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Adam was squeezing the wheel of his car, knuckles white. The day had been immensely frustrating, even more than usual. Every single manager, product owner, stake holder and their nanny wanted his opinion on something, pulling him from meeting to meeting, asking endless questions and demanding answers to them now. The moment he had stepped out of the office to the parking lot, he had turned off his phone as new messages were still pinging from his work chats.

He was going to go home and he was going to relax, work be damned.

He was driving slightly past the speed limit, well aware that he could get fined on his way. He also knew that after each passing second, he was closer to getting home. Closer to Dexter, his dog, who he was certain was already waiting for him near the front door. Adam shifted in his seat and adjusted his pants. He was already getting erect and there were still at least three more blocks before he would pull up to his driveway.

When Adam finally reached his house, his pants were tenting hard. If they were any lighter fabric someone with sharp eyes would certainly spot the small, dark wet patch on the tip of the tent. He ignored his neighbour who waved to greet him, holding his bag in front of him and marched to the entrance. He could apologize later, explain he had a rough day, but now he just needed to be inside and fast.

He locked the door behind him, safety lock too, just kicked his shoes off and, as he had expected, Dexter, his lovely mastiff, was sitting in front of the entrance. His deeply brown eyes were filled with joy and tail was already wagging and flopping against the floor now that his owner was finally home. The stress bubbling inside Adam immediately started seeping out as he went to greet Dexter.

"Hello boy, it's so great to see you," he said and kneeled down to scratch Dexter's ears. The dog whined with excitement and leaned over to lick Adam's face which he gladly let him do. He opened his mouth and put out his significantly smaller tongue and Dexter took the cue and started lapping at Adam's mouth. Adam licked back and soon his entire mouth was filled with Dexter's huge, drooling tongue. He did his best to kiss back, but all he could do was gently suck on his tongue and frankly Adam was cool with that.

Eventually Adam pulled back, out of breath still holding on to Dexter who seemed to be unaware of his influence to this owner.

"Dexter, please, present, present," Adam panted, finally having reached his breaking point. Dexter got up and dutifully turned around to present his rear to Adam who gently grabbed his hind legs and pushed his face against Dexter's ass and took a deep, deep breath.

His head was filled with Dexter's earthy musk and Adam could barely even remember what he was so stressed about earlier. Holding Dexter close and rubbing his face against ass like this, it was like the rest of the world ceased to exist. Adam's work obligations were somewhere far away and now his only obligation and duty was to do his dog good and Dexter would always be happy with him.

Gently he circled his face against Dexter's ass, his nose and lips occasionally grazing against the velvety and wrinkly skin of the dog's anus. Adam parted his lips, placed his tongue against Dexter's ass and gave it a long, determined lick, fully knowing that there's no way in hell he could just stop there.

Hungrily he started lapping Dexter's ass, drool dripping down his chin, tongue exploring every ridge

of the anus and Dexter whined in a way Adam knew he too was enjoying this. The way he was pushing his rear against Adam's face to encourage him to carry on also was a significant tell. Who was he to deny his dog.

Adam finally placed his mouth on Dexter, fully enveloping his anus with his lips, and gently started sucking. He liked his boy puffy and swollen, loved having his mouth full of his boy and he was going to get more. With each suck his tongue explored the ridges and folds of Dexter's anus further, his content sighs and loud sucks echoing in the otherwise silent entrance hallway.

When Adam started to push and probe Dexter with the tip of his tongue, the dog's muscles easily gave way with occasional pleasurable shiver tightening his muscles and giving Adam a little squeeze.

The man moaned loudly as he tried to push his tongue deeper to Dexter's anus, licking and tasting every inch of his companion's inner walls he could reach.

"Dexter, oh god, you're so hot, Dexter", Adam gasped between breaths, but he barely took his mouth off of Dexter's ass, each word coming out muffled. His penis was still straining hard against his pants, while Dexter's was already peeking from his sheath and dripping pre-cum on the hardwood floor. Adam was so lost on worshipping his dog's ass that he had almost completely forgotten his own raging erection.

Eventually Dexter started humping his own hips, quietly seeking friction and Adam had hard time holding him in place. Only slightly upset he decided it was time to move forwards and take advantage of his preparations.

"Such a good boy, Dexter", he complimented and grabbed a bottle of lube from the nearby drawer. He had found himself to be so impatient with Dexter that a lube bottle near the entrance had become a necessity.

Finally, he freed his penis from his pants and took a sharp breath as it bopped up and down, no longer having to press against the fabric. He squeezed an appropriate glob of lube on it and spread it carefully on his cock, if only to avoid cumming before even reaching his goal.

He took a better position behind Dexter and grabbed his waist, drawing soft circlers with his thumbs. Adam admired his handiwork, Dexter's ass gaping ever so slightly, ever so effortlessly. He was such a good boy for him, always so ready for his cock. Not wanting to make him wait any longer, Adam lined his penis against Dexter's loose asshole and the rim hugged its head gently. Adam had to take a long breath. Just seeing Dexter so ready to take him could make him ejaculate prematurely, but he wanted to savour his boy. So, he pushed past the rim and the warmth of his dog surrounded him completely, easily taking him to the base.

"...Oh fuck...!" he gasped. Despite fucking Dexter almost daily, occasionally multiple times per day, it always surprised him how amazing Dexter felt, how perfect and just for him. He took very shallow thrusts, just feeling Dexter's insides and holding him tight. Dexter was panting hard and even if Adam couldn't see it from his position, he could feel Dexter's arousal from how his muscles spasmed and hips occasionally twitched. Adam promised he would give Dexter the release he wanted, but first...

With one long movement, Adam pulled his cock out of Dexter almost in its entirety, almost losing his mind at how snugly the dog's anus hugged his shaft, stretching out almost an inch and refusing to let go of his cockhead. He repeated that movement couple times, Dexter's hole remaining greedy and he was starting to lose control, too.

"You want my cum so bad, huh boy?" Adam muttered as he started increasing his pace, his cock hitting Dexter's insides harder after each thrust, till he was fucking him like a mut fucking a bitch in a side alley. "So, hungry for it you can't even let go of my cock?"

Dexter didn't have words to argue back and even, if he did, they had done this dance so many times. He loved his master's attention and even if sometimes went against his instincts, he gladly raised his tail for Adam because Adam would always do Dexter good.

Adam was finally reaching his breaking point, humping Dexter furiously and holding his hips tight. Suddenly, his whole-body tensed when the pleasurable wave of his orgasm washed over him. He knew to push himself as deep inside Dexter as he possibly could and shot loads and loads of semen to Dexter's deepest reaches. His body spasmed with pleasure, each spurt of cum shaking his entire body, his moans echoing throughout his house.

Even when he came down from his high, Adam still held Dexter closely in place for a good moment, before slowly pulling out. When before Dexter had gaped slightly after Adam's tongue treatment, he was now gaping heavily, simply refusing to close. Some of Adam's cum leaked out and dripped on Dexter's balls and on the floor and Adam made a note to clean it later. First, he gave approving pets and scratches at Dexter, an endless litany of "good boy, such a great boy for me Dexter" which Dexter drank up.

Dexter was still very erect, his cock twitching and pleading for attention. Adam still aware of this, got up to his feet, wobbly so, and invited Dexter to the living room with him. He lied down onto the sofa, on his back, his head hanging down the low arm rest and Dexter didn't even need to be told what to do. He immediately mounted Adam and, with some help from Adam's hand, he started rabidly pistoning his cock to Adam's mouth. Dexter was particularly gifted in size and Adam had to constantly keep his jaw loose and just let Dexter go down and he definitely did.

Adam felt Dexter's pointed cock head hit his throat, his furry balls slapping against his closed eyes, the growing knot starting to get caught up to his lips until Dexter wasn't able to pull it out anymore, his cock locked to Adam's mouth, shooting cum straight down Adam's throat who in turn was squeezing his own cock hard and cumming again. It was so simple what Adam could give to Dexter, to just be a hole where he could deposit his cum and it always made him so aroused.

When Dexter's thrusts eventually slowed down and he was just absent-mindedly humping, milking the last bit of cum out of balls, his knot started to shrink and his cock flopped of Adam's mouth leaving a string of semen and drool hang down from his jaw. Dexter was generous enough to lick and clean Adam's face for him and Adam took the opportunity to give Dexter couple kisses back.

"Happy now, my man?" he asked with an adoring look in his eyes even if his throat was a little sore from the pounding Dexter gave him. He deserved it and more. Adam took a better position on the sofa, so his head wasn't hanging down the arm rest any more and patted his chest with his hand.

Dexter took the cue and jumped on the sofa with him. With little shuffling he settled to straddle Adam's chest, his gaping and cum leaking asshole right above Adam's face. It was a damn sight to behold and Adam couldn't get enough of it. However, all good things had to come to an end and he still owed Dexter one more favour.

"Dexter, sit", Adam commanded and Dexter lowered his loose and leaking asshole to Adam's face who immediately starting eating Dexter out like he was a 5-star buffet. It was telling about Adam that to him sucking his cum out of his dog's ass was equal if not better than a 5-star buffet. He hugged onto Dexter's ass and French-kissed his anus, trying to make sure not a single drop of cum

would drop on to his dress shirt's collar.

Adam found himself being able to go deeper to Dexter's ass than before, his girthy cock loosening Dexter up generously and he wished he was always this loose, but imagined it was probably better this way. Otherwise, he wouldn't be able to leave the house, constantly being drawn to eat Dexter out and fuck him till he couldn't any more.

After Adam no longer tasted his cum on Dexter, he continued kissing Dexter's ass for another five minutes before letting him go. With Dexter's weight off his chest, the taste of his cum and anus strongly lingering in his mouth, Adam felt lighter and refreshed, the burden of work long behind him. He gave dexter a long scratch before heading to the bathroom to clean-up, Dexter following few steps behind him.

Who knew, maybe Dexter would get to have another go at his bitch.