

Virtual Submission

Faye Valentine

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It was the fourth of July, but instead of celebrating the nation's three hundredth birthday like the rest of the country, I was arguing with my husband. If it was not my choice in clothing styles – I preferred a more modest look that would not cast doubt on my journalistic integrity while he wanted me in skin-tight dresses that revealed everything, or our vastly different sexual appetites which he called downright prudish if only because I would not submit to his every perversion, it was the constant bickering over stupid little things.

Things were not always so tense and uncivil between us. When we met in the ninth grade we were fast friends and by graduation were inseparable. Engaged freshman year of college and married during the summer after sophomore year, we spent two glorious weeks in Paris before coming home and settling into the married life. As months turned into years I noticed small changes in him that were not there while dating.

He started taking more control in the bedroom. Even though he did not have to get up for at least two hours after I did, he woke early to lay out my clothes for the day. Then he started placing orders for me at every restaurant we went to and always got what he wanted me to eat. Seeing how things could get seriously out of hand if I permitted such behavior to continue, we had a very long conversation about his shift in attitude and for a while things went back to the way they were. But every now and then he would try getting away with some sexual perversion by claiming he just wanted to experiment, or by laying out clothes for me in the mornings. When he did this I always had a headache and wore something else.

Fast-forward to our current argument. Because our private bath was attached to the bedroom my normal routine consisted of showering and drying off in the bathroom and then going to the bedroom to get dressed. It is what I had done every day for the entirety of our six years of marriage and I saw no reason to change it now. It was the fourth of July and I had planned on going out with friends to watch the fireworks, do a bit of drinking and just generally enjoy my long weekend but when I got to the dressing portion of my routine I found all of my clothes missing. All of it. No bras, panties, shirts, pants or dresses of any type. Even my shoes were gone.

Stomping across the bedroom I had just yanked the door open to go give my husband a piece of my mind when I saw him walking down the hallway carrying a garment bag in his right hand and shoebox in the other. "Where the fuck are my clothes?" I screamed at him.

"Right here," he said, holding out the black garment bag.

"I'm not in the mood for your damn games, Kyle. Where. Are. My. Clothes?"

"I threw them all away. If you're going out you're going to wear this," he said, holding the bag closer to my chest. "Unless you plan on going naked that is."

"Have you lost your god damn mind? What the hell gives you the right to..." stopping mid-sentence, I ran back into the bedroom and locked the door behind me. Going to my makeup table, I grabbed a pair of scissors, went to the closet and began cutting everything he owned while he pounded on the bedroom door and furiously demanded I let him in. Ignoring him, I destroyed twenty dollar jeans and thousand dollar suits. When the last jacket fell to the floor I went to the dresser and did the same to his boxers and socks.

Scissors still in hand, I unlocked the door and let him in. His eyes went from me to the open dresser drawers, the pile of shredded clothes on the floor and then back up to me. "What in the hell have you done? Do you have any idea how much those suits cost?"

“Do you have any idea how much the clothes of mine you tossed in the trash cost? Don’t bother answering,” I said as I snatched the garment bag from his hand. “This is the last straw, Kyle. I’m going out and when I get back you had better not be here.” In any normal marriage the husband and wife split everything including the cost of buying their first home together, but that was taken care of with the unfortunate passing of my grandmother four years ago at the impressive age of a hundred and nine. Leaving me her home in her will, it was in my name alone and while I had initially planned on putting his name on the deed his shift in behavior prevented me from doing so.

Locking myself in the bathroom, I hung the garment bag on a hook on the back of the door and then unzipped it. Inside was pretty much exactly what I expected. Short. Halter-style neckline. Angled cutouts along the sides and chest that would show off far more of my breasts than I was comfortable with. And made entirely of dark purple latex. *Well, at least he remembered my favorite color*, I thought as I removed it from the bag. I had never worn latex in my life and was glad for it because it was a damn nightmare getting into. Dropping to about four inches below my ass, I had to be conscious of every step lest I give onlookers an eyeful.

I left the bathroom to find my husband still standing in the middle of the bedroom staring at the pile of ruined clothes and the look on his face one of unmitigated rage. Seeing the shoebox on the bed, I grabbed it and as I began putting on the pair of strappy heels he had bought to match the dress, I just shook my head. “You only have yourself to blame as none of this would have happened had you been less of a control freak.”

“None of this would’ve happened if you weren’t such a fucking prude and did as your husband commanded,” he snapped back.

“Commanded? Hello, nineteen-twenties calling,” I said, holding my hand up to my ear like a phone. “If you think you can command me to do anything then you need to get your head examined because you’ve done lost your mind. I meant what I said. I want you out of my house. In fact,” picking my phone up off the nightstand I dialed the police and as I talked to them the look on his face shifted from rage to shock that I was actually going to have him escorted off the property, but I think he was more surprised that I told the officer on the other line that I had, in fact, destroyed all of his clothes but not until after he admitted to throwing all of mine in the trash. “They’ll be here shortly to escort you off the property and I’ll be talking with my attorney first thing Tuesday morning to draw up the divorce papers.”

“Seriously?” he scoffed. “You’re going to file for divorce after one fight?”

“One fight? This sort of mental abuse has been going on for years. You threw away my clothes because I refused to wear what you wanted. That’s not something a sane person does, Kyle, and I want no part of it so go get in your car and, oh, wait, that’s right. Both cars are in my name so if you want to leave you’ll have to walk or call for a ride. Though, I’m sure if you ask nicely the police will gladly put you in the back of one of theirs.” Tightly clutching the scissors in my right hand and my phone in the left, I skirted around him and out of the room.

Taking matters of domestic abuse seriously whether actual or just the threat of, the police arrived and were knocking at my door within about eight minutes of calling. Letting them in, I gave my statement and Kyle gave his. He then proved what a dick he truly was by filing a complaint and pressing charges for destruction of property to which I countered with a complaint of my own. No arrests were made but my husband was escorted out of the house and off the property and one of the officers – a tall, well-built black man that strongly resembled the guy who played Luke Cage said he would patrol the area in case he decided to come back. I thanked

him and a few moments later the only man I had ever loved was being escorted off my property in the back of a cruiser to wherever they were going to drop him off.

The reality of the situation hitting me like a ton of bricks, I broke down in tears the second the door was closed and did not stop crying even when my best friend Hollie called half an hour later asking where I was. I told her everything that had happened. She insisted on coming over to make sure I was okay to which I told her not to ruin her night out on my account, but she countered with the classic 'what sort of friend would I be' line and said she would be over as quickly as she could.

Hollie arrived about fifteen minutes later, took one look at the dress I was wearing and whistled. "DAMN, Casey! Not gonna lie, you look fantastic in that dress."

"Glad to hear it because it and the heels I'm wearing are the only clothes I own."

"Um, so not wearing anything at all underneath?" she asked with a wry smile meant to cheer me up.

"Pretty sure you'd be able to tell if I were."

"Nice."

"Are you here to comfort me or to hit on me?"

"Can't it be both? But seriously, what the fuck, Casey? When did Kyle lose his freaking mind?"

I then went into a three hour rant over all the little things he had done over the years to control me, how I fought back in my passive-aggressive way and how until tonight I thought he had changed. For the first time in my life I held nothing back. To her credit she just sat there on the couch and listened to every word and when I finally stopped she got up, walked over and hugged me tight. There were no words exchanged for a long time as she just held me. When she sat back she gently, lovingly caressed my right cheek and wiped the tears from my eyes.

Call it being lost in the tender moment, pent up sexual desires I never knew I had, temporary insanity or a combination of all three, but as we stared into each other's eyes I leaned in and kissed her. There was the briefest hesitation when our lips met and then she was kissing me back. No words were spoken between us as her hand moved up my thigh and the only acknowledgement I was aware of her actions was the sharp intake of breath when her middle finger slid along my vulva.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" she said, her nervous voice almost a whisper. "When I said I was coming over to comfort..."

"Kyle is the only person I've ever been with," I said. And if that was not enough to answer her question I closed my eyes, reached down and pulled the tight hem of the latex dress up over my hips to give her easier access. "The only thing I'm sure about right now, Hollie, is that I don't want to stop." Kissing her, I took her hand in mine and eased two of her fingers into me. A soft moan escaped my lips as my body reacted favorably to these new sensations. Not that I had never been fingered, or done it myself but this was the first time it was my first time being pleased by another woman and I loved it.

Our lips breaking contact only long enough for me to pull her shirt off over her head, we continued kissing as her bra hit the floor and I had unbuttoned her jeans. She stopped and again asked if I was sure I wanted to have sex with her to which I replied by sucking her left nipple into my mouth while tugging her jeans and panties down. The only thing I was sure about in that moment were the feelings of utter joy and ecstasy coursing through my body as I explored her and I did not want to lose it so, staring into her eyes, I got down on my knees, exhaled slowly and then licked.

The moment my tongue slid along her vulva an explosion of feelings erupted inside of me. Grabbing her ass, I shoved my tongue in as deep as it would go and in response she grabbed the back of my head and pulled in me even more. Holding her tight I was able to feel her body trembling and when the tip of my tongue flicked over her exposed clit he knees buckled and we were suddenly eye to eye. She opened her mouth to say something but I guess she caught the meaning of the look on my face because she remained silent as I lay her back and then got on top of her. Spreading her open, I continued exploring her womanhood as she did the same to me.

Hollie and I made love in the middle of the living room for more than an hour and with every orgasm came the need to please her even more, but we were only human and my inexperienced tongue could only take so much before it was ready to revolt if I did not give it a well-deserved break. Satisfied for the moment, we lay on the floor and held each other in silent gratitude. She for finally living a fantasy of having sex with me, and I for having such and amazing friend.