

Chapter Two

Wendy and Scott approached what to a passerby would be considered an old abandoned warehouse. Scott was nineteen years old with curly blonde hair and a face scarred with acne. As they drove Wendy had her hand in his lap slowly rubbing his inner thigh. Scott took his hand off the wheel and went to her left breast, but Wendy took hold of his hand and put it back on the wheel. Wendy said, *“come to our room tonight, and we will see if this goes anywhere.”* Scott put his foot down as the jeep sped up. Wendy said, *“I said tonight.”* She pointed to an abandoned school bus and said, *“pull in next to that.”* He did as he was told, and she told him to follow her. The bus was nearly gutted with just a few seats in the front. She pushed him to the back then turned him around working on his pants. He finished the job dropping his pants and boxers as Wendy pulled her slacks and panties off. She pushed him down and got on top. Even now it was an unusual feeling for her. She rode him hard, and he came quickly. She said, *“as far as you are concerned that didn’t happen.”*

Scott looked down at Wendy’s shirt and saw drops of blood from George. When he came to the warehouse, it was George that showed him around and helped him find his place. He was now dead, and Scott was underneath the woman that started it all. He then realized he didn’t have a condom on. He started to panic when Wendy said, *“there is no way you could get me pregnant.”* Wendy got up and put her panties on then she put on his boxers. She said, *“make sure to come tonight if you want them back.”* Scott wasn’t happy with the idea of going commando, but the idea of two hot bisexual women sounded great. As he put his pants on, he found a picture of a woman with short blonde hair. On the back of the photo was a name and date. Wendy, free from the big house in June 2002.

On her first day in prison, Tracy was brought into a room, stripped, searched then given her clothes, a blanket, and toiletries. Unlike every movie she had ever seen she could dress and was treated like a person. Because of the nature of her trial, she was put into protective custody. She would find out later that the person put in charge of her wing knew about the trial and thought she got a raw deal. She also found out that protective custody was solitary confinement.

Twenty-three hours a day in a small room with nothing but her thoughts and a book. The first book was John Grissom's *The Client*, then Mary Shelly's *Frankenstein*. As time passed, she found herself just staring at the walls wondering if this was all that was left of her life. She started to write about her thoughts in a diary. In that diary, she used the name Wendy in a nod to her younger self and her desire to have Peter's middle name. She spelled out everything she could remember from that night and the trial.

A month later the guards were doing their usual search of her cell. When she came back, she found her books and notes were gone. The next day Tracy was transferred to the general population. She was put in a cell with two other women. That night was the first night of many she spent being beaten and abused. One of the women put her hand down on her chest then whispered into her ear, "*when we are done you'll wish you let him finish.*" The next day Tracy was in the shower when her new cellmates met up with her with bars of soap in socks. They broke a couple of ribs and violated her with a plunger so violently she required a total hysterectomy. Tracy lay in her bed thinking about how she could never have her own children because she defended herself. She thought about Peter and how she had told him not to come and see her. She said to herself, "*Tracy is dead.*"

Several months later and she was moved back to protective custody. She slept in silence for the first time since she was taken into that hell. A month later and she was brought to the warden who told her she read the notes and asked around. She said, "*I am so sorry about what happened to you. His family somehow paid some inmates and a guard to take care of you.*" A month after that and she met with a Lawyer named George Franks. He was with a group that was seeking justice for wrongfully jail women. George told her that he had evidence that would exonerate her. The police department of her small town was caught hiding evidence and intimidating witnesses. In her case, she should have been saved from jail by vomit. A man tired of all the drunks from a local bar started to videotape his front yard and collecting samples for testing. One sample was caught as well as the video was on a pantsless Tracy vomiting in his yard. In that vomit was traces of the date rape drug Rophenol. George said, "*the man came to the court and told them, but he was told you confessed to the crime and he was turned away.*" He

then produced a thick file of papers saying, *“I have other complaints and victims of Derik. All of them are willing to testify on how he drugged and raped them. They will also talk about how his family threatened them into submission.”* George closed his files and told her that the hardest part of all this was just the amount of cases being brought out because of the criminal activity. He said, *“Tracy, there are so many cases that getting heard might be hard.”* She looked him in the face and said, *“Tracy is dead. Call me Wendy or nothing, and as for being heard.”* She tapped on his camera and said, *“pictures are worth a thousand words.”* She did her best to show him the scars from the hysterectomy saying, *“he raped me, but they killed me.”*

Two years after being jailed she was freed. Her lawyer was talking about suing and seeking true justice, but to Tracy, it was all just words. The money wouldn't give her back what they took. A week later she settled with the city and with two-hundred thousand dollars she left Hope, Arizona for someplace that wouldn't remember her or what they did to her. She found a small gas station in need of a new owner in a dusty part of nowhere near El Paso on the New Mexico side. There was a nearby town of maybe three hundred people, and her property had a bunch of old buildings from when this place was a connecting point between Mexico and The United States. Before he left George took her picture and later wrote on the back, *“Wendy, free from the big house June 2002.”*

Wendy took the photo and put it back in her jacket pocket. She and Scott got back in the Jeep and drove to the yard near the warehouse. Wendy looked at the sky as the sun was starting to come up in the east. They passed through an inner chamber and into what has become their home. The warehouse was subdivided into several rooms around an open chamber. In that central hall was a community gathering place with couches, tables and chairs and a pass-through to a kitchen. Cathy came up to Wendy and kissed her. Wendy hugged her just a little too tight. Cathy said, *“so things went that well.”* She then smelled Wendy and said, *“smells like someone is coming to see us tonight.”* Wendy said, *“let's go back to our room and see if you can guess.”* Cathy kissed her again and said, *“as long as it isn't George. Something about getting screwed by a lawyer just doesn't sound good.”*

Wendy and Cathy lay naked in bed together while Scott slept on a couch nearby. Cathy said, *“I’m sorry about George. He was a good man.”* Wendy said, *“he didn’t belong here. I can see that now. He just didn’t have it in him to do what we are doing.”* Wendy had her hand on Cathy’s stomach rubbing it slowly in circles. Cathy asked, *“are you trying to make me purr?”* Wendy brought her hand up to Cathy’s face and said, *“if I wanted you to purr I wouldn’t rub you there.”* Cathy gestured her head to Scott asking, *“he was fun, but just maybe a little young for us?”* Wendy looked at Scott on the couch. He was naked and looking way too young for what the three just did with only his aggressive pubic hair betraying his age. Wendy said, *“there aren’t that many of us that would join us in our fun, and you have to have your fun when the opportunity arises.”*

“yes, but can we continue to trust this information? They didn’t tell us about the people being sent with the drugs,” Jack said as he thumped a paper on the table. The meeting was on both a high from the win and a low with the death of the boy and George. Jose said, *“we are here for this kind of crap, and we also helped those people who were being used by those assholes.”* Wendy said, *“I gave the green light on firing after seeing the heat signatures of the people in the box, and I would do it again. We are at war and in war people die, children die. It wasn’t planned nor was this kid a target, but those drugs would have killed many more than just one.”* A tall African-American woman with slightly graying temples stood up and asked, *“how many children are necessary for it to matter?”* The room went silent. Cathy said, *“Sally that’s not fair. We planned out this raid as well as most others away from populated areas.”* Sally said, *“not all of them were clean.”* Wendy stood up and said, *“if you don’t think you could do it any more than walk away, but with any risk, there will be casualties.”*

Wendy broke down one of her Wilson Combat 1911 and started to clean it. As she did it, Sally watched her. She finally said to Wendy, *“it’s not like I was saying you don’t care I was just saying we need to do better to protect the people caught in the crossfire.”* Wendy kept cleaning her gun with Sally just standing there waiting for her to respond. She finally looked up at her and

said, *“we don’t target the innocent, and we do everything to mitigate collateral damage. If you can see a better way, then say something don’t just stand by and complain about the outcome.”* Sally looked at the gun on the table saying, *“I don’t want to end up like George.”* Wendy said, *“I didn’t see that coming. I let what I saw stopped me from seeing just how much he was affected by the shot.”* Sally looked over at Gina and her two children playing a board game. She said, *“I wonder what that woman did when she got to the border.”* Wendy looked back at the woman and her two children and didn’t say a thing even though she knew what happened.

The building sat by itself out in the desert with no real purpose. A truck pulled up, and six men got out and went inside. Sally said, *“the B.O. must be terrible in there.”* Jack pointed to a spinning vent on top of the building. A small dark-haired man standing next to Sally named Gary said, *“that is way too big for such a small building. It must be how they are ventilating the tunnel.”* Wendy knew that if they were using ventilation, then they must have people in the tunnel. Wendy looked through the infrared camera at the heat signatures as they faded into the ground. She said, *“the hole must be bigger than we thought. I think they are using this as a way across the border, not just a way to smuggle drugs.”* She looked to Jack who then nodded. She said, *“we need to take the tunnel and close it from the middle not just on our end. It’s the only way we can be sure we don’t kill any innocents.”*

With George dead, Gary became the best sniper, so Wendy left him with the truck. He would get on top along with a woman named Zoey to watch for any movement. The men had left someone in their truck to stand guard, but he was asleep in the front passenger seat. Wendy thought about just how stupid that was when she put a round through the window and his head using her suppressed AR 15. The gun was illegally too short without the tax stamp but so was what they were doing. She then set a bomb on the truck just in case any of them got out. Sally and Juan walked around the building looking for traps and security, but they found nothing. The building was little more than a large portable shed made from tin. The last tunnel they found was just big enough for a toddler size train to go through to bring drugs in. Zoey gave the all clear. Sally pulled the door and Wendy went to the right while Juan went to the left. They both nearly fell into the hole. It was nearly the entire floor of the shed.

Where the shed was cheap and rickety, the tunnel was well built. The sides of the opening were cinder block with a rot iron spiral staircase going down at least twenty feet. The stairs were lined with led lights with what had to be the best-lit tunnel Wendy had ever seen. They knew that this must be a focal point for the cartel. In a way, they are not only smuggling drugs but a way they are controlling them. Juan said, “*shit.*” The sound echoed down the opening as they backed away. A man came out of the tunnel and looked up. He then went back to what must be his position. Wendy figured that the tunnel must be set up so any sound would channel down it as a warning. With such a setup, even a suppressed rifle would sound an alarm. This first guy would have to die as quietly as possible. Sally put her rifle down and pulled her blade. She carried a karambit claw knife that when held correctly, curves from the hand down creating a talon-like hook. Sally was deadly with the blade and could do it without a sound. She took her shoes off and went down the stairs in her socks, so she wouldn’t make a sound. At the bottom, she froze when the man came back into the opening. He went right past her, looked up then went back to the opening. He stopped within a foot of her finally seeing her. She didn’t wait. With an upwards thrust she slit him from gut to throat. As he went to grab his stomach, she buried the blade in his throat. Instead of a noise, he gurgled blood. His hands pulled back from his gut and up to his throat. As he did his guts came pouring out. Sally pulled his head back and nearly decapitated him with the blade letting his body down to the ground as easy as possible.

The tunnel was concrete with lights on top and along the side at the bottom. The whole thing was painted white with a gray floor. Wendy thought that it must have taken them months to build this. She pulled Jack over to her and whispered, “*get black betty.*” Jack went back up then came back with a backpack. Inside the pack was ten pounds of plastic explosives, a pound of steel balls, a fuse, and timer. They planned to line the ceiling of the tunnel with explosives then roll the steel balls down the tunnel. With luck, the balls would act as shrapnel or as shot down a very large shotgun barrel. With Jack and Wendy walking point, Sally used a portable ultrasound to find the weakest points in the tunnel. When they found one, they placed a charge. Sally would later say how the tunnel was all show. She said, “*it was a fresh coat of whitewash on a rotten fence.*”

A mile in and all the charges were set. They quietly made their way up and out into the night. Wendy called to see if the coast was clear, but she got no response. She called again, and Gary finally answered, “*saying no movement or nothing.*” Sally pulled her binoculars out then started to laugh. She said, “*I think I know why he didn’t answer.*” They made their way back to the truck. At first, nothing seemed wrong then Wendy saw it. Zoey was wearing a tee-shirt with “I’m with Stupid” on the front only now it was inside out. Wendy said, “*so let me get this right. You two were out here playing grab ass instead of watching.*” She held up the remote and triggered the explosives. The tin shack shot straight up into the air and came down in pieces. At first, nothing else happened, then a line formed along where the tunnel would be as it broke apart and collapsed. Wendy told Gary and Zoey that she didn’t care what or who they did on their own time but when on a mission they had to act professionally. On the way back to the warehouse, Wendy called a man they had in the local law and told him about the tunnel. The next day the FBI, DEA, ICE and almost every other lettered law enforcement agency were there talking to the press and taking credit for the find.