

# Field Day: My Reason to Leave

They always ask women, “Why didn’t you leave?” There are so many fucked up things about that question, but for an easy answer, you don’t know it’s time to leave until you do. I’m grateful my alarm bells went off six months in rather than decades in or worse...never getting the chance to ring them.

The day I knew I had to leave was a memorable one. One of the most traumatic events of my life to this day. I struggle to say I was abused because I consented to Dan. I consented to his wife Lindsay too. But what I didn’t consent to was being afraid I was going to die. I was sure of that, which is hard to say too, as there is so much my poor little brain has blocked out to avoid feeling, as it’s been taught by all who came before it. This day wasn’t even the first time I was afraid to die with him. But rather, the second. The first was in “play.” Dan held a knife to my throat. This was an agreed-upon hard limit when we first met. But this was three months in, limits were out the door at this point. Further than that, as I feared for my life, he was insistent that I did love this. I learned pretty early on that Dan’s kinks did not align with mine, as he and Lindsay had insisted from the first message I got from them. Dan, the 40-year-old middle school special education teacher (yeah, protect your fucking kids, people). His kinks were being unpredictable, putting vulnerable women in dangerous situations, forcing women into sex work and then taking their money (aka pimping), lying to cops because he’s a cowardly, tiny dick piece of shit, and learning women’s deep traumas, fears, and limits and then becoming the embodiment of them. But, you know, he called it “daddy” and all little 18-year-old me, fresh away from home for the first time in my life saw was a replacement for what she’d been chasing her whole life. And I mean, if beautiful and smart twenty-two-year-old Lindsay is his wife and says it’s safe, I must be safe, right? No way she is also being exploited and taken advantage of; no way she’s just looking for a punching bag so that she can survive...right?

The day I knew it was time to leave started like my favorite days started. He regularly pitted Lindsay and I against each other, telling us both that we were the favorite. Forcing us to have orgasms to his fantasies of killing the other and hiding the body. Using me to beat as an example of what a good wife should do. You know, normal “make my girl jealous” things. So I cherished the alone time we had just discussing things. Isn’t that the fuckery? These absolute pieces of animal excrement are usually charming, that’s why no one ever suspects them. I mean, he was a middle school special education teacher for Christs’ sake!

I don’t remember what we were discussing, but I remember the feeling I had. For the first time in the six months since I’d been in hell, I knew I was right about something. I wanted to look it up to show him. Stupid me for thinking daddy would be proud I was teaching him something. I went to grab the laptop we were sitting in front of and the hit against my temple sent me to the floor. I looked up in shock and immediately chose survival.

“I’m sorry, daddy!” I screamed, my arms already covering my head. He rained down slaps all over my body. Open palm, just like the hit to my head. You see, if it’s open palm, it’s just a smack or a slap, so it’s not a hit and it’s certainly *not* abuse. Oh, Dan didn’t teach me that. My parents did. I just let Dan do it because I was used to it.

This time however certainly felt like abuse.

Then something happened that was the pivoting point. He called to Lindsay to get his belt. And, well, she did. No protest, no argument. Not even taking her time. Immediately, she complied. Now, I am 30. I can recognize she took one look at the scene in front of her and

wanted no part of it. She was also choosing survival. But, when my partner-in-trauma, the big sister I sat on the couch with after our Devil went to sleep eating ramen and ice cream crossed the line into *participating* in my abuse? I knew it was over.

I'm not sure how long it lasted. I have no idea what he said or what I did. I truly blacked out. The last thought I remember having was, "I'm going to die here."

The next thing I remember, I was lying face down on my bed. He was getting ready for work. It was his school's field day and he still expected us to be there, looking perfect and smiling. As he said this, Lindsay was taking pictures of my injuries. My assignment between now and when it was time to leave for field day was to post the pictures Lindsay took to Reddit and write an essay about how I was wrong and how grateful I was for a daddy to correct me. I had to explain in detail why I was wrong, and how I could do better.

I didn't dare disobey. I wrote what I understood as the truth. I should be seen not heard, and as usual, I had broken that rule and I was in trouble. Oh, that's also not something I learned from Dan. Again, good ole mom and dad! See, and they always thought I wasn't learning their lessons. I hope I made them proud in displaying how well I truly knew them.

My truth wasn't good enough for Dan. He read my post at the school as we ate lunch in an empty classroom.

" 'You knew you were right and you just wanted to explain?' You didn't learn your lesson at all. You 'know' nothing. When I tell you you're wrong, you say 'yes daddy' and put my cock in your mouth." I might be making up the last few words, but it's not outside of the reality of something Dan would say. We're talking about the man who made Lindsay apologize for *making* him kick her out while forcing me to suck his cock, after all.

Oh, did you think I left after the beating that morning? Walked out the door the second he drove off to work? Like most women, I had no fucking way out. No family, no friends, no money, no car. He had succeeded. I was stuck and doing anything he fantasized about in his ugly little brain to survive.