

Tomboy Maid

# Tomboy Maid

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Andy needs a job to pay her dads debts after he left her and her mom in the lurch, and the opportunity presents itself. A mysterious rich Master in a beautiful manor house is looking for a live-in maid, a well payed position. what she hadn't expected however was the nature of the work involved...



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## Tomboy Maid : Chapter 1

"So isâ this the place?" the house towered above her, tall, cream white and pleasant. Flowers grew along the borders of the terrace and the double front doors were fitted with stained glass windows. "Right" Andy sighed, and realised she was talking to herself again. Comes with being lonely she presumed. Picking up her suitcase she marched up to the front door and rang the bell. She caught sight of herself in the mirror, tall, pale, two amber brown eyes flashed back at her. Suddenly the door opened, and her mouth fell open in surprise. "Uh, hi" she mumbled. Facing her was a woman with dark skin and silk like black hair the fell around her shoulders in French curls, wearing a maids uniform cut in low at the bust with a see-through white blouse to hold modesty (not), her long legs flaunting black silk suspenders, the small white slip-ons the cream on the cake.

"Yes?" she smiled, her voice like a long, soothing drink, black as sin. Andy caught her staring at the woman's prominent smooth bust and blushed, staring at her feet. The maid placed a hand on the door frame. "fufufufufuâ cute" she giggled quietly

"Umâ I have aâ that is to say I was sent here?" Andy began nervously. S\*\*\* this was going terribly, why couldn't she just act like normal? "Forâ some kind of position?"

"Well, please come in" the maid ushered her inside and closed the door. The entrance hall was even more impressive than the front of the house; the towering ceiling boasted a beautifully crafted chandelier, a winding grand mahogany staircase climbed the left wall to the surrounding balcony off which Andy could see many doors she presumed lead to the rest of the house. Her footsteps echoed around the great space, and she became conscious of how alien she was to this upper class world "steady girl" she thought to herself "don't mess this up. You need this job"

"Now" Andy flinched at the touch of the maids hand on the back of her head, but she did not take it away. "Pleaseâ let me take your bag for you and I'll inform the master you are here, we have been expecting you" Andy let the woman take her bag "and you may call me Naira"

"Andy" Andy mumbled, clearing her throat as she followed Naira towards the stairs "this is a very beautiful house"

"Why I am sure the master will be pleased to hear that" Naira replied "yes, the entrance hall is quite something, though you should see the other rooms, the bedrooms for example" Andy had little time to think about what Naira had said before she spoke again "and you said your name was Andy? How pleasant, your name must be Andria?"

"Well yesâ !" Andy replied "but, um, I prefer Andy if that's OK"

"Sure" Naira suddenly leant over to her and whispered in her ear "tomboy huh? Sweetâ !" Naira's breathe tickled at Andy's cheek, and Andy felt a Chill run along her body, making her gasp, the smell of lavenderâ Naira must have been wearing lavender perfume she was sure of it. Damn it was goodâ !

Naira laughed darkly, and flashing another smile at Andy hurried on. She followed her onto the landing and through one of the doors, which lead up more stairs to a corridor lined with more doors. "These are the maid's dormitories, this is yoursâ !" Naira unlocked a door and opened it, inside was a simple but attractive oriental themed room. The floorboards were simple polished oak and the walls a mellow green, a paper lamp hung from the ceiling so when a light was switched it cast a dull warm light over the room. There was a bed in the corner with plenty of pillows and a cupboard and cream fluffy rug. Other than this the room was empty. "It's lovely" Andy said politely taking her bag from Naira "so I'm going to be a maid thenâ !"

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"Oh I hope so" Naira said mysteriously "though it might not be your normal kind of work, but the master likes it and in all honesty so do we, the maids."

"What kind of work is involved?" Andy asked suspiciously

"whatever the master asks" Naira smiled "he'll want to meet you, make sure to put the uniform on, it should be in the cupboard and come down at six" she licked her lips slightly "I'll look forward to it"

"Alright." Andy felt slightly hopeless. She needed this job to pay her dad's debts after he left her and her mom in the lurch without a word, whatever the requirements may be. Naira seemed a troublemaker, she wasn't a fool, she could see the way her eyes were hungrily tracing the form of her body. She began to wish she hadn't worn the sexy skin tight jeans that showed off her perfectly toned ass and long curved legs. At least her top was just a shirt over her favourite band T-shirt, but what the heck? It wasn't like she needed do anything about it, what harm would it do?

She ran her hand through her mess of short, dark brown hair and smiled at Naira, unaware of just how tempting she looked "So thank you for bringing my bag, you needn't have"

"Sure" Naira said again, taking a step forward "and as for a reward" she leant forward and caught Andy's lips off her guard. Andy gasped, after a moment her eye's flickered shut. Naira's lips were warm and soft they pressed against her own, wanting, taking. Their lips moved over one another's, and Andy found herself falling into it. "Mmm" Naira sighed, running her tongue over Andy's bottom lip as their kiss slowed; she pulled away, leaving Andy speechless. "It's good" She left the room and said as she shut the door behind her "I'll see you at six"

A stunned silence filled the room. Andy stumbled backwards and fell onto the bed, feeling as though her face was burning "what kind of place is this" she mumbled at the ceiling, talking to herself again. "And I promised myself I wouldn't do that, again with a girl." After a while she sat up and walked over to the cupboard and pulled out the uniform inside, a maid's uniform the same as Naira's "what am I getting myself into" she mumbled pulling off her clothes and pulling the thigh length gauze suspenders with black lace hem. "This is going to be one hell of a job"

-authors note! my first time ever doing this kinda thing so would really appreciate feedback/advice to do with storyline or certain scenes. thank you! next chapter - a, shall we say stressful meeting with Master! what better way to relax than a nice hot, steamy shower...

## Chapter 2: shower room

Andy nervously pulled at the front of her see through blouse, having never even bothered to wear a push up bra before. 'Just go with it' she reminded herself walking purposefully along the maids corridor, her slip-ons squeaked on the polished floor. She passed an open door, and caught a glimpse of a room much messier than her own with some band posters on the walls; it reminded her of her room back home. On the bed was a woman with shock white short hair wearing headphones, but she didn't get a second look as she hurried on. It was almost six. Quietly she made her way down the grand staircase, it had now grown dark outside and the only light seemed to come from an open door to the right of the staircase. Naira stood outside, at the sight of Andy she grinned, and pointed at the door. As Andy passed her she whispered in her ear "you look good enough to eat" Andy stared down at her body nervously before entering. It was fair to say she'd never worn something as sexy in her life. Her two supple cream white breasts were pushed forward temptingly and were clearly visible beneath the blouse, beneath was the bodice of the black maids outfit and a skirt that fell to just half way down her thigh, showing off a pair of curved legs clothed in flimsy gauze stockings held up by suspenders and trimmed in black lace, and of course, the little white slip-ons. To complete the picture was a black ribbon pinned to her sexy mess of dawn brown curls that fell only past her ears.

"Does the master have a maid fetish or something?" she thought to herself as she wondered into the room. What she wouldn't give to be in a pair of comfortable jeans and a T-shirt right now, but she had to stay focused. The room was large, and painted a deep scarlet. A Persian rug covered the floor and a polished wooden desk stood to one side, opposite it was a great fireplace with a roaring blaze within that provided the light and warmth of the room. There were various painting on the walls, and directly in front of her was an arm chair, and in it a man with steel grey eyes that seemed to pierce into her. Andy shivered under the gentleman's gaze, and wondered if this perhaps was her 'master'

"Hello, Andria was it?" said the man invitingly "welcome, Naira had informed me of you lodgings and I see. His eyes cast over her curves with an obvious pleasure "the uniform is suitable. If you wouldn't mind I have a couple of questions and then also a small test?" Andy nodded, and the man smiled unpleasantly at her "my name is Mr Johnathan Cross but you must, call me master. Would you please tell me just how much you need this job, Andria?"

"What?" Andy said, taken aback, she had not expected this. Behind her she sensed Naira come in and heard her close the door. She was almost certain she also heard the turn of a key in the lock.

"Don't worry, please be honest" Mr Cross continued, his voice smooth as silk "I can see you are a submissive type. Despite the tomboy-ish appearance" he said with a low chuckle.

"I am not" said Andy, not sure what to think of this. She suspected what it might be Mr Cross was really after, but tried not to show it "I, well I do need it"

"And would you be happy to fulfil whatever it was your master asked?" Mr Cross got to his feet, undoing the cuff on his shirt, and Andy began to feel a presence of danger fill the room. There was also a rush that accompanied it, but this she had to ignore.

"I am well I suppose" suddenly a hand wrapped around her waist from behind and held her, Naira.

"Hey, let go!" Andy said, panicky, struggling against Naira's surprisingly strong grip.

"Miss Andria, if you continue to resist you will be dismissed immediately. This is your test" said Mr Cross darkly; approaching Andy he began to unlace the opening of the bodice. And pulled at the blouse which easily

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slipped down so her soft cream white breasts stood shivering in the firelight supported by a black lacy bra. Andy whimpered as his hand over them, still struggling slightly against Naira's hold. "Now, now, what's all the fuss? Little kitten!" Andy's blood rushed to her ears, the caressing touch stimulating a pulse that burned and shivered through her. What was this? But she needed this job so desperately, she could stop this, if things got? Naira pressed her lips on Andy's neck, her touched burned and Andy's lips passed a thin moan, as Naira pulled at the back of the bodice and undid her bra straps gently and pulled it away.

Andy was painfully aware now of her breasts being completely exposed, and she whimpered again as humiliation rose to her cheeks, Naira placing fluttering kisses along the back of her neck and holding her firmly, she could barely resist against her. Mr Cross smiled at this sight and murmured, drinking in the cute look of stimulated pleasure mingled with embarrassment on Andy's face, which was deliciously innocent. The boobs were defiantly something though; a bit larger than he'd expected which suited him just fine, fine tight pink tips complementing the smooth silkiness.

He reached down and massaged her boobs, squeezing them, toying with her as she gasped and shuddered. Already this cruel playtime had forced her weak at the knees; she trembled and blushed as the teasing made her grow wet. Mr Cross flicked and pinched the nipples, enjoying himself all too evidently; she's lost the resolve to deny him. Yes, she would be perfect; he wanted to see how she'd develop though before he took his little game with the cute kitten any further. "Tell me, what is it you will call me from now on, little kitten?" he asked, his breathe ragged.

"Master!" Andy murmured as Naira ran her hand over Andy's quivering thigh.

"Good, good girl!" he said soothingly, as Naira brought her to her feet properly once more. "You might say that was a test of obedience. You needn't feel bad, you'll learn to enjoy this kind of work" Andy shivered as the thrill of pleasure still trembled in her.

"Yes!" she found herself saying, fearful and confused. Mr Cross regarded her coolly, pleased with his find. With the right training this one could even become a little aggressive.

"You'll receive the correct salary for your time here of course, Miss Andy" her Master said firmly. "Regular maid work is of course included, but for now I think you should retire" he nodded to Naira, who guided a dazed Andy to the door, unlocking it for her.

"head back upstairs, and there's a door immediately to your left that leads straight to the showers that should help you cool off" she said, and entered back into the study shutting the door behind her. Andy wearily began to climb the stairs, pulling the open front of her clothes around her a little. Her crotch felt tense and wet and her chest even tighter, just remembering how Naira had touched her sent a chill to her fingertips, she'd been left hopeless. She wasn't entirely innocent but it was the first time she'd been exposed to something that sensual, her heartbeat fluttered against her chest. If this was the kind of job she was signing up for she didn't know what she should do. She was good as a prostitute, but what other choice did she have?

Downstairs, Naira turned to face the master "what do you think?" she asked.

"Good, nice body, I think I'll enjoy playing with her" he replied gazing into the fire, enjoying the lingering trace of excitement "innocent!"

"Yes!" said Naira, biting her lip "sweet tasting!"

The master smiled at Naira "bad girl, been playing dirty have we?" his eyes flashed "I wouldn't expect less from you"

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"what can I say, too good to resist" Naira shrugged, smiling provokingly "I love sweet things, like tomboys without their bite"

"Yet" The master smiled "the kitten will grow to be a tigress. Shall I let you play with her?"

"Please Master" said Naira "let me have herâ " "

"Alright. Be good girls now and don't play to rough" said Mr Cross darkly

"Yes masterâ " Naira left him by the fire and with a quick smile left the room. She tiptoed up the stairs and was about to go on to the maids dormitories before pausing by the doors to the showers. Listening she could hear the water running and thought maybe it wasn't really fair of master to tease Andy, and besides, she wanted to playâ " she silently pushed open the door and entered. The first shower was running, she let her eyes run over the gorgeous curves of Andy who had her back to her and hadn't noticed her come in. The silky nape of her neck ran down to her back, her perfect rounded ass and the smooth legs that glistened in the hot water that was beginning to steam the showers glass walls. Her maid's uniform lay on a chair to one side. Desire burned in Naira at the sight of Andy's naked body, she could only imagine what she wanted to do to her.

She carefully slipped off her uniform, stockings and shoes and underwear, and crept into the shower and put a hand over Andy's mouth who gasped but recognised a lingering smell of lavender, and turned to face Naira quickly, blushing furiously and trying to cover what she could of her body. "Nâ "Naira, what are youâ " but she didn't get to say anymore as Naira leaned forward and kissed her again, this time more sensuous and tempting, sweet and moist, before drawing back, her eyes glazed with lust as she put a hand on each side of Andy's head.

"Oh, it's goodâ " she murmured, leaning closer. Andy felt a rush of passion fill her ears and felt slightly overwhelmed but stillâ "so tempted. The smell of lavender was laced into Naira's hair, the scent and Naira's incredible sexy body pushed against her own was titillating, and she gave into it. She kissed Naira, and let herself be a little forceful, Naira groaning slightly as Andy pushed her tongue past her lips, and their bodies were soaked from the hot water and steam condensed against the windows. "Ahâ "hh..Andyâ " Andy leant against the glass, letting the kiss burn into her. Naira slid her hands down as the tables reversed, and Andy gasped as she touched a nipple, playing with it and cupping and groping the breast in her hands

"Nairaâ " she whimpered, running her hands though her long, silky hair. Naira kissed her neck, and let her lips trail down, Andy felt as she pressed her soft lips on her tit and suckled on it, holding Andy to her. "Ah..ahhh.." she gasped, quivering as Naira caressed the swollen bud with her tongue "pâ "pleaseâ " Naira leaned over and kissed the other stiff tip, stoking Andy's leg, touching her ass.

"So cuteâ " she murmured "does it feel good? My Andyâ " her hand slid between Andy's legs.

"ah! nâ "ahâ " Andy moaned, Naira holding her upright. She was so cruelâ "why it was she couldn't resist her "pleaâ "please, waiâ " Naira ran her long fingers across Andy's wet slit, touching her gently,

"mmmâ " she murmured, staring up at Andy's cute, pink face, her eyes shining with tears with the intensity "shall I?" without waiting for an answer, she crouched and slowly ran her tongue along Andy's warm wet opening. Andy gasped and mewed as she felt Naira's tongue slide between her entrance, probing, pushing deeper.

"mmmâ "ahâ " she gasped, leaning against the wall as Naira held her sexy ass in both hands and pulled her towards her "ahhhâ "Nairaâ " she felt her hips go numb and cried out as her climax rose and shuddered

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violently as she came, Naira delicately licking her honey. She collapsed on the floor as Naira released her, and leaning over her kissed her again, her lips wet.

"Mmm, you taste so goodâ!" she murmured, lying over her. "I want you more"

"I can't" Andy whispered "Iâ!"

"shhâ!" Naira coaxed, gently touching Andy's body "soon" silence draped the bathroom but for the running of the shower and the women's panting breathe, steam clouding the windows.



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