



Into The
Night Life
by
Crazy Horse

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2nd edition 2016

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eISBN 978-1-63323-324-9

Print ISBN 978-1-63323-325-6

Published by www.booksmango.com

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1 - SINGAPORE

*Just arrived Singapore,
 San Sebastian, Spain
 26 hour trip, Salt Lake City,
 Come in Spring over the salt flats
 And hailstones brought you
 Back to me.
 Here it comes
 Bad.*

- Rem, Departure

I step off the plane at Changi airport in Singapore. It's desert hot. I can almost imagine what it was like in the Japanese prisoner of war camp on this exact location. I step inside the modern terminal and thank Jesus for air conditioning. Man, when global warming takes hold, and we've run out of dinosaur juice for running the air con, you're going to see people start hiking north of the tropics with a vengeance to match the white flight from the cities to the suburbs following WWII. All the retirees in Florida and Thailand are going to be making a mad dash for the snowline and higher ground. You won't be able to give away land in Florida or Southern Cal.

I've got about three hundred dollars US in my pocket – to my name, actually. I have a new contract to lead an IT project, which starts tomorrow morning. I've never been to Singapore before in my life, and I have to somehow survive here – in one of the most expensive cities in Asia or the world – for a month – until my first paycheck will arrive. I'm not looking forward to it. I've reserved the absolute cheapest flop-house room I could find on the Internet, so I get my one suitcase and look for the taxi queue.

I wait on queue for a taxi for only a few minutes. Most Americans – unless they live in New York City, have no idea about the efficiency and tidiness of a taxi queue. People just line up naturally in Asia – for everything from taking a shit to buying groceries (both ends of the food chain, I guess), and they're neat and respectful and quiet about it – another thing

Americans have no idea about – being quiet in a crowd.

The taxi takes me to a little shithole hotel in Little India, just outside of the Central Business District (CDB). My previous year in Bangkok – the ‘Kok – is just a distant memory now, as I have been marooned back on Planet America for the past year. I was kicked out of the Garden, and now I’m desperate to get back. Thailand is paradise if you’re a Westerner, err, a Western man, I should say; although Western dykes do pretty well there also.

I want to move back to Thailand permanently. I want to live out my life in Bangkok and be carted out in a pine (or cardboard) box when it’s all over. At least this job in Singapore gets me close – only 2 hours away by plane. At least I’m back in Asia and out of Planet America, or Jesus-land, as some people call it. I’m hoping Singapore will have some things in common with the ‘Kok. Surely, the mixed Chinese – Malay girls will be gorgeous. Surely, there will be great, cheap food available. Surely, there will be go-go bars with scantily clad lithesome Asian girls dancing their asses off in G-strings and high-heeled go-go boots just for the right to accompany to a seedy hotel room for the night. Surely, hopefully. But I had no idea. I didn’t know where to go to find any of that. I had the address of this dive hotel in Little India and the address of my new office in Newton Circle. I would find out the rest.

After a couple of days of work, I walk about a kilometer down Scott’s Road to Orchard Road, where I encounter Orchard Towers, known locally as ‘Four floors of whores.’ An apt description. I don’t have any money for girls or beer, which is a serious problem. I’m still hurting, I have to admit, from having to get away from the doe-eyed girl I’d found in Bangkok and brought back to the US with me. Big fucking mistake. What I realized in my first year in Bangkok – that you can’t change people, that if you delude yourself and thereby beg people to lie to you, they will. I knew she wasn’t as sweet and innocent as her act, but I wanted to believe it. I needed to believe it. It was fun to believe it. Unfortunately, once I got her to America, the act dropped off of her like a bad hairdo. She was suddenly this scheming bitch on a mission to

find a richer American than me to marry, so she could live the good life, and the hell with anybody else. But I already knew that. There were enough signs. There were enough horrible arguments with her over stupid shit that anybody would know that she was going to turn out be a self-serving bitch. It was obvious - in hindsight. At the time, I wanted to buy into the fantasy that she was a gorgeous twenty-two year old with a body and face to kill for and yet perfectly innocent. Yea, tell me another one. I was such a dumbass, but I couldn't let her go. The sex was off the chart. You know that feeling when you should put something down, but it just feels so good, tastes so fine - I'm not saying it feels right, you know it ain't right, but it feels so good.

Being with her had turned into a year of hell and fighting. I got out. But I still missed her tight, round ass, and the memory of it was killing me. All the rules I had lived by (and written about) in my 'Year in the 'Kok,' had all been ignored and forgotten. I was guilty of breaking my own code. And I was sadder for it.

I ride the escalator up to the third floor of Orchard Towers and find a cheap-looking Thai restaurant. I only have enough money for one dish, so I order my favorite Thai food, Tom Kha Gai. I tell them - in Thai - not spicy (mai pet). The waiter nods, khap, khap, khap, but he's not listening. I tell him again, "Mai pet, mai sai prick," which means without chilies. Naturally, the coconut soup comes out more red than white and too spicy for me to eat. There goes the money for my one meal of the day.

I sit there, hungry, drinking my one Singha Thai beer. I have fallen far from my great, fat-wallet days of living it up in the 'Kok. Those days will return soon, but I have to get through this next month of fucking torture - with no pussy, no cigars and no Scotch or beer. What's the point of living? I think, 'Great, I'm going to sit right here at this fucking restaurant every night and wait for my first check, and I'm going to make them get my food order right, and then when I get paid, I'm going to fuck every girl in Orchard Towers twice.

I can't actually afford to eat in this shitty little restaurant

every night, but I'll make do.

A couple of six-foot tall Thai ladyboys walk into the restaurant and sit at another table. They both give me long, exaggerated looks, the way ladyboys do. They over-flirt with you to see if you realize their not real girls, and to see if you get intimidated (or interested). I just smile back. They are in their street clothes – jeans, T-shirt, low-heels – probably on their way to work in one of the bars here. Another ladyboy joins them – she is stunning – at least six feet tall and gorgeous, feminine curves in all the right places. I'd lived in Bangkok long enough to know she was a ladyboy, but she could walk through any mall in America and pass for a leggy female model.

One of the first two ladyboys comes over and sits down at my table. She speaks broken English to me, and when I answer her in Thai, she is overjoyed. The other ladyboys hear me and excitedly speak to me in Thai. They instantly get up and come over to my table and sit down. They're all amazed that I can speak any passable Thai. One of them asks me how I know Thai. I give them the very quick and abridged version of my sob story. They're all horrified that a Thai girl did that to me, so they're all sympathy and hugs. Even though they're ladyboys, they all look like girls and they all look good, so the attention feels great. The tallest one asks me why I'm not eating my soup. I explain that I had told the asshole waiter, "mai sai prick," but that the asshole hadn't listened and brought it too spicy. The tallest girl, err, ladyboy, gets up and walks directly into the kitchen of the restaurant and starts berating the waiter and the chef. The other ladyboys start laughing out loud. Apparently they've seen this kickass attitude from the tall girl before. The other customers are shocked. Our girl comes back beaming and asks if I want anything else – it's on the house. I tell her anything is fine – larb gai, grapow, whatever. She yells at the waiter in Thai that he should hurry up and bring me another beer and more beers for the rest of the girls. Then she sits down again, satisfied. She's flirting with me – trying to impress me. I am amused. She has a full head of bleached blonde hair and is nearly as

tall as I am. And she's very pretty. I'm not into ladyboys, but I enjoy watching her trying to impress me. It feels good to be catered to, to be treated like a man. She obviously knows how to be a woman and make a man feel good. Obviously. Too bad the real girls in America no longer have that skill. The waiter brings our beers and my larb gai. He's jumping around like he's got ants in his pants. He definitely doesn't want to piss off this six-foot ladyboy again. It's hilarious. Thai guys are such pussies, and I don't mean the ladyboys. I can tell she's getting into her glamorous, cocky – supermodel persona in order to go to work in whatever ladyboy bar they all work in. She is switched on.

The chef, a big fat Thai man, comes out carrying many beautiful dishes of Thai food and places them on our table. They're all made without chilies or green peppers. This food is either free or the 'girls' are paying for it, so I dig in.

After we eat, the tall girl explains that they all have to go to work upstairs at a bar, and they all invite me to join them. I tell them thanks, but I'm broke until I get paid in a month. Tall girl takes me by the arm and tells me not to worry – all my drinks are on her for the night. I let them walk me to the up escalator and we go up to their bar, which is called Crazy Horse – my namesake. I'm impressed. The place is full of hot looking Thai Kathoey – ladyboys – what the Thais call “the third sex,” and you can see why. There are also a group of Filipina and Malay girls working in the bar, but they don't hold a candle to any of the tall, curvy Thai ladyboys.

We go into the Crazy Horse saloon. The tall 'girl' tells me her name is Tik. She orders me another Singha from the bar and gives me the rest of her Marlboro Lights. She asks me to wait a few minutes for her in the smoking booth next to the dance floor. She's going to change into her work clothes, and then she'll come join me.

I take the smokes and the beer and go into the glass walled smoking booth. I light up and drink my beer and watch the girls coming in for work. A few more tall, beautiful ladyboys walk into the bar like they own the place. The shorter, not as curvy Filipinas and Malay girls come in also. They're more

plain looking, not the prettiest girls from their countries – sort of , run of the mill – straight off the conveyor belt. They don't hold a candle to the statuesque ladyboys.

Tik and her girlfriends – all pretty Thai ladyboys – join me in the smoking booth. They're all dressed up in tight knee-length cocktail dresses and high heels – hair and makeup perfect. If you were a rube just off the plane from Kansas, you would think you'd stumbled into a Victoria's Secret fashion show. You'd have no idea these girls were born boys. I could tell from their attitudes, perfect smooth skin and confidence that most of them were on female hormones. They all had big fake tits and I'm guessing most of them had already been cut, i.e., no longer carried any male equipment. But I figured there were still one or two swinging johnsons in the room other than mine.

I ask Tik and her friends, "How come you all looks so glamorous and those Malay girls look kind of plain?"

"We're better," Tik answers quickly.

"We have everything a girl has and more," another one says, so I'm guessing she has a dick.

"We are like girls, but better," another one says. "Taller, more curves, more elegant."

It's hard to argue with them. It's still early, so the bar has only a few after-work customers – mostly Japanese or Chinese salarymen in their matching business suits with their briefcases tucked under their barstools. If their wives back in Japan knew they were in a ladyboy bar instead of working late in the office...

Tik hands me a Singy hundred dollar bill and asks if I would please go to the bar and buy us each another drink – Chivas and coke for her – and whatever I want. I go to the bar wondering how I've gotten into this situation – what am I doing hanging out with a bunch of Kathoey – Thai ladyboys. But I'm not leaving either. I've got nowhere else to go except back to my hotel room, which is the size of a prison cell. If I lie on the bed in my room, I can literally touch all four walls.

I buy us both a drink, and I go back to the smoking room. I try to give Tik back her change, but she tells me to keep it

and pay her back when I get paid. I look at her. She means it. I can feel the steel jaws of the trap closing around my ankle, but I don't run. I thank her and put the change in my pocket. That's fifty bucks I didn't have this morning. Another one of the girls lights a cigarette for me and hands it to me. I tell her thanks, and she kisses me – a little peck on the lips. I smile. Tik smiles. Everyone smiles. I know they're slowly sucking me into their trap. They know I know. I've spent my one year living in Bangkok. I know the game backwards and forwards. So we all play along.

More customers come in and the 'girls' go out into the main part of the bar to work the customers for drinks and possibly a trip to their hotel room. I'm happy to stay in the smoking booth and watch through the big glass window where the overpowering noise from the sound system is a bit muffled and bearable. The girls take turns rotating in and out of the smoking booth – always one or two of them here to keep me company and buy me drinks while the others are out on the floor working the Johns. This was like a behind the scenes visit to Disney World – since I'd lived in the 'Kok and I knew what was what, they let me into their secret world, shared the tricks of the trade with me. Each time they come back into the smoking booth, they give me the lowdown on what is happening with their latest targets – the marks they're working out on the main shop floor – who has money, who is staying in a nice hotel nearby, what they're asking for, if they know the girls are Kathoey or not. I'm amazed listening to it. I use to hang out with bargirls in Nana and Soi Cowboy, so I'd heard most of it, but these aggressive pseudo-girls take it to another level. They were just like any other working girls in any bar in Asia, but like they had said, 'they were more so.'

Tik comes back into the smoking booth and tells us all about this big Aussie guy she's been working on. She points him out to us through the looking glass. He's already offered her \$300 Sing to go back to his room with him at the Sheraton. Tik's not happy about it.

"That's good money," I say. "What is that, about \$240 US?"

She looks at me like I'm crazy and says, "I don't leave this

bar for under a thousand.”

I look at her like ‘are you shitting me?’

“A thousand,” she says again. The other girls nod. She’s not bullshitting. Tik touches her hips to show off her statuesque hourglass figure. “And I get it every night.”

“Jesus Christ,” I say out loud, thinking, the bar girls in Thailand – real girls – beautiful ones – are giving it up every night for \$50 USD every time.

She reads my mind and says, “I’m not a Nana whore.”

I laugh out loud and nod. “Okay.”

She’s definitely not that. I had to work my way up the chain of command in IT Consulting for twenty years to get to Tik’s level of pay, and she’s making it in her early twenties for selling her ass, and she’s not even a real girl. Not that it would last long after her early twenties, but I could see Tik was smart enough to be working on a plan for the rest of her life, too.

She downs her drink and goes back out to the big Aussie wearing a look of determination. A couple of minutes later, she comes back in to get her purse.

“He agreed to eight hundred dollar US,” she says, smiling. She kisses me on the cheek. “Have you got money enough to get home?” She asks.

“Yea, I’m fine,” I say. “Thanks for the drinks.”

She opens up her purse and takes out a fifty dollar bill and hands it to me. “Take this,” she says. “I’m worried about you.”

I shake my head, no, so she puts the money in my pocket and says, “Come back tomorrow and keep me company, okay? I like talking to you.”

“Okay,” I say, “I’ll see.”

“No. Come,” she says. She kisses me again and leaves. I watch her walk out of the bar with the big Aussie, who’s got his arm around her waist and is probably thinking he’s just scored the deal of the century - \$800 US for one night with a smoking hot Asian model, who’s down on her luck. He has no idea.

I finish my drink and laugh, as a couple of Tik’s ‘girl’-friends come into the smoking booth. I’m laughing because I can tell Tik was giving me money to try and get me to leave.

She doesn't trust me hanging out in the hen house with all these other bitches, who are clearly on the make and would love to steal me away from Tik. I'm some sort of prize. I have no idea why, but it feels good.

I tell the girls I'm going back to my hotel. They rub on my arms and hug me and try to get me to stay. The one who lit a cigarette for me earlier, Rony, runs her hand down the front of my pants and starts rubbing my cock.

She leans in and says in my ear, "I give you free blowjob." She smiles. I smile and decline, wondering if she means right here in the smoking booth.

I get out of there as quickly as I can. Back at street level, I walk out onto Orchard Road, and the night is clear and much cooler than the day. There are still loads of punters and bar-girls around, but I just walk along Orchard Road and enjoy the last of Tik's Marlboro Lights, and I think about what has just been one of the weirdest nights of my life hanging out with a bunch of Kathoey.

I love Asia. Always something fun happening here – especially at night, and once you get sucked into the night life, you can't get out. You won't want to get out. Not really.

They don't tell you that when you're young. When you're young, you just want to get in. You just want the pretty girls to notice you're alive. You'd do anything to get in. You ache for it, and once you're in, you can't give it up. That's why so many rock stars and rich movie actors never make it out of their twenties. If you had unlimited access to the best pussy and drugs on the planet and someone handed you ten million dollars, you wouldn't survive it either. I'm no rock star, unfortunately, but it's nice to get a small taste of the good life. Being surrounded by beautiful women in Asia is as close as I'm ever going to get. And that's close enough. I can't wait to get paid and see what the other countries in Asia have to offer.