

Milk Maid Mary

Emily Sinclair

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Mary was deep in thought as she nervously paced back and forth in the small office. *I have to do this*, she thought with a sigh. *I have to do it. I have to do it. I have to do it*, she continued with the same thought as if telling herself over and over again would make it easier.

“Ahem,” Celine cleared her throat as she entered her office.

“JESUS CHRIST!” Mary gasped, jumping a foot in the air and spinning around to see a pretty brunette in a short latex dress standing just inside the room.

“Sorry about that. I’m Celine and you must be Mary, yes?”

“Um, yes,” Mary said as she tried to compose herself. As far as first impressions went, she wasn’t off to a good start and she saw her chances of landing the job quickly going down the drain.

“No need to be so nervous,” Celine said with a reassuring smile. “I’m loving what I see so far and that’s a very good thing. So, I take it from your application and our brief phone call that this is an entirely new field of work for you. Is that correct?”

“Yes Ma’am. I’ve never done anything even remotely like this before.”

“That’s ok. I take it you have nursed and are currently still lactating?”

“Yes Ma’am. I nursed my daughter until she was three. She is not seven.”

“Then I take it that means you’ve nursed others after your daughter?”

“I nurse my daughter’s father while we were together and then a few boyfriends since the divorce.”

“Very nice. And how much are you capable of producing in a day?”

“Right now I’m capable of producing between forty and fifty ounces per day.”

“You’re going to be very popular in the club that’s for sure. Do you have a problem with upping that amount to say sixty or seventy ounces per day?”

“I have no problem with it if my breasts are capable of holding that much. I’ve never really pushed the limit so to speak so I have no idea how much I’m ultimately capable of producing.”

“Fair enough. I think you’ll fit in perfectly here as a milk maid, so now we must talk about the uniform. As this is a fetish club, we require all of our employees to wear fetish uniforms. Is that going to be a problem?”

“I suppose not, but then again I don’t really know what you mean by fetish uniform.”

“Would you be willing to try it on here and now?”

“Sure, but how do you know my size?”

“I don’t, but that’s not a problem. Give me two minutes and I’ll be back with the uniform. While you’re waiting please strip out of all of your clothing.”

“All of it?”

“All of it. I want to see you butt naked when I get back.” That being said, Celine got up from her desk and left the room.

Mary did not know what to think. She knew it was a fetish club she was applying to, but the thought of stripping naked at the command of her potential boss just screamed of sexual harassment to the naïve woman even if it was another woman telling her to do so. Telling herself how much she needed the job, she eventually began taking her clothes off until she stood butt naked in the middle of the office.

The door opened and a tall, clean-cut man entered. The first thing Mary noticed, however, was that he was wearing only a leather vest and chaps. No shirt. No pants. He wasn’t even wearing underwear. “Oh, I’m sorry,” the man apologized, his eyes quickly drifting up and down Mary’s naked body “have you seen Celine?”

“Um, s-she left to g-get m-my uniform,” Mary stammered.

“Oh hell! Tell me you’re the new milk maid she has been talking about hiring.”

“Possibly,” Mary said as she tried, and failed to cover her huge breasts with one hand while covering her nether region with the other.

“No need to be shy around here sweetheart. Could you be a dear for me and tell Celine that her two o’clock appointment has been canceled?”

“Um, sure.”

“Thanks. I’m Roger by the way,” the man said holding out a hand.

“Mary,” Mary said taking hold of the offered hand and uncovering her breasts. Her eyes drifted down and then up to meet Roger’s staring eyes – her cheeks flushing deeper and deeper.

“My god you’re going to be popular around here. I dare say you’ve got the biggest breasts of any milk maid so far. How big are they if you don’t mind me asking?”

“Thirty-eight double dee.”

“Nice hard nipples, big areolas, yep, you’re going to be a very busy milk maid. Is that your only job or will you be performing other duties as well?”

“I’m only a milk maid as far as I know. Celine hasn’t mentioned anything to me about other duties.”

“Give her time and she will. How would you like to earn a hundred bucks?”

“Um, doing what?”

“All you have to do is do ten jumping jacks right now and I’ll give you a hundred bucks.”

“WHAT!?! No way!”

“That’s kind of how this place works, Mary. You don’t have to take the offers, but if you want to make any kind of tips you’ll have to do at least some and ten jumping jacks is a pretty quick and easy way of making a hundred dollars, right?”

“I suppose so. Okay, show me the money and I’ll do it,” she said nervously chewing her lower lip as she watched Roger pull two fifties from his wallet. Taking a deep breath and closing her eyes as if that would somehow make it easier, she began doing jumping jacks – her huge, unsupported breasts flopping up and down to Roger’s delight and her humiliation.