

Laundry Night

(M/F, Cons, Oral)

A vignette by the Eternal Student

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Two college students find that doing laundry on a Friday night can be entertaining after all.

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This story contains descriptions of college aged (18+) people engaging in consensual sexual (and romantic) activities, so if that sort of thing offends you, you'd be best to stop reading and start again elsewhere. Also, if you're under 18 or if the reading of such stories is illegal in your area, you probably shouldn't be reading this story either.

All characters in this story are purely fictional, and all names are not intended to be based on any person, living or dead. In addition, the author takes no responsibility for emotional trauma caused by bad laundry puns.

If you enjoy this story, please e-mail me at anothereternalstudent@gmail.com with suggestions, comments, constructive criticism or just thank you's. The only pay I get for writing is feedback from readers, so anything is appreciated.

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I. Lintroductions

Everybody hates doing laundry. In fact, the only thing worse than doing laundry is doing laundry alone on a Friday night. However, it needed to be done. So, as always, I packed up my laundry, some detergent and my book and headed down to the building's laundry room. Much to my joy, all the washers were empty, so I had plenty of room to chill and some nice peace and quiet. After getting everything into the wash, I sat down and started reading, pausing every so often to scribble in the margins.

I had only been sitting for a few minutes when suddenly, a girl's voice pulled me right out of the book.

"Hey, sorry to bother you, but is anybody else down here using the machines?", she asked in a somewhat shy voice. I looked up at her standing in the doorway and smiled from ear to ear.

She was a tallish blonde with a very cute girl-next-door vibe about her. Although the sweatshirt and jeans she was wearing were very modest, you could still tell that she had some wonderful curves underneath them. Catching myself staring, I quickly explained that I was alone down there, and that there were plenty of machines available.

"Oh, do you mind if I come down and do a load?", she replied, still seeming a bit shy.

"No," I replied, clearing my throat again. "It'd be good to have some company that's not between bookcovers."

"Great!", she replied enthusiastically, "I'll just run up and get my wash, hold the washers for me."

She started for the exit. As she turned, I got my first look at her exquisite backside, with just the right curves to drive any man mad with desire. I felt that familiar pulsing beginning under the book on my lap, as I began to imagine taking her home to my room and getting a chance to slide up against that wonderful ass.

Suddenly she turned around. "Oh, one quick question, where's the change machi..." She saw where my eyes were hungrily staring, and stopped in mid sentence. I snapped out of my fantasy and, noticing how badly I'd been busted, shot off the first word that came to mind.

"Lobby!"

She laughed quietly at my awkwardness, diffusing the tension until I could correct myself.

“The... uhh.. Change machine. It’s in the lobby. Next to the mailboxes.”

She laughed a little more, and then looked back at me, blushing a little and very gently biting her lower lip. "Ok, well, I'll go get my stuff then.”

She walked out, and I sat back in the chair, feeling myself hardening, wondering whether she thought I was a creep or something because she caught me red-handed eyeing her all over. Then I remembered the little blush, and decided that maybe I didn't scare her off after all. I tried to start reading again, but my mind kept drifting to my attractive new laundry buddy. Strangely enough, as I sat in the overly clean, soapy-smelling laundry room, all I could think about was getting dirty.

II. A Very High Heat Wash

"Hey! Did anybody take my washers?", she asked as she came back into the laundry room, carrying two full baskets of laundry stacked on top of each other.

“Nope,” I replied, shutting my book. “It’s Friday night, everybody’s either drunk or trying to get drunk. Your washers are safe.”

She sighed contentedly, seeming a bit too relieved, and then set her baskets down. She looked straight at me while she finally came into view from behind the laundry baskets, and as soon as I saw her new outfit and had to cover my lap with my book as quickly as humanly possible. She had put on a pair of short and tight shorts and a tank top, showing off her curves and her amazing ass. I had to exert every bit of willpower that I had to keep from staring. I blushed deep red, having been caught staring once more, and as I looked up at her, she giggled a bit.

"It just gets really hot in here, so I figured I'd change into something cooler.” The sly, teasing look of earlier returned to her face. “You don’t mind, do you?"

I tried to think of something something coherent to say, maybe even something witty, but I failed and just nodded my head. She giggled again, and then went to sorting through her laundry.

I kept trying to be subtle and avoid staring obviously, but it seemed like every time that I looked up, she was looking back at me, still gently nibbling on her lower lip.

"Do you need a hand sorting all that?" I asked, figuring that I needed something to distract me. She thought for a second, smiled and handed me a basket.

"Sure, Just divide it into colors, whites and delicates."

Nodding, I set to my task and took a look into the basket, then nearly dropped it out of surprise. She had handed me the lingerie basket, filled nearly to the brim with bras, panties, thongs and g-strings. She looked over at me.

"Is everything OK?"

"Are you sure you want me to sort this one?" I said, holding up a pair of yellow thong panties.

"Unless you mind. I've not done laundry in a while, and, well, that's what I run out of first", she replied coyly.

I smiled, shaking my head, and gingerly started piling her unmentionables in neat little stacks on top of the nearest washer. I considered my position as I sorted. Based on her lustful looks in my direction and the palpable sexual tension in the small room, there was no question of her intent. The quarters were out, the detergent poured. Now, I just needed to find the best way to start the cycle.

III. Dealing with the Delicates

My sorting finished, I sat back and watched her loading the washers. I sat back, enjoying the view, and as I noticed she was coming to the end of the basket, I was struck with an idea. I took a deep breath, knowing that with the delivery of this line, I'd face either glorious success, or utter defeat. Finally, as she was about to shut the door to the washer, I spoke.

"Wait, you missed some clothes."

She looked over at me inquisitively. "I did?"

I swallowed nervously, then raised a hand, motioning at her. "Well, the tank top that you're wearing... and your shorts..."

Once the initial surprise disappeared from her face, she smiled.

"So, you think that I should wash these too?", she replied coyly, gently pulling the sides of her tank top and her shorts.

Doing my best to keep my composure, I replied. "Well, you wouldn't want to have to come down here again too soon, would you?"

She bit her lower lip again, her slight flush bringing me renewed hope, and walked over to the laundry room door, slowly shutting and locking it.

"Well," she began, walking back towards me and slowly lifting off her tank top, "doing laundry can be fun, if you have the right partner".

With that, she lifted off the tank top, exposing her amazing breasts cradled by a lacy black bra. Pulling myself together, my previous triumph encouraging me, I walked over and put my fingers in the waistband of her shorts, and gently tugging them off, revealing that, well, she wasn't lying about not having any underwear left.

I stood back and admired her incredible curves, my eyes slowly moving from her firm, perky breasts down to her neatly trimmed bush and glistening sex. Slowly, I stepped back towards her.

"Wait", she said breathily, "before I start this load, let me grab a couple of more things."

She went over to her basket, removed her bra, then slowly turned around, giving me a show of her beautiful breasts. Then, she very slowly bent over to get her detergent, giving me a full view of her magnificent ass, causing a twitch in the already visible tent in my shorts. Then, she came over, gently leaning in and unhooking my belt as she kissed my neck. She slid my belt out of its loops and let it fall to the floor.

I looked at the beautiful, nearly naked girl in front of me, and leaned in to kiss her, running my hands from her shoulders to her sides, down to her lovely flared hips.

Stepping back again, I removed my t-shirt and tossed it into the open machine. She smiled, then unbuttoned my shorts and gently ran her hands up my sides, then back down into my boxers.

As soon as she had her head up, I leaned down and passionately kissed her, gently sliding my tongue against hers. We continued the kiss and I gently pushed her up onto one of the machines. I yanked off my shorts and threw them in with her clothes. I shut the door to the machine.

"There," I stated quietly, projecting confidence as best as I could. "Shall we start the machine?"

She took a deep breath, her flush expanded across her face and chest. "Turn it on."

I punched the button on the washer and started it vibrating beneath her. She shook quietly as the vibrations took hold, and I leaned in once more to kiss her lips.

The glowing display told me I had 38 minutes in the cycle. I started kissing slowly down her chest, to her breasts, and lower. More than enough, I thought, gently caressing her soft skin, for me to turn up the heat and get her agitated in the best possible way.

IV. Of Wet Silks and Silky Wetness

As I gently licked and kissed downwards across her soft skin, teasing her slowly, I gently pulled her to the edge of the washer, allowing me to spread her legs a little more so that I had easier access, her breathing getting even heavier as I brought my lips to the neatly trimmed blonde hair above her sex. I began kissing and licking her inner thighs and mons, never quite reaching her most delicate areas. She pushed herself towards me, moaning

"Oh God, don't tease me."

Smiling, I gently stood up and kissed her lips, running my hand along her inner thighs, then started kissing back downwards, gently nibbling on her nipples as I went. However, this time I moved back outwards, and started kissing the inside of her leg, right below the knee. Then I gently started kissing along her thigh, moving more slowly as I came in closer to her already moist sex. When I finally reached her reddened lips, I jumped back out to her other thigh, eliciting a frustrated moan from her. Once more, I kissed slowly down her thigh, gently licking in little circles, moving very slowly and running my hand along her other thigh. When I finally reached her spread lips, I couldn't restrain myself any longer.

I leaned in and gently ran my tongue along the length of her slit, tasting her delicious juices. I gently started sliding my tongue in circles around her clit, teasing her, moving more and more quickly until she was moaning steadily and gently pushing back against me. Finally, I brought my fingers up, gently spreading her lips. I kept my mouth just millimeters from her wetness, letting her feel my breath against her skin, teasing her for just a moment more.

Smiling, but moaning in frustration, she placed her hand on the back of my head. "Oh God, just lick me, please!"

Running my hands up and down her body, I nodded silently, and lowered my head. Then, finally, I put my tongue to her hot sex, still at first, then slowly I began sliding along the surface. Licking up every droplet of moisture on her slit. Then, once I made my way up to her clit, I gently started to suck and lick her hood, teasing her clit out into the gentle grasp of my soft, sucking lips. I gently licked and suckled her clit, until finally I pushed my tongue deeper into her slit and slowly slid downwards, probing into her moist folds and moving my tongue around, making her cry out in pleasure. As I slid further down, I pushed my tongue in more deeply, sliding it about randomly, gently pulling more and more of her juices into my hungry mouth.

Her moans grew more intense as I continued to lick and tease her, her hand pressing me between her legs as I felt her starting to shake.

Feeling her approaching the edge, I put my lips over her warm slit and started to slide my tongue up and down, grazing the clit at the top and sliding downwards into her moist slit at the bottom, gently sucking on her soft folds and making every inch all the more sensitive. Moving back and forth, up and down, she continued to grow more and more tense, her moans growing more and more frequent.

“Oh... You’re... gonna... make... me...”

Then, she cried out, gripping my head with her thighs, her orgasm gripping her as she pressed back against my mouth. I kept licking as best as I could, holding onto her as she writhed atop the smooth metal of the machine, until she finally relaxed, falling gently back against the wall. I gently kissed her clit once more, and then slowly kissed back up to her mouth, pressing my lips against hers, kissing as she came down from her orgasm.

"Oh my God, that was amazing," she gasped, her cheeks and chest still flushed bright red in the white fluorescent light.

I opened my mouth to respond, but was interrupted, as if on cue, by the click of unlocking washers. I smiled. “Well, I’d better put my clothes in the dryer.”

Catching her breath and slowly sliding down from the machine, she nodded. “As soon as you’re done, though, you’d better put you on this table.” She pulled a chair up in front of it and sat down, waiting for me.

As I transferred the last heavy mass of damp clothes over as quickly as I could, I laughed quietly to myself, feeling my still-hard manhood pulsing. These clothes may be heavy, I thought, but she’s going to have an even bigger load to worry about.

V. Finishing out the cycle

I pushed aside my book and sat down, naked, on the small table. Scooting up between my legs, the blonde gazed up at me, idly rubbing her still swollen pussy. Then, slowly, she reached up and took me in her hand, causing me to jump momentarily, then slowly relax.

She slowly began to stroke me, looking up at me and smiling as her other hand gently worked circles around her clit. Taking a deep breath, I leaned back on my arms, hardening further in her hands. She continued stroking, slowly increasing the pace, slowly bringing me towards the edge.

“Are you enjoying this?”, she said in a husky voice that simply oozed sex appeal.

I nodded, breathing heavily. “Oh God yes.”

She smiled seductively. “Then you’re going to love this...”

Before I could even look down to figure out what she meant, I felt her warm, wet lips wrap around my cock, her tongue swirling against the head as I slid into her mouth. Moaning loudly, I looked down to see her bobbing up and down on my hardness, her hand rubbing faster and faster between her legs. Looking up at me, she moaned quietly, the vibration transmitting through into my hardness, her other hand coming up to stroke me as she licked. She continued stroking and licking me, the sensations consuming me completely. Minutes passed of sheer pleasure, until finally, the tell-tale tension began to boil up within me. She darted her tongue across the sensitive head of my cock, and her intensifying moans brought me closer. Running my hands through her hair, I pressed deeper into her mouth, tensing up as I neared the edge.

“I’m gonna c...come...” I gasped breathlessly as she sucked me.

She looked up at me, then gently pulled her mouth back, stroking me as she rubbed herself, my cock aimed squarely at her chest. “Come all over me,” she said huskily, rubbing herself more quickly, “I want to feel dirty.”

Her wanton begging was enough to push me over the edge. My entire body tensed, and then, with a moan, I came, shooting jet after jet of my hot cum all over her breasts and neck. Almost as soon as the last drops fell onto her chest she cried out, her own orgasm seizing her, her fingers rubbing fiercely around her clit as she rocked in the chair.

For a moment, we could do nothing more than catch our breath. I smiled down at her, eyes still shut lazily as she slowed her rubbing, my white cum dripping from her perky breasts. Finally opening her eyes, she gazed up at me, wearing nothing but a contented grin. She brought her hand off my cock, bringing it up to her mouth and slowly licking the few errant drops of my seed from it.

I came and sat down in the chair next to her, wrapping an arm around her. “That was incredible.”

She smiled. “I’m glad you enjoyed yourself too.” Then, she leaned over for a leisurely kiss which I happily shared, my book long forgotten, and the laundry nearly finished.

VI. All cleaned up

Time passed quickly as we relaxed in the warm, humid laundry room, chatting, kissing, and just relaxing. After she cleaned up using the wonderfully convenient paper towels, she swapped her clothing into the dryer as I removed and folded mine. After a few more minutes, her dryer clicked, and our laundry was all done.

We redressed in our warm and spotless clothing, and gathered our things. Finally, we both stopped at the door.

“Will we do this again?” I asked.

She smiled. “Well, Friday nights do seem like a good time for laundry. Maybe I’ll see you next week.”

With that, she walked out the door, laundry bag in hand.

“Sure thing...” I trailed off as she walked down the hall, suddenly realizing that I didn’t even know her name, or anything other than that she was one of the 200 girls in the building. I almost ran after her, but then I looked down into my hamper.

Right on top of my clothing was the felt tip pen that I used to write in my book, and next to it, neatly folded, was a pair of yellow thong panties. Picking them up, I noticed something hastily scrawled inside a little heart, the ink, clearly from my pen, just barely dry:

“Come visit me sometime – Samantha, Room 109”

Tucking the panties into my pocket, I smiled, laughing quietly to myself. I never thought laundry on a Friday night could be so much fun.