

# **THE SPEED OF HONEY**

**By**  
**S. J. Howe**

## **SYNOPSIS**

Dan's charged with child murder, committed when he was five.

After a failed suicide attempt in Thailand. Dan Hargreeves has turned his life around.

Thirteen years later, he's a successful accountant living with a beautiful partner. His life falls apart with the arrival of identical twin Thai girls. They are a product of a brief encounter with a Thai prostitute just before his suicide attempt.

The girls are rude and violent. His partner detests them and his relationship breaks down. His whole world falls apart when he is charged with a child's murder. He has no recollection of it, but he knows he has something to do with the child's death, because of his violent and disturbing hallucinations are similar to the boy's injuries. He dreams the same dream every night, which consists of a red barn with a blue roof. The boy's body was found in such a barn.

This book contains scenes that some readers may find disturbing. Strictly adults only.

Smashwords Edition  
Copyright © 2013 by S. J. Howe  
All Rights Reserved.

## Chapter 1

Pressing number eight. Happiness blooms inside me; warming my internal organs. This is the night I am going to take my own life.

When I was a child I thought my life would be like a good book. Each page a day of my life. Each line a forty minute segment of the twenty-four hour cycle. Each sentence being read at the speed of honey, drifting down over each row of words. Sweet. Fragrant. Rich. Every page sticky to the touch. No. Not my life. It only takes a few wrong decisions and life can crush you, spit you out, leaving you in a desolate dark place. My life's nearly over, just eternal peace awaits me now. Free at last.

Looking at my reflection in a mirror, an image of split metal doors close behind me. I spot a picture in the distance on a diminishing wall. The picture of a horse and cart with a barn behind it, reminds me of a dream I have every night. My dream consists of a red barn with a blue roof, and it's large door I can never open. The floor pushes me up vertically. The alcohol I've just consumed makes it hard for me to keep my balance. I can hear it's internal sloshing breaking the silence. My body glows inside from it's disturbance.

Placing my palm on the mirrors cold glass to steady myself, mist instantly forms surrounding my fingers. Regaining my balance. I remove my hand and study it's print. It takes me back to my last hallucination, one which consisted of the removal of my hands; ending with the mutilation of my body. My violent, disturbing hallucinations have been quiet tonight. If it was like this all the time, I wouldn't take this pragmatic approach to my own death or be in Thailand. Moving my gaze to the reflection of a girl stood next to me, I wonder how many times she's made this journey.

'What's your name?' I ask.

'You not need know what name is. Give me money now, elevator smell of piss, hotel shit hole. I know what you English man like,' she says staring at herself, frowning in the mirror.

Reaching in my pocket I grab a handful of cash. 'Is this enough?' I say waving the notes in the air. She takes the cash still staring at her reflection, her face changes from a belligerent frown, easing into a slight smile. 'My name's Thip,' she says.

The sound of her name brings to my senses the taste of honey, the smell of cinnamon and the colours blue and red flashed through my mind.

The lift abruptly reaches it's destination. We both put our palms on the mirror's cold glass to

steady ourselves. I turn my head to look at her, but she stares blankly at her own reflection. Second thoughts maybe?

Walking past her through the opening split metal doors. I wonder if she'll come back to the hotel room. She seemed happy in the bar. She's been paid.

Opening the door to my room with a plastic credit card key, the lights, television set and air conditioning automatically come on.

The room smells lemon fresh, but it couldn't disguise its worn out desperation. Condensation oozes from its walls. The room looks like it's slowly dying.

I chose this place purposely. I didn't want to die in a place that was fresh and modern. I felt guilty, even dirty about what I was going to do later. I wanted to die in a place my corpse wouldn't look out of place in.

Opening the fridge door I can hear Thip's tapping stilettos echoing on the ceramic tiles in the corridor leading to the room. She's decided to pay me what she owes me. It better be worth it.

Taking out a bottle of whiskey, I pour two glasses. Thip slips into the room behind me. The bed squeaks as she sits on it.

Taking a sip, the cold liquid flows over my tongue hitting the back of my throat, the taste of sparkling lemonade lingers in my mouth as I swallow.

Picking up the two glasses I turn around to face Thip. She's sat on the edge of the bed, looking up at me, her eyes connect with mine, but her face shows no emotion. To her it's simply business.

She grips her black tawdry purse and mobile in her palm, I pass her a glass, the expression on her face changes to an arrogant, snorting tut.

'I not want whiskey. Just fuck me,' she says in a matter-of-fact-way.

Taking another sip the coldness of this situation is filling me with regret. In hindsight I should of brought her friend with a glass eye, at least she laughed a lot.

'I thought we'd relax, have a few drinks, followed by sex afterwards,' I say hoping to bring a little warmth to the situation. After all it's my twenty-first birthday. This was supposed to be a little treat before I had to do, what I had to do.

'You spent three hours in bar getting drunk. You pay bar 600 Bahts to bring me to hotel to fuck me, so fuck me.'

Placing the glasses on top of the fridge I get undressed, I drop my clothes around my feet. Standing here naked in front of Thip I feel vulnerable with her being fully clothed staring directly at my cock, still sat on the edge of the bed.

She looks at my arms. 'You like cutting self?' she asks.

'Not any more.'

'He not very big. You good looking young man, but cock not big enough to please me,' she

says, staring at my air conditioned penis.

I should of brought her friend. I must of picked the prostitute with the most attitude in Bangkok.

‘Who the fuck’s paying here?’ I say raising my voice.

Thip looks up towards me giggling. ‘You not like it when I say cock small.’

Anger swells inside me, closing my eyes I suppress it by thinking about freezing water being hosed over my body. A technique I’ve learnt over the years.

‘You can say what the fuck you like, but you’re going on as if you’ve paid me. So either you let me fuck you like the cheap piece of meat you are, or give me my money back and fuck off.’

Thip opens her palm letting her purse and mobile drop, the items hit the floor disappearing under the bed. Still sat there with her palm open she looks up at me, her dark eyes don’t connect with mine, she’s looking at me in a sly way, similar to a cornered animal just before it launches it’s attack. She gives me a sarcastic smile. Changing her mind, she stands up and faces me.

She removes her black T-shirt and kicks her stilettos off. Skin tight jeans slither down her legs, she places them neatly beside the bed. I kick my hastily dropped clothes towards the wall.

Standing in front of me Thip unhooks her black bra. Her body is a lot fuller than most Thai girls, her skin is a flawless melted brown sugar colour, apart from lighter coloured stretch marks snaking around the bottom of her stomach.

Releasing her large breasts she keeps her bra in-between her fingers as she slips both her thumbs in either side of her pink thong. Looking directly at me she slides them down her smooth legs, letting them fall to her ankles. She steps out of the crumpled briefs dropping her bra at the same time.

‘You like what you see?’ she says stood in front of me with her palms facing, gesturing in a confident way, knowing full well she has a good body.

I notice two scars on her wrists. At least we’ve got something in common.

‘You know you’re a good looking woman, but those two scars on your wrists spoil the show a bit.’

‘Your little man like it, he get bigger,’ she says putting her hands behind her back.

‘So why try and kill yourself?’ I ask.

‘You not need know about that. So when use little man on me?’

‘Now. He’s got used to the air conditioning.’

Thip kneels down on all fours on the bed, with her feet over the bottom edge of it.

Scanning the back of her body, one black scorpion tattoo at the base of her spine spoils her flawless back.

Kneeling down on the carpet I push my thumbs into the soles of her feet, massaging them. Prising her legs slightly apart I move my head in. I can feel the air temperature rise, it flows across my cheeks as my face gets closer to the sticky heat of her trimmed vagina.

Pushing my nose into her soft entrance, the sticky heat takes the chill out of the tip of it, the air conditioning is doing it's job well.

The smell is intoxicating, it's the same as Blackpool Pleasure Beach. The smell of fish and chips smothered with salt and vinegar, mixed with candyfloss, drenched with salted sea air explodes up my nostrils.

Stretching my tongue I use it's tip, just touching Thip's clitoris, she jerks forward. I can feel the bristles at the start of her perfectly trimmed vagina, scratch around the outside of my tongue, as I work it over and around her hard tissue.

Pushing hard against the slippery velvet that guards her entrance, it accepts my tongue with ease. The taste takes me back to my childhood. Sherbet and liquorice dip rips across my taste buds.

Moving my tongue in and out, simultaneously twisting it around from left to right, the base of it starts to ache. The taste of sherbet dip intensifies, zipping around the inside of my mouth, the mixture of my saliva and Thip's vaginal juices join together, spilling over my lips and chin. My erection's at full strength. It's time to get my money's worth.

Stopping I wipe the residue off my face with the back of my hand. 'Why you fucking stop?' she says abruptly.

'What about me? I'm the one that's fucking paid.'

'I owe you one. Get condom, I not got any.'

Standing up from my crouched position, excitement buzzes inside me, my cock's numb with anticipation. Switching the TV off I grab a box of condoms from the welcome basket.

'What flavour d' you want? Strawberry or orange?'

'I not care. I not suck it. Just put little man in me.'

Ripping the wrapping off I slide the latex rubber along my cock. The smell of apple fills my nostrils. I feel nauseated. It's the taste and smell I hate the most. I'll get this rubber inside her as quickly as possible to kill the smell off.

Putting my hands on either side of Thip's waist, I pull her towards me. I use both my thumbs to open her entrance, sliding my cock half way in, my spine soaks up all the pleasure, I pause, then slowly penetrate her with the whole length. Intense heat swirls, penetrating the rubber. Thip moans.

'He nice size. I surprised. Now fuck me.'

Sliding in and out of Thip in a steady rhythm, I've got no fear of premature ejaculation with the amount of alcohol I've consumed.

Five minutes pass, then ten. Thip's moaning increases, mixing with the squeaking headboard.

Watching the back of her thighs vibrate, I turn my gaze to her scorpion tattoo, it moves in time with my rhythm as if to sting me. Blood gushes around her back underneath her skin, giving

that melted brown sugar colour a tinge of pink. My nostrils flare as they suck in the smell of a pungent Blackpool afternoon.

Thip's stomach contracts, I put my hand on it to feel her orgasm, I realise my alcohol consumption isn't going to give me the same pleasure.

'You finish yet?,' she asks in a way she's done her job and is ready to leave the room.

'No.'

'You been at it like fucking train. Too much beer.'

'Only 'cause you've come, you can fucking wait for me.'

Speeding up my rhythm, my cock feels numb inside her. The squeaking noise from the headboard is starting to put me off, especially when it knocks into a groove on the wall made by many previous sordid encounters.

'Come on, come on,' Thip shouts.

'You're putting me off. For fuck sake,' I say as my erection gives into the alcohol.

I Stop abruptly. Thip looks over her shoulder. 'You come?'

'Too much beer. I'll have to finish myself off later.'

Withdrawing I slump back down on the bed. We both lay next to each other looking at the revolving fan on the ceiling.

'I have whisky now,' she says with her part of the deal finished.

Getting off the bed I grab the two glasses. Passing Thip one, she drinks it down, I do the same.

'Get bottle,' she says.

Doing what I'm told, I pour her another glass and lie next to her.

'Why is your English so good?' I ask.

'I live with American man for five year. He own bar where you take me from.'

'I didn't see him there.'

'He leave. Go back America. I look after bar, send him money each month. I keep rest.'

'You can't make much if you have to sell yourself as well.'

'You stupid English man. I not need to fuck for money. I fuck if I want to fuck. Money just bonus,' she says screwing her face up.

'So why choose me?'

'You good looking man. Too young for me, you quiet, very sad. I see it in eyes. But I fuck many man from bar, so don't think you special.'

Taking another sip of whiskey I look up towards the ceiling. A familiar tingling sensation moves inside my right arm. I wait for the inevitable pain.

Snap! Bone cleanly breaks sending a shock wave to my unsuspecting brain. Crunch! Something smashes down on the fracture, split fragments bury and burn inside my flesh. I feel my fingers contort claw like. I wait. It shoots up my spine, firing into my neck ripping my brain

open, it feeds on the nerve endings. I used to scream, but not any more. I close my eyes and slip in.

The revolving fan cuts the air, Thip's face comes into view, she sits on my stomach and brings the tip of her nose to mine. Black vacant eyes stare, I can see my face reflected across them. Her tongue drops, she moves herself downward running the back of it in the middle of my chest. It leaves a fine red line as it slices through the skin. My skin peels back revealing a white ribcage stained with patches of red. Reaching my navel she moves her head to my side. Her head shakes like a wild animal as she tears into the flesh. She spits a chunk out, she does it again, then again. Kneeling in-between my legs she straightens her back, her head rises. Blood's curdled around her lips, gristle hangs onto her chin. Her tongue drops in-between her breasts, the tip of it touches my hard cock. It coils itself around it. Flesh bulges in-between the pink coils. It's going to burst. Spiders emerge from her mouth, they run down her tongue covering my penis. One leaves the pack, it grows in size as it makes it's way towards my face. It stands on my chin. Gossamer eyelids look at me, they look like light-green condoms bulging with a full load, they peel back, black glassy oval eyes stare, I can see my face reflected on them, tears are running down my cheeks. I recoil as two black fangs come from nowhere, congealing blood seeps out of their edges. A sudden jolt from in-between my legs lifts my backside off the mattress. Thip's got my ripped off cock dangling in her coiled tongue. Thick rainbow coloured liquid spurts from it's torn base. The spider moves onto my cheek, fangs raised. They sink down into my eyeball.

Looking back at the ceiling, Thip blocks my view, her black eyes pierce through me, they're so dark it looks like night has cut it's wrists and bled into them, but they look bemused. 'What the fuck is matter with you?' she asks.

'Hallucinations.'

'Your eyes move all over place. I shake you, but you still look at ceiling.'

'I've had them since I was sixteen, they last about ten seconds.'

'Is that reason you sad man?'

'Yeah. Can we change the subject?' I say.

This isn't the time to go into detail. She'll never understand.

'D' you want me to make you come?' she says looking down at me smiling. I smile back at her.

Thip drags the tips of her nails across my stomach, grabbing hold of my cock she squeezes it, it rapidly expands in its latex wrapping.

Ripping the condom off, she throws it on the carpet. Smiling at me she moves her head down towards my penis. Her long dark hair covers my chest and stomach as she slips my cock into her mouth. My backside jerks back into the bed as the alcohol residue left in her mouth burns the top of my foreskin. My cock gets used to the sudden temperature change as it relaxes into it's new warm, wet environment.

She gets into an expert rhythm, bringing me to a climax almost immediately. I need to defuse the situation.

‘Suck on my balls,’ I say.

Putting the whole of my sack in her mouth, she uses the tip of her tongue to flick away at my testicles, masturbating me at the same time.

Releasing my scrotum from its warm incubation, she slides my cock back into her mouth, going down to the base.

That’s the first time anyone has done that to me.

Getting back into her rhythm I feel myself about to come. Concentrating on the spinning fan above the bed, I try and make the moment last longer. It’s too late. The first spurt of semen enters her mouth, followed by a second, then a third.

She stops in mid-flow moving her head up towards mine with a smile on her face. Opening her mouth she comes in for a kiss, closing my eyes I open mine. Feeling her tongue clash with mine, her saliva is thick, almost mucus consistency.

What is that fucking taste? The taste of oysters fills my mouth. The last time I tried them, I was on holiday with my parents. That slimy sea taste made me retch, and that was the first and last time I was ever going to try them.

Fucking bitch. Pushing Thip flat on the bed I spit the semen onto the carpet. Anger brews inside me, I pin her shoulder to the bed, staring directly into her eyes.

‘Why the fuck did you do that for?’

‘It yours. You can have back,’ she says giggling.

‘I don’t think it’s very fucking funny.’

‘So it OK to put in my mouth?’ she says raising her voice.

‘You’re a female. I expect you’ve had plenty in your mouth over the years.’

‘I girl, so you think I like it?’ she shouts.

‘I don’t fucking know. But I know I fucking don’t,’ I shout back at her.

I can feel myself boiling over. This girl better not push it any further.

‘You stupid young man. Maybe it hallucination. When go back England to nice life you remember me now. You just think I piece of meat you buy then throw away.’

Nice life. I’m about to kill myself.

My brain is on fire, my stomach feels like a furnace, glowing molten steel flows through my veins.

I fucking hate this girl.

Sitting on her, pinning both her wrists to either side of the pillow, she looks up at me defiantly.

‘You want beat me? You want rape me? Go on. Rape me, I been raped before. You never be able to hurt me.’

Holding her, anger still burns through me.

Using my knee's to push her legs apart. I'll give her what she fucking deserves. She doesn't struggle, she knows it's pointless. I feel my cock touch the inside of her thigh as I spread her legs. She spits in my face, the globule drifts down the side of my cheek. My cock brushes against her pubic hair. She starts struggling, wriggling underneath me.

Pushing her wrists harder into the mattress, I've got her pinned down with the weight of myself on top of her. Anger and adrenaline fill my blood stream, hardening me. She feels it harden to, moving up the inside of her thigh. I push at her moist opening, a flap of skin moves to the side, I position myself just inside her, it's wet with hate. Now to thrust it with one short burst. What the fuck am I doing? Thip stares at me. Waiting for me to penetrate her, she spits in my face again.

Pushing my thumbs harder into her wrists, her brown skin turns white highlighting her scars. I run my thumbs along the broken skin. Warm tears drip down my cheeks falling onto her face.

'I'm going to take my own life some day,' I say.

Letting her go I lay next to her, putting my forearm across my sobbing eyes. Guilty silence covers me like a blanket. I hear the bed sheet ruffle. Warm breath circles my ear. 'My daughter die,' she says in a whisper.

The bed squeaks, I feel her warm arse cheeks on my stomach as she sits astride me. Bringing my knee's up to support her back, she pulls my forearm away from my stinging eyes.

'She die from measles. No money for injection.'

Her sudden mood change to empathy surprises me. This women's been through a lot.

'When did it happen?'

'Seven year ago. I come here after. Fuck for money.'

'Didn't you try to have a child with your American boyfriend?'

'No. He not want baby. He say if I have baby he throw me out on street.'

'My life's a complete fuck up. The pain that goes with these hallucinations is unbearable. I can't hold down a job. I've never had a relationship. Life's just a waste of time.'

Thip smiles at me. Raising her right hand, she slaps me across my face. My smarting cheek burns.

What the fuck is the matter with this fucking girl? Grabbing both my wrists, she pins them down either side of the pillow.

'Don't ever think about rape girl again,' she says. Her heavy mascara eyes look down at me, her long black hair drops over her shoulders, the ends annoyingly tickle my cheeks. She smiles.

'It's time for you to leave. You've been paid,' I say.

I want to get the job over and done with on myself. She's just getting in the way now.

I can feel Thip push her thumb nails hard into my wrists, she leans down kissing my smarting cheek. Moving onto my neck she uses the tip of her tongue to make small wet circles.

My new erection snuggles comfortably in-between her buttocks. My cock slides along the crease of her cheeks, as she raises her backside. Smack! It hits my stomach at the speed of a released coiled spring.

I can feel heat radiate from the crevice of her vagina, as her pubic bristles scratch along the belly of my cock.

‘Maybe I fucking rape you,’ she says in a whisper still kissing my neck.

‘Just get your stuff and leave,’ I say in an unconvincing tone.

Thip moves her head down to face mine. Her hair bunches up either side of my cheeks. I move my gaze away from her.

‘Why not struggle? Spit in face,’ she says.

‘I’m being polite.’

She touches the belly of my penis with her warm wetness, she slowly moves it along, leaving a sticky residue behind her, until she reaches the end.

Releasing my right wrist she grabs hold of my cock positioning it just inside herself.

Pinning my right wrist back down again, she smiles. ‘You sure you not want to fuck me?’

‘Leave now or I’ll get violent. You’ve pissed me off enough tonight,’ I say.

Sinking down, she swallows it whole.

‘Get fucking violent,’ she says as she sits up and starts fucking me.

Sweat gives her brown skin an even sheen all over, she glistens as her long black hair and breasts toss around in unison. Each bounce is pure delight.

‘You like my cunt?’ she asks.

I do. I perfectly fit inside her, the temperature is just right, the viscosity of her internal fluid is the best lubrication I’ve come across. This cunt could be my soul mate, it’s a pity about the person that surrounds it.

‘It’s worth every penny,’ I say.

She smiles. ‘You still pissed off with me?’

‘I’m starting to warm to you again.’

‘Don’t let little man spit inside me. I not want baby.’

My usual tingling sensation moves along the inside of my arm. Why now?

Snap! Crunch! Pain shoots through me, surging through my brain. My thoughts turn to screams. I hold mine in. I can feel my eyelids stick to my moistening eyes. I slip into one of my hallucinations.

Thip stares blankly at the wall. She’s still fucking me. Thrusting down on me, my penis explodes out of the side of her abdomen, she rises, thrusting down again, my cock explodes out the side of her making a second hole. Thick honey consistency clear liquid flows from the dick size holes, at the speed of syrup off the back of a spoon. The liquid turns to all the colours of a rainbow.

Thip thrusts down again, a third hole explodes out of her. Watching my penis descend out of the hole I wonder when this fucking episode is going to finish.

Large transparent spiders emerge from the three wounds, black oil like liquid sloshes about inside them. They rush up my arm coming for my face.

Looking up towards Thip, she thrusts down again, my cock explodes out of her left cheek, semen ejaculates from the end of my penis. Thip freezes dead still looking blankly at the wall, cloudy-white sperm drips from her tear ducts, nostrils and mouth. It covers all her face. Her whole head and face starts to melt as if it's wax. The spiders are all over my face. One takes position by my eye, his lemon slice lids gradually move over his shadowy glassy eyes.

Their black tails flick. Shards of light break the surface, the shafts illuminating a vast ball of slivers of silver. Their black hammer heads circle from above, moving in-between the glowing pillars, stabbing the light blue water. They dive, the ball turns a different shade, sweeping through the vast sea, chunks being picked off. The lucky ones in the middle can swim for another day.

His fangs are raised, dripping with fat. The ocean scene inside his glossy eyes carries on as he punctures my eyeball.

'Suck on my nipples. I need rest,' she says, out of breath, dangling her tits in my face, still pinning my wrists against the bed.

I'm back from that nightmare.

The cold air conditioned sweat, on the flesh of her breasts rubs against my cheeks as I get stuck into one of her nipples. I move my tongue in-between her breasts, lapping up secreted cherry flavoured drops.

'You have hallucination. I see eyes move all over place. You fuck me so quick and hard when having it, I thought I pass out. I have rest, then you finish fucking me.'

My cock goes limp inside her. I think I came inside her during my hallucination. The urge to carry on fucking her has left. I don't think she noticed, seeing that my previous ejaculation, which ended up in my mouth was only about ten minutes ago, the amount was a lot less.

Sliding my limp cock out of her she looks down at me. 'You not want fuck me any more?'

'I've already come.'

'I not feel anything,' Thip says inserting two fingers inside herself.

Pulling them out she inspects a few globules. She runs to the bathroom, turning the shower on.

'You fucking ass ole,' she shouts over the noise of the shower.

'I had no control over it,' I shout back.

She comes out drying herself with a towel.

'I wash spunk out. You fucking prick.'

'Look. Just get your fucking stuff and fuck off.'

'Don't worry. I go as quick as possible,' she says as she gets dressed.

'Well fucking hurry up.'

'Cunt,' she shouts raising her middle finger, slamming the door behind her.

My last human contact. Not what I expected. My mind's clear now. I feel nothing. I've just accepted the fact this is my final hour.

Walking to my holdall I take three letters out, plus my passport. I hope the letters to my father and brother help a little after my passing.

The third letter is to the British Embassy with all my details. It also contains an insurance policy worth £250,000 which pays out on death by suicide after two years, and that time was up yesterday. I hope that will help my father and brother a little. The insurance also contains excellent holiday cover if I were to have an accident or die. I don't want my father lumbered with the cost of repatriation of my body.

After placing them neatly on the bedside cabinet, I return to my holdall to collect a tub of thirty pain killers and slip into the bathroom.

Sitting naked on the edge of the bath I turn the taps on. I put five tablets in my palm. Putting them in my mouth I scoop some water from the cold tap. Swallowing them they leave the taste of lemon drops circling around the inside of my mouth.

Four heart breaking rolling chords swirl in my head, tic-tock, tic-tock, tic-tock. My countdown has begun. Everyone that tries to take their own life must have different things race through their minds, or maybe we all hear and see the same things.

Swallowing the rest I go to the mirror above the sink to have a last look at myself. It's just starting to mist up as the steam from the bath circulates around the room. The image of my face fades away, just like I'm going to do.

I write sorry on the misted glass with my forefinger, underneath that I write Dan Hargreeves 1975-1996 R.I.P. I could do with a piss.

Lifting the toilet seat up with my foot I pass nicotine yellow stained urine into the pan below. The water foams up as the urine bursts out of me.

A tingling sensation goes along the inside of my arm. For fuck sake. Not now.

Snap! Crunch! Grinding my teeth I take the pain and slip into an hallucination.

Still pissing in the toilet my urine has turned to all the colours of a rainbow. Spiders emerge from the pan of water, hundreds of them. Thip's head rises from the pan, water drips down over her face. The spiders move at speed up the porcelain walls as her head rises. I piss rainbow coloured urine over her face as she stares directly at my cock. Opening her mouth she sucks it in, rainbow piss explodes out of each corner of her mouth. Biting down on my penis blood sprays over her face and my stomach.

Pain shoots in every direction of my body. My blood coagulates inside me. It drops temperature as it comes to a standstill. I feel it freeze inside me, moving along the inside of my

arms and legs like frost moving up glass in mid-winter. Watching Thip's head descend with my cock dangling out the side of her mouth I feel my lungs start to freeze. My body shakes, electrified. Thip's head disappears under the pan of water. The spiders are all over me, chewing at my flesh. One comes for my eye.

Looking at the misted mirror I see the word sorry. I'm back. I'll be glad when this is all over. Turning the bath taps off I slip into the tub of warm water. Tiredness is creeping in. Closing my eyes I wait to slip away.

I'm on the edge of a cornfield, it's a hot, bright summers day. The sky is an electric blue, no clouds in sight. There are no birds singing, just silence.

Loneliness frightens me. I'm the only person on the planet. This is similar to my dreams, but it's not a dream. To my right I see a blurred human figure in the distance. I see a red barn with a blue roof on the other side of the cornfield.

The barn pulls me. Something inside wants me. Running through the field to reach the barn, corn ears brush against my hips. Reaching it I look at it's weather beaten wooden door. It opens on it's own.

Standing back I stare at the dark interior. The image shatters into thousands of pieces, leaving a black void. Something pulls the back of me, I'm being dragged through the cornfield, my heels dig into the dry soil kicking it up in lumps and dust. I spin around in a tunnel of darkness.

## Chapter 2

My lungs push at my ribcage. Do you breath in the afterlife? Who would know?

The thick scent of Daffodils lingers. Does Heaven or Hell smell of Daffodils?

Flickering my eyes open, bright light instantly blinds me. Shutting them tightly I realise my attempt failed somehow.

Relaxing my face I can see red through my shut translucent eyelids. Vomit pushes at the back of my throat, swelling my gullet. I ease the unwanted stench back down.

‘You’ve come back to join us then?’ says a females voice in Thai accent.

I can’t be bothered to answer her. As soon as I get the chance to kill myself I will, and next time there’ll be no mistakes. I’ve got no idea how they found me. But no one will have the chance next time.

‘What you the strong silent type?’ she asks.

I’d rather be the silent type. If I don’t answer her she’ll fuck off.

‘I’ll come back tomorrow when you’re in a better mood. But think about this. No airline will take you home until my assessment meets all their requirements. The CCTV camera in the room monitors you constantly. So I suggest you start co-operating tomorrow.’

Hearing her trot out the room, the smell of Daffodils leaves with her.

Opening my eyes I absorb the light, the room comes into focus. Looking around this sparse white place, the failure to kill myself, makes me feel worthless, my whole insides are a melting black mess. A tear trickles down my cheek. This is the first time I’ve cried outside and inside at the same time.

I have to crawl out of this emotion. Think. Think. The windows are locked. I can’t hang myself with the bed sheet with that CCTV on. It’ll take too long.

The strip light, that’ll do it. What do I do? Throat, chest, leg vein. If I scoop that femoral vein out, no one will be able to save me. I’ll have to be fast.

Standing up I grab the light out of it’s fixings, it sizzles into my hand. Smashing it against the metal headboard, it shatters. I flip my hospital gown open. Finding the vein I push the shattered strip light into my skin.

Clang! My head hits the headboard. A hospital orderly has got me in a headlock, he uses his other arm to pin my wrist down. I keep hold of the strip light gripping it tightly. Twisting my trapped wrist I manoeuvre the broken strip light towards his neck. He loosens his grip on my neck. I’m not worth dying for. A needle spike goes into my arm. Fuck. There’s a second orderly

in the room. They both pin me to the bed. I can't move. Feeling tired I'm slipping under.

The smell of Daffodils wafting around the room wakes me. My mouth is bone dry. Opening my eyes the light hits me again. I keep them open to absorb it, until I can focus. I see they've fitted me with a flattering straight jacket.

The Thai woman looks down at me. Her red lipstick gives off the odour of Daffodils.

'Nice try. You are determined. I'll give you that,' she says.

'Water,' I ask.

She pours a glass. Puts it to my lips. It tastes of apple. I spit it back in the glass.

'Water warm?' she asks.

'It tastes of apple. I fucking hate apple.'

'It's just plain water.'

'I know. When I taste or smell something it's completely different to what it's supposed to be.'

'How do you know what it tasted like in the first place?'

'It started when I was sixteen. The same time as my hallucinations.'

'Oh yeah. The prostitute who found you told us about that. She said that was the probable reason you attempted suicide.'

'Why did she come back to the room for?'

'She left her purse and mobile phone there. So are you going to give me some detail on why you tried to kill yourself?'

'Look lady. Just sign the paper work and fuck off,' I say turning my head away from her.

'I'll give you some food for thought. That straight jacket you're wearing can become a permanent fixture in your life. In a week's time I have to sign you out of this place, and your next destination will be the local Bangkok asylum unless I say otherwise.'

'Sounds good to me.'

Her warm breath circles around my ear. The strong smell of Daffodils fills my nostrils.

She whispers in my ear. 'The pain you feel now is nothing compared to that place. Your excellent insurance policy has deep pockets. The longer they keep you alive in there, the longer they get paid.'

'Fuck off.'

'You can stay in Bangkok for as long as I want. So I suggest you start co-operating. You've got a visitor. That whore you paid to fuck is here. I'll send her up,' she says as she leaves the room followed by her smell.

What the fuck am I going to do? What's the point of going on about my condition. She wouldn't understand. No one does.

'Why try fucking kill self?' Thip says walking into the room.

She sits down on a chair next to the bed. She's dressed differently to the last time I saw her. It looks like she's just come from an office with her tight grey pencil skirt and matching top. She holds my burnt bandaged wrist and hand, which is poking out of my straight jacket.

'You try cut wrist?' she asks.

'I had an argument with a strip light.'

'Why not tell me you were going to kill self when I leave? You know I try and kill myself once. I help you.'

'I told you I was going to someday.'

'I know. But I not know you try straight after fucking me. If I not leave purse and phone in room, you be dead.'

'What are you doing here? I mean nothing to you.'

'I not know why I here. When I see you in bath, I think you dead. I cry. I not know why.'

'Thip. As soon as I get the chance, I'm going to try again.'

'Why not let lady help you?' she says.

'There's nothing she can do, and I'd prefer it if you left.'

'I go. Let lady help you. If want me. I at bar,' she says.

Putting her hand in her pocket she pulls out a handful of cash, placing it neatly on my straight jacket. I get an erection watching her arse wiggle in her tight pencil skirt as she leaves.

How the fuck am I going to get out of this place? That shrink has got me by the bollocks and she knows it.

'Pleased to see me?' Daffodil girl says waltzing into the room.

'Not really.'

'Your penis is,' she says covering it up with my hospital gown.

'Believe me that's not because of you. But if you want to make yourself useful, take the money off my straight jacket, and put some lipstick around it. At least I won't have to hear you speak.'

'Mr Hargreeves. You win. I've told you the procedure. I'll grant you your wish. You don't have to see or hear of me again,' she says turning around to leave the room.

'I have the same dream every night,' I say, but she carries on walking.

'My mind cuts me up,' I shout. 'Spiders like the taste of my eyeballs.'

She comes back, takes a chair and sits by my bedside. 'I'll give you one more chance. If you're rude to me again, you will be sent to the Bangkok crazy house.'

'OK. But I'll be honest. I don't think you can help me.'

'How many psychiatrists have you seen?' she says taking a silver pen and note pad from her pocket.

'None. I'm sane enough to know I'm crazy.'

She smiles. 'How have you got this far in life?'

## Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

