



I was raped (content note for graphic description of rape)

I haven't been able to get it all on paper but I'm hoping I can do it here because I need to. Two years ago I just wanted to go out with my friends and have a good time. We drank quite a bit and had a lot of fun before we left the bar. As I tend to be emotionally unstable myself and don't like being alone I assumed the young man sitting near us was lonely, so I asked him if he would like to join my friends and I while we were standing there. The man joined us but then when my friends and I headed to my apartment the man, B, began to walk with us. He said he wasn't from the M are and had no where to stay, and my heart went out to him so I said he could crash in my living room since I thought my friends were staying over as well.

As B spoke to us I began to see that B might embody signs of narcissism, but I shook it off and told myself I was being paranoid and judgmental. I told B deep things about my depression and past attempted suicides, though to this day I couldn't tell you why I did so. I went to bed before everyone else, but I texted my friend telling her I didn't feel comfortable with this man i didn't know in my apartment so if she was going to leave I'd like him for her to have him leave as well. Apparently she thought I was talking about my high school friend who had come over with her and she left me alone with B, the stranger from the street.

I was awoken from sleep when someone crawled into bed with me and placed their arm around me, in my groggy state I first thought it was my friend, but when I turned I found B cradling my body. I told him I was not comfortable with him in my bed and asked him to return to the living room. He sat up and I turned over to go back to sleep. And then I was flipped onto my back where I could see this B character completely naked in my bed. I reach out my hand and placed it on my phone which I hadn't even realized was there, but he grabbed for my phone and told me I wouldn't be needing it. After that I don't know where the phone went but it didn't seem all that important as the night progressed. The man I knew only as Ben, told me to take my clothes off and I protested, but I he was already "helping" me get more uncomfortable. I fought him the entire way but I was no match for the ex-moraine who was set on getting me naked. There we were both naked in my bed, tears were streaming down my face as he told me to put his dick in my mouth and informed me that if I bit him he would kill me. I begged him not to do that to me, and told him I felt sick and thought I had to vomit. Tears were streaming down my face as he placed his arms around my frail body in what might have been a tender embrace from a lover, but was really his way of showing me that who was in control and I had no escape. He then led me to the bathroom where I gauged and spit in the toilet a few times. Then as he led me back to the bedroom I screamed as loud as I could "help I'm being raped (which I later found out was heard by my upstairs neighbors who went looking for me outside).

Seconds after my scream had left my lips, B's massive hand was pressed against my mouth, stopping any further words from escaping me. He returned to his earlier death threat coercion when he whispered in my ear about being a good girl and not yelling any more. He took me back to the bed and I begged him to use a condom. So he forced me to lead him to the bag in the living room where I knew my roommate stored condoms. He took one and lead me back to the bed where he forced me onto my stomach I fought him but he combated every move I made and again issued a death threat if I didn't comply with what he wanted and finally he proceeded



to violate my ass. I continued crying through this entire invasion of my body, wondering all the while how this could be happening to me. I must have finished himself off because he pulled out and began to cuddle with me. He told me to stop crying to which I retorted that doing so wasn't a possibility.

Then he apologized to me saying he only did it because I had told him of my past suicide attempts, and he was trying to change me to become a better person because if I didn't this was all I had to look forward to. He began to question me as though nothing had just happened and I wasn't balling into my pillow. He asked me if I thought he was a bad person, to which I respond no, but good people do bad things. I asked me what I would do now to make something of myself, I told him I would be a writer and he told me that wasn't good enough that I had to make a difference in the world, like he did in feeding the homeless and so on. He informed me of how amazing and self-less he himself was, and how I needed to become a better person. eventually the conversation died out and he must have gotten a second wind, because he flipped me onto me stomach and began to violate my vagina. He made a comment about how this would be good for both of us since I was so tight. my tears continued to cascade and he told me to stop crying, but this wasn't about to happen no matter what threats he issued, so he told me to just moan. I managed to get my throat to make pitiful moans that barely passed my tear-stained lips. After he had his way with me we returned to cuddling with my shaking body, and the conversation continued. Eventually I got up the nerve to ask him to leave. He agreed to do so saying this would be the last time I ever saw him, before he tied my hands with my sweatpants. I laid there face down in my bed with my hands tied behind my back while I listened to him rifle through my apartment. I don't know how long this went on for, because for me time stood still and reached on into infinity. I could have sworn I was about to die in those moments, I could see it in my mind, B the ex-marine pulls out a gun, walks up to me lying on the bed, presses the cold barrel to the back of my head and "pop" I was gone. I waited and waited but it never came and then the door opened and closed again. I laid still for another couple minutes before I got out of my bed, locked my door and searched my apartment to make sure he wasn't actually hiding somewhere, ready to attack me at any minute. I dressed myself quickly before scrambling about my room searching for my phone to call the police. After I don't know how long I gave up the search and ran into the hallway, where I heard only silence, and for some reason I made a dash for the second floor stood in the corner for a moment and finally yelled out "I've been raped please help me". People came swarming out of their rooms, led me in took care of me and called the police. B was caught about a year later and locked away pending trial, but on the date of our trial the case was moved to a different judge, which apparently made B and/or his lawyer nervous so, he took a plea deal which I don't recall the logistics of, but the DA seemed fairly convinced that B would be serving jail time. I testified at the sentencing but B got off with the bare minimum possible sentence, which included no jail time, and somewhere near 5 years of probation. The judge (a woman by the way) tried to even give him less time on the sex offender registry then was mandatory. I felt so let down by the judicial branch, and couldn't see how this was justice. Thought I have rejoined society and returned to my life, it doesn't truly feel like me life, or like I deserve it. After two years I have yet to come to terms with everything that has happened to me and what I became after, and I still blame myself for allowing this to happen even though I know it's not my fault. I know I will always carry this burden with me, I just don't know if I'll ever be able to feel like myself again.



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