



abused by dad.

When I was very young, i remember Dad in the bath and getting me to touch his willy when it popped up - but I thought it was funny - and knew no better..tho he did say not to tell mum as it was a secret..when I was a bit older, Dad used to come into my room and would rub vaseline into my front area - so that it wouldnt get sore. Basically a carry on from Mum changing my nappy I would imagine so probably thought it was normal?! This carried on, not everynight - in fact randomly - I remember the last time when I was a teenager. Mum was out shopping, Dad called me into his room and said that as I was going pony riding, he should make sure I didn't get sore. So, I laid down and he pulled my trousers down but not right off - he had a glob of vaseline on his finger tips and told me to close my eyes. It felt quite nice. He told me to open my eyes which I did and he was poking me with his tongue. Then I remember we heard the garage doors open and Dad sprung up and said "quick, mums back, dont say a word or mum will divorce me and we'll lose the house.." Then I remember him saying "I cant do that anymore - not until you're older"

Dad was EVERSΟ jealous of any boyfriend I had - note the word "had" as after Dad had scared them off.....he was dreadful and would stalk me and allsorts if I went out - so embarrassing too - his behaviour made me really cross and angry with him. So I sort of rebelled and used to stay out a lot and forgot or blocked out things.

Much later on in years, after two divorces, I was with Dad - we had been out and had luckily missed the traffic on the way home and had got back to Dad's earlier than planned. Dad offered me a sandwich as I'd done all the driving in his car - before making the sandwich, He gave me some red wine in a glass...he came into his front room holding a bottle and a glass that he'd poured some into and said "tell me what you think? - can you smell the fruits in it?" Then I remember him asking me a question about my Mums new boyfriend and me thinking "oh my god, my mouth feels all funny, he's given me a truth drug to spill the beans about mum" And my mouth did feel weird, like I'd had an injection at the dentist. several injections.

The next thing I remember is sitting on Dad's sofa and him making that sandwich as I hadn't eaten and a cup of tea before I went home. I remember him saying "I want you to take your trousers off and fold them up and put them on the arm of the settee" and I found myself doing this like I was a robot. Then the same with my knickers. He came in the front room holding a cup and saucer in one hand and a plate with a sandwich on another plate.

Then he performed oral sex on me. The next thing I remember clearly, was kissing Dad goodbye and him telling me to take care driving back and to call him when I did. I remember smelling the strange smell on Dad's face too.

When I had collected my kids from Mums i was telling my brother of Dad's face smelling like "fanny's" and I couldn't think that he'd been off with any ladies that day.....and I also told him about the drink that Dad gave me which made my mouth feel weird.....but THEN I didn't remember the middle bit.

I keep having strange flashbacks....and then think about them and think "oh my god....that did



happen"

...I feel disgusted and ashamed and also shocked everytime another link appears in my memory. I cant tell anyone.

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