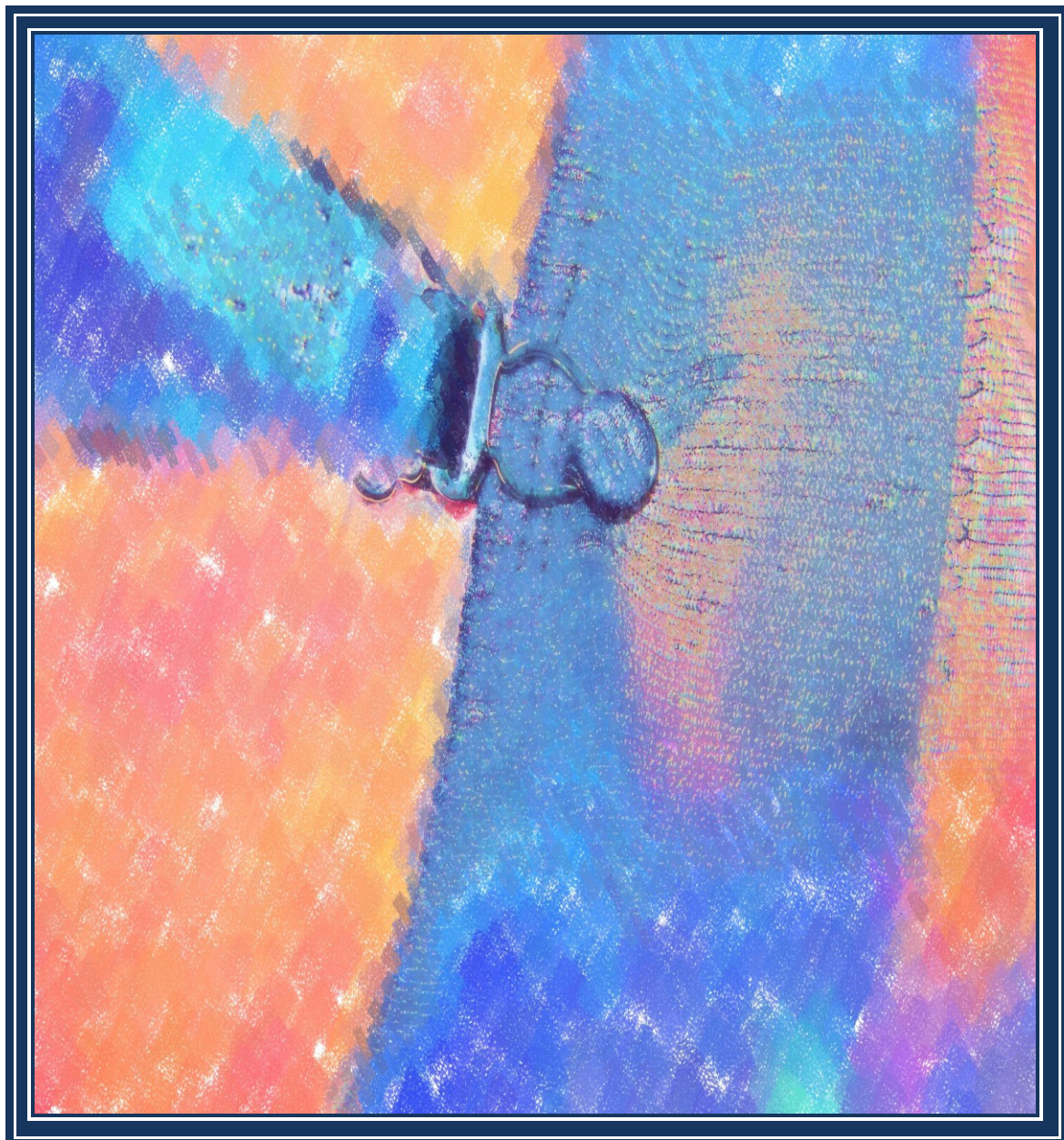




Rear Door

Miss Irene Clearmont.

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‘You might just get what you asked for...’

Rear Door.

'I have to find a way to persuade her.' He thought to himself as he turned to sleep. *'But how?'* As John slipped into a state of drowsy, lazy thought. For months he had been trying to persuade his wife, Jen to indulge his interest in anal sex, finally he had managed to steer the conversation to the subject.

"I am not against the idea per se." she said as they lay in the darkness. "But you know how fastidious I am about all that type of thing."

"Yes but I would of course use a condom. I'm sure it would be great for you too."

"That's not the problem, I really just shudder at the whole idea of something so..." she paused a moment before being able to formulate her thoughts. "...intrusive."

He pondered her reply for a moment before responding by laying a loving hand on her thigh. Her hand covered his and played with his wedding ring for a moment.

"Maybe?" he needed an answer but had to wait for a tense moment before it came.

"Maybe what?"

"There is something that you wish for in bed but find it difficult to ask for?"

"Ahh, a trade?"

"We agreed a few months ago to be more open about sex, well I am trying to follow our agreement."

"Let me think about it for a day tomorrow night we'll discuss it again, I might be able to come up with something. But I may not!"

And that was that! He turned to sleep wondering what his wife might want in return. He could not imagine that she had any secret wants that needed satisfying. He was of course the perfect loving husband. After all he had even consented once to give her oral sex, what more could she ask?

At work the next day he pondered his dilemma.

Was there anything that he would not do for her in return for anal sex? No, he would even go down 'there' again and again to try fucking her tight ass, that hole that lured him with its taut promise. It would be so delicious, her stretched face down whilst he pushed ruthlessly into the depths. He would excite her with his hands and give her an explosive orgasm whilst he pushed deep into her firm body for the first of many, many times.

His daydream absorbed him so that he did not notice Carl, his boss, standing over his desk. Carl's voice broke into his reverie and woke him with a start.

"How are your sales figures looking for April?"

"Uh, not so good. I still have a week 'till the end of the month but it's not looking good."

"Well, I have been adding up the sales of all three of you and I must really say, John, that I am very disappointed in your sales. OK, five cars sold but all of them shopping cars."

"Well there is a little hope, I have the guy who wanted a company limousine almost signed and two people returning in a couple of days, they looked good."

“Well I hope so, I really like you John but recently you are falling behind Jim and Eric in sales terms. If you don’t manage to stop the downward trend then I may have to cut your salary and your bonus is already pretty dismal.”

John felt a claw at his belly. A drop in pay would make Jen even more distant and the holiday in Spain would go down the tubes. Another thought skimmed the surface of his mind. If she was moody then his chances of any sex would fade and splutter like a guttering candle. No anal, in fact no sex at all was always the result of Jen’s dissatisfaction. Months of persuasion and working the subject of anal sex would dissipate.

“I shall push harder and try to get more sales.” He spluttered, lost for an effective and convincing reply.

“Nothing personal old boy but I have a duty to head office and I cannot cover for you forever.”

Another stomach cramp, even this conversation was turning disastrous. *‘God, what do I say? He has almost fired me already the cold bastard.’*

“Maybe I am missing something.” He struggled to go on. “Want to go for a beer tonight? Or perhaps a meal, we could discuss it properly.”

Carl seemed to ponder for a moment. “OK. I owe you that much, let’s meet up and go for a Chinese, hey and bring your wife.”

That was that then. He was going to have to tell Jen and she would get moody. He would be upset and she would say something to Carl that would get him fired. ‘Shit.’ He thought this was shaping up for one of his life disasters like the time that the handbrake gave way when he was making out with that Suzi in college. Christ, getting the car in a ditch had so pissed his father off. It was not as though he had got further than her bra.

“Please, don’t make a scene,” pleaded John as his wife struggled to choose the right dress.

It had not and he had known that it would not, go well with Jen. She had been really angry but as usual the heat of the anger died and she was only quarrelsome. After the argument had raged he managed to get her to choosing some clothes for the soiree.

She threw a few shoes around and then finally chose shoes and dress. John said nothing when he saw her choice but he could see that she had chosen to spite him. Green ballerinas and a red skirt. Christ what a match, like one of Santa’s elves without the charm. Makeup? Not likely, au natural. This strop of hers was going to cost him his job!

The meal was as dismal as he had anticipated. Carl ordered the most expensive on the menu and a bottle of wine that John could not drink because he was the driver.

Jen left most of her food “Slime on shit. John you must complain and get me something edible.”

Worst of all the conversation was stilted and clearly bored Carl. This was a bad result. Finally the night of the thousand knives was over and they were home. They got into bed separately, Jen was already curled up on her side of the bed when John got in and switched off the light. He almost cried, it had been the worst of nights and he dared not try to get his wife into conversation.

He was just starting to finally drop off to sleep when Jen’s voice brought him up short. “John, still awake?”

“Yep!”

“I have thought of something. Something that you could do in bed for me.”

John was fully awake. “What?”

"It's a bit difficult to put into words."

"Please tell me, how can I do something if you don't tell me."

"Well it is difficult and I am scared you will refuse me." After her words there was a brief silence. Outside the bedroom a car drove by, breaking the silence. "It is something I really need. Something I need you to do to me."

"And anal?" John almost whispered the words as if saying them too loud would make the answer come back in the negative.

"Anal? Yes I would be interested in allowing you anal."

John almost yelped. She wanted some oral sex or maybe a massage with scented oils. His imagination went no farther than the articles he had read in her Cosmopolitan magazine. Then he would make her love anal sex. He could feel stiffening, a rising of the blood.

"Can you tell me, love?"

"It is so difficult, you know how shy I am."

John let that go without retort and said. "When?"

"Next week, Saturday."

With a small movement she indicated that the interview was over. John could only lie in the dark, but Saturday was only a few days away.

Saturday afternoon at four and John was repairing the sink in the kitchen. He could see his wife's plump ass swaying as she prepared a snack.

Saturday afternoon at five and John was watching the football. He saw his wife's plump curves and the way her large breasts hung under her T shirt as she dusted the shelves.

Saturday afternoon at six and John was sipping a beer. He could see the way that her over-tight jeans cut the ravine of her buttocks as she tidied up his snacks.

Saturday afternoon at seven and John was passing the bathroom. He could see Jen's outline in the shower. Buxom, smooth, wet and plump. The fuzz of her pubic hair visible through the wetness of the curtain. She turned to allow him to see her sweet ass, the object of his desire, the inviting gates to his fetish.

Saturday afternoon at eight. Eight, evening, dusk, nightfall, sundown and the rising of sexual passion.

Jen entered the bedroom. "Just give me a minute or two."

His blood pounding, his prick straining, his head ringing. This was that moment. That culmination of his sexual odyssey to penetrate and rape Jens third hole. Pacing he walked from the spare room to the bathroom ten times. His trousers bursting with his erection, his breath uneven.

He could wait no more and entered the bedroom. Darkness lit from the door. His wife, plump, curvy and looking like a goddess in red pumps and red gloves. She brushed past him and left the room.

"Won't be a moment darling."

He waited in the silence and heard her lock the front door. Frantically he undressed and tossed his clothes in an untidy heap. *'How like her to lock the doors, practicality before sex and grumbling before*

practicality.' He thought. He heard her go through to the kitchen and then return. With rope in her hand.

Rope.

She wanted him to tie her down as he fucked her ass. *'Christ! He thought, this is so much better, his rape fantasy surfaced, she would love his dream of fucking every hole in order, ass cleaned by mouth and then fucking bruised cunt.'*

She entered the room. Red corners with a pale luscious body. Four of hearts with a spade in the centre of the card. He felt her hand on his prick. "Can I tie you?"

He heard the words but displaced the meaning. He stretched a hand to take the rope but she slid a noose over his wrist. Startled he put her words in the correct order. She was tying him.

"Yes of course." He replied, his dream altered by the thought of his wife riding him, her ass swallowing his prick as she knelt over his erection. She would control the fuck. This was her way of making the first time safe for her. The second would be different.

It only took moments. The loops and the knots in the rope needed only to be tightened. He allowed her to tie him spread eagle on the bed, his prick like a flagstaff waiting for the flag. With a flourish she pulled the last knots and he was ready for her to have the ride of her life.

"Darling, now I can show you my fantasy, my dream of sex."

For a moment she rummaged in her bedside drawer and brought out some stockings. She climbed on him, for a moment he thought that she was going to force him to have oral sex but her hands lifted his head. He wanted to say "Let me fuck you." But the stocking entered his mouth before the first syllable. The other one went round his head and bound the first in place. Muffled noises, but no sense.

"Darling you wanted anal, now, and only now do you get it."

With a flourish she produced two more ropes for his ankles. She ran them over the barred headboard and pulled tight. She undid his legs and pulled the looped ropes and his ankles rose towards his head. John started to struggle but she was too strong and he lacked leverage. He ended with ankles bound close to hands a curve of body that exposed him fully.

"I did consider fucking you with a dildo. After all you did want anal! Then I considered that a scent bottle or broom handle might be better. That way you could really get your dose of anal. But that seemed all really like too much hard work for the man who mumbles about rape and sex in his sleep. The man who wants to fuck his wife's ass and then make her clean up. It was not enough!"

John struggled, his dream had gone from completion to depletion in minutes. His mad wife was going to do something awful to him. "No, don't worry I would not cut your dick off, it would mess up the mattress. I have a little surprise."

With a wink she went to the door and opened it. There stood Carl. Naked, engorged prick in hand. He smiled at Jen as he gently rubbed himself solid, like the head of a missile, on target.

"You see I noticed that Carl was interested in men rather than women, so I let him in your back door." She smiled. "I wanted to fuck you and he wants to sack you. I want a divorce and he will be a mate. The balance is perfectly level."

John's eyes started out of his head as his wife went to Carl and stroked his organ gently with one of her gloved hands. A tube of gel and the prick was ready to allow John to experience anal sex at first hand.

"I told him about your fantasy, you know, fuck and lick."

Carl laughed. "I have always liked the idea. I'll fuck you and then you can clean me. When you're fucked by me you stay fucked."

“He thinks a good performance is had by setting targets so you had better satisfy him or he may let you have his sack.”

With a giggle Jen left the room as Carl, following his prick, forced the husband who had always wanted anal to suffer his fantasy.

The End.

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