

# COCKTAILS & DREAMS



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## **AUTHOR'S NOTE**

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

## CHAPTER 1: COCKTAILS AND DREAMS

As ladyboy bars go, the Cocktails & Dreams ladyboy bar was a good one, sensual, sexy and sleazy in equal measure. Sandwiched at the end of the road between Soi Vegas and Soi Tiger, and with access off both soi's, it still didn't get much passing trade, but was always busy. The men who went to Cocktails & Dreams knew exactly where to find the place and knew what they wanted when they got there. The 'girls' who worked there were stunning and when they weren't outside the front of the bar dancing on the podium poles, they were dancing on the stage inside, or sitting along one of the bars, or playing pool or just applying make up and adjusting bra's and panties in one of the huge mirrors around the walls.

The 'girls' danced and pranced and preened and watched themselves constantly in any one of the huge mirrors, pouting and flashing nipples and breasts. The music was loud and constant. The cocktails were strong and the atmosphere was heavy. The men, either looking for love and romance or just sex, filled the bar and watched the 'girls' who smiled and posed and laughed and seduced, and sooner or later approached the men, sat on knees, rubbed legs, drank 'lady drinks' and agreed a price for their company for the night.

At 11:00pm every night they put on a show on the small stage at the back of the bar and the place would fill up with a lot more people, usually couples, who had just come to watch the free show. The lighting went down and the spotlight was up. The costumes were dazzling and sexy. Some of the girls had danced at 'Simons Cabaret Show' and were great on the stage, but for just 200 baht (£4) extra in their wages for dancing each night, it was always better for the girls if they pulled a 'punter' before the show and earned the usual price of 2000 baht (£40) from the customer. Just economic sense.

Daa was just 20 years old and had already worked in Cocktails and Dreams for the last two years. Her long hair, like black silk, her soft brown eyes, her flawless slim tanned body and large breasts, her high cheekbones and wonderful full smile all went to make her one of the more popular 'girls' working in the bar. Daa had had her breasts done when she was just 16 years old and working illegally

in a bar in Bangkok, but now it was her ambition to have the full sex change operation, just like her room mate ‘Tong’, the only ‘girl’ in Cocktails & Dreams who had had the full sex change operation.

It was 10:30pm, just half an hour before the show. As usual Daa had already pulled a customer who had agreed with her that he would pay her bar fine and take her back to his hotel for 2000 baht. Daa rarely got to dance in the show. She loved dancing, but she needed the extra money the customers paid for her.

Her dress was gold and sparkling, tight and short on her thighs, cut low and loose on her breasts. The young German man who had been kissing her for the last ten minutes was so nervous and so excited at the same time that he couldn’t stop his legs from shaking. Daa giggled and put both her hands high up on his thigh and gently stroked his leg.

“You shake too much, you cold?” she laughed.

The big German forced a laugh and shook his head. He didn’t know what to say so he didn’t say anything. He looked at the beautiful Daa and flashed a quick nervous smile. His teeth were perfect and white. His hair was dark like his eyes, he was handsome, the only blemish was the big red birthmark on his right cheek, Daa liked his shyness. He was probably a few years older than Daa but he was like a little boy. His first time in Thailand and he was out of his depth. He had heard the stories and he came for the experience. The girls dancing on the podiums outside had caught his attention and he had just wandered into the bar but the very moment he saw Daa she just took his breath away. He had never seen such a beautiful woman. He did not know that he was in a ladyboy bar. He did not know that Daa was a ladyboy.

The longer they kissed the higher Daa’s hand moved up the German’s thigh. And the more excited he became. His confidence was growing too and he pulled Daa closer to him, his big hands clamped on her slim body. Daa only pulled away from his kiss to sip her ‘lady drink’. As she sipped from the tall glass shaped like a nude female body, her eyes scanned the room.

The young German man felt Daa tense and for a moment she just seemed to freeze, then turned back towards him but at the same

time she pulled away from him and stood up from the bar stool and smoothed down her dress, then adjusted the loose fitting top so that it covered her breasts properly.

“What happened?” asked the German.

“Nothing happen, no problem,” she lied, but her body language was unconvincing.

Daa looked very guilty about something, but before the German could ask her anything else, she leaned over and kissed him quickly on the cheek.

“One moment please,” she said.

The German watched her pushing through the crowd to the other side of the bar. He could just see the back of her head in the crowd. He tried to see who she was talking too but the crowd was too thick and the lighting was too dark for him to see properly, but he guessed that she was talking to either her boyfriend or her ex boyfriend, and he felt a swell of jealousy and anger rise within himself.

Daa had seen her lover when she had looked over the top of the cocktail glass. Not just another customer but her real lover, her new lover, and had been for the last few days. It was still a new love and still a secret. Neither Daa or her lover wanted their love affair to be general knowledge. Daa was a bit shocked, a bit angry and a bit embarrassed to be seen by her lover while she was working the bar. They had agreed that it would be too painful to see Daa pulling other men for a night of sex. Daa managed to compose herself before she spoke. Even in times of anger or heightened emotions it was part of the Thai culture for Thai's to keep jai yen. (a cool heart)

“Why you come to bar?” she asked.

There was no reply, just a look of hurt and disgust and a quick exit from the bar. Daa followed. The German saw Daa pushing through the crowd to leave the bar. He wasn't going to lose his prize now. He was big and strong and fancied his chances against anybody in a fist fight. He slugged back his drink and clicked his fingers towards the little smiling Asian man behind the bar, and put 2000 baht under his glass, enough to pay for the drinks and Daa's bar fine. He pushed his way through the crowd and out onto the soi. Suddenly the rain came thrashing down and cooled the night air. Streaks of forked

lightening flashed overhead for a moment lighting up the soi, the instant bang sounded as loud as a bomb and it shook glasses and made the bar girls scream. The thunder and lightening and constant heavy rain washed out the sounds of music and laughter, the noises of the night lost in the tropical storm.

## CHAPTER 2: JUST ANOTHER DAY AT THE OFFICE

Darunee Khumsombot was one of the more experienced Murder Squad detectives working out of Kathu District Police station in Patong Beach. She had worked in Bangkok and Chiang Mai before transferring to Phuket six months ago. She was in her mid thirties but looked about ten years younger. Her appearance was immaculate and her clothes were expensive, all French and Italian designer, when it came to clothes there was nothing fake or copy about Darunee. She was attractive and slim but a very private person, some would say aloof. She was very professional in her work but distant and detached from her colleagues, she preferred to work alone.

The day had started out like everyday for Darunee, or 'Bee' as most people knew her. She was called Bee or 'B' because she was the second child born, her older sister was call 'A'. Today like everyday Bee got up and showered at 6:00am. She had noodle soup and a cold glass of fresh orange juice for breakfast. She travelled from Kata Beach into Patong Beach on her Honda motorbike, and parked her bike on the police station car park at 7:00am. She walked over the road to the hospital and donated 100 baht to the hospital in the Buddha prayer room, before writing down her wish on a prayer paper and setting fire to it and prayed as the wish was sent on it's way as the paper blackened and curled in the silver dish. She walked back over to the police station, the traffic was still not too busy at that time in the morning. She would get cold water from the water cooler before she sat at her desk, turned on her computer, opened up and checked her emails and then go through the circulated crimes from the last 24 hours. Just another day at the office.

It was only 7:30am when the phone on her desk rang, she had just taken her first sip of water. It was still early, and half an hour before the other detectives were due to arrive at work. Bee knew that this was going to be a job. She lifted the receiver, swivelled around in her chair, crossed her legs and held a pencil poised to make notes, her fingernails perfectly manicured.

"Hello," she said.

"We have just had a body found in Soi Sunset, a stall holder

called it in, the body was dumped in his stall, uniform are there and confirm a body and are asking for detectives. Can you turn out?" asked the civilian operator from the control room.

"Do we know who the deceased is yet?" asked Bee.

"No, not identified yet but believed to be body of young female, aged about 20 years, looks like a bar girl."

"Where is Soi Sunset?" asked Bee still scribbling on her pad.

"It's the road at the back of the Yorkshire Inn Hotel, it leads towards the Expat Hotel, runs parallel to Soi Sansabai."

"Yes, I know it now."

"The stall is on the left hand side as you turn into the soi."

"Okay, I'm on my way, as soon as any 'Scenes of Crime' officers get in send them out to me."

Bee put the phone down and grabbed her radio and note pad. She wrote on the office white board, 'Body found in Soi Sunset 7:30am, Bee.' and she took a set of keys to one of the squad cars, the keys all hung on the row of hooks by the door. Just another day at the office.

### CHAPTER 3: THE CRIME SCENE

Soi Sunset was a cul-de-sac that led down to the Expat Hotel and there was also the rear entrance to the Yorkshire Inn Hotel spa and gym. There were a couple of stalls at the top of the soi near the junction with Rat-u Thit Road. The body was behind the counter in a stall that sold knock off designer training shoes. When Bee arrived she was greeted by four uniformed police officers who stood smoking with the stall holder while they waited for the detectives. Two police motorbikes were parked up in front of the stall. The four officers in their tight brown uniforms and sunglasses looked smart and official. The shiny black boots, and guns worn on the hip gave them a military look. They saluted the detective when she arrived and Bee wai'd in return. The stall holder, a chubby middle aged Thai man put his hands together high up in front of his face, thus giving the detective a very respectful 'high' wai. Bee returned with a much lower wai, her hands together low down on her chest, both wai's reflecting their own and each others importance and social standing.

Bee pulled back the blue tarpaulin curtain to the stall and had a quick look at the body but didn't step inside the stall. She could see that there was a gunshot wound to the chest. Killed at close range, very close and by the blood splattering inside the stall she could tell that this is where the murder had taken place. The victim had not been murdered somewhere else and just dumped here. She stepped back and let the heavy plastic curtains fall together again. She turned to face the police officers and the stall holder who were all waiting for her verdict.

"She was a pretty girl, have you seen her before?" she asked the stall holder who was now sweating in the sunshine.

"No I have never seen her before."

"I take it you left the stall secure last night?"

"Yes of course, when I got here this morning it was open just like this. Somebody has removed the padlock. I thought that thieves must have done it to steal my stock but then I looked inside and saw the girl."

"Ok, we can't do anything until the forensic people get here, I