Pet Smart Humiliation

by Mary G.

It was a hot Saturday morning as Ron and I drove East toward Va Beach. Our conversation was centered around my need to be humiliated. Ron had mentioned how much harder it was for him to really humiliate me. Not that I still didn't become very humiliated with some of what he had me doing or anything, but the really earth shaking, mind blowing, orgasm causing kind were becoming fewer and fewer.

Our plan for today was to hit the beach, swim and soak up some rays before hitting some clubs for drinks and dancing. The hotel we were staying at was located right on the beach and in easy walking distance from a couple of hot clubs he had found.

We had taken my Blazer over his truck since his AC was on the blink and he had it in the shop for repairs. Both our bags were in the back. I had packed little as he had since our main goal was fun and sun. Both of us were dressed for just that. He wearing shorts and tee shirt and me I already had my bikini on with a little beach wrap over that.

On our way into town Ron spotted a Pet Smart and told me to pull in as he wanted to pick up a couple of things. I didn't give it a thought as Ron has the most gorgeous German Sheppard you can imagine. A huge black and tan that he has had for years. I just thought he wanted to get him something.

Once inside we walked around the cool air causing my nipples to harden and poke the small triangles of my top out. Both Ron and I noticed the looks I was getting from the customers both male and female. I also felt my pussy starting to heat up.

The first thing Ron picked up was a leather collar but it wasn't something I could see him putting on Brutus as it was a bright pink. Then he found a thin light weight leash to match. Now I was sure they weren't for Brutus, but I still didn't know or realize they were for me. Next came a doggies bed, also in pink, but at least it was big enough for Brutus I thought. The last thing he wanted was a tag. The young woman who was to print the tag asked Ron what he wanted it to show and his answer floored me, "Ron's Slut" he told her.

Her eyes flashed toward me as a smile formed on her pretty face, "Oh getting your pet some pretties are you?" she asked. "She's a pretty thing, too. Is she well behaved?" she asked. I know I turned several shades of deep red as Ron answered "Yes, most of the time." I felt my pussy gush soaking my bikini bottom. You could smell my arousal in the air. After the tag was printed she put it on the collar and told Ron she would be happy to check him out if he was finished shopping. Ron thanked her and paid for his purchases. The girl put the doggies bed in a bag and started to reach for the collar and leash when Ron stopped her saying I would be wearing them out as he knew the city had a leash law and didn't allow pets to run free as he placed the collar around my neck and next came the leash. I was totally humiliated. Here I stood, a grown woman, being collared like a dog in a crowded store with people watching it happen. Ron paid the girl and picked up the one bag. Then he led me out of the store by my leash and back to my Blazer.

When we checked into the hotel I stood there still wearing my collar as Ron carried our bags and the bag from Pet Smart to our room. In the room he put our bags down and turned to me asking if I was ready for the beach.

We hit the beach and swam for a couple of hours. Part of that time we spent laying out soaking up some sun. All that day I wore my collar and revelled in the looks it got both on the beach and at the clubs.

That night I slept at the bed side in my doggie bed as Ron stroked my hair till I fell asleep.

I awoke the next morning feeling refreshed happy and loved.