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Dedicated to Todd

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Chapter 1

Lost and Found

4:37

Jeff Delgado stood in the hallway looking into the dark window of his wife's office. He looked at his watch and noted the time was 4:37. He was wondering where his wife could be working. She was usually at work till 5:00 and it made no sense she was gone this early. He tried the door and found it locked. He stepped back, shaking his head in disbelief. The other offices in the hall were well lit and people were sitting behind desks typing away at their computers, but not his wife, she was gone.

Jeff stepped over to the office to the right and knocked on the door. He slowly opened it to get a look at the woman behind the desk. "Excuse me," he said, coyly getting the woman's attention. "Do you know where Laurie is?" pointing down the hall towards her office. Jeff didn't know this woman, or any of the staff his wife worked with, as he worked evenings and rarely made the sixty mile trip to where his wife worked. Today was her birthday and he wanted to surprise her with dinner and a movie, but he was the one surprised when he found her missing from her office.

"She left early, said it was her birthday and went to the bar with some of her friends," the woman replied. "Did you have an appointment with her? I can call her for you." she added.

“No, that’s ok. I should’ve called first. Do you know what bar they went to?” Jeff asked, acting as stupid as he could considering the circumstances.

“They always go to Max’s, it’s sort of their hangout,” she replied with a smile.

“Max’s?” Jeff asked. “Do you know how to get there?”

“Sure, it’s easy to find. When you drive out of the parking lot, take a right. Drive down to Fifth Street and take a left at the light. The bar is on the right side of the block.”

“Thanks,” Jeff said and smiled as he closed her door. He slowly walked back down the hallway toward the entrance of the building. He stepped outside into the warm sunlight and pulled out his cell phone and rang his wife. In a few seconds his wife Laurie greeted him enthusiastically. “Hi honey, what’s up?” she asked.

Jeff replied, “Hey, I was thinking about taking the rest of the night off and coming over to take you out for your birthday. I know we had plans for the weekend, but I wanted to surprise you.”

There was a long pause on the phone and then Laurie responded, “I have to work late tonight honey. I have two case reports to finish and turn in before 8:00 am tomorrow.”

“So you’re still at your office?” Jeff asked, looking back at the building he stepped out of.

“Where else would I be?” Laurie replied with a nervous chuckle.

Jeff decided to play dumb and go along with his wife’s story. “I never get over there you know, I’m not that familiar with your work schedule.”

“Yeah, I’ve been here working my ass off since lunch. Another one of those families that needs services you know. I know how boring this stuff is to you.”

“So when will you be home?” Jeff asked.

“It will be late, past midnight I’m sure. Don’t wait up for me.”

“Do you get paid extra for the hours you put in after work?”

“I’m salary, I thought you knew that. I don’t get paid for extra time. It sucks, but that’s how it is.”

“Ok,” Jeff said disappointed. “I’ll be home at my regular time then. I might actually make it to bed before you do this time.”

Laurie said her goodbyes and the conversation ended. Jeff

stared off into the distance deep in thought. “What the fuck?” he said under his breath and walked down the steps to his car and got in. For a moment, he thought about what he would say when he got to the bar and found her there with her friends. His mind went blank for a while, as he looked around his car and back at the building before him through the windshield. He wasn’t sure he was in any mood to make any confrontation at all, as this took him by surprise. But he was in town, he knew where his wife was. He knew that she was lying to him and he had to find out why.

4:55

Jeff pulled into a parking spot across the street from the bar. At this hour there wasn’t much traffic and only a few cars parked anywhere near the place. He got out and walked across the street to the entrance to Max’s and took a deep breath. He pulled the door open and stepped inside, allowing his eyes to adjust to the darkness inside.

In a few seconds he could see there were only a few people sitting at the bar and the rest of the tables were empty. For a moment, he felt relieved that his wife wasn’t dancing on the bar naked with men tossing dollar bills at her. He stepped over to the bar and got the bartender’s attention.

“What can I get you?” the bartender asked.

“I’m looking for someone actually. Do you know Laurie Delgado by any chance?” Jeff asked.

“Yeah, she comes here a lot.”

“A lot?” Jeff asked.

“Two or three times a week I’d say. Her and her boyfriend.”

Jeff swallowed hard, trying not to let the bartender see the steam build in his system. Then the bartender asked with a smile, “Why? Are you a bill collector?”

“No, I was supposed to meet with her about services,” Jeff said with a lie. “She asked me to meet her so I could get the power back on at my house.”

“Oh, sorry man,” The bartender replied. “I didn’t mean to make a joke about that.”

“No problem,” Jeff replied. “Do you happen to know where I could find her now?”

“Try her boyfriend’s place, it’s on the other side of town two houses from the police station, on Jefferson Avenue.”

“Do you have an address?” Jeff asked feeling the skin on his body start to burn.

The bartender took a napkin from behind the bar, a pen from his pocket and drew a map of how to get from the bar to the police station. He drew an arrow back and scribbled in two boxes for houses. “Jefferson Avenue is a main street in town, you can’t miss it. Follow that map and you won’t have any problems.”

Jeff folded the napkin and shoved it in his pants pocket. “Thanks a lot man, I appreciate your help,” Jeff said with a smile.

“No problem, you have a nice day and I hope you get your power back on before it gets dark.”

Jeff opened the door to the bright sunlight and walked across the street back to his car. Now he was beyond livid and started to shake as he pulled the keys from his pants pocket. The napkin fell out with the keys and he bent over to pick it up. As he stood back up the blood rushed from his head and he got dizzy for a moment. Once again he shook his head, got back in his car and took off towards the police station drawn out on the map.

5:05

A block from the police station, Jeff pulled his car over to the side of the street when he spied Laurie’s Ford Escape parked in a driveway behind a red KIA Rio. Both cars sat outside in the drive next to an attached garage with the door shut. Jeff turned off his car and sat there for a moment thinking. He pulled the keys from the ignition and made sure he had the spare key to the Escape. He tapped it on his leg for a few moments. He looked up at the Escape again and with almost an automatic impulse, opened the car door and got out. He let the keys dangle from his hand and brush against his leg as he crossed the street onto the sidewalk and made his way past the police station to the house where his wife’s car sat silent. He looked at the plate number and then at the contents of the interior to make sure this was indeed the correct vehicle. It didn’t take long and he knew that this would not turn out well for him.

For a moment, he tried to gather his thoughts and began to grit

his teeth and shake nervously. Anger welled up inside him and adrenaline shot through his veins making his heart pound in his chest. He had to make a decision; walk away and drive home, or confront his wife now who he assumed was in the house with her lover. He looked back at the house and started walking towards the front door almost without thought, leaving the car behind him in the driveway.

At the front door he paused, trying to listen for any sounds coming from inside. He reached out and to his surprise, the screen door was unlocked. He pulled it open slowly, trying to be as quiet as he could. He then turned the door knob to the main door and it was unlocked too. He gave the door a little shove and slowly pushed his hip in and entered what looked like the living room. It was quiet, and no one was in eye shot of the front door that he could tell. He didn't know for sure what he would have done if he met his wife and boyfriend right then, but he wasn't thinking clearly to begin with.

Once inside the house, he gently closed the door and looked around at the layout. The living room was modern enough with shag carpet and a nice couch and matching recliners on either side of the fireplace. There were tall potted plants near the windows and the house was very clean and neat. Beyond the living room was a door to the kitchen, and to the left was a hallway that led to who knows where.

Jeff stepped in closer to the kitchen and listened hard for sounds coming from any direction. He paused at the hallway and saw an open door with carpeted stairs leading to a basement. It was well lit, with a light glaring above the staircase. He moved in closer to the door and paused, waiting to hear any noise that may come from below. It was silent. Only the sound of the humming from the refrigerator could be heard from the kitchen. Now he started to wonder if this was the house she was in at all. Maybe the driveway was shared by the neighbor as well and he was trespassing. All he knew was his wife's car was parked outside and she had lied about where she was, so at this point he was determined to find out where she was and what she was doing. What he didn't need right now was a home owner with a gun, stepping out of a bedroom with a death wish.

Then he heard the sound he was waiting for. The sound of footsteps from the basement and he froze in fear, realizing he had no weapon to use and was probably going to scare the hell out of whoever was down there. He looked back at the kitchen and spied a butcher

block full of kitchen knives and thought for a second about grabbing one, just in case he needed to defend himself. Then he thought about running out the front door and waiting for his wife to come home later and confront her then.

The sounds of the footsteps continued from downstairs and his anger once again overtook his emotions sending him over to the kitchen to grab a knife. The first knife he pulled was at least nine inches long and he was satisfied he could use it to intimidate and or injure or kill, if needed. He slowly stepped back over to the doorway, his footsteps muffled by the shag carpet and stood with body hidden behind the door; his eyes focused on the bottom of the staircase. The footsteps stopped and now he could hear the muffled sound of a man's voice. He waited for a response and heard nothing. Then the man's voice again, more footsteps and then the sound of the water pipes running water through the house.

Scared to death, Jeff quickly and softly walked back to the kitchen and replaced the knife back in the block where he had found it. He was getting the hell out before he was caught and sent to jail for home invasion and trespassing. His heart pounding, he turned back to see the light from the staircase dim for a moment, as someone climbed the steps up to the main floor. Now he was fucked. His first reaction was to squat down and hide behind the wall that separated the kitchen from the living room. He left the knife in the wood block.

A moment later, the figure stepped up onto the main floor and walked past the doorway to the kitchen and down the hall. To Jeff's horror it was a nude man who seemed to be in a rush, stepping quickly down the hall and disappearing into one of the rooms. Jeff scooted over to the other wall on the other side of the doorway so he wouldn't be seen when the nude man came back and sat there with his back against the wall; his heart beating out of his chest. It didn't take long before the nude man once again crossed the doorway and headed back down the stairs to the basement.

Taking a deep breath, Jeff stood up and checked to make sure the coast was clear. He quickly scurried back to the front door to make his escape, when he was stopped in his tracks by Laurie's purse sitting next to the recliner on the floor. He wasn't able to see the purse when he first came into the living room, but from this angle it sat on the floor like a glowing ball of fire. Now he knew his wife was in the house and

he knew there was a naked man downstairs and that the water was running in the house. "Holy shit," he thought to himself, "They're taking a shower!"

This time, with full confidence, Jeff walked, almost stomping into the kitchen, grabbed the same knife as before and headed back to the door to the staircase. With almost a skip in his step, he scrambled down the steps with knife in hand, looking for anyone he could find. Now he wanted to confront someone, anyone.

He scanned the finished basement of what looked like a second living room, and spied a slightly open door with steam rolling out. In a rage, he walked over to the door and opened it revealing a large clear shower enclosure with two blurred adult figures embraced in a sex act behind the glass. Neither one of them noticed the door opening, so they continued to pound away making grunting sex noises.

Jeff stood there, in shock, watching them go at it. It was like watching a train wreck, he couldn't look away. He noticed a toilet in the room and for a second thought about flushing it to see how they would enjoy a very hot shower, but found himself almost paralyzed staring at the blurry couple. It didn't take long for Jeff to realize that Laurie was the one getting pounded because he knew how she moved and what she liked and this was one of their favorite positions when they fucked in the shower. He figured this was probably her idea and wanted to share it with her boy toy from work.

Now he was pissed. In a rage, Jeff walked into the bathroom, over to the shower enclosure and opened the door. Before him was the ass of the man who was pounding his wife in a modified doggy style position dripping water with his balls flopping front to back. Jeff grabbed the man's scrotum with his left hand and with the knife in his right, sliced off the ball sack and tossed it at the back of Laurie's head splashing her with blood. The now neutered man pulled out his penis from Laurie's pussy and spun around to face Jeff who now plunged the knife into his chest and yanked down hard trying to rip his lungs apart. Jeff was surprised at how much of a fight this guy was putting up thinking he would fall over dead, like in the movies; but the injured man grabbed for the knife and tried to pull it out while Jeff continued to push it in as deep as he could.

Laurie screamed and squatted down at the bottom of the shower getting out of the way of the two men fighting with the knife. She was

covered with a mix of water and blood. Jeff kicked at the man's leg and tripped him, sending him falling on top of Laurie with a thud. She screamed again and Jeff lunged into the shower this time stabbing repeatedly at the man's neck and chest filling him with holes and draining his blood into the shower drain.

After a few rage filled moments, Jeff backed off and stepped out of the hot water streaming from the shower to see what he had done. The man, still alive rolled over on his side and gasped for air. Laurie sat silent looking up at Jeff with her eyes wide open and tears running from her face. Jeff looked down upon his wife with disgust on his face and shook his head in anger.

"How long?" Jeff asked.

Laurie pretended she couldn't hear over the sound of the shower so Jeff reached in and turned off the water. "How long have you been fucking this guy?" he shouted. She didn't answer. "What is his name?" he shouted again.

Laurie covered her eyes with her palms and rested her head not saying a word. Jeff kicked the gurgling man with his foot and got no response. "Mother fucker!" he yelled and kicked him again. "Got fucking blood on my shoes."

Laurie continued to be silent and cover her face not answering Jeff's questions. It was like she was trying to pretend this never happened. Jeff continued to glare down at her naked, wet, blood covered body and dangle the knife by his side.

"Are you going to kill me?" Laurie asked meekly.

"I don't know what I'm going to fucking do Laurie," Jeff answered. "But you better start talking. Who is this dead fucker and how long have you been screwing him?"

"Kill me too," Laurie responded, not what Jeff was expecting to hear.

"You'd rather die than tell me who this guy is?" Jeff asked. "I'm going to find out eventually, is that worth dying over?"

Laurie removed her hands from her eyes and pushed the dead man off her feet allowing her to reposition herself. "Help me up," she asked holding out her hand to Jeff.

"Not until you answer my question."

"Does it matter?" she replied crying. "You caught me, and now he's dead."

“Are you some sort of call girl on the side? Are you a hooker?”
Jeff asked. “Do you know his name?”

Laurie looked away in shame and wiped the snot from her nose.
“I’m not a hooker,” she replied gritting her teeth.

“Then what the fuck are you?”

“I’m your wife,” she replied.

“Don’t play stupid with me.”

“I don’t have to answer your stupid questions, so either kill me
now or let me get cleaned up and get the fuck out of here.”

Chapter 2

The Pink Butterfly

11:30

The parking lot at the Pink Butterfly gentlemen's club was filled to capacity with the exception of a few open spots at the very back by the rear door trash bin. Jeff pulled his car in, put it in park, turned off the lights and got out. It was still a very warm night, and Jeff was still a bit drunk from the time he had spent at the last bar he visited a few minutes ago. Seems he was having a hard time getting over killing his wife's lover and disposing of her.

The walk to the front door was a tipsy jaunt, the colorful neon signs blinking from the covered windows inside the club. Jeff was the only person outside the club but kept a keen drunken eye on anyone that might come out of the shadow's to take him down and rob him. This wasn't a club he had been to before so he wasn't sure what he was in for tonight.

The sign on the front door said 'Open 5pm till 4am Thursday through Saturday' and a smile crossed Jeff's face knowing he had a place to stay for a while. It did piss him off a little that alcohol couldn't be served here, but was here for the entertainment; lots of hot naked women dancing for his pleasure.

Jeff opened the glass door and almost jumped out of his pants

when he heard the booming male voice yell, "Twenty dollars." He turned to his left and saw a fat, unshaven, pig of a man standing behind a small glass window with a slot at the bottom to exchange money.

"Sorry," Jeff said. "I didn't see you there," he added, digging a twenty dollar bill out of his wallet and pushing it under the glass to the fat man on the other side. The fat guy slid a free lap dance coupon back to Jeff. He stuffed it in his pocket, then turned back around and opened the next glass door that led to the long hallway to the stage. The bar was dirty and dimly lit with pounding dance music blaring over the speakers. On the walls were pornographic pictures and flat screen televisions showing pornographic videos on the screens.

On the way to the main stage, Jeff stepped around the various groups of shady looking characters that he was sure spent many a night at this club. Many of the men were fat, bald and ugly. They fit Jeff's exact image of what a perverted pedophile would look like. He felt sort of sick for being in this place in the first place, that was until he got closer to the main stage. He spied a tall, thin stripper swinging from a pole with eight inch heels and boobs as perfect as heaven.

The main stage was lined with customers tossing dollar bills at the dancers' feet to get their attention and bring them closer. Of the twenty odd seats surrounding the stage, only a handful were empty and the rest of the club was filled with men sipping on cola and orange juice, chatting with the other working girls who made their rounds between dances. Jeff didn't want to sit at a table with people he didn't know so he headed over to one of the empty seats that lined the stage and sat down. The girl on the stage took a notice of him and moved on to another customer who had tossed down a dollar tip. The dancer bent down, spun around and spread her ass allowing the tipster a nice long view of her pussy while she humped to the rhythm of music.

Jeff dug in his back pocket and pulled out his wallet. "Fuck!" he said to himself, noticing he only had two fives and a twenty. He didn't want to get back up and get change so he sat quiet for a while and watched the current dancer until her time was up.

The next song started and a new girl climbed up the steps to the elevated stage. She proceeded to wash off the brass colored pole with some Clorox handy wipes. This girl was dark haired, very pretty and had the ass of a Goddess. Once the pole was cleaned, the girl took off her top and began to dance with her extra high- high heels. Jeff was

instantly infatuated with this girl and watched her until the first song was done. He again pulled out his wallet and grabbed a five dollar bill and held tight to it, waiting for the girl to take off her G-string.

The next song started and there were tips being tossed at the dancer's feet from all directions. Seems this girl was very popular among the regulars and now Jeff was getting pissed that she might spend all of her time doing private dances on the other side of the stage. He quickly put the five dollar bill back into his wallet and pulled out his twenty, waiting for the girl to look in his direction. When she turned towards him, he waved the twenty and made sure she got a good look at it and dropped it on the stage in front of her. She was attracted like an ant to honey.

The dancer got down on all fours, scooped up the twenty dollar bill and placed it in Jeff's lap. She signaled for him to watch her. She bent over, placed her head between his legs on the seat of his chair, and rolled over onto Jeff letting her legs flop over his shoulders. In an instant, a bouncer grabbed Jeff from behind and yelled, "You're out of here!" and the girl climbed back onto the stage keeping the money in her hand.

"What the fuck?" Jeff asked standing up. "I didn't do anything!"

"You put your face between her legs, that's against the rules!" the fat bloated he-man bouncer yelled back.

"She flopped onto me!" Jeff yelled. "I didn't do anything."

"Get the fuck out!" the bouncer yelled, pointing down the hall towards the entrance of the club.

Jeff stood there dumbfounded looking around for someone to stick up for him. Nobody did, not even the dancer who was now shoving her tits in another man's face. "I've been here five minutes; I want my money back then!" Jeff shouted.

"No, get the fuck out or I'll call the cops!" the bouncer yelled back.

Knowing he had no recourse, Jeff let his shoulders slump and stepped away from the stage and walked back down the long hallway to the entryway where he paid his twenty dollar entrance fee. "I want my fucking money back," Jeff said, this time more calmly.

"Shoving your face in the dancer's pussy is a crime. I should hold you here and call the cops. Be glad I'm just kicking you out." the

bouncer said. The man behind the glass nodded in agreement and Jeff grit his teeth and shoved the door open to the outside and walked out pissed as hell.

A quick march back to his car gave Jeff some time to think. He pulled out his keys, clicked the trunk unlock button and watched it open with a pop. He then walked around to the back and reached back behind Laurie who was lying in the trunk sideways, tied up, squirming and still covered with dry blood lying in an arched position around the spare tire.

“Shut the fuck up bitch,” Jeff muttered, pulling a 12 gauge shotgun from behind the spare tire. He then picked up a box of shells from the trunk and emptied the box into his pants pockets, filling them with as many shells as he could carry. He held what was left of the box in his hand and used his elbow to slam the trunk lid back down, covering Laura again and muting her cries. Jeff always kept the shotgun loaded with a few rounds so he knew he didn’t have to load it before walking back into the club.

With a smile on his face and a skip in his step, Jeff, now less drunk walked back to the front door and kicked it open. He turned to his left, smiled at the asshole behind the glass and shot him in the face splattering the other side of the room with glass and his molten head. The prick fell to the ground in a heap and Jeff turned the other direction, pushing open the door leading to the long hallway.

It only took a few seconds for the crowd in the hall to notice the gun in his hand after hearing the shots. The patrons ran for cover, leaving the hallway free to walk down. At the end of the hall, Jeff entered the main room and confidently walked past the tables filled with customers and girls, up the steps and onto the stage where everyone could see him. The dancer currently on stage was humping a guy in his chair on the far side and didn’t notice Jeff until one of the front row customers brought him to her attention.

Jeff waited for the bouncer to come back and kick him out again. To his surprise he saw the dumbass approaching the stage from behind the D.J. booth. The music stopped and the crowd watched in shock as the bouncer stepped up the stairs towards Jeff, in some pseudo macho bouncer kind of way. Jeff raised his gun, pointed it at the bouncers head and waited until he was sure he noticed it.

The crowd gasped and someone yelled for the bouncer to stop, but in his testosterone filled man rage, the bouncer walked up onto the stage and approached Jeff, playing chicken with his life. Jeff, not the kind of man you play chicken with, pulled the trigger and shot the bouncer in the chest knocking him back down the steps onto his back. He seemed dead. Good enough for now.

Upon seeing the bouncer bounce down the steps on his back, the men in the crowd jumped from their seats and ran down the long hallway toward the door. The other men surrounding the stage in chairs didn't move, petrified they would be shot. Jeff motioned for them to leave as well and shouted, "Not the women! Just the men!" telling the strippers to stay put.

It didn't take long until the Pink Butterfly was empty and eerily quiet. Not even a sound from the bouncer who was no longer breathing. Jeff turned and faced the three girls sitting on chairs by the wall waiting for his instructions. He let the shotgun rest in a more relaxed position and thought for a moment about what he wanted to do next. He didn't come to the bar with a plan to start with and now he had to play the situation by ear. He assumed he had a good five minutes before the cops showed up, so he squatted down and sat on the edge of the stage facing the three scared strippers, the shotgun resting across his legs. "Now what?" he asked smiling at the girls.

"I want to go," the girl on the left said.

"Me too," the blonde in the center added.

"Not until we have a little chat," Jeff said, picking some dead skin out of his eye. "I need to understand how you think."

"What do you mean, how we think?" the blonde asked.

"What's your name?" Jeff asked.

The girl hesitated and replied, "Raven."

"What kind of fucked up name is that?" Jeff asked.

"It's my stage name asshole," Raven snapped back.

"What's your real name?"

"Ashley."

"I like Raven better. So Raven, tell me why women are such lying cheating bitches."

"Is that a question or a statement?"

“Either way, just answer the question,” Jeff replied shaking his head.

“That’s a loaded question, no matter how I answer it, you won’t be satisfied.”

“I bet you know all about satisfying men Raven,” Jeff said with a chuckle. “How is it that you became such a whore?”

“You don’t know me!” Raven snapped back.

“No, but I can see your nipples from here and that’s a pretty good indication you’re a whore. Last time I went to the supermarket, I didn’t see so many nipples.”

“I’m a dancer! I perform; I don’t have sex for money!”

“Splitting hairs are we?” Jeff asked. “And what’s your name?” Jeff asked the girl on the left.

“Kandy,” she replied meekly.

“Say it loud and proud missy,” Jeff said laughing. “Like Kandy Corn?”

“If you’re going to make fun of me, I’m not going to talk to you.”

“How can I not make fun of you? You’re dressed like something out of a sci-fi porn movie. My God, if my sister dressed like you, my mother would have beaten her ass so hard. Does your mother know you do this for a living?” Jeff asked.

“She’s in the dressing room, want me to ask her?” Kandy replied.

“Holy shit, like mother like daughter. What kind of fucked up trailer park life did you come from?”

For a moment the room was silent. Then the girl on the right stood up and walked over to Jeff and looked him in the eye glaring with anger. She reeled back her hand and slapped him across the face to his astonishment. “What’s your name Missy?” Jeff asked working off the pain.

“Heather, what’s your name asshole?”

“Jeff, glad to meet you, now sit the fuck down.”

Heather stood her ground and placed her hands on her hips. Her firm round breasts and bright pink nipples were forefront in Jeff’s view and very distracting.

“How do you keep from getting stretch marks being topless so much?” Jeff asked in a smart ass tone.

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