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Night in the Park, Where the Dogs Are

Frustrated, Carolina pushed herself back in her chair and closed her eyes. It was already late, and still the last shareholders had only now left the conference room, so she enjoyed the silence for a moment. Business was flourishing, and the conference went as she had hoped, which left her with a euphoric and satisfied feeling. As the heir of the Lemos corporation, and with the way things stood now, she was probably the richest woman in Sao Paulo, if not one of the richest in all of Brazil. And every time she thought of that, she felt a certain longing between her legs.

Success and money turned her on like nothing else, and even though she didn't have time nor patience, nor frankly, even the desire for a partner, she had ways and means to satisfy her urges. When she opened her eyes again, her gaze ran slowly across the long table, still littered with drinks and papers. Her assistant Andressa stood somewhat shyly aside, trying not to disturb her boss, while at the same time being at her service.

Carolina smiled. "I think I'll go out for a bit," she said and took a look out of the window onto the dark, sleeping city that lay underneath.

Andressa nodded and immediately knew what the millionaire had in mind. "Should I accompany you?" she asked amicably.

Carolina eyed her sceptically. "Depends on what you're up for," she replied.

It was an old game that unfolded between the two, and Andressa knew what her boss was getting at. Of course, Carolina wanted to be joined, but at the same time she wanted to get the impression that Andressa had the same urges as herself. The assistant, on the other hand, liked it better to get told - no, ordered - what to do, and felt uneasy just openly admitting her preferences, even though she couldn't think of anything more exciting than to accompany the powerful, rich woman on her secret endeavours.

It could all be so easy, she thought. They both wanted the same, lusted for the same experiences, but approached them from two opposite ends. Andressa bit her lip and finally lowered her head when she answered: "You know I am always up for going out with you. No matter what happens."

Carolina's smile got a little more serious. She got up and stepped closer to the shy young woman. "And what's supposed to happen?" she asked sternly and looked deep into her assistant's eyes.

Andressa gulped. Every time, she thought. Every time this woman managed to make her crazy, from lust, from desire, from pure horniness. With a low, croaking voice she replied: "My entire submission under your will, Senhora. My body and spirit are at your disposal, for you to turn me into the lowest, dirtiest street slut."

Carolina clicked her tongue satisfied. "Well, that sounds excellent, so let's not waste any time," she said and grabbed her handbag. Without any further delay, she headed for the exit, while Andressa tried hard to keep up with her.

They stopped at the tea kitchen, where the assistant packed her usual utensils - whipped cream and honey - and then took the elevator from Carolina's office floor all the way down to the garage. "Bend over," Carolina said suddenly when the door closed behind them. Without hesitation, Andressa obeyed and bent forward, holding onto the railing in the elevator and watched herself in the mirrored wall as her boss pushed her short skirt up over her butt. "The cream," Carolina demanded

again.

Andressa pulled the long can out of her bag and handed it backward, where it was taken from her hands. Soon, she felt Carolina's fingers brush across her labia, and then the thin plastic tip of the can, as it was inserted inside of her. Only a little, almost unnoticed. But when the cream shot up inside her with a loud "shhhhh" sound, she felt it all the more strongly and couldn't stop herself from moaning satisfied.

Even more than that she loved to feel the tongue of her boss on her slit, where she licked up the sweet, sticky cream once more, welling up out of her wet hole. And just when Carolina let go of her and licked the last remnants of pussy cream off her fingers, the elevator came to a halt and the doors opened, where to Andressa's horror she found herself face to face with a group of cleaners, pushing out her smeared and exposed butt towards them.

She quickly picked herself up again and straightened her skirt embarrassedly, and then she left the building with her boss through the back entrance, where they were greeted by the warm, fresh night air of Sao Paolo. Behind them she could hear the women whisper, but none of them dared to say anything to them - her boss was too well known, and her power too great.

It was already past midnight on a week day, and the streets were quiet. On occasion, a car drove past them and a few pedestrians were still on their way, but the more they got out of the business district, the more desolate the surroundings would get, and the darker it would become.

Finally, they had reached the small park, which both women already knew all too well from their adventures. There, they went down a side alley on the edge of a dilapidated building. After a few metres they left the last street lamp behind and nobody was in sight anywhere. Without losing a word, Carolina went down on all fours, expectantly, while Andressa took a last glance around and then knelt behind her boss.

She pulled out the whipped cream again and this time pushed up the tight, expensive, sheeny skirt of the millionaire's dress, until her pale, white butt cheeks were exposed and shone lightly in the distant light of the street lamp. Carolina usually didn't wear underwear to work, partly out of laziness, partly for provocation, and expected her closest assistants to do the same. Accordingly, many in the boss' office knew the thick, dark blonde bush that peeked out from between her legs, covering her pussy.

Alessandra started to spread the cream carefully along the butt crack of her boss and left a cute topping on her clit, where it lay in her pubes like in a nest. She had not yet finished spraying when she already heard the familiar panting, as three street mutts were already circling them from a distance. She put a little cream on her fingers and held it out to them, and it didn't take long until one of them, a large black mix with short fur and strong legs, began to lap it up eagerly. She led the sweet tooth closer to Carolina's butt, and the dog soon went on to lick up the cream between her legs.

Carolina groaned when she felt the wet, rough dog tongue on her pussy, and the eagerness with which he was licking her, faster and harder than any man could, she thought. There was a reason why she let out her urges here, and not with a two-legged partner, after all.

The dog soon started to enjoy her taste and continued licking even when the cream was all gone. Her assistant, meanwhile, reached determined between his legs and started to caress the tip of his fuck cone, which already peeked out curiously. To her satisfaction, the mutt's cock started growing quickly into a firm, red beauty, which could compete with any human specimen. She wanted to lead

him a little closer to Carolina when the black dog already jumped the elegant woman and started to thrust his hips hard and wild against her butt. A squeak indicated that he had hit his target, and started to fuck her like there was no tomorrow.

“Oh my God,” Carolina whimpered. “Oh God oh God oh God. He’s so big! He’s huge!” And all the way up inside me, she thought, as if he wanted to impale me. That was just the fuck she needed today: Here, on the floor, taken by a street dog like the dirtiest, skankiest slut.

Behind her Andressa already lured in the next candidate, this time with her own twat, which wasn’t any less hairy and willing than her boss’. She lay on her back, her legs spread, and sprayed the cream into her muff until it felt like a whole pack of cocks had shot a huge load of cum inside of her and filled her hole to the brim. A Dalmatian mix came finally to a halt next to her and ran his long tongue across her furry bush, while the Assistant leaned over to work his swelling penis with her lips.

She loved the taste of dog sperm, and the way the dog’s cock started growing inside her mouth already gave her a hint of what she could expect when he would finally dump his load in her. Irregular small spurts hit her tongue and she swallowed them greedily as she was blowing the mutt.

Besides her, Carolina felt the large dog on her back reach a climax quickly. When they’re going, nothing can stop them, she thought admiringly and finally cried out as she felt the thick gush of sperm getting pumped into her famished cunt, as the other end of the dog cock swelled up and corked her twat shut. She moaned and groaned as the large dog lay on top of her, unable to move.

The millionaire enjoyed the feeling to be filled to the brim and listened to the sucking noises of her assistant, who continued to batten on the thick cock. “Uhh, it’s coming out,” she finally said when she felt the knot shrink again.

Quickly, Andressa turned and slid under the legs of her boss, where she watched the thick red cock above herself pulling out of the twat, until it suddenly slipped out and a gush of dog sperm slapped her straight in the face. She arched up fast and licked the rest off the hairy cunt of her boss, when the next dog already jumped her, hammering his cudgel into the well-oiled fuck hole.

From her position, Andressa could see the rich pussy getting split open by the thick red dog cock, which drilled inside her with fast, strong thrusts, all the way up, while Carolina gasped and groaned. “Oh my God,” she whined. “They’re demolishing me. So hot!”

With every thrust a little more sperm started dripping from the brimful cunt and dripped down on the assistant’s nice blouse, until it was completely soaked and her small, rosy breasts began to shine through. Andressa enjoyed the rain of sperm and lapped up everything she could off her face, as another mutt was licking her irregularly between her legs. She raised her pelvis, hoping to get a nice thick cock herself, but in vain – other than the rough, wet tongue, she felt nothing.

The Dalmatian that stuck in her boss soon climaxed as well, but didn’t get stuck and instead slid right out of her stretched, slippery muff, squirting the rest of his juice across her butt. Andressa watched with some fascination as his cock didn’t seem to ever want to stop squirting, and then scooted a little to the side, where she let his sperm run into her mouth.

In the meantime, more dogs had gathered around them, and Carolina got jumped continuously, while she only uttered deep groans and aroused whimpers and gasps. “Mmmooooorrreeeee,” she moaned. “Give me moore.”

Andressa sighed and with a heavy heart led the still hard Dalmation in front of the millionaire’s face,

bending his cock over to her so she could suck on him as well. Starved, Carolina pounced the thick, red rod and took it deep into her mouth, while on her back a long-haired dog was poised, who took her from behind.

Carefully, the neglected assistant slid under her boss again and positioned her head between her legs, to at least get a taste of sperm there. She didn't have to wait long either, until the next dog squirted a fat load into the sore fucked hole, which immediately started dripping on the young woman's face again. She slurped and licked the hairy muff, when a strong shepherd jumped the wanton woman and thrust his cock suddenly into her tight ass, slippery from all the sperm so that it almost posed no resistance.

The dog fucked her boss' ass so mercilessly that she almost fell over a few times, but bravely pushed back against it. Andressa meanwhile could suck on the juicy twat and enjoyed it so much that her fingers dug deeper and deeper in the millionaire's fuck hole, to get even to the last remains of sperm. Soon, she stuck inside her with all four fingers as she noticed the other hole getting fucked fast and deep close by.

Carolina groaned more and more into the dog cock, which she kept between her lips until she couldn't hold back anymore. With a long "Aaaaahhhhhh," she let go of the Dalmatian and the rest of his ejaculate ran down her lips and from there dripped on the pussy of the assistant under her, while the shepherd filled up her asshole with warm, thick cum.

Andressa held onto her when the dog finally slipped out, leaving Carolina weak and trembling on her knees. The businesswoman let her assistant hold her, as she wallowed happy and satisfied in her sperm inebriation. "Mmh," she stuttered, when she tried to pull herself up on a fence. "S-so good. Just w-what I nnnn-needed."

The assistant reached under her arms and pulled her torn and dirty dress straight as best she could, and then looked down on herself. Her breasts could be seen clearly through the sperm-drenched blouse and her skirt was in tatters as well, but she didn't mind. She was here to serve, and Senhora Lemos didn't mind when it came to buying her new clothes.

She cast a last, longing glance back at the dogs, which disappeared into the distant darkness, and then led Carolina proud and happy back to the company headquarters.

Nothing was better than a night in the park with her boss. Absolutely nothing.

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### **Evening at the Club, When the Lesbians Dance**

The pile of clothes on the floor grew larger with every piece Carolina threw on it. She put on another tight dress and eyed herself in the mirror of her extensive walk-in closet. No, she decided, that green, tight-fitting piece of cloth she was wearing still didn't look slutty enough, and she felt slutty. Damn slutty even. So slutty she might as well go naked right off the bat.

The dress ended up on the pile with a peppy toss and she stood naked as she dug through the clothes rack. The silver one with the sequins, perhaps? She put it on and pulled it straight. She liked the cleavage, which almost went all the way down to her belly button at the front, accentuating her small breasts nicely from the side. At the back, the dress had some nifty diagonal cuts and showed enough skin to rouse everyone's curiosity. Especially the bottom cut gave a tiny peek at her butt, which almost made her wet herself.

And underwear? She thought for a moment. The dress was long enough to not reveal too much - at least as long as she wasn't bending over. And besides, she liked feeling free underneath. So maybe just some stockings with a garter belt. She rolled a pair of white ones up her legs and attached them to the straps of the belt, sliding the skirt upwards to expose her thick bush. She grinned. Maybe just a teeny tiny thong, showing her pubes around the sides and leaving no doubt about the state of her pussy. Sometimes a little playful hide-and-seek was better than showing everything out in the open, she decided, putting on a white, sheer thong that matched the style of the stockings.

When she was done, she ran her fingers once more across her crotch, as if to congratulate herself for her outfit. The hair tickled on her fingertips and gave her a nice and comforting feeling. Yes, she thought, this is perfect. The bush was still visible enough to leave them wanting more and spread enough pussy fragrance - as it was the smell that turned them on more than anything else, most of the time, wasn't it?

As if to confirm her thoughts, her Great Dane Diego just came in to sniff her crotch. He was always happy to see his mistress and was readily aroused when he sensed the mood she was in. "Hey, big boy," Carolina greeted him. "You like the dress too, huh? There's lots to smell here..."

She gasped for air when Diego started to push his nose under her skirt, licking along her thighs with his large, rough tongue. He was straight and boisterous, as usual, which was one thing she loved about him and his four-legged kin - they were simply less complicated and more easygoing than men.

The young millionaire pulled up her skirt and took her panties aside, giving her trusted lover good access to her pussy. He didn't let himself get asked twice and licked eagerly and fiercely along her labia. Carolina closed her eyes and leaned back against the closet, where she slowly sank to the floor. She opened her legs wider and wider and felt the Dane's wet, warm tongue all over her crotch. Diego couldn't get enough of his mistress' pussy.

Finally she opened her eyes again and tilted her head to inspect him underneath. Between his hind legs she already saw a tell-tale red lappet peek out, which indicated how aroused he was. She caressed him gently and her hand wandered down there, to stroke his balls and shaft.

Diego loved that treatment and his penis was soon completely exposed, nice and thick and hard, and Carolina couldn't wait any longer and got down on all fours in front of him. The large, dark-brown dog jumped her immediately and she felt his hard truncheon press against her pelvis between her legs. One, two thrusts, and he finally hit the dripping wet cunt of his mistress, filling her up deep and wide, starting to pound her as hard and fast as only quadrupeds could.

She yelled loud and started cursing. Yes, she thought, that was just the way she wanted it. She just wanted to be a dirty dog cunt, and get fucked like one. Diego's claws tore a few more cuts into her dress, as he stomped his cudgel into her, filling her muff up all the way each time. Even though she was already familiar with the dog's cock, she was surprised every time with how large and hard it felt.

As usual it didn't take long until she felt the tell-tale twitch, followed with a strong swelling at the entrance of her pussy, knotting the dick tightly inside herself and filling her up with a fountain of dog sperm. It felt as if her cunt got blown up by that thick cock and all of the cum he pumped inside her. She wondered how bitches could take all of that, and almost was a little jealous of them always being able to enjoy getting fucked by every dog while she needed to take special precautions. On the other hand ... at least she wasn't just reliant on dogs.

Diego stayed a while on her back and waited for the knot to go down, while her pussy slowly adjusted to the stretch, getting more and more slick from the sperm, until the fat dog cock slipped out of her, followed by a juicy gush. Carolina held her hand underneath and caught what she could, slurping it off her fingers. Delicious, there was nothing better than sperm, she decided, before rubbing the rest on her skin.

When she finally got up again, she felt the rest of the cum still running out of herself and down her legs. Eyeing herself once more in the mirror, she straightened her dress again and took a look at the new cuts. It looked pretty battered, but somehow she even liked that look better than before, especially when she thought about how it came to be. The vibration of her phone reminded her that it was too late now anyway to change something, as a message from her friend Leila indicated that she was already waiting for her outside.

Carolina clasped her purse, slipped into a pair of white high heels and then went gracefully outside, her hair slightly tousled, the dress a little torn and crumpled, and with a wet feeling between her legs.

“Hi,” Leila greeted her smiling, as Carolina got into the car with her. Leila was a little younger than herself, just 20 years old, tanned, brunette and innocent looking, but with sinfully rounded breasts which looked almost double as big as her own, and which the young woman knew to accentuate even further. She just wore a small green bikini bra which stretched tight across her breasts and covered almost nothing, and jean shorts along with it. More wasn’t necessary anyway, since it was much too warm and Carolina had already begun to sweat.

“Hi,” she replied and smiled.

“What do we want to do?” the young driver asked.

Carolina shrugged. “Dunno,” she answered. “Dance. Drink. Have fun.”

Leila nodded and drove off, and a while later they parked at one of the many exclusive private clubs of the city, which both of them liked to frequent. The pounding rhythm of the music already greeted them from the street and in the dim light of the club you could barely hear a word over the noise. The two women found their way through the sweating, dancing crowd over to the small private recess that was reserved for Carolina.

As soon as they sat down, the waitress quickly brought a bottle of champagne as a few scantily clad young dancers started to lounge on the sofa. As with all the other clubs she visited, this one had strict orders not to let any men get close to Carolina while the female regulars knew her preferences only too well, and how generous she could be when they would indulge her.

Soon each of the two women had a dancer on their lap, which kissed and caressed them as they stripped out of their last pieces of clothing. Carolina’s lover ran her fingers between the legs of the millionaire and gave her a telling smile when she noticed the wetness there. Carolina smiled back. If only she knew, she thought while the woman licked her fingers and started playing with her breasts.

Her friend got similar treatment; her dancer soon pushed up Leila’s bikini top, exposing her full, heavy breasts, which now rubbed against those of the dancer while her hips gyrated on her lap. As Carolina watched, their eyes met and all of a sudden her young companion bent over and started kissing the millionaire.

That was unexpected. Even though the two women had gone out with one another numerous times

and liked to have sexual adventures along with that, they had never been intimate together. The first thought that went through Carolina's head was that her kisses tasted of chocolate. All sweet and silky and soft, while somehow dark and wicked at the same time.

The young woman smiled when their lips parted again, and then fell over sideways towards Carolina, where she began to dig between her legs to the centre of her lust. The dancer made room for her, and soon the rich businesswoman felt Leila's tongue on her clit. The sweet, round face of the woman was almost completely buried in her bush and she felt the dog sperm fervently being slurped out of her. She had to notice that it didn't just taste of pussy, Carolina thought.

And of course Leila noticed. She just enjoyed the taste of sperm too much to pass the opportunity that presented itself. Soon she dug in her friend's pussy with two fingers to get the last drops of the sticky juice out of her, while Carolina squirmed and moaned.

Carolina's dancer was indecisive for a moment, but then felt the lips of the millionaire on her breasts, where she sucked heavily on her nipples, pulling them deep into her mouth. Carolina nibbled on the ample utters of the woman ever harder, the more she felt her friend's fingers inside herself, and when Leila finally pushed all four fingers of her slender, tanned hand into her, she bit the nipple so hard that the dancer's yell could even be heard over the pounding rhythm of the club.

Leila now dug deep inside the stretched cunt even getting the last bits of dog sperm out of her, which she licked off her fingers with pleasure, while Carolina let go of the breasts and wandered deeper between the legs of the dancer with her mouth, where she started licking on her smooth shaven twat. She needed pussy juice, and she needed it now. Any slit was welcome to her, even if it tasted almost drab and flavourless.

Her tongue pushed as deep into her vaginal canal as she could, to get at least some of the tasty, salty pussy secretions down there. Finally, Carolina grabbed the champagne bottle and drilled it hard into the wet cunt of the dancing slut from below, until the bubbling juice squirted out of her and drenched Carolina's dress.

The other dancer, who didn't know what to do for a while, now started to work on Leila's butt, and before she knew what happened, she felt a slender finger push up into her butt hole, where it turned cautiously, moving slowly in and out. Soon, two fingers joined inside her pussy, and as she got fucked from behind in both holes at the same time, she buried her face in the hairy snatch of her friend and gasped into her dripping, sopping hole.

The dancer, spurred from the thrusts of the thick bottle, soon came hard and her own pussy juices joined the champagne gush, while Leila moaned her own climax into Carolina's muff with lust and ecstasy. The millionaire took a while longer than the rest of them, until she was shaken by her own, intense orgasm. She lay in Leila's arms as she sank back into the sofa exhausted, enjoying the music and the silky feeling of the high.

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Midday at the Shelter, Where the Pack Is Waiting

All that Carolina wanted for her 18th birthday was a dog. Not a puppy like most would've liked, but a real, grown, preferably large dog. One like her friend Teresa had, maybe. Hers was big, and strong, and mmmh ... Teresa had shown her a few things which were all secret, but also exciting, and had populated Carolina's dreams ever since. And so she was rather disappointed that instead of a panting, four-legged companion she had just gotten an envelope from her parents, as usual.

"Happy birthday," her mom said shrugging. Her father was, as usual, out on a business trip, but would probably call later. That is, if he remembered, Carolina thought contritely. He, or rather, his secretaries.

"I don't think I would need that many secretaries," she remarked unrelated when she tore open the envelope. "I mean, I'd rather have my appointments in my own head."

Her mom just smiled a tired smile and sipped on her morning wine. "Ah, sweetie," she said, "they're certainly not necessary, but Teodoro likes to surround himself with pretty women."

Carolina nodded but only listened with half an ear, when she pulled out the short note from the envelope. It was a cheque. Not the usual birthday-voucher, but a real cheque, made out for a sum that made her head spin. "What..." she started stuttering. "That's ... for me?"

Her mom just shrugged again. "He probably thought, now that you've come of age, you need some seed money," she remarked succinctly and emptied the wine glass.

Only a few days later, Carolina stood in the animal shelter. She had cashed the cheque immediately and then went on a shopping spree. She could always use new clothes and had also gotten herself a large, roomy SUV; her first car, which she wanted to bring him home with. On top of that she had brought some cash, which weighed heavily in her handbag now, as she paraded her tight, yellow mini dress in the shelter.

The lady who ran the place gave her a few strange glances, but didn't say anything else. The home was filled to the brim and everyone willing to take one of the charges off her hands was more than welcome. When they had arrived at the kennels, Carolina paused a moment and breathed in the familiar, coveted smell. Then she adjusted her large sunglasses and went rummaging through her bag. "I'll go and pick one out now, in quiet," she said as she was counting the bank notes in front of the woman's face. "And I don't want to be disturbed. Leave the keys with me, and I'll check back with you later when I'm done. Consider this a generous donation."

She handed a bunch of notes to the woman and received a keyring in return, which she used to lock the door to the kennel behind her to be finally undisturbed at the end of her journey. Then she went along the rows, accompanied by panting and growling on all sides.

Slowly, she began to strip. This was the moment she had been dreaming of, and she stretched every second to enjoy it to the fullest. She opened the neck holder of her dress, which soon dropped underneath her breasts, caressing them absently as she took a close look at one dog after another. Large growlers, small barkers, thick hacklers, thin sniffers. There was one of every kind, and even though she already knew how to select her favourite, she still wanted to take in the entire selection.

It had to be a big one, she decided, when her dress slid down her legs and fell to the floor. Underneath she only wore white, sheer panties, which were barely able to contain her thick, brunette bush, and soon she left them behind as well and gently caressed her pubes as she started to unlock a few of the kennels. A shepherd. A husky. Dobermans. Boxers. Newfoundlanders.

Soon there was panting and sniffing all around her legs and she sighed every time she felt a cold nose between her legs. Slowly, she knelt down and then went on her knees until finally she was on all fours, where she felt surrounded by a pack of wolf offspring, like one of them. And then she just waited.

It didn't take long until the first one was sniffing her butt, which was pushed up into the air invitingly. It was the shepherd, she thought, and he started licking her, too. Without shame, without

restraint, just from pure curiosity and instinct the dog tongue slipped across her furry twat, until she didn't know any more if the wetness was her own or coming from him.

Then he jumped her. A shrill shriek escaped her throat when finally the long desired moment had arrived, but she immediately forced herself again to be as quiet as possible while the dog behind her began to grind his pelvis against hers. She couldn't feel anything else except his rough paws on her back and the hairy legs on her butt, as he was panting and hackling above her.

He then got off of her again, without having penetrated her, only to be replaced by another four-legged lover right away, who seemed much more aroused. Before Carolina could turn around to see who it was, she already felt his warm, thick cock in her wet hole.

The hound started thrusting hard and eager, immediately giving it his all. His dick drilled into her hot grotto and filled her as deep and wide as she had ever felt before. None of her toys was close to this, and she didn't show any interest in human cocks yet anyway, which is why this dog was giving her a good and proper defloration. She couldn't have wished for a better fucker. He took her without consideration, without inhibition, just bestial, like she had always dreamed, and rammed his fuck cudgel into her young cunt all the way up to the hilt.

She was glad her young friend had already broken her hymen with a dildo and now she could enjoy her first time without pain. How great this dog was fucking her! How he knew what she needed. Was that all her pussy juice, running down her legs? Or ... oh man, yeeessss! He had already came hard and shot his hot sauce up inside her.

Carolina gasped for air and purred, as the dog's sperm was pumping into her, while the pulsating cock was swelling up and became stuck. That turned her on even more - the feeling of having her cunt stretched and at the same time the thought of it as making sure that not a drop of the precious gush came running back out of her. She finally had become a dog slut, and she loved it.

As she lay there, connected to her new lover, she started gently caressing another quadruped in front of her. A doberman mix, by the looks of it, and he quietly enjoyed it. Almost by themselves, her fingers were wandering between his legs and felt for his firm balls, playing with them gently until the red tip of his cock began to show. Carolina stretched and then licked across the dog cock with her tongue, feeling it getting longer and bigger fast.

Now she wanted to experience everything she could, and soon she had the thick dick between her lips, sucking it luxuriously, to have the taste intensely on her tongue. During that, the other dog penis finally slipped out of her pussy, which was immediately licked again. Did he try to lap up his own sperm? Or was that the next one already preparing her to be his bitch?

She gasped for air as she got jumped again, and another canine cock slid in her well-oiled hole. Between her lips she already felt light squirts when the mix began to disseminate his sperm, and she was torn between the sensation in her mouth and the thrusts between her legs. She sucked and smacked heartily on the dick until it filled her mouth with a strong gush of fuck cream, whose tart taste made her gag. She made sure not to lose any of it and rolled the liquid around on her tongue until she finally swallowed it whole.

More! She just wanted more! More cocks, more cum, more fucking! Greedily she sucked the last drops out of the dick, while the other was sliding out of her cunt several times, all slippery from the sperm-pussy-mixture that dripped from her. And then she felt it, the feeling she had always been longing for in the back of her mind, but never thought possible: The slippery cum cane pushed up into her tight, unfucked asshole!

Her four-legged lover was now so aroused that he didn't care what he was fucking into, as long as he was able to copulate with her and she knew that she had nothing to oppose him with. She was his bitch, and totally at his mercy, and her ass was not just as ripe as her little fig. He thrust just as merciless and hard into her tight butt as he had ravaged her cunt before, and Carolina at first lost her breath for the pain. She had played with her butt hole a few times before, but never inserted anything in it that was even half as big as this cock.

The pain dulled her senses and for a while she was busy just keeping herself upright, until she was overcome by a horniness that made the pain immediately go away. Her sphincter was now stretched far enough that it matched the cock which was stuck all the way inside her and fucked her like there was no tomorrow, as strong as it got, and she enjoyed it. Carolina Lemos, the little, spoiled daughter, born with a silver spoon in her mouth, getting ass fucked by a pack of dogs and loving it.

God, did that make her randy! She thrust around like crazy, grabbing the next tyke and sucking his cock to leave none of her holes unused. This feeling here, right now, on the floor, circled by horny animals, that was what she was born for. That was what she was looking for. That was what she wanted now, over and over again.

God, was he already dumping his load in her anal canal? Were all her holes finally deflorated with dog sperm? She gasped and sucked, moaned and smacked until her mouth finally got another surge of its own. The cock slipped from her butt and cleared the way for the next candidate who didn't let her wait too long. One after the other, over and over, they took her, fucked her senseless, inseminated her with their cum and then retreated. When Carolina finally lay on the floor, exhausted and shaken by several orgasms, she couldn't believe her luck. All her wishes finally had come true!

The woman from the shelter just raised her eyebrows when Carolina waved goodbye a short time later, and got into her car to drive back home. The rich bitch was too good for the mutts in her sanctuary, she thought and shrugged, not knowing that said rich bitch had already made a decision. Instead of opting for just one dog, she wanted to be at the service of all the dogs she could get, from now on. She was, finally, a dog cunt.

With pleasure she ran her fingers between her legs and then licked them clean. That taste, that feeling she would carry with herself for a long time to come. Until the next encounter.

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### **Morning at Home With the Daughter's Pet**

Fabiola sighed longingly. Even though she was sceptical at first about her daughter's love for pets, Carolina's Great Dane Diego finally had grown on her - especially when she discovered benefits she had not considered before.

Life as a widow wasn't easy, with a spoiled brat for a daughter, who would do anything except take care of her family or the business. And she missed Teodoro, especially in those moments when she woke from a wet dream and was dripping between the legs once again. Now she would've just turned over to him, took his flaccid cock into her mouth and sucked it until he would be all hard and thick and groaned sleepily. Then she would sit on him, feel the long rod all the way inside her as she was riding him, nice and slow, so he wouldn't cum too soon and she could enjoy the feeling for a while. And then, finally, getting her fuck grotto flooded with that thick, warm sperm. Mmmhfff.

The thought made her even more hot and with a final resolve she pulled the sheets aside and hurried downstairs into the living room. Carolina had not yet returned from her parties, as usual, and Diego

was laying alert and faithful on his spot next to the fireplace. Fabiola caressed him gently and then sat down in front of him, pulling up her nightgown and spreading her legs, until she felt his warm, wet tongue on her dripping twat. God, that was hot! Every time anew, just like the first time, a couple of weeks ago, when she had been sitting on the sofa aroused, playing with herself, and then suddenly felt the large nose of the dog in her crotch.

He had just been sniffing her curiously, but that turned her on even more, and when he finally started licking, it was less of a surprise and more of a relief. Ever since, she had him lick her cunt on a regular basis, which he did enthusiastically, getting her almost all the way on that alone. A few times she had observed how the dog had gotten aroused himself and a thick, purple cock swelled up between his legs, but so far she had only dared to touch him there once, rubbing him a little, until he started squirting in short, heavy bursts. The dog sperm on her hand felt wrong at first, but now the thought turned her on even more, and her fantasies went into entirely unknown territories.

If she could blow him? Would he like that? How would this thick, hard dog cock, which didn't pale in comparison to her husband's shaft at all, feel inside her mouth? Or ... even in her... ? Fabiola shook her head and tried to shake the thoughts off with it, but her hand wandered curiously between Diego's legs, where she soon felt his cock dangling. He growled comfortable when she started stroking him, and soon she found herself underneath the animal, pushing her head up to his swollen member, until she finally felt it, warm and thick, between her lips.

Oh man, she thought. This is totally crazy. Fabiola very distinctly felt, that a boundary had been crossed and she was now advancing into territories which made herself feel dirty and depraved, but ... but at the same time, it made her horny as all hell. This dog cock, it tasted fantastic; better than any cock she could remember. Better than Teodoro, better than the sweet driver, which was her lover back then, better than her cousin's cock, which was her first experience ... just better. And from the moment her lips wrapped themselves around the warm, red club, she already felt small, constant sperm squirts on her tongue.

At first, she kept them in her mouth to enjoy the flavour, but swallowed them soon, as Diego was panting ever more aroused, squirting heavier and heavier. Off and on she let him slip out of her mouth again, making him cum on her face, where his sperm ran down into her night gown, collect between her breasts and then continued its trail down to her crotch. She shook slightly from excitement and fought feverishly to keep her own animalistic urges in check. Would he fuck her? Really hard and deep? How would that feel? What would she have to do, just get down on all fours?

Fabiola finally picked herself up again. It can't hurt to try, she thought. After all, she was just curious, and could stop any time. Right, she told herself, it was actually just a little curious game, and nobody would ever know about it anyway. She went down on her hands and knees in front of the fireplace and pushed her butt up, while her upper body rested on her elbows. As she was still wondering if he would even find her hole, Diego already jumped on her back and thrust his hips hard against her behind. Once, twice, three times, then his thick fuck rod thrust hard into her sopping slit and started fucking her like his life depended on it.

The dog knew no mercy. His claws tore her gown until it hung in stripes off her back, and his cock slammed into her neglected cunt all the way up to his balls. He took her without restraint or compassion, like the little animal slut she had become. And Fabiola couldn't believe how horny all this made her. In all her 46 years of life she had never felt so mangy, so hot and so dirty before, never had gotten this wet and never had enjoyed sex so incredibly intense. She soon screamed from lust at every push and almost couldn't control herself any more when she finally felt it: Diego's cock got thick and hard, pulsed inside her until hot streams of sperm came pumping out of it. The dog came unrestrained into her slutty cunt and filled her up, until she lay underneath him, panting,

almost unable to keep herself up.

She closed her eyes while her breath came in bursts, waiting for the trembling arousal to subside. The dog's dick seemed to be stuck inside her, since Diego suddenly started fidgeting rather helplessly on her back and couldn't get off her any more, which almost made her laugh. They must've made a funny picture, stuck like this, she thought, but her mind started fervently to look for a way out of this when she heard the sound. The front door just got unlocked.

Now it was Fabiola's turn to fidget. She tried to hide as good as she could, or at least bar the door, but all she accomplished was to crawl a few meters on the floor, while Diego seemed wanting to go into the opposite direction. Oh God, she thought. Oh God, please no. Please let this remain hidden. She sent off some quick prayers and swore to be completely chaste in the future, never to even think of sex, if she got out of this situation undiscovered, but it was already too late. The living room door swung open and her daughter Carolina stood in the door frame, scantily clad in a short dress, the kind she always wore when she came from a party.

For a moment, mother and daughter stared at each other, but none of them spoke a word. Then, Carolina got the strangest expression. It was a mixture of disgust, triumph, understanding, respect and arousal and Fabiola became even more confused than she had already been. She expected revulsion, and maybe a yell of outrage, or maybe just flight and shame, but instead her daughter slowly approached her and started caressing Diego. "Hmm," the young woman finally said, breaking the silence. "Did you shoot up my mom nice and full?"

Fabiola wanted to reply something when she noticed that her daughter obviously talked to the dog, ignoring her completely. "Well, then I'll make sure nothing is spoiled," she continued and before the older woman noticed what was going on, the party brat had already slid underneath her and started licking her labia. And not a moment too late either, as Diego's thick fuck cudgel had swelled off far enough that it was only halfway inside her and retreating fast.

When the dog cock finally slid out of her, Fabiola felt a whole torrent of warm sperm following it, which was caught skilfully by her daughter's lips. Carolina sucked uninhibited at her twat and swallowed every drop of sperm she could get to. As arousal was again mounting within her, the older woman started understanding that this must not have been the first encounter between the dog's dick and her daughter, and a whole slew of confusing thoughts and feelings were whirring around in her head, all of which got driven off when Carolina started digging around her slippery, gaping fuck hole, scraping up the last vestiges of dog nectar.

Fabiola felt Carolina reach inside her with all four slender fingers at once, rummaging around her cunt as if it was a handbag. She didn't seem to mind how her mother got ashamed and aroused by this at the same time. For Carolina, the old slut deserved to be treated as inconsiderate and dirty as the filthy dog fucker she was, just for taking her beloved Diego without her approval, thrusting his cock into her old, dirty cunt. That was her cock, after all, Carolina thought and thrust her fingers especially angry and hard into the wet muff. She was jealous, and already plotting her revenge.

But she didn't know how horny her treatment got her mother. Fabiola gasped and panted breathlessly while her daughter thrust mercilessly into her twat, fucking her with four fingers as she lay underneath her. When she looked down, she could already see Carolina's legs spread, the short skirt slipping up, clearing the view on her crotch. She didn't even know Carolina was this hairy between her legs, Fabiola thought surprised. Her own pubes had always been trimmed, and so the view of the thick, dark blonde bush of her daughter was somewhat unusual to her. Nevertheless, she was now hungry for sex, and so she pushed into the bushy muff with her tongue, until she started

licking between the labia.

Carolina tasted smoky, of alcohol and sweat, and something else, something that reminded her of ... Diego. Sperm, Fabiola thought. She was licking fresh sperm from her daughter's cunt, who herself was indulging herself on her twat, which was still dripping with dog cream. Soon, mother and daughter hung at each other's fuck holes and sucked and slurped while Diego just stood aside indecisive, and finally also came over to lick Fabiola's exposed ass.

That finally got her off completely, and she soon moaned obscenities into her daughter's bush, which alone made her thrust even harder into her. The dog quickly got tired of licking and jumped the woman with renewed vigour, only to thrust his dick into her freshly licked asshole this time. Carolina and Diego together fucked her into both holes, until Fabiola's senses were fading. She had hit rock bottom, just a piece of fuck meat for her daughter and her pet, a collection of holes to be used. And she loved it! She wiggled and twisted between them, rubbed her face in Carolina's crotch and came, over and over, one time harder than the other, until she collapsed from exhaustion, laying scratched, defiled and with her clothes in tatters on the floor. Diego's rod pumped the rest of his cream into her bowels and then retreated to lick his balls, while Carolina knelt over her, just to slowly and carefully piss into her face.

"Alright," her daughter finally said satisfied, when she saw Fabiola laying like this. "Then from now on you're my slut, too."

The older woman nodded. At this moment there was nothing, nothing at all in the world she would rather be.

**The End**