

What's In The Name Shazstoned

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It was a Saturday night some years ago, I was home alone, it was time to dress fully for the first time. I showered and had a good shave. I started with my false eyelashes on the top and bottom of my eyes, next the foundation and powder, eye shadow, a glittery green, dark red blusher to highlight my cheeks, black eye liner and mascara followed. I added bright red lippy, all was applied quite heavy, how I like it. I got myself dressed, basque, seemed stockings and thong all in black, a very short (probably too short) red leather skirt, white silk blouse and a thick black belt. I'd brought myself a pair of black patent shoes with a 5 " heel, a blonde bobbed wig and my fantasy nails painted to match my lippy completed the look. I went downstairs and fixed myself a vodka and coke and lit a ciggie to settle my nerves, I sat on one of my bar stools to watch some T.V. Several vodka's (about 5 ish) later I remembered a roll up I had been given some weeks earlier, smoke it outside I was warned, so I grab my red leather jacket and handbag and headed toward the front door. I'll go to the late shop 10 mins away and get some more ciggie's I was running low, must be the nerves. Now walking in 5" heels after a good few vodka's is not easy, I lit my roll up and headed toward the shop, I managed to finish my ciggie well before I reached the shop, soon after I arrived, tried to compose myself, felt light headed and unsteady. No one was in the shop as I reached the door, the guy working there must have seen me approach as he had come from behind the counter and was walking toward me, he went straight past, locked the door and pulled down the blind. I heard him walk up behind me, a hand grabbed my arse. I asked him in my best feminine voice what he was playing at. I'm going to fuck that pretty mouth of your's, slut! My legs went, I tried to grab the counter, to late, I was on my knees, head swimming, looking like I should be on a street corner. I looked up, in front of me was a rock hard cock no time to react, he grabbed both sides of my face and plunged his cock in my mouth, OMG, i'd lost all control. I sucked it like my life depended on it. I took as much as I could, red lippy marked how far down i' d managed. All my slurping sounds must have had an effect, he cum hard, first in my mouth, then withdrew and cum over my face, then put is cock back in my mouth and told me to suck it dry, like the little slut I felt I did as I was told. He helped me up, and asked if I wanted anything. I brought ciggies and headed for the door, Still tasting his cum in my mouth, wobbling in my heels, what a slapper. He came up behind me, kissed me on the neck, and put a note in my bag telling me to read it later, he unlocked the door and I walked out. Glancing behind me I noticed the cctv camera's. Was I on film sucking cock. It took ages to get home, must have something to do with the heels I was wearing, once there I had a drink a looked in the mirror, There was a long line of dried cum on my

cheek, my lippy was smeared, and my eye liner had run, I lit a ciggie and put the T.V. on . Tonights film was Basic Instinct. Shazstoned was Born.