



I couldn't bring myself to accept that I was raped

So I went over with my friends to our friends' house. We were invited by them to come over for pancake night and at that moment it seemed like it was going to be fun, so we went. When we got there, we were having a lot of fun, they made the pancakes and I think it was mixed with something but I know I felt high after eating. After a while, one of the guys came over to where I was and started talking to me and touching me. I didn't say no at first because like every normal person, my body was reacting to his touch but after sometime I told him I didn't want to anymore and his reply was that if he didn't have sex with me, he wouldn't be okay. So I stayed there with him trying to calm him down because he was my friend but he kept trying to touch me so I left him and went into the room. I was trying to sleep when he entered the room and laid down on the bed beside me and started touching me again which made me angry so I left the room and went to the sitting room where I fell asleep because I was already feeling weak. And then he came out and carried me into the room. I thought he was just being nice and wanted me to sleep comfortably till I heard him locking the door. I was already weak so I couldn't fight him so I just begged him and told him I didn't want to have sex but he said I shouldn't worry that I was going to enjoy it and that was when I started crying but that didn't stop him from doing what he wanted to do. He continued till he noticed that I stopped crying and was just lying there like I was dead. After the incident, I couldn't bring myself to accept that I was raped and I somehow felt I was at fault for going over to his place so I lied to everybody that I could not remember anything from the night before. I started hanging out with the guy who raped me and we even became fwb and after some time he just stopped talking to me with no explanation. I'm sure some people would say I'm stupid but I was too sad to even bring myself to accept that I was raped so I thought having sex with him more often would make it feel like that night was one of the others but I was wrong. After he stopped talking to me, I was able to bring myself to tell my friends that I remembered what happened that night and that he raped me and now I feel stupid for trying to make that night feel like it never happened by sleeping over and over again with the guy who raped me.

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