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## The Perfect Wife pt. 2

### Read A Perfect Wife pt. 1

Once Julie heard my view of the situation, she really started to have an open mind about it. Our driving around in her BMW led us back to her place. Trevor was still at work.

Sitting in the driveway, I asked her if she knew where Trevor kept his "stash" of toys.

Yes, she nodded, she was pretty sure they were in a box under the bed. He, of course, thought they were hidden, not realizing that women know where everything is in the house.

We went inside and after depositing her yapping dogs into the backyard, we went upstairs to the beautifully furnished bedroom. I had never seen the place - it was gorgeous. I also had never met Trevor, but saw his picture on the wall in a couple of portraits they had done - he was handsome, appeared to be quite well built and very conservative in appearance. Looks can be deceiving! I pictured Trevor and Julie as a tremendously kinky couple in the bedroom; yes, I could imagine it. It was only a matter of time.

On the floor on her knees, Julie grunted as she slid the large box out from under the bed. I crouched down with her.

The box was nothing to look at - brown, unassuming, a little beat up.

"The proverbial dirty brown paper bag," Julie sighed. "I'm really afraid to open this. I have no idea what crap he has in here, and what you will think of me. My god, what if he has -"

I hushed her. "Julie," I said calmly. "It's nothing I haven't seen. I have a strap on."

I had spent the afternoon quieting her spurts of fear over what she thought I might think of her by saying, flatly, things like, "Julie, I have dressed up a man as a woman and made him serve cocktails at a party," or "Julie, I have made a man drink from a dog bowl" - just to assure her that nothing she could say would offend me.

Inside the box was just as I had expected. Stacks and stacks of porn magazines - Leg Show, Corporal, Bitches with Whips, you name it. A couple of cock and ball harnesses, a few pairs of stretched-out panties, two butt plugs, a large black dildo, two vibrators...

"Good lord," Julie sighed. "This is disgusting." She caught herself and looked at me apologetically. "I mean - no, that's

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**The Corporate Slut**

not what I mean, I mean -"

"It's ok," I laughed. "You mean it's disgusting to think your husband gets off on this stuff."

She nodded and looked at me. Now, she looked sad. It was as if the discussion had reassured her somewhat, and she actually saw some light in the subject, but now seeing all the toys just brought back the memories.

Picturing Trevor prancing around in the pink panty that was in the box, I could see why she felt that way. The way she had described that scene to me, Trevor had asked her to make him wear her panties, which wasn't such a bad idea to her. But then he fell to the floor and started kissing her feet without warning, one hand in his crotch rubbing his panties and saying things like, "Please tell me I'm your sissy girl, please tell me I'm your sissy girl!" Julie said she was unable to look at him the entire next day. I could understand that.

"Let's throw this into the trash," I said, putting the lid on the box.

"What!?" she gasped.

I continued to slide it out further. "We're throwing it all away. Your husband has to relearn what submission is about, and you have to start experiencing it minus the props, the stereotypes and the toys that have so many bad memories attached to them."

I lifted the heavy box and turned to exit, Julie running after me. "Wait! Wait! You can't do that!" she said. I was shocked; I thought she'd be jumping for joy.

"Are you telling me I can't throw this stuff all away?" I turned and asked her.

She was out of breath a little. "No! No, go ahead and throw them away. Just don't throw them in my trash, I don't want the garbage man to find that stuff!"

I laughed. I don't think I had seen a woman so happy in ages.

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It was visible to me just how much more relaxed Julie was. We were having tea in her kitchen, talking more about it, and she just seemed like a huge weight was being lifted off her shoulders.

"Do you really think this is going to work?" she asked me.

"Yes," I said confidently.

I then told her exactly how I wanted her to handle it. And what I told her was more about the look in her eyes, the tone of her voice, and the spirit of her sexuality. I told her what was going to happen had nothing to do with sex toys or porn. It had nothing to do with any of that stuff she found disgusting.

It had to do with making her husband look at her in a way he had not in years; and her regaining a sense of passionate, sensual power that she would find invigorating.

I hugged her, and told her to call me the next day.

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When Trevor got home from work, Julie was in the kitchen preparing things for dinner.

"Hi honey," he said, entering the room, putting his briefcase on the kitchen table and leaning over to kiss her on the cheek. It was the same ritual - she had told me that, and many other details, that afternoon. Trevor appeared tired, worn down, his tie loosened.

"I threw away your toys," Julie said, not looking at him, eyes focused on the carrots she was cutting.

"You - what?" he asked, the tone of his voice clearly one of shock. Shocked that she would do such a thing, yes, but more shocked she would even go near the box of toys under the bed. Shocked that she knew it was there.

"You want me to be more dominant?" she asked, turning toward him. This time, she smiled. I had told her to smile like she knew a secret. That no matter how weird she felt, how nervous she was that he was going to start yelling at her, how uncomfortable it all seemed - to smile at him the way she used to smile at guys in high school when she was the cheerleader they all wanted but few could even hope to date.

"Answer me," she added, as told, since he did not respond within a few seconds. He was at a loss for words, it was obvious.

He stumbled on his words a little, confused. "Yes, of course I do, but why did you - "

Julie put down her knife, shushed him with a finger, and leaned against the counter with her arms folded across her chest. Staring at him. I had told her to do this; stare him down. Look at him, but with amusement. Confidence. Be coy.

It was obviously working. He did not know what to do or how to react. "Julie, are you ok?"

"You are so worried about your precious toys," she said. "But in reality, the toys mean nothing. They are nothing without me, nothing but a masturbatory accessory. They mean nothing if I am not the one in charge. In charge of them, and, in charge of YOU."

When Julie said this, she could visibly see Trevor a little affected; startled, maybe even slightly weak in the knees. He wasn't sure of what to say, if this was her just getting ready to blow her top and scream at him for reacting to her "joke dominance" and then asking for a divorce after finding his stash.

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That's it, he thought. She's getting ready to dump me, she found my toys.

"I'm going to give you some rules, since you want so bad to be my 'slave'" Julie continued. I had told her what to say, and she had grimaced at a lot of it, telling me "it's just not me!". She had really looked uncomfortable when I had given her the advice to just make him kneel to get his full attention; I told her that she would get used to that - in time. There was a lot of work to be made up to squash all the poor, tainted impressions of S&m she had.

Trevor's mouth had dropped slightly at the mention of "rules."

Julie continued, eyes on him, staring through him, always maintaining a sense of amusement, intrigue, interest. She actually was talking like she was excited about what was going to happen, he could hear it in her words.

"I threw away your toys because I want to pick which ones to get. I threw away your dirty magazines because the woman you are going to be masturbating to, the woman who is your fantasy, is ME. I threw away the panties you used to steal from my panty drawer because you were stupid to think I didn't know you were doing it. If I want to see you wearing panties, it will be my choice. Are you seeing a common theme, here, Trevor?"

"Yes," he said meekly. "Misst-"

"SHUT UP!" Julie snapped. "There you go again, already! I just started on this, and you are already reverting right into your fantasies. You are already doing what turns YOU on. You KNOW I find that word comical and ridiculous, and I know that is your fantasy. It is NOT my fantasy. You are to refer to me by my name."

"Yes, Julie," he said, eyes down.

"And you are not to get all simpering...and stupid on me. Do you want to turn me off?"

"No, no I don't, Julie."

"Good. Then this is your first step. I don't want you masturbating tonight. I don't want you pushing me and asking me questions about when, where, and how. I have my plans about how I am going to do this," she said. Julie smiled, a smart, confident smile. "And the difference this time, Trevor, is that."

She paused for effect.

"This time, the plans are mine."

To be continued

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