

# **Maid for Training**

**Emily Sinclair**

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“I can’t thank you enough for this job, Mr. and Mrs. Harper. Not only does it give me a place to stay, but I’ll be able to save enough to go back to school next semester.”

“Our pleasure dear,” Mrs. Harper smiled. “And please, its Greg and Fiona. Since you’ll be living with us we’ve decided to go ahead and give you the second master suite. It’s down the hall there and to the left. We also took the liberty of ordering you several uniforms in various colors for variety. They should be hanging in the closet.”

“Thank you so much. Are you sure about the master suite? I’m fine with just a regular bedroom.”

“Think nothing of it,” Greg replied. “We’ve got plenty of room here and why stick you in a smaller room when we have a perfectly fine and unused second master suite sitting there empty? Besides, it had its own private bathroom and office where you can do your studying when you go back to school. Assuming you still wish to live here at that time.”

“Thank you both again. Honestly, I am at a loss for words at your kindness in giving me this opportunity.”

“Honey, I know what it’s like to struggle to make ends meet,” said Fiona as she thought back to her younger years and the things she did to put a roof over her head. “You may not think it to look at us now, but Greg and I do not come from money. We worked our asses off every day of our adult lives. We’ve pinched pennies and worried where the next meal was going to come from as we often couldn’t afford groceries. But, a nice couple gave me a job as their live-in maid and Greg a job in their store and set us on the right path. This is our way of returning that favor.”

“There’s one other reason we gave you the spare master suite,” Greg started to say.

“Not now sweetie,” Fiona interrupted. “We can discuss that when we get back from our trip. Right now we need to finish getting packed. The taxi will be here shortly to take us to the airport.”

“Wait, you’re leaving me alone on day one?”

“Are you afraid of being alone in the house, dear?”

“Um, no, I just didn’t know you were leaving.”

“Really? I’m sorry,” Fiona apologized. “I thought we mentioned it somewhere along the way. Yes, Greg and I are going on vacation for two weeks so the house is all yours. All we ask is that you do not hold any wild parties while we’re away.”

“I wouldn’t even think of it.”

“The house is spotless now so there isn’t much you have to do in the way of cleaning, but we do expect you to don the uniform and at least do some dusting, or whatever else may need done while we are away,” Greg added.

“No worries. I’ll make sure it remains spotless.”

“Alright, there’s plenty of food in the fridge so feel free to help yourself, and as a sign-on bonus and payment for watching the house while we’re away I left you a little cash on your dresser,” Fiona added. “Now come on honey, we really do need to get packing.”

While the Harpers went to their room to finish some last minute packing, Alyssa went to hers to check out where she would be spending her time. Opening the door, she stood there staring in wide-eyed shock at the enormous room sprawled out before her that looked more like an apartment than bedroom. To the left was an open door leading into her private bathroom with a set of double sliding doors further up the wall that opened into a huge walk-in closet. And to the right was another open door going into a smaller, but still sizable room that would serve as

her office. *HOLY SHIT! This is fucking amazing!* She thought, going into her room and pulling the door closed behind her.

Walking first to the closet, Alyssa slid the left door to the right and stared into the largest closet she had ever seen. *Good lord! This is nearly as big as my entire dorm room!* Hanging on a bar in a niche to the right were about thirty garments in every color of the rainbow in varying hues plus black, white and grey. Taking down a navy blue one at random, she saw that it was a French maid uniform with sheer, form-fitting short dress with attached garters and strategically placed lace to somewhat cover the naughty bits.

Putting the uniform back on the rod, she pulled one down in burgundy. Then green, black and purple. All were identical save for the color. *Jesus Christ! This is what they expect me to wear?* She thought back to the conversation they had concerning the dress code while working and remembered them both strongly reminding her that she was to wear the uniform provided and nothing else. Looking towards the back of the closet, she saw a set of shelves built into the wall where thirty pairs of shoes matching the colors of the uniforms sat in neat rows.

Leaving the closet, Alyssa went to the dresser where she noticed a thick envelope with her name written on it. Picking it up, she opened it to see the largest stack of hundred dollar bills she had ever seen in her life. *A little money? Fucking hell, there must be twenty grand in here!* With envelope still in hand, she opened the top drawer and found the final two component of the uniform – matching thong panties and stockings in the same colors as the dress and shoes. Placing the envelope in the drawer, she nervously plucked a pair of pink panties and stockings out and tossed them on the bed. Going to the closet, she found the matching dress and shoes and then began stripping out of her clothes.

*If I'm going to have to wear this while working I better get used to it now.* She thought. *Not to mention having others see me in it.* Taking a deep breath to calm her nerves, she started with the stockings, noting how well they hugged her well-toned legs. Next, she put on the thong followed by the tight dress with built-in support that pushed her perky breast up and together. After clipping the garters in place, she slipped into the shoes and walked over to the mirror hanging on the wall. *HOLY HELL! Okay, Alyssa, you can do this. After all, they are paying you a lot of money and letting you live in their house rent free.*

Going to the bedroom door, Alyssa took one more deep breath, exhaling slowly before opening it and stepping out to see Fiona and Greg walking down the hallway in her direction. “Oh my!” Fiona gasped. “Now that does look enticing,” she added with a seductive purr that made Alyssa tremble slightly.

“I thought I’d try one on to see how it looks,” Alyssa said nervously. “I have to say I wasn’t expecting something so...revealing.”

“Is it going to be a problem?”

“No, no problem at all. It’ll take some getting used to walking around like this in front of others, but I’ll manage. I wanted to ask about that envelope you left for me...”

“I know it’s not much, but it’s the least you deserve for starting on such short notice and for taking care of things while we’re away,” Fiona smiled.

“Not much? Are you kidding me? That’s enough to pay for the next three semesters of school!”

“You’re not going to take the money and run are you?” Greg asked, not bothering to hide the fact that his eyes were glued to Alyssa’s breasts.

“What? Oh god no!” Alyssa gasped. “I didn’t mean it like that. I’ve already made up my mind to take at least a semester off so you’re stuck with me at least that long. Assuming you

want to be stuck with me, that is. I should probably go get changed back into my normal clothes now.”

“Nah, keep the uniform on,” Greg smiled “It suits you. Besides, you’ve got to get used to wearing it, right?”

“True.”

HONK, HONK!

“That’ll be the taxi. Come on honey, stop staring at her tits and get your ass in gear!”

Fiona said shaking her head.

“Sorry,” Greg apologized. “No offence, but you have an amazingly sexy body, Alyssa.”

“Why would I be offended by that? And thank you,” Alyssa said turning around to give them a look at her ass.

“My god! Yep, definitely stunning.”

“Come on, you pervert! She doesn’t need you ogling her sexy ass,” Fiona said taking her husband by the arm and dragging him out of the hallway towards the living room. “Sorry about him. He sometimes loses all mental faculties around beautiful young women.”

“It’s okay. I guess I’ll see you in...wait, how long are you going to be gone?”

“Two weeks. See you when we get back.”