

# **CLOVERFIELD**

**Lindsey Greene**

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# CLOVERFIELD

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## Chapter 1

### Acceptance

I held the sealed envelope with trembling fingers, too afraid to open it but too curious not too. I had applied to more than thirty colleges across the country and thus far received twenty-nine rejection letters. I now held in my hand what I believed was the last of the replies. Although it was heart-crushing to hear you're not good enough once, hearing it twenty-nine times was almost too much to bear.

I was a screw-up. The key word there being *was*. I ran with the wrong crowd all during high school getting into more than my fair share of trouble to prove I was part of the gang. We were bullies that started fights at the slightest provocation; trespassers that snuck onto the properties of those we disliked and defaced and destroyed whatever valuables we could get our hands on. We were feared by many and hated by all.

But that was all in the past. I served my time and had lived clean for the last two years. In accordance with the bargain I struck with the courts, my juvenile record was expunged, but that didn't seem to matter. I really improved my grades during senior year, but it wasn't enough. No one wanted me and the constant stream of rejections were starting to get to me.

For the first time in two years, I thought about contacting the old gang, going back to the only life that accepted me. *You're better than that, Carrie*, I thought as I opened the envelope. My eyes read the words, but it took my brain two read throughs to comprehend what I was seeing. Not that I was stupid, far from it. I could have passed high school with flying colors had I wanted to. That was all part of my problem some of the shrinks would tell me. I was too smart, the workload too easy. There was no challenge and thus I acted out.

"I'm in," I said flatly. "I'm in. I'M IN!" as the words sank in, the excitement level grew until I was dancing around my room with the letter as if it were a long lost lover come back. I was stomping my feet, chanting I'M IN over and over.

My bedroom door was flung open and I saw my mother standing there looking at me as if I were insane. Which, granted, I probably was a little. "What in the world are you doing?" my mother asked. I was clutching the letter to my chest, tears were forming in my eyes.

"I'M IN!" I exclaimed loudly.

"So I hear. What are you in?"

"College! I finally got accepted!"

"Congratulations!" Mom exclaimed, though she didn't join my victory dance. I had her to thank for my turn around in life. It was her idea that I should apply for college, to get a good education and to make something of myself while I was still young. Without her love and support I shudder to think where I would be today. "So, where will you be going?"

"Um, Cloverfield Academy," I said looking at the name on the letterhead.

"Never heard of it. Where's that at? Are you sure it's an accredited college?"

"It's in Ohio, and yes, it's accredited. I only applied to accredited schools mom. If I remember right it's a small campus but has a really good business program. You know how much I want to start my own business."

"I know sweetie," mom smiled. "But Ohio? It's so far away."

"So were the other twenty-nine schools I applied to. Please don't rain on my parade," I pleaded. "I got accepted and that's all that matters to me."

“You’re right,” mom smiled at me. “I’m proud of you, sweetie. I really am.” She walked into the room and wrapped her arms around me in a hug. “So, how much is this going to cost?” she asked taking a step back.

“Nothing,” I grinned. “I qualified for one of their special scholarships and everything is paid for!”

“Are you serious?”

“Yep! That’s what it says here in the letter. “I may be a hard-luck case, but if it means a free college education I’ll take it! Of course I’ll have to live on campus since I won’t be able to commute the fourteen-hundred miles each way, but I think it’ll do me good to get out and meet new people.”

“You’re absolutely right,” mom exclaimed. “I think this deserves celebrating. How about we eat out tonight and then I’ll take you shopping?”

“Sounds fun. Thanks, mom,” I smiled.

“Come down whenever you’re ready,” mom said. She gave me another smile and left my bedroom, closing the door behind her.

“I picked up the rest of my mail and looked through it. It was mostly junk mail that I tore in half and dropped into the trash can, but near the bottom of the pile was another envelope addressed to me from Cloverfield Academy. My worst fears ran rampant through my mind. I feared they made a mistake; that they were now going to tell me I wasn’t accepted.

I tore the envelope open and pulled out the folded piece of paper within. It was a hand-written letter from April Lancaster – dean of admissions for Cloverfield.

*Dear Carrie Jennings,*

*As a new applicant to the Cloverfield Academy, there are a few rules and regulations that you comply with in order for your application to be accepted. As you may well know, we strive to make a difference in the lives of the less fortunate. It is our mission to take in those with less than stellar pasts and mold them into the best businessmen and women possible. We take pride in knowing that our students are contributing members of society. That being said, there are a few things that you must do to ensure your enrollment and successful acceptance here at Cloverfield.*

*First, we do not take standing members of any gangs, or those that may be identified as gang members. To that end we require all applicants to send us no less than ten full body nudes showing that you do not have any gang-affiliated tattoos or brands. Special cases may be permitted, but full-disclosure is a must. At least one of the pictures must clearly show your entire front including your face.*

*Second, the only piercings we allow are ears. However, if you have other areas pierced, please have all rings in when you take the pictures so that we know for our records. We do monthly inspections to make sure no one gets any new work done and the terms of your scholarship depend on it.*

*Please send the required pictures to the following email no later than ten days from the date of this letter. Once your pictures have been received and approved I will write you again.*

*Best of wishes,  
April Lancaster  
Dean of admissions*

“What in the fuck!” I swore under my breath. My first reaction was to scream out in anger, but I stopped myself before doing so. I had just made a huge show of being accepted and it would break my mother’s heart to know I didn’t get in yet. Sighing, I locked my bedroom door and stripped out of my clothes.

I grabbed my camera from the desk drawer and set it up on the small tripod. This wasn’t the first time I took nudes of myself, but it was certainly a first for getting into college. Looking down at the gold rings dangling from my nipples, I hoped the school would make an exception for them. With remote in hand, I clicked away, taking way more than the ten photos required. I wanted to make sure I sent in the best.

I did not have any tattoos, or other piercings, and after going through the hundred or so pictured weeding out blurred ones, I zipped up ten of them and sent them to the email address indicated in the letter. Now all I could do was wait.

Still naked, I left the bedroom and went to the bathroom to take a quick shower. With it being just my mother and I living in the house, we often went with little or no clothes and thought nothing of it. My mother was the reason I had pierced nipples. The first time I saw her topless I saw that she had large gold rings in her nipples and thought they were the coolest things ever. A year later I got mine done. She wasn’t too happy about it as I was only fifteen at the time and did it behind her back, but she allowed me to keep them.

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A week after sending the photos to the Dean of Admissions, I got another letter from her.

*Dear Carrie Jennings,*

*Thank you for complying with our submission guidelines so swiftly. After carefully reviewing your photos we have agreed to allow you to keep your nipple piercings in while you attend Cloverfield Academy. We see no other prohibited markings so it is my honor and privilege to formerly accept you to our community. Please be on campus for orientation and class scheduling on August 29.*

*Sincerely,  
April Lancaster  
Dean of Admissions.*

I breathed a sigh of relief. *Finally!* I thought. *I’m finally in!* I didn’t tell my mother about the pictures or the truth of the second letter from April. Instead, I spared myself a lot of trouble by telling a little white lie. I told her there was an issue with my social security number, that they couldn’t make out the chicken scratch that I called my writing and so I had to send it to them again, but neater. She bought it and nothing else was said on the subject. Which I was thankful for because had she known the truth she would have forbade me going to that school. And since it was the only one to accept me, I was not going to ruin it.