

Sin City Diaries – Volume #1  
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# *Sin City Diaries*

## *Volume #1*

*10 trips down memory lane in the Southern Chinese city that  
changed my life forever.*

**Mike Watson**

## DISCLAIMER

**Unlike a lot of my other writing, what I'm detailing here is NOT fiction of any nature.** It's actually happened - - and those looking for fetish (various fetishes as detailed in my novels) may be disappointed, as this book is about 100% real experiences. That said, those experiences were what in part sparked me to write my "reality mixed in with a dab of creative license" books - - and for those of you that have read my novels and enjoyed 'em, you'll love the "background" straight from the horse's mouth.

## **The City that changed my life forever ...**

In the year 2004, I made a decision careerwise and LIFE wise that would change my life forever - - more than I ever, ever anticipated when I took the decision.

They say the best decisions are those taken on the spur of the moment, and how true that has been for me with regard to the Southern Chinese city of Dongguan.

Quick decisions and those based upon INTUITION are usually always the best, and a quick perusal of the lives of anyone that has done anything of note in their lives will bear this fact out.

Those that are “doers” in life - - or should I say achievers, make decisions quickly - - change ‘em slowly - - and stick to them with a dogged persistence that ultimately outweighs any and all resistance to the original idea.

No, I’m not counting myself in the pantheon of greats as yet, but the point stands nonetheless with regard to what I’m writing here!

But wait a minute. Let me back up.

I was a callow 22 year old youth at the time. Fresh out of college, and had NO idea what I wanted to do with my life, except that it should be something FUN.

Something fun, engaging, and ... you get the picture. Not for me the boring humdrum 9-5 routines, stuck in a place I didn’t like, doing work I did not like, and so forth.

I had no idea what I’d end up doing in life, but I knew this – it wasn’t going to be boring!

And though the job market was tough back then, I received two job offers at the time after a LOT of searching (believe me, it was tough. We had just got through the dot com bust and I’m an I.T. professional by virtue of my degree, so it was but natural that I’d look for a job in the I.T field).

Ah, how life would have been different if I knew what I do NOW about following one’s dreams back them, but no regrets!

So I received two offers. One was to work in a large multinational company as a code monkey and the other was to work at a small startup (which was doing rather well, by the way) - - basically to work for an American firm overseas, and of all the places you’d think, work in India.

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Now, common sense and rationale might dictate I chose the first option, but Mike Watson, though relentlessly logical when he needs to be, does NOT rely upon logic and reason alone.

I'm a firm believer in the fact that your gut feelings, intuition and FEELINGS in general are a far better indicator of whether or not your decisions are correct in terms of leading you to your true desires in life (whether you know this as yet or not).

And as always, I went ahead and did what I was advised NOT to do - - which was to accept the first offer, and guess what.

Six months later, they made me an offer to move to their office in China.

At the time, I had no inkling of how China was as a country ... and certainly NO idea of how Dongguan was in terms of a place to live in, etc.

There wasn't a lot on the Internet about it and I knew no-one from that part of the world. So when I first received the offer, I sat on it and did nothing despite my inner voice urging me to be "creative", "experimental", and TAKE it.

Instead I did nothing while I received advice - - plenty of it at that - - not to go there.

Then, my boss at the time sent me a second email, basically asking me if I wanted to head on to China (once again), and that he had not heard back from me on the offer.

And thus I ended up going to Dongguan ... landing there in Feb 2004, and I've never looked back since then.

Those that know me know I run a fitness biz in addition to my BDSM writing. And Dongguan forms an integral part of HOW that business came about. More on that in future writings, but for now, let me just say this city impacted nigh every part and decision of my life for the next 14 years or so ... until the time of writing this, I should say!

Now, I could write books about Dongguan and how it was back in the day, but that isn't the purpose of this diary, so I'll stick to SEX.

Dongguan, for those that don't know used to be literally known as two things – the world's factory floor - - and "Sin City" of the world.

Both were literally true, and neither one is true as things stand right NOW in Dongguan (you'll see what I mean later).

But for a young man in his early 20's, starting out in the world, there could not have been a better place to start out in terms of GIRLS – the lovely Chinese girls that captivated me from the

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minute I passed through immigration at Hong Kong, and the girls that have been a part of my life ever since ...

## THEN AND NOW

Before proceeding with this diary, and indeed all my other stories (I mention this in some of them), it might be prudent to mention that the (what is commonly known as) “The Great Yellow Crackdown” in 2014 completely changed the landscape of this city with regard to what I’m writing about.

Dongguan went from, quite literally, being the sex capital of the WORLD, to being a city where it still went on, but no more so and probably way less than what you’d expect in any big city.

This crackdown was so intense, and so “strict” in it’s implementation that not only was the city police chief fired (from what I read on the Internet, and from what I heard) - - but more than 30% of the city’s economy just disappeared.

Remember, it wasn’t just the brothels and the establishments and those that worked in them/ran them that went out of business. A whole ecosystem had sprung up to service the women who worked in these places - - as well as the clients, and ALL of it went bust shortly thereafter.

Combined with the general downturn in the economy around then, as well as most of the factories leaving for “cheaper shores” such as Vietnam, the writing was on the wall.

The glory days were over, and ARE over as far as I can tell.

There will NEVER EVER be another Dongguan, with the pioneering, frontier spirit it had back in those days, not like it USED to be at least!

There will probably never be towns that sprung up specifically to cater to “second wives” (those being prostitutes that were “reserved” for a certain person who of course paid them lavishly for this privilege!). The towns are still there, of course, but the second wives are long, long gone.

*But the memories linger on for a lifetime, my friend. . .*

*The **girls** are still there*, albeit not where they used to be, and albeit not in openly “provocative” roles as it were!

Ah, the memories from 2003-2006 ... and up until about 2010 or so ... ‘Twas indeed the experience of a lifetime for me, and indeed, even today, when I tell folks about “how things were” back then, they blink and don’t really believe it.

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**This book is for you if ...**

You're interested in learning about "how it was back in the day" when Dongguan was "sin city of the world! For most people today, they cannot imagine what it was like back then - - this series is an attempt to "unravel the shrouds of time" as it were, and bring you back to what it was like back in the day ... a time that will likely never return, but hey, who knows!

You're interested in diaries that while detailing sexual dalliances and the establishments they were partook in, also focuses on the actual interaction between said parties.

You're interested in China in general "back in the day" in this regard. (and in that case, my Chinese femdom novels would be a great read as well!)

Most of all, if you're interested in getting a "sneak peek" into Mike Watson's mind, and the "background" behind all the stories I've written (and there's more on the way as well!).

## Why am I writing this?

And yet, such as it was, my friend. Such as it was, and this nostalgia in part is what prompted me to write this.

Other than the nostalgia, and the fact that plenty of folks have expressed interest in learning about how it truly was back in the day, this sort of a diary may also and probably will provide a lot of insight into my tales in terms of background, and how it was back in the day - - and why a lot of the stories ended up the way they did!

***And as I say in all my books and writings, a huge thank you to all the Chinese ladies who pretty much made all of this possible, and made this period of my young life (at that time) one of the most educational, instructive (real life!) and FUN ever.***

I've been to countries galore, but nowhere did I have so much of a "whale of a time" as I did in Dongguan, and that is pretty much another reason why I keep returning there throughout my travels.

Another reason I'm writing this is to add a "personal" touch to my stories.

All too often it's easy to read the stories and forget the "heart" that went into it.

***I want to make it more personal*** - - and THIS is the best way to do it, by telling you about the actual experiences, the actual ladies, and even the exact PLACES (well, some of them, at any rate, there are too many to list them all in one Volume). This is IMPORTANT to me, and should be for you as well!

So here's another disclaimer. While the first disclaimer stated that there's hardly any real fetish in this book - - the book is about what the title states i.e. Sin City diaries, the other thing to note is that you won't find crude or de-personalized references to women here.

Sure, they were prostitutes doing a job, but to me, that doesn't make an iota of difference. They were human beings trying to earn a living, and to be frank they did it with a far better spirit than I've encountered anywhere else in the world.

I'm bringing you my tales of PERSONAL interaction with them - - not just the "gory details" of what went on backdoors, although yes, there is that too!



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Last, but not least, it's important to remember that anything in life, or any place for that matter comes with the good and the bad. The ups and downs. And being this is all sexually oriented writing, it's also important to remember that every experience I'm detailing wasn't perfect in every way - - but yet, there was something to be gained from every one of these experiences. See if you can spot 'em - - with a sexually oriented mindset, of course! ;)

Dive on in ... I trust you'll enjoy this first Volume of "Sin City Diaries – Volume #1" as much as I enjoyed bringing it to you!

## My views on prostitution in general

Now we come to a contentious issue, that being the oldest profession in the world, and the endless debate of “should it happen/be tolerated”?

To me, this is a pointless discussion that shouldn’t even be taking place in the first place!

First off, sex, and sexual activities will HAPPEN. As “Malcolm” I believe it was noted in Jurassic Park (the novel) “I don’t mean to be philosophical, but life finds a way”.

He said this with respect to dinosaurs in the park that were NOT supposed to ever get out of their caged environments - - and they ended up doing so anyway - - but the comment itself was right.

If one really, really wants to do something one will find a way.

Desire for sex is a perfectly normal desire, and one of those “base instincts” we all pander to. Napoleon Hill correctly noted that “sex is the strongest of all human desires” in his pathbreaking book *“Think and Grow Rich”*.

Quoting from his book, “The emotion of sex is an “irresistible force” against which there can be no opposition such as “immovable body”. When driven by this emotion men become gifted with a superpower for action. Understand this truth, and you will catch the significance of the statement that sex transmutation will life one to the status of a genius.”

Now, Hill wrote these words with regard to achievement, but I’m mentioning them here for a reason, and a good one at that.

Ever remember that time where you were really, really stricken by lust for a particular woman? If it’s a lady reading this, ladies, ever remember the time when you REALLY wanted a particular man?

In either case, I bet that was the stuff your dreams were made of for quite a while. THOSE were the pictures your conscious mind was sending to the subconscious, and they were not just pictures - - they were coupled with the RAW EMOTION of sexual desire, and this combo together put the subconscious into action to GET what you wanted, that being to sate your lust!

In short - - sex, and sexual actions will continue for as long as man lives, and have been present since man first developed the ability to think.

It is as futile and indeed dangerous in many regards to CONTROL sex, or those working in the sex industry as it was during the Prohibition to control alcohol.

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Controlling anything rarely, if ever works. It drives the industry underground, and makes it more dangerous and rife to abuse than if it were all out in the open. It makes the “goods” more expensive and less affordable for the average person.

And most of all, it doesn’t stop folks from partaking of what is now “forbidden”. If anything, the sheer lure of partaking of something “not allowed” drives people to do so even more, much more so than if it were all out in the open!

This is basic human psychology 101, and is the reason why I’m FOR prostitution - - to be out in the open like other industries, and be subject to the same “regulations” and safety standards as other industries must abide by.

Back in the day, NONE of the girls I’ve been with (and there were plenty) would have sex without a condom. If the client insisted on doing so, he’d be politely escorted out of the establishment.

The girls themselves made a decent wage, and were not the typical “downtrodden” sex workers you might imagine them to be (and this will be evident as you read the diaries).

All of this was possible because while not “allowed”, the industry was very much in the open.

The girls working in these industries were no different than those you see working in customer service industries - - or kitchens at home - - or the field, or, and most commonly in the numerous factories in Dongguan.

They were doing what they had to make a living, and giving it would happen anyway - - why not simply make it all legal in addition to being out in the open?

Some of the world’s most progressive countries have legalized prostitution. There is good reason behind that!

In short - - no, there’s nothing WRONG with it provided the girls are doing it willingly, and in most cases they were!

There is nothing fundamentally wrong with men visiting said establishments either (of course, I’m not going to get into the topic of cheating and second wives etc - -that is a different discussion). It’s a barter that’s taking place, much as in any other marketplace around the world where services are exchanged in return for money.

Last, but not least, it also makes the area safer for women in general. This might sound to be contradictory, but it’s not. Look at the countries with the highest number of rapes and crimes against women (India, China’s neighbor is one prime example) and you’ll see a regressive attitude towards sex in general in those countries.

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So in short – I’m all for legalizing prostitution and treating sex workers with dignity, respect and care - - and as fellow human beings rather than mere “objects of desire”!

## Where could one have “fun” back then?

### *Foot Massage Parlors*

Ah, the foot massage parlors ... I've had MANY a good time in these places!

I was first introduced to the “joy” of Chinese foot massage parlors by a colleague originally from Hong Kong, but working in China at the time.

“Do you ever go to foot massage parlors here?” he asked me one fine afternoon after lunch.

“Nah. Never been...”

And I hadn't. Although I had been curious about what these places entailed, I had NO idea about the broad spectrum of “services” offered therein, and my colleague laughed.

“Yes, you don't speak any Chinese do you?” (and I didn't back then).

He then proceeded to tell me that you could get “handjobs” there for a set price but nothing else (after the massage), and a few other details which didn't really register, but what registered and had been registering for a while now (this was about six months after I came to China) was the numerous lovely girls I had seen around the place, but had no clue about on how to initiate any sort of sexual contact!

Well, long story short - - I corralled one of the guys working at the management office to translate one day for me, and he was actually the one that gave me the name of a foot massage salon - - very near my house, and a place that although it's changed now has a very special place in my heart.

It was the first time (amongst way too many!) time that I was being introduced to the seamier side of China, and how!

I'm not going to get into the exact story right here, that will be done in the diary entry below, but suffice it to say that back in the day, they offered you foot massages for a very low price per hour - - and if you booked a second hour with the same gal, it was pretty much understood that you wanted something extra.

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Extra usually entailed a handjob, and nothing else - - but as you can see, I got pretty much everything actual sex in those little rooms (and I would have gotten that too if I really wanted it!).

Those were the days. Everyone knew it went on - - and it was pretty much encouraged openly as well, as it not only meant more biz for the parlor in terms of returning clients, but much needed extra income for the girls as well.

It's the exact opposite now though. Although the girls working in these places can do provide sexual services these days as well, it's completely hush hush and nowhere near as fun as it used to be, if you even MANAGE to find a place where the girls are willing to do it.

One main reason for this is the crackdown in 2014 (orders straight from Beijing!) and the fact that all of these joints now have glass doors installed so there is no real "privacy" any more.

Of course, the massage parlor owners understand this and don't look inside unless they have to, but still ... it pretty much paid to what was going on in those rooms - - as opposed to back in the day where the girls would happily lock the doors and dispense with their sexual services after the massage.

And the massage itself was pretty good too. They'd sit you down on a comfortable sofa and run your shoulders and back first while your feet soaked in hot water.

After this, they've move on to your arms, and the naughtier ones would move straight on to the chest (and nipple!) area ... !

I've spoken galore about nipple play in China, and how Chinese girls are, for whatever reason, by far the best at it, and it's TRUE.

After that, it was time for the actual foot massage, which by itself was anything but fun. They'd poke, prod and generally do everything but take a drill to the soles of your feet - - and to the uninitiated, this could be quite painful!

But, it felt like a billion bucks later as they massaged your calves and thighs ...and then of course, if you took the second hour, which most guys did, it was "special service" time!

## ***Saunas***

The saunas - - usually located in hotels or buildings by themselves, were probably one of the most frequented places in Dongguan back in the day.

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And “health” - - at least health via “sweating” was the LAST thing on most people’s minds when they went there!

Basically what it was that you booked a two hour long (minimum) session with a girl of your choice ... (all hotels of any note had saunas back then) ... and what a choice it was!

Being that “supply” far outstripped demand at that point in time, there were plenty of ladies in these establishments who despite the tremendous foot traffic were still lacking for clients, and did everything they could to GET MORE clients.

And so did the saunas. The more the merrier, and the more the cash register would RING!

Prices varied depending upon many factors - - location, what “star” hotel was it, the quality of girls offered (that’s a whole book unto itself), the age etc. But for the most part, two hours at a sauna in a three star hotel would cost you about the same as a movie, beers and dinner out would - - and the girls, believe it or not, would be just as friendly and open - - with added benefit, of course!

That’s the one thing about these places back in the day. Believe me, I’ve never been a huge fan of frequenting brothels in general, but the sheer welcome and vibe in these places I went to was awesome for the most part.

They literally made it “feel” like one was out on a date with the woman of one’s choice. For two hours, she was yours ... And back to choices, what a choice it was!

The hotels would usually bring girls to you, three girls at a time. That’s something I forgot to mention up there in the foot massage section as well - - they’d allow you to choose the girls there as well.

If you had a favorite girl, and she wasn’t busy, you could pick her. They all had numbers attached to their shirts - - or you could simply text them (this was back before the smartphone days, remember!) and go from there.

Sometimes the girls would be in a fish bowl where the customer could peer in and see lovely girls galore, but the girls themselves would not be able to see the customer. This wasn’t as prevalent in Dongguan as it was neighboring casino town and special administrative zone Macau, but it wasn’t that uncommon either.

Anyway, so back to the two hours.

The common theme in this places was that the girl would undress you, kiss you, and generally get you all horny before she got you in the shower.

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Once there, the exact techniques she used varied. It was usually a blowjob in the shower, and though it wasn't written in stone, cumming on her face, and in her mouth was usually pretty common.

Some of the saunas would simply give you an erotic “dance” in the shower, and wouldn't blow you without a condom.

It was usually “two pops”, by the way - - but some of them were two hours for “one pop”.

Full body massages were included after the shower usually with scented oil and all sorts of sweet smelling lotions etc. The “one pop” joints made sure you'd get your “pop” in during this time ...

Full sex was on the menu as well. For those with two pops, they'd usually massage you after the shower, then get you in the sauna - - and then at around 40 minutes or so of your remaining time they'd get you back in bed for the sex (or you could choose another blowjob - - which ever you preferred).

And then, it was back in the shower, and goodbye ... until the next time.

I'll be honest here - - I've spent some of the most enjoyable times of my life in these places, and what is best is this - - they would NEVER allow sex (vaginal) without a condom, so it wasn't near as risky as one thought.

Anal has never been my thing (unless we're talking Madam Pearl plugging me in the ass, of course!;) so I never did that there. Anal wasn't offered on the list of things to do either, but the girls DID regularly lick ass at many of the places - -and those tongues could quite literally work WONDERS!

## ***Barber Salons***

I'm calling them barber salons, but in reality they were anything BUT.

As you'd walk down the roads in Dongguan, and indeed many cities in Southern China you'd see these establishments that in theory, from afar, did indeed look like hair cutting salons.

You would see chairs for the customer to sit in. You'd see mirrors - - scissors - - hair brushes, pretty much everything you'd expect at a normal salon.

But ... there would be one problem. You'd see NO customers, and to the far side of the salon, you'd usually see a huddle of sexy, scantily clad girls giggling away with apparently nothing to do except “sit there”.



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And that's all they did all day, except when the customers came, and when they came, the ONE guy usually in this place would tell you the price for the "massage" (which in reality was a quick handjob, but a great, great one!) and then off you would go upstairs with the girl of your choice to an usually rickety and hidden away "second floor".

Most of the ones I've been to were bare bones. They had a cot and a basin on that second floor, but that was about it. No ventilation, no windows, nothing at all ... just a low cost, economical place to stop by and get your hand job in while you went about the rest of the day.

This might sound astounding to the reader, but my first office in China was on the 15<sup>th</sup> floor of a 4 star hotel (that's not what I'm saying will sound strange) - - and there was a sauna on the 5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> floor.

Often times the elevator would stop at that floor as customers got off and on, and the "ladies" would be welcoming new customers as well and it was hilarious ... so in your face was the whole thing!

And there were not one, but TWO barber salons within 3 minutes walking distance of said hotel ... and MANY a times, unknown to the boss and colleagues, I'd mosey on down during lunch hour - - and get a quick hand job in ... follow up with some lunch, and return to the office with no-one being the wiser.

Those were indeed the days, my friend. Open, friendly, and welcoming to the customers. Hey, my thoughts on this go thus - - prostitution is going to happen regardless - - so why not keep it open?

All that has happened NOW with the crackdown is this - -

- It's done gone underground, and most of the services are no longer available.
- The "date like" atmosphere and the "supply" being a lot more than the demand scenarios have been reversed. NOW, it feels like you're visiting a brothel anywhere else in the world ... and not only are most of the services NOT available, but they're a lot less inaccessible to the average guy on the streets, and a lot less affordable as well.
- Anytime anything goes underground, it becomes more unregulated and more dangerous for the workers in the industry. The Prohibition in the U.S. was a great, great example of this.
- Economically, the city's economy was already suffering big blows due to factories leaving for cheaper shores. Dongguan being a manufacturing hub pretty much survived on this sort of activity - - and along with the prostitution being clamped down upon (along with all the associated support businesses that had sprung up), it was quite literally a double whammy of sorts.

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Ah well. Change happens, but NOT always for the better!

As a last aside to this, what is GREAT about Chinese barber salons (even today!) is that a head and shoulder massage is usually provided as part of the services they render in terms of the haircut - - as well as a shampoo. Feels great when you compare it to the West where it's all billable.

Of course, none of the special services are provided any more, and the neon/violet lights have all but disappeared (at least, I'm yet to see any!).

## ***Karaoke Bars***

Karaoke bars used to be great places to pick up girls as well, and is probably one of the very few remaining places you can still do so, albeit at a much higher rate and if you keep it very hush hush.

Back in the day, the KTV bars weren't just places where you could sing, dance and drink with gay abandon.

They were also places where you could get girls, and indeed, many a businessman would go to KTV bars with clients to "give them a great night out". Many a deal has been sealed in those smoky bars over glasses of beer and "baijiu" (traditional Chinese liquor).

The girls basically acted as hostesses for the men i.e. pouring drinks, sitting and joking with the men, and generally acting as paid escorts. This part was perfectly legal, by the way.

The girls were also expected to drink prodigious amounts, and that was obviously not good for their health, but then again, given that the KTV's were indeed places where they could make the MOST money, a lot of them regarded it as an acceptable trade off for a while.

It was after the drinking etc was over, or during it that the fun really started. You could "take a girl up to a room" for a certain rate, or you could take two up. You'd negotiate the price with the mamasan, and it was all signals go after that.

A word here - - I mention above that you could get "a" girl of your choice in any of the said establishments. This isn't entirely accurate. You could not only just get one - - but TWO girls at the same time if you so preferred - - the price would just be doubled.

I generally preferred one girl as I'm more the kind that prefers to talk to the girl a bit as opposed to "just doing it". The level of bonding you can achieve "one on one" is not the same as "one on two", so I usually did one on one, but yes, I've done threesomes often - - but I'm not going to get into that for the purpose of this dairy.

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Anyway, you could also take the girls back home for the night where you could “get it on” as many times as you liked, obviously.

Unlike with the other places, there was no set rules on “one pop”, two pops, or what was allowed - - this was mostly because of the higher pay involved for the girls, and the hazy nature of what the hostesses did “beyond hours”.

All in good fun though, and while I hated KTV’s in general, I’ve had plenty of fun with girls from KTV’s in the past!

## **The 10 TRUE trips down memory lane ...**

### **1. My first experience at the barber “salon”**

One fine evening, I was feeling horny and in a mood to try something other than the foot massage parlors and the saunas, both of which I had tried galore before.

It was one of those hot, balmy evenings in Southern China. It was summer - - back when Dongguan actually had four seasons as compared to NOW, when it's mostly rain, rain and more rain all year around (with the heat, of course - - that part has not changed!).

So I decided to take a walk around what was known as, and still IS known as “Walking Street” very near my house.

I still remember a friend of mine (curiously enough named Michael as well;) telling me “Enjoy your walks around Dongguan’s roads, Mike!” before I left.

The walking streets by the way were a great great place for cheap shopping, outdoor barbeques (oh, that is something I must write about sometime - - the Chinese outdoor BBQ’s I’ve been to so often, and my experience therein) and ... foot massages, the occasional sauna, and BARBER salons galore, hehe.

I don’t know if I mentioned it up there, but these barber salons would usually have neon or bright violet (or pink and blue, in some cases) lights flashing outside their entrances. To this date they have those, of course, to draw attention to the place but by and large they’re actual salons now as opposed to back then.

Now I had seen plenty of these places before, but had never tried them, and decided today was going to be the day to try!

In my rusty Chinese, I walked into one of these establishments (probably about four or five shops from my favorite foot massage parlor which I’ll talk about later beneath) - - where as usual, there were no customers sitting in front of the mirrors, or getting a

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shampoo done, or any of the other routine activities you might associate getting a haircut with.

The whole place bore a forlorn, deserted look if you looked at it casually from the outside, and yet, as I've mentioned above, if you looked to the side, you'd see the girls, and I did.

Skimpily dressed they pointed and giggled at me as I figured out the price for "one massage" (one shot, basically).

I was then asked to choose a girl, which I did. Somewhat on the buxom side and yet petite, but her fingernails and feet were what stood out to me - - the toes painted bright purple, and a friendly, welcoming giggle that sent my hormones literally shooting through the roof, and she took me "upstairs".

Upstairs was basically a hole in the wall - - quite literally!

It was a floor "dug in" beneath the actual second floor of the building and the ceiling of the first, a narrow, upstairs area with "booths" with curtains for doors.

She led me to one of these, and told me to lie down on the wooden cot therein, and I did, and she motioned me to undress, which I did, but for whatever reason I didn't remove my underwear.

Being those were my pre-fitness (or not quite super fit, I should say) days my belly was protruding somewhat within the bands of the tight fitting underwear I was wearing, and she giggled a bit, and took in the sight of my boner at half mast.

And then she proceeded to give me a bit of a cursory massage, mostly a "precursor" to the actual handjob.

I later learnt there was no hard and fast rule here. The girls were generally required to massage you "a bit", but the low price meant the emphasis was on the handjob and getting people in and out as quickly as possible to maximize revenues.

Sort of like a dairy where you get milked, and off you go on your merry way! I've stated above I did this many a times (after my first visit here) at another "salon" near my workplace. Those, again, were the DAYS!

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So this girl massaged me a bit, and then motioned me to take my underwear off, which I did.

She fiddled with my dick, which was growing larger with each stroke, and then finally I could stand it no longer, and brought her legs up to me so I could look at her feet while she gave me a double fisted handjob, and boy was she GOOD at it!

That's one thing about these bordellos and other places - - they all have their specialties!

Handjobs used to be the best in foot massage parlors and "salons" such as this, since that is pretty much all they did. Blowjobs and actual sex (which I hardly ever partook of were best in the saunas). And if you wanted to take a girl back home for kinky sex, the KTV was your best bet. And so forth!

That handjob I got from her was one of the best I've ever gotten, and I still remember those sleek yet firm hands on my dick as I stared at her feet, one on top of the other, toes gleaming invitingly, ankles looking at me alluringly, topped off by those lovely legs in a short purple dress, and I came - - and it was literally an explosion of sorts - - I still remember that orgasm 14 years or so later!

Of course, it all started with her fondling my nipples and tweaking them with those lovely forefingers of hers ...

She didn't quite know and understand my foot fetish that time, so she didn't take her shoes off that first time, but she did the next, and the orgasm was even better.

After that first load, she told me to lie down while she went to wash her hands, and returned to massage me shortly thereafter.

And as soon as she returned, another girl poked her head in, and I felt silly lying there in nothing but my socks and a dick not fully limp as yet, and this girl sitting next to me, and as the other girl looked in an interested way at my cock, she spoke to girl #1 first.

They giggled, and though I didn't know it at the time, girl #2 was telling #1 to get more biz out of me, hence the extra massage.

She massaged me for a while, and I felt I should tip her, so I did. I tipped her a bit before leaving (no more cumshots though) and then paid the regular "bill" to the guy downstairs who was goggling at me open eyed, and left.

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Back home, I called this girl up to thank her for one of the best hand jobs of my life thus far.

I did not expect her to answer, but she did, and was happy to chat with me a while. In short, an evening well spent, and I visited that girl quite often there until she left one fine day out of the blue.

Awesome first intro to the barber “salon”, methinks!

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**2. Another experience at the “salon” - - a not so friendly one!**

Not all the girls were quite as friendly as the first one, though granted - - they were all just as sexy!

One fine evening I walked into the “salon”, and looked for my favorite girl - - the one with purple nailpolish that I mentioned above before but she wasn’t there.

No idea where she was, so I chose another girl - - a girl of slightly smaller build and for whatever reason, a “nose up in the air” attitude.

Most customers would have gone to another girl, but for me, this attitude, and that LOOK in the eye (she had it as soon as I saw her) gave me an instant hard on.

It was that look that I’ve referred to so often in my writing, and despite the fact my income was probably ten times here, it made not an iota of difference, as the scorn, albeit well hidden, in her eyes communicated itself strongly to me, and up I went to the “first floor” with her!

That look which clearly said, “you’re my bitch, and it’s only because I HAVE to that I’m touching your nasty penis!”

Now note, NOT all the girls were this unfriendly. It was a matter of simple business - - the more unfriendly a girl was, the less people that would come to her. With me though I ended up being friends with a lot of these girls, so I rarely, if ever encountered the unfriendly sort - - except on a few occasions.

She laid me down on the wooden cot, much like what I’ve described above, and stared at me in an annoyed manner.

None of the cooing etc the first girl did when she got me to take my clothes off (perhaps that is why she didn’t get a huge tip!) - - but I took ‘em off anyway, and her hands automatically went to my dick and a lovely slim forefinger trailed up the underside of my cock, and voila ... instant hard on.

***Chinese girls really know how to turn a man on!***

None of the perfunctory massage etc the first girl gave me either.



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And of course, the first thing I did with her as well was to bring her hands to my nipples, and their fingers did the magic as I moaned in ecstasy with the first touch.

She might have been bitchy, but she sure knew her trade!

Or perhaps it was the bitchiness that turned yours truly on, and from then on, the next natural thing was for me to put her lovely bare legs up beside me so I could see her soles, and God, I still remember those pale milky white Chinese soles ... some of the most beautiful I've ever seen (although I've said that a lot, I know!) - - and accompanied by the look in the eye she had, it was the loveliest thing on God's green earth at that point.

(She was wearing flip flops; not heels like the other girl was, so she naturally took her flip flops off first).

Only problem? She had no idea why I was putting her legs up there by my face, and she kept moving them away so her feet wouldn't touch my face, but she finally understood.

"Ohhhhhh!" she uttered finally, and she might as well said "you fucking loser" as well, hehe.

I asked for lotion, and she rudely responded "Mei You" (no have i.e. I don't have it!).

Anyway, the handjob was superb as usual. The aftermath was anything but though as she left abruptly, and I could hear her cursing in the background.

It was fun while it lasted, but I still remember saying to myself "I'm not returning here" ever again, and though I went to many a "salon" down the road after this, I never did show up at this one.

That's what bad customer service is apt to do, especially when supply outstrips DEMAND!

### **3. My first experience in a sauna in Dongguan**

So, now I'll tell you about my first experience in one of Dongguan's infamous saunas.

Funnily enough even this sauna was located very near the hotel I worked in (I don't believe in coincidences – it all happens for a reason!) and was more reasonably priced than the one in the hotel I worked at (which for whatever reason I never tried).

That's what is funny, by the way. You'd expect that higher prices equals better quality and better service, but it isn't always the case.

Higher prices in these saunas usually only meant that the saunas were in fancy hotels, and the girls were passed off as being "high class", when they were really the same as those working in the other "working man's" hotels, which I much preferred over the fancy 4 or 5 star hotels.

I'd rather take the meat and potatoes anyday over the glam and glitter, in other words!

So how did I find about this sauna?

Well, a Singaporean colleague of mine introduced me to it. We went after work, and being it was my first time I was somewhat nervous about the experience.

I still remember entering that hotel, and the staff looking at me curiously.

My colleague led me up to the 13<sup>th</sup> floor, which is where the sauna was located, and then a choice of girls was brought to us. He chose one, and I chose another.

I remember the girl I chose ... a bit of a "chunky" build to her, but nice enough anyway.

This was one of the "one pop" joints (I later learned it was NOT the best place to spend my money). For the REAL good places, read #4 ... THOSE were the type of places I frequented most often!

We went in for a shower after she took off my clothes, and she bathed and soaped me thoroughly while giggling at my rusty Mandarin. But there was no real connection, not even a superficial one.

That's just how the cookie crumbles sometimes, and after this, it was time for a massage, and then sex, which I declined in favor of the blowjob.

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My colleague asked this girl later “why I didn’t have sex with her”, which she was unable to answer, of course, but those that have read my books will know why!

Anyway, that first time was also a time that I had spicy soup from Sichuan province for lunch ... and man that soup TORE my stomach up, big time!

So I actually didn’t go to the sauna directly after work. I went to the bathroom first at home - - and then showed up near the hotel I worked at again - - and after the BJ, guess what. I had to “go again”!

Anyway, it wasn’t a bad first time experience at all. And I did actually go to the sauna again, but with the trusty driver I mentioned beneath.

He was a Dongguan local - - and if you’re looking to find the best things in town - - ask a LOCAL! Not someone from HK or Singapore ... or alternatively, someone like me whose literally been there and done that. ;)

If you want to read about future and better (and worse) experiences in this hotel, jump to #5 and then back to #4!

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**4. My all time favorite experience in a sauna in Dongguan**

My favorite girl out of ALL the girls I've been with (ladies of the night) was Ms. Aa. Chie, her of the lovely girl, and supposed "19 years of age".

So much so that she is the ONLY lady of the night that I devoted an entire book to, and while it is indeed reality mixed in with a dose of creative license, the events aren't that far off from what actually happened.

I'll let you read the book (*Owned by Madam Aa Ling*) and decide for yourself, but for now, back to the diary!

Now, I've mentioned above that most of these girls would be uber friendly to the customers. Indeed, I've had precious few cases where the girls were rude or didn't want to do their jobs ... such was the supply/demand scenario that it made this nigh impossible to happen on a practical basis.

And Aa Chie, or so she said her name was (and giggled every time I pronounced it in my accented, rusty Mandarin) was no exception to this rule. Indeed, she was one of the friendliest girls I've ever met in these places, "Liao" from the foot massage salon being another exception to this rule.

My first experience with her was also the first time I went to that particular sauna, which was a three star hotel tucked away in a by lane and "alley" to the side if you get my drift, and was worth every trip I made there - -and every "red" RMB I ever spent there!

My driver (I had a regular guy back in the day who'd drive me around town - - remember, this was before smartphones and before Didi, which is the Chinese equivalent of Uber) would often go in with me the first time to the saunas to do the introductions, so the staff knew they were dealing with a foreigner who didn't speak much, or any, Chinese at all.

After that first time I'd often go in by myself - - but that first intro made things a lot easier in the future.

So the Mamasan this time didn't line up three girls as she normally did. Well, maybe she did ... or maybe not? I'm not sure. For whatever reason they'd line up three girls when

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I'd go there with a Chinese person but with me, they'd sometimes just bring ONE girl to me.

All good ... I've never had any complaints with the girls, and if I did, it was rectified pretty swiftly anyway, so I've got no complaints on that front!

Anyway, this one girl that she brought to me smiled broadly at me as soon as she saw me, and looking at her, I KNEW she was right for me.

Her eyes, her vibe, everything was just right, and as she approached me she did something the rest didn't ... which was to kiss me deeply on the lips ... and I felt an erection build almost instantly.

She was really French kissing me as a regular girl friend would ... that is the feeling I got. That was one of the girls that "liked" me as it were, and wasn't shy about showing it either!

So, she took my clothes off, shoes included. The shoes were quickly taken away by a bell boy to "shine" (if you went to the back stairs of these places, you'd see customers shoes lying around there, ready to be cleaned or polished, whichever the case was; that was yet another one of the services offered for the price!).

She took my clothes off, and we went to the showers. Now remember, this was my first time at the "double pop" places (for the same money you'd pay in the first style of sauna I've mentioned above) and I wasn't quite sure what was on the "menu", but this lovely lass took care of it all.

She giggled and tried to speak to me while I tried to communicate with her in my rusty Mandarin, and bathed me and soaped me all over, before kneeling down to give me one of the best blowjobs of my life ... and I came all over her face, which she didn't seem to mind, even licking some of the jizz up.

Most of these girls were OK with giving blowjobs without a condom, but they weren't that happy about men cumming in their mouths or (especially) on their faces. I still remember one of the girls giving me an angry look when I came on her face as opposed to in her mouth, which I couldn't quite figure out, but hey, such as it goes!

Anyway, so the shower was over, and it was then time for the massage. A relaxing enough massage done with oil, and she told me about herself during that first massage.

She was 19. Never had a boyfriend. And so forth.

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Yes, the usual stories you hear, but for some reason I felt this girls story was TRUE! It's that vibe I keep speaking of ...

Post massage, it was time to sit in the sauna - - which in this case was a chamber attached to the bathroom, and we went there. It was narrow enough to seat ONE person comfortably, so as I sweated my balls off in there, she sat between my knees, and did everything she could to turn me on again (after the initial blowjob).

She'd bring me glasses of ice cold water at intervals - - that sauna was HOT!

It's actually, for those of you that don't know, a good practice to go to a sauna anyway at regular intervals. The Finns have this habit of sitting in saunas where they literally sweat everything out - - and they then jump into a cold ocean right afterward!

It's an immensely healthy practice, even if you're doing it without the "pipes being cleaned" as it were!

After this, it was back to the bed for more fun. I chose a blowjob over the sex, but I could have taken either.

And finally, it was time to leave.

She helped me dress – helped me put my shoes on – gave me more water – in short, treated me like royalty (or so it felt!) and as we went down to the fourth floor to pay the bill (the saunas were on the fourth and fifth floor) it literally felt like she was holding me a wee bit more tightly than the other girls would.

Some of these girls would fall in love with their customers for real – hey, it happens!

And this girl was one of those that liked me. EVERY time I visited that sauna I'd choose her, and her only ... its one of the only saunas where I didn't choose any other girl.

I still remember this girl, and had a photo of her stuck on the backside of one of my mobile phones ... something she did back in the day.

While there are some that might dismiss this as her trying to "get more biz", it wasn't that.

She was fully aware of the situation, and the fact it was ultimately a job, but she liked me, and I liked her a lot too. So, even if it was a bit of "make believe", she pretended she had this foreign boyfriend ... and was pretty much "stamping" her ownership on me that way.

I kept that sticker for years until I had another woman in my life (in a relationship), but I still remember Aa Chie.

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Ah, those days. The blue Nokia phones ... I'm sure you remember those? That was the one on which she had stuck the sticker on.

While I have NO idea where she is now ... I left the country a few years later before returning, and remember she spoke NO English and I spoke no Chinese, I'm sure we'll meet someday.

I think the last I heard of her was that she was in a factory, but I'm not sure. She had called me once and attempted to communicate something, but with my Chinese being as weak as it is, I didn't understand everything she was saying.

Lots of these factory workers would work in the saunas, by the way to earn more income. Their income from the factories was paltry by any standards, but with the income from the saunas, the smart ladies could earn more than what you might expect a qualified I.T. person with years of experience to earn!

Wherever she is, I hope she's doing well. Thank you, Aa Chie ... and YES, that was her real name - - I just didn't use it in the book!

Thank you again - - you gave a young 24-25 year old some of the BEST times of his life!

**5. Back to the first hotel ...**

So, after that first time in the sauna my appetite was nowhere near sated. And while my colleague was trying to be helpful, I also got the impression that it was more of a “curiosity” thing for both the hotel and my colleague as in “what will the foreigner do with the girls” kind of thing.

So the next time I went with the trusty driver I mentioned above.

He did the initial introduction (and the mamasan who worked there the last time had disappeared; this time it was a man in charge, a portly, friendly sort of man who was more than happy to bring out the “wares” as it were).

And as three girls showed up in skimpy blue dresses, showing off those lovely legs of theirs to full splendor, they took one look at me and started giggling helplessly (I later learnt I was the first foreigner that had gone there!).

And amongst those three, the one in the middle was who stood out.

She had the most cool, calculating – and probing eyes, and though she was uber polite, I could tell she was sizing me up with those eyes, and hey, as my readers know, it’s all about the look in the eyes!

I think I’ve gone on and on a lot about the look in my eyes in all my writings, and even her (during certain sections of the dairy) so I’m not going to get into it again, but long story short – I chose her.

Physically, she was petite and also probably the most suited to my “taste”.

And this was when I first learned that this hotel was indeed a “one pop” joint. I had assumed my initial experience with the other girl was a one off, but it wasn’t.

Say what you like about China, but when it comes to business, and providing services for monies paid, they don’t discriminate between ANYONE!

So, she stripped off my clothes, and led me to the shower. She soaped me thoroughly, and did an erotic dance with music playing in the background, and I still remember the scene. I was exhausted from work, and it was the best thing that could and had happened to me all day.



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After this, she took me to the bed, and started licking me all over with the “hot and cold” treatment.

Basically she’d take warm water (with certain other additions) in her mouth, and perform oral, and then do it immediately after with slightly cooler water. She also gave me a full body massage, which I enjoyed immensely.

I remember declining even the blowjob this first time I met the girl. I wanted her feet, and what beautiful, lovely, slender feet they were!

This, for whatever reason was one of the saunas where they’d do nothing - - BJ, HJ etc without a condom on. So be it. Although I’m not a fan of this, I went along with the “ride” for the nonce and at the end of the day, I still remember that first load with that girl (the first time I met her) with her feet in my face, and her jerking me off furiously ...

After this it was off to the sauna.

Do you know what the best part about this sauna was though?

This sauna was a “wooden” style sauna with actual hot rocks - - and the girl would splash water on to the rocks every so often to keep it hot and boiling.

The services otherwise were the same i.e. she’d bring me water, she’d turn me on etc, but she wasn’t happy about having to sit in the sauna. Apparently she didn’t like the heat, and I was friendly enough to her that she’d reveal this to me (she’d never risk saying that to another customer and losing business).

Once all done, it was time for another shower, and curiously enough I wasn’t in the mood for another pop even if it was offered.

She showed me, dressed me, and sent me on my way with a hug and a kiss, and that was that for that first night!

So that was my experience with this girl – I can’t quite remember her name, and on that note, it bears mentioning that while hers and mine was a friendly relationship different from what you might expect between a prostitute and her client, it was NOTHING like the spark between “Aa Chie” and myself.

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I did actually visit this particular girl more than once though . Not sure why, but she was friendly enough, and nice enough, and sometimes, one just needed a change, and so ...

Nothing at all like that. This was “friendly business”, and that is all there was to it!

*(NB – While this above experience and the others with that girl were pleasant enough, I once showed up at the sauna when they weren't doing business, and had NO sign outside!)*

NO girls, no sauna, nothing at all for a horny Mike Watson, and despite the overweight and older Mamasan sitting on my lap and trying to cajole (and calm me down) it wasn't working.

Most of the girls had left for their hometowns, but there were a few stragglers lying around and we located one of these, and she tried to service me, but the annoyance of the situation was getting to me, so I left.

This, by the way happened in between the first time I met the girl above, and the other times I met her so it didn't quite put me off the place, but left a bad taste nonetheless.

But yes, my all time favorite is Aa Chie ... I spent the majority of my “mongering time” with her, as well as “Liao” you'll read about beneath ... as well as my bucks!

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**6. Standalone sauna**

Now we come to yet another experience ... a “standalone sauna” NOT in a hotel. It was near my house, and the first of this kind that I visited!

One fine Sunday afternoon, I decided I was getting tired of going to the hotels.

Now don't get me wrong. I enjoyed the hotels immensely, but they were in a different district from where I lived, and it was a somewhat long cab ride over to those places. I was looking for something near my house, and more importantly another new experience.

And “Kevin”, a guy that worked in my apartment complex management office was the guy I “recruited” this time to scope out, and find out if there was a decent sauna nearby.

He was actually ALSO the guy that introduced me to the foot massage parlors I'll mention beneath; and while that other experience occurred before this one, I'm putting it here so it goes with the “sauna section” as it were.

He was a nice guy, great guy indeed. He'd often come over on Sunday afternoons to practice his English with me as my (at the time) maid cleaned the house, and in return for this “free” practice he'd help me out with other things - - such as what I'm mentioning her, and also other issues such as I've mentioned on my other fitness related blog!

And so I asked him if there was a sauna anywhere near by the apartment complex that I could visit, and if he could take me there after work, and he agreed.

He was a young guy, about my age, but looking at me and him ... the differences even back then were palpable.

He was fresh out of college, not unlike me, but I was at a job that paid far better than entry level wages (though of course, that was for a reason!) and he was NOT schooled in the “ways of the world” as I was. He had that fresh look to him that boys, not men have ... and, in many ways this was a new experience for him as well.

Anyway, he took me to this one place near the house, and he was naturally the one doing the initial communications.

Now, I had been to other saunas before this, and I was already aware of the various different types of services offered at these places.

One pop. Two pop. Blowjobs with or without condoms. Sex once or twice. The choices, much like the girls were infinite, but due to the language barrier I could not effectively communicate my desires properly, and so it was left to Kevin, in his “oh so shy” and “cotequish” (is that even a word??) manner to do so!

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And it was hilarious - - the poor lad turned red in the face when I asked him to clarify if the girls would give me a blowjob and handjob without a condom!

And when I asked him about the price, and negotiation etc, he literally started stammering so nervous was he in the presence of these beautiful women. I still remember him asking “How can I ask them that, Mike!?” and the mamasans looking at him with a mixture of pity and amusement (as in, how can he really be so naïve?).

This was in stark contrast to my favorite driver, of course, who went to these places without batting an eyelid. Of course, he was a Dongguan local, and the people in charge of the joints knew this – and he was older as well, probably around 32 or so at the time I met him, so it was a different case from the “callow young” Kevin fresh out of college from the boonies in China!

Anyway, I got a gorgeous, buxom girl attired entirely in red (my favorite color), and as she bowed, I looked at her soft delicate skin, and my cock began to rise as usual.

That’s one thing that happens all the time in China, by the way, until this date pretty much. When you go to a restaurant - - or a massage parlor - - or choose the girl you want at a sauna - - all these girls will “bow” once (including at the restaurant, where it’s apparently a form of traditional greeting to line up by the door and bow at entering customers).

The reason I remember this girl is she had the smoothest skin by far amongst most of the other girls I had been with until that date. It literally felt as smooth as silk!

This was apparently a “two pop” deal, so off we went to the bathroom for the shower, and she was so soft, so buxom, that I could barely control my lust... and right there, right after the shower, I asked her to suck my left nipple standing there.

She did this, and as I looked at her pale hands all over my body, her small, delicate cupped palms I could control myself no longer, and I shot a mammoth load *directly into her cupped palm* as she continued sucking my nipples and I moaned quite literally like a “bitch in heat” until I was done!

It was a sticky gooey mess all over her lovely soft palm, and therein I had an experience which stuck with me the rest of my life and which I’ve written about a lot - - the LOOK she gave me thereafter!

She looked at the cum, and the expression on her face was so distasteful, so “annoyed”, and smacked so much of “Ewwwww! Your nasty cum on my pristine palm!” that it was funny, and I laughed out loud as she washed it off.

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Yes, it was a lot - - that soft skin did indeed have a major impact on me!

But in retrospect THAT look, that look of sheer disgust was what she really felt, and I didn't mind her being open about it.

Sure, I could have complained and I'd have got a different girl, but hey, best to be honest eh?

And in any case, that same look was what (for obvious reasons, for those that have read my books!) got me hard again, and as she gave me a long massage, I chose a blowjob this time, and chose to finish in her hand again.

And as I was done, she looked at the clock, and it was time to go.

Indeed, and it was a nice experience. I paid at the front desk, and they gave me a card with their address - - so the next time around, I could simply come myself and not need to lug any "Kevins" along to locate the place!

And "come" I did, and I'll detail another experience at this very sauna below.

## **7. Standalone Sauna #2**

So, it was yet another visit to this sauna, and this time they didn't line up three girls for me. It was two girls, but that was fine. I'm not picky.

Neither one of them was overly good looking or friendly, but they were both polite, and as they bowed, I chose the petite one on the right.

She had a jaded, world weary, tired look to her, and the first thing I remember her doing was "tugging my foreskin" back as she undressed me and wanted to see the head.

This has happened many a times with me in China. I'm uncut, but have a severe case of phimosis, and have never once seen my cockhead.

I've been advised to get surgery for it, but really speaking, it's not painful for whatever reason when I have sex - - and plus my own sexual preferences mean I rarely, if ever have actual vaginal sex, and being the foreskin is what provides the majority of the pleasure for a male, I'd never get it cut.

This has proved to be trouble for me in many of my relationships, but I've always stood my ground. It's a part of my body, and there is no reason for me to lop it off unless it's causing me any trouble!

Anyway, some Chinese girls take this to mean "he's a virgin" (when the truth couldn't be farther from the case), and she looked at me with a puzzled, "why can't I see the head" expression as she cocked her head at me.

She knew I wasn't, of course, but why couldn't she see the head?

That's what Ashley, a tall statuesque lady from Sichuan province once told me as well (remember, Ashley was a regular date; not a hooker!) ... "why can't I see the head"?

She was a nurse as well, but apparently didn't know anything about phimosis!

Anyhow, this little interlude was something I remember, so I'm bringing it to you. Off it was to the showers, where she gave me a decent blowjob. Nothing spectacular, but decent enough.

After that it was time for the massage, and again, she gave me a great massage.

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And then it was time for “her special” - - and the first time I got rimmed at a sauna. Oh boy, it was something else altogether, that delicate slender Chinese tongue forking in and out of my asshole and though she covered it with saran wrap first (which is good – it reduces the chance of communicable diseases being passed from the rectum to the mouth) it didn’t reduce the sensations too much.

That’s another ballast to my own “flying balloon” of allowing prostitution, by the way. This amount of safety would never have been present if it wasn’t out in the open, and you’d have guys forcing the girls to do it without protection.

And after the ass licking was over I was hard again. She was playing with my balls as I did this, and then she turned me over, cock erect, to be fucked in the “cowgirl” position, but she had a strange expression on her face.

The expression that says “ok, I’m doing this, but only because I have to”. Sort of like an unhappy robot, and she’d make no bones about this as well.

Another customer would probably have complained at that point, but for me, I didn’t want sexual intercourse in the first place. She didn’t know this, of course, but what I did next surprised her, and brought a genuine smile and hint of a giggle to that careworn face.

I pulled her legs up, put her soles next to my face and she jerked me off, all the while looking surprised and genuinely pleased, and the vibe was this “Oh God, I’m so glad I don’t have to have sex with yet another stranger.”

“I get paid for it anyway, and he’s into my feet - - how cute!”

That was the exact vibe being communicated. For some reason Chinese women and women in general love their feet being worshipped, especially to the exclusion of sex if the woman doesn’t want it, and for a minute there she actually removed her feet from next to me and made as if to have sex, but I gently brought the feet back.

And she jerked me to a huge orgasm, looking at me with genuine interest now, and I was happy too - - I got what I wanted, and I was happy that SHE didn’t have to “do what she really didn’t want to do”.

Yes, I know she was being paid for it. Yes, I know she was a hooker by trade. Yes, I know ... I know!

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But at the end of the day these are young girls doing this for a reason, and often times I'd feel sorry for them, and hey, I was still getting what I wanted, so I saw no reason to be an asshole and "demand part of my money back" - - which I could have by "right" as it were.

Remember what I said about supply far outstripping demand. The customer was literally not just a king here, but a sultan and emperor in one, but I didn't want to take advantage of that fact.

She's a lady, and my own latest submissive tendencies even at that point probably made themselves felt in some way or the other in this regard.

Whatever it was, it wasn't a bad experience. She was exceptionally skilled at licking ass, and it was off to the showers after that and back home.

Oh, and in the middle, and before the ass licking and after the body massage, I forgot to mention the sauna - - both in this case and the above. The saunas here were nothing great - - certainly nothing like the wooden sauna I've spoken of above, and not as good as the other ones I spoke of before that either.

They were OK though, and the girls provided the same services both during and after the sauna i.e. bringing water, adjusting the thermostat, making sure all was ok, and so forth.



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**8. At the foot massage parlor (and a case of going ABOVE and BEYOND the call of duty!)**

Foot massage parlors and the girls therein are something I've often mentioned in my books, and foot massage parlors, specifically one which I'm not going to name here has a special place in my heart, if just for being the first place where I truly started to explore the "seamier" (and raunchier, and MOST interesting as well as instructional) side of life!

The best decision I made in terms of life in general (and I'm not talking just sex or sexual proclivities here) was to move to China when I was young, and the very best decision in terms of opening up a whole new world for me sexually was to try a foot massage parlor after my colleague from Hong Kong had advised me about it (which I detail above).

Curiously enough, these sort of establishments have a "dangerous" myth associated with them, at least back in the States. At one point I told one of my ex girlfriends in the States about these places, and the first thing she said was "be careful! They might could steal your money there while you're unaware!"

All true, and all stuff that happens globally but China in general was, and still is one of the safest places in the world, especially for expats.

Yes, there has been crime against expats as well as Chinese as of late, and yes, there USED to crimes that weren't well publicized back in the day ... but still, by and large, if you compare either one of these to the "regular" crime rates in any big city anywhere in the world, you might be in for a bit of a shock.

And back in the day, the LAST thing either the girls or the people working at "those places" would do would be to steal from clients; with all the competition out there, that would be like issuing a death knoll to their biz!

So, Kevin again was the one that came to my rescue back when I was looking for foot massage parlors. My colleague was vacillating on my request to "go with him" one time so I could get the hang of the place so I asked Kevin, and he pointed me to a building right there on Walking Street.

That building which ended up being the center piece, along with Aa Chie's sauna for many years thus!

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That building with dozens of foot massage workers, and on my first time I was escorted upstairs by a female usher, clad in one of the sexiest dresses out there, the traditional Chinese cheongsam.

As she saw my gaze wandering to her legs you'd think she'd "cover up", but she did exactly the opposite - - she thrust her leg out, and bared it for me to see!

Such was the "service" and this from an usher, mind you.

Kevin spoke to the usher on the phone (he didn't come with me this time). I asked him to tell the usher to find a girl that would give me "special service" (an euphemism for handjobs etc) and at that point note I had no real idea of what was offered there in terms of "first hour", "second hour" etc.

Experience is the best teacher though, and I learned shortly thereafter - - way more than my colleagues in HK as well - - in less than a month!

The usher said she'd do what she could, and brought in a girl with large round black eyes, that instantly bowed when she saw me.

Remember, this was my first time. I wasn't that comfortable with "choosing girls" anyway at that point and plus my gut she was good to go with, so I nodded and said yes.

The door closed, and the massage started. She got me to sit on a footstool in front of the comfy sofa I was seated in, and rubbed my shoulders, neck and back ... a thorough and professional massage that felt GOOD!

She even bent me into a half-bridge in that position and I could hear the muscles along my spine "cracking" as she did this.

Ask me to fall into a bridge these days, and it's no big deal. Easy peasee, but back then it was a different story altogether!

It was then back to the sofa, with my feet up on the footstool as she sat on the arm of the sofa. My feet were meanwhile still immersed in a warm mixture of herbs and water – something she had done upon entering the room.

That's one thing about these massage places. Though the customers sit in luxury, the girls themselves have to perch on tiny little footstools while offering the massage, and this

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always struck me as being the most demeaning part of the whole process as opposed to the actual foot massage itself.

But then again, the Chinese are nothing but remorselessly biz minded, and in this regard it's probably a good thing for all involved when it comes to money.

It's obviously not the massage itself that was the draw for most men - - it was the lure of a young girl in an obviously submissive position massaging them - - along with the extra services on offer.

Some of the joints even had the girl actually kneel the entire time she was administering the foot massage!

No wonder many of my stories involve these sort of ladies in downtrodden positions that RISE UP to claim their rightful power over men, their natural inferiors ... ah, but I promised there would be no fetish related talk here, did I not..?!

So after this, she went on to do the actual foot massage itself, which as I've mentioned above was painful, but relaxing in a way.

She then moved on to my thighs, and sat on the sofa in a position such that both my legs were spread, and my hamstrings were resting on her thighs.

Sort of like being in the cowgirl position except she was sitting on me, not my dick!

And her hands gently massaged my stomach, thighs and calves, and looking into her dark black curious eyes that were in turn looking into mine, I felt a furious erection build.

“Yi ge Zhong ma?” she asked suddenly. (One hour?)

I told her I wanted the second, heart beating quickly. And as soon as she returned after telling the usher, she resumed position and started to massage me, her hands finding a life of her own as they moved up to my nipples, and gave them that one causal flick- - yet another turning point in my life.

Prior to this I had only realized how sensitive my nipples were with my American ex girl friend who did all she could do to tweak, suck and in general manipulate them and brought me to many a pleasurable orgasm with my nipples alone.

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Chinese girls though take it to a whole another level altogether. If there's one thing those fingers KNOW how to do naturally it's play with a man's nipples and get him off. It almost seems hard wired in all these lovely ladies, and whatever the reason, this was the time I re-discovered the joys of nipple play, and never looked back after that.

But remember, it was my first time. I was still a bit nervous, and though my boner was poking up through my jeans ,I didn't unzip initially.

I put her hand on it, and when she (and I suspect she was as nervous, this being the first time she was with a foreigner) felt it, I could stand it no longer, and "knew" it was alright, and pulled it out.

And she did something completely unexpected - - she wrapped one hand firmly around my shaft, and sucked my left nipple while giving me the best handjob I had received (until then - - the girl at the "salon" outdid it but not by a long shot!) ... and I was shooting all over the place in no time.

As I "recovered from my orgasm", she did something else that was completely unexpected, which was to put her head on my chest and lie down! Just as a regular girl friend would - - and NO, I do NOT think she did it with "everyone!"

I mentioned this first time with "Liao" (I later learned that was her name) to my ex girlfriend, and she said "that girl really liked you". And thinking back upon it, and even at that time, yes, she did!

Well, anyway, so I just shot once that first time. I figured that was what I paid for, but this section is titled "going above and beyond the call of duty", and how!!

The next few times I visited that parlor, I'd make sure to ask for "Liao" (she was #3 in that place) and EVERY time I'd get service beyond my wildest expectations. Not only would she suck my nipples every time ... she'd also give me TWO orgasms each time I went there, and the friendlier and more familiar she got with me, the more fun it was.

I'd even finger her, kiss her deeply, all of which she enjoyed a lot. In fact, we did everything but have actual sex in those little rooms ... virtually ALL the times I've been with her stand out in my mind!

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And during those two hours, I'd often make her my girlfriend. I'd often tell her not to massage me; instead, lie down with me. I'd often ask her to kiss me, and she'd blow me on occasion when I wanted it to – and all without ever once asking for an extra tip.

Yes, she liked me, but I made sure to start tipping her double after a while - - which was good money for her back then and I enjoyed giving her all the money I did in the past.

Some would say “it spoils the market for all of us” and I'd agree IF the service was sub standard or even standard.

But for what I was getting?? And more than the service itself, it was her attitude that did it - - I had never once experienced a girl who didn't know me getting that familiar with me, and though this scene repeated itself several times in China with other girls, I tipped them all lavishly.

They deserved it, and more!

When I talk about this last bit to other foreigners, they seem mystified as to how I had these experiences with Chinese girls who are commonly known as the most materialistic “breed” of woman out there.

And thinking back, there is NO logical reason for my success with them either. I've been flat out broke at times in China - - something I've detailed galore in my “*A complete guide to understanding dominant ladies from the Chinese mainland*” course, but whether or not I had money at the time and the amount made not an iota of difference to either them or me.

It was all about vibes above everything else, as I write about so often!

This last bit will be hard to understand if you're not into the spiritual side of things, but ponder it for a while, and read my other writings on it, and who knows? You may well start to understand what I'm saying in this regard after a quick perusal of what I've mentioned above!

So that was my initial experience with this lady. There are so many more that I could literally write an entire Volume #2 on her.

Maybe I will in the future, but for now, let's move on to another experience!

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**9. At the foot massage parlor #2**

At that same parlor, there was another girl with whom I shared a familiar bond, but this is the only one of the lot who would never give me a handjob, and would yet tease me galore!

And yet, though I didn't (obviously) tip her a lot, I did patronize her quite often.

Now, you might wonder why I kept returning to her even though she didn't offer me any extra services. Well, I thought about it, and I suppose it was the "tease and titillation" experience that brought me back to her (although for her she was just doing what came naturally!) ... and I remember jacking off furiously every time after I got home after seeing her!

Plus, she was always friendly, and no direct handjobs doesn't mean she didn't tease me in other ways. Her hands were always on my nipples, and I remember her checking out the girth of my member through my pants many a times as well!

She was #95, and a small petite girl named "Wu Xiao Lin". Her strength belied her frailty though - - she had hands that were as strong as butcher's hands, and fingers like meat hooks - - when those fingers dug in for the massage, you would FEEL it for sure!

Her massages were great too, and though there is no experience in particular that stands out about her, I still mention her here, and why?

Well, simply because she'd do the whole tease and denial on purpose and so naturally that with my latest submissive tendencies, my mind would start working overtime on femdom scenarios and it made the ultimate orgasm as pleasurable (only in a different way) than if she was the one actually giving me the handjob!

As I've said many a times before Chinese girls are the BEST at knowing what a man wants ... *and denying it to them as well in the most artful manner possible!*

Not once did I leave that joint after a session with her feeling frustrated. Not once did I feel "actually denied". And so forth.

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So though Liao will always have a special place in my heart no matter where she is and what she is doing these days (probably married back in her hometown!), so will the lovely Wu Xiao Lin.

Thank you, ladies!

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**10. At the foot massage parlor (another “interesting” experience!)**

And now, we move on to yet another experience at the SAME parlor.

One fine evening, I was in a mood for a slight change, and so I did not choose either #3 or #95 at that parlor.

Neither did I choose another tall leggy lass I had gotten to know quite well there; I believe she was #10... something? I’m not sure - - my conscious mind can’t recall it, but I’m 100% plus sure my subconscious remembers it!

I chose a new girl, and she was fairly good looking, but the first thing I noticed about her was that she didn’t bow when she entered.

Other than that, mostly everything was the same. Her massage was good, and so was her general demeanor, but much like one of the girls I mentioned up there (in the barber salon), she was a little “bitchy” in general.

When I’d ask her to rub harder in a certain place, she sometimes wouldn’t do it. When I’d ask her again, she’d do it and wouldn’t show any outward dissension, but she clearly wasn’t “happy” about it!

And as I chose the second hour with her (the first time I met her) I was not sure if it was the right choice or not.

Maybe she wouldn’t give me a handjob? Maybe it would be a waste ... ?

And as these thoughts and more ran through my mind, her lovely fingers started to idly massage my stomach, and all other thoughts flew out of my mind as her fingers trailed my skin, and automatically, on reflex, I brought her hands up to my nipples.

And of course, it was electric. Much like in #2, she had one of the best touches ever - - a touch enhanced by her slight bitchiness, and my own submissive tendencies, and that somewhat distant and arrogant look in my eyes made me want to pull my penis out right there and then.

And as I unzipped, she acted like she “didn’t want me to do it”, but her eyes, and the pseudo-contempt in them spoke volumes. She knew it was going to happen, but to make it more difficult, while she made no attempt to outright “stop” me from pulling my peter



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out, she pulled her hands away, indicating she wasn't going to give me the handjob, while continuing to play with my nipples!

Again, this from a massage workers whose financial and social status was in reality way below mine, but it felt like the opposite at the time. Makes you wonder what REAL really is, eh? ;)

And so turned on was I that I jerked myself off while she played with my nipples, all the time looking on with a half bored, half disdainful look in her lovely eyes, and with my first spurt she jerked her head back, as if she was scared the load would shoot right at her and hit her in the nose.

She need not have worried in that regard. Though my orgasms are usually powerful, intense, and LAST for a while, I never "shoot until the fan" as some other guys seem to.

And funnily enough, she was back to normal after the handjob. I tipped her anyway, but again, not a lot. But I did tip her regardless, because she had that something to her ... I don't recall her name (she wasn't especially friendly or talkative and I don't remember her giving it out), but many a times she'd actually put my hands to her forehead indicating that though I was paying, I should be the one "pressing her head" as it were!

Just like an actual bitchy girlfriend, eh??!

So that's another one that stands out to me. I've got plenty more tales from this massage parlor though, and I'll share them at a later date!

\*\*\*\*\*

Well, my friend , so that's it for now. While writing this book I was literally transported into the past as it were, recreating the emotions and the scenes for YOU, the reader to actually understand what it was like back then.

More pertinently, you probably NOW know the true meaning behind the words "this city changed my life" – forever, and for the better!

Bear in mind though I only mentioned the sexual side of it here. Dongguan has changed my life in many other ways, fitness being another notable area in my life, and I've spoken about that a lot on my fitness blog as well.

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But, those are tales for another time – and another business!

For now, it's adios as I recover from this particular writing session and let my emotions settle a bit.

If there is interest, I'll be glad to put out more Volumes such as this. Feel free to let me know!

Best,  
Mike Watson

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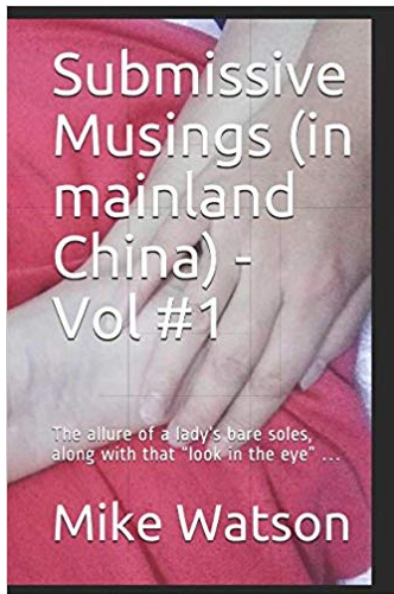
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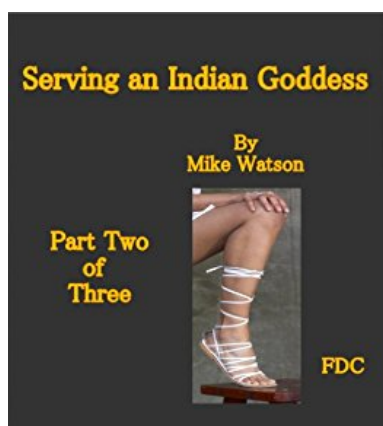
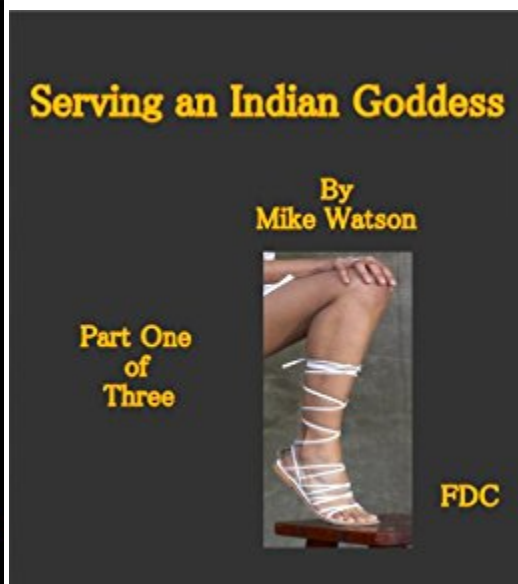
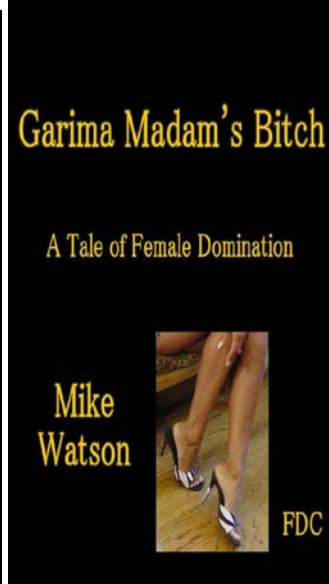
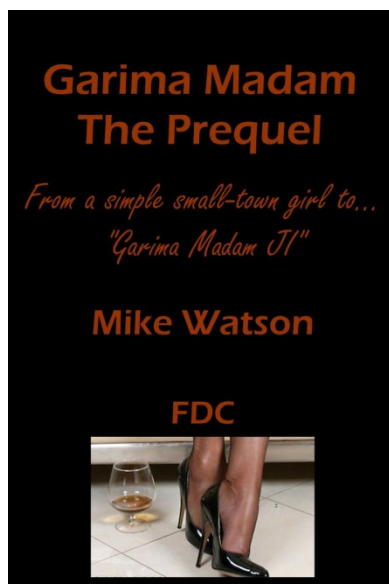
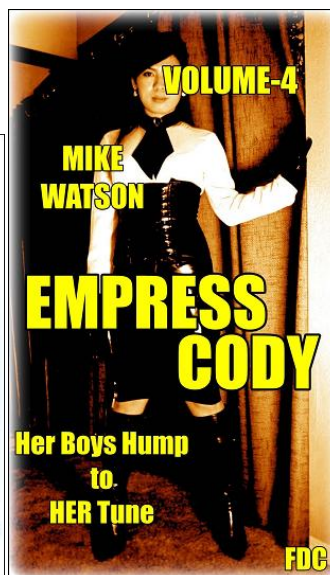
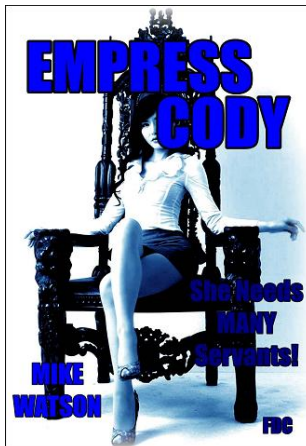
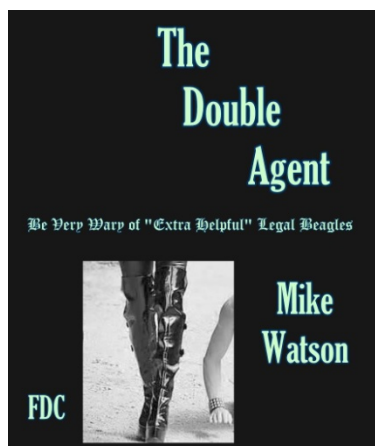




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