

# **Training the Maid**

**Faye Valentine**

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I can say with all sincerity that I owe my life to the Sutton. After losing everything and living on the streets where I lost about forty pounds due to malnourishment, rarely slept thanks to creeps constantly trying to proposition me for sex and staying constantly sick, I found myself in the hospital where I met a lovely doctor named Emily Sutton who looked past my situation and provided me with the care I needed and when I told her I was homeless she offered me a job and place to stay right there on the spot.

Cautiously optimistic, I inquired more – my desire to sleep in an actual bed outweighing any dangers of going home with a complete stranger. She told me she and her husband Keith were looking for a live-in maid and as long as I agreed to regular drug testing the job was mine. Hungry, tired and sick of sleeping on the cold streets I agreed and that night I met the rest of her family. Her husband Keith took one look at me and smiled with such warmth I broke down in tears right there in the spot. And their eighteen year old son Alex looked past the dirt and grime and made no attempt to hide the fact he was checking me out. Used to it, I ignored him if only to avoid being booted back to the streets.

“Honey, why don’t you take Alex out for a while so I can get Camryn settled in?”

“Why do we need to leave for that?” her son asked. It was a question I wanted to know as well.

“Because she only has the clothes on her back – clothes that are going straight into the trash I might add, and I don’t think she wants the two of you seeing her walk around naked until I can get her something to wear.”

“So, you plan on leaving her here alone while you go shopping?” her husband asked.

“No, I’m going to get her measurements and ask Megan to go shopping for me. Now please go. I’ll give you a call when it’s safe to come home.” To my surprise, they shrugged and a few moments later it was just me and Dr. Sutton. “Alright, let’s get you out of those clothes and into a nice hot bath.”

“Um, you want me to strip right here?”

“I’m your doctor, Camryn, I’ve already seen you naked, remember? Now, no offense, but you really do reek and I want to dispose of those clothes before the stench becomes a permanent fixture. I’ll be right back.”

She walked in the direction of the kitchen and I unzipped my jacket. Embarrassed by the odors which I now smelled full force for the first time in ages, I stopped myself from dropping it on the floor to avoid stinking up the place more than necessary. Draping it over my right arm, I took my shoes and socks off. Holding my wadded up jacket between my legs, I took my ratty, faded blue tee shirt off. Stuffing it between my legs with the jacket I took my bra off and Dr. Sutton returned with a trash bag. Her eyes drifted down and she chuckled. “I didn’t want to stink up the place more than necessary and didn’t have anywhere else to put them,” I explained.

“I thank you, but we do have a carpet cleaner,” she said, opening the trash bag and holding it open for me. I added my clothes including shoes. She tied it shut and took it straight out to the trash can.

“I want to thank you again for this opportunity, Dr. Sutton. I’m not sure what I’ve done to deserve it, but I’ll do my best to keep this place as clean as possible.”

“Please, call me Emily. And it’s my pleasure to help someone in need. After your bath I’ll show you to your room. Hopefully it won’t take Megan too long to do a bit of shopping. Any particular style you prefer?”

“Honestly, clothes are clothes and I’ll just be glad to wear something new for a change. Once I get some money saved up I’ll pay you back.”

“You’ll do no such thing. Consider it a sign-on bonus. I want you to save your money to buy a car and so you can eventually get a place of your own. Not that I’m in a rush to get you out of here, but it’s good to have goals. Anyways, please follow me to the...actually, you know what, I’m an idiot. New plan. Let me show you to your room. I want to apologize for Alex staring at you like he did,” she said as we walked through the huge house. “But he’s eighteen and you’re a gorgeous woman. Not that that’s any kind of excuse for his behavior and you have my word I’ll have a very long talk to him about it.”

“Thanks. Honestly, I’m so used to it from living on the streets that it doesn’t even phase me anymore.”

“Do you mind me asking how you ended up on the streets?”

“Honestly? I fell in with the wrong crowd. I didn’t do drugs or anything like that, but the people I hung around weren’t exactly what one would call pillars of the community. A lot of late night partying led to bills not being paid and one too many call-off led to me losing my job. I had trouble finding another and soon I was on the streets.”

“Please forgive my prying, but don’t you have family or friends that would help?”

“Like I said, my friends led to me living on the streets and when I had nothing left to contribute to the parties they had little and then no time for me. As for family, no, I don’t have any. I’m an only child and my parents were killed when I was eleven.”

“I’m so sorry.”

“Thanks.”

Going down a hallway, Emily stopped in front of a closed door. “This is you, she said, turning the knob.

The door opened into a huge bedroom with a bathroom off to the right and closed doors either side of that – both the type that slid into the wall. “HOLY CRAP! Seriously?”

“Seriously. You’ll have your own private bathroom, walk-in closet and another small room you can do whatever you like with.”

“This...this is...wow! Are you sure you want to put me up in here? Don’t get me wrong, I love it, but I’d be just as happy in a smaller room if this one is needed for something else.”

“Don’t be silly. You’re going to be working and living here so you need space where you’re going to be comfortable.” Going to the door to the left of the bathroom, she slid it open and I stared into another fairly sizable room. “If you want my opinion, this would make for an excellent office or with the right furniture a pretty cozy living room. Why don’t you think about it while you’re in the bath and once we get you into some clean clothes we can go do a bit of shopping?”

“Thank you, but you’ve done so much for me already I couldn’t possibly impose. Besides, goals are a good thing to have, right? Saving enough to furnish that room seems like a pretty good first goal.”

“Fair enough.” Going to the walk-in closet, she continued. “Over here on the left is where we keep the spare bedding but feel free to move it wherever suits your needs and if it’s not to your liking you are, of course, free to buy your own when you can afford it. In fact, you may decorate to your heart’s content with the exception of changing the carpet or painting.”

“Thank you. But honestly, after living on the streets for nearly four years I’m just happy to have a roof over my head that isn’t made of cardboard or plastic.”

Emily finally showed me the bathroom and my jaw hit the floor. Nearly as big as the closet, it had a massive Jacuzzi tub, separate shower that looked big enough for eight people and marble-top vanity with double sinks.

“I suggest taking a shower first and then relaxing in a nice hot bath,” Emily suggested. The controls are a bit complicated, so let me give you a crash course.” Walking across the bathroom, she slid the shower door open and stepped inside. I followed and my eyes immediately went from the four showerheads to the digital panel on the wall. “This is the control panel,” she explained. “It operates everything from the heads and water flow to the temperature. There are five heads and numerous acupressure jets to provide a showering experience to die for.”

“Five heads? I only see four.”

“There’s a rainfall one in the ceiling, she said point to a spot above and slightly behind me. You know what, in this case it might be better to show and not tell,” she said, stepping past me and out of the shower. Without hesitation or modesty she took her shirt off and let it drop to the floor. Her bra followed and my eyes were drawn to the rings adorning her nipples.

“W-What are you doing? Why are you taking your clothes off?”

“I’ve had a long day at work and haven’t had a show so figured I’d kill two birds with one stone,” she said as she continued undressing. When she was butt naked she stepped back in the shower and fiddles with the controls. Pay attention. To set the temperature, you first tap the thermometer icon. You’ll see the temperature along with up and down arrows. Eighty degrees is the default. I like mine on the hot side so I’ll just press the up arrow to one-oh-five. Since there are two of us I’ll go ahead and activate all five heads and we do that by pressing this icon here,” she said as she tapped another button.

“As you can see there are several options here. We want them all running so I’ll tap all at the bottom but for future reference, the head in front is one, right is two, back is three, left is four and the rainfall is five. If you only want one then you press that number and end. It’ll take about fifteen seconds for the system to calibrate the temperature and then the water will flow on its own. If you want, say, heads two and four or any other combination you press the number followed by the plus sign and the next number and end.” She pressed all and then end. Turning to face me she smiled. “Now may or may not be the best time to say this, but damn, Camryn, you really are a beautiful young woman. I can’t wait to see how well you clean up.”

“T-Thank you. Oh god!” I gasped.

“Something the matter?”

“Are you...do you plan on...oh man, I’ve never been with another woman before.” I was suddenly bombarded with water from every angle causing me to jump in surprise and her to giggle at my expense. “Please tell me the truth. Did you really get in the shower to show me the controls, or because you want to have sex with me?”

Her hand came up and gently cupped my cheek. “Honestly? A little of both.” She moved so close her lips were barely a centimeter from mine. “Unless you move I’m going to kiss you, Camryn.” I stared into her light brown eyes and trembled. I wanted to run away, but feared doing so would lead to me living on the streets so against my every instinct I stood there and let her kiss me. Her right hand grabbed my ass and despite my humiliation, the soft moan escaping my mouth gave little doubt I was feeling at least a small amount of pleasure.

The kiss lasted fifteen, maybe twenty seconds and then she took a step back. “I hope you enjoyed that as much as I did,” she grinned.

“It...ahem...it was nice,” I stammered. “I’m straight, but if having sex with you is what it takes to keep my job and home I’ll do my best to pleasure you.”

“I want to make one thing perfectly clear right now, Camryn, your home and job are not contingent upon you having sex with me or anyone else.” She gave me a quick peck on the lips as the fingers of her left hand gently tweaked my right nipple. “Say the word and I’ll stop and never touch you again.”

“I...”

“Go on.”

“Having you touch my dirty body is really humiliating so can I at least get clean first while I think about it?”

“Absolutely. And to my surprise she took a step back, grabbed a loofah off a hook and a bottle of body wash from a shelf and handed them to me. I took them and she grabbed a second loofah for herself.