

“Her Secret Fantasies”

By Jane Colt

Sarah stood at the bottom of the staircase. “Honey, will you toss me my running watch? It’s on my bedside table. I want to squeeze in a workout before it’s too dark.”

Paul hurried into the bedroom and found it—right on top of a green leather notebook he’d never seen. He went to the top of the stairs and tossed the watch down.

“Thanks. I’ll be back in an hour.” She blew him a kiss.

Curiosity got the best of him. Going back into the bedroom, he picked up the notebook. Flipping through it, he could see there was no question it was Sarah’s handwriting. He went back to the first page. “Son of a ...!” Across the top in big bold print was, “Sarah’s Sex List!” He had no idea his wife had a sexual bucket list. It seemed out of character for his conservative, church-going spouse. He was thrilled, intrigued—and turned on. But feeling he’d invaded her privacy, he closed it. ‘*She must have forgotten to put it away.*’ He returned it to the nightstand and went downstairs to watch the game. When Sarah returned from her run, he wouldn’t say anything. He didn’t want to embarrass her. He’d pretend he never saw it.

After 15 minutes, his resolve evaporated. *I’ll still pretend I never saw it, but I’ll read some of it first. Maybe I’ll get some ideas that will let me please my wife more. I’m doing this for us,* he rationalized, not even trying to believe it.

He sat down on the bed and began looking through it. Each page was devoted to a different item—described in detail. Partner. Date. Place. He had to laugh. The account even included what she was wearing—down to which bra, panties and, especially, which shoes. Such detailed, organized record keeping was classic Sarah.

Her account began when she was in college. He read the headline of each page out loud. “Sex outside.’ ‘One-night stand.’ ‘A quickie between classes.’ ‘Two different guys on the same day.’” His eyebrows rose, and he smirked. “You little slut you! ‘Learn how to give a world-class blowjob.’” *‘She’s certainly done that!’* “Sneak guy into dorm room when roommate is sleeping. Have sex so quietly we don’t wake her up. Sneak guy out.’ ‘Amateur night at a strip club.’ ‘Kiss and XXX? a girl.’” *‘Wow! I had no idea she was so adventurous before we met.’* One night, after too much wine, they’d confessed their ‘number’ to each other, but that’s as far as she’d go. “College was a very experimental time for me,” she blushed, “and I’d like to leave it in the past.” *Just my luck.* He grumbled to himself. *A real ‘dirty girl’ who decided to reform right before she met me.*

There were no dated entries until just a few months ago. ‘Sex in my old bedroom at my parents’ house.’ OK. That explains why she insisted we not stay in a hotel that time. ‘Sex at a party.’ The sexy Little Bo Peep costume.” He laughed at the memory of her pulling him into the bathroom. “I’ve lost not only my sheep.” She turned around, bent over, lifted her skirt, and showed him her amazing, heart shaped, bare ass. “I can’t find my panties. Will you help me?” He turned the page. “Sucking Paul’s dick when we might be seen.’ The hotel we were in last weekend!” he laughed. “I wondered why she said the drapes were broken. ... It sounds like somebody’s inner ‘bad girl’ is staging a comeback. Lucky me!”

The next few pages consisted of fantasies she hadn't done yet. There was a bookmark at a page with "Being forced to have sex" across the top. His mouth dropped open. But then he noticed some faint pencil writing. He had to laugh. "Hey there, cutie! If you're game, you'll let me know by saying, 'I could sure go for a tall one right now. What about you?' I'll say I'm interested by saying, 'No thanks.' And our safe word will be 'Schenectady.' Be sure to make it real and stay in character. Maybe one of those Neanderthal 'manly men' we joke about who think they're God's gift to women and won't take 'no' for an answer. But be prepared for me to fight back and be very different from the girl you married! Love you! Can't wait! XXX. P.S. I wouldn't mind if we threw in some 'dirty talk' to spice things up even more. 😊"

"That scamp," he chuckled. "She left it out for me to see." He was touched his wife was taking the risk of revealing this side of herself to him. He certainly wasn't going to let her down. '*A woman very different from my wife? I'm really curious to meet her.*' He closed the notebook, returned it to where he found it, and started planning.

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A month later

"Are you almost ready?" Sarah called. "We can't be late. You know how fussy my sister is with her dinner parties." She sighed. "She's insisting I have my hair up and wear this black, long sleeve, wrap dress. She knows I hate it. It makes me look like a nun. But some judge is going to be there. And she wants to impress her with how conservative her family is. It's easier to go along than argue." As she finished her make-up and stood up, Paul entered the room. She smiled. "You look great, Hon. Thanks for doing this. I owe you. How do I look? Dull, right?"

He kissed her on the cheek, stepped back, and gave her the once over as she looked in the mirror to put in her earrings. “Dull? Not at all! You look sexy as hell. You have this ‘prim governess on the outside, wanton wench on the inside’ thing going on that’s making me crazy. You’re making me hot just looking at you. In fact,” he paused until his silence made her look at him, “I’m so hot I could sure go for a tall one right now. What about you?” His gave her a dark, hungry look.

Confusion flooded her face. “What? We don’t have time for—” Then the phrase registered. “Oh,” she said quietly. Her face began to flush and her breathing deepened. She looked at her watch.

She’s at war with herself. She’s tempted, but hesitating. Fulfilling her hot fantasy would mean annoying her sister. I know just how to push her over the edge.

He walked up, grabbed her hands, and held them firmly behind her back. She let out a small gasp. He kissed her passionately. She moaned into his mouth and struggled against him in vain. Pushing her against the wall, he murmured in her ear. “You don’t want a tall one. You want me to screw your brains out. Right?” Her knees buckled, and he pressed against her.

He could feel her heart beating hard against his chest. She looked directly at him and gave him a naughty smirk. “A tall one? Absolutely not! A good screw? Maybe with a hot stud. But not with you.” She was so excited, she was shaking in his arms. “Besides, I’m going to my sister’s. Are you coming?”

“Oh, I plan on coming, Sweetcheeks—when that sexy pussy of yours clenches my cock.” He ground his stiffening penis against her mound.

“Cut it out, Paul. We have to go.” She tried to leave, but he held her.

“Come on, Babe. Don’t be a tease. You’ve got me so turned on, I can’t wait.”
He ran his hands through her hair and kissed her passionately again.

“Paul! You’re messing up my hair! STOP THIS!” she shouted. She pushed back against him, but he was too strong. He squeezed her breasts. Hard. He kissed her again and groaned hungrily.

“PAUL! Stop it. We have to go!”

“Go? My dick says *no*.” He ground against her again.

“You can tell your dick it’s the last thing I want right now! We are NOT fucking. We need to leave!” Her face was dark and stern. With a loud grunt, she pushed sharply against his chest and got free.

Whoa! I had no idea she was so strong.

As she headed for the door, he caught her, and spun her around. “You put on a dress like that and expect me to control myself. I say we fuck!”

She glared back angrily and shoved him away again. “Go fuck yourself! I’m leaving!”

Sarah’s new demeanor stunned—and *aroused*—him. He found her hard-edged, uber-confident persona exciting. *This isn’t at all my Sarah. I bet she’s a tiger in bed. And she did want a Neanderthal ‘manly man’ to take her. So ...*

Grabbing the neckline of her dress, he ripped the garment open.

Her shock quickly turned into fury. As she stood toe to toe with her husband, her torn dress revealed a sexy black lace bra and thong. She poked her finger hard

against his chest. “YOU [poke] FUCKING [poke] BASTARD! [poke] Don’t EVER [poke] do that to me again!”

He was sure he saw a gleam in her eye at the last poke. But it was gone as quickly as it appeared. *Wow! She’s really enjoying this! OK. If that’s what you want.*

“*Fucking bastard?* That’s not very ladylike. I think somebody needs a lesson about who’s boss.”

He yanked what was left of the dress off her, picked her up, and threw her onto the bed. He tossed her with such force, she tumbled into the wall of pillows against the headboard. In a flash, he stripped and joined her on the bed. They eyed each other cautiously—hunter and prey.

“What do you think I am, your personal whore you can bang whenever you’re in the mood?” She virtually spat out the words.

“Yeah. That’s exactly who you are. And I’m going to make sure there’s no doubt about that.”

“Ha! If you think I’m going to let you put that dick into my pussy, you’re crazy.”

He laughed. “You think this is about you *letting* me fuck you? That’s cute.” He lunged at her and grabbed her arm. Pulling her towards him, he reached down and shredded her delicate bra and thong.

He was overwhelmed by how sexy she looked—naked but for her Christian Louboutin heels. He dove between her legs and began licking, kissing, and sucking her pussy.

She responded by putting her hands on his head and pushing hard. This time he was ready. He dove on top of her and pinned her down. But he didn't anticipate that she would wrap her legs around him and bang her foot so hard against his back that the sharp tip of the heel cut him. He let out a scream. As the pain made him let go of her, she kicked him in the chest, leaving a scrape on his skin with her other shoe. He fell onto the floor. She hopped off the bed and sprinted for the bathroom.

He jumped up and blocked her way. "Nice try. But I want you so much, even that's not going to stop me." She took a few steps back, removed her shoes, and flung them at him. He swatted them away and laughed. "God! You are so sexy. You've got me out of my mind!" He grabbed her, pushed her against the wall, and sucked her breasts furiously. She groaned loudly.

He threw her back on the bed. He pinned her down again and used his legs to open hers. She squirmed and wrestled against him.

He gave her a steely look. "OK. Enough fooling around, bitch! I'm having you. Now! If you're smart, you'll give in and enjoy it."

"Go to Hell!" she shouted. She struggled as hard as she could—twisting her body any way she could to keep him from penetrating her. But it was clear to both of them it was useless.

In an instant, he was deep inside her. He moaned loudly, in relief. "God! You feel amazing, you little slut! Your pussy is mine! I've never been so hard! And I've never felt your pussy be so wet."

There was so much liquid between her legs, their bodies slapped when he slammed against her. She moaned deeply, but continued to fight. Finally, she surrendered. "OK, you bastard. If you're going to do this, do it right. Fuck me, you

son of a bitch! Fuck my brains out or you never get this pussy again! Make my cunt explode or kiss it goodbye forever! Give me every inch of that hard cock! Bury that dick in my hot, wet pussy! FUCK THE BEJESUS OUT OF ME!”

The experience of screwing this wild woman was nothing like he’d ever experienced. All he could think of was how much of a man he felt trying to tame and satisfy her. He was literally blinded by lust. The dark scent of their athletic coupling was intoxicating.

He pulled out of her and flipped her onto her stomach. Laying on her so she couldn’t move, he spread her legs and pushed his angry, veined cock into her. Both of them moaned as he went back to pounding her into submission.

The animalistic moans, grunts, groans, cries, and profanities spewing uncontrollably out of their mouths told him the two of them had achieved a level of excitement they’d never had together. They were both screaming so loud at the same time, they couldn’t hear each other.

“Jesus Christ, Paul, fuck me senseless! God! I want to come so badly! Put me out of my misery! Fuck me! Fuck me, you bastard!”

“Come on, bitch! Come all over my cock! I want your hot juices coating my dick. Let it go! Give that sexy cunt to me, you little whore! I own you. I want to feel you come!”

Such intense passion shot them higher and higher—until ecstasy ripped through their bodies and they rocketed over a cliff.

“OH MY GOD, PAUL! OH FUCK!” Her pussy spasmed around his cock.

“OH SARAH. JESUS CHRIST! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! OH MY GOD!” He his warm liquid jetted deep inside her.

United as one, their bodies shuddered, released, and begged for mercy. But he kept at it. Pulling his cock out of her, he turned her limp body over. He slid two fingers into her vagina and pressed his thumb against her clit. “We aren’t stopping there! Come on, babe, give me another.”

“I can’t, Paul. I’m done.”

“I don’t think so. My little slut doesn’t stop at one.” He began sending her towards the crest again. “Come for me, you sexy little whore,” he commanded. “This magic pussy isn’t done yet. Come for me.”

He pushed her higher and higher, winding her up like a spring. She grabbed her prominent, rock-hard nipples and tugged on them repeatedly. She writhed hungrily against his hand. Her moans combined desperate need with delirious pleasure. Her body tightened, tightened, tightened ... then erupted. She screamed, “OH MY GOD, PAUL! OH FUCK!” Her body shook even harder this time.

As they recovered, the sweat soaked lovers lay still. Paul was speechless. *Where has this sexy dynamo been hiding?*

Eventually, Sarah stretched languidly, took a deep breath, and let out a satisfied sigh. She turned to her husband. “Thanks, Sweetie. That was perfect.” Then she gave him a naughty wink. “Get ready for the ride of your life, Cowboy. I’m back!”