



Goddess Carly



Carmenica Diaz

Goddess Carly
Carmenica Diaz
First published 2007.

Copyright © Carmenica Diaz 2007

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, transmitted in any form by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise without the prior written permission of the publisher and author.

Any resemblance to actual persons, either living or dead, or events are entirely coincidental



1. Up On The Roof.

1.

Carly and I had been married for two years when I fell off the roof.

Two years, and every moment of our marriage had been great, even though I had been hesitant about settling down. Carly took my eye the moment I first saw her – tall, blonde, lithe and sexy with green flashing eyes, she was a great catch.

In addition, my wife had, in the beginning, a healthy appetite for sex, which was a real plus! Although, our sex life had fallen away a little when my business had taken off.

My construction company was completing the restoration of the roof of the village library when I slipped on a loose tile, slipped down the roof and over the edge. Foolishly, my ego had made me decline a safety harness

as I had thought I would be perfectly safe for a brief inspection.

The men rushed me to hospital, where I discovered I had broken both my wrists and several fingers on each hand when I had tried to break my fall. My forearms had also been lightly fractured and I had also, according to Doctor Faddish, badly stressed my back. That meant that I would have to wear a back brace until the muscle spasm in my lower back relaxed.

Eddy, my foreman had rushed to tell Carly and brought her to the hospital where she hugged me violently, kissed me and then began crying while yelling at me.

‘You could have been killed!’

‘It was just an accident,’ I said as Doctor Faddish entered.

‘But your hands!’ Carly said, pointing at both my hands, which were now encased in plaster from the elbows to my fingertips and then covered with white bandages.

‘Jack will be fine, Carly,’ Doctor Faddish said in his best bedside manner, ‘the plaster will be off in eight weeks.’

‘Eight weeks!’

I looked at him in disbelief.

‘But Doctor, how will...’

‘You’ll find it difficult but you’ll manage. You have no choice, Jack,’ he said sternly. ‘The back brace will stay

on until your lower back muscles relax and the spasm is released.'

'Back brace?' Carly quickly asked.

'Jack has a bad lower back spasm which as constricted his muscles. He cannot bend his back for a few days, maybe longer. If Jack takes it easy and does not exert himself, his back may relax in a day or so. I'll examine him in a few days and we'll see what the progress has been.'

Doctor Faddish smiled thinly.

'You were very lucky, Jack, very lucky indeed. You can go home but take it easy. You won't be able to do anything strenuous for quite a while and your hands won't be usable for at least six or seven weeks.'

'But, Doctor,' I protested, 'I have a business to run!'

'Your business will run fine without you, Jack. It has to as you have no choice.'

He nodded to Carly and left, closing the door behind him.

'Eight weeks!' I said desperately.

'You'll be fine,' Carly said, looking around the hospital room for my clothes, 'think of it as a holiday. Ah, here they are,' she said, opening a closet.

She helped me swing my legs over the side of the bed and, I awkwardly stood up, the back brace holding my lower back stiff.

'Looks like Mummy will have to help her widdle boy get dressed,' Carly giggled.

Glaring at her, I snapped, 'that's *not* funny!'

'Depends on your point of view, I suppose,' Carly said airily.

Carly undid the laces at the back of the hospital gown and I was naked.

'Lift your arms up for Mummy.'

'Stop that!'

'It seems your sense of humour stayed on the roof,' Carly muttered, sliding my t-shirt over my head. 'Can you help me here? You're acting like a child! Move your arms through the arm holes!'

Sullenly, I pushed my left arm through the armhole and clumsily followed with the right. My arms felt strange, as I had no movement in the hands, wrists or fingers at all. The plaster and bandages felt heavy and unwieldy.

Carly picked up my underpants, spread them out for me to step into and perversely, my cock began to stiffen.

Carly did not miss the sign.

'I think sex is off the agenda, honey,' she said with a sly smile. 'Step into these unless you want to walk out of here with your dicky swinging in the breeze.'

Embarrassedly, my cock bloomed into full hardness.

'Oh,' Carly said, raising an eyebrow, 'you *like* the idea, you exhibitionist?'

Carly giggled and waggled the underpants.

'Come on, stiffy, step into these.'

I didn't know what to say so I just stepped into the underpants and Carly pulled them up. She gave my hard cock a squeeze and then dropped my shirt over my head.

'Arms!'

It was a struggle but I managed and Carly buttoned the shirt before giving me a peck on the cheek.

'Good boy; Mummy's pleased.'

'Carly, will you *stop* talking like that! I don't like it!'

'Then, why do you still have a stiffy?' Carly said sweetly, holding my trousers, ready for me to step into them.

I had no answer and sulkily stepped into my trousers and Carly zipped them up.

Carly squatted, her dress riding up and I looked appreciatively at her legs as she put my socks and shoes on.

'You were peeking,' she said with a smile, standing up and smoothing her dress down.

'Can't a man look at his wife?'

'I'm afraid that's all you'll be doing for a while, by the looks of it.'

Carly looked at the bulge in my crotch and sighed.

'Can't have you walking out of the hospital with a stiffy, darling. Can't you make it go down?'

No,' I snapped, 'not with you in a short skirt and your tits hanging out of your top!'

‘Not *tits*, darling,’ Carly gently corrected me; ‘you know I don’t like that word.’

‘Sorry,’ I mumbled, taking a few careful steps to test my movements with the back brace.

‘Guess we should have had sex last night when I was in the mood,’ Carly said cattily.

‘I was tired!’

‘You’re *always* tired lately, darling,’ Carly said. ‘Frankly, I think it’s because you’ve been wanking too much. Well,’ she giggled, pointing at my plastered and bandaged hands, ‘you won’t be wanking for at least six weeks.’

‘He said eight,’ I mumbled, realising the bind I was now in.

I couldn’t dress, go to the toilet, shower or eat without help. I was helpless for at least eight weeks.

‘We’ll have to do something about it,’ Carly said, squatting in front of me and unzipping my trousers.

Within seconds, before I could protest, Carly had my trousers and underpants around my ankles. Shocked, I looked down as she casually slid her hand up and down my hard cock.

‘Is that nice, darling?’ Carly asked, looking up past my cock at me.

‘Yes,’ I moaned as she expertly pumped my cock with her soft but controlling hands. A vague hope that she would suck me popped into my lust addled mind.

‘Whoops,’ Carly said suddenly, stopping her hand movements and standing up. ‘I’d better get some tissues. Otherwise you’ll be spurting everywhere.’

Before I could say anything, Carly walked to the bathroom, leaving me standing helplessly naked from the waist down and my cock stiff!

Anxiously, I stared at the closed door and hoped now one would come in

Carly returned, smiled and waved a wad of tissues at me.

‘What if a nurse had come in?’ I asked as she resumed her position, hand stroking my cock.

Carly shrugged.

‘I’m sure she’s seen a stiffy before, darling. I’m sure blokes get hard in hospitals all the time. Now, can you hurry up?’

‘It’s not that easy!’ I said through gritted teeth. ‘Perhaps if you suck me...’

‘I’m not doing *that*, darling, remember?’

I *did* remember as we had a huge fight about a week ago after Carly had sucked me. She had her period and then complained that I never wanted to touch her when she was menstruating.

The argument had expanded and Carly had proclaimed that our sex life was completely one sided! In short, I was a selfish bastard! I had flinched at that and as Carly had pointed out that I had enjoyed her going down on me while I never returned the favour as much as she

liked! The argument had ended with Carly proclaiming she would not suck me unless I went down on her!

It was a stalemate.

I looked down at her beautiful face and willed her to take my cock between her pouting lips.

‘I’ll give you something to look at,’ Carly said.

My wife pulled her top down with her left hand while pumping my cock with her other hand. I stared at her ripe milky breasts encased in the sheer white netting of her bra cup.

‘Peek at my boobies, darling while I milk you.’

The combination of the silky touch of her hand, the sight of her breasts and her words brought me rushing towards an orgasm.

Carly, sensing my approaching ejaculation moved the tissues towards the head of my cock while she pumped it harder and faster.

‘Come, darling,’ Carly whispered, hand moving faster up and down my cock, ‘spurt into the tissues like a good boy!’

Her words stung me and aroused me at the same time. Groaning and shuddering, my body stiffened against the back brace and I came!

Carly continued to milk me, deftly absorbing my come in the wad of tissues, until I was spent.

My wife held the soaked tissues between forefinger and thumb and walked to the bathroom. My cock had shrunk by the time she had flushed the toilet and adjusted my clothing.

‘That’s better,’ Carly said, kissing me. ‘You should thank me, darling.’

‘Thanks,’ I mumbled.

‘Good boy,’ she said, putting my wallet and keys in her purse.

‘Stop calling me that!’

‘It’s just a term of affection, darling, don’t get all hot and bothered.’

‘I’m not bothered!’

‘Well, you look bothered, darling. Can you walk?’

‘Yes,’ I snapped, walking slowly towards the door.

2.

The drive home was a little uncomfortable as my back hurt each time we hit a bump. Carly looked at me worriedly.

‘You all right, darling?’

‘Yes, but try not to hit the bumps!’

‘I *am* trying, darling, I’m not hitting them on purpose!’

Stiffly, I eased out of the car, Carly held the front door open for me and I walked slowly inside.

‘Let’s get you comfortable on the sofa.’

She plumped some cushions and I lowered myself onto the sofa. Carly took the television remote and looked down at me.

‘What channel?’

‘News.’

She changed the channel and put the remote down on the coffee table. I enviously looked at it. I couldn't even change the TV channel!

'Do you need anything?'

I shook my head.

'I have some work to do so I'll be in my studio. Call if you need anything.'

Carly was a graphic designer and worked from a large room behind the kitchen, which we called "*the studio*".

I nodded and I watched her walk away, her succulent arse swinging side to side in the dress.

The television was boring and after almost half an hour of dozing in front of the news channel, I realised I had to pee.

Slowly and carefully, I got to my feet and walked towards Carly's studio. She was sitting on a stool in front of her drawing board and was carefully marking a line with a pencil and ruler.

Sheepishly, I cleared my throat and Carly turned.

'What's up, darling?'

'Ah, I need to pee.'

Carly smiled and I felt my face grow warm.

'Ok. Let's go.'

She led the way and opened the bathroom door. Immediately, she began undoing my trousers.

'What are you doing?'

'Taking your trousers down, darling. I would have thought that was obvious.'

‘But, I don’t need them down...’

Carly frowned at me as my trousers puddled around my ankles.

‘If you think I’m going to hold your dicky while you pee, think again! You’ll have to sit down.’

I glanced at my bandaged lower arms and hands and realised I could not hold anything.

‘Just sit down and do it, darling,’ Carly urged. ‘I have to get back to my work. I have a deadline to meet!’

Grudgingly, I sat down on the toilet and Carly leaned against the door, arms folded.

‘Are you going to stay?’

‘Why not? You’re just *peeing*, sweetie. You pee with other men, don’t you?’

‘But that’s different...’

‘Oh, for goodness *sakes!*’ Carly snapped with exasperation. ‘I’ll wait outside!’

Carly turned around and walked out of the bathroom, leaving the door open. I thought about asking her to shut the door but decided that would make me look even more foolish.

As I peed, I wonder how I was going go to the toilet for more than simple urination! Suddenly, I wished I had worn a safety harness on that darn roof!

Clumsily, I stood up and used my elbow to push the flush button.

Carly was standing in the doorway again when I turned back.

‘I think sitting down is more sensible anyway. Blokes aren’t as accurate as they think they are.’

She bent down, pulled my trousers up and fastened them.

‘I’m not doing this for eight bloody weeks,’ Carly mumbled.

‘We have no choice!’ I snapped.

‘I’ll think of something. Now, can you make it back to the sofa by yourself? I really have to finish lettering that drawing.’

3.

Dinner was embarrassing as Carly took great joy in teasing me as she fed me.

‘Open up for Mummy,’ she giggled, waving the spoon in front of me.

‘Will you stop that?’ I barked, opening my mouth for the spoonful of soup.

‘Can’t you see the funny side of this?’ Carly asked preparing another spoonful. ‘Open up the tunnel. Here comes the choo-choo!’

Glaring at my wife, I opened my mouth and received another spoonful of soup.

‘You know I don’t like soup that much.’

‘Doctor said you had to have light meals. Now, stop playing games and eat up. I want to shower you so I can get back to my work.’

‘It’s too early for a shower,’ I protested.

‘Sorry, sweetie, but I have that deadline so I want you all tucked up in bed...’

‘I am *not* going to bed!’

‘What else are you going to do?’ Carly asked, feeding me more soup. ‘You can watch TV in bed and doze. Doctor said you needed rest, darling.’

Carly wrapped plastic bags around my lower arms and hands to protect the bandages and plaster from the water. She also removed the back brace as Doctor Faddish had, apparently, told Carly that it could be removed for bathing as long as I kept my back straight and the brace was replaced immediately afterwards.

We had hand showers on adjustable bars in all our showers so Carly could hold the shower in her hand to wash me.

My cock stirred as I watched Carly peel her panties off and then tossed her bra into the clothes hamper.

My wife was certainly beautiful and I watched her magnificent breasts wobble and jiggle as she tucked her blonde hair under a pale yellow shower cap.

‘What are you doing?’ I asked thickly, my cock at half-mast.

Carly squeezed past me, her flesh touching mine as she turned the water on in the shower.

‘I’m not going to get my clothes wet, darling. Now, get in; the water is just right and be careful of your back. No bending!’

She directed the water onto me and I flinched but then relaxed as Carly soaped and washed me.

I gasped as she calmly soaped my balls and my now stiff cock.

‘Looks like someone is aroused again,’ she murmured, fingers lingering on my rigid cock.

‘What do you expect?’ I growled. ‘You’re naked and playing with my cock!’

‘*Washing* your dicky, darling, not *playing*! Now, turn around so I can wash your botty.’

‘Will you stop talking...?’

‘Oh hush! Stay still.’

Her hands felt wonderful and I knew my erection would not fade.

Carly turned the water off and guided me carefully out of the shower, urging me to take small steps so I would not slip over.

Briskly, she rubbed me all over with the towel and strapped the back brace on.

My cock was still hard but I didn’t say anything, secretly hoping that Carly would give me another handjob or, better still, suck me off!

But, she didn’t.

Instead, she helped me into my pyjama top and then into my pyjama bottoms.

My hard cock poked through the fly hole of the bottoms.

‘I better get some clothes on,’ Carly laughed, ‘so your dicky will shrink.’

‘Couldn’t you...you know...just...’

‘Wank you?’ Carly asked coolly, slipping into her robe and I regretfully watched her pussy with the fine blonde hairs vanish. ‘I have work to do. Just think about something else. Now,’ she peeled the bed covers back, ‘hop into bed.’

‘Carly, can’t I just sit downstairs on the sofa?’ I pleaded, hating the way I sounded.

‘Darling, you need rest and lying down is better than sitting up. Now, get into bed.’

Grumbling, I eased into bed and lay down.

‘That’s a good little boy,’ Carly teased, kissing my forehead. ‘Open up for your pills.’

Dutifully, I opened my mouth and swallowed the pills.

She switched the bedroom television on, waved and vanished.

I watched television and dozed until I fell into such a deep sleep that I did not even feel Carly getting into bed.