



Come as you are:  
Olivia prepares for her  
own erotic adventure

# MY NIGHT AT A BI-CURIOSUS ORGY'

Have you fantasised about having sex with another woman? More than half of us have. *Olivia Palamountain* takes matters a step further

HER MOUTH IS AS DELICATE AND firm as a rosebud. I watch with curiosity as she licks her way down my neck towards my breasts, pausing over my nipples before biting them with intent. I feel a hand gently pushing my legs apart and she begins to massage my thighs.

We are not alone. Behind the discreet door of a four-storey Notting Hill townhouse, similar erotic scenes are being played out all around me, and in every corner of the house party. But not just anyone is invited. This is Skirt Club, a members-only pop-up that organises monthly all-female parties for bi-curious exploration. Various sex parties have hit the headlines during the past few years – such as Killing Kittens, Heaven Circle and Club Hermione – but this is the first one that has banished men from the mix.

Dubbed ‘an underground community for girls who play with girls’, Skirt Club is riding the current vogue for same-sex infatuation, with everyone from Cara Delevingne to Kristen Stewart reportedly experimenting with women.

Tonight, around 50 women aged from their late twenties to early forties perch on enormous, deep sofas surrounded by retro-inspired artwork. The dress code is ‘Corset Couture’, and many of the girls are trussed up in boning and lace trim – it’s all rather *Tipping The Velvet*. As a newcomer, I feel somewhat conservatively dressed in leather trousers, a vest and vintage Adidas. But it’s not that I haven’t made an effort – my underwear is an Agent Provocateur silk thong and a lace bra.

I’m not a lesbian, and I wouldn’t even describe myself as bisexual, but I have experimented with a woman once before; a boozy Sunday lunch, followed by more wine, and it felt like the most natural thing in the world when a friend-of-a-friend and I ended up back at her hotel. It was fun to feel like I’d ticked that box, but I was still curious to see how far I could push my boundaries.

Most women are naturally bi-curious, according to a recent study by Boise ►

## SEX

State University – of a group of 484 heterosexual women, 60 per cent were sexually attracted to other women; 45 per cent had kissed a woman and 50 per cent had fantasies about the same sex.

One explanation could be the recent hyper-sexualisation of same-sex attraction among straight women, particularly in popular culture, according to professor of psychology Elizabeth Morgan. ‘Research shows society holds more negative views about male same-sex relationships than it does about women,’ she says, ‘So women may feel less likely to face discrimination for same-sex behaviours. Public displays of affection between young women still often occur for the benefit of male onlookers, but political changes, like laws supporting same-sex marriage, and the rise of third-wave feminism, mean women have embraced the opportunity to explore their sexual curiosities – and, crucially, on their own terms.’

Here at Skirt Club, this theory rings true, and the atmosphere is empowering and sexually charged rather than awkward. Membership is subject to ‘strict committee

off for a warm-up party game of tequila body shots on the sitting-room floor, I’m game. As I’m having a layer of salt licked off my hips by an attractive woman of model-esque proportions, some watch while others keep to themselves. It’s a frivolous scene, like a hen party gone wild, filled with joyous laughter and cut with a frisson of sexual tension.

Female arousal is a source of never-ending exploration for scientists and women alike. One 2004 study co-authored by Dr Meredith Chivers, published in the *Psychological Science* journal, involved men and women of varying, self-assessed sexual orientations being shown sexual images of both female and male genitalia, while their arousal levels were measured. The findings were conclusive: only women – gay, straight or bi – were turned on by every sort of sexualised image, be it male gay porn, girl-on-girl or group orgies. When it comes to being turned on, women do not discriminate in the way men do.

It’s around midnight at Skirt Club and I’m firmly established, wearing only my underwear, in one of the four bedrooms.

‘It’s as if I know what to do because I am imagining a mouth between my legs simultaneously – at one point I don’t even need to imagine’

approval’, which could explain the predominantly young, hot and affluent crowd. On application, you’re asked where you sit on the sliding sexuality scale, from exclusively heterosexual to exclusively homosexual. Being referred by a current member is the quickest route to a successful application. The £60 ticket promises ‘free-flowing champagne and coquettish cocktails’. In the kitchen, a makeshift bar pumps out glasses of Crémant, and although I’m with a couple of friends – Sam, a twentysomething with magnificent breasts, and Ivanna, a tiny blonde Russian doll who’s been to every sex party going – I make an effort to immerse myself in the crowd. I get chatting to two women: one a brunette lawyer in her early thirties, and the other a PA with a cherubic face and short, curly hair, both Skirt Club virgins.

Many of the women I meet have male partners – some are married and here with their partner’s full knowledge. Not that they need permission – nobody is here to facilitate anyone’s fantasy but their own.

When a hostess encourages me to strip

Seven or so women lounge on a bed in various states of undress. Some are kissing passionately while others slip over each other’s naked bodies, using their tongues and fingers to make acquaintances. There’s a pair in a passionate 69, three girls play with each other; in this tangle of limbs it’s hard to see where one girl begins and the other ends. One is on all fours being spanked while she gives another girl oral sex from behind. It’s interesting to note there’s no hierarchy and no sense of ownership, as each woman shares and welcomes another to the bedroom.

I’ve already pushed myself further than I could have imagined, from allowing every inch of my body to be enjoyed and explored, and reciprocating with the same level of attention, to breezing around the house in nude revelry, which is liberating in itself. In the midst of this orgiastic scene, girls stop to compliment each other on anything from their technique to hairstyles, manicures and the shape of their nipples. This is pure feminine adoration; simultaneously sensual, pretty and raw,

tempered with the mundane conversations women indulge in all over the world.

How many times have you and your girlfriends said, ‘I could kiss a girl but I just don’t think I could go down *there*’?

I’ve said exactly the same thing, but it’s surprisingly easy once you forget what you *think* you know and allow your senses to guide you. In fact, it is only when I abandon my own past experiences that I’m able to tune into the moment: focusing on how my body responds. It turns out I am rather good at this and the effect on my confidence is revelatory – as my ephemeral girlfriend orgasms from my efforts, I blush with pride and satisfaction. There’s a sort of transference going on here, as if I know what to do because I am imagining a mouth between my legs simultaneously – at one point, I don’t even need to imagine.

Enjoying physical intimacy with women has allowed me to experience a range of different body types, from softer tummies and pert bottoms to lithe limbs and chunky thighs. I feel turned on by this glorious diversity. I catch sight of my own flawed body in a flickering mirror and, instead of feeling self-conscious, I understand how privileged the men in my life have been to have had any part of me. It’s a lesson in the unnecessary fragility of our physical insecurities, as well as an erotic education.

Skirt Club officially finishes at 3am, but by half past a few of us are still gossiping in various states of undress. Inhibitions that were left at the door are still absent from our conversations and the sense of empowerment that has been exchanged is potent. I leave with plans to continue some new friendships in the ‘real’ world.

As much as I’ve found fun and freedom at Skirt Club, I’ve also clarified my own sexuality: I’m still straight and have no plans to proclaim myself as bisexual, no matter how easy it was for me to indulge in women for the night. Interestingly I feel this has more to do with my innate character traits than my sexuality. I’m passionate, open-minded and have forever been a pioneer of novel experiences, so I’m not surprised I’ve embraced the Skirt Club philosophy. However, I have found an expression for another facet of my femininity, which has already inspired how I intend to deal with my relationships with men. I might have left them behind for the evening, but already I can’t wait to have a man back in my life and teach him exactly what to do, thanks to the benefit of my newly-found sexual clarity. ■