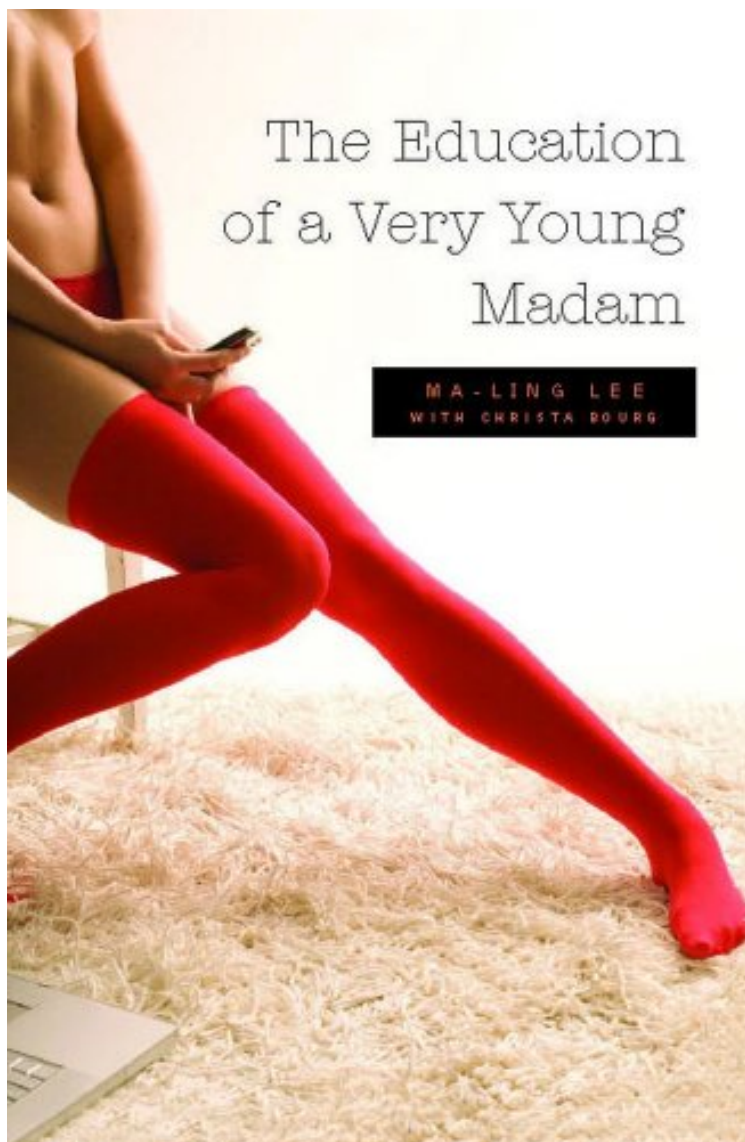


(Pdf free) The Education of a Very Young Madam

## The Education of a Very Young Madam

*Ma-Ling Lee*

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**Ma-Ling Lee : The Education of a Very Young Madam** before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Education of a Very Young Madam:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Intro to sex work By michaela simon This is the first book I ever read on sex work. It really introduced me to the topic in a really fun and cute way. This books allowed me to start think of sex workers as people and not just hookers. East, fast read for anyone. I very much so approve! 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. The book came on time By McSabbyDand was in good condition. It was interesting because her story took place in New England initially. She is an ok writer, with a sad story. But she did not glamorize it and I

gleamed some intriguing insider takes on the profession. 3 of 4 people found the following review helpful. read it in 2 hours By calisurfergirlyou can tell this woman (girl) is not a writer, but not in a bad way - it just sounds like she's talking to you. it is tragically hilarious, offers no apology or glamour, and is an entertaining beach read. i read it while sick in bed and it went by fast and even got me feeling a little better - i know, strange review for a story of a runaway teenage girl working in the sex industry, but read two pages and you'll see what i mean. if you don't appreciate the arrogance and faux-sophistication of teenage girls, don't read this ...

Full of juicy details about what really goes on behind the bedroom door, *The Education of a Very Young Madam* is a provocative exposeacute; of the newest developments in the world's oldest profession. A stripper at age fifteen, involved with majorleague gang members before she was twenty, and a madam raking in over \$20,000 a day only a few years later, Ma-Ling Lee has a tale to tell about life. *The Education of a Very Young Madam* is the compulsively readable, fast-paced story of how Ma-Ling Lee went from living in a comfortable Connecticut suburb to founding a lucrative but illegal "escort service." Korean born and adopted by an American family, Ma-Ling began her career in the sex business at the age of thirteen. "Taken in" by strippers, pimps, and prostitutes, she soon became an expert at negotiating the hard-and-fast ways of life on the streets. Ma-Ling's natural knack for marketing and managing a business led her to open her first brothel at the age of sixteen. After the police shut her down, she knew it was time to take advantage of the opportunities afforded by the anonymity of the Internet. She bought her first Internet mailing list, set up an offshore server, and targeted a huge middleclass clientele. And business thrived. In her own frank and candid voice, Ma-Ling describes the difficulties -- and the economic advantages -- of running an illegal business. From clients' outrageous and often hilarious fetishes to the hardships of living off the grid to the heartbreak of watching friends get destroyed by drug addiction, Ma-Ling refuses to shy away from the truth of what the prostitution business has become. The madam explains how technology has not only revolutionized the sex industry but also regulated business by ensuring quality, safety, and efficiency. The business has never been better.

From Publishers WeeklyIn a businesslike, astute and self-empowering look at the sex business, New Jersey brothel owner Lee shares her hard-won secrets of success. A Korean orphan, born in the mid-1970s, Lee was adopted at age six (to the tune of \$100,000, she later learned) by a wealthy Connecticut couple who soon divorced. Living with an unstable mother, Lee first ran away from home at age 13, living on and off at a state group home in Maine and ending her formal education at eighth grade. By 15, she was working at strip clubs, quickly learning the pimp and ho game, and drifting to Boston with a series of sugar daddies, some abusive and dealing drugs. With the backing of a smooth operator named Andre, for whom she worked as his personal money manager (she learned how \$10,000 worth of \$20 bills fit perfectly into a sandwich bag), she started up her first brothel on West 21st Street in Manhattan to great success, before the cops closed it after four months. But Lee was a natural entrepreneur and creative startups in Baltimore, Montreal and northern New Jersey led to lucrative ventures. She presents her career in remarkably transparent, direct terms, not above hiring thugs or criticizing harshly her own workers for allowing men to control them. (Jan.) Copyright copy; Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved.Excerpt. copy; Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.PrologueIt was summertime and I wanted to get out of New Jersey. A circuit seemed like the perfect way to do it. I'd thought about starting my own circuit for a long time, a sort of traveling ho show where I'd set up business in a city temporarily, advertise a few places, build up a local client list, and then move on to the next location before things got too hot. I'd never tried it before because it's too much work to handle on my own, but with my friend and new partner, Zoe, along to help book appointments and take most of the calls, I knew we could pull it off. And we did. We traveled all over the country, sometimes just the two of us, sometimes with another girl or even two or three meeting us in places like D.C., New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Boston. And we made some serious cash that summer.It was in Boston where my luck took a bad turn. Zoe and I had been riding high and managed to save more than \$20,000 in cash, and that's after we went on a serious shopping spree. Newbury Street in Boston is one of my favorite places to shop in the whole world, and I have a serious designer shoe habit. Zoe, on the other hand, was not only a cheap and clueless ho when she started working for me, she dressed like one too. I had been slowly teaching her the difference between Prada and Payless, and the clients were beginning to notice the change.We stayed in one upscale hotel while Zoe worked out of another one nearby. At the end of the week, however, I told Zoe to just use our room for her appointments since I wasn't going to be there. I planned to drive to New York to spend the weekend with a guy I had just started seeing. Scorpio, as he called himself, was a dancer -- my favorite type of man -- and I was really into him. Fully expecting to return a couple of days later, I packed up only a few clothes to bring with me. I left the rest of my belongings, including my computer, our stash of cash, and even my gun, behind with Zoe.I got into New York Friday night and had a great time with Scorpio. On Saturday morning I woke up late and called Zoe's room just to check on her. A man answered the phone."Who's this?" I demanded, figuring Zoe had booked an early client who was cheeky enough to answer the phone. Either that or she'd gone out the night before with some friends and met someone."This is Officer Dan of the Boston Police Department. Who's this?" the man demanded right back.I hung up the phone and freaked out.Copyright copy; 2008 by John Boswell

Management, IncCHAPTER 1A Very Young MadamNow's probably the time to tell you, I'm a madam. I run an upscale escort agency that caters to professional clientele in suburban New Jersey. In fact, by most small business standards, I've been very successful. With up to ten girls working for me at a time, my agency generates up to \$40,000 in income each week, mostly in cash. When people ask, I tell them I'm in the service industry or in marketing, and that's really pretty close to the truth. Girlfriend Experience (GFE for short), which is one of the names my agency goes by, is about more than just sex. It's about customer satisfaction, about creating a pleasurable experience for our clients. We are no wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am kind of organization. My girls treat clients as if they are on the best date of their lives. They use videos and mood lighting, they wear lingerie, they ask about your fantasies. In the employee handbook that I give to all of my "entertainers," I offer a dozen different suggestions on ways they can personalize each encounter. That's right, we have an employee handbook, just like any other business, which should indicate to you that I am serious about the way I do things. It lays out what my girls are responsible for (paying for their own travel arrangements, being on time for appointments) and what's expected of them (treating customers with respect, cleaning up their hotel rooms before the next client arrives). It also offers some hints and tips about how to deliver truly exceptional service, from what to wear, to what kinds of background music are appropriate, to how to create a seductive atmosphere that will please any client. Of course, what we're offering is a sure-thing date, which adds to the appeal. But my "sure things" are not always as sure as you might think. I book all the appointments, but every one of my girls has absolute veto power. If someone shows up at the door and turns a girl off in any way, for any reason -- she gets a bad vibe or the guy scares her or he's too old or too drunk or even too black (I have one girl who is half black herself but will only do white guys...go figure) -- then I let her off the hook without any questions. It's her life and her body, and she should be able to say no whenever she wants to. When that kind of thing happens, I have to scramble to make the rejected guy feel better. We're a customer-service-oriented organization after all. I've found that the best thing to do in situations like these is to humble myself. I call the guy up and say, "I'm so sorry, honey, the girl just has some issues," which is not too hard to believe since most girls in this business have some issues. Then I say, "I should have known better. Let me make it up to you. Your next appointment is on me." (Or possibly just half price, depending on how mad he is.) That always works. I've never had a guy say no to a freebie. Girls in this business come in all sorts -- different races, ages, economic backgrounds, religious affiliations, even education levels. Some are married; some aren't. Some have kids; some don't. Some have been married multiple times and have kids with multiple guys. They do this work for all sorts of reasons too -- for money, for drugs, to get back at someone in their lives, to assert their independence, because they like it, because they don't like themselves -- but one thing they seem to have in common is that they are all a little (or sometimes a lot) fucked up in the head. One of my girls, for example, got stuck in Manhattan once and was looking for a way back to New Jersey. My driver was in the city and I didn't need him, so I called her up and said, "Why don't you just go back with my assistant?" She was really appreciative on the phone, but the next time I talked to her, she was furious with me. "Why would you recommend that guy to me?" she screamed. "He was such a lousy lay. It was one of the worst nights of my life!" "You slept with him?" I asked her. I was stunned. He was only nineteen, a reliable driver but kind of a tool, so I didn't understand why she'd do that. "Of course I did. You told me to." "I was only suggesting you get a ride with the guy, not that you actually ride him!" I said. "What were you thinking?" "Oh," she replied, much more calmly now, "that makes more sense. I couldn't understand why you'd give me such bad advice about something like that. I thought maybe you were mad at me." "Who else but a ho would think I was offering her anything other than transportation? The girls I work with are even more likely to be nuts than your average hooker because I hire only professionals, which means they've been doing this for a while -- no first-timers or girls who just want to see what it's like. Maybe it's not their exclusive profession -- I've had housewives, students, artists...lots of women who do it only part-time -- but none of the women who work for me are new to this. If they were, I wouldn't hire them, because I want only girls who know how to give good service. A business like mine that offers high-end service didn't even exist in this corner of the world until I got here. When I first came to New Jersey, the highest price anyone paid for a girl was around \$175 an hour. Nobody charged anything close to what I do now -- typically \$300 to \$350 for an hour or less -- because they never would have gotten away with it. The agencies were all using untrained girls and booking them into seedy motels in bad neighborhoods. It wasn't that hard for me to get customers when I moved here, especially the kinds of regular, stable, upscale customers I wanted. There is plenty of money in New Jersey, so that was never the problem. I can only assume that the kind of agency I run didn't exist then because no one knew how to run one. (Of course, now that I've had a successful agency for several years, copycats have begun to pop up all over the place.) I did very simple things to distinguish myself, like hire professionals who are experienced and know how to give quality care. I use only three-star or higher hotels, which, ironically, are often cheaper than those seedy motels when booked through discount Internet sites. It wasn't brain surgery, but still, customer service, discretion, and reliability are all qualities that can be difficult to come by in this business, and clients appreciate them. They also happily pay more for them. In fact, if you devalue your girls by offering discounted rates, it can take some of the thrill out of the whole experience for the client (not to mention the fact that girls, just like employees of any kind of business, won't work as hard if they're being paid subpar wages). A guy wants to feel like he's paying for something special, and, obviously, lessening the thrill is the last thing I want to

do. Price points are always a balancing act, and it's certainly possible to charge too much as well. Right across the water from us in New York City, there are a number of agencies that regularly charge \$1,500 an hour or more. I've done my homework on the subject and have basically come to the realization that, as alluring as they may be for both the entertainer and the agency, prices like that are just a mistake. Let's face it, despite what men would like to believe (and what I would like them to believe), for the most part pussy is just pussy. Trust me, I've dealt with enough of it to know. At \$300 to \$350 an hour, most of my entertainers -- who get two-thirds of that fee plus any tips they earn, and at this level, most guys tip -- are going to feel well...