such a gorgeous girlfriend, I get the impression Nick is delighted to have a free pass to screw any other girl he wants. They tell us all about etiquette again, and how they like to go in the spa first before trying out one of the rooms.

To be honest, I'm getting a bit bored with all the small talk but I need to keep it going because when the small talk stops it's time to go and have sex. I go and get more drinks.

By 2am we can't put it off any longer and the four of us head down to the locker room. We strip off under the blue lights and put on sarongs from the locker. I don't know where to look – it's like being in a crowded lift, only much worse.

There are now between 25 and 35 people in the club, but the bar has been quieter for the previous hour and we head into the red corridors to find out where everyone's gone.

It feels like some kind of semi-naked Easter-egg hunt, only at the end we find a middle-aged man with a big gut taking someone's wife (perhaps even his) from behind. He looks at us with a really pleased expression on his face.

A couple of metres away, another couple are doing the same, and another further on. Maybe it's the two-fifths of a bottle of whisky I've necked, but I feel the urge to giggle. It's so weird, like actually walking through the screen into an '80s porno.

We peek through the spy holes into other rooms, trying to work out who's doing what to whom. Rachel tells me to stop laughing, but I couldn't be less turned on.

And then we're in the spa and Angie is doing her best to convince me by giving me a mind-blowing kiss. Alarm bells ring, but Rachel is doing something similar to Nick, so at least I've got a bloody good argument if she ever brings this up in future. Nick ups the ante by going down on Rachel, and soon I think that if he doesn't come up for air soon, he will drown.

Back in the locker room I have an urgent talk with Rachel. She looks worried, although it could be the strange things the blue light is doing to her face. She says she's not into Nick, but feels the same way I do about Angie. "Maybe we could just kill him," I suggest.

We have a wander around again, trying to decide what to do. In one of the small rooms, at least six people are performing an insane coupling. Some of them are moaning porn clichés, while others are suggesting things in a normal voice, like they're putting up a shelf. Near us, a couple are having sex up against the wall.

We decide to leave, mainly because we're scaring ourselves. Things were clearer before Angie entered the picture. Maybe that's the idea; you think you've got all you want – until you see something else. For first-timers like us, it's all too much.

We find ourselves a pub that's still open and sit in it. It's a relief to see people sitting around drinking beer, just like normal. They might be thinking about having sex, but thinking is all they're doing, thank God.

■ **For more information about this club, go to www.swingers.com.au**

She took her new mini for a test-drive