



Sex and Sexuality

THE INTERVIEWS

Part One

by Violet Ivy



Far from your average interview book. Featuring bizarre, amusing and scary people author Violet Ivy has met due to her involvement in the sex industry. It's amazing how mainstream these people look when they are on the train or bus travelling to work. None of them have two heads or gills. And, you would never pick their fetishes. It's only when they choose to reveal them to another that their true nature is exposed.

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Part One

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First Edition

Shakespeare

I am going to tell you about one of my clients. He wants to be known as Shakespeare as he is quite the thespian. A very well known stage and television actor from Sydney, he specialises in Shakespearian productions. Acting necessitates him travelling. He has been on the stage in all major Australian cities as well as in England, Scotland, Ireland and in The United States. Film productions have taken him to The Gold Coast, Sydney, Melbourne, LA, London, Scotland, Prague and Moscow. We catch up for a booking when he finds himself in Melbourne with a spare evening to enjoy himself.

During our meeting last night we discussed my writing this book. Of course I asked him if he wouldn't mind me chatting to him about the client's perspective. Shakespeare generously complied. (This was even before I tied him up later....) We were laughing about our first 'date'. He described it as 'Star Crossed Lovers'.

Sitting on the couch he has a huge grin on his face, remembering. 'You walked through the door and it all seemed very promising. Large breasts, gorgeous, long, red dress, killer heels.' He's right. I bought that dress specifically to knock the socks off of first time clients. It's still in my wardrobe. An old favourite now. It pushes my

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boobs up and out so much that one wrong move and they might escape into the general public.

Like my other high-end clients we had a couple of nice chats on the phone first setting up the meeting. Shakespeare was charming, quirky and witty. It was immediately evident that our proposed booking was a good time waiting to happen. 'I already felt very comfortable to be spending time with you.' I say, slipping into the seat next to him.

He chuckles, 'You turned up and I realised I didn't have any money. So I desperately went driving to find an automatic teller. I turned in the wrong direction and wondered why I had driven nearly down to Smith Street and there was not a teller in sight. I'm normally so well organised. I was just having one of those days. Actually I think it was one of those weeks. You were so understanding and patient with me.' How could I not be? We've all done stuff like that. Plus at five hundred dollars an hour I can afford to be a little tolerant.

I smile, 'When in fact the ATM is just around the corner.'

He's laughing too now, 'Yes but I had gone the wrong way hadn't I? Next I went all the way up to Jersey Street and finally found an automatic teller. Then I didn't know if I had exceeded my limit for the day which would have been equally disastrous. But it was OK. I got the money out.'

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Finally I came back home and you were looking very glam...very lovely.'

Isn't he a gorgeous? Yes I get paid the big bucks to put up with being complimented. Love working at this elite level. 'Thank you. You're very sweet to say that.'

But it was not all smooth sailing that night... 'One kiss and you said you were going to throw up. Well I thought is it me making you ill? I can understand that. I can't imagine kissing myself.' He's being modest. Shakespeare is quite a debonair gentleman. Immaculately groomed, handsome, posh English accent. I can't see too many women knocking him back. Even the hottest men go fishing for compliments.

'That's not true!' I say laughing, 'I'd been unwell all day and was trying to soldier through so I didn't let you down. I don't like cancelling on people. And you didn't just kiss me you gave me a big squeeze. My tummy couldn't handle it.' I might have been alright if it wasn't for that bear hug. It felt like whatever was giving my stomach grief was going to come up and say an ugly hello.

He's not done giving me compliments yet. 'I liked kissing you...those lovely big lips of yours. Well I went off somewhat crestfallen. Very, very horny.'

That was a first for me. A little bit of background. I had picked up a virus which I actually thought was food

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poisoning from a chicken sandwich I had eaten earlier in the day. All afternoon my stomach had been feeling quite unwell with nasty, stabbing pains. But being the professional that I am I tried to keep going. Good working girls do everything they can not to cancel. Especially the first meeting. It makes a girl look unreliable. Plus every cancellation is a booking fee you never get back.

Shakespeare leans forward, 'You tried to keep going.'

Nodding I reply, 'Of course because we had made the booking and it really seemed that I would be alright. We sat down and I didn't even accept a glass of wine, which I normally would love. Instead I asked for a ginger tea trying to calm my stomach down. You gave me that hug. Tightly wrapping your arms around my waist putting pressure on my tummy and I thought *OOOhhh I'm going to be sick!* It's okay to laugh now but it was horrible at the time.

Shakespeare's rubbing his chin in mock consideration, 'I think it was all a bit of a tactic you know, because I was absolutely bursting by the time we met up the next Saturday.'

Giggling I snuggle a little closer, 'Well you've obviously forgiven me. Given me a second chance.'

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He purses his lips and waves his hand away, 'Well I felt moderately sympathetic.' He's not much of an actor. He can't keep the pretence up for long and is laughing with me.

I do feel the need to warn him though, 'The lady always takes the money at the beginning of the booking. This is because either she might forget or otherwise, once the deed is done, the client may not want to pay her. You know where I'm going with this don't you Shakespeare?'

Now he's showing me his little boy expression, 'Yes. You gave me a big lecture because I left the money didn't I?'

I nod, 'Exactly.'

Shakespeare sighs, 'You said that you could have been a con artist.' Some guys are way too trusting. He gave me the money and, when I said I felt unwell, let me walk out with it in my hand. He didn't know me from a bar of soap. I don't want him to get burnt by some nasty whore with a bad work ethic. Actually it's more than that. She would be a thief to take the money and have no intention of performing the service. Makes my blood boil. He then would probably never see a working girl again. A shame for him and financially damaging for the girls in the industry.

I need to make him understand, 'I could have been. You'd never met me before'.

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Shakespeare shrugs. He knows he's being told off, 'You had honest eyes.'

I press home, 'I might have been a real scammer. I could line up a hundred bookings and take all their money. Fake the sick story, and then I'm off to Sydney or some other place with all the cash having done nothing for it. It could happen. This industry attracts the good, the bad and the ugly.'

He pauses to think for a second, then replies, 'It might be alright in the short term. But I've already seen you three times now so you've made a lot of money out of me.' He's laughing warily. I need to lighten the atmosphere. The poor guy is doing me a favour being interviewed for this book.

Batting my eyelashes at him I reply, 'That's because you think I have nice eyes. Or maybe it's my tongue you like. Or my nipples perhaps.' He's going red. And hard I notice as I slide my hand between his thighs. 'That didn't take much. Good thing the readers can't see you.' So where were we? Oh yes, I was telling him off. 'You were too trusting.' Let's see how well he can concentrate as I rub his manhood.

Shakespeare's trying to hang in there, 'I'm like that.'

He's attempting to see the view down my top. I don't move away, 'I'm just covering your butt. I want to protect you in case you go and see another lady. Most of the girls in the

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industry are honest, but there are one or two that are not so scrupulous. Some shocking things happen to clients.'

I'm wearing a demi-bra and my hard nipples are poking through the material of my dress. Ten degrees Celsius will do that to a girl. His eyes are glued as he tries to stay in the conversation, 'I feel very lucky. But I don't want you to cover my bottom. I thought the whole exercise was to uncover each other's bottoms.'

I can see that he's enjoying himself. I carry the mood, 'You need to be careful. I am doing an audio file as a teaser for my book. I've already contacted a couple of my girlfriends in the industry and they are coming over to drink champagne and have a chat for the recording, but tonight's conversation is so funny I'm already thinking that this could be it instead.' I top up our champagne glasses with one hand the other still stroking his cock lightly through his trousers. 'So I should ask you why you felt the need to seek out a lady of my persuasion?'

He gives me a feather light kiss on my lips, 'Well obviously I'm not committed to anybody. I was looking to find a situation where I wasn't emotionally entangled, which is rather nice, and you felt uninhibited. Frankly, the sort of sex that I get from you is the sort of sex that every bloke hopes that he can have.'

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He's back to complimenting me again. This is better than a lot of the unpaid dating I've done in my life. 'Thank you Shakespeare. Could you explain that to the readers? Are there different types of sex?' The whole idea of this book is to get different perspectives on sex and sexuality.

Let's get his side of the story, 'I don't know. Sexually, when you are in love with somebody, when your tongues first meet and it's like dreamland....some people think that you have to be in love before you have sex. I just think that there is a lot of enjoyment to be had without you really being in love with somebody. When I was young and having lots of sex it was really easy to think that you were in love.'

We've all been there. Pity I didn't have the confidence to go along with it at that age. I only really got that after I joined the sex industry. 'That's just hormones.' I laugh, 'We know better these days don't we?'

He nods with insight, 'Yes. It's that old saying, *if I knew then what I know now*. It would have saved me a lot of heart break.' We are both silent for a moment considering each of our teen years. He's right on the money. But no point steering this conversation into being too reflective. We're here now and going to have a very sexy night by the look of things. I keep the conversation flowing along with the bubbly.

'I'm the first professional lady that you've seen?'

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I give his penis a little squeeze to bring him back. 'Yes. I took my time didn't I? I'm sixty three and just starting out on this adventure.' What a shame. Imagine all the different experiences he could have had by now. It's mind blowing the range of ladies and fantasies out there. Never mind. Better now than never.

'When you were choosing a website, because there's so many of them out there, how did you come across mine? Was it something that just came up under Google?'

He can't resist any longer and gives my left nipple a little tweak. It's already hard. Has been for a while now. They know they are going to be attended to later and they are up just thinking about it. 'Yes it came up under Google. I'm trying to remember what I put into the search engine. Sex of course. Maybe prostitute? Escort too I think. Sorry I know you girls hate the 'P' word. What do you like to be called?'

How can I not love this guy? Such a gentleman even though he's paying for it. 'Working girl is nice. Sex worker is a bit formal. Hooker is fine as long as it is not used in a derogatory way. I don't mind really. But yes we don't like the 'P' word. Too many people use it as a dirty word.' I inch a little closer so that he has a full view of my cleavage. I know what he likes. 'So you must have seen fifty girls' sites, how did you come to choose me?' It's information for the book

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of course but why not do a little market research while I'm at it?

He takes his fingers off my nipples. He's really concentrating on giving me a thoughtful answer. 'I liked the look of you. You looked like a real woman. Not a fake entertainer type. A lot of the girls have pixelated photos and you were clear faced. Also I wasn't looking for a young girl. My kids are in their thirties now. I wouldn't be comfortable with a very young girlie girl. Your age attracted me. And your legs go up forever and ever.' He leans back to see the full length of them. At five foot ten and a half they really are very long and the six inch heels I'm wearing extend them even further. He continues after this slight pause, 'I'm also not into quickies. I wanted someone I could have a conversation and relax a bit with. It doesn't take long to get my cock hard but I'm into all the foreplay stuff. I like kissing and licking and flirting with flesh oooohhh and sucking nipples.' He slides his hand inside my top to get at them.

I let him play a little. I'm enjoying his touch but don't want to stop the interview just yet. 'I think it starts with walking in the door and having a glass of wine. Relaxing on the couch like we are right now. Men can get very horny quickly whereas women take a bit more time. So the whole thing is we're sitting down and having a bit of a chat, and a bit of flirting, then we're going to go out and have some dinner. After that we're going to come back ...' I lick my lips in a

sexy way. He knows what we're going to be doing after dinner.

Shakespeare is mesmerised by my mouth. God men are easy. He takes a sip of his champagne and clears his throat to reply, 'But you don't make me feel like there's the oven timer on. Like I've got to jump in the shower and go because you've got to get ready for the next client at 9.30pm. That's a nice feeling too. Not to be rushed. Like this is a special evening just for the two of us.'

He makes me feel like I'm on a real date too. Perhaps with a man who is just helping me out with the mortgage payment. 'Well I'm glad you chose me. There are a lot of girls out there so it is still competition and therefore a compliment at the end of the day.'

He rubs his rounded belly, 'It's a bit like restaurants. I mean you have to eat and I'm trying to eat a bit more healthily. Regular sex and looking forward to that with you every couple of weeks does me. I'm relaxed at work and not sniffing around for it from any other source. I can fantasise a bit about what we might get up to the next time. I can book a time and day that suits me. You're usually fairly flexible with your diary. You can't get that from any other type of lady.' Like a restaurant? Someone once called me a wanton woman. Perhaps I'm a wonton woman. The restaurant reference is so Melbourne. We are spoilt for choice so if

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one eatery is not good it will go under fairly quickly. Good restaurants are a Melbournian's passion.

Let's keep this moving, 'After you choose your lady you have to make contact. That must be a bit daunting the first time. Picking up the phone or sending that initial email.'

'Yes it is. You feel a bit of a dill and a bit forward. You don't know what's going to happen. It's like being a virgin all over again. Exciting but nerve wracking at the same time.'

I'm smiling. Guys are supposed to be the ones in control. Especially when they are paying for it. His honesty is so becoming. This man who stands up in front of thousands saying his lines was nervous to call up one woman for sex. This is so interesting. I respond, 'I always like to chat to someone on the phone before I take a booking. Not just to set things up after a text or email. It lets me know that you're genuine. Not some fourteen year old making prank calls. Or some other working girl making false bookings to waste my time. Having a chat also let's YOU know that I'M genuine, and a bit about my personality too. You can make a more informed decision as to whether you would like to meet up or keep looking.'

'As soon as I spoke to you I felt very easy. I think the whole experience, not withstanding that first night, has been really good. But I worry that you are a bit vulnerable

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doing this job. Going to visit men with not much back up that I can see. What if you met a murderer or a rapist?'

Ahhhh the ugly side of the business. He's right to worry. I do too but it's part of the deal. 'It's true that every girl is. Men are bigger than us ninety percent of the time. And physically stronger. You have to be street smart and listen to your gut instincts. It's a lot more difficult if you're working for an escort agency because they will send you to anyone. I've had some hideous experiences working for agencies. I would never even consider it again. If you have the luxury of working for yourself you can pick your clients. I get a lot of texts, e-mails and calls. I would only accept bookings from about ten percent of all the enquiries. I think that's just being sensible. Plus it's a very intimate act. You have to feel a rapport or the sex won't be good.' I give his cock another light stroke. It jumps in my hand.

He places his hand on mine, pressing it further into his lap, 'Back to the initial contact. There's a feeling of shame and all those sort of hang-ups. How did it get to this point where I have to pay for it? Just being honest about sexual matters.' He IS being so honest. I love him for that. A lot of guys would shy away from telling a woman how they feel. They don't want to expose themselves and feel weak.

'I think that if you are too shy to talk a girl on the phone then you're certainly not going to go through with a booking.'

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'Yes. You have to call her up to make the appointment in the first place don't you? I think it's good value to come and see you. I might have to choose whether to pay six hundred dollars to get the car repaired or for us to do the most wonderful stuff. You know which one I'm going to do. It's well worth it.'

Glad he thinks so. Personally I would get the car repaired but then I'm a girl and a practical one. Men are ruled by their penises. We can never forget that. This is why I'll never be unemployed. 'All these compliments!' I laugh, 'But I don't want you driving around in a car that has bad brakes or something. Safety is a priority.'

'I mean it. I wouldn't see you again if that wasn't the case. I also think having a good conversation is important. You can't fuck like a rabbit for two or three hours without taking a break to talk. He sits back laughing then sobers up. 'I don't know whether it's older men who look for this conversational side of it but I would imagine that there is a certain age group who do....who need it. I mean it's pretty bleak out there. I don't need to have sex every night but it's nice to think that I have a regular bit of uninhibited fun. You are also quite intuitive. You knew that I wanted to lick your arse last time didn't you? And you made me do it. That was something nice too.' His cock jumps again in my hand.

Personally I hate my arse being played with. It's like a fly at a BBQ that I just want to flick away but in exchange for my

fee he can lick it all he wants to. Just as long as he doesn't think I'm going to be returning the favour! 'Well even though I don't offer an anal service as such, there are a lot of nice little nerve endings around the sphincter region that enjoy a bit of a licking.'

'Was it titillating?'

Told you I was a good actress. 'Yes is was!'

He gives me a satisfied smile, 'Well I'm glad. My tongue and I are happy to be of service.'

'The only reason I don't offer an anal service is that it's too painful. It feels like someone is shoving a knife up my bum. My sister loves it. I think her husband is a very happy man. She has tried to help me several times with doing it painlessly. There's numbing cream you can get but it's a little bit dangerous because you can do some damage without knowing it. I've been with a loving partner after a few wines when I am really horny. I've tried it after a little 'smoke' to help make me relax and I've just never managed it. You never know. Tomorrow I might hopefully.'

'I wasn't asking for that!' He lets out a big belly laugh, 'Are you really going to publish this?'

'I know you weren't.' I join him laughing, 'Back to the twenty one year olds. I was working in a parlour years ago and there

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was girl who was actually twenty seven but looked like she was about eighteen. She was the image of Kylie Minogue. Tiny little thing she was. One night a client came in who was a very mature gentleman. Must have been in his seventies. He kept asking all the girls how old they were and was only hitting on ones who looked quite young. The Kylie look-a-like was honest with him about her age and he didn't book her. So we worked out that he wanted the youngest girl. You can't judge him for that. It's his money to spend however he wants to. It might be gross to us but she was over eighteen so it was legal. Guys often seek out working ladies who would not have a bar of them under other circumstances.'

Shakespeare nods, 'I just feel strange about that. Maybe I feel safer with a lady of your age. As a teacher, I know that some of those girls would only be a couple of years older than the girls that I would have in my classes.'

'We stitched this client up. We got one of the young girls who might have been twenty one or something but who looked very young. We worded her up. She told him she was underage and had to use fake ID to work there so he mustn't tell the receptionist. He booked her immediately. It's a bit dishonest but he was happy in his ignorance and a booking's a booking. Honey it's half past seven and we have eight o'clock reservations. Is there anything else you'd like to say now?'

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Shakespeare leans forward and gently takes my breasts fully in his hands, his thumbs reigniting my nipples, 'Not really, I'm just looking forward to having dessert.'

I love having my boobs played with. It's quite distracting. But then I remember, 'Oh I know something I wanted to ask you. Have you ever been to the sexy dancing places?'

He doesn't let go of my breasts, kneading them ever so gently. He knows how to get my juices flowing. He must be the exception, a guy who can multitask, 'When we were very young in England, we'd get a bit pissed. If we had an early night, about eleven, and there wasn't much going on we'd say, "Let's go up west and we'd find some strip joint". We'd see some almost naked girl winking through her crutch doing the splits. It made the Macintosh brigade, who were sort of sitting there with their legs jammed tightly together, very uncomfortable when we had a loud conversation with the stripper. We were there to have a bloody laugh. The girls were quite relieved that there was someone there having a piss fart around. We weren't mocking the dancers but the whole place was kind of livened up. These guys were thinking, "Is there a camera crew here or something?"'

'Did seeing the naked women that you can't touch make you frustrated?' I've always thought of it as an entrée with no main meal.

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'No not really. I don't find that kind of thing very sexual. I love watching you do all sorts of tricks but I wouldn't really want to share that with somebody else.'

'So it's the fact that it's a public venue that bothers you?' I hadn't thought of that. I just assumed it was an aversion to being frustrated at the end of it with only your hand for company.

'Yes, I'm not really into having two women at the same time either.' What?? The most common fantasy doesn't appeal to him either?

'That's so unusual because it's really popular.'

'You're quite enough for me to manage by yourself. Do you understand what I'm saying? From my perspective I want that experience by myself. Just seeing someone strip off is a little bit boring.'

I try to clarify, 'It might be ok if she had a bit of personality and you thought it was going to go somewhere.'

'Yes and teased you a bit. My son's girlfriend had her eighteenth birthday and we all went to a cabaret club. Well this bloke had his fiftieth and his family and friends had organised a gorgeous looking stripper. They called him up on stage and he was sitting on a chair and she was on his lap grinding away. He was sitting there and his face had less

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expression than that bloody wall over there. It was kind of funny watching. I don't know whether he was holding it in or if he was devoid of personality. Maybe his family did it because of that but they were all wetting themselves laughing. It did look very funny. I mean she was very attractive. She looked like a model. She was in a flimsy little g-string with nothing on top.' I used to do those topless telegrams. It was super fun but he's right about some guys not taking to it well. Others tried to grope the hell out of me. I look at my watch. We now have fifteen minutes to drive half an hour to the restaurant.

'Hey Shakespeare, we're going to be late for dinner. Shall we head off? Thank you so much for your insights honey.' I lick his lips slowly with a wet tongue. Can't give him a full kiss or I'll cover him with red lipstick.

'You're more than welcome. I love a chat.' I know that's true but there are other things he loves as well and he can look forward to them later on tonight.

Victoria

What a lovely woman. Victoria is very experienced in several facets of the sex industry. Not only 'in the rooms' but also in reception and management positions. I think she would be a rather fair receptionist from speaking to some of the girls in the brothel she is running. Apparently very understand and mothering. I think these qualities are extremely important for a receptionist to possess. She has to deal with a lot of different types of ladies all on the one shift and interacting with each other. Some workers are very experienced while others are novices. A receptionist has to be fair. Not put any one particular girl above the others. Resolve disputes that will occur between different workers on a fairly regular basis without showing any favouritism. It's the most difficult job in the brothel. She needs to be able to look at a situation from all angles and come up with a solution that will satisfy everyone from the girls themselves, to the clients, management and the owner. A receptionist really is the meat in the sandwich trying to keep everyone happy.

She was incredibly kind to speak to me about her experiences of being a manager in a brothel and as you will read, it is certainly not your average job in a bank or a supermarket....

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I've been left sitting in one of the back rooms of a brothel in Melbourne's inner southern suburbs. The more affluent part of this city. It's six in the evening which is shift change. Victoria was the receptionist on the day shift and is doing the debriefing and handover to the night time staff. It's also the girl's change of shift and bodies are flying everywhere, half dressed, mobiles to their ears, a mix of street clothes, jeans and runners, and glamorous outfits with sequins and animal prints. Every so often Victoria sticks her head in and apologies for keeping me waiting. Apparently it's been a busy day and the register didn't balance. Considering she's doing me a favour I'm hardly going to complain.

Eventually she comes in, closes the door, and flops into the seat opposite me. She looks exhausted. 'Victoria, I rang your brothel and asked for permission to interview you. Thank you so much for your assistance with writing this book.'

'That's fine. I've got my own motivations. I think the sex industry has been brushed under the carpet for years. I'm happy to shed some light on what it's really like. It's not some deep, dark, filthy, secret place a brothel. It's just where guys come for sex and girls offer a safe, clean service. Sex has always made the world go round. Anyone who says that they are one hundred percent happy with their sex life is lying.'

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Wow. This lady really tells it like it is. This is going to be a great interview. I sit up in my seat and listen more closely. 'How long have you been a receptionist in a brothel?'

'Coming up to five years now.'

'How did you get into it?'

Her speech is slow and deliberate. No wonder she runs this place like clockwork. This lady commands respect. 'I used to work in the rooms. I wanted to put myself through university to be a teacher. I remember one day I was reading the local paper and I had ten dollars to my name. The kids had gone off to their father's for a weekend access and financially things were pretty grim. So in the paper there was an advert for a parlour and it said that ladies were welcome. I rang them up and they told me to bring my gear down. I didn't even know what my 'gear' was. I went down and I just had a nice dress with me. I didn't have the kids so I ended up staying for the whole weekend and working.'

'As a working girl?'

'Yes. The very first client that walked in, well one of the girls that had worked there for a number of years took me into the introduction room and explained that I was new, and he booked me.' A working girl never forgets her first client. It's like losing your virginity all over again.

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'That was really nice of her. She could have taken the client herself and made the money.' There's usually one nice girl on shift who will look after the newbies. I've been that girl on many occasions.

'Yes it was. But then I panicked because I didn't know what I was supposed to be doing. Luckily he was really very nice. So it went on from there.' She pauses and sighs. Like me it's been a long road for her. And also like me we both got into it due to financial necessity. Like ninety nine percent of the girls. 'I remember coming home and looking at all this money and I cried my eyes out. I morally questioned myself and felt really guilty. I didn't go back for about a month. By that stage I was broke again so I thought OK I'll go and do this.' I pause respectfully while she gets over the memory then carefully continue.

'You make it sound like a first time drug experience then getting hooked and going back for more..... Why did you make the change from working in the rooms to being a receptionist?'

'I think emotionally I wasn't very happy doing it. I felt dirty. I hadn't done that kind of work before so after about twelve months I was burnt out. I was in a parlour that was very cheap and low class. There were girls on heroin that were doing everything for nothing. I didn't know any different. I didn't know that there were other places around with girls that didn't do that.' Reminds me of my

time in Kalgoorlie. I didn't know any better either and I stayed there for twelve months live in. If I could only go back in time....

'Victoria how many shifts were you doing in the rooms?' She must have been doing a few to be burnt out in a year. Working girls need to pace themselves. It's a physically as well as a mentally draining job. We need to recharge away from work.

'I was doing Monday to Friday every week on day shift. Then I would go home and organise the kids and come back in the afternoons. If I wasn't studying I was doing seven days a week.'

Oh my God. My mouth is hanging open. 'No wonder you burnt out. You can't do seven days a week. I'm surprised you lasted as long as you did. I wouldn't have.'

'So that was that. Then I finished studying and I was out of the industry all together and I worked in the teaching field for a bit. Then I decided to get a job as a receptionist. I'd put on a lot of weight because I gave up smoking so my confidence level had gone down. I didn't want to try to compete with the skinnier girls or get a lot of knock backs from cretins. Reception work doesn't run the emotional risks.'

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She's right. I'd hate to go back to a brothel and compete with a harem of other girls for the client's attention. This is why the internet suits me so well. Only men who are interested in booking my services are going to contact me. I don't ever see or feel the rejection by guys who want someone else. They just move on from my site. 'How did you feel about the drop in wages? As a working girl doing seven days a week you must have been earning a fortune.'

'No. I never made a lot of money. I make more money now than I ever made as a worker.' She shakes her head in disbelief. I'm shocked too.

'Really? Well that must mean that you were sitting around shift after shift not getting a booking.' That's the only way a worker makes less than a receptionist.

'Yes because the place that I was working in was a tiny little brothel that wasn't busy. You might only have had six or seven guys walk in the door all day and two or three would stay. If there were six girls working then some were going to go home with nothing. But I didn't know any different. I thought that that was what it was like.' Clearly they are not. This place is flat out. The door bell has rung twenty times since I've been sitting here. The rush of guys heading home from work. Slipping into the brothel for a little tune up that the wife doesn't need to know about. They can blame traffic for being late.

'It's that saying about wishing you knew then what you know now. So you didn't want to reception at the same place?'

She waves her hand to show the pleasant surroundings. 'No, I'm working at this lovely place now. Great working conditions and a nice boss. I feel like part of a team and get well looked after. I've worked in several different parlours as a receptionist now.'

'Do they all have roughly the same system?'

She shakes her head, 'No, some places are really strict and run by the book. Other places are more relaxed. They are all different. It depends on the owner and the size.'

'So what sort of rules are in place Victoria?'

'To get your licence as a receptionist you have to pass an exam. That's done through the BLA which is the Business Licensing Authority. You can't have a criminal background or be associated with anyone who has a criminal background. They ask for your partner's details and do checks. Anyone you used to be married to. They want to know that you are not affiliated with anyone or anything illegal. As a receptionist you're liable for if any of the girls bring drugs or alcohol onto the premises. You can't legally have either of those in a brothel in this state. A receptionist is actually called an 'Approved Manager'. If a girl comes in and she has drugs in her handbag that you don't know about, and the

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BLA comes through and decides to do a search, then you're in trouble.' That sounds like a bullshit system to me. Shouldn't it just be the girl who has to face the music?

'Does that happen often?' I ask her.

'Yes it can. I've been on two shifts where the BLA and the immigration department have come through. You have to let them have access to the whole place. You can't say no or make them wait. If anything is found, because you are the one holding the Manager's license, you are fined and charged as well. The girls also have to have a current medical certificate. You need to have copies of those for every girl on shift available for the BLA to inspect or you get fined as well.'

I know they need to have rules but it seems a bit too much responsibility to put on the receptionist. 'Drugs are very small. A girl might have some tucked into her sock. I'm assuming you must do some sort of bag check or something.'

She raises her eyebrows at my naivety I think. 'That's not always the policy. It's very hard. If they're going to bring drugs in then you really can't stop them.'

'That seems quite unfair. You don't know about the drugs. You didn't supply them. You wouldn't find them even in a thorough search if they really wanted to hide them and yet you are the one who is going to be charged. The girls

probably don't give much of a shit about you either. They wouldn't think about getting you into trouble by the sounds.'

Victoria claps her hand down onto the table. 'That about sums it up.'

That just shits me so I had better move on to another subject. 'Have you ever had any interesting experiences as a receptionist?'

Victoria starts laughing. That was a good move. 'Plenty!'

'Well come on then. Cough them up. Why do you think I'm interviewing you?' I'm laughing now too.

She collects herself and starts to open up. 'We had a famous football player come in one night. He had a scarf and cap on to disguise himself. It was early hours of the morning and I had a drunken client sitting in the foyer waiting for his friend who was upstairs with a lady. Straight away this drunken client knew who he was and was jumping up and down on the couch saying, 'I can't believe it's such and such. Oh my God. Oh my God.' I had to tell him to sit down on the couch and to shut up. Well this footy player ended up leaving because he was so embarrassed and didn't want to be recognised. I said to this drunk guy that the footy player was my cousin. He knew I was lying. I thought this poor footy guy just came in for a root. The next thing you know it's going to be in all the newspapers. But it wasn't.

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I think this guy was too drunk to remember. There have been a few well known faces come through who I can't expose. Just because a man is good looking, famous or wealthy doesn't mean he isn't going to visit a brothel or call up an escort.'

She's right. I have several very well known clients of my own. 'Discretion is very important. All the names in my books are changed. Were there any times you were scared for your safety?'

'Yes. I had one client who had weird eyes. I thought he must have been on drugs. He picked one of the ladies and was acting very strangely. He booked for an hour and within twenty minutes he came running down the stairs. Banging his fist on the counter. Demanding his money back. Calling her and me fucking bitches and telling me he was going to kill me if I didn't give his money back. It wasn't worth risking my life so I just gave it back straight away. We do have security cameras and things like that. He left then without incident so it was never followed up.'

My eyes must look like saucers. 'You spoke to the girl obviously?'

Victoria nods, 'She was distraught. He'd threatened to kill her too. He wanted to do something that she said she didn't offer and he tried to force himself on her.....There was another incident. I worked in a place where they had one of

the rooms done up as a dungeon. It wasn't used very often. Most of the clients that came in were for a normal sex service. We had a Mistress who would work the normal rooms, but if someone wanted that service, she would get changed into her Mistressing clothes and use the dungeon. She got on the intercom and asked me to come down and have a look because he looked hilarious. She had tied a two kilogram tub of lubricant to his balls and was kicking it. It was swinging like a pendulum back and forwards. He was screaming out in pain. I was doubling over in laughter. I just couldn't believe it. She called me back again and she had him blindfolded and she was fucking him up the arse with a strap-on. She was telling him to squeal like a pig for her and he was.'

I bet he was. 'What did the dungeon look like?' I've seen plenty but they are all different.

'It was very dark with lots of leather and chains on the wall. There were whips, restraints, cuffs. She had mainly her own things that she bought in with her. I didn't know what half of the things were for. There were chains with shackles hanging from the ceiling where obviously she would suspend them up off the floor. The room had an extra large bathroom so obviously it was used in some of the scenarios. There were candles going too and spooky music. It looked very authentic.'

Sounds like fun to me. 'What was the Mistress wearing?'

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'She dressed like a typical Mistress. She wore thigh high, black, leather boots with corsets. Heavy eye make up and dark red lips. Very short, pitch black hair. She would spike it up with gel. Multiple piercings in her ears, face, nipples and labia. She would have been in her forties and was well known in the B&D industry. A lot of her clients had seen her previously in different dungeons. She had been doing it for a long time and had a good following.'

Slaves will follow a good Mistress anywhere. They'll seek her out. 'What other kind of things did you see?'

'Guys in nappies. She used to use a towel with great big safety pins. They would soil or wet their nappies. Sometimes she would lead them around with a dog collar and leash. She would drag them out so that they could be humiliated and they would have to bark like a dog. They'd be on their hands and knees in the foyer and you'd get a client walk in that had come to see a regular working girl. The reactions you would see were just so funny. Sometimes we would get guys who wanted to come in and just be a slave and do the laundry and vacuuming. It was great. It saved me having to do it. They would wear mini skirts, high heels, wigs and makeup. You used to have to tell them how pretty they looked. I have no idea what they got out of it. Maybe they went home and had a pull.' We are both about to fall on the floor laughing. She's a great story teller. There's a knock on the door. She is needed on the phone. I get up and top our

water glasses up from the bottle. Eventually she comes back in and we resume our seats. I start with the next question.

'So is a brothel busier during the day or night?'

The answer is pretty much what you would expect. 'Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights are the busiest. Parlours generally play loud music and the young ones come in. You get groups after nightclubs at two or three in the morning. You would quite often have room waits, so you would have guys sitting around waiting for a girl or a room. Sometimes you'll have a guy come in with his mates to shout him for winning fairest and best or because it's his birthday and the other guys want to watch. They have to pay a fee per person to watch the act. A lot of the girls won't do it because of the danger involved. You might have five or six drunken guys watching. You are trusting that they won't try to join in. It's just the one girl and all these guys in the same room. Sometimes she can convince them to pay for another girl just to be in the room as a bit of a security person.....Another time a guy was with a girl and she had let him use his fingers to play around her pussy and arse. Without her knowing he inserted an ecstasy tablet into her anus. He left and she came downstairs off her face. She was so upset that we had to call the police. The silly bastard had used his credit card. They followed all their procedures and took blood tests and physical examinations because he also raped her anally without a condom. The police did a wonderful job and took it really seriously. They traced him

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back to his house and found out that he was also a drug dealer. His wife and kids had no idea and in the end they didn't want anything to do with him either.'

I feel for that poor girl. It's rare that something horrible like that happens but it's a risk for all of us. What a wanker. 'That's horrible. Did that girl ever work again?'

Victoria nods slowly, 'She did, but not for quite a while.'

'Have you ever been robbed or heard about a place that has been?' There is the odd story in the newspaper. Perhaps it's all covered up. Bad for business and all that.

'Yes, the first parlour I ever worked at was robbed. They didn't get anything because the place had a safe which was cemented into the floor. They just got a few dollars out of the register. It is very scary because at most places you are there by yourself. If someone holds a gun to your head you just give them the money.' This receptionist gig is crap. For their twenty or so dollars per hour after tax they have to put up with way too much shit. I'd rather go and work at Kmart for the same hourly rate. 'The police came and did finger printing and worked out that it was an inside job.... I've also been receptioning when girls have had fist fights.'

I cringe on the inside. Some girls in this industry are just feral. 'With each other? That's like what you'd see on bad

American TV. Can you explain to the readers what causes that?'

'A client might come in and see a particular girl quite a few times so she thinks that that guy is her client. If he then goes and books someone different she can get upset about it. There was one girl who was a real trouble maker. She had been charged with accessory to murder and the case was pending. She had been on and off drugs all her life. Her mother was an industry girl too and they both worked in the same brothel. I found it really bizarre that the mother and daughter worked together in the same room doing doubles. She was really mentally disturbed. Another girl was booked by one of her regular clients and this girl just started to punch her. She was charged by the police. It was all captured on security video.'

I'm staying right where I am as a private escort. No way I'm tempted to work in a brothel. I'd retire first. 'That's insane. I assume she didn't have a job there after that.' Victoria shrugs her shoulders. She's seen it all. Water off a duck's back. 'Any other stories?'

'I was working at another place one day when the boyfriend of one of the girls came in and dragged her out by the hair. He was beating her up and the owner went to her rescue. The receptionist ushered all the other girls into a room and locked the door because this guy was threatening to shoot everyone. He had apparently just gotten out of jail. He was

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a nice character. The owner ended up with head injuries and was hospitalised for quite a while and had to have surgery. So things do happen. I'd say every parlour has its collection of stories.' Sounds to me like they all need better security.

'Apart from the nappies are there any other unusual or kinky requests that you get?'

'You do get them coming in for their fantasies. Anal is popular. Probably because they don't get it at home and have seen it on pornos. School girl, French maid, secretary. The number one question that the clients will ask is if the girls do natural services which means without a condom. They get asked that all the time.'

My stomach bile rises instantly. Yes I get asked that a little bit but it's not as common at the higher end of the market. Perhaps the men have more brains. 'Don't the guys worry about catching STDs?'

'I don't think they think about it at the time. They're just horny and stupid. They might think about it afterwards.'

All the blood rushes to the little head and then it has the power to make all the decisions. 'Too late then. Do you think that many of the girls offer a natural service?'

'There are certainly some. Usually the older girls, who haven't looked after themselves, are past their used by

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date and not getting booked any other way. I want to clarify that there are some girls in their forties and fifties that are just gorgeous. They can make more money than the young ones because they're more confident within themselves. They are more sensual and slow and offer the girlfriend experience. There was a sixty five year old lady still working as a prostitute. And making money too. It is some guys' fantasy to be with an older woman.' Thank goodness. I have no idea when I'm quitting. No need while the money is still coming in. And I love sex so why not?

'Do you ever get lesbians coming in for a female booking?'

'No. That's a myth. But we do get a lot of couples coming in. Sometimes you wonder if the girl has been talked into it by her boyfriend. Maybe a guy will bring his wife in so that she can have a lesbian experience while he watches. I've only ever seen one lady come in by herself. About half the girls will offer a lesbian type service. They'll get a good fantasy fee if they take on a couple. And even more if they take on two guys at once.' And so they bloody should.

'Victoria if you get a client that is rude or drunk or filthy do the girls have to stay with him?'

'No. The girls work for themselves. They subcontract to the brothel owner. The client pays the room hire to the receptionist and he pays the lady separately for her service. That's the law. Oh, I just thought of another story.'

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One of the girls had a client in for a massage and hand relief service one day. The lights in the room were really dim and the room had three or four steps to get up into the shower. He slipped down them and broke both of his ankles. He could just manage to walk on one so we had to dress him and assist him out of the building and into his car. He wouldn't let us call an ambulance because he was married. So he drove back to his office and called the ambulance from there saying that he had injured himself at work. He came back a few weeks later in plaster to thank us.'

He drove his car? With two broken ankles? These guys will do anything not to get caught by their wives. 'Is there anything else you can tell us Victoria?'

'There are some men who get obsessed with the girls and follow them home or stalk them. Then it's a matter for the girl to take up with the police. There are some men who are barred from a brothel because their behaviour is rude or unruly. Or they are always drunk when they come in and the girls won't stay with them anyway. Then they just get shittier and it's the receptionist who has to deal with it.' Like I said. They don't get paid enough to put up with all this crap.

'What about clients who try to chat the receptionist up. That must happen all the time.'

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Victoria hoots, 'All the time! Whenever I went from behind the desk into the rooms I had all the guys try to book me. They didn't become regulars. It was just the once for their fantasy of finally being able to have the unattainable woman.'

'Do you find that there are a lot of professional women who work in a career during the week and then come in and work in the parlour on Saturday night or after hours?' That would satisfy the nosy parkers as well as allow them to top up their normal wages with cash on the weekend.

'Yes there are a lot of professional workers. Not so much high earners like lawyers or doctors but definitely hair dressers, teachers, social workers and nurses. There are students trying to get their degrees that work to put themselves through university. What will happen a lot of the time is that a girl will start in a brothel and still have her normal job. Then, when she sees the sort of money that she can make doing sex for a living, she will quit her office job and work in the brothel full time. Then we see whether she can handle it or if she gets into the drugs. She might get unreliable or slack and earn less in five days than she used to in two on the weekends when she had her full time job. Others are very successful and make a lot. Some just work one day a week to pay bills. The rest of the time they are stay at home mums.'

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What idiot said that this industry disempowers women? 'Have you ever met any girls that have worked for say five years because they had a goal and then they got out because they had achieved that goal?'

Victoria shakes her head and frowns, 'No I've never known a girl to get out because the money is too good. How could you go back to earning five or six hundred dollars for a full week's work after earning such good money in a brothel? What I have come across are girls who have fallen in love with clients. A lot of this type of relationship goes on. Then the girl has difficulty working or the guy asks her to stop. Some of these relationships have been successful. They have gone on to get married and have children. Some are not so successful. I think it's the same as any other relationship.' Things seem to have quietened down outside now. The day ladies have all gone home. The night ladies have arrived and finished getting ready and the rooms are full upstairs.

'Have you ever had a wife or girlfriend come in because she's traced a credit card back to the brothel?' That would scare the hell out of me.

'I've had women ring up and ask what sort of place it was. I've just said the made up business name that shows up on the credit card and said that we were a hardware shop or party hire or whatever the standard story for that place was.....I did have one guy come to the door and preach to me

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about Jesus once. He used to be a big parlour goer and then he 'saw the light' and he came to save all the girls.' Oh I can just imagine. What a pest. Like a mosquito when you're drifting off to sleep. Unwanted, annoying and hard to get rid of.

'Do you ever get virgin guys in here that just want a professional to do the deed?'

Smiling she answers, 'Yes. A lot of the time their mates will bring them in. Sometimes, in the ethnic cultures, the father will bring them in.' Poor guys. Talk about pressure.

'Is there anything you have learnt from receptioning that you would like to share?'

Victoria stops to think. She is taking the question very seriously. 'Yes, you never know what a client is looking for. It might be a red head, a blonde, busty or skinny. You do not always have to have the perfect figure and face to make money as a working girl. There is becoming a larger demand for mature ladies and curvy ladies. It's such a fad at the moment to want the 'cougar'. A lot of the guys don't want the young girls because it is a 'by the book', mechanical service. The mature lady can also teach them things. Things that they would never have thought of or tried before.

.....Hookers are like doctors or shrinks. You might know that you need one but have to shop around and research a bit to find the one that is right for you. Some parlours are busier

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during the day with businessmen. Others are night time venues more for younger guys. Inner city parlours have younger, more attractive girls as a rule and therefore charge more. Some places are large, others small. Upmarket, sleazy, clean, shabby. Try a day each in a few places and see where you are the happiest with the money, conditions, work hours and girls. Brothels can really vary with regards to working conditions. Don't assume that if you've seen one you've seen them all.....Don't listen to the receptionist if she is telling you the place is busy. It might be dead but she wants more girls on shift. They don't pay you to turn up. You only ever get paid on commission for the work that you do. The only way to know is to do a few shifts and check it out for yourself.....Most places will let you wear whatever you want. Be sexy but comfortable. Look at what the other girls are wearing. Try to fit in but also stand out. That didn't make sense but you know what I mean..... Sit down. Shut up. Go to work, make the money and go home. Don't gossip or cause shit. We call it parlourtics. Some girls are just drama queens. They bring their shit in from home. I had one girl bringing in her bills and showing the other girls to try to get them to let her have all the bookings. I jumped in and told her to put them away. What a scammer. Another girl went on about her little boy having cancer and not being able to afford the medical treatment. She roped girls into giving her money. Turned out she didn't even have kids. But she'll piss off to another place and do it all over again. There are so many parlours in Melbourne. She can change her name and her wig and no one will find her again.' She sits

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back in the seat and closes her eyes. She looks really tired. Obviously this interview is over. She adds one final thought before getting up and walking out the door.

'If you can keep your head screwed on you can make money and get yourself out of whatever financial shit you are in. Some girls can hack it. Other can't.' She turns on her heel and she's gone.



Far from your average interview book. Featuring bizarre, amusing and scary people author Violet Ivy has met due to her involvement in the sex industry. It's amazing how mainstream these people look when they are on the train or bus travelling to work. None of them have two heads or gills. And, you would never pick their fetishes. It's only when they choose to reveal them to another that their true nature is exposed.

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