Trafficked

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

People said that I was too small to be in law enforcement, but that only made me want it more. But as things turned out I was a little too smart for the police, so I joined the FBI.

The FBI still have physical requirements but what they really need is brain power. Serious and complex crimes are not resolved by big guys breaking down doors. What is needed is research and analysis, and on the front line, special abilities and skills. Financial crimes were my thing, but I had a hankering to travel and I was looking to advance in the Bureau.

I had studied Russian and when I joined that was seen as a good choice. The Russian Government had been infiltrating American society to such an extent that some thought even our new president (at the time) had been turned. A knowledge of Russian saw me pass through Quantico with ease (despite some shortcomings) and become established in counterespionage.

Then the order came down from above to reduce the efforts in our department focusing on Russian infiltration. I found myself transferred onto investigating human trafficking and dealing with the flood of Russian and Eastern European sex workers arriving in the US. It was a sordid business, especially after the colorful world of finding and observing spies.

It did include travel, to go to the source of the trade in woman and girls, but in each exotic destination my work was in the seediest parts of any city. And there must be no city in the world where the seediest parts are quite so seedy as Baku.

I travelled to Azerbaijan and to the Russia province of Chechnya to get information about a human trafficking ring operating on the West of the Caspian Sea. I was there to support a senior Special Agent mainly as an interpreter, but I have to say it – he was not competent. It soon became clear that he was collected a favor from above and he was not there to chase the criminals to ground. Instead it seemed to me that he was just taking an international trip on the bureau and killing time until retirement.

This should not happen in the bureau. I felt for the victims, and I was keen to get to the bottom of this case.

FBI agents operate in pairs for a reason – to stay safe. But I had a partner who spent too much time in the casino or the bath houses, and that left me working alone, and exposed. But I was doing the rounds and doing my best. I had even picked up a little of the local language - Azerbaijani is a type of Turkish. It can be complicated but basic conversation is not difficult. Many people in Azerbaijan do not speak any Russian at all, so until I learned more I needed an interpreter arranged through the US Embassy.

I made some waves, but waves bounce back.

The body of my interpreter was discovered and this was reported back to the Embassy. I was missing assumed also dead. My room in the hotel had been trashed and my laptop taken. There was still plenty of information that I had collected sent back Stateside but probably without me it made no sense. Certainly my “partner” would be of no help. He was recalled – holiday over. The investigation ceased.

Still, an FBI agent missing assumed dead on foreign soil is a serious business. I have no doubt that they went looking for me. Agents from the Embassy would have started. The CIA may have sent others who could dig deeper, but they were looking in all the wrong places, or rather looking at all the wrong faces.

But I was not dead. I was classed as meat able to be sold, as I can crudely translate the phrase. My captors dealt in such meat. And given I spoke Russian I was suitable for the domestic market. All that was necessary was for some modifications.

Everything is available in Baku. You can buy women; you can buy boys; you can buy women who were once boys, you can buy the surgery to turn boys into girls. My captors were ready to make the investment, because they had a buyer in mind. When I woke up in pain, with breasts on my chest and my groin slashed and inverted, they told me that the deal was already done.

I was sent to recover to a place that was not so unpleasant. It faced out over the sea with cliffs as a natural barrier, and walls where there were no cliffs. I was told what I needed to do to ease the pain, present and future. The first rule was that if you want pain relief, then follow instructions. Use the tool – dilate, dilate, dilate. Moisturize, moisturize, moisturize. Brush the new hair – in the morning and at night – make it your own. Only then do you get what you need.

It seemed unbelievable that they would even bother to do this to me. The world is full of pretty young women for these bastards to exploit – why turn a man into one? Because they had a special buyer with very specific requirements. I had no idea who he was, but when they thought that I was ready, they invited me to speak to him through a video recording.

“Whoever you are, you will be found, and you will be punished for your crimes!” I could only croak as they had done something to my voice box, but I could spit and snarl and show him that I was a wild animal – a vicious creature but driven by a thirst for justice.

It turns out that this was just what he wanted. He wanted an American, tallish, naturally fair and blue eyed, he was her sterile and incapable of menstruation, and he wanted her spirited, even angry. He said that it was not his idea that they use the body of man, but that he warmed to the idea, and when he saw me, growling at him through the camera, he was a buyer.

He asked for a large bust and a tight pussy. You can choose when you start from zero, meaning that I had neither of those. But there I was, cut and stuffed, and with my bloodstream flooded with slow release hormones that wasted away my strength and gave me that soft layer all over what had once been a reasonable physique.

He chose for me to have long hair too. I removed the extensions myself after a while, but he had them put back for the wedding, and now my own hair is the length he likes.

Oh yes, there was to be a wedding, but I was to be his fourth wife. It was intended to be me joining a harem, I suppose. There is could be a curiosity and an occasional plaything, or so he thought.

But I believe that there are two types of people in this world: Victims, and those who choose not to be victims. I put myself in the latter category. It was just a question of biding my time and finding a way out of this nightmare.

He name was Abdul, so you can guess that he was Muslim, as was anybody with any power in Azerbaijan. But as power goes, he was as close to the top as you can get. He was a general in the army and as the commander during the victory in the second Karabakh War he was something of a hero. Even semi-retired he could call upon the loyalty of the army, and the politicians knew that.

But in he semi-retirement Abdul had commercial ambitions. He was helped by the fact that for years before that war he had worked closely with the Army of Turkey and had formed commercial alliances there too. He was able to take control of key enterprises and make a large amount of money. He was financially important, and the politicians knew that too.

But he was friendly with all politicians who mattered. He was a big man with a big handshake and a big smile. He had no political ambitions. He supported any politician who supported him, and that was all of them.

When I met him for the first time they had washed and waxed my body and beautified my face and hair and I was dressed in sexy underwear beneath a dress that could best be described as expendable – easily to be torn from my body.

As I explained, I was to understand the depth of my problem and pick a time to act, so this man was just another obstacle to overcome. I looked him up and down with a curiosity that clearly amused him.

He spoke only a little English which was a deficiency that he hoped I might help cure, but he knew enough to introduce himself and to tell me that I was to answer to the name of “Ellie”. It sounded like an American name and he said that in his language it meant “from another country”.

I imagined that if I had a knife in my hand, I could leap at him and cut his throat, but it should be clear that I am not that person. I needed to gather information. It is what I do.

My guess that he was around 50 years old, larger than me – bulky but light on his feet – an athlete or a fighter. His hair was thick and dark and well groomed. He had stubble as he did every afternoon despite shaving every morning. He had a smile, and eyes that smiled even when his mouth did not. If I had not known that he was popular I would have guessed it.

“I want to marry you,” he said. “I want you be my American bride.”

“I am not even a woman,” I said, in disbelief that this man who was evidently sexually active and quite handsome, would be interested in a sexual liaison with anyone other than a real born woman.

“Please, forget that life. It is before. It is finish.” He descended into the Azeri tongue which I did not understand at the time. It would take no time to learn it by force of immersion – when you are surrounded by people who speak no other tongue, and where hand signs or drawings on paper become spoken words. I needed to do what I did, and at the very beginning of all of this, to allow myself to be taken in by his other wives, and prepared by them to be his fourth.

The oldest of them was Fatima who would have been close to him in age. She had borne him only one child who was a son, and who had become her sole focus in life. She was barely in attendance. Her son was married and had two children of his own, and Fatima spent more time caring for them.

Abdul had loved her, and still did in a way. She was still a very attractive woman, but they had grown distant since she failed to bear him other children. For that he had married Leila as his second wife. She proved fertile and nurturing but she has grown fat and was no longer attractive to Abdul. The youngest was Tisha, who pretty and lively but by the time I arrived she was heavily pregnant. Of all of the three she would have been jealous had she not been told that I was not really a woman, but a man emasculated, feminized and to be subdued for his perverse pleasure.

I understood none of this at the time. I only understood that I was taken in by people who seemed ready to help me to recover from my ordeals and find my place by learning the languages and something of my surroundings.

They had received some instructions specific to me, in that they had learned that I had a vagina that required special care. It was the source of some curiosity and a lot of giggling, but they made it clear to me that they were under instructions and needed to face any discomfort. As it happened discomfort did not last and was strangely replaced with pleasurable feelings.

I might have put it down to the fact that there I was in the presence of three women lying on soft cushions with fragrant incense filling the air while they massaged my new genitals with a phallic shaped tool – is pleasure not an expected result? But surely the surgery should have robbed me of these sensations. If anything, it seemed to have enhanced them.

They counted down the days until I would become one of them – a sister wife, although that was not the phrase that was used. There is a special title for one such as I was to be, but I was soon to lose that label.

When you think of Muslim weddings I suppose that you think of them as being women in the shrouds they wear on the street, but my wedding was nothing like that. Throughout the Middle East weddings are the chance for women to go all out. Hair and makeup is monumental and gowns are as ornate as can be imagined. But for Azerbaijan you can count on the volume being turned up. The city of Baku is loud, and the people in it are even louder in the way they express themselves.

With all the photographs that I have now, looking back at how we all looked in our finery with hair piled up and makeup plastered on and breasts on display, it seems easier to understand how I got caught up in it all. I has spent weeks with Abdul’s wives (I refuse to call it a harem) and all the while the excitement grew right up until the big day. Can I be blamed for being trapped by the whole thing and behaving the way I did?

But the biggest surprise for me was to stand face to face with my enemy with everybody looking on. Here he was, the man who had bought me like a carcass, and maybe even had me butchered to the cut her preferred. I should hate him.

He had visited me regularly in the weeks leading up to the wedding, and given me small gifts, some of value but some just steeped in tradition as was explained to me. He had told me that his desires were genuine but it all seemed so hard to believe. How could I escape the notion that this man was the very worst kind of drooling sex fiend and the wedding just a cruel and humiliating performance?

All such thoughts seem to evaporate as he held my soft manicured hand in his powerful mitt and made his vows in between the mullah droning on in Arabic. He looked right into my eyes with those eyes of his. The eyes he looked at were a woman’s eyes – painted and shaded by false eyelashes, a little nervous and fearful, but yielding. I guess they might be the eyes of every bride. All I knew was that I was more beautiful that I had any right to be, and this was who he was vowing to be true to.

What could I do? I mean, I was always going to say whatever I had to do to survive, and if that meant saying “I do” in a hundred languages then I would have done it, but that is not what I did. I made a vow to him that day. He made a vow to me and I made a vow to him, and that is what happened.

He took me away after the feast and he made love to me. That is the only way to describe it – an expression of love sealed by filling me with his hot fluid while I writhed in ecstasy.

He told me later that the surgery was the best money could buy. All sensations were assured, and they did not lie. I suppose that should have settled it for me, but how could I hate him for making me capable of feeling such joy.

I was never much of a man anyway.

I had skills. Financial crime was where I had started. And I was an English speaker and highly competent in Russian. Now I could add Azerbaijani and with it some ability in Istanbuli Turkish. Abdul was never a man to ignore the abilities of anybody, let alone the person standing beside him.

I became the most valued of his wives. Well, perhaps the mothers of his children will always claim that and I will let them, provided I am the one in his bed at night and I am the one beside him in the limousine and at parties with the rich and famous and commercially connected. Of course, I am. I am beautiful. The General’s mysterious American wife. Some say he plucked me from being trafficked and married me – but it was a love match.

He says that he knew who I was when he first saw, but I am not quite sure when that was. He says that he saw my hate, but that hate is simply a mountain to climb, and he liked to climb mountains and always got to the top. I don’t doubt it.

As for the FBI, I am officially dead. But I still have that thirst for justice, and my position in my husband’s business empire does permit me to gather certain information and feed some of it back to the team investigating human trafficking in Eastern Europe. I am simply “Source E”.

I would like to think that if Abdul knew he would forgive me, but it is best that he doesn’t. I have just told him that I don’t want him involved in human trafficking – not ever. He has vowed that he will not, and I believe him to be a man of his word.

The End

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