

**Volume I**  
**A DIFFERENT MARRIAGE**



**Carmenica Diaz**

## Part 1. Prelude to a Difference.

---

---

*the dance of lives  
small smiles, sad hearts  
and a million tiny lies  
to hide reality.  
honesty is a  
prelude to a difference<sup>1</sup>*

---

---

Tim watched Sandra brush her hair.

*Up and down; down and up!*

*Under and over; over and under!*

It was something he loved to do, a secret pleasure. He enjoyed watching the brush move methodically up and down that burnished gold hair.

*She is so beautiful!*

*Just how do I deserve her?*

*How does a man like me, get a woman like that?*

Sandra felt her husband watching and turned to smile before returning to her task.

As usual, his wife was immaculately dressed in an expensive, tailored business suit and her perfume was subtly discreet but, at the same time, beguilingly enchanting.

There was no doubt she always had to have the best, whether it was clothes, perfume or jewellery. It wasn't that Sandra Heath was a spoiled, rich brat. Quite the contrary, but she enjoyed the better things of life and

---

<sup>1</sup> *Prelude to a Difference* – from a small volume of unpublished D/s poems by Carmenica Diaz

despised shoddy workmanship almost as much as she disliked an absence of beauty or style.

Of course, Tim did not begrudge his wife spending money on clothes. Why would he? In a way, it was *her* money! Well, most of it, anyway and she had earned every penny!

Sandra was a very successful business consultant who counted some of the largest corporations as her clients. Totally focussed when it came to business and very professional in presentation, she was much sought after by corporations for those difficult projects, usually the ones with restructuring or moving people.

Tim watched a little from the sidelines and marvelled at how assured and poised his wife was as well as extremely ruthless when it was necessary.

Sandra worked for her own small company but kept the number of employees down to a minimum. There were many offers for Sandra to join some of the best known global consultancy firms but she always declined. Tim suspected it had something to do with loyalty – loyalty to her staff and her clients – he didn't really know as Sandra just smiled and brushed it off.

At the end of the day, by running her own business, Sandra took home most of the money!

As such a high powered executive, Sandra earned almost four times what Tim did as an accountant at Myerson, a middle sized manufacturing and distribution business.

Still, after almost five years of marriage, the money did not matter or come between them. It certainly did not affect Tim's ego as he admired and respected his beautiful wife. He also loved her very much and was quietly pleased when Sandra had chosen to change her surname to his when they were married.

He had expected her to retain her maiden name, to remain Sandra Polson for business purposes but she did not and became Mrs Sandra Heath!

It was significant because immediately after her first marriage dissolved, Sandra had returned to using Polson.

Her first marriage had been brief and a long time ago. Sandra had raised her daughter as a single mother and built her business. The fact she could chose her own hours, as a contracted consultant was a huge benefit for the young single mother.

Tim, and Sandra's daughter, Carolyn, were courteous but would never be close. Carolyn was working in Australia and returned to the U.K. only a few times each year.

That, of course, allowed Tim and Sandra more time to themselves.

Tim was secretly glad that such a beautiful, charming and intelligent woman chose him!

Sandra *was* beautiful!

Tall, slim with curving hips and large breasts, Sandra turned heads every time she walked into a restaurant or any public place.

As well as the beauty, Sandra also possessed certain sureness. Not quite arrogance, (although some women said she was rather masculine in that regard), but her demeanour was more confidence in her own intelligence and ability. Therefore, there were occasions, when focused on the current project at hand, that Sandra appeared aloof, cold and a trifle arrogant.

Tim didn't mind at all. It added colour to some of his secret, private fantasies.

He watched her finish the brushing, wondering again how it was he had been so lucky for a woman like Sandra to fall in love with him!

Sandra looked at her husband's reflection in the mirror, stopped brushing her hair and smiled.

'You look a million miles away, darling. What were you thinking about?'

'I was thinking of how much I loved you.'

'So sweet but you're making that up!'

'No,' Tim protested, 'I really was.'

'Then, that's doubly sweet!'

'Do you?' Tim asked slowly.

'Do what, darling?'

'Love me?'

'Of course! Don't be a silly billy, you know I loved you.'

Tim nodded. He did know and that was the reason he knew he was lucky!

‘I think it is time to open a bottle of wine, darling,’ she said.

‘Of course. Red or white?’

‘It’s a special occasion so I suggest one of the good reds we laid down three years ago.’

‘A special occasion?’ Tim asked cautiously. ‘Have I missed something?’

‘No, I don’t think so. I have just been thinking about things so we need to talk.’

Tim’s heart sank and he looked at her with pale concern.

Sandra chuckled softly.

‘Why do men go pale when their wives say they want to talk?’

‘I’m not sure. Maybe it’s a reflex action or something. Should I be concerned?’

‘Just get the wine, darling,’ Sandra laughed and the hairbrush began to move again.



Sandra sat opposite Tim, picked up the wineglass and inhaled the bouquet.

‘Very nice,’ she said approvingly. ‘How old is it?’

‘Five years.’

‘That’s appropriate, isn’t it?’ Sandra smiled.

‘If you say so, although I am at a loss...’

‘We’ve been *married* five years, darling.’

‘Today is not our wedding anniversary,’ Tim said quickly. ‘It isn’t.’

‘I know.’

He watched his wife taste the wine and smack her plump lips appreciatively.

‘To us,’ Sandra said, raising her glass.

‘To us,’ Tim echoed and they sipped the wine in silence.

‘Are you happy, darling?’ Sandra asked after a moment.

‘Of course. Very happy.’

‘But life *isn’t* perfect, is it?’

‘It is for me.’

‘Liar!’ Sandra said calmly.

‘Darling, it is perfect. You are perfect!’

‘You really are a liar, darling. There *is* that matter we last discussed nine months ago.’

‘What matter?’ Tim asked, playing for time, mind racing.

‘You know *very* well, darling,’ Sandra admonished calmly.

‘I’m afraid I can’t recall...’

‘Darling, we are always honest with each other, aren’t we?’

‘Of course.’

‘Then, let’s not play games. I think we’re beyond that, don’t you?’

Tim stared thoughtfully at his glass, outwardly calm but his heart was racing.

‘I remember it well,’ Sandra said. ‘You confessed to me when we were staying in that small hotel in Venice. The one by the Grand Canal? You told me some interesting things. It must have been the Italian wine as you were quite forthcoming. Usually you’re so careful with your private thoughts but not *that* night.’

Tim studied his glass as he recalled the moment very well. Truthfully, he didn’t know whether he was excited or afraid that Sandra also remembered that tempestuous night.

In a moment of deep honesty and, perhaps hope, he had revealed to his wife his desire to be dominated.

In fact, he had described in detail his desire not only to be dominated but to be controlled absolutely. He even told her of his need to be humiliated and sexually denied.

The revelations had poured from him, perhaps assisted by wine but he held nothing back.

Sandra had not been shocked, although obviously surprised, and had asked many questions, forcing Tim to open up even more. They had spent all of the night talking.

Tim had revealed himself with brutal honesty and laid everything before his wife who had calmly absorbed it all. It had been a cathartic experience for Tim and an educational one for Sandra.

The next morning, Sandra had thanked Tim for being so open and honest while he nursed a dull headache.

*Damn Italian wine!*

‘I need to think about all of this, darling,’ she had said.

‘Of course,’ Tim had mumbled, deeply ashamed in the cold light of day.

He had, he thought, successfully buried his submissive desires and managed to live a normal life but every now and again, those illicit needs would surface.

He was very honest with himself.

*Why am I like this?*

*Why do I need to submit and want to submit so badly?*

‘I’m in the middle of some deep business commitments,’ Sandra had said, ‘but when they have been completed, we will talk some more about this. Thank you, darling, for being so honest with me.’

Then, she had kissed her husband’s forehead and they had gone on with their busy lives as if nothing had happened.

But, of course, something *had* happened!.

Now, Sandra suddenly wanted to talk about it – *again!*

‘Do you remember, darling?’ Sandra pressed.

Tim cleared his throat.

‘Ah, yes, I do. You were right; it must have been the Italian wine...’

‘So,’ Sandra said calmly, ‘it was just the wine talking? You *don’t* want me to dominate you, to control you completely?’

Tim felt his face grow warm as he searched for the right words.

Sandra watched him, a strange look in her eyes and they sat in silence. Sounds from the outside world intruded faintly but did not affect the couple in the opulent living room.

‘I didn’t say *that*,’ Tim answered at last, his eyes darting away.

‘I truly don’t understand, darling,’ Sandra said softly, ‘what you would get out of all the things you told me about.’

‘I...I don’t know how to...how to explain...’

‘Try.’

Tim swallowed and stared at the floor.

‘I don’t know why I feel this way,’ he said softly, ‘but I would like to step outside of my role as husband.’

‘Hmm? And I?’

‘Yes,’ he whispered, ‘I would like you to discard the role of wife so...so...’

‘Go on, darling,’ Sandra said quietly, ‘I’m listening.’

‘I want to give myself to you.’

‘Isn’t that what marriage is about?’

‘Yes,’ he croaked, ‘of course it is but I want to give myself completely, not hold anything back, to be used by you for your pleasure...’

‘That sounds harsh...’

‘It is but...but...I would...enjoy it...’

‘I see,’ she said softly. ‘How? What do I do for you?’

‘Nothing,’ he whispered, head down. ‘No expectations anything. You would live a life focused on *you!* The opportunity to be as spoiled as you like, to *do* as and *what* you like. The complete freedom,’ Tim said hoarsely, ‘to experiment to find out what you would want without inhibition or concerns about me.’

There was a strained silence in the room.

‘*Sexually* experiment?’ Sandra asked softly and Tim nodded.

‘Do you love me?’ Sandra asked at last.

‘Of course I do!’ Tim said hoarsely.

Sandra smiled softly, her finger tracing the edge of her wineglass.

‘Darling, the business deal I have been working on was finalised on Friday.’

‘Congratulations,’ he murmured, thinking the awkward conversation was over.

Was he disappointed that it didn’t go anywhere again?

‘We should celebrate...’

‘Perhaps. Now, I feel like some taking some time off, to explore things.’

‘Things?’

‘Yes, *things*,’ Sandra said quietly and sipped her wine again.

Tim felt a little uncomfortable as his wife continued to study him. Finally, she broke the strained silence by asking one simple question.

‘What you just said. Do you really want it to happen just as you said?’

Tim swallowed.

‘Do you want me to dominate you, darling?’ Sandra added.

It was, as the cheap novels say, the moment of truth. Dare he answer *yes* and admit to those dirty little secrets he had hidden away for so long.

Should he take the step, *finally* take the momentous step, and confront his desires?

Or, should he just say no?

Rationally, Tim knew he should just laugh it off and tell his wife she was being silly, that it had all been a joke and that they should go on with life.

However, deep down, Tim knew he would regret it for the rest of his life, always wondering what would have happened if he had told Sandra the truth.

‘Yes,’ he whispered.

There, it was out!

*Out, at last!*

Sandra studied her husband for a moment and took another sip of the wine.

‘Is it just sexual domination?’ Sandra asked at last and Tim shook his head slowly. ‘I mean, have you been going to...well, other people?’

‘Of course *not!* It’s not just the sexual domination, it’s you.’

‘Me?’

‘I’ve always had submissive fantasies,’ Tim said honestly, ‘but I always was afraid to follow them through.’

‘And now?’

‘Now, I love you and trust you. It’s not just domination; it’s domination by *you!*’

‘I see.’

Sandra smiled warmly at Tim who looked uncomfortable.

‘Do you remember our conversation in Venice?’

‘Yes,’ he said softly.

‘We ordered another bottle of wine and you told me of “*The List*”?’

“*The List*” was a web site that listed the top twenty female domination books as voted by readers of well known BDSM site. Tim had revealed to Sandra that he had read them all and fantasised about the scenes depicted in those stories applying to him.

By *her!*

*Dominated, humiliated, controlled, used and abused by Sandra!*

‘Yes?’ Tim said warily.

‘I’ve read them,’ Sandra said softly, reaching for the bottle. ‘More wine?’

*Oh!*

Wordlessly, Tim pushed his wineglass across the table.

‘You...you read them?’

‘Read them *all*, darling,’ she said evenly, ‘read every one. “*The List*” is,’ she said with a smile, ‘quite a little inventory of rather deviant behaviour!’

‘Oh...’

‘It was my little self-imposed course of study on female domination and I did find aspects of it quite appealing.’

‘You did?’ Tim asked excitedly and Sandra smiled at her husband’s eagerness.

‘Certain aspects,’ she said carefully. ‘I also attended quite a number of lectures at the Open University on the psychological aspects of sex. Of course,’ Sandra said with a small smile, ‘I pretended I was studying for a degree. In a way,’ she said softly, smile fading, ‘I was studying for our marriage!’

*Studying to save a marriage or to destroy it?*

She toyed with the wineglass, then inserted her forefinger in the wine and sucked it from her fingertip, an act Tim found strikingly sensual in its nature.

‘I’m willing to do it,’ Sandra said after a long moment.

Tim's head jerked up and he stared at his wife with a mixture of shock and happiness.

'You...you are?'

'Yes but on my terms.'

'Of course,' Tim said quickly.

'No, darling,' Sandra said slowly, 'I mean it! *Only* on my terms!'

Tim was about to ask his wife to explain but decided to wait.

'Here is what I suggest,' Sandra said after a moment. 'The first of the month is next Friday, a week away. I suggest that we both take a month's break from our careers and spend four weeks together in a manner I see fit. Do you understand, darling?'

'I...I think so...'

'Let me be perfectly clear about it,' Sandra said evenly. 'For the calendar month I will be completely in charge and you will be relegated to the position of submissive servant. In reality, a *slave* but I much prefer the term servant! You will willingly forgo all your rights for the month and you will accept whatever I wish. Your purpose for the month will be to serve me in whatever way I desire. For the month, I can experiment sexually as I see fit and you will not complain! Do you agree?'

'Yes! Of course...'

'Don't agree so quickly, darling,' Sandra said. 'In fact, I want you to think about it very carefully as the month may not turn out as you want. I will push your boundaries during that time and test you and your

submissiveness. I am interested to see just how far you will go.'

*And how far I will go!*

'I understand,' Tim said carefully.

'Perhaps you do, perhaps you don't.'

'I think I do,' Tim said hesitantly, 'the month will be a trial for us...'

'No,' Sandra said quietly.

'No?'

'It will be a trial for *me*, darling, but not for *you*. I will trial the situation for a month and if it agrees with me, I will decide our future.'

'Ah...'

'Not you, *me!*'

*Oh!*

'Is that clear?'

'So,' Tim said slowly, 'you're saying this could be permanent?'

'Yes. Does that shock you?'

*Yes!*

'Ah...not sure...'

'That is why, darling, you have until Friday to consider it. There are no safe words for the month, darling, anything goes.'

'A...anything?'

'Yes,' Sandra said, eyes calmly fixed on his. 'No limits!'

'Oh, but...'

‘That is exactly what it sounds like, darling, *no* limits! Does that alarm you?’

‘No, I...I find it very exciting.’

‘I’m sure you do. You will think about it?’

Tim nodded quickly. He knew he would think of nothing but!

‘If you agree, I will give you a document to sign. If you decide not to test your boundaries for the month, we will go away together and enjoy a normal vacation. However, if you decide to go ahead, you should sign the document.’

‘What’s in the document?’

‘A formal agreement that will make it easier for me to legally assume control of you, darling, making it very clear that I am the Mistress while you are nothing but a servant!’

Tim’s eyes widened and he shifted on the chair.

‘From what I understand,’ Sandra said, ‘you receive a sexual charge from humiliation and complete submission?’

Tim wanted to hide and felt his face glowing with shame and excitement.

‘Ah...yes...’

‘Then, you should find my terms acceptable as you will be humiliated as you submit to me. *Completely* submit! I will make sure it will be humiliating for you so think about it carefully. If you wish to submit to me for the month and, perhaps, permanently, you really do need

to consider it deeply. This is *not* a game! If you agree, it will be a hot July!’

Tim’s cock was already trying to get hard and he smiled.

‘It sounds like fun.’

‘It will be *fun* for me, darling,’ Sandra said calmly, ‘but I’m not so sure about you! Remember, there will be *no* safe words, nothing you will not do! Anything goes for the month and, maybe, beyond that!’

Tim stared open mouthed at Sandra and smiled as she picked up the bottle of wine.

A telling moment of silence.

A *momentous* moment!

‘Now, let’s say no more about it until next Friday. Let’s have another glass, darling and then walk down to that rather nice Italian restaurant for dinner.’



Lying in the darkness, staring up at the ceiling and listening to Tim softly snoring, Sandra wondered if she really had the courage to go through with the month.

Yes, she had sounded confident and assured when talking about it with Tim but there were many small doubts pickling inside her head.

Moreover, there was no doubt there was a certain illicit sexual attractiveness to the idea but would she be brave enough?

Sandra loved her husband, loved him deeply so could she really hurt him, humiliate him and, perhaps, do terrible things to him.

Even though he wanted it?

*He wants it!*

Moreover, after reading all the material and researching female domination, Sandra admitted that she also wanted the month to go ahead!

*We will both discover some things about ourselves.*