# INTERPARLIAMENTARY TASKFORCE ON HUMAN TRAFFICKING
# IMPACT STATEMENT – LINDSAY MASON for J4FHS
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For nearly four decades, I have lived with the consequences of being trafficked and sexually exploited at the hands of Mohamed Fayed whilst employed by Harrods. What happened to me wasn't about sex — it was about violence, control, power and the systematic destruction of my freedom. My life was taken from me piece by piece, until I didn't recognise the person I once was.

I was a young woman; hopeful, hard-working, trusting. I believed I had been offered an opportunity at Harrods, but instead I was recruited into a system built to exploit me. I was trafficked, my safety was erased and my voice silenced. My body stopped belonging to me the day the first abuse occurred. From that day, I lived under the control of fear and threats.

The sexual assaults were relentless. They left me numb at first, then hollow. Each time, I told myself to survive — to stay still, to comply, to not provoke worse, due to threats to my safety and that of my family. There was no escape possible, nowhere to turn. Not a Harrods Head of Department, nor Harrods HR, Police or even a hospital to turn to due to the control Fayed had over these institutions. The people around him knew what was happening. Some turned away, others facilitated it. The betrayal by those who should have protected me is a wound that never fully heals. I have provided evidence to the Met Police, and I hope that justice is served for those that enabled my youth to be destroyed and me to be trafficked and abused for sexual exploitation. Prior to this happening at 20 years old I was bright and happy.

The damage did not end when I escaped; it followed me home, into every part of my life. I still carry the shame that doesn't belong to me. I still hear the sound of his footsteps, the smell of that room, the weight of power pressing against my will. I wake in the middle of the night drenched in panic, sometimes struggling to breathe, as if I am there again.

The trauma shaped everything; my relationships, my choices, my health. I have lived much of my life behind invisible glass, present but distant. I distrusted anyone who showed kindness. Intimacy became terrifying. My career was shaped by avoidance — avoiding men with authority, avoiding attention, avoiding the possibility of ever being visible again.

The trafficking stripped me not only of my freedom, but of my faith in humanity. The people who knew and did nothing destroyed my sense of belonging in the world. I have spent years in therapy learning not just how to function, but how to believe that I am worthy of safety. Even now, nearly forty years later, I live with fragments of that fear inside me. The silence I kept became a prison built from other people's lies.

I have lost so much — time, confidence, trust, peace. But what hurts most is knowing that my story is not unique. There are countless others living in the same silence, believing that no one will listen, that the powerful will always win.

I am asking lawmakers to change that. To hear us. To understand that human trafficking is not always a matter of strangers and borders — sometimes it happens in plain sight, inside workplaces, under the cloak of respectability. I ask for laws that hold enablers and facilitators accountable, no matter how influential they are. I ask for support systems that protect and believe survivors, even decades later.

After nearly four decades of silence, I am reclaiming my voice. I cannot change what was done to me, but I can insist that it matters. That I matter.

The truth is not comfortable, but it is necessary. I lived like a ghost for most of my life because silence was the only thing that kept me safe. That ends now.

My name is Lindsay Mason, and I am a survivor of sexual exploitation and trafficking. I am no longer afraid to be heard.