

Moving

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(for the MC Forum *Move Me* event, sponsored by Lady Ru'etha)

An old saying goes, “A true friend is one who will help you move.” I must be a true friend, then, because there I was, spending a perfectly good Friday night helping Sandy condense all of her worldly possessions into a stack of boxes. Or maybe I just needed something.

It was actually our friend Tina who'd talked me into this. She'd called me a couple of nights before.

“Tina?” I answered, surprised to see her name on the caller ID.

“It's been forever,” she admitted. “And, of course, I'm calling to ask for a favor. Are you doing anything Friday night?”

I winced. “You're kidding me, right?”

There was an audible gulp before she answered. “I'm sorry, Rob. That was dumb of me. How've you been, really?”

“Surviving. One day at a time and all that crap. How's Sandy?”

“She misses you. Probably more than she's letting on, but it's too late to change her mind now. A body in motion ...”

“Tends to stay in motion,” I completed. Sandy was certainly that. She'd been rising rapidly through the ranks of her ad agency, getting noticed, gathering momentum. None of us were surprised when she was offered a promotion, and only I was surprised when she'd taken it despite the necessity of moving to the West Coast. That didn't actually cause us to break up, but it did accelerate the process.

I needed to change the subject. “So ... you were asking about Friday? This isn't a blind date thing, is it?”

“No, no, no. I'm no good at matching people up. I just ... well ...”

It's not like Tina to hem and haw – something had to be wrong. So I waited.

“Joe and I were supposed to help Sandy pack things up on Friday,” she finally said. “But Joe threw his back out yesterday and has to avoid lifting for a while. Randy and Pete are tied up, and Joanne has to work. It's a lot to do for only two people, and we're just about out of options.”

A sour frown spread across my face. “So Sandy asked you to call me.”

“No!” she objected. “Sandy would never ask you for something like that; she knows you’re still hurting. So do I. But I thought, just maybe, you’d want the chance to say goodbye.”

And so it was that I found myself ringing Sandy's doorbell after work on Friday for the first time since we'd formally called it quits. She answered the door in tattered jeans, a paint-stained shirt that used to be mine, and a pair of old running shoes. There was a roll of packing tape around her wrist and a permanent marker clipped to the neck of the shirt.

She hugged me right there in the doorway. It was long and tender but chaste, a shadow of the hugs we used to enjoy. “It is so great of you to come,” she told me. “I feel like a heel about this.”

“Don't. It was Tina's idea to ask, and mine to volunteer.”

For the next several hours we were all too busy to dwell on what used to be. The movers were due at 8:00am to load up and begin the trek across country. Sandy focused on the bedroom and home office, packing her clothes and personal things and bringing the boxes out to the living room. Tina had the kitchen and dining area and I took the main living space.

The hardest part was packing up the bookcases. No, it was nothing emotional – Sandy just has a ton of books! “Advertising is mostly psychology,” she always said, and her choice of reading material reflected that: there were entire shelves devoted to Freud, Jung, and Maslow along with bibles like *The Science of Persuasion* and *Advertising Principles and Practice 7th Edition*. Then there were the lighter titles relating to persuasion, creative thinking, hypnosis ... I felt a little twinge as I picked up *Hypnotize Your Lover* and tucked it into a box. For months it had been my favorite book from her collection.

By 9:00pm we had the job about done. The dining room was full of brown cardboard boxes, most a uniform size and shape, all neatly labeled in permanent marker with their contents and destination. The furniture, save for a couple of chairs, was collected in the living room and stacked neatly. Sandy and I plopped into two of the chairs with a shared sigh, our muscles spent.

We heard a cabinet door and then Tina's voice from the kitchen. “Uh-oh ...”

Sandy and I looked at each other. “Was that a problem 'uh-oh'?” she asked.

“Just a little problem.” Tina poked her head through the kitchen doorway and held out a large, open bottle of merlot. “I seem to have lost the cork to this bottle. It would be a sin to waste all this good wine; we'll just have to finish it tonight.” And before either of us could respond she began pouring into disposable plastic cups.

Sandy took a cup from Tina and her eyes bulged. “Jesus, Tina! Are you trying to get us trashed?”

“So order some pizza and drink slowly,” Tina advised. “It's about time for a little nourishment anyway.” She handed me a full cup and sipped from the third.

Sandy pulled out her cell phone and ordered dinner while Tina and I took another pass through the apartment. Everything Sandy wouldn't absolutely need before the morning was packed and ready.

Which was a good thing, because it had been a long time since lunch and the wine was starting to get to us all. Sandy got quiet, which is always a sign that she's buzzed and trying not to show it. Tina got more animated and kept touching us both as she talked. And me? I sat there, sipping and listening, trying not to think too much about the possibility of a farewell roll in the hay with my ex-girlfriend. My shoulders were starting to ache, so I put down my wine and stretched the tired muscles.

Sandy saw that gesture and gave me a melancholy look. "Getting sore?"

"A little."

She drank the last bit from her cup and set it down. "Would you like one last shoulder rub? As a thank you?"

My body remembered how her hands used to feel on my shoulders. "How can I possibly turn that down?"

Sandy came around and stood behind me. The moment she laid her hands on either side of my neck I felt myself relaxing. Her hands worked my muscles, releasing tension, feeling so good ...

"I think he's getting stiff somewhere else now, Sandy."

I had been drifting a little, flashing back to the many times Sandy had used this very technique as a form of foreplay, and yes, those thoughts had given me a hard-on. Trust Tina to comment on it.

"It's just a conditioned response," Sandy explained. "I used to relax him into trance this way. And usually, after that, we'd go to bed."

"Kinky," Tina replied. "Can you still do it? Hypnotize him, I mean?"

"I think he's halfway there already. Would you like that, Rob?"

She was right – my mind was already trying to go there on its own even without her intending it. "Sure," I murmured.

"Then relax for me now, Rob. Just relax and melt ... drifting down ... so easy ..."

My eyes closed and a familiar sensation flowed through me, one I'd been missing more than I realized. It was like letting my mind sink slowly into a hot bath. I heard myself sigh and felt myself let go. Everything slowed down.

And I heard voices.

"So, he's hypnotized now?"

"Oh, yes."

"Can he hear us?"

"Of course," I heard Sandy explain. "His ears still work just fine. He can hear and understand

everything we say. It's just too much trouble to respond because he's in such a pleasant, relaxed state right now. Isn't that right, honey?"

The tiny part of my mind that was still awake chuckled a little bit. The wine was definitely getting to Sandy – I could hear it in her tone and in the way she called me 'honey.' "That's right."

"So," Tina pressed, "this is the part where you would give him orders?"

"Not orders. Suggestions."

"Okay, suggestions. What suggestions?"

Her voice took on an even dreamier tone. "Oh, lots of them. Rob is so good at responding to suggestion. His mind can make him feel things ... see things ... do things ... we had a great deal of pleasure, both of us, from doing this with each other."

"So what was the hottest suggestion you used with him?"

I heard Sandy giggle. "There was this one time, when I – God, what I am saying? That's personal, Tina. Between me and Rob."

I knew exactly what she was thinking of, too. An early experiment, born of an idea she'd read on a website. It was that suggestion that convinced me I was really being hypnotized; after that night I got better and better at following suggestions. And, when it was my turn, at giving them.

The voices faded into a buzz as I sank even deeper and stopped listening. Even my erection relaxed.

"... three. Wide awake, feeling great."

My eyes snapped open to find Tina staring at me from her perch on the window sill and Sandy bending over me, holding my shoulder to keep me steady while I rediscovered how to sit up by myself. "Better?"

"Yes," I said. "All the aches are gone and I feel really good."

"Just in time, too," Tina said while she peered through the blinds. "Pizza guy's in the parking lot." She grinned at Sandy mischievously. "And it's the cute one."

"You can offer him sexual favors if you like," Sandy joked. "I'll get some money ready in case he's not impressed."

Tina looked at me oddly. Was there something afoot I didn't know about? "I have a better idea," she said. "Let's flash him."

Sandy's jaw dropped. "You're joking, right? I'd die!"

Tina was already removing her bra underneath the button-down shirt she wore. "What's to be modest about? You've got nice boobs, and you're never going to see this guy again anyway. Give him a tip he'll remember."

Sandy's face had a pink glow to it already. "I don't think..."

"No, don't think," Tina urged. "Just do it with me. It'll be fun."

The doorbell rang. Sandy jumped up and pulled her shirt free of her jeans. "I must be drunk!"

"Rob," Tina said, "we'll need our hands free. You'd better come get the pizza."

So I followed them to the door and we answered it together. The pizza guy – an innocent-looking, collegiate type – handed me the box and took the money from Sandy. "Keep the change," she told him.

The pizza guy thanked her and started to go, but Tina called to him. "Wait a second, we have something else for you."

She pulled back her shirt and, at the same time, Sandy lifted her shirt and the sports bra under it. The guy's eyes popped open and he froze in place for a moment, his eyes shifting madly from one set of breasts to the other. I stood there a few feet back and couldn't help sneaking a look or two myself. Sandy's back was to me, but I got a good side look at Tina's breasts and they were very, very nice.

The pizza guy recovered his wits, sort of. He grinned at them both, blushed, and stepped back from the doorway as the girls waved and closed it. Sandy quickly covered up before turning to face me, but Tina took her time and gave me great front view before she pulled her shirt back together and buttoned it. My cock jumped to attention at the display and I knew it would be obvious, so I lowered the pizza box to block their view.

At least, I tried to. I realized in that moment that more than just my penis was stiff. All over my body my muscles had locked into position. Nothing below the eyeballs would move. The more I tried to move, the more impossible it became.

Memories came flooding back of the last time I'd experienced this. It was the night of my big hypnotic breakthrough. "Just for tonight," Sandy had said to me while my mind drifted in a fog, "whenever you have an erection, your entire body will become part of it. Your muscles will lock in place as if you were a life-sized articulated doll. I can move you, but the more you try to move yourself the more impossible it will be, for as long as your erection lasts."

It had been a heck of a night. Sandy had taken her time, teasing me into a hard-on and playing with my body, then letting it subside. I'd start to do something and she'd put a hand down my pants or plant a hot kiss on me and I'd be stiff and helpless again. In a way it was fun because it took the pressure off me, but it also got me so damned hot that it took longer and longer to get my mobility back. When she finally took the suggestion off we had some of the best sex of our lives.

And now it was happening again.

"You look a little stiff, Rob," Tina teased. "Maybe I should take that for you." She pulled the pizza box out of my unresisting hands and walked away toward the kitchen.

Sandy put a hand on my shoulder. "I'm sorry," she said quietly. "I got loose-lipped and told her about that night, and she started working on me to do it again. You said you wouldn't mind, so ..."

I didn't remember agreeing to this, but my mouth wouldn't move to say anything. In my heart of hearts I knew she had to be right, though. Some part of me – most likely the part pushing against the front of my shorts just then – liked this, so I was stuck with it. Literally.

I thought about my mom, about baseball, about Lorena Bobbitt. After a few minutes of that I felt myself softening and free movement returned.

The girls were in the kitchen waiting for me. Tina handed me a paper plate with pizza on it and a refilled wine cup. “New plan,” she announced. “We’re going to get Sandy stinking drunk and then she and I are going to put on a lesbian make-out session just for you.”

Sandy laughed hard enough that she almost dropped her pizza. For just a second or so I imagined that scene: Sandy flopped on a bed giggling while Tina buried her face in Sandy’s lap ... and the arm that was raising pizza toward my mouth began to slow and stiffen.

“That’s mean,” Sandy protested. “Let the man eat, will you?”

Irritation pushed the sexy images out of my mind and restored muscle control. I shot a nasty look at Tina and got a quasi-apologetic shrug in response. “I’m sorry,” she said. “It’s just so cool. I’ve never seen anyone hypnotized up close like that before. What does it feel like?”

“Maybe you should sit down with Sandy and find out first hand. I can think of a suggestion or two she could give you.”

“No, I didn’t mean that. I mean, when you’re ... frozen like that. What does that feel like?”

I took a big bite and made her wait while I chewed and swallowed. “It’s weird. It’s like being tied up, but more so. There’s nothing physical stopping me from moving but none of my muscles will work except to keep me from falling over. Sandy could do anything she wanted with my body and I couldn’t do a thing to stop her.” I felt a stirring in my groin at the thought. “And if we don’t change the subject right now, you’ll have to feed me yourself.”

So we talked about moving and logistics. The moving truck was due in the morning; it would take Sandy an hour, at most, to pack up the few things she needed for the night into a box already prepared for that. Then Tina would take her to the airport and that would be the last we’d see of Sandy for a while. I did my best not to look forlorn at the prospect but doubted I was fooling anybody.

We finished the pizza, drained our cups, and passed the merlot bottle around until it was empty. The food kept the buzz under control while we cleaned up the debris. We were done, but I wasn’t ready to leave yet. We found ourselves sitting on the living room floor reminiscing until Tina broke in with another question. “Can you hypnotize yourself?”

Sandy giggled. “What is it with you and hypnosis tonight?”

“I don’t know,” Tina said. “It’s a new thing for me. I never realized you guys were into it before, or what you did with it, and this is my last chance to ask. It sounds kind of kinky, in a fun way. So can you?”

“Yes,” she answered, “you can. I use self hypnosis a lot, actually. It keeps me from getting stressed out and helps get the creative juices flowing when I need them.”

Tina’s eyes sparkled. “If you hypnotize yourself, can someone else still give you suggestions?”

“I suppose so,” Sandy replied. “I’ve never tried that, but it should work.”

From the look on Tina’s face that was exactly the answer she wanted. “Let’s find out! I dare you to hypnotize yourself and let me give you a suggestion.”

“What are we, back in high school?” I protested, mostly to keep my mind off the idea of what Tina might want to suggest. “Is this Truth or Dare time?”

“Nah – just a little experiment. Are you up for it, Sandy?”

Sandy looked at me. “I don’t know. What suggestion do you have in mind?”

Tina leaned over and whispered into Sandy’s ear. It was a long whisper. Sandy’s face looked dubious at first, then serious, then curious. “Okay. Let me do a couple of things first.”

That was Sandy slang for going to the bathroom. She got up and took care of that while I looked quizzically at Tina, who was doing her best impression of the Cheshire Cat. Whatever she had in mind, I wasn’t going to get any advance warning. *Baseball, baseball, baseball...*

Sandy came back with a big pillow from her bedroom. She sat down and positioned the pillow behind herself so she could lean back against the wall in comfort. Then she crossed her legs and held her hands outward. “Give me about five minutes,” she told Tina. “When my fingers stop moving, I’ll be ready.”

She took a deep breath and closed her eyes as she let it out slowly. On each hand her thumb and forefinger formed a small circle. With each breath, those fingers would tap against each other three times. I watched the muscles in Sandy’s face relax, her shoulders drop, her chest move slowly in and out. The tapping grew slower and slower, and I could make out the signs of eye movement under her closed lids. After a few minutes the tapping stopped and Sandy’s fingers relaxed and opened.

“Sandy,” Tina said, creeping forward and speaking slowly, “you agreed that I can give you one suggestion. And here is the suggestion: I want you to relax all the way, sleep as deeply as you can, and ignore everything else around you that you hear or feel until I tell you to wake up. Starting now.”

Sandy’s muscles let go completely and she slumped to the side in an uncomfortable-looking heap. I scrambled forward and took control of things, adjusting her body into a better position, moving the pillow to support her neck and shoulders, and stretching her legs out to promote good circulation. While I did all of this Tina backed up out of the way and said nothing. As I finished adjusting Sandy’s position I heard a soft thud like someone dropping a pillow.

Only it wasn’t a pillow. I turned around in time to see Tina stepping out of her denim shorts, which had just hit the floor. “Surprised?” she teased while her fingers toyed with the buttons on her shirt.

I was speechless. I hadn’t known Tina all that long – she was a friend of Sandy’s originally, though we

both considered her a friend now – and had never gotten so much as a hint that she had any interest in me. But there she was, bending over in just the right way to give me a big eyeful of cleavage and more, sliding a pair of white panties down her legs and off before kicking them aside. She put her hands on her hips and let the shirt fall open enough to show me an unbroken field of clear skin from her neck, through the valley between her breasts, and down to the neatly-trimmed arrowhead of black hair pointing the way any sane straight guy would be aching to go.

The hairs rose on the back of my neck. *Baseball*, I thought. *Mom. Lorena Bobbitt. Tommy Lee*. But it was no good – my cock swelled and pressed outward against my shorts, and I felt every other muscle in my body lock into place.

Tina fanned herself with the open front of her shirt. “It’s hot in here, don’t you think?” When I didn’t respond, she grinned and closed the space between us. I felt her hand checking my front for the lump she knew would be there. “Speechless, I see. But your body is telling me all I want to know. Here, let’s get you a little more comfortable.”

She peeled my shirt off and spent a few minutes caressing my chest. “Nice,” she purred. “It’s good to see you’re still going to the gym.” I felt her fingers working at my waist and then the unmistakable feeling of shorts and underwear sliding down my legs. My hard-on popped free and probably came close to hitting her in the face.

“I can see why she liked this,” Tina was saying. “I can take my time with you now and all you can do is allow it. I can tease you like this ...” She illustrated by slowly stroking my cock between two fingers. “Or I could do this.” She turned around and backed into me so that my cock slipped down and in between her legs, just brushing against her outer lips. “I could just rub myself against you until I come. And as long as I keep Little Rob here nice and excited, there’s nothing you can do to stop me.”

She walked around behind me and whispered into my ear. “Does that excite you, Rob? Does that make you even harder? I know if it was you stripping the clothes off me, you touching me wherever you want, you talking about how much fun you could have with my body while I stood here helpless, I’d be ready to come right now.” Then she squeezed my ass cheeks. “But we don’t want that happening too quickly, do we? If I make you come, I lose my power for a while. And I want us to enjoy that power.”

Tina walked away for a moment and I heard her dragging something across the carpet. Out of the corner of my eye she appeared with one of Sandy’s living room chairs. She maneuvered me into the chair with surprising ease – my muscles seemed to move at her touch quite easily, though they wouldn’t budge for me – and pulled the wadded-up clothes off my ankles. My shoes and socks came off next for good measure. “I feel like dancing,” she told me. “Would you like a lap dance? Just say something if you’d rather I not.” I wasn’t able to say anything and she knew it.

Tina spread my legs apart and began to dance. Her hips swayed, flashing me alternating sides of her ass as the shirt tail rose and fell. She deliberately brushed against the tip of my cock, toying with me, keeping me hard as nails. “Remember the rules, Rob. I can touch you if I want, but you have to keep your hands to yourself. No groping!” And she giggled, knowing full well that as long as my soldier stood at attention I wasn’t going to be groping anybody. Not without some help, anyway.

She gave me the help. Tina closed my legs and sat in my lap, pressing her back against me and pulling my arms around her. She put my hands on her chest and moved them up and down. I could feel her

nipples poking against my palms through the open shirt. Then she moved one of my hands down between her legs. “Feel how wet you’re making me, without even trying?” She was, indeed, dripping. My fingers were coated in her juices.

“Oh, that feels so good!” She used my hand like a sex toy, sliding my fingers up and down her slit and pressing my palm against her mound. Tina’s breathing grew sharper and faster and her ass pressed hard against my throbbing cock. Her rhythm quickened and she stopped talking. I felt my hips shift a little and I knew that one way or another I’d be free soon.

Tina must have felt that movement and realized what it meant. She jumped out of my lap and pinched my leg hard enough to put a welt on it. The sudden sharp pain pulled me back from the brink. “No, Rob, I’m not ready for you to come yet. Soon, baby, but not yet.” She sat down again, this time facing me, and peeled off the shirt. “Just watch me,” she said. “Watch me come.”

She shifted back and placed her own hand between her legs. “You feel so good I almost lost it,” she said. “I love having your fingers inside me, Rob. I love feeling your hard cock press against my ass. I love feeling your hand on my breast. This is so hot, Rob ... so hot ...”

I sat there motionless and watched Tina masturbate herself into a loud orgasm. At one point she grabbed both of my hands and pressed them against her breasts while she rode my right thigh, groaning and panting all the way. And then she placed my arms around her and folded herself into my lap, snuggling against my chest while she regained her strength. It was certainly hot to watch, but after a few minutes of sitting still I felt my muscles beginning to loosen up. My fingers gave an involuntary twitch and I froze – had she noticed?

Yes. Tina reached down and discovered my cock had shrunk down to semi-rigid. “Oh, no, you don’t,” she said as she climbed off my lap. Tina spread my legs apart and before I could move to stop her she plunged her mouth down over my semi-hard cock. I felt her lips and tongue go to work and in seconds I was at her mercy again.

She came up for air and to make sure she had me back under control. “That’s better. I almost lost you for a moment there, didn’t I? That won’t do, not before the grand finale.” She climbed back on and pulled my face into the valley between her breasts. One hand fondled my hard-on while the other held my head in place. “You don’t want this to end yet, do you, Rob? Not until you’ve had that nice, hard cock buried inside me. Not until you’ve felt me squeezing against you. Not until you get to make me come. Isn’t that what you want?”

Holy fucking hell yes! I thought, but how was I supposed to answer in this condition? Tina was staring at my face and I thought of the one thing I could do: I moved my eyes up and down, quickly, in the closest thing I could manage to a nod.

She saw the movement and nodded with a happy smile on her face. “Now we’re communicating. You want to come, right?”

Another eye nod.

“Let’s do that.” Again my body cooperated quite nicely with Tina as she pulled me out of the chair and had me kneel on the floor. She got on all fours and backed into me. “Let’s try some doggy style,” she said. One of her hands reached back and guided my cock into position. She was so wet there was no

resistance at all, just the squeeze of her inner muscles against me. She moaned as my shaft went in and pressed herself against me to seat it all the way. My back muscles flexed at the pressure and I slipped back onto my heels, which pulled me out again.

“Damn!” Tina looked annoyed. “I guess we’ll have to try something a little more traditional.” Being careful not to let me drop too hard, she lowered me onto the floor and positioned me face up, legs together. Then she straddled me and sat down, sliding my cock inside her with a happy moan. “That’s more like it. Mmmmm, that feels good.”

She took my hands and held them up to her chest. Her body began to rock back and forth, moving my cock in and out and rubbing it up against the upper wall of her canal. Her breasts brushed against my outstretched palms and teased the nipples into full alert. “That’s it,” she panted. “Just a little more now. Just ... a ... little ...”

I came first. My hips flexed and my cock jumped and I felt the hot seed shooting outward from my balls. Pump, pump, pump ... it kept going and I felt my chest heaving in rhythm. Tina rode me hard and cried out loudly as she matched my pace. Her muscles clenched around me and kept me going until we were both limp and exhausted. Tina slid down onto the floor next to me and I held her in my arms, willingly this time, until our breathing returned to normal.

“Why didn’t you say anything?” They were my first spoken words in over half an hour – my voice sounded a little strange even to me.

“Say what?” she challenged. “Oh, by the way, I know you’re still carrying a bonfire-sized torch for my best friend, but I want to jump your bones?”

I had to give her that one. “So now what?”

Tina kissed me. “Now we get dressed, I wake Sandy, and we go home.”

A reasonable plan under the circumstances. “Mind if I go along to the airport tomorrow?”

“I think we’d all like that.”

The next morning I picked up Tina and we drove together to Sandy's apartment. The truck was already gone when we arrived and the place was empty except for Sandy’s suitcase and a pair of gift bags. We loaded that into the car and headed for the airport.

Airport security being what it is, there wasn't time or space for a long goodbye. Sandy held out the gift bags to us. “This is for you, Tina,” she said as she gave Tina the smaller of the two bags. “And this one is for you, Rob.”

“What the ...?” Tina reached into her bag and pulled out a pair of white panties. Then she recognized them and turned three shades more red.

“The movers found those,” Sandy explained, “in between a couple of boxes. I figure somebody must have tossed them aside in a hurry, and they're definitely not Rob's size.”

My bag had some heft to it. While Tina and Sandy laughed together, I peeked inside it and found the book, *Hypnotize Your Lover*.

“I think you’ll get more use out of it than I will for a while,” Sandy said.

I helped Sandy get her things to the ticket counter, then stood by until she was ready to go through security. We hugged and said our goodbyes there, then watched her trek down the corridor toward the passenger screening line.

Tina and I took our time strolling back to the car hand in hand. “Want to go get some breakfast?” I suggested.

“Great idea!”

We hugged and kissed, and I realized that the old saying was incomplete.

A true friend is one who will help you move on.

-wg
8/18/07