

MEXICAN HOLIDAY

by

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Prof. Louise Greenstreet and her daughter, Cindy, were on the last days of a trip into Mexico that was half holiday and half expedition. Louise was engaged in some research on the major Olmec sites and had thought this trip might be a good opportunity for her and Cindy to become close again. It seemed to have been only partially successful, however. The 18-year-old girl alternated between smiles and enthusiasm on one hand, and pouts and complaints on the other.

The two were now driving back north, however. As usual, Cindy wore a t-shirt, denim shorts, and flip-flops -- whereas Louise was just as comfortably -- and rather more stylishly -- dressed in tan culottes, white knit sleeveless top, peds, and sneakers. Unlike her daughter, she also wore a bra.

Louise had always been what is generally known as a "good girl" -- not quite a certified Goody-Two-Shoes prude, but near enough...vanilla upbringing, A-student, teacher's pet, academic scholarship, Phi Beta Kappa, graduate assistantship, no drugs, no pre-marital sex, no extra-marital sex, a bland and conventional marriage ending in a bland, no-fault divorce, and, meanwhile, an unblemished tenure-track career at a distinguished (but distinctly toffee-nosed) private university.

Louise always took some care with her appearance, aware that she had a certain position to maintain. To Cindy, she looked good, but also rather "uptight." Indeed, her feelings toward

her 42-year-old mother in general were similarly ambivalent -- which was common enough at her age. She admired her for what she was: a sophisticated and well-respected academic...and yet despised her for the same reasons: her tendency to over-analyze and over-intellectualize, to live an ivory tower life quite apart from "real" people. Cindy did have a well-enough developed sense of irony to realize that, after three weeks in Mexico, she herself was a little tired of having to mingle with so many "real" people so often.

They were passing through yet another village of sun-dried brick and feeble sanitation when they came upon a battered white Packard blocking their way.

Cindy, happy to get a break, slid out of the car and looked around disdainfully at the parched adobe village and its scattering of backward people. "Latino red-necks," she thought. She had what she'd come for and was tired of Mexico.

Louise, who didn't like the look of things, stayed in the car, but gazed about, hoping for assistance -- or at least some explanation of the improvised roadblock -- relaxed a bit to see a man in a tailored uniform exit a nearby building and strut in her direction. He was followed by a lanky, Mexican version of Cletus Spuckler in ill-fitting fatigues.

The leader halted a few feet from the car and beckoned to Louise. He was smiling, but not very sincerely, it seemed to her. Nevertheless, she hurriedly obeyed. After the car's A/C (as primitive as that was), the unpaved, sun-baked street was inhospitable. Moreover, standing in front of the official, she realized with some dismay that they were almost exactly the same height -- 5'6".

He clicked his heels, bowed very slightly, and saluted.

"Teniente Tito Carajo at your service...." He glanced at her left hand and added, "Señora. Welcome to Lago Perdido. I am the police commandant here and mus' ask you for your papers."

"Is there a problem?" Louise asked, as she handed over their passports.

"A mere formality, Señora. We mus' be vigilant. Drug smuggling, you know," he said, casually, as he leafed through the two documents. "Driving license, por favor." At the same time, he gestured to his gangly underling and nodded toward the car. "My cabo -- corporal -- will search your auto, con permiso."

Louise knew that this last phrase was strictly pro forma, like the "por favor." The lieutenant was suave and dapper, and that might have been reassuring in a taller man. But she was aware that, in a short one (particularly a short official), these characteristics were often the mark of a would-be Caesar....

Meanwhile, Cindy was drifting in their direction, and her bored expression changed abruptly when she caught sight of the corporal at work. Louise didn't notice...but the lieutenant did. And then, moments later, the corporal let out a satisfied noise and trotted back to Lt. Carajo with two rather large plastic bottles and a foil-wrapped package.

"Hmmm...." The lieutenant raised an eyebrow at the labels. "Drugs. I reco'nize the names from official papers, but I do no' remember wha' the effects migh' be...."

"Regardless, it's nothing to do with us. The car's a rental..." Louise began, but was interrupted by the corporal reporting in rapid fire Spanish and being answered by the lieutenant.

Carajo grimaced and looked hard at Louise. "Be careful, Señora. Hector, my corporal, discovered these bottles in a suitcase bearing the name of your daughter. Better to say nothing than to lie."

"Lie! But I assure y...." Louise could see that the lieutenant had stopped listening.

He turned on his heel and said, over his shoulder, "Come along to la cárcel -- the...estation -- and I will explain the situation...."

Accordingly, they all followed him -- bewildered Louise, apprehensive Cindy, and smug Hector.

The "station" was not air conditioned, but cooler than the street, thanks to its thick adobe walls. It reeked, however, of garlic, tobacco, cheap red wine, and B.O. Carajo's office was tidy, but only superficially better than the rest of the primitive establishment.

"Please to stand there, on the line," Carajo said, gesturing at the floor where a crudely-painted yellow stripe crossed the room from side to side. Simply assuming he'd be obeyed, he immediately turned to his corporal and began volubly issuing what was obviously a set of commands. Louise (who could speak text book Spanish, more or less) couldn't understand much of what was being said in what she imagined was local dialect. She was glad that Carajo spoke such good English.

Cindy cleared her throat. "Surely we aren't under ar...." She was silenced by the lieutenant's throat-slitting gesture.

A moment later, Hector saluted (after a fashion) and hurried from the room, leaving the drugs on the lieutenant's desk.

"I have sen' for el boticario -- the village apothecary -- Señor Áspero, who can tell me more abou' this...contraband." He leaned back comfortably in his worn desk chair, lit a cigarillo, and contemplated the two nervous Americanas.

The three spent a while sunk in their own thoughts, until at last Hector returned with a 50-ish man in tow -- tall and gaunt, in pince-nez glasses and a cliché scruffy white suit. The village apothecary, Louise surmised.

The newcomer examined the contraband and commented (at some length and with considerable animation), while Carajo took notes. Hector's attention, meanwhile, turned to Louise and Cindy, at whom he gazed appraisingly, through heavy-lidded eyes.

Eventually, the apothecary subsided, frowned at Louise and Cindy, and retired to a chair against the back wall. Carajo sighed and returned his pencil to its improvised caddy, a chipped commemorative mug from the 1968 Olympics.

"As I feared." He picked up one of the bottles. "This is Tri-Chloro...something, something...." He consulted his notes, scowled, and shrugged. "Better known as 'Trike.' A female aphrodisiac." He tapped the other bottle. "This is called 'Equis' (in English, 'Ex')." He looked at his notes again. "Which 'increases emotional responsiveness, lowers inhibitions and discretion, and induces euphoria....'" He prodded the package. "'Dixie' inhalers. Another aphrodisiac, which also...'increases the power of the orgasm in women.' All of these drugs can be

legally bought here -- by adults -- for personal use, but no' for re-sale, an' are completely illegal in the United States." He grimaced. "An' this amount is what your police call 'sale-weight.' I am afraid I mus' inform the Federales."

"But...but...I've had no connection with any of it," Louise protested. "Please! My reputation...my career...."

"I regret, Señora. Even if your daughter bought the drugs (as is likely), you are a...an accessory. You both will be considered drug dealers...and dealt with...harshly." He reached for a 1930s candlestick telephone.

Louise stiffened, her mind racing. "Wait!" she exclaimed. "Wait.... It's the beginning of July. We could stay here another two months, and-and if we -- Cindy and I -- consumed all of it.... Well, wouldn't that prove it was only for 'personal use'? Wouldn't it?"

Carajo sat back. After a pause, he went into conference with the apothecary. A few minutes later, he looked up. "Perhaps. Both of you would have to be in custody so tha' we could be sure there was no cheating. If you plead guilty to something minor -- say 'disorderly conduct' -- that would suffice, and we could then proceed. Yes?"

"Yes! I plead guilty to...disorderly conduct!"

"And you, chica?" Carajo asked Cindy.

"I suppose so," she muttered.

"No. That is not sufficient, either in words or tone. Try again."

"Yes, okay, whatever." Wilting under Carajo's unblinking stare, Cindy hung her head. "Yes, I plead guilty. I'm sorry."

"Satisfactory," Carajo said. "I sentence you both to two months in our jail for this offense. Now we must...process you." He said something to Hector, who sat down behind an ancient upright Smith-Corona, inserted a blank form, cracked his knuckles, and nodded.

The preliminary processing took some time, since Carajo had to ask all the standard questions, translate the women's replies into a version of Spanish, then wait while Hector laboriously typed in the information.

After a while, Carajo leaned back and stretched. "This is mos'...tedious. I hope you two are grateful for the efforts we are making on your behalf." He said something to Hector, who got up stiffly and slouched over to the women. "Now we mus' search you. Please to take off your clothes...all of them."

"But...", Louise began.

"No!" Carajo banged his fist on the desk. "I will tolerate no arguments or refusals...or even hesitations. Cooperate, and you will be...inconvenienced; do no' cooperate, and I will give you to the Federales. And I will not warn you again. Now...take off your clothes. Hand them, piece by piece, to Hector, who will inspect them."

"We have rights!" Cindy sputtered.

"Shut up, Cindy, and do as he says," Louise hissed.

Cindy sulked, but obeyed. Kicking off her flip-flops, she began to pull down her shorts, very slowly. Meanwhile, balancing

awkwardly first on one foot and then the other, Louise removed her shoes and socks and passed them to Hector (who sniffed them noisily, much to Louise's embarrassment and dismay.

"Maduro," Hector grinned. Louise understood that word: "ripe," and she wondered uneasily whether it was a compliment or a criticism.

She pulled off her top, handed it to Hector, and dropped her culottes. When she bent to pick them up, her daughter's shorts had descended no farther than knee-level.

"A small momen', Señora. The girl does no' seem to have understood. ¡Ayuda la chica, Hector!"

Obediently, Hector stepped behind Cindy and, with one motion, "helped" her by yanking her shorts down to her ankles. Her panties followed a heart-beat later. Reflexively, Cindy squealed, clamped her thighs together, and covered her crotch with her hands.

"Estand oop estraight, gurrl!" Carajo commanded, his annoyance momentarily corrupting his command of English. Recovering himself somewhat, he added, "Arms up in the air an' legs apart. Keep still while Hector attends to you." He glanced at Louise, who had frozen in place. "Carry on, Señora." His attention, however, was focused on Cindy, who was standing as ordered when Hector peeled her t-shirt up and off, leaving her totally naked. Carajo admired her bikini tan-lines, in particular -- the top set emphasizing her well-formed tits and the bottom framing her hairless crotch. Carajo licked his lips, but he imagined himself tasting something else.

Louise took advantage of the distraction to quickly remove her bra and panties and stood, slightly hunched over, waiting to pass them to Hector. She wondered if he would smell her panties, too,

which were damp from the long drive. (Merely sweat, she hoped.) There was a large lump in Hector's pants that was growing larger as she watched it. She was embarrassed to find herself squirming and breathing more rapidly.

And she wondered about the size of Carajo's lump.

As if on cue, he turned his attention to her. "Your daughter has the right idea abou' pubic hair, and you should -- you WILL -- follow her example and ge' rid of yours; it is both unsightly AND unsanitary, a collector of filth an' a breeding ground for disease...." He paused. "Moreover, its color is so very different from that of the hair on your head."

He nodded, staring at Louise.

She felt he was reading her mind, and she shivered.

He gave a further order to Hector, who promptly gathered up the women's clothes and left the room.

"Come closer, ladies; I wan' to get a better look a' you. Bueno. Now run in place. Faster! Ah...you both bounce verr' nicely...." He emptied out their purses onto his desk and picked up a pack of birth control pills. "These, I think, belong to you," he said to Cindy.

"Yes...sir...," the girl gasped.

"And you, Señora?"

"No, sir," Louise answered. "I'm not...well...I'm no longer f-fertile...."

Just then, Hector returned with a pitcher of water and two

glasses. Carajo shook two tablets out onto the desk. "Time for your medicine, ladies," he said.

Hector presented a pill and a glass of water to mother and daughter. Louise, breathing heavily, eyed her glass dubiously. Carajo laughed. "Do not worry, Señora. That water is the best you'll find in all of Mexico. The village's name may be 'Lago Perdido,' but the lake is not truly 'lost.' It retreated deep under ground many years ago and supplies us with any amount of pure, cold water. Drink up!"

Once again, Louise had the weird feeling that he could read her thoughts -- and so could see into her secret fantasies. She cowered and swallowed the pill...and the water. Cindy morosely followed suit. Then Carajo served up pills from the other bottle. He flicked the package of inhalers with a manicured nail. "We will save these...for especial occasions." He smiled in anticipation.

"Hands on head, ladies, both of you," Carajo ordered. Two more men, dressed in fatigues, had meanwhile come in, rolled and lit cigarettes, and leaned casually against the wall. One was a plump and pimply teenager, and the other was smaller, 40-something, and rat-like. (They were in fact the rest of the local police force.)

Louise knew that they would soon be removing her pubic hair. The idea excited her. When she was growing up, only a slut shaved her crotch. She could smell Hector's manly odor, and that excited her, too. She wondered what that lump in his pants looked like out in the open. Uncircumcised, probably....

She licked her lips.

Carajo shifted in his chair and said something else to Hector, who grinned and hastened to lay out some shaving things.

There was no exam table per se. But, at a word from Carajo, a library table was dragged into the center of the room, and Louise was ordered to lie down on it. The two junior policemen grasped her ankles, doubled her up so her knees were by her ears, and held her firmly, feet up and legs spread.

Hector fetched some hot water and poured a little into an old-fashioned porcelain shaving mug. He added a jigger of pale green liquid and a dollop of soap and slowly worked up a thick lather. He snipped the hair close with scissors and then brushed on the lather...which he proceeded to rub well in with his thumbs. He and his two assistants were grinning broadly as Louise whimpered, "It-it t-tingles.... Oh, god! Oh...oh...."

Hector, taking his time, lovingly spread the soap up into her butt-crack.... Louise found it unbelievably thrilling when his thick peasant thumb invaded her virgin asshole...in and out...in and out...with everyone WATCHING....

Then he flourished his straight razor and whisked all the hair from her crotch.

After wiping off the last traces of lather, they had to help her to her feet and back to her place in front of the lieutenant's desk. She was trembling.

Carajo gestured to Hector. "Las impresiones digitales, por favor." The fingerprinting went smoothly enough and, afterward, the photographing and the measuring and weighing-in -- though Louise was chagrined when she was recorded as 5'6" and 142 lbs and 35B-26½-36, compared to Cindy at 5'5" and 122 and 35C-24-35. Initially, standing next her naked daughter, she felt depressingly middle-aged and pudgy. She sneaked a peek at Cindy, who looked quite spacey, eyes shut and mouth open, fitfully rubbing her thighs together. Louise failed to repress a smirk.

Carajo got up from his chair, and Louise's eyes involuntarily focused on his groin. (His lump was smaller than Hector's.)

"Now is time for the SEARCH," he announced, in melodramatic fashion. He smoothly dismissed the apothecary and the two junior policemen. The former left with a shrug, the latter more reluctantly.

Carajo moved over to Cindy, leaving Hector to search Louise. The corporal began by massaging Louise's breasts and tugging on her nipples in a way that left her weak and moaning. He drifted his right hand down over her belly and, with an insolent expression, inserted two fingers into her inflamed and already dripping cunt. "Tu coño," he said.

"Mi coño," she murmured. "Mi coño...es su coño."

He touched her asshole with his left forefinger. "Tu culito."

"Mi culito es suyo también...."

"¿Y tu boca?"

("My mouth, too?" she thought. "Well, I've already given him ownership of my...my coño and my culito. Oh, god! Why did I do that?) "Sí. Mi boca también...para siempre." ("Forever? Geez! Why can't I hold my tongue? I used to be so discreet.")

Hector looked thoughtful for a moment. "¿Y quién soy?"

("Who is he? I must answer...and answer truthfully.") "Usted es mi patrón...mi dueño...." (Yes, I guess he IS my Master....")

He pushed down on her shoulders. "Dame tu boca," he commanded.

She sank to her knees and reached for his fly. Her eyes slid over to the left, and she was disappointed to see that Carajo had Cindy bent over his desk and was fucking her furiously. Neither was paying the slightest attention to her. So she pulled out Hector's large cock and began licking and sucking and slobbering, accompanied by frenzied moans and loving whimpers. At the same time, she started finger-fucking herself with abandon.

She did succeed in attracting attention, but not exactly what what she'd hoped for. Carajo glanced over, scowled, and snarled, "¡La masturbación está prohibida!"

Even Cindy understood THAT. She looked at her mother, wide-eyed, in time to see Hector reach down and smoothly cuff Louise's hands behind her back, then stuff his cock into her mouth again and order her to get back to work.

Louise regretted not being able to finger herself, but Cindy's witnessing her humiliation made up for it (temporarily, at least). She concentrated on servicing Hector's cock and particularly savored its strong flavor and aroma -- so different from her ex-husband's (which, besides being smallish and pallid, was clean and practically tasteless). A few minutes later, she was also to discover that Hector shot a much bigger load of cum (which she dutifully swallowed -- something she'd never done before).

Without being told, she licked his cock clean, then she sat back on her heels and began to imagine what it might be like to feel his bloated cock fucking her virgin asshole...her culito.

"Lame mis cojones...con amor."

She'd been lost in a fantasy, but Hector's order to lick his

balls (with love) brought her back to a reality, she realized, that was every bit as exciting as her darkest day-dreams. She did her duty with gusto.

At noon, lunch was served. The policemen were given chicken fricassee, biscuits, strawberries, and beer; the prisoners got beans, coarse cornbread, prunes, and chicory "coffee."

Carajo belched softly and stretched. He passed out the second doses of "medicine," and Louise's cunt gave a lurch when she thought about what those pills were likely to do. Carajo said something to Hector, who nodded and left. The lieutenant then turned his attention to the prisoners. "Ladies, now the siesta. But before you can enter one of our nice cells, we mus' clean you up. Come." He led them through the station and out the back into a little flagstoned courtyard, whose low walls were lined with villagers (males and females, teens and adults).

In the center of the courtyard was an old-fashioned hand-cranked water pump, to which Hector was attaching a length of ordinary garden hose. Near the pump a large grate was set in the ground -- a drain, Louise surmised.

Carajo called over a couple of the teen-aged girls and had a word with them, after which they ran off, giggling. Moments later they were back, bearing whippy switches (each about as thick as a pinky). Neither of the prisoners was very happy to see that...though the villagers applauded. Louise noticed that the two junior policemen (whom she'd nicknamed "Gordo" and "Grasoso" -- "Fat" and "Greasy") had joined the crowd, and she wondered how long it would be before they had her, too.

Duties were quickly assigned: Cindy was given a bar of coarse

soap and designated the first to shower; Hector was to handle the hose; Louise was the initial pumper; the two girls with switches were to "encourage" the pumper; and Carajo was the stage manager.

Ankle shackles anchored Cindy in place on the drain, with the soap in her hand and an apprehensive expression on her face. Louise began working the pump handle vigorously...and the two girls started flicking Louise's pale ass with their switches. Hector waited until the water pressure had built up sufficiently, then twisted the hose nozzle, sending a stream of icy water at Cindy, from point blank range.

Cindy let out a strangled shriek and stood transfixed, as the frigid spray played over her body. As she partially acclimated to the temperature, she fitfully rubbed herself with the soap, though any lather it produced was instantly sluiced away.

Eventually Carajo called for the two prisoners to trade places, and Hector closed the nozzle on the hose. By this time, Cindy was pale and shivering, and Louise's butt was quite pink.

Louise actually found the cold shower sexually stimulating -- or perhaps that was because she had to endure it in front of an audience of Mexican peasants. When it was over, she had to prance around the perimeter of the courtyard so that the sun could dry her off.

She enjoyed performing for the townspeople, but was very much looking forward to her siesta, playing with herself in the steamy darkness of her cell. (The second dose of "medicine" was kicking in and ratcheting up her arousal to an almost unbearable degree, so she was giddy at the prospect of finger-fucking her throbbing cunt for a couple of hours.)

She was therefore stunned when they laid Cindy on her back on

the cell's lower bunk...and cuffed her wrists and ankles to the corners of the bed frame. She could only whimper when they secured her the same way in the upper bunk and left, chuckling.

She and Cindy mainly spent the next two hours humping the air in a vain attempt to cum.

(During the few quieter moments, however, Louise was able to question her daughter and discover that she had been, indeed, intending to sell the drugs to friends from school.)

When the prisoners were brought back to the office after their sleepless siesta, they both had a hollow-eyed, haggard look. Louise was trembling, Cindy actually twitching. Louise knelt in front of the lieutenant. "Please, Señor Tenente, por favor. We need some...some relief.... Oh, god! We need to CUM! I beg you not to chain us down like that again tonight."

"You may no' masturbate in your cell. Tha' is a sin."

"Th-there's an alternative, Señor. Cindy and I could...we could...um...."

"Sssixty-nine," Cindy hissed.

"Yes," Louise continued. "Sesenta y nueve...."

There was a pause, and a gleam appeared in Carajo's eye. "Demonstrate," he said.

Cindy lay down on her back, and, after only the briefest hesitation, Louise got on top of her, mouth to cunt, and they both began "demonstrating" with manic enthusiasm. As the room

filled with passionate moans and loud slurping noises, Carajo and Hector lit a slim cigarillo and a fat black cigar respectively, uncapped a couple of beers, leaned back comfortably, and enjoyed the show.

Cindy's hips began thrusting upward, slowly at first, then faster as her orgasm neared. She gave a muffled scream into Louise's cunt, whereupon Louise grabbed her daughter's ass with both hands and pulled her close, so that she could bury her tongue deep in Cindy's juicy teenaged cunt. Louise orgasmed, too, an instant later.

After a momentary rest, they both began again, with as much gusto as before, and were soon nearing the next of a long-delayed string of orgasms.

All in all, the four of them spent a very satisfying two hours -- climaxed (as it were) by lieutenant and corporal fucking mother and daughter dog-style.

It was late afternoon. Cindy was stretched out on the office floor, asleep with a contented smile on her face. Louise was delicately lapping at Hector's depleted balls, hoping to coax his heavy cock into life one more time.

Carajo discarded his last empty beer bottle, stubbed out his fifth cigarillo, straightened, to a degree, his disheveled uniform, and cleared his throat officiously.

"Please to wake your daughter, Señora. Now is time for your medicine again...then we have some business to discuss...then your dinner...and then back to your cell for the night." After he dispensed the pills, he put on a serious expression. "This

is a poor village," he shrugged. "And we canno' afford to feed criminals. So you two will be required to pay your own way. Unfortunately, mos' of the cash you had wen' for your fine. Therefore, you must get jobs to pay for your...up-keep...."

"But I have traveler's checks...credit cards," Louise countered.

"As I said, Señora, we are a poor village -- even a backward one. We barely have the basics -- church, school, jail, and cantina. We have an open-air market. I am police chief, magistrate, and post master. Señor Áspero is doctor, dentist, and veterinarian, as well as apothecary. We have no bank, no telegraph. Our telephone system is primitive. There is simply no way you can get more money other than by earning it...by doing jobs tha' suit the local economy. I do no' think you would do well as a beast of burden or as a field hand. In fact, the only thing you two seem qualified for is to be putas -- whores.

Louise's professorial mind was outraged, but her dripping cunt was screaming, "Yes!" She bowed her head. "As you wish, Señor," she murmured.

"Bueno! Hector will serve as your chulo -- your...pimp -- bu' you mus' of course be officially registered." He inserted a pink rectangle about the size of a credit card into the venerable typewriter and entered some information. He did the same to a second card...and hesitated. "'Cindy Greenstreet,'" he muttered. "That name is somehow familiar...."

Cindy directed a dirty look at her mother. "Don't blame me," Louise said. "It was your father's idea."

Carajo laid the two cards out on his desk, attached a mug shot to each -- one that showed full face, shoulders, and bare tits -- signed them, stamped them with the official seal, and laminated

them. Then he presented each prisoner with her own genuine "boleta de registro." They were now certified whores...with the credentials to prove it. "Congratulations, ladies. You now have a real profession," he said, merrily. "You are fortunate tha' we are such a backwater here and have few visitors. As a result, the village is quite free of...sexually transmitted diseases. And now that our business is concluded -- I will add the registration fee to your bill -- we mus' celebrate."

He gave an order to Hector. The corporal fetched a small canvas bag from a corner cupboard and took it and the two prisoners out to the courtyard. There he wasted no time or motion in greasing up their assholes, positioning them over a big bucket, and giving them each three cold water enemas. When they were cleaned out, he brought them back inside, where Carajo was waiting.

"Your daughter told me that her culito was no longer virgin, Señora, but I imagine yours is," Carajo said. Louise nodded. "Then I will take you first. Your daughter should be able to accommodate Hector's horse cock better than you. You two will please to bend over opposite sides of my desk. Hold hands and look each other in the face. Verbalize your feelings...and no false modesty."

As his greasy, probing fingers worked their way into Louise's asshole -- first one, then two, then three fingers -- Louise whimpered her readiness. Indeed, she began by asking to be "sodomized," but soon transitioned into begging to be "butt-fucked."

In addition to reflecting her own acute arousal, Cindy's face showed considerable shock at how slutty her mother was becoming.

Carajo laughed and backed off, slapping her ass sharply. "Pardon me, Señora, while I wash my hands. We may be Third World, bu' we do have some idea of hygiene. I will return in a little momen' to satisfy your culito.... Aha! It is winking at me. You will make an excellent puta."

He was true to his word. Within a few minutes, Louise had enthusiastically lost her last virginity. She orgasmed -- loudly -- when the lieutenant's cock entered her...and again as he was pounding her...and yet again when she felt his cum spurting into her bowels. She babbled how much she LOVED it.

Supper for the prisoners was beans, cornbread, and "coffee" again, plus some chunks of "mystery meat" and a large, fresh orange.

After being allowed to visit the bucket in the courtyard again, they were put to bed. This time, however, they were both secured in the same bunk, mouth to cunt...as so spent a far more pleasant time than they had during the siesta. Still, they also fantasized about what it was going to be like to be whores.... And Louise also dreamed of finally feeling Hector's meat up her ass.

The following morning, they had fried eggs, sausage, orange juice, and "coffee" -- in addition to their "medicine." After they were butt-fucked again (and Louise realized her dream), they were given sandals and short, burlap smocks, and escorted to the cantina by Hector, who introduced them there as the new house whores. Of course, the owner, Señor Oloroso, had to "audition" them and sampled Louise right away (reserving Cindy for siesta-time). Both impressed him favorably.

That evening, Carajo informed them that he had returned the rental car and had shipped Louise's research notes and film, along with other "personal valuables" back to her university address "for safe-keeping." Their clothes and mundane possessions had been sold or given away. Louise had an idea that there were questions she should be asking or issues she should be raising, but the last of the day's meds having kicked in, she was more interested in getting as much of Hector's cock as possible before lights-out. Tomorrow, after all, would be another day....

In fact, "tomorrow" would be weeks in coming.

Their libidos being fueled by the pills, which enslaved their bodies and liberated their minds, they became compulsive whores. They never lacked for customers, though Hector limited their activities until they acclimated to their new profession, gradually increasing their daily ration of tricks, which he eventually capped at twelve each -- not including the policemen, Gordo and Grasoso (each of whom got one freebie a day), Señor Oloroso (who claimed one occasionally), and, of course, Carajo and Hector himself (who got several). Their pay was a meager 25 pesos a trick -- about \$1.80, at the then-current rate of exchange.

Their work was surprisingly pleasant. Their clientele, though unlettered, was not uncivilized. Their demanding cunts were kept satisfied...almost. And, with their blood seething with aphrodisiacs, they were free to root around in their darkest fantasies (which they happily shared with each other) and actually to live them -- all without guilt.

As it was, eight weeks passed easily enough, and one morning the lieutenant announced that they had proved to his satisfaction

that the drugs had indeed been "only for personal use." He presented them with cups of real coffee, their "papers" (passports and boletas de registro), their smocks and sandals, and a thousand pesos each (their earnings after deducting their upkeep) -- which, he pointed out, should more than pay for bus tickets home.

After a good-bye fucking, they were told they were free to go and that Hector would drive them to the nearest bus station.

There was a passionate leave-taking with Hector while parked in an isolated arroyo, followed by an uncomfortable but uneventful trip home (during which they slept days and masturbated each other at night).

So ended their unexpectedly prolonged Mexican holiday.

Some nine months later:

"Lulu!" Cindy called. "The taxi's just pulled up. Let's go." She stuffed the last of their things into a small canvas tote as her mother shuffled downstairs.

"Could you nurse me...please?" Louise asked.

"No. If the bus is on time, we should barely make it. You'll just have to bear it until later."

Louise picked up the tote and grimaced as her milk-heavy breasts jiggled, rasping her nipples across the coarse fabric of her garment. Cindy artfully tugged on her mother's smock, causing more torment for the leaking nipples. "I wish that lactogen therapy had worked on me, too," she said.

Louise shook her head. "No. You're mainly jealous because now my boobies are bigger than yours. But it isn't all peaches and cream...as it were. In fact, it can be a damn pain. As you well know, if I don't get milked enough...."

Cindy smirked. "So I'll still have the whip hand -- as it were -- for a while longer...." She giggled. "But Hector'll be pleased."

"Yes, there is that." Louise smiled weakly.

The taxi honked again.

"Well, off on another extended holiday," Cindy said, airily, as they left the house, both cunts already dripping at the prospect.

The door clicked behind them.