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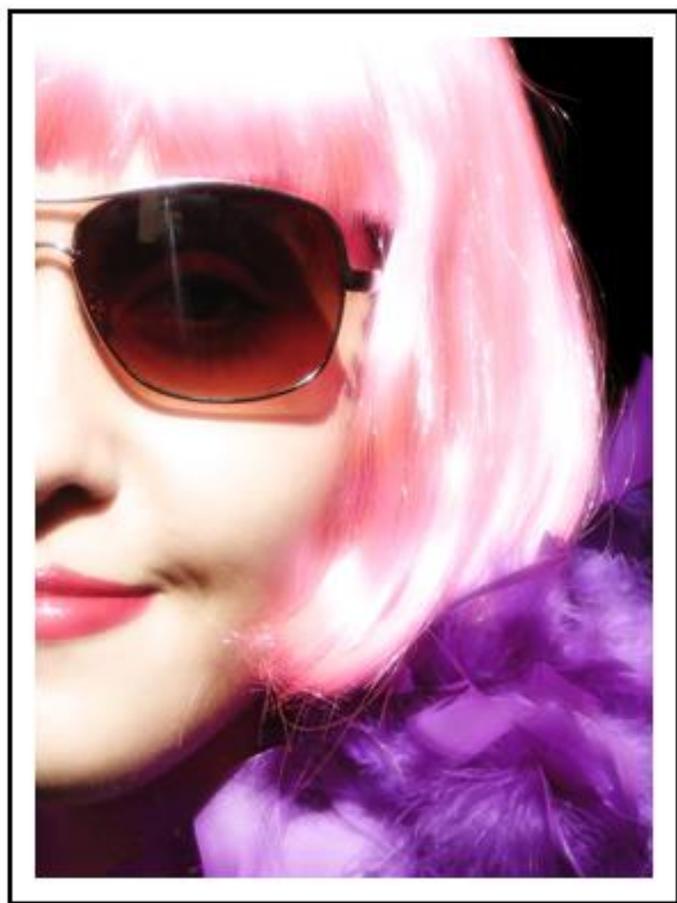
**The**  
**MISTRESS**  
**NEXT DOOR**

*Carmenica Diaz*

*Also by Carmenica Diaz*

<b>FemDom Novels</b>	<b>FemDom Novels(Cont)</b>	<b>Transgender Romance</b>
Addicted to Sally	Teaching Tony	Alchemy Series
A Little Spice	Therapy	Avenging Annie
Andrea	The Vacation	Body Double
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Betrayed	Toys	Catherine Lawrence
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Submissive Husband	Dancing Barefoot	Lana & Other Stories
	Dominique	Teasing Tales
	The Wedding	Wicked Women

# **The MISTRESS** **Next Door**



**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.

Carmenica Diaz is, of course, a pen name.

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.

## **The Mistress Next Door**

**CARMENICA DIAZ**

**FIRST VOLUME PUBLISHED 2009, COMBINED VOLUMES FIRST  
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# Suspicion

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Mona and I were married three years before I began to get suspicious.

We were reasonably happy. In the beginning, we were mad for sex and constantly shagged. I just had to tap Mona on the shoulder and she was bending over for me! She was insatiable and I loved it.

What bloke wouldn't?

Anytime I wanted to make love, my sexy wife was *very* agreeable!

Then, I began reading Female Domination stories and, imagination tickled, thought we should try some of the FemDom scenarios.

To be honest, I had been thinking about those little scenes for a while but constantly put them to the back of my mind, hiding them out of sight!

For some reason, the idea of submitting to my sexy wife, to playing kinky games really turned me on! It certainly made me tingle with excitement just at the thought of submitting!

I thought Mona and I had the trust between us necessary to expand our repertoire. She also showed a willingness to try stuff. Now, so I thought, was the time to take those forbidden scenarios out of the dark corners of my mind, dust them off and try them!

I explained to Mona that she could take control, get me to do stuff, even spank me and it would be fun.

'No,' Mona said quietly.

'No?' I said incredulously. 'But, you like to try stuff!'

'*Other* stuff,' she said quietly.

'But, you are ready for anything...'

'Not that,' Mona said and that was the end of it.

I tried a few more times to get Mona to discuss trying female domination but she would not hear of it.

## 2.

‘Honey,’ I called, ‘are you home?’

The house was silent and I walked into the kitchen. It was unusual for Mona not to be home just before dinner and I worriedly looked through the house.

The kitchen showed the usual chaotic signs of Mona cooking so I assumed she had popped out for a moment.

‘Probably next door,’ I murmured, opening the refrigerator.

Mona had become friends with our new next-door neighbour, Greta.

Greta was a middle-aged woman with platinum blonde hair. I had no idea what she did for a living but the few times I had been to her house, I had noticed that she had everything money could buy!

Greta always wore the most expensive fashionable clothes, Mona pointed that out when we first met her, *and* drove the latest sports car!

There was something else about her as well.

Greta was very confident in everything she did. She had calmness about her as well as a snidely knowing air.

She wasn’t unattractive physically! Big breasts, which she always teasingly displayed in low cut dresses, plump, wobbling arse and long, well carved legs!

She was about seven years older than Mona and I but Greta was one sexy piece!

The back door slammed and Mona almost ran into the kitchen.

‘Was just next door,’ she explained, gasping for breath.

‘What did you do, run back here?’

Mona’s face was pink and her throat was flushed. Her hair was also messy.

As I moved close for the dutiful kiss, Mona gently pushed me away.

'I have to pee,' she said quickly and I watched her hurry up the stairs.

When she returned she looked more assured and her hair had been brushed. What was unusual was that Mona had obviously brushed her teeth.

'You always brush your teeth after you pee?' I joked.

Mona darted a look at me, a strange look of shame and excitement.

'Just wanted to freshen up,' she said, giving me a peck on the cheek and I could smell the fresh mint of the toothpaste.

'What's for dinner?'

'Food,' Mona said, attempting a weak joke, 'I always think it's a good idea to cook food for dinner!'

'Ha! *Very* funny!'

'Not funny, dear,...' she said mildly, '...just fact!'

'Would you like a glass of wine?'

Mona looked longingly at the bottle and then shook her head. 'Ah, no thanks.'

'Are you sure?'

'Yes,' she said, furiously stirring a pot on the stove, 'I'm trying to lose weight.'

'All the more for me then.'

'That doesn't mean you have to drink the entire bottle...'

'Yoo hoo!' Greta's voice came from the back door and Mona suddenly looked worried.

I swung the door open and Greta smiled up at me.

'Good evening, Christopher.'

'Hiya, Greta. Come in.'

'Just for a mo. Mona left her cardigan at my place.' Greta showed me the pink cardigan and brushed past me into the kitchen.

'You left in such a rush, Mona,...' Greta said calmly, '...that you forgot your cardigan.'

'Uh, thanks,' Mona said softly, taking the garment from Greta's outstretched hand.

'Fancy a glass of wine, Greta?' I asked.

'Well, if you're having one,' Greta said, glancing at Mona.

'Mona's not,' I explained. 'She's trying to lose weight.'

'What nonsense,' Greta said with a cheeky smile. 'She does not need to lose weight, does she, Christopher?'

'No,' I agreed, filling another glass. 'She certainly does not.'

'I think it's nice that she has such womanly curves. Don't you?'

'Yes, I do.'

Mona flushed and looked down at the pot she was stirring.

'Where do you think you should lose weight, Mona?' Greta asked after sipping the wine.

My wife looked uncomfortable and I wondered what was going on.

'My bum,' she mumbled. 'And thighs...'

'That's what all women think,' Greta chuckled. 'Women have big bums,' Greta declared. 'It's normal.'

'Do you?' I joked and Greta smiled thinly at me.

'Well, you should know, Christopher, you have looked at my bum often enough!'

Mona glanced at me and I sheepishly murmured, 'Well, I don't think...'

'What do you think then, Christopher?' Greta asked, eyes glinting.

'I...I don't think anything...'

'So, you're completely mindless?'

*What was it about this woman that made me feel idiotic?*

'That's not what I...I said,' I mumbled, sipping wine.

*Greta can be such a bitch when she wants!*

'I'm happy with my bum,' Greta said, 'It's attractive to certain people!'

'Do you want to stay for dinner, M...Greta,' Mona mumbled and I looked quizzically at my wife.

Greta looked at me with a strange smile and then drained her glass. 'No, I must see a man about a cat,' she said with an arched eyebrow.'

'A cat?' I heard myself asking. 'I didn't know you were a cat lover?'

'Oh I am, Christopher,' Greta said with a laugh. 'I love little pussies, they're so cute and needy! Bye, all!'

With a wave, Greta left, the back door slamming behind her and I saw Mona's face was bright red.

'Never thought Greta would like cats,' I said, but Mona did not reply, just kept stirring the pot.

### 3.

That night, I tried to initiate sex but, to my surprise, Mona turned me down, something she had never done before.

'You...you don't want to make love?'

'No,' Mona said quietly, looking at the ceiling.

'Why not?'

'I...I don't feel like it...'

'This is a first!'

'Look, Christopher, I just don't feel like making love tonight!'

Mona kept staring at the ceiling and I fluffed my pillow.

'Well, how about a blowjob?'

'No.'

'Just like that?'

'Christopher, I told you! I don't feel like it!'

'I heard you,' I sighed. 'I suppose a hand job is out of the question?'

Mona just rolled over on her side and said nothing more.

After a few moments of deafening silence, I switched off the light and rolled over.

4.

‘Another beer, Christopher?’

‘No,’ I said moodily, twisting the glass round and round in my hand.

‘What’s the matter?’ Owen asked. ‘You’re been acting like a bird with the rags on!’

‘I’ve got problems at home...’

‘With Mona? Fuck, how could you have problems with a tasty piece like that?’

Owen had been married twice and each time the divorce had been awful and acrimonious because his wife at the time had discovered him in bed with another woman.

Owen could *not* keep his dick in his trousers!

‘I think there are problems,’ I said slowly.

‘Think? What do you mean?’

‘I think Mona’s having an affair!’

‘An affair? Really? Who’s the lucky bloke, then?’ Owen chortled.

‘Owen, this is *not* fucking funny!’

‘Sorry, mate. Look, let me get another round in. Nothing like a beer to make the world seem fine!’

He quickly walked to the bar while I stared miserably at the table.

Moments later, he placed two full pots on the table.

‘Cheers!’ Owen said, raising his glass.

I sullenly sipped on the beer.

‘How do you know she’s bonking someone else?’

‘There are signs,’ I sighed.

‘Signs?’

‘Well, she’s not bonking me!’

‘Hey, you’re married!’ Owen said with a laugh. ‘What do you expect?’

‘Look, Owen, I said this isn’t fucking funny!’

'Sorry, mate.'

'Mona has always been up for sex, well, most sex as long as she is the passive one. Lately she's been refusing me all kinds of sex even a hand job, for fucks sake!'

'Really? Wow, that's bad, mate!'

'Thanks for your help!'

'I don't know how I can help, Christopher. What do you expect me to do?'

'Nothing,' I said moodily.

'Wait a minute, I know a bloke.'

'That's a relief, I thought I was your only friend!'

'Now who's taking the piss?'

'Sorry.'

'Anyway, I have a mate who is an investigator.'

'What is that?'

'Like a *detective*, a *private* detective like in the films...'

'You're joking! Those blokes still exist?'

'Yes and he can follow your wife and get the goods on her.'

'Huh?'

'You want to know, don't you, Christopher? Want to know one way of the other?'

'I don't know,' I said softly.

'If you don't find out, your imagination will make your life hell!'

'When did you get so fucking smart?'

'Hey, I've been in the war zone, mate! I've been divorced twice!'

I didn't want to point out that Owen was divorced because he couldn't help but shag everything he saw.

'Hey,...' I suddenly asked, '...you're not shagging Mona, are you?'

'Would I suggest a detective if I was?'

'You could if you were trying to throw me off the scent!'

'Mate, you and I know I'm not that smart!'

'Are you shagging her?'

'Keep your shirt on! No, I'm not. I'm not saying I *wouldn't* shag her, if the offer came up but, unfortunately, some other bloke is getting his leg over! No, Christopher, I'm not shagging Mona!'

'Okay. Let's give your friend a call!'

## 5.

Warren was a moody bastard who looked at me with an expression that could only be described as weary.

'So, you think your wife is bonking around?' Warren said, puffing on a long cigarette.

Warren was a short, stout man crammed into a three-piece pin-striped suit. The buttons of the vest were straining and his forehead glistened with the faint sheen of perspiration.

The office was warm and very untidy. If I expected to see the gorgeous secretary so common in those film noir moves about private detectives, I was disappointed.

'I'm not sure,' I said softly.

Warren flicked ash into a glass ashtray obviously stolen from a hotel on Brighton Beach.

'Oh, you're sure, mate,' he said. 'You wouldn't be here if you weren't.'

'Owen said you could help...'

'Owen is a loser and an annoying twat!'

'Oh...I thought he was a friend...'

'Friend?' Warren laughed and exhaled a ballooning cloud of grey smoke. 'You know how I met Owen?'

I shook my head.

'His ex-wife set me on him. I followed him to a hotel room with that dumb girl that became his second wife...'

'Charlotte,' I supplied.

'Yeah, that's right, Charlotte the harlot! Great set of funbags on her. Anyway, Owen is not very imaginative. Fancy going to a hotel! So, I slipped the door Johnnie a monkey and got the door key. When I opened the door, they were going at it like rabbits. Took some lovely photos.'

'So,' I said confused, 'Owen became your friend because you tumbled him shagging...'

'Nah! The stupid plonker married Charlotte and then he started thinking she was shagging around! So he hired me!'

'He never told me that! He hired...?'

'Yeah. Of course, Charlotte the harlot was shagging around! She was dropping her knickers for a bouncer at the club where she worked. Owen realised he couldn't do anything to the bloke, he was built like the Millennium Dome, so Owen got revenge by shagging other women. Course, Charlotte caught him.'

'I remember.'

'Sent the bouncer bloke around to get your mate to sign the divorce papers. Nasty!'

'Yes, it was...'

'No imagination at all. Now, you wife is shagging someone. Any suspicions?'

'No...'

'Owen?'

'I asked him...'

Warren laughed. 'And you expected him to tell you, mate? What boy scout troop do you belong to?'

'You'd better check him out, then...'

'No,' Warren said wearily, 'I never waste time on the suspected third parties. Best if I concentrate on your wife. What's her name?'

'Mona.'

Warren wrote it down. 'Is she?'

'Is she what?'

'A moaner?' Warren smiled thinly.

'Hey, is that any of your business...'

'Handy to know if I've lost them in a hotel and listening through keyholes,' Warren said and I wondered if he was silently laughing at me. Did he laugh at all his clients, think they were all complete tossers?

'She...she used to enjoy sex,' I mumbled.

'Doesn't enjoy it now?'

I shook my head.'

'Oo,' Warren said blowing smoke, 'That's a bad sign.'

'Why?'

'Well, if a woman is enjoying meaningless bonking with a bloke on the side, she will still fuck her husband. In fact, the hubby fucking may increase as her libido has increased. It's good for both, really. Having a bit on the side by either the husband or wife or both is good for married sex. The French know that!'

'I don't...'

'Shut up, mate and you'll *learn* something! However, if the lovely wife is shagging a bloke she has fallen for, got the love bug for, she closes down access for her hubby. Her pussy is suddenly off limits for hubby as the dear wife is saving herself for the bloke she fancies she loves! That's women for you! You see, she doesn't love her husband anymore and finds it distasteful, even sickening, to bonk him when she's in love with another bloke who probably has a dick the size of a German sausage!

'Thanks for the comforting thought!' I said sarcastically.

'No problem,' Warren said, blowing smoke towards me again. 'You got a picture?'

'Here,' I said, sliding a colour photograph of Mona across the table.

'Well,' Warren said, examining the picture, 'She's a looker! Nice bit of fairy floss! Are those tits real?'

'Do you *mind*! That's my *wife*, mate!'

'Your wife who is probably playing hide the sausage with another bloke, a bloke probably younger than you!'

'Younger than me?' I asked worriedly. 'Why do you say that?'

'It's all so predictable,' he sighed. 'One of two scenarios, my friend! Wife is lured by younger man full of vim and vigour with a cock...'

'I know, I know, the size of a German sausage!'

'Yep, one of the big fat ones. What are they called again? Is it Bratwurst or something?'

'Does it matter?'

'No, it doesn't. Anyway, wife shags younger bloke or falls in love with an older man they have ready access to like their boss or father in law...'

'Father in law! Ugh! You're fucking joking, mate!'

'I wish I was, I wish I was. When it comes to divorce it will all be *your* fault, you know.'

'My fault? How is it *my* fault?'

'You drove her into the arms of another,...' Warren recited, '...with your coldness and cruelty...'

'I'm not cruel!'

'It doesn't matter, mate. They'll believe her over you! No, the property settlement will be cold and cruel, let me tell you that! Now, is your Dad fuckable?'

'That is *obscene!*'

'Just trying to cover all the possibilities. Is he?'

'My father is dead!'

'Definitely not fuckable, then,' Warren said blithely, scribbling something on a pad. 'Has Mona got a boss?'

'Yes, in London, a woman. Mona works from home. She's an editor...'

'What the fuck is an editor?'

'She corrects mistakes in books before they're published...'

'Sounds boring. Don't read books myself, no time. Does she go to London regularly?'

'No.'

'Pity. Fancied a bit of time in the city. Does she go anywhere regularly?'

'No, not really. The shops?'

'Not a great help, mate but I'll see what I can do.'

'Is that it?'

'Yep, my old son, leave it to me.'

I slowly stood up. 'When do you think you'll have something?'

'Depends on Mona, matey, depends when she's hot to trot and wants a bit of the old how's your father! I'll start following her tomorrow!'

As always, I appreciate comments and any form of feedback.

You can post a comment on the blog on the relevant posts relating to this story.

Or, you can simply contact me using the Contact Form on the webpage to send your thoughts to me.

Please use that form if you wish to contact me directly regarding any matter.

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