

Farmhouse Maid

Alexis Alexandra

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Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

New Job

“Welcome aboard, Alice,” Blake said with a smile and a handshake. “You can find your uniform through that door there,” he added pointing to a door to his right and my left. “Please get dressed and I’ll show you your duties.”

“Thank you,” I replied, taking his hand and returning the smile. I went through the door into a small rustic bedroom. A full-sized bed rested against the far wall under a window and a dresser sat against another wall. There was a pair of black and white heels sitting on the dresser next to some clothes and I figured this was my uniform. Walking over to the dresser, I picked up a black thong and a bra designed to look like the top front of a tuxedo. Searching through drawers and the closet, I found no other articles of clothing so I went back out to the living room where Blake was waiting for me.

“Is there a problem?”

“Um, the only things in there are a pair of panties and a bra,” I replied.

“That’s your uniform. Please get dressed so we can get started. I have three other applicants to see today for other positions.

“You can’t possibly expect me to wear only that!”

“I can and I do. If you want the job you’ll go get dressed. Otherwise you may return the sign-on bonus and be on your way. Make up your mind quickly.”

Fuck! I thought as I looked at my would-be new boss. I could see that he was serious and that I had only moments to make up my mind. \$10,000 was a lot of money to hand back over. The sign-on bonus was one of the biggest reasons I took the job in the first place – the second being free room and board. Sighing, I went back into the small bedroom and got dressed in my new uniform. After pulling my hair back into a ponytail I exited the room feeling more exposed than if I had been butt naked.

“Very nice,” Blake grinned. “Follow me and I’ll explain your duties as we go. Your first duty is to make sure the dogs are fed and watered in the morning,” he said taking me into the kitchen. There were five sets of bowls in stands along one wall. One of each set was empty while the other was filled with water. “Their food is in the cupboard there,” he pointed to the far end of the room. “When you’ve finished feeding and watering the dogs you’ll join the rest of us for breakfast after which you’ll do the dishes and the rest of the cleaning around the house. At noon you’ll join us for lunch and then do the dishes and then at six you’ll join us for dinner and then you’ll do the dishes. At eight you’ll wash, dry and fold the laundry and that will conclude your day. Any questions?”

“Do the other workers dress like this?” I asked looking down at my nearly naked body.

“Only you, our chef Renee and Tina and Fiona – two of the farmhands.”

“So, only the females?”

“Only the females. The rest of the staff here at Elmwood are men that work the farm and such uniforms are impractical. If you get your job done early you are free to go riding if you wish, but you must always remain in uniform until the end of your shift. Is that understood?”

“Yes sir.”

“Good. If you have any questions about anything you may find me out and about the farm. You may have the rest of the day to familiarize yourself with the house, the farm and the rest of the farmhands. Your first shift begins in the morning.”

Dressed as I was, I opted to familiarize myself with the house first. I explored every nook and cranny from the kitchen and living room to the ten bedrooms and eight bathrooms. I ventured into Blake’s office and the large rec room at the back of the massive ranch-style house before descending into the basement. It was nothing special – a laundry room to the right with several sets of washers and dryers that would make my day a lot easier and the rest of the basement split into three smaller rooms that served as storage.

Returning to the kitchen, I saw a scantily clad redhead busily preparing lunch. She was dressed exactly like me, the skimpy thong exposing her round behind while the bra pushed her breasts up. “Excuse me,” I said from the stairwell causing her to jump. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to scare you. I’m Alice, the new maid. And you are?”

“I’m Renee, the chef. Pleasure to meet you,” she replied politely. “I’d love to sit and talk, but I’ve got to get lunch prepared.”

“Anything I can do to help? Mr. Foster gave me the day to familiarize myself with my new surroundings.”

“You can set the table if you’d like. The dishes are in the cabinet there,” she pointed to a cabinet standing against a wall. “Will you be joining us?”

“Yes.”

“Then please set nine places.”

“Sure. So, you been working here long?”

“Almost three years now. I didn’t plan on staying so long, but the money’s good and the people friendly.”

“What about these uniforms?”

“You’ll get used to it. The guy’s will whistle and cat-call, but you can just ignore them...or don’t,” she shrugged. “Your choice. As long as you don’t make a huge fuss and start trouble you’ll be fine. Have you met any of the others yet?”

“No, I’ve only wondered around the house for the last couple of hours. I haven’t been outside yet. To be honest, I was a little embarrassed to go out dressed like this.”

“Like I said, you’ll get used to it. The uniforms may be skimpy, but at least they’re cool in the hot summer months. Think of it as wearing a bikini year around.”

I spent the next hour helping Renee prepare for lunch as we talked and got to know each other a little better. She was very forthcoming with information and did not hold anything back. Including the fact that she was bisexual and currently dating Tina – one of the female farmhands responsible for milking the cows and brushing out the horses. She told me what brought her to the Elmwood Farms three years ago and my heart went out to her – an abusive relationship was never pleasant and I applauded her getting out before it was too late.

And then lunch happened. To say it was humiliating would have been an understatement. Blake introduced me to everyone and told them I was the new maid. They welcomed me aboard and then things took an unexpected turn.

“I say she’s a 34D,” a farmhand named Jerry said nodding towards my breasts.

“No way,” a sexy raven-haired woman named Fiona cut in. “She’s a 36C. The push-up bra only makes her look bigger,” she added looking down at her own heaving chest.

And so it went. We all sat around the long rectangular table eating lunch while everyone but Blake guessed at my measurements. Blake excused himself early on because he already knew what they were in order to get my uniform.

“Don’t let it get to you,” Renee whispered “it’s something of a tradition around here. But you’ll have to tell them before lunch is over so they know who won the bet.”

“She’s right,” Blake said. “And don’t bother lying as I’ve got the numbers.”

“Well, if you all really must know, I’m five feet eight inches and a hundred-and-thirty pounds. My measurements are 36C-25-37. Any other intimate details you’d like to discuss over lunch?” I asked boldly in the hopes it would encourage them to change the subject.

“Are you shaved?” Renee asked.

“I am.”

“Any piercings or tattoos hiding under that uniform?” Kevin asked.

“None. As you can see I don’t even have my ears pierced.”

“Shame. I like certain piercings on my women.”

“Then I guess it’s a good thing I’m not your woman,” I bit back playfully.

“What’s the kinkiest sex you’ve ever had?” Blake asked and for a moment all I could do was stare at him in shock.

“Um...”

“Don’t be shy,” Tina said “there are few secrets here at Elmwood.”

“I can see that.”

“So...what is it?” Fiona asked. “What’s the kinkiest thing you’ve ever done?”

“I’d, um, rather not say,” I flushed.

“Oh come on, it won’t hurt you to tell us,” Renee said. “Here, I’ll go first. As everyone here but you knows, the kinkiest thing I ever did was a twelve man gang bang.”

“And I left my former girlfriend fist me,” Tina said. “Now Renee does it.”

“I’m bisexual and have done several glory holes,” Kevin admitted. “Come on, your turn.”

“I...I, um...do I have to?”

“YES!” they all replied as one. “Call it another Elmwood tradition,” Blake said.

“I...I have a thing for, um, pee,” I admitted, the flush in my face spreading rapidly to the rest of my body. “I love to drink it as it trickles down my body.”

“Now that is fucking hot!” Blake grinned. “Mind if I put that to the test?”

“WHAT!? Y-You mean...”

“I’ve got to take a piss. Would you mind drinking it down for me?”

“Me too,” Fiona said. “How much can you keep down before throwing it back up?”

“Three of four loads,” I said without meaning to.

“Count me in,” Kevin said.

“Me too,” a lanky farmhand named Trevor added.

“OH LORD! I...I c-can’t!”

“Were you lying about loving it?” Blake asked. “If there’s one thing we do not tolerate around here, its liars.

“I wasn’t lying but...”

“Then please get on your knees and drink my pee,” he said standing up and unzipping his fly. Walking over to my seat, he pulled out his dick and offered it to me. I looked up at him pleadingly, but he only stared at me, waiting for me to prove I wasn’t a liar. Closing my eyes and taking a deep breath, I dropped out of my chair and onto my knees, opening my mouth to accept his dick. While the others cheered, Blake began to pee. I relaxed my gag reflex as I was so long

ago taught to do and the hot, tangy liquid slid right down to my belly. When he was done, I licked the cockhead clean and he put it back in his pants and sat back down as if nothing ever happened.

“Me next,” Fiona said stepping in front of me. She pushed her pussy towards my face and I backed my head away. “I, um, I’ve never...not with another woman.”

“But I really have to go and I might not make it to the bathroom,” she pleaded. “Please drink my pee.” She gave me a pouty face that was more comical than pathetic and I reluctantly opened my mouth. She pressed her pussy against my lips and I had to do something I’ve never done in my life – lick pussy. I had to do it to make sure my mouth was in the right spot so that I didn’t spill any.

Fiona began to pee in my mouth and I swallowed it down as easily as Blake’s. Kevin and Trevor formed a line behind Fiona with the former taking her place when she was done. I had trouble keeping it all down thanks to my nerves, but I managed to do it without throwing any of it back up. Once my belly subsided I sat back down at the table and finished eating lunch. To my complete surprise, no one else asked me to drink their pee and they all went about eating as if nothing had happened.

After lunch I went out to the farm and spent the rest of the day exploring the grounds. There was a large stables with more than thirty horses, two barns – one for milking the cows and the other for housing them and bales of hay during storms, and a tall grain silo that would house the corn once it was harvested.

While exploring the storage barn, another of the farmhands – a ruggedly handsome, deeply tanned man named Scott asked if I’d drink his pee. Without even thinking about it I dropped to my knees and opened my mouth. After lunch I had the feeling I’d be doing it more often than not so I resigned myself to being their urinal whenever it was convenient for me to do so. Tina walked in as he was zipping up and she offered me her pussy. I drank hers down as well.

“Since you’ve got the day off would you like to try something fun?”

“Sure. What do you have in mind?”

“Come with me.”

I followed her to the milking barn where nearly forty cows were being milked by machine. I followed her around the barn as she checked to make sure everything was in order and then she took me to an empty station where she surprised me by expressing milk from her right nipple.

“Oh my God! You’re lactating? I didn’t know anyone here had babies.”

“We don’t. I got curious a few weeks after I started working here and hooked myself to one of the milking machines. Want to give it a try?”

“But I’m not producing milk.”

“Neither was I at first. I recommend twenty minutes five times a day and you’ll be producing in a couple of months. Pull down your bra and I’ll get you hooked up.”

Considering everything else I had done, this seemed relatively harmless so I did as she suggested and pulled my arms out of the straps and then pulled my bra down exposing my breasts to her. She picked up a suction tube meant for a cow’s udder and smeared the rubber edge with gel and then flipped the machine on. Next she placed the tube over my nipple and areola and pressed it firmly in place. The effect was immediate. My nipple and areola was sucked into the tube more than an inch as it did its job.

“OH WOW!” I gasped as it gently sucked. And then the other one was on and I was being milked like a cow. The sensation was quite pleasant and I found myself moaning softly.

“Would you like to sit down?”

“Mmm hmm,” I purred.

“I’ll get you the stool I use.” She wondered off and I braced myself against a support beam as my nipples and areolas were being sucked further into the tubes. When she returned, she sat a stool down in front of me. So lost to the pleasure of having my nipples gently sucked and massaged, I sat down and felt something hard poke me in the ass and glance off of my pussy. Looking down, I saw a long, fat dildo sticking up from the seat of the stool.

Tina grabbed a bottle from the milking station and lifted me to my feet before lubing the two dildos. “Pull your panties to the side and lower yourself back down onto the seat. Make sure to take them both.”

“Y-you can’t b-be serious,” I panted.

“I can and I am. No one will see you and even if they do no one will care. I sit on that for nearly my entire shift so I know how amazing it feels. Trust me, and lower yourself down onto the toys. Otherwise you’ll have to stand there, and by the looks of your shaking knees I don’t think you’ll be able to stand for long.

As if to guide my decision, Tina reached down and hooked a finger into the crotch of my thong and pulled it to her right and she attempted to guide me down. I resisted for a moment, but eventually gave in. When I felt the cockheads pushing into me, she made sure I took every last inch of them.

“Very nice. Now feel free to fuck yourself as long as you like for the next half hour. I’ll be back then to check on you.”

By the time Tina returned I had fucked myself to three orgasms. And by the time I turned in for the night I had fucked myself to a total of eight orgasms during my six visits to the milking barn. Tina said I was well on my way to inducing lactation and, liking the sound of that, I agreed to return every chance I got to continue that training.