

Jess' Story



My dad wasn't around anymore and I never really got on with my mum, so I started spending as much time as I could out of the house.

I was 15 but my friends and I looked older, so we bought alcohol quite easily. I thought it was cool to be out drinking, and we'd spend most nights out on the streets together drinking cider.

Sometimes guys would come and join us. They were a lot older, but I liked the attention. There was one guy who'd come over quite a lot, and his friends told me he fancied me. I liked that someone so much older was interested in me, so I went along with it.

Then one night three of us were out, drinking outside a local shop. The guy pulled up in his car, and asked us to come back to his house. One of my mates wasn't keen but another friend and I jumped at the chance. He had a flash car, so I figured his house would be pretty nice too.

He drove us around for a bit playing music and we were pretty drunk, then he pulled up outside a terraced house. He said it wasn't where he lived, it was his mates and that his friends wanted us to come inside.

We went in and he took me into the living room with one of his mates, and he made me sleep with him. By this time I was scared and I didn't want to – not in front of anyone else – but I was drunk and he told me I had to.

I was frightened, but I didn't stop seeing him. He knew we'd be on the streets so him and his mates kept coming to find us, and I kept sleeping with him, and sometimes his friends too. It was only afterwards I realised I'd been used – he didn't like me or think I was pretty, he just wanted to show off to his mates.

Eventually, I knew I didn't want to live like this anymore. I plucked up the courage, told someone at school, and got help to change my life. Now I'm studying for my GCSEs with my friends. I thought I was cool and happy before, but I know I'm much happier now I've told my secret.