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York's Uncharted Territory

An Insider Look at a Swinger's Club

York County is on the conservative side. Anything a bit edgy causes a stir, from gay bars to strip clubs. Imagine then, nestled in the city of York, a private club catering to the sexual desires of couples and singles. Club Sexy Cool (CSC) has opened, replacing the former tenant Club XS, known as a gay-friendly nightclub. The location has a long past with problematic drunks and the need for local law enforcement to regularly be on scene. The problems caused by unruly drunks led the neighborhood to have a strong distaste in their mouths and eventually Club XS closed the doors permanently. The previous owner tried hard to stay open, even giving alcohol away for free. Somehow, I didn't see free alcohol solving their problems.

According to CSC's website, this club had been previously formed as an off premise club. In other words, a closed group that met in private homes, hotels and even luxury resorts. The claim is that Club XS has been reinvented into a "hot, New York City, on premise Lifestyle Club." The website is complete with pictures of the club and highlights the large dance floor and stage complete with a stripper pole. Music is played by DJ Mark who takes requests for favorite songs. The club has



“sexy, private rooms, a beautiful group shower with four drop-down showerheads, a huge play/sitting room with televisions playing your favorite movies and a downstairs room with leather couches, music and a small light show for the smokers who don’t want to freeze outside.” The club has a hot tub outside and the website states, “If you want to relax and warm up with some sexy friends, head out to the hot tub and have some sexy fun!” This sounds like a type of club that has never made it to York County before.

The parking lot held possibly twenty cars and minimally, eight-five percent of the parking area was still available. Nothing seemed unusual about the outside of the building as I made my way across the parking lot, dressed to blend in with the crowd. The lobbies had the coat-check area and inside two men were working the process of entering the club. The first went over the club rules and cost of joining. I filled out the membership application, presented identification and was issued a membership number. This number will be my placed on my alcohol bottle for the bartender’s ease in making drinks, I was informed.

The coat-checker pointed me through the double doors after checking my jacket; my curiosity peaked at what debauchery I might encounter. The bar located immediately inside was empty. Empty of life, that is. The bar’s surface held two display mannequins, posed from the waist up. They were nude, and sported erect nipples. High-heels in multiple colors were sitting on the bar, displayed on acrylic stands. The heels screamed, “I’m a stripper fantasy waiting to happen!” and I heard a pair of sexy, black-leather, knee-high boots begging me to inspect them further.

I went to the bar to get my drink and met the club owner, Steff. She was behind the bar, chatting it up with her sexy friends. Steve, Steff's husband, also attends every party held on Friday and Saturday nights. My eye-sight slowly adjusted to the dimly lit atmosphere, and I began to look around. Steff, drop-dead gorgeous, offered a personal tour of the club. This was music to my ears, and it had zilch to do with the music the DJ was spinning.



Just past the end of the bar is the dance floor that holds two hundred people or more. Steff pointed out the obvious group-size shower to our right. I admit to surprise, seeing a shower of that size. The shower could be seen from the lounging area, the dance

floor or sitting at the end of the bar. No one was showering, but I had a vision of easily eight people lathering each other up with colorful soap; a full body painting experience, washed away with the help of shower buddies.



The lounge, also called the play room, was a catacomb of black-leather couches. I suppose the dark colors reveal the results of poor aim and can be easily cleaned. The big



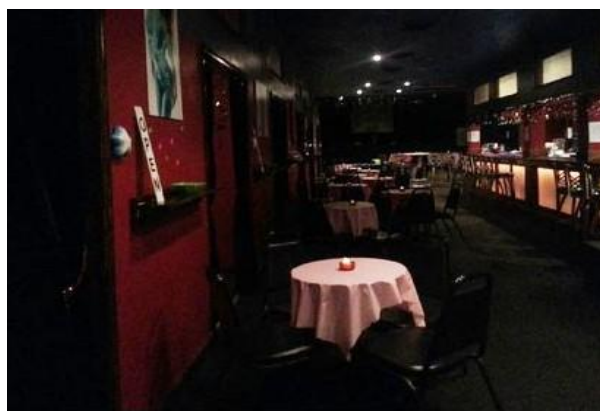
screen television promising to show favorite movies displayed two women and one man in acts of cunnilingus and fellatio. Their contortionist abilities while licking each other was fascinating, but my angelic looking guide ushered me past the onscreen *ménage à trois*. I noticed a massage table just past a curtain, separating it from

the lounge. That looked promising to me as a massage always makes life better. Just past the table completed a circle from the main door at the bar.

Smoking, I was informed only took place outside or downstairs. Steff led me down the stairs. This wasn't my first time in this building, but the downstairs was uncharted territory. The promise of a light show was a disappointment. The room, painted black, looked more like it could be a dungeon, but instead it displayed a collage of art on the walls, ranging from party supply Mardi Gras masks to old alcohol promotional art. The couches and chairs were all black except one, which was brown. I assumed they bought every black couch and chair and found they were one short, settling for brown that day. Personally, I would have settled for one less couch. On this single, brown couch set my friend from high school, Trisha. The surprises were just beginning.

We all returned to ground level, giggling up the stairs as we blatantly looked up Steff's skirt; a thong, splitting two perfect cheeks. Trisha and I exchanged glances and returned to

the view, wishing we had been gifted by God with an ass like Steff's. Trisha split to tell her husband, Dave, I was at the club. Returning to the tour, we walked over to the table area along the bar. I realized the dining area was



much smaller because rooms had been built out from the exterior wall. Each of the five rooms had a sign outside announcing "Open" meaning "ask to join and we may say yes" and "Closed" meaning "you are welcome to watch, but do not enter." Later that night this area was lit with black lights. The effect from the lighting was not beneficial to the club's atmosphere as everyone looked set to recreate a zombie movie scene. The black lights were a mood killer, not enhancer.

The room's looked inviting, better than a motel, minus everything but the bed and a small table. On the table was a basket of condoms, wet wipes and tissues. Next to the basket was a stack of white towels, soft and readily available for times when things get messy. The room's physical appearance was romantic, including curtains that may be let open or closed depending on the level of the guests' exhibitionism. Steff improved the view of the room when



she posed for this sexy shot. She concluded the tour back at the bar and I thanked her for showing me her club. She told me to feel free to make myself a drink if no one was behind the bar and after a tight hug--her barely restrained breasts squeezed against mine--she

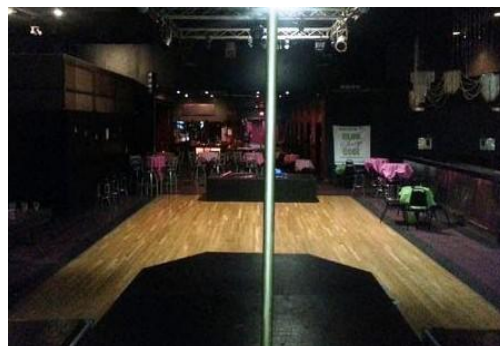
disappeared with a group of scantily-clad individuals. I went my own direction, looking for Trisha and Dave in the sea of zombies. They were seated outside a room occupied by a couple kissing and heavily petting.

I sat next to Trisha, opting for the dual view of her legs next to me and a clear shot of the passionate couple. This was Trisha and Dave's first time at the new club, and they brought a friend with them. He introduced himself as Claudius Maximus, an alias I am certain. I responded with, "Hello, I am Pattie. Are you the Trojan Man?" This broke us into carefree laughter and Claudius sidled-up next to me. Despite the eerie green glow cast by the ghastly lighting, I could see he was in shape like a Chippendale's dancer ready to take the stage. He laid his hand on my naked knee and leaned in, pushing my already short, flimsy skirt even higher up my thigh. "So what do you think of the club?" He asked. I stood up and replied lamely, "It's cool." Forgetting cool was already in the name and redundant in describing it as I just had...but I was distracted.

We walked outside to view the patio area. Sadly, it was in disarray as the winter had not treated it kindly. The hot tub was not hot; I later learned Steve hadn't turned it on until after the club opened. The water was warm, but not ready for naked bodies by any means. Those of us who smoked burned a cancer stick and looked around the patio area more closely. The set up behind a tall, wooden fence needed improvements. At minimum, hooks somewhere to hang clothing and towels would be helpful...a "thumbs down" on the hot tub and patio area.

Inside, the DJ was spinning familiar tunes, from pop to hard rock and people were dancing. Women began to shed clothing in stripper-like fashion, some daring to nearly bare all

while dancing on heels that that added five inches in height. They danced gracefully; one dancer's shoes blinked "SEXY" across the platform base in LED lights as she stepped to the beat. Inspired, I removed my silky black blouse reducing my club outfit to black high-



heels and mini-shirt and a black and red, satin and lace, bra that enhanced my breasts in a flattering matter. We gyrated to several songs, unfazed by the degrees of clothing on those dancing with us. We danced long and hard, exhausting ourselves with abandonment. At one point, we each grabbed a hula-hoop and tried our best to make it circle around our body. I failed miserably.

The night went quickly and our little group moseyed around, never truly shocked at anything we witnessed. Although, when turning the corner to exit for the evening, a gentleman was seated on a barstool, enjoying the pleasures delivered by an attractive woman with curly, brown hair, held gently in his hands, her face in his lap. She balanced herself on red-stilettos, clad only in a g-string; he raised his imported beer, clearly pleased that life was good in his most favorite of ways. The time for me to go drew near as I had drunk enough, but not to excess. I wanted to avoid problems returning home from this highly patrolled police area. Steff and Steve spotted me, breaking off to exit, and came over to say goodbye. Steve, dressed in jeans and a CSC t-shirt was sober; Steff while not excessively intoxicated was down to a bra and tiny, boxer briefs. Her heels had been long abandoned, forgotten, and unnecessary at this hour. "Are you leaving?" she asked as she advanced on us, jiggling with each step. "Did you have fun?" I responded I had and she began urging me to stay longer; there was no "closing hour."

Steff slipped her arms around me, whispering, “Give me a kiss” in my ear. I turned my face towards her and she pushed her full lips against mine. We then became the center of attention as the sexiest woman I’ve ever kissed locked lips with me for a good three seconds. This sent shock signals through my body that caused me to tingle and return the generous, erotic hug and kiss from an angel who clearly has an even sexier devil within. I relaxed to separate from this barefoot goddess, but she refused to unclasp her hands from their position. Pulling me even closer, our lips touched again and I felt her tongue on my lips. I didn’t hesitate to return the greeting and those surrounding stopped talking and focused on our kiss. I estimate a good fifteen seconds of heavy kissing passed, which pleased the small crowd--and not going to lie here--it pleased the hell out of me too! Somehow, I made my exit. The club interior is a touch surreal, a display of debauchery behind closed doors. I received no pressure to join in or participate in any way that made me uncomfortable. Club Sexy Cool, a modern-day Sodom and Gomorrah, draws no outward attention to itself. The *inside* of this building is where naughty things happen.

This experience replayed in my head as I walked to my car. The club, lined with beds for sex, the members openly participating in activities that would be termed “lewd” or at least, “private” acts. I smiled to myself as I crossed the stone parking lot wearing heels that required practice learning to walk with. The gravel crunched under my spikes and I didn’t take a last look back; in fear of becoming a pillar of salt.