girls are curious about this scene and will be more than happy to go with you so that you can both explore different sexual opportunities. Of course, you'll want to avoid going with that girl who is your oneitis. You'll wind up suffering the pain and humiliation of watching her getting railed by a bunch of other men while you sit at the bar with a towel around your waist, nursing a beer.

Don't be that guy.

The other way you can get around the couple's rule is to take a fuck buddy. I myself am always on the lookout for new girls with an adventurous edge who I can take to parties like Killing Kittens. The key here is not to be too attached to them. Establish some firm ground rules first.

## THE POLITICS OF SWINGING

Swinging is fraught with politics. Maybe you thought it was a big free-for-all where anyone can fuck anyone else. In practice it's as highly regulated as any other social situation. I should make clear here that I personally approach the scene as a player. Other people may approach this scene differently, and good luck to them. But I like to game swingers clubs in pretty much the same way I would other environments, just with quicker escalation and less messing around.

My aim is only ever to have sex with girls – one-on-one or two-on-one (or more!). I am not keen on getting involved with a guy's wife or girlfriend while he is there, or worse, while he is participating. This might make me a bad swinger, just as my attitude to the BDSM scene (as described in [Volume 1](#)) might make me a 'bad fetishist'. So be it. I'm happy to live with that. My interest is in meeting attractive young women with whom I can have adventures, regardless of the environment. My participation in the swingers' scene is just another part of my overall strategy.

I have no interest in watching a girl I've been intimate with having sex with another man. It does nothing whatsoever for me. Even if it were a girl for whom I had no feelings at all I just can't see that particular sight turning me on. What I do like is to have sex with my girl in public – or at least in semi-public anyway. That is a turn-on. And I like to have sex with several girls at once. So when I go to Killing Kittens with a girl I make certain that we're on the same page first. Either we are merely friends and both of us can do whatever the hell we like, or we're there as a couple and we'll have sex with each other and won't involve anyone else. This second option works really well as added frisson in the early stages of a fuck-buddy relationship when you're experimenting and trying all kinds of crazy things. A third possibility is we are there as a couple, but we are open to the idea of introducing other girls into the equation. My girl becomes the huntress. This works well with bisexual girls, or even so-called 'bi-curious' girls who are up for girl-on-girl fun.

As I said, I have little interest in watching my girl fuck another guy, even if we are only casual. That may sound selfish, and perhaps it is, but I'm not forcing anyone to be with me. If I meet a girl who wants to fuck around that's fine, but she can do so with someone other than with me.

Many parties will let a controlled number of single guys in on any given night – they will pay more. If a ticket for a single girl is \$30, a single man at the same event will likely be asked to fork out \$70. Such are the realities of a sexual marketplace, based entirely on supply and demand.

Nevertheless, consider what's on offer. When you get good at swingers' party game you might appreciate that it's worth the extra expenditure. After all, it's not every party that you go to where women are ready and willing to have sex right there in the venue. It's a very libertarian scene that really has to be experienced to be believed.

As mentioned, organizations like Killing Kittens also put on singles' events. Now, singles' parties have an even worse reputation than swingers, parties – full of sad, lonely people in crumpled raincoats desperate for one last chance at love. But relax. When Killing Kittens puts on a singles' party their usual high standards are applied – that is, all the participants must be attractive. Here too there is the opportunity for very quick sex if your game is on-point. While the ticket for a singles' party can also be expensive (again somewhere in the \$70 area for men) you must offset that against the potential rewards. When you attend a party as a single man you are there to approach women as is natural so, given that the girls are single too, there should be no problems. Singles' parties are just like a normal club but with that little bit extra added.

This should demystify the scene somewhat. Yes, people go for different reasons: to add spice to ailing marriages, to engage in group sex with both genders, or even to be cuckolded (it's amazing how common that is). But given that this book is aimed primarily at players looking to amplify already prolific sex lives with many different women, my job is to teach you precisely how the scene works and how best to leverage it to your advantage.

## THE OTHER END OF THE SCALE

Killing Kittens, as well as Fever Parties in London and similar events, are very much at the glitzy end of the spectrum and I would be lying if I claimed that these are fair representations of the whole – of course they're not. The clichéd representations of the swingers scene I outlined earlier are not entirely inaccurate. The more down-at-heel side of the scene isn't exactly dead and buried. There are parties where the participants are older, unattractive and (not meaning to be rude) frequently unwashed. I've seen witless couples trying to reengineer flagging marriages, with the guys in their stained raincoats circling, waiting for their opportunity to pounce.

In terms of erotic opportunity there is little to be said in favor of these parties. You might get the odd outlier hot girl there – a stray nymphomaniac, a self-hating depressive, or an addict – but they are the minority not the norm. This is not to say that the grimier parties have no interest for us at all. On the contrary, they are fascinating – as are all swingers' events – simply because they teach important 'red pill' lessons about the sexual marketplace and its hierarchy. Put very simply, only the hottest survive – or get laid, at least. And this becomes very clear when you've spent as much time in these places as I have.



## WHAT THIS BOOK CONTAINS

Now, I'm not saying that you have to have model looks to get by – although that certainly helps. Game evens up the score. But the lessons that observing those up and down the chain teach us about how things work in the real, raw, visceral world of sexual selection are profound.

For that reason, I'm not going to confine the discussions in this book to upscale parties – even though these are where the cutest girls are. There is anthropological interest to be had exploring underground dive places. In the first section I will take you into the world of swingers' clubs, telling my real-life stories. These will show you the kinds of things that really go on, what is possible for the player to achieve, and why upmarket swingers' clubs are a great hunting ground.

After that we will take a tour of some of the dingier, dodgier venues I've visited. There is entertainment value here, but you will also learn a lot about the sexual marketplace.

Then comes the practical stuff – where to go, what to wear, how to ensure you get in, and all of that good stuff. I'll also take you through the do's and don'ts of the scene. As with BDSM, swinging is very codified and you don't want to make a mistake and annoy someone's angry husband.

Some guys think that swingers' parties are a free-for-all – all you have to do is turn up to get laid. That is absolutely not the case. My experiences at upmarket parties like Killing Kittens show the opposite. Beautiful girls – who are often scantily-dressed and aware of their value – tend to be even more choosy than they might otherwise be. The tall, alpha jock guys regularly win the day. In addition, you often have the age-old problem of demand and supply: a surfeit of men and a dearth of attractive women.

That's not to say that the talented, game-aware player can't outflank the jocks. But you should not imagine that this is easy street, that all you have to do is turn up with a packet of condoms and a bunch of Viagra.

Nothing could be further from the truth.

**CHAPTER 1**  
**STORIES OF SWINGING**

# NATASHA

September 2017

Killing Kittens puts on singles' parties every month. They also do parties for couples. Generally I attend the singles' parties since they offer an opportunity to meet new girls. Of course, you can also meet new girls at the couples' parties, there being partner-swaps, threesomes, foursomes and so on. But then you have to bring a girl, and I like going on the prowl alone.

I do have a male wing I hang with sometimes, a Peruvian guy called Jesus. Jesus is a cool. I met him at a party. Generally he just stands there getting slowly wasted while he watches the action. I like Jesus. It's fun hanging out with him. But tonight Jesus is away so I go alone. The party is at a large townhouse in Central London just off Oxford Circus. [It's a well-known place, allegedly owned by a member of the British aristocracy notorious for hosting sex parties and orgies.](#) I've been here before. I like this place better than the sauna where they also throw parties. It's a piece of prime real-estate worth millions of pounds. There's a shabby-chic feel to it, with its huge chandeliers and threadbare carpets. There's a bar downstairs where a DJ plays house music. Upstairs is the 'play room' – the room where people fuck. I take a look. It's a huge empty space with high ceilings and a cluster of beds pushed together in the center. There are candles on the floor. More house music plays from concealed speakers.

In contrast to a BDSM club like [Torture Garden](#) the crowd here is homogenous, largely composed of arrogant alpha males who probably work in finance. They wear well-cut suits and shirts, drink prosecco, and speak loudly. The women wear red dresses (there is a red theme tonight). I don't immediately see anyone I fancy. I decide to wait it out and see what happens. Killing Kittens has a rule that guys are not meant to approach. Women initiate contact. In practice this doesn't work well for everyone. Not for the women who are unaccustomed to approaching, and certainly not for the player, who wants to approach to give himself the best possible chance of success. The player needs to try to get round the no-approaching rule. I believe this can be done without going against the spirit of the Killing Kittens edict: you smile, act friendly and sociable and say hello to girls without hitting on them. You get on the female radar for selection without being pushy.

After a slightly-stilted first few hours, Killing Kittens parties tend to reach a sweet spot where inhibitions are dropped, clothes are discarded, and people start

fucking. This isn't to say it's a free-for-all: it's not. All sex is of course consensual. That being said, because girls are here to bang and everyone is naked – or nearly naked – and horny, the seduction process is truncated to 'approach-create attraction-sex'. Generally this takes a few minutes at most.

I strike out a couple of times. The first time with an Asian girl. I don't know why. We're on the bed, she's hitched her dress up all the way over her breasts and I'm playing with her pussy. All of a sudden she says she has to go to the toilet. I let her go, hang around for a while, and then, feeling like a chode, I go back down to the bar.

Something similar happens with a blonde girl who I get to talking with sometime later. Failures like this occur for any number of reasons, but I have two theories why things didn't work out in these cases. First, I spoke too much to the blonde (we were discussing Torture Garden and fetish). While building comfort through conversation is essential, too much chat can be counterproductive at an orgy where all everyone really wants to do is to bang.

Second, I wasn't really turned on by either girl and it showed. You always do best with the girls you're genuinely attracted to.

I'm about to give up and go home when I meet Natasha, a cute Tibetan girl in a red miniskirt and high heels. I speak to her for two minutes before she's all over me, kissing me hard, and ripping at my shirt buttons.

Rather than go upstairs to the big shagging room I take her into a smaller area off the dancefloor with a large bed lit by fairy lights. Here we find quasi-privacy: there is only one other couple having sex next to us. At Killing Kittens this is the equivalent of solitude. Natasha lay down and I begin licking her pussy. Well, it seemed like the polite thing to do. Soon she's naked. She has a killer body – small and lithe and shapely with long, dark hair. I'm still going down on her as I try to get my shoes off. Getting your shoes off is a real problem in the heat of the moment at a swingers' parties. There's no easy way of doing it. I have to keep going while fiddling with my laces. Finally the laces yield. I stand and remove my trousers.

'Do we need to use a condom?' Natasha asks.

'Er, yes,' I say. Luckily I have one with me. I reach clumsily for my suit jacket, pull out a Durex, and sheath up.

We fuck, changing positions time and again. Next to us the other couple finishes and adjusts their clothes, making ready to leave. Natasha is on top of me, riding my cock when I notice the other woman watching us. Natasha is moaning as I thrust up into her. The other woman smiles and nods at me as if to say 'good job'. She's watching us having sex as though it's a performance art piece.

A while later Natasha finishes me off in her mouth.

'This is really weird,' she says.

'Is it your first time here?' I ask.

'Yeah,' she says.

'What do you do during the daytime?'

'Normal stuff.'

'That's cool. It's good to do normal stuff.'

We talk some more crap until she tells me she needs to get a drink. I watch her walk to the bar and then I go to the toilet before leaving.

When I emerge she's already all over another guy, a banker-type, on one of the sofas. I walk upstairs, through the hallway and out into the sodium-lit night.

# A NIGHT AT THE SAUNA

June 2017

‘Would you like to go anywhere, you know, more private?’ I ask.

‘No, not really,’ she says. She allows her towel to fall away entirely so she is crouching over me naked. Her head drops to my crotch and bobs up and down sucking my cock. We are lying on a low couch beneath a TV set playing non-stop hardcore porn. Next to us is another couple having sex. People walk past. Some stop to watch. Her name is Louise. She is of Russian and Italian descent. A hedge fund analyst; she works in Mayfair. The way I met her was classic Mystery Method. She was with a girlfriend who I started chatting to first, before I turned my attention to her. Even though I was quite flirtatious with the friend and even got a bit of a makeout, I had a sense that Louise was interested in me. She kept laughing with disproportionate glee at my jokes. But then she got to talking to some other dude.

This was a few hours later. I met her as she walked from the Jacuzzi in a towel. At Killing Kittens you play the long game. Start of the night you walk around, watch people and observe. You do your best to initiate conversations without breaching the rules. You don’t overtly hit on girls but you do make yourself known. The invisible player, is barely a player at all. He is a forgotten, faceless man. The strategy is to distinguish yourself from the crowd. You do that through the way you dress, the way you are groomed, and most importantly, by demonstrating your personality via what you say and how you act.

The trouble with Louise is that I know Jesus likes her too. As we wandered around the party talking to people, he had mentioned to me that he liked a particular girl in red who had a French accent. Louise is wearing a red dress. Her accent is French. Pretty likely he means her, although it’s not conclusive – there are a great many other similar girls here. This is where working with a wingman is problematic. It applies in normal clubs just as much as at swingers’ parties. There’s a real problem when your wing likes a particular girl but you sense that she likes you better. As I said, I’d got the idea that Louise was interested in me through her micro-indicators: laughing at my jokes, the flicker of her eyes, the way that they would meet mine time and again, each time for longer than necessary.

When this kind of thing happens you really need to weigh up your allegiance to your wing and make a call. In this case I felt justified in waiting to see what happened, but not ruling out getting it on with Louise were the opportunity to

arise. For one thing, there had been no interaction between her and Jesus to speak of. Also, I'd liked her from the beginning too – it wasn't as though Jesus had 'got in there first'. Plus, I'd approached her. The player who approaches gets first choice.

Last, Jesus fancied every girl there. There wasn't much scope for me to seduce anyone he didn't like.



I don't see Louise again until later on in the night. This party is being held in a sauna in Covent Garden. Although the dress code specified suits for men, it is already sweaty and there is little chance of those suits staying on long. Around me many of the men have stripped down and are wearing swimming trunks or Speedos. The girls are in lingerie or swimming costumes.

Here's how the club is set out. Changing rooms on the left and the main space to the right. Once you've stashed your belongings you find yourself in a dimly lit bar. Here, TV screens show ancient black and white movies. Opposite there's a selection of low couches where groups of girls sit chatting. Nothing more than that yet, but it's coming.

In the gloom, men and women talk together. They are wearing masks. This is a requirement of entry. At any Killing Kittens event, you're meant to wear a mask until midnight when the fucking starts. Guys wear Venetian ballroom masks, those creepy Phantom of the Opera-style ones, and the ones called zanni with long noses that protrude at the front. The women prefer delicate lace or gauze, fastened together with ribbons. From a distance the whole scene looks like a demented still from the movie *Eyes Wide Shut* – one of the inspirations for the party. Beyond the bar is the sauna space. Here is the large Jacuzzi, big enough for twenty, plus dark corridors leading to the saunas themselves, and rooms with beds for sex. For context, it's normally a gay pick-up joint, so to say it's geared towards anonymous encounters is an understatement.

The Jacuzzi is fun. It fills up early on with revelers, first only those few girls brave enough to get wet in public and the guys who inevitably follow. As time goes by and the drink flows, the mood gets raucous – people splashing, joking and laughing until the whole pool is a big, wet fuckfest. It's like a Vegas pool party the way you wish they were, rather than the way they actually are.

I go out to the cloakroom to get something from my locker. Here I meet Angie, a swinger in her late forties. She tells me she comes to every Killing Kittens party.

‘I just love cock,’ she said. ‘It’s just me. I love it. I love cock.’

I wander back into the main arena. I’ve opened various girls with some success, but nothing has hooked yet. My mind is still on Louise as my best bet of the evening. This is common in night game: the player becomes fixated with one of the first girls he meets in the evening, the one from whom he gets the best response. For the next few hours his mind will be on her and only her. He will shut himself off from other prospects in his pursuit of this micro-oneitus.

This is not necessarily either a good or a bad thing. At the core of any great player, after all, is abundance. If you don’t have abundance then you are lost, either during the pursuit or later when you are in a relationship. On the other hand, perhaps tonight this girl is the optimal choice for you. She is your type, she is available and she seems interested. In that case it makes perfect sense for you to pursue her. But you never know if a particular girl, a particular scenario, is going to yield fruit. If it doesn’t then you’ve wasted your time. That girl could end up going home early. Or not being as interested in you as you thought she was. Or going off with another guy.

You threw away other opportunities for her. Because you were in thrall to that girl, you inevitably missed out on indicators of interest elsewhere. And in the swingers’ club environment, immediacy is crucial because sexual opportunities appear and disappear quickly.



I come upon Louise again by chance. We walked past one another by the Jacuzzi. She’s been for a dip.

‘Sexy towel,’ I say

Not the greatest line ever but it worked that night. Within seconds we are kissing, and a moment later I walk her to the low couch beneath the porn movie screen where without ceremony, she throws off her towel and begins to suck my cock. After this preliminary I pull her up and lay her on the couch before me, where we have sex. There are people around us watching – hence my question to her about wanting more privacy – but she is clearly a game girl and happy to go ahead



regardless. For that I am thankful. There is no doubt that at least a part of the frisson from going to a swingers club is in performing in public before others. When in Rome, do as the Romans.

Louise is another of those girls who is just my type – long, dark hair trailing down her back and skimming her ass and firm, juicy breasts on her slender frame. We fuck with me on top and then flip it so that I'm underneath. All the while I watch her beautiful body squirm and shudder as she takes my cock deep inside her.

I notice little else during the sex, except the porn. Until Jesus walks past. He sees me, gives me the thumbs up, winks and walks on. I don't know whether or not he recognizes Louise, and, if he does, whether he is bothered but doesn't show it. The hallmark of a good wingman is that they are happy for you when you are successful and Jesus certainly smiled on me that day.

When we finish I give Louise one last deep kiss.

'That was fun, bad girl,' I say.

'Always,' she replies, and she winks before disappearing into the crowd.



People often think that the player's lifestyle is meaningless or emotionally barren. That's not the case. Moments like this mean something – perhaps not very much, but they mean something. A bond is established, however fleeting.

Of course, it is the transient nature of casual sexual encounters that bothers people. If you were connected with someone for less than an hour how can that have had any 'meaning'? I disagree. Why should meaning or significance be defined by duration? Many marriages of twenty years and more fail, after which the spouses claim to never really have known one another. Just because people stay together for years doesn't mean there is any huge significance in what they have. Whereas there can be a wonderful human connection to be found in a short sexual encounter.

One other thing you have to get your head around though, if you really want to enjoy this scene is that girls at swingers parties are also having sex with other guys. If they have a tendency towards nymphomania they can finish with you and move on to the next pretty fast. So what? You're in a swingers' club. This is no place for bourgeois morality. Make sure that you always use protection, and accept the situation for what it is. Women are sexual too – probably more so than men. Just go

with it.

# MILLY

June 2015

I met Milly at another Killing Kittens event, this time at a venue called The Library in Covent Garden. The Library is a private members' club and hotel in the heart of London's 'theatreland', near the bustling Covent Garden market. Killing Kittens had hired the place for one of their singles' parties. As soon as I walked in I could see why.

The place was perfect. Booklined walls, low sofas festooned with drapes and cushions. Dark alcoves, no doubt intended for stimulating intellectual conversation, would tonight be used for sex. Paintings of ancient generals and commanders on the walls, their frozen faces looking down over the unfolding scene, circumspect but impotent.

There was a prohibition-era style bar selling cocktails. I walked over and ordered a soda and lime and stood looking at the crowd. The guys were all in suits and ties – I was too, as the flyer for the evening had indicated that this would be a dressed-up affair. I had gone all-out with a light grey jacket, white shirt and pale tie over a pair of dark trousers. The girls wore dresses and heels, dressed up to the nines like it was a night at the opera or a race meeting. One had on a flouncy blue dress with bustles at the front, black heels and a golden tiara that shone like a beacon. Another, a drop-dead stunner with flaxen hair and a delicious pout, stood out in a bright red gown. The place stunk of perfume like a high-class brothel.

I was in good form that evening, which doubtless accounts for what happens next. Why? Because during the day I had gone out and done a whole slew of daygame approaches, perhaps ten or fifteen, to get into 'state'. Here's the thing. If you're going to do night game of any sort, whether it be in a swingers' club or vanilla, then you need to have 'state'. In other words, you have to have momentum around women. State, mojo, or momentum is difficult to describe, but when you have it you know about it, and so do the girls nearby. It is like you have 'warmed up' before sports, so now your very presence radiates confidence and the sort of sexuality-on-steroids that automatically draws girls to you.

It also means that when you make an approach you are rock solid – you can't be phased, you are not afraid to be persistent, you can be cheeky and your conversations won't falter. Even if you're rejected you will simply brush it off. Why? Because you're warmed up. You have become sufficiently socially lubricated so that everything is water off a duck's back. This 'don't give a shit' attitude is palpable and

incredibly appealing to women.

My day game approaches hadn't yielded much success – a couple of phone numbers – no more than maybes. But it didn't matter. It was practice for the big event tonight. Whatever the ROI on daygame itself might be, it skyrockets your night game. If you can walk up to a girl on the street, get chatting to her and get her phone number then it really should be no problem for you to approach in a club. This is because approaching is normal in nighttime environments, whereas during the day you have to step out from under the cloak of conventional behavior and put your neck on the line.



So when I walked into the Library that night, I was ready to go. I was emitting the rays of entitlement and sexual dominance that prove so attractive to women in these situations. With this advantage, I walked around as though suspended on a cloud and talked to girl after girl. I was like a prince wandering around greeting his subjects. Being on form like this great – it's fun to feel as though you 'own' a social event. I flirted with women at the bar. A brunette in her thirties said we should meet up later. A pretty French girl pursuing a PhD at Cambridge said that I had the best 'rhetoric' – by which I guess she meant chat up lines – that she'd ever heard.

Nice accolades, but it was close but no cigar. Game is binary: you either get laid or you don't. There can be no middle ground. So while these indicators of interest were encouraging, I knew that I had to step up. I continued, up the stairs into the quiet study area, invading this booklined crevice and that, searching for an elusive girl to change the night for me. It's uncanny: when I see a girl who is so absolutely my type I recognize her. It is as though I have seen her before – that this is not the first time we are meeting. I'd been talking to another girl who'd split and there I was, looking out for my next approach, when I saw her. She was my type – but then 'my type' covers a lot of bases. She was a slim brunette with long, straight hair cascading down her delicate shoulders to the small of her back. She was wearing a black dress that was split at the front to her navel. Below her waist the material turned to lace, her shapely legs revealed beneath. Nothing overly revealing: she was sexy in an understated way.

'Hey,' I said.

‘Hey.’

She smiled and our eyes locked for a second and I knew then we would end up in bed together. This has happened to me many times. This is not to say it’s common – it isn’t. Game can be a long, thankless slog. I put up with a lot of rejections. Mostly it no longer bothers me too much what an individual girl thinks of me. Other times it can sting. Sometimes, though, you meet girls who are interested immediately. I can usually tell just through the eye contact. It’s as though with one look – accompanied by that sense of recognition I mentioned – everything that is to come is confirmed.

Every man must learn to pick up on such looks. The worst thing you can do is miss out on the opportunities that are handed to you on a plate by the game gods. The more approaching you do, and the more sexual success you have, the more skilled you will become. After a while it’s instinctual.



Anyway, I get talking to Milly in the black dress and I find her to be fun, flirty and bendy. I dance with her and she, balanced on my arm, leans back almost all the way, allowing the tips of her hair to skim the floor. We make out. We continue to make out. I buy drinks. She buys drinks. In night game there generally comes a point where you have met ‘the one for that night:’ the girl you are most attracted to who you appear to have the best chance of taking home. This was clearly Milly.

‘Come on, let’s get out of here,’ I said. She nodded willingly. I took her hand and led her to the coat check.

There was some issue with the tab. The venue required everyone to leave their credit cards behind the bar so they could settle up at the end. There was a glut of people waiting. Milly and I stood in this queue while a girl called out peoples’ names.

It got to Milly’s turn and they called out her surname. I’ll say here it was Jones.

‘Milly Jones?’

Milly looked shocked, running forwards to shush the girl. I had no idea why but I didn’t say anything. She sorted out her bill and we left.

‘Come back to my place to watch a movie?’

‘Cool,’ she said.



The game was on. Now the usual logistical problems. How to get home? At that time I lived in Bermondsey, an area in London's Zone 2: it was a 25 minute drive to my apartment. Of course, my phone had died, and so I wasn't able to order an Uber. We were reduced to standing on a street corner trying to flag down a cab. Nothing wrong with that, but transport from the club to your home should always be as smooth as possible. When gaps start to show, the girl is going to get bored, irritated, or fed up, and ask for a raincheck.

'Maybe we should just call it a night,' Milly said.

"Don't worry, a cab will be along in a minute.'

Finally, I hailed one. We jumped in, and the drive back began. As usual, my job was to keep the mood relaxed but sexy. So we made out for most of the journey, and talked as we powered up the Old Kent Road back to my apartment.

Milly told me tales of her drug taking with old school friends, and how she would go to Torture Garden and have sexual encounters with transsexuals. I was struck by the contrast between her upper-class voice and the seaminess of her lifestyle. She was one of those rich, young girls who had gone off the rails, rebelling against the comfortable existence that daddy and his money had bought for her. If anything, I was even more turned on than before – there's nothing I like more than a good English girl gone bad.



By the time we got back to my apartment I'd popped a couple of Viagra and I was ready to go. I let Milly in and went about my usual routine, visiting the bathroom and fixing drinks in the kitchen. Whenever I let a new girl into my place I always do the same thing, giving her time to get accustomed to the environment and feel comfortable. The last thing you want to do is to come on too strong too early and make it awkward. Seduction is a slow process and you shouldn't rush it. When I went into the sitting room I was surprised to see Milly kneeling beside my bookcase, checking out the many volumes I kept there in my pre-Kindle days.

‘Did you really just come here to read my books?’ I asked.

‘No,’ she said.

I took her hand and led her into the center of the room where we kissed. Now I reached down and pulled her dress up over her head and shoulders. Then it was on the floor. More kissing as her bra and knickers came off. Then she backed up level with the couch and flipped her body back so that her head hung down to the seat with her legs open and her pussy exposed. Of course, I took the hint, lowering my head and licking her out. After a while she could take no more so I pulled her up and led her into my room where I fucked her on the bed.

‘God,’ she said when we had finished. ‘I normally go with submissive men. I’ve never been fucked like that before. Is there anything you’d like me to do?’

So I got her to suck my cock until I came in her mouth. After that we both fell asleep, exhausted. In the night we woke up and talked for a while. She asked me about my books and, when I told her that I wrote for a living, she became animated, telling me her mother was an author.

‘You probably don’t know her books,’ she said. ‘They’re aimed at older middle-class woman’.

But the mother’s name was familiar. As it turned out she was a big name middlebrow writer whose books were widely advertised, including on large posters on the London Underground and in railway stations.

‘And what does your dad do?’ I asked.

‘He’s in media,’ she said at first. And then, ‘Well, you know my family name ...’

‘Yes,’

‘Well, it’s him,’ she said.

Finally I understood. Stupid me! No wonder she had been so careful about not revealing her full name at the Library. Her father, it turned out, was one of the most famous faces in the UK, a man who regularly appeared on British TV and had done so for the past three decades. Looking at her now, for the first time I could see her family resemblance to a celebrity I’d been aware of since my early adolescence.

‘What’s it like?’ I asked.

‘Very strange,’ she said.

We talked more about her dad and how he affected her life before having sex several more times into the morning.

Of course, in the scheme of things it mattered little who her parents were. But it certainly opened my eyes to the reality that the crowd that you get at sex parties is extremely diverse and much more well-connected in society than you might expect.





## CHAPTER 2

# THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRACKS

**A**s I made clear earlier, Killing Kittens is really only one side of the swinging coin – the other side is distinctly murky. So when men ask why I write about swingers' venues on my website given that the ratios are often bad with unattractive people there I completely understand what they mean. They are thinking less about glamorous parties, and more about this other side of the scene.

That is not to say that swinging on the wrong side of the tracks has no interest to players at all. For one thing, you might be interested in roughing it a little from time to time – and there's nothing wrong with that. But also, there are valuable lessons to be learned about the workings of the sexual marketplace here.

In this section I give you three stories from the other side of the tracks – from the down-and-dirty swinging scene. After that I discuss its significance for students of game and human nature.

The first is adapted from an article I wrote when I was a reporter for VICE, focusing on weird sex trends going on in London. The location here is not a swingers club as such, but a porn cinema called Club 487, that had become a meeting place for local swingers.

# CLUB 487

February 2015

Perhaps inevitably, Club 487 – London’s last remaining porn cinema – was raided by the Metropolitan Police and by Lewisham Council officials last week.

They burst into South London’s temple of sin at 1:30 PM on Thursday, with Sergeant Martin Adler of Lewisham tweeting that “the premises are believed to be a pornographic cinema. The police removed a number of middle-aged males found inside. London Fire Brigade is still conducting safety checks. Licensing enquiries also taking place.”

The hapless wankers inside were allowed to leave with no arrests made, and Club 487 remains open for business. The club’s line is that the incident took place after unfounded reports of drug and alcohol sales were made. The police, finding no evidence of these, went away happy.

“Two of the coppers who raided us even said good morning to me yesterday when they were walking past,” said Danny, the manager, when I asked him about the incident.

No hard feelings, then. Certainly, if the cinema is able to evade further interference from the boys in blue then it will be a blessing for members of London’s swinging demimonde – like Vern, a polite guy in his late 40s who wears glasses and a homely blue pullover. I chatted to him in the bowels of 487 the week before the raid, although it’s kinda hard making polite conversation when you’re talking to a man while watching a bunch of other guys bang his wife.

‘Wave it over there, mate – not in my face,’ his wife, Melissa, gasps. ‘What if it goes off?’

She is lying on the floor in one of two private cubicles the venue offers. Lit only by a wank-flick called Uniform Fantasies, which plays on the small HD screen above, she is at the center of three men, members primed and ready, waiting to receive oral sex. Another fucks her, grunting and groaning the whole time. He finishes abruptly, then stands and buttons up his jeans.

“Wooah. That was good!” he says. He’s tall, with Latin good looks.

‘Melissa’s a great fuck,’ Vern says. ‘She’s a good girl. Thank you, mate.’

‘No – thank you,’ the guy says.

He seems sincere.

This is a far cry from the glam, swinging scene of Killing Kittens and Fever Parties, which caters to sexy young couples and single girls. Using online forums,

Melissa and Vern advertise their presence at a variety of venues around London at short notice, inviting lone guys and couples to come down and have fun with them. Club 487, with its gloomy corridors and anonymous vibe, is just their kind of place. They've traveled here tonight from Acton after Vern finished his last job of the day at the garage where he works.

'We like it seedy,' says Vern. 'This gaff is great for us. There's a lot of guys coming down. And Melissa likes to go through a lot of guys.'

And does Vern have sex with other women?

'No – I don't need to,' he says quickly.

Melissa, when not having sex with men who aren't her husband, is a jovial, ebullient lady, her peroxide-blond hair luminous in the dark. She runs around in lingerie and black boots, a glass of whiskey in hand, yelling at anyone who will listen that it's a crying shame that venues like this are being closed down across London. Vern is quieter and more reflective, choosing to enhance his enjoyment of his wife's shenanigans with the occasional sniff of amyl nitrate.

Melissa and Vern have been married for 22 years and swinging for 15. Vern seems to be enjoying the action, even shouting encouragement at his wife's lovers. But I wonder whether he's really happy.

'We're careful. We get tested and everything. When you're swinging, you've got to. Even if you use a condom you still need to make sure everyone's safe,' he says.

But how does he feel watching random guys have sex with his wife? Is it a turn-on?

'It was tough at first, no doubt,' he says. 'First time she done it there was a bit of an argument – lot of jealousy.'

How did he get through it?

'Maybe it was the wrong situation. The wrong guy. We done it with another guy and it was perfect. Nice guy, down-to-earth, spoke to us both – you know. And we liked him, so it was all right. It was a turn-on.'

And you're into it now?

'Yeah, completely. We've been doing it 15 years now, so we must like it, mustn't we?'

I guess, in the end, there's no need for jealousy because you know you're going home with your partner.

'Exactly. I think that's why it was hard the first time. What if she enjoys the sex better, and fucks off with another guy? But it gets easier.'

Do they go to other swingers venues?

'Paradise in Dagenham is OK. But you take your chances. You're better off

going as a couple, not a single guy, otherwise you'll look like a lemon. And if you don't know no one, you're not going to get nothing, like. When you go with a woman, everyone speaks to each other and breaks the ice.

We know guys who go down Paradise and they get nothing. We ask, "Do you speak to the other couples?" And they say no. So no wonder. It's communication. There's couples that look for single guys, and couples that look for couples. You don't know that until you break the ice. And it's down to the single guy to break the ice, 'cause he'll get the pleasure of fucking someone else's wife.'

Just then another couple pass us in the gloom – an attractive young brunette in her 20s and her partner, a robust-looking guy with a shaved head. They walk into the main cinema room.

'That's Angelina. Nice girl. Melissa had her earlier.'

She's certainly prolific.

'She loves sex. She's a good girl.'

I follow Angelina and her boyfriend. They're in the back row with another guy. Angelina lies horizontally across them, fucking one and blowing the other. On screen, a new movie plays, *Twin Cheeks*. Melissa, having finished up outside, wanders in to watch with Vern.

'She's going too quick,' she shouts. "Slow down a bit!"

It's like this is a live porno and she's the director.

'She knows what she's doing. She's been through a lot of guys in 15 years,' Vern remarks.

'She squirts a lot, too,' says another man nearby. 'I was with her half an hour ago and my sleeve's still soaking.'

Vern looks proudly at his wife, smiling and nodding slowly as though someone has complimented her on her sporting prowess.

'She's a good girl,' he repeats.

'I've had them all,' Melissa says. 'Footballers – even a Member of Parliament once.'

It's an impressive résumé. Shortly, Angelina and her friends finish up and the night is over. Everyone shakes hands and promises to meet up again soon.

'Great fuck, mate,' says one guy, bumping fists with Vern and then lowering his head to give Melissa a kiss on the cheek.

Serial cuckolding may not be for everyone, but for the denizens of Club 487 it's all in a night's work.

'We'd better be off,' says Vern. 'It's gonna take ages to get home, and I've got to sort out my sprockets in the morning.'

Now Vern and Melissa must make the drive back home across London. It may be a long way, but for them it's a godsend that venues like Club 487 still exist.

# RIO'S RELAXATION SPA

August 2017

Sometimes I go to [Rio's Relaxation Spa](#) in North London. This place is notorious as a prominent swingers' joint.

But I'd counsel those rushing over to Kentish Town for easy sex not to get too excited. I've been going regularly for about five years and I can tell you that it is aesthetically about as far from a Vegas pool party as you can possibly get. Unfortunately the crowd (and I'm happy to include myself here) aren't the hottest.

As prosaic as it may sound, the main reason most people go is simply to use the facilities. For £23 (about \$30 USD) you get access to three Jacuzzis, two saunas, and three steam rooms. Plus a cold plunge pool, a swimming pool, a bar with topless barmaids and a TV room. Not bad. In fact, I can't think of anywhere else in London you could get those same facilities for such a cheap price. For a fancy spa you'd be paying around double that.

That said, Rio's has a skanky feel to it – which I love – but it is an acquired taste. If you're used to 5-star hotels in Dubai, it probably isn't for you. I don't mind the odd 5-star experience, but I like to get down-and-dirty and Rio's (while scrupulously clean) is certainly that. An Italian friend of mine also goes. I'll meet him there and we'll talk about business and politics while kicking back and observing the goings-on around us.

The other day we witnessed the most extraordinary display of human courtship there. There were two women opposite me in the big Jacuzzi. Both were in bathing suits, and both were – let's be diplomatic and say – less than hot. One was an Asian lady in her late forties. The other was Caucasian, in her thirties, with a dramatic squint, overweight and covered in tats.

Three young, athletic black guys got in. One of them immediately made a beeline for the Asian woman and started chatting her up. Although there was a vast and obvious chasm in their relative sexual market values (his was significantly above hers), she rejected him, turning away from him as he spoke. He shrugged and went back to laughing and joking with his friends.

Now an older chap in his late fifties entered the Jacuzzi.

'He looks like Santa Claus,' said one of the young men. And with his pot belly and his wispy white beard he did.

This guy went and stood in front of the woman with the ferocious squint. And that was it. He just stood there in front of the woman, didn't budge, and stared at

her.

By the way, he was entirely naked.

This entirely naked Santa Claus stood there, saying nothing, smiling wanly and moving forward incredibly slowly, all the while keeping his eyes fixed on the woman with the squint. That's not all. Another guy was on the left hand side of the two women, a huge, overweight dude. He too kept looking over and staring at the women. He wasn't moving towards them like creepy Santa, but it was pretty clear that he was looking for something to happen, for an opportunity to arise.

Finally, the awkwardness of the situation became too much for the women, who up until this point had been studiously ignoring it.

'Get back,' Squinty Eye said to Santa. 'That's close enough.' She spoke harshly, as though Santa was a disobedient dog.

So Santa slowly retreated, then turned his back, and then walked the slow, humiliating walk up the steps out of the Jacuzzi. We all witnessed his ignominious failure – failure with a woman who was perhaps a 4, if you're being generous.

Seeing his rival thus vanquished, the overweight dude now pitched up and whispered something to the squinty-eyed girl. He too was given short shrift. He remained in the Jacuzzi but moved into a corner on his own.

It was a fascinating to watch. The first thing that occurred to me was how poorly versed in game or female psychology these men were. Both had made the age-old mistake of waiting for something to happen. They hung around, stared at the girls, freaked them out and didn't do anything until their chances were blown as a result of their own reticence. The other thing I noticed was how out of shape they were. I understand that it can perhaps be harder to stay trim when you're older, and who knows what kind of life experiences these guys had undergone, but Christ, if strangers are calling you Santa Claus that's a sign you should refresh your look.

I found myself wondering whether I would ever be in a position where I'd be begging for sexual crumbs from such indifferent potential partners. Of course I can't say for sure, but my gut feeling is no. I only get turned on by women who I regard as hot. That doesn't mean they have to be supermodels, but they must be at least a little physically attractive – to me, that is. Had I pulled either Squinty Eye or her friend the chances of me getting an erection without taking a life-threatening quantity of Viagra would be nil.

# PARADISE SPA, ESSEX

April 2015

“You’ll get icicles on your pussy,” says the tattooed guy in flip-flops. “The Jacuzzi’s freezing.”

He’s talking to Val, who’s in her sixties. She’s wearing a pair of bunny ears and is naked beneath her towel. Everyone is sitting around on tatty leather couches in the TV room, most half-watching an HD copy of Cocksucker College Girls. Val’s mate Pam – also in her sixties and dressed in a negligee with a severe Harriet Harman bowl haircut – watches the onscreen action with interest as three enthusiastic young women take turns fellating a man with a limp dick and the lifeless eyes of someone who really shouldn’t have taken a bunch of coke before turning up at a porn shoot.

“You watching for tips?” Val asks.

“Do I need tips?”

“I dunno – you’ve never blown me. I ain’t got a cock, ‘ave I?” cackles Val.

It’s Saturday night at the Paradise Spa in Essex, billed as “Dagenham’s leading Naturist and Swinging Venue”, and the Easter Bunnies party is in full swing. When I arrive, Big George – a genial man in a T-shirt with “Pants Inspector” on the back – greets me. Trying to get my bearings I wander out into the bar fully dressed. George looks me up and down and shakes his head.

“You gotta wear a towel, mate,” he says.

A quick change later, and Big George shows me round. There is a sauna, steam room and two Jacuzzis, along with a number of themed “couples rooms” – private spaces with red female silhouettes painted on the doors, containing double beds with thin plastic mattresses.

The place is filling up now, the crowd predominantly composed of middle-aged men and their wives, with a few younger swingers in their twenties. One guy, a cabbie from Romford with a Comic Book Guy ponytail, marshals his wife, a harried, emaciated-looking woman in black lingerie beneath a long shocking-pink string vest, towards one of the bedrooms.

“You can play in them rooms,” Big George says. “Leave the door open if you don’t mind others watching you do your business.”

He’s expecting some action here tonight, then.

“If you wanna shag, you can shag – simple as,” he says. He shrugs. “There’s birds here who’ll fuck. You’ve just got to talk to them a bit. Get ‘em frisky, like.”



Big George continues the tour, leading me through the bar, where colourful vodka jellies are lined up, to a tiny dance floor. Here, two large girls in bunny ears and see-through Ann Summers nighties spin round stripper poles. Pitbull bellows through Kesha's "Timber", played off a laptop by the DJ, a guy in his sixties who looks as though he'd be more comfortable spinning oldies hits at the local dominoes club.

With glittery tassels hanging on the walls, fake plastic flowers, fairy lights and complimentary peanuts, crisps, and Flumps on offer at the bar – plus the sense that many of the people here are regulars – the atmosphere is more akin to an Essex knees-up than an orgy. This impression is reinforced when the DJ drops Chas n' Dave's "Rabbit" to the obvious delight of everyone there.

My tour complete, Big George shakes my hand and wishes me luck. I head to the sauna, where I find Val and Pam.

"Some bloke in here hums tonight," says Pam.

"How can you hum of BO in a place with so many showers?" asks Val. "If you come 'ere straight from work and you hum, then wash yerself."

I ask Val if she's a regular.

"I come 'ere most nights, love. It's me escape. It's only five minutes from me 'ouse in the car."

Through the glass, we are treated to the view of a bald man getting a blowjob from a blonde companion in the Jacuzzi, his head thrown back in exaggerated, PornHub ecstasy. There are cheers.

"Look – Georgia's giving Tom head! The dirty cow!" Val screeches. Pam giggles.

Is there a lot of sex here, then?

"Oh yeah," says Val, smiling.

"Have you put your name down for the gangbang?" Pam enquires. "Debbie's having one later in room five. She's got a list going behind the bar."

A few minutes later Georgia and Tom walk into the sauna and everyone has to move up. Val accidentally brushes against my leg.

"Sorry," she says, and winks flirtatiously.

I ask her why she started coming here in the first place.

"I only got into the scene two years ago. My daughter and son-in-law told me about it. I didn't know what a blowjob was before, what an orgasm was... nothing."

She adjusts the gold pendant that hangs on the sagging skin around her neck.

"I've been married 25 years, but we're separated. Still living in the same house, though. It's a housing association place. Separate bedrooms. He won't divorce me. Can't accept it's over."

That's bad.

"He treated me something terrible before I told him enough's enough. He was a drinker. My granddaughter hates him. I come 'ere most nights to get away."

It's a poignant moment, and the sauna is silent. Georgia strokes Tom's engorged dick meditatively as she listens.

"Can't you throw 'im out?" she says.

"He won't go."

Just then, Dave, a plasterer from Basildon in his twenties, comes in with Jane, his girlfriend of nine years, and their friend Alice. Alice is topless, attractive and the focus of much male attention. Dave and Jane come to swingers' venues like Paradise regularly. They met Alice on their travels. Alice is a veteran of Rio's in North London and the Eureka naturist club in Kent. She's had boyfriends, but also likes to play with other girls.

"I dunno why you straighten your hair before coming to a sauna," Dave says to Jane.

"Guys prefer it when your hair's a bit rough. That 'just got out of bed' look," says Alice.

"It's not like you do your hair and make-up before we have a bang in the morning, is it?" says Dave romantically.

"Pizza's up!" Big George bellows outside, and suddenly there's a stampede for the bar. Here, eight Domino's boxes are laid out on a buffet table, containing a selection of deep-base treats, from Hawaiian to Meat Feast. The swingers tuck in hungrily. Lionel Richie's "Hello" plays in the background.

At the bar I get chatting to Charlie. In his twenties, he's just back from travelling around Colombia and has a passion for having sex with girls he meets while couchsurfing. It's his first time at Paradise. He outlines his strategy for the evening.

"I bought a bottle of vodka with me," he says. (Paradise doesn't sell alcohol, but bringing it along is fine). "I'm gonna drink up hard, then throw myself in."

Cool.

"Hey, did you see that girl in the sauna with the boobs?"

Alice?

"With the boobs. Yeah. She was hot."

She was attractive, yes.

"Do you reckon if I really drink then there's a chance?"

Maybe.

"I'm gonna really drink hard, then go for it. There's a lot of fatties in here, but

the drunker I get, the better they look. You just keep seeing nipples and thinking, 'God, they're good!'"

I wish him luck. Back in the TV room the porn is still playing, and Sue, in her fifties, is masturbating to climax while being cheered on by Val, Pam and an assorted crowd of other attendees.

"Someone get a bucket of water in 'ere, cool her down!" shouts Val, as Sue cums loudly.

It's time to go. The next day I text Charlie to find out if he had any luck.

"Ha, man, I was just desperate because I was drunk man. Got a BJ off one of the fat ones, ha!"

A successful evening, then.

"Sure. Hey, you know that young chick with the boobs in the sauna?"

Alice?

"Yeah. She was hot, man."

For many, Easter is a time for sitting in front of the TV, gorging on chocolate and alcohol. But for Essex's fans of pizza and public sex, the Paradise Spa offers a fine alternative.

## CHAPTER 3

# THE WIDER SIGNIFICANCE OF THE SWINGERS' SCENE

**A**side from the inherent comedic value, what lessons can be learned from the lower end of the swingers scene? For me it is a fascinating insight into, and confirmation of, the existence of, the sexual marketplace. What I have observed time and again by visiting these places is that the SMP is not only very real, but that it is alive and well and thriving. It is perhaps no surprise to say that the best-looking, tallest, alpha males clean up with the hottest girls, but it's worth stating simply because too many guys are bedazzled by false promises from the 'PUA' community and think that by learning a few lines from the internet they can cheat biology.

The truth is this: yes, game can and does put you ahead of 90% of other men. But those men in the top 10% who are naturals, and are naturally good-looking, and great with women are hard to beat. This is why it important to be realistic, not just when you are attending swingers events, but also when you are doing game and pickup in 'normal' environments too.

The harsh truth is that yes, on occasion you might be able to beat a top tier guy, but most of the time what you will be doing is upping your own game sufficiently so that you improve your results incrementally rather than astronomically. What going to swingers' clubs has taught me over the years is that any false illusions I might have had about women being sweet, innocent snowflakes were just that – illusions. I don't mean to offend anyone by saying that. Men are not innocent snowflakes either. All human beings are animals, out for themselves, simply living by the scripts that have been handed down to them by biology.

But it is in a swingers' club where you will most likely see naked female hypergamy – sometimes literally. More than once I have been talking to a girl and doing quite well with her, only for her to off to someone taller, darker and more handsome than me. Game will open doors for you, and it will sometimes take you all the way – but there are no guarantees.

For a long time I have preferred to think of 'game' as all-encompassing, whole incorporating, self-development – weight-lifting, grooming, great dress sense, social calibration and so on. This is why. You have to attack the challenge holistically. It's no good just learning a few lines – you are not simply competing with other pickup artists, but also with alpha male naturals. You need to raise your 'game' – literally – in all areas.

## OMEGA MEN

The other thing to note is that the underclass, omega male actually exists – he is not merely an imaginary online trope. In the saunas, in the porn cinemas and in the strip clubs (as we will discover in the next volume in this series) there are plenty of desperate, degraded men, who, having lost all dignity, will lurk in the shadows waiting for any bread crumbs they can possibly gather from the sexual banquet that goes on above them. This is very instructive but also horribly sad. I have no ill-will towards such men as Santa or Vern. I just wish they would realize that with work they could raise their game.

I also view such guys as a salutary lesson in what to avoid in my own life. Presumably these men were reasonably fit, virile and attractive at one time. Where did it all go wrong? And how can I prevent the same decline? The omegas who haunt the swingers' scene are simply guys who never learned the basics of 'game' in the first place. Not that game was necessarily a 'thing' when they were younger, but you know what I mean. They never learned the rudiments of calibrated social interaction, how to flirt, and so on. More importantly, they didn't learn or keep on top of the basics of good grooming, dress and, in some cases, hygiene. There are natural and unavoidable consequences of getting older: such is the natural way of things. However, it should be feasible to keep on top of these very basic things, and that is what you must do if you don't want to end up like one of these desperate men. Irrespective of whether their condition is self-inflicted, these men naturally find themselves on the bottom rung of the sexual ladder, and they serve as a reminder – if one were needed – that a sexual marketplace does indeed exist and its rules are iron-cast and, often cruel.

Politically-correct Western culture sells us a Disneyfied idea of love where it is 'personality' that counts, and where you can 'fall in love with anyone' regardless of how they look and what they're like socially. The sex clubs show this up for the nonsense that it is. There is a very strict hierarchy in these places based on, yes, looks and build, but also on confidence, social intelligence, power. It should be little surprise to anyone that those at the top of the tree – the guys who score the highest on each of these scales – are the ones who attract the most desirable women, whereas the ones who come near the bottom are left trying to catch the attention of the aesthetically-challenged Rose.

Swingers' parties make it obvious that game must include raising your value in every area if you want to have a varied and fulfilling sex life.



# CHAPTER 4

## THE BASICS OF SWINGING

**N**ow we turn our attention to the basics of swinging – where to go, what to wear and what to do when you get there.



## NUTS AND BOLTS

Like the BDSM scene we examined in [Volume 1](#), the swingers' scene has its own internal logic and customs and is taken very, very seriously by its adherents. So listen up.

Just as I'm not a fully paid-up fetishist, neither am I really a swinger. I am not, after all, in a position to be one, since swinging as many understand it implies that one is in a relationship and keen on swapping partners. Here is a definition of swinging from Wikipedia:

Swinging, sometimes called wife swapping or partner swapping, is a non-monogamous behavior in which both singles and partners in a committed relationship engage in sexual activities with others as a recreational or social activity.

The important thing here is that sex is a form of recreation, and that the scene is non-monogamous. In that sense perhaps I do qualify since I am a single guy who goes to swingers' clubs in search of recreational sex. When I write about attending swingers' clubs in articles on my website guys often ask how I do it on my own. Here's a recent comment I received:

Hey mate what sort of swingers joints do you go to? There might be one or two hotties but the rest are middle age chubby fat. Not really a place to meet hot babes. How do you get into a straight swingers joint as a single guy? At the door it couples only most won't let in single guys cheers.

He has a point. Firstly, there is the issue of the caliber of swingers that you might hope to meet. In Britain and the US swinging still has an almost comical reputation. Here in Britain it is still tarnished with a 1970s brush. During that decade swingers' parties were thought of as suburban affairs where men and women met up in modest homes to enjoy illicit sex with one another to a soundtrack of 'groovy' psychedelic music and a cold buffet featuring cheeses, cold cuts, coleslaw and warm, cheap white wine.

At such 'wife swapping' events, it was assumed, the women would be average rather than stunning. That perception has persisted to this day. A fair proportion – although by no means all – of the swinging scene does seem to be dominated by

older married couples looking to get their rocks off.

I am not trying to suggest that 'younger is better', particularly given that I am approaching middle age myself. However, as players, it is our job to find the most attractive women to seduce, and the guy who wrote to me is right to question the validity of swingers' clubs. This is why it is extremely important to pick the right parties to attend. To this end it's worth joining an online forum like Fab Swingers so that you can find out about parties and befriend like-minded people. There are often meet-ups prior to swinging events and setting up a profile is a great way to get involved and assess the talent before you hit the club.

There is, as far as I can see, one benefit to attending a less glamorous swingers' venue: it doesn't take a huge amount of effort for you to stand out and blow all of your competition out of the water. As we've noted already, a great many of the guys on the circuit are omegas: portly, badly groomed and out of shape. If you are even a few percentage points better than that – and I hope you are – then you will have no problems at all in outclassing the rest if there are any attractive women there.

## **UPMARKET SWINGERS' PARTIES ARE WHERE IT'S AT**

But the real win, as we've seen, is in finding and attending upmarket parties. To this end you should definitely check out Killing Kittens and also Fever Parties. Both of these are UK brands that also put on events internationally. It's worth checking to see if they do so in your area. If not, Google for alternatives. You will find something.

Without a doubt, this relatively new tendency for swinging to be fashionable and appeal to younger partygoers will only increase. We'll consider why this should be the case in the next section. Before we do, though, here is another article I wrote for VICE back in 2015 about an upmarket event held in a notorious townhouse on Portland Place in London, a property that has almost mythical status on the London sex circuit

It gives you a good idea of the kinds of people you can expect to run into on the upmarket scene. Working together with BDSM party brand Torture Garden, Killing Kittens put on quite a party.

# TORTURE KITTENS

March 2015

“This thing isn’t working,” says a man in a harness and PVC pants, gesturing at his dick.

I nod in sympathy. After all, having sex in front of an audience must be tough.

“It’s not that. I’ve done three pills and a shedload of Charlie,” he says. “Four Viagra and the old chap’s still not playing.”

It’s 11PM in a lavish Georgian townhouse in West London. It’s unlikely that the other residents of this upmarket enclave, a stone’s throw from Oxford Street know that Torture Kittens is going on. The inaugural combination of famed swinging party for the ‘sexual elite’, Killing Kittens, and Torture Garden – London’s premier fetish blow-out – takes place here tonight. And a quiet lamp-lit street that boasts foreign embassies and the Royal Institute of British Architects as neighbors provides the perfect Eyes Wide Shut backdrop for such an event.

There’s something incredibly seductive about the idea of these kind of gatherings – beautiful socialites wearing ornate Venetian masks and meeting in expensive hotel suites or private houses to get nose deep in mounds of cocaine before stripping naked and fucking, is the stuff of many people’s fantasies.

To ensure a safe, sexy, place for women, rather than a perv’s paradise, the following rules are firmly enforced: “Men must not approach women. Men must not talk to women (unless invited). No means no. Only the kittens can break the rules.”

Oh, and everyone has to wear a mask.

“This is the vanilla playroom,” Killing Kittens’ Courtney tells me as she shows us around the venue just before the action starts. She’s worked for the company since 2014 and is in charge of the Torture Kittens parties. Like all the crew she’s posh, has a naughty laugh and is very, very organized – grade A fuckfests don’t construct themselves.

We’re in a large stateroom framed by intricately patterned wood paneling. Soft candles burn and there’s the sweet smell of incense. The centrepiece is a huge bed covered with black satin. Soft rock plays quietly on the stereo. Hard to believe that, in a couple of hours, the kind of people who make it into Tatler’s “Little Black Book” are going to be banging in this very spot.

Downstairs, the other playroom is presided over by London dominatrix Mistress Morrigan Hel, who runs the Murder Mile dungeon in east London. It’s anything

but vanilla. Curious-looking lumps of metal and plastic hunker down on the floor: spanking tables and a whipping frame. Morrigan shows us her torture implements, to be used later. Prosaically, they're tucked away in a supermarket carrier bag.

"I had to pop to the shops on the way here," she explains.

This is Torture Garden's domain. David TG, the promoter, now wearing a rubber suit, straightens his mask in the mirror and then wanders around checking that everything is OK. Torture Garden has been a fixture on the London club scene for an incredible 25 years, but anyone who's under the impression that it's tamed should have been at the recent Valentine's ball, where its brand of banging EDM and sex was as potent as ever. It's coming together with Killing Kittens is a momentous occasion for fans of PVC, complicated-looking lingerie and public displays of penetration.

A red staircase leads down to the small club area through a dimly lit corridor, at the end of which is a huge mirror with "We Are Watching You" graffitied on it. There are twinkly blue lights wrapped around a bar serving spirits, Prosecco and soft drinks. A DJ plays techno while a cocktail reception lubes up the crowd.

"At about midnight, Killing Kittens switches – the lights go down and the clothes come off," one regular named Rob tells me. Certainly, it's easy to pick up on the changing mood of the night. For those uninitiated to sex parties, the biggest eye-opener is probably how what initially looks like a normal club night gradually transforms into a cornucopia of jacked, hairy-assed guys pounding girls in lingerie so expensive as to make Agent Provocateur look like something you'd pick up on the last day of a Primark clearance sale.

Two girls wander the room silently in cat and devil masks. They pause before a male-female couple and paw at the guy seductively for a second before moving on. As per the rules, girls definitely rule the roost. But Torture Kittens is nothing if not all-inclusive. Downstairs by the bar a bulky man in a dress slurps champagne, while a guy in a suit jacket and red leather panties, stockings and suspenders is led around on a chain by his girlfriend. In the Jacuzzi, a heavily-tattooed guy in a Sergeant Pepper's jacket maneuvers himself between two girls, his erection waving around in front of him like an ambassadorial flagpole.

You might think that there would be a clear divide between the Killing Kittens and Torture Garden aficionados, and what with some of the more outré outfits it's tempting to guess people's affiliations. But, in fact, this is harder than it first appears.

"We thought everyone here would be Killing Kittens," says Rob, as though assessing a football crowd. "But actually there's loads of TG. We're KK."

“Don’t ask if people are TG or KK,” says an intense man in a studded-leather dog collar, his eyes shooting all over the place, like snooker balls after the break. “The question should be, ‘Where is the music better?’ Here, the DJ is pretty good.”

He is clearly a nightlife connoisseur. Like another man in an eye-wateringly expensive transparent suit jacket and designer jeans, who’s flanked by two glossy-haired aloof-eyed ladies in shimmering underwear, there is no shortage of the uber-rich international demi-monde looking to board the public fuck train.

Rob and his girlfriend Cressida, slender in red lingerie, are friendly, and exactly the sort of couple you would expect to find at an event like this. Good looking, in their early twenties and posh, Rob has boy band muscles while Cressida has the expensively-cut blonde hair of a Vogue intern who spends most of her free time riding horses in the country.

Have they been to Torture Garden?

“Not yet. We were going to go to the Valentine’s ball, but Cressie wanted to stay home and watch *The Notebook*,” says Rob. He shrugs. “Apparently an orgy just wasn’t romantic enough.”

But things get romantic here pretty quickly, and after midnight there is no shortage of naked people keen to get to know each other. Upstairs, six couples are fucking on the huge black bed with a crowd standing around watching, as though this were a spectator sport. Downstairs, two Asian girls in matching purple knickers take turns in attending orally to a spannered guy in designer boxer shorts with a fluffy, InSync haircut. In Morrigan Hel’s lair a fat bloke in a leather thong is pinioned to what looks like a gym horse, being spanked with a leather paddle. Two gay guys make out in a corner while a man lies prostrate on the floor, licking a girl’s Louboutins.

What’s surprising is how quickly one becomes accustomed to the revised social mores that this event presents. Wall-to-wall boning may be disconcerting at first but pretty soon you get used to it, and more interested in checking out the make of people’s PVC pants. But that such a party exists at all in London is a major shot in the arm for the capital, where puritanical conservatism and, as in Soho, the interests of property developers have led to its gradual sanitization, placing it far behind great European hubs of decadence, like Berlin or Amsterdam.

Later on, Courtney passes me in a dark corner of the club. She shows me her riding crop. The leather tag on the end has come off:

‘I broke my whip spanking someone. You just can’t get the toys these days!’ she says.

An occupational hazard, maybe. But judging by the success of tonight, Torture

Kittens is here to stay, and it hits hard.

## WHY DO PEOPLE GET INTO SWINGING IN THE FIRST PLACE?

So why do people get into swinging in the first place? For one reason, and one reason alone: monogamy is very difficult. This simple fact is often denied or obfuscated. Anyone who is honest with themselves for a moment will know the truth – that their sexual ardor is not, and nor has it ever been, reserved merely for one person.

This is echoed clearly in research that has been done into the swinging lifestyle amongst couples, where 60% said that swinging improved their relationship.

According to Wikipedia:

John Stossel produced an investigative news report into the swinging lifestyle in 2005 which concluded that “couples swing in order to not cheat on their partners”. When Stossel asked swinging couples whether they worry their spouse will “find they like someone else better,” one male replied, “People in the swinging community swing for a reason. They don’t swing to go out and find a new wife.”

Swinging amongst couples comes about as a result of the tacit – or overt – admission that sexual variety is necessary, at least for those people who indulge in it. Rather than cheat on their partners in an underhand way, they would prefer simply to be upfront and to engage in swinging together as a means of strengthening their bond rather than damaging it.

This is not just the case for older swingers. This text, taken from Fever Parties’ website, a company that organizes swingers’ events for the under 40, reinforces the above:

WE LOVE EACH OTHER BUT STRUGGLE WITH MONOGAMY. WHAT SOLUTION DO YOU OFFER?

For attractive young men and women who enjoy sex, the hardest part of even the most wonderful relationship is monogamy. The opinion of others, the desire not to hurt your partner and avoid feeling guilty are all among the reasons people appear to stay monogamous. But we all know that when the opportunity presents itself, both men and women stray all too easily even if they are enjoying a loving relationship. The thrill of sexual adventure is so powerful that we can follow it impulsively even when it threatens our happiness in other important areas of life. We are actually all biologically programmed to be like this – the optimum



procreative strategy for both sexes is monogamy plus adultery.

For a couple that love each other but are unable honestly to say to each other "I am never going to want to have sex with another person while we are lovers", swinging can be the answer. After all, if their hobby was chess nobody would suggest they should play only with each other!

(By swinging we mean couples engaging in any of group sex, partner swapping and female bisexuality).

Swinging allows a couple to have sexual variety in the context of a loving relationship; constantly reaffirms the desirability of each partner in the eyes of the other; completely blows away the need or temptation for sexual deceit; provides sexual opportunities that are not really attainable in other ways; and removes the prime cause of relationship breakdown. As each partner is instrumental in providing the other with fantastic sexual experiences beyond the hope of most people, swinging can actually reinforce the bonds between a couple.

The truth, however hard we may find it to admit, is that monogamy, and certainly long-term monogamy, doesn't really work. It isn't sustainable unless you either have a very low sex drive or you are able to put your natural inclinations on lock-down.

For some people – namely, players – this is reason enough simply to avoid the whole tricky issue and not get either married or into a long-term relationship in the first place. But playing still remains a minority route. Most people end up getting hitched or at least settling with a partner at some point in their lives. And that is when the issue of monogamy starts to become palpable.

My personal instinct has been to avoid marriage for this very reason, and not merely because I'm afraid that I won't be able to control my sexual urges. No, the difficulty with long-term commitment is that it is not only you that you must be concerned with. You are handing over 50% of the responsibility to someone else. Guys will say, your job is to find a 'good woman' who you are sure will not want to cheat or ever desire another man. But that is like looking for a needle in a haystack. Here's the thing that all of the people who advocate such an approach forget: people change over time.

In the early stages of a love affair when passion is at its height she is going to say that she will love you forever and that she would never be unfaithful. You will say the same thing. But will that still hold true after ten or fifteen years of marriage, and all of the frustrations, difficulties and compromises that will inevitably entail. Perhaps: but as I say, you are betting the rest of your life (and half of your net

worth) on something that is far from certain and cannot be predicted.

Does that mean that I would swing myself were I in a serious relationship or advocate swinging for other couples? Well, to the first point I would find it very difficult to watch a woman with whom I had a strong sexual and emotional bond having sex with another man. That might seem to some like possessiveness, but it's a simple statement of fact. The sight would not turn me on in the least. I am simply not into cuckolding.

This would be true even if I were also having sex with other women. Selfish? You could say that. This is why I have never taken a serious girlfriend to a swingers' event, nor ever suggested such a thing. If the girl I'm with is a fuck buddy, though, then things might be different. I probably could go to a swingers' party with her and not be that bothered about watching her fucking other guys. The problem – and this seems to me unavoidable – is when there's an emotional bond. Some guys get off on cuckolding, as the growing number of porn videos on the subject demonstrates, but I'm not one of them.

This, by the way, is the problem that is at the heart of the polygamous lifestyle and it affects both genders, male and female. If you want to be in a long-term relationship or a marriage and play around, then you have to be prepared for your partner to do the same thing. If you're not, then there's a problem, and the relationship is unlikely to be sustainable unless you are fortunate enough to strike one up with a submissive girl who is happy to look the other way every so often when you cheat. But looking at the way relationships are in the West these days, does this seem likely? This is why an increasing number of guys are avoiding marriage altogether.

## WHY IS THIS GOOD NEWS FOR PLAYERS?

It's great news because we know there are lots of women out there who are just waiting for the right guy to enjoy 'extra curricular' sex with, with the full approval of their husbands. There is zero ethical question about this since all has been agreed upfront. When you go to a swingers' club or an event, the people are there to act on their desires! This is why the scene is so fertile a hunting ground for players and why you should try to get involved if you are curious.

The same point applies here that I made in [Volume 1](#) about the BDSM scene: if it's casual sex that you're after then you must have the swingers' scene in your sights as a potential hunting ground: it would be crazy not to. Most players attempt to meet conventional girls in conventional places and then pull them into non-conventional, non-monogamous, fuck buddy-type relationships. Yes, this can and does work, especially if you meet the right girl at the right time. But the reason that plate-spinning over the long term is such an arduous process is that women come and go, since their preferred option – or at least, the option which best suits their longer-term goal of having and raising children – is incompatible with being a fuck buddy.

The great thing about the swingers' scene is it puts you in direct contact with women who want nothing more than quick, casual fun. You are going to the source of unfettered sexual promiscuity rather than hoping to obtain it from girls who, really, would prefer something else.

That is not to say, however, that the swingers scene is by any means a free-for-all. Here's a piece I wrote back in 2017 about the harsh the sexual marketplace can be at Killing Kittens.

# CHALLENGES

April 2017

I'm standing in the changing rooms in a sauna in central London talking to a woman in her thirties who has apparently imbibed a lot of something narcotic and wants to imbibe a lot of something rather more meaty. Welcome to Killing Kittens, a regular 'upmarket' naked sex party where single guys and girls (as well as couples) come to drink champagne, splash around in the Jacuzzi together and then fuck publicly in this labyrinthine subterranean space.

The invite says wear a suit, so I'm in a sleek black number with a white shirt and Alexander McQueen pocket square. The invite also says you have to wear a mask, so I have on this silver thing I found in a joke shop for a fiver. It's still pretty early (10pm) so I buy a drink at the bar and then wander around, enjoying the anonymity, checking out the crowd.

So the guys are mainly in suits, or at least trousers and shirts. The women are in flimsy nightdresses with the lingerie beneath visible. At the moment most people are hanging around the bar, which is decked out stylishly. Behind it they have video screens showing 1950s movies, a nice touch. People greet one another, stand and talk and then move on. It's all very polite and English and looks more like a professional function than an orgy.

Beyond the bar area is the sauna. Here is the huge, shared Jacuzzi. Early on there aren't many people in it, just a couple of (fairly ropey) women who are already drunk and excited. Beyond it, as you walk over the damp and latticed floor, you will find a small network of interconnected corridors with tiny private rooms dotted around them. It's very dark. Muted house music plays. It's too hot for a suit and so over the course of the evening guys strip down to their boxer shorts or get naked while the girls run around in lingerie. It is in this area where the bulk of the fucking happens later.

Tonight is a singles party and the only Killing Kittens event where single guys (carefully vetted via their website first) are allowed to attend. It's not cheap. My ticket cost eighty quid. I think a couples' goes for one hundred and twenty.

Essentially you're betting that eighty quid on getting laid, since that is really the point of coming here. Here's the thing. In spite of what the PR says, the ratio of hot girls to guys at these events tends to be poor and weighted in the girls' favor. So while Killing Kittens will keep the numbers balanced and ensure a reasonable male-to-female split, the quality of those females is not consistent.

And don't be naive – there will be competition. These parties are dominated by tall, built guys who are good looking and who know how to get girls, and do get them. And because of the dearth of cuties, the best-looking girls get to pick off the top 5% of men. That's not to say you won't get any action but rather that you shouldn't imagine that it's a free-for all. In fact, if you want to observe the ruthlessness of the sexual marketplace at its most vicious and brutal then go to a sex party. Here, unadorned hypergamy rules. The hot guys get lavished with attention while those perceived as ugly, weak or substandard are cruelly ignored.

Tonight the pickings are slim. One girl and her friend are lavishing me with attention, trying to take off my Ralph Lauren shorts, but I've never been one of those guys who will have sex with anyone to get a notch and they're really not doing it for me. Instead my wing and I walk into one of the antechambers where a porn movie is playing on the TV screen (two girls and a guy on a beach) and two girls are making out in real life on the couch in front of us.

We stand watching this attractive spectacle for a while, enjoying the view of a naked blonde crouching before her lover and licking her pussy expertly. Beside us, other men are watching too: men in their forties with expensive shirts, expensive watches, slicked back hair. The kind of men who look like they should be on yachts.

I talk to one of the beautiful girls for a while, a slim blonde from Essex. The vibe is good, there is touching, but then her friend gets bored and drags her off to the bar. I wander around, weighing my options. There's no-one else I find particularly appealing. Nevertheless, I feel good. After a busy period where my game has been sidelined and I've felt jaded, it now feels like I'm back. My confidence is high, my voice is strong and I am challenging and dominant. This is all good. I take a sip of my drink and survey my surroundings. This is where Troy Francis should be, after all. In a late-night bar in the city surrounded by naked women and sex. I take in the sleaze and the seediness: it makes my soul feel good.



So you see that while sex is definitely available it is not necessarily guaranteed (and of course consent is required at all times). Even if you take a girl with you, you can't be sure that she won't attract unwanted male attention while there, such is the level of sexual competition in these places, as the following anecdote illustrates.

# SEXUAL COMPETITION IN ACTION

September 2017

It was in Rio's that I saw the most blatant example of what is called AMOG-ing that I've witnessed forever. For those who don't know, AMOG stands for 'alpha male of the group', and the act of AMOG-ing is asserting one's alpha status to lord it over other guys and steal their girls.

There was this young Indian couple in the large Jacuzzi. The girl was pretty and she was topless. She had fine, pert breasts. She's not mind-blowing, but without question the hottest girl in the venue at that point. Her boyfriend was decent-looking too, albeit nerdy with a slight frame.

This other guy followed them in. He was Russian (or Eastern European, anyway) with a shaved head and a gold chain around his neck. Not especially good-looking or big, but tough – a clear alpha. This dude sat down next to the couple and started chatting to them. After a few moments I worked out what was going on. This guy wasn't a friend of theirs: he was monopolizing their time in the hope of stealing the other man's girlfriend.

Of course, Rio's is a renowned swingers' joint. But it was evident that this couple had no plans to hook up with anyone else. And as the time wore on, it seemed to me that they were tolerating the interloper's presence rather than welcoming it. The girl – to whom most of this guy's chat was directed – kept answering in that somewhat clipped style that people use when they wish someone would fuck off. The Russian offered several times to get them both an alcoholic drink. They refused.

In the end, the couple left the Jacuzzi. Rather than take the hint and give up, the Russian followed them again. The last I saw of them, they were all three sitting in the TV room, with the Russian trying to engage the Indian guy in football chat, no doubt to try to befriend him and put him at ease. Clearly the Russian had calculated – correctly – that the Indian man was too polite, too 'nice' to tell him to fuck off. Simply too timid to pose a threat. Had the two of them gone toe-to-toe there's no doubt who would have won. This physical advantage encouraged the Russian to keep forcing himself on this unfortunate pair.

While I'm fairly certain nothing would have happened, one can only speculate on how much respect the Indian man lost from his girl as a result of the incident. Think about it like this – he demonstrated that he was unable to defend her from, or otherwise deflect, the advances of another man. That is not a position you want

to be in. Because once a girl's respect for you has started to wane it is very hard, perhaps impossible, to rebuild it.



As we saw with the earlier anecdote about Rose, because of the disheveled nature of many of the male punters and the high levels of thirst they have for sex with any woman at all, regardless of how attractive she is, competition in swingers' places is high. In the upmarket places you risk being outflanked by sculpted, alpha males. In the down-at-heel establishments you may find yourself aggressively challenged by men who, whatever they lack in inherent value they make up for with persistence.

As always, the best advice is simply to have your A game on at all times. Be well-groomed, hone exceptional seduction skills and do your research on AMOG (alpha male of the group) techniques. If you have your shit together most of this shouldn't be of concern and you will find that you can do well in the swingers' scene. But don't, whatever you do, make that naive error many guys make of thinking that all you need to do is roll up and get naked in order to get laid.

The sexual marketplace doesn't work like that anywhere.

## CHAPTER 5

# WATCH OUTS ON THE SWINGING SCENE

**O**f course, every scene has its own particular watch outs that you must be aware of so as not to piss people off and make yourself unpopular. To that end, here are a few things you should think about if you are entering the swinging scene for the first time.



## WHAT TO WEAR

This depends very much on the kind of establishment that you go to. The standard advice is always to check for details on the website before you plan your outfit.

If you are going to one of the more upmarket events, you will almost always be expected to wear a suit and I would advise that you invest in something that is good quality and well-fitting. You will also need a decent shirt and accessories – cufflinks and a pocket square.

Why? Because you might as well give yourself the best possible chance of success. Despite all evidence, a great many men don't seem to appreciate the importance of dressing elegantly as part of their game. Not only is this an oversight, since women clearly appreciate it, but it's also missing out on what is a relatively easy win.

It's not that hard to put together a great outfit, particularly when it's a suit and shirt. All you have to do is find something of the best fabric you can afford that is well-cut to your shape. It doesn't even need to be that expensive. High street stores like Zara and even H&M these days sell decent-looking suits for a low price. There is also TK Maxx for cut-price designer bargains. You can even search through second hand stores for cheap, discarded, high-quality items which you can have altered inexpensively by a tailor. There is always a way to dress well and few valid excuses for not doing so.

The other thing is that you should always do everything you can to acquire the best-quality accessories you can get. These include pocket handkerchiefs, cufflinks, and belts. Clothing, like many other things in life, is a con trick based on perception. If you sprinkle expensive-looking garnish over the whole then people will assume that the entire outfit was costly even if it wasn't. The truth is that very few people who work outside the fashion or retail industries can tell how much you spent on an outfit, and few care.

I'm not saying that flashing the cash is the way forward. However, your clothing says a lot about you: it vividly dramatizes your aesthetic sense of self, and the importance of that can't be understated. And if you are well dressed it also suggests togetherness in other areas of your life. Again, the importance of this shouldn't be overlooked. Don't make the mistake of turning up at an event looking like you bought your outfit in the clothing aisle at Tesco's in 2004 and expect to set panties dropping – even if you did.

I personally have always been very interested in style and I like to dress well, in a

way that I feel reflects my personal interests and predilections. Basically that's a pretentious way of saying that I love a number of fairly gloomy 80s pop acts (Depeche Mode, Nick Cave, Morrissey) and I steal many of my style cues from them. You will have different favorites and I would encourage you to think about the ways in which they might inspire your look.

Dressing well should be fun. The whole point is to feel good about yourself and confident when you approach women. Just don't drop the ball: recognize the importance of this area and plan for it accordingly.

## BE IN SHAPE

Another really obvious point but one that, astonishingly, is forgotten more than you might expect, is that if you are going to go out on the swingers' scene regularly then you need to be in shape. That's not to say that you have to be Arnold Schwarzenegger or a Calvin Klein underwear model, but you do have to maintain a decent body. Here's a simple fact: much of the time you spend at a swingers' events you won't be wearing clothes. Again, there are guys who seem to think that just by learning a few lines of game and ingesting 'red pill' techniques they can shrug off the most obvious and straightforward methods of improving physical value that there are. Get real: you can't.

Do all women go for hugely muscular men of the kind you see on trashy, downmarket reality TV shows? Probably not. Do women prefer their men to be in great shape? You bet your life they do. It doesn't even need saying. This is not the right book to go into huge detail about how to build a rocking body. If you want to find out more about those topics then there are plenty more resources for you to explore, both online via YouTube videos, in eBooks and so on.

Nutrition is important and so is regular training: it's really as simple as that. Eat the right stuff and exercise. I personally like to split up my workouts between different body parts during the week (legs, shoulders, arms, back and so on) and cardio, namely running. OK, I know there are some guys who discredit cardio, fearing that it will mess with 'hard gains' that they have achieved through lifting, but the reality is it would take an enormous amount of cardio to have any such effect. I personally have never been minded to bulk up to a huge degree through weight training. My goal has always been simply to stay lean, a look which I feel works very well for me and my style, and which a lot of women seem to like.

The reality is that training with weights will really make a difference to your physique. Yes, running will keep you trim, but if you want that sculpted look then it really is all about picking up the weights. Would my results with girls be better if I was huge? I don't know. I haven't tried a controlled experiment. I know the kind of look I'm going for and I'm happy to maintain it.

A good rule of thumb is this: are you happy walking around in front of other people naked? If not, and if there are annoying love handles or lumps and bumps that you wish were less pronounced about your body then you know what you have to do. Deal with what needs to be dealt with. Don't mess around. Take action. Doing something is always better than doing nothing. If you can only spend half an

hour exercising a day then exercise for that half hour. If you can't even do that, then run for twenty minutes. Or do 25 press ups a day. Do something. Anything.

Adopt a 'keystone' habit – something very small – and commit to it. Research shows that taking on a small habit – for example, making your bed every day – will help you form bigger habits down the line. Take small steps, commit and keep taking them: that way you will find that larger steps will become easier as you progress. Trust me when I tell you that this will be worth it. One of the most important aspects of game, as you know, is confidence. While confidence can be generated internally, and it absolutely should be, there is no doubt that you will feel a lot better, and be able to exude more confidence, if you are happy with the way you look.

## CHAPTER 6

# SWINGING IS NOT A FREE FOR ALL

In the past the swinging scene has been criticized for being too lax on the issue of consent. As I have highlighted throughout this book, any sexual activity that you undertake with anyone must be 100% consensual. But I think this issue is perhaps connected with the wider misconception that swinging is some kind of ‘all you can eat’ buffet where the would-be adventurer arrives and is able to have his way with anyone and everyone indiscriminately. I can’t overstate how misguided and inaccurate this view is. I’d like to hope that it is only a minority of guys who think like this, but you’d be surprised by how many men apparently believe the swinging scene is filled with women who are perpetually and indiscriminately ‘up for it’. This view is problematic not only because it sidesteps the whole issue of consent, but also because it underestimates the degree to which game is still required even in sex clubs if the player is to achieve the kinds of results he likely wants.

I have already described the alphas that you will encounter in the sex clubs, as well as the ways in which your value is tested even more stringently than perhaps it would be in other circumstances. It is prudent to keep all of this in mind. Never assume that going to a swingers’ club will be an ‘easy option.’ Yes, it opens up the possibility of immediate sex, but there is never any such thing as a free lunch.

## WHAT A TYPICAL NIGHT AT A SWINGERS' CLUB IS REALLY LIKE

In this section I'll give you further insight into how swingers' parties really are. I'm basing my experience here on the more upmarket events I've attended like Killing Kittens, rather than the saunas and the porn cinemas where things naturally work differently

Swingers events usually begin with a drinks reception, usually held with a kind of stiff informality before the party gets going. Here somewhat nervous men and women stand around – the women often in lingerie – and try to look casual even though they know that everyone is being sized up for sexual attractiveness by everyone else.

In addition, if you are a guy at a party like Killing Kittens where women are meant to do the approaching, then you are almost certainly considering your position carefully, trying to work out how you can approach women without being seen to have gone against club rules.

Generally speaking this makes for a stalemate at first, a kind of 'school dance' phenomenon where the men line up on one side of the room, the women on the other and no one talks. Quickly, however, the alcohol does its job and both genders become bolder and start to talk to one another. Gradually the music gets louder, jackets come off as the temperature rises and there's a feeling of excitement and anticipation in the air. Soon people are dancing and laughing and flirting. At this point everyone is still wearing carnival masks, but even these begin disappearing from some faces. Couples are checking out other couples. The conversation is polite but loaded. Everyone is judging everyone else. Would we be a good fit? Could it work, the four of us together? Is the chemistry on point? Can this happen? Are we really about to do this?

And so on.

The nudity begins a little later. It spreads slowly across the floor. You might see one girl topless, just out of the corner of your eye. You think nothing of it, but then you see another. And another. And now that man's trousers and boxer shorts are around his ankles and a girl is down on her knees sucking his cock. And it doesn't even look strange at all. And now the full sex begins. Next to the bar, on a low futon, you see a couple enjoying themselves, she naked on top of him, bouncing up and down, he lying back with abandon in his eyes, his whole body tense, as though he is ready to run into battle – fight or flee. The sex: it seems normal. If you'd just

walked in this minute perhaps you would have been shocked. But you've been warmed up. The evening has given you the 'boiling frog' experience: the heat has slowly intensified all night and you've barely noticed. Now that the pot is simmering you are used to it. In fact, it's starting to feel pretty good. After a while everyone will be undressed, or at least in their underwear or lingerie. You will probably have stripped out of your clothes too, either because you have had sex or because you're looking for one and you have intuited – correctly – that you'd be better off saving time and stripping down early. This is why you need to maintain a decent body. In these situations it's not just about having a nice face and haircut. You've also got to rock a decent physique.

Around this time that you'll almost certainly end up in the orgy room. This will be situated in a different area of the club, maybe upstairs, or in an adjoining room. Here the mood is very quiet, somber. There are candles burning and low, creepy music playing. Perhaps even a Gregorian chant. There is incense. In a huge bed, right in the center of the floor, a pile of bodies grapple and groan and climb over one another in the never-ending quest for ecstasy. All you can make out are bodies and their strange movements, one atop the other. That and the sounds, the moans, the sighs, the cries. If this were a sea you'd jump straight into it, but you can't. Even in this seeming anarchy there is order. There is a way of doing things.

You see a woman crouching down on the floor. You go over to talk to her. She responds well. You take her hand. Soon you are making out. A moment later, you lead her to that mass of naked bodies. Now you are lying down and her head is between your legs, sucking your cock. You turn your head and see a couple having sex right next to you. The girl smiles at you as the man pounds her. She is close to orgasm, but she wants you too. She beckons and then, signaling to her lover to pause, she moves nearer to you and now all of sudden your cock is in her mouth, not the first girl's any more ... That first girl has taken her knickers off and she's lowering herself onto your face, cowgirl style. The second girl stays in place, sucking your cock and massaging your balls until it is her turn to feel you tonguing her when the other girl has finished.

This is a somewhat idealized version of the likely turn of events when you go out to a swinger's event (disclaimer: results may vary!), but you get the idea I hope. It reflects the usual rhythm of these events. Certainly this is the sort of outcome you are hoping for, and that will be the subject of the following section, where I take you through my own personal strategy for meeting and seducing women in swingers' clubs.





# CHAPTER 7

## STRATEGIES FOR HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS IN SWINGERS CLUBS

If you read [Volume 1 of this Fifty Shades of Game series](#), about the BDSM circuit, you will notice that the elements of the following plan are the same as my seven-point plan for how best to negotiate the BDSM scene. The fundamentals of seduction remain identical regardless of the environment where you conduct it.

But not everything is exactly the same. There are nuances here you absolutely must be aware of, given the discrete atmosphere and code of conduct in swingers' venue.

The rules below are specifically designed for the higher-class swingers parties I've been talking about, ones like Killing Kittens which I recommend you seek out. However, this broad framework should work wherever you go.

# 1. SCOPING THE TERRITORY

As always, your first task is to scope out the territory exhaustively to discover who's there, which girls you are interested in, and which seem to be reciprocating. This is a standard process that you would carry out in any club or bar. However, there is one particular divergence that you have to be aware of in swingers' club game and it is this: generally there is a far smaller crowd at most swingers' events than there is at a regular club night. This means you must exercise caution.

Assuming that you are there alone – if it is a singles' night or you have been allowed into the party as a single male – then the last thing you want to do is to look like a creepy uncle.

As with all night game, the important thing to consider is what value you are bringing to the party. Become a value leech and you will put people off. After all, the reason that folks go out to socialize in the first place is that they want to enjoy themselves. If you look like the kind of guy who is only there to steal value from others then you will be given short shrift. This is the case at whatever kind of event you attend. But there is an additional pressure at swingers' parties to not look like a pervert, as that is never a winning strategy.

My usual approach, then, is to take my coat to the cloakroom, make sure my mask is firmly on (since this is one of the house rules at Killing Kittens, also because frankly it's better to remain anonymous until you know who's around) and go to the bar. I order a drink. From the vantage point of the bar it is possible to view everyone and to look relatively relaxed and comfortable while doing so. You should get a good idea of the sorts of people in attendance, plus of any 'sorts' in attendance (London slang for hot girls). You will of course also look out for eye contact and IOIs thrown your way.

Of course, I don't stand by the bar all night. After a few minutes I begin walking slowly around the venue. You need to get a feel for it. If this is a club you've never been to before then you must acquaint yourself with all of its hidden areas. It's preparation for later. Where can you go with a girl to get 'friendly'? You need to have a plan, however rough. A bad plan is better than no plan. So make sure you have checked out the venue thoroughly – at least as thoroughly as you've checked out any potential partners.

## 2. OPENING

Approaching and opening at a swingers' party is slightly different to doing so at a normal club, not least because a number of the girls there may be with their partners already, which is an unusual situation for some guys.

There is also the added complication that at Killing Kittens girls are meant to approach men. Going about it the other way around is in breach of the rules.

When I'm at a swingers' party like this I make sure my approaching is a lot 'softer' than when I'm in a normal club. However much you might want to, you can't walk around blatantly propositioning every woman you see. Doing so will mark you out as socially un-calibrated. Instead, the best strategy in these situations is simply to go around saying hello to people and starting casual conversations. This may seem a little vanilla and obvious, and if you've been in game for a while you may worry about demonstrating sufficient value up front. To this I say that if you have your shit together your value will shine through anyway. By all means keep that cocky grin and cheeky glint in your eye. Just don't overdo it. Remember, too, that if it's a couple that you're approaching you'll have to win over the guy as well as the girl. In this milieu, an affable, non-playerish approach works well.

On the other hand, if you're approaching single girls at a singles' party, or groups of girls, and there is a rule about girls having to make the first move, my way around it is to go around simply saying 'Hello,' to girls. This is my way of attempting to stay within the spirit of the rule while at the same time extending my opportunities as much as possible through my own efforts. You can't really be criticized for being sociable, and 'hello' is hardly hitting on someone.

A slightly more daring technique is to call out the elephant in the room. I often say something like this: 'Hey, I know it's the rules here that guys aren't meant to approach, but I just had to say how cute you're looking wearing that hat' (or whatever item of her clothing that catches your attention). This is a humorous nod to the rules while showing enough male boldness to be attractive. If you are polite and socially calibrated (not a weirdo) then you should be fine. I've never had a girl complain when I've used this technique. In fact many girls will be happy that you have, since they too want to be social with new people and it saves them the trouble of opening themselves.

If of course a girl is not interested in having a conversation then simply smile, wish her a good evening and move on.

### 3. QUALIFICATION

As always, qualification is key in the seduction process. You don't want to give the impression that you are easy and you will just sleep with anyone. While that may be true, sex is a value exchange. If she is attractive then she has something of value (her beauty) to offer – and it is in finite supply. As a result, if you demonstrate lower value by showing that you will accept her only because of her beauty (perhaps because you haven't experienced it from other girls) then you are showing yourself to be an inferior proposition. Therefore, what you need to do is to qualify her, even if you do so in a jokey way. Basically you want to make it look as though you are testing her for fitness as a potential sex partner, even if the truth is it was already a done deal. Given you are in a sex club, a simple way to do this is to question her levels of naughtiness – is she really enough of a bad girl to be there?

'Hmmm,I normally like naughty girls. You look too sweet and innocent for me.'

'You seem like a good girl. I'm not sure you could handle me.'

'Isn't it past your bedtime?'

And so on.

When you say these sorts of things, if you deliver them correctly, then she will seek to qualify herself to you – 'actually I'm very experienced in these sorts of parties'. Suddenly she is trying to impress you rather than the other way around. Which is exactly how you want it to be.

Always remember the old game dictum 'You are the prize.' The degree to which that is true in the real world is immaterial. What is important is that you believe it, live it and you shape your various interactions around it.

## 4. VIBING

After you've introduced yourself and begun talking then vibing in a sex club environment is the easiest thing in the world. You are in a supremely sexually-charged environment, and there is plenty to talk and joke about.

Whether you are a couple talking to another couple, or a single guy talking to a girl or a number of girls, the failsafe conversational fallback is to look at the other people and make observations about them. Whatever kind of party you are at, there will be someone around you can gently make fun of, or better still, couples who are getting amorous together who you can point out to up the sexual ante within your own group.

Vibing is introducing yourself to girls and keeping the conversation going in an easy way, at the same time maintaining a cheeky edge while escalating towards sex. It's an art learned over time. If you are entirely new to game then I'd recommend you read my book [The 7 Laws of Seduction](#) for a more in-depth discussion of how it works.

The advantage of a swingers' party is clear: everyone is there for sex so you can push the envelope more easily and quickly than in other circumstances. At the very least, you should be less afraid to be bold since you can be confident that everyone is there for sex. This is not a church picnic. I love to use double entendres when escalating, finding a reason to reference sex in the most innocent conversation and then blaming the girl for having a naughty mind when she picks me up on it.

Ideally what you are aiming for is light, cheeky, sexually-suggestive conversation that presents you not as a weirdo but as a charming, charismatic, sex-worthy potential partner. In other words, avoid talking about politics, and religion. Keep it light, sexy and fluffy.

## 5. ESCALATION

So now we get onto the fun part – escalation towards sex. As you would expect, how you do this depends on the setup of the environment where you find yourself. Every party is different, and every venue will have different areas where sex can take place. My approach is to get as flirty with the girl upfront as I can, taking the interaction to the stage of making out (not too much, but enough so you can be certain that she is physically attracted) before suggesting a ‘walk’ to another part of the venue.

As always, your aim is to take your girl somewhere where you can have sex. Ironically, under normal circumstances this is likely to be somewhere where you have privacy for just the two of you. In a sex club situation, though, you will almost certainly be heading for somewhere that is public, or at least semi-public. Most likely it will be the orgy room. You might find a smaller space somewhere, but even then it likely won’t be entirely private.

Whether you are a part of couple and looking to play with another couple, or a single guy seducing a woman who’s there with another guy, all of the above still applies. You will simply have to negotiate with the desires and inclinations of more people, that’s all. Just keep in mind your goal, be affable and open, and carefully steer things in the direction you want.

## 6. SEX

Now for the really fun part: the sex itself.

Sex is sex, of course, and I don't mean to teach you about the birds and the bees. But there are a couple of specific watch-outs to bear in mind. The most significant is that, given the nature of swingers' parties, that you will be watched by others as you bang. Have a think about that for a moment. How do you feel about it? Are you entirely relaxed about it? Or does it make you fear for your life? If the latter then there is no doubt that you will need to work to prepare yourself for what is to come. Because the very nature of a swingers' party is that it involves casual sex. I personally don't mind having sex in public, and I also don't mind watching other people fucking around me. As I said in Volume 1, if I do have a kink it is this one: exhibitionism and public displays of affection.

If this is not you let me try to put your mind at rest. The truth is that most of the people around you at a swingers' party aren't taking any notice of you – they are far too interested in themselves. And after a while you get a kind of 'sex blindness' – rather like being snowblind – where sex is so ubiquitous you can no longer see it. It is incredible how quickly after I enter a room where an orgy is going on I grow accustomed to it and it no longer phases me. I am willing to bet you will experience the same thing. After all, plenty of people go to these events and are unfazed – so much so that it makes me wonder about how things were in primeval times, when public sex wasn't shocking in the way we're taught it is now.

You may be worried about how your performance will hold up under these circumstances. Most men would be sympathetic to that. If you think it is likely to be an issue for you – and it has been for me in the past – then I would recommend that you get hold of some Viagra or Cialis before the event and take it at an opportune moment. I favor branded Viagra above the generic variety. This stuff has been a stalwart of mine for years and it's helped me out when my performance wasn't at its peak. Other guys like Cialis. Cialis has never worked for me, but it has a huge advantage in that it lasts for several days. So there's not the question of careful timing and subtle pill-popping you get with Viagra. This is great if it helps you, since it means you can take it before going to the party and not have to worry about it again. With Viagra, there is a certain skill required in deciding the precise moment when it should be taken – ideally thirty minutes or so before sex takes place. There's no shame in taking medication to help out with your erection if necessary. Far better that than failing to do so and missing out on the sexual

opportunities you could have accrued otherwise.

Viagra is easy enough to get hold of – in the UK you don't even need a doctor's prescription. You can simply go directly to a chemist, have a brief consultation with a pharmacist, and pick it up there and then. Ordinary high street chains like Boots and Superdrug offer this service confidentially and free of charge – although of course you have to pay for the drugs.

The other thing to consider at a sex party is the kind of sex you are having and whether or not to involve other people. On this you will of course be much influenced by the types of people you meet and what they want to do. Another timely – although hopefully unnecessary – reminder that consent is required in every situation, even if you are lying in the middle of a pile of copulating bodies. But sure, once you are in the center of the action and there are other couples having sex around you ensure that you don't make the mistake of cutting yourself off from potential fun. This, after all, is your entire purpose for being there. Watch for opportunities and make your decisions in the moment based on what is happening around you.

As to the types of sex you have and the kinds of things you get up to, that is entirely up to you. Just remember, it's far better to do something for the story than not. Be crazy! Be creative! Be ambitious! Three girls, four girls at a time? Hell yeah, bring it on! Do it for the story.



## 7. GOING HOME TOGETHER

The final piece of the puzzle is to determine whether or not you go home with a girl you meet at the sex party. This is entirely up to you. Arguably one of the benefits of a sex party is that you can go, do the business and then head home to relax, unencumbered by having to bring someone back with you. Sometimes I feel this way and sometimes I don't. It depends very much on who I meet and how much I like them. If I meet a girl I click with, and who I would like to see again – assuming she is not there with her partner – then yes, of course I will suggest we go home together, just as I would under any other circumstances.

Despite my player lifestyle, the truth is that I usually like to see girls more than once, and I'm not particularly keen on one night stands. Why? Because sex gets better over time. I am not saying that you should fall into a relationship with every girl you meet, particularly not one you meet in a swingers' club. But I enjoy mini-relationships, or fuck buddy arrangements. So if I meet a girl who's cool then I'm going to bring her back with me. As the evening progresses, after we have had sex, I will drop in suggestions that we 'go somewhere more private' to get to know each other 'even better'.

Something else to bear in mind is that not all girls will have full sex in public at these events. Many will, but others will want to limit their activities to blow-jobs, handjobs or whatever. Or you might hook up with a girl who is happy to play with another girl and you but won't go the whole way at the party. Other women will observe at parties but not do anything sexual at all. All of which is absolutely fine – everyone has their own boundaries. But if you meet with this type of girl then you must try to convince her to come back with you in the manner that I describe above.

Once you have agreement from the girl that she will leave with you then it's all gravy from there – so long as you have your logistics sorted out, that is. Recall the anecdote earlier about Milly, and remember how I nearly jeopardized the entire lay by not being able to call an Uber and having difficulty in flagging down a black cab? Make sure this doesn't happen to you. Keep your phone fully charged and have a plan. Of course, living or staying close to the venue is best but that may not always be possible.

At home everything should be organized already so that your place is as 'girl-friendly' as possible. Make sure the sheets on the bed are all clean, that the room is tidy and well-organized. You should have subdued lighting – no-one wants to feel

like they have a spotlight on them when they are having sex. You should also keep some sexy music on your computer or phone. The last thing you want to be doing is messing around trying to find something when your Wi-Fi isn't working as has happened to me before – silence can be a vibe killer in the bedroom.

If you are of a kinky persuasion then you might want to stock up on toys. I have a long black rope for tying-up which I bought in Ann Summers, and a small flogger that I found in a sex shop in Soho. I have also kept handcuffs and other similar paraphernalia in the past. This is definitely worth doing but bear in mind there is the chance you will be challenged about having used them with other girls in the past. Yes, you probably have, but no girl wants to feel like she's just another notch in a long line.

Finally, and obviously, you should keep condoms at the ready. Always practice safe sex.



This seven-point plan is precisely the one that I use when I go to swingers events and sex parties. While you might deviate from this structure, or choose to augment it, follow this framework to be successful. As I mentioned, it is broadly similar to the steps I've used at BDSM parties like Torture Garden, but with various additions to take into account the differences in the two scenes. As with everything else, it will take time to get to know the swingers' scene, if it is new to you, and if you are not confident then it might take a while for you to achieve the kinds of results you are hoping for.

Never give up, though. It is a marathon, not a race. Remember that every time you visit a party you will feel more at home, more accustomed to the quirks and oddities of the scene, and more able to take the bold action needed to really stand out and become a master of it.

## CHAPTER 8

# WHAT LESSONS CAN PLAYERS TAKE FROM THE SWINGERS' SCENE INTO THEIR VANILLA DATING LIVES?

**D**oes the swingers' scene reveal anything about human nature, and female sexuality in particular, that the assiduous player can take into this regular 'vanilla' dating life? Yes and no.

The first thing to bear in mind is that not every girl will swing – some women are into it, and others are not. Yes, OK, each of us has a naughty side, and many women might fantasize about what it would be like to go to a sex party, but it doesn't follow that all of them will follow through. Swinging remains a minority interest for a reason.

My reason for making this clear is that there is no use thinking that you can take any girl you meet in the 'vanilla' world and convert her into a crazy swinger. Yes, this kind of thing happens from time to time, but don't count on it. What the swinging scene does do is open one's eyes to the extremes of human sexual behavior, or potential behavior at least. I've already talked at length about the ways in which swinging presents a microcosm of the wider sexual marketplace. You'd be amazed how much attending these events will open your eyes to the realities of female naughtiness. Put it this way, if you have any lingering ideas in your mind that girls are all sweetness and light, angels who have come down from heaven and would never put a foot wrong, one night at Killing Kittens will free you of that notion. When you see women going from guy to guy, taking multiple partners in a night, you will realize that your 'purity fantasy' is purely imaginary. Even the sweetest, cutest-looking girls have the potential to be insatiable sex-monsters. It really is the quiet ones you have to watch. I don't, by the way, intend any judgement here. It's a simple fact that human beings, male and female are animals and remain – when freed of normal social expectations – animalistic in their behavior

How can this help you in your vanilla dating life? It's mainly a matter of

perception. Once you have observed the way that women and men act when they are taking part in an orgy it is very difficult to revert back to that notion that they are innocent. Instead, it hardens you up and gives you a far more pragmatic, realistic impression of what sex is really like, and what other people are capable of. This will inevitably have some effect on the way you are when you meet new girls. You will shift towards being more sexual, more dominant, more direct, and more downright honest about what you want. A swingers' party may also make you question any previous ideas you may have held about monogamy and the idea of fidelity. I'm not saying that watching a bunch of people all over each other in a sex club is reason enough to despair of human nature entirely, but let's face it, if all of them were entirely satisfied in their monogamous partnerships why would they be there?

I don't mean to start an anti-marriage diatribe but it should at least raise questions in you about the practicalities of monogamy if a proportion of people who subscribe to it have to agree together to be unfaithful, even if it's within certain agreed parameters, and is consensual. For me at least the very existence of the swinging community is an indicator that monogamy is difficult and perhaps not for everyone. Everyone else must make their own decisions about what to do with their own lives, of course. But with the evidence there in plain sight it is something to think about.

At some point you will have to make a choice about whether you want to go into a monogamous partnership or not. Perhaps you are already in one. Whatever your current stance, at least understand human nature and realize that there is an inherent tendency in both men and women to crave variety in their sexual partners. With this insight in mind, bolstered by observations from the swinging scene, at least one is able to make more informed choices. Forewarned, after all, is forearmed. Perhaps your exposure to the swinging scene makes you think that you can enter into a polyamorous, open relationship with a like-minded woman, where you can enjoy the scene together. That would be great. Just be sure that you go in with open eyes, aware of the possible emotional fallout – both yours and hers.

# FINAL THOUGHTS

I hope you have enjoyed this excursion into the depths of the swingers' scene with all its crazy stories, outlandish characters and remarkable pleasures.

If you are a dedicated player then I would highly recommend that you research your local swinging scene and find out what kind of events are going on around you. If you can find an upmarket event of the kind hosted by Killing Kittens or Fever Parties – and this more glamorous swinging scene is gaining in popularity across the world – then you should definitely investigate.

Above all, the player is a sexual adventurer – an explorer who will go to any lengths in search of sexual ecstasy. It would be short-sighted, therefore, not to seek out like-minded people and get involved with their scene. Because if you can find a group whose hobby is recreational sex then they are likely to include lots of women you can have fun with.

I would not recommend that you go to the more down-market events to pick up women. Of course, it depends entirely on what your tastes are, and I judge none. But this book is aimed primarily at players whose ambition is to sleep with the hottest girls around. As such, I could not in good conscience recommend somewhere like Rio's to you, where the aesthetic quality of the patrons is varied at best. If what you want is to gain a fuller understanding of the mechanics of the sexual marketplace then these venues are invaluable. It is fascinating to see how, in a place where there are few women of beauty, a girl who would objectively be regarded as a 3 or 4 on the outside takes on the lustre of a 9 for those omegas who skulk and stalk there. And those omegas will give you a good idea of what to avoid if you want to continue enjoying a healthy sex life.

It is also interesting to observe how, across the board, it is the better looking, muscular guys who are getting the bulk of the action. I don't say this to put you off from going, or to try to discourage you. But the fact is that everything you assumed true about sex at your most pessimistic – that the genetically blessed take the bulk of the spoils – is correct. In the sex club no one gets a prize for being a 'nice guy' – the sexual spoils are reserved for alphas, or at least those who can demonstrate alpha characteristics.

The swingers' scene is not a sexual free-for-all, and like everywhere else, consent is essential – don't forget this. Having said that, if you want the kind of libertarian atmosphere that you thought only existed in books and in movies then the swinging

lifestyle is definitely for you. Swingers' clubs are a fascinating subculture where you will meet some of the most friendly, non-judgmental and sexually active people you can imagine, plus a whole host of beautiful, sexually-voracious girls. It really is a no-brainer that you should dive in and take advantage. Yes, it is a niche form of game, but when you see the kinds of girls who go to the better parties, and the results the top players are getting, then there is no way you won't want to get involved.

By the way, if you liked this and you haven't yet read [Volume 1](#) of this series, about BDSM and Fetish clubs, then click [here](#) to get your copy – you're going to enjoy it.

Please take this series as your cue to commence your own exploration of the wilder side of nightlife, and don't hesitate to keep me informed of your stories and progress – I love hearing them. You can get in touch with my by joining my email list here:

[realtroyfrancis.com/text-mastery/](http://realtroyfrancis.com/text-mastery/)

You'll even get a free copy of my guide to messaging girls Text Game Mastery.

Until next time.

Troy.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

**T**roy Francis is a best-selling author and journalist who has written several books about how guys can meet and attract beautiful women successfully, including *The 7 Laws of Seduction* and *How To Get Hot Women Into Bed*. He is also an attraction coach and a sales & business mentor.

After two decades of self-created geekhood and entirely deserved virginity, Troy embarked on a journey to throw off the shackles of his sniveling, girlfriend-less existence, and climb out of the barren, female-free landscape of his existence to sample the higher climes of vaginal Valhalla.

From New York to Ibiza, London to Vegas and Berlin to Belarus, Troy is a sexual adventurer who leaves no stone unturned in his quest for the pleasures of coitus with multiple, heart-stoppingly attractive, nubile wenches. Better yet, educated in literature and creative writing he is able to articulate precisely what works---and what doesn't work---when a man seeks to seduce the world's most erotically-appealing women.

The fruits of Troy's tireless research into cutting-edge global leg-spreading techniques beget daily updates on his website [realtroyfrancis.com](http://realtroyfrancis.com), the world's foremost daily resource for tried-and-tested, down-and-dirty game and pickup advice. He also Tweets in real time at [@Troy7Laws](https://twitter.com/Troy7Laws).

Having enjoyed relationships, threesomes, harem arrangements and much more with some of the hottest girls of Europe, Russia, America, Latin America and beyond; and having formed friendships and partnerships with some of the planet's top seducers, Troy's mission through his writing is to help other men to understand attraction and intergender dynamics between men and women. The polar opposite of a misogynist, Troy loves women and wants to make the world a better place for them, as well as the men who would be intimate with them.

To join Troy's inner circle of subscribers and gain access to exclusive content as well as early access to new material, click here: <http://bit.ly/2siORhz>.