

A Wife Can't Be Guarded

Once there was a man and wife, and the husband began to attack her:

"You are a whore, you are this, you are that.

However, the wife was honest. And she said:

"Listen here, now! Go on, mind your own business. We are poor people. If I wanted to do it, I could do it in front of you, and you would even undress me."

He got so angry, that he wouldn't go to work, and said:

"I will guard you, you mother fucker!"

"Fine, guard me."

He didn't go to work one day, two, three, a month, two months. If she went to relieve herself, he would follow her. She would go out to fetch water, he would follow her. It was as if someone had tied him to the woman. One day she had all she could take. Her children were hungry. He wouldn't go to work, he guarded her. And she made an agreement with one of her neighbors, who loved sex very much. And he really liked this woman, he had been waiting for her to say something.

"Listen, here, neighbor!" she said to him. "I'm not into this kind of thing, but my husband is making me do it. You come tomorrow morning early, at dawn, while it is still dark, hide yourself in the trash heap. Take your thing out and be ready. I will come out to relieve myself, and I will ask my husband to pull my dress up.

She thought of a way to make it necessary for her husband to pull her dress up as he was guarding her. She kneaded dough early. She was making bread, but she didn't finish kneading on purpose, in order for her husband to undress her at the trash heap.

She says:

"Husband, you know what? I have to do number two. I can't hold my dress up, I have dough on my hands, the bread isn't kneaded, you come along and hold my dress up while I take care of my business. And I have to finish kneading the bread."

Off she goes in front, her husband follows her.

He pulls her dress up, and she fits herself nicely on the stick of the man who was there. And now the man couldn't move to do anything without revealing himself. So the wife asked her husband:

"Husband, can you guess what we're having for supper?"

"Let's see, what are we having for supper? Beans!

And she, moves her ass up and down, and up and down, and says: "No, guess, guess, guess again!"

And again he says:

"We're having meat!"

"Wrong guess, wrong guess!"

Again she moves her ass up and down, up and down.

"We're having something baked!"

"Wrong"

There is a dish that has several names: grits, kasha, mush.

"We'll have grits," he called out.

"Wrong guess!"

"We're having kasha!"

"Wrong guess, wrong guess, wrong guess!"

When they were about to come, the husband called out:

"We're having puddin'."

And she yelled, "You're there, you're there, you're there!"

And so they did their thing. And her husband got real angry. She looked him straight in the eye so he wouldn't hit her. He swung up to hit her. And she stood up and ran away from him. He tried to grab whatever he could find to hit his wife. He thought it was a stick stuck in the garbage heap. He grabbed the stick in order to beat his wife with it. He grabbed his neighbor by his dick, but he slipped and fell on his back, on his ass. "Fuck your mother's ass," he said to his wife, "if the stick hadn't been slippery, I'd have smashed you to pieces."

He went into the house.

"Well, you jackass," his wife said to him, "didn't I tell you that I could fuck whenever I want to, even if you guarded me, if I was into that kind of thing?"

"Ah, god damn mother fucker," he said to her, "you did that?"

"Yes, I did. An now you know: if I want to do it, you can't guard me!"

And so the matter ended.