

## “Her Secret Fantasy”

By Jane Colt

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

Paul hurried into the bedroom, rummaged around in the drawer, and found it. But he also noticed an odd crack in the wood. 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.

Deciding to see what the problem was with the nightstand, he went back and examined the split on the bottom of the drawer. His eyes went wide. *Is that what I think it is?* The opening he spotted wasn’t a crack in the wood. The drawer had a false bottom and the cover hadn’t been put back properly. Puzzled, he emptied the drawer, removed the cover, and spotted the worn scarlet leather notebook hidden inside.

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 put it back, hid it properly, 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 her 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. Comments and what it was like. 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.*

The first dozen or so items on her wish list had been checked off before they were married. But a couple got ticked just in the last few months ago. ‘Sex in my old bedroom at my parents’ house.’ “That explains why she insisted we not stay in a

hotel that time,” he smirked. ‘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, naked, creamy white ass. “I can’t find my panties. What am I supposed to do?” 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!”

Then there were items she hadn’t done yet. The first made him rock hard in a nano-second: ‘Threesome.’ The penciled ‘Comments’ were recent: “Paul’s 30<sup>th</sup> birthday. I can tell he thinks Marie is hot! So do I!”

‘Being handcuffed and blindfolded’ intrigued him. *Is that what was in that package she hid? The one she thought I didn’t see get delivered?*

One truly shocked him: ‘Being forced to have sex.’ *I never dreamed—* But what upset him more were the 😞 😞 and her comments. “Looks like I’m going to have to give this up because Paul is too nice a guy. I’ve tried to provoke him a few times. I started stupid fights and was completely unreasonable and insulting. The last time I tried to prime the pump by wearing only my sexy black lace bra and thong. I even shoved him. I wanted him to get so angry he’d just grab me and fuck the daylights out of me. He got furious but walked away.”

Paul’s head spun. He remembered these fights vividly because they were so uncharacteristic of his wife. He also remembered he’d gotten so mad that he had to leave the house to stop himself from doing exactly what she’d apparently hoped for. *Crap! How was I supposed to know?* But it had been drilled into him since he was a

boy. No means no. Rape isn't just cruel, it's a crime. He shook his head. *The curse of being the nice guy.*

### 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, annoyed. “She's insisting I have my hair up and wear this ugly black 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 respectable her family is. It's easier to go along than argue.” As she finished her make-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 as she looked in the mirror to put in her earrings. “Dull? Not at all. Let me look at you.”

When she stood up with a frown, he stepped back and gave her the once over. “You look great, Babe. Sexy as hell. You have this ‘prim governess on the outside, wanton wench on the inside’ thing going on that's making me crazy. In fact,—” He ran his hands through her hair, and kissed her passionately.

She laughed, pushed him away, and brushed her hair back to how she wanted it. “OK. Thanks for trying to make me feel better. Maybe I don't look as bad as I think.”

He stepped back towards her. “Are you kidding? I've never seen you so hot!” He squeezed her breasts. Hard. He kissed her again and groaned hungrily.

“Paul! Cut it out. We have to go.” She pushed him away again, harder this time.

“Go? I don’t think so,” he said darkly. “You dress like that and expect me to keep my hands off you? You’re crazy.” Grabbing the neckline of her dress with both hands, he ripped the garment open.

Stunned, she froze in place. But her shock quickly turned into fury. As she stood toe to toe with her husband, her torn dress revealing a red satin bra and thong, she poked her finger hard against his chest. “YOU [poke] FUCKING [poke] BASTARD! [poke] I don’t know what’s gotten into you. But NEVER [poke] do that to me again!”

“Fucking bastard?” he sneered. “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. Scrambling off the bed, she raced for the door. He got there first and blocked her way. Grabbing her, he threw her onto the bed again. Then he quickly stripped and walked to the edge of the bed. He stroked his stiff, angry cock. “We can do this the easy way or the hard way, Sweetcheeks. Your choice.”

Sarah was livid. “Fuck you! 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.”

“If you think I’m going to let you put that dick into my pussy, you’re crazy. As soon as I get out that door, I’m calling the cops.”

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 yanked off her bra, then her thong. He was overwhelmed by how sexy she looked—naked but for her Christian Louboutin heels. He dove on top of her and pinned her down.

“PAUL! STOP!” she yelled.

He didn’t anticipate that she would wrap her legs around him and slam 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 from 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’m not taking no for an answer.” 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 buried his head between her legs. She struggled but groaned loudly as he ate her out.

He threw her back on the bed. One hand pinned her two hands above her head. He used his legs to open hers while his other hand roughly massaged her pussy. He was amazed at how wet it was. As she squirmed and wrestled against him, he was stunned by the expression on her face. There was raw fury—but also animal passion and pure lust.

Her body radiated so powerful a primal, sexual energy that it possessed him as well. 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 useless.

With a shove, his angry, veined cock 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.” He was ecstatic at the feeling of conquest. Screwing this wild woman was nothing like he’d ever experienced. All he could think of was how much of a man he felt now that he’d defeated her and possessed her. He was literally blinded by lust. The dark scent of their athletic coupling was intoxicating.

As he pounded into her mercilessly, she moaned deeply but continued to fight. Her struggle turned him on even more.

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

Animalistic grunts, groans, cries, and profanities spewed uncontrollably out of their mouths. The harder he fucked her and the more she struggled, the more passionate her cries became—and the closer their bodies got to climaxing. The 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 harder than he’d ever felt.

“OH SARAH. JESUS CHRIST! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! OH MY GOD!” 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. 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.”

She whimpered in protest, but he ignored it.

He pushed her higher and higher, winding her up like a spring. He 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. When her breathing returned to normal, she opened her eyes and gave her husband a hard, unforgiving glower. “I don’t know what just happened, but, amazing orgasm or not, I’m furious at you!” She punched him hard on the arm. “But we still have to get to my sister’s. We’ll discuss what just happened later.”

“Oh,” he smirked, rubbing his arm, “did I forget to tell you that she called while you were dressing and cancelled the dinner? She has the flu.”

Confusion flooded her face. “So your idea of celebrating not having to that dinner was to become a prick and—”

He opened her nightstand drawer and handed her the red notebook. “I didn’t go looking for this. But once I found it, I had to look. You may now check off, ‘Being forced to have sex.’ I hope I didn’t disappoint you, babe. Are we OK?”

As she paged through the notebook, her expression went from confusion, to understanding, to bemusement. Then she responded seriously. “No, Paul. Even though this was my fantasy, we aren’t close to being OK.”

He looked crestfallen and baffled. “But—”

“However,” she interrupted him a naughty smile, turned to a new page, and handed him the book, “*this* will make things OK.”

He read the heading and gulped.