

Hattie Hanratty Does the Previously Unthinkable

by Gita M. Smith

He looked up, Bosley did, and saw his wife standing next to the bed like a giant, pale jelly bean.

He reached in the dark for his glasses, and when she came into focus, he gasped. Hattie was stark naked.

She was proudly vertical, completely exposed and very, very white.

Certainly I'm dreaming, Bosley thought. This was not at all the Hanratty way. Not even on their wedding night had he seen every part of his wife's body. Since then, she had always hiked up her nightgown to give him access to the portal, when necessary. She undressed and dressed in the closet. He had never known a woman to carry modesty to such lengths.

And now, here she was, an alabaster vision.

"Hattie? What are you doing?" Bosley asked, the quaver in his voice an indication of an impending erection.

The spectral Mrs. Hanratty didn't answer but instead threw off the covers and mounted her astonished spouse.

The thing of it was, her flesh was very cold. Colder than a woman emerging from a lake.

"HATTIE! What is happening?" Bosley cried out, trying to push the corpselike female form off his body.

"Bosley, I want you," came a voice from somewhere up near the ceiling. "Just once, before I go, I want to know what it's like to be naked and on top. Do not deny me this last wish."

Bosley decided that copulating with a succubus was not the worst option a man could have, so he shrugged off his pajamas entirely and allowed himself to be ridden like a throughbred.

Later, he would recall these as the best five minutes of his marriage.

