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From burlesque performance acts, to female empowerment club nights and respectable sex shops on Oxford Street; don't say it too loud, but kink is the new cool.

Call them what you will - trend setters, futurologists, cool-chasers. Anybody with a well-manicured index on the peripatetic pulse of London life. All would currently agree on one thing: heartbeats haven't raced this fast since the '60s. And we are not talking narcotics.

Forget the sleazy Soho bars, strip joints and salivating businessmen. The industry that taste forgot has been quietly giving itself a face-lift of late and the focus is now on a younger, savvier and more demanding audience. The so-called i-generation have grown up on a diet of Sex and the City repeats, 24-hour home internet access and a constant barrage of sex-sells ad campaigns. Their time, it seems, has finally come.

Inevitably, there are those who can spot such a trend a mile off. Only a select few of those, however, choose to concentrate their attentions on the very top slice of that burgeoning market.

By the time I knocked on the door of the impressive Chelsea penthouse, waiting to step inside my first Fever Party, little doubt remained about these guys' high-end credentials. Whether they had captured the right market yet was another question.

Fever's application procedure should have given me a clue. Guests are pre-screened for age, occupation, spending capacity and usually come with a personal recommendation for good measure. Oh, and did I mention you have to send a photograph too? Of both you and your partner. Sure enough, a warm personal greeting from the head honcho himself awaited me on the other side of the door. From there I was escorted past the open bar and into a salubrious living area brimming with contemporary Italian furniture and impossibly handsome chaps and girls who wouldn't look out of place on a GQ centre spread. At around this time my mind began to wander. What would my ideal house party be like? Good looking 20-somethings for starters. Chilled, sensual house on a razor sharp B&O sound system would be a plus. An endless supply of champagne. Essential. A crate-load of the latest Diptyque candles to replace all light bulbs, obviously darling. To finish, lets say four or five expansive bedrooms to add that essential 'anything could happen' wildcard and we are in business.

Sound good? Well that is what a Fever Party is like. Except better. Much better. In the plushiest of surroundings and with a crowd fit for a Flavio Briatore yacht party, 'anything' typically does happen. Usually around midnight to be precise.

As female bodies began appearing around me on the balcony sans culottes, sans brassières, sans, well, pretty much everything save for some chunky diamonds and a pair of killer five-inch heels, I began to seriously question my lifelong atheism.

It was only 11.30pm. Fever was just warming up. Entry is restricted to couples and single ladies only. The house rules are strictly adhered to by all: mobiles remain at home, pseudonyms are de rigueur and the ladies have the final say at all times.

What struck me was how this all appeared unwritten; as if by some unspoken, tacit understanding the guests wanted to maintain the status quo at any cost. The result was an air of complicity, of being part of something wonderfully unique, undeniably naughty and yet satisfyingly human. Your perfect house party, then. Everybody leaves with a smile on their face, behaves with the utmost decorum at all times and conveniently forgets to mention it to another *soul come sunrise*.

As you might expect, demand for Fever parties is already going through the roof, despite their deliberate shunning of any media attention. The imminent launch of a Fever private members club, though, will mean not only a whole range of benefits and privileges for the lucky few but also priority access to all of their parties during the year. This alone is worth more than the nominal subscription fee in itself but you don't have to take my word for it.

Plans are apparently already afoot for an Eyes Wide Shut-style members-only bash some time next year. Whether for the socialising, Amazonian humidity levels or the promise of an injection of some serious spice into any relationship, tickets will no doubt sell quicker than Krispy Kremes outside Vogue House.

Whether Fever will find a suitably palatial venue is another question. Anyone out there know of a 50-bedroom country mansion for hire? No house-staff required. Answers on a postcard. While you're at it, pop a photo in too ...

www.feverparties.com