

Training Krista

Crimson Rose

~ ~ ~

Training Krista

Copyright© 2020 by **Crimson Rose**. 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](#)

When Krista got a call to meet with the Davenports about a potential babysitting job the ecstatic nineteen year old could not believe her luck. Having taken a year off after high school to take a break and enjoy life before heading off to college, she made a website and posted flyers all over town to get her name out to anyone looking for a smart, reliable young woman to look after their children. In a matter of days she got her first gig and at a hundred dollars per night plus her normal rate of fifteen an hour it was great money for her first foray into the business outside of watching her younger siblings and the kids of friends and relatives. Unfortunately, it only lasted two weeks and it took her another month after that to find something steady.

In their early thirties, Maria and Marcus Davenport were one of the wealthiest couples in Clearview thanks in part to quickly selling their internet business for a huge profit and then investing that money wisely. Retired, they spend most of their time travelling the world. Or at least they did before their first child Jonas was born. A year and a half later he became brother to Laura and two years after that they welcomed Olivia to the family and now, five months after their third child was born they discovered they were pregnant with a fourth. Wanting to get a bit more travel in before settling down, they decided to hire a live-in babysitter while they spent the next six months travelling the globe.

Hearing about Krista through a friend of a friend who had used her services multiple times, Maria gave the young woman a call and after a nearly three hour conversation was convinced she was the right woman for the job. But talking over the phone and meeting in person were two very different things and Maria wanted to do the latter before making any final decisions. Krista wholeheartedly agreed and the date was set.

Despite only being scheduled to stay the night – something many parents suggested and she eagerly accepted, Krista packed as if she were staying for the whole six months if only to save her having to go home and pack everything up with kids in tow or asking a friend or family member to pack for her. After a light lunch and a quick shower she dressed casually, grabbed her purse and portfolio which contained everything from her resume and testimonials, to letters of recommendation and contact information for a number of references, and then headed out the door.

An hour later, eight minutes ahead of schedule thanks to lighter than normal traffic she arrived at the Davenport estate located in the upscale Brentmoor neighborhood. Pulling into the driveway, Krista drove nearly three hundred yards before slowing to a stop in front of one of the large iron gates keeping the Davenport estate locked away from the world. She heard a woman's voice telling her no soliciting and rolled down the window to respond.

"Excuse me, hello? My name is Krista Williams and I have a five o'clock appointment with Mister and Missus Davenport about a babysitting job." The silence stretched on so long she thought she was being ignored but it was finally broken a full two minutes later."

"Apologies for the wait but I had to confirm your claim with Missus Davenport," the woman said over the intercom. "Please follow the driveway to the house and park on the left."

"Yes Ma'am." The gate slid open and Krista drove forward. The straight driveway curved to the right. The treeline broke allowing her to look at the palatial twenty-six thousand square foot brick mansion with seven car attached garages for the first time and all she could do was shake her head. But that was not the only structure on the eighty-four acre estate and even the smallest of them dwarfed the largest house she had personally ever seen. Following the driveway to a huge turnaround she parked on the left as instructed and as she got out of her car

wondered why the hell people so rich would call her to watch their kids for six months. Before her knuckles could hit the heavy oak door it swung open and she was greeted by a gorgeous platinum blonde wearing a form-fitting light grey dress that left very little to the imagination.

"Please come in," the woman greeted Krista. "The Davenports will be with you shortly."

"Thank you. May I ask your name?"

"I'm Fiona and I'm the head maid of Shadyvale."

"Shadyvale?"

"That is the name the Davenports have given their estate."

Recalling the vast amount of forested area it made sense to the nervous babysitter. Eyes going from the stunning woman standing in front of her to the furniture spread around the massive living room to the artwork hanging on the walls she expected overly lavish decorations and was pleasantly surprised that it was not. "I have to say this place is a bit intimidating."

"It can be but you'll get used to it. If you'd like to take a seat I'll let the Davenports know you're here. In the meantime may I offer you a drink?"

"No thank you." Giving Fiona a half-smile, Krista walked thirty-odd feet to the nearest couch and sat down with the folder containing her portfolio on her lap. Letting her eyes wander, she took in the twin staircases spiraling up to the second floor and wondered how many rooms the place had and then immediately went into speculating what they might be and what she would have in such a place could she ever be able to afford one.

Leading the charge was a young boy wearing khaki shorts and polo shirt. He was followed by an even younger girl wearing a cute little purple dress. Following them, their mother Maria carried five month old Olivia. As if they had known her all their lives Jonas and Laura ran up to Krista. Instinct taking over, the babysitter-to-be sat her portfolio on the couch and welcomed a running hug from the two older children while their parents and the head maid watched from across the room. "Hello there. What are your names?"

"Jonas," the boy replied.

"I-I'm Laura," the girl answered with a nervousness that belied her seemingly outgoing personality.

"Who are you?" Jonas Asked.

"I'm Krista."

"I can count to a hundred!" Jonas exclaimed. "Onetwothreefourfivesixseven," he said about a million miles an hour before being cut off by his mother.

"That's good, Jonas, but remember to count slowly so people can understand what you're saying."

"Sorry mom," the young boy apologized.

"It's okay. Why don't you and Laura go play while I talk with your new babysitter?"

Taking his younger sister by the hand Jonas pulled the girl behind him. Fiona followed and a moment later the Davenports approached the area where Krista was sitting who got up to greet them properly. Introductions were made. Hands were shook. Though she tried, Krista was unable to prevent herself from staring at her potential new bosses. Thirty-four year old Marcus was a handsome well-built man with jet black hair and neatly trimmed goatee wearing a tailored grey suit while his thirty-two year old wife wore a tight burgundy dress with slits all the way to the hips on either side. But it was her deep purple hair that faded to white at the tips that drew Krista's focus.

Maria took and scanned through Krista's portfolio but she already knew everything she needed to hire the young woman on the spot. "I'm sure you're probably wondering why we've

called you to take care of our kids for the next six months,” she said, dropping the folder on the coffee table. “Do you remember a client named Sasha Morehouse and her daughter Jennifer?”

“I do.”

“The Morehouse’s are close friends and when we told them we were thinking about taking an extended vacation they could not recommend you enough. We’ve already done all the relevant background checks so you’re hired.”

“Thank you, but what about the test night?”

“Oh, you’re still going to stay the night,” Marcus answered “but we saw enough with your brief interaction with Jonas and Laura to know they’re in good hands.”

“May I ask why you need a babysitter when you have live-in staff?”

“Our staff are specialized in their fields. None of which include taking care of small children,” Maria answered. “They also have their own duties to tend to and we prefer to have someone with experience to fully focus on the kids.”

“Fair enough. What can you tell me about them? Any allergies or other things I need to be aware of?”

“No allergies. They’re picky eaters but Damien knows what they like so you won’t have to worry about that. Once you meet everyone you can tell him what you like and he’ll gladly make it for you.”

“I take it Damien is your chef?”

“Correct. Along with him and Fiona there are nine others you’ll see roaming about the place.”

“Honey, why don’t we give her the tour and then show her to her room so she can go pack a few things for her stay?” Marcus suggested.

“Actually, I found it easier on everyone to pack ahead of time so I brought everything with me,” Krista replied. “But I’d love a tour of your beautiful home.”

“Of course,” Marcus said as he made no attempt to hide the fact that he was totally checking her out. “Not to get too far ahead of ourselves, but if everything goes well we might consider you for a full-time nanny position.”

“I appreciate that but I’ll be starting college in the fall.”

“Good to know. On top of a very generous salary and benefits we also offer tuition reimbursement.”

“Honey, stop staring, you’re making her uncomfortable,” Maria said as she hooked an arm in Krista’s. “Come on dear, why don’t I give you the tour while my husband cools off?”

“Thanks, but to be perfectly honest I’m not the least bit uncomfortable or shy for that matter.”

“You already have the job, sweetie, no need to suck up now.”

“I’m not sucking up, Ma’am. Ask anyone that knows me, I’m a firm believer in if you’ve got it flaunt it.”

“Well, Krista, you certainly have it so prove yourself an honest woman and flaunt it,” Marcus grinned.

“Marcus!”

“What? She’s the one that said it. I’m just testing her honesty.”

“This isn’t something I ever do during interviews but if neither of you mind I’d be more than happy to prove I’m worth every word that comes out of my mouth.”

“Alright,” Maria said “Prove it.”

While far from the norm, Krista genuinely hated wearing clothes so wasted no time in unbuttoning her blouse. Pulling it off, she draped it over the arm of the couch. Her bra was followed by skirt and panties leaving her standing there in nothing but heels. “Want me to take the heels off too?”

“Leave them on,” Marcus answered. “Not going to lie, Krista, I just thought of about a hundred things I’d like to do to you.”

“Only a hundred?” Krista teased.

“Are you hitting on my husband?” Maria asked with an accusatory tone. Seeing the look on Krista’s face go from supreme confidence to unsure worry, she smiled and then broke out laughing. “Calm down, you have nothing to worry about. Full disclosure, Marcus and I are in an open relationship and we both love women. Not that you’re obligated to do anything with us to keep the job, but should you be so inclined neither of us would complain. “I believe we agreed on two hundred dollars a day for one hundred and eighty days. How would you like to add another hundred dollars a day to that?”

Krista may have been young but she was far from stupid. She knew there was no such thing as free money and wanted to know the specifics before agreeing to anything. “And what would I have to do to earn it?”

“Like I said, Marcus and I are in an open relationship. I’ll be blunt Krista. Marcus and I want to have sex with you. But that’s not all. Once the kids are down for the night I’d like to spend the rest of it having sex with you. If you do we’ll add a hundred dollars a day to your pay.”

“Make it no limits and I’ll double that,” Marcus said.

“What do you mean?”

“No limits means just that. For the rest of the night you’ll have exactly zero limits or inhibitions. If we suggest it, you’ll do it without question. If you do that I’ll double the three-fifty an hour to seven hundred.

“I’ve only had one boyfriend and the kinkiest thing I’ve ever done was anal,” Krista confessed.

“Think about it while we show you around,” Maria said. “Oh, and before you answer you should know we have some pretty kinky friends that are definitely going to want to play with you. Let them and we’ll add ten thousand dollars per person per session. Anyways, follow me and I’ll show you your new home for the next six months.”