

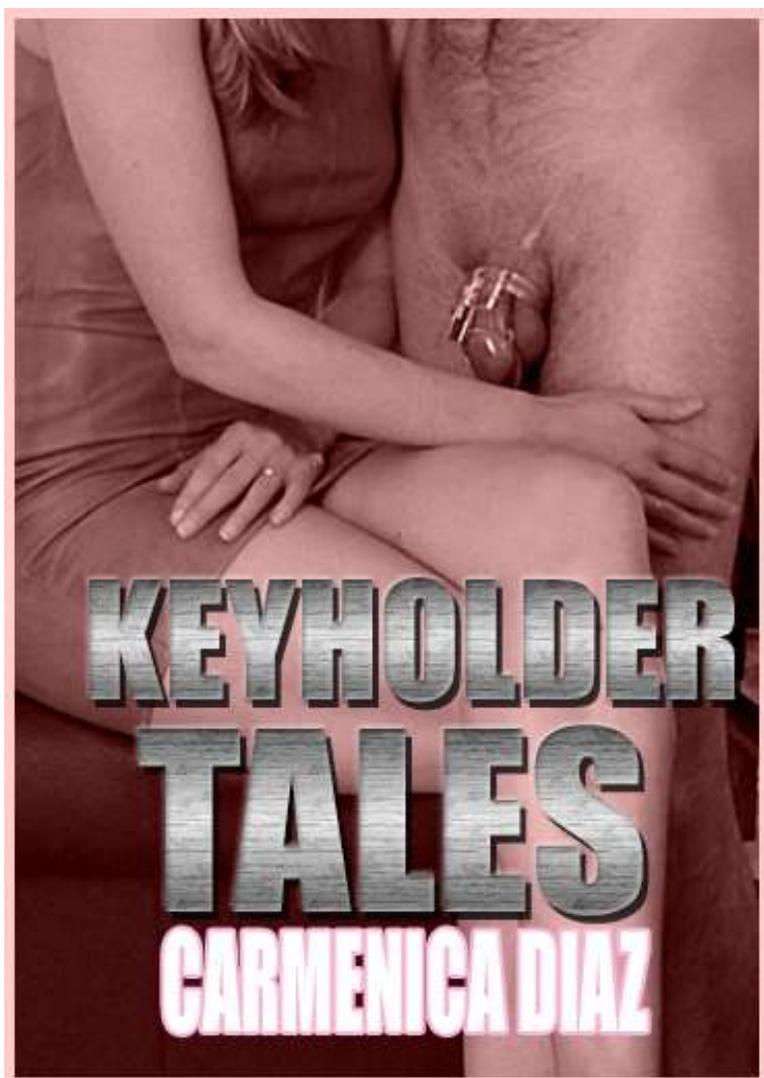
KEYHOLDER TALES

CARMENICA DIAZ

Femdom Novels by Carmenica Diaz

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KEYHOLDER

TALES

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.

PREVIEW

Keyholder Tales

Carmenica Diaz

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This is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to actual persons, either living or dead, or events are entirely coincidental



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Keyholder Tales

The Step-Mother! – Life in a chastity belt can be heaven *and* hell! Especially when a voluptuous and very knowledgeable step-mother is involved.

Chaste Justice – Portia Doyle discovers her husband is unfaithful. She decides to save their marriage through an innovative approach.

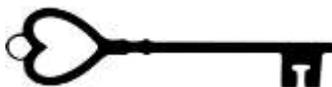
Marital Conversation – The wife's side of a conversation about chastity and the benefits of being the keyholder.



I require three things in a man: he must be handsome, ruthless, and stupid. - Dorothy Parker

The Step-Mother

What fresh hell is this? - Dorothy Parker



I have a *very* sexy girlfriend! Carina is a *very* sexy woman! Long blonde hair, voluptuous figure, bright green eyes and long delectable legs. She has a beautiful sensuous face that can adopt innocence. However, that beguiling persona hides a devious mind and an insatiable need to *control*! She also has an incredibly healthy libido as well as a completely selfish attitude to life!

It is difficult to believe Carina is my girlfriend! She is nine years younger and we've been seeing each other for over a year. Living together can be heaven as well as hell! During the past year, it has become more *hell* than *heaven*. There were times, of course, when I wished I wasn't locked in such a secure chastity belt! However, the constant arousal and my submissive nature combined to make me believe I wouldn't want my life to change!

I did not come to terms with my submissive nature until I met Carina. Perhaps she sensed that part of me and that was one of the reasons she zeroed in on me. And she began extracting secret fantasies and humiliating confessions in the first weeks of our relationship!

Tied to the bed naked with Carina slowly and deftly caressing my cock, edging me into submission and spilling my innermost secrets for the chance to come, I told her *everything!*

Far from being shocked, she almost rubbed her hands with glee. And now, just a little under a year later, I am locked in one of the most secure chastity belts available! My sexual life is completely controlled by my wife! Carina decides when and where I have sex. However, the current definition of sex in our household is whenever *Carina* has an *orgasm!* Therefore, I am getting a lot of *sex* but minimal sexual satisfaction! In other words, Carina comes, and I don't!

She has upped the ante so many times, I am left in a constant state of confused arousal. I have never been so frustrated and Carina dresses provocatively to tease me into even greater levels of intense frustration.

I just went along with whatever she wanted and Carina knew that! When she announced we were spending the weekend at her step-mother's villa, I begged her to let me out of the chastity belt for the weekend.

'Why on earth would I do that, darling?' Carina asked with a pretty frown. 'You would just wank all weekend.'

'I wouldn't!' I protested. Even though, the thought of being able to wank when I wanted *was* enticing!

'You know you would,' Carina said. 'Besides, once you come, you aren't as attentive.' Carina put her fingers on my arm and the contact of her flesh drove my cock into a little dance of frustration within the chastity belt. 'I want you to be your normal attentive self this weekend to show Alessandra.'

'Your ... your *step-mother?*' Carina's step-mother, Alessandra, claimed to be forty and, honestly, she could get away with such a claim. Trim body of a thirty-year-old with large breasts that were, I secretly thought, product of a little cosmetic

surgical assistance, she was sexy with a knowing twinkle in her eyes. Alessandra had walked down the aisle three times but was currently single. Her second husband was Carina's father and he lived in Portugal with his new boyfriend. I don't know if he was always secretly gay or Alessandra drove him to it with, I have heard, her many affairs. I briefly met Carina's father at party held by one of Carina's friends but not since. The first husband, I am told, died and the third lasted a mere six months before retreating back to New York.

PREVIEW

Chaste Justice

The sweeter the apple, the blacker the core. Scratch a lover and find a foe! -

Dorothy Parker



My husband, Jack and I have been married for almost three years. At our engagement, our friends gathered around, raised champagne flutes and pronounced we were absolutely made for each other.

We were both educated at excellent schools and graduated from the best universities. My family could trace lineage back to 17th Century Europe and there are vague remnants of old money. Jack came from Boston his family had made scads of money during the prohibition. Of course, that was *never* referred to!

Jack is tall, dark and ruggedly handsome and I am, I'm often told, not *unattractive*. Many saw us as a perfect match, a young couple with much potential. Of course, I knew the whispers, the snide comments, that handsome Jack Doyle could have done better than *me*!

I am a junior associate at a large legal firm in the city while Jack is an accountant at a prestigious group across town. From our small apartment in the city, we enjoy all New York offers with its fine restaurants and theatres.

We are both competitive and enjoy our particular sports. Jack plays racquet twice a week, once in competition and the other with friends from his office. I love aerobics, yoga and the gym. Our commitment to our sports and fitness as well as our work made it difficult to see each other *every* night but our relationship continued to flourish. Or, so I thought. Later, I realised that he wasn't as committed to his racquet ball as I had thought.

'Portia,' my friend Evelyn said. 'There's something I must tell you.' We were having lunch and enjoying gossip with a fine wine. She looked very serious.

'Of course,' I said. I knew she had been having trouble with her husband Bill and expected news of a pending divorce.

Evelyn sipped her wine, took a deep breath and it rushed out. 'Jack is having an affair!'

I was stunned, frozen with my wineglass near my lips. 'I *beg* your pardon?' I croaked.

'I'm sorry, Portia,' she said, concerned. 'I *had* to tell you.'

'Who?'

'Sue.'

I should have known. Sue was his young secretary and a stunning woman. I didn't want to cry but couldn't help myself. Evelyn held my hand on the crisp tablecloth until the tears subsided. 'Are you sure?' I squeaked, drying my eyes with my handkerchief.

Marital Conversation

If you wear a short enough skirt, the party will come to you. - Dorothy Parker



‘Darling, I’m not *exactly* sure what you mean when you say you want me to be your *keyholder*? What *is* a keyholder? I hope it’s not something to do with those silly games you play on your computer. It isn’t? I couldn’t imagine myself playing one of those *dreary* games! Then, what *is* a keyholder?’

‘Just when I thought our marriage was becoming predictable, you waltz in with this! My goodness, darling, you have *floored* me! I am *speechless*!’

‘A chastity *belt*? Like for women? Like knights going away on the crusades and locking their wives up?’

‘For men? Really? Is there *really* a male chastity belt? Is this some sort of joke, darling?’

‘They *really* exist? Then, how do they work? I mean, your thingy is *out* there, if you know what I mean. A chastity belt is to stop access, isn’t it? So, how does *that* work for a bloke?’

PREVIEW

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PREVIEW