



THE HAPPY ENDING

One Woman's Journey into the World of the Adult Massage Industry...

Yolanda von Trap

The Happy Ending by Yolanda von Trap

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Warning: This book is for readers aged 18 and over. It contains adult content, coarse language and drug references.

This book contains sexual themes which some individuals may find distressing.

Disclaimer: The characters and events portrayed in this book are based on real events. All names and identifying details have been changed to protect the identity and privacy of the individuals.

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About Yoland von Trap: Yolanda von Trap is an author based in Melbourne, Australia. She writes erotic fiction that is based on real-life experiences.

Have you ever seen those ads in the local newspapers advertising a 'Relaxation Service' or wondered what really goes on inside an adult 'Massage Parlour'?

Well now you have the opportunity to find out!

The Happy Ending is the story of thirty-year-old and broke Raquel and her decision to take the plunge and get a job in the adult massage industry as a 'masseuse'.

She soon enters into a world where nudity, baby oil and the happy ending all live side by side.

Set in the Noughties (2000-2009) in Melbourne, Australia, and based on real life experiences, this gritty and often funny book will have you wondering which parts are fact and which are fiction.

Join Raquel as she embarks on a journey of self-discovery.

This is one book you won't be able to keep your hands off!

Happy ending (rub and tug): When a masseuse feels inclined to finish your session with manual release.

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CHAPTER 1 - HOW IT ALL BEGAN

Friday morning, 10am. I slowly climb the stairs to the illegal massage parlour that I work in.

The entrance is dimly lit; seedy as you'd expect an establishment like this to be. With keys in hand, ready to start the day's work, I unlock the door and shut it firmly behind me, making sure that nobody can get in from outside.

The smell of cheap baby oil and day-old semen fills my nostrils as I dump my heavy bag filled with sexy outfits, stilettos, and makeup onto the old beaten-up couch.

Outside it is a warm and sunny day and I wish that I was out there mingling with the heroin addicts and shoppers looking for a bargain.

But I'm not. Instead, I'm stuck in here, hoping to make at least \$400 today. After all, I have bills to pay, and God knows I'm not going to get a 'real job' like the rest of the wage slaves out there!

No, at least here I have some flexibility. Here I can come and go as I please, and if it's a quiet day I can just pack up my things and go home.

"Sorry honey, I've finished for the day, try again tomorrow."

Shit! I've only been here five fucking minutes and there's already a phone call. I put on my sexiest voice and answer it.

"Hello, can I help you?"

"Yeah hi, can you tell me what your services and prices are please?"

"Yes, it's a full body sensual relaxation massage, it starts at \$70 for half an hour and it goes up to \$140 for the hour."

"Does that include extras?"

"No darling, no extras included. If you want extras try a brothel."

Fucking asshole hung up on me! A pretty common occurrence really, but if you lose one client you just do your best to seduce the next one.

"Hello, can I help you? Yes, it's a full body, **very sensual** relaxation massage, it starts at \$70 for half an hour and it goes up to \$140 for the hour."

"Uh, today we have Michelle, Raquel and Estelle. Yeah, actually I *am* aware that they all rhyme!"

“Yes, Estelle is a very busty lady; 40DD to be exact. Would you like to make an appointment to see her? Alright, and for what time? 12pm it is sir, and your name? David.”

Wow! What an original name. They don't come any more original than that.

Considering most clients make up false names to hide their true identities, you think they could be a tad more original than John, Mike or David.

But what I find even more ridiculous is the desperate need they have to hide their almost non-existent identities in the first place.

As if I give a shit about who they are or what they do when they get home to their boring little lives, or for that matter, their boring little wives.

“Alright David, see you at 12pm for a one-hour booking with Estelle. Oh, do you know where we are? Yes, that's right, OK, see you then, bye.”

Lucky bitch! She isn't even here yet and she already has a one-hour booking.

God, I hate having to open up this shit hole! Three days a week I arrive at 10am, keys in hand, attitude out of control, hoping to make some good money so I can pay the rent and the bills.

All day long I've got to put up with one guy after another trying to insert his finger into my pussy or squeeze my tits just that little bit too hard.

“Hey asshole! Just because you like having your nipples squeezed to excess, it doesn't mean that I do, alright!”

But do you think they listen or even hear me? When a man's mind is on his cock, he doesn't give a shit about anything else, especially the woman tugging it off for him.

Oh God, how in the hell did I get into this line of work in the first place?

That's right, I remember now. It was just after I came back from teaching English to kids in South Korea.

I'd stupidly fallen pregnant to a deadbeat guy, and I regrettably had an abortion because the guy “just wasn't ready to be a father”, and because I wasn't in a position to raise a child on my own.

Naturally, I felt like a piece of shit, and I had this overwhelming urge to get the hell out of Melbourne for a while and disappear to a place where nobody knew me or knew anything about the guilt and shame that I was carrying so deep within my soul.

So, I applied to be an English teacher in South Korea and impart my knowledge of the English vernacular onto the Republic's youth.

All I needed was a bachelor's degree, which I had, and the Korean school was willing to provide a free plane ticket, free accommodation and a decent salary. What more could I ask for?

With my new job in hand, I jumped on a plane and landed in a country that I knew nothing about, with a language that I couldn't speak, let alone read, and where I ate all kinds of unusual food.

Quickly realising that I was really bad at being an English teacher, I ended up being quite miserable in my new surroundings. I disliked many of the other foreign teachers that I worked with, and I wanted nothing more than to run away and go somewhere else.

But despite my misery, I somehow managed to stick it out, honour my contract and stay in South Korea for an entire year.

After all, as Friedrich Nietzsche said back in 1888, "***what doesn't kill you makes you stronger.***"

During my time in South Korea, I was told repeatedly by the locals that I was "largey sizey," due to my tall Western stature. I unexpectedly fell in love with a drop dead gorgeous African American Soldier named Lamar, who I had the best sex of my life with, and I also managed to put on ten kilos in weight, mostly due to excessive beer drinking, over-eating and lack of exercise.

When my teaching contract ended, I was decidedly homesick, and I returned to Australia with a bunch of Korean knick knacks, a love of Kimchi, a broken heart, an extra ten kilos in body weight, ***and*** ten thousand dollars in my bank account. Now that's what I call a year away!

I flew from South Korea directly to Brisbane, where I originally grew up, and planned to stay with my parents for a few weeks.

There was something strangely comforting about going back to the house of my childhood, knowing that my mum and dad were there for me, and that they were willing to treat me like a helpless child all over again.

But after only one week of looking at the ugly green floral wallpaper in my childhood bedroom, the constant nagging from my Mother about what I was going to do with my life, now that I was back home, her repeated mentioning of how "fat" I had become, and the realisation that I actually didn't like my family as much as I thought I did, I decided that it was time for me to move back to Melbourne, where I'd been living for the last decade.

I originally went to Melbourne to study drama at the Victorian College of Arts, and after graduating, I worked as a Stage Manager and a Lighting Designer for many different performing arts organisations.

While undertaking this work, I not only had the opportunity to go on tour to several Australian capital cities, but I toured of Europe with a world-class circus troupe.

But, after being in South Korea for a year, I knew that I was ready for a new career; one that didn't involve climbing up ladders or working for next to no pay; I just wasn't sure what that new career was going to be yet.

I also knew that melting away in the tropical heat of Brisbane wasn't going to help me to decide on my next career, so I told my parents that I was ready to move back to one of the best cities in the world, where I would take a leap of faith and let the universe show me what I should do with my life.

On some level I'm sure that they were happy for me move out of their house once again, but on another level, they worried about me and my somewhat unconventional lifestyle.

Upon my return to Melbourne, I wasted no time, and I quickly found an affordable one-bedroom apartment that was for lease in the inner-city suburb of North Richmond.

Although I returned with ten thousand dollars in my bank account, once I'd paid for my airfare back to Melbourne, paid the bond on the apartment and a month's rent in advance, had the utilities connected, bought some new items of furniture, including a fridge, a bed, a computer and a printer, and purchased some essential items like a mobile phone and food, there was only seven thousand dollars left for living on, and I knew that those funds would quickly dwindle.

I decided that I needed a disposable form of income that would not only support my love of fashion and fun, but one that would also give me the freedom and flexibility to pay my way through life, until I figured out my next career move.

Immersing myself in the world of the arts had equated to little financial stability throughout my young adult life. And, although at some point or another I'd tossed around the idea of working in the sex industry to supplement my creative endeavours, I never actually went through with it, probably due to the fear of being stigmatised, while also being unsure of my ability to complete the required task when the time came.

But now, finding myself at the age of thirty, with no income, and no idea as to how I was going to support myself in the immediate future, perhaps it was time for me to put my old fears aside and seriously contemplate taking up sex work.

Not only was it a legitimate profession, but it was also the temporary solution to my immediate problems.

So, after I'd settled into my new apartment, I called up an old friend and told her how desperate I was to make some cash.

She'd been a sex worker for years, but unbeknownst to me, had decided that she'd had enough of turning tricks in brothels, and decided to go into the adult massage industry instead. Easy money she said, and at least she didn't have to spread her legs or bend over for every Tom, Dick, and Pervert.

This is the conversation that changed everything:

"I just got back to Melbourne, and I need to make some money. I'm thinking about getting a job in the sex industry; maybe a brothel or something. Do you have any suggestions?"

"Fuck working in a brothel honey! Have you thought about getting a job in the massage industry instead?"

"I'm not qualified to massage anybody. I mean, don't you need a certificate or something to do that?"

"Not this kind of massage you don't honey."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, this kind of massage is for men only. It's a nude sensual relaxation massage with a happy ending."

"A happy ending! What the fuck is a happy ending?"

"God, where **have** you been girlfriend? A happy ending is where you tug the guy off at the end of the massage."

"What!? Do you **mean** to tell me that I have to take my clothes off, massage some guy I've never even met before **and** give him a hand job at the end? That sounds gross!"

"Yep, that's it in one honey. It may sound gross, but the money is excellent. Besides, you get used to it after a while and if you can build up a regular clientele you're laughing. Anyway, five minutes ago you were contemplating working in a brothel which is much more sexually demanding and also a lot grosser than just

giving a guy a hand job. Believe me honey, you're much better off doing a massage in a massage parlour than you are giving head in a brothel."

"Well, um, OK. I'm going to be completely fucking broke soon enough, and I **will** need the cash, so I guess I could give it a try. At least it will give me an opportunity to test my mettle and see what I'm actually made of."

"OK, now you're talking. I've been working at this place in the city for a few months and my boss just happens to be looking for some extra staff. She's this really kooky woman called Coral who we all love to death. Can you come tomorrow at 10am for a trial? I'll let my boss know all about you and I'll text you the address later. Wear something sexy and think of a stage name to call yourself. See you then, bye."

That night I hardly slept a wink. I tossed and turned for hours wondering what I'd just let myself in for.

I was feeling totally insecure about my body after putting on ten kilos in South Korea, and now, not only was I being asked to wear something sexy to my new job, but on top of it I had to stand naked before some strange man who I'd never met before and touch him in a sexual manner. I mean touch his penis for God's sake!

No. I couldn't go through with it. I'd call my friend in the morning and tell her that I'd changed my mind, or that I just couldn't do this kind of work and that she'd have to find someone else to introduce to her kooky boss. But if I did that then how would I survive?

Although I was adamant that I didn't want to rely on Government support, even if I did apply, it would still take several weeks for my application to be approved.

Either way, I would need some kind of immediate income, so it seemed that I had no choice for the time being. I would bite the bullet, swallow my pride, sacrifice a part of my soul and become a 'massage girl'.

One last thought crossed my mind, however. What stage name was I going to call myself?

I didn't want it to be some tacky-sounding or cliché strippers name like 'Porsche' or 'Roxy', and yet I wanted it to sound both classy and sexy at the same time.

I racked my brain for ages trying to come up with something, until thankfully, I fell asleep.

Waking up to the sound of my alarm clock beeping, I knew that it was time to do or die.

I had a quick shower, did my hair and make-up, and put on the sexy outfit that I'd 'created' the night before from my growing array of clothing, while also being conscious of my much fuller figure.

I had a good hard look at myself in the mirror and, albeit with some hesitation, I finally convinced myself that this was the only real option that I had, at least for the time being anyway.

With my decision firmly made, I left my apartment and waited for the next tram to take me into the heart of Melbourne's thriving metropolis to start my new job.

CHAPTER 2 – MY NEW JOB

As I made my way through the city, I began to realise that there was something wrong with the way that I was dressed.

After getting judgemental looks from several people on the tram, and wolf whistles from men on construction sites as I walked down the street, I was feeling completely embarrassed, and I was starting to wish that I'd worn something less slutty-looking.

It was 10.05am when I finally arrived at the address that my friend had given me.

I looked around to make sure that nobody I knew had spotted me, I walked up the stairs to the first floor of the building, and I rang the bell to a nondescript door.

To my surprise an attractive older-looking blonde lady answered the door. Not only was she dressed in leopard print from head to toe, but her primal outfit was accompanied by long red talons; the kind that could easily scratch anyone's eyes out if required.

She looked me up and down with a smile on her face and welcomed me inside.

"Hi, I'm Coral, you must be?"

"Raquel."

"Oh Raquel, what a lovely name, Estelle has told me all about you. Please, come in."

I wasn't quite sure who 'Estelle' was, but I could only assume that Coral was referring to my friend who told me about the job.

"Hi, nice to meet you. Look, I've never done this kind of work before, and I got told to wear something sexy, so I hope what I'm wearing is OK."

"It's fine, but perhaps next time you should bring your outfit with you and get changed here. It makes life just a little bit easier if you know what I mean?"

I guess she could see the look of embarrassment on my face because I knew exactly what she meant.

"Yeah, I don't know why I didn't think of that in the first place. I was feeling pretty nervous this morning, and I wasn't thinking straight."

"Oh well never mind, you're here now and I'm sure you'll have a good day. Estelle and Candy should be here any minute. Can I get you a cup of tea or coffee?"

Candy! I couldn't believe it. What a name. But then of course there had to be a 'Candy'. Every massage parlour or brothel in the western world had to have a girl on their books called Candy.

"No, I'm fine thanks, I don't drink tea or coffee."

"OK, well do you have any questions that you'd like to ask me then?"

"Well, yeah, what happens here exactly?"

Now it was her turn to look embarrassed.

"Estelle did tell you what kind of massage we do here, didn't she?"

"Oh yes, in graphic detail. But I was just wondering if you could give me...an overview of sorts."

"Oh, alright then. Well, it's not like other massage parlours here. There are no rules or regulations, nobody is going to fine you if you go overtime in your booking and we all have a bottle of champagne on Friday, just to get ready for the weekend."

"Sounds great. So how busy does it get?"

"Well, we usually get between twenty to thirty clients a day popping in for a massage, and generally, no appointment is necessary. Each lady comes out and does a little introduction and then the gentleman chooses who he wants to stay with. The masseuse then takes the client into one of the massage rooms; you'll have one allocated to you. She takes the client's money, which she either gives to me, or she puts it in this drawer if I'm not here. Each girl writes down her name and the length of the booking on this notepad. She then massages the client for the length of time that he has paid for; he has a shower if he chooses to, he gets dressed and then the masseuse walks him to the door and says goodbye. It's that Simple. Of course, if the other girls are busy, the client has to stay with whichever masseuse is available."

"Oh, OK, so what kind of things do I say in my introduction?"

By now I had a worried look on my face. Introduction! How on earth could I sell myself to a man like a product?

"Well, generally something along the lines of: "Hi my name's Raquel, I give a great massage service and if you stay with me, I can guarantee you a really good time.""

A really good time! What the fuck did she mean by that?

"Oh right, well I'm not very good at selling myself to men, but I guess I'll give it a go for the sake of the job."

"You'll be fine, don't worry, and because it's your first day, I'll push a couple of clients in your direction."

"OK, thanks."

"Besides, you're young, tall and gorgeous. You can't possibly go wrong. Now I'll just explain a few other things to you before we get too busy. The prices are \$70 for

thirty minutes, \$110 for forty-five minutes, and \$140 for an hour. I take a cut, you get the rest, and then I pay you in cash at the end of the day.”

“OK, so what’s the cut?”

“I take half which covers the rent, oil, advertising and other such expenses associated with keeping this place afloat.”

Half! That seemed a bit steep. I wasn’t sure if what she said was correct, but I intended to find out as soon as I had a chance to ask my friend. But in the meantime, I wanted to find out a bit more about this so-called kooky Doris Day type woman with the long red talons, so I decided to do a bit of investigating.

“So, have you ever worked? You know, as a masseuse?”

“Heavens no! I merely took some advice and opened this establishment purely as a money-making venture. Besides none of my friends even know I run this kind of business and if they ever found out I’d surely be blacklisted.”

Her answer both shocked and repulsed me, but before I had the opportunity to respond to her ridiculous concept of running a business, the doorbell rang again, a kind of ‘Ding Dong!’ ‘Avon Calling!’ sound.

Coral excused herself and told me to make myself at home, so I used this as a chance to check the place out.

The massage parlour was located in what looked like an old office with partitioned rooms.

The ceilings were quite low, and everything seemed to have a layer of dust on it, which no doubt contributed to the stale smell that lingered in the air.

In the main room, or reception area, there were a couple of green plastic plants, an old exercise bike sitting alone to one side, a stereo playing some crappy commercial radio music, and several cheesy pictures of semi-naked women up on the walls.

In the waiting room, where the clients were taken for their introductions, there was a rust-coloured two-seater couch, and next to it was an orange floor lamp gazing over a pile of outdated women’s magazines, all sitting on a table waiting to be read.

In the girls’ room there were several old beaten-up couches, a TV that didn’t seem to work, a shoe rack full of other women’s stilettos, several bottles of cheap-looking perfume, and a table with a cordless phone carrier sitting on it.

At the back of the building there was a kitchenette with a bar fridge and a kettle, as well as a laundry area consisting of a washing machine, drier and a cupboard that

contained a stockpile of clean, burgundy-coloured towels, accompanied by a few cans of eucalyptus spray.

In the bathroom there was a toilet cubicle with some scratchy toilet paper, a half-used bar of soap and a soggy hand towel hanging off a rack, which looked to me as though it hadn't been washed in ages.

Then, in the room right next to it, was a filthy-looking shower cubicle with what could only be described as a ring of grime all around it, infused with men's pubic hair.

I couldn't believe how disgusting this place was or even start to imagine what kind of clients came here.

I mean, did anyone do any cleaning or even hear of the word 'hygiene'? There were so many things going through my mind and so many questions that I wanted to ask, but I knew they would all have to wait until my friend arrived.

I also knew that there was one lot of rooms that I hadn't explored yet - the massage rooms - the rooms where the dirty work was done. The rooms that I never thought I would ever be entering. The rooms where nudity, massage and the 'happy ending' all lived side by side.

But before I could picture myself naked, giving some dirty old man hand relief, I was interrupted by the sound of my friend's voice.

"Hey, you made it, cool, give me a hug. Good to see your beautiful face."

"Hey, long time no see E.s.t.e.l.l.e, how are you?"

"Great. I see you know my alias, so what are we calling you then?"

"Raquel, after Raquel Welch. She was an old favourite of my mother's."

"Raquel huh, nice. Rhymes with Estelle."

"Indeed, it does."

Acknowledging this coincidence with a laugh, and looking each other over for old time's sake, our reunion was complete. Then, seeing that my smile had quickly changed to a look of bewilderment, Estelle took me into the girl's room where she knew Coral couldn't hear us.

"So, what do you think so far?"

To be honest I was thinking lots of things, but I decided to stick to one line of questioning at a time. Firstly, I wanted to know the ins and outs of the massage parlour and then I wanted to know all about Coral.

"Well, it looks a bit old and seedy actually. What kind of men come to a place like this?"

"Oh, we get all types here. City office workers mainly, some labourers from building sites and the odd dero off the street, but yeah mainly guys in suits looking for a bit of light lunchtime relief or a happy ending to their otherwise shitty day."

"Right, so are most of them married or what?"

"I'd say about 85% would be married and the other 15% can't get it off with women because they're either too fat, ugly, smelly or poor."

At this comment Estelle burst out laughing as though she knew a joke that I didn't.

"But how do the married ones feel about cheating on their wives?"

Now I was starting to feel as though I was about to commit a mortal sin before God's eyes.

"Most of them don't consider this to be cheating honey. They're not having sex, so as far as they're concerned, they can justify it to themselves. Look, men come in here for all kinds of reasons. Some of them don't get any affection from their wives anymore and this is the only time they get any TLC from anybody, some of them just need to see tits, ass and pussy that belong to somebody else apart from their wives, and some of them are fucking pigs and you can understand why their wives are off them. We don't judge them honey, we just take their money, and we massage them."

"OK, that's cool. God I'm so nervous, what if I fuck up or something?"

"How could you fuck up a massage with a hand job at the end? Come on I'll show you a few tricks of the trade to get you started."

CHAPTER 3 - THE TRICKS OF THE TRADE

Estelle explained to Coral that she was going to show me “the ropes.”

After she claimed her massage room for the day, she took me into the room that I would be working in. It was dark, and I could barely see, except for some dull lamp glow emanating from one corner of the room. I glanced around quickly, trying to take it all in at once.

On the back wall there was a mirror hanging precariously from a hook and, sitting directly underneath it, a little wooden table with three shelves. On the top shelf there were some fake red flowers in a black vase, a small clock, a box of tissues and some baby oil.

On the second shelf there were several folded towels, and on the third shelf there were some folded facecloths.

On the left side of the room there was a floor lamp, another green plastic pot plant, a small heater to keep the room warm, and a black hatstand, for the gentlemen to place their garments on when they undressed.

On the right side of the room there was a CD player, sitting aloft a single-drawer bedside table, and hanging from the wall above, there was another cheesy picture of a semi-naked woman, washing a car, in what looked like a 1980's leotard.

Then right in the centre of the room was it! The massage table. The tool of sin. I stared at it, and it stared back at me. I never thought I would be so scared to see a massage table in all my life, as I was right then.

Again, my thoughts were interrupted by the sound of Estelle's voice.

“Take off your clothes and get up on the table.”

“What? You've got to be kidding me, right?”

“No, I'm not kidding you, now take off your clothes and get up on the table.”

“But you're a chick and I'm a chick.”

“Just fucking do it will you! I'm not a lesbian and I'm not going to try anything on you, I just want to show you what you have to do, and if you're going to do this job, then you'd better start getting used to taking your clothes off!”

“OK, OK I'll take my fucking clothes off. But don't look at me, alright. Now what?”

“Get up on the table and I'll give you a massage, but no happy ending for you.”

“Thank God for that.”

I did what I was told, I got undressed and I lay face down on the massage table, hoping that Estelle wouldn't comment on how much weight I'd put on. But being a curvaceous woman herself with large breast implants, I figured that she wouldn't judge my new figure too harshly.

"Right, now the first rule of thumb is to know how to time the massage so that it's always in your favour. Always leave yourself fifteen minutes at the end for the happy ending. Some clients take that long, and if they blow earlier then that's less work for you. But if they take longer than fifteen minutes then that's too bad for them and you have to let them know that their time's up."

"OK."

"Now, once you've established the length of the massage, ask the client how he would like the intensity of the massage; soft, medium or hard. Then start with long strokes down the back and work into the shoulders, like this."

"Ohhh Mama, that feels sooo fucking good."

"OK, well, remember that, because that's how the client should be feeling when you massage him. Now move down to the buttocks and the thighs. Use light, soft strokes around this area because it really turns men on. Then move down to the calves and do the feet; but just remember that not everybody likes having their feet touched. Then move up to the arms and the hands, and finally the head if you feel inclined.

At the end of the massage use light, feathery strokes all over to get the client really relaxed and turned on and then rub your breasts on his back."

"Huh?"

"Rub your breasts on the client's back; they all love it. Actually, some girls do full body slides, but I just lean over them and rub my boosies on their back. It's just as good as far as I'm concerned."

"What's a body slide?"

"Fuck, do I have to explain everything to you? A body slide is when you cover the guy's back in oil and then you get up on the table and slide your body all over his. Would you like a demonstration?"

"Yeah, OK, why not."

"Fuck, why did I have to ask? OK, but if you mention a word of this to anyone, I'll kill you."

So that was how I received my first and only body slide. Actually, it was quite pleasant. But now I understood why Estelle just rubbed her massive breasts on the clients' backs, instead of getting up on the massage table. It really was a physical effort!

By the time Estelle had finished showing me 'the ropes', so to speak, and we had settled into the girls' room, it was 11.30am.

Coral announced to both of us that Candy wasn't feeling well and had decided not to come in that day.

I was soon to discover that this was quite a common phenomenon in the massage industry. If a girl didn't feel like working that day, for whatever reason, she just didn't show up for her shift.

Of course, this would generally lead to her being sacked at any other massage parlour, but where I was working it didn't seem to make too much difference. Coral was fairly adept at making up excuses or even outright lying to the clients if she had to.

If the third girl didn't come in, Coral would always tell the clients that we had three girls on but the third was always 'busy' in a booking. So that really meant that we only had two girls on and too bad if some clients had to be turned away.

The next minute the doorbell rang, which really meant CLIENT!

I was so nervous I could feel my heart pounding. What if I fucked up somehow by saying the wrong thing or I wasn't able to take my clothes off when the time came for me to do so?

No, no, no. It would all be fine, just like Estelle and Coral said it would. I took three deep breaths, checked my hair and makeup in the mirror and decided that if I was going to do this kind of work for a living then the time to start was NOW!

Coral knocked on the door and entered the massage room.

"Client ladies, and he's quite good looking as well."

Coral gave a slight flick of her wrist, much like the Diva that she was, and was no sooner out the door, making sure that the client was comfortable in the waiting room and that he knew what the prices were.

At this comment Estelle rolled her eyes.

"Why the fuck she has to tell us what they look like I'll never know. In fact, the best thing for her to do would be to keep her mouth shut about the clients until we've met them for ourselves."

I didn't quite understand what Estelle meant by this at the time, but I was soon to discover that, apart from looking down upon the kind of work that we do, Coral had some other annoying traits that left her far from being the endearing woman that Estelle had made her out to be over the phone.

Much to my relief, Estelle suggested that she introduce herself to the client first. At least this way I could listen to what she was saying and try to learn from her expertise.

Instructing me to stand outside the waiting room, Estelle went in to meet the client, and a few minutes later we went back to the girl's room together where she told me it was my turn to introduce myself.

"Now, don't worry about a thing OK. You'll be fine. Just tell him your name, smile, shake his sweaty hand and look as confident as you can. When you're finished, come back here and tell me how you think it went."

So, out I went to do my first introduction to a man who I'd never seen in my life. Then I suddenly had a thought that shocked me to the core. What if I knew him or he knew me?

This hadn't occurred to me before and it left me feeling more nervous than the prospect of taking my clothes off in front of him.

There was only one thing for me to do and that was to head straight back to the girls' room where I knew Estelle was waiting for me.

"Well, how'd you go? See it wasn't that hard after all was it?"

"I haven't met him yet."

"What, why not?"

"Because I suddenly realised that I might just know who he is, and I don't think I could handle the shame associated with that."

"Oh, for fuck's sake! Look you won't know him, trust me, and besides, even if you do, who cares. Believe me, he'll be more embarrassed than you will."

I could tell that Estelle was starting to get agitated with me.

"How can you be so sure?"

"Well, think about the kind of men that you know. Do you seriously think any of them would come to a seedy massage parlour in the middle of the city for a lunchtime rub and tug?"

At this question I thought hard. Although the kind of men I knew were mostly creative and intelligent types, who probably had a higher regard for women than the

'Average Joe' on the street, that didn't entirely preclude them from the possibility of going to a hidden-away massage parlour in the middle of the city for a bit of light lunchtime relief. I mean after all; they **were** still men.

But I also figured that, if by some strange coincidence that I **did** come face to face with one of my male acquaintances, that although it would be awkward, I also imagined and hoped that it could be discussed in a somewhat mature and humorous manner.

So, with my mind put more at ease, I went out for take two of my first introduction.

I slowly walked into the waiting room and introduced myself to the client as 'Raquel'. The man was tall and slender with a receding hairline and a nice smile' not as bad as Estelle had made him out to be.

I smiled and I mumbled something about a "good time;" all that I could remember from the lines that I'd been given by Coral to introduce myself with. I then turned on my heels and walked out, hoping that he didn't notice how nervous I was.

Coral quickly came into the room and announced that the client had chosen me, and for one whole hour too! This was such a shock that I actually froze.

"Oh my God," I thought, the moment had come, the happy ending was nigh. Estelle couldn't believe it either, but she was still really happy for me.

"Wow, that's so cool, you go girl. Just remember what I taught you and you'll be fine. Good luck in there."

I took a deep breath and walked out of the girls' room a massage 'virgin', only to re-enter one hour later as 'broken in.'