The Night-Shift

By letourneau12

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Jenna had a long day at work doing the night-shift and needs to relax.

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The clock hit 10-o'clock and the eighteen-year-old university student, Jenna Sykes, started packing her bag to end her shift at the studio. She was a young, aspiring artist who longed to see her work in the magazines. She wanted nothing more than to see people offering hundreads, or thousands—maybe even millions—of dollars just to have a piece of her art to themselves.

She was a small girl; at a height of just five-foot-one and a wieght of ninety-nine pounds. Jenna had long blonde hair that cascaded down to the small of her back. Of course to keep it out of her way, she had thrown it up into a bun at the top of her head.

After she had packed her bag, she set off to the coat rack, grabbing her coat and slipping it on over her blouse and skirt. She zipped it up all the way to her neck, and put her arms through the strap of her bag, letting it hang loosely off her shoulder. She stamped her time card and left the office on foot.

It was a fairly chilly night. The moon was full and the streets were dull. Jenna always hated working late. She hated that she had to walk home so late. She knew it was dangerous; she always carried peperspray in her bag and a small pocket knife for protection. But, she wished she had put the two in a special place because knowing her luck, one day she'd need it and it'd be at the bottom of her damned bag under all the makeup and electronics.

Three blocks later, Jenna was at home. She peeled off her coat and placed it on the rack by the door. She then slipped off her shoes and socks. She retired to her room and peeled off her clothes along the way. She lived alone, its not like anyone was going to mind her sleeping in the nude. She always did anyhow. Even when she was younger.

This was her nightly ritual when working the nightshift, come home take coat and shoes off, strip down to nothing, then crawl in bed on top of the covers and pleasure herself to ease the stress. The morning and afternoon shift was the same.

Jenna crawled in bed above the covers and layed back with her legs spread wide. She lifted a skinny

finger to her mouth and sucked on it gently, bobbing her head up and down as if she were sucking a dick. Once her finger was nice and wet she traced down from her mouth, into her cleavage, down to her stomach and then to her shaven pussy. Her finger slowly traced over her clit slowly, causing her to sigh in pleasure. She then traced down to the opening in her pussy where she slowly pushed two fingers in. Feeling how wet she was, Jenna got even more excitied.

She coated her two fingers very well with her juices and traced back up to her clit, rubbing it gently in circles. Jenna moaned softly, loving the heavenly feeling. She continued to her her clit slowly in circles, occasionally stopping to finger herself. Once she felt she was good and wet she reached into the nightstand beside her bed. She pulled out a pink vibrator that looked like a penis.

She smiled at the sight of the vibrator; it was her favorite toy (other than the detatchable shower head). She brough the vibrator up to her lips and took the head in her mouth slowly. She bobbed her head up and down the vibrator imagining it was a real dick. After Jenna had coated the vibrator with her spit she took it out of her mouth and pushed it into her tight pussy slowly. Jenna moaned softly, then reached down to the end of the vibrator to turn the dial to set the speed of the vibrations. She set the dial on low, and began to push the vibrator in and out of her tight pussy.

After a few minutes of the vibrator on low, Jenna switched the dial to medium. She moaned loud as the vibrator brushed up against her g-spot, making her shudder. It only made her hornier. She moved the vibrator in and out of her pussy faster, with each thrust she moaned and quivered with pure ecstacy. Her pussy was ravenous for more.

Jenna switched the vibrator to high and pushed it in and out of her pussy vigarously. With her knees resting on her chest and her legs up in the air, Jenna pounded the vibrator into her pussy as she rubbed her swollen clit. She arched her back and let out a scream as she squirted, she pulled out the vibrator and let her pussy squirt as she slapped her clit gently. She pauses for a moment letting herself regain strength and starts to fuck herself with the vibrator—still on high—once again. After a few moments, she feels herself begining to cum. Jenna thrust the vibrator into her pussy as hard as she can and squirts once again with another scream of pleasure.

She rolls over onto her side, turns the vibrator off and tries to calm her breathing. After she had settled down she grabs a towel from the bathroom and starts to clean up the mess she made. After all she could get was cleaned up she crawled back into bed under the covers. She turned on the tv in front of her bed, and swtiches it to a late night comedy show (also part of her ritual).

Jenna really liked her nightly ritual. She liked it a lot.