



HOOKUPS: HOW TO HAVE SEX WITH STRANGERS

by **Katya**

When it comes to sex, I was a pretty late bloomer. Having abstained completely from sex for most of my twenties, I woke up on the eve of my thirtieth birthday feeling like I had a lot of makeup work to do. So I decided that I was going to have sex with every single man I could. And I did. That year was filled with a prodigious amount of hookups, and some weekends the frequency of sexual partners definitely hinted at a burgeoning sex addiction. But wouldn't you know it, I emerged from that year with many wonderful experiences, plenty of bad ones, and not a single sexually transmitted infection! (I already had herpes.)

Now, my situation was a bit out of the ordinary and will be relatable only to a very niche audience. That is, I'm going to assume you are probably not a thirty-year-old cross-dresser who lives alone above a drag bar. These factors came in handy when the call to hoeing rang loudly. As with most areas of

life, I find it helpful to describe my pattern of behavior so that you can use it as a cautionary tale, as I am prone to living recklessly and am, by some great miracle of the Good Heavenly Lord Jesus, still alive.

Remember the Craigslist killer? Well, he should have killed me. Seriously! I met so many of my gentlemen callers on that website, often with no other background info than a badly cropped, blurry photo of them fifteen years ago. It was a nonstop cavalcade of strange men every other night of the week. The only time I didn't let a guy into my house was when he didn't show up. Looking back, I am extremely lucky that I didn't have to deal with any shenanigans of a violently physical nature at all, never mind murder.

Being as I was a very fragile and delicate woman, vulnerable to the hostile unpredictability of the outside world, I hosted my tricks 99 percent of the time. This was a much safer option than venturing into the unknown, but equally and perhaps much more important was my dignity. My particular brand of womanhood does not fare well in poorly lit environments, and my version of an overnight bag consists of two large suitcases and a Dyson vacuum cleaner. (I will not explain this.) So, it was up to me to be a gracious and sensual hostess, a role that I performed with ease and aplomb.

PLENTY OF CATFISH IN THE SEA

One of the more exciting features of hooking up in the digital age is the bait-and-switch phenomenon known as catfishing. If you've ever been on the business end of a deceiver's rod, then you'll know what a wild ride this can be. Lies, deception, stolen identities . . . it has all the soap-operatic qualities a real drama queen craves. Except the reality is just a plain old fucking bummer when you get to his house and find out that not only does he look nothing like his picture; he's not even a real person at all—just a tape-recorder shoved into a scarecrow—and now you're all alone and feeling very foolish with your pants down in the middle of a cornfield. (If I had a nickel!)

HOW TO FUCK GOOD

Here are some essential features of a good hookup, one that could lead the way to a regular fuck-buddy situation.

You're a decent host, meaning you offer water, maybe even some snacks, and you keep your living space clean and well maintained, especially the areas of immediate interest, that is, the bedroom and bathroom. I would always greet my guests at the door wearing an off-the-shoulder *Flashdance*-style sweatshirt to indicate that I am a dancer and this is a casual date. As my guest was settled into the boudoir, I would rip off the sweatshirt to reveal some very slutty high-neck, long-sleeve lingerie to let them know it was time to do sex.

You are the captain of each and every one of your sexual voyages, no matter if it's a quick slosh through the pond or a Homeric odyssey. Be clear in your objectives; be firm in what you are willing and unwilling to tolerate; and by all means, reserve the right to abandon ship at a moment's notice for any reason at any time. Listen, you are the casting director of this hookup and the policy reads: "Lineup subject to change without notice." This might involve you hopping out of the window of a horribly dull or creepy trick's bathroom when things get weird, no questions asked, no shame, and no regret. Also, it doesn't hurt to bring a knife. Well, it can definitely hurt, but that's the idea; just don't forget to stick them with the pointy end.

You take an active and determined interest in the sexual satisfaction of your



partner. If you are the kind of person who collapses into the bed after you climax, while your partner's orgasm is a brief postcoital afterthought, you're an asshole. I'm looking mostly at the menfolk, though I know very well shit-heads abound in every size, color, and shape. It takes two to tango, Frank, so get back down there and make sure Vanessa isn't left high and dry. And if you can't figure out how to get things wet and wild, don't be afraid to ask the young lady what yanks her crank. A simple heartfelt query such as, "Hello, darling, I would love so much to help usher you to the absolute zenith of sexual climax. Is there anything in particular you'd like me to do that would precipitate this lovely event?" Bonus points if you're wearing a monocle and a tartan wool cape.

Allow for a reasonable postcoital buffer period, which for me can range anywhere from five to thirty minutes before I chase them out with a broom. This can be a challenge, as I have often fallen victim to a rapidly plummeting interest in the other person once I climax. This is why I actually, in many cases, don't care to orgasm. This sounds like a nightmare to some people, but I enjoy experiencing the other person's climax, and I am left in a state of desire as we part, rather than counting the minutes until this ghoulish fuckwit can put on his fucking pants and find the door. If you are the type of person who prefers a swift retreat after sex, then it's best to visit that person's house rather than having to tactfully navigate the song and dance of ejecting a now unwelcome guest.

TO TEXT OR NOT TO TEXT?

There is the three-day rule, there's the one-day rule, there's the rule of attraction, the rule of opposites, and then there's Mercedes Ruehl. I say life is too short, so if you're thirsty, be thirsty. What's the worst that can happen? The water pitcher dries up and there's nothing to drink. Well, find another fridge. But please do take a hint. If you're going to put yourself out there, at least trade your shame in for some dignity and know when to call it quits if

the other person is displaying a less-than-enthusiastic vibe about seeing you again. Think they're playing hard to get? That could be true, but guess what? I'm almost forty and I don't have time to play games, so come and get the good-good or get the hell out of my store, we're closed.

So when it comes to hooking up, remember: Sex is lovely but it isn't everything, and whether you have a shit ton or none, it's not a moral issue. It's about your physical and mental health and only you can decide if you are in balance, so don't fall prey to shady people or institutions that would slap a value judgment on you for getting your jush. Personally I don't like to be dick-matized. It's not a good look, especially since I know that a good dick is only really just that—a good dick. A great book, or a wonderful television show, or a sensationally restorative night's sleep can be equally if not more satisfying alternatives, and none of these will give you crabs.

