

■  
PROSICUTE

Georgina  
Tyson  
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## WHATS'APPENIN

I'm Georgina and I'm an alcoholic. It's a family trait. My fave part about that is when I drink so much my eyes roll to the back of my head and my body feels all fuzzy an nice but yes, sometimes I am just confused and slurry. I don't know what's more impressive – the intense and CHRONIC heartburn I live with or learning that bourbon is better kept in the freezer if I'm drinking it with pickle juice. Top tip – but may also be sacrilege.

I wanted to write a series of short essays where I share some specific situations I encountered as a sex worker that led me to think about some “bigger picture” topics. These thoughts usually occur on the train home from a client or when I'm drunk, alone and crying in bed. Therapy isn't something I have access to so let's like, unpack this while I'm isolated on public transport (headphones in, world out xD) or when I'm self medicating with lazily made mojitos where I ditch the sugar, reuse old mint and add an extra shot of rum. My Virgo housemate would go insane if she knew.

Also – I'll give you the best suck of your life.

So like, let's just. Jump. Right. Into it.

## THE INTERNET DIAGNOSED ME WITH PARAPHILIA

The anonymity of sex work, in its initial stages, is a lot like the secrecy of watching porn on incognito mode. Be taboo. Be untraceable. I can receive messages where clients are nervous to share their fantasies – the boring truth is sometimes they are taboo and sometimes they really aren't. Speaking to faceless men on the internet and watching porn categories that won't linger in your browser history can really expose parts of your sexuality that might make you feel deviant.

I've spent hours scrolling through websites in search of answers and definitive proof that I am a sex addict. I hate self diagnosis, but can I wait three weeks for a doctor's appointment? Nope – I'm impulsive. But, I have recently discovered that the only way to understand yourself sometimes is to re-search your own ailments. Basically I am self medicating with alcohol and sometimes cocaine and codeine and self diagnosing with google and self test questionnaires on random websites.

So, long story short, Dr Georgina Tyson figured out I was a sex and love addict, nymphomaniac and





paraphiliac. My urges and desires occur more frequently and more extremely than the average person. I'm generally quite ambivalent about my sex addiction but there is something about reading another person articulate the issues with my behaviours that triggers me. I cry hysterically and scream into my pillow while I revisit all the things that have happened to me sexually. I wonder whether I'd be able to live monogamously or form healthy loving relationships if I hadn't experienced sexual trauma. I wonder whether my relationships with my dad and my brother are the cause or are an effect of a deeper issue I was born with. I wonder whether watching my mum with other men while my dad worked away – not quite knowing what was happening because I was so young – has impacted my approach to relationships? Probably did fuck me up, right? My parents criticize my ability to make and maintain friendships, but I have one best friend, so what's the issue? Friends are a proper effort. I mean I'm a proper effort, therefore friends are a PROPER effort. My parents made comments about my body. They as much as anyone I came into contact with fed into my self worth, or lack thereof. But they seemed to have this perfect relationship. At 40 they where

still kissing on the couch and having really loud sex. My ideals about love and sex throughout my developmental years were, therefore ... conflicting. My ideals about boundaries and relationships were confused. My ability to say no to something that is going to result in immediate satisfaction is non-existent. And my desire to be desired trumps all.



## “LIGHT BDSM”

As an escort, I had to create my own brand. Are you a top or a bottom? A sub or a dom? Are you the queen of double penetration anal or are you a pro pegger for subby men and slaves? Time to reap-properly your sexual traumas into cold hard cash.

I'm a sub. In my own sex life I like to be choked, slapped and roughly fucked. That's vanilla in the world of BDSM. There aren't many men on Hinge (I'm banned from Tinder) that have a plethora of whips, clamps or are expert level in shibari. And like, I'm not either. I have sex toys from china hanging off a single nail on the wall in my sweltering hot flat that sits delicately above Nando's. Sex work has given me the space to explore the more extreme forms of BDSM. I've been whipped, spanked, electrocuted, tied up, fisted and pumped. I've experienced humiliation, made to crawl, spat on and dabbled in water-sports. I've worn some gnarly bruises and suffered with chronic oral thrush. I'm not showing off, I actually hate myself. My submissive tendencies are like, most definitely a result of my first experience of sex. Being raped in a bush by an older boy when I was 14, and like, my Dad never really seeming to

like me very much and rarely showed any forms of love and affection. Probably also has a bit to do with my first and only ex-boyfriend being emotionally and physically abusive too. Like, I'm self aware enough to recognise my sexual deviance as *potentially* being considered unhealthy, but, what gets me off gets me off and I just wanna get off.

When work is fun it doesn't feel like work. Since my first experience of combining pain with sexual pleasure, I've been drawn to it. Like my first bottle of Campo Viejo Rioja. The porn I watch is extreme (and maybe a *little* problematic). When I made the decision to switch from a part time sex worker and restaurant manager to full time escort – I wanted to make my profile reflect my desires. I was open to exploring more extreme sexual situations, and wanted to test my limits so, in turn, I sold the fantasy. Most of the messages and clients I get are asking for a BDSM service. They ask about my limits and wonder if I will try new things. Their messages are sometimes scary. Like, being repeatedly told I'll be punished by electrocution if I'm late or something. I don't know who I'm going to meet, and knowing they use restraints and pain inflicting toys – there is a part of me that gets nervous. The



majority of the time, I mean almost always, their bark is bigger than their bite.

It's all just a little bit theatrical isn't it? I'm ordered to remove my clothes, given rules and punishments if I fail to follow them. The punishment is usually a light spanking. They think it's hard, hun that's light. But his wife, Karen 44 from finance, can't take the whip like I can. The whips are used with a light force. The ropes are lightly tied around my wrists and body in cute patterns. There is an unusual amount of deep french kissing from people that are supposed to be punishing me. I have to address them as Sir or Master and I do so while rolling my eyes at the sheer absurdity of it all. Sir? SIR? How am I supposed to call a man that I don't respect because he won't let loose on the whip, 'sir'? There is more time spent unpacking toys, moving into positions and applying contraptions to my body than any actual impact or "torture". There is more silence than there are screams, and I'm more likely to be faking pain than an orgasm.

## THE ETHICS OF CHEATING AND THE MORAL PROSTITUTE

So there was a sexy man right. I mean like, s-e-x-y. He was a client that lived round the corner that I liked having sex with because he was what? Fuck-ing sexy! We only met twice, but deffo in my head, thought he was gonna be one of them clients I end up dating. The first time was rushed because I had another client after, so I gave him a longer booking at a discount the second time because I'm an escort of the people. And because he was sexy. This took place the VERY NEXT DAY. He kept telling me how many times he watched my bathing video on my sex work profile – for context, the video is me in the bath shaving my pits and legs. Keep your low standards and easily aroused dicks to yourself please. We never had sex in his bed because he has a girlfriend, so it was usually standing in the living room or on a beanbag with a towel draped over.

The third time he asked me to go around he wanted me to go for free, and also to discuss an arrangement more suited to his budget. Ok, I still need to make rent, but ok. When he was asking me to come over it seemed like he wanted me to stay



over slumber party style, but he said I'd have to be gone before his girlfriend got home. This was the first I'd heard of him having a girlfriend. Often he texted me about non sex related things. Firstly, I did not ask, secondly- I am in no way fit to be picking up where your girlfriend leaves off. Like, I'm all good with you paying for sex because your relationship isn't meeting your needs. And like, good for you for hiring an escort rather than pursuing an emotional affair through tinder where someone is eventually going to end up crying, usually me – but it did raise some questions of my own ethical position as a sex worker who is sometimes the mistress.

The lines are usually clear in my mind – especially when I am there for my designated time only, and also especially when any other communication is to arrange bookings. However... there are clients I meet that I feel I connect with beyond the paid sex. Could be love, could be my bipolar, but either way those lines are blurred. When I am unaware of a clients marital status and we click, or I am attracted to them I will engage in texting and exchanging photos. I will open up about my life and devote emotional labour to them outside the confines of our timed bookings. I'm an oversharer, see

above. With this particular client, conversations via text were just him telling me about how he likes to microdose LSD and MDMA. Very cool. Are drugs still “cool”? Like, I can deffo understand the daily escape that is needed from everyday life just to make being bareable. When I learned of this man's relationship (with his girlfriend not the one with me in my head) I told him there had to be boundaries and that I couldn't come see him for free. This was because, in my head, I was just letting him cheat on his partner. If I am not paid, I'm not just “doing my job”, so I am being immoral? It made me wonder whether there is a such thing as the moral prostitute when it comes to the subject of infidelity. I understand relationships are complicated and so is sex. Sex work is complicated morally anyway in the eyes of those that dont have much knowledge about it, so enabling men to cheating on their partners kind of feeds into the stereotypes society have created about sex workers. We're awful! We'll steal your man! Not true. My housemate said “She can't even steal a 5p bag from sainsbury's.” And it's true. I don't want your boyfriend.

In an ideal world – I would be open to the utopia where only single men hire me. Imagine? All



these men ~potentially~ at my free will? But currently, my mental health issues and economic status mean I can't be picky about my clients. I also won't sit here and pretend like I've never knowingly and freely been involved with men that are in relationships because – sometimes I don't make good decisions. I have a sex addiction, daddy issues, an informal bipolar diagnosis, a dependency on alcohol and will stop at very little to be desired by ... pretty much anyone tbh. If you are reading this, slide into my DM's.

I thought it was an interesting situation that made me wonder about the blurred lines between client and sex worker. When it comes to the levels of emotional labour they require, it's hard to draw hard lines. Emotional labour is something escorts are required to perform from the first contact between themselves and the client right up until the end of the booking. When that booking goes well and a client wants to be a regular, it's hard to know how to navigate the relationship to make sure the transactional nature of it isn't forgotten and their relationships outside of it aren't harmed. Like I said, bitch got bills to pay and a mouth to feed; this working class whore lives in Clapham and only eats caesar salad.

## HIS HANDS WEREN'T EVEN THAT BIG

But I noticed his feet were fucking huge. A man that looked like Stephen Fry, or at least had the essence of him. He asked me to meet him at his hotel to try some fisting. He told me his hands were really big, but I'm really into being fisted at the minute because it gives me a challenge. Who doesn't like a challenge? Couldn't finish the Triple Chili Challenge at MEATliquor though. What's a job without learning new skills and tackling challenges? The first time I was fisted – for money – was by a 72 year old man on a wooden table in his conservatory. The next was a french man who wasn't even trying but said he was almost wrist deep. The most recent was a small man that could have been 19 but he also could have been 34, who asked to fist me with his tiny hands. Easy.

*User anon1 says, "Looking for a slim busty lady who is into receiving fisting, I have small hands"*

I got kegel balls from Ann Summers to exercise the walls of my vagina for fear of being stretched beyond repair. There are certain things that I feel I have to take more care over, because I am fat I am less desirable to men. I'd like to give up



shaving my body hair for example. But I feel like that “look” is reserved for petite women with delicate features. They are still desirable regardless of what they do with their bodies. Men can excuse the hair because the women they are fucking are conventionally attractive. So I shave my underarms and legs. I dye my hair, tint my eyebrows, rarely leave the house without make-up, wear matching lingerie and clean socks, trim my pubes, agonize over what to wear, and suck dick enthusiastically.

*User anon2 says, “We prefer a slim woman who doesn’t mind being rimmed.”*

Being a sex working sex addict can give ignorant people the impression that my vagina is loose. It’s that age old stereotype that too much sex can affect how tight a vagina is. I know this is pure nonsense, but like, that combined with the flabbiness of my body makes me feel like I’m going to be perceived as not being tight in anyway. From how my fat folds hang loose over my underwear, to how the not so plump skin on my face hangs at the jowls – I am very visually a loose woman. I wear loose fitting clothes for fear of people seeing the real shape of my body. I cut a fringe in and drag hair out of my ponytail to keep a loose framing veil over my face to hide behind.

*User anon3 says, “I am hoping to meet a slim, discreet and very enthusiastic person”*

Superficially I have to try a lot harder than others to look “good”. Sexually, I have to be less fussy with what I’m willing to do. If I could do anal without soiling myself I’d earn way more money. If I could drink piss or participate in hardsports without being sick I’d turn down less work. I endure more for a lesser rate. So I run errands with kegel balls in, deepthroat dick until I vomit. The performance of my emotional labour is way higher than that of someone with “pretty privilege”.

*User anon4 says, “The lady should ideally be a non-smoker dress size 8 to 12 and no more than 5’ 5” in height.”*

*User anon5 says, “I’m looking for English speaking, age between 20-35, size 8-10 figure lady”*

Ok – I think you get it now.

