

SEX  
FOR  
SALE

By  
Somkid Surintoom



*Memoirs  
of a  
Bangkok  
Ladyboy*

# **Sex for Sale**

**The Memoirs of a Male Prostitute  
in Bangkok**

By  
**Somkid Surintoom**

**E**

## Strategic Book Group

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## **DEDICATION**

To all Ladyboys in Thailand, whatever city they work in.

### INTRODUCTION

A man from Toronto called James Vernon wrote a book in 2004 called 'Living With Ladyboy's'. Set in Pattaya, Thailand, the book was about the local prostitutes that James Vernon had paid sex with. A lot of people liked the book but a lot of people thought that it was far too sexually explicit. Okay, it was a very hot and spicy book, it had to be a racy book to capture the sexual antics of the author. But it was also an information book because the author described his daily life in Pattaya, which is a city just south of Bangkok. Some readers thought that James Vernon should have spent his time on seeking some good psychiatric help instead. But for many others who had never even heard of Pattaya and its contents before, 'Living With Ladyboy's' was a kind of rule book, a 'how to do' book, a 'roadmap to life' book, and to a few, it was a life-saver and those few came to Pattaya and started to properly enjoy their lives. It would not be true to say that James Vernon was a legend in his own mind, because according to his diary and many people who actually knew him, he had sexual encounters with a minimum of eight hundred ladyboy's whilst he was in Pattaya, the true total being more nearer 1000. The theme and thread of 'Living With Ladyboy's' centered around a ladyboy called Nice, who James Vernon fell in love with. Sadly, the sequel to 'Living With Ladyboy's' will never be written now because whilst visiting his sister in New York, James was killed by a speeding car. This book, 'Sex For Sale' is about Nice, it's his side of the story and things look very different from Nice's side. Everybody knows where Bangkok is, so the story is set in Bangkok rather than the lesser known city of Pattaya.

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## Chapter One

### The Department Store

Nice awoke just after midday, the inside of his mouth tasted like camel spunk. Not that far from the truth, Nice had received a large mouthful of spunk from an Arab about ten hours earlier. Nice already knew that the only known 'spunk antidote' was orange juice, which would usually kill the taste of spunk quite quickly. Nice yawned twice before getting out of his bed, pulling back the piece of faded blue cloth that was supposed to be a window curtain. It was important to Nice to take notice of the first thing that he saw after waking up. As Nice looked out into the street down below he saw a lady wearing a baggy yellow skirt walking quickly out of a nearby shop.

The lady was carrying two bulky white plastic bags, which could have contained anything. The meaning and significance of it all was immediately quite clear to Nice, the colour yellow was a good colour because it reminded him of gold, and the two white plastic bags were to Nice's mind, obviously full of goodies to enjoy and possibly eat. Nice had proved to himself many times that this first observation of the day did carry some meaning for the rest of the day. It was something that his grandmother had told him about years ago and it seemed to work. Therefore, this was going to be a good day, a productive day, a day that would contain a handsome financial reward.

The first part of Nice's day was usually spent in the shower and today was no different because today was just another working day in the continual pursuit of baht for his family. Almost thirty minutes later Nice emerged from the shower, his body scrubbed quite clean and his long hair washed, silky and soft from the hair conditioner. A second shower and sometimes a third would often satisfy Nice that he had washed off all traces

of foreign contact from his body, but spunk was different, the taste of it sometimes lingered in his mouth for many hours. Nice was a male prostitute, a ladyboy, and his work very often required him to take in large quantities of spunk, which he sometimes had to swallow. Nice spent another twenty or so minutes applying make-up, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara to his face before choosing a bright red top to wear with his tight fitting light blue jeans.

Before leaving his room, Nice needed to do something very important now that he was washed and clean. Nice knelt on the floor in the far side of the room and prayed to his Buddha. Quickly checking that he had everything he needed, Nice closed the window securely and made sure that the door to his room was properly locked. Completely different to his village in North Thailand where crime was at a very minimum, crime in Bangkok was at a maximum and Nice was taking no chances. The apartment block where Nice had his room was in one of the many poorer areas of Bangkok and the crime statistics for the area reflected that. Nice said hello to a cleaning lady that he passed on the stairs and left another message for the owner of the apartment about the faulty fan in his room.

He walked quickly through the foyer, stepping out into the brilliant sunshine and considerable heat of the day. Slightly late, Nice had arranged to meet his friend Party at a local department store and Nice was soon on his way there, sitting on the back of a motorbike taxi. The traffic in Bangkok is usually appalling anyway but combined with the excessive heat, Nice knew that it would be a slow uncomfortable ride. Although the motorbike taxi driver did his best to get through the traffic it was very often not possible to make any forward progress at all at times. The slow progress to the department store left Nice feeling sticky, tired and very hot. Some forty minutes later, Nice arrived outside the department store, which was one of the biggest in Bangkok.

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Although the motor bike taxi driver had agreed to a fare of forty baht, he asked Nice for fifty baht, saying that he had used more gasoline than usual. Nice grinned and replied 'My Pen Rai' and gave the driver forty baht as agreed. As Nice went up the steps he studied the people sitting on the chairs outside the department store but he could not see his friend Party amongst them. Party liked to smoke cigarettes and she could easily have been sitting on one of the many chairs talking to a falang smoker. Nice joined a small group of people who were trying to get into the store but another line of people were trying to exit the building from the same door. Nice stepped to his right and pushed another one of the big glass doors open and stepped into the cool air of the huge department store, still keeping an eye open for his friend.

Fully air conditioned, this Bangkok department store was the ideal place to go on a hot day to cool down, but it was also a great place to pick up customers. Glancing at his watch, the time showed almost two thirty, Nice was running late and he wondered if his friend would still be in the store to meet him. Nice took off his flip-flops and walked in bare feet on the cool marble floor enjoying the coldness of the floor and the cool air temperature inside the building. Just inside the entrance a security guard stood with his hands behind his back and glared at Nice as he went by. There appeared to be no sign of his friend inside the entrance so Nice walked straight to the escalator to get to the first floor and away from the hostile stare of the security guard.

Halfway between floors, Nice glanced back down to the ground floor and saw the security guard still looking at him. As Nice stepped off the moving stairway he looked to his right and saw a tall, rather ugly ladyboy walking towards him. Hello, the ladyboy said, and Nice politely replied 'sawadeekrap' back to the ugly ladyboy. The word 'hello' was nowadays used by most Thai people especially when they were answering their

telephones, but Nice preferred to use the Thai 'sawadeekrap' as a greeting to another Thai. Nice had seen this ugly ladyboy on three or four occasions before, but this was the first time he had seen him in this department store. The ugly ladyboy came right up to Nice and with a broad smile asked Nice where 'she' was going, at the same time offering 'her' a slice of pineapple.

Nice was in the building for 'business' and shopping was not on his list that day, neither was the unsolicited company of ugly ladyboys. 'Just looking around', Nice replied and wondered just how he was going to get rid of this ugly ladyboy without too much fuss. Nice was very careful who he chose to mix with and when he did choose a friend, it was always on his terms and to his advantage. There were many hundreds of male prostitutes in Bangkok and surrounding cities and the competition was always very fierce. It was the common practice amongst the ladyboy's to refer to each other as 'she', and as far as Nice was concerned, 'she' could get lost and the sooner the better. Nice was a beautiful person with a dazzling smile, but he had found that his appearance sometimes worked against him with regard to ugly ladyboy's, who were usually referred to as 'buffaloes'.

This particular tall, ugly ladyboy was quite flat chested and possessed spindly legs which had no shape whatsoever to speak of. More suited to being plain 'gay' her deep manly voice destroyed completely any illusion of femininity. Nice looked closely at her make-up and realized that she did not have any real idea of how to apply it properly. Her dress sense left a lot to be desired too, as the red skirt she was wearing did nothing to compliment her black shoes and green top. Nice deliberately started to stare at the ugly ladyboy's throat watching her adam's apple move up and down as she spoke. Females, gentle reader, do not have an adam's apple and even the thickest, short sighted falang would soon be able to see that this person was not a true female.

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Although Nice had already mentally noted that this ugly ladyboy had scored zero from a possible ten, the more Nice looked at her the more he thought that he would need to adjust this score. As an attractive sexual proposition, this ladyboy scored minus four and it was obvious to Nice why this ugly ladyboy had wanted to speak to Nice. The ugly ladyboy probably needed an attractive ladyboy friend to team up with because she was probably having a hard time getting falang customers on her own. Nice already had a friend, Party, and teaming up with this ugly ladyboy was something that definitely was not to his advantage. Nice had often noticed that many of the more uglier ladyboy's generally hid their lack of success and confidence in loud and crude behavior, which was most certainly not Nice's style.

The downside of such a companionship was shared baht, which rated the same low score as a punch in the eye, getting robbed, or a sexually transmitted disease. Nice was already aware of two such combinations amongst his associates, where the more glamorous ladyboy got the falang customers and provided the sex, but the uglier one, the 'buffalo', got fed and clothed quite free from the profits. There were many dimensions to being a male prostitute, some were good but a lot were bad. Although not the worst by any means, one of these dimensions was the sheer loneliness of the job. For that reason alone, it was sometimes an advantage to have a companion, even an ugly companion. The up side of that situation being that Nice would be chosen for sex by the customer, but as stated, the downside was feeding the brute.

In the high season, these factors did not usually apply, but in the low season, when customers were scarce, it was a strategy that often proved profitable. There was a third factor where a companion was beneficial and this third factor applied in both low and high seasons. Two people could be taken for shoppers, or just a couple of friends looking around shopping malls and department stores. The lone soliciting prostitute would be

easier for security men and police officers to spot. His mind firmly made up, Nice looked to his left and carried on walking, although business was business and where there was a quick baht, Nice was not far behind it, he most certainly did not want to encourage a friendship with this particular ugly ladyboy. In any case, thought Nice to himself, an equally effective strategy was to have a very attractive companion, and Nice had proved that this concept had worked in both the high and low seasons.

It was now high season and Party, the friend that Nice had arranged to meet here was a small ladyboy but quite attractive and who also knew how to behave seductively with customers. For Nice, Party was an ideal companion to visit department stores with because she could attract the attention of foreigners quite easily in her own right. Party also had the added advantage of surgical breast implants which made her look like a female and she was quite stunning, body-wise. Surgical breast implants were never far from Nice's mind and he spent a lot of time daydreaming about getting enough money to have them implanted himself. At the moment, Nice was confined to stuffing tissue paper down the front of his brassieres and could sport no cleavage so always had to wear high tops to preserve whatever illusion of femininity he could manage.

The tall ugly ladyboy started to tell Nice about some drama that had occurred the previous evening in one of the more popular ladyboy night clubs. Nice soon realized that this exaggerated verbal smoke screen was intended to divert Nice from his purpose and this was confirmed when the ugly ladyboy offered to buy Nice coffee and introduced herself as Mamoon. When Nice was on patrol, Nice regarded his time as valuable and his single minded purpose was to make money, not spend it. Politely refusing, Nice said with his best smile, 'Maybe another time, but I am here to meet a friend'. The ugly ladyboy looked hurt, but that quickly changed to anger and she told Nice that 'she' was an ungrateful person for refusing her company. A large part of the Thai culture is about losing face,

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and in this instance, it would be known by the few Thai onlookers present that the ugly ladyboy 'buffalo' had been snubbed and she had therefore lost face.

Nice could not have cared less, he had successfully ditched her and now he was free to start looking for his friend Party again. Almost all these multi storey department stores encouraged smaller traders to operate from little wooden stalls along the walkways. Quite separate from the many shops on each level, these little stalls were placed in any available space that seemed convenient. It was a practical and prosperous working arrangement because the department stores attracted an endless supply of tourists who would also often buy something from these smaller traders. The owners of these buildings would generally charge quite a high monthly rental and so gain added revenue from these many little stalls. Nice continued to walk in bare feet through the long walkways often nodding to some of the stall-holders he had seen on other occasions. To Nice, places like this were a 'happy hunting ground' but it did have its dangers and downside.

Apart from tourists and genuine shoppers, there were many other kinds of people who frequented shopping malls and department stores, including drug dealers, bag-thieves, shoplifters and ugly ladyboy's. Nice kept well away from these type of people and concentrated instead on a pleasant approach to tourists, generally in the company of his very attractive friend Party. Nice knew many of the small stall-holders to actually speak to and had formed a friendship with two of them in particular. These friendships were only friendships of convenience and quite fragile really, because they provided both Nice and the stall-holder with some distraction from the boredom that came to both parties in trying to sell their wares. Gentle reader, there are many hidden, less obvious aspects to Thai society that the falang tourist would never, ever suspect existed.

One such aspect is a form of ‘class distinction’ that operates in these department stores amongst the people engaged in legitimate trade. Employees of the established shops enjoyed the highest status and even the security guards could boast regular secure, respectable employment. Both these groups of people looked down on the smaller, temporary stall-holders that paid a far less monthly rental for their place of business. All traders without exception and whatever their status looked down on prostitutes whether they were male or female and exercised a kind of ‘class distinction’ towards them also. As regards prostitutes, females were females, strong young men were ‘gay’, ladyboy’s were female impersonators but there was also another category of prostitutes in Thailand and most of these had undergone a surgical sex change.

Known as ‘katoys’ (pronounced ‘cat toys’) they were easily identified because they were usually quite tall, spoke with deep voices and wore skirts. As far as all respectable Thai people were concerned, ‘katoys’ were classed as the worst of the bunch in any case and often wrongly associated with ‘ladyboy’s’. Some katoys were aggressive and had been known to physically assault tourists and rob them, much to the concern of the tourist associations, the city hall and the local police. This did not apply to all katoys as many of the katoys in Thailand were employed by the big dancing shows and could command high wages according to their abilities and talent. But for department store and shopping mall purposes, all prostitutes whoever they were, posed a serious risk to tourists and shoppers alike and were closely watched by an army of private security guards employed for just that purpose.

In any analysis of incidents in such places, a very high percentage of prostitutes were involved in them, and that included picking pockets, shoplifting, stealing bags, and selling drugs apart from the most common complaint against them, accosting tourists for sex. Nice was not a bag-thief, a pick-pocket, a shoplifter or a drug seller but because the ‘pickings’

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were so good in these places, he was forced to rub shoulders with such people whether he liked it or not. As Nice continued to look round for his friend, he exchanged smiles with a lady who had a stall quite near the escalator to the second floor. Nice had formed a friendship with this lady who sold rings and they had mutually exchanged many personal details about themselves during that friendship. The stall usually provided Nice with a good vantage point for his own surveillance, today being able to see any approach of his friend Party into that area, plus any threat to his own presence there.

It went through Nice's mind that his friend Party may have already found other things to do, or had even secured a falang customer and gone off for a 'short time' with him. For a little over five days now, Party had owed Nice 450 baht and today was pay-back day, according to Party. If Party had managed to get a customer, then Nice had two chances of receiving his money, otherwise, the chances of getting his money back rested with a boy who had owed Party some money for over two weeks. If the boy repaid Party, then Party would, or should repay Nice. Nice had plans to spend most of this money on make-up. Nice had learned a lot about make-up, and how to apply it, mostly from magazines, but also from many other ladyboy's and some of the girls that he knew. His face was his passport to baht, and Nice would spend a lot of time choosing the correct and sometimes expensive make-up powder, lipstick and nail varnish.

Nice had a very sensitive skin and two quite expensive brands of face powder caused a red skin allergy to his skin. Apparently, so a lady friend had told him, most people who used cosmetic products were allergic to at least one brand and very often two or even three brands of make-up products. Lipstick was the main offender but face powder came a very close second in causing allergic reactions to the skin. Nice's answer to the problem was very swift and sure, he simply sold the face powder to another ladyboy and took a very small loss

instead. Skin softener, cleanser and whitener were also a necessary and frequent purchase, as was hair shampoo and conditioner, which all helped to make Nice look his best. The right clothes were necessary too, and whereas Nice spent most of his time in light blue, skin tight jeans and a brightly colored T-Shirt, he would sometimes wear a skirt, which added a bit more to the illusion of a hot and spicy, racy female hooker.

Being 'good looking' was something that concerned Nice very much. Whenever possible, Nice would check his appearance in the nearest mirror because it worried him that 'good looks' do not last forever, especially in his game. Nice's grandmother had told him for years that his face was his ticket to money and enhancing his natural beauty with make-up and good looking clothes was essential to Nice in his hot pursuit of money for her. Regarded as his 'tools of the trade', these accessories, including high heels shoes to bring out the best in his long legs, all assisted Nice in his deception of being a member of the female gender. The lady ring seller looked across at Nice and called out 'Hi, how are you?', or words to that effect in Thai. 'I am Okay', Nice replied, and politely enquired whether she had sold many rings lately. She nodded, and replied in Thai, that 'Trade was picking up'.

As the ring seller struggled to open a small cardboard box, she smiled at Nice and said 'What about you, had many customers?', and Nice just nodded and replied, 'Ticking over nicely thanks', in Thai. It occurred to Nice that he was a kind of ring seller too, and that he had indeed been quite busy selling his own ring lately. It had been a good 'high season' so far, and many foreigners or what Thai's called 'falang's' had come to Bangkok for their holidays. The Thai word for foreigner was really 'farang', but because most Thai people have trouble pronouncing their 'R's', the majority of Thai people call foreigners 'falang's'. It was convenient to Nice to spend time talking to this lady because it provided the needed 'cover' that he required. Occasionally showing an interest in

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one of the rings, Nice kept the conversation going, very often sprinkling his words with broad smiles and laughter.

A security guard descended the escalator from level two and eyed Nice up quickly but decided he was a genuine shopper and carried on walking. For the last few minutes, Nice had also been watching a falang who seemed to be showing some interest in him. Whilst he had sorted through several bundles of leather belts, the falang had taken several sly glances at Nice. Whenever Nice had looked back at the falang, Nice had given the falang one of his dazzling smiles. The falang was clearly shy, and Nice could see that the falang was a little uncertain about actually making contact with Nice. He was a man of about thirty five, and he was of medium height and build, with a lot of thick blond hair. The man was wearing knee length shorts with lots of pockets that seemed to be bulging with his personal possessions.

A blue shirt and some very robust looking shoes completed the outfit which smelt to Nice, of money. Although Nice had made wrong guesses in the past, Nice judged him to be quite wealthy just from his attire. Part of the job was to make quick judgments about tourists and Nice seemed to have a natural knack and ability to pick out the wealthier ones quite quickly. When Nice had mentioned this to his friend Party in the past, Party had just laughed and said that anybody could do the same because the poorer tourists looked so much more badly dressed anyway. Just lately however, Party had started to agree about Nice's ability to choose rich customers and had finally acknowledged his 'fishing' skills in that department. Nice was proud of some of these 'fishing expeditions', which he would often mention to other ladyboy's whenever he could.

Exchanging 'fishing' stories was a big part of the social fun between ladyboy's and it was generally a source of great amusement and sometimes sadness between them. Just at that moment the falang caught Nice's eye again, the falang had also

smiled broadly and then had quickly looked away. Nice had him, Nice knew it and Nice knew also that it would only be a matter of time before the falang would be in his company, the falang was more or less, 'in the bag'. Even so, a lot could still go wrong, and Nice knew from experience that the falang could in fact be far from being 'in the bag', especially if the 'Thrakdactil' was about. Now, gentle reader, let me explain, the 'Thrakdactil' is the Thai equivalent version of 'Murphy's Law', which suddenly strikes in the Western world when things are generally looking very good. A distant relation to Sod's Law, and a half cousin to 'That's Fucked It', the whole species is the perpetual enemy of the human race.

Things were looking very good for Nice just at that moment and Nice said a silent prayer to his Buddha to keep the 'Thrakdactil' from spoiling things.

Nice knew from bitter experience that the 'Thrakdactil' seemed to have a habit of arriving at the very last moment to wreck things for Nice. On a previous occasion at this point, a falang's wife had suddenly re-appeared, showed the falang her purchases and walked off with him down the soi, arm in arm. Nice had spent several minutes 'fishing' for that falang, and Nice was treated to several looks of anguish as the falang had walked off with his wife, periodically looking back at Nice. A similar type of thing happened once when a Thai lady just stepped in and took the falang away, also arm in arm and on this occasion, it was the Thai lady that turned to look at Nice a few times, smiling broadly.

Whether male or female, oh yes! there is a female version too, the 'Thrakdactil' can come in many forms, and suddenly wreck the most successful looking ventures. Another hazard is 'FOF', which has no real written meaning but is still a tangible force to be reckoned with. Used merely as an abbreviation meaning 'friends of the falang', the 'FOF' is usually bad news for ladyboy's and lady prostitutes alike. FOF's invariable do not approve of their falang friends choice of potential partner. Nice

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was always pleasant to the 'friends of falang's', but always watched carefully for the fatal signs. If a 'friend of the falang' or 'FOF' whispered, or spoke secretly, it was a sure sign that the 'friend of falang' was advising the falang against choosing him as a bed partner.

Time was valuable and when Nice encountered that situation, he usually made the decision to bail out at an early stage because a lot of time could be wasted otherwise. In most cases where this occurred, up to an hour could pass before the falang finally found the guts to say 'no thanks' to him because of the 'friend of falang's' advice. Nice grimly remembered to himself again that both these phenomena's, the 'FOF' and the 'Thrakdactil' could strike swiftly and suddenly, and ruin completely, something that looked almost a 'certainty'. Not his real name, Nice had chosen his working name very carefully, because he had discovered that the word nice meant something pleasant in the Western world.

His friend's real name was Lek but had chosen the working name 'Party', which was also suggestive of a good time and something to enjoy. The more than adequate working knowledge of the English language that Nice had acquired since he had arrived in Bangkok had allowed Nice to conduct a reasonable sort of conversation with most falang's. In his dealings with various nationalities, Nice had also been able to learn about half a dozen Japanese, Arab, German and Dutch words too, but they were mostly of the one syllable kind. Many falang's actually thought that Nice was a real female because his face was so feminine looking.

It sometimes happened that once the falang discovered that Nice was a boy, the falang would get upset by the mistake and refuse to pay any money because of the deception. Nice usually kept smiling on these occasions, but gently insisted that some payment be made for his time. It paid Nice to reveal his true gender status at a very late stage in the operation, because by

the time the falang had made his discovery, Nice had usually sucked the falang's koy, (koy being the Thai word for penis), and some payment would be due anyway. It was the chance that Nice took, and nine times out of ten Nice would be able to get some money out of the falang who would generally be quite embarrassed about his mistake.

Normally, Nice would walk the streets in the afternoons looking for falang customers because he felt more in control that way and he could choose the best locations where he wanted to ply his trade. This tactic reduced the time he spent in department stores and shopping malls which he would mainly visit only on really hot days and rainy days. Although there were not too many wet days in the high season, Nice had found that when it did rain, falang's would usually stay in the big stores until the rain had stopped. These captive audiences were very profitable to Nice and it paid Nice to purchase a cheap umbrella, so that he could escort falang's to their rooms on these occasions.

With plenty of time to make contact, Nice would usually break the ice with a suitable falang by telling stories about floods, fierce storms and crocodiles in the streets back home in his Chiang Rai village. Smiling all the time, once Nice had the falang smiling too, the idea of a personal escort with an umbrella would be easier to suggest and was generally accepted. It only remained to get 'the money' back to a bed where its extraction, for sexual favours bestowed, could run smoothly with no interruptions. However, gentle reader, the female version of the 'Thrakdactil', sometimes wearing light brown knee length waterproof boots, a fashionable thick heavy raincoat and a multi-colored rubberized hat has been known to walk side by side with ladyboy's and their prospective falang customers, even in heavy rainstorms just waiting for the opportunity to fuck things up even at that late stage.

Soliciting or 'fishing' for falang's was a kind of 'entrapment',

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but it was a different kind of entrapment that police officers of the law employed. Nice knew from experience that much thought and careful planning normally went into soliciting and a large part of the planning was about letting the falang come to you. Proof of the skilled 'pick up' was when a falang explained to a police officer that it was himself that had initiated any conversation, asking for directions being a good ploy, thereby squashing instantly any thought of the prostitute soliciting for immoral purposes. Whilst literally 'bumping into' a falang may work sometimes, Nice had found from experience that places that sold refreshments were the best areas for conducting his business once 'contact' had been made.

It would be quite normal for the falang he had made eye contact with to require refreshments at some stage and Nice would usually be there already, waiting for him. It was for those reasons that Nice decided to remove himself to more suitable surroundings. Nearby was a little café that sold iced or hot tea, hot chocolate snowball drinks, and of course iced or hot coffee. Nice liked the hot coffee because it was not too strong, or too bitter, it was just right. Today however, Nice would not be requiring the hot coffee, or the hot tea, a hot chocolate snowball drink, or even their special 'Goldilocks' hot chocolate drink with its bright orange coloured lecka cream.

Today, Nice would be buying orange juice instead, to try and get this dreadful taste of Arab spunk out of his mouth once and for all. This café also sold little round buns which were delicious to eat. The thought of eating one of the little round buns quickened Nice's step and after saying his goodbyes to the lady ring seller he made his way to the café shop counter. Nice ordered orange juice and sat at a window table where he could still see the falang and also the lady ring seller at her stall. As Nice sat there drinking his orange juice, the taste of the Arab's spunk lessened, and he began to wonder just how many baht the lady ring seller made each week.

Sure he thought, she always had plenty of customers looking at her rings, but many of them never actually made a purchase. Nice smiled softly to himself, mentally calculating her retail profit ratio, and then added her approximate overheads, and the cost of her occasional casual hired help. Nice was quite satisfied that in the short term, he made far more baht than she did. Taking another sip of his orange juice, Nice then began to wonder if he really was out in front over the long term. It could be that her profits taken over the whole year were about equal to his, or even more, and he began to think about low seasons, rainy days, and the ‘Thrakdactil’.

Despite her substantial running costs and long working hours, she still had certain definite advantages over Nice. She had for instance, no risk of catching a nasty STD, or spending a night in jail with its attendant risk of being raped or injured by common criminals. Coupled with the occasional punch in the mouth, or a black eye, these were all real and tangible risks in the profession that Nice had chosen. In contrast, the ring seller was always in the dry, she constantly enjoyed the air conditioned comfort of the store, and she did not have to look for customers, they all came directly to her. Nice further thought that taken over an even longer term, she had no worry of an expired ‘Sell by’ date either, because she could sell her rings even if she looked twice as ugly and as old as she did now.

Just at that moment, the falang that Nice had been watching walked by and turned to take another look at Nice. Nice gave him his best smile and raised his drink to him by way of a salute. The falang stopped, patted his pocket and turned to come into the café. The falang walked straight up to the counter and started choosing his drink and what he wanted to eat. Nice waited for him to pick up his tray, and as the falang walked towards him, Nice raised his arm and indicated the chair next to him. The falang appeared slightly surprised, smiled warmly, and put his tray down on the table, sat down

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and mopped his brow with a big red handkerchief. Smiling broadly, Nice said to him, 'Hello, my name is Nice, how are you?', and Nice held his hand out.

The falang was German, but he had a fair knowledge of English and shaking Nice's hand, he replied 'Hello, that is a nice name Nice', laughed and said, 'My name is Brunel and I come from Germany'. It was always important to remember falang names and Nice made a point of slowly repeating aloud the name Brunel. Nice added, 'Yes, it sounds a strong name', knowing full well that most falang's responded well to that. The subject of names was always a good conversation area and would generally provide Nice with an opening to say that he was from Chiang Rai, a city in North Thailand.

Nice had learnt by heart, six or seven 'conversation starters' because there was nothing worse than a shy falang, stuck for words, writhing in an embarrassing silence. Nice had found, gentle reader, that the best 'conversation opener' was always the falang's impression of Bangkok but a good second was his opinion on the local people. Nice recalled that on one occasion both the falang and Nice had been 'lost for words' and a 'very awkward silence' ensued for several minutes. Eventually, the falang just got up and bolted for the door, with the result that Nice went to sleep that night still hungry.

Lessons were learned and nowadays, Nice realized that it was all part of his job to keep the falang happy from the very beginning to the very end. Some falang's experience remorse after the sexual encounter but many feel a sense of guilt even at the 'picking up' stage. As one ladyboy had explained to Nice, many of the falang are happily married and the sudden chance to have something on the side can cause the falang to completely lose composure in a very few cases. To keep the conversation going, Nice spent some time describing the Chiang Rai area and its many Buddhist temples. Brunel was having a problem with his sugar sachet, so Nice took it from

him and showed him how to open it.

Brunel was clearly very shy, hot and nervous, and Nice tried to put him at his ease by explaining that sometimes, the little sugar sachets were a real problem to open. Nice stated the obvious and remarked that it was a real hot day, and that when it was this hot he usually came to this department store because it was cooler inside. Brunel laughed and agreed with this, and Nice asked him if he had been to Bangkok before. Apparently this was Brunel's first visit, which, from Nice's point of view, could be quite beneficial, financially.

'How long are you staying in Bangkok then Brunel? Nice asked, and the falang replied 'For one month, then I must go back to my work in Frankfurt'. This was good news for Nice because potentially, if things worked out, Brunel could be his main meal ticket until he returned to Frankfurt. Giving Brunel another one of his best smiles, Nice said, 'What kind of work do you do Brunel?', and Brunel replied that he was an airport worker at Frankfurt International Airport. Nice would always try to gather as much information as he could about a falang, because in his job, it may be useful to know this at a later time, especially if events took a turn for the worse suddenly.

Without giving the falang the hot 'third degree', such information was usually extracted in a 'small talk' way, and Nice was fairly good at it, because Nice had now been a free-lance male prostitute for three years in Bangkok. Nice waited till Brunel took another sip of his coffee and then said flat out, 'Brunel, I go with you?', and his reaction to this made Nice laugh. Brunel nearly choked and spilt some of his coffee on his shorts. Brunel began to laugh too, and Nice knew that he was a bit closer to getting the falang to choose him for sex. Nice's timing had been perfect, and Nice gave himself a pat on the back for such good timing and a good reaction.

Nice had played this same scene, many, many times before, it

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had effectively broken the ice, and now Nice could get down to business. It was a game, but still a deadly serious game, Nice needed Brunel's baht, and Nice waited till Brunel had fully recovered for his answer. 'Yes, why not', Brunel eventually replied. Nice placed his hand on Brunel's knee and said, 'Thankyou for choosing me Brunel, I hope I will make you happy, I usually charge 500 baht for 'short time'. Brunel was typical of the newcomer to Bangkok, most of whom were looking for sex, and a good time. Some falang's were old hands at picking up prostitutes, but some, like Brunel, did not have a clue.

Making a falang laugh was half the battle, and whereas it had been fairly easy to make Brunel laugh, some falang's were sad specimens, and they were hard work socially, in and out of the bedroom. Nice had got the response he had wanted and his next move was to change the subject as quickly as possible. The commitment had been made and Nice did not want to give Brunel the chance to change his mind. Nice asked Brunel if he thought the taxi from Bangkok airport had been reasonable and if he had been taken directly to his hotel or by a roundabout route.

Brunel answered that the fare had been reasonable but did complain about the heavy traffic in Bangkok. The conversation also included the pollution from so many vehicles and Nice spent some time whilst they finished their drinks agreeing with much of what Brunel had said. Nice rolled his tongue around the inside of his mouth and decided that he could no longer taste the spunk of the Arab customer whose fat cock had been in his mouth the previous evening. As they strolled out of the department store together into the hot sunshine, Nice suggested that they share a motorbike taxi to Brunel's hotel. Brunel quickly agreed to this and after clapping his hands two or three times, Nice had successfully attracted the attention of a motorbike taxi driver.

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