

## The Apple Doesn't Fall Far

You grew up in spaces like this back room: your parent raised you alone, themselves a sex worker. Most of those spaces had been the eaves of warehouses and squats until you both moved into a shady live-in brothel where, while they worked, you would be kicked outside to wander the neighborhood for hours. There were always fights with the owner (who used too much cocaine to remember how much anyone was ever owed and so often paid in bad meth) and, after a particularly bad one when you were 15, your parent said they'd be right back once they'd found somewhere new for you both to live.

They never came back and after a week, that became the first brothel you worked at. You moved on as quickly as you could and started lying about your age so often you couldn't say how old you really are. Along the way you developed, kicked, and rediscovered weed, meth, crack, alcohol, and a dozen other substances with names you could never remember. These days, you consider yourself clean but aren't exactly religious about it: bad dates always throw you back to scrounging for something to take your mind off of things. Some of your colleagues at the Lily have helped you by talking through your problems instead of putting them up your nose and you feel very close to them as a result.

When you had your kid, it helped you keep clean and motivated you to get into a better brothel. The Lily is the nicest place you've worked but you desperately do not want your kid to be sucked into the same life; you want them to have white picket fences and be able to tell the other kids at school what their parent does. But you're too old to explain away absent work experience or references and aren't sure how to get a legitimate job without even a real ID card.

You know how bad things can be with a bad Madam, and so are hoping the new one has actually worked as a companion themselves – and escaped without a drug problem, sadistic streak, or both. You don't want to end up forced to leave before you have a real job lined up.

You've worked well with some of your colleagues for several years and Tuesdays often find you enjoying an after-shift drink with **The Investor**, **The Happy Hooker**, and **The Sweetheart** and **The Flamboyant** (who you knew separately long before they got together). It's good to have friends to swap stories with, laugh with, commiserate with, and just feel relaxed and safe around. **The Girlfriend** has been flitting about the edges of this group lately, and you didn't mind them so much until you started noticing your regulars asking for them instead of you. **The Girlfriend** is nice enough, but that amounts to stealing, in your opinion.

You also respect **The Practical** and **The Responsible** for being straightforward and no-drama, if only the same could be said for **The Brown-noser**! You know they've been trying to set themselves up to take over the Lily and know putting an egomaniac like that in charge would be a recipe for disaster. You keep your distance from them as well as **The Miserable Wretch** mostly because you don't need that negativity in your life.