

Laundry Days

t'Sade

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Curious Cabbit Press

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Carla hissed as she muscled a shopping cart filled with clothes down a short set of stairs into the basement. Grunting, she braced it from below and tried to inch the rusted wheels over each step without plummeting to the bottom. As she pressed her back into the cart, the too tight shirt strained over her breasts, outlining her large nipples and full curves. She also wore a pair of tight sweatpants torn into shorts that barely covered her rounded ass. Underneath her clothes, no lines from a bra or underwear marred the stretched fabric.

As she struggled, tears ran down her cheeks. She sniffed as she reached for the floor with her toes. Swearing that it came from the smells of her toxic clothes, she couldn't help feeling the sting of being ejected from the larger laundry room only minutes before. The sharp words still burned in her mind and she closed her eyes tightly to prevent more tears from running.

Without her looking, she lost control of her laundry. Wheels screeched loudly and she felt the unsteady load lurch forward. A sharp shriek escaped her lips as she shoved back with all her might, but it only stopped a few stray piles of smelly laundry as the rest poured over her head and down the stairs. Turning around, Carla glowered at the mess at her feet and swore violently in Spanish.

She gagged on the smell of month-old dirty laundry and dragged the shopping cart the last few steps. Ramming it through the door, she started to shovel clothes back into it. Her shorts stretched tightly over her ample rear and rode up to expose a flash of her hairy slit. She gave a quick glance into the laundry room, but seeing no one else, she returned to gathering up her clothes. It took her

almost five minutes to recover her laundry and drag it the last few feet into the room. A few more minutes and she slammed the lid on the last of three machines, feeling it hum to life with her money.

Carla let out a long hiss of relief as she turned around. At least three more loads of laundry remained on the table, almost burning the very air from the toxic fumes.

“Next time, I’m doing this sooner.”

The same thing she said last time.

No one answered her in the dinghy room. Unlike the main laundry area, the apartment owners did the basement room in decade-old rust and grime. Black mold crept along the ceiling and rust marks circled around the drain in the center of the room. Carla did a slow circuit before she realized she left her magazine in her apartment.

For a moment, she considered going back up, but stopped. The first time she left her clothes alone, the women “accidentally” dropped bleach on her favorite shirt. The second ended up with her clothes being shredded by one of the driers. She never had a third, but she avoided cleaning her clothes after that. Now, they built up to catastrophic proportions before she dared to clean them.

All because their black skin contrasted with her Hispanic heritage. The only non-black in the building and probably one of a dozen in the entire complex.

Trapped, she simply sat down in the rickety chair and prepared to wait out the long hours. After a few minutes, she felt boredom clutching her attention. She toyed with a few curls of her dark hair, pulling them out from a maroon bandanna and twisting them into a tight braid before jamming them back under the fabric. A moment later, she undid the braid. When she finished, she looked around for a clock and wished she brought a watch, just to watch the seconds away.

The minutes passed painfully slow. But, they stretched into the first hour, but by the time she finished the first set of clothes and threw them into the drier, she seriously considered running back to her apartment just for something to do. Then she remembered what the women did and she resigned herself to remaining in the room. Minutes later, she occupied her attention by reading the graffiti on the back wall.

She didn't hear them entering the room, but she suddenly felt the hairs on the back of her neck rising up. She froze, bent over one of the washers to read the reading on the wall as she heard a deep voice cutting through her thoughts.

"Damn, Colin, when did we get ourselves a chica?"

Carla let out a yelp and spun around. Her eyes widened as she stared at half a dozen men, all black, standing in the entrance of the laundry room. Fear sparked inside her as she stared at their hard muscles and serious faces. Two of them wore jackets in the summer and she spotted the tell-tale bulges of firearms. Trembling, she lifted her eyes up to their gang colors: maroon. The same color as her bandanna. The first speaker poked the man in front who stared at her with hard eyes. Carla gulped and rape stories burned through her thoughts.

Colin, the gang leader, cocked his head as he stared at her.

"I don't remember getting one," he paused for a moment, then looked back at the first man, "Is it Christmas?"

"I'd like to unwrap that present," came a sly response.

They laughed, hard and threatening. A couple of them scratched their balls while leering and Carla pressed her back up against the vibrating machine with growing fear.

"I, I didn't mean to," she whimpered, tugging at her bandanna. The men watched her and she felt the fear rising. Then one of them, from the back, stepped forward.

"Come on guys, let her go."

Colin turned his attention to the speaker, "She's got our colors, Snake. Obviously she wants this."

He said it like it was a done deal. Carla worried her lip, but Snake shook his head sharply.

"Yeah, and what would the Bones say if we got her? A Spanish girl? She'd be the only spic here."

Colin grunted, then focused his attention on her.

"I do like Taco Bell though."

They laughed. One of them quipped, "Like to see her box."

"I want that burrito. It looks stuffed!"

More hard laughter. Snake glanced at her, his lips pressed into a line, then sighed. Colin's eyes flashed over to him. Neither man said

anything, but their faces said more than words. Dramatically, Colin cleared his throat and turned away.

“Looks like Snake is falling for the chica.”

Laughter, just as hard but not directed at her, filled the room. Carla whimpered, clutching the washing machine for dear life. Many of the gang members didn't pull their eyes from her, leering as they imagined her naked. She whimpered as she looked helplessly from one to the other. Then, her eyes focused on Snake.

Underneath a maroon bandanna of his own, Snake wore his hair tightly cropped so only a thin layer of curls skimmed his skull. His eyes burned brightly, a greenish-brown that somehow felt different as they stared at her. She blushed hotly, turning away and closing her eyes tightly.

Colin grunted and she heard footsteps filling the room. Then, one set coming closer. Her body tensed, waiting for the worse. Instead of a hand grabbing her, she heard Snake speaking roughly.

“You okay?”

Carla jumped and turned toward him. Snake stood in front of her, blocking her vision. She stared at his hard muscles and broad shoulders, then leaned to the side to peer into the rest of the room.

No one.

Her eyes returned to his face, looking up as he stared down into her face. She shivered at the intensity of his look and clutched her arms over her breasts.

“I'm,” she whispered, “sorry.”

Snake smirked, “It's okay. Just need to get this.”

He lifted one hand and she winced in anticipation. His eyes shone for a moment, but he didn't strike her. Instead, he ran his fingers underneath her maroon bandanna and tugged it off her. Her thick, black curls poured over her face, blinding her for a moment. She started to brush them away, but stopped as she felt his fingers parting her bangs and hooking them behind her ears. The very touch of his fingers to her own sent an electric shock through her body.

“There you go,” he spoke in a deep, soft voice.

She felt a blush crawling up her cheeks. He brushed an errant strand from her forehead.

“Much nicer.”

Carla opened her mouth to say something, then the bang slid back over her face. Snake chuckled and smiled even broader.

“I see why you need this.”

He held up the bandanna. Carla worried her lip, her breath coming sharply, and nodded. Snake toyed with the fabric in his palm, then grinned at her.

“Try pink. No self-respecting gang member would ever wear hot pink.”

She gulped, “O-Okay.”

He inhaled, bringing himself closer to her. She backed up against the vibrating machine, feeling pinned and excited at the same time. His eyes sparkled as he whispered in the sound of her heartbeats.

“I’m Snake.”

“C-Carla.”

She could see him struggling with his next words. Instead of speaking, he pulled away and jammed her bandanna into his pocket.

“Be seeing you, Carla.”

And like that, he disappeared up the stairs.

—

Too early in the morning, Carla woke up with a groan. The taste of tequila burned in the back of her throat and she made a face without opening her eyes. Slipping out of the bed, she landed her ass heavily on the shag carpet. Naked, she slumped forward and pressed her face against her mattress.

For a long moment, she didn’t move. Then, she rolled over on her hands and knees and crawled over to her dresser. Pulling open the bottom drawer, she patted inside to find a pair of underwear.

Her hands came up empty.

Moaning, she peered into the drawer, then let out a hiss as she stared at the empty container. Her fingers fumbled with the next drawer, but only one piece of clothing remained inside. Her torn shorts. She already knew the answer when she tried her top drawer: only one shirt remained.

Slumping back to her knees, she crawled over to her closet. With a supreme effort, she drew back the door and stared at the colossal pile of toxic laundry inside. She worried her lip, trying to find at least a pair of underwear that didn’t stink, but after nearly gagging, she gave up.

Laundry day.

Pulling on her revealing outfit, she snatched a shopping car from the hall and piled it up. Shoving it down the hall, she headed straight toward the basement laundry room. The idea of facing the gossiping women who made the laundry room their home just sickened her.

And maybe, just maybe, she wanted to see Snake again.

A ghost of a smile crossed her face. She pushed the cart across the quad and down the stairs. This time, it didn't fall over and she quickly filled the washing machines. She also remembered her magazine, so she pulled a chair into the corner of the room and set down to wait for clean clothes.

As she flipped the pages, she kept one ear out for the sounds of footsteps going down the stairs.

To her surprise, the footsteps came down as she finished her first round of laundry. Her heart skipped a beat as she pressed her legs together and stood up. She managed to get to her feet just as they walked into the room.

The first color she saw wasn't maroon.

Instead, the white of the Bones burned in her vision.

Six men stood at the foot of the stairs, wearing leather and white. Like Snake and his gang, she saw their muscles and bulk. Their skin shone black in the dimness of the laundry room. And, just like the first gang, she feared the leering and hard smiles on their faces.

The first one spoke up, pointing directly at her.

"Told you I saw a puta down here."

"Yeah, Smack, and she's pretty."

She barely heard them speaking. Instead, Carla struggled with the fear that pooled in her stomach. Icy cold, it surged through her veins as they filtered into the room. All six men and none of them ever took their eyes off her. She felt naked in their stares and, somehow, she felt more in danger than she ever felt before. Trembling, she crossed her arms across her chest, eyes darting around the room to escape.

One of the men obstructed the door, grinning evilly as he leaned on the frame. Her eyes focused on a small window above one of the driers but another man blocked her path. He grinned as he pulled out a folding knife, making a big deal of cleaning his fingernails. She

turned and walked toward the door, but two of them stood in front of her.

“Going somewhere?”

Carla tried to push her way past, “I-I have to go.”

As she feared, instead of stepping aside, they blocked her path. Hands reached out, pushing on her shoulders and shoving her back. Carla whimpered loudly and tried again. This time, large hands grabbed her arms and shoved back hard. She let out a shriek when she felt the wall slamming into her. One foot lashed out, but it caught a gang member on the hip and he just laughed.

“Oh, come on, puta, we’ll let you go,” he grinned evilly, “eventually.”

Terrified, Carla tried to jerk out from the hands that pinned her, but they just held her tighter into the wall. She felt fingers digging into her skin and flashes of pain coursing through her upper arms. She looked around at the surrounding men, hoping to find one glimpse of mercy like Snake. Instead, she felt fear exploding inside her as they all leered at her lustfully.

“L-Let me go.”

“No,” came the hard response from the gang leader.

She jerked violently, trying to escape, but then yelped as they squeezed down on her arms. The leader’s hands reached out and clamped down on her breasts. His smile widened as he didn’t feel any bra shielding her tits.

He grinned happily, “Oh, you are a fucking slut, aren’t you.”

Fingers wrapped around her nipples, squeezing them tightly. Carla let out a shriek, her back arching in pain, but he kept on twisting and pulling them until she grew breathless from her struggles. They just laughed as they held her down and the leader mauled her body. Thick fingers yanked up at her shirt, pulling it away from her stomach.

Carla screamed loudly, but one of the men simply jammed his hand over her mouth, clamping down hard on her face. She felt his fingertips digging into the side of her jaw. Her muffled cries filled the room, then redoubled as the gang leader pulled a knife from his pocket.

“Don’t move, spic, this could get messy.”

She thrashed violently until he pressed the blade up to her throat, then froze in abject terror. Tears rolling down her cheeks, she felt him cutting away at the shirt. The strained fabric burst open as the blade sliced through it. She shuddered at the cool air that splashed on her naked cleavage and aching nipples.

“Oh, damn nice,” moaned the man mauling her. His hands ran along her naked skin, catching the dark brown nipples in his fingers. Even with his large hands, he could barely wrap around the soft mounds of her tits.

Sobbing, Carla suffered as they groped her. The gang members pinned her to the wall to give their leader full access to her body. She shuddered with the fear, knowing where he would go next.

His hands trailed down, running his palm along the crotch of her shorts. She felt his fingers jamming into the fabric and into the slit of her being. While she didn't feel pleasure, Carla felt a wave of revulsion as his finger found the opening of her sex.

“Oh, puta,” he whispered. Fingers fumbled with the crotch of her shorts, pushing aside the thin fabric to jam up into her pussy. She let out a long, pitiful wail of violation that echoed in the room. Around her, the five others breathed heavily with anticipation and excitement.

He tore her open with his fingers. It took him only a few seconds to start fingering her roughly. She winched from the pain, but the gang leader just grunted and jammed two fingers into her up to the knuckles. Carla jerked violently, crying from the violation.

“You'll like this real good, spic, once you get all wet and ready.”

Then, a new voice cut through everything.

“How about blood, Jamal? Wet enough?”

They dropped her to the ground as they spun around. Her knees crashed into the ground and she slumped forward, curling up in a ball as she sobbed. She heard guns being yanked out of jackets, then a bullet went off in the room. The shock of the shot slammed into her like a fist; she jerked and curled tighter as the echo faded from the room.

“Now, what you say?”

The speaker's voice sounded familiar. Carla dared to peek up and saw Snake standing in the door of the laundry room, holding a smoking gun in his right hand. He never took his eyes away from

the other gang members, but somehow she felt his attention entirely focused on her.

“Why don’t we let the señorita go.”

Jamal held out his hands, the knife balancing in his fingertips.

“Didn’t know she was yours, Snake.”

“Well, she is.”

For the briefest of moment, Carla considered speaking up, but then realized that Snake’s word could save her. She felt the tension in the room grow tense. Their hard voices filled the room, brimming with danger. Jamal chuckled.

“Pretty stupid, there are six of us and one...”

His voice trailed off as footsteps thundered down the room. Behind them, someone tapped on the window of the laundry room. Carla looked up to see someone peering inside, holding a handgun in his hand. The others that rushed into the room, all wearing the maroon colors of Snake’s gang, brandished their weapons.

She could feel the tension growing thick, choking her.

Finally, Snake looked down.

“Run away, chica.”

Carla did, clutching the torn remains of her shirt to her breasts as she scrambled away.

—

She didn’t leave her apartment for a week. Instead, she sat on her bed, covered in blankets and sobbed her heart out. She refused to take off her shirt and held it tightly to her body until she shook with the effort to breath. Every time she considered retrieving her clothes, the fear of gangs and rape sent her scurrying back to her bed once again.

A few days after the laundry room, she heard someone knocking on the door. She couldn’t suffer to answer it any more than the second knock that came a few hours later.

Finally, after days of sitting naked in her apartment, she finally risked the chance of escaping. No doubt, most of her clothes would be gone, but she had to risk a quick sprint to find something other than a ruined shirt and revealing shorts to wear. She managed to scrounge up a makeshift outfit from her bed sheets and a jacket. Embarrassing to wear, but enough to make her quick run.

When she opened her door to peek out, she froze at the pile of her clothes sitting outside the door. Neatly folded and stacked up. It was the last thing Carla expected and she stood there, clutching her sheet tightly. Her thoughts wandered back. Three days since the last time someone knocked on the door; the idea that no one touched the piles for that long surprised her.

Then she spotted a maroon bandanna on top of the pile. Unmistakable, she realized it came from one person: Snake.

Peeking up and down the hall, she grabbed her clothes and retreated back into her apartment. It took her a few more days to leave again, dressed properly, but she finally built up the courage to dare the terrifying outside.

When she wasn't raped in the first day, she gained a little more courage to go out in the second. When no one attacked her the next, she managed to find the strength to dare the daylight. Only a few hours, though, then she fled back to her apartment.

Just normal day-to-day life.

Except for the nightmares.

—

Carla sat on her couch, flipping through the TV. She wore a bright white top with spaghetti straps and a pair of matching boyshorts trimmed with lace. A simple, lazy outfit for someone not interested in leaving her apartment. Ever again.

Her lips tightened into a line as she jammed the remote on the television. Next to her, a pile of bills and warnings buzzed her thoughts. The top envelope annoyed her the most, a notice of her ejection from community college. Apparently, not going for a month does that.

She hissed unhappily and shoved the papers aside. They fluttered to the ground and she jammed the remote again. Her stomach rumbled at the sight of a restaurant commercial. She considered eating, but only a few boxes of cheap ramen remained in the cabinet and she couldn't go out at night.

Then, someone knocked loudly on her door.

Carla let out a yelp and sat up straight. Her hand started to shake as she held the remote. Her eyes widened as she stared at the door to her apartment.

Someone knocked again.

Shaking, she stood up and padded to the door. Still shaking, she pressed an eye to the peephole and looked outside. When she focused on her visitor, her heart skipped a beat.

Snake.

Gasping, she pushed away from her door. Panicking, she looked around.

“Um, um.”

He knocked on the door again and she jumped. Grabbing a pair of shorts, she pulled them up on her waist and cracked open the door. The chain rattled and held the door from opening any further. Snake’s hand held out to knock again, but seeing her, he smiled and lowered his hand.

“Hey.”

Blushing, Carla brushed the hair from her face.

“Um, hi.”

His eyes flickered down to her body and she felt uncomfortably aware of her breasts once again straining on the thin fabric of her top. But now, it wasn’t rape and fear that filled her senses. She giggled nervously.

“Hi, Snake, why,” she worried her lip, “why are you here?”

Snake held up a plastic bag.

“Chinese.”

She held out her hand, “No, no, I couldn’t-”

“I won’t take a no, chica.”

He gestured to the door and she shook her head. After a second gesture, he set down the Chinese and pushed it through the crack of the door.

“Go on, eat something.”

She worried her lip. She saw sadness in his eyes, but he turned around and started down the hall. Carla pulled the bag the rest of the way into the room, then closed the door. Her back pressed on the frame as she struggled with her emotions. Then, she took a risk. Unchaining the door, she cracked it open.

“Snake?”

It took him only a second to reach the door, like an overeager dog.

“Yes?”

Carla bit her lip, then opened the door more.

“Come in.”

He hesitated for a moment, then came into the room. He looked around curiously, then smirked at the piles of food wrappers and garbage. “Haven’t been out, have you?”

Blushing, she shook her head.

“No.”

“I figured a bit of food would be good.”

“I, I shouldn’t-”

“I don’t care, chica. I’m feeding you.”

She didn’t stop him as he cleaned a few dishes and heaped steaming food into it. Then, he shoved it to her and stared until she started to eat. The first taste of real food brought a gasp from her mouth and she polished it off before she realized it. Snake seemed to smile, but didn’t say much.

When they finished, he stood up.

“Come on.”

Carla looked up in confusion.

“Where?”

“Laundry.”

She felt her body tensing up, “No, no, I can’t.”

Snake focused his eyes on her, his gaze turning hard for a moment.

“I’m going with you,” he said.

Fear filled her and she clutched a pillow from her couch.

“No, please no.”

He smiled warmly, “Come on, I’ll protect you.”

Whimpering, she stared up at him. Snake held out his hand to her. After a long moment, she reached up and took it. His large fingers wrapped around her palm. She gasped as he pulled her up, his strong muscles pulling her close to him. Stopping with her heart pounding painfully, she rested her hands on his chest and breathed in the musky smell of his body.

Slowly, she looked up at him. Snake smiled as he looked down, then wrapped his arms around her. Carla felt safe in his muscular embrace and a strange pleasure started to warm her from the inside. Snake struggled for a moment, then whispered.

“Do you trust me?”

“No,” she said in a whisper.

Snake chuckled and she felt it through his body. He cocked his head.

“Okay, trust me enough to guard you while you do your laundry?”

She tried to reject him, “I still have clean clothes.”

“As much as I like seeing you in those shorts,” she blushed hotly but he just grinned, “it seems like a smarter thing to do smaller loads more frequently. They still talk about that nasty ass pile you shove around.”

Blushing, she stared down at his chest, “Yeah...”

“Let’s get you some clean clothes.”

The fight leaked out of her. She slumped against him, breathing in his scent.

“I suppose...” she murmured.

It didn’t take long to gather up her dirty clothes. Nor were they as toxic as before. He made small talk as they gathered up her laundry and she found herself relaxing just a little. But, when Snake picked up a pair of thong underwear, she blushed and snatched it from his hand. He just laughed and helped carry the baskets to the basement laundry.

As soon as they loaded the machines, Carla realized she stood alone in the laundry with a single man. She turned around, still leaning on the machine, and looked back at the gang member. Snake stood in the center of the laundry, watching her with a smirk on his lips.

She blushed, “What?”

Snake shrugged, “Just admiring you.”

Her blush darkened, “Why?”

His answer came as he stepped forward. His hands reached out around her and clamped on the edge of the washing machine. Carla inhaled sharply, feeling the heat of his skin against her own. Her pulse pounded in her veins as she looked up at him, swallowing silently.

She let out a deep breath.

“What are you-”

The next word didn’t come out. As she opened her mouth, he leaned into a kiss. She felt the hot tingling from his lips coursing through her veins, an intensity that left her breathless. His hands

slid along the washer to cup her from behind, his fingers stretching out to hold her ass tightly.

Wonderfully helpless, she arched her body into his embrace. His hands pulled her from the washing machine and she felt his hard body pressing up between her legs. Moaning, she spread her legs and shivered as he nestled up between her legs. As his hips drove between her legs, she felt his hard cock grinding up against her sex and felt the heat boiling between them.

"I want you," he whispered. She felt his desire grinding on her and she gasped. The fear of her brush with rape seemed to crack with his presence. The image of him holding a gun, protecting her, hovered in her mind as she searched into her eyes. Then, she spoke without thinking.

"I want you too."

"Right now."

She gasped as a flash of excitement burned through her.

"Someone will catch us!"

"No, they won't," came his deep voice. She couldn't resist him as he fumbled with her shorts, unzipping them and pulling them down out of the way. Her own hands reached out for his own manhood, opening his own jeans and exposing a wonderfully hard, black cock in her palms.

Ran his fingers along the wedge shaped head of his member, feeling the hot, sticky precum that soaked her fingers.

"Um, Snake?"

"Yes?"

"Do you have a condom?"

His cock surged at her words and precum leaked out of the top. He opened his mouth and closed it, unable to form words of his own. He fumbled with in his pocket and pulled out a foil wrapped condom. Together, they fumbled to put it on, then Carla leaned back on the vibrating machine. Snake aimed his cock to her pussy and jammed it in.

Slick with her excitement, his shaft buried balls deep in a single stroke. Carla let out a long gasp of pleasure, her body trembling as she clamped to his body. Her legs wrapped around his ass and he began to thrust into her.

Huge inside her, the cock drove the entire length of her pussy, from lips to cervix, and back again. It hurt, but also felt incredible as Carla's world focused on the junction of their bodies. The wet, hot, slickness that consumed her senses, swallowing her in a world of growing ecstasy.

She felt him reaching an orgasm, his body moving harder and faster, slamming her into the washing machine with short, almost brutal strokes. His cock filled her completely, stretching her out as his balls slapped against her buttocks.

Then he came.

An explosion of ecstasy that left her breathless. Her body clamped down on his shaft, squeezing tightly as he gave her his final, desperate strokes. She held him tightly as his ass stopped moving, burying his shaft one last time in her clenching hole and holding still.

"Oh, god. Oh, god, oh, god."

Snake reached down between them to hold the condom as he pulled out. Carla gasped, then let a slow smile cross her lips.

"I have more dirty clothes now."

Snake kissed her again. "I'll help you do laundry later."

She grinned, the memory of her almost rape fading into the warmth of an afterglow and the growing passion she felt for Snake. Carla watched as he tossed the condom in the trash. He pulled his pants back up, then pulled something from his pocket. Slowly, he handed it over to her. Carla stared at it, her lips parting in surprised.

It wasn't a ring or jewelry.

It was a single crumbled maroon bandanna.

Hers.

t'Sade

About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

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About the Publisher

Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at curiouscabbit.com or possibly at your favorite retailer.