

When I was five years old, I wanted to be a veterinarian. I wanted my parents to buy me a dog, I wanted to work with pets, and I wanted to meet all sorts of animals. So I fed the ducks and played with dogs at the park.

When I was twelve years old, I wanted to be the first woman president. I wanted to change the system, defy the social norms, and become the leader of the free world. So I put on a dress and learned about the government.

When I was seventeen years old, I wanted to be committed. I wanted somebody to tell me I was pretty, I wanted somebody to send me flowers, and I wanted somebody to love me. So when a thirty year old man drove by me and told me I was pretty, I felt my heart flutter. When he treated me to a fancy dinner, I felt myself falling for him.

He became my doting boyfriend- a man compared to the high schoolers around me. He was everything I had ever wanted because he understood the real me and didn't care about other people. He invaded my thoughts with his charm, and within a few months we were living together. My friends and family who told me that he was too old for me failed to understand the love we had for each other. They failed to understand me.

But after a blissful two months of living together, he needed help with the rent payment. I wanted to ask for loans, but I had cut ties with my family to be with him. I wanted to move somewhere less expensive, but he needed to stay close to his work. So then it started.

He asked me to date older men, and I felt uncomfortable. But what could I do? I wanted to be with him, and the money from other men kept him happy. He told me I was beautiful, and that he still loved me despite what I had to do for money.

He told me if I kept dating those men, he would buy me a car with our savings. He promised me a house, a family, and a future together. And if I failed to obey him, he would tell my family everything I had done. He told me that my family would hate me if they ever knew what I had done. That they wouldn't love me anymore.

So I was out on the streets, I was in hotel rooms for months waiting for another face to come through. I became a slave to the revolving door of men that he set up for me. He stopped texting me unless it was to ask how much I had made. He stopped caring about me, and I stayed in the room without enough food or sleep.

Now, I just want to be free. I want to return to the home I had before he took it away.