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‘So, you’ve been at sea for four years now without every going home. You must be a very tough man, the toughest!’ exclaimed Jay the young Indian engineering cadet.

Millian, the Indonesian able bodied seaman, gave a shrug which he hoped would convey a modest yet affirmative ‘Well yes, you are probably correct’.

‘But why stay away for so long?’

Millian raised his right hand in front of the cadet’s face and rubbed his thumb and forefinger together. What he didn’t communicate was the fact that he couldn’t go home, not after what he did, not while he was still a wanted man.

The pair emerged from the underpass into night time South Korea, and stepped out onto a loud, neon lit, street. Millian, putting one arm around his a companion, and making an expansive sweeping gesture with the other, announced ‘Welcome to Texas Street, a little bit of the worst of Russia in the centre of Busan. The vodka is cheap and the whores are rough. It is the seaman’s choice and the ideal place for you be introduced to what shore leave is all about.’

Jay looked anxiously down the street. Bright signs flashed cyrillic messages whilst harsh techno forced its way out of dimly lit bars. Peroxide blonde women, some Russian, some Korean, lounged in easy chairs outside small doorways. The ones close to him looked him up and down with a predator’s menace, seeing him for what he was in an instance; an eighteen year old away from his home for the first time. Before this he had only been as far as New Delhi to attend naval college for a year. He had been delighted to have got this job on the ship so quickly after finishing, as it had been his dream to work in the merchant navy, and he had gladly signed the year

long contract. But, after just two weeks on the ship, he was no longer so sure. He had spent most the last fourteen days being seasick down in the engine room. Hot, dirty, tired and ill he couldn't see how he was every going to get used to this kind of life, and was all the more awe of people like Millian because of it. It was his superior Andre Valov, the chief engineer, who had suggested he took some shore leave to raise his spirits and had assigned Millian to show the new boy the night time delights of the unfamiliar city.

Someone touched his hand and he turned to see a puffy faced middle aged woman looking up at him from her chair. 'Strazvicha, kak vwee hatetay? Kak vas zavoot?' Jay stared at this doughy creature, disgusted that she has actually touched him. She was sitting outside a dirty small room filled with a blue neon light. A sideboard stacked with bottles of liquor, three small tables and a flashing beer sign had made it into bar of sorts. A thick set Russian looking man sat in far corner. Her husband, her pimp, her last customer?, wondered Jay. He was suddenly revolted by the whole place and what he was supposedly here to do. Looking up he saw Millian ambling down the street ahead of him inspecting the merchandise on offer with the eye of a professional. He hurried to catch him up.

'Millian, do you mind if I go off alone? I am sure I can find my way back to the ship.'

'Ahh, of course not. That's precisely what we are here to do,' replied Millian.

Jay left Millian to his misunderstanding. Its probably better that way, he thought, and headed off in the opposite direction.

It was dark under the flyover. The street lamps from the elevated road above provided little light and the shadows were deep and black. Randomly strewn across the open ground were fridges, mattresses and all sorts of other broken and unwanted household items. People made use of this no-mans land to park their cars and lorries. Some of the cheaper prostitutes of Texas Street also made use of its secluded nooks to service their customers.

It was in one of these dark secluded corners, behind a row of long forgotten bins, that Millian found himself an hour later with his flies undone and his cock in the mouth of some scrawny Russian whore. He looked down and watched her head rock forwards and backwards, and wondered if that sound she was emitting was supposed to simulate some expression of enjoyment. Though the light was dim the contrast between her peroxide hair and her roots created a dark stripe down the centre of her parted hair. He had gone for her because she was tall and thin, not like those other fleshy white lumps of Russian lard, and of course because she was cheap.

‘Pull my balls,’ he growled, ‘harder, go on.’ He drew in his breath as she squeezed perhaps just a bit too hard, but it did the job. As he came he grabbed the back of her head, ramming her nose into his dark pubic hair, ensuring that she couldn’t pull away and let his valuable spunk go to waste.

As she crouched on the floor, spitting out what sperm hadn’t been forced down her throat, Millian put away his now flaccid cock, and reached into his pocket for his small roll of Korean currency. He handed her five one thousand wan notes as she got to her feet.

‘What’s this?’ she asked with disgust.

‘The price for one blowjob, as agreed,’ answered Millian.

‘No, you didn’t hear me right, not five thousand, fifty thousand wan. What, do you think I’d suck your cock for this?’ she replied waving the notes in front of his face.

‘Listen bitch, you are trying to rip off the wrong man. I know what that excuse for a blowjob is worth, and it is not worth fifty thousand wan. Either you take what I’ve just given you, or you get a punch in the face and no money,’ threatened Millian getting angry now. Fuck, how he hated getting ripped off.

‘No you listen noodle prick. Do you think I suck disgusting little brown cocks like yours for pleasure? If you don’t pay up right now you’ll be the one with the punch in the face and no money. You little shit, my pimp will fucking crush...’

The prostitute never got to finish her sentence,

but she did get the punch that Millian had promised, smashing straight into her nose breaking it in an instant. She tumbled backwards into rubbish bins from the force of blow, sending them clattering across the concrete.

‘You fucking dirty lying Russian whore,’ hissed Millian through clenched teeth as he stood above her collapsed body. It was then he then heard the sound of running feet, and looking up made out two figures running through the parked cars across the waste ground towards him. ‘Fuck.’

He bent and took the five crumpled notes from her fist, and turned to run. He paused momentarily, and then turned back to deliver two vicious well aimed kicks to the prostitutes stomach and head. Now, satisfied that he had got his revenge, he ran off, quickly disappearing into the shadows and away from the scene before the two approaching figures could have seen him.

The two men stood over the groaning body of the prostitute. The shorter, fatter, of the two bent and grabbed a handful of her hair. Pulling back her disfigured and bloody face he shined a flashlight into her terrified eyes. He experienced a sudden flicker of pity for this wretched Russian woman, but this was quickly dispelled by the importance of the task in hand.

‘Do you thinking she saw what we were up to?’ asked the taller, more athletic of the pair.

‘No way of telling, we should take her anyway, she’s a good one. What about the bloke that did this to her?’

‘There is nothing we can be doing about him. You holding her tight whilst I give her the injection.’ The prostitute squirmed and kicked as the needle approached her neck, but was not able to escape from the sweaty grasp the fatter man had her in. Her eyelids drooped, and her body went limp as the chemical that would put her to sleep indefinitely entered her bloodstream.

‘Ok, let’s get her in the container with the others. You lifting her arms and I holding her legs,’ said the taller man bending and lifting her stiletto feet with ease. ‘Jesus, she has no knickers on, just looking at that revolting gash. I could never be going near that thing, not if you paid me.’

The fatter man resisted the urge to go and take a look at her snatch, and taking her hands, lifted her off the ground with some effort. They carried her between the parked cars and around the discarded closets and TVs to the back of the containerised lorry where they had been standing when they had heard the clattering of bins, and unceremoniously dumped her body on the ground. The taller of the pair reached up and opened the back of the refrigerated container, flicking the light switch at the same time. Inside, lit by the harsh glow of the fluorescent strip, were piled the unconscious bodies of seventy three people. The two men had been busy that night, and it was not just prostitutes that they had been luring down to the waste ground and then drugging. Amongst the heaped bodies were bums, drunk businessmen, cottaging gays, helpless school girls and even a couple of unsuspecting dog walkers. As the two men were heaving their latest victim into the trailer they heard a muffled gasp come from the footbridge that ran alongside the flyover up above them. The fatter man looked up quickly and caught sight of the familiar face of the young engineering cadet he had sent ashore that evening. They watched as the cadet fled for his life, disappearing from their view at the bend of the flyover.

‘That could be a problem,’ reflected the taller Oddbjorn calmly.

‘No, we can take care him tomorrow. He will be scared shitless, he won’t tell anyone tonight,’ replied the fatter Andre. ‘Do we need any more? Perhaps a couple more hookers?’

‘No, that’s enough for now, I think we have pushed our luck enough already. We’ll lock up the container for tonight, and then get one of the Chinese crew to come and drive it to the ship in the morning. I’m overseeing loading tomorrow so we won’t have any problems getting it onboard. Let’s go.’ With that Gregory and Oddbjorn jumped down out of the container, secured its doors, and disappeared off into the night.

After Jay, the young cadet, had left Millian on Texas Street he had wandered aimlessly about the city. He had

stopped and brought some new cool red trainers and after a time had realised that he was quite lost, unable to find his way back to Texas Street, and unable even to remember what direction the ship was in. Finding the expressway he remembered that this would take him back to the harbour. This was how Jay came to be walking on the footbridge that ran beside the flyover. Hearing the clatter of bins in the darkness far below him he had stopped out of curiosity. Peering into the darkness below he had seen two men running across the waste ground, and watched them pick up a body and carry it to the back of a lorry. It was when one of the men opened the rear doors of the container, and the flickering light from inside spilled out onto the figures, that he was able to make out the distinctive thinning ginger hair and face of his superior, the Chief Engineer, and the tanned bald head with its distinctive circular indent of the Chief Officer. He watched as the pair lifted the body from the shadows, into the back of the container, and Jay stifled a gasp as he saw the grizzly smashed up face of the prostitute. He saw the two men's heads turn in his direction but was frozen for an instance by the horror of the tableau below him. His legs took over at that point, carrying him away from the scene as fast as possible, and back to the harbour and the Divine Vessel. The terrified Jay, then having locked himself in his cabin, broke down in tears, sobbing like a small child. There was no way he could go to the captain and accuse his two chief officers of such a thing. It would be him who would be thrown off the ship, sent home, a humiliation to his family. Jay sobbed late into the night, desperate for the comforting hug of his mother's arms and a plate of her special lamb biriani.