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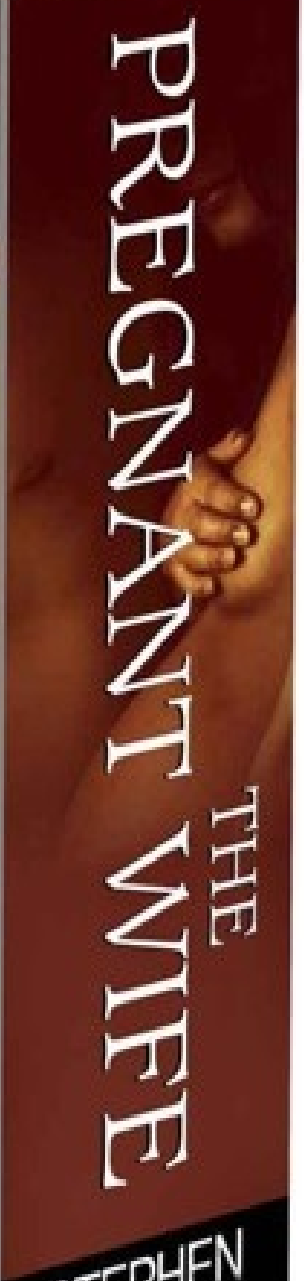
THE  
THREESOME

STEPHEN  
LEATHER



THE  
GAME

STEPHEN  
LEATHER



THE  
PREGNANT WIFE

STEPHEN  
LEATHER

# ASIAN HEAT BOXED SET

Stephen Leather

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THE THREESOME  
THE ALPHABET GAME  
THE PREGNANT WIFE  
MASSAGE THERAPY  
CAT'S EYES  
THE HAT-TRICK

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## THE THREESOME

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There's an old Chinese proverb that goes something like 'Be careful what you wish for because you might get it.' I never really understood that because I always figured that if you got what you wished for then you'd be happy. Suppose you wished that you'd win the lottery and you did and you got five million quid, you'd be happy as a pig in shit, right? Or you're a cyclist like that Bradley Wiggins guy and you wished that you'd win the Tour De France and you finally did, then that's your dream coming true. But I got my wish and it ruined my life. Seriously. I lost my wife, I lost my house, and lost my job. I'm on the dole and living back with my parents, which for a twenty-five-year old is pretty much as bad as it gets. And what did I wish for? A threesome. That's all. I just wanted a threesome and I got what I wanted and I ruined my life.

Now don't get me wrong, it wasn't a random threesome that I was looking for. For a start I'm married, or at least I was married when I wanted the threesome. And I wanted my wife to be there. That was the plan. Me, my wife, and another girl. At the time it didn't seem to be asking for much. I love my wife, she means everything to me, I just thought it might be fun to be in bed with her and another girl. It was a fantasy, that's all. But the big mistake I made was turning that fantasy into reality.

My name's Jimmy, Jimmy Taylor, and like I said I'm twenty-five. My wife is Laura, and I've known her for twenty years. That's right, twenty years. I was five when she moved in next door. She was four. We lived in Skegness, a seaside town on the Lincolnshire coast of the North Sea. Bloody cold, the sea is, but the beaches are great and it's still a terrific place for a holiday. Skegness had the first ever Butlins holiday camp, way back in 1936. Not many people know that!

This will make you laugh, I know. She was my first love, and my only love. She's the only girl I've ever had sex with. Seriously. Laura and I used to hang out all the time as kids. We played dress up and made a tree house in her garden and we used to walk to school together, hand in hand. There are dozens of photographs of the two of us, like peas in a pod we were. In one I was kissing her on the cheek and she was grinning at the camera as if she knew that she'd won my heart. She was seven years old and I was eight.

We grew apart once we hit our teens. I was in the Scouts and she had her own friends and for a few years we hardly saw each other and when we did we'd just nod or maybe say 'hello' and at school we pretty much ignore each other. I went through a spotty phase and she was incredibly gawky when she was thirteen and fourteen but everything changed when I hit sixteen and she was fifteen. I still remember it. Her dad ran a fish and chip shop close to the seafront and she worked there on Saturdays. I went in with my mum and Laura smiled at me and my heart turned a somersault. I swear to God, that's what it felt like. I remember blushing and mumbling and my mum saw how embarrassed I was and teased me about it for days afterwards. Laura had blossomed, really blossomed. She had soft chestnut hair and blue eyes and the top few buttons of her overalls were open and I could see she had a really sexy cleavage. She caught me looking and that made me blush even more. Anyway, from that day on I used to wait until I saw her leaving the house and then I'd hurry off and walk to school with her. We'd talk and laugh and make silly jokes and one day I held her hand as we walked and from then on we were boyfriend-girlfriend.

We didn't have sex until she was sixteen. We talked about it and decided that it would be better to wait, and that we'd do it on her birthday. We did, too, in my bedroom, while mum was out at the shops. It was her first time and mine and although I had nothing to compare it with other than online pornography it was bloody good.

We got married when I was eighteen, and her dad gave me a job working in the fish and chip shop.

He retired a few years ago and gave the business to Laura and we made it a right little goldmine. Most of the turnover was in the summer months when Skegness is packed with tourists and we made so much money that we could shut up shop over the winter months and do some travelling.

Now, here's the thing. I loved Laura, she really was the love of my life. I never even looked at another woman. She was the girl I wanted to have children with and grow old with. That's the God's honest truth. But I had this fantasy of a threesome – her, me and another girl. It didn't kick in until we'd been married for three years or so. And I don't know what started it. But I just had this scenario in my head of me making love to Laura while she kissed another woman and the other woman touched her. It wasn't even about me making love to the other woman, I just wanted her there, in the bed.

I started watching threesomes on the internet at night when Laura was asleep. And often, when I was making love to her, I'd imagine that there was another girl in the bed with us. The thing is, Laura just wasn't interested. Not that I asked her directly, of course. Sometimes after she'd had a few drinks I'd raise the subject of fantasies but hers was always about making love on a beach or on a train, never about threesomes.

We used to go on holiday in Ibiza quite a lot during the winter months and while we were there we both take ecstasy. It was part of the whole Ibiza experience, dancing and popping E's and staying up until dawn. There were plenty of single girls around and we'd dance with them, but even when she was loved up on ecstasy it was clear that Laura just wasn't interested in taking it any further. I suppose I should have been satisfied with that – I had a young, sexy wife who didn't want to share me, or herself, with anyone else. But it wasn't enough for me. I wanted a threesome and as the years passed wanted it more and more.

To rub salt into the wound, three of my best mates all ended up having threesomes in the same week. Andy, Tim and Alex went to Thailand on what was supposed to be a golfing holiday even though they could barely play. When they got back they admitted that they'd only been on a golf course twice and that the rest of the time they'd been in go-go bars and massage parlours in a beach resort called Pattaya. Pattaya, they said, was packed with party girls, though the fact that they paid for most of the sex suggested to me that they were more like prostitutes. According to Andy, Tim and Alex sex was on tap twenty fours a day and the girls were stunning. And all three of them had taken part in threesomes, usually with girls they'd bar-fined. They had to explain what a barfine was – it seems that girls who dance in go-go bars can go out with customers if the customer pays a small fee, less than twenty quid. Then the customers pay the girl a bit extra on top of that. The girls were keen to go two at a time, and all three of my mates had taken them up on it.

'It was like being in your own private porn movie,' said Tim. 'And if you wanted, they'd stay all night. They'd do anything, mate. Absolutely anything.'

I was as jealous as hell but I tried not to show it. They gave me blow by blow details of what they'd been up to, and I'd just smiled and drunk my beer and wished that I'd been there. With Laura, of course. You see, that was the big difference between me and the three of them. They were only interested in the sex and it didn't really matter who the girls were. Tim kept in touch with one of the girls but Andy couldn't remember the names of any of the girls he'd been with. The whole point of my fantasy threesome was that Laura would be there with me.

The lads all said that they'd be going back and tried to persuade me to go with them on a lads-only holiday. I tried to explain that I only wanted to go with Laura and they took the piss out of me something rotten, calling me a wimp and saying that I was pussy-whipped. It wasn't about being whipped, it was about being loved and being in love. If I was going to Thailand, I wanted Laura to be with me so that we could experience it together.

After the lads told me about their adventures, I couldn't get Thailand out of my mind and started looking at different Thai websites. I found one run by a guy called Stickman who explained all the

sexual delights available in what they call the Land Of Smiles, and he confirmed what Andy, Tim and Alex had said – getting a threesome in Thailand was as easy as falling off a log. Stickman's site was packed with advice on holidaying in Thailand and living there as an expat, and even offered his services as a private detective for guys who were having problems with their Thai girlfriends. Through him I learnt about amazing holiday destinations like Phuket, Pattaya and Ko Samui.

Once I'd fully briefed myself, I began dropping a few hints to Laura and to my surprise she was quite keen. One of her girlfriends went to Thailand on her honeymoon and came back raving about it. We went to our regular travel agent and she fixed us up with a two-week holiday in February. She booked us two nights in Bangkok, followed by ten nights in Phuket and then two more nights in Bangkok before we flew back to the UK. The travel agent didn't think Pattaya was the place for a young couple and that we'd have a better time in Phuket. I'd already checked out Phuket on Stickman's website and according to him there were plenty of bars and party girls there, so that was fine with me. I didn't have much of a plan, but at the back of my mind I thought that if Laura had a few drinks she might be open to a bit of experimenting with one of the local lasses. With hindsight, I realise how stupid that sounds.

We paid for business class flights from Heathrow and booked a five-star hotel in Bangkok and a four-star resort in Phuket. Our fish and chip shop had done record business during the summer so Laura said that we should treat ourselves.

We slept early on our first night in Bangkok. We arrived late in the afternoon and thought we'd have a nap before going out but we were so jet-lagged that we ended up sleeping twelve hours straight. The next day we spent doing regular tourist stuff – we went on a long-tailed boat on the river, walked around the Grand Palace, and went to an Indian tailor shop on Sukhumvit Road near our hotel to have some suits and dresses made to measure.

I suggested to Laura that we hit the bars of Soi Cowboy on our second night. I'd read about the strip on Stickman's website – a dozen or so go-go bars on a small road between Sukhumvit Soi 21 and 23. Laura wasn't that impressed, I have to say, and to be honest neither was I. The bars were small and a bit grubby and while there were girls dancing naked, a lot of them were pretty average and quite a few had scars and stretch marks or were just plain overweight. There were a few stunners but most of them had silicon breasts and tattoos. We visited three or four bars but I didn't see anyone that I'd want a threesome with.

We did see some sexy shows in one of the bars – Sheba's I think it was called – and that was good fun, especially a very erotic lesbian show that involved six girls and a lot of foam. Laura did seem interested in what was going on and after the show I called over one of the girls and bought her a drink. She sat next to Laura and they chatted away like old friends. Laura seemed fascinated by the girl – her name was Bee – and asked her about her family, her life, and why she was working in the bar. Bee said her father had run off when she was a toddler and she was working to support her mother and younger sister. Having read Stickman's thoughts on the bars I was reasonably sure that Bee was being less than truthful but I didn't say anything. I bought Bee a couple more drinks and tried to get Laura drunk too but didn't have much joy on that front. Laura was clearly enjoying herself but didn't feel that there was any heat between her and Bee.

We had fun, though. One of the things you can do in Sheba's is to buy a bucketful of ping pong balls and throw them at the dancers. It sounds stupid, but the girls get twenty baht for every ball they can grab so it turns into a real free-for-all with naked girls scrambling everywhere. Laura made me buy a couple of buckets and she had me buy drinks for several of the girls.

Back in the hotel room I asked her what she'd thought about the lesbian show and she'd just shrugged and said it had been okay but she thought the girls were faking it. I agreed, I figured they were only doing it for the money, the same as the girls who had been sitting next to male customers,

rubbing their thighs and looking into their eyes and hanging on their every word. Again I'd been pre-warned by Stickman = bargirls are there for one reason = to earn money. And according to Stickman most of that money went to their Thai husbands or boyfriends.

The next day, we flew to Phuket. The resort we had booked was superb, right next to a pristine beach and with great restaurants, but to be honest it wasn't the best of holidays. Don't get me wrong, the weather was terrific and the food was good, but Phuket was far more expensive than Skegness and it was as if everyone was out to con us. They had these van things called tuk-tuks that cost almost a five just to go a few hundred yards, and whenever you lay down on the beach people would come along and try to sell you crap that you didn't want and they wouldn't take no for an answer. At night we'd go bar-hopping and that was a pain too because a lot of the bars were outside and as you sat trying to enjoy a drink vendors would come up behind you and poke you in the ribs, trying to sell you fake watches or cigarettes or chewing gum. They were a right pain and no matter how many times you told them they would still come back a few hours later and poke you in the back.

Like I said, the beaches were great but there were problems with tourists getting ripped off and beaten up. The guys who rented out jetskis had a scam going where when tourists returned them they'd claim the jetski had been damaged. We heard of an Aussie couple who were frog-marched to the ATM to withdraw twenty thousand baht to pay for a dent that the Aussies said was there when they rented the thing. The problem was that there were no cops to be seen and more than a dozen Thai men all getting very aggressive. Laura and I gave the jetskis a wide berth, it just wasn't worth the risk.

A few women were robbed while we were there, too. They'd be walking down the road and two guys would roar by on a motorbike and grab the bag. One woman was dragged for fifty feet down the road and was taken to hospital with half her skin missing. You don't read about that sort of thing in the holiday brochures but everyone in Phuket was talking about how dangerous it was.

The nightlife was fun, especially the beer bar scene. There were hundreds of small bars staffed by girls who'd play all sorts of silly games with the customers. They did that Connect Four game and a dice game where you have to throw two dice to get the numbers from one to twelve. And they had this weird game where you had to hammer nails into a slice of a tree. I know how stupid that sounds but it was actually really good fun. You put a six inch nail into the wood and then try to hit it down with as few blows as possible. Some of the girls were really expert at it and could get the head of the nail flush with the surface with just two whacks. It's a lot harder than it sounds. The girls were great with Laura but it was obvious they were more interested in the single guys who came to the bars. For obvious reasons, I guess.

The main bar area is around Bangla Road, not far from the sea. There are go-go bars and beer bars and nightclubs and I swear there must be thousands of hookers, most of them working in the bars. But here's the thing – a hell of a lot of them are ladyboys. They look like women but they're guys and most of them hadn't had the operation so they still had the old block and tackle between their legs. Laura thought they were freaks but I have to say that a lot of them were very sexy.

We went out every night partying and had a great time, but no matter how pretty the girls were around us, Laura just didn't seem interested. I'd sit with her and a stunning dancer and I'd buy them both drinks and put my arms around them but whenever I suggested the girl would probably be fun in the sack Laura would go all cold. At one point she asked me point blank if I wanted to have sex with one of the dancers and I had to laugh it off and say no, I only wanted her. She asked me if I was sure and I knew that was a trap so I carried on making a joke of it and said that I was a one-woman man and she was the one woman for me. I knew if I'd said what I really wanted was a threesome she would have hit the roof.

It was on our last night in Phuket that I met Billy. Billy was a long-time resident of Thailand. He was Scottish, and he'd been in the Army. Served in the Falklands, he said. Then he'd worked on oil

rigs and then he'd been in the Gulf for a while and that's when he'd first come to Thailand. Apparently a lot of oil workers in the Middle East fly to Thailand for a bit of R&R. Anyway, Laura had gotten a headache so she went back to the room while I stayed and had a few drinks with Billy. I know a lot of guys in that position would take the opportunity to fool around, but I didn't. Sure I looked at the girls as they danced and I even chatted with them and bought them drinks. But when they asked if I wanted to go with them I'd just smile and show them my wedding ring.

'But your wife not here,' they'd say.

I'd just smile and pat my heart and say 'but she's in here.' I know how corny that sounds but, like said, Laura is the love of my life. Though I suppose now I have to make that the past tense, right? She WAS the love of my life.

Anyway, after a few beers with Billy, I told him about my threesome fantasy.

He laughed out loud and slapped the table with the flat of his hand. 'I've had dozens of threesomes mate. Dozens. Foursomes, too. Went with five girls once.'

I nearly choked on my beer when I heard that. Five?

Billy told me that it had happened in a place called The Eden Club, in Bangkok, not far from Nana Plaza where I'd been with Laura before we flew to Phuket. Billy was there about ten years ago, and back then there was a downstairs bar where you got to drink with the girls, then you chose the girls you wanted and took them upstairs. The Eden Club specialised in threesomes, but you could take as many as you want. When it came time to make your choice, the girls lined up against a wall. There was a red line running from the ceiling to the floor about halfway down the wall and according to Billy the girls who stood to the left of the line would do anal and the girls on the right wouldn't. Good to know, I suppose, but I've never been interested in that sort of thing. And I wouldn't dream of suggesting it to Laura. She'd be horrified, I'm sure.

Billy was a regular at The Eden Club, and one night, after a few too many drinks, he took five girls up to the VIP room. The VIP room had a huge bed, ten feet square, and an ensuite bathroom with three showers and two toilets. By the bed was a massive bowl of condoms and a dozen tubes of KY Jelly, and in a cupboard was a stack of dildos and strap-ons.

I listened open-mouthed as Billy told me everything that had happened in the VIP room. And when he'd finished he raised his bottle of Singha in salute and said that I should head for The Eden Club when I got back to Bangkok.

But I explained to Billy that it wasn't just a threesome that I wanted – it was a threesome with Laura.

Billy didn't seem to understand that. He had been married but had divorced his wife after he left the army and had never been tempted since. 'Why buy when you can rent?' he said to me.

I tried to explain that Laura was the love of my life and the fantasy was for me to be in bed with her and another woman, but he just shook his head and said that I was crazy.

We moved on to another go-go bar and had another couple of beers, and I was just about to say goodnight and head back to the room when Billy suddenly slapped me on the back. 'I've got it,' he said. 'A massage. That's the way to do it.'

'To do what?' I said.

'To get the missus ready for a threesome. You've had a massage here, right?'

Sure, I'd had loads. That's one of the great things about Thailand, the availability of cheap massages. Most days Laura and I would go to a massage place and sit in a comfy chair while a woman kneaded away at our feet. An hour's foot massage cost a few quid and it was a great way of relaxing. We'd both had the full Thai massage, too, where you wear cotton pyjamas and lie down on a mat while a masseuse gives you a real going over. They're really good at it, getting right into your joints and muscles and sorting out all the kinks.

I explained that to Billy but he laughed and pounded me on the back again. 'I'm talking about a soapy,' he said. 'A soapy massage.'

A soapy, according to Billy, was a full-on sexual massage. It started with an assisted bath where the girl washes you all over, then she takes you out of the bath and puts you on an inflatable bed thing. She covers herself with soap and rubs herself all over you and then she makes love to you. Or she lies you on a bed and covers you with baby oil. 'Shouldn't cost more than a couple of thousand baht,' said Billy. About forty quid.

'I'm not sure that Laura would be up for that,' I said.

'Not if you tell her up front,' said Billy. 'But get a few drinks in her first. And tell her it's just a regular massage. By the time the girl has slipped into the bath it'll be too late for her to say anything. Plus you'll have two girls so you can choose the one that's most up for it.'

'Do you think it'll work?' I asked.

'Damn sure,' said Billy. 'You could have a word with the girls first, tell them to skip the soap and just to give your missus a sexy massage on the bed. They're experts, the girls, they'll get her all horned and then you're in like Flynn.'

I told Billy that we were going back to Bangkok the next day and he said that was perfect because I knew a terrific massage place on Sukhumvit Soi 33. It was called Teen Massage and it had some real pretty girls and a room with a bathtub big enough for four. Billy said all I had to do was to take her bar-hopping down Soi 33 until I got to Teen Massage and then I could suggest a massage and that would be that.

It seemed like a great plan all the way back to our hotel room, but when I woke up the next morning I wasn't so sure. We flew back to Bangkok and checked in at the Landmark Hotel at about four o'clock in the afternoon. I tried to persuade Laura to go out that night but she said she was tired and just wanted a quiet dinner. We ended up having steaks at the Rib Room on the top floor of the hotel and I have to say it was spectacular, great food and amazing views over the city. We drank a bottle of wine between us and then we went back to the room. Laura started kissing me as soon as the door had closed and we made love on the bed with curtains open and the lights of the city in front of us. It was great sex but I have to admit while I was making love to her I was imagining another girl in the bed with us, one of the dancers I'd seen in the last go-go bar I'd been in with Billy.

The next day we did some last minute shopping and picked up the dresses and suits that the Indian tailor had made. The guy had done a good job, the suits fitted perfectly and Laura's dresses were amazing. I suggested that she wear one of them when we went out that night. I said that as it was our last night we should do some bar-hopping in an area we'd not visited before and luckily she agreed. I told her I'd heard good things about the bars in Sukhumvit Soi 33 and she said fine, she was happy to go anywhere. So far, so good.

We got a taxi from the hotel and it dropped us at the end of the road, not far from the Skytrain station. A lot of the bars down Soi 33 are named after artists so there's a Monet, a Goya, a Renoir and a Van Gogh, you get the drift? They're all pretty much the same, up-market bars with Thai girls in evening dresses. There's no go-go dancing or loud music and most of the customers seemed to be foreigners in suits, I guess they were expats who had come from work. The girls were prettier than we'd seen in the bars of Nana Plaza and spoke better English. We went from bar to bar and I kept plying Laura with drinks. We'd sit at the bar and chat with the girls and I'd buy a round of shots. Laura loves shots and we got through a dozen or so by the time we reached Teen Massage.

Laura was a little unsteady on her feet so I slipped my arm around her. 'We should have a massage,' I said.

She tried to focus on her watch but she was too drunk. 'What time is it?' she asked.

'Half ten,' I said. 'Too early to go back to the hotel. Come on, it's our last night. Let's have a



massage.'

~~'There were a dozen girls sitting outside the shop in tight t-shirts and short shorts.~~

'They look like hookers,' she said.

I pulled her closer. 'Hush, you'll hurt their feelings,' I said. 'It's a massage place.'

'It's called Teen Massage,' she said.

'That's just a name,' I said. 'You know Thais aren't great with English. Those girls are all in their twenties, at least.'

'I'm not sure,' said Laura.

One of the older girls, a bit plump with her hair tied back, came over with a laminated price list. I took it from her and showed it to Laura. 'See? Oil massage. Lotion massage. Thai massage. Come on it's our last night.'

Before she could argue I gave the woman back her price list and took Laura into the shop. There was an old woman behind a desk who looked at me over the top of half-moon spectacles. 'Two oil massages,' I said. 'Ninety minutes. An hour and a half. Okay?'

'One thousand two hundred baht,' she said. I handed her the money.

'Choose girls,' said the woman as she put the money into her cash register.

I realised that the girls from outside were now standing behind us and they had been joined by another six girls who were also wearing white t-shirts and red shorts. They all had name tags.

'I'm not sure this is a good idea,' said Laura, slurring her words.

I gave her a hug. 'It'll be fun,' I said. With my free hand I pointed at two girls. A small girl with short hair and large breasts called Lek and a taller girl with waist-length hair called Ann. They both grinned at being chosen and they took us to some stairs which led down to a basement area.

There was a large pine-panelled room with a king-size bed and a large bath on a podium. There were wooden stairs leading up to the bath and beyond it, on the wall, a large poster of a Thai beach that looked like it might have been Phuket.

Ann closed the door and smiled. She had beautiful teeth. 'Oil massage, right?' she asked.

'That'd be great,' I said. 'One massage for me and one for my wife. Okay?'

Ann nodded. 'Big OK,' she said. She said something to Lek in Thai and both girls covered their mouths with their hands and began to giggle.

Laura stood looking at me. 'Now what?' she mouthed and I shrugged.

'Take off clothes please,' said Ann, handing us two towels. We looked around but there was no changing room. Ann waved her hand at a line of coat hooks by the door.

'In for a penny, in for a pound,' I said and took off my shirt and put it on one of the hooks.

'Are you sure about this?' Laura asked me.

'It's a massage, that's all,' I said, taking off my jeans. I put them next to the shirt, then took off my socks. 'It'll be fine.'

'Let me help you,' said Ann, and she unzipped the back of Laura's dress. Before Laura could say anything Ann slipped the dress down leaving Laura wearing only her underwear. 'Wow, your skin ve pretty,' said Ann, gently stroking Laura's arm. 'Very soft. And so white. I like.'

Laura laughed. 'You're joking,' she said, 'I'm pasty white. I love your colour.'

Ann shook her head. 'Too dark,' she said. 'I want my skin your colour but cannot.'

Laura laughed again. 'In Skegness girls pay a fortune in tanning salons to get your colour,' she said.

'Skegness?' repeated Ann, frowning. I took off my boxer shorts and wrapped the towel around my waist. Lek turned on the bath taps and then poured bubble bath liquid in and swooshed it around with her hand.

'It's where we come from. In England. Girls there all want skin like yours.' Laura reached out and gently touched Ann's arm. 'Your skin is like silk.'

Ann laughed. 'Thai silk,' she said. She held out her hand. 'Take off bra.'

Laura folded her arms across her chest. 'What? My bra? No.'

Ann smiled. 'You have to, for bath.'

'Come on, babe, it's only a bath,' I said. 'And you'll need to take it off for the massage.'

'How's the bath thing going to work, anyway?' she said. 'Can't we just shower?'

'We clean you, in bath,' said Ann. 'Then massage.'

Lek finished making the bubble bath foam and she took off her t-shirt and shorts and slipped into the water.

'But there isn't room for us all, surely?' said Laura.

Ann moved around her and unclipped Laura's bra. 'We take care you first, then take care your husband.'

Laura looked across at me. 'You should go first,' she said.

I wasn't keen on that because I got the feeling that if I got into the bath with the two girls, Laura would get dressed and scoot off like a bat out of hell. 'It's okay, you get in. It'll be fine, like when you were a kid being bathed by your mum.'

Ann pulled the bra away and Laura wrapped the towel around herself. 'You're really sure about this?' she said.

'We're in Thailand, we can't go home without trying the traditional Thai massage, can we?' I said.

Laura pointed at the bubble bath. 'That doesn't look very traditional to me,' she said.

I shrugged, not sure what else I could say. Ann stripped off her t-shirt and shorts and placed them on a chair by the bed. She had an amazing body, long legs, pert breasts and a flat stomach you could have bounced an anvil off. Laura tilted her head to one side as she looked Ann up and down. 'Wow,' she whispered. 'You are fit.'

Ann laughed and patted her own stomach. 'Fat, not fit,' she said.

'No, you look fantastic,' she said. She looked over at me and shrugged. 'Okay, in for a penny, in for a pound, I suppose.' She undid her towel, tossed it to me, and slipped off her panties. I caught the towel and watched as she carefully went up the stairs and stepped into the bath.

Lek pushed herself to the edge of the tub and Laura sat down at the other end. Lek giggled and Laura started laughing, 'I feel ridiculous,' she said.

Ann walked up the stairs and gently eased herself into the bath behind Laura. At first, Laura looked confused but then she realised what Ann wanted and moved herself forward a little. Ann's legs went on either side of Laura and then Lek placed Laura's legs on the edge of the bath. As Laura's legs went up she leaned back against Ann.

I stood holding her towel, wondering what I was supposed to do. I placed it on one of the hooks by the door and when I turned back Lek had started pumping liquid soap from a dispenser and rubbing it along one of Laura's legs. Ann had another soap dispenser and she pumped it onto her hands, rubbed them together, and then began to softly soap Laura's breasts.

Laura opened her mouth and for a moment I thought she was going to object but then she just sighed and closed her eyes.

As I watched the two girls gently rubbing soap over Laura's soft white skin I realised that I'd made a mistake by not getting into the bath. It was sexy, three girls in a bubble bath, but it would have been a hell of a lot sexier if it had been me, Laura and one of the girls, preferably Ann. I felt myself grow hard under the towel at the thought of Ann and Laura kissing while I made love to Laura. The perfect fantasy.

I walked over to the bath. Laura had her eyes closed and her mouth slightly open and she moaned softly as Ann massaged her breasts. Lek looked at me and grinned mischievously as she ran her hand down Laura's left leg, over her knee and up her thigh. 'Madam likes,' she said. 'Madam likes a lot.'

Madam definitely did like. As Lek's hands moved up her thigh she moved her legs apart and although Lek's hands were under the bubbles I knew what she was doing. As she played with Laura she continued to look me, clearly enjoying my reaction. 'Madam very horny,' she said.

There was no question of that, Laura was definitely horny and, as if to confirm that, she sighed and tilted her head back. Ann kissed her softly on the ear and Laura twisted around and arched her neck and licked her lips and Ann tilted her head and kissed her full on the mouth.

'Oh my God,' I said. It was the sexiest thing I'd ever seen. Laura kissing a beautiful girl while another girl played between her legs.

The kiss went on for over a minute before Laura sighed again and leaned back against Ann.

I dropped my towel and started to climb the stairs up to the bath but Lek shook her head. 'No room' she said.

'Okay, but you can get out and I can get in,' I said.

'We take care of Madam first,' said Ann. 'Then we take care of you, okay?'

Actually that wasn't okay. I was standing there with a massive hard on just feet away from my naked wife, but I couldn't get to her.

I pointed at my growing erection. 'What about this?' I asked.

Ann smiled sweetly. 'You take care yourself, we take care Madam,' she said. While she spoke she was gently massaging Laura's breasts.

Lek twisted around so that her back was to Laura and she started to grind her backside against Laura's thighs. Laura opened her eyes and smiled lazily as she reached up to cup Lek's breasts with her hands. Lek leaned back and twisted around so that Laura could kiss her.

The idea of taking care of myself had occurred to me, but that wasn't the fantasy I wanted. I wanted to be part of the threesome, not a voyeur.

'I just think I'd rather be in the bath,' I said.

'No room,' said Ann. 'You sit on bed. We take care you later.'

'I don't want to sit on the bed,' I said. I was starting to get annoyed. I was paying for this fantasy yet it wasn't going the way that I'd hoped.

Laura opened her eyes. 'They know what they're doing, Jimmy,' she said. 'Let them get on with it.' 'Yeah, but...'

'Jimmy, you're going to spoil the moment if you carry on like this.'

Her eyes had gone hard and I realised that anything I said would make things worse so I nodded and went to sit on the bed. I watched as the three of them caressed each other and kissed and took it in turns to soap each other up. My erection had pretty much gone. I sat with my back to the wall, and figured that sooner or later they'd move to the bed and at least then I'd be part of the action.

They continued to massage and stroke Laura. She lay back against Ann, her eyes closed and her mouth half open. Lek's hands disappeared under the water again and Laura gasped and opened her legs wider. I wrapped my arms around my knees as I watched, knowing that Laura was getting close to coming. She was panting and her cheeks had gone red which was always a sign that she was about to orgasm. Generally it took me the best part of an hour to get her to come but the girls seemed to be doing it effortlessly. Ann smiled over at me as if she'd read my mind, and she nodded slowly.

Lek's hands were moving faster now and water splashed over the side of the bath. Laura's legs stiffened and then she let out a long, slow moan and her hips banged up and down against the bottom of the bath and then she cried out 'oh God!' and lay still, gasping like a stranded fish.

Lek sat back on her heels and grinned at me. 'Madam come,' she said, and she and Ann giggled like naughty schoolgirls.

Eventually they stood up in the bath and used a shower attachment to rinse off the suds. Laura looked exhausted. She stared at me with unseeing eyes, her chest rising and falling as she breathed

deeply.

Ann smiled at me and pointed at the towels. 'Towels, please,' she said.

I got off the bed and fetched the towels for her. She and Lek towelled Laura dry. I tried to kiss Laura but she turned away and moved her face closer to Lek and before I could do anything Lek was kissing Laura.

'Guys. Seriously,' I said. I reached to hold Laura but Ann stepped in between us and wrapped the towel around Laura. 'We massage Madam first,' she said.

'I can do that,' I said.

Laura broke away from Lek. She was panting and her face was flushed. 'Jimmy, they know what they're doing,' she said. 'Just go with the flow.' Lek's hand slipped between Laura's legs and she gasped. 'Oh God,' she moaned and turned to kiss Lek again. Ann handed me the towels and then she and Lek led Laura over to the bed.

Ann and Laura lay on the bed together and began kissing. I was surprised at how enthusiastic Laura was about returning the kiss. I saw her tongue flicking in and out of Ann's mouth and that's not something she ever did with me. When she kissed me she was always quite reserved, and she never seemed to like it when my tongue slipped inside her mouth. But as she lay there with Ann's arms around her, I saw her sucking on Ann's tongue as they ground their hips together.

I was just about to get onto the bed when Lek beat me to it. She squeezed herself against Laura's back and began caressing her hip and thigh as Laura kissed Ann.

Laura rolled over and began kissing Lek as Ann licked her shoulder and slid her hand between Laura's thighs.

'Come on, this is stupid,' I said. 'Let me at least kiss my wife.'

Ann broke off from licking Laura's shoulder. 'You can shower,' she said.

'What?'

She pointed at the bath. 'You shower first.'

I nodded. 'Okay, okay.' I hurried over to the bath, dropped the towel and showered using the shower attachment. Ann joined Lek in massaging oil into Laura's back and legs. They moved slowly and sensually, their movements co-ordinated perfectly. Every now and again a hand would slip in between Laura's thighs and she'd gasp and wriggle and the girls would giggle.

Lek sat up and reached for a bottle of Johnson's baby oil on a shelf, flicked off the cap and began to pour the contents over Laura. Laura squealed but her squeals were stifled by Ann's mouth and before long the entire bottle had been poured over her. The two girls began massaging the oil into her skin, paying particular attention to her thighs and breasts.

By the time I'd finished showering, Laura's body was glistening with oil. I climbed out of the bath and towelled myself dry. Ann moved to the side so that Lek could lie on top of Laura. Then, slowly and sensually, she began to give Laura a full body massage.

As Lek moved up and down the length of Laura's body, Ann gently stroked Laura's hair. I swear to God that Laura was purring like a kitten and she kept grinding her backside up against Lek, pushing herself against the Thai girl. Lek moved up and down, her mouth open as she panted like an animal in heat.

'All right girls, let the dog see the rabbit,' I said. My erection had returned with a vengeance and I tossed my towel onto the tiled floor.

Laura rolled over onto her back and opened her legs. Lek slid down and started kissing Laura's thighs while Ann gently massaged Laura's breasts. 'Wait, please,' said Ann. 'We take care Madam first.' Then in a smooth movement she got up onto her knees and straddled Laura's face. I was sure that Laura would object but she didn't, she began to lick and suck Ann and her hands reached up to cup Ann's formidable breasts.

Ann was facing me and she smiled as she rubbed herself against my wife's face. 'Madam she like,' she said.

Yes, Madam did like. She was licking Ann as if she was possessed and then she reached down with her right hand and stroked the back of Lek's head as if encouraging her to put her tongue deeper inside her. Her hips were bucking up and down as if they had a life of their own and from between Ann's legs I could hear a soft grunting sound.

My erection died again. It was one of the most erotic things I'd ever seen, no question of that, but the fact that I was being excluded took all the fun out of it for me. It was a threesome, all right, but it was a threesome that needed absolutely no input from me.

I'd never seen Laura as turned on as she was on the bed with the two girls. Every bit of her body was moving, her mouth, her arms, her legs, her groin, and she was now bathed in sweat and her hair was damp.

Her breathing was coming faster and faster and I realised that she was about to come for a second time. I sat down on the edge of the bed and reached out to stroke her leg but she kicked me away. In all the years I'd known her, she'd never come twice in one night. She'd always said that she couldn't do that once was enough for her. But here she was, writhing on the bed with two girls she'd only met an hour earlier. It was as if she was possessed.

Ann was also breathing heavily and she reached up to press Laura's hands against her breasts. I could see Laura's knuckles whiten as her fingers tightened on Ann's breasts. Ann gasped, her eyes staring at me as she pushed herself against Laura's mouth.

As I watched, Ann threw back her head and moaned like an animal in pain. Her whole body shuddered and then she went still. Lek laughed and sat back. Ann started to laugh too and then she dropped forward and began licking Laura between the legs.

I moved along the bed, trying to kiss Laura but Lek beat me to it. Ann moved to the side and she knocked me off the bed and I landed on the floor, heavily. 'Oh for fuck's sake,' I said, but no one was paying me any attention.

As Ann slid down Laura's body, peppering her stomach with soft kisses, Lek moved to straddle Laura's face. She was facing the wall and put her hands up to steady herself as Laura began to kiss and lick her.

Ann was stroking Laura's breasts as she licked her between the legs and again I could hear muffled moans from Laura. I sat on the edge of the bed and reached for Laura's leg but the moment I touched her she kicked me away.

Ann's backside was up in the air and my erection was back and for a moment I thought about having sex with her from behind but crazy as it sounds that would have meant I was being unfaithful and the whole point of my fantasy threesome was that I was making love to my wife. So I stood at the end of the bed with my hand on my hips and watched as the two Thai girls continued to work on her, arousing her in a way that I never had. Laura's hips began to buck up and down and her muffled moans became cries and then her whole body trembled and she lay still.

Lek rolled off her and sat with her back to the wall, her face bathed in sweat.

Ann sat up, wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, then crawled up the bed and lay next to Laura. Laura put her arm around her and kissed her on the forehead. 'Thank you,' she whispered.

'Thank you, Madam,' said Ann, stroking Laura's breasts.

'Laura,' she said. 'Call me Laura, not Madam.'

'You very beautiful, Laura,' whispered Ann.

'You too,' said Laura, and this time they kissed mouth to mouth.

'You came twice?' I asked Laura.

She nodded. 'I can't believe it.'

'You realise I haven't come once?' I said.

Laura laughed. 'I didn't notice,' she said.

'Well we can remedy that now,' I said, kneeling on the bed.

'No time,' said Ann, pointing at a clock on the wall. 'Time up.'

I looked at the clock. It was midnight. The ninety minutes had gone by in the blink of an eye. That's what it felt like, anyway. 'I can pay for another hour,' I said.

'Can not,' said Ann. 'Shop close at midnight.'

'Are you kidding?'

Lek shook her head solemnly. 'Not kidding,' she said. 'Have to go now.'

'You can come tomorrow,' said Ann. 'We take care of you good tomorrow.'

'We're going back to England tomorrow,' I said. I waved my hand through the air. 'Aeroplane. To England.'

'Have a good trip,' said Lek. She skipped off the bed and over to the bath. She climbed in and began showering.

'Can you believe this?' I asked Laura.

'You said you only wanted a massage,' she said.

'I didn't even get that,' I said. 'I got a shower, that's what I got. And I had to do that myself.'

Ann went over to join Lek in the bath. I sat down on the bed and put my hand on Laura's hip. She realised what I wanted but she shook her head. 'We don't have time,' she said. 'You heard Ann, they close at midnight.'

'Come on, just a quickie.' I reached for her breasts but she slapped my hand away. She rolled off the bed and ran over to the bath. Ann and Lek giggled as she climbed in and they took it in turns to wash her down with the shower attachment. I pulled on my clothes. I was bloody unhappy about the way it had gone, obviously. And it wasn't made any better by the fact that Lek and Ann kept kissing Laura in the bath.

I sat on the bed and waited for them to finish showering. The two girls helped dress Laura before pulling on their t-shirts and shorts. Then they walked over to me and gave me a wai. I tried to smile but really I didn't have much to smile about.

Ann held out her hand. 'Three thousand baht,' she said.

'What for?' I asked.

'One thousand five hundred for me, one thousand five hundred for Lek. For special massage.'

'Special massage?'

'For Madam. We give special massage to Madam. Have to pay. Three thousand baht.'

'But I didn't get a massage,' I said. 'I didn't get anything.'

'For fuck's sake, Jimmy, stop being an arsehole and pay them,' snapped Laura.

I looked at her in amazement but winced when I saw the look of disgust on her face. I pulled out my wallet and handed Ann three thousand baht. She pocketed the money and the two Thai girls waived me.

Laura and I took a taxi back to the hotel. She hardly said a word to me for the rest of the night, and she slept with her back to me, holding a pillow. We had breakfast in the room and she read the Bangkok Post as we ate and she said nothing during the taxi ride to the airport.

I checked us in and we went through immigration and sat in the lounge, the silence just getting longer and longer. I kept asking her what was wrong and she said 'nothing'. You know you're in trouble when you ask your wife what's wrong and she won't look you in the eye and all she says is 'nothing'.

I got her a cup of coffee and sat next to her but she kept turning away. 'Is it because I took you for the massage?' I said. Of course it was. What else could it have been? But she just shook her head and said that she was fine.

Fine? That's as bad as 'nothing'. When your wife says the problem is 'nothing' and that everything is 'fine' you know that you are so deep in shit that they'll need a submarine to find you.

She stayed quiet on the twelve-hour flight back to London. We picked up the car and I drove us back to Skegness. That night she slept in the spare room, curled up with her pillow and refusing to even acknowledge me.

She stayed in the spare room all day except for when she went down to the kitchen for tea and toast. I kept asking her what was wrong and she'd just give me a little smile and shake her head and say 'nothing'.

After two days of the silent treatment, I woke up to find that she'd packed two suitcases and gone. She left a note for me in the kitchen. She said that she would always be grateful to me for showing her what she really wanted. I wasn't sure if she was being sarcastic or not. She said that she loved me but she knew now that her love was more like the sort of love that a sister had for a brother. She'd been living a lie and now she wanted to be the person she was supposed to be. And she said she hoped I wouldn't hate her.

She'd taken her passport and I knew where she'd gone. Thailand. A few days later a solicitor contacted me to tell me she'd sold the shop to one of our competitors. He wanted to rebrand it and put it in his own people and that meant I was out on my ear. Then the solicitor said I had a choice – I could either buy Laura's share of the house or it would be sold. Laura had told him that she had no plans to return to the UK and she wanted to sell the house. I didn't have the money, of course, and with no job there was no way I could pay an increased mortgage, so the house was sold. The market was down and we were lucky to get enough to pay off the existing mortgage so I walked away with nothing. Absolutely nothing. I had no choice other than to move in with my parents. They were as thrilled about it as I was.

A few weeks after she left, I emailed Stickman in Bangkok and asked him to see if he could confirm that Laura had gone back to Thailand. I sent him a couple of hundred pounds by Western Union and he took the case. He got back to me a week later. He'd been to Teen Massage and tried to find the two girls who had given her the massage. They'd gone. According to the woman who ran the place, a pretty farang woman had turned up and taken them with her. That was obviously Laura. The woman said they were now all living together in a villa in Phuket. Stickman said he could probably track them down but that it would take time and money. I figured there would be no point, right? She'd made her choice, there was no way she was ever going to change her mind.

So, like I said at the beginning, be careful what you wish for, because you might get it. I got my threesome all right, but it ruined my life. I lost everything. It was all my own fault. If I hadn't put her together with the two Thai girls we'd still be living happily ever after in Skegness. I'd have a wife and a job and probably kids down the line. But now I've got nothing. Absolutely nothing. And the kicker is that I didn't even get to join in the threesome. Serves me right, I suppose.

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## THE ALPHABET GAME

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This happened to a friend of mine, cross my heart and hope to die. He told me the story one night while we were sitting outside Pretty Lady Bar in Nana Plaza. He'd had a fair bit to drink which is why he opened up because I don't think he would have told me otherwise. His name's Dave and he's from some northern town in the United Kingdom, Newcastle or Durham, one of those cities where you struggle to understand what they're saying. Dave drove a minicab in the UK and saved every penny so that he could take three holidays a year in Thailand. Dave had started going bald at a young age and by the time he'd hit his late twenties he'd thrown in the towel and shaved off what little hair he had left. He'd been a bit of a boxer in his youth and had acquired a broken nose and a couple of tattoos and by the time he hit thirty he wasn't doing particularly well in the female stakes. To put it bluntly, the average English girl found Dave as attractive as a case of cystitis.

The way Dave tells it, he had a dry spot lasting three years until one of his pals suggested a boy's trip to Thailand. The Land Of Smiles changed Dave's life forever. In the bars of Bangkok and Pattaya he wasn't a bald tattooed bruiser; he was Khun Dave, a Hansum Man. On his first trip he had more sex in ten days than he'd had over the previous five years and he was hooked. By the time I'd run into him he had made a dozen trips to Thailand and knew pretty much every go-go bar and massage parlor worth knowing. Dave would have loved to have moved to Thailand, but the only jobs he'd be able to do would pay him a fraction of what he earned in the UK. So he worked and saved and three times a year came to Thailand and lived like a king.

It was on his third or fourth trip when Dave had started playing what he called The Alphabet Game. He'd been sitting in a Soi Cowboy go-go bar, as horny as hell, when he'd spotted a fit young dancer doing her thing around a chrome pole. He'd waved her over and bought her a drink and started the normal back and forth. "Where you from?", "what your name?", "what hotel you stay?" Her name was Ay. Dave had barfined a few Ays during his frequent trips to The Land Of Smiles, it was a pretty common nickname. She was from Korat, in the north-east of the country, tall and as fit as a butcher's dog with enhanced breasts and a tattoo of a scorpion on her shoulder. Ay pointed out another dancer, this one with a dragon tattooed down the side of one leg, and told him that she was her best friend, also from Korat. Her name was Bee.

Dave had laughed at the names and bought both girls drinks, then at midnight he'd barfined them both and taken them to a short-time hotel. The sex, he told me, had been amazing. The two girls had obviously worked together before and he said they seemed to enjoy it as much as he did. Ay came at least three times he said, screaming so loud that at one point Bee had put a pillow over her face. He spent an hour with them, then they went back to the bar and Dave went back to his hotel, a thousand-baht a night place close to Nana Plaza.

As he lay alone in his bed, he started to think about Ay and Bee. The nicknames were quite common in Thailand. Parents gave their kids formal names, usually several syllables long, but they always also gave them short nicknames. A Thai might have different nicknames depending on the group they were in – family, friends or colleagues.

Dave had already been with a Dee, a massage girl in Soi 23. And a girl called Eye who danced in Sheba's in Soi Cowboy. And there had been a Jay in one of the upstairs bars in Nana Plaza and a Kay who had been a freelancer in the German Bar who had cost him three thousand baht for short-time and had given him the clap.

He had once been long-time with a skinny dancer from Rainbow Four in Nana Plaza called Em. He'd been with a girl from Lao called Tee, which was as close to the end of the alphabet that he'd been. So in all he'd had eight letters of the alphabet, which was pretty good going. And that was where



he'd come up with what he called The Alphabet Game. He decided to see if he could complete the full set and have sex with every letter of the alphabet. He realised that he was unlikely to meet a "Q" or a "W" but he figured he'd be able to find most of the missing letters if he looked hard enough.

He would go from bar to bar, buy the mamasan a drink, and start asking her about the names of the girls who worked for her. He was careful because he knew that the mamasans were devious when it came to money and they'd happily lie about a girl's name if that would encourage him to pay her bar fine. Anyway, he found an Oh pretty quickly, a chubby girl who danced in Sheba's, and the following day he barfined a Gee in the Long Gun Bar in Soi Cowboy.

He had to go back to the UK to replenish his coffers, but as soon as he got back to the Land Of Smiles he went straight into game mode. He found an Isarn girl called Elle working in a pool bar near Soi 7 and while she wasn't at all pretty and the sex had been perfunctory at best, she still counted. He heard about a go-go dancer called Cee who worked in Baby Dolls Bar in Pattaya. She was a popular girl and he had to visit the bar half a dozen times before he managed to barfine her and even then she would only stay an hour for fifteen hundred baht. Cee was a trooper, she was on top of him almost as soon as they set foot in his hotel room, he came within three minutes and she left without even showering. It wasn't Dave's greatest Thailand sexual experience, but it still counted.

On the trip after that he managed to add just one name to his collection – a pretty waitress called Yu. She was a sweet little thing and Dave did worry that she might be underage but she showed him her ID card and she was actually twenty one. She was painfully shy and although she let him pay her barfine and went back to his hotel with him, she wouldn't let him in the bathroom while she showered and insisted on the light being off before she would get into bed with him. She was what Dave called a starfish – a girl who just lay on her back with her arms and legs out while she waited for him to get on with it. Her heart clearly wasn't in it and under normal circumstances he would have asked her to leave but she was the only Yu he'd ever come across and he wasn't sure that he'd ever find another.

On the next trip he failed to add any letters to his list, and the trip after that was also fruitless. Dave began to wonder if he'd reached the limit. He figured that perhaps there were some letters that he would never get - hardly surprising, I guess, because I doubt any Thai would think about calling their offspring 'W' or 'P' or 'X'.

He did get a 'P' eventually, but only by bending the rules slightly. A younger Thai will add the word Pee in front of the nickname, as a sign of respect. So a young girl might refer to an older girl called Da as Pee-Da. Well, he was sitting in a beer bar off Walking Street in Pattaya when he heard the girls talking to one of the mamasans, referring to her as 'Pee-Joy.' The mamasan was in her early fifties with large breasts and a cute smile so he persuaded her to let him pay her bar fine and take her back to the hotel. It had been some years since a customer had taken her out and as they walked out of the bar together, all the dancers cheered and applauded. Pee-Joy was grateful for the attention and repaid Dave with the most amazing sex he'd had in a long while. She had worked the bars of Pattaya for more than twenty years during which time she'd picked up a few tricks most of which she was more than happy to share with Dave. He'd planned to be with her for only an hour or so but she ended up staying for a week, moving out of his hotel room only because one of her three foreign husbands had arrived from England. The entrepreneurial Pee-Joy had two other foreign husbands, one in Germany and one in Sweden. All three thought they were paying for her four-bedroom house in Jontiem, her pick up truck and paying to put her two children through university.

It was around this time Dave started telling people about The Alphabet Game, and he was surprised to find there were other guys around who had been trying the same thing, though none of them came close to his score. That was when he heard about Vee. Dave ran into a Norwegian guy had been looking for a Vee and had actually found one. The bad news was that Vee was a ladyboy dancing in the Cascade Bar in Nana Plaza. The Norwegian guy said he considered barfining the ladyboy but

eventually decided against it and was still looking for a Vee to add to his collection.

Dave wasn't a fan of ladyboys but, like most guys who made repeat visits to Thailand, he'd been in the odd ladyboy bar; just for a look-see. He'd had the occasional ladyboy dancer sit next to him and done the obligatory checks to see what their breasts felt like, but that was as far as he'd gone. This time he decided it was worth a visit, so he drank half a dozen bottles of Singha beer in The Big Dog Bar for Dutch courage and then made his way up to the Cascade Bar.

Cascade is one of the biggest bars in Nana Plaza, done out like a grotto with fake rock walls. All the 'girls' are 'guys', though it has to be said that some of them look just like the real thing. In fact many a tourist has wandered into Cascade and wandered out with a ladyboy on his arm and no idea what he was about to let himself in for. Dave knew the score though, so he took a seat at the back and ordered a beer. Even before a ladyboy waitress had taken his order, Dave was surrounded by a group of the more aggressive dancers all insisting that he allow them to join him. "Vee," said Dave, "I'm looking for Vee."

The girls started shouting for Vee and a tall ladyboy with waist-length hair appeared. She was just under six feet tall in her heels and had a tattoo of a butterfly on her left ankle. She sat down next to Dave and he bought her a drink as he decided what to do next. The problem was, the whole point of The Alphabet Game was to have sex with the girls, or at the very least, sexual relations, according to the Bill Clinton definition. And Slick Willie had pretty much determined that being the recipient of blow job wasn't included in the definition of sexual relations. For Vee to count, full sex had to take place. Now the way Dave tells it, there wasn't a snowball's chance in hell of him letting Vee's dick anywhere near his back passage. Which meant that to get Vee on the list, he was going to have to do the business.

So Dave sat in the bar and drank another three beers as Vee manfully played with Dave's tackle and eventually Dave felt a stirring down below. He paid Vee's barfine and they headed for a short-time hotel in the plaza. The beer helped dull Dave's senses, but there was still no getting away from the fact that Vee was a ladyboy, and a very well endowed one at that. In fact, Vee's dick was a good two inches longer than Dave's and about twice as thick. Dave had Vee lie face down on the bed but try as he might he just couldn't get hard. Part of the problem was that face down, with Vee's enormous breasts hidden, there was no getting away from the fact that the rear view was very much that of a Thai male.

Well, Vee realised that things weren't going well so she decided to help things along. She gave Dave some very enthusiastic oral and a few minutes of breast massage but instead of turning Dave on it actually had the opposite effect because Vee's erection was pretty impressive and very discouraging. In fact, Vee got so excited that she offered to take Dave's virginity for free. Dave declined, but then had a bit of a brainwave.

He told Vee to get dressed and took her down to Rainbow Four, which has the prettiest go-go dancers in Nana Plaza, mainly to satisfy the Japanese clientele who frequented the bar. It took him a while to find a dancer who would agree to go with Dave and Vee, and even then the girl insisted on three thousand baht for short-time, double the going rate. The girl was Annie, a bit on the plump side with large breasts and soft white skin that had yet to be adulterated with tattoos. Dave paid Annie's barfine and took her and Vee back up to the short-time hotel, much to the amusement of the reception staff. Dave didn't have any condoms with him so he had to buy one. The reception staff offered him two, but Dave said that wouldn't be necessary, which turned their amusement into confusion.

Back in the room, Dave went about his mission with military precision. He had Vee lie face down on the bed with a pillow under her groin, which he figured would offer easier access. Vee helpfully offered some KY Jelly that she had in her handbag but Dave drew the line at applying the lubricant and asked her to do it.

Once Vee was prepared, Dave stripped and had Annie undress. Annie went down on her knees and gave Dave a blow job to get him started, and once aroused, he and Annie lay down on the bed. They caressed, they kissed, they licked, they stroked, and then just as Dave was about to explode he rolled over, mounted Vee, thrust himself inside her and came like a rocket. He pulled out, taking care not to lose the condom, then rushed to the bathroom and spent the next fifteen minutes in the shower. When he finally felt clean, he went back into the room and found Vee and Annie dressed and waiting to be paid. He fumbled the money from his wallet and thrust the notes at them, not wanting to look them in the eye. After they'd gone, he showered again and then he went back to The Big Dog's Bar and downed another half a dozen beers.

That was Dave pretty much finished with The Alphabet Game until about three months after the V incident. He was sitting in Jool's Bar just about to get stuck into a steak pie when one of his mates turned up and told him about he'd met a girl called Q. Dave immediately put down his knife and fork. It turned out that the girl was actually named Cue, but that didn't worry Dave in the least. Cue counted as Q and the fact that Cue was definitely a girl made him even more determined to find her and add her to his list.

The problem was that Dave's mate couldn't remember exactly where he'd met the girl, other than it was an upstairs bar in Nana Plaza. He was sure about the name, though. Apparently the girl's dad was a pool fanatic. He had a son called Ball and had named his daughter Cue. Cue was a dancer, and pretty the mate said, and that would make it even harder to find her because a pretty go-go dancer could be barfined several times a night. Dave wasn't deterred though, and once he'd finished his pie and chips and downed a couple of bottles of Singha he went off to the plaza.

Looking for a go-go dancer in Nana Plaza when you don't know which bar she works in is akin to looking for a needle in a haystack. There are literally thousands of them plying their trade and they are in and out of the bars like jack-in-the-boxes, off to a short time hotel with a punter and then back before their hair had even dried. That was something Dave had told me the first time we met – never go with a dancer who had wet hair, it was a sure sign that she had just had sex with a customer. Anyway, he didn't find Cue on the first night, or the second. And he didn't find her on the third night either. But he did find a Zed.

Zed was a waitress in G-Spot, a plain-looking girl with dark skin and a snub-nose. Dave didn't give her a second thought as she took his order, but when she returned with his beer he noticed her name tag. Zed. He asked her if that was really her name and she said yes. She explained that her mum had two girls and she had called the first one Ay. After the second daughter came along the doctor had told her that she'd never have any more children so she had called her Zed. It was a nice story, but Dave didn't care about that; all he cared about was adding Zed to his list. He immediately offered to pay her bar fine, but she refused. He asked her why but her English wasn't very good so he had to call the mamasan over to explain. As it turned out Zed had just turned eighteen and was a virgin. At first Dave figured that the mamasan was just trying to up the price but no, young Zed had never been kissed and was determined to stay that way.

The mamasan explained that Zed had just started working at the bar and had come with her aunt, who was a stunning dancer. The aunt was duly summoned and she sat next to Dave and professionally pumped him for a lady drink every ten minutes regular as clockwork. Dave knew the girls made their money in three ways – a basic salary, a commission on lady drinks, and on the money they got paid for sex. Once Dave had made it clear he wouldn't be paying the aunt's barfine, she made sure she didn't lose out by knocking back tequilas as fast as she could.

Zed's story was pretty typical. She was from Surin, close to the border with Cambodia, and her family were farmers who struggled to make a living. She had a sister who used to work in Nana Plaza but she had fallen pregnant and was now living back on the family farm with her six-month-old

daughter. She had two brothers who didn't work and a father who had walked out years ago so it had fallen on Zed to be the breadwinner and the aunt had taken her along to G-Spot. Working as a waitress meant a salary of about five thousand baht a month, but with tips and commission on drinks she could earn three times that. She slept on the floor in her aunt's room and didn't eat much which meant that she could send home almost ten thousand baht a month, which would go a long way in Surin.

Dave wasn't discouraged by the fact that Zed was young, and a virgin. He figured that all girls started off like that, but eventually they were all neither young nor virginal. It was just a matter of timing. The problem was that Dave only had another week before he was due to go back to England and he was worried that he might lose Zed forever. She might well get fed up with working in a go-go bar and find a job closer to home. Again he wondered if it was a question of money. He started negotiating with the aunt as she knocked back shot after shot of tequila. He wanted to know how much it would cost to take Zed's virginity. Her aunt thought that fifty thousand baht – about a thousand quid – might swing it, but when she spoke to Zed it was clear that she wasn't interested. The girl just didn't want to have sex. Period.

The aunt – her name was Lek - started to get a bit annoyed with Zed. The aunt seemed to think that it was a good deal and that Zed should accept it because her family needed the money. She pressed the girl so hard that eventually Zed burst into tears and rushed off to the toilets. At that point Lek had offered Dave the choice of two other virgins, either of whom would have slept with him for half the money he was offering to give Zed. Dave wasn't interested. Zed was the one he wanted though, truth be told, it wasn't the girl; it was the name. Eventually Zed reappeared, her eyes red from crying. Dave wondered if Zed would lower her defences if he got her drunk, but she only drank Coke. The aunt, however, was a real pro and continued to knock back tequila shots with gusto.

He asked Lek what Zed's problem was and she told him that Zed was determined only to sleep with a good man. A kind man. A man who would marry her and take care of her and her family. Dave realised that if he was ever going to have sex with Zed, he would have to become that good man. The only snag was that he was heading back to the UK in just over a week. He chatted away with the aunt using her as an interpreter because Zed's English was pretty much limited to 'yes', 'no,' and 'what you want to drink?'

Apparently Zed's family lived in a run-down shack miles from anywhere and much of the money Zed sent home was spent on improvements. The house, Dave decided, was the key to proving to Zed what a good-hearted guy he was. So he suggested that he take Zed home for a few days. The only places he'd been to in Thailand were Bangkok and Pattaya, and while he'd heard stories of what life was like up country he'd never been.

Zed and Lek had a quick discussion in Thai with lots of nods and grunts and then the aunt said that yes, he could take Zed home for a couple of days but Lek would have to go with her and Dave would have to pay their barfines for two days and give them three thousand baht each as well. Dave did a quick calculation in his head – four barfines was two thousand and four hundred baht so the total outlay would be eight thousand and four hundred baht, which wasn't far off two hundred pounds. He asked Lek how they could get to Zed's home and she said the best way would be to hire a minibus. The round trip would probably cost about ten thousand baht. Another two hundred quid. If that meant he'd get his way with Zed he figured it would be money well spent, so he agreed. The two girls both squealed with joy and hugged him and Zed kissed him on the cheek which Dave took as a good sign. Lek said she'd arrange the minibus and driver and that they could leave the day after tomorrow. Dave spent another couple of hours in the bar, during which time three other girls from Zed's village asked if they could tag along. Dave figured the more the merrier. He left the bar at one o'clock in the morning and Zed gave him another hug and a soft kiss on the cheek which he took as another good sign.

The minibus left Soi 4 on Thursday morning at eight o'clock. The minibus had seen better days and so had the driver, a wizened old guy with leathery skin and a huge mole on his nose. Zed and Lek sat at the back and the three dancers accompanying them sat just behind the driver which left Dave a row of three seats to himself so that he could spread out. He'd checked out a map in his hotel and it looked to be about five hundred kilometres so he reckoned it would take about six hours to get there.

As it turned out, that was overly optimistic. They crawled along at below forty miles an hour. When Dave asked Lek why they were going so slowly, Lek spoke to the driver and discovered that one of the tyres had a slow leak and the driver was looking for a garage. It seemed incredible that the driver had set out on a five hundred kilometre drive with a faulty tyre, but for the next hour and a half they crawled along until they reached a garage where an elderly mechanic spent half an hour working on it. They picked up speed then, but after another half an hour the driver decided he was hungry and stopped to eat at a roadside restaurant. The girls were also happy to eat but then, as Dave had discovered over the years, Thai girls were always happy to eat.

They stopped twice more for food on the way to Surin and once for fuel. The minibus ran on some specialised liquefied gas which could only be bought at certain filling stations and the one they went to already had several dozen vans lined up so they had to wait for an hour to get served. The upshot was that the drive took almost ten hours in total and it was getting dark when they arrived at Zed's home.

It turned out that Zed's family didn't actually live in Surin, which is a pretty large city with a population of about 50,000. Surin was about fifty kilometres away from her house. The nearest 'town' was about twenty kilometres away but 'town' was stretching it. According to Lek there was a post office and a small government office, two banks and a three-storey department store but not much else.

Zed's home wasn't even a village; it was just a ramshackle collection of wooden shacks either side of a potholed, dusty road. They pulled up in front of a wooden house on stilts and the driver walked around and pulled open the sliding door for them. Zed's home was built of teak with a corrugated iron roof and sheets of corrugated iron over half the windows. As Zed ran up to the house calling for her mother, scrawny chickens wandered around and a couple of mangy dogs looked at Dave disinterestedly. The girls began pulling their bags out of the minibus. On either side of the main house were two smaller wooden shacks, not much bigger than garden sheds.

"What's the story with the windows?" Dave asked Lek, pointing at the main house.

"No have windows," said Lek. "No money for windows. Zed's family very poor."

Dave gave Lek the money to pay the driver and told her to make sure that the guy knew he was to come back on Saturday morning to take them to Bangkok.

A middle-aged woman walked carefully down the steps, gathering up her long skirt with one hand and holding on to a handrail with the other.

"My mother," said Zed. She waived her mother, putting her hands together as if in prayer and touching them against her chin.

Dave immediately waived the woman as well and she smiled and returned the wai. She wasn't what Dave had expected at all – she was tall and very pretty, with waist-length hair and cheekbones that could have cut glass. Part of him wondered why the mother hadn't gone to work in Bangkok because she would have had no shortage of customers. Zed's mother spoke no English so Lek came over to translate. Another woman came down the wooden stairs from the house carrying a baby and Zed waived her. "My sister," she said. "Ay."

Ay was in her late twenties. She was a bit chunky but Dave figured that was probably because she had only given birth a few months earlier. Ay had a tattoo of a dragon down her right arm and he reckoned she had probably been a bargirl in the past. Obviously she had fallen pregnant and returned

home which was why Zed had been sent to Bangkok.

Zed's mother said something in Thai and Lek nodded. "She say that she's made the small house ready for you," said Lek. "You can sleep there. She's put a fan there for you to keep you cool."

"Great," said Dave, beaming. The fact that he was sleeping away from the main house gave him more of a chance of linking up with Zed. That was what he hoped, anyway.

Lek and Zed took him to show where he'd be sleeping. It was little more than a teak shed with a corrugated iron roof and a wooden bed around which was gathered a mosquito net. There was no bathroom and the floor-mounted fan got its power from a flex that ran out of the door and up the side of the main house.

"There's no light but there are candles," said Lek. "Just be careful you don't set your mosquito net on fire."

She drew back the mosquito net and showed him the bed. It was a grubby mattress lying on the floor. No sheet. No cover. Just the mattress. "Perfect," said Dave, lying through his teeth,

"If you want we can take you to a resort," said Lek. "The rooms there have air."

"This is fine," said Dave.

"Not five-star," said Lek.

Dave smiled at Zed. "It's your home and I'm happy to see your home," he said.

Zed nodded enthusiastically. As they walked back to the main house, Dave noticed three young men all dressed in dirty jeans and faded t-shirts and lounging on rush mats. "Dave, can you buy them beer?" asked Lek.

"Beer?"

"They know Zed has come back and they want beer," said Lek. Zed nodded in agreement.

"Who are they?"

"Cousins," said Lek. "Just two hundred baht enough."

The two girls were looking at him expectantly so Dave took out his wallet and gave the money to Zed. She smiled and gave him a wai and then went over to the group. She handed the money to the oldest boy and he grinned and the group walked off down the road.

There was a concrete structure under the stairs and Dave realised it was a bathroom. Through the open door he could see a squat toilet and a large barrel that was obviously what passed for a shower. There was a table next to the bathroom and a single gas burner connected to a waist-high propane gas cylinder. The kitchen.

As Zed and Lek helped Zed's mother prepare food, the teenagers came back with a case of Chang Beer and a bag of ice. The group had now swelled to six. Lek pulled out some more mats and the men sat down and started opening bottles of beer. One of them waved Dave over and Dave sat down with them. He was handed a beer and an ice-filled glass and although he doesn't speak much Thai he was made welcome. There was an old dirt-encrusted television on a wooden table and Lek connected it to one of the many extension leads snaking around the floor and handed the remote to Dave. He managed to find a channel showing Italian football and the Thais seemed to appreciate it so he settled back and drank beer and watched the game. The Thais drank quickly and within half an hour the beer had gone and the guys were looking at Dave. Dave realised that they expected him to buy more beer and when he saw them looking over at him he grinned, took out his wallet, and gave them five hundred baht.

Dave figured the more beer he drank, the less he'd think about the food that he was about to be served, all of which seemed to be being cooked in one large wok. Once a dish was prepared it was placed on a mat on the floor where flies would swarm around it. Large moths were fluttering around the two light bulbs that illuminated the kitchen and bathroom area, and mosquitoes were constantly settling on his exposed skin. A couple of cats were wandering around the cooking area and no one seemed concerned at the way they kept sniffing at the plates of food.

Dave was on his third beer when the food arrived and it didn't taste bad at all. There was barbecued fish that was really tasty and they had made a spicy prawn soup that was as good as anything he'd eaten in a Thai restaurant. Dave wasn't a big fan of rice but he was hungry and wolfed it down.

After the food, he drank another couple of beers and he ended up being carried to his bed by two of the teenagers. The last thing he remembered was handing over another five hundred baht for beer and then he groped his way through the mosquito net and passed out.

It was late morning when he woke, with a fierce hangover and a raging thirst. He wrapped a towel around his waist, picked up his wash bag and headed for the bathroom. The young men were still sitting under the main house, drinking beer and watching TV. They grinned and cheered as Dave went into the bathroom. The concrete walls were covered in cobwebs and the smell from the squat toilet made his stomach lurch. He cleaned his teeth and used a blue plastic bowl to throw water over himself. When he left the bathroom, Lek and Zed were sitting on a mat eating what appeared to be the leftovers from the previous evening. "Are you hungry, Dave?" asked Lek.

Dave hadn't seen a fridge so he figured that the food had been left out all night. "I'm fine," he said. "I don't usually eat breakfast."

He went back to his shack and changed into a clean shirt and jeans and pulled a Singha Beer baseball cap out of his bag. The sun was fierce and he didn't want to burn his scalp.

Dave's plan was to show Zed what a good guy he was, and he figured that the best way to do that was to spread a little money around. He went back outside and asked Lek to show him the inside of her house. In fact there was very little to see – there was just one large room that ran the whole length of the house, criss-crossed with heavy beams. There were two windows at one end but the rest of the windows were boarded up with sheets of corrugated iron. In fact there weren't windows at all – just holes in the walls where windows had yet to be fitted. He asked Lek why the windows hadn't been installed. "No money," she said.

Dave told her to ask Zed's mother how much it would cost to install the windows. While Lek went outside to talk to Zed's mother, Dave had a look around. Not that there was much to see, just three double mattresses surrounded by mosquito nets, and two racks with clothes on hangers, and cardboard boxes full of clothes. There was dust everywhere and stains from where the rain had come in through the roof and the boarded up windows. There was a single electric socket into which were plugged two extension leads, one to a fan and the other to a light bulb on the wall. There was no furniture. No tables, no cupboards, no chairs. Zed's family slept on bare mattresses and sat and ate on the floor. It was worse than a prison, though truth be told everyone seemed happy enough.

He went downstairs where Lek was waiting for him. "The builder says he can do for fifteen thousand baht," she said.

Dave thought about it for a few seconds and then decided, what the hell, it was less than he earned a couple of days driving his minicab. And he was starting to feel genuinely sorry for Zed and her family. He told Lek that he needed to get to an ATM and she said the nearest was in the town but she had a friend who had a pick-up truck who could drive them. Zed came over and asked what was happening. "We're going shopping," said Dave.

And that's how he spent the rest of the day. Lek's friend turned out to be an uncle who had a rustier Toyota pick-up. He and Zed squashed into the front seat while Lek and two of the young men sat in the back. They drove to the town and Dave withdrew money on two of his credit cards. He gave Zed fifteen thousand baht and told her that was to put the windows in and she yelped and hugged him.

Then he took her to the one department store in town and bought a Chinese-made LCD TV for six thousand baht and a fridge for four thousand baht. There was a small furniture department and Dave bought a small table and four chairs and then he took Zed shopping for clothes and bought her half a dozen dresses, a couple of pair of jeans and some Nike trainers. Each time he bought her something

she would squeal and hug him.

There was a small supermarket and Dave bought a loaf of bread, some slices of cheese and a can of corned beef, figuring that would get him through the day.

They drove back to Zed's house and Zed rushed up the stairs and returned with her mother. Zed excitedly showed her mother the things they'd bought and then took out the money that Dave had given her. At first she didn't understand about the money but Zed and Lek explained again and she solemnly thanked Dave with tears in her eyes.

Dave helped tune the TV and spent the rest of the day drinking beer with the local men. Zed arranged a couple of fans but even with them playing it was still almost unbearably hot under the house. The group had now swollen to eight and while they were nice enough guys they were clearly bone idle and expected to be waited on hand and foot by the women. They must have known that the girls were working as hookers in Bangkok but didn't care so long as the beer kept flowing. Dave was starting to realise just how tough – and unfair - Zed's life was.

Each time Zed walked by she flashed Dave a beaming smile, and she kept checking that he was all right and didn't need anything. In the afternoon she borrowed a motorcycle and drove him to the family's farmland. There were a few acres growing some crop or other but her English wasn't good enough to explain to him what it was.

He spent the evening watching television with her and swatting the mosquitoes that seemed to prefer his Western skin to the Thais.

Dave decided to have a shower before he turned in. He grabbed his towel and headed for the bathroom. He was thinking about Zed and how he could get her into his bed that night so he didn't realise that the bathroom was occupied. It was Zed's mother, and she was bathing herself. She had her back to him and it took a second or two to realise that it wasn't Lek because she had a fit body and her skin was beautifully smooth and unblemished. She hadn't heard the door open and he stood transfixed as she threw a bowl of water down her back. Her skin glistened under the light from the single bare bulb and the water cascaded down her back and legs. Dave gasped. She was quite stunning. She bent down, scooped another bowlful of water and poured it over her back. Dave caught a glimpse of soft, perfect breasts and his heart raced. She straightened up and shook her long black hair and it snaked across her back like a silk curtain.

Dave realised that she was about to turn towards him so he slipped out, just in time to see Zed walking down the steps. She was carrying a candle and a box of matches. "For you," she said.

He thanked her. "I'm so glad you brought me to your home," he said.

She nodded and smiled.

"I'm happy to help you and your family," he added.

"Thank you so much," said Zed.

"You know I'm a good man, right?"

"A very good man," said Zed. "You make me very happy."

"I want to ask you something, Zed."

Zed nodded. "Okay."

"Tonight, can you stay with me?" She frowned, not understanding him. He nodded at the shack. "I'm not happy to sleep alone."

"If I stay with you, my mother not happy," said Zed.

"Please," said Dave.

"Okay, maybe," said Zed, but Dave could tell from the uncertainty in her voice that she really meant to say "no".

"It would really make me happy," he said.

Before Zed could say anything else, the bathroom door opened and Zed's mother came out, dressed



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