

Move Day

(By: NeiRaj (Meiraj))

1996 May be redistributed electronically without any alteration. May print one copy for yourself or your partner.

*** * * It had been a day of frustration. The moving van had come four hours late. Our things had finally gotten to the new house late in the day. They would not at all have gotten there that day if it had not been for the unexpected help we had gotten from two of our neighbors. When this story began we had unpacked for about three hours. But much was still left for the next day. I had had enough. So I bid good night to hubby Max and the two neighbors who had come to help us, and went upstairs to take a shower and go to bed. They were still fiddling with something trying to reassemble it.

Just when I was about to get out of the shower Max came in and joined me. We both love shower play. He started soaping and washing me. He pulled me away from the direct spray of water and soaped all my front, from the face to down below to my Southern Star, and then he soaped himself up front all the way to his South Pole. We started our soap swaying play, holding each other skin to skin, gently moving, rubbing our pelvic areas against each other, swinging our bodies left to right and right to left, like the blades of a scissors. We were rubbing our faces too at the same time (eyes closed of course to keep the soap out) and whenever our lips met we would hold there for a bit, kissing, biting each other's lips. Some soap was getting into my mouth. But it was OK. I was feeling good. I was not tired anymore. The sideways rubbing, left to right, right to left, got faster and faster, and when it went past my body his erect penis, would swing the other way and hit his thigh making 'labook, labook' sound. It was fun. I was beginning to get turned on.

Slowing the sway almost to a crawl Max put his lips to my ear and kissed it. He let his tongue wander into its crevices. Then he did the same to the other ear. I am normally very ticklish. Now I felt intoxicatingly ticklish. He whispered he was going down to give his water-cannon salute for my Southern Star. I felt him muzzle-loading his mouth with the warm water as he slid straight down to the Star. He did this when we showered together. (I loved it every time. Sometimes he would give me wand-wash first with his stiff wand, scrubbing back and forth, back and forth. Sometimes the wand would get carried away and release his special chemical soap deep inside the cavity. He would then give me a cannon-rinse, and I would become squeaky clean.)

Now to help him out in his water-cannon salute, I moved a bit and lifted a knee as

high as I could, and Max's water-cannon locked on to the rim of my Southern Star. Soon I felt a sudden warm gush deep inside. It was an uplifting feeling. I was pleased and proud of Max's water-cannon. I rested my lifted leg on Max's shoulder just long enough for him to reload. He always repeated just to make sure that his water-cannon didn't go rusty on him. This time it was a three-cannon salute.

Max slid back up and I repositioned and got steadier with both feet on the ground. Most of the soap had washed off. Max held me tight, I felt his hard thing pressed against my rain forest area. It was pointing north. Taking the cue from his pointer, he kissed me hard and deep, put his lips to my ear and whispered sexily, "Madiie, why not make my fantasy come true? Today is a good day; We have two fellows downstairs." My eyes were still half closed. I felt a nano-second lightning passing through me. I had been reeling from the soap-swaying coupled with a good luxuriant relaxed feeling from the water-cannon solute; I was half intoxicated. And there was a tinkling feeling in my Southern Star. I took my lips to his ear and whispered back equally sexily, "Why not?" Max was just thrilled. He kissed me on my ears, nose, eye brows, eyelids. He grabbed me, and lifted me up and whirled me around. Good thing we were in a large tiled custom shower stall. In a tub we would have slipped and broken a bone or two. "I will call them, I will go call them", he said, and was about to run out.

By then my left brain had turned itself on. I felt instant anger. I grabbed and stopped him from running out. I said, "You have it all planned isn't it? It is a set up and conspiracy isn't it? Now I know why the moving guy showed up without his helpers. You fixed that, didn't you?" I stepped out of the shower and grabbed a towel and came out of the bathroom. By then I was crying. I went and lied down crying on the sleeping bag in the still empty new bedroom. My mind was processing what had gone on and wondering what I had said and why I had said that. Max had misunderstood me totally.

Max came right behind me with his towel in hand and sat next to me. "I didn't mean it that way, baby!. Honest, I have not set up anything. No, I didn't fix it with the moving company. It is a coincidence that he was short of help and these neighbors offered to help out. I swear that is the honest truth. I love you very much, honest I do." As he was speaking he was also gently and softly wiping off the water that was still on my legs, my body, my face and my hair.

He continued, "You know Maddie, I have had this fantasy to see you have lot of sex-pleasure. But I will never let any riffraff touch you. I swear! When I saw you excited and turned on, I remembered my fantasy and thought my cupcake should have more of it. Now stop crying! Please, please! I apologize. I apologize and I apologize." He bent down and started kissing my tears, my cheeks, my nose, my lips and pulled a sheet to cover me so I did not feel cold.

I am a sucker for tender kisses. My anger started subsiding. By then I was on my back, knees half pulled up, head resting on his thigh as a pillow. I felt half consoled. Max had one hand on my cheeks and one hand on my shoulder in a reassuring touch, and

was patting and stroking me in a gentle reassuring way.

Wanting to be more fully consoled, I turned slightly left to find a more comfortable position. His penis came into view, a few inches away directly in front of my eyes. It was now limp, shrunk to its flaccid size. One part of my mind told me to move closer and take the soft thing in my mouth, like I always liked to do when it turned small. Another part of my mind flashed back a couple of hours to when our helpful neighbor George's thumb had met with a big squish between a box he was bringing in and the front door frame. He had screamed a big 'ouch' and I had run to see what had happened. I had taken his hand and examined his thumb. Since there was no external bleeding I had squeezed it for a few seconds to prevent any internal blood clot. Later I had caught myself wondering if his fat and long thumb said anything about his black thing-am-a-jig. I had wondered for a second about the folk belief that the size of a man's thing-am-ajig can be estimated by the size of his thumbs. I had also wondered whether that was true for black men also.

I pulled my mind back to Max who was still feeling apologetic and trying to console me. He was patting my back and bent down and kissed my shoulder. I looked at him and then his penis and put my right hand on it softly, not quite holding it. I could feel its jelly softness in my palm. I felt I should kiss it and forgive Max who was feeling rotten for having made me cry. But part of my mind said, "why should I; let him be miserable. He deserves to be." So I closed my eyes to let my thoughts wander wherever they would.

From time to time Max had been telling me his fantasy of me having a night full of orgasms from one man after another. In his fantasy he would be touching me tenderly, helping and assisting me have it with this other man; and see me come and come and come again. To see me moan, coo, ripple, wriggle, swish, slobber, sizzle, buzz, fizz, hiss, howl, grunt, gurgle, shriek, screech, squawk, sibilate, bellow, moan and flow noisily with Ooos and Aaahs, and go absolutely wild with delight.

I had never understood his fantasy. Max himself was a strong and virile man. He was good, very good in bed. I loved his bed-side foreplay. We were both insatiable sometimes. But he had said I was a bit more insatiable than him, and that he wanted to see me fully satiated. From surfing on the Internet I had come to know that quite a few husbands have this sort of fantasy of having their wife fucked by other men, and witnessing it in all its detail. I think they just project their desires of wanting to screw around, to their wives. Also I guess they figure that if they can first bring in other men, then they would get a free license to bring in other women into their bedroom. Men never understand women. I suppose men are like trees wanting to disperse their seeds far and wide. But women are like flower pots - they like one planting at a time, that they can nourish and cherish.. It is just biology, pure and simple.

I had not taken his fantasy seriously. He used to become hard and stay hard for a long time just telling me his fantasy. Lately I had begun to be playful with his fantasy,

especially when his pecker was beginning to withdraw into itself. Asking him to tell me about his fantasy was enough to instantly bring his pecker back to its hardness. He would repeat his desire and try to get me to say yes. And I would laugh it off and play with his pecker.

To return to my story, we had moved that evening to our new house which was two hours drive from the old one. The moving van had shown up with the driver and a small teenage boy. We had loads of stuff and heavy stuff too such as refrigerator, washer, dryer, our king size bed and so on. Max went out to see if any of our neighbors would help. It was only about 5 p.m. and I thought none of the men would be back from work yet. It was also Friday and who would want to help moving furniture and stuff on a Friday evening? Luckily Max came back with two of the neighbors who were in our cul-de-sac. One was a Jamaican black named George and the other was Yanchee. They lived a few doors away from us. We had socialized with them first at the block Christmas parties and summer B-B-Q block-get-together.

We had had them once or twice for a back yard barbecue but in large groups. George the Jamaican was a marketing manager for a soap company and his wife was a medical technician on shift work. Yanchee worked for the City doing something computer related and his wife was an accountant in some company. At the moment she was away in Hong Kong visiting her parents. George's wife was on a double shift, that night as well as the next day shift. So both George and Yanchee had come to help us. When Max came back with them I had felt very thankful towards them and had felt a bit guilty for not having become more friendly with them and their wives in the two years we had lived in the cul-de-sac. I had felt even more guiltier when I heard that they had volunteered also to come along to help unload our stuff at the new house and stay overnight and until the next afternoon to help us set up the new place. ..

They had brought their sleeping bags along and the plan was they would get a ride back with us the next day when we would go back to clean up the house we had vacated in order get our damage and rent deposit back.

My thoughts came back to the shower, the water-cannon, the soap-swaying and yes, that nano-second lightning that had gone through me. What did I mean when I had said "why not? And what was that sense of flotation and wild abandonment? I suppose I was being playful, wanting to keep Max's rod steel hard and keep it that way all night. I don't think I meant what he thought I meant. Men are such dummies! They sure can't speak the same language as women! I opened my eyes and looked at Max. He had his eyes closed and head leaning back on the wall. No doubt he was playing his mental tapes. I had my palm on his peter. I made a slight movement to have my thumb and fingers go around it. I did not squeeze it; I did not want it to respond. Peters have no mind and respond very quickly - except under some understandable conditions.

I closed my eyes again, and I smiled as I remembered the 'Yanchee's prick' incident of

the evening. Yanchee had worn an old khaki work pants on account of the moving. When they were unloading the refrigerator from the truck something or other had got caught in his pants' right pocket opening and the pant had gotten ripped sideways in the front, four inches wide, from the pocket to almost the front zipper. The tear was not small enough to be ignored and needed fixing.

Max had called out to me to bring my sewing kit, but all I had been able to dig out were a few small safety pins. Yanchee couldn't change into anything else because Max's clothes were in boxes still buried deep in the moving van. So I had to fix it on-the-leg so to say by putting the safety pins. My fingers had touched his thigh about where the pubic hairs peeked out of the sides of his brief. I had seen a bit of his shiny black brief. It had a red ribbing. Must be from Hong Kong.

I had also gained the knowledge that he carried his gun on his right leg. If I wanted to I could have accidentally made my finger slide over his bulge under the brief. I had undertaken to put the safety pins on him rather than let him do so himself because I felt bad he had torn his pants while helping us. Also the safety pins I had found were tiny and I did not think his hands could manipulate them as well as I could. As I was doing the fixing job, George and my husband had passed us by carrying boxes and George had kidded Yanchee to be careful and not get his prick pricked. Max had also called out to me jokingly to be 'very very careful.' Max and George had had a good laugh. Yanchee had blushed deep. I had enjoyed it all, empathizing with Yanchee and laughing with Max and George.

Remembering this incident had brought on my smile. Along with the smile had come the delayed realization/comprehension that Yanchee's prick had gradually become happy (very happy to be precise) while I was doing the mending. My mind had not registered that awareness at that time. With this realization my mind wandered off to what I had seen on the Net about penis sizes of Chinese men. The definitive survey had said that the erect oriental penis, on average, was 5.4 inches where as the average Caucasian penis was 6.4 inches. But in terms of girth, the Caucasian cock was only larger by one-fifth of an inch.

These were just interesting statistics because a woman's pleasure does not depend upon the length of the cock. It is a difference that matters only to men, the longer it is the more the men seem to be confident; and the more confident they are, the more likely they are to sow their oats widely (according to this same survey). I couldn't help thinking that Yanchee was probably not too confident, and thus less likely to have had a restricted sowing of his oats. I also couldn't help wondering if he had frozen his oats while his wife has been gone.

I suddenly woke up from my mental meandering. My left brain had probably stalled for a while. I said enough is enough! I said to myself that I should put an end to this fantasy of my husband or else it will grow and grow and might even corrupt me in some weak moment. I told myself, "Let me pretend for now to go along with Max and lead him to kill his own fantasy". I was determined to exorcise him. I had to. I said

aloud, "Max, it is quite a jump from a fantasy of seeing me do it with *some* other men to the fancy of me doing it with these two *specific* guys."

----- I had broken the silence in which Max was suffering his remorse for having made me cry. What I said must have made his brain sense some sympathy and understanding on my part. His penis, still softly in my hand, stirred. I opened my eyes in response. He too opened his eyes at the same time and looked at me nonplused. I went on, "How do you know they would want to do it with me?" and I continued, "you said you had not talked to them about it - not 'set it up' as you put it."

He must have sensed hope for a resurrection of his fantasy; his penis gathered momentum and grew in my hand. "No honest, I have not set anything up, I have not talked to them about it, I swear. I just assumed that any man would want to make it with you. You are so beautiful, so attractive, so sexy" he replied.

I could not help putting some squeeze on his penis to return his compliments. It responded by blossoming even more. I only had to stretch an inch to take its smooth head in my mouth. But I resisted. I wanted to talk. I turned and laid fully on my back. I took his left hand and placed it on my left breast. The hand held it in a gentle grab. "What were you going to tell them when you tried to run out of the shower with excitement?" I asked.

"I don't know. I had not thought that far. I am sure something would have come out of my mouth," he said sheepishly.

"Yes, probably something like 'come quick guys, come and do my wife. Or, something like, come on up fellows, let's take my wife, give her lots and lots of bangs.'" I said shaking my head with incredulity.

Max realized how stupid he would have sounded. I continued, "They would have laughed it off as a practical joke or thought of you as mad or queer." What I said must have made sense to him because the extra blood from his penis started exiting in spite of my squeezing to arrest the outflow. "If you want anybody to do it with your wife, you should first want them to want it, then want them to will it, then they might make it." I concluded in triumph.

I let that sink for a few seconds and continued, "Your fantasy was just a wish, you may want to call it a Vision perhaps. But you had no strategic plan, and much less a workable operational plan. You are hopeless Max." I said laughingly.

As Max nodded his head agreeing with of my analysis and diagnosis. I subdued my laughter and went for his limp cock and swallowed it lovingly and tried to bite it off buffering my teeth with my lips sucked in. I like doing that when the cock is soft and small, and feel it enlarge in my mouth. Ever faithful, it did so this time too. And wanting to give Max some love after my harsh criticisms, I held the very tip in my teeth gently. Then I let the tip of my tongue ring the head a few times.

I pulled back. It was time to deflate him. I spoke. "Suppose you had somehow enlisted them and they obliged you, You would feel indebted to them would you not?" I waited a few seconds, then continued, "Suppose they asked you to reciprocate the favor?"

Ka boom! Dhab! Phat! Like a balloon that had been pricked the dick that was at its max went very quickly to its min. Max's face went ashen with anxiety written all over it.

I knew what his mind's eye was seeing - him hoisted on top of the Goodyear blimp! George's woman was indeed big, at least 50 pounds overweight. Max had no appreciation for big-is-beautiful except when it came to big busts on small waists. As for Yanchee's wife, when we first met them, he had thought she was his younger brother. I had to convince him that 'he' was a 'she'. He would often crack a joke that she must have been born and raised in Manchester. He felt no appreciation that flat-and-wiry could be wild and sexy.

I suppose Max is just a normal man if you define normal as those conditioned by magazines like Playboy, Penthouse, Sports Illustrated's swimsuit models. Unfortunately normal men don't know that roses by any other name smell just the same; and Coke in any other bottle tastes just the same. Men are not exactly smart, I thought. They hanker for a rose when they have it by a different name; thirst for coke when they have it in a glass and not in its bottle. Yes, no wonder they don't catch Mad Cows disease, because they are Pigs. I smiled to myself for this recalled joke I had heard.

I pulled myself back from my musings and rescued Max from his thoughts of horror. "You should not have to feel obliged," I said, and continued, "No man should be obliged to another in these matters!" I felt I had pronounced an all time truth. Max looked relieved and accepted this wisdom wholeheartedly. His knotted forehead relaxed. I think he also felt a relief from some cramp in his pelvic area. With a look of expectant curiosity he was looking at me waiting for more wisdom from me. I bet he was afraid he might put his foot in his mouth again if he talked. "One man's honey-pot is another man's p...-pot", I philosophized to myself!

I changed position and readjusted myself, taking my head off from his thigh, rolling myself fully on my back, put myself cradled between his thighs. I moved up a bit and felt my head press his balls. I adjusted his sleeping penis to point up so that when it got big it would come arching over on to my forehead. I was feeling sleepy but did not want to. I pulled the sheet up to cover myself and stretched my arms up to go around his sides and to his back and clasped them together tight. My breasts got pulled higher up on my chest. They were peeking out of the sheet and my tits were looking straight up. Max cupped one in each of his hands and started gently kneading and stroking. From his sitting position he could not bend all the way to kiss them, so he puckered his lips and started blowing kisses at them. One to the left, one to the right, one to the left, one to the right!

I brought my hands back down and gently coaxed his ankles and heels to tuck themselves under my buttocks. I stretched my legs and opened them out a little until it felt comfy. The sheet I had covered myself with had by now moved down to my knees, my pussy was exposed and was elevated on a mound, staring straight up at the ceiling. I could see some of my pussywillows standing straight up. Needless to say Max was getting an aerial view. I could feel his pecker starting to wake up again. Poor pecker, it had been sleeping and waking, inflating and deflating. Yes, I wanted it that way, on a roller coaster.

It was time to continue the conversation. "In your fantasy, did you want *them* to get into my panty or did *you* want to put them into my panty? Or, have *me* get into their pants? Or, have *me* have them come into my panty?" I asked putting some enthusiasm in my voice, actually wanting clarity? Having said that I felt I was not too clear myself of what I had asked. I hoped it would be clear to Max. I looked directly at Max's bent head. I was seeing his face upside down. I could not recall if I had seen him that way before. I must have, considering all the contorted positions we had tried. Anyway, even from the upside-down face I could tell he was having trouble grasping my question. I am sure he was wondering what the differences were. Nevertheless he had sensed enthusiasm on my part and it had kindled fire in his pants. Since he didn't have his pants on, there was no hiding it.

I posed my question again and more blatantly, "In other words, did you want them to fuck me or did you want me to fuck them?" Max could not still comprehend my phraseology. His brain was obviously not well focused as all the blood had rushed to his penis. I could feel his faster pulse in my ears that were held pressed by his thighs. Something I had just said or my tone must have excited him. So I continued to clarify, "In the former case I would be a sex-toy in their hands, to satisfy their fancy; in the latter case, they would serve my fancy and enhance my pleasure." Max got it now, and beamed, "The latter of course, I would want you to enhance your pleasure by having them make the right moves inside your panty, not the other way around! That has been my fantasy all along," he replied, feeling understood finally. His pecker started throbbing with excitement, bobbing up and down on my forehead. May be he thought I was going to make his fantasy come true.

"But what if I like the moves they make in my panty, and I want to move in their pants? I mean really move into their pants, taking all my panties with me?" I asked knowing fully that it would hit him like a ton of bricks. Having scared that I might altogether leave him, I switched into a reassuring mode, " I don't see myself leaving you for anybody, even if they are fantastic with their cock. What is important for me as a woman is not just the cock but the whole kitten caboodle - I mean Tom Cat Caboodle. You are my whole Tom Cat Caboodle. I love YOU, every inch of you, not just your rod, not just your bolt".

Having scared him and then given some reassurance, I thought I would continue to punish him for his fantasy, in my own clever feminine way. I wanted him to get cold feet by suggesting I could go farther than his fantasy. Putting eagerness in my tone I

said, "Can I be frank and ask you some things right now? I don't like complications later."

Sensing interest on my part Max replied, "Sure, anything you want. I too like being frank and open."

"What if I like it? I mean like doing it with George and Yanchee, and get the urge for it from time to time?" I queried without looking at him but only at his penis, and continued on, "to reach the pinnacle of ecstasy and rapture which is what you want for me. Would you mind that?"

Max had now fallen in his own soup. He responded without enthusiasm, "From time to time....., sure, why not? When they can make it....., yes....., I would love to see you reach ecstasy. We can have a party..... from time to time." I could see the qualifiers he had introduced.

But I wasn't going to give up easily. So I continued, "Yes, we can have parties from time to time. In addition though, what I am getting at is, can I invite one or both them, say some afternoon when I am alone and felt like it, or some night when you went out of town or had to work late at the office?"

I did not have to wait for his thoughts to be coded into words and delivered by the tongue; his pecker was faster in translating his thoughts. So I quickly added clarification, "No, No, don't get me wrong! I am not asking your permission for me to cheat on you. No that thought has not entered my mind at all. And if I want to cheat on you I wouldn't be asking your permission. Since you want me to have all the sexual stimulation, excitement, rapture and ecstasy I am capable of, what I am asking is, whether I can do so when the urge strikes me? And you know for a woman it can hit at any time, morning, noon or night. And you may not always be around. I know you want to witness me come, come and come and coo, and ripple, buzz and sizzle. But if you can't be here, can you do by hearing it on the cellular? I will call you and keep you posted, that is, if you can't come and join us".

The silent language of his pecker was sending out his thoughts even as I was speaking. Like most men, his fantasy in its core, was to have some extra penises on hand as extensions of his own. I could not help feeling a bit angry as well as disappointed. I felt angry because Max's fantasy, it seemed, was not really about my pleasure or ecstasy. I was disappointed that what he had fancied as pleasurable to me was really vicarious pleasure for himself. May be he was not aware of it. Deep down he may not have been happy with his penis, perhaps he wished he had a longer one, a thicker one, and perhaps more than one. Men always want more; they want it hard and erect all the time. They can't understand that women want it small and soft some of the time, to cuddle, squeeze and play with the little one, to take it in the mouth when it is little and soft. Men always think bigger is better. Some feel envious of horses, and donkeys and elephants who are all endowed with extra long ones. But they sure don't want to do it with she-elephants, or would

they?

"Yea, that would be OK, like phone-sex. I could talk to you and I could talk to him or them. But could you also video tape it? We can watch it together later when I get home, and while we do it. Yes, I want you to have as much pleasure as you want." Max had spoken. His voice brought me back from my thoughts. He had considered my offer of bringing the sounds and had expressed his approval along with a desire for the visuals also.

I said Damn, now I have given him ideas he didn't have. Of course I didn't say it aloud. I didn't want him to think I was not with him. I had made a wrong turn and I had to retreat and find my direction. I lay silent for a minute but kept my hand wandering on his body to let him think I was with him in his revised and improvised fantasy. At the same time I felt good because he was willing to trust me go it alone with another man, perhaps two. But of course with the telephone and VCR tethered to me. But still, it was trust. I am sure he was thinking of my safety also although he had not said it aloud. Or, was he?

There wasn't the usual pep in his voice even though he had accepted the idea of my going it alone. I think it was the phone-sex part that had grabbed him and pumped blood back into his peter that had petered out. I had to bolster myself in my determination to snuff his fantasy out slowly. I said to myself, "girl, keep it up, keep playing the high priestess of his fantasy until he gets trapped in his own quicksand and begs to be saved."

But a little voice somewhere deep down said, " Girl, why are you being so hard on your man? Has not he been hard for you, enough times and more? Have not you promised you would love, cherish and obey? Why don't you do your duty and obey him a little bit, and also satisfy some of your own fancies?. Don't tell me you haven 't any!"

It was no time to listen to the mischievous little voice. I had decided to play hangman to my hubby's idiotic fantasy. So I quickly dug a grave in my mind and buried the devilish little voice. I had to search for quicksand for his fantasy and find it quick.

Would you want to guess if she will be able to exorcise hubby's fantasy? How far will she go?..... Let me know your predictions? Do you like it so far

MeiRaj