A Sicario Returns

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

**Part 1**

“We understand that you are heavily motivated to go back, but obviously without a complete disguise you would be unable to infiltrate the cartel … but we have a plan.”

Oscar Collazo was listening. Ed Sanchez was an experienced DEA agent who had been working as his “handler” since he had turned against the San Martin cartel three years before. Now he was in hiding in Texas, his family ruthlessly murdered by the organization he had once worked for.

“To be honest with you, Oscar, we still need somebody inside” Ed continued. “I cannot be you, and yet it has to be you.”

“I want to go back,” Oscar snarled. “I do not care if I live or I die, so long as others die”.

“Officially we do not countenance vengeance by murder,” said Ed. “But unofficially, anything that helps reduce the drug trade, or encourages people to stay out of it, works for us. But we don’t want to see you dead. The truth is that you will not even make it to the border, let alone get into Mexico, or anywhere near the cartel, as Oscar Collazo. You need a totally new identity. A flawless disguise.”

“I am ready,” said Oscar testily. “I am committed to the destruction of the drug trade. You know it. I have nothing left to lose. Whatever is required. Wherever I need to go. Tell me what you want me to do.”

“Our plan requires a radical disguise,” explained Ed. “This disguise will require plastic surgery, some of it irreversible, and behaviorial training. You could never be the same person afterwards.”

“Whatever it requires, I will do it.” Oscar was ready to say what he felt. He was ready to say: ‘I am not a person anymore. I am an empty shell. Death is irreversible and give me that. But not before I have taken a few lives in exchange for the lives of my family.’ But Oscar had been working with the DEA for long enough now to know that he should keep some thoughts to himself.

“What we are talking about, is disguising you as a woman,” said Ed.

For a moment, Oscar’s surprise lifted him out of his brooding anger. It was clear that this was not a time for joking. All he asked was: “How could this be done?”

“You are a small man of slight build,” Ed said. “Your face and body could be modified easily, including changing your voice to a higher pitch, but the hard part would be in learning to behave like a woman. That would take time. Time and commitment.”

“Do you think that I could do this?” Oscar was interested. If there was to be a disguise, a moustache would not do the job. This idea was so radical it might just work. It might allow him to walk right into the belly of the beast. There he could rip out its heart.

“That is up to you,” said Ed. “The Agency would be prepared to arrange everything, to get you back inside the cartel, passing out the further intelligence that we need. And, unofficially Oscar, you could do some damage, but hopefully while remaining active.”

Oscar knew what Ed was saying. He wanted a long-term infiltration. Oscar could arrange for those who had wronged him to die so long as he remained embedded. That would be difficult. Oscar had contemplated a short blood bath resulting in his own death. But maybe something could be worked out?

“How do you expect me to penetrate as an unknown – a stranger?” Some ideas were circulating, but Oscar asked anyway.

“You know everybody and all the systems,” said Ed. “You will not get back Sicario status, but as a woman you may be able to get close.”

“In the cartel, women are servants or sluts. Which will I be?”

“Which will be better placed?” Ed’s question hung in the air.

What will a man do for revenge? For Oscar there was only one answer: Anything. Would he suck cock to get close enough to kill the man who had killed his family? Of course. Would he be prepared to sacrifice his genitals? What use were they now? He had no wife. Maria was dead. The fruit of his loins – little Esteban and his beloved Consuela, were now buried in the desert. All that was left was memories. The loss of his cock and balls would not change that.

He needed to keep his thoughts to himself. Jill Frobisher encouraged him to open up as a part of his “gender retraining” but he could not give away the memories and the thoughts that they drove.

“My job is to get you adjusted to your new gender,” Jill explained. “We need to strip back all that makes you male so that we can start from a new beginning.”

But the desire for revenge is not just for men, is it? Women can be driven by the same forces. Don’t they say: ‘Hell hath no fury like a woman wronged’ (or something like that)? Evangelina Pinto could have the same feelings driving her – could she not?

She was now Evangelina – Evie. A body torn to pieces by the surgeon, with just a small specimen of frozen sperm being all the maleness left of Oscar Collazo. Evie was the future, and she assumed that it would be short.

But she relished her pain. Her face bound in bandages, her throat silenced while it healed, the breasts held tight by a surgical bra, and her groin swathed in dressings with a tube to piss through. The pain in her new body no seemed a little closer to the pain in her mind. Oscar lived in her through his pain.

And she could say nothing. While her vocal cords recovered, she was doomed to silence. She could only listen, and nod.

“Every little girl dreams of the same things,” said Jill. “She dreams of being pretty and being loved. We need to start from there. Start at the beginning. When you have healed, we will look at dance to promote feminine movement. But above all, you need to learn to love being a woman.”

Evie nodded. This woman was being paid for by the agency, just as the surgeons who had hacked off his genitals had been. He had agreed to everything. He had signed all the waivers and acceptances. He had chosen this path to get back. Now he recognized that if he was to pull this off, he needed to listen, and follow instruction.

Somehow, it all came together when the bandages came off, and when at the same time, he was permitted to speak. What he saw was a face that was surprisingly beautiful, and a voice that came out of that mouth sounding so high and light, that it seemed than she was not him at all. What added to it was the invisible hair extensions that were added to the surgically altered scalp.

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| Ed Sanchez grinned: “With a face and body like that you can be any woman you want to be.”  But the grin was forced. Ed found himself aroused by the person examining herself coldly in the mirror. Somehow the disregarding regarding of the beauty and the underlying anger made the new Evie all the more attractive.  “I don’t want to delay any further,” said Evie.  “I have your papers and a back story for you to memorize and then destroy,” said Ed, lurching back from his sexual fantasy.  But Evie was having her own moment as she spotted that her eyebrow needed smoothing down. There was a power in this face. With the determination of Oscar Collazo, and this body, Evangelina Moya was a potent weapon. A weapon that could be used to destroy the cartel – that would be used for that purpose. | Image result for catalina gira |

**Part 2**

The work started less than a week later, when Evie Moya called at the house of cartel boss, Raul Quesada. She recognized the man who stood at the door. It was his enforcer Gerardo Cicerón, younger brother of Raul’s number two, Roman Cicerón.

“My name is Evangelina Moya,” she said. “I have come here to collect the body of my sister Maria, who was married to the traitor Oscar Collazo, and return her to our mother, in Zacatecas”.

Gerardo looked at her lustfully, but with some admiration, for some time before speaking: “You have balls, Chica, for coming to this house.”

“Our mother weeps for her daughter. I can stand it no more. I can only come here and ask.”

“Fair enough. Come inside and I will see what can be done for you.”

He checked her bag. Evie had no weapon on her as she followed him inside, but she wished that she had an axe to bury in his spine.

She knew every inch of this house, and everyone in it, yet nobody saw Oscar Collazo. It was as if he was an invisible man, moving through the house, and able to strike with impunity. But Evie had work to do, and to murder early would be to miss the chance to murder them all.

She sat as she had been instructed, with her knees together, and tightened the tie on her ponytail almost instinctively now. She rummaged in her bag but decided not to freshen her lipstick. She had been in this room before. She knew there was a hidden camera in the bookcase. She was not here to look good (although she could not help but do that) – she was here on family business.

She knew the man who entered too. He was not as large as his younger brother, but he was intimidating.

“I am Roman Cicerón, señorita,” he said, extending his hand. “My brother has told me what you are looking for, but what makes you think that we can help you with this?”

“Please señor, do not toy with me. I know all about my sister and her husband …”. With the mention of him she turned her head and spat without spittle, on the floor beside her. Roman smiled. “I know what you are, and I know that she chose to be a part of this. I do not condemn any of you. I just want to take my sister home and bury her.”

The intensity of this woman intrigued Roman. There were feelings in him that he barely recognized. In his position women were disposable. If it were anybody else, he might have disposed of this woman. How dare she say” ‘I know what you are’? This is a secret organization. People outside it who know anything should die. But this woman … he could not kill her. This woman was different.

“I am not saying that we know anything of your sister’s death, señorita,” he said. “But I will look into it. It is getting late. Where are you staying?”

“I have nowhere to stay, señor,” she said plaintively. “Perhaps there is an inn in the village that I can afford?”

“You can stay here for a night or two,” said Roman. “As our guest. You have my personal guarantee of hospitality and protection. I have offered to help you find the body of your sister, and until I have an answer, you may stay in one of our guest suites.”

And with that, Evie was inside. Oscar had his opportunity.

Alone in the ensuite of her comfortable room, Evie pulled the large stent from her new vagina. Since the death of Maria, Oscar had no need of a penis, and now what had replaced it was a practical hiding place for what Evie needed – a weapon.

The stent was large and concealed a gun that could be assembled without tools. Ammunition was limited. Other weapons would need to be procured. There was plenty of killing to be done. But for now, the stent and its contents would need to be concealed.

There was a knock on the door. She opened it and Roman was standing there with a parcel in his hand.

“I want you to join me for dinner tonight,” he said. “You can wear this.” He handed the parcel to her.

“Please, kind señor,” she said. “I am not up to company tonight.”

“It is not a request,” he said. “Being our guest comes at a price. Señor Quesada is having a formal dinner tonight, and I need a partner. It will be you.”

The look on his face was cold and serious. She needed to play reluctance, but in the middle of a formal dinner she would have the chance to have the senior members of the cartel in one room. It was too good an opportunity to miss.

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|  | “And wear one other thing,” he said. “A smile. Be ready at 7:00.”  There was a purple dress inside the parcel, together with underwear including a strapless bra in black and matching lace panties. There were shoes too – silver snadals with heels that would be a challenge. And in the parcel was a felt box with a pair of ornate drop earrings inside. Could they be real diamonds? If they were it would be more money than he had ever held in his hands, and in days gone by Oscar had handled large bundles of cash.  She knew what to do. She had trained for this. Hair and makeup suitable for evening wear – just in case.  She could even wear the smile, and make it look genuine, but inside she was still seething with determination driven by hate. If she had a chance people would die tonight.  She was ready for him, but it was Gerardo who came to escort her down. He wore a gun on his hip.  The night was warm and humid. The table was laid in a large dining room with windows open onto a terrace. The room smelled of the flowers arranged along the walls, and of expensive tequila. Much of it had been drunk by the half dozen men seated, each with a woman beside them. |

But at the head of the table, Raul Quesada had no woman. He rose as she entered the room, his eyes fixed on her. She was surprised at her own reaction when she saw him. She had seen him this close only a few times and she had never noticed what a good-looking man he was. Perhaps it was the look that she received from him that made her realize the fact. His pupils seemed to dilate, as if his eyes had become pools of cool water to dive into, escaping the dry heat that spilled in through the open windows.

“You must be Evangelina Moya,” he said. And she nodded, as if afraid to speak. “I can see that you are wearing the earrings that I suggested. They look beautiful, but not anywhere near as beautiful as the woman wearing them.”

Roman was there and could see the look being exchanged. It appeared to annoy him. He took her roughly by the arm and forced her into the seat beside him, putting himself between her and Raul.

“No, change places Roman, so that I can speak to this young lady,” instructed Raul. Roman had no choice. She took the seat next to Raul. Raul took her hand and kissed it. He smiled at her.

“Thank you for your hospitality,” she said.

“Repay me by talking to me,” he said. So she did.

Their conversation started guardedly on both sides. Raul was uncertain of her, and Evie was there to kill. But as the evening wore on, those cautions disappeared. With her back story told, was there anything else to talk about? Plenty, as it turned out. While others at the table ate the fine food, drank the wine and more tequila, Raul and Evie talked.

She almost forgot why she was there, until Roman interrupted in an attempt to break up their tête-à-tête. It was annoying him. She was supposed to be with him. He blurted out: “Remember Boss, she is here looking for the bodies of the family of Oscar Collazo.”

“As you have already told me,” said Raul, clearly angry to have their conversation interrupted.

“I need to know,” said Evie, almost apologetically.

“Little Oscar worked for me,” Raul began. “It would be stupid to hide the business that we are in. I am sure that you know. Little Oscar betrayed me. He turned over details of my business to the Americans. I ordered him killed. I ordered his family, your sister and her children brought to this house. I held them hostage, but I treated them as guests. I would have exchanged them for his life. I had no reason to kill them. The truth is, I met your sister and I like her. I do not know why they died, but I am not happy that it happened. I don’t know where their bodies are.”

Raul was looking accusingly over her shoulder, and she turned to where he was looking. Roman was looking back at his boss. His look was of defiant acknowledgment. There was the killer of her family. Right beside her.

“And now it is time for bed,” said Roman. “And that is where we are going.” Roman grabbed her roughly by the arm.

She pulled back and slapped him across the face. She did not punch him as Oscar would have done. She slapped him like the woman she was.

Roman’s brother Gerardo had not been seated at the table. He was standing guard with some other men and was close to the head of the table. He could see that there was a scuffle looming and he came in to assert control.

“Puta!” said Roman. “You bitch.” He reached out to grab her gain as she stood. Gerardo was close to her now. So close that she could touch him – touch his belt. He was bringing an arm to strike her, but he was big and slow, and she was small and quick.

Roman was the first to die. The bullet from his brother’s gun hit him in the chest throwing him back over the chair he had risen from. The look of horror on Gerardo’s face gave her the time to place his pistol under his chin and blow the top of his head off.

And then there she was. She was spattered with blood and brains, with Gerardo’s gun now pointed at Raul, and guns around the table trained on her. But nobody was shooting. Nobody was shooting because Raul’s hand was in the air. His hand was signalling to everybody in the room that nobody should shoot the woman in the purple dress.

“Tell them to shoot,” she said. “Or I will shoot you.”

Why would she say that? She could shoot him now. The head of the cartel would be dead, and his chief enforcer, and one other. It would be a good day for the war against drugs. And Oscar would have his revenge. Why would she call for her own death rather than pull the trigger? It was the look in his eyes. The look he had given her all night. Her finger twitched, but she could not do it.

“Justice has been done,” said Raul softly. I meant what I said. I don’t know what happened to your sister and her family, but it was him, I am sure of it. Then when he took hold of you the way he did, I would have shot him myself if I was armed, but I don’t carry a gun. I am not a violent man. I trade in happiness. The drugs I sell, place their users in a happy place. Sadly, it is a violent trade, but only because those opposed to freedom of choice make it that way. You have done a good thing. I watched you kill these two men with such skill, it was like the hand of God moved you. You did a good thing. You defended your honor and avenged your sister. Now you can put the gun down.”

Shoot. Pull the trigger. She kept the gun levelled on him. She could feel the muzzles of every other gun in the room pointed at her. He would die, then she would die. What was she going to do?

Evangelina Moya burst into tears, and within seconds she was in the arms of Raul Quesada. He was stroking her hair, as he had wanted to do the whole evening, and he was kissing her blood-spattered forehead.

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| **Part 3**  Ed Sanchez’s heart leapt as she entered the room. She was dressed in a skimpy white top and cut-off jeans outrageously short, showing off her magnificent legs all the way down to her rhinestone sandals.  “Are you sure that you were not followed?” he asked.  “I am totally trusted by now, Ed,” she said. “But don’t worry. I take special precautions.”  “I do worry about you,” Ed said. “I care about you. You know that.”  “Yes, I do.” She pulled some paper from her bra and handed it to her DEA handler. “This is the shipment that you can intercept.”  “You don’t have to keep doing this,” said Ed. “We can get you out.” |  |

“I know,” she said. “But this is helpful, no? I am helping you to prevent the supply of drugs into the country, even if I have not been able to bring down the kingpin.”

“I want you to know that I don’t care about who you were before, Evie. To me you are a woman, and the most wonderful woman I have ever known. Please consider ending this and coming back to America and being with me.”

She smiled. She kissed him on the cheek on the way out. She knew that she had two men who loved her. Oscar was gone forever. She knew now that she could love as a woman, in every sense of the word. But which one?

The End

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The images are of Peruvian T-Girl Catalina Gira.