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The Conversation

"Really. . ."

"I'm telling you. It is the way it happened."

"You simply walked into the house with your neighbor and witnessed it."

"Yes."

"You just stood there? You said nothing?"

"Yes."

"Please, just a yes? Inside you had to be roiling with anger or disgust."

"Neither. I was stunned. After twelve years of marriage, I never once thought about witnessing what I did."

"Your new friend just stood there next to you? What about the children?"

"Oh my God!!! She held my son and my daughter in front of her. They witnessed the same thing I did. I wanted to shoo them out of the house, but she just whispered to them to stay. She held them against her body. She made them watch."

"How long were you standing and watching?"

"Long enough to see the end."

"Jesus. When it was over, what did he say?"

"He did not know we were there. He thanked him for allowing it to happen."

"Oh my God!!! When did he find out you and the kids were there?"

"When the neighbor told him."

"What did he do?"

"He couldn't do anything but cry. He curled up in the fetal position, held his knees to his chest, and cried like an infant."

"Did you go to him?"

"I wanted to, but she stopped me."

"I don't understand why she would stop you from consoling him."

"Because she whispered to me that he now belonged to her husband."

"Was that all she said?"

"No. She told me that I had a choice to make."

"A choice?"

"Yes. I had to allow him to use my husband as I taught my son to become like his father. Or, I could let my children watch him and his wife use me with the ultimate goal of him using the children."

"My God!!! They're perverts!!! Pedophiles!!! What did you do?"

"I tried to fight them. But, I lost. His wife pushed me up against the wall and kneed me in the crotch. She choked me. I had no strength. I had no choice but to accept our place as their. . . Their sex slaves."

"Your husband did not put up a fight?"

"Really. . . Put up a fight. . . He was bent over the couch wearing a bra, panties, thigh highs, and heels, getting butt fucked. There was cum all over his face. It did not hide the makeup he was wearing. So, he had already sucked him off. What was more disgusting was his asking to be fucked harder. He ejaculated just before the neighbor came. His masculinity was taken from him. He was broken. He was made into the neighbor's bitch."

"How did you explain it to your children?"

"There was no sane way to explain it to them. They're young. Impressionable. Innocent. Yet, they witnessed a man fucking their father up his ass. They saw the man of the family being taken like a bitch. When I tried to explain it to them, I couldn't. I couldn't because I knew they would be used. They would be broken."

"Why didn't you run? Flee. Get away from them?"

"We couldn't. They controlled our life. My husband went to work for him. I became their maid. My children were not given a chance. They were kept locked up in the basement. Their sole purpose was to provide sick sexual pleasure to the husband, the wife, their two sons, and any and all of their friends."

"How did you survive?"

"By the luck and grace of God."

"What was the timeline?"

"I took the children first. I put them out of their misery. Gently. I spiked their soda with oxycodone. They went to sleep. They never woke up. I did my husband next. I loved and hated the bastard. I was not kind to him. I had read that a man could bleed to death from being castrated. I tied him up in the bathtub. I removed his cock and balls. Nothing to stem the pain

of their removal. He bled to death. He cried like a baby begging me to make it quick. I laughed at him. I wanted to stuff his junk into his mouth but didn't."

"So, your children are dead. Your husband lay dying in the bathtub. What did you do to end your life?"

"I went to my bed. I swallowed twenty oxycodone pills. I lay down. I closed my eyes and waited."

"Who found you?"

"She did."

"Why did she come over? Was it normal for her to just come over?"

"Yes. Especially when the children were not locked in their basement. She came over to be orally satisfied. Her preference was my daughter. I was an acceptable second."

"So, she accidentally saved your life."

"Yes."

"Then how did you end up here?"

"When she found the children and my husband dead, she went home. Within hours their cars were packed and they fled. I forced myself to throw up. I called the police."

"Do you know what happened to them?"

"No. I just want to forget what happened. I know I am not insane. I know what I did to my family saved them from a life not worth living. If they were alive today, they would be the center of all things evil and dirty. I only wish I were dead too."

"I think it would be beneficial to your state of mind to know."

"Why? I more than lost my family!!! I relieved their pain by taking their lives."

"Yes, but you have your life. If we work hard, the judge will see that you are not at fault. That you were forced to do what you did to protect your family. To give to them, the ultimate sacrifice. Their death to relieve their pain."

"And I wanted nothing more than to be with them. Dead."

"Yes, but you're alive. They were caught trying to cross the border. They were stupid enough to try and shoot their way out of being captured. . ."

"They're dead?"

"Yes. The four of them decided that suicide by cop was better than suffering in prison. Child rapists do not do well in prison."

"So all I have is my word. I have no one to back up my story."

"You have their ultimate stupidity."

"What?"

"They kept picture albums. Videos on DVDs. They were sociopaths. Psychopaths. We believe they would watch the videos to relive their sexual perversions. They were incestuous. What they did was to keep copious records of their misdeeds."

You were not the only family to suffer at their hands. You could equate them to the Nazis in their need to keep exacting records. Their records will back your story."

"I'd rather be dead. I have no life left in me. I would prefer to let the government take my life. Find me guilty and give me the death penalty. As long as I am here, I will never be able to do myself justice. They took my family. I should be dead. I have nothing to live for. Why don't you just report back that I am not worth saving? Then I can live the rest of my life planning my demise. Please."

"You know I cannot do that. You have more to live for than you believe. You could stand up and be counted. You could tell the world about what happened. You could and should let your story be told."

"By whom?"

"If you want, I would do it. I would be proud to stand next to you and let the world know what happened. I don't want anything from you but your trust. Any and all monies earned would go into a foundation. Together we could begin to let the world know that there are monsters that need to be exposed. All you need to do is trust me."

"Trust is something I do not have anymore. The only thing I trust is that one day soon I will take my life. My death cannot come fast enough. I hope I will be buried with my family and this travesty of a life will have ended. I have nothing more to say or discuss with you."