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How I Broke the Spell of Narcissistic Abuse

Escaping was just the beginning, reclaiming myself is the real victory



Elena Byron

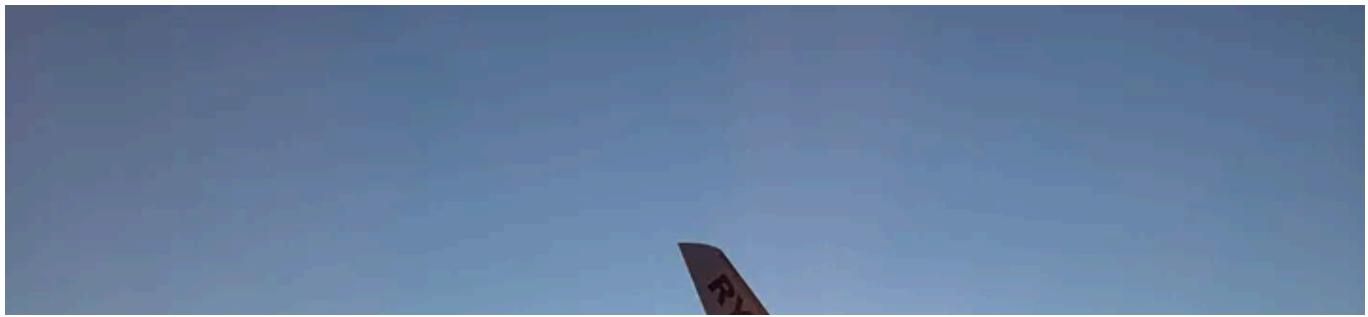
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Photo by the author: My Freedom Flight

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When I left my abusive relationship, I was shattered a shadow of myself. Emotionally drained, barely standing. It felt like an earthquake and a tsunami had struck my life at the same time. The aftershocks lingered and in many ways, they still do. It's part of grieving.

But now, looking back I see the strength it took to walk away. At the time I was in pure survival mode faced with a choice: save myself or keep trying to save someone who didn't want saving. He didn't want to improve to grow or to change because in his mind, he was already superior. A different breed. Better than me, better than you, better than any other human being.

Leaving felt like breaking an evil spell. A twisted fairy tale, except there was no prince rushing in to rescue me I saved myself. And in hindsight that was the most powerful act of my life.

For months, I had been conditioned to doubt myself. Emotional abuse, manipulation control it had all chipped away at my sense of reality until I no longer trusted my own instincts. My inner compass felt broken, faulty. Even when I finally said, *enough*, he cried for days. He was devastated or at least, that's what he wanted me to believe. And I felt guilty. *How could I make someone feel this way?*

Yes, he had hurt me over and over but still I felt bad.

Now, I see it for what it was one final, desperate act of manipulation. He wanted to pull me back in, to *hoover* me back under his control. And he almost did. But my body knew the truth before my mind did. In those days, I woke up twice in the middle of the night in absolute terror. A deep, primal fear. Something inside me was screaming. Telling me to run.

So I did.

The morning after that second night, I booked a flight home. I called it *the freedom flight*.

Of course, the suffering didn't end there. He couldn't accept my leaving. His sorrow turned to rage, and his desperation twisted into hatred. But that flight was my first and most important step towards freedom.

What truly saved me was reconnecting with myself allowing my gut instinct to speak and for once, actually listening. No more silencing that voice. No more suppressing the truth. And when I finally let it in, it hit me like a tidal wave: *my feelings were valid*. This was abuse.

An abuser doesn't just take your time, your energy, or your confidence. They take your voice. They steal your right to exist as a person separate from them.

Writing has been my way back. A way to make sense of both the abuse and the aftermath. A cathartic process. With every word, I take back a part of myself that had been taken. I reclaim my space. And in sharing my story, I connect with others who have been through the same.

If you are in the same place I was, trapped in a cycle of doubt, pain and confusion, I want you to know this: you are not alone! There is a way out. And when you do take that step, you will discover a strength you never imagined you had.

You will break the spell. And you will be free.

If this resonated, feel free to clap or follow me! It always means a lot.

And if you're curious about what happened next... it all unfolded the night he tried to erase me. *That story's here: [New Year's Eve: The Night He Erased Me.](#)*

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Written by Elena Byron

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Psychologist & Trauma Therapist | Survivor Exploring the aftermath of narcissistic abuse, the resilience of the human mind and the path to self-reclamation.

Responses (12)



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What are your thoughts?



Tilak Sharma

Apr 5

...

The morning after that second night, I booked a flight home. I called it the freedom flight.

Wow, "freedom flight" says so much in just two words. Sometimes the hardest decisions lead to the most freeing moments.



21



1 reply

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Kanika A she/her

Apr 5

...

So glad that you made it out and had this realization in time. More power to you!



11



1 reply

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Sébastien 🇫🇷 he

Apr 5

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What a powerful and liberating story! Feeling freer just by reading it! It's incredible how good our instinct is sometimes.

Thanks a lot for sharing!



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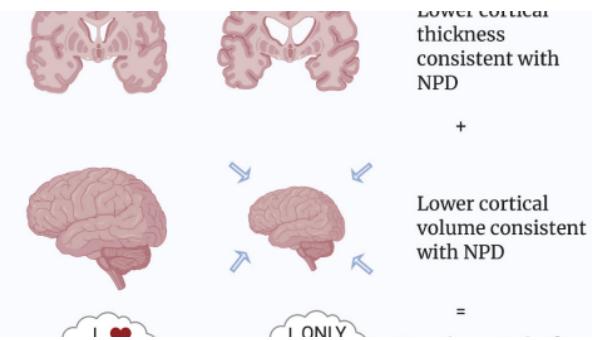
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