

Chapter 1

"You've promised me to tell about that travel time." - He stood, leaning on the metallic railing, eyeing me, like there's so much to tell.

I sat on the chair, with table in front of me, cocktail on top, along with a plate of snacks. I mulled it over for a bit.

"Come on, I'm sure it was not all that bad." - He kept nagging. - "You promised. So tell me." I let out a deep sigh.

"You ah..." - I took the glass with drink in hand, then pulled some of that light alcohol in me through straw, after that, another sigh. - "Sure."

He gave me a nod, with this look of expectation.

"So I came over to this town. The road though - it was all that amount of plane, with taking it twice, then the train, then the car. With over all time of reaching the place - around 23 or 25 hours. A long arse journey."

I checked how he was engaged in my talk. Another sigh from me.

"The arrival at night seemed alright, although I felt tiresome. Once out of the plane and out in the airport, as I got outside of it and felt all that warmth of air, how the weather was warmer - all that layering I had along felt stuffy. So I was improvising how to change up clothes a bit, without undressing there and then. Though the next thing with the train - just watching the buildings and roads in the night light... Some was lit more, some less. The typical lights in the houses, the similar things in the life, yet just another place in another country." - I poked the glass, then twisted it a bit. - "The arrival at the right kind of station led me to meet a gent, older, quite silly in a way, with no english what so ever. Funny enough - he was my driver who'd take me to the place where I'm to stay. All the while I was there, with phone in hands, contacting and updating a sort of 'agent', who was there to work with me."

"Agent?" - He let out, quizically.

"Yes," - I let out another deep sigh, - "Agent. The lady I got to talk with as I was there. I did not knew much of her at the time, with close to no ideas to how's and what's, maybe expecting to see her face to face, so that maybe whole thing would make more sense."

"Aha." - He gave me a nod. - "So, you were in a car with a random dude."

"That. Yes. I was in a car, driving on the sides of the steep roads, as we were going up and down the mountains, with the towns below, around and just it all - seemed quite beautiful at night. Yeah, that I sort of enjoyed there. Though the road to where we were meant to arrive took us around 40 minutes, or so. It was a lengthy drive. And I sort of thought to go straight to the place I'm to stay in, but the driver took me straight to the club, aka, the expected place

of work, and there, the owner lady had asked another girl to come over and hand me keys to the apartment that I'm to stay. Situation in itself was messy. The place the club was in - damn, it looked like industrial area edge, like the place was in the hell knows what end, looking like a sort of industrial building office, but the entrance was there, with some make-shift garden to the left of the entrance. The halls were done in a 'fancy' style, the inside though, at first, as I saw it after long journey looked all pizzaz and fancy, with all sorts of girls working in there. But the air about it - felt absolutely odd."

I took the grape from the tray in front of me, ate that. Giving myself a bit of a breather.

"So the place was iffy and the keys were with another girl, that gave them to you. Uhum." - He summarised.

I have a nod.

"Once I had the keys, the owner lady said something to me, but my tired ass was too tired to compute the last bits, so I left with that. The driver then took me to this fancier part of town, though the apartment building looked a bit shabby. The door to apartment was for some damn reason hard to open. Poor driver had to swear a bit there, as he had hard time with the door. Eventually, cracking that door open, letting me in and showing me to a room where I'm to stay. And it was a bit of a... 'Yeah, sure' moment, as I was too tired to say more. He then took the keys and left. So, here I was, in a double sized room, with a king sized bed, large wardrobe, few chests of drawers and close to no bedding on the bed. Like, not the Airbnb treatment I'd expected. Well, I sort of left my luggage, then undressed to a more comfy setup, then went to check out the premises, as well as have a shower." - I shook my head, with my eyebrows raised up.

"The shower looked broken, like the glass door, that was meant to be there was now the shower curtain with mould, the toilet had no toilet seat, the kitchen had few ashtrays that smelled, then there were close to no cups, spoons, no nothing, like, sadness and dread. The windows were facing the house opposite, with only few metres of the stairs outside that divided the house. The other window faced the inner house part, it felt like a well, with stairs on one side and windows of rooms, bathrooms and whatnot on another. Quite peculiar setup. There were two rooms. One had double bed and single bed in it, another is where I was staying - with king sized bed. So, I was quite happy about a large bed there."

"Sounds like an interesting place to be." - He raised his eyebrow, as he watched me.

I gave a tired nod.

"Indeed. The next morning, as I woke up, there was a beautiful girl in the kitchen, sitting there, having coffee. I was quite awed by her beauty. Voluptuous, pretty, acting really nice. I was quite intrigued by her. I spoke to her, as she called me 'the new girl', then I sort of asked about the job, about how things are, she sweetly replied to part of it, mainly telling about the 'you just have to be nice, talk to people' and highlighted that I should learn the local language, if I'm to stay here. Over all, I asked her for keys to go around for a bit, so I know how's out there, to see the place in daylight. She gave me the keys, telling me the approximate time she'll have to go out and that she'll need keys back. Then also mentioned that she's soon to leave this place." - I continued the story.

"Hm, cute girl is a nice start." - He sat down to have some of his drink, then stuffed some cheese in mouth, waiting for me to continue.

"So, I went outside, eyeing some parts of the place, enjoying the beauty of architecture, the interesting new atmosphere, the diversity of people, the smell of food, but one thing I sought for was morning coffee. So I googled up nearest cafes, then went around checking them up. One was filled to brim with people, then another seemed more spacious, near a park with burned out grass due to sun and trees surrounding the place. So I got myself some coffee, some pastry, sat the heck down and enjoyed that thing. Though the idea to complaint to someone could not leave me, so I found few acquaintances to call up and tell the worries to. It was still the first day, I have still not seen the work and how it's going and all, so might work out. I was just worried. Was what I thought to self." - I got up, took my glass and went to stand where he stood, leaning on that metallic railing. He eyed me, as I shifted around.

"Most people are worried when they arrive to new place, with new work and close to not enough information there. That's understandable." - He commented.
I gave a nod, pressing lips together, as I sarcastically grimaced.

"I got back home, after I went to local shop, getting some necessities. From toiletries to food, the cup, the towels, like, some house stuff and some food stuff. Gave the keys back to a gorgeous lady, that already was dressed, in make-up and getting to go somewhere. So with that I wished her good luck and sort of went onto my own thing. Like, trying to watch some stuff online. But after a while, the other two ladies got up and were going around the apartment. Them two - they were the sort of a mess of a ladies. They even had some guest ladies and kids come over and like, sat in the kitchen, smoking, chatting, giving me the evil eye, like they were not happy with my presence. So, I just chilled in my room, sleeping some more, chilling some more. Then eventually I had messaged from the 'agent', telling me the time when I should be ready and dressed and in makeup. And I was. Though I was not sure how the 'picking up' to work worked, yet. An hour and a bit prior to the 'time to go', the other girls were getting ready, loud music, chat, smoking, going back and forth, with putting make-up in the kitchen, video calling someone loudly, all that. They showed with all their might that it's THEIR apartment. Though - that girl I met first - she was not with us, she left during the day and I did not see her since. So, I sort of missed on niceness in the house. Eventually it was a go time. And I was in the cute-sexy dress, heels, make-up and walking out the apartment, as the other ladies closed the door behind me with their keys. It was quite messy, they went then to their car and fucked off, whilst I had to wait for a driver. The driver though, was the same one who picked me up from train station, though now it was not some beat-up sedan, but a passenger mini-van, with a lot of spaces to sit. I got in, as he arrived, finally. Then he made calls and went around the other living areas to pick more girls. It was like..." - I contemplated for a moment. - "It felt like we were driving around picking up hookers. Sort of absolutely insane and surreal feeling. And with all them ladies packed up in the car - there was the 'hellos', the small chat, the silence and the 'hateful' vibes from some of them. Like, how unsatisfied are you?"

He giggled on my remarks.

"Picking up hookers, love, you sure had it fun." - He laughed. I eyed him, then brushed my fingers across my forehead, as I had some of that drink I held in hand.

"No, I mean, was it that good or that bad?" - He calmed down from laughter.

"It was surreal. Like, a sense of animals being sent of to slaughter. Like a production line that went off. Odd thing. So, with the car packed with us, we were 'delivered' to the club, we all got in, I followed the rest to see the changing room, where I could leave my coat, then I got out to chat with owner. She had some off vibe about her. Not too bad, but like, I could not bring myself to trust this person. So she explained on how the thing works - 'There's a drink which the men pay for, it's 15 euros per drink and each one is giving you a card. These cards you must keep safe on own person through the night and at the end - give them back to us. The cards are handed out by the waiters, when someone books you for a drink. Each drink is 20 minutes with customer, you can choose the drinks you want, with options of wine, water, coffee, rum/cola, gin/tonic... Once time is up, the waiter will come over to tell the customer that and if they decide to prolong the stay, you have to order another drink, as you sit and chat with the customer. You can sit either outside or inside, but customer decides where. Be polite and nice, smile.' is what she elaborated on." - I let out a sigh.

"Wait a minute, that sort of is like a host club, right?" - He tilted his head, as he watched me.

"Yes dear, exactly that. European edition though." - I remarked.

"Hmm... Ok." - His brows knit, as he was sort of piecing the picture together.

"So, with all of that in mind, moving on." - I gestured with hand that held cup with cocktail. -

"The place itself. I sort of ended up sitting outside for most part, in the garden sort of environment, watching the moon out there, listening to some shabby dj'ed music, sound of neighbouring guard dog barking, as it guards the warehouse or whatever rough production is across the fence on the other side. The one thing I found entertaining were the reactions and chat of the ladies there. They'd explicitly diss the dudes that came in, sharing info on them. It was kind of funny. What was absolutely frustrating - was that the dudes who came in, would mostly stand across from us, checking us out, yet not daring to take anyone to sit and chat with. Like, they'd get drinks and eye all of the ladies, like products on the shopping site. That was just filthy by the feel. The eyes that look at you with the back thought that all are nothing, but cheap type of items for sale."

"Eww, that's quite gruesome." - He commented, as he listened.

"Ahaha, that's the start of it, my lovely. Just the very tip of the iceberg, my dear." - I laughed.

Chapter 2

"I'm not sure where it'll even go from here." - He let out with a bit of concern.

"Oh, to the fun mad land. One that's not pretty and surely feels like bag of slugs." - I sneer.

"Oddly seeing you have the satisfaction to traumatise me with all this." - He takes his glass with cocktail and has some. - "Guess my curiosity got me."

"Well, you did ask and I did promise. So, now it's the matter of bearing with it." - I look up at the sky. A soft kind of afternoon that one would expect in autumn. - "To continue with the story." - I look at him. He gives me nod.

"So, the place is not for the best sort of wealthy gents. It's the mid class one, more like towards the lesser kind one, in my opinion. The whole lot of the garden is mainly the fake sort of greens, along with real trimmed bushes that are in pots and all. The gents tend to come on from past 11 evening, to past midnight and stick around until the time of like, hm, maybe 3-4 in the morning. Although in some cases there were ones who would stick out until even 5 or 6 in the morning, but that's a rare sort of few customers. Yeah. Most look over the age of 50, quite shabby, stuck up and audacious to call all the girls sluts and prostitutes. Which was filthy in itself. One would fake being autistic, which pissed me off. The ladies knew who it was and were not fancy of him. That dude was the one to pick me first and chill with me from time to time. He had an 'ok' level of spoken english, with most others I had to use google translate, coz people are not fancying learning another language, though all broadly state that they are international business men, which is dire bullshit, in my opinion. Just lying bunch of bastards that do a lot of pretence." - I roll my eyes.

He looks at me with a grimace of slight disgust.

"Mmm, not so happy with how it goes. Just imagining you putting up with some freaky old farts is unsettling." - He lets out.

"Aha. That. So, the dude that faked autism would often ask to lay on my lap, and sometimes I'd go along. Like, hush a bye baby and all, but most times he'd be like 'can you pet me'. Like, are you a dog? The hell? And I was playing nice. I was. Truly. Then there was a dude that carried with him baby oil, he'd always ask every girl he sat with - 'can you do massage for me?' or 'can I do massage for you?'. Like, ewww. One was funny. He's like in his 30s or something, scruffy and shit, and sat with me and other girls to chat for only one drink, and he asked all of us - 'can we have sex for 20 euros?'. To which I responded - 'no can do. you can go and find those ladies that sell out there by the bridge or something'. He was one dumb persistent fellow who was offended by being turned away from all of the girls. Like, he eventually made a fuss and the guard took him outside of the premises, coz boy, that dumb fuck went overboard by standing beside girls and shouting at us that we're all for sale, just too proud to be sold for 20 euros. Like, bruh, you mad?" - I looked at him. Expression between amusement and about to facepalm himself.

"I'm just surprised and not that such specimen are still alive." - He lets out.

I laugh in reply.

"Oh hun, you have no idea." - I say through laughter.

"So, as the days go by, I notice that I was picked out few times to sit and chat, but I'm more of a tomboy type and they want a sweet and cute or sexy one. Not me. So I'm picked less. The waiters are also the kind to refer the customers to the ladies, and from what I pick - the two girls that work there for a while are the most referred to and the most picked, as well as are the biggest breadwinners for the club. They have a few customers that come to them every few days, so they make sales by the bottles, not drinks. And from the introduction - one drink is one card and it's 20 minutes of your time, one bottle is 10 cards and an hour of your time. So, odd mathematics here. But that's how it rolled. And witnessing them two girls landing anywhere between 50 to 100 cards on a night, with quite shabby flow of customers amazed me. At the same time - they were the two girls I lived with. So asking them about the 'how do they do that?' was not an option. They did not like me at all and I had no wish to try and get their 'admiration' or 'acknowledgement'. They were too stuck up their own ass, it was not cool."

"Shitty people are shitty people." - He lets out.

"Nah babe, dickheads are dickheads. And even as they spoke in own language, which I bloody understood, they were trashing me in front of my face with words, which was not cool. Not that I cared about it, just felt like spiking their drinks, or like, setting their shit on fire, even maybe dumping few turds in their bed, but over all - I wanted to do nothing with the two." - I let out.

"Oh my god, you sure were pissed." - He laughs.

"I was contemplating homicide babe, that's how far it was." - I said. He laughed even harder after that.

"Uff, so, how did it go eventually?" - He asks, as he calms down.

"Oh my..." - I let out, - "The thing is, I was too preoccupied with the fact that on day 2 of my stay there, the nice girl left. Like, she moved out somewhere else, after telling me that she negotiated to stay two days extra in the house, but she did not need to work. So that was her thing to do. She was quite happy to go, actually, from what she said, as well as she managed to get quite a bunch of money earned, so she was alright with what she did. Then day 3 came around. On that day, I was faced with a girl coming over and staying in my room as well. So now there were two of us, sharing a goddamn king size bed. And she was quite, how to put it, hm, she was sort of nice, but cold as ice. She did not speak to me much, she was more close to those other two bratty bitches in the house, as she hung out with them and all. Eventually I felt the range of her pissy character, when I asked to borrow her keys. Thing was - nobody left me spare keys, like, even owner did not bother about it. So I had to ask about WHERE do I get made spare keys and all, and then wake up the girl next to me, to ask her for HER keys, so I can go and make spare ones. Like, she was pissed off due to me waking her up after work night, yeah, I get it, bothersome, though, please be understanding - I ain't got the fucking keys to go and roam around as I fucking please, now, do I? So, after a bit of pissy fit of her telling me to go ask other girls, more bitchy ones for keys, and me going and asking, and them bitches being like 'yeah, go ask your roommate' and me going back and telling that, and eventually getting the bloody keys so I could go and make spare ones. All that fucking ordeal and the 'I have plans, so be sure to return keys

before 11 in the morning' said the pissy roommate, and I agreed. So once I went to get the keys done, got them sorted, then went to drop off the keys to pissy roommate, then was able to go and roam the town. Long. Ass. Ordeal. Over. Fucking. Jack. Shit. I was so fed up with those ladies. God knows." - I took out my vape, turned it on and took a toke. He watched me, as I did have the 'fed up' expression on my face. He let out a short giggle.

"Sheesh, that was like the den of the snakes, you got self into." - He stuffed snacks in his mouth.

"Don't you say." - I grimaced at him, making him almost choke on the food from laughter. After he coughed a few times, hitting own chest, then laughing out, he gestured for me to continue.

"Then, the keys were the tip of the iceberg. The rest that followed had me on the edge." - I take a toke, breathe out and continue. - "So, for few days after, I had to constantly sort of the shit with 'agent', as she pressed me about my looks and that I truly need time with hairdresser, as the wig I wore was not good enough for these places and they preferred the more 'natural' looks. Must admit - it was bullshit. their 'natural' looks were the definition - you know 'hoe phase? yeah, be that'. With all of that - the 'classy' feel I wanted to maintain was in tatters. Though me beefing about my looks with agent was the lesser thing. That all had me in frustration, due to besides hair - having to get new clothes to look the part. Oh how shitty it felt. And the worst about it - the club was getting yeey cold at night and the coats were a so-so option, though I was too pissed off with cold, so I was not agreeing to the terms of sitting in small dress with no coat on, when it's goddamn chilly. The one time that I wanted to slap the room over bitch in the face, was when after work, the owner asked for her to give me ride back home, coz all the other vans and cars are filled up and there's no place there. That bish went on and on during the whole of the ride how gasoline is expensive and her driving me back is like a really shitty case scenario she hates. Like, babe, I still understand your language, stop being a bitch so much. You are paid a lot, like, a lot, yet you make a scene out of every goddamn little thing. Ehh..."

"That does not sound like a good time there." - He stuffs his mouth with snacks.

"Oh dear. The moment of the days spent in this club were like the days in a really odd mad house. The gents were absolutely disgusting, disrespectful and lying. They all called all girls 'prostitutes', yet none was sleeping around for money, well, not one I spoke with, but there might have been some. Which would fall under their discretion and wish. So yeah. One dude tried his shit on me too much. Like - he made me question sanity. He bluntly was jacking off next to me, or even asking me to wank him off. Like, ewww, mate, you're in your 60's something, barely standing and smelling like an old bag of bones, even if you do wear suit. Then the whole thing with trying to grope me and undress me... Like, I shoved the fucker against the wall and said not to try shit with me. He got up offended, paid and left to not come back, due to him being greatly offended. Bitch, I was the one offended. The fuck?" - I roll my eyes.

"Shit, some sleazy dirt bags in that place. I'd sock a punch in his mug, truth be told." - He replies.

"I mean, I could have, but then the whole work thing might have been 'puff' the same moment. Ahahaha! Aaa, though I'd sure as hell love to beat them all up with some bat or

something. Maybe even get them in some warehouse and be pegged by really huge musculty dudes. They'd 'love' the experience." - I laughed out loud, as I was contemplating the evil ideas.

"Sometimes I get scared by you, you know?" - He lets out, as he gets his drink. - "Like, the insane trying of something outrageous and then learning about it, then easily getting out like nothing ever happened. You do scare me sometimes."

"Oh lord, but that's not the end of it. There's a bunch more." - I sit down at the table, easing into the seat.

Chapter 3

"With that there, that was all in only one of the places I worked at. And At some point, as I have conversed with other ladies, I kind of got to know a few things." - I continued my story.

"So there's even more cool things to unravel there." - He downed the drink, as I gave a nod.

"Well, the first thing was that the owner was actually a boss ass lady. She was doing stripping for a while, long time back, then she somehow in one of the work nights came across her husband to be and the romance spun off out of there. I found it cute and romantic, really. Then the two sort of decided to open a business and the business became a hostess bar with ladies ever so changing. The other thing that was sort of revealed - was the the two waters, both ladies, they were helping a lot the two 'breadwinner' hostesses, as them lot was all from same country and that kind of got the rest of the girls a bit of an issue of being less presented to customers, so less money for them. Yeah. The third thing was that girls were sort of divided into the groups by the flats they shared. And even if there were flats where girls were more chatty and friendly, there were also flats like mine - where there is a mess and established dominance, where whoever comes around is disregarded as trashy bitch of sort. Yeah. The other thing I learned - that most girls working here, they have a tough time as well. They too are weirded out by some customers, as well as some have the worst time ever, due to harassment and more. And the shitty part of this job - they can't even report it, really. As the place where they work is not within legal existence to begin with. So yeah." - I let out a long sigh.

"Whoah." - He looked around, widening eyes, shaking head a bit. - "Sounds quite dramatic."

"Right?" - I say, nodding. - "So, with that there. The club days were already nearing mid/end of September, so the flow of people was less and less. The issue around pandemic also was a hit, so more and more customers, aka douchebag dudes, were paranoid for those who had the 'green cards' or the vaccinations or the tests. Like, the fuck? All the workers had the vaccine, all had tests, otherwise, how the heck would they work here, you dumb prick? I was furious at some dudes. Like, they were the la toxica that you leave to rot away on its own, as the smell from that inner shit just seeps through." - I scratched my forehead. - "The place was having less and less people, though more and more ladies. So that was not working out well. And I was not the kind to run after the dudes to pay me. Though I was awed by ladies who could pull that. They had the skills and the charm, so much so that even I was pulled. And they, the ladies, they were funny. They'd diss the customers in their face in another language, like saying with a smile 'you sick piece of smelly shit, here again to pretend to have money and not pay to anyone, what a load of crap you are', then ask in the language customer understood 'right, darlin'?' and the customer would be like 'of course!' that made the girls laugh hard. That was priceless."

"So you girls had your own fun, to dilute this level of male shittery." - He laughed. - "Classy lady dissing. Love it."

"Yeah, classy indeed." - I smiled back. - "Eventually, all that fun was deteriorating, as not

many people there. So, I kind of got to be the crazy dude in a day, coz we had close to no people there, and well, I got myself a few cocktails, some to girls, and even got a bottle of booze for us, with me picking the two ladies to go with me, both younger than me. If one worked there for some time prior to me showing up, another just recently got here. And the one that's recently got there - was quite epic, she was a charmer and a worker. She got the looks, the feisty character, the boldness of action and yeah, my BI arse was swooned by her. She ah, she was amazing. The other one had this sweetness about her, the beauty and the youthfulness, the naivete, yet the knowing of things, the feminine, though the secretive. She was charming. The two of them were the charmers for me, but the thing I kind of saw was that even if they accept me being BI, them lot are hm... The younger and cuter had boyfriend and said that she'd not really with a girl. So I left that be, but the other one - damn, DAMN! Like, HOT DAMN! And I love her for that."

"Ok girl, what the heck did you do there? What happened?" - He made a face and tapped the table. - "You better tell me all them details there. You na-asty."

"Khem, so..." - I let out with a smile. - "So, with the days of working there and not getting anywhere, with plainly just not having anyone explain stuff to me - I was not sure how to go about things. So the one that's with feisty spirit - she got me to come with her on a trip to sea side, with some random bloke she found online on dating site/app, or something. And as we were in a car, she shared that sure, work is work, but to live one has to utilize other options. To see the places, to experience life. And that in itself was like - 'A-ah, right.' moment for me. So, not all girls come over to isolate in the apartment after work, but they actually come out with other people, customers or non-customers to enjoy life. Oh. So that's how it worked. Aha. So then I went on a trip with the cutie girl and a customer, to see hot spring. And we sort of checked it out, walked about, did the photos... I found myself coming out to have a stroll with the girls, either one or the other. And chill in pub nearby, or the Asian restaurant. And it felt like - ah, life, interactions. Though the longing was there and I was like - um, yeah. I um, something is missing. Even though besides all that I was out on walks on my own, checking out what's what and taking pictures, making sure to see things and all. Even found esoteric shops with tarot cards, the magical things and more. I was like - ah, this is nice. It's like - I wound myself thinking - 'what would it look like, if I would pick another job and work something else? what would it look like if I'd work daytime somewhere in cafe or a shop? how much different would the life be?' and I was on and on in my head about that. Like, would it truly be different? Would I have met same girls there? Would I get to know what I know now, if I'd work something else? Yeah."

He waived for the waiter to bring sparkling water. In a moment, the water was on the table. "It just got from something spicy to something dark in real short time." - He poured himself water.

"Aha. That's how it was for me in there. Most times." - I got a glass and handed it to him, to pour me fizzy water as well. - "And with that, I was nearing my time of stay in there. I had endless squabble between me, agent and owner like, all the time. And if owner said nothing to my face, she said all that and more to agent, and agent then siphoned the info into what she deemed I'd be alright to understand. Like, this was too damn lengthy for me and tiresome, so I asked to change the place. And after the days of working out the workings out, after going around and seeing the town, after twice at hairdressers, and a few more dresses

purchased for both work and to wear as warm PJs, after all that, and the dumbest idea of finding a wealthy papi that'd rain some money on me - withered. I just decided to observe how the work is, enjoy the time spent there and fuck off on my merry way elsewhere. With that there, I have said to few that I'm leaving, negotiated with the owner to when and all, then the whole thing with getting on with the plan of trip with feisty lady for a few days in capital city with her and her friends. I agreed. So, for the past few days of that dreaded work, in that apartment, I had faced with a few things that did their best to piss me the fuck off. First was that I was chased out by my roommate to the room of two bitches, coz roommate was found to be having a flu and her doc told her to stay han solo in the room and she said for me not to tell anyone and blah-blah, so I moved to the bitch room. And damn, did I want to fuck em up. The rude behaviour of spraying over me, as I sleep, their perfumes, as they said that I stink, then the loudness overall, the smoking in the room and trash talk. Well, it was only for 3 days, but in those 3 days I wanted to really fuck em up. True story. But then the day came in, I was out of the apartment, leaving the keys behind, with my suitcase towards the train station. But prior to - had went to see the girl I'm going with and we sort of had a bit of booze and went onto train by taxi. So, all cool. In the train she told me things, as we went, then observed the scenery outside, then we had to get out and change the platforms, to get the right train, then back to the travel it were. Eventually arriving to our destination. Did not take long, really. And as we arrived, we were picked up by car, delivered to hotel, then had a bit to change and went on the little bit of journey around."

I drank water, as telling was drying out my throat. He listened as he did, munching on the snack tray items, that was still half full, so all seemed well.

"It's sort of the life to think about, life to contemplate about. Uff. It's just weird how the whole story tone changed, with how the events changed. Heavy. It sort of has this 'heavy' added to it now." - He lets out, as he looks at me.

"Aha." - I nod, pressing lips, - "That's how it actually went." - I let out a sigh, looked around the empty side of restaurant we were at. And sort of thanked the whole place for being quite this empty past midday. I truly would not be able to chat this much with too many eavesdroppers around. And the only pair of humans that was here, sat on the far end of the room, just an old couple, enjoying their lunch. Cute.

"So, the capital was cute. Her friend and friends boyfriend gave a tour to us around this place, as the pictures were taken and the whole lot was so cool to go through. And with all that there, still the sense of 'it's nice, but something is missing' is still there. Like, things, something, does not yet add up. And all in all - a good day out, then the time back in hotel to wash up, to change and go out to dinner in a restaurant. So, with that, we've ate, we've drank, and the girls got a bit too boozed, so that I and the dude had to manage the hot messes on the night streets, so that they can contain themselves. Though, I too, got pretty lit with booze, like, I was feeling nostalgic, as we got into this one place, that resembled British pub. Ah, the memories. So, then the walks back to hotel, the party in the hotel room with girls blasting music and us dancing. Then, as I felt the need to sleep creeping on me, and us eventually settling to our rooms, with the dude and that lady going to their room, as we're in our room, and um... After the shower - the great little thing happened with us kissing and her going down on me, and oh hell did it feel good. But I could not return the favour, as she protested due to her having her period. So, alright. The next morning, the hangover and the realisation to what happened the night before. And um, I was sort of misplaced. The morning

shower made me have the racing thoughts, the hangover had my stomach in knots, I was not sure what to do, not to mention that it was the day when we had to check out and we're still here. Ah, the back and forth between my girl here and the hotel staff for good 3-4 hrs after the check-out time, as she was still getting up, as hangover hit bad, as the packing went, as the getting on went and all that. So, eventually we got out. And I asked to be dropped off at the train/bus station. And I were. They kindly dropped me off there."

"Aha. Seems like a typical night out with mad shit in between. Aha. So what happened then? Where did you go after?" - He asked, as he once more picked up the menu to check the food options. - "We should eat. Empty stomach talk made me crave some food. How about we get like a-a-a..." - He skimmed down the pages. - "I suppose the grilled salmon with salad would be a good pick. My lady?"

"Mhm, that does sound good. And I do feel peckish." - I say. - "Should I get like a hot tea with that?"

"Hm, actually a good idea to keep the warmth circulating in the body."

We ordered the grilled salmon salad each, then he got the coffee, americano, whilst I got the green tea. It was less than 5 minutes that took kitchen to bring out the food. The speed made us thank the waiter a few times, as we both looked absolutely smitten and impressed.

"So, the station. What was the plan from there? Did you not get another place to work at?" - He asked, as we finished the salmon salad, now happily, filled with food, held the cups of liquid.

"Ah, yes." - I let out...

Chapter 4

"Ah, yes..." - I let out. - "That. I was at the station. Dropped off, still about 4 or 5 hours until my train. A lot to wait for and plenty of things to mull over. So I headed to have some coffee first, then went inside the station. To great surprise - there were shops inside and the other thing was that there was fuck ton of platforms. Like, tiresome amount of those and close to no understanding how to navigate that bitch properly. Though, as I got up, walking through multiple clothes shops, picking out some clothes that's warmer and nice to look at, cheap at that. Was good. Even went so far to get some makeup. Felt nice. So, with that - eventually I had few hours to spend prior to the train after all that shopping, going to the toilets and seeing cool bunch of chatty nuns, then going back out to smoke, then up again, to sit and stare at the sky, as I got some food and coffee. I had a call from the agent lady."

He gave few short nods, indicating he's listening.

"She called me and to my kind of surprise, we had quite a lengthy chat. Firstly, she spoke about how I should direct some girls to her, if they sought the work in hostess clubs, so that agent lady could help them. And I was like 'yeah, sure'. But then she reprimanded me on the topic of sharing the videos of the living premises with other girls, as well as honest comments about work place and living places I was at. She said it's not good to talk that with those girls, like, it damages the look of the company and the 'face' of the company. To all that I was all like - sure, aha, shall do my best not to, but I still have the freedom of speech. None the less, she just reminded that others tend to work more than I do and there are other possibilities to them and blah-blah. So then we sort of began talking about men that come to these clubs." - I took a breath, then looked at him, still fully invested.

"About men. So that must be a lengthy one." - He let out, making sure to grimace in a way that made me smile.

"Yes, men. So, she spoke about how she started off her whole business with getting girls from all over and sending to these clubs, how she was one of the first such business ladies in this country to run such a gig. She began all the way back in the 1990's. With trial and errors, she got connected with plethora of clubs across the whole of the country, making sure to know their needs, interests and demands, working to supply them with the right kind of girls. So then with years, the amount of such clubs withered, as the times change, owners change, some are even caught by police, persecuted and jailed, so those clubs are less than before. And now there's a select amount of clubs that she works with, and with that she shared that she has a main office that was visited on occasions by some of the club customers demanding girls instantly, to have them then and there. So, there were issues like those for her to solve. She is the one that's taking care of the whole supply and demand in this particular country, though she has people in other agencies she works with in other countries, that notify her of the available new girls or already veterans of this work, who are willing to work in her regions. But those other agencies are connected all across the world, with many countries in europe, asia, wherever - that have the clubs like that who get the girls and do the work. Mainly one thing was prominent - having such a host club was illegal in many countries, so the operations are quite strict and of certain way. I was quite awed to

listen to her just plainly let me in on all that. Maybe she got cozy around me, maybe there was something else. I was not sure."

"She sure just info-dumped on you all of a sudden." - He lets out, as he grabs the glass to have something to drink. - "Geez."

"It does not end there. She tells me that in this particular country most girls are to be acting a certain way, like a silly thing that's all cute and clueless, that's kind of what the local men deem needed and want. Basically she was telling me what kind of character and way of being was selling the most. She told me about the cases where girls were finding their partners through such a work, got married, settled here, kids and all. Then the ones who made money and went away to build own businesses. I also inquired about girls who were having sex for money, in the industry. Agent lady said that such a thing was to a discretion of a girl. If she's alright with that - she can do it. But she did add - that doing that was making more money. I said that I'm good as I am. So then she shared about her being with family and all, how she does her best to help all the girls that come working to this country. She then spoke about the owners of the clubs where I worked and where I'm about to set out to work. Saying that previous lady was one that allowed all sorts of girls, giving all of them a chance. The next person is more of an interesting character. He's an old man, with a thing of being ex-intelligence officer. And I was like - even those guys have no rest in life. Geez." - I waved my hand, like I chased away flies.

He laughed at me.

"That's quite the thing out there. Ex intelligence officer as a hostess club owner. Bloody hell." - He laughed at that. - "I mean, not a bad way about it though."

"I thought that too. Up until I got into that club to work." - I rolled my eyes. He giggled. - "So, as I finally had a lengthy chat with that lady, I got eventually on the right platform, had my vape fall out and fall to bits, scavenged what I could back, with one part falling way too far under the train for me to get and boarded the train. The ride was long. I was enjoying watching the "Squid Games" series, as I was sitting there. At some point the cart I was in sort of had it's light turn the heck off. And I was like - 'ok'. But I kept staying there. Like, why the hell not. At some points I'd pause the series, or in between them - I'd look out, as we'd pass the mountains, the plains - the sight was quite nice to the eye. Beautiful, picturesque, but somehow there and not there. Like, I was misplaced. Was what I felt. And then the endless tunnels. Darkness, darkness, darkness." - I let out a sigh. - "So then eventually the train staff came over, telling me to come sit in another carriage, as the one I was in was sort of with issues, well, had no lights. So I did move. Not that I was given much other choice. Then all that chugga-chugga got me into another place. And I had to change the trains. Then take another one and go chugga-chugga some more. Eventually getting to the right station, with a really great annoyance that my bloody luggage was fucking heavy and such a small girl like me had to carry these kilograms like a Hulk. Fuck that! I ain't that buffy to carry good 27 kg on one hand and like 16 kg on another hand up and down multiple flight of stairs coz there's no elevators. Ugh, the pleasures of life."

The laugh he let out loud broke the chilled atmosphere of the restaurant. He was out loud like there's no tomorrow. Apparently enjoying the whole of my pain I went through.

"Oh my days, woman, that bloody 'chugga-chugga' and the heavy lifting. You're amazing!" - He slapped the tight from all that laugh, then wiped the tears and let out the sigh. - "Ok, ok. I'm fine."

I saw that his 'fine' was not at the end of it, so I once more repeated out loud "Chugga-chugga" and let him laugh it out some more. Once he settled down, really settled down - I continued.

"So, eventually I got at the right station. And once again, as I was out and looking around, there was a gentleman that picked me up and got me in a car, taking me to the living quarters first. I was quite pleased with how the dude, who was looking in his 30's or 40's spoke fine english and we communicated well. He got me to this odd looking house, then opened the doors, helped me get to the floor number 2, showed the basics of the apartment, handed me keys, we exchanged numbers and he left, saying he'll see me the next day night. And I was like, aaah, that's nice. The place had like, 4 bedrooms, one kitchen and a whopping 2 bathrooms. I was like 'aaawh, that's what I'm talking about'. But one thing stood firmly to piss me the fuck off - there were no electric kettles. Like, I don't know why they all decided to piss everyone off with that - but there were no kettles. Heathens. So, I settled in a room that's closest to the kitchen, and had two single beds, was quite small in comparison to other two large rooms with double beds. But the other two free rooms just did not vibe with me. And the fourth room was occupied by another girl. So it was just me and one more girl here. Yippee! So, with the next day arriving, I finally saw her during the day. She was in her 40's, but such a good looking lady, such refined manners, with grace and all. I was all 'whoah' about her. And she even offered me food she cooked herself, with wine she bought. What an angel and what a difference to girls I lived with before. Just whoosh! Changed set." - I shifted in my seat, then got up and walked back to the metallic railing, as I took out my vape and got a toke.

"Oh, so, better conditions? Does not seem like a bad thing here." - He lets out, as he keeps his gaze on me.

"Yeah, what I thought as well. Up until the point - where I realized that the whole of the outer side of the house is under renovation and the builders are there from around 8-9 in the morning until well off 4-5 evening. So, sleep time is compromised." - I said, pouting.

"Well that took a turn." - He said.

"Ahaha. Yeah. So I had a day to walk outside, to check the premises around, find a local esoteric shop, then have a bit of anger burst as all shops would have the tendency to close midday for few hours - the exact hours I'd be all out and about. What bullshitery, honestly. And then I got the basic necessities once again, coz here I was able to use the washing machine, without having to sort out the question of who left the clothes in the washer, or can I wash my stuff without being nuisance to someone's sleeping. And the issue of having my own shower! Hun, I went all out on the day of scrubbing self out and even wanking it off in the shower that was a fine shower and all to myself. Like, uff. Hot shit!" - I let out, grimacing to how it was good.

"Oh pfft..." - He could not hold back another fit of laughter.

"Thank you for the wild imagination. Thank you." - I let out.

"I can imagine all them yoga poses in the shower. Oh my days!" - He laughed.

Another few minutes of 'ha-ha' and he was once again back to be able to listen to the story continuation.

"Alright. So, with all that I had like, a full on blast in the esoteric shop, once I got there. The gemstones, the smoke sticks, the incenses and the cards, my dear - I had the cards. But after all that, then making of food, then eating and chilling whilst watching some series, I started to get ready for work. At the same time I had the other lady get ready for work, and she was efficient and well fast at it. She was looking fine. She also said that the whole building belongs to the owner of the club, that there's also the rooms below and upstairs, but due to the renovations the majority of who lived here - were moved to other places. So there's one girl upstairs, two girls downstairs and the two of us. Uhum, I thought, not too shabby. So, as the time came, we were all coming out of the house, standing within vicinity of inner gate, to not attract attention and the car came by to pick us all up. The girls that came out were sort of chatty and nice, but some just had that 'no-no' vibe. So I let it be. We got to the club, and from the outside - it does look fancy. There's no side entrances or exits, just main entrance and the vibes just shouted - 1920's! And I was like - 'Whoa! Classy'. I got in - yep, predominant 20's, but somehow worn out a bit. We had to sign attendance sheet. Can you believe it? Attendance sheet! I felt it funny. The driver, by the way, who got us to the club, was another old man, not the dude that picked me from the station. And as I was in the club, I saw the dude that got me from train station. He's a bloody bartender there! Whoa! So, the owner came by and one more waiter appeared, all male staff, but one lady, old over 60, was sitting at the entry register, with all that money thing there. And oh she's a hmmm... So I'm brought over to fill in documents and all, and then the bartender peeks at the docs and goes 'Scorpio? Aww shit... My ex wife was Scorpio. Crazy woman.' and leaves it at that, as he goes back. I was too stunned to say anything. Then I came back into the work zone, after finishing documents in the back." - I made few steps to the table to get my cup with fine liquid and drank a bit, the throat was drying up. - "So as I came back in, I sort of wanted to figure out what the heck does he have against Scorpions."

Chapter 5

"So as I got back, I managed to come by the bartending part, asking what he meant by that. He replied that he has nothing in particular against me, yet, and that most Scorpios he met were bloody crazy. Then he told me what available options of drinks there were, as well as what's possible to buy in case of need of food or own drink. So, with all them introductions and that down - I knew the seats where the girls had to chill and wait to be selected by the guests, the fact that we could have 2 alcohol drinks for free and that the water or coffee option was free any time. Food or more alcohol was fiver each. So, that was down. Then the smoking area and the dancing area, the dressing rooms/changing room, the large ass piano and the well, the toilets and all. Was also said that there's even second floor for the guests who wanted own private party space and all that." - I let out. - "So the basics was down. I sat with the lady that I lived with, and we had chats as we spoke about the place, about the work, about other random things including tarot, spirituality and more."

"Seems like you had more chatty people here." - He says.

"Not necessarily. I mean, the girls in other club were also chatty, but aware of the 'competition', so to put. Like, they were there but the backing by each other was not as great. So, some would team up, some were loners. It all was depending on the girls and how they found if they clicked work wise or not." - I noted.

"Alright, that's all kind of the situational thing. Ok." - He let out.

"Aha." - I sigh. - "So, with that I had more fun in a way, as I spoke with bartender quite a bunch, as he shared the stories. Ah, he's top used phrase towards all the girls, who asked for drinks or pretty much tried picking a small fight with him, was 'Don't touch my pussy'. That in itself cracked me the hell up every goddamn time." - I said, smiling, as I recalled how the phrase was said. - "So yeah, that. And there I started to sort of enjoy some peace. Though, it was kind of there and not. The owner was in his like 70s, with ton of issues, he'd come to work place every day without fail and go around tracking everyone and everything. Like, he himself would be like 'check this girl, chat to that girl', but yeah, his main issue with me was that I was not speaking local language. Although - the biggest shitstorm brewed about it and thrown around it was by the lady that sat on the reception desk. Like - I get it, old bat, but like, she lo-oved fighting about verbally. Like, every day would start with the waiters, bartender, owner and that lady arguing. The lady and who she picked fights with ranged, but always same thing. I don't know why, but that was like their thing there."

"They sound like a married couple of business partners." - He grimaced.
I gave a nod to this one.

"They do bloody felt like it at some certain point." - I let out, taking a toke. - "So, with that there... Yeah, the days of work were so-so. The music was alright, but the ones DJ'ing the place were the waiters and bartender. So, no song requests taken, sadly. But the music was pretty alright. Girls worked well, they all also had the ones sticking together more, ones who worked the clients together and all, ones who were the gossip corner, ones who were more serious, ones who were vipers. Ah yes, there was the typical thing here and there. Not many nice ladies all in all. But over the period of few days I spoke about with some girls, learning

about them and others. One girl was over age 40, saying that she's in twenties-thirties, and working it out, she came here because she fell in love with a dude that's local and came here for him, but she was sort of not sure if they'll be together or not, as he just went his way about stuff. She came to him and he fucked off... Oh the heartache and the pain. So, she still held the hope and worked here because of it, to see if he'd come. Like, some sad shit, really. But eventually she left that place."

"Uuu, drama!" - He pointed to the tea.

I giggled, nodding to him.

"Yes, drama. The whole place had a tendency to be about, around or creating drama. Like, some things were the kind that were meant to be drama." - I let out a sigh. - "The work was about managing the whole amount of weirdness. Customers now felt a bit more bougie, though the lot was sort of odd all in all. Like, the first dude that was there for me to talk with - was restaurant owner. And we sat and spoke, as the owner sort of threw me against that dude, to work it out. And as I spoke to him, he said that as the owner of a restaurant he does not come here often, but who am I to check that credibility, you know. So, we sat there for a bit, speaking, then he proposed we go to his restaurant to eat. I was not sure, but went and asked the owner of the club. This old fart said for me to go, as this guy shall pay for the rest of my work night and I can do what ever I wanna do. That was an 'ok' for me there. So, with things picked, I went to travel with this dude. We went out of the town and into another town, there was this restaurant, he opened it, and we went in."

I sensed the judgemental look, then the sigh and the questioning began.

"So you mean to tell me you went with some random dude out to somewhere far from the place you stayed at, with nothing to fight back but bare wit and strength and was okie to just what? Wing it?" - He was eyeing me like I was a cat who just broke a vase, throwing it off the table.

"Yep, that's exactly what I am saying." - I let out, as I showed tongue. - "Still alive to tell the tale, ain't I?"

He shook head, then looked at me again, now with softer gaze.

"I'm sort of impressed and sort of glad you are alive, you know? I wouldn't be able to hear these stories, if that was otherwise." - He poked the food with fork.

"Aha. As I was saying - restaurant. I checked it out, I mapped out all the place in my head, the views, the food, the drinks. We went to kitchen to make some food. Well, seems alright, he made some food and we ate, there was wine, and there was chat. And that got me to know a bit about this guy. Divorced, with kids, managing this place, with own life struggles and seeking someone for one night stand. But thank fuck he understands the concept of 'no'. So he did not hit on me after I declined him. We did though go to his apartment afterwards, as I got more booze in my system, coz I wanted more wine. We spoke about the how people have tendencies to lie, when they go to hostess clubs, as they want to appear bigger or more wealthy. The way that relationships work out or not at all, how people love differently.

And then in the morning he woke me up, as I slept separately and drove me back to the place, I was staying at. So yeah. Then it got me to just change, shower and go sleep a bit more, after that I think I went to look around the area. After that - I had only few other dudes who could speak English with me, during work. But yeah, it was quite dull for me, so mostly I just went to smoke, pulled the favour from the bartender to get that booze and sat for ages on the couch, waiting for whatever work to show up. That was, frankly, boring, though, at the same time, I was observing girls and mentally evaluating the people who came in, what they did, how girls worked and all that other stuff." - I tapped my finger on the surface.

"The few people I sat with - were one rude dude that lied all the damn time to every one of the girls working, making up bollox to every single one of them. Saying that he is a business owner of sorts and wealthy to boot, yet even as he lived in hotel and could afford to waste some money in the club, he was stingy with giving tips. Like, you could not really shake much off of him. And with this twat, once he tried to pick me to go with him to his hotel room and all - well, we went, ate in restaurant, then went to get booze in the hotel bar, then went up and I told him that I ain't into shit, and wanna play card games. So, I requested playing cards. He said there were none. So I took the room card, went to reception and asked about cards - none, came back, said that no cards - no fun. This twat said that I'm mental and called bartender from club to pick me up and take me home. As he was not into such shit. Neither was I. So I took the booze bottles, and went out - bartender was there, boy was I happy to see the familiar face, as I got in his car. The twat went back to his room with nothing gained. And the bartender asked what I did for this dude to call him up so fast - and I said: 'This twat said that he wants some, and I said I wanna play card games. So there were no cards, I went to reception to get cards, none there either. Came back to the room. That twat was already in his underwear and expecting some action, but I said that no can do. I'm just not into it. He was upset, called you. And I took the booze with me, coz why the fuck not.' Bartender laughed, as he told me that this is the first time this dude is humiliated in such a way and that I'm awesome. I'm still proud of what I pulled off there." - I smiled at recalling the angry face of that twat.

"Ehh, somehow I'm not even surprised that you made them assholes suffer some humiliation." - He lets out, as he gets up and walks around a bit. - "I'm somehow thinking that you could have done more, maybe, like, poured some shit on him, or taken the extra bottle of booze from bar and put that on his tab for him to pay."

"I mean, that would be pretty good, but I still think that the staff would need to verify that purchase through this twat prior to giving anything to anyone." - I let out. - "So that was one of the idiots who took that stupid bate. The other few that followed later - were absolutely the epic level of what the bloody hell happened. One was over the age of 60, even 70, I think, and he for real thought that I was trans woman. So he was asking if he could have sex with me, and I joked that if he likes to be pegged - no problem. I'll do him. To which he replied that he's not like that. I said that he's missing out on a lot. So he was not happy about it. The other time I sat with some traders, there were other girls there and all, but that still was shabby, as they had close to no English what so ever and like - that sucks balls, to not be able to hold a conversation. But hey, booze and all. Not a long sitting anyway. Then there was a moment when I sat with a drug dealer, who was like - there quite often, and there were others as well, who were his minions and all - but that was so odd, like, I couldn't place the feeling of that oddness and sleazy feeling. The next day after - I sat with a police man

and his friend. Like, how comical that felt. Talking about some whimsical things, as they too - had lack of spoken English. The other times over - the work place was quite slow. Eventually - I faced the mental exhaustion."

"Mental exhaustion?" - He asked, as even his face expressed this whole question.

"Yeah, mental exhaustion. This job requires a lot of mental strength, as you clearly deal with dudes with issues, who pose as everything and anything, but their real selves. And at some point, all those filthy swines of men and their inappropriate touching, leaning in to kiss and sexual harassment - got me real bad. So bad that I felt annoyed. Annoyed that I did not have many people I could speak about it with, had no one to express my anger and frustration to, even those who were deemed close - were not in the least able to understand or listen. That led to me in a situation, where I had a breakdown. I went to the club toilet, during work hours, where I cried for good 10-20 minutes, then fixed up that make-up, and still with a heavy heart, ball of hate stuck in a throat and exhaustion in the feels, went to the bartender and asked for a 100 grams of vodka. Once the bartender saw me, my eyes and the expression my face had - he with no questions asked made me that glass of vodka and put it in front of me. I downed that sucker in two goes and felt like 'Well, fuck this shit, we'll get through it.' . From there on out - I had to communicate with the agent that got me here, to tell that the work flow is shitty, that there's not enough to work with and on. So negotiations underway - I quit, got the papers done and done and had like two days of stay, due to availability and transport being of certain day and time. So, on the next day after quitting, I hung out with a lady that I befriended. One that's classy and the epitome of strong woman. Badass. So we walked around, we checked the shopping stuff, she bought some things, I bought some things, she got a call, then asked if I'd be interested to go to dinner with two gents and her, work wise. And I agreed. She called the owner, then got the approval and in the evening - they dropped in a car, picking me up."

"The two were quite frankly - funny. The driver was one that she took care of. The other one, who sat next to me - was plenty drunk already, as he was picked up from champagne tasting event. To my surprise - this dude next to me, looked fairly good. He reminded of the looks of the actor that played Yves Saint Laurent in a movie. The glasses, the polished classy look. I took a fancy for him in a way. And we tried to chat, even as he was back and fro from his boozed self. He spoke alright, with few mistakes here and there, so the road to this one fancy restaurant some good length away to another town and some, was interesting. We arrived there, got out. The parked car, the fine place, with history behind it and some goodness all in all. The food was good, the chat was interesting, the jokes were so-so. The dude I was assigned to was fairly well looking. In the light of the restaurant - even more good looking than I thought it. And then this dumb thing came up - what's the zodiac signs. And he's like - 'I'm Pisces sun and Scorpio moon', to what I replied that 'I'm Scorpio sun and Pisces moon' and that's ended up being one cool way of bonding there."

"You mean to tell me that you found someone that felt 'ok' in the sea of shabby men?" - He asked, as he sat back down.

Now I got up and walked around the table.

"Hmm, I'll spoil this too, but that ended up being an experience and a shabby dude with red

flags all over. So even that was a learning curve there. None the less - escape moment, but yeah." - I replied.

"Escape moment?" - He gestured with hands.

I gave that a nod.

"Exactly that, yes. Lemme explain where that went to with that dinner and from that dinner."

Chapter 6

"The dinner went well. The conversations were here and there, the whole of it seemed alright. I went out to smoke, this guy went along with me. He said he's in his 40's, and he sort of did look mature, not in a sense of shabby, but the fine aged wine of classy and fashionable. He was indeed attractive, he was well mannered and felt like he knew what he did. We smoked, he asked how my vape tastes and I wanted to let him take a toke, but instead of that, he pulled me in for a kiss. Well, that's that. He was alright. Sensual was the key element. He made it feel like I too, am greatly fancy and deserving of princess treatment. My tomboy ass still was fluctuating inside. Then going back into the restaurant, once more it's chats. Then this guy holds my hand at the table, going all cutesy-touchy about it. And eventually - the dinner is done, we go back in a car. He keeps holding my hand, then even gives me his contact details, and as we get back to the club, he says that he'll stay out here and well, good luck to me. Though, if I want to come and see him - I can do so any time and he'll host me over at his place. A hug, a smooch on a cheek and off I go to catch up with the other two who went inside the club. It was odd to hear from that guy that he was not often here and that he will not go in, because he had a fight with owner, a falling out, therefore he won't even walk into the establishment." - I kept on going.

"Seems like it went alright tho." - He says, calmly.

"Felt like it, right?" - I smiled. - "But that's the start of another side of all that oddness." - I waved my hands. - "So from there on, with extra pay in a day, I went back to the apartment, as club closed for the day and we all were 'delivered' back to our quarters. Tired, but sort of happy to have a good kind of evening though the time being here. So, felt nice. Next morning I had to be on the train to another place. As my time in this club came to an end. The next place was in a pretty nice town as well. It felt more buzzy, more action all in all. And my first day there with going around to see the sights was alright. The apartment as well was something new to get on with. It was third or fourth floor, with balcony, three rooms, no electric kettle, shabby place all over and I was not really impressed. The trip around the area was alright though. The next day - as I went to the club. I was not happy at all. Not at all." - I shook my head.

"I'm not sure how worse this could go in general, really... Seems like a brewing plot twist though." - He lets out, as he looks quite tired from all my talking already.

"Well, the place was shabby. It looked good, all in all, but management and attitude was shit, not to mention toilets - hole-in-the-floor toilets! I was flabbergasted. They asked of girls to go and dance every 10-15 minutes to every 30 minutes from opening of club, so that girls, as they dance - can charm customers. The music they've always put for the girls to dance to - that was some horrid taste music absolutely. Really. I asked the girls - they did not like it as well. So I went to DJ and asked if the twat could put some good music, with good songs explained and shown to him. To that the DJ said that the songs are 'too gay'. Like, bitch, that's what girls like to dance to, not the shabby shit that's stinky in boys bathroom, like, come on! Then the waiters were beefing with me, as I was not happy with not receiving my typical gin-tonic. Here you only could have juice, water or white wine. I get too heavily trashed from wine. And in here they drink it in bottles, not like a decent human beings. So

yeah. Not cool. So first day was quite shitty, with only few people talking to me, as well as just so much boredom, due to not being able to have phone on you. Like, chat to people! But how the heck do you pull it off, if there's no customers to chat with? Dumb people." - I let out in one prolonged rant.

"Some emotional turmoil, huh?" - He lets out a short laugh. - "Lovely change."

"Not lovely at all. I did enjoy the next day around - walked to see what's there and enjoyed the shops, architecture, chill, food. I bought some home things in the Chinese shop. I bloody loved the Chinese shops there! Anything from pens to kettles to anything in chemicals and home stuff! I loved that shop. Got some things for the house, as it felt too shitty. And as I rectified the looks of it - the girls who stayed there also felt like it was better now. In the evening, night - once more the work day. This time around it was even worse. I was picked by some two dudes with one more girl in there, and like, that girl was my roommate as well, to top it off. So, the two sorta hung out with us. I was pissed at management, so I ordered gin-tonic and had it, pissing the owner the fuck off with that. Then the dudes asked to go to another side of the club, with us. In there, the girl was gone after question of 'do you know your phone number by memory?' and she did not, that let one of dudes say that she needs to go. Uff, that burn. She left. One more guy left, coz work the next day and all, so he had to. And I was left with this dude. He was antiques dealer. With that - art was shit we spoke about, kind of went along to chat more, then he asked if I want to go off and travel. I asked 'at 3 in the morning?' and he was like 'you only live once'..." - I eyed my friend.

He rolled his eyes.

"The YOLO kid is in the house, huh? How could you let it get to you, girl?" - He eyed me up and down. - "And here I thought you are more rational."

"Ehm, yeah, I thought so too, but I was drunk and annoyed to bits that night. So I took him up on that. And with that - I went to owner, then he was like 'you better respect the work here, the rules, blah-blah, or you can leave this instant'. Bruh, when a short dude with validation issues looks up at you and tries to sound menacing - that ain't working for me. So I went ahead, mind you, piss drunk, and said to him that I'm moving out like now and he better pay me for two days of work. And he, just like one of the waiters that was there, were both speechless. They thought that I would not be that ballsy. But I was. So, I grabbed that antiques guy, got him to go with me to the apartment and help me get all my bags in his car, then went to club, got money and was like 'Let's go!'. He was amazed by me in all the ways. So that guy, first of all, drove us to his apartment. I managed to sleep there after some work on laptop. One thing he annoyed me with - is his great level snoring. Bloody truck of an engine there. The next morning I went along with him to a meeting with client, which he signed very well. I enjoyed those few hours in absolutely another city that was fancy and cute. The person this dealer signed the contract with - one of the fanciest in the country, with antiques in the house that are worth over few hundred million. It was my first time going into apartment that's ceiling high stacked with antiques. I was awed."

"Then I messaged the dude I met that time during dinner. The assumed lawyer. And I messaged him that I'm coming over to the town he's staying in. And he was happy about that. Sure, now he was like Hachiko - expecting me to be there in near time. I gave him a day that's two days after I'm in the town. So that I have enough time to rest. So this antiques

dealer drives me to that town, then help me get my bags in my Airbnb room and off he was. I stayed in peace, as there was no people in the three bedroom apartment. Finally it was chill. Apartment was third floor, corner room with fancy balcony that overlooked some town sights, was out there to oversee the road crossing below and shopping centre to the right side. It was nice. I made myself coffee and watched how the world came to be from that balcony. I watched the moon, I watched how the whole lot of things just moved. Finally I gained some stillness, some pause in the madness that was brewing over the past weeks with this silly ass job, with this shit thing of people, with this drama from work and agents persuasions on getting on with working other places, so that I'm employed and all. I declined all them 'fine' offers. The lady was nice none the less. So in my room, I explored my tarot cards, I chilled with some series, I went out the next day to explore the nearby regions and see what's up here. It was chill, but the new level of stress came to me slowly, making it more and more pressured to view things up in my head." - I explained.

He traced the line on the table, invisible line. Thinking about what I said, or spacing out right now.

"A lot." - He said. - "You went through a lot of adventures. I'm realizing that's not even the end."

"Well, there's the next level adventure that comes by, but this one is quite funny, to be honest. Also involves a cool Irish bar and how I became a bar Elf. So yeah." - I scratched my head.

"Bar Elf? Not Elf on the Shelf? Bar Elf? What the hell did you do?" - His eyes met mine and I felt like now I'm in trouble. - "I hope you've not shat on the Elf image."

"Aaahm... Well..." - I looked up, thinking for a moment there.

"You better not!" - He pointed a finger at me. - "You. Better. Not." - He let out with hint of mocking and anger, that's dramatically played by him.

"Well, the lawyer dude came by on a day after my day out and chill day. That's when I was puzzled that he was with a bike. I thought he'd pick me up with a car or something. Nup. A bike. So, a bit of a trip it was. He showed me his office, as we spoke about. He said that it does not matter that I'm in Airbnb, he's taking me to his place. So in the office he fetched his car, then he drove to the apartment I stayed at. That's where I packed up and took down, packed in his car, then he took us to his apartment. Must admit, I was not sure where and how, as we were like, on the high street, with fancy shops all around and he took me to the entrance in-between the fancy shops. Then up to the fourth floor. It was a bloody penthouse under construction. Part was closed off, part was lived in. One that's closed off - had construction going on in there. It was nice and cozy. Though, the sounds of the high street chatter, cars and whatnot was there most of the time. He took me out to eat in restaurants, I stayed at his place for a week. That was quite the thing. It was like I suddenly was married, with husband being in the office from early morning to later in evening, mostly eating out or something of sorts. I was chilling at home for most part, until I went ahead to check out local bars and streets. That's how I found one place that's Irish Bar. Went there, got drinks there, helped the owner to clean up and set up the seats outside, he called me Elf. Okie. Then bartender spoke to me and friends we were, then the more people got to know me and we

had a full fledged alco-fest. If I remember correctly - I was picked by this lawyer dude from the bar and taken home on a freaking bicycle. Like, yeah. I'm glad we didn't cause any traffic issues."

"Then the days went on. I walked out more, a friend from the second club I worked at came by and we hung out together, walking around and all, eating out. Her teaching me things in life, us chatting about things. So it felt nice. At the same time I went in evenings to the bar and was getting boozed and all. Hung out with this one girl, and we sort of became friends for a time. Ah. Yeah. Drinks in a park, chilling out in the nature beauty. It was pretty. Some information and insights about how people live here, how things operate, how it goes. Then the other few times I was met with lawyer dude being sort of obsessive and jealous over me. That lead to situation to two days before me going back to another country, as travel is to an end. Me and the girl I met in that bar - we hung out and I went to bar to drink, coz in two nights I'm leaving. So it was a great party all in all. The issue was - I messaged the dude that I'm not returning home to him for the night. And my phone died and no internet... We drunk, had fun and I was staying with this girl in apartment of the bartender, as we had more wine in there and stayed over. In the morning - I had message that the so called lawyer was pissed off and all my things were packed and downstairs in the reception area. Whoah. Me and this girl both said that that boy overreacted. Coz he never asked for serious relationship, never had serious relationship, yet demanded some stuff. Nah mate. So we went to pick my things, leave his keys and she took me to a hotel next to train station, paying for my night in the hotel and breakfast. She saved me like a finest knight. And I had heavy hangover, so did she. In the evening I still went to bar, still hung out with guys once more and had to go grab my sweater I left at the bartenders home. Yes, we waited until he was back home. Then got to hotel, slept few hours, woke up, left a bag to be sent to address abroad, and went to catch my train to go on a next adventure." - I nodded.

"I was about to say that I can't let you go anywhere. You either cause heart break or some random chaotic situations. Not sure what triggers what in that whole making, but it's like a mess, though not a mess." - He lets out, looking down.

"I think it's just life teaching me life." - I say.

"It's ways of a person to be randomly in a novel of own making, my dear." - He sighs, as he looks me in the eyes. - "I still love you and am dearly grateful that you're here with me now. Not missing, not kidnapped, not dead. Very much alive, thriving and with me."

I'm still standing, after pacing around due to talking, as I'd get up, sit down... Up and down all the way. He comes up to me and gives me a hug.

"I hope that you'll find a place you call home, with comfort, ease and joy. You deserve that. After all the turbulence. You deserve that." - He softly speaks in my ear.