

The Dickson Device



Carmenica Diaz



**‘An intricate tale of Female
Domination with a state of the art
chastity belt, two women and one
man, woven in the sly style we
have come to expect from the pen
of Carmenica Diaz.’**



Prologue

He looked deep into the eyes of the two women, searching for sympathy or even empathy – anything at all – that would spare him from his humiliation.

Instead, there was the mocking smile on the lips of his wife, almost a sneer and an expression he had grown to know so well over the previous eighteen months. There was no sympathy to be found in those cruel eyes.

The housekeeper watched him carefully, her face was expressionless but her cheeks had two rosy patches, probably from the wine and her eyes were wide and filled with interest. He then knew she wouldn't say anything, wouldn't call out to stop his shameful display as her livelihood depended on his wife. The interest in her eyes told him she was also enjoying the spectacle.

His ankles were shackled, he couldn't run, although he had thought about it seventeen times

before. *There was no escape*, he thought as he watched as his wife give one key to the housekeeper, holding the other in her hand for a moment while a small smile flickered over her face. Then, together, they leaned forward and his wife showed the housekeeper how the two keys must slot into the Dickson Device together so it snapped open and his cock was, once again, briefly free.

Smiling, his wife leaned back on the sofa and the housekeeper did the same, two sets of eyes watching him like a snake eyeing a fat bird.

'There, dear,' his wife said mockingly, 'little dickie is free, why don't you show us how you wank, how you pull it to come? I'm sure Consuella will enjoy the show. Have you seen a man wank, Consuella?'

'No,' the housekeeper said, eyes watching him, running over his naked body and resting on his now erect cock. 'No, I haven't.'

'I'm afraid it's not much. Tell her when you last wanked, Terrence.'

'Twenty-eight days ago, Miss Consuella,' he dutifully replied, his face burning.

'Well,' his wife said with a sneer, her wineglass in one hand and the other slowly sliding the hem of her skirt up, 'you'd better get to it and try to make it last longer than thirty seconds. More wine, Consuella?'

'Yes, thank you Mrs Dickson.'



01: Consuella

Consuella sat patiently on the hard plastic chair in the waiting room of the recruitment office. She ignored the old magazines and sat with her knees together, hands resting on her handbag in her lap and stared ahead at the light blue wall.

No one would describe Consuella as beautiful and it seemed she almost went out of way to appear stern and plain in her simple black dress, black hose, sensible shoes and her dark hair pulled back into a tight bun.

An unkind observer would say that Consuella was a little overweight and her nose was elongated with a slight hook at the end which, at times, gave her the appearance of a calm and thoughtful bird. A kinder observer would simply say that Consuella looked like a servant – a housekeeper, a cook or, perhaps a maid – and that description would have been accurate.

'Consuella?' Miss Beams smiled at her and beckoned her into the office. 'How are you?' Janet Beams asked in an effort to make conversation.

'I'm well,' Consuella said in that tight-lipped way of hers and Janet knew she would volunteer nothing more.

'Good. Please sit down.' Janet riffled through the file on the desk as she slowly sat. 'Your references from the Sloane's are extraordinary.' She glanced up and Consuella nodded vaguely to indicate that was what she expected. 'I sent your references and employment history to a potential client and the good news is, she wants to meet you!' If Janet expected a reaction, she was disappointed as Consuella stared at her, waiting, her big dark eyes watching Janet. 'Could you meet her tomorrow?'

'Of course.'

'It's a little way out,' Janet said apologetically, 'but the agency will arrange a taxi there and back.'

'Thank you,' Consuella said in her husky voice and Janet wondered if that was a smile flickering on Consuella's lips?

'The house is large but secure and, if you're successful, you will have your own self contained apartment. The salary is twenty percent higher than what the Sloane's paid you.' Janet grinned at that as

her agency took a percentage but Consuella was expressionless.

Underneath though, Consuella *was* excited and the idea of having her own self-contained space was far more attractive to her than the money. Apart from buying essentials, Consuella saved her money and definitely didn't use it for anything frivolous so it didn't really matter what she was paid as she banked most of it.

'The client is Mrs Valerie Dickson, head of Dickson Enterprises and very wealthy,' Janet went on, reading from the file. 'There's a husband somewhere, I think he works for his wife's company, no children and the twelve bedroom house. You will be able to hire and supervise window cleaners and other help when you require it. Your main task is to keep house and look after Mrs Dickson and, I suppose, her husband.'

Janet looked up and Consuella knew she was expected to say something so she asked, 'will there be parties?'

The Sloane's had been in films and there had been endless parties, every night guests had paraded through the mansion and Consuella was exhausted with entertainment. A naturally reclusive and solo person, Consuella had few friends and thought it was stupid that the Sloane's would lavish expensive

entertainment on mere acquaintances and hangers on.

Night after night, Consuella watched stoically as Troy and Britney Sloane quaffed champagne, picked lazily at the platters of carefully prepared canapés and snorted cocaine. Some nights, they smoked cannabis in the kitchen like school children and fucked each other when they thought they weren't observed. Consuella, however, silently watched it all.

Troy Sloane seemingly believed that his quest for eternal youth could be answered by regular sexual trysts with women half his age while his wife, Britney, believed in cosmetic surgery. Accordingly, she turned a blind eye to the giggling bouncing girls who scampered upstairs to frolic with her husband and Troy ignored the mounting bills for a tummy tuck there, an eyebrow lift here and a multitude of other surgical adjustments.

It would, Consuella silently acknowledged, be a relief to live a calm life without surprises.

Janet smiled as if she read Consuella's mind. 'Not as many parties as the Sloane's, Consuella. Mrs Dickson isn't in show business like them.'

Consuella nodded and Janet felt compelled to continue. 'Mrs Dickson was a psychologist before beginning her company which manufactures everything from artistic kitchen sinks to aeroplane

toilets. I believe she prefers the quiet life.' Janet looked down at the file. 'She's only thirty five and she's achieved an enormous amount,' Janet said a little enviously as she had just turned thirty-six. Consuella, who had celebrated her thirty-eighth birthday but looked older said nothing.

'Anything else?'

Consuella hesitated and then asked, 'what happened to the previous housekeeper?'

'I asked, of course, it's good to know. It seems the Dickson's have not had a permanent housekeeper for almost two years, just relied on casual help when required. Mrs Dickson told me that with the pressures of her business, she's decided to search for a suitable housekeeper.' Janet beamed at Consuella. 'I hope you'll be suitable as you certainly fit the Dickson's requirements.'

'Thank you,' Consuella said woodenly and Janet sighed at the lack of reaction.

'I'll arrange for a taxi to call for you at eight tomorrow morning, is that ok?' Janet asked.

'Yes, thank you. Will I need to take a copy of references or anything else?'

'No, Mrs Dickson has copies, I faxed them to her yesterday.' Janet stood and offered her hand. 'Well, good luck Consuella.'

Consuella eyed the hand and reluctantly took it, shaking it timidly before quickly releasing it. 'Thank you.'

'Are you still staying at the boarding house?'

'Yes.'

'The taxi will call there, then. Please call and tell me how you got on?'

'Of course. Thank you Miss Beams.'

Janet watched Consuella walk out the door and wondered if she ever smiled. *She never shows any emotion, Janet thought, always keeps control of herself.*

As Janet sat down, it occurred to her that Valerie Dickson also kept firm control and, with all her success, was obviously a very disciplined woman.

They might be well suited, Janet thought as she snapped the folder shut, Consuella might actually get the job.