

Milking the Farm Hand

Victoria Brynn

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New Job

Candice pulled into the long, winding driveway of the Shadybrook Farms and looked around. Her first thought as she started at the large Victorian farmhouse looming in the distance was *wow, it must be nice to have money*. And her second thought was *what in the hell am I doing here? I don't know the first thing about working on a damn farm*. But, the ad did say no experience necessary, and she desperately did not want to dip into her meager savings, so here she was.

Parking in front of a three car garage, Candice got out of her car and walked up on the front porch, breathing a sigh of relief at the twenty degree drop in temperature the shade of the porch roof provided. The door opened before she could land the first knock and she found herself standing face to face with a pair of large breasts attached to a petite, raven-haired woman. Though she was not the type to stare at another woman's bosom, those in front of her now were hard to ignore.

"Hi," the large breasted woman smiled. "You here for Brandi?"

"Yeah. I'm here for the farm hand job," Candice replied.

"Cool. I'm Lindsey, one of the other farm hands. Brandi is out in the milking barn. I was just heading out for lunch, but I can show you the way before I go."

"Thanks. I've never worked on a farm before," Candice said following Lindsey off of the porch.

"That's alright. I didn't either before I started here four years ago. In fact, I think it's the same for everyone here. Brandi does a very good job of training new farm hands and likes giving everyone a chance."

"That's good to hear. I really need this job. Assuming I get it, that is."

"Well, she's had that ad in the paper for almost a month and you're the first to apply, so I think you're chances are pretty good," Lindsey smiled. "Hey Heather, Sam," she waved to two women leaving the stables. Candice couldn't help noticing they too were large-breasted and began feeling a little self-conscious about her modest 34C's.

"Hey Lindsey," they replied in unison.

"Um, so, are there only women working here?" Candice asked.

"Yep. Kind of strange, I know, but that's the way Brandi runs the place. And to be honest, I'm glad for it."

"Why's that?" Candice asked as they entered the milking barn.

"No men around yelling cat calls and trying to hit on us," Lindsey said leading the job hopeful down a row of cows hooked up to milking machines. At the far end was an Amazonian woman milking a solid black Angus by hand, the milk squirting into a large bucket below. "Hey Brandi," she called out. "I got someone here interested in the farm hand position. I'll leave you to it then," she said smiling at Candice. "I'll be back after lunch."

"Thanks," Candice returned the smile.

"Come over and take a seat," Brando said looking back over her shoulder. "I'd get up, but I've got to get Betsy here milked."

"No problem," Candice said taking a seat on a nearby stool.

"What's your name?"

“Candice.”

“I’m Brandi, nice to meet you.”

“Nice to meet you to.”

“So, have you ever worked on a farm before?”

“No ma’am.”

“Are you willing and capable of putting in long hours doing hard work for excellent pay?”

“I’m not afraid of doing hard work,” Candice replied.

“Good to know. I run a very well-oiled machine here at Shadybrook and I’d like to keep it that way. We do everything here from milking cows and breeding horses, to growing crops. I do offer room and board to all of my employees, but it is not mandatory. Ever milk a cow before?”

“No ma’am.”

“You’ll get plenty of practice should you take the job. Any questions?”

“I’ve got about a million of them,” Candice replied. “But I guess the most important one is, when can I start?”

“Well, I’ll tell you what, since it’s still early, I’ll let you start today if you’d like.”

“Sure. Just show me what needs done and how to do it and I’m good to go.”

“I like you already,” Brandi smiled at Candice. “I’m not going to lie to you, to weed out those that belong from those that don’t, I start all new employees off doing the shittiest jobs. If you can handle a week of mucking stalls and milking the stallions then the rest is a walk in the park.”

“Milking stallions?” Candice asked. She had heard of milking cows, goats even, but never milking stallions.

“Give me about five minutes and I’ll show you how it’s done,” Brandi said. “So, Candice, tell me a little about yourself. Why would a city girl like you want a job on a farm?”

“I was laid off from my previous job and to be honest, this was about all I could find that didn’t require loads of experience, or that didn’t want to gouge on the pay.”

“Fair enough. What was your previous job?”

“I was a secretary at a finance company. Worked there for nearly five years, but thanks to cut-backs I was one of eighty laid off. I’ve been weeks pouring over want ads looking for something.”

“And so you settled on Shadybrook?”

“I didn’t mean it like that,” Candice blushed. “I’m just happy to have a job. Any job. What hours will I be expected to work?”

“For the first week you’ll work nine to five while the other girls show you the ropes. If you survive initiation week as I like to call it, you’ll work five ten hour shifts and yes, the overtime is mandatory. Right now, I can say you’ll have Tuesdays and Saturdays off, but that is subject to change at any time. Is that going to be a problem?”

“Nope, no problem at all. So, I noticed that you only have women working here. Lindsey said that’s how you ran the place. Can you tell me why that is?”

“Honestly, I’m a lesbian and I like to stare at sexy ladies all day,” Brandi grinned.

“Really?” Candice gasped, taken aback by the claim.

“No, not really,” Brandi giggled. “Well, the lesbian part is true, but not the reason I hire only women. I took over ownership from my mother when she passed away nine years ago and it was her policy to hire only women and I decided to carry on the tradition. It was kind of her way

of telling the world that women were just as good at farming as any man, and I have to admit, she was pretty damn spot on.”

“Cool.”

“So no problems working for a lesbian?”

“You want an honest answer?” Candice asked.

“Always.”

“I’m straight as an arrow, but I have no problem whatsoever with what others do in the bedroom.”

“Fair enough. Another thing you should know is I do allow the ladies to go topless so don’t be surprised if you see some bare breasts on a hot day. And if you’re comfortable with it you are free to go topless as well.”

“What about bottomless?” Candice asked with a half-grin.

“If you are in one of the building, fine by me, go completely nude if you want so long as you keep the boots on. But outside you have to at least wear shorts. And speaking of boots, you’ll be required to wear steel-toed boots for the job at all times. Alright, that’s enough milking for now. Let’s get you to the stables so you can do a bit of cleaning.”