

dark the whole time. I recall it was evening time, but it wasn't very late. I can't recall an exact date however as it got dark quite early I would have thought it was towards the end of the year. Having arrived, Stephen met me at Barking Tube Station in his car. I remember there were road works at the time and he was parked in what I thought was quite a strange place, in the middle where these road works were. Stephen was driving a black sports car, it wasn't a new one, it seemed to be a bit of an older sports car, and I think it was a Honda. I recall us driving for about 5 or 10 minutes to his flat. He parked the car and walked to his flat. Stephen lived in a ground floor flat and having entered the flat, Stephen took off his shoes and I remarked how big his feet were, to which he told me he was a size 14. I would describe the flat as follows; there was sort of an entrance bit and then there was a corridor to the right leading on and through to the living-room. The living-room was combined with the kitchen; it was just one big room. There was a sofa along the back wall and a television in the corner opposite the kitchen. The decoration was quite dark maybe purple or black and red. The bathroom was white with some yellow in and it was furnished quite nicely.

Stephen seemed fairly reserved but nice. From what I can recall we was talking he wasn't really confident, he wasn't being heavily flirtatious at all, in fact when I was at the flat, there was no mention of anything sexual. We were chatting about general things and I think he told me he was a chef and mentioned something about kids with special needs or cooking for them, but I cannot be too sure. Stephen offered me a drink whilst we were watching television. I accepted and he asked me what I wanted. He gave me a couple of options and he gave me a small glass of red wine. As I was drinking, the wine it tasted a bit funny but I thought it was just cheap red wine. As I got nearer to the bottom, I noticed there was sludge in the bottom of the glass. By sludge, I would describe it has though the liquid had been mixed with powder, like you get when you get to the end of a hot chocolate when you haven't mixed it particularly well. I said to him "oh there's sludge in the bottom of the glass" and he said "oh, the wine must be off" or something like that. I had shown it to him and as I tilted the glass it sort of moved as a lump. He offered me some more but I said "No thank you". It was around this point where I started to notice that something was wrong. I immediately I felt as if somebody had switched on a light, and I went very dizzy. I internally panicked a little bit, but to save face, (because I thought I was really drunk having not eaten much that day), I told him that I felt quite dizzy and felt bit drunk. He said "oh have something to eat", and he gave me some chocolate, telling me to relax on the sofa. It was at this point where my memory starts dipping and I have only flashes of recollection as to what happened after that. We were watching

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something on the telly, I think it was an animation programme / film but I couldn't say what it was. A couple of times I went to the toilet to try and make myself sick and felt very, very, very dizzy. I was aware of my surroundings but the room was just tilting. I knew something was wrong because I know what being drunk feels like however it wasn't being drunk, it was something different and it was something I felt was very sinister. The room was moving and I was sort of ricocheting off the hallway walls to the bathroom which was near the front door. As I say I tried to make myself sick but couldn't anyway and said to him "look, I don't feel very well". Initially I sat on the sofa and kept falling asleep on him which is why I said I needed to go to bed, to which he told me to go and lay down in the bedroom. I went to his bedroom and as I recall it was dark in colour and there were shelves in there with personal effects on. There was a double bed on this side of the wall and a window directly in front of me. I got into his bed as I would have got into my own and can't even remember if I had taken my clothes off.

I next remember him having sex with me whilst I was sort of half there, but that I mean half conscious. After that everything went kind of blank. I was only semi aware of what was going on and what was actually happening to me. I have been asked to describe what I can remember. I recall him and I being naked in the bed and I remember him penetrating me, I was laid face down on the bed and he was anally penetrating me with his penis whilst I was kind of spread eagled. I think I engaged with him as well because I didn't really know what was happening. I have no recollection of trying to stop what was going on because I was out of it basically and that's what I feel so bad about because I didn't stop him and whether that it could be considered that I encouraged him.

As I have said, when I went to Stephen's flat, I did so with the knowledge that something sexual was probably going to happen if I had chosen to and it would have then been consensual and so no problem but as I have described I was not really aware of what was happening to me after being given the drink.

After that, I just slept and then woke the next morning but didn't hang around too long as I just wanted to get out of there. I remember waking up and thinking something was very wrong about what had happened and I was scared and I wanted to take myself out of that situation. I still felt groggy and slightly dizzy, however not to the extent that I had felt the night before. Stephen drove me back to the tube station again and I got travelled back into London and then made my way back to Sensitive/irrelevant where I was living at the time.

I told my friend Name Redacted at the time this all happened, in fact it would have been the day that I returned to Uni. Sensitive/irrelevant and I told her

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what I thought had happened. She was also with me when I contact the NHS 111 health service number as she was naturally concerned about what had happened to me.

After returning back to Uni, within about a week, I contacted Stephen again through Grindr. I accused him of spiking my drink, and he denied it. I told him that I was going to get a blood test. He told me to do that and that was fine with him. I suppose I wanted my suspicions confirmed. I don't know what I would have done if he had told me. It wasn't immediate that I realised that I'd been date raped, it was in the coming days. I think after my contact with him, he blocked me on Grindr.

I didn't get a blood test and neither did I report the matter to police as I felt humiliated. I felt that I had put myself in that situation and only had myself to blame for what occurred. I went into that situation knowing the dangers of meeting people online and that was why I didn't report it, I was embarrassed. I didn't think anyone would believe me if I told them. By the time I'd realised what had happened to me, I thought it would be too late as regards to evidence, having showered and knowing that quite a lot of drugs pass through your body in 24 hours and things like that and so I just left it.

I've been quite shocked about the whole thing, basically because he just seemed like a nice guy. He wasn't sinister, he wasn't creepy, he was just a bloke, a normal bloke. He was quite nice, he was very polite and friendly and chatty. If I'd felt in any risk I probably wouldn't have accepted a drink from him and again it was part of the reason why I didn't report it, because I felt like maybe I was making things up or maybe I was. I just thought well why would he do that? He didn't seem like the type to do that.

I have been asked why I have now reported the incident to police. I saw a news article in the media about Stephen and also because I knew Anthony WALGATE who was reported to be a victim. It was a coincidence that I knew Anthony as [Sensitive/irrelevant] and knew him before these events that took place. I'd heard that he'd died, however I can't say we were on the best of terms. I was a bit shocked but I can't say I was concerned in all honesty. It wasn't until a couple of months ago that I saw Anthony's name on a news site and I clicked on the story. I then learned that Stephen had been arrested for four murders and that Anthony was one of the victims. That shocked me a lot because I saw that it was Stephen who had been accused and because of what had happened to me, because it was so similar to what had happened to them it, it really frightened me. Because of this, I felt like I had to say something in case I was the only person who he'd done it to who was still alive.

I have been asked whether I had informed anyone else about what had happened to me and other than [Name Redacted] and the NHS number I called at the time, I have also told informed my psychotherapist, a male named [Name Redacted].

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