**Sarah's Humiliation**

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She is such a good cock sucker, he thought, sighing heavily as he relaxed further into his easy chair. The globes of her ass cheeks protruded from her very short t-shirt as she serviced his cock. Flicking her ass with the riding crop induced wonderful sensations on his cock as she moaned from the sting. She had been on her knees the majority of the day, her ass bore red marks from the crop, as she struggled to deep throat him; the harder the crop hit her ass, the more she moaned and the harder she sucked. The crop kept her motivated. He made her suck, even though he knew she was tired, her jaw muscles tired, and her lips sore. Finally he pushed her away. That would do for now. It was 2:00, and he had some things to do.

"Stand in the corner, with your nose in the corner, and your shirt up around your waist. Stick your ass out, spread your legs -- wide. I want your hands behind your back." He loved this part because he knew she was embarrassed standing like that.

"Yes Sir." When she had followed orders, he stood and admired her lovely ass, the narrow waist, the long legs, and the stripes from the crop; some turning black and blue. He teased and traced his finger over her pussy lips.

"My cock sucker is wet."

"Yes Sir." She moved her ass, trying to move with his finger.

"Why?"

"I am your slut." She whispered.

He smacked her ass twice.

"What?"

"Ahh. I am your slut, Sir." He could hear she was breathing heavily. A slight flick of his finger against her clit, would create the orgasm she so desperately wanted. He enjoyed this too; making her wait for her orgasms. She had to earn them. He was good at making her do something against her usual demeanor just to orgasm. Last night, for instance, she had begun to beg quite earnestly to be allowed to cum. His compromise was to take her out to dinner, with her collar on. The collar was new, and it unnerved her. Added to this was her obvious naked state under her clothes. The light material of her blouse, clearly displayed her prominent nipples and 34 C breasts. The short skirt was 3 inches below her pussy lips. When she sat in the car, it rode up. He had instructed her to keep her legs spread wide, and play with her clit, but to stop when she was close. When they had arrived at the restaurant she was visibly shaking, and begging to "please let me cum, I am so close." He had denied this request. They had eaten their meal. Many people openly stared at her, and she had tried to ignore it, but it was obvious that she felt displayed. He had fucked her in the garage when they got home. She had been so needy that she had panted and pleaded, as he rammed his cock in her pussy. She seemed oblivious to the open garage door, or how much noise she was making. When she had cum, it was hard, her pussy lips contracting around his cock. Soon he had cum hard.

Reflecting on all this while standing in the corner, Sarah realized she was a slut. She got some sort of wicked satisfaction from being forced into compromising situations. She became turned on by being humiliated; though she didn't understand it. She loved to suck cock, she loved her husband's cock in her mouth and in her pussy. Lost in these thoughts, she jumped when she felt Jerry's hand on her ass.

Sarah saw that he was holding some clothing. "Go shower, make sure you are shaved, put on your make up, and put his outfit on. You have 20 minutes." Sarah scampered to obey. Emerging from the shower, she hastily did her hair and make up. Sarah slipped the skirt on. It was one of her skirts, but it seemed shorter. It was definitely shorter. Peering in the mirror she gasped at herself. The skirt was just below her pussy lips. She was covered, but just barely. The view from the back was obscene. If she bent over at all, she would be exposing herself. The top was worse. It was a wrap style, too small, and dipped below her breasts, barely covering her nipples. Any movement would threaten to reveal her nipples. All this combined with the collar made her feel more of the slut than before. Putting the heels on, she made her way down the stairs.

"Wow! That is quite an outfit. Come and sit on the couch." Sarah made her way to the couch, and sat down. As she had feared, the skirt rode up her thighs, exposing herself. Her husband nodded his approval. Sarah sat in stunned disbelief as he told her the plans for the day. They were going for a drive, and she didn't need to know where. She was to keep her legs separated at all times, her hands clasped behind her back. If she was a good little slut, he would let her cum.

No amount of pleading on her part would convince Jerry that she simply could not go out like this. She would be arrested for indecent exposure. What would people think? Jerry listened to her pleading, and responded, "Well that's interesting. Haven't you been sucking my cock all day? Didn't you wear a skimpy outfit to dinner last night? I think you like it. Besides, where we are going no one will care. Is your pussy wet?" The questions just kept coming. Sarah could only answer yes to all.

"Spread your legs and show me your wet pussy." Sarah slowly spread her legs. "Show me how wet you are." Sarah spread her pussy lips. They were swollen and wet, and began pulsing as she dipped a finger in. She would have loved to keep her finger in her pussy. She longed to cum.

"Would you like to cum?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You came last night. I think I want you to wait some more. Now let's go."

"Please, Sir. Let me cum."

"Only a slut would beg to cum. See, I told you."

Sarah had no arguments left. He wouldn't let her take her purse. She could take her ID, which she had to give to him, and check card, which she was allowed to put in her pocket. This made her feel very vulnerable. Getting into the car, her skirt riding up, she spread her legs, buckled her seat belt, and put her hands behind her back. Jerry gave her a long, loving kiss, and told her she was very good. He meant it too.

She looked great sitting there on display. He flipped on the radio, and headed out the driveway. She had done very well thus far. His lovely slut wife, sitting in the passenger seat, with barely legal clothing on had no idea what was in store for her. As they got closer to the city, and the traffic got thicker, he could see her squirm to cover herself. Someone would have to be looking really close to see she wasn't wearing underwear. Her shirt exposed a healthy portion of her breast, but not her nipples. The collar made the outfit. He loved the shiny metal with the d-ring handing from the front. People in the BDSM life style would know what it was; to others it was just a kinky type of necklace.

When she saw the adult book and novelty shop, Sarah become more uncomfortable. She began to breathe heavily, struggling with the urge to cross her legs. Oh lord, he wasn't going to take her in there looking like this? That was evidently exactly what he had planned.

"Jerry, please don't make go in there like this. Please can we compromise?"

"You will go in there, or I'll make you go home on the city bus."

"But . . ." she began.

"The bus stop is two blocks from here. It will make an interesting walk, considering your state of undress."

Damnit! Sarah sighed and got out of the car. He gave her a folded sheet of paper, took her by the d-ring of her collar, and led her through the parking lot.

Sarah struggled to keep up, trying to keep the shirt from exposing her nipples and the skirt from exposing her ass. This was getting crazy. How far was he going to go? Why couldn't she catch her breath? Her pussy was throbbing.

She received several cat calls before they got into the store. She was so wet; she had a hard time concentrating. She seemed rooted to the floor when they got inside the door. She flushed with embarrassment, as several customers gave her a head to toe appraisal. The clerk behind the counter asked if she could help.

Sarah could not find her voice.

"My slut needs some toys. Do you have your list?" Jerry said loudly.

Sarah wished the floor would swallow her up. Still unable to move or say anything, Jerry took hold of her d-ring, and dragged her to the counter. "Really, this lady is more that willing to help. The least you can do be is polite."

Sarah went into auto pilot. With shaking hands, she opened up the paper. She gave Jerry a look of anxiousness as she began to read the list. Sarah began to hand the clerk the paper, but Jerry stopped her. "No, read it out loud. There is no shame in buying sex toys. Is there - - Miss?"

The clerk, whose name tag said J.B, and who was quick to pick up on a sub/dom relationship, openly leered at Sarah. "Nope. That's what we are here for. Some people just need more gratification. Judging by your outfit and collar, I would put you in the category of intense need. Now read me the list like a good sub."

Sarah was taken aback at her boldness, even though she knew it was obvious what she was. There were only two customers in the small store, and they were taking more notice. She could feel them watching her. It seemed everyone, including herself, enjoyed her discomfort. Sarah took a deep breath. Something shifted in her. Her pussy just seemed to drip, she was so turned on.

"I need." She began. "I need alligator nipple clamps, blunt clothes pin type nipple clamps with attaching chain, vibrating nipple clamps, remote control vibrators (2), butt plugs, vibrators, ankle and wrist restraints, paddles of varying types, nipple nooses, a flogger, leash, gag, small padlocks. . ." This list went on and on.

"Wow." The clerk stared at her. "You are really into some kinky stuff. You must really like it."

Sarah stared at her.

"Answer her, she is being polite." Jerry prompted.

"Yes." Sarah said quietly, eyes downcast. She could offer no further explanations.

"I'll be over here looking at the videos. Could you help her out?" Jerry moved away, leaving Sarah alone with the nosey clerk, and the very curious customers.

Up and down the aisles they went. Sarah listening as the clerk explained this and that. She took a lot of time by the butt plugs. "What size to you need?"

"I don't know. Medium, I think." The clerk settled on two different sizes and styles. One had a flare, and narrow neck. She explained that this was less likely to fall out. The other was a cock look alike. Sarah just followed her around the store, like a lost puppy, too confused to do much of anything else. Finally they got to the counter, and Jerry appeared with a couple of videos.

After everything was rung up, and Sarah paid for the items, Jerry said, "My slut would like to wear some of these items out of the store, do you mind?"

The clerk just smiled, and said "No, go ahead, which ones would your slut like?"

Sarah wished they would stop referring to her as a slut. She needed to get out of here. Jerry answered for her. "She would like to wear the nipple nooses, the ankle and wrist restraints, and leash."

"Jerry, please, don't." Sarah began. The clerk began sorting out the items. She came around the counter to hand the items to Sarah

"Some sluts just need it, I guess. Here you go. The bathroom in is the back of the store. You can't be naked in here, or I could get shut down. If you need any help, just let me know." She ran her hand over Sarah's ass. Sarah was ashamed at how she wished the woman would keep touching her.

Jerry watched with amusement and pride. He could see how turned on Sarah was. "I think she should put on the items she can out here. Look at how turned on she is."

His cock was hard as Sarah began to protest. "You are turned on aren't you?" He watched Sarah hang her head and just nod. "I thought so, you like this. Let's start with the restraints. We will need the padlocks too."

Sarah could do nothing as Jerry began opening packages. The other customers had stopped to stare at the slut in the store. It was a good day to go shopping. This was better than some of their porn movies. This was happening in real time. They whipped out their cell phones.

Sarah just stood there in a mix of emotions she could not understand. Through it all, the prominent thought was she needed to get fucked. She buckled and locked the padlocks on the ankle and wrist restraints. She attached the leash to her collar. This too had a small padlock. The leash wrapped through her d-ring and locked in place. The clerk had a change of heart about her "no naked" policy. The customers staring at the scene were enthralled. She decided it would be good for business. When Sarah had the nipple nooses, the clerk said, "I think we would enjoy watching her put these on."

Sarah heard the customers agree. Jerry didn't want things to get out of hand, but he was enjoying this too much, and did not object with their cell phone usage. They were too far over the edge. The clerk wisely went and locked the door, and put the "out of store, please come back" sign in the window.

Although Sarah had not worn them before, she could figure out how they went on. Forgetting everything, she exposed her breasts, and very erect nipples. She attached and tightened the nooses. Jerry reached over and tightened them more, causing her to gasp.

"Now, I think you need to thank everyone for letting you act so slutty in this store."

"Tha-Thank you for letting me be such a slut." Sarah could barely breathe.

"Do you know that my little cock whore slut was begging to be allowed to cum just before we got here? I told her she had to wait, she needs to earn orgasms."

Sarah was wild eyed. She knew where this was going. "Jerry, you can't be serious. Please don't make me do this. Not here."

Jerry dragged her by her nipples over to the two customers. They were young men, sporting hard ons.

"See what you have done? Here are the choices. Give these two guys hand jobs, make yourself cum, or take the bus home." He didn't know these guys, and didn't want any STDs

Nearly sobbing, Sarah reached between her legs and started rubbing her clit." It would not take long.

"I think we need a better show than that. Ask them to feel how wet you are."

"Oh, Jerry, please don't make me do this." Even as she spoke, her hands were working her clit, and dipping into her pussy. "Would you like to feel my pussy?" Soon she was pleading, "I'm so close, please feel my pussy. May I cum?"

When no answer came, she tried again. The two guys started unzipping their pants and jacking off.

Sarah began to sweat. The clerk was rubbing her pussy.

"I think that is enough for now." Sarah was gasping and panting. She had been so close. The two guys were ready to shoot their loads.

"Heh, we want to cum on your slut."

The clerk agreed to this as she didn't want her floor any messier than it already was.

Sarah was still trying to recover from not being allowed to cum, she barely heard Jerry agree, and was hardly aware of being pushed onto her knees in front of the two men.

Soon, the guys started moaning and grunting. She felt cum splashing her. She felt cum on her face, her breasts, and her clothes. She longed to cum herself. When the guys regained their composure, Jerry instructed Sarah to thank them for cumming on her. She did, with a barely audible whisper. How could she let this happen? What was wrong with her? Man, she needed a fuck. How long would he make her wait?

Jerry picked up her leash and led her out of the store.

"Hey! Thanks for the show. I will always remember the slut in the porn shop." Sarah didn't hear the rest. What would become of the pictures she knew they were taking? The thought of them sharing them made her horny all over again.

The clerk watched the security tape with her boss; they fucked like rabbits in his office. The two customers went home, and since they were young and able to get it up, fucked their significant others, after sharing the video.

Sarah and Jerry sat in silence on the way home. Sarah was reflective and horny. Somewhat calmer when they got home, she was dumbfounded by her wonton behavior. What did those people think of her? When they got home, Jerry had her suck his cock. She was on her knees in the garage. The humiliation in the store just seemed to turn her on more, and she hungrily socked his cock. He had her crawl into the house, as he led her into the family room, and attached the leash to the hook above the window, out of Sarah's reach. The leash was padlocked to her d-Ring. She was effectively restrained by the open window. She still had cum on her, and felt dirty.

"Jerry, please, not by the open window. Please, no." He slapped her ass.

"You aren't naked, who cares? You need to start calling me Master. I would have let you cum in the store, if you had. Some day, you'll learn." He then opened the alligator clamps, and attached them to Sarah's nipples, sensitive from still being bound in the nooses."

"Ow, please Jerry, stop this. Let me serve your cock. I need to suck it."

"Now, here are your instructions. I am going to open the window. You are going to play with your clit. When you are close to cumming, I want you to call out. I need to hear you say 'I am close, Master, please let me cum.' If I don't answer then you can't cum. If you do, I will have to punish you."

Jerry then went outside and sat on the deck. He called the neighbors next door. His wife, he said, wanted to show them what a slut she was. Bob and Gwen had been anticipating the phone call. The three had discovered they had similar BDSM interests one week when Sarah had been out of town. Gwen and Bob were both tops, and were looking for someone new to train. They wasted no time and walking through their back yard. When they approached, they could hear, "Please master, may I cum?" It was spoken with such earnestness they knew it was going to be a good afternoon and evening. It was only 5:00. They stood and shared some drinks from the outside bar, talking quietly, and smiling when they heard the plaintive pleas from inside.

Sarah did not know how long she was going to hold out. It was an eternity, and she was beginning to lose her ability to stop her orgasm. She was a little shocked when she saw her husband with the camcorder outside the window. He was taping her. She began pleading more earnestly now, and loudly. She wouldn't be able to hold back much more.

"Please, please, please, Master. Let me cum." When he wouldn't answer, she forced herself to stop rubbing her clit. Then she would begin again.

Jerry waited until she looked so desperate that she might hyperventilate. She looked amazing with her skirt bunched up around her waist, the collar and leash stretched her neck, she appeared to be on her tip toes. The nipple nooses and alligator clamps made a wonderful image. His cock was so very hard.

"Does my slut need to cum?"

"Oh, yes, please please please please."

"Ok then, you may, you earned it."

Sarah needed no further encouragement, and began rubbing her clit more furiously. "Oohh! Yeah. Oh. Yes, yes." Her whole body tensed and she was lost in her orgasm. She didn't notice Bob and Gwen watching her as well. As she came down from her orgasm and leaned against the window, she saw them. What the hell? What were they doing here? New humiliation washed over her. She wanted to run and hide, but there was no place to go and no curtains to hide behind. They had just watched her display herself and beg to cum. How could Jerry do this to her? Her humiliation was greatly enhanced when they all clapped and then started coming into the house

"Jerry. What are they doing here? How could you? What must they think?" The words tumbled out of her, and were ignored as all three of them came up and started caressing her. Gwen, especially, seemed to take great interest in feeling her pussy. Sarah would have pushed her hands away, were it not for the fact the Jerry was holding them behind her back. Bob was tugging on the clamps. Sarah was squirming from Gwen's administrations and from the pain in her nipples. The leash was pulled taught from its hook above the window. She found herself squirming toward Gwen, not away from her. Who were these people? Why had Jerry put her in this position? What did Bill's cock look like? She needed a fuck. She was indeed such a slut.