

Reflections of an Ex...

I am not a hooker.

I don't hang around street corners selling my body to strangers, I have far more respect for myself and my position in society. Of course, many judge and far more appoint themselves to a higher power and feel the need to comment publicly.

I must protect myself and my image, after all I am no spring chicken, and one needs an income far into the future. The present government have strangled the pension pots of working people, adding to the myriad of mistakes made by past administrations. I have huge sympathy for hookers; indeed, I have known a few in my time; honest working folk who get by with the few skills they possess. Transactional and brief relationships with each party fully aware of the rules and costs agreed up front. I admire, from a business perspective, the verbal contract and the inflexibility of their fleeting sales arrangement.

But, to maximise one's skills and abilities, one must take a long-term approach with anything remotely personal kept ambiguous. For example, Street hookers dress in a certain way, telegraphing their intentions. I develop far reaching relationships to achieve the same goal of mutual satisfaction. My transactions may take years, but their yield is high, making me, to all intents and purposes, a rich, powerful individual. I carefully curate any display of my life, from the Savil Row bespoke suits, through to my home which displays tasteful and exquisite touches. I absolutely love the finer things in life and ensure I surround myself with lavish trappings and wealthy friends. Close acquaintances, affectionately nicknamed me Mandy, and commented to each other within earshot:

"She keeps her Moet and Chandon in her pretty cabinet...not just a plain fridge, so tasteful darling!"

Actually, of course Moet is rather pedestrian, but my friends seem happy with it. They don't know any better. What they don't realise is that their net worth is the figure that keeps them in my inner circle. Those acquaintances with power and more importantly, contacts, are served Cristal or Dom and are protected from mixing with those friends further down the food chain.

I know you want to know my business model and how I have achieved so much without resorting to prostitution. It's quite simple: I possess incredible communication skills, and I invented the power of influencing years before these teenagers' posting videos of products or holidays. They measure their worth in the number of views. I measure mine by the contents of my address book and the phone numbers of powerful figures. Whilst money is, of course, essential, the commodity I trade is information. People confide in me, or I befriend them and gain insight and nuggets of seemingly innocuous news. This gossip needs to be kept hidden, protected, filed and only used at some future date for a specific objective. The key, and my expertise, is knowing when and how to use this information. It's value discernible by how much it needs to be buried. It may not have a relevance today but could be used as a negotiating tool in the future.

My reach is international as governments, stock markets and reputations are a worldwide business. There is no shortage of scandal, gossip and innuendo dripping into my world and feeding my soul. I love it.

Hookers know their worth, their street value, as they turn tricks and there is an honesty there which I admire. My name is Peter and I am not like them at all.

Lyric from Queen: Killer Queen