

FLESH WORKER

When I finally decided to get out of bed after three days of hiding under a mound of blankets in complete darkness, my phone had a really annoying amount of notifications. I had thirteen new weekly subscribers, seventeen new monthly subscribers, nine meet-and-greet requests, and a lot of frustrated clients. Even though I tell them that I need a few days a month to slip into a relaxing coma, they still get angry. It's in the contract that they were supposed to read before they signed for hell's sake. It's not that I can't keep up with pleasing so many men all day every day, it's just that it's boring and I'd rather not.

It's kind of weird to look back on history and the way people were able to live their lives. Sometimes I think about what it would be like to date someone, to fall in love, to get married, to be able to feel "love" and "romance". I think it would be nice, maybe it would give life meaning, maybe I would feel like I belonged somewhere or had a purpose. But these are only allowed to be my thoughts. People get killed every day for opposing the world leaders and their values. Besides, there's no way anyone could ever go against them really. They alter our bodies and our minds with poison in the water, food, and air. How could anyone survive without water, food, and air?

I wish I could have lived before the world turned so emotionless and when work wasn't so central to our survival. I would kill to work minimum wage right now if it meant that I could feel love and be loved.

There are many different jobs you can have besides the one I have, "flesh worker". The main branches of labor are business, cleaning, food service, and physical necessity management,

which all have multiple veins of employment within them. Physical necessity management, the branch of labor that I work in, is what used to be known as sex work. When everyone's emotions were taken away from them and work became the only focus of human life, people started losing their minds from being alone all the time and not being able to have sex. Not to mention, men were having shorter life expectancies because of it. The weird part is that sex wasn't even against the law or anything, people just weren't doing it because their brains didn't know how to process something that wasn't related to labor or exchange.

I work for a subscription service where people can pay to see me once a month or once a week. The company I work for has a lot of rules and makes sure that all of the employees are always safe, which I really appreciate. That being said, anyone who was alive to experience "normal" sex would think this shit is really fucking weird. It's emotionless. Mechanical. The majority of people use this service as they would use a gym, for health reasons and because it makes them feel good. If someone wants to have sex with me, they literally have to read and follow a script. Flesh Work companies make these scripts based on sexual positions, time allotted, and the genders of the people involved. Since I'm a woman, and almost all flesh workers are, my services are most affordable for straight white men, and anything beyond that archetype has to pay more since non-heterosexual sex is considered "unnatural" and sometimes "dangerous" because it isn't believed that it can be beneficial to one's health. It's kind of rare for a woman to go to a flesh worker, partially because it's deemed unnecessary by societal values and these services are entirely marketed towards men. In other words, the only orgasm and sexual health that is considered necessary is a man's. This is dissapointing for me because I find sex with men to be really boring.

These scripts are basically a list of everything the client is allowed to do for the price they paid. According to what their script is, I have to act a certain way in accordance to it as well. My regular clients have their script memorized, but new clients sometimes hold it and look at it while we're together. There's always at least two body guards watching behind a tinted window to make sure the client doesn't do something they aren't supposed to. If they get out of hand or cross our agreed boundaries, they're charged a hefty fee and jailed. This only happened to me once, I sent him an invoice for an extra \$5,000 and put him in jail for a week.

As far as what kind of sex is and isn't allowed, almost anything goes. As long as the love worker consents and boundaries are communicated, clients can choose from a wide variety of scripts. Some of my favorite clients aren't even interested in intercourse, some of them just want to practice their fetish, or even just go to dinner and hold hands. I will say that the majority of my clientele are straight men who just want to nut. Totally fine. It's just boring.

So anyway, usually when I wake up from my miniature hibernation at the end of the month, I'm ready to get back to work. But this time I just didn't want to. Maybe I hadn't been drinking enough tap water or breathing enough "fresh" air, because I was feeling strange, like the deep empty feeling everyone is supposed to feel was wrong. I go through the list of my new clients and read their information. A beautiful pink-haired girl catches my eye. She looks familiar, I'm pretty sure she works for a different Flesh Worker company. She requested a meet-and-greet so I sent her a message and we make plans for that afternoon.

I want to believe that when I first saw her, I felt "emotion". Something was just different, different than being with any other client. I felt drawn to her and I wanted to ask more than just what she wanted from me. She tells me that she wanted to reach out to other flesh workers to get

insight towards our different experiences and practices. We scheduled a session for next week and she kissed me on the cheek goodbye. When I got home, I realized she had slipped a note into my bag.

“I see something in you that I haven’t seen in anyone before. I think I can trust you. I have a big secret that I can’t keep to myself.”

I tried not to think about it but I couldn’t wait to see her again. When it was finally time for our session, I tried to act emotionless as possible, which didn’t work because the second she walked into my office I blushed, and I had to act like I dropped something to hide my face. She ran up to me and gave me a hug, which no one has ever, ever done before. I looked over at the guards to see their reaction and saw that they had a haze over their eyes and were looking at the floor like they were in a trance.

Holy shit. I think she’s a witch.

This could go one of two ways, either she kills me, or lets me in on this witchy stuff. I’m so anxious for either to happen that I just stare at her and wait for her to say something. She tells me that she can feel things and that she thinks she can make others feel things too. She gently takes my hand and my body is hit with a rush of feelings I’ve never known before.

After that day, we both decided that we needed to go completely off the grid because there was no other way we could live our truth. So we left our city apartments and found a home in an abandoned cabin by a pond and fished for the rest of our days. All I have to say is, I can’t believe I ever thought I was straight!