**Dogging Natsumi**

by[PrettyPerkys](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1060649&page=submissions)©

Even though it was well past midnight and he hadn't called in two months, Dale knew there was no need to identify himself when her sleep-drugged voice finally answered the telephone.  
  
The first words out of his mouth were unapologetic. "I'm on my way, make yourself ready."  
  
He heard the sharp intake of her breath and smiled to himself, pleased with the sound of shock in her voice. Instantly wide-awake, it was obvious Natsumi not only knew who was calling, but more importantly, why.  
  
"Oh! No . . . no," she stammered. "My little sister is here, she's staying with me all week."  
  
The panic in her reaction pleased him immensely and he shifted in his seat, feeling the enjoyable stirring of his cock as it began to grow hard against his leg.  
  
"Well then, it sounds like you've got a choice to make, doesn't it?" he said simply. "It'll take me half an hour to drive there. Figure out how to get rid of her by then."  
  
When she failed to respond he continued, his voice ominous from the power surge he always felt when giving her orders. "Or . . ." he chuckled. "I guess she'll get to watch me fuck you."  
  
He dropped his voice even lower. "On second thought, maybe I'll fuck her too." He chuckled menacingly and continued. "It's as simple as that, Sweetheart—I'm on my way. You've got time to get rid of her and be ready, but if you don't . . . well . . . I'm horny enough to take care of both of you. It's your choice."  
  
Dale snapped his cell phone shut and took a long, satisfying drink of his beer, pleased with how full his cock now felt. Glancing around the room he turned to watch the maneuvering of a couple of guys hovering around the few women left in the bar. He smiled to himself, remembering the evenings before he met and had trained Natsumi; when he did the same familiar dance in a desperate attempt to get laid. Now, whenever he felt like it he knew he could have her just by snapping his fingers.  
  
He had never met anyone quite like Natsumi. Beautiful, but so shy and unassuming she had never developed a real sense of herself. She had come from Japan as a grad student and they met when she enrolled in one of the classes he taught. At their first student conference it was obvious she was not only terrified of him, but somehow completely in awe of his forceful personality. He savored his reputation on campus as a brutally challenging professor and secretly loved to intimidate his students. Even though her coursework was up to the standards he always demanded of his students, on a whim he perversely inferred to her that it was not, calling on her in class then dismissing her answers and enjoying her embarrassment at being singled out.  
  
At the conference when he brusquely told her that he expected nothing less than excellence, her eyes filled with tears and she begged for a chance to do extra assignments or sign up for special tutoring. "I must get good grades," she whimpered. He watched the raw emotion in her face and felt a rush, realizing that she was so vulnerable. He looked at her more carefully, dropping his eyes to her chest and noticing the rise and fall of her small breasts as she struggled to maintain her composure. Impressed by her look of desperation, he agreed to give her a chance to improve her standing. Seeing the immediate relief in her face he realized it might be even more enjoyable spending time after class with her than his usual students. He had an innate feeling that she wanted to please him even more than she herself realized.  
  
He had quickly assigned 60 pages of extra reading and told her to analyze them and write a report on what she thought was the most important underlying themes she discovered, and to meet him at a local coffee bar the following Saturday afternoon. Watching the relief on her face and the eagerness with which she agreed, he knew he had pegged her right.  
  
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When Dale saw her walk up the sidewalk that weekend, he was instantly glad he had decided to play her along. Waiting at an outdoor table, the bright afternoon sunshine made him realize for the first time just how beautiful she was. In class she had always dressed conservatively, almost frumpily, but today she wore a white blouse thin enough to reveal the delicate lace of a tiny bra beneath it. Her skirt was cut right at the knees, too long for his taste but snug enough that it accentuated her trim ass and tanned legs.  
  
She stood across the table from him and nervously began to apologize for being slightly late, waiting for him to invite her to sit down. He ignored her trembling voice and let her stand there uncomfortably, shifting her weight from one foot to the other. He deliberately took his time looking her over, letting his eyes travel up and down her body to finally settle on her chest. He enjoyed her obvious discomfort as his gaze darted from one breast to the other and smiled to himself when her nipples involuntarily began puckering up. She fumbled through her notebook for her assignment, unable to hide the color that rose in her cheeks or the trembling of her fingers as she laid them on the table next to him. "Here is my assignment, Professor."  
  
"Sit down," he suddenly commanded.  
  
She slid gratefully into the empty chair and watched as he picked up the papers and shuffled through them absently. Reaching into his pocket, he withdrew a pair of reading glasses and balanced them on the end of his nose and began to read. Half-way through the first page he stopped and looked up at her.  
  
"Here," he said as he threw a $10 dollar bill on the table, "go get us some coffee while I struggle through this."  
  
She jumped to her feet, almost knocking her notebook to the floor in her rush to please him. He watched amusedly as she hurried into the coffee bar clutching the money like a prize. Her ass swayed sexily and he was surprised to notice the skirt was slit in the back to reveal more of her shapely legs than he expected. He quickly finished reading her assignment and was pleased that she had done an excellent job of fact-finding and had analyzed them in a remarkably sophisticated manner.  
  
He put his feet up on her chair and stretched out to his full 6 foot, 4 inch length as he re-assembled the papers and began to write comments in the margins. She came back clutching a coffee cup in each hand and waited beside the table, standing silently and watching as he wrote. He looked up at her and again let his eyes rove up and down her body insolently. He stared at her breasts until the discomfort in her face became so obvious he finally relented and removed his feet from her chair and indicated that she could sit down.  
  
"You shouldn't blush when a man looks at your body, Natsumi. You're quite lovely."  
  
Natsumi could not meet his eyes but managed a small, pleased smile. "Thank you, Professor," she whispered softly. "I . . . I . . . I'm not used to men being so forward," she stammered.  
  
"But you like it, don't you?" Dale asked.  
  
Natsumi continued to avoid his gaze and pretended she hadn't heard his question.  
  
"Answer me, Natsumi. I don't have much tolerance for women who play games," he insisted gruffly. "You liked me looking at you, didn't you?" he repeated.  
  
Natsumi sat motionless and mute, looking for the entire world like she wanted to slip under the table. The silence between them grew as he waited for her response. His eyes bored into her and she realized he was not going to let her avoid answering his question. Finally, she nodded her head slowly. Her voice was so soft and low he could barely hear her. "I want very much to please you, Professor."  
  
Dale knew he had her totally in his control. He leaned forward and put his hand over hers, his eyes boring into her relentlessly. "Then say it," he insisted, "answer my question."  
  
"Yes, Professor," she whispered. She swallowed uncomfortably, her words sounding like they were causing her great pain. "I, I, I'm pleased that you like looking at me."  
  
"I knew you did, Natsumi, your nipples gave you away." He looked down at her breasts again and smiled. "I like women who can't hide when they're turned on."  
  
Dale reached slowly across the table and brushed the back of his fingers lightly over her breast, ignoring her look of shock at how brazen his action was. She quickly looked around to see if anyone was watching, and even though her face instantly flushed again she didn't pull away. A soft moan of pleasure escaped her lips and the look of hunger in her eyes was unmistakable.  
  
"I think we'd better finish our coffee and adjourn to your apartment," he chuckled, giving the puckered up nipple a light squeeze. He grinned again, "Unless you want me to put on a little show for the folks here right now."  
  
Natsumi's cheeks were flaming red now, more with excitement than embarrassment as she quickly bowed her head and began to gather the papers together. He stood up and walked toward the sidewalk, not stopping to wait for her. Just as he knew she would, she obediently followed him from the shop and only hesitated for a moment before turning and leading him toward her apartment.  
  
Her hands trembling slightly, Natsumi fumbled with her key as she unlocked the door and stepped aside. She bowed slightly and motioned for him to go in first, her eyes averted from his as he stood and stared at her in silence. He waited patiently without moving until she finally looked up to meet his gaze. He could barely hear her soft, quivering voice but the instant she opened her mouth to speak he knew she was totally aware of exactly what it meant if they stepped inside together.  
  
"Please enter, Professor," she whispered softly.  
  
Holding her eyes with his, he reached for her hand and squeezed it forcefully. "Once I walk in this door, Natsumi, you will never again call me Professor," he growled, "unless we're in class. From now on, I think you know what you must call me."  
  
She squeezed his hand timidly; the need in her eyes showing that she knew exactly what he meant. She hesitated only a moment then led him inside. "Yes, Sir, I know."  
  
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It was almost 2 a.m. when Dale opened her apartment door with the key she had made for him the following week. He let himself into the dark room, a single candle flickering on the low table in the center of the tatami mat. He could hear muffled sounds coming from behind the closed bathroom door and knew she was feverishly getting herself ready for him. He went into the kitchen and grabbed a beer from her refrigerator then settled onto the simple futon and listened as she turned off the water and stepped out to dry herself.  
  
He opened the can of beer and sat back waiting for her to finish, knowing she would come to him naked and docile—just the way he had taught her over the last few months. He also knew she would have shaved her legs, armpits and cunt, and her entire body would be glistening with his favorite sandalwood-perfumed lotion.  
  
Moments later Natsumi silently appeared before him. With tiny steps she walked across the small room and stood before him, her head bowed and her eyes closed, her body trembling slightly and her breath coming in short, shallow puffs. He could tell she was very, very aroused. Her nipples were standing out hard and pouty and the lips of her cunt were swollen and as dark as he had ever seen them. He reached out and cupped his hand between her legs, stroking and petting and squeezing for a moment before letting his middle finger slip easily to its full length inside her.  
  
"You're nice and moist already . . . I like that," he chuckled. "But you know I have to punish you for letting your sister interfere with my evening." He could feel her cunt constrict involuntarily around his finger, the fear and anticipation impossible for her to hide.  
  
"Yes, Sir," she whispered. "I'm sorry, Sir. I should have asked your permission, Sir."  
  
Dale did not respond for a few minutes. He let his finger slide rhythmically in and out of her, pleased with how wet she was. He slipped another finger in and watched her carefully as her breathing increased to the same tempo as his fingers, her arousal becoming more and more apparent. He knew it was the anticipation of her punishment rather than his finger-fucking that had her on the verge of orgasm. He began to slow his movements until he could feel her cunt clenching and trembling and pleading for more, then he coolly stopped and removed his hand completely.  
  
"Clean my fingers," he hissed. "It's time for your collar."  
  
He saw the fear instantly flare in her eyes but she obediently dropped to her knees and took his hand to her mouth. She licked and sucked all his fingers carefully, cleaning her juices from them with a relish that was impossible for her to conceal. When she finished she sat back and reached for the heavy black leather dog collar that he had placed on the futon next to him.  
  
Its sharp silver studs were shining ominously in the soft light and a 10 foot leash was coiled next to it. She silently handed it to Dale and leaned forward so he could place it around her neck and pull the ends snuggly together before locking a large silver padlock firmly to hold it in place. He dropped the key into his pocket and fastened the leash to an 'O' ring and sat back to study his handiwork.  
  
Natsumi bowed her head and placed her hands primly behind her. He was aware that she was trying to control her emotions, but her tense breath gave away her excitement and her fear. He chuckled to himself watching her try to look calm and collected, knowing she was quivering with anticipation of what was going to happen next.  
  
"Get your black raincoat. We're going for a little drive." Dale watched as she hurried to retrieve the light-weight coat. "Put it on," he ordered. "But don't worry about any other clothes."  
  
Natsumi only hesitated a moment before obediently slipping it over her naked body. She started to button it up when his voice stopped her instantly. "One button," he growled, "the one closest to your navel only." She re-opened all the buttons except one and returned to stand before him. "Put on some flip-flops and hand me your leash."  
  
He walked outside, leading her by the leash to his car parked beneath a bright streetlight. Anyone passing by could have easily seen her pale body contrasted against the black material of the coat as it slipped into view with each step she took. She looked mortified as she tried to keep the coat closed over her breasts and legs with one hand and hold the leash pulling on her neck with the other.  
  
Dale opened the car door and allowed her to sit down before he dropped the leash into her lap. He went around to his side of the car and drove silently as he left their small town behind them. He drove for an hour without saying a word, knowing her anticipation was building by the minute. He chuckled to himself when Natsumi's timid voice finally asked where they were going. He ignored her question but knew exactly where he was going and what he would find there.  
  
Would her punishment be more powerful if she knew what he had in store for her, or would her ignorance cause it to be all the more intense, he wondered? Classical music from the radio that exactly fit his mood was the only sound in the car, and he could tell she was feeling more and more nervous by his silence the further they got into the country. In the lights of a passing car he looked at her and saw that she had drawn the coat modestly over her body, as if she was cold. With one hand he reached over and unbuttoned it completely, pulled it open and began to stroke her breasts and occasionally tug on the leash hanging between them. He occasionally dragged the stiff leather over her nipples, teasing them to even harder little points than they were before.  
  
"Sir . . ." she whispered again, a slight tinge of panic in her voice. "Where are we going?"  
  
"You are going someplace for your punishment," he finally answered. "I, however, am going to receive my compensation for having to put up with an untrained little slut who disobeyed me."  
  
They continued along the highway for another few minutes in complete silence until Dale suddenly slowed the car and turned through an unmarked gate. He drove carefully down a gravel road that became a dirt path leading to a riverbank. His headlights revealed 5 or 6 cars parked in a small turnaround and he quickly turned his lights off and killed the engine. The dark was broken only by the faint light from a full moon, but Natsumi had noticed the car next to them was occupied and realized they must have been in some sort of a lover's lane. She turned to Dale wondering what punishment he might have in mind.  
  
"Almost all of the people in these cars are men," he told her softly. "They come hoping to find a diversion from their hum-drum sex lives." He chuckled ominously and continued. "Have you ever heard of dogging in Japan?" When she shook her head he continued. "I thought perhaps your punishment might amuse them a little."  
  
Natsumi nervously clutched at her coat as a man walked back from the river's edge toward them. When he reached their car he slowed down and deliberately stared inside, making no secret he was trying to see what was going on. The moonlight was bright enough for him to see her and he stood patiently, hoping it was his lucky night. Natsumi heard Dale chuckle and suddenly knew that he intended to provide the man what he was looking for.  
  
"Open your coat, Natsumi."  
  
His voice was so low she hardly heard the command. She hesitated, afraid to follow his order but knowing she had no choice except to do what he ordered. She was aware of a sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach but felt powerless to move.  
  
"Now!"  
  
This time his voice was so cold and frightening she immediately pulled her coat open, exposing her nakedness completely. She clamped her eyes shut, not wanting to admit to herself that she was doing such an embarrassing act and desperately hoping that since she couldn't see the man outside very clearly, perhaps he couldn't see her either, and hoping that was all that was going to happen.  
  
Suddenly, she felt pressure on the collar around her neck. Dale didn't say a word but slowly pulled on the leash and drew her closer. She leaned into him and opened her lips automatically as she felt him start to kiss her, slipping her tongue eagerly into his mouth the way she knew he enjoyed. He pulled even harder on her collar at the same time as his hand cupped her breast, seeking out her nipple and pinching and rolling it roughly between his thumb and forefinger. Despite the sharp pain from his fingers she felt herself responding, her breath coming in short gasps and a deep moan escaping from her throat as her hips involuntarily began to grind against the seat.  
  
She hated herself for losing control, for letting her body override her sense of decency, of what she knew was proper. She felt Dale's hand slide down her body and she automatically spread her legs, momentarily forgetting the man looking down into their car. Dale's fingers entered her easily, plunging deep into her cunt and bringing another guttural, animalistic moan from her throat. She couldn't control the movement of her hips as they thrust upward trying desperately to grasp his fingers and inhale them even deeper.  
  
She suddenly remembered the man watching her and hesitated, then tentatively reached for Dale's crotch. She was not surprised to find his cock straining against his slacks and she rubbed it softly, pleased to feel him respond so enthusiastically to her fingers. Instinctively knowing he wanted her to, she fumbled with his belt, opened it and slid his zipper down so she could free his cock and feel it hard and naked in her hand. She felt him push down on the back of her head and tore her lips away from his kisses to dive down and take it hungrily into her mouth. She began sucking, her mouth barely large enough to contain its swollen size.  
  
Dale shifted back in his seat, sliding his slacks down over his knees to the floor of the car and arched his hips up to give her more access to his crotch. He put his hand on the back of her head and guided her movements, pleased with the way she responded to his every slightest direction. She licked his balls slavishly, sucking first one and then the other into her mouth before kissing her way deep down into his scrotum and then back up to engulf his cock again.

Dale watched her head bobbing in his lap, enjoying her obvious relish of what she was doing. It had taken him several months to teach her how to suck cock so expertly and even longer to get her to admit that she loved doing it. The moans coming from deep in her throat were spontaneous and obvious proof of that.  
  
"You're enjoying this way too much, Natsumi," he whispered. "I'm supposed to be punishing you. Take your coat off and get up on your knees so your ass is in the air while you're sucking me."  
  
Natsumi immediately sat up, shocked at herself for having forgotten where they were and how public her actions had been. She glanced at the window and could see the man still standing there, although the window was now steamed up enough that she wasn't sure he could tell exactly what she had been doing. Involuntarily she felt herself blush, totally embarrassed but incredibly turned on by her desperate desire to please Dale. She quickly stripped off her coat and threw it to the backseat before kneeling down on her seat and dropping her face into his crotch again. She eagerly resumed sucking his cock as Dale reached down her back and began caressing her naked ass. He slid his fingers over her firm ass cheeks for a few minutes, squeezing and caressing them before suddenly sipping deep into her wet pussy.  
  
"I think it's about time your real punishment begins," he chuckled. With his left hand he reached for the control buttons on his door armrest and lowered the passenger side window. Natsumi felt the cool breeze rush into the steamy car and hit her feverish, naked body. She felt Dale squeeze her ass-cheeks even harder, cruelly pulling them apart and beginning to finger fuck her cunt with the same rhythm he was using to guide her head as it bobbed on his cock. She knew the man standing outside was now totally able to tell what was happening, but Dale's fingers were working such magic in her cunt and his cock felt so good in her mouth she lost all concern for anything but trying to make him cum.  
  
All at once it dawned on her that there were more than just Dale's fingers touching her. She could feel two hands eagerly exploring every crease and crevice, squeezing and stroking and pinching and lightly slapping her, at the same time several fingers were exploring deep into her cunt. It suddenly became obvious that Dale had signaled the stranger to reach into the car and touch her, to even use her cunt however he wanted.  
  
She felt she was going to die with embarrassment but kept sucking Dale's cock with all the enthusiasm she could muster. She knew she could make him cum soon and hoped her mortification would be over. She had learned to suck him so well and she knew how much he loved to spurt into her mouth that she was confident he couldn't last much longer. Hopefully, all she had to do was swallow his load and her punishment would be over, the stranger would back off and they could go home.  
  
She increased the pressure of her suction and squeezed his balls harder, trying to bring him to his climax. She felt him arch his hips and start the familiar thrusting into her mouth, pumping faster and faster and pushing her head down to force his cock deeper into her throat. She closed her eyes; concentrating so hard on pleasing him she was hardly aware when he reached to the dashboard and turned the switch for the dome light. The car was suddenly flooded with bright light and she looked up in panic to realize there were two more men standing on the driver's side of the car looking down at her, both of them obviously stroking their cocks as they watched the show she was putting on. She looked over her shoulder and realized two more men were on her side of the car, both of them reaching in and touching her ass and cunt and they were jacking off also.  
  
Dale pushed her head back down into his crotch and started cumming the instant her mouth closed around his cock. Automatically she began milking him with her mouth, sucking and swallowing and relentlessly diving back down for more. Never had she felt him cum in such quantity and with such animal intensity. He forced her head down so far his cock slammed against the back of her mouth and into her throat, burying his full length into her until her nose nestled into his pubic hair. She didn't have time to gag; she just opened herself up to the jets of hot cum filling her throat as her long middle finger pumped his asshole in time with his cock's contractions.  
  
Suddenly it sounded like the men outside the car were all cumming along with him, moaning and groaning and urging each other on. Her cunt felt violated from all the strange fingers plunging into her as Dale pumped his last spurt of cum. He shuddered with release and finally relaxed the pressure on her head and allowed her to collapse into her seat. She leaned back gratefully, gasping to regain her breath, knowing without opening her eyes that the men were still staring at her.  
  
One reached in again and began to stroke her breasts. She quickly looked at Dale, hoping he was satiated and would stop them. She felt mortified when he just sat there with an amused grin on his face watching the man's fingers squeeze and pull her nipples more and more roughly. Natsumi sat immobile, afraid to move or cover herself while the stranger manhandled her breasts. Dale slowly pulled his pants up and fastened his belt, but left his fly open before reaching to the dashboard and turning out the light.  
  
"Show's over, boys," he laughed as he started the engine.  
  
He pulled Natsumi's hand back to his lap and stuffed it into his open fly as he began to close the windows. Her fingers closed around his flaccid cock and held it gingerly as the man reluctantly withdrew his arm and stepped away into the darkness. Dale put the car in gear and pulled slowly out of the parking lot.  
  
Natsumi felt drained, almost post-climatic, by what she had just done. Still naked and with one hand resting lightly between her legs, she sat frozen in her seat as they drove silently down the road. Her neck hurt where the tight collar had chaffed her skin and she could still feel the sting from one of the men's fingers that had dryly invaded her tight asshole. As mortified and used as she felt, she couldn't ignore the heat radiating from her cunt. She knew she couldn't really touch herself without his permission, but her need was stronger than her fear and she tentatively touched her clit.  
  
"Sir . . .?" she whispered.  
  
Dale glanced down at her hand. He knew how badly she wanted to bring herself off, to find the same relief she had provided him.  
  
"May I . . .?"  
  
He reached over and roughly pulled her hand away from her cunt and put it inside his fly with her other one that still clutched his cock.  
  
"You were a real slut back there," he growled. "You don't deserve to cum. I hope you learned your lesson."  
  
Natsumi knew better than to question him. She had never felt so dirty, so abused. She only knew from the pulsing in her hands that her role was whatever he demanded, and she obediently dropped her face into his crotch without saying anything more. She pulled his cock free from his pants and took it into her mouth to start sucking again; somewhat amazed at how quickly it became as hard as it was before. She gently sucked and licked him the entire way home, pausing only to admire how beautiful it looked each time the streetlights allowed her to see the full, glistening length straining toward her.  
  
When they pulled into her driveway she reluctantly stopped, knowing Dale was not going to give her the pleasure of his cum again this night. She silently retrieved her coat from the backseat as Dale took the key from his pocket and unlocked her collar. She gingerly took it off and placed it in his lap before slipping into her coat and opening the door. She looked back at him as he sat motionless behind the wheel, his cock still hard and pointing toward the steering wheel before either spoke again.  
  
"Maybe . . ." Natsumi said expectantly.  
  
Dale looked at her without saying a word.  
  
The silence between them hung in the air for a long minute. Finally, with a quiver in her voice she continued, so softly he could barely hear her.  
  
"Maybe next time I need to be punished . . ." she whispered, "we go there again?"  
  
"Sir?"