

# Paolo

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*Cullinan tells her story*

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/paolo.aspx>

Oh Daddy, you say you do not remember where it began....it has been so long and so natural, I am not surprised. And so secret. And so beautiful.

But surely you do remember?

I call you Daddy, but you are not my father. My father is a bastard, a drunk and a thief. He stole my childhood, he and my grandfather, wasted the gift of youth by trying to destroy my self esteem, my mind and my body. My mother was too scared and degraded and insecure to do anything about it, and just watched as they forced me into manual labor, humiliation and slavery. When she drank herself to death it was a welcome release, for her and for me. I was taken away by the social workers and placed in foster care.

At least I now had food, a bed of my own and proper schooling. Even though the "homes" changed, my life had a glimmer of hope, and the few friends I made were non judgmental. I chose the sports that were done individually, the subjects that did not require team projects, the musical instruments that had no group work. My after lesson hours were spent in the practice rooms and in the library. Hiding. Alone. In spite of her uselessness, I still had a smile when I thought of my mother, the only family member who had never hurt me directly. Useless she might have been, but her situation was understandable, and I never held her inaction against her, for I knew what the reparation would have been.

The year I turned 18 was the pivot - the state subsidy for foster kids ended, and the family I was with could not afford to keep me. As the months drew closer to the fateful date, I sank into despair. There was nowhere to go, for I could not face my father again, and each day as I walked to school I looked carefully at the houses of my friends as I walked past, wondering if I could perhaps get a bed in a garden shed... help in the house for meals... As I hid in the library each day I wrote poetry in my depression, considered suicide, found solace in my music.

Then your wife called me in. The deputy headmistress. The school counselor. The Angel of Mercy.

She had seen my plight, and without drama asked if I would like to come and stay with her family. In my desperation and with profound relief I accepted. On my 18th birthday I came to your house.

I call her Mom now. She brought me here. But it was you who gave me shelter. My "brothers" accepted me, the waif, the un-worldly wise orphan, the stray. You all gave me space to find myself, time to accept myself and the love you offered, although I could not do so at first. Without pressure, you helped me grow, taught me about the things most people take for granted. Cycling. Nature. Walking. Swimming. Travel. Driving. Using cutlery properly. Living in a real family.

Mom organized scholarships for me. Got me through university. You got me a car, let me help you in your daily tasks, your businesses. My self esteem grew, my beauty flourished, and my fear of friendship receded. And then, after about two years, came the day.....

It was my birth mother's anniversary. I relived her funeral all those years before when I woke up that morning, and got ready to leave for uni. You and I were the only ones in the house, as the others had gone to school already. As I came into the kitchen to get some breakfast, you looked round and saw my face. I was not crying, but you could see something was wrong. As you stood up, I came to you, holding you without words, my face in your shoulder. Nothing was said, but your strength seemed to flow into me, and my pain ebbed away. I cannot describe it, but I felt released, whole, pure for the first time. I could not let go of you, wanted the moment to last forever.

At first you tried to pull away - gently as is your way - but I would not release you. I cannot tell how long we stayed like that, but you held me, and waited for me to choose my own moment. And then I felt you, your strength was replaced by love, by desire, by passion. As I raised my face from your shoulder to look at you, your eyes were searching, looking straight into my soul. Without a word I reached up to kiss you, our lips speaking for our minds, our bodies, our beings.

Right there in the kitchen I unbuttoned your shirt, my fingers running through your chest hairs, my body screaming for you, your power and your love. I knew that you would never reject me, for you were always there for me, and now I knew that it was in my power to give something back to you. I cannot remember who led who, it is still a blur, but the control you showed as you undid my skirt, the tender kisses on my nipples and the hardness of you as you took me that morning are indelibly imprinted on my mind. The beauty of your eyes as you thrust into my tight pussy, the giving of yourself as I found release after the years of abuse and solitude, the waves of ecstasy as I orgasmed again and again, the explosion and our screams as you finally came..... I was a virgin again, taken in love and lust, giving myself willingly , taking you greedily.

And now we live apart. Not far apart. When we are together it is as if we have never been away. Our

lovemaking is less passionate, but more intense, and so, so necessary. For me and for you. You are my Father, my Soulmate, my Teacher, my Friend. I love you Daddy.