



Sophia
Bai

“Hello, boy!”
Mike Watson

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By
Mike Watson

FDC

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Author's Note-“Cum”-Prologue

Here are the quotes that “inspired” this book (taken from an actual convo with Sophia when I was “brainstorming” ideas for my next piece).

Not that ideas aren’t overflowing in my mind already, of course, but, well, you know how it is in terms of *finding just the right thing to write about!*

Once you find that “right thing”, the words just pour out.

Auto pilot. In flow. In the groove. Put it whichever way you like, but such is life, my friend, when you really, really figure out how to set your mind to conceptualizing and then DOING something.

“Here are the titles. Choose from one (“giggle” emoticons in tow here, of course): -

1. “Pressing” Sophia’s feet
2. “Paying for Sophia”
3. “Sophia’s ATM (though that ATM is usually empty?!?! (followed by a ROFL emoticon)

I use quotes there to emphasize the Chinglish that she uses, but I think you get the drift. This discussion took place once I told her she was the main “inspiration” for my latest piece.

And her response?

“Choose one, but I am also interested in 2”

And mine?

“Well, isn’t it best if we include all 3 (another ROFL there)?”

“I choose 1!”

And so forth. I was going to choose 3 as the title of this narrative but ended up choosing a simple “Sophia Bai”, as it just seemed more apt.

On a “closing note”, and probably an apt one to begin the actual tale, lots of ladies have this idea that their feet need to look “a certain way” for men to even begin to be interested in them.

It’s not true, ladies! If your guy is serious about his foot fetish (and submissive tendencies which usually comes in tandem with the fetish itself), well, then you could have “clumpy” feet that look like they belong to little green aliens from Mars, for instance.

But, it wouldn’t matter.

What matters is that they are YOUR feet. What matters is if you truly enjoy the attention being paid to your feet, and YOU in general. What matter is your pleasure, and all else comes second.

The above might sound very strange, but it's true. It is also one of the reasons that it took me ages to convince my dear Sophia to even show me her feet sans socks....

*Last, but not least, and this is so important that it bears mentioning. Although the actual book has been "written by me", the perspective is **ALL HERS**, and that, at least to me, is what counts.*

Anyhow - Enjoy!

Chapter 1

“Hello, boy!”

“Ah, that feels so good, boy!” I said, and it did!

God, he knew how to massage me, hit *just* those right spots, get the tension out of the muscles oh-so-expertly...

And I relaxed further into the soft contours of the bed, comfortable on my stomach as the strong, lithe fingers massaged my aching lower back, the fingers expertly probing and “kneading” the tension out of the knotted up muscles at the base of the spine and all throughout my lower back and hip region.

It was amazing, but I didn’t even need to tell him “where” exactly to massage me as I would have if I went to a regular “massage parlor”, or even the friendly local spa where the girls are more than happy to work on you for hours at a stretch.

You may notice I called him “boy”, by the way. I call him “boy” sometimes, or “servant” sometimes.

Sometimes I make the mistake of calling him a “man”, mostly due to his outward “alpha” nature and personality, but I quickly correct myself, hee hee.

Sometimes I don’t call him anything at all. I just command him (like a good owner should).

“I bought new shoes. Pay for me!” is a hurried command often sent to his WeChat while I’m on a shopping “spree” (although to be honest I don’t buy a whole hell of a lot mostly because I’m a picky shopper).

And he pays, of course. My cash cow, or, “Sophia’s ATM”, as we both prefer.

(Pardon the poor English, by the way. “Pay for me”, is, well, *Chinglish* (the Chinese “version” of English, hilarious, inaccurate and widely used in China even by Chinese people that consider themselves to be experts in the language) and there’s no other way to describe it.

Even though that ATM doesn’t have money a lot of times. It’s the feeling that counts though for me, and what really matters to me is that I KNOW for a fact that when he does have money, he’ll tell me, and I’ll be the first to use it.

And no, there’s no “line” here. No “first in line”. I’m the only one!

Conversely, of course, I may choose to have other men serve me and “pay for me” in the future. That’s my choice, and it seems to interest him as well, though he’s not very receptive to the idea at the time of writing this.

But before I jump further into this story, and how I met my dear “cash cow”, or perhaps “servant” would be a better descriptor (because that, quite literally is what he is for me and my roomie a lot of times).

My name is “Sophia” Bai. I’m a 37 year old woman currently residing in Southern China and originally from “Shanxi” province way, way up north in Northern China.

I originally moved to Shenzhen, China with the sole purpose of finding a decent job and earning a decent wage. My own hometown is a non-descript small town, and there are few, if any, real opportunities there. Far better to do what a lot of Chinese women do, which is to move to the bigger cities.

I’m unmarried, and living with my female roommate (a lovely 24 year old woman from Hunan province). I’m by no means what most Chinese, or even most foreigners would consider to be attractive, but I do have a nice smile, and I’m a pretty friendly “girl”.

Why do I use quotes around girl?

Well, most Chinese seem to think that a woman is “past her prime” after the age of 25. China has a lot of strange problems, some that make NO sense whatsoever, and one of these issues is the “left over woman” (*sheng nv*, in Mandarin Chinese) syndrome that basically dictates that “unmarried women over the age of 25 are used goods, and “worthless” in terms of marriage”, or something to that effect.

Given the paucity of women in China today due to the traditional preference for the “male child” and of course the much hated (but probably required, to a degree) “one child” policy, China has one of the most lopsided “male to female” ratios in the world, the males far, far outnumbering the number of available females.

Go to the countryside, and this problem is multiplied times 10, quite literally, since most of the girls leave the countryside for the cities.

“Mmmmmmmmm” I moaned, but not the sort of moan you’d imagine. It was just that “contented”, involuntary sigh of pleasure that escapes my lips every time he massages my fulsome buttocks (I do need to lose weight, let’s be honest!), his fingers moving up and down my butt cheeks, expertly kneading, caressing, and massaging the tension out of them.

It might sound strange, but a good butt massage can feel JUST as good as a foot or upper back massage, perhaps even better if combined with a long lower back massage and if done right.

The buttocks have some of the largest, and often ignored muscles in the body. Most of us “sit” all day long, and this is the very worst thing you can do for your lower back and core region, which includes your buttocks.

“He” of course doesn’t have this issue, as he exercises regularly and makes it a point to stay in top shape, but I’m lazy, and ...

Anyway, I have an office job (probably the same as most of y’all reading this), and combined with the fact that I’m slightly overweight, I do need massages on a regular basis. There’s nothing I love better than a shoulder and neck rub after I get back from work, and few things I love better than a long foot rub as I drift off to sleep.

What I love the most of course, is the “no tension” and “one-sided” nature of the relationship, sort of like a real “Master (or should I say Mistress, hee hee hee!) – Servant” relationship should be.

There is no expectation of having sex (of any nature) either before or after this, although I can if I so choose.

I don’t need to cook dinner for him and have long romantic conversations with him if I don’t want to or don’t feel in the mood (although I love romantic conversations, and have had them with him plenty of times in the past).

No, what I like best is that I tell him what I want, and he does it.

Within boundaries, of course, but those boundaries are constantly being pushed, hee hee.

They say women from Northern China are way more dominant than women from Southern China, and that IS true, but it had always been the exact opposite for me personally before meeting “him”.

Strange as it might sound, I’ve only had one real relationship until now, and that one ended on a rather dull note (as opposed to sad, though that was obviously there as well).

My last boyfriend lived in a different town. We rarely saw each other, and rarely ever spoke.

It was the typical “results oriented” relationship that you see so often in China, which basically just means that two people get together, and “get married” or “plan to get married” because ... well, because ... “you have to marry”, right?

Forget love, forget romance, forget even attraction or living together. As Mike wrote about in his last piece “Mai my lovely Indian maid”, despite the outward façade of “being modern” in China, when it boils right down to it a lot of girls still marry or enter into relationships without “testing the waters” (i.e. living together) first.

Makes no sense, but that’s how it is.

Anyway, that last relationship ended because he cheated on me, but to be honest, whatever little passion was there in that “relationship” had long, long since flown out of the window for both of us, and strangely enough, I felt no sadness at that time.

As opposed to “Madam Suvi” (the protagonist in the servant’s last book), I felt an overwhelming sense of a “burden being lifted from my shoulders”, if that makes any sense.

This doesn’t mean, of course that I ran around with every available man, and believe me there are plenty. I’ve dated, and still date plenty of men, but none of them really interest me.

Contrast this with my “servant”, whose not even my “boyfriend” to be honest. I don’t know if I’ll marry him. Hell, I don’t know if marriage is even required.

“Who cares” as he so adroitly puts it, his brutally honest nature to the forefront as always.

And he’s right. One of his mantras is “if it ain’t broke, don’t fix it”, which is basically one way of saying don’t mess with something that’s already working and producing results.

Of course, that doesn’t mean what is working can’t be improved, and his servitude certainly can, hee hee hee!

But, simply placing a “societal seal of approval” from the bloody marriage registrar doesn’t guarantee success in a relationship anymore than

Quite a radical change of thinking, of course, from what you’d expect from a “traditional” girl that I used to be (until a few months ago, to be precise!) ... until the whirlwind quite literally “hit my life”, and swept me off my feet, much like the hurricanes battering Southern America at the time of writing this.

Or is that tornados? To be honest even the word “tornado” would not do justice here given just how RADICAL the shift in thinking has been after I met him!

And I felt sleepy and contented as he moved on to my lower butt and hamstring area, and a small frisson of sexual desire shot through my being as he expertly let his fingers “trail” over my butt crack, each touch naughty and “knowing”, if you get my drift, and he continued with the massage, which had turned into an erotic massage by now, of course.

Started out as a good old fashioned massage, but as I relaxed further, he knew *exactly* what to do, and *exactly* what buttons to push ...

On that note, every woman should be massaged differently. Most men don’t understand this, of course, but a quick look at the woman should give you an idea of how she’d prefer her massage (even though she may not herself know it).

Large broad feet, for instance, such as I have tend to lend themselves more to the “squeeze” type of massage where the entire foot, as opposed certain areas of the foot is kneaded generously and lovingly from sole to toe, no inch of the foot being missed.

Smaller and narrow female feet though usually lend themselves better to the arch being rubbed, their owners probably “torturing their feet with high heels” all day long, and the arch is therefore in “sore” (pun intended, hehe) need of a massage at the end of a day or even a few hours.

I can’t wear those heels due to my broad feet, and it’s something I’ve always felt bad about. In fact, my feet are by far the worst part of me, and I’ve always been ashamed of them until ...

... Until, well, now.

He loves my feet. He loves my ass (an ass that is NOT in shape). He loves to massage me. He loves doing my dishes.

Most of all though, and I’ve come to this conclusion after talking to him about it, what he loves the most, and what REALLY, really gets him going here is the fact that *I* genuinely enjoy it.

And this brings me back to the “radical” shift in thinking.

First off, I never ever thought, not in my wildest dreams that a man would be willing to do all this for me without getting anything in return (well, other than my domination and the few times I do allow him “sexual release”, hehe, but we’ll get into that later)

Second, in a rational world it doesn’t make sense. I’m not beautiful (I’m really NOT!). I’m not rich, and I don’t have the most luxurious house in the world either.

So ... why?

Because I really, really enjoy his servitude. Although I didn’t know it at first, my attitude and words gave off a very dominant vibe, and this is probably the reason I’ve never been in any sort of relationship after my last one, since most Chinese men “take to the hills” at the slightest hint of “dominant vibes” from a woman.

Most foreign men are probably the same as well, come to think of it. Men, what awful “creatures” they can be at times!

This foreign (wait, did I call him a *man* of all “things”?? Hee, Hee!) servant of course, is the exact opposite.

That look in the eye is what he keeps referring to, and though I didn’t know it, my inner dominance communicated itself to him through that look, all this even *before I met him in person physically*.

It was always there, deep within me. I just didn’t know it.

More to the point, I needed the right partner to “bring it out”.

And the servant has.

And ... the “creature” currently kissing my butt crack with those lovely full lips of his was one I DID actually want to make love to, that I DID want ravaging my whole body, but ONLY, and only after he massaged me.

And funnily enough I was so sleepy by then that it wouldn’t have mattered either way.

“I’m sure he’ll come up and sleep with me after he’s done”, I thought thinking in a lazy sort of manner, in that lovely “semi-conscious mindscape” that often occurs, the shivers of lust creeping up my spine being the only thing that was keeping me from falling fully asleep.

“Should I press your legs”, he asked, and I didn’t answer.

Well, I think I remember something about a mumbled “Quiet, boy!”

He absolutely loves it when I call him “boy”, by that way. Curiously enough that is what I called him the morning after I met him, though NOT for the reasons you’d imagine!

And on that note, it begets me to tell you just how we met. I could, of course (and may well) write a whole Chapter on the massage itself (which is a typical night for us together by the way) and probably will after the introduction, but for now ... it’s time for one of those flashbacks that occurs so often in the servant’s books.

It’ll be a fairly lengthy flashback, of course, but detail (and attention to detail) is what makes life interesting in my opinion. Life, novels and massages ...and just about everything, for that matter, and though it took a while to “put pen to paper” in terms of actually telling you what happened, the thoughts took less than a minute to fly through my head and those lips lovingly kissed my hamstrings, and moved back to my butt crack.

I hadn’t washed back there, I remember thinking, but I also remember thinking “who cares” in that sleepy state of mind.

It’s *my* butt. It’s an honor for him to be even allowed near it, to be even allowed to touch it with those male lips of his.

It’s *my* asshole!

My feet may be large, ugly, misshapen (and one of them has a rather prominent “bunion” on them, which causes me much grief and is the reason I can’t wear high heels), but they are *my* feet.

And though that concept of “my” turns the servant on immensely, it turns me on EVEN MORE, if just for the sheer “one sided” nature of the power exchange.

All relationships should be this way in my (our) opinion, and with that in mind, it's off to "flashback land" for now.

Blast from the past

"This hiking group is great!"

"We should set up a day to climb Nanshan mountain very soon!"

"But it's quite a climb! We need to be prepared!"

And so forth. I remember reading these comments one fine Sunday night on one of the numerous "Wei Xin" (or WeChat in English) groups that I was and still am a part of.

As a lot of Michael's "regular" readers no doubt know, WeChat is the most popular messaging app in mainland China and (in addition to numerous other useful features) it offers users to set up groups on the app, somewhat limited in functionality, but groups that serve their purpose nevertheless.

He was part of this group, but I'm not sure who invited him in. I only really noticed him one night when I got this add from a guy named ... "Michael". At least, that was his nick on Wechat, his username being his "real name", which I'm, ah, not going to mention here for obvious reasons.

It may be good if the readers bears in mind that most of the conversations I'm mentioning beneath are actual conversations that really took place between us.

I'm "keeping it real" not so much because that's my style (well, that's one reason), but also just to show just how good the "vibes" were between the two of us from the get-go, and I could tell right away that this guy would be worth spending time chatting with (though I certainly could NOT foresee the near future!).

"Hello!" was the cheery message that came from him, and though I get plenty of such messages from random, horny guys (whom I either block or put on my fast growing "ignore list"), this one was different.

I don't know if it was the profile picture, a mysterious looking type "hidden" behind Aviator sunglasses, but though his face was hidden by the large sunglasses for the most part, there was something to the guy that struck me as being uniquely attractive, but I couldn't quite figure out what that something was at that point in time.

And I "went with the flow", so to speak, and followed my instincts and responded.

We went back and forth with the usual pleasantries, and I told him my name was Sophia.

“Nice meeting you, Madam Sophia!” was the cheery response, and I could tell right off the bat that though I didn’t know this guy from Adam, what was pretty self-evident is the happy, positive and respectful vibes emanating from him.

Never once in all our conversations have I had the feeling he’s “looking to get laid” which is something I can’t say about the other men I’ve spoken to either online or in person.

Instead it’s always been a friendly sort of polite talk, and yes, the “politeness” part was more directed at me than him, but that just added to my interest in him, of course!

And flirting galore, of course. I can’t recall a single conversation that took place between us where I didn’t tell him that I knew fully well he was flirting with me, something which he happily always agreed, huge grin in tow, and the feeling was just so nice that I went along with it as well, enjoying every minute.

Anyway, so I invited him out to hike the following day with our hiking group, but he was busy at the time, so it didn’t happen.

But I did speak to him the next day of my own accord.

“Hello, boy!” was my cheery message, and NO, the “boy” wasn’t said with a femdom slant ... it was more my poor English that caused me to address him this way, as I was literally translating from Chinese to English online while chatting with him.

But I wasn’t to know he loved my Chinese English, of course, and he took a particular liking to my calling him “boy!”.

“Madam Sophia! I love it when you call me “boy”!” was his prompt response, even though we didn’t know each other at all and it was the first time I had ever called him anything for that matter!

I giggled, and said I’d make sure to call him that from here on in, but though I didn’t (consciously) at least know the reason behind his preference at that point, what I did know was I found this guy to be intensely interesting, funny and attractive, and of course the good vibes that I mentioned above.

I had actually messaged him to ask him to help me “decipher” an English e-mail that a customer had sent me, and I sent him a screen shot of the email and requested him to translate it to “simple English” for me.

He readily agreed, of course.

“Sure! No need to “request” (and here he sent over a “hands folded in prayer” emoticon. Tee hee!), Madam Sophia”, and then continued on in the same vein.

“I should help you if I can. Don’t you agree?”

And though I should have replied with “theres no real reason for you to help me unless there’s something in it for YOU, my dear Michael”, I didn’t, and replied with a non-committal giggle and nothing else.

Soon enough, he sent over the “back to basics” translation that I had requested (oops! Should I say “ordered”!) him to do, and I thanked him.

“My honor!” came the response, and he then asked me if I had lunch.

It was almost lunch time, and then “nap time” after that.

Those of you that are well acquainted with China will no doubt know that a short post lunch afternoon siesta is the order of the day here. Nowhere near the long two to three hours siestas they reportedly take in countries such as Spain, of course, but half an hour to 45 minutes is normal here.

And after I ate my lunch, I texted him back.

“Im going to rest for a while now. I just finished my lunch!”

And he responded quickly, as if he had been *waiting* for me to finish my lunch.

“That’s great, Sophia! Sleep well!”

And I asked him if he had had his own lunch, but he responded with something else altogether.

“Should I press your legs for you, Madam Sophia? You’ll sleep much better!” this said in a laughing sort of tone, and you could be forgiven for thinking he was joking, but he wasn’t, and the sheer vibe emanating from him said that he’d probably have hurried on over to my office if I so much as crooked a finger at him...

As it was though, I didn’t crook any fingers. I merely giggled (internally, so as not to disturb my snoozing co-workers) and a small, shy smile made it’s tentative way across my lips.

Now, some girls might have found it weird, but then again, I sort of doubt it. It’s the way in which he he said it more so than “what he said”, if you get my drift and often times (men, or should I say, *boys*, listen up!) HOW you say things is way more important than what you actually do say.

Remember we didn’t really know each other at this point.

Yet, I felt no “creepy feeling” as I normally would if a “relative stranger” offered to massage my feet while I was partaking of my (albeit “short and sweet”) afternoon nap.

I didn't feel he was trying to jump my bones. I did NOT feel it was an excuse to ask me out on a date or anything like that.

In fact, I felt this was an interesting guy, and my response was a simple "Come on!"

That is basically Chinglish (Chinese English) for "Go for it!"

And his reply was an enthusiastic, "I wish I was there!"

And I giggled as I drifted off to sleep that afternoon ... except I didn't really sleep. I was thinking about this interesting man I had met online.

Why was I actually chatting with this guy? Remember, I was NOT interested in casual dating or one night stands. I was NOT interested in "flings" or anything that wouldn't ultimately lead up to a committed relationship.

He is a foreigner (and as I'll get into beneath), at that point I wasn't really interested in having a foreigner for a boyfriend.

But what I thought about most during that half an hour "rest period" was this: what do I find so interesting about him?

Is it his profile picture? The way he so indirectly, yet directly flirts with me? The way he compliments me, the way he wants to "do things for me" (such as massage my admittedly ugly feet, hehe) without even meeting me?

Most of all though, is it the fact that *it all sounds genuine*?

And though I didn't know it at the time, the "genuine" part was what was really attracting me to this guy. The "vibes" he was emitting, even though our conversation thus far had not gone further than online texts or short calls.

I didn't tell him all this, of course! A lady's got to have some secrets, hee hee!

Then there was the time we were discussing past loves and future plans.

He told him about an ex of his that he was deeply in love with a couple of years ago, but they tragically broke up due to, well, *life* itself. It was one of those things that couldn't be helped, and for once although money played a part in the breakup, it was NOT by far the main reason.

Being he really loved the girl it took him a long time to get over it, and it was such a moving, romantic story that I felt deeply touched by it, and I wouldn't be lying to say a tear or two escaped my eyes as he told me about how they'd talk all day, be together all day, hold each other in bed, and so forth.

I told him about my markedly less romantic story as well, of course, and he sympathized fully with me.

“Men can be idiots”, I remember him saying when I informed him how my last boyfriend cheated on me.

“He was lucky to have a girl like you with him! And yet ...” and he tailed off, leaving it unsaid, but he was right, of course. My ex, being the loser he was (sorry, darling, but it’s true) in many regards WAS lucky to score a girl like me, even though said girl was neither rich nor traditionally good looking in any way (though a certain Michael would probably vociferously disagree on that last front!).

And then of course we got to talking about future relationships, and I told him that though I liked foreign men, I didn’t want to get involved in a relationship with a foreigner.

Why, you might ask?

Well, I could hem and haw and give you the usual rubbish about “culture differences”, or language barriers, and all that, and truth be told, I did give him that initially but he saw through it, smart as he is.

The real reason of course is practical. I’m not looking for one night stands or “flings”, and many a foreigner in China has several “unaddressed” issues in their lives that they conveniently “forget” back in their home nations while they attempt to “score” girls here.

He wasn’t that sort, of course. I could tell right off the bat.

But the majority of foreigners I know here have wives or girl friends back home, pining for them to return, only for them to never do this, instead enjoying the “cornucopia” of young, available women literally throwing themselves at them if just for the so called prestige associated with dating a foreign face.

Not only that, some are divorced and have kids, and need to send money back home every month, and with the economy in the perilous state it is, it’s not easy to make money to support TWO families on a consistent basis, and many a relationship has fallen upon ugly times because of this.

It’s often been said that money is the number one reason for most couples quarreling on a regular basis, and it’s said with good reason, methinks.

Last, but not least, there’s the question of “deserters”. What if said foreigner simply married me and then ran away to another country, never to return to China again? What if (romantic and charming as he might sound initially, and Ms. Suvi’s example is a prime one here) he actually already “has another life back home”?

And so forth. I know it make it sound like China is populated by nothing but foreign trash running around here, but truth be told, there ARE a lot of bottom of the barrel scum running around here.

Foreign scum that wouldn't be able to get dates in their own countries. Guys that can barely hold down a job, any job, no matter how ridiculously simple and non-demanding back home. Alcoholics. Drug users. Peddlers. Child molesters (not kidding here!).

And so forth. The list goes on and on and on.

China used to be a country where proper companies would "woo" qualified expats with large and very attractive pay packages, but this type of "career oriented" (as opposed to "live for the next day") expat has all but disappeared as the economy tanked back in 2008-09, and nowadays it's mostly the English teachers running around here.

And as Michael has described extensively in his other books, teaching English in China is a job which a) neither commands nor gets any respect, b) is transient and low paid in nature, and c) a favorite with backpackers, and other "short term" expats only here to make a quick buck for the time being and then leave for other pastures, so to speak.

Not my type, thank you very much.

The only qualified expats that do remain are the smart ones that eschew the English teaching nonsense and do their own thing, and make a pretty decent living off it.

Don't get me wrong; doing your own thing is hard, hard work and requires a lot of creativity and effort, much more so than a regular job, and I for one have never been courageous enough to leave my day job and take the plunge though the lifestyle promised has attracted me more than once.

But we often tend to ignore the hard work and the 99-1 rule (i.e. 99 failures for each success story), instead focusing upon the "obvious" end result which "finally occurred" after years of hard slog ...

Anyway, I suppose you understand my reasons for not wanting to date foreigners by this point. Yes, it's about money to an extent, but at least I'm honest about it!

Michael didn't agree, of course, and we had several interesting arguments about it, but at the end of the day, he did agree that money was very important.

Here is an excerpt from an actual conversation that took place between us (and this particular conversation took place a few weeks after the initial stuff, this was a few days before we met in person, actually).

I think the initial conversation was about my WeChat moments, or specifically, a moment that I had posted when I was feeling somewhat down. Sort of in a “pensive” mood, as it were as I was pondering the current status of my life, and where I was at that point in time.

Here is what I posted (English translation yet again), “Feel lost in the day to day scenery, looking at the Skye (yes, I know, don’t blame me, it’s the darned translator!), lost in the details ...”

There’s more, but the gist was I basically what I posted in the preceding para.

And as if on cue, he messaged me. That happens a lot, by the way (even after we met). I feel down, and somehow or the other he picks up on it and messages me. Don’t ask me “how he knows”.

Probably because I don’t message a lot when I’m down, but then again, I don’t message anyone a lot anyway. So there it is.

Anyway, he urged me to cheer up.

“Be happy! You such a lovely lady!” sent with several “rose” emoticons.

And I rehashed the part about not being able to find a suitable man, etc etc (and in the back of my mind I was wondering why he didn’t get upset about “the no-foreigner” rule I had mentioned).

That’s something that confounds me even now, even after I understand his BDSM slant of mind.

He isn’t “playing” with each and every woman out there. Heck, he’s deleted most of his WeChat (and other) contacts as he said it’s a drain of energy and time and he doesn’t need it.

And yet, he never pressures me to “take it one step further”.

It’s all up to me, and I both respect and adore his thinking in this regard.

I really do ... and ... YES, it’s ALL up to me! Sophia Bai makes the decisions!

“Well, I know you don’t like foreigners”

And here there was a pregnant pause as I didn’t respond, not sure what to say. This guy was so cute, so attractive, and was pushing ALL the right buttons, and ...

I had often sent him “wistful” texts in the past stating “I wish you were Chinese”. And I really did sometimes. It would take care of so many other issues, and I’m not just talking about language here!

Language is a tool, my friends. Believe it or not one of Michael’s good female friends (who took the pictures for his fitness book) can speak literally NO English.

He doesn't really speak a lot of Chinese. There were over 250 or so pictures (or something to that effect anyway) to take, and the book is a detailed manual showing how to perform different exercises, hold different poses etc, and proper communication is of the essence when doing anything like this.

Not to mention the 7 or so detailed videos he's put out there, and THAT was another beast unto itself.

Yet, they got it done.

I say this not to "blow his trumpet" (I'd never do that anyway! Don't get ideas, hehe!), but just to state the fact that the right vibes are KEY to accomplishing anything and everything in life. Everything in life starts with, and ends upon (if successfully) the *right vibes*.

"Don't worry, Madam Sophia", he continued on a "giggly" note, which for whatever reason made a "warm feeling" come over me, as I knew what was going to come next, but even though I knew it, I never tired of hearing it.

It was nothing more than gentle flirts in terms of the words, and you could call it "overt flattery", perhaps.

"Michael, you flatter me, I am happy to hear that, but I am not so good!"

And he'd reply with "It's my honor!", or "Well, it's true, don't you think so?"

After a bit of giggling I'd reply with "Sure, I think so!" and a huge grin. Not because that's what he liked hearing, but because, well ... well, because it's a true! *I love being a Queen!*

And of course, on the Queen note, we talked about other "related" stuff as well regularly.

But before getting into that, let me complete the part above first.

"We are good friends. Not boyfriend and girlfriend. Not "lovers", well, not in the ... (and he left it unsaid, and I blushed for no apparent reason) ...", and he continued.

"But, Sophia is always important. Your needs are more important."

In a shy sort of way I avoided a direct answer, though I sort of knew what he was driving at.

"I think everyone need is important", and I giggled.

"Here is what I mean", and you'll notice that brutal honesty come to the fore here.

"Michael is important. But, Sophia is always more important! We are equals, but your needs are always more important!"

This sent over with a “joyful” emoticon, and well, what could I say, other than “Yes, I do think so!” (huge grin in tow)

But I also said what I always do (even now at times, hehe) after such conversations, which is “Thank you”.

I said it before we met because he just made me feel so good after chatting with him.

I say it now, because, well, I sometimes experience this “warm and cuddly” feeling after he serves me, regardless of how base the “humiliation” might have been at the time, and sometimes I’d like nothing better than to hug him and go to bed with him in his arms, forgetting everything else.

It’s a girl thing.

So on the Queen “note”, I was back home from work one fine summer evening, and I was replying to Michael’s texts.

My roommate was cooking and I was in my (usual, unfortunately, hehe) lazy mood. I should really have been exercising at that point, but all I did was flop down on the couch and “play my phone” (Chinglish for “idle time away on the phone”).

“I learned from you”, I texted him, and here I snapped a quick picture of my (admittedly “pudgy”) sweatsuit (I know, I know, dressing the right way doesn’t equate to “doing it”!) clad lower leg, and of course, that sock-clad foot he so sweetly mentioned in the opening stanza somewhere up there.

“That’s awesome!” and this was followed by not one, but several huge grins, and several more long messages in English (he’s a writer as I’ve mentioned, so it takes him like a minute to send all that as opposed to literally hours for me to sometimes decipher what he is saying, ugggh!), and so jubilant did he sound, so happy did he sound that you’d be forgiven for thinking his last “Kindle” book about the lovely “Madam Suvi” broke all previous records.

“Show me your soles. Take your socks off, Madam Sophia”, came the next response, and though I expected this, I didn’t do it.

And after he asked me “why” several times, followed by a “delicious” emoticon every time he asked (this resulting in a shy “titter” in actuality from me, sitting there with my right foot up on the table), I responded with “well, they’re ugly!”

And they were. That was one reason I was NOT comfortable with my feet, and remember I hadn’t met him as yet, so though I knew for a fact he was sincere enough in what he was saying about “me being a Queen etc” (and though this whole “put your feet up” thing was something he introduced to me and something I seemingly took to like a “whale to ocean”), I was still not that comfortable sending pictures of my feet to him.

I trusted him fully. I'd send his selfies on a regular basis. I'd send him lots of pics without him even asking.

But my feet ...

On that note though, at the back of my mind a "naughty" voice used to pipe up every time he asked.

You'll hear this "naughty" voice being referenced again soon enough below, but for now, let's just suffice it to say that deep down at the bottom of my heart (I should say "mind"), I knew he wouldn't care if they were ugly or pretty.

They were my feet, and that's pretty much all he cared about, and I sort of knew it, but ...

Anyhow, by now I suppose you must have gotten a pretty good idea of how exactly we met, and how the conversations etc proceeded.

And while there is a lot, lot more to write here (I could write a novella on "how I met Michael" here if I wanted to) 'tis not really relevant to the central femdom theme of this story, so I'll let it slide for now.

What's important to note is the femdom slant our conversations took from the very beginning without me ever meaning for it to "be that way".

The "Madam's". The "foot massages". The "Sophia is most important" part. All of this, which started innocuously enough with a "Hello, boy!" the morning after our first conversation, was leading up to *one* main thing, and *one alone*.

The casual reader here might think along the lines of "Well, there's nothing so complicated about all this. After all he's literally doing everything YOU want, Sophia. So of course you'd want a man like that".

My response?

Um, no, sorry to "disillusion" you pally, but that's NOT how it works.

I could care two hoots less about men wanting to serve me if I didn't have any good connection with them.

I could care two hoots less about the richest man in the world proposing to me down on one knee, houses and yachts in tow, all signed over to me.

Sure, all that matters. Money is important, and I do prefer a man serving me, but it all starts with feeling. The right connection.

And a comfortable, safe, feeling.

Most men don't understand this, attempting to break it down to a logical pattern of "A + B = C".

It is logical of course if you break it down as such "Vibes + Steps taken in the right direction = Result", but most people dismiss that as being too "Shirley MacLaine'esque" to even consider.

Ah well. So be it!

... Back to the present, And he continued the massage, which had now turned 100% erotic, and as that talented tongue of his lapped away at my soles dutifully, I could stand it no longer, and I reached down and quite literally, dragged him up the hair.

This "dragging" abruptly stopped as his head reached my ass, or ass "crack" to be precise and I pushed it down to my butt crack.

Not that I needed to cajole him to do it, of course. He was the one that introduced it to me in the first place!

But I still enjoy the feeling of pushing his head down, "putting him in place", so to speak, and the fact that he enjoys it as well is the icing on the cake, but NOT the entire cake itself.

And he dutifully kissed my ass crack, and lovingly "breathed" on to it, his warm, hot breath sending shivers of lust down my spine, and I knew fully well I was nearing the point of "losing all control" very soon.

Though the act itself was turning me on so much, it's the "lovingly" part that should really be bolded, capitalized, and mentioned in RED.

I'm not going to do it, Kindle books being read best in black and white, but the point being he did it so lovingly, his lips touching my (unwashed and sweaty, by the way) ass crack like he was kissing a baby's cheeks.

And as he parted them, he inhaled the scent of my unwashed ass, combined with the "musk" emanating from my damp vagina, and "dove" right now, for lack of a better term, heading straight for his "goal" which in this case was my asshole.

He kissed it over and over again, up and down it's length, as if he was smooching the world's most beautiful lady, and stuck his tongue in on a regular basis, probing the interiors of my "rectum", his tongue flicking in and out (forked tongue, pun INTENDED, hehe) as a hungry Komodo dragon's might when "testing the water" (air) for the scent of any possible deceased prey around.

Each of these flicks was accompanied by sighs of satisfaction from me, or sheer *bliss*, so to say.

I was completely relaxed from his massage at this point.

And now he was orally servicing me, something which most men expect women to do on a regular basis, and never ever dream of reciprocating (and I'm talking about vaginal oral sex, not "anal").

As he licked back and forth, I lost all control, and he moved up my (fulsome) back kissing me all over the back, those hot breaths of his

*Someday I'll have sex with him. **I need to! God, I need him inside of me, but that day is not here as yet, not at the time of writing this.***

But on my own terms, I remember thinking, as the servant's talented tongue plunged deep, deep down my gushing wetness (as I turned over, exposing my vagina, legs spread deep).

"Ah, yes, you fucking bitch!" "Oh, YES, serve Madam Sophia!"

"Make me happy, make Sophia happy, boy!"

"Quicker, boy! Lick inside, boy!"

(Sophia's note – as he licked, he made sure to bring his hands up to my breasts and play with my nipples, the "twin" sensations "up there" and what was going on "down there" making me delirious with pleasure)

Men, this is important! Make sure to use those hands when orally servicing a lady. Don't be lazy!

She can be lazy; you CAN'T!

"Tongue in and out, boy!"

"Put your finger in my ass while you lick, boy!"

And as he did that, he moved it back and forth gently as if it were an actual "dick" in there, and I'd often have him finger fuck me like this.

I'm not having sex with him, but hey, I never said I don't enjoy being pleased MYSELF!

And as you can no doubt tell, at this point I lost all sense of "propriety" (as if there ever was any!) and literally "forced" his head down there, as deep as it could, not caring about his neck, or the position he was in (well, I cared, but I was beyond caring at that point, so intense was the feeling of SHEER LUST enveloping my entire mind, the thick fog blocking out any and all thoughts), and slammed my feet down on his back, preparing for wave and wave of inevitable, and oh-so-pleasurable ORGASM.

... And it happened, and I moaned out in sheer ecstasy as the orgasm was so intense, so pleasurable that my entire body literally SHOOK, nay, VIBRATED from the sheer passion I felt, and his words, simple enough, but repeated over and over again, were the “crest on each incoming wave”, if I may say so.

“Madam Sophia! Madam Sophia”, said repeatedly, over and over again ...

I didn't have a single thought about the erect dick that was still “waiting”, or should I say chomping at the bit, as I felt the need to SLEEP, and nothing else.

Hey, he loves me being lazy, perhaps not at this point, but that's his problem!

You'll read a lot more beneath in terms of dealing with those pesky hard-ons these males have, by the way, but for now, it's time to “jump on to” the part where we first met, and really get this tale going in that regard as well.

Chapter 2

Our first “date”

More so that that date though, it was the conversation that LED up to the first date that might be of interest to the reader.

Brief conversations, nothing spectacular, but along similar lines as to what we spoke about before, except this time, way more direct.

“Sophia, you are such a lovely lady!”, he texted me, out of the blue as it were, one fine afternoon, and then asked “is your back OK now?”

I was initially surprised by this, but then remembered I had told him about back pain that I had (and still do sometimes due to my somewhat “lazy” nature I mentioned above).

I didn’t reply, and he continued. “I wish I could massage your back for you, Sophia. Your lower back, and hip muscles need a long, soothing rub down”.

And he sounded so genuine at that point that a cute little smile broke out on my lips as I read it, and I felt this insane urge to actually kiss the cell phone screen, though of course I didn’t do it.

“Don’t worry, it’s ok now”, I “giggled” back, and then told him that I had applied some “recovery packs” to the afflicted area, and it was actually feeling a lot better this morning (although I had no doubt the pain would return again at night after an entire day of “sitting in the office”).

These were “sports recovery packs” that I had bought online, sort of like athletes often use to recover from a bruised knee, or perhaps a strained tendon, or just sore muscles in general. And while their efficacy is not to be doubted, *nothing* works as well as a trained (and subservient, if I might say so) human hand massaging you in *just the right areas*.

It’s the same sort of thing with technology, or any invention for that matter. We have smart phone and super computers, but all of it pales in comparison to the neural connections and “thoughts” that A SINGLE human BRAIN processes in the space of a few nanoseconds.

You’d probably need a super computer of the size of NYC to even *start* to rival the capacity of ONE AVERAGE human brain, and that’s a fact. In fact I’m not sure if even a supercomputer of that size could accomplish what the average human brain does without “missing a beat”.

In terms of massage, it’s the same thing. Ice packs, sports recovery packs, hot baths (or even ice baths), the best exercise routines based upon BMI’s and all that fun stuff ... but at the end of the day, a good massage is what really gets the job done.

In short - Humans can never completely be replaced, unless of course they build “robots” that can think at the same level as humans do, but somehow I doubt (despite the various sci-fi fantasies out there depicting it) that will ever, ever happen.

“Well, I’m glad”, he responded with a “huge smile”. “I hope to see you soon, Sophia ...”

And here, he paused. We had been planning upon meeting for WEEKS now, but for whatever reason it had never happened.

“Well, we’re both busy and ...”, I texted back, giggling again for no apparent reason.

“Yes, but we should meet! I want to meet you ... (and here his voice trailed off in an embarrassed manner) ... you know, I’d like to explain the type of work that I do to you. I feel you don’t understand most of the things I say with regard to my work!” (and here he sent over several “rolling on the floor” emoticons.

Now before the readers starts to assume that this was one of those “friendships” where the main purpose was “business” (business cloaked in the veil of “friendship”, so to speak), let me assure you it was NOT.

The main thing all along, and as I keep “carping” on is VIBES. The vibes between us had ALWAYS been good, and these good vibes just kept emanating from him, and this was the main reason we wanted to meet.

At this point, I had literally no idea what he did for work other than the fact that he owned a fitness business, and that he was a writer. He had written plenty of books on various topics, and he worked from home.

Every time I’d ask him about his work, he’d be so positive and happy that (judging by his elated response and again the “happy vibes”) felt like I was asking him to detail his favorite sexual position, for instance.

In short; he LOVES doing what he does for a living, and I have a sneaky feeling he’d continue to do it even he made NO money off it, such is the passion with which he writes.

And that’s in stark contrast to my own situation in my own job which I absolutely hate (and I’m sure a lot of you reading this can relate). It’s certainly not a passion, I’ll say that!

As for the “not understanding” part, well, that’s mostly due to my poor comprehension of the English language. It’s improved by leaps and bounds of course (for *free* to boot, since I’ve got a foreign servant), but it’s still not anywhere near the level it needs to be at.

I understand BDSM now, but I had no inkling of what it was back then. As Michael often says in his fitness biz (and here he quotes from *Emerson*), “do the thing, and you shall have the power”.

This holds true for every facet of life, be it writing, fitness, BDSM activities, or simply learning a new skill. Until you don't "do"; you can never really understand (unless you've "done" something related in the past, but even then "doing that exact thing" can't ever be replicated, and that's just a fact).

So he tried to explain it again to me, and I tried to make sense of his long messages, all sent in English. I had been attending "English corners" as of late, but for some reason my English wasn't improving, and I felt frustrated trying to understand, and gave up.

He picked up on this, of course. Vibes again!

"Well, let's meet first, Sophia" he finished off. "I know you don't understand a lot of my work. It's all new to you (Sophia's note – yes, it certainly was, and not just "successfully work from home" part!)

"When", I asked. I was kind of busy that week, and ... but as I said this I remembered I was free that particular weekend.

My roommate at the time was away, and though it wouldn't have mattered, as I didn't plan on inviting him to the house right off the bat (hey, that careful side of me again to the fore), what if ...

Well so long story short, we decided to meet that Saturday afternoon around 4 P.M.

We'd meet in a local park next to my office, or close to it, at any rate, and would "walk around", just talking, and I giggled, making sure to remind him "you are not my boyfriend!"

But at the back of my mind I never had any real doubts about what was going to happen thereafter, though I wasn't actively acknowledging it.

The vibes were perfect, my dear reader, nigh perfect.

And I still remember meeting him that first time, that loud confident voice across the street as he alighted from a taxi (I was waiting for him before that) saying "Hey, Madam Sophia ...(and no, he didn't appear to be in the least bit embarrassed calling me "Madam" publicly; I was actually the one that felt shy at that point!) ...

He looked every bit as fit as his website proclaimed, and the pictures showed, of course, but he was even more handsome in person, his body literally perfect (and no, "perfect" doesn't equate to "muscle-bound" for me), toned to perfection and yet not with that "buff" look that gym goers have.

No, it was a "naturally fit" look that he has worked long and hard to attain (and then maintain, of course, that being the "tough part" for most folks) and the kicker to all this is that he is NOT a

“naturally fit” person so he’s had to work extra hard for his current level of fitness than most others would have.

Most folks of course, just see the end result and don’t realize the sacrifices a person makes before achieving said (desirable) result.

They don’t take into consideration the “99-1” rule I mentioned above.

They don’t see the numerous sacrifices. They don’t care about the time spent away from loved ones, and family. They are NOT privy to the emotions these people feel, though they rarely share them, preferring instead of focus on work and goals.

They don’t see the countless nights of frustration, the toil, the “time wasters” these people encounter.

They don’t see the constant “nagging” that well meaning, but “blissfully ignorant” family members inflict, urging them to “focus upon reality as opposed to their dreams”.

And so forth.

‘Tis sad, but true, but I used to be the same darn way myself, and he explained all this to me as we spoke, and I thank him from the bottom of my heart for “teaching me”.

I’ve learned a LOT from him to be honest, not the least of which being his brutally honest and direct style.

We had a small argument about a visa related issue one evening (and here, I mention this to explain the statement above) when he was frustrated to the nth degree due to some visa issues he was having.

Apparently he was not being able to renew his Chinese visa in Hong Kong as he had planned upon doing, and was stuck there with nary a set of fresh clothes to wear, and not sure what to do. He had planned on a quick “day in and day out”, it normally taking a day to get a new visa stamped, but China’s made things very tough in terms of visas for foreigners (in part due to the riff raff showing up, but the REAL reason being the rapidly sinking economy here and the fact that a lot of locals don’t have jobs, or have jobs that don’t pay nearly as much as they should).

He had two more options in hand, neither of which he had planned upon and budgeted for.

One was to fly over to Malaysia and get a visa. The second, and somewhat cheaper option was to fly over to India and get it.

Well, he chose the latter, and that’s fine, but cheap comes with a price, NO pun intended. He knew this, of course, but his frustration probably got the better of him at that time and he decided

upon India as opposed to Malaysia (though the Indian agent that promised him a quick deal had likely a lot to do with this final decision as well).

Anyway, it was taking him donkeys years to get the visa there, and he was stuck in a hotel there with not much to do.

He could, of course write, but he had left his laptop back in China!

All he had was the clothes on his back, some debit cards, and his trusty Xiao mi phone.

At about that time it was a short holiday in China. I think it was “Tomb Sweeping Festival” in China then, a traditional festival where ancestors are honored, etc etc but without meaning to get into “gory” details, lets just suffice to say that most people had 3-4 days off and I took this opportunity to get out of town and travel a bit.

On the way back, I experienced some of my own frustration as traffic was heavy, and ponderous heading back.

That’s a tip for you fine folks out there that have never been to China. China’s a great place to travel, but NOT during any major holiday!

So I texted him asking him about his own visa, and I could tell right off the bat he was frustrated, frustrated, frustrated. That was one of the very few times I could tell there were something negative going on, but, and strangely enough, I didn’t feel these vibes were directed at me.

And they weren’t, of course. It was the frustration finally boiling over, and he only shared this with me ONCE.

“Bloody visa is still not done, and by the time I get back, it’ll be another bloody Chinese festival, meaning business will stop at that point again!”

Well, long story short he was not being able to work, and was losing business, so I fully appreciate this frustration.

But I felt somewhat strange (NOT offended though) by his use of the word “bloody”.

And I told him that wasn’t respectful, certainly not when referring to a national Chinese festival.

I didn’t understand at that point, of course, that “bloody” can be used in several different ways.

I didn’t understand the sheer frustration that a lot of expats go through on a daily basis in China, as not a lot is written about in the local media, which of course is woefully and hopelessly lop-sided.

And he’d never have used that term anyway because he knew my level of English, but I guess his frustration did actually get the better of him, and I remember wishing I could give him a huge

hug “through the phone” at that point, knowing all of that frustration would melt away like the ice currently melting away at break neck speed on the world’s glaciers as soon as he saw me.

He explained to me that brutal honesty was always the way to go, even if that brutal honesty offended said people.

“I don’t particularly care if what I say offends others, SO LONG AS IT IS TRUE. I say what I feel. I don’t give a rat’s ass what others think!” (and here, he explained the madness that occurs during Chinese festivals, people literally sometimes acting like the “entire world’s about to come to an end in that strange, *oh it’s a holiday! It’s a holiday!* Manner that can be extremely annoying).

I agreed, of course.

And after I understood the reason for using the word “bloody”, I copied and pasted what he said above, and posted it on my WeChat moments, as I agreed with his direct style 100%.

“I learnt ...” started my quote, and so forth.

So I’ve learned a lot from him, and was learning the “99-1” and other “rules” as we strolled casually in the park, close together, his hand occasionally on my back “leading me in the right direction” gently, and it felt like I was dating a man I had known for ages as opposed to just having met him, so romantic were the vibes.

The setting added to it, of course. The park was a lovely, well maintained “green” park with plenty of trees and a lake in the middle.

There were very few people in it at that time and as we walked around the lake, it seemed like it was just Michael and me walking there, accompanied by nothing else other than the “sweet” tweets and “carols” from the birds nesting in the trees (and perhaps an occasional stray honeybee, hehe).

It bears mentioning here though that romance doesn’t “preclude” fem dom. Nothing in this world tells us that a man can’t be romantic and “be submissive” at the same time.

After all, femdom (done right) *is* romantic, isn’t it (ladies)? *Tee hee!*

So we spoke a lot about queens, foot massages, and other related things, but it all felt so natural! I didn’t feel strange discussing it at all, and his cheeks were actually the ones being tinged by that “red” blush occasionally as opposed to mine, which was the exact opposite of what had happened thus far.

We also spoke of other (more “esoteric” topics) that we had broached online, but that I didn’t really understand, not due to language as you might imagine.

Mostly because I just didn't "get it", and some of it I still don't, to be honest.

But what he did explain to me was that it's never about money (agreed sweetie!). Money is important, but never the end motivating factor.

"Maybe you be famous writer one day", I giggled, as we passed under a low hanging banyan tree, and grabbed his upper shoulder playfully.

"Who cares" he responded with a huge smile. "I write for the sheer pleasure of it. I could care less if the books are "famous" or not. I could care less if I get "rich" or not"!

And the sheer passion that overflowed from him at this point, sort of like molten lava might from a volcano in full burst, so to speak, made it very clear that he was being honest about what he's saying.

Curiously enough he's fairly well off while honestly not making money a main consideration.

And so, that's the "learning part about of the way".

We had dinner together at a local restaurant after that. I can't quite remember the exact food we had, but I think it was a restaurant serving food from Hunan province (that province being famous for it's spicy food in particular, which he loved of course).

Should I "bore" you with more "romantic" details here?

I could, but I think there's no point, and I'll just mention that in true "female led" style, I took the initiative, and "dragged the bull by the horns" so to speak, doing what the majority of men do after a dinner date, and invited him back for "some wine at my house" (he drank beer, but I said wine anyway, tee hee).

I'd normally be a lot more leery, of course, if my roomie was there but as mentioned (did I?) she was gone for the weekend (as is oft the case).

I'd also normally be a lot more leery, because the house was dirty, and hadn't been cleaned for *ages!*

But, with him, well, for some reason I could care less (I know, I know!).

And as we sank down on my couch, I felt slightly dizzy. I had finished a bottle of Great Wall "dry" red wine during dinner. He hadn't drank anything other than a small "Tsingtao" beer, and even that can was half finished if I recall correctly.

He rarely, if ever drinks these days, though boy does he have a “drinking capacity”, this probably a hangover from his drinking days where six large bottles of beer a night were the norm.

But those were the wild and unhealthy days, and while the wild has become “wilder” in many ways, age not seeming to affect him one damn bit, the unhealthy has turned into “super healthy and fit”.

Some of you (and several friends of his) think his business (fitness biz) is what motivates him to keep in top shape, but it’s actually the other way around.

The passion motivates the business!

Passion was what was “motivating him” to even start “talking to him that one Sunday night!”

And that passion was what, after he uncorked my bottle of wine, and took a glass of water for himself finally “opened the lid of the pressure cooker”, and he said it, thereby taking an irrevocable, and final, yet first step on the final journey towards, well, the goal, for lack of a better term to use.

“May I clean your room?”

“Oh, no need, Michael”, and I giggled. I’d love for him to do it, of course, and as I sat there in true “Madam Sophia” fashion, one sock clad foot up on the table in front of me (remember the picture I sent him before?), I looked at him and our eyes met, mine naughty and expectant, and his big brown eyes shy and loving and the word “adorable puppy” came to mind here, and I giggled yet again.

(I know, I know. I promised to NOT bring up romance, but hey, what I can say; this whole darn thing IS so romantic, at least for me!)

Plus he was my date. Would he really want to do it? Would he really?

“Madam Sophia ...” he responded, and left off meaningfully.

“Yes, boy” And I did my own impersonation of leaving things “hanging in the air” (and when you’ll read the part that comes later, you’ll truly appreciate what I mean when I say “pun well and truly intended and MEANT!”).

“Oh, OK, if you really don’t want...” and he tailed off here in typical and oh-so-cute gentlemanly “whatever the lady wants” fashion!

“Did I say that”, I giggled back. “Show me where”.

And without meaning to, I didn’t let him respond, and put both feet up on the table, while repeating “Show me, Show me”, in a girlish sort of way, giggling all the while as I knew what was to come.

Soon enough, I was privy to the sight of my date cleaning my room, broom in hand, pan right beside it, and the way in which he was doing it made it seem like he'd been cleaning houses for a living as opposed to writing (or talking about "cleaning").

If he ever stops making money with his books I'll suggest he open one of those "maid agencies" that seem to be mushrooming all over China. There wouldn't be any need to hire any maids, of course, his own skills being more than adequate, and he'd keep all the profits too! Tee hee!

Ok, a bit silly. I agree, but you get the point. He was doing what I never ever thought a man capable of doing, much less actually DOING it, and doing it well at that.

"And the other room", I remember him shyly asking, as I stood there in the doorway, glass of wine at hand (the bot almost empty by now) scarcely believing, yet thoroughly enjoying what was happening.

And as he said this I doubled over in laughter, and hugged him.

"No need, Michael! That's her room. She can do it!"

"Oh, OK ...", and as he tailed off, I interjected.

"Unless you really want to clean her room. She's a lady too, you know, a lovely young lass at that", and here I showed him pictures of her on my phone though there was no need to, and though I could see appreciation in his eyes, I wasn't really prepared for what came next.

"She's nothing compared to Madam Sophia!"

"You know", he continued. "I've always looks are not important. I mean, sure. We all want good looking partners, but the mind is more important (and here he inexplicably emitted a cute little giggle of his own), and, you know ..."

Well, what can I say! I just felt so good upon hearing this, and a wicked look came into my eyes thereafter as I said nothing, except raised my eyebrows in a "do it, boy" sort of way, and flicked a finger very arrogantly indeed at my roomies (even untidier) room.

Well, so after cleaning MY room, he ended up cleaning my 24 year old roommate's room, and I must admit I was both dazed and flabbergasted (though not surprised, if that makes sense) with the attention he paid to detail even here, making sure to clean her room with the same amount of dedication that he used when cleaning MY room!

"You can tell her you cleaned it! She'll be surprised, and ... she'll uh ..." and he ended up on a bashful note.

"She'll what, Michael boy?" (yeah, sounds kind of like a "juxtaposition" of words right there, but the wine was getting to me by then ...)

“Well, she’s be thrilled, and she’ll do more for you in the future, and you take all the credit”, and here his cheeks turned pink, and he looked oh-so-cute, oh-so-adorable, standing there with broom in hand ...

I was also through my second bottle of Great Wall wine by now, and being a girl that really can’t hold my liquor, my inhibitions were quickly disappearing as I saw this hunk of a man in front of me, performing duties normally reserved for feminine housemaids.

Doing things men never did, and yet he was such a MAN!

Those “unmanly” acts made him all the more manly!

“Michael, that’s enough cleaning” I giggled. “Won’t you do what you always talk about?”

And here his eyes literally *lit* up, as he knew what I was referring to.

But being the true gentleman he was, he didn’t “take the initiative”, of course.

“Oh, Sophia, yes, but I don’t want you to think you have to do anything for me!”

“Plus, there’s more to do ...” and another one of those giggles ensued (from me, this time) as he pointed to the living room, also in a relative state of disarray.

This being something he had repeated ad infinitum throughout our conversations thus far both online and offline as if to drive home the fact that it was all about me, and there were no sexual obligations on MY end.

“I know, I know, boy”, and my voice sounded impatient and giggly as I “led the way” to my room, without waiting for his “approval”, and he followed like a baby rabbit might it’s mother into a cubby hole.

“Massage me! I’m so tired” and I lay face down on my large Queen (NO PUNS INTENDED!)-sized bed, not even bothering to kick off my flip flops, and even before he did this, he knelt to the task at hand.

I hadn’t told him to massage my feet, of course.

But he had never seen my soles, and I can imagine just how happy he felt as he carefully peeled my somewhat sweaty socks off, exposing my (what I thought were) “ugly” feet, and gently “wiped” them with the palm of his hand before starting a slow, soothing and romantic massage that would put most Swedish masseuses to “shame” (pun **intended**, tee hee).

Of course, it didn’t just stop there. I could write another book “on Michael’s first massage for me” (this “for me” being yet another one of those “endearing” Chinglish expressions i.e. “come massage for me!” as I once so happily told him on WeChat).

But I've already explained how it usually transits from a pure massage, to a relaxed sort of feeling, and then of course, a small pang of desire spreading through my body which he sense, and well, as the first Chapter mentions, the *rest just happens...*

And oh "brother", did things happen that first night.

Waves of sexual delight passed though my body, his hands expertly manipulating my nipples and kneading my large breasts at the same time, his tongue furiously licking away "down there", the occasional smooch to my vagina lips being but the "icing on the chocolate cake" that really *did* it.

Occasionally he'd cup my ass, squeeze the cheeks, and finger my asshole, and though this sensation was new to me at the time (it isn't now, as you know from reading the prologue), it felt good as well, and I'd use this to my "advantage" in later sexual forays as well.

And as he brought me to orgasm after orgasm, I lost control, and started saying things which I never ever thought I'd say. Heck, I didn't even know that I knew the English words for what I was going to say, but ...

"Oh, keep doing that, boy! Oh, you were *so* right! **MY** pleasure matters!", I gasped, as his tongue hit just that right crevice again, and he said something, but so deep was his face buried in my public area that it came out as a muffled gasp.

"I need a boyfriend like you, a *servant* like you, **boy**!"

"Oh, that last boyfriend never did this! I had to do for him!"

And so forth, and I believe that was the time that I finally and (without meaning to, but for good) filed away the "last boyfriend" memories in the "recycle" bin of my mind, soon to expunged without a second and backward thought.

And what he had said about not needing a boyfriend also flashed through my mind at this point, and suddenly, it was all crystal clear.

Who really cares if this guy orally servicing me was my boyfriend, or husband, or lover, or servant?

Who cares about the terms? I sure don't!

The result, and what he was DOING, and the sheer ENERGY and PASSION with which he was doing it is what matters, and what I care about!

I liked this guy, and had a good connection with him. He was treating me better than any guy ever had.

He paid for the dinner. He took me out. He carried my bags for me. He massaged me so diligently.

“Oh God, Michael!” I moaned out loud. “I don’t need a man anymore! I need a servant!”

And of course, his response was a *muffled* something, his voice emanating from “deep inside down there” but I could tell how turned off he was by the gravelly nature of his voice.

And maybe it was all the drinks, or maybe it was the “airy fairy” feeling that I had, or maybe it was just how turned on HE WAS, but it finally happened.

I just had to see his dick, straining against his cargo shorts by now as a prisoner might against a set of iron bars, as if trying to “bend them by his will alone”.

“Michael, you do for me, but how to do for you?” I giggled, the meaning obvious.

His face was flushed with lust at this point, and a lot of guys would have lost control, and demanded (or begged for) sex, or sexual release at this point.

But he didn't!

“Oh, you don’t need to do anything, Sophia!” and his eyes shone with a strange sort of light, as if he had found “nirvana” (eternal satisfaction) in servicing me orally, as if *my pleasure was more than enough for him*, and ...

“Madam Sophia! Your pleasure is more important! Don’t you remember!”

And though I was lying there naked, spread eagled on the bed, vagina gaping wide open as it were, and he was standing there half clothed, handsome and tanned, the strong upper body in full view, a compact yet muscular chest complimented by a pair of absolutely *adorable* looking brown nipples, **I was the one that felt an overpowering sense of satisfaction mixed with POWER go through me at that point.**

My God, I thought! He really means it, as I noticed a somewhat large, yet not quite so noticeable “stain” towards the front of his brown cargo shorts, and I giggled as I figured out what had happened.

I can do anything I want – I really CAN, I remember thinking at this point, and a pure sense of elation flashed through me, and a HUGE smile spread across my lips.

And as if on cue, he sat down, and started to massage my lower legs, much like you see women doing for men after they “flop down on the bed” after having sex (which often times doesn't even last beyond a minute or so, the usual “wham bang thank you Ma’am” rubbish).

As he rubbed my legs, I felt this desire to grab him by the hand, and pull him up to me.

I wanted this guy to fuck me, and I wanted him to fuck me HARD, and LONG!

Lust flooded my already sated, yet NOT sated self once again, but as I reached down and grabbed his wrist, another thought passed through my mind, and stopped.

Make him wait even more, a naughty thought whispered in my mind.

And as if on cue, he looked at me in a shy way, and sort of pulled his hand away and continued with his massage, and I giggled helplessly.

I also noticed his nipples were taut at that point, sort of like tiny pointed orbs that were just calling out to be grabbed, and ...

“My dear Michael”, I giggled. “You are a good man!”

“Xie Xie! (thank you), he responded and so happy and servile was his voice, that it might have been a poor housemaid kissing her employer’s feet for “tossing a few extra pennies at her”, and as he said this he massaged me even more enthusiastically.

“Boy! Do you like your nipples touched?” and the question came out involuntarily, without me meaning to ask him, and not quite in the way I meant for it to come out, but ...

“Uh ...”

And I took my left foot up and lightly brought it up to his chest, my unpainted toes and “rough” soles lightly brushing his nipples, and the flush that spread across his face mixed with an involuntary “shiver” that went down his back told me everything I needed to know!

I’d often heard (and read) that contrary to popular perception, nipples can be carnal command centers for men as well.

A lot of men don’t admit it, of course, the whole “gay” thing coming into play.

The vast majority of men out there are idiots, plain and simple. Who cares if someone thinks you’re gay or not? More to the point, why are you ok with lesbians, but have such an aversion to gay people?

Men can be such prudes when it comes to admitting what really turns them on. And truth be told, “admitting” is a word I should not have to use here. It should be them “saying” what turns them on, but of course, that is not how it actually works, is it?

I don’t know if the reader has ever been to Japan or not, but Japan is a country that is fairly “open” in many regards about sex and sexual positions ... but what I don’t quite like about Japan though is that most of the positions, gestures, and acts seem to be geared towards male pleasure as opposed to *mutual* pleasure or *female* pleasure.

This is in stark contrast to the incomparable *Kamasutra* though, which is where it all started at the end of the day. And I'm pretty sure the reader knows what I am referring to by the *Kamasutra*!

Anyway, I've seen several Japanese "sex ed" posters online and though the text is all in Japanese which I cannot really read, the pictures make it crystal clear.

One of these posters was "showing young girls how to make a man cum through nipple play and a hand job".

The poster showed a Japanese man lying down on the bed, and there were about fifteen to twenty pictures in all if I recall correctly.

The initial pictures showed one girl flicking his left nipple and kissing him, while the other girls hand caressed his stomach and lower pubic area. Some of the following ones showed them both playing with his nipples.

As they got towards the end the girls would be shown caressing his nipples with one hand and either grabbing his cock with the other, or tugging his balls.

And all this while the man was showing doing nothing at all, of course, just enjoying the female attention.

I still remember the final shot (picture I should say hehe), depicting the man with his back almost half arched in pleasure (the only movement he made in the pictures other than wiggly toes) as a huge white BLOT on the picture depicted a "lengthy, glorious and oh so pleasurable cumshot from heaven" as it were.

My last boyfriend was the kind who liked his nipples played with as well, and though we weren't together often, on the rare (very rare) occasions that I gave him a hand job, I often remember thinking (and sometimes saying out loud), "Man can do this way, but what about women? How to do?"

Yes, the Chinglish is hilarious, I know that, but again - honest narration is what I prefer, and what works best!

And as Michael massaged me, now at my feet, his hands rubbing my soles up and down, I laid there, a glazed and satisfied look in my eyes.

A good dinner, a few drinks, a man that so "kindly" offered to clean both my roomie's and my room (with the credit all going to ME, no doubt!) and all topped off by the massage and of course, the SEX, or should I say the oral sex.

If he's so good at oral sex, I wonder how actual sex with him would feel like, I remember thinking, and more shudders of lust spread though my entire body.

But that naughty voice spoke up again.

“Make him wait, Sophia! You can have him pleasure you orally any time, so it not like you don’t get anything!”

(And it was true; at that point I’d have happily rolled over and went on to bed without any sex, or conversation at all for that matter if I had to!)

“Make him wait! Let him stay there with that hard dick of his! You don’t want to have sex until you are absolutely sure, correct?”

And here, of course, I must admit the voice was correct. As I’ve mentioned above I’m not into casual flings, or casual dates. What I am looking for (or what I was until that point anyway) was something that would ultimately lead to marriage.

Of course, the part about “who cares if he’s my boyfriend, or servant, or husband” came tonight, and sort of made those thoughts utterly irrelevant, but such is life!

At this point, I was happy as heck, and that’s what mattered.

(Author’s note #2: Here I must mention an actual quote from Sophia’s WeChat “moments” (similar to a Facebook “wall”) -

“Suddenly realize: Happiness is not the deliberate search, but a rare chance encounter; deliberate pursuit, not brave to go forward, happiness may happen on the road you must pass”

Pardon the Chinglish ... this is the online translation. I understand the Chinese myself, but the reader might not, hence this translation. However, I believe that weird though the translate turns out to be, it does end up communicating the actual point rather well, sort of in a brutally direct manner as it were.)

And if my relationship with him continued, and this happy feeling persisted, I cared **not** what it would lead to, if anything.

“I want see it”, I giggled, and here I prodded his nipples again with my foot, much like a lazy Queen on a comfortable purple (I don’t know why that color comes to mind, but purple for some reason conjures up regal images in my mind, be that purple nail polish or purple clothing, or what have you) recliner might prod a servant diligently scrubbing the floor with the ball of her foot, as if to say, “Enough, you foolish servant boy! Off with you for now!” (this accompanied by a push from said “ball of foot”, soft and pedicured to boot ...)

“I want to see it!”

“See what, Sophia?” but the embarrassed tone in his voice told me he knew exactly what I was talking about.

“Your ...” and here I prodded “it” (for some reason, the word “it” was, curiously enough, what came to mind at that point), and I marveled as I did so.

It seemed long and thick for one, and though I hadn’t seen it as yet, I’m sure it would be dark colored, and judging by the girth (mind you, this merely from feeling it through his shorts and underwear), it was more than plenty for me if you get my drift!

“Are you sure”, he said laughingly. “Maybe its better I massage you more, and ...”

“Hmm! Michael!”

And I uttered this “Hmm” in a reproving, yet friendly sort of way, as if to say, “don’t forget *whose always* in charge, my dear Michael!”

The iron hand is always an iron hand, regardless of the velvet glove encasing it!

“Off with those shorts, *now!*”

And I pointed at his dick as I said this, and raised my eyebrows every so slightly as well, and I might as well have been Cleopatra at this point, so dominant was my tone, so DEMANDING was it, that it surprised me to the core.

I never knew I had this inner dominant streak ... but apparently it did, and it ALL made sense now.

Why did I enjoy him offering to massage my feet during the nap?

Why did I even continue talking with this guy after the first intial conversation?

Why, despite my initial reluctance to pursue ANY man unless I was sure it would lead a long term thing was I now ...

And all the why’s flew out the window at about that point, all being replaced by a conviction that “what I was doing was right, and the way it SHOULD be!”

That naughty voice piped up again.

“It was always there inside of you, darling. You just needed the right man to bring it out”.

It continued after a brief “pause”.

“Where you take it is up to **YOU**, sweetie! Indulge, and **ENJOY!** He’s always said you were a Queen. Become that – and **MORE!**”

And as he stripped, I thanked that inner voice. I still do until this date, to be honest!

And as that long, erect, thick member came into view even the above thoughts melted away into oblivion, and it was as my mind was a laser focused upon one thing, and one thing only.

That one thing being his long, curved dong, that long thick *brown* dong of his, that hairy pubic area, the flat and muscular abdominal region just accentuating the length of the penis, and here something funny came to mind, though I didn't giggle, so overwhelmed was I at that point by the sheer presence, actions and sight of this naked hunk of a man in front of me, completely at my "mercy", not to mention service.

My last boyfriend was a regular beer drinker, and though he was young, he had a gut.

His dick was fairly large, but nothing compared to this guy I was with now, but still, it's not the size that matters ... it's what you do with what you've got that really counts.

And though I'm NOT going to get into the few (ugh!) times we did our version of the "Samba", if you get my drift, let me just say it was as quick and "fleeting" as an actual Samba move in a dance, with him barely ever being able to last beyond a few minutes.

We hardly ever met each other, and on the few occasions that we did, apparently he had been "saving it up for me".

So he said, but I don't quite believe that, but again, that's not the point ... the point being he could barely ever "last", and though his was not a micro-penis by any standard, I still hardly felt anything, and my thoughts were always along the lines of a disappointed, if not frustrated, "Is this how it's supposed to be?"

For a long time, I thought the answer to that question was yes. I had resigned myself to it, and had accepted it for the fact I believed it to be.

However, that inner voice (thanks!) had certainly made me re-evaluate several "facts" as I saw them at that point!

Anyway, back to the "funny" part; the Chinese have a saying which, translated into English, goes something like "Man with fat stomach have small penis".

Another one of those "brutally hilarious" sayings (especially when translated into English!), and it's somewhat true, as a large bulging belly does sort of tend to detract attention from the cock itself. Though that cock might be long enough, it just doesn't "look long" enough.

And of course, unfit men are far less likely to have, and maintain erections that last, mostly because of the decreased blood flow to that region (due to being overweight and unfit).

That was the case with my last boyfriend, but as my mind quickly dropped even this one memory of him into the "recycle bin", I bring you back to the "marveling part" as I compared this long,

thick colored cock of his, standing up at attention as it were, and so hard was it that I had this insane urge to grab it with my soft hands and drive it straight into my waiting vagina ...

And I sat up, eyes bright with desire.

“Wow! You have a huge dick!”

“Oh, it’s not so big, its normal, it’s...” and his cheeks colored a little, little red spots appearing on the center of both of his cheeks (or so I imagined, anyway). Such a cutie he was, tee hee!

I don’t know if I mentioned this, but he tends to be a very “understated” and “reserved” sort of person when it comes to his own achievements, accomplishments, or his own body for that matter.

That doesn’t mean he has an inferiority complex though.

Quite the contrary. He’s one of the most confident men I’ve ever met, and if you need proof ... well, just go through our conversations and what he was doing for me now while getting (ostensibly) nothing in return.

How many men do you know that would be bold enough to admit all this, let alone admit all this directly to a woman that they don’t really know from Adam (or Eve, so to speak), and here I’m referring to our initial conversations, of course.

More importantly, how men are comfortable with (truly comfortable as opposed to “showing off” or lip service) serving a woman as she **deserves** to be served, NO STRINGS attached?

None, I’d say.

Tis sad but tis true. Submissiveness or “doing something out of the norm sexually” is often mistaken for deviance or (more commonly if we are talking about fem dom) “weakness on the part of the man”.

And even more sadly enough, it’s men that think this way. Most women would never really call a man a door mat, or even think he was simply because he put their pleasure first, every time, and always!

(Unless he actually was, and in that case said woman would probably not be with him in the first instance itself, so there it is, **boys!**)

“It’s big, boy”, I laughed, my eyes shining with excitement at having finally seen it.

Yes, I admit it! I had been thinking of his dick for a while now, actually, right after the first few conversations itself, because, and as I mentioned above, I felt so close to him despite not knowing him, so irresistibly “drawn towards him” ...

And there it was, in all it's full glory.

And I reached forward and tweaked his nipples once, and he moaned, that dick straining at the bit.

And though I could have jerked him right there and then, that inner voice told me not to (remember the “have my fun” part?)

And I grabbed his member in my soft palm, and felt it all over, the soft skin in contrast to the erect tissues beneath, his hot throbbing dark member contrasting oh-so-perfectly with my fair skin.

I could see he was doing his utmost to keep from cumming, but he couldn't control the moans and groans, of course, and I knew even the slightest ‘jerk’ would do it.

But I didn't. I wasn't ready to allow him sex with me as yet, but I could certainly enjoy the feel of his member, no strings attached!

And I caressed his balls, lovingly rubbing them, kneading them every so gently, and his uncircumcised sword rose even more, the flaps of skin at the top both intriguing me and turning me on, and as if on impulse I pulled them forward, just to see how far it would stretch.

And then I tugged it back eager to see the head, but as I did, he emitted a loud “AH”, obviously signifying pain, and I stopped instantly.

I didn't want to hurt him, of course, and I had somehow, and the words came out instantly.

“You Ok, boy!” curiously enough, said more as a statement than a question as if to say “who cares if your really OK! I'm saying your OK and that's all that's needed!”

“Oh, that hurts, but it's ok”

And I gently pulled it back again, but stopped as I felt the skin wouldn't stretch any further beyond a certain point.

“But why I can't see the head!” I questioned, though this not out of any lack of desire for his penis as it was. In fact if anything the “tightly hooded” head fascinated me even more than a regular cut penis topped off by a shiny head might.

“Oh, it's just this way”, he responded, and did his own version of a giggle here.

I learned later, of course that it was my inexperience at play here. Extreme inexperience I should say, as even “Suvi”, the lovely lady being referred to in Michael's last piece (despite HER own relative inexperience with men) figured out that he had a case of phimosis instantly.

But of course, his phimosis was different in that tugging “backwards” caused obvious pain when erect, but not *tugging “forwards”*!

And I continued having my fun, tweaking and caressing his nipples as the Japanese girls did in the poster I’ve alluded to above, grabbing his dick hard at one point, then suddenly releasing it, never really wanting to give him that actual handjob, more of a tease and denial “game” as it were, except I was really having my fun, or should I say “having my fun inspecting this member in front of me and seeing how the male animal attached to the member could take it without erupting”.

Sounds like a scientific experiment was being carried out right there in my own bedroom doesn’t it?

All this, of course, didn’t last for as long as you may imagine.

The volume of “description” has spanned several pages by now, and a few thousand words, but the actual act of “examining the thing” lasted about five minutes in all, give or take a few seconds, and I collapsed back on the bed soon thereafter, and demanded my foot massage.

Remember, I was sated. I had had multiple orgasms the likes of which I had never even dreamt of to be possible, let alone experienced before then.

The wine I has had wasn’t having much of an impact initially due to the sheer novelty and excitement of the situation itself, but it was hitting me now, albeit in a “kind and warm” manner sort of like a Mother telling an 8 year old daughter “young lady, it’s time for beddy bye”, patting her on the head in that oh-so-motherly and *unique* manner that only Moms have.

And the inner voice, of course, back at full tilt, urging me to WAIT.

He wanted it, of course. He wanted an orgasm so bad, but to his credit, he never said it, or made any actions towards achieving this desire, and I love him so much for this!

Till date, he has never made any overt moves for his own purposes, but has always been more than pro-active in terms of pleasuring ME, and that’s how it should be, my dear reader.

I sometimes do jerk him off. I haven’t sucked him off as yet, though I’m sure he desperately wants that, but I might one fine day if I decide to partake in that particular “experiment”, hehe.

*I think you get the drift by now. It’s really all about **me and me alone!***

“That’s a nice dick, but, I’m so sleepy!”

But sleepy though I was, the naughty voice spoke up one last time, and this time it was it me speaking, sort of like the naughty voice was the demon from the famous “*The Exorcist*” that had possessed me at this point.

And I abruptly laid back down, turned over on my stomach and spread my legs wide as if to say “lift my hips up and fuck me doggy style” (which and to be quite frank, if he had actually done, I wouldn’t have resisted at that point!).

But he didn’t, of course, and I knew he wouldn’t.

And this is what really made me so confident with him.

THIS is what made me willing to forego all my initial reluctance, and now at this point lie lazily on the bed in a posture even most married women aren’t comfortable assuming in front of husbands they’ve been with years, though not because said husbands haven’t seen them naked.

It’s because that “utterly safe” feeling isn’t there a lot of times. It’s always about “oh, what if I need to satisfy his lust, and ...”

But here, I felt so safe, so protected, and so *liberated*, and why?

Because, and again to drive the point home like a blacksmith hammering that last stubborn nail in as if to say “no more doubts!”, *I am the only one who matters!*

I am the most important. **It’s all about me!**

My voice sounded somewhat strange as I giggled, and said it.

“You can’t have sex with me, Michael. We are not boyfriend and girlfriend. Ha, ha!”

And I laughed as he stood there, not sure how to respond, as he probably hadn’t anticipated this comment (neither had I, of course!).

“Oh, I know, I ...” he burred, and his voice, dying away with each “syllable”, if that makes sense, sounded like a stream in the Sahara desert in the thick of summer, on it’s “last legs”, barely a drop of water left to flow, and finally ending in a smattering of stones and what not as thirsty animals crowd at the river bank waiting for that all precious “water” which would of course only come once monsoon “chose” to show up in all it’s ful natural glory.

Sort of like a “deflated” car tyre, the air slowly “whooshing out”.

“Do you like to have sex, boy?”

“Uh...”, and he just looked HILARIOUS at that point, standing there (I think I forgot the “stand up” command I gave him, sounding like a cranky Sergeant General when I did), dick standing to attention, almost touching his belly button so turned on was he, and the balls hanging deep down beneath, literally *begging for release* ...

“Show me how you do!”

“But how can I ...”, and he was right, wasn’t he? I wouldn’t allow him sex, so how could he “show”

But he hadn’t taken into account the “naughty voice”, hee hee!

“Hump the air”, I said, and it was again said as a command (remember the devil took me over!) and I continued “do it now!”.

He just looked at me, and I laughed again, but this time there was a serious tone in my voice, and I could almost see his ears (and dick, hee hee) perking up *just that little bit*.

“Do it”, and he moved back and forth, attempting to fuck the air, quite literally, and this whole scene was so funny that I roared in laughter unable to control my sheer mirth any longer.

I mean, think about it, a man serving a woman orally and in every other regard, and now getting nothing in return but “humping the air”!

And as he repeatedly “thrust” back and forth, dick wagging about back and forth like a stray flag on a “flagpole” (pun?) it was so hilarious that I lapsed back into my native “dialect” from Shannxi province by now, and said several things as if to an audience, that audience being him, of course.

All somewhat “coarse” and degrading as you might imagine, at this point!

Well, this went on for a while, while I ordered him into several “positions”, the “doggy style humping the floor” being the most “interesting”, and I’ll write about that in Volume #2, but that was the sanguine note our “first date” ended upon.

Or so I thought, as I wearied of the humiliation and ordered him to massage me.

“Press my legs now, boy”, I said in a sleepy sort of tone, and my feet as well, though to be honest I didn’t need any sort of massage to fall asleep at this point so content and relaxed was I.

And I lazily and involuntarily lifted my left leg as he sat down at the foot of the bed, eager (as always!) to commence his “task” and plonked my foot right down on his lap, and I think my big toe accidentally scraped his nutsack, swollen at this point like a dam about to burst.

“Oh, sorry”, I think I giggled, and tried to move my foot “out of the way”.

But I ended up digging deeper into his nutsack, and it felt like my toenails were scraping the underside of his balls, and ...

And it happened.

Suddenly, it happened.

All of a sudden I heard this sudden shudder, that deep intake of breath, and the breaths that followed were rapid and involuntary.

This by itself, of course is nothing to “write home about” (no pun intended there!), but I felt a warm, sticky sort of feeling, sort of like “slime was coating the bottom of my foot” to put it another way, and this “slime” just continued “coming” (pun intended!), as if my foot was being hit by a flood after a “cumstorm”.

And I instantly sat up, curious to see what it was, and I saw him, dick still pumping out large gobs of cum, and though I was intensely attracted to this man, for some reason, I did NOT want the actual cum on my feet, and my first thoughts were along the lines of “EWWW!”

At this point, of course most readers (both male and female) will likely be nodding their heads approvingly, no doubt anticipating the “pain” that is about to come as I “punished” this infraction with no less severity than the Queen of Babel might a rapist, for instance.

But I did nothing of the sort, at least not at that point in time.

“Boy...” was all I said, and this was said in the same sort of reproving, “headmistressly” tone that the “Hmm’s!” I have referred to above were said in.

“Why on my feet! Why didn’t you control yourself!” (although I must admit I giggled as I said this, because I knew he had).

A sheepish sort of smile formed at his lips, and he mumbled something about “It just, uh...” and I couldn’t understand as he did a near-perfect impersonation of a sheep with a bone caught in it’s throat.

“Hmm! Speak loudly boy!”

“Oh, it just happened Sophia, you know...”

“No, I don’t know, boy! Tell me!” (and here I figured I’d drive the nail in a bit more though I did “know”)

“Uh, well, it just!...you know!”

“Boy!” and I leaned forward and pinched his nipples, this time intending to cause a little bit of pain, although just a little, as if to “prod” him like a stubborn cow being prodded with an electric “prod” before being “herded” to the slaughterhouse.

I didn’t really pinch hard though. In fact it would be fair to say that it was more of a “sexy tweak” than anything else, and I laid back down, this time on my back, slamming my leg down into his lap again, looking at him directly, expecting the answer to come.

And it came, but as the words “Well, it just happened Sophia. I was so turned on, and well, I’m so sorry, I didn’t even touch myself (and here I giggled loudly, poor boy, tee hee!) but I came. I couldn’t help it...” poured out, something else happened.

And what was that you might ask?

That long member of his that just had just spurted out all this jizz was springing to attention yet again, barely a couple of minutes or so after orgasm, and as I curiously prodded it with my foot (at it’s base), it stood to attention YET AGAIN!

It was just as stiff as if it had never come. It was just as long, and if possible, even harder than the first time around!

Some of you reading this might be saying, “well, so what, Sophia? What price a second erection?”

Well, ok, but the thing is, my last man lasted about two seconds in bed to be honest, and took about two days to get another hard on.

And this was supposedly “because he had been saving it up”, if that makes any sense. So much for supposed unsated lust, and though this guy cheated on me, I’m pretty sure the other girl had the same experience as well. He truly couldn’t last, much less get erections on a regular basis.

A lot of men are that way, especially the ones that often brag about their sexual prowess in bed. HA!

And I closed my eyes, trying to digest this, as he wiped his goo off the soles of my feet and my ankles. The sheer volume of the cum dripping down my ankles had made a wet spot on the bed sheet as well, but he was sitting on it, of course, so I couldn’t feel it and I could care less about changing bed sheets etc at that point (though I would have if my foot was in that sticky wet spot!).

But it wasn’t.

“Tomorrow’s another day”, I thought sleepily, the events of the night “hitting” me suddenly like an solid punch to the “solar plexus of my mind” as it were, and I drifted off to sleep as he started his massage.

Amazingly so relaxed and comfortable (and safe) did I feel with him at that point that I didn’t care if he’d go home, or what he’d do after I slept, or where he’d sleep, or if he’d sleep.

I could care less, and from what he told me the next day, I was soon ...

But why hear it from me? Let’s have it straight from the horse’s mouth at this point!

As he said to me the next morning,

“You just fell asleep instantly. I thought it would take you a while to sleep but you were so relaxed, and this, my dear Sophia, makes me so happy!”

Thank you for allowing me to serve you, and even accepting me into your life. I know you don’t want to marry a foreigner (Sophia’s note – I might reconsider; key word there being “might” though!) but you were still happy enough taking charge and enjoying our first date fully as you should!

I massaged your lower legs and feet for about half an hour after you slept, and after I was convinced you were sleeping soundly, I went to sleep on the sofa in the living room.

I know you did not hear me go. I know you didn’t feel me lift up my leg from your lower lap. So softly and slowly did I perform this action that it was as if I was lifting a rose petal and gently, ever so gently, placing it back on the ground, as if not to “hurt it” if that makes sense (Sophia’s note – yes, it does, boy!).

It’s an honor, my lovely Sophia. I apologize for cumming all over your feet last night (Sophia’s note – and here so contrite was his tone, so sincere was his apology, so genuine was the look on his face that I hugged him hard, burying my head deep in his hairy chest, the mounds of muscle on either side of the chest enveloping me like a blanket, adding to that sheer feeling of safety and security that every girl needs). I will try and control myself better the next time!

Thank you, Sophia Bai. It’s indeed an honor to be with you, much less actually have the chance to serve you!

(Sophia Bai’s note – he finished this off by lovingly kissing every part of the foot he had cummed on, an “un-showered” large and ugly foot, by the way and I swear ... I would have done more at that point if I didn’t have to go to work!) ”

Chapter 3

My (our?) pretty servant “girl”!

And as this sort of thing went on, our occasional dates turning regular, I started to enjoy his servitude to me more and more.

As you might well imagine, it wasn't just the massages and the sexual delight he brought me, of course (non-reciprocal as you saw above). It was the sheer feeling of dominance and control that went along with it, and so new was this to me, so GOOD did it feel to have a man serving me that I'd gladly take this guy as a “servant” even if he didn't have a dick at all.

Now, I think you remember me telling you that the first night (the first date) I “took him home after dinner”, so to speak (a classic case of the “boy” being taken home by “his Queen” as opposed to a “man” taking “his woman” home. Hee, hee!), it was just me and him there since my lovely 24 year old roomie was out of town on a short company sponsored holiday.

It was a short two day break to a beach resort a short while away from Shenzhen, and she had sent me pictures of herself enjoying herself with her colleagues.

And of course Chinese girls being Chinese girls, the first thing they do is take selfies of themselves showing themselves off in all their finery, and to the best and most flattering extent possible, though none of this to “find a man”, of course, though we're fully aware men salivate over these selfies!

It's more a girlish thing, a giggly, schoolgirl'ish sort of pastime, and though the selfie syndrome is admittedly taken to ridiculous limits in mainland China, I'm sure girls all over the world can identify to a degree.

And part of that schoolgirl'ishness of course included taking pictures of our feet and legs, especially those of us that have slim legs and well maintained feet.

I didn't (at least not in my opinion; my “boy's” opinion is markedly different!) have pretty legs and feet so I never did this, but I do remember feeling more than a tad bit envious at upon seeing those young girls with those perfect bodies and perfect legs, and many a male colleague of mine would comment upon how beautiful my roomie was, and this often without even seeing the face, a bare leg or a slight “hint” at her lovely face being more than enough.

I no longer have this feelings of inadequacy though. If anything, it's the exact opposite!

And if you've gotten this far, I'm sure you know why, but the real icing on the already oh-so-delicious and LARGE, goodie laden cake is to follow.

I often teased him these pictures after that, either online or in person.

“Don’t you like those legs?”

“Look at that foot, boy! It’s so perfectly maintained, the red toenail polish so immaculate! I wonder who pays for it! (tee hee!)”

“She needs an ATM, don’t you think?”

And so forth, as I’d mercilessly tease him and he’d both enjoy it and be embarrassed about it.

The real kicker came, though when I “threatened” to tell my roommate what happened the other night.

Until now of course, and as I’ve mentioned above, my roomie was delighted at (and she put it upon her return) “how kind Sophia was to” clean her room for her without her even asking.

Sure, we did it for each other on a quid pro quo basis anyway, but as of late it had been me doing most of it to be honest, though that wasn’t her fault as her job was keeping her extra busy and I did not mind, as I was SURE she would reciprocate soon enough (time permitting).

He of course didn’t want another girl, one he had never spoken to at that knowing about all this, and I didn’t blame him.

After all, these are “personal details” most “macho men” don’t want spread out in public for obvious reasons! Hee, hee! Oh, boy, I so do enjoy telling you this tale!

But I couldn’t help myself, and the cat finally jumped out of the bag. told her after a couple of weeks, and this without telling him first!

And of course, Angel would have none of it as first (her name is Angel, by the way, apt enough I think given her physical beauty) dismissing it as a heady fantasy.

“Oh, hush, Sophia!” was her response, and she giggled, giving me a hug. “No man would ever do that!”

“In fact” and here she sighed, “I don’t think any man would even clean YOUR room, let alone mine!”

“Men, what creatures they are! You know that, Sophia!” and here she paused meaningfully as if to say “you’ve already been through this once, my dear girl” (and I had, of course, with my old boyfriend).

But I ignored her reluctance to believe the part about cleaning, and then told her about the “sexual” part, and the massage. In short, I gave her the whole deal pretty much as I’ve given you a move, and it wouldn’t be a stretch to say that I’ve never seen a woman’s jaw drop quite as

much as hers dropped during the narrative, dropping a further few inches with each “twist and turn”.

“My God, Sophia! This can NOT be!” And she burst out laughing, peals of laughter emanating from her, but this laughter stopped after a while as she looked at me staring at her, serene and calm like a monk.

I wasn’t upset at her for laughing and not believing me. That was to be expected.

I mean, who would believe something as “outrageous”? That I trusted a man that much on the first date, and more importantly, a man who did all this on the first date (despite all the conversation before; many men shy away when it comes time to “actually do” if you get my drift).

Most of all though a man who was so infatuated with an older woman that wouldn’t be considered “beautiful” by any stretch of the imagination, certainly not in good ole China, the land where females are held to “unrealistic expectations” and probably not in the rest of the world either.

But it had happened, of course, and it was not just a one off date either. As I mentioned, we had several subsequent dates after that (and though my roomie was never actually present during those dates, which took place mostly on the weekends thereafter, a time when she was usually visiting her sister who also worked in Shenzhen), the actual housework WAS getting done.

I WAS getting massaged, hee hee. And the sheer happiness on my face after that first date spoke tomes.

Angel had mentioned this, of course (the look) but I had never explained the full reason until now, just “closing the discussion” with a giggly sort of vague answer “Oh, I met this interesting foreign guy and I’m dating him”, and she didn’t press further, knowing I’d tell her when the time was “ripe” for doing so.

And so now, as I looked at her with all the confidence and “security” that naturally comes when you’re the only one that’s brought a gun to a knife fight, for instance, her own “bluster” (I shouldn’t use that term really; sorry, my dear Angel!) evaporated like droplets of water might on a scalding hot stove, the disbelief on her lovely face being replaced by an incredulous look of “what the”!

And as girls often tend to do, the questions came thick and fast. Most of them had already been answered of course, but she asked several times anyway.

“Did he really press your feet? Wow, Sophia!” and here the look of envy she gave me was literally worth a million dollars, the look clearly saying “I’m so much more beautiful than you are, but no man has ever done that for ME, and would never think of doing it for me either!”

“Did he really clean MY room as well! Oh my God, Sophia! What a catch! But how ... and what on earth for would a man ... I mean a “boy”” (and here I explained “how” I met him and the conversation patiently for what seemed like the millionth time, though in reality it was just the third time or so).

“Oh, God! He came on your feet! Eww!! How nasty! (and here she made an expression of sheer distaste; this in turn telling me something I didn’t know about Angel until now, that she loathed male cum anywhere except “inside of her where it felt wonderful” as she put it”). You should have slapped him hard for that!”

“Oh Sophia! You found the right one!” and this said with so much respect, her body language sort of like a trusted “long time adviser” respectfully advising the royal Queen of an upcoming war, for instance, that I felt that sheer sense of POWER rush, nay GUSH through my entire being again!

I was Sophia, *Sophia Bai*! The Queen! *Royalty* personified! I did what many other “young and beautiful ones” couldn’t! I always had it in me; they didn’t, and they knew it now!

“Does he really like it”, she giggled.

“Well, I guess, I don’t know”, I giggled back. “Apparently he does though, remember the initial conversation I mentioned? Every one of his conversations contains something about serving me. And though I didn’t think it possible, his actions speak louder than words, which is in stark contrast to the majority of men out there, and of course *that* guy”.

Here, of course, it was me that made the disgusted expression looking at the red carpet beneath the sofa (where we seated at this point) as if it were something that a bedraggled and stinky cat with fur “sticking out” if you get my drift, brought in from the garbage, so to speak.

“Can I ask him?”

“Sure, you can, but I’m not sure if he wants it”, and here I burst out laughing with genuine mirth as I pictured my roommate (who he didn’t know) asking him about this (and more pertinently, his embarrassed reaction which I could but anticipate).

“Let me meet him the next time”, she said, giggling wickedly. “I’m sure I can think of more tasks to assign this fellow ... only if his owner doesn’t mind, of course” and here she paused, and then said “Queen Sophia”, and giggled, and we both giggled together as we high fived in delight.

“Maybe he can clean my shoes, and wash the stains off those jeans I’ve had forever. You know, those need to be washed by hand”, she went on.

“Maybe he can scrub the bathroom floor clean several times, disinfect it, and then scrub it again with a toothbrush”, she giggled. “We should never have to use dirty bathrooms” (and though our

bathroom wasn't dirty by any stretch, I do have to admit it got a little grimy on occasion when we were literally too busy to clean it).

And as the "orders" poured out of like water from an uncontrolled spigot, or perhaps an overflowing *bayou* in Southern Louisiana, I must admit I reconsidered my "she doesn't have it in her" part that I mentioned above.

It seemed so natural did this sound to her (after she got past the initial mental block of "it can't happen") that she didn't have a second thought about what lay ahead, and what she had planned for an unsuspecting Michael.

Women are naturally dominant, oh so dominant!

We just need the right man to turn us on, and ... more pertinently hit just that right note for the "piano of dominance" to flow as smoothly as a Mozart composition might, nary a stray note out of place, nary a tone out of whack, or even more so for that matter.

"Can we call him the pretty female foreign maid, Sophia? After all he's not your boyfriend!" she tittered.

"I prefer servant", I giggled back (Michael loves my giggles, by the way. Just thought I should mention that.

"But why wait until you "meet him in person"", I continued. "Why not just ..." and here I leaned forward and whispered in her ear in a conspiratorial sort of fashion (as two schools kids might when making plan to cut the much dreaded Math class).

Well, long story short, we ended up creating another one of those Wechat groups I recall mentioning above (remember the part about how I actually met him? If not, go back and re-read; so detailed is the narration that I wouldn't blame the reader for forgetting minor details at this point).

This particular group was (and rather aptly I might add given what happened before and what I'm about to narrate) named "Sophia Bai and her footboy". We later changed that to "foot girl", but that part comes later!

It was a "closed" group meaning my roommate and Michael couldn't invite new members. Only the administrator (me) could do so.

And we invited an unwary Michael into the group, and I still remember the way in which he described how he felt.

I think at this point it's time to let him actually "speak", and I'll paste what he once emailed me about this when I asked him how he actually felt that first time he knew I had told my roomie without his "permission" (as if I needed it! Hmmph!)

From the horse's mouth, then ... (and remember, he hadn't met her as yet. That would happen a week or perhaps ten days later; I'm not sure of the exact timeframe but that was about it if I've got it right).

"Sweet Jesus on a raft in a stormy ocean; it finally happened! Though I had a feeling it would happen sooner rather than later, and that it would happen whether or not I liked it, it finally happened, and she told someone, that "someone" being her roommate in this case who I had never met!

Now, why is this a big deal?

Well, first off, although I'm perfectly confident in my own "manliness" and my desire to serve a Queen like she should be (and like all women should be to be honest), I'm not sure these sort of details should be shared in public.

Not to say her roomie would, but something this embarrassing, and humiliating might well make for perfect "cannon fodder", so to speak, if any of these two lovely ladies were to be ever displeased with me (Sophia's note – Indeed, boy! You better be extra careful, tee hee!)

Second, I didn't know her roommate, and had never chatted with her.

Contrary to what most men might imagine, although I feel Sophia's a highly attractive woman, her looks are NOT the reason I did what I did with her.

It was the mental connection, that feeling of oneness, that sheer of feeling of closeness, and the fact that I was closer to her feet most of the time than "her" if I might put it makes not an iota of difference.

I think she mentioned this above; it's PASSION and the right CONNECTION that makes all the difference. Looks and everything are important, but not nearly as much as some folks think, and they can be almost superfluous given the right connection (Sophia's note – indeed, boy!).

I've never once had a "bad" connection with a Chinese woman, of course, and whether or not my submissive tendencies have anything to do with this is an entirely different story altogether, but for now, it was a "special" connection that Madam Sophia, as I often called her, and the "foot boy" had going on.

Would it be the same with her roomie? Probably, but who knows!

The most humiliating part though (and here I must admit I did feel humiliated) was her 24 year old roomie referring to me as "servant boy", and "bitch" and all these other terms, all in the presence of my lovely Sophia, who very benignly not only tolerated this, but encouraged it, and I could but imagine what would happen when I finally met her roommate in real life.

*I said above (Sophia's note – no you didn't. boy! I said it, though yes, I know you believe it *kiss*) that age doesn't matter for a lady. Her mind does. So why do I mention age here?*

I once spoke to a lovely lady named Alexa, who was as dominant as they come, but we remained "just friends" as opposed to what happened with Sophia, though the connection was definitely there.

Perhaps it was the fact she was already in a relationship at that point; yes, upon thinking about it that was why. And as she correctly pointed out, "You need an understanding special lady for a 24/7 fem dom (or close to it, anyway) relationship, Michael, as opposed to me."

The "I can't give you enough time" was left unsaid, but understood and mutually agreed upon.

Anyway, why do I mention that here?

Well, she was 19 and I'm (I don't know if Sophia's mentioned it, probably not) 37, almost the age as Sophia.

No, it's not the fact that we are almost the same age that draws me to her. I've always been attracted to older women for whatever reason... not "dowagers", obviously, but all the serious relationships I've been with bar ONE have been with women older than me, albeit maybe just by a few years.

Anyway, she was 19, and I was 36 at the time I met her, and the difference in age was a huge, huge turn on for her and she was honest about this.

I put it in words for her, of course. "The young beautiful girl and her middle aged sub".

Or "how humiliating it is to have a young teenage (I know, she was 19, and legal, and all that, but the sheer word "teen" signifies youth and powerlessness if you look at it from a certain standpoint) girl command a 36 year old man!"

And so forth. My dear Sophia's roomie was 24, and well ... I say!

They'd often discuss that first night in the group, and laughingly tease me.

Angel would often post pictures of Sophia and her sitting together, feet up on the same table, her left foot being visible and Sophia's larger, right foot. Both sock clad, just as Sophia's feet were the first time she sent me that picture if she remembers (Sophia's note – indeed I do, my little bitch).

"Boy! Come here and rub our feet!" Angel would command me. "Or should I call you girl" and here they'd both "double over in laughter", foot massage, housework and other such duties being traditionally associated with women as you might imagine as opposed to "macho males" like me.

“ Whose your owner, boy!” Sophia would often type and this required a quick “You are, Sophia Madam” on my part lest further barbs come, and ... ”

There’s more, of course, but I think my reader gets the drift. Boy can this “boy” talk when I give him the chance!

Anyway, lets move on to the part about when he finally did meet my roommate, and (in contrast to the first date where I described it all), I won’t “bore” the reader with any formalities here.

Let’s jump straight to the MEAT AND POTATOES for now!

He was lying flat on his back on the floor, “meat” fully erect by the way (ha, ha, I’m so wicked!) looking up at my roommate soles which he had been ordered to massage, and my feet were idly playing with his thick black hair as he lay there, prone, fingers “furiously” at work.

I’d often give his hair a quick tug with my toes, just for the hell of it.

He’d utter a sharp “cry” as I tugged “yet another strand out of it’s follicle”.

He has a bald spot on the top of his head, and I never stop making fun of it.

“The moon’s growing bigger with each tug, boy!”

And my roomie spoke up, her tone commanding and imperious, her eyebrows raised.

“Boy! Respond to your Madam! It’s not polite to ignore HER!” (he hadn’t, of course, but what the “hezey”!)

“Oh, uh, I ... Madam, I”, and I kicked him on the shoulder in a “dismissive sort of way”.

“Shut up, boy! Concentrate on her soles!” I giggled.

“He talks too much in the group anyway!” chimed in Angel (despite her being the one asking him to respond now, hee hee), and here she took her foot, coated with lotion, and planted it right smack on his face, her lovely foot landing with her thwack, and I giggled, as I watched, and for some inane reason, captured this whole scene on video before posting it to our own private WeChat group.

He was still trying to “talk”, of course, mouth coated with lotion, and the voice came out in a sort of “semi-grunt, semi-snort”, as if he were a pig with soap up its nostrils.

I then did something I shouldn’t have done, but in retrospect, it was good I had. I leaned forward and started to tug his nipples as if I was trying to “hang him up on a clothesline” by his nipples alone, and each tug, was, of course, accompanied by an ever so gentle “tease”, right on tips of his perky little nipples.

And here, it happened again, of course.

He came, the amount of cum even more this time, unable to control myself, the muffled sighs of “partial pleasure” (remember, it wasn’t a real orgasm! I hadn’t even touched his dick!) and “sorry” being muffled by Angel’s foot on his face, planted firmly across his mouth.

And though he naturally came all over himself his time and not on our feet (thank goodness!), it was still too much for my lovely roommate. I didn’t so much mind his cum so long as it didn’t land on ME, but and as I’ve mentioned above, my dear reader, Angel apparently had an extreme distaste for male cum landing anywhere but deep in her “where the sticky wetness feels oh-so-good!”.

“Tsk, ts!” she looked at me reprovably. “This won’t do, Sophia! You must milk him on a regular basis!”

“And how dare you cum again”, I chimed in, and whacked him lightly on the back of the head once as he sat up, trying to clean the mess off, and Angel pushed him back down with her foot on at the same time.

“You didn’t ask her permission” Angel continued, and at this point took her foot and (her expression belying extreme disgust, dipped her sole in the copious flood of cum on his groin as you might dip a slice of pizza into blue cheese, for instance) and then planted it right back on her face, and I think he almost retched, as his face was covered with his own cum.

He involuntarily sat up again, and I smacked him one again, while Angel pushed him down again.

“My permission, boy!”, and then I amended this, looking meaningfully at Angel.

“Our permission, you silly boy!” I thundered, and I think, but I’m not sure, that he actually *cringed*, as this was the *very first time* I had ever used this tone with him before, but I must say I was thoroughly enjoying myself here!

“Her permission!” Whack! Ouch!

“Our permission!” WHACK! *Ouch!*

And this silly back and forth game continued for a while before we both paused, and looked at each other meaningfully.

“Something has to be done”, I said, repeating what my lovely roomie had said a while ago. “We can’t have him like this even if it’s involuntary. It’s my pleasure, and well, (here I giggled) our pleasure that matters!”

And Angel looked at me with a thankful smile, and so delighted was she at the way I said “our” (despite the “game” above being over) that I leaned forward and hugged her, accidentally stepping on his cum soaked abdomen while doing so.

Good thing he has a strong, toned abdomen. I can just imagine how my last boyfriend would have reacted in a similar situation.

On second thoughts, that poor clown would have been in an ambulance given how flabby he was, but that’s the past, and well ... this time around, I’ve made the right choice!

“We can’t lock his dick up. Else how would we admire the girth and length, and how would we play with it”, I said, as thoughtfully as if I were a German General pondering the next step in the (ultimately lost) Battle of Stalingrad.

“No, we can’t”, agreed Angel. “But don’t worry, Madam Sophia (and here she playfully kicked Michael, still on the floor and very much a very silent participant in all this in the ribs once, and as he doubled over in surprise not having expected it, she pushed him down with an imperious “boy!” before continuing). There’s a solution!”

“That solution being “milking him regularly”, she proclaimed, as sagely as if she was Moses reciting the “10 commandments” from the Bible (or the “10 Commandments of Successful Physical Training” that Mike has written about).

And here my 24 year old roomie proceeded to explain to me the concept of “milking a male”, and once again, I was literally floored, nay, stunned, by her sheer knowledge on this, and by how readily the “duck took to water” as I think I’ve mentioned above.

Apparently (well, this I did know) men needed “release” on a regular basis, either via masturbation, or via actual sex or the “build up” would cause frustration levels that are hard to describe.

It’s not healthy as well, from what she said for “the male never to experience release”, but here she was quick to point out the difference between “release” and “orgasm”, and this is what I did NOT know.

I had always associated “male release” with the pleasure most folks would associate with, but this was not what she was referring to. She was referring to “releasing the pressure”, but in a way that would NOT pleasure the male (or perhaps give him about 0.1% of the actual pleasure associated with a real orgasm) and leave him horny, and desiring for “more”.

Curiously enough and Michael told me this later, this made perfect sense to him (from a “physical” standpoint).

He’s not a huge believer in sexual release either (for men), and the reason he outlined was a biological one, which is true to the last detail. That reason being that male sexual energy, if

harnessed correctly can be used to accomplish literally any goal, scale literally any height if the right passion is there to accompany it.

I'll touch on the "accomplish" part sparingly here, but I will explain the "pertinent" parts in detail.

To break this down into layman's terms, boxers and wrestlers (specifically, the Indian Hindu wrestlers of yore) often refrain from sexual release for months before an important bout, or just as part of a "devoted", "committed" or "ascetic" (or pure) lifestyle, but there is more to this than the descriptors mentioned above.

One very PRACTICAL benefit for men is that this energy can literally be used in other endeavors, be that writing books, wrestling, making money, or whatever that goal is.

Second, and more importantly, men experience a natural period of "coming down" after an intense orgasm. There is a reason for "limp dick" syndrome most men experience after the first orgasm, and even though a lot of men stay hard even after a real orgasm, few, if any can match a woman's orgasms.

Women are programmed in an *opposite* manner, as some of the readers might know.

Women are programmed to be able to have MULTIPLE orgasms, and yet not be "fully, 100% sated".

Have you ever met a woman that says she's "tired" after an orgasm, or says "she's had enough"?

Have you ever met a man whose said this?

No, and yes, yes, yes, and YES, and that alone should explain this.

Last though, men do need physical release, and Nature made an allowance for this on a regular basis, as men were programmed to be "seed spreaders" and "have sex with every available female" out there.

I should say "male animals" here, tee hee. Men, what animals they are!

But Mother Nature understood this. Why do you think Nature is referred to as "female"?

Because in all her infinite wisdom, she understood that while men and women are created equal, they are NOT equal, and never will BE truly equal.

Michael is important, but Sophia is always more important.

And so, Mother Nature made an allowance for this ... and long story short, a male can be "allowed" release in two ways.

One is what my roommate mentioned, and this interested me greatly, and is commonly referred to as “prostrate milking”, which, and again, broken down into terms the “layman” can understand refers to basically putting a finger up his butt, finding that “round spot” (his prostrate) and applying the right amount of pressure to it.

If the man is horny enough, the build up of cum will cause the prostrate to swell.

Within a few minutes of said pressure being applied (though you can prolong the agony, ladies, hee hee), cum will start to dribble out the head of his erect penis, but, and HERE IS THE POINT, without ANY of the “contractions” associated with an orgasm that give him the PLEASURE, and then of course the “come down” after the orgasm.

Those contractions, that back and forth movement, that stimulus, is what really brings the male pleasure as opposed to “release”.

Even if it’s just nipple play (I’m sure you remember that first cumshot), or a foot-tweak to the ball-sac, perhaps, SOME physical stimulus IS required. The more that is provided, the more the male experiences pleasure as Angel described in all her “infinite 24 year old wisdom” and I listened to her, eyes wide open and rapt with attention.

Subtract those contractions in the manner described above, and you kill two birds with one stone, or perhaps three.

You “allow” him release. No medical risks remaining!

You “do NOT” allow him pleasure, hee hee!

Three, and perhaps most importantly, he stays horny, frustrated, and ever ready to please you MORE!

The above might sound strange to those who haven’t done, but believe you me, it works, and is TRUE.

We didn’t do any of this that night, of course, but the Sequel should detail plenty of milking in a most interesting manner. For now though, we moved on to how “girly” he was (remember the part about that above)?

“Let’s paint those toes of his, Sophia”, and by this point I really think there was a “devil” inside the two of us, so deviant and “naughty” had her thoughts (and actions; remember, just “thoughts” never count towards a result) become!

“Oh, no, please...” the servant feebly protested, but a quick (and painful) whack to the left cheek silenced “her” and she looked on dumbly like she was a lamb being led to the slaughter, and so helpless was the expression on her face that I’ve never once (prior to this) had a more delightful experience with “painting toenails”.

Never do I think of it as a routine, humdrum activity for women, often a chore at times.

No, every time I pass a foot massage or nail salon, THIS picture, this ACTIVITY, is what comes to mind, and it never fails to bring a huge (and very satisfied!) smile to my lips.

Anyway, we started, one girl on each foot (*a common male fantasy eh? Well, this was “fantasy reversed if I might say so!”*), and we painted each of these broad, oh-so-manly toes a very girly (and different) color, and this was so hilarious that I took several pictures of it again with my phone.

The look on his face was priceless though, and even photos can’t begin to describe how truly embarrassed he was at this, and his pecker, normally stiff was at an all time low at this point.

Angel noticed this of course, and expertly jerked it just that little bit every time it dropped, and touched his nipples, and *boing!* Up it went again (tee hee!)

What goes up MUST come down though, and down it did come again, with the inevitable certainty of a Jumbo Jet attempting to fly from the U.S. to Britain across a stormy Atlantic on ONE wing alone, and with a “splash” about as big, figuratively speaking, as my words caused the “lily to wilt again”, tee hee.

“Mike, look at those pretty little toes of yours. Oh, they’re so lovely, so cute, such an adorable little girlie you are, such a lovely *purdy-little-servant girl!*”

And we played smack the servant for a while here again before proceeding with “our task at hand” which was to paint those toes a different color on each toe.

I think what we ended up doing was using the colors red, hot pink, purple, and green on the right foot, and green, pink, yellow, and black on the other.

And we wickedly topped it off with a sprinkle, quite literally, as we added “glitter” to his toenails, and they literally glittered like a female’s might, and the sight of this guy with these large obviously male feet caused us to laugh every time we cast a second glance at them that evening (afternoon had long since morphed into evening by then, as you might imagine).

“He wouldn’t look out of place as a ladyboy in Thailand”, I laughed. “Wouldn’t you now, boy!”

“Should we make him dance?”

And here I was the one laughing uproariously as I remembered “making him hump the air”, and explaining this to my roommate who didn’t know about it (I don’t know why, but I had left that part out before when telling her).

Well, I could write much, much more on this, of course. Perhaps the part where we ordered him to do his version of the “Zumba”, “dickie” leading the way as it were, titter, titter ...

Hey, ladyboys dance, and ...!

(They clean bathrooms as well. Didn't you know? No? Shame, shame! Puppy shame!)

Anyway, on that rather “amusing” (for me, at any rate) note, **that's it** for *this* tale, my dear reader. I trust you enjoyed reading my little (well, ok, somewhat lengthy) narration as much as I enjoyed telling you about it!

There's much, much more to come, so much more that I can already see a “Sophia Bai – the Sequel” on the way.

Stay tuned!