

Kennel Maid

Victoria Brynn

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“You have three very important jobs here at Brentwood Kennels, Miss Owens. First, you are to feed and water all of the dogs in the morning. Second, it is your duty to make sure they get plenty of exercise and third you are to make sure the kennels are kept clean at all times. It’s not a glamorous job, but it pays well. Are you sure you can handle it?”

“I think so, Mr. Baker. I’ve had plenty of dogs growing up so just show me where everything is and I’ll take care of the rest. And please, call me Brooke.”

“Very well, Brooke. Follow me and I’ll give you a tour of the facility.”

Brooke was beyond excited for her new job at Brentwood even though she was nothing more than a maid. She was not kidding when she said she had plenty of dogs growing up. As a kid there were never fewer than three running around the house and yard and when she got a place of her own, the tradition continued unbroken.

“Over here is where we store the food. Each enclosure had seven food and water bowls that must be filled every morning. You’ll find a water hose in each enclosure. And in the small building there,” Mr. Baker pointed to a small shed “is where you’ll find the trash bags and shovels to clean up the mess.”

“How many dogs do you have here?”

“Currently we have thirty-one, but we are capable of housing seventy. This is where we do the breeding and collecting,” he said motioning to a large one story brick building to their left. And on the opposite side is where you’ll be staying along with the rest of the help that has chosen to stay here fulltime.”

“What do you mean by breeding and collecting?”

“Would you like to see for yourself? Renee should be in the process right now.”

“Um, sure.”

Mr. Baker led his newest hire to the breeding and collections building and opened the door to a large open room. Along the back wall sat six cages – four of them filled with dogs while a fifth stood on a table with a petite brunette in a lab coat jerking him off. “Brooke, meet Renee; Renee, Brooke. She’s our new maid.

“Pleasure to meet you Brook,” Renee smiled. “I’d shake your hand but it’s kind of full at the moment.”

“Jesus Crist! Y-You’re jerking off that dog!”

“Sort of, yes. But not for any kinky reasons. This is one method we use for collecting their semen. Want to give it a go? There are four more that need milking and another seven after that.”

“You want me to jerk off a dog?”

“It’s a lot more common than you think. Every kennel suck as ours does it. Even the big name show runners do it to collect and sell the semen. So, you up for it or would you rather shovel shit?”

“Go ahead and give him a few strokes,” Mr. Baker smiled. “It’s no different than jerking off a guy.”

“I took the job to clean and take care of the dogs, but not in that manner!”

“No worries. Milking the dogs is my job, but it’s nice to have a helping hand now and then. He’s going to shoot soon, why don’t you stick around and watch?”

Brooke watched in wide-eyed shock as Renee increased the speed of her jerking hand while raising a clear glass bottle over the tip of the dog’s cock. She could not stop looking as the dog shot one watery strand of semen after another. “Holy crap! How much is he going to cum?”

“Quite a lot more than any man, I can tell you that. Why don’t you do a favor for me and fetch Rocky for me while I let Milo out into the yard? He’s the Chocolate lab. Get him up on the table and if he doesn’t want to stay just put your hand on his sheath and he’ll hold still for you.”

“I’m not jerking off a dog!”

“You don’t have to. Just hold his sheath in your hand to keep him on the table. I’ll be right back.”

“Well, I’ll leave you ladies to it then,” Mr. Baker smiled. “Welcome to the team, Brooke. When you’re finished helping Renee see to the kennels.”

Renee helped Milo off of the table and walked him out to the yard alongside Mr. Baker, leaving Brooke in the breeding and collection facility alone with four very horny animals. Walking to the cage holding the chocolate lab, she leaned down and lifted the latch and opened the door. Rocky jumped up on her and began licking her face until she stumbled back away from him. He was on her again, this time trying to mount her, but failing as she was not in the proper position.

Brooke eventually got ahold of Rocky’s collar and led him to the table. He jumped up and then back down. She helped him up three more times and each time he jumped right back down and attempted to stick his nose between her legs. Humiliated, she got him up on the table for the fifth time and trembling, wrapped her fingers around his furry sheath. It felt heavier than it looked, and warm. She did not move her hand, but his hindquarters began hunching rapidly as he felt the hand gripping his sheath. He knew what that meant and was more than willing to let it happen.

Staring in disbelief and shame, Brooke watched as Rocky’s cock extended from its protective sheath into a pointed, tapered red dick that was moist the moment it came out. Rocky humped her hand harder now. Instead of her fingers being wrapped around the furry sheath, they were now wrapped around his slippery cock as it slid back and forth in her hand. She was jerking off a dog and was too frozen with fear and embarrassment to stop.