

The Panty Raid

Chapter 1

Standing at the foot of her grave, I still couldn't believe what was plainly happening right in front of me. The burial crew couldn't care less about my disbelief, though. As inexorable as taxes, they began filling the pit that contained the mortal remains of the woman I loved.

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I met Lily while attending one of those "orientation" things that all colleges hold for new students. She was a freshman, and I had just been accepted into the medical school. We hit it off and started dating, and with only a few side-trips, we dated pretty much throughout the next four years, becoming exclusive after that first year.

We both graduated on-time, and she took a job with a local business, while I went on to complete my internship and residencies at the University Hospital. Having graduated, she had to move off-campus. Being an "older" student, I already had an apartment, and so, naturally, she moved in with me.

We weren't flush with cash, but money wasn't a particular problem, so eventually we decided to make both sets of parents happy; we went ahead with a wedding. With me still in school, however, and her working full-time, we agreed that having children would have to wait.

It was during the last year of my last residency that something changed. It almost seemed as if the life went out of her, and I couldn't get her to tell me what was wrong. She became moody and unresponsive, and over time became more and more withdrawn.

I finished my residencies, and although I liked the college town and had several nice offers with local group practices, I decided to take a position with a group in another city in hopes that the move might turn her around. For a while, it seemed to be working, but then her demons returned.

We had been married less than three years, and I was only four months into my new practice in plastic surgery. We were doing okay, financially, with prospects for a brighter future. None of that seemed effective in relieving her depression, though, and one evening I came home just to find her beautiful, cold, dead body lying on the floor in our apartment. She had taken an overdose of a prescription drug that I didn't even know she possessed.

Her suicide had very nearly resulted in my own. At the time, I couldn't see any way to continue my life without her, but my cowardice prevented me from following her into death.

...

Everyone drifted away from the grave, unwilling to watch as the body that was once vibrant with life became entombed in the earth. Everyone, that is, except me, and one other, who loved her almost as much as I did: Nadine Hurst - Lily's "best female friend".

Nadine had attended high school with Lily, and they were room-mates in college, until they graduated. She double-majored in Physics and Mathematics, and after finishing her BS, decided to continue on as a graduate student.

She didn't date much (not for lack of looks - she was a knockout!) , preferring instead to concentrate on her studies and research; while she continued to live in the dorms while she earned her Ph.D. in some obscure branch of Astrophysics... or Cosmology... or something else for which I could never see the attraction.

Anyway, she and Lily continued their friendship even after our wedding, and beyond. Even after we moved away, there was the occasional visit - Nadine would come to stay with us, or Lily would visit her in the dorm. The two kept in almost daily contact, via telephone, although Lily seemed to want to cut me out of those communications, eventually becoming almost furtive about them.

No, it's not what you're thinking. Lily really was talking to Nadine. I know this because I pay the phone bill and I saw the long-distance charges. It wasn't that she didn't want me to know to whom she was talking. It was more like... she had a problem that she felt only Nadine would understand. It *did* upset me though, that she was willing to confide in *Nadine*, but not in *me*.

The circumstances inevitably led me to conclude that *I* was somehow the crux of her problem, and that didn't sit well, either.

Nadine seemed to hang back from the retreating crowd, apparently waiting for me. I felt all cried-out, but I didn't know whether I could face her without breaking down again. I couldn't handle much more of the burial though, so I gave up and headed for my car.

In order to get there I had to walk right by her, and as I approached, she opened her arms to hug me. I didn't really feel like a hug at the time, but it would have been rude to refuse. Besides, I'm a sucker for a woman shedding tears.

I took her in my arms, and held her as she sobbed. I'm ashamed to say that, even in the midst my grief for Lily, my "little soldier" rose to stand at attention. No surprise there. I hadn't enjoyed "conjugal bliss" for quite a while, because of Lily's depression, and even with runny makeup and eyes red from crying, Nadine

was a beautiful woman.

I tried to separate from her, apologizing, but she would have none of it. Clinging to me, she began to speak.

“Ray, there are some things I have to tell you... things you need to know. She wanted to tell you herself, but could never bring herself to do it.”

This didn't sound good.

“Nadine, I don't want to hear anything that would make me think less of my wife. If that's what you've got in mind, forget it.”

“No Ray, I'd never do that, I loved her too... but you need to know what happened, and why it had the effect that it did on her. It wasn't your fault, and it wasn't her fault, but bad things happen to good people.”

Both of us knew I'd never be able to rest until I knew the facts, but I still didn't like where it seemed to be heading.

“All right,” I declared, “Say your piece, but if it even *starts* to look like a character assassination to me, I'll leave immediately and we will never speak again!”

She dried her eyes and sniffed, then nodded her head. “We need to find someplace private,” she said. “The only place nearby that fits the bill is your apartment.”

I looked at her stonily, and she said, “We just need to talk. Or at least, I need to talk to you... I have nothing else in mind.” I nodded my agreement and told her to follow me home.

Our apartment lease included two reserved parking spaces in the covered garage. Since I commuted using public transit, we'd never needed a second car, so we had a spare parking space for guests, on those occasions when we had them. As she had often done before, Nadine parked right next to my car, and we entered the elevator lobby together.

While waiting for the elevator, I saw and acknowledged several of my neighbors. I couldn't help but feel a bit of dark humor. Most of the other tenants in the building were elderly retired people who'd been there for years. They had all met Lily and me at one time or another, and they knew that her funeral was today. It must've caused quite a stir among them when they saw me ushering another beautiful young woman into my apartment on the very day I buried my wife!

Entering the apartment, I took her coat, and hung it in the closet. I loosened my tie, and removed and hung my own coat as well.

“Care for a brandy?” I asked. “I need one myself.”

“A small one, if you don’t mind,” she replied. “And help me remember not to drink it too fast, please? This could take a while, and I don’t want to turn into a blubbering mess before it’s done.”

“Okay...” I agreed, pouring her a single and my self a double. “Why don’t we move into the living room and get comfortable?” She followed me into the room and took a seat on the sofa. I gave her the single brandy, and took the chair closest to where she sat.

Settling in, I said, “So start talking.” It was abrupt, but I wasn’t feeling very charitable at the moment.

She nodded somberly, and took a sip of her brandy. “You probably suspect that I know why Lily did it... don’t you?”

“Well, yes. She did confide in you more than in me. It was a major thorn in my side for the last few months... if she’d told me what was wrong, I might’ve been able to fix it...”

Nadine shook her head violently, and the tears started up again. “No! There was absolutely nothing either of us could have done! That’s one of the reasons I’m here now... you need to know that you had no part in any blame for her depression!” Regaining control of herself, she went on.

“Let me tell you a story...”

If you can name a negative emotion, I experienced it that day.

...

Nadine began her tale:

“You already know that while you were in residency and often had to work odd hours, pulling the ‘graveyard shift,’ especially on weekends, Lily and I would usually spend time together. We stayed either at your apartment or, if we wanted to take part in some on-campus activity, in my dorm room. One of those situations occurred a few months before you finished your last residency.

“You had night-shift duty at the University hospital for the entire weekend, and the college Drama Club was doing a production of *Romeo and Juliet*. Lily wanted badly to see it, and was terribly disappointed that you couldn’t get free. We conferred by telephone, and since you knew she would probably spend the time with me, anyway, I suggested that the two of us go on to see the play. You agreed that it was an acceptable plan, and you gave Lily a lift to my dormitory while on your way to the hospital.

“Neither of us had had dinner, and the curtain was to open on the play a precisely 7:30 PM, so we didn’t have much time to dawdle. We rushed through showers and getting dressed, grabbed sandwiches and sodas at the cafeteria, and barely made it into our seats before the opening lines.

“We enjoyed the play immensely... I guess the Bard hadn’t lost any talent in the past 400-plus years... and chattered about it all the way back to the dorm, and into the late evening, finally settling down to go to sleep just before midnight.

“We hadn’t been asleep long when we were awakened by the sound of screaming girls and the crash of doors being forced open. It seems that on that very night there had been a party going on, not far away, in the dormitory where the varsity athletes were housed. One of the geniuses involved in the party noticed that the ratio of males to females was quite high, and decided that the situation was untenable... so they decided to target the nearby women’s dorm for a panty-raid.

“Now panty-raids come in a variety of flavors. In their most innocuous form, multiple idiots burst into the private rooms of women living in the dorm, rifle through drawers of clothing until they find the desired undergarments, then leave as fast as they can, in order to avoid repercussions. In this type of raid, the consequences to the female targets are usually limited to anger, aggravation, and inconvenience.

“Less commonly, the rules of the raid require that the target panties be removed, not from a drawer, but from a wearer. If that’s as far as it goes, the major additional consequences to the victims are embarrassment, and possible minor abrasions and perhaps bruises. The perpetrators rarely leave the scene unscathed, however, and usually display bruises and deep scratches of their own, or worse, long after the event.

“Rarely, things get really out of hand, and those conducting the raid decide that anything goes. In those cases, really heinous crimes are sometimes committed. My dorm was the target of such a raid.

“When we realized what was happening, we tried bracing the door with furniture from the room, but it wasn’t enough. We were trying to call the police when the door was kicked in, sending the furniture in front of it flying. Six members of the college basketball team came through the door and stared at us, cowering on the far side of the room.

“‘Jackpot!’ the ring leader shouted, and his pronouncement was greeted with a chorus of ‘Yeah! White pussy!’ from the other members of the group. He waltzed toward us like he owned the place, and since I was closest to him, he grabbed me first. He pulled me up and pushed me backward into the rest of his group. They grabbed and held me in a standing position.”

I thought I could see where this was heading and I was already seething; ready to take names and kick ass, but Nadine shushed me and said, "There's a whole lot more. You need to hear the whole thing before you go off half-cocked!"

"Anyway," she continued flatly, "they raped me. I was wearing baby doll pajamas, and the leader simply tore them off my body. I tried to kick him, and he slapped me so hard I saw stars. The next thing I knew, I was lying on the floor with him between my legs. Two others were holding my arms and legs down so that I couldn't fight him off. Fortunately, I was still unconscious when he broke my hymen, but that didn't help me escape all of the pain.

"The next guy decided he didn't want 'sloppy seconds,' and took my mouth instead. He wasn't gentle. He pulled me up into a sitting position and forced himself down my throat so far, I thought I was going to hurl. It wouldn't have mattered, though... his prick didn't leave any room for the vomit to pass. I almost passed out from lack of oxygen before he finished, spurting his scum straight into my stomach.

"I was briefly hopeful that they were done with me. They weren't. The last guy holding me down apparently hadn't gotten his, yet. He pushed me over on my stomach, and while his buddies held me down, he lifted my ass and shoved his cock into my pussy from behind. I tried to relax, hoping he would finish up and leave, but, as it turned out, he was only interested in my pussy for lubrication. He didn't want to hurt himself, when he shoved his cock into my virgin ass. Nobody had prepared me for that, and I wasn't ready for it. It hurt worse than anything else they had done, and I did pass out again. Briefly.

"When I woke up again, the leader had apparently decided he wanted some of my ass, too. He was already in me, but either he was smaller than the other guy, or I had been stretched out already, because it didn't hurt as much.

"I heard Lily crying, and I looked across the room. The other three guys were doing to her, pretty much the same things that had been done to me. The guy fucking her at that time had thrown her left leg over his shoulder, and was using his weight to force it almost all the way down to her chest. Meanwhile, he held her right leg down with his right arm, while his buddies kept her arms on the floor.

"From my vantage, I could see his cock pumping into her pussy. He was huge. He probably doesn't get laid too often, because any normal woman would want nothing to do with him. I know it had to hurt her for him to push that log into her, and if seeing it weren't enough, hearing her screams would have convinced anyone. Those shits, though, just laughed and kept right on. I tried to move to help her, but with three large guys holding me down, there wasn't any way.

"We both screamed and cried, but with all the commotion going on as a result of

the panty raid, no one outside the room paid us any attention. The guys pretty much just kept fucking both of us until they felt satisfied, then they left. The leader was the last one out the door, and on his way, he reached down to grab our discarded panties off the floor. When he got to the door, he turned around, and with a smirk, said 'Thanks for the panties.' Then he left too."

I was shaking with rage by this time. Some gang of slime bags had violated my wife, not to mention her best friend. I demanded names.

"I'll tell you everything you want to know, Ray, but you have to hear me out first," she said calmly.

"I don't understand how you can be so calm about this," I asserted. "Even this long after the fact, I would expect that you'd be an emotional wreck. Why didn't either you or Lily see fit to tell me? I could have done something, anyway!"

"I was a wreck, for a long time," she replied, "but I got all cried out. I did what I could do to put myself back together, and eventually it happened. Hold onto your patience, and we'll get to the answers you want, okay?"

I reluctantly agreed, and she went on.

"After the men left, we eventually regained a small measure of composure. We discussed what we might be able to do. The basketball team was having a winning season, and we knew that it would be fruitless to try and have the school punish the athletes. The local police are pretty much in the Athletic Association's pocket, so we couldn't expect any help from them. Any evidence that they might collect would quickly disappear, and the guys would get off scot-free anyway.

"We also had to consider whether we wanted our names spread all over campus, the town, and the state, in connection with rape. Lily had several other reasons for not wanting to tell you about it, too." Nadine stopped for a moment, and gave me a sober look. "If I tell you about them, you have to promise me you won't think badly of her," she demanded.

"How could I think badly of her for being raped? She was my wife, for God's sake! She should have told me anyway!"

"I told you she had her reasons," Nadine replied. "First, and probably of least importance to you, she didn't want you to do anything that would get you into trouble, and perhaps kill your chances at having your medical career. There was another reason, though, that cut at her very soul.

"You see, even while we were both being assaulted, crying, and fighting as best we could, those guys wouldn't let up. They weren't satisfied with violating our bodies - they had to soil our souls as well. The leader of the group apparently

knew his way around the female body. He made sure that every time he came, I did too; and, he made sure that each of the other guys did the same thing. Even as she was fighting it, screaming in pain, and crying in rage, Lily came several times. I think the guys had the idea that if they could make us come, we couldn't claim it was rape."

"That's stupid!" I retorted. "Orgasm is a physical response that few people can control. It doesn't have any import in the question of rape!"

"We knew that, Ray, on an intellectual level. On an emotional level, though, it felt like we had somehow collaborated with our rapists! It was worse in Lily's case, because it seemed to her that she had betrayed you! Tell me now that you wouldn't have blamed her, even for a second! I dare you!"

I sat there silently, for a moment, before responding. "You want me to accept her orgasms with those... those slime bags... as normal, and not a betrayal... because she's *human*... and yet you want me to ignore *my* human nature to feel betrayed? *You* are not being fair to *me*! Of course I would have been upset about it... but I also understand the facts, and would have gotten over it quickly enough!"

"I wouldn't have expected anything else, Ray," she replied. "Neither would Lily... however, it was *she* and not *you* who got raped! She was already feeling lower than dirt, and she *didn't* need even a *moment* of hostility from you!"

"Anyway, to continue on: we talked and talked and talked, and finally decided that probably the most important thing was to have ourselves checked for STD's. I also had to be tested for pregnancy, since I wasn't on the pill. I was fortunate to have been in the right part of my cycle to avoid that."

"That explains the dry spell, immediately following that weekend," I observed, grimly. "I thought she was just pissed off that I'd missed the play; and her morose attitude just seemed to reinforce the idea. I see now that she was only trying to protect me."

"Yes, she was; and if you'll remember, it was just about that time that AIDS and HIV had become household words. We couldn't go to the University Hospital, because you would have found out almost immediately, so we went to the hospital in the next county. She had to wait for tests to come back negative before she could let you love her again. That, and the fact that she could hardly bear the idea of letting you have sex with her, feeling as soiled as she did.

"With no prospect of retribution for those guys, and the rest of my life ahead of me, I decided to get help. I started seeing a therapist twice a week, and tapered off gradually. Now I only see her when I have a really bad relapse. She helped me internalize the fact that the rape wasn't my fault, and helped me find my self-

respect again. Someday, I may even look forward again, to having sex.”

“Why didn’t Lily do the same thing?” I asked.

“She was afraid you’d find out about it, and she felt she had to protect you from your own reactions, just as if she’d told you herself.”

“Any therapist who betrayed her confidence would have lost their license!”

“True, but file clerks, receptionists, and the like are all over the place. Someone would have recognized her, and you would have found out she was seeing a therapist. Don’t try to tell me you wouldn’t have browbeaten her to get the reason!”

“Why didn’t *you* tell me then? As her best friend, you should’ve wanted to get her help as quickly as possible!”

“I know. I failed her that way; but at the time, I wasn’t thinking clearly either. All I could see was that I would be betraying her confidence in me, and she had very little confidence in anyone at that point. It might have caused her to suicide even earlier. I just don’t know.”

“I guess you’re right. I just feel so impotent about this.”

“Both of us feel that way.”

“I suspect that the shared rape experience was the reason she started being so secretive about conversations between you two...”

“Yes, I suspect so. It seemed to dominate our time, whenever we were together, either in person or on the phone. In a way, I think I was trying to do for her what my therapist did for me. Obviously, I wasn’t very effective.”

We both sat silently for a while, looking at our fingers in order to avoid looking at each other. My mind was racing. I couldn’t let go of the fact that some bunch of assholes had placed so little value on the girls’ humanity, that they felt it was perfectly fine to commit rape. I was not only angry with the perpetrators, I was angry at the establishment that protected those slime bags at the expense of their victims. Outwardly, I remained calm, but I knew I had to even up the scales.

“The guest room is available,” I told Nadine, “if you don’t want to be alone tonight.”

“How would that look to your neighbors?” she queried with a sad little half-smile.

“Who gives a shit?” I shot back. “It’s none of their business. We’re still friends,

aren't we? In case it wasn't clear, I didn't ask you to share my bed, which is still warm from Lily's body. There is another, perfectly good bed in the guest room, which you can have all to yourself for the night, or for as long as you need or want it."

"Ray," she said carefully, as she got up and walked over to me, "Sex wasn't even on my mind. It's a non-starter for a variety of reasons right now, not the least of which is, even if I could go through with it, I'd still feel like I was betraying Lily. I know you would too. As innocent as your offer is, I just don't think that staying overnight would be such a great idea. Too many people that we know would have too much to say about it.

"Besides, you know I've always had a crush on you, and as much as I need to be held and comforted at this moment, I also fear the possibilities. I don't want to feel that I'm taking advantage of you, if we ever develop a closer relationship, and I don't want to simply become a replacement for Lily, either."

I was shocked that the idea had even occurred to her. On the other hand, circumstances would lend themselves to the conclusions she pointed out. It wouldn't do any good to argue the points, though, and it might cost me a friend, so I decided to ride it out.

"All right then," I replied. "How about dinner? Surely two long-term friends can have a meal together without bringing down the moral outrage of everyone we know." She agreed, and we left the apartment to have a nice quiet dinner at a somewhat posh restaurant.

While we were out, I suggested that we keep in touch, perhaps sharing a meal on a regular basis, in order to provide mutual support for each other. She agreed to that as well. When we returned to my apartment, I walked her to her car, and gave her a chaste kiss before sending her off, much as I had done many times when Lily was alive.

As she drove away, I realized that she hadn't yet told me the names of the athletes involved in the rape. No matter. I would find out soon enough, and then I would collect my pound of flesh from each of them. I had much to do though, before that happened.

Chapter 2

Over the next ten months, I gradually escalated my high-end cosmetic surgery practice, and tapered off on the *pro bono* work that had been my hallmark. Even without a fully-developed plan, I knew that whatever I ended up doing would cost some substantial bucks. One of the first things I did, was to establish a number of separate identities, under different names. At that time, it wasn't as difficult as it is now.

As a hedge against someone tracking my shifting money, I did a great deal of highly visible entertaining, always paying with cash, never demanding a receipt. I could honestly say that I had no idea how much I spent that way, and since I didn't try to use it as a tax deduction, I didn't have to know, or prove it. I began to funnel a good deal of that money, all in small cash deposits, into bank accounts that I had established under my alternate identities.

When I wasn't working, I was reading, looking for ideas that would help me in my quest to bring the criminals to justice. The only exception to that was the time I spent with Nadine. We had a kind of kinship, through our separate relationships with Lily, and our mutual trust and affection grew into genuine love.

Ever since the funeral, we had been having dinner together at least once a week, usually on Saturday evening. We talked, or rather *she* mostly talked, about the assaults at least some, almost every time. I think, for her, it was almost like a continuation of her therapy: one that allowed her to begin to normalize relations with the male half of our species. While she had mostly recovered, emotionally from the rape, she'd found it difficult to communicate intimately with men afterwards, so she had not accepted any dates since that night.

Although I desperately needed to know, in order to take any kind of action, I didn't push her for the names of the perpetrators. I didn't want her to get overly concerned about what I might do, once I found out. Over time, however, as she went over the events of that evening in more detail, she mentioned each of their names at least once. I made it a point to have a notepad and pen with me whenever I saw her, and I recorded those names when I could do so without her observing it.

My reasons for seeing Nadine were not all rooted in my need for vengeance. I had always liked her, and I think we both felt that sharing the knowledge of her rape gave us something intimate in common. That I was sympathetic, rather than judgmental about it, gave her a level of comfort with me that she couldn't have with other men.

Gradually, our dinner meetings evolved into something like real dates, and we would frequently go dancing or to the theatre, or engage in some other

entertaining activity, before or after. We even started spending many of our available daylight hours together, taking day trips to the seaside, or going to the zoo. Then one night, as I was delivering my usual, chaste, goodbye kiss, she opened her mouth and licked my lips.

Now, except for the occasional grudging interlude with Rosy Palm, I hadn't had sex for nigh on to a year. My reaction to Nadine's kiss was predictable and immediate. My lips yielded to her tongue, and I sucked on it, as I pulled her into closer embrace. I began to explore her mouth as well, while stroking her back, her belly, and her breasts.

We maintained the kiss for what seemed like hours, but it was really probably only minutes, until the need to breathe more deeply asserted itself. When we broke apart, in the dim light of the city night, her eyes fixed on my face with an almost predatory intensity.

"Do you think you might be able to find a cup of coffee for a sleepy girl?" she asked, breathily.

I took her hand, and we almost ran to the elevator lobby. My apartment was near the top, and neither of us could keep our hands off the other as we rode the elevator up eleven floors. I'm glad we were going up - it was that much less likely others would be stopping the elevator to get on.

When the elevator stopped, we got off and headed for my door, stopping every few feet to dive once again into a mind-blowing kiss. I fumbled with my keys, almost dropping them twice before I got the door open.

We stood there a moment, doing nothing but looking at each other. I was thinking furiously, trying to figure out what I should do next. I guess Nadine was doing the same thing. Nothing appropriate came to mind, so like an idiot, I picked her up and carried her through the door, kicking it closed behind me.

Moving to the sofa, I sat down with her in my lap and resumed kissing. I think she was a little startled at my behavior, but it didn't take her long to resume cooperating. During an oxygen break, I remembered that she'd asked for coffee, and apologized for not having already prepared it.

"That's okay," she grinned, "I think I'm pretty wide awake now, and I like what we're doing!" So we went back to doing it. After that, my mind was put out to pasture, and my body went on automatic.

As she sat on my lap, eagerly participating in our kisses, I resumed stroking her back and started caressing her legs, unconsciously going higher and higher with each stroke. She was wearing an LBD that fell only to mid-thigh, so it wasn't long before my hand was bumping into the *very wet* gusset of her panties. When she didn't object, I quit the pretense of accident and began overtly but

softly stroking her mons, through those panties. The continued kisses and the rocking of her hips reassured me that I had the right to do that.

Her breasts, compressed against my chest, reminded me that she had many other admirable attributes. Because she had spent so much time with Lily and I, I'd often seen her in swimsuits, as well as in wispy undergarments and sleepwear that had left little to the imagination, but I'd never seen her unencumbered nipples, much less tasted them, and I wanted to do that, right now!

With my other hand, which had been stroking her back, I gently lowered the dress' zipper, and unset the hook that kept the back closed. She didn't seem to notice that the front of the dress practically fell off her body, leaving her bosom protected only by a lacy black bra.

I withdrew my hand from her panties, which prompted a small whine; but when I cupped one of her breasts and began to play with the nipple, her rocking resumed. It seemed she got nearly as much pleasure from my fondling her breast as she got from my petting her vagina.

With the hand on her back, I found and released the clasp of her bra, and it, too, abandoned ship, unfettering the most perfect female chest I've ever seen. I wasn't being disloyal to Lily... she was small-breasted, and we both knew it. Her breasts were perfect for her, and I loved them. Nadine, however, is a somewhat more voluptuous woman, with a proportionately larger bosom. In my experience, it is unusual for such women to have perfect, teardrop breasts, with sweet, puffy nipples that point right at your face. Nadine had them.

They drew my lips like a magnet draws steel, like a flame draws moths. They were irresistible. I closed my lips and sucked on each one, running my tongue around and over them, biting at them softly with my lips. My free hand gently squeezed, rubbed and rolled the breast that wasn't occupied with my mouth, and I kept up these ministrations until I heard her groan, and felt her body shudder. She had an orgasm, just from having her breasts sucked. This I liked!

I liked it, but I knew it was getting out of hand. Before tonight we'd been close friends, and we were getting closer. Now things were moving so fast, our relationship could end up as a train-wreck, if I weren't careful. Even if I couldn't have her as a lover, I didn't want to lose her as a friend, and I was afraid that's where we were headed.

I pulled away then, and looked her in the eyes.

"Nadine, how far do you want this to go?" I asked quietly, trying to keep my hands still.

She took a deep breath and released it, then asked, "Do you love me?"

You'd think that I would need some time to consider the answer to such a question, but I didn't. It was a given.

"Yes, I do. I think I always have."

"Then can I stay the night?"

I didn't dignify that one with an answer. I simply picked her up again, and carried her into my bedroom.

I lay her gently on my bed, and began to undress her, kissing every square inch of skin that I exposed, and going back to her lips frequently for more of what we'd already shared. I took time to touch, stroke, kiss and lick her everywhere, as well as to stop frequently and simply enjoy her visually. This woman is an unimaginable treat!

When she was finally naked, I lost no time getting out of my own clothes. I lay down next to her and returned my lips to hers. I pulled her to me with one arm, and let the other journey down to her lightly-furred mons. She opened her legs to allow further exploration. Touching her vaginal lips, I found her wet, but not quite ready for me, so I used my fingers to start her on the path to another orgasm.

When she seemed to have had her fill of my hand, I moved my body between her legs and felt her stiffen. I knew she must be remembering that other time, so I tried to slow down even more. I kissed her again, until she again relaxed, then I started kissing lower, moving to her neck, her upper chest, her bosom, her belly, and eventually, her vagina. When I arrived there, I licked and kissed my way all the way around her vaginal lips, stopping occasionally to torture her clitoris with my tongue.

I could hear and feel her breathing faster and deeper. I could tell that it wouldn't be long before she had a *good* one! When the time was right, I fastened my lips around her erect clit, and strummed it with my tongue. She went ballistic! Her hips came straight up, nearly throwing me off the bed, and I really believed that her orgasmic scream would have the neighbors, if not the police, beating at my door, in short order.

She didn't pass out, but she got very quiet, and I kept caressing her body with my hands and lips: not trying for another orgasm, just letting her know that I was still there. Presently, I heard a snuffle. Was she crying? Yes... not bawling really, just shedding a few silent tears.

I pushed myself up and crawled up to her face. I kissed her again, and took her into my arms.

"What's wrong honey? I thought you enjoyed that..."

“I did,” she sobbed, “I was just thinking, this is the way my *first time should* have been!”

“There, there,” I comforted her, “In the only way that’s important now, this *is* your first time.”

She pushed away and looked at me quizzically. “What do you mean?”

I kissed her on the nose and said, “This is the first time you’ve ever actually *chosen* to have sex with a man, isn’t it? And you expect me to make love to you, don’t you? As opposed to just fucking...”

“Yes, it is! And yes, I do! I guess... it *is* my first time in that way...”

“For the moment then, leave the past alone and live in the now. I want to make love to you without those ghosts haunting us.” And I rolled back over her, to begin rebuilding the mood.

Not long after, she was squirming underneath me, trying to move things along a little faster, so I stopped.

“Please!” she whimpered.

“Please what? What do you want?”

“I want you inside me! Please, give me your... penis? That sounds odd. What should I call it?”

“You can call it my cock, if that sounds better.”

“Okay, give me your cock! I want it now!”

“Aren’t you afraid?”

“Yes, a little,” she whined, “but I want it so bad... Please give it to me... just be gentle, will you?”

I was gentle, but even without her hymen, she still had some discomfort. There hadn’t been anything or anyone in her vagina since the night of her brutal rape, so she was *still* as tight as a virgin. Only persistence and copious amounts of natural lubrication made it possible for me to gain entry, but ultimately, I did.

Once fully seated, I paused for a long moment, allowing her to become accustomed to the invasion. When she began to move on her own, I knew she was ready to rock, so I started a slow sweet motion, in then out. She was still pretty tight, so I didn’t try too hard for more friction with her labia, clit, and vaginal walls. She was going to be sore in the morning anyway... no need to make that worse.

It was surprising to me, but I managed to stay with her while she had two more semi-fantastic orgasms, before I felt compelled to unload.

“Honey, I’m going to come... what do you want me to do?”

“Huh? What do you mean?”

“I mean, I’m about to jettison a huge load of baby-makers, that I’ve been saving up for awhile. If I don’t pull out, they could make a baby in *you*...”

“I might like that, but no, they won’t,” she said breathily, “I went on the pill after that night... just in case... you can come in me... please, come in me... let me feel you come!” Her voice went up at least an octave as she spoke, and that was all I needed. I exploded.

Eventually, I got my breath back, and found myself holding a shivering armful of beautiful woman. I kissed and hugged and cuddled her for all I was worth, whispering my love for her, until she calmed down.

After a while, I remembered what she said about the pill. Pulling back a bit, I looked at her and said, “Just in case?”

She winced, and said shakily, “Yeah. If I was raped once, it might happen again. The next time, I might not be as lucky...”

“Oh...” I pulled her back to me, and we both drifted off to sleep.

...

After that night, Nadine and I began dating openly, and on any weekend that she wasn’t required to be at the University, she spent Friday evening through Sunday afternoon, with me. I, in turn, made it a point to take time to see her, during the week, and often took a hotel room for the evening, just so we could stay together, yet be near the University.

We were a good match. Neither of us would ever forget Lily, but our relationship was plenty deep. I couldn’t have done that with anyone else; and she had nothing to hide from me, which is something she couldn’t necessarily have with another man.

She was only a few months away from finishing her dissertation, when I presented her with an engagement ring, and asked her to become my wife. She was thrilled about being asked, and I was just as thrilled when she accepted. We spent even more time together, talking about our hopes, dreams, and expectations, concerning marriage and family, and easily came to mutually satisfactory compromises, where needed.

Her family was not wealthy, and she didn't feel the need for the "huge church wedding," anyway, so we decided to have a "destination wedding." We negotiated a wedding date and I agreed to pick up the tab for travel expenses, so that we, along with her parents and mine, could be there.

"There" was to be Hawaii.

Meanwhile, I had not forgotten my mission of retribution.

...

I had spent substantial sums of money under my alternate identity, tracking down and building dossiers on the men who had been involved in the rapes. It turned out that they had, as a group, repeated that crime with different women, throughout their college years. My "researchers" came up with a list of no fewer than two dozen women who'd been victimized by these slime bags.

A couple of the men had gone pro, following college, and although they'd not been really *big* names, they did okay. All but one of the others eventually went into more traditional business management jobs, trading on their college basketball successes to get preferential treatment from older alumni. All of the men I located were married, and had been successful in their careers.

It had been difficult to locate the last man on the list. He hadn't been that good an athlete, and after his scholarship ran out, he joined the Army. He had a tour of duty in SE Asia, near the end of the Viet Nam debacle, and was mustered out on arrival in Los Angeles at the end of his tour. The trail ended there, for a long time.

After much more research, it turned out that he was dead, and apparently no one who had been close to him knew it. He had gone to sea on a commercial freighter, and eventually ended his days dying from syphilis in a remote country with inadequate medical care. Too much justice. His demise, and the fact that he'd just dropped out of sight, however, made it easier for the plan to work.

When I began working out my plan for revenge, I had no plans to remarry. Nadine changed all that, and it complicated things somewhat. I had intention of abandoning my self-imposed mission, though, so the wedding became a part of the plan.

I knew that when the shit hit the fan, my name would be on the short list of people the police would want to meet, so I needed an airtight alibi. I began building that alibi, by scheduling myself to attend a week-long conference of plastic and cosmetic surgeons, to be held in June, in Chicago. The wedding date I negotiated with Nadine and her family was Wednesday of the week after the conference.

When I made my travel arrangements, I booked all the flights for everyone who was to be involved in the wedding. I arranged for Nadine to visit her parents, in Philadelphia, during the week I was to be in Chicago. I set up the flights, so that Nadine, her parents, and mine, had a stopover in Los Angeles, where I would hook up with them. We were all on the same flight to Honolulu, where the parents would stay all week, and Nadine and I would stay, until the day of the wedding.

The wedding itself was to be held on Molokai, and as honeymooners, we would spend the rest of the week alone, in a shore side cottage, before returning home.

Coincidentally, one Rabbi Josef Silverman booked a round-trip flight from Indianapolis to the Orlando. The trip was to take place starting Tuesday evening of the week of my conference.

Using the dead athlete's identity, I reserved two adjoining suites in the college town's best hotel, guaranteeing the room charges on a credit card that I had acquired using that name. Funny, the dead man and the Rabbi had the same address!

Having inside information about my targets' habits, I knew that the week of the conference would find them all available to participate in my plans. I sent each of them an invitation to a reunion, under the dead man's name. Those invitations contained the words "Remember what happened several times, in the women's dorm, during my last year at college? Come help me celebrate and talk about it. Bring your ladies, too."

I hoped that the targets would recognize the implied threat. They all had reputations to protect. It worked, and the confirmations began flowing in. There were no holdouts.

While all this was going on, I had decided the form that my vengeance would take, and began accumulating the necessary materials and equipment, as well as studying the technical aspects of what I intended to do.

...

Everything was ready, and the time was ripe. On Sunday, before the conference was to begin, Nadine and I went to the airport, and I put her on her flight and went to wait for mine. In the gate area, I made it a point to introduce myself and talk to the airline personnel, as well as several other passengers on my flight.

Call me a cad, but I *much* prefer to talk to pretty young women. I met a couple of girls traveling together, and chatted them up, letting them think I was hitting on them. I even gave them my business card, and wrote their names and phone numbers down in my diary, as potential future customers.

I lucked out on the plane, and my seat-mate was a rather attractive older woman, who was eager to pass the flight time in conversation. In short order she had most of my life's story, and was just *thrilled* to hear of my wedding plans.

"Oh! I wish my John had been that romantic," she gushed, then she went on to tell me all about her courtship and wedding, her three children, two of whom were underclassmen at my old school, and her husband's plan for retirement. By the time we landed, she had a half-dozen of my business cards to pass out to "friends" who she felt might benefit from my services, and I, of course, had another contact name, address, and phone number. The first stage of my alibi was completed, and I had solid witnesses to the fact that I had taken my flight to Chicago.

On arrival at O'Hare, I went directly to the rental car counter to pick up my keys. While I was there, I got into a lengthy discussion with the clerk (much to the disgust of the waiting crowd) about potential things to do and see around Chicago. Having been there before, I had already seen most of them, but that wasn't the point. Finishing that, I picked up my luggage and drove to the conference hotel. I chose valet parking and tipped well, insuring that the men doing the parking would remember my arrival.

I checked into the hotel, spending enough time at it to insure that the young woman behind the counter would easily remember me.

I spent that evening, and the next, as well as all day Tuesday, doing all of the things that people normally do at conferences: I went to all the mixers, glad-handed people I knew, who had somehow become important in my profession, and generally made my presence known. None of the people I met were close friends, so while the time I spent with them ensured that they would remember my presence at the conference, I wasn't important enough to them for my absence to be noticed, when the time came for me to temporarily leave.

Throughout the preceding year or so, I had occasionally stopped in at costume shops scattered across my home city, buying odds and ends that I thought might help me in my quest. I had brought many of these items with me, in a separate suitcase. Just after the Tuesday afternoon plenary started, I slipped out unnoticed and went to my room. Twenty minutes later, a fellow, who appeared to be an aging hippie, sauntered casually out the front door of the hotel with suitcase in hand, and walked down the street to a nearby car rental office.

...

It was about a three-hour drive to Indianapolis, and I only made one stop on the way down. No one at the Big Boy restaurant seemed to notice that the hippie who went into the restroom with a suitcase, never came out; or that the Rabbi who exited was carrying the same suitcase.

I made it to the airport barely in time to catch my flight - that is the Rabbi's flight - to Orlando, leaving the car in short-term parking. The flight was noteworthy only because of the boredom it engendered. Eventually, we arrived, and I went to yet another car rental counter. While there, I got the clerk to give me a map showing directions to the hotel where my dead persona had rooms reserved. Before leaving the airport, the Rabbi went back into hibernation, and the hippie resurfaced.

I drove to a part of Orlando that I was familiar with from my undergraduate days, and contacted a fellow I had heard about and seen before, but with whom I'd never done business. He was a pimp.

There were several of his ladies present, and I chose a very pretty black girl, ostensibly for a Rabbi who didn't want to be seen in these parts. For five hundred dollars, half payable up front, the pimp agreed to send her to my hotel at the prescribed time, for the entire next evening. In a different town it would have been more - she was that good-looking - but there was simply too much free pussy available to support higher prices here.

Still in my hippie persona, I drove to the hotel, about an hour down the road, and checked in, using the dead guy's name. Once checked in, I went for a walk around campus. I spent my time there talking to young, white male students, paying particular attention to those who seemed to be somewhat athletic.

I eventually go around to working on my purpose, and I suggested that I could get them all the clean, married pussy they could handle for one evening, if they followed my directions exactly. I also told them that if I didn't make good on the pussy, I would give them each \$100 for their time. Needless to say, my conversations yielded a number of willing bodies to help me do my thing.

I spent the rest of the day preparing the suites for my purposes.

...

My guests began arriving starting at noon the next day and all had arrived by six pm. Each of them asked at the desk about the host for the event, and was told that he had arrived, but was away for the afternoon, and that they would be contacted very soon with instructions for the meeting. Shortly after six, I had messages delivered to each of their rooms, asking that they meet in my adjoining suite at seven that evening.

When the hooker discreetly arrived at my door, I asked again about her fee, and like any good business person would do, she tried to run it up an extra hundred for the drive over. I laughed and told her that I was not going to use her sexually, but that I needed a hostess for the evening activities, and would give her \$1000 if she did exactly as I said. I told her a sob story about a dead

classmate, and a last wish that I was trying to fulfill. She agreed, with the proviso that if things got kinky, I would have to pay even more. We spent the next little while coaching her in her role.

My guests and their wives showed up at the suite on time, and were greeted by the hooker. She introduced herself as the wife of their host, and dutifully told them that he had been called away briefly on an urgent mission, but that he would return momentarily. Per my instructions, she made sure that each person was given a prepared drink, and she led them in a toast to the host.

Following that, she informed the ladies that all of the women were invited to go to a musical production by the university arts department, while the men talked about boring old times. That idea was met with some enthusiasm by the women, and relief by the men.

As a result of my preparations, the room was wired for sound. I heard the toast and the invitation and when it wasn't followed up by coaxing from the hooker for the guests to finish their cocktails, I called her on the room phone with further instructions

When she broke the connection, she turned to the guests and told them to that the host had had an automobile breakdown and she had to go retrieve him. They were told to help themselves to the bar and the hors d'oeuvres. After telling them to enjoy themselves, she left them to their own devices and returned to the Rabbi's room. He paid her the agreed-upon fee, including the promised \$1000, gave her an extra \$500, as well, and told her to take the night off. She left feeling pleased.

After she left, I changed back into the Rabbi, and he went back to the monitors to listen in on my guests. After a few minutes of hearing nothing, I decided that the drugs I'd placed in the drinks had done their work. The men and their wives would be unconscious by now. The drug acted rapidly enough that they wouldn't have been able to leave the room, but slowly enough to allow them to find comfortable positions without injuring themselves... I hoped.

I slowly opened the door between the suites, listening for any noise indicating movement. Hearing none, I quietly entered and looked around, finding that everything had gone according to plan. All of my guests were unconscious, and in no danger of injury at the moment.

I brought in my bag of tricks, and used its contents to securely bind and gag each person in the room, and then I bolted the hall door and moved all of the inert bodies to one of the bedrooms, using a wheelchair I had copped from housekeeping. The guys were big, and it was hard work, but I managed it.

I arranged the men on one of the king-sized beds, and the women, facing them,

on the other, and fastened their bindings to parts of the furniture so that they couldn't roll off the beds, then I administered some smelling salts to rouse my captive audience.

Chapter 3

Their reactions were predictable, but as they came around, I moved to the center of the room, and in full view of the entire assemblage, affixed a silencer to the pistol I'd brought along for the occasion. Their fear immediately calmed them down enough to listen to me, the man who literally held their lives in his hands. If possible, I intended to recruit the men's wives' assistance in the administration of their husbands' punishment.

In my best Yiddish character, I began to tell a story, about a young Jewish girl named Jesse, who was among those victimized by the men. That part of the story was true, and a convenient red herring concerning my identity. After describing her rape, and eventual suicide, as told to my "researchers," I told them about having identified the missing member and supposed host of the gathering, and having had him beaten by hired thugs, until the man confessed the crime, naming all of the other conspirators.

I told them that he had admitted having been part of the same type of crime, along with those men, on several occasions. Then I told them that I'd killed the man, and come after the rest. Admittedly, much of that tale was fabricated, but it suited my purposes for them to believe it. Finally, I opened a sheet of paper, and read a list of names of the women who had been raped by the group of men.

"These women were all victims of the same kind of abuse from these men," I told their wives. I folded the paper and returned it to my pocket and grimly asked them, "What do you think I should do with them, hmmm?"

The women, who had listened wide-eyed to my story, looked to their husbands to deny the accusations, but the men refused to meet their eyes. The fear that had been on the women's faces gradually changed to confusion, then anger at, and finally, hatred for their men.

When they'd had enough time to come to grips with the situation, I told the men that they might as well be dead already, that any of them that still had a pulse after I left, would have very little else going for them.

"This is for Jesse. It will do no good to bring in the police. I will be far away, in another country before they could find me," I told them.

Turning to the women, I made my pitch to them.

"You can be part of the punishment of these men if you want. If not, that's okay. No hard feelings, they will just be left to die anyway, so no big deal."

Each of the women had themselves been frequently mistreated by their respective husbands, but had felt helpless to do anything about it. Finding out about the rapes had pissed them off royally. They all agreed to help.

Turning back to the men, I identified the ring leaders and assigned each man a relative amount of responsibility for the past events. In my mind I ordered their punishments, so that those who had more of the responsibility were last in the sequence to be punished. I wanted the leaders to see, over and over again, what was going to happen to them.

I opened my bag again, and withdrew a vial and a syringe.

“Remember the botulism scare in the seventies?” I asked my audience. “You know, all that tomato soup that had to be boiled uncovered for ten solid minutes, because some folks died?”

I saw several heads nodding, so I went on.

“Well, this substance is the same as the toxin that was in that soup. It comes from a bacterium that I am told is named *Clostridium Botulinum*. It seems to be related somehow to the one that causes Tetanus.

“Anyway, there is a lot of research going on with the botulin toxin, and it shows a lot of promise for medical uses. The way I’m going to use it here today, has no medical benefit for you.”

I filled the syringe with a minute amount of the toxin. One by one, I went to each of the men, and administered the shots to several critical points in their nervous systems. As we waited for the toxin to do its work, I spoke to the ladies.

“In a few minutes these men will be paralyzed and voiceless, as well as unable to close their eyelids. For the moment, they are still able to achieve an erection, but that, alas will be a temporary condition. They will, however, be able to see, hear, and feel pain. These effects will be permanent and irreversible. To survive, these men will have to have constant care.”

Turning to the women, I said “Your part in their punishment, if you wish, is to enjoy sex with men of my choosing, in full view of your incapacitated husbands. Whether you chose to help or not, you will remain restrained until I am done, and you will be released as I depart. Any who wish to refrain from participating, please tell me now.”

Surprisingly, no one opted out.

I excused myself and returned to the suite’s sitting area. I called the number for the bar where my team of college boys were waiting, and asked for Harry. Moments later, I recognized the voice of the young man who was acting as my liaison with the team. I told him the room number, and that the boys should arrive in groups of two or three, separated by a few minutes. Five minutes later, I let three of them in, and told them to sit on the sofa until the others arrived.

I had recruited ten boys, but there were twelve who showed up, and some were getting a little impatient by the time they had all arrived. Nonetheless, they were mostly well-behaved.

“Okay guys,” I said, “we all know what you’re here for. Lest there be any confusion on your parts, this is going to be an *orgy*. There are some rules, though, and you shouldn’t underestimate my ability to enforce them.” Several of the guys gasped as I showed them the handgun.

“Now here’s the deal. Everyone will get to leave here unharmed, as long as we all obey the rules. Nobody has to participate, but nobody leaves until the party is over. Any of you who have changed your mind about getting laid, please go into that room, and watch TV for awhile,” I said, pointing to one of the unoccupied bedrooms.

“Anyone who is body-shy should also go with them,” I added. “If it bothers you to be naked in front of others, or to have people see you fucking, you shouldn’t be here anyway.” Nobody moved, so I continued.

“Okay,” I said, “here are the rules. First is, everybody but me has to get naked.”

There was some grumbling about “Where are the girls?” and “Is this guy some kind of pervert, or what?”

“Look,” I said, “We’ve already been over this. You don’t want to get naked, go watch TV. The girls are here, and they’ll come out when I bring them, not before. I’ll explain some *after* we finish going over the rules.” Still nobody opted out, and eventually all of the boys were naked. I was pleased to see that most of them were well hung, and apparently ready to rock.

“Okay, so the second rule is, nobody does anything they don’t want to do. No forcing, understand?” I put my hand on my pocket, and the boys nodded furiously.

“Third, if you get tired of fucking and want to drop out, you go watch TV in that room until I decide everybody is done.”

“Fourth, other than the TV room and the bathroom,” I indicated where that was, “Nobody leaves this room until I say so. There’s plenty to eat and drink on the counter over there.”

“Finally, when I say it’s over, *it’s over*, understand?” I finished, grimly. The boys understood and acknowledged.

“Now let me tell you why I’m doing this...” I opened the door slightly, to the bedroom where my guests were being kept, and started up a cock-and-bull tale wherein I represented a support group for victims of paralyzed men. These men,

it seems were unable to achieve erection, except by watching their wives get fucked by others. It worked better if the wife in question took on several at once.

Yeah, it was a dumb story, but it worked. College boys right? Horny? Willing to accept any story that gets them a piece of ass? Anyway, they bought it, and my leaving the door cracked let the wives know what was going on.

I told the boys to sit down, and wait, while I brought in the first couple. Entering the room I approached the first of my ranked list of wives, whose name was Veronica, and quietly asked, "Are you ready and willing to help?"

She nodded, and I told her, and the others, that I had no intention of raping them, or allowing anyone else to do so, but that if they wanted, each of them could have sex with any number of the college boys, in full view of her soon-to-be impotent husband. Again she nodded.

I moved her husband into the wheelchair, and rolled him out into the sitting room, where he could see the action. Returning to the bedroom, I released his wife's bonds, and helped her to undress. She had a nice body, and really tested my resolve. Originally, I had intended to have sex with each of the wives, myself, but decided that the gain in satisfaction didn't justify the inherent risks.

She accompanied me gracefully into the sitting room, and smiled at each of the waiting boys, who had been nervously glancing over at her husband in the meantime.

"Does he *really* want to watch?" one of the boys asked, incredulous.

"Yes, he does," she affirmed, "and I'm sure that you boys will give a good accounting of yourselves for him."

Having said that, she approached the nearest boy and pulled him to his feet. The boy reacted appropriately, taking her into his arms and kissing her. She let it go on for awhile, then backed off.

"Please don't be offended, but I'm not looking for romance. I'm doing this because of my husband, and we need to get me wet and ready to fuck!"

The boys obliged, and soon the very pretty wife had hands, lips, and cocks touching her everywhere. One of the younger boys was actually the first to plug into her pussy, but he soon found himself on his back as another dick plugged her butt, and yet another, her mouth. She even had a cock in each hand, jacking them off as best she could. Those who couldn't get their dicks into something of hers, right away, kept hard by jacking themselves while they waited their turn.

I walked over to her husband and asked quietly, "Does it remind you of anything? I'll bet she's having more fun than the girls in the dorm did!" He didn't

answer, of course. I noticed that he seemed to be getting an erection while watching his wife.

“You really *do* like to watch her fucking other men, don’t you?” I observed.
“Well, maybe she’ll let you do that when you get back home...”

After all the boys had had a chance to get their rocks off once with Veronica, I called a temporary halt, saying, “Come on guys, we have several more ladies who need attention tonight.”

I took Veronica by the hand and led her back into the room where her compatriots and their husbands waited. Closing the door, I gently forced her to sit on the bed, and I replaced her shackles and gag.

“I’m sorry I have to do this...” I said, “you’ve been very cooperative... but this is the way it has to be until the party is over.” Then I returned to the sitting room to retrieve her husband.

I found that the boys had decided to check him out while I was gone, and they were amazed to discover that he had a real erection! I grinned. That only helped back up my story.

“Sit down boys, we have a lot to do this evening...” I said, and they moved back to the couch. I wheeled the husband back into the room as well.

Moving him to the bed, I didn’t bother to replace his bonds. He wasn’t going anywhere. The others watched as I unzipped his trousers and let his erection spring through the opening. This was convenient. I again retrieved the syringe and toxin, and injected a small amount into the trunk nerve serving the glans of the penis, then another, slightly larger shot directly to the prostate finished the job. He had had his last erection... ever... and now would be unable to feel any sensation from having his penis rubbed.

As I went about my business, I described to the others what I was doing, and what the effect would be. I was *almost* moved to quit, when I saw the silent tears running down the men’s faces, but then I thought, *payback is a bitch!* Some of the ladies seemed to be uncomfortable with the permanence of my work, so I offered them yet another chance to opt out of contributing to the punishment. None of them did, though.

I approached the next wife, who was Delia. “You know the game now. Do you still want to help?” She nodded vigorously, so I prepped her husband and then came back for her. “Last chance to back out,” I said. She just smiled around the gag.

I released her bonds, and she got undressed. Looking at Veronica, she asked, “Why didn’t you let her put her clothes back on?”

“Part of my getaway plan,” I responded, grinning. “Besides, I like to look at her!”

“Oh, you!” she growled, leading me back out to the sitting area. Her performance was a near-repeat of Veronica’s, but with more enthusiasm, and with very similar results. After returning her and her husband to the holding area and taking care of my chores there, I decided a break was in order. I knew the boys were going to run short of body fluids if they kept up the pace, so I told them to take a break and drink up some water along with the beer and sodas they’d been consuming. I didn’t want them to “peter” out on me, and several were showing the strain.

It was during the break that one of the boys got up the nerve to approach

“Uh... Rabbi, both of the women we’ve seen tonight are black...”

“Is that a problem?” I asked.

“Um.. No, not really... it’s just that I. .er... we... didn’t expect that. Are all of them black?”

“Jimmy,” I answered, “I’ll answer your question, but let me ask you some questions first, okay?”

“Um... Okay...”

“Jimmy, were Veronica and Delia ugly?”

“Gosh no! They’re both beautiful women!”

“Are they not sexy? Did they fail to get you off? Did it feel bad to be inside them? Did they taste bad when you kissed them?”

“No! None of those things are true. I haven’t had much fucking, but tonight has been the best that I’ve had!”

“Well then, what’s the problem?” I demanded. “I’ve got three more beautiful black women waiting to get laid by a bunch of horny white college guys. They aren’t going to say no, or make you take them to dinner, or a movie. You can have sex with them in the relative comfort of this room, instead of the cramped back seat of a car. They already know how to make you happy, and are willing to do so, and it isn’t costing you a dime! Am I missing something here?”

“No... no... I was... Well, me and the guys were just curious...”

“Well, your curiosity could cost you some pussy, if you don’t watch out! Now if you’ve been listening, I already gave you your answer. Are you guys ready to quit now, or do we party some more?”

Jimmy drew himself up and puffed out his chest. “Well I’ll ask the others, but I’m

ready to party!” He went back to the group, and after a brief huddle, he gave me the high-sign. I let go the breath I’d been holding, and returned to my guests.

Performances by the remaining wives pretty much followed the pre-established formula, with a couple of minor exceptions.

Lisa, the wife immediately following Delia, seemed a little more nervous than the others. She agreed that the men were getting what they deserved, but it still upset her somewhat. On top of that, she was the least experienced of the wives, probably the only one of the five that had been a virgin on her wedding night, and she was concerned that the boys might be disrespectful or get too rough with her.

I reassured her that I would not be leaving her alone with them, and that if any of them got out of hand, I was able to, and would in fact, put an immediate stop to everything. Fortunately, her first taste of strange cock was a pleasant revelation for her, even if it was a white cock. After that, she threw herself into the fray with a vengeance. Did I tell you that *all* of the husbands had been abusive?

Only one of the men didn’t achieve an erection while watching his wife getting the daylight’s fucked out of her. When we got back to the holding room, I asked her about it, and she said, “He’s been having problems for awhile now. Almost every time we have sex, I have to blow him for awhile before he gets hard.”

His lack of erection was problematic for me. I looked at her and asked, “Would you mind, one very last time?”

She smiled at me and said, “No, it’ll be worth it to be rid of his constant complaining.”

I don’t know what he complained about, but it couldn’t have been her technique. I got hard just watching her work on him! Anyway, it worked, and I was able to do what I needed to do.

The other exception was Shelly, the wife of the leader. When she was prepared to go out and meet the boys, she paused at the door and looked at me for a moment.

“Don’t you want any for yourself?” she asked, with a Mona Lisa smile. “I hear you Jew-boys are pretty good in the sack... They say you really know how to take care of a girl...”

I smiled at her, and replied, “Shelly, as tempting as that offer is, I can’t do it. Anything I did with you, would be for me, and would be selfish. This isn’t about what I want. It’s about balancing the scales. Sweet little Jesse is dead, because of these men. Other young women died too, because of them, so thanks, but no.”

When Shelly was done, I declared the party over, and told the boys to get dressed. I've never seen a dozen guys who were as fucked out as those boys were. They were happy, but ready to call it a night. As the left, I gave each of them \$100. I had only promised them that much, if I couldn't come through with the pussy, but I felt that they earned it anyway.

When the boys had gone, I moved the men into the sitting room, then I went back and got the ladies. Actually, I just removed the ball gags and leg cuffs, and asked them to follow me. I had them sit on the sofa, still naked, in full view of the men.

"Ladies," I began, "that this hasn't been a fun experience for me is no reflection on you. I'm sure that if we had met under other circumstances, I would have enjoyed it immensely. I will be taking my leave of you, very soon now, but I have some advice for you.

"You are all very beautiful, very lusty ladies. You have wonderfully strong sex drives, and a great ability to share with a man. I'm afraid that your husbands will no longer be able to meet their obligations to you. That's the bad news. The good news is, you can pretty much do what you want, and they can't even complain about it.

"I know a lot about your financial situations. More than you do, really. For instance, I know that each of your husbands has been hoarding money in accounts which have been hidden from you. A few of those accounts are offshore, but I'm willing to bet that the access codes are stored in safe deposit boxes in this country. My "researchers" assure me that none of these guys are smart enough to hide assets in any impenetrable way.

"The upshot is, you have money now, and access to more. You don't need to worry about maintaining your lifestyle. Their girlfriends, however, won't be getting what *they* were promised!

"This is your last chance, if you want to curse me or criticize me, or whatever. When I leave here, I'll be on my way out of the country."

The women looked back and forth at each other, and eventually Shelly decided to speak for them all.

"I can't say that any of us would have volunteered for this experience," she offered, "and there were times that it was downright scary. We all knew that our husbands were not really good men, but we had no idea of the depths of their evil natures, before we met you. I'm grateful that we were able to find out without having something worse happen."

Turning to the men, she continued. "Nothing happened to you that you didn't deserve, and nothing is going to happen that you don't deserve. We'll make sure

that you get fed, that you have clean clothes and bedding, and that you are treated when you get sick. That's all. None of you ever gave us any babies, because you were planning to give them to some other girl. Now you can't.

"Hell, you can't even give is a decent fuck! Well here's the news, boys! Your wives can still fuck, and they still want to fuck. Moreover, those of us that want them can and will have babies. Your only part in the process will be to watch... while your wives take load after load from potent white dicks, and while we are having and raising beautiful, coffee-colored babies on a regular basis!"

Ouch! I think that they must be pissed off.

I told the ladies that they had the hotel until noon the next day, and that I'd leave the wheelchair with them, to help with getting their men loaded, when they left. I tipped my hat to them, and leaving the keys to their cuffs with Shelly, I made my getaway.

Only having to go one door down made it relatively easy. The Rabbi went back into the suitcase, and the hippie came back out. Checking the hall for movement, I left the room and went down to the bar for a drink - I needed it - then I went back to the room to retrieve my suitcase. That was the most dangerous moment. If the ladies had the presence of mind, and the desire, to check with hotel management, they could have found out that I had two rooms.

Apparently that didn't happen, however, because I was able to saunter up to my door without any impediment, and retrieve my suitcase. Following that, I took the elevator down to the garage, got my rental car, and headed for Orlando. I made it there in just over two hours, and had plenty of time to bring the Rabbi back out to meet the plane.

The rest of the trip to Chicago was uneventful. Both the hippies and the Rabbi's clothes went into Salvation Army clothes collection bin in Indianapolis, and his wig, beard, and moustache went into a river somewhere along the way. Their credit cards and drivers licenses somehow got destroyed in a fire that was burning in a barbeque grill at a rest area. I was me again.

When I returned the rental for the hippie, I just used the night key drop at a satellite office, and caught public transit back to my hotel. It was the wee hours of morning, but there were still a few of my acquaintances in the bar. I went in, had a few drinks, told and listened to a few jokes, then left to crash in my room.

I skipped sessions the next day, preferring to sleep in, and had room service with almost every meal.

I decided to go to the Friday morning plenary, just to reaffirm to everyone that I was still around. No one mentioned my absences.

I felt pretty good. My mission was accomplished, and I didn't have to kill anybody. The wives of my targets were unlikely to bring the authorities into the situation, and even if they did, all they could tell the police about was a crazy Rabbi, who didn't even exist, except for them and a few people in Indianapolis and Orlando. The only people who could connect the Rabbi and the hippie were the college boys, and even that connection was pretty tenuous. Neither of them could be connected to me.

When the plenary session was over, I high-tailed it to O'Hare to catch my outbound flight. My fiancée and our parents were waiting at the gate in Los Angeles, when I got there, and we had a wonderful little reunion. The flight to Hawaii, the wedding, and the honeymoon all came off as planned, and at the end of the week Nadine and I returned home as man and wife.

No one seems to know or care about the men who raped my girls. My only regret is that I can't tell Nadine what I did.

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