

## Chapter 10: The Guest House

As my relationship with Otto grew, I longed to spend more and more time with him. I was completely fascinated and very nearly star struck, as my love combined with the respect and admiration of all the people in the inner circle towards the enigmatic Otto. I became part of the hierarchy of the Hells Angels. The core people came to perceive me as **his** woman, even though he still maintained his local harem.

I could barely wait for my school week to end, and my Saturday at the ranch to begin. The school week dragged on endlessly, peppered with the daily encounters of the annoying, simpleton students consumed with hair and make-up and other petty kid stuff. I hated them and they hated me. I felt innately superior. After all, I was dating a celebrity, and Otto at 36, was prime meat and most definitely a force to be reckoned with. Although Otto found me physically pleasing, he also respected my intellect and dignity born of my Catholic education and Ballet school. His love for me was both filial and protective.

I found my classmates inane, putrid and childish by comparison. I related better with a couple of teachers on whom I had developed a slight crush. They were the same age as my Otto, and more in tune with my personal sonata. I had a wry sense of humor and an insatiable desire for obscure and esoteric art, poetry and literature.

My English teacher John David turned me on to Huxley and Asimov and I fell in love with Science Fiction and most especially Robert Heinlein. Four years of Catholic school French left me miles ahead of public school French classes and I was extremely bored in class except for a delightfully handsome teacher with a wit comparable to David Letterman.

These two classes kept me plodding along to graduation. Otto did not comment either way, as he had plans for me that would not require an education. Otto mistakenly thought that he could somehow replace the family slowly disintegrating about me at home, and fill the void left behind. He could manipulate, control and become my **everything**. It never occurred to him that as he related to me at sixteen years old, and the years began to rush past, my needs and expectations would increase with regard to him. He had other things on his mind.

Once in a while there was some school holiday that escaped the Ottos' awareness. It did not occur to him that I would **ever** venture to the ranch without *his* permission and outside of my designated week end DAY visits. I still had to leave by 10 P.M., having not yet turned eighteen, I could give all the Angels statutory rape liability after curfew hours...

I was unaware that I was just one of many concubines that Otto had stashed around the state. I really believed I that I was the culmination of his sexual forays. I was the '*After*' to Otto's '*Before*' behavior, and had no suspicions that he was not completely loyal to me. Otto had orchestrated a strict female schedule and I was about to breach protocol and exposing the underlying abscess that was eroding the gut of the Hells Angels.

One evening in late Autumn I decided to surprise Otto and make the 120 mile round trip on a Wednesday, arriving a couple days prior to my normal Saturday visit. I put on my uniform jeans with my suede sheepskin cutaway vest and chambray shirt, and away I went in my '51 Plymouth. It was a chilly half-moon night and fairly windy by California standards. The live oak trees waved a dusky welcome as I pattered up the moonlit dirt road a quarter mile to the Hells Angels

Ranch gate. The gate was locked and Neanderthal Andy was not at the guard post. I parked the car and climbed over the gate onto the compound grounds unnoticed. The landscape was not lively and inviting nor bustling with people like on weekends.

The main house was eerily dark and unwelcoming. The noisy wind in the live oaks increased in pitch, and I was becoming a bit unnerved in the Halloween landscape. I started to see shapes and things moving in the dim light. Tall safari grasses tossed this way and that by the night breeze. My heart rate increased with the coyotes of my imagination foraging for a meal, just beyond the trees, with small glowing yellow eyes surveying me, while their stomachs moaned with hunger.

I swallowed hard and was practically in disbelief that the ranch was this deserted during the weekdays. My disappointment was deep at not seeing Otto's car nor his bike on the premises. Way off in the distance I saw lights on, in the guest house, and so I proceeded in that direction to see if anyone knew where Otto was. I found it hard to believe that he could be in Lakewood or L.A. and had not found the time to contact me.

Like a wayward moth I headed toward the lights about a thousand yards away though the moaning oaks, hoping to find a friendly, familiar face. I would not be seeing any faces at all.

As I encroached on the building my footsteps became softer on the dry dirt, but my boots still managed to kick up little fog wisps of dust. The wind gathered them up and swept them into the darkness, like a lazy maid hiding dirt under a rug. Before I was consciously aware, I had assumed a low crouching posture and was literally catlike and instinctively light footed upon the porch deck, alert and wary. There were no shades on any of the ten or so windows circling the

wide front room of the guest house, and the room was so brightly illuminated that my presence on the porch went unnoticed in the pitch black backdrop. Just as a prisoner shut up in solitary confinement needs a few moments for his eyes to adjust to the light, so it was with me.

Only it was not my retina that needed less dilation to blinding light. My cerebral cortex could not assimilate the gothic horror scene assaulting my senses as I stared in disbelief at the real-life nightmare to which I was silent witness. The whole guest house began to shift and change. The porch became spongy and I struggled to remain upright. There before me lay a young woman, living through the terror-filled welcome that had also been arranged for me on my first visit to the ranch at the hands of the Hells Angels. Only with this poor creature there would be no rescue and it was going to be a very long night indeed.

I was filled with momentary terror. Rage and sweeping nausea all swirled together in an explosive psychic assault, and yet I was transfixed, unable to move my eyes from the horrific riveting pantomime unfolding before me. A little ball of vomit remained at the ready just at the back of my throat, a constant reminder of the slaughterhouse view to which I was privilege.

It was a surreal cacophony and yet there was no sound. The whipping October winds and churning leaves that danced and tumbled recklessly were the only decipherable sounds adding to the surreal images of leering grins, sick laughter and raw sex, an eerie soundtrack, wordless yet appropriate. This particular vista transcended words and was worthy of a musical score consisting only of the low deadly hum of attacking bees.

There was no furniture in the huge room, except for a filthy

soiled double bed, covered in what I hoped was menstrual blood. It was obvious that this room had just one specific purpose. It was a rape room. The young woman was tearfully accommodating the insertion of penis after penis into her mouth. Every time she tried to complain she was backhanded and succumbed silently, deadly vulnerable in the brightly lit room, completely naked, and perched atop this filthy altar. She was not even allowed a minor protest. Her tears spent in contempt and degradation received no quarter from this cold blooded audience of rapists.

The array of people around the room was reminiscent of what you would find in a garbage dump with seagulls circling overhead squawking in horrid unison, poor creatures delighting in the fetid mountains of rot. The scene was something out of hell. I was waiting to see the cloven hooves. The override key was pressed in my brain, and I was drowning in a sea of writhing serpents surrounded by thick tufts of black pubic hair. It is not really possible to recount what I saw; ten, twelve, fifteen men?

There were dicks everywhere. I felt certain that the only way such malformed cretins could ever experience sex with a woman was by brute force. I did not recognize the perpetrators and realized they must be other bikers and guests at the ranch, simply partaking of the local flavor and hospitality of their hosts.

I was seething with helpless rage, and wondering how I could get hold of a gun and teach these cowards a lesson they would never forget, but I realized it was a futile thought. Otto left his huge German Sheperd, Berdoo, in deadly guard whenever he was away from the ranch. Berdoo would tear me to pieces once I breached the locked stair well, back at the main house.

My courage drowned in a sea of futility. Suddenly, out of the

darkness, a huge hand fell hard on my shoulder, and startled me from off the porch and my insider's view of hell. My heart slammed hard within my chest. I spun around to see Andy the watchman, who was also playing voyeur by watching the free porn show, and had gotten caught off guard by letting someone [me] creep into the compound unnoticed. His libido overrode his common sense.

His ass would be grass and he knew it. If the Angels knew he was not at his post during this criminal free for all, he would be very nearly killed for this brief lapse in protocol. After all, if I could penetrate their security, I could just as well have been a cop.

Andy had put the entire club in jeopardy. He was in a panic as he half dragged and half carried me back towards the gate. Once we were a safe distance from the guest house/abattoir, he threatened that he was going to take me back to the room and I could be next victim.

I pointed out that Otto would not be pleased that he was not at the gate and now he dared to threaten Otto's woman with rape?

He quickly came to himself and begged for forgiveness and better yet, my silence. He told me Otto was in L.A. and all the guys would catch hell if Pappy found out how the mice played when Daddy was away.

I was in so much disgusted shock, that I truly could not identify a single person. The whole scene was so surreal that it would not register in my cerebral archives from that day to this. My sense of helpless failure and outrage was deep and profound.

Andy unlocked the hasp and chain to let me out the gate. I drove past the sad old oaks whose eyes had witnessed more depravity than you or I could ever imagine, leaving the filth of the night's memories behind.

The oaks drooped their branches in burdened farewell to me and

waved little trills of windy relief in my escape once again. When will she ever learn, they sighed to each other in the enduring natural wisdom that nature possesses and is lost on mere humans.

I drove home stunned and hating how cruel men could be for this fragmented second of bliss called orgasm. Not man nor animal, nor child could be safe from this beast. It was everywhere, like some vile testosterone borne plague unleashed on the world. This thought settled on me, a full, crushing burden with no relief in sight.

I wanted the safe haven of my little room and the sweet smell of my mother's fried chicken. I wondered if Jimmy, my brother, harbored this awful capacity inside him. I did not turn on the radio all the way home as there was no room for song within me this night. I was already full. I needed to think and breathe, and somehow absolve myself. I rolled down the window and tried to gulp in the clean cold air for spiritual relief and to get the bile taste from out my mouth. I spit and felt my chest ache and wondered if tears would bring me some relief but I was too angry to cry.

I needed a bath. I needed to dispel the vision of her lying helpless on the bed, tears streaming down her face while the merciless onslaught of dicks entered into every orifice on her poor body with throngs of these greasy cheerleaders egging each other on while the demons cheered.

As a Catholic child I had studied the various classes of angels and demons. I felt like I had seen the succubus and incubus personified. I knew she would never be the same again after this night. I too would be forever changed. She would never know that she had a sister who shared her misery and helplessness that awful night.

To this day I do not know her name nor did I ever see her again. Although I sincerely doubt the bleeding contorted face filled full of dick

would be recognizable when compared to that same face under normal conditions.

I hoped her disappearance was her choice as I do not know how this sort of situation winds down. Do all the guys retract their dicks and just send her on her way? Or do they begin to worry what the implications could be if she got chatty?

This will remain an enigma of the aftermath of gang rape, just another recreational casualty in the lives of the sociopaths that walk unnoticed among us. Her appearance and body was that of a very young woman and I sincerely doubt that these minions of the brotherhood of Hell bothered to check her identification to see if she was underage.

Boys will be boys. If I told Otto I might be responsible for getting Andy badly injured or worse, thrown off the perspective Angel list after all his emotional dues having been paid in futility over the last year. Also, Ott would not be happy that I went to the ranch without his knowledge.

I decided *not* to say anything as nothing was to be undone or gained. The genie was out of the bottle and my brain was on fire with the dichotomy between Otto and the animals I saw in the rape room. I could not for the life of me connect the dots. I knew Otto was lost in the wilderness and I was sent to be his compass. The one thing I always brought with me was clarity, the ability to see things without a filter. It was not usually a pretty sight, and I did not always act with intention, but at least my assessments were usually correct, even at seventeen.

Otto obviously needed to see things clearly and so I decided to make it my project to save this last good man in the manure pile, this man who had once saved me. I owed him that much.



