

Right On Schedule

He always used the same washers and dryers on his weekly trip to the laundry room in the basement of his apartment building. They were all the way in the back near the television so he could catch the late news as his clothes spun their way to cleanliness. He never did anything other than his laundry on Friday nights. He never went out with friends or had company at his home. It was the time that he allotted himself to do the laundry and that was it. Everything he did was on a schedule. He did this to maintain control of his life. For a long time it had been out of control and he would not let that happen again. Therefore, he kept a strict schedule. He went to the gym every morning at 5 a.m. to work out for ninety minutes. Then he went to his full time job working at the Help Desk of a mid-sized company. He taught literature classes at the community college two nights a week. Schedules were essential to him, it was how he functioned and accomplished things. Control was just that important to him. He enjoyed the reliability and predictability of routines and order. Knowing when things were going to happen was exactly what he needed in his life. Unpredictability was messy and unnecessary.

On this Friday night just like every other one he headed to the washers he considered his. He walked with his head down slightly, his dirty blonde curls hanging in his face, and he checked his watch. Time was important to him. Being aware of the time was an important element of control. His laundry bag was a bit heavy on his shoulder and he placed it on the huge sorting table thankfully. He removed the detergent from the bag first, then his dirty clothes. He sorted the clothes into four piles, the entire time thinking about what he really wanted to do. But this was the

routine, and it had to be followed. Once the clothes had been sorted, he turned to the washing machines. He paused for a moment, allowing himself the deliciously suspenseful pleasure of approaching the first washer. He could feel the anticipation start to build in him. It started in his solar plexus, a tight knot of anxious longing and wishful hoping. He reached for the handle of the washer's door and he felt the nervousness radiate upward, shooting off rays of edginess throughout his body. His hands shook as he jerked it open and stuck his hand inside the washer, spinning the agitator counterclockwise. When he discovered it was empty, he sighed with relief and disappointment. He made his way to the next washer, and checked it also, exactly the same way. Then he checked the third, and the fourth. No matter which washer he went to first, it was always in the last washer that he searched.

The black panties.

The small piece of cloth fell into his hand as he spun the agitator. Yesssss, he thought to himself. Jackpot. His hand began to tremble when the fabric landed on it. It seemed to softly caress his hand. He furtively looked around the laundry room. It was empty. He pulled the garment out of the washer, containing his smile with an effort. Not now, he thought to himself, looking at his watch. It was always the same underwear, or at least appeared to be. Black, edged in lace. Not a thong, but very skimpy all the same, with the material covering the precious cargo held together by a lacy string that went around the top. Size five. Victoria's Secret. Tiny cotton panel. He removed the panties from the washer and pulled the cloth close to him. It felt familiar to him, like embracing an old friend. He carefully eased the garment up to his nose, inhaling quickly and deeply as if he were doing a line of coke. It was still slightly damp and smelled of fabric softener. The dampness made him think that the owner probably had only recently left, and he looked around the laundry room again even

though he knew he was alone. He chided himself as he did, thinking that with his luck it would be some really petite drag queen or a tiny old lady who smelled of stale cigarettes. But he saw no one who seemed to be looking for the panties. He turned back to the matter in his hands, and sniffed and sniffed at the underwear for at least two minutes, trying to get his keen sense of smell to move past the spring fresh scent to catch a whiff of the owner's essence. But it was no use.

He quickly stuffed the underwear into his left jeans' pocket and reached into his right pocket. Moving his hand past his keys contained there, he found and removed a roll of quarters and a roll of dimes. These were old-school washers and dryers that still required coins. He filled the washing machines with his shirts, his pants, his own underwear, his sheets and towels and blankets. He touched his left pocket from time to time, still managing to conceal his excitement. He set the washers for the longest possible wash and rinse cycles and threw away the coin wrappers. He folded up the laundry bag and put it under his arm, picked up the container of detergent, and left. He reached in the right pocket again, this time for the keys to his apartment as the door to the laundry room swung shut behind him. As he pulled his keys out, he checked his watch again. He took the stairs two at a time all the way up to his second floor apartment. He unlocked his door. Now he felt comfortable, and fully released his beautiful smile, displaying even, shiny white teeth. His pale blue eyes sparkled brightly. He glanced at the time once more. As usual he was right on schedule.

He laid out everything he needed before he went to do his laundry. Sometimes he worried that the panties would not be there. He didn't like worrying about that, because it was something unpredictable. But truth be told he didn't really have to worry because the underwear was always there. From time to time he did imagine returning to his apartment on a Friday night after

not find the underwear in the laundry room. He imagined facing his preparations when he returned to the apartment, feeling dejected and unsatisfied. But he knew it was a highly unlikely occurrence, so he always prepared his bedroom, and immediately headed downstairs to the basement once he was done.

He happily unlocked his door and entered his apartment, locking the door behind him. He leaned against the door ever so briefly to enjoy the solitude. He officially started anticipating the evening's activities, and did so for exactly 45 seconds. He put the detergent and the laundry bag on the table near the door and hung his keys on the hook above the table.

Now he began to undress...first his jacket, then his shoes, socks, and sweatshirt. He walked towards the bedroom, leaving a trail of clothing in his wake. By the time he reached his bedroom, he was clad only in his jeans. He carefully stepped into the room, which was dimly lit by a tall white pillar candle. The flame stood silently burning in a clear pool of liquid wax. Next to the oil lamp was a large bowl of steaming hot water. Smoke rose from it, and floating in the bowl was a bottle of sandalwood scented massage oil.

Reaching into the jeans, he reverently retrieved the panties from his pocket, and laid them out in the very center of the bed right next to his cell phone. He took off his jeans and tossed them out into the hallway. He carefully smoothed out the wrinkles in the bedspread, and rushed off to the bathroom to shower, checking his watch as he did. His watch was the only thing he left on, because he had to keep track of the time. Fortunately for him it was waterproof.

In the shower, he lathered up so he could be as clean as possible. He fought mightily to keep his erection from rising too much. It was difficult, but he managed to do it. He prided himself on his self-control. Nine minutes later, when he was fresh and smelling

of deodorant soap, he turned the water off. He never used towels to dry off, so he stood in the middle of the bathroom, letting the droplets slowly evaporate from his skin. He admired himself as he waited, looking at the pellets of water lying in the nooks and crannies of his well-defined arms, chest, legs and abdomen. A few pellets coursed down his tanned skin before being taken up into the air. He looked down past his abdomen, past his neatly trimmed pubic hair to his thick shaft, which was hovering up and down in mid-air, not fully awake but definitely not sleeping. It was just waiting for instructions from him. He wanted to touch it to assure it that the fun would soon begin, but he knew if he started he wouldn't be able to stop. He stood in the bathroom air drying and glancing at his watch until his cellphone rang. He smiled again, because it too was right on schedule.

On the first ring he left the bathroom and entered the bedroom. On the second ring, he carefully reached into the bowl of water to remove the bottle of oil. He shook the excess water from it as he laid it on the bed. On the third ring, he stretched out on his bed next to the panties. The telephone was on the opposite side of the underwear, so he carefully reached over them to push the button and answer the phone. When the indicator light on the phone went from red to green he knew the call was connected, he immediately put the call on speaker, and he picked up the panties. He lay back on the bed, settling himself and looking up at the ceiling. He carefully spread the underwear across his navel, covering it.

“Hello Josh.” The silky voice wafted from the phone.

Finally allowing his dick full license, he instructed it to come to life. It engorged and rose upward, higher and higher until it was flat against his belly.

“Wow,” said the voice. “I see you missed me. It's only been a

week.”

He began to open up the warm bottle of oil, using his thumb to remove the cap. The cap was attached to the bottle by a ring and hung off the neck of the bottle once it had been removed from the top.

“I love the way you’re always ready for me. It makes me feel so special but not as special as I’m going to make you feel.”

He opened his legs wider.

The silk voice murmured at him appreciatively. “Look at you. So big and hard and sexy. Get it ready for your baby.”

Holding the bottle in his left hand, he carefully poured oil into the palm of his right hand, and capped the bottle, allowing it to fall onto the bed. He held his shaft with this hand once he’d gotten rid of the bottle. He cupped his oil-filled right hand to hold the slippery stuff, and brought it over to his shaft. He put the tip of his dick directly into his cupped hand, very, very slowly, using his other hand to guide it in. As his penis approached the center of the oiled hand, the other hand began moving up and down the shaft. Oil escaped his palm and eased down the sides of his dick, and his left hand began rubbing the oil up and down the sides of the shaft. The cupped hand palmed his dick and squeezed it, rubbing the tip into the oily palm, making it slick. The scent of sandalwood began to fill the air. He enjoyed the warm sensations immensely, and the oozing sliding feeling of the oil on him. These things alone could almost make him lose it, but he was methodical even in his pleasure. He made sure his strokes provided just enough stimulation to please him, but not enough to send him over the edge too soon.

He let a sound loose from his tightly closed lips... something

between a moan and a sigh. The silky voice let out the exact same sound at the exact same moment. His dick grew harder when the sound of the two voices reached his ears and letting himself go for a brief span, he jerked himself harder for a stroke or two. Then he regained his composure.

“Oh baby,” the silky voice said, her tone becoming even softer and lusher. “Let it go, just a little bit more. You know you want to. You know I’m going to make you. Don’t I make you feel good? I want to know I make you feel good.”

He gritted his teeth as the voice put into sugar-coated words the thoughts in his head and the desires of his dick. He added more oil to his hands and took hold of himself again.

“You are so bad Josh,” the voice said, right on cue. “Big bad ass dick. So slick and shiny and rock hard just for me. Just for your baby. Can you give me a little, right now? Please?”

He picked up the panties in his left hand. Then he paused.

“Oh Josh. Please baby...don’t be that way. Don’t make me wait. I want it. And you want me to have it.”

Sighing and complying, he wrapped the panties around his dick, and held them there with his right hand. With his left, he uncorked the bottle of warm oil and poured it all over the underwear, emptying it. He turned himself over, so that he was now lying on his stomach. He began moving his slim hips from side to side. He closed his eyes and bit his bottom lip. He felt the softness of the panties hold him, now soaked with the warm oil. He began to fuck the panties, slowly and deliberately. He stroked his dick against his underwear-covered oil-soaked hands. With each movement he released his controlled demeanor. He began to writhe against the mattress, humping the bed and masturbating

for all that it was worth. The voice on the phone began calling out to him, “fuck me Josh...please...oh right there...get it...my spot...damn your dick feels so good...right there Josh...who told you to make me so crazy...” It grew more frenzied the harder that he pleased himself... “oh fuck...dammit...shit...do me Josh...fuck the damn shit outta me...do me daddy... harder...break my shit...mothafucka...”

And with a huge heave and a shout, he let the silky voice have it. Control of him. He released himself, released control of himself. He came into the panties. Then the phone line went dead. Josh tossed the panties to the floor.

Josh struggled to catch his breath for a full two minutes before getting up. He staggered slightly to the bathroom. Plugging up the bathroom sink, he reached into the cabinet underneath it and took out a small bottle of detergent for hand washables. He filled the sink with warm water and the laundry detergent, and left the panties to soak while he blew out the candle, poured the bowl of water into the bathtub, stripped the sheets from his bed and threw on a pair of sweatpants and a tee shirt. He collected the sheets and the clothes he had cast to the floor on his way in and placed them in the laundry bag. He went back to the bathroom sink and proceeded to rub the panties between his hands, scrubbing them for several minutes. When he they were clean, he went into the living room, put them in the laundry bag with the rest of the clothes, grabbed his keys from the hook, and dashed back to the laundry room. Running back in and eyeing his watch, he got to the washer where he'd found the underwear just in time to catch the beginning of the rinse cycle. He tossed the underwear in and hurriedly filled another washer with the remaining clothes in his bag.

Josh sat down to watch the news. He moved only to transfer his wet clothes to the dryer. He left the panties in the washing

machine when he did. After drying, fluffing and folding methodically, he put everything back in his big bag. Slinging it over his shoulder, he looked around the laundry room one last time, touched his pockets to make sure he had his keys, and left, returning to his apartment. Looking at his watch for what would be the last time of the night, he smiled.

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