



I'M ANOTHER U. S. MARINE doing his patriotic duty to fight terrorism in Afghanistan. Or it could be Pakistan. Or Iran. Or Saudi Arabia. My special assignment unit is secret. Deliberately not "on the books." We're in the desert, and we don't like it here. That's what matters.

My unit goes into a friendly village. Safe enough. That's what we were told. We're all well-trained. We know enough not to get into trouble. I'm just 23 with a steady girlfriend back home and all. Ready to marry her when I get back. That's what's important. I pride myself that I'm dedicated. Smart. Real smart. Never miss my objective.

But, here something's wrong. We're breathing something funny. Whatever it is, it smells so good. Like carpeting on a new car. I figure I must just be homesick. No new cars here. We have laser-guided weaponry. The enemy is still quite comfortable with swords.

I wake up and somebody is pinching my nose, forcing me to swallow some liquid that tastes horrible. My head is filled with tons of cotton. My shirt is off. Hunh? What's going on? My pants are half open! Im tied to a chair. I hear a low, unfriendly voice talking in a language I don't understand. I do understand what it means when he pulls tightly on that rope. He likes pulling on that rope. So damn dizzy. Can't understand.



Feel like I'm floating.

In very warm...peaceful...
smooth...water.



Buck naked! This isn't right. Tied up like some slave. Being pulled behind a horse! Never saw a horse anywhere except on TV. My cock is tied to a rope. Shit. This guy really likes pulling on that rope. This isn't war. This is savage. We aren't prepared for this treatment. I can see the other guys from my unit suffering like me. Some are being treated worse. I see blood on some of them. Oh, fuck.



This isn't right. We're 21st-century U.S. Marines. High-tech. Fighting in sand. Naked. Bound. Someone pulling on a rope stretching our cocks out in front of us. This is ancient-world warrior shit that we know nothing about. How did I get myself into this fucked-up situation?



A United States Marine. Smart. Nobody fucks with us! Not some damn Al Qaeda terrorist. Not gonna fuck with me, no way. I'm dizzy. Must be drugged.

But, I can't get away from him. Drugged. That's it. This isn't happening to me. Cock tied with a rope around my neck. Something very big stuck up my ass. *Why* is he doing this? I can't fucking believe this is happening to me. I can't get away from him.

The guy in control is going to really hurt me. He's playing with his cock in front of me. If I weren't drugged, I'd kick his ass. I know it. I just know it. He's going to hurt me. I just know it.

He wants to play games. With me. With my body. This guy is whacked out. He likes squeezing my balls hard. I'm brave. I'm silent. Like a good Marine. A real man. Not going to cry over this. Feels like he's going to crush my balls into a pulp in his powerful hands. All this is making my cock get very hard.



Not going to get away from him. He's got me. Don't want this to happen. I heard what they said about war. They don't just capture a guy and interrogate him. No. They make him know what it feels like to be the enemy. I cannot think.



Cannot let this happen. Shit. This can't be happening to me. Can't be happening.

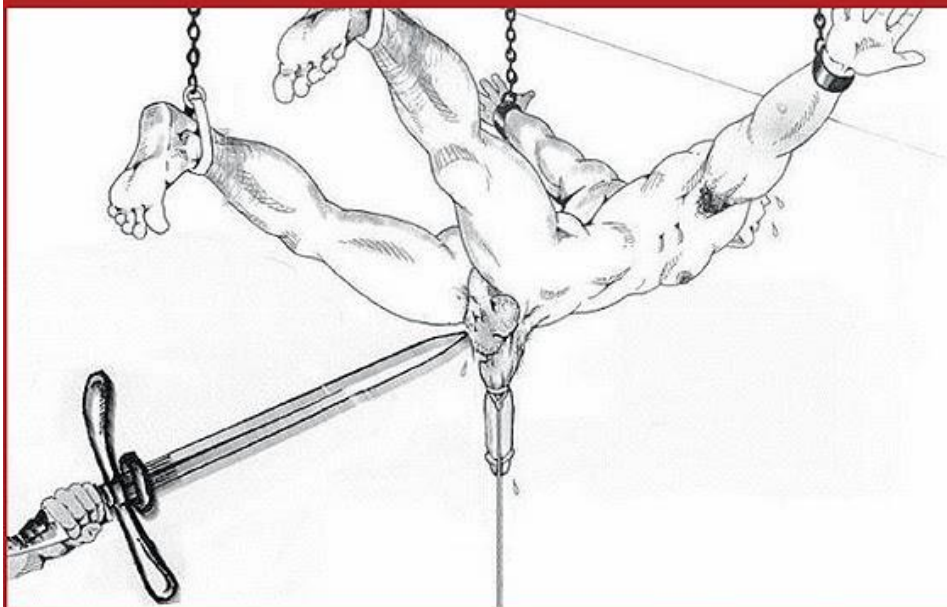
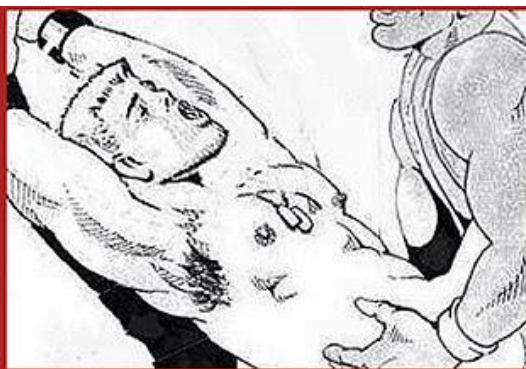


When a guy is captured, what do his captors *really* do? Not what you see on CNN. They don't just ask a man questions. They make sure he feels like he's the enemy. They make a guy feel it at a deep level. Conquest of the enemy. All is fair because it's war.

The one in charge of me mutters something angry in his language and he's smoothing slippery liquid over my ass. He's shoving his cock deep into my ass! He's got me. He's *fucking* me, a U.S. Marine. He's *fucking* me! No!!

I don't understand why he's doing this. Marines don't get treated like *this*! My entire body shakes. I don't understand. I was brave. I must be brave. I can't hold back. He's drugged me. He's *fucking* me. This cannot be. He's *fucking* me. It feels like nothing I ever felt before. It hurts, but...





This is war. It's not like anyone thinks. Not when you fight guys like these. Their ancestors learned war thousands of years ago. Different methods from a different time. When they capture a man today, they don't just talk. They make sure a man feels it. Right where it counts. Deep somewhere in the essence of his masculinity. Where language isn't necessary. I'm finished. *Fucked!* Hung me from the ceiling and spread me out to cut me where they want to. Can't stop them. Won't be getting outta here. Only slept with my girlfriend one time. They better not keep certain body parts as trophies of war like I heard...

(I only pray my family gets my body. Whatever is left of me.)

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originally posted on www.apeth.org