

Slut week - Day 1 -

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Published on Lush Stories on 29 May 2012

7 days of being the biggest slut possible

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I have the next 2 weeks off work, I have just been paid. The next 7 days I will be the biggest slut that I can. I type out the rules. 1/ I cannot say "No". If I am propositioned I cannot refuse. 2/ No Panties or Bra. Other undergarments allowed (stockings etc.) but my pussy and tits have to go commando. 3/ No trousers. Skirts and dresses only. 4/ I must fuck a cock a day minimum. No cock can be used on more than one day. 5/ If I am bought/given something I must return this with a sexual favor. 6/ I must have photographic evidence of every encounter. 7/ I score points for every orgasm I give - Hand - 3pts, Mouths 5pts, Pussy 8 pts, Anal 10pts. If they don't cum, I don't get the points. 8/ I can only fuck in a place once. If I get fucked in a car, I can't get fucked in a car again. If I get fucked in a bed, I can't fuck in a bed again. 9/ I must score more points today than I did yesterday. 10/ I cannot make use of booty calls, dating websites etc. All encounters must be unplanned. I print the rules out and also email them to one of my friends, Amy, who also enjoys slutty moments when she is single. Today is Tuesday, the perfect day to start Slut week. I have just about recovered from a weekend of parties, and will start the "Slut Clock" at midday, allows me to get straight on into it. My phones beeps with a text. It's Amy "Vix, U filthy girl, I'm in! When do we start?" I type out an answer "12 noon. Meet U in Bounce Bar asap" "C U v soon" beeped my reply. Seeing as the weather was hot, I slipped on a strappy summery dress. It came down to mid thigh, so not too much thigh showing, but was quite low cut showing enough of my pert breasts. I wondered if it was windy enough for my dress to blow up and show anyone looking my freshly shaved pussy. Well it either would or it wouldn't, not much I could do about it either way. I finished the look with some strappy heels. I picked up my purse and rested my shades on my head. I shut the door on my flat (apartment if your from the US), and went down in the lift. I checked myself out as the lift had 3 mirrored walls, so I could see my front and back without moving. I lifted my dress to check out my ass, wiggling my hips to a get a jiggle going. I've been told enough times that I am hot to believe it. I bent over and could see my pussy lips glistening in the mirror. This was going to be the start of an epic adventure. I walked out of the lift and out onto the street. Walking around in the sunshine, wearing a pair of strappy sandals and a little summer dress made me feel like a million dollars. I could feel the eyes from the guys peeling the dress off me as I skipped along the pavement to the bar. I loved living in the center of a city in the summer, so

much energy so close together, you could feel it building throughout the day as the temperature rose, then everyone letting loose as they cooled off after work. I put my shades on, meaning I could glance around a little bit more, without being spotted. A couple of hot girls walked past and I got a great view of their cleavage, spinning around to catch a view of their legs and ass as well. One of them even spun around to watch me too, which was even better. I made it to the pub, one of my regular haunts and sat on a stool at the bar. Apart from a loved up couple in the corner, I was the only customer. I knew the barman, though not well enough to know his name, and he smiled at me and came over. I smiled at him and as he got close he picked up a cocktail glass and passed it to me. "Would you mind tasting this new cocktail I made, I could do with a second opinion?" he asked me. "Certainly," I replied, "does it have a name yet?" "If you like it, I'll let you name it." he told me, giving me a cheeky grin. I picked up the glass and had a small sip, and then downed the glass. "I like it, nice and fruity with a slightly bitter twist" I said, licking my lips and smiling. "So what would you like to call it?" he asked. "You'll have to give me a minute to think, let me fix my makeup." I told him and got up to go the ladies room. When I got to the door to the bathrooms, I turned and the barman was watching me, so I smiled and waved him over. He had a quick look around the bar and then came towards me. As he got close to me he started to ask me something, so I quickly shushed him, and pulled him into the bathroom. I locked the door behind us and gave him a big kiss, whilst massaging his cock. "I need to say thank you for my drink." I told him, giving him a cheeky smile and crouching down. I quickly dealt with his belt and fly and he offered no resistance when I pulled down his boxers with his trousers. His cock was nicely trimmed and he was starting to get wood. I stood up quickly and whipped my dress off over my head and hung it on the hook on the back of the door. I was now completely naked, bar the shoes and crouched down again. By now his cock was hard, and I gave it a quick lick and then started to take it in my mouth. I spread my legs so he could see my wet cunt as I worked on his shaft, which had gotten even harder and I could now feel the veins bulging out of it. I slipped one hand down to my pussy and started to rub my clit as I sucked on his rock hard cock. He started moaning as I let my teeth graze his skin, then gently nibble on his helmet before taking his whole length into my mouth. Remembering my rules, I wanked him for a few moments whilst frisking through his pockets. Finding what I was looking for, I passed it up to him. "Take a picture," I demanded, as he took his phone from me. I got back to sucking his cock and looked straight up into the lens as he snapped away. My slit was dripping wet by now and I was aching inside, I needed to get fucked. I stood up, and turned around. I spread my legs and lent forward resting my hands on the sink. "Fuck me now" I ordered, and he wasted no time in slamming his cock into my waiting hole. He didn't have the biggest cock in the world, nor the smallest, but it was a very pretty cock and it was just wide enough to stretch me, just big enough for me to feel every ridge on his shaft and not too long that he couldn't let me have it as hard as possible without hurting. Ladies you know what I mean ;). I was bracing myself on the sink as he ploughed into me, his hands roaming up and squeezing my tits hard, pinching my nipples, Making me groan. I slid a hand down to my clit and started to rub myself furiously. I had been horny since writing the rules and had been getting wetter and wetter since then. As the barman banged me nice and hard, I felt the orgasm building fast, and in moments my legs started shaking as

the first wave hit me. "Fuckkkk! Yes!!!" I moaned, and this was enough to send the Barman over the edge and he shot his hot spunk into me, giving me some extra hard thrusts as he came. He then stopped and lent over me, wrapping his arms round me, kissing me on the back of my neck and squeezing my breasts again, sending another shudder through my whole body. "Take another picture as you slide out of me," I managed to say, knowing I needed the photo evidence. He found his phone from wherever he had put it and took the snap. I spun around and gave his cock a good suck clean, as every good slut should, feeling his come dripping out of me as I did it. I always love that feeling of hot cum running out of me and down my thighs, it makes me feel so used and filthy, so dirty and so wonderful all at the same moment. "You'd better go and make me another of those cocktails," I said to him "I think we should call it Unexpected Pleasure." So he left to mix another drink, and I cleaned myself up and returned to the bar. My drink was waiting for me, and as I drank it, I pinched his phone and sent myself the pictures he had taken, changing his background to the one of him sliding out of me and his screen saver to the little video he had shot (cheeky bastard!) of me giving him head. Just as I had finished, Amy slid into the seat next to me. "Hey Sexy," I said, "I've started already" and passed her my phone to show her the proof. "Filthy bitch!" Amy exclaimed, watching me sucking off the barman on the small screen, "but you know it doesn't count" "Why not?" I asked looking puzzled "Because it's not Midday yet, so you don't get points for him!" I gave Amy a cheeky look, downed my Unexpected Pleasure and wondered who would be my first scoring conquest. Part 2 to follow shortly.