

# LUCKY



# ELEPHANT

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“You want to see them. Tiny wee things. Dolls. They swarm around you. You can have a different one every night.”

Adrian took a gulp of Harp.

“And they do everything for you, massage you, get you food, wash you, bring you beer. They’ll even fold your clothes. For next to nothing. Costs ten-times as much in Amsterdam and they’re clock-watching bitches, kick you out before you blow your load.”

Adrian had command of the five lads in the bar. Four of them married and regretting it. The other one, Mick, had never had a girlfriend. He’d asked a girl out once, when he was 17, but she said no. Didn’t try again, he knew it would always be no. He was 24 stone. Pale and ginger. Shy even with drink in him. Shy his whole life. His father was a violent man who beat them and died in a bar fight when he was 30, Mick’s age, clubbed to death by three men with baseball bats for being a mouth. He was only eight when his father died, and Mick and his brothers and his mother comfort ate their way through it. Mick was already diabetic and had early-stage heart disease. Reduced mobility. Fatty liver. Depression. Anxiety. PTSD. He’d never worked, was never healthy enough to.

“No rules in Thailand, boys. Pure freedom. None of that feminist shite, and no heifers either. The girls look after themselves. Holiday of a lifetime. If I’d the money I’d move there in the morning.”

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Mick liked the busty blondes, the 90s look. Hyper-sluts in black PVC. Intimidating bitches who would punish him for even breathing, then let him suck on their massive plastic tits like a baby. But he tried Asian porn after everything Adrian said. He found them cute, different, he liked them. His dick didn’t work well, but it worked. If he did it first thing in the morning before his head filled up with negative thoughts.

He researched Thailand. Adrian wasn’t lying. Getting a Thai woman was quite easy, and some of the guys doing it were fatter and older than him. Loads of guys married them and brought them home. Mick read they fall in love with white men right away. He needed something. He lived nothing more than existence, just him and the TV. He’d be good to a woman - his brothers find him funny, he’s kind, he wouldn’t cheat, but the Irish women don’t see that, they don’t see him at all, 24 stone and invisible.

His mother had died a year before. Massive heart attack. Gone in an instant. Best way to go everyone said. She’d owned her home, bought it off the council decades ago. Mick and his

brothers sold the house and split it three ways. He made more than £30,000. More money than he could spend.

He booked the trip with a travel agent. A week in Bangkok. Sukhumvit Road, the road of the Red-Light areas Soi Cowboy and Nana Plaza, a 4-Star Hotel, looked fancy, exotic.

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The flight was Belfast - London Heathrow - Bangkok. On the second plane Mick was sitting beside a Londoner called James, he was about 50, dressed for holiday already - shorts, 'ME ❤️ PATTAYA LONGTIME' t-shirt, shark-tooth necklace. James was a cabbie and it was his third visit to Thailand.

"They suck your cock under the table when you're having a pint, mate. Not fucking joking, mate. Dirty little minxes. They're experts at it. They'll stick a finger up your arse too if you ask em. Try talking about the football when you're getting that", James slapped Mick's arm, "dirty little bitches the lot of em. They love the cock, mate. Gagging for it. Can't get enough of it."

"Are you serious?"

"Too fucking right I'm serious, mate. You're coming out with me tonight. Best way to start your holiday."

"Thanks a lot, I really appreciate it."

"No problem, mate. I was saying..." James lowered his voice to a whisper, "... I had one last time and no fucking way was she 18. Hard to tell but this bird was young. Beautiful."

James put his head back, closed his eyes.

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Mick met James after a nap at the hotel and some room-service. James gave him a Viagra, then a strip of Viagra.

"Magic diamonds, mate. They'll turn you into a king."

They had a few pints and their cocks got hard, usually took Mick half-an-hour of rubbing to get half that hard. And they went to the blowjob bar. Down a narrow street of flashing bar-signs, **PUSSY PUSSY PUSSY**, future-city-neon like a movie. Little Asians in bikinis grabbed

at his hand and his dick. Mick's heart raced and he'd sweated through his clothes. He'd never been to a strip club. He'd never even seen a half-naked woman outside of a screen.

James set Mick up. A woman appeared at his feet, took his dick out of his shorts, and started sucking. The Arsenal game was on, James talked, Mick couldn't talk, overloaded, but he didn't feel as nervous as he thought he would, everyone was at it. There was a young guy getting a blowjob across from him, wearing a vest, with muscles and tattoos, and Mick wished he looked like him, not a blob. But his dick stayed hard. She sucked his balls. Mick thought the woman under the bar didn't look very horny. She looked a bit old, like a goblin hiding under a bed, squatting with her eyeballs glowing in the UV. But it felt good, his dick liked it. James raised his glass for a cheers, came, and ordered another big Chang. Mick had stomach cramps. She sucked, unwavering, until he came into her mouth. He grunted. James cheered. It was ok, he thought. Distracting with other men there. Sex would be great, he was sure. But it was a good start to the holiday. James was a good guy.

They walked to another bar.

"It's like shopping, mate. Pick one, buy her a drink, pay the old bird something who runs the place and boom. Just follow my lead. You'll want to take her for the night. Empty your bollocks completely, mate. It's good for the prostate."

James was leaving for Pattaya in the morning, but he gave Mick the full initiation into how to hire a girlfriend.

"This is the cheapest place on Nana for em. Don't forget it."

A harem of slinky silky screeching cats surrounded James. One girl came over to Mick. Britney, four-foot-ten, in her thirties, wearing a Hello Kitty bikini. Mick was about four times the size of her.

And that was it. He didn't care about choice. As long as she was over 18 and weighed less than him. Anything to end the emptiness.

They were in his hotel room within the hour.

She showered. Then he showered. Then they did it. Britney on top. The relief was not physical. Adult virginity had festered like a cancer, he was a real human being now, sweaty and naked with a woman, a full condom on his dick.

He didn't sleep, he petted her head and cuddled her all night. Her hair smelt like woman. He was touching an actual woman. And in the morning, he asked her if she would stay with him for the rest of his trip.

For a thousand dollar she would.

After a phone call to the bank, a visit to the ATM, and handing over the cash, Britney told Mick she loved him. And he told her he loved her too.

Mick tried to hold her hand walking back, but she said it was not custom in Thailand.

He hadn't been to the toilet since Ireland. It was large, loud, it took a long time, a painful pleasure, the endorphin rush as he finished was almost as good as eating.

He clogged the toilet.

Two maintenance guys arrived. During the repair, Britney and the guys seemed to be having an argument in Thai. She was animated, making spitting gestures. After they left Mick asked her what happened. Britney told him they said he was big and strong like an elephant and she was happy because elephants are lucky in Thailand, it was a good sign. Mick got on all-fours on the floor and put his arm at his nose like a trunk and Britney mounted him. They rode around the room laughing. She got his sense of humour. His chest electrified with big love feelings and he welled up.

“No cry lucky elephant.”

“Happy crying”, he said.

Over the next 10 days, Mick and Britney had sex four times and settled into their holiday romance. Mick never felt awkward or insecure. She put everything at ease. They did a lot of tourist stuff, temples, drinking, restaurants, street food, nice food but small portions, and lots of shopping. Walking in the heat nearly killed him, he'd blisters, was chafed down to raw thigh flesh, squirting sweat. He wondered how people could live in heat like that, although the Thais didn't seem to feel it, Britney didn't even sweat.

“You my husband”, she tried on a big diamond ring. In the third jewellery shop of that day.

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They said their goodbyes at the airport.

“You my husband? You my husband next time.”

“Yes yes yes I love you kitty wife.”

Mick covered her in wet hysterical kisses and stumbled away into security.

He cried for half the flight to London. It was the cuddling he would miss the most. Cuddles were better than sex. He couldn't tell the lads that. But it was true. Sex could be

confusing and stressful. And a big physical strain. Their bed had been a cloud of cuddles and little kisses. Britney taught him how to kiss with his tongue out. No amount of cuddles would ever be enough. He wanted to squeeze her forever. Squeeze her until he absorbed her.

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Mick booked a second trip the day he got back home. He'd have gone right away but had some upcoming hospital appointments. Two whole months to wait. An eternity.

**miss u**

♥♥♥♥(r~ ~)(` 3 `)♥♥♥♥

**i miss you too XXX**

**im shy**

**Why are you shy?**

**u elephant penis big boy omg so shy**

**lol now I'm shy**

♥♥♥♥♥♥ :)

Jealousy ate into him if she didn't reply quickly. He got chest pains if he thought about her, without him, for too long. He imagined all kinds of perverts doing terrible things, bad people, with their tongues hanging out, high fiving each other, groping and cumming on his kitty. The protection he felt made him more certain this was true love. He needed her. And he had to marry her before he lost her.

He begged her to promise faithfulness.

She did.

She promised him she was only working behind the bar making drinks. No more customers now that she would be his wife and move to Ireland. But she struggled on less money.

**thailand poor country need work**

**i no money**

**so poor 2 b ur wife**

**crying**

( \_ ̃ 0)

Australian guys with tattoos wanted to fuck her. He knew it. With their big dicks and six-packs. Big evil dicks dripping with cum. The bastards. He hoped they all died. They didn't love her. They didn't know her. Her sweet little soul. She'd sacrificed so much for him. She didn't have the same chances in life he did, girls don't get educated in rural Thailand, and the government doesn't help. Working as a bargirl was her only way to make money. It was his place as a husband to look after his wife. How could he let her struggle. He had plenty of money, what's money anyway he thought, no point in hoarding it and suffering. He'd suffered enough in his life. No more. Send.

**ur my hero**

**You are my princess XXX**

**hug**

♡(\*´ - `)(´ - `\*)♡

**hugs forever XXX**

It was difficult for her to write as much as he'd like, her English wasn't good, and they were in different time zones.

**sum1 stole phone**

**need new iphone 2 talk 2 u**

**on friend phone 4 1 secund**

**crying**

( \_ ̃ 0)

**bye**

It tormented him he wasn't there to keep her safe, broke his heart. But he did what he could. He was a provider; he was a man. It made his dick get a bit hard. Send.

^。^。 \ luv husband darling

Her family's water buffalo died.

**my family dieing**

**no food**

**i scare a lot**

**my heart die**



Mick had no idea the water buffalo was so integral to survival in Thailand, he didn't even know what a water buffalo was. Send.



**sleepy luv u ( ° . ° ) ~ z z z**

The sooner Mick could get her to Ireland the better. He made an appointment with his solicitor about the marriage.

**birtday no u present???? :( :(**

**(sad puppy animation)**

How could he not know Thai people have two birthdays. He felt terrible. Send.

**luuuuuuuuuuuuu u hansum**



**(dancing cat animation)**

**girls jelousy now. xxxxxxx**

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Mick changed his flight to two days earlier. He didn't tell Britney. The plan was to surprise her and propose in front of all her friends in the bar. He had his mum's engagement ring resized.

He'd practised. His brothers said it was too soon. They were just jealous because she was beautiful, and they had nobody. He told them - go to Thailand.

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The hotel room was perfect. Mick booked a premier suite with a jacuzzi bath. Got room-service, ate it in the bath with beer, took a Viagra, had more beer to soothe himself. He asked reception to sprinkle flower petals on the bed while he was out.

The streets were buzzing, horns blasting, people hawking, people drinking, fever and spice in the air. His heart was beating too fast with the nerves, the Viagra, and the heat. He was a sweaty mess by the time he got to the bar.

He saw her right away.

A big South African grandad had her in his arms, carrying her around the bar and tickling her. His hand was tickling inside her bikini bottoms. She wasn't trying to get away from him. Her arms were around his neck. She was laughing. Like when they played elephant.

She looked at Mick and buried her head in the man's chest. The man licked his fingers. Mick stumbled out of the bar like he'd been shot.

Stabbing chest pains, the street noise, the heat, like walking into a burning building. A neoncat's screeching tout-call;

**"I WANT YOU TO FUCK ME IN ASS"**

Guys shoulder-bumped Mick as he lumbered. Drunkards and cats everywhere. Someone grabbed his dick. So dizzy.

**"I WANT YOU TO FUCK ME IN ASS"**

Techno music blasted, neon strobed, it all melted into a spinning colour-wheel, his vision blurred, near blind from the tears and the stress in his system.

**"I WANT YOU TO FUCK ME IN ASS"**

End of the street. The traffic. The smoke wafting out of a street food stall. A motorbike backfired. Chest pain worsened, he was wounded, bleeding, blinded, senses all mixed up.

He couldn't remember the way to the hotel. He slumped in a doorway. He gave up. He was done. He'd stay there in the corner and have his heart attack or boil to death or get eaten alive by insects.

A woman asked him if he was ok, did he need a doctor?

"I asked Mum at her grave."

The stranger gave him water. Told him it would be ok.

“It's not tickle-time.”

He showed her his hotel keycard. She helped him back to the hotel. Blurry guardian angel.

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He cried and writhed through the night and day. Pain cleaved through his soul. Rock-hard cock. The occasional yelp as he asked God why.

After a day he texted her;

**I thought you loved me.**

No reply.

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It was the worst depression since his mum died. He didn't leave the hotel room for seven days. Waited in the corridor when they cleaned the room. Sat out the time until his flight back home. Ate everything on the menu, shit out the menu, and watched most of Game of Thrones again.

On the seventh day he needed to cum and took a Viagra.

He was drunk, trying to concentrate on porn, blonde porn, close to cumming, and he felt like he was going to pass out. The walls started spinning. And he heard a voice in the room.

**“MATE.”**

It sounded like James.

**“MATE, DOWN ERE.”**

He thought it was coming from the iPad.

**“FUCKING ERE.”**

It was definitely James.

The voice was coming out of the hole in his dick.

**“STOP WANKING YOU STUBBORN CUNT.”**

He turned up the volume on the porn.

**“YOU’RE WASTING YOUR LOAD.”**

*Go away.*

**“MILLIONS OF EM.”**

It was distracting.

**“THEY NEVER SAY NO.”**

*Go away.*

**“MILLIONS OF EM.”**

*Stop it.*

**“THEY’RE ALL THE SAME.”**

*I don't care.*

**“GAGGING FOR IT.”**

*I just want to cum.*

**“BE A MAN.”**

Mick closed his eyes.

**“NO DIFFERENCE IN EM.”**

*What's happening?*

**“HORNY LITTLE SLUTS, MATE.”**

*Horny wee sluts.*

**“IT’S LIKE GOING TO McDONALDS.”**

Mick stopped. James was right.

He couldn't go to Britney's bar, so he went to the bar next door. It was as easy as the first time. One came over, quite similar to Britney, called Summer, offering boom boom.

*“You so handsome big boy.”*

**“NEGOTIATE, MATE.”**

First time Mick negotiated in his life. It worked, got about a fiver off.

He got his dick sucked, sucked her tits, a doggy ride - his first. She left. No longtime no more.

Next night different bar.

*“You so handsome big boy.”*

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Four months later, Mick was back on a flight. Sitting beside a skinny nearsighted lad from Norfolk. No older than 25. He recognised the nerves.

“First time to Thailand?”

“Yeah, I don’t know what to expect.”

“It’s paradise, mate. Holiday of a lifetime.”

"You ever been to one of the girl bars?", the lad asked quietly.

"I have indeed."

"What's it like?"

"You've no idea, mate. You can even get a blowjob while you're having a beer. The girls are under the table."

"Bloody hell."

"Listen. You come out with me tonight and I'll show you the craic."

"I don't want to impose on your trip."

"It's not a problem, mate. Happy to help, mate."