



I'm not angry, I'm just hurt. (content not for sexual assault)

How could you abuse me like that. I can't even get my head around it. You have left me with a heavy heart.

The worst thing is that I still don't hate you..

First a man and now you, a woman. I can't believe you'd hurt me like that. And I still don't know what your aim was.. to screw my head up even more?

You wanted me to be a lesbian? You wanted me to think women were better? You wanted me to think you knew me better than I knew myself?

You wanted me to think that you were better than everyone else? I think I did.. I think I thought exactly that.

But now you've made me feel so worthless. I thought you were genuine. I thought you were hurt, like me.

I told you so much and you made me feel like you understood but really you've just harmed me more than any man ever could.

I loved you deeply as a friend.. maybe, a part of me thought I liked you in that way. And that scared me because I'm not a lesbian.

You used my confusion and emotions to hurt me more. You made me feel like everything was my fault. You used it all to your advantage.

You made me believe that you experienced the same as me. Abuse from men. Sexual violence. Domestic violence.

But in reality you didn't do you. You were playing me because I was vulnerable. When a woman tells me they've been hurt by a man I believe them.

That's me. That's me as a human being. I never doubted you. I felt so much hurt and anger for your "mistreatment."

I introduced you to my best friend I knew you took a liking to her, attractive, funny, an all round lovely, feisty woman.

A young woman who's also hurt by men and is still hurting. And I don't even know if you've abused her.

I don't know if you've assaulted her.



How do I ask her about you? How do I ask her if a woman, an older woman has sexually assaulted her?

I feel ashamed, embarrassed and don't even remember clearly the things you did to me and what if that's the same for her?

But I think you did. I think you screwed us both over.

I welcomed you into my life and she welcomed you into hers. She is a great woman. The best..

And now she's probably another one you've abused..

Right now it's raw and it will take time to get over and forget about you. But I wish I knew why.

I wish I knew why you did all of this.

You have left me with a heavy heart. I trusted you and now I hate myself all over again.

I could never forgive myself if you abused her. If you manipulated her to the extent you manipulated me and used her to your advantage.

She doesn't need anymore violence or trauma in her life and if that's what you did, if that's what you've caused her, I blame myself.

I thought I came quite far leaving an abusive relationship and creating a new life for myself and now I'm back to square one, aren't I?

But I guess I'll just have to pick myself up and move on.

The hardest thing you've left me to do now is to speak to her and how do I even do that? How do I ask her if you did anything to her..

I know you'll be reading this, and I'm going to explain to why I use the word assault. You see, things are clearer for me now. (Think of this post as me talking to you because that's how I'm writing it).

Remember that night you came round and surprised me with a visit, as I opened the door I was shocked to see you and you said "I knew you were down about everything so I changed plans to keep you company.." at that point I was thinking, wow, what a bloody gem and she even bought a bottle of wine with her.

You knew I was in one of those "I'm so sad and emotional and I can't believe he abused me, I can't believe I had to flee, I loved him so much" state. It was a crying day. I just felt low and I guess I was just feeling sorry for myself. You said we can drown our sorrows together (I had already been drinking before you'd come and you knew that).



By the end of the night I was completely pissed. I got off the sofa and somehow I tripped and fell on the floor, you laughed and so did I, and then you got up and put your hand out to help me up, but I thought let me pull her down so she falls too (as a joke) and you did, but you ended up falling on top of me. We stared at each other and I could feel you were really looking into my eyes and I laughed and then you started kissing me and said "women aren't so bad" and smiled. I think I did kiss you back but I laughed it off in the moment and didn't think much of it. It wasn't a major deal. And then after that, I remember getting up and laying on the sofa and dropping off.

But then I woke up the next morning in my bed without all of my clothes on. I felt weird. My body felt weird and hurt. And you were there next to me, asleep. And my mind was going crazy because all I remembered was that you came round, I was miserable, we talked, laughed, I had one too many, we kissed and then I was laying on the sofa.

I thought something sexual clearly happened last night but I don't remember it?? Why would something like that even happen? Why would you do something to me if I wasn't in the right state of mind? Why would you want to do something in the first place? Why would you think it'd be consensual??

I felt so disorientated and flustered and then you woke up and smiled and said "why do you look so worried?" and I said I'm not, I just don't remember anything and I don't remember coming to my bed and I'm not fully clothed..... did we--.....I couldn't even say the sentence to you because I didn't know what I'd be saying. But you were so casual about it, you chuckled and said "yes, we did, we had sex. It's no big deal." I felt mortified. How could I have "sex" and not know? How could I have "sex" with a WOMAN and not know? You then spoke to me in a way where you put it all on me and I had no leg to stand on because I was drunk so I didn't remember anything. You said that I snogged you, that I was flirting.. but I didn't and I wasn't!! I even remember apologising to you because I felt so embarrassed that I came across like that to you. I remember tripping and then you falling on me and you started to kiss ME!!! I know for sure. And then you said that I asked you to take me to my bed and you were going to go to sleep on the sofa but then I apparently I asked you to sleep in my bed with me because I didn't want to be alone and then "I" made the first move and that's how it happened.

I had no choice but to accept everything you said. I thought she's probably right. You can't remember, why would she lie? I felt awful.

But I now I see it. Now I know. As much as it's hard to admit it to myself, you sexually assaulted me. All those times you told me what happened, what I did, how I was feeling etc it was your way of trying to subtly control me and I didn't realise but now I do. It's all crystal clear for me now. We weren't ever in a relationship, I don't think you understood that? But because of how much you controlled me and manipulated me (which I see now) I realise it was just like being with my ex. But you and I weren't actually a couple. You wanted me to feel bad about myself, you wanted me to think I was needy, but I wasn't. I don't know what you wanted from me??

How could you sit there and blame me for all the things you did to me? Everytime you blamed me, I felt so small. I felt disgusting. You've shattered the tiny bit of self-confidence I gained after



fleeing. You made me feel like I was not in control of my feelings. You made me think I was going mad. But you're not real.. you lied. And I don't know if that was for some messed up sexual gratification fix you wanted and the fact that you get off of intimidating women and making them feel worthless. Or if you've been hurt by a woman so you decided to make me your victim. I'll never know.

After yesterday, I realise I'm not a bad woman, I am a good person with a good heart, but I'm also a woman who you exploited, abused, hurt and lied to.

I wish you all the very best, I really do. I hope you sort yourself out, I hope you allow yourself to find happiness without harming others in the process. Even if it what you're doing seems small to you, it's not. I was someone who was horrendously abused by a man, (as you know) who I thought I'd spend the rest of my life with. A man who was supposed to care about me like I cared about him. A man who was supposed to make feel safe and secure. I actually thought I was starting to heal. But you've just ripped open my old wounds and poured your salt all over them.

And potentially my friends too. Though her wounds are fresh. You probably abused her but instead, threatened her that if she says anything, you'll tell her partner that she cheated, therefore her abuse will escalate. When in reality, we both know that's not true.

We're no longer ever going to be in contact so I've wrote this in the hope that you'll see it. You know it's me. This is just a taster of the damage you've caused.

Bye.

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