

Abducted

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My name is Stephanie, I'm an American researcher conducting some studies on pre-Colombian civilisations in Nicaragua for my PhD in archeology.

I have never been in a country so different from the US so everything is very new to me. One day, while visiting a governmental office to renew my university's permission to conduct some excavation in an ancient Maya city, a handsome and smartly dressed Hispanic guy approaches me and gives me a bunch of flowers. I had already noticed his gaze during my previous visits but he had never talked to me before.

"Tu es muy hermosa" - he adds.

Not knowing how to react I reply: "Oh, I'm very flattered but I have a boyfriend already."

His friends seem embarrassed by my answer.

"I'll see you again" - he simply adds, without changing expression, and leaves.

I wonder whether I could have been more tactful, after all I'm visiting a foreign country - I tell myself - I should try to be polite with these people but I need to set some boundaries.

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He probably had some connection at the ministry of cultural heritage because he somehow manages to get my number from their registers and a few days later starts texting me. His name is Javier, apparently, and he really is the son of a highly ranked politician of the local ruling party. He kindly asks me about my research and my experience staying in his country.

It feels kinda weird but I don't want to make enemies in such a powerful position, so I play along a bit and get to know him a bit more. A few days later, he invites me over at his place so that he can show me his mansion. Just as friends, he adds. I'm a little unsure about what to do, so I buy myself some time, saying that I'm busy with some excavations and then finally accept his invitation for a dinner for the day before my departure. I'm leaving soon so why not, I think. Worst case scenario I tell him we can go on a date the following day, if he asks me out again.

Javier lives in an impressive mansion by the beach. He tells me he works for the government. Given the amount of corruption in his country, I'm sure he gets way more than the meagre salary most of his fellow countrymen do. I like him even less for not realising he's just a spoiled kid.

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He keeps flirting with me, until he asks me why I didn't want to be his girlfriend. Slightly worried, I tell him again I am already engaged to the man I love and that this has to end there. I also tell him that it's very impolite to insist in that way and that I understand that his culture is different, but there has to be a limit when it comes to bothering women.

He seems quite unimpressed, only a little disappointed.

"Never mind. Let's celebrate have some rum to help us forget about this. Cheers to what might have happened between us!"

I join him in this weird toast, and prepare myself to leave. However, as soon as I empty the glass of rum I feel dizzy. I try to stand up but I lose my balance. I realise I must have been drugged. As my mind floats into the darkness I envision the worst possible scenarios.

Before I lose conscience, I hear Javier saying: "I gave you a chance. Now you'll be mine at my own conditions."

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I wake up several weeks later, although I have no idea how much time has passed.

Memories slowly come back to my mind, the Latino guy hitting on me, finally accepting his invitation, being drugged... I can't remember anything else. I wonder if I'm still on time to catch my plane but new sensations from my body distract me from that thought.

I feel like I'm encased in a very tight bodysuit and I can barely breathe. As soon as I open up the tight suit I'm wearing, two ridiculously large, fake-looking orbs pop out of the black latex suit I'm encased in. I touch them, hoping they're glued on but the skin is mine. Even if distorted by large silicone implants, the feeling of touching my skin confirms my worst expectations. The bastard gave me massive breast implants!

There are no mirrors around me, so I can't check myself properly. I begin inspecting my face touching it, worried that they had worked on that too. My lips feel weird, as I touch them with my hand I can tell that they're unnaturally swollen. Lip fillers, probably. What else had he done to me?

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I notice more details: I have fake, long nails and my hair has been dyed black.

The man who caused all of this enters the room where I'm held captive from a hidden door and smiles, standing in front of me while enjoying the view.

"Javier! Why have you done this to me?" - I scream.

"You deserved a lesson, stuck-up gringa! Nobody rejects me, ok?"

"You drugged me had surgery performed on me! Are you out of your mind?"

"Oh come on babe, I made you a favour, your body had no curves. I brought you a mirror! Have a good look at yourself!"

My facial features, complexion and fake breasts make me look like a busty Latina trophy wife. My facial expression is stuck in a perennial, seductive duck face. To match my darker complexion, I now had very dark brown eyes and black hair too. Any trace of the Caucasian woman I used to be had been ripped from me! How could I get past security checks at the airport now? No one would believe that I'm anything but a Latina woman!