

Tale of Submission

Victoria Brynn

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“Thanks for picking me up at the airport and bringing me home,” I said to my best friend Heather as she pulled in the driveway behind my mother’s car.

“No problem. Now that you’re finally home for the summer what are your plans?”

“Rest, relaxation and doing a whole lot of nothing. This last semester was brutal and my brain needs a well-deserved break from it all.”

“Sounds like a plan. Well, when you get tired of sitting around doing nothing all day you know my number.”

“I’ll give you a call in a day or two. I want to get settled in and spend some time with my mom first.”

“Take your time. So, are you really going to tell her your big secret this time, or are you going to chicken out again?”

“I’m going to tell her,” I said gently rubbing the slight bulge of my belly. “I have no choice. By the end of the summer she’s going to know that I’m pregnant and will want to know who the father is. That will lead to another million questions and it’s just easier for me to come clean and deal with the consequences later.”

“Good luck. And remember, if she tosses you out on the street you can always come stay with me for the summer.”

“Thanks Heather, but knowing my mother’s deep, dark secret I don’t think it’ll come to that.”

“Oh come on, you can’t say something like that and not tell me what her secret is! I’ll be up half the night trying to figure it out.”

“And probably not even come remotely close to the truth,” I grinned. Cupping her right cheek, I gave her a kiss on the lips – something she hated me doing, but I found exciting none the less, I opened the car door and stepped out. “I’ll talk to you later. And stop blushing so much. People might think your face is a red light or something,” I giggled. She scrunched her face up and leered at me, but I could still see the playfulness in her eyes and knew she wasn’t really upset with me. “You keep making faces like that and I’ll have to get back in the car and kiss you again.”

“You’re out of your damn mind!”

“And you’ve got the most kissable lips I’ve ever seen on a woman,” I said, inching my way back into the vehicle.

“Goodbye, Julia.”

“Call you later, sexy lips.”

As my best friend pulled out of the driveway, I walked up onto the front porch and could hear the music thumping through the windows and wall. Using my key to ley myself in to the sound of country music blaring – whom it was I could not say as it was far from my favorite genre of music, but my mother loved it and it was the reason she did not hear me come in. Sitting with her back to me at her laptop, I could see words strung across a page and knew she was writing another of her erotic stories. Or at least I assumed that’s what she was doing as I never knew her to write anything else of great length.

Walking over to the stereo, I turned it off. My mother nearly jumped out of her seat at the silence, spinning around to see me standing there laughing my ass off as she scrambled to close the document she was working on. “Hey mom.”

“Julia! What are you doing here? I thought you wouldn’t be home until the ninth.”

“I’m home for the summer and, um, it is the ninth.” We had this conversation at least a dozen times so it wasn’t as if she didn’t know I would be coming home today. I could only attribute her loss of time to her concentrating on getting another story done for her adoring fans. “What are you working on?”

“Nothing.”

“You don’t have to lie to me mom, I’m twenty-one now, remember? It’s another one of your kinky stories isn’t it?” I smiled knowingly. She tried to keep her side job a secret, but I came across her stash of stories while home from college last year. At first I thought she had downloaded them to read, but when I found several with notes and outlines I realized two things. First, that my mother had written them; and second, that she had a very vivid and kinky imagination.

“No,” she blushed, proving my assumption right.

“No need to be embarrassed. What’s this one about? Is it another story of lesbian erotica? Threesomes? Oh man I really liked that one about...”

“Don’t worry about it!” mom said, her face turning bright red. “And don’t go trying to sneak onto my computer in the middle of the night like you’ve done in the past as I’ve got a password on it now.” Rolling her chair back, she got up and stretched her arms out to the sides before rubbing a cramp out of her neck. Giving me a stern look of warning, she headed for the kitchen and I went upstairs to my old bedroom which mom kept untouched for me. *Challenge accepted*, I thought as I tossed my bags on the floor next to the desk which is where I sat my purse.

“I’m going out for a while sweetie. You need anything before I go?” My mom called out from below

“No thanks mom. I’m exhausted and going to take a nap to clear my head,” I answered back, plopping down on my bed – otherwise known as heaven. What they provided at the dorm was akin to a torture device compared to the soft comfort of my own bed and now that I was on it, I could feel my eyelids growing heavier by the second. Forcing myself back on my feet, I stripped down to my bra and panties, threw my shirt and pants in the hamper sitting in the corner of the room and fell into bed – dozing off nearly as soon as my head hit the pillow.

I must have been more exhausted than I thought because the next thing I knew I woke up and it was dark outside. The clock sitting on the night stand reading: 8:17. “Shit,” I said sitting up “how in the hell did I sleep for six hours?” I was going to take a quick shower to freshen up, but my rumbling belly told me in no uncertain terms that I was to grab something to eat first so I pulled on a pair of sweat pants and a tee shirt and headed downstairs.

The house was unusually silent, the only light on a lamp sitting in the corner of the living room. Going into the kitchen, I opened the fridge when I saw the note hanging on the freezer door. It was a message from mom telling me that she had met dad for a few drinks after he got off work and that they would be out until tomorrow. She also reminded me to remember to lock up if I went out. I had no intentions of going anywhere until I had a chance to sit on my ass and relax for a few days, so there were no worries there.

Tossing the note in the trash can, I made me a ham and cheese sandwich and some Doritos for dinner, grabbed a can of coke and headed for the living room. Powering on mom’s laptop, I took a look at the password clue and almost covered the screen with the mouthful of soda that wanted to come out more than go down. “Oh mom, you silly, silly woman,” I said shaking my head while typing Lucifer into the box – the name of her first pet.

Lucifer, previously known as Lucy, was a cat my mother owned when she was like ten or so. From the way she tells it, Lucy was a perfectly normal cat who loved to lay on laps and across shoulders between lounging in windows all day until one day she got out of the house and was chased around the neighborhood by a dog. After that, she became something of a hell spawn hissing and clawing at everyone that came within a foot of her save my mother. It was only a few weeks later she gained the new name of Lucifer.

With the password in, and the computer finished loading, I navigated my way through files and folders in search of what she was working on when I first walked in on her. I found it a few minutes later and sighed. There wasn't a title and not much of a story yet, but from what I could tell by the three paragraphs and the page of notes that followed is that it was going to be a story about domination and submission. That was one topic I had never seen my mother write about and after reading what she had so far, I could see why.

Leaning back in the chair, I took a bite of my sandwich and washed it down with a big gulp of coke. Staring at the words on the screen, I tapped my fingers on the padded arms of the chair while thinking about what to do. *You want a story*, I thought to myself. And then it hit me like a like a big black cock to the face. *I'll give you a story. What better way to tell you my secret than to spell it out for you one letter at a time?*

And this is the story I wrote...