

Jenny gave up escorting 18 months ago

'I'VE SLEPT WITH CELEBS, NOW...

I'll never trust another man'

What's it like to be embroiled in a tabloid storm? Former escort Jenny Thompson talks about surviving a scandal – and the suicide attempt she was driven to

She's the £1,200-an-hour prostitute who bedded Wayne Rooney while his wife Coleen was pregnant, making almost every woman in the UK hate her. Now Jenny Thompson's hit the headlines again after owning up to a fling with Manchester City ace Mario Balotelli, who's dating a model. But on the day we meet Jenny, we're surprised to find a polite, quiet girl.

Delighted with the pretty clothes we've chosen for her to wear 'because photographers usually want me sprawled out in my underwear', she asks if she can frame some of our

pictures for her parents, whom she hurt badly when her secret life as a call girl was exposed. Here, Jenny, 23, from Bolton lifts the lid on her escort secrets and how she ended up as the most hated woman in Britain...

You've been in the papers again for sleeping with Mario Balotelli. People will assume you were paid for it...

I haven't done any escorting work for over 18 months.

No money changed hands or was even discussed. It was different with Mario.

How did you first meet?

The very first

time was in a restaurant about 18 months ago – after the Wayne story broke. Mario was chanting 'Rooney' at me, which I thought was really rude. Then a couple of months ago, I was in Manchester restaurant Zouk with my friend who knows Mario's brother. The four of us got talking and I could tell from Mario's eyes that there was an attraction. We had great banter and the conversation flowed – he's funny, very quick – so we exchanged numbers before I left.

What happened next?

Mario called me the next day and asked me to join him while he was getting a tattoo done.

He was very affectionate with me. He was tactile – but he was gentle, not at all gropey. We had a soft little kiss and that was it. Then we arranged to meet at Eivissa club in Manchester. I arrived before Mario and didn't look at him as he sat down at his table. I don't think he's used to not getting attention and he liked that in me. I'm not used to guys being gentle like he was. We went back to his house that night, swam in our underwear in his pool – he was wearing pink pants – then we had sex in his bedroom. He was gentle but still hit the spot. He knew what he was doing and he wasn't selfish. The sex lasted a long time. I left his house at 7.30am.

Was he better in bed than Wayne?

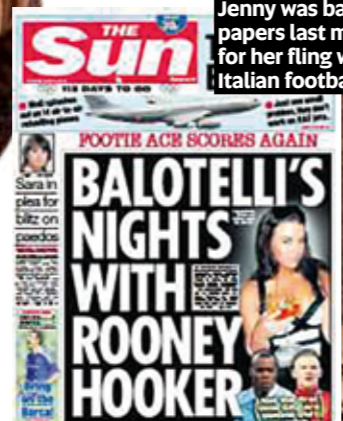
Definitely. Mario was a nine out of 10. Wayne was only a four.

Footballers are known for their adventurous sex lives. Did Mario do anything unusual in the bedroom?

He did do something really rude. I was

MARIO BALOTELLI

Jenny was back in the papers last month for her fling with the Italian footballer



WAYNE ROONEY

He paid Jenny for sex while wife Coleen was pregnant with their son



Why you don't want to be a WAG!

Is the football scene glamorous?

No. You may think that when you're younger and see the champagne flowing through the VIP sections of clubs and the big cars waiting outside. But the older you get, you realise that it's 100 per cent seedy. Young girls think footballers are going to marry them, but they're only going to shag them. They might be with

a footballer tonight, but they won't be his girlfriend tomorrow when he deletes their number. Of course some footballers aren't as bad, but some can be quite nasty towards girls, grabbing them in clubs.

Is it a case of the more famous the footballer, the worse they behave with girls?

Definitely. The more fame and money they have, the more power they think they have.

shocked. I was like: 'This is a bit freaky,' so I tapped his back to show him that I wanted to change position. Some guys like that sort of thing – it was only for a couple of seconds and it'd happened before when I was an escort. Maybe it's just Mario's little thing, so I didn't mention it. Other than that, he was lovely. I could feel myself falling for him.

How did it end?

The next morning Mario said: 'I'm going to Italy to see my girlfriend.' I just froze. He'd never mentioned her – there was no sign of a woman in his house and I'd never seen him out with a girl. I was devastated. I wouldn't have been with Mario if I'd known. I can't see guys who have

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girlfriends. I only slept with married men as part of a job.

Have you seen Mario since? He turned up at my birthday do in March at a club in Manchester. He said he'd come especially to see me on my birthday, but I just said: 'Whatever,' and turned away. I was still upset with him. The next time we spoke was when the papers warned me they were running a story on us. I've no idea who told them, but it definitely wasn't me. I called him to assure him I hadn't sold a story and he seemed fine. He has this 'I don't care' attitude.

If you were escorting, how much would he have had to pay you? [She rolls her eyes, then counts on her fingers] Two hours would've cost him £2,400.

So how did a middle-class, privately educated girl like you end up being an escort?

I was quite rebellious at school and had a lot of older girlfriends who were out on the scene in Manchester. I was intrigued by the fact they had so much money without having boring day jobs. They also seemed to have so many celebrity and footballer friends. I'll admit I wanted to be like them. So when they confided in me that they were escorts, I went with one of the girls to her escort agency and her bosses said I could begin straight away. As soon as I started doing it, I just couldn't stop - I was seduced by the money and the power. The agency operated from a penthouse apartment and after two months, I had a lot of regular clients, so I began working on my own, seeing clients in their homes or hotels.

FOOTIE HOOKER AND THE DWARF



Hi-ho, hi-ho, it's off to bed we go

clients a week and made around £150,000 in all. If any young girl asks me whether they should get into escorting, I'd say no way. No one should aspire to that.

How did having sex with all those men make you feel?

I felt nothing while having sex - absolutely nothing. I learnt to switch off my emotions when I was with clients because that's the only way you can do that job. I didn't feel degraded at the time because I didn't do any of the weirder things in bed with them and none of the clients treated me like a toy - I wouldn't have seen them again if they had. But of course what I did does come back to haunt me as now I don't think I'll ever find a nice, lovely boyfriend. Imagine someone introducing me to their mum... it isn't going to happen, is it?

But you must have something to show? Did you buy a house with all that money?

Nope. I've got nothing. I blew the lot on holidays, clothes, make-up - probably what every girl my age would've done. I have one pair of Louboutins, a Louis Vuitton bag, lots of dresses and that's about it.

You've been called a hooker, a whore and a tart in the press. Surely that must hurt?

They're nasty names. It definitely hurts. I once had a table-load of women in a restaurant chanting 'Rooney' at me for a good 10 minutes. I hate being called a hooker the most - it sounds so seedy. I worry that I'll always be

I'm not trying to excuse or justify the stupid, naive decision I made to start that line of work at 18. But at that age, having designer dresses and a party lifestyle was important to me.

Was there anything that you wouldn't do on the job?

Kiss. It's far too intimate. And I also didn't do what we call 'extras' - being a dominatrix or dressing up in PVC costumes. The guys I was with just wanted a nice girl in nice lingerie. I gave them the 'girlfriend experience' - they liked to talk to me about their problems. It was usually if they were having issues with their wives and needed someone to genuinely listen.

How many men did you have sex with and how much money did you make?

I must've slept with between 120 and 150 men. It really upsets me to think of the money I made - I wish I'd worked for it in another way, but I saw around three

Who are Jenny's famous conquests?

Why don't you just blow the whistle and name your other famous clients?

I'll never, ever tell. There are so many famous names I could expose, but I'll never spill. If I'd wanted to do a story on Wayne, I'd have done it during the World Cup and got loads of money. But the papers contacted me and said they

already had the story and were going to run it anyway. Before then, I'd never have considered talking about my clients.

Have any former clients called you begging not to be exposed?

No, but when I see them

Can you describe them?

There are three other Premiership footballers, all married. Two television actors. Oh, and one pop star.

PREMIERSHIP FOOTBALLER

PREMIERSHIP FOOTBALLER

TV ACTOR

POP STAR

She slept with over 120 men while working as a prostitute



'WAYNE WAS A FOUR OUT OF 10 IN BED'

called that, even if I move abroad or get married and have kids. I try to block it out - I have to, or else I'd be crying all the time.

Have you ever run into Coleen Rooney or her friends?

One night in Liverpool I left a bar to go home and one of her friends chased me down the street. I ran to a taxi and she tried to trip me up. I didn't know who she was 'til afterwards, so I was oblivious as to what it was about. She was shouting that I was a whore.

Have you seen Wayne since?

No, thank God. I'd want to melt into the floor if I did. Even now, when he comes on television, I cringe and leave the room.

How did it feel when your parents made a public apology to Coleen?

It was something they wanted to do, but I didn't want them to - they had nothing to apologise for. It may sound cold, but still to this day I don't think they should've apologised. Nor should I. It's Wayne who should be scolded. It was my job and I was being paid, but it was Wayne's choice.

How did you tell your mum and dad about you and Wayne?

I didn't tell them. They were on holiday in Spain and saw the story in someone else's paper on the beach. When they got home a couple of days later, I walked in to silence. I asked: 'Are you OK?' and that was the worst thing I could've said. They said: 'OK? Do we look OK?' Once I'd explained everything, they calmed down. Life became crazy with reporters camped outside their home - even my gran got papped. It was a nightmare. I had no idea the story would be so big. I was really stupid and naive, wasn't I? Mum and Dad and I get on really well now and they've never told me they're ashamed of me, so I'm very lucky. But I still feel horribly guilty for hurting them.

Why didn't you warn them about the story beforehand?

I couldn't. I was seeing a very controlling boyfriend at the time and he took my phone from me and cut off communication with my parents because they hated

him. He knew nothing about my escorting, which I gave up a month before the story broke as I was in love with him. But when he read it, things got really ugly.

Do you mean he hit you?

Yes, all the time. He was very abusive. He'd slap me for doing things like going on Facebook or not texting him back quickly enough. My parents cried more when I was with him than when the Wayne story broke. They're middle-class, hard-working people and were appalled that their daughter was seeing a bloke like that. He was just a horrible, nasty man.

Has all this made you hate men?

Trusting a man is a major issue for me now because I've seen a side of them that even their wives don't know about and I know how good these men are at covering all that up. I don't think I'll ever be able to give myself to a man 100 per cent now.

Did being a prostitute make you feel a lot more confident about yourself?

More confident in bed, but I'm less confident out in company. I absolutely hate going to family dos now, because I still feel so embarrassed. I don't feel worthy of their company.

Did the pressure of being exposed as an escort ever get too much for you?

God, yes. I hated what I was reading about myself in all the newspapers, so last summer I attempted suicide by taking 50 Valium pills. Thankfully, I woke up in hospital with my mum beside me. They said if I'd taken one more, I wouldn't be here. Now I make sure I hang around with nice people and won't fall for the wrong man again. After the suicide attempt, I had five months of therapy. I feel fine, but there are still times when I'm a bit fragile.

Most girls have a romantic dream. What's yours?

To be loved by someone one day. That's it. I'd be happy with that. But it probably isn't going to happen - I've got the worst reputation in the world.

Words: Julie McCalliey. Styling: Alison Tay. Photos: John Michael. Hair and make-up: Sarah Hobbs. Additional photos: Alpha, Rex, Bigpicturephoto.com