

The Happy Hooker

You were voted Most Popular in high school: pretty, bubbly, and kind, a cheerleader without a sour bone in your body. When you left, you immediately married the captain of the football team and your life got a lot more boring. Your grades hadn't been good enough for university and the best you could do was get a place in a training program for nurse's aids. On your first day, you saw enough misery and sadness for a lifetime and walked right into the nearest bar for a job. They called you a dancer and you spent your shifts scantily clad, gyrating on tabletops for tips; a year later, the old Madam convinced you to come to the Lily for better pay and preferred shifts.

That was decades ago. You'd long since left your spouse after too many nasty words about your job; you decided that if you were stuck paying the bills anyway, at least you didn't have to put up with their snoring or their judgment. In the intervening time you'd had a handful of other serious relationships but they never stuck around long. Children never came into the picture, but you do sometimes find yourself a little lonely outside of work. Family and friends from the old days had slowly peeled away over the years, disapproval and their own lives eating into your relationships with them. Instead, you found satisfaction in your work, filling dates with joy, fun, relaxation, and acceptance, and by offering your colleagues support and advice.

Lately, you've noticed clients passing you over for younger companions. While it doesn't really bother you, you feel like you owe the Madam for still giving you prime shifts. With their retirement, you know your position is put in jeopardy: a new Madam will want high profits, not old chaff. Your best bet is that the new owner has experience in the business and had also worked as a companion. If only you'd saved more over the years, you might have been able to put yourself in this position, instead you have to seriously consider moving into some awkward fetish niche or being forced into other "unskilled" labor.

You're a positive person and wouldn't say you had any enemies. For colleagues you've worked with for a long time (like **The Apple Doesn't Fall Far**, **The Investor**, or that perfect couple **The Sweetheart** and **The Flamboyant**), you have a good, friendly relationship. You would say that you know them well and sometimes after your shift you'll go out together for a drink. Your best friend is definitely **The Girlfriend**: you have similar approaches to your work and have both shared a lot about yourselves over the years. You're a little worried about their new partner's demands: surely there's something not right if your friend is being pressured to leave a job they enjoy! Even still, you find it difficult to say anything explicitly.

For those who struggle more, you do your best to be a good role model: you want **The Responsible**, **The Miserable Wretch**, and **The Practical** to feel they can turn to you for any problem they might have. Even though they all generally keep a certain distance, you always greet them with a smile and make sure they know you're there for them. **The Brown-noser** isn't exactly an enemy but... you see how they can be a little manipulative of clients, colleagues, and even the Madam, and while you aren't happy about it, you've never said anything outright.