Thai Plastic

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

Rock, paper, scissors. That was how we decided it. Best of three. Somebody had to stay in Thailand. One of our local partners had absconded with some of the profits. We still had a well-connected local who had invested hard cash, but he knew nothing about plastic extrusions. One of us would need to commit to staying to run the factory. So it was down to chance.

I lost in more ways than one. I knew that my marriage would suffer. Both me and my partner Ben had to sell our homes to keep the business, and that is never good for a marriage. At least he could stay in Australia and work on keeping things together. I lost.

I got a place to stay down at the beach. It was not the best location. It was close to the tourist traps but not right in them. For that reason my neighbours lived next door but did not work there. Their place of business was only walking distance away but was distinct.

You may have guessed it – my neighbours were active in the sex industry. A colourful mixture of boys, girls and boy-girls. I spent most of my time at the factory, and by the time I came home in the evening they were at their places of work. But we had a friendly nodding acquaintance that grew into much more.

I was stressed and it showed. One evening I was home a little earlier and they a little late to leave. Tammie and Pearl were two “ladyboys” who had the heart to see my pain and present me with a large cocktail and some roasted coconut snacks. They suggested that I needed to unwind on the weekend and that they knew how it could be done.

While they were in the business of relieving stresses they never asked for payment of any kind. I was sort of like a pet project for them. They would come around to give me a foot or back massage. Nothing sexual. Just therapeutic. In return I would by some groceries for the household, or present them with some of our plastic furniture and storage containers. It was not payment, just friends exchanging gifts.

But the weekend therapy was something a little unusual – at least for me. Tammie and Pearl suggested that I try “girl time”. It was very simple really. “Girl time” meant the only clothes I could wear was a sarong, and the only thing I could do was to hang with them and do what they did. If that meant painting one another’s toenails or brushing on another’s hair, then that is what we did.

Now this may sound a bit weird, but even stranger than that, it worked! The curious thing is if you leave your masculinity at the door you leave your business there too. If you are only concerned with girly things, then you hardly give a thought to all your problems. I was just what I needed.

We drank a lot, but mainly their herbal tea concoction. Everything seemed to move at a slow pace. With the tropical heat the whole thing seemed like a day at the spa.

The only residue of girly time left was that I had a hairless body, slightly longer hair and I sometime needed to remove nail polish before going to work. That hardly seemed to matter given that I was in a much improved frame of mind. In fact a shaved body seemed so much easier to keep cool in the tropics.

When I went back to Australia for a visit the only observation that people made was that my hair was a little longer and that I appeared more youthful and relaxed. I was relaxed.

I stayed at home but it was it was as a visitor not a husband. Relations were civil but certainly not sexual. My son was 12 and my daughter 10 at that time, and that is a difficult time to be away from them. Even though I spoke to them over skype every second day, I was missing in their lives. I promised that perhaps they could visit me in Thailand when the business stabilized and I would have some time and money to spend.

Ben was working on a sale of all or part of our shares to raise more capital, but progress was slow. Product sales were good and my work in Thailand meant that production was up, quality was high and costs were at least under control. The problem was filling the hole in our balance sheet that had been left by the thieving ex-partner. Ben agreed to increase the draw from the cash in the business received by my family to slightly greater than his, in recognition of my sacrifices.

For some reason the trip back home had added to my stresses. When I got back to Thailand Tammie and Pearl could see that I was unhappy. Their answer was more intense “girl time”. “Time for a makeover!” they exclaimed.

I am not sure why I surrendered to them so totally to this idea. I guess that “girl time” had worked for me, so maybe I should up the therapy. But I think that it was just that I really did not care. I just agreed that they should “go for it”.

They gave my body a full shave down, but spent most of the time working on my face and hair. They rubbed my face with a mixture made from local mint which numbed it in a not unpleasant way, and then proceeded to pluck and scrub it. They washed my hair and applied various perfumed solutions to it, before putting my hair in a set of curlers! There was no mirror so I could not see the effect of what they were doing, but before they even applied any make up they took me into one of the three large dormitory sleeping rooms to sit me in front of the mirror.

Even with my hair in curlers and my face without make up my appearance was a total surprise. The skin on my face seemed to be so smooth and soft it was like a beauty queen, and my eyebrows had been plucked into a feminine arch. I really did not look like a man at all. I was shocked. And a little worried. I suddenly felt that this had been a very bad idea. I had gone too far.

To make matters worse, Tammie and Pearl then announced that we were going out to lunch, and I would be paying! They ran off and produced a yellow sun dress which I would be wearing. And they had a pair of silver sandals, thankfully with not much of a heel.

I wanted to put a stop to it then and there, but with a mixture of pleading and teasing, and a lot of laughing by all of us, I decided: “What the hell, let’s do it.”

They finished their work in front of the mirror. If I had been shocked before, then when they were done, you can double that. Without makeup I looked like a woman, with makeup and with my hair now blow dried, curled and with color highlights, I was a beautiful woman.

Before putting on the sundress I needed to struggle into panties and a bra. I had never worn either before. The sarongs and loose kaftans that had been “girl time” wear before, had been without any underwear. It was one of the more liberating aspects of girl time. The panties seemed to small and the bra too big. But to my surprise my junk fitted into the panties far too easily. I was sure that I had more down there only a few months before. Tammie and Pearl also showed me a feature of these panties was a small hole for the head of my penis and a fold that covered it. As they explained I could pee without taking off my panties, just pull this part to one side and sit down on the toilet.

The bra was padded, but to my surprise I seemed to have enough flab on my chest to be pushed up in the semblance of a cleavage. My nipples seemed to be a little uncomfortable so they applied some ointment and inserted soft pads. When the dress was on I looked fantastic. Tammie and Pearl looked even better in their outfits.

It was the first time I had walked out of the house dressed as a woman. Strangely I should have felt that I could be found out, or recognized as a man in drag. But I felt that my look was so complete that it could not happen. The only thing that I needed to do was walk the way that Tammie and Pearl did, and just mind my hand movements to appear more womanly.

They had arranged for lunch at a large resort hotel, so it was full of foreign tourists. When we arrived the hostess spoke to me as the European of the three of us, and I realised that I was not equipped to talk. Pearl jumped in and we were shown to our table.

We had not been there 5 minutes before we were propositioned. Two European men came over and tried introduce themselves, again addressing me. I could see them looking at my chest and I began to understand how annoying that could be.

Tammie interrupted their chat up line and said to them: “You think we look like call girls? We are ladies. We are ladies having lunch.”

These two fellows looked very put out. I was not confident enough to speak but I smiled. I could see the effect that this smile had on them. They were enamoured and crestfallen. Like little boys being told off and denied the candy. It was empowering. I liked it.

I said to my friends that the next time I would need to work on speaking with a woman’s voice. The next time? They giggled.

Before we had finished lunch I was approached by different men two more times, and twice again on the way home. All I could do was smile and affect shyness. But I felt like a princess with adoring courtiers falling at her feet. This was another kind of therapy. For the first time in the year or so since my reversal of fortune, I felt in control. I felt that I had the ability to demand anything of these men, and they would do it to win my favors. It was a heady feeling.

I also found that some feminine mannerisms had come to me so naturally that it was almost as if there was a female me inside somewhere. During lunch Tammie and I had gone to the toilet. I used the special panty sitting and wiped the nub of my penis with toilet paper as if I had done it every day of my life. I checked my mascara and freshened my lipstick instinctively, even though I had never worn mascara or lipstick in my life before. Obviously I had observed feminine behaviour all my life, but the fact that I was able to mimic it almost without thinking, seemed unnatural.

When we got back to the house I kicked off my sandals and loosened my bra, and we laughed a laughed. Tammie and Pearl said that we should do it again soon. They said that in two weeks there would be a major fashion show and we should go to that as three girls.

As for talking in a woman’s voice, they referred me to the internet. In coming weeks I was to spend some time perfecting this skill.

I prepared to return to my friends the clothes I was wearing and the handbag and contents that I had carried all day, but they both told me to keep it all. The clothes were my size and too big for them. And the handbag was a knock off and the contents unimportant.

The following morning I got up to go to the factory. I went to my bathroom to shave and I looked at the reflection in the mirror. I did not need a shave. There was not a single whisker on my chin or upper lip, and my cheeks were never that hairy anyway. My eyebrows looked female. My hair still held a curl from the day before. Rather than comb it I found the handbag and gave it a quick brush. The highlights shone attractively. I could have used some gel and slicked it back into a rubber band and my usual man queue, but I decided not to. I just put on my usual loose shirt, slacks (I wore shorts less often with shaved legs) and boat shoes, and I went to work. I figured: “Who would notice or even care?” I was the boss, after all.

I think everyone noticed. Nobody said anything but they all noticed. It was not until I looked in the mirror again that I realised that I looked like a woman in men’s clothes. I spoke to them as usual and had no feminine mannerisms, but I still felt as if I was being treated slightly differently.

Towards the end of the day, one of the girls in the office approached me and offered me her lipstick. She said: “I think this color is good for you.” For some reason I accepted it, and while she held her handbag mirror, I applied it with a skill I did not know I had. I thanked her and she whispered: “Atun is taking the black seals.”

I knew what she was talking about so I thanked her and checked for the missing stock. I was later to catch Atun red-handed and have his arrested. But what occurred to me later, is that this woman would never have approached “the boss man” with this information. She would approach a woman. Somehow I had become somebody else – somebody more understanding and easy to communicate with. I am always a little surprised about the attitude of Thai women to men, and for me it now seemed that I was different.

I wore that lipstick for the rest of the day. It said “I am dressed as a woman and I don’t care what you think”. It was liberating.

I suppose that was the point where everything changed for me. After I had fired Atun I had a bit of a turn out, and quite a few other men left. I promoted women in the factory and things started to improve almost immediately. It felt more like a team. Production increased, rejects from processes dropped markedly, losses from stock disappeared, and costs dropped. The business had turned a corner. I had discovered why the word for work in Thai (*ngan*) is the same word they use for a party. Work should be fun.

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| A week later I wore a dress to the office for the first time. I suddenly realised how much more suited to the tropics are women’s clothes, especially light summer dresses. If I could pass as a woman, why not wear them? Even my special panties (I was able to buy 10 pairs) were easy to wear, especially when I used perfumed talcum powder between my thighs. I did not bother with a bra. I did not need one. At least not then. I had a good figure for this kind of dress. I really looked good in them. | https://gloimg.gamcdn.com/G/pdm-product-pic/Clothing/2016/08/23/goods-img/1471920459798273940.jpg |

I went shopping with Tammie and Pearl and we bought several in different colors, patterns and styles. I also discovered that being able to choose a look, set the tone for the day. It opened up a new understanding of woman are so different, and have so many more choices.

At the end of that week I was to attend the fashion show with Tammie and Pearl. That meant another makeover but for an evening. That in turn, meant high heels – buying my first pair and practising walking in them, around the house, for days before the big night.

I had also been able to show off my new speaking skills. It is about exercising the voice to get it into a falsetto singing voice, then toning that back to a speaking style. For Tammie and Pearl it seemed so easy as Thai voices seem higher anyway. But with a little practice I could get it right. I could test it by calling hotels with various enquiries and waiting for the words “Of course Miss” or “thank you madam”.

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| Tammie and Pearl called in the experts for this makeover. We all had our hair done at home but by professionals. We all had elaborate updos. I had mine done with a cluster of curls at the back. Tammie had her lighter coloured hair styled in a loose arrangement. Pearl had the longest hair and had a high arrangement with plenty of pinned curls and red flowers across the front.  We had our makeup done in evening style, but nothing too dramatic. We wanted to keep the overall look as being feminine rather than as drag queens.  Me and my hairdo – on the Right |  |
| http://68.media.tumblr.com/02a2ab8a827530fae382760d804ed885/tumblr_nra25tx7Wc1urbdffo1_540.jpg  Tammie – above  Pearl – on the Right |  |

I have not mentioned it before, but all the while this was going on Tammie and Pearl were preparing to go in for their sex change operations. For all that they had done for me I had promised to assist them a little financially, so I had been in touch with the clinic regarding some advance payments. But as the date drew near Tammie seems to have been fearful. She was committed to the surgery but scared of the pain. Only a few days before the surgery she left to be with her family in North-eastern Thailand, leaving Pearl to face the procedure on her own. She was distraught.

“Please, can you come with me to the clinic. I cannot do this on my own,” she said.

Things were going well at the factory, I could spare a few days to keep her company. I agreed that I would be her support person.

The clinic was highly respected but did not cater for surgery on foreigners as some did. Most of the staff spoke no English at all, so I depended on Pearl to explain what was going on. She said that as I was with her I would need to fill out an information sheet on myself which I did. That took her blood samples and it was suggested that I give a blood sample too. Pearl seemed so squeamish that I volunteered to give a sample just to show how easy it was.

The surgeon spoke no English but he seemed very nice. He offered to examine me as well as Pearl. I was not feeling unwell, but I did point out that I had some sensitivity and swelling in my chest. He looked at this and also examined my genitals. He spoke with Pearl but she simply translated by saying: “The doctor says everything is fine.”

That evening she was prepped for surgery and I was holding her hand and reassuring her. It seemed to take a long time. She was on a gurney and I was in a comfortable chair beside her. For some reason the surgery was taking placed quite late at night. It had been a long day and I was quite tired.

Tammie had not turned up for her surgery. I thought that it was not on the same day anyway. But somehow the clinic had two vaginoplasty and breast implant operations booked, with our names on them. My name was on both Tammie’s and Pearl’s admission forms as their next of kin, or at least the local person to be notified in the event of complications. To this day I cannot understand how the confusion occurred. But the result was irreversible. I had lost my manhood and that could never be restored.

When I came around I was still swimming in drugs, but as soon as they wore off I was in extreme pain. I knew that I had been operated on, because I was in a hospital bed and still hooked up to a drip, I just hoped that it was not what it was.

Everybody was smiling and talking to me in Thai. I do not understand much of the language, but it has different forms of address for men and women. I was being addressed as a woman. It was not until I was moved next to Pearl that I could get through to the staff that a huge mistake had been made.

The clinic had a psychologist come to visit me. He spoke good English, but he was there to reassure me that: “Many transwomen go through the crisis that you are going through now.” Despite my protests he just stuck with that theme. But there was one thing that he said that did seem to make sense: “It is done already and there is nothing that can be done immediately to undo anything. You should go through the recovery process and then you can consider your options.”

What made ‘the recovery process’ a little easier was Pearl’s unconstrained joy. When they took off her bandages and removed the packing to insert her first stent, she shrieked with delight the whole way through. I was allowed to watch. When they did it to me she kept saying: “Oh, your pussy is so pretty.” To me it was an ugly wound, and where an important of me had once been.

Tammie came in for her surgery and soon joined us. She said that she had been told that she would need to pay again, as her operating theatre time had already been used, but under protest they did her work as well. They were starting to understand the enormity of their mistake. So there were three of us. Two excited about having achieved all they had dreamed about, and me, in shock.

Perhaps the biggest shock was to watch the stent sliding into me. It was uncomfortable, but no more painful than just the resting pain post-surgery. But I marvelled at just how deep a hole they had dug into me, that such a large object could disappear. Somehow having myself filled up, seemed so much better than not. I kept it inside me.

After I was settled I opened a discussion with the surgeon with the assistance of the psychologist. It was clear that neither of them believed that I was not transgendered. After all I had appeared at the hospital dressed as a woman, and a very presentable one. They also pointed out that my body was flooded with female hormones, that even before the implants I had substantial breast tissue and female hair distribution. I had no explanation, but it was all so obvious that I felt stupid.

Much later I discovered that our herbal tea that Tammie, Pearl and I drank by the bucket, was laced with estrogen. They told me that it was natural compounds only, but I doubt it. Anyway, one of the side-effects (I am told) is passivity, so maybe that explains why I could not be angry with them.

The options to restore something equivalent to male genitals all involved major surgery and risk of failure to function as a male anyway. Frankly the description they gave me turned my stomach so much that I started to consider not even bothering. I am not sure that I ever made that decision, but time just moved on, and I was discharged, and the urgency of it seemed to fade.

In reality, the only real change for me is that I now needed to sit down to pee, but that was no big deal. And I also needed to do “dilation” but that became a thing with Tammie and Pearl, and we just did it every morning as part of a yoga session, with herbal tea and restful music. It was just our thing.

I did talk to the Clinic about legal action, but they had signed forms so they could fight it. As a compromise the head of the clinic asked whether my plastic business could make stents and other smaller plastic items for medical use. I won a small contract, and that led to a bigger one with a Medical Equipment supplier in the heart of Bangkok, being offered to us.

I did not tell Ben how we won the initial contract, but it did not take long for him to see the results. He said: “So now you have us making dildos?” They are not, of course, but we could laugh about it. Ben found he could get sales in Australia and even in North America. It made a big impact on our profit – a very positive one.

I still had not told anybody back in Australia that I was now virtually living as a woman, let alone that I my anatomy had been completely transformed by drugs and surgery without me ever approving of it. To be honest, even telling the story to myself it was totally unbelievable. But there I was. The living proof.

Ben decided to come to Thailand to settle terms. I was happy for him to come. We needed to meet after almost a year, but how would he react to the way I looked? I even tried dressing in male clothes in front of the mirror with my hair up hidden in a cap. I looked ridiculous. Not like a man at all. What made it all the more ridiculous was that I had a pair of breasts thrusting into my shirt, even without a bra, not to mention that I had a pussy between my legs.

I decided to go to the airport and meet him as I was – as a woman.

I had always adopted my male voice when talking to him over the phone, although quite recently (perhaps since the surgery?) he had observed that I sounded different – he said “a bit gay”. I knew that he would be unprepared. Just as he was getting on his flight I sent him an SMS message to say that I would meet him at the airport, but he may not recognize me, so I would be wearing a yellow flower in my hair.

I am not sure what he would have been thinking on that flight. Perhaps he imagined I might just have a small flower behind one ear. Instead I had my hair up in a do, with a large yellow hibiscus pinned in, to match my yellow dress. I had to walk right up to him before there was a glimmer of recognition. His mouth fell open and all I could do was laugh.

I told him that for years sharing a household with two ladyboys had rubbed off on me. I did not tell him anything about the surgery. He just thought that the whole thing was a practical joke at his expense. But as I drove him to the factory he started to understand that this was not a costume. It was my hair, and my body, and my face had no trace of a beard, and my voice was very different.

And at the factory I was in full girl mode. Ben noticed immediately that the majority of the staff were women and that I was one of them. And the men on the staff treated me as a woman. But he could see that I had built a great team.

“How long have you been living like this?” he asked me. I had to think about it. I had last been home for my daughter’s 11th birthday, and by that time I had already been living a feminine life for almost a year. Now it was over a year since I had been home, so we figured out almost two and a half years. Which is why it had become so natural.

He stayed overnight in my spare room and met Tammie and Pearl. I think that he understood more. Pearl even suggested that he should try a dress on. The idea was absurd – Ben was much bigger than me and muscular. He was a man, and for the first time I noticed what a really attractive man he was.

We drank. I told Ben to avoid the herbal tea. He stuck with beer.

In the morning we went to the offices of the medical supplies company, and settled the terms of our contract. Ben was unsurprised that I wore women’s clothes. He would never see me in anything else again, but he did not know that. I power-dressed for the meeting and quickly won the hearts of the men we were dealing with. One of them told Ben that I was a very capable woman and what they call “the hind legs of the elephant” – a power house. But they also told him that I was also kulasatrii, meaning (I think) truly feminine.

When Ben told me that I felt a thrill that was something special. It was a compliment paid to a woman, so I hope they never knew that I had not always been one. But more than that I felt that both things said about me were very high praise – perhaps the nicest thing that has ever been said about me. In truth I suppose, is that as a guy I had always felt that I was not a high-achiever – that I had always fallen short of my own expectations. Now as a woman, maybe everybody’s expectations were (very unfairly) lower, but I felt powerful and successful, and feminine too.

They invited us to dinner. I had Tammie run me up suitable dress and (after I had shown Ben a few sights in the afternoon) I went to have my hair done. I felt that I needed to go all out kulasatrii, now that the contract was signed. If Ben had been shocked at seeing the new me at the airport, he was blown away by the me that would be going to dinner.

It was a banquet such as only the Thais can put on – Thai food has to be the best food in the world, and when washed down with the local Chang Beer and a little of the Sang Som and Mekhong liquors, no night could be better. Some ladies had been invited as a courtesy to me, but the they spoke little English so I could concentrate my charms on all the men. It was really the first time that I had done that, but I was good at it.

Ben and I decided that we should not try to go back to the beach that night. The banquet had been at a private dining room in an inner city hotel, and a two bedroom suite was made available to us. It seemed simpler to stay over.

As we went up in the lift Ben looked at me and asked a very challenging question: “Who are you?”

I had to think about it, but my reply was that I was somebody else. Not the person he had gone into business with all those years ago. “I am me, but I guess I am a woman now,” I said.

And to prove it when we got into our room I let my dress fall to the floor so that he could see that it was true. I might have told myself that was the only reason, to show that my body had changed irreversibly and there was no going back, but what person in my position would not guess what any real man’s response might be? I was standing there naked and beautiful. My nipples were sticking out and despite it being medically unlikely, my pussy felt as if it was getting moist.

I pulled the pins out of my hair and let that soft curls fall around my shoulders. It would be stupid to suggest that this was a whim. I had asked the hairdresser to avoid hairspray and too many pins for just this moment. I knew what it was designed to achieve, and it did just that.

Ben unbuckled his belt and let his pants fall to the floor. The huge erection that had been restrained with undoubted discomfort, sprung up and pointed at me, accusingly. It was easy for him – he did not know me. Only minutes before he had asked me: “Who are you?”

But I knew him. This was Ben, my business partner. He knew my wife and children, for God’s sake. This was a man, who, within moments (I hoped) would be deep inside me. If there was a momentary pause to consider the enormity of it all, it could have been measured in milliseconds. He was all over me and I was responding. We were kissing and licking and groping like crazed animals.

I just had to remove the formed device in my vagina. I made a joke about always carrying a sample of our goods with me, but the only thought in his head was to get his penis into that sleeve – its perfectly fashioned lips seemed to be mouthing theri own welcome to him.

So somewhere in all of this my preference in sexual partners had changed. I had always regarded myself as a heterosexual male, but clearly I was no longer that. Maybe I thought that I would still be attracted only to women. Certainly, I did not find Thai men attractive, and I was always looking women, but differently. I never imagined myself engaging in lesbian sex – I was never a generous lover with my wife, in that direction. Conventional face to face sex was my preference, and it still is.

So I lay on the bed and received a man for the first time. Ben was big, as in bigger than I had ever been, but with lubrication he slipped in easily. I felt complete at that moment. But when he started to pump me, I went completely crazy. I started to make noises – little girly squeaks and groans. My curls tossed across the pillow and Ben took in the perfume. He started to groan too. The moment of simultaneous orgasm was exquisite.



I knew that this was how I was going to be from now on.

Trying to explain all of this to my estranged wife and my children, was something for the future, but for now it was this moment of pure joy.

We lay on the bed, now soaked with cum and sweat, my soft arm across his hairy chest. He said: “I guess this changes everything”.

He was right.

The End

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