**Spin Cycle**

by Aanna

*Making one of the worst household jobs the best*

Looking from underneath her covers early Saturday morning, Ashley began thinking about her day.  
  
She usually went out on Friday nights with her boyfriend, and sometimes he spent the night. This Saturday morning, he had to work, so he did not spend the night.  
  
Dragging herself out of bed, she headed straight to the laundry basket and started sorting her laundry. She hated this every Saturday morning routine.  
  
She made herself a quick breakfast, put on her Saturday sloppy clothes, loaded the laundry baskets into her car, and headed out to the laundromat.  
  
She had several laundromats to choose from around her house. She preferred one of them even though the machines were older than the others, but rarely was it busy.  
  
She unloaded her car and went into the laundromat. There was one guy there who was pulling his clothes out of the dryer.  
  
Within a few minutes, she had the place to herself.

Walking down the rows of washers, many had out of order signs on them. She finally found some together.  
  
She loaded her clothes into several washers and sat down and started looking at messages on her cell phone.  
  
One of the machines began bouncing up and down like the washing machine from the movie Mr. Mom. She thought it was possessed.  
  
She opened the lid and resorted her clothes.  
  
After restarting the machine, it kept doing the same thing, so she decided to sit on it see if she could make it stop bouncing.  
  
It slowed down for her, but she also noticed it was giving her tingles. Ashley looked around the laundromat to make sure she was still alone.  
  
She was a little hesitant thinking to herself, do I want to masturbate in a laundromat, and a wicked smile came across her face. She knew it was a rhetorical question.

She slid her fingers into her panties and began rubbing. Within seconds she was soaked and thought she might need to jump in the dryer with her clothes.  
  
She did not have the orgasm she wanted because of her uneasiness masturbating in the laundromat. The thought of being watched did excite her somewhat.

She looked down at the number posted on the washing machine.

Ashley saw the number eighteen and thought that would be easy. That was Peyton Manning's number. Her favorite football player. She was glad it was not number twelve, as did not like the player who wore that number. Even that dreamy Tom Brady.

The next Saturday morning came, and it was the same story, all alone because her boyfriend had to work.

Ashley wiped the sleep from her eyes as she awoke. She jumped out of bed and thought this is Saturday I need to huddle with good ole number eighteen at the laundromat.  
  
Driving there as quickly as she could and thinking to herself this week, I am going to enjoy myself even more.  
  
Her thoughts turned to despair as she thought, what if they fixed number eighteen?  
  
What if someone is using it?  
  
What if the place is busy?  
  
She pushed the gas pedal to the floor. She had to get there quickly, almost running off the road, nearly hitting an older man.  
  
Peeking in the door of the laundromat, one of her worst fears was realized when she saw someone was using number eighteen.  
  
The good news was that it was still possessed and jumping up and down as she had hoped.

She was scratching her head, thinking now what should I do?

It came to her. She jumped in her car and took off to do her other errands and come back here later on.  
  
She ran her errands and came back to the laundromat, and to her delight, number eighteen was free, and the place was empty. This week she wore loose shorts and no panties so she could masturbate easily.

She was so excited that she dropped her quarters all over the floor, having to gather them up. She thought to herself. I am sure glad no one was behind me. They would have gotten quite the show.  
  
She fired up the machine, and sure enough, it started its possession bouncing up and down and vibrating. She hopped aboard and let number eighteen do his dirty work.  
  
Ashley began rubbing her hands down her body touching her slit as she bounced away. Finally, touching her clit and her entire body shook. Her pussy flowed with her juices, making the machine soaking wet. She suspected her shorts would have stains even Shout couldn't remove.

She took off her shorts and put her fingers in her pussy, uncaring if anyone saw her at this point. "Oh, Gawd," she screamed out over and over. She had multiple orgasms riding number eighteen.  
  
Her coins finally ran out, and her load was over, and the exhausted number eighteen stopped much to her dismay.  
  
Putting her shorts back on, she spent several hours seeing how she could make the spin cycle longer, as that is when the machine was at his best.  
  
The next Saturday came, and this time her boyfriend spent the night. When he did that, he knew Ashley would do her laundry, so he brought his along and would join her at the laundromat.

They did their laundry, and not a sole was in the place, and she thought about telling him about number eighteen but thought better of it.  
  
She looked at her favorite machine with a forlorn look on her face, wanting her magic ride.

Venomous number eighteen appeared sad.

Ashley thought to herself I must be losing my mind; she made love with her boyfriend just a few hours ago but now desired this machine.  
  
The following week Ashley thought he would not work the next weekend, but he surely will the following.  
  
She decided to make her next Saturday ride the best possible and went online to a sex toy site.

She found one great site with excellent prices and free shipping. Their ad stated it was a “Fine American company makers of high-quality butt plugs.”  
  
The name of the company was Blunder Muffin. (Sorry, shameless advertising for one of my other stories “The Orifice.”)  
  
She bought a white butt plug as they were on sale and got a great deal on a vibrator.  
  
Saturday came, and Ashley was ready; she hardly slept a wink all night.

She made a checklist for her trip to the laundromat.

The first thing on her list was to pack up the laundry into the car.

She then went into her bathroom and gently slid the butt plug in. Having never had a butt plug before, the sensation was new to her and felt delicious.  
  
She put her vibrator into purse along with a fresh pair of panties.

The last thing was to put a playlist of some appropriate music on her cell phone. She then put her earbuds in her ears.  
  
Stopping in her doorway and thought I am crazy. I feel like I am going on a date or a trip. All I am going to do is see number eighteen.  
  
She giggled and went to her car.  
  
On the way there she decided to play some songs to get in the mood.

She started with "I Touch Myself" by the Divinyls. She started humming the song, and it was not long before she was singing. She knew the words by heart.  
  
She was wet by the time she got to the laundromat. Her car seats were damp. The evergreen air freshener hanging from her mirror was working overtime.  
  
The moment of truth had arrived. Was anyone there, and was number eighteen being used?

She walked in with one eye closed and the other in a squint.  
  
To her total delight, the coast was clear. She quickly loaded the machines, all except number eighteen. She wanted him to wait. (The same thing she does with her boyfriend.)  
  
Pulling off her shorts and grabbing her vibrator, she was set and so ready to go. In went the coins to her new best friend. In went her vibrator. It was total ecstasy.  
  
She fell back onto the machine legs wide open vibrator humming. Her pussy was pulsating and in sync with the machine.  
  
Pushing the vibrator in and out, she was fucking herself like never before. Her orgasms were many and powerful.  
  
The song “Feel Like Making Love To You” by Bad Company came on. Ashley went nuts almost bouncing up and down more on the number eighteen.  
  
Exhausted worn out and sore, she got off the machine as it slowed down. She planted a kiss on the top of it and left an extra Tide Pod as a keepsake.  
  
Coming back into reality, she got dressed and threw her clothes in the dryer.  
  
The back-room door of the laundromat opened and out walked an older man.  
  
He started clapping for Ashley and then introduced himself, “Hello, my name is Edgar, and that was quite the show you just put on.”  
  
Red-faced and embarrassed, she just smirked and said, "Thanks, I think."  
  
She looked closer at the man and asked," I know I have seen you somewhere before?"  
  
He replied, "Yes, you have. You almost ran me over last week driving like a Nascar driver.”  
  
He continued," I have to be honest here. I have been watching and recording you from my back room."  
  
Stunned Ashley fell back into a chair and screamed at him, “What the fuck did you say?”

"You heard me." He continued, " I also have been transmitting this on the internet, and you had over ten thousand views today, congratulations. I know I shouldn't say this, but you've gone viral," he laughed.  
  
Ashley felt lightheaded, almost passing out on this news.

She got up, walked towards Edgar, got right in his face, said, “I am going to sue your ass, and I am going to own this place soon, you fucking pervert.”  
  
He shook his head no and told her, "Sorry lady, I own this place, and I have the right to video this place so sue away."  
  
Ashley, not sure he was right or not, said, "Okay, then give me those videos."  
  
He said,'" Nope, those are mine for evidence."  
  
She realized he was probably right and had little to bargain with. She looked at him and bartered," Okay, keep the videos, but I want number eighteen.”  
  
He looked at her and said,” Done deal.”