

EXCLUSIVE

# 'I Was A Sex Toy For My Mum And Her Rapist Friends'

All Dana Fowley, 27, ever wanted was a loving family to protect her, but instead her mum made her a victim in the worst child-abuse case in Britain's history...

I loved my mum, Caroline Dunsmore, but she was never an affectionate or caring mother and never gave me hugs or kisses. If I ever fell over she'd just say: "Oh dear."

She and my dad divorced when I was two, but when she met Billy King she became even more distant. She was only 19 at the time and Billy was 41, but she didn't mind the age gap and they got married. I remember Billy always being kind and playful and we became a normal family. Because I'd lost touch with Dad, Billy became like a father to me.

One day, when I was six, Billy and I were in the living room chatting while Mum had gone out somewhere. Next minute, Billy asked me to sit next to him. Then he got out his penis and

asked me to suck it. I didn't have a clue what he was asking – I just did as I was told. As I was six, I had no idea it was bad. Afterwards, he just zipped himself up and Mum came home.

The next day, I was sitting with Mum and Billy in the living room again. "Dana," Mum said. "Go over to Billy and sit on top of him." So I hopped over innocently, forgetting the day before. Then, Billy got out his penis and forced it inside me. I looked over at Mum with tears of pain in my eyes, but she just sat watching, her eyes cold, as Billy raped me. Afterwards, Mum took me to my room and left me there.

I sat on my bed thinking: "This must be what happens in families when you get older." I didn't like it and it hurt, but if Mum allowed it, it must be normal. A few hours

later, Mum called me down for dinner and we sat around the table as if nothing had happened.

By the following week, it happened almost every other day. Mum would call me into her bedroom, while Billy lay on the bed, and told me to take my pants off. Afterwards, Mum said if I told anyone, I'd be in trouble.

A few weeks later, we went to see Billy's parents – Peter and Mary King. By now, I was quiet and reserved. I hated what I was forced to do. I didn't know it was wrong but it hurt. But nothing could prepare me for what happened next.

## House of hell

At Peter and Mary's house, in Edinburgh, Billy took my hand and led me upstairs – his dad Peter followed. We went into

a bedroom and Peter pulled out his penis. Billy told me to suck it and I knew I had no choice. Next, Mum and Mary came into the room and locked the door behind them. I was so confused. But then, I was raped by both Billy and Peter and then forced to watch as the four had sex with each other – Billy even had sex with his parents. I hated it and sobbed uncontrollably. Afterwards, we left and not a word was spoken.

I was taken to Peter and Mary's house on a regular basis. I called it the House Of Hell. The things they did to me were horrific – they were a circle of sick perverts. All four got kicks



DANA'S MUM



BILLY HER STEPDA

'Mum called me into her bedroom, while Billy lay on the bed and told me to take my pants off'



out of doing stuff to me, then forcing me to do things to myself – including my own Mum.

One day, a year later, I was called into their bedroom and the four of them strapped me to a chair before hitting me with belts. After that, they each took pleasure in putting a poker up my bottom. I was screaming in agony, yet they carried on. Afterwards, I was bleeding and bruised, but they never took me to hospital. I'd been in and out of hospital because I'd been diagnosed with diabetes, but I didn't tell the nurses what was going on because I was too embarrassed.

One evening, when I was about eight, I was walking up some steps to the flat we lived in at the time, and bumped into one of Billy's work mates, John O'Flaherty. I was just about to walk past him when he grabbed me and, in the corner of the stairwell, raped me. I ran home in tears and as soon as I got in, I told Mum. I still believed she'd

protect me. "Don't worry, I'll sort it out," she promised.

The next day, I came home from school, and John was sitting on our sofa. I looked around confused. Then, Billy told me to take my pants off and while I was

a caravan, I was in bed when Billy suddenly barged in, blindfolded me and dragged me into his room. Someone ripped off my pants and then three men raped me, one after the other. I was screaming: "Please don't, it

## 'Someone ripped off my pants, then three men raped me, one after the other'

still wearing my school uniform, John raped me again in front of Mum and Billy. I genuinely couldn't believe it. Afterwards, I went to my room and sobbed into my pillow. Mum was letting people hurt me – that wasn't right.

John came round most days after that, and raped me. If I wasn't in Peter and Mary's bedroom, I was being abused by Mum and Billy or John.

We moved around a lot, and one night, while we were living in

hurts." But there was just silence. Afterwards, I was taken back to my room with blood dripping down my legs. I was in agony, but I lay in a way that eased the pain and eventually fell asleep. By the morning, the bleeding had stopped. I was tender, but the wounds eventually healed – as they always did.

A few months later, Billy brought another of his mates, Morris Petch, home, and he joined in. I was a sexual toy for them all to play with. I knew I didn't have a normal life. When I heard girls talking at school, my life seemed so alien. I barely had any friends – I just felt like a robot for these sick perverts. It was now my way of life – too scared to talk and too naïve to run.

### New hope

After five years of hell, Peter died, aged 69. He'd been ill for years. The following year, his wife Mary died too. I remember Mum telling me they'd passed away and feeling pure relief. I was 10, and I had no feelings for them but hatred. But the abuse continued. Billy and his mates carried on, never using protection, but thankfully I never fell pregnant.

One afternoon, when I was 15, Mum came home and looked different. I waited for Billy to follow, but he didn't appear. "Billy's gone," she croaked. "He's died." As her words registered, I felt every bit of tension in my body disappear. Tears of relief filled my eyes. I didn't show Mum, but I was overjoyed the hell of the last 10 years was over.

I now wanted to forget everything, and Mum and I started to form something of a relationship – communicating in a civil manner and spending time together. I didn't want to think

about the past, talk about it or even acknowledge it'd happened. Somehow, I buried it deep inside my soul. We never mentioned it.

As soon as I finished school a year later, I got a job in the laundrette of the local hospital and saved enough money to get my own flat. Then I met Paul.

Mum had been dating a new man, who'd been coming round to her house regularly, and sometimes, one of his mates, Paul Kernachan, would be with him. Paul was different to other men. He was 12 years older than me, but I warmed to him immediately. I began spending evenings at his place, just chatting. He never gave the impression that he was interested in anything sexual, and we became friends – I didn't have a lot of them at the time, so Paul was just what I needed.

When I was 17, we began to fall in love and I eventually moved in with him. For the first time in my life, I wanted to make love with a man, and when we did, it was so special. My past remained a secret and I pretended I'd had a lovely childhood.

Paul really looked after me and we were happy together. But in my late teens, I had problems with my liver and a twisted bowel. I was in and out of hospital, but Paul stayed by my side the whole

time. Mum would come round for a coffee occasionally, and even visit me in hospital. Life actually became normal.

### No turning back

One day, in 2004, there was a knock at the door. As I opened it, my legs almost buckled. The loan repayments company had sent a new man – and I recognised him as Morris Petch's brother. He was the image of him and it brought everything flooding back. He didn't know me, so I gave him his money, closed the door and ran inside sobbing.

By the time Paul came home, I was a mess. "What's happened?" he asked. I couldn't bring myself to tell him. I tried burying the pain, but it seemed so much harder this time. I couldn't get what had happened in the past out of my head, and nightmares started waking me in the middle of the night. So, one evening, as I was giving myself some insulin for my diabetes, I suddenly decided to take an overdose and use the full bottle. Thankfully, Paul found me collapsed on the floor and called an ambulance.

"Something's really wrong, please tell me what's worrying you," he begged the next day.

In the end, I managed to confess that between the ages of

six and 15, I'd been consistently raped, and left it at that. He was so mortified, I was glad I didn't tell him any more. But then Paul wanted to know why I hadn't turned to my mum for help, so in the end, I told him everything. He sobbed like a baby. Hearing what I had been through nearly destroyed him. "Are you going to go to the police?" he asked.

## 'No matter what Mum had done, I loved her and I couldn't put her in prison'

Now the story was out, there was no going back and I phoned the police. I spent five days with a female officer going through everything. But I still couldn't bring myself to tell her about my mum. No matter what she'd done, I loved her and wanted to protect her. But eventually, I found myself in the same muddle as I'd been in with Paul. I had to reveal everything.

Over a period of 18 months, the police began rounding up my abusers. It was an awful time and my weight plummeted to under 7st with the stress. Even though the police were questioning my mum, she still came to see me,

and one day I decided to bring it up: "I had to tell the truth, Mum," I managed to say.

"I know, it's best the truth is out," she said. And that was it, we never mentioned it again.

The police went on to charge Mum and two of the rapists and last month they appeared at Edinburgh Crown Court. Mum, 43, and John O'Flaherty, 50,

she was raped as a child, but that doesn't give her an excuse. I've often wondered whether they pimped me as a prostitute but I never heard anything about money, so I'll never know. I've now got two children – Jordan, four, and Dylan, six months – with Paul, who's now 40, and I could never imagine letting something like that happen to them.

One day, I want to visit Mum and ask if she's sorry. But I don't think she's capable of feeling anything – she's got mental issues. I do hate her for what she's done to me, but I still love her, just because she's my mum.

I'm still ill and my doctor now believes all my problems are linked to the abuse I suffered as a child. I recently had an HIV test because the men who raped me never used protection. It was a harrowing couple of weeks waiting, but when it was negative, I was so thankful. Now, I want these people who ruined my life to pay, and with Paul and the love of the people I have around me now, I know I'll be OK."

■ If you've been a victim of abuse, or know someone who needs support, contact The National Association for People Abused in Childhood on 0800 085 3330 or [www.napac.org.uk](http://www.napac.org.uk).

## DANA'S ABUSERS

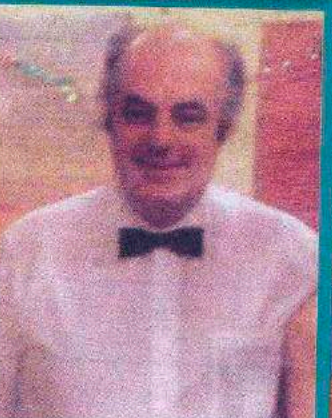
The circle of sick perverts who made her life hell



PETER  
BILLY'S DAD



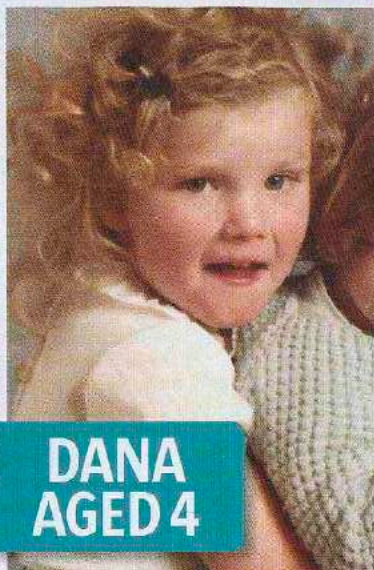
MARY  
BILLY'S MUM



JOHN O'FLAHERTY  
BILLY'S FRIEND



MORRIS PETCH  
BILLY'S FRIEND



DANA  
AGED 4



DANA  
AGED 10