

It transpired that, because he had recently split up with his wife, he had moved in with his mother and, of course and alas, it was impossible that I be allowed in the house in case either his mother, or the cat, should be disturbed.

We kissed and began to get amorous in the car but my heart wasn't in it. It soon became apparent that the rain hadn't affected his ardour and, even if my heart wasn't in it, he was making every move to ensure that his cock would soon be in at least one of my ports of call. Like Helen, I have a reputation for giving excellent head, a pulsating deep-throated blow-job that can't be resisted.

## Change of venue

With an itch that needed scratching, I agreed to drive on to a safe place he knew of where, quite possibly, we would meet other like-minded people.

He directed me down B roads, then country lanes and finally cart tracks, until I wound up in the middle of a field. By this time my wipers were having trouble clearing the windscreen and the absence of street lighting made the darkness intense and totally impenetrable. 'It's not like this when I walk my dog,' he stammered, before urging me to drive through the gap ahead and into the next field. Like a good girl I did as he bid, although with hindsight I admit that I was concentrating more on his hand as he slowly stroked his penis erect, and the glistening head that smiled in my direction.

## Mission aborted

I never got into the next field – and his cock never made it into my eager mouth – at least, not that night. The relentless rains had turned the field into a quagmire and with a squelching, grating sound my beloved black Fiat bottomed out – and stuck fast.

When I had stopped shrieking, I decided that he would have to get out and push while I operated the controls. 'What do you mean you can't?' I ranted, only stopping when he opened his door to reveal that, rather than being between two fields, we were actually teetering on the edge of a precipice. Of course, I lost it totally and ended up half in and half out of my car, with my former 'hero' trying to clamber over me in an attempt to get out.

Our only chance of rescue was for me to swallow my embarrassment and call the car rescue people. I felt sure I could hear the control room laughing as I described the sequence of fields he would have to go through to reach us – a sound that intensified when he advised me to listen for a passing vehicle – and then start flashing.

So there I was, soaked to the skin and virtually naked, with a beaming rescuer filling out the form to register my satisfaction. 'After all, apart from the tow we do like to give complete satisfaction,' he smiled, and I wasn't surprised to find that he had handed me his mobile phone number... just in case of any further incidents.

I think that the field incident was one of the worst to happen to me. I hadn't managed much more than a decent snog and cuddle – and that after driving half way across the county. My blushes intensified when I found

that I would have to pay the car valet double the normal fee due to the excessive mud.

## Hope springs eternal

Of course, I have had many enjoyable dogging encounters – and few have been that far out into the country. One encounter on the A30 resulted in a very nice couple brewing up for me on their primus stove... on another occasion on the same road a campervan was hooked up to the SH site – but such luxuries are rare.

I have had too many encounters to put in to one article – and I am thinking only about the minority that went wrong.

I have learned, in the course of my explorations, that dogging, while enjoyable and often exciting, shouldn't take the place of simple road safety measures – such as applying the handbrake, especially in a hilly lay-by on the A22, resulting in damage to my vehicle that I didn't feel I could take to my insurance company.

I have also discovered that the police, especially in Wrexham, can be quite helpful, advising me that they were only patrolling for troublemakers and that they would return in an hour or so. The police in Surrey, however, did have to take a different view when a dogging session accidentally coincided with a major drugs bust!

*I suppose, finally, I would simply advise that if misfortune is going to strike, keep your chin down but your head held high...*

