

Farmer's Market

Faye Valentine

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While it was never my intentions of being what most would call a whore, desperate times called for desperate measures and when my husband of four years ran off the minute our daughter was born, leaving me with eighty-four dollars and change in the bank and no job to cover the bills, I had to do whatever it took to keep a roof over my and my daughter's heads and food in our bellies. Well, hers was covered but I still needed to eat at least a couple times a day. After hours and hours of crying my eyes out that I had loved such a heartless bastard, I finally sat down and assessed the damage. Mortgage. Car Payment. Utilities. Groceries. Those four things alone required damn near two grand a month and I had not even gotten to the minor things such as cell phone, gas for said car and internet. All-in-all I was looking at twenty-five hundred just to break even and that sort of money did not grow on trees. Enter desperate measures.

Thanks to an increased production of prolactin I had been producing breast milk since puberty but when my daughter was born I was diagnosed with hyperlactation syndrome. Where most new mothers produced a few ounces a day, I was pumping out almost a gallon. Over the years some boyfriends loved it, others thought it was interesting and a few wanted no part of it. Not once in thirteen years had I thought to actually make money off of it but when I sat at my laptop attempting to figure out how to quickly come up with the money I needed for at least the next couple of months I stumbled onto more than one porn site which indirectly led me to a fetish site for a bdsm club called the Farmer's Market that was looking for milkmaids or at least someone willing to sell their breast milk.

Immediately intrigued, I filled out a questionnaire and sent it along with a picture of me in my favorite lacy red and black babydoll to someone calling themselves Mistress Paige in the hopes I could land a much needed job or at the very least sell enough milk to get me through the next few weeks. I don't know if she just happened to be checking her email when I sent mine, or if she had someone monitoring it for applicants but to my surprise she responded almost immediately with an interview at my earliest convenience. Absolutely thrilled to death at the prospect of finally being able to provide for my child, I arranged to have my sister Sophia babysit and then headed that way.

Located on the opposite side of town, it was a nearly fifty minute drive but if the money was as good as the website made it out to be then it was well worth the travel time. And with a name like the Farmer's Market it was less likely anyone would think I was doing anything perverted. Not that I had planned on doing more than prove I could produce what I claimed I could produce and then sell it, but at this point I was ready to screw my way to a paycheck if that is what it took. I knew I had found the right location when I saw the sign shaped like an anthropomorphic cow dressed as a cowgirl hanging over the door of an unassuming two story building.

With no hesitation whatsoever, I pulled into the parking lot, parked in the first available space and entered through the rear where I was immediately greeted by a busty blonde in denim overalls, cowgirl boots and hat. "Welcome to the Farmer's Market," she said with an authentic southern drawl. "What can I do ya for?"

"Um, I'm here to meet Mistress Paige about a job."

"Sure thing darling. What's your name?"

"Maria Sanchez. I emailed her about two hours ago and she said to come in at my earliest convenience."

“Mistress Paige is the owner of the Farmer’s Market but I’m actually the one that does the hiring. What position you looking to fill sweetie?”

“Um, all of them?” I said with a nervous giggle that made the left side of her mouth curl into the sexiest fucking half-smile I had ever seen. “I mean, I hear you buy breast milk and I have plenty but I’ll take whatever job you need filled as long as it earns me enough to keep a roof over my head.”

“Good answer. You producing?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“How much?”

“You’re not going to believe me until I pump it out so if you’ve got containers I could really use the release.”

“Just ballpark it for me doll.”

“One hundred and twenty ounces a day.”

“You’re right, I’m gonna need to see that to believe it, however, we don’t buy milk from untested mothers so just as soon as you can bring us a medical report stating you are drug and disease free we can go from there.”

“Um, I just had by daughter two weeks ago and I’ve got those reports in my car. Will that do?”

“I don’t see why not. Go ahead and get them and I’ll wait here for you.”

“Thanks.”

After a quick trip to my car I returned and handed the folder over. Um, I didn’t catch your name.”

“I’m Daisy,” she said as she flipped the folder open and began quickly going over everything. “Alrighty, everything looks in order here. Follow me and if you can produce as much as you claim you’ll leave here with a bit of money in your pockets.”

“Thanks. But so we’re clear, that’s nearly a gallon a day. I average about five to eight ounces an hour but I haven’t pumped in a few so production will be high right now.”

“Five to eight an hour is still good money considering we pay twenty-five an ounce. On the high end you’re looking at sixteen hundred a day just for selling your milk for an eight hour shift.”

“For that kind of money I’ll tell my sister she needs to babysit longer and stay until I dry up!”

“That’s the spirit, but we don’t want to ruin the cow before she’s had a chance to produce,” she said with a wry grin. “Tell me, how are you able to produce so much?” she asked as she led me in the direction of the door at the other end of the hallway.

“I started producing shortly after hitting puberty thanks to increased prolactin levels and then once I had my daughter it went into overdrive. I have what they call hyperlactation syndrome.”

“Around here that’ll make you one very happy cow. I hope you don’t take offense to being called that as it is how you’ll be referred to as long as you’re working here. You’ll also wear a uniform marking you as a dairy cow complete with tailed butt plug so I hope you like anal.”

“As long as it isn’t too big.”

She held up her right arm and slowly balled her hand into a fist. As my eyes grew wide in shock she busted out laughing. “Kidding. Mostly. No, but seriously, at seven inches long and two inches thick the starter plug is pretty hefty. Here’s where things get complicated. You know how

I said we pay twenty-five an ounce? Well, that's what the seasoned cows get. Calves like you start off at fifteen per ounce and as the size of the plug increased so does your pay. It's one of the ways Mistress Paige likes to humiliate her cattle."

"How big is the plug I'll have to wear to make twenty-five?"

"Nine inches long, three and a half at the thickest. But it's not just the size of the plug. Even if you could force it up your ass tonight – something I strongly suggest not attempting unless you can already easily take a large fist, there's a time factor. The plug automatically increases to the next size every two months so you're looking at a minimum of a year before you're making top dollar. Still interested?"

"Not gonna lie, it's sounding a lot less appealing but I need the money so I'll do it."

"Even at fifteen you're looking to make nearly a grand a day and that's just from selling your milk. If you do other things that amount will increase accordingly."

"You mean sex?"

"Amongst other things. Tell you what, why don't you go ahead and call your sister and see if she can stay a while longer and once we get all the paperwork filled out I'll get you set up for your first shift. And because i really like you and want to keep you on I'll start you out at twenty an hour but in exchange you need to take a two and a half inch thick plug."

"Deal."

"Let me finish. You'll have to take the plug before your shift starts."

"I don't care when I have to take it. I'll take it."

"Okay, I have to ask why you're so desperate for the money."

"Long story short, my husband waited until I was pregnant to tell me he didn't want kids and filed for divorce as soon as I told him. He was the sole provider and he left me with virtually no money and a lot of bills quickly coming due. Honestly, this is the last thing I ever thought I would do but if it pays immediately then I'll do it to keep a roof over my daughter's head."

"You will be paid cash at the end of each shift."

"Then one way or another that plug is going in my ass."

"I think you're going to get along just fine here. And since you need quick cash let me make you a deal. Let me put the plug in your ass and I'll give you an extra five hundred."

"I'm not into women but for five hundred bucks I won't say no."

"Then follow me to my office and we'll get the paperwork out of the way."

"Sounds good."