

The Rape  
by  
Larry Redmond

Alex loved his new job washing dishes at the steak house over on Wabash Street in downtown Chicago. The restaurant was right across the street from one of the big Michigan Avenue hotels. It meant he didn't have to be homeless any more. He had an income. He had respect. He had a job with responsibilities. He had to make sure the dishes were properly scraped before putting them on the conveyor that ran them into the jets of scalding water. He was important now. He was a part of the social fabric that kept the economy running.

Every morning, he rode the el to get to work from his room on the north side of the city. It was a small, furnished room with a bathroom that he shared with an elderly man down the hall. The room was big enough for him to store his belongings when he was at work or visiting some of his buddies who were still homeless.

He liked riding the el. He liked being a part of the crowd, pushed together like family during the morning and evening rush hours. He especially liked riding in the empty conductor's cabin of the car. Sometimes he would sit on the step that the conductor would use to peer out the window. The conductor would have to stand on this step because the window out of which he peered had to be high enough to allow him to see over the heads of passengers as they entered and exited the doors of each of the six to eight cars that formed the train. It was his job to make sure the doors were clear before he closed them.

Alex enjoyed the sense of power and being in command he felt when he stood on the step the conductor would use. He could see a faint image of himself reflected in the window of the wall that separated this cabin from the rest of the car. As the train lurched forward, he could see his broad, bowling ball head, his dark skin the color and texture of old wallet leather, his close set eyes deeply pigmented and seemingly barely open, his broad and flat nose, his mother's nose, lumpy from teenage acne, the same way hers had been, his thick and dark lips, the upper one edged with a thick razor rash. He imaged himself wearing a conductor's uniform, and enjoyed the sense of power he felt. He breathed in deeply, and expanded his chest. He basked in his imaged importance.

Sometimes, the train would be so crowded that one or two additional people would have to squeeze into the conductor's cabin with him. It made him uncomfortable, especially if one of them was a woman. He didn't like women. He didn't trust them. He liked to fuck them, and when he had the money, he would pay one to do it. Mae was her name, a buxom sister with freckles. But that was it. He would fuck her and leave. Sometimes, she would want to talk about the size of his dick, its length and its girth, and how she rarely encountered one like it.

"Eleven and a half inches is prime beef," she had said to him once. "And two inches across the head? That is the real deal."

But he had no time for conversation. There would be nothing he had to say, and nothing he wanted to hear.

“Lots of eights and nines,” Mae told him, “but nothing like this.”

One or two of them, Mae included, had offered to be his bottom woman, just to have his dick available to them, but he had no interest in pimping. He didn’t want to have to be around them like that, talking to people he didn’t trust and didn’t like. Wham-bam-thank-you-ma’am was just fine with him.

Mae was never deep enough to take him all in anyway. None of them were. He always had enough left over to wrap his fist around. That was always a problem.

This particular morning was one of those crowded-train mornings. He turned his thin frame sideways, and eased through the narrow openings between passengers as best he could, working his way to the conductor’s cabin, saying, “Excuse me, excuse me,” every time he brushed by someone. Brushing by people on a crowded train was so intimate. He would squeeze by, and he could feel his dick rubbing against some woman’s ass or some man’s ass. “Excuse me, excuse me.”

When he got to the conductor’s cabin, someone else was already there, a woman. She stood facing the window to the outside, her back to him. He was crestfallen, but sometimes that happened. Sometimes, someone would beat him to it. He stopped in the entryway to the cabin.

Just at that moment, a couple of teenage boys pushed their way into this car from the adjacent car. In doing so, they pushed the man who was leaning against that door into him, and he, in turn, fell against the woman looking out the

window in the conductor's cabin. His fall against her was complete. He was sandwiched between the man who had been leaning against the exit door to the next car and this woman for an uncomfortable few seconds. All told, half a dozen boys forced their way into the train car. They were playing some kind of game and laughing raucously.

"Whoa, this motherfucker is crowded," one of the boys shouted.

By now, the train had descended from the elevated tracks, and was entering the subway tunnel. The noise of the train filled the car, drowning out the raucous laughter of the boys. The lights in the car flashed off momentarily then back on several times as the train roared across switched tracks and power rails.

The man behind him was finally able to push himself off Alex, and back to the now slowly closing door to the adjacent car. Alex was now able himself to move away from the woman he had fallen against. He said, "Excuse me," but it hardly seemed adequate. The woman regained her balance, shot a quick glance up at his face, and squeezed behind the teenage boys as they all exited the train. There was a hint of the pine-like fragrance she had been wearing still in the air.

Work that day was hectic. There was some kind of convention in town, and the steak house always attracted high-end spenders. The waiters shared their tips with the kitchen help, because they knew that the kitchen help made them look good. They knew that if the dishes didn't move, the food didn't move. And if the food didn't move, nobody made any money. So they threw a couple of bucks their way. It was only a fraction of what the waiters collected, but it was enough

to cover carfare. Alex was grateful to get it.

On the train ride home that evening, he fell asleep in his seat, and woke up barely in enough time to make his stop.

The next morning, he got up refreshed. He washed up, shaved, put on clean clothes, denim jeans and a Blackhawks t-shirt. He was a man with a purpose, a goal. It was a small goal, but it certainly beat the aimlessness and hopelessness he always felt when he was homeless. He felt like a man again.

The train ride to work was crowded, but not too. He was able to get to the conductor's cabin without having to brush too close to anyone. Once inside, he felt that surge of power again. He stood on the conductor's step to enhance the feeling.

Just then, a thought came to him. Maybe he could actually *be* a conductor. He stepped down from the conductor's perch, and leaned against the back wall of the car, facing the interior of the coach. Maybe he could actually *be* a conductor. As he was contemplating the possibility, a woman stepped into the cabin, and positioned herself on the conductor's perch where he had just been. It seemed like the train was going too fast. It dipped into the tunnel from the elevated tracks, and lurched violently to one side. The sudden lurch caused the woman to stumble off the conductor's step. She must not have been holding on very tightly. She landed on Alex. The hand she had outstretched to catch herself landed right at Alex's crotch. She grabbed his privates as if she were grabbing the back of one of the train's seats. Realizing what she had done, she straightened

herself abruptly, still weaving because of the rocky train ride.

“I am so sorry,” she said.

She turned quickly, and headed back into the main coach area. It wasn't until she was gone that Alex recognized the pine-like scent she had been wearing.

As busy as yesterday had been, today was quiet. Apparently, the convention was over. No high rollers. No big spenders. No shared tips. Lunchtime was always strong, but not like yesterday. Yesterday, lunchtime was crazy. Today, it was just another day. The morning and evening el rides mimicked the steak house business, adequate, but nothing special. The slow spell lasted for the rest of the week.

The weekend was disappointing. He walked over to the underpass under Lake Shore Drive to see a couple of his buddies, but the encampment was gone. Apparently, the cops had gotten orders to clear the homeless folks out. There was nothing left. Only the paintings on the underpass walls. One of the images looked like Martin Luther King, Junior, but it could have been anybody. It really wasn't that great a painting in the first place, and now it was beginning to fade and peel.

When Monday rolled around, he was glad to be going back to work. He washed up, shaved, put on clean clothes. This time he put on khakis and a Cubs t-shirt. He was back into his routine, and it felt good.

The el was especially crowded that morning. He thought he heard somebody muttering that one of the regularly scheduled trains broke down, and

everybody was crowded into this one. He squeezed by people as he worked his way to the conductor's cabin. Once there, he saw that it was already full. He tried to find a comfortable spot right at the cabin door where he could stand and be as unobtrusive as possible. The train was going too fast again, and it lurched from side to side as it took the shallow turns just before diving into the subway tunnel. People began to shift around as they jockeyed to position themselves near the doors as their stops approached. It seemed that as many people got on as got off at any given stop. There was no escaping the closeness and the smells. He thought he smelled the hint of something pine-like.

As the train crossed that section of switched tracks and power rails where the lights in the car flashed off momentarily then back on several times, and the noise of the roar of being in the subway tunnel became deafening, Alex could feel someone pushing their butt into his crotch. Against his will, his dick began to harden. He thought that whoever it was would be offended, so he tried to move away. The person reacted in exactly the opposite manner. He could only move back about an inch before he was braced against the wall of the coach. The person took that moment to press against his hardened dick, and move their butt from side to side. He reached his hand to touch the person's hip in order to stop them, but someone pushed his hand away as they pushed their butt hard into him. The flashing lights and noise discombobulated him somewhat, so he was not sure about what was happening. It had to all be an accident. The crowd began to shift preparatory to moving towards the exit doors. The person who had been

rubbing their butt against his dick reached around and felt his dick along its full length. Knowing it had to have been unintentional, he turned his body to one side as much as he could without rubbing up against somebody else. After a few moments, he could feel his dick begin to deflate.

His stop came and he got off and walked the two blocks to the steak house.

The Shriners were in town, so business was good, real good. The dining room was filled with funny hats and loud laughter all day long. At the end of the day, the waiters gave him a 20 dollar tip. That could only mean they made hundreds.

On the ride home that evening, he missed his stop. When he woke up, he was at the end of the line. He got off the train, and walked across the platform to the southbound train. As he sat waiting for the train to head back south again, he noticed a tall, thin, white woman walking towards the exit stairs. It was the woman he had fallen against a couple of weeks ago on the morning ride to work. He stared at her as she approached. He noticed for the first time that she walked with a pronounced limp. She walked like she might need a hip replacement or something. Then, almost as if on cue, she looked up and saw him. She looked him straight in the eye as she walked. He looked away. He tried to look back, but she was still boring into him, and he looked away again. He had never interacted with a white woman before. He didn't know if it was okay to look at her that way. She might think he wanted something he didn't want. It might get him in trouble.

The southbound train closed the doors and began to move. He tried to look



at her again, but she was gone. When he got to his stop, he hopped off, and almost ran the four blocks to his rooming house.

For the next week, things were good. The rides to work were uneventful, and there was some kind of function happening at the hotel every day. Business was booming, and the waiters had lots of tips to dole out. It was warm, and sometimes he would meander over to Grant Park and sit and watch the people walk by. He picked the bench that he used to sit on when he was homeless. Sitting on that bench now gave he a sense of satisfaction. It was proof of how much his life had improved since landing that dishwashing job at the steak house. Life was good.

He thought about Mae. He wondered if he should give her a call. He hopped up off the bench and headed to the el station. It was Friday. Mae was probably looking to score big tonight. Because of all the tip money he got, he could afford to splurge.

He got on the train, and headed straight to the conductor's cabin. Instead of standing on the conductor's step, he pulled the folding seat down and sat. He could afford to relax on his ride back to his room. The notion came to him again about being a conductor for real. Then he remembered that they would probably do a background check, and discover the trouble he had been in as a kid. Kid?! He was twenty! Thought he knew everything. His mother had warned him about hanging with that crowd. He and Big Willie John decided to steal a car. Neither one of them could drive, but they were going to steal a car. How stupid was that?

Big Willie got it started, and he drove, if you wanted to call it that. They crashed into a lamppost in less than half a block. The judge, a Black man, cut them some slack, but it was on his record. As a result, he was never going to be a conductor. Washing dishes would be his lot forever, and he had to be cool with that.

The train roared out of the subway tunnel and began its ascent up the elevated tracks. The sun was beginning to set in the western sky, and the clouds just above the horizon were pink and gold against the darkening blue. He felt someone sit next to him, and he scooted over to make sure they had enough room. He looked at the houses and shops as they rushed by below. Some he recognized from earlier rides, and some seemed completely new to him. He saw the ball park ease away in the distance. The lights were off, so there was no game tonight.

As his stop approached, he shifted to prepare to stand up to leave. A hand on his thigh stopped him.

“Excuse me,” he said.

“Sit down,” she said.

It was her. He recognized the pine-like scent.

“Excuse me,” he said again.

“Sit down or I’ll call a cop,” she threatened.

He sat back down. The last thing he needed was for some white woman to call a cop on him. He looked around to see who else was in the coach besides them. There was only one old man with a cane, and he was making his way to the doors to exit at the next stop.

As the train approached the station, he could feel her hand moving up his thigh to his crotch.

“Miss?” he said.

“Be quiet,” she commanded. “We’re riding to the end of the line.”

He looked at her for the first time. She was an older woman. He guessed she was about fifty, but he had no frame of reference. He didn’t know any white women. She had bulbous, green eyes like a lemur, a long nose and skinny lips with lipstick that was too red. Her hair was like straw, stiff and straight and yellow. Near her scalp, her hair was brown and grey. The skin on the side of her face was kind of pasty with brown spots, the same kind of brown spots that were on her hands as she unzipped his fly. His body stiffened as she pulled his dick out. He didn’t know what to do. He didn’t want her to call the cops, and he knew that if *he* tried to call them, they wouldn’t believe him, because he already had a record. He began to squirm as far back from her as the wall of the coach would allow. She leaned over and put his dick in her mouth. It barely fit. She ran her tongue along the split, and that sucker got as hard as a rock. She leaned up to make sure the coach was still empty. It was. She hitched up the yellow, flower-print skirt she was wearing. She yanked her panties off. The skin on her thigh was pasty and lumpy with little purple spider veins. She had trouble maneuvering herself over his dick, because her hip seemed to be hurting her. But she managed. She straddled him with her back to him, and spread the lips of her pussy over the head of his dick. Then she slowly sat down on him. Once or twice,

their skin would stick together, but rather than ease off to lubricate the parts that got stuck, she would force through it. He could tell from the way she breathed through her mouth that she enjoyed the pain and discomfort.

At about the half way point, he had expected to hit the back of her pussy. But he didn't. It kept sliding it. She began to quiver. She rocked her head back and groaned.

"Oh, my God!" she said.

He imagined that this was probably the biggest dick she had ever had in her life. He could feel the tightness inside her ease as her orgasm lubricated her.

At the three-quarter mark, he realized that this was the deepest he had ever been in a woman in *his* life. This woman had a pussy on her! This is the point where it would begin to hurt whenever he fucked Mae. But this woman was taking it all in. He could feel the back of her pussy just as she settled onto his lap. She rocked back and forth to a steady rhythm, and she came again slowly. She let out another throaty groan.

That's when he realized that he was already fucked, literally, so he might as well do it right. He scooted his ass off the seat, and pushed her over forward. They were on their knees on the floor, and he began to pound it into her as hard as he could. He had never been able to do that before, because it always hurt the woman too much. But this bitch could take it! And if he was going to jail, he might as well make it worth it. He long-dicked her. He pulled it out to the head, then slid it slowly back in until it hit the back. He did that several times, and she

came violently. He had to hold her down to keep her from lurching like an epileptic. That's when he came deep inside her. But he didn't stop. He thrust into her again and again as hard as wanted until he came a second time. He reached around and cupped both her little breasts. He scratched her nipples until she came again. This one was mild. They rested in that position for several long moments, his dick still all the way inside her.

The train made several stops before finally reaching the end of the line. Crawling up off the floor, she settled onto the seat panting. He could see that the coach was no longer empty. One old Black woman in particular had an especially disapproving look on her face. Her lips were squeezed so tightly together, he thought she might get a Charlie horse in her mouth. She looked at him as if he were a glob of shit she found stuck to the bottom of her shoe. As the train pulled into the station, the police were already on the platform. She had apparently called them some stops back. As the doors opened, the cops stormed in.

"That's him," the old Black woman shouted. "Take that nigger away."

"What's the problem, officer?" the white woman he had been fucking asked.

"Are you okay, ma'am?" the officer asked back. He wore a white shirt with three sergeant's stripes.

"I'm fine," she answered.

"I saw him fucking you right there on the floor of the train," the Black woman said, poking holes in the air with an extended index finger aimed in the direction of the conductor's cabin.

"I'm fine," the woman repeated.

"Are you sure, ma'am?"

"I'm fine," the woman said again.

"Well," the sergeant said, "I think I'm going to take him in for questioning anyway."

"On what ground?" the woman asked.

"I saw him fucking you!" the Black woman shouted.

"Maybe you didn't see what you thought you saw," the woman said.

"I *know* what I *saw*."

"You know what you *think* you saw."

"Were you having sex with this woman?" the sergeant asked Alex.

"There is no victim here, officer," the woman said.

"Were you having sex with this woman?" the sergeant asked Alex again.

"Don't answer any questions," the woman said to Alex. Then to the officer, "I'm his attorney. Do you need to see my credentials?"

The sergeant thought for a long moment, then said, "Get the fuck out of here, both of you."

"But I saw him fucking her," the old Black woman shouted again. "His ass needs to go to jail."

"Shut up," the sergeant said, "or I'll arrest *you*." He turned and signaled for his men to leave.

As the cops left and the old Black woman stomped off in a huff, Alex walked

across the platform to board the train heading back south. The woman followed him.

“Thanks for not turning me in,” she said as he was about to enter the coach.

He knew he couldn’t trust her, but at least she didn’t let the cops take him away. That and having a really big pussy were in her favor.

“You’re welcome,” he said, and stepped onto the train.

“Can we do it again?” she asked.

“You know where to find me,” he answered.

As the doors closed and the train began to move, she shouted, “What’s your name?”

Alex didn’t answer. The scent of her pine-like fragrance mixed with the scent of her pussy were still strong in his nostrils. He could almost feel again the way she lurched when he long-dicked her. He had never in his life been able to get his dick all the way into any woman. This one was the first. He picked a seat at the end of the car to sit in, one at the other end of the car from the conductor’s cabin. He sat down, and exhaled slowly. He flexed his index fingers the way he had on her nipples when he had cupped her breasts. He inhaled deeply. Then he stared out the window at the woman in the yellow, flower-print skirt on the train platform receding in the distance.

“Alex,” he said. “My name is Alex.”