

Breeding Brenda

By: Alexis Alexandra

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Author's Note: All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.



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Chapter One

Bred to the Dogs

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With the music blaring to stave off the encroaching sleep, Brenda sped down the long stretch of road at an unsafe seventy-three miles an hour in a last desperate attempt to fight off the sandman long enough to make it home. The only lights for miles around shone from the front of her Mercedes like two dim candles in the torrential downpour. The rain, beating down on her car like a fast beating drum was doing littler to keep her eyes open, as the wipers struggled to keep the windshield clear.

The front right tire smashed into a pothole she didn't see...couldn't see through the heavy rain. The car swerved as she fought to maintain control, but there was no traction to be had. She slammed on the breaks adding to the growing list of mistakes she already made on this stormy night.

Lightning flashed in the dark clouds above, momentarily bathing everything in an eerie blue glow as the Mercedes careened off the road and into a flooded ditch. The airbag popped like a gunshot, smacking into Brenda's face as it came dangerously close to the steering wheel. She climbed out of the car – head spinning, vision blurred. Random flashes of lightning streaking high above silhouetted the landscape as the rain continued to pour.

Brenda saw a house set back off the road to her right, a single light on the second floor told her they at least had power. She removed her heels and braced herself against the storm as she approached the dwelling. A sound thundered in her ears as she drew closer. It wasn't until she stepped onto the porch that she realized the noise she was hearing was that of a generator. Bracing a hand against the brick wall she knocked on the front door and hoped someone answered.

The door creaked open. A woman's face appeared. "Can I help you?" the woman asked. Brenda's lips parted to give reply, but it never came. She slumped forward, hitting her head on the door as she fell to the rain-soaked porch.

"Doug, you want to come down here?" Amanda yelled for her husband as she dragged the unconscious Brenda into the house.

"What's wrong?" Doug yelled from the upstairs bedroom.

"Just get your ass down here! We've got a visitor!"

Doug got out of bed and hastily donned a t-shirt and pair of khaki shorts. He slipped his feet into his house shoes and descended the stairs to see who could possibly visit them at three in the morning. He saw the woman lying on the floor and skipped down the steps two and three at a time. "What in the hell's going on? Who's that?"

"I don't know," Amanda replied. "She knocked on the door and when I answered it she fainted. Help me get her into the lab so I can check her out."

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The lab was more of a hospital room built into the basement ten years ago so that Amanda could take care of an ailing father. It had a bed and diagnostic equipment – including a portable MRI and x-ray machine courtesy of the hospital she worked as a doctor at for the last fifteen years. The room now served a different purpose as Brenda was soon to discover.

"Subject Thirteen is twenty-six year old Brenda Evans of Medina, Ohio," Amanda said into the microphone as she looked at Brenda's driver's license. "Subject is five feet eight inches and one hundred thirty pounds with brown hair and hazel eyes. Initial scans indicate a mild concussion which would explain her earlier confused state and subsequent unconsciousness."

"Are you really going to do this to another one?" Doug asked from where he stood at the far end of the room. "She's unconscious for god's sake. Shouldn't we at least wait until she's awake before beginning?"

Amanda hit pause on the tape recorder and stared long and hard at her husband. "This is the perfect opportunity to try my new method. I've already administered the drug so she'll be out, but extremely horny for several hours. We'll film her doing a few nasty things and then see how she reacts to them once she comes around."

"You know how much I hate sloppy seconds so I'm screwing this one before the boys get to her and I don't want to hear any arguments."

"Then help me get her undressed and into the room," Amanda replied.

Together, husband and wife stripped the unconscious Brenda of her clothes and dignity and then carried her into their special basement bedroom. It was one of three rooms they would use to stage her hopeful descent into the weird and bizarre world of sexual kink. "I can't wait to get my cock into this slut's holes," Doug said as he eyed Brenda's exposed nether regions. "And look at those huge tits! I fucking love huge tits!"

"As do I," Amanda smiled. "Let's get her on the bed so we can get down to business. I'm going to ride the bitch's face while you fuck her. And remember, shoot your load as deep in her pussy as you can."

"You don't have to tell me twice," Doug replied. He lifted Brenda's legs and bent them back so they rested on his shoulders as he stepped in and pushed his stiff cock into her. Despite being unconscious, the drug Amanda administered was doing its job superbly – keeping Subject Thirteen horny and wet. And when she awoke she would remain docile so long as the drug was continually pumped into her system.

"Uhn, uhn," Brenda moaned, her back arched and head thrown back in ecstasy. Her body reacted of its own accord to Doug's cock now pushing in and out of her. "Mmmm," she continued to moan when Amanda climbed onto the bed and straddled her face. Although she was unable to stick her tongue out to lick the sweet pussy now covering her mouth and nose, that's not what the cameras saw. No, to the cameras Brenda was very much enjoying her threesome.

"If her ass is as tight as her pussy I'm not going to last long, Doug groaned as he fucked harder into Brenda's unprotected cunt. He moved her legs wider apart and wrapped them around his sides so he could lean in and grab her large breasts. He pinched and tugged on the erect nipples as he continued to drill into her. The sight of his wife grinding her pussy onto Brenda's face was driving him wild and he could already feel the pressure building.

Brenda wrapped her arms around Amanda's thighs as if to pull her harder against her mouth. It was an involuntary response, but to the cameras set up around the room it looked more like compliance.

"I lied," Doug groaned, grabbing Brenda's hips and driving his cock in as deep and hard as it could go. "I'm not going to...make it...to her...ass!" He grunted, filling Brenda with his seed.

"Go get the boys then," Amanda ordered her husband. "I'll lick her pussy until you return."

Doug backed out of the room not wanting to miss a second of his wife leaning down and licking her tongue along Brenda's puffy slit. Again, the camera's picked up a '69' although only

one of the women was actively engaged in licking. Amanda licked until her husband returned with the boys - two very large and very beautiful Siberian Huskies named Midnight for his almost all black coat, and Snowball for being completely white.

"Momma's got a treat for you boys," Amanda cooed at her dogs. "Lick," she said as she spread Brenda's legs open, exposing her pussy to Midnight and Snowball. Midnight was first to reach his destination, his cold nose pushing its way into Brenda's dripping wet pussy. Not to be denied, Snowball jumped on the bed to lick his Mistress.

Midnight's long, fat tongue slid expertly along Brenda's slit, pushing her lips open and going inside a little more with each lick. He loved the taste of pussy and was known to lick his mistress and many others for hours, only stopping when they pushed him away or gave the order to mount.

"Mmmm, good boy Snowball," Amanda moaned and pushed back against the white dog's tongue. She raised herself up onto her hands and knees and moved next to Brenda on the bed. "Flip her over so Midnight can get at her ass," she said to her husband. "Snowball, mount momma."

Hearing the command, Snowball sprang into action. Like his brother, he loved fucking his human bitch as much as any canine one; maybe even a little more so. He wrapped his paws around Amanda's hips and hunched his hindquarters.

Doug walked over to the bed and flipped Brenda over so that her toned legs hung over the edge and her shapely ass was ripe for the taking. Midnight went back to licking the second Doug stepped away to climb onto the bed. "Midnight, Mount the bitch," he ordered the dog as he sat in front of Brenda's face – his cock poised at her open mouth.

Midnight mounted Brenda quickly. His long, pointed red cock jabbing her ass and backs of her legs as he searched for the hole. When it slipped into her pussy he moved forward and fucked hard and fast as his dick swelled in both length and girth. Doug took hold of Brenda's head and pushed his cock into her mouth and down her throat.

Thanks to the special cocktail she was given, Brenda was dripping wet as Midnight and Doug took her from both ends. Little gasps and moans escaped her lips as Midnight's cock swelled within her, rubbing her g-spot. As the knot grew larger the pressure on her g-spot became too much and she erupted in orgasm, her juices squirting all over Midnight's cock.

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Brenda woke with a terrible headache and no idea where she was. She was in a bedroom, but didn't know whose. Sleeping at the foot of the bed was a large black dog. When she stirred, Midnight raised his head and looked at her. It was only when she pulled back the covers that she realized she was naked. "What in the hell happened?" she said shaking her head in confusion. "Where am I?"

"You're in my home," Amanda said as she stepped into the basement bedroom.

"Who, who are you? How did I get here?"

"Calm down," Amanda said holding up her hands. "You came here last night and passed out on my front porch. Do you remember that?"

"I, um, my car. I drove into a ditch during the storm. Is it still storming? Why am I naked? OH GOD! What did you do to me?" she started to freak out."

"Calm down. My name is Dr. Amanda Thorpe. When you passed out I brought you to a hospital room in my basement. I used it when I took care of my ailing father, but I still have the equipment. I stripped you out of your wet clothes and performed an examination of you to make sure there were no serious injuries. Other than a concussion you appeared to be fine so I brought

you in here to rest. Your clothes are on the chair over there," she said pointing to a chair on the far side of the room. As for your car I can't say. It's still storming pretty badly and we're stuck inside."

"God, my head is killing me," Brenda groaned.

"That's to be expected with a concussion. If you'd like I can run another MRI and some x-rays to make sure you're alright."

"You can do that here?"

"I can. Come with me and I'll show you. Don't bother getting dressed yet. And no need to be embarrassed," she said to the quickly reddening Brenda. "You don't have anything I haven't seen a million times already."

"I think I'd rather go to a hospital," Brenda said wrapping the blanket around her naked body.

"As I said, it's still storming outside and the roads are flooded. Power and phones were knocked out last night so I'm afraid we're stuck here until it blows over. I'd suggest using your cell phone, but there is little in the way of reception out here in the country. If you're hungry my husband will be making breakfast soon. There's a shower through that door there,"

she pointed to the closed door in the back wall of the bedroom. "You can rest here as long as you like."

"Thank you," Brenda said shaking the cobwebs from her brain. Everything was fuzzy, but the events were coming back to her. Her mind was filled with bizarre dreams of sex that she couldn't explain and that embarrassed her to think about.

It wasn't until she was in the small bathroom that Brenda noticed the scratches along her hip, sides, and the back of her lower legs. She could not remember how she got them, but was certain it wasn't from the car driving into the ditch. She quickly showered and got dressed and joined Amanda and her husband upstairs. The bedroom led into the small hospital room with its adjustable bed and various pieces of equipment that gave credence to Amanda's story.

"Glad you can join us," Doug smiled at the still dazed Brenda. "How are you feeling today?"

"Confused," Brenda replied. "How did I get the scratches along my sides? I don't remember getting those from driving into the ditch."

Doug and Amanda looked at each other and then to Brenda, their faces masks of concern. "Um, how do I put this," Doug stammered. "You see, the thing is..."

"The thing is," Amanda took over the conversation "when I came down to check on you last night you were...you were..."

"I was what?" Brenda asked. "What did I do?"

"You're not going to believe this, in fact, we couldn't believe it either but there are cameras all over the basement from when my father lived down there. We had to monitor him at all times you see."

"Just tell me what I did. How did I get all scratched up like this?" she said lifting her shirt high enough to show them the dozens of red marks.

"When I went down to check on you, you were bent over the edge of the bed," Amanda went on. "And...And Midnight – that's the dog that was sleeping at the foot of the bed when you woke, well, Midnight was um,"

"Midnight was fucking you," Doug blurted out.

"He...say what now?" a startled Brenda exclaimed. "What are you talking about?"

"You were letting my dog screw you," Amanda confirmed. "It was all caught on tape if you don't believe us."

"You filmed your dog fucking me? What kind of sickos are you people!"

"We could ask you the same question," Doug replied. "You're the one that screwed our dog."

"I would never do anything like that! That's just sick!"

"We have the film. As protection we turned them on in case you decided to steal from us in the middle of the night or something. Instead, we caught you in the act of doing the dog."

"Where is this film? I demand to see it!"

Of course, but you understand that we cannot give it to you. If you decided to go to the police we want proof that what you did you did of your own free will and that we had no knowledge of it until after the fact."