**Helen's Dares**

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**Helen's Dares Pt. 02**

It had been a week.  
  
A whole week.  
  
Seven days of almost constant preoccupation. Preoccupation with the events of that night of dares and a determination to obey his request of the following morning.  
  
She was there waiting on that particular Saturday night for the second installment of staged dare, the previous seeming a lifetime before.  
  
Tremulous.  
  
Excited.  
  
Agitated.  
  
The memories of that previous night had played on her mind almost constantly since for the full seven days.  
  
Remembering that she had been picked up and taken to a remote semi-rural lane not too far from her home and dared to walk it completely naked. She had completed the dares of course. She was a determined girl and always keen to impress her man. Complying with the dare led to a resultant fucking when they eventually reached the bed that night, from a man as turned on as she had been by her blatant public exhibitionism.  
  
She had made two walks in what he had called a staged increment of dare. The first had been holding his hand for comfort and security in the poor evening light, during which she had even squatted down for a pee halfway without care who saw her.  
  
She had almost been caught by a stranger as she had been alone for the second walk; the second stage. He had dropped her off and parked further down the road for her to catch up on foot.  
  
On foot.  
  
That had been a bonus hurdle considering that she had been expected to complete said journeys in her stilletos, the clicking of her heels a possible draw of attention for the residential houses she passed.  
  
In the kitchen at that moment, Helen had just completed the laundry chores and looked forward to his arrival. Attired as usual in a dress, she had left off all her underwear. It seemed little point putting it on for it to just get it soaking wet and discarded somewhere. Because of his instructions to not touch herself and the memories of that night, the sheer denial of personal ministrations had created the perfect storm of frustration. On that night a week earlier, she had managed a squirting orgasm without any direct stimuli to her clit.  
  
This fact she had not divulged to him, without really understanding why. Maybe she didn't believe it herself or maybe she had peaked for some other reason? It still baffled her now.  
  
Uncertainty kept her silent. A wonder. Something to keep to herself for the moment, at any rate.  
  
Any other time there would be the desire to touch and stroke herself but today, oddly, she didn't feel that need. She was feeling the serenity of being totally at her man's whim. He had suggested that she leave herself alone for the week. A request of sorts.  
  
Not as an order.  
  
Not as a command.  
  
Not as an edict.  
  
Just a suggestion and she had said 'yeah, ok'. Almost as if he had suggested a takeaway meal, or a particular film at the movie theater. Yeah, ok. He could have pretty much suggested anything and she would have been susceptible to saying, 'yeah, ok'.  
  
Dangerous ground the sane part of her brain told her. What if he suggested large hoop nipple piercings, or to go live in a cage in his basement? The sane part of her brain begged her to be realistic. Think before agreeing, it told her.  
  
The other side of her brain was much darker. Much more open to new experiences. Deep seated decadence now and having complete trust in everything he offered up to this point had all led to wonderful new incidents and occurrences. She was becoming a 'yes man' of sorts and loving every moment. Didn't see any point in changing that.  
  
So what she had to live in a cage as his personal sex slave? Fucked at his whim? Used at his leisure? Her pussy gave an involuntary churn of appreciation at the thought.  
  
Still she didn't touch.  
  
So he was due any minute for Stage Three and already her head was achieving a submissive space of sorts. A space where there were no limits or boundaries. A space where what would normally be a humiliating occurrence actually turned her on to the point of her body being ready to cum at a moment's notice. She just needed the word. An allowance to tip over that edge.  
  
An engine noise sounded close outside and she rushed to see if it was him. He had promised her a meal and she was hungry already.  
  
His car was on the drive.  
  
His body exiting it.  
  
Tall and muscular.  
  
She left the lounge window from where she had confirmed it was him, and hurried to open the front door. He entered with a smile on his face and within seconds she was in his arms, a passionate kiss of welcome whilst her arms were flung around his neck and his hands were on her waist.  
  
They broke apart and regarded each other. She answered his query about her week long chastity and confirmed her obedience. He smiled with pleasure at her eagerness to impress him.  
  
"Ready?"  
  
This was right out of the blue. It was still light out, for goodness sake. People were around, going home and going out. Now? Her heart went into overdrive and her pussy gave the obligatory flutter of excitement. Was he serious? Last week they waited until it was much darker. Her mind was conflicted but her body wasn't.  
  
Stipulations?  
  
Jewellery and butt plug required but no need for underwear. Stilletos obviously. A matter of fact statement as though describing the tools needed for a job. No need for discussion or debate or opinion. No option for argument or request of her viewpoint.  
  
Yeah, ok.  
  
She found herself complying quickly and efficiently with the needs of the evening. Within a few moments her body carried the expected additions and she met him once more at the porch ready for their departure. The large clear glass looking out on still a very light evening, the greying clouds collecting and more than a slight chill in the air.  
  
Helen shivered. As warm as his presence made her and as hot as the excitement of what was sure to follow made her, the inescapable fact was that today was much cooler than the previous weekend and there was no sign of being allowed a coat.  
  
A worried look into his face.  
  
Glassy eyed at his mischievousness.  
  
A curl of her lips into a corresponding smile.  
  
They left the house and he held the car door open for her to enter, saving the clattering of the drop earrings on the sill this time because of the dress still around and below her bottom. Once she was inside however, he held his hand out.  
  
He was going to take the dress now!  
  
Brimming full of nerves, she hastily looked through the windscreen at her surrounding houses and prayed fervently that no one was looking out.  
  
Pulling the dress over her head and handing it to him, she was relieved that he shut the door quite promptly leaving her temporarily alone in the passenger seat, the position in which she was sat pushing home the butt plug even more. Folding and clutching her arms across her chest, she maintained her dignity, crossing and uncrossing her stilletoed feet in the footwell. Her breasts squeezed into the confines of her folded arms, they bulged with almost a buoyant cleavage.  
  
Where was he?  
  
Nervous looks out through the side windows and a quick glance in the rear view mirror confirmed him locking her front door and making his way to the driver's side.  
  
He climbed in, unburdened by her dress.  
  
Bastard!  
  
He had dropped it back in the house.  
  
She was seated about to go out for the evening stark naked once more, this time however, in broad daylight. She took a quavering breath and exhaled slowly to steady her nerves. He was there alongside her. All was well for the moment and she was safe, despite the cold which bordered her ability to cope without a shiver.  
  
What was the worst that could happen?  
  
She felt that she wanted an orgasm.  
  
The seatbelt was an immediate necessity. Pulled down and clipped home, it cut down between her breasts, the belt at her waist surreptitiously held across her pubic mound, the earrings pooled between her legs. Her naked thighs trembled slightly in the cool of the car, and she was grateful that once the car was started, the heater was put on, as was the heated car seat.  
  
She grinned at him as he pulled away and joined the main road. She was warming up quickly and even unfolded her arms.  
  
It was an interesting journey, first of all drawing to a halt at a junction and being very aware of pedestrians in the immediate vicinity. Then stopping at a zebra crossing paused her breath for a second as she wondered if the couple of lads using it on the way to the pub would turn and notice her? They didn't thankfully and her arm once again nervously descended to her lap as he sped the car back up.  
  
Single lane traffic was not too bad. He thoughtfully kept back from the car in front but the dual carriageways became the most fun of all for him, and for her emotions.  
  
Turning onto the first carriageway off the traffic island, a couple of cars passed them which caused no bother to her as she was the passenger. It was, however, more heart stopping to pass another motorist. The first they passed was a slow moving box van. She could have sworn he looked down and into their car and then swerved the van back and forth as a result of the eyeful he must have gotten.  
  
There was no stopping her man after that.  
  
It was as though he deliberately slowed down while passing alongside coaches and lorries and tall SUVs from then on just to see if there was a reaction from them. As each was approached she could feel her blood pumping, and the emotional response in the crevice between her legs.  
  
Keeping her head stock still facing forward with her arms folded across her chest she found was the best course of action in an attempt to not draw attention to herself. He didn't comment and didn't direct her, choosing instead to let her find her own ways to deal with the journey.  
  
She wondered exactly what view they were getting? Definitely the curvature of her breasts. Maybe the point of her nipples? Would they realise that she was nude as opposed to just wearing a very skimpy top? There was no way they could see her pussy or even get the idea that she was bottomless also, surely to goodness? A glance down and a confirmatory check that the waist band of the seat belt still looked like a possible mini skirt from a certain angle.  
  
An air horn sounded loudly.  
  
Fuck! No!  
  
A truck driver had blasted at them as they passed, and a quick look in her side mirror showed him almost hanging out of the side window to get a last look at their passing.  
  
She shifted in her seat and felt the tug of the earrings on her labia piercings. She unconsciously stroked her finger down through her slit and felt the moisture collecting on her tip. No! She had been told not to play. That was accidental; she wanted to obey. Sorry.  
  
She looked across at him and he smiled at her. Was that pride on his face? Was he proud of her getting tooted by a random stranger? Maybe he was a man who didn't mind sharing his toys, or sharing a view of them maybe. Or just proud that she was obeying his commands.  
  
She was hungry. Her stomach rumbled slightly and she giggled.  
  
"Fancy eating?"  
  
"Yeah, ok!"  
  
She wondered aloud where they were going and he unhelpfully indicated up the road.  
  
Was he going to leave her in the car and run into a takeaway? Or pop into the supermarket? That would probably mean spending a few minutes alone in the parked car. That would mean parking on the street or in a parking lot. Either way, she could cope with that easily. The back windows of his car had that dark tint and it would only take a second to crawl through and wait there. A good plan.  
  
Maybe he was going to bundle her naked into the boot of the car, like a willing kidnap victim at the mercy of her captors needs? That could work, she thought as her pussy gaped happily at the premise.  
  
He surely wasn't taking them to a restaurant. There was no way he would walk her in completely naked. Maybe he had a second dress in the boot? That might mean her having to exit the car and put it on. That was doable as he would most likely shield her with his big body. Slightly chickening out of the whole 'dare' idea, but maybe the driving around thing was the third stage?  
  
But no.  
  
There was a third possible destination that she hadn't considered. A third possible that neither of them frequented normally. A third possible that she hadn't expected. She drew an instinctive breath of fear as the left turn signal was clicked on and he steered the car into the parking lot of a fast food eatery.  
  
He then steered past all the parking spaces making for the drive-through lane, pulling up in the queue of cars waiting in line for the first window.  
  
It was still daylight.  
  
There were people everywhere.  
  
There was someone in the booth who was going to be looking straight in.  
  
Oh no. Please no.  
  
Her eyes betrayed the fear within, and she reached to grasp his left hand. It was too late to change his mind as another car pulled up behind them, trapping them in the slow moving queue.  
  
His confident and calming smile rewarded her and she concentrated on breathing evenly whilst her mind whirled with possibilities and consequences. The cameras and server was on his side of the car and pointing down at his side window. Could they see across into the car? There was a hedge her side, not overly high, but tall enough to discourage pedestrians from crossing into the drive-through lane. She would be safe from that side from view.  
  
Her pussy fluttered again.  
  
No one could see from behind and whilst he kept back from the car in front, she was safe from inquisitive eyes from that direction. It was just the drive-through window.  
  
All the cars moved up.  
  
Two cars ahead became one car ahead.  
  
She could just about see the driver of the car in front of them leaning through his side window to talk to the disinterested looking employee in the distinctive uniform. The cashier girl looked slouched in her seat and appeared to be operating on automatic pilot.  
  
Bored.  
  
Disinterested.  
  
Routine.  
  
A slight gust of smoke from the tailpipe and then that car had moved up too. It was now their turn.  
  
No time to think.  
  
No time to plan.  
  
Just accept the fate.  
  
She had to let go of his hand as he used it to put the car in gear and they inched forward to the first window and the bored acne ridden cashier.  
  
Helen felt herself shrinking against the opposite side of the car, her right thigh tremulously lifting to surreptitiously shield any view of her pussy. Reclamping her arms in a fold at her waist, she was more preoccupied with trying to make it look natural rather than contrived. Her breast swelled menacingly over the top of her arm.  
  
Chicken nuggets or burger?  
  
Anything! Fucking anything! Just pick and let's go. She felt that she was sweating; her forehead really warm. She dare not wipe it off for fear of drawing attention to herself. Any slightest movement, especially brushing her nipples, felt like it was deepening her sensations.  
  
She felt his eyes on her and met them.  
  
He was deliberately asking for her opinion, engaging her in his communication with the girl at the window.  
  
The first thought was of being vexed by it. She was naked with a real threat of discovery and keyed to the point where orgasm could be possible with minimal effort and he was asking which burger style she fancied. She didn't care. Couldn't he just pick something?  
  
But after a couple of seconds of watching his calming blue eyes, she melted once more and calmed herself. Her whole body felt over-whelmingly keyed up and was sure the smell of her arousal was permeating the space.  
  
A chicken burger and fries would be great.  
  
He was facing away once more and she took stock of her situation. Yes, she was naked with her pussy jewellery dripping onto the seat between her legs and a plug forced now as deep as it could go. Yes it was light outside with people seemingly everywhere. Yes, there was a real danger that her antics could be being recorded right now.  
  
But.  
  
Everyone was so preoccupied with their own lives that she was practically invisible. No one was staring towards their car and pointing. No hollers or jeers. No one running over to her. Video tape was rarely watched unless an incident had taken place and the cashier girl wasn't even aware of her judging by the dull routine questions and her unexcited demeanor.  
  
What was the worst that could happen? His window was already rolling up smoothly and forward momentum applied.  
  
An instruction.  
  
He lifted the centre armrest, extracted a plastic cup and after closing it, placed the cup on top. "Cum before the next window."  
  
Yeah. Ok.  
  
There were four cars ahead.  
  
She hadn't been allowed to even touch herself for a week and now he was giving her less than a minute to go from zero to cum.  
  
He was leaning across to her now, whispering into her ear. Whispering a stream of dirty talk. If she hadn't cum before the next window, the one giving out the food, she would be made to...  
  
Her fingers were already between her legs and caressing her slit, opening her lips by tugging on the rings and stimulating her clit. Her breathing intensified, her neck flushed a deep red.  
  
..she would be made to get out of the car and finish herself off in full view of everyone...  
  
Three cars now.  
  
Her left hand plucked up and held the plastic cup at the edge of the seat and she moved her bottom closer to it. She was gasping and she could almost hear her own blood pumping in her ears. Knowing where the cup was in relation to her dripping pussy was almost instinctive.  
  
...of everyone, in the carpark under that brightly lit signage, standing in front of...  
  
Two cars.  
  
Her knees were wide apart; her head lolling back on the headrest, her right hand now alternating between smoothing her thighs, probing her own depths and attacking her clit.  
  
...the car, showing everyone your jewellery, pulling your lips open with it in front of the head lamps, butt naked...  
  
Done deal.  
  
With still one car to go, the floodgates opened and Helen grimaced from the effort and squirted as best as she could into the plastic cup. Her belly tightened and her labia gaped as she felt her pelvic muscles flex and disgorge their fluids quickly and efficiently like a waterfall.  
  
Eyes closed, she flung her right arm up and over her forehead, not caring who saw her torso now. The orgasm had been worth it. Her chest was heaving and her nipples were swollen and pink; her lower lips soaking wet.  
  
And then he was moving their car up to the second window. An arm was being held out, holding a brown paper bag.  
  
Helen didn't care.  
  
Didn't close her legs.  
  
Didn't open her eyes.  
  
It felt decadent to be so open and naked. If she was seen, then so be it.  
  
She heard her man thanking the arm, his window roll back fully up and the slight slosh of the squirt in the plastic cup as the acceleration took them off the forecourt and down the road.  
  
The smell of the food pervaded the interior of the car but all she could focus on was the smell of her own sex. Her body still seemed on edge. She needed more.  
  
Stage three seemed complete, but the night was still young.  
  
She didn't know to where they had driven as her eyes were closed the entire way. She relaxed back in the passenger seat, confident of her safety despite her complete nudity.  
  
They could have passed a hundred other gawping motorists, but she didn't care who saw her. The dawning realisation that she was in her man's car and unrecognizable with an arm over her face meant a sudden comfort with her own public nakedness.  
  
He could have taken her anywhere and the only person to have to explain themselves would have been him. She could tell he was in no hurry. Keeping the revs down and the cornering gentle, there was almost a post coital serenity to that part of the journey.  
  
Stopping.  
  
Handbrake click.  
  
Engine off.  
  
She relaxed her arm back into her lap and opened her eyes to check her location. It was still very light out despite the grey clouds making for quite a gloomy evening.

Looking out through the front windshield, she could see a little stile amongst a post and rail fence. A bramble hedge and several fields beyond with what looked like a rough path through them, heading towards and past a run down shepherd's hut 200 yards away.  
  
She assimilated the landmarks she recognized and believed herself to be on the hills out of town at a widish layby that walkers used to park in during the day. A nervous look left and right showed another car parked up over to her left, the couple in the front seats were both eating and looking at their mobile phones  
  
That reminded her. They themselves had food too and she felt hungry after her semi public orgasm at the drive-through.  
  
She settled her bottom back into the seat and sat up straight, caring slightly that the people in the other car could potentially see her breasts, and twisting her back to them, fearful that her man would make her sit properly.  
  
Though he must have noticed, he didn't say anything.  
  
They grabbed the brown bag and started on the snack, having a happy, contented few moments listening to the radio and sharing each other's company.  
  
The car beside them started it's engine, reversed out of it's spot and took off down the road.  
  
They were alone once more.  
  
All too soon though, the last of the drink was drained, he rubbish was collected together and her heart had started beating a little heavier in preparation for Stage Four, as he called it.  
  
Nervously she curled her fingers around the edge of the seat and wished it was both warmer and much darker out.  
  
He opened his door and stepped from the car to put the ball of rubbish in the public bin at the edge of the layby, leaving the door wide open.  
  
Bastard.  
  
Deliberate.  
  
Naughty.  
  
On the way back he was smiling. She wondered what was in his head? No doubt it would test her and give her some very favourable memories for the following weeks. She felt her pussy lips gape slightly and knew she was keyed for this last stage of dare.  
  
As he reached his door, he didn't get back in. Instead, he reached into the door pocket and extracted a couple of items, before closing it and making his way around to her side of the car.  
  
Opening her door, he regarded her for a moment before explaining that this was a dog walking area. Leash laws applied near sheep.  
  
She knew that.  
  
She had brought her mother's dog here once. A very popular spot. She didn't understand what that had to do with anything as they didn't have the animal there right now. Were they meeting someone? Going to walk someone's pet?  
  
And then it was obvious.  
  
She was going to be walked.  
  
On a leash.  
  
The cheeky fucker.  
  
Did she dare being walked on a leash?  
  
Her pussy clearly did, judging by her reaction and the hot flush on her neck.  
  
He snapped the clip of the collar closed around her neck and adjusted the strap. A snug fit, not too tight but not annoyingly loose. Then the leash. Clipped to the metal D hoop on the collar, the click sounded loudly near her ear and she felt the collar twist slightly, hiding the D ring in her hair.  
  
Involuntarily, her hands went to feel it at her neck. She didn't know if she was smiling or grimacing at the indignity of it. The delicious humiliation. The erotic expectation. She did feel him gently tug at it to encourage her to step out from the car without needing to speak.  
  
Looking around nervously, she felt very open and exposed by the side of the car. Her hair covered the collar and leash clip, but there was no hiding the leash looped over to his hand. There was no hiding the fact that she was stark naked or the fact that she was on ridiculously high stilleto heels on the most uneven ground ever. People came here in Wellington boots and walking shoes, dressed in thick costs or anoraks not as a naked party favour on the end of a lead.  
  
They were alone on the carpark. But for how long? It was still light and still perfect evening dog walking conditions. It was cold but her body seemed very warm somehow.  
  
He coughed and pointed to the mess she had left behind in the car. Reaching in immediately to tidy, she grabbed the full plastic cup of her earlier squirt and tipped it out, and then tried to brush the damp from the seat where her pussy had leaked on the leather. Now her hands smelt of her arousal. He indicated that she lick her hands clean and she complied without thinking, tasting her own pungent squirt once more.  
  
Fuck, that made it worse somehow.  
  
Her body seemed on the very edge without any direct vaginal stimulation.  
  
The door closed and the car locked.  
  
Definitely the point of no return.  
  
She felt the tug at her neck and realized that he was already making for the stile and she had no option but to follow him. He sidestepped a large muddy puddle, a remnant of an earlier downpour and compelled her to do the same with a movement of the leash.  
  
He stepped up and gracefully over the middle beam of the stile and down the other side.  
  
Her turn.  
  
She was a lot less graceful. It took more effort in the stilettos to swing her leg high enough and she was very aware of the drop earrings swinging and dancing madly between her legs, tugging as ever on her labia lips and inflaming all her emotions. Trying to get over the stile beam was no less of an accomplishment and she could just imagine the view he was getting of her butt plug exposed rudely in the crack between her buttocks. The taste in her mouth forgotten.  
  
Still, she was over and happily down without a twisted or broken ankle. They looked at each other and regarded the way ahead. The first part was an intermittent gravel path through mossy, muddy grass and not too bad for the fact it was halfway up a hill. It looked like it petered out completely a short way before the ramshackle hut with the remaining path mostly mud.  
  
Following the tug, she took quick short steps to keep up, one hand on the D ring, the other pushed out to one side for balance. It was an effort as every single step had to be thought about, considered and executed to avoid any large pebbles or anything else that could potentially trip her over. The benefit of it though, was that she was beginning to forget about her nakedness and the dangling earrings just seemed a normality.  
  
She wanted to hold his hand so badly, but that would have negated the need for the leash. She was on her own with transversing the ground and moving slowly for it. She looked at his face a few times.  
  
He remained impassive and neutral.  
  
The path changed to the mossy heath ground and her stilleto pierced easily into it, throwing her off balance.  
  
Could she take her shoes off?  
  
Was that an option?  
  
A shake of his head.  
  
Bastard.  
  
How was she supposed to keep moving? Helen rocked back on the free foot and pulled her heel from the ground. Wonderingly where to put it, she felt the soft tug at her throat.  
  
Yes, ok.  
  
I know.  
  
I'm coming.  
  
There was nothing else for it. The shoes were the most impractical things to have on her feet for this ground and basically neutralised walking upright.  
  
Only one thing for it!  
  
She dropped to her hands and knees.  
  
Looking up, she couldn't fail to notice a bulge in his trousers at the angle she was and the passing annoyance at having to resort to her current position, disapated at the realisation that he had expected her to do this.  
  
Fucking bastard.  
  
She really was walking on a leash at his heels now. Slowly, methodically, one limb at a time, she steadily made progress. He allowed her to pass him and now walked behind her. She heard the click of his phone camera.  
  
All of a sudden, she became aware of the butt plug that was no doubt winking at him with each hip movement and the drop earrings that were in danger of brushing the grass and chaffing slightly on her thighs. She opened her legs slightly to compensate and tried to keep them apart with each limb she moved forward.  
  
Her breasts were swinging too, tugging at her and intensifying her emotions. She was beginning to pant too. A lot of strain in her arms but good exercise she supposed.  
  
Helen's hands were more grass stained than muddy at this point, and looking down at her knees, she was surprised by the lack of dirt there too. Heartened, she realised she didn't have much further to go to reach gravel again.  
  
When she reached it, and without asking, she stood once more, gratefully feeling her heels on more solid ground. She needed a pee now, but her request for permission was greeted with a negative; she would have to wait.  
  
They were getting closer to the hut, and a quick look back established that they had come quite a way from the road which luckily still only evidenced his car parked at the stile, the front grille and bonnet obvious.  
  
Another patch of uneven almost marshy land and once again, as there was no alternative, she dropped to her hands and knees. After a few yards came the instruction to pee.  
  
She turned to smile up at him.  
  
Really?  
  
Now?  
  
She understood exactly what he expected. After all, she was on a leash like a dog and walking on all fours like a dog. Shaking her head in amusement, she locked her arms rigidly and lifted her right leg. The first time she almost toppled over and had to reposition herself a couple more times in order to not fall over, but eventually managed it.  
  
She felt a little humiliated.  
  
A complete lack of dignity.  
  
Quite a big turn on.  
  
She wasn't about to tell him that.  
  
This was not a usual position in which to pee and the shock on her bladder was too much initially, but after a few moments, a trickle started.  
  
The sound of the urine splashing on the ground eased her mind and once it started, keeping a steady stream became easier. She felt the butt plug flexing in her ass and a spray on her lower thigh. She lifted her other leg higher to try to change the angle and keep herself dry.  
  
She didn't care.  
  
She wasn't about to break the dare.  
  
The submissive space in her head was pervading.  
  
The stream eventually turned to a dribble and then a drip down the leg on the floor. She put back the other on the ground trying to avoid the much muddier puddle and after shaking her bottom to clear the last drop, they continued to the hut as though it had been the most normal thing in the world what she had just done.  
  
They reached the hut just in time too, for the sound of another engine approaching shocked her. A quick look over her shoulder showed a beat up, ancient, rust bucket looking thing pull into the space beside their car. The loud beat of a heavy bass sound system permeated the quiet nature spot and flumes of smoke emanated from the side windows. Youngsters out for a ride. She prayed that they weren't out for a walk.  
  
The hut was sanctuary.  
  
Warmer out of the wind chill.  
  
Temporary safety.  
  
He took a seat on a large stone seat in the middle of the floor, and without direction as to what to do, she knelt at his feet in complete obedience, allowing the leash to slacken at her neck.  
  
His fingers were unzipping his fly, and she sat up straight expectantly, desperately ignoring the car at the layby, praying it was too far away to see her.  
  
And then his cock was out through the fly. Not rock hard but swelling nicely, most likely at the memory of what she had just done. Leaning forward, she took it quickly in her mouth as deep as she could.  
  
She lifted her hand to take it in her palm, bit dropped it back as he slapped her thigh with the handle of the leash.  
  
Of course.  
  
Dogs don't use their hands.  
  
This was a mouth only operation.  
  
It was hard now as she felt it swell further against her tonsils. A few more dipping head movements and the motions had started him off right. He groaned in pleasure and shifted his left foot to between her legs.  
  
Sucking him deep, she couldn't fail to notice his shoe toecap moved in accordance to her actions, and he knew which spot he was rubbing.  
  
A glance down confirmed that her labia lips were open on the end of his foot. Missing a beat, she dropped her hips and rubbed down hard on his steel toecap.  
  
That hit the spot.  
  
That would definitely do the trick.  
  
A couple of those.  
  
A quick glance at his face for confirmation that she was pleasing him and then she closed her eyes, lost in the moment.  
  
A full mouth.  
  
A taste of arousal.  
  
A promise of his release.  
  
If only she could cum at the same time? Definitely a possibility as she was in control of everything now. A dim distant understanding that he was quite prostrate and immobile on the stone and leaving it up to her.  
  
Admittedly, subserviently naked at his feet.  
  
Obviously humping his leg like a dog on heat.  
  
Unforgettably leashed like an animal.  
  
But she was in control  
  
She felt the rising feelings between her legs and the vaguely harder swelling in her mouth that indicated he was almost there. A couple more sucks and that last harder rub on the toe cap, and her mouth was suddenly filled with copious ejaculate as she grimaced at the intensity of her own cum.  
  
Helen sagged onto his foot and wrapped her arms around his leg but kept him in her mouth, trying to use her tongue to massage his length and drain the last few drops.  
  
Seconds.  
  
Minutes.  
  
Hours.  
  
How long they stayed in that spot was anyone's guess. When her eyes opened, it was appreciably darker outside though a quick look over her shoulder showed that the other car was still annoyingly parked alongside theirs.  
  
His penis flopped from her mouth and she gazed at it happily. Nice and clean. She was proud of how she had left it. Lucky she hadn't used her hands, as a look now told her that they were quite grubby. She definitely needed a hose down before she got into the car.  
  
Time to go back to the car.  
  
They exited the doorway of the hut and she instinctively dropped to her hands and knees to reduce her visible surface area and tried to hide herself behind his legs.  
  
At his first stride, and the corresponding tug on her leash, she crawled in his wake, praying for rapid darkness.  
  
Reaching the gravel path she was still very reluctant to get to her feet and decided to maintain her diminished status at his feet and keep off the path. A quick look up confirmed that the angle she was at was still out of view of the second car. She continued the journey alternating between walking in a crouch and crawling on the ground.  
  
It was slow progress but steady.  
  
Her arms and knees were beginning to ache now but dusk had set in enough that she felt it was ok to get to her feet permanently. Walking to the side of the path meant as well they approached his car using the hedge as a screen and the stile was the only hurdle.  
  
Reaching the stile, he had the audacity to loop the handle of the leash over the post whilst he went ahead to check on the strange car.  
  
Being left alone, leashed to a post was extremely humiliating. Helen didn't want to fold her arms as her hands were grubby and didn't want to spread it over her body. Her legs were aching from the crawl and staying standing for the moment alleviated the pain, but wearing stilletos it meant that she had to stand still on the firm ground she had found.  
  
She barely noticed the cold, except when looking down she could see that her nipples were very erect. Come to think of it, there was a building pressure in her clit, more of emotion than anything else and despite her current circumstances, she felt ready to cum once again.  
  
Despite!  
  
Despite?  
  
Due to them more like.  
  
She had been left there like a dog outside a shop, waiting for her master to return to her, chained up to keep from bothering others. And then big smiles at his return. Excitement at him retaking the leash, a wonder about the next step.  
  
As it happened, the couple in the car were apparently very involved with each other and getting quickly over the stile would be beneficial. Taking him at his word, she followed his lead and moved as quickly as she could to end up the driver's side of the car, away from the other vehicle.  
  
What now?  
  
They would notice her entering the passenger side. Could she climb in through the driver's door? Or sit in the back? Please? The thought of going down between the cars to enter her side was too daunting a prospect.  
  
Not with the mud all over her.  
  
He released the tailgate catch.  
  
Bastard.  
  
It made sense though. There was no viewpoint for the other people to see her at that angle, but the approaching lights of another car confirmed her need to obey his instruction. Without haste, one knee after the other, she crawled into the boot of the car.  
  
After pausing to think, he then tucked the end of the leash under the headrest of the backseat.  
  
Come on! The other car was getting closer. Surprisingly quickly. Shut the tailgate.  
  
Comfortable? Not really. There was not a lot of space in the rear of the car. Sitting upright wasn't an option with not enough headroom. Curled up on her side with her knees to her chest meant discomfort because of the wheel arches. On hands and knees again with her ass in the air seemed the way to go.  
  
A swift smack on a cheek and he closed the tailgate just as the other car slowly passed them and pulled in alongside.  
  
Please don't engage in conversation! She knew he liked dogs and by the sounds of it, their yapping pet was already out and scampering around.  
  
Voices now right outside the car. Thank goodness for the window tint. They were now talking about the weather. For fucks sake, come on.  
  
Panic.  
  
Time to access the sub space again in her head. To take deep breaths and relinquish control as right now, her body was his to do with as he wished.  
  
He was offering to let his dog out!  
  
Fuck. No!  
  
The conversation was as clear as anything. Deep breaths, Helen.  
  
She heard him change his mind. His dog was tired. Time to take her home and let her curl up in front of the fire. Thank goodness for that.  
  
She breathed again.  
  
He climbed into the driver's seat and closed the door. After the customary rattle of keys at the ignition, she heard the engine start and he reversed out of the space and off down the road.  
  
The journey home was fraught with a concern that following cars could see her ass above the lip of the window. She dare not move in case it drew attention to herself but the itch between her legs became a little too much as they obviously approached the built up area nearing her home.  
  
It only took a slight shift in her body weight and she could move her right hand down to between her legs.  
  
She felt the drop earrings pooled on the grubby mat below her. Running her finger up her slit, she felt the hard steel of her plug on her ass. A slight push and she felt it move in her bowels. Back now to her slit and she dipped one then two fingers deep inside herself. Back out. And once more as deep as she could get.  
  
She knew she was going to squirt all over the mat in the boot and didn't care. It would carry a penalty but she'd tell him to bring it on. It had been an extremely exciting couple of hours and a very lasting memory.  
  
Masturbating at a drive through had just the start.  
  
Being walked like a dog.  
  
Treated like a dog.  
  
Transported now like a dog.  
  
She tried to groan silently as her pussy disgorged it's liquids once more and then passed out, slumped how she was, face down for the rest of the journey home.