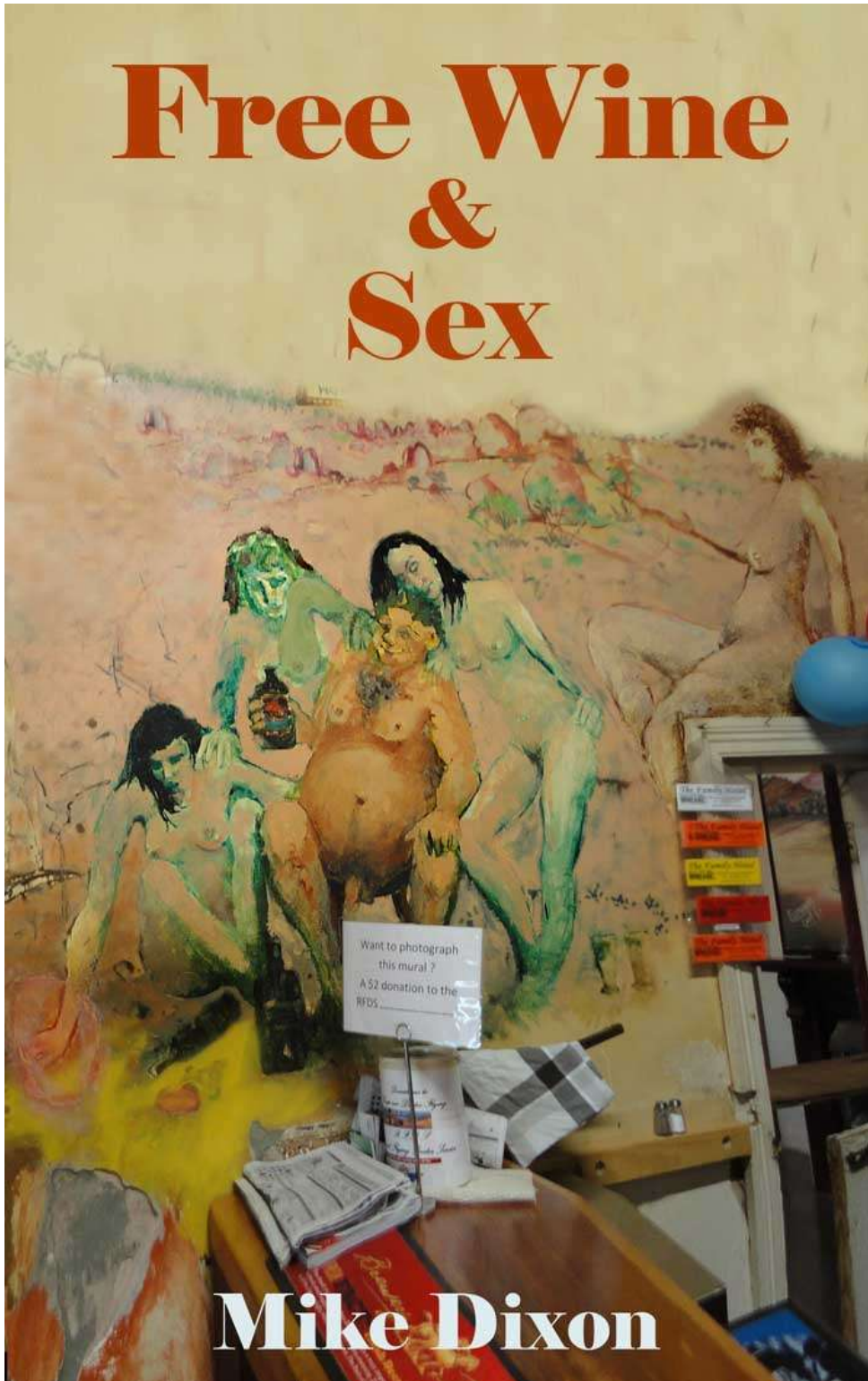


Free Wine & Sex



FREE WINE & SEX

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Free Wine & Sex is a sequel to the very popular *Free Beer & Sex*. It takes a wider look at how booze and sex can complicate our lives and cause us to do things that we might not otherwise do. All the stories are true. Some are frightening. Others are amusing.

Book Cover: The crazy mural is on the wall of a pub in the small (Australian) outback town of Tibooburra. One of the early owners was an artist and so were his mates. They stayed with him and earned their keep by painting every nook and cranny of the place. Many of them are now famous and their transportable works fetch a fortune when they come up for sale. I took the photograph on a recent trip to Central Australia. If you expand the image you will see the notice saying a fee is charged for photographs. The drinks don't come free either. That doesn't matter. The Tibooburra pub is a great place. It is world famous and well worth a visit. You'll find it in the far-north-west of New South Wales.

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1 Free Beer & Sex



I once owned a backpacker hostel and I learnt a lot about the backpacker scene in the process. That is how *Free Beer & Sex* came to be written. I shall repeat the lead story and some of the others in full.

A friend of mine once claimed that all good backpacker advertising should include the words Free, Beer and Sex. The order wasn't important so long as you squeezed them in somehow. He wasn't suggesting that the backpacker circuit is a great place to find sex. His point was that the

expectation of sex is enough to propel most young males on round-the-world trips.

When I was a young guy, growing up in England, people who ran holiday camps put out a similar message. Some of my mates fell for it and, like other young guys, didn't have the courage to own up to the truth when they got back home. They fantasised about their exploits. The legend lived on and the holiday camps prospered.

Others of my mates hit on a better tactic. They joined a local tennis club or youth fellowship group and met girls there. Their next trick was to get the girls to go to the camps with them. Jive sessions were also highly rated but nothing could beat the peace marches.

To my loss, I never saw the point of trying to "Ban the Bomb". I was too naïve to realise that the marches were about something far more attainable. They provided unparalleled opportunities for getting to know the opposite sex. Big distances were involved and there were overnight stops. So long as the weather was fine, nothing could beat snuggling down in the long grass with a fellow peace activist.

Later, the flower-power thing took off. Making love became a moral imperative that would banish the urge to make war. In Australia, it reached its climax in the alternative lifestyle movement. Groups of young people occupied abandoned farmland and formed communes. Thirty years down the track, some are still with us. It's interesting to see how they evolved and I'll tell you about that in the next story.

Here, I'm concerned with the young male's universal (or almost universal) quest for physical fulfilment with persons of the opposite sex. Mine was hindered by a fascination for the heavens that caused me to seek fulfilment in the study of astrophysics and other erudite subjects. While I was thus occupied, some of my mates were training as skiing instructors.

They had noticed that a certain sort of female is physically attracted to the sort of male who teaches physical pursuits. On holidays in the Alps, they had seen how people with names like Fritz and Wolfgang were scoring highly in the sport of "après ski" and they saw no reason why they shouldn't join them.

Becoming the sort of male who excites lust is the key to success. Locating a lusting female is all that remains. There is a common belief that foreign women are more susceptible to amorous advances than the girls back home. Unless you come from Saudi Arabia, Yemen and certain parts of the High Himalayas, I'd scrub that idea. If you do come from the aforementioned places, bear in mind that girls who show a bit of bare flesh above a bare knee are not trying to excite male passions. It's the way they dress and normal; healthy males are not unduly excited by it.

A mate of mine got round the problem of finding lusting girls by letting the girls find him. He's now gone to fat but was once slim, bearded and handsome. He was also a diving instructor and an enthusiast for the sport of "après dive". He used to stay in a private room at my hostel when he was not on the dive boats and usually had a companion with him. As he said, it was a matter of numbers. About one woman in fifty found him irresistible.

There were so many girls enrolling in the dive courses, he could forget about the remaining forty-nine.

The strategy worked well but had its down side. He began to tire of the sort of female company he was keeping and developed a desire to settle down. Trouble was his fame had spread too far. The sort of girls he wanted as lifelong companions found him entertaining but spurned his advances. In the end, an older woman took him under her wing. He left the diving industry and joined her in the antiques business.

2 The Flower People



MAKE LOVE NOT WAR! The cry went out and a generation took up the challenge. The war in Vietnam was going badly. Young conscripts were returning in body bags. Atrocities were being committed, on both sides, and there was a deep yearning for an end to it all.

Music festivals galvinised passion. Love was all the rage and some of it got very physical at the festivals held at Woodstock and other places. For most people, the Flower Power thing was a weekend diversion. For others it became a way of life.

It was called an *Alternative Lifestyle* in Australia, where I live. Young people, from middle-class homes, rejected their parents' values and went off to live in the wilderness.

Making love and smoking pot were political imperatives, together with saving the environment. Mainstream Australia took little notice of what they were doing. Then the environmental wing of the alternative lifestyle movement asserted itself in a big way.

Tree hugging caught on.

At first it was rather tame. Activists chained themselves to trees that were threatened by logging. That attracted a few TV-cameras but not enough. A change in tactics was needed to save the forests from destruction ... and it wasn't hard to find.

FULL FRONTAL NUDITY!

It was a natural response of people who were accustomed to stripping off and dancing naked amongst the trees. Now they would be chained to trees so there wouldn't be any dancing. That didn't matter. It was a small price to pay when the future of the rainforest was threatened.

The media people loved it. Their ratings soared as fuzzy, and not-so-fuzzy, images of environmental activists delighted TV audiences. Fully-clothed tree huggers are boring. They lack conviction. That cannot be said of their naked companions.

Censored and uncensored photos appeared. The protest movement took wings and a vast track of pristine rainforest was saved from destruction. A World Heritage area has since been declared. Flower Power triumphed over the chainsaw.

SEX SAVED THE DAY!

The area I'm talking about is just south of where I live on the Gold Coast. It is centred around the small town of Nimbin. I know people who live there. They established communes and some still exist. Others live on small farms. The ethos is sustainable living.

Pot is still smoked but there is a general revulsion against hard drugs. The locals are determined to protect their children from them. And they are determined to keep quiet about some of the things that went on in the past.

It seems that the younger generation are embarrassed by the thought that their mums and dads might have been conceived when grandma and grandpa stripped off and made love in the branches of a tree.



Nimbin has developed into a tourist attraction. The locals aren't happy with what has happened. Drugs are touted on the streets. Every so often, the police swoop and arrest the dealers. My friends are pleased when amphetamines are targeted. They get worried when the law turns its attention to the friendly weed growing in their gardens.

3 Toy Boy



Being a toy boy is not a job that would appeal to everyone and not all young guys are cut out for it. Sufficient to say that a demand exists for the sort of company a younger male can provide for an older female.

Strictly speaking, it's not a job but it does have similarities. There is no formal contract and remuneration comes in the form of financial support. Your companion pays for your meals and accommodation and may even finance the odd plane trip.

I mentioned elsewhere that my wife and I established a backpacker hostel and ran it for a number of years.

From time to time, we had toy boys staying with us. They were usually well-spoken young men in their late teens. Most came from English speaking countries but that's not a necessary requirement.

Don't worry if you hardly speak the language. No one is going to ask you to give English lessons. Other requirements are far more important.

Getting employed is largely a matter of chance. There are recruitment agencies specialising in male escorts but the job description is different and the title is "gigolo". Gigolos are experienced professionals who provide a service. Toy boys are inexperienced amateurs who receive one.

Most of our toy boys were Australian but a spattering came from the UK and Canada. The typical candidate was bronzed, athletic and unworldly. They gave the impression of having lived a life of total innocence until picked up by a thirty-plus lady from the other side of the world.

The term to describe her male equivalent is *sugar daddy*. I like *sugar mamma* but will stick to modern terminology and refer to the ladies as *cougars* ... after the big cat of the same name.

The most memorable of our cougars was Renata. I became aware of her presence when a worried mum from Melbourne phoned to inquire about her eighteen-year-old son, Robin. Mum was unhappy about the company he was keeping and it was a while before she disclosed that Robin had gone off with an older woman whom he'd met at a schoolies party.

At this point, I should explain that schoolies parties are held for school leavers. They are an annual event and of great concern to parents and teachers who worry about older males that gate crash the parties and prey

on young girls. I wondered if anyone was keeping a lookout for older females.

Renata and Robin were on a scuba diving trip when mum phoned. I assured her that they had gone out with a good dive company and were in competent hands but that did little to calm her fears. In the end, I agreed to speak to Robin on his return.

I cornered the young man in the hostel garden, sipping a coke and sarsaparilla and looking totally at peace with the world. There was no sign of Renata.

"How was the diving?"

I asked to get the conversation going.

"Awesome!"

"How did your friend like it?"

"Awesome!"

It wasn't much of a reply and I decided that Robin was a man of few words. But I needn't have worried. He was soon waxing lyrically on Renata's charms. At thirty-five she was almost twice his age. That didn't worry Robin. He was clearly flattered by her attention.

He told me that his friend was a company accountant from Hamburg and she was in Australia for her Christmas break. Renata lived in a fabulous apartment and knew lots of famous people. They'd had a fantastic time together and he'd learnt a lot from her. The last remark came with a touch of shyness and I didn't ask for details.

It seemed that his dream encounter was coming to an end. Renata would soon be returning to Germany. Her company was negotiating a big contract and her financial skills were needed. She boarded a plane a few days later and Robin returned to Melbourne in good health and apparently no worse for wear.

I thought I had seen the last of Renata but I was wrong. She had enjoyed her stay with us and turned up at Christmas two years running. The hostel was a fruitful hunting ground and she managed to find a young companion on both occasions. Her preference was for fresh-faced young men from sheltered backgrounds.

Note: Not all cougars share Renata's tastes: Some like their young men tough and brawny. Others go for a more delicate model. There are opportunities for most young guys so long as they remember the two golden rules of cougar hunting.

1) Don't brag about your conquests (real or imaginary).

2) Don't pretend to be older than you are.

Remember that the last thing a cougar wants is age and experience.

PS. A friend from Japan tells me that a different sort of cougar stalks her country. The Japanese version goes after adolescent boys but otherwise displays the same features as its Western cousins

4 Eric's Fatal Mistake



Many years ago, when I was a student in England, one of my friends joined a golf club. He saw it as a way to meet the right sort of people and advance his love life. I listened with envy as he told me about his progress. On occasions, I even wondered if I should give up rock climbing for a more socially rewarding activity.

The golf club's president had a beautiful daughter and my friend lusted after her. Weeks passed and everything went according to plan. He was invited to the president's home and met the young lady. They struck up a relationship and it was proceeding well when he forgot the basic rules of the game. I never fully understood what happened but it had something to do with "teeing off". As far as I can make out he hit the ball when he shouldn't have. Anyway, the offence was unforgivable and he fell from grace.

I recently encountered something similar at my local surf club. A handsome young fellow arrived from Scandinavia. I'll call him Eric. He was a champion surfer and got to know the club president. In time Eric met the president's daughter, the lovely Natalie (not her real name).

He went to stay with them. There was talk of marriage. Then things went pear-shaped. Eric was out in the surf one day and the perfect wave came along. It rose up and he launched himself into its seductive curve ... forgetting that he didn't have precedence. Another surfer was there before him.

Worst of all, the other surfer was the club president. Perched on her surfboard, Natalie saw what happened and was horrified. Eric had stolen her dad's wave (the technical term is "drop in"). What sort of husband would he make? She revised her opinion of him and gave Eric his marching orders. He ceased to be a live-in boyfriend and is staying in a backpacker hostel again.

5 Mud Wrestling



In another story (Holiday jobs), I describe two sorts of female dance acts. One is performed with the clothes on and the other ends with the clothes off. Mud wrestling provides a halfway house between the two. I was introduced to the sport by some young ladies at my hostel.

The wrestling took place in a local beer garden and was open to female contestants. Prizes were awarded to victor and vanquished alike and preference given to buxom girls in floppy tops.

The prizes came in the form of medallions that could be exchanged for cash at the bar. As the girls said, no work visa was required and there was no need to disclose anything to the income tax office. Before long they were part of the regular act.

One night they invited me along to watch. I arrived at the appointed hour and was shown to a table beside a large plastic paddling pool. I ordered a beer and watched as a woman in black leotards tipped dark powder into the pool. It came in sacks with writing saying it was good for the complexion and removed wrinkles.

The leotard lady smoothed the powder, sprinkled it with water and sloshed it around until it had the constituency of wet toothpaste. By now a large crowd had gathered and more people were streaming in from the street. I was hugely impressed. The hotel had gone bust a few months earlier. The new owners certainly knew how to get things going.

"Ladies. Your attention, please ..."

The leotard lady picked up a microphone and announced that a bath of health-giving organic balm had been prepared for the night's contest.

"The challenger is Helenna from Helsinki!"

She pointed to one of my girls: a big lass, called Joanne, who came from Perth.

"She will be fighting last night's champion ... Priscilla from Paris."

Neither girl was using her real name. That's important in this sort of contest. The aim is to entertain and you shouldn't care a sod whether you win or lose. If you do lose, just tell yourself it wasn't you but some chump you were impersonating at the time. That's one reason. Another is unwanted fame.

In this age of rapid communication, images flash around on mobile phones. That could cause unnecessary angst when you arrive back home. The mud is there to provide cover for your activities. Don't give the game away by telling people who you really are.

"Ladies. Prepare to show us what you're made of ..."

The crowd went mad with excitement and the girls took up positions on either side of the pool. They crouched like sumo wrestlers then launched themselves at one another. Bodies clashed and mud splattered. They squirmed around, displaying the odd glimpse of nipple but not much else. The bout ended when Priscilla wrapped Helenna's T-shirt round her neck and forced her to concede defeat.

After that everything went smoothly. More of my girls presented themselves and were joined by girls from the crowd. Some were rejected as unsuitable. Others dropped out when they discovered they had to remove their bras. The contest ended and prizes were duly awarded to all contestants.

As far as I know, a good time was had by all. That didn't stop the local women's rights organisation from protesting. One well-known lady picketed the hotel to the embarrassment of some of its older patrons but was ignored by most.

6 The Beach boys



In my last story, I wrote about mud wrestling and the young ladies who fought one another for medals that could be exchanged for cash at the bar. The wrestling took place in a local beer hall and was a great success. Strictly speaking, the girls were not employees. They were competitors. That didn't stop them from earning a steady income ... until the women's rights people put an end to it.

The girls were followed by a group of young guys called The Beach Boys. They were local lads, recruited by the lady who managed the mud wrestling and trained by her. They had well-honed physiques and wore the briefest of briefs (known as jock straps in some parts of the world).

The boys flexed their muscles and pranced around on a small stage beneath flashing lights. Bodies oiled and hairless they hung onto their small item of clothing and looked bashful when female voices shouted for a Full Monty.

Despite the wild acclaim showered upon them by some members of the audience, I can't say I was taken by the Beach Boys' act. That, of course, is a personal view. The boys undoubtedly had their admirers and were very well paid.

If you are planning to travel round Australia and are thinking of putting on something similar, I would advise you to get a manager. A work visa will be required for non-Australian residents and it may be necessary to join an appropriate union.

I'm told that sex is not involved. Indeed, it is strictly out. The aim is to create an image of masculine virility that will excite the ladies in the audience and make them more amenable to the advances of their male companions. The mud girls' act was there for a similar reason.



The Beach Boys were the inspiration for a group of young guys who appear in my mystery thriller *The Missing Miss Mori*. You can buy a copy from Amazon for \$6.50 or receive a **FREE COPY** from me. **CLICK:** <http://eepurl.com/bP8XL9>

7 Honey Trap (Aussie Style)



Some friends once invited me to become a partner in their nightclub. I had a good look at the proposal and decided it was not for me. In the process, I learnt a lot about the nightclub scene.

As a customer, you meet your first hazard at the door. The posh term is security personnel. Most people know them as bouncers. Some are well-qualified. Others are not. I'm amazed the industry hasn't smartened up its act. We are still hearing stories of undue force and frightening injuries to patrons who refuse to take orders from overweight oafs who think they have a licence to punch and kick. Don't argue with the sods and don't think the problem is confined to any one country.

Incidentally, if you get a job as a bouncer and work in a garrison city, avoid fights with guys with short hair. There's a chance they're in the army and trained to kill. While I was researching my friends' nightclub, a fight broke out and spilt onto the street. The bouncers fought the army and came off

second best. The military police were called in to prevent serious injury and the club was declared off-limits to the troops. That was a disaster. The boys spent freely and without them the club went bust.

I return to my main topic: *hazards faced by patrons*.

Guys on holiday often get it into their heads to go out for a night on the town. They yearn for excitement and go in search of female company. Some strike it lucky and find some lonely ladies who share their desire for a harmless one-night-stand. Most don't. They return to their beds disappointed but unscathed. The unlucky ones fall victim to a sting ... and that's something to be avoided.

Three basic rules apply:

- Don't let your hormones rule your head.
- Beware of fascinating women.
- Avoid group sex.

Imagine that you and your mates go off to explore the fleshpots of a new town. You fancy a bit of excitement and are drawn to the bright lights of a nightclub. You make your way past the bouncers and reach the reception desk. There's an entrance fee for men but women are let in free. That's encouraging. The club clearly wants to attract unaccompanied girls and you see a group at a table. You join them and soon get talking. Everything goes swimmingly. They're just the sort of chicks you've dreamt of ... no inhibitions and out for a bit of fun.

After a while, they invite you back to their place to watch porno videos and get to know one another better. It's too good a chance to miss and, half-sloshed, you and your mates pile into the girls' cars. After a drive into the depths of suburbia you arrive at a small house. Videos go on and bras come off. The girls start to undress you. One of your mates is preparing for action when headlights appear in the driveway. Vehicles screech to a halt. The front door bursts open and a mob of men bursts in. They accuse you of raping their wives. Fists fly. The girls flee and you're beaten up.

I came across three incidents of this sort. The guys were usually in their mid-twenties. They were always robbed and their injuries were sometimes severe. I spoke to contacts in the local police and was told they knew what was going on but could do nothing until someone was prepared to lay complaints. As far as I know that never happened. The victims were too embarrassed to speak about what had happened.

8 Honey Trap (Chinese Style)



In the last chapter I warned about the hazards faced by guys who go out for a night on the town in Australia. Visitors to China are not immune either ... as I learned on a trip to Xian.

The ancient city is famous for its Terracotta Warriors. What is not so widely known is that Xian is a major industrial centre with some very rough districts.

As usual, my wife insisted that we stay in a hotel. Had I been by myself, I would have made for a backpacker hostel. I owned one at the time and liked to frequent the scene.

China has a lot of backpacker hostels and many are run by Westerners. I visited one for a chat with the owner. He came from Texas and most of his guests were American. We exchanged stories and he told me about a recent incident.

A group of young guys was staying with him. They had just finished highschool and were on a round-the-world trip to sample life beyond the confines of polite, middle-class America.

"Lambs to the slaughter."

That was how he described it.

There were five of them. Two had never been in a bar before. That was a new experience. What followed went far beyond anything they had imagined.

They bought beers and were sipping away when a young man approached their table. He was dressed in the latest fashionable gear and spoke English with an American accent. They got chatting and, after a few drinks, the young fellow produced some photographs of girls.

"What did they think of them?"

The boys said they looked pretty good. The young man said they could get to know them. The girls were keen to earn a bit of money. They charged for sex but at a very low price when expressed in American dollars.

"Only sixteen ... very clean."

Two of the boys had the good sense to leave at once and head back to the hostel. The others went off with their new friend. He found a taxi and they were taken to a small house in a run-down part of the city. A woman answered the door and they were shown into a poorly-lit room.

Five minutes passed and some girls arrived. They were not as good looking as those in the photographs but they were young and their price was even lower than the boys expected. They paid up. Their new friend vanished and the girls began to undress.

They knew no English but that didn't matter. The young ladies knew about sex and were far more experienced than any of the boys. They formed pairs and were preparing for action when the police arrived.

Uniformed officers stormed into the room and issued dire warnings in English. Having sex with underage girls was a serious crime in China. They could go to jail for years.

The boys were shattered. Their parents would be told. Worse still, their folks would be obliged to pay a fortune in legal fees to get them off the charges. Not surprisingly, they were relieved to discover that there was a way out.

All they had to do was hand over every item of value in their possession, including credit cards. They agreed and were taken to cash machines. Their available funds were withdrawn, their shoes were taken from them and they were left beside the road, penniless and in bare feet.

There is a misconception about China. Some people think the country is ruled with an iron hand and there is no crime. Don't believe it. China has a law-and-order problem like everywhere else.

The men in police uniforms were perhaps police ... perhaps not. The incident was never properly investigated. The boys were advised not to take it up with the Chinese authorities. They were too humiliated and embarrassed to report it to the American consulate.

9 Love Hotels



Other countries have rooms for rent by the hour. Japan does it to extremes. Lovers don't have to worry about hidden cameras. The cameras in love hotels are clearly visible and operated by handsets. You can record your memorable moments for posterity.

Let's suppose you are a student living with mum and dad in a posh part of Nara West. It's most unlikely that your socially conscious parents will approve of you taking a girl back to your room. The neighbours might get to hear about it and that could lead to all sorts of malicious gossip.

The fleshpots of wicked Osaka are just down the road. They're half-an-hour away on the train. You and your beloved can nip down for a harmless get together and be back before anyone knows you've gone.

You arrive in Osaka and head for the hotel district. There are business hotels, tourist hotels and the sort of hotel you are looking for. You fancy a place that is themed with Dungeons and Dragons but your companion turns it down, saying a friend of hers had some very bad experiences there. Pirates of the Caribbean is your next choice but she doesn't fancy making love in the rigging of a fake galleon. Her preference is for a place across the road.

You enter through a side door and are relieved to discover that the lighting is dimmed and there is no reception desk. A mechanical voice greets you and a flashing machine asks for your credit card. The prices are a bit steep and you wonder if you can get a loan from your father. You could say you need it to buy books. At any rate, you are not going to bail out now. You are with the hottest chick in town and there's no turning back.

Your companion points to a picture of a 1950s car. The price is mid-range and you hastily prod the picture before her fancy turns to something more expensive. The picture fades and a message appears saying you have successfully completed the transaction. Your credit card is returned. Lights flash on the floor and illuminated arrows guide you to your room.

A shining automobile stands on a thick shag carpet. You take a step forward and the air is filled with the sound of Elvis. You take another and the vehicle opens up. The roof lifts back and the seats unfold to form a double bed.

Condoms hang in packets from the windscreen. Your companion reaches towards them. They come in different sizes and she wants to know which to pick. You are tempted to say *Jumbo* but have been warned about the perils of a loose fit. *Slim* is the manufacturer's way of saying *Small*. There's no way you are going to say *Slim*. That leaves *Standard*. Then she asks about flavour. That's something you hadn't thought of and you are struggling for a reply when she chooses *Peppermint*.

Buttons on the dashboard have to be set before you begin. There's a selection of 1950s records. You choose Rock Around the Clock and go on to the next step. It's worse than downloading a file from the internet. There's always something else to be done. You set the humidity control, adjust lighting and choose a suitable gear. The overhead camera has to be positioned and you're fiddling with it when you feel a cheek on your thigh and smell peppermint.

Warning (1): An Australian friend claims to use love hotels because they are cheaper. He reckons the down-market, no-frills joints have a better bed price than normal hotels. That's because they don't make money from beds but from the "massage" services they provide. As he says, there's no

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