How Lucy and I found out about Dogging and more importantly how we got involved...

We were on our way back from visiting relatives one evening in late

autumn and the roads had been salted. It wasn't actually raining though

the road was wet which meant the windscreen was constantly sprayed with

dirt by other vehicles, so I was using the washers every few minutes.

Eventually the water ran out and though we were not far from home I

could hardly see a thing. I always carry a can of water in case this

happens so I just needed to stop the refill the washer tank. I

struggled on to the next lay-by and pulled off. In fact it turned out

to be a section of old road retained when the main road had been

straightened. It ran down beside the new carriageway, turned slightly

to one side and opened out into long, narrow car park with views across

the valley. I was surprised to see a number of cars already there,

mostly spaced out at the near end. I drove slowly past these and turned

in just beyond them. As my headlights swept round I could just make out

a lone car at the far end through my almost opaque windscreen. I told

Lucy that I wouldn't be long and opened the bonnet and boot. As I went

round to fetch the water can from the boot I looked down to the lone

car and realised there were two or three men standing beside it, in

spite of the cold. I took the can to the front and lifted the bonnet to

fill the washer tank. I heard the men talking and glanced across, they

were about 30 yards away and I realised they were staring into the

parked car, which I now saw had its interior light on. I also thought

the men were rubbing their hands together to keep warm. Then I realised

they were only using one hand each. I heard one of them say distinctly,

"Go on, give it to her," and one of the others cheer. I stared hard at

the car, it was rocking and I thought I could see movement inside it.

I was so intent on trying to make out what was going on that the water

overflowed the tank. I screwed the lid back on and put the can back in

the boot. Getting into the driver's seat, I said to Lucy, "See those

blokes around that car? I think they're watching somebody having it off

inside." She didn't believe me at first, but I said, "Look, they're all

wanking." Once I'd pointed it out the actions were quite explicit. "Do

you want to go?" "Not yet," she replied, surprisingly, "Let's see what

happens." I turned the ignition on and washed the windscreen then got

out to wipe down the side window so we could see more clearly. They

were getting pretty excited down there and the car was rocking even

faster. I could hear a girl crying "aaaah...aaaah...aaaah" and the

spectators yelling encouragement and wanking furiously. There were two

on the near side of the car and one on the far side. I got back in my

car and leaned back so that Lucy could see. The only light was from the

streetlamps on the main road filtering through the trees that cloaked

the embankment, but the figures were clearly defined. Suddenly one of

them gave a groan that we could hear inside the car and stood still.

"Oops, there goes one of them," I said, and Lucy grinned at me, "Pity

we aren't any closer," she said, surprising me even more. "I could

drive past slowly," I suggested and she agreed. I started the engine

and reversed out into the roadway, the headlamps clearly illuminating

the tableau. The guy who had just come was doing up his trousers and as

we rolled down towards them the one on the far side called out, "Oh

shit, shit, shit!" I sat up as tall as I could as we passed the back of

the car and looked inside. I could see this guy on the passenger side,

facing the rear with his arms outstretched, holding his body up by

leaning on the sides of the seat, which was obviously fully reclined.

All I could see of the girl was her knees either side of him as he

pounded away at her. Once we were moving, it didn't seem right to stop

so I kept going up the slip road back onto the main highway. "Well,

there's something you don't see every day," I said as the car reached

cruising speed. "I think I saw that guy coming," gasped Lucy, and I

realised she was breathing heavily. "What, the first one?" "No, he had

his back to us. The one on the far side, I saw it shooting, I'm sure I

did." I looked across and her face was flushed in the headlights of the

oncoming traffic. "I didn't know you liked that sort of thing," I said.

"Neither did I, and if you'd asked me, I would have said it was

disgusting, but coming across it like that, so to speak, it was

actually quite exciting." "Well, I'm sure I could oblige when we get

home," I answered. "Oh no, if you are going to come, I want it inside

me," she said, emphatically, and that was even more arousing than the

scene we had just witnessed. Luckily we were not far from the house and

we didn't even get as far as the bed. Nor did we last long - she was

very wet and came after only a dozen strokes or so and that always

triggers me.

Later in the week we were having sex, Lucy always takes a while to get

up to speed and I like to take my time anyway, savoring the sensations,

but suddenly she started to cry out - she's always been vocal. I hadn't

been expecting her to come so soon but some rapid thrusting had me

joining her before she had finished. As we lay panting together, still

interlocked, I said, "What brought that on?" "I thought about that chap

in the car park coming," she gasped, "it just sort of set me off."

"Really? "Well, I was thinking what it was like for the girl in the

car. Blokes doing that because they were looking at her, it's something

of a compliment. Especially three of them." "Four if you count her

boyfriend," I said, grinning, "We could go up there again, if you

like." She agreed enthusiastically but it was almost a week before we

had a free night. We arrived about ten o'clock, there were three other

cars near the entrance and we parked just beyond them as before. There

was no-one at the far end yet and nobody standing in the open. We sat

there for some time but nothing happened. Lucy turned to me and said,

"This is a bit of a letdown." "Well, we've only been here ten minutes,

perhaps they come up after closing time." "That's ages yet," she said,

"I've got all hot and bothered, I don't think I can wait that long."

"There's others here, maybe there's something going on in those." I

said, indicating the cars beside us. "No, they've only got single

blokes in them," she answered, "I looked as we came in." "Do you want

to go home then? Or wait some more?" "We could always do it ourselves,"

she said. "What, here?" "Why not?" "Those blokes would come and watch

us." "So? Don't you like the idea of being watched?" Actually, I did.

On the way up I had been recalling the scene and putting myself in the

performer's shoes, it had been quite arousing. The disappointment of

finding nothing happening had made me soft, but Lucy's words had me

rising again. "Come on, then," I said and leaned across to kiss her, my

hand riding up from her waist to cup her breast. She broke off and

struggled out of her coat, throwing it over onto the back seat.

Underneath she was wearing a cotton summer dress that buttoned from hem

to neckline. "You came prepared then?" I said, staring at her erect

nipples, clearly bra-less. "Well, If we were going to be as eager as

last week, there didn't seem much point in overdressing," she giggled,

undoing the top few buttons. I took my jacket off and was undoing my

belt when a shadow passed the front of the car. A man in an anorak and

bobble hat came round to the driver's door and I looked out anxiously.

"Move down to the far end by the trees and put the light on," he said

and stepped back to the front of the car. I started the engine and

backed out of the bay. "We could just keep going," I suggested. "No,

now we've started, we'll have to finish," she replied, "How shall we do

it?" she added as I rolled down to the end. "Put the seat right back

and recline it, I can kneel in the footwell," I said. The seats are

electric so I had to leave the engine running till she had it

positioned so I saw the man walking down the car park in the glow of

the headlamps. He was already undoing his fly. Lucy had the seat ready,

she had reclined the back to about forty-five degrees and lay back,

twisting towards me. I cut the engine and switched on the ‘eyeball'

spot in the ceiling console, directing the beam onto her body. The man

came up to her door and said, "Any chance of a go? I've got condoms."

Lucy's eyes opened wide in horror and I said, "No way!" and hit the

central locking button. "No problem," he said, spreading his hands,

"always worth asking." He turned away and I saw two others While being

watched by three men, I had revealed all Lucy's charms, caressing and

licking till the awkwardness of the position made me pause. "Here, my

turn," said Lucy, pushing me back onto the drivers seat. My cock, of

course, was rigid and my balls were aching. I leaned back and lifted my

shirt above my waist. "Take it off," said Lucy, so I did. She leaned

over and held my cock upright with her left hand and kissed the head. I

saw the Flat Cap rush round to this side. Sliding her hand right down

to my balls, dragging the foreskin as far back as possible, she ran her

tongue down the shaft and back up. "Come on, suck it!" I heard someone

say, but she repeated the action two or three times before rolling the

tip of her tongue around the rim and sliding her lips over the head and

far down the shaft, her cheeks pulling in sharply as she made

deliberate sucking noises. "Fucking hell!" I heard, then "Go on, suck

him off!" from another voice. "That's it, suck him, go on, all the way,

go on, give her a facial!" Somebody was clearly into blowjobs.

Personally, I love it as a preliminary but don't like to finish there

unless Lucy asks me to. "Go on then, shoot it down her throat," came

the voice again, "Come on, do it, make her gag!" I think it was the

Flat Cap though I couldn't see his face, he was so close to the car,

all I could see was his hand frantically pounding his meat. Still

sucking noisily at me, Lucy shuffled round to kneel on the passenger

seat, her arse practically touching the window. I reached past her and

pulled the skirt up over her buttocks. "Fuck me!" cried Bobble Hat,

"Look at her cunt, look at her cunt!" He was staring at her from less

than a foot away, the Down Jacket peering through the windscreen beside

him. I pushed my hand between her thighs and she parted them to let my

fingers slide between her lips. Bobble Hat stood upright and pressed

his cock to the window, rubbing it up and down. "He's fucking the

glass," I said to Lucy and she twisted her head round to see. She

pushed her arse back till her buttocks pressed hard to the window. "Oh

god! Look at that, look at that cunt, fuck me!" he cried, thrusting

against the car so that it rocked, his prick only the thickness of the

glass from his desire. "Let's do it," I said, "If I don't get inside

you soon, my prick's going to burst!" She sat upright, to both Bobble

Hat and Flat Cap's frustration, and I tried to swing my legs up over

the centre console. It was impossible with my trousers round my ankles

and there was no way I was going to get out of the car to undress. So I

leaned down and somehow managed to get my shoes off. I dragged my

trousers and pants over my feet and at last I could get into the

footwell and turned to face her. Lucy was lying back in her seat by

now, feet on the cushion and knees apart, giving our audience an

unhindered view of her cunt and tits. She lifted her feet onto the

dashboard either side of me and shuffled her hips forward to the edge

of the seat. "Go on, fuck her!" said Bobble Hat. "Get it up her!" cried

Down Jacket. With the seat at its highest, she was in the ideal

position for me, except that my prick was so hard I had to lean forward

and force it down to her entrance. Holding it with one hand and leaning

on the angled seat back with the other, I rubbed the head between her

swollen lips, ensuring that it was well lubricated. To repeated cries

from the men to fuck her I slid slowly into her and they cheered. As

always on first penetration, I pushed it all the way in till my balls

pressed against her arse and held it there, tensing my groin so that my

prick swelled rhythmically inside her. "That's it, that's well up her,

that is!" said someone. "Fucking hell, no condom, he's going to fuck

her for real. That's the way to do it!" With my right hand free, I

massaged her breasts as I began to thrust long and slow. "That's it,

fuck her!" said Bobble Hat. "Get it in her!" cried Down Jacket. "Shove

it, shove it!" came from Flat Cap on the other side, in time with my

thrusts. Lucy was already breathing heavily and began to make little

sighing sounds as I increased the pace, though I kept the stroke long

and my body upright so that they could see the action clearly. "Look at

that," said Bobble Hat, "you can see his prick going right up her!" "I

can see it," said Down Jacket, "I can see it! Look at her lips

spreading!" Lucy's sighs were getting louder, and she was writhing her

hips, a sure sign she was on the way. I was getting close too, my balls

tightening to the base of my prick. I sped up, shifting my hands to the

top of the seat back. Lucy lifted her own arms to grasp the headrest,

raising her breasts high to that classic raindrop shape. I stared at

them and thrust harder, making them jiggle with each slap of my hips

into hers. "That's it, ram it up her, give her a good fucking, fuck her

all the way," cried someone - I was past noticing who - "give it to

her, go on, cream her cunt, fill her with spunk!" With the seat back at

that angle, Lucy's head was behind the door pillar, but she leaned

forward to look through the front door window at Bobble Hat's frantic

wanking. "You do it!" she gasped, "Come on the window!" "What?" "Come

on the window. I want to see you come. All of you. Come on!" Flat Cap

came running round to this side, his cock practically pressed to the

rear door glass. I was getting faster and faster, the car was bouncing

and Lucy's sighs had become sharp cries. "Come on," she panted between

them, "Let's see it, I want to see your spunk!" "Oh bloody hell!" cried

Bobble Hat, "Oh yeeeees!" I turned my head in time to see a white jet

hit the window. Lucy cried out loud as another hit below it, the thick

spurts running down to the sill as more fell from the end of his

throbbing cock, the head pressed against the glass. "More! More!" cried

Lucy, her hips rising to meet my thrusts. Down Jacket practically

pushed Bobble Hat out of the way. With his balls outside his trousers

as well, they were bouncing against his hand as he pounded away at his

prick. Lucy slumped back and turned to the back door, where Flat Cap

was also going at it. "Aaaah! Aaaah! Aaaah!" he started to cry, each

shout getting louder. "I'm coming, I'm coming," called Down Jacket.

"Aaaaaaaaw!" With that another stream of spunk arced onto the window

swelling the pool that had formed on the cill. Almost immediately Flat

Cap came too. Lucy's face was only inches from the door when the spurt

hit, splattering in a starburst over the glass. I didn't see any more

because Lucy came then, a long shuddering groan and her back arched,

her cunt going into spasms that gripped me hard. There was no way I

could withstand that, nor had I any desire to. I drove as far up her as

I could, holding it there as my own semen exploded into her in great

spurts that shook my body and matched her spasms exactly. "Look at his

spunk!" I heard someone say over Lucy's now diminishing cries. I opened

my eyes and looked down between us. There was, indeed, semen pulsing

out between lips and cock, and still I was pumping it up her, I

couldn't remember the last time I had come like that. I glanced through

the window, Down Jacket and Bobble Hat were staring down at our

still-writhing groins and Flat Cap was still wanking, forcing the last

drops from his softening tool. At last my pulses stopped and we both

relaxed, panting heavily. I let go of the seat and sat upright. L

turned to the doors, eyes wide at the runnels of spunk down the glass.

Bobble hat was zipping up his trousers and pulled out a tissue to wipe

the outside of the car. "Leave it!" shouted Lucy, "Leave it," she added

more softly. I leaned back a little and my shrinking cock slipped out

of her, releasing a flood of semen. "Fucking hell!" cried Bobble Hat,

"Look at that! Look at it running out of her cunt!" The other two

crowded round to see. "Bloody hell! Nice one!" said Flat Cap. "Fuck me,

that's a hell of a load!" said Down Jacket. Lucy always said I was a

big producer, though I'd taken that as mere flattery, but I could tell

that this was exceptional. It had been a while since we last had sex

and with such an amazing build up, I would expect a good amount. There

was quite a pool forming in the contours of the cushion, probably as

much as all three together had left on the windows, and there was still

plenty inside her. Thank god for leather seats! I reached down into the

driver's footwell and fished my handkerchief out of my pocket, handing

it to Lucy to mop up. But she scooped the thick white fluid into her

hand and smeared it across her breasts, trailing loops of it from her

nipples to her fingers. "Fucking hell!" came the cries from outside.

Then came the awkward business of getting back into my seat and dressed

again. Lucy only had to wrap her dress round her and do up the buttons.

"That was fucking great," said Bobble Hat, "see you again." "Maybe," I

said and he turned back to his car, the others were already on their

way. I'd like to say that we went home and fucked for hours afterwards,

but that was such an intense experience that we were exhausted and

though we went to bed immediately we were both asleep in minutes. But

we are already thinking about what to do the next time.