**Laundry Night**

**by [Dot\_May\_Nip](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1034187&page=submissions)**

"Grab a load of t-shirts and shorts and a load of delicates." Jackie was calling late on Friday night. I'm wasn't sure why I should take my laundry over to her house, I have a perfectly good, and new, washer and dryer. Top end LG. But I was intrigued.

"I'll pick you up in ten. And wear a t and some shorts. And nice undies," she said.

Ten minutes later, she was in the driveway in her convertible.

"What's up?" I asked.

"Just a little trip," she answered. "And a little barrier pushing."

Okay, I thought. This should be "interesting."

We drove out of town a little, to a combo convenience store and laundromat.

"What are we doing here?"

"You'll see," was all I got back.

We went into the laundromat. There was an open doorway between the laundromat side and the store. I could see the cashier, a young lady of maybe mid 20s. She looked up for a second, and then back at her TV show, maybe Leno or Letterman, I couldn't tell.

"Action time." Jackie announced. "Sort your laundry into two washers."

So I did. One for my cottons, the other for my underwear.

"Now the rest," Jackie announced. Of course, that was her plan. She stripped off her t-shirt, then her shorts, and popped them into one washer.

"What the hell." I thought, and proceeded to do likewise. I unhooked my bra and tossed it in my other washer, then slid my panties down my legs and threw them in. I looked at Jackie and she was smiling, still in her underwear. She then followed my lead. We added the detergent and started the washers. Three dollars for a load! Man, had things gone up since I last had to use one of these things.

Jackie then picked up a paper and started reading, her body pretty much blocked from the clerk's view.

I did the same, squirming a little as I sat down in the cold plastic chair. I was also a little scared. We were pretty much stuck here for an hour.

About twenty minutes later, Jackie announced "I'm thirsty. Want a Coke?"

I looked at her, startled.

"Okay, Diet or regular?"

"Umh, regular, I guess." Then I stared at her, eyes probably trying to pop out of my sockets. "You know that you have to go in the store?" I asked.

"Yup."

She put the paper down, grabbed her purse and headed into the store. She turned left as soon as she went in and headed for the coolers. A couple of minutes later, she was walking up to the cashier. I was staring intently.

The clerk looked up at her, then did a double take. She was frozen for what seemed like several minutes, but was probably no more than 10 or 15 seconds. Then she looked my way. I felt my cheeks redden. She looked back at Jackie, who handed her the two bottles. After another couple of moments, the cashier scanned the two bottles and said something. Jackie dug into her purse, pulled out her wallet and gave the girl a bill. The clerk opened the till and gave Jackie her change. Jackie then gave the woman another bill and she opened the till again, giving Jackie some change, probably quarters.

Jackie walked back into our side and sat down, not picking up the paper.

"She was looking at my pussy and my tits," Jackie said. "She just couldn't look away. Was she staring at my behind?"

"Yeah, it looked that way."

Soon enough, the washers stopped and we moved our clothes to the dryers. I looked up. The girl was staring at us. I sheepishly waved, then sat down, leaving the paper on the other seat.

"What the hell." I thought. In for a penny, in for a pound.

About fifteen minutes later, a car pulled up in front of the store. The cashier looked at us, giving a very concerned look.

"Start reading," Jackie announced, and picked up her paper.

I did the same and sneaked a peek into the store. Three guys walked in and went back to the coolers. They came back a minute or so later with some beer. The clerk looked at us, then checked them out. The guys gave us a quick glance, then headed out to their car and drove off.

"That was close," Jackie said. "Let's see what she has to say."

I froze for a second, then swallowed hard.

"Ah, I don't think so," I replied.

"Come on girl! She's already seen me. And had a good peek at you. It'll be fun."

I stood up, more than a little nervously. I looked out the window, concerned about what might happen if someone pulled up.

"Hi, again," Jackie said to "Monica."

"Yeah," the girl said, a little shocked.

"'I'm Jackie. This is Dot."

"Yeah. I'm, ah, I'm Monica," Monica replied. "Aren't you guys a little scared. What if those boys had seen you?"

"Well," Jackie said, "we would have run to the car and left our clothes behind. Say, does that camera work?"

"Yeah. But the boss never looks at it unless something happens. I won't tell, I'd probably get in shitloads of trouble."

"Okay, that's cool," Jackie said. "Don't want to get you in any kind of trouble."

"Do you guys do this sort of thing all the time?" she asked.

"Just every once in a while."

"Aren't you afraid of getting caught? What if someone sees you? What if a cop sees you?" she quizzed.

"Well, we'd run for it. If a cop sees us, we might get busted. But women rarely get in trouble, from what I've heard. The cops just leer, might feel her up a little, then sends her home with a warning," Jackie answered.

"Isn't it scary?" Monica asked

"A little," I replied, finally finding my tongue. "I was at first. Still is, a little. But it's kind of fun. A real rush."

"I, ah, don't think I could do it," she said with just a little tremble.

"Sure you could," Jackie pronounced. "How about next week?"

"Oh god no," Monica said. A little frightened, maybe a little excited. I'd seen that look before. In my mirror.

"This place closes at midnight?" Jackie asked. "We'll be here next Friday at midnight. Be ready for some fun."

The our dryers buzzed. We headed back, grabbed our clothes and walked out through the store.

"See you next week," Jackie announced.

I just know she'll be with us.