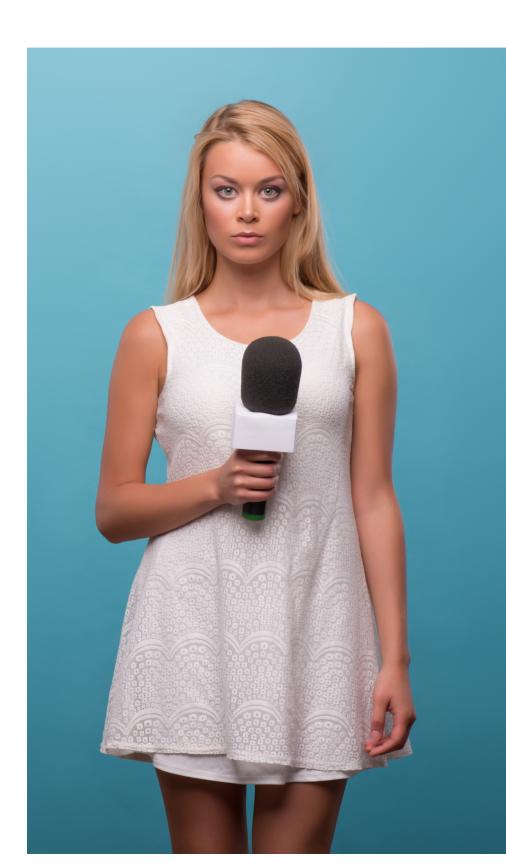
Trapped

SEPTEMBER 2021



This is the story of Debbie, a young reporter specialised in genderrelated social issues such as gender gap in wages, low literacy rates for women in developing countries, etc.

She felt very passionately about topics involving feminist issues, so when she was told about the possibility to investigate the living conditions of women in difficult areas of Latin America she jumped on the opportunity.

She was sent to the Dominican republic, where the general poverty of women was aggravated by the plague of prostitution, which many girls saw as the only way out from poverty.

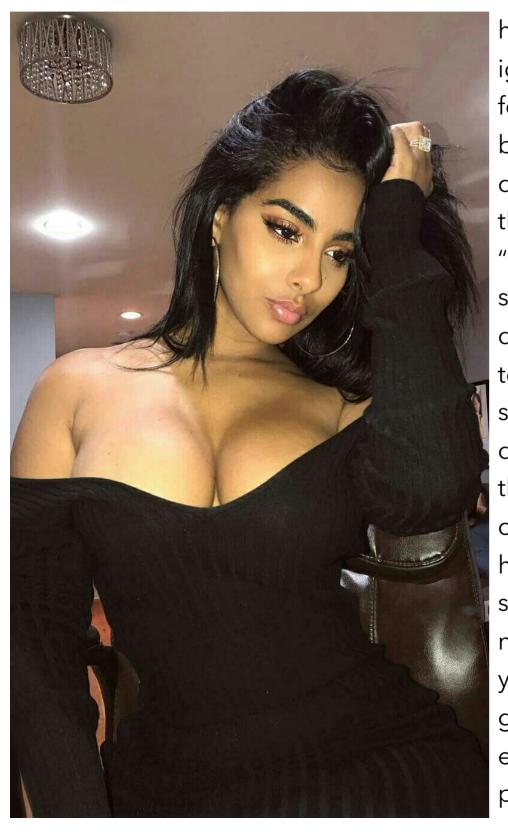
She talked to some of the girls and managed to reconstruct how the network to trick girls into prostitution with vague promises of a career as models or actresses worked. She had managed to film inside some brothels and to put together a brilliant piece of journalism documenting the living conditions of these girls when her activities were noticed by some local pimps. They reported the news to their boss, Diego, one of the most prominent men in the prostitution racket there, who feared possible connections between Debbie and the police. Realising how small her team was - basically herself and some technicians, he ordered his men to kidnap her.



They brought her to a hidden medical facility where her body was extensively remodelled. Her veins were flooded with melanin, to make her skin quickly darken. On top of that, they implanted into her body a few micro capsules that would release the same substance for her whole life, so that she would never have pale skin again, no matter how long she avoided the sun. Her hair would also start so grow darker now but to speed up the process, they eradicated her hair including the roots and transplanted on her head long, curly black hair. They permanently covered her irises in dark brown pigments and modified her facial features to give her an exotic look. Finally they gave her massive breast and butt implants, giving her a very curvy figure.

When Debbie woke up, she suddenly realised something was off. Her nails were extremely long and her skin was tan, like really tan. "What's wrong with my body... Oh shit, my breasts are huge!"

Then the boss, Diego, entered the room to give Debbie some explanations. "I know this will be a bit shocking for you sweetie, but there is no need to panic, you're alive and healthy right now. Calm down and listen to me now."



"Son of a bitch, what did you do to me? This can't be my hair! Ah shit, it hurts! Did you dye it?" "I'm afraid it will never grow blonde again, señorita! I ignore the science behind it, I pay those nerds enough to take care of that for me, but I'm pretty sure your hair follicles will only be able to grow hair as black as night. The same goes for your eyebrows and body hair, including down there, haha!" "But... why? - asked Debbie, shocked at the realisation that her body had been permanently altered - Why didn't you just kill me?" "Kill? I'm a pious man, I always do anything I can to avoid getting that far to solve problems. You were about to reveal to an international audience the details of the structure of my business. I had to prevent that, so ve decided to destroy all your recordings and notes, to alter your appearance and to stage your murder with a burned body wearing your clothes and documents. We left there enough of your real hair for DNA samples in case they bothered to check. Anyway, I've read on the news they've already celebrated your funeral." "Oh my God" Debbie said, covering her face with her brown hands. "Why did you give me this appearance?" - asked her, still struggling to accept her new appearance - "Well, I thought we could use a new girl and I have a personal preference for busty brunettes. Moreover, you are less noticeable now. Nobody will notice a new pretty Dominican girl in town. And don't even think about reclaiming your old identity at the embassy or something like that, nobody will believe you. You're just a pretty pair of tits, ok? Here's your new ID btw"



Her new ID said: "Sofia Ramirez, 24 years old, native Dominican." Debbie ran to the room that had been assigned to her to cry alone.

When she felt better, she picked up the least revealing outfit she found in the closet and left her residence. She tried to be unnoticed but her outfit left little to the imagination. She noticed that her complexion and features matched perfectly those of the average local girls, so that the people who saw her had little doubts she was anything else than a Dominican escort girl. She reached the US embassy and demanded an appointment with the ambassador himself - she had talked to him a few weeks prior. Knowing that nobody would believe her story, she introduced herself as Sofia, an escort girl who wanted to get in touch with the team lead by the recently deceased American woman to help them collect more information about that story. Her colleagues would believe her and help her out, she thought. However, she was told that after what had happened, her agency had decided to drop any such projects and to send her colleagues to work on safer topics. Any contacts between her team and the Dominican republic were lost. Then Debbie panicked and told him the truth in tears, begging to be brought back to the USA, but it was too late. They had already registered her fake ID as Sofia Ramirez and her story seemed just a poor attempt to get a green card to the States.



After having failed another couple of desperate attempts, she was banned from the US embassy and, for what mattered, from the US altogether for having attempted to claim somebody else's identity with little proofs, so she was left with little choice. As any other pretty Dominican girl with no money or connections, prostitution was the only way to get around. "It's only temporary" - she told herself "until I figure out how to get out of here"

She inevitably came back to the man who had turned her into a Latina girl and begged him to hire her in his brothels. She was hired with a few conditions. She could only speak Spanish from now on and only serve Dominican customers, to avoid any chance of meeting some old connection who might believe her story. A microphone was hidden in her earrings, so that they could always keep her under control. Reluctantly, Debbie agreed and so her new life as a Dominican escort girl began. Her Spanish was already pretty good for professional reasons but now, being forced to speak it all the time, she learned it like a native, even mastering the local dialect. With time, she began thinking in Spanish as that was the only language she spoke now, until her native English became pretty rusty, in a final blow to her and identity.



Nowadays she has given up any hope of escaping and has fully embraced her new identity as Sofia Ramirez. She's became a lot better in bed and had come to enjoy her sessions with customers, making her really popular in her brothel.

Sofia has a few recurring customers who really like her, sometimes she thinks she could settle down with one of them, preferably a decently wealthy one, who could buy her freedom from her boss and give her a new life as the housewife of a hunky Latino man. Despite all her past feminist views, she has come to accept that in the society she lives now, women play a more submissive role in society and if she wants to fit in she has to accept that. At that point, being a respected and free Dominican woman, although subordinated to her man is everything she can hope for.

She still has flashbacks to her old life as a strong, independent woman living in the States but that seems so distant right now she had begun to see it more as a dream than as real life memories.