



*GRAHAM,
JUST ONE
SHADE!*

BY

GUY LILBURNE

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Graham, Just One Shade

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

This book is a work of fiction. The characters, incidents and dialogue are entirely drawn from the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

Also by the author.

The Thai Dragon.

My Thai Story.

The Kiss of the Dragon.

Cocktails & Dreams.

The Flower Girl.

Tika.

Coming soon.....My Thai Story II (Paradise Found)

For my daughter Sasha. I love you

CHAPTER 1: WHEN YOU REACH ROCK BOTTOM THE ONLY WAY IS UP!

I was in a bar in Gran Canaria. I had always proclaimed that somehow I had started to attract fatties through no fault of my own. I liked to give the impression that it was just one of those things. I was somehow an innocent victim, in the same way that some people attract mosquito bites and other people are never bothered by them. The truth is I had started to settle for big fat girls when I got drunk. They were an easy target and I had no competition for their affections. I was in this bar on holiday when three monsters walked into the bar. All the blokes in the bar averted their gaze. Eye contact with these heifers might risk a smile, or worst still, an approach! Some blokes dropped their head into their hands, some turned away and laughed. Some gasped in disbelief. A lot just groaned. These were three of the biggest girls anybody was ever likely to see, and the three of them together made a herd. I looked over to them as they walked in and, as they looked at me, I smiled broadly. I raised both eyebrows and flicked my head upwards in a 'Hello' sort of a way. The three huge girls smiled back. Contact! My smile turned to a grin and I mouthed the word, 'Alright?'

"What the fuck are you doing?" the man standing next to me said in disbelief.

"Oh, they've got pretty faces..... if they lost some weight."

"Fuck off!"

The three of them waddled over to stand next to me at the bar. Their fat bodies rippled like over-filled water beds when they moved.

"Hello" said the fattest one in a strong Scottish accent. "Can we stand here?"

I was surprised they could in fact stand at all.

"Yes of course. My name is Graham. Nice to meet you." I

continued the conversation and within minutes I had them all eating out of the palm of my hand, and by the looks of them, eating was something that they had lots of experience in. I was charming and funny and had them all laughing and wobbling a lot. The other men around me didn't join in the conversation and drifted a little way along the bar. Two of the girls went and stood at a table, not risking sitting. Even they must have realised that the chairs might not have been up to the task. I stood at the bar with my next holiday romance. I don't think that I had ever really believed in the Loch Ness Monster until I found myself buying her a drink. There was no doubt about it, I had pulled.

On many occasions, in more sober times, I had thought about the merits of shagging the first fat girl who I met on holiday, and the fact that it might ruin my street 'Cred' and destroy any chance of getting off with a slimmer more attractive girl. It all seemed to make perfectly good sense when I was sober. Around the pool I wouldn't have to try and persuade them to stay in the water up to their many chins, in an attempt to hide their size. I wouldn't have to avoid having my photo taken with them, and I wouldn't get a mouthful of salty sweat when I kissed them on the neck. But when I was pissed, all that sense went out of the window, along with my healthy eating policy. I used to make love to beautiful slim girls but more and more recently I was shagging fat birds and eating kebabs!

I discovered that 'Nessie' was in fact a really nice person with a lovely personality, and would be quite attractive if she lost some weight. About 15 stone ought to do it!

We had stayed on at the bar where our holiday romance first blossomed. I was a bit surprised that she drank pints, and on a par with myself. I couldn't help wondering 'Where does she put it all?' We went onto a nightclub later, but she didn't actually dance. There's a surprise! But she happily watched me as I did my thing on the dance floor. We talked a lot and she told me that

she hadn't had many boyfriends. I don't think that even I was very surprised at this.

The night just drifted along and we had made a connection. We decided to go back to her apartment and have sex. She thought that her friends, 'Tweedledee and Tweedledum', would be drunk, asleep and snoring by now. We went back to her apartment only for me to be stopped from entering the building by a security guard. I can't describe the astonished look on the guard's face that turned into raucous laughter as he realised that I was intending to shag this Scottish babe.

Not to be done out of a night of romance and passion, Nessie decided not to go into her apartment without me, and we leaned against a very strong wall outside and kissed and cuddled the way young lovers do when they just don't care who is watching them. We noticed the local black prostitutes taking young white youths, who had obviously had no luck out on the pull, along an alleyway. We followed them and found a small children's play park that had more than its fair share of discarded syringes and condoms. I thought to myself that if I ever have children, I wouldn't let them play in this park. It was a communal shagging area for the working girls. In the bushes and on various park apparatus girls were indulging in intercourse, giving hand jobs or blow jobs to young holiday makers.

Nessie bent over a child's roundabout ride and I gave her one from behind; I thought that would probably be the easiest way. Some of the prostitutes had been back with two or three clients before I had finished my work and when Nessie and I left we said goodbye to all the prostitutes. It's funny how you always seem to make friends on holiday, although we didn't bother to exchange addresses and phone numbers. Nessie didn't seem to have such a benevolent attitude towards the prostitutes and when she was leaving the park arm in arm with me she shouted "At least he didn't have to pay to fuck me!"

I felt very proud of her, and she was right, I didn't have to pay. The ten pints of lager and two kebabs that I had bought for her was just part of the courtship. My only worry now was that I thought that she really liked me and would probably expect me to talk to her if I saw her out in one of the bars. Girls can be so funny like that! I had already decided that the holiday romance was over, but for the next few nights I didn't pull anything else, got drunk and ended up with Nessie at the end of the night and repeated our love making endeavours in the park. We got to know the prostitutes quite well. On the third or fourth night, as she was bent over the park bench, I managed to move a lot of her fat folds and saw that her pussy looked like a badly packed kebab. I worked up quite a sweat getting myself inside her but eventually managed it. I looked up at the bright stars shining in the black night sky and wondered 'How have I got to become what I have become?' My life was a mess and I didn't know where it all went wrong. It wasn't just one mistake, one bad decision or one bad relationship that had brought me to this point in my life. It was a whole series of them! I was just an old fashioned romantic man who was looking for true love and romance with the perfect woman, and this wasn't it. Oh well! When you have reached rock bottom, the only way is up.