



**BETSY**

**IN CONTROL**

**Carmenica Diaz**

**PREVIEW**



# BETSY

IN CONTROL

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.

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 in Control**  
**CARMENICA DIAZ**  
**FIRST PUBLISHED 2015.**

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# Betsy Makes a Deal!

## 1.

'Welcome to your new life,' Betsy said softly.

Lenny stared at the silver tube that now forced his cock to point downwards. An erection would be, he instantly knew, impossible and, perhaps, any attempt to get hard could be even painful.

'This...this is crazy!' Lenny whispered.

'Is it?' Betsy asked. 'I think it's a little crazy for you to fantasise about being dominated and *not* telling *me* about it! You would rather wank over your fetish dreams than involving me! That *hurts*, Lenny!'

Lenny's eyes shifted downwards again, partially to avoid Betsy's eyes but his gaze also drawn to that silver tube.

'I'm going to take the plaster off, Lenny,' Betsy said in a calm voice that was, at the same time, eerily tinged with a warning. 'The keys to that chastity belt are well hidden. You can't remove the belt *without* the keys but, I guess you'll need to discover that yourself,' she said with a sigh. '*However!*' Her voice became hard. 'If you attempt to hurt me or abuse me in any way, I will *destroy* those keys! Then, the only way you will be able to remove that chastity belt will be by a surgeon's knife!'

White faced, Lenny stared at his wife, seeing the naked power and quiet determination flashing in her eyes. 'Understand?' Betsy barked.

'Yes,' Lenny whispered. 'I understand.'

'And you know I mean it?' Betsy demanded. 'You know I *will* destroy the keys if you as much as raise your hand or call me a nasty name?'

'How could you do that?' Lenny burst out. 'If you love me?'

'That is a good question. Do you want to test me?'

'No,' Lenny muttered.

'Good. Then you understand?'

'Yes,' he murmured.

'Okay. Be it on your own head!'

Lenny's head sank to his chest as Betsy left the room to get what she needed to remove the plaster.

Her words echoed within Lenny's mind.

*Welcome to your new life!*

## 2.

It did not take long for Betsy to cut the plaster from Lenny's shoulders, elbows and hands.

Lenny almost cried out with the relief of being able to move his body properly again.

'Clean up this mess,' Betsy said pointing at the remnants of the plaster on the plastic sheet. 'Then have a decent shower,' she added as she moved to the door. 'And, of course,...' she smirked, '...try and get out of your chastity belt. When you've given up, get dressed and come down so we can have a talk!'

Lenny didn't argue. What was the point? Betsy held all the cards and he hoped the chastity belt was not as secure as Betsy thought it was.

*She doesn't have my mechanical skills,* he told himself as he cleaned up the old plaster. *She may think it can't come off but I'll find a way!*

Before he had his shower, Lenny spent some time examining the new ornament on his body. First, he tugged it, tried to pull it forward and off.

That failed!

After a few other manipulations and manoeuvring, which all failed, Lenny stood in front of the mirror and closely examined the chastity belt.

He even used his wife's hand mirror to see under the belt where he saw what looked like to be two countersunk screws except the slots on the head were unlike anything he had ever seen before.

Using the magnifying side of the mirror, he got a closer few.

Inscribed on the metal next to the heads of the strange screws, were small marks. Each mark was different and Lenny guessed the marks represented the order the screws had to be turned to before moving to the next.

His heart sank. Not only did he need the special key or tool to undo each screw but he also had to know the order of each turn! It was a very fiendish device! So simple and yet so fiendishly clever!

Buoyed with the one remaining hope that he may be able to use soap to slip out of the tube, Lenny headed for the shower.

Soaping his body, he tried to force soap into the tube. In spite of all his manipulation, the chastity belt remained steadfast!

Savagely dressing, Lenny allowed his anger and resentment to flower and he was ready to storm downstairs and demand Betsy remove the chastity belt!

*A joke was a joke but this is too fucking much!*

Dressed, Lenny opened the bedroom door and froze.

He couldn't be angry! Betsy had already warned him about that!

*Christ, does she want to destroy the keys?*

Fear closed its icy fist around his heart and Lenny took deep breaths to calm himself.

Betsy's warning replayed itself inside his mind.

*You know I will destroy the keys if you as much as raise your hand or call me a nasty name...*

He *had* to remain calm!

### 3.

The smell of bacon and eggs teased Lenny's nostrils as he walked downstairs. He felt a little strange having full use of his arms again but the silver object around his cock and balls made its presence known with each step.

Betsy was cooking at the stove when Lenny tentatively stepped into the kitchen.

She smiled at him and said, 'Tea's made. Pour us both a cup. Toast is ready and the eggs and bacon will be a minute!'

Lenny poured tea into cups and sat at the kitchen table, staring at the plate of his favourite breakfast Betsy had put in front of him.

She had just eggs and they ate in silence until Betsy asked, 'You know now you can't get it off without my help?'

Carelessly, Lenny shrugged.

'Lenny, you've lied to me about your desires and needs. Please don't lie to me again!'

'I'm *not* lying. I couldn't get it off,' Lenny said heatedly. 'But that doesn't mean I can't get out of it!'

'You're going to keep trying? Okay. It's a waste of time but go ahead. Meanwhile, we should talk.'

Lenny put his knife and fork down with a bang. 'Talk? How about I can't believe you put this thing on me!'

'That's a good place to start,' Betsy said with a smile. 'Can I point out that *you* were the one who spent ages reading about and looking at pictures of chastity *belts*! The one who visited sites on female domination, and other sites. Like, tease and denial as well as *cuckolding*! *You!* Not *me* but *you!*'

Lenny felt his face grow warm and his cock stirred uselessly against the tube that squeezed it.

'And you wanked while doing it,' she quietly added. 'Don't deny this, Lenny. Be honest with me! I feel we are being truly honest with each other now! You are sexually submissive, aren't you?'

Lenny didn't say anything for a moment, just stared at the table until he mumbled, 'It was just fantasies...'

'I know,' she said softly. 'And now the fantasy has become a reality.'

'How could you *do* this to me!' Lenny burst out.

'I've given you what you wanted, what you needed...'

‘How do you know what I need or want!’

‘The evidence is there, Lenny,’ she said evenly. ‘If I shared that evidence with say, Jocelyn or even Mac, they would agree.’

Shocked, Lenny gasped, ‘You...you wouldn’t tell anyone *else*...’

‘What does *that* matter if I have it wrong?’ Betsy said sweetly. ‘You could simply laugh it off, telling anyone I told of your fantasies that I was wrong! That I was out of my head.’

‘Ah...it would be embarrassing...’

‘How could it be embarrassing if it wasn’t true, darling?’ Betsy asked sweetly.

‘You’re confusing me!’ Lenny burst out.

‘Not confusing to me,’ Betsy murmured and sipped her tea.

‘I didn’t know you *hated* me,’ Lenny pouted.

‘I don’t *hate* you, darling. You’re my husband.’

‘If you loved me you wouldn’t put this...this thing on me!’

‘Perhaps I put it on you *because* I love you,’ Betsy countered. She put the teacup down and said, ‘I have a proposition.’



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