

## Thai Life 2 (Thai Bar Girl TG Race Change)

By FoxFaceStories

Commissioned by lyashu

*A sequel to Thai Life. Brendan Marks is trapped in the form of the life, beautiful, and poor Anong, ever since the young woman he swapped bodies using a magical amulet with absconded with his rich, white, male life. Not to mention she took the amulet. Now, the formerly male Anong must adjust to being a gorgeous Thai bar girl for life, and hopefully use her old life's business skills to forge her own way, even if it means remaining a woman in a strange new country.*

### Thai Life 2

Anong cried out in pleasure as the strong-muscled man took her from behind. She was so small, so weak, so lithe and fragile compared to him, and it only made being fucked like this all the better. He was holding her hands, pulling them behind her in time with his thrust, so that he was in control of everything, and she was at the mercy of his whims.

“Ohhhhhhh, yes!” she moaned in her native language. Her *new* native language.  
“F-fuck me! Fuck me harder! Cum inside m-me!”

The man grunted. “Close!” he managed. “Very c-close! You’re tight. Tight and wet, just the way I like them.”

His words were sweetness to her ears, even as her cheeks burned with shame. It didn’t matter: Anong needed this. After a long, pent-up day of frustrating work as a low-paid bar girl, she needed a big, fat cock inside her. She needed to cum.

The man suddenly paused, his dick shuddering within her passage. She seized up with him, wiggling her hips a little from side to side to milk his manhood for all it was worth. His hands clenched on her wrists, and it hurt, but it was the good kind of hurt. To her embarrassment, she realised the only thing that would make this hotter was if he was fucking her in the ass, instead of the pussy. Something about that scenario just felt so wonderfully degrading.

It was enough to send her over the edge at the same time as he came within her, shooting wad after wad of his cum into her body. She wailed, moaning again and again, her soft lips parting in a face of ecstasy. The man took a moment to drop one hand and slap her across the ass. It made her *clench* down upon his cock, squeezing it just a little bit more and enhancing his own climax, which was no doubt the point. There’s be a mark there tomorrow, but for now it left her reeling with pleasure.

“MMhmhm! *Chi! Chi!* Yes! Cum in m-me!”

He managed to thrust one more time before shoving her forwards, and the feeling of his dick pulling out of her was intense, as well as his semen leaking down her thighs. She whimpered on the bed.

“That was incredible. You really are fuckable,” the man said. His words were in English now, since he was a tourist. “Goddamn, I’d love a Thai wife like you. Too bad my bitch of a wife would get everything in the divorce, knowing her. Still, that was worth every dollar. Take the extra, cutie.”

Her mind processed the English, even if she had to wade through some of his words a bit slower than she would have in another life. To her shock, he handed her over two thousand baht. Part of her was offended: she’d just wanted some damn sex out of a local, but her reputation from her early days clearly preceded her: he thought she was at the very least a casual prostitute. Well, she wasn’t going to turn down two thousand baht. That could take her far in her cheap living.

“Thank you, sexy,” she said, rolling a little to look up at him. Opportunism rose in her mind. “We could go another round. I could do more sexy things for you, if you want pay more?”

She liked to downgrade her English just a little to get their attention. They liked that. God knows, she once had. The man smirked, clearly mulling it over.

“Well, how good are you at doing blowjobs?”

She licked her lips, annoyed at how sexy the prospect was. She’d given a couple for free lately, purely because of her addiction to submission.

“I am the blowjob queen,” she said. “I will earn good money from you.”

Half an hour later, when the man was ready, she did just that. He left, fully satisfied, and she now had four thousand baht, more than she’d ever gotten before.

And she still cursed herself for it.

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A year ago, Anong had been Brendan Marks, a cocky American businessman who’d always carried an obscure fetish: he wanted to find a way to transform into a gorgeous, fragile, poor girl from a developing culture, and experience a life of consensual sexual degradation. He couldn’t fully explain it: he just liked the idea of being dominated as a woman, and in the most ‘exotic’ context, as he would have bluntly and inaccurately put it. So when he managed to obtain a magical amulet that could swap two people’s bodies during an act of intimacy or sex, he leapt at the opportunity, flying halfway around the world to Thailand, and scouting out a young, attractive bar girl in her early twenties named Anong. This, of course, was the real Anong.

She agreed to perform a body swap with him in exchange for money, and a chance to live his fancy life for three full days in her body. She was even okay with him using her form for all kinds of sexual pursuits, and it didn't take long for Brendan to succeed in this goal: after having sex with Anong to perform the change, he proceeded to go on a whirlwind bender of sexually demeaning acts with numerous bar patrons, allowing himself - now herself - to be thrust into, fucked rudely, slapped, groped, objectified, insulted, and so on. Brendan had found it to be heaven, of course, though after three days, he'd had his fill, and was ready to turn back.

Only the real Anong had other plans, and was much brighter and more ambitious than the American could have imagined. She figured out his passwords, absconded with his body and money and accounts, and made convincing excuses for an amnesiac episode upon her return to America. He was left with little more than a note from her explaining that she had decided to improve her life, and wishing him all the best to do so for her body, now that he would be stuck within it. Brendan had seethed, but he was no longer truly Brendan, at least to the rest of the world. She was Anong, and would be for life; she no longer even had the amulet, as her doppelganger had taken that too.

That was over a year ago. A year of becoming used to local customs, of finding the Thai language far more familiar than English, of getting to know the ins and outs of bartending for native Thais and numerous tourists alike. Of getting catcalled, groped, approached, and harassed, and all the while making only meagre change from her job. The degrading foreign sex kink had just become degrading, but to the former male's eternal shame, Anong's sex drive remained a powerful force, and she still made extra on the side - or sometimes just let off some steam for free - by having submissive sex with men of all types who were interested. And with her willowy yet gorgeous looks, with her perfect almond eyes and long, shimmering black hair, not many men could resist her.

It was something she had to adapt to, get used to, and eventually, *use* in turn. She had started off making money during her 'three day adventure' just as a way of quickly enticing men, but now it was one of the few ways she could make a quick baht and get a leg up in society. She constantly looked up news of Brendan Marks, or the figure occupying his body, online, and how successful he was. It aggravated her to no end how the real Anong had adjusted to being a rich, white, male American businessman, and evidently only taking his career to greater heights. Meanwhile, she was stuck serving drinks and sucking dicks to make a living.

Which was why she had a plan.

Anong didn't have a passport, didn't have enough money to even get close to America, let alone in the same room as her former body. But she refused to resign herself to this life. It had been a fun venture to fulfil some dark kinks, but she'd never intended it to be

a permanent stop. She aimed to get her life back, to get everything back. And that meant drawing upon every trick in the book from her old life *and* her new one. She needed to succeed in life, generate a large amount of baht, and fast. She needed to be more than some bar girl and part-time prostitute, and make something of herself. Even get her own business up and running so that she could actually be the boss of something again. And then when she was finally successful enough, she could make the trip to America, stalk down Brendan, and do something - anything - to switch places back again.

It was just a matter of patience, practice, and using her new womanly wiles as best as she could. And just a year into this planning, she was already doing her best to scrimp and save and boost her bank account. She had even started up a livestream for men to gaze at her body in lingerie or even topless. It was reasonably popular, if not enormously successful, but every donation helped pad her wallet, just like every man she took to bed - for the most part - left her a little bit wealthier. And when she wasn't working hard at the bar, slaving away for the rude owner who himself coveted her body (but would never get it, she was determined on that score), she did her research. Thai law was different from American corporate law, and there were a whole lot of considerations around cultural differences and market wants, but they were both very capitalist markets. It was just about finding a particular opening to exploit, and Anong felt reasonably certain she'd found such a want: a traditional noodle shop.

It sounded preposterous. A noodle shop? In Bangkok of all places? Talk about an oversaturated market! And yet Anong's neighbourhood was so thoroughly westernised and homogenised that locals routinely complained that authenticity had gone out the window, and while local shops made their money, the dedication of running a restaurant that would hew closer to proper noodle and Thai rice recipes from ages past was less easy than simply throwing cheap shit out to unsuspecting tourists. It was, Anong realised, a cyclical effect in action: traditional food sellers had been edged out by cheap competition, but the market had overcorrected in drowning them out entirely, and now there was a vacuum to fill.

"And I'll be the one to fill it," she said to herself, a year on from her change, as she once again went over all the forms and approvals and training she'd need to do to operate such a place. "Me! Who isn't even a traditional Thai!"

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Unfortunately, progress was still slow. Anong continued to grow her bank account, but it required her to continue living in her tiny little apartment, eating cheap meals while also ensuring she took care of her body. But she threw herself into her role ever more, learning a great deal about managing lipstick and fashion cheaply but effectively to give a great deal of

allure and beauty. She was only twenty two years old in this new life, so she had a great deal of time, but she didn't want to return to an aged male body either. Plus, with her low standard of living, she had to take care of her health, including her sexual health - the week she'd spent dealing with an infection from a less than hygienic partner had only made her more paranoid about this. She didn't see him again, no matter how terrific it had been to be fucked from behind by his aggressive thrusts.

"This is taking far too long," she said in an exasperated whine, flopping back on her meagre bed. "I can't keep going on like this. I'll never get my body back if I don't find a way to generate more money. Plus, with my lack of experience I'll need to justify the expenditure to a bank to even secure the loan! And my credit rating is only slowly getting less shit, all because Anong's previous life. Huh, bet she doesn't have that problem with *my* life now."

She sighed. She was too down to even consider taking up a male partner for the night, even if it would put her up some baht. In truth, her goal was seeming only further and further away. So instead, she lowered her hand down beneath her panties and worked off some steam. It alarmed her at times, how ordinary it now felt to have a vagina. Her feminine slit seemed completely normal now, and sometimes the thought of having a swinging dick between her soft thighs - or to have hair on said thighs - just seemed too strange to contemplate! She could remember the male orgasm, the feeling of cumming inside a woman, or stroking herself off, but they were distant memories compared to the present ecstasy of rubbing her throbbing clitoris and squeezing her A-cup breasts, which were so small and yet so damn sensitive.

"Mhmmm," she moaned. "Ahhhh . . . yes. T-take me. M-make me yours."

She closed her eyes, writhing on the bed as she played with herself. Her mind drifted, naturally, to thoughts of men. She'd inherited the original Anong's sexuality, and her needs, though no doubt her own previous libidinous interests had supercharged them. This time, she imagined herself lying back and spreading her legs for another Thai, a man with a strong back and muscular torso, and a handsome shaved face. He would be soft, but hairy enough to contrast her own smooth body, and he would take her. Hard.

"*Chi!*" she cried to herself. "Yes, yes! Fuck me! I want to be your wife!"

She came, and this time she didn't care about the thoughts of her neighbours. Yes, the walls were thin and they sometimes complained, but she'd done her best to sound proof the area for her nightly side hustle. And besides, she wanted to let all the bliss out, and joyfully so. How could she not have seen it before? How could she have been such a moron? She didn't need to go to all this effort raising the funds herself. She was a gorgeous young Thai girl, and if there was one thing men wanted, it was to snag up one of them and to make them a sexy wife.

And *that* would be how she could get her golden goose.

“I’m going to get a *partner* to be my investor,” she said to herself, smiling from ear to ear in that post-coital aftermath.

After all, it was still going to be *her* venture. She wasn’t going to be some submissive wife dependent on a man. He’d just have to *think* that, for a spell.

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In the second year of Anong’s life as a woman, the ‘auditions’ started. Things had to be a delicate balance: she still had a reputation for sleeping with men for money around the local scene, and while she wasn’t internet famous, she had dedicated followers on social media who liked looking her up. Sadly, in order to make a long-term profit, sometimes the quarterly earnings had to be sacrificed - it was a lesson most businessmen knew, and only the shit C-suites with their parachute jumping from company to company did otherwise. Brendan hadn’t been one of those, and neither would she be in her life as Anong.

So she ended her online engagement, taking what donations she could for one final celebratory tease of some skimpy outfits. She also greatly lowered the amount of men she took to bed, and made sure they gradually became a mix of paying customers and ‘dates’ out of interest, albeit it was mostly lust. She continued to work as a bar girl, but her attempts to snag men went beyond that establishment and the immediate surroundings to clubs and bars elsewhere. It wasn’t too expensive: tuk-tuk rides were cheap, and she had been saving for a small motorcycle since she would need one eventually anyway, so that would be on the cards soon. More than that, there were lots of men willing to buy her drinks and even food if she showed a cute flutter of eyelashes or wore something that showed off her midriff. Thai culture could be modest as well as progressive and daring, depending on the places one went, so she acted judiciously, only allowing herself to experiment and be a bit more daring with her gorgeously waifish body once she had tested the waters of a particular club culture.

But she started getting results. Men talked her up, locals and tourists and visiting businessmen alike, and she spent her time enjoying their favour and even taking a few back to bed - *their* beds, of course, which were much more comfortable and high-class than their own. She needed to see what they had to offer her, after all.

And so the hunt began.

“I love a hot Thai,” Johnny Harbour said, reaching across to put his hand on hers. “And you have got to be one of the hottest I’ve seen. Always wanted a cute Thai girlfriend. I know you guys love white guys, right?”

Ugh, he wasn’t good for any long relationship, though the sex was fucking amazing. She fucked him alright, but got money out of it instead of a relationship. He really wanted a

blowjob and for her to speak in a stereotypical manner. It was demeaning, but she accepted it for the sake of the old kink, and crossed 'British tourists' off the list.

"Can I buy you a drink? You seem like you're looking for someone to spend a good night with," said another figure. He was a dark-skinned American, and his nationality alone put her in the interested column. He also looked more upscale, and turned out to be a restaurateur himself. Things were looking up. The fact that his big black cock made her squeal on their third date - yes, an actual *date* where he even took her out for dinner wearing a fancy suit and everything - was also a good sign.

Except he turned out to be married, and looking for a fun fling on the side.

"Tonight was really special, Anong. I feel this connection to you, you know? I know we come from different places, and this sounds crazy, but would you be willing to come back to my home country?"

It would be a bold step to be with Harrison Kord. He was in his forties, a bit greasy, and sex felt positively . . . piggish. But he was damn rich, and clearly well-connected. But Anong had developed a strong radar for people like Harrison over time. The types that fetishised Asian ladies just as she once had now increasingly ticked her off and made her regret how she had approached this whole Thai situation in the first place. The guy was always flashing money and trying to impress her, and it made her think she would just end up being a submissive housewife bullied into some dreadful prenup, with no freedom.

Besides, he was Canadian.

More men followed, and it became increasingly difficult to try and keep positive. Anong was young and beautiful, and she certainly had much more successful dates with men around her own age. But as much as she was looking for an exit ticket out of the country and into a man's wallet, she couldn't deny that it was local men who actually entered the prospect of a relationship much more honestly. Outsiders always seemed to be 'fishing' for her in a way that made her uncomfortable, less free, even less safe. Meanwhile, while native Thai men could be rough around the edges, oddly possessive in their culture sometimes, and some far too conservative, they at least were genuinely looking for more than sex. Well, a few of them were, at least, when she went looking hard enough.

And so over the course of the second year of her life as Anong, the young woman became increasingly familiar not just with sex, but with *romance*. Not from her end, of course, her goal was entirely on getting her male life back, but she couldn't deny the parts of it were nice. Her feminine emotions were fairly overwhelmed when Niran purchased her some roses on their fourth date, and even after she had to terminate that relationship because he was simply too poor to help her plans, she looked back on the moment fondly.

"I can't believe I've turned into the type of lady that blushes when getting flowers. I need to become a cutthroat businessman again before I start swooning in the arms of

someone else. Or worse, start wearing a cute *pha nung* around the streets and promising to pop out babies.”

Other men were less courteous, or more, or simply intriguing to her. Some were shy, and couldn't believe they could date her, while others paid for everything, at least offsetting some of the costs of dating in the first place. Some had called her a whore and an embarrassment of a Thai woman after they discovered she once did online stripteasing or casual prostitution. Some of the reactions were scary enough that she had to flee home in genuine tears, swearing off her madcap attempt to woo a future investor from the business districts ever again.

That was, until she met Kamran.

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It was after a dry spell, and on the two year anniversary of being Anong. The young woman was now twenty three years old, and as much as her body was feeling a little bit needy, she was too damn depressed to take a man home to fuck her. For once, she was actually at a bar to *drink*, her bank account be damned. In fact, she was getting quite drunk, and clearly quite morose, and men were making a point of avoiding her from the way she was getting obviously emotional.

Eventually she was cut off, and had to wander home. She staggered out onto the street and nearly collapsed straight into a line of motorcycles and tuk-tuks. It was only thanks to the quick thinking of a local man who caught her.

“Are you okay?” he asked.

“Go away,” she mumbled. “I'm not looking for someone to date tonight. It doesn't work out!”

He helped right her, and chuckled a little. “Okay, lady, but you nearly knocked over a row of bikes there. That would have been expensive. Can you stand on your own two feet?”

“They're not *my* feet,” she spat, “they're *Anong's*. Woman's feet. They're so dainty and small and pretty. Don't you see?”

She thrust out a heel to see them: it was a little embarrassing, but she was now quite spectacular walking in heels, except when she was drunk.

“They do look rather nice,” the stranger said, “but can you walk in them?”

“Sure I can! I've been walking in them for - hic! - two years now! Look!”

She immediately tumbled over, and the man caught her again. His arms were surprisingly strong, and it was only then that she looked at his face. He was a little doughy, though not fat, with small eyes and a big mouth. But there was something compassionate in



his features that was oddly handsome, and whatever haircare product he used was amazing. She hated that she loved appreciating haircare products now.

“Fine!” she cried, throwing up her hands and grabbing his lapels. His suit was quite nice too. A businessman’s suit? “I can’t walk! I’m drunk! I’m drunk and sad because it’s my two year anniversary since he left me and I’m all alone!”

He gave a sheepish smirk as he helped right her. “Well, I’m sorry to hear about that, miss. Do you want help? I can call you a taxi.”

“Don’t, I live right around the corner. Just need to get home. I don’t need any more cute men accosting me!”

“Wait, I’ve seen you before! You work at that bar, right? The one you just came from?”

“I’m a customer today, unless you haven’t figured it out,” she said. And then she giggled, then laughed, then teared up. To her surprise, she leaned against the man. “You’re actually kind of nice,” she said. “You smell nice.”

“Well, that’s good to know. I was worried my new cologne wasn’t very good.”

“New cologne, huh? Big fancy man!”

“Well, not unfancy. My name is Kamran. Can I help you home?”

She accepted his help this time, and was surprised when he offered his arm for support. She took it, enjoying the strength behind it.

“I’m Anong,” she said. “Anong the bar girl. I’m going to open a restaurant one day. A traditional noodle shop. I’m going to have a better life and make it big in business.”

Kamran considered this. “I can see what you mean: the area is quite westernised here. It would be good to have something that keeps our culture. I’m sorry the anniversary has got you down.”

She waved off his concerns, leaning happily against him. “It’s a stupid thing. Two years and I should be over it. Just need to find a new single man. Are you single?”

“I am.”

“Are you interested?”

He barked out a laugh. “You are forward! Almost like a man!”

That made her laugh in return. “I can tell you I am not! Very much not. I am a young woman who has had it quite hard, thank you!”

“Well, you just lean against me, and we can get you back home safely, how about that?”

“Mhmn, you’re nice. I wish more men were like you. You’re even kinda cute, you know that?”

She didn’t remember much after that, just that the man helped her home, even helping her open the door and making sure she was okay. It would have just been an

embarrassing memory, were it not for the fact that two days later she saw him at the bar while she was working, and he was sitting there as if waiting for someone.

“Oh, it’s you!” she said, a bit embarrassed. “Kamran, right?”

“Very good memory, given how you were, Anony,” he said.

“Can I get you a drink?”

“You may, and I’ll order one in a moment. But I was actually interested in dropping by to see you.”

She blinked. “Me?”

The man shrugged. He was nicely dressed once again, and the twinkle in his eye was similar to what many men had when looking at her. He was interested. But there was something more in that attraction as well.

“Yes, I hope you don’t mind. If you do, I’ll walk away right now. But . . . we shared a few jokes on the walk back to your place, and you seemed a very fun woman with a great deal of passion and dreams. I quite enjoyed that. And, to be honest, I’ve found it hard to stop thinking about that slightly drunk women in the last two days. So I thought I might come see her, and find out if she was still single, and if so, if she might be interested in having a little date with me?”

She regarded him, sizing up the man. He was indeed fairly cute, if not handsome. And he was well-dressed, and clearly not poor. And he was rather nice and earnest, something most men weren’t. But he was also local, instead of someone who could sweep her elsewhere.

“I’m just a humble bar girl,” she said. “What do you do?”

He shrugged. “I work in investing. I’m only a mid-level manager, and I’m sure it’s all very boring. But I’m not some sleaze off the street, don’t worry!”

An investor. Or a professional working in investment. Her interest was officially piqued. And she couldn’t deny, as shameful as it was, that her libido was starting to burn again, and this time for a man who might actually treat her right.

“One date,” she said, biting her lip to suppress a little smile. “And we can see how things go from there. How about that?”

“One date would be a blessing,” he said. “Especially with a woman as beautiful as you.”

And despite her cold, pragmatic self, something in her heart skipped a beat.

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Anong’s Traditional Noodles was booming. Just as the former businessman turned prostitute bar girl turned businesswoman had foreseen, there was indeed a niche in the market to

exploit, and exploit it she had. She had come a long way in five years since becoming a woman, but things had changed just as much as she had, and through her own tenacity, unfailing ambition, and some good luck meeting a stranger on the street, she had carved a path to success. Thanks to Kamran's support, she had managed to achieve her short-term dream of owning a successful restaurant, another step closer to her goal of becoming Brendan again.

Only it turned out that her short-term goal, this money making stepping stone, had overtime become a much longer-term goal than originally intended. For one, running a restaurant was incredibly hard work. Brendan had been manager before moving up in the corporate echelon, but in the cut throat world of restaurants, particularly in the neverending rush of Bangkok life, it was taking up much more of Anong's time than she'd ever naively imagined, particularly given the steep, steep learning curve. Kamran was by her side the entire time, and shockingly in support of her as the lead, but always willing to use his money to help their venture while it was on wobbly legs. He never stopped encouraging her, even as her stress piled up, and it made her feel enormously guilty that he believed her whole act about the restaurant being a "personal life dream of mine," as she put it so often.

It was part of the reason she had married him, after he had proposed after just six months of dating. At first, it was just for the security, because he could be a little naive in relationships, and she could use this against him. Only . . . using anything against Kamran was difficult. He was head over heels in love with her, and she very much enjoyed his company, his touch, and the way his dominant side came out in bed just the way she liked it. The fact that he had a surprisingly big cock only made that better.

So she had gone more native and more traditional than expected, and become a complete Thai wife with a Thai husband, both entering the restaurant business together: his money, her passion and planning. Kamran often claimed that he could tell this was her "true dream", despite not knowing her ulterior purpose. Ironically, though, he may have been right, in a roundabout way. For all the stress and hard work, Anong found herself increasingly proud of the little restaurant with her name up on the board. It felt like true victory, recapturing that manic energy of success that defines every young businessman - or businesswoman - when they first begin scaling that ladder. At night, instead of dreaming of becoming Brendan again, her thoughts went to the possibility of buying out the failing shoe store next door, knocking down the walls, and expanding the restaurant. Or even better, starting a *chain*. A respectable one, not like the other cheap places that catered purely to cheap tourists and their cheap ambitions.

She rarely looked at the news of Brendan Marks anymore. She was sure that the original Anong was having much greater success than herself, but somehow it just seemed . . . less important these days. The thought of being a man against was too strange and alien,

not after having a vagina for half a decade, and one that had seen more than a little use. Kamran knew her past, and had accepted it, and for that her heart had stirred just a little more. She couldn't say fully whether she loved him or not, but perhaps it was just reluctance on her part, because she certainly spent most of her hours with him, warmed his bed for him, laughed at his wit, and comforted him when he was sick. It was ridiculously traditional, to the point where she did indeed finally get a cute *pha nung* just for him to see her in.

Besides, it was going to be too hard to go back to her old male life anyway. It wasn't just the business booming, but the fact that these nights she snuggled up against her husband with both sets of their hands upon her swelling belly.

"I still can't believe I'm pregnant," she mumbled to herself, rolling her eyes.

"I know. It's wonderful. We're starting a family, my love."

He was so sickeningly sweet that it made her want to vomit and smile at the same time.

"We planned to wait until I was thirty," she said. That was the excuse, so that she could go on vacation to America, swap back, and leave Anong to handle the mess. Only she had been the one to keep postponing the vacation, for all sorts of reasons. For the business, and to avoid losing her husband just yet. And now she had a little daughter kicking in her womb. A ticking time bomb.

Kamran played with her belly a little longer. "Is she awake?"

"Annoyingly, yes," she said. "But she'll got to sleep soon, I think."

"And then?"

She grinned, and kissed her husband. Pregnancy had only enhanced her libido.

"And then you can show your gorgeous wife a good time. I want you to take me from behind."

"Mhm, just the way I like it."

She kissed him, lost in passion. It had been a good day full of good sales, and thoughts of expanding the business were in her mind as much as their expanding family. She may have been stuck in the Thai life, but five years on, perhaps that was more than okay.

**The End**