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# **The Avengers**

**by Sarah Thorpe**

## **Chapter 1, The First Victim**

It was a normal afternoon in Los Angeles, CA. It was late January and rather warm for the time of the year. William James Donovan, or Billy Jim amongst friends, looked at his watch and noticed it was almost three. It was time to go home. Billy Jim ran a computer and electronics business in LA, and he had done very good. He arrived in town in 2000 with a hope to make it big in LA. He had come down from Portland, OR with an invitation to a seminar on how to manage a business. He had come down having saved some money and was able to buy himself a house in a middle class area. It was not very big, but was something to start out with. With a decent job he would be able to hold on to that house.

At the seminar he had met Rebecca, or Becky, Jeffries. It didn't take long before they were dating and decided to get married. The wedding was a quiet one and took place in 2002. On January 2003 they had a daughter, Jessica. Three years later they had a son. He was named Malcolm. Becky also started a business of her own. It was a beauty and hairdressing parlor. Both businesses were located downtown and were soon frequented by customers from the upper class of the society. They soon had a reputation of being very good and soon money was flowing in to them both. In the beginning they had to rely on loans from banks that considered them worthy. It had helped that they had been on that special seminar.

Becky, Billy Jim and their two children were a very happy family. Becky was now 37 years old, born in 1973. Billy Jim was 43, born in 1967. Three years after they married they could afford to move to the more wealthy parts of the city. They were happy with what they had and they had no plans of moving further up in the society. At least not until the kids were a few years older. Billy Jim had kept his old house, He used it when he wanted to do some business without being disturb, or he used it as a guest house A neighbor and friend looked after it and kept the house and the garden tidy and clean.

But both Becky and Billy Jim had been swingers before they married and they didn't want to give up that life entirely. They had given their partner up to one day every week where they could go out and gave some fun of their own. That gave each of them 24 hours when they could do whatever they wanted. There were conditions, of course. The partner staying home should take care of the kids and keep them occupied. In addition Becky could not be pregnant and Billy Jim could

not make any other woman pregnant. If any of that should happen, it was an immediate divorce with the only one winner. The other partner would lose everything.

This Friday it was Becky's turn to have fun on the town. She would not come home until sometime on Saturday, in time for Billy Jim to make on his night on the town. That's the reason he had to leave early. That was no problem, he knew the business was in good hands, he had very good and loyal employees.

Billy Jim left his office at three. He stopped by his deputy and told him to take good care of business. He hurried to the parking garage, found his car and drove home. He left his car in the driveway and walked in. Becky was already in full preparation for her 24 hour out on the town. There was also an agreement between them that they never told their partner where they went. If something special happened, an emergency for instance, they could always reach each other through the cell phone. Billy Jim also knew that Becky most probably would use his other house to entertain her guests, just as he would do the following night. His neighbors would clean it up before he arrived on Saturday night. The neighbors had no problems with this, after all they paid them good money for doing so.

Becky left at five. What she would be doing the next 24 hours has nothing to do with this story. Billy Jim, on the other hand, would do his utmost to entertain the kids. They were both involved in various sorts activities and he would take them there and enjoy their enthusiasm. Jessica was involved in girl soccer, while Malcolm played softball with other kids his age. To him this was a lot of fun. But on Friday night they just stayed home. Billy Jim ordered pizza for them all and

they ate it with some soft drinks while watching children's TV. This was something he did every time Becky was out, and he knew Becky did the same when he was out. It was an arrangement that suited them both. During the day Saturday and Sunday they were out following their kids career in sports.

Becky was home by four on Saturday. The smile on her face told Billy Jim everything, she really had had a very good time the last 24 hours, She never told him a thing about what she had been doing, that was the agreement between them. These things were better left unknown, Knowing what had happened might cause jealousy and misery. They trusted each other 100%.

Billy Jim left the kids to Becky and left the house. The time was 5 PM. He took the car and parked in a parking house downtown. He always liked to start his day off with some window shopping. He was curious what other companies had come up with when it came to electronics, He might get some ideas of his own that way.

Around seven he went to a restaurant to have a nice meal. He didn't go to the same place every time; it all depended on what he wanted to eat. It could range from a simple pizza to a gourmet dinner in a very fancy restaurant. He would finish off in a bar where there was dancing, hoping to find some female company. What Billy Jim didn't know, was that he was being watched all the time by someone who did everything the person could to avoid detection and suspicion.

Once in the bar he went straight have a drink. He was careful not to drink too much; he was after all planning to go to his second house later that evening,

hopefully with a hot woman by his side. That was after all the main purpose with this night out.

Then suddenly he saw her. She was strolling into the bar, swaying her hips in a very sexy way. This woman looked hot, and Billy Jim wanted her. She was wearing a tight red dress that reached her halfway down to her knees. Her shoes were in the same color as the dress and they had 3" heels. Her hair reached to her shoulders and was very blonde. Just a dream woman in Billy Jim's eye. Not a woman he would marry, but a woman would very much like to spend the night with. He looked at her with that 'come on over' glance. She looked at him and understood what he meant. She walked straight over to him. "Hello handsome," she said as she came up to him. "Are you ready for the night of your life?"

"I sure am. My name is Billy Jim, and what is yours?"

"I'm Janice. Wanna buy me a drink?"

"Of course, please place your order."

Janice ordered her drink and they walked over to a table in a corner. It didn't take long before they started some heavy kissing. Janice was very good kisser, just the kind Billy Jim loved. Soon they were out on the dance floor and there they stuck together like glue. Nothing seemed to be able to tear them apart. Soon Billy Jim asked Janice if she would come to his house and make some serious love there. Janice was willing right away, but she had her price, and that was high. Billy Jim didn't care, he had money enough and he paid some hot hooker money almost every weekend. "It's OK," he said, "and when we come to my place we will have a romantic meal before we end up in bed."

“That sounds all right with me. When do we leave?”

“Why not now?”

Janice agreed, she just had to pick up her coat and handbag first. At the front door a valet pick up Billy Jim’s car and opened the doors for them so they could get in. Soon they were on their way to Billy Jim’s second house. During the drive Janice clung to Billy Jim’s arm all the time, but still making sure he was driving safely.

They arrived at Billy Jim’s house a few minutes after ten. He found something to eat and put it in the micro. While the meal was warming up, he found a bottle of red wine and stepped into the living room. There he served a small, but nice and romantic meal to them both. Janice seemed to take great pleasure in what Billy Jim was doing, and they really had a romantic conversation while they were eating and drinking.

But Billy Jim was impatient, he wanted something more; he wanted to make wild and passionate love to Janice. She was after all one of the hottest women he had met in a long time. Janice also seemed very keen to make love to Billy Jim and asked him straight out if it was Ok to start by sucking him dry. Billy Jim just nodded. He could feel his member getting harder and harder. Just the thought of being sucked fry by a lovely woman such as Janice made him very horny. Janice looked at him and said: “Then we do it my way, we both get naked and you will lie down on your back naked on your bed and I will tie your hands and legs to the bedposts. This way you will be all mine and I can do exactly what I like with you. Does that sound OK?”

Billy Jim nodded and started to undress. Janice did the same. Soon they stood on floor naked, facing each

other. Billy Jim looked at Janice and saw her fantastic body for the first time. 'What a woman!' he thought.

They both went to the bedroom and Billy Jim did as he had been told. Janice found something she could use to tie him to the bedposts and she tied him firmly. Billy Jim's penis was straight in the air. Janice started to run her fingers up and down along Billy Jim's penis. He just became hornier and hornier.



Suddenly she let her mouth down over his rock-hard penis and started sucking. Billy Jim moaned with pleasure. He tried to hold back as long as he could, but suddenly he couldn't hold it any longer and Janice had to swallow the load that came. Billy Jim's penis just turned limp. Janice lifted her head and smiled. "How was it?" she asked.

"Fantastic. Can you do it once more?"

"Of course I can." She started to let her fingers gently move up and down Billy Jim's penis and soon it was rock hard again. Once again she sucked him dry. She also had to do it a third time before Billy Jim was satisfied. "Now it's my turn to suck you," he said.

"Of course, I just have to do a few things first." She went out in the hallway where her coat was hanging and took something out of the right pocket and went back into the bedroom. It was time to do what she really came for.

"Now my dear Billy Jim, or should I say Malcolm Roberts," she said as she entered the bedroom again. "

She could see Billy Jim suddenly turned pale, but he regained his posture almost at once. But it was enough for Janice. That short moment told her everything. She had hit the target. "Who is Malcolm Roberts?" Billy Jim asked, "I have never heard of the guy."

"I bet you have. Remember the trial in Seattle in 1999. Malcolm Roberts was in court, charged with sexually molesting his four year old daughter. But then something strange happened, the case was dismissed due to the fact that someone had cluttered up the investigation and Malcolm Roberts had to be set free. It was an outrage in town. As soon as Malcolm was out on the street as a free man, someone would kill him right

away. So hideous was the crime he had committed. The only option was that FBI gave him a new identity and relocated him. They had to do the same with his wife and daughter. You, my friend, are Malcolm Roberts and tonight you will pay for your crime. I feel sorry for your present wife and kids, but justice has to be set right”

“How can you say that I am Malcolm Roberts. As far as I know I don’t look like him at all. Now set me free.”

“Sorry, I can’t do that. Let me tell you a few things first. First of all, your wife from that time is also relocated with your daughter. The girl is 16 years old now and live in Ashville, NC with her mother, stepfather and two half siblings. She is now finally feeling all right and is doing very well in school. She doesn’t know anything about your present situation and whereabouts. How do I know all this? I was an official at your trial and took notes for the court. I know that your face is changed and that no one can recognize you now. But there are two things you cannot change, you cannot change your fingerprints and you cannot change your DNA. In Seattle I had access to both and made copies. After you came here I have, illegally, obtained your prints and your DNA, and there is a match. You are Malcolm Roberts, there’s no doubt about that. Any more objections?”

Billy Jim had none. Janice was right, he was Malcolm Roberts. He resigned and said: “You’re right, I am Malcolm Roberts. What are you going to do with me now?”

“I’m gonna kill you in a very cruel and brutal way. You will never live to tell this story to anyone. But since you’ve been such a good boy here in LA, I will

make sure that Becky and your children will get along real well. You see, she is also on the FBI witness protection list. The two of you have been watched all the time. But before I kill you, I have to gag you. I don't want your screaming to wake up the neighborhood."

"You will never get away with this. They will catch you very soon. The police in this town are very efficient."

I have covered my back very well. They will never catch me. And for the records, I work for the FBI, this is something I do on the side. And finally, I am not a woman at all. I am a man wearing a special torso that gives me the female shape I'm now displaying. And the best of all, it leaves no fingerprints that can be traced to any person. It's ingenious. I will leave here in your car and park it somewhere where it can't be seen right away. A friend will pick me up and I put on something more comfortably. I take off the blond wig I'm wearing just in case someone will recognize me and my blonde hair. Where we go from LA is none of your business, we will be gone long before anybody finds you. It will be impossible to tack me down. Not many hours from now I will be out of the torso and be a man again. You see; it's foolproof."

Janice had brought her handbag and took out something that looked like a gag. In fact it was a gag, and she took it and placed it over Billy Jim's mouth. He tried to resist, but to no avail. Whatever sound would come out of Billy Jim's mouth would be silence. Janice now took out a folding knife from her handbag. She opened it and let Billy Jim have a look. "I will use this to cut off your genitalia. You will then die rather quickly due to massive blood loss. When you're dead I will untie your gag and the ropes that tie you to your

bed, and take them with me to be thrown at an unknown location. Your genitalia I will put in your mouth for all the world to see. Your neighbor normally doesn't come to clean the house until three in the afternoon. Until then your body will lie undetected. When it finally is detected, I'm far away from here. I will still be in the US though. After all I have to be at work on Monday morning. Before I leave this house I will take a shower to rinse my body of all foreign blood."

With these words Janice went into action. She started by making a cut just above Billy Jim's penis and continued all the way around his balls. She looked at Billy Jim's face and saw that he was in great pain, greater than she had anticipated actually. She cut deeper and deeper until the penis and the balls were separated from Billy Jim's body. By then Billy Jim had bled out and was dead. At this time Janice took off the gag and the ropes that held Billy Jim's body to the bedposts. These were things that might be traced back to her, so she took them with her. She now went to the shower and stayed there until her body was clear of all foreign blood. She dried herself on a towel. When dry she put in her dress back on. She grabbed the car keys and left the house. As a last precaution she had made sure there were nothing left in the house that didn't already belong there.

Once in the car she started it and drove out on the road. She dimmed the lights as much as she could to avoid being seen. Once on the road she reached for her cell phone and dialed a number. When the person at the other end answered, all she said was: "I'm on my way." Then she hung up. Twenty minutes later she stopped at a secluded place, turned off the engine and left the car, making sure she had all her belongings. Another car was already at the place waiting for her.

She left the car and stepped into the other car. The car keys were hidden so that no one could steal the car without having to work for it.

Once inside the other car she took off her clothes and blonde wig. She dressed in something more comfortable. It was a blouse, a pair of pants and shoes with more comfortable heels. She packed all the rest of her belongings, including the blonde wig and put everything in a small suitcase. As a last precaution she took out the contact lenses that gave such bright blue eyes. With her now much shorter brownish hair she looked quite different from the woman who just had killed a man. She moved into the front seat. Then the driver finally opened his mouth. "Hello Janice," he said, "did it work it well.."

"Yes Harold. Everything went according to plan. We're all set. Let's go back to DC. Now we have to lie low before we go for the next victim."

"I know. And that shall be Robert Stevens in Chicago, and it's my turn to do the dirty work. And if I remember correctly, I have to use a black torso."

"That's right. Robert is an African American and women of the same race is the thing for him. He has already destroyed too many of them and never been caught. We will make sure he never destroys more of them. He will get the same treatment as Billy Jim."

Harold drove straight to LAX. He dropped Janice outside the main entrance and took the car back to the rental agency. From there he took shuttle back to the terminal. He met up with Janice at in the entrance hall. She was now much less glamorous than she had been downtown LA. Her hair was just the color and style that was on the picture on her ID card. The couple checked in on an early morning flight Dulles Interna-

tional outside DC. The flight would leave LAX at 6;10 AM and land in Dulles at 2 PM local. Just in time for Janice to get back home and change into her male alter ego Charles, or Chuck amongst friends.. They would both be back at work on the coming Monday.

Chuck and Harold shared a house together. Chuck was from Seattle while Harold was from Boston. They had met on campus at a very prestigious law school and soon established a friendship that would last forever. During a summer break they had both gone to Seattle to work for the DA's office to gain some experience. That's how they knew all about the Malcolm Roberts case. In their DC office they worked mainly as clerks, but it did happen they were out in the field as any other agent. They both had the training and experience to do it.

They were both considered gay, while they in fact were bi-sexual. They also shared the interest in dressing up in women's clothing. This was known to their colleagues, but as long as they didn't mix it up with work, nobody had any problems with it. They were good at their work and that was the important issue. The main reason they looked so good as girls, with or without torso, was that they were both very slim men and could manipulate their voice over a large register. Even without the torso they were very convincing.

Back home in the apartment Janice went straight to the sauna in order to take the torso off, The torsos were a must when it came to the avenger task they had taken upon them. They were very expensive, but they were provided to them by someone high up in the hierarchy, and who had given them the avenger assignments. After the 12 cases they had signed for were over, they would be relocated to another country with a com-

pletely new identity, and that identity would be female. Later that evening they had a drink and smiled, the time was now 6 PM in LA and Billy Jim's body must just have found. They wished the LA police good luck in their investigation. They were certain they would not be caught.

## **Chapter 2, The Investigation**

At precisely 3 PM, Billy Jim's neighbor Willy Aronson took his things and went over to his neighbor. His task was to make the house tidy and clean each time Billy Jim or some guests he might have had, had spent some days in the house. This time it was only a normal visit by Billy Jim and some girl he had picked up, so it shouldn't be too much to do. He noticed there was no car in the driveway, a sure sign that Billy Jim had left the house. Willy locked himself in. Once inside the house he could feel that something was wrong. A foul smell came from one of the rooms. This didn't look good. He opened the door to the bedroom and saw lots of blood on the floor. A further look told him that Billy Jim lay on the bed, dead. He didn't go further. Instead he walked out of the house and called 911. This was a case for the police. The 911 operator answered and he requested police assistance. A squad car would come right away, was the answer he received. Less than 10 minutes later the police was in the driveway. Willy explained what he had seen and the two police officers walked slowly into the house. They saw the blood and made sure they didn't step in it. When looking into the bedroom they saw a naked man lying there on the bed. It was blood all over. There was nothing they could do

for the man and while one officer called the station, the other made sure there was no one else in the house. The rest of the house was empty.

The detectives and the forensic team arrived 15 minutes later, They were headed by detective Annie Wolfe. She was considered to be the best detective in Southern California. She looked at the body in the bed. It was completely naked and his genitalia were cut off and placed in his mouth. There was blood everywhere, but there were no foreign tracks in it. In fact there were not a footprint to be seen. It was clear that the man on the bed had been dead for a while. The cause of death seemed clear, he had died from blood loss Since the blood clearly had been flowing from the bed and down to the floor, it indicated that the man was alive when his balls were cut off. That must have been terribly painful. Annie left the room and left it to the CSI team. They were after all the experts. The first they did was to make an assumption on how long the man had been dead. The initial conclusion was that he was killed between 12 and 115 hours ago. More than enough for the murderer to be far away from here.

The neighbor had positively identified the dead man to be William James Donovan, owner of a large electronics store downtown. Annie would find out more about later. She knew his store, and had been there several time. It was a very successful business. He was a well respected citizen and Annie wondered what could have happened to cause such a crime. It looked like a hate crime and that the victim was a sex offender. She did not look forward to tell his wife about what had happened.

The CSI team went on with their job and Annie left the crime scene to them. They would go through every

inch of the house and Annie knew that if there was something to find, they would find it. Annie went to speak with Willy Aronson, the neighbor. "What can you tell me about Billy Jim?" she asked.

"He came to this area in 2000," Willy opened, "and bought this house. He told me he came from Portland, Or, and wanted to establish a new life here in LA. I moved in here five years earlier with my wife and child. I have three children now. At first Billy Jim lived alone, but in late 2001 he married Becky and she moved in with him. They both wanted to establish a business in LA and they were both successful. In 2005 they had made so much money that they decided to move to another neighborhood and into a larger house. At that time they had two children, a boy and a girl. Billy Jim kept this house, he often used as a place his business associates could stay when they were in town. It was also used by Billy Jim himself during most weekends when he entertained women that he had picked up downtown. It was all with Becky's consent, she also used it from time to time to entertain her male friends. It was an agreement between them that seemed to work perfectly. When one of them was on the town, the other took care of the kids.

"From an early stage I was given the task to keep the house nice and tidy after the visitors had left. He paid me for the job, and it gave me an extra income. I didn't need the money, but did it anyway. Normally almost my whole family participated and we had lots of fun cleaning it up. We were also allowed to use the house for our guests as well. When he was here he always parked in the driveway and for me it meant that he was here. When the car was gone, the house was ready for a clean up. I can't see the car from my house, so I go over and check, and that never happens before 3

PM. When I came to the house today, everything looked normal. It was quiet and the car was gone. I walked inside and the rest you know."

"I do. I notice that the garden is very neat and clean. Are you taking care of that as well?"

"No I don't. A professional gardener takes care of that. In fact he helps me as well."

"Thank you so far, I might have to talk with you more later. And please don't say anything to any reporter that might come by. And that goes for your family as well. What they will hear will be coming from me, or one of my representatives only. I don't know what you really saw in there, but what you might have seen must not reach the press except through official channels only. If you really saw the body you know what I mean."

"I saw it and I understand, I haven't even told my family what I saw. To them I only said that I saw a lot of blood inside and that Billy Jim was lying on the bed."

"Thank you, and please keep it that way."

"My lips are sealed."

"Good. There's one thing more thing though. I trust you in this matter, but I would very much like that my technicians take your prints and blood sample, along with a look at your clothes. And please tell me exactly where you were in this house today. That is, how far into the house did you go before you called 911. And what did you see."

"I entered the hallway and felt a foul smell coming at me. The hallway was clean as was the kitchen. I saw what looked like blood on the floor not far from the bedroom. I opened the door to the bedroom and saw

lots of blood on the floor and I saw Billy Jim naked on the bed. That's when I left the house and called 911."

"Thank you. Do you know Billy Jim's address and phone number?"

"In fact I do. I have his card in my wallet. You can have that." Willy took out the card and gave it to Annie. "Thank you," she said, "I appreciate very much the help you've given so far. I will, however, come back to you later."

"That's all right. You can have my card as well. You will find all the information you need there. You can all me any time you like."

Annie took his card and noticed that Willy worked for a major construction company as an engineer. In fact he had a very good job,

Annie went back into the house to talk to the CSI team. They didn't have much to say at this stage, but they could verify that Billy Jim had been dead for 12-15 hours. All the blood they've found so far belonged to the victim. Not a single trace of foreign blood was found at this stage. Annie asked them to keep looking and report back as soon as they had anything.

The corpse had now been picked up and taken down for an autopsy. The whole body had been covered in a blanket when it was carried out. This way nobody would be able to see it and make their own speculations. The fact that Billy Jim's penis had been cut off must not become public knowledge, The only persons knowing about that for the moment, was Annie, Willy and the CSI team. Annie wanted to keep it that way. A few more will learn it later, but it must be kept out of eyes of the reporters.