

# **Cream of the Crop**

**Faye Valentine**

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“You wanted to see me, sir?” Masie asked as she shut the heavy wooden door behind her.

“Please, come in, Masie,” Mr. Burke smiled. “I don’t want to keep you from your duties so I’ll cut right to the chase. Can I ask you some personal questions without you blowing up, making a big deal out of it or threatening to sue me for sexual harassment?”

“Um, I suppose so. But I don’t know what you can ask about that you don’t already know. The application for this job was pretty...thorough.”

“That it is. It has come to my attention that you are currently lactating. Is that true?”

“What?” Masie gasped, her face turning bright red. “W-Where did you hear that?” She knew the answer already but wanted to hear it from him. There were only two people who knew her...condition, at work and she trusted one of them – her husband of three years, with her life.

“That’s of no concern. Is it true? Are you lactating?”

“Yes sir. And with all due respect, it is of concern. I would like to know who told you.”

“I’m sorry, Masie, but you’ll have to find that out on your own. I do not discuss private conversations with outside parties. How much are you producing?”

“About thirty ounces a day.”

“You have not taken any maternity leave in the five years you’ve been here so can I assume you induced?”

“Yes. Can I ask what this is all about, sir?”

“How would you like a major promotion with far more money than you’re making now, new home, longer paid vacations and top-notch medical insurance?”

“Um, that sounds amazing, but why me? There are plenty of others working here that deserve a promotion more than I do, Mr. Burke.”

“True, but none of them are lactating.”

“And that has to do with anything, how exactly?”

“I own a very special farm about eighty miles outside of town – a remote place where privacy is ensured. I’m not going to beat around the bush, Masie, we harvest and sell breast milk there and since you are already lactating and producing a fair amount I feel that you’ll fit right in.”

“Harvest? Sell?”

“That is correct. You will be milked on a daily basis and your milk will be donated to milk banks across the country.” This last part was a lie, but the truth tended to drive potential employees away so for now he kept it to himself.”

“I don’t think that’s something I’d be interested in, sir.”

“Not even for quadruple your current pay?”

“Quadruple?”

“That is correct.”

“What about my husband? I can’t take a job requiring me to drive eighty miles each way.”

“That’s where the new house come in. I’ve already talked to Lance and he’s accepted my offer. Now all we need is for you to be on board and the two of you will be walking down easy street in no time.”

“He didn’t say anything to me about this.”

“Because of the non-disclosure agreement all employees sign upon hire.”

“What about my duties here? Getting milked all day long doesn’t sound very appealing to me.”

“We’ll hire someone to take your place. And you won’t be milked all day long. There is a strictly set schedule you’ll have to follow though. You can’t tell me a new house and two-hundred-thousand a year isn’t a bargain for allowing us to harvest your milk. And if you stay for one year the house is yours to keep no strings attached.”

“Can I talk to my husband about this?”

“You may not. I need your answer before you leave this office. And remember, you’re under the same non-disclosure agreement as all other employees and that includes talking to your husband about this should you refuse my offer.”

“And all I have to do is be milked?”

“That will be your primary duty, yes. There may be others at their discretion.”

“And Lance’s duties?”

“Agree to the deal and you can find out when you get to your new home.” To apply a little pressure he looked down at his watch. “I have a meeting in ten minutes. That’s how long you have to make up your mind.”

Though every fiber of her being told her to run away from a deal sounding too good to be true, Masie could only think of the greatly increased pay and new house for essentially doing what she already allowed her husband and a few others to do for free. “Okay, I’ll take it. But I want everything in writing including the house being mine at the end of a year.”

“All the paperwork will be awaiting your arrival. And as a sign-on bonus I’ll cut you a check for ten thousand dollars here and now if you allow me to be the first to milk you.”

“Are you serious?”

“Very. You’ll have to get used to exposing your breasts so go on and take them out. Let me drink to my heart’s content and the check is yours.” Reaching down, he pulled out his rock-hard cock and motioned her over. “Come on, get those tits out and let me have a drink.”

“Whoa! What in the hell is that?” Masie gasped – exposing her breasts as she walked across the large office. You said you wanted to drink my milk, not fuck me!”

“Hike the skirt up and sit on it,” Mr. Burke smirked. “Don’t pretend I’m the first person you’ve cheated on Lance with. The walls are thin around here, Masie and I hear it all. Now, sit on my dick and let me drink your milk and you’ll earn that sign-on bonus.”

“Make it twenty grand and you’ll have a deal,” Masie said looking down at the long, thick cock pointed up at her. “And I’m only sitting on it. No fucking.”

“Sure.”

Hiking her skirt up and moving her panties to the side, Masie straddled Mr. Burke’s legs and lowered herself onto his monster pole. “Uhn! Holy fucking hell you’re huge! I...uhn...I don’t think I c-can take it all.”

“Sure you can. It’s only ten inches.” Taking hold of her hips, he thrust upwards hard and fast – burying his cock completely in Masie’s overstretched hole. “See, I knew you could take it.”

“Ahgh! Mother fucking hell!” Masie groaned, burying her face in his shoulder as she fought the urge to get up. Every time she raised up even a little, he would buck his hips and drive it right back in. Getting the idea after four or five times of the fat cock pushing its way deeper, she sank back down and remained seated as he leaned in and took an engorged right nipple into his mouth.

“Mmmm, your milk is divine,” Mr. Burke said giving Masie’s nipples a squeeze. “I think you’ll be spending the rest of your shift here in my office,” he added, taking her left nipple into his mouth.”

“W-What about the m-meeting you have in ten minutes?”

“It can wait.” Holding Masie’s hips tight, sucking the milk from her full breast he lifted her up about five inches and brought her down hard. Up. Down. Up. Down. Harder. Faster. “My god your pussy is tight.”

“I...uhn...uhn...s-said no sex!”

“Don’t pretend as if you don’t like it.” Standing up, he lay her back onto his large desk and slammed into her even harder – shoving her legs back and leaning between them to drink more of the sweet nectar pouring from her nipples with every squeeze. “Not going to lie,” he grunted “I think I’ll miss you around the office. Maybe I’ll drop by from time to time to give you a big load.”

“What? WAIT! Don’t cum in me! I’m not on birth control!”

“All the better! Now be a good little slut and milk every last drop from my cock while I drain your tits.”

“Don’t cum in me!” Masie said scrambling back on the desk until her boss’ large dick was no longer plowing in and out of her. “The only one allowed to cum in me is Lance!”

“Until now,” Mr. Burke said pulling Masie back onto his cock and holding her tight by the hips. Giving a few last thrusts, he pushed all ten inches in and held it there as he blasted her cervix with semen.

“Are you out of your damn mind!?” Masie said scrambling back and to her feet as the semen slowly oozed from her pussy and down her thighs. “If I get pregnant you’re paying out the ass for it!”

“Gladly. And I meant what I said. I’ll be paying you many visits at the farm so we can do this again.”

Cleaning up as best she could, Masie straightened out her clothes, redid her ponytail and calmed her nerves before turning to leave the office. Near the door she came to a stop and returned to the desk. “I’ll take my bonus now thank you very much.”

“Worth every cent. Stay and let me do it again and I’ll cut you a check for every time I fill that tight hole of yours with my load.”

“No thanks. When I’m ready to have kids it’ll be with my husband.”

“We’ll see. Here you go,” he said sliding a check across the desk. “You can take the rest of the week off to get your things packed up. You’re due at the farm first thing Monday morning.”

“Yes sir.” Tucking the check into her purse, Masie left the office, took the elevator back down to the fourth floor and marched up to one of a thousand cubicles – staring down at the short-haired redhead with scorn. “Bathroom. Now.” Not waiting for a reply, she stomped off towards the ladies, not looking back to see if her friend and co-worker was following.