



# Akasha's Web



**HOME \* Online Training \* CyberDungeon \* Story Archive \* For Women Only \* Articles \* Miss Blue**

## Stories

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### The Romance Archives:

**The Perfect Wife Pt 1**  
**The Perfect Wife Pt 2**  
**The Perfect Wife Pt 3**  
**The Perfect Wife Pt 4**  
**The Perfect Wife Pt 5**

**Against The Glass**  
**Autumn**  
**Autmn part 2**  
**Away**  
**Be Mine**  
**Butterfly Wings**  
**Casualties of Love**  
**Chance**  
**Chasing Arrogance**  
**Chasing Decadence**  
**Chasing Opulence**  
**Chasing Renaissance**  
**Coming To Terms With Tara**  
**Crystal Tears**  
**Derek's Gift**  
**Dinner With My Slave**  
**Dual Domination**  
**Ethan's Gloves**  
**His Eyes**  
**Hunger 2004**  
**Hunger 2004 V 2**  
**Insomnia**  
**Losing Adam**  
**Luna**  
**Melt The Ice**  
**My Way**  
**Poison**  
**Prodigy**  
**Purity**  
**Rebuilding The Artist**  
**Samantha's Drive**  
**Slumber**  
**Sweet Agony**  
**The Lunch**  
**The Negotiation**  
**The Night Before**  
**The Perfect Thing**  
**The Wanting**  
**Thunder**  
**Torture Chamber**  
**Trey**  
**Twenty One Days**  
**Undeniable Danger of Yes**

More Archives:

**Forced Femme**  
**Strap-On & Anal**

## The Perfect Wife pt. 3

**Read A Perfect Wife pt. 1**  
**Read A Perfect Wife pt. 2**

For the next few days, Julie and I met for lunch to talk about her feelings and Trevor's reactions. She had not done anything to him yet, nothing since that night after throwing away his toys and telling him to stop bugging her and stop masturbating.

She felt guilty at first, guilty like she owed him something. "I feel like I should be doing something to him," she told me as she picked at her salad in an outdoor dining area in breezy downtown Long Beach. "I feel like he just keeps sitting there, expecting it, waiting for me...I don't know, waiting for me to do something."

"He's still pushing you," I told her. "He's just doing it passive aggressively. Don't let him sulk. Tell him to snap out of it and act normal. Go back to your normal relationship. Tell him that you are not attracted to him when he sulks, and you have to be attracted to him to dominate him. Ask him if that's what he wants, for you to dominate him."

Julie, like times before, pulled out a pen and started taking notes on a napkin, making me chuckle.

"You're over analyzing a bit," I told her. "I think you're ready to give it a shot tomorrow night...you feel up for it?"

She nodded. "As long as he doesn't bug me about it tonight."

"And what if he brings it up?" I asked her, checking her memory.

"I tell him to back off," she nodded at me, taking a deep breath.

"Are you looking forward to it? The time when you are going to do it for you, and not for him?"

Julie smiled, then almost blushed. She leaned over and lowered her voice. "Yeah, I have to admit. I'm excited...and nervous. I'm...I don't know. I just know he will be totally blown away."

"You like doing that to him, don't you? Do you like it when you leave him speechless?"

She nodded enthusiastically. "I do. I just never felt like I did..before...you know, I was just doing that crap he wanted and he was ...I don't know. Acting weird. Acting...stupid. It was

**Humiliation & Groups**  
**Chastity**  
**Cockold**  
**Pussy Worship**  
**Feet**  
**Seduction & Lust**  
**Sheila's Show**  
**BDSM**  
**Illustrated Stories**  
**Unfinished Stories**  
**Behind Closed Doors**  
**Space Age Love Song**  
**The Corporate Slut**

like he wasn't the same man I married."

"We need to talk about that, too," I said as she reminded me of something. "Let's talk about how he acts when you do it, and how it makes you feel. And what we can do about it."

Julie sat up straight, smiling, and said, "I think I'm going to need a few more napkins."

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That night, Julie noticed Trevor sulking at the dinner table. Occasionally, he'd shift in his chair and rub his crotch a little, sighing. He avoided eye contact.

Finally, Julie had had enough. "Trevor," she said with authority, standing up. "Do you want me to dominate you?"

His cheeks immediately flushed when he looked up at her. "Oh, Julie. Oh, God. Yes. I want that more than anything...I need it, I need it so - "

"Be quiet," she cut him off. "Once again, it's me, me, me, me."

Trevor bit his lip. "I'm sorry, " he said. "I meant to say, I really want to please you. I want you to enjoy it, I really do."

Julie leaned over close, deliberately giving him a nice view of her low cut blouse and her fantastic cleavage. Her lips were close to his, her eyes staring into him confidently. "Then stop acting like a cry baby, and act like a man tonight. Make me want you, and we'll see if you can get me going."

Trevor cleared his throat. He nodded.

Julie could have sworn she sensed something coming over him. It was as if a light bulb went off on his head.

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After dinner, they watched a movie on the couch together. Instead of many nights in the past where Trevor would sheepishly try to give her a self indulgent "foot massage" (while rubbing his own crotch) or ask if he could kneel at her feet (she found that so downright stupid, she was embarrassed to even hear it, but often she'd reluctantly agree and just try to pretend he wasn't even in the room), this time Trevor acted normal.

She knew he was in a painful state of arousal because he had a huge bulge in his trousers, and she was enjoying teasing his crotch occasionally with her feet then smiling when he would look over with a bit of a groan of discomfort.

She engaged him in an intelligent conversation about current world affairs, and he didn't launch into a submissive role on his own and start calling her "ma'am" out of the blue. Instead, he talked normal, and even engaged in some light banter with her, challenging her views on a few things. In the past, when he was in that "submissive mood," she'd note he always agreed with her or tried to find reasons for her to be right so

he could fawn over her when she knew all along he was just bullshitting her and acting silly.

After some time, Julie stood. "You stay here," she said. "I'm going to change."

Trevor watched her as she started to walk away, and without thinking leaned over to pick up an empty cup of coffee to take it to the kitchen.

"I said STAY!" she hissed, pointing a finger at him. Her tone shocked him - in fact, he froze in his place, his arm outstretched to fetch the glass.

Julie smiled, stopping to look at him for a second, her arms folded across her chest, leaning against the wall. "Just stay."

Trevor looked at her cautiously, then started to slowly, very slowly, recline back in his position, watching her as if to see if it were ok that he move ever so slightly.

Julie found it a bit charming. She watched him there for a second, then turned to go into the bedroom. She could feel him staring after her - staring with desire, with need. She felt something she had not felt in a long time. It was like they were courting again, and he was staring at her so longingly from across the dinner table, wondering if he'd be so lucky as to be invited to stay the night, or when the next kiss may come.

She felt incredibly sexy all of a sudden. She felt like she was the most desired woman alive - and she enjoyed that.

Entering her bedroom, she stopped at the mirror to touch up her hair. She took her time; she reapplied some make up and put on her favorite music. The instinct to wonder if she needed to hurry back to Trevor was one she pushed aside, she concentrated on one thing only - herself. Making herself feel beautiful, feel sexy. Reminding herself that there was no rush, that this was her time, and it was for her, not for him.

She reminded herself that she reserved the right to just stop, period. Stop if she didn't feel like she was in the mood, stop and know that he had learned his lessons, and that pouting or bugging her about it would not be tolerated. She could turn and go back out there and say she wanted him to clean up the kitchen and go to bed, and that would be ok.

But, she felt like she was ready. She liked the way he had engaged her earlier and liked how he was intensely attentive to her without smothering her with unwanted affection or pushiness, and that his personality didn't turn into super-drip or mr. wussy.

He was still her husband, her lover, and her best friend.

As she went into her closet, she practiced the words in her head, as she was told by me, to get used to being ok with it. "Tonight, he's going to also be my slave." She said it over, and over again, and removed the negative connotations with the word slave. Instead, she clarified in her mind, "Tonight,

it's all about me."

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Instead of putting on the incredibly uncomfortable latex dress Trevor had bought her as a "gift" and the ridiculously painful thigh high boots with 6 inch heels (he had told her over and over how much cash they cost, and she'd wished he had spent the money on something useful! Then how dare he say they were for her? They were an instrument of torture!), she put on something that made her feel sexy.

Julie put on her skin tight jeans and leather boots (the ones she picked out, long before she knew he had a boot fetish, and ironically his drooling and fawning over boots in the store window embarrassed her and led to her not liking boots any longer), a very tight halter top and choke necklace. She put her hair up so it was out of the way, with little strands hanging down. With her body in that outfit and her make up and hair done, she knew it would just take walking into a bar to have every man in the room staring at her hoping she was single. This was her idea of sexy.

When she walked back into the living room, Trevor was sitting patiently right where she had told him to. He looked over, and his mouth dropped slightly as he took her in. He swallowed hard and slowly put his hands politely in his lap. She walked slowly, with purpose, and could see him almost visibly shaking! It was like their first date, she recalled, when she got into the car and he was so nervous his hands were shaking when he put the keys in the ignition. She had never forgotten that image, because it struck her that a man so powerful, so together, could also be turned to mush. Julie recalled that memory with pleasure, with a hint of arousal, and it made her realize that some forms of power are indeed sexual.

Julie could see Trevor leaning forward as she was approaching, preparing to kneel as his "submissive mode" slammed into gear, leaning so he could throw himself on his knees and start slobbering all over her boots; she could see the wheels in his head turning and his dick stiffening in his pants. There was no way in hell this time she would let him ruin the moment but turning into a ridiculous wimp right before her eyes.

"Don't move," she ordered with the wave of a finger. "You just sit there and look at me. Take a good, long look," she said, and slowly turned around, moving her hands down over her ass, over her hips, moving slowly, sexually. She could still hear her music faintly in the bedroom, and even though she wasn't the slightest bit drunk she felt like dancing and showing off. She knew his jaw was on the floor and his cock was hard and he wanted her so bad.

Julie stopped showing off her body and walked over, standing in front of her sitting husband. She looked down at him, then reached up with her fingers and deliberately pulled her ultra tight halter top down a little, revealing almost all of her breasts.

Trevor let out a gasp, and said, softly, "Do you want me to

kneel?"

Julie felt like she had the wind knocked out of her. She felt herself surging with sudden anger. How could he? Hasn't he listened to anything? Anything at all? I had told her it would take days - weeks - maybe months to make him unlearn all the habits that made the entire idea of domination silly and uncomfortable for her. The silly, ridiculous comment knocked the wind right out of her sails.

She regained her composure, but he already sensed it.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I - I wasn't thinking, Julie. I know you don't like that. It just slipped out, I'm sorry. You're just...wow. You're so beautiful. You're so - wow. I don't want to ruin this for you. I'll try my best to not screw this up, I really want you to like it."

Julie was pleased. He was not only aware of his flub, but he had managed to wash away his drippy submissive demeanor and was looking at her like a man again, a man she wanted to dominate, not a sniveling person who seemed so unlike the man she married. This, she reckoned, was a man she could dominate.

As I had instructed Julie, the first time would purely be physical. She would make love to him her way, at her pace, and not even let him touch her. She would be completely in control, molesting him, manhandling him, even holding him down if the urge hit her. I told her to let herself go - to remember most importantly that she was making the commands, he was to ask for nothing and make NO moves without her request or demand. And, the moment he started speaking in a way that made her uncomfortable she was to remind him that the tone and words he used did not turn her on.

It worked like magic. Julie led Trevor into the bedroom taking him by fistful of shirt, and then shoved him up against the wall and pressed her body against him, telling him, "Don't move. Don't move an inch." She slid and writhed all over him, working him like a stripper pole. She tauntingly licked at the bulge in his crotch and listened to him moan, breathe hard, and gasp.

Julie sat and lounged on the bed seductively, tracing the outline of the inside of her thighs and up her crotch with her hands as she ordered Trevor to strip. Slowly. She made him take off each article of clothing and she critiqued him; she made him turn around at time, she made him hold certain poses. She frequently laughed at him, and mocked him lightly. She'd remembered that I said feel free to command him, bark at him, tease him, and call him names. Julie had a bad taste in her mouth from the names Trevor used to make her use, so she picked up a few of her own. "Boy," "puppy," and "nasty thing." She found the name-calling to be kind of cute.

When Trevor was allowed to come to the bed, she pinned him on his back and then held his wrists over his head. "Don't move unless I tell you to," she said.

He nodded, swallowing hard, saying only, "Yes, Julie."

She found that she loved it when he used her name so attentively. It was as if nothing in the world existed by her - it was all about Julie, no longer this fictitious fantasy in his head that he named "Mistress." In the past, when he used those words, it made her feel that Julie wasn't even there any more. Julie wasn't the one turning him on. Julie was just an instrument to get him off; he was thinking about, fantasizing about, and getting off on a fantasy - a "Mistress" who definitely was not her.

This time, it was her making love to him. She pulled down her jeans a little for awhile, then got tired of them and pulled them off after removing the boots. Seeing how he was so turned on by her boots, she straddled him again facing the other way and took her boot and started running it over his body, asking him if he liked the leather on his skin. "Yes," he told her. But he didn't start whining and he didn't start talking like a weirdo this time; he just said yes, oh yes, and moaned and writhed when she teased him with it. She turned around and took the boot heel and put it under his chin. He looked right at her.

"It's not the same," he whispered, "When you're not in them."

Julie felt her face redden a little, a warm wave came over her. She realized that was one of the sweetest, most sincere compliments he had ever given her, and it was during this domination game, of all things. And finally, it was about her; not about the costume, not about the name calling, not about the boots.

It was all about Julie.

She molested him, and he could barely get a word in.

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Julie reported to me her seduction and molestation of Trevor, and I gave her five stars. She never once let him take control, she continued to tease him with her body and made him please her over and over again before letting him cum, which was after an entire hour of being on top, being in control, and loving it.

"There were a few times I felt weird, like I didn't know what to do..." Julie confessed.

"What'd you do when that happened?" I asked her.

"I did what you said..." she told me. "I smiled, and I gave him an order. Any order that came to mind. Close your eyes. Turn your head. Open your mouth so I can kiss you. Roll over so I can look at your ass...anything."

"Giving orders can be fun," I shared, smiling.

Julie laughed. "Yes...it's so weird, it's not even that big of a deal, in fact I never would have even thought of doing that. But when he's...when he's like that...it's like a little order just

makes him crazy, you'd think he was getting a blow job!"

I laughed.

Julie continued to smile, reflecting. "I just wish he'd get that turned on when I gave him other orders. Like take out the trash. Or unload the dishwasher...":

I laughed again, and said, "Julie, you can. You can make him respond to those orders, too."

"You may be a miracle worker," Julie lightly pointed a lunch fork toward me. "But I'll believe that one when I see it."

"You'll see," I said. "Meanwhile, you're ready for the next step. Using some toys. Are you ready?"

Julie grimaced. "I don't know...toys are so...dirty."

"They WERE dirty. Let's go get you some new toys. Come on, take a long lunch, it'll be fun, just an hour." I insisted.

And with that, we went toy shopping. And we were gone more than a few hours.

To be continued

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