

Rape

A Story Guaranteed to Squick Anybody

Written by Anonymous

Edited and Posted by Gil Gamesh

This story was written by a friend of mine, a woman. She is a tall, beautiful woman who holds a professional position in the legal system, counseling victims of rape. I simply edited the story and posted it. None of what occurs in her story has been changed in any way, neither played up nor played down. I leave it up to my readers to decide on its authenticity.

This story is like nothing I have previously published. You may find it disgusting, nauseating, sick, perverted, or worse. You may feel sure that no human being would subject another human to such treatment. However, women are constantly being raped, many violently, subjected to sickening treatment, their innermost selves abused in ways that leave them unable to have a normal loving life. Many do not report the rape out of fear that the news media and the courts will rape them again. Few who do report it find any relief from the justice system.

Again, I ask you not to read this story unless you have a strong stomach. There is much sex but it will probably not arouse a sexual response in you. If it does, ask yourself what kind of man or woman are you? Is this a true story? Who knows?

Dressed in black as she requested, I was waiting in the front lobby of the motel, watching out the front door. I hoped my clothing would be appropriate: black knee-length boots, black mid-calf skirt, black shirt, and black jacket with a hood. I didn't understand why I had been instructed not to wear any panties except black ones. Surely no one was going to see up my skirt. The instructions seemed to suggest that I might forgo panties for the occasion. I had never in my life put together such a combination and I was amazed that I even owned so much black clothing.

My friend said that everyone in the audience would be dressed the same way, all in black, because it was absolutely essential that we could not be identified at the event. She said that the audience would be composed entirely of girls and women who had also been victims of violent rape just as we were. She also said that I would see things I'd never seen before, things which would require a strong stomach and a hard heart. I had developed both of those attributes over the year since I was raped. She said that I could not leave the audience once the entertainment started, and that I could simply close my eyes if I could not stand to watch. I intended to sit there and enjoy the presentation with eyes wide open.

A black Mercedes with darkly-tinted rear windows pulled up in front of the motel and the lights blinked three times. I went out in the cold night air, opened the back door, and quickly slipped inside. My friend smiled at me and I smiled back. She was the savior who had helped me back to sanity after I was assaulted. She leaned over. We hugged and settled back in the seat.

She held out two things for me. The first was a black mask. I put it on and adjusted it so the openings were in front of my eyes. The second was a loose black hood which covered my head completely. She had warned me. I understood that the hood was necessary so that I could not see where we were going and that about thirty minutes would elapse before we arrived at the mansion.

The chauffeur started the car moving and, as I had been instructed, we were both completely silent for the ride. I had no idea where we were. I could tell when we left the city and entered the countryside. We ceased turning and stopping intermittently and rode for a long stretch in absolutely-quiet comfort. Still, I could feel my heart beating faster.

When the car stopped, I heard both doors open simultaneously. I felt a hand touch my shoulder and then reach down my arm. I grasped her hand, a woman judging from the size and softness of her hand. I moved out of the car, stood up, and she took my hand and put it on her bent arm. Blind, I let her lead me into what I knew was someone's mansion, warm but musty smelling. She led me somewhere in the building and then the hood was removed from my head. I saw her for a moment before she turned and left: a tall beautiful young woman dressed all in black and wearing a black mask. I saw my friend standing in front of me. I knew not to speak. I glimpsed a masked woman in a black floor-length robe standing in front of double doors. I saw other women standing around, dressed in black with black masks as well, but I was only supposing they were all women. None were as tall or as big as men.

The woman in the robe spoke: “Ladies, in a few minutes you will all be seated in the small auditorium behind me. This is your last chance to use the restroom. Once we are seated, you will not be permitted to leave until our one intermission. I hope you all followed instructions and left off beverages for the last few hours.”

She waited, looking around. Nobody seemed in need of a restroom.

“In the auditorium, the seating is arranged in three rows encircling the stage. You may choose any seat you wish. The back two rows are each slightly elevated and there are steps going down in each aisle. Please don’t fall. There are four aisles so please don’t all try to use the one just inside this door. Some of you should go to the right and to the left and then down the aisle. The stage is a circular area in the center so that all may watch. The room will be lighted until all of you are seated.”

She paused and looked around at us.

“Then the lights will be turned off except for a single spotlight directly over the stage. Our guest will be brought in, escorted by four attendants. He will be able to see for a moment, dimly and only for an instant. We want him to see all of you sitting in the audience and to wonder who you are and what is going to happen to him. Then he will be masked completely and he will see nothing most of the time. Four spotlights will then brightly illuminate the stage. What happens to him will be your entertainment for the night. We hope you enjoy it.”

She paused and looked around again. She had a commanding presence.

“The young man has been much in the news lately. The sports pages have had quite a discussion as to whether he should be permitted to leave college after his sophomore year to accept a multi-million-dollar contract offered by a professional football team. I’m sure we all wish him well in his future football career.”

She paused, frowning, held her forefinger to her lips, and waited for someone whispering to be quiet.

“He was also in the news a year earlier. He was tried for raping a young college freshman and acquitted. His wealthy and influential father hired a stable of lawyers who were able to convince the jury that his son was not guilty. His accuser committed suicide shortly after the jury verdict.”

She paused again.

“We have reasons to believe the accuser was absolutely truthful and that the young man did violently rape her. We even have a recording of him bragging about it to his teammates after his trial. She received no justice from our so-called justice system. She was only a poor girl starting college and on her own for the first time. Perhaps tonight’s activities may provide a measure of justice for her.”

She paused again.

“Tonight, our guest will be subjected to some activities which he may find very uncomfortable but please be assured that we will do no permanent damage to his body. We may do some damage, perhaps permanently, to his mind or his soul but I’m sure you are all no strangers to that.”

She paused and looked around again.

“He has been with us for three days already and he will be with us for three more days. Until today, he has been treated kindly, well fed, and permitted to watch erotic movies which we provided, all of which he seemed to enjoy. He has quite a masturbatory ability. Today, in preparation for his role tonight, he experienced something rather unpleasant. The contents of his stomach and digestive tract were removed. He didn’t like that.”

I saw a slight smile play on her lips for a moment.

“For the next three days, he will be treated well again and permitted to recover from tonight’s activities. He will be given medical attention if needed. The last day with us, some drugs will be administered, traces of which will remain in his blood system for a few days. After that, he will be returned, drugged and unconscious, to where we found him. What he reveals of what has happened to him will be totally up to him. If necessary, we have two female reporters who will provide some evidence of the real story. You might watch the news starting next week to see what he tells.”

We all stood around waiting silently for a few minutes, and I wondered why all these women were here. I tried to count but they were milling around and I couldn’t. I estimated the number at about thirty to forty. Then the older woman opened the double doors and we all entered the auditorium and chose a seat. The seats were plush and comfortable and, of course, black. My friend chose front-row seats and I wondered if that was wise. We were only six feet or so from the almost-bare circular stage.

There was something large and inanimate in the center of the stage but it was covered with a black cloth. It was about as tall as a man but irregularly shaped with strange bumps under the covering. I wondered what it was.

The lights slowly faded except for a single spotlight directly above the round stage. The audience grew silent except for the quiet rustling of clothing as we all got settled. Even that noise gradually died away and we waited in absolute silence.

A door opened across from us. Our guest, if he could be called that, entered escorted by four women. He was naked. In his wide-open mouth, he had a large red ball held in place by straps around his head. There was a wide belt around his waist. His wrists were belted and connected to his waist belt by snap hooks. His ankles were shackled with black belts and a short chain. He had to shuffle to walk.

The young man's hair was long and tousled as though he might have struggled when the ball gag was forced in his mouth. His face and eyes revealed his fear and uncertainty. His tall naked body was beautiful as only a young man in his prime can be: broad shoulders tapering to a slim waist and hips, smooth hairless skin, a faint light band around his hips and thighs, and hard muscles all over his body. He certainly looked the part of a young athlete.

I glanced at his genitals. His pubic hair had been removed and his uncircumcised penis and scrotum were drawn up. I knew that either cold or fear could evoke that response. The room was warm. His eyes swept around the room and I thought I could see terror in them. Good! Suddenly, the two attendants behind him put a black hood over his head. For that moment I hoped our star performer had been able to see that his audience consisted entirely of young women, all masked, and dressed in black. I hoped that made his heart beat faster. I wanted his heart to beat out of his chest with fear.

His four attendants were young women. The four were all dressed alike except in one way: black shoes, tight black shorts and t-shirt, black mask. There was a large white word in the front of their t-shirts: One, Two, Three, and Four. One and Two were almost as tall as the young man and looked like Amazon women with bulging muscles on their arms and legs. Still they had breasts and there was no swelling in their crotch. They were women. Three and Four looked like ordinary young women. All had dark black hair cut in a page-boy style, perhaps a wig.

One and Two were holding our guest under his arms, almost dragging him along. Three and Four walked closely behind him. They all walked onto the circular stage and it started slowly turning. The attendants held him until the stage had made a complete circle.

Three and Four drew the covering off the device in the center of the stage. It was made of wood, large pieces, some about four inches wide, some much wider, with small wheels attached at various places. The stage rotated through another complete circle.

Three rotated a wheel on one side of the device and two arms separated from the sides and lifted to a horizontal position. I heard ratchet clicks as the arms were raised and locked in place. One and Two pushed the young man back against the device. They released the snap hooks holding his wrists to the belt, forced his arms up even though he resisted, and snapped the hooks to a metal circle at the end of the wooden arms.

From the front, One released the Velcro belt around his waist. From the rear Three swiftly replaced it with a wider heavier belt that went around the wooden device and his waist. The young man was secured and unable to move from the spot. At the same time, Three and Four in back placed belts around the guest's chest and throat and forehead and then turned a wheel at the bottom of the device. The lower part of the device separated a few inches and One and Two placed two belts around the device and the young man's separated thighs. They then removed the ankle chain and connected his ankle belts to circles on the device. The young man struggled but he could not move. He was helpless, absolutely helpless, and I was glad. I wanted him to be helpless too. Whatever happened to him, I was glad he was helpless.

Three rotated another wheel and the wooden device lowered at the head and raised at the foot until the device and the young man strapped to it were completely horizontal, about three feet from the floor. Four folded the young man's hood back part way. From the nose down, his face was uncovered and the red ball was still in his mouth. I could barely hear him moaning and grunting. I wished my panties had been in *his* mouth.

The four women left, walking one after another up one aisle to the door where they had entered. The door had hardly closed behind them when it opened again and three individuals walked in, one after the other.

The first was a young man, tall, muscular, naked except for a mask over part of his face. Of course I looked at his genitals: large but flaccid penis, no pubic hair, full heavy testicles.

The second was a young woman, unmasked, black curly hair framing a beautiful smiling face, full breasts with no discernable droop, narrow waist, slightly-wider hips, and long legs. She was wearing a panel of black cloth that covered her in front from her waist down to mid-thigh. A black cord tied in a bow on one side held it around her waist.

Behind her another young man, a taller much-more muscular man, walked in, naked like the first except for a mask, an almost-erect huge penis swinging pendulum-like, big testicles hanging low, no pubic hair. He lifted his arms and flexed his hard biceps and pecs with an arrogant grin.

The three walked to the stage and stopped, first man on one side of the recumbent young man, woman at the feet, other man on the other side, and stood there facing the audience while the stage made a couple of rotations. The woman had another black panel over the crack of her ass. The two young men had taut hard ass cheeks.

The woman went to the recumbent man's head, leaned over, and gently moved her breasts back and forth over his nose and mouth and chin. As she leaned, I saw that the black cloth panel which she wore was wrapped around between her legs. I wondered why she was unmasked and wearing that thing when the two attendants were naked and masked.

The two male attendants turned around and watched as the woman moved downward on the reclining man, dragging her breasts over his chest, stomach, and finally his genitals. She stood up for a moment, lifted her head, opened her mouth, and nodded. I supposed that to be a question. I didn't know why but I nodded back and saw that others were nodding too.

She straddled the man's legs, cupped one hand under his testicles, took his flaccid but full penis in the other hand, pulled his foreskin back to expose the purple-red head, and then took it in her mouth. This wasn't what I expected but I watched as she bobbed her head up and down. As the stage rotated a couple of circles, she sucked on the head and moved her hand up and down on the shaft. The young man's penis expanded into a full erection. She straightened up, looked around at the audience, and held his hard penis upright with a thumb and one finger for all of us to see. It was certainly as large as most men's, perhaps larger, certainly bigger in girth, like the one which had almost split me in half.

She moved up, straddled his waist, and just sat there. One walked down the aisle, onto the stage, placed a black box on the floor, and turned and left. The smaller of the male attendants reached down and picked up a small black container. He stuck his fingers in it, withdrew them, and rubbed something on the horizontal man's erect penis. It glistened in the spotlights. He stroked it slowly while we watched.

The woman reached back between her legs and pulled her loincloth to one side. The attendant stuck his fingers in the lubricant and smeared it between her legs. Was she going to fuck the young man? This certainly wasn't what I expected but I couldn't look away.

The woman backed up. The larger of the attendants bent over and looked between her legs and held the young man's erect penis upright while she slowly took it in her body. As she slowly settled, her eyes were closed and there was an expression on her face that said she liked what she was feeling.

She started riding him, easy and slow at first, gradually getting faster and harder. I could hear slapping noises as her ass cheeks hit his hips and lower abdomen. Her eyes were closed and a slight smile curled her lips. Probably within a minute, she stopped. The young man underneath her was clearly straining, trying to shove his penis as deeply in her as possible so his semen would be deposited at the entrance to her womb. I could clearly hear him groaning as his penis spat out his semen. Then I could clearly see him relaxing against the wooden cross after his orgasm.

The woman untied the black cord around her waist, lifted slightly, and pulled the loincloth from between her legs. I gasped. I could not believe what my eyes told me. She was not a woman. She was a man, a man with an erect penis and with testicles clasped close to the base of the shaft. I realized that the young man's penis wasn't in her vagina. It was in her, not her, but his anus.

The stage rotated and I could follow the circle of gasps as the women in the audience in turn saw what the man, transgendered man with breasts and a woman's hair and face, a transvestite, a tranny, had done. I realized that all of us in the audience probably knew something the young man under her did not: that his penis was in another man's anus, not in a woman's vagina, and he did not know the difference.

Then the tranny leaned forward and bent his own penis down and rubbed it on the young man's abdomen. He or she even stroked his own hard penis a few times and then rubbed it against the young man's abdomen again. I could hear the swift intake of breath through

the young man's nose when he realized what or who had been riding her and where his penis must still be held. He tried as violently as he could to twist back and forth and up and down but he couldn't move. The transvestite, she or he, damn, it was confusing, stayed on top of him, eyes wide open, grinning, while the young man underneath tried his best to dislodge him or her.

The two attendants moved to the man's head, quickly removed the ball gag, and just as quickly and efficiently inserted something else and strapped it around his head. I strained to see what had been put in his mouth. It was something black, not a gag, something that held his mouth wide open, something that covered his teeth but was completely open in the middle. The young man moaned and tried to talk but, of course, without the use of lips and with his mouth wide open, he made only unintelligible noises.

The smaller male reached down in the box and pulled out a bottle of water. He unscrewed the top, held it up for the audience to see, and then took a swallow. Next, he lowered the water to the young man's open mouth and poured in a small amount. The young man gulped noisily as he swallowed and then he grunted, perhaps trying to say more. The attendant slapped him on his cheek. The man was silent, swallowed for just a moment, and then grunted more again. The attendant slapped him harder this time. After a moment of silence, he poured a little more water in the young man's mouth. He swallowed and then was silent. He had learned his lesson. Three more times, he was given a little more water.

The man, the woman, the strange creature with a woman's breasts and body and a man's penis and testicles, the tranny lifted up and the young man's penis flopped across the side of his abdomen. It was still full and heavy but flaccid. The tranny moved around to the young man's head, sashaying in a good imitation of a woman's walk, and then stood there, pelvis outthrust, penis rampant, testicles drawn up against the lower shaft, while the stage made a complete circle.

Then he straddled the young man's head, leaned over with his hands on the young man's chest, lowered his hips until his testicles must have been pressed against the chin of the young man, and looked at one of his two naked male attendants. The attendant with the water bottle stood directly behind the head of the young man with the bottle held near his wide-open mouth. The other stood out of the way to one side. The one behind motioned with his hand, the one at the side motioned to the watching tranny, and the tranny moved forward a little bit. The attendant behind leaned to one side, looked closely, and nodded. The one to the side nodded. I was puzzled. What was happening?

Then, as he stage rotated, I saw what was happening. The tranny had his anus directly over the wide-open mouth of the young man and was straining. Suddenly I saw something white expelled from the tranny's anus. It ran down his perineum and into the open mouth of the young man. The attendant behind poured a little water in the mouth of the young man and I saw him writhing, probably gagging. The attendant stroked down on the throat of the young man and he must have swallowed. I could hear the young man gasping for breath and see his chest straining against his bonds. He screamed with an open mouth, a strange blood-curdling sound, and the attendant promptly slapped him hard on the cheek. The young man quieted except for strange noises, perhaps sobbing.

The one to the side nodded and again more semen was expelled from the tranny's anus, drooled down, and ran into the open mouth of the young man. A dollop more water was poured in. I understood. He was being forced to swallow his own semen, knowing that it had been in the rectum of the tranny. I understood. I knew what it was like to be forced to swallow. I smiled.

While the stage slowly turned, the process was repeated twice more. Semen expelled, water added, throat stroked, liquid swallowed. Each time the young man moaned, was slapped, and then was silent. I felt a sense of relief, almost orgasmic, unbelievable, that finally reparations or retribution were being made for me and for all the other victims in the audience. I looked at my friend. She was smiling. I smiled even broader.

One of the attendants turned a small wheel and the head of the wooden device and the guest's head slowly fell backwards together until his head was at about a forty-five degree position in relation to his horizontal body. I recognized the position as the same one I had been forced into, flat on my back on a table, my head hanging down, my open mouth in perfect alignment with my throat while a penis was forced down it.

Suddenly the tranny guided his erect penis into the mouth of the guest and in so deep that his pelvis was pressed against the black device in the young man's mouth and his testicles covered his nose. I thought I could see the young man's throat expand as the tranny's erect penis was forced down it. A second later he pulled completely out and gave the young man a chance to breathe. Then he bent his penis down again, guided it into the mouth of the young man, and shoved it down his throat. I saw the young man trying to struggle in his bonds but he was completely helpless. Perhaps three or four seconds elapsed before the tranny withdrew. I could hear the young man gasping for

breath. A third time, the tranny thrust his penis down the throat of the young man, longer, perhaps five or six seconds this time.

Then he withdrew and immediately started masturbating. The woman-appearing creature's hand was flying back and forth on his penis. The stage had time to make a complete circle. I leaned forward to see what was about to happen. I couldn't believe it but I wanted to see it happen.

Suddenly, the tranny shoved his penis down the throat of the young man again. From the way the he behaved and grunted, he was evidently coming, ejaculating his semen so far down the young man's throat that swallowing wasn't necessary or even possible. He held the position for an impossibly long time while the young man struggled. Finally the tranny withdrew, stood up straight, grinned, and bowed. One of the attendants released something and the young man's head returned to a horizontal position. He tried to scream, gargled, swallowed, screamed again, was slapped hard, and was silent. A little water was poured in his open mouth and he swallowed noisily.

My vagina was drooling on my skirt and I wanted so much to put my hand underneath to relieve the tremendous tension I felt. I looked to the side. My friend had her hand hidden under her skirt. I closed my eyes, slid my hand under my skirt, spread my legs, wiped the drool from my vagina up between my little lips, touched my clitoris a few times, and exploded.

When I opened my eyes again, the transvestite was on his knees in front of the larger of two naked attendants. The smaller one was manipulating the device, turning wheels. I watched as the lower part of the device rose straight up in the air so the young man's legs were forced first straight and then at an angle over his body. Then the attendant grasped the top of the legs of the device, pulled apart, and I heard ratchet clicks as the device and the young man's legs were separated to each side and locked in place. His rear end was exposed, his penis flopped over his abdomen, his testicles hanging down, and his anus, as hairless as his genitalia, a red pucker between his cheeks, glistening in the spotlights.

I glanced back at what the tranny was doing with the other attendant, the bigger one, the arrogant one. He had one hand under the dangling testicles of the guy, the other on the shaft of his penis, stroking it, and his mouth on the head, moving back and forth. I watched as the attendant's penis swelled into a huge erection, bigger than either of the two I had already seen.

The larger attendant pulled away, reached down in the box, found the container of lubricant, and rubbed it liberally first on the anus of the young man and then on his own penis. As soon as he had coated his penis, he positioned it at the anus of the young man and pushed it completely into him in one hard shove. The young man screamed again and was punched lightly in the solar plexus this time. He was silent but his chest was heaving, trying to get air in his lungs.

I watched as the second attendant had his penis brought to an erection by the tranny and watched as he coated it liberally with lubricant, wondering why. Were they going to take turns?

Then I couldn't believe what I saw. The larger attendant pulled all but the head of his penis out of the asshole of the young man and leaned back. The smaller attendant threw one leg over their connection and leaned forward. He reached down, positioned the head of his penis at the anus of the young man, and pushed. I could see his penis bend. It wouldn't go in. He pulled back, held the shaft tightly, and pushed it forward again. The stage turned, the young man screamed again, but I couldn't see why. I held my breath, waiting to see, and then I saw. The two men both had their penises in the anus of the young man at the same time. As I watched, they synchronized their thrusts, both in at the same time and then both out simultaneously. With each inward thrust of the two men, the young man screamed a muffled horrible outcry.

For what seemed like an eternity, they both fucked the young man, slowly, not deeply, but both at the same time, and I knew that the young man's anus was probably stretched unbelievably and painfully to accommodate two penises at once. He moaned constantly but he wasn't struggling anymore.

Suddenly, the smaller man on top reached back, slapped the thigh of the other one, and the bottom one withdrew completely. The smaller one leaned forward, grabbed the shoulders of the young man, and started violently thrusting every inch of his penis into the young man's anus. After what seemed like a full minute or so, he slowed and stopped, completely buried in the young man's anus, and, from his behavior, I knew he was squirting his semen in the young man's insides.

A few seconds later, he withdrew and stepped to the side. The larger attendant immediately stepped behind the young man, pointed his huge penis at his anus, and shoved in until his thighs were against the young man's buttocks. He held the position for a few seconds and then began to violently fuck the young man, slapping his legs against the young man's ass, grunting with each thrust. Probably within a

minute, he grunted louder and shoved his penis in one last time. It was easy to see that he was depositing a second load of semen in the young man's rectum.

He withdrew and stood at the edge of the circular stage, the tranny between him and the other attendant. I saw a white string of semen ooze out of the larger man's penis and fall to the floor. As the stage turned, they bowed to the audience. My friend had told me we should sit silently but when a wave of applause started, I clapped too. Then the three men, if it was correct to call one of them that, silently walked back out the door through which they had entered.

The older robed woman entered through the same door and walked down to the stage. She barely glanced at the young man.

“Ladies, we will have a fifteen minute intermission. Please exit through the door by which you entered. There are male and female restrooms outside and you may use the male one as well as the female. No males will be using it tonight. At thirteen minutes, a bell will ring once. At fourteen minutes, the bell will ring twice and the door will open. At fifteen minutes the bell will ring three times and the doors to this auditorium will be closed and locked. Please don't dally.”

My friend and I were on the front row so we were among the last to leave the auditorium. I glanced back and saw the four dressed female attendants returning the wooden device and the young man to an upright position. Then the door closed behind us.

I didn't need to go and my friend didn't either. We were the last ones to exit the door and I suppose we both wanted to be the first ones to enter, to claim our front-row seats again. We stood silently as some of the women used the restroom and then stood waiting in the anti-room with us. The bell rang once and the women began to move toward the auditorium door. It rang twice and the doors opened and we all returned to our seats. I watched behind to see if there would be any tardy audience members. There were none. The bell rang three times and the door closed.

Again there was something covered by a black cloth in the center of the stage. It was oddly shaped, too short to be a person, rounded slightly. As the stage turned I tried to guess what it was but I couldn't. I looked toward the door through which the young man had been brought.

After a moment, the door opened and Three and Four entered and strode to the center stage. They stood there for a single rotation of the stage and then both caught the black covering and pulled it away.

The naked young man was underneath, on his stomach and belted securely to a bench. At one end, the bench was something like a massage table where the person being massaged could rest his head face down. The young man's head was in the opening and I saw black straps around his head.

Three grabbed him by the hair, lifted his head, and showed us that the red ball had been replaced in the young man's mouth. She held his head up for one rotation of the stage and we saw the wide-open eyes of the young man again. Then Three pushed his head back down and secured it to the bench with a Velcro strap.

The young man's arms were bent, forearms flat on the floor held there by black straps, his upper arms belted to the legs of the device. At the rear, his legs were spread over the bench, vertical thighs belted to the legs of the bench, horizontal calves belted to the floor. On the man's back, there was a furry pad covering him from waist to hips. As the stage turned, I saw the spread cheeks of the young man's rear again. His anus and the surrounding area looked red and inflamed but otherwise unharmed. His testicles were hanging down from his scrotum, and, as the stage turned, I saw his penis hanging down too, swollen looking.

As the stage made a rotation, Three reached down to a box, pulled out a container, and held it out for the audience to see. The container had FEMALE SCENT written in large letters on the side, one word under the other. I was puzzled. What were they going to do with something that smelled like a woman?

Three stuck her fingers down in the scent container, pulled them out covered with a yellow greasy substance, and then wiped the substance liberally between the ass cheeks of the young man. She held up her middle finger for the audience to see and then pushed it into the anus of the young man, finger-fucking him. The man groaned sharply. Four slapped him behind the head.

Then the door opened again and One and Two walked in, almost dragging a large dog. I guessed it was a Rottweiler but I wasn't sure since I was unfamiliar with dogs. It had a black hood completely covering its head and black booties on its feet. They brought the dog to the stage and stood there as it rotated. It was a male dog. The dog held his head up high and moved it from side to side and I could hear

it sniffing. Suddenly it became agitated and tugged at the leashes, trying to get to the female in heat.

Now I understood why my friend had given me the website address about the genitalia of male dogs. The dog was going to fuck the young man. The female scent didn't refer to women; it referred to female dogs, bitches, when they are in heat and receptive.

I remembered what the website said. At the time of penetration, the dog's penis is not erect and can only penetrate the female because it contains a narrow bone. When the dog achieves penetration, he holds the female tightly with his front paws and thrusts deeply. The dog's penis rapidly expands and a locking bulb-like gland at the base of the penis engorges with blood and becomes a huge knot or bulb which traps his penis inside the female. The dog and the bitch are then "hung-up" and will remain that way for a prolonged period.

One and Two, the Amazon women, walked up the aisle and exited. At the same time, Three and Four moved to the sides of the dog, picked it up by its front legs, walked it over to the young man, and placed its front legs over the man's back. I understood why it had black leather-like booties on his paws; it was to prevent scratches to the young man. The dog snarled and tried to bite the women but they seemed unconcerned.

The dog immediately began hunching at what he perhaps thought was a bitch under him. As the stage turned, I saw the dog's slim red penis extend out of its sheath as it sought an opening. The natural curvature of the young man's buttocks and the lubricant Three had applied quickly guided the dog's penis to the man's anus. With the first penetration, the dog wrapped his forelegs around the man's waist and began to frantically thrust all his length inside the man's anus. He hunched rapidly for perhaps a minute and then was still. Slowly he seemed to lose his strength and, just like a man, settled his head down upon the young man's back.

The stage rotated for a couple of circles. No one on the stage was moving. I looked at the audience and saw that most of the women were leaned or sitting forward in their seats. My friend and I were like the others, sitting on the very edge of our seats, fascinated but repelled by what we had seen.

The man and the dog were unmoving and I assumed they were now hung-up, the dog's penis bulb fully expanded inside the young man's anus, held inside by the man's anal sphincter. I waited as did the rest of the audience.

Three pulled the black hood off the dog and I saw why they were unconcerned about being bitten. The dog had a muzzle on its head and its jaws were held securely closed. The stage made a complete rotation so all could see.

Then One and Two came back down the aisle, almost dragging another large dog, perhaps a pit bull. Both were holding heavy leashes attached around the big dog's neck and chest. They brought the dog to the edge of the stage and, when it rotated, the Rottweiler saw the other dog. He immediately became agitated and tried to dismount off the man. The Rottweiler started alternately snarling and howling in pain. The pit bull started snarling and lunging at the smaller dog. The young man screamed constantly but his voice was muffled.

One and Two walked up on the stage with the pit bull, straining to control it with the leashes. It snarled and snapped at the Rottweiler. The mounted dog tried to wrest his penis out of the anus of the young man and whined in pain. The pit bull was allowed to get a little closer and it lunged, snapping and growling. The young man screamed and screamed again as soon as he could draw breath, strange screams muffled by what was in his mouth.

I wanted to look away but I couldn't. For at least two complete rotations of the stage, the scenario continued. The pit bull, mouth foamy and constantly snapping, tried to attack the Rottweiler. The mounted dog, howling and whining, twisted and turned trying to pull his penis bulb out of the man's anus. The young man howled and screamed but his voice was muffled by the red ball. One and Two leaned back trying to control the pit bull.

Suddenly, the Rottweiler somehow managed to turn around, one hind leg over the young man's back for an instant, and then turned completely. The man and the dog were ass to ass and the dog's penis bulb was still inside the man's anus. The dog twisted and turned, whining piteously, as One and Two taunted it with the pit bull. Finally the dog gave a desperate lunge and his penis bulb was pulled out, a huge blood-red knot that hung obscenely from its belly. The red bulb was tennis-ball size, perhaps as large as the ball in the young man's mouth.

The young man screamed again and again and, in spite of the red ball in his mouth, he was somehow able to make his pain evident. He slowly subsided into sobbing and moaning. The Rottweiler ran up an aisle and out an open door. One and Two were dragged by the pit bull up the same aisle and out of the auditorium. There wasn't a sound in the auditorium except for the muffled sobs and moans of the young man.

Three slapped the young man behind the head a few times and he quieted. Four pulled a small white towel out of the box and wiped between the young man's buttocks. He held up the towel for all to see. There was a greasy smear with a touch of red blood in the center of the towel.

Three reached down in the box and brought out another container labeled in large letters, Mare Scent. She held it out to Four and she dipped her fingers in it, held them up for us to see the big blob of grease, and then rubbed it liberally over the anus and buttocks of the young man. I couldn't believe it. A horse? I'd seen male and female horses being bred. A man couldn't possibly take a horse's penis up his anus. It would kill him.

The stage rotated for a circle or two. I wondered what we were waiting for, if a horse was going to be led in, or perhaps something else was I going to happen first.

At the same time, Three and Four walked to the end of the bench and lifted something like a gate, an arrangement of metal pipes about two or three feet high. They unfolded two metal bars and snapped them to the sides, a triangular attachment meant to brace the bar to prevent it from being pushed down. When they finished, the gate or barrier was about a foot or so from the young man's buttocks. I was puzzled. What could possibly get at the young man with that in the way?

The door across from our seats opened and One and Two walked back down the aisle leading a little horse, a miniature pony, its back probably not four feet from the floor, a black blinder over its eyes. They walked the little pony around the man and the sound the metal horseshoes made echoed loudly through the auditorium. I heard a swift intake of air through the young man's nostrils, probably when he realized that a horse was walking around him. In his blind state, he couldn't possibly know that the horse was a miniature. He tried to struggle but he was totally helpless. His moans subsided into whimpers.

One and Two led the horse up to the pipe gate or barrier, head over the barrier touching the young man's behind. I heard the animal sniff repeatedly at the young man's rear and then he did something almost comical. He rolled his top lip up, whinnied like he was laughing, and pushed forward against the barrier.

One and Two lifted horse's front legs, and walked it forward, front legs over the barrier, hind legs behind the barrier. They slowly lowered the horse's legs until they straddled the young man's back.

Three and Four knelt at the house's hind legs and snapped something in place so it couldn't move forward. The horse tried to clasp what he probably thought was a mare with his front legs. The young man struggled and screamed but his screams were muffled by the ball in his mouth.

The horse began to thrust. I watched in disbelief as his long penis slid out of its sheath and grew longer and longer. It looked as big around as my arm, my forearm just below my elbow. The horse moved its hips and thrust forward and I saw it's penis touching below the young man's anus, probably against his testicles. The young man screamed again, that same strange muffled scream. He tried to twist free from his bonds but he was totally helpless. I was glad because I had been helpless too.

One reached under the horse's belly and lifted its penis. The horse thrust again but unsuccessfully. The young man was screaming continually now; as soon as he could draw breath through his nostrils, he screamed. One moved the horse's penis up a little more. The horse thrust again and this time I saw that strangely-shaped head slide into the young man's anus.

There was probably a foot of the horse's penis outside the young man's anus. I understood the purpose of the pipe barrier; it was to limit the depth to which the horse's penis could penetrate the young man's anus. I wondered how much was inside.

The horse frantically thrust forward with its hips for what seemed like an impossibly-long time. The young man screamed. One and Two stood at the horse's head, holding the reins. Three and Four stood at the horse's rear, both with hands on the horse's hind quarters, stroking it.

Finally, just like a man, the horse whinnied again and stopped thrusting. After a moment, it withdrew and I watched in amazement as its penis was withdrawn. As the last came out, it drooped down, almost touching the floor. If it was two feet long, at least a foot of the horse's penis had been in the anus of the young man. I could not believe what I saw but I knew it had happened.

Three and Four folded the pipe barrier back down and released the horse's hooves. One and Two lifted the horse's front legs, pushed it off the young man, and let it's hooves down. The horse's penis began to shrink and retract back into its sheath. I watched at the length shortened from two feet, to one and a half, to one foot, and then it seemed to stop, leaving at least a foot of black penis dangling.

The stage turned and I glanced at the young man's rear. His anus was glistening in the spotlight and something white was drooling out of it. His testicles were wet with the horse's semen. As the young man's penis came into view, I saw that it was erect, perhaps three inches of it showing below his scrotum, held pointing downward against the bench. Could he have possibly enjoyed his horse fuck or was it simply a response to having his prostate gland massaged by the horse's penis?

One and Two led the horse back up the aisle and out a door. They returned immediately carrying a stretcher. I looked at the young man and saw Three and Four removing all his bonds. Even when the young man was totally unrestrained, he was unmoving. One grabbed a handful of hair and pulled his head up. She held it for one full rotation of the stage. The young man's eyes were open but he seemed to be staring at nothing, unresponsive, just moaning softly.

One and Two at the man's legs and Three and Four at his shoulders, the four lifted him off the bench, lowered him to the stretcher on his belly, and then the four of them carried him up the aisle and out the door.

Immediately, the older woman, robed and masked in black, walked down the aisle and mounted the rotating stage. A single spotlight shone down on her. She stood there for a rotation of the stage, looking at the audience.

"Ladies, may I have your attention?" said in a strong voice "I want to remind you of a few house-keeping items before your departure."

"First, the door through which you entered will open in just a few minutes. We ask that you exit in absolute silence and remain silent and masked until you are back in your car. We have gone to great lengths to protect your identity. If you speak, your voice may be recognized by someone else here. So, maintain absolute silence, please."

"All of you arrived in different colors or makes of cars. When your car is called, please allow our attendants to escort you to your car without delay. Eighteen cars are waiting for the forty of you."

"As you exit the auditorium, an attendant will be holding a tray with small cards in it. The cards contain a single telephone number. This production has been filmed and, after careful editing, a DVD with a video of the proceedings will be made. You may order a copy by calling the telephone number. Payment options will be discussed when you call. The price is very high, you might say exorbitant, but

this production has incurred costs which must be recouped if we are to continue our work.”

“There will be one thousand copies of tonight’s production made, most of which will be sold to an established list of patrons. Forty copies will be reserved for the members of this audience for as long as one year. After that the remaining copies will be sold.”

“We hope you enjoyed our production tonight. Perhaps it will assuage the memories of what happened to you. The young man who played the starring role tonight has certainly undergone some sexual experiences which have been unbelievable. We assure you that no permanent damage has been done to his body. We make no assurances about his mind. We have simply tried to make sure that the misery he caused a young woman has been returned to him ten fold. We made sure we did not take his life.”

“Perhaps having to live with what has happened to him will be worse punishment, especially if the story leaks out. Perhaps he will choose himself to end his miserable life. Perhaps he was a masochist who liked what he endured. Perhaps he enjoyed every perverted thing that was done to him. Perhaps we have destroyed his life. If the story of tonight’s events leak out, in all probability he will have to leave college to escape the taunts of his classmates. Maybe the offer from the professional football team will be rescinded. Who knows?”

“I have one more caution for you. Please do not talk to anyone else about tonight’s events. You may ruin your own life.”

“And now, good night, ladies.”

The woman silently left the auditorium, the house lights came back up, and we all stood. My friend and I silently filed out, both took a card, and then followed the others to a wide hallway near the front doors. When the black Mercedes was announced, we elbowed our way through the other women. Three and Four were standing there just inside the doors holding out black hoods. One and Two were standing at the doors, waiting to escort us to our car. Blind again, I held out my hand and was led to the car. I heard the door open and my friend slide in and over to the other side. I fumbled in and the door closed.

Again, the chauffeur quickly put the car in motion. My friend and I sat there, in silence even though I didn’t think it should be necessary on the way back. I guessed that we might be halfway back when the car came to a stop.

“You can take your hood and mask off now,” my friend said.

I removed them and looked around. We were somewhere on the interstate, near an overpass. I looked at her. She was smiling at me. I smiled back. The chauffeur turned his head and spoke to us.

“Did you enjoy your little soirée?” he asked, and I recognized him. I looked at Marty and I suppose she saw that I was puzzled.

“Yes, it’s my husband. John brought us and now he’s taking us back,” she said.

“You didn’t answer my question,” John said.

“Yes, I enjoyed it,” I said. “I enjoyed it very much. I tried to imagine that it was my rapist on that stage. They were alike in lots of ways but he wasn’t the one who raped me.”

“Kaylee, do you understand that this is supposed to act as a catharsis for you?” Marty asked. “You should think of it as closing one door and opening another. You can walk through the second door if you choose. You can find what I’ve found.”

“I’m not sure I can.”

“Kaylee, you can do it,” she said. “Somewhere out there is a man like John, a good man, a kind man, a man who will love you. You’re still young. You can have marriage, a husband, children. You can have all the good things in life. Don’t you want them?”

“I suppose but...but can any man accept me knowing what has happened to me?”

“I accepted Marty, knowing everything about her, well, everything except how she felt about it,” John said. “It took me months to break down her walls. I knew she could love again if I helped her and I wanted to help her. I’m glad I did. I couldn’t want a better wife.”

“Kaylee, I don’t suppose we’ve ever told you but John was the state’s attorney who supervised the trial of my rapist. He turned out to be a serial rapist and he’s now serving a life sentence. He’ll never walk the streets again.”

“I read her case file and somehow I was drawn to her,” John said. “When the trial was over, I introduced myself and we gradually became friends. When I found out about her MA in psychology, I suggested that she help us as a counselor for rape victims. Now she heads that division.”

“But they’ve never caught my rapist,” I said.

“Kaylee, we got his DNA from you,” John said. “We think we know who he is. We’re still searching for him. We’ll get him.”

“You could help me to do my job, Kaylee, helping others,” Marty said. “It’s been the most therapeutic thing I’ve done next to marrying John. A man to love you and for you to love, marriage, children, and a job with a purpose: what more could a woman want?”

“Do you really think I could...have all that, I mean?”

“Yes, John and I will help you. After tonight, he’s going to help me get pregnant. I won’t be attending anything like this again.”

“Yeah, I’ll help her,” John said, smirking. “It’ll be hard but I’ll help her.”

“Marty, how did you learn about the place we went tonight?” I asked. “Who is doing all this?”

“Marty, shall we trust her?” John asked.

“Yes, John. I trust her. We can trust her.”

“You tell her,” John said.

“Kaylee, John is on the board of directors of the organization that puts on these presentations. He’s one of the founding organizers.”

I could hardly swallow. I didn’t want to cry. I wanted to live my life as I chose, to find love with a man if possible. I wanted to be loved by a man and to love him in return. I wanted to have children, especially that.

“Come on, Kaylee,” John pleaded. “All you’ve got to do is say yes.”

I took a deep breath or two and said it. “Yes.”

THE END – OR MAYBE A NEW BEGINNING