

The
STAR SOCIETY
School For Dominant Wives
Book 1. The First Five Days



Carmenica Diaz



The Star Society:

School for Dominant Wives

Book 1: The First Five Days

Carmenica Diaz

The Star Society 1
Carmenica Diaz
First published 2006.

Copyright © Carmenica Diaz 2006

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, events are entirely coincidental



Contents

Invitation.	1
Day One.	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Day Two.	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Day Three.	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Day Four.	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Day Five.	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Intermission.	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Appendix. Star Island	Error! Bookmark not defined.



Invitation.

Prologue

What makes a marriage? An age-old question and I'm not sure if there really is an answer. I can, however, tell you about *my* marriage.

My name is Nathan Newcastle, and this is my story, a story where fantasies came true. Unfortunately not the way I expected as you will see. It is also not a story for the squeamish.

I don't know when my submissive desires became apparent but, slowly at first, they began to control me sexually.

At first, all I did was to read all I could, mostly on the internet, but soon, reading wasn't enough.

After much soul searching, I thought I would raise my submissive desires with my girlfriend of the time. It was an awful experience - she simply didn't understand or even to try to. She saw it as abnormal and disgusting and the relationship died after a while.

Alone, I threw myself into my business for a while but the submissive desires continued to surface, no matter how I tried to ignore them.

I cursed the way I was made but there wasn't anything I could do about it.

I tried online Mistresses but that was simply a waste of time and money. Plucking up my courage, I tried a dominatrix when I was out of town on a business trip. It was such a poor experience, it was almost laughable except for the amount of money she charged.

It was soon after *that* incident that I concluded I would have to forget about my fantasies completely and concentrate on my business. I knew it was difficult but I believed I possessed the willpower. I gave up smoking, didn't I?

Looking back, I can only wish that I *had* forgotten those stupid fantasies!

If only!

Then fate stepped in.

Firstly, my business grew so well that it attracted the attention of the corporation that dominated the market niche in which we were operating. Obviously, they must have lost market share to us and they grudgingly talked about making me an offer for my business.

I told them to go fuck themselves, launched a marketing campaign and gloated over the new customers I pulled in. I was taking on big business and winning!

My life was great in every way except one.

Those submissive sexual fantasies continually bubbled under the surface – taunting and teasing me!

And then the second simple twist of fate!

I met Lucy!

I had been looking for an operations manager and the recruitment company sent her to me for an interview. I couldn't believe how beautiful she was – tall, big breasted, legs that seemed to go for ever and fabulous dark hair.

Yes, I *tried* to focus on the interview but I was a dithering idiot! Thankfully, Lucy almost ran the interview, providing all the information I needed so I could offer her the job.

It was the best thing I had ever done. With her expertise, the business seemed to soar. The staff loved her, she was smart, very smart, and soon we had that corporation calling again with a concrete offer that was marginally better.

I told them to go away and nervously asked Lucy for a date.

She accepted and before long, we were on the roller coaster to marriage.

On the honeymoon, after some vanilla sex, I cautiously began talking about sexual fantasies and such. I just couldn't help myself.

Of course, I attempted to be casual and I thought she would just look at me blankly and that would be that.

Instead, she said, 'you'd like me to spank you? That sounds like fun especially when you've been a naughty boy around the office!'

She *was* teasing, making a joke but I thought I had died and gone to heaven.

My wife thought there wasn't anything wrong with submissive fantasies! She definitely didn't think they were disgusting or abnormal!

Life was perfect!

And it was for a while.

Lucy tried to be dominant and I went along but I knew it was *just* a game, just make believe and began to lose interest. It just didn't work!

I know I should have been grateful for what I had – a wife that tried at least – but I wasn't! I was a fool.

We made love sporadically and after a few months, Lucy asked me why I had seemingly lost interest in making love. I tried to explain and I think I hurt her even more.

It was an awful night but the next morning, we said nothing about it and went back to work, pretending life was normal.

We made love once or twice a month and it was never great, just adequate. We both knew that, but said nothing.

And so it went for a year.

Business was good and the corporation decided that it was better to work as partners and invested heavily in our business. That meant cash for us and we still owned the business.

Life was *almost* perfect.

1.

'Darling,' Lucy called from the living room, 'come and have a drink. I want to have a talk.'

A talk! I dreaded talks!

After dinner, I usually spent time surfing the web so I walked from the study to the living room where Lucy had already prepared a drink for me.

'Darling, I have some news.'

I sat down and looked at her eager face.

'I know our sex life hasn't been what you want...'

'Lucy, there's no need to...'

‘No, Nathan,’ Lucy said firmly, ‘there’s every need. I know I’m not dominant enough for you and I have been doing some research.’

I looked at her cautiously as this was news to me.

‘You have?’

Lucy nodded.

‘I have, and I’ve been involved in a mailing list for dominant women. It’s been quite a learning experience, I can tell you.’

Visions of Lucy in leather dominatrix gear flitted around my skull and my cock stirred sluggishly.

She’s been doing research!

‘I saw many references to something called the Star Society – have you heard of it, Nathan?’

‘No, I haven’t.’

‘I made a few enquiries and I kept coming up against a brick wall until yesterday. I received an invitation to apply to join the Star Society!’

‘That’s nice,’ I said carefully, ‘what exactly is it?’

‘It’s a society for married dominant women and their husbands.’

Married dominant women?

My cock stirred again.

‘That’s nice,’ was all I could manage to say.

‘Nice? It’s wonderful, darling! It will mean I’ll learn so much and we’ll be intimate again. I think that’s very wonderful indeed, don’t you?’

‘Well, yes, of course.’

‘They only accept ten new members each year...’

‘Ten women and ten men?’

‘Only the women are members, silly; the husbands are associate members.’

‘Are you going to accept the invitation?’

‘That’s what I wanted to talk to you about. It is just an invitation to apply to join! It’s very strict but if I’m accepted you and I are invited to a ten day school to learn the fundamentals.’

Now that made my cock squirm!

‘That sounds interesting,’ I said thickly.

‘It is very expensive, though,’ Lucy said sadly, ‘a bit much really.’

‘How expensive?’

‘Fifty thousand pounds for the ten days plus the cost of our air fares. I don’t know where it is exactly but I do know it’s an island in the Mediterranean.’

Fifty thousand pounds!

But my cock wouldn’t let me say no.

‘It could be worth it?’ I said cautiously. ‘We did receive an awful lot of money from...

‘I know. Let’s see if we get an interview first,’ Lucy said, ‘then we’ll see.’

2.

The first interview was in a suite in a downtown hotel and Lucy told me she had been informed the process could take an hour.

I was nervous but also aroused.

What would the woman who was interviewing us be like?

Visions of an exotic dominatrix filled my imagination.

Lucy and I had dressed as if we were going to a business appointment – Lucy in a pale grey skirt suit and me in a conservative suit and tie – and she knocked gently on the double doors to the suite.

The doors opened after a moment and a blonde haired woman in a tasteful dark blue skirt and white blouse opened it.

‘Ms Newcastle,’ she said with a smile, offering her hand to Lucy who smiled and took it. The woman ignored me and I saw a strange gold bracelet on her hand with a series of almost glowing star symbols on it.

‘I’m Olivia Sharp, it’s lovely to meet you. Please come in and take a seat.’

Lucy sat on the sole visitor’s chair in front of the small writing desk and I did not see another chair so I nervously stood, waiting.

Olivia totally ignored me, offered Lucy a choice of coffee or tea and chatted with her.

When the tea arrived, I saw two cups and realised I hadn’t even been considered.

They chatted quietly for twenty minutes as I shifted from foot to foot. It was tiring standing in the one position while they sat comfortably, sipping tea and laughing softly.

Finally, Olivia looked up at me and said coldly, ‘he’s not well trained, is he? Can’t you stand still?’ Olivia snapped.

‘I thought...I thought it would be polite to offer me a chair.’

Lucy turned and made eyes at me to be polite but Olivia smiled coldly.

‘There is a chair outside in the hall. You can wait there.’

She turned back to Olivia and asked, ‘and these feelings, when did you first experience them?’

Slowly, I walked from the suite and sat on a straight-backed chair in the hall.

Forty minutes later, Lucy emerged and looked at me angrily.

‘You almost spoiled that,’ she snapped immediately. ‘Maybe you did. We’ll just have to see if we’re granted a second interview.’

She stalked to the elevator and I quickly followed.

‘Well,’ I said, ‘she was rude...’

Lucy whirled on me.

‘Rude or dominant? I thought that’s what you wanted, Nathan! I’m doing this because of you! If you want us to stop, just say it!’

The thought of missing the ten days of sex games on the so-called domination course made me apologise instantly.

‘I’m sorry, darling. I wasn’t expecting to be treated that way...’

‘That’s the whole point, isn’t it? You *want* to be treated that way, don’t you?’

‘Well, yes...but not in public,’ I mumbled.

‘Oh, so it has to be how *you* want it, when *you* want it! I thought you got a thrill out of being submissive to me!’

I nervously looked around the hotel foyer.

‘Well, yes,’ I said softly. ‘Can we talk about this at home?’

‘No,’ Lucy snapped and I could see she was angry. ‘I’ve done all of this for you and yet you act like a spiteful and sulky child! I’m going to ask you if we should continue if we’re fortunate enough for Olivia to give us a second interview. That will be a second chance, Nathan but I think you may have destroyed any opportunity of that! However, I need to know in case we *are* that lucky! Do you want to continue?’

Her eyes held mine and I took a deep breath.

‘Yes,’ I said softly, ‘I want to continue.’

‘And you’ll do your best to impress them?’

I nodded and Lucy smiled at last.

‘That’s nice, darling, let’s have a drink before we go home. We could have dinner here, would you like that?’

‘Yes,’ I said, happy that Lucy was in a better frame of mind, ‘and you can tell me all about the interview.’

‘I’m afraid I can’t do that, darling,’ she laughed, ‘that wouldn’t be appropriate. Go over and ask if there’s a table for two.’

I know I should have seen the warning signs then but I didn’t. I was too concerned about domination fun and games on a Mediterranean island.

3.

Lucy didn’t mention the interview or the Star Society again and not wanting to annoy her, I didn’t ask any questions.

All I wanted was the prospect of ten days on an island somewhere playing sexy games. It seemed simple to me, even if it cost fifty thousand pounds.

I reasoned that I had worked hard for a long time without taking any time to have fun so this was making up for seven years of toil.

The ten days would be an opportunity to experience my fantasies and then go on with our married life.

Two weeks later, Lucy came into my office at work and whispered, ‘they called! I have a second interview!’

She smiled conspiratorially and left, leaving me with a squirming cock.

I won’t stuff up this interview, I promised myself, I’ll be as meek as can be.

This time, we were met in the underground car park of our office and I stared at the black limousine with the deeply tinted windows as it drove towards us.

‘Are you sure you have checked out this Star Society?’ I murmured.

‘Yes, darling, they’re very reputable in *certain* circles.’

The driver opened the door for my wife and she sedately slid inside while I fumbled with the other passenger door.

Finally inside, I closed the door and looked over at my wife who was smiling serenely.

The driver said in respectful tones, ‘please make yourself comfortable, Ma’am, the journey will take twenty three minutes.’

‘How precise,’ Lucy murmured. ‘I admire preciseness.’

‘Thank you, Ma’am. Unfortunately, I’ve been instructed to keep the windows frosted but would you like music? I have contemporary and classical. I am informed that you appreciate Mozart?’

‘Mozart would be lovely, thank you.’

And so to the strains of Mozart – music, incidentally I disliked intensely and Lucy *knew* I did – we drove out of the car park to our secret rendezvous with the Star Society.

4.

‘God evening, Ms Newcastle,’ a dark haired woman greeted Lucy.

We were obviously in an office complex but knew nothing more than that. A star logo was on the wall of the reception area and I notice the woman wore a similar bracelet I had seen on the wrist of Olivia Sharp. The difference was that hers was silver while Olivia Sharp had worn a gold bracelet.

‘I’m Caitlin Manson; welcome to the headquarters of the Star Society. I trust the journey was comfortable?’

‘Yes, it was, thank you.’

‘Would you please come with me, Ms Newcastle, we can enjoy some tea while we chat. You,’ she said coldly to me, ‘wait here!’

Nervously, I waited until a woman in a white coat over her skirt and blouse appeared.

‘Newcastle?’

She looked down at her clipboard and I nodded.

‘Right, follow me.’

Meekly, I followed her to a small room and sat at a table that had a strange device on it.

‘Roll your sleeve up.’

She fastened a wide strap around my upper and lower arm and as she did, I noticed that strange silver bracelet around her wrist.

‘I’m going to ask you questions, some of which will be intensely personal. I urge you to answer honestly as the machine you’re attached to is a sophisticated lie detector. Is that understood?’

I nodded and she consulted her clipboard.

‘How often do you masturbate on any given day?’

She looked at me coolly, completely without expression and I blushed.

‘Twice.’

‘Do you masturbate to pictures or mental fantasies?’

‘Both.’

‘Have you ever been taken anally?’

5.

‘I think it went very well,’ Lucy said with a smile as we drove home. ‘How did it go for you?’

I thought back over all the humiliating questions I answered for over an hour while that woman listened and watched me.

She didn't even tell me her name!

‘It went ok, I suppose.’

Lucy looked out the window.

‘Are you sure you want to go ahead with this?’ Lucy asked quietly. ‘Caitlin explained some of the training and...well...it could be uncomfortable for you.’

‘Oh,’ I said, interested, ‘in what way.’

‘She asked me not to divulge our conversation but the ten days will be pretty full on. Do you want to go if I’m invited?’

Did I!

God, I had dreamed submissive fantasies for so long I couldn't wait!

‘Yes, I do.’

Lucy looked at me as the silent driver parked the car in the underground car park where he had picked us up.

‘Thank you so much,’ Lucy said as the driver opened the door for her.

‘It was a pleasure, ma’am.’

As usual, he ignored me and I opened my own door and walked after my wife.

Lucy turned to watch the limousine drive off and then looked at me with a serious expression.

‘Are you sure you want to go? Caitlin said there may be times when you will beg me to take you of the island.’

My cock squirmed at the thought.

‘That will probably be playacting,’ I said with a small laugh. ‘It’s all part of the game.’

‘What if it isn’t a game?’

‘Of course it is,’ I said confidently, ‘it’s part of the holiday.’

We drove home in silence and I made us a nightcap while we waited for the take away we had ordered to be delivered.

Lucy didn’t give up and asked as we sipped a drink, ‘so, if you *do* beg me, I’m to understand it’s all part of the game?’

‘Yes.’ I laughed and patted her thigh. ‘Sometimes it’s playacting...’

‘I’m not so sure,’ she said softly but I ignored her.

‘...it is! So when I beg,’ I said with a confident grin, ‘you can ignore me.’

Lucy studied me carefully for a minute and then smiled.

‘It’s all academic yet; I haven’t been invited.’