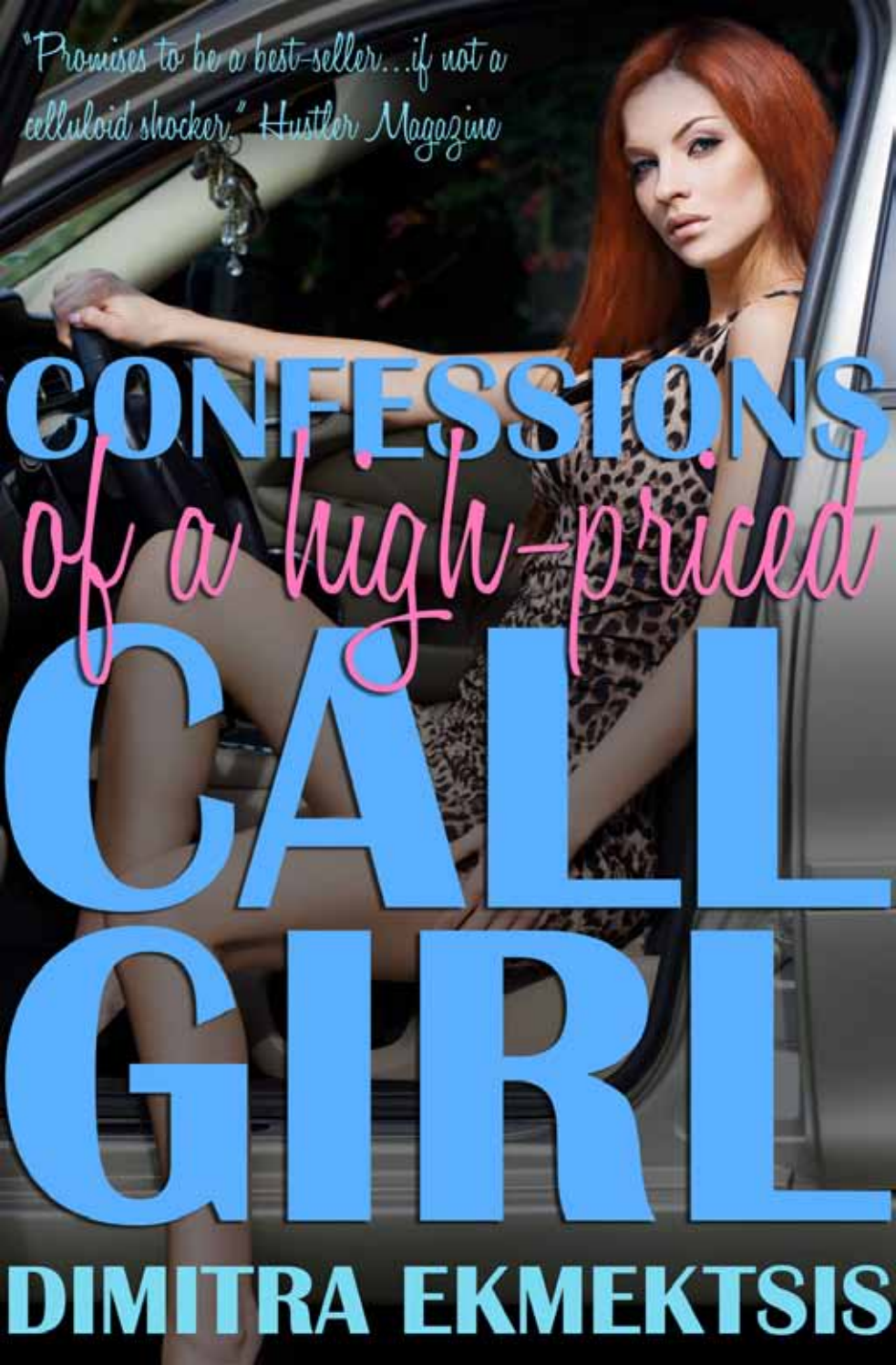
"Promises to be a best-seller...if not a celluloid shocker." Hustler Magazine
CONFESSIONS
of a high-priced
CALL
GIRL
DIMITRA EKMEKTSIS

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CONFESSIONS OF A HIGH-PRICED CALL GIRL

SECOND EDITION

By
Dimitra Ekmektsis

Publisher Information

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Dedication

My grandparents, Eleftheria and Ioannis Gialampoukis, have given me many gifts of incalculable value. However, the greatest gift they have given me has been the love and appreciation of writing. It is impossible for me to adequately express my gratitude to them, and I will never be able to repay them for what they have given me. With the deepest love and respect, I offer this book as a tribute to them.

Prologue

In times immemorial, beautiful women were brought to temples in hopes of being educated as priestesses. They were sacred prostitutes. The priestesses received the strangers who came to the temples, and their sexual union was, for both participants, communion with the goddess of love and fertility.

Both the act of lovemaking and the payment were dedicated to the goddess and thus made holy. The sexual union was between goddess and god, and the human counterparts who played the roles assumed divine status during the act. These rituals were believed to bring prosperity to the land and to the people.

Chapter One

I am a call girl. I provide human companionship and pleasure.

I like providing this pleasure, and I hope by reading my story you will come to understand me better and be further intrigued by the person I am.

The memoirs of call girls are much in demand these days—a millennial craze. It seems that every call girl wants to write her story, but it is actually quite difficult. You wouldn't believe the dedication it takes to record your clandestine encounters with wealthy men from around the globe. These men pay fabulously for a woman's companionship, be it for one hour, an evening, a weekend, or more.

Men often feel bitterly oppressed by the role they have to play every day, the expectation that they be rational and responsible. Call girls offer an escape and refuge from the limitations of life and the monotony of marriage, even if only for a few hours. I am a professional girlfriend, if you will, and I prefer to think of the time I spend with clients as dates and treat them as dates (or boyfriends).

You have to possess a great deal of empathy to be a call girl. I sometimes see myself as a psychoanalyst. Most of my clients are repeats, and they tell me a lot about their personal lives and problems.

I have forged some amazing friendships through this business. I correspond with authors, journalists, and even film producers, all of whom regard me as their muse.

My selling point is my intellect—it is essential to be able to converse with clients on their level: I speak three languages fluently and have a wide variety of passions to bring to the table.

I like to research a client's interests before I meet him. I was born to be playful and sweet and so, typically, my clients treat me with warmth and respect. If the right chemistry is not there, then I don't bother. Luckily, the demand for call girls is always higher than the supply.

The getting-paid-for-companionship subject was brought to the fore when *The Happy Hooker* hit the bookshelves. An icon to many who have followed in her footsteps, the author, Xaviera Hollander, opened my eyes to an atypical career path when I was only twelve years old.

The blonde Dutch beauty, Xaviera had been at the center of a great international sex scandal involving the United Nations in New York, as well as the administration in Washington D.C.

Miss Hollander, it was revealed, had provided the services of herself and other women for the intimate, private pleasures of powerful men, including business magnates, diplomats, and foreign officials. I pored through this best-selling book, fascinated by her exciting life and unimaginable happenings but not understanding a word.

Xaviera told of mobsters, lesbianism, bondage, and run-ins with the FBI. In awe, my pre-teen self-came to the conclusion that I could do the very same, should I wish to.

And so it happened, by shocking the world Xaviera Hollander was transformed into the latest overnight celebrity. She wrote eighteen books, as well as a monthly sex advice column for *Penthouse* magazine. She is still a well-recognized name today.

Inevitably, all call girls—certainly the ones I've discussed the matter with—worship her. Those of us in the profession agree she is smart, beautiful, honest, and very brave. She is proud of the career she has chosen and has few regrets. Even call girls new to the profession talk and gossip about Xaviera, as well as those of us who have followed her path relentlessly.

Every time I browse the Internet, I stumble upon a new book or blog or HBO special by or about call girls. Whether by word of mouth or via the Internet, gossip is undoubtedly the best source of information about call girls.

I've even been privy to whispering winds regarding my own exploits through this electronic source of gossip collaborated by many. According to the celebrity grapevine, I am this shapely,

long-legged party girl with fiery red hair who carried on a risqué, champagne-and-drug-soaked $2,000-a-night affair with Oscar winning screenwriter and producer Aaron Sorkin. Among his many works, he is known for creating the fictitious White House drama *The West Wing*.

I smile knowing that much I hear of myself is true. However, I never admit this to a soul, but my hair is not really red, it is dark blonde. And what many news-spreaders don't know is that, rather than living in a bath of flowing champagne and drugs, I live and work in Reno in the dry, harsh Nevada desert.

But here in this small town community, there are plenty of upsides. For instance, I never have to sit around in traffic during rush hour, and I am certainly not chained to a cubicle in a nine-to-five career. I recall visiting a so-called straight woman once who worked in such a tiny, carpeted-wall prison that I suffered claustrophobia for days afterwards.

The downside of living here is that sometimes you have to keep your profession a secret. Believe me, when you are a call girl and your landlord asks you what you do for work, it pays to quickly to come up with a respectable line. This is especially true if you have developed an undying crush, such as the one I have on my landlord. I told him that I write articles for magazines.

Actually, I *am* a writer, though I don't tell too many people about my almost-secret writing career. The ones to whom I do mention it think the idea of my being an author is awesome.

They imagine that writing about being a call girl is steeped in glamour and intrigue. But, truthfully, writing about my call girl profession, combined with my actual call girl duties, is completely draining. Usually, when I tell people that I'm writing my story, they say, "Wow, how exciting!" My friends, the ones who think they may be noted on the written page, get *really* excited about my writing.

Especially my friend Amber. Amber is a call girl and advertises on the Internet, like me. I consider myself beyond lucky to know her. She is very funny and rather clever.

I recently entered a real estate office while going about the tiring task of apartment hunting. My cell phone rang. It was Amber.

"You need a blog!" Amber was shouting. She didn't even pause to breathe.

"Universal Pictures just made a deal with Aaron Sorkin. He's going to direct Tom Hanks in that movie *Charlie Wilson's War*."

I giggled, and then finally getting a word in, I asked suspiciously, "Have you been Googling Sorkin again?"

"Yes. I have. I have."

Every time Amber googles Aaron, she tells me that I need a blog. In fact, Amber is always after me to get a blog so that I can write on the Internet about my independent call girl business and my distinctive and quite unusual encounters.

"I mean, everybody would read you," she says.

Amber's behavior wasn't at all unusual. Because everyone googles everyone they know. It just sort-of slowly creeps up on you. Before you know it, you even google yourself. I guess we feel that if we don't get googled, our whole world will fall apart.

Before I finish telling you the story of my apartment hunt and about Amber's obsession with my getting a blog, let me tell you a bit about myself.

1. I don't see being a call girl as inherently more exploitative than any other type of work.

I always believed that everyone prostitutes some aspect of their body or soul for material gains. "All paid jobs absorb and degrade the mind," said the Greek philosopher Aristotle. Personally, I think that many Hollywood starlets dress like prostitutes, but there is a certain animosity towards call girls, maybe because call girls take some power away from other women. I don't think that most women want men to be able to simply go out and buy sex.

It is difficult for me to understand why it is that a wife trading sex for financial support is granted society's approval. On the other hand, a hard-working call girl is labeled a criminal.

First of all, the reason for this double standard is that sexual

exclusivity was codified into Jewish law to protect the church and man's property. Included in "man's property" was his wife. Later, Jewish law became "God's law" and was quickly absorbed into Christianity and then into civil law. The difference between a call girl and a wife is that a call girl provides sex to more than one man, but for a wife to do that would be sinful because she would no longer be a "man's property."

If we lived in a world where every man could get all the sex and love he needs at home, there probably wouldn't be any call girls. But we don't live in that type of society, I'm afraid.

2. I was born in Greece and grew up in Germany.

If some of my clients reveal that they have a weakness for European women, it is, they theorize, because I remind them of what their great-great-great-grandparents might have gone through when they first arrived in America. I am stunned by being compared to these far-removed pilgrims, but I try not to let on and just smile sweetly.

3. I'm in my thirties.

But no one would know if I didn't tell. I still have the shape of a twenty-something. By looking at my lithe body, some think I could be a dancer. But then, others don't grasp the possibilities, like Amber, for instance. When I told Amber about my daily yoga class, she said, "You're crazy. Why would you bother?"

But I just love yoga and fall into the routine like clockwork. I just can't help myself. Also, many think that someone who is as obsessed with books and writing as I am should perhaps be a librarian.

Look, the only way men are going to pay $400 per hour for my company is if I look flawless in lingerie from every angle. Having a mind doesn't really hinder, either.

4. You wouldn't believe how many men pay call girls. (I'll tell you of some of these men and the experiences I've had with them as I go along.) Some men see call girls all the time. I happen to know that most of these men are lonely and between wives or girlfriends. Of

course, sometimes they're just out of town and lonely.
And believe me, even successful and attractive men pay big money to be with a call girl. Please don't tell anyone, because you know some women get so jealous, but many of my clients could go into a bar and pretty easily get a woman to go home with them.
So you may say, "Isn't paying for sex a bit stupid when you can get it for free?" But there is something really intelligent about this form of stupidity. Men who pay call girls usually get transported to a place where they feel special and understood. Where reality is replaced with a warmer light. Where every fantasy can be fulfilled! Not all women are that liberal.
All the clever men who pick up women at bars and give their money to the bartender instead of the woman get hours and hours of drinking and talking. And by then the woman is so drunk, the "free" sex isn't enjoyable anymore.

5. I am not a drug addict.
Some call girls may be drug addicts, but apparently so are some lawyers and accountants.

6. I am not a victim of childhood sexual abuse, and I don't suffer from low self-esteem.
I always say, "Getting rewarded for being physically attractive is not an obvious barrier to self-esteem."

I stepped into Vincent's office and nearly lost my cool. This man, I easily observed, was what I can only describe as delicious. He was sitting behind a desk that was so big it could have easily doubled as a bed. I honestly stared at this heavenly creature. He was arguing with someone on the phone.

I don't know if he paid any attention to me or not, but soon I found myself wondering whether I should tell him that I wanted to do all sorts of shameless things with him. Everything about him was sexy, even the way he argued.

"I've got to go now, Amber," I said, almost in a whisper, and cut her off mid-sentence.

She was talking about Sorkin and all the attention I could get by writing about him on the blog she was proposing I obtain. When I finally hung up my cell phone, I walked over to the hottie at the big, bed-like desk.

Vincent, a striking Italian with longish dark blonde hair and a narrow build, looked exactly like Ed Burns did when he starred in *15 Minutes*. He didn't appear very tall, maybe 5'8", thus proving that good things come in small packages.

"Hi," I said, unconsciously biting my lip.

"Oh hi," he replied. "Can I help you?"

He glanced at me, and I found myself thinking what a shame that I'd dressed to downplay my sexuality in black skinny pants and a long black sweater. It's one thing getting dressed up for a client, but I get paid to look like the woman in the perfume ad. I don't see the need to dress up for everyday tasks.

"Kim from the casino said you could show me some apartments," I managed to say.

"Yes," he said. "I have many great properties available. The best. How much are you looking to spend?" My main concern wasn't money. It was that I couldn't pay attention to the conversation at all. I felt as if I were two feet from Ed Burns.

Vincent didn't wait for me to answer.

"Maybe I can show you some properties, and you can see for yourself," he said.

In less than three minutes, I had fallen for him. Can I tell you a secret? I've never met a man who didn't proposition me for sex very soon after meeting me—and Vincent would be no different from the others, I told myself, as I followed him from the office to his black Hummer in the parking lot. I don't consider myself a supermodel, but I know I'm very attractive, with memorable features; and if I were a man, I would be all over me.

I sat in the passenger seat only inches from Ed Burns, feeling decidedly weak in the knees. While Vincent drove down Lake

Street, I wondered what his chest looked like underneath his shirt and, would you believe, I was dying to know the kind of underwear he was wearing—if any. I was waiting for him to lay on a pick-up line, like all the other men do, but Vincent said nothing. He was professional, which was unbearable. Why does the one guy I find unbelievably sexy in I don't know how long have to be the one to play it cool?

I found it extremely hard to focus on renting an apartment. Sometimes I wish there were no Ed Burns-type men in the world, because then I'd never have to worry about getting attention deficit disorder.

Vincent turned onto South Wells Avenue and merged onto Interstate 80 toward Sparks. After about two miles, he exited on Rock Boulevard and turned right onto Victorian Avenue.

Finally, he spoke. "Where do you work?"

"I write magazine articles," I said.

"About what?" he asked, sounding intrigued.

"About…Hollywood," I replied.

He frowned. His cell phone rang, and he answered it. Again, he argued with somebody over business, it seemed. *He's just like me,* I thought. Money on his mind! How hot of him.

He drove the SUV behind a yellow, three-story faux Victorian building and stopped. I followed him inside the lovely structure, and he unlocked the first door on the right.

Ah, I thought instantly, realizing how amazingly convenient this would be for my clients to come straight in without being seen by the neighbors. Inside the one-bedroom apartment, I saw the wonderfully large windows I adore and shiny hardwood floors. It wasn't very big, but that didn't really bother me. I don't need an oversize apartment to write about the various aspects of being a call girl and things most people know nothing about.

Once I'd finished my book, I could live somewhere beautiful like Marbella, exactly like Xaviera Hollander. With this thought, I asked Vincent how much the rent was. (Please don't tell a soul this, but all call girls make more money than most people. Most people

find out I'm a call girl after learning that I make lots of money.) Now, here I was with the man I'd just fallen head over heels for, and I really didn't want him to know my profession.

Not yet. Maybe never.

"Six hundred a month," he said. "Do you like it?"

"I do," I said. "But it does need some TLC."

It turned out there was a very good reason the rent at the Victorian was so cheap. Someone on my floor smoked so much weed that the hallways reeked with the smell. Sometimes the smell crept into my apartment through the vents. On the third day, I still couldn't figure out which apartment it was coming from.

Though I'd smoked weed for years when I was a dancer in Miami, and later, at the Kit Kat ranch in Carson City, I had quit when I decided to pour my heart into writing. I wasn't a pothead now, and I really didn't want clients thinking that I was.

The truth is, I am all for the legalization of marijuana. I think people should be allowed to smoke weed, just as they are allowed to drink alcohol—but in private, without the entire building reeking. And though Jake, a regular client I had scheduled on this certain evening, was nobody special to me, I didn't want it getting around that I used any kind of drugs, as social as it might be. The closer it got to his arrival time, the more worried I became.

I called Amber. "Hey, it's me."

Amber is in her mid-twenties and has fantastic bone-structure. She resembles Grace Kelly if she'd been a brunette.

"I'm in my new apartment," I said. "It's really weird. My neighbors smoke pot all day long, and I have to meet a client this evening. Can you come over?"

Forty-five minutes later, we were sitting in my small kitchen drinking an Irish coffee. Amber is super-cool, always. This day, she was dressed for the chilly November afternoon in a long green camouflage skirt, black faux fur jacket, and boots. She was playing with my cat, Kenny, who was perched on the table between us, clearly loving the attention.

"You're crazy," Amber said. "Why do you care if your neighbors smoke weed?"

"Because! I don't want my clients to think I'm a pothead and then not take me seriously. And, you know, the smell of weed gives me the munchies. Now I'm going to gain weight."

"But Dimitra, you don't want them to take you too seriously. If they want serious, they can stay home with their wives. You want their money. Period. You've got to stop worrying. Now, tell me about the book. Am I going to be in it?"

"Amber, you know you are," I said.

"That's neat."

Amber and I have a bit more history than most call girls here in Reno. We have both been involved in sex scandals. Clearly, hers was more of the grisly kind.

She had been attacked and nearly killed by a murderer who posed as a client in San Francisco. She had been smart to pretend to be dead. It was only then that he stopped beating her and disposed of her in the San Francisco Bay. She was unrecognizable in the police photographs taken after she managed to swim to the Pier and call 911.

After Amber's assailant was caught, he testified that he had tried to kill her because she was a sinner and therefore didn't deserve to live.

Call girls can be the most vulnerable of all women, sometimes. The unhealthiest thing about the job is the stigma that's attached to it, and many of us suffer terribly from the discrimination and poor treatment we receive from people who accuse us of acting immorally. Fear and depression become job hazards. I have heard stories of call girls who would not go to the police even though they had been beaten and raped. Some were beaten and raped by police because the police view them as immoral.

Allowing people to denounce this major money-earning position on the grounds that most people find it immoral is only encouraging the stigma. I honestly question whether it is most people or just a few making a lot of noise.

In most heterosexual unions, the man is typically physically stronger, with the woman being the receiver during the act of intercourse.

On the other hand, most men who pay for sex are not usually the aggressive type. A man who buys sex usually acts as if asking for a favor, and most call girls practice controlled sex. We decide who gets it, when, for how long, and in what position. At the Kit Kat ranch or other brothels, for example, a man acting in an overly aggressive manner would have to answer to brothel security or to the police. This is why we need legal sex work. Decriminalizing sex work is the first step in removing the stigma.

Getting back to my friend and the abuse she suffered. She was a hot item for the talk shows. Hosts went ape for her to talk about the incident. She was a guest on several of them. After all, she was the only known survivor of that particular serial murderer.

To this day, she suffers from severe post-traumatic stress disorder, and whenever she is alone, she gets flashbacks of her assault.

Amber truly amazes me. I told her I probably wouldn't have had the courage to fake my own death and survive the way she had.

But she realized that was the only thing to do.

My own popularity was hanging on a totally different limb than was Amber's.

Aaron Sorkin, the executive producer of *The West Wing*, had been my top client and e-mail buddy for years. And he was becoming more and more famous every single day.

Until lately, knowing a famous TV producer, or any other famous clients, never moved me. But right now, something Sorkin had done was pulling at my soul. The thing is that he created a character of a call girl, which was based on me, for his new series. And he never even asked permission nor offered to pay. After all, I feel I should be included when my personality is taken and used for whatever reason.

Sometimes when I was reading Aaron's e-mails on my Mac, I often wished I could tell the other girls at the Kit Kat about my

nights in New York with him. I never did, though, until I saw Amber's appearance on *The Jenny Jones Show*. The program was one of many on which she appeared; Amber was really making the rounds.

She made me think I should get the publicity due to me. So, I shared the ordeal with her one evening while we were between clients at the Kit Kat ranch. She listened intently and was thoroughly enthused by tales of my carryings-on with Aaron.

"You know, it isn't that he based *The West Wing* call girl on me that I mind," I said. "It's that he never gave me any acknowledgement." This was the first time I'd ever mentioned Aaron to Amber.

"*The* Aaron Sorkin?" she said.

"Well, there probably is another Aaron Sorkin, but I mean *The West Wing* Aaron Sorkin.

"I've never asked Aaron for anything before," I continued.

"All that call-girl-Rob-Lowe stuff, it's been like the best publicity for the show. Nobody would have ever watched it if it weren't for you!" Amber exclaimed. "He clearly should have given you credit."

Amber is more gorgeous than anybody I ever saw on *The West Wing*, and I really just tried to do something nice for her. After she almost died, I felt getting her on *The West Wing* would restore Amber's self-esteem.

As for me, I would just come along to see Aaron. After all, he had once been my top client in New York, and he e-mailed me hundreds of times asking that I come to visit him in L.A., even though he was married.

Aaron and I hadn't seen each other in eight years!

"I just hope he'll audition you for the show, Amber," I said. "Aaron is so popular now. And hell, he can't go anywhere without having his picture taken. And it's because of the call girl episodes. So all in the cause of friendship, I will ask him."

Here is a sample message from the famed producer-writer, and I want to say, friend. Maybe friend is a little strong, but we'll know for sure after he reads this book.