

# Linda's Perfect Wife - Part 1

By TheSpiralledEye

*Linda is a domineering perfectionist who is sick of her weak husband, so she decides to transform him into the perfect, submissive housewife.*

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Linda walked with a confident smile on her face; the sound of her heels clicked against the expensive marble floor of her apartment lobby and she could feel eyes on her as she made her way to the elevator. She was dressed in a simple, yet elegant, outfit themed in black and white. Her pencil skirt was tight enough to show off her shapely ass, while long enough that she could never be called a whore, with her heels and stockings adding to the sex appeal while simultaneously making her look like the epitome of the business professional. Her blouse was conservative, but once again perfectly tailored to show her toned, yet curvy form. The splash of red lipstick was the only bit of colour on her, which made her lips stand out all the more.

She tossed her icy blonde hair over her shoulder casually, enjoying how such a simple gesture could make men weak at the knees. She stepped into the elevator calmly, idly reading through work emails on her phone and pretending not to notice the gazes on her as the doors closed.

Today had been as close to a perfect day as possible; she had closed a major deal with a major manufacturing company, Rian Elemental. With that deal in place her company would have the lead in the upcoming tech race with their new microchip; nobody else would have the factory power necessary to produce tech at a faster enough rate to compete for some time.

Not that there was ever any doubt; her negotiating power was legendary. She loved walking into those meeting rooms, often filled with stuff older men who smiled confidently at the sight of a woman in their midst. They had no idea that she was a viper; vicious; she had them talking in circles within moments, agreeing to things they never would have otherwise and thinking it was their idea all along. Fools.

Men hated the idea of a woman who knew what she wanted and knew how to take it but Linda refused to be some doormat. Whenever she saw some simpering secretary giggling at another partner's jokes she wanted to be sick. She had watched her mother from a young age; the perfect housewife, always at her father's beck and call. Nobody listened to her plump, uninteresting mother when her successful husband was nearby; so Linda had vowed to never be anything like her. She set out to make sure she would always be the most powerful and commanding person in the room; and she succeeded.

She was one of the most respected and powerful people at her firm, she was rich, had a beautiful, well maintained body and a penthouse home. Her life was perfect...well, almost perfect. She sighed, turning the key in the lock and opening the door to her perfectly furnished penthouse suite.

There he was.

"Hello dear, how was your day at work?"

“Fine, Christopher.” She sighed.

Christopher beamed and Linda schooled her face into one of mild affection as he placed a kiss on her cheek. Christopher had been... a strategic decision. When they were in college he had been everything she needed to get a leg up on life. As much as she didn't want to admit it; good grades and a pretty face could only get her so far. At least unless she was willing to sleep her way which she certainly was not.

Christopher was meek, nebbish and had barely any spine; but he came from old money. He was at college getting the requisite business degree his father required. Not that he would ever need to use it; he just needed to play the stock market and he was set for life. So she'd seduced him, it had been painfully easy and they were a good match. At least in the sense that Christopher was decently attractive and happy to do everything she said. She decorated their homes, decided his clothes and made every decision for them really. Which is how she liked it, and all she had to do was blow his mind with sex once in a while.

Something that was painfully easy to do when her husband was the most vanilla man alive.

“I had the cook make us your favourite to celebrate you closing the deal.” He smiled nervously, indicating to two steak dinners sitting on the table, piping hot.

Normally it was something that would have put a smile on her face but for whatever reason, Christopher's mere appearance was making her irritated. He represented the one thing not perfect about her life; it seemed that no matter how she dressed him, no matter how much she insisted he work on himself, it was never quite right.

She sliced into the steak with thought; the cook was good, of course he was, Linda had selected him herself. But she wouldn't mind a home cooked meal once in a while; she could suggest Christopher take a cooking class of course but that wasn't it. She looked around their home; it felt... cold. There was something missing.

Then she remembered the lavish dinners her father would put on for his associates. How her mother would slave over the kitchen all day and then put on her best dress and hang off his arm all night while he bragged about what a good wife she was. Linda could never brag about her husband that way; he barely had any redeeming qualities besides general obedience. No better than a dog.

Really, he should be the one wearing a skirt. The thought made her smirk; she was already the man in this relationship really.

“Is the food good?” Christopher asked.

She looked up at him; his warm brown hair would look nicer if it was longer, and his face was pretty round already, a few special touches and he could probably pass for a woman...

A wicked smile formed across her face as a plan began to form in her mind. It was time to make her life well and truly, one hundred percent, perfect.

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I sighed as I put away the dishes; tonight was supposed to be the night I told Linda I wanted to redo her office. Make it more, our office again. When we had first purchased this penthouse, I was quietly asked why she got an office and I didn't.

"You just need your phone to buy stocks, and your broker does it most of the time anyway. I need a quiet space to work and hold online meetings when I can't be in the office."

I'd tried to get a gaming computer set up in the bedroom, but of course that had been vetoed as well, as had getting any sort of console for the living room. Both would ruin the 'aesthetic' of the rooms, according to Linda. I knew our relationship was unbalanced; of course I did.

At first, it had been nice; all the pressure of my life disappeared with Linda making all the major decisions. She simply took care of everything; bills, staff, money, our home. All I had to do was check in with my broker and get money for our shared account sometimes. But it did leave my life quiet...and empty. Linda worked late hours, and when I'd considered using my business degree to perhaps get a day job to pass the time, she had shut it down.

"You're almost thirty, Christopher." She had sighed, "Entering the work force now would just be sad. Especially when we have plenty of money. Even if you flub the stock market my salary is more than enough."

I'd made a vow last week to start being more assertive, starting with the office. It was huge, and most days Linda wasn't even home until late. If I was going to hang around the penthouse all day, the least she could do was let me put a desk and gaming computer in there. It wasn't that much to ask, was it? Or maybe it was; she did work hard. And she had such an icy stare, it was hard to stand up to her sometimes. Tomorrow, I'll do it tomorrow.

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I was buzzing with excitement; sealing that deal at work had obviously put Linda in a great mood because it wasn't often she asked me for sex. Normally it was the other way around and not only had she initiated, she had insisted on giving me a present to make things more 'interesting'. I had no idea what that meant but I was excited. The truth was, our sex life had been pretty stagnant the last few months. Normally she just jumped me when she was feeling particularly pent up and rode me till she was satisfied. It was a wild experience I had to admit; I'd always had a thing for more dominant women and in that regard my wife was everything I'd dreamed of. Sure, it would be nice if she could be a little warmer now and again, but that authoritative voice of hers just did things to me. I sat at the edge of the bed full of anticipation, sure any second my wife would appear in some sexy outfit. So when she walked in still in her work clothes I couldn't help but feel slightly disappointed, at least until I noticed the bag in her hands.

"Here," She smiled, handing it to me, "I hope you appreciate it, it cost me extra to get it delivered immediately."

I reached inside and felt something silky against the tips of my fingers before drawing out a dark pink, satin negligee. It was love cut and short, it barely covered my thigh at all, and built inside was a set of sheer panties with a slit so that the dress didn't even have to be taken off. I felt my cock twitch just imagining Linda in such an outfit.

"It's amazing." I croaked, "Why don;t you go put it on so we can try it out."

Linda laughed and I felt my brow furrow. That was her 'oh you're so silly' laugh, the one she did when I did something obviously dumb, right before she explained just how dumb it was.

"It's not for me." Linda smiled, "It's for you."

"M-me?" I gaped, "B-but it's...it's a nightie! A woman's nightie!"

"I know that." Linda crossed her arms over her chest. "Look, we both know I wear the pants in this relationship anyway, so why not have a little fun roleplaying?"

"Roleplaying as a woman...? Me?"

"Yes, Christopher." She pinched her nose in frustration, "I don't know how much clearer I could make it, come on, you're spoiling the mood."

"Sorry." I apologised, more out of habit than actual guilt, my mood went out the window the second I realised this thing was for me.

She was staring down at me now, that domineering gaze seemed to pierce him and I felt my resistance crumbling. It was just once, right? And it would make my wife happy, good husbands made their wives happy in the bedroom and I had been the one saying our love lives could use spicing up. It would be rude to turn her down now that she was putting in the effort.

Still, stripping off while she sat, one leg crossed over the other made him feel awkward. Her face was stony but her eyes were full of fire; he could do this.

"Go on, put it on." She ordered and the tone sent a shiver down his spine.

Despite all the humiliation I felt welling up inside him, my cock twitched in anticipation; Linda had me well trained to find that voice hot. Slipping into the neglige felt wrong, despite the softness of the material. The thin straps dug into my shoulders; clearly meant for somebody with more sloped shoulders.

The panties were also tight, not built to hold my cock and balls. My length slipped out the slit while my balls were cupped by the soft sheer material, pressing them against my body and making me squirm slightly. It felt like somebody was gently squeezing them and once that thought had occurred, I couldn't stop thinking about how nice it felt.

The silky fabric brushed against my thighs, but the front hung open, the cups remaining empty. All in all, I looked and felt ridiculous but Linda was grinning like the Cheshire cat.

"Lovely." She breathed, "My perfect girl."

Shame spiked through me and my gaze shifted awkwardly to the floor; I could feel my cheeks heating more and more with each passing second. Looking down didn;t help either,

all I could see was my awkward body stuffed into the negligee; even Linda's approval wasn't saving it.

"Oh come on now darling, don't pout. You're so much prettier when you smile." Linda cooed, standing to cup his face, "Come on baby, smile for me."

I forced his face into a smile and Linda patted me on the head like a dog. I hated how good it felt.

"Good girl."

That on the other hand...not so much.

"Linda I don't know about-"

"Shhhh! No breaking character. While you have that on, you're my good girl? Got it?"

"Um-"

"Got. It?"

"Yes."

"Yes, what?"

I swallowed.

"Yes ma'am.

She surged forward, kissing me harder and more passionately than she had in years. The feeling of her lips clamping down over mine and her tongue dominating my mouth made me dizzy. By the time she pulled away I could barely string two thoughts together. My arousal was flaring and Linda's smile was toxic *and* intoxicating.

She grabbed me firmly by the shoulders and spun me round pushing me toward the full length mirror in her walk in closet. As we went I could hear the rustle of clothing from behind me as she slowly stripped down to her underwear and stockings. Her bare breasts pushed against my back and they sent a shiver down my spine. I could feel her nipples hardening against the open back of my negligee.

The mirror was confronting, I tried to focus on my feet but a hand cupped my chin and forcefully lifted me so my gaze met the glass. The man, if you could even call him that, in the mirror looking back at me looked confused. His face kept switching back and forth between humiliated and aroused.

"I want you to look at yourself, pretty baby." Linda cooed, "I want you to see what a beautiful woman you are."

A sound caught in the back of my throat as I watched her free hand snake around my front and beneath the short hem of my dress. She cupped my balls, stroking the thin fabric

holding them for a moment before curling her long fingers around my length and giving it a hard, almost painful squeeze. A small squeak escaped me and my cheeks flushed; Linda hated it when I made pathetic sounds like that. Or at least, normally she did; today it seemed to elicit nothing but delight in her.

Slowly, she began to stroke me, bringing me to full hardness. Her other hand stayed firmly on my chin, ensuring I couldn't look away from my own reflection in that damn dress.

"No closing your eyes now, and no cumming till I say. Got it?" She purred, I could only nod helplessly as my hips began to buck into her hand.

Her grip tightened and she began to jack me off in earnest, swiping her thumb over my head ever few pumps and kissing my neck. Tiny moans and grunts escaped me, each time they were high pitched, Linda rewarded me with an extra hard stroke, while stopping from a moment if I groaned low.

"Let's hear those pretty sounds lovely girl..."

I watched as her hand moved up and down between my legs in the mirror, I could feel myself getting close and raced toward the edge right before remembering that Linda hadn't given me permission to cum yet. What would she do if I disobeyed? I'd never done it before, so I had no frame of reference, whatever it was though, it probably wouldn't be worth it.

I focused on trying to hold back, I watched as my face began to twist in the mirror, my mouth falling open and closed as I tried to control myself. Linda's white teeth glinted, she could see I was struggling.

"Almost there, not just yet..."

"Ahhhh...uhhhh."

My balls were tightening, I was so close...

"That's my good girl, you're such a good girl. And all mine."

Linda kept whispering those words over and over again in my ear between kisses as she pumped harder and harder. My hips bucked and my eyes went wide and I was forced to stare at my own reflection, those words echoing over and over again in my head.

"Good girl. Good girl. Good girl. Cum..."

I did. Hard. Far harder than I was expecting in fact. My eyes rolled back and my knees went weak as pleasure overcame me and all the while Linda just kept pumping away at my cock until it was milked dry.

With a shudder and gasp I finally finished and she turned me to face her, kissing me hard before I even had a chance to catch myself.

"That's my good girl, that was so hot."

"Uh, yeah I uuh...wow."

I felt so embarrassed but the afterglow of the orgasm took the sting out of it. My submissive brain felt like total mush. Linda kissed me once more and then to my surprise, gently ushered me over to bed, laying me down almost lovingly and tucking the blankets around me.

“Don’t you want me to-?”

“No, you need your sleep, that was quite overwhelming.”

She stroked her long nails through my hair and I hummed in contentment; never in our marriage had my wife been so loving. My mind was still pliable mush from the orgasm and I drank in the small affectionate touches, soaked up every last drop of love she was giving me. If this was the reward I got maybe I could get used to wearing the negligee...every now and then.