

# TRAPPED IN THAILAND

*By Deena Gomersall*



*ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS*

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AN ADULT TV NOVEL

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## **TRAPPED IN THAILAND**

**By Deena Gomersall**

### **VACATION IN THAILAND**

*It was the twelfth day of August. I smiled ruefully. "Now, there's a date with some significance," I thought to myself.*

*I cast my mind back to that very same date, four years ago. We had been excited, had waited for that day to arrive for absolute ages.*

By 'we', I refer to my colleagues: Adam, Russ, Barry, Jim and myself; Will Siegelski. We were all cops in the Tulsa police department, and we had been putting a portion of our pay checks away each month to take a two week vacation in Thailand.

That had been Adam's idea the year before. He had shown us brochures and pictures of the beautiful Thai girls, the night life, sex clubs, and Brothels that were to be found in it's capital, Bangkok. Well, that had been the main attraction for three of the guys; for me, the breathtaking buildings and tourist attractions held just as much.

So, at 11:50 on the morning of the twelfth, we all assembled at Tulsa International Airport to fly off to Thailand on Delta Airlines on our two week vacation. We were all in giddy high spirits, our luggage packed and raring to go.

**oOo**

...The flight was long and the time zone difference only added to the jet-lag that we were all suffering from on our disembarking from the plane. None of us had appreciated the fact that, as we boarded the flight at 11:50 in the morning, it was already 12:48 the following morning over in Bangkok. Needless to say, we slept the moment that we arrived at our hotel, The Orient. It was a large, modern hotel situated right alongside the Chao Phraya River.

**oOo**

*"Yes, we had slept soundly throughout the first day, it was already a quarter to midnight when our plane touched down at Don Muang Airport anyway," I reminisced to myself as I washed out my underwear in the warm sudsy water. I rinsed out the soap and then applied a gentle squeeze to get out as much excess water as I could, before hanging the things up to dry in my small bedroom.*

*I continued to think back as I pictured our first night out together at the Golden Buddha, one of Bangkok's glitzy cabaret clubs.*

oOo

...Jimmy had been bowled over by the stunning beauty of some of the petite girls, who both danced on stage and brought the drinks we ordered to our table.

He was feeling more at ease with these girls than he did with most of the chicks back home, their average height being about 5'5". At 5'6" I was not only short myself, but Jimmy was two inches smaller than that.

The two of us had to endure a whole lot of ribbing from the rest of the guys at the station because of our lack of height. But what we lacked in size we both made up for in courage and strength. Both Jimmy and I worked out daily at the local gym to give ourselves muscular, well-toned physiques.

Jimmy more so than I. He wasn't as stocky as me, but he had better-developed muscles in all the right places on his slightly less than medium frame. A tough little cookie was Jimmy, and nobody seriously messed with him.

Because we were the smallest in our division, and because we worked out together, we were closer with each other than any of the other guys. Jim could take the ribbing and he could dish it out if he wanted. He was a second dan in Judo and also trained in boxing and kick boxing. I suppose it had been his way of trying to prove himself to the world.

What always got to him, though, was his lack of success with the ladies. Most of the girls in Tulsa were a good head above Jimmy in their heels and tended to be more attracted to the taller, broader guys. I could never understand that myself because, well, Jimmy was a good looking guy. He may not have had macho good looks, but he did look fresh-faced and youthful; he had dark hair and dark eyes, kept himself clean and always immaculately dressed. What the hell did size have to do with anything?

I fared a little better, even though I was only a couple of inches taller than him. In fact, I was seeing a girl at the time. Cindy had been dead set against my going to Thailand with the others. "Why do you need to go there, looking for girls, when you have me?" she'd complained. "And if you really have to go, why not take me instead of going with your buddies?"

Of course, I tried to explain that I was not going to pick up some eastern beauties, but for the vacation itself. I was planning on enjoying myself, sight-seeing, with my friends. And anyway, the holiday had been booked a couple of months before I had even met Cindy.

I'm not saying that Jimmy was a virgin or anything, he'd had his moments like any other guy, only not very often. For him more than any of us, he had a chance to get his rocks off on this holiday with girls that were at most his size, and often a fair bit smaller.

So, yeah, Jimmy was at ease with the Thai girls, and he was doing more chatting up than Adam, Barry and Russ put together.

I was completely honest in what I had said to Cindy; I had not gone out there to pull, though I do confess to having been attracted to a number of them. I was there

solely just to relax and enjoy myself. I would often return back to the hotel from clubbing while the others stayed all through the night, living it up.

oOo

...The other guys were having a real laugh at Jimmy's expense. Apparently they had been to the Golden Buddha and there had been a bevy of glamorous Thai dancing girls on the stage, in all their beautiful traditional Easter costumes. Jimmy had actually pulled one of them and had spent most of the night in her company, buying her Saki and generally chatting her up. While she didn't speak fluent English, she knew enough to be able to communicate.

Some other guy in the club, a German, I think, came over and told Russ and Barry that the 'gorgeous' bit that Jimmy was getting acquainted with was actually a guy! He went on to say that, indeed, every one of the 'girl' dancers were male.

He told them that they were known as Katoey, female impersonators; or, more to the fact, men who lived most or all of their lives as woman.

Apparently, as the other guys informed me, there was a large percentage of male crossdressers in Thailand. Some were happy just to live their lives as women, some worked in the night clubs and massage parlors, while others earned their money as hookers, either walking the streets or working in whore houses.

The next day we were all supposed to be going out on a coach excursion. Jimmy wanted to abstain, I could tell he was still feeling miffed about what had happened to him at the club.

“Come on,” I prompted. “We'll have a laugh. We're traveling down to Phuket today, aren't you coming?”

“No, Phuk it,” he tried joking, but I could tell he was probably embarrassed and just wanted to be left alone.

In spite of Jimmy not wanting to join us, the rest of us had a great day sight-seeing in spite of the long travel. Phuket was 860 Kilometers south of Bangkok. We had to travel down along National Road 35, joining onto route 4 all the way down the long tail of Thailand until we hit route 402 to Phuket.

I would have enjoyed the trip better myself had I not been thinking of leaving Jim all alone back in Bangkok, we had come out as a team and it didn't seem fair to leave anybody out, even if it was his choice.

It was the same the day after. Barry and I set off on a coach outing, direct from ours and other hotels along the way to visit the floating market. This was, as its name implied, a market on water, the water being the many inter-linking canal ways and the market being hundreds of small boats from which the locals sold their wares. There was everything from fruit and vegetables, fish and rice, to cheap jewelry and assorted bric-a-brac made by local craftsmen.

Again Jimmy had meant to be coming with us; he was really into different cultures, but again he decided to stay in or nearby the hotel. I was no longer sure if he was still feeling embarrassed about the ribbing from the guys over having pulled a 'man in

drag', or if there was something else on his mind. He had certainly seemed to be in a world of his own from that time on.

The trip out to the floating market was a really colorful spectacle, the kind of thing I knew Jimmy would have appreciated. In the afternoon, Barry and I also took in Wat Arun, which meant Temple of the dawn, and Wat Pho, two other worthwhile tourist attractions, and we also went to see the Temple of the Emerald Buddha.

It was early evening when we arrived back at the Orient, and I went in search of Jimmy to show him what I had filmed on my camcorder. I found out from Adam, however, that Jimmy had left the hotel after lunch and hadn't been back since.

When he did show up, a couple of hours later, he wasn't interested in either seeing my recording or hearing about the day out. He seemed very preoccupied with other things that were on his mind.

"Are you still embarrassed about the other night?" I asked sympathetically.

"No, why should I be?" He snapped. "Any guy would have been taken in by her."

"Don't you mean him?" I tried correcting.

"Huh, you didn't see her, Will," he responded. "You didn't see any of them. They were the most beautiful creatures I've ever seen in my whole life... and May, the girl I was talking to... she had the smoothest, most flawless skin, long silky black hair... and the most incredible sexy eyes and pouting lips."

I realized by how he was talking that, quite the opposite from being embarrassed over the incident, Jimmy was smitten. He was infatuated by this girl..., er, boy, ...whatever. He was just ashamed to admit it to anybody else.

"Hey, come on, buddy," I told him. "Okay, this May might have had a beautiful face but, between the legs... She's packing the same equipment as you are. I know you haven't been getting much pussy back home, but gee, don't ever think of settling for second best and getting it on with some kind of effeminate guy in women's clothes. Who knows what kind of diseases they are carrying," I warned.

My words seemed to fall upon deaf ears, and for the rest of the vacation Jimmy just seemed to cut himself off from the rest of us and our activities.

o0o

*As I looked into my cracked mirror to rub a deep skin cleanser into my face, I pictured once again the last night before we returned home.*

o0o

...Finally, it being the last night of our holidays, we had persuaded Jimmy to join us for a night on the town. Our flight back to America was scheduled for 9:15 the following morning, so we planned to enjoy ourselves up until about 2 AM, then get back to the hotel for a few hours shuteye, before returning to the reality of the crime ridden streets of Tulsa, catching and bringing to book the dregs of our society. Our cases were already packed and ready to go.

It was a little after 11 that night that Jimmy had wandered over to me. He asked to talk in private while the other guys were hitting on some 'real' French girl tourists.

"Will, I've just bumped into May... you know, that girl," he told me excitedly.

I nodded. "Oh, I thought she worked in the Golden Buddha?" I said, following Jim's lead in referring to May as a female.

"She does, but she isn't working there tonight. It's her night off," he told me. "She's just here having a drink."

"So, where is she then?" I asked. My curiosity made me want to see this male who apparently looked so much like a beautiful young woman. Being a cop, I'd seen plenty of drag queens and crossdressers on the streets, but not one of them looked convincing enough to fool me.

"She's had to leave for work."

I frowned quizzically. "Huh? I thought that you said it was her night off?"

"Yes, from dancing, but she also works in another job... at, erm, at one of the massage parlors just out of town. She's given me the address and said that if I go over there she will give me a special massage for free."

I blanched. "You're not going!?" I exclaimed. "Jim, this is a guy we are talking about, for Christ sake. I mean, what kind of special massage is she... he, talking about? Is it hand relief? A blow job? Come on, you're not gay, how can you even consider having another man touching you sexually?"

"You know I'm not a fag, Will, it's not going to be anything like that. It's just what she said, a massage. There are male masseurs in the States, you know, perfectly normal males who give massages to perfectly normal male clients. Anyway, with May it wouldn't even seem like a guy massaging me, she looks just too much like a goddamn girl. She's even got real breasts."

Once more I tried to dissuade him, but he was adamant about going. He'd done nothing so far and, as it was the last night, he would never see her again anyway.

I hated the thought of my best bud doing anything that could be in any way connected with homosexuality. Well, he was a grown man, he had his own mind and he had, after all, led a lonely existence. If it made him happy... what the hell?

"Just don't be all night," I warned. "Remember, we have to be setting off for the airport no later than 6:30."

He promised to be back in good time and off he went.

I was alarmed to find, the following morning, that Jimmy had not yet returned to the hotel. As it became time for us to leave for the airport, I was feeling full of concern. The Don Muang International Airport was a good eighteen miles from the city center, and time was running out, the plane was scheduled to leave at 7:25.

"Maybe he's planning to meet us at the airport," Russ suggested.

"It's not like him to do something like this without a word of warning," I said. "Anyway, what about his cases?"

“Well, if he's screwing some Asian dish, maybe he just decided that would be what he'd do. He will have his passport on him?”

“Yeah, I suppose he will,” I agreed.

“Well then, lets take his cases for him, and we'll leave a message at reception just in case he does return back here, if the silly idiot does come here late he'll just have to get the flight at 13:20.”

“But don't you think he'd have phoned the hotel to let us know he was going straight to the airport?” I asked in concern. “It's not like him, he's always very efficient.”

“He may be sleeping off an energetic night,” Barry said. “What else can we do? Do you have any ideas?”

I didn't. We actually arrived at the airport in plenty of time, but there was no sign of Jim so we just sat and waited for our flight home. With each passing minute, as he still didn't arrive, I was feeling more and more concerned about Jimmy's whereabouts. The others didn't share my concerns, but I knew him better than they did, it just wasn't like him. Then again, he'd been acting different since meeting that Thai crossdressing dancer. I had no intentions of telling the others that it was with her that he'd gone.

Finally it was time to embark, still with no signs of Jim. I loaded his two suitcases onto the carousel, wondering if I would ever see my friend again. I couldn't explain it, but I had this empty feeling in the pit of my stomach.

o0o

*Yes, I still remembered everything so very well, just as though it was yesterday. Coating my toothbrush with paste, I began to clean my teeth; as I did, I pictured once again all that had transpired on our arrival back in Tulsa.*

o0o

...I had stored Jimmy's two cases in the station lockup room before informing the chief of his absence. Then, after a couple of days and Jimmy still not having shown up, I informed his family about their missing boy.

And he was missing. Several times we had phoned the Orient Hotel over the ensuing weeks, but he never turned up there again. Nor did he ever catch a later flight out of Bangkok. And his credit cards were never used, either in Bangkok or anywhere else.

As the weeks rolled into months, I had to accept the very realistic possibility that my friend was dead, had come to grief in some unknown way. The general idea was that he may have stumbled onto some illicit drug dealing or maybe pimps. His body never turned up, and it seemed likely that his body had been 'got rid of.'

I thought back to all that had happened, when it seemed certain that an American Cop, on vacation in Thailand, had been murdered and his body disposed of.

Of course, such a situation made the news headlines. The American Embassy over there became involved, and Bangkok police began investigating his disappearance. It



was just as if he had vanished from the face of the earth. He hadn't been involved in an accident, and there was no word nor any sighting of him anywhere. There were even posters put up bearing his picture all around Bangkok.

Finally the Bangkok police ceased their investigations and listed Jimmy as 'missing-presumed dead'. I had the most horrible visions of his rotting corpse lying out in some barren field somewhere. To close the case did not seem right to me, something had to have happened to him, and it seemed only right and proper to find out what.

Okay, Jimmy may well be dead, but if so, then somebody had killed him. I was a cop, a good cop, and I didn't like loose ends. Especially when it involved my buddy.

I vowed to return to Thailand as soon as I could and try to find out the truth. I wanted to go immediately, retrace his last steps, find May the Thai dancer. I would carry out my own investigation, try to find his body, or at least bring his killers to task. I owed my friend that much.

But that was going to happen no time soon. The wages for a Tulsa cop may not be all that bad, but once food, bills, and living expenses came out of the paycheck, there wasn't too much left to put away. And it wasn't just a case of buying a return flight out there, I had to prepare to be able to finance myself for however long it may take to start unraveling some clues.

In desperation I tried asking if I could get some financial assistance from the department, but Chief O'Grady got right on my case.

"You'd better listen and listen good, Siegelski," he told me. "I know Guzman was your friend, but you cannot just go over to Bangkok, making your own inquiries under the auspices of this department. As far as the Bangkok police are concerned, the case remains unsolved by them. No body has ever emerged, but it is a certainty, after all this time, that Jimmy Guzman is dead. If we go sending our own guys out there, it may well put pressure on the diplomatic relationships between our two countries, seeming to the Thai's that we are saying they are inefficient in doing their job. I would urge you just to let this thing drop, Siegelski, get on with your own life. But, if you do go, it had better not be under the badge of this department. You go on your own back, and, as far as I'm concerned, I know nothing about it. You hear?"

So I was on my own. Actually I did get help from some of the guys. Initially they tried to talk me out of going, saying Jim had to be dead, and the trail would be long cold. But when they found my resolve wouldn't be broken, they passed a hat around and netted several hundred dollars for me.

Some of the guys up in intelligence owed me a couple of favors. They suggested to me that, so I didn't involve the department, I traveled under an assumed name. To this end I was given the identity and passport of a dead guy who had been recently gunned down in a shoot-out.

The man had been a small time crook who, luckily, had no record of drug involvement. The Thais took a very dim view on anyone dealing drugs in their country; indeed, if you were found drug trafficking, you were liable to be executed. The dead guy's, Brian Mallony's, passport was altered so that it had my picture and particulars.

I don't know how they doctored it and I didn't ask, but I now had a passport other than my own.

Even so, it was still September of the following year, thirteen months after his disappearance, before I raised enough to support me for a little while. I even believed myself that the trail would be cold, and that I was just wasting my time and money. But I was driven, if not to find the truth, then at least to appease myself knowing that I had done something.

My main hope, all the while, still lay in being able to track down May. Did Jim ever get to the massage parlor where he worked? Did he stay all night with him and, if not, did he know where he had gone?

oOo

*Picking up my nightwear, I attired myself for bed before slipping between the cool sheets. I was tired, but I knew that sleep would not come soon. My mind was too active remembering all the events that had taken place following my return to Bangkok. I just lay in bed reminiscing about that return, on the 26th of September.*

## RETURN TO BANGKOK

My second trip over to Thailand seemed to take much longer than the previous one. Of course, it also lacked much of the enthusiasm of the first time. There was no buzz, no built-up excitement associated with visiting a far away country for a first time. Not even a sense of adventure, even though adventure was before me. No, I was on a mission this time, and I was on my own. Because of that fact, there was also a strong feeling of apprehension.

This trip would be nowhere as grand as my first. I did have an amount of money, but I was going to have to use it sparingly since I didn't know how long I may be there. Also, I would not be staying in such up-market accommodation as the Orient Hotel; this time I was booked at the relatively new and much cheaper Amari Boulevard.

To be fair, the Amari, for it's inexpensiveness, was good quality, having air conditioned rooms with television and video plus private bath and shower.

The drawback was that the rooms were twin bedded, and I had to share with another guy, a fellow American from Arkansas. Gary Dixon was a businessman who was on a four week vacation working his way across the Middle East.

It was on my second night in the country that I went in search of May, visiting first the Golden Buddha where Jim had first met her. The Ladyboys dance troupe were there but not May. I learned that dancers in the troupe came and went; there was a long waiting list of impoverished transsexual or transvestite Thai boys hoping to join the dance group and earn a living. The alternative for many of them was to sell their bodies to tourists.

I spoke to one or two of the 'girls' who I could communicate with, but either they were new and had never heard of May, or they did know of her but were not keen to

divulge too much information. I did learn, however, that she had left the Ladyboys six months previously in order to live with her boyfriend.

The thought struck me that this boyfriend could be Jim. Supposing he had fallen in love with May, and, either not wanting to return to the States without her or not being able to face the shame from his friends that he had fallen in love with some transgendered guy, had let himself disappear.

As I wondered what my next move would be, I had what appeared to be a stroke of luck. As I was questioning one of the dancers, I was overheard by an English guy. He came and introduced himself as William Oxley and told me that he knew of a girl called May that had worked with the Ladyboys.

Oxley was a middle aged guy with slightly graying hair, about 5'10", and spoke in a strong, educated English accent. He informed me that he was staying at the Dusit Thani hotel and that he came across to Bangkok five or six times a year on business.

"May, yes, a pretty little thing," he told me. "I can quite understand why your friend may have become infatuated. I do happen to know that she left the Ladyboys and is now working at a massage and sauna in the Chatuchak area of the city."

I asked the man if he could give me instructions on how to get to the place, because I really needed to speak to the girl. Oxley doubted that I would find it on my own accord and warned that it was in a red light area ridden with crime.

"I'll tell you what, old boy, come across to the Dusit tomorrow evening. We'll call a cab, and I shall escort you up there myself," he offered.

I thanked him, gratefully accepting his offer. It was necessary that I find May and needed any help or friendship that I could muster. Even if she could tell me nothing more, she might at least tell me if Jim had managed to find her that night. If he had, she may well have been the last person to see him alive.

oOo

The Dusit Thani hotel where Oxley was staying was a top quality, tall, pinnacled building, situated on the Rama 1V road and overlooking Lumpini Park. I met Oxley as arranged, and we had a drink at the bar while we awaited the ordered Taxi cab.

When it arrived, the Taxi took us north east of the city. I took note, probably because of my police training, that we were on the Ratchadapisek Road, which led onto Expressway One, which in turn ran back towards the Airport.

The taxi turned onto a dismal, rundown looking street compared to the usual splendor of Bangkok; there was a foreboding look about the place that made me feel uneasy.

I reached for my wallet in order to pay the cab fare, but Oxley stayed me with his hand, insisting that he would pay. "Don't worry, dear chap, you're my guest."

"But it's you that has done me a favor by bringing me all the way out here," I argued.

“Actually, I do have business here of my own, you were just rather fortunate that I was coming here myself this evening and had heard you inquiring about May. Now please, I do insist.”

The guy brought out a wallet that was stuffed with notes and gave the driver what must have been a generous tip, going by the smile on his face. Oh well, if the guy was loaded, why argue?

Oxley led me through fifteen-foot-high metal gates that were built into a wall of equal height topped with razor wire. The thought struck me that this place was more like a penitentiary than a massage and sauna parlor. From this gate a pathway, bordered along its route with exotic shrubs, ran through large grounds and led to a large, well illuminated building. I could see a large, brightly lit doorway and above it a red lettered neon sign that read something in Thai.

As we drew nearer I had a surprise. Standing at the top of a flight of steps that ran up from the path to the doorway were two doormen, standing at either side and both dressed in tuxedos and bow ties. Up until then I had drawn the conclusion that most Thai men were small and rather frail; the two ogres standing by the door made a mockery of that idea.

Each stood over six foot tall and had huge barrel chests and square shoulders which must have been a foot wide to each side of their short necks. Both had shaved heads, one of whom had a long drooping mustache and a goatee beard, the other a well-trimmed beard and mustache that circled his mouth.

Both grinned and nodded to Oxley as he led the way inside to a large, well-furnished room with chandeliers on the ornate ceiling. The floor was covered in a russet, thick-piled carpet. Well-stuffed, velvet-covered easy chairs surrounded circular, highly-polished tables positioned around the room that was covered from wall to wall in dark red velvet drapes.

A brightly lit cocktail bar was directly opposite the door as we entered, and there were several pretty Thai girls, all dressed in white short-sleeved blouses and black mini skirts, serving behind it.

Oxley ordered drinks for the two of us, speaking in what seemed to me to be perfect Thai. He then indicated that we should go and sit down at one of the tables. There were small numbers of other men sitting around the room, either singularly or in twos and threes, both Asian and what looked like Western businessmen.

After our glasses were empty, Oxley ordered more drinks from one of the serving girls and spoke to her for a considerable time. When she left to fetch our drinks, Oxley turned to me and informed me that he had just been inquiring about May.

“The good news is that May still does work here. But she is not on duty tonight.”

“I thought that you said this place was a massage and sauna?” I asked, as our fresh drinks arrived.

“Yes it is. Well, actually, it’s a men's club mostly catering to Western and local businessmen. You can drink and socialize in this bar or be entertained in the cabaret room at the rear of the building. The sauna and massage rooms are on the first floor. If you

wish, you can book a room to have sexual pleasure with one of the girls who work here, either booking for an hour or two hours. There are sleeping accommodation on the third and fourth floors.

I grinned. "You seem to know a fair bit about the place, Oxley. I suppose you come here to be entertained when you are in Bangkok on one of your business trips?"

Even though I'd only had two drinks, I felt lightheaded and in a merry, carefree mood. I reckoned that, whatever it was I was drinking, it was rather potent stuff.

Oxley drained his drink and I followed suit. Almost immediately the pretty waitress was bringing more drinks, without their being ordered.

"So, Mr. Mallony. You are wishing to see this girl, May? Could I perhaps inquire as to why?" Oxley suddenly asked.

Being a cop, I ought to have known better than to divulge such information to a relative stranger. But feeling no pain as I began my third drink, I related to Oxley all about the vacation last year, of Jim's disappearance and of his connection with the Thai girl-boy.

"So rather than actually looking for the girl May, you are searching for clues as to your friends whereabouts, this Jimmy chappie?" Oxley questioned, snapping his fingers to bring the mini-skirted waitress scampering back to our table with yet more drinks.

I was by now becoming a little concerned. Whatever the drink was, it was definitely going to my head, but I neither wanted to offend Oxley by refusing the drink or seem wimpish because I couldn't hold my liquor. Equally I was baffled because Oxley didn't seem the least bit affected, even though he was drinking the same as I had. Maybe he was just more used to the stuff.

"Yeah! The guys, they reckon that Jim's dead but ... Well, I just got to find out for sure, you know? I gotta find out for myself."

Oxley rested his chin upon his entwined fingers. "You emphasize yourself, what exactly do you mean by that, dear boy?"

"I mean... I mean I am here on my own. The department doesn't want to know," I informed him. "...said I had this thing on my own... because of international whatsits, and that."

"The department?"

"Yeah. The Tulsa police department. I... I even had to come here under an assumed name... well, the identity of a dead man, really."

"Dear me. Out on a pedestal, as they say. Well, my dear chap, you are in luck once again. I think that I can help you locate this friend of yours."

"Nah! Thanks anyway, but I reckon that he's dead. I just wanted to try and find out how... I mean why, and by whom. That's the reason that I need to speak to May."

As Oxley drained his glass once again, I tried to step in. "...Let me get the next drinks, buddy. You, you've bought them all sho far... I'll get them."

“I shouldn't unduly worry about that, my friend. They are on the house, and I own the house. Now, it seems that you have had a tiring day and maybe you ought to settle down for the night. I need to remain here for business talks, and I do not think you will manage to get back to your own hotel by yourself. I can put you up here for the night.”

I wasn't keen on this turn of events, I'd have much rather got back to my own hotel. Also, my ego had taken a knock. Back in Tulsa I was known for being able to handle my drink, and now I was giving some limey the idea that I had a low alcohol tolerance. I therefore tried to tell Oxley that I was just fine and could get back to the Amari. However, as soon as I stood, my legs collapsed under me.

Oxley was now talking to two Asian men who were wearing white tuxedo's. “Give him a bed for the night, a courtesy bed. I shall drop in tomorrow and see how he is getting along.”

I suddenly felt myself being supported under each arm and being dragged out to the opposite end of the room to that which we had entered. We passed through a door that had been hidden behind heavy velvet wall drapes.

The last thing that I was able to recall was being laid down upon my back on top of a firm bed and having my shoes taken off.

oOo

A shaft of light streaming into the otherwise dark room caused me to stir, then wake, the following morning. The small room smelt of mildew; from the poor light I could make out the shape of several items of furniture. I found that I was laid prostrate upon a firm bed and my head supported by a stiff pillow. It took several minutes of wondering where the hell I was before I began to recall the previous evening.

Getting up onto my feet I made my way around the room, bumping into several things along the way before finding the door. It was locked!

There was no other way in or out other than a fanlight window some fifteen feet above me. I still felt dizzy and my legs were unsteady, so, with nothing else to do, I lay back down on top of the bed.

I must have nodded off, but movement from within the room caused me to waken again. It was some time later, the room being brighter now, but not much so. I saw a young Thai girl putting things into a dresser drawer and, noticing that I was now awake, she smiled a pretty smile and said something in her native tongue before turning and leaving.

Shortly afterwards, an older woman, her hair piled up atop of her head, came into the room and studied me. She was perhaps in her forties, though still very attractive, with youthful looking skin and a trim figure.

“Ah! Good morning, Mr. Mallony,” she greeted in reasonable English which had a definite Oriental twang to it. “I am trusting you feel recovered from your night of revelry?”

The name she called me confused me for a moment, until I remembered that I was in Thailand using an assumed name.

“Oh.. er, yes. It was very good of you to put me up,” I replied. “I’m very sorry for getting drunk last night and for any inconvenience I may have caused you.”

“It has been no problem. Please, freshen yourself. There is a wash basin over in the corner. You are hungry, yes? I will arrange for food to be brought in to you.”

With that short exchange, the woman turned and left. I was surprised when the door closed behind her to hear the key being turned in the lock. Why are they locking me in, I wondered.

I decided that it was maybe that they didn't want me leaving the room on my own accord and wandering freely around the joint. I remembered that I had told the English guy that I was a cop, and he had said he owned the place. Perhaps there was one or two illicit things going on that he'd rather I didn't see.

Going over to the wash basin, I glanced into the small round mirror that hung above it. On surveying my reflection, I decided that I looked dreadful. My face was covered in stubble, I looked drawn and half doped, and my medium length hair was a mass of tussles.

Turning on the tap, I splashed water on my face to liven me up, before using the soap and disposable razor that had been left. As I raised my right arm to my face, I immediately felt a stinging sensation just to the rear of my right arm pit. I reasoned that I must have somehow scratched myself there, and my searching finger tips seemed to confirm that. I felt several raised welts at the source of the stinging.

About a quarter of an hour, after I had cleaned myself, up two Thai girls entered the room. One of them carried a tray that contained a bowl of food and a drink. They were both dressed alike in white satin blouses, black skirts with seam slits, and sandals.

As the tray was placed down beside my bed, I saw that the food was a kind of rice dish with small pieces of chopped vegetable and slithers of meat stirred in. The drink was some type of herbal tea.

The two girls were giggling and concealing their mouths with their hands to hide their merriment at seeing me. They then left the room and once more the door was locked. No eating implement had been left for me, so, feeling famished, I scooped the food out of the bowl with my fingers.

Once I had eaten and washed I searched around the room some more, particularly looking into the drawers where the Thai girl had been. In the topmost drawer were things such as towels, face cloths, soap, disposable razors, and such. The second drawer down had women's garments, such as skirts and blouses, while the lowest of the three drawers was full of things like brassieres, panties, and hosiery.

I closed the drawer quickly upon hearing my door being unlocked. I turned to see who was coming in. This time, along with the older Thai woman, was Oxley.

“Good morning, young man. I trust that you slept well?”

“Yes, reasonable so. I am sorry for making a fool out of myself, I honestly have no idea why the drink affected me like it did. Anyway, thanks for the bed... I owe you.”

“Yes, indeed you do,” Oxley replied matter-of-factly. “And I do feel sure that, given time, you will eventually be able to repay me.”

I hadn't expected him to be asking for anything, and I took thought of my limited finances before answering. “Yes, well, huh, just tell me how much you want and I'll settle up with you.”

“Well, I cannot actually make an assessment at the moment. It all depends on just how long you will be staying here, doesn't it?”

“Oh! Well, I was kind of planning to return to my own hotel today.”

“What? Without seeing your lost friend?”

“You mean you've found him? You've found Jim? Where is he, is he all right?”

“You can find out for yourself eventually, dear boy. But for the time being I do suggest you use my accommodations, which will be cheaper for you, and where I can bring him right to you.”

I was a cop. I should have known better; not nearly enough questions had been answered. I didn't even know how Oxley had found Jim. Where had Jim been for the last thirteen months, and why had he not made any contact to let us know he was okay? But still, so pleased was I with the news, I never questioned anything, I just went along with what was told to me.

Although I had been told that it may be a while before I saw Jim again, the main thing to me was that he was alive. It seemed perfect.

So what did I have to lose? I had come out here to find Jim, or evidence of him, and he had been found. Although I hadn't brought that much money with me, now that Jim had been found and I would stay in a cheaper room until I saw him again, that no longer seemed to be a problem. I wasn't too bothered about staying in the small, dingy room. I was expecting to see Jim within a matter of days and then could be on my way back home.

Therefore, without resolve, I returned that day to the Amari Boulevard and checked myself out. Oxley even provided me with a cab back to the hotel and return fare to the men's club with my baggage. I couldn't wait to see Jim again, to find out what had been happening to him and where he had been all this time.

The two big doormen met my cab on my return back. One of them escorted me to the bar area, while the other took my suitcases to my room. At the bar I was greeted again by Oxley and the Thai woman.

“Hey, thanks for everything, Oxley. I'm sure glad that I met you in that nightclub like I did. Anyway, I owe you for the taxi today, and we have yet to arrange how much a night you want for the room here.”

Oxley waved his hand at me as I made a gesture to bring out my wallet, “No, no, no, hold on to your money, my dear boy. I did say you could pay me eventually, didn't I?”

“Well, thank you, sir. And you can be sure that I will.”



“Now, Mr. Mallony, I do not believe I have yet introduced you to the fine lady standing beside me. This is Rabeab, she is the 'mia noi', the Mistress of this house. If there is anything you may wish to know or require, then feel free to ask her. Rabeab runs the establishment for me and takes care of all my girls.”

Rabeab smiled and offered her delicate hand to me with a slight bend of her knees. I took it and kissed it.

“If I may say, Mr. Mallony, you are rather small and pale faced for an American. You have such a lovely, clear complexion,” she said to me.

“Thank you, ma'am. You know, some good things come in small packages,” I responded.

Rabeab smiled again. “Yes, Mr. Mallony, I am sure they do.”

Oxley then interjected. “I’m sure that you would now like to get settled into your room, and maybe freshen up before the evening meals are served.” He told me more than asked me.

“Yeah, sure. I still cannot thank you enough, and I can't wait to see my friend. You are sure it's him, aren't you?”

“Yes, Mr. Mallony, I am sure. Now, if you please, I do have other matters to attend to.”

I was shown back to the same room as before by Rabeab. “You will have food brought to you when it is prepared,” she told me, before turning to leave the room. I immediately began to wonder why I was having food brought into my room rather than going to a dining area, but Rabeab was gone before I could ask.

As the door closed behind her I heard the key turn again. I was starting to get just a little bit miffed about being locked in. If I was a paying guest, then I should be allowed to come and go as I pleased. I should have an amount of freedom around the premises and enjoy the establishment's services.

It was only then that I noticed that my baggage was not in my room. Where the hell were my cases? I tried banging on the door to bring attention; I was now feeling far from happy; but nobody came.

It was over half an hour later before I was once more to hear the door being opened. I was laid out across my bed, more from boredom than anything else, and thinking that I had made one big mistake in coming here. The sudden sound of the lock made me jump.

A young Thai girl entered with a cup of hot drink and placed it on top of the bedside cabinet.

“Why are you locking me in here?” I asked in frustration, even though I doubted that the girl could understand me. “And where the hell are my bags?” I added.

“I not know, I come give you warm drink,” she replied.

“Yeah, well, I want to know, so you just tell your mistress, er, Rabeab, that I want a word with her,” I snapped as I began to rise from my bed.

The girl put her hands together; fingers upwards, and lowered herself from the middle before turning and scuttling out. To my utter annoyance and consternation, I again heard the key being turned in the lock.

I eventually settled back down on the bed and reached for the drink. It tasted like an herbal tea, but I was parched and drained it.

I was not sure how much time had gone by before the door opened again; I had dozed off on the bed.

A girl came in carrying a steaming plate of food, which turned out to be noodles. She placed it down and, like the girl before her, lowered herself from the waist before turning to leave.

It seemed evident that Rabeab was not going to respond to my request to come and see me. I decided, while the door was still open, to get up and go find her myself.

“Just hold on. Don't close that door, goddammit,” I yelled out as I leapt from the bed before the door could be locked again. However, no sooner had my feet touched the floor than I went down in a heap. My legs just turned to jello and buckled under me.

As I crashed to the floor the familiar sound of the door being locked reached my ears. I was being treated no better than a prisoner. And what the hell was wrong with my legs?

Eventually, from hunger, frustration, and sheer boredom, I began to eat the food that was brought in for me. It had now gone cold. My next visitor was Rabeab herself, who, unbelievably, was checking to see if I was okay!

“No, I am not all right!” I blasted. “I am being locked in this room like some convict... And my legs have been weakened somehow; I can't stand up. What have you done to me? I want to leave this place, right now. Where is my luggage?”

“It would be pleasing to me if you lowered your voice. I have girls trying to entertain customers,” Rabeab replied softly.

“And it would be pleasing to me if you returned my cases and phoned for a cab. I am returning to the Boulevard.”

“Are you not wishing to stay and enjoy our hospitality, dear chap?” Oxley asked as he entered the room behind Rabeab.

“I don't call being kept in a locked room hospitality, *dear chap*,” I responded. “I thought you were a friend. I don't know what the hell is going on here, but I want to leave. I'll wager you never found Jim at all, did you? I bet he's dead after all.”

“Actually, my good fellow, your friend is very much alive. And, indeed, he is working for me... Just like you soon will be. I did say that you could repay me, eventually, and you can do that without the need to pay me money. As for my keeping you locked inside your room; well, I cannot very well have an American cop snooping around my establishment, a place that has unlicensed gambling and sells sex, can I?”

“I don't give a damn what you do here, man, I'm just looking for Jim. What the hell are you talking about, me working for you? I never agreed to do that. And, if Jim is here, then where the hell is he?”

“She is actually involved with a client at this very moment. Though I am sure that you will get to see her eventually.”

Now I really was beginning to feel concerned. This man was either crazy or a dangerous lunatic. “You had better get me my bags right now, Oxley; I want outta here,” I tried telling him as assertively as I could. “As you know, I am a cop. If I don't make contact, then the police will be swarming all over this joint, hauling your sorry ass down to the station.”

“Come now, really. I think not, old boy. Didn't you tell me all about your mission here, without the approval of your chaps? All of your false details and using the passport and identity of a dead man? No, what with your circumstances, and small stature, you are going to be making a rather splendid addition to my little workforce here. Just as your friend has done.”

“You don't know who the fuck you're dealing with here, you limey bastard. Jim and I may be small, but we can sure as hell handle ourselves. And don't expect those over-large goons to protect you.”

“Tut, tut. Down to name calling now, are we? How very droll. Despite how tough you may think yourself to be, you have already discovered your legs are weak, Mr. Siegelski. And I notice that you have finished your plate of food! No, somehow I do not think you will present me with too much trouble.”

I gazed over at the empty food bowl. The food and drink, it was being drugged! “You... you lousy bastard. You'd better let me go, or I swear I'll...”

“I really would like to stay and listen to your worthless, acrimonious, uncultured utterances, Mr. Siegelski, but unfortunately I have to leave now to catch a late flight to London. The drugs that were in the food you have eaten should ensure that you relax tonight, which is fortunate since, from tomorrow, Rabeab will be responsible for preparing you to work for me. I shall be returning in three weeks, when I hope to find your hot American temperament has become somewhat more serene. And you yourself looking more befitting to that which I have in mind for you.”

My yells of protest and anger hit upon a closing door. As the key turned I knew that I was here for the night. But, at least so long as Oxley was telling me the truth, I now knew what had befallen Jim. The trouble was... was it also going to happen to me?

## **CAPTIVE**

I awoke the instant that the sharp needle entered my arm. As my eyes popped open I saw the image of a young Thai girl with a syringe in her hand, swabbing me where she had made the injection.

I made an attempt to leap up, either at her or towards the open door; I didn't know which, but the effect of whatever had been injected into me was instantaneous. I felt every muscle in my body cramp up. Falling back onto my bed, I realized I had been immobilized.

What happened next caused me both shame and embarrassment. The girl had a set of smaller needles to give me further injections. But first, with the aid of two girls who had been in the room unnoticed, I was stripped of my clothing. The first girl then proceeded to give me the other injections. I had the contents of one needle inserted into both of my nipples and one in my rear end.

None of the girls made any reply to my questions; whether because they didn't understand me or because they had been instructed not to speak, I didn't know. Once their task was completed, I was left lying naked on the bed, unable to move, as they filed out of my room.

Some hours later, I found that I was at last able to move around a bit, though I remained feeling weak and unsteady. While I was still in this condition, a girl brought a bowl of food into my room, again without a word. She did not seem surprised that I was naked.

I was still too weak to try and escape. And, although hungry, the food remained untouched; I feared it to be drugged. The food was still there when Rabeab came in.

“Are you not hungry, Mr. Mallony?” she asked.

“My name is Siegelski; Will Siegelski. Whether I'm hungry or not, I no longer trust the sort of food you serve in this place.”

“It is your choice, but the food is good. You have been given injections, so there is no need also to drug your food. As for your name, that is now unimportant. You will be given a new, more befitting name shortly.”

“More befitting to what?” I asked, studying the woman carefully. “Just what gives here? What are you expecting to make me do?”

“Work for us, of course. In return, you will have your accommodation: you will be fed, clothed, and well looked after.”

“I already have a job, thank you ma'am; and my own home and clothes, all in America. And I can quite easily provide my own food. So why should I wish to stay here and work for you people?”

“First, so that you can again see your missing friend, who also works for us. She is far more accepting of us than you so far are. And nobody is asking if you would prefer to work for us.”

“Why the hell do you keep on referring to Jim as she?” I asked in annoyance. “Your friend Oxley was doing the same thing last night.”

“Because that is what your friend is now; Mo is one of our most sought after girls.”

“You are one crazy bitch. You and that Limey bastard, Oxley,” I scoffed. “Jim, a girl! No way, not in a million years, he's not that sort of guy. And Mo! What kind of freakin' name is that?”

“I never said that it was his original intention, he was just the right size and color, so we decided to use him. Much in same way that we have decided to use you. You are going to be joining our team of lovely young ladies, Mr. Mallony. You will be feminized

and, initially, shown skills in massage so as to be able to provide service to all our customer. As you develop you will be promoted to our other services.”

This situation was beginning to worsen; was she really being serious? Could she really do all the things she was telling me? She seemed to be crazy enough to, and what were those injections I had been given? I began to yell out a string of threats and curses in rising alarm.

“You can't keep me here! I will be reported as missing. You will be in a lot of trouble if you don't let me go, right now!”

“Really, Mr. Mallony! They never found your friend, did they? So why should they find you? Especially when the person you are supposed to be is a dead man.” Ra-beab laughed in mocking tones.

“Then I'll escape. You won't keep me here, you can't force me into doing anything that I do not want to do, you bitch. No goddamn way are you ever going to turn me or Jim into a woman,” I protested in growing consternation.

“But, Mr. Mallony, your process has already begun, you really cannot avoid it. However, if you do wish to try and escape there is a supply of clothes over in the drawers that you may wish to use, seeing as you do not have any clothes on. Or you may wish to wear them even if you do not try to escape, in order to conceal your nudity. Feel free, your own clothes have all been destroyed.”

My heart was now racing. Being a cop in Tulsa I'd had to face all manner of threats and dangers, but I had never been as frightened about anything like I was right then,



knowing what they intended to do to me and feeling powerless to do anything about it. Even being faced with such terrifying prospects as I was, my mind turned to Jim. I wondered if he had been put through the same ordeal, felt the same terror while we all abandoned him and returned to Tulsa thirteen months ago.

o0o

I did my best to resist. I refused the food they brought until I was weak with hunger; I refused any drink until my throat was parched and my body dehydrated. Each day I just endured being locked in the small room, totally naked, and feeling an ever increasing need to be clothed... to be covered.

Each and every morning girls would come in to inject me, keeping me serene and weakened. All-too-soon the injections were no longer needed; my body was too enervated with hunger for me to be able to offer any kind of resistance.

Rabeab never pushed me, she just bided her time, waiting for me to break. Each day was a long and monotonous one; I hated my constant nudity, my stomach cried out in hunger; which wasn't helped by the fact that I was spewing up what was left in my stomach for three full days. My throat burned with dryness.

It occurred to me, during my long periods of isolation, that if I wanted to live... if I ever wanted to get free from this hell hole, that I needed first to play their game and build up my strength. If not, I would surely die, and they would be equally happy just to let that happen, my return to Bangkok to find Jim all in vain.

It was on my sixth day of captivity, my flesh crawling from not having being washed, my throat parched and my stomach feeling empty and queasy, that I finally gave in. I took sips from a drink that had been left. I did this in three stages, slowly sipping so as to moisten my parched mouth until, eventually, I had life back inside my mouth and in my throat. Once my thirst was partially quenched and I could actually move my swollen tongue, I began to eat some of the food.

It was a slow process, but, immediately after I had taken my first mouthful of food, Rabeab entered, leading me to realize that the room I was in was monitored.

“Ah, Mr. Mallony. You have decided against your self-starvation... good! It is unpleasant when your tongue swells in your mouth and your stomach bloats hideously. This time you have sensibly decided to eat and drink; but, if you fail to conform with our plans for you, it shall be we that keep you from eating and drinking... until you do. Now it will unfortunately take you an amount of time to right yourself after your foolishness. Do not try to eat or drink too fast. This evening I shall allow you the luxury of a bath, then we shall see how compliant you can be with us. Resist us and you can continue your fast.”

o0o

I was being held captive in a foreign land, under an assumed name and with nobody knowing my whereabouts. I was locked in a building that had it's own security; the grounds were surrounded by high walls topped with razor wire. It seemed likely that there would be security cameras in operation, and I was still stark naked!