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The Perfect Wife

Trevor thought he had the perfect wife. It was no doubt they were in love; he knew she was the one for him the moment they started dating. They were high school sweethearts and their sex life was always passionate and fulfilling.

Except for "that S&M thing."

That's what Trevor's wife Julie called it. Always with her nose wrinkled up a little bit. A frown, a look as if he had just put something in front of her that he actually expected her to eat. "Are you talking about that S&M thing?" - that was her response when he suggested perhaps they engage in a little sexy role-playing, that maybe she take control in bed.

Standing in the kitchen, washing her hands after finishing loading the dishwasher, she said deadpan to Trevor, "I just think that stuff is weird. I wish you'd stop asking me to do that."

Certainly, when they were young lovers, she had experimented a little; hell, she even seemed to like it somewhat, but that was always after a couple of glasses of wine and then the next day she would avoid the topic completely.

Trevor had tried everything - showing her some of the erotic magazines he enjoyed, buying her a riding crop (just as a joke, really, but then again, he admitted, yeah, he hoped she'd use it on his ass). He even bought her a \$300 pair of sexy, knee high black patent leather boots. Boots she wore once, then tossed into the back of the closet.

Clearly, Julie had no interest in S&M.

Trevor had resigned himself to that, resigned himself to masturbation and playing with his own toys. He had resigned himself to the fact that he would never be anyone's slave, that his dream Mistress was just that - a dream. He resigned himself to perfectly vanilla sex for the rest of his life.

That is, until I met Julie.

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Julie mentioned her situation with Trevor one day as we were having lunch. She was complaining about his behavior the night before, and I caught the words, "That S&M thing," and looked up from my salad.

Mouth half full, I asked, "Did you just say S&M thing?"

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Then, Julie looked embarrassed, suddenly as if realizing she had said a nasty word and might have offended me. Of course, she had no idea I was extremely into female domination and in fact owned one of the most popular femdom sites on the net. Julie and I were just casual friends - only knew each other three months through aerobics class - so our sex lives had remained pretty much private.

Julie then went on to clarify, trying to talk it down, trying to re-word what she said, getting flustered, looking at me smirking at her. Finally she tossed her napkin down on the table and let out a sigh and said, "I'm rambling. Sorry. I didn't mean to bring up the disgusting aspects of my sex life. Things with Trevor are fine, don't get me wrong, it's just..." she cringed. "I can't believe I just admitted to you that my husband is a sick pervert. I bet you don't want to come to our housewarming party now. It's ok, I totally understand."

I had to laugh. Looking at Julie, I could see why Trevor must have pegged her for a femdom in their youth. She had such spirit, self confidence -she was beautiful with a body to die for, had a very mischievous nature and a certain spark in her eyes. Even I could picture her in black latex with a riding crop in one hand and a man under her thigh high boots.

I knew, too, just like Trevor, there was a femdom spirit in her. And without even asking the questions, I knew what went wrong. Trevor had soured her on the idea of S&m. Probably in the way he approached it. He probably soured her impression of erotic sadomasochism by showing her bad porn or buying her toys. Or, worst of all, pushing her. Prodding her. Whining to her.

"Julie," I smiled, leaning forward and taking her hand. "I think we need to talk."

"You don't want to be my friend anymore," she said to me, half joking, half blushing.

"No," I grinned. "You have it all wrong."

And I meant that - not about me not wanting to be her friend. But about her thoughts on female domination.

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I told Julie just how into S&m I was.

After she was able to lift her jaw off the table, I could see, at once, she had a million questions. She asked how much time I had; I told her I was free for the afternoon. I watched her pull her cell phone out of her purse and call her office, telling her secretary to postpone her afternoon meetings. "I've had a personal development that needs some attention," she said, smiling at me.

Then we were off. Off somewhere to talk in privacy - it ended up, for the first hour, just driving around in her BMW. She had questions - so many questions. Mostly, though, I think she was just amazed - relieved - that someone so normal - so like

her - could be into kinky sex. Not only garden variety kinky sexy, but sadomasochism.

Her questions were fairly easy.

"When did you get into this?"

"You don't think it's sick?"

"Do you actually like that stuff or do you fake it?"

"Doesn't your husband keep bugging you about it?"

"Aren't you worried he's going to keep wanting more and more?"

"Aren't you worried normal sex will never be enough again?"

As her questions continued, I could see the questions were starting to be more about her. I could see these were her fears; she was terrified more than she was disgusted. Realizing that you can be normal (and not some freak on Jerry Springer, "A dominatrix stole my boyfriend!") and also be kinky, she started to dig deeper into her resentments and fears.

Now it was my turn.

"Julie," I said carefully, trying to keep the conversation as light as possible, noting that we had made the same wide circle of the neighborhood and finally she was just heading out onto Pacific Coast Highway. "Experimenting in bed, being a little adventurous, role-playing a little - that doesn't make a couple twisted or sick. What the problem is, is that Trevor came onto you about this way too strong, way too cheesy, and makes so much of an issue of it that you are intimidated and the idea of even giving it a try worries you."

"Well, I did give it a try!" Julie defended herself. She ran me through scenarios of her tying up Trevor in college ("He was just laying there like a lump with a big erection and I had no idea what to do next, I felt so stupid and embarrassed!"), how she put on the leather skirt and bustier he got her and tried to at least act the role in bed, ("I am a grown woman with two degrees, a vice president at my company - I feel RIDICULOUS saying things like, 'Obey me, slave!' - I thought I would burst out laughing or get sick to my stomach!"), how she shut him down without even talking when he suggested the vibrator from her toy drawer be inserted into his ass - by her!.

"So much of the stuff he wants to do is justgross," she said to me, clearly offended. "I can't even think about shoving a dildo - you know where - without thinking oh my god what kind of a man did I marry!? Is he gay?!"

"No," I said calmly. "He is not gay, Julie. I can promise you that. And these ideas he has are not that out of the ordinary, and the biggest problem in all of this is how he presented it to you."

Julie looked at me, skeptical.

"You're a marketing VP, right?" I asked her.

She nodded.

"It's all about packaging. He handed you this idea of him being submissive in a brown, soiled, dirty paper bag that represents dark alley 24 hour books stores and nasty sexy toys, women who dress like prostitutes, and men who are into peep shows and cheap sex."

That seemed to create an image in Julie's mind. She grimaced.

I continued. "What he should have done is present it to you in a gold box with a big, beautiful pearled ribbon, that when opened, unlocks the secrets of some of the most passionate, playful, erotic sexual encounters you have ever experienced."

This caught her attention. Julie looked at me as if I was trying to sell her something she wasn't sure if she wanted, but sure sounded good.

"And what the best thing of all is," I continued. "It won't only revitalize your passion in bed," I told her. "It will change your life. Trust me."

With that, I had her hooked.

Julie was ready to listen, and I was ready to teach.

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To be continued

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