**A Dogged Experience**

**by [jennysimms](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1169780&page=submissions)©**

We've been sitting in the car for half an hour in the woodland clearing, with the lights off, the interior pitched in darkness. I can see other cars parked nearby, perhaps half a dozen, some in darkness like John and I, others with the light on, small crowds gathering to see some spectacle hidden from my view. John looks at me and asks me if I'm sure I want to do this. I nod and butterflies flutter madly through my stomach, my legs snapping together instinctively, my subconscious mind telling me that no one should get me this easily. But my heart says I want this so very badly...

John turns on the light in the car, and my heart starts hammering away, I feel like the entire world is watching me.

Your face appears next to me at the passenger window. I jump at first, but you smile and I feel relaxed, seeing that you are not the strange looking pervert that I feared I would see.

John lets the window down, and you casually lean in, your hands resting on the roof. I'm staring at you like a rabbit in headlights, not knowing if I'm supposed to do something here, and you look at me casually, with the confidence of a guy who has done this before. You can see down the top of my small black dress, and see my breasts rising and falling rapidly, my breathing heavy and fast with fear and excitement. Looking over me, you feel that familiar twinge in your cock, as you take in my curves and see the reflection of light on my legs from my black stockings.

You can tell from the small bumps in my tight dress that I am wearing lingerie underneath, but everything is covered up for the moment. You look at John, who gives a signal that I cannot see, granting you permission. Then you smile a little, no fear or trepidation at all, and lean through the window. My breathe catches and everything goes into slow motion as your hand touches my knee. You run your hand up my leg, which jerks as though you are sending electricity through it; In some ways you are. You stop at the bottom of my dress and look at me. I have been transfixed on your hand, and I slowly move my head up and look at you in a daze, in a lucid dreamlike state.

It takes me a second to translate the unspoken question, and then I give you a small nod, doubts shouting in my mind. You push my dress up slowly, revealing the lace tops of my stockings, and the fasteners promising of more for you further up. I pull the other side of my dress up to match your progress, my arousal now beginning. Your hand moves to the inside of my thigh as you get higher, and my excitement rises with every movement. Finally, you make contact with my warm crotch, and the pleasant feel of my crotchless panties.

This instantly changes everything for me, and as your hand caresses my pussy, my juices begin to flow. I grab your exploring hand and push it onto me, my affirmation that this is okay, and you begin to push my lips apart. With my other arm, I pull your head in through the window, kissing you passionately on the lips, my sexual need rising like a tidal wave. I'm all over you, kissing you deeply, and rubbing myself with your hand as my pussy begins to get wet.

Your arousal starts now as I begin to moan, your fingers working inside my wetness, my legs opening up to show my stockings and suspenders. A crowd has started to gather, to watch this young girl getting fingered by a stranger leaning through the car window, hoping that they will get the full show. You reach down with your free hand to a place I cannot see, and I hear a click. You have to struggle a little to pull away, to give yourself room to open the car door. We break contact as you open the door, and you stand aside, beckoning me to climb out. I look at John, wondering if he might back out, but the outline of his erection in his jeans is all the encouragement I need. I climb out of the car, my dress still waist high, into the dark.

You stand in front of me, looking into my eyes, and the passion flares. You grab me and kiss me passionately, as twenty pairs of eyes watch us from mere yards away, knowing that this is it, this is Showtime. I'm totally caught up in the moment now, my loins on fire, pressing against the bulge in your jeans. You grab my arse, feeling the softness, and move your hands over me enjoying the texture of the tops of my stockings, running a hand underneath me and brushing along my wet slit. Your cock is now rock hard as I rub it through your jeans, needing to feel you in me, excited to discover that you are incredibly well endowed.

You grasp the bottom of my dress, and slowly begin to raise it up my body. I take half a step back and raise my arms, willing you to expose me to our waiting audience. You slowly take up my dress, first revealing my suspender belt, followed by my flat stomach, pale in the half light. Next you reveal my black corset, clinging to my body, tight against my breasts. My dress comes over my head, and is discarded, forgotten as I lower my arms slowly. I sense people moving closer, wanting to see, to stare at the girl standing in the gloom with her body on display, wanting to see me get fucked.

You take my hand, and lead me to the front of the car, the night turning to day as we move past the headlights. You lift me easily onto the bonnet, my arms around your neck and my legs around your waist. Our lips meet again, and the fire ignites in me. As we kiss, you put your hands on my hips, and slide me further onto the bonnet. You move one hand between my legs, quickly finding my wet pussy. You insert two fingers with ease, and a moan escapes me as I continue to kiss you.

I am barely aware of the eager mutterings around us;

"Yes, mate! Listen to that cunt squelching!"

As you steadily begin to finger fuck me, I move my mouth away and my head rolls back with a load groan of lust. As you kiss my neck and move your hand inside me, I look round at John in the driver's seat, who gives me a smile, telling me to enjoy it. I look back to you, and begin to unbuckle your belt, watching your soaking hand moving in and out, your fingers twisting inside as my hips begin to move into you. I can see lights from mobile phones as our audience films your wet fingers burrowing into me.

I undo your jeans, pulling them down frantically; scared that you're going to make me cum before I get to fuck you. Suddenly they come down easily, and you spring out, your cock snapping to attention.

There are small cheers around us, now that it's clear that we're going to go all the way.

I can't believe your massive length. And the girth! I struggle to get my small hands around it, staring at it, studying it. You raise my face to yours and kiss me again, as I begin to pump your cock with my hand, wondering if this is going to fit into my tight hole. I lower my head, and take you in my mouth, my warm wetness feeling incredible. I continue to move my hand along your shaft as I suck and lick your massive head. We continue like this for another minute, and then you stop and take a step back. Stroking your cock, you look at me on the bonnet in my lingerie, my legs spread and my slit glistening. The crowd is close in now; this is what they came for. You step forwards, and there is a signal in our eyes as we lock gazes, saying this is it, no going back now, we're going to fuck.

I lie back on the car and stare at the stars. You grab my ankles and raise my feet over your shoulders, holding my legs there, before moving forwards to guide yourself in. You hold me for a second, and I can hear clicks and see flashes as you allow people a moment to photograph my waiting pussy. Other cold fingers gently caress me, and I feel myself being opened a little to the cheers of everybody. Everyone is on edge now.

"That is one tight pussy!"

"Do her, mate, fuck her!"

I reach down with my hand, grabbing your cock, which now feels bigger than ever, and moving you to my pussy. As you press into my lips, I use my other hand to force myself wider, the only way that you will fit. You begin to enter, watching your cock slowly disappear into me. You can't go straight in because I'm just too tight, so you gradually move in and out, a little deeper each time as you get lubricated with my juices. Soon, you sink in to the hilt, and I moan as my senses light up. My eyes roll in my head as you begin to move, shafting me harder, causing my body to slide up and down the bonnet. Moving my head to one side, I see a bouncing image of three men watching your enormous cock thrusting inside me, one of them stroking his erection in full view.

Looking down on me, you see your broad cock glistening with my flowing juices, and watch as the tight fit of my tiny quim causes my pussy lips to pull out around your shaft with each withdrawal. Feeling my stretched hole squeezing you tightly, you know that anal fucking is going to be impossible, you will have to settle for destroying my soaking mound.

You pound my pussy like this for a few minutes, all the time I'm moaning with pleasure, feeling your meat filling me, stretching me. My legs look thin and fragile in your big arms as you pile into me, and the size of your frame makes me look like a tiny girl, bouncing on the bonnet like a rag doll as I cry out with each heavy thrust.

Then you slow down, and withdraw.

I let my legs drop uselessly over the end of the car, my thighs quivering. You slide me off the bonnet, supporting me as my knees buckle and give way. You turn me round to face the car, and I take in the panoramic view of the now baying crowd, many guys masturbating through open zippers. You hold me down with one hand on my back, as though I might try to escape. Your knee moves between my legs, and you force me open, making me present myself like a dog. The baying increases, men hollering now in the sexual cauldron that the car park had become.

"Yeah, fuck that sexy bitch!"

"Listen to her, she fucking loves it!"

"My god, did you hear those fucking screams?"

"Keep going man, fuck the shit out of her!"

With your other hand you guide yourself into me again, rougher this time, thrusting straight into me. I let out a cry of surprise at the rough treatment, but soon begin to feel the waves of pleasure again as you begin to piston in and out of me. You are much rougher now, one hand holding me down, the other gripping the flesh of my arse as you smash into me again and again. The familiar feeling begins to rise in me, and I cry out with each deep penetration. We are surrounded by people now, some of them standing next to you and looking down at my small helpless body, watching you furiously smash into my pussy as I scream in joy.

The pressure is building in me, the stars appearing in my vision, your rhythmic thrusts bringing me closer. My pussy is soaked and the juices are splashing on us each time you forcefully hammer into me, the tops of my black stockings flecked with white. My heart is hammering away, I am on fire, and my breathing is ragged. You enter me again and again; I can feel everything as your long shaft pushes in and out, again and again, in and out. The world goes out of focus, the only thing in existence now is my need, and your erect cock.

Keep going, don't slow down, keep pumping me with your big dick. Oooh, it's filling me, I'm being battered from behind in a clearing, by a strangers cock! It feels sooo good, don't stop, pump me hard. Like that, yes! Harder! Harder! Yes, Yes, Oh my god, I'm cumming, I'M CUMMING, DON'T STOP!!

I let out a yell into the night as my body convulses, a thousand points of light dancing in my vision. I feel a volcano erupt between my legs, as my juices flood out like a tidal wave. You see my cum squirting out, around the sides of your cock, which quickly becomes coated in my fluid. This is enough to send you over the edge. You thrust in hard, shooting hot spunk deep inside of me, my tight pussy squeezing you, allowing me to feel your contractions. I can hear your load groans through the haze of my ecstasy, as you thrust in with each huge spurt of your seed, until you sink in balls deep and convulse as the last few drops enter me.

I look at John through the windscreen, and he watches you standing behind me, a stranger filling my pussy with cum. He has a smile on his face, and the spray of white across his black top lets me know that he came with me.

You withdraw, panting for breath, and move your hand from my back. Instantly I feel the flow of your semen begin to flood out, long strings of thick cum slowly stretching down from my crotchless panties before dripping to the ground. I lie there for a moment, until I hear a car door, then go to get up to embrace John. Suddenly, I feel another pressure on my back, and look up to see John holding me down. He gives me a smile of reassurance, but I look up at him in confusion, I want to get off of here and rest. Then I feel the first warm stream of cum over my backside, and hear groans behind me. I hear a cheer, then feel more sperm hitting me, a long spray across my back. You are still there, behind me, watching your own cum spill from my used pussy like a waterfall as the audience who had watched us tonight shoot their load over me.

Some like to get up close, and fire a hard blast at my pussy or asshole, others like to ejaculate on my stockings. John takes his hand from my back, and I am turned over on the car. For a couple of minutes, the crowd takes turns to get their relief, warm cum splattering over me. I can hear whoops and cheers for a particularly big load, or a long shot reaching as far as or over my face, and I am forced to close my eyes as the jizz runs over my features. This goes on for a couple of minutes, their confidence growing as they realize that they can do what they like to my battered body, including adding to the load in my sopping hole. By the time it's over I am covered in cum, my fancy underwear soaked and ruined, and my pussy throbbing and oozing huge amounts of mixed semen.

Back in the car, exhausted beyond belief and sitting on comfortable towels, I kiss John deeply. My skin is slimy with the jism of many men, I have white streaks across my face and hair, and my pussy is still leaking onto the towels.

"Let's go home now" I say, sitting back in the seat, and beginning to fall into an exhausted sleep.