

# **Brianna Gone Wild**

**By: Lindsey Greene**

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# Chapter 1

## Buying a Dog

My best friend Mandy has the best trained dog I've ever seen in my life. Dogs that have gone through obedience training have nothing on Buster - her three year old Akita. Thanks to a promotion at work that came with a huge bonus, I was able to finally move out of my tiny apartment and into my first house. It wasn't anything special but it had a nice, fenced in back yard with a large deck where I could finally host summer parties instead of having to always be the guest. But most importantly, there was room enough for a dog.

I've wanted a well-trained guard dog ever since the idea of owning a home occupied my brain at the age of sixteen or so. Now, some ten years later, I'm finally making that dream come true. Seeing how Mandy's dog was so well behaved I thought what better place to get a dog than from the same woman she got her from. Had I known then what I know now I might have changed my mind and re-examined my friendships, but as they say...hindsight is always twenty-twenty.

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I pulled into the Brentwood Estates and stared with a fair bit of jealousy at the walled in, sprawling compound at the end of the tree-lined driveway. In order to get in I had to use the intercom and be buzzed in by a woman at the other end. She gave me instructions on where to park and I followed them to the T.

If what Mandy told me was true, Alyssa Brentwood was a single woman of thirty-eight that struck it rich several years ago and now lives in the palatial home where she raised and bred dogs. Why any one person would need such an extravagant home was beyond me, but it was her money.

I rang the doorbell and was quickly greeted by a woman that met the description Mandy gave me - a tall, raven-haired woman with striking green eyes and a body to die for. She looked more like mid-twenties than nearly forty, but then I guess money can buy you beauty as well as mansions. I was surprised someone of her wealth answered the door herself instead of sending a butler to do it.

"You must be Brianna," Alyssa greeted me at the door. "Please, do come in."

"Thank you," I replied, stepping into a living room I could fit my entire new house into.

"Can I get you something to drink?"

"No thank you," I said politely. "I hated people with this level of wealth. Not because they had it and I did not, but because I never knew really how to act around the posh. I was afraid of saying the wrong things, or otherwise making myself look foolish, and it showed through every time.

"Well then, if it's alright with you, we can get down to business. You are here for a dog, yes?"

"Yes," I replied nervously. Not because I was buying a dog. I was thrilled about that. No, I was nervous just being around this woman and I could not put my finger on why.

"Do you know what breed you are looking for?"

"I'd love to have a black lab if you have them, and if not then a German Sheppard would be my second choice."

“I do have black labs. They are my most popular breed actually,” Alyssa explained. “Before you take the dog home with you, however, there are some conditions that you must meet and the dog must take a liking to you. I want to make sure every dog I sell goes to a proper and compatible home, you understand.”

“I understand perfectly,” I replied with a smile.

“Good, good,” she returned my smile. “Now, I have a very...odd way of determining compatibility and if you wish to buy one of my dogs you must comply with my every rule. Scared yet?” she asked with a mischievous grin.

“No, not really. Curious as to what these rules are, but not scared. Why? Should I be scared?”

“Not at all,” she giggled. “But I warn you, it seems extreme, but again, I will take no risks when it comes to the health and safety of my dogs. If you are still interested please follow me and we can go out to the kennels.”

I followed her through the living room to the back of the house where we left through sliding glass doors leading into the back yard and more buildings. She took me to a one-story brick building and inside to a small room with a door at the other end.

“Ok, so here is where things get weird,” she explained. “In order to minimize the chance of anyone inadvertently bringing anything harmful into the kennels, I require all potential buyers to shower and follow a specific set of instructions. Are you ready to proceed?”

“I suppose so. What exactly will I be required to do?”

“First, step through that door over there, strip out of your clothes and take a shower. The soap is antibacterial and scentless so there are no artificial perfumes. When you are dried off go through the door at the other end of the shower and I will instruct you from there.”

“Um, ok.” It was all a bit strange to me, but they were her animals, and damn well-trained ones at that, so I complied with her wishes. *Damn you hindsight.* I stepped into the small shower room, stripped naked and took a hot shower as instructed. I was about to get dressed when Alyssa’s voice came over an intercom telling me not to put my clothes on.

“There will be a gown in the next room,” Alyssa said. “Please proceed through the door.”

Well, since she knew I was about to put my clothes back on that meant she was seeing my naked body. That didn’t sit too well with me, but I put it to the back of my mind and proceeded into the next small room. There was a green gown hanging on a hook to the left and another door at the opposite end.

“Please put the gown on and proceed through the next door,” Alyssa instructed.

I put the gown on which was nothing more than a loose frock that barely covered my behind. I opened the door to a hallway and had to stop and stare. For a moment I thought my vision had gone wonky. The ceiling and walls narrowed considerably as one moved down the hall until you were forced to crawl to make it to the other end.

“Go ahead and crawl to the other end,” Alyssa said over the intercom. When you go through the doggy door continue following the track until you come to the point where there are four rods sticking out of the track. The front two will have horizontal ‘C’s’ on them, and the back ones vertical. Place your wrists and ankles in the ‘C’s’ and yell breeding time. The dogs will come out to investigate and we can narrow your choices down based on their reactions to you. Do you understand?”

“I think so,” I replied.

“Then please proceed. I will join you in the kennels shortly.”

I crawled to the other end of the room and through the doggy door. Images of my childhood flooded back to me in that moment. I remembered being four or five and doing the same thing to escape the house to play in the back yard while my parents weren't watching. I always got in trouble for it, but that didn't stop me from doing it again.

Beyond the doggy door the world opened up into fenced in green fields with another building to the left of me. I could hear the sounds of barking from within and figured it to be the actual kennels. I reached the point with the rods and put my wrists and ankles against them as instructed.

"BREEDING TIME!" I yelled out to make sure the dogs heard me. "What the fuck!?" I gasped in shock as the 'C's' my wrists and ankles were pressed against snapped shut, locking me in place. I pulled at them as hard as I could, but they did not budge. I was trapped. "ALYSSA!" I yelled. "What in the hell is going on!? I'm stuck!"

"It's alright," Alyssa said calmly. "It's only a precaution so you don't spook the animals." Speaking of which, the kennel door opened automatically and out came more than three dozen dogs of various breeds. They swarmed around me, noses sniffing and prodding. Some in places they had no business sniffing and prodding.

A chocolate lab jumped on my left side and began hunching his hips at me while at the same time a Doberman did the same to my head. I jerked away from his furry sheath humping towards my face and yelled for them to stop. The lab hopped off of me and rejoined the others in sniffing.

"OH MY GOD!" I gasped as a fat, raspy tongue slid across my pussy to my asshole. Then again. And again. I looked back to see one of the black labs licking me without stopping. I wiggled my behind in an attempt to make him stop, but that only seem to make him do it more. "Get me out of this thing!" I yelled.

"I can't do that until one of the dogs has chosen to mate with you," Alyssa explained.

"Mate with me? What are you talking...about?" My eyes grew wide as I realized what she meant. "You can't be serious!"

"Oh, but I am. How else do you think I match up the dog to the buyer? There's only one reason anyone buys my dogs sweetie so don't play dumb now."

"What are you talking about? I want a guard dog. My friend bought a dog from you and..." my thought was cut short by the black lab mounting me as if I were just another bitch in heat for him. The gown was pushed up over my hips and with no panties to offer even the flimsiest of protection, I was completely exposed to him and his humping cock. It jabbed against my inner thigh and then glanced off of my ass.

"Ahgh! OH MY GOD!" I gasped in shock. "GET HIM OFF OF ME! MAKE HIM STOP!" His dick found its way into my pussy and once inside he started hammering away at me like nothing I've ever experienced. He fucked me with a speed and power no man could ever hope to match. The force of it was jerking me forward while his claws dug into my hips to pull me back.

"Honey, I don't sell guard dogs here. If your friend told you that, she lied. I train and sell dogs to mate with their human companions. The good news is you're being mated by a black lab. That was your first choice, yes?"

"Not to fuck me!" I moaned despite my humiliation. "Will you please...make him...stop," I grunted as his cock grew even larger inside of me.

"I'm afraid I can't do that. Once the mating had begun I cannot stop it. He will finish in a few minutes."

“This is...so...fucked up!” I moaned. His dick was hitting all the right spots and I’ll be damned if he wasn’t going to make me orgasm. “Why didn’t you...tell me I was...going to be fucked...by a dog?”

“I thought you knew,” Alyssa replied. “As I said, there’s only one reason people buy my dogs. And the only way you would know about this place is if you were told by someone that previously bought one of my dogs. So, you really had no idea you were going to be mated?”

“No!” I exclaimed as I felt the first shot of doggy semen blast into me.

“Oh sweetie, I’m sorry. I really am. Did you at least enjoy it a little?”

“Yeeessssss!” I moaned loudly, the orgasm picking that moment to strike.

“That’s good to hear because it isn’t over yet.”

“What...what do you...mean,” I panted as the dog continued to fill me with his huge load.

“Well, in order to ensure we get the perfect match I like to let the dogs go until at least three of them have mated with the potential buyer. And from there we can narrow it down to one.”

“You mean I have to do this two more times!?” I gasped. The dog pulled out of me and his semen poured out and down my thighs. It wasn’t three seconds before the rest of the dogs were on me again, vying for the honor of being the next to mate with me.”

“I’m afraid so. Please try to enjoy it. I promise, when we get the right dog for you he’ll bring you no end of pleasure. Assuming you are still interested in buying, that is. Though now that the deed is done it would be silly not to keep doing it, but that’s just me.”

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As afternoon slipped into night I was finally freed of the metal cuffs keeping me securely in place so the dogs could have their way with me at their leisure. I ached from remaining on my hands and knees for hours on end and my holes were stretched open and sore - oozing semen by the bucket.

“Three dogs my ass,” I groaned as Alyssa helped me to my feet. “Why didn’t you stop them at three? You just let them take me and take me!”

“It was only seventeen dogs,” Alyssa said as if it were no big deal. And for her it probably wasn’t. For all I knew she let all thirty dogs fuck her daily. But that was her, not me.

“And six of them fucked me in the ass! That god damned St. Bernard hurt like hell, you know!”

“Well, the good news is we’ve narrowed it down to your first choice. Bruno really likes you. The question is, are you still interested in buying him?”

“Is he going to try fucking me like that all the time?” I asked looking down at the beautiful animal.

“Only when you are naked and in position,” Alyssa replied. “Otherwise he’ll act as normal as any other dog. Remember though, that he will mount anyone he sees naked and in position so if you’ve got people over that you don’t want to know your dirty secret then I advise keeping him locked in another room.”

“I see.”

“So, still interested?”

“Yeah, I’d still like to buy him,” I replied after thinking about it for a moment. She was right. It would be silly to stop now given that I’ve grown to enjoy the feeling of a dog fucking me and the knot swelling and pressing firmly against my g-spot. And it only took three dogs

taking me as their bitch to completely change my outlook. Sure there was still some lingering guilt and shame, but it was overshadowed by the pleasure.

“Glad to hear it. I’ll mail you the DVD once I get it edited.”

“DVD?”

“Didn’t I tell you? To protect my interests I record every time my dogs mate with someone. That way no one can come back on me later and say I forced them into it.”

“No, you did not tell me that. Please tell me you don’t sell the recordings.”

“Of course not. Then you could get me for illegally using you in a film. No, they go into my personal safe where no one but me will ever see them. Now, what you do with it is your business, but I claim no responsibility of what happens to your copy once it leaves my hands.”

“I don’t get the point,” I said shaking my head. “I mean, who in their right mind is going to go to the police and say they were fucked by dogs? That just seems crazy to me.”

“You’d be surprised. Suppose you did it behind your significant other’s back and they found out. Say they weren’t as open-minded as you and filed for divorce and dragged your name through the mud. Then you get pissed and come at me seeking monetary gain.”

“Ok, I see your point in that regard,” I replied. “Has that actually happened?”

“It has in the past. But since I started recording everything? Not once. There’s a reason I asked if you understood everything as it happened. Not once did I demand anything from you, or otherwise force you to do anything. I gave clear and precise instructions that you chose to follow of your own free will. And that is what the DVD will show. As well as you being mated by eleven dogs, that is.”

“How long will this DVD be?”

“Can’t really say for sure, but we have seven hours of footage taken by ten cameras, so I’ve got seventy hours of recordings to go through to get the best stuff. Best guess? Six to eight hours, maybe longer.”

“DAMN!”

“Should be fun to watch,” she smiled. “It’ll take me some time to go through that much footage so I’d give it a few weeks. If you don’t have it in say, three weeks, give me a call and I’ll update you on the process.”

“Thanks, I guess,” I replied. *Come to buy a dog and made into a kinky porn star*, I thought to myself. I thanked Alyssa for the experience, paid for Bruno and took him to his new home. We weren’t in the door five minutes and he was on me again. Granted, I did take my pants off and dropped down on all fours, so I had no one but myself to blame this time around. I just wanted to see how easily I could do it while not cuffed in position. *Easily*, I thought as Bruno’s cock found the mark and sank into my ass.