

## Spin Cycle (or Lust in the Lint)

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RATING: NC-17

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SUMMARY: Amanda and Lee find love among the laundry.

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Pushing the door open with his foot, Lee removed his keys from the front lock of the old farmhouse. Hoisting his garment bag over his shoulder, he stooped to pick up his suitcase and entered the house, kicking the door closed behind him.

Depositing his luggage near the foot of the stairs that led to the second level, he stretched the kinks out of his back. It had been a long flight. But it had been worth taking the red-eye from Paris, for now he was home.

Paris. In April. The city of lights. Perhaps to others, but for Lee Stetson it was simply three weeks and four thousand miles away from home. He thumbed through the stack of mail that was waiting for him on the small table in the foyer, then glanced about for any sign of his wife. Saturday morning; she could be anywhere right about now.

They were in the process of doing some major renovations to the old farmhouse they'd purchased right after Christmas. Between recovering from the holidays, which were always monstrous affairs in the King-Stetson household, and the move, it had been a hectic, if joyous, time. The house in Arlington had sold much more quickly than anyone had anticipated, so they'd ended up moving to the new house in Rockville before the renovations had even begun.

How easy it had all sounded when Amanda ran over the plans with him. A new wall here, an old one removed there, add a bathroom, replace the rotted hardwood floors... well, knowing nothing about home repairs, he'd been suckered pretty good. It wasn't until they were moved in and were facing the constant annoyance of carpenters and plumbers, with no electricity one day and no water the next, that

the true scope of this undertaking hit him. But seeing the joy in Amanda's eyes as they slowly turned the drafty old house into their home made it all seem worthwhile.

Unfortunately, he'd been called overseas on a case and he'd had to leave Amanda holding the remodeling bag for the last three weeks. Not that she'd complained, but they'd never been apart this long since their marriage had become public knowledge. They'd rarely slept in separate beds, barring the occasional weekend trip to New York that one or the other had to take. And now, with the added burden of dealing with the boys getting used to their new home and being taxied back and forth to their old school to finish out the year, plus the general mess of the house while it was in the early stages of renovation... well, it had just been a bad time for him to be away.

But he was home now, and he wanted nothing more than to find his wife and spend the rest of the day in her arms. If he could only find her.

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At that moment, upstairs, Amanda stood back admiring the brand new washer and dryer that had been delivered the previous day. At her feet sat several loads of laundry, waiting their turn to help christen the new appliances.

She'd fought a bit with Lee over the placement of the laundry room. She'd been very insistent that it be upstairs, on the same level as the bedrooms. To her it was just practical. Why walk down two flights, to the basement to do laundry that then just needed to be lugged back up two flights? Lee had finally seen the logic in her argument, and they'd chosen two small rooms at the end of the house, over the kitchen, to turn into one larger laundry slash sewing room.

Amanda had designed it herself, working with the architect and carpenters to get it just right. A long table, stretched across the wall beside the new washer and dryer, was to be used for folding laundry. A portable garment rack stood next to this, so that those items that couldn't go into the dryer could hang, wrinkle free, to dry. Shelves covered the walls, providing ample room for storage. Amanda's sewing machine cabinet was placed on the other side of the room, with shelves set into the wall above to hold fabric, her sewing basket, and other odds and ends.

Amanda smiled. While she thought of herself as a modern woman, she still found great pleasure in realizing a domestic dream. This laundry/sewing room and the big farm kitchen downstairs had been dreams come true for her. And while Lee had proved to be a modern male in many ways, more than willing to pitch in with the household duties, she also knew where he drew the line. And laundry was definitely that line. When she'd first started dating him, she'd found out that he actually took his laundry out to be done. Not just his dry cleaning, but his laundry. Amanda had been amazed, but soon came to realize that Lee Stetson was a rare breed... a breed that one could only expect to domesticate so much.

The washer finished its final spin cycle and Amanda pulled the wet sheets out and placed them into the dryer, setting the timer. Filling the washer with the next load, she added detergent, then set the dial. She dumped two more baskets of laundry on the floor in front of the washer and started to separate the whites and colors.

She was bent over, focused on this task when Lee walked into the laundry room. Seeing his wife's shapely rear end reminded him of a few more reasons why Paris paled in comparison to Rockville. He leaned against the door jam, silently observing as his wife bent and stretched, tossing items this way and that, her cotton sundress inching up and then dropping back along her bare thighs with each movement. She was barefoot, her hair piled atop her head and held secure with a butterfly clip. Her hair was slightly damp and several tendrils had escaped the clip's jaws, curling about her neck and temple. Lee's eyes slid down her neck to her graceful shoulders, the sleeveless dress accentuating the definition of toned muscle and supple skin. As she twisted this way and that, he could make out the side curve of her breasts moving against the thin material.

*She isn't wearing a bra.*

He smiled, the tip of his tongue peeking out to run along his upper lip. She'd obviously been doing some housework and had simply slipped the sundress on after taking her morning shower. She was beautiful, as only Amanda could be. No expensive, sexy, Rebecca's Fantasy creation could have made her any more seductive, any more erotic, than she was, standing there sorting laundry, barefoot.

Like a cat Lee moved quietly behind her. As she stood to toss an item of clothing onto the table, he reached around her waist, spinning her about and up against his

chest. Her gasp of surprise and shock was muffled as his lips found hers, crushing them in an evocative kiss.

A short while later, breathless, her lips tingling from his onslaught, she pulled back. "What are you doing here? Your flight wasn't supposed to arrive until tonight." She playfully swatted at him, her smile belying her feigned annoyance.

"I took the red-eye." He smiled down into her brown eyes. His hands lingered lightly on the small of her back, his fingers plucking at the cotton fabric of her dress. "And boy, am I glad I did. You just gave me the best sight-seeing I've had in three weeks."

At the question in her eyes, he lowered a hand to appreciatively rub against her rear end, the friction lifting the material to expose a greater expanse of the back of her thighs.

"Oh, you." She swatted at him again.

"So, where's the rest of my family?" he asked, his hand stilling, enjoying the feel of her in his arms.

"Mother's church group left yesterday for a trip to New York to see Phantom of the Opera and the boys are with their father this weekend. Joe promised to take them to some new saddlery shop out in Glouster Point so they can pick out stable-warming presents. Oh, and he's arranged for them to tour the Arabian breeding farm out there." She toyed with the top button of Lee's shirt. "I tell you, it wasn't easy getting them away from those horses. They'd live down at the stable if I let them." She could feel Lee's laughter before it sounded, the vibration warm and inviting, rumbling in his chest.

"I remember that feeling." He smiled softly down at his wife.

"I bet you do," she chuckled.

"However," his voice lowered an octave and he brought his lips back to her ear. "There's another feeling I can also remember. Vaguely."

"Lee," she admonished, trying to pull from his grasp.

His arms, however, refused to release her. "I've missed you," he whispered in her ear.

The husky timbre of his voice caused a chill to course down Amanda's spine. It had been over three weeks since she'd been in his arms. Three long, lonely weeks since she'd seen the look of love and passion in those green eyes, smelled the scent of aftershave that lingered on his neck, and felt the slightly rough texture of his cheek next to hers. She could feel her pulse quicken and the all too familiar surge of excitement that began as a flicker in the pit of her stomach, then flowed downward between her legs.

"I've missed you, too." She rested her cheek against his chest, his warmth flowing through the fabric of his shirt. Her hands slid down and she hooked her thumbs into the back belt loops of his jeans. Tugging him forward, she nestled her hips against his. She never really felt totally complete or safe until he was by her side or in her arms, and had been reminded of that fact often while he'd been away.

"Oh, yeah? How much?" Lee's lips lingered at her temple, the smell of her shampoo as alluring as any French perfume.

She looked up into his eyes, his breath sweet and warm on her face. "Very, very much," she whispered huskily. "Let me show you."

Before Lee could answer, Amanda dropped to her knees before him, grasping him about the waist. He stilled under her touch, enjoying her taking command of the situation. He watched as she nimbly undid his belt buckle, pulling it free of the loops of his jeans with a flourish and tossing it across the room. Their eyes connected and they both smiled.

Their lovemaking was a special joy to them both. The love and friendship that was the seed from which their relationship grew, gave them the freedom to come together in complete and total trust. They enjoyed one another's bodies and the physical act that was a symbol of all they shared and what they'd both come through to finally find each other. At times it was slow and sensuous, almost reverent, as they took care of and pleasure in each other. Other times, it was passionate, enthusiastic, voluptuous, and adventurous. The wonder of their relationship, of their life together, never ceased to amaze them both.

Amanda looked up into her husband's eyes, staring deeply into their smokey green depths. Her fingers trembled slightly as she unbuttoned and unzipped his jeans, pushing them and his boxers partially off his hips. Her eyes never leaving his, she grasped his penis, stroking him firmly. She saw the passion flicker in his eyes as her hand enfolded him. His breathing quickened as her palm worked smoothly up and down the shaft of his cock, enjoying the feeling of power she had as it hardened under her ministrations.

Lee leaned back against the dryer, his hands clutching the warm, white, metal on each side of his hips. Amanda could do things to him with a single look, a single word... a single touch, that no other woman had ever been able to do. She'd taught him long ago the difference between love and lust and then had showed him how the two complimented each other in the most pleasurable ways.

Moving her right hand to the base of his penis, Amanda tore her gaze from his to focus on her work. Lingeringly and with great care she ran the tip of her tongue up the shaft of his penis, before taking just the tip into her mouth. She could feel the trembling of Lee's legs and heard the low growl of pleasure that eased from him as she suckled gently. Taking more of him into her mouth she swirled her tongue against him, her left hand coming to gently cup and knead his testicles. She could see the muscles in his groin tensing and could feel him fighting the urge to thrust into her mouth. Teasingly, she moved back, once again sucking and licking only the tip.

"Amanda," he groaned through clenched teeth, his hands releasing from the edge of the dryer to delve into her dark hair. He pulled the clip free and the chestnut curls fell about her shoulders, his fingers tangling in the soft strands.

She swirled the tip of her tongue around the head of his penis once more, then looked up. "Yes, Lee?"

"I'm not going to last much longer," he grunted, feeling her hand continuing to stroke him even as she gazed up at him.

"I know," she smiled, and returned her lips to him.

"Oh, God," he moaned, clenching his jaw and closing his eyes.

Amanda took as much of his penis into her mouth as she could, relaxing her jaw and throat to give him greater access. He thrust once, but she calmed him with a hand

to his hip. She moved her mouth up and then back down his penis, until she felt the tip press against the back of her throat. Continuing to work her mouth along his hardness, she felt the trembling in his legs increase. If not for the dryer's support, she was sure he'd be on the floor by now.

Lee clutched Amanda's head, his fingers running through her silken hair. Her mouth engulfed him and his mind clouded with the pulsing feelings of pressure and pleasure. He looked down at the top of her head, watching as his penis moved in and out her mouth. His shaking hands guided her in her efforts, but in reality she needed no help. Just when he was sure his legs would no longer hold him, he pulled her up his body, kissing her, thrusting his tongue into the heat of her mouth.

"Lee, let me..." she moaned against the intensity of his kiss.

"No, no," he muttered, pushing up the hem of her dress to caress her hips and thighs. His hands quickly found the softness of her buttocks through her silk panties and he pulled her tight against him. "I want to be inside you, Amanda."

"You were." She smiled against his mouth.

He groaned, pulling his lips from hers. Pulling away, he spun her around, pushing her belly into the front of the washer. Again he lifted the hem of her cotton sundress, this time his fingers finding the soft elastic of her panties and peeling them off her hips and down her legs. He struggled to push his jeans and boxers further down his legs, but ultimately gave up.

Amanda's stomach quivered, the cold metal of the washer permeating the cotton fabric of her dress. But chill did nothing to quench the heat she felt deep inside. Reaching her arms up to steady herself, her fingertips held tightly to the top of the machine's control panel. Lee's left hand rested on the small of her back, her dress bunched under his palm, her buttocks naked to his touch. She shivered again as she felt the fingers of his right hand creep slowly up her inner thigh and then move into the moist valley between her legs.

Lee stroked her silken flesh, then used his hand to guide his penis to her entrance. He pushed gently into her, pausing to give her time to adjust to the pressure. He could see her hands tighten their hold and feel her upper body sink a bit further down onto the washer. Using his knee he gently nudged her legs open further, allowing him deeper penetration, then he thrust again, this time a bit harder.

She moaned as his body filled her and he started to move. He lowered the zipper at the back of her dress, and she felt the roughness of his unshaven face as he rained hot, open-mouthed kisses along her shoulders and down her back. His hands moved down to hold her hips as he thrust against her time and time again. A sweet, aching pleasure had started to build within her when she felt his left arm snake around her, his hand pressing between her pelvis and the washing machine. As his fingers searched, then found and began to gently massage her clitoris, her hips bucked back against him. His right hand held her hip firmly as he thrust deeply inside her, at the same time his finger worked against her. Her legs trembled violently as she climaxed, waves of pleasure growing stronger with each thrust of his body, each caress of his finger.

Lee felt her release and heard the cry of his name on her lips. He dropped his own lips to the nape of her neck, his chest pressing into her back, murmuring her name over and over as her orgasm spurred on his own release. With a final thrust he pushed himself deeply into her, the passion ebbing from him as his body emptied into her.

His lips lingered on the softness of her neck, his breath warm on her now damp skin. After a moment, he gently withdrew from her, turning her and pulling her into the strength of his embrace. Her arms came up to circle his neck, as she kissed her way from his cheek to his lips.

"Amanda," he sighed. "That was..."

"I know," she gasped. When she'd finally caught her breath and the pounding of her pulse no longer sounded in her ears, she continued. "Gosh, I know one thing."

Lee leaned back to smile down into the sparkling brown depths of his wife's eyes.

"What's that?"

"I am definitely letting you do the laundry from now on."

**The End**