

HER
KINKY SIDE



Carmenica Diaz

Her Kinky Side.



Carmenica Diaz

Her Kinky Side
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. Finding Chloe.

1.

Chloe belted me on our wedding day or, at least, I should say on our wedding *night*! Of course, I protested but she was adamant that the chastity belt would enhance our marriage and prevent me from masturbating.

What kind of man allows his wife to capture his cock and control it through a complex and invulnerable chastity belt?

If you had asked me that years ago, I would have said that kind of man was an idiot as well as probably pussy-whipped! Now, I would have to agree with that description, even though I would be labelling myself!

It is a sorry state of affairs and has taught me the invaluable lesson of never underestimating the cruelty of a woman! Especially a woman who has a decidedly kinky side.

Let's go back to the beginning of this sad and sordid tale.

My name is Barton Smith and I am forty-four years of age. I own and operate successful warehouse complexes in small to medium sized cities, which has made me rather wealthy. Not over the top wealthy, just comfortable.

The business was good – actually ran itself – so there was little effort for good money. I had a spacious house in a salubrious suburb, belonged to the right clubs and drove a Mercedes. If I felt like a vacation, I took one and went wherever I wanted in the world, whenever I liked!

My life was excellent except I was lonely and dreamed of having that special someone who could share what I had and explore the world's vacation spots together.

I had never married and really never even had a fulltime girlfriend.

Why?

Quite early, I discovered that women didn't like going into relationships with men shorter than themselves.

I am short and stocky so *that* handicap cut out a great number of potential female partners.

My communication skills are not great as I become tongue tied around women and often stutter. I've been to many therapists and after paying a great deal of money, all that was resolved was that I invariably stutter when I'm stressed. That was a big help, as I already knew that!

Anyway, you can see why some women might shy away from me?

As well as stuttering and being short, I'm also bald and, I suspect, although nothing has ever been said, that my penis is not overly endowed.

As I said, no one has ever said anything but a few surreptitious glances in the locker rooms over the years have convinced me that I am smaller than average.

It didn't matter as I had no one to make love to.

Yes, I have wealth but money can't buy self-confidence and self-esteem.

Life was ok but, at the end of the day, I was lonely!

Very lonely!

2.

I don't know when the idea of enrolling in an online dating service first occurred to me but I found myself whiling away spare hours (and I had plenty of spare time) trawling through the many dating web sites.

One seemed to appeal because the men paid to join but it was free for the women. Consequently, there were large numbers of women available.

I paid the exorbitant fee and set about building my personal page with my details and photograph.

I looked through some of the other pages to gain inspiration and realised that many of the men were gilding the lily with retouched photographs and obviously exaggerated stories.

I decided to tell the truth!

Firstly, I took a few photographs with a digital camera and chose the one that showed the real me! Even though I knew I wouldn't get any replies, something convinced me to be honest!

If I lie, I told myself, the truth will be revealed sooner or later and women will see me for what I am on the first date and it would be very uncomfortable! No, tell the truth, Barton!

In the vital statistic section on the page, I also told the truth about my height and weight. Even in my biography, I mentioned that I was "challenged by height"! I also mentioned that I owned my own business, house and car.

There were no lies and, satisfied with my integrity, I pushed the button to publish the page.

For weeks, nothing happened and even though I had small hopes at the beginning, those hopes began to fade with each passing day.

Then, I received the first email!

With trembling hands, I read it and was surprised to see it was from a woman named Chloe who was interested in getting together so we would get to know each other.

Of course, I replied that I was also interested and a few hours later, she sent me the web address of her page.

I couldn't believe it; her photographs were brilliant!

She was a smiling, attractive woman who made no bones about the fact she was thirty-five and previously married.

After chatting online, we decided to meet for coffee.

Although nervous and tongue-tied, the meeting went well and Chloe didn't even comment or seem to notice when I slipped into a nervous stutter.

The weeks that followed were enjoyable and I was falling under the spell of this voluptuous, happy woman who, even though she was much taller than I, didn't seem to mind my height.

We kissed a few times. To be truthful, Chloe kissed *me* and I passively accepted.

Sometimes, I thought she would want me to be more assertive, more of a man and, timidly, I raised that issue.

'No,' Chloe said with a smile, 'I like that about you. Believe me there are enough men with all that macho bullshit! It's nice to find someone who lets the woman take the lead.'

It was a dream come true although I was nervous about having sex for the first time and Chloe seeing my smaller than average cock.

Size doesn't matter, I told myself silently but even I knew that was not true.

Chloe surprised me one afternoon when we were walking hand and hand by the river.

‘Darling,’ Chloe said carefully and I looked at her in surprise and, smiling, she added, ‘don’t you like me calling you “*darling*”?’

‘Very much.’

‘Good. Darling,’ Chloe began again, ‘I think we should be honest about things.’

‘Of course.’

‘I’m looking for a life partner...’

‘So am I!’

Chloe kissed the top of my head and beamed at me.

‘That’s wonderful to hear, darling. However, we must find out if we’re compatible,’ she said as she looked away, ‘sexually.’

My heart turned over.

Was this beguiling creature willing to have sex with me?

Would I be able to perform satisfactorily?

‘Y...yes,’ I stuttered.

Chloe sighed and kept her face from mine.

‘I know this is going to seem so very forward of me, darling,’ she murmured, ‘but I have a fantasy of...of...’

Her face was pink and I stopped, waiting.

After a little silence, I prompted, ‘a fantasy? What kind of fantasy.’

‘You’re a man of the world, I suppose,’ she said.

‘Hardly!’ I laughed. ‘Come on, darling, what do you fantasise about?’

‘I fantasy,’ Chloe said in a rush, ‘about a loving man who loves to...to..’

She faltered and looked at the river. Gently I took her hand.

‘Loves to what?’

‘You’re going to think I’m awful.’

‘No, not at all. Be honest with me, Chloe,’ I said, looking up at her.

Chloe took a deep breath.

‘I want a man who will give me pleasure with...with his mouth.’

She kept staring at the river as my mind rushed through the interior corridors of my brain. My cock moved of its own accord towards rigidity at the thought of licking Chloe’s pussy, of roaming over her voluptuous body and burying my face between her musky thighs.

Chloe turned her big eyes on me and asked softly, ‘you think I’m terrible, don’t you?’

‘No,’ I said excitedly, ‘I *want* to do that! I would love it!’

‘You...you would?’

Looking back, I can recall a fleeting smile on Chloe’s face but at the time, I just dismissed it, thinking I had imagined that expression.

‘Yes!’ I hugged her and stood on my toes to kiss her. ‘I would love to do that.’

‘But would you really?’ Chloe said, breaking free of my embrace and standing close to the river, arms folded. ‘Or are you just saying that and would you be like other

men who begin but then give up expecting to be able to do...to do *things*?’

It hurt me slightly when she referred to “*other*” men but I put that behind me.

‘I wouldn’t give up, darling,’ I said softly, ‘I just want to make you happy.’

There was another strange expression in her eyes but only for a few seconds. Again, I dismissed it at the time but looking back, I wonder if that had been an expression of triumph, of her personal victory.

‘Then we should try it,’ Chloe said shyly, ‘if we’re going to be together for a long time.’

My heart leapt and we hugged.



2. Pending Joy.

1.

The next day, I purchased an engagement ring, secreted it in my pocket and hurried to meet Chloe at the restaurant for our romantic dinner.

I spent wildly on her, buying gifts in an effort to impress the woman who had become so important in my life.

Little did I know how much it *did* impress her and what it would lead to!

‘Darling,’ I said nervously, ‘I...I...I’d...’

I tried vainly not to stutter and Chloe just took my hand and smiled at me.

‘I know what you’re trying to say, darling,’ Chloe said.

Surprised, I looked at her apprehensively.

She knew I was going to ask her to marry me and was about to say no?

‘You want to show me that you can do it, don’t you?’

Words would not come and Chloe smiled warmly as she patted my hand.

‘You want to use your mouth to give me happiness to prove to me that you’re my kind of man?’

Chloe raised an eyebrow and I quickly nodded, my cock hard in my trousers.

‘And you’ll get your chance tonight, darling.’

I almost came in my trousers right then as an image of a naked Chloe flew unbidden into my fevered mind.

We went back to my place and I grandly showed Chloe around. She wanted to see everything and picked up items in a possessive manner, examining them before smiling and telling me that I had a nice house.

‘But so big and lonely, darling,’ she cooed softly in my ear, ‘it needs a woman’s touch.’

‘Yes,’ I said urgently, ‘it does!’

‘Let’s look at the bedroom, darling,’ Chloe said with a sexy leer and I followed her ample bottom up the stairs, watching her buttocks undulate in the satin dress, imaging what those globes would be like naked and hot in my hands!

‘This is lovely,’ she said looking around the bedroom, opening the walk in closet and then inspecting the attached bathroom. ‘Very lovely indeed,’ Chloe said, smiling broadly at me and peeling her Bolero jacket off.

I stared mesmerised at her large breasts outlined in that tantalisingly low neckline.

‘Are you ready to show me, darling?’

‘Y...yes,’ I croaked, licking my suddenly dry lips.

‘Well, silly billy, take your clothes off!’

Chloe smiled enticingly and my cock throbbed. Even though I was afraid that she would see my cock, a cock I was convinced was smaller than average, I was compelled to begin removing my shirt and tie.

‘W...w...what about...y...you?’ I stuttered.

‘Darling, we’re not in a *married* relationship,’ she said, speaking as if she was explaining to a slow child, ‘and it wouldn’t be appropriate for me to completely undress. But don’t worry, darling,’ Chloe said with a sexy smirk, ‘I’ll pull my knickers off so you can show me you *really* want to fulfil my fantasy.’

She watched as I kicked my shoes off and then removed my trousers.

My hard cock poked through the opening of my boxer under shorts and Chloe giggled softly against the palm of her hand as I pulled the last garment down and off.

Her eyes travelled over my naked body and I wondered, my face glowing, if she would say something about my cock.

Is it small?

She didn’t, just smiled warmly and stood up.

‘Don’t peek, darling,’ Chloe said, turning her back to me and bending forward slightly as she reached under her skirt.

My cock quivered at the sexy sight of black satin panties puddling around her feet.

Chloe giggled and sat down on the bed, knees primly together and smiling as she pointed at the ground in front of her.

‘Kneel there, darling and bring your tie.’

Puzzled, my discarded tie now back in my hands, I knelt naked in front of Chloe, my rigid cock throbbing wildly.

‘Give me your tie and close your eyes, darling.’

‘C...c...close m...my eyes?’

‘Of course, darling, you can’t expect a girl to actually let a man other than her husband look at her bits! I’ll blindfold you and then you can use that wicked tongue on me! You’ll like that, won’t you?’

‘Ah...y...yes...but I...’

‘Shush, darling. Close your eyes.’

I heard a new edge to her voice and quickly closed my eyes.

Chloe expertly wrapped the tie tightly over my eyes and tied it behind my head.

‘There. Can you see, darling? Truth, please.’

‘N...no, I...I can’t s...see...’

‘Good.’

I felt her hand behind my head push me forward and then guide me even closer.

‘You can’t see, darling but you can smell,’ Chloe giggled. ‘Can you smell me?’

I inhaled deeply and my senses were immediately assailed by a rich musky perfume.

I’m just inches from her pussy!

Even though I couldn’t see what I most desired, my cock throbbed wildly with restrained desire.

‘Stick your tongue out, darling,’ Chloe murmured, her hand guiding my head forward. ‘Keep your tongue out until you touch me!’

Her voice had acquired a husky tone and my tongue suddenly touched hair and then a velvety smooth flesh.

I’m licking her cunt!

I almost came there and then!

I heard Chloe sigh and then push my face closer with her fingers while quietly telling me what to do with my tongue.

I lost all track of time, lost in my dark world where only the senses of smell and taste performed adequately.

Chloe kept up a continuous stream of quietly spoken exhortations and I followed every one of those instructions to the letter, licking and tonguing constantly.

Moisture flooded my mouth and coated my face as I worked and, suddenly Chloe’s instructions ceased, replaced with a series of small moans and murmured comments.

‘That’s lovely. I think you will be a very good licker, darling! Ooooo, wonderful. Hold there! Don’t move!’

Her hands pushed my face deep against her wetness and I was astounded to feel her rub against me until her body stiffened and shuddered.

Suddenly, she pushed me away and I heard her stand up.

‘That was nice, darling, a cute little come! I’m sure you’ll get better and that was a nice start. Now, wait there for your reward.’

I heard her walk away and the bathroom door close.

Patiently, I waited kneeling naked on the floor, my cock rigid and pulsing while my girlfriend used the bathroom.

She returned and I felt her fingers on the blindfold as she untied it.

Blinking in the sudden light, I looked up at Chloe who beamed at me and kissed my forehead gently.

‘Such a clever little boy. Sit up here, darling, next to me.’

I was conscious I was still naked but as, I saw her knickers were still on the floor, I was optimistic of sexual intercourse.

Looking back, I can see what a fool I was!

‘Did you like doing that to me, darling?’ Chloe asked when I sat on the bed next to her.

Her hand cupped my balls and I shivered with an intense arousal.

‘Y...yes...I did...’

‘You’ll do it again for me, darling?’

‘Of...of course, d...darling...’

‘How sweet! Look, your dickie is hard. Would you like me to milk it for you?’

I blinked at her.

‘M...milk...’

‘We can’t have sexual intercourse, darling,’ Chloe explained in that schoolmistress tone I was coming to know, ‘that wouldn’t be right. Do you think I’m that sort of girl?’

She almost glared at me and I blinked, beating a quick tactical retreat. Oh what a fool I was!

‘N...n...No...of c...course n...not...’

‘Then you want me to milk you?’

I wanted to *fuck* her! That’s what I really wanted but I knew that wasn’t going to happen so any orgasm was better than nothing!

‘Y...yes...p...please...’