**Nemesis**

by[StrangeLife](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1541319&page=submissions)©

"NO! Let me go! Please! You don't understand. I must! LET ME GO!"

He was fighting to hold on, because this girl was dead serious about jumping. No ordinary suicide attempt, this one. This wasn't his first experience with a suicide jumper by far, but normally you could talk people down and make them think twice about their decision. Not this time though. She was clearly beyond debating her decision and just wanted to get on with it. If he hadn't happened to be passing by just as she was climbing the railing, she would now be floating dead in the icy water deep below.

"Please miss! Whatever the problem is, this is NOT the solution," he panted desperately through a volley of kicks, punches and scratching nails.

The girl seemed totally lost in hysteria and impervious to reason. She wasn't powerfully built by any means – more on the skinny side really – but insanity may often grant us strength and agility beyond what would seem humanly possible. Despite being close to twice her weight he was losing ground in this fight.

During his time in the military Owen had extensive training in numerous ways of incapacitating an enemy, lethal as well as non-lethal, but he had never imagined using any of them against a civilian, let alone a young woman. But there was a human life on the line if he lost his grip, so it was no-brainer. His training took over and with a hold around her throat he applied a calculated amount of pressure to a specific point. Within seconds the struggling girl grew limp in his embrace and slipped into unconsciousness.

As he carried her to his car he was surprised of how light she felt. Extraordinarily beautiful too with long black hair, perfect milky white skin and the kind of body men would die or kill for. Could this really be the one they were hunting? And why the stubborn attempt at ending her own life? She looked like somebody who had everything going for her.

"Of course she could be sick," he thought to himself. "Sometimes you can't tell just by looking. Guess I'll have to ask her when she comes around."

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Selene woke to the wonderful smell of freshly brewed coffee and for a moment her eyes were blinded by the bright overhead lights. As her sight gradually adapted she became aware that she was slouching in a reasonably comfortable couch of made of well-worn red imitation leather, like the ones that can be found in numerous diners all over the country.

She sat up and took in her surroundings. Yes, this was indeed a diner. Odd. How on earth did she end up here?

A tall man was making his way to her table carrying a tray. A quick assessment told her that he was in his early thirties, of powerful build, military-style buzz cut and she noticed that he moved with the relaxed ease of a well-trained person. Obviously a police officer or a soldier or some other kind of action man. He had a kind face though and beamed a nice smile at her with just a hint of crow's feet in the corners of his eyes. She liked him right away.

"About time you came around," he said. "Coffee is ready."

"Where are we?"

"In Joe's Diner two streets from the bridge where you attempted to go for a midnight swim. I'm Owen by the way."

"Nice to meet you Owen. I am Selene."

"GIVE US SOME PUSSY... SQUAWK!" a loud and hoarse voice sounded.

She jerked her head around, still a bit confused; then spotted a large bright green parrot in a birdcage at the end of the bar.

"Oh, that's Beauregard," Owen said apologetically. "As you can tell some of the guests have a pretty relaxed tone with him. I guess the lights woke him. I'll go shut him up."

"HAND ME THE GRUB JOE. NO SPITTING IN THE SOUP... SQUAWK!" Beauregard said happily and moved back and forth on his perch.

Owen grabbed large piece of black cloth from behind the counter and draped it over the cage. Before disappearing from view Beauregard had a few final words of wisdom for them:

"CIGARETTES AND WHISKEY AND WILD WILD WOMEN... SQUAWK!"

... and then he fell quiet as his cage was covered in darkness.

Despite her situation Selene couldn't stop a giggle, "A charming feathered fellow I must say."

"Yeah Beau is quite a character," Owen agreed.

Then her mood grew somber again.

"We are all alone here Owen. Where are the other guests? Where is the staff?"

"The diner is closed Selene. You might not have noticed but its two hours past midnight. You've been sleeping for three hours straight since I brought you here. You want sugar in your coffee?"

"No thanks, just black please. If this place is closed, how can we be in here?"

"I work as a security guard for several local businesses, so I have a key. Don't worry - Joe wont mind. I usually take my breaks here."

She took her cup and drank almost half the content in one swig.

"You should not have stopped me you know," she murmured behind her napkin.

"Wanna tell me why you feel that way?"

"Trust me. You do not want to know."

"Listen," he said. "I ain't gonna push you into anything Selene. If you don't wanna tell, it's your business. But sometimes talking about stuff can help a person make sense of the chaos in the mind. And frankly I'm curious about you."

Selene regarded him quizzically.

"You do know a thing or two about emotional trauma, do you not? Soldier? Been in action?"

"Yes, yes and yes," he confirmed with a look of suppressed pain she couldn't quite decipher.

She decided not to go there. At least not yet. And to be fair Owen seemed nice and genuinely interested in helping her. He deserved the truth, if nothing else. Besides he was a stranger. She might never see him again, so there was no reason for pretense. No reputation to worry about. Maybe it was time to come clean to somebody.

Selene drew a deep breath.

"I have killed everybody I have ever loved or cared for," she said her eyes filling with tears. "I could not help it and it will happen again. The world is better off without me and I cannot bear the pain any longer. Oblivion is preferable to what I have now."

Whatever Owen had expected to hear, that wasn't it.

"Holy crap! Are you serious? How did that come about?"

"My... well... my orgasms... my orgasms are lethal."

He almost choked on his coffee.

"Say WHAT?"

"My orgasm kills people, ok? Now go right ahead and laugh!"

No he did not feel inclined to laugh. This woman was clearly deeply disturbed and ridiculing her beliefs, preposterous as they were, probably wasn't a good idea. He decided to play along with her psychosis for now.

"I ain't laughing Selene. You don't owe me an explanation and I ain't got no right to pry in your business. Sorry I asked, ok?"

"I am not making this up Owen. I am dead serious, pardon the pun. My orgasms are lethal for real!"

"But... how?"

"I do not know. Maybe my mother insulted an old gipsy and got cursed, maybe I am the devils daughter, maybe I fart poisonous gas too... who knows? I am not a scientist. It just happens, ok? I orgasm and everybody in the room die."

"So you are saying that you can't fuck a dude without killing the poor guy?"

"Oh I most certainly can..." she blushed "... f... make love to a man without endangering his life. Nothing ever happens to the person I have physical intercourse with. Apparently men are immune to the effect if they have their penis inside my vagina. Unless they wear a condom of course. Skin to skin contact is crucial."

Owen leaned back and took a sip of his coffee.

"That's quite a story Selene. You must realize how wacky it sounds to other people."

"To me it is perfectly normal. Something that I have lived with all my life. Or rather, ever since I became sexual around other people. When I lived alone and had my own room there was no problem and when I left for college and got a roommate things were fine in the beginning. I was a late bloomer, had never been with a boy and was very focused on my studies."

"Which was?" he enquired.

"Huh?"

"Your studies. What did you wanna be?"

Selene smiled. This man was special indeed. He was actually interested in her as a person. She liked him better and better.

"A vet. I always wanted to work with animals."

"But I guess that didn't happen?"

"No it did not. My first killing sort of got in the way of that. Although at that time I did not know about my curse. One day a cute boy in my biochemistry class flirted with me, and later in bed I began touching myself while thinking of him. It had been a while so I reached orgasm in a few minutes. It was a powerful one too. I had to bite down on my comforter in order to refrain from screaming and alert my room mate."

She took a sip of coffee.

"As it turned out I need not have bothered. She was found dead in her bed the next morning. Heart failure. The time of death was estimated to have been about the time when I masturbated the evening before."

"And you figured it was your fault?"

"I knew for sure it was my fault. It is hard to explain Owen, but I felt her life-force flicker out when I orgasmed. Or at least I think I did. Keeping a cool head is not exactly part of having an orgasm..."

Selene blushed and looked down.

"... but in retrospect I am almost certain that I felt her die. And, god help me, it excited me. It increased the power of the sensation and the strength of my climax."

"Not quite sure I'm buying it," Owen said thoughtfully. "Experiencing the death of a friend at such a young age must be very traumatic for a young girl. Maybe your mind was attempting to rationalize something that didn't make any sense by creating a link between you doing something surreptitious and her dying. How did the school officials react to your theory?"

"I did not tell them of course. They offered me several free therapy sessions to help me deal with the loss, but I declined and took the rest of the semester off instead. The following year I transferred to a different college and did my best to forget."

She leaned back and stretched her neck.

"It went well for a time. Nobody knew about my past and I was very careful to only masturbate when I was alone. But then I met Ben. Sweet and gorgeous Ben."

Owen smiled at the dreamy tone in Selene's voice.

"God! Ben was such a great dancer. Rather unusual for a football player actually. They are mostly big and strong guys; more power than finesse. But let me tell you Owen; Ben had some serious moves. Of course we soon ended up in his room with our clothes off."

"Sound's like you were finally getting over your previous bad experience," Owen suggested.

"Yes, I suppose I had forgotten at that point. Or maybe simply talked myself into believing that it was all a tragic coincidence."

Selene's thoughts drifted back to her tale.

"Anyway, the night with Ben was my first time ever with a man and it was pure magic. Just like everything you read in romantic novels. We had candles and Barry White and everything. It did hurt a little in the beginning but Ben was a tender and patient lover and I had not had any sexual release for weeks. After a little while I felt the intense joy of orgasming from vaginal intercourse on my very first time. And my orgasm pulled him along so we almost came together. It was... just so perfect."

"And Ben was ok afterwards?"

"For a moment I was scared because he collapsed on top of me like a rag after his release. But then he began kissing me again. He was all right! I cannot tell you how relieved I was."

"There you go Selene. You broke the streak," Owen said smiling.

She continued as if she hadn't heard what he said.

"It turned out that Ben liked to go down on girls after he had ejaculated inside them..."

"A cream pie lover," Owen injected.

"To me it sounded like a very strange request, but at that moment I would have done anything for Ben. He could have asked me for a kidney and it would have been his."

Selene sighed.

"He kissed his way down my stomach, over my bush and down between my legs. I was completely spent after the sex but it was enjoyable never the less. He spread my labia..."

"Pussy lips. Sorry Selene, but you talk like a fucking gynecologist..."

"... pussy lips, and proceeded lick me. When he hit my clitoris it turned out to be much more than merely enjoyable. I was hyper sensitive after my orgasm and the sudden touch of his tongue on my naked nerves felt like flashes of electricity. I hardly had time to realize what was happening before my second orgasm crashed into me like a freight train. It was so powerful I lost myself for a while."

She closed her eyes for a second.

"It took several minutes before I was capable of coherent thought again. Ben was still between my legs and I reached down and ruffled his hair. His head just rolled limply to the side. I sat up in a state of panic."

Owen was silent.

"He didn't move. I kept shaking him and screaming for him to wake up, to not leave me. I guess I kinda lost it because the next thing I recall was a paramedic tending to me while a police officer was waiting in the background. I asked for Ben. The paramedic just shook his head."

"Ben had bought the farm?"

"Yes he was dead. Heart failure. My poor Ben. A wonderful guy who left a life that he loved long before his time because of me. A little piece of me died that day."

Selene hid her head in her hands a took a moment to compose herself.

"I was forced to realize that my worst fears were all true. For some reason my orgasm was lethal to everybody else in the room, except for the person having his pe... cock inside me. And the orgasms I had when causing somebody's death were immensely powerful, which of course made me feel even worse. I felt like I had robbed innocent people of their lives for my own pleasure. Something wonderful had turned into an ugly nightmare in my mind."

"That's fucked up Selene. I'm so sorry."

"I just wanted to go completely celibate, and for a while I did. But I am a very sexual person and it was an impossible situation. After waking up orgasming from an erotic dream I realized that I needed to come up with a different solution. I could not risk going off spontaneously like that. Somebody could have been near and gotten him or herself killed. I had to remain in total control at all times; even when sleeping."

"In control of your dreams? That was seriously your plan?"

"Not as impossible as it sounds Owen," Selene smiled despite her somber mood.

"I just had to keep myself sexually satisfied so I would not have naughty dreams anymore. And of course always ensure that I was alone when doing it. That worked fine for almost a year, until I met Dex."

"Another lover?"

"Very much so, yes. THE lover in fact. We were not sexual for months though, which lead to me getting more and more scared. Every kiss got me excited and I wanted him so bad. A few times I was afraid that I might orgasm just from making out with him and I realized that I needed to have him in a safe way before my body took control and caused another tragedy."

Owen nodded.

"So we made love. It was wonderful and nothing went wrong. I explained to Dex that the thought of a man putting his finger or tongue anywhere near my vag... pussy was disgusting to me. No foreplay; I only wanted vaginal sex. I knew that was the only way of keeping him safe."

"Sounds like you found a compromise then."

"Yes it worked for us. To be honest I missed foreplay a lot, but I simply could not risk it. Dex had no problem of course. He loved to be able to just climb on, plunge in and get started. What man would not?"

"Hey! Just for the record: Some of us men actually DO love to eat pussy."

"I know," Selene said. "But in general you guys get ready much faster than us girls. In any case it worked well for Dex and me. We made love every day, sometimes more than once, and I always felt satisfied. Over time our love grew and eventually we married. We were happy and I finally felt as if I had a future."

"I'm afraid I can almost guess what's coming."

"Trust me, you cannot Owen. Whatever terrible thing you imagine, the truth is much worse."

Owen said nothing. What could he possibly say to something like that?

"This Christmas we were invited to my parents house. Dex grew up in an orphanage and was alone apart from a sister he had not seen for years, so he was very excited by the prospect of having Christmas with a large family. Our six month old daughter Lori was still too small to appreciate most of the things happening around her, but my parents were crazy about her of course, so she got a lot of attention."

Owen could tell that she was setting up the scene for something bad.

"We were seated at the large table doing Christmas dinner when a loud crash sounded from the living room. My dad got up but before he could do anything four masked men armed with guns came running into the dining room. One of them – obviously the leader – told us to remain calm. They were going to rob us and leave. They weren't here to hurt anybody, but they would not hesitate to use extreme violence if we forced them to."

"Did you resist?"

"Nobody did. They claimed that they just waned our valuables, and stuff can be replaced. Nothing in the house was worth the risk of anybody's life, so we did what we were told and remained seated while two of them looted my parents home. The other two kept us under guard. I noticed that one of the men – the one that spoke – kept eyeing me."

"Which proves that he had good taste," Owen tried in a lame attempt at levity.

"Well I wished his tastes had gone in a different direction. But I could practically feel his desire and for reasons I still do not understand my body responded. I think he felt it too. This was evidently a predator - a man who was used to take what he wanted - and he had me at gunpoint. So I was not surprised when he told his partner cover for him while he had his way with me. I believe the expression he used was 'gonna bang that bitch'."

She grimaced.

"He pulled me out of my chair and brutally threw me on the floor. I was wearing a dress so he had easy access; only a set of panties to remove. I screamed and fought but he was strong and determined. I never stood a chance. In less that a minute he had his hands where only my husband was allowed and laughed when he felt my soaking wetness. My body wanted him badly and he knew it. I could only see his eyes, but they were wide with desire and raw need. At that point I still clinged to the hope that it would be over quickly, before something I beyond my control was set in motion."

"But then he unzipped and freed his... cock and I knew we were in serious trouble. It was the kind of cock that will send most women into orbit really fast."

"A huge cock?" Owen asked with fascination.

"Jesus Owen! You men are so focused on inches," Selene sighed. "No, it was actually about the same length as my husbands. But it was much wider and that is what truly counts. Having something go in deep is not exciting; it only hurts. But a cock that can really spread you out and make you feel totally filled will get you off quite efficiently."

"I assume you still fought back?"

"Did I ever! But it was an unfair fight. He taped my hands together behind my back and forced himself between my legs. The man must have been over two hundred pounds and I'm barely half that. There was little I could do. I watched that huge thing slowly but inexorably moving closer to my vag... pussy, and my fighting only seemed to excite him. The head of his cock was dark purple and clear liquid dripped from the tip. My body was screaming for it to impale me, but I was screaming for him to stop and let me go."

"What about your husband?"

"Poor Dex was taped to his chair and had a gun against the back of his head. Yet he was still yelling curses at them, as was my dad. They were both so brave, but the two other robbers had joined us so we now had a total of three armed men in the room. What could my family do beyond cursing?"

"I can't imagine how they must have felt."

"I did not have much time to worry about it, because when that cock finally touched the tip of my erect clitoris I barely managed to avoid going off right away. It took all my will power to stop, but I made it. Alas the strain caused me to relax my knees which gave the rapist an opening to get the tip of his cock inside me."

"You were still staring at it?"

"Not any longer. But I could feel it. The moment he entered me I got goose bumps all over and I just wanted to wrap myself around him and pull him all the way inside. It felt amazing! But I ignored my desire, recognising the danger, and fought him every inch. The end-result was given of course and soon he was pounding away in me. Not making love. Oh no. I doubt the guy even understood the concept. He was... well... fucking me."

Owen just listened.

"All the time during the rape – for that is what it was regardless of how pleasurable it was for me - I was looking at my beloved Dex while trying my hardest to keep from orgasming. But it was, as I had feared, an exercise in futility. When somebody is ramming you continuously with a cock of that size you cannot resist for long. Every thrust sent a jolt of pleasure up into my abdomen and was like a push towards the edge of a deep chasm. I knew it was only a question of time before I fell in."

"I wouldn't know about that, being more on the cocky side of things..."

Selene smiled weakly at his feeble attempt at humour. Then she grew somber and continued her tale.

"After a few minutes I was like a pressure cooker ready to explode. I took one last look at my family and locked eyes with Dex again, continuously mouthing: "I'm so sorry."

Her voice became shaky.

"I could tell that he had forgiven me already, but of course he thought I was apologising for being raped. He had no way of knowing the magnitude of what was going to happen. Neither of them did. In a way I am grateful for that. They never saw it coming."

"A flood of buzzing warmth started spreading from my pussy to my entire body and as it reached my brain my universe exploded in a big bang of pure pleasure. I was vaguely aware of my body contorting and my mouth screaming. Even time lost its meaning as I rode my orgasm through fields of ecstasy and I had no way of knowing how long it lasted or whether I had more than one in a row. Maybe it was one of those moments where time stood still and a second feels like an hour. Who knows?"

"As I once more became aware of my surroundings I found myself sprawled on the floor drenched in sweat. My legs were spread apart and something white was oozing out of me. My panties were next to me so I slipped them on and got up. The house was deadly quiet."

She laughed in a mirthless way.

"'Deadly' being the operative word. There was nobody left alive. My darling Dex sat slumped in his chair; head hanging limply forward mercifully sparing me the sight of his dead eyes. Mom and dad had fallen against each other as if wanting to hold on even in death and my sisters, cousins, aunts and uncles had died in their chairs. The three armed robbers were sprawled on the floor next to their weapons. I stepped on one of them on my way to the far end of the room. They were nothing but garbage to me anyway."

"The far end of the room? Where our daughters crib was?"

"Yes Owen. My little innocent Lori who had never done anything to anybody. Who never got to experience life. Who had a mere six months of existence before her light was extinguished by her own mother."

Tears were flowing down Selene's cheeks.

"I had killed everybody. I have nobody now. I'm all alone!"

"It wasn't your fault Selene. You were raped, remember?"

"But I enjoyed it! Don't you see? I didn't just rob them of their lives. I did it while rolling around on the floor with some lowlife having the best orgasm of my life! Even now the thought of the feelings I experienced makes me quiver inside."

"What about the guy who raped you?"

"I never saw him after I came to. He must have panicked and taken off."

Owen nodded.

"So now you know why I chose to jump Owen. Thank you for caring enough to save me and listen to my story – it means more to me than you could ever know. But you must realize that you have only postponed the inevitable. I cannot go on living after what happened. The pain must end. Besides the world is better off without me in it."

"Stop talking like that Selene. Every life has value and you can't just throw your own away like yesterdays newspaper. God doesn't play games; we're all here for a reason. And now it's your turn to listen."

Selene looked at him, a taken aback by his assertive tone.

"First I have a confession to make. I immediately suspected who you were when I saw you on that bridge."

"Huh? How? Why?"

"I've got a radio and listen to the police dispatch when doing my rounds – helps pass the time y'know – and just before I interrupted your little midnight swim they reported a botched home invasion robbery leaving a total of fifteen dead, three of which were identified as perpetrators. The police are looking for an African-American male and a young Caucasian woman in connection with the crime, and the woman matched your description. In case you didn't know, you are kinda hard to confuse with an average girl."

She smiled at the compliment.

"Then why did I not wake up at the police station instead of here with you?"

"They didn't mention whether they were looking for you as a witness or a suspect, but when I saw your determination in trying to kill yourself I knew you weren't a murderer. As you said earlier, I'm no stranger to the way the human mind works under extreme stress and you were clearly in no condition to face the police."

He took her hand and continued.

"Listen Selene. I think you just saw your entire family massacred during that robbery. Maybe your dad or your hubby lost their cool watching you getting raped and attacked one of the robbers. Who knows? But if a group of armed robbers are forced to kill one person, they'll often proceed to kill everybody else too in order to eliminate witnesses. Because you felt indirectly responsible for the massacre – it's common for rape victims to feel guilt - remorse overwhelmed you. Your mind couldn't cope because you're fundamentally a good and decent person. Instead it insulated you from the pain by constructing a fictional story explaining the occurrences."

Selene sat quiet for a while, reflecting on what she had just heard. Then she looked at Owen with a strange expression.

"So I am basically crazy? Is that what you are saying?"

"No Selene. You are in the process of working through a horrible tragedy is all."

"But everything I just told you is a figment of my imagination?"

"Based in reality, yes." Owen said. " You were in fact raped and your family was in fact killed at that fateful Christmas dinner. But they were not killed by you or your orgasm, but by a group of murderous thugs with guns. You are not to blame for anything. You are one of the victims Selene."

"I see. So did they say on the radio that my family was shot?"

"No," Owen admitted. "They didn't actually reveal the details; they rarely do on open radio. But consider this: What sounds most plausible? That they were shot by armed criminals or 'orgasmed to death' by you?"

She was forced to admit that he had a point. Death by orgasm wasn't exactly prominently placed in the murder statistics of the city.

"But my memories are so vivid Owen. I can recall every second of the rape until I passed out, and I never saw or heard a single shot fired. And afterwards I never saw any blood. There must be blood when people are killed with guns, right? A lot of blood."

"Your mind wont let you remember those details until you're ready to face reality. It's a built-in defense system in your brain. When that happens you'll probably have a total breakdown before you can truly begin healing. I hope you'll be in therapy by a qualified professional by then."

"So everything I think I remember about my... curse... is basically all in my mind?"

"I'm afraid so, yes."

Selene grew silent and appeared to be considering his words. Owen took another sip of his mug, waiting patiently. She needed to push through to reality on her own in order to initiate the healing process.

She wiped away a few tears with her napkin and looked at him.

"Ok Owen. I will admit that I have a hard time grasping all this myself, and I am the one who has lived it! My family is forever gone either way, but in your version I was not the cause. I like that a lot better than my own, despite the fact that you imply that I am crazy. However I cannot discount my memories that easily."

She took a deep breath and her gaze grew intense.

"How certain are you Owen?"

"Completely certain. Listen Selene..."

She held up her hand and stopped him. Then she pulled up her dress and spread her legs. No panties! He hadn't noticed that before. Then again, it would have been rude to peek. Besides, he was married. Married men don't peek under the skirts of strange girls.

"Are you certain enough to stay here with me for the next ten minutes?" she asked while slowly moving her hand down between her legs.

"Selene!" Owen said desperately.

She wetted her middle finger in the moist vaginal well and started circling her erect clitoris.

"Actually it will probably be more like five minutes," she added with a voice that sounded a little breathy already. "You turn me on, you know."

"Selene! This is silly and you're weirding me out. There is no reason for you to do this."

"But if you are correct, there is no reason to NOT do it either. Am I right?"

"Come on!" Owen tried again desperately. "This is not only ridiculous but also very inappropriate!"

"And very nice," she said dreamily giving no sign of stopping.

Despite himself and the strangeness of the entire situation Owen felt his cock struggle against the confines of his pants. Selene might be as batshit crazy as they come but she was also the hottest girl he had ever laid eyes on. And currently this super-model look-a-like was sitting right across from him masturbating.

"Do not worry Owen. If you are right I promise I will forget all about ending my life and come with you to the police and the doctors. In a few more m... minutes... we s... shall know..."

She opened her eyes and sent him a hungry smile.

"By the way, please feel free to assist me in any way you like. Your zipper looks as if it is having big problems."

Owen watched her with fascination. Oh boy! This sight was enough to make a fucking jellyfish hard! He was never this tempted by anything or anyone before in his life. But he had to remember that he was dealing with a seriously disturbed girl.

"I mean come on!" he mused to himself. "Killer orgasms? Even for a psychosis that's some far-out shit to make up."

Talking about orgasms, Selene was definitely getting closer to hers. Her glistening wet finger moved rapidly between her legs and her breathing was shallow.

"I can't fucking believe this is happening," he sighed shaking his head.

But he still couldn't take his eyes off her and the show she was giving him. He had watched Peggy masturbate a few times, but always in the comfort and privacy of their own bedroom. This however was a strange girl he'd barely known for a few hours going at it like crazy right in front of him in a public diner.

The strain of chasing that elusive release was beginning to twist Selene's face into grimaces of intense concentration and every now and then she shivered accompanied by little moans. Wouldn't be long now.

"Yeah she's is obviously a very sick woman, but there's something about her that's hard to resist. Shit dude! If weren't married to Peg..."

She was almost there if he interpreted the signs correctly. Her pace was frantic now and she appeared to be tensing every muscle in her body.

Suddenly Owen had a series of rapid mind-flashes. For his inner eye he saw Peggy in her wedding dress. Flash to little Sarah smiling at him on her first birthday. Flash to a young girl graduating – maybe a future Sarah? Flash to the same young girl at an altar with a handsome young man. Flash to an elderly couple – looking a lot like Peggy and himself – playing with a small child on a sunny beach, the young couple from before watching smiling from a distance. Flash to Peggy – once again her young self - holding little Sarah on her arm. With a tear-streaked face she's staring at a fresh grave with a simple headstone in rough-hewn granite: "Beloved husband and father Owen Smith..."

A fear like none he'd ever felt before exploded inside his head and a wave of pure panic rushed through his body and cauterised him of any semblance of sexual arousal. For a heartbeat he sat paralysed in his seat like a deer caught in a set of headlights, staring at the beautiful masturbating girl right in front of him. Yes, she was indeed beautiful, but so is a class four hurricane, so is an attacking tiger or an exploding super nova. So is death, some say.

He heard Selene utter an urgent whisper, "Owen. C.. can't s... stop... it. Fuck me... now... please... fuck... m..."

Owen got to his feet and like a leaping gazelle, vaulted over the neighboring row of tables and sprinted for the kitchen exit, crashing through the spring-loaded door just as Selene screamed out her climax like a banshee from hell.

Breathing rapidly from the sudden influx of adrenaline Owen slid to the floor with his back against the tiled wall and buried his face in his hands.

"What the fuck just happened to me?" he chided himself. "I'm a goddamned decorated SEAL. I've got special training in crisis psychology. I'm an experienced security guard. I'm as fucking bad-ass as they come and I can't even REMEMBER when I last faced something I couldn't handle. Yet I just fled in wild panic from a hundred pound masturbating girl! Maybe I'm the one who's fucking losing it."

He stood up slowly, feeling a slight pain from his left knee. Apparently he bumped it on something during his wild escape.

"Great!" he murmured. "Just fucking great."

He limped back inside the dining area and checked on Selene. She seemed to have passed out – thank god – and moaned like somebody just waking up from a long nap when he stirred her. She opened one lazy eye and focused on him for a moment. Then recognition set in and she was wide awake.

Owen was almost knocked over by the impact when she jumped out of her seat and dived into him for a violent hug.

"You are ok," she cried into his shoulder. "You are ok. Thank god you are ok. I thought I had killed you too, but you are ok. Thank you, thank you, thank you..."

Owen returned the hug and stroked the back of her head.

"Now now Selene. You should know by now that it'll take a hell of a lot more than one beautiful masturbating woman to do me in. Don't worry. I'm here."

Selene lifted her head and looked at him with a teary gaze.

"Owen?"

"Mmm?"

"Why didn't you fuck me? You were supposed to. Don't you find me attractive?"

"You are gorgeous Selene but I'm married; simple as that. I love my wife very much and could never betray her."

"No I guess you couldn't. Not even to save your life, eh?"

"Sounds like you still believe in that wild story of yours."

"Yes I do. And I'm not the only one it seems. Or did you take off in a wild run to the kitchen because of a sudden urge for a hamburger?"

Shit! She HAD noticed. Owen blushed like a schoolboy.

"Suppose the overall atmosphere got to me," he admitted sheepishly. "Guess I'm not the hero you gave me credit for Selene."

"You are that and much much more Owen. Any other man would have been unable to resist making love to a willing women masturbating right before his eyes - wife or no wife. But not you. Never you."

She let him go with a sniffle.

"You are a good man Owen – a very rare find this day. I could easily fall in love with you, you know. I hope your wife is aware of how lucky she is. I envy her."

Owen smiled. "I appreciate the praise, but please don't put me on a pedestal. I'm flawed in many ways. Talking about which, what are you gonna do now Selene? Will you come with me to the police and get treatment?"

She dubbed her face with a napkin and smiled at him.

"Do not worry for me. The suicide is off. Our talk made me reflect on my life and I have come to the realisation that we are indeed here for a purpose. You and I and everybody. And my purpose does not involve getting myself locked up in a padded cell and spending the rest of my life trying in vain to convince men in white coats that I am not crazy. So no Owen – I will not be accompanying you to the authorities."

Owen nodded.

"My next destination lies inside gang territory where people like those who robbed my family lives. I am going to offer gangbangs and masturbation-shows to anybody who wants them. I have got a feeling there will be plenty of takers. At least until I run out of bad guys."

"I can't let you do that Selene. You're not being rational. There are dangerous men out there and they'll hurt you. Hurt you bad and maybe even kill you. Forget all about the police – I will not betray you. But you're coming with me. I will help as best I can. You can hide out with Peg and me until you're well, and then we'll talk about what to do from there. A private care-facility abroad maybe..."

She lifted Owens gun and pointed it at his leg.

"I snatched it while we hugged. I will leave it on the ground a few blocks down. So sorry, but I cannot let you stop me. This is something I MUST do."

Selene walked to the front door and opened it.

"Farewell my beloved Owen and thanks for everything. You have saved me in more ways than one on this night. I will carry you in my heart always. Please do not forget me."

With those words she stepped outside and disappeared from view into the night.

"Fat chance of that happening," Owen sighed and walked after her to retrieve his gun.

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The Glock was on the ground as promised, but there was no trace of Selene. He called out her name a few times but heard nothing but an echo of his own voice. Resigned he walked back to the diner and began straightening up.

As he passed the bar with Beauregard's cage he pulled off the dark cloth.

"Guess it's just you and me again Beau..."

... and froze in his tracks. Beauregard lay sprawled on the floor of his cage, unmoving claws clenched in stiffness of death and a pair of foggy eyes staring at nothing.

An icy fear crawled up Owens spine and he grabbed his phone and pressed speed-dial with a shaky finger.

"Hi Peg. No don't worry.... nothing's wrong.... I just wanted to hear your voice and tell you how much I love you..."

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There's an urban legend circulating among patrons of the seedy clubs and dingy bars of the underbelly of the city. You may have heard it told through a fog of cigarette smoke over a glass of stale beer late at night.

The details may vary depending on who's telling it, but the story always features a waify young girl drifting aimlessly through the seediest parts of the city at night. Hauntingly beautiful with long hair as black as a raven's wing and skin as white and flawless as porcelain, she stands out like a pearl in a junkyard. Yet even the cruelest of pimps and most violent gangs fear her and give her a wide berth.

Despite wearing a perpetual sad expression on her face she is nice and approachable and will offer herself freely to anybody who asks. Yet those who accept her offer are never heard from or seen again. In the streets she is known as 'Nemesis'.

To one happily married security guard she is known as 'friend'...