Public Humiliation

by Tatelou Â©

"Meet me in an hour."

"An hour? That doesn't give me much time."

"I know that, why do you think I left it 'til now to call you?"

"You're a wicked man, Jack."

"Yep and don't you love it?"

"You know I do. Right, I'll see you in the car park in an hour. Jeez!"

"Don't give me that, young lady, unless you want punishment? What am I

saying? Of course you do. Don't be late, I'll be waiting!"

"Yes, but where are we going?"

"No more questions, you'll find out soon enough. I have a few surprises

for you."

"Quite! Why do you think I'm trembling here?"

"Oh, don't be silly. It's the kind of surprise you'll love, honey. Now get

off the phone, you need to get going!"

"Ok, babe, see you soon."

"Indeed you will. Bye!"

"Bye!"

After the call ended, I rushed upstairs. I wanted to get ready as quickly

as possible, but also make sure I was fully prepared. I know I can never

completely prepare myself for one of Jack's surprises, but I did want to

make sure I didn't forget anything. He'd given me a list of things to take

and those items were running through my mind as I dashed around the

bedroom, gathering them all up.

I quickly changed out of my jeans and T-shirt and slipped into my denim

skirt and red strappy top. As I pulled up the zip, I remembered about the

tie up knickers. He had expressly told me to wear a skirt and a certain

pair of knickers. As I reached into my underwear drawer my heart was

pounding, I couldn't help wonder why he'd asked for this particular pair.

It took me a couple of minutes to tie the pink ribbons, my fingers

fumbling each time I tried to tighten the bow.

Finally dressed as he wanted me, I wriggled a little and pulled the skirt

down, enjoying the feel of the heavy material as it brushed against the

contrasting thin â€“ so thin it was almost transparent â€“ black material of

my knickers.

I turned and studied myself in the full length bedroom mirror. Not bad, I

thought, and then decided my hair needed sorting out. I brushed it

through, then tied it back, knowing it would get blown around something

chronic as I drove to the car park, and end up even more of a mess than

when I started out.

Once I had all the required items in my bag, I grabbed my shoes and rushed

downstairs. My excitement was beginning to get the better of me and I

dropped my keys twice before I was able to unlock the front door. I

checked I had everything one last time before leaving the house and

turning to lock the door again.

I was away and settled back in my seat to enjoy the half hour drive to our

rendezvous. As I drove I tried not to think about what Jack might have in

store for me, but it was tough. I couldn't think about anything else. My

mind was racing, as I thought about the ideas Jack had mentioned to me

over the preceding two weeks. He'd talked about a friend of his on a few

occasions and had mentioned that maybe one day he'd invite him along to

join us. I brushed it off as mere fantasy and him winding me up, but I now

began to consider that he had, in fact, been very serious. As the music

blasted from my speakers and the wind rushed in, through the open windows,

my heart rate increased and my mouth went dry. He was being serious, I was

almost certain, and I felt incredibly turned on at the thought of what

might happen that day.

I was almost there and would soon find out for sure. I put my foot down.

Jack and I had arranged to meet in the supermarket car park, not only to

save time, instead of him going home first after work, but also because he

wanted us to have a little chat first, over a cup of tea in the cafe. I

didn't know why, exactly, but I did know it was all part of his plan.

As I pulled into the car park, my heart was pounding. Jack had told me

exactly where to park. I approached the far corner and saw he was already

there, sat in his car, waiting for me. I checked the clock; I was a couple

of minutes late. Not bad going, considering. I turned the wheel and swung

the car into the space next to his. He didn't look at me right away, but

stared straight ahead. All part of his plan, I knew that. He was getting

into the zone, as we call it.

I got out of my car and he got out of his. Without even saying hello, he

said, "Throw your bag in the back." Silently, I did as I was told, then

watched as he locked the car up, before walking in the direction of the

cafÃ©. I walked quickly to catch up with him and once there he grabbed hold

of my hand and held it, tight.

"You ok, babe?" I asked him.

"Oh, yes," he replied and turned to face me. We kissed, for the first time

that day. It wasn't a long kiss, but I could sense the fire in him. He was

going to get bad with me, I knew it, and my breathing went shallow and

jerky. "Stay calm," he told me, before leading me into the cafÃ©.

We purchased our tea and sat at a corner table, opposite each other. After

pouring the drinks and taking a few sips, he took hold of my hand and

brought his face very close to mine and said, "Right, take your knickers

off, now!" I was stunned, but his tone was masterful, as always, it turned

me on something chronic.

I replied, "What, right here?" He later told me my face had been a picture

right then.

"Yes, right here, NOW! If you don't do it, you know you will be severely

punished."

I always want to do as I'm told, and, not only that, I was getting a huge

buzz of excitement from the situation. So, I decided to try. Nervously, I

glanced around, nobody was looking, so I reached up under my skirt and

untied one of the ribbons.

"Ok, I've done one," I told him.

"Good girl! Now the other. Bear in mind, there is a second option, if you

bottle it."

"Second option?" This intrigued me and I was tempted to take that option,

whatever it was, because there were quite a few people around.

"Yes, but if you take that option, you will also get punished."

I did make a concerted effort to will myself to untie the other side of my

knickers, but, I didn't have the nerve. There were so many people around

and they would've seen me do it. I was disappointed in myself, because I

badly wanted to. However, I told him, "I can't."

"Never mind, but that does mean it's over to plan B. You'll still get your

punishment, you do realise that?"

"Yes," I replied, meekly, casting my eyes down. I felt as if everyone was

looking at me, whereas, in reality, I don't think anyone was. Sensing my

obvious discomfort, Jack reached across the table and took my hand in his

once more. I let out an audible sigh, took a deep breath and looked into

his gorgeous eyes. "Ok, what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to go into the toilets and remove your knickers."

"Ok!" I was quite surprised by that. It wouldn't be the least bit

embarrassing or humiliating. Which, in turn, disappointed me a little. I

love to be humiliated, even in public. Especially in public.

"And your bra."

"Aha! I knew there would be something else. Ok, no probs." I got the

feeling he was a little taken aback by my eagerness. Then again, he

probably wasn't. He was just as excited as me, maybe even more so.

"Good girl."

Then I remembered something. "Oh, Gawd! You do realise, if I stand up my

knickers will probably fall down."

"Yep. I was thinking that. Just get on with it, you'll have to walk with

your thighs clamped together, or something." He laughed as he said that,

making me feel even more self-conscious, and, I have to admit, turned on â€“

he has the most wicked laugh.

"Ok, here goes." When I stood, I kept my eyes locked on his and felt the

familiar sexual energy surge between us.

I hurried to the loos, looking back once as I went through the door. He

was staring straight at me, a blank expression on his face, but I knew

what thoughts were going on behind those sometimes stern eyes of his.

It didn't take me long to lock myself in a cubicle and finish removing my

knickers. I slid my hand up my skirt and gave a little tug on the other

ribbon. My knickers fell away, exposing my glistening pussy to the cool

air. I was tingling, through nerves, excitement and need. I quickly

removed my bra, enjoying the feel of the soft fabric of my top against my

stiff nipples, and stuffed it into my handbag, along with my knickers.

Unlocking the door and stepping out of the cubicle, I caught a glimpse of

myself in the mirror. I knew I was naked beneath my flimsy outerwear, but

it wasn't that obvious. Shame, I wanted it to be.

As I walked back to our table, he stood and approached me. "Well done," he

said, grinning. He took my hand and led me out of the store. My heart was

pounding from the rush of excitement. All around us were people going

about their everyday lives, shopping for the week ahead, carrying out

normal chores and I was being led into goodness knows what, naked, bar my

skirt and top.

We left the store and the fresh air hit me, making my nipples stand out

even more. I loved the feel of the breeze as it rushed up my skirt and

caressed my hot pussy. He gave my ass a sharp slap and hurried me to his

car.

We got in and he said, "Right, you know what I want now!" It was an order,

not a question. I stared at him, in disbelief. Surely he didn't want me to

suck him right there, in the busy car park? "Go on then, suck me!" He was

serious. He unzipped his fly and pulled his hardening cock through the

slit in his boxers.

I glanced around, making sure no one was nearby and looking toward us at

that moment, then quickly went down on him. I kissed his tip then circled

my tongue around the head a few times before taking him into my eager

mouth. I moved my head down, taking in as much of his now extremely hard

cock as I could, and his hand went to the back of my head, encouraging my

thrusts. I loved the taste of him, the feel of him and the reaction I got

from him.

I took him deep into my throat, his legs tensed and he let out a moan. It

was then that he stopped me and said, "Enough, for now." I didn't want to

pull my mouth away, but I was keen to find out what he had in store for me

next. He is a wonderful guy and always has something new and exciting

planned for us, today would be no exception.

As I sat up and adjusted my clothing a little â€“ my top had slipped down,

exposing the top of my breasts, almost to the nipple â€“ he pushed his stiff

cock back inside his boxers, then took a moment before he zipped his fly

up. Turning to face me, he didn't say a word, just brought his face close

to mine and gave me a deep, electrifying, kiss, which I returned, with

hunger.

He then sat round, turned the key in the ignition and began to pull away.

I looked out of the window as we drove out of the car park and I remember

thinking, 'If only those people knew.' I wanted them to know I had no

underwear on; I wanted them to know I had just sucked his cock and I

wanted them to know that we were driving off somewhere unknown to me, to

fuck.

We got out onto the open road and I began squirming in my seat, enjoying

my nakedness beneath my skirt, when his hand went to my top. He gave my

breasts a squeeze, before gently flicking at my nipples, making me gasp.

The need deep within me was growing stronger by the minute. He seemed to

sense this and put his hand up inside my top, running it over my naked

skin, until he found my bare breast. The feeling of his strong, masculine

hands caressing and squeezing me was exquisite, but still not enough to

sate my need â€“ it merely heightened it.

I looked at him and he smiled at me, the smile that turns my insides to

jelly. I involuntarily gritted my teeth and widened my eyes, sending a

signal to him that I needed to be fucked. He knew that anyway and never

needs and cues, so his hand went straight to my knee. As his hand pushed

higher I stretched out my legs and adjusted my position slightly. My

breathing quickened as his fingers travelled up the inside of my thighs,

prising them apart. I didn't resist as he reached my opening â€“ I

desperately needed him to touch my pussy. When he did I spread my legs

further, encouraging his fingers to enter me.

We came to a roundabout and, instead of moving his hand away from me, he

asked me to change gears, as he pushed the clutch in. We were perfectly

co-ordinated and the gear changes went smoothly, down to second, back up

into third, as he pulled away, then up into fourth as he accelerated down

the road. The whole time he continued to stroke at my clit and opening

with his fingers.

Once the car was in top gear he looked over at me again. "Lift your top

up. I wanna see your tits." His tone held authority, but not aggression â€“

that would come later. I did as asked, feeling naughty as I exposed my

naked breasts. I felt certain the occupants of the cars travelling in the

opposite direction could see me, but I didn't care, it added to my

excitement.

We approached another roundabout and the gear changes were going as

smoothly as before, that was until he pushed a finger inside me. It was a

quick, jarring motion which made me flinch, but it felt so good. I missed

third gear on the first attempt and had to work at the gear stick to get

it in place. He looked at me and raised his eyebrow, as if to say, 'Get

the gear changes right, woman!'

He finger fucked me as he drove, working my skirt further up my legs as he

did so, exposing more of my naked body with each thrust.

I reached my hand over and began rubbing his cock through his jeans. I

felt it grow and harden as I rubbed and I badly wanted to bend over and

unzip him, taking him into my mouth again, but I was enjoying what he was

doing to me so much, I stayed leaning back into my seat. Plus the fact it

might have distracted him from his driving a little too much, I decided

against it.

Another of his fingers joined the first, stretching me, fucking me hard. I

moaned and writhed in the seat and my fingers went to my nipples, pinching

and pulling at them. I felt so horny, sat in the front of the car,

virtually naked. My top was up, over my tits and my skirt was up around my

waist, I felt the beginnings of an orgasm building inside me.

We were approaching a set of traffic lights and they were green. Part of

me was willing them to turn red before we got there. I wanted to be seen.

I wanted a lorry driver to look in the windscreen and see me naked and

spread-eagled in the front of the car. I wanted him to see me in the

throes of orgasm. That thought brought me even closer.

The lights did turn red. I looked at Jack and let out a naughty giggle. He

didn't stop finger fucking me; he went at me even more vigorously, now he

didn't have to concentrate on the road ahead. As I came I stared at him,

but I imagined others staring at me as they drove by. His fingers pumped

into me harder, harder, faster, faster and the orgasm tore through me.

"Oh, fuck!" I cried out as the intense waves, which began deep within my

cunt, radiated throughout my entire body. I threw my head back and bucked

in my seat, screaming out in ecstasy, because he kept me held at that

point for what seemed a very long time. He began to slow, bringing me down

again as the lights changed. I was in no state to help him with the gear

changes, so he swiftly removed his hand and did it himself.

"You ok, honey?"

I didn't reply, I couldn't, I was too breathless. I just gave him a very

satisfied smile accompanied by a long blink.

"Not far now. Another couple of miles and we'll be there."

"Ok, but where is there?"

"You'll find out."

I settled back in my seat, leaving my clothing alone â€“ I enjoyed the

freedom of being virtually naked â€“ and watched Jack drive. I find

everything about him sexy, even the way he drives. I told him that a while

ago and he laughed; he'd never considered his driving sexy before, but I

assured him it was.

Jack indicated left then steered the car off the main road and onto a one

lane track. I didn't feel quite as relaxed anymore and I sensed a shift in

his attitude, too. His driving stiffened up, just a little, and he stopped

glancing across at me. I realized he was going back into the zone. This

excited me, but it also made me nervous. I swallowed hard and adjusted my

clothes; I no longer felt so comfortable being nearly nude.

As we approached, then entered, the tree line the light faded and the

atmosphere took on an eerie tone. Jack smiled at me, but it wasn't a

comforting smile, it was a wicked, knowing smirk. I was going into the

unknown, but while my nerves were getting the better of me, I didn't feel

afraid. I was with Jack, and I trusted him â€“ with my life, if necessary.

He had a thrill in store for me, I realised that much, and I also sensed

I'd be put through my paces.

Jack drove the car into a clearing and I was surprised, although not

entirely shocked, to see another car already parked there. He parked up,

right next to the other car, which was empty. I'd expected to see a man

sat in there, most likely Jack's friend he'd spoken of, but there was

nobody.

"Stay put," he said, as he climbed out. I looked all around, and could see

nothing but trees.

I didn't notice Jack come around to my side of the car and I jumped and

let out a yelp when he jerked my car door open. He leaned in, bringing his

face close enough to mine to kiss, but I didn't expect him to. However, he

did. He kissed me hard and brought his hand up to the back of my head. For

a moment he stroked the back of my neck, and then rubbed his hand in my

hair, caressing my head, gently. I gasped into his mouth when he grabbed a

handful of hair, pulling my head back. "Out," was all he said as he pulled

me from the car.

Adrenalin was streaming through my body and I was incredibly aroused as he

dragged me to the bonnet. "Get over, slut," he growled at me, as he pushed

me, face down, onto the bonnet.

"Ouch!" I exclaimed. The bonnet was fucking hot!

"Shut the fuck up."

He continued his hold on my hair as his other hand went to the backs of my

legs. He shoved my skirt up, in one quick movement, and I just about heard

him say, under his breath, something about a nice red ass.

I braced myself for a spanking, but it didn't happen, not right away.

"Doesn't she look good?" I heard him say, in quite a loud voice.

"She sure does!" replied another man. His voice was vaguely familiar, and

I guessed it was Chris right away.

I'd only ever spoken to him once, on the phone, and even then I'd barely

been able to concentrate on what he was saying. Jack, the dirty bastard,

had called him while he was fucking me. Seriously! He had me bent over,

holding my ankles, and he phoned his best mate. He even got him to talk to

me, as he slammed into me. I don't remember much of that conversation, but

I do recall him saying, "You're enjoying that, aren't you, you dirty

little bitch?" Of course, I had been. Jack fucked me hard and brought me

to climax, while I was on the phone with his best mate â€“ which had only

added to the intensity of the orgasm.

So, here he was. Jack hadn't been kidding. I could barely contain my

excitement, but I tried. I wanted to play along with their game, and not

appear too eager.

Jack bent over and spoke in my ear, "What are you?"

"What do you mean?"

"I said, what are you?"

"A slut?"

"Correct! Whose slut?"

"Yours."

"Say it. Properly."

"I'm your dirty little slut."

"That's right, you are. You are my possession, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Louder!"

"YES!"

"You are mine and I can do whatever I want with you, can't I?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Of course I can! I can lend you to whoever I want, too, can't I?"

I nodded.

"Good." He pulled me up, then let go of me. "Turn around. Right, now

strip."

When I turned I saw Chris standing there. Jack didn't even introduce me to

him, but I'd guessed who it was. He didn't smile at me, he didn't do

anything by way of greeting, he just stared at me, with hunger in his

eyes.

"Get on with it!" Jack barked at me. I cast my eyes down, in a submissive

gesture, and crossed my arms over, each hand taking hold of the hem of my

top. I pulled it up, exposing my bare tits, and I was sure I heard both

men sigh in approval. I yanked it over my head, then held it out in front

of me, before dropping it to the ground.

"Good girl." I felt proud to have pleased Jack; he'd trained me in exactly

how he liked me to strip for him, and I remembered.

Now for the skirt. I undid the button and zip, then began to pull it down,

wiggling it over my hips. I tired to take it slowly and do it sensually

for them, but my hands were shaking and it was more jerky than smooth. The

skirt fell to my feet and I stepped out of it.

"Good, now turn around again."

I had my back to them and Jack approached me. He took hold of my wrists

and placed them behind my back. "Palms open." I felt him slip something

plastic over my hands. Once it was around my wrists, he pulled it tight,

making me flinch a little. "Turn around. Good girl. Right, now get on your

knees."

I dropped, immediately, trying to ignore the discomfort of the twigs and

stones digging into me. He unzipped his jeans and once again pulled his

semi-hard cock from his boxers. He brushed it against my lips and I opened

my mouth. He pushed it inside, smiling down at me as he did so. Both his

hands held the back of my head, as he thrust into me, fucking my face. I

gagged a couple of times, but managed to control it. He carried on for a

few minutes, with his mate watching the whole time, not saying a word. He

pulled himself out, before he even got close to orgasm. He stroked my

face, then turned to Chris.

"Right then, mate, she's all yours." Jack stepped away from me and I saw

Chris approach. He still hadn't spoken to me.

Chris not only unzipped his jeans, he pulled them down, along with his

boxers. His thick cock was already pretty hard and my eyes remained

focused on it, until he had it pressed up against my mouth.

"Be a good little bitch and suck his cock," Jack told me. I was still

serving Jack, even though another man was about to use me, so I did as I

was told.

I licked at the tip of Chris's cock, before he pushed it into my mouth. He

made me suck it, thrusting it in and out as deep and hard as he could,

with complete disregard for my comfort. My eyes began to water and I just

about stopped myself from retching, but it was tough going for a while.

Soon, though, he pulled himself out. I presumed they both wanted to save

themselves for a while.

"Was she a good little slut? Did she suck you well?"

"Oh yes, mate, very well." Chris then grabbed the tops of my arms and

dragged me to my feet. The restraint around my wrists was really beginning

to dig in now, but I blocked out the pain. He walked me over to Jack's

car, and before I knew it, I was shoved over the bonnet for the second

time. "I do think she needs to be punished, though, her striptease could

have been better."

"Couldn't agree more! Go ahead, she's yours to do with as you please." As

soon as Jack finished saying that Chris's hand stung across my ass.

He spanked me over and over again, grunting each time his hand connected

with my bare skin. It stung and I began to sob. "Awww, poor little bitch,

does that hurt?" That was the first thing he said to me, before continuing

his onslaught of stinging smacks.

I sensed Jack move in closer, maybe out of concern, but also perhaps to

get a better look at my red ass vibrate with each hard blow.

After at least thirty strokes, Chris stopped. I was crying uncontrollably

by that point and Jack stepped up, right next to me. He bent down, stroked

my face and said, "You ok, sweetie?"

The amount of immense love that surged through me at that point was

astounding. I calmed myself, took a few deep breaths and replied, "I'm

fine, babe. Thank you." He gave me a tender smile, before stepping back

again.

"Can I carry on now?" I found Chris's impatience rather annoying, but I

reminded myself that he had no emotional attachment to me, and just wanted

a good fuck.

"Yep, please do."

Chris stood behind me and pulled my legs apart. "Just look at that lovely

red ass," he said, as his hand went to it, stroking, kneading, caressing.

He then moved his hand down, to my opening. When his fingers entered me, I

felt slightly odd; not nearly as good as Jack touching me. But, I was

incredibly horny all the same, because Jack was watching.

Chris pushed his fingers in and out of me for a little while, before

removing them, replacing them with the head of his cock. He entered me,

slowly at first, but within four thrusts he was all the way in. I closed

my eyes and concentrated on the sensations, reminding myself that Jack was

watching. It began to feel good, very good, in fact. He fucked me hard,

with complete disregard for me, and it was this detachment which began to

excite me and bring me to orgasm.

He pulled on my hair, yanking my head back and slammed into me. I grunted,

screamed, cried out and swore as he fucked me until I came. It was a damn

good orgasm and my legs began to buckle. That was when he pulled out of me

and walked away, leaving me to slump to the ground. I felt used, I felt

dirty, but I also felt fucking good!

"Have you come yet?" I heard Jack ask Chris.

"Nope, I'm saving that for when we spit-roast the bitch."

"Yep, good thinking." Jack walked up to me and helped me to my feet. "You

ok, honey?" Again, his concern touched me in a greater way than I can

describe. This time I couldn't find the breath to reply, so I just nodded

and smiled at him. He brushed some loose strands of hair away from my

face, then kissed me on the forehead. "Right, now it's my turn."

He bent me over again and stepped behind me. I loved the familiar feel of

him as he entered me. Before he'd even began to fuck me hard, I could

already feel an orgasm start to soar through me. My body had become highly

receptive. He thrust into me, holding my hips, grunting. He quickly made

me come. When he pulled out, he continued to hold me, not allowing me to

fall. When he released the restraint on my wrists I let out a deep sigh;

it had begun to get incredibly painful. He then helped me up and turned me

around. When he wrapped his arms around me, hugging me tight, I felt a few

tears prick my eyes again. "Right, now you're really for it," he said, in

a semi-stern way, half joking.

Jack led me away from the car and told me to get down on all fours. I

quickly complied. "Ok, time to spit-roast the bitch," he said to Chris.

Jack knelt in front of me, which pleased me. I was relieved I'd be sucking

his cock, as Chris took me from behind.

"Good, I get the slut's cunt," said Chris as he positioned himself behind

me.

Jack smiled at me again, before presenting his cock to me. I eagerly took

it into my mouth, then moaned as I felt Chris enter me. That's when the

whole situation really hit me. I felt dirty, I felt used and abused â€“ it

all felt fucking awesome.

I hungrily sucked on Jack's cock, relishing his taste and the sensation as

he slid in and out of my mouth. Chris sped up his thrusts and for the

forth time that day I felt the stirrings of an orgasm. This time I tried

to control myself a lot more. I had to, I had Jack's cock in my mouth. The

muscles in my abdomen began to spasm, as the orgasm hit. When I came, the

only sound I made was a guttural groan from my throat.

Shortly after, Chris pulled out of me, then I heard him say, "Oh, fuck,"

as his hot come hit my ass, in long spurts.

"Dirty fucking bitch!" Jack exclaimed, as he began pumping his come into

my mouth. I guessed that seeing Chris come all over my ass had sent him

over the edge. He pulled his cock out, before he finished, and let the

rest erupt all over my face, which felt amazingly dirty and so fucking

good.

All three of us were exhausted and we all laid down on the ground, gasping

and panting. Jack reached out and held my hand; neither of us had the

energy to do any more than that.

For quite a long while there was silence, until Jack spoke. "Oh yeah,

Louise, meet Chris. Chris, meet Louise." Chris erupted in a fit of

laughter and so did I.

Jack said, "What?" Then gave me a huge grin.