

# Mike Watson



Owned  
by  
Madam  
Aa Ling

... The tale of the "lady of the night" that truly took me IN HAND!

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Spicy and Erotic Fetish  
([www.spicyanderoticfetish.com](http://www.spicyanderoticfetish.com))

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# Chapter One

## *A routine Sunday afternoon in Florida...*

It was a bright and sunny Sunday afternoon in Miami as I pored over the job ads on the Internet. It was the middle of February in 2013, and the weather was superb outside, nice and warm as opposed to a lot of other parts of the U.S. at that point in time.

Perfect weather to either hit the beach, or just kick back and relax with a few beers outdoors.

Now, why in tarnation would somebody be hunched over a computer looking for jobs on a nice Sunday afternoon, you might ask?

Well, those of you that have been fortunate enough not to be impacted by the downturn in the economy might be justified in asking that question, but I suspect the vast majority of folks out there know why.

Yes, the dreaded pink slips... I had been laid off from my I.T. job three months ago, and was eager to find new employment as soon as possible, preferably in my current field.

And if that meant scanning the job ads on a Sunday afternoon rather than hanging out at the beach with a few beers, then that's what I was going to do. I had a fair bit of savings to fall back upon, in addition to unemployment, but neither of those was going to last forever.

Unemployment wouldn't last more than a few more months, and my savings another few months after that.

And one can't pick and choose in this economy, I thought.

I had literally sent out hundreds of resumes thus far, but had no real "irons in the fire" at that point despite doing so. Each resume seemed to either disappear into a black hole, or get me the usual useless responses from recruiters and companies alike.

Overqualified, under qualified, not the right fit, too much experience, no relevant experience, the wrong set of underwear (ok, I made that one up) ... you get the picture.

It seemed companies were looking for reasons to *reject* people rather than hire them, and if this was the case for an I.T. professional with over 10 years of solid experience, then I could only imagine what the case was like for folks that were actually less qualified!

It must have been around 4 P.M. when I saw the "new email" notification in my taskbar. Probably an auto response, I thought, flicking idly to the e-mail.

But what I saw annoyed me beyond belief.

The e-mail was a rejection for a job I had applied for only half an hour or so ago. A curt, generic “Sorry, you’re not a good fit” response, exactly the sort of mechanical and uncaring response that makes an anxious job seeker want to tear his or her hair out in frustration.

I had sent in my application through one of those automated systems which asks you to describe your resume in as much detail possible as you could imagine (for those of you familiar with online applications, think Taleo), and then ends the application process abruptly with a curt “Thank you, we’ll get back to you”.

And what really, really annoyed me was that the rejection came on a Sunday afternoon, and just a short while after I had applied.

Great, I thought. That is just *wonderful*, I thought.

I spend all Sunday afternoon carefully sending out applications so they can be in the employer’s Inbox first thing Monday, and I end up getting auto-rejections half an hour later.

In other words, my resume never even sees the light of day in terms of an actual person looking at it!

Oh well, I thought, cursing under my breath. Screw it. I’m going to relax a bit this evening, perhaps have a few beers at home.

Frustrated and tired, I closed all the windows on my screen, preparing to shut down my laptop. And as I did so, the words “Teach English in China” blinked out at me from the last window before disappearing.

I idly considered this for a minute, and let it slip from my mind.

Teaching English in China was something that people did to put something on their resumes, or if they weren’t qualified enough to get an actual professional job anywhere else, and I surely didn’t fit into either one of those categories!

And while I don’t mean to denigrate the teaching profession in any way by saying this, it is also a well-known fact that “teaching English in China” is usually almost NOT about teaching the language.

It’s more about the school proudly displaying a foreign face to Chinese pupils, regardless of whether or not that foreign face can actually *speak* the language.

And not just any foreign face either.

When it comes to English teachers, all the Chinese really want is a white face willing to entertain a bunch of students for a while (act the fool, speak a bit of English, do almost anything but actually *teach*).

And being that the majority of Chinese really don’t want to learn English, and would rather speak their own language, this works fine for both the schools and the parents.

The parents get to boast to others that “a native speaker” (regardless of his or her actual English abilities) taught their child English, while the schools got away with charging hefty fees, and paying the teachers a virtual pittance by comparison.

Of course, it isn’t exactly a bad deal for the “teachers” either, given that most schools offered free accommodation and meals!

And God forbid you’re actually a qualified teacher with the wrong skin color or nationality. You’ve probably got a better chance of extracting blood out of a rock than getting a Chinese school to hire you as a teacher, and that’s putting it mildly.

Anyway, this sort of thing has its downside as well. Western English teachers aren’t generally thought of as “professionals” in China. More like “backpackers”, or “drifters” looking for the next big thing that may or may not materialize.

If anything, the Asian teachers (or those from other races i.e. those who do manage to make it through the extremely unreasonable and racist hiring criteria for these positions) are far more respected than the others, if just for the fact that folks know that they’ve actually been hired because of their ability and/or gumption to see past the numerous “glass” barriers put in front of them.

As opposed to the typical young white college kid who didn’t have to even speak decent English in order to obtain said positions...

And I certainly didn’t want to fall into either the “hobo” or “backpacker” category. I was a qualified I.T. professional, and I didn’t want to make a living acting the fool in front of a bunch of kindergarten kids.

Or so I thought at that point.

Anyway, that Sunday night passed by fairly uneventfully with me downing a few brews, watching some T.V. and finally crashing.

I woke up as usual on Monday morning and faithfully resumed my job hunt. But, it soon became increasingly apparent to me that companies just weren’t interested in hiring qualified folks any longer, regardless of salary or role expectations.

To cut a very long ramble short, two more months passed by, and I *still* didn’t have a job in hand.

Actually, I had only managed one interview in the all these months, and they pretty much showed me the door as soon as they got to know my \$80,000 a year salary at my last job (again, this despite me indicating I was willing to take a salary cut).

And so, April rolled around, and May was fast approaching. May was when my unemployment was scheduled to run out, and though there were other programs I could apply to, I really didn’t want to consider those options.

Neither did I want to deplete my savings any more than I already had.

I had a pretty decent bank balance when I lost my job, but that balance was slowly, but surely being whittled down piecemeal, and I was acutely aware of the fact that despite what President Obama claimed routinely, the situation was just getting worse by the day.

In the past, I wouldn't have worried one bit. I had lost jobs before, but usually managed to get jobs at higher pay and on my own conditions within a few weeks.

But this was now, post 2008, and the situation was completely different.

And so, as I exhausted all possible avenues and wearily called companies back hoping for a response, the "Teaching English in China" deals began to look more and more attractive.

I contacted a few of the recruiters that were advertising these positions, and quickly learnt what the requirements were.

White skin, basic command of English, and a willingness to stay in China for a year (or however long the contract ran). Actually, the first and last requirements were mandatory; they were usually willing to overlook requirement #2.

Salaries for these positions were varied, and it all really depended upon how much the school (or training centre) needed you at that point. But accommodation and utilities were usually paid for, as were flights to and from the country, and you basically got to keep whatever you earned.

What the hell, I finally thought. I might as well apply for some of these positions. After all, what do I have to lose except my dignity for a few months?

Applying for a job teaching English in China as a white American is as easy as pie, and I got no less than five job offers within a week or so of applying. It was the second week or May, and I finally decided to choose one offer from a private school in Guangzhou (a large city in Southern China).

The offer was a pretty good one by Chinese standards. They were offering me 20000 RMB (about US\$2500 at the time) per month and a private two bedroom apartment with the security deposit and all utilities paid. There was a possible bonus halfway through the contract, and they were paying for the visa as well as my flight over to China.

Teaching hours were 25 hours a week, an absolute steal when compared to the drudgery of the 40 hour workweek in the U.S, and overtime if required was compensated separately.

And while the salary might not sound like a lot, remember that living costs were a lot lower in China, and I'd basically be saving my entire pay (minus what I paid in taxes and spent for my own entertainment).



In short, a pretty good deal as far as teaching jobs in China are concerned, and though I had scorned these sorts of positions in the past, I wasn't exactly in a position to be picky at that point.

As they say, beggars can't be choosers... And the best part about this job was that I'd be teaching business English to adults working in Chinese companies.

With that sort of student profile, it would probably be an actual teaching job, as opposed to tomfoolery with a bunch of kids who could care less about speaking proper English. Far more respect in those sort of roles, I thought.

Little did I know though!

Keeping in mind my general mindset, and outlook on life at the time, if I had even the slightest hint of what I'd be getting myself into a few months later, I probably would have stayed home, and never even considered going to China.

Well, perhaps I should rephrase that.

If I had known what I know *now*, and had the slightest hint of what awaited me in bonny China, I'd be positively rushing to take the first flight out of Miami to Guangzhou.

Madam Aa Ling... but I'm getting ahead of myself here!

Anyhow, the training centre in Guangzhou almost fell over themselves to present me with a formal offer, a far cry from companies and recruiters in the U.S., who seemed to do everything they could to ignore my applications.

And they were polite and respectful too, more than happy to answer any questions I had, which was something I appreciated and enjoyed. Again, a far cry from the rude responses I got on an almost daily basis when job hunting in the U.S.

But what finally pushed me to accept this job offer wasn't the salary on hand, and neither was it the fact that I'd be getting actual teaching experience in a foreign land, something which would probably hold me in good stead in the future.

It wasn't the lure of living and working in China, a country which has the potential to be the next world superpower, which is why a lot of people were abandoning the U.S. for China, to be "on the ground" while the next big thing happens.

And it wasn't because of the fact that I'd be saving almost my entire salary there, and living quite well while doing so, though that was a consideration too.

Nope, it was because of the girls. Prostitution was rife in the area I'd be working at, and I had heard lots of stories about the wild nightlife there. Think Bangkok, except on a far more diverse and broader scale, and you get the picture.

And to a divorced, 30 something year old male like me, young and willing Chinese girls willing to do just about anything sounded like manna from heaven to me.

My wife and I had separated a year or so ago, neither one of us apparently able to stand the other. Funnily enough, I had chosen to marry a Chinese woman (from the U.S.), and ended up divorcing her, and at this point was dreaming about none other than Chinese girls, albeit from mainland China.

They're far more submissive there, I thought happily. Flash them a few hundred RMB's (Chinese currency), and they'll bend over backwards to please you. A pleasant change from the bitchy and demanding girls in the U.S., especially Asian girls born here.

And looking back now, the one and only one phrase that comes to mind to describe my thoughts back then is "naïve and dumb".

Submissive...Bend over backwards...do anything to please me...

HA!

Little did I know at that point that I'd be the one bending over backwards and forwards pretty soon!

But again, I'm getting ahead of myself.

Anyway, things fell into place pretty quickly, and I was soon all set for my China trip. It was a one year contract starting from June, and I had about two weeks left in Florida by the time the offer was finalized.

I used the extra time to learn some basic Mandarin Chinese via an online course on the Internet. English is spoken in the bigger cities in China, but not extensively, and in any case, the Chinese always prefer speaking their own language over English, so knowledge of the language, however basic, is always an asset for a foreigner in China.

Otherwise, those two weeks passed by pretty quickly, mostly learning Chinese and relaxing on the beach the rest of the time.

Why did I not do this before, I wondered? I could have saved myself the frustration of all those job applications, all the time spent waiting for call backs, and probably WOULD be in China by now, having the time of my life.

And so, May 28<sup>th</sup> rolled around before I knew it, and I was on a China Southern Airlines flight from Florida, excited, and ready to put behind the economic drudgery in the U.S. for a year at least.

Here I come, China, I thought excitedly while looking at the pretty Chinese air hostesses in their figure hugging outfits, slim and toned legs almost screaming out to me.

Here I come, I thought!

What I was not to know at the time, was that I would *not* be coming back...

## Chapter Two

### *Arriving in China*

And so, I landed in China one hot and muggy afternoon on the 30<sup>th</sup> May, tired and jetlagged from the 30+ hour journey, but still exhilarated at the prospect of having finally made it here.

Looking around, I could instantly sense the “buzz” in the atmosphere, something that was not present in many parts of the U.S. There was this sense of urgency floating about, a feeling of “making it happen” if you would, and given China’s economic rise over the past decade or so, this was hardly surprising.

I breezed past immigration pretty quickly, and was then met by the school’s foreign teacher “co-ordinator”, Jessie upon arrival. Jessie was a friendly young Chinese girl, probably around 24 or so at most, wearing shorts and a T-shirt that showed off her toned legs and buttocks to ample effect.

“Mr. Michael! Hello! How was your trip?” she exclaimed, checking a photo to make sure it was me. Her English wasn’t too bad, but heavily accented (as I expected).

“Ah, it was okay, just too long and tiring”, I grinned back. “You must be Jessie Ma?” I went on, reciting the name of the person that had been given to me by the school in terms of a “contact” person at the airport.

“Yes, I’m Jessie. Welcome to China, Michael!” she said, with a huge smile.

“I will help you settle into your apartment as well as well with any other day to day needs you might have. Feel free to run any problems you might have by me” she continued.

“Thanks Jessie, I certainly will”, I replied back, still a bit dazed from the long flight, and sweating slightly. It seemed the air-conditioning isn’t working as it should, I idly thought.

Jessie must have noticed this, as she looking knowingly at my abdomen, where the sweat was starting to stain my shirt slightly.

“Little hot”, she giggled, her “Chinglish” (Chinese English) coming to the fore, motioning at the ducts on the ceiling.

“I think the A/C is not working as it should”.

“Yeah, it isn’t”, I responded, embarrassed – not by the fact that I was sweating, but by her direct gaze at my abdomen. It was that sort of knowing, but friendly gaze, and her expression had “fat” written all over it.

And she was right.

I was hardly in good shape at that point, and was carrying way more fat than I should around the mid-section, not to mention my chest area, where I was beginning to develop a healthy case of “man boobs” (fat accumulation around the chest).

Now, I never ever felt odd about this in the U.S., where I was just “the norm” in terms of fitness levels.

But here in China, I suddenly felt as if I was HUGE. I could see people all around me, but apart from the foreign faces, I couldn’t see a single overweight Chinese person, man or woman.

And even the slightly overweight Chinese women had an enviably small waist, or at least, that is what it felt like to me.

“Pang”, said Jessie in a matter of fact way, interrupting my thoughts.

“Hen pang”, she continued, looking at me, and motioning towards my stomach area, as if she was pointing out a hard, emotionless fact.

And she was, actually. “Pang” means is Mandarin Chinese for fat, and she was basically saying “very fat”.

A personal remark like that from someone I barely knew would be considered to be extremely rude in the U.S., but as I’d soon learn, this sort of thing wasn’t considered rude in China.

“Little fat”, she giggled, while I stood there embarrassed, not knowing what to tell this young, delectable Chinese girl standing there so casually in her T-shirt and shorts, apparently not aware of just how sexy she looked.

“Uh, yeah”, I managed. “Uh...”

“Let’s go”, continued Jessie, as casually as if nothing had ever happened. She turned around, and we started to walk towards the exit.

I tried not to notice her pert butt, encased so sweetly in that part of shorts, which had “juicy girl” written on them in English.

My God, I thought. If this is what the average Chinese girl is like, I’m going to have the time of my life, I thought, trying not to stare at her backside too much, but at the same time not managing to keep my eyes away.

But this probably IS what the average Chinese girl looks like, I thought. In the U.S., Jessie would have attracted stares from dozens of guys, but over here, no-one was even looking at her.

The locals weren’t even looking at her, instead preferring to concentrate on me, something I found quite strange.

But looking around, I saw why. There were dozens of girls just as attractive as Jessie, if not more, and choosing the most attractive of them would have been like asking one to pick out the best smelling rose from a bunch of freshly picked roses.

In other words, not an easy task!

My God, I thought again. The Chinese don't know how good they have it!

"The car is waiting outside, and we can go straight to the hotel." Jessie said, as we exited, the sultry, humid and still air of Guangzhou descending upon like a cloud.

"Hotel?" I queried, unsure of what was going on, looking around and breathing the air in, trying to savour my first breath of air.

"Yes, the school will put you up at hotel for the first night. I will get your apartment cleaned and ready for you to move in tomorrow, after which you can begin teaching." she said, looking at me, long black hair accentuating her cute little face perfectly.

You officially start work tomorrow, but we want to get you moved into your apartment before we do so", she continued.

"Sounds great!" I responded.

While I was looking forward to moving into my new place, the only thing I wanted to do at this point was crash, and crash FAST into a comfortable bed.

Everything else could be taken care of later, I thought, the jet lag beginning to hit me hard, like an overdose of sleeping pills.

But amidst the haze, I still remember looking around me, marvelling at the Chinese girls that walked by, staring at the "wai guo ren" (foreign person) and giggling under their breath as they walked by.

This is straight out of a fantasy book for any red blooded straight male, I thought, as I looked at another beauty walking past, high heels clacking on the turf as she made her way into the terminal, apparently unaware of my lustful, jetlagged eyes staring at the outline of her back.

A roadside hawker passed us by, looking at me with a mix of wonder and curiosity, which elicited a comment in Chinese from Jessie, along with a slight giggle.

"So, how do you like China, Michael", she asked me. "It seems you are enjoying it quite much!"

"Oh, uh, it's great thus far", I responded, caught off guard and not sure what to say. "It's quite *a lot*, by the way".

She laughed, acknowledging the error.

"OK, let's go now. You look like you need some rest", she continued.

And we made our way down to the parking lot, where our car, a spacious Toyota Corolla was waiting.

We soon made our way out of the airport, the driver easing expertly into the traffic on the highway. I noticed that the roads were in great shape, a far cry from what most folks “think” Chinese roads are like.

Their infrastructure is superb, I thought. It’s not for nothing that China is being called the next superpower!

The air-conditioning in the car felt great after the heat outdoors, and I dozed off, unable to control my jet lag any longer.

We arrived at the hotel a short while later, and Jessie helped me check into my double room, which cost around 200 RMB per night (about USD25 at that time).

Uh oh... I’m not sure what sort of dump this’ll be, I remember thinking. The outside of the hotel looked fairly run down and shabby, but I hadn’t said anything about it (not that I could, being that I knew nothing about the place was completely dependent upon Jessie at that point anyway).

But appearances can often be deceiving, and none more so than in China. The room was a large “queen sized” room with a fridge, central air-conditioning, large double bed, a couple of comfortable couches and a large desk as well amongst other things.

In short, nothing like the dump you’d expect at a motel in the U.S for \$25.

Wow, I thought. My money’s going to go a long, long way here!

Jessie left shortly thereafter, and I jumped into the shower after she left. I was exhausted and ready for bed even though it was just 3:30 P.M.

I took a shower, and popped a complimentary Heineken as I flopped down on the bed naked. I felt my stomach idly, remembering Jessie’s comment.

I need to get in shape, I thought sleepily, as the beer and the cool, quiet atmosphere in the room started to wash away whatever little sense of alertness I still had.

Naked, and done with my beer, I lay there relaxed, my legs spread out wide on the bed, almost asleep, thought of the Chinese women I had seen, especially Jessie keeping me conscious.

Those legs, I thought sleepily. That smile, and that cute little face. And most of all, those *eyes*.

Those Oriental features, and the eyes...

Welcoming, but knowing eyes that were just as capable of hiding their true feelings as they were at “stripping” the other person naked both physically and mentally!

I remembered her comment to me, and despite my exhaustion and jet lag, I started to get an erection as I thought about her.

I wonder what she's like in bed, I thought. I wonder what that cute little face would look like while having sex.

And before I knew it, I was doing something I had not done in a long, long time. My hands moved down to my penis, and I started idly stroking my cock head, thinking of Jessie, my manhood rapidly hardening in a manner it hadn't for ages.

Jessie...I thought, while also thinking of the other girls I had just seen. Those Asian features, those lissom legs. Those toned bodies, and unapologetic direct comments made in a manner that was rude, yet cute at the same time...

And suddenly I reached the point of no-return as I thought yet again about Jessie's shorts, and the outline her ass made against the clothing. I came all over the bedsheets, moaning in ecstasy with each spurt, Jessie's beautiful figure and forthright demeanour foremost in my mind.

And with that orgasm, I lost any sense of consciousness I had until then, and dropped off into a deep, dreamless sleep, too tired to even clean up the mess I had made.

I slept as if drugged that evening/night, not even waking up for dinner, the air-conditioning keeping the room nice and cool, and an empty can of beer keeping me company by the bedside table.

\*\*\*\*\*

And the next thing I remember is the phone ringing, rudely awakening me from a comfortable slumber.

What the hell, I thought. I just got to bed, and the phone's ringing?

I picked up the receiver and released it, hoping whoever was calling wouldn't try again, and fell asleep again.

But not for long, as the phone buzzed again.

Tring, tring! Tring, Tring!

Oh, *fuck*, I thought, irritably looking at my Samsung smartphone to check the time.

And realization dawned on me as the display flickered back at me, clearly stating the time to be 8:45 A.M., Beijing time. I might be jetlagged, but my phone certainly wasn't!

It wasn't night as I thought it was, though the thick curtains in the room made it almost impossible to figure out if the sun was shining brightly outside, or if it was still dark.

In other words, there was no “daylight streaming in through the windows” as folks commonly write about. And that was actually good in a way, as it had allowed me to sleep through the night undisturbed.

I hurriedly picked up the phone as it rang yet again.

“Hello”, I blurted, my voice still thick with sleep and exhaustion, suddenly yelping in pain. I was too tired to clean my own cum off my stomach last night, and the hair on my upper groin had matted together in clumps, causing me to wince as I moved gingerly, trying to avoid pulling the hairs right out of their roots.

“Good morning, Michael! How are you today?” rang out Jessie’s voice, clear and confident, cutting its way like a foghorn through the mists of my left over jet lag.

“Uh, fine. I must have, uh, overslept”, I responded, expecting her to understand why. After all, a little bit of jet lag should be understandable after such a long flight, I thought.

“Oh”, responded Jessie, in an unsure manner. “I thought you were meeting me here so I could move you into your new place. But...”

“I’m sorry, Jessie. I must have been really tired, but I’ll meet you in half an hour, ok?” I said, still trying to wake up, reaching for the tissue box beside me to try and attempt to wipe the stickiness off my groin, an attempt that proved to be entirely and unsurprisingly unsuccessful given the length of time that had passed.

She laughed in a non-committal sort of manner, the irritation in her voice struggling to conceal itself.

“It’s okay. I’ll wait for you in the lobby”, she said.

Was there just a little bit of condescension in her voice, I thought. Were thoughts of “the fat white foreigner was too tired to wake up on time” passing through her mind, I wondered, remembering last night’s orgasm with a mixture of guilt and excitement.

I hurriedly got ready, got my stuff together, and made my way down to the lobby, where I met Jessie who was patiently waiting for me.

We exchanged pleasantries, and I soon found myself in my new two bedroom apartment, which was on the fourth floor of a high rise building, fully equipped with a large, flat screen TV, comfortable furnishings, wireless broadband access and every other modern amenity I would expect in the U.S.

The apartment was a short taxi ride away from the school I’d be teaching at, which made it all the more convenient.

We made it over to the school around lunchtime, where Jessie introduced me to the other Chinese teachers in the school. It wasn’t really a school, per se, more like an English training center, but the headmaster had plans of expanding it into a full-fledged school in a couple of years.



And given that anything seems possible in China, that might well be more than a pipe dream, I thought, as he offered me a helping of green tea in his office, welcoming me to the school.

I settled into my new routine quite quickly. I had to teach from 8AM in the morning until lunch time (1P.M.), and I then had the rest of the day off for the most part. Weekends were usually off, but if they weren't, they would be compensated during the week.

The classes themselves were very easy to teach, and the students, mostly business professionals seemed more eager to learn than I thought they would be.

But of course, I didn't know what they *really* felt about having to learn English.

Sometimes I got a sneaking feeling that they were just doing this because they were forced to, something which I had known before I arrived, and had thus accepted. Of course, they never let in on this openly.

I explored the city during the afternoons and evenings. There was a lot to do, and the Chinese public were friendly and welcoming in general, which coupled with my basic Mandarin ability made settling in easier.

Something I noticed a LOT during my first month there was the number of women at work in China.

Be it in the office, or the airport, or the restaurants, or any one of the gazillion "massage" (I use that term loosely) parlours around town, nine times out of ten I'd be greeted by a pretty Chinese female when I walked in, as opposed to maybe five times out of ten back home in Florida.

It has been said that one of the measures of a country's social and economic progress is the number of women working in the country, and there is no better example to illustrate this than in China.

But what I enjoyed the most was their attire. I'd been exposed to plenty of cleavage back home in Florida, but that was mostly on the beaches and in Miami proper. Over here, just about every girl was strutting about comfortably in revealing clothing, a fact that went apparently unnoticed by the Chinese public, but not so by me!

And need I mention the nightlife!

The nightlife was, in a word, superb. I think I mentioned my feelings about being in fantasy land before, and the nightlife only amplified that feeling by a factor of about ten or more.

It was heaven on earth for a single, albeit divorced man like me. There were willing ladies aplenty in massage parlors, karaoke bars, saunas, and even barbershops if one knew where to look, and it didn't cost the earth to avail of any of their "special" services, if you get my drift.

And thus passed my first month in China, with me happy enough in my own little world, saving more money than I could back Stateside, and having more than my fair share of fun with the ladies.

I did encounter my fair share of language barriers and culture shocks, but Jessie helped me as much as she could in most situations. In fact I've even called her at home more than a few times if I needed help, and she was more than glad to help.

And then, I met Aa Ling on that fateful night in July, and my life as I knew it changed from that point onwards.

I still remember the first night I met her as clearly as if it were last night.

That sultry Friday night in July...

## Chapter Three

### *Aa Ling*

It was the first Friday of July, the end of yet another fairly relaxed week in Guangzhou, and I was looking forward to putting my feet up and relaxing at home with a few Tsingtao's (local Chinese beer) and perhaps a movie or two.

I'd normally go out on a Friday night, but I wasn't in the mood tonight. Plus, the weather was hot and muggy with rain long overdue, and the cool environs of my apartment and a comfortable couch seemed far more comfortable than running around outdoors.

And so, it was about 5P.M. when I decided to "switch off", and start my weekend. I called up the local convenience store, and asked them to send over a case of beer to my place, which they happily did a while later.

(That's one of the great things about China by the way; just about anything can and will be delivered straight to your doorstep, usually with a large smile to boot).

I popped in the DVD I had into the DVD player, and settled back with a cold one.

But you know how it goes sometimes on these nights. You plan on spending the entire night at home, but suddenly you get restless, and the DVD/movie just doesn't seem that interesting any longer.

And such was the case for me. I ended up getting a case of "itchy feet" halfway through my beer, and about 15 minutes into the movie.

Restlessly, I switched off the TV, and settled back into the large, comfortable couch, taking a long swig of my beer.

Should I go out tonight, I wondered?

The weather's terrible, another part of me said.

But there's nothing else to do, the first part of me rejoined.

And so I vacillated for a while, before finally giving in. Might as well enjoy the nightlife here to the fullest, I thought.

I finished my beer, and hailed a taxi to a nearby hotel which had a pretty decent sauna (which in China is usually a polite way of saying high class brothel).

The lady in charge of the prostitutes there greeted me with a large smile. I had been there a couple of times before, and had tipped generously, so I expected she'd remember me, and she did.

"Ni hao!" she greeted me, as I made my way up to the fourth floor of the hotel, which is where the "action" took place.

We went into our usual drill then, with me asking for the lady that I had “selected” the last time I was here.

For those not in the know, these type of joints generally allow you to select the lady of your choice from a selection of women the “manager” (I use that term loosely again) put in front of you.

You then get a fairly comfortable room along with actual sauna facilities (either electric or the traditional wood heated saunas) along with the lady for two hours.

The two hours includes a shower (along with the lady), a “happy ending”, a full body massage, a rub down in the sauna, and finally another “happy ending”, usually in that order.

But the lady I met last time, a tall woman from Sichuan province was unavailable this time around.

“Mei wenti”, I said, as the manager apologized to me. “No problem. Just get me another lady.”

And a few minutes later, the manager produced another woman; at first glance not overly attractive, but certainly not ugly by any means.

“This is Aa Ling”, cooed the manager, as the girl silently bowed to acknowledge my presence.

I looked her over with a critical eye; an eye that I had developed over the last month or so in China. With so many girls to choose from, I found myself getting picky – something I wouldn’t dream of doing in a similar situation back home in the States.

And at first glance, as I said, she was nothing special to look at. Plain, but cute face, average height, nice figure (though nothing sensational), and a welcoming smile on her face.

But looks aren’t always everything.

At the time the manager introduced her, she was standing at the door of the room, and I several paces behind, beside the bed, and yet, the moment our eyes locked, I felt this woman’s sexual magnetism hit like an iron rod on the skull.

That alluring smile, those friendly yet confident and knowing black eyes, the perfectly straight black shoulder length hair, and most of all, that *sexuality* that came off her in waves, literally floating across the room, and taking me by storm, so to speak.

And before I knew it, I was nodding yes, and the manager left, with the two of us alone in the room, with a most enjoyable two hours in the offing for me.

As soon as the door closed, Aa Ling strode forward confidently, her slim legs and narrow waist calling out to me from underneath the one piece dress she was wearing.

She put her small handbag on a side table, and before I knew what was happening, she embraced me, and kissed me deeply, as if she had known me for ages, her agile and skilled tongue working its way deep inside my mouth as she continued to smooch me.

Her move sent waves of desire running through me, as I gripped her tightly and kissed her back. This was certainly something different; most of the girls weren't *this* willing, at least not the first time around!

We must have kissed for a few minutes at least, my legs weakening with every breath. Finally, she disentangled herself from me with a huge grin on her face, enjoying the effect she was having on me.

“Hello”, she giggled, in a tone that implied she spoke a little bit of English, something that was extremely uncommon for Chinese prostitutes, no matter how high class.

Dazed, and with waves of lust running through me, I responded in kind, as she helped me undress and slipped out of her own dress while she did so.

As we stood there naked, I took the chance to look at her. She was as fit as any of the girls I'd been with thus far, with firm, medium sized breasts, and a toned midsection that tapered down to a small waistline, and lissom, slim legs that I imagined were way stronger than they actually looked.

A small bush of public hair hid her pussy, something I found odd, as most of these women made it a point to be “clean shaven” down there. Or at least, that had been my experience thus far.

I also noticed her slim manicured fingers, and well maintained feet, the finger nails and toe nails each painted a bright shade of red.

And as I stood there, I felt acutely aware of my own flabby body and rampant erection. There was something about Aa Ling that made me feel old and unfit, and I suddenly wondered what she must think of me.

No ill feelings or malice towards me was apparent from her expression, but I could sort of “feel” her drinking in the sight of this fat, white foreign guy in front of her, giggling inwardly at my flabby body, erection poking out awkwardly from beneath the overhang of my belly.

But these ladies are true professionals, and whatever she might have been thinking at that point, it wasn't obvious.

Suddenly she leant forward, and touched my cock, lifting it up, inspecting it as a merchant might a piece of hardware.

She then cupped my balls in her hands, feeling under them, and then ran her hands all over my penis again as if to jerk it off, all gestures that only served to add to my arousal.

“Di di Xiao, Ta?” she asked me, giggling in that cute way ladies have.

I reddened. What she was asking me was if I had a large dick, and I am, well, modestly endowed to say the least. Not tiny, but not large by any means, probably around 4.5 inches or so, below the 6 inch average that I thought was “normal”.

“Uh, it’s...Ke Yi”, I blurted out, starting to respond in English, and then switching to my broken Chinese, Ke Yi meaning ok in Chinese.

“Foreigner di di, I don’t know so much” she responded with a smile, running her fingers over my chest once.

And then she proceeded to lead me to the shower, where (to make a long story short) she proceeded to soap me all over as she chatted animatedly with me.

I asked about her, and learnt that she was 20 years old, and had actually come to Guangzhou to work in a factory, much like the thousands of other hopefuls from all parts of the country who flock to this city in Southern China in search of a better life.

But as is often the case with these ladies, she soon tired of working 12 hour shifts in the factory (making toys to be exported to the U.S.) for peanuts. A friend introduced her to prostitution, and she was soon addicted to the money, and couldn’t go back to a normal life.

For what it’s worth, these girls often earn more than a skilled professional working in the office if they know what they’re doing, so we’re talking large sums of money here, and a huge temptation despite the mental suffering prostitution surely brings upon a lady, no matter how iron willed she might be.

And Aa Ling was no different.

But what was different was the effect she was having on me. I was rock hard all the time she was bathing me and this even without her touching me down there all the time!

And as she knelt to give me the first happy ending, it happened. I shot my load right there as she brought my dick to her mouth, her upturned face, bright eyes, and warm breath all in close proximity to me being too much for me to take.

She didn’t show any surprise at the abnormally quick ending though, and used her hands to finish me off, ensuring I got a pretty good orgasm in nonetheless. Thinking about it now though, and knowing her as well as I do now, I know what must have gone through her mind at that point.

But if she felt any disgust at my inability to “last” for any length of time, she certainly didn’t show it.

These ladies are true professionals, and Aa Ling was no exception, giggling and cooing gently as I came all over her petite, beautiful hands, moaning with pleasure, my cum staining the red nail polish on her fingers.

She washed herself off, and led me to the bed after that, after which she proceeded to give me a relaxing massage as I lay face down on the bed, glad she couldn't see my expression.

It probably wouldn't have mattered if it did, but the fact of the matter is that I was embarrassed; and it was the first time this had happened to me in China.

Don't get me wrong, I'm no Don Juan in bed or otherwise, and what happened in the shower has happened to me many times in my life. But this was different.

This was *way* different, not because the lady in question was the most beautiful I'd ever been with, or because she had even done anything out of the ordinary.

No, this was different because of the *effect* this lady was having on me. I had only met her for an hour, and I felt this deep, intense sexual attraction towards her, which was different from anything else I'd felt before?

Pheromones? Animal lust? I didn't know, and probably still don't, but whatever it was, it was a new experience, and I wasn't sure what to make of it.

And this feeling just intensified, as I lay there comfortably on the bed, Aa Ling's slim, but powerful fingers kneading my muscles expertly, no part of my body escaping her attention.

"Are you enjoying that", a voice suddenly spoke in clear English.

Stupefied at this sudden change in her English, I shook my head, not believing I had just heard her say that. Surely she couldn't speak English that well?

"Yes, I can", I heard her say, as she clasped her hands, flattening them together as she attended to the small of my back, where the muscles were in dire need of a massage, mostly due to the excess fat around my midsection putting an unnatural strain on them.

"Wo hui jiang ying wen" (I can speak English), she said, giggling.

"But I...I thought you couldn't really speak English", I responded, not sure what to say again. It seemed as if life was full of surprises at that point, and I was right, as yet another surprise was around the corner.

"I used to go to the local college here. I actually just have one year left to get my degree in psychology", she said, almost wistfully, as if she was regretting not finishing her studies.

"But I thought you worked at Happy Toys factory", I said, struggling to comprehend what she meant. "How can you go to college and work full time too?"

And here, I must pause again to give my readers a bit of background, as there will be more than a few readers, especially those from the West, who will wonder what I was talking about. Why on earth can the lady not work and study at the same time?

Well, because the education system in most Asian nations isn't like in the U.S., or other developed countries where there is a structure in place to allow folks to work full time, and complete a degree at the same time, usually either by taking online correspondence courses, or night classes.

The concept of night classes doesn't really exist here (at least it didn't back then), and while correspondence courses were a buck a plenty, they weren't looked upon seriously. So those looking for a degree really have two options: either full time study at a college or not studying at all.

Not much of a choice, but that's how it is.

"Because I came here to study, not to work. Happy Toys, my foot", she said, her tone deviating from pleasing and gentle to annoyed and irritable, but only for a few seconds.

"I studied here for three years, before I had to return back home because my mother fell really ill, and her illness ended up costing us a lot of money in hospital bills, way more than we could afford, really", she continued.

"Turn over", she went on, as I turned over and she continued massaging me, rubbing my thighs in a relaxing manner as she spoke to me.

"So, I ended up going to work at the factory to try and supplement whatever little savings I had. I was told I could earn decent money if I worked hard, but it was all a bunch of lies", she said, scorn dripping from her voice.

"All lies to make that good for nothing agent money", she continued.

"Where *is* home?" I broke in, curious to know more about this woman.

"I'm from a small village in Hunan province. You wouldn't know it."

"Ah, Hunan", I replied. "Plenty of spicy chicken!"

And as expected, a small glimmer of a smile crossed her face when I said that. Hunan (along with Sichuan in the north) is famous for its hot food, the spicy chicken being a local delicacy, and she was part-surprised, part-happy that a foreigner knew about this.

"Anyway, I soon found out I could make *way* more money doing other things" she continued. "Like working here at this hotel."

Her voice took on a derisive and sarcastic tone as she said this, making me uncomfortable, wondering what was about to come next.

But as I said, she was a true professional, and she quickly switched gears smoothly.

"Oh, forget it", she crooned, her voice once again sweet and inviting, leaning over to massage my chest, her breasts almost touching me as she did so, nipples rubbing against mine, her hot breath on my face.



“You don’t need to hear all this!” she continued, lightly massaging my inner groin, causing a rush of blood to flow to my balls.

“Oh, it’s ok”, I gasped, torn between my lust and my curiosity to know a bit more about your situation.

“What happened to your mother? Ah, God, that feels good!!” I moaned, as Aa Ling ignored my question and expertly applied some lotion to my rising member, focusing on the underside of the head.

“Sauna?” giggled Aa Ling, obviously enjoying the effect she was having on me, her voice reverting back to the stock “I don’t know too much English” tone.

And I complied, my curiosity completely forgotten by then.

I sweated in the sauna for a while before she led me back to the bed, and slipped a condom onto my hard penis, obviously getting ready for the “second happy ending” as they call it here.

Now, I had steeled myself to “last longer” this time, and was looking forward to a long lovemaking session. It might just be my experience, but Chinese women in general seem to have this instinctive knowledge of what their man wants, and judging by the way this lady was looking at me, I was pretty sure she knew it too.

But, knowing what a man wants is one thing. Giving him what he desires is quite another, and though I didn’t know it at the time, Aa Ling was an expert in *denying* a man what he desires.

And just as I was laying flat on my back, looking forward to her mounting me, she bent forward, and started to suck ever so gently on my left nipple, those skilled, soft, pink Oriental lips sending waves of lust coursing through my body.

The sensations were unique, and pleasurable in a way I had never felt before. This was the first time I was having my nipples played with, and by God, I didn’t know it could be so pleasurable!

“Ah...Aa Ling”, I moaned like a baby, pushing her mouth closer to my nipple, as she paused for breath.

Her response was to move upwards, and stick her tongue in my ear, flicking it all around my ear, around the lobe, and into the canal, and then back again, while she idly flicked my right nipple with those slim fingers of hers.

After a while, she returned to my nipple, which was craving for attention by now. Her soft body pressed against mine as she sucked the nipple, her sexy, womanly smell enveloping my mind like a fog.

And she intertwined one leg expertly around my left leg, my right hand unconsciously moved towards my cock, all thoughts of actual sex forgotten by then.

I touched my cock head, and as I did so, Aa Ling flickered her tongue around my areola once, and started to smooch the tip of my nipple.

And this, combined with my hand motions, did it for me. Without warning, my penis stiffened imperceptibly, and I shot one of the largest loads I ever have, gasping with pleasure as I did so, my moans louder than as if I'd been actually having sex with her!

But even in that haze of pleasure, I remember something which seemed vaguely strange to me at that point – I just didn't pay much attention back then.

Aa Ling had stopped sucking on my nipple as soon as I started to cum, gently removing her leg from mine. Generally this would lead to a "ruined" orgasm, or at least reduce the pleasure somewhat, and that is a strict no-no for these girls.

And yet, she did exactly that, looking at me watchfully as I came.

Much like a cat would a pigeon about to escape, now that I think about it a few months later.

Anyway, it didn't matter to me at the time. I was lying there sated, sensations of pure bliss passing through my body, my limp dick stupidly lying on my belly shod with a cum filled condom.

And as I slowly recovered, Aa Ling expertly removed the cum filled condom, and tossed in the trash.

"You enjoyed yourself, didn't you", she giggled, rubbing my chest playfully.

"Yeah, but..." I responded.

"But what?"

"Oh, nothing", I said, feeling foolish. Here I was, paying big bucks (in local terms) to have a good "time" and I hadn't even had sex once with the woman I chose.

And thinking about it, she had managed to stay away rather expertly as well, limiting the contact my bodily fluids made to her hands alone.

Again, a complete no- no for most women working there, as that is a sure shod way of driving a paying customer away. But Aa Ling wasn't "most women"!

She giggled, and snuggled with me for a few minutes, after which it was time to leave, at which point she hugged me deeply, her arms grasping me tightly, as if she was needing to be held.

"Will you see me again?"

Now, the normal answer to this should have been "yes, sure" and I should have left after that, never to see her again.

But nothing about this night was “normal”!

“Of course”, I answered, ruffling her hair, feeling sort of protective at that point, though I’m not sure why. I wasn’t that relaxed, a feeling of “unfinished business” in my mind, my mental desires not completely sated, despite the intensity of both orgasms I had.

“My number is...” she started. “Oh, wait a minute”

She grabbed my smartphone, and was of course greeted by the lock screen, something I had put on there for added security.

But of course, all she had to do was simply hand the phone back to me, and as if in a trance, I entered the PIN in, and handed it right back to her.

She entered in her phone number, and saved it to my contacts as “Ms. Ling”, and then handed the phone back to me, giggling.

Ms. Ling? I found that strange, as most of these women didn’t bother with formalities such as “Miss”, they’d simply hand me their number, and that was that.

Whatever, I thought uneasily, as she smiled at me, leading me out of the hotel room. Not quite sure if I made the right choice by coming here tonight, I thought, but it’s over now.

But it wasn’t over by any means, and I knew it even at that point, though I didn’t have a clue as to what the future held for me.

“Bye...Oh, what your name?” she asked, while bidding me goodbye at the elevators, putting on her original “I don’t know English” tone for the benefit of those standing around.

“Michael”

“Zai jian, shensang... Michael (Bye bye, sir)”, she giggled.

“Bye Aa Ling”, I responded in kind, feeling sort of self-conscious at my limited Chinese, knowing that her verbal English was way, way better than my Chinese could ever be.

And the elevator arrived, and I got in, Aa Ling’s eyes making direct contact with me as the doors eased shut, and the downward descent started.

I went home that night, and ordered a pizza, and tried to fall asleep, but couldn’t, Aa Ling on my mind.

Where is she really from, I wondered? With that level of English, why does she not simply work in an office for a living?

And what was the “illness” her mother had been stricken by, a question she appeared to have so adroitly dodged?

Forget it, Michael, a voice inside of me told me. She's just another woman!

But she wasn't, and I knew it.

Finally, I got up, restless and somewhat annoyed. I popped a cold Tsingtao and sat down back on the couch.

One beer soon turned into another, and then another, and I finally made it to bed, where I fell into a semi-drunken, restless stupor.

The weekend passed by pretty normally other than that, the usual blur of alcohol, movies, good food and such. And soon enough it was Monday, and back to work for me.

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"Good morning, Michael!" rang out Jessie's voice confidently as I entered the office (school) on Monday morning, a tad bleary eyed from the weekend, where even by my own admission I had a bit too much to drink.

"Good morning, Jessie", I responded.

"How was your weekend?"

"Oh, pretty good, and yours?"

"I was actually working part-time through the weekend at my father's grocery store", she said, laughing, throwing her hair back and exposing a sexy bare neckline.

"No rest for the wicked!" she continued, using a phrase I had actually taught her as recently.

"But you look pretty careworn too Michael. What's up?"

I reddened slightly; not exactly happy that she could tell something was going on.

But she was right. My weekend (starting Friday night, of course) hadn't exactly been the most relaxing,

Aa Ling had texted me on Saturday, asking me what was I was doing, and when I'd see her again. And other details as well, such as where I worked, what did I do? Etc., etc.

Normal conversation you'd think, but I had been doing my best to "shelve" the occurrences of Friday night in the recesses of my mind to be dealt with at a later stage, and wasn't succeeding, to say the least.

And (again, needless to say) her text messages didn't help the cause, and neither did a five minute call on Sunday where she teased me mercilessly about how much I enjoyed my nipples being sucked.

She'd speak perfect English, and then all of a sudden lapse back into her cute "Chinese English" when discussing sexual matters.

In short, the lady was on my mind all weekend, and nothing I did could make me forget her, even temporarily.

But I wasn't about to tell anyone that.

"Oh nothing, Jessie. Just, uh, you know, partying too hard, and..."

I paused mid-sentence, as I saw a funny look on Jessie's face.

"...and uh, you know...", I finished awkwardly.

And so it went, the days passing by with me teaching in the mornings, and then screwing around the house in the afternoons, Aa Ling and her feminine wiles constantly on my mind.

Not to mention my as yet unconsummated lust for her, which was starting to grow in leaps and bounds as the days passed.

And just like that, I found myself dialling her number one Wednesday night, and asking if she was available to see me.

She did not answer my phone call initially when I called around 5:30P.M.

Probably with another customer, I thought uneasily. Mike, forget this woman, a timid little voice inside of me piped up.

And I actually forced myself to do so, at least for a while, until the phone buzzed at 8P.M.

I didn't bother checking who it was.

"Ni hao, Ms. Ling", I started, emphasizing the "Ms" in a sarcastic, yet funny way.

"Ms. Ling?" responded the voice at the other end of the line, somewhat surprised.

Oh no, I thought. It was Jessie, I had actually asked her to call the plumber to fix a leaky tap in the house, and she was calling me back regarding that.

"Are you expecting someone, Michael?" she giggled.

"No, no, not at all", I hurriedly responded. "Please continue. Is that guy ever going to arrive?"

"He'll come tomorrow evening", said Jessie. "He got busy with some other tasks this evening. Would tomorrow work for you?"

"Oh, yeah. Sure", I said, not really caring, my mind too distracted.

“Ok. Bye then, Mr. Michael”, tinkled Jessie’s voice, emphasizing the “Mr” just as I had emphasized the “Ms” a couple of minutes ago.

“Bye Jessie”, I said, frowning. This wouldn’t do, I thought. Get a grip on yourself, Michael, that little voice said again, nudging me meaningfully.

I shook my head, and settled back in the couch, still pensive, and something on the phone caught my attention as I was going to place it back on the coffee table.

It was an unread text message. I had set my phone not to annoy me with beeps while I was talking to someone, so I couldn’t tell the text message had arrived while I was on the phone with Jessie.

Must be a China Mobile marketing “bulk SMS” or something, I thought, automatically starting to delete it, and then stopped dead in “my tracks”.

It was her. A simple message from her saying “See you in half an hour”.

And just that. No hello, no “are you available”, or anything like that. Just a casual “See you in half an hour” note, as if this was a pre-planned date.

Or, (the thought suddenly struck me out of the blue) as if a Queen were summoning me to her chambers, albeit in a polite manner.

Ms. Aa Ling, I found myself repeating. *Ms. Aa Ling...*

And as I prepared to make my way to the hotel, I wondered why I was visiting her again. After all, there were dozens of more girls that would do whatever I wanted in bed, prettier, and way more accommodating in a sexual sense than she had been.

I also wondered why Aa Ling hadn’t provided me with the level of service that is normally provided at these joints (in a sexual sense).

She knew full well that a complaint to her manager would mean trouble for her, her wages being deducted, and so forth. And she also knew that an unhappy customer never returns, no matter what the “service provided” might have been.

And yet, she was confident enough that I’d return to her, and here I was, visiting her again after just a few days.

But of course, I understand why at this point.

Looking back upon things now, it’s easy for me to pinpoint the reason. For one, any woman can tell when a man’s ready to be (or needs to be) controlled for his own good, even if the man doesn’t have a clue at that stage.

Given my incessant whoring around, nights out etc., deteriorating health (in terms of excess weight etc), it was clear I needed *some* sort of control in my life.

And the best part about genuine female domination is that a woman doesn't really need to dominate in a "traditional" sense in order for it to happen. Though I didn't have a clue at the time, Aa Ling's womanly wiles and sharp mind had already entrapped me that night, and escape, even if I desired it, was to prove impossible.

I'm not going to delve too deeply into the whys and wherefores of what I just stated, as to do so would take up a few hundred more pages. But, the fact of the matter is that in most such cases it isn't so much about if the man wants to be dominated, or is ready to be.

Usually, it's a simple matter of choice on the part of the lady, and when the lady *chooses* to make her final move. Everything else just ends up falling into place after that.

The "blowjob" in the shower, the unfinished business on the bed, the sexual buttons Aa Ling knew she could push, and get away with brazenly...

All that remained was for the fly trap to snap shut and gobble up the unsuspecting fly.

Anyway, I showed up at the same hotel again that evening, and had my usual brief tete-a-tete with the manager before she took me to my room, and this time, there was no choice of ladies, as I had requested to see Aa Ling.

She arrived, looking sexy as ever, and said something to the manager in Cantonese (the local dialect) which I couldn't really understand. They both giggled, and the manager left, with what I thought was a bit of an exaggerated bow this time.

And once the manager left, Aa Ling came over, and kissed me deeply again, just as she had done for the first time.

The difference this time was, she felt up underneath my shirt and gently tweaked my nipples as she did so, causing me to moan with pleasure and kiss her even more passionately.

Finally, she disentangled herself from me, and what came next was a surprise for me.

She flopped down on the immaculately made bed, kicking off her heels as she did so.

"God, Michael. I'm so tired today!" she exclaimed, as if I was married to her, and she was my wife, just back home from a hard day at the office.

I stared at her, not sure what to say. I had already started to undress myself, my pants around my ankles, and I must have cut a hilarious figure, standing there with my cock poking out of my underwear, my shirt partially buttoned, and my trousers around my ankles.

She laughed, a throaty laugh that sounded sexy as well as just a tad bit insulting to me.

"Well, don't you want to undress?"

“I thought you were going to do it for me”, I responded, trying to be assertive. Get out of here, Mike, my inner voice was screaming! Or call the manager NOW!

But I did neither one of those two things. I just stood there, glaring at her, frustration boiling hot inside of me.

She must have sensed my annoyance, as the smile disappeared from her face as well, her face hardening in that way women’s faces do when they really hate doing something, but have to do it anyway.

“Typical”, she muttered under her breath, while standing up barefoot, and throwing her dress off.

She then came over to me, and proceeded to help me off with my clothes, but with nowhere near the passion she had shown for me the first night, or even just a few minutes ago while kissing me.

Even her touch felt cold and monotonous, like a robot.

“What’s wrong”, I asked her. “Shenme wenti?” (What is the problem?)

“Nothing”, she snapped back.

“You’re paying me, and I’m doing what I’m being paid for”, she continued in a more conciliatory, but still flat tone of voice.

And she was, but it wasn’t any fun for me at that point, to be honest. I had experienced this sort of treatment before from prostitutes in the U.S., and it had completely put me off at the time.

Of course, I understood why a prostitute would hate the job she did, especially in the U.S. when most are forced into either by circumstance or otherwise, unlike in China, where a lot of woman actually enter the profession by choice, but still, at the end of the day, having sexual relations of any kind with a woman that clearly didn’t enjoy it didn’t appeal to me.

And that was the vibe that Aa Ling was giving off now, as she took my hand, and led me to the bathroom for my shower.

As we reached the threshold of the sauna-cum-bathroom, I stopped, grabbing her hand and turning her around so she was facing me.

“Why don’t you just lie down if you’re tired”, I said, not believing the words coming out of me.

“I’ll, uh, I’ll...” my voice trailed off, partly because I didn’t know what to say at that point, and partly because the feel of her velvety skin was starting to turn me on.

But mostly because of those dark black eyes, that were querying mine, both quizzically and critically.



“No”, she said, still gazing at me, the tiniest hint of a smile on her lips. “You’re a customer, *shensang*, and...”

And suddenly I had the urge to take her into my arms, kiss her, and ravage her all over. To hell with the shower, I thought. If the lady wants to relax a bit, let her do so.

We still have the better part of two hours left, I thought. Who really cares about a damned sauna, anyway?

You do, Michael, that pesky little inner voice piped up. That’s why you’re here!

She suddenly smiled, the smile lighting up her face.

“I’m really, really tired, Michael. The goddamned men that visit here expect me to be their slave for two hours!”

And as she said this, she lay back down on the bed naked, legs spread wide open, her pussy in clear view, an inviting treasure trove of carnal pleasure that I had not been allowed to experience yet.

She lazily tapped the bed beside her, a sign that I was to come and sit by her.

Having resigned myself to this unusual scenario by now, I did as she asked.

What the hell, I thought again. Might as well see what these two hours bring, and then I’m out of here, for GOOD this time.

But even as I said those words inwardly, a small frisson of excitement shot through me as Aa Ling tapped the bed meaningfully. I felt sort of like she had crooked her finger at me, even though she hadn’t.

My loins stirred just that little bit, and I went over to her, and sat down.

“Fucking men”, she commented casually as I sat down. “Fucking pigs!”

As she said this, she idly raised her left hand, and started feeling my chest around the nipples, pinching the fat around my armpits and chest playfully.

“You’re too fat, Michael”, she giggled suddenly, bouncing my man boobs up and down like a man might a woman’s breasts and then squeezing them.

She sat up, and then squeezed both my “breasts” hard, struggling to control her laughter as she did this.

“Just like a woman!”

I reddened, knowing what she was saying was true. I was already overweight when I came here from the U.S., but the extra beer and easy life in China had only added to the problem.

And if you leave Jessie out, she was the first girl to tell me like it was, at least in China.

Most girls I met didn't mention it, pretending I was handsome and sexy. Of course, I knew that was a complete charade, but still, it appealed to my ego and I kept pushing the issue of my weight back to my mind.

"Pang pang", chimed in Aa Ling (fat, fat), breaking into my thoughts. One of the oddities (to us foreigners) of the Chinese language is that words sometimes tend to be repeated, so a simple term "fat" can either be expressed as "pang", or "pang pang".

She stretched luxuriously, her beautiful, pert breasts moving up as her arms did, the brown nipples looking ever so inviting.

"You know an old Chinese saying, Michael?" she asked, grinning at me, and idly running a finger across my chest like a magic wand, my left nipple stiffening at her ever so slight touch.

I shook my head, indicating I didn't know what she was referring to.

"Man with large stomach have small penis", she said, and then burst out laughing hysterically, slapping my tummy as she did so. "You need to lose some fucking weight!"

I stared at her, not believing she had just said what she did.

Yes, she was right, but that's no way to talk to a guy, especially someone that's paying you, I thought angrily. Enough is enough!

She must have sensed the change in my mood, as she looked at me, and stopped laughing.

"I'm sorry, Michael. I didn't mean to be rude, I just couldn't...it just slipped out of my mouth", she said.

"Oh, that's ok", I muttered, standing up, ready to leave the place at that point, irritated, and still horny (her touch a while ago had only worsened the issue).

"I'm sorry, Michael, I really am. Please don't leave", she said again, her tone softening. She grabbed my arm, and sat up, gently rubbing my shoulders.

"Don't leave", she repeated. "We have more than an hour left."

"Whatever", I grumbled. "I don't really want to stay any longer", I went on, less assertively this time as her strong fingers worked their magic on my shoulders.

She said nothing, but moved to my traps, and started kneading the tension out of them, each powerful squeeze feeling wonderful.

I started to relax again, some of my annoyance dissipating.

She must have done this for five minutes or so, and then all of a sudden, she draped her arms around me, her fingers gently scratching my chest, her cheek against mine.

“Would you rub my back for me, Michael”, she asked, her palms square on my nipples, touching them *ever* so gently.

Me massage her? Should she not be asking me to lie down and relax while she did all the work?

But her touch on my nipples pushed any feeble resistance I had right out of my mind. By God, this woman knew how to turn me on!

“Sure”, I said, figuring it would be just a few minutes. Why not, I thought.

She kissed me deeply, and then lay back down on her stomach, exposing her toned back, tapering down to a perfectly shaped *derriere*.

And suddenly, I felt another surge of lust run through me as I looked at the sight in front of me, my hands instinctively moving to her upper back, and starting to knead the muscles gently.

At that point, I couldn't remember the last time I had given a woman a massage, normally expecting them to do it for me. It was the typical “macho” male mentality, considering it beneath a man's dignity to serve a woman.

And now, I know just how *stupid* that mentality of mine was.

But as they say, hindsight is always 20/20, and in any case, as I mentioned earlier, if I had known what lay ahead of me at that point, I'd probably have thrown my clothes on, paid Aa Ling, and rushed straight out of the room at that point, going back to my own little “cocoon” that I existed in.

So in hindsight, it was probably better things panned out as they did.

I rubbed her absently, as the clock chimed 9:30 P.M. Less than an hour left, I mused as I massaged her.

It was harder work than I thought it would be. Even though I wasn't over exerting myself, I could already begin to feel it my wrists and fingers.

“Not like that, silly. You're not massaging a two year old!” chimed in Aa Ling. “Apply some pressure!”

I did as she asked, and she emitted a series of contented sighs as I worked on her.

After a while, I moved to her shoulders, and then her middle/lower back. It had only been twenty minutes or so since I started massaging her, but my forearms, wrists and fingers were starting to cramp furiously, so out of shape was I.

The exertion was also causing beads of sweat to run down my armpits and back, despite the air-conditioning in the room.

But in spite of all this, I found myself actually liking what I was doing. Every time Aa Ling expressed her satisfaction, every sigh of pleasure, every slight nod of approval was like an “achievement” for me.

An achievement that felt so good inside of me, not to mention the fact that I didn’t exactly mind touching her body all over as I rubbed her.

I used my knuckles as I got to her buttocks, my fingers unable to take the strain any more.

And at that point, she turned around, and I saw she had a strange, flushed expression on her face.

“Would you like me to be your girlfriend, Michael?” she asked. “Would you like to be with me permanently?”

Her jet black eyes bored deep into me, and without waiting for an answer, she pointed a slim forefinger at her pussy, her request (or command) clear enough from her expression.

This has turned her on, I thought, as I bent to do her bidding, excited that I’d finally be kissing her down there, but also disappointed that actual sex still wasn’t happening.

“Ah” gasped Aa Ling, as I kissed the lips of her vulva gently, gently using my tongue to moisten them.

“Oh, God”, she continued. “I’ve had so many cocks down there, but never a man’s tongue. Keep doing that!”

But that comment caused me to pause.

So many cocks down there?!

I’m actually giving head to a prostitute, I thought. And I’m actually putting my tongue where so many cocks have gone before and probably right before I arrived as well!

Revolted, I began to rise up, but she roughly put a heel on my lower back pushing me down again.

“Stick your tongue in, Michael”, she hoarsely commanded, grabbing a clump of my hair, all pretence of politeness gone by now.

She moaned louder this time, as I brought my tongue near her vagina, moist and glistening.

Would I like her to be my girlfriend, I thought, as I serviced her.

And I felt my own dick harden as I heard her moans. At that point, I did know I was being ordered to pleasure a prostitute that I had paid to serve *me*, but I didn't care, shoving my tongue deep inside her vagina, my tongue lapping against the walls of her canal like a bitch in heat.

She grabbed my hair even harder, causing me to yelp in pain, but she didn't care.

Her foot pushed down on my lower back authoritatively, and I stuck my tongue in even deeper, determined to bring her to orgasm.

And a short while later, that is exactly what happened, as she screamed loudly, driving my face in deeper and deeper into her groin as the waves of pleasure spread through her body, causing her to scream out loud with each thrust of my tongue.

Finally, she released my hair, and removed her foot from my back slowly, obviously "descending" from the orgasm she had.

"Your tongue feels better than any of those dicks every could, Michael", she moaned, eyes half closed, lying prone on her back on the bed, her face looking exhausted, but radiant with pleasure as well.

And again, I felt a sense of revulsion shoot through me as she made mention of the other penises.

How could I have done this, I thought, my erection beginning to subside?

So many penises have been here before me.

And I'm licking there!

Did they come *in* her and had I just licked the remnants of another man's seed, and not known it?

But my revulsion didn't last long, as Aa Ling drew me down on the bed beside her, and started to suck my nipples yet again, something she was expert at.

Finally, I thought. My arms ache, and my neck feels like it's been put through a meat grinder. But it's all worth it.

She's finally going to have sex with me, I thought, as she stroked my cock with one hand, and...

Buzz!

At that very point, the telephone in the room buzzed loudly, and Aa Ling rose to answer it.

"Oh, just forget it", I groaned irritably. Just as I was starting to enjoy myself, this happens, I thought, grabbing her hand.

She shook her hand free, and looked at me disapprovingly, as if she just had to attend to the phone.

And a minute later, she stood up, hurriedly throwing her clothes on, and picking mine up, and throwing them at me, the socks hitting me in the face.

“Time’s up, Michael. We’re already ten minutes late. Hurry up, and dress!”

If I said I had gaped at her earlier that was nothing compared to what I did now.

She was asking me to leave in a rush with blue balls the size of golf balls (or so it felt) after all I had done for her!

As I dressed, completely at a loss for words and shell shocked at the way she was behaving, she helped herself to a few 100 RMB notes out of my wallet.

“I’ll give this to the mamasan, Michael. Oh, and I hope you don’t mind, but I took a bit extra for myself. Bye, now!”

And with that, she was gone, rushing out of the room like a gust of wind before I even had a chance to dress.

I dressed slowly, anger, frustration, and lust coursing through my veins in equal measures. As I made my way to the elevators, the manager saw me, and bowed as she usually did.

“I hope you had a good time, Sir!” she said cheerily.

And confused and frustrated as I was, I was looking for the first person to lash out at, and she just happened to be that unfortunate soul at that point in time.

“Oh, shut up!” I shouted, my voice echoing across the room, causing her to look at me with an expression of shock on her face.

“Shut the f...” I bellowed and then stopped just as abruptly.

This wasn’t her fault, you fool, my inner voice chided me.

“I’m sorry, I really am”, I muttered under my breath, getting into the elevator being the #1 priority for me now. “I’m really sorry”, I said as the elevator doors opened, and I rushed in, eager to leave the building.

She was professional enough to smile and wave bye, but her eyes were glinting angrily, and I could hear her mutter something under her breath about the “gui lao” (foreign devil) as the doors slammed shut.

I hailed a taxi, and headed home, my mind spinning with what had happened that evening. I couldn’t recall being this ticked off in a while.

And once I got home, I decided enough really *was* enough.

I popped a can of Boddington's beer, and sat down to reflect.

I mean, I'm paying this woman for services advertised, and while she did introduce me to the wonderful, erotic world of nipple play, the fact of the matter was I was paying for something else altogether.

Something else that she clearly didn't want to participate in with me, though I couldn't understand why for the life of me.

I mean, I couldn't imagine Aa Ling sucking the local Chinese men's nipples to get them off in lieu of sex. So why me?

And asking the customer to massage her instead of the other way around?? That would create a commotion quicker than anything, and she'd be booted out of the place in short order!

No, it was something else, I thought uneasily.

She's got you down for a sucker, boy that annoying little voice inside of me chortled.

And you're falling for it, hook, line and sinker!

Pang, pang. Man with large stomach have small penis, Michael!

That throaty giggle, those slim fingers on my nipples.

"Fuck!" I suddenly yelled loudly, banging my fist down angrily on the glass table, upsetting my beer, which spilled all over the table and on to my smart phone as well.

Oh, *crap*, I thought, hurriedly rising to wipe the phone off.

Smart phones are notorious for intolerance to any sort of moisture, and cold beer seeping into the phone would almost certainly "brick" the hardware for good.

Luckily, the phone was fine, but I wasn't. I opened another beer, and tried to watch some T.V., but my mind wasn't on it.

Idly, I remembered her soft skin underneath my fingertips as I rubbed her down, and the little moans of pleasure she was emitting.

And I remembered the little twinges of pleasure that I experienced as her muscles relaxed, and so did she.

It wasn't really the sort of pleasure that I got from sex, but it was somewhat of a turn on nevertheless, a new feeling for me really, but a feeling that was quickly followed by negative emotions of being "used".

Then I remembered pleasuring her orally, hearing her moans of pleasure, feeling her foot firmly on my back, as if she was ordering me to stay put (which she actually was in a way, albeit indirectly).

In some ways, it seems to feel a lot better being the one giving a lady such intense pleasure than *being* pleased, I mused.

Used? Enjoying being used? A little of both? What the...? Was I scared to admit what I really, really wanted deep inside of me? Did I even *know* what I wanted?

Wearily, I shook my head to clear it. Enough of this, I thought.

I rummaged through my collection of DVD's, trying to find something that would take my mind off her, and settled on a re-run of "The Rock", one of those "slam bang" action flicks that don't really make much sense, but are enjoyable nevertheless.

And it worked, at least temporarily. The combination of the beers and the movie finally worked, and I ate dinner, and fell asleep shortly thereafter.

But, as they say, covering up or ignoring an issue at hand is never a *solution*, and while the beers took the edge off, they didn't solve the omnipresent question of why I was so happy to pay this lady for sex and end up servicing her instead!

Of course, I didn't know it at the time, but I was barking up the wrong tree by thinking along those lines.

If I had simply devoted a bit of thought to why I was so attracted to her in the first place (and trusted my gut), I might have understood what was going on.

But as you'd expect from the typical "alpha" male (or one that thought he was), I didn't even bother to consider that point, instead going around and around in circles, my musings not accomplishing much, if anything, at all.

And two days later, she called me in the afternoon, right after I got home from work.

"Hello, Michael! How are you?" her voice rang out.

"I'm", I began, but she cut me off abruptly.

"You know, I'm not working tonight, Michael. So I thought I could come over to your place, and we could spend some time together. How does that sound, Michael?"

Come over to my place?? Oh, no, not at my place now!

And yet, a part of me urged me to ask her to come over, to talk to me like she was the other night. Massaging and servicing a woman that had such a powerful hook into me already was a different experience, sort of erotic in a way as well, if I were to be honest with myself...

It took me a while to respond, and she was silent as well, apparently sensing my indecision.

"Well, maybe not tonight, I'm, I'm, um, a little busy", I finally said, hoping to get out of it easily, but knowing it wouldn't happen.



“Busy with what?”

“Oh, nothing, just this and that?”

“Too busy for your girlfriend, Michael? Or have you found another girl? You can tell me, you know!” she said, her tone accusing.

Girl friend??

“Uh, it’s nothing like that, Aa Ling, you know that”, I said lamely.

“Then what the hell is it?” she asked, as if she was a drill sergeant ordering a new recruit to drop and give him twenty on the spot.

“Look, Aa Ling, I enjoyed my time with you, but I...I’d like to, uh, get something out of this, uh, relationship, if I may call it that, please”, I finished in a mish-mash of words, not knowing why I used the term “please” at the end of it.

She giggled.

“Oh, my dear Michael. Don’t you remember your first and second orgasms with me?”

Did I remember!?

“I can already feel your nipples in my mouth, Michael”, she crooned invitingly, as if to make me decide faster. “Do you remember my lips on you?”

Oh, God. I was already getting hard at the thought. This woman knew the *exact* buttons to push at the right time!

“It’s better for you as well”, she continued, laughing. “You don’t have to pay the hotel anything in terms of room fare!”

And though I really wasn’t that sure I wanted her at my place, the thought of her skilled, luscious lips on my nipples did the trick instantly.

If nothing, I’d at least get an orgasm out of her, and perhaps, just perhaps manage to put her out of my mind after that. Surely she wouldn’t misbehave as she had the other night yet again, especially not at my place.

“Yeah, uh...I think that’s a good idea, Ms Ling... I mean, Aa Ling”, I blurted out, kicking myself mentally for calling her “Ms” again.

“I know you do. So do I. Bye now!”

And that was that. I gave her my exact address, and she hung up abruptly thereafter.

She arrived that Friday evening in a T-shirt, pair of shorts, flip-flops and sunglasses causally perched on her forehead, looking far better than she did at the hotel, I thought.

No-one looking at her would think she's a hooker! But then again, that's true for the vast majority of women working as hookers in China. You wouldn't necessarily think they were hookers by looking at them.

Perhaps because for a lot of them, this profession is actually a choice, and a chance to earn some good money for a while, so they don't really look upon it as being oppressed?

The U.S. could probably learn a thing or two from China in this regard. But I'm going off topic again.

Aa Ling had a large smile on her face, and I also noticed her T-shirt was sweaty. Perhaps she had been out in the heat?

"Hi Michael!" she said, giving me a warm hug as she entered the apartment, looking around appreciatively.

Her tone at that point was so warm, so friendly, that a lot of my worries dissipated on the spot, as did my inner voice.

"Hey. Have you been walking a lot?"

"Oh, I went for a hike up the hill, Michael. Bai Yun mountain, it's a pretty nice walk actually. You should try it. It's very near your place, and you'll get in better shape as well!"

And she was right about that. We were lucky enough to have hills aplenty in this part of China, some so steep that a brisk 15-20 minute walk up any one of them was enough to give you a decent workout (and for those just starting out, or those completely out of shape like I was at that point, it was a bona fide butt kicker).

Of course, being the lazy bum I was, exercise had been the last thing on my mind since arriving in China, even though I knew I needed it badly.

I had actually gained around 5 kilos over the last month, and that wasn't good!

"Yeah, I do, you're right", I said, grinning in a self-conscious manner.

"Here, why don't you sit down? You must be quite tired", I continued, gesturing to the large comfortable leather couch in the living room.

"Oh, I'm not that tired, but thanks anyway", she said, plopping down sideways on the couch, one leg on the floor, the other up on the couch.

"Would you like me to get you something", I asked, noticing the contours of her leg more clearly in the bright light of my living room.

And I noticed something I hadn't before. Her skin was flawless, and legs were absolutely *gorgeous*.

Perhaps she had been to the beauty parlour before arriving here, or perhaps I just hadn't noticed before, but her thighs were perfectly shaped, and her inner thighs had that soft, creamy colour to them that made a man want to kiss them all over.

The calves were muscular, without it being too much, and the shins were smooth and perfectly formed again, with the shin bone not too prominent.

And the legs tapered down to a pair of petite feet, encased in flip flops at that time.

Her upper body was covered with the T-shirt, but the neckline was perfect, and I could make out a pair of strong, yet extremely feminine shoulders under the T-shirt, something that wasn't that obvious in the hotel room.

The lighting at the hotel she worked was adequate, but that's all – adequate.

And here, in the bright light of my living room, I could actually see this woman as I should have seen her the first time. God, that's probably why I'm so attracted to her, I thought.

I was so lost in my thoughts for a minute that I thought I heard her say something, but it didn't register.

“Michael...”

“Ah, yes, Aa ling, sorry. I got a bit, uh, distracted”, I finished, lamely as usual.

She giggled, throwing her hair back as she did so. I noticed the hair was tinted with shades of brown today, as opposed to the first time I met her, and it set the sunglasses off perfectly.

“I said, get me a cold beer”, she said, laughing again, aware of the effect she was having on me, her black eyes playful and assertive at the same time.

“Oh sure”, I said hurriedly. “What beer would you prefer? I have Chinese beer, and Western as well, but I'm not sure which...”

For the record, beer here is not really a “male” drink so to speak. Women here drink plenty of beer (though it doesn't show on them), and it's not at all unusual to see someone, man or woman, walking down the street drinking straight from a 650ml bottle of beer.

In the U.S. and other countries it would be illegal to drink on the street in most areas, but over here, it's normal, much like drinking out of a bottle of water is in the U.S.

No-one bats an eyelid, and contrary to public perception, drinking openly doesn't lead to any sort of chaos here. If anything, China's far more orderly in some ways than the U.S. is, and far safer as well for the most part.

“Oh, just get me anything so long as it's cold. Ok, Tsingtao, perhaps”, she responded.

I brought her a cold bottle of Tsingtao along with a beer mug, and poured her beer for her. Somehow, I didn't fancy her drinking straight out of the bottle, and I was right.

Was that a little glint of appreciation in her eyes as I handed her the frosty beer?

I sat down on the couch with a beer of my own, and she leant back length wise on the couch, kicking her flip flops off, and putting her bare feet up in my lap as she drank deeply from the mug.

And though you might think was pretty much what happened at the hotel, and I'd be wanting it NOT to happen again, nothing of the sort was passing through my mind.

I found myself, noticing, for the first time, how pretty her feet were. It has been said the female foot can be a thing of beauty, and though I hadn't noticed it in the hotel, hers certainly were.

The Chinese know a thing about two about feet as well. Their "fetish" for feet extends back many years, starting from the painful (and thankfully illegal as of today) practice of foot binding, where the smaller a woman's foot was, the more beautiful it was deemed to be.

For those that don't know, foot binding is an *extremely painful* process, and one I wouldn't wish to inflict upon anyone, especially young girls. And in those days, they used to purposefully deform young girl's feet at a very tender age so that the feet grew "inward", causing the woman great pain, and not allowing her to walk normally.

Of course, some argue that it wasn't done for the sake of beauty, more to subjugate women and keep them in the house, not allowing them to "walk" freely.

And from the horrifying pictures I've seen on the Internet, I tend to believe the latter theory more.

Anyway the feet resting in my lap looked nothing like that for sure!

The feet were small and petite, with each toe shaped perfectly, and the length of the toes were perfect as well, with each toe smaller than the other starting from the big toe.

Her arches were nice, without them being too pronounced, and the soles, even though they were grimy and dirty, looked extremely cute.

The grime on her soles brought me back to the present. I didn't want a repeat of the last night in the hotel for sure!

"Massage my feet for a bit, Michael", chimed Aa Ling, looking directly at me, her eyes boring into me.

She knows what I'm thinking, I thought uncomfortably.

"I've been climbing the hill barefoot. It felt great, the ground on my bare feet, especially in this hot weather!"

And that is yet another cultural difference between the U.S. and China right there. In China, you'll see women (and men too) of all ages walking barefoot in parks, or up hills as opposed to the U.S. where most people prefer to wear hiking shoes or sandals, even in the hottest of climates.

The Chinese theory on this is that walking barefoot a) strengthens your feet, and b) more importantly, the rough paths hewn through these hills stimulate the pressure points in the feet, which according to the Chinese, and as you've probably already heard are linked to each part of your body.

Most parks in China even have paths with specially shaped stones and pebbles hewn into them, even if there are no hills around. And you'll find people of all ages walking on them barefoot.

And it's not that easy to balance while walking on those stones, especially not if you're not at an ideal bodyweight to start with!

Anyway, the dirty feet in front of me reminded me that she was about to "use" me again, a prospect I didn't really relish.

My appreciation for her beauty started to wane, and I removed her foot - albeit with a degree of uncertainty - from my lap.

She looked up, surprised.

"I'm sorry, I don't think..." I began.

"Oh shut up, Michael", she responded irritably, pushing me back on the sofa with the ball of her foot. "Do we have to go through this fucking dance every time?"

"Huh?"

"Oh, admit it, you white fool. You enjoyed giving me a massage the other night, didn't you?"

"I..."

"I felt you against me all the time, Michael. In fact, you didn't even notice it, but you were leaking pre-cum on the back of my legs", she said, smirking confidently as she said this, her eyes gleaming.

She said this in a matter of fact manner, her directness causing me to forget the "white fool" slur she had uttered minutes ago. She probably thinks I'm a fool, and I'm white, so...

"And I know you find my legs and feet to be extremely attractive as well. Am I right, Michael?" she said, the smirk out in full force, accompanied by a piercing gaze that tunnelled right down into the depths of my mind.

I didn't say anything, and she continued.

“That’s right, you do. I noticed you starting at my legs and butt the first time you met me, and now my feet as well”.

I couldn’t answer this indisputable truth.

“So, why the fuss every time I ask you to rub me down, Michael? Don’t I deserve it after a hard day”, she continued, her tone hard and demanding.

I could not meet her eye of a sudden and, emboldened, she went on:

“I’m not interested in babying you, and cajoling you to treat me like I deserve to be, so if you don’t want to do it, just say so”, continued my new found “girlfriend”, still staring at me intently.

And with that, she crossed one foot over the other, the bottom foot squeezing my balls slightly, causing me some discomfort, but if she noticed, she didn’t let on.

“Well?”

As she said this, I felt a tiny flutter in my loins, my body tensing with anticipation.

Damn, I thought angrily. I’m starting to enjoy this.

Well, go with the flow then, you “white fool” sighed my inner voice. I’ve had enough of advising you!

And I started to massage her feet, taking the top one in my hand, and making sure to squeeze each inch of her foot from the heel to the ball, trying to ignore the black dust stuck on to her bare soles.

I must have done this for an hour, my fingers beginning to ache as she sat back comfortably, sipping on her beer.

Finally, she had enough, slipping her legs back down.

“I’m so sleepy, Michael”, she said, yawning out loud. “Why don’t we order in, and go to bed?”

And so went by my first real “date” with my new found “girlfriend”. We ordered Chinese takeaway from a local restaurant, and Aa Ling chose to crash right after eating, the hike and massage both having their desired effect.

Of course, that didn’t go without incident either. Aa Ling didn’t have a spare set of clothes, so she decided to sleep naked.

But, she wasn’t ready for any sort of sexual involvement, something which didn’t really surprise me at that point. I was too exhausted to care anyway, and was sipping on my after dinner beer as she retired, wishing me a cheery good night.

And I stayed there on the couch, frustrated, yet aroused with my beer in hand.

A while later, as night closed in, I thought about her.

Those feet, that aura she possessed, especially when ordering me around...

Especially when relaxing while I served her.

That glint in her eyes, that confident, cool, expression on her face, and most of all, that steady gaze. A gaze that bored deep inside of me, stripping me mentally in front of her.

And I began to get a powerful erection, as my nipples stiffened at the same time.

I thought of Aa Ling sleeping in the other room, and wanted nothing more to do than wake her up and make love to her, but I knew that would be a bad, bad idea.

And so, it was around 11P.M. when I found myself in the bathroom, in front of the sink, erect penis in hand, the mirror staring back at me.

A few twirls of my cock head was all it took, and my balls erupted with a vengeance, resulting in an orgasm the likes of which I hadn't had in a long, long time. I would have moaned out loud, but I bit my lip in order to avoid waking her up.

The pleasure was so intense that I remained in the same position for a minute or so after the orgasm ended, finger on my left nipple, and dripping cock in my right hand, the basin a sticky mess, my back still arched.

I cleaned up shortly thereafter, and returned to the living room, where I plopped down on the couch to finish my beer. And finally, it was time for bed.

I tip-toed into the bedroom, where I saw Aa Ling sleeping comfortably, legs spread wide open on the king size bed, just as if it was *her* bed.

A cotton sheet was all that separated her nakedness from me, one delicate foot poking out from under the covers.

I was thankful for all the beer I'd drunk thus far, as I'd probably have got another uncontrollable erection if I was sober at that point.

I stripped, and made room for myself in a corner of the bed, careful not to disturb her, and tried to sleep. Despite the effect of the alcohol, falling asleep with her naked next to me was no easy task.

Of course, she was blissfully unaware of how I felt, snoring comfortably, the couple of beers she'd had, and the foot massage I gave her having relaxed her greatly.

The hours ticked by as I listened to her snore, trying to fall asleep myself. Finally, I fell into an uneasy, dream ridden sleep, my sleep disturbed both by the alcohol I'd consumed, and the frequent, but weak hard-ons I kept getting throughout the night.

## Chapter Four

### *The fly trap closes*

The next morning, she woke up, looking fresh and rested, while I woke up cranky and irritable.

She left pretty soon after she woke up, and the rest of the weekend passed by as usual. Aa ling sent me a text message or two during this time, but we did not meet up again that weekend.

I made it in to work on Monday, but I was a complete wreck, to be honest, and couldn't concentrate on my classes.

The other teachers noticed what was up, and complaints started to pour in from the students.

“He's too distracted!”

“He's not even correcting our grammar, just absentmindedly nodding his head!”

And so forth; Chinese people can be very, very vocal if they feel they're not getting their money's worth, regardless of what amount they paid (and in this case, they had paid big bucks to at least pretend to, if not really try to, learn English).

I heard rumours about then replacing me with another teacher, but I didn't really care, as my visa was valid for a year. Plus, I had saved up enough cash to last me another few months in China, and I wasn't that worried about what would happen after that.

And yet another reason was that I had already gotten tired of teaching English in China.

It wasn't so much the job that bored me, although that was a reason.

But what irritated me the most is that the students didn't really want to learn the language. You can always tell when someone's just going through the motions, and not really trying, and being that they were the ones paying hefty tuition fees, I couldn't really “force” them to learn.

And so, I sort of started to go through the motions as well, which of course they picked up on, and, well, started complaining.

But like I said, I didn't really care.

Worst comes to worst, I'll go back to the States, I thought. I'm sure I can find *something* there if I lower my salary expectations. Plus, any new teacher they find is going to get tired of this as well, and they know it as well as I do.

But deep down inside, I knew I didn't want to return home.



I was hooked, not just to Aa Ling, but also to the lifestyle here in China. Plus, I had been searching high and low for suitable jobs back home, and I hadn't found any for months, at least not in Florida.

And as for my relationship with Aa Ling?

Well, her hook into me just kept going deeper and deeper.

We met up many times after that, never again at my apartment, and I'd take her out on dates, buy her expensive gifts, pay for her meals, buy her pretty clothes, and so forth.

In short, do everything that a husband, or devoted significant other should and usually (if possible) does for his lady, but getting not much in return, other than long kisses, and even longer teases.

I suppose I must have enjoyed doing it at some level, I tried telling myself for a while. Or was it just that she was the best tease I had ever encountered?

I didn't know, but what I did know was that I just *couldn't keep going on like this* in a confused and frustrated state of mind.

Something had to give, sooner rather than later, I thought.

And then one day, it happened, when I was least expecting it.

We met up on a Tuesday night in August, and I took her out for dinner at a local Chinese restaurant. I wasn't feeling too hot at the time, having had an argument with the school's headmaster about how I wasn't "making my lessons interesting enough".

I pretty much told him straight out that the students didn't want to learn, and he responded with "Well, that's their problem. Your problem is to make your classes more interesting, regardless of whether or not they want to learn!"

And incredibly stupid as that might sound to the average reader, *that's* the reality of teaching English as an expat in China.

She was in an irritable mood as well, even though she hadn't been working.

That is one thing that I often found myself wondering about a lot, by the way. Ever since she met me, she'd been taking a lot of "nights off" from work, and I was wondering why.

We ate dinner, and decided to head to my place together to relax, as the air conditioner in her flat wasn't working. Upon getting home, she headed to the living room, apparently wanting to watch T.V, and I followed her.

She flicked on the television, and turned it to a local Cantonese channel, where the newscaster was reading out the day's news in Cantonese (a language I couldn't understand).

As I sat down on the couch, she turned over on her side, and put her pretty feet up again in my lap, not bothering to take off her pink high heeled platform shoes that she had worn.

Along with the short skirt she was wearing, it looked gorgeous, but I wasn't in any mood to admire feet this evening. I was just too tired, and wanted a massage, and certainly some sexual release myself as well.

"I'm tired. Rub my feet the way I instructed you the last time", she said in a matter of fact tone, much like a Queen would ask her servant, and turned to the T.V., completely ignoring me.

And for some reason, the built up sexual frustration, combined with the annoying day I had just got to be too much to bear, and I exploded.

"I'm not going to massage your feet again, Aa Ling. I'm not your fucking servant for Christ's sake!"

She muttered something irritably under her breath, and sat up, swinging her legs down, the heels landing on the floor with a loud "clack".

And abruptly, she stood in front of me, and for a minute there I thought she was going to leave. Good riddance, I thought angrily.

Whack! The room spun in front my eyes, as she slapped me hard on the left cheek.

Whack!

She slapped me on the right cheek, backhanded this time, the slim, strong fingers leaving an imprint on my cheek, causing tears to rise to my eyes involuntarily; such was the force of the impact.

"Fuck you, Michael", she said. "*Fuck* you, you fat, out of shape slob!"

"You won't do it, huh?"

Thwack! I doubled over in pain as she punched me hard on the left chest, right where the pectoral meets the breast bone.

I started to say something, but she raised her left forefinger warningly, the meaning clear enough.

Shut the fuck up, or there'll be hell to pay. She didn't say it, but she might as well have.

I didn't say anything, looking at her with a mixture of awe and trepidation as she put one foot on my knee, and pressed down on it, as if I was a footstool she owned.

It might sound strange, a petite Chinese girl intimidating a man twice her size and weight, but these girls are *strong* as hell, despite their looks.

And it's not just the prostitutes. It's Chinese women in general.

Go to any foot massage parlour, even the legit ones, and you'll be amazed at the amount of pain the tiny, petite masseuses working there can inflict with their fingers and knuckles, let alone knees and feet!

And while none of that means they are stronger than men, especially men in shape, I wasn't in shape. And more so, I was besotted with her sexually, and in my mind's eye, already half a servant to her, so it didn't take much to shut me up.

"Now, listen, you fat bitch" she said, looking straight into my eyes. "I'm going to lie back down on the couch, and you'll listen to what I have to say. Got it?"

"Yes, Ms. Ling", I stammered, the "Ms" coming out at the most inappropriate time.

She removed her foot from my knee slowly, trying to judge whether or not I meant it.

And then finally, she lay back down on the couch, facing me this time, her feet in my lap again, the TV blaring incoherently in the background.

"You've been with me for a couple of weeks now, Michael. And I know you enjoy doing little things for me, massaging me when I tell you to, paying for my beauty treatments, buying me new clothes, taking me out to dinner."

She paused, and asked, nay ordered, me to fetch her a cold beer, and I complied. In my confused state of mind, I forgot to bring her a mug, and I remembered just as I handed her the bottle of beer.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I'll get the..." I started.

"Forget the fucking mug!" her voice rang out irritably. "Sit down and listen to me!" she continued, pointing to the end of the couch where I was sitting a while back.

She didn't speak for a minute or so, composing her thoughts, and swigging from the bottle of beer the way a man would. Except this wasn't a man lying on the couch beside me, it was a gorgeous Chinese woman!

"We've reached a tipping point though now, Michael", she continued.

"I'm sick and tired of this constant bitching of yours when I ask you to do something for me. You enjoy doing it, I know that, but you still bitch about it. Why is that", she asked pointedly.

I remained silent (as if anything I said would have mattered at that point), and she continued.

"Because you've been conditioned, like most men, to believe they are superior to women, and that you somehow "deserve" something from me because you serve me."

She pushed me meaningfully in the balls with her foot, applying just the right amount of pressure, and I winced, as the hint of a sardonic smile appeared on those beautiful, skilled lips of hers.

“What does a Chinese wife get in return for serving her man all day, Mike? Dirty dishes with cigarette butts ground into them at the end of the day?”

“Sit at home all day when she gets old, as the husband cavorts around with younger women?”

And she was right on both counts. The Chinese, especially the men, have table manners that Westerners would find reprehensible.

Go to any local restaurant, and you’ll see people spitting out bones on the side of the tablecloth, smoking while eating and grinding out cigarettes right on the leftover food on their plates, making a mess of their napkins, and so forth.

And of course, it’s the unfortunate waitresses (or wives) that get to deal with it. Dishwashers aren’t big in China, at least not as yet, so the dishes are, for the most part, done by hand.

I had noticed this when I first came here and felt sort of sorry for the women, especially the young waitresses doing this for a living, but living in China for more than two months now had hardened my “sensibilities” to the point that I didn’t really care any longer.

But now that Aa Ling brought it up, I thought about it again.

Those pretty young girls, who in any Western country would be hanging on to a rich man’s arm, working as underpaid, disrespected waitresses and at other menial jobs here.

And as for the older men, well, it’s a well known fact in China (especially Southern China) that the majority of men with money cheat on their wives with younger, more attractive women.

In fact, Dongguan, a city just 30 minutes away from Guangzhou is often called the “concubine city”, because of the sheer number of women that are concubines there, wealthy businessmen often supporting three or four women at once.

“You’re right”, I responded slowly, not so much because of the foot on my nuts, but because, well, she *was* right.

Her tone softened, and she sat up, removing her feet from my lap, setting the bottle of beer down on the coffee table beside her.

“You know why I chose you, Michael?”

I was silent again, and she continued.

“You’re fat. You’re out of shape, and you drink too much. You eat all the wrong things. You can be a pain at times, and you are, or were before you met me, a womanizer losing control of his own life.”

Again, not exactly flattering, but a pretty accurate description of me at the time, and I didn’t say anything.

“But, and here’s the thing, you’re at least honest about all this. And I value honesty about all else.”

“And deep down inside, you respect women. You just don’t know how to show it”, she continued.

Confused at this sudden change of tone, I wasn’t sure what to say.

“Um, I…” I started, and she cut me off impatiently.

“Just listen to me, will you”

“Yes, Ms. Ling”, I said obediently, like a recording. My fingers took on a life of their own, and I lifted her right leg off the floor and putting her foot in my lap.

I then eased the other leg into my lap too, making sure not to set it down too hard.

She didn’t say anything, but I saw approval in her eyes as she leant back, the smirk still on her face, confidence oozing out of her in waves, her sexual magnetism hitting me as powerfully as it had the first night I saw her.

And for whatever reason, my heart started to beat faster as she resumed speaking. A premonition of what was to come, perhaps?

“Well, I’m not interested in the typical male-led relationships, Michael. And from what I’ve seen, you aren’t either. And you know why?”

I did at that point, but I didn’t say anything.

“Because if you were, you wouldn’t have called me back after we met up”, she continued triumphantly.

“And after I met you, I couldn’t stand that annoying sauna any more. Those disgusting men slobbering all over me, wanting me to pleasure them, and me having to do it. UGH!” she said, an expression of pure distaste crossing her face.

“I have enough money saved up anyway, more than enough for the next two years. And I plan on going back to college this September. No more saunas for me come August. I’m going to complete my final year of college, and have some fun for a change!”

She again stood up, pulling her feet away from me. She then pushed me back in the couch gently with her hand, and sat down in my lap, much like any girlfriend might, and kissed me deeply, her tongue intermingling with mine.

My body responded instantly, and I kissed her back deeply.

I didn't pause to think how ridiculous it was. This girl had slapped the hell out of me a while back, and here we were, smooching like nothing had ever happened!

"Don't resist it, Michael", she whispered in my ear, as our lips finally unlocked.

"Just go with the flow. Be honest with yourself."

And that, I think was when my inner voice finally faded away into obscurity, and the trap finally closed.

Though a tiny bit of apprehension welled up inside me, that feeling was quickly replaced by a calm feeling, as my woman sat in my lap, looking directly in my eyes.

"It feels so nice to smooch a man, Michael, and not have to service him later. It feels so nice when a man actually services me, instead of the other way around"

"Be my girlfriend, Michael. Treat me as a devoted wife would her husband. With respect, dignity, unwavering attention, and above all, always realize I am your superior"

These words, coming from her, uttered gently in my ear, her intoxicating scent causing my brain to spin, sounded as natural to me as popping the tab on a beer can was.

And the last artificial barrier I had stubbornly erected in front of our relationship without even knowing it melted.

"Yes, Aa Ling...Ms. Ling", I corrected myself.

She shifted positions in my lap, her ass touching my cock directly, a small smile crossing her lips when she felt my hard on.

"I'm glad we've gotten further in our relationship, Michael", she said, smiling at me.

"Me too", I said uncertainly. Even though I agreed with what she said, I wasn't sure what my new "role" would entail!

She gently unbuttoned the shirt I was wearing, slim, nimble fingers working with ease, and started to play with my "man boobs", bouncing them up and down, and giggling as she did so.

"Here are some ground rules, then, woman", she continued, gently putting both her thumbs on the tip of my nipples, not moving them even an inch.

Electric pulses of desire shot through me, and I gulped, somehow managing not to move.

"First, you need to lose some weight. Stop drinking so much beer. Eat less. Exercise more!" she said, looking at me meaningfully.

“Second, no masturbating from now on. I know you masturbate to me at night, don’t you, my little woman?” she said, tweaking my nipples playfully.

I reddened. It was true, I did jerk off after our dates, and my thoughts weren’t even about having sex with her or her feet, or any other part of her body.

Just “her” as a whole, if that makes sense, and apparently it did to her.

“Third, no more whoring about. No more massages, no more saunas, nothing. Remember, I *own* you. You are mine, and you will stay faithful to *me* and me alone”, this last bit uttered with a tiny hint of menace in her voice, the “or else” left unsaid.

“Fourth, you will address me as Madam Aa Ling for now. Or Madam Ling, if you like. I like the sound of the word Madam, it sounds so regal!”

And with that, she leant forward and twisted my nipples hard, and started to smooch me at the same time.

The pain and the pleasure merged together like a noxious drug, and I found myself uttering her name as we smooched.

“Madam Aa Ling...” I sighed. “Oh, Madam Ling! Madam Ling!”

In fact, so caught up was I in the pleasure that I moved her hands back to my nipples when she finally stopped twisting them.

This surprised her, but she quickly adjusted.

“Ah, my little bitch. You’re really enjoying your new role, aren’t you, my little nipple slut?”

She tugged, pulled and punished my nipples mercilessly for a while, while I, for lack of a better term, writhed about on the couch like a bitch in heat, feverishly hoping for release, but knowing it wouldn’t happen, that knowledge making her torture all the more pleasurable.

“It’s time for your present, Michael”, she finally said, kissing me deeply again.

“Undress”, she ordered me.

“Here??” I asked, somewhat confused.

“Right here, bitch. Right here in the living room”, she responded.

I did as she said, and she led me to the bedroom.

“Undress me, Michael”, she said, her voice soft and gentle again.

I quickly took off her T-shirt, and removed her bra, after which I removed her denim shorts, still slightly damp with sweat, and finally her panties, damp as well.

Once naked, she lay down on the bed, on her back, arms comfortably by her sides.

“Kiss me all over, slut. Start with my back, then my ass, and then down my legs, down to my bare feet”, she said, her voice taking on that deep tenor that only happens when one is sexually aroused.

As I kissed her, she continued talking to me.

“This is what I’ve always wanted. A man to treat me like a Queen, a Goddess. A man that knows his place, and doesn’t constantly whine about not getting sex.”

“And, a man that knows how to use his tongue. Ah, yes, Michael, lick that spot again boy!”

And so forth, until I finally reached her feet, and started sucking her lovely toes, at which point she started to wriggle about on the bed, desire obviously enveloping her entire being.

“My ass”, she suddenly said, in a strained voice, and I moved up to her ass, my own cock hard and desperate for release.

A few strokes would have done it at that point, but I resisted the temptation, starting to kiss her toned ass all over, not ignoring the ass crack.

And it was as I was kissing her crack, that she reached behind, and shoved my head deeper inside her ass crack, so that my nose was inside her crack, just centimetres away from her asshole.

Her asshole smelt sweaty, pungent, and, well, *different*, if I may use the word here. In other more “normal” circumstances, I might well have gagged instantly.

But circumstances were hardly normal, and the mixture of smells, combined with her moans of delight and the fact that I was facing what most would consider to be the “dirtiest” part of her body only served to turn me on more.

I knew she’d *never* do this for me, no matter which turn our relationship took in the future, but somehow even that knowledge only served to turn me on further, albeit in a twisted manner.

And nothing more needed to be said after that, as I eagerly parted her ass cheeks, and tasted her asshole for the first time, my tongue flicking like a snake’s inside her anal passage, so tight, and yet so welcoming.

For those that don’t know, the asshole is actually one of the most sensitive parts of the human body, both for a man and a woman.

It’s not so much designed for anal sex as is popularly depicted in porn movies (the “taking it up the ass” is rarely that pleasurable for the recipient in reality).



I had asked my ex-wife once for anal sex, and she rejected my request in no uncertain terms, comparing it to sticking a broom stick up someone's ass.

“You stick a broomstick up your butt first, and then I'll consider it”, was her exact response.

But, penises and brooms aside, a soft, pliable tongue is another matter altogether. The asshole is full of nerve endings, most of them extremely sensitive and pleasurable, and my tongue was hitting them all from the moans my new “owner” was emitting.

I've never heard anyone achieve orgasm directly from oral anal stimulation alone, but Aa Ling was clearly enjoying it way more than the head I had given her a month or so ago.

Her moans started getting louder, and she ordered me to finger her, as she knelt up in bed, her ass exposed, as if she was getting ready to have sex “doggy” style.

And as I fingered her, my tongue so far up her butt hole that I wondered if I'd ever be able to extract it, she came violently, her pussy contracting tightly around my fingers like a vice, primal, animal like screams of pleasure coming from her as I continued to service her with my tongue as she came.

Finally, she relaxed, letting go of my fingers, and collapsed on the bed, gasping for breath.

And as I looked at her lying there, panting, out of breath, the ass I had worshipped just seconds ago staring up at me, her taste fresh on my tongue, I couldn't control myself any longer!

Even though I hadn't touched myself even once, way too much sexual tension had built up inside of me, and worshipping her ass was the “last straw” so to speak.

As I changed positions, preparing to get off her, my erect cock brushed against her calves, and that's all it took.

“Ah!Ahhhh!”, I moaned unable to control myself, literally shivering with pleasure as each spurt of pent up cum shot out of my penis, all over her pretty calves, dripping down on the bed.

“I'm sorry, Madam Ling”, I gasped, but my apology only seemed to lengthen my orgasm, the humiliation seeming to turn me on even more.

And finally I was spent as well, the bed sheet a sticky mess of jizz and me experiencing something I hadn't since my teenage days, a semi-erect penis even after that powerful orgasm!!

I was worried though (and probably with good cause given how things had panned out in our relationship thus far) that she was going to really rip me a new one (again, no puns intended) for orgasming all over her legs.

But it never happened, as Aa Ling watched me intently as I cleaned the mess up from her legs, and changed the bed sheet.

“I’m sorry, I don’t know...” I started, but she shushed me.

“It’s okay. It happens. It only shows much I control you”, she said quietly. “Here, lie down beside me for a while.”

And we lay down together, me exhausted from the evening as she caressed my chest gently, taking care to avoid my nipples.

Somewhere deep inside me, that voice piped up from the dead.

I think she does care about you, Michael, only in her own way.

And just like that, the voice was gone.

She left the room after a few minutes. Probably to get a beer or something, I thought. Who knows?

I didn’t really care what she did, as I was ready to fall asleep. In fact, I was already half asleep, when I felt her cool, soft fingers handle my cock expertly.

I attempted to shake off the mists of sleep, when a loud *click* got my attention, along with a cold steel device on my organ.

*Click*, I heard again, this time a tad bit louder.

Now fully awake, I sat up in bed, alarmed, and was shocked at what I saw.

Aa Ling had expertly locked me into a chastity device, the keys to which she was now tying around her shapely ankle, attaching it to the anklet she was wearing.

Oh, *no!*

My head spun as I struggled to deal with this new surprise, and I started to panic, only to be comforted by my owner again.

“It’s Ok, Michael”.

“Please Madam Ling, please don’t!”

“Michael, it’s for your own good!”

“Please Ma’am. Please, Madam Ling!” I continued frantically, when a smack on the side of my head interrupted me.

“Shut up, Michael”, she said quietly.

“I know you couldn’t help cumming all over me, and that’s okay. But remember, one of our rules was no masturbation, and it’s not going to work too well if you cum every time you please me sexually!” she continued.

She flicked on the bedside light and held my face up, looking at me triumphantly.

“I own you, Michael. And that mean *I* control your orgasms, much like *I* control you otherwise”.

She held her foot up at face level to me, no easy task by any standards while sitting down, but she did it anyway.

“There are the keys to your manhood, Michael, locked around my ankle. Kiss them!”

I did as she asked.

“Again!”

Once again, I kissed the cold metal again, and she lowered her foot thereafter, turning off the bedside light.

She lay down in bed, and asked me to lie down as well.

“Hold me, Michael. Hug me tight until I fall asleep”, she said.

And with that, she pushed her warm, soft body right into mine, and into my arms, her breasts within touching distance, one leg over my left leg.

“You are mine now, Michael”, she muttered sleepily. And soon thereafter, she was snoring gently in my arms, much like a “normal” woman would in her lover’s arms.

Except, a “normal” woman wouldn’t lock her lover’s dick up!

But what is *normal*, I thought?

My life spent whoring around after my divorce. Was that normal?

The woman who were “serving” me as I paid them to do so. Was that “normal” service?

Who gets to decide what’s normal, and what’s abnormal?

As I thought about all this, Aa Ling shifted slightly, burrowing deeper inside my arms, and I began to get an erection again.

But this time, I experienced a sharp pain and tug on my balls along with the pleasurable sensations. And the pain won out as my erection slowly subsided.

But it wouldn’t, once the sexual tension started to build up again!

Anyway, I was as exhausted as she was, and fell asleep soon thereafter.

I do remember waking up in the middle of the night with an especially painful hard on, but other than that; I slept better that night than I had most other nights as of late.

I guess that's why they say a female led relationship benefits the male as much as it does the lady, and it was certainly proving to be true thus far in my case.

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And as you might imagine, my relationship with Aa Ling changed irrevocably after that, the shift in power obvious and clear, both of us comfortable with the way things were.

We met on an almost daily basis after that, and though it didn't always end with me sexually pleasuring her, I noticed myself automatically growing more submissive to her each time I met her.

She'd take pleasure in dominating me too.

For instance, she'd watch TV with her feet up on the coffee table as well. I was allowed to watch too, but only while squatting on the floor, a position usually reserved for the lowest servants in Asia.

And while the servants bodies are at least used to the strain of that position, I wasn't, at least not initially!

It took me a while to get the squat down right. The Asian way of squatting is to squat on the entire foot rather than the balls of the feet, and Aa Ling found my initial attempts to assume the position to be pathetic, hurling veiled insults at me as I tried to maintain the position without shifting, each insult causing yet another rush of blood to rush to my loins.

Other times, she'd make me hold her handbag as she shopped in malls, the Chinese sales girls giving me curious glances as I trudged along meekly behind her.

Sometimes her dominance was overt, sometimes unsaid, but it was always there, just like the air I breathed.

Getting used to the chastity device also took some time. The first few nights (and days) were quite painful, but the pain eased as I got used to the device.

Madam Ling would allow me to wash "down there" once or twice a week, but only under her supervision. What would happen is she'd toss me a rag and order me to "wipe down there quickly", as she looked on, giggling, before she locked me up again.

On some of these occasions, she'd order me to cum, but I was only to cum on my knees, either while looking at her soles or her ass.

And of course, needless to say she wouldn't deign to touch me, except on my nipples, and would demand I be locked up instantly after the orgasm.

It took me a while to get used to this, of course, but the dice had been cast, and there was no going back.

And this affected my personal life more than I thought, even when Aa Ling was NOT with me.

I noticed I became a lot calmer in general, and treated the women around me far more respectfully. Earlier, I'd looked upon women as "objects" to be used for sexual pleasure alone, but now I found myself looking at each woman on the road in a different manner.

For instance, I'd look at the women sitting in the park, relaxing in the evening sunshine, and I'd wonder how much they'd love a gentle head massage as they relaxed.

Or, I'd look at young girls walking on the roads, teetering by on those so called "fashionable" high heels (that Aa Ling thankfully steered clear of for the most part), and I wondered how they'd like to just collapse on the bed, and have their calves massaged in and out!

And this sort of thing made me a lot calmer. In addition, the women I dealt with somehow noticed, or "sensed" a change in me, which they liked.

Women can be extremely intuitive, and a man's submissive desires towards a woman don't always need to be communicated verbally, just like a woman's dominance makes submissive men naturally gravitate towards her.

And I was gradually dropping weight too, I noticed. The constant massages I gave to Aa Ling, the squatting in the unfamiliar position, less beer at night, and so forth – all of that was finally showing some results, most noticeably around my waistline.

My "man boobs" still wouldn't go away though, but Aa Ling didn't mind at all.

My little woman, she'd often tease me, jiggling my man breasts up and down, and pinching my nipples hard, knowing how much it turned me on, and knowing I was unable to do anything about it while locked up.

But as my personal life improved, my work life deteriorated, which was strange considering that one's work life usually takes a turn for the better in such cases.

But in my case, I really didn't want to teach English any longer.

In fact, all I wanted to do these days was to rush home, and wait for my owner to arrive, usually replete with shopping bags purchased with my money.

I had very little money left, having spent most of what I had on Aa Ling, but I didn't care. All I cared about was making her happy, and therein lay my own happiness as well.

And towards the end of August, the school finally told me they couldn't keep me on any longer. The complaints were just getting too frequent, and my lack of explanations for my erratic demeanour wasn't making things easier.

My contract stated three month's severance was to be paid in case they terminated the contract, but they only paid a month's worth of wages.

Given my own behaviour though, and my complete lack of interest in teaching there, that was probably a fair deal in reality. They also allowed me to stay on my current visa, which was valid until June 2014.

I think it was August 18<sup>th</sup> when they fired me, or somewhere around then, and my first thought, not surprisingly was, "How will my Madam react?"

Where would the money come from to buy her things, I wondered. Would she leave me due to this?

More importantly, where would I live? The school had allowed me to finish the month out here, paying all the bills as promised, but I was on my own after August.

But I soon found out that though I was well and truly aware of the reality that Aa Ling was clearly the superior in our relationship, I was yet to understand the mindset of a *truly* dominant lady.

Many people think that "dominant" women hate men, but nothing could be further from the truth.

My own descriptions of my humiliation, and mental turmoil until the day it was all out in the open might make folks think that way too, but again, nothing could be further from the truth.

In fact, a dominant partner is often far more protective and caring of her "property" when it comes right down to it, and Aa Ling was no exception.

And in this particular case, I was about to find out something else about Aa Ling too...

It was a warm afternoon, and I was giving her a soothing head massage as she sipped green tea on the balcony, reclining on a comfortable chair.

My fingers kneaded her temples like she preferred, moved to the center of her forehead, squeezed, and then rubbed the rest of her head. Occasionally, I'd knead her shoulders, and then start all over again.

I had perfected the routine, and she usually fell asleep as I massaged her, but not today.

My mind was not on the massage, and she sensed it.

"What the fuck is wrong with you today", she exclaimed irritably, as my fingers slipped around the centre of her forehead, hitting the bridge of her nose. "Concentrate, you fucking fool!"

"I'm sorry, Madam", I said, horrified at what I'd done, and expecting all hell to break loose.

In the “early days”, Madam would not get that ticked off at mistakes I made, as she “trained” me the way she wanted to.

But now, a month or so into the “new” relationship, she was becoming less tolerant of mistakes.

An example would be a couple of nights ago, when she ordered me to rub her thighs, as she watched a basketball game on T.V.

Now, being that I like the odd game of basketball, my attention suddenly got diverted towards the television as I was rubbing her legs, and she noticed that, reprimanding me.

At that point, she had allowed me the privilege of sitting on the sofa while administering the massage, as my legs were sore from squatting repetitively.

Anyway, I reapplied myself to my task, but ended up getting too engrossed in the game again, and Madam was nowhere near as understanding this time.

She slapped me hard, and pushed me away from the sofa.

“You bloody fool”, she yelled, as I stood with head bowed, furious with myself at causing my own problems.

“Is the game more important than *me*? Look at me, damn you!”

And as I looked at her, she flung the cup of hot tea she was drinking at me, the contents hot enough to scald me (but not cause permanent damage). The cup itself hit me square on the nose, and fell to the floor, shattering into bits.

Not surprisingly, after cleaning up, I was ordered to get in the squatting position yet again, and rub her legs, the pain in my legs reminding me to focus on my task, along with an occasional smack on the back of my head.

And so, I’m sure my readers will understand why I was so scared at that point.

But again, women are more intelligent than we men give them credit for.

She turned around, and looked at me for a long time.

“Ok, out with it”, she demanded. “What’s the problem?”

I hadn’t told her about getting canned as yet, but I blabbered it all out as soon as she asked, making sure not to leave any details out.

She listened silently, nodding her head occasionally, but not saying much.

“And that was that”, I finished sheepishly, re-filling her cup of tea. “They’ve already transferred my severance money into my account, and I have to move out of here at the end of August.”

The reality of it suddenly hit me hard, and I stayed there with bowed head, my fingers mechanically doing their job.

“I’m sorry, Madam. I really am.” I said softly, and I meant every word.

I was prepared for any eventuality after that, but not for her roars of laughter.

“Sorry? Why on earth are you sorry, Michael?”

“I, well, Madam...” I stammered, not knowing how to respond. How could she laugh at something so serious?

But my Madam was my owner, and I was soon to find out that a relationship such as ours worked both ways, with both parties assuming responsibility, albeit unsaid.

I might be nothing more than her servant and confidante, but she was the one that took on the responsibility of caring for my needs from the moment the true nature of our relationship surfaced.

I just didn’t know it as yet, or I’d probably have quit my job myself!

She ordered me to follow her into the living room, where she sat on the large, comfortable couch, and ordered me to fetch her a cold beer.

“This calls for a celebration”, she commented, leaving me completely fogged as to what she was so thrilled about.

As she popped the beer, she ordered me to squat in front of her, while she put her feet up, her soles facing me.

“Now listen to me, Michael. If you’re happy with the way our relationship has progressed thus far, then this can only be good news!” she said, burping out loud.

She had long since discarded the notion of behaving “politely” around me. And considering most men fart and burp when they feel like it, I don’t see why women can’t either.

One might think that burping is unfeminine, and “not done” for ladies, but in my submissive state of mind, it only made her sexier for acting normally and naturally without worrying about her “partner” judging her.

“For one, I have more than 700,000 RMB in my accounts as of now, and we can easily live on that for two or three years. And given that I’ll finish college next year, I don’t think money will be an issue once I find a job.”

“Second, you haven’t seen it, but I already have my own flat, fully paid for, bigger than this one. That damned sauna had its benefits, I must say”, a grumpy tone returning to her voice as she recalled her life as a high class prostitute.



And here, I must admit that I was shocked, not so much because she had her own flat, but because I had never paid attention to what she did or where she went when she wasn't with me.

Remorse flooded over me, as I wondered how comfortable her flat was. Did it even have air-conditioning? Running hot water? How the hell could I have not have asked thus far?

As if sensing my thoughts, she giggled.

“Don't worry, my little woman. I didn't give you a much of a chance to think about anything, and anyway, you'll soon see my flat, equipped with all modern conveniences, no issue there.”

She clapped her hands together gleefully as she continued, giggling with gay abandon.

“Isn't it wonderful how life just falls into place at the right times?”

I found voice, not sure what she was talking about.

“Uh, I'm not sure, Madam...”

“It's simple, silly. You simply move into my apartment, and serve me full time. My own personal bitch, locked up to be used at my pleasure!”

And the fogs slowly cleared from my head, being replaced with a feeling of elation, growing by the second.

I hadn't ever thought of moving in with her, into *her* flat!

“As I see it, you have two choices, Michael”, she continued.

“One is that you find another well-paying job here in China, and we continue as we are. But I don't think you want any other job, to be honest, and plus, I wouldn't be happy if we continued as we are.”

She paused to take a swig of her beer, and continued.

“Any relationship has to evolve, Michael. Ours has until now, and I see no reason why it shouldn't evolve further. Do you?”

Dazed, I shook my head in the negative.

“Anyhow, your second option is to, well, return to the U.S. without me, as I don't have a green card, or any sort of legal right to live there.”

“School starts in September for me, only a few days away”, she went on.

“And it would be nice to have my servant, my partner, my little woman (here she giggled again) right there with me to perform my every bidding, so I can concentrate

on school work, and enjoying life”, she said, parting her soles, and winking at me mischievously.

“Enjoying life with my white pu ren (Chinese for servant)”!

She then snapped her fingers at me as one might at a squatting dog, a gesture that we both understood to mean I should rise from my squatting position, and pointed at the couch beside her.

“What’s it going to be, Michael?”, she said, pulling me closer, and kissing me deeply, her smooch as magical and erotic as it was the first time I had met her, the dull pain in my balls increasing by the second.

But I had gotten used to the pain, and didn’t care by then!

“It’s your choice, Madam Ling”, I said, as I kissed her back, holding her tightly.

Just for that second, I became the “man” in the relationship, as I held her to me tightly, and she rested her head against my chest.

But just for a *second*, mind you.

And those seconds are usually the ones that make the entire relationship that much more meaningful and precious.

Nothing more needed to be said, and she left a few hours later.

I tidied up, prepared dinner, and went to bed, thinking about what lay in store for me in the coming months.

I’d be living full time with my owner! Another step forward in my relationship!

Coming to China had certainly helped me, if not career wise, then definitely in terms of finding the right “partner”.

And at the end of the day, life, and enjoying life is what it’s all about, isn’t it?

These thoughts swirling about in my mind, I finally fell into a deep, restful sleep. It was all going to be ok...

## Chapter Five

### *Pu ren*

Once I made the decision to move into Aa Ling's place, I felt a sense of inner peace envelop me, more so than before.

It all happened like clockwork. I moved out of my apartment on the 31<sup>st</sup>, and Jessie helped me move out, expressing regret that the position didn't work out. We had decided that Aa Ling should stay away, mostly because I didn't want Jessie to get to know about her.

"I'm sorry, Michael", she said. "I wish it had worked out for you."

"Oh, don't worry about it", I said airily.

"Where are you going to live now", she asked, looking at me in a strange manner.

"Oh, uh, with Jason for a few days, then back to the States", I lied. There was no one named Jason that I knew, but I wasn't about to tell her I was moving in with Aa Ling!

"Oh" she said, again looking at me in a strange manner.

I wonder what's wrong with her, I thought. After all, we weren't even friends, so why was she that bothered about a fat (well, not as much as when I met her to be honest) expat leaving the city?

But I didn't really think about it much, waving her goodbye, wishing her all the best, and she responded in kind.

And I left in a taxi shortly thereafter, the cabbie depositing me at Aa Ling's apartment block a fair distance away.

Aa Ling lived in what looked like a fairly run-down apartment complex, not unlike what you'd see in a lower income section of American society.

Not quite trailer park, but not upmarket either, certainly not what I'd been used to in China.

But as I've already said, appearances can be very deceptive at times, and this was the case here as well.

Her flat was actually a well-appointed three bedroom flat with all modern amenities. Funny part about it was that if she were to rent it out, it would rent for less than half of what my smaller, but outwardly glitzy apartment provided by the school would command.

And that was the point when I actually commenced my life as a real pu ren, literally serving my Madam hand and foot, all day long.

I'd cook, clean, do her laundry, massage her, fetch her drinks, pack her bookbag for school, just about everything imaginable.

And I'd make sure to keep the bathrooms spotless; cleaning the toilets in all three bathrooms daily after Madam Ling went in the morning.

The first month passed by pretty quickly, and October rolled on, bringing it with the National Day holidays in China, about a week's worth of holidays.

And it was during those holidays that Madam Ling's mother was going to visit us.

At first, I was extremely nervous about this. What would she think of our current relationship? A man serving a woman like I was?

But I quickly found out that my fears were baseless.

"Don't worry" laughed Madam Ling one evening as I rubbed her feet after school.

"She knows all about us", she giggled; extending her smelly foot to my face as I dutifully kissed it.

I learnt that Aa Ling's father had left them when she was very young, leaving her mother to take care of the farm that her family had passed on to her.

Granted, he left her the farm as well as a fair bit of money, but Mrs. Ling could never get over the fact that a man she loved so dearly had deserted her for another younger woman.

Their lives must not have been that easy, I thought, rubbing her feet vigorously, easing the tension out from the balls of her feet.

"So, don't worry", concluded Aa Ling, as she finished giving me the background.

"She'll enjoy having you serve her as much as I do, perhaps more!"

And I quickly learnt that Madam was spot on as usual.

She arrived Monday morning at the beginning of the holidays, and almost instantly, I learnt that her attitude was as dominating, if not more than her daughter's!

Mrs Ling was actually probably around 55 years of age or so, but she looked older than her years, possibly due to the strains of hard work on the farm and bringing up an only child, as well as her illness later (it was a form of cancer of the throat as Aa Ling once told me, luckily one that was curable).

I first saw her sitting on the sofa with Aa Ling, with my Madam barking orders at me in Mandarin, demanding fresh tea.

I prepared the tea, and hurried over to them, respectfully bowing my head as I served them the tea.

“That’s him”, giggled Aa Ling. “Our white pu ren!”

“Hmm”, her mother said in a thoughtful tone, looking me over as a butcher might a cut of meat. She said something to her daughter which I didn’t understand, after which Madam Ling beckoned me over.

She flicked her fingers expertly, pointing at her mother’s grizzly, unwashed, uncared for feet, and we both knew what the gesture meant.

Kiss her feet, bitch!

And as I bent to kiss the older lady’s feet, Mrs Ling lifted one foot up, and put it up on my head, while relaxing back on the couch, laughing and discussing something with her daughter.

“You passed the test, woman”, tittered Aa Ling, as Mrs Ling dug the flat heel of her sandal into the area behind my earlobe, causing me to squeal with pain.

And thus started my life of servitude not just to my beloved Madam Ling, but her old mother who took delight in humiliating me in every possible way she could.

She didn’t speak much English, of course, but the little bit she spoke along with my broken Mandarin was more than enough for us to communicate.

One of my first duties was to lick her travel ravaged, dirty feet clean, and I still remember the sour taste between her toes, and the delighted expression on her face as I painstakingly licked her feet clean over and over again!

A typical day for me began thus.

I’d wake up around 5A.M., and prepare breakfast, usually steamed dumplings and loads of fresh green tea for the two ladies. The old lady would usually wake up earlier than Madam, and I’d usually rub her legs and feet as she sat in the balcony, enjoying her morning tea.

Sometimes she’d read the paper while she sat on the couch, and sometimes she’d sit on the balcony drinking tea, but I was usually at her feet regardless of where she chose to spend her mornings.

It wasn’t the typical submissive scene you’d imagine, with the woman’s foot on the guy’s chest, but it was servitude all right, and anyone watching us would have thought that was one lucky old lady to have a man serve her so openly every morning.

During the daytime, I’d clean up after the two ladies, and cook meals for them, do their laundry, and all the other tasks expected of a faithful domestic.

I had learnt how to cook Chinese food while I was with Aa Ling, and her mother taught me a few more recipes and cooking tips, all of which I soaked up gratefully.

Aa Ling would go to class in the morning, and rest in the afternoon. She'd wake up in the evenings, and either go for walks, or do her homework.

At night, I'd serve all of us dinner and then tidy up after we ate while the two ladies either chatted for a while, or retired to their rooms.

Depending on how they both felt, I'd either be ordered to rub Aa Ling's feet until she fell asleep, her feet resting in my lap as she snored gently, a Queen enjoying her servant's ministrations as she deserved to' or, I'd massage the older woman's legs with aromatic oils as she relaxed in a comfortable rocking chair in the bedroom, eventually falling asleep. Aa Ling's mother had bad leg pain at times, probably from too much outdoor work s a youngster, and the massages actually help her recuperate in addition to relax.

Their dominance came naturally, even more so to the older lady, who looked down at me haughtily as I sat cross legged on the floor silently massaging her calves and feet the way she liked.

Sometimes she'd speak to me, and other times she'd read a book silently, ignoring me, but she'd be relaxing back comfortably in her rocking chair. She'd occasionally order me to rub her shoulders and back at times as well, but only after washing my hands.

And sometimes, if she felt especially commanding, she'd order me to bring her a couple of footstools, and place her feet on them. I'd then be kneeling at her feet, her calloused soles staring me in the face, an imperious look on her old, wizened face as I served her.

I'd go to bed after they fell into a deep sleep, which could sometimes take a while to happen, especially for the old lady.

In the case of Aa Ling, I'd gently remove her feet from my lap, taking perhaps a minute to remove each foot, so that I didn't wake her up. I'd then place a jug of water by her side, and retire to my own room.

In the case of the old lady, she'd usually wake up multiple times during the night, and I'd usually sleep on the floor beside her, her slippers by my face. She'd wake up sometimes in the middle of the night, and nudge me irritably with her foot, and I'd hurriedly arise and resume massaging her until she fell asleep.

Note that there was none of the "typical" stuff you read about in BDSM stories, about the man being dominated wearing a leash around his neck 24/7, being whipped daily, or being forced into staying naked. Well, not on a regular basis anyway.

But ours was a female led relationship all right; perhaps more real than a lot of the stories you read about!

And it continued thus, with me growing into my servile role as the days went by, and actually starting to enjoy it.

I know, it sounds strange. I mean: actually starting to enjoy massaging an old woman's wrinkly feet and being ordered around like a servant by her and her daughter? As you might imagine, neither pair of feet (or body, for that matter) was especially "attractive", at least not what you'd "traditionally" call attractive.

Actually starting to enjoy serving a 20 year old Chinese (former) prostitute, who by all standards wasn't a knockout beauty by any means?

Doing their laundry, taking care of housework, doing everything that I had previously thought was a woman's job, and doing it as if I'd been doing it my whole life.

And all this, when I've never once had a submissive thought or related fetish my entire life?

And... here's the kicker: Actually *enjoying* it?

The human mind works in strange ways, and the old adage "mind over matter" is truer than it sounds.

Aa Ling had controlled my sexual urges, not allowing me sexual relief for a while, and conditioned my mind to actually enjoy serving a woman rather than thinking about my own needs, a process which actually made my final orgasm (when she allowed it) all the more pleasurable and humiliating at the same time, the humiliation arousing me more than I could have imagined a few months back.

And her mother took the whole mental aspect of it to a different level altogether.

As for sex, I'd sexually pleasure Aa Ling at night as and how she desired it. Usually this was me orally pleasuring her with my tongue deep in her ass, and then her vagina, but sometimes she'd have me suck her breasts, and finger me.

Sometimes, she'd want her toes sucked for hours, before she roughly pulled my head down to her moist womanhood, demanding what was rightfully hers.

I'd cum once a week before Aa Ling's mother moved in, perhaps less. But now, my orgasms were getting more infrequent, sometimes extending up to and beyond two weeks without release ever since Mrs. Ling had arrived.

As always though, it was all up to Aa Ling, and when (and how) she decided I needed orgasm. Her methods had gotten more intense and personal ever since I moved in with her, something which I enjoyed as much as she did.

Sometimes, she'd finger my prostrate while my cum leaked out dreamily from my dick head, leaving me frustrated and wanting more.

Sometimes, she'd suck my nipples while I jerked off, and sometimes, she'd order me to stick my nose right in her ass crack and then masturbate to her, making sure all my cum fell on my own palms and didn't soil those pristine legs of hers.

But whatever it was, she wouldn't touch my dick; much less allow me sex with her. She'd kiss me with gay abandon, smooch me, but other than that, my nipples were the only part of my body she'd touch or kiss.

And strange as it might sound, I had not had sex with even ONCE since I met her, and I didn't miss it one bit!

In fact, I didn't miss getting blowjobs, or hand jobs, or any form of other sexual pleasure I might have experienced before.

So enmeshed was I (or should I say am I) in Madam Aa Ling's web is that the only thoughts that came (and come, no pun intended) to mind are serving her, and keeping her happy, which in turn gives me pleasure.

And the orgasms when she does allow them are so powerful that they are mind blowing, even if she does lock me up as soon as I cum.

She once explained to me that it was not healthy for a man (she giggled as she used the term "man") to not ejaculate beyond a certain limit of time, and so it wasn't necessarily just about my sexual pleasure; it was about keeping me healthy as well.

After all, it's an owner's responsibility to make sure her servant stays healthy to serve her!

More importantly though, she constantly reminded me that my orgasms were an ode not to my own release, but to the power that women in general had over men.

And one instance late in September drilled this fact home into me more fiercely than any amount of instruction from her could.

It was a Sunday, and I was doing the dishes at night, as Aa ling chatted with her old mother, who was lying down on the bed while Aa Ling gently rubbed her feet with some lotion.

Now just so you know, and before you jump to any conclusions here, purely massaging the feet isn't really considered to be a sign of submission in Asian cultures, much less a fetish, especially when it comes to younger people massaging older peoples feet, such as a daughter her mother's.

It's more about respect. In India, the traditional culture emphasizing "touching one's elder's feet", not as a sign of servility, but as a sign of respect, and it's the same thing essentially in China.

Of course, that wasn't the case with me, a white pu ren in a Chinese household, but that's another story.

"Come here, woman!" rang out Aa Ling's voice forcefully, causing me to almost drop one of the dishes I was wiping in surprise.



I came to the room, and entered, bowing my head respectfully in front of the two ladies, naked except for my cock lock.

Aa ling giggled.

“It’s time for his weekly release”, she tittered. Her mother laughed as well, as her daughter got up, removing her foot from her lap.

I reddened. Aa ling would usually do this in private, but she clearly had other ideas tonight.

And it had actually been more than a week, I thought. Actually almost two weeks, and I was so horny a touch from her was all it would have taken.

“Strip and kneel at Mother’s feet!” she commanded, as the old lady got up from the bed, and settled into the rocking chair that I knew so well.

“Kiss Mother’s feet!”

I did as she instructed, keeping pace with the rocking chair, as I kissed each foot reverently, thanking her for allowing me to kiss her feet.

“Thank you, Ma’am. Thank you for allowing me to serve you, Ma’am”, the words flowed out of me effortless, as true feelings have a tendency to, as I kissed her feet over and over again, while my cock ached uncontrollably as the chastity device bore into it.

The old lady said something in Cantonese to Aa Ling, who giggled again.

“Now, bring that footstool over here!”, she said, gesturing to a large, comfortable leather footstool on which both of them often put their feet up, while I squatted on the floor on my haunches at their feet.

“Suck her toes, bitch!” commanded Aa Ling.

I leant forward obediently, but thought this was a strange request. I had licked the dust off the old lady’s feet multiple times, but never sucked her toes.

But, I was their pu ren, and their wish was my command, so I complied, taking each unpainted toe into my mouth dutifully, the hems of her blue nightdress waving at me from the ankles.

And as I licked, they conversed excitedly in Cantonese, her mother’s voice taking on a different tenor.

Finally, I was ordered to stop sucking her toes, and move away. Her mother then took off her nightdress, and laid down face down on the bed, clad only in plain white panties and a bra.

Now, this was nothing new to me as well.

Her mother required body massages on an almost daily basis, and being that I was locked up, and essentially a “eunuch” as her mother put it, she had no inhibitions about lying down in front of me naked while I massaged her with oil.

So, the saggy butt, the wrinkled skin on the hamstrings, all of this was nothing new to me. The old lady understandably kept her panties and bra on all times, but that was it.

What was strange is the position in which she lay down. She was lying down in a perpendicular manner on the bed, her legs splayed open, the large saggy butt cheeks stretching the panties.

“Ok, pu ren”, laughed Aa Ling. “I’m waiting to see *this!* Move closer! Kneel between her legs!”

“Kiss her legs all over, the backs of the thighs in particular, boy!” continued my owner, exulting in this new form of degradation.

And conditioned though I was by then, I still hesitated. Kneel between another woman’s legs, even if those were supreme Mrs Ling’s legs?

But as these thoughts passed through my mind, I dismissed them. Why not, I thought.

After all, Madam Ling is ordering me to do it, and that is all that counts, I thought.

And so, I moved to do her bidding, my balls feeling like they were about to be torn off, a feeling I had got used to since I was locked up for the first time.

As I kissed her legs, Aa Ling moved closer to me, and put her right foot on my thighs, the foot with the anklet to which the key was attached.

I was concentrating on kissing the older woman’s thighs as I did my owner’s, making sure to kiss and lick them, not missing an inch, and paying special attention to the inside of her thighs, especially the area where the panties started around her pubic area.

And the old woman’s contented sighs finally turned into moans of pleasure as I did this, clearly showing that age is no barrier for a woman in terms of achieving sexual pleasure!

And as I continued kissing her, the old lady pulled her panties down halfway, exposing her buttocks fully, but not her pussy. And for the first time, I saw the buttocks that I had massaged so many times before!

They were large, fleshy globes of flesh that had seen better days. Her butt sagged down unappetizingly, and the skin was wrinkled and spotted; a far cry from her daughter’s butt.

But it seemed like the most appetizing thing in the world to me at that point, and I didn’t even need Aa Ling’s hand roughly pushing my head down where it belonged, right down into the old lady’s ass crack, as she said something loudly in Cantonese.

And suddenly, words were NOT required.

The old lady was squirming with pleasure as she experienced something she never had before, a man tonguing her ass! What a turn on it must be for her, a white man that had served her so obediently now pleasuring her in the most obsequious fashion imaginable!

And her moans, each moan in sync with my tongue's passage down her asshole and back up again, mixed in with raspy grunts of pleasure said it all!

She smelt different from Aa Ling, and didn't wash down there as well as Aa Ling did, but the musty smell emanating from between her cheeks was certainly no turn off for me, and I serviced her as dutifully as I did my owner, sticking my tongue deep inside her canal, which was surprisingly tight for her age.

And suddenly, I felt her shudder with pleasure. Not quite as violently as her daughter, but she shuddered nonetheless, and at the same time, I felt my cock cage being opened.

Whew! My cock sprang to attention, and I buried my head deeper between her voluptuous ass cheeks, smooching her asshole as it was pair of lips, as she came like she probably hadn't in years.

And before I knew it, I felt Aa Ling twisting my nipples like a radio button, and I too came, in huge gushing spurts, my body twisting and turning with each powerful jet of cum, the pent up sexual tension and the excitement of the situation literally adding force to each ejaculation.

"Mrs. Ling! Ah, Mrs. Ling", I mumbled, my penis needing no hand to help it, the cum literally blasting out of it as I knelt, my tongue deep inside her asshole. "Oh, Ma'am!"

"Oh, *Mrs.* Ling!"

Click! Click! I heard the locks snap on as my orgasm ended, my rapidly shrivelling penis locked up inside its cage again.

And as I cleaned the mess up, I knew this was one experience I'd never forget.

I never ever thought I'd get remotely turned on by what I did. Heck, I never thought I could bring myself to tongue an old lady's crusty asshole!

But I did, and what's more, the two ladies made sure I enjoyed it. Sort of like a "cum on command" game, where I'd cum no matter where my nose was buried, so long as Madam Ling ordered me to do it.

Mrs Ling left for her hometown a couple of days later, but I'll always remember that night. And I'm sure she will too!

And so, we returned to our lives as usual, Madam Ling going to college, and me playing the role of the devoted servant.

Life was good. But little did I know that it was about to get even better!

## Chapter Six

### *Taking it all the way*

And thus arrived the month of November, strangely enough bringing with it no hint of cold weather as you might expect.

But I soon learnt (from Madam Ling) that it doesn't cold around the middle of December here these days, but when it does get cold, it stays cold for a while, say until March or so.

We made sure to buy room heaters for the apartment, so we'd stay warm. Most houses in Southern China do not have central heating, only air conditioning (which is usually in the form of window or split units), and it can feel pretty cold during the winters.

And winter, when it did come, brought with it a whole new set of challenges, the most challenging of these being for me to keep my Madam warm, to make sure her bath was just the right temperature, that the bedroom was kept heated, and so forth.

To add on to these challenges, another point of interest was that Madam Ling had bagged a paid internship at a foreign owned hospital in Guangzhou, and this kept her busy from morning to night, as opposed to school which was more relaxed by comparison, mostly classes, and homework.

That was good thing, as it secured our future even further.

And as for me, if you had asked me about what I felt about getting canned from my own job last year, I'd have gaped at you and asked you "what job?"

Yes, I had completely forgotten the U.S., and really didn't care much about my past life at this point.

A year ago, I was single, divorced, hopelessly frustrated and equally out of shape.

Now, under the stern and loving command of my Madam, I was happy, no longer "single", and in way better shape than I was before due to all the hard work I did around the house.

But, getting back to winter, the hardest part about it was not to see my Madam walk about in shorts and flip-flops.

I could only see those pretty legs for a while at night, and Madam was usually too tired from work to want anything other than a foot massage as she slept, so "sex" (or what was "sex" for us) was also put on hold for the most part.

But I didn't mind. I often thought of how lucky I was as I dutifully massaged Madam's feet as she slept comfortably, making sure she slept uninterrupted through the night to wake up fresh for work the next morning.

In fact, those were some of my happiest nights, with Madam sleeping comfortable in her negligee in the warm room, with her pretty feet in my lap, or in front of me if I was kneeling.

But more than her feet, what really delighted me was the *levels* to which my servitude to Madam had taken me!

I prided myself on massaging her feet so expertly that she wouldn't budge throughout the long nights, remaining in a state of deep sleep that would ensure she was fully rested.

And on the rare occasions she did wake up, she'd turn over without saying a word, and I'd do what I did best with my tongue until she fell asleep again, fully sated.

This was a change from when she was in college, but I couldn't sleep during the day then, as opposed to now, when Madam was working all day long, and so I caught on my sleep during the day.

I sometimes thought about my past life at the school, and how lucky I was to escape it.

But something constantly nagged me when I thought about my few months as a teacher. That look Jessie had given me when I was leaving my place...

An almost angry look? Almost like I'd snatched something from her?

Anyway, I didn't devote too much thought to this, but it was something that popped up occasionally.

And soon, we proceeded to the next (and perhaps inevitable) step in our relationship.

It started rather innocuously with me ironing Aa Ling's clothes on a wintry Sunday afternoon in late January.

My ironing skills were never the best, and though I was improving on a weekly basis, when I ironed all of Madam's clothes, it wasn't quite up to her lofty standards as yet, at least usually not on the first try.

Madam was lying down on the bed that afternoon, reading a novel when I heard her voice summon me in a haughty manner.

"You know what, woman? I've been thinking" she said with a smile, as I entered the room hurriedly.

Even after all these months together, I referred to her as Madam Ling. My Madam was especially proud of her Chinese heritage, and I saw no reason to dilute that pride by referring to her as "Madam" alone.

"I think we should get married, pu ren", she remarked, looking directly at me.

Married? Eh? What was my Madam saying?

To be honest, it already felt like we were married for years!

“So do I, Madam Ling”, I responded, excitement growing inside of me. We were finally going to be officially married, something that would be the final seal on our relationship!!

“Because then I’ll really own you forever, my pathetic little pu ren”, giggled Aa Ling, sipping her tea appreciatively. “Not that I already don’t, but, well, you know what I mean!”

“Yes, Madam Ling”.

“And because, well, the path to U.S. citizenship will be a cinch after marrying you. Don’t get me wrong, I’m not interested in living in the U.S., but a U.S. passport does allow for freer travel to many other nations”, she continued.

She paused after saying this, and looked at me.

“Michael...”

“Yes, Madam?”, I responded, wondering why her tone had changed all of a sudden.

“You think I’m using you, don’t you?”

“Of course not, Madam Ling. I enjoy worshipping you as much as you relish having a man serve you hand and foot. We discussed this months ago, Madam”, I responded, wondering why she was asking me this when we had both agreed that our current relationship pleased us both immensely.

She waved her hand impatiently.

“Not our relationship! I’m referring to citizenship via marriage. I hope you don’t feel as if that is something unethical?”

She paused, and went on.

“I’ve never asked a man for anything in my life, Michael. And I feel as if I’m, I don’t know, sort of leeching from you for...”

And I understood instantly.

Madam Ling’s independent nature meant she’d provide for herself, even if it meant prostituting herself as she had for so long.

Sure, we met, and hit it off, and she now had a full time servant for “free”, but I’d hardly look upon that as her asking me for anything, more like her putting me in my place, and where I rightfully belonged, which was at a woman’s beck and call.

But I understood what she meant here.

And as she said this, I went to her side, knelt, and kissed her hand gently.

“Will you marry me, Madam Ling? I promise to serve you until death we part”, I said, kissing her hand again as I said this.

For a moment she didn't speak, and I wondered if she found what I said to be corny. It might sound corny, but it's what I felt at the time, and it was true.

I'd serve her whether I officially married her or not, and she knew it, but I wanted to tell her myself!

And then, she drew me up close to her, and hugged me. One of *those* moments I referred to earlier in this narration...

And it lasted for no more than a few seconds, but those were long enough.

I often think about what the happiest moments in my relationship with Madam Ling have been so far?

Massaging her feet all night while watching her sleep like a baby?

That crazy evening when I worshipped Mrs. Ling's ass for the first (and presumably last) time, giving the old lady an experience she'll always remember?

Or these few seconds, those fleeting moments of “normalcy”, if I might call it that?

And every time, I end up not being able to choose between any of them!

And nothing more needed to be said. We got married at a local registrar shortly thereafter, and started the paperwork for her “green card” (permanent resident card) in the U.S. a few days later.

Summer arrived in all its glory a few months later, and Madam Ling's internship ended, and she went back to school for the last semester.

And that, my friend is where this particular story should end, right?

Probably so, but it doesn't.

Life always has a twist in store for us, and there were more than a few twists and turns in store for me after marriage.

It was a couple of weeks after we “tied the knot”, and I was preparing breakfast on a Saturday morning while Aa Ling slept in.

It had been a hectic day yesterday at the American embassy in Guangzhou, with us running around for all sorts of paperwork to complete step #2 in the long, and what seemed like never ending application process, and we were both pretty tired, Aa Ling more so than me due to it being her final semester as well.

And so she slept in this Saturday, while I prepared toast, omelettes, and coffee for the two of us. Madam liked to eat a Western breakfast on occasion, and I was hoping to surprise her with it.

She woke up around 7, and we had a hearty breakfast, after which I busied myself around the house and her with some left over school work. The archetypical couple, you might say...

But around an hour later, she summoned me to the living room, where she was sitting with a thoughtful expression on her face.

“Yes, Madam?”

“Michael, sit down. I have to talk to you.”

“May I turn off the stove, Madam”, I asked hurriedly. I had some rice cooking for lunch, and I didn’t want it to spoil.

“Yes, and be quick about it!”

I turned off the stove, and returned to the living room, wondering what was on my Madam’s mind.

I still thought of her as my Madam, more so than my wife!

I sat on the couch beside her, and waited for her to speak.

“Michael, there’s something I thought you should know”

“Yes, Ma’am?”

“Remember Jessie?”

“Of course, I do, Madam Ling. The co-ordinator at the school, yeah, sure I remember”, I responded, wondering why she had suddenly thought of her.

“Well, there’s something...”

I waited patiently for her to speak, but she didn’t for a while. Finally, she spoke again.

“There’s something you need to know, my dear pu ren”, she continued. “I know Jessie...we went to school together.”

And before I could digest this bomb shell, she lobbed another one at me pronto.

“And she was probably more instrumental in us meeting that first night at that crappy hotel, not the hotel manager!”

“Huh?” I blurted out, unsure as to what she was saying. How on earth could Jessie know I even went there, I wondered?



“A foreign face stands out in China, Michael, as I’m sure you know”, continued Aa Ling, her voice intense.

“And the hotel manager quickly found out which school you were teaching at, and asked Jessie about you, more out of curiosity than anything else.”

Dumbfounded, I stared at her. Jessie knew what I was up to? I wonder who else knew.

But thinking about it now, it didn’t surprise me one bit. The Chinese have a way of finding out what they want, IF they need to, and in my case, it was probably a case of getting as much business from me as possible.

Which explains why my favourite women (before Aa Ling) were always available for me right when I went to the hotel. Except that one time, of course...

“They knew what time your shift ended, and what times you were likely to be coming to the hotel to see that tart of a girl you used to see before me”, she said, somewhat of an acid tone entering her voice.

“I hope you still don’t think about her, pu ren?”

“No, Madam, of course not!” I hurriedly responded. And it was true. I had barely given that girl a thought ever since I met Aa Ling that fateful night.

“Anyway, Jessie thought you might be an easier customer to handle than the Chinese men I saw back then (here her face took on an expression of utter disgust), and she ensured I met you the first time, when your regular was not there”, said my Madam, looking straight into my eyes as she always did.

“So, Jessie knew what was happening between us...all those weekends...” my voice trailed off despondently, not because I was ashamed of it, but because I wanted those memories to be ours, and ours alone.

“No!!” rang out Madam’s voice sharply.

“She knows none of that. All she knows is that we are in a relationship, and I left the sauna after meeting you and that actually pleased her...to a degree, at least”.

“To a degree?” I asked, still trying to digest the pills she had shoved in my mouth.

“Michael, Jessie is a lesbian. We...We slept together twice”, the words blurted out of her all at once, as I gaped at her yet again, constantly surprised by her revelations.

“I didn’t really enjoy it, but I hated the men, and...I needed someone to hold me, and...Jessie, well, it just happened. We knew each other, and...” her voice trailed off.

“But after those two nights, I decided it wasn’t for me. However, we stayed friends, until I started to get involved with you.”

And here, her voice trailed off again.

“Apparently she thinks you stole me from her, even though I had made it very clear to her I didn’t want to get involved in a lesbian relationship”, she went on finally.

“She didn’t know we’d fall for each other the way we ended up doing.”

“And here’s what might stun you. She played a huge role in getting you fired, and I did nothing about it, even though I knew it would happen.” continued Madam.

She paused, looking at me, expecting shock to register on my face, but after all that she had said so far, it barely registered.

Got me fired? Ok, so what?

Compared to what she had told me, it hardly mattered what Jessie had done, what mattered was that they both knew each other, and I didn’t even know it!

“So I’m telling you now, Michael. I did nothing to stop Jessie even though I knew you wouldn’t like it. But, I deemed it necessary, and what we both needed”, she said, in a low voice.

And slowly, but surely, a few light bulbs started to go off in my head.

First, the strange looks Jessie used to give me both when I was working at the school, and after I left.

A man taking away a lesbian’s lover, her best friend, and that man being one that she herself introduced to her lover?

Second, contrary to what Madam thought, I wasn’t in the least bit upset she did nothing to stop me getting fired, or even warn me. I was in a position I was enjoying FAR more than my last “job”, and Madam did all she could to get me there!

Women are *really* superior to men, I thought, and never more so when they see an opening that can be made use of!

Third, and last, Jessie probably tried to get me fired as she wanted to get back with her old lover, probably thinking that I’d return to the U.S. after that, forgetting Aa Ling, thus clearing the path for her.

But, she didn’t know how close we had gotten during my last month at the school.

And she certainly didn’t count on was her old lover marrying me a few months later!

“I’m sorry to have ruined your friendship with her, Madam, but...” I said uncertainly.

“Oh, it’s okay. I spoke to her after we got married, and we’re still friends. In fact, she might come over to visit sometime, if that’s ok with you, Michael.”

And as an afterthought, she added “Of course, it’s ok with you. Pu ren...” she smiled, obviously glad I was taking this as well as I was, raising her pretty foot to my lips, the

toenails I had painstakingly painted a shade of hot pink glistening invitingly before my eyes.

And as the last clouds of doubt disappeared from my mind, one question remained.

“Madam Ling, how exactly was Jessie instrumental in getting me fired?”

“Because she co-ordinates all the foreign teachers, Michael. But what they don’t tell the foreign teacher is that she also reports back to the headmaster on their attitudes in class, their behaviour outside school, and so forth.”

“Normally, it wouldn’t matter”, she continued. “No-one really cares what an expat does here, so long as he doesn’t break any laws.”

And the final light bulb went off with a pop in my head.

Yeah, Jessie had probably told the headmaster all sorts of tales about me!

“And combined with your, um, teaching methodology over the last month, well, they decided they better terminate you before you did something really stupid, and caused the school trouble”.

Here, she looked at me mischievously.

“I take full responsibility for that, of course”, she looked at me, grinning triumphantly as she remembered that one night in my apartment when everything was dragged out in the open between us.

I smiled sheepishly as I massaged her foot, kneading her calves gently.

“Jessie apologized to me for her behaviour after we got married. She didn’t know we were that serious about each other, and...well, it happens with women sometimes. Some women can be fickle that way”

“And that’s that, Michael. That’s what I had to tell you! No more secrets, I promise”, she said, laughing as she said that.

I shrugged, as I rubbed her feet.

“It doesn’t matter to me, Madam. It honestly doesn’t. I don’t care about the lesbian experiences. What matters is that I am here at your feet, to serve you forever”.

Madam looked at me a long time, her expression softening, a strange look coming into her eyes. Almost a look of devotion, if you were, similar to the look in mine.

And instantly, she clicked her fingers, and the moment passed, ever so fleeting.

She pointed to the floor, and I assumed my squatting position, as she leant back on the couch.

“She does know that you are a devoted husband, Michael”, she giggled. “Should I tell her more?”

“I think I will, Michael. I might as well show my servant off to the world!”

“Your white servant, Madam Ling!” I echoed, not sure where this was going, but willing to accept whatever she decided.

“And I’ve invited her over for dinner day after tomorrow, on Monday”, continued Madam Ling.

“We already decided you won’t mind, didn’t we?” she said, giggling in that sexy way only she could.

Somewhat shaken, but I must admit the prospect of seeing Jessie again, presumably in a position of submission to her former lover (albeit for a couple of nights only) was an exciting, if as yet, unknown prospect.

And what happened on Monday night, and afterwards, is, well, a whole different tale altogether, and one that I’ll narrate at a later stage!

Its late evening as I polish this particular narration off, and Madam has just got back home from school...it’s time for me to get to work!

In fact, I can already hear her beckoning me.

“Pu ren...”!

**The End**