



But wouldn't that be painful?

MINX'S ROVING  
REPORTER  
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**INVESTIGATES**  
PHONE SEX AND  
THE MEN WHO  
CAN'T KEEP  
THEIR FINGERS  
OFF **1900**  
**NUMBERS**

# DIAL OH-OH-

**ME**, a phone sex operator? A 3D version of the stack of centerfolds underneath my father's side of my parent's bed? My therapist would say I was seeking approval. Bull! I'm just desperate to impress with my first column for *minx* – and let's face it, who hasn't wondered what goes on down the phone sex line? So, if you're offended by B-grade porn dialogue and think that this is nothing more than an excuse for me to fulfil my exhibitionist fantasies, then move on right now.

The phone rings. It's Michael, a perfect stranger all alone with nothing but his *People* magazine between his legs. He likes my name: Verona. Michael needs me to take control; I tell him to take off his shorts and get butt naked. He laughs. I tell him he's cheeky like a schoolboy and I spank him. Hard. I hit the bench with the phone and Michael goes wild. Doesn't he know this isn't real? His breathing increases. There's no turning back now.

**"HE'S CHEEKY LIKE A SCHOOLBOY AND I SPANK HIM. HARD."**

This intrigue I have with phone sex peaked when my sleazebag ex took my African violet, half my TV and most of my dignity and moved out. While I worked through the separation process, cut up photos, cleaned round the toilet rim and paid the Telstra bills, I discovered that all those "late-night business calls" were to 1900 numbers. The creep had been using a phone sex line. I was positively mortified. At first I felt betrayed. I sprayed the phone with disinfectant and devoured a tub of

double-choc ice-cream. Soon I started to wonder what a phone sex operator had that I didn't – apart from \$4.90 a minute of my ex's salary.

## LUSTY LESBIANS

A perusal of the tabloid classifieds brought me face-to-face with the competition: lusty lesbians exhaling in soft focus down the line. Lusty, I can do lusty, and if he wanted me to breathe more, all he had to do was ask.

Like all relationship leftovers, I find that the best way to heal is to obsess. In my quest to find out more, I discovered Omnicall, one of Australia's largest phone sex companies. I made it through to Sabira, the ultimate phone sex diva.

Sabira says she's married to a trusting husband (who listens at the door), has two teenagers and an impressive career history as a phone sex operator – or a "talker" as she was quick to correct me.



Sabira has some fascinating stories and I feel safe in the warmth of her soothing tones. At the height of Sabira's career, she earned \$5000 a month "talking" – while preparing dinner for the family. The calls come through a computer, which the "talkers" log onto when they wish to receive calls. "You don't have to get up and go out to work," explains Sabira. "You could be just lying at home, you could be nude, lying around in your slippers, your pyjamas, and you're doing the housework and you're taking the calls."

### WHIP IN HAND

My mentor is quick to quell any thoughts of her hanging from the ceiling adorned in leather, whip firmly in her hand. "In my case, 60 per cent of my calls were counselling." Right. So instead of paying for the price of a local call to speak to those good, caring souls at Life Line, these guys want to shell out \$4.90 a minute for counselling?

But there must be some kinky callers? "Oh yes, they want to talk about turds and have me shit on them, even down to whether or not I'd like to taste it." (I had to ask, didn't I?)

By now I reckon I can do this "talker" thing – my first words, after all, were "ooh, ooh, ooh" – and it's gotta pay better than writing. I can work from the

privacy of my own home using a pseudonym and the longer I keep the client on the other end of the line, the more my bank account rises.

Once I'd made my decision, Sabira talked me through the do's and don'ts: never give personal details, always use a pseudonym, make the client feel like a king and under no circumstances accept money or agree to meet any client.

Do's and don'ts understood, I'm ready to choose a pseudonym and record my own personal message greeting to entice callers to pick me – and give me a healthy slice of that \$4.90 a minute. I have 15 seconds to "sell myself" in the message; if I do it right, little Mister Horny will dial my 1900 number, listen to an array of breathy babes and dial my code number to hook up.

"Hi, I'm Verona. My healing powers will blow you away" – with an entirely appropriate amount of emphasis on the word "blow". "Let me heal your libido." I log on and wait for the calls to come flooding in.

## "THESE GUYS WANT TO PAY \$4.90 A MINUTE JUST FOR COUNSELLING?"

Finally, Michael calls. I talk of cocks and tits. My voice gets deeper and deeper. I try to see myself as Ms Porn Queen 2000. I laugh and titter. I tell him he's huge (how would I know?), like a ramrod (humph), straight and bulging (yep), a sex machine (like, whatever); I feel like a cliché. I say his name over and over and over: "Michael, ooh, Michael, ooh, Michael, ooh." I can hear his quick movements rise up and up and up until he finally comes. He says thank you and hangs up.

So much for counselling.

### EXTRA THERAPY

I feel flushed, excited and exceptionally powerful. I log off and immediately call my ex-boyfriend. It's engaged; probably a good thing.

Three hours and half a pack of B&H's later (I quit ages ago) and I want food – truck-loads of it.

Two days later and I've scheduled an extra therapy session.

One week later and I'm wondering if Michael will ever call again.

I've gone from queen of the phone-sex-she-gods to asking myself if my bank manager will be able to tell what I've just done simply by looking at me. There's a definite thrill but is it worth all the guilt? God, I'm not even Catholic and it's not like I've done wrong or anything. For all I know Michael's name is Eugene and his father's a Liberal backbencher. Breathe, Rachael! Inhale, exhale; in, out.

I think that my next *minx* column might have to be about nuns. ☺

# OOOOH!



Hanky . . .



Panky . . .



Spanky . . .