



Endangered a child that does not exist

I was contacted by a man online, he was interested in me, I was not interested in him so I politely declined and wished him luck. He had a tantrum. I moved on. Two weeks later I was contacted by a man looking for an escort. I scheduled him in for the following day but made a huge error and gave him the address right then and there.

I was woken up to what sounded like police pounding on my door. It was the man I had turned down. He pushed his way inside locking the door behind him. He smiled and said he decided to introduce himself before going to work. I was panicked. I tried distracting him to give myself time to think but it was no use. He grabbed me by the hair and dragged me down the hall to my room where he viciously assaulted me. I passed out from the pain. When I came to he was raping me while choking me back out. When I came to again I was alone in a pool of blood.

I spent the next few days in a fog. I didn't think. I didn't feel. Nothing seemed real. A regular client aka John was hounding me for an appointment. I told him no. I told him I was no longer working. He would not stop. I caved. He came over. I told him what happened. He was supportive. Before he left he asked for a bj.

The next week was the same, he hounded me daily to let him come over and again I caved. This time he did something the man who raped me did. I panicked. I froze. He would not stop hitting me.

I contacted him later that day and told him to not contact me ever again.

So three weeks after the rape I was depressed and suicidal, my period was also late. I worked up the courage to go to the doctor, a friend went with me. I told my doctor what had happened. She was good about it. She asked me to come back in a week and so I did. She was impatient with me and not very nice.

My third and final appointment with her. I again took a friend. My doctor was cold, rude and controlling. She spent half an hour tearing me to shreds. At first I tried defending myself but she would not stop so I curled myself up and cried and she carried on. Then she told me if I ever got pregnant she would have my baby taken away. I asked her why and she said "because you brought violence upon yourself" I asked her if she was referring to the rape and she nodded and continued. She told me I endangered my child, I pointed out that I do NOT have a child and she kept insisting that I had endangered children! yes apparently by being raped and nearly killed I endangered children who do not exist! I walked out.

I ran out of my antidepressants. I was too scared to go to a different doctor. My depression worsened. I had to rehome my dogs.

The "supportive" John took to stalking me both online and in person. I called the police and after learning of how we met they said there was nothing they could do. Apparently consenting to one thing gives a man free reign to do whatever he damn well pleases for as long as he likes



despite being told no. He has continued to stalk me.

I am in therapy but due to do the stalker I have missed several appointments. Every time he contacts me I relive the rape. I am plagued with flashbacks. I exist in fear, pain, isolation and hopelessness.

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