

THE LOVING MISTRESS



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First published 2006.

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Prologue

Erin looked over at her husband and then smiled at Katherine.

‘He goes under very quickly.’

Katherine nodded.

‘He’s very susceptible to hypnotic suggestion.’

‘Is that unusual?’

‘No, not really.’

‘It’s interesting that you can make him do things. Could you make him put the toilet seat down?’

Katherine smiled.

‘A good idea but, unfortunately, that’s a fallacy. Hypnotic suggestion can only go so far anyway. You can’t *really* make people do things against their will. That’s why I had to make sure David is committed to giving up smoking.’

‘He is,’ Erin said, ‘we’ve spoken about it.’

‘I know. Now, I’ll continue to reinforce the notion in his mind that the taste of cigarettes is simply awful! You know,’ Katherine said with a glance at Erin, ‘not many wives would accompany their husbands to the three sessions. Most come for one and that’s it.’

Erin shrugged.

‘I want to support him.’

Katherine nodded and began quietly talking to the unconscious David while Erin sat quietly in the corner.

After ten minutes, Katherine stood up and smiled at Erin.

‘All done. I’ll bring him out of it in a moment. It’s good to allow his subconscious to digest the information. Every time he thinks of a cigarette, his subconscious will tell him the taste will be terrible and will make him sick. After a while he won’t even think of smoking!’

‘That’s brilliant! I love the way he answers you,’ Erin said with a soft giggle. ‘He sounds almost sleepy but you can still understand him.’

‘I suppose it does sound funny. I was talking directly with his subconscious; it’s impossible for him to lie.’

Erin looked up.

‘He...he can’t lie when under?’

Katherine shook her head.

‘Nope.’

She glanced at her watch.

‘I have to make a long distance call. Do you want a coffee or something?’

Erin was staring at the window, seemingly lost in thought for a moment but quickly refocused.

‘No thanks. I’ll just wait here until you bring him out. How long will you leave him under?’

‘About twenty minutes. You sure you don’t want a drink? Tea?’

Erin shook her head.

‘No, I’m fine, thank you. I’ll just read a magazine and wait here with him.’

Katherine smiled.

‘You’re very protective of him, aren’t you? It’s nice to see a couple so much in love. How long have you been married?’

‘Three years,’ Erin said. ‘It’s the second marriage for both of us and I think we both learned from the mistakes of our previous relationships.’

‘Love is better the second time around, eh?’

‘Yes,’ Erin grinned, ‘it certainly is!’

‘I’ll be back in about twenty minutes.’

‘Don’t hurry. We’re fine.’

The door closed and Erin quickly walked over to where her sleeping husband lay.

Taking a deep breath, Erin sat down on the chair that Katherine had sat on and leaned forward so she was close to her unconscious husband.

Erin had watched Katherine work during the three sessions and had a good idea of what to do.

‘I’ve only got twenty minutes,’ she said softly and then spoke a little more loudly and directly to her husband.

‘David, this is Erin, can you hear me?’

Although, David’s eyes were closed and Erin saw movement behind his eyelids.

‘Yes, I can hear you.’

He sounded drowsy but Erin, after watching three sessions, knew that was normal.

‘David, I’m going to ask you a question and I want you to tell me the truth. You *must* tell Erin the truth, mustn’t you, David?’

‘I must tell Erin the truth,’ he droned and Erin nervously glanced around before taking another deep breath.

This was it, the moment she both dreaded and wanted.

‘David, are you cheating on Erin?’

Anxiously, she waited.

‘No,’ David said and Erin leaned forward, her heart pounding.

He said no!

Did I ask the question the right way?

She decided to rephrase the question.

‘David, have you had sex during the last three years with a woman other than Erin?’

Erin waited, heart really galloping.

‘No,’ her husband murmured, ‘no sex. Only Erin.’

Relief flooded over Erin and she wanted to hug and kiss her husband.

He’s faithful!

He’s not like Steve!

Erin’s first husband and father of her daughter had been a serial womaniser. She had stayed with him for the sake her daughter but the humiliation and betrayal had finally become too much.

Divorce had followed and Erin had been celibate for three years until she had met David.

David was everything Steve wasn’t and Erin’s daughter, Melanie, liked David as well. It had all been wonderful and when Melanie went off to university, Erin

thought things could only get better when the two of them would be alone.

However, instead of increasing, their sex life had diminished. Erin automatically thought David was getting sex somewhere else.

Her mind raced with possibilities and Erin glanced anxiously at the door again.

‘David,’ she whispered, ‘do you love Erin?’

‘I love Erin,’ came the sure reply, Erin blinked, happy tears beginning to form, and she quickly focussed on the next question.

‘David, why don’t you have sex with Erin?’

He suddenly seemed uncomfortable and his head turned from side to side but Erin persisted.

‘You must answer Erin, David,’ she said firmly. ‘Don’t you find Erin sexually attractive?’

‘I do! She is beautiful and very sexy!’

Erin smiled at that, even though she believed she should lose some weight.

‘Why don’t you want to make love with your wife?’

‘I...I...’

‘Tell Erin, David,’ Erin said.

‘I want Erin to take control.’

That puzzled Erin.

‘Control? What do you mean, David?’

Again, there was evidence of the inner turmoil and Erin waited.

Finally, his answer came.

‘I am sexually submissive.’

Erin stared at her unconscious husband.

Submissive?

What did that mean?

A hundred questions popped into Erin's mind but she knew she didn't have the time and regretfully hurried back to her chair.

Erin had picked up a magazine and was flicking through it, not really seeing the pages, her mind spinning, when Katherine returned.

'How's sleeping beauty?'

'Still asleep,' Erin said as calmly as she could.

For a moment, she considered asking Katherine what "*sexually submissive*" meant but decided against it.

Erin was forty-one years of age, had a nineteen-year-old daughter and didn't feel *that* comfortable talking about sex with another person.

It wasn't that she was shy or sexually conservative, it was just that Erin believed intimate matters such as sex should be kept between a husband and wife.

No, she thought, I just have to do some research! David is away for three days from tomorrow; I'll devote a little time to research!

Erin nodded emphatically to herself, dropped the magazine onto the coffee table and stood as Katherine began to bring David out of his hypnotised state.

It probably means nothing, Erin told herself as she watched her husband open his eyes but, somehow, she didn't really believe that.

Part 1. Tentative Steps.

1. The Awakening.

1.

‘Was I boring again?’ I asked Erin with a grin as we stepped from Katherine’s office.

At the conclusion of the previous hypnosis session, my wife had joked that I had been terribly boring and didn’t perform like a chicken!

It was a reference to a hypnotist we had seen on our honeymoon cruise. He was the most awful stage act we had ever seen but we had been in such happy spirits we actually enjoyed it.

‘What?’ Erin asked, seemingly distracted.

‘I asked if I was boring again.’

I pressed the button for the elevator and looked at Erin.

‘Is something wrong, darling?’

‘Wrong?’

She offered a weak smile and rummaged in her purse for something.

‘No, nothing’s wrong, darling. Do you feel like a cigarette?’

‘Ugh!’ I said as the elevator arrived. ‘The thought makes me sick.’

‘That’s the idea, David,’ she said, stepping into the elevator and I followed.

As we rode down to the car park, I smiled at her, hoping to see her beautiful smile in return but Erin looked away. It was strange.

‘Are you sure nothing is wrong?’

‘Nothing is wrong, darling,’ she said, ‘why do you ask?’

‘You seem a million miles away.’

‘Just thinking about work, that’s all.’

Somehow, I thought my wife wasn’t telling me everything but I let it go.

Erin was a research librarian at the business college and her work was not that taxing. That’s what she told me anyway so I was surprised she was thinking about it.

However, I didn’t say anything and walked alongside her to the car, her high heels sounding loud on the concrete in the underground area.

I fumbled in my pocket for the car keys and Erin surprised me.

‘I’ll drive,’ she said suddenly.

‘You?’

‘I *can* drive, you know, darling,’ Erin said with a wry smile so I gave her the keys.

I looked at her as I sat in the unfamiliar passenger’s seat and thought again how lucky I was to find her. I loved her so much. She was beautiful, smart, kind and gentle – everything I wanted in a wife.

Well, *almost* everything.

I quickly pushed *those* thoughts from my mind.

There was, I told myself, *no point in thinking about those secret desires, no point at all!*

‘What time is your flight?’ Erin asked as she drove.

I glanced down at her legs and at the curve of her thighs in the tight skirt.

‘Early. I fly out at seven.’

‘I’ll drive you to the airport.’

‘No need,’ I smiled, ‘Brian is swinging by our place with a cab; we’ll go together.’

‘Are you sure?’

‘It’s arranged. You can stay in bed,’ I said, ‘enjoy a lie in before you go to the library.’

‘I’m going to miss you,’ Erin said with a sad smile.

‘And I’ll miss you but it’s only three days.’

Erin didn’t say anything more and I wondered what was wrong. I’m not one of those men who are completely oblivious to my partner’s feelings and, intuitively, I knew something *was* wrong.

However, I knew I couldn’t push the matter if my wife didn’t want to talk about it so I just watched the world slide by as we drove home.

We ate dinner in almost complete silence.

Even though I tried to force conversation, I could tell something was on Erin’s mind but she didn’t want to talk about it.

After we cleaned up the kitchen and stacked the dishwasher, I went upstairs to pack for my business trip while Erin watched television.

Television didn't really interest me so after packing my bag I slipped into the den and surfed the web for a while. As usual, I found myself drawn to the FemDom sites, especially those that have FemDom stories and read avidly for a while.

I guess time slipped away.

'I'm going to bed.'

Startled, I guiltily looked up at Erin in the doorway.

'Already? It's only nine thirty?'

'I'm tired,' she said with a sad smile. 'Wake me before you go in the morning.'

With that, she turned and walked away.

No goodnight kiss, I noticed, what have I done?

It was obvious I had done something but didn't have a clue as to what!

I surfed for a while longer and Erin was asleep when I finally slipped into bed.

Horny from surfing the FemDom sites, I thought about slipping back out of bed, loading up some of my favourite FemDom stories on the PC and masturbating but decided against it.

Concentrating on work and the boring conference I had to attend, I finally fell asleep.

I slept reasonably well and stumbled from bed at an ungodly hour, summoned by the bedside alarm to shower and dress.

Erin sleepily looked up at me when I bent to kiss her goodbye.

‘Bye, darling,’ I said softly. ‘I’ll call you tonight.’

‘Bye,’ she said sleepily and rolled over.

As I walked to the front door to wait for Brian, I resolved again to put the stupid ideas of FemDom from my mind, to be “*normal*” and focus on my wife and to not allow my fetish and pathetic dreams to take over.

I just had to forget about being submissive, try to perform as a man should and make love to his passive wife.

But it was so difficult!

‘You’re quiet,’ Brian said to me.

We were both in the back of the cab and the traffic to the airport appeared to be light.

‘I’m not a morning person,’ I said.

‘How’s the not smoking campaign going?’

‘It’s working. You should give it a try.’

‘What, get hypnotised?’ Brian laughed. ‘Wouldn’t work on me, my son, I’m too strong willed.’

I smirked at that but said nothing.

‘We have three days away from the wives,’ he said, ‘let’s have fun.’

‘I’m not going out drinking, Brian,’ I said firmly, ‘or trolling for women. I told you that.’

‘I forgot,’ he said snidely, ‘you’re still in “honeymoon” phase. It won’t last long,’ he added warningly.

‘It’s lasted three years,’ I pointed out.’

‘It’ll die,’ he said darkly, ‘and then you won’t be able to wait to get away from your wife!’

Again, I said nothing and just watched the traffic.

‘Not everyone’s got a perfect marriage, you know,’ he added.

Perfect?

Not really but probably as close to perfect as I could hope.

There were times when I almost told Erin about my submissive tendencies and my fantasies but didn’t.

How does a man explain that to his wife?

I had thought about it many times.

Society expects men to be the strong hunter, the powerful dominant and women respond to that. They’re genetically programmed to do so.

No, I just have to forget about it and change.

I can be the strong dominating type, can’t I?

Can’t I?

I can pretend.

3.

‘How’s the hotel?’

Erin’s voice was warm down the telephone but she seemed preoccupied.

‘It’s a hotel, nothing special. What are you doing?’

‘Doing some research, catching up from work.’

That didn’t sound like Erin but I let it go.

‘Miss you,’ I said softly.

‘Same,’ she said distantly. ‘Have you had dinner?’

‘I’m having room service. I need to work on my presentation.’

‘You’re not going out with Brian?’ Erin asked and I wondered if I detected an edge to her voice.

‘No, I’m not interested in getting drunk. You know that, darling.’

‘Yes, I know.’

Silence.

‘Darling,’ I asked hesitantly, ‘is everything all right?’

‘Yes, of course. I’m just tired. Call me tomorrow?’

‘Yes, I will. I’ll tell you about the presentation.’

‘You’ll be perfect. David?’

‘Yes?’

‘I love you.’

‘I love *you*, darling. Goodnight.’

4.

‘That chick at the bar keeps looking at you, Dave.’

‘I’m not interested, Brian,’ I sighed.

‘David here,’ Brian said, leaning forward to explain in a loud whisper to the rest of the folk around the table, ‘loves his wife!’

They all turned to look at me.

‘I think that’s nice,’ Samantha said with a small smile.

I shrugged and drained my beer.

‘That’s it for me; I’m heading to the room.’

‘Have to ring the little wifey?’ Brian said scornfully.

‘As a matter of fact,’ I said calmly, ‘I do.’

I left them to their drinks and telephoned Erin as soon as I was in the privacy of my room.

‘Hello, darling.’

Her voice seemed warmer and I brightened at that.

‘How was the presentation?’ Erin immediately asked.

‘Fine. Went well. Your day?’

‘Oh, the usual,’ she said, somewhat evasively, I thought.

‘I’m coming back early,’ I announced.

‘Really?’

There was such delight in her voice that I was immediately pleased and a little relieved.

‘Yes. There’s no need for me to stay and I’m bored. I also miss you.’

‘Really?’

‘Yes, really! You know I love you.’

‘Yes,’ she said strangely, ‘I do know that. I love you, darling. Let’s have a special dinner tomorrow night.’

‘Are you sure?’

‘Yes. Don’t eat on the plane.’

The way she said it sent a little ripple through me and I shook my head to clear it.

‘Ah...wh...’

‘Do not eat on the plane!’

‘Are you...’

‘See you tomorrow night. I’ll have the dinner ready so be hungry or else!’ Erin laughed and I grinned.

‘Yes ma’am,’ I joked and hung up.

2. The Return.

1.

The return plane trip was more enjoyable without Brian. His marital cynicism and snide remarks became wearing after a while so it was nice not to have to put up with them.

I read and relaxed and even though I was offered food, I refused it, mindful of Erin's instruction.

Instruction, I thought, was hardly the word.

But I lived in hope.

Erin was dressed in a simple black cocktail dress, low cut and softly pleated, and looked fabulous.

As I leaned close to kiss her, she suddenly seized my head, held me in a hot embrace and kissed me deeply.

'Wow,' I said when she released me, 'what a welcome!'

'I missed you, darling,' Erin said with a sly smile, 'that's all. Dinner's ready. Are you hungry?'

'Yes,' I said removing my jacket, 'I am.'

'Did you eat on the plane?' Erin asked as she walked to the table where the opened wine bottle sat.

'No,' I said, 'I didn't.'

'Why not?'

Her question caught me off guard and I froze in the midst of removing my tie and looked over at her.

The soft light enhanced her dark hair and glittered on the pearls around her throat, her smile light and teasing.

‘Ah...you said...’

‘Said what, darling?’

‘You...you said not to...’

‘Yes,’ Erin said lightly, ‘I did, didn’t I? Wine, darling?’

2.

After a glass of wine, we sat in the dining room, candles flickering, velvety music playing as we enjoyed the delicious soup that was the first course.

Erin questioned me about the conference and I readily replayed my presentation and the events.

Her eyes were sparkling in the candle-light and occasionally, I would find her looking at me with a strange look in her wonderful eyes.

I saw it as the look of love.

‘You can take the soup bowls out to the kitchen, darling,’ Erin said calmly and I glanced at her.

She held my eyes with her sparkling ones and smiled slightly.

‘Of course,’ I said, standing and gathering the bowls.

She remained seated at the dining table as I carried the bowls out to the kitchen, rinsed them and put them into the dishwasher.

Erin was still at the table and held her wineglass out when I returned.

‘More wine, darling,’ she said and her voice, I thought was different but I told myself I was imagining it, that I was just tired from the trip.

As I filled her glass, I felt Erin watching me and I looked at her questioningly.

‘The main course is in the oven, darling,’ she said quietly, ‘bring it in.’

It wasn’t a request and an electric shiver ran down my spine directly to my groin.

Erin was, strangely, a little more assertive and I felt the crackle of sexual tension as I placed the meals on the table.

The meal continued with Erin talking about the library and the continual trials of one of her work colleagues, Billie.

After cleaning the kitchen together, Erin took my hand and purposefully led me upstairs to the bedroom.

The first kiss was electric and hot, so hot I was instantly hard but, perversely, also felt like putty in her hands.

Erin smiled at me in the diffused warm light of the bedroom as she unbuttoned my shirt, her silky hands roaming over my chest before dropping to my belt.

Passively, I allowed her to undress me until I was naked; my rock hard cock pointing skywards as Erin smiled at me.

In her high heels, she was taller, her eyes unexpectedly appeared powerful, and controlling as Erin looked down at me with that half smile playing on her plump red lips.

Her soft hand lightly caressed my balls and my cock for a moment as her eyes held mine.

Then, she turned her back on me and I heard her whisper, 'unzip me.'

My fingers trembled as I guided the zipper at the back of her dress down, her perfume invading my every sense. My cock pulsed when I saw her elegant back exposed.

The dress puddled to the floor and Erin allowed me to look at her.

She was breathtaking!

No bra – her large breasts swung enticingly free and my eyes dropped past her rounded belly to her exposed pussy. No panties! She had been naked under her dress through the entire meal and my cock reacted wildly to that thought!

The lush hair of her pussy was framed by the black lace straps of the suspender belt fastened to the lace tops of her gleaming black stockings.

'You're...you're beautiful,' I stuttered and Erin smiled.

'Thank you, darling and I can see you approve.'

Her eyes dropped to my cock and she smirked softly.

I was harder than I had been for a long time. The combination of her change of behaviour and her sexy attitude made me as stiff as steel!

Erin walked to the bed and casually lay back against the plump pillows, her thighs parted.

It was a magical sight and, unlike the careful Erin of the past, she left her high heels on! It was sexy and, as far as Erin was concerned, probably kinky!

My cock throbbed at the sight and Erin smiled, crooked her finger and beckoned me.

Like most couples, Erin and I had a pattern as far as lovemaking was concerned. The predictability was one of the factors that had pushed me towards masturbating more regularly than I should, especially to my favourite domination stories.

Usually, I would happily lap at her pussy until Erin gently pulled me up to enter her. I had always thought that she didn't really like me kissing her "bits" and put up with it because I wanted to or it was expected.

We had, of course, never spoken about it and I took what pleasure I could when I could.

To me, kissing and licking her womanhood, her source of power over me was a sexily submissive act but Erin didn't seem to enjoy it.

I crawled onto the bed, my hard cock throbbing as I stared down at her wantonly parted thighs and the soft downy hair framing her labia.

As usual, I lowered my face and began gently kissing her pussy. Erin's hand rested lightly on my head as I kissed her labia and then gently suckled on each wing.

Surprisingly, she was wet and my cock trembled at the thought of sliding into that velvet pussy when, as usual, she signalled me to enter her.

However, the signal didn't come and I continued to lick and suck, suck and lick while Erin gently stroke my hair.

I heard a soft moan.

She's enjoying this!

And I continued, nuzzling her sex, savouring the flowing juices, I was comfortably absorbed in my task.

The signal still did not come and, in fact, Erin parted her thighs even wider and her hand guided my lips up towards her clitoris.

She's never done this before!

And my rigid cock throbbed and arousal, coupled with awakened submissive feelings swept through me like a tidal rush.

Erin moaned again and I found myself wondering if she had enjoyed a small orgasm!

It was an astounding thought and I immediately dismissed it.

I usually could tell when Erin reached her climax and this wasn't the loud yet private moan that escaped her lips when she came.

This was, I now thought, a soft and sensuous moan of heightened arousal, of climbing towards her peak!

Her hand tightened in my hair and tugged upwards.

This was the signal, the signal for me to kneel between her thighs prior entering her and making love in the missionary position.

It seemed that we were reverting to the old pattern.

Erin smiled at me and, surprisingly, began moving.

‘That was nice, darling,’ she murmured and patted the bed. ‘Lie down.’

This was different!

Erin smiled at me again as I lay down on the bed, looking up at her as she leaned over me, her large breasts swinging before my eyes.

Erin’s eyes were heavy lidded as she swung her leg over me.

The touch of her finger on my cock made me moan and Erin frowned a little as she guided my rigid cock into her warm, wet cunt.

‘Don’t come,’ she said warningly and I blinked at her.

She was so suddenly assertive, I immediately relaxed, didn’t move and focussed on not coming as Erin slid down my cock.

I felt her firm hands on my chest as she began to move, began to rub herself against my body while her wet pussy slid around my trembling cock.