

# When the Danger Was Someone Who Was Supposed to Love You

*For the woman whose harm came wrapped in love*

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Harm that comes from people who were supposed to protect you is the hardest kind to name. It does not match the story we are told about what abuse looks like. This guide is for the woman whose experience does not fit neatly into a category but whose body and history know exactly what it was.

## **It is harder to name when love was involved**

*When the person who hurt you was a parent, a partner, a sibling, a carer — the harm does not come with clear edges. It is wrapped in moments of kindness, in dependency, in history, in the belief that this is what love looks like.*

## **You protected them because you loved them**

*Or because you needed them. Or because you were taught that loyalty meant silence. Or because you genuinely believed it was your fault. None of that makes you complicit. It makes you human.*

## **The world did not make it easy to see**

*Family stays together. He loves you really. She did her best. The people and systems around you may have minimised, denied, or actively defended the person causing harm. When the world tells you it is not abuse, it takes something extraordinary to trust your own experience.*

## **Grief is part of this**

*Not just grief for what was done to you. Grief for the parent you needed but did not have. The relationship that was never safe. The love that came with conditions and cost. You are allowed to mourn what should have been yours.*

## **It does not have to make sense to be real**

*You can love someone and know they harmed you. You can grieve them and refuse to protect them any longer. You can want the relationship to have been different and still walk away from it. These things are not contradictions. They are the reality of harm that wore the face of love.*

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**What happened to you was real. Your love for them does not change that.**

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