**My Public Humiliation**

by[Lalah](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=923468&page=submissions)©

Before we can get into the story, it's important I tell you a little about myself. In my social life I am an independent, jealous person who needs to be in control. I don't like sharing or taking orders; I am the boss.   
  
I live alone in my own apartment and do not do well in serious relationships. But despite all of that, I do have a very close friend who I'll call Mark. I guess you could say he is my lover, although I wouldn't have used that word back then as it gave the impression he was almost my equal, and I wouldn't have wanted that.  
  
Some of our common friends teased him about being my little puppy, but he always just smiled at them because he had a secret. You see, when I am horny I'm a totally different person; I love being dominated, humiliated, and used. I absolutely hate it, I absolutely love it.  
  
This has been our little secret; in private I make up for my bitchiness by submitting to him by playing a game we call "Fuck Toy." I'll be his good little slave and do all of his biddings.  
  
When I'm at the height of passion I always have the fantasy of letting him dominate me in public, but nothing had come of it because once I cool down I am horrified by the idea.   
  
One fateful summer day as we were fondling each other in bed I opened my heart and blurted out the whole thing. Unsurprisingly he was interested by the idea and we spent hours inventing scenarios as we caressed ourselves before enjoying some of the greatest sex I ever had.  
  
I thought this would be the end of it. But he didn't need to be on the verge of an orgasm to be turned on by the idea, and so kept bringing it up. Eventually after much insistence and orgasm denial he managed to convince me.   
  
"Don't worry," he had said with an evil little smile. "I'll plan everything."  
  
When the day finally came he knew I was nervous, so we spent most of the day having fun so I'd be horny as hell and willing to go along, although he didn't let me get an orgasm.  
  
He had planned a private party at eight p.m. in a friend's apartment, and when the time to leave came he had gotten me really hot and very much into it. The plan was that I'd put on only a dog collar, a leash, one of my long coats, and he'd drive us there with no turning back.   
  
I liked the idea of being totally without any control in public. Just as we were about to leave my apartment I grabbed him painfully by the hair and forced him to look me down in the eyes.  
  
"You don't let me chicken out," I ordered. "If I try to get out of it you dump me outside naked and leave without me. If you let me get out of this I swear you'll regret it."   
  
This seemed like a good idea at the time; I was hot just thinking about it. Why would I ever want to change my mind?  
  
"Sure," he assured me. "I won't let you back out."  
  
I let go off his hair and he stood back upright. He grabbed the leash which was hanging out of the top of my coat and jerked on it, pulling me stumbling into the hallway. And then he closed the door behind me.   
  
"Follow," he ordered as he started walking ahead of me, leading me by the leash.  
  
The game had started; I was his little Fuck Toy now. I wasn't supposed to talk unless being addressed, and have to be obedient, among other rules I won't get into right now. I let him lead me down the hall, hanging back just enough so that he'd have to put some pressure on the leash to drag me.   
  
I was being dragged down the hall by a leash, wearing only a coat, which only came down mid thigh, and made me totally horny. This was great, I thought, starting to wish we'd run into a neighbor. What would happen? What would Mark make me do?  
  
But we got down to ground level and to his car without any incident. Mark opened his door and moved his seat forward.  
  
"Get in the back," he ordered.  
  
I was a little surprised by the request, but did as I was told. He took the opportunity to get his hand under the coat and squeeze one of my ass cheeks as I bent forward to get in and the coat rose up. I quickly sat down in the back seat, looking at him for instructions.   
  
He was still standing outside his door holding his end of the leash. He leaned forward over me, reached for the little handle on the ceiling next to my door window and inserted the leash through it.   
  
He started pulling on his end, shortening my side of the leash forcing my head up and toward to the window until I was sitting upright and had to strain to keep my butt against the seat. He grabbed my wrists and tied them together against the handle, forcing me in that position, with my hands tied above my head.  
  
He looked at me with a satisfied smile, patting my bare thigh. "That's a good Fuck Toy."   
  
His hand crept up my leg until he found my dripping pussy. I let out a gasp as he inserted two fingers, massaging my inside. I strained against the leash, scooting my hips forward and spreading my legs to give him better access.   
  
He kept playing with me for a little while, then pulled his fingers out and pressed them against my lips. I opened my mouth and sucked hungrily, looking him in the eyes as I did so, teasing his fingers with my tongue.  
  
I was so horny I wanted him to fuck me right there. He was looking at me lustily and I opened my legs invitingly, but he just stood back and outside the car.  
  
He rose his seat back up, sat in front, closed the door and started the car. We got out of the parking lot and into traffic.  
  
I wasn't in a comfortable position, but I was horny and didn't care; soon enough we'd be at the party and he'd fuck me silly. But then I realized we were not heading for our friend's apartment.   
  
I couldn't tell where he was going. I tried sitting demurely like a good little Fuck Toy, but I was getting impatient and a little anxious; I'd normally be the one in control of the car.  
  
He noticed I was getting agitated, or maybe he'd been checking me all along in the rear view mirror, and spoke up.   
  
"You're wondering where we're going," he declared. "I lied to you," he continued. I felt a chill go through me at that.   
  
"The party's not starting at eight; we're not going there straight-away. You think I'd take you there dripping wet? Where's the fun in that? No, we'll have a nice little drive while you cool down."  
  
And drive around we did. It couldn't have been for very long, but it felt like an eternity. My legs were aching from the strain of being just barely sitting, my hands were getting numb, I was getting a little cold and I was totally pissed off. This wasn't funny!  
  
Then we finally reached our destination; an old duplex. Our friend lived on the second floor, with an open-air stairway leading up to his balcony. Mark opened his door and got out of the car and lowered his seat again, looking at me.  
  
I was starting to have second thoughts about all of this. "You know I wasn't serious when I said..." I began but he interrupted.  
  
"Don't even think about begging off," he snapped. "You've been clear enough."  
  
I was so mad at him, and scared too. I didn't want to go along with this anymore. I didn't even know who would be in there, but worse of all was that I'd been bossing around our friends since forever. This wasn't funny, my standing would be ruined.  
  
"Here's how it's going to be," he announced "I told our friends you're really a horny little bitch who wants dirty sex. They didn't really believe me, but they're curious to see what will happen. I also told them to go along with what I say."  
  
He smiled at me. "And you don't want me to leave you outside naked right? This is all your idea right? Well you better go along with what I say. You know I'd do it. You got that?"   
  
I wasn't sure if he would, but I thought he was capable of it. I didn't trust my voice so I just nodded. I was so pissed off I wanted to choke him with the damn leash.  
  
That seemed to satisfy him. He reached down and untied the leash; I fell down against my seat in relief. I sat there a while rubbing my hands as the blood started flowing through them normally.   
  
He'd been standing outside holding the leash, looking down at me. "Give me the coat." he ordered.  
  
I looked around and didn't see anyone outside. I glared at him, but reluctantly unzipped my coat and handed it to him. He threw it on the front seat.  
  
"Now you're going to come out on all fours and follow me. I don't want to see you at all on two legs tonight. Also from now on you can't talk; you gotta act like a good little doggy would."  
  
God! I knew this game; we'd play it sometimes at home. But I couldn't act like a dog in front of our friends!  
  
"Please..." I begged.  
  
"That's it?" he asked. "Alright then if that's how it's going to be get out of my car."   
  
He grabbed my arm and started pulling me out. I pulled back in the opposite direction, desperate not to get thrown out.  
  
"Alright! Alright! I'll do it! I'm sorry; I'll do it!" I babbled frantically. He let go of my arm and I fell back, relieved.  
  
"Well then get out on all fours!" he snapped, taking a step away from the door.  
  
I took a steadying breath and leaned down outside the car, putting my hands on the ground. With some effort I managed to get down onto my knees without stumbling.  
  
I was standing naked on all fours on the sidewalk shaking in shame and felt like throwing up, and to make it worse my breasts were hanging down pointing at the ground.   
  
I've always been self-conscious about having my breasts hang like that; when I'm horny I think it's obscene and turns me on, but the rest of the time I really hate it.   
  
Mark tugged against the leash and I moved, the rough ground painful against my knees.   
  
When I was out of the way he locked and closed the door. Now there was really no turning back; my coat was locked in the car. I looked around nervously, but couldn't see anyone.  
  
"Alright come on," he ordered as he started walking toward the stairs. I followed behind as he led me by the leash.  
  
I don't know if you've ever tried getting up a stairway on all fours, but there's no graceful way to go about it, especially when you're naked. I wanted to hurry up, but Mark just kept a casual pace.   
  
I hated the thought I was exposing my pussy every time I raised a leg, especially as we got close to the top and above ground level where everyone passing through could see me. Finally we reached the top and I looked around to see if anyone had seen me. I couldn't help feeling a little pang of disappointment when I spotted no one.  
  
"Heel!" he commanded when we got to the door and I did, sitting on my heels.  
  
He knocked on the door and I started shaking again; this was it. I waited anxiously and then the door opened. A guy I didn't know stood in the doorway.  
  
"Hi," he began looking at Mark. Then he spotted me sitting on my hells with only a collar and a leash. His eyes nearly popped out in shock. "Who's this?!"  
  
"Oh," Mark remarked offhandedly. "Just a whore I picked up on the way."   
  
I let out an outraged gasp. How could he say that to a stranger?! I felt my face flush in shame and anger.  
  
The guy looked down at me in disdain. "Oh, well come in everyone's in the living room." He stood out of the way to let us pass.  
  
Mark took the lead and I followed on all fours, the guy closed the door behind us. I looked back and I caught him looking at my ass as I walked.  
  
"Hi guys! I brought a whore; I hope you guys don't mind..." Mark exclaimed out loud when we reached the living room.  
  
The first thing noticeable to anyone upon entering would be the couch, which is facing away from the entrance toward the TV and stereo on the opposite wall. The next thing would be the lazy boy on one side, and finally the coffee table in the middle of it all.  
  
They had been sitting watching TV and drinking beer, but they all turned around looking at us in surprise.   
  
There were four people in the living room; Trent, the guy this apartment belonged to; Bret, one of mark's friends from work; Ted, a mutual friend from way back and his girlfriend, Lidia. I didn't know it back then but the fifth, the one that had answered the door, was Jake, Trent's brother.  
  
They all stared at me with expressions ranging from surprise to amusement. Lidia was smirking at me.   
  
I couldn't stand those stares and closed my teary eyes. I was visibly shaking and close to hyperventilating. Mark knelt down next to me and started caressing my head.   
  
"Breathe" he told me, and to everyone else announced, "I think she took too many drugs." This really wasn't helping.  
  
His hand left my head and started caressing my back, then down to my ass. He lingered there a while massaging my cheeks, then down between my thighs toward my pussy. He found my clit and started stroking it.  
  
As he did so he leaned close to my head and bit down lightly on my earlobe. "Relax," he whispered. "You're going to be okay..."  
  
I calmed down slowly. I was starting to forget where I was, with my eyes closed and focusing on the sensations in my clit.   
  
He removed his hand and I opened my eyes nervously. They had been watching as Mark had fondled me. I looked away, preferring not to meet those stares.  
  
"Trent," Mark called offering the leash. "I gotta go get a beer, why don't you get the Fuck Toy settled in front of the couch."  
  
"Uh yeah I guess..." he said nervously. He got up from the couch, walked around to us and took the proffered leash. Mark left the room heading for the kitchen.  
  
Trent stood nervously, holding my leash. "Hi... so uh, you wanna go over to the couch?"  
  
I couldn't reply; I didn't have permission to speak. I stood there looking down at the floor. He gave a tentative tug on the leash and I took a step toward him, still looking down.   
  
"Okay..." he let out.   
  
Still looking down at me he took a step backward toward the couch, I followed. He seemed to gain confidence at that and led me around toward the front of the couch, still walking backward. I'm not sure if he was checking me out or just making sure I followed, probably both.  
  
So we reached the front of the couch. It was made to sit three persons comfortably, although you could fit more if you didn't mind being shoulder to shoulder. Ted and Lidia were already sitting there, his arm over her shoulders. Trent sat down next to them, still holding my leash.  
  
He hadn't given me permission to sit or get comfortable, so I knelt there on all fours directly in front of Ted and Lidia with less than a foot separating us. I was in a profile view to them and I knew they were getting an eyeful, which shamefully reminded me of my breasts hanging down.   
  
There was total silence but for the forgotten TV. Everyone was still, staring at me. I heard Mark coming back and I looked at him in relief; this stillness was getting to me.  
  
He had two beers in one hand and a bowl in the other. He came in front of me and set the bowl down, opened a beer and emptied it in the bowl. "Drink," he ordered.  
  
I lowered my head and started lapping. I knew they were all watching me but this was offset by knowing the alcohol would help settle my nerves. I tried to keep it away, but my hair would sometimes dip down in the bowl. I had to raise my head and shake the hair out of my way before I could resume lapping.  
  
"So how do you like the Fuck Toy?" Mark asked. They answered with shy noises.  
  
"Come on," he said. "She won't bite, you can pet her. Anyone want to pet her?"  
  
"Sure," came Bret's voice from the lazy boy. He got up, coming to kneel next to me.  
  
I let out a gasp when his hands touched my back. I stopped drinking and righted myself on all fours again. He started roaming his hands all over my body, trying to touch every inch of me. I arched my back and couldn't help but let out a little shiver of pleasure.  
  
His hands came down over my stomach and reached my breasts. He grabbed one in each hand, squeezing.   
  
"Make them swing around," Mark interrupted. "She really likes that." I opened my mouth in protest, but closed it with a snap; I couldn't talk.  
  
Bret released my breasts and let them hang, then pushed them around; making them move as I knelt mortified. "Like this?" he asked.   
  
"Oh yeah," Mark replied. "She really loves that."  
  
To my relief he eventually tired of it, instead starting to explore my pussy which had apparently gotten really wet. It made slick noises as he fingered me.   
  
"Don't make her cum!" Mark announced urgently. "No one let her cum. Why don't you make her give you a blowjob? She's really good."  
  
He seemed to like the idea. He grabbed my leash, led me to the foot of the lazy boy, fumbled with his pants and pushed them and his boxers to his ankles, then sat down on the edge.   
  
His cock was average in size but very hard and slick with pre-cum. Following Mark's suggestion he guided my head with the leash, bringing it closer, forcing my mouth to his groin area.   
  
I sat back on my heels thankfully; my knees were really hurting. I grabbed his cock in one hand and started licking his pre-cum, cleaning the head of his cock. I haven't told this to anyone, but I really love the taste of pre-cum.   
  
Then I took his cock in my mouth. I don't deep throat, I've got too much of a gag reflex. But I'm pretty good with my tongue and lips. I started bobbing my head up and down as I massaged him with my hand.  
  
Somehow while I was sucking Bret's cock Mark had managed to convince Trent to fuck me up the ass, something he'd wanted to try but his girlfriends had never gone along.   
  
"Put a condom on so you don't catch anything from the whore," he said "I've brought plenty."   
  
I stiffened at that comment. Bret jerked under me and I quickly relaxed my mouth; good thing he hadn't cried out or I'd have gotten punished. I was grateful we wouldn't be having unprotected sex, but I didn't like the story at all.  
  
Trent came behind me as Mark gave him directions. "Pump into her pussy a few times, and then put it in her ass. Prod her slowly and she'll take it."  
  
I went on my knees again and raised my ass as he got behind me. He cock rested a moment at the entrance of my pussy, and then pushed in. I let out a moan against the cock in my mouth, pushing my pussy against Trent's cock and meeting him as he pumped, but he quickly pulled out.   
  
I next felt his cock against my anus, and tried relaxing my muscles. I had stopped paying attention to the cock in my mouth, but I didn't care right now. I'm used to taking cocks dry, but it's always uncomfortable at first. Bret grabbed my hair and started fucking himself with my mouth but I tried ignoring it, going along with the motion.  
  
At first when Trent pushed his cock against my anus it wouldn't go in and all I felt was pain, but at Mark's coaching he kept pushing and stopping, pushing and stopping, on and on.   
  
It was a little painful but I'm used to it. He kept at it until the extreme tip of his head started going in, backed off, and pushed forward again. This was repeated, penetrating slightly more each time, until the whole head pushed inside.  
  
As soon as he got the head in he gave a powerful lunge and impaled me with his full length. I let out a mighty cry of pain around the cock in my mouth; I really wasn't stretched enough for that yet.   
  
He quickly pulled out, afraid he'd broken something. I could feel my legs spasm from the shock; I probably couldn't have stood upright steadily if I tried.  
  
"You gotta take it slow at first," Mark scolded. "But I guess you mostly stretched her up now, just go slowly."  
  
The cock came back at my anus, but this time he went slowly. I was a little sore but I adjusted to his length quickly enough. He started pumping regularly.

"Stick it in her pussy for lubricant if you have to," Mark offered. "I gave her an enema before coming."  
  
He did; a couple of quick thrusts in my pussy and then he went back to my ass. This was much better; he could slide in faster and started fucking me hard, I was getting into it too.  
  
I knew that soon I wouldn't be able to pay attention to Bret's cock as he fucked my mouth, so I attacked it with urgency, giving it everything I had so I could then focus on my ass getting fucked  
  
Before long I saw the signs he was about to cum as I sucked him. The cock in my ass felt so good, I was horny as hell. I felt so dirty, like such a whore, and I wanted more. I pulled Bret's cock out of my mouth and aimed it at my face, jerking furiously.   
  
He came with a groan, letting out three big squirts. One landed on my nose, the second on my upper lip and the third on my chin. I'm not sure, but I think I had a small orgasm. I kept jerking for a little while, the rest of his cum just dripping down between us.  
  
I licked the sperm off my upper lip, satisfied. Now that I was free I could really get into the ass fucking.   
  
I braced myself for support against the lazy boy with one hand, meeting the incoming thrusts halfway as the other hand sneaked to my clit. I only managed to play with it a couple of seconds before my hand was snatched away.  
  
"No!" Mark shouted. "You don't get to orgasm yet."  
  
This wasn't fair; anal sex feels really great but it had never given me an orgasm by itself yet. All I could do was kneel there and take it as sperm dripped down my face. Let them get their fun without getting anything myself. I really was just a Fuck Toy.  
  
After a while I could feel Trent's thrusts grow in urgency. He started grunting, gave a couple of hard, deep thrusts, and then he stilled in my ass.   
  
"God that was good," he announced and then pulled out.  
  
"Hey Jake," Mark said. "Now that your brother's done with her ass do you want a go at it?"  
  
I looked around the room; Trent was pulling his pants back up, Ted and Linda were half naked fondling each other on the couch, Mark was sitting next to me drinking a beer, and Jake was standing back where he had a whole view of the room with his cock out and stroking it slowly.  
  
Before I knew it they had gotten me to lie on my back on the coffee table, my butt hanging just off it. Jake put on a condom and kneeled between my legs; he grabbed them and plunged into my ass. This was so maddening. Here I was getting ass fucked again and I couldn't cum.  
  
Mark put his beer down, knelt next to me and started sucking on my breasts while playing with my nipples. I wanted to cum now. I needed to cum now. This wasn't funny.  
  
Luckily Jake didn't last long, he'd barely just started and already he was moaning heavily.   
  
"Pull out and cum on her stomach," Mark suggested. "She likes it when strangers cum on her."   
  
"Don't you?" he asked me. I nodded.  
  
Jake pumped into my ass a couple more times then pulled out, got the condom off and stroked himself over me. He climaxed with a groan, the first spurt landing between my breasts, the others lower and lower on my stomach.  
  
For a moment they were all satisfied, except for Ted and Lidia who had started having sex on the couch. We all sat around watching them go at it.   
  
Mark gave me a beer and ordered me to drink it down, which I did gratefully. We both sat on the coffee table, me in front and him behind me. He'd tease my breasts and pussy, but would stop when I got too much into it.  
  
The guys were starting to get hard again watching Ted and Lidia go at it. Eventually Ted got an orgasm, shooting his load into his girlfriend's pussy. They separated, both panting and a little uncomfortable at all the attention.  
  
"Hey Lidia," Mark asked. "You mind if the Fuck Toy eats that cum out of you?"   
  
At first she wouldn't but the guys kept pestering her and eventually she accepted. I've done it before, but never in front of a crowd. But when Mark told me if I cleaned her out and gave her an orgasm he'd let me cum I jumped at the chance.   
  
They had her sit on the edge of the couch and I kneeled between her legs. First I licked the sperm that had started leaking out of her pussy, tasting her boyfriend's cum, and then I started digging in with my tongue. I cleaned her up, but I was more interested in making her cum than in playing around; I attacked her clitoris with my mouth as I penetrated her with my fingers.  
  
The guys cheered us on as I ate her out. At first she was reluctant; she'd never been with a girl before, but then she started really getting into it, moaning and wrapping her legs around my head. I was starting to worry but then she finally came. I fell back on my ass, relieved.  
  
"Nice," Mark said. "You've earned it."   
  
He lowered his pants and lay back on the coffee table, his dick erect. "Straddle me. You've got a little more work left."  
  
I climbed on the table and lowered myself on his dick, my pussy swallowing it hungrily. I didn't want to play around; I started fucking him hard, focusing on getting an orgasm. He grabbed my breasts and started fondling them. We were the center of attention, and I admit I liked it, all of them watching me fuck.  
  
I don't know how long we went at it, but probably not very long since we were both horny as hell. All I know is someone reached around and started playing with my clit, and then I orgasmed.   
  
I fell down on Mark, spent. He took me in his arms and turned us around, him now on top and me on the bottom. He went at it for a while, pulled out, grabbed me by the hair and came all over my face.  
  
My orgasm had started to clear my head, and I was coming back to reality as I lay on the coffee table. Oh my God, I thought. What had I done? I self-consciously crossed my arms over my breasts. I felt tears of shame in my eyes and closed them, uncomfortable.  
  
"You want to leave don't you?" Mark asked.   
  
I nodded yes.  
  
"Alright, but the guys are hard again. Do you want to let them fuck you or do you want them to masturbate and cum on you?"  
  
"Masturbate," I whispered.  
  
"Alright, just don't move. Aim at her face guys, okay?"  
  
I lay there eyes closed, hiding my breasts while listening to them masturbate. Eventually someone groaned and I was hit a couple of times on the face, then someone else, etc. It felt like forever but eventually Mark told me it was over. I had to scrub my eyes to open them; I was a mess.   
  
He told me not to wash any of it away. I looked at the floor ashamed; I could feel sperm dripping all over me. Mark took the leash, ordered me on all fours again, and led me toward the door. I didn't look back.  
  
He stopped at the door, turning back. "Well, night guys. I hope you had fun with the whore, it's the best fifty bucks I ever spent." I wanted to cry.  
  
He opened the door and led me out. If you think going up stairs on all four is hard, just wait until you try going down them. I had to go down backward, my ass first. Luckily it was late and no one was around, I really didn't want to be seen like this.   
  
He had me sit in the back and tied me again, but didn't let me put my coat on; I had to endure the whole ride back home naked with sperm dripping all over my face. At least we went there directly.   
  
When we reached the building he led me out to my apartment, naked, leaving the coat in his car. I was nervous as hell, but we didn't run into anyone.   
  
Now that we were safely getting to my apartment and everything was mostly over I have to admit I was getting turned on again thinking about my humiliations.   
  
We had sex again as soon as we got inside. He came on my breasts and refused to let me wash any of the sperm I had gotten that night. I had to go to sleep naked without covers, on my back.  
  
When I woke up the next morning with my body aching all over, a sore ass and caked sperm dried all over my face, hair and breasts I jabbed him awake and promised him I'd make him pay for last night. Then I headed for a good, hot shower.