

Road to Recovery

Emily Sinclair

~ ~ ~

Road to Recovery

Copyright© 2019 by **Emily Sinclair**. All rights reserved.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.

This book is for sale to **ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY**. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be access by minors.

Copyright License Notes:

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

An extreme introvert her entire life, Kylee's fear of crowds and the outside world in general caused her to distance herself from everyone to the point she was little more than a hermit living in the spare apartment over her parents' garage from the age of thirteen to eighteen when she was finally able to get a place all her own thanks to money saved from birthday and Christmas gifts that remained untouched in the savings account her mother set up for her the day she was born. Unfortunately, given her many problems, the courts assigned her a caregiver named Megan to ensure she was still capable of taking care of herself. She hated the idea of someone checking up on her all the time, but as the weeks turned to months and then years she actually started looking forward to the visits and even came to see the woman as her one and only friend.

Unable and unwilling to leave the house, Kylee attempted various online jobs to keep the bills paid, but none lasted more than a few days as her fears kicked in and she quit – usually right in the middle of a conference call. This is until she found the perfect job to suit her reclusive ways. Coming up with the idea while browsing the internet late one night, she refined and honed it until she had what she believed was the best possible solution for a person in her situation. After spending more than a year learning web development, she spent the last of her money buying and personally installing cameras throughout her small, secluded house – an odd thing for a hermit to do, but a necessity for the line of work she was about to get into; and purchasing a wide variety of clothing and toys which she stored in the spare bedroom which now more closely resembled an adult store than the storage room she converted it into.

It was Friday morning. Kylee was desperately low on everything and needed to get started, but the doorbell rang sending her into a mild panic. The ring was followed by three knocks. Two knocks. One Knock. Another ring of the doorbell and finally three more knocks. The front door creaked open and then closed a moment later. “Kylee, its Megan,” her caregiver called out. “I’m going to take a look around now.”

Knowing her ward had heard every word and would be found hiding in the bedroom closet, she took a quick look around the living room. As always it was spotlessly clean. Moving into the kitchen, her eyes glanced at the empty sink and then she opened the cupboards to check on the food stores. Letting out a long sigh, Megan shook her head when all she saw was a single slice of bread in its plastic bag, two cans of vegetable soup and a box of macaroni. Going to the fridge, she saw even less.

Holding her comments in until she was done with the inspection and could sit down with her ward, Megan continued through the house. When she came to the toy and clothing filled room her eyes grew wide and she audibly gasped in shock as she took in racks lined with costumes ranging from nurse and nun to police and professor and more sex toys than she had ever seen in a single location that was not a store. Cheeks blushed, she walked out, went down the hall and knocked on the closed door at the end.

“Kylee, it’s Megan, I’m coming in now.” The door opened and as she stepped into the room she saw a row of dildos, butt plugs, anal beads and vibrators lining the dresser with a huge bottle of lube at the right end. Going to the closet, she slowly opened the door to see her ward huddled in the corner with knees pulled to chest. “Can you come out and talk now, Kylee?”

“O-Okay.” Waiting for her caregiver to take several steps back, Kylee crawled out of the closet, stood and waited with her head partially bowed and hands fidgeting in front of her.

One look at her ward had Megan concerned. Though it had only been a week since her last visit it looked as if Kylee had lost about twenty pounds, which, on her already thin frame made her look absolutely skeletal. “Oh my god!” the caregiver gasped as she momentarily lost her composure. Quickly recovering, she continued. “Kylee, are you okay? Are you eating?” Knowing the answer from the look of her, Megan never the less wanted to hear it from her ward’s own mouth.

“Yes Ma’am.”

“Kylee, what did we say about lying?”

“I’m not lying, Ma’am.”

“Kylee, I’ve seen your fridge and cupboards and you look like a rail. Now I’m going to ask you again, have you been eating?”

“Yes Ma’am,” Kylee said, her voice trembling as it always did during these visits.

“Kylee, I don’t want to be the one responsible for placing you in a home, but if you’re intentionally starving yourself then I’ll have no choice but to put it in my reports.”

Hearing those dreaded words had Kylee’s entire body shaking. “P-Please don’t do that. I’d rather die than go into a home.”

“You’ll die if you don’t eat. And would you care to explain where all the toys and clothes came from?”

Her head still hanging to avoid eye contact, Kylee silently thought about what she was going to say while Megan stood there and waited an explanation. “M-Ma’am, can I...will you please do me a huge favor?”

“That all depends on what you ask.”

“I’m sorry I haven’t been eating right, but I used the last of my money buying all the toys and clothes for my new job and I haven’t been able to afford food so I’ve sort of been, um, rationing it.”

“New job?”

“You know I can’t hold down a job because of the way I am so I figured out a way to make money that won’t require me to leave the house or make those horrible conference calls. I know it’s a lot to ask, Ma’am, but...” Kylee fell silent as she nervously chewed her lower lip.

“Go on, Kylee, what favor do you need and what is this new job that requires you to nearly starve yourself to death?”

“May I please borrow enough money to get by for the next couple of weeks? And the job didn’t require it because I’ll be working for myself. I just, well, um, the truth is I didn’t exactly know where to stop until I spent everything I had in savings.”

“What is the job, Kylee?”

“I don’t want to say porn, but yeah. I’m going to make some videos and take pictures and upload them to the website I just finished making. I was going to get started on that today but then I remembered you’d be here so I had to put it off until after you leave.”

“I see. Well, that explains all the stuff you bought. Are you sure this is something you want to do, Kylee?”

“I have nothing left, Ma’am. If this fails then I’ll have to go into a home and you know how I feel about that.”

“I’ll tell you what. I’ve got some vacation time coming so this is what I’ll do. I’ll give you the loan to buy food on one condition.”

“Name it, Ma’am!” Kylee said with renewed excitement.

“To ensure you actually eat and are taking care of yourself I’m going to spend the entirety of my vacation here with you.”

Hearing her caregiver say she wanted to stay in the house for who knows how long was almost as bad as being told she was going into a home, Kyle froze and started hyperventilating. “I...you can’t...I don’t...please...”

“I’m sorry, Kylee, but you’re skin and bones and unless I’m here to make sure you eat and get healthy I’ll have no other choice but to report this and we both know what that means for your future. It’ll only be for a month and assuming you’re doing well I’ll be out of your hair.”

“O-Okay. Are you going to do porn with me?”

“No. Before you jump into porn may I make a suggestion?”

“Okay.”

“Might I suggest you eat and put a little weight back on? Don’t get me wrong, you’re a beautiful young woman, but in your current condition you look incredibly ill and that might not be conducive to making money.”

“I...yes Ma’am.”

“Great. Have you eaten this morning?”

“No Ma’am. All I have left is soup and I can’t eat soup for breakfast.”

Not true, but Megan knew how her ward was and offered no counter argument. “I’m going to go to the store and when I get back I’ll make you some breakfast. Okay.”

“Thank you Ma’am.”

“You know you can call me Megan, right?” it was something they had been over a million times before and she knew exactly what Kylee was going to say, but considering they would be temporary roommates she thought she’d bring it up once again.

“Yes Ma’am, but my parents taught me to respect people in authority and seeing as how you’re my caregiver I don’t feel comfortable calling you my your first name.”

“It’s okay, but it’s also not disrespectful to call someone by their name if they give you permission to do so. Do you understand what I’m saying, Kylee?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“Alright, I’m going to the store. I’ll be back as quickly as I can.”

“Thank you Ma’am.”

∞ ∞ ∞

It took Megan longer than she wanted to go grocery shopping, but she eventually returned to her ward’s house and half an hour later was cooking bacon, eggs and waffles while her young ward sat at the small table head down and fingers fidgeting as always.

“I’m sorry Ma’am.”

“For what?”

“For making you waste your vacation looking after me, Ma’am.”

“You didn’t make me do anything, Kylee. I could just as easily have written my report and let the courts decide your fate, but I like you and don’t want to see you go into a facility any more than you want to go into one. Can I ask what you did with the furniture from the spare bedroom?”

“It’s in the basement, Ma’am. Do you want me to bring it back up for you?”

“Why don’t we get some food in your belly and then we’ll work on it together?”

“Um, I don’t have anywhere else to put the clothes and toys and the furniture is already down there so do you mind if we make you a room down there, Ma’am?”

“Now that you mention it, that’s probably for the best. Especially if you’re planning on filming yourself all over the house.”

“Thank you Ma’am.”

“Speaking of which, can I ask you a personal question?”

“You may ask me whatever you like, Ma’am.”

“You don’t have to answer if you don’t want to, but have you used any of the toys you bought or are you still a virgin?”

“I’m still a virgin Ma’am.”

“I see.”

“I was going to use some of the toys when they were delivered, but then I thought it would make bring in more money if people actually saw me losing it on camera.”

“Which begs the question, how exactly are you going to draw people to your website?”

“I..I honestly don’t know Ma’am.”

“While I can’t say that I’m thrilled with the idea of you going into porn to make a living, I understand your need and will help however I can if you’ll accept it.”

“Thank you Ma’am. I’ll accept all the help I can get.”

“Then with your permission I’d like to make some social media pages to get your name and image out there. Is that something you’re comfortable with?”

“I..but all those people...”

“You’re going into porn now, Kylee, people are going to see you.”

“But I don’t have to talk to them.”

“Ah, I see. Well, I’ll do the talking for you and I’ll let everyone know you’re incredibly shy and introverted so you won’t be making frequent posts. My question now is, are you willing to take some pictures that I can post for everyone to see?”

“O-Okay.”

“Great. Then once you’re back to a healthy weight we’ll do that.”

“Thank you...M-Megan.”

“You’re quite welcome, Kylee.”