

We accidentally discovered the pleasures of dogging around three years ago – and haven't looked back since! We had initially started swinging a few years after we got married, following an adventurous night in with a couple we were friendly with. This continued for a number of years, with the four of us becoming very close, but as is often the case, real life took over, and the meetings weren't as regular or exciting as they used to be – so we decided to call it a day and put more effort into enjoying each other.

It was a Saturday night In July and we had been out for a meal. On the way home, we decided to call into a local country park for a bit of quiet time together. It was very late in the evening and we really didn't expect anyone else to be around. This was something we had done on many occasions – and we'd often talked about how we would react if someone discovered us. Luckily for us, no-one had ever caught us, but the thought of it was enough to make both of us feel very excited.

We are not alone...

On this particular evening, we parked in a secluded area of the car park, and quickly settled ourselves into the back seat. We hadn't previously had outdoor sex here, but we had visited there often enough during the day and knew our way around.

Before long we were getting rather passionate, and were totally unaware of anything apart from each other. Suddenly, my husband seemed to tense up, I asked him what was wrong and he said he thought he had heard something or someone moving around outside. We tried to sneak a look out of the window but couldn't see anything, so we continued enjoying ourselves. I was lying across the back seat when he leant over and said that this time he was sure that there was someone watching us. I don't think I actually took him seriously and just presumed it was more verbal foreplay and carried on what I was doing. He then whispered that there was definitely someone watching us – and they were standing by the car window and they were masturbating. By this time I was really enjoying myself, so I just told him to continue and ignore them, still not fully believing that someone was actually watching.

Before long, my inquisitiveness got the better of me and I just had to take a sneaky look to see if there was in fact someone there. I changed my position so my face was near to the window where my husband had said the man was standing, and I looked out. To say I was surprised is definitely an understatement! There, standing by the car was, not just one man, but two – both of them wanking as they watched us.

It's showtime!

I really don't know what was going through my mind, but I do remember feeling incredibly excited by it all. I felt so nervous – so naughty – the buzz I was getting was indescribable. I knew that my husband had no worries about performing in front of other people, so we just carried on, putting on a show, making it easier for the guys to see by turning on the interior light in the car.

I was so turned on by it all, I felt as if I would explode and I'm sure we both struggled to make it last longer than a few minutes. When we did stop playing, we quickly turned off the light. I looked at the window, to see a shadow moving in to the nearby trees – he gave a quick wave of thanks as he left.

We quickly dressed and drove home, possibly breaking every speed limit going. As soon as we got into the house, we virtually ripped each other's clothes off and had the most amazing sex. When we finally made it to our bedroom, we both wanted to talk about what had happened – to try and understand what we were feeling, and why it had affected us so strongly. Both of us had been enormously turned on by it all, and even though neither of us is what you would call an exhibitionist, we had both felt so exhilarated during our 'show'. We both agreed it had been harmless fun, but probably a one-off thing that would never happen again.

Repeat performances

The following day we couldn't stop smiling and at every opportunity we talked about the previous evening. We also decided to go back again that same evening and see if anyone else was around.

Shortly after dark, we set off for the same car park. We were both very excited and also very nervous. We parked in the same place as we had the previous evening and sat and waited. Before long, we noticed some movement in the trees to our side, and soon a man was stood a few feet away from the car. I could feel myself shaking with nerves and turned away from him. After a while, the man realised nothing was happening and he moved away back into the trees. We did get a few other similar visitors, including a few cars driving up and parking very close, but at this point, I was too nervous to do anything other than watch the comings and going of the car park.

After a while, I began to feel a little more relaxed, and again we talked about the previous evening. It didn't take long for this to have a dramatic effect on me and I took this as my prompt to begin the fun. We got into the back seat of the car – something we never do now – and proceeded to undress and play together. We were very nervous, and were constantly checking to see if anyone was around, and we weren't disappointed. Before long, a man came over to our car, and stood about six feet away, watching as we

put on a show for him. I was so horny, and my husband suggested I open the car door so he could get a better look, and possibly have a feel. Eventually I opened the door and as quick as a shot, the guy moved closer to the car and started to play with himself. I allowed him to stroke my breasts as we had sex, but I never once looked at his face, I didn't want to know who he was, or what he looked like, I just wanted the attention of the voyeur. Shortly afterwards, a couple more men came over, but I felt too uncomfortable to go on. We thanked the guy and made our way back home.

Regular sessions

Well, that was just the start of things. We were lucky that the car park where we discovered dogging just happened to be quiet on our first two visits – because I can assure you, it's not normally that quiet. We soon found that places we would never have thought of, were regularly used for dogging and that the variety of people involved was immense, embracing all ages from early twenties to some guys and couples who appeared to well over retirement age.

Over the years, our 'game play' has changed and we now find it safer to stay in the front seats of the car (easier to explain to the police if they arrive without our noticing them) and also that much safer if there are teenagers using the car park. We have also become more adventurous, and we

sometimes open the car doors or windows, depending on who is around. I never have full intercourse with the other doggers – which is my choice – but I certainly enjoy watching them playing, just as I am playing too. I also have a fairly large collection of toys I take out with me each weekend. We also have a couple of very clean, polite men that we have got to know very well, and we are now inviting them to join in when we see them.

Our 'kick' comes from the unplanned element of dogging, so we have not gone down the route of arranging meets, however as with most things, the game changes, and things evolve, so who knows what the future will bring? We have also discovered the pleasures of the picnic benches, but that is another story. I am convinced the designers of these were regular doggers. Do they realise just how well designed they are for naughty outdoor fun?

We have had the odd bad experience, including being followed home, and being 'hounded' by a couple of doggers – but on the whole, we have had loads of fun, including playing in a local bird hide with some friends of ours, when the weather outside was minus two degrees, knowing that a couple of guys were standing in the entrance, watching our every move, and just waiting for the opportunity to join in. It's fun – it's a free show – and if everyone abides by the 'rules' of dogging etiquette, there's no harm done and everyone has a good night (or day!) out.

Dictionary Dogging

The BBC programme about words and their origins, Balderdash & Piffle, rightly recognised that the most thumbed pages of our dictionaries are the ones with all the naughty words, and under their 'X-Rated' category, the researchers recently looked into the history of the word 'dogging'.

The 'Wordhunt' came up with some interesting explanations for the word as the Oxford English Dictionary prepared a new entry to cover what they call 'this curious cultural phenomenon'. The meaning is unequivocal – 'the practice of gathering with other people in a public place, typically a car park, to watch or engage in exhibitionist sexual behaviour' – and there is evidence of the word being used in this context as far back as 1993. But perhaps there are earlier roots – the verb 'to dog' meaning to pursue closely – or it's even been suggested that some of the participants might use the excuse of walking the dog to account for their nocturnal forays...

Eventually, the new entry was put together with the earliest reference being in the 1986 Sex Maniac's Diary for 1987, which suggested that, 'Ravers wanting instantaneous action... can find comrades in the traditional dogging haunts in Great Britain.'

So don't think you're blazing a trail or doing anything new... dogging's getting to be quite old hat!

Want to share your dogging experiences with SHM readers?

You can send them to us at:

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