

The Blizzard

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Stranded at work, caught up in the lust.

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The Blizzard of The Century, or at least that is what the media was calling it. It was snowing so hard that the hospital didn't let the day shift go home, that is how dangerous it was. Not to mention the fact that the night shift couldn't get in.

I was working with one of the male nurses that I have an absolute crush on, which is kind of silly, since we are both pushing 50. We have been out for coffee, and out on a date, and I have even met his parents, but we had never crossed the line of our friendship.

We are now into about hour 14 of the blizzard, and we left the unit together to go and get some coffee in the staff cafeteria. We are both exhausted, and frustrated at not being able to go home. The coffee helps, but not all that much.

Brad holds my hand on our way back to the unit. I am surprised, because, I have tried to keep my feelings hidden.

"I know how you feel, Kim, and I feel the same way."

"You do?" I ask in a stunned voice.

"Yeah, we are very much alike you and I. Look, I traded breaks with Gary so we could be on the same break. We need to hook up later."

I am thinking that he means when we are allowed to go home, but that is not his intention at all. We get back to the unit, and fill in for the others as they go for breaks as well.

We are really getting tired now, as it is well past midnight and we have been at the hospital since 0700. Brad looks at me and winks, "I could really use a nap."

The boss looks at us and suggests we go and get some rest. I'm pretty sure that she is not aware of what is going on between the two of us. So we go and each grab some blankets and go in search of someplace to nap. Or at least that is what I thought we were going to do.

We head downstairs to the lower unit. It has been emptied out of patients, because of the nursing shortage. There are 10 empty beds downstairs, and no one else is sleeping down there.

We unlock the door and Brad leads me by the hand to the private room, the one that doesn't have a shared bathroom. He begins to give me the best shoulder massage I've had in a long time and I moan in sheer appreciation! "Oh god Kim, do you moan like that when you cum?"

He pushes me back to the bed, and we start to fumble with each other's clothes. I am no longer exhausted and it appears, neither is he!!!

We are finally naked and he looks at me and says, "I don't have a condom."

At this point, I don't care. We have to go for HIV and Hepatitis screening yearly, because of the clientele we work with. "I'm clean", I tell him rather breathlessly.

"So am I", he says, "but what about. . ."

I laugh as he realizes that he thinks I might get pregnant. "It's okay, I could never have kids."

He smiles and kisses me deeply, and pushes me back on to the bed. I lay there on my back and he begins to kiss me all over, my face, neck and chest, paying rather close attention to my small, but firm breasts. He suckles gently at the nipples and I moan, once again in appreciation. His hand travels down and finds my hot pussy. He starts to rub my clit and any fatigue that I might have had earlier is gone. Out the window. All I want now, is this man. I bring my knees up and I spread my legs wider, giving him full view of my cunt.

"Oh, holy Mary, mother of Jesus, you are so wet, Kim", he exclaims as he rams two fingers into my waiting canal. He finds that spot inside and nurtures it and I have the first of many orgasms, but I want more than just his fingers, and I reach down and grasp his already hard cock. He is a good length and a good size around and I know that he will fill me nicely.

I guide his cock to where I want it most, and he asks, "You're sure about this?"

"Fuck Brad, you can't stop now, I want you inside me, NOW!"

He positions himself between my legs and begins to thrust, gently at first. We are content just to find each other's rhythm.

Soon, I want more, and I bring my legs up over his back to urge him deeper and faster. He gets my meaning and begins to thrust harder. I moan, and he reminds me that we have to be quiet, or we'll get caught. The elicited feeling of doing something we shouldn't be doing at work spurs us both on to a huge climax. We cum at the same time and my pussy gushes love juice all over his cock.

"God, I've never met a woman that could cum like that Kim." We roll over and he is on the bottom, now. I want some serious lip service paid to my pussy, so I work my way up his chest until I am straddling his face. He is like a man who has been in the desert for days it seems, as he greedily drinks from the fountain that I so willingly offer him.

I start to play with his now limp cock with my hands. I bend over him, and I take his cock into my mouth. 69 always has been my favorite number. I suck his cock deep into my throat, and he begins to thrust. I want to get him down my throat deeply, but he just hit my gag reflex. He seems to realize this, as he bites at my clit hard. I gasp in pain, but that opens my throat and he shoves my head further onto his member. We suck and lick and slurp at each other until we cum with another glorious climax. We lick each other clean, as we won't have time to shower.

"How much time have we got left on our break?" I ask him. We had been given two hours, and I had no idea how long we had been at it.

"We have about an hour left." he said as he set the alarm on his watch. It was difficult in a hospital bed, but we spooned each other, he was behind me, and I felt his cock nudge me between the cheeks of my ass. He draped one arm over me and possessively cupped my mound, gently rubbing the outer lips, and occasionally working his way in to stroke my clit.

We fell asleep like that, and woke when the alarm went off. We hurried and got dressed and I left the room first, hoping that I didn't run into any of my co-workers just yet. I headed for the washroom and fixed my hair and washed my face quickly. I ran up stairs and tried not to look like the cat who had swallowed the proverbial canary!

Brad came upstairs and he too looked rather energized. He looked at me and winked. I blushed when one of our co-workers said, "Well you two certainly look refreshed."

I mentioned that a good nap can work wonders, and now it was Brad who coughed and left the room. I only watched him leave the room with a smile on my face. I was sure the others knew what we had been up to.

The storm finally cleared, and staff were able to get to work. We spent 27 hours at the hospital that night. It was good to be able to leave. Brad offered to drive me home in his SUV as my compact car would never make it home with all the snow that had fallen. We get to my apartment and I ask him up for breakfast. We head upstairs to my place and we have breakfast together, laughing over our escapade in the hospital bed as we lingered over coffee. He got up to leave, and I asked him to stay. "I have a queen size bed and a great shower."

"Ok", he says and smiles at me. I lead him down to the bedroom and tell him to feel free to use the washer and dryer to launder his clothes, as I head into the bathroom to turn on the shower.

I am standing under the warm gentle spray of the rain-like shower head that I had installed, and I feel him get into the shower behind me. We soap each other up. I gently take his cock in my hands and gently wash it. He is moaning now, and turns me around and bends me over at the waist. He enters me from behind for a quickie, and it only takes a couple of thrusts on his part to cum.

We get out of the shower and dry each other off, and head to bed.

"You didn't cum in the shower", he says to me. "Let me take care of that now."

He sees my vibrator on the bedside table and turns it on. He spreads my pussy lips, and presses the vibrator right up against my clit. I am so horny, that it is only seconds until I cum, gushing hot juice from my pussy.

"God do you do THAT every time?" Brad seems fascinated by that.

"Uh huh. Is there something wrong with that?" I ask becoming self conscious about it now.

"Oh Baby, fuck no, there's nothing wrong with that!"

We now realize just how exhausted we really are after all those hours at the hospital. He takes me in his arms and we fall asleep like we had been lovers for years.

