



## Stories

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## The Perfect Wife pt. 4

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Shopping with Julie in the toy store made me long to make a few purchases myself. I hadn't been in the Hollywood sex shop in more than a couple of months, and in no time things were catching my eye. However, I knew that I had other priorities - and that included getting the nervous woman through the experience in one piece.

The Pleasure Chest was not crowded at that time of day, and I thought the spacey, well lighted atmosphere would be easier for Julie to swallow than some of the darker S&M and bondage shops I frequented in the area. They didn't just feature the best hard gay leather porn around and the best S&M gear, The Pleasure Chest also catered to simple naughty housewives, horny husbands, and planners of bachelor/bachelorette parties.

Julie was certainly out of her element. She walked around slowly, glancing at things, holding her purse close to her body, afraid to reach out and touch anything. I took her by the arm and pulled her past the porn DVD section and downstairs where the leather toys and outfits were.

"How do you look at all this stuff seriously!?" she whispered to me, looking around, as if not wanting to offend the other patrons. A woman about our age, also dressed in a business suit, was going through a rack of PVC outfits. Across the way, a leather daddy was looking at a bondage harness.

"Try to forget everything you have learned about this kind of place," I told her. "Don't think of the stereotypes. Just look around with me, and think of things that might be interesting or fun to experiment with."

"I think I need a drink," she sighed to me in a whisper, wrinkling her nose as she reached out to barely touch a dangling ball gag. "I bet after that I'd be a little more open minded."

I led Julie over to the pain toys, and told her to not be silly. We stopped at the paddles and riding crops, and she just looked at the gear and then at me. She had a blank look on her face. "You can't be serious," she said.

"I saw that lame paddle in his toy box," I said, leaning toward the wall of hanging implements and searching around. "I would be embarrassed too. That was overkill. You need something more subtle. Subtle, commanding, sexy."

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"How can any of this be..." Julie grimaced, touching a rubber flogger. "Sexy?"

I pulled a full length riding crop down and held it in my right hand, showing her. "You see this?" I said. "This --- THIS is sexy."

Julie looked puzzled, just staring at me for a moment. I held it up, then with two hands, then lifted it and placed the tip of it in the palm of my other hand, lightly tapping it, giving her a look.

She snickered. "I see. Menacing."

"Just hold it," I smiled, handing it to her. "Trust me. Just - just hold it in your hand."

Julie took it with a resigned sigh and then held it, turning it over a few times, then waving it a little in the air, first slowly, then a little faster. When it made a "whoosh" she said, "ooh," her eyebrows raised.

I couldn't help but giggle, watching her investigate the crop, the way the handle felt in her hand, the way it felt to make it move.

There were a couple of guys several feet away, college aged it would appear, checking her out. I smiled at her, and nodded in their direction, causing her to look over her shoulder at them.

They both looked away, one was already blushing. He had his hands in his pockets, and couldn't help but look over again and then away, as if wanted to look so bad but not stare at the beauty in the business suit, holding a leather riding crop.

I leaned over and whispered to her, "Just holding it makes them melt. Understand?"

Julie smiled, tapping the end of the crop repeatedly into her palm, staring at the nervous college boys, amused and flattered by their rapt interest. "I see," she smiled.

I think she started to look at toys in a slightly different light.

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"You're going to have to show me how to whack with this thing," she said, carrying the crop along as we went into the section for restraints.

"Of course," I said, "You'll be fine. It doesn't take a lot - like I told you, just holding it makes them melt. He will see you with it, and turn to putty. You won't have to touch him with it to scare him," I told her. I turned though, and added a smile, "But it's more fun to actually use it."

Julie was already distracted by some leather bondage hoods, complete with zipper mouth. She reached up and touched it. "Good lord. How can you not just...laugh your ass off? I mean seriously? Who wears this stuff?"

I ignored her (I had the same hood at home, but didn't want to get into that with her in the middle of the store) and started to sort through wrist and ankle restraints, nice, finely made leather shackles with big silver buckles.

"You need to start thinking about some bondage gear," I said to her. "I think it will really get him even more enamored, it will blow his mind."

Leslie sighed, flopping the crop around a little and idly pushing through the bulky restraints that were hanging there. "It just seems like...overkill. I mean you did say I could tie him up with anything, with pantyhose or a scarf or..." she stopped and pulled out a leather cock and ball harness. "I won't even ask," she mumbled.

"All these things do," I explained to her, "is intensify the experience." I pulled off a nice, soft pair of finely made leather cuffs with a silver chain between them. They were the buckling fashion. "Just feel them. Take them in your hands."

Julie held out her palm and I placed them there. She raised her eyebrows at the weight of them, and sort of looked at them, curious.

"It's more intense because of the way they smell. The leather. It's so sensual. You love your leather purses, you love your leather jacket. It's just a sexy, sexy smell. And the chain, the noise it makes - it's so erotic."

Julie seemed swayed by the scent of leather comment, but wasn't buying the jingling of the chain between the cuffs. An acquired taste, I clarified with her. She nodded.

I moved on to the collars and leashes, and then she started snicker. "Well, the cuffs I can understand, but ..." she trailed off, made a face and pointed. "I mean, really. Trevor in a leather dog collar? That's...that's just ridiculous. I wouldn't be able to even look at him straight!"

Julie's resistance to the collar and leash made me think back to my earlier years exploring domination. I remembered, suddenly, a very familiar feeling - in fact, it all came back to me quite clearly at that moment, even though I had forgotten it for years. I remembered back to when I was about 18, and I was looking at bondage gear in a catalog. I thought the leather restraints were cool, but the photo of the man wearing the leather thong and collar and leash was so ridiculous looking, it made my skin crawl. I remembered shutting that catalog and saying to myself, "Well, I'm into bondage, but that doggie stuff is just plain stupid. I'd never put a guy in that."

I told Julie this story as I reached up and took down an average looking leather collar with a single O-ring in front, and then a long, fine leather leash.

"Then awhile later, maybe even two years later, I was dating a guy who had a corporate job. And when I'd see him after work, I'd love to take him by the tie to pull him to me to kiss

him. Or to teasingly lead him around," I told her. "In fact, I started to call him when I was on my way over and say 'Don't change out of your shirt and tie yet' and he'd groan, wanting so bad to put on a comfortable pair of jeans and a t-shirt."

"But I just loved grabbing him by the tie, hard, and pulling him to me. I'd make him kneel down, and tease him, and then pull him toward my crotch by his tie. I'd also love to use the tie to pull him down to my level, because he was much taller."

I looked at Julie, and I could see she knew where I was going with this. "He was getting sick and tired of me making him stay dressed like that, and I started realizing that I was treating it like a leash anyway. But I wasn't making him crawl around and act stupid like a dog. It had nothing to do with that."

Julie looked at the collar I was holding. I had attached the leash to the O-ring in front, and slowly spread the leash out to its full length, then started wrapping it around my palm to shorten the lead slowly.

"I found that I had much more versatility with a long leash like this, and again, the feel and smell of the leather, it's so sensual," I told her. "But I looked long and hard before I found a collar that looked right to me, that didn't look so blatantly like a silly bondage thing. I found a simple, elegant leather collar with a single ring in front, like this one. And a well made leather leash," I continued, showing her.

Julie pursed her lips, thinking. She was looking carefully at the leather collar and leash in my hands, and I know she was picturing Trevor in it. Based on the smirk, I assume she started by thinking of silly naked Trevor, except for pink panties, crawling on the floor with the leash dragging after him, whimpering, 'Please! Please, Mistress Julie! Doggie needs a treat!'.

Then, her expression changed to something more serious, and I saw the wheels turning in her head, changing the picture slightly in her mind. Instead, thinking of toned, naked Trevor on top of her making love, as she held the leash firmly wrapped around and around in her palm, close to the collar, feeling a sense of ownership. Feeling the tension in the lead every time he tried to move.

Finally, she reached out wordlessly and opened her hand to take the collar and leash. She said, quietly, "I'll give it a try. No promises."

I smiled. "Trust me," I told her, leading her to the next section, "I never in a million years thought I would get any enjoyment out of that, now it is something that I find incredibly erotic."

And I wasn't lying. Just in that brief time, explaining the story to her, I'd found myself getting totally turned on. The smell of leather was getting to me, and being surrounded by all the bondage gear was reminding me that it had been too long since I had last had a bondage fix of my own. I knew that would be a top priority, but only after I had helped Julie with

her shopping and helped her plan her next play time with Trevor.

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About ninety minutes later, we emerged from the store with her purchases. Julie was the proud owner of not only the riding crop and collar and leash, but a set of wrist and ankle shackles, a cock and ball harness (I had to show her how to snap it on by using a dildo in the store, which led to a lot of staring and giggles), a pair of nipple clamps and a pair of elbow length PVC gloves for her. Like me, she was drawn to the sexy, edgy look of the PVC gear, and found that the well-made outfits and accessories were far superior to the flimsy, mail-order cheesy outfit Trevor had once given her as a "surprise."

As we drove back into town, we talked openly and frankly about how she would use the toys and what kinds of things she could do. As I gave her ideas, she at times got very excited, and giggled, looking at me in shock and often saying, "Oh, he would DIE if I did that!"

I saw a new excitement in Julie's eyes, and could also feel a sense of relief from her. Because she knew Trevor would not be jumping all over her, bugging her, asking her to use these toys. Trevor had no idea what they were or that she got them, and when she decided to use them, he'd be in awe and overwhelmed, and she'd really be in control.

Julie was feeling playful and adventurous, and had some new confidence that previously been squashed by nagging insecurity, and, most of all, resentment. In the past she was performing for him out of obligation, not out of lust.

"So, when do you think the big night will be?" I had to ask her, already dying for details.

"Tonight," she smiled at me. "I don't want to waste any time. I want to do it while it's still fresh in my mind, and not so intimidating."

"You'll do fine," I assured her. I knew she would.

To be continued

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