

A Destroyed Life

By Cheryl Lynn

Sidney Olson just graduated high school and was looking forward to a summer of fun and frolic. Not in the cool short summers of northern Wisconsin but on the sunny beaches of California. His grades were good enough to get him several scholarship offers but the one he decided to accept was in that sunshine state. His widowed mother was disappointed that he didn't take the state's flagship university's offer. After a string of loud and painful arguments, she reluctantly accepted his decision. She was more disappointed that he chose one so far away which meant she wouldn't see him for a long time. After a tight hug and kiss, she waved as he backed his old Civic out the driveway and headed off to California.

Sidney had the classic good looks of his Norwegian background but not that rugged Viking physique. He took more after his mother when it came to his build. His mother was from Thailand and married his air force father near the end of the Viet Nam war. As a result, he had his father's blonde hair and ice blue eyes but not his height, weight or muscular frame. His frame was slim, like a swimmers, slightly olive skin tone with delicate features and little body or facial hair. He was popular in school and had a few girlfriends over the years.

He had the same problems dealing with puberty, talking to girls and learning who he was that most teenagers go through. Unfortunately, he lost his father during his freshman year and didn't have his influence to guide him. When his father died, his mother became overly protective. She restricted his reading, television and movie watching as well. He was allowed to date but only for a school social function where she knew it would be well supervised. She didn't let him get his driver's license until the start of his senior year. Any violent sports were a strict no-no; however interests in gymnastics, swimming and figure skating were encouraged.

As a result he was naïve and innocent when he went off to college. Driving down the interstate, he still couldn't believe that he had finally stood up to his mother. It had been difficult with the shouting and hysterics but he had held firm. Over the past couple of years, his school friends' harassment about him growing a set had finally given him the backbone to stand his ground. The only thing that would let him mature, was to get away from his overbearing mother.

Ooo

He had driven west by southwest for over ten hours and was off the interstate taking the old highway. At the eight hour mark he was tired and thought using this road would prove more interesting and keep him awake. Now he just wanted to find a motel and get something to eat and place to sleep. Just outside a small town he saw a sign, "Naomi's Motel, by the Hour or by the Week."

"I guess that place is as good as any and from the map there isn't anything for another sixty miles."

Passing another sign, "Naomi's bar and grill, 6 miles," he smiled hoping the food was good.

Pulling into Naomi's he had second thoughts but it was hard keeping his eyes open. It was a sprawling 1950's style motel with small individual units, brackish looking pool and pothole filled parking lot. The bar and grill wasn't much better looking but he didn't want to go any further. Getting out of the car he stretched, arching his back to

get the kinks out.

“I’m surprised this old place is still open. Guess I’d better go register,” he thought then headed into the office.

Inside the office he noticed two vending machines, an old tattered green leatherette couch. The registration counter ran the entire length of the back of the room and a door led into another. Walking up to the counter he rang the bell. The back room’s door opened and out waddled a very obese old woman wearing a well-used blue gingham dress. Her hair was mostly gray and unkempt and a cigarette was dangling out of the corner of her mouth.

When she got to the counter, put the cigarette into a spilling over ashtray and asked, “What kin I do fer ya?”

“Yeah, ma’am I need a room for the night.”

“Ma’am indeed, I aint been called that in years. I’m Naomi. Let me see some id, ya gotta be eighteen to register on yer own.”

Sidney handed her his driver’s license and waited as she held it close to her face. “I’ll be damned,” she muttered then seeing his look, added, “I done thawt ya was a girl with that long hair an all. Here, fill this out. Twenty fer the night. Cash only, I don’t take credit cards.”

He pulled out his wallet and took the money out and handed it to her. As he began filling out the registration card, she began asking him questions. “Where ya headed? California huh? See’n relatives? No, yeah, I hear it’s a great place ta visit but I wouldn’t want ta live thar. Them folks nuthin but a bowl of granola. Ya know, take out da flakes all ya gots is fruits n nuts, hahahaha.”

Handing her the filled out card, she handed him the key to cabin 15. “The bar is open but da grill not till six,” she said as he turned to leave.

Sidney got back into his car, drove to his cabin and unpacked. The room was not impressive but the bed looked okay. All the furnishing had seen much better days and had an old musty smell. The bathroom was white and blue tiled in a checker board pattern over the counter. The bath was a combination tub and shower with rust stains around the drain. Putting his toilet kit on the counter, took a much needed piss.

Back in the room he noted that he still had a little over an hour before the grill opened and decided to head that way. Walking over to the grill he looked around at the flat land that seemed to go on forever surrounding the motel.

“I’ve seen pictures but actually seeing nothing but flat farm land and not a single tree is overwhelming. I didn’t think I would miss seeing rolling hills and all those trees so soon,” he thought.

When he got to the bar and grill there were two beat up trucks parked in front. The wooden framed building seemed to have gotten a recent coat of brick red paint. Inside most of the building was devoted to the bar and a small portion off to the right the diner. Seeing the closed sign on the swinging doors to the grill, he moved over to the bar.

“What can I get ya pretty thang,” the old bartender asked as he sat down.

Sidney was taken aback but decided not to argue and ordered a soda. “Shit, I’ve been mistaken for a girl lots of times but I was hoping to leave all that behind. Maybe I should have gotten that hair cut before I left home but those surfer dudes all have long hair. I’m too tired to make a big deal of it and hope that’s it.”

His thoughts were broken when the bartender put his drink down on the counter. He started to reach for his wallet but paused when he was told that the gentleman at the table already paid. Sidney looked over his shoulder and saw two middle aged men dressed in overalls and filthy white tee shirts. There was a battered baseball cap and straw cowboy hat sitting on their table along with a pitcher of beer. Seeing him look, they smiled and waved.

“Shit! They think I’m a girl. Now what am I gonna do? I’ll just give them a smile, take my drink and go outside until the grill opens,” he thought.

Outside he put his back to the wall and sipped on his cold drink. He still had fifteen minutes before the grill opened and he thought for a moment about passing on a hot meal.

“Maybe I should just go back into the office, grab something from the vending machines and go to my room. What if those guys follow me into the diner and find out I’m not some silly girl? Probably be pissed. I know I would be,” he thought. Straightening up, deciding to do just that, and as he turned came face to face with the two men from the bar.

“Hi there sweetie, wondered where ya done run off too. Ya lookin’ fer some action?” the bigger of the two with a bristly full brown beard asked.

“Yeah, darlin’ Bubba and me cud sure use sum relief and don’t mind sharing,” the other put in, circling so Sidney could only run away from the bar and motel.

“Look fellas, there’s been a mistake....errr...I’m a guy.”

“The fuck ya say?” the one identified as Bubba gasped.

“No guy wears long hair around these parts Bubba. I think the bitch is trying to get out of repaying us for that soda.”

“Come on guys, just because I have long hair doesn’t mean I’m a girl. Here, let me pay you back for the soda. All I want is to get something to eat then go to bed.”

“Fuck Elmer! What we have here is one of those girlie boys,” Bubba said stepping up real close to Sidney.

Now Sidney was scared and started to back away but Elmer stepped in closer blocking any real retreat. They were so close he could smell the odor of beer, unwashed bodies and tobacco. Their clothing didn’t smell any better.

“You know Bubba, I aint never had me no girlie boy fore now. What say we take him back to your place and have some fun?”

Hearing that Sidney began shaking and let the can of soda fall from his hand. “Come on guys, I’m not that way and I’m not going anywhere with you,” he said in false bravado.

“Ya know Elmer that might be fun. Sides he’s gotta be better than using my ole stump broke cow. How bout givin’ us a kiss girlie boy? Yeah, a kiss for me n Elmer here to pay for that soda we done bought ya.”

Sidney’s fight or flight instincts kicked in at that. He knew there was no way for him to win any fight with these much larger men, so he turned to run as fast as he could. Instead as he turned he found himself face to face with Elmer. Elmer reached out and with strong arms clasped him in a bear hug. Practically squeezing the breath out of Sidney, he planted a kiss to his lips as Sidney tried to break free. He kept his teeth clinched tightly to keep the probing tongue out of his mouth. When that kiss broke and before he could recover, Sidney was thrust into Bubba’s even bigger arms.

“Okay girlie boy, unless ya wants to be beaten to a pulp, keep them eyes and mouth open when ya kiss me. I like my lovers to look me in the eyes when we kiss and my dick gits sucked. Now git up on ya tippy toes and kiss me or I’ll break ya arm.”

With tears forming in his eyes and no choice, Sidney stood on tip toe and leaned forward. As he did so he felt a hand caress his butt and a stiff finger pressing his jeans and boxers into his ass hole. Eyes flying wide open in fear, he was about to scream but silenced as Bubba’s lips and tongue forced their way into his mouth. He had never been so scared or mortified in his life. As the kiss continued, Sidney rose up higher on his toes from the pressure against his butt. He was physically getting sick as the tongue invaded his mouth leaving wads of spit behind.

“What da fuck ya boys doing? Ya know I doan allow that out here. Let my guest go or I’ll bust both ya asses!”

Sidney was suddenly freed from both the kiss and Bubba’s tight grip. Dazed and desperately trying not to vomit, he looked and saw Naomi standing nearby. He managed a smile of gratitude before turning to face the wall and tossed what little he had in his stomach.

“Next time ya boys wanna have some fun, ya gets a room. Ya know da rules. Now skedaddle outta here,” she ordered.

“Come on boy, let’s git into da diner n sum food into ya,” she said taking him by the arm.

“OMG! I...I can’t....can’t thank you enough. You saved my life. Thank you, thank you,” he said through pouring tears.

“Doan thank me yet boy. Now come along n git some vittles.”

“Hey Dirk, fetch me a double JDs neat n one fer my friend here!” she yelled as she pushed Sidney through the swinging doors to the diner.

She guided the still sniffing boy into a nearby booth then slid in beside him. She put a fat flabby arm around his shoulders pulling him close. She grabbed some napkins from the metal dispenser and handed them to him.

“Thar it’s over boy. Now blow ya nose and wipe them tears away,” she said as Dirk brought the drinks over.

Sidney never drank much other than a bottle of beer or two and, once, vodka laced punch at his senior prom. He swallowed the double shot in one big gulp and immediately began gasping, his eyes watering again. The bourbon burned all the way down, hitting his stomach turned into a nauseous feeling.

Holding the bile down, his face flushed he gasped, “What was that?”

“Jist sumthin’ ta calm ya nerves boy. Ya know boy that menfolk don’t wear thar hair long in these parts. Too damn dangerous fer one thang. Might git caught up in da farm machinery and secondly, da Good Book says women folk should keep their hair long. Ya really can’t blame Bubba n Elmer fer what they done did ta ya.”

“My hair has nothing to do with what they did. They’re animals and attacked me. Besides, all the guys in California wear their hair long like this, some even longer.”

“Well boy, ya know my feelings bout that place. Here, why don’t ya finish off my drink then we’ll see bout gittin’ some vittles.”

Sidney’s hands were still shaking and took the mostly full glass of JD. This time he only took a good sip, coughed but it went down easier. Taking up the menu it was

bleary and his head started to spin. He swallowed down another bigger sip, trying to focus on the menu. He saw the table coming up to smack him in the face, then nothing more.

“Tenderfoot kain’t seem ta be able ta hold his liquor. Better git Dirk ta haul his fairy ass back ta da cabin. California, yeah, da land of fruits n nuts, I kin guess which one this boy is.”

Ooo

Sidney woke up with a splitting headache. The bed was spinning making him nauseous. He grabbed the side of the bed hoping to stop the damnable spinning as the urge to pee and vomit hit him all at once. Getting out of bed on wobbly legs, he staggered to the bathroom in the dark. He made it as far as the door frame where his head smacked hard into it. He crumpled in a pile on the floor unconscious, pee soaking his pajamas.

When he didn’t show up by check out time, Naomi waddled over to his cabin and inserted her pass key. Seeing him passed out with his face covered in blood, picked up the in-room phone and made a call.

“Yeah, I’m sure it’s a friggin’ emergency! He’s passed out cold on da floor covered in pee n blood. I aint no medicine woman. Could ya please make an exception? Great! N I be beholden to ya. He’s in cabin 15.”

The elderly woman knelt over the motionless Sidney checking his pulse and cut over his left eye. Looking over her shoulder said, “Naomi looks like a concussion and that cut will need some stitches. Get someone to help me get him into my car so I can get him to my place while I clean him up a bit. Might as well pack his bags and toss them in as well.”

“Yeah, I’ll do it. Ever since Millie took off fer the big city, I gotta do everything myself round here. Ya have any idea how hard it is ta get proper help way out here?”

The old woman cut away Sidney’s blood and pee soaked pajamas, lifted him upright and wiped him down with a towel. She noticed how little body hair he had and no beard to speak of. As she did that Naomi was busy packing his bags. Taking the bags out to the woman’s car looked down at the prostrate boy.

“Skinny little runt aint he? Nice package though consider’n,” she remarked going out the door giggling.

The old woman already had a blanket spread across the back seat and between them got Sidney settled in. “Now Naomi, I’ll check around the camp and see if I can find you some maid help. Provided you get Dirk to drive this boy’s car to my place today. When he’s better he’ll want to be on his way.”

“Guess I kin do that. I’ll git Dirk right over here n we’ll be right behind ya. Just don’t fergit try n find me a maid.”

Ooo

Jane was orphaned early in life and sent to live with a reclusive uncle. In return for room and board he forced himself on her, taking her virginity and dignity by physical assault. Her first and only date was her junior prom as with her uncle she was forced into doing sexual favors. Graduating she left with scholarship in hand for nursing school. Again graduating with honors, she quickly found employment as a surgical nurse. Within a few years she could have stepped in for any surgeon but treated by the doctors like nothing more than a waitress cleaning tables.

Back then she was very good looking but her hatred of the male population prevented a normal relationship. In time she met a woman, slightly older, who shared her hatred. That woman also taught her the ways of Sappho of Lesbos. She was content for a time until her lover's murder by a rapist. She was not a stupid woman, closer to the crazed genius level of intelligence but the loss of her lover drove her hatred of men to near madness.

With her lover dead, she left both her job and the big city to return to the old farm house once owned by her hated uncle. He had left it and the one hundred acres of citrus trees to her. After cleaning out anything and everything that reminded her of him, she took to taking long walks through the fragrant trees. During one of those strolls she came across migrant workers plucking the ripe fruit. Seeing the women, some pregnant doing the heavy labor decided to give them medical assistance. She refused to see male patients unless it was a matter of life or death. Over the years she was midwife, doctor and psychiatrist, all done without a license to practice in the privacy of her large house. Hearing their stories of abuse and neglect only reaffirmed her hatred of men.

Eventually she sold off the citrus portion of the farm but still saw to the women of the migrant camp when they showed up. She was well loved by the Latino women, some in a physical way but she remained a very bitter somewhat crazed woman. She was wealthy from the sale of the land and her hatred of men a fiery blaze in her heart.

She had treated a man once, David something or the other. She couldn't remember his last name and it didn't really matter. What mattered was he became the outlet of all her hatred. She had used her skills to surgically and mentally alter his life. She had turned him into a she/male migrant camp whore. (See Nurse Jane Parts 1 and 2 at FM). Succeeding in that effort had been such an emotional high, it released a great weight off her shoulders. For several years afterwards she was calmer and more at peace.

Getting Naomi's call at first bothered her, she didn't treat men unless in dire need. However, Naomi sounded frantic and she decided to respond to the emergency. Seeing the young man brought back many satisfying memories. Maybe this would be her chance to get those wonderful feelings back she had thought. As she was tending to the unconscious youth, Naomi told her what she knew of the boy. When she mentioned that no one, outside of a few at the motel, knew he was there her eyes lit up. Telling Naomi to pack the boy's things, she injected a sedative into his arm when she wasn't looking.

"Nothing serious, just a mild concussion and should wake soon. Unfortunately for you, I'm not going to let that happen my pet," she thought.

Turning to Naomi she said, "Look, I can't work on him here. Let's get him into my car and I'll take him to my place. Think you can get someone to take his and follow me? That way when he recovers in a day or two, he can be on his way. You know damn well I don't like treating men and I want him gone as soon as possible."

"Yeah, sure, let me get Dirk over here and he can do that."

Ooo

Sidney was kept sedated as she worked on him. Once Naomi and Dirk left, she carted him into the bath where she thoroughly cleansed his body. From the bath he was brought into her surgical suite. She had long ago converted a portion of her home for the treatment of the migrant women. She used this clean room on one man and now another. Jane had a smile a mile wide as she scrubbed up.

Six hours later she was exhausted but very satisfied. Sidney's nice sized masculine

appendage was now just a nub. She had carefully detached all the shaft tissue, suturing the remaining head to his lower pubic area. Then removed the tentacles, folded and sewed the empty sack to look like vaginal lips. When she had finished, his groin, on casual inspection, would pass as female. She kept him sedated for five days.

As he lay unconscious, she permanently removed what facial hair she could find. The few scraggly ones on his chest met the same fate. She had also shaved his legs and underarms. She had removed all his pubic hair when she operated.

Ooo

Sidney groaned as he slowly became aware. Pain, not severe, more like a dull throbbing headache was his first feeling. His throat was dry and sore. As his eyes opened, he tried to sit up but was restrained to the bed.

“What the....where am I and what’s going on?” he thought seeing an IV stuck in his right arm.

Frantically he looked around the strange room beginning to panic. The walls were painted a light green and appeared to be a hospital room. His feet and arms secured with padded leather straps.

“OMG! What happened to me? The last thing I remember was feeling really sick in that motel room,” he thought then in a croaking voice called out, “Is anyone here?”

Jane was waiting for her cue and walked into the room carrying a tray. She was wearing her long outdated starched white nurse’s uniform with its flaring skirt and cap. Smiling she walked over to his bedside, pressed a fingertip to his lips indicating he shouldn’t talk.

“Hello, I’m Nurse Jane and you’ve had a terrible accident which I will explain shortly. Now I want you to suck on these ice chips.”

Once he had swallowed most of the ice, he felt better. Looking at the nurse, he asked, “What happened?”

“Well for one, you were found unconscious laying in a puddle of urine and blood. I guess sometime during the night you got up and banged your head severely against the bathroom door. When you fell, you hit the dresser and did more damage to your body. Besides your concussion you managed to damage your kidney and I had to insert a catheter. I’m the closest person in the area that has any medical knowledge, so I was called. Now I want you to just relax and get more rest. You should be just fine. Hungry? I brought you something to eat. Nothing much, some jello, apple juice and apple sauce. Sorry but for now you are on a liquid diet.”

She allowed him to be awake for three days but secured to the bed. Jane explained away his questions as to why the thick bandage between his legs. “Those are necessary to keep the catheter in place and prevent any possibility of getting a urinary infection. Your right kidney took a severe blow and we’re just being cautious.”

During those three days his routine didn’t change. After his meals she give him what she said was an antibiotic then turned on a television. He was instructed to watch it carefully. The show that came on was an instructional and history of how to be a proper “Maid Servant.” He didn’t have the least bit of interest but for some strange reason felt compelled to pay close attention. He watched that three hour show every single day after each meal.

“I can’t believe I’m watching this again; yet, I can’t help myself. It’s so interesting,” he

thought the second time she put it on.

On the fourth day she sedated him once again and wheeled him back into her surgery. There she did some cosmetic surgery, making his nose thicker and wider, rounding his chin and making his lips much fuller. He was kept sedated for seven days. This time when he woke, he was kept in a daze. He was aware but not fully responsive. He knew something was wrong as there were bandages covering his face but didn't bother him. This time the television show he watched with intensity was about Mexican rural cultural life. Falling into natural slumber, ear buds were placed in his ears. The repeating recording was a Spanish language course for the most part. The rest of the tape was devoted to making him forget English. She kept him in this semi-conscious state for a month.

Throughout his confinement, the IV kept a constant supply of drugs fed into his system. Drugs which made their own changes to his body. Changes like darkening his skin color from light olive into shades of brown. Psychotropic drugs to keep him very suggestible and reinforced with a similar more potent Latin American jungle concoction. That particular drug was given to her by a Latino medicine woman made from exotic vegetable and animal extracts.

His hair and eyes remained blonde and blue. If she could have changed them she would have. Those distinguishing marks could be explained as there are many such Mexican women with similar features. During the occupation of Mexico by the French some of their genetic material was left behind. These women were mostly found in the upper coastal isolated areas outside of Ciudad de Victoria.

At the end of that month, she removed the bandages from his face and groin. Sidney on casual glance looked like a blonde haired, blue eyed, flat chested Latino woman. She then sedated him for the final changes. First she put in D-cup implants then liposuctioning his waist redistributed the fat into his butt and thighs. She had to supplement his fat tissue with medically approved harvested fat. When she finished, except for the groin, no one would mistake Sidney for ever being a white man. Sidney now had a 38 D bust, 28 inch waist and 48 inch hips.

Completely satisfied with his physical change, it was time to concentrate on refining his mental adjustments. He had to not only look like a Mexican peasant girl but walk the walk and talk the talk. Before she had put him under for the last of the procedures, he was already talking in Spanish with some broken English. Now she would concentrate on the video's to implant the necessary memories. With the drugs and videos she could make him act and pretty much think like what she wanted. It was also time to take him off the IV.

However he would have to keep taking her "Jungle Juice," as she called it, preferably once a day but could get by with once a month. If he didn't take his medicine then, over time, would regain his memories and identity. Of course with the physical changes he could never go back to being a white boy. The best he could hope to be would be as a Latino she/male. She had made sure this male would never procreate or continue with his old life. Like the other one she changed, this one would suffer until the day he died.

Ooo

For the next two months Sidney, now Estella Maria Sanchez, a migrant from a small village outside of Ciudad de Victoria, watched her daily television. When the instructional video was over she would practice what she had learned about putting on

makeup, arranging her hair, taking care of her skin. Once Jane was satisfied with Estella's progress in that matter, she switched to clothing then on to more practical lessons. These subliminal messages and videos would change her sexual orientation to that of a heterosexual female with one small difference. She could only have sex either orally or anally.

Like most Latino women Estella would become a very feminine woman to all outward appearances. She would love tight fitting colorful dresses, high stiletto heels and brightly colored lingerie. Of course most of the time she would be wearing a maid's uniform and sensible shoes but dress as best she could the rest of the time. She already knew how to be a maid from the earlier videos. Now she needed to believe she was a poor peasant, with limited English and strong desire to look and behave as any young Mexican girl. At the end of those two months she would.

One morning Nurse Jane entered the room with an armful of clothing. She dumped them on the bed and said, "Estella you're completely healed and ready to be out on your own. I brought you some street clothing. Get dressed and I'll take you to Naomi's Motel where I've secured you employment. Naomi promised me to get you your green card provided you are a faithful and good employee. Don't let me down now, I've got a lot invested in you."

"Oh, mucho gracias Senora Jane, soy muy agradecido," Estella replied jumping out of bed smiling happily.

Ooo

Naomi was more than happy to hire the young Latina and thanked Nurse Jane profusely. As soon as she left, Naomi had Estella fill out several forms which she signed without knowing what they were. Her boss' Spanish wasn't that good but understood one was an employment contract for five years. Another was an application for her green card. She was then shown where the maid's cart and supplies were stored before taken to her cabin. She would be responsible for cleaning all the cabins and the bar/grill seven days a week. Once all the cabins and the bar were cleaned and cart restocked she was on her own time. Check out was 11:00 a.m. so she didn't have to get up before the sun for the first time in her life. In the camps, everyone except the very sick and old always rose well before the sun came up and worked until it sank.

Estella was happy but a bit disappointed. She was happy to be healthy and no longer having to work the migrant camps. She was disappointed as the motel wasn't one of the nicer ones in the city but she did get her own room, uniforms and work. She only had a few things Nurse Jane gave her for clothing and personal items. When she got paid at the end of the week, she'd see about getting a lift into the town twenty five miles away. There she hoped to find a cheap thrift store to add to her wardrobe.

The cabin she was given was small only a bedroom and bath. It did have a luxury she wasn't used to. It was a combination window air conditioner/heating unit. At least she wouldn't have to endure the long hot summers or bitter winters like she had at the migrant camps. She also liked her uniforms as they would show off her figure. They were all powder pink translucent nylon with short sleeve white cotton wing cuffs and matching double breasted lapels. The deep V of the lapels would expose a nice portion of her big breasts. She loved showing off her fabulous figure. Plus people would be able to get a glimpse of her lacy slip. She hoped that she would get to meet some nice Latino men while she worked here.

Her first week wasn't easy as she still awoke before the sun but didn't have anything to

do until almost noon. Her meals at the diner were strange, often leaving her feeling bloated and uncomfortable. She was used to eating primarily rice and beans with small portions of grilled chicken or pork. The diner served mostly greasy and meat heavy meals. The cabins she cleaned stank of cigarettes, booze, sex and left in a mess. The hardest thing for her to adjust to was having no one to talk to. She was the only Latino in the area. While Naomi was nice her Spanish was limited.

Friday morning two weeks later Naomi took her to the INS office to see a close friend. There she received her green card. She had been a camp whore so didn't mind getting on her knees and giving the agent a blow job or swallowing. The agent was in his late fifties, fat, far from handsome but he spoke good Spanish. So she agreed to let him come visit and spend some time with her. She thought it would be good to have someone to talk to even if he was an ugly gringo.

It was still early when they left the INS and Naomi agreed to take her to the thrift store. With last week's pay in her purse Estella eagerly sorted through piles of used clothing. Since Agent Davis was coming to visit Saturday night, she wanted something nice. A high gloss shimmering mauve satin mid-thigh sheath dress caught her eye. It was a little small clinging tightly to her bosom and ass but she loved it. The low round neckline made her cleavage look fantastic. With the dress in hand she needed matching shoes and luckily found a pair of bow detailed peep toe sling back four inch stiletto heeled pumps. When they left the store she also bought four full slips in shimmering nylon with very lacy embroidered detailing at bodice and hem. She loved the bright red, black, lavender and yellow colors and fancy detailing of the slips. She had to have them even though she had to borrow a couple of dollars from Naomi. They were so much prettier than the plain white ones Nurse Jane had given her.

Ooo

Saturday evening she prepared for her visit from Agent Davis by taking a leisurely perfumed bath and douche. It took her a few minutes to decide on the black slip, matching high cut panties and wide embroidered garter belt. Before putting on her beautiful satin dress, she carefully applied a heavy coating of cosmetics. She used Maybelline's cream gel "Painted Purple" on her eyelids and finished with "Sensational Brazen Berry" lipstick. Any man looking at her would be immediately drawn to her face once he had his fill of her magnificent boobs. She finished off her preparations with a heady spray of spicy-sweet perfume.

She stood before the mirrored door to the closet and checked out the image. "Est muy bonita e sexy," she thought.

The image was indeed very erotic looking and for a moment Estella had a weird thought. "What the...that can't be me....," the thought though fleeting was in English.

Feeling uneasy about that weird thought went into the bathroom and opened the medicine cabinet. She removed the large brown unmarked bottle and poured out a full tablespoon then swallowed it down. Estella always felt better after taking her weekly medication. As she put the medicine back there was a loud knock on her door.

Agent Davis was standing at the door wearing brown Bermuda shorts, a brightly colored floral Hawaiian shirt that left his lower belly exposed and flip flops. He was holding a six pack in each hand. His slight frown disappeared as he stared into Estella's ample bosom.

"Hot damn, for a wetback she aint half assed bad. If she fucks as good as she gives blow jobs I'm gonna have one hell of a night," he thought as he brushed past her.

"Ve a buscar nos hielo," he said finding the ice bucket on the small counter top by the

dresser and tossing it to her.

He watched from the doorway as Estella wiggled her satin covered butt down the walkway. Her shoes making a loud click-clacking as her ass swung to and fro on the concrete.

“That’s one hot Mexican chili pepper,” he thought lighting up a cigarette.

He liked the view even better when she walked back seeing her round breasts bouncing. She didn’t wear a bra tonight and enjoyed the feeling of her nipples brushing against the satin. She knew when she was a camp whore that the sight of those free moving globes always drove the men wild. Tonight would be no different. She only hoped that he would stay awhile and just talk with her. Estella didn’t like the man in the least but he was a customer and had to be extra nice. If she didn’t make him happy, he had the power to deport her.

When Agent Davis left in the early morning hours, Estella was exhausted and in pain. Her cliente had been rough and demanding especially when he discovered her little secret. It had started off nice enough with them sharing a can of beer and talking. Then she did a slow strip tease ending with her in just the garter belt, panties, hose, heels and cupping her breasts. He quickly grabbed her and began ravishing her breasts, rubbing his face in them, licking, sucking and biting in his frenzy.

When he tried to kiss her she turned her face away. The one thing whores never did was kiss a customer. When he persisted, she told him she had a better use for those plump lips. She seductively slid down his body, undid his belt, pulled down his shorts and boxers in one swift move. His dick wasn’t overly large, maybe seven inches but she had to push his belly up to get to it. He stunk of sweat, piss and musk but she remembered smelling worse as she placed her lips around the meaty head. When he came she held it in her mouth, sat back so he could see her face and opened her mouth before swallowing. She remembered that a good whore always did that to keep them excited. Plus once he saw that, he wouldn’t want to kiss her again.

They had lain on the bed while she played with his dick until he had the energy to start again. Before she could do anything he was on top pressing his weight heavily against her forcing her legs apart. She tried to tell him to get a condom but he refused, slapping her face. Quickly she reached down, pulled her panties to the side and guided his dick to her anal entrance. As she did that he pulled her legs up and over his shoulders. She had remembered to lubricate but his first thrust was hard, powerful and penetrated all the way to his balls. She screamed loudly in burning pain as he thrust. Agent Davis only grunted as he pulled out and thrust even harder.

“Yeah, bitch, take it all and scream your head off. You’re gonna get fucked like you never have been before. Hot damn! You’re one tight bitch,” he said and began humping faster.

Shocked by the intense pain, Sidney’s repressed mind awoke. Not for long but long enough to realize what was happening. With a silent scream of his own, went back into darkness.

Agent Davis for his part had never had a fuck like this. Until now every sexual encounter had been with a Mexican whore and none were this tight. He could tell she had used petroleum jelly to lubricate, hell they all did but still that tight was a big surprise. He was determined to savor this and slowed his frantic pumping but was unable to slow the pressures that built up. All too soon he was filling what he thought was a cunt with his seed and collapsed on top of the poor girl.

Sobbing loudly somehow Estella managed to slip out from under his massive weight.

Grabbing some tissues from the nearby bedside table, stuffed them between her legs and hobbled into the bathroom. The tissues came away bloody and soaked. Moaning she found what she was looking for in the medicine cabinet and soothed the medicated ointment into her burning hole. Cleaning up and fixing her makeup, she made her way back into the bedroom. Agent Davis was snoring loudly where she had left him. Reluctantly she slid in next to him and tried to get some sleep.

It might have been minutes or hours later when she was roughly woken. Agent Davis was kneeling over her head, his limp penis hanging just above her mouth. She could see the dried blood mixed with her lubrication but opened her mouth like a good whore. When it was good and hard, he pulled out and turning ripped her panties off. Estella winched as his stubby fingers plowed into her groin bouncing off the underlying bone.

“What the fuck?” he yelled, jumping out of bed and turning on the bedside lamp.

Estella covered her groin with her hands trembling very afraid of what he would do. To her surprise he just stood there with his mouth opening and closing looking confused. He reached down and pulled her hands away, lowered his head for a closer look then jerked back up.

“What are you? Some kind of freak or is that a birth defect? You aint got no pussy,” he shouted as he began slapping the helpless youth.

Estella managed to slip over the other side of the bed, one hand protectively over her breasts the other covering her groin. Tears flowing freely down her face, she said it was a birth defect. Shuddering in fear of what the agent would do next, she was surprised to see a smile briefly cross his face.

“I ought to beat the shit out of you then deport you for morals violations but that was a great fuck. Now unless you want me to do that, get over here and suck my dick.”

Ooo

Her breasts were irritated from the stubble on his face, the hard squeezes and nipping teeth. There were numerous bruises on her neck and chest from his love bites. Most of all her ass hole throbbed in burning pain. She was surprised that her boi pussy hurt so much especially after being a whore for so long. Estella had no idea that up until last night that particular spot was virgin territory. Her lips were sore as well from the four blow jobs she had given him after being fucked.

Agent David liked his sex rough and her body showed it. It was a chore just to get dressed Sunday morning. Saturday nights were always the busiest for the motel and most of the cabins had been rented. By the time Estella had finished cleaning and stowed the cart, she could barely move. She didn't bother to change out of her maid's uniform to get dinner. Sitting down in a booth, she grimaced and decided to just order something to go. She really didn't want to go back to her cabin. Remembering what the bottom sheet looked like when she changed it made her ill.

“What's wrong with me? I'm a camp whore, so why is my boi-pussy so raw? Why did I get sick in the stomach when I saw that sheet? It's not like I haven't done this many times. It's not like I haven't been beaten and abused before but just thinking about it makes me sick. Almost like I lost something of myself.”

Her thoughts were interrupted when the cook gave her to go order. Taking it, she walked back to her cabin. Estella was too tired to eat much and crawled into bed. As exhausted as she was sleep was filled with strange dreams. Dreams of a blond haired blue eyed boy.

Ooo

Over the next six months Estella's routine didn't change. Agent Davis visited almost every Saturday and on Sunday she would be sore, bruised and battered. After that first time he began using his handcuffs and ropes during their sexual trysts. At first it was just the cuffs. He would cuff her hands behind her back, painfully tight. Pretending she was his prisoner would bend her over and savage her boi-pussy. Later he began using ropes to hog tie her while he raped her mouth or titty fucked. Sometimes he would cuff her, tie her ankles and knees tightly together, put her over his lap with his dick stuck against her groin and spank her until he came. She hated that most of all because it left her butt stinging for hours after. The only good thing was her boi-pussy adjusted to the weekly intrusions.

After each visit, Estella was depressed and felt ill. She couldn't explain why she felt that way or the crazy dreams of a young man. She was a camp whore for as long as she could remember, so why these weird feelings and dreams. She was no closer to an answer even after all this time. She managed her existence by repeating over and over that she was Estella, a maid and whore.

As she finished the last cabin Saturday, she was surprised when Agent Davis showed up. She was a first embarrassed as she was still in her pink translucent uniform and not ready for him. Her embarrassment changed to curiosity when he told her to get into his car.

When she asked him what was going on, his only reply was, "It's a surprise and don't give me any shit when we get there."

There turned out to be a tattoo/piercing parlor. When they left Estella had her nipples pierced and one inch in diameter rings attached. She also had a nose ring and ball in her tongue. Agent Davis said the rings would be used in some new restraints he wanted to try out.

"Hot damn Estella, I can't wait to chain that nose ring to your titties and put a leash on them. You're gonna look bitching being led around the room like a dog. Unfortunately I'm gonna have ta wait for that. That and getting a blow job until they're all healed. I'm already hornier than a hound in a kennel full of bitches in heat. You're gonna get that ass really ripped tonight."

He dropped her off at her cabin and told her he would be back at eight. As she prepared for her upcoming date, Estella was surprised that she only had one more dose of her medicine. She would have to ask Naomi to contact Nurse Jane and get some more.

True to his word Agent Davis was really pumped up that night. This time he took a Viagra and didn't stop fucking her until almost daylight. She was so sore and exhausted she forgot to talk to Naomi about getting more medicine.

That next Saturday, she went to get her medicine. "Damn, I forgot to get more. I'll talk to Naomi for sure tomorrow."

Sunday she was too tired and forgot to ask Naomi to call Nurse Jane. The same occurred over the next three weekends. With her piercings healed, Agent Davis kept to his word leading her around like a bitch on a leash. He would pull her into his groin where she would have to lick his dick and balls like a dog. Sometimes he pulled her into his ass and made her lick there. She hated it when he made her do that but she was a whore.

It wasn't until it had been almost two months without her medicine that her dreams

really began to scare her. She was having them daily even when awake. Images of a blond blue eyed young man and what happened in his life becoming more vivid with each passing day. Now they were so real, so vivid that Estella began to think that she was that boy. She even knew his name, Sidney Olsen.

Then one night when Agent Davis was plowing deep within her ass, it happened. Estella completely freaked out, she or rather he remembered everything. With his hands cuffed behind his back could only rant and rave. He was too freaked out to think about his situation. Yelling that by the time he got threw telling the authorities what had been done by Agent Davis and Nurse Jane, they would all be in jail.

That was a big mistake. Agent Davis confused and surprised by the outburst and threat, reacted instinctively. He punched Estella hard in the jaw, breaking it. When Sidney came too, he was wearing an orange jump suit, cuffs with chromed chains and his jaw was wired shut. Sidney was on one of four bunks in an INS holding cell. There were three other Latino women in the cell except they weren't in chains. He was kept there for three weeks, seen weekly by a dentist. His jaws remained wired shut as he was finally boarded onto an airplane.

Sidney was filled with a mixture of emotions mostly great fear. He couldn't talk nor had any access to writing materials. Agent Davis had come by once, gave Sidney a smug grin and left. He appeared before an Immigration judge and summarily told he was being deported for attacking an INS agent. The fear was still there but leaving the hearing room filled with panic, he struggled in vain.

His struggles only got him put back into cuffs and reprimand from the escorting guards. The next two days went by in a hopeless fog and now he was in the hands of a female Mexican immigration official. Once in Mexico, he was given new clothing and identity papers proclaiming him to be Estella Maria Sanchez, female and resident of Ciudad de Victoria, Mexico.

He spent the night scared to death in a Mexican Immigration dorm with about twenty other women. They were all dressed the same, white cotton bras and panties, white cotton slippers and gray and white striped A-line dresses with brown leather sandals. The next day he was boarded onto a bus heading to Victoria. As he sat looking out the dirty window of the bus, wondering what would happen to him now. He couldn't talk, only had a few pesos enough to buy some food, the clothing on his back and nothing else. He was well and truly fucked and he could see no way out. His only advantage was that he spoke both English and Spanish fluently but he couldn't talk. With the wires removed he might hope to obtain a job as a translator. According to the doctor he wouldn't get that done for another six weeks. He would have to fall back on his only other talent and find work as a maid. In time he could save enough pesos to get back into the States and find salvation.

What he didn't remember until later was how little uneducated women were paid or how bad the employment rate was. The only way for someone like him to earn enough to barely get by was on his back.

The End...