



Stories

This is what made Akasha's Web famous...

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. 5

[Read A Perfect Wife pt. 1](#)

[Read A Perfect Wife pt. 2](#)

[Read A Perfect Wife pt. 3](#)

[Read A Perfect Wife pt. 4](#)

The next day, I had to close my office door and hold all my calls when Julie started giving me the details of the night before. What was most rewarding of all is how she talked about it with excitement, passion and enthusiasm. What she had done the night before was for her - she was reporting to me a night she had initiated and done her way, and it came through loud and clear that she enjoyed it.

When she got home that evening from work, she found a note on the refrigerator from Trevor. It said that he'd gone out for an hour to play some basketball with a few friends. A good thing, she reckoned, because it gave her time to stash the toys and take a shower, prepare herself for the night that was going to be hers.

Julie unloaded her toys and put them in one of her lingerie drawers. As she assembled them there, she realized again what was different about these toys. Not only did they seem more comfortable (because she picked them out), but they just seemed to be a nicer quality. She thought back to the toys Trevor used to bring out - apparently he got them at a dark alley corner 24hr bookstore - and they always seemed so - seedy.

These toys were made of quality leather, were heavy in her hands and had a scent that reminded her of a new pair of boots or a fine leather purse. Or, the interior of a new sports car.

Julie showered and changed into a comfortable but stylish skirt and stockings, a tight fitting sweater and some of her favorite jewelry. As she did her hair and makeup, she took some extra time with it, paid attention to detail, and it reminded her of the times in college she used to do this. She used to take extra time to get dressed up, put on make up and make herself even more beautiful, just because Trevor was coming over. Or how when they were still newly married she'd surprise him like that a Sunday afternoon when he came back from a golf game, expecting to find her in comfortable sweats cleaning house.

It filled her with that same excitement again, the playful excitement of knowing that her man was going to be filled with desire when he saw her. Thoughts came into her head about how she wanted to be a good wife, how she wanted to

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

be the perfect wife. She loved Trevor dearly and wanted to give him everything he'd dreamed of, and if that meant dressing up and playing with toys and make believing she was a dominatrix then she'd ---

Julie stopped herself, stopped the line of thinking at once. It startled her that she'd even caught herself thinking that way - it startled her how her thinking came back to the same thing. About pleasing Trevor. About doing anything to make him happy. About how it was her duty as his wife. About how she would do this to make him happy because he deserved it.

Julie remembered at that moment what I had told her. "Don't let this become something like the way bored, married wives treat sex. This is not an obligation. This is not something you do because you think you owe it to him. You aren't going to let your sex life become an obligation; you are going to keep it passionate and erotic and exciting, and the key to doing that is to not think of it as an obligation to him. It's an obligation to yourself - for your pleasure, and to make you feel good. This is the time for you to empower yourself and take control - because you want to, not because you feel you have to."

It was funny, Julie mused, how her entire body language changed and her overall mood changed when she corrected her thinking and reminded herself she wasn't doing this all for Trevor. She was doing it for herself - she was going to have fun, and take pleasure in how it affected him, not struggle through it paranoid with thoughts like "is this what he wants?" as she had done so many times before. She recalled what I told her, and that was to keep thinking only of her own instincts, pleasure, amusement, playfulness - and not worry about what his expectations were.

Now faced with it clearly, Julie realized how hard it was to snap out of her normal mindset - a mindset of how to please Trevor. She never thought of herself as "submissive" or "passive" or any of that - hell, she was one of the most outgoing, demanding lovers in the world. But it was amazing how her thinking always seemed to shift back to wondering how she could please him, how she could not let him down, how she could make sure he got out of it what he wanted.

The paradox, she reminded herself, was that the only thing - the ONLY thing he needed to make this night a success - was for her to do what she wanted. So simple, yet so complex.

Her thoughts were interrupted when she heard the door closed downstairs, heard Trevor toss his keys onto the counter and call for her. "Julie? I'm home. You there?"

**

Julie came down the stairs in her outfit. The toys had been left up in her drawer. When she came into Trevor's view, he did a double take from the refrigerator where he'd just poured some orange juice.

Sweaty Trevor, in shorts and a cut off T-shirt, looked at Julie and said "wow," setting down his glass. "You look great - I

want to kiss you but I'm all gross -"

Julie smiled and walked up to him, wrapped her arms around him and squeezed. She could tell he was already aroused, and since she offered the closeness he didn't hesitate to pull her close and wrap his arms tightly around her. "Mmmm, you smell great," he inhaled. "What'd I do to deserve this?"

Julie was tempted to tell him she went shopping that day - but she wondered if it would just set his mind in motion and make him start acting weird - acting - too - "submissive" and ruin the mood. She liked him this way - sweaty, his muscles showing, his body hot, his shorts slightly bulging as he held her. He was so much a "man" to her in these moments, the last thing she wanted to do was mention toys and have him perk up and offer to run off and put on panties. His timing, in the past, had been horrible.

"Let me go take a shower," he offered, nuzzling Julie's neck a little. He was acting as though she'd playfully decided to treat him to a little seduction and sex before dinner - always a nice surprise -- but fortunately he wasn't pushing the S&m angle or even hinting at it.

Julie had no idea where the thought came from, but the words just slipped out of her mouth. "You want to go take a shower?"

"Mmm - hmmm" he purred into her neck, swaying her a little in his arms.

"Then, I think you're going to have to ask nicely to go take a shower..." Julie was surprised at the tone of her own voice. A little softer, but firm, seductive - calculated.

Instantly, she felt the stiffness in his shorts increase and press into her crotch. It was as if her words were spring-loaded - and what simple words, at that.

Trevor backed up, slowly, and looked at her. The look on his face was precious - a bit of shock, nervousness, and awe.

Julie admired that look for a moment, and just continued to give him a mischievous, impatient smirk. "Well?"

"Can I - " he hesitated, cleared his throat. Julie prayed he wasn't going to start spewing overly submissive drivel or drop to his knees. "May I go take a shower, now, please?"

His request was simple - not necessarily submissive, not meek, and definitely not groveling or pathetic. It was boyish, playful, innocent. He raised his eyebrows when he asked, tilted his head down a little, and used a soft voice. It made her tingle.

"Ok," she smiled. "You've got ten minutes. Nothing longer."

"Alright," he said, kissing her on the forehead. He let go of her and turned to dart off. Julie had to stifle a giggle as she saw his huge erection creating a tent in his shorts.

**

After the shower, things continued to go well for Julie. She was in the bedroom when he came out, naked, toweling off. He was always incredibly handsome to her when he was freshly showered and his hair still wet, and she noticed immediately that his arousal had not waned.

Julie was understandably a little more vague with the details when she told me where their bdsm romp went from there, but it was all good. She told me how there were moments, at first, where a few lines of thinking tripped her up. It was hard to clear the voices in her head - the insecurity, the "is this silly?" thoughts, and the dreaded, "what does he want right now, what does he want me to do -"

I told Julie, a number of times, that if the thought ever came into her head - "what does he want me to do now?" she was to replace it with, "What do I want to do next?" She said this was a little tricky, but she found it easier as the night went on.

Fortunately, Trevor had done his job as well. This time, he refrained from giving hints, offering to "help," and most importantly, transforming into a man she did not know (and, perhaps, didn't even like) - and that was the man that acted ridiculously submissive, weak, or fetish-focused. Instead he remained true to his own personality - with hints - delicious hints - of vulnerability, of trepidation, and of adoration. The adoration, though, was not expressed through distracting, comical professions of love and lust like the Trevor of the past ("Oh! My Goddess, you are so beautiful, I don't deserve you! My Goddess, your body is perfect, oh, may I please touch you, may I please be given the honor of kissing your feet!"). The adoration was expressed in the way he looked at her, silent, and reacted so intensely to her touch. It was expressed in the way he followed her movements with rapt attention.

Julie told me she did find the leather shackles to be more of a turn on than she had ever imagined. She shackled him spread eagle on the bed, and spent a great deal of time straddling and teasing him. Later, she admitted, at first she found the leather collar around his neck to be a bit campy.

I'd told Julie before that if something ever felt campy - or just a bit on the silly side - that there was no rulebook of domination that required her to remain stoic and commanding and try to ignore the pink elephant in the room. I told her that domination could be campy, could be mischievous and silly, but still be effective. I told her that if she had the urge to giggle because Trevor looked "silly" there in a collar, then to giggle at will - and tell him how silly he looked. I told her that she could playfully tease and ridicule him, she could get past that distracting pink elephant in the room if she acknowledged it, and then moved on.

Julie found that I was right. As soon as she laughed a bit at the collar and leash and accepted that it was a bit odd at first, suddenly the silliness just seemed to melt away. Instead, she slowly wrapped her gloved hand around the leash as I had told her, drawing him closer and closer to her, and realized suddenly that something about that was arousing to her.

Trevor was on his knees at the bed side and she was on the bed in just panties and bra, and when she pulled him toward her open legs and reclined back she stopped to enjoy the feelings for a moment. There were no more distracting thoughts in her head this time, because she'd just seen a look in his eyes that was mindblowingly clear - he was not only in awe and having the time of his life, he was clearly in a different place all together - because of her. She was no longer worried about whether or not Trevor was bored, or anxious, or frustrated - Trevor was aroused on a level she'd never seen before.

As she directed him carefully, firmly, to place his mouth on her thighs, she found herself feeling something new. It was a place of empowerment, to be sure, but one of absolute comfort in it. It felt like the same sensation she'd had when making a sales presentation to a group of important executives where she'd known her stuff so well that she knew, without a doubt, she nailed it. And the previous times, she realized, when she'd "attempted" domination games with Trevor, she'd felt that awful feeling of being in front of those same executives with the right information, yet somehow totally unprepared. With all eyes on her, probably wondering, "Does she know what she's talking about?"

The warm feelings she had seemed to enhance, to highlight the sensations of his tongue. Julie found herself freely, with ease, directing his head by taking a fistful of his hair, giving commands regarding where to kiss, where to lick, and what to do.

Julie admitted to me that the orgasms she experienced were definitely of a higher quality than usual, but it wasn't about the lust or the build up, it was because of an emotional, mental place she was in and her ability to let go and not have her analytical mind busy worrying about Trevor's thoughts and emotions.

She remembered, also, that any time a thought came into her head concerning whether or not Trevor was getting what he needed or wanted she was to remove the thought, replace it with thoughts of what would please her. If the thought persisted, she was to say or do something at that moment to show Trevor she was pleased, aroused, or enjoying herself.

"Look at how wet I am," she said once to clear her mind of the nagging Trevor-worries.

Trevor's response was to visibly shiver a little, get flushed, and just barely say, "Oh...wow."

"That feels SO good," she told him once, as he was going down on her, when the thoughts came out of nowhere into her head asking herself, "is he getting bored with this whole act?"

Trevor responded that time with a moan - a deep moan of pleasure as he licked her, and it was crystal clear to her that he was in heaven.

Julie realized that it was evident that his pleasure, his

arousal, his entire satisfaction was coming from one thing - her enjoyment. But, the key to it all was that she was directing it - demanding it, expecting it, and wanting it. For her.

When she was reporting this back to me, her voice just humming with excitement, she told me that there was one part during the evening, she doesn't even remember when or in what context, that he looked at her and said, out of the blue, "I would do anything for you."

Julie laughed when she told me, then stopped herself and said, "Oh my god. That sounds..it sounds so silly, now, when I say it, but when he said it to me - when he said it to me, just at that moment - I thought I was going to die. Like I was going to melt. I mean my whole body got this tingle - I have no idea. It sounds ridiculous now, even I think it sounds stupid, because he's said stuff like that before, you know, casually. But that time - it just - it was --- wow."

I couldn't help but smile, and I let her keep trying to explain it for a second. Finally I said, "I know exactly what you're talking about."

"You do?" she asked, then sighed in relief. "I thought I was starting to sound like a lunatic! I just can't explain it, it was so ---- intense."

I told Julie that I knew the feeling very well, and that I was 18 when I first felt it. And it was because of the same, seemingly simple, almost silly moment when something was said to me in the context of a playful but passionate power exchange. It was a moment of clarity, of intensity, of an emotional connection combined with lust that just seems more intimate, more passionate than humanly possible. Always, in hindsight, it seems like an overreaction, it seems impractical, it seems impossible - yet, it's real.

"It felt good, didn't it?" I asked her, having her reflect on that moment again.

"Yeah," she responded, her voice drifting. Analyzing, I could tell, trying to grasp again what it felt like, to recapture it.

"That's what it feels like to Trevor," I told her, "When he feels like he's really submitting to you. That's the feeling he's never been able to explain to you, or explain why he wants it so bad."

Julie was quiet for a second, then I heard her say, "Oh....Oh." as if a light bulb went off in her head.

"And when you try to explain to someone what it is - you can't. And when you try to explain how you get to that feeling, what acts surround it or what triggers it, you can't help but just sound silly. Because you don't know it, until you've felt it."

"I can understand that, now," she agreed.

"And Trevor all along has been trying to figure out how to get

to that place with you but he had it in reverse, like most guys do. He thought the toys, the dress up, the acts, the games, the rituals would get you there, if you did them together. But it's not that. It's the emotion, the motivation, and the desire and the honesty that make that moment happen."

Julie understood, and things started to fall into place for her. We chatted more on the phone about the night before, and I was so excited that the couple had made such progress. Things could only get better, I thought to myself, and I had a bit of an ego boost of my own, feeling quite proud of myself.

Later, that night, I got a phone call from Julie at home. She was upset, I could tell, at once. "What's wrong?" I asked her.

She wasn't crying, but she sounded on edge, frustrated, a little hurt. "Everything was so good last night," she said, in almost a whisper. "But now, it's like...it's like he won't stop talking about it. It was ok, for a little bit, you know, of course I wanted to talk about it. But now it's all about when next - what about tonight - how about tomorrow - what's wrong, didn't you like it? On and on and on. It's like I can't shut it off, I created a monster!"

I knew what was going on, and I had hoped it didn't go that way. But it did. I also knew, though, that it should be something that could be fixed, if dealt with immediately. "Let me talk to Trevor," I said. "Put him on the phone."

"Are you sure?" she asked, obviously a little shocked at the offer.

"Yes," I told her. "I need to talk to him."

To be continued

*COPYRIGHT 2005 Akasha@Akashaweb.com
All Rights Reserved*