

The story of a maid

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1 - how it all starts

The story of a maid

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A/N This is my story and my characters not yours so don't use them they are MINE

This story starts with a maid doing her daily job When a man, more of a boy came up to her and asked "Can I get a room here, nothing too much just something that I can get a good nights sleep." The maid thought that it was the funniest thing that he would be coming up to the maid and asking for a room. "Sorry sir I just clean the room, I can show you to the secretary." The maid walked the man down to the secretary and said "Lilly, this man wants a room" And with that she left

This maid was not that tall but she was not short. She had dark skin with short black hair that was held in a ponytail with just the bangs falling at the sides of her eyes. Her eyes were dark brown and if you could get her mad enough then her eyes would look almost black. She had a clam spirit and it would take a lot to make her mad. She looked fit and strong, she was vary thin but not that she looked starved. She was somewhat of a happy person but if you looked hard you could see that she was not that happy. This maid happy or not happy was named Mia.

"Mia, you have the first floor, rooms 10-25" Said Mia's friend Sarah "Yea I know" Mia said. Well for Mia this was just another day and she went to work as always. She would knock on the door and say "room services" But for the first time in a long time something different happen as she was making her rounds She had just knocked on room 15 and said "room services" When the boy she saw for the morning answer the door and said "Oh how can I help you

This is form Mia's Pont of view

"Hello " I said lamely and then walked in it was funny looking at this boy but he was in teens and from the looks of it he was trying to be a fighter. He looked like he though that he could make it but I guess that he will only last a month or two at most he most likely wants some girl to think that he is strong so that when he comes back he can go up to her father and say that he is a fighter and as for the girl's hand in marriage. I know the type a little to well for my liking then in a low voce that I know that was not his he asked, " Do you know if there is a dojo that I can train here?"

Its so funny that he think that he is a man a bet that his town is just a little ways a way from here and he will back home in less then a week. They are all the same glad that I gave up men a long time ago not saying that I like girls but they all think that we will just drop at there feet when they come home form there week long fighting its the saddest things that is in this world. "No sorry" I said "But I can show to a good trainer if you want"

