

Thai Life (TG RC AR)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Commission

Brendan Marks is very excited to try a new life. He has always dreamed of being able to temporarily experience living the life of a young and poor foreign girl, and now the rich businessmen has a magical artefact that will let him do just that to a gorgeous Thai bargirl. Only things might not go exactly as he planned . . .

Thai Life

Brendan took in the vibrant scents and spirited sounds of Khao San Road. Below on the street, kickboxers staged a mock fight for an audience, storefronts served up fresh-cooked noodles, and numerous vendors called out for the many tourists to attend all kinds of exotic shows. Exotic, at least, to the tourists. And exotic to Brendan, who was about to experience his dream fantasy come true, if only he could find the right person. He took out the magical amulet that was the result of years of searching. It was vibrant green, gleaming unnaturally, and it seemed to thrum power in some undeniable way.

“You and I are going to have a lot of fun,” he said, grinning. He removed himself from the balcony, checked his expensive attire over one last time, and headed out of the hotel room and down to the festivities of Bangkok, in search of a special beautiful someone.

Brendan Marks was a handsome white American. At 6’2, he had an impressive height, and this was matched by his handsome good looks, which had the right amount of muscles, and his short brown hair which was always neatly presented. His manly jaw and piercing grey eyes often got the attention of the ladies, an effect he exploited numerous times. He was quite wealthy, very wealthy in fact. As a hedge fund manager, he’d done very well for himself, to the point where his job practically took care of itself these days. It left him time to pursue his fantasies, something which was quite important to him.

This was because Brendan had a secret, very peculiar fetish that he’d had as long as he could remember. For all his wealth, good looks, and manly prestige, he had a hidden kink to be reduced and changed into his opposite, a sort of humiliation fetish for living the life of someone who was everything he was not. He often masturbated to the thought of being stuck as a foreign prostitute, or a Chinese housewife, or a South African stripper girl, and so forth. To go from tall to very short, from white to coloured, from muscled to weak, from comfortable in his society to near the bottom rung. And to go from handsome to breathtakingly beautiful. It was something he couldn’t neatly explain, and yet he possessed these feelings strongly, and had eventually, with his wealth, decided to pursue them.

Which led to the purchase of the amulet, which after a brief test with an anonymous paid recipient who simply believed they were testing a temporarily mind-altering drug, proved to work. He immediately jetted off to Thailand after its success: on his *private* jet of course. He wanted to ensure that he had the greatest possible juxtaposition between his current wealthy life and the temporary experience of being totally otherwise. It was the same reason he was eating fine oysters and caviar and drinking expensive wine, prior to his next move.

Now it was just the fact of finding the right woman. He searched along the road, talking to vendors, meeting hotel servers and restaurant waitresses, even attending a ping pong ball show, which was not entirely up his alley and proved fruitless anyway. The taste of foreign culture was everywhere, and he breathed it in, like a hunter searching for his prey.

And then he found her.

It was at a corner bar several blocks away. He nearly passed it, except that he saw it also served spicy shrimp soup, which he'd been wanting to try anyway. He walked in, hoping to get that and a cold one, when a serving girl passed him who was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen. She couldn't have been taller than 4'10"; so short and yet not so short as to be ridiculous. She had very long black hair, straight and silky, that bobbed down her back with her every movement. Her figure was perfectly lithe, thin and elegant, and she had the classical beauty of the most gorgeous Thai women: high cheekbones, a slender face, and dark almond-shaped eyes. She had full lips, and her makeup enhanced her beauty as she moved about the room. She couldn't have had more than an A-cup, and her ass was flat. But to Brendan, this was a boon: he had never gone for shapely women. He preferred the elegance of a slender figure. To his incredible delight, he saw that a number of ex-pats from Australia, Britain, and even his own country were greeting her with flirty, borderline-harassing comments. She looked degraded by them, particularly when the Brit grabbed her ass as she walked away, causing her to squeak. No one cautioned the Brit, not even when he yelled, "there's more where that came from, sexy! I'd love for you to bang my cock, if you know what I mean!"

His friends laughed, and Brendan had to suppress a smile. The woman was perfect. He just needed time to get to know her, and convince her of the change. He took a seat, and she approached him not longer after.

"Hello, can I help you?"

He saw her nametag listing her as *Anong*.

"Hello Anong," he said, "can I just grab that beer on the mid-shelf there, and some spicey shrimp soup please."

She nodded, seeming to appreciate his politeness. After a wait, and several more disgusting comments thrown her way by a tall gentleman who clearly loved her own lack of height, she returned with what he'd asked for.

“Is that everything, sir?”

“One last thing,” he said. “Would you mind returning to this table occasionally? Just to chat, I mean. I’ll tip you twenty US each time you do.”

She briefly screwed up her face, clearly a bit confused, but then she saw the money he produced. Just like he thought, she wasn’t one to turn down tips, even if it meant going outside her comfort zone. She was not wealthy or well-off. She was perfect.

“That is fine, sir. But I’m not . . . I do not know how to say this. I am not a-”

“Just to talk, don’t worry,” he said.

She nodded, smiling in relief. Clearly sexual propositions were not rare for this woman, even more perfect.

Over the next couple of hours, the various bar patrons drifted off, until he was the only remaining customer. Evidently, Anong was in charge of closing up shop, because she would have left by now were it not for the stack of money that Brendan was slowly handing out to her as they conversed. He’d had perhaps one too many beers, but needed the liquid courage to propose what he wanted. She was so beautiful, and her dark tan skin was without blemish, her face worthy of a song.

Slowly, as he gained more courage due to the drinks, and as he became her only customer, the conversation took off. She was indeed poor, trying to save up enough money to go to university and make a life for herself. She was truthful in hating working as a bargirl: the patrons were deeply sexist, the western expats worst of all. She was just twenty one years old, whereas Brendan was thirty three. He told her in turn of his own life, trying not to brag but honestly discussing his job, his wealth, and his style of living. It made her sigh.

“I wish I had a life like that, even just for a day,” she said as she poured another drink, and he proffered another twenty. “Being a woman like me in a place like this gives not many chances.”

Brendan smiled. She had the most delightful accent which put a melodic tone to her words. Her English was excellent, apparently her mother was quite fluent and taught her before she passed away tragically. But her voice was smooth, lilting. Soft as daisies.

“Well, there is a possibility I can help you experience that,” he said.

“What do you mean?”

Her eyes looked hungrily to his wallet, but he shook his head.

“Oh, that. Well, I can certainly pay you a lot, but you’d need to do something for me.”

She creased her brow. “I am no prostitute.”

He put up his hands, a little panicked. “Oh, I didn’t mean I’d pay you for sex. I want to switch places with you. I have an amulet that can perform this. I know it sounds crazy, but it is magical, and I have used it before. It has the power to change the minds of two bodies - make two people switch places, that is.”

She raised her eyebrows, but to his pleasure, she didn't stand up and walk away. She was desperate enough to believe him, especially once he brought forward the amulet, which did indeed glow unnaturally.

"It - that's impossible," she said. But he could tell she was intrigued.

"No, it's magic. I have swapped with a man. Just briefly. I'll pay you if we can swap."

"Why do you want to swap with me, even if such a thing can be done? I'm just a poor Thai girl. You're a rich American!"

He weighed an indecision in his head before committing. "Because I want to feel what it is like. I've always been white, male, rich and privileged. I've never felt what it was like to be on the bottom rung of society."

She smirked a little. "It's a sex thing. You want to have sex in my body?"

"Well, I'd pay extra to try, but I want to feel what it's like. I suppose it is a sex thing, to be honest."

Interestingly, it didn't put her off. Before, she'd thought he was just paying for sex, and clearly wasn't invested no matter the money. But even if sex was still on the table, this new scenario held an interest for her. She bit her lip in a cute way, and he spent a moment just gazing at her simple beauty, wondering what it would be like to inhabit her foreign skin.

"This is stupid, not even real . . . but just in case you are telling the truth . . . I want money up front. A good amount."

"You'll have it. We'll need a location. My hotel room is -"

"No. My place. I don't go with strangers."

"Fair enough. Sex may be part of the magic. I was able to switch places with another man, but he had to take drugs to make him aroused, me as well. For the greater switch with a woman . . ."

He left it dangling in the air. She breathed, her lithe chest so wonderful in her professional white shirt, one that conformed to her elegant body perfectly.

"We'll see," she finally said. "Come with me. And I want the money. I want a better life. How long would we switch?"

"I was thinking three days. Enough for you to enjoy glamour and riches. I can tell you a little about how to properly manage my affairs and act like me while we've changed places. You can do the same for me."

"And it really is magic? This is crazy. I wouldn't believe if I was not being desperate."

He smirked a little at the slight break in her fluency there. He held out the amulet, turned it. It flashed in that strange way that no ordinary light could convey. It revealed its most prominent trick: in her reflection was him, and in his, hers. She gasped.

"To my place. Come. Just have to close up."

Brendan felt a little bad about how delighted he was with Anong's apartment. It was a tiny little four wall place with a folding bed, a community bathroom downstairs, and barely enough space to put her clothing. It was, in his eyes, the ideal kind of experience to dip into.

"It is not to look good," she said, obviously embarrassed enough for her English to suffer a little. "Very small, I know."

"It's perfect," he said.

She gave him a funny look. "You really want this? My life is terrible! The room is dirty and smells!"

Certainly, there were cracks across the upper walls, and the outside view was obstructed by the many, many power lines which had to be a danger.

"Like I said, I can't explain it. Even to just experience it for three days."

She shrugged. "Five thousand."

"I insist on ten," he said, still joyous at the possibilities. Her astonished face was cute, and he was able to project a bit of power in the dynamic from their sheer height difference, enough for her to nod. He had her in his pocket, and he knew he'd hooked her.

"How does it happen?"

Brendan sat on the bed beside her. She looked a little uncomfortable, but somehow that only turned him on more. "Well, we need to become aroused."

"Aroused?"

"Uh, turned on."

"Oh, horny."

"Yes, that exactly. Together. In each other's presence."

She bit her lip in habit again. As a bit of enticement, he brought out his phone, asked for her details. In just a few seconds the foreign transaction to her account was approved, and she could see the money was going through, and would arrive in just a single day.

"You - I just want a better life," she said.

"I understand. We can do this one of two ways. We can masturbate, or we can . . . well, you're not a prostitute, and I'm not paying you for the sex, so it might be easier and more powerful for the magic to work if we fuck."

She nodded, though not without hesitation. "But you're paying for the switch. And I can spend your money while you?"

"So long as you aren't spending hundreds of thousands, yes."

She slowly, achingly slowly raised her dark olive-skinned arm and placed her dainty hand upon his thigh. Just that very action alone made him aroused. The amulet gleamed on

his neck, making her gasp. She continued the movement of her hand, rising up to the bulge in his pants.

“You’ve done this before?”

“I have boyfriends previously,” she said, and she began to stroke him. It made him groan in excitement, and from there he couldn’t contain himself. He pulled this little Thai woman, this gorgeous put-upon Thai girl with her low-class life towards him, and planted a deep kiss on her lips. She wasn’t expecting it, but she did not resist. In moments they were removing each other’s clothes. He stopped to take a look at her shirtless body, and again when she removed her tight skirt. Her little A-cup breasts were perfectly formed, capped by dark brown nipples that were just delightful. Her hips were slender yet womanly, and her figure soft, almost fairy-like.

“God, you are beautiful Anong. I really want your body, your life!”

“And I want yours, Brendan.”

He grinned, caressing her form while she removed his shirt. He sucked and licked and played with her nipples, eliciting gasps from her. The amulet glowed brighter and brighter as they became fully naked, his large penis fully erect and throbbing. She looked to it with lust, and he took the opportunity to rub her clit with his fingers, savouring its wetness.

“H-hurry up,” she said. “I f-feel horny. I want your body.”

“Mhmm,” Brendan mused. “And in more ways than one, I bet.”

He nibbled once again at her breast, causing her to moan erotically. Then he grabbed her tiny little Thai body and turned her around, facing away from him. She gasped, not expecting to be taken from behind, doggy-style. But she was too turned on and too hungry for the possibility of change to fight against it, and any final hesitations died away when he pushed his cock inside her. The amulet glowed as he slid his impressive length into her, bathing the room in shades of alien green that glittered and danced in a way that defied known physics. It somehow heightened his arousal, and clearly hers as well, because her tight pussy clamped down even tighter, and soon he was thrusting away with no limits on his energy.

“Yeah, you like this, don’t you?” he said.

“I - oohhhhh - I do!”

“I can’t wait to have your sexy little slutty body. I can’t wait to be - ahhh - degraded and humiliated in it. I can’t wait to be seen the way guys like me see you. You have no idea how much it turns me on, Anong. For three days, your life will be mine.”

She whimpered, already approaching orgasm as he pumped his big dick into her tunnel. Her ass was small, but slapped wonderfully against his balls nonetheless. He gripped her, marvelling at how small and weak her body was, how easily it yielded to him. It excited him, the prospect of becoming her and feeling the same from the other end. Despite some of

what he'd said, he absolutely savoured the idea of fucking someone in her body. It was simply too exotic to resist.

"Oh God, I want that!" he exclaimed. She cried out in Thai, a series of words that were incomprehensible to him, but served only to turn him on even more. It sent him right over the edge, and he came inside her, his balls pumping load after load into her body.

It was at that very moment, as she seized in orgasm, that the amulet *flashed*.

And suddenly he was in her position, a big thick dick in his tunnel. It had worked.

"ใช่! ใช่!" he cried, not intending to speak in his new native language, and yet all the gladder to possess it. "It worked! OOhhhhh!"

His new body shook in orgasm, and he felt the warm trickle of his own male body's cum still pumping into his vagina. It made the pleasure radiate outwards again, and even his nipples tensed in bliss, a feeling that was so incredibly alien to him. He felt so small, so *dominated* by the big body currently gripping his lithe hips, and it made him squirm in pleasure to be so controlled. So *owned*. Yes, as much as he liked to hide away those darkest thoughts, he couldn't help but hold some less acceptable views. He was aroused by the notion of orientalist fantasies, even if such things weren't so PC anymore. And now he was *living it*.

"Ahhh - nnggh - mhmmm."

He moaned, enjoying the sweet sound of his new feminine voice.

"Oh my God," came a male voice, his own. "It worked. You were telling the truth after all!"

The woman wearing his body pulled her big dick out of Brendan's tunnel, causing him to shudder in further delight. He collapsed to his side, taking in the much larger sight of his former body. Anong was looking at her new hairy arms, staring down at her hair penis, gazing at her larger form.

"I'm a man. I'm *you*."

"You are, you even have my accent, just like I have your language!"

Even now, it was easier to *think* in Thai than in English, and his own grasp of the latter was significantly weaker, despite still being thankfully fluent.

"This . . . this is incredible," Anong said. She touched her throat, unbelieving her new, lower voice. Brendan was too ecstatic to stay in one place. He bounced off the bet, his thin breasts jostling just slightly. His walk was different, even his perspective was different. His long black hair waved against his soft back, sending shivers up his spine. The apartment was only one room, but there was a mirror hanging. He used it to examine himself over, pulling numerous faces and twisting to examine his body. He was already horny, utterly aroused by his dream coming true. He was a sexy, elegant foreign girl, one of low means and no prospects, a pretty face to be catcalled and wolf whistled and a body to be groped.

“Yes, finally. It finally happened.”

He looked back to Anong in his body, and found that lost in her awe, she still had time to give a slight smirk. She lowered herself to the amulet, gazing at it, and took a quick photo with her camera.

Three days. Three full days of living out his dream of being a beautiful, but desperate foreign girl. It was a dream come true, and it almost made him wish he'd asked for a week instead. In the aftermath of their sexual transition, Brendan had sat the now much bigger Anong down to set the expectations of how things would go. As far as he was concerned, sex in each others' bodies was totally okay, desired if she up for that. She could order room service, ride in expensive cars, even travel around the city living it up in the party life, so long as she didn't give him permanent tattoos or anything. Likewise, he couldn't get her pregnant or ruin her finances, as she was so desperate. In exchange, he'd give her another ten thousand dollars to help herself to. She'd instantly agreed.

And so began Brendan's journey as the new Anong. He felt so much shorter, so much more vulnerable, and he had a full shift on the following day. He got to shower as a woman, put on a bra and underwear, and the professional uniform of a bargirl which had a slightly exotic touch to appeal to tourists such as himself. Just getting ready in that little dirty apartment was enough to get him excited for the day: he was a woman now, a native, someone who was a local and couldn't simply fly to another country and buy another comfortable manor to reside in. For three days, this was all he truly had.

The work was humiliating, and in all the best ways. Due to his new stature and lack of muscles, he was easily intimidated by larger men, who continually commented on how 'pretty' and 'desirable' and 'exotic' he looked. It was mainly the tourists, many of whom were drunk and clearly enjoyed toying with the cute and tiny waitress who was forced to serve them. The Brit from before even returned, and just as he had with the real Anong, he groped her on the ass, smacking her as she walked past.

It was utterly degrading. A horrible lifelong experience, but in the short-term? To taste what it was like to live on the other tracks of life? Well, for Brendan as Anong it was *intoxicating*. The first day she got a handle on her job, and on the patrons. She let herself be bullied by her gross pig of a manager, and realised how little baht she had to spend on necessities such as food, but she made her way through, drawing upon this new body's experience as a serving girl, as well as his own personal bar he had back in his lavish home.

It was only when the night was about to finish that the Brit, with his strong twenties body and leering eyes, called him over.

“I tell you what, Thai girl, I’ll give you a fat juicy tip if you suck mine, do you understand? You speak that kind of English?”

He nodded demurely, feeling creeped out by this man’s presence, intimidated by him. It was a combination of a terrible feeling and a wonderful one. He was being *dominated*.

“I understand. You want me to suck you off, yes?”

Even his accent made the moment more degrading, as if he were being pushed out of his comfort zone. The Brit smiled.

“Good girl, lovely to hear. Your boss is off, and you’re closing up. Why don’t you do it under the table right now?”

He went to his knees, terrified of what he was about to do. Terrified, and incredibly aroused. The man shoved about two thousand baht down her top, almost as much as one hundred USD. Clearly, he was a man of means, just like Brendan truly was. Slowly, he unbuckled the man’s belt, his heart pounding heavily in his chest. The man’s dick flopped out, already semi-hard. It was not unimpressive, though nothing on Brendan’s actual member. He hoped Anong was using it well. For now, he was going to use her mouth.

Slowly, sensually, and most importantly of all, *submissively*, she took his penis into her mouth. She stroked its shaft with her fingers, teasing him further and further towards a throbbing erection. The man grunted.

“Ohhh, yeah. That’s right. I love a submissive foreign girl. You local birds drive me crazy. Don’t stop.”

He had no intention of doing so. He licked and sucked on the man’s cock, stroking the shaft faster and faster, and even cupping his balls as he did so. Finally, after the man grabbed Brendan’s head and shoved it down further on his cock, the man came. His cum shot out in sticky hot wads. Brendan tried to pull away, but the man kept his head down so it all emptied into his throat. It was an act of outright humiliation that left Brendan weak at the knees.

“Worth every cent. Damn, Thai girls are good.”

He stood, leaving Brendan under the table, and dropped the money on the floor like she were some animal. As he left, the new woman grinned. He still had two more days.

The next day, Brendan escalated. Not only did he give another spectacularly degrading blowjob to a customer, but he also allowed himself to be groped several times, and finished the night by allowing a stranger to take him back up to Anong’s apartment. This was a local

man, and so they conversed entirely in Thai, not that he was very interested in anything Brendan had to say, or even speaking at all. He wanted a nice, quick fuck, and had pressured her for exactly that.

Brendan groaned in ecstasy as the man thrust his cock into her wet folds, plunging deep into her feminine tunnel. He was so small and weak against this man. His 4'10 height and slender build meant that men easily pressured him to sex, and his gorgeous local looks drew not just the tourist's eyes, but men like this who wanted to make sure local girls knew to keep their bodies for other locals, instead of expats and visitors.

"Moan for me," the man said in the native tongue, a tongue Brendan now understood perfectly. He did as he was commanded, giving a high, sensual whimper as the man thrust. He yielded to the man, letting him fuck his wet pussy over and over until finally he came. His dick throbbed into his condom, but Brendan imagined that seed flooding his body, warming his flat little belly. He was desperate, and he loved the experience of it.

"If I do you again, will you tip me some baht tomorrow?" he asked in her demure, cutely accented voice.

The man smiled. "If you impress me. I want to fuck you and hear you moan much louder this time. Get yourself ready while I go to the bathroom. And pass me your purse: I need to grab a condom.

She did exactly as he asked, and the next day she earned her baht and more. Her body was a display item, and she was treated like a piece of meat by men in her profession. She realised that accepting this fully after that last night of wild sex, she was even able to *think* of herself in the feminine pronoun. Just looking in the mirror she could see a sexy, submissive waif of a woman in the mirror, needing to do what she could to stay alive and build a future. Someone who couldn't fight back against catcalls and comments, and lived by the whim of western tourists who had no desire to understand her life.

But she was still happy to pursue her kinks, and fucked several more men that final day. She was theirs, yielding to their dominance just like they wanted, allowing them to say all sorts of things about her and her body, and the things they wanted to do with it. Some were more forceful than others, enjoying her submission, and the degrading, humiliating feeling of that turned her on all the more. It was a dream come true, and it ended explosively with a three way, being spit-roasted between two Australian men, one cumming in her mouth, the other in her ass. She hadn't been given much of a choice after she'd agreed to the arrangement, and they left high-fiving one another, leaving her in a puddle of different juices, shivering in pleasure and a little fear.

But all holidays needed to come to an end. After the indulgence in her kinks, Brendan-as-Anong needed to become Brendan-as-Brendan again. In truth, she missed the suit, the dominance, the power of being in charge all the time. And while it was joyful to experience life in the other, less flashy line, she missed the flash. As agreed on by the two of them, she went back to the hotel Brendan had arranged, ready to swap back with the other woman in her body. No doubt she'd enjoyed swinging that big dick around for a while. Brendan held the amulet in her hands, letting it spin a little. It felt a little weightier than normal, but perhaps it was just her weaker self. She let that thought go when she tapped on her hotel door.

And then tapped again.

And again.

And started knocking more furiously.

Something was wrong. Something felt very wrong. She turned to a cleaner.

"Lost, girl? You don't look like you belong here?"

"I'm - I'm seeing a friend. Brown hair, tall. He's American. He should be in this room."

The woman gave a confused look. "That man checked out this morning to go to the airport, I'm sure of it. Check down with reception."

Her heart beating, Brendan ran down the stairs, nearly bowling someone over. She practically *slammed* into the reception desk, and fired off her questions rapidly in Thai.

"Room 231, with the American man named Brendan Marks, has he moved?"

The woman went through the same queries, which Brendan answered in an anxious hurry. She shrugged, checked her computer.

"Oh, that's right. He did check out this morning. You're Anong?"

"Um, yes."

"He left this for you. I think it's an apology note."

She ripped it from the receptionist's hands and ducked away to read it.

Dear Anong. Yes, that's your name now. I'm sorry to leave you in my life, but your own life was too good to pass up. You were using me for your own personal fantasies anyway, so let's not pretend you were a great guy. When the amulet worked, I knew I had to work quickly. I took a photo of it, then went to a local jewellery store to get a cheap one made to look as much like it as possible. I then used your money to hire a local man to seduce you just like you wanted, and when he got the opportunity, to exchange the amulets. The one you have is a fake.

Don't worry, I'll treat your life well. I'll come back with amnesia or something, but I have most of what I need: you really should have better password protection on your computer, and your various login details fill-in automatically. Besides, no one will believe the

truth. I'm going to live your life forever: a life of being rich, powerful, dominant, and in the lap of luxury. And just like you wanted, you can live my life of being hit on, catcalled, groped, humiliated, and forced to work to make small tips every day in the hopes of a better life. Who knows, maybe with your experience you'll succeed? Regardless, I hope you enjoy my body. Worst case scenario, you can always try to find a nice Thai man to be a good housewife for. Just be aware, my country can be quite traditional in their view of women in the household, so be warned you'll have a lot of feminine duties. But you could always stay at the bar, enjoying that lie.

After all, it's your kink, isn't it?

Goodbye,

Brendan Marks (formerly Anong)

Brendan looked at the letter in a daze. She had beaten him, outsmarted him, and now he - no, now *SHE*- was stuck as Anong for life. She had no passport, no savings, no way of getting out of her life. What was intended to be a short enjoyment of her ultimate fantasy was now going to be a permanent stay. A life of exactly what Anong described, and more than a little sex as part of it.

"Oh God, this was a mistake," she said, as she looked over her short, powerless body. But it was too late.

She was going to be living the Thai life forever.

The End