

# **Sydney Submits**

**Emily Sinclair**

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After her fifth fourteen-hour shift in as many days all Sydney wanted to do was take a hot shower and spend the weekend sleeping, but as she drove down her street and saw cars filling the driveway and parked on either side of the street she knew that she was in for the mother of all arguments with her boyfriend Brandon. Not just because he was breaking the law by holding such a large gathering, but because he was putting her health at risk for a few hours of fun. Parking four houses down because it was as close as she could get to her own home, she stormed down the sidewalk. By the time she reached her next-door neighbor she saw another of Brandon's friends approaching from the opposite direction. He saw her too, but where he smiled without a mask, she scowled behind hers.

"I don't know what the hell he's thinking, but you can just turn your ass around and go home Seth because this party is fucking over," Sydney seethed.

"Funny, I thought it was just getting started," Seth replied as he continued towards the house.

"I'm not kidding Seth. Take your ass home or you'll be arrested for trespassing." Glaring at him, she continued. "You don't want to try my fucking patience right now." She could see him mulling it over before turning around and going back the way he came. The thumping bass hitting her ears before she was halfway across the lawn only served to fuel the fires of her rage. Slamming the door open, she walked into a living room full of men being loud and obnoxious. Spotting her boyfriend on the other side of the room looking euphoric, it was not until she was at the desk where his laptop was pumping out the beat that he saw the naked woman kneeling at his feet, his manhood firmly lodged in her throat. "ALL OF YOU GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY HOUSE RIGHT GOD DAMN NOW!" she shouted as the laptop hit the floor.

All eyes turned to her but no one moved to leave. Literally caught with his dick in another woman's mouth, Brandon reached down, put his hand on the back of the woman's head and then stared at his girlfriend as he pounded in and out of the woman's mouth.

"I said GET THE FUCK OUT! You've got exactly three seconds to start moving or I'm calling the god damn police! Are you fucking daft? We're in the middle of a pandemic. There are limits to the size of gatherings and you're way the fuck over them. And even if you weren't, I'm a nurse and I can't take the risk of having anyone in my house that doesn't live here. And you," she glared at her boyfriend. "You can get the fuck out as well."

"I don't think so. You're the party crasher here so I think it's you that needs to leave. And if my computer is broken you're going to buy me a new one."

"You're standing there getting sucked off by some random whore and you have the nerve to talk to me about a broken laptop?" Lifting her left foot, she brought it down on the keyboard. The next stomp shattered the screen.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" Brandon shouted.

"What the fuck is wrong with me? What the fuck is wrong with you? This is the last fucking straw. We're finished. Get the fuck out of my house or so help me god you'll all be going to jail!"

It was about then her now ex-boyfriend's friends took her seriously and decided it was in their best interest to just go home and let them sort things out on their own. The kneeling woman managed to back away and grab her clothes before standing to get dressed. "For what it's worth, you might think I'm some random whore, but he told me he was single. Also, we've worked together for the last five years so not exactly random."

“Well, he’s definitely single now. And about to be homeless so I hope you’ve got room at your place for him.”

“Well, maybe if you were here more often he wouldn’t have to lie about being single.”

“I’d love to be home partying every fucking day but instead I’m out there putting my own health and life at risk working eighty plus hours a week saving the lives of idiots too god damn stupid or stubborn to follow simple quarantine guidelines. Now get the hell out of my house or the next thing down your throat will be my fist.”

“Actually, my name is on the lease as well so I don’t think I’ll be going anywhere,” Brandon said. “And seeing as how I’m single now, I see no reason to deprive Megan the pleasure of sucking my dick.”

“The pleasure of...wow!” Sydney exclaimed. “When did you get so fucking full of yourself? And yes, you will be leaving. Weather it’s willingly or in the back of a police cruises is up to you.”

“Seeing as how I’m done nothing illegal I think you’ll have a hard time convincing the police to arrest me.”

“First, you blatantly broke the gathering limit size by inviting all of your damn friends over for a party in the middle of a pandemic. And second, my father, uncle, brother and three cousins are all police officers so I really don’t think it’ll be all that hard to convince one of them to arrest you, or at the very least to escort you off the property.”

“Go ahead. And I’ll sue them for false arrest.”

“I think I’m going to go now,” the woman said as she pulled her skirt up her well-toned legs and then zipped the side. Giving her co-worker a long stare, she sighed. “Maybe it’s best if we keep things professional from now on.” And with that she grabbed her purse off the stand next to the door and then left.

“God, you’re such a fucking bitch!” Brandon seethed. “Who the actual fuck do you think you are flying off the handle like that and demanding my friends leave? Just because you’re a frigid cunt with no friends or life outside of work doesn’t mean we all are. And you’re paying to buy me a new laptop.”

“Fuck you! Not only did you break quarantine guidelines and put all of our health and lives at risk you actually cheated on me and didn’t even bother trying to make that fucking whore stop even when I walked in. You know what, I wouldn’t want to live here after all of this anyways so you can have it. Once I have everything packed up I’ll be out of here and you’ll never see me again.”

“Good riddance. Just make sure to replace my computer...”

“Piss off! You’re lucky I don’t beat you to death with it.” Fiving the broken piece of electronics another stomp for good measure Sydney stormed out of the house to go buy some boxes and make a few phone calls. She then walked right back in and went to her office where she grabbed her laptop before her ex could get his cheating hands on it before storming out again.

Stopping at a small park a mile or so from home, she made five phone calls. The first three were to utility companies to have the gas, water and electricity shut off first thing in the morning. The fourth was to have the cable and internet shut off. And the last was to Lexie – her best friend since kindergarten so see if she could crash there until she found another place. Given her friend’s line of work it was not ideal, but given the alternatives, it was the lesser of two evils. Assuming, of course, Lexi was willing to compromise on a few things.

Lexi was just about to step into the kitchen to make herself something to eat when her phone began ringing. Seeing it was her best friend, she answered. "Hey babe, what's up? You on break or did they finally realize they can't actually work you every hour of every day?"

"Barring any unfortunate events, I have the weekend off."

"Sweet. What can I do you for?"

"So, I came home to Brandon throwing a huge fucking party and getting sucked off by some whore he works with and, well, I'm the one that blew my fuse. One thing led to another and, well, I need a place to stay for a little while. Just until I can find another place."

"Say no more. You can stay with me for as long as you like. There's just the matter of my work..."

"Um, yeah, about that. I get that you need to work to pay the bills and to keep a roof over your head, but if I'm seen on those sorts of sites I can lose my job so can you at least take the cameras out of the spare master suite? And do you have to stream everything live? I mean, can't you record it and then edit me out before you upload the videos?"

"Yes, I can take the cameras out of the spare master suite. Yes, I have to stream everything live to the internet as that's my thing and what my fans pay to see. And no, I can't record and edit you out of everything even if I wanted to. What I can offer are a multitude of hoods and masks that you may borrow to hide your identity. Then there's the matter of my place being nudist only. I'm sorry, Sydney, but you know I won't change my rules for anyone including my best friend so if you can live with that then you're more than welcome to move in for as long as you need to. And if not then I'll do everything in my power to help you get a place as quickly as possible. I mean, it's not as if Brandon can actually kick you out of your own home."

"No, but at the same time there's no way in hell I can live there with the cheating bastard either. There's also the small matter of me already calling and having all the utilities and the cable and internet shut off first thing in the morning."

"You didn't!"

"Damn right I did. If he wants the place then he can pay for everything himself. I just need to call the landlord and tell him what happened and see if he'll take my name off the lease without it having to go to court."

"And you really think you can have everything packed up and ready to move by morning?"

"I'm tired as fuck, but what choice do I have. Also, I'm going to call a few people to see if they're willing to give me a hand so hopefully it won't be too bad. Honestly, I'm actually kind of looking forward to seeing the look on his face when I take all of the furniture with me."

"The master suite isn't that big, Sydney."

"I know. But I paid for it and I'll be damned if I'm leaving it there for him."

"Even if he's been screwing other women on it?"

"God damn it Lexie!"

"Sorry."

"No, you're probably right. I'm still going to take it but instead of keeping it maybe I'll donate it to the Goodwill or something. Anyways, about your rules, do you have masks that will completely conceal my identity?"

"I have some half and three-quarters masks but if you want your entire face to be completely covered then I have any number of hoods that'll do the trick."

"When you say hoods..."

“I mean of the bdsm variety, yes. Leather and latex. Some deprive one sense, others all of them. You’re welcome to using whichever suites your needs. There’s just one more minor detail. Given the nature of my work, I’m going to need you to sign a few forms stating that you accept and agree to follow the rules and to be recorded and for said recordings to be streamed live and posted on any and all of my websites in exchange for twenty percent of the profits of anything sold with you in it.”

“I don’t like it one bit, but I agree. I’m thinking I’ll pack up the essentials tonight and worry about the rest after I get some sleep so I’ll probably see you in a few hours. Um, can you please set one of the hoods outside so I can put it on before entering?”

“Can do.” It’ll be on the porch swing.”

“Thanks. See you in a few hours.”

“See you later, babe. And don’t forget, you have to take your clothes off the second you come in or you’ll be disciplined.

“Wait, what? You never said anything about being disciplined. What does that even mean?”

“The rules are very clearly posted on the plaque to the right of the front door. They’ll also be part of the forms you sign so you can’t say you weren’t informed.”

“Why on earth would you make your place nudist only? I mean, you know it’s the number two reason I haven’t visited since the pandemic started, right?”

“So says everyone I’ve told. But it has boosted my profits by nearly six hundred percent in the last five months so why fix something that isn’t broken? Anyways, I’m gonna hop off here and grab a bite to eat. If you need a hand packing let me know and I’ll come right over.”

“Seeing as how Brandon had a house full of people not wearing masks I don’t think it’s a good idea for you to come over. I’ll see you later. And thanks again for letting me move in on such short notice.”

“That’s what friends are for.”

After hanging up, Sydney called her landlord and told him everything about the party, her argument with her now ex-boyfriend and the need for her to be taken off the lease so that she did not have to pay for two places. To her relief he agreed to have another lease drawn up without her name on it as well as another document which would absolve her of any further financial responsibility for the property. With that out of the way, she went to the closest Walmart where she purchased bubble wrap, tape and all of the medium and large boxes they had.