

Free to Submit

Alexis Alexandra

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Growing up in a verbally and physically abusive home, Clue had what few belongings she owned packed into three large duffel bags sitting to the left of her bedroom door ready to pick up and carry off the second the clock struck midnight when she would finally escape the hell she had silently suffered for as long as she could remember. Months in the making, her plan was simple. She turned eighteen at midnight. She would be an adult no longer obligated to obey her parents' barbaric rules or suffer their harsh discipline.

At eleven, her parents still out partying with friends, Chloe went to their bedroom, slid the closet door open, went to the back and opened a false part of the wall where their safe was hidden. It had taken her weeks and thousands of failures to figure out the passcode. The first time she opened it she saw stacks of twenties, fifties and hundred-dollar bills. Scared of being caught, she closed everything back up and went on with life as if nothing had happened. Now, with less than an hour to go before she was to leave home for the last time, she once again typed in the passcode. The money was still there and stacked higher than before. Scooping it all into a backpack, she grabbed her personal documents – social security card, birth certificate and shot records, from a lower shelf and tucked them into the backpack as well. Seeing the manilla folder containing records of her children's adoptions, she grabbed that as well.

Closing everything back up, Chloe grabbed her bags from her bedroom and threw them in the back of the Honda CR-V her parents bought and put in her name but never let her drive. Though she did know how and had her license if only because she needed it to have a vehicle registered in her name. Home-schooled, prevented from leaving without at least one parent at her side, she had no friends and what family she knew about turned a blind eye and deaf ear to years of begging for help. With nowhere to go, she just drove. And drove. And drove some more. With no clear destination in mind, she hit the highways, only stopping to refill the tank in an effort to put as much distance between her and her old life as possible.

Hours passed. As the sun was rising above the horizon she had driven more than five hundred miles but still did not feel safe. Running on adrenaline, she kept heading south and west. At noon, the sun blazing hot in the sky, exhaustion was setting in when she saw the lights flashing behind her. A quick glance told her she was not speeding but she pulled over nonetheless. The cruiser followed and a few moments later an officer in uniform approached. Nervous, she rolled the window down. "I know I wasn't speeding so is there some other reason you pulled me over officer?"

"License, registration and proof of insurance please."

"Of course." Knowing how trigger happy some cops could be, she paused and then looked up at him. "The registration is in the glove box so please don't shoot me as I get it." Going slowly, she opened it, reached inside and grabbed the folded piece of paper. With it in hand, she retrieved her license and insurance card from her purse and handed them to the officer who took a long look at the license and her.

"Please step out of the vehicle, ma'am."

"May I ask why?"

"Because this vehicle has been reported stolen."

"This is my vehicle, Sir, so I'm not sure who would report it stolen," Chloe half-lied. Yes, it was her vehicle but she knew damn well one of her parents called it in. Since there was no mention of money she could only assume they had not yet opened the safe. "Was it my

physically abusive mother or sexually abusive father that reported it stolen?" she seethed as she opened the door to step out.

"Did you say sexually abusive?" the officer asked, stopping at the rear of the SUV he had pulled over.

"Y-Yes," Chloe answered. "I've never told anyone before but he's been sexually abusing me for years and my bitch of a mother has been verbally and physically abusing me for years because he prefers me to her. And I have proof. As you can see on my license today is my eighteenth birthday and I left home while they were out last night because it was the only chance I had to escape."

"I'm not placing you under arrest but I'd like you to sit in the back of the cruiser while I verify your information. Unfortunately, I can't do anything about your parents since they live in another state, but if what you say is true and you have proof of what they've done to you I strongly suggest speaking to an attorney and possibly seeking counseling."

"That's all part of my plan, but I wanted to put some distance between me and them first so they couldn't retaliate," she said, following the officer to the cruiser.

Officer Bruce Hayes ran the license plate number as well as Chloe's social security number. The car came back as being registered to her and her record came back clean. Letting her out, he handed the documents back, reiterated that she should contact a lawyer and to seriously consider going after her parents for everything they've supposedly done to her. She promised that she would once she was settled in somewhere safe. "So, um, you wouldn't happen to know of any place around here I could move into on short notice would you?"

"As a matter of fact I do. My wife and I actually just finished refurbishing our guest house and seeing as how I know your record is clean I'm willing to let you move until you find something more permanent."

"How much is the rent?"

"I'll give you a month free of charge to get settled in and find a job and then after that it's seven-fifty a month which sounds like a lot but is actually below average for the area."

"Thank you, It'll probably take me longer than a month to find a job and another place but I have some money I can use to pay for rent and groceries until I do."

"Why don't you follow me? I'll show you where it is and you can go over the details with my wife Lillian."

"Thank you so much, Sir. I never thought I'd be happy to be pulled over, but... Thank you. Are you sure you want to rent to someone you just met?"

"It would be no different than placing an ad and renting to some other stranger off the streets. If you're unsure though I can point you in the direction of some extended stay hotels or you can do a search for properties in the area."

"I'm fine renting from you. At least with a cop on the premises I'll feel safe."

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Chloe followed Officer Hayes to the next highway exit, turned off and then followed him through town for another twenty-five minutes before he pulled into a long driveway leading up to a large two-story brick tudor. Parking to his left, she got out and followed him to the front door. "Okay, before we go in there's something you need to know. My wife is a bit of an exhibitionist and completely a nudist so please don't overreact when she greets you in the buff."

"Thanks for the warning. Not that I would've said anything but it's good to know what I'm walking into."

The door creaked open. Chloe followed Officer Hayes inside just as his wife Maria stepped in from the kitchen. As promised she was butt naked. Long, curly black hair cascading over her left shoulder barely hid one large breast. Walking across the living room, she extended her hand in greeting. "You must be Chloe." Seeing the confusion, she smiled knowingly. "Bruce called and told me he was bringing a young woman by to see the guest house. I hope my appearance doesn't shock or offend, but I genuinely hate clothes and never wear them at home."

"If I were as stunningly beautiful as you are I probably wouldn't wear any either," Chloe replied, the words out before her brain had time to filter them.

"Thank you." Making no attempt to hide what she was doing; Maria gave her guest a once over. "And hun, you're definitely beautiful enough to go nude. That that you need to be beautiful to go nude, but you're definitely a very pretty young woman."

"T-Thank you Ma'am."

"And polite too. Honey, why don't you relax and grab a bite to eat while you can and I'll show her to the house."

"Sounds good."

"Thank you once again for offering me a place to live, Sir." And with that Chloe followed Maria into the kitchen and out onto the back deck. "You have such a beautiful home," she said, looking out at the lawn stretching to a tree line several hundred feet back. To the left the driveway continued from the front of the main house back to a brick ranch surrounded by an eight-foot vinyl privacy fence that, from this distance looked like actual painted wood.

"That's you back there," Maria said. "Do you mind walking or would you prefer to drive?"

"I'm fine walking."

"Great." Leading the way, Maria walked down the steps and into the yard. "Bruce told me what you told him if true, I agree. You should make sure your parents are never in a position to ever hurt anyone else again."

"I would never lie about something like that, Ma'am. They've been abusing me for years and I've got proof of the last five."

"Then may I ask why you haven't used it to put them in prison where they belong?"

"Because until I left I wasn't allowed to leave without one of them with me and I don't have a phone to call anyone."

"I see. And how exactly did they prevent you from leaving if you don't mind me asking?"

Chloe's face turned bright red. "They both work during the day so one would imagine I'd have plenty of time to escape, but they made sure I couldn't leave the house by forcing me to wear shock bands around my neck, arms, legs and waist that would drop me to my knees the millisecond I stepped outside."

"Jesus!" Walking in silence for a minute, Maria pressed for more information. "But you were able to take them off to run away so why not remove them sooner?"

"Because I wasn't eighteen sooner. I know that sounds like a bizarre excuse, but I've ran away in the past and my parents were always able to connive authorities I was lying and I was returned to them every time. I've heard horror stories about children going into the foster system and didn't want to trade one hell for another so bided my time. I made picks to open the locks keeping the bands in place. And the second the clock struck midnight I put my clothes in the car, took the money from their safe and left."

"You stole their money?"

“I probably shouldn’t have said that given what your husband does for a living, but I did and as far as I’m concerned I deserve every penny and more for what they did to me.”

“Don’t worry, I’m not going to tell him.”

“Thank you.”

“Not that I have a problem renting to you, but don’t you have any friends or other family you could’ve turned to for help?”

“No. I was never allowed out long enough to make friends and what family I do have turned a blind eye to what they did to me so I’m not exactly on speaking terms with any of them.”

“Well, you’re safe here for as long as you want to call it home.” Retrieving the key from a false bottom in a bird feeder, Maria opened the front door of the guest house and ushered her new tenant inside. “Did Bruce tell you what the rent was?”

“Yes Ma’am. He said the first month was free and then after that it’s seven-fifty.”

“We do require that you sign a lease but I’m open to adjusting the length of it if you think you’ll find another place in under a year.”

“Are you okay renting your guest house for that long?”

“I’m okay renting it for as long as you wish to live here be it a month, year or the rest of your life.”

“Am I required to go naked?”

“Of course not. The only thing you’re required to do is keep it clean and don’t destroy the place. And if you’re going to have a party with more than ten people, or are going to be outside late at night we ask that you tell us in advance to that we know what’s going on.”

“Well, I don’t have any friends so that’s not going to happen anytime soon.”

“You’ll make friends and when you do you’ll want to invite them over for the occasional party. When you do please let us know if we need to expect loud music and partying.”

“I will. And this place is beautiful,” Chloe said as she let her eyes drift from her naked landlord to the large open living room decorated with modern furniture in neutral tones. Olive green couch, loveseat and chair and a half. Dark cherry, slate-topped stands. Sixty-five-inch television hanging on the wall. “Is every room decorated?”

“They are. So, this is the living room and as you can see the kitchen and dining room are there on the right. Down the hall are the office, bathroom two bedrooms and the master suit with private bath. Go ahead and take a look around and I’ll head back to the house to get a lease. Do you know how long you’d like to stay?”

“I think I could live here forever, but let’s go with a year.”

“Alrighty. Take a look around and I’ll be back in a few minutes.”

“Thank you.”