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Unzipped

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Extract

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ONE

'I have a carefully managed public face – and a very secret private life'

They say that confession is good for the soul.

If politicians have souls – and the concept is far from certain – then this book ought to benefit my chances in the afterlife immeasurably. I am, indeed, a politician.

I belong to the British Conservative party; the party which under Margaret Thatcher's iron leadership ruled our great nation for the entire 1980s, only to be reduced to a shadow of its former self, though it may now be on the mend.

Like many I began as a foot-soldier and got myself elected as a local councillor. Education, intelligence and ambition took me fairly easily on to the party's Parliamentary candidate's list. After many interviews in various constituencies, I stood as a candidate, only to see my hopes and prospects destroyed by the great Labour landslide of 1997.

Apart from my political activities, I earn my living as a business consultant, advising on the commercial implications and potential of public policy. Working as a lobbyist

for certain companies, I network and deal with both MPs and government officials to persuade them of my client's cause.

In short, I am an insider, a very minor player amongst those who make the rules and uphold the value systems you have to live by.

To meet me, you would correctly guess that I am in early middle-age, but beyond that I bear remarkably few distinguishing features. I am neither fat nor thin, neither plain nor good-looking, neither ideologically left-wing nor right. In short, I have all the natural attributes necessary to succeed in my chosen profession.

In common with most of Britain's ruling elite, I read PPE – Politics, Philosophy, Economics – at Oxford, and went on to make a decent living out of my university contacts. And, like politicians the world over, I have a carefully managed public face – and a very secret private life that few people would ever remotely begin to suspect.

So why do I feel a compulsion to tell you about the world I inhabit? Because I have made a shocking journey of the kind these self-same politicians do not want you to make. Because after a lifetime in politics I have fallen out of love with the establishment and broken free from the shackles of social convention.

My story begins in 2002. I should be happy but am actually miserable, suffused by a sense of failure. I have acquired and done much that many people, perhaps most, would envy. But for me it provides little fulfilment. All my gods have feet of clay and I am yearning for a personal happiness which the world has so far failed to provide.

By the end I will have found it – in ways and places which at the beginning of my journey I would not have dreamed of. I will have turned conventional value systems upside down. And I will gain a deeper understanding of the

philosophies I spent my years at Oxford studying well enough to satisfy my examiners, but without the real comprehension only experience can provide. Most philosophers are rebels and anti-establishment figures who prefer the company of thieves and prostitutes to that of the great and the good – as you will discover.

Come into my world.

TWO

'We have two very pretty girls . . .'

Brad is an American friend of mine who is both frustrated and frightened of his born-again Christian wife. The combination is an unhappy one which is why, one evening, when we are sitting in a wine bar close to Victoria station, he gets all excited when I answer his question.

'What are you doing after this?'

'Oh, there's this place I know,' I say nonchalantly.

'Can I come with you?' he asks eagerly.

Ten minutes or so later, we are in front of a door on a side street off the Wilton Road.

I am greeted by the blonde, Estonian maid like the old friend I am.

'I've brought a friend, though I'm afraid that he's here just for the view. He won't actually do anything.'

'We have two very pretty girls . . .' she offers.

'No, no,' insists Brad. 'I . . . I . . . just want to see what the place is like and have a look at them when they come in.'

Brad looks embarrassed, for I have effectively humiliated him. I feel little guilt as he lacks the courage of his desires. Contrary to what most people think, men have to work up the courage to have sex with prostitutes; the more middle class you are, the greater the barrier to overcome, for not only does society look down on the punter but so, in reality, do many of the working girls. They can be ever so sweet, exciting and compliant, but you know that they too can look down on you even though they need your custom.

But by this stage, I have long since worked out my own rationale and code. You will find out about it as my story unfolds.

In the bedroom, which differs little from any reasonably furnished room in any London apartment, I become momentarily disconcerted however, for something occurs I have long feared.

At many brothels, you are offered a choice of two working girls. This is what now happens as in walk Katya and Lara.

I am in a quandary. Over the many months I have been coming to this place, I have developed two favourites, each of whom I always choose when she is on. But now, for the first time, they are on together. It is not so much that I cannot choose between them as that to do so will be insulting, for each knows that I always choose her and it would be rude not to!

Meanwhile Brad's wide eyes and gawping mouth say it all. Both women are slim and tall, about five-foot-ten in their heels, and both are clad in transparent baby-dolls and thongs which leave little to the imagination.

I respond by walking up to where they stand next to one another, turning upon them a natural, infatuated, beaming gaze, kissing each on both cheeks, and then turning to

introduce them to Brad, just like I would at the many Parliamentary receptions I attend. He is even more taken aback by the very normality of our mutual greeting for, as he uses me to dip his toe gently into the sinful world of London prostitution, he somehow expects it to be different from normal social intercourse.

I did at first, too. But actually it isn't. The requirements of good manners do not change because you are with a call girl. If anything, it's the reverse: they want a gentleman and appreciate you behaving like one – which I always do.

Brad shakes their hands whilst staring like some wide-eyed schoolboy.

'Sorry, I . . . er . . . just wanted to have a look.' They smile at him but for the moment his wife's and society's mores remain too strong.

The girls leave and the maid returns.

'Has he changed his mind?'

'I . . . er . . . no, I'd better leave,' says Brad. And with a wan backward glance at me, he leaves me to my heart's desire.

'Look, you know these are both my favourites,' I tell the maid. 'I can't choose between them, it would be insulting.'

I think for a moment, fish out my wallet and check its contents.

'Can I have them both together for half an hour for a hundred and seventy pounds?'

'I'll see.'

Moments later, she is back.

'They laughed, and say of course.' I pay her and she goes.

Katya and Lara enter arm in arm, smiling, and immediately take control.

'Strip. Lie on bed, on stomach,' says Katya, a Latvian blonde and the more assertive of the two. I do as I am told, as I will throughout what follows.

They sit on the bed, on either side of me. Lara, a Lithuanian with high cheekbones and a slightly wide face suggesting Asiatic blood, begins to massage my shoulders, while Katya attends to my legs, her kneading of my flesh firmer than that of her gentler, softer fellow Balt.

I explain how I couldn't insult either by choosing one over the other. They respond by chatting to one another in a foreign language, to which I comment, 'I wasn't sure whether your languages were sufficiently similar to allow that.'

'Like German and Hollandish, we understand one another.'

Soon I am told to turn over. Katya strips off her negligee and Lara follows suit. They now massage my front, Lara again at the top of my body, Katya lower down.

My own hands, meanwhile, begin to stroke the body of each girl, starting with Lara's belly and Katya's bottom. My own actions reflect my perceptions. Lara needs more foreplay, so whereas my right hand is soon delving under Katya's thong, I spend longer softly stroking Lara's stomach, thighs and breasts. For the perceptive man, paying remains about giving as well as taking.

By now I am rising and feeling that I am in heaven. My mind is switched off as I live entirely for the moment, one I know I will remember and treasure for ever.

Katya gestures that I should move towards her side of the bed and issues Lara with, to me, incomprehensible instructions. Their meaning is revealed as Lara lies down beside me. I gather I am supposed to enter her, which I do, with Katya still caressing me from behind. Once I am inside Lara, Katya turns her attention to my balls and anus.

The drink works its magic and, despite the exquisite sensations, I fail to come. Sensing this, and continuing her directorial role, Katya pulls me out, pushes me down on the

bed, briefly manipulates me to bring back a full erection and then impales herself upon me whilst encouraging Lara to stroke and kiss my face and chest.

Still my body holds back. She has to resume use of the mouth before I cry out.

'Oh fuck, oh Christ, oh, oh!' My shudders tell her of her success.

She is pleased, because prostitutes, like all effective service businesses, want satisfied clients. She gets off me and, taking a baby wipe to the beads of sweat on her forehead, chest and shoulders, indicates to Lara that I should be cleaned up.

As we part, I can scarcely bring myself to break off from kissing and fondling first one then the other, while telling both that they are beautiful and wonderful and I adore them – which at that moment I do more than anything else in the world.

No one, least of all me, could have predicted that I would be the sort of man who would quite happily have sex with not one, but two prostitutes. What has happened to me and how did I get to this point? The following is my way of an explanation.

THREE

'I always knew he was really homosexual'

As I said, sleeping with hookers is for now some way in the future. What you are about to read is my sexual metamorphosis, from suburbanite to swinger, a journey common to more men than would care to admit it and particularly those men who for whatever reason opt for a career in politics.

My story really starts when I lost my virginity to a secretary in my first proper job after university. She took pity on me: in retrospect, it was a clear case of a sympathy fuck. She was eighteen, had been to an east London comprehensive, and was streetwise in a way I was not.

She invited me out for my 23rd birthday, told me that I was funny and acquired my virginity back at her flat, telling me it was a nicer birthday present than anybody else would ever give me. I always think of her with an affection and fondness.

The pleasure was repeated two or three times, during which I had my first taste of both giving and receiving oral

sex. Women didn't shave in the late 1970s, but I enjoyed the experience for all that.

Then I met my wife. I'm going to call her 'H'. We worked at the same public relations company. She resisted me for five months, then decided my persistence deserved its reward, and thereafter we slept together more or less every night. I was bowled over, entranced, besotted and couldn't get enough of her, which is perhaps why I had none of the supposedly usual male aversion to commitment. I told her within 48 hours that she was gorgeous and beautiful and that I loved her.

'Don't be silly,' she replied. 'You can't know yet and I'm not beautiful, though I am the naff end of stunning on a good day.'

Looking now at her topless photo from that time I still think she's rather harsh on herself. The photo shows a delicately pretty, finely featured face adorned with a short, boyish crop of bottle-blonde hair. Blue eyes surmount a small, shapely nose and delicate mouth.

Her outfit of choice at the time – jeans and sweater – accentuated the androgynous look that was so popular back then. When I first took her home, my mother took one look, clicked her tongue, and said, as if confirming a long-held suspicion, 'I always *knew* he was really homosexual.'