

Cinco de Mayo special

MAY 2026



At 19, Mitch was already pretty accomplished: a straight-A medical student with a talent for languages. On that summer, with all exams already aced, he did what any overachiever would do: he booked a solo trip to Mexico to “brush up” his Spanish.

He wasn't built for the beach in the way other guys were. Narrow shoulders, soft arms that refused to bulk. Girls had never looked at him twice but that was about to change, he felt it. When a pretty Latina approached him he smiled and started chatting. Ready to show off his Spanish, she surprised him in perfect English. “I'm good, thanks. English is fine.” She seemed genuinely nice, maybe even a little too eager, and every so often her smile faltered, like a cloud passing over her eyes.

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"None of my business"- he thought. She ordered drinks. "You're nervous, it'll help you relax!"

Halfway through the mojito, the world started tilting. *Shit.* He'd never handled alcohol well. She was staring at him, noticing the first signs of dizziness, with a cold, detached look that scared him. When he realized he had been drugged, he was too weak to escape. Her voice was cold, almost gentle. "It's okay, don't worry. You'll be fine."

The last clear thing he remembered was her raising a hand and two broad-shouldered Mexican men appearing at his sides, lifting him effortlessly. Then everything went dark.



Mitch woke slowly, his head pounding. The room was a finished basement, white walls, soft lighting, almost clinical. No chains. His hands flew to his abdomen. Smooth. Intact. No incisions, no pain. A wave of relief hit him—until he looked down. He was wearing a simple white dress. Knee-length, modest. Beneath it, his legs were shaved smooth. His heart slammed against his ribs as he reached up and felt the cool metal of hoop earrings. They had pierced his ears. And the smell: something sweet, chemical, like makeup. Mitch touched his face. Foundation. Blush. Something glossy on his swollen lips. “What the fuck...” he whispered, voice cracking.



He pushed himself off the bed, the white dress clinging to his smooth, hairless thighs. His earrings swayed with the motion. A large mirror was mounted on the wall. His sleek hair, now longer, pulled into a tight bun, flawless makeup, dramatic lashes, contoured cheeks, lips plumped by filler. Large silver hoop earrings swayed gently from newly pierced ears. A slender, unmistakably feminine body: narrow waist, smooth shoulders, rounded hips, and long, shaved legs. He touched his smooth jaw, the delicate neck. No Adam's apple. A wave of desperate fear crashed over him—like he was being hunted with nowhere left to hide. No anger, no fury... just pure, choking terror.



A soft click echoed from the top of the stairs. The door opened. A stocky man stepped into view, against the brighter light. He descended slowly.

He spun away from the mirror and tried to run for the stairs. His legs felt weak, almost rubbery, the muscles strangely diminished. He only made it a few clumsy steps before his knees buckled and he caught himself against the wall, breathing hard, almost fainting. He was as weak as a kitten.

"Easy, Mitch," the Hispanic man said in heavily accented English. "Don't panic. You could hurt yourself." "I'm a medical student," he said, voice cracking in a higher, softer register that terrified him even more.



"I know you've been injecting me with hormones... For how long?" The man smiled, impressed. "We know you're a bright guy. Top student. That brain of yours is going to be useful. You have a very special role to play." He paused. "It's been almost three months." Mitch shivered, hugging himself. "You can't get away with..." The man continued: "We left your clothes and phone in a brothel in Tijuana. The police already assume your body was harvested for organs. No one is looking for you anymore. You know how many Americans disappear every year here? Just cooperate... and things will be comfortable for you." He recalled the words of the girl "It's okay, don't worry. You'll be fine" and tried to breathe. There was no way out.



Weeks had passed. Mitch had played along perfectly – quiet, obedient, never once resisting. No male ego apparently left to fight with. The terror of being eliminated had erased any thoughts of resistance. He followed every order with quiet, remarkable obedience, almost eagerness to please his masters.

Even now, sitting on the hospital bed after getting top and bottom surgeries, gently touching his new breasts and pelvis, recovering from the vaginoplasty, his traumatized psyche was hoping his masters would be pleased with the result.

His handler Tiburcio entered the room and smiled “You’ve been a very good girl,” he said in Spanish.



"From now on, your name is Ximena. Do you understand?" She looked up at him, her voice soft and feminine as she answered in clear Spanish, "Sí... entiendo. Me llamo Ximena."

Tiburcio's grin widened. "Mira nada más. A good boy really can become a very good girl when he tries. ¡Qué tetas, carajo! - he added - Shame they're half post-op padding though." He stepped closer, studying her submissive posture with satisfaction. Ximena lowered her gaze.

After her final check-up, they dressed Ximena in a simple white dress. Still weak, they led her to a black SUV which took them deep into a remote countryside where the gang held absolute power.



They pulled up to a small, isolated hair salon on the edge of a quiet town. Tiburcio watched the stylist finish attaching and styling Ximena's long chestnut extensions in silence. She looked much better than she ever did as a guy.

"I spoke with the boss last night," he said quietly. "We're still not sure what to do with you. The usual plan is to turn pretty boys into trans escorts... but not you. You're too smart. It would be a waste. And you're so obedient. Seems like you even enjoy this. You've made everything so easy for us – never fighting, never complaining. We want to reward that. But you're such a delicate flower now... too soft, too pretty for any of the dangerous work."



"If I can be useful... I'll do anything," she whispered. "Whatever you need. I just want to be good for you." She lifted her eyes just enough to meet his in the mirror – soft, resigned, and sincere. No trace of Mitch remained.

Tiburcio studied her for a long moment, gently playing with a lock of her silky new hair.

"You really have become the perfect girl, haven't you?" Ximena gave a tiny, submissive nod, already bracing herself for whatever came next. In any case, she belonged to them now, she thought.

The following weeks, things started to move faster.

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Tiburcio took her back to a discreet eye clinic. While she sat obediently, the doctor applied local anesthesia and carefully dyed her irises a deep, warm brown. Ximena blinked slowly at her reflection in the mirror. The striking blue-gray color she had known her whole life vanished, replaced by dark brown eyes that made her look already different.

She stared at herself in quiet surprise, gently touching the skin beneath her new eyes.

A few days later the Melanotan injections began in earnest, followed by regular suntanning sessions. Each dose deepened the golden tone of her naturally pale skin and accelerated the change at her scalp.



Day by day, the roots of her long hair darkened from chestnut to glossy jet black. Eventually, a full hair dye session made the color look entirely natural.

She had finally gotten used to her female face, her softened features, her long hair... now this change destabilized her as the last visible trace of Mitch disappeared.

Tiburcio stood behind her "Your eyes and hair looked pretty before," he said calmly, resting a hand on her shoulder. "But we have no blue-eyed blondes here. We don't want anyone noticing you're a gringa". Ximena lowered her gaze obediently. "Entiendo..." she whispered, voice soft and accepting.



Tiburcio smiled and ran his fingers through her now black hair. "Good girl. One last touch today."

He took her to a private piercer the gang used. Ximena sat still as they gave her multiple ear piercings plus a small nose ring. She barely flinched, only breathing softly through each one. Ximena touched one of the new hoops in her ear with that same resigned, submissive expression, recalling her that her body didn't belong to herself anymore.

Unsatisfied with the slow progress of her tanning sessions, she was introduced to the latest CRISPR-based therapy, cutting-edge technology the gang had access to through underground connections.



Over several sessions, her skin tone was finally deepened to a rich, natural caramel shade that would never fade.

Ximena accepted every procedure without complaint, only nodding softly when they asked if she liked her new look. During her last session – a semi-permanent makeup appointment – Tiburcio leaned against the wall, arms crossed, watching the artist work. “Your servitude is about to be put to the test, Ximena. We’ve been gentle with you so far... but now we need to see if you’re truly ready to serve. By treating you with gloves, we’ve spared you the bad side of our life. It’s time you learn it. After all, you might be book smart, but you need to be street smart.”



Ximena's freshly enhanced brown eyes widened slightly. "What do you mean?" Tiburcio stepped closer. "No more easy life for you. You're going to become a street criminal now. A small one, just some pickpocketing... but you need to learn it." Ximena's breath caught. "Oh please... I can cook, I can clean, I can serve drinks, I can... I can marry you if you want, but..." "No buts," Tiburcio cut her off firmly. "This is what we need from you now."

Ximena lowered her gaze. This was different, not another humiliation to endure passively, it was something active... After a long second she gave a tiny, resigned nod. "Entiendo..." she whispered obediently. "I'll learn whatever you want me to learn."



Ximena had only ever been obedient. Quiet. Passive. A good boy turned into a good girl. But now they wanted more. They wanted her to become a *bad* girl.

The idea still clashed somewhere deep in her mind – the last fragile piece of Mitch screaming that this wasn't her life. She was supposed to be a medical student, not a Mexican street criminal. Yet the other part of her – the louder, terrified part – knew the truth: she needed the gang's protection. Without them she was nobody. Escaping was impossible, and the thought of being abandoned made her stomach twist with fear.

So she obeyed. Again.



The bustling market in the historic center was packed with tourists and locals. Ximena moved through the crowd in her red plaid shirt, white crop top, and tight jeans, her long black hair tied in a high ponytail with a red bandana. She looked every bit the pretty local girl.

She spotted her targets – an older American couple in bright tourist clothes, frowning over a large paper map. Ximena took a deep breath, and approached with soft, hesitant steps. “Excuse me... are you guys okay?” she asked in perfect, innocent-sounding English. “You look a little lost. This market can be so confusing.”



The couple looked relieved. Ximena stepped between them, pointing at the map with one hand while her other hand – thin, quick, and steady – slipped into the man’s loose pocket. Her fingers closed around his phone with smoothness. Before the man realized anything she turned and melted back into the crowd.

Her heart pounded hard, the adrenaline making her weak legs fly. Once she was several blocks away, she ducked into a quiet alley and quickly hid the stolen phone into a flashy glittery case she had been given. Then she raised it, puckered her lips into a cute duck-face, and took a mirror selfie. Proof for Tiburcio.

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The challenge seemed to leave a strong impression on Ximena's young mind. For the first time, she stopped feeling like a fraud, like a good American boy trapped in the body of a chola, or a chica mala. She had used her charm, her looks even to commit a crime and blend in the crowd. In the new, mirrored hierarchy of crime she was now starting to position herself, she was still a beginner, but she was one of them now, and they started treating her as such, not anymore like a prisoner. She had more freedom, access to her gang's apartments and, occasionally, to her boss's villas. She had also picked up smoking and was enjoying it. It was liberating. She might never be able to fuck a girl, but she was finally having some fun.



However, officially joining the Latin Kings and Queens came with certain rituals.

Ximena lay face-down on the bench in the tattoo parlor. The buzz of the tattoo machine filled the air as the artist carefully worked on her skin.

She winced slightly, biting her glossy lip, but stayed perfectly still. A small, delicate crown with a code was taking shape just above the curve of her hips – the mark of the gang.

“Almost done, princesa,” the artist murmured. The permanent ink was sinking into her caramel skin, sealing her new identity. She was becoming one of them, body and soul, and despite the pain, this thought made her feel good.