

*They attacked me as I started down the hall to the ladies room. They must have guessed that I would have to go sooner or later and so they were arranged on the wall on each side of the hall entrance. If I had thought twice I never would have taken the first step into the hall but I wasn't feeling threatened and I was exhilarated from the dancing. I had gone two paces up the hall when I heard a whistle and two big guys were moving shoulder to shoulder up the hall toward me. There were three more behind them. I knew I was trapped.*

*I could see from their eyes what they had in mind. I knew that turning my back on them would be lethal so I began to back slowly up the hall until my back came up against a door. I felt the handle. I reached behind me, opened the door and bolted outside intending to slam it in their face but the little guy on the right was too quick and he got a foot into the door before I could get it closed tight enough to get away. I ran a couple of steps up the alley behind the club and into an alley that teed into it. I was hoping they would go the other way but they must have planned that too since I was now in a blind alley with all of them blocking the only exit.*

*It was raining like crazy but I could clearly hear the leader, the one who I had slapped, telling me in explicit terms all the ways he was going to fuck me and then how many of my holes his friends were going to fill up. I was terrified but I knew that I had to keep facing them or just surrender and die. Surrender is not in my makeup.*

*The guy I had slapped made an uncoordinated lunge at me. I don't know what kind of girl he thought I was but that was a really fatal mistake because I caught him fully in the crotch with maximum power behind the kick. His eyes bugged and he fell over to his right, vomiting as he fell. The guy next to him got tangled up with him and fell as well. I caught him dead on the temple with one of the toes of my pointed pumps and although he didn't go completely out he was clearly not going to be a problem for a while.*

*The rain was coming harder and I could see three angry men were about to overwhelm my position. The most threatening guy was on my left and he growled, took a step forward and then his knee inexplicably exploded and he screamed and toppled. At that second I saw Paul with the fighting fury of his Viking raider ancestors written on his face, holding a broken wine bottle. He then instantly turned and jammed the jagged neck of the bottle into the chest of the*

*person in front of me. Blood spurted almost out to where I was standing and the guy shrieked, turned and ran.*

*I didn't have time to savor that beautiful sight because I was winding up to kick the head off the final guy. He was several inches taller than I am but thanks to ballet I can leap several feet in the air. I pivoted and caught him with my instep right on the side of his head. His head rebounded a couple of times off a wall and the pavement and then suddenly it was only Paul and me and the rain. It was all still.*

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I could see that Janey was in big trouble up the alley. However she wasn't reacting like a lone woman facing five menacing guys. Rather than screaming in some girly fashion, or trying to run like they wanted her to, she was making a fighting retreat with her infantry in good order. Her eyes were like those of a western gunfighter tracking her assailants as they advanced. In that little body she has the ferocity of the Briton, the iron discipline of the Roman legions, the shrewd courage of the Norman and the calm steadfastness of the Saxon. It was all on display here. Even though the odds were incredibly stacked against her and there was no help in sight she was Ferdinand Foch at the battle of Verdun, "Hard pressed on my right. My center is yielding, Impossible to maneuver, Situation excellent. I am attacking"

As I was coming up behind the line of people who were hemming her in I saw the guy who she had slapped make a lunge for her. Janey's right leg was a striking snake and he let loose with a very loud wet groan and toppled sideways holding himself. He was having no luck that night. Janey herself was instantly locked and loaded back inside her defenses, with her little body coiled for the next attacker like a pit viper. And the look in her eye would have matched the pitilessness of the snake. The guy who was moving to pin her arms stumbled over the first guy and also went down. She summarily kicked him in the head. Then the cavalry thundered up at full gallop.

The obvious problem was the big thug on the right of the line. I knew I couldn't take him in a fair fight. So he was my primary target. I have none of Janey's valiant ancestors in my family

tree. But I DO have all of the absolute ruthlessness of the German. So without hesitation I swung the wine bottle in a wide arc and smashed it onto the little knob where the MCL connects, on the outside of the knee. The bottle and the knee exploded simultaneously and he bellowed, screamed and fell to his right as his knee collapsed sickeningly inward. The guy next to him turned, startled, and got the jagged neck of the broken bottle twisted into the middle of his sternum. Try to gang bang my wife will you! Blood gushed he screamed and ran up the alley. The heretofore untouched fifth guy, on the far left of the line, had stopped and was gaping at me in astonishment. At that instant Janey unleashed a thunderous kick to his head. It was a ninja move, but ninjas don't normally do that in a Paris dress and stylish five inch heels. His head hit the wall behind him then rebounded off of the cobblestones in the alley as he fell. I was seriously thinking "Geez I hope she didn't kill him?" The guy who had tripped over the first guy jumped up and scuttled frantically away.

The whole thing had taken approximately 10 seconds. It was quiet now except for the screaming of the big guy and the pounding of the rain. The two guys Janey had taken down were out cold and silent. But she still calmly walked over and kicked each in the head just for good measure. I didn't need to do a damage assessment on Janey herself since she was clearly untouched. But her blood was up. In fact I got the distinct feeling that my own manhood would be in grave jeopardy until I got her calmed down.

She slowly came back from whatever splendid fighting frenzy she was in, looked at me with those incredibly beautiful eyes and began to cry. One of the things that I learned about true warriors in my time in Iraq is that they are always frightened, AFTERWARD! The three men were still lying at our feet. The rain had soaked both of us but I took off my coat and put it around her shoulders anyway as we made our way back up to the alley next to the club hugging each other every step of the way.

I held her against my chest as started to walk along the "T" part of the alley behind the club. She wept and shook. We had taken three steps when she turned her face up to me and fastened her heated mouth on mine like she was going to try to swallow me. The rain was coming harder as she frantically undid my belt and unzipped my fly. I knew she had to wash

away the image of what had almost happened. She vaulted her long dancer's legs around my waist as she inserted me into her unbelievably hot pussy.

The contrast between her burning insides and the cold rain almost made me blow my wad right then and there. She just held me deep inside her with her strong internal muscles. Then she began to move with frantic abandon. I clutched her muscular hips while she bucked. I am much bigger than she is but it was all I was able to do to not drop her. Oddly I was also thinking that I would never have as purely a sexual experience as I was having at that moment.

She was totally open to me on both ends; jaw fully relaxed and mouth wide open, pussy greedily milking me. The heat was incredible. It was too intense to last very long and we came together in perhaps 45 seconds. She was making sharp little cries as she gyrated then she began to shriek and throw herself around. I would have lost her at that point except she was holding herself to me with her muscular legs and so all I had to do was keep her gyrations from knocking us over.