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A Cinderella Story, an oversexed parody based on the fairy tale of Brothers Grimm by Don Luzifer in 2019. Excerpt from the same named E-Book, available at [Smashwords](https://www.smashwords.com/books/view/544444). The whole E-book contains 125 DIN A4 pages and ap. 69.500 words according to Libre Office.

Chapter 2 - Life goes on

Cinderella hasn't slept very well this night. To much her thoughts rush through her mind, because of the things, that have happened last evening. Very late in the night she falls into an uneasy sleep. She has prepared the bed again, but till dawn it is a mess again. Now she lays on her belly, the pillow wrapped tightly with both arms under her face, one leg bend high, the other stretched out wide and the light sheet kicked away. The first rays of the morning sun falling through the window, let her nearly uncovered, slightly sweaty ass sparkle.

Chester on the other hand has slept well and cozy after his assaults and is this morning full of zest again. He has reloaded enough power for a new, busy day. His young doggy brain has memorized the last evening as quite enjoyable, arousing and pleasurable, even though a little bit laborious. The entering first rays of the sun awaken him and he gets on his feet from his improvised bed. Chester yawns and stretches himself and his next thought should be a good breakfast, but his fine nose smells something very arousing.

He looks around and discovers the in the morning sun sparkling ass of ,his' bitch. His doggy mind weighs his options now: first eating breakfast and than mounting the bitch or first mounting the bitch and than eating breakfast. Hm, decisions, decisions in the early morning, he thinks. He inhales again all the available smells through his fine doggy nose and notices, there is no breakfast smell in the air, but the fine smell of his ,bitch' even more. So the decision is made. He stretches again, than he walks slowly towards Cinderella's bed.

Like drawn the sweetly lays there on her bed, the pillows wrapped tight, the light sheet covers her only with one corner. The left breast has slipped out of her gown and squeezes out under her arm. Cinderella's hair lays messy around over her face and shoulders. The left leg is bend up far, the knee nearly under her breast, the calve lays far away from the other near the edge of the bed.

Chester watches the whole picture calm, thinks for a moment, than he make two steps towards the bed. the smell of Cinderella arouses him again. He climbs at the end of the bed on the mattress and stands between her wide spread thighs. He bends down his head and his nose drives him unerringly to the source of this magical smell. He sinks his mouth in her crotch, let his tongue slide through her slightly opened, still swollen, red gleaming pussy. Immediately Cinderella's slit reacts to the tongue and the juice flow.

Chester licks up the juices of Cinderella, just as an invitation and breakfast replacer. His haunches reports a pulling and his balls report readiness. His red rod slides out a bit from its sheet, just like he wants to look, where to enter soon.

Cinderella still sleeps deep, but Chester's tongue at her pussy drives her thoughts in more pleasurable lanes. Just yet the black dog rages as a brutal fucking machine through her mind, but now the more pleasant feelings took over. The pleasing tickling of her clit, the arousing twitching from her belly region, even the swirl of colors reports its presence in its lightest form. She changes a little bit her posture to breathe better and to relax her squeezed breasts, but she doesn't block the entrance to her lust cave for Chester.

Chester slobbers himself through her getting wetter slit. Her back entrance he licks eagerly, too, and fast she is wet between her legs by pussy juice and doggie slobber. Chester's sexual organs are reporting again. They demand their right to use. His balls fill up and his cock slides out further. He has spotted his next combat zone and found suitable.

The black Dane looks up, his mouth sparkles by pussy juice and slobber. He would rather, if ,his' bitch would bend up her ass more, but it has to work like this. Chester steps over Cinderella's bend leg and her butt, since his hind legs are in the right position. He lowers his rear end down and searches with his half extended red pipe for Cinderella's moist warm entrance.

Cinderella is still sleeping deep, her thoughts still circling around the magnificent feelings from her lower body and something inside her faults, that it looks like it has stopped. The slightly poking at her ass slit she gets only parenthetically.

For Chester this angle isn't the best. He has to bend down his abdomen completely and he has to put his hind legs somewhere, but without losing its grip. Impatient he gnarls around, since his tip has found an entrance. Carefully he adjusts himself, than Chester slams home. His half hard, red lust pole presses her moist pussy lips apart and nimbly he slides into the well lubed canal. Chester clamps his hind paws into the bed sheets and searches its grip. He finds it, than his rod extends completely, cracks Cinderella's pussy lips apart and his hunches starts to moves rhythmically.

Deep the red pole enters into the moist cave, stops shortly, than he pushes again. The dog has found his grip and rhythm and starts. His instinct takes over again completely. Hard and fast Chester slams into Cinderella's pussy. It's still quite reddish swollen, yet, but still stretched enough from the two rounds last evening. She is able to take the intruder without trouble. The juice are flowing plentiful, good lubrication is granted. Chester puts his front paws next to Cinderella's upper body and his body on hers. For the large dog it is, as if he would mount a quite smaller one.

Cinderella realizes slowly, this is no dream. Chester fucks her again. The banging awakes her from her nightmares and sex dreams. His panting next to her ear is additional to that. Chester lays with his whole weight on Cinderella's back and nails her onto the bed. Following his sexual instincts only, he slams his hard, further swelling doggie dick in Cinderella's cunt. Because of the steep angle from diagonally above his whole penis rubs over her G-spot and her clit is rubbed most extensively by the sheet, too.

Inside Cinderella's head wrestle her mind, which won't be fucked by Chester again and her hornyness for the upper hand. At first her pussy hurts, to be ripped open and stuffed so hard again, especially it is still swollen from the last time, but the pain disappears fast and make place for the swirl of horny feelings of lust, which manifests itself in a sea of colors.

Chester's hard slamming spins her mind around, let her helplessly emotionally drive roller coaster

and lurch over the waves of colors. She realizes, she can't do anything now, because Chester presses her on the bed and forces her to be immobile, so she decides to relax and enjoy the ride in the early morning. She tries to match Chester's thrusts as good as she can by heaving her hips up and stretching her ass out. Chester takes this concession of 'his' bitch thankfully and intensify his hunching.

Panting Chester let his tongue hang out of his mouth, slobber drips directly onto Cinderella's face. She feels his hot breath at her ear. She let go some sighs, too. Her lust speeds up more and more, her sea of feelings starts to become a swirl. At the mercy of his slamming she drifts through the swirl.

She wants to have her orgasm, but something holds her back, something isn't correct now for the totally satisfaction yet. Unfortunately Chester nails her so tight on the bed, so she is unable to reach and work on her clit with her hands. Even the rotation of her hips doesn't give the desired success. There won't be any satisfaction now.

Chester on the other hand keeps on humping. But he doesn't like the angle either, that have to be all changed!. His knot is already swelling, but in that way, he won't be able to put it in.

Cinderella pulls her legs close and tries to heaves herself, despite of the weight of Chester on her back. Chester understands her intentions and let her despite his humping some space. She pushes her butt a little bit up in the air and Chester adjusts his hind legs, too. Now they match each other better and Chester can make wider moves humping.

It seems, that was the missing itch, the deep penetration of his cock up to her cervix. Immediately her whirl of lust raises, the sea of colors changes from pastel into saturated colors. His knot presses against her pussy lips and demands entrance. The tip of his cock pokes in her cervix. Hard and heavy Chester slams his deep red, steel hard, fat boner into her cunt flesh. He occupies the room inside her, that belongs to him. The deep red, veiny Thing is surrounded completely by her juices and his pre cum. Slurping and clapping sounds are coming from her crotch, when his belly slaps against her butt cheeks and his rod plows through her slit.

His balls reports 'fully loaded' and ready to unload. Chester speeds up his rhythm and the pressure on Cinderella's pussy lips, to let his knot slip in. Cinderella's lust is on its way to the liberating, blissfully summit. After she has managed to get on all fours, Chester can fuck her now for sure. He clamps with his front legs her hips, her breasts are able to swing freely under her and he can fuck his pole into her with wide movements.

Her pussy lips give up their resistance, the knot slips in, Cinderella squeals out loud and her orgasm over comes her. But Chester isn't finished yet. He still needs some time and let his fat rod including the apple sized knot rotate inside her cave. His tip has entered her cervix after the last thrust, which pushed Cinderella over the edge and now keeps her trapped in her frenzy of orgasm. Her juices gush around the red intruder, which fills her so perfectly, but keep hanging on the all blocking knot.

Than Chester is ready, too. His balls are sending his cream on its journey through the pipe since it gushes into her uterus jet by jet. That's too much for Cinderella and she slumps under him. Her orgasm has overwhelmed her so much, that she fades out for a moment. Her butt stays closely connected with his abdomen in the air, while her upper body sinks down onto the pillows again. Trembling with passion and breathing heavily she remains in that position. Chester pants standing above her.

He remains a few moments, since his balls has emptied them self, than he follows her and he lays

down on her. The two of them keeps laying in that position quite a while, since his knot is able to let loose. His cream gushes inside her belly around and takes her several times again at the edge of an small orgasm. His knot pushes on her G-spot, especially now, when she lays on her stomach. Just slowly she gets her breath back and whispers: „Chester, what are you doing with me?“

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Karl is staying in the city during his business trips in which Dame Gisela von Lebedingen has her worries and hardships. Frieda, which hasn't faced Karl that much since now, spotted him and his carriage in the city at another merchant. As fast as her little feet and her monstrous bust it allow, she hurries home to report her investigation to her mother immediately. But she just waves at her daughter and rants at her.

„Great, now we know, he is in the city. But did you invited him? Did you found out, where he lives, how he makes his money? How wealthy he is in fact? Heavens, do you really have to explain everything to you, holly nut?“

„But mother, I meant only good“, starts Frieda and cries again.

„Meant good, meant good! You should think along!“ Gisela starts ranting.

Ida joins and asks, what's up.

„Ah, nothing, your sister has acted stupid again. Karl Liebrecht is in the city again and instead of collecting at least a few useful information about him, our titty queen stumbled directly home and quack into my ears, which great people are in town right now“, scolds Gisela. Frieda cries loud with both hands in front of her face.

„Karl Liebrecht? Is that the guy who has brought the dog?“ asks Ida.

„YES!“ shouts Gisela annoyed.

„Ah, yes. Frieda, where did you seen that man?“ Ida turns to Frieda.

Among the whimpering and crying says Frieda the word ‚silk merchant‘.

„Damned, dear lord, stop that shitty crying!“ Ida shouts out angry.

„What are the two fruits of my hips think to do next? Staying around stupidly, asking useless questions and crying? Or do you move your useless corpses to this special silk merchant yet, and starts collecting information about Karl Liebrecht, damned! Do I really have to do all alone?“ Gisela curses at her two daughters.

„Yes, mother, great idea. Come on, Frieda, let's go“, says Ida and pulls Frieda with her.

„Stop!“ shouts Gisela after them.

„What's up now?“ asks Ida.

„You two won't go outside in that outfit, isn't it?“ asks Gisela sarcastically.

„Why, what's wrong with it?“ Ida wants to know.

„Your sister is a whimpering mess and you looks like as fallen from the dung heap. Come on, get

changed!“ Gisela shouts out loud. „What have I done to deserve this?“ she mumbles in a low voice.

Ida looks at Frieda and than down herself. Ida shakes her head, but than they both go to her rooms and make there self suitable for town. A few minutes later Ida and Frieda leave the house and walk together toward the silk merchant.

Karl on the other hand has finished his business in the mean time and a look at the tower clock says to him, he hast still time for an amorous visit. He mounts his carriage and drives to the house of Dame von Lebedingen. After a few minutes he arrives there, parks his carriage and binds the horse to the street lamp. Whistling and with best mood he knocks at the door of the house.

Gisela wants to call out for her useless daughters, but she realizes, they had left the building half an hour ago yet. Mumbling she walks to the door on her own. Because she knows, that probably just the money collectors are in front of the door, she takes the long way in a other room. From the window of this room she is able to see, who stands in front of the door. Carefully she spies through the window and sees a well dressed man, who knocks again against the door.

It is none of the usual, thug like mobsters or creditors she knows, but because Karl stands with his back to the window, she can't recognize him. She decides to go to the door and asks with a pitched voice who's there.

Karl knocks the third time and wants to turn to go, there he hears a funny, squeaky voice: „Who is there?“

„Ah, good evening, Karl Liebrecht is my name. I wish to talk to the mistress so this house, Dame von Lebedingen“, says Karl loud turned to the door.

„What's the matter“, asks the squeaky voice.

„Och, nothing important, just private things. Is the Dame present?“ answers Karl.

Gisela is relived. Karl wants something from her yet, but not returning something or demanding money. Fast she adjusts herself, pulls her hair back in line, swings her massive tits in her bustier back into their correct place and opens the neckline of her dress further more. Than she opens the door for Karl.

„My beloved Mr. Liebrecht. That's a nice surprise. What leads you into my tiny home? Do you wanna buy another dog?“ Gisela asks profusely and explicit politely in a arousing voice.

„Be greeted, Dame von Lebedingen. I apologize for my sudden assault, but I wanted to see you again. I don't know anyone here despite some business partners and after several business dates my mood demands for pleasant conversation. I hope, I don't disturb you and you excuse my entering“, says Karl politely.

„But not, Mr Liebrecht. You're welcome here, follow me, we go into my salon“, answers Gisela.

With a swinging butt Gisela leads Karl into the known room, in which they did the trade for the dog Chester.

„Please, take a seat, Mr Liebrecht“, Gisela sings and points at the couch. „I will get fast some tea and cakes“, she adds and leaves smiling fast the room.

Karl takes place on the couch and wonders, why a Dame has no servants at all. He looks around and

he notices with an expert view, that the whole furniture must have seen better days long ago, too. Everything seems to look somehow old fashioned and on everything seems to lay some kind of veil. But before he is able to make some more thoughts, Dame von Lebedingen appears with a plate.

She places the plate on the table in front of Karl and bends slinky deep forward, so that her big bells are best displayed in the wide neckline of her dress. She offers a cup of tea to Karl and invites him to service himself with the cakes. She pours in a cup of tea for herself, puts it lasciviously on the table and makes up a situation to bend down deep next to the table to present her butt to Karl. She puts by all means her attractions on display, but Karl is too polite and well educated to jump on that directly.