

Feminine

Fix



Performance Instructions:

I am the sexy slut who listens.

Tell me an embarrassing moment

Tell me a secret

Tell me how this makes you feel

Tell me your biggest flaw

Tell me a story that will make me laugh

Tell me anything

I'll hold your hand

The majority of my customers are financial men who appear to have it all. They work their entire lives for wealth and material possessions but discover too late that a relationship is what they truly desired. Some men are socially awkward, or older with beer bellies. Others are just assholes. What they have in common is that they pay for a feminine fix. According to these businessmen, to be successful you need money and a beautiful lady. *A boy doesn't feel like a man without a woman* they'd say.

The media is filled with articles that console the public with superficial titles like, '*How to Keep Her*,' and '*Live a Better Life*.' It's bullshit. Marketing advertisements sexualize everything and show lusty couples living the ideal life as a form of manipulation. These men will buy or read anything in hopes of attracting their fantasy. Women are told, *all guys think about is sex* but is it true? Maybe they are fantasizing about having the connection only a partner can provide and sex is just a way of coping with that emotional need. These men are looking at sexualized ads wanting to buy the idea of a woman but don't know how. With me, they're buying a knockoff and they know it.

I submerge my identity and self-objectify my image to become a fetishized version of a woman for my customers. I transform into a sexy slut who listens. Usually, they talk about their regrets and how they've become dulled from climbing the corporate ladder. Sometimes when these men would talk I could see pain in the depths of their pupils, aggressively pushing on the tough corneas, trying to break the barrier of suppression that keeps them together. The only way I know how to help them is to be their fantasy. I mold my femininity to be anything they want me to be. When I am molded I can be a voyeur in their reality. I find power when I choose to submit to the expectations society puts on me, but at the same time I'm not really submitting, I'm performing for my muses.

I was sitting on the F train bundled up in my winter wear, staring out the window and thinking of my customers. We were sitting next to each other, yet I didn't notice until you started speaking. You said that your hands were cold, so you asked me if I would warm them. I didn't understand what you wanted so instead you bluntly blurted,

"Can I hold your hand?"

I looked at you. You were in your twenties with bleached, yellow hair that was slightly over grown. You had business clothes and appeared sober. You were an innocent looking man, from what I could tell. I'm usually afraid to talk to strangers on the subway but somehow, with few words, you convinced me.

I rested my hand in yours and you folded your thawing fingers around my palm, squeezing me gently. You inspected it, finding my flaws and imperfections. I had a terrible scab on my left index finger from a drunken cigarette burn and was I was self-conscious about it. To make me feel better you told me about the flaws that you had.

Don't worry, I wont tell anyone.

You also told me little things about you... you are an architect, you hate the trains yet here you are, and you eat alone in five star restaurants on weekdays. I asked you to make me laugh so you told me a story about how you tripped at work in front of your bosses. You were ok, just embarrassed. I laughed because I could relate. One thing you didn't tell me was your name, and you never asked for mine.

We touched for a long time. I could tell that you were genuinely, enjoying the moment and I was enjoying it too. However, I couldn't help but perform for you the same way I performed for my clients. During our conversations, I made a conscious decision to rub your thumb with mine while I listened. I tried looking into your eyes but you kept your head down, still inspecting every part of my fingers.

Once we arrived at Delancy, you let go and put your hand in your pocket. I immediately became weary and annoyed as I knew you'd

pull out your phone and say something like, '*What's your number?*' or '*Let's get coffee some time.*' I don't want to be your girl. No offense I'm just not interested. I began to think that I unintentionally lead you on and that talking to you was a bad decision. I'm so use to performing as the slut who listens that it has become a muscle memory reaction, I had never used my persona outside of the club before and was starting to feel terrible as I prepared to reject your proposal.

You stood up and looked at me. Not my eyes, but at my figure, and said, "Thank you. I think you're really pretty. I don't really talk to that many people and I just really needed someone to talk to... I enjoyed your company," and like that, you left me.

The train started to leave and I watched you blend into a blurred abstraction out my window. I realized that you didn't care that I was performing. You just needed my affection. You needed to talk to a girl for five minutes. You needed a feminine fix to get you through your day. It made me wonder if you were another satisfied customer.

☆ **craigslist reply 58ec**

February 23, 2017 at 12:18 PM

CR

To: 263jw-6015813545@pers.craigslist.org

You Held My Hand - w4m



If I were that gentleman I would had definitely ask you for a number to take you out. But I agree with what you said about guys needing feminine fix. Is that a term you just came up with or you go it from readings?

I would like to hold you hand since my hands is easily cold :)
Sent from AOL Mobile Mail

Original craigslist post:

<http://newyork.craigslist.org/mnh/mis/6015813545.html>

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john bellanger

February 23, 2017 at 8:54 AM

JB

To: 263jw-6015813545@pers.craigslist.org

Re: You Held My Hand - w4m

I just wanna lie you down and have my way with you. Kiss, touch and run my tongue all over your body. Pour oil all over you, massage and caress every single part of your body, kissing and teasing you, playing with your pussy while im sucking and biting on your nipples. Rub your booty, squeeze it hard and spank it then spread your ass cheeks and slide my tongue in there, earing ur ass while im fingering your pussy. Then id flip you over, put both legs on top of my shoulders and bury my head in between your legs as im eating and devouring the shit out of your pussy, spitting and licking your clit making it soaking wet while you moaning and screaming. Then ill turn u back over on your belly, get that ass up in the air a little, pull out my big long thick cock, make u turn around and watch me pour oil all over my cock, stroking it nice and slow, smacking it against your ass. Then ill slowly slide it in really deep in your pussy, lean over and start to kiss and sucking on the back of your neck as im grinding and pushing that dick really deep inside of you making you feel every inch of it till u cum all over my dick.

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Don Corleone

February 23, 2017 at 9:54 AM

DC

To: 263jw-6015813545@pers.craigslist.org
hey

how are u today?

Original craigslist post:

<http://newyork.craigslist.org/mnh/mis/6015813545.html>

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To: 263jw-6015813545@pers.craigslist.org
missed connection



Hi, I just wanted to reach out and thank you for sharing a beautiful story. I read the missed connections in ny sometimes since this is such a fast paced city , it's nice to be reminded of the little countless moments that happen every day.

There's been times I've wanted to just make a girl smile or hold her hand on the train but I'm the shy type. As you said since our society sexualizes every interaction it's so difficult to have a genuine connection without expectation. I suppose I'm the romantic type in that way and it's nice to see that romance isn't quite dead yet.

Thanks for making my day

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<http://craigslist.org/mf/f1a7a1b254b842e40d5947608e7295c7e926c79e.2>

To The Man on The Subway
I wish you the best.

Monika Rostvold
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