

What exactly is wrong with having transactional sex?

By Otitio Nosike

Nothing at first, at least not visibly. Provided it's consensual, everyone smiles. You get your money; he gets his release. The world moves on. But nothing poisons slowly like what feels harmless in the beginning. For the woman, the danger isn't in the one-time act. It's in the pattern. It's in the normalization. It's in how quickly the brain recalibrates to see the body as a tool for extraction. You begin to skip the hard things—building, learning, failing, starting again—because why suffer when you can just offer? When you know that with a bit of perfume and clear skin and disarming smile, you can raise capital quicker than any grant application. You start to see money as a function of desirability, not capacity. And so, gradually, dangerously, your sense of value becomes outsourced to the gaze of men. And you'll think it's power until one day, nobody looks anymore. That's the part no one tells you. That the sexual economy is a depleting currency. You start at your highest value, and it diminishes over time. Slowly at first, then with shocking speed. Your calls get fewer responses. The offers begin to thin. The men who once lined up now scroll past. And because your entire economic model was built on your desirability, you have no fallback, no structure, no self. Just silence.

But worse than the external silence is the internal rot; the erosion of self-worth that comes from years of reducing your sacredness to a transaction. You no longer feel beautiful unless someone pays to confirm it. You no longer feel wanted unless someone proves it with cash. You no longer feel valuable unless you are being consumed. You become a shelf product past its expiry date, watching younger girls replace you at the table you once ruled.

Now to the man. At first, it feels like luxury. Like abundance. Like control. Swipe, pay, collect. A new girl every week. And because the body is built for novelty, you begin to chase it like a man possessed. Not sex, novelty. New breasts. New moans. New lies. But here's what no one warns you about: the more you consume

women this way, the harder it becomes to connect to them in any meaningful way. Intimacy becomes foreign. Love becomes fiction. You stop seeing women as partners and start seeing them as ports; places you dock in briefly, never to linger. Every woman becomes a suspect, a potential seller waiting to be bought. You lose the ability to believe in sincerity, because you've spent years paying for pleasure and watching women fake it like professionals.

And it gets worse. Some of the women you paid? They were in relationships. Some were engaged. Some lied to

their men with breathtaking skill. You saw it firsthand—how easily loyalty folds when money enters the room. And now, even if you find a good woman, you won't believe it. Even if she's clean, you'll see stains. You'll doubt her. You'll test her. You'll sabotage your own happiness because your heart has been trained in distrust. You'll ruin every good thing before it blooms. This is how transactional sex kills both parties: quietly,

efficiently. The woman loses value in her own eyes and becomes unable to build herself outside of desirability. The man loses faith in women and becomes emotionally handicapped, unable to connect, only capable of conquest. Both end up in ruins, just different shapes of it. And that's why ancient traditions were militant about sex within marriage not because they were prudes or sexually repressed, but because they understood what we're only now discovering: that sex is not neutral. It binds. It breaks. It builds or it destroys. And once it becomes a commodity, it corrodes everything—your trust, your joy, your future, your peace. But you won't see the destruction all at once. You'll laugh. You'll post. You'll call people who say these things “moral police.” But time is a patient teacher. And if you keep trading sacred things for temporary pleasure, time will teach you too—slowly, painfully, and with no refund.

