



Dirty Laundry

An Erotic Encounter

By Jeanne St. James

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DIRTY LAUNDRY

I glanced up at the clock. 11:12 am. It was time.

I yelled out to my roommate, “Going down to the laundry room!” and rushed out the apartment door before she could answer.

I was out of breath after running down the three flights of stairs; a bottle of detergent in one hand and a laundry basket full of my “unmentionables” tucked under the other arm.

Luckily, the laundry room was empty when I got there. I dropped the basket on the floor in front of a washer and slowed my breathing. Straightening my miniskirt, I tugged my tank top a little lower.

Within a minute the door opened, revealing the hot new resident of the apartment building. This guy was 6’2”, broad-shouldered, sporting a deep tan and all lean muscle. And single. Just how I liked them.

I had figured out that he had been coming down to do his wash at the same time every week. And he was right on schedule.

His dark green eyes scanned the room and landed on me. My nipples hardened as he checked me over. With a slight nod, he moved over to the empty washer across from me. I shot him a small smile and turned my attention toward the washing machine, lifting the lid. Then with deliberate care, I bent over and plucked one panty after another out of the basket. I hung each one off the tip of my finger, meticulously inspecting them, before tossing them in. Each time I leaned down, my skirt rode up higher.

After placing the last item into the washer, I made a little noise. “Damn, I need to wash these panties, too!”

I reached under my skirt to slowly peel off the silky thong I was wearing. I wiggled it down my legs and stepped out of them. When I reached down to pick it up, I made sure my skirt rode high enough that there was no doubt that he could see my hot, pink folds.

A stifled groan came from behind me. I tossed the thongs in and slammed the lid shut. After feeding the machine my quarters, it started with a low rumble.

Turning around I saw that I was getting the attention that I wanted. Mission accomplished; his laundry sat in a bag at his feet, totally forgotten.

I boosted my ass up onto the washer. Spreading my knees, I leaned back, making sure he had a good view of my prize. “Do you know why women love doing laundry?”

He stepped forward, settling his hips between my legs. “No, why?”

I reached out and grasped his hand, placing it directly in between my thighs onto the washer. “Feel that?”

He smiled, his eyes narrowed. “The vibration?”

“Oh, yeah.” I didn’t release his wrist but slid his hand even closer to my heat. Close, but not quite touching.

He abruptly grabbed my thighs and slid me forward until my pussy was on the edge of the washer. He pushed my skirt back farther, completely exposing me. My trimmed racing stripe gave him no doubt that I was a real blonde.

“Someone could come...” I said, not really caring.

“I hope to,” he answered, chuckling.

His deep voice sent a shiver up my spine. “Me, too. What are you going to do about it?”

He dropped to his knees to bury his face in my crotch. His wet tongue stroked and teased. My head dropped back and I let out a long, low groan. I wanted him deeper. His tongue nipped and tasted my clit as he inserted two fingers into me, sliding in and out, in and out. Between the vibration of the washer, his mouth and his fingers, I was about to come. I moaned louder and leaned forward to hook the waistband of his jeans with my finger.

With the snap of his button and the slide of his zipper, I noticed his hard-on peeking out of the top of his boxer briefs. He was big and I wanted every bit of him. And I wanted him right now.

I weaved my fingers into his tawny hair and pulled his head back. “Come with me.”

He obliged by shoving his jeans and briefs down to his knees and placing the head of his cock at my wet opening.

“Give it to me,” I demanded.

He plunged into me, filling me to the core. I wrapped my legs around his waist and scooted forward even more, making sure I felt his whole throbbing length. I gasped as he pounded me hard – just the way I liked it.

I urged him on. The spin cycle began, making every movement more intense.

He pushed my tank top up until my breasts were bare. He continued to hammer me as his thumb and index finger plucked my nipples, tweaking, tugging, pulling. I sunk my teeth into his shoulder to smother my screams, causing him to pump faster.

“Harder!”

He gritted his teeth and did as he was told.

I eagerly thrust my breasts closer to him and he released one swollen peak only to recapture it with his mouth.

I groaned, “Damn you! I’m going to come!”

His answer was to suck my nipple harder and pump faster.

“Oh, shit!” I screamed as I felt the pulsations begin.

His hard pumping became frantic. Then with one last stroke, he climaxed. His cock pulsated within my throbbing pussy. He collapsed forward with a groan.

“Oh shit is right. That was awesome.”

I smiled as he stepped away and straightened out his clothes.

I hopped off the washer, pulling my skirt down. The washer cycle was complete. I opened the lid and threw my damp garments back in the basket.

As I brushed by him, I paused, running a finger along the edge of his zipper. “See you next time you need your... dirty laundry washed.” I gave him a wink and left.

The End.

ABOUT JEANNE

Writing about an Alpha Male (or two) who knows what he wants, when he wants it, and how to get it

Jeanne started writing around 13 years old and found it great therapy. Over her high school years she wrote her first novel, a young adult novel that was pretty raw about a young girl growing up in a gang. That manuscript is now forever lost (and that might be a good thing). During this time she read loads of books, most of them historical romances and category romances (contemporary). She fell in love with the genre. And has been writing ever since...

Jeanne now concentrates on the erotic romance genre. Why? Because it's a blast. There's nothing like a hot, hot romance to get your juices flowing. But she still likes the HEA (Happily Ever After) ending.

Jeanne currently resides in south central Pennsylvania with her dog and the love of her life (yes, he has two legs, not four).

Her first published erotica piece was a fantasy short story in the July 2006 issue of *Playgirl*, which was titled "The Hot Ride."

Come visit Jeanne on [MySpace](#) and on [Facebook](#) and come befriend her. And if you Twitter, find her [here](#). She also has a [blog](#), but it doesn't get updated regularly. She'd rather be writing hot stories.

For more information about Jeanne St. James, visit her website at www.jeannestjames.com