

INTRO — THE WOMAN WHO LOVED TO MAKE VAGINAS HAPPY

Sex workers have rich, compelling, complex relationships with their vaginas. This particular woman blows my mind. She was a sex worker but she only did sex work with women.

THE WOMAN WHO LOVED TO MAKE VAGINAS HAPPY

I love vaginas. I love women. I do not see them as separate things. Women pay me to dominate them, to excite them, to make them come. I did not start out like this. No, to the contrary: I started out as a lawyer, but in my late thirties, I became obsessed with making women happy. It began as a mission of sorts, but then I got involved in it. I got very good at it, kind of brilliant. It was my art. I started getting paid for it. It was as if I had found my calling.

I wore outrageous outfits when I dominated women — lace and silk and leather — and I used props: whips, handcuffs, rope, dildos. There was nothing like this in tax law. There were no props, no excitement, and I hated those blue corporate suits; although I wear them now from time to time in my new line of work and they serve quite nicely. There were no props in corporate law. No wetness. No dark mysterious foreplay. No erect nipples. No delicious mouths, but mainly there was no moaning. Not the kind I'm talking about anyway. This was the key, I see now; moaning was the thing that ultimately seduced me and got me addicted to making women happy. When I was a little girl and I would see women in the movies making love, making strange orgasmic moaning noises, I used to laugh. I got strangely hysterical. I couldn't believe that big outrageous, ungoverned sounds like that came out of women.

I longed to moan. I practiced in front of my mirror, on a tape recorder, moaning in various keys, various tones. But always when I played it back, it sounded fake. It *was* fake. It wasn't rooted in anything sexual really, only in my desire to be sexual.

But then when I was ten I had to pee really badly once. On a car trip. It went on for almost an hour and when I finally got to pee in this dirty little gas station, it was so exciting, I moaned. I moaned as I peed. I couldn't believe it, me moaning in a Texaco station in the middle of Louisiana. I realized right then that moans are connected with not getting what you want right away, with putting things off. I realized moans were best when they caught you by surprise, they came out of this hidden mysterious part of you that was speaking its own language. I realized that moans were, in fact, that language.

I became a moaner. It made most men anxious. Frankly, it terrified them. I was loud and they couldn't concentrate on what they were doing. They'd lose focus. Then they'd lose everything. We couldn't make love in people's homes. The walls were too thin. I got a reputation in my building and people stared at me with contempt in the elevator. Men thought I was too intense, some called me insane.

I began to feel bad about moaning. I got quiet and polite. I made noise into a pillow. I learned to choke my moan, hold it back like a sneeze. I began to get headaches and stress-related disorders. I was becoming hopeless when I discovered women. I discovered that most women loved my moaning, but more importantly I discovered how deeply excited I got when other women moaned, when I was responsible for other women moaning.

I made love to quiet women and I found this place inside them and they shocked themselves in their moaning. I made love to moaners and they found a deeper, more penetrating moan.

It was a kind of surgery, a kind of delicate science, finding the tempo, the exact location or home of the moan. That's what I called it.

Sometimes I found it over a woman's jeans. Sometimes I snuck up on it, off the record, quietly disarming the surrounding alarms and moving in. Sometimes I used force, but not violent, oppressing force, more like dominating, "I'm going to take you someplace, don't worry, lay back and enjoy the ride" kind of force. Sometimes it was simply mundane. I found the moan before things even started, while we were

eating salad or chicken just casual just right there, with my fingers. "Here it is like that," real simple, in the kitchen, all mixed in with the balsamic vinegar. Sometimes I used props — I loved props — sometimes I made the woman find her own moan in front of me. I waited, stuck it out until she opened herself. I wasn't fooled by the minor, more obvious moans. No, I pushed her further all the way into her power moan.

There's the clit moan (*a soft in-the-mouth sound*), the vaginal moan (*a deep in-the-throat sound*), the combo, clit-vaginal moan. There's the almost *moan* (*a circling sound*), the right on it moan (*a deeper definite sound*), the elegant moan (*a sophisticated laughing sound*), the Grace Slick moan (*a rock singing sound*), the WASP moan (*no sound*), the Jewish moan (*"No. No."*), the African-American moan (*"Oh shit!"*), the Irish Catholic moan (*"Forgive me."*), the mountaintop moan (*yodeling sound*), the baby moan (*googie googie goo sound*), the doggy moan (*a panting sound*), the uninhibited militant bisexual moan (*a deep, aggressive, pounding sound*), the machine-gun moan, the tortured Zen moan (*a twisted hungry sound*), the Diva moan (*a high operatic note*), the college moan (*"I should be studying. I should be studying."*), and finally, the surprise triple orgasm moan (*intense, multifaceted, climactic moan*).