

CONTROLLED



CARMENICA DIAZ

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CONTROLLED

FIVE FEMDOM STORIES

Carmenica Diaz



Carmenica Diaz is one of several nom de plumes the author uses.

Under the **Diaz** name, the author writes erotic fiction and transgender fantasy/romance fiction.

The author also writes lesbian romance fiction under the nom de plume of **Jacqueline Pouliot**.

PREVIEW

CONTROLLED
Carmenica Diaz
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Keys	1
Sleepy	3
Methodical	4
Experimental	5
Helpless	7

PREVIEW

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PREVIEW

Keys

'Harris!' Terry Corran bellowed from his office. His loud voice was heard by everyone on the fifth floor.

The fifth floor consisted of editorial for the notorious on-line magazine, *The Tempest*. The web designers and technicians were housed in half of the fourth floor. The remainder of the building housed financial services, lawyers and doctors on the ground floor.

'You rang, Terry?' Daniel Harris said, poking his head around the door. Even though he was attempting to be funny, he was nervous. It had been a while since Terry had summoned Daniel Harris!

'I have an assignment for you,' Terry said, frowning at Daniel while gesturing for him to sit down.

'Assignment? For me?' Daniel asked, shocked. He perched on the edge of the chair set aside for visitors or staff Terry wanted to shout at. *'I thought you said you wouldn't give me anything better than death notices because of that stuff up with the Queen...'*

'Don't talk me out of it, Harris! Do you want the assignment or not?'

'Of course,' Daniel said eagerly.

'I want three thousand words on female domination. I want...'

'Female domination?' Daniel squeaked, mind racing.

Keys

'Yes!' Terry frowned at Daniel. 'Where blokes pay women to do things to them. Whip them and other stuff. I don't know *exactly* what they do and that's why I want you to find out! I want interviews...'

'Why me?' Daniel asked quickly.

'Because you are my last resort! Now, I want...

Daniel was worried. *Did Terry know what I look at on my computer?* Daniel thought not. *No, I don't use the office PC, I do that at home...so why me...?*

PREVIEW

Sleepy

‘I’m rather sleepy,’ Simon confessed sheepishly after a huge yawn. ‘It’s been a tough day.’

Jana, Simon’s wife raised a sceptical eyebrow but didn’t comment. Simon was a screenwriter and spent his day in his home office on his computer. Supposedly, he was writing but Jana suspected her husband was more likely to be viewing porn! That’s what a work friend, Kumi, said.

‘Go to bed,’ Jana said. She was reading briefs from a case she was working on and wouldn’t be finished for another hour.

Simon kissed his wife’s forehead and walked upstairs. Jana sighed and turned another page.

Methodical

I am quite methodical in everything I do. That trait, I'm sure, was one of the reasons Sonya Bogdanov hired me as one of her financial team.

Sonya Bogdanov is very wealthy. There are rumours she is the wealthiest woman on the planet! Even if I didn't have access to *all* her financial details, I knew enough to agree with the substance of that rumour! She is incredibly wealthy with fingers in many different pies!

She can be ruthless and cruel one moment and charming and kind the next.

It was a surprise when she hired me. Compared to the other very masculine male employees who fawn over Ms Bogdanov, I am a little different.

Slight of build and, some of my colleagues have said (out of Sonya's ears, of course,) I am effeminate. I cannot help being slight of build so I say nothing in response.

Vladimir Svoboda is the worst. He loved to taunt me with barbs, trying to provoke me to do something against him. I am not stupid so I never responded. He is tall, very muscular and, I saw on many occasions, quite violent. There were rumours Vlad is Sonja's enforcer.

Why would a successful and very wealthy businesswoman require an enforcer? Everything does look above board but I know differently. Many of her business interests are shady and not at all legal.

Experimental

Doctor Edith Renshaw was surprised to be summoned to see billionaire Marcus Evans. She was even more surprised when she was escorted into *Evans Tower* via the goods entrance. Edith put it down to the eccentricities of the very wealthy.

As they rode the private elevator to the penthouse, Edith said nothing to the young personal assistant that now guided her. The young woman was slim and dressed fashionably. In contrast to her, Edith Renshaw was overweight and dressed in a style that could only be called dowdy or old fashioned. As usual, she favoured a tweed skirt and a twin-set with comfortable shoes.

Doctor Edith Renshaw was, some would say, a scientific genius but no one would ever describe her as glamorous or, even, attractive.

Marcus Evans was in his fifties with silver hair. If Edith had known anything about fashion, she would have identified the suit he was wearing as bespoke and very expensive. They sat down near the windows with an extraordinary view of the city.

‘Thank you for coming, Doctor Renshaw,’ Evans said as soon as the young assistant had left them alone. ‘I am interested in your research.’

‘You are?’ Edith asked, surprised.

‘Oh yes. You are working on some very interesting aspects of the brain.’

‘How did you know, Mister Evans?’ Edith asked coolly.

Experimental

'I know everything I want to know, Doctor Renshaw,' Evans said evenly. 'Money provides that. Can I add that, as far as anyone is concerned, you have never visited me?'

'If you wish?'

'If any part of this conversation is repeated, I will deny it ever happened and seek revenge.'

'I do not take kindly to threats, Mister Evans,' Edith said.

'I am just making a point. Tell me, Doctor Renshaw, is it possible to devise a tasteless liquid that will provide mind control?'

PREVIEW

Helpless

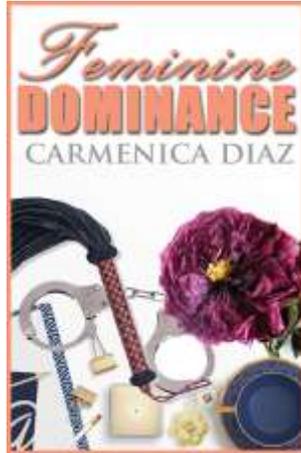
‘I do love it when you are *completely* helpless, darling.’ Lucinda beamed at her husband Errol. ‘It’s so much fun.’

There was no doubt in Errol’s mind that his young wife *did* love making him helpless! Lucinda, although twelve years younger than Errol, intuitively knew how to tap into her husband’s secret desires and fantasies.

It had been that way since they were married two and a bit years prior. Lucinda took control of their lives from the very first day of the marriage.

Although, in reality, she had begun taking control once they were engaged. It was little things at first. Changing the clothes he wore, haircuts, deciding on a new house in the country and even purchasing a sportscar for herself while Errol drove the old sedan.

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