**The Late Shift**

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**The Late Shift Ch. 01**

She had only been working there a month but Gwen hated working at the petrol station. She only took the job to earn some extra money during the first year of university but she didn't know how boring it would be, especially working the night shifts. In the six hours she worked on the night shift, Gwen would hardly see another person. On a good day she may serve up to five people and these were few and far between. The rest of the time would be spent cleaning up and stocking up the store, making sure it was already for the morning worker to pick things up. The uniforms didn't make things better, the beige shirts with the logo on the breast pocket did nothing for her busty and chubby frame.  
  
Initially Gwen thought the quiet would at least do her some good in terms of allowing her to catch up on the required reading for the history degree she is currently undertaking. Her dormitory halls have gotten too noisy for her liking with loud music ringing out through the building, making it hard for her to focus and the library is never open late enough for her to get some real work done. However soon this too got boring for Gwen, there's only a certain amount of times she could read the same chapters before her mind and eyes began to wonder.  
  
On one particular night, whilst Gwen was sitting behind the counter reading her textbook on Ancient Greek civilisation and twirling her fair ginger hair around her pale finger, one of the magazine racks had come loose and crashed onto the floor, spilling them all over the floor. The noise startled Gwen then annoyed her as that was one more thing to clear up. Coming from behind the counter, Gwen walked over to the magazine stands and reattached the loose rack back onto the wall. Next she had to tidy the magazines and put them back on the shelf.  
  
All the magazines she was finding were ones she would not read even out of desperation. Magazines about homes, gardens and railway. Amongst them however was one that should not be there but the top shelf instead. Gwen took hold of it and chortled at the front cover with it's petite blonde star with the toned belly. The only homes, gardens or railways featured in these mags were ones where sexy girls had took their kit off in. Gwen decided to take it back to the counter with her, it might make for interesting reading since no one is around she thought.  
  
Flicking through the magazine, she found pictures of a lot of girls in various stages of undress and posing in different saucy positions. Gwen was finding it all very amusing until a thought popped in her head. What if she was in one of these magazines? The idea got her hot and flustered as she imagined the guys who might find her picture, baring everything, and decide to jerk off to it. She closed her eyes, unbuttoned her jeans and slid her right hand down her panties. However just as she was about to make contact with her pussy, a voice interrupted her.  
  
"Excuse me miss?" Gwen opened her eyes, startled for the second time that night. Standing in front of her was a gentleman with a full head of grey hair and a handsome face.  
  
"How can I help you today?" She said, pretending she wasn't just about to finger herself behind the counter.  
  
"I'm on pump 5 and I'm buying this magazine." Gwen looked down spotting one of the home magazines she had disparaged earlier.  
  
"That will be £15.63," Gwen informed the gentleman, who nodded and tapped his debit card on the machine.  
  
"See you around," he said with a dashing smile. Gwen watched closely as he got in his car and drove away. She couldn't believe what just happened. The thrill of almost being caught masturbating by a handsome stranger was such a rush that Gwen unbuttoned her work shirt and began to fondle with her breast over her bra with her left hand while her right slipped a finger inside her pussy and slid in and out, massaging it. Sitting back on the chair, she put her foot up on the counter so she could get a better angle for her fingering. Her moans were soft but audible. Its such a shame no one could see me like this now, she thought slipping another finger in. She pictured the handsome older gentleman from earlier walking back in, having forgotten something, and catching her like this. Maybe he would lend a hand...or something else entirely. However 30 minutes passed and on one came in. Gwen, feeling disappointed, took out her fingers from her now wet pussy and decided to go riskier.  
  
Behind the counter she pulled her jeans down and threw them in the back office. Her black panties fully on display for anyone who came in and cared to look. No one did however and her shift was coming to an end for that day. Disappointed, Gwen began to thought the only reason she dared to show off anything in this petrol station was the low risk involved of someone actually seeing her but all that means is she will have to increase the stakes next time.  
  
Throughout the week and during her lectures, Gwen planned what she should wear and not wear on the next shift. The temptation was there to just walk through the front doors fully naked but she didn't feel ready for that just yet and wanted to build up it.  
  
She turned up to work for her next shift in the usual work uniform of work shirt and jeans so she didn't raise any suspicions. When the previous guy went home however she got in the staff toilets and got dressed for the shift proper. The jeans were the first to go and in their place she put on a plaid short skirt that just about covered her private areas up but the slightest movement could threaten to reveal the red lacy thong she wore underneath. Next she unhooked and slipped off her bra through one of the shirt sleeves and undid the shirt buttons. Grabbing hold of the bottoms of the shirt, she tied a knot that rested underneath her breasts. The shirt was just able to contain her breasts without her nipples being on display and any customers would see her soft plump belly and impressive cleavage. After a quick look in the mirror to make sure everything was in place. Gwen stepped out onto the shop floor to find a customer already waiting.  
  
Her cheeks blushed, Gwen hadn't expected to show off to a customer so soon. It was usually quiet at this time so she thought she would have time to prepare and to anticipate her first one. A part of her wanted to go back and get changed back to her regular clothes but this was overruled by her desire to keep going and show off. The desire wins out and she gets behind the counter dressed as she was.  
  
"Sorry about the wait Sir," Gwen said, leaning forward on the counter and giving the thirtysomething customer a peek down her shirt. "How can I help you tonight?" She could feel his eyes move down her body to her cleavage, a gulp followed before he could answer.  
  
"Just this...please," he finally replied handing Gwen an energy drink can. A playful smirk formed on Gwen's lips as she thought of the perfect response to tease him.  
  
Using her best soft and seductive voice she asked, "I guess you are going to be UP all night then?"  
  
"You...you can say...say that," he nervously stammered out as he placed the cash in Gwen's hand.  
  
"Please COME again," Gwen said, still smirking and handing him his change. The customer took it and headed towards the door, taking one last look at Gwen and her cleavage before he went back outside. She imagined him rushing back home to jerk off over what he just saw.  
  
The success of teasing the first customer and having his eyes all over her body drove Gwen wild but she resisted the urge to play with herself just now, she wanted to see how many other ways she could show off to customers before she would even consider sending her hand downstairs. The hours passed by however and Gwen begun to lose hope as the thrill from the first customer died down. She wished she worked somewhere with a heavier footfall so more eyes could gaze upon her and her plump curvy figure with lustful intentions.  
  
Hope soon came when Gwen saw a pair of bright headlights pull into the station and park among the pumps. A couple steps out of a fancy looking sedan, a sort of car that seemed out of place in a small town. Gwen couldn't believe her luck, if she played this right she would have two sets of eyes on her. Just the thought was enough to bring a degree of wetness between her legs. Quickly coming up with a plan, Gwen grabbed a sponge from the cabinet and got on her hands and knees and pretended to scrub the floors knowing that her skirt isn't long enough to cover her bum if she bent over and the thong she wore underneath wasn't exactly going to protect her modesty. The bell above the door rung, signifying the couple's entry into the petrol station. Gwen began to jauntily whistle as she subtly swayed her ass left to right as she moved the sponge in a circular motion. Without even looking she could feel their eyes locked onto her shapely tush and it made her face blush in rosy red.  
  
"You better not be staring Tony," Gwen heard the girlfriend tell her gawking date before loudly coughing.  
  
"Don't worry Denise, I'm not," he replied with blatant lies. Gwen swayed her ass some more, making it more obvious.  
  
Denise started coughing loudly to get Gwen's attention. She happily ignored them for now until the third cough when she peered over her shoulder and feigned surprise at seeing the couple standing behind her.  
  
"Oh sorry, I didn't see you there. How can I help?" Gwen said with a false innocence as she got off her hands and knees.  
  
"Yes, Pump 1 please," Denise said doing her best to look Gwen in the face and not down her body.  
  
"Bare with me." As Gwen walked back to the counter she realised that she hadn't pulled her skirt back down to cover herself back up but decided to do nothing about it. Though she couldn't hear exactly what Denise was muttering as she walked behind her, Gwen did have a good idea and it brought a smile to her face.  
  
After paying, the couple rush out the store and back into their luxury sedan with more muttering. Gwen did catch one line from the girlfriend though, "I'll never be coming here again," as she had to drag her boyfriend out. Eventually they too got into their car and drove off, leaving Gwen with no audience once more.  
  
Since it was unlikely she was going to get another customer for the rest of the shift, Gwen thought fuck it. Standing in the middle of the store, down the snack aisle, she pulled her skirt down in a smooth motion and threw it behind the counter. Her shirt was next. Untying the knot at the bottom, she instantly felt her breasts being set free. The shirt slipped off her shoulders and falls hard to the floor. Picking it up, Gwen chucks it to land next to the already discarded skirt. All that was left to take off was her thong. She runs over next to one of the tall windows facing the main road and slips it off in full view, knowing no one was going to be driving or walking past at this time but that didn't stop her from hoping that they do and notice the naked buxom ginger that worked at this gas station.  
  
Gwen carried on working in the nude and fulfilling her duties. Despite there being no one to see her naked body, Gwen found working in the buff to be almost relaxing, like it just felt natural to her. She wondered why it took her this long to try it. Still she wanted someone to see her, didn't matter if it was one person or a group.  
  
Having completed her night shift checklist and with a half hour left with her shift, Gwen lied back on the cold tiled floor, her legs spread out wide and elevated, resting her feet on the bottom shelf on either side. Her hands moved down her body. Starting at the breasts, Gwen gave them a good fondle. Taking one in each hand, she gives them a good squeeze before playing with her erect nipples, twisting them like she was turning the station on an old fashioned radio. The sensitivity of them made her softly whimper.  
  
Her hands didn't stop there though, they had a final destination in mind. So they kept going down, past her soft belly and straight to her pussy. Gwen ran her index finger up her slit and just as she suspected all the teasing of customers, strutting around naked and planning to finger herself right on the shop floor had made her extremely wet. She bit her lip as she pushed the same finger deep inside and moved it in and out, a second finger soon joined it as she built up a steady rhythm. As the pace quickened, Gwen's moans got louder. With her free hand she massaged her clitoral hood in a circular motion and her moans only got more intense.  
  
"Oh fuck! Oh fuck!" Gwen gasped as she realised an orgasm was coming. A tidal wave of pleasure washes over her making her body shake and shiver. She could feel ejaculate leak out her vagina and form a small puddle on the floor. Gwen know she would have to mop that up before she left but right now she wanted to bask in the post orgasm glow. She had never felt so relaxed than that moment.  
  
Gwen was too relaxed to even notice the doorbell chime going off or the footsteps that approached her. It was only when she heard his voice she realised she was no longer alone.  
  
"Are you okay? Where are your clothes?" Gwen's eyes were still readjusting but the voice sounded familiar. The picture was beginning to become more clearer and Gwen began to recognise all was in the shop with her. It was the handsome stranger with the grey hair from her previous shift.  
  
"I am quite alright. At least I am now," Gwen finally responded. "How long have you been there?"  
  
"I just arrived, I was hoping you would still be open."  
  
"Oh? And why's that?" Gwen asked seductively.  
  
"Well I needed petrol and closing time was fast approaching."  
  
"Oh." Gwen said with resounding disappointment. "Well you missed quite the show."  
  
"What were you doing, if I may ask?" The Gentleman asked curiously.  
  
Gwen got up on the floor, ejaculate now running down her thigh, "I was bored so I took matter in my own hands."  
  
"I see."  
  
"Lets get you sorted, I still need to close up." Gwen said returning behind the counter, picking up her shirt to put it back on.  
  
"Wait!" The Gentleman commanded. "I mean I've already seen everything maybe you can serve me naked? If you want to of course."  
  
Gwen smiled and placed her hands on her hips, "Gladly."  
  
"I'm Will, by the way," he said as he paid for his petrol.  
  
"Gwen."  
  
"Nice to meet you." Will said as he was about to leave. "If its any constellation, I'm sorry I missed your show."  
  
"Maybe next time?" Gwen asked. "I'm in tomorrow night too."  
  
"I'll stop by if I can. Good night." And like that he was gone and Gwen regretted not asking him to stay for a private viewing of a second show. There is always tomorrow she thought as she locked the door behind her, officially ending her shift.

**The Late Shift Ch. 02**

As she reflected on the night shift from the previous night, Gwen found it difficult to focus on her lecture that morning. She was already planning an outfit for her next shift that night but couldn't decide between sluttier or teasing. There was always the naked option, she wondered at the back of the lecture hall but it was dismissed as she didn't want to start the shift already nude, it was something she built to across the night. Then there was always Will, the grey gentleman who had already seen everything she had to display. The thought of him maybe turning up again just as she was stripping off made her cheeks blush a rosy red and tempted her to reach down her jeans for a play. Gwen resisted that urge, at least for now and occupied her hands by twirling her ginger hair around her finger.  
  
With the lecture finally over, Gwen headed to the high street shops looking for outfits she could wear at work. She was looking for clothing that would make the guys look twice and maybe even a third time as they enter the petrol station but a lot of the skimpier stuff she looked at seemed to be made for skinnier girls and cursed her curves. She was just about to give up all hope and that's when Gwen saw it. It was a black bodysuit with a thong back and a deep plunge that goes down to the waist. It would just about cover her nipples and pussy but still gave the guys enough to drool over. She went through all the sizes hoping they have a size 18 and found what appeared to the last remaining one and paid for it whilst the obnoxious cashier tried chatting her up.  
  
Walking back into her dormitory, Gwen strips out of her current clothes, bra and knickers included, and lies her purchase on the bed. Slipping it on was easy enough and felt comfortable against her skin. She checked the mirror and was amazed at how sexy she felt. The suit seemed accentuate her curves in all the right ways and managed to keep everything contained despite the feeling she had that her breasts could pop out at any second. The look was completed with some fishnet stockings and hi-tops. With the suit under her regular work uniform to keep up the facade in front of her other employees, Gwen left for work.  
  
Gary, another employee of the petrol station and who's shift Gwen was taking over from, stood behind the counter flicking through a magazine. "Going to be another quiet one tonight I reckon," he said not even looking up at Gwen.  
  
"Yeah. Sure looks that way," Gwen replied, mentally counting down the minutes until he left. Its not that she hated him, on the contrary she finds him tolerable but that is best case scenario.  
  
"Oh," Gary added, "Someone posted a negative review last night."  
  
"They did?" Gwen was getting antsy and feeling confined by her uniform, she wanted to be free of it but did her best to hide this. "What did it say?"  
  
"A female worker, I'm guessing that's you, was apparently showing too much skin."  
  
"Seriously?" Gwen wanted to laugh. Hard. She had a feeling who wrote the review, the stuck up girl from the previous night whose boyfriend wouldn't stop staring at her ass. Its got to be her, she thought. "Clearly its nonsense. Maybe one of my shirt buttons popped open. Do you know how hard it is to keep these breasts contained in this shirt?"  
  
"Whatever it is, sort it out," Gary finally had put the magazine away and looked at Gwen. "You know what Mr. Wright says: more people leave a negative review..."  
  
"...than a positive one. Got it," Gwen begrudgingly finished.  
  
"Don't forget to stock and clean up," Gary said almost condescendingly to Gwen. Gwen rolls her eyes in front of him. "Also don't forget to put the bin in the dumpster tonight."  
  
"Don't worry, look just go home and I'll take of it."  
  
"Make sure your buttons are done up too, we can't have any more bad reviews." Gary took a long stare at Gwen's tits as he told her this. He's either checking them out or, and this in Gwen's mind the more likely answer, he was making sure all her buttons were done up so she can't offend the customers with her cleavage. Gwen's reply to that was giving Gary a mocking salute whilst his back was turned to her.  
  
Finally Gary had left and Gwen was once more alone in the store. She wanted to rip the clothes from her body, to be free of them, but she would probably be charged for a new shirt and she wasn't being paid that much where the price could be considered a trivial cost. The shirt went first, undoing the buttons one by one and letting it just slide of her body and fall to the floor. Her fingers traced down her body, unbuttoning her jeans and slipped them off her thick legs. Gwen quickly discarded them with a kick, letting her jeans accompany her shirt on the floor.  
  
Standing behind the counter in her bodysuit and stockings, Gwen felt confident, if a little bit exposed, as she eagerly awaited her first customer and hoped they liked what they saw. She didn't have to wait long as a group of twentysomething looking males entered the store. The football uniform they all wore indicated they were part of the university football team and the sweat that poured off their faces told her that they had just finished a game. Gwen had recognised some of them from the few football games she had attended with her friends and from around the campus but she doubted they would know of her.  
  
Their excitable chants of victory over the visiting team were soon hushed when they saw Gwen behind the counter wearing very little and in its place were whispers. Gwen wished she could hear what they were saying but she guessed they were about her as she felt their eyes looking up and down her body. Eventually they approached the counter with a basket filled with alcoholic beverages of every sort. Gwen was having second thoughts about wearing the revealing bodysuit the whole shift especially in front of people she may bump into at university later. She pushed down the nerves, telling herself this was no different from the teasing she did on the previous shift.  
  
"Hello boys. How can I help you today?" Gwen asked softly.  
  
"Just these please and our car is on pump 2," one of the footballers said, lugging the basket on to the counter. He was definitely the handsome one of this group, Gwen thought, tall with long brown hair and a thick beard and green eyes that shone like emeralds in his chiselled face. "Oh and a pack of cigarettes too," he added pointing at the wall of cigarettes behind her.  
  
"Coming right up," Gwen said, thinking that would require turning around and letting this group of lads see the thong back of her bodysuit and her plump asscheeks but she did so without hesitation and even gave them a better view by standing on a stool resulting in a bunch of wolf whistles.  
  
"She's got a nice ass," she even heard one of them say.  
  
"That online review was spot on," another voice cried.  
  
Gwen could feel her face blush as she heard all the positive comments which focused on her curvy ass. Getting back down on the ground and trying to hide her now rosy cheeks, she rung up the total and took their cash.  
  
"We are going to a party later on. You are more than welcome to join us," the handsome footballer said.  
  
"Especially if you are dressed like that," another one added.  
  
"I'm flattered guys but I'm here to close," Gwen told them with a hint of sadness. A party sounded fun with plenty of opportunities to show herself off.  
  
"Maybe another time then," the handsome footballer said.  
  
"I'd like that!" Gwen replied. The footballers headed towards the door carrying bags of assorted alcohol and cigarettes. "Hey!" Gwen called out, trying to get their attention. Once they all turned around wondering what she wanted, Gwen pulled down the two straps that covered her breasts, one after the other, and gave them a good show. She ran her fingers over her exposed breasts and nipples, squeezing them together and giving them a little jiggle. Gwen didn't know what came over her to be so bold and flash the group of footballers but she enjoyed every moment of it and all they could do was stare in silence with their jaws dropped until Gwen pulled the straps back up, covering her tits back up again. After that they left in their car, no doubt talking about what just happened and hopefully talking about inviting her to the next party.  
  
Gwen felt such a rush having flashed a group of guys without even knowing their names. She wanted another customer to walk through the doors as soon as possible to get that feeling all over again. She didn't have to wait long either. Soon groups of customers started pouring in, mostly guys ranging from ages 18 to 60. In all her time working at the petrol station, Gwen had never seen it look so busy. Not even the day shift got this amount of foot traffic inside the store let alone the late shift which is supposed to be the quiet period, she felt overwhelmed and underdressed as doubts crawled into her mind about whether or not she could continue.  
  
Every guy and a few girls she served checked her out and stared at her busty, barely contained breasts. Some even flirted with her and called her sexy, telling her how much they want to play with her tits or bend her over and fuck her doggy style. Gwen loved hearing all these comments, each one made her smile and increased her confidence. She even entertained the idea of being fucked in the middle of the store surrounded by watching customers in her head but whenever she had an offer to do so, Gwen turned them down as that felt a bit too much for her right now but she would never say never to the opportunity later on.  
  
"Why is it so busy?" She finally asked one of the customers just out of curiosity.  
  
"You don't know?" A customer responded. "A negative review for this place went viral and has been shared on social media. They complained about a scantily clad slut that served them here. Guess they were talking about you."  
  
"Slut!?" Gwen replied in shock. She didn't know why that word initially offended her so but she came to like it and laughed it off. She would have to read this review later after work and leave a comment to thank them for the increased service she had.  
  
As time marched on, Gwen could feel her confidence grow. Soon she was pretending she was embarrassed about 'accidental' nip slips and bending over suggestively near some customers, giving those standing in front and behind great views of her cleavage and ass. This is too much fun, she thought as she pulled down her straps and flashed her tits at the crowds of people coming inside. Eventually though all good things come to an end and the once crowded petrol station was empty once more.  
  
Gwen still had a hour left until she could close up for the night. She sat on top of the counter, leaning back with her legs spread wide and the straps that once covered her breasts are no longer doing their job. The thought of giving her pussy another fingering like the previous night did cross her mind, she could feel her pussy was wet enough from all the attention she received after all, but she held off for now having decided it will be a special show for Will, the gentleman with the grey hair.  
  
She still had duties to do before she could leave so Gwen got off from the counter and peeled the body suit off her body so that her pussy was just as exposed as her breasts had been and set off to complete them. These tasks included taking the rubbish bag to the dumpster outside. Gwen had been looking forward to this task because this would give her the first chance to leave the safety of the indoor gas station and venture nude outdoors.  
  
Opening the back door and stepping out, Gwen could feel the cool breeze against her naked skin and brushing against sensitive areas, sending a shiver down her body. The night sky and the fact the dumpster was not by the main road meant there would be limited visibility on Gwen's naked body. A blessing and a curse, she thought as she threw the rubbish bag in the dumpster before noticing the back door closing slamming shut behind her.  
  
She tried to open the back door with no luck, without a key the door can't be opened from the outside and Gwen wasn't carrying any such key on her naked body. There was only one way back to the store and that was through the front door but that meant going around the corner, which meant she would be walking down near the main road and fully on display for any drivers going past or any last minute customers coming into the station. Flashing them quickly was one thing, Gwen thought as she paced by the locked back door, but this is something else! She psyched herself up, after all she was excited by the idea of venturing nude away from the safety of the interior of the petrol station a few moments ago. She just didn't expected to do so much of it so soon, especially with a potential audience on the other side of the building.  
  
Gwen took a brisk stroll around the corner of the petrol station, vigilant of any passing by cars and waiting customers. She did notice a couple of passing by cars going down the main road but they were going by so fast that it was highly unlikely they noticed the naked chubby girl standing by the petrol station. Gwen didn't know whether to breath a sigh of relief or be disappointed.  
  
However just as Gwen took her attention off the road and about to enter the store, a posh looking sedan pulled in to the station and stopped at the pumps. Their front headlights was like the spotlight at a theatre, showcasing and highlighting her naked body. Gwen stood frozen, not even attempting to cover herself up.  
  
A figure steps out of the sedan though Gwen can't see who it is through headlight's blinding lights but his voice sounded very familiar. "Do you ever wear clothes at this time?" He asked.  
  
"Will?" The headlights finally switch off and the figure makes himself know. It was indeed Will, the grey haired handsome gentleman from her previous shift, dressed in a sharp three piece suit.  
  
"Sorry I'm late. From the looks of things I missed a good show. Again" His voice sounded just as dashing as she remembered and fantasised about.  
  
"You did. Lots of people came to see." Gwen told him with a cheeky tone.  
  
"I see," Will said as he inserted the petrol nozzle into his car, never taking his eyes off Gwen.  
  
"Yes you do," Gwen replied flirtatiously, trying to hide her blushing cheeks as she stroked her breasts. "I'll see you inside when you are finished out here." She turned around and made sure Will had a good view of her bare juicy ass before entering the store.  
  
Having finished filling up his car, Will entered the station where Gwen waited behind the counter, leaning forward and squishing her breasts together with her arms with a big smile on her face. "Well I'm all filled up. How much do I owe you?"  
  
A naughty thought crossed Gwen, one she couldn't believe she was about to say out loud to this relative stranger she had been crushing on since her last shift. Still smiling, she grabbed Will's tie to pull him closer so she could whisper in his ear, "Nothing if you fill me up." She pulled away and sucked on her finger not wanting to be subtle about what she meant by that statement.  
  
Will was astounded by what Gwen just said. "Let me get this straight, its free if you suck my cock?"  
  
"Mhmm," Gwen responded, finger still in her mouth.  
  
Will thinks it over for a bit whilst Gwen patiently waits. "I'm just going to pay the price," he finally says.  
  
"Oh," Gwen replies dropping the finger from her mouth. Her disappointment was palpable.  
  
"Sorry. I don't think I'll be comfortable accepting that."  
  
"It's okay."  
  
"Tell you what though, to make up for it how about I owe you one when you next have a day off?"  
  
Gwen perks up a bit, "Well I'm free Thursday."  
  
"Great, I'll pick you up in town. Do you know The Mermaid's Song, the pub down Sisko Way?"  
  
"Uh huh." Gwen's face was beaming.  
  
"I'll see you there." He handed her a business card with his mobile and email and paid for his petrol. "See you then." He smiled as he walked out the station, taking one last look at Gwen and her naked body before leaving.  
  
"Yes!" Gwen exclaimed. Whilst she was still disappointed she didn't get to suck his cock in the middle of the store like she thought, this more than made up for it.  
  
Gwen closed up the petrol station and locked the front door. Deciding not to get dressed, Gwen walked to her car just to the side of the station, carrying her clothes under her arm and her phone in her hand. She dumps the clothes in the backseat and gets in the driver's side.  
  
After everything today, the temptation to play with herself got to be too much so Gwen spread her legs so she could go to work fingering her soaking wet pussy whilst holding her phone with her free hand to record herself. She moaned, sighed and whimpered as her fingers increased the speed they slid in and out of her pussy. She imagined Will, the footballers and all the other customers all peeking in and watching her as she built up to the climax.  
  
When Gwen orgasmed, cum squirted and leaked from her pussy and landed on her seat and floor, soaking into the fabrics. She stopped the recording and sent it to the number listed on the business card with the caption 'looking forward to Thursday.' Gwen could see Will was typing his response when she drove off. She hoped he was writing something naughty as she drove back to the dormitory block. Thursday could not come quick enough.