



Carmenica Diaz

**A Little Spice
Carmenica Diaz
First published 2005.**

Copyright © Carmenica Diaz 2005

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.



Low Libido

Daphne flicked through her magazine, glancing at the photographs of celebrities posed on a first night red carpet and critically examined the gowns. Fred, her husband, sat in the other chair, newspaper open at the sports pages and spread across his lap.

Sighing at how unfair it was that the celebrities could afford dieticians and personal trainers to keep their weight under control, Daphne turned the page and her hazel eyes lit up when she spotted a quiz.

'Darling,' she said, eyes still on the magazine, 'there's a test here for sex.'

'Sex?' Fred's ears pricked up and he looked over at Daphne 'What about it?'

'A quiz - *Ten Questions to Spice Up Your Sex Life,*' Daphne said with a laugh. 'It's all rather silly, isn't it?'

Fred cleared his throat. 'Nothing wrong about a bit of spice.'

Something in his voice made Daphne glance at her husband. 'What are you saying?'

Fred shifted uncomfortably in his chair, the newspaper rustling loudly. 'I suppose all sex lives need some spice now and again.'

Daphne fixed him with a firm gaze. 'Are you saying *our* sex life requires spices of some description?'

'Well...you know...what I said...everybody needs spice.' Fred shifted again and tried to fold the newspaper. 'It's just another ingredient.'

'I see,' Daphne said and looked back down at her magazine, turning a page or two before asking, 'and just how would you add this *spice* to our sex life?'

'I don't know,' he muttered, 'I suppose we could do things.'

She looked up at him again. 'Things, what sort of things?'

'Other things...ah...kinky things.'

'Kinky things?' Daphne pursed her full lips and asked primly, 'what kinky things?'

'I don't know...I could tie you up or something...'

Daphne laughed. 'Tie me up? So you can climb on me and pump away until you spurt? Why on earth would I do that? It would just be like every other time except I'd be bloody uncomfortable or it would hurt.'

Fred flushed. 'You come when we do it...'

'You silly billy,' Daphne chortled. 'I don't think there's a woman alive who can come after two or three minutes of stimulation!'

'What...what are you saying?'

Daphne returned to her magazine. 'I would have thought it was bleeding obvious.' She sighed again and muttered, 'men can be so bloody thick.'

'What?'

'I fake it,' Daphne confessed with a sigh.

Fred gaped at his wife, astounded. 'Why...why didn't you say something?'

Daphne shrugged and flicked another page, studying a full-page advertisement for a pretty bra. Her eyes narrowed when she saw the largest size was a C. It was so difficult to find pretty underwear in the larger sizes.

'Why didn't you tell me?' Fred repeated.

'If you couldn't figure it out, you obviously haven't got a clue. I think we should both be

grateful that I have a low libido. I did a test in *Women's World* and, apparently, I do have a low sex drive.'

'Because a bloody magazine says so?' Fred snapped.

'No,' Daphne said evenly, 'because I haven't orgasmed during sex in five years of marriage.'

Stunned, Fred stared, open mouthed at his wife who calmly smiled at him, turned another page and read a recipe for Danish apple crumble.

'Never?' Fred squeaked at last.

'No, never,' Daphne said airily. 'As I said, sex is not important to me.'

'But you *have* orgasmed?' Fred persisted. 'I mean, through masturbation?'

Daphne's round face flushed prettily. 'I don't wish to discuss *that*, thank you very much,' she said primly.

'There's nothing wrong with masturbation, darling, everyone does it.' He watched her for a moment and then slyly said, 'that could be the spice we need. I could watch you masturbate.'

'Goodness gracious no! That's disgusting!'

'I didn't think you were such a prude.'

'Ladies don't do that sort of thing!'

'Masturbate? Yes, they do, even royalty!'

'Now, you are being truly disgusting,' Daphne said, standing up. 'I'm going to make a cup of tea. Do you want one?'

Fred nodded sadly, knowing the subject was closed.



Fred managed the electrical department of a large retail store and Daphne was a legal secretary at a small firm of solicitors just off the high street so they travelled to work each day in one car.

'I was thinking about the conversation we had yesterday,' Fred said as he backed the car out of the gate.

'That would be a first,' Daphne muttered, glancing out the side window, 'actually thinking about a conversation.' She adjusted her skirt and flicked a piece of lint off the sleeve of her jacket.

Daphne considered herself to be a little on the plump side and favoured severe black business jackets and knee length skirts to hide her shape. The jackets were always a little large, and with the minimiser bra, helped to disguise her large breasts.

Fred ignored the jibe. 'I thought you could do some research...'

'Research what?' Daphne asked sharply.

'Different...er...spices,' he finished lamely as he steered the car down their street.

'You mean smut!'

'No, no...erotica...'

'I am *not* reading filthy magazines!' Daphne said decidedly. 'What if someone sees me?'

'No...not magazines. You could read stories and things on the internet.'

'On a computer? I *hate* reading on a computer.'

Fred sighed but decided to persevere. 'Some of the stories are jolly interesting, I'm sure you'll enjoy them. Please, Daphne, do it for us?'

'Us?' Daphne stared at her husband.

'Well,' he said uncomfortably, 'I feel a little guilty that...you know...you haven't...'

'There's nothing to be guilty about, darling. As I said, I have a low libido...'

'I'll get a list of internet sites for you. Please, darling?'

'I don't want to read dirty stuff...'

'Please?'

Daphne glanced at her husband's pleading eyes and acquiesced. 'It could be interesting, I suppose,' she said dubiously.



Daphne read the list and shook her head while Fred shifted from foot to foot. 'Some of these names are so disgusting,' she pronounced, finger running down the list. 'What is BDSM?' she asked after a moment.

'It's...ah...a spice?' he adlibbed.

Her finger travelled further down the list and stopped on a name. 'A woman writes this filth?'

'It's not filth...yes, women do write erotica.' Fred sighed. This was not going at all well.

'Is she Spanish? I can't read Spanish or Portuguese, you know,' Daphne said firmly.

'No, that's just her pen name. In fact, she's English; lives in London.'

'How do you know?' Daphne asked suspiciously.

'It's in her biography. Let me show you her webpage.'

Daphne followed Fred into the study and sat next to Fred as he opened the webpage. Leaning forward to look, she exclaimed, 'goodness, she has written an awful lot! Can I use the mouse? I get giddy watching someone else.'

This, thought Fred, *is a breakthrough* and immediately got out of the chair. 'Please do, darling.'

Daphne settled in the chair and clicked her way around the page. 'The pictures are a bit naughty,' she said, flushing. 'My goodness, she sells this stuff?'

'Ah...yes...but it's very good...'

'How do you know?'

'Ah...I bought some...rather a lot, actually...'

'You spent *our* money on this filth? I am surprised, Frederick, I really am...'

'Wait, it's quite cheap...'

'Cheap?'

'Well...yes...'

'How cheap?'

'About four Euros per book. I can print them off for you and you can read them in comfort. I could even put them in a folder for you so nobody will know what you're reading.' Fred stared anxiously at his wife and waited.

Daphne clicked on a book cover and stared at the synopsis. 'All right,' she said slowly, 'print one and I'll try to get around to reading it.'



Fred printed all the books, punched holes in each page and inserted them in a fat office folder. He nodded approvingly as the pages now appeared as innocent as minutes from a meeting of a women's charity group.

Daphne read the first chapter of one of the books and immediately knew the author was a woman. Written in a friendly and gossipy way with a sharp bitchy element that made her giggle at the sheer stupidity of men, Daphne found that she thoroughly enjoyed it.

It also gave her ideas.



'Darling,' Daphne began at dinner, 'I agree that we should try to add some spice.'

Fred's head jerked up. 'Spice?'

'Yes,' she said sweetly, 'perhaps I don't have a low libido. We should try to find out, shouldn't we?'

'Yes,' rushed Fred, 'yes, of course. What did you have in mind?'

'I don't know this kinky stuff as well as you, darling so *you* suggest something.'

'Well,' he said slowly, 'I could tie you up...'

'No, we discussed that, remember?'

Fred nodded and sighed. 'Yes, we did but I have a pair of fur-lined handcuffs,' he added quickly, 'so it *would* be comfortable.'

Daphne blinked at him, trying not to giggle. 'Fur-lined handcuffs? Why on earth would anyone make...oh never mind. Why do you have them?'

'I thought you might...want to...you know...spice,' he finished lamely.

Daphne pretended to think. 'I know,' she said innocently, 'why don't I tie *you* up?'



Fred lay naked on the bed with arms handcuffed to the iron bed head, the bedroom lit by several candles. Daphne emerged from the bathroom in a black lace chemise, stretched against her large breasts that were threatening to spill free at any moment. The matching knickers, cut high at the thigh, enhanced her wide bottom and rounded stomach.

Fred responded with an instant erection and Daphne nodded approvingly, thinking it was worth the thirty minutes in the bathroom.

'You *are* glad to see me,' she giggled as she clambered onto the bed. 'You are my prisoner,' Daphne whispered, kissing Fred hard and he could

taste the Gin on her lips, mixed with cherry lipstick.

They kissed for several minutes, which was a first for them both as Fred usually only kissed for thirty seconds before mounting his wife. Now, of course, that was impossible and Daphne took advantage of his immobilisation, hungrily kissing him repeatedly.

He moaned as her fingers brushed his straining cock and murmured, 'climb on top, darling.'

'I intend to,' Daphne whispered slyly and slipped astride her husband's chest. Fred stared at the taut black lace covering Daphne's mound as she moved closer and closer to his face.

'I think it's time for a little spice,' she whispered, moving so her knees were on either side of Fred's head. Emboldened by the gin, Daphne pulled the crotch of her knickers aside and moved closer. 'You can give kitty a little kiss.'

Fred stared at the downy covered pussy that was inches from his face, the plump lips pouting and glistening in the flickering candlelight.

'Darling...we've never...I've never done...'

Daphne giggled. 'Time to start, darling but be gentle. You *do* want me to come, don't you?'

She wriggled forward and Fred could smell her musky aroma.

'Yes,' he mumbled, 'of course...'

'Perhaps I *do* have a low libido after all,' she pouted, 'and this is a waste of time?'

Fred sighed, moved his head forward and puckered his lips. Daphne sighed contentedly as his warm lips brushed against her and shivered when his tongue timidly licked.

Daphne kept him at it for ten minutes or so and then, feeling deliciously moist and warm, wriggled down her husband's body, stood up and removed her knickers before sliding down onto his hard cock.

Slowly, eyes fixed on a flickering candle, Daphne began to grind against Fred while occasionally moving up and down on his cock. For the first time, Daphne thought she could actually come!

Fred shuddered, groaned and came.

Daphne stopped and stared down at him. 'You spurted?'

He turned his face away from her accusatory eyes and mumbled, 'I couldn't help it, you were so sexy...'

'Oh, it's *my* fault, is it?' Daphne slipped off his wilting cock and scooped up her knickers. 'Fine!'

The bathroom door slammed and Fred sighed again. He rattled the handcuffs and wondered how long Daphne would be in the bathroom as he was a little uncomfortable.



'Can you come to the store after work? There's a small function for employees and partners.'

'What for?' Daphne asked coolly.

'The new store manager wants to meet everyone.'

'Should I change?' Daphne was wearing one of her usual stern business outfits – charcoal grey skirt and jacket, a sky blue blouse and grey hose – and she examined herself in the bedroom mirror.

Fred looked at his wife and shook his head. 'No, you look fantastic.'

'Not too sexy for you?' she said icily, tying her hair back.

'Darling,' Fred said after a moment, 'I'm sorry about last night.' He slipped his arms

around her and kissed her throat. 'You are very sexy and it was a new situation...'

Daphne melted in his arms. 'Do you really think I'm sexy?'

'Definitely.'

'Darling,' Daphne said, turning to look up at Fred, 'I thought you wanted to add some spice...'

'I do! And I want you to orgasm. I'll try harder, I really will.'

'I'll do some more research,' Daphne said as she stepped into her black high heels. 'Perhaps there are some ideas in those stories.'