

Gay love in Thailand

by Brian Judge

'So, are you living here or on holiday?'

'I live here – came out three years ago.'

'Retired?'

'Sort of. How about yourself?'

'I just arrived yesterday. Found the name of this bar on the Net. In a few days I'm hoping to travel around Thailand. Hey! some really handsome guys are in here tonight.'

'Yes, they're here most nights.'

'Money boys?'

'Mostly, and be careful as some of them are thieves as well.'



It was a modest hotel near the centre of Bangkok and there seemed to be no objection to gay couples, if the diners eating breakfast were anything to go by. Such a change from back home where tradition still held sway. Jim had been made redundant from the textile factory a few months before when it had finally closed it's

doors and now he had his redundancy money to spend on a decent holiday. Previously he had never been abroad but had heard about the free and easy attitudes to gays here and was keen to see for himself.

One evening, he was settled in a Silom, Soi 4 bar and into his second bottle of Singha when he felt a hand on his right thigh. Turning, he saw an angelic, smiling face.

'Are you alone?'

'Yes.'

'Can we talk, then?'

'Sure.'

Was this really happening? Such a handsome young guy, speaking English and interested in him? Wow!

Well they chatted while they drank, were soon kissing and touching each other and midnight found them in bed, in Jim's hotel. Neither got a lot of sleep for the first hour or two but around eight Jim was awakened by a hand gently travelling all over his back giving him a tickly and delightful feeling. They kissed and lay together as the early morning sunlight fell over their bed. This guy was so sensual and experienced too. Noi, for that was his name was so uninhibited and affectionate that this rubbed off on Jim who became more and more relaxed as the days went by.

Then Jim had an idea. Would Noi like to accompany him as his guide around Thailand. Is the Pope a catholic? - as the old cliché goes. So that day they hired a car, checked out of the hotel and headed off south at Noi's suggestion and made their first stop at Hua Hin. After the bustle of the city, this beach resort had a slower pace of life but lots of bars and restaurants. They went everywhere together though occasionally Jim noticed other farangs (westerners) acknowledging Noi in a rather familiar way. These men were dismissed by Noi as long time residents who he barely knew. They swam in the sea, rode the beach ponies and visited a nearby hill featuring many religious shrines which were also infested with monkeys, This place

was called unsurprisingly, 'Monkey Mountain'. After a few more days they headed off south again stopping at various places.

Throughout the journey, from time to time, Noi would disappear for a night or two 'to visit members of his family' he said. He also used his mobile repeatedly. Well, their journey continued until they eventually reached the holiday island of Phuket. The gay scene here was well developed where apart from the many bars and restaurants there were transvestite cabarets as well. All a new experience for him. Here, Noi seemed to know quite a lot of the young guys they encountered on the beaches and on the streets.

But just lying on the beach recliners under umbrellas, being served food and drinks especially whilst being accompanied by such a handsome young buck gave Jim the most idyllic feeling he could ever have imagined. What a marvellous holiday!

Then one morning, Jim awoke to find himself alone in bed. In his sleepy state he at first wondered whether Noi had got up to use the bathroom. Or maybe he had gone down for breakfast alone? But there was no sign of him. Jim was alarmed and confused. What had prompted his sudden departure, he wondered. They seemed to have been getting along so well.

Then the words of the fellow he had met that first evening in the Bangkok bar hit him like the proverbial bombshell. 'Be careful, as some of them are thieves as well.'

But looking around the room all seemed as normal. His mobile, watch, camera, laptop and wallet were all there. He then arose, took a shower, shaved, dressed and went down in the lift for breakfast. But while eating his meal he glanced out of the window and his eyes soon focused on the space where he had parked the hired car the previous afternoon. The car was gone. He quickly finished and went to the Reception desk where he asked whether any of the staff had seen his 'friend' or had noticed his car being driven away. None had.

Jim then reported the whole business to the Hotel Manager who suggested he call the Police, while Jim waited in the lobby. Eventually, two policemen arrived and approached the reception desk. Soon the Manager reappeared and he and the officers joined Jim. The whole story was then related to the policemen by the Manager speaking in Thai. Noi's Identity Card it transpired, which had been surrendered to the hotel staff on checking in was now missing. Jim was becoming very worried about these developments. But just at this point, Noi appeared in the hotel lobby and it immediately became clear that he was well known to the Police.

A lively exchange (in Thai) then took place, after which Noi turned and said 'Don't worry Jim, I'm a plain clothes Police Officer.' Jim froze, stark still on hearing these ominous words. Then, 'Everything's OK,' he laughed. 'You see, I am in the anti-drug squad and we have been trailing these dealers since we left Bangkok. In the middle of the night I received a call telling me where the rendezvous for the deal would take place and the time, so I had to leave in a hurry. We nabbed the gang and the buyers too who are now being escorted back to Bangkok. The good news is that my chief has given me seven days leave so from now on, I'm all yours.'

The End