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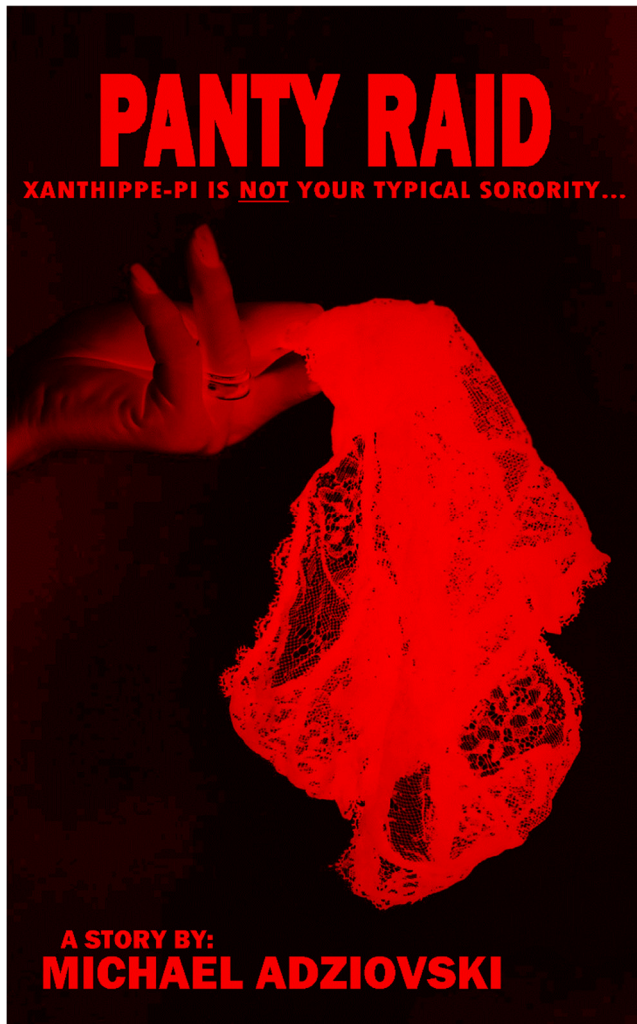
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PANTY RAID



His inhales were loud, heavy and they also produced a wheeze upon the full depth of respire.

His exhales... He could somewhat keep silent.

Trying to curb the noise by placing a hand to his mouth, he found that this was not an option. He was completely out of breath and incapable of any control.

He'd never felt this level of anxiety either.

Not when he had a knife drawn on him in an attempted robbery. Not when he collided head on with another vehicle going 40mph. Not when he had to tell his family he lost, in excess of, \$50k due to erroneous stock investments.

It was pure, unimaginable terror.

All understandable; considering the man had been frantically sprinting to try and save his life.

He had witnessed things he thought not possible. Things that did not make any sense of comprehension. Things that not even nightmares should showcase!

Managing to get away, only just, he found himself crammed beneath a chefs kitchen storage cabinet. The above white marble countertop had already been tarnished in blood.

The drip-drip-drip was an unpleasant noise.

He figured, because of this, those pursuing might not look for him here; seeing as one of his fellow brethren had already been slaughtered across the countertop.

Attempting to get his breathing under control once more, he also realized he'd been muttering prayers of sort, which was odd considering he did not have any religious faith to him at all.

Trying to hold his mouth shut again, he felt 'comfort' that this time he was able to do so.

Remaining silent was his number one priority...

He mustn't be heard.

His life, absolutely, depended on it!

In near pitch blackness, within the chefs storage cabinet, he began reminiscing about better times to aid in calming him further. With such great memories of his puppy Ziggy and the time he tried black cherry ice cream... It, unfortunately, proved to still be futile.

What finally managed to get him success with complete silence was the echo of a giggle.

Multiple giggles.

Those fucking giggles!

The type of giggles that penetrated ones soul.

Now beginning to bite his own hand, the taste of his own blood almost sent him into a frenzy.

The giggling was getting closer.

Shutting his eyes and again turning to whatever prayer he could think of, he also briefly wondered if attempting to fight these... These Vixens! Was the way of it.

He'd already seen those far stronger than he try and fail, so this brief burst of testosterone fueled adrenaline was very short lived.

And oh how they'd been massacred! It was uncalled-for. He and his brethren did not deserve what went down... Not at all.

The giggling now sounded like the Vixens were standing directly on the other side of the closed cabinet door. One seemed to be humming the sound of a speedy, rapid heartbeat.

'Dum-Dummm-Dum-Dummm... Dum-Dummm-Dum-Dummm!'

He could not believe it.

"You do know we can hear you... Erm... Sis, you have classes with him, no...? What was this dweeb's name again?" The man heard, signifying that they were indeed standing on the other side of the closed cabinet door.

He also felt a warm, wet sensation streaming down his leg.

He had peed himself.

"Rooney, Sis... I believe his name is Rooney."

"Rooney, Rooney, Rooney," Rooney heard several more feminine voices sing in unison.

"Rooney... 'Darling'..." It was those fucking giggles once more. "We can totally hear you, despite your stifling efforts. The echo within these storage cabinets can be heard from rooms away."

"Not to mention your trail of footprints leading to this cabinet all over the blood-soaked floor," came another's voice, followed again by those fucking giggles.

"How's about you be a good little fella and come on out of the storage cabinet," voiced another.

There was no way Rooney was leaving the cramped chefs storage cabinet.

No... Fucking... Way!

"Rooney," there was a tap-tap-tap on the cabinets door. "Don't be like this, 'darling', you might as well come out and face the music," it was that first Vixen again.

“Yeh,” chimed yet another. “Why don’t you... How they say... Be a ‘man’ about it.”

The giggles were driving him crazy... Crazy enough to actually take their bait and come out ‘rocking and rolling’.

Feeling around within the near dark cabinet, Rooney felt, what he was certain of, a frying pan. Claspings the handle with grit and vigor, Rooney negated his prior plans of remaining within and kicked open the cabinet door.

Leaping out like a man possessed, he began swinging the pan with added force. He was rather pleased in himself that he managed to hit one of the Vixens square across the face.

She was the purple haired one...

The one that used a dagger to keep the long, purple hair tied in a bun...

The one that used those same daggers to shove it up his brethren, Karl’s, keister.

“Motherfucker!” She had shouted, spitting blood from her mouth. “I’m going to impale this fucker with an even bigger dagger and then acid burn his fucking face off!”

“Back! Stay back!” Rooney roared with his attempt at intimidation. “I’m warning you!” He was now swinging the frying pan wildly. “Stay... THE FUCK... Back!”

Rooney’s brave and ‘valiant’ effort was very short lived. Feeling severe pain within his left kneecap, he looked down to find an arrow had been shot through and was protruding from either end.

The pan was out of his clench instantaneously as he fell to the floor and hollered in pain, grasping at the knee.

The arrow had come from the skull and bones crossbow of theirs.

That fucking, hideous, crossbow...

The same crossbow they used on his brethren Nigel; only Nigel had received the arrow directly through his right eye socket.

When the arrow struck Nigel and continued on its path, taking the right eye with it, Rooney had witnessed something that nobody in a million years would believe... The arrow, with eye attached, struck a bullseye on a dart board hanging on the opposite end of the hallway.

The eyeball exploded on impact.

Rooney was in a state of shock, though he could still comprehend that there were eight of them. Eight Vixens ready to do whatever they so pleased.

It was the one with the green hair that now caught his complete attention. Rooney was especially frightened by her.

Weaponless, he had seen her manhandle another brethren... Mike, 6ft2 and 220lb of nothing but solid muscle... With absolute ease.

The green haired one had unwound some black duct tape and the loud, echoing KA-RIP sent shivers down Rooney's spine.

Having his hands forced together in a clasp, the green haired one began to bind them together with the black duct tape.

"I'm Natasia by the way, 'darling'," she made mention, during the bounding. "NO!... Not Nat-ASHA, if you were thinking it... Nat-ASIA."

Rooney could only sob.

Next were his feet.

As Natasia bounded his feet together, Rooney began to feel yet another warm, wet sensation streaming down his leg. For a microsecond, he felt somewhat 'impressed' with his bladder.

"Mine," informed the one with blonde, almost white hair as she yanked the arrow directly out of Rooney's left kneecap, wiping the blood and stowing it with her other arrows.

Rooney began to scream from the pain, but it was short lived as the one with the jet-black hair stuffed a visibly nasty tube sock into his mouth, taping it within place.

Gagging, more so due to the taste from the tube sock, it took everything Rooney had, and then some, to not upchuck.

"Bull semen," casually mentioned the one with the jet-black hair. "You'd think it be hard to procure, but when you're in the final year of your Doctorate in Veterinary Medicine... 'Substances' like that are easy to come by," she smiled.

Now not being able to keep the vomit at bay, he felt some throttle out his nose, while the rest began to clog his throat.

He was choking.

Feeling the tape being ripped from his mouth and the tube sock removed, Rooney was... Kinda... Thankful for this 'freedom' as he could vomit in 'peace'.

Now being flipped over, mid-vomit, he next felt his pants get yanked down in revealing his backside.

The searing pain he began to suffer on his backside was being brought on by the frying pan. Rooney did not know which one of the Vixens was administering the beating, though the hits were constant and rather powerful.

“OK, Sis, that’s enough...” Rooney could recognize that voice. It was the blonde, almost white haired one. “Let me end this and shoot an arrow through his skull.”

Rooney could hear the skull and bones crossbow being loaded. The tears flowed once more.

“No way, Sis!” He now knew this to be the purple haired one. “After what this prick did to me with the pan, there is no way we are going to end it with him until I shove my biggest dagger up his ass! And pour fucking acid over his face! Like I stated!”

“You, REALLY, need to take a chill pill, Anastasia,” came the blonde, almost white haired one.

“And you need to shove one of those arrows of yours up where the sun don’t shine, Felisia,” came her reply.

“What’s with you and wanting things shoved up people’s asses,” was the retort as Rooney could hear the majority of, if not all, the Vixens cackle.

Their cackle was almost as crushing as those fucking giggles.

“And besides... We can’t kill him now... He is the last of them.”

“P...” Rooney had made an attempt.

The Vixens were still laughing.

Digging for whatever will he could muster, Rooney tried again, “PLEASE...” He could sense he had their attention. “PLEASE... LET ME GO... I DON’T DESERVE THIS... NONE OF US DESERVED THIS... IT WAS JUST A SILLY PRANK!”

“And so is all this,” Rooney was abruptly cut off from his plea. “Just because ya’ll couldn’t survive, due to our rendition of ‘pranks’, is on each and every one of ya’ll.”

“PLEASE!” He would scream again, followed by “HELP... HELP ME... HELP!”

“Rooney, ‘darling’, save your voice,” stated Natasia. “Our Sororities complex is completely soundproof,” she now came into his line of vision. Despite everything that had been, currently, done to Rooney, Rooney could still comprehend Natasia’s beauty.

They were all beautiful.

Sublime.

GORGEOUS!

“Let’s just settle down and accept what’s about to come.”

Rooney began to feel multiple hands grasping his legs, arms, body, pretty much any free space upon his being.

“Eww... His cargo pants are so wet!”

“How much did you pee?” They all giggled.

Now being hoisted into the air, the Vixens began to carry him onward.

Onward to the next destination.

Onward to wear Rooney, was certain, would be where he took his last breath.

“Help me...” He would attempt to sob once more. “Please... Help me...”

The Vixens, simply, giggled.

-

5 hours earlier.

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