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Valerie knocked on the door, absentmindedly comparing the view of the dimly lit street to the one from her porch, two doors down. She'd known the couple that lived here for over half her life, but she couldn't remember ever lingering to admire the immaculately maintained front yard, the wraparound porch, or the picturesque windows on either side of the entry when she spent afternoons here as a child.

Distracted by her memories, her hand was still lingering against the door when it swung inward, Evelyn now standing in its place. She had her thick curls pulled back, a bright pink Hello Kitty shirt just visible peeking out of loose overalls that barely reached her upper thighs. The dirt smeared across one cheek meant she'd just come from working the garden. "Val honey, it's so good to see you!" Evelyn exclaimed as she pulled the younger girl into a hug, crushing Val against her full chest. Val had forgotten how tight these hugs could be, and she caught her breath as she was enveloped by Evelyn's soft body.

Evelyn let go and looked Val over. "How's school been? Have you been back long? Would you like anything to drink?" She asked the last question while retreating into the house toward the kitchen, beckoning for Val to follow. Val could see her ass hanging out of the back of her overalls, clearly with no underwear in between.

Val stepped into the house after her, taking in how the place had changed since she'd last been here in her early teens. The living room was off to the left of the entry, full of new leather and mahogany furniture but otherwise decorated with the same photographs, marathon trophies, astrology books, and other trinkets that have seemingly always made up Evelyn and Morgan's life together. The coffee table was scattered with magazines, remotes, and dog toys.

To the right was the kitchen, where Evelyn was standing at the fridge, holding a Blue Moon out for Val. "Just water is good for me, if you don't mind," Val said. Evelyn shrugged and returned the beer to the fridge, trading it for a glass to fill at the sink. They stood in the kitchen, making small talk about Val's classes, her summer plans, social life, and where she'd be interning next fall as part of her dental hygienist program.

Val had just finished telling Evelyn about her recent breakup when Morgan and Baxter came in from the back yard and greeted them, covered in enough dirt to start a whole other garden. Morgan was a few years older than Evelyn's 35 years, and much smaller. Whereas Evelyn liked to show off her thick curves, Morgan preferred the more practical long sleeves and sweats to cover her tall and slim runner's build. Whereas Evelyn was an astrology nerd and her bubbly excitement never waned, Morgan was more quiet and driven, although still always kind to Val. Besides dirt, she was covered in sweat from the yardwork, and she took care not to brush any off on Evelyn while leaning in for a kiss.

While Morgan and Evelyn were talking, Val turned her attention to Baxter. A year old rottweiler, she'd been sent plenty of pictures while at school but this was her first time officially meeting him. He seemed bigger in person, his head almost to her waist. Did dogs normally get this big at only a year old? She crouched down to eye level and immediately received a wet tongue across her face, causing her face to scrunch up and the two women to laugh.

Baxter didn't seem to notice the displeasure and moved on to more exciting things. More specifically, he turned to Evelyn and greeted her by sticking his snout up the loose leg of her overall shorts, nuzzling deep into her sex. From her position near the floor, Val could see Baxter's mouth start to open and his tongue finding a patch of dark curls before Evelyn snapped her legs together,

pushing him away. She let out a little laugh that Val noticed sounded suspiciously like a moan.

“Why don’t we leave Baxter outside while we do a walkthrough of the house? We can end with the garden and I can show you where the new shed is,” Morgan said, a little too quickly. Was Evelyn blushing? Val thought so, but she chalked the incident up to the hormones of a teenage dog and agreed, and the three women walked through the house. A two story craftsman style home, Val’s memories of the layout came back to her quickly, down to which stairs creaked and which window had the best view. She’d spent countless hours with Evelyn and Morgan as her babysitters, and it felt strange to come back as a babysitter herself, or in this case as a dogsitter.

They ended the tour back in the kitchen and went out to the yard. Morgan showed Val how to care for their vegetable garden and where to find the outdoor toys and leash for Baxter in the shed. “I think that’s everything! Like I said, phone numbers and instructions will be on the kitchen counter, and you can always text us if you have questions,” Morgan concluded.

“Thank you again for watching this little devil for us,” Evelyn added, patting Baxter between the ears.

“Of course, it’s about time I start paying y’all back for all you’ve done for me,” Val said with a yawn. “I think I need to head home, I’ll see you both tomorrow afternoon?”

“That’s probably a good call,” Evelyn conceded, “the three of us still need to shower before we can call it a night.” Val couldn’t be sure, but she thought she saw Evelyn’s blush return.

She let herself through the gate to the backyard, taking off Baxter’s leash and hanging it in the shed. They’d just returned from a late afternoon walk that Baxter was begging for less than an hour after Evelyn and Morgan had left. He’d spent half the walk sniffing the neighborhood as if a new walker made everything new, and Val shook her head but let him take his time. He’d clearly tired himself out and now lay curled in his bed while Valerie heated up dinner and grabbed a beer.

She ate in front of the TV, taking advantage of the streaming services she lost access to in her dorm. She was halfway through her movie when Bax tried to jump in her lap. Val wasn’t petite, but she wasn’t nearly big enough to handle a 120 pound dog in her lap either, and she adjusted them until she was laying on the couch with Bax curled up by her knees.

She must have fallen asleep, because the next thing she knew she was being woken up by Bax scratching at the waistband of her shorts. She rolled over and pushed him away, but he came right back, again, pushing his wide snout up against the thin fabric covering her pussy. Even as she pushed him away again, she shuddered slightly at the feeling of warm pressure against the sensitive area. He didn’t try a third time, and Val almost wished he had.

After a few minutes of trying and failing to get comfortable again, she decided to get up and take a bath before bed. She found her way to the upstairs bathroom mostly in the dark, blinking rapidly when she turned on the light. She got undressed and examined herself in the mirror while she brushed her teeth and ran warm water. At 19, Val looked young for her age, with soft, rounded cheeks and a thin layer of what felt to her like baby fat along her stomach and thighs. Her strawberry blonde hair was just long enough to cover her D cup breasts, which sagged slightly from the weight but complimented her soft figure beautifully, at least according to herself. I’d want me too, if I were Bax, she chuckled as she got in the tub.

That thought lingered, and the incident with Evelyn the day before came back to her as well. Bax

must be one pent up pup, she thought. I guess we've got that in common.

A few weeks prior, Valerie had broken up with her boyfriend of four months. They'd met in her dorm and got along well, but their lack of sexual chemistry was a dealbreaker. He'd come from a strict religious background and he'd refused to even lick her pussy, let alone fuck her ass, spank her, or do any of the other kinky things she was aching to try and hadn't told him about. She'd felt bad for him when she ended things in the last week of their semester, but she couldn't be celibate all summer just to return to their lackluster sex life in the fall. Unless she changed something, she feared she'd never get properly fucked like she'd been dreaming about.

Val's hands roamed gently over her body under the soapy water, feeling the curve of her breasts, her stiff nipples, the way her hip shape practically guided her hand towards the space between her legs. She ran her fingers over the soft skin and slid one finger lower, penetrating her outer folds. Val was surprised she could feel how wet and slippery she was, even under the water. She dipped her finger inside her tight hole, then brought it up to her clit, spreading her slickness around. She did this a few more times, her finger going deeper with each penetration, the other hand massaging her breasts and nipples.

As her finger thrust deeper and the attention she gave to her clit got rougher, she began pinching and pulling on her nipples more forcefully. She let out a whispered moan, instinctively keeping herself quiet before realizing that, for once, she wasn't surrounded by a dorm full of people or her parents room next door. She'd be alone for multiple days, with the exception of Baxter.

Emboldened by the solitude, she fucked herself faster, twisting her nipple between forefinger and thumb. She was using two fingers in her pussy now, grinding her clit against the heel of her palm and thrusting up against her hand, raising her hips out of the water. The image of Baxter fighting to get at her mound came back to her just as her muscles tightened and she let out an unfiltered groan, her orgasm causing her to thrust wildly against her hand and slosh water out of the bath and onto the floor.

I'll have the whole week to fuck myself senseless, she thought. She sighed happily, drained the tub, and got to work cleaning up the mess she'd made on the bathroom floor.

After her bedtime routine was complete, Valerie opened the bathroom door to find Baxter laying on the floor in the hall, waiting patiently for her. They went downstairs together so Val could let him into the backyard for him to do his business, before heading to the spare bedroom for the night.

Bax jumped onto the bed as she pulled back the sheets, and she paused to consider. Morgan had told her Bax usually slept with them, but she could lock him out of the room if she'd prefer sleeping alone. While Val did usually sleep alone in her dorm, she was starting to enjoy the body heat of the large dog. She thought momentarily of his apparent affinity for pussy and the fact that she was only wearing a t-shirt and panties to bed, but she figured she could make sure he stayed above the covers and she'd be fine.

This plan worked well for the first hour or two. With Baxter laying up against her in bed she'd gotten overheated, and had slowly worked the blanket off herself while she slept. She rolled over onto her back, in that place somewhere between sleep and alert, when she felt something warm pushing at the space between her legs. Without thinking she acquiesced to the pressure, which gave way to a new sensation of wetness. She squirmed, but her underwear continued to feel more soaked and she was starting to feel her sex reacting to the attention.

Almost fully awake, Valerie opened her eyes to find Baxter laying between her legs, face deep in her crotch. The wetness she was feeling was him licking her through the thin cotton of her underwear. She reached down to push him away but his teeth snagged on the fabric and tried to pull her panties with. When they dislodged from his grip and snapped back into place they were more than a little askew, and Val could see most of her trimmed pussy on display.

Baxter saw this too, and didn't waste any time diving in for more. Almost before she knew what was happening, Bax had his long tongue inside her where her fingers had been just hours before, his wet nose rubbing up against her clit as he lapped at her juices. Val moaned involuntarily and pushed him away again, squeezing her legs together and trying to get her panties back in place as he fought against her for access.

She rolled over onto her stomach, hoping the blocked access would make Baxter lose interest. Instead, he tried to get at her from behind, inadvertently putting his nose against her asshole through the fabric, causing Val to shudder. She thought of how she'd begged her ex Josh to fuck her ass, or at least put his finger in her ass while he fucked her, but he'd never entertain the possibility. Baxter's nose rubbed harder against her hole, his tongue focused on the inner creases where her legs met her backside. Jesus, that feels good. Before she could stop herself she parted her legs slightly and lifted her hips off the bed, giving him more room.

The cotton of her underwear was soaked through at this point, both from Baxter's saliva and from Val's own wetness, and she could feel each stroke of the dog's tongue against her outer lips. Fuck it, I need more, she thought. She reached down between her legs, pulling her panties to the side so she could reach her sex. Baxter's tongue touched bare skin at the same time that she flicked a finger across her clit, and her moan was loud enough it would have woken up the whole house if anyone else had been home.

The pleasure overrode any hangups she'd had about Baxter, and she flipped back over in the bed, removed her drenched underwear, and let her knees fall open. While she'd been shifting the dog was pacing around the bed, and as soon as she gave him access he pounced. She jumped a bit when he nipped at her soft flesh, but relaxed after his tongue found her tight hole. "That's it Bax, good boy," she breathed.

She closed her eyes and pushed her shirt up, kneading her breasts with both hands. With each pass of his tongue, she pinched her nipples. She relished the roughness, wishing a man would give her what she really needed. Baxter was doing a damn good job in the meantime though.

Her orgasm came quickly, and she arched her back. She instinctively reached down to hold Bax's face in place as she came, and he lapped up her juices even faster. She gasped and groaned, pulling her knees up to her chest. Bax's tongue moved further down, licking the space between her two holes, and her eyes rolled back. and she came a second time with a scream.

Fuck, I could get used to this.

She woke the next morning to Baxter laying in the hall outside the room. She'd had to lock him out after her third orgasm, or she'd never get any sleep. When she opened the door he jumped up, and she leaned down to kiss him on the head as she walked by and down the stairs with him in tow.

Valerie spent the early morning meandering around the house in a borrowed robe, looking at the photos, trinkets, and souvenirs that made up Morgan and Evelyn's lives together. She joined Baxter in the backyard and watered the plants, pausing to throw Baxter's toy whenever he brought it to her.

She lingered after she finished the chore, admiring the beautiful dog as he ran. Baxter really was big for a young rottweiler, and she momentarily worried about her ability to control him if she needed to. He's such a sweetheart, why would I need to worry about him? She reassured herself. Besides, he's just like a human man, he'll behave if it gets pussy out of it.

She went to the store, grabbed a change of clothes from her house, and spent the rest of her morning out on a walk with Baxter. She'd decided it was time for a late lunch when they got back, setting down food for Bax and pulling out the ingredients to make her favorite dish, fresh tortellini. Putting on music while she cooked, Val danced around the kitchen and held an imaginary microphone while she serenaded Baxter laying in his bed in the corner.

She loved the freedom to be herself without judging eyes, and she found that she was getting more and more comfortable in her neighbors home, caring for their big goofball of a dog. She kept catching Baxter's eye across the room while she sat down to eat, and she couldn't help smiling each time.

She finished cleaning up and had just sat down on the couch to read when Baxter jumped into her lap and licked her face. She laughed and set aside her book, adjusting to make room for him to lay down. Instead of laying, he licked her face again and dug at her shorts. "Horny today, are we?" Disbelief filled her voice, but she had to admit she could already feel the warm tingle of anticipation between her legs. "Wouldn't want to keep you waiting, huh, big guy?" She was in serious danger of getting addicted to Baxter's tongue.

Val looked around the living room as if confirming they were alone, but she just saw herself and the dog in the glow of the sun coming in through the window. She stepped out of her silk shorts and panties, leaving her in just the matching pajama top, then lay on the couch, one leg strewn over the back. Baxter jumped up immediately, running his thick tongue from her asshole to her clit and making her eyes roll back. With each pass she arched her back more, his tongue penetrating her further. He ate her pussy like his life depended on it, devouring her wetness and roughly running his tongue over her most sensitive spots.

She groaned and shook and moaned Baxter's name, and her orgasm made her thrash around so much she knocked her phone onto the floor. When it subsided she slid off the couch and onto the floor, struggling to catch her breath. After a few minutes she'd mostly recovered, and she got on her hands and knees to retrieve her phone. She'd just reached for it when Bax's tongue found her from behind, his nose nudging her asshole. She instinctively lowered her shoulders and rolled her hips, spreading her cunt.

Bax's tongue disappeared, causing Val to audibly pout. But before she could react further, she felt his weight on her back and his front paws scratching her hips where her camisole had rode up. She realized what he was trying to do and went to pull away, but he dug further into her sides, making her wince and stop moving. His cock stabbed against her back and ass cheeks, searching for his prize.

When he finally found her hole, Baxter shoved his engorged dick deep inside her. Val screamed, momentarily in disgust but quickly replaced by pleasure. Bax fucked her hard and fast, digging his paws into her hips. She couldn't remember the last time she'd been fucked so deep, and she was positive she'd never been fucked so hard before. She grunted and pushed back against each thrust, matching his intensity as best she could. She felt her orgasm building and reached down to rub her clit, feeling his cock growing and stretching her almost to the point of pain.

Baxter thrust harder and Val felt ropes of thin cum flood her cunt. She masturbated furiously,

practically weeping as her muscles contracted around the dog's knot. Pleasure flooded through her body and she collapsed to the floor, Baxter's knot sliding out with a 'plop.' He got to work cleaning her leaking pussy before curling up to work on himself.

Val lay face down on the floor, still breathing heavily, when she heard a knock at the window.