

MIRROR, MIRROR 1.
THROUGH THE
MIRROR



Carmenica Diaz

Through the Mirror

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*But Angie, I still love you, baby
Ev'rywhere I look I see your eyes*

Jagger/Richards

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Carmenica Diaz
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1. The Mirror Beckons.

‘Do you feel helpless, darling?’

David tried to nod his head but the restrictive restraints permitted no movement whatsoever. He could not speak as the ball gag firmly buckled across his mouth prevented any speech at all.

His arms were bound tightly behind his back and his thighs were restrained by a wide leather strap that encircled them, pinioning them together.

Of course, he was completely naked and kneeling on the floor of the large master bedroom he occupied with his beautiful wife, Angie.

In fact, Angie had positioned him in front of the large smoky mirror that covered one wall. It stretched from the door into the bedroom to the corner so it butted against the wall which the large king sized bed rested.

It was quite a different mirror; David had not seen anything quite like it anywhere. It consisted of panels of reflective mirrors, arranged in a colonial pattern with thin stained timber borders around each pane.

Angie had recently installed the mirror as she had once been a model – once quite famous – and she had told David she required a mirror to check her clothes before venturing out of the rambling house to the many social functions she gleefully attended.

David hadn’t minded. In fact, he enjoyed lying bound on the bed and watching his reflection in the

adjoining mirror as Angie rose up and down on his hard cock. With row upon row of the framed panels stretching over the length and width of the wall, the reflection was quite abstract and artistic.

Not that they made love often.

Unfortunately, there was a certain amount of friction between the couple due to the BDSM tastes that David had developed during the past two years.

Angie was ten years younger than David and their marriage had survived the usual ups and downs for over five years. David had thought their relationship would continue to grow and Angie would also desire and share his kinky fetishes.

Angie looked down at her bound husband and smiled.

‘You know, darling, when you first asked me to play those little domination games, I was a little disappointed.’

David looked up at her and saw her eyes were twinkling as usual but there was also something else in those bright blue orbs.

The polished timber floor in front of the mirror was hard against his knees and for a moment, David looked longingly at the plush rug upon which the bed rested.

He had hopes that Angie would tell him to crawl to the bed and then order to suckle on her sweet sex while she patted his willing head with her elegantly manicured hand. It was such a submissive and therefore such a

stimulating scenario that David hoped she would need his mouth.

Not that Angie seemed to “need” his oral services as much as David fantasised about. It dawned on David after almost a year that Angie did not understand his needs and fantasies. Even though he had begged her to take a stronger hand, he could tell her heart was not in it.

Deprived of his wife’s involvement, David derived his satisfaction in two ways.

Firstly, he surfed the web for bondage and female domination sites. He had a long list of favourite sites – some very extreme indeed – which he faithfully recorded in the thick leather bound personal diary he kept locked in his briefcase. David was not stupid enough to keep favourites on any computer he used and used the diary as his BDSM reference guide.

The diary became his escape. Not only did he record the addresses of the sites he visited but he also documented the sites he masturbated with while reading stories or watching female domination videos.

His second avenue of satisfaction also involved the diary.

Sometimes, when he was alone at home or at his office, David would write a favourite fantasy in the diary in glowing detail and, strangely, in green ink. One the extreme fantasy was loving documented, David would read it again while masturbating. Of course, he also recorded the self-satisfaction he enjoyed, rating his

orgasmic experience on a scale of one to ten – ten being the ultimate.

Angie stepped in front of him and he looked at her high heel shoes.

‘Disappointed,’ Angie continued, ‘because it’s not very manly, is it, to want your wife, who is, incidentally, a great deal smaller than you, to spank you?’

David watched as his wife walked to the dressing table and rummaged in the drawers for something. She was wearing a short black satin kimono that extended to mid-thigh. A stylised red dragon decorated the back of the garment and a matching cloth belt loosely held it together.

He wondered if she was naked underneath it and his cock, already hard through being restrained and the promise of sexual games, was quivering in time with his pulse as David stared at Angie’s long, tanned legs.

It was an awkward position but one David endured willingly when Angie, surprisingly, had suggested that they play some “little games” in their bedroom.

Although it was unusual for Angie to instigate such sexual shenanigans, David willingly followed orders and allowed Angie to restrain him. Even when his young wife demonstrated a sudden expertise with the bondage equipment, David still happily went along.

Now, small doubts were touching the corners of his mind.

‘However,’ Angie said, holding a cigarette in one hand and a gold cigarette lighter with a black ebony inlay in the other, ‘I tried to do my best. I went along and did all the silly things you wanted me to do. I mean, what *real* man wants his wife to spank him!’

Angie lit the cigarette, the orange blue flame flickering over the lighter. She exhaled smoke and then smiled at the look her gagged husband gave her.

‘Yes, I am *smoking*! How terrible! Do I disappoint you? Wicked Angie! *Bad* Angie!’

She exhaled another stream of smoke in the direction of her husband and giggled.

‘You thought I had given up smoking because you wanted me to! Well, *surprise*!’

Angie waved her hand with the cigarette in front of her husband’s face and chuckled at his frown.

‘And,’ she murmured, walking to the French doors, ‘that’s not the *only* surprise I have in store for you.’

Angie peered through the filmy curtains into the night and then walked back to her husband who was now sweating, concern obvious on his round face.

‘You look worried, darling? Well, you should be!’

Angie stood in front of David and disdainfully nudged the head of his stiff cock with the toe of her high heel shoe.

‘Where was I? Oh, yes. Like a good little wife, I tried to do the things you wanted even though I thought they were silly and ridiculous. Somehow, I managed to keep a straight face! I can tell you it wasn’t easy.’

Angie drew on the cigarette.

‘But, were you grateful? Oh no, not *you!* Not the big executive David Austin! Every time, no matter how hard I tried, you always complained that either I was not hitting you hard enough or I was not nasty enough when I was supposed to verbally humiliate you. You were always so quick to criticise! It really was *quite* annoying!’

David desperately tried to speak but the gag prevented intelligible sounds emerging from his mouth.

‘Don’t try to speak, darling,’ Angie said exhaling smoke, ‘it’s a waste of time. You have no say now; I’m going to give you what you want.’

She looked around, ash laden cigarette in her fingers.

‘Now, where can I find an ashtray. Oh dear, you threw *all* the ashtrays away when you said I had to give up smoking! I suppose this will just have to do!’

Horrified, David watched as his wife bent from the waist, the kimono riding up to reveal a thin slice of black silk between succulent arse cheeks, and his cock quivered. Angie shot him a cruel smile over her shoulder, aware that he was staring hungrily at her bottom and picked up his discarded left shoe.

David spluttered and yelled into the gag as his wife calmly held up his shoe and flicked the cigarette ash into it.

She took another drag from the cigarette, her red lipstick marking the beige filter and then calmly stubbed the cigarette out into the shoe.

‘Italian handmade, aren’t they?’ Angie said innocently as she peered into the shoe. ‘Oh dear, there is a large burn mark!’

She dropped the shoe onto the floor.

‘You won’t need shoes for quite a while so it’s not really a bother, is it?’

David stared at the shoe lying on the polished timber floor and then looked up at his gloating wife.

‘I see that dicky is still hard! You must like me smoking after all.’

Once again, David attempted to form words and his wife calmly watched him as, spluttering and gurgling, he came to terms with the fact he was forced to remain incoherent! A long layer of drool dangled from his distended mouth and Angie thought her husband looked pitiful and pathetic!

‘You would think,’ she said absently, ‘that the penny would drop and you would understand that a gag is *meant* to stop you talking and whining! God knows why I didn’t think of it ages ago!’

Angie smiled and walked back to the drawer of her dressing table.

David watched curiously, fear still flickering inside him as his wife drew a slender black object from the drawer. It looked similar to an expensive television remote and he watched as Angie examined it with a sly smile on her face.

‘One of the reasons I married you was because of your money. It enabled me to enjoy my life even with

your constant complaining and bizarre requests. That's the reason I won't divorce you. No, I've thought of an even better way. In fact,' she smiled at David, 'I'm going to give you exactly what you want.'

David stared at her, resigned to his complete and utter lack of speech and wondered fearfully what his young wife was planning.

She carefully placed the slender object on the dressing table and then walked to the chest of drawers on the wall near the French doors. Angie opened a bottom drawer, removed a bag and walked towards him with a purposeful air.

'You can try to struggle, darling,' Angie said with a smile, squatting next to him, 'but it won't do you any good.'

She gently wiped sweat from his forehead with her long fingers and looked deeply into David's eyes.

'As I said, you're going to get what you wanted,' Angie whispered.

David watched as she rummaged in the cloth bag and then his eyes fell between her thighs where the kimono had parted as she squatted beside him. His cock pulsed at the sight of tight black silk stretched across her vulva. The panties or thong were so tight, David imagined he could see the crease between her labia beneath the silk.

Angie smiled when she saw where he was looking.

'Naughty boy! Looking at what you can't have!' She leaned close, close enough for David to smell her

exotic perfume and Angie pouted suggestively. ‘And you’ll *never* have pussy again!’

Her whispered words, delivered with such assuredness and finality, rocked David and he blinked pathetically at her.

Angie giggled softly and then, humming quietly to herself, removed a thick leather collar from the bag. David blinked at the object, absorbing every detail of it with a sinking heart while his stiff cock twitched.

The collar was approximately five inches wide with two buckles and a D-ring at the rear.

‘Lift your head, darling.’

David lowered his head resentfully and stared at the floor, shaking his head.

‘Oh, don’t be so naughty!’ Angie pouted. ‘You can’t fight me! If you don’t lift your head, I’m afraid I’m going to have to kick you in your plump balls!’

Angie tilted his chin up with her forefinger and David looked at her with fear.

‘I’ve always wanted to kick a man hard in the jewels, darling, just to see if it’s as painful as you blokes say. So,’ she smiled bleakly, ‘if you want to keep your head down, it’s quite all right with me. You’ll lift your head sooner or later, I’m sure.’

David swallowed and slowly lifted his head and Angie frowned.

‘Oh, you’re so weak! I was looking forward to kicking your balls! You are such a namby pamby!’

David stared fixedly ahead at the French doors as Angie buckled the collar tightly around his throat. Angie showed him two padlocks she retrieved from the bag before locking the collar on.

‘There, you won’t be able to get that off! *Ever!*’

Angie stood up and smiled at him. David watched her walk to the door and she left the bedroom without a backward glance.

The collar was tight and its hard ridge forced David’s head up. It was, he knew from his web browsing, what was called a posture collar and was designed to keep a slave’s head upright.

Slave!

David’s cock twitched again and he hoped that Angie was going to jerk him off as she usually did at the conclusion of their S&M games.

However, *this* game had a different tone.

David had never seen her so confident, so self-assured and so dominating!

He believed her when she said she would kick him in the nuts! Normally, he would not but, there was something different in Angie’s eyes, something that made David very afraid.

He turned his head awkwardly and partially saw his reflection in the mirror wall behind him.

Even he could see the fear in his anxious eyes!

Music drifted up from downstairs and David strained his ears to recognise the tune.

It was Edith Piaf singing *la vie en rose*.

David listened to the throaty performance and suddenly felt rather sad.

Had it all come to this?

Suddenly, life with Angie and his craving for female domination seemed rather hollow. David resolved to ask Angie to start again, to rebuild their married life.

Unknown to David, it was, alas, far too late!

The music finished and David listened for his wife's footsteps on the stairs but there was no sound for a moment until more music wafted upstairs.

It was Edith Piaf again but, this time, *Non, Je Ne Regrette Rien*.

The music was suddenly turned up in volume, he could plainly hear the mournful, emotive voice, and David guessed that Angie was sitting downstairs with a Gin and tonic, listening.

Non! Rien de rien ...

Non ! Je ne regrette rien

Ni le bien qu'on m'a fait

Ni le mal tout ça m'est bien égal !

Non ! Rien de rien ...

Non ! Je ne regrette rien...

C'est payé, balayé, oublié

Je me fous du passé!

Avec mes souvenirs

J'ai allumé le feu

*Mes chagrins, mes plaisirs
Je n'ai plus besoin d'eux !*

Suddenly, the music ended and David felt intuitively that Angie would be coming back at any moment. Once again, he struggled in his bonds but to no avail.

Then, music began playing again downstairs and David immediately recognised the sounds of Radiohead and *Fake Plastic Trees*.

The volume was softer so David could hear Angie walking up the polished stairs but he could also hear the lyrics that he knew so well.

He wears her out!

The footsteps grew closer.

*Her green plastic watering can
for her fake Chinese rubber plant
in the fake plastic earth.
that she bought from a rubber man
in a town full of rubber plans
to get rid of itself,- it wears her out.*

*She lives with a broken man,
a cracked polystyrene man who just
crumbles and burns.*

*He used to do surgery for girls in the eighties
but gravity always wins
and it wears him out.*

It wears her out.

It wears her out!

Angie appeared in the doorway, still dressed in the short kimono and carrying a silver ice bucket full of ice. David saw her cheeks were pink and he guessed she had more than one drink downstairs.

It wears me out, it wears me out

It wears me out, it wears me out

If I could be who you wanted

If I could be who you wanted all the time

All the time...

All the time...

‘This is it,’ she said, almost to herself as Angie walked towards him, ‘this is the change.’

Angie placed the ice bucket on the floor next to David and then took a silver object from the cloth bag.

Again she squatted next to David and, again, he stared into her parted thighs at the taut black silk stretched over her vulva.

She smiled knowingly but didn’t adjust her stance, scooped ice from the ice bucket which had been a wedding gift, and held a handful of ice directly against his genitals. David yelped into the gag and shivered but Angie steadfastly held the ice tightly against his balls.

The cold was intense and within moments, his cock began to wilt.

Still smiling, Angie tossed the ice back into the ice bucket, picked up the silver object with one hand and held his cock in the other.

‘This,’ Angie said as she skilfully threaded his flaccid cock through the metal tube, ‘will be the last time I ever touch your pathetic dicky!’

Her voice was so calm and almost factual that David blinked at her, thinking this wasn’t a game, this was *real!*

Whatever his wife was planning to do was real, not a game!

‘In case you’re wondering,’ Angie said as she closed a circular clasp between his balls and his body, ‘this is a male chastity belt.’

David’s cock tried to swell as he realised that one of his secret fantasies was coming true but the metal tube that imprisoned it, restricted the movement with a painful squeeze.

A chastity belt!

‘It completely prohibits erections and you will have to pee sitting down. No more orgasms for you as I’m keeping the key. There,’ she said triumphantly as David heard a loud and ominous “*click*”!

Angie stood up and David stared down at the silver tube that now completely enclosed his cock.

‘I hope the last orgasm you had was enjoyable,’ Angie said. ‘When was that? Let’s see, shall we?’

To David's intense horror and humiliation, Angie pulled his secret diary from the dressing table drawers and flicked through it.

'Why on earth,' she said, 'did you choose green ink? It looks like someone has eaten a plate of asparagus and then peed on the pages!'

She giggled at her bizarre joke and then gently tapped David on the head with the diary.

'I've read every disgusting word, darling! Every one and, my dear, I have only one thing to say to you.'

Angie bent over and looked David directly in the eyes.

'You make me sick!' Angie said softly and with such surety, that David flinched as if she had slapped his face.