



The Story
of
Ju-Won

Paul Preston

Table of Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Chapter Six](#)

[Chapter Seven](#)

[Chapter Eight](#)

[Chapter Nine](#)

[Chapter Ten](#)

[Chapter Eleven](#)

[Chapter Twelve](#)

[Chapter Thirteen](#)

[Chapter Fourteen](#)

The Story of Ju-Won

By

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Chapter One

A Golden Opportunity

Ju-Won first saw the car from a distance, snaking its way slowly down the mountain path, the sun reflecting off the shiny metal. After stopping in the center of her small town, a large, well-dressed white man stepped out of the vehicle to greet the friendly, curious villagers. He seemed like a jolly fellow, shaking hands and smiling with bright American teeth. When it was Ju-Won's turn to say hello to the stranger, he shook her hand and looked deeply into her eyes.

The elders of the town took the visitor to their modest Buddhist temple which was the oldest building in the town. It was the place where Ju-Won's father and generations of her family would come to sit quietly before the statue of Buddha and pray. The American declined the offer to take his shoes off and visit the temple. Instead, he returned to the town square. He spoke in English and Ju-Won translated for her parents. The man said he worked for a non-profit organization that helped poor students receive special scholarships to study in the United States. He called it a work-study program. The students who were chosen would receive a free education and even have the opportunity to earn money while attending school. The American only interviewed the prettiest girls in the town and never gave his name.

Ju-Won was chosen along with two other girls to receive the scholarships. She couldn't believe her luck. Ju-Won always fantasized about visiting the United States and dreamed of going to college, but didn't have the money to travel and the universities in South Korea were far too expensive for her parents to afford. Excited for the chance, she immediately signed the contract the American gave her. The three young women were told they must leave later that afternoon. Ju-Won's parents were very proud of their daughter. They bowed to the American, smiled and gave

thanks. Ju-Won's head was spinning as she packed quickly for her trip. Her mother gave her the warmest coat and the best boots to wear. Ju-Won cried, kissed her family and promised to send money back home soon.

Before joining the others, Ju-Won's father took her aside and spoke in Korean in a soft but serious voice.

"Do not crave the things of this world too much, Ju-Won. Remember, all desire leads to suffering."

His simple advice brought tears to her eyes. They embraced.

"Appa, I will miss you."

In a whirlwind of activity, the girls got into the fancy car. The whole village came out to the square to see them off and wave goodbye. The car drove back up the winding mountain road.

After driving for several hours, they arrived in the big city. Passport photos were taken and forms filled out. The American checked the three girls into a nice hotel in Seoul while they waited for their travel documents. All the meals were provided and paid for by the nice American. As they were young attractive women alone in the city for the first time, their benefactor hired a security guard to keep watch over them as they took walks through the streets. Ju-Won preferred to stay in the hotel room studying for the English placement exam she had to pass before starting university in America. She always considered herself to be a serious student.

In just a few days the passports and student visas arrived. Ju-Won thought the process would take much longer and asked the man how it was possible to get proper documentation so fast. He told Ju-Won not to worry. Everything was being taken care of by his company. All expenses were paid.

"A golden opportunity," the American said.

When the day of their departure arrived, Ju-Won began to have second thoughts about leaving her village and family

behind to follow this unknown stranger to the United States. Already homesick, Ju-Won bought an expensive cup in the airport gift shop she really couldn't afford which had pictures of famous Korean Buddhist temples laminated on the sides. She put the treasure in her purse wrapped in tissue. After boarding the plane she felt much happier, excited to fly so high in the sky above the clouds and start her new life. She continued studying for her exam and several hours into her flight she fell asleep.

Upon arrival Ju-Won was disoriented. She had no idea what time it was or what city the plane landed in. After the women went through customs and had their passports stamped, they ate oily Chinese food in the fancy airport. Then the man took her two friends to different gates. They boarded their flights alone, going who knows where. Ju-Won didn't know what was happening and began to feel confused and afraid. The American escorted her to a gate on the other side of the airport. When Ju-Won asked where he was taking her, the man was no longer nice. He just dropped her off at the gate without a reply. She waited in line while the American made a phone call several feet away. When boarding began, the American had gone. When she had made it to the front of the line Ju-Won handed over her boarding pass and followed the rest of the passengers through the tunnel and onto the plane.

After the short flight, Ju-Won heard the stewardess welcoming everyone to Portland, Oregon. She followed the crowd off the plane and through the terminal. An old Asian woman was waiting for her at the bottom of the escalator.

"Are you Ju-Won?" she asked.

Ju-Won nodded. The woman welcomed her to America with a warm hug. She introduced herself as Mamasan and they went over to baggage claim. While retrieving her suitcase, Ju-Won told her about the mysterious man who brought her and her two friends to America on a special scholarship, but then disappeared at the last airport. When

she began asking more questions, Mamasan explained in a quiet voice that Ju-Won has been brought to America to work as a professional masseuse.

“What? No, there must be some mistake,” Ju-Won said. “I was told I received a scholarship to -”

“Yes, yes. You get a scholarship,” Mamasan said, interrupting her. “But before your studies begin you must first learn a trade to make money for your family. You rub back and skin with oil. Give healthy massage. Make clients feel happy.”

Ju-Won couldn't believe what she was hearing.

“The man didn't tell me about this.”

“Which man?”

“The American.”

“You signed a contract, no?”

Ju-Won remembered she was so excited about getting the scholarship that she didn't read the papers.

“Yes, but I didn't realize what I was signing. I left my family behind to come here.”

“You will make new family here. All the girls are very nice at Lucky Flower.”

“I don't know anything about massage.”

“Oh, it's easy,” Mamasan said, smiling. “You're a smart girl. I will train you. You make good money to send home. Your family needs money, no?”

Ju-Won nodded.

“You'll be happy here, you'll see. I treat you just like my own daughter. Come along, Ju-Won.”

The old lady started walking away. Standing in the airport with her suitcase in hand, Ju-Won fully comprehended the severity of her situation. She was stranded in a foreign country with no money to buy a ticket back home and nowhere to stay. When Ju-Won was not following, Mamasan spoke sharply to her.

“Ju-Won, come!”

Ju-Won had no choice but to follow Mamasan outside into the pouring rain. They left the airport in Mamasan's car. Driving down the highway, many thoughts drifted through her mind. She told herself everything would be ok and tried to cheer herself up by making plans. She thought if she worked hard enough at massage, she could send some of the money home and save up the rest for her flight home. But she also felt sad and angry for allowing herself to be tricked by the American. She regretted accepting the offer. Looking out of the window, Ju-Won had never seen so much rain. It rained and rained on the way from the airport to wherever they were going, like the sky was weeping for her. She shut her eyes and tried to picture the white blossoms of the cherry trees in her village. The warm coat her mother gave her had gotten wet and Ju-Won felt cold down to her bones. The rain pelted the top of the car with a harsh metallic sound and the sky was dark and grey.

"It's cold in Portland," Ju-Won said.

"It is the rainy season," Mamasan replied.

Mamasan drove the rest of the way in silence.

The sun never shines here, Ju-Won thought.

Chapter Two

Lucky Flower

Mamasan parked her car in front of a strip of businesses between a dry cleaner and a liquor store, located on a busy intersection. The door was painted with a white sign which read: Lucky Flower Healing Massage. Ju-Won couldn't see inside the front windows. They were painted black.

It was very late when they arrived. Mamasan put down her purse at a counter near the front. A few scantily-dressed women were still awake, sitting on small couches in what looked to Ju-Won like a waiting room area. Mamasan didn't introduce the ladies to her. The women were staring blankly up at the TV bolted to the wall. It was strange to Ju-Won to see their breasts and nipples completely exposed through their sheer, revealing clothes. Despite how they looked Ju-Won bowed out of respect, but they didn't acknowledge her greeting. Mamasan ushered Ju-Won to a small upstairs room and Ju-Won set down her suitcase in the corner.

"There is a clean towel on your dresser and a shower down the hall. Get some rest, Ju-Won. Tomorrow is your first day."

Mamasan left. Ju-Won parted the blinds and looked out the window at the traffic below. She laid down on the bed and fell asleep to the sound of traffic without unpacking, exhausted from her long trip.

The next morning after her shower, Ju-Won had tea with a few of the other employees of the massage parlor, all dressed in lingerie. The women seemed rather unfriendly. The TV droned on. No one spoke. After tea, Mamasan took Ju-Won to her room and gave her the same kind of see-through underclothes the other women were wearing: white lingerie that barely covered her body, small, pencil-thin G-String panties, nude stockings that only went up to her thighs and heels only an indecent woman would wear. She was ashamed that the customers would be able to see her

exposed breasts, nipples and ass through the sheer material and she asked Mamasan why she must wear such clothes.

"It is the uniform all girls wear," Mamasan said. "Don't be shy."

Mamasan handed her some make-up, a hair brush and lipstick.

"Clients like you to look pretty when you give massage. Give bigger tip to you. More money to send home. There is a mirror in the hallway bathroom. And brush your hair, Ju-Won. It's a mess."

Ju-Won held her lingerie and makeup in a state of disbelief. Mamasan clapped her hands twice.

"We open in five minutes. Hurry."

Ju-Won went into the bathroom and applied the makeup. The lipstick was a deep red and the eyeshadow a light blue. After she changed into the lingerie, she stared at herself in the mirror.

I look like a whore.

Mamasan unlocked the front doors and Lucky Flower was open for business. Ju-Won was told to stand next to her at the counter near the entrance and wait for customers to arrive. The other women were sitting on the couches and chairs in the waiting room, reading old magazines or watching TV. Everyone looked bored. No one spoke. Ju-Won waited. Later in the morning, a hard-looking man in a tight jacket showed up.

"Hello. Welcome to Lucky Flower," Mamasan said in a sing-song voice, smiling.

The man nodded, completely ignoring Mamasan and looking at Ju-Won with the eyes of a hungry beast. He stared at her breasts which made Ju-Won cast her eyes downward in shame.

"You ever been here? I never see you before," Mamasan said, suddenly suspicious.

"First time here," the man said.

"Are you a cop?"

“Hell, no. Do I look like a cop?”

“How’d you find Lucky Flower?”

“I saw the ad on Backpage.”

Mamasan nodded. The listing was bringing in new clients.

“You ever had massage?”

“Not here.”

“Where?”

“Back in LA...”

“OK,” Mamasan said, after a pause. “Only massage here. No funny business.”

“Sure. No funny business.”

“You want 30 minute or 1-hour massage?”

“One hour,” he said.

“\$60 dollar. Cash only. Table shower included.”

“That’s what the ad said.”

“Tip separate.”

The man paid Mamasan and told him to pick the woman he wanted. He nodded to Ju-Won.

“I want her. What’s your name, darling?”

“Maybe next time,” Mamasan said. “It’s her first day. Pick another girl.”

The man nodded and walked over to the waiting room, ogling the women. He picked out a pretty masseuse with a hard face and cold eyes. The woman put down her magazine, stood up without a word and joined the man. Mamasan whispered in Ju-Won’s ear to follow along to watch. When the man saw Ju-Won approaching, he turned to Mamasan.

“I’m not paying for two girls,” he said.

“No,” Mamasan said. “She’s in training. She just watch.”

The man gave Ju-Won a crooked smile.

“OK, then let’s give you something to watch, honey,” the man said.

He put his hand on the woman’s ass and she escorted him to one of the small private rooms in the back of the parlor, followed by Ju-Won. There was a massage table, a

chair and a small table with some creams, oils and towels on top of it. The woman asked the man if he was a cop and he said no again. Ju-Won had no idea why they kept asking such a question. The woman handed the man a towel and he started to remove his clothes in front of them. Shocked by his sudden nakedness, Ju-Won's heart started pounding and she immediately stepped out of the room to give the man privacy. When Ju-Won returned, the man was naked except for a towel wrapped loosely around his waist. The woman asked the man if he wanted a table shower and he said yes.

Ju-Won followed them down a side hallway to the shower area. The woman casually removed the towel and the man laid down on the table, as naked as a new born baby. Ju-Won looked away, disturbed by the sight of the man's body. Beads of sweat formed on her forehead from the steam of the shower. Suddenly, Ju-Won felt very light-headed. She watched as the woman sprayed the man with water and rubbed soap on his back, arms, legs and feet, even upon his ass. He laid there while the soap was washed off and then he turned over on his back. The man's penis now was now in full view. Ju-Won had never seen a man's private part before and was the only one in the room that seemed embarrassed. Though she had a sick feeling in the pit of her stomach, it was hard for her not to look at it, hard, wet and quivering in the woman's hands. Before casting her eyes downward, Ju-Won caught a last glimpse of the woman washing the man's private area, sliding her hands up and down his penis and under his scrotum area as if it were nothing but a child's toy, his shaft growing longer and firmer in her hands as she washed the soap away. When Ju-Won found the courage to look back, the man was standing and the woman was patting him dry. After wrapping the towel around his waist, the woman escorted the man out of the shower. Ju-Won followed behind, with a growing feeling of anxiety.

Back in the massage room, the man casually handed the towel to the woman. Ju-Won cast her eyes downward again to avoid seeing his erect penis. The man seemed amused by this. He took a step toward Ju-Won and lifted her chin with his finger, forcing her to look into his eyes.

“You’re very pretty, honey. Next time I’m in Portland I’ll be sure to choose you,” he said, placing his other hand on the thin material barely covering her ass and giving it a squeeze.

Feeling the tip of his penis brush against the bare skin of her upper thigh, Ju-Won took a step away from the man to avoid further contact.

“You’re a shy one, aren’t you?” he said.

“She’s new,” the woman replied.

“What’s her name? Does she speak English?”

“Do you want to talk or do you want a massage?”

“Massage...”

The man laid face down on the table and the woman placed the towel over his backside. Squeezing a generous amount of almond-scented massage oil out of a small plastic bottle into her palms, she began the massage. She rubbed his shoulders and neck and down his arms and back, kneading the muscles with slippery fingers. Her hands slid under the towel and moved it aside. Paying close attention to his ass, she rubbed the sides of his cheeks and hips and slid her thumb through the crease of his flesh. When the man turned over onto his back, Ju-Won could plainly see he was much more aroused than before. His penis was fully erect, standing stiffly over his belly. Ju-Won’s trainer continued her massage, rubbing up and down the front of his body, his arms, torso and legs, occasionally brushing up against the large rod of hard flesh. To Ju-Won, it looked like some kind of alien creature, attached to his body but somehow living apart from it, with thick bluish-green veins running up the sides, engorged with blood. Ju-Won was both fascinated and repulsed by it.

“You like?” the masseuse asked.

“Shit yeah,” the man replied. “How much for a happy ending?”

“How much you want to spend?”

The man reached over to the side table, took a 20 dollar bill out of his wallet and laid it down on a side table.

“Extra service just \$40 more,” she said.

The man shook his head no.

“That’s all I got,” he said.

The man laid back down on the table and shut his eyes. The trainer squeezed more lotion into the palm of her hand and began pulling and tugging on the man’s penis, slow and soft at first and then hard and fast. Although she knew it was indecent to stare at such a thing, Ju-Won could not look away. After vigorously rubbing up and down on the man’s flesh, it was over rather quickly. The man moaned and shot his semen out from the tip of his penis like a fountain, in several bursts. The masseuse used the towel to catch the fluid as it spurted out so it did not make a mess in the room or stain the sheets.

Ju-Won could hardly breathe after it was over. Her parents had never talked to her about sex. She had only read about the male sexual response in her health education classes in school but had never seen it happen, especially from just a few feet away. Afterwards, her trainer went about her business, casually wiping the man’s semen from her hands and throwing the soiled towel in the laundry bin. The intimate act between them was forgotten the moment after it occurred. Ju-Won left the room with her trainer while the man dressed.

Ju-Won wondered about the masseuse and wanted to know how long she’d been at Lucky Flower and whether she’d been tricked into working there like her, but was too afraid to ask the young woman such personal questions. Ju-Won thought her trainer was very pretty, but seemed

hardened by life with lines beginning to be etched into her face.

If I stay here, I'll be just like her.

On the way back to the lobby, the trainer finally spoke to Ju-Won.

"What's your name, honey?"

"Ju-Won."

"You ever work in a massage parlor?"

Ju-Won shook her head no.

"Mamasan charge \$60 an hour for room, \$40 for half hour. Other parlors charge more, but Mamasan wants customers, so she charges less. If client is cheap, he gives \$20 for rub and tug, but \$40 is fair price. \$80 is for sucking, but only with condom. Ask for \$80, they usually give \$60. They want you to swallow without a condom for \$80, do not let them. Always use condom, never swallow. You should charge at least \$100 for full service, but ask for \$150, then bargain down price."

"What is full service?" Ju-Won asked.

"Sucking and fucking. Remember most important thing. Protect yourself. Always use condom with full service, no matter what they pay. Most times they just want hand-job for \$20. They all cheap in this town," she says. "Never take less than \$20 and don't ever let them kiss you."

Ju-Won nodded, shocked by her harsh words.

"Don't worry. You're new. You will learn."

After dispensing her advice, the trainer handed over her tip money to Mamasan, sat back down on the couch and picked up a magazine as if nothing had happened. Ju-Won took her place next to Mamasan at the front counter. A moment later the client walked through the lobby and exited the parlor without a word. The TV on the wall droned on, selling product after product that promised an easier and happier life in America. Everyone stared up at the TV screen or down at the old magazines.

Soon, other clients arrived and were led into the back rooms by the woman of their choice. Ju-Won watched until she became numb to what she saw. All the men looked at Ju-Won with lust in their eyes and now she knew what they wanted from her. The rest of the afternoon and evening unfolded in a repetitious manner, with client after client receiving their massage and being brought to a happy ending by the masseuse's hands or, if they could afford it, by her mouth. Later in the evening the women shared their meal together and then went off into separate rooms. A few stayed in the lobby to work the night shift. Mamasan escorted Ju-Won to her room.

"So, Ju-Won. How was first day?"

Ju-Won did not respond.

"You make good money here, you'll see. Send home to parents."

Ju-Won nodded, went into her room and got into bed. Mamasan stood at the door and turned the lights off.

"You are a virgin, Ju-Won, no?"

Deeply ashamed, Ju-Won turned on her side.

"Well, no worry. Mamasan will protect you. Get some sleep, beauty."

Before she fell asleep, Ju-Won laid in bed thinking about what she had witnessed. Part of her wanted to pack her bags and run away, but she spent almost all she had at the airport gift shop. She pictured herself begging for money in the cold rain like the poor people she saw on the streets of Seoul. At least at the massage parlor she was warm and dry.

I will make the best of this bad situation.

Ju-Won shut her eyes but it took a long time for her to fall into a restless sleep. On the morning of her second day Ju-Won's training period was over. She sat in a chair in the lobby with the other women and waited. Looking around, Ju-Won realized she was younger and prettier than the rest, with a leaner body and a slightly larger bosom. The first client who came in and looked around at the group. When

she was the first one picked, her heart began pounding in her chest. Ju-Won took a deep breath and stood up, imagining how happy her family would be when they received the check she would send at the end of the week. Ju-Won took the man's hand and, without looking him in the eyes, escorted him into one of the rooms. She shut the door and was alone with her first client. The man stood there, staring at her breasts. Ju-Won was very nervous inside and tried to hide it the best she could. She began the questioning.

"Are you a cop?"

"No."

"Have you been here before?"

"Yes."

"Would you like a table shower?"

"Sure."

Ju-Won handed him a towel and left the room. When she came back in a moment later, the man had undressed and the towel was wrapped around his waist. She took him to shower area. He took off the towel and laid down on the table.

Like giving a bath to a baby.

After washing the back of his body the man turned over and Ju-Won washed and rinsed the front. Even though she avoided touching his private areas, Ju-Won saw he was aroused. She patted him dry, put the towel around his waist and escorted him out of the shower. Back to massage room, the man took off the towel and laid face down on the table. Ju-Won did what she was taught, rubbing his back and legs with oil. They did not speak, other than the occasional moan from the man. Ju-Won took her time, hoping to use up the entire hour with the back massage.

Suddenly, the man turned around on the table and looked Ju-Won in the eyes. His penis was still erect and pointing upward in her direction, as if beckoning her to touch it.

“What’s your name?” he asked.

“It is hard to pronounce,” she said.

“Can I call you Sugar-Tits because you’re so sweet?”

Ju-Won nodded, her face blushing.

Sugar-Tits.

“So, how much for a Happy Ending, Sugar-Tits?”

Ju-Won took a breath and answered in a quiet voice.

“\$40 for a hand-job.”

“How about \$20? Will you do it for \$20?”

Ju-Won nodded again, looking down to hide her shame.

The man sat up, took a bill out of the pocket of his trousers and placed it on the table, then laid back down. Ju-Won did what she had to do, squeezing lotion into her palms and lightly sliding her fingers up and down the man’s stiff penis. The flesh was hard and yet warm, soft and smooth at the same time. She wasn’t as upset about touching a man in his private place as she thought she would be. In fact, Ju-Won liked the feeling of it in her hands, even though the act was without meaning for her. She had secretly fantasized about having a sexual experience with a man for so long, but the moment had lost its allure, reduced as it was to a business transaction. She tried to think of all the poor farmer’s sons back in Korea who had liked her and wanted to steal a kiss, but were never allowed to be alone with her. Their faces began to fade from her memory.

What would they think of me now?

To avoid becoming sad, Ju-Won focused on stroking the man’s penis. After seeing the bodies of so many men, it no longer bothered or shocked her to look at it.

“You’re new here, aren’t you?” he said.

“Yes,” Ju-Won replied.

“Mamasan says you’re a virgin. Is that true?”

She nodded, embarrassed. Ju-Won was angry at Mamasan for telling her secrets to the client. After another moment of sliding her hand up and down the man’s penis, the hour was almost up. The man smiled at her.

“You’re very cute, Sugar-Tits, do you know that?”

Ju-Won stayed silent.

“Have you ever given a man a hand-job?” he asked.

Ju-Won shook her head no.

“Do you want me to show you how it’s done? I have a lot of practice.”

Ju-Won saw the man smile at his own joke and she nodded yes. The man put more lotion into Ju-Won’s palm and pressed her fingers firmly around his flesh in a tighter grip. He began guiding her hand more forcefully, pumping it very fast up and down his penis. Ju-Won was shocked at how hard he squeezed her fingers around his penis, as if he was trying to strangle the life out of it.

“Doesn’t it hurt?” she asked.

He laughed.

“Not at all. The harder the better. It feels great. Just keep doing what you’re doing, Sugar-Tits. Oh my God, you are so fucking sexy...”

The man let go of Ju-Won’s hand and she tried to maintain the tight pressure on the sides of his penis. He took her breasts in his palms and fondled them as she continued the rapid up and down movements with both of her small hands. The man brushed the lace away and completely exposed her breasts. Pulling downward on her breasts, he took her nipples between his lips and sucked them deep into his mouth, one after the other, until they became thick and hard. Ju-Won closed her eyes and felt the pleasure of his lips on her nipples. She continued to tug up and down as hard and as fast as she could until the man moaned out, shooting his semen shot in a wide arch above the bed. It made a mess, landing everywhere, on the side of her face, her arm, her lingerie and all over the sheets and towels. The man fell backward onto the bed afterwards, the fluid still dripping out of the slit at the tip of his penis. Ju-Won let go of his pulsing flesh, her hands sticky and wet. She felt ashamed at how easy it was for her to give pleasure