

# BETSY

Carmenica Diaz

**PREVIEW**





# BETSY

CARMENICA DIAZ



**Carmenica Diaz** writes erotic fiction that is either hard and nasty or soft and tender, depending on her moods.

Ms Diaz commenced writing at the urging of close friends and now has a substantial following of loyal readers.

Her work is in two clear genres – Erotica and Transgender fiction.

Carmenica Diaz is, of course, a penname.

When asked to use single words to describe Carmenica, a close friend chose the following – impatient, dominant, arrogant, tender, caring, romantic, hurtful, precise, nasty, supportive, and mercurial.

They are still friends as she told the truth.

## **Betsy**

CARMENICA DIAZ  
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# Betsy Gets an Idea!

## 1.

Nurse Betsy Allen walked down the corridor towards the locker room. Another long shift was over and she could look forward to a few hours off before the same old grind began again.

A group of young, first year nurses passed Betsy and some giggled.

Betsy knew what they were giggling about and whirled on them. 'Hurry up! You are due at the nurses' station in two minutes! Don't make me report you!'

They nurses almost ran down the hall and Betsy, a scowl on her face, pushed the door open for the locker room.

She knew what they were giggling about!

Betsy had been late for her shift and was changing into her blue scrubs in the locker room when one of the young, wet behind the ears, first year nurses walked in. She was Asian but her eyes widened when she saw Betsy in her white open bottom girdle and substantial underwire bra.

Quickly, the young nurse had turned from the locker room and burst through the door but Betsy knew the young nurses would all be laughing about her underwear.

Betsy remembered it well! Savagely, she spun the combination on the lock and opened the locker.

Was it a crime she had put on a little weight? Okay, she wasn't as svelte as she used to be and she needed a little support and her boobs definitely needed *some* control!

*You couldn't give an elderly man a sponge bath with your girls swinging around under your scrubs!*

*It's easy now for those young bitches, Betsy thought as she slipped into her coat, they think they'll be young forever but have they got a surprise coming!*

Jocelyn strolled into the locker room and nodded to Betsy. 'You off for a few days, Betsy?'

'No. Back tomorrow night. You?'

'No shift until Wednesday. How's Lenny?'

'The usual,' Betsy said with a shrug. 'How's Colin?'

'The usual,' Jocelyn said with a weary smile.

They smiled sympathetically at one another for a brief moment.

'Well, I'm off. Have to catch the bus,' Betsy said. 'Don't want to miss it.'

'See you, Betsy. Have fun.'

Betsy waved and walked down the corridor to the exit.

When she stepped into the cold, a few of the second year nurses were smoking under the awning and they nodded respectfully at Betsy.

'Goodbye, Mrs Allen,' one called.

'Don't let the superintendent find you fagging out here,' Betsy warned. 'You know the rules.'

'We're on our break,' another said defiantly.

'Then go and have a fag in the café but make sure you wear your coats! No fags in uniform. You know the rules.'

'Yes, Mrs Allen,' they chorused and Betsy hurried away to the bus stop.

## 2.

Betsy unlocked the front door of the small house she had shared with Lenny since they moved in ten years ago. It was empty. No sign of Lenny and she just knew he had forgotten their anniversary!

Her mobile rang and for a moment, she found herself wondering if Lenny was calling!

A glance at the mobile screen told her it was better than Lenny!

'Hello, darling,' she said warmly.

'Hi, Mum,' Jimmy said. 'How are things?'

'Fine? How's Berlin?'



'It's really cool.'

They chatted for a few moments and when Betsy hung up, she wondered if their son was the only thing that kept Lenny and Betsy together.

Now Jimmy was working all over the world in television news, the meaning for their life together had gone.

With a sigh, Betsy walked up to the bedroom and undressed. After the scrubs, the hateful bra went first, followed by the girdle with a little wiggling and shaking.

Feeling free, she stretched for a moment and rubbed the red marks where the bra and girdle had bitten into her soft flesh.

Critically, she examined herself in the mirror.

A grimace and she turned to look at her ample arse!

'No doubt I'm fat!' she muttered. 'No wonder Lenny hasn't touched me for months!'

Betsy was being extremely critical of herself. Plump, definitely! Curvy? Yes but fat? She had love handles and curves but she was still attractive.

Comfortably loose, elastic waisted trousers, a large T-shirt and an old shaggy jumper and Betsy felt comfortable.

Definitely *not* desirable *or* sexy but plainly comfortable.

She looked around the kitchen and wondered if it was worth trying to cook something special for the anniversary.

With a shrug and telling herself not to bother as Lenny most certainly had forgotten. He had last year so why would this year be any different?

If he came home with a gift or flowers, Betsy would simply say she had forgotten and what a wonderful surprise the flowers were!

Of course, that would *never* happen! Lenny would finish work, go to the pub, wander home a little sloshed, eat something and sit at his computer surfing the web!

*What on earth was he looking at on that stupid computer?*

### 3.

Betsy cooked herself a toasted sandwich and ate it while standing by the computer, looking at it as if Betsy thought the computer was going to tell her what Lenny was up to.

He stayed on the computer until Betsy went to bed and, sometime in the night, he joined her but, by then, Betsy, exhausted from her work at the hospital, was deeply asleep.

Pouring herself a glass of fruit juice and rolling a slender joint of marihuana, Betsy retired to the back step where she sipped the juice and puffed on the joint.

Marihuana was her drug of choice as Betsy was not much of a drinker. If she was called into the hospital for an emergency, she could still operate when high on grass. They wouldn't even let her into the building if she smelled of alcohol.

As she puffed on the joint, Betsy wondered how she was going to turn her life around or was this all there was?

### 4.

Lenny staggered into the house after the pub had closed. Betsy was watching an old movie and pushed Lenny away when he tried to pretend slobbering on her forehead was a kiss!

No mention of their anniversary, of course!

As Betsy watched the movie, her heart filled with a steely resolve to change their life! She didn't know how, but she was going to change it!

### 5.

The young man from the I.T. department, looked up when Betsy sauntered into the cubby hole he called an office.

'What do you want?' he asked warily.

'Are you Max, the I.T. bloke?'

'Yes,' he said with a sigh. 'What's the problem? You know you should log all problems and get a support ticket...'

'No problem, Max,' Betsy said breezily. 'You must be a smart young bloke to be able to understand computers and stuff.'

'Maybe,' he said, still wary. 'Who are you?'

'Betsy Allen.'

'I think I've heard of you,' he said and Betsy's heart sank but she kept her face expressionless. *Please, don't let it be about the girdle and the bra!*

'Don't think so,' Betsy said, hoping to divert him.

'You're the Senior Nurse who runs the young first year nurses ragged! They're always complaining about you! They all say you have impossible standards!'

'Are you friends with them, then?' Betsy said wearily.

'Me? *Nah!* They're all stuck-up bitches who think they're too good for me! No, you keep giving the toffy noses bitches hell!'

'I will,' Betsy said cheerily. 'Can you help me out?'

'I don't do private work...'

'It's just a question.'

'Oh?'

'Can I find out on a computer the web places someone has visited?'

'Of course. Browser history. What sort of browser?'

'Wouldn't have a clue.'

'Don't you know anything about computers?'

'About as much as you know about setting broken arms,' Betsy said evenly.

'Point taken. Here, let me write this down for you.'

## 6.

That afternoon, Betsy sat in front of the computer and turned it on.

She wasn't dismayed when the computer prompted for a password. Did that mean that Lenny had something to hide?

Calmly, she began to work through the passwords her unimaginative husband would use. Birthday, favourite truck (Lenny was a truck mechanic) and football teams.

She cracked the password on the fourth attempt!

Smiling and humming to herself, she followed Max's notes and opened the browser history.

'Interesting,' she murmured. 'Very interesting!'

## 7.

Betsy was sitting on the back step, smoking a joint and looking at the stars when Lenny arrived home.

'What's for dinner?' he shouted from the kitchen.

'Nothing. If you're hungry, make something!'

Betsy heard him opening a bottle of beer and the rattling of pots.

Smiling to herself, Betsy ran through the steps of her plan once again, making sure she had not forgotten anything crucial or created a problem for herself.

It was a bulletproof plan and Betsy Allen was finally taking control of her marriage!

# Betsy Has a Plan!

## 1.

Betsy openly took the key to the drugs cupboard. She made a show of ticking off the drugs on the order form and then asked another Senior to check it and countersign.

Others who raided the cupboard for their own personal drug habits were greedy and that was why they were caught!

Not Betsy! She knew *exactly* what she wanted and waited until a doctor prescribed a powerful sedative for a patient suffering chronic pain.

She put the drugs in the pigeon hole and counted out the first dose for the patient. It all looked very normal except the dose was two tablets and Betsy palmed three! Two for the patient and one for her plan.

The patient would require another dose just before Betsy's shift ended and she would get the second pill then!

The other things she needed were much easier to obtain from the hospital supply rooms.

The plan was proceeding!

## 2.

Carol was changing into a cocktail dress when Betsy walked into the locker room. 'Going out tonight?' Betsy asked as she removed her bag from the locker.

'It is Friday night,' Carol said with a giggle. 'It's our date night!'

'Date night? What is that?'

'Johnny and I go out, have a meal, a few drinks, maybe even dancing and go home for mad sex! The kids are at my in-laws so it's all on tonight!'

'Lucky you,' Betsy smiled.

'What about you, Betsy?'

'I suppose it's our date night as well,' Betsy grinned.  
'Haven't had one in a while and I have the weekend off.'

'Then we're both getting some tonight!'

Yes, Betsy thought. *Just not like Lenny imagines! His dreams might just come true and so might mine!*

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Do you think there should be more stories featuring Betsy and Lenny?

I appreciate comments and any form of feedback to this story. You can post a comment on the blog on the relevant posts relating to this story

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Or, you can simply contact me using the Contact Form on the webpage to send your thoughts to me.

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