Laundry Day for Mindy

By mtderr72

It was Monday afternoon and it was just another typical Laundry Day for Mindy.

Since most of the people in the apartment were gone to work, this was an

excellent time to get her Laundry out of the way. She grabbed a load of

clothes from the hamper and placed them in the Laundry basket. She then

grabbed her Keys, her roll of quarters and detergent bottle and left. It had

both her Apartment Key and Access Key to the building on it. The Access Key

opens most of the outside doors to the building, the Pool Gate Door and the

Laundry Room. Both keys were on one of those small looking phone cords that

wraps around the wrist for easy carrying.

Mindy closed the door to her Room and walked down the hall. She was on the 4th

floor and the Laundry Room was in the basement. Since it was not a workday for

her, she was wearing one of her Old Oversized T-Shirts with the building name

“Malibu Towers”, and Bra and Knickers. While riding down the elevator, she

started thinking about her recent accidents over the past few months of

indecent exposure in public places. She thought how thrilling and how exciting

it made her feel each time she was caught. She laughed about it for a moment

and then put it out of her mind. How did they always get out of hand?

She exited the elevator doors to the basement and walked to the small Laundry

Room that houses only four washers and dryers. They are both opposite of each

other with a small table in the middle of the Room for folding clothes. She

empties out here clothes onto the table and begins to separate them. She

separates her delicates and colors, then throws them in the two far end

washers and puts in the detergent. She is almost ready to start the washers,

when she realizes that she is alone in the Room. Since it is a weekday, most

people are at work. She then gets a slight grin on her face and a tingle in

her stomach. This is the perfect opportunity to be a little wild and naughty

again. She lifts up her T-Shirt, places her thumbs inside the edge of her

knickers on either side and slips them off her hips. She then throws them in

with the rest of her delicates and closes the lid. She places the quarters she

brought into the machines and starts both washers. She then picks up her

basket and places it under her arm and starts back for her Room. When she

reaches the elevator, she gets on and thinks about the fact that she is now

walking around in the building with no knickers on under her T-Shirt. She

begins to giggle as she steps on the elevator. She looks at her T-Shirt in the

reflective mirrors in the elevator and notices how daring her little stunt had

become. The T-Shirt came down just above mid thigh in the front. She also

noticed that with the basket tucked in at her side, it was pushing the side of

her T-Shirt up, causing the back of the T-Shirt to rise enough so one could

see the bottom curves of both of her cheeks. Since no one was on the elevator,

there was no need to worry ... but it was good to know what the limits were to

the length of her T-Shirt and risk of exposing herself. She got off the

elevator and made her way back to her apartment Room. She took her key from

her wrist, opened the door and walked to her bedroom.

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She was still excited about her little daring stunt and wanted it to continue

a little longer. She then had another idea ... so she grabbed her bed sheets

and some other white towels from the bathroom and placed them in the basket.

This would be enough for another small load to carry out her plan. She grabbed

her Laundry Basket and supplies, and walked out the door. Since the basket was

heavy, carrying it to the side would reveal too much ... so she carried it in

front of her down the hall. She made her way down the elevator and went to

place her basket on the table, when it caught under the front of her T-Shirt

and lifted it up above her chest, exposing her well-groomed bush and tanned

rear. She immediately panicked and looked around ... but no one was there in

the Room. She pulled her T-Shirt from the basket and let it fall back down

below her waist. She took the items from the basket and placed them on the

table. Since they were all whites, there was no need to sort them. She took

all the items, placed them in the open washer and threw in the detergent. She

then walked to the door and looked outside to see if anyone was approaching.

There was no one on the hall... so she could proceed with her plan. She walked

back over to the washer and pulled both hands inside her T-Shirt. She then

reached behind and unhooked her bra. She then slipped it off her left shoulder

and then here right shoulder. She then took her bra from under her T-Shirt and

tossed it in with her whites with her right hand. As she tossed her bra in

with the load, she noticed a snap at her wrist. “OUCH!” She said. She

dismissed it and put both her arms back through the sleeves of her T-Shirt.

With all the movement of her arms under her T-Shirt, it stretched it out a

good bit, but she thought nothing of it. She leaned over, closed the lid to

the washer, placed the coins in the machine and turned it on. She was now in

the Laundry Room with nothing on but a ratty Old T-Shirt. She looked down at

her shapely 36D Breasts and could see her nipples become more visible. She

turned around, grabbed her basket and started to back to her Room. She entered

the elevator and went to press the button to her floor, but mistakenly pressed

the lobby floor. "OH NO!”, she said. She hoped that no one would be getting on

at that floor and notice that she was not wearing a bra. She then pressed the

fourth floor button several times, hoping that it would bypass the lobby

floor.... Nevertheless, to her misfortune, the elevator stopped and the doors

opened. She looked up and noticed that it was Mr. Jones ... the Local Grounds

Keeper and Building Handyman. He looked at her, smiled and said “Good

afternoon Miss Thayer." I said “Hello Mr. Jones". I gradually moved to the

back of the elevator with the basket in front of me. He stood looking forward

as I waited for my floor. I was trembling inside at the thought of him

noticing that I was not wearing a bra under my T-Shirt ... let alone no

knickers. The elevator stopped on my floor and I proceeded to get off. As I

walked out, I noticed a little smile on Mr. Jones face. As the doors closed

behind me ... Mr. Jones said, “Have a good day Miss Thayer." I was so excited

I could barely breathe, as I walked down to my Room. When I got to my door, I

reached for my keys on my right arm, but noticed they were missing. I looked

in the basket and I looked on the floor around me. They were nowhere in site.

Where did they go? Did I leave them in the Room? Did I leave them in the

elevator? I know I took them with me to the Laundry Room, because I never took

them off my wrist. I had to go retrace my steps back to the Laundry Room. I

thought to myself … “I need to keep a spare key around the door ... incase

these things happen to me again.”

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Mindy left her basket at the door and walked back to the elevator. She Said,

"I hope no one is on the elevator this time. I'm sure that Mr. Jones is gone

by now ... so I won't have to worry about being in that awkward situation

again". The elevator doors opened and I pressed the button to the basement. I

looked around the edges, on the floor and didn’t see my keys. I was getting

nervous ... they have to be in the Laundry Room. When the doors opened to the

basement, she walked to the Laundry Room. The door was now closed. There was a

posted sign on the outside. It read, “Please use your Access Key to Enter. I

will return in 45 Minutes to Open Laundry Room. Mr. Jones." Mindy reached for

the door and tried to turn the doorknob. It was definitely locked! OH, NO!!!

... What am I going to do now? I'm here in only a T-Shirt and I have no keys

to the Building. Mindy was getting nervous once again, "Oh Why does this

always happen to me." I have to think... what can I do now. I can stay here

and wait for Mr. Jones to return ... but it was too hot to stay in the

basement. I was starting to perspire. The T-Shirt was starting to absorb the

sweat and was clinging to every curve on her body ... especially around her

breasts. Her nipples were becoming more noticeable and showing through the

fabric. She had to get out of there and get a key. She decided that she would

take a chance and go to the front desk to see if she could get a spare key and

return to her Room. She proceeded to the elevator and pressed the Lobby button

again. She thought, I hope that no one will be there. Before she got off, she

looked both ways to see if anyone was around in the lobby. No one was there

for now and it was much more comfortable than the basement. She stood off to

the side of the elevator and waited to cool down, so that no one would tell

she was only wearing a T-Shirt. After several minutes, she noticed that here

T-Shirt was dry again and less obvious. She walked to the front desk and rang

the bell. She waited for someone to return from the back. The counter was

almost chest high ... so she felt safe. She then looked up to see Timmy... the

desk clerk come to the counter. “May I help you?" "Yes.” said Mindy. “I was

doing my Laundry and I think I left my keys in the Laundry Room. The door is

locked right now. Do you have a spare key to the Room?" Timmy said “No ...

only Mr. Jones has the maintenance Keys to the Building. You will have to go

see him to get the door unlocked." Timmy Smiled as he looked over my right

shoulder. I looked around to see if anyone was there, but no one was in the

Room but the two of us. There was the lobby furniture and a full-length mirror

against the wall. I was standing on my toes while I was talking to him but was

leaning against the counter to hide myself from the chest down. I then asked

him, “Do you have a spare key that I can use to my Room? Its on the 4th floor

... It’s Room # 407.” Timmy stepped away to the other Room to check and see if

there was a spare key available. I could here the rustling of keys from the

other Room. He was gone for a minute or so ... then, he returned. He said, " I

did not find a spare key for your Room, but there was a red sticker on your

Room slot ... It seams that you never returned the spare key the last time you

were locked out of your Room." Oh, Darn! ... I remember them telling me to

return the key after I made a new one from the spare. I then asked, “Is there

a master Key that I can use just for now and return it immediately, after I

unlock my door?" Timmy smiled again, looking over my shoulder, “The only

person that has a master key is Mr. Jones, and he may keep it in his

Maintenance Shed out back. I would check with him. If you go down this hall,

out the back, you will see it across the parking lot, behind the swimming

pool. He smiled again, and returned to the Managers Room behind the counter.

After he left the front counter, I figured it was safe to walk away. I walked

down the hall to the back door. It was a glass full pane window and I could

see the shed behind the pool. It was about 30 yards from the main apartment

building. Most of the cars were gone and there were several children at the

pool. This was getting all too risky. All I wanted to do was have a little fun

and look where it has gotten me. Here I am, getting ready to go out in Public

again, just to get a key to my Room. I took a deep breath and opened the door.

I looked up and noticed there was a little overcast but noting to be concerned

about right now. This would only take a few minutes and I would be back in a

Flash. I walked out onto the sidewalk and onto the pavement. I noticed a

little breeze, so I kept my arms close at my side and made sure that the air

did not get under my T-Shirt. As I walked across the parking lot, I noticed

the way the cloth felt rubbing against my skin. I could feel it rub against my

breast and my backside ... the cool breeze blowing behind me ... occasionally,

a little too hard. I noticed that the wind was lifting my T-Shirt in the back

and was showing a little too much bare skin. I stepped up my pace ... causing

my breast to move back and forth more and more ... getting me more excited.

I finally made it across the parking lot by the pool. Looking over the hedge,

I noticed that there were several kids playing in the shallow end ... but they

did not notice me walking by. I figured they would be no threat to me and I

would not announce my presence. I made my way around to the right, to the far

side of the gated pool, where the maintenance shed was and was hoping to find

Mr. Jones there. I could then ask him to open up the Laundry Room, or I could

get the master key from him to my Room. As I turned the corner of the shed, I

found a large metal door to the building. It was cracked open a bit. The door

was being held open with a small wooden doorstop at the bottom. I looked in

the window, but saw no one inside. I squeezed in between the opening in the

door, and made my way inside. It was very dirty with lawn equipment on the

floor and tools on the walls. Up against the left wall was a desk. There was a

nameplate on it. It read “Mr. Jones – Building Superintendent”. Directly above

his desk, there was a check-in and checkout magnetic board. Beside his name,

there was red magnetic button over the area that stated “Out to Lunch”. Just

my luck … there was no way to determine how long he would be. There was no

reason for me to stay around any longer … it was dirty and filthy. I decided

that it would be safer just to return to the Laundry Room and wait for his

return.