

## About me.

Have you been raped? I have. As a young lad in industrial Wales, I was captured and held by a group of a half dozen teenagers who took pleasure in marching me to a remote disused toilet on one of the derelict docklands

Formative experiences;  
being raped



that littered the coast, stripping me, and doing to me as they willed. Initially, somewhat nervous and looking out in case anyone approached, they stood around me in a circle, wanking, and subjecting me to an initial and painful inspection. I looked at the door. Could I make a run for it? One saw me looking. "If you try to escape, we'll kill you" he said. As their confidence grew, they grabbed at me, and I was told what a filthy little boy I was to be standing there naked in front of them. The leader said "Bend over and touch your toes", just like the PE teacher did at school. As they buggered me, he made it clear that they weren't "fruits" (the slang at the time for homosexuals) but with me flaunting myself at them in that way, well, I just needed to be taught a lesson.

Eventually, they got bored with that. One suggested "Let's pull his balls off". They tried hard, some trying to pull them off forwards, others bending me over to try to pull them off backwards, but they just wouldn't come off in their hands, however hard they tried, so after they'd each had a few turns they gave up. I am pretty sure I didn't cry out, but groaned with the pain. Maybe they told me not to scream, I can't remember. I think they had an idea of taking my balls as a trophy, like the deer's antlers that used to adorn the walls of every country house, to show to their friends.

They were getting more and more confident, and more and more annoyed, like having first flaunted myself in front of them, now I was deliberately keeping my balls in place just to be unhelpful. So one proposed he should go and get the kitchen scissors from his house so they they could cut my cock off. I can still hear his voice crooning in my ear, cajoling me. He actually asked "You don't mind if we nip your cock off with the kitchen scissors, do you?". And do you know, bruised and cowed, I think I nodded agreement, so as not to be unhelpful? Had they possessed a penknife between them, I think they would have sawed my cock off there and then, and I would have spent my life as a partial eunuch.

They were turned on by the idea. But they lost it; fantasising about how they were going to cut my cock off quite openly in front of me they wanked at an increasing pace, shot their loads over me, and, sated, lost interest. I was saved. They'd had their fill. Except one. "Stand with your legs apart" he said. I didn't know what was coming; his foot struck hard between my legs and I felt like my balls had just exploded. He tried to land a couple more, but now I knew what was coming I twisted and managed to prevent the blow falling squarely, taking the kicks on my upper legs.

I was thrown out, still naked, and my clothes were thrown after me. One, as an afterthought, came after me. "Don't tell anyone, or we'll kill you" he said, and drove his knee into my balls for emphasis. It didn't have much effect. By now, they were completely numb. It didn't hurt, but I felt the impact and despite the lack of pain I was pretty sure it wasn't doing me too much good. And I was right; by the evening, my balls had turned blue and grown to double their size, and I spent the night writhing in pain. But his threat worked. Like most who are raped, in the last 40 years I haven't spoken about it, apart from in dribs and drabs as I could summon the strength to open the deepest and blackest recesses of my mind to my wonderful, loving and special wife. And so, I have experienced the dark side of human nature at first hand.

Well, that is the only true story here. Now, writing fictional stories that celebrate that dark beast that I believe lurks deep within us is my catharsis. "Celebrate", I hear you say? Am I twisted by my experience? I don't think so, but only you can judge; I cannot. I believe that hard and dark stories are indeed a turn-on; they are a turn on because they celebrate and feed the powerful primeval impulses that lie deep within us. Were the guys who raped

me unusual? I don't think they were. I think they were just like you and I. That's the point. They were just behaving in the way we all can, given the right circumstances. They were behaving like a tribe, as we are all probably programmed to behave by our Stone Age training; I was the captured intruder. Were the guards at Belson evil? No, I don't think they were. I think they were caught up in the wave that swept Germany, and genuinely believed that what they were doing was right, and that doing away with thousands of souls was the right and proper thing to do. Our modern society, with its veneer of civilisation, is the false construct; small groups, living a brutal and vicious life, separated from the others, fighting to survive, hard on themselves but harder on others; that is how we are really programmed to live. A few tens of thousands of years ago, my story might have mirrored that of the woman who strayed too close to the edge of the tribe's territory; captured, beaten and cowed into submission, raped by the men, forced to collect firewood and bear children for the tribe. That is how it was. And remember, too, how quickly the captive adapts to bear, or even enjoy, the indignities, torture or privations that their captors inflict on them. Remember Patty Hearst; captured by terrorists, imprisoned, mistreated, raped, and yet, a few months later, proudly toting an AK-47 with her group as they committed yet another terrorist outrage. We are so easily entrained within another human system, whether it is fair or villainous, cruel or kind. Has human nature changed? Well, I know it hasn't. I can only be thankful that I wasn't mutilated or killed in my experience of it.

So, knowing it to be possible, I write stories about torture and rape woven into everyday life. About a group of captive women who have learnt (like Patty Hearst) to endure, integrate into, possibly even enjoy, cruel treatment. About captors who see them as their property, to treat as they like. The illustrations, too, were part of the process, and part of my catharsis; they seemed right - true to life, although a strange and twisted life - when they were hard, black and stark, and reflected the mood of that day long ago when I was raped.



I hope you find what you read both enjoyable, but also disturbing. These stories disturb me, and I've written them. I only know that I have to write honestly, and to write stories that are believable, because they truly reflect human nature at its darkest. If you have that black beast within you, recognise it, enjoy it, even celebrate it, but learn to tame it. Turn it against itself. Enjoy this world of *The Island* that has been laid out on paper for you, reflect on how easily it might actually be, recognise the beast within, then use that knowledge to strive to make the world a better place.

Finally, I'd like to thank my wonderful partner of thirty years, S, who is supportive, selfless, tolerant of my sexual preferences, a passionate and accomplished lover in bed, and yet is feminine enough to know before I do when I need her to roll submissively onto her tummy and "roll her hips upwards so as to present more conveniently that tight and most feminine entrance that lies between her legs to the rear, that many gentlemen prefer to that which lies to the front" as the narrator might have said. At times, she is my muse, my Juliet, my Goddess, my lover; at other times, my whore, prostitute, slave, mistress, slut and buggeress, all rolled into one. At times, she is feminine and soft, at other times, a flash of her dangerous eyes or the hardening of her nipples signals her intentions for me. At all times, she likes a man to be a man (or as she would say, to know where his cock is); at all times, she is a woman, who knows where her cunt is; at all times, she is my inspiration, and I love her deeply.

Sadyst 26/4/2009

[\*The stories; welcome page\*](#)