



# **The Vacation (Preview) Carmenica Diaz**

The Vacation  
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**Amber**

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## Part One

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### 1.

I paid the cab driver and stepped from the taxi, trundling my overnight bag behind me as I moved to the glass doors of our apartment building.

The doors whispered open and Sid, the concierge rose from behind his desk, smiling broadly at me.

‘Good evening, Mrs Daniels. Good to have you back.’

‘Thank you, Sid,’ I replied, ‘it’s nice to be back home. Business trips are tiresome.’

It was an easy answer and not altogether true as I had been making arrangements in preparation of the

conversation I was about to have with my husband, Nick.

I took my letterbox key from my purse but Sid stopped me.

‘Mr Daniels has already taken the mail up, Mrs Daniels.’

I raised an eyebrow at that.

*Nick was home?*

That was unusual as he normally arrived home nearer seven. I glanced at my diamond watch and saw it was just after six.

I rode the elevator up, unlocked the front door to our apartment and stepped inside.

Nick called from the sitting room, ‘is that you, darling?’

‘Yes,’ I said dryly, ‘unless you’ve given the key to some other woman.’

There was a pause and I knew he was hoping I would not return to the prickly topic of his extra marital affair.

It had occurred a few months ago and we now lived in an air of fabricated normalcy but Nick's affair was always just below the surface at any given moment. Our domestic life had been a little frosty since that day, even though the "affair" as he called it, was well and truly over.

Nick stood in the doorway and I saw he must have just returned home as he was still dressed in his business suit.

'Welcome home, Amber,' he said quietly, trying to gauge my mood.

'Thank you,' I said, kissing his cheek. 'Why don't you make some martinis while I put my things away.'

It was not a request and Nick nodded silently, hope in his eyes.

He was sitting on the sofa, nursing a martini when I returned after changing into comfortable tracksuit bottoms and a T-shirt. I could tell Nick was a little disappointed at my attire as, I guessed, he hoped I would returned dressed in something rather sexy. I had been away for a week and I guessed he was more than a little frustrated which fitted my plans exactly.

*The sexy clothes were, I thought wryly, for another time.*

‘If you agree, I’ll tell Jasmine tomorrow to confirm the reservations for our vacation,’ Nick began, glancing at me.

Jasmine was his personal assistant and the woman Nick had the brief affair

with, an affair he had confessed to me over two months ago.

However, I had allowed my demeanour to thaw a little and, therefore, gave him hope that our relationship was returning to what it once was.

‘Do you still want to go with me? We had planned a vacation in Paris...’

I sipped my martini and smiled to myself, as Nick was a little nervous.

‘Perhaps,’ I said coolly. ‘The plan was for a month. Are you still free for that time?’

‘Yes,’ he said softly, ‘I’ve been congratulated by the Chairman for taking a holiday at last.’

‘How amusing.’

‘I suppose it is.’ He paused for a moment and then asked, ‘Amber, do you still want to go to Paris?’

I studied him over the rim of my martini glass and smiled bleakly.

‘Do you still want to go with me or would you prefer to go with someone else?’

‘Please,’ he said wearily, ‘let’s not go into that again. I told you I was sorry. Let’s put it behind us and build our lives together. I love you, Amber.’

‘Yes, so you say. Do you remember our little chats in bed when we first got together?’

He blinked and swallowed.

‘Yes,’ he said in a small voice.

‘When you confessed your fantasies to me, fantasies of domination and complete submission?’

‘Yes,’ Nick said again, licking his lips nervously.

‘If I recall, you begged me to dominate you completely, not just the little games we played. Is that correct?’

‘You know it is.’

‘I thought that instead of Paris we might go somewhere quiet where you can be my total slave for the four weeks. Does that interest you, my darling?’ I asked archly, allowing a small smile to bloom on my face.

‘You know it does,’ my husband answered thickly.

Of course, I knew!

Nick had revealed his submissive and other fantasies to me steadily over the first six months of our marriage and I, ever the willing wife, had tried to dominate him in a number of scenarios.

Even though I felt ridiculous spanking the man I loved, I still persevered because it was what he wanted.

Or so he thought.

Personally, I had my doubts. I believed Nick had submissive fantasies but the reality would be shocking if his dreams came true.

I had told him that but Nick had simply said, ‘Amber, I know what I want to experience, what I have been *longing* for.’

‘And what is that exactly,’ I had asked.

‘I want to be your slave,’ he had answered quietly, ‘to be completely under your control. I want you to control my every moment.’

‘I don’t understand what you would get out of that!’

‘I know,’ he said softly, ‘it’s strange but I’ve fantasised about this all my adult life. I

want to be *made* to do things I would never do on my own. I want to completely give up control and be totally powerless.’

The conversation had arisen several times in the past but I had never been capable of doing what he wanted.

Oh, I tried to whip him and do the things he wanted but he complained I always stopped far too early.

‘But,’ I had said, ‘I thought I was hurting you.’

‘That’s the bloody point!’

Now, I was broaching the subject for a change and Nick was eager to proceed.

‘Are you sure?’ I asked quietly. ‘Hear me out before you agree.’

‘I’m listening,’ he said softly and I immediately saw the tent forming in his trousers.

‘I will reserve a beach house in the Caribbean islands, somewhere nice and you will be my slave for the entire period. Make no mistake, Nick,’ I said evenly when I saw his eyes light up, ‘if you agree, you will be completely dominated. Do you understand?’

He nodded quickly.

‘Once it begins,’ I said quietly, ‘it will not end until the four weeks is up. No matter how much you beg or plead, I will not relent. Is that what you want?’

‘Yes,’ he croaked.

‘This will *not* be a game, Nick,’ I said quietly, ‘all your fantasies will become reality and no matter how much that reality is distasteful or uncomfortable to you, I will continue. I hope you believe me.’

‘I believe you.’

I stood up and stretched.

‘I’m going to have a long bath and you can think about it while I’m relaxing. I will have your decision then. I urge you to consider my proposition thoughtfully.’

## 2.

Nick was waiting for me with dinner prepared when I finally wandered from the bathroom wrapped in my robe. I noticed Nick had changed into jeans and a T-shirt. His feet were bare and I sensed an air of anticipatory excitement

I ate the meal while Nick nibbled his with an air of apprehension.

‘Have you made a decision?’ I asked calmly, putting my knife and fork to one side.

‘Yes,’ he said quickly.

‘And?’

‘I want to do it!’

‘Are you sure?’

‘Yes!’

‘Don’t allow your penis to take control here, Nick,’ I said with a detached air, ‘please think about it carefully.’

‘I have! Amber, I *have* to do it! It would be stupid of me to walk away from an opportunity to explore my fantasies at last.’

‘Stupid? It could be a sign of maturity or even intelligence.’

‘You asked me to think about it,’ Nick said steadily, ‘and I have. I want to do it.’

‘Fine,’ I said, sipping water. ‘You will have your fantasy.’

I stood up and looked at him coolly.

‘There is a package in the second shelf of the hall cupboard. It is a male chastity belt constructed of an extremely hard plastic. It

will fit you as I had it constructed to precise specifications. If you are sure about this, you will put it on and give me the only key, surrendering all your erections to me. Your fantasy vacation begins at that point.'

I held his eyes with mine and watched him wrestle with his thoughts. Enforced chastity was another of his fantasies but he also knew he was giving up control completely by putting it on.

Abruptly, he turned on his heel and walked to away.

He returned as I was pouring myself a glass of wine and Nick held the key out to me.

I ignored his outstretched hand, sipped my wine and asked, 'it fits?'

'Yes,' he murmured.

'Good; it was rather expensive.'

I took the key from him and almost smiled at the way his eyes followed it as I slipped it into the pocket of my tracksuit bottoms.

It probably occurred to him that his manhood was now completely controlled by his wife, the woman he had wronged by enjoying a small, meaningless affair.

Like most men, he believed that I had forgiven him and, in a small way, I had. Of course, I still had a fondness for him but now I was capable of giving him what he had fantasised about for so long.

‘It can’t be cut off,’ I said with a small smile, ‘even though it is clear plastic. It’s a material invented by the military so I am afraid you are locked up until I remove it. Don’t worry, I don’t *think* it will set the alarms off at the airport.’ I suppressed a

smile as his eyes flickered at *that!* ‘I suppose we’ll see tomorrow if that’s correct, won’t we.’

I pushed a sheaf of papers to him and a pen.

‘This details your wish to be dominated by me for the month. Sign it.’

He didn’t hesitate and signed the documents without really reading them.’

‘You can clean up here as I’m tired. You can also sleep in the second bedroom. We leave tomorrow morning at ten. Don’t bother packing; you won’t need anything, just the clothes you’ll be wearing.’

I walked to the doorway, expecting him to call me back, to say it was a silly idea and he didn’t want to go through with it.

Or, perhaps, I *hoped* he would but he didn’t.

Silently, I walked to the stairs and, carrying my glass of wine, retired to the bedroom we had once shared to pack my clothes for the month long vacation.

*I would, I thought, require two large suitcases while Nick wouldn't require any at all.*

It would be an interesting month; one I had thought deeply about ever since I had learned of my husband's brief cliché affair with his secretary.

Yes, a *very* interesting month!

### **3.**

Nick was dressed in a plain white linen shirt and pale blue jeans with fashionable sneakers on his feet. He seemed eager and, at the same time, strangely calm.

‘What’s that?’ I said, pointing at the small bag he carried.

‘My toiletries, toothbrush, wallet and passport,’ he said a little defiantly.

‘Keep the passport. The rest will remain here.’

He blinked at me but dutifully removed his passport from the bag.

‘My suitcases are upstairs,’ I said, walking to the front door. ‘Bring them down. The taxi will be here in ten minutes.’

When the cab arrived, I ordered Nick to assist the driver with my cases and then sit in the front while I sat alone in the back of the cab.

At the airport, I called a porter and told him to take my bags to the check in counter for First Class.

‘Here is your ticket,’ I said to Nick.

He took the plane ticket and saw it was for Economy class.

‘Don’t miss the plane,’ I said, walking towards the First Class check in without a backward glance.

#### 4.

‘Would you like more champagne, Mrs Daniels?’

I turned away from the window and looked back at the steward who was smiling at me.

The man in the seat next to mine turned to look at me and he nodded. We had exchanged the usual pleasantries when we first took our seats but in the moments up to take off, we had sat quietly, each with our own thoughts.

‘Yes, thank you, that would be delightful.’

I took the glass the steward had refilled and balanced it on the tray.

My fellow passenger glanced at my legs and then smiled at me.

‘Christopher Burdon,’ he said by way of introduction.

‘Amber Daniels.’

‘I’ll have a whiskey and ice,’ he said to the steward without taking his eyes from me. ‘I suggest,’ Christopher said, eyes twinkling as he took the drink from the steward, ‘that your husband is crazy to allow a beautiful woman such as yourself travel alone.’

‘You make assumptions,’ I said coolly. ‘That can be rather dangerous.’

‘In what way?’

‘That I am travelling alone.’

‘Ah, your husband is on the ‘plane?’

‘Yes, he is.’ I sipped my champagne.

‘He’s travelling in Economy class.’

Christopher’s eyebrows rose for a moment and then he thoughtfully sipped his whiskey.

‘He travels there while you travel in First Class?’

‘I have rather expensive tastes,’ I said with a straight face.

‘And he doesn’t?’

‘He’d like to but he travels where I say.’

‘I see.’ Christopher examined me carefully. ‘You appear to be a remarkable woman. Where are you staying?’

‘I have rented a villa on the island of Areeba.’

‘Very nice. I had the good fortune to stay at the Caspian Resort there a few years back. Have you been there before?’

I wasn’t about to explain that I had flown there a few days ago while on my “business trip” to satisfy myself that all arrangements had been implement as I required.

‘Yes,’ was all I said.

‘There are three resorts on the island and a smattering of villas so it’s not overcrowded. And, of course, the weather is wonderful.’

‘I’m looking forward to it,’ I said, watching the clouds drift by the window. ‘Are you vacationing there?’

Christopher shook his head.

‘Regretfully, no. I’m involved in some business in Kingston. If all goes well, I may

make my way to Areeba for a few days. Of course,' he said carefully, 'you'll probably be gone by then.'

'I doubt it,' I said with a smile, 'I plan to stay there for a month.'

His eyes lit up at that.

'A month? Wonderful!' he studied me for a moment. 'And your husband?'

'What about him?'

'Will he be staying for a month as well?'

'He will stay as long as I tell him to.'

'I see. Interesting.'

'Are you married, Mr Burdon?'

'Please call me Christopher. No, divorced.'

'Then call me if you find time to travel to the island. Perhaps we could have a drink or something.'

Christopher smiled and nodded, eyes studying me again.

‘The something sounds delightful.’

‘I’m sure it does,’ I said dryly. ‘Please excuse me but there is a romantic comedy film I’ve wanted to see for sometime.’

‘Of course.’

I adjusted the screen, placed the headphones on and clicked through the menus.

As I waited for the movie to begin, I wondered if Nick had caught the plane or decided not to at the last moment.

*If he has chickened out, I thought, he will have a month of chastity, as he will not be able to remove the chastity belt.*

I smiled inwardly at that and closed my eyes for a moment, picturing Nick trying to remove the chastity belt and finally

realising it was staying on until his wife, many miles away, saw fit to unlock it.

Perhaps the chastity belt set off the airport alarms. Even though it is made from new age plastics, the locking mechanism, I believed, consisted of some form of metal.

I knew that would not have occurred as I had checked the possibility with the manufacturer when I ordered the belt. Just another detail I had paid meticulous attention to.

*Yes, this has taken a great deal of planning as well as large amounts of money but it will be worth it.*

Revenge always is!