Diary of a Wanted Woman

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# Chapter 1

Hannah Jones was a wanted woman, not that she thought she deserved all the attention. She knew that she was beautiful with light skin and an award winning smile, but her past led her to believe she was not good enough.

Men flocked to her and it was easy to see why. Who wouldn’t want a woman that was obsessed with sex and willing to do anything in bed?

That was not what made David Castor fall for her, however. David Castor, young wealthy football player, has wanted Hannah from the moment he laid eyes on her. She was everything he always wanted in a woman. She was smart, beautiful and amazing in bed. He would do anything to make her his very own.

Yet he wasn’t the only one. He had competition from a member of his own team. Keith Morgan was a sadist that was looking for the perfect woman to dominate. When he met Hannah, he knew she was the one and it wasn’t hard to convince her.

David knew that his love for Hannah was amazing and was the kind of love that could change people. The hard part was convincing Hannah that she was worthy all the love he had to give.

Diary of a Wanted Woman delves into the life of a woman willing to walk away from love for the thrill of sex and a man not willing to let her throw it all away. It all comes down to one question: Can a person really change?

# Chapter 2

*Dear Diary,*

*We assume that we know what someone wants and who they are before we really get to know them. We assume that the way they walk, the way they talk, and how they dress defines who they are.*

*Someone’s lifestyle is fair game as well. We think we know what their desires are and what they want out of life just by the superficial coverings that we see only with our eyes.*

*When I laid eyes on Keith I made my assumptions just as I’m sure he made assumptions about me. I assumed he was a ladies man with women hanging off him. It didn’t help his cause that he was tall dark and handsome with long dreads and a gorgeous smile. He was a sexy young and rich bachelor with money to burn.*

*When he walked in a club the women could smell his money from a mile away. He was charming and flashy.*

*When I learned that he was into S&M I was convinced that he was doing what he was doing to me with girls all over town. I could not be the only one I thought. Yet that was fine with me. He wasn’t ready to commit and I wasn’t ready to commit.*

*But yet again I learned something. I learned you can’t just judge someone and make assumptions. You must venture deeper into their soul. You have to know what makes them tick.*

*Then you will see, they are not as simple as you thought they could be.*

*It’s much more complicated.*

*-H*

# Chapter 3

Avoiding David has been a job for me lately.

I couldn’t tell Stacey I was avoiding him. I thought maybe if I dodged him it would prolong the inevitable. I knew that I wouldn’t give him the answer that he wanted.

I was hoping that even if I would not be his girlfriend that he would still consider being in my life. The thought of not having him at all was killing me.

It was the reason that I stayed home today and didn’t accompany Stacey to the game this afternoon. I was still working on what I wanted to say to him. I decided to just watch the game on TV like most Americans.

After the game, I decided to take a nap on the couch. I was in the middle of the nap when I heard loud banging on my front door. I jumped up in shock and darn near flipped off the couch.

I walked to the door and peeked out the peephole. My eyes got big after seeing who was out there. I opened the door and stared into the eyes of Keith and to his left was someone very familiar to me.

“What are you guys doing here?” I asked.

Keith didn’t answer. He just walked past me into my apartment. I moved out of the way to let Jonas inside. They both stood looking around at my cozy apartment.

“It’s small in here,” Keith said plopping down on the couch.

Jonas followed suit laughing.

“Are you guys here to insult my place or do you actually have some business here.”

Before I could say anything, Keith jumped up from the couch, slammed me hard against the wall and shoved his tongue down my throat.

It all happened so fast I didn’t have time to think or protest. Not that I was going to. According to him he owned me now.

I gave in and buried my fingers into his long dreadlocks. He was strong and powerful pushing my body hard against the wall.

He pulled back and I looked over his shoulder where Jonas was sitting.

“You remember Jonas don’t you?” he asked.

Jonas stood and approached us.

 “Yes, I remember him,” I said.

Jonas smiled and said, “Are you ready to have a little post game fun?”

My heart started to pound and excitement rose up inside of me. The realization dawned on me. I opened my mouth to protest but I closed it. Keith told me before that I had to trust him when it came to my pleasure and so I decided to see where this was going.

“Take us to your bedroom.”

He stepped back and they followed as I walked down the hall and pushed opened the door to my bedroom. When we got inside Jonas and Keith immediately began to undress.

“Take your clothes off so we can get started,” Keith demanded taking off his shorts.

I didn’t move.

“Are you deaf?” he said. “Take your boneing clothes off!”

I stripped down removing all of my clothes and threw them to the floor. It made me nervous that Jonas was here. No one was supposed to know about Keith and me. What if Jonas said something to David? I didn’t want to think about it.

“Keith, does Jonas know not to say anything?”

Keith looked at me and smirked.

He walked over to me and wrapped his arms around my waist. He leaned and kissed me gently on the lips. Then he released one arm and turned to Jonas.

“So Jonas, my girl is worried that you still have a big ass mouth. You’re not getting any of this good stuff if she can’t trust you.”

Jonas looked confused for a second and then he looked at me.

“I’m not saying a word.”

Keith addressed me.

“Does that make you feel any better?”

I looked at Jonas.

“No.”

Keith laughed.

“Jonas I think you need to do better than that.

Jonas looked at me.

“Look, I won’t say anything. I promise. I’ll keep my mouth shut.”

Keith began to rub his hands up and down my back.

“Baby, I don’t think he will say anything.”

I looked at Keith and then I sighed.

“Okay.”

“Good.”

Then all humor left his voice.

 “Get on your knees.”

I didn’t hesitate this time. I didn’t want to be yelled at again.

The two men stood with one man in front of me and one man behind me. They were both hard and erect waiting for me to pleasure them.

I had never been in this position before and I didn’t know who I should start with first. I decided it would be safer to start with Keith. I had a feeling he wouldn’t like it if I chose Jonas over him.

I took his large dark stuff into my mouth. His hand instinctively came to my head and I slid his hard shaft in and out making sure I was getting it nice and wet.

I wrapped my lips around him and tried to take in as much of him as I possibly could. He was so big and long that I gagged a little completely overwhelmed.

“That’s right baby. Gag on my big stuff!”

Jonas laughed.

Keith boned my face so hard I thought he was going to shove his stuff down my throat. When I stopped to take a breath I felt him grab a handful of my hair and jerk my head backwards.

“I think Jonas is feeling a little left out,” he said releasing me.

I turned and Jonas was standing there stroking his chocolate stuff waiting for me to taste him. He moaned as my lips wrapped around his shaft. He wasn’t as endowed as Keith so I was able to get most of him into my mouth.

“Oh crap,” he groaned stroking my hair.

He wasn’t as rough as Keith. He just let me pleasure him without any interference. I knew Keith wouldn’t let him get all the pleasure for long.

He pulled me off Jonas and ordered me onto the bed. I lay on my back and Jonas didn’t hesitate. He spread my legs and went right in licking and sucking my stuff.

Jonas was really going at me. He may not be quite large but his tongue made up for that tenfold.

He slid two fingers inside of me and instantly found my G-spot. Not long after that I could feel my orgasm building. Jonas did not have enough time to move out of the way before I came covering his face chest and hands with my juices.

The men were silent for a moment. Jonas looked shocked. He just stared at his hands looking confused.

Finally Keith erupted. He was laughing hysterically.

Jonas just continued to stare.

“What the bone was that?”

I laughed.

“You’ve never seen a woman squirt before?” Keith questioned still laughing.

“She didn’t do that last time I boned her.”

Keith slapped him on the back still laughing.

“You have to hit my G-spot just right to make me do that.” I responded.

Jonas stood and walked over to where he dropped his clothes. He picked up a shirt and wiped his body clean of my fluids.

“Show me that ass,” Keith demanded still amused.

I rolled over and adjusted myself. My ass was in the air and I was pretty sure I knew what was coming next. I braced myself.

The first smack on my ass wasn’t as hard as I thought it would be. That is when I knew it was Jonas hitting me.

“Hit her harder than that. She can take it.”

I could tell Jonas was hesitating.

“I don’t want to hurt her, man.”

He was a rather large man and I didn’t want him to hurt me either. If he used all his might he could send me flying across the room.

“Move,” Keith told him.

He slapped me hard almost making me fly forward. I tried to hold onto the sheets but they were not helping at all.

“Darn,” Jonas said.

Keith slapped me a few more times making my eyes water. When he was done I could hear him breathing a little harder. It took a lot out of him to beat me so bad.

“Get up,” Keith ordered.

I tried to stand but my legs were weak from my orgasm and my ass was too sore. Keith grabbed my hand and yanked me up. He climbed on the bed and got on his back. He instructed me to suck him back hard again. I obeyed taking him into my mouth sucking until he told me to stop.

“Jonas, get the lube.”

I looked puzzled.

“I think I’m pretty wet. I’m sure you don’t need lube.”

He smiled

“It’s not for your stuff.”

It took only a second and I realized he was or Jonas was going to bone my butthole. I had only had this happen once and I didn’t really like it. It made me a little nervous but I wouldn’t dare protest.

Keith told me to reach in his pants pocket and grab his condoms. I climbed off the bed and did just that. He put one on himself and handed one to Jonas who came over with the lube.

“Now get over here and ride this stuff.”

I climbed on the bed and slid onto Keith’s stuff.

“Oh yes,” he said bouncing me up and down.

# Chapter 4

I rocked on him and knew that I was going to come again. Before I could, I felt Jonas push me forward and I ended up chest to chest with Keith. I felt lube drip down my butthole. Jonas began to finger it. Then I felt his stuff pushing inside stretching me.

“Oh crap she’s so tight.”

That was saying something for someone so small I thought. He pushed and pushed until I could feel myself stretch for him. There was a little bit of pain and I winced.

“Would you hurry that crap up!” Keith yelled impatiently.

Thanks a lot Keith I thought as Jonas shoved himself inside of me.

“Crap!” I said.

He didn’t start as gentle as I imagined he would. He went from 0 to 60 pounding away inside my butthole. I cried out and he smacked my ass in response. After several minutes of having my ass pounded I noticed I was enjoying it.

Oh my stuff was dripping just from the thought of his stuff in my ass and the harder he boned me the more I wanted it.

I knew what he wanted and my stuff began to leak in response. I felt more lube being applied to my butthole all the while Keith continued to bone my stuff.

I had never been penetrated by two men at the same time so the sensation was new to me. At times the pleasure was so much I could barely breathe.

The men were enjoying themselves just as much as I was. Their moans filled the room as they both boned me.

Jonas came first moaning so loud it made my ears ring. Keith was still going however like there was no end in sight. He was relentlessly pounding me. Sweat poured down his face. His stamina was shocking. Even Jonas was impressed.

“Darn, man, bone that stuff,” he encouraged Keith with a chuckle.

I tried digging my fingers into the sheets again. I needed to hold onto something. Keith’s hand came up and his fingers were around my neck. I think it turned him on to choke me. He always did that when he was close to coming.

Finally he came passing out on the bed.

Jonas laughed.

Keith rolled onto his side and I landed on the bed exhausted as well. I lay there staring at the ceiling.

Jonas just sat on the edge of the bed. It was several minutes before anyone spoke.

Keith sat up and looked at Jonas.

“Man, get the bone out. Party is over.”

Jonas laughed and began putting his clothes on. Keith reached over grabbed a blanket lying at the end of the bed and handed it to me.

“It’s a little cold in here.”

The gesture was sweet but it confused me. I was too exhausted to think too much into it. I ignored it and wrapped myself up in the blanket. It was rather chilly in there.

Keith slipped on his shorts and walked Jonas out of the room. I lay there across the bed. My ass hurt but it was an amazing sexual experience. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. I actually felt content for that moment.

I didn’t realize that I had fallen asleep until I felt a cold hand on my stomach. I jumped and almost head butted Keith.

“Hey baby, it’s just me. I like that crap. I bone you until you pass out.”

He laughed.

“Do you realize that you snore?”

I raised an eyebrow.

“I do not snore.”

“Yes, you do,” he said smiling.

Keith climbed off the bed and pulled me with him. When I was on my feet, he lifted me and carried me down the hall into my bathroom. Once we entered he placed me on my feet. I looked over and saw he had run bathwater.

I looked over at him and watched him take off his shorts. He looked up to find me staring at him.

“What’s up?”

“You’re confusing me right now.”

“How am I confusing you?”

“You are not being the sadistic dominating bastard that you always are.”

He laughed.

I watched him walk over to my large soak tub and climbed inside.

“Come over here baby.”

I slowly walked over to the tub. I stuck my foot in to test the water and noticed it was the perfect temperature. I climbed in and ease down into it. He grabbed me and pulled me against his body.

“I don’t always have to be a sadistic bastard, do I?”

I smiled.

“I guess not.”

“No baby, you belong to me. As long as you follow the rules and do as I say I don’t have to be a sadist every second of the day. However, I must admit. I love to see you in pain.”

I wanted to know why it turned him on to do those things to me. He was the first man I had met that needed to see me suffer to get off.

“I don’t know Hannah. It just gives me such a sense of power to be in charge of when you can feel pain and when you can feel pleasure. I love the fact that you trust me enough to put all of that in my hands. I control it and in turn I control you. It’s making my stuff hard just thinking about it.”

I could tell. His breathing increased and I could feel his large and hard stuff poking me in the ass. I was beginning to get turned on as well.

He still held me tight.

“Hannah, what if I told you I wanted it to be more serious between us?”

I was confused.

“I thought we were pretty darn serious Keith?”

He sighed.

“We are, but I think I want to give you that official title.”

Trying to respond I literally choked on my own spit. He laughed as he patted my back. I regained my composure and was finally able to speak.

“You’re trying to make me your wife?”

Now it was his turn to overreact.

“Hell No! Darn I was just trying to make you my girlfriend. Crap!”

I started to laugh and then I realized he had just asked me to be his girlfriend. That in itself was still very serious.

“You want me to be your girlfriend?”

“Yes baby. I figure if I give you the title you might stop boneing other men.”

I didn’t know what to say. I have had that title before and I cannot say that it stopped me from doing what I wanted to do.

“I know that you are afraid of being committed to me. Crap! I’m not too fond of it myself,” he said caressing my breasts.

“How do you know about my commitment phobia?”

“I know you better than you think I do.”

I turned splashing water all over the floor. I wanted to look him in the eye. I stared at him skeptically.

“Is that so?”

He smiled wrapping his arms around me as I straddled him.

“Yes. We are not that different you and I.”

I smiled at that. I found it amusing that he thought we were the same.

“We are both two lost souls struggling to find where we fit in this world. We have a connection that cannot be broken.”

He was getting very deep on me. It was such a shock and a comfort. He was right though. I felt lost and abandoned sometimes and it was a comfort to find someone that understood me, even if he was a little crazy.

I felt crazy at that moment. I was starting to feel things for Keith that I had only felt for one other person…David. Yet it felt different. I felt free to be open and be myself with Keith. He embraced my flaws. I felt like I could tell him things that I could not tell David or Stacey for that matter.

I continued to smile at him.

“Keith, you’re getting a little deep on me.”

He laughed.

“What. Did you think I was just this shallow person?”

“No, I just thought you only wanted one thing from me.”

He grew serious. I could hear it in his voice.

“There are many things that I want from you. One of those things is for you to be all mine.”

The look he gave me shook me a little. He looked angry and hurt all of a sudden. My breath caught in my throat. At that moment I knew he knew about David and me. He wrapped his arms around me tighter.

“You lied to me when you said you weren’t boneing anyone else. You’ve been boneing David. That really makes me angry.”

He sounded calmer than I expected him to be; however, there was always a deep calm before the storm with Keith. The calmer he was the more likely he would explode.

I didn’t know how to answer him. I was afraid of what he might do to me if I spoke.

As I struggled with what to say, he leaned up and kissed me on the lips.

“It’s fine. You can just promise me you won’t do it again.”

I knew that was something that I could not promise. Yet, my fear of him exploding pulled out yet another lie.

“I promise.”

I heard the words exit from my mouth all the while knowing that if David wanted to make love I would do it.

He squeezed my ass so much so that it began to

hurt. I knew it was his way of letting me know that if I was lying I would definitely be punished.

“Like I was saying, I know you have a problem with commitment and so I have a compromise.”

I didn’t know what kind of compromise he had in mind.

“What did you have in mind Keith?”

“I am saying that I want you, but I am willing to have a somewhat open relationship.”

That was a concept.

“What does that mean?”

He was quiet for a second. I just sat there and waited.

“I was thinking that we could have as many sex partners as you want.”

“We?”

“Yes, we. I figure if we have consensual threesomes, it would make you feel better about being in a committed relationship.”

 “So we could make this an open relationship where I could see other men?”

“Only if I am there.”

“Only if you are there to join in?”

He laughed.

“Yes. Is that something you could agree with it?”

I started to think that maybe it would be different with Keith. Maybe I could be faithful to him in a way and still have lots of fun. Plus, if I didn’t obey, he would just punish me and we would get right back on track. It made me feel a little more confident.

“What made you decide you would be willing to have this ‘open’ relationship with me?”

He sighed

“You ask too many questions.”

“I swear this is the last one.”

He squeezed me tighter.

“Well, I knew the moment I saw you. I didn’t let on but I fell in love with you.”

I was quiet. I didn’t know what to say. I never expected this. I knew that there was something growing inside of me that made me feel a connection to him. I could not call it love just yet, but I cared about him deeply.

“I’m not there yet Keith.”

He kissed me.

“I know, but I’m hoping you will get there. So, can we make this happen?”

“Yes,” I said.

He smiled. I leaned in for a kiss, and then I stopped.

“Am I allowed to kiss you?”

He smiled.

“You are such a good girl. You deserve a treat.”

He motioned for me to come closer and we kissed softly. His hands came up and found my breasts caressing them. Then he pulled his mouth away. His mouth found my breasts and he licked and kissed them softly.

“I don’t always do this but for you baby, I’m willing to let you take control.”

I smiled.

“Really?”

He squeezed my ass.

“Just this one time so don’t go getting any ideas.”

I leaned in for one more kiss and whispered in his ear.

“Let’s see how loud I can make you scream.”

# Chapter 5