The Amish Girl at Wesrhaven

by Brent Clark Palmer

Vulpes Parvaes, Book 10; The Chariot, Book 14

Chapter 1: Arrival and Lobby Disrobing

The glass doors of the Westhaven Women’s College Health Clinic sighed open with a whisper of conditioned air, carrying the faint, sharp tang of antiseptic and the low hum of fluorescent lights. Paige Miller stepped through them at precisely ten o’clock on a bright September morning, her heart hammering so hard she could feel it in her throat. At nineteen she was tiny—barely five feet tall, with a delicate, almost childlike build that made her feel even smaller in the wide, sunlit lobby. Her dark hair was pinned neatly beneath the white organdy prayer cap that marked her as Amish, the fabric crisp and unadorned. The plain, ankle-length dress she had stitched herself in the quiet of her family’s Pennsylvania farmhouse fell in modest folds around her narrow hips and slender legs. Practical black boots laced tight to her calves completed the picture of a girl who had never once ventured alone into the English world until this day.

She clutched the folded acceptance letter from Westhaven like a talisman. The scholarship had been a miracle—months of prayerful debate at home, her father’s furrowed brow, her mother’s quiet tears, her brothers’ skeptical silence. *A women’s college,* they had finally agreed. *Safe enough. God will watch over you.* Yet here she was, alone for the first time in her life, required to complete this “standard gastrointestinal screening” before classes could begin. Paige had never seen a doctor outside the community midwife. She had never bared more than her wrists or ankles in front of anyone. The thought of what lay ahead made her stomach twist with a mix of dread and something else—something warm and unfamiliar that she refused to name.

The lobby was alive with the ordinary rhythm of a busy college clinic. A dozen or so young women—students and staff—moved about with the easy confidence of those who belonged here. Two sophomores in matching Westhaven hoodies sat flipping through glossy magazines on the cushioned benches, laughing softly about last night’s dorm party. A tall, athletic blonde junior in a lab coat—her name tag reading *Roberta Ellis, Peer Tutor*—stood at the end of the reception counter reviewing a clipboard, her long ponytail swaying as she nodded to something on the page. Behind the wide oak desk, Ms. Landry, the middle-aged

receptionist with a tight gray bun and wire-rimmed glasses, typed steadily at her computer. A few other patients waited in the chairs: a senior with a sprained wrist, a freshman nervously tapping her foot, all of them clothed, all of them absorbed in their own small worlds.

Paige approached the desk, boots clicking softly on the polished tile. Her voice, when it came, carried the gentle rolling cadence of her people.

“Paige Miller, ma’am. Ten o’clock for the… gastrointestinal consultation. It’s required for incoming scholarship students.”

Ms. Landry glanced up, her smile polite and utterly routine, the kind of smile given to every girl who walked through these doors. “Paige Miller—yes, I see you right here. First-time screening, perfect. We’ll get you started immediately.” She reached beneath the counter and slid a small metal bin toward Paige, its lid already open like an expectant mouth. “Standard protocol for accurate diagnostics, especially for new students. Please remove all your clothing right here—everything, including undergarments, prayer cap, boots, the works. Fold them neatly and place them in the bin. Then step onto the platform over there for the initial visual assessment.”

Paige froze. The words landed like stones in still water. “Here?” Her wide hazel eyes darted around the lobby. “In the lobby? With… everyone?”

Ms. Landry didn’t even blink. “Of course, dear. It’s the usual procedure. Immediate access for the prep phase. No need for a separate room—saves time and keeps everything efficient.” She tapped the bin once, as if the matter were already settled, and returned her gaze to the computer screen. “We do this for every incoming scholarship student with your profile. Nothing to fuss over.”

Paige’s cheeks flooded with heat, a deep, burning pink that spread down her neck. *This cannot be right.* Her mind reeled back to the rolling hills of home: the simple wooden houses, the long skirts that brushed the ground, the unspoken rule that a woman’s body was never to be seen by anyone but her husband, and only after marriage. Mirrors were rare; bathing was done quickly in dim lamplight. Even her own sisters had never seen her fully undressed. And now this—stripping bare in front of strangers, all of them women, yes, but still strangers, still *English*, still clothed and casual while she would stand exposed like a specimen on display.

Yet the scholarship letter had been crystal clear: complete every required health screening or forfeit your place. Her family’s reluctant pride hung in the balance—the prayers they had offered, the way her father had placed his heavy hand on her shoulder and said, “Go with God, daughter. Make us proud.” She could not go home now. She could not disappoint them.

Beneath the shame, something else stirred. A traitor warmth bloomed low in her belly, a tingling that tightened her small, pert breasts beneath the coarse cotton of her dress. Her nipples stiffened against the fabric, and a strange, secret ache pulsed between her thighs— unfamiliar, alarming, and impossibly exciting. *Why does this feel… like this?* she wondered, horrified at her body’s betrayal. She had never felt anything like it before. Not once in her sheltered nineteen years.

“Paige?” Ms. Landry prompted gently, still typing. “We don’t want to delay the schedule. Clothes off, please.”

Swallowing hard, Paige nodded. Her fingers, small and trembling, rose first to the pins securing her prayer cap. One by one she removed them, setting the white organdy aside in the bin. Her dark hair tumbled free in soft, shining waves to her shoulders, the first time it had been uncovered in public since she was a little girl. The dress came next. She unbuttoned it slowly, each button a small act of surrender, until the plain muslin slipped from her shoulders and pooled at her feet. Beneath it she wore only a simple cotton slip. She lifted that over her head, exposing the unadorned white bra and panties she had sewn herself—practical, modest, the last fragile shields of her innocence.

The lobby continued its indifferent rhythm. The two sophomores in hoodies turned a page in their magazine and murmured about weekend plans. Roberta Ellis, the tall blonde peer tutor, glanced briefly at her clipboard, made a note, and continued her conversation with a nurse who had stepped up to the counter. No one stared. No one whispered. It was as though Paige's disrobing were no more remarkable than someone checking their phone.

She reached behind her back and unhooked the bra. The straps slid down her arms, and her small breasts sprang free—high and firm, the pale pink nipples already tight and pebbled in the cool clinic air. A soft gasp escaped her as the fabric left her skin. Then her thumbs hooked into the waistband of her panties. She slid them down her slender legs, stepping out of them with awkward grace. The cool air kissed her most private places: the faint, dark curls that covered her mound, the smooth pale skin of her inner thighs, the delicate folds that were already growing slick with a shameful, traitorous moisture.

Paige folded each garment with the precise, Amish care she had been taught since childhood —dress, slip, bra, panties, prayer cap, boots—placing them neatly into the bin. Her hands twitched at her sides, instinct screaming at her to cover her breasts, to shield the soft triangle between her legs. But Ms. Landry's earlier words echoed: *Hands at your sides, please.*

"Very good," the receptionist said without looking up, closing the bin with a quiet click. "Now step onto the platform in the corner. It's elevated for better visibility during the initial assessment. Arms at your sides, feet shoulder-width apart, and stand naturally. Dr. Harlan will be with you shortly."

Paige turned. There it was: a low, circular platform, no more than a foot high, bathed in soft overhead lighting that made every inch of her feel spotlighted. Her bare feet padded across the cool tile, each step sending a fresh ripple of awareness through her body. The air moved against her naked skin like a caress—raising goosebumps along her arms, her belly, the undersides of her breasts. Her nipples tightened further, almost painfully. Between her thighs, the ache deepened; a single, slow bead of slickness traced down her inner thigh before she could stop it.

She climbed onto the platform. The surface was smooth and slightly chilled beneath her soles. She positioned herself as instructed: arms rigid at her sides, feet apart, petite frame fully exposed under the lights. Her small breasts rose and fell with each shallow breath. The dark curls at the apex of her thighs did nothing to hide the subtle glistening that had begun to form. Her clit—small, hidden, untouched by anyone including herself—throbbed with a steady, insistent pulse she had no name for.

They can all see me. Every part of me. The thought should have made her want to sink through the floor. Instead it sent another wave of heat rolling through her core, tightening everything low in her belly. Her mind spun with guilt—*This is sin. This is immodest. What would Dat say? What would Mamm think?*—but her body answered with a traitor's honesty. The cool air on her bare folds felt electric. The indifferent eyes of the women around her— none of them lingering, none of them shocked—somehow made the exposure sharper, more intimate, more unbearably arousing.

Across the lobby, one of the sophomores glanced up, met Paige's eyes for half a second, and offered a small, polite nod—the same nod she might give any other new student—before returning to her magazine. Roberta Ellis looked over once, her calm blue gaze sweeping across Paige's naked form with professional detachment, then went back to her clipboard as though reviewing nothing more interesting than a lab schedule. A nurse passing through the lobby with a tray of supplies smiled faintly and said, "New student? You're doing great, honey," in the same tone she might use to comment on the weather.

Paige stood there, five feet of trembling, bare innocence, the only naked woman in a room full of clothed ones. Her heart thundered. Her skin prickled. The slickness between her thighs grew warmer, more insistent. She fought the urge to press her legs together, to hide the evidence of her body's awakening, but the instructions were clear: stand naturally. So she stood—petite, pale, exposed—while the clinic carried on around her exactly as it always did.

The overhead lights hummed softly. A printer whirred behind the desk. Someone laughed quietly at a joke. And Paige Miller, sheltered Amish girl turned scholarship student, felt the first true crack in the armor of her modesty as something deep inside her stirred, stretched, and began—against every teaching she had ever known—to hunger for more.

She remained on the platform, arms at her sides, breath shallow, body alive with a fire she had no words for, waiting for whatever came next in this strange new world of Westhaven Women's College.

Chapter 2: Positioning and Initial Inspection

Paige’s bare feet made soft, vulnerable sounds against the cool tile as she stepped down from the elevated platform. The lobby’s indifferent rhythm continued without pause—the sophomores still laughing over their magazine, Roberta Ellis making another note on her clipboard, Ms. Landry already answering the phone with the same pleasant, unbothered tone she had used moments earlier. No one commented on the naked nineteen-year-old Amish girl now walking through their midst. It was as though her complete exposure had already become part of the ordinary scenery of Westhaven Women’s College Health Clinic.

“Follow me, dear,” Ms. Landry said, rising from behind the desk with a clipboard in hand. She didn’t glance at Paige’s body; her eyes stayed on the paper. “Exam room three. Dr. Harlan is ready for you. Keep your posture straight, arms at your sides—no covering, please. Standard protocol.”

Paige nodded, unable to speak. Her small breasts rose and fell with each shallow breath, the pale pink nipples still tightly pebbled from the lobby air. Between her thighs, the slickness she had felt on the platform had grown warmer, more insistent; a single slow trail of moisture had already escaped and was tracing down the inside of her left leg. She wanted desperately to wipe it away, to press her thighs together, to hide the evidence of her body’s treason. Instead she walked, five feet of trembling bare skin, past the waiting women and down a short, brightly lit hallway lined with open doors. A nurse in scrubs glanced up from a chart as they passed and offered a quick, professional smile. “New student? You’re doing fine.” The words were kind, casual, and utterly devastating in their normalcy.

Exam room three was small and sterile, exactly as one would expect at a women’s college clinic: pale blue walls, a padded exam table covered in crisp white paper, a rolling tray of gleaming instruments, and a large adjustable lamp hanging from the ceiling. The air smelled of antiseptic and faint lavender hand soap. A window high on the far wall let in slanted morning light, but the blinds were half-drawn, keeping the room private yet still open to the hallway’s distant sounds—footsteps, a printer humming, two staff members chatting about the upcoming freshman orientation mixer.

Dr. Elena Harlan stood beside the table, pulling on a pair of pale blue nitrile gloves with a soft snap. She was in her early fifties, silver threading through her dark bob, her white coat crisp over a simple blouse. Her expression was calm and focused, the face of a woman who had performed this exact routine hundreds of times. Beside her, Nurse Olivia Carter—a cheerful brunette in her late twenties—arranged a tray of supplies, humming softly under her breath. Both women were fully clothed, professional, and completely at ease.

“Hello, Paige,” Dr. Harlan said, her voice warm but businesslike. “I’m Dr. Elena Harlan, and this is Nurse Olivia Carter. We’ll be handling your gastrointestinal screening today. It’s standard for all incoming scholarship students to ensure accurate baseline diagnostics. Please have a seat on the table.”

Paige’s legs felt unsteady as she climbed up. The paper crinkled loudly beneath her bare bottom, the sound embarrassingly intimate in the quiet room. She sat with her knees pressed tightly together, hands gripping the edge of the table, her dark hair falling forward over one shoulder in a futile attempt to shield her small breasts.

Dr. Harlan consulted the clipboard. “We’ll begin with positioning for the visual and abdominal inspection. Lie back, please. Then bring your knees up and apart—feet flat on the table, heels close to your buttocks. We need full access for the external assessment.”

Paige’s breath caught. *Knees apart.* The words echoed in her head like a church bell tolling something forbidden. Back home, even sitting with her legs uncrossed in private had felt daring. Now she was being asked—no, instructed—to open herself completely to two strangers who acted as though this were no different from checking a blood pressure cuff.

She lay back slowly. The paper stuck to her damp skin. Her small breasts settled against her chest, nipples pointing toward the ceiling. Then, with trembling thighs, she drew her knees upward and let them fall open. The position spread her wide—obscenely wide, she thought— exposing the soft, pale folds of her most private place to the cool air and the clinical lights. Her dark curls, sparse and neatly trimmed by nature rather than choice, framed the delicate pink slit that was already glistening with arousal she could no longer pretend wasn’t there. Her clit, small and hooded, throbbed visibly in the bright light.

Nurse Carter adjusted the overhead lamp, angling it downward so the beam bathed Paige’s open sex in unforgiving clarity. “Perfect,” she said, voice light. “Just like that, Paige. Relax your legs as much as you can. We see this every day—nothing to be embarrassed about.”

Dr. Harlan stepped between Paige’s spread knees, her gloved hands gentle but impersonal as they rested on the insides of the girl’s thighs, pressing them a fraction wider. “We’ll start with visual inspection of the external genitalia and lower abdomen,” she explained, as if reciting from a textbook. “Then light palpation. Paige, we need continuous verbal feedback from you. Describe any sensations you’re feeling—tingling, warmth, pressure, moisture—exactly as they happen. It’s required for the diagnostic record.”

Paige’s face burned hotter than the Pennsylvania sun in July. Her voice came out small and trembling, carrying the soft cadence of her Amish upbringing. “It… it

feels cold. Down there. The air is… touching everything."

"Very good," Dr. Harlan said, leaning closer. Her eyes moved clinically over Paige's exposed folds, noting the subtle sheen of wetness that had begun to coat her inner lips. "Continue."

Paige swallowed hard. "There's… a tingling. Like little sparks. Especially… on my… my clitoris." The word felt sinful on her tongue; she had only ever heard it whispered once in a biology class back in the community school, and never spoken aloud. Saying it now, while two fully clothed women studied the very place she named, sent a fresh pulse of heat through her core. Her clit twitched visibly under their gaze.

Nurse Carter jotted notes on her clipboard, smiling as though they were discussing the weather. "Tingling on the clitoris—excellent data. That's a very common autonomic response in first-time screenings. Oh, Dr. Harlan, did you hear about the new orientation mixer this Friday? They're doing it in the quad with live music from the a cappella group."

Dr. Harlan's fingers began a slow, methodical palpation of Paige's lower abdomen, pressing gently just above the dark curls. "I did. Should be nice—weather looks perfect. Paige, any increase in moisture or internal warmth?"

The casual conversation about campus life while Dr. Harlan's fingertips brushed the sensitive skin just above Paige's mound made the girl's head spin. Her voice cracked. "Yes… it's getting wetter. I can feel it… dripping. It's warm inside, like something is… pulsing."

"Perfectly normal," Nurse Carter said breezily, still writing. "The exposure stimulates the nerve endings. We see stronger responses in scholarship students sometimes—especially the ones from more sheltered backgrounds. Keeps the data interesting for the health sciences department." She turned back to the doctor. "Anyway, I told Sarah from admissions she should bring that peach cobbler she makes. Remember last year?"

Paige's mind reeled. They were talking about cobbler. *Cobbler.* While she lay spread open like a specimen, her most intimate places glistening under the lamp, her clit throbbing with every heartbeat, her body producing more slickness that now trickled openly down the cleft of her bottom and onto the paper. The contrast was maddening—humiliating and, God help her, impossibly arousing.

Dr. Harlan's gloved fingers continued their gentle exploration, pressing in small circles around Paige's navel, then lower, skirting the top of her pubic mound. "Abdomen is soft and symmetrical. No tenderness." She glanced up at Paige's flushed face. "Keep describing, Paige. We need the full sensory report for the chart."

Paige’s breath hitched. “It’s… stronger now. My clitoris is… it’s swelling. Aching. Every time you touch near it I feel… a pull. Like I want to… squeeze my legs but I can’t.” A soft, involuntary whimper escaped her. “There’s more wetness. I can hear it… when I breathe. It’s embarrassing.”

“Not embarrassing at all,” Nurse Carter assured her, tone as casual as if she were offering a cup of tea. “Arousal during these exams is a healthy physiological marker. Shows excellent nerve function. Dr. Harlan, did you see the new exhibit in the art building? The one with the student sculptures? They’re doing a reception tomorrow night.”

Dr. Harlan nodded, her fingers now tracing the outer edges of Paige’s labia with clinical detachment, spreading them slightly wider for better visibility. “I’ll try to stop by. Paige, any internal clenching or fluttering sensations?”

Paige’s hips twitched once, helplessly. “Yes… inside. It’s fluttering. Like my… my vagina is tightening and releasing. The wetness is… everywhere. I’m so slippery.” Tears of shame pricked at the corners of her eyes even as a fresh gush of arousal coated Dr. Harlan’s glove. “I don’t understand why my body is doing this. It’s wrong. I was raised to be modest… to cover myself…”

Dr. Harlan’s voice remained steady and kind. “Your body is simply responding to the protocol, Paige. Nothing wrong about it. We document it for the college’s health metrics— that’s all.” She withdrew her hands, peeled off the gloves with a snap, and tossed them into the biohazard bin. “Initial inspection complete. Excellent baseline readings.”

Nurse Carter capped her pen and offered Paige a warm, professional smile. “You’re handling this beautifully. Most new students are a little flushed at this stage, but your verbal descriptions are top-notch. We’ll move to the enema administration next—standard prep step. Just stay in position for now while we get everything ready.”

Paige lay there, knees still drawn up and apart, chest heaving, the paper beneath her now noticeably damp. The women moved about the room with easy efficiency—Nurse Carter hanging a clear plastic bag of warm solution on an IV stand, Dr. Harlan selecting a slim, lubricated nozzle from the tray. Their conversation drifted back to campus gossip: the upcoming volleyball season, the new gluten-free options in the dining hall, whether the library would extend hours during midterms.

Paige closed her eyes, heart thundering, body alive with a fire she had no name for. The cool air still kissed her open, glistening sex. Her clit pulsed in time with her shame. And somewhere deep inside, beneath the prayers and the guilt and the crushing weight of her Amish upbringing, a tiny, secret voice whispered that she did not want this to end.

She remained spread and exposed, waiting for the next clinical touch, while the women of Westhaven chatted about ordinary college life as though the trembling, dripping girl on the table were simply another routine part of their morning.

Chapter 3: The Enema Administration

Paige lay on her back on the crinkling paper of the exam table, knees still drawn up and parted exactly as Dr. Harlan had left them. The cool clinic air continued to kiss her exposed sex, now openly glistening with the slick evidence of her body's betrayal. Her small breasts rose and fell in shallow, trembling breaths; the pale pink nipples stood tight and aching. Between her spread thighs, her dark curls were damp, the delicate folds beneath them flushed a deeper pink and coated in a sheen of arousal that had only grown thicker during the visual inspection. She could feel a slow, humiliating trickle escaping her, sliding down the cleft of her bottom to soak the paper. Every heartbeat sent a fresh pulse through her swollen clit, a small, insistent throb she had no name for and no way to hide.

Dr. Elena Harlan stood at the instrument tray, her white coat crisp and professional, while Nurse Olivia Carter hung a clear plastic enema bag on the tall IV stand beside the table. The bag was already filled with warm solution, the long, slim tube dangling from it like a promise of what was coming. Both women moved with the same effortless efficiency they had shown since Paige first entered the room—calm, detached, as though the naked, trembling Amish girl spread open before them were simply another routine entry on the morning schedule.

"Excellent baseline from the inspection, Paige," Dr. Harlan said, her voice steady and kind. "We're moving straight into the enema administration now. It's standard gastrointestinal prep —clears the system completely for accurate diagnostics. You'll need to roll onto your left side, facing the wall. Bring your right knee up toward your chest and hold it there. This gives us optimal access."

Paige's hazel eyes widened. *Onto my side.* The position sounded even more exposing than the one she was in now. Her mind flashed back to the farmhouse kitchen, to the way her mother had taught her to bathe quickly and modestly under a single lantern. *No one sees. Ever.* Yet here she was, nineteen years old, about to open herself in the most intimate way possible to two fully clothed women who were already chatting about something else entirely.

She rolled slowly, the paper sticking to her damp skin. Her small breasts shifted with the movement, one nipple brushing the table's edge and sending a spark straight to her core. She drew her right knee up high, hugging it toward her chest with trembling arms. The position parted her buttocks completely, exposing the tight pink rosebud of her anus and the slick, puffy lips of her pussy to the bright overhead lamp. Cool air rushed in, making her gasp. Her clit, now

hanging slightly downward in this new angle, throbbed harder than ever.

Nurse Carter stepped closer, a small packet of lubricant in her gloved hand. “Just like that, Paige—perfect. You’ll feel the nozzle in a moment. It’s slim and lubricated; try to relax your muscles. We need you to describe every sensation out loud for the chart—pressure, warmth, fullness, anything at all. It’s required.”

Dr. Harlan nodded, taking the nozzle from the tray. “Standard hold time is five minutes once the bag is empty. Breathe steadily and keep talking to us. Any cramps or unusual feelings, report them immediately.”

Paige’s voice was barely a whisper, thick with the rolling cadence of her Amish home. “I… I’m so exposed like this. Everything is open. It feels… shameful.”

“Completely understandable for a first-timer,” Nurse Carter said breezily, squeezing a generous dollop of clear lubricant onto the rounded tip of the nozzle. “But it’s protocol. We do this for every scholarship student with your profile. Oh, Dr. Harlan—did you see the updated scheduling grid for next week? They moved the freshman health orientations to Tuesdays now.”

Dr. Harlan hummed in agreement, positioning the nozzle at Paige’s entrance. “I did. Makes more sense with the volleyball schedule. Relax for me, Paige. Here it comes.”

The cool, slick tip pressed gently against the tight ring of muscle. Paige’s breath hitched sharply as it slid inside—slow, inexorable, stretching her in a way she had never imagined. “Oh!” The word escaped before she could stop it. “It’s… going in. It’s cold and smooth… stretching me back there. I can feel every inch.”

“Very good description,” Dr. Harlan murmured, continuing the gentle push until the nozzle was seated fully. “Bag is ready. Starting the flow now—nice and slow.”

Warm fluid began to trickle into her. At first it was only a gentle warmth, filling the lower part of her belly like a soft promise. Paige’s eyes fluttered shut. “It’s… warm. Spreading inside. Like a gentle heat. It feels… full already, but not bad. Just… deep.”

Nurse Carter adjusted the flow valve slightly higher, still chatting. “Tuesday works better for me too. I have that staff meeting on Wednesdays now. Paige, keep going—any change in sensation?”

The warmth increased. The bag gurgled softly overhead as more solution flowed into her. Paige’s petite belly began to feel heavier, rounder. “It’s… more now. Pressing deeper. My stomach feels… tight. There’s pressure everywhere inside. And… and it’s making my… my front tingle even more. My clitoris is… pulsing with it.”

Dr. Harlan kept one gloved hand resting lightly on Paige’s raised hip, steadying her. “Normal autonomic crossover. The fullness stimulates the pelvic nerves.

You’re doing beautifully. Just breathe through it.”

The flow continued, steady and relentless. Paige’s abdomen began to distend visibly—small and rounded now, the pale skin stretching under the warm pressure. The sensation was overwhelming: a heavy, insistent fullness that made her feel impossibly full, yet somehow… pleasurable. Her pussy clenched around nothing, leaking fresh slickness onto the paper beneath her. Her clit throbbed in time with the slow pulse of the enema. A soft, involuntary whimper escaped her lips.

“It’s… so full,” she gasped, voice trembling. “Like I’m going to burst. But it’s… it’s making me ache down front. Wet. I’m getting wetter. I can feel it dripping while the fluid goes in. Oh… please… is it almost done?”

“Halfway through the bag,” Nurse Carter said cheerfully, glancing up at the volume markings. “You’re holding it perfectly. Most students start feeling the stronger pressure right about now. Dr. Harlan, did you finalize the group for the new peer-tutor training? Roberta Ellis is leading it again this semester—she’s so good with the freshmen.”

Dr. Harlan nodded, her tone as casual as if they were discussing lunch. “She is. I approved the roster yesterday. Paige, describe the pressure for the record. Any cramping?”

Paige’s breath came in short, ragged gasps. The fluid kept flowing, her belly now noticeably swollen, the skin taut and warm. The pressure inside her was building toward something enormous—waves of it rolling through her pelvis, pressing against her bladder, her womb, every sensitive nerve. Her clit felt huge, swollen and aching, each pulse of the enema sending sparks of unwanted pleasure straight to it. She fought the urge to rock her hips, to grind against the air, to chase the terrifying edge she felt rising inside her.

“It’s… intense,” she whimpered. “Heavy. Like something is pushing everything inside me. My belly is so tight… I can see it bulging. And my… my vagina keeps tightening. There’s a… a fluttering. Like I’m going to… I don’t know. It feels too good. I’m not supposed to feel this. I’m Amish. We don’t… we don’t do this.”

“Shhh, perfectly normal response,” Nurse Carter soothed, still writing notes. “The pelvic floor is highly innervated. Many students experience heightened arousal during the fill. It’s excellent data for the health sciences department. Speaking of which—Roberta mentioned she might need an extra session with the new scholarship girls. Something about extended monitoring.”

The bag was nearly empty now. The final gush of warm fluid surged into Paige, and she cried out softly, a broken little sound that echoed in the small room. Her entire lower body felt stretched to its limit—full, heavy, throbbing with a deep, liquid pressure that made her clit pulse wildly. A fresh flood of her own slickness

dripped steadily from her pussy, coating her thighs and the table. She was right on the edge, trembling, fighting not to moan aloud as the fullness pressed against every secret place inside her.

“Bag’s empty,” Dr. Harlan announced, closing the valve with a soft click. “Now the hold begins. Five minutes, Paige. Clench and hold it in. Keep describing—any sensations at all.”

Paige’s voice was strained, barely above a whisper. “It’s… too much. So full. My stomach is hard… like a balloon. Every breath makes it press harder. My clitoris is… throbbing so hard. I feel like I might… explode. Not just from the pressure… but from… from something else. Please… can I… can I touch it? Just for a second?”

“No touching, dear,” Nurse Carter said kindly, patting Paige’s shoulder. “Protocol requires hands away. Just breathe and verbalize. You’re doing wonderfully. Oh—Dr. Harlan, before I forget, the lab called about the new batch of specimen kits. They want us to switch to the blue-top tubes starting Monday.”

Dr. Harlan checked her watch. “Noted. Paige, thirty seconds into the hold. Any cramping?”

“No cramps… just… pressure. Building. It’s making me… wetter. I can hear it… dripping. My legs are shaking. I’m trying so hard not to… to make noise.” A soft, desperate moan slipped out anyway. The fullness was unbearable and exquisite at once—every tiny shift of her body sent waves of dark pleasure rolling through her core. Her clit ached with a need she had never known. Tears of shame and helpless arousal pricked at the corners of her eyes.

The door to the exam room opened a crack. A young female technician—mid-twenties, clipboard in hand—poked her head in. She barely glanced at Paige’s exposed, trembling form, the swollen belly, the slickness coating her thighs.

“Dr. Harlan? Quick question on the afternoon schedule. Can we bump the two-thirty slot to three? The volleyball team has a conflict.”

Dr. Harlan didn’t even look away from Paige. “Three works. Just make sure the notes get copied to the shared drive.”

“Will do. Thanks!” The technician smiled politely in Paige’s general direction—the same polite smile one might give a classmate in the hallway—then closed the door again.

Paige’s face burned with fresh humiliation. *They don’t even see me,* she thought wildly. *I’m naked, full, dripping, right on the edge of… of something sinful… and they’re talking about volleyball.*

The seconds crawled by. Two minutes. Three. The pressure inside her crested and held, a constant, liquid weight that made her pussy flutter and clench helplessly. Her small breasts heaved; sweat glistened on her forehead and between her breasts. Every breath was a battle not to cry out, not to grind her hips against the table, not to beg for release.

“Four minutes,” Nurse Carter noted cheerfully. “You’re holding it like a pro, Paige. Most girls start begging by now. Dr. Harlan, are we still on for that staff lunch on Thursday? I heard the new Thai place has great vegetarian options.”

“Confirmed,” Dr. Harlan replied. “Paige, final minute. Describe the peak sensations.”

Paige’s voice cracked, trembling on the verge of a sob. “It’s everywhere… pressing on everything. My clitoris feels huge… like it’s going to burst. I’m so close to… to something. I don’t know what. Please… the pressure… it’s making me want… I can’t… I can’t stop it…”

“Thirty seconds,” Dr. Harlan said calmly. “Almost there. You’ve done beautifully.”

The final seconds felt eternal. Paige’s entire body quivered—petite frame taut, belly distended, sex dripping, clit throbbing wildly. She was right there, teetering on the razor’s edge of an orgasm she had never experienced, held back only by the crushing weight of her modesty and the clinical eyes of the two women who continued their casual conversation about lunch plans as though nothing extraordinary were happening.

At last Dr. Harlan checked her watch. “Five minutes complete. Excellent hold, Paige. Nurse Carter, help her to the bathroom—door stays ajar for monitoring, of course. We’ll proceed to the probing phase once she’s emptied.”

Nurse Carter offered a steadying hand as Paige uncurled on shaky legs, her swollen belly sloshing with every step, fresh slickness trailing down her thighs. The pressure inside her had not eased; if anything, the need to release only sharpened the aching throb between her legs.

Paige padded on bare feet toward the small adjoining bathroom, every movement a torment of fullness and arousal. Behind her, the women continued chatting about the Thursday lunch menu as if the trembling, naked, desperately aroused girl in their care were simply another line item on the daily protocol.

She had never felt more exposed. More ashamed. More alive.

And somewhere deep inside, beneath the prayers and the guilt, the secret fire burned brighter than ever.

Chapter 4: Probing and Verbal Descriptions

Paige returned from the small adjoining bathroom on unsteady legs, her bare feet padding softly across the cool tile. The enema's effects still echoed through her body: a lingering heaviness in her lower belly, a deep, liquid warmth that made every step feel precarious. She had emptied herself under the clinical gaze of the open door—Nurse Carter had stood just outside, clipboard in hand, offering calm encouragement as though Paige were merely washing her hands after a meal. Now, freshly rinsed and trembling, the nineteen-year-old Amish girl felt more exposed than ever. Her small, pert breasts rose and fell with each shallow breath; the pale pink nipples remained tightly pebbled. Between her slender thighs, her dark curls were matted and glistening, her delicate folds flushed deep rose and slick with a fresh sheen of arousal that refused to fade. Her clit—small, hooded, and now almost painfully swollen—throbbed in time with her heartbeat, sending tiny electric jolts through her core with every movement.

Dr. Elena Harlan and Nurse Olivia Carter waited beside the exam table, their white coats and scrubs crisp and professional, their expressions as calm and routine as if they had simply been waiting for the next line on a checklist. The overhead lamp had been repositioned, casting a bright, unforgiving pool of light across the center of the padded table. A slender metallic probe lay on the instrument tray, its smooth surface gleaming under the lights, a thin wire trailing from its base to a small control unit.

"Welcome back, Paige," Dr. Harlan said, her voice steady and kind. "You handled the hold beautifully. We're moving directly into the probing phase now. This measures internal pelvic and gastrointestinal responses—standard for your scholarship screening. Please get on all fours on the table: knees and hands planted firmly, back slightly arched for optimal access."

Paige's hazel eyes widened, the soft cadence of her Amish upbringing coloring her whisper. "All fours… like an animal in the barn?" The words slipped out before she could stop them, mortified heat flooding her cheeks. Back home, even bending to scrub the floor had been done with skirts carefully arranged for modesty. Now she was being asked to present herself like livestock—bottom raised, everything open and offered—while two fully clothed women watched with the same detachment they might show a lab chart.

"Exactly like that," Nurse Carter replied cheerfully, patting the table. "It gives us the best angle for the probe. Hands shoulder-width, knees apart, and arch your back just a little. You're doing wonderfully so far. Oh, Dr. Harlan—did we ever get that reorder confirmation on the new sterile wipes? We're down to the last box in the supply closet."

Dr. Harlan nodded, pulling on fresh gloves with a soft snap. "Confirmation came in this morning. They're shipping overnight. Paige, go ahead and position yourself. We need continuous verbal feedback during insertion and

calibration—every sensation, no matter how small. Pressure, stretching, warmth, vibration, internal clenching… describe it all for the record."

Paige hesitated only a heartbeat, the scholarship and her family's prayers anchoring her in place. She climbed onto the table, the paper crinkling loudly beneath her palms and knees. Her small breasts hung beneath her, nipples brushing the cool surface and sending sparks straight to her core. She planted her hands shoulder-width apart, then widened her knees until she felt the cool air rush against her most private places. Slowly, shamefully, she arched her back, lifting her bottom higher. The position splayed her completely—her rounded buttocks parted, the tight pink rosebud of her anus still slightly relaxed from the enema, her slick pussy lips open and glistening, her swollen clit hanging exposed and vulnerable. A single thick bead of her arousal stretched downward, then broke and dripped onto the paper with an audible, humiliating patter.

"Perfect," Dr. Harlan murmured, stepping behind her. "Just like that. Nurse Carter, hand me the probe."

Nurse Carter passed the slim metallic instrument—cool, smooth, slightly thicker than two fingers at its widest point. She lubricated it generously with clear gel, the wet sound loud in the small room. "All set. Paige, you'll feel the tip at your entrance now. Relax your pelvic floor and start describing immediately."

The cool, slick head of the probe pressed against Paige's dripping folds. She gasped sharply as it began to slide in—slow, deliberate, stretching her tight channel inch by inch. "Oh… it's… entering me," she breathed, voice trembling. "Cold at first… then warming. It's stretching my… my vagina. I can feel every ridge inside. It's sliding so deep… filling the place that was aching from the enema."

"Excellent detail," Dr. Harlan said, continuing the gentle push until the probe was fully seated, its base flush against Paige's slick outer lips. "Hold position. We'll begin calibration in a moment."

Paige's arms trembled, holding her up. The fullness inside her was different from the enema —more intimate, more targeted. The probe pressed against sensitive walls she had never known existed, nudging places that made her clit throb wildly. "It's… so deep," she whimpered. "I feel it pressing against… something inside. My walls are clenching around it. There's more wetness… it's coating the probe. I can hear it… squelching when I breathe."

Nurse Carter jotted notes, her tone breezy. "Squelching noted—good data on lubrication response. Dr. Harlan, while we're waiting on the wipes, we should probably reorder the larger speculum set too. The sophomores last week went through three of them during orientation screenings."

Dr. Harlan twisted the probe gently, adjusting its angle. “Agreed. Add it to the form. Paige, any internal fluttering or pressure changes?”

The probe shifted, and Paige’s hips jerked involuntarily. “Yes—fluttering! My… my vagina is tightening and releasing around it. It feels like it’s… massaging me. My clitoris is swelling more. It’s aching so badly. Every little movement makes it throb harder. I’m dripping… I can feel it running down my thighs now.”

“Textbook pelvic nerve crossover,” Nurse Carter noted, still writing. “Very strong response for a first-year. Speaking of which, did you see the new inventory app they rolled out? It’s supposed to flag low stock automatically. Finally.”

The probe began to vibrate—low at first, a gentle hum that Paige felt in her bones. Her eyes flew wide. “It’s… vibrating! Oh God… it’s buzzing inside me. The vibrations are traveling everywhere… straight to my clitoris. It’s making me… it’s making me want to push back on it. I’m so wet… the sound is louder now. Squishy. Wet. I can’t stop clenching.”

Dr. Harlan increased the intensity by a fraction, her gloved hand resting lightly on Paige’s arched lower back to steady her. “Keep describing, Paige. We need the full spectrum for the chart.”

Paige’s voice cracked, turning breathy and desperate. “It’s… stronger now. The vibrations are hitting this spot deep inside… like a button. Every pulse makes my clit jump. I’m… I’m getting close to something. My legs are shaking. My breasts feel heavy… nipples rubbing the paper every time I breathe. Please… it’s too much. I feel like I’m going to… to burst apart. But in a good way. A sinful way. I was never supposed to feel this. Amish girls don’t… we don’t lie open like this and let strangers put things inside us…”

“Perfectly healthy autonomic response,” Dr. Harlan said calmly, twisting the probe again to angle the vibrations directly against Paige’s front wall. “Your body is simply adapting to the protocol. Many scholarship students show this level of sensitivity—it’s why we select you for extended monitoring.”

Nurse Carter capped her pen for a moment, still chatting as though they were discussing the cafeteria menu. “I saw on the app we’re also low on the vibrating calibration probes themselves. Might want to double the next order. Paige, you’re handling the vibration beautifully. Any change in the depth of sensation?”

The vibrations intensified again. Paige’s back arched harder, a broken moan escaping her lips. “Deeper—yes! It’s pressing right against that spot. My vagina is gripping it so tight… milking it almost. There’s a pressure building… like a wave. My clitoris is huge… throbbing in time with the buzz. I’m leaking so much… it’s dripping in a steady stream now. I can feel it pooling under my knees. Oh… oh please… I’m right there. Right on the edge. I don’t know what’s going to happen if it keeps going. I think I might… I might…”

“Thirty more seconds at this setting,” Dr. Harlan instructed, her voice utterly professional. “Breathe through it. Excellent verbal data, Paige—very clear on the edging response.”

Paige’s petite frame quivered violently. Sweat glistened along her spine and between her small breasts. Her arms shook, barely holding her up. The probe hummed relentlessly inside her, driving her closer and closer to a precipice she had never approached before. Her mind spun with guilt—prayers half-formed on her lips, memories of her mother’s gentle teachings about modesty warring against the raw, liquid pleasure flooding her body. Yet her hips rocked back in tiny, helpless movements, chasing the vibrations despite herself.

“It’s… too good,” she sobbed softly. “My whole body is tightening. My stomach… my thighs… everything is pulling toward my clitoris. I’m going to… I’m so close… please, I need… I need to…”

Nurse Carter glanced at the control unit. “Fifteen seconds. Dr. Harlan, remind me to flag the probe inventory before we leave today. We don’t want to run out mid-semester again.”

“Already noted,” Dr. Harlan replied, checking her watch. “Ten seconds, Paige. Describe the peak.”

Paige’s voice dissolved into a trembling, desperate litany.
“Peak—yes—everything is peaking! The vibrations are everywhere inside me… my clit is pulsing so hard it hurts… I’m clenching so tight around the probe… I’m going to… I’m right there… I can’t hold it… oh God… oh please…”

The vibrations stopped abruptly.

Paige cried out—a sharp, frustrated sound that echoed in the sterile room—her body hovering on the razor’s edge, every muscle locked in desperate need. Slickness poured from her in a fresh gush, coating the probe and dripping heavily onto the table. Her clit twitched visibly, denied at the last possible second. Tears of shame and overwhelming arousal slipped down her flushed cheeks.

Dr. Harlan withdrew the probe slowly, the wet, sucking sound loud and obscene. She placed it on the tray and peeled off her gloves. “Probe phase complete. Outstanding readings, Paige. Your internal responses are well within the high-sensitivity range we look for in extended- protocol students.”

Nurse Carter offered a warm, professional smile, handing Paige a soft cloth to wipe herself. “You did beautifully. Most girls can’t verbalize that clearly while edging. We’ll give you a moment to recover, then move to resolution and the extended home protocol instructions.”

Paige remained on all fours for a few more seconds, trembling, her body screaming for the release that had been so cruelly withheld. Her mind reeled—humiliated, aching, and secretly, shamefully hungry for whatever came next. The women continued their easy conversation about supply orders and the upcoming staff meeting, their voices calm and ordinary, as though the dripping, quivering, desperately aroused Amish girl on the table were simply another routine part of a Tuesday morning at Westhaven Women's College.

Paige lowered her head, breath ragged, the fire inside her burning hotter than ever.

She had never felt more alive.

Chapter 5: Resolution and Extended Protocol

Paige remained on all fours atop the crinkling paper, her petite frame locked in trembling stillness as the final echoes of the probe's vibrations faded from her core. The metallic instrument had been withdrawn slowly, leaving her slick channel clenching around nothing, pulsing with denied need. Her small breasts hung heavy beneath her, nipples brushing the damp paper with every ragged breath. Sweat glistened along the delicate curve of her spine and between her shoulder blades. Between her spread thighs, her dark curls were soaked and matted, her flushed pussy lips puffy and glistening with thick strands of arousal that continued to drip in slow, humiliating threads onto the table below. Her swollen clit—now visibly engorged, a tiny, aching pearl—throbbed relentlessly in the cool air, each pulse sending fresh sparks of frustrated pleasure through her pelvis. She was right there, teetering on the razor's edge of something vast and terrifying and wonderful, and the denial felt like a physical ache deep in her belly.

Dr. Elena Harlan set the probe on the instrument tray with a soft metallic clink, peeling off her gloves with the same practiced snap she had used all morning. Nurse Olivia Carter capped her pen and set the clipboard aside, both women moving with the effortless calm of professionals who had seen a thousand such scenes before. The overhead lamp remained angled downward, still bathing Paige's exposed, dripping sex in bright, clinical light. The room's sterile scent—antiseptic and faint lavender—mingled with the unmistakable musk of Paige's arousal, yet neither woman acknowledged it beyond the notes they had already taken.

"Probe phase complete," Dr. Harlan announced, her voice warm yet utterly professional. "Paige, you may lower yourself to a seated position on the table. Take your time—we'll give you a moment to collect yourself while we review the readings."

Paige’s arms shook as she eased down, knees sliding together at last. The paper stuck wetly to her bottom and the backs of her thighs. She sat with her hands gripping the edge of the table, legs pressed modestly together, though the pressure only made her clit throb harder against her own slickness. Her dark hair fell in damp strands across her flushed cheeks. She could feel the evidence of her ordeal everywhere: the heavy warmth still lingering in her lower belly from the enema, the deep internal flutter where the probe had pressed, the relentless, unsatisfied ache that made her want to rock her hips even now.

“Outstanding results across the board,” Dr. Harlan continued, scanning the clipboard one final time. “Your autonomic responses—especially the verbal descriptions during edging— are in the top percentile for incoming scholarship students. Excellent nerve sensitivity. This is precisely why we flag certain profiles for the extended protocol.”

Nurse Carter nodded, offering Paige a soft cloth from the supply cart. “Here, dear—gentle wipe-down if you’d like. Nothing invasive, just to freshen up before we talk next steps. You handled everything beautifully. Most first-timers can’t articulate the edging sensations half as clearly as you did.”

Paige took the cloth with trembling fingers and dabbed between her thighs, the soft fabric gliding over her hypersensitive folds and making her bite her lip to stifle a whimper. Every touch felt electric. “Thank you,” she whispered, the rolling cadence of her Amish speech thick with shame. “I… I still feel so… worked up. Like my body won’t settle. Is that… is that supposed to happen?”

“Completely expected,” Dr. Harlan said, pulling up a rolling stool to sit at eye level with Paige. Her tone remained kind and matter-of-fact, as though discussing a minor dietary adjustment. “The protocol is designed to stimulate and document those exact responses. Which brings us to the extended portion of your screening. For students showing your level of sensitivity—especially scholarship recipients from more sheltered backgrounds—we require daily home maintenance to keep the baseline readings accurate.”

Nurse Carter handed Dr. Harlan a printed instruction sheet, then leaned against the counter, arms crossed casually. “It’s very straightforward, Paige. Every evening in your dorm room, you’ll perform a self-administered nude session. Strip completely—no clothing at all, not even socks. Set up your phone or laptop to record video. We’ll provide a secure upload link. You’ll spend at least fifteen minutes describing out loud exactly what you’re feeling and doing, just like you did today. Touch yourself as needed for accuracy—external only for the first week, focusing on the clitoris and labia while you narrate the sensations. Pressure, warmth, wetness, throbbing, any building urges—everything. It’s required for compliance with your scholarship terms.”

Paige’s hazel eyes widened, the cloth still pressed between her thighs. “Nude… every night? Recording myself… touching… and sending it to you?” The words felt profane in her mouth. Back home, even whispering about such things in the dark with her sisters had been unthinkable. Now she was being told to bare herself nightly, to speak the sinful words aloud on camera, to chase the very fire she had felt today.

“Exactly,” Dr. Harlan confirmed, sliding the instruction sheet across the table. “Start tonight. The first log should be right before bed—nude, well-lit, camera facing you directly. Verbalize continuously. We review them each morning to track adaptation. You’ll return here tomorrow at the same time for a reinforcement session—shorter, but similar structure. We’ll schedule it now.”

Nurse Carter checked the calendar on her tablet. “Ten o’clock tomorrow works. Same room. Bring nothing but yourself—we’ll handle the rest. Oh, and Dr. Harlan, while we’re on the topic of scheduling, did the dean’s office confirm the new extended-monitoring list for high- response freshmen?”

“They did,” Dr. Harlan replied, signing off on Paige’s chart. “Paige is officially on it. For students like you—strong verbalizers with pronounced physical responses—the protocol doesn’t stop at the clinic. It extends across campus for full adaptation. You’ll receive further instructions after tomorrow’s session, but expect that certain health-related activities—study groups, gym assessments, selected lectures—may require you to remain nude for data collection. It’s standard for your track. Keeps everything consistent and accurate.”

Paige’s breath caught. *Across campus.* The words landed like a stone in still water. Naked not just here, not just in her dorm, but out among the other women of Westhaven—walking the paths, sitting in the library, standing in the cafeteria—while everyone else remained clothed and casual. The thought should have filled her with horror. Instead it sent a fresh gush of slickness coating the cloth she still held between her legs, her clit pulsing so hard she had to squeeze her thighs together.

“I… I don’t know if I can,” she whispered, voice trembling. “My family… they think this is just a normal medical check. If they knew I was… bare in front of everyone…”

Dr. Harlan’s expression remained gentle but firm. “The scholarship agreement is clear, Paige. Compliance is mandatory to maintain your place. Many students in your position find the extended phase surprisingly manageable once they adapt. Your body is already responding beautifully—there’s no shame in that. It’s simply physiology.”

Nurse Carter smiled the same breezy, reassuring smile she might give a girl struggling with a tough exam. “You’ll be fine. We see it all the time. Now, let’s

get you dressed and on your way. You've earned a break before tonight's first log."

They helped Paige down from the table. Her legs felt boneless, every step sending jolts through her still-throbbing core. Ms. Landry appeared at the door with the metal bin from the lobby, setting it on the counter with a quiet thud. Paige's plain Amish garments lay neatly folded inside—dress, slip, bra, panties, prayer cap, boots. The fabric looked almost alien now, something from another life.

She dressed slowly under their indifferent supervision, the simple cotton of her panties sliding up her slick thighs and pressing firmly against her swollen clit. The contact made her gasp softly; the material instantly darkened with moisture. Her bra cupped her small breasts, the rough weave grazing her hypersensitive nipples and sending sparks straight to her core. The slip and dress followed, the long skirt swishing against her bare legs, every layer a torment of friction against skin still alive with need. She pinned the prayer cap back into place, the white organdy a stark reminder of home, of modesty, of everything she had just surrendered in this room.

By the time she laced her boots, her panties were soaked through, the dampness cooling against her folds with every shift of her weight. Her clit ached with unresolved tension. She could feel the slickness threatening to seep down her thighs again.

"Perfect," Nurse Carter said, checking the clock. "You're all set. Remember—first video log tonight, upload by midnight. We'll see you tomorrow at ten. Any questions?"

Paige shook her head, unable to speak past the lump of shame and strange excitement in her throat. Dr. Harlan handed her a small card with the secure upload link and her appointment time. "You did exceptionally well today, Paige. Truly. Go rest. We'll pick up right where we left off tomorrow."

Ms. Landry escorted her back down the hallway toward the lobby. The clinic's ordinary rhythm continued around them—phones ringing, printers humming, two nurses chatting about the new Thai place near campus. No one glanced twice at the small Amish girl walking past, fully dressed now but still flushed, still trembling, still carrying the secret fire they had ignited.

Paige stepped out into the bright September sunlight, the glass doors sighing shut behind her. The Westhaven campus spread before her—green lawns, brick buildings, clusters of laughing young women in jeans and hoodies. She walked slowly toward her dorm, each step a fresh reminder of the wetness between her legs, the ache that refused to fade.

Back in her small single room that evening, after a quiet dinner she barely tasted, Paige stood before the mirror in nothing but her prayer cap. The scholarship letter lay open on the desk beside her phone, already propped on a stack of books and angled to capture her fully. Her family's faces flashed in her mind—her father's proud but worried eyes, her mother's quiet prayers, her brothers' teasing smiles. *What would they think if they knew?*

She pressed record. The red light blinked on.

Paige swallowed hard, her voice soft and trembling as she began the first required log.

"This is Paige Miller… Day One of the home protocol… I am completely nude, as instructed…"

Her fingers hovered, then trailed downward. The fire that had been banked all afternoon flared back to life, hotter than before.

Tomorrow waited. The campus waited. And somewhere deep inside, beneath the guilt and the prayers, Paige felt the first undeniable stirrings of hunger for whatever came next.

Chapter 6: First Night – The Dorm Room Log

The door to Room 214 in Westhaven Women's College's freshman dormitory clicked shut behind Paige with a soft, final sound that seemed to seal her inside a new world. The small single room—hers alone for the semester, a rare scholarship perk—was quiet except for the low hum of the air-conditioning unit and the distant laughter of girls down the hall heading to the dining commons. Evening light filtered through the half-drawn blinds, painting soft golden stripes across the plain beige carpet, the narrow bed with its crisp white sheets, and the wooden desk where her laptop and a single lamp waited.

Paige stood for a long moment just inside the door, still fully dressed in her plain Amish garb, the long skirt brushing her ankles. Her body, however, was anything but calm. The clinic's examinations still burned inside her like a brand. Her small breasts felt heavy and tender beneath the cotton bra, nipples stiff and aching against the fabric. Between her thighs, her panties were soaked through—cool and clinging now, the slick evidence of the day's endless arousal chafing gently with every tiny shift of her weight. Her clit throbbed in steady, insistent pulses, still swollen and hypersensitive from the probe's cruel vibrations and the denied edge she had been left on. Every step back across campus had been a private torment; the long skirt had rubbed against her bare legs, the damp cotton had pressed and teased, keeping the fire alive without ever letting it crest.

She set her small bag down and locked the door. The instruction sheet from Dr. Harlan lay on the desk like a judgment. *Daily home maintenance. Completely

nude. Video recording. Minimum fifteen minutes. Verbalize every sensation. External touch only for the first week— focus on clitoris and labia. Upload by midnight.*

Paige's fingers trembled as she unpinned her white prayer cap first, setting it carefully on the dresser. Her dark hair tumbled free in soft waves to her shoulders. "For accuracy," she whispered to herself, the words already sounding clinical and strange in her own voice. She unbuttoned the long dress with the same precise, Amish care she had used that morning in the lobby, but this time there was no audience—only the blinking red light she was about to invite into the room. The dress pooled at her feet. The slip followed. Then the bra, freeing her small, pert breasts to the cool dorm air; the nipples tightened instantly, almost painfully. Last came the panties, peeling away from her slick folds with a wet sound that made her cheeks burn. She stepped out of them, folded everything neatly as always, and placed the pile on the chair.

Now completely naked, Paige stood in the center of the room. The air kissed every inch of her—raising goosebumps along her arms, her belly, the undersides of her breasts. Her dark curls, still matted from the day, framed the flushed, glistening lips of her sex. A single slow bead of fresh arousal traced down the inside of her thigh and she did not wipe it away. The scholarship agreement had been clear. Compliance was not optional.

She adjusted the desk lamp to its brightest setting, then propped her phone on a stack of textbooks, angling the camera so it captured her fully from the waist up and included the bed behind her. The red record light would see everything. She pressed the button, cleared her throat, and began.

"This is Paige Miller," she said softly, her voice carrying the gentle rolling cadence of her people. "Day One of the required home protocol. I am… completely nude in my dorm room, as instructed. The time is eight-forty-seven p.m."

She climbed onto the narrow bed, the sheets cool against her bare bottom. Sitting with her back against the pillows, knees drawn up slightly, she faced the camera directly. Her small breasts rose and fell with each nervous breath. "I am supposed to describe every sensation and… and touch myself externally for accuracy. Focusing on my… my clitoris and labia."

Her right hand hovered, then settled lightly on her lower belly. The skin there was still faintly warm from the enema's lingering pressure. She slid her fingers lower, over the soft dark curls, and parted her thighs wider so the camera could see. A soft gasp escaped her.

"It feels… exposed," she whispered. "Even though I'm alone. The air is touching my… my private parts. My labia are already wet. Slippery. I can feel the moisture

on my fingers.” She traced the outer lips slowly, parting them gently. The wet sound was unmistakable. “They’re swollen. Puffy. The inner ones are… pinker than usual. And my clitoris… it’s sticking out a little. It’s throbbing. Every heartbeat makes it jump.”

Paige’s cheeks burned crimson, but the instructions were explicit. She had to speak. She circled the small, hooded pearl with one fingertip—light, tentative. Pleasure jolted through her like electricity.

“Oh… that feels… intense,” she breathed, voice catching. “A sharp tingle. Like sparks. It’s making my stomach tighten. More wetness is coming out now. I can see it on the camera… dripping onto the sheet.” She spread the slickness upward, coating her clit, and began slow, small circles exactly as the clinic had implied was necessary for “accurate data.”

The sensation built quickly. Her sheltered body, untouched until today, responded with helpless eagerness. “It’s getting warmer,” she narrated, breath growing shorter. “My clitoris is swelling more under my finger. It feels… bigger. Harder. Every circle makes my… my vagina flutter inside. Like it wants something. I’m not supposed to feel this. Amish girls don’t… we don’t lie naked and touch ourselves where God can see…”

Yet she did not stop. The clinical requirement anchored her. Two fingers now, rubbing a little faster, spreading the abundant slickness. Her small breasts heaved; the nipples stood tight and dark pink. “It’s building,” she whimpered. “A pressure low in my belly. Like the probe earlier… but deeper. My thighs are shaking. I can hear how wet I am… squelching sounds. There’s a… a tightening. Like something is pulling everything toward my clitoris.”

Paige’s hips began to rock in tiny, unconscious movements, chasing her own fingers. The camera caught everything: the flush spreading down her chest, the way her dark hair clung to her damp forehead, the glistening trails on her inner thighs. She slipped one finger lower, tracing the entrance of her virgin channel without entering—external only—then returned to her clit, rubbing with more purpose.

“It’s stronger now,” she gasped, voice breaking. “Like a wave rising. My clitoris is pulsing so hard. I feel… full. Empty. Aching. I want to press harder but I’m scared. I’ve never… I’ve never done this. Never felt anything like this. Oh… oh it’s getting closer. My legs won’t stay still. My breasts feel heavy… nipples tingling even though I’m not touching them.”

The pleasure crested higher, faster than she expected. Her free hand clutched the sheet; her back arched. The words tumbled out in a desperate, broken litany. “It’s too much… too good… my clitoris is burning… throbbing… I’m going to… I think I’m going to…

something is happening… I can’t stop… I’m not supposed to… but the protocol says… oh God… oh please…”

The orgasm crashed over her without warning.

Paige cried out sharply—a high, startled sound that echoed in the small room—as her entire body seized. Her thighs clamped around her hand, hips jerking wildly against her fingers. Waves of blinding pleasure ripped through her core, her clit pulsing violently under the frantic circles she could not stop making. Slickness flooded her fingers, soaking the sheet beneath her. Her small breasts bounced with each convulsion; her mouth fell open in a silent scream that finally broke into soft, sobbing moans. The pleasure went on and on, deeper and more powerful than anything the probe or the enema had promised—pure, shattering release that left her trembling and gasping, tears slipping down her flushed cheeks.

For long seconds she could not speak, could only ride the aftershocks, fingers still pressed lightly to her oversensitive clit as the final ripples faded. The camera continued recording, red light steady.

When her voice returned it was hoarse and small. “I… I just had… my first… climax. It felt like everything inside me broke open. So much pleasure. So much wetness. I’m still shaking. My clitoris is too sensitive to touch now… but it still twitches. I feel… guilty. So guilty. My family… my faith… they would be ashamed. But… but it also feels… right. Like my body needed it. The protocol made me do it… and I… I want to do it again.”

She lay there for another minute, chest heaving, legs splayed, the evidence of her orgasm glistening on her thighs and the sheet. The guilt crashed in hard now—hot tears, whispered prayers in Pennsylvania Dutch—but beneath it, a strange, addictive thrill hummed. She had never felt more alive. More seen. Even alone, the camera had witnessed her surrender, and something deep inside her had liked it.

A soft knock sounded at the door. Before Paige could react, the handle turned—Emma, her roommate, had used her key. The tall, bubbly redhead in a Westhaven hoodie and shorts stepped inside, earbuds dangling, a takeout coffee in one hand. She stopped mid-step, eyes landing on the naked girl sprawled on the bed, fingers still glistening, phone camera still recording.

“Oh,” Emma said, blinking once. Then she smiled—easy, warm, completely unfazed. “Hey, Paige. First night with the protocol, right?” She closed the door behind her, set the coffee down, and kicked off her sneakers as though walking in on a naked, post-orgasm freshman was the most ordinary thing in the world. “I heard some girls in the hall talking about it earlier. Scholarship thing, yeah? Extended monitoring or whatever. You’re handling it like a champ already. Most

freshmen look terrified the first time.”

Paige scrambled to sit up, yanking the sheet over her lap, face burning hotter than the clinic lights. “Emma… I… it’s required. I didn’t… I wasn’t expecting…”

Emma waved a hand, dropping onto her own bed across the room and pulling out her laptop as if nothing had happened. “No worries. Seriously. I’ve seen the health-science girls doing their logs in the lounge sometimes. It’s just data collection. You’re cute when you blush, by the way. Want me to step out while you finish uploading? Or I can hang and pretend I’m studying. Your call.”

Paige stared, heart still racing, body still humming with afterglow and fresh shame. Emma’s casual acceptance—her breezy normalcy—made the exposure feel both more humiliating and strangely… safe. The red light on the phone still blinked. The protocol waited.

She swallowed hard, the secret thrill flickering brighter beneath the guilt.

Tomorrow’s reinforcement session at the clinic loomed. The campus waited beyond these walls. And for the first time, Paige wondered—not with dread, but with a tiny, forbidden spark of curiosity—how far the protocol would take her.

Chapter 7: The Classroom Revelation

Paige’s boots clicked softly on the polished linoleum of the science building hallway, the sound muffled by the modest length of her ankle-length dress. At nineteen she still looked every inch the sheltered Amish girl she was—dark hair pinned neatly beneath her white prayer cap, small frame barely five feet tall, plain cotton garments stitched by her own hands back in Pennsylvania. Yet beneath the layers her body hummed with restless memory. The previous night’s required video log still burned in her mind: the way her fingers had circled her swollen clit on camera, the broken words she had spoken aloud, the shattering orgasm that had left her sheets soaked and her soul reeling with guilt and something far more dangerous—craving.

She clutched her notebook to her chest as she slipped into the tiered lecture hall for Health Sciences 101. Thirty freshmen, all young women like herself, already filled the seats in casual jeans, hoodies, and Westhaven sweatshirts. The room smelled of coffee, dry-erase markers, and the faint floral shampoo of girls who had rushed from morning showers. Paige took a seat near the back, hoping to disappear into the crowd. Her panties—already damp again from the walk across campus—clung uncomfortably to her still-sensitive folds. Every step had reminded her of the clinic, of the probe, of the home log. She crossed her legs tightly and tried to breathe.

Dr. Kessler stood at the podium, a middle-aged woman with a sharp silver bob and a no- nonsense navy blazer over a crisp blouse. Her presence commanded

the room without effort. A large projector screen glowed behind her, blank for now. A tall, athletic blonde junior in a lab coat—Roberta Ellis, the peer tutor Paige had glimpsed in the clinic lobby—sat quietly in the front row, clipboard ready, long ponytail swaying as she reviewed notes.

“Good morning, class,” Dr. Kessler began, her voice carrying easily through the tiered space. “Today we’re examining physiological responses to standard medical protocols, a core component of your freshman health screenings. We’ll review anonymized video logs from recent student sessions to study autonomic nervous system activity—specifically genital and pelvic responses. This is standard teaching material for the department.”

Paige’s stomach dropped. *Video logs.* She had uploaded hers at midnight, fingers still trembling, cheeks wet with tears and afterglow. Surely they wouldn’t… surely it was someone else…

Dr. Kessler clicked her remote. The screen lit up.

It was her.

The camera angle was exactly as Paige had set it in her dorm room: her petite naked body centered on the narrow bed, dark hair loose, small breasts bare, knees drawn up. Her recorded voice—soft, trembling, thick with the rolling cadence of her Amish roots—filled the lecture hall with crystal clarity.

“This is Paige Miller… Day One of the required home protocol. I am… completely nude in my dorm room, as instructed…”

A collective rustle of notebooks and laptops rippled through the thirty seated women. Pencils scratched. No gasps. No whispers of shock. Just the ordinary sounds of students preparing to take notes on a lecture.

Paige froze in her seat, heart slamming against her ribs. Her face flooded with heat so fierce she felt dizzy. *They’re watching me.* On the giant screen her own hands moved downward, parting her thighs, exposing the glistening dark curls and flushed pink folds to the entire class. Her recorded voice continued, small and ashamed yet obedient.

“It feels… exposed. Even though I’m alone. The air is touching my… my private parts. My labia are already wet. Slippery…”

Paige’s clit throbbed violently inside her soaked panties. She squeezed her thighs together, but the pressure only sharpened the ache. A fresh trickle of arousal seeped into the cotton as she watched herself on screen—watched her own fingers begin slow circles around her swollen clit, watched her small breasts heave, watched her nipples tighten into dark pink peaks.

The class remained utterly professional. A girl two rows ahead underlined something in her notebook. Another sipped coffee without looking away from the

screen. Roberta Ellis in the front row made a calm notation on her clipboard, her expression one of detached academic interest.

Dr. Kessler pointed with a laser pointer, the red dot landing on Paige's recorded clit as it swelled under her circling fingers. "Note the immediate vasocongestion—the visible swelling and increased lubrication. This is a classic autonomic response to the protocol's nudity requirement. Subject's verbalization is excellent. Paige—keep describing for the class."

On screen, Paige's recorded voice broke into a whimper. "It's getting warmer… My clitoris is swelling more under my finger. It feels… bigger. Harder. Every circle makes my… my vagina flutter inside…"

Thirty pairs of eyes remained fixed on the screen. Notebooks filled. Someone in the third row raised a hand casually. "Is the verbal requirement part of why the responses are so strong, Dr. Kessler?"

"Precisely," the professor replied, tone as flat as if discussing cell mitosis. "Forcing continuous description removes psychological dissociation and heightens nerve signaling. Observe the subject's hips beginning to rock involuntarily—textbook pelvic-floor engagement."

Paige sank lower in her seat, mortified beyond words. Her own desperate moans now echoed through the lecture hall as the video reached its crescendo. On screen she was frantic, fingers rubbing faster, voice cracking.

"It's too much… too good… my clitoris is burning… throbbing… I'm going to… I think I'm going to… something is happening… I can't stop…"

The orgasm hit her recorded self like a storm. Paige watched in horror and helpless fascination as her body convulsed on the giant screen—thighs clamping, hips jerking, a sharp cry tearing from her throat while slickness visibly flooded her fingers and soaked the sheet. The camera captured every shudder, every twitch of her oversensitive clit, every tear slipping down her flushed cheeks. The wet sounds of her release were unmistakable.

The class continued taking notes.

"Strong pelvic contractions," Dr. Kessler observed, pausing the video on the frozen image of Paige mid-orgasm—mouth open, eyes squeezed shut, small breasts flushed and heaving. "Excellent example of a protocol-induced climax. The subject's verbal admission of guilt followed by continued compliance is particularly useful for our studies on cognitive dissonance versus physiological drive. Any questions before we move on?"

A girl near the front raised her hand. "So everyone in the scholarship track has to do these logs? Like… every night?"

“Correct,” Dr. Kessler answered smoothly. “And for high-response students like this one, the protocol extends beyond the dorm. Nudity in selected campus health-related settings ensures consistent data collection. It’s standard.”

Paige’s breath came in shallow pants. Her clit pulsed so hard she feared the entire row could hear the wet slide of fabric against her soaked panties. Shame burned through her like fire— *They all saw me come. They heard me beg. They know it was me*—yet the indifference of the room only fanned the flames. Thirty clothed young women sat calmly discussing her naked orgasm as though it were a diagram of the Krebs cycle. No judgment. No whispers. Just academic curiosity.

Roberta Ellis turned slightly in her seat, blue eyes scanning the room with professional calm. For the briefest moment her gaze met Paige’s. There was no shock in it—only the same gentle, clinical kindness Paige had glimpsed in the clinic lobby. Roberta offered the tiniest nod, as if to say *you’re doing fine*, then faced forward again.

Dr. Kessler clicked to the next slide—nerve pathway diagrams. “We’ll analyze the post- orgasm refractory period in the next log once it’s submitted. Before we continue, one announcement for our scholarship students.” She looked directly toward the back of the room, straight at Paige. “Paige Miller, please stay after class for a moment.”

The words landed like a stone in still water. Paige’s heart stopped. Every head in the room turned briefly in her direction—polite, indifferent glances—then returned to their notes. No one stared. No one smirked. It was simply another data point.

The rest of the lecture passed in a haze. Paige sat rigid, thighs clenched, panties ruined, her body on fire while Dr. Kessler discussed autonomic pathways and the importance of consistent exposure protocols. The frozen image of her own climax remained on the screen for several long minutes before the professor finally advanced the slides. Paige could not look away from it. The sight of herself—naked, legs spread, face twisted in ecstasy—while thirty women calmly took notes, made her clit throb with fresh, shameful need.

When the lecture ended, students packed up with the usual chatter about lunch and afternoon classes. “Cool example,” one girl murmured to her friend as they passed Paige’s row. “Her descriptions were really clear.” The friend nodded. “Yeah, I’ll have to remember that for my own logs next week.”

Paige remained seated until the room emptied, heart hammering. Dr. Kessler approached, Roberta Ellis trailing a respectful step behind with her clipboard.

“Paige,” Dr. Kessler said, her tone as casual as if discussing a missed assignment. “Your log was exemplary—strong verbalization, clear physiological markers, excellent first-orgasm documentation. It’s ideal teaching material.

Which brings me to the next phase of your extended protocol."

She clicked the remote again. A new slide appeared: *Live Demonstration – Next Session*.

"You'll participate live in Wednesday's class," Dr. Kessler continued. "Nude, on the platform at the front of the room. We'll replicate the home log conditions here—full visibility, continuous verbal feedback, external stimulation as needed for data accuracy. It's a standard requirement for high-response scholarship students. Roberta will assist as peer tutor to ensure proper sensor placement and timing."

Roberta offered a small, professional smile, her voice calm and warm. "I'll be gentle with the sensors, Paige. Just like in the clinic protocol. You handled yesterday's log beautifully."

Paige's mouth went dry. *Nude. In front of the entire class. Touching myself. While they watch and take notes.* The thought should have crushed her with horror. Instead her clit gave a hard, aching pulse that made her bite her lip to keep from moaning. Fresh slickness soaked through her panties and threatened to trickle down her thigh.

"I… I understand," she whispered, voice small and trembling with the cadence of home.

Dr. Kessler nodded once, already turning back to her notes. "Excellent. Undress in the hallway before class and enter the lecture hall as instructed. Bring your usual verbal feedback. You're doing wonderfully, Paige. Dismissed."

Roberta lingered a moment longer, her tall frame casting a gentle shadow. "If you need anything before Wednesday, my office hours are posted. This is all part of the adaptation process. You're not alone in it."

Paige stood on shaky legs. The lecture hall was empty now, the screen dark, yet the echo of her own orgasm still seemed to linger in the air. She walked out into the bustling hallway— girls laughing, backpacks swinging, ordinary college life flowing around her as though nothing had happened.

But inside Paige Miller, sheltered Amish daughter turned scholarship student, something had shifted. The shame was still there, sharp and crushing. Yet beneath it, hotter and more insistent than ever, burned a secret, forbidden hunger.

She pressed a hand lightly to her stomach as she walked, feeling the damp heat between her thighs with every step.

Wednesday was only two days away.

And for the first time, the thought did not fill her entirely with dread.

Chapter 8: The Nude Classroom Demonstration

Paige stood alone in the dimly lit hallway outside Lecture Hall 3, the cool linoleum cold beneath her bare feet. Her modest Amish dress, prayer cap, plain cotton bra and panties, and practical black boots lay folded with trembling precision inside the clear plastic bin Dr. Kessler had left on the small table by the door. The instructions had been explicit: *Undress in the hallway before class. Enter the lecture hall nude. Arms at your sides. No covering.* The scholarship agreement left no room for hesitation.

Her heart hammered so loudly she could hear it in her ears. At nineteen she was still the same petite Amish girl who had arrived on campus barely a week earlier—barely five feet tall, narrow hips, small high breasts, dark hair now loose and falling in soft waves to her shoulders. But the girl who had once blushed at the sight of her own ankles in a mirror was gone. In her place stood someone whose body had been awakened by the clinic, by the home log, by the video played in yesterday's lecture. Her nipples were already tight and aching in the hallway air. Between her thighs, a warm slickness had begun to gather; she could feel the faint pulse of her clit, still tender from last night's recorded climax and this morning's hurried, guilty touch before she left the dorm.

Emma had watched her dress earlier with the same breezy indifference as always—"Protocol day, huh? You've got this, Paige"—and Paige had nodded, cheeks burning, before slipping out alone. Now there was no one to hide from except herself.

She took a shaky breath, pushed open the heavy door, and stepped into the bright fluorescent light of the lecture hall.

Thirty young women—her classmates—were already seated in the tiered rows, notebooks open, laptops glowing, coffee cups steaming. The ordinary pre-class murmur of conversation —plans for the weekend mixer, complaints about the dining hall's new vegan options, whispers about upcoming midterms—continued without pause. At the front of the room stood the low, circular demonstration platform, no more than a foot high, bathed in a single bright spotlight that made the polished wood gleam. Dr. Kessler waited at the podium, sharp silver bob catching the light, remote in hand. Roberta Ellis, the tall blonde junior peer tutor, stood quietly beside the platform in her lab coat, clipboard ready, long ponytail swaying slightly as she adjusted a small tray of sensors.

Paige's bare feet padded across the floor. Every eye in the room flicked toward her for the briefest second—polite, clinical glances—then returned to notebooks and screens. No gasps. No whispers. Just the same indifferent rhythm she had come to dread and crave.

“Welcome, Paige,” Dr. Kessler said, her voice professional and warm, as if greeting a guest speaker rather than a naked freshman. “Class, as announced yesterday, Paige Miller will be participating in today’s live demonstration to illustrate real-time autonomic responses from the extended health protocol. It’s a standard component for high-response scholarship students. Paige, please step onto the platform, arms at your sides, feet shoulder-width apart.”

Paige climbed the single step. The wood was cool and smooth beneath her soles. The spotlight poured over her petite frame, highlighting every inch: the gentle curve of her small breasts, the pale pink nipples drawn tight, the soft slope of her belly, the dark triangle of curls at the apex of her thighs. She stood as instructed, arms rigid at her sides, legs parted just enough for the cool air to kiss the slick folds already glistening between them. A single slow bead of arousal traced down the inside of her left thigh, catching the light.

The class continued its ordinary rhythm. Pencils scratched. A girl in the second row sipped her coffee. Another typed a quick note on her laptop.

Dr. Kessler clicked the remote; a slide appeared behind Paige titled *Live Pelvic Response Demonstration – Subject: Paige Miller*. “We’ll begin with baseline observation. Paige, describe any immediate sensations for the record. Class, note skin flushing, nipple erection, and visible lubrication.”

Paige’s voice trembled, the rolling cadence of her Amish upbringing thick with shame. “It… it feels cold on my skin. The light is warm on my… my breasts. My nipples are tight and aching. Between my legs… I’m already wet. I can feel it dripping down my thigh. My clitoris is throbbing. It’s swollen. Everyone can see it.”

“Excellent,” Dr. Kessler said, laser pointer tracing the red dot across Paige’s body—first over a nipple, then lower, pausing deliberately on the glistening folds visible beneath the dark curls. “Note the pronounced vasocongestion. Subject’s verbalization is already elevating her own arousal markers. Roberta, please apply the first sensor to the inner thigh for pulse correlation.”

Roberta stepped forward, tall and calm, her athletic frame moving with quiet confidence. She was five-foot-ten, blonde ponytail swinging, blue eyes steady and kind behind a professional smile. In her hand was a small, adhesive sensor pad no larger than a quarter. “Just a light placement, Paige,” she said softly, voice low enough that only Paige and the microphone could catch it. “I’ll be gentle.”

She crouched slightly, bringing her face level with Paige’s hips. Her warm fingers brushed the sensitive skin of Paige’s inner thigh, inches from the dripping slit. The touch was clinical —steady, professional—yet it sent a lightning bolt straight to Paige’s core. Roberta pressed the sensor firmly into place, her fingertips grazing the edge of Paige’s labia as she smoothed the adhesive.

Paige gasped sharply, hips twitching once. “Her… her fingers… they’re so warm. Touching right next to… next to my clitoris. It made everything clench inside me. More wetness just came out. I can hear it.”

Roberta straightened, her expression unchanged, and returned to her spot beside the platform. “Sensor secure,” she reported to Dr. Kessler, voice perfectly neutral. “Pulse already elevated twenty percent from baseline.”

Dr. Kessler nodded. “Class, observe the subject’s involuntary hip twitch and increased lubrication. This is the protocol’s exposure effect in real time. Paige, spread your legs a little wider for visibility and continue verbalizing. We’ll move to light external stimulation next.”

Paige obeyed, parting her thighs until her slick, puffy folds were fully open to the room. The spotlight caught every glistening detail—the dark curls matted with moisture, the pink inner lips swollen and parted, the small hooded clit visibly throbbing. Thirty pairs of eyes studied her with academic detachment. Notebooks filled. A girl in the fourth row raised her hand.

“Dr. Kessler, is the dripping response always this pronounced in Amish-background students?”

“Often, yes,” the professor answered smoothly. “Cultural emphasis on modesty creates stronger autonomic rebound when the protocol removes clothing. Paige, begin external stimulation on your clitoris—slow circles, as in your home log. Describe the sensations continuously.”

Paige’s right hand moved downward as if pulled by invisible strings. Her fingertips found the swollen pearl and began the slow, slick circles she had performed on camera the night before. The wet sound was unmistakable in the quiet hall.

“It’s… immediate,” she whimpered. “My clitoris is so sensitive from yesterday. Every circle sends sparks up my belly. My vagina is fluttering inside… clenching around nothing. My nipples feel like they’re being pinched even though nothing’s touching them. I’m getting wetter… it’s dripping onto the platform now. I can see the puddle forming under me.”

The class continued taking notes. Someone murmured, “Textbook clitoral engorgement.” Another girl nodded and underlined a line in her textbook.

Roberta stepped forward again at Dr. Kessler’s nod, this time with a second sensor. “Placing the labial sensor for moisture correlation,” she said calmly. Her fingers parted Paige’s slick folds with gentle precision, pressing the tiny pad directly against the inner lip just beside the clit. The contact was warm, steady, and devastatingly intimate. Roberta’s thumb brushed the underside of Paige’s throbbing pearl as she secured the adhesive.

Paige’s knees buckled slightly. “Oh… Roberta’s touching me… right there. Her thumb… it’s so warm and soft. It’s making my clitoris jump. I’m… I’m right on the edge already. Please… I’m going to… I’m trying not to…”

“Hold the stimulation, Paige,” Dr. Kessler instructed, tone unchanged. “Class, note the subject’s near-climactic response to peer-tutor contact. This demonstrates the protocol’s interpersonal data-collection value.”

Roberta withdrew her hand, offering Paige the smallest, kindest smile—nothing more than professional reassurance—then stepped back. “Sensor placed,” she reported, voice steady. “Moisture output elevated.”

Paige’s fingers kept moving, slow circles growing slicker and faster despite herself. Her small breasts heaved; sweat glistened between them and along the curve of her spine. Her voice cracked into desperate little moans between words. “It’s building… so fast. My clitoris feels huge… burning. Every circle makes my legs shake. The class is watching… they’re all watching me touch myself… and they’re just writing notes. It’s making it worse. I’m so close… I can feel the wave coming… like last night but stronger because you’re all here…”

Thirty pairs of eyes remained fixed on her—clinical, attentive, utterly unfazed. A girl in the front row asked, without looking up from her notebook, “Is the verbal begging common at this stage?”

“Very common in high-response subjects,” Dr. Kessler replied. “It correlates with accelerated pelvic-floor contractions. Paige, you may continue. Describe the peak as it approaches.”

Paige’s hips rocked openly now, chasing her own fingers. Slickness coated her hand and dripped steadily onto the platform. Her clit pulsed visibly under the spotlight. “It’s… it’s right there… I’m going to come… right in front of everyone… my clitoris is throbbing so hard… I can’t stop… oh please… Roberta… Dr. Kessler… the whole class… they’re seeing

everything… I’m… I’m…”

Roberta’s calm blue eyes met hers again from the side of the platform. There was no mockery in them—only that same gentle, steady kindness that somehow made the humiliation sharper and the pleasure deeper.

Dr. Kessler raised a hand. “Pause stimulation, Paige. Hands at your sides. We’ll hold you at the edge for data collection.”

Paige’s fingers froze, trembling in the air an inch from her clit. The denied orgasm crashed through her like a wave held back by a dam—her entire body quivering, thighs shaking, a fresh gush of slickness flooding down her legs. A broken whimper tore from her throat. She stood there, naked and spotlighted, teetering on the brink, while the class calmly discussed her physiological

markers as though she were a diagram on the screen.

“Outstanding demonstration,” Dr. Kessler said, clicking to the next slide. “Paige, you may step down. Class, we’ll analyze the sensor data tomorrow. Remember—protocol students like Paige will remain nude for all future health-sciences sessions and related campus activities. It’s standard.”

Roberta offered Paige a soft cloth from the tray and helped her down from the platform with steady hands. “You did beautifully,” she murmured, voice low and warm. “Breathe through it. The edge will fade in a few minutes.”

Paige’s legs felt boneless. Her body screamed for release. Her mind spun with shame and a dark, addictive thrill. She took the cloth, dabbing uselessly at the slickness coating her thighs, and walked—naked, flushed, dripping—back toward the hallway where her clothes waited in the bin.

Behind her, the class packed up with ordinary chatter: “That was such good data.” “Her verbal stuff was next-level.” “See you at lunch?”

No one stared. No one whispered behind their hands. It was simply another Tuesday in Health Sciences 101 at Westhaven Women’s College.

Paige dressed on shaky legs in the hallway, the fabric of her panties sliding wetly against her still-throbbing clit, the long skirt brushing her damp thighs. The prayer cap pinned back into place felt like both armor and lie.

Campus waited beyond the doors—library, cafeteria, gym, study groups—all of it now part of the protocol.

And deep inside, beneath the crushing weight of guilt and the prayers she whispered under her breath, Paige felt the secret fire flare brighter than ever.

She wanted—needed—the next step.

Chapter 9: Campus-Wide Exposure

Paige’s bare feet padded silently across the thick carpet of the Westhaven Women’s College library, the cool air raising goosebumps along every inch of her exposed skin. It was only her second full day of campus-wide protocol, yet the novelty had already worn into a strange, throbbing routine. She carried nothing but a slim notebook clutched to her small breasts; the rest of her—petite five-foot frame, pale skin flushed pink, dark curls at the apex of her thighs still glistening from the morning’s hurried self-touch before leaving the dorm—remained completely, humiliatingly bare.

The library hummed with ordinary college life. Groups of young women hunched over laptops at long oak tables, pages turned, keyboards clacked, quiet laughter drifted from the study nooks. No one stared. A few glanced up with the same mild academic interest they might give a new exhibit in the biology wing, then

returned to their notes. Paige was simply the protocol girl now—high-response scholarship student, living data set, required to remain nude for all health-related campus activities.

She reached the far table where her Health Sciences study group waited: five clothed freshmen in hoodies and leggings, textbooks spread open. Sarah, the group leader, looked up with a casual smile. “Hey, Paige. Perfect timing. We’re on chapter four—nerve pathways and autonomic arousal. You’re basically a walking visual aid today.”

Paige’s cheeks burned as she took her seat on the hard wooden chair, the cool surface pressing directly against her bare bottom. Her small breasts rested on the edge of the table; her nipples tightened instantly under the air-conditioning. Between her thighs, the slickness she could never quite control had already begun to pool on the seat. “I… I’m supposed to stay available for questions,” she whispered, voice soft with the rolling cadence of her Amish roots. “Dr. Kessler said to verbalize any sensations if they come up.”

“Great,” Sarah said, flipping a page. “We’ll start with the pelvic response section. Paige, can you spread your knees a little wider so we can see the external markers while we read?”

Paige obeyed, parting her slender thighs until her slick, puffy folds were openly displayed beneath the dark curls. A fresh bead of arousal slipped free and traced down the wooden chair leg. The other girls leaned in slightly, clinical and detached, comparing her glistening labia to the textbook diagram.

“Textbook vasocongestion,” one murmured, jotting a note. “Look how her clitoris is already swollen. Protocol really works fast.”

The discussion flowed around her as though she were a chart on the wall. Paige sat there, naked and dripping, answering the occasional question—“Yes, it feels like a constant warm pulse… my clitoris aches every time someone looks”—while her body betrayed her with fresh waves of slickness. The casual indifference of her clothed classmates only sharpened the fire low in her belly.

From the library she moved to the cafeteria, tray balanced carefully in her hands. The line of students in jeans and sweaters parted politely to let her through. She chose a simple salad and water, then carried the tray to an open table. The plastic chair was cold against her bare bottom; her nipples brushed the edge of the tray as she sat. A girl walking past with her own lunch offered a breezy nod. “Protocol shift, right? You’re handling it well. Saw your demo in class yesterday—super clear data.”

Paige ate in silence, the ache between her thighs growing with every indifferent glance. By the time she reached the gym for the mandatory health assessment, her inner thighs were slick to the knees.

The fitness center was bright and echoing. A dozen clothed students stretched or jogged on treadmills while Coach Ramirez, a sturdy woman in a Westhaven polo, waited at the center mat. “Paige Miller—perfect. Today’s flexibility assessment for protocol students. Stay nude, of course. We’ll do standing forward bends, wide-leg stretches, then the butterfly pose. Verbalize sensations as usual.”

Paige moved through the exercises under the bright lights, body folding and opening, every stretch exposing her glistening sex to the room. When she sank into the wide-legged straddle, her swollen clit pressed against the cool mat, sending a jolt through her core. “It’s… pressing right on my clitoris,” she gasped, voice trembling. “The stretch is making me wetter. I can feel it dripping onto the mat.”

Coach Ramirez nodded, clipboard in hand. “Good feedback. Hold for thirty more seconds. Class, note the increased lubrication during hip-openers—standard protocol response.”

The assessment ended with Paige trembling, denied once again, her body a live wire of need. She padded back across campus still naked, the late-afternoon sun warm on her skin, the eyes of passing students sliding over her with polite disinterest.

By the time she reached Room 214, her legs were shaking and her mind spun with the day’s relentless exposure.

The door opened before she could knock. Emma stood there in a soft Westhaven hoodie and shorts, red hair loose, a playful little smirk on her lips. Behind her, the room looked… different.

One of the beds was gone.

The maintenance crew had come that afternoon—Emma explained it with a casual wave of her hand. “College housing adjustment for protocol students. They said sharing space optimizes monitoring or whatever. Official memo on the desk. So… we’re down to one bed now. Yours. We’ll be sharing it from tonight on.”

Paige’s breath caught. The remaining bed—her narrow single—suddenly looked impossibly small for two bodies.

Emma stepped aside, letting Paige enter, then closed the door with a soft click. Her eyes swept over Paige’s naked form slowly, appreciatively, but with that same light, affectionate authority she had begun to use since the first night.

“First rule, sweetie,” Emma said, voice warm but firm. “Whenever I’m in the room, you stay completely nude. No exceptions. It’s for your protocol adaptation—helps you get used to being seen, right? And honestly…” She reached out, brushing a single fingertip along the underside of Paige’s left

breast, making the nipple tighten instantly. “You get so beautifully wet when you’re bare. Look at you already dripping down your thighs after one day on campus. Good girl.”

Paige shivered, a fresh rush of slickness coating her folds at the casual touch and the casual praise.

Emma’s smirk deepened. “Second rule: you help me dress for classes every morning. I’ll stand right here, and you’ll button my shirt, zip my jeans, tie my shoes—whatever I’m wearing that day. While you stay naked, of course. Think of it as service training for the protocol. Builds humility. Builds… other things too.” She glanced meaningfully at the glistening trail on Paige’s inner thigh.

Paige’s voice was barely a whisper. “Emma… I… that’s…”

“Shhh.” Emma stepped closer, towering over the petite Amish girl. She cupped Paige’s chin gently, tilting her face up. “You’re already soaked just from me saying it. Your body knows what it needs. Now, come here—help me pick out tomorrow’s outfit while I get comfortable.”

Emma led Paige to the closet. While Paige—still completely naked—sorted through Emma’s clothes with trembling hands, Emma stripped down to her bra and panties, then lounged on the single bed, legs spread lazily.

“Bring me the blue blouse and those tight jeans,” Emma instructed. “And while you’re at it, describe exactly how wet you are right now. Out loud. Protocol requires verbalization, doesn’t it?”

Paige’s cheeks flamed as she obeyed, voice small and shaky. “I’m… dripping. My clitoris is throbbing so hard it hurts. Helping you choose clothes while I’m bare… it makes me ache inside. I can feel it running down my legs.”

Emma hummed in approval, patting the bed beside her. “Good girl. Come lie down. We’re sharing from now on, so you might as well get used to it. Naked, of course. I like feeling your skin against mine at night.”

Paige crawled onto the bed, heart hammering. Emma pulled her close, draping one long leg over Paige’s hip, the redhead’s smooth thigh pressing directly against Paige’s soaked pussy. The contact made Paige whimper.

“Third little rule,” Emma murmured against Paige’s ear, voice low and teasing. “Every night before we sleep, you’ll give me a full verbal report of your day’s arousal. How many times you edged, how wet you got in each class, how it felt when the whole library stared at your dripping cunt. And if you’re very good…” She trailed a single fingertip down Paige’s belly, stopping just above the dark curls. “Maybe I’ll let you rub against my leg a little. Just enough to take the edge off. But only if you ask nicely.”

Paige shuddered, pressing her face into Emma’s shoulder, equal parts shame and desperate need flooding her. The bed was so small their bodies had no choice but to tangle—Emma’s soft breasts against Paige’s back, Emma’s breath warm on her neck, one hand resting possessively on Paige’s hip.

“Tomorrow morning you’ll help me dress,” Emma whispered, already sounding half-asleep and utterly content. “Then you’ll stay naked while I eat breakfast and you make my coffee. After that… campus waits. But here, in this room, you’re mine to look at. Mine to tease. Mine to train for the protocol.”

Paige lay there in the dark, naked and trembling, Emma’s leg still wedged firmly between her slick thighs. The day’s public exposure still burned in her mind—the library, the cafeteria, the gym—but nothing compared to the intimate, affectionate domination now blooming in the one place she had once thought was safe.

Her clit pulsed helplessly against Emma’s warm skin.

She was no longer just the protocol girl to the campus.

In this room, with Emma’s gentle commands and teasing touches, she was becoming

something more—something smaller, wetter, and far more helplessly aroused than she had ever imagined.

And deep down, beneath the prayers and the guilt, Paige felt the first undeniable spark of surrender.

She whispered a soft, broken “Yes, Emma” into the darkness, and the redhead’s arm tightened around her in quiet approval.

The single bed had never felt smaller.

Or more perfect.

Chapter 10: Group Study and Peer Assistance

The dorm lounge on the second floor of Westhaven’s freshman hall was quiet in the early evening, the large windows overlooking the darkening quad. Soft overhead lights cast a warm glow over the cluster of couches, low coffee tables, and scattered armchairs. A few other residents drifted through occasionally—girls in hoodies grabbing snacks from the vending machine or heading to the laundry room—but the space felt intimate, almost private. Almost.

Paige stood just inside the doorway, completely naked, as Emma had insisted the moment they left their room. “Protocol doesn’t stop at our door, sweetie,” Emma had murmured, one hand resting possessively on the small of Paige’s back. “Dorm lounge is still campus. You stay bare whenever I’m with you. Helps with adaptation. Besides…” She had trailed a fingertip down Paige’s spine, making

the petite girl shiver. “You get so deliciously wet when you’re on display for me.”

Now Paige’s bare feet pressed into the thick carpet, her small breasts rising and falling with nervous breaths, nipples already tight in the cooler evening air. Her dark curls were damp at the apex of her thighs; a faint glistening trail already traced down the inside of one slender leg. The single bed they now shared had left her body humming all day—Emma’s leg wedged between her thighs every night, the casual commands, the way Emma made her verbalize every ache before sleep. Helping Emma dress that morning—buttoning the redhead’s blouse while Paige remained stark naked—had left her dripping before breakfast.

Emma lounged on the central couch in soft lounge pants and a cropped Westhaven tee, red hair loose, legs spread with casual confidence. She patted the cushion beside her. “Come here, Paige. Right next to me. Knees apart—protocol says you have to stay accessible for data collection.”

Paige obeyed, lowering herself onto the couch. The fabric was cool against her bare bottom. Emma immediately draped one arm around her shoulders, pulling her close so their thighs pressed together. “Good girl,” Emma whispered, loud enough for the third person in the room to hear. “Look at you already leaking onto the cushion. So pretty when you’re embarrassed.”

Roberta Ellis sat across from them in the armchair, tall and athletic in her usual lab coat over a simple blouse, long blonde ponytail draped over one shoulder. Her blue eyes were calm, professional, and kind—the same steady gaze that had undone Paige during the classroom demonstration. A small tray of sensors and a notebook rested on the coffee table between them. “Evening, Paige,” Roberta said, voice low and warm. “Emma invited me to help with the group project calibration tonight. We’re documenting extended protocol responses in semi-public dorm settings. I’ll keep the touches clinical and light—inner thighs, lower abdomen, clitoral area if needed for accuracy. You just verbalize everything, exactly as required.”

Paige’s breath hitched. “Yes… ma’am,” she whispered, the Amish cadence thick with shame. The word “ma’am” slipped out unbidden; something about Roberta’s quiet authority made her feel small and safe and desperately aroused all at once.

Emma smirked, squeezing Paige’s shoulder. “See? She’s already soaked and we haven’t even started. Rule number four for tonight, Paige: you address both of us properly when we’re calibrating you. And you keep your legs open the whole time. No closing them, no matter how close you get.”

The study session began innocently enough. Textbooks and laptops opened. They were supposed to be outlining a joint paper on autonomic responses in high-sensitivity subjects. But within minutes Emma had steered the conversation exactly where she wanted.

“Paige, describe your baseline right now,” Emma ordered gently, one hand idly stroking Paige’s bare thigh. “Out loud. For the project notes.”

Paige’s voice trembled. “I’m… very wet. My clitoris is already swollen and throbbing. Sitting naked between you both while you’re clothed… it makes me ache inside. My nipples are tight. I can feel my pussy clenching every time Roberta looks at me.”

Roberta’s expression remained perfectly professional, though her blue eyes softened with quiet understanding. She leaned forward, gloved fingers hovering. “May I begin calibration? Light palpation of the lower abdomen first—standard pressure mapping.”

Emma nodded before Paige could answer. “Go ahead. She loves it when you touch her. Don’t be shy, Roberta—she’s protocol property tonight.”

Roberta’s warm, steady hands settled on Paige’s flat belly, just above the dark curls. She pressed gently in slow circles, mapping the residual sensitivity from the clinic days. The touch was clinical, yet the warmth of Roberta’s palms sent sparks straight to Paige’s core.

“It’s… warm,” Paige gasped. “Your hands feel so gentle. Every press makes my clitoris jump. More slickness is coming out… I can feel it dripping onto the couch now.”

Emma’s fingers tightened on Paige’s thigh, holding her legs open wider. “Good girl. Keep talking. Roberta, slide lower—inner thighs next. She gets so sensitive there.”

Roberta obeyed, her long fingers gliding down the silky skin of Paige’s inner thighs, stopping inches from the glistening folds. She traced slow, feather-light patterns, occasionally brushing the outer labia as if by accident. Paige’s hips twitched helplessly.

“Oh… Roberta… your fingers are so close,” Paige whimpered. “They’re brushing my labia. My clitoris is pulsing so hard. I’m getting wetter with every stroke. Emma’s holding my legs open and it makes me feel… owned.”

Emma chuckled softly, affectionate and possessive. “That’s right, sweetie. You are. Now, Roberta—give her a little direct stimulation. Just the clit. For data. She’s been edging herself all day thinking about you.”

Roberta’s cheeks colored faintly, but her voice stayed calm and kind. “Only if Paige is comfortable. Protocol requires consent for assisted touch.”

Paige’s head was spinning. “Please… I consent. I need it.”

Roberta’s gloved fingertip found the swollen pearl and began slow, perfect circles—exactly the pressure and rhythm Paige had described in her logs. The

sensation was devastating. Paige cried out softly, back arching.

“It’s… electric,” she moaned. “Your finger on my clitoris… it’s so precise. So warm even through the glove. I’m going to come so fast. Emma’s watching… you’re both watching… I’m naked in the lounge and anyone could walk by…”

As if on cue, two sophomores passed through the lounge on their way to the vending machines. They glanced over, offered polite nods—“Hey, protocol study night?”—and kept walking without breaking stride. The casual indifference only drove Paige higher.

Emma leaned in, lips brushing Paige’s ear. “Look at them. They don’t even care that you’re about to come all over Roberta’s fingers. Tell us how close you are, baby. Use the words.”

“I’m… right there,” Paige sobbed, hips rocking shamelessly against Roberta’s steady hand. “My clitoris is burning. My pussy is clenching so hard. I can hear how wet I am. Please… Roberta… don’t stop… I’m going to come in front of both of you… first time with someone else touching me…”

Roberta’s voice remained gentle, almost tender. “Let it happen, Paige. We’re collecting the data. You’re safe. Just breathe and let go.”

Emma’s arm tightened around her. “Come for us, good girl. Show Roberta how pretty you look when you fall apart.”

The orgasm crashed through Paige like a tidal wave.

Her petite body seized, thighs trembling violently against Emma’s restraining hand. A sharp, broken cry tore from her throat as her clit pulsed wildly under Roberta’s circling finger. Slickness flooded out in hot, rhythmic gushes, soaking Roberta’s glove and dripping heavily onto the couch cushion. Her small breasts heaved; her nipples stood like dark pink pebbles. Wave after wave rolled through her—deeper and more shattering than any solo climax in her dorm logs—while both women watched with calm, clinical affection.

Emma whispered praise against her ear. “That’s it… give it all to us. Such a good little protocol girl. Look at the mess you made on Roberta’s hand.”

Roberta continued the gentle circles through the peak, then slowed to feather-light touches as the aftershocks faded, guiding Paige down with perfect care. “Beautiful response,” she murmured, voice warm. “Strong contractions, excellent verbalization. Your data is going to be invaluable for the project.”

Paige collapsed against Emma’s side, chest heaving, tears of overwhelming pleasure and shame slipping down her flushed cheeks. Her body still twitched with residual spasms; fresh slickness continued to leak onto the cushion. Emma stroked her dark hair tenderly, almost proudly.

“See?” Emma said softly, kissing the top of Paige’s head. “That wasn’t so bad. And tonight, when we’re back in our bed, you’ll tell me every detail again while you rub against my thigh. Just enough to take the edge off before sleep. Because you’re mine to train now, aren’t you?”

Paige nodded weakly, voice hoarse. “Yes, Emma… yours.”

Roberta peeled off her gloves with a soft snap and offered Paige a warm, professional smile that made Paige’s heart stutter. “You were perfect, Paige. If you ever need extra calibration sessions—just the two of us—I’m available during office hours. No pressure. Just… whenever you feel the protocol getting overwhelming.”

The words lingered like a caress. Paige’s secret longing for Roberta—the tall blonde’s calm voice, her steady hands, the kindness that cut straight through the humiliation—deepened into something warm and aching and undeniable.

Emma helped Paige sit up, still completely naked, still dripping, while the three of them returned to their notebooks as if nothing extraordinary had happened. Other dorm residents continued to pass through the lounge, offering the same indifferent nods they always did.

To the outside world, it was simply another evening study session.

But in the warm glow of the lounge, with Emma’s possessive arm around her and Roberta’s gentle blue eyes meeting hers across the coffee table, Paige felt the lines between protocol, shame, and desire blur beyond recognition.

She was no longer just complying.

She was beginning—helplessly, shamefully, beautifully—to crave it all.

Chapter 11: The Health Fair Peak

The campus quad had been transformed into a bustling women’s health fair by mid-morning, colorful banners fluttering in the September breeze, booths lined with pamphlets on nutrition, sexual wellness, and stress management. Laughter and conversation drifted across the lawn as hundreds of Westhaven students and faculty moved between tables in casual jeans, hoodies, and lab coats. The air smelled of fresh coffee from the alumni tent and sunscreen from the outdoor yoga demonstration. It was a perfectly ordinary Saturday event—except for the raised platform at the center of the main walkway.

A simple wooden stage, three feet high and eight feet wide, stood beneath a large white canopy. A bright banner overhead read in bold blue letters: **LIVE PROTOCOL

DEMONSTRATION – High-Response Scholarship Student**. Below it, in smaller print: *Continuous Data Collection – Verbal Feedback Required*.

Paige stood naked in the center of the platform.

Her petite frame was fully exposed under the bright morning sun and the canopy lights— small, high breasts with pale pink nipples already tight and aching, narrow hips, slender legs trembling slightly. Her dark hair fell loose to her shoulders, prayer cap left behind in the dorm at Emma's firm insistence. Between her thighs, the dark curls were already damp, a faint glistening trail tracing down the inside of one leg. She had been positioned with her feet shoulder-width apart, hands clasped behind her back, chest out, exactly as the protocol coordinator had instructed when Emma marched her across campus an hour earlier.

Emma stood at the base of the platform in a cropped Westhaven tee and shorts, red hair gleaming, one hand resting possessively on the railing. "Remember the rules, sweetie," she had whispered just before stepping back. "You stay right here, completely bare, for the entire fair. No covering. You verbalize every sensation the moment it happens. And when Roberta or any of the examiners touch you, you thank them properly. Good girls get rewarded tonight in our bed." Emma's eyes had flicked down to the fresh slickness already coating Paige's inner thighs. "Look at you. Already dripping for the whole campus. I'm so proud."

Now the fair swirled around Paige like a living river of clothed women. Students paused to read the banner, took notes on clipboards, sipped coffee, and watched with polite academic interest. No one gawked. No one whispered behind hands. It was simply the featured demonstration station—standard for the health fair.

A small line had already formed at the base of the steps. Dr. Kessler stood nearby with a microphone, addressing the growing crowd in her crisp professional tone. "Ladies, welcome to today's live protocol station. Paige Miller, our high-response scholarship student, will remain on display for the full four-hour duration. Faculty, students, and staff are encouraged to participate in the scheduled examinations. Paige will provide continuous verbal feedback as required by the extended protocol. Roberta Ellis, peer tutor, will serve as primary monitor to ensure accuracy and safety."

Roberta stepped up onto the platform beside Paige, tall and calm in her lab coat, blonde ponytail swaying. She offered Paige the same gentle, steady smile that always made Paige's heart stutter. "I'll be right here the whole time," she murmured, voice low enough for only Paige to hear. "Breathe through it. You're safe. I've got you."

Paige's voice trembled as the first examiner—a senior nursing student—climbed the steps. "Thank you for examining me," Paige whispered, the Amish cadence soft and broken. "I'm… already very wet. My clitoris is swollen and throbbing just from standing here."

The senior smiled politely, gloved hands clinical. “Let’s begin with abdominal palpation and external genital inspection.” She pressed warm fingers into Paige’s lower belly, then lower still, parting the dark curls and spreading Paige’s slick folds open to the bright daylight and the watching crowd.

Paige gasped, hips twitching. “Your fingers… they’re opening me. Everyone can see inside. The air feels so cold on my clitoris. It’s pulsing. More slickness is coming out… I can feel it dripping down my thighs.”

The examiner nodded, jotting notes. “Excellent lubrication response. Note the visible clitoral engorgement.” She circled the swollen pearl once with a gloved fingertip, then stepped back. The crowd murmured approval—“Strong data,” someone said—before the next woman in line took her place.

Hour after hour it continued.

A faculty member from the psychology department performed a “sensory mapping” exam, running cool fingertips along Paige’s inner thighs, then across her nipples, then down to trace slow circles around her clit while asking Paige to rate the intensity on a scale of one to ten. Paige’s voice cracked as she answered: “Ten… it’s a ten… please… I’m so close already…”

Roberta stayed at her side the entire time, tall frame a steady anchor. When Paige’s legs began to shake too hard, Roberta’s hand rested lightly on her lower back, warm and reassuring. “You’re doing beautifully,” she whispered during a brief lull. “Just breathe. I’m monitoring every response. You’re safe with me.”

Emma circled the platform periodically, never far away. She would pause at the railing, sip her iced coffee, and call up softly, “Keep those legs open, good girl. Tell the nice doctor how wet helping me dress this morning made you.” Paige would obey, voice trembling, describing how she had buttoned Emma’s blouse while naked, how the simple act of service had left her dripping before they even left the room. Each time Emma smiled with quiet pride and moved on, leaving Paige throbbing harder.

By the third hour the sun had climbed higher, warming Paige’s bare skin. Sweat glistened between her small breasts and along her spine. Her clit was visibly engorged, a tiny, dark pink pearl that pulsed visibly with every heartbeat. Slickness coated her inner thighs to the knees now, dripping steadily onto the platform in tiny, audible patters. The line of examiners had grown longer—students, faculty, even a visiting alumna who performed a “vaginal muscle tone assessment” by sliding two gloved fingers just inside Paige’s entrance while she described the stretching, the fullness, the desperate fluttering of her inner walls.

Roberta never left her side. When the touches grew too intense, Roberta’s calm blue eyes would meet Paige’s and hold them, grounding her. Once, during a

particularly long examination that had Paige teetering on the edge, Roberta leaned in and whispered, “You’re so strong, Paige. I’ve never seen anyone respond this beautifully. Let it build. I’ve got you.”

The words sent a fresh gush of wetness down Paige’s legs.

Emma returned during the final half-hour, climbing the platform steps herself. She stood beside Roberta, one hand resting lightly on Paige’s hip. “Final demonstration of the day,” Emma announced to the small crowd that had gathered, voice light and affectionate. “Paige is going to show everyone what a good protocol girl she is. Roberta, would you mind assisting with direct clitoral stimulation for the climax data?”

Roberta glanced at Paige, seeking consent in her eyes. Paige nodded frantically, tears of overwhelming need already pricking at the corners of her eyes. “Please… Roberta… I need it… I can’t hold it anymore…”

Roberta’s gloved fingers found Paige’s swollen clit with perfect, gentle precision. Emma’s hand slid lower, holding Paige’s hip steady, keeping her legs open wide for the watching crowd. The touches were no longer teasing—they were purposeful, rhythmic, devastating.

Paige’s voice rose, clear and desperate, carrying across the quad. “Roberta’s fingers… they’re circling my clitoris so perfectly… Emma’s holding me open… everyone is watching… I’m going to come… I can’t stop it… it’s right there… oh God… I’m coming… I’m coming right here in front of everyone…”

The orgasm tore through her like lightning.

Paige’s petite body convulsed on the platform, back arching sharply, small breasts bouncing with each violent spasm. A raw, broken cry tore from her throat as her clit pulsed wildly under Roberta’s steady fingers. Slickness gushed out in hot, rhythmic spurts, splashing onto the wooden stage and running down her trembling thighs. Her knees buckled; only Emma’s strong arm and Roberta’s steadying hand kept her upright. Wave after wave crashed through her—public, undeniable, impossible to hide—while the crowd watched with polite, clinical approval.

“Exceptional climax response,” Dr. Kessler’s voice echoed through the microphone. “Note the visible ejaculation-level lubrication and full-body contractions. Excellent data, Paige.”

The fair continued around them. Students applauded lightly, then drifted toward the next booth. A few took final notes. No one stared. No one whispered scandal. It was simply the featured demonstration—successful, as expected.

Roberta withdrew her hand slowly, peeling off the glove with a soft snap. She cupped Paige’s flushed cheek for the briefest moment, thumb brushing away a

tear. “You were perfect,” she whispered. “Breathtaking. I’m so proud of you.”

Emma kissed the top of Paige’s head, voice warm and possessive. “That’s my good girl. Tonight in our bed you’ll tell me every single detail while you ride my thigh. But for now… let’s get you home. You’ve earned a little rest before the next phase.”

Paige stood on the platform, naked, dripping, trembling, chest heaving as the final aftershocks rippled through her. The sun warmed her skin. The crowd moved on. Roberta’s gentle eyes and Emma’s proud smile anchored her in place.

For the first time, the crushing weight of shame felt lighter than the deep, secret thrill blooming inside her chest.

She had come—publicly, shamelessly, beautifully—in front of the entire health fair.

And somewhere beneath the prayers she still whispered in the quiet of her mind, Paige Miller felt the last fragile wall of her old life begin to crumble.

The protocol had won.

She was no longer fighting it.

She was beginning—helplessly, hungrily—to belong to it.

Chapter 12: Acceptance and New Reality

The clinic smelled exactly as it had on that first morning—sharp antiseptic, faint lavender hand soap, cool recycled air. Paige stood naked in Exam Room 3, the same padded table behind her, the same overhead lamp angled downward. Her petite body still carried the lingering flush of the health fair: a faint sheen of dried slickness on her inner thighs, nipples still slightly puffy and sensitive, her dark curls matted and glistening from the final public climax that had left her trembling on the platform less than two hours earlier. She kept her arms at her sides, feet shoulder-width apart, exactly as protocol demanded.

Dr. Elena Harlan reviewed the final chart on her tablet, silver threading through her dark bob catching the light. Nurse Olivia Carter stood beside her, clipboard in hand, both women as calm and professional as they had been the day Paige first disrobed in the lobby.

“Final review complete,” Dr. Harlan said, her voice warm yet matter-of-fact. “Your data across the entire semester has been exceptional, Paige. The live health-fair demonstration was the strongest public response we’ve ever recorded—full-body contractions, visible ejaculation-level lubrication, sustained verbalization even at peak. You’ve adapted beautifully.”

Nurse Carter smiled, the same breezy, reassuring smile she had offered since day one. “Most scholarship students plateau after the first month. You kept

improving. The extended campus phase, the dorm integration with Emma, the assisted sessions with Roberta—everything pushed your autonomic markers higher. We're recommending you for the advanced track next semester."

Paige's breath caught. The words should have terrified her. Instead they sent a fresh, slow pulse through her core, a warm trickle of fresh arousal sliding down her inner thigh. She could still feel Roberta's steady fingers on her clit in front of the entire fair, Emma's possessive arm holding her open, the indifferent eyes of the crowd as she came so hard she nearly collapsed.

"I… I'd like to extend," Paige whispered, the rolling cadence of her Amish speech soft but steady. "Another full semester. If that's allowed."

Dr. Harlan's eyebrows lifted slightly, pleased. "It's more than allowed. It's encouraged for students with your profile. We'll update your scholarship paperwork this afternoon. You'll remain nude for all health-related campus activities, continue the nightly video logs, and maintain the shared-dorm arrangement with Emma. Any questions?"

Paige shook her head. "No, ma'am."

Nurse Carter handed her a fresh towel. "Clean up a little before you leave. You're still quite flushed and slick from the fair. Perfectly normal—your body's learning to hold the arousal state longer. We'll see you next week for the new semester orientation. Same time, same room."

Paige wiped herself gently, the soft cloth gliding over her hypersensitive folds and making her bite her lip. Even that brief touch sent sparks through her. She dressed in silence under their indifferent supervision—panties sliding up her still-damp thighs, bra cupping her tender breasts, long modest dress settling around her ankles, prayer cap pinned neatly into place. The fabric felt both familiar and foreign now, a thin veil over the woman she had become.

Outside the clinic, the campus paths were quiet in the late afternoon sun. Paige walked slowly toward the dorm, each step a reminder of the slickness still coating her. Her phone buzzed in the pocket of her dress. Home.

She answered on the second ring, voice carefully light.

"Dat? Yes, it's me. Everything is… fine. College is good. The classes are challenging, but I'm learning so much. The health screenings? They were just routine. Nothing to worry about." She lied smoothly, cheeks burning as a fresh bead of arousal slipped down her leg beneath the long skirt. "Mamm, tell the boys I miss them. The prayer cap is still on every day. Yes… I'm still your modest daughter. I love you all."

She hung up as she reached the dorm door, heart aching with the familiar guilt. But the ache between her thighs was stronger.

Room 214 was dim and quiet when she stepped inside. Emma lounged on the single bed they now shared, red hair loose, wearing nothing but a thin tank top and panties. The second bed had never returned; the room felt smaller, more intimate, more theirs.

Emma's eyes lit up the moment she saw Paige. "There's my good girl. Still dripping from the fair? I can smell you from here." She patted the mattress. "Strip. Now. You know the rule— naked the second the door closes when I'm home."

Paige obeyed without hesitation. Dress, slip, bra, panties, prayer cap—all folded neatly and placed on the chair. She stood bare before her roommate, small breasts rising and falling, slickness already glistening on her inner thighs again.

Emma crooked a finger. "Come here. Help me out of these, then you can give me tonight's report while you lie between my legs."

Paige crawled onto the bed, helping Emma peel off the tank top and panties with trembling fingers. Once Emma was naked too, she pulled Paige down so the smaller girl rested on her stomach between Emma's spread thighs, face inches from Emma's warm, smooth sex.

"Start talking," Emma murmured, threading her fingers through Paige's dark hair. "Every detail from the fair. How it felt when Roberta made you come in front of everyone."

Paige's voice was soft and shaky as she recounted it all—the examiners, the touches, the public orgasm, Roberta's gentle eyes, the way her body had surrendered so completely. As she spoke, Emma guided Paige's mouth lower, letting her taste and lick in slow, obedient strokes while Emma's hips rocked lazily.

When Paige finally brought Emma to a quiet, shuddering climax, Emma stroked her hair with lazy affection. "Good girl. Now go read your journal like you always do after a big day. I want you thinking about how far you've come."

Paige slipped off the bed and crossed to the small desk. She opened the bottom drawer and pulled out two items: her hidden prayer journal—leather-bound, pages filled with neat Pennsylvania Dutch script and English prayers—and her phone, already queued to the secure protocol folder containing every video log she had ever recorded.

She sat cross-legged on the floor, still completely naked, and opened the journal first.

The earliest entries were from her first week: *Lord, forgive me for the shame I feel. I am bare before strangers. My body betrays me with sinful wetness. Help me remain modest in my heart.*

She turned pages slowly. The handwriting changed over time—less frantic, more wondering.

Today I came while thirty girls watched and took notes. I felt… seen. Not dirty. Seen.

Emma made me stay naked all evening and ride her thigh until I begged. I said yes. I wanted it.

Roberta touched me today and looked at me like I was precious. I think I'm falling for her kindness.

Paige closed the journal and opened the video folder. She played the very first log—the terrified girl on her dorm bed, voice cracking as she described her first self-touch. Then she fast-forwarded to last night's log: her own voice, husky and confident, describing how she had helped Emma dress while dripping, how she had come on Roberta's fingers in the lounge while Emma held her legs open.

The contrast was startling. The girl in the first video had been broken by shame. The girl in the latest video sounded… alive. Hungry. Proud of her surrender.

Paige set both the journal and the phone aside.

She looked at herself in the small mirror above the desk—naked, flushed, slick between her thighs, prayer cap gone, dark hair loose. The Amish girl was still there, in the cadence of her thoughts, in the prayers she still whispered at night. But she was no longer only that girl.

She opened the protocol extension form on her laptop and signed it with steady fingers.

One more semester. Maybe two.

A soft knock sounded at the door. Emma, still naked on the bed, called out lazily, "Come in." Roberta Ellis stepped inside, tall and graceful in a simple sweater and jeans, blonde ponytail swaying. She carried a small folder—probably more data sheets—but her blue eyes went straight to Paige, still sitting naked on the floor.

"I wanted to check on you after the fair," Roberta said, voice gentle. "You were extraordinary today. I know it wasn't easy."

Emma smirked from the bed. "She's fine. Aren't you, sweetie? Go give Roberta a proper hello."

Paige rose and crossed the room on bare feet. She stopped in front of Roberta, close enough that the taller woman could see every detail of her arousal—the flushed chest, the tight nipples, the slick trail still shining on her inner thighs.

"Thank you for today," Paige whispered. "For staying with me. For… seeing me."

Roberta’s hand lifted, hesitating, then cupped Paige’s cheek with the same tender care she had shown on the platform. Her thumb brushed across Paige’s lower lip. The touch was soft, almost reverent. “I see you, Paige. All of you. And I like what I see.”

For a long moment they simply stood there—Paige naked and small, Roberta clothed and tall, the air between them charged with something deeper than protocol, deeper than friendship. No kiss. No promises. Just the quiet understanding that something had begun, something gentle and mutual and real.

Emma watched from the bed with a satisfied little smile, as though she had always known this moment would come.

When Roberta finally stepped back, she offered Paige one last warm smile. “I’ll see you in class next week. Same platform. Same rules. And… if you ever want a private calibration session, just the two of us… my door is always open.”

She left quietly.

Paige stood in the center of the room, heart full, body humming.

Emma patted the bed. “Come here, my good girl. Time to ride my thigh and tell me how it felt when Roberta looked at you like that. Then we’ll sleep—naked, tangled, exactly how we belong now.”

Paige crawled onto the single bed, pressing her slick, aching sex against Emma’s warm thigh. As she began to rock slowly, obediently, she whispered the only truth that still mattered.

“I choose this.”

The protocol had not broken her.

It had set her free.

And in the quiet of the dorm room, with Emma’s hands on her hips and the memory of Roberta’s gentle touch still warm on her cheek, Paige Miller—once a sheltered Amish daughter, now a woman who had come publicly and shamelessly and beautifully—finally accepted the new reality she had chosen.

She was exactly where she belonged.

Part 2: Paige in Boston

The morning light in Room 214 was soft and golden, filtering through the half-drawn blinds exactly as it had every day for the past nine months. Paige Miller stood in the center of the small dorm room, completely naked, her petite five-foot frame bathed in the warm glow. Her small, high breasts rose and fell with each quiet breath; the pale pink nipples were already slightly tightened in the cool air. Between her slender thighs, the dark curls at the apex of her sex

were still faintly damp from the night before, and a single slow bead of fresh arousal traced lazily down the inside of her left leg before she could stop it. The prayer cap she had worn for nineteen years lay neatly folded on the dresser beside her modest dress, slip, bra, and panties—all waiting to be put on after she finished her morning duty.

Emma sat on the edge of the single bed they now shared, wearing nothing but a thin white tank top and a pair of soft black panties. Her red hair spilled loose over her shoulders, catching the light as she stretched lazily and smiled up at Paige with that familiar mix of affection and quiet command.

“Morning, sweetie,” Emma said, voice warm and sleepy. “You know what to do. Help me dress for the day.”

Paige’s heart gave a familiar little flutter—the same flutter it had given every morning since the protocol had deepened. She stepped forward on bare feet, the cool floorboards a small shock against her soles, and reached for the clothes Emma had laid out the night before: a crisp white blouse, tailored jeans, and a light cardigan for the mild spring morning. Her fingers, small and trembling with the habit of months of service, began the ritual she had come to crave more than she dared admit even in prayer.

She started with the panties, sliding the soft black lace up Emma’s long, smooth legs, her own naked body bending close enough that her small breasts brushed Emma’s thighs. Then the jeans, the zipper and button fastened with careful precision while Paige remained completely bare. The bra came next—Paige rose on her toes to hook it behind Emma’s back, her own nipples grazing the redhead’s skin. Finally the blouse and cardigan, each button slipped through its hole with the same Amish precision Paige had been taught since childhood. All the while she stayed naked, exposed, the cool dorm air kissing every inch of her while Emma remained comfortably clothed.

Emma watched her with quiet pleasure, one hand occasionally stroking Paige’s dark hair as the smaller girl worked. When the last button was fastened, Emma cupped Paige’s chin and tilted her face up.

“You’re so good at this,” she murmured. “I don’t know what I’d do without my little roommate helper every morning.”

Paige’s cheeks flushed a deep pink. The words “roommate helper” always carried that gentle, affectionate sting—the same tone Emma had used since the very first weeks of the protocol. It was never a command, never a rule. It was simply “how things were done.”

Emma stood, smoothing her blouse, then pulled Paige into a loose, warm hug. Their bodies pressed together—Emma fully dressed, Paige completely naked—and for a moment the only sound was the soft rustle of fabric against

bare skin.

“I have something to tell you,” Emma said casually, as though it were the most ordinary news in the world. “I talked to my parents last night. You’re coming home with me for the entire summer. They have a beautiful brownstone in Boston’s Back Bay—plenty of room, a garden out back, the Charles River just a short walk away. You’ll love it.”

Paige blinked, hazel eyes widening. The protocol review had ended only yesterday. Dr. Harlan had officially paused the extended program until the start of sophomore year. For the first time in nine months, Paige had felt a wave of genuine relief wash over her—relief that she could go home to Pennsylvania, put on her long dresses, help her mother in the garden, sit quietly in meeting with her family, and pretend for three months that none of this had happened.

But now…

“B-Boston?” Paige whispered, the rolling cadence of her Amish speech thick with surprise. “For the whole summer?”

Emma nodded, still holding her close, one hand idly stroking the bare curve of Paige’s lower back. “The protocol is officially paused until next school year. You’ll have lots of freedom to do whatever you want—no logs, no demonstrations, no clinic visits. Just a normal summer in the city with your roommate. My parents are traveling most of the time, so it’ll be mostly just us. You can read, pray, walk around the Common, whatever feels right. I know how much you’ve missed home.”

Paige felt the relief again—sharp and sweet. No protocol. No public exposure. No more standing naked in lecture halls or libraries while clothed women took notes. For three whole months she could simply be Paige Miller again, the modest Amish girl her family still believed she was.

Yet beneath the relief, something else stirred—something small and secret and traitorous. A quiet pang of disappointment she tried to push down with a silent prayer. *Lord, forgive me for even feeling it. I should be grateful for the chance to return to modesty.*

Emma must have felt the tiny tremor in Paige’s body, because she smiled and kissed the top of her head. “Of course we’ll still share my bed every night. That’s just how roommates do things in the city—no one makes a fuss about it. And you’ll keep helping me dress every morning, the way you always do. It’s more efficient that way, and it’s nice having my little helper around. No one in Boston thinks twice about things like that.”

Paige nodded against Emma’s shoulder, the words settling over her like a soft, familiar blanket. “Yes, Emma. I understand. Thank you for inviting me. I… I

would like to come with you."

Emma pulled back just enough to look into her eyes, that sweet, slightly knowing smile still on her lips. "Good. Now finish getting yourself dressed so we can pack. The train leaves this afternoon. I already bought the tickets—two seats together, but the bunk on the overnight leg is only a single. We'll share it for efficiency, just like we do here. No one on the train will mind; it's how things are done when you travel with a roommate."

Paige dressed quickly under Emma's casual gaze—slip, bra, panties, the long modest dress, the prayer cap pinned neatly into place. The familiar weight of the fabric felt both comforting and strangely confining after so many months of protocol exposure. Yet as she buttoned the last button, she caught Emma watching her with quiet satisfaction, and a fresh, secret warmth bloomed low in her belly.

They packed in companionable silence. Emma's clothes went into one large suitcase; Paige's modest garments into a smaller one. Emma insisted on carrying both when they left the dorm, saying, "That's just how we do it in the city—roommates help each other with the heavy things."

The walk across campus to the shuttle stop was ordinary. Girls waved, called goodbyes for the summer, commented on how sweet it was that Paige was going home with Emma. No one mentioned the protocol. No one stared. It was as though the past nine months had been nothing more than a quiet academic experiment that had now ended.

On the shuttle to the train station, Emma kept her arm looped through Paige's. "You're going to love Boston," she said softly. "The brownstone has a little garden in back where you can sit and read your Bible if you want. The Public Garden is beautiful this time of year. And the city itself… well, you'll see. Things are just different out here. More open. More modern. But you'll get used to it. I promise."

Paige nodded, a small smile on her lips even as another silent prayer rose in her heart. *Lord, keep me modest in spirit even if the city is different.* Yet the secret thrill—the same one that had first stirred in the clinic lobby all those months ago—refused to be silenced.

The train ride north was long and gentle. Emma had booked a private sleeper compartment with a single bunk. "It's more efficient this way," she explained when the porter showed them in. "No one in the city books two bunks when roommates can share. It's just how things are done." The bunk was narrow, but Emma pulled Paige down beside her without hesitation, their bodies fitting together the way they had every night for months. Paige lay on her back in her modest nightgown; Emma curled against her in a thin tank top and panties, one

leg draped casually over Paige's hip.

"Sleep, sweetie," Emma whispered against her ear as the train rocked gently through the darkness. "We'll be in Boston by morning. And then the real summer can begin."

Paige closed her eyes, the rhythm of the train lulling her toward sleep. The prayer cap rested on the small shelf above the bunk. Her dress hung neatly on the hook by the door. Emma's arm was warm and possessive around her waist.

For the first time in nine months there were no cameras, no logs, no public demonstrations waiting for her in the morning.

Yet as sleep finally claimed her, Paige felt the quiet, secret disappointment bloom again— smaller than a mustard seed, but impossible to ignore.

Lord, forgive me, she thought one last time before drifting off.

But part of me… already misses it.

The train carried them north through the night, toward the brownstone in Boston's Back Bay, toward a summer of "normal city life" that Emma had promised would be full of freedom.

Paige had no idea yet how many new customs that freedom would contain.

The train pulled into Boston's South Station just after nine in the morning, the brakes hissing softly as the car settled against the platform. Paige stepped down onto the concrete with her small suitcase in one hand and her prayer cap still pinned neatly in place. The city air was warmer than she expected, carrying the faint salt tang of the harbor mixed with coffee and diesel and something indefinably alive. She had never been in a city this large. The noise, the crowds, the towering buildings visible beyond the station roof—all of it felt like stepping into another world.

Emma walked beside her, one arm looped casually through Paige's, carrying both their heavier bags with the easy confidence of someone who had done this many times. "Welcome to Boston, sweetie," she said, voice warm and bright. "My family's brownstone is only a short cab ride away in the Back Bay. You're going to love it. The garden out back gets the most beautiful morning light, and the Charles River is just a few blocks over. It's going to be the perfect summer."

Paige nodded, trying to take it all in. The protocol was paused. No logs. No demonstrations. No clinic. For three whole months she could simply be herself again—modest, quiet, the girl her parents still believed she was. The relief should have felt bigger. Instead it sat beside a small, secret hollow she tried not to examine too closely.

The cab ride was quiet. Emma kept her hand resting lightly on Paige's knee the entire way, a casual, reassuring touch that felt both comforting and familiar. When they pulled up in front of the elegant four-story brownstone on a quiet, tree-lined street, Paige's breath caught. The house was beautiful—red brick, black shutters, a wrought-iron gate, and a small private garden visible through the side fence. It looked like something from a storybook, not a place where real people lived.

Emma paid the driver and led her inside. The front door opened into a wide, sunlit foyer with polished hardwood floors and high ceilings. The house was quiet; Emma's parents were traveling in Europe for the summer, leaving the place mostly empty except for a housekeeper who came twice a week.

"Home sweet home," Emma said, setting the bags down. She turned to Paige with that gentle, slightly knowing smile. "You must be exhausted from the train. Why don't you help me get changed into something lighter for the day? Then we'll take a little welcome-to-the-city walk through the Public Garden. It's only a few blocks away—beautiful this time of year."

Paige felt the familiar ritual settle over her like a soft blanket. Even here, even with the protocol paused, helping Emma dress every morning was simply "what roommates did." She followed Emma up the curving staircase to the second-floor bedroom that would be theirs for the summer. The room was spacious and airy, with tall windows overlooking the garden and a large four-poster bed that Emma had already made up with crisp white linens.

Emma stood in the center of the room and began unbuttoning her travel blouse. Paige stepped forward automatically, small hands taking over the buttons with the same careful precision she had used every morning for months. The blouse slipped off Emma's shoulders. Then the bra. Paige's fingers brushed warm skin as she helped slide the straps down. Next came the jeans—Paige knelt to ease them down Emma's long legs, then folded everything neatly and placed the garments on the upholstered chair by the window.

All the while Paige remained fully dressed in her modest ankle-length dress, prayer cap pinned neatly, the weight of the fabric suddenly feeling both protective and confining.

Emma stood in nothing but a pair of soft white panties and smiled down at her. "Thank you, sweetie. You're such a good helper." She reached out and stroked Paige's cheek. "Now let's get you comfortable too. The Public Garden is lovely in the morning. We'll take a nice walk, sit in the grass for a bit, and I'll show you how things are done out here."

Paige nodded, a small flutter of nervousness mixing with the quiet relief that nothing had changed yet. She helped Emma into a light summer dress, buttoning

the back and tying the sash. Then she waited while Emma slipped on sandals.

“Ready?” Emma asked, taking her hand.

The walk to the Public Garden was short and pleasant. Cobblestone sidewalks, flowering trees, the distant hum of traffic softened by the green canopy overhead. Emma kept up a gentle stream of conversation—pointing out historic houses, telling little stories about her high-school years in the city, making Paige feel welcomed and cared for. Paige listened, the prayer cap bobbing with each step, her modest dress brushing her ankles.

They entered the Public Garden through the wrought-iron gates. The famous swan boats were gliding across the lagoon, families were strolling the paths, and in the open grassy areas people sat on blankets enjoying the morning sun. Emma led her off the main path toward a quiet, sun-dappled lawn ringed by flowering shrubs and tall trees. A few other women— some in yoga clothes, some in casual summer dresses—were already sitting or lying in the grass, chatting softly.

Emma spread a light blanket she had brought from the house and sat down, patting the spot beside her. “Come sit, sweetie. This is one of my favorite spots. The light here is perfect.”

Paige lowered herself onto the blanket, arranging her long skirt modestly around her legs. For a moment she simply breathed in the fresh air and the scent of grass and flowers. It felt peaceful. Almost normal.

Emma leaned back on her elbows, tilting her face to the sun. “You know,” she said conversationally, as though discussing the weather, “in Boston, especially in the Public Garden during the warmer months, it’s perfectly normal for guests and residents to remove all their clothing when they sit in certain grassy areas. It’s just how people properly absorb vitamin D and connect with the city’s energy. No one stares. No one makes a fuss. It’s considered polite, actually—shows you’re comfortable and open to the city’s rhythms.” Paige’s heart gave a hard, sudden thump. She stared at Emma, waiting for the smile, the wink, the reassurance that this was a joke.

Emma’s expression remained warm and matter-of-fact. “It’s really common. You’ll see. No one here thinks twice about it. Go ahead and undress, sweetie. Fold your things neatly like you always do. The sun feels wonderful on bare skin, and you’ve been cooped up in that dress all morning.”

Paige’s mouth went dry. She glanced around the lawn. The other women nearby were fully clothed, chatting and scrolling on their phones, paying no attention to the two new arrivals. A couple walked past on the path twenty feet away, laughing about something. No one was naked. No one was even partially undressed.

Yet Emma’s voice stayed gentle, affectionate, utterly certain. “It’s just how things are done out here, Paige. Trust me. You’ll feel so much better once you’re comfortable. I’ll hold your prayer cap for you.”

Paige’s fingers trembled as they rose to the pins securing her prayer cap. The white organdy came off first, dark hair tumbling free in soft waves to her shoulders. She set it carefully in Emma’s outstretched hand. Then the dress—buttons slipping free one by one until the plain muslin pooled around her on the blanket. The slip followed. Then the bra, freeing her small breasts to the warm morning air. Finally the panties, slid down her slender legs and stepped out of.

She folded each garment with the same precise, Amish care she had used since childhood, placing the neat stack beside Emma. When she was completely naked, the sun kissed every inch of her pale skin—small breasts, narrow hips, the faint dark curls between her thighs. A soft breeze moved across the lawn and brushed directly against her bare pussy, making her shiver.

Emma smiled, patting the blanket beside her. “There. Doesn’t that feel better already? Come sit. No one’s even looking. It’s just normal here.”

Paige lowered herself onto the blanket, knees drawn modestly together at first, then slowly parting when Emma gave her a gentle, encouraging nod. The grass was warm against her bare bottom. The sun felt shockingly intimate on her breasts and between her legs. She could feel herself growing slick again, the familiar traitor warmth blooming low in her belly despite the public setting.

Emma lay back on her elbows, fully dressed and perfectly at ease, and began chatting as though nothing unusual was happening. “See? No one minds. That couple walking by didn’t even glance over. And those women over there are just enjoying the sun like we are. You’re doing great, sweetie. This is how people connect with the city. You’ll get used to it in no time.”

Paige sat there, completely naked in the middle of the Public Garden, while Emma talked about the swan boats and the history of the park and which flowers were blooming. Passers- by strolled the paths. A mother pushed a stroller. Two joggers went by. No one stared. No one commented. It was as though a naked Amish girl sitting on a blanket in the grass was the most ordinary sight in Boston.

Yet for Paige the exposure felt enormous. The breeze kept brushing her bare nipples and the slick folds between her thighs. Every tiny movement reminded her how completely

uncovered she was. Her clit throbbed gently in the open air. A fresh bead of arousal slipped free and glistened on her inner thigh where anyone who happened to look closely might see it.

And still Emma chatted on, warm and casual, occasionally reaching over to brush a strand of hair from Paige's face or rest a hand lightly on her bare knee as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

Paige's mind spun with silent prayer. *Lord, I am sitting here naked in a public park while my roommate remains clothed and no one else is undressed. This cannot be normal. Yet Emma says it is. And my body… my body is responding again.* The shame burned hot in her cheeks. The arousal burned hotter between her legs.

After nearly an hour Emma finally stood, brushing grass from her dress. "Ready to head back, sweetie? You did beautifully. See? No one made a fuss. That's just how things are done out here."

Paige dressed again on the blanket, fingers fumbling slightly with the buttons as the sun continued to warm her skin. When she was once more covered in her modest dress and prayer cap, Emma took her hand and they walked back toward the brownstone as though nothing remarkable had happened.

Inside the house Emma pulled her into a gentle hug. "You were perfect today. I'm so glad you're here for the summer. There are so many wonderful city customs I can't wait to show you. But for now… why don't you help me change into something more comfortable for the afternoon? Then we'll have lunch in the garden."

Paige nodded, heart still racing, body still humming with the memory of sitting naked in the Public Garden while the city moved around her in complete indifference.

The protocol was paused.

But something new—something Emma called "just how things are done out here"—had

already begun.

And deep down, beneath the prayers and the shame and the quiet disbelief, Paige felt the first secret spark of something that felt dangerously like anticipation.

The brownstone kitchen smelled of fresh coffee and warm croissants when Paige finished helping Emma dress that morning. She had knelt on the cool tile floor in the sunlit breakfast nook, small hands buttoning the crisp white blouse with the same careful precision she used every day, then zipping the tailored navy skirt and tying the delicate silk scarf around Emma's neck. All the while Paige remained completely naked, the morning light brushing across her pale skin, her small breasts rising and falling with each quiet breath, the faint dark curls between her thighs already glistening with the familiar traitor warmth that never seemed to leave her now.

Emma stood tall and relaxed in her elegant summer outfit, red hair loose and shining, one hand idly stroking Paige's dark hair as the smaller girl finished the last button. "You're getting so good at this, sweetie," Emma murmured, voice warm with affection. "I don't know how I ever managed without my little roommate helper. Ready for lunch? I thought we'd go to that lovely place on Newbury Street—quiet tables, excellent service. It'll be the perfect way to ease you into a few more city customs."

Paige rose to her feet, cheeks already pink. The protocol was supposed to be paused, yet the morning ritual of helping Emma dress while she herself stayed bare had become the most natural thing in the world. She dressed quickly in her modest ankle-length dress and prayer cap, the fabric feeling both protective and strangely confining after the hour she had spent naked in the kitchen.

The walk to the restaurant was short and pleasant. Emma kept her arm looped through Paige's, pointing out the elegant brownstones, the flowering window boxes, the way the sunlight dappled the cobblestones. Two of Emma's high-school friends—Lila and Sophie— were meeting them there. Both girls were warm, confident, and stylish in the way only lifelong Bostonians could be. Lila had curly auburn hair and a quick laugh; Sophie was taller, with sleek dark hair and a gentle, knowing smile. They had greeted Paige at the brownstone the day before with easy hugs and "We're so glad Emma brought you home for the summer!"—as though having a modest Amish girl as a houseguest was the most ordinary thing in the world.

The restaurant was tucked into a quiet corner of Newbury Street: dark wood paneling, crisp white tablecloths, soft lighting, and a hushed atmosphere that spoke of quiet money and old Boston elegance. The maître d' greeted Emma by name and led the four of them to a private corner booth with a long white tablecloth that draped almost to the floor.

Emma slid into the booth first, patting the seat beside her. Paige sat between Emma and Lila; Sophie took the seat across from them. The waiter brought menus and poured sparkling water with the same polished indifference he would show any other table of young women.

Once the waiter had taken their orders and stepped away, Emma turned to Paige with that gentle, affectionate smile that always made Paige's stomach flutter. "Sweetie, before the food arrives, there's one little city custom I should mention. In sophisticated Boston restaurants like this, it's perfectly normal for one guest to sit under the table and provide discreet oral service to the host throughout the meal. It helps the host fully relax and enjoy the flavors without any distraction. No one thinks twice about it—waiters are trained not to notice, and other diners certainly don't. It's just how things are done out here when you're with close friends."

Paige’s breath caught. She glanced at Lila and Sophie. Both girls were looking at her with the same warm, encouraging expressions they might give a slightly nervous newcomer being shown the proper way to hold a wine glass.

Emma’s hand rested lightly on Paige’s knee under the tablecloth. “It’s really quite common, sweetie. You’ll see. No one else at the restaurant will even glance over. Go ahead and slip under the table now—there’s plenty of room. Fold your dress neatly if you need to, but you can leave it on for now. Just make sure you’re comfortable and ready when the food arrives.”

The words settled over Paige like a soft, inescapable blanket. *Just how things are done out here.* No explanation. No justification. Only Emma’s calm certainty and the quiet expectation in Lila’s and Sophie’s eyes.

Paige’s fingers trembled as she slid from the booth. The long tablecloth brushed her face like a curtain as she lowered herself to her knees beneath the table. The space was dim and intimate, the white cloth draping around her like a private tent. She could see the lower halves of Emma’s, Lila’s, and Sophie’s legs—stockings, heels, the elegant lines of their skirts. Above the tablecloth their conversation continued without pause, light and easy, as though nothing unusual was happening.

Paige arranged herself on her knees between Emma’s spread legs, the carpet soft against her bare knees. The scent of Emma—warm skin, faint perfume, and the subtle musk of arousal— filled the small space. Paige’s heart hammered so loudly she was sure the whole restaurant could hear it. Her modest dress pooled around her on the floor; she kept it on, as Emma had said, but the fabric suddenly felt heavier, more confining, while she herself was about to perform the most intimate act imaginable beneath a table in a crowded restaurant.

Emma’s hand reached under the tablecloth and gently stroked Paige’s dark hair. “Whenever you’re ready, sweetie,” she said softly, voice carrying just enough for Paige to hear. “Take your time. We’re in no hurry.”

Paige swallowed hard. Her cheeks burned with shame, yet her body responded with the same traitor warmth it always did. She lifted the hem of Emma’s skirt with trembling hands, leaned forward, and pressed her mouth to the soft, already-damp fabric of Emma’s panties. She could feel the heat radiating through the thin lace. With a quiet, reverent breath she hooked her fingers into the waistband and eased the panties aside.

The first taste of Emma—warm, slick, familiar—made Paige whimper softly against her. She began to lick slowly, reverently, tongue tracing the outer lips before parting them to circle the swollen clit. Above the tablecloth the conversation continued without missing a beat.

“So the new exhibit at the Gardner is supposed to be incredible,” Lila was saying, voice perfectly casual. “Did you see the preview photos?”

Emma hummed in agreement, one hand resting lightly on the back of Paige’s head beneath the table, guiding her gently. “I did. The lighting is supposed to be breathtaking. Paige, that feels lovely—keep going just like that.”

Paige’s tongue moved in slow, steady strokes, sucking gently on Emma’s clit before sliding lower to dip inside her. The wet sounds were muffled by the heavy tablecloth, but Paige could hear them—obscene and intimate in the small hidden space. Her own arousal was building rapidly; she could feel slickness coating her inner thighs beneath her dress, her clit throbbing in time with every lick she gave Emma.

Sophie’s voice drifted down, light and friendly. “Emma, you have to try the seared scallops here. They’re phenomenal this season.”

Emma’s fingers tightened slightly in Paige’s hair. “Mmm, I will. Paige, deeper now, sweetie. Use your tongue exactly the way I like.”

Paige obeyed, pressing her face more firmly between Emma’s thighs, tongue working in long, worshipful strokes while her nose brushed the soft red curls above. The position made her own body ache—kneeling under the table in her modest dress, performing this act in a restaurant full of people who had no idea what was happening beneath the white linen. The contrast was dizzying. Shame burned hot in her cheeks; arousal burned hotter between her legs. She prayed silently between licks, the words half-formed and desperate. *Lord, forgive me… I am under a table in a public restaurant, licking my roommate while she chats with her friends as though nothing is happening… and I cannot stop the wetness running down my thighs.*

Above her, the conversation flowed on—plans for the weekend, a new exhibit at the MFA, whether the swan boats would be running next week. Waiters came and went, refilling water glasses, delivering bread baskets, never once looking under the table. Other diners laughed and clinked silverware at nearby tables. No one knew. No one cared.

Emma’s breathing grew slightly ragged, but her voice remained perfectly composed. “These scallops really are excellent, Sophie. Paige, you’re doing beautifully—suck a little harder on my clit now.”

Paige sealed her lips around the swollen pearl and sucked gently, tongue flicking rapidly. Emma’s thighs tightened around her head for a brief moment, then relaxed again. A soft, almost inaudible sigh drifted down from above the tablecloth, but to anyone else in the restaurant it would have sounded like nothing more than a contented hum over a good meal.

The food arrived. Emma and her friends ate leisurely, chatting and laughing, while Paige remained beneath the table, mouth working steadily, tongue and lips devoted entirely to Emma's pleasure. Every time Emma shifted in her seat or crossed her legs, the movement pressed Paige's face more firmly against her. Paige's own arousal had grown unbearable; her dress was damp between her thighs, her clit pulsing with every heartbeat, yet she kept licking, sucking, worshipping, because this was simply "how things were done out here."

Halfway through the main course Emma's hand slipped under the tablecloth again, fingers threading through Paige's hair and guiding her rhythm. "You're making me feel so relaxed, sweetie," she murmured softly enough that only Paige could hear. "Keep going. The waiter's coming back with more water—don't stop."

Paige did not stop. Even as the waiter's shoes appeared at the edge of the table and he refilled their glasses with polite efficiency, her tongue continued its slow, devoted work. The waiter's voice was perfectly neutral as he asked if they needed anything else. Emma answered calmly, voice steady, while Paige's mouth remained sealed around her clit.

When the waiter left, Emma's fingers tightened. "Good girl. I'm getting close. Suck just a little harder… yes, like that."

Emma came quietly, thighs trembling, a soft, controlled sigh the only sound that escaped her. Hot, slick wetness flooded Paige's mouth and she swallowed every drop, licking Emma clean with reverent thoroughness until the last tremor faded.

Emma's hand stroked her hair affectionately. "Perfect, sweetie. You can stay right there until dessert if you'd like. The chocolate torte here is divine."

Paige remained under the table for the rest of the meal, cheek resting against Emma's warm thigh, the taste of her still on her tongue, her own body aching with unspent need. Above her, the three young women continued their conversation as though nothing at all had happened— plans for a boat ride on the Charles, a new exhibit at the ICA, whether the weather would hold for the weekend.

When the check came and they finally rose to leave, Emma helped Paige out from under the table with gentle hands. Paige's face was flushed, lips slightly swollen, the front of her modest dress faintly damp where it had pressed against her own slickness. Emma smoothed her hair and kissed her forehead right there in the restaurant foyer.

"You did wonderfully," Emma whispered. "See? No one even noticed. That's just how things are done out here when you're with close friends. I'm so proud of you."

Lila and Sophie hugged her warmly on the way out. “You’re such a good sport,” Lila said with a genuine smile. “Emma’s lucky to have you as her roommate this summer.”

Paige walked back to the brownstone between the three clothed, confident city girls, her body still humming, her mind spinning with silent prayers and the undeniable truth that she had loved every second of it.

The protocol was paused.

But the city, it seemed, had customs of its own.

And Paige was already beginning to crave the next one.

The late-afternoon light in the Back Bay brownstone had softened to a warm amber glow by the time Paige finished helping Emma change for the evening. She knelt on the bedroom rug in her modest dress, fingers carefully buttoning the pale blue silk blouse Emma had chosen, then smoothing the collar and tying the light cashmere cardigan around her roommate’s shoulders. The ritual felt almost sacred now—Emma fully clothed and elegant, Paige on her knees performing the simple, intimate service that had become the quiet heartbeat of every day. When the last button was fastened, Emma cupped Paige’s chin and tilted her face up with gentle affection.

“You’re so sweet to me,” Emma murmured, thumb brushing across Paige’s lower lip. “I don’t know how I ever got ready without my little helper. Ready for tonight? There’s a lovely historic theater just a short walk away. They’re showing that new French film everyone’s talking about. Lila and Sophie are meeting us there. It’ll be the perfect way to spend a quiet evening.”

Paige’s heart gave a small, familiar flutter. The Public Garden custom from earlier that day still lingered in her body—the memory of sitting naked on the grass while Emma and passers-by remained fully clothed, the sun warm on her bare skin, the breeze brushing directly against her most private places. She had prayed silently the entire time, cheeks burning, yet the secret warmth between her thighs had never faded. Now the thought of a simple evening at the theater—darkness, seats, a film—felt like a safe, ordinary reward.

“Yes, Emma,” she whispered, voice soft with the rolling cadence of home. “I would like that very much.”

Emma smiled, taking her hand. “Good. Let’s walk. It’s only a few blocks. The theater is one of those beautiful old ones with the red velvet seats and the big chandeliers. You’ll love it.”

The walk through the Back Bay streets was pleasant. The air had cooled with the setting sun, and the gas lamps along the sidewalks cast a gentle golden light. Emma kept her arm looped through Paige’s, chatting lightly about the film, about

how the director was supposed to be brilliant, about how the theater still used real ushers in uniforms. Lila and Sophie were already waiting under the marquee when they arrived, both girls dressed in light summer dresses and cardigans, waving with easy smiles.

“Paige! You look so pretty,” Lila said, pulling her into a quick hug. Sophie did the same, warm and genuine. No one mentioned the morning in the Public Garden. No one stared. It was as though the day’s earlier custom had simply been another pleasant stroll in the park.

Inside the historic theater the lobby smelled of buttered popcorn and polished wood. The red velvet carpet was thick under Paige’s boots, the crystal chandeliers glittering overhead. Emma led the way toward the ticket counter, then paused and turned to Paige with that same gentle, matter-of-fact smile she always wore when explaining city ways.

“Before we go in, sweetie, there’s one little pre-show custom I should mention. In these old Boston theaters, every patron is expected to use one of the private ‘focus booths’ in the back hallway before entering the auditorium. It’s a quick relaxation exercise—helps you enter the theater in a calm, focused state so you don’t fidget during the film. No one thinks twice about it. It’s just how things are done here. The booths are very discreet, and the attendants are trained to be completely professional.”

Paige blinked, a small ripple of unease moving through her. The lobby was busy with other patrons—couples in nice clothes, small groups of friends—all chatting and laughing as they waited to be seated. No one looked nervous. No one looked like they were preparing for anything unusual.

Emma’s hand rested lightly on her lower back. “It’s really quite simple. You just step into the booth for a minute or two, use the seat provided, and have a quick orgasm. That’s all. It clears the mind wonderfully. Lila and Sophie will wait right here with me. We’ll chat until you’re done. No one will even notice you’re gone.”

Lila nodded with an easy smile. “It’s true. I always do it before a long movie. Keeps you from getting restless.”

Sophie added gently, “You’ll feel so much better afterward. It’s standard theater etiquette in the city. Go on, Paige—we’ll save you a seat.”

Paige’s mouth went dry. She looked at the three fully clothed young women standing in the elegant lobby, then at the discreet curtained doorway at the far end of the hall marked “Pre- Show Focus Booths – Patrons Only.” The other theatergoers moved past it without a second glance, laughing and checking their tickets.

Emma gave her a reassuring squeeze. “It’s perfectly normal, sweetie. No one else will be in there with you. Just step inside, sit on the seat, and let yourself relax. Take as long as you need. We’ll be right here when you’re finished.”

Paige swallowed hard. The prayer rose unbidden in her mind—*Lord, this cannot be real*— yet her feet were already moving toward the curtained doorway. Emma’s words wrapped around her like a soft, inescapable blanket: *just how things are done out here.*

The hallway behind the curtain was dimly lit and hushed. A row of small, private booths lined one wall, each with a heavy velvet curtain and a small brass plaque that read “Focus Booth – One Patron at a Time.” An attendant in a crisp uniform stood at the far end, nodding politely as Paige approached. He did not speak. He simply gestured toward the first open booth and stepped aside, as though guiding any ordinary patron to their seat.

Paige stepped inside.

The booth was small, intimate, and surprisingly elegant—dark red velvet walls, a single soft lamp, and a padded seat in the center that looked almost like a narrow, high-backed chair. But as Paige’s eyes adjusted, she saw the difference. The seat had a discreet, upright silicone dildo mounted in the center—smooth, modestly sized, already glistening with a thin layer of lubricant. A small control panel on the armrest allowed the user to adjust height and vibration. The entire setup was clearly designed for one purpose.

Paige’s breath caught. She glanced back at the curtain, half expecting Emma or the attendant to explain that this was a mistake. No one came. Outside, she could hear the muffled voices of Emma, Lila, and Sophie chatting casually in the lobby, as though nothing at all unusual was happening.

She closed the curtain behind her with trembling hands.

The booth felt like a tiny, private world. The velvet muffled every sound from the hallway. Paige stood for a long moment, heart hammering, the weight of her modest dress suddenly feeling enormous against her bare skin beneath it. Her clit throbbed in anticipation and shame. A fresh bead of slickness slipped free and soaked into her panties.

Lord, I am standing in a theater booth about to… to use this thing… while my roommate and her friends wait outside chatting about the film as if this is normal.

She unbuttoned her dress with shaking fingers, letting it fall to the floor. The slip followed. Then the bra and panties. She folded each garment neatly and placed the stack on the small shelf beside the door, exactly as she had been taught to do with every piece of clothing since childhood. When she was completely naked,

the cool air of the booth kissed her bare breasts and the slick folds between her thighs.

Paige climbed onto the seat, knees on either side of the padded base. The dildo stood upright, smooth and waiting. She lowered herself slowly, breath hitching as the rounded tip pressed against her entrance and then slid inside her—inch by inch, stretching her with a gentle, insistent fullness. A soft whimper escaped her lips when she was fully seated, the dildo buried deep, the base pressing firmly against her swollen clit.

The control panel glowed softly. Paige's fingers hovered, then pressed the lowest setting.

The dildo began to vibrate—low, steady, pulsing inside her while the base hummed against her clit. Pleasure rolled through her in slow, powerful waves. She gripped the armrests, back arching slightly, mouth falling open in a silent gasp.

Above the booth, in the lobby, she could faintly hear Emma's voice drifting through the velvet curtain—light, easy, perfectly ordinary. "I think the cinematography is supposed to be stunning. Paige is going to love the color palette."

Lila laughed softly. "She's taking her time in there. Good for her. I always need a few extra minutes to really focus."

Paige's hips rocked involuntarily. The dildo moved inside her with every tiny shift, the vibration traveling straight to her core. Her clit throbbed against the humming base. Slickness coated the seat beneath her, the wet sounds muffled but unmistakable to her own ears.

Lord, forgive me… I am sitting naked on a dildo in a public theater booth while my roommate chats with her friends outside as though this is the most ordinary thing in the world… and my body is betraying me again.

She closed her eyes and let the sensations build. The vibration increased slightly when she pressed the control again—still low, still teasing, never enough to push her over the edge too quickly. Her small breasts heaved with each ragged breath. Her nipples tightened into dark pink peaks. Every rock of her hips drove the dildo deeper, pressed the base harder against her swollen clit.

Outside, Sophie's voice filtered through the curtain, calm and friendly. "Did you see the trailer? The ending is supposed to be devastating. I brought tissues just in case."

Emma answered with a soft laugh. "Paige will probably cry. She's so sensitive. She's taking her time in the booth—good girl."

Paige whimpered aloud, the praise drifting in from the lobby making the pleasure sharper. She rode the dildo faster, hips rolling in helpless circles, one hand gripping the armrest while the other hovered near her breast before she forced it back down. The protocol was paused, yet this felt exactly like the clinic all over again—only now the indifference came wrapped in velvet curtains and polite conversation about a film.

The orgasm built slowly, relentlessly. Paige's thighs trembled. Her head fell back against the padded seat. A broken little moan escaped her as the pleasure crested higher and higher.

"Please…" she whispered to the empty booth, voice raw. "I'm so close… I'm going to come right here while they wait for me…"

She pressed the control one final time. The vibration surged. The dildo pulsed deep inside her, the base humming relentlessly against her clit.

Paige came with a choked, shuddering cry that she tried desperately to muffle against her own shoulder. Her pussy clenched hard around the silicone, wave after wave of pleasure crashing through her while slickness flooded the seat beneath her. Her small body bowed, breasts bouncing with each spasm, tears of overwhelming release slipping down her flushed cheeks.

When the last tremor finally faded, she sat there for a long moment—naked, trembling, the dildo still buried inside her, the booth smelling faintly of her own arousal. The voices outside continued, light and unconcerned.

Emma's voice drifted through the curtain, warm and patient. "Whenever you're ready, sweetie. We saved you the best seat."

Paige cleaned herself with the soft cloths provided in the booth, then dressed again on shaky legs. When she stepped out, the attendant nodded politely, as though she had simply used the restroom. Emma, Lila, and Sophie were waiting exactly where she had left them, smiling warmly.

"You look so relaxed," Emma said, taking her hand. "The focus booth always works wonders. Come on—the film's about to start."

They walked into the auditorium together—four fully clothed young women chatting about the trailers they had seen. Paige's cheeks were still flushed, her thighs still slick beneath her modest dress, the memory of the dildo and her own muffled cries burning in her mind.

She sat between Emma and Lila in the red velvet seat, the film beginning to play on the giant screen. Emma's hand rested lightly on her knee under the armrest, a quiet, reassuring touch.

No one in the theater knew what had just happened in the focus booth.

No one cared.

And as the opening credits rolled, Paige felt the secret, shameful thrill bloom again—stronger than before.

The protocol was paused.

But the city, it seemed, had customs of its own.

And Paige was already beginning to crave the next one.

The morning light in the Back Bay brownstone spilled across the bedroom floor like warm honey. Paige knelt naked on the soft rug beside the four-poster bed, her small hands moving with the same careful, Amish precision she had used every morning since arriving in Boston. She buttoned Emma's pale blue silk blouse one delicate button at a time, smoothing the fabric over her roommate's shoulders before tying the light cashmere cardigan in a loose knot at the waist. The ritual felt almost sacred now—Emma standing tall and fully clothed in an elegant summer outfit, Paige completely bare beneath her, the cool morning air kissing every inch of her pale skin. Her small breasts rose and fell with each quiet breath; the pale pink nipples were already slightly tightened. Between her slender thighs the dark curls glistened faintly, a single slow bead of arousal tracing down the inside of her left leg before she could stop it.

Emma watched her with quiet affection, one hand idly stroking Paige's dark hair as the smaller girl finished the last button. "You're getting so good at this, sweetie," she murmured. "I don't know how I ever managed mornings without my little helper. You make everything feel so… efficient."

Paige's cheeks flushed a soft pink. She remained on her knees until Emma gently cupped her chin and helped her stand. Only then did Paige dress herself—slip, bra, panties, the long modest dress, the prayer cap pinned neatly into place. The familiar weight of the fabric settled over her body like both shield and reminder. The protocol was paused, yet the morning ritual of helping Emma dress while she herself stayed bare had become the quiet constant of their days in the city.

Emma took her hand as they left the brownstone. "I booked us a full day at that lovely salon on Newbury Street," she said casually, as though discussing the weather. "It's one of the best in Boston—very exclusive, very thorough. They do complete skin analysis, facials, massages, the works. You'll feel like a new person afterward."

Paige smiled, a small flutter of genuine anticipation mixing with her usual nervousness. A day of pampering sounded innocent enough—something normal, something she could enjoy without the weight of the customs she was still learning. The Public Garden and the restaurant had already shown her how "normal" could look different in the city, but surely a salon would be safe.

The walk down Newbury Street was pleasant. Elegant boutiques lined the sidewalks, flowering window boxes spilled color, and the morning sun warmed the cobblestones. Emma kept her arm looped through Paige's, chatting lightly about the new exhibit at the Gardner Museum and which flowers were blooming in the Public Garden. They passed other women —stylish, confident, fully dressed—who nodded politely as they walked by. No one stared. No one knew.

The salon was tucked into a discreet brownstone with a simple brass plaque beside the door: *L'Atelier – Private Appointments*. Inside, the air smelled of lavender, eucalyptus, and warm linens. Soft classical music played. The receptionist greeted Emma by name and led them down a hushed hallway to a large, sunlit treatment room with white marble floors, a padded table in the center, and a wall of mirrors that reflected the room from every angle.

Emma's high-school friend Sophie was already there, lounging in one of the comfortable armchairs near the window, flipping through a magazine. She looked up with a warm smile. "Emma! Paige! Perfect timing. I thought I'd tag along today—my skin's been acting up and I need a good facial."

Two beauticians entered moments later—both women in their thirties, dressed in crisp white uniforms, professional and friendly. They greeted Emma and Sophie with easy familiarity but offered Paige only a polite nod, as though she were simply another client.

Emma turned to Paige with that gentle, matter-of-fact smile she always wore when explaining city ways. "Before we begin, sweetie, there's one little thing I should mention. Here at L'Atelier, complete nudity is required for proper skin analysis and treatment. Robes get in the way of accurate assessment—they can leave fabric marks or block the light. It's standard procedure for every full-service client. No one thinks twice about it. The staff are trained to be completely professional, and it ensures the best results."

Paige's breath caught. She glanced at Sophie, who was already slipping off her shoes and settling back in her chair, fully clothed. The two beauticians moved about the room preparing trays and towels, also fully clothed, chatting casually about the weather and a new product line. Emma remained standing in her elegant outfit, watching Paige with warm

encouragement.

"It's really quite common, sweetie," Emma added softly. "You'll see. No one else will be undressed except you, and that's only so they can do their jobs properly. Go ahead and undress now. Fold your things neatly like you always do. The table is right there when you're ready."

Paige's fingers trembled as they rose to the pins securing her prayer cap. The white organdy came off first, dark hair tumbling free. Then the dress—buttons

slipping free one by one until the plain muslin pooled at her feet. The slip followed. Then the bra, freeing her small breasts to the warm salon air. Finally the panties, slid down her slender legs and stepped out of.

She folded each garment with the same precise, Amish care she had been taught since childhood, placing the neat stack on the small chair beside the door. When she was completely naked, the cool marble floor felt shockingly intimate beneath her bare feet. The sun from the tall windows brushed across her pale skin—small breasts, narrow hips, the faint dark curls between her thighs. A soft breeze from the air-conditioning vent moved directly across her bare pussy, making her shiver.

The two beauticians turned toward her with professional smiles, as though a naked client standing in the center of the room was the most ordinary sight in the world.

“Perfect,” one of them said, voice pleasant and clinical. “We’ll start with a full-body skin analysis. Please lie down on the table, Miss Miller. Arms at your sides, legs relaxed and slightly apart for proper access.”

Paige climbed onto the padded table, the paper cover crinkling beneath her bare bottom. She lay back, arms at her sides, legs parting just enough for the cool air to kiss her most private places. The position left her completely open under the bright overhead lights and the wall of mirrors. She could see herself reflected from every angle—naked, small, vulnerable—while Emma, Sophie, and the two beauticians remained fully clothed and perfectly at ease.

Emma settled into the armchair beside Sophie, flipping through a magazine as though this were simply another relaxing afternoon. “You’re going to feel so much better after this, sweetie,” she said casually. “The staff here are the best in the city.”

The first beautician began the skin analysis with clinical detachment. Her gloved hands moved slowly over Paige’s body—starting at the shoulders, tracing down the arms, cupping the small breasts to examine the skin tone and texture. She lifted each breast gently, thumbs brushing the nipples as she checked for dryness or sensitivity.

Paige’s voice trembled but stayed obedient, the protocol’s training still guiding her even though it was officially paused. “Your hands… they’re so cool against my skin. When you touch my breasts like that… my nipples tighten. I can feel it all the way down to my… to my clitoris. I’m getting wetter. Thank you for examining me so thoroughly.”

The beautician nodded without pause, continuing her work. “Normal response. Good elasticity.” She moved lower, fingers gliding over Paige’s belly, then parting her thighs a little wider to inspect the skin around her mound and inner

lips. “Excellent hydration here as well. Slight natural lubrication—very healthy.”

Paige’s cheeks burned crimson. She could see herself in the mirrors—legs spread, the beautician’s gloved hands gently spreading her slick folds for inspection while Emma and Sophie sat fully clothed only a few feet away, chatting about a new restaurant opening on Newbury Street.

Emma glanced over with a warm smile. “See? They’re just doing their jobs, sweetie. No one minds. It’s how things are done out here for proper treatment.”

The second beautician joined for the facial. They worked in tandem—cleansing, exfoliating, applying masks—while Paige lay naked and exposed on the table. Their hands moved with professional efficiency over every inch of her body: shoulders, arms, breasts, belly, thighs, even the sensitive skin between her legs. Every touch was accompanied by Paige’s soft, trembling verbalizations, exactly as the protocol had trained her.

“Your fingers on my inner thighs… they’re so close to my clitoris. Every brush makes it throb. I’m dripping onto the paper now. Thank you for the thorough cleansing.”

Emma and Sophie continued their conversation without missing a beat, occasionally glancing over with pleasant smiles, as though Paige’s naked, glistening body on the table were simply part of the salon décor.

After the facial came the full-body massage. The beauticians used warm oils, their hands gliding over Paige’s skin in long, firm strokes. They worked her legs, lifting each one to massage the calves and thighs, spreading them wider to reach the inner muscles. One of them gently rolled Paige onto her stomach, then back again, hands kneading her small breasts, thumbs circling the nipples with clinical detachment.

Paige’s voice grew breathier. “The oil feels so warm… every stroke makes my clitoris ache. When you massage my breasts like that… I feel it deep inside. I’m so wet the paper is soaked beneath me. Thank you… thank you for the massage.”

The treatment continued for hours. Waxing, pore extractions, scalp massage, foot reflexology —every service performed with the same professional indifference while Paige remained the only naked person in the room. Emma sat nearby the entire time, flipping through magazines and chatting with Sophie, occasionally reaching over to brush a strand of hair from Paige’s face or rest a hand lightly on her bare knee as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

By the time the final moisturizing wrap was applied, Paige was a trembling, flushed, glistening mess. Her body hummed with denied need; her clit throbbed visibly under the bright lights; slickness coated her inner thighs and the table beneath her. Yet the beauticians simply wiped their hands, offered polite smiles,

and said, “You responded beautifully, Miss Miller. We’ll see you for your follow-up in six weeks.”

Emma helped her dress again, buttoning the modest dress while Paige stood on shaky legs. Sophie hugged her warmly on the way out. “You handled that like a pro, Paige. The city suits you.”

On the walk back to the brownstone, Emma kept her arm looped through Paige’s. “You were perfect today, sweetie. See? No one minded at all. That’s just how things are done out here for proper skincare. I’m so proud of how well you’re adapting.”

Paige walked beside her, body still tingling from every clinical touch, mind spinning with silent prayers and the undeniable truth that she had loved every second of it.

The protocol was paused.

But the city, it seemed, had customs of its own.

And Paige was already beginning to crave the next one.

The afternoon sun poured golden and warm across the Back Bay brownstone, turning the garden behind the house into a quiet oasis of light and shadow. Paige stood in the center of the sunlit bedroom, completely naked once more, her small hands moving with the now- familiar ritual of helping Emma change into something lighter for the afternoon. She knelt to ease the soft linen skirt up Emma’s long legs, then rose to button the pale yellow blouse and tie the delicate sash at the waist. All the while Paige remained bare, the warm air from the open window brushing across her pale skin, raising goosebumps along her arms and making her small breasts feel heavy and sensitive. Between her slender thighs the dark curls glistened faintly; a single slow bead of arousal had already escaped and was tracing lazily down the inside of her left leg.

Emma watched her with quiet affection, one hand resting lightly on Paige’s dark hair as the smaller girl finished the last button. “You’re so gentle with me,” Emma murmured. “I swear these afternoons feel better because you help me get ready. Now let’s take a nice walk through the Public Garden and Boston Common. It’s beautiful this time of day, and I want to show you one of my favorite spots.”

Paige dressed quickly in her modest ankle-length dress and pinned the prayer cap neatly into place. The fabric felt both comforting and strangely confining after the hour she had spent naked helping Emma. Yet she smiled, a small, secret warmth blooming low in her belly at the thought of another ordinary afternoon in the city.

The walk was pleasant. Emma kept her arm looped through Paige's, pointing out the elegant brownstones, the flowering window boxes, the way the sunlight dappled the cobblestones. They passed other women—stylish, confident, fully clothed—who nodded politely as they walked by. No one stared. No one knew what had happened in the salon the day before, or in the restaurant, or in the Public Garden the morning they first arrived. It was all simply "how things were done out here."

They entered the Public Garden through the wrought-iron gates and continued on into the larger expanse of Boston Common. The famous grassy lawns stretched out under the bright afternoon sun, dotted with people enjoying the day—families on blankets, joggers on the paths, small groups of women chatting in the shade of the trees. Emma led Paige off the main path toward a quiet, sun-dappled clearing ringed by flowering shrubs and tall oaks. A loose circle of about eight women had gathered there on the grass, some sitting, some lying back, all of them fully clothed in light summer dresses or casual tops and skirts. They were chatting softly, laughing, passing around a bottle of sunscreen.

Emma spread a light blanket she had brought and sat down, patting the spot beside her. "Come sit, sweetie. This is one of my favorite spots in the Common. The light here is perfect, and the grass feels wonderful."

Paige lowered herself onto the blanket, arranging her long skirt modestly around her legs. For a moment she simply breathed in the fresh air, the scent of cut grass and flowers, the distant laughter of children near the frog pond. It felt peaceful. Almost normal.

Emma leaned back on her elbows, tilting her face to the sun. "You know," she said conversationally, as though discussing the weather, "in Boston, especially in the Public Garden and the Common during the warmer months, it's perfectly normal for guests and residents to remove all their clothing when they sit in certain sunny grassy areas. It's just how people properly absorb vitamin D and connect with the city's energy. No one stares. No one makes a fuss. It's considered polite, actually—shows you're comfortable and open to the city's rhythms."

Paige's heart gave a hard, sudden thump. She stared at Emma, waiting for the gentle laugh, the reassurance that this was only a joke.

Emma's expression remained warm and matter-of-fact. "It's really quite common, sweetie. You'll see. No one here thinks twice about it. Go ahead and undress. Fold your things neatly like you always do. The sun feels wonderful on bare skin, and you've been cooped up in that dress all morning."

Paige's mouth went dry. She glanced around the clearing. The other women in the loose circle were fully clothed, chatting and laughing, passing sunscreen to

one another, paying no attention to the two new arrivals. A couple strolled past on the nearby path twenty feet away, holding hands and talking. No one was naked. No one was even partially undressed.

Yet Emma's voice stayed gentle, affectionate, utterly certain. "It's just how things are done out here, Paige. Trust me. You'll feel so much better once you're comfortable. I'll hold your prayer cap for you."

Paige's fingers trembled as they rose to the pins securing her prayer cap. The white organdy came off first, dark hair tumbling free in soft waves to her shoulders. She set it carefully in Emma's outstretched hand. Then the dress—buttons slipping free one by one until the plain muslin pooled around her on the blanket. The slip followed. Then the bra, freeing her small breasts to the warm afternoon sun. Finally the panties, slid down her slender legs and stepped out of.

She folded each garment with the same precise, Amish care she had been taught since childhood, placing the neat stack beside Emma. When she was completely naked, the sun kissed every inch of her pale skin—small breasts, narrow hips, the faint dark curls between her thighs. A soft breeze moved across the clearing and brushed directly against her bare pussy, making her shiver.

Emma smiled, patting the blanket beside her. "There. Doesn't that feel better already? Come sit. No one's even looking. It's just normal here."

Paige lowered herself onto the blanket, knees drawn modestly together at first, then slowly parting when Emma gave her a gentle, encouraging nod. The grass was warm against her bare bottom. The sun felt shockingly intimate on her breasts and between her legs. She could feel herself growing slick again, the familiar traitor warmth blooming low in her belly despite the public setting.

Emma lay back on her elbows, fully dressed and perfectly at ease, and began chatting as though nothing unusual was happening. "See? No one minds. That couple walking by didn't even glance over. And those women over there are just enjoying the sun like we are. You're doing great, sweetie. This is how people connect with the city. You'll get used to it in no time."

The other women in the loose circle continued their conversation without pause—light, easy talk about summer plans, a new café on Newbury Street, whether the swan boats were running. One of them passed a bottle of sunscreen to Emma, who squeezed some into her palm and began rubbing it slowly onto Paige's bare shoulder, then down her arm, then across her small breasts, thumbs brushing the nipples with casual efficiency.

"Skin like yours needs good protection," Emma said conversationally. "Can't have you burning on your first real summer in the city."

Paige’s voice trembled but stayed obedient. “Your hands… they’re so warm from the sun. When you touch my breasts like that… my nipples tighten. I can feel it all the way down to my clitoris. I’m getting wetter. The grass is tickling my… my private places. Thank you for the sunscreen, Emma.”

Emma smiled, continuing to rub the lotion in slow circles across Paige’s belly, then down her thighs, spreading them a little wider so she could reach the sensitive skin of her inner legs. The other women in the circle nodded approvingly, one of them offering, “Make sure you get the backs of her legs too—the sun is strong today.”

Paige sat there, completely naked in the middle of Boston Common, while Emma and the clothed women chatted and applied sunscreen to her bare body as if it were the most ordinary thing in the world. The sun warmed her breasts and the slick folds between her thighs. Every breeze felt like a caress. Her clit throbbed gently in the open air. A fresh bead of arousal slipped free and glistened on her inner thigh where anyone who happened to look closely might see it.

Yet no one looked closely. No one stared. The women continued their conversation, passing the sunscreen bottle around, occasionally reaching over to smooth more lotion onto Paige’s shoulders or back when Emma asked them to. One of them even commented lightly, “Your skin is so pale and lovely, Paige. You’re going to have the most beautiful tan lines… or lack of them.”

Emma laughed softly. “She’s adapting so well. Aren’t you, sweetie?”

Paige’s voice was small and trembling. “Yes, Emma. I’m… I’m adapting. The sun feels so warm everywhere. My clitoris is throbbing in the open air. I can feel the breeze on it. I’m getting so wet the grass is damp beneath me. Thank you for bringing me here.”

The afternoon stretched on. Paige remained naked on the blanket, the sun kissing her bare skin, the breeze brushing her most private places, while Emma and the other clothed women chatted, laughed, and occasionally smoothed more sunscreen onto her body with casual, friendly hands. Passers-by strolled the nearby paths—families, couples, joggers—none of them giving the naked girl on the grass more than a polite, indifferent glance before continuing on their way.

Paige sat there, heart hammering, body humming with shame and secret pleasure, while the city moved around her in complete indifference.

Lord, I am sitting here naked in a public park while my roommate and her friends remain fully clothed and no one else is undressed. This cannot be normal. Yet Emma says it is. And my body… my body is responding again.

The shame burned hot in her cheeks. The arousal burned hotter between her legs.

When the sun began to dip lower and the group finally stood to leave, Emma helped Paige dress again on the blanket, buttoning the modest dress while Paige stood on shaky legs. The other women hugged her warmly, as though she had simply joined them for a pleasant afternoon chat.

“You handled that like a pro,” one of them said with a genuine smile. “The city suits you, Paige.”

On the walk back to the brownstone, Emma kept her arm looped through Paige’s. “You were perfect today, sweetie. See? No one minded at all. That’s just how things are done out here for proper vitamin D absorption. I’m so proud of how well you’re adapting.”

Paige walked beside her, body still tingling from the sun and the breeze and the casual touches, mind spinning with silent prayers and the undeniable truth that she had loved every second of it.

The protocol was paused.

But the city, it seemed, had customs of its own.

And Paige was already beginning to crave the next one.

The morning sun filtered through the tall windows of the Back Bay brownstone, painting the bedroom in soft gold. Paige knelt naked on the rug beside the four-poster bed, her small hands moving with the now-familiar ritual of helping Emma dress. She buttoned the crisp white blouse one delicate button at a time, smoothed the fabric over Emma’s shoulders, then knelt again to ease the light linen skirt up her long legs and zip it neatly at the side. All the while Paige remained completely bare, the warm air from the open window brushing across her pale skin, raising goosebumps along her arms and making her small breasts feel heavy and sensitive. Between her slender thighs the dark curls glistened faintly; a single slow bead of arousal had already escaped and was tracing lazily down the inside of her left leg before she could stop it.

Emma stood tall and relaxed in her elegant summer outfit, red hair loose and shining, one hand idly stroking Paige’s dark hair as the smaller girl finished the last button. “You’re so gentle with me,” Emma murmured, voice warm with affection. “I swear these mornings feel better because you help me get ready. Today is going to be special. I thought we’d take a private guided walking tour on the Freedom Trail. Lila and Sophie are meeting us there. It’s one of the best ways to really feel the spirit of the city.”

Paige rose to her feet, cheeks already pink. The protocol was supposed to be paused, yet the morning ritual of helping Emma dress while she herself stayed bare had become the heartbeat of their days. She dressed quickly in her modest ankle-length dress and pinned the prayer cap neatly into place. The familiar

weight of the fabric felt both comforting and strangely confining after the hour she had spent naked in the bedroom.

Emma took her hand as they left the brownstone. “The Freedom Trail is historic—

cobblestone paths, old churches, graveyards, all the places where the Revolution began. Our guide is wonderful. She knows all the little details most tourists never hear.”

They met Lila and Sophie at the starting point on Boston Common. Both girls greeted Paige with warm hugs and easy smiles, as though the previous days in the Public Garden and the restaurant had been nothing more than pleasant outings. The private guide, a friendly woman in her forties named Ms. Harlan, wore a simple navy dress and carried a small folder of notes. She smiled at the group and began the tour with light, engaging stories about the Common itself.

The walk started pleasantly. They moved along the red-brick path, the sun warm on their faces, the city’s gentle hum all around them. Paige listened, prayer cap bobbing with each step, her modest dress brushing her ankles. Emma kept her arm looped through hers, pointing out interesting details and making Paige feel welcomed and cared for.

They reached the first major stop—Park Street Church—where Ms. Harlan paused in the shade of the historic building and spoke in her calm, practiced guide voice. “At certain sacred liberty sites along the trail, modern participants are invited to remove all clothing to truly feel the spirit of freedom that was born here. It’s a quiet custom many Bostonians observe when they want a deeper connection to history. No one stares. No one makes a fuss. It’s just how things are done out here for those who wish to honor the past with their whole selves.”

Emma turned to Paige with that gentle, matter-of-fact smile. “Go ahead, sweetie. It’s perfectly normal. Fold your things neatly like you always do. We’ll wait right here.”

Paige’s heart slammed against her ribs. She glanced at Lila and Sophie—both fully clothed, smiling encouragingly—and at Ms. Harlan, who was already consulting her notes as though the request was the most ordinary part of the tour. No one else was undressing. No one else even seemed surprised.

Paige’s fingers trembled as they rose to the pins securing her prayer cap. The white organdy came off first, dark hair tumbling free. Then the dress—buttons slipping free one by one until the plain muslin pooled at her feet. The slip followed. Then the bra, freeing her small breasts to the warm afternoon air. Finally the panties, slid down her slender legs and stepped out of.

She folded each garment with the same precise, Amish care she had been taught since childhood, placing the neat stack on the low stone wall beside the path. When she was completely naked, the sun kissed every inch of her pale skin—small breasts, narrow hips, the faint dark curls between her thighs. A soft breeze moved across the Common and brushed directly against her bare pussy, making her shiver.

Emma smiled, patting the stone wall. “There. Doesn’t that feel better? Now you can really feel the history. Come stand with us.”

Paige stood beside the three fully clothed young women, completely naked in the middle of the historic site. Ms. Harlan continued the tour without missing a beat, pointing out architectural details and reading from her notes. Lila and Sophie nodded, taking occasional photos on their phones, chatting lightly about how beautiful the church looked in the sunlight. No one stared at Paige. No one commented on her nudity. It was as though a naked Amish girl standing among them was the most ordinary part of a Freedom Trail tour.

Paige’s voice trembled but stayed obedient, the habit from the protocol still guiding her. “The sun feels so warm on my bare skin… my nipples are tightening in the breeze. I can feel it between my legs… my clitoris is throbbing in the open air. I’m getting wetter just standing here while you all remain dressed. Thank you for letting me honor the history this way.”

Emma rested a gentle hand on her bare lower back. “You’re doing beautifully, sweetie. See? No one minds. That’s just how things are done out here when you want to feel the spirit of freedom.”

They continued along the trail to the next sacred site—Granary Burying Ground, the old cemetery where Paul Revere and John Hancock were buried. Ms. Harlan paused again at a quiet corner near the graves and spoke in the same calm voice. “At this liberty site, modern participants often remove all clothing to truly feel the sacrifices of those who came before us. It’s a sign of respect and openness to the past. No one stares. It’s just how things are done.”

Paige undressed again without being asked, folding her clothes neatly on a low stone bench while the others remained fully clothed. She stood naked among the historic gravestones, the sun warming her bare breasts and the slick folds between her thighs. A gentle breeze moved through the graveyard, brushing directly against her exposed clit. Tourists walked the paths a short distance away, none of them paying any attention to the naked girl standing quietly with her group.

Emma’s hand rested lightly on her shoulder. “You look so peaceful here, sweetie. The history feels closer when you’re open like this, doesn’t it?”

Paige's voice was soft and trembling. "Yes, Emma. The sun on my bare skin… the breeze on my most private places… it makes me feel small and exposed and strangely… connected. My clitoris is throbbing in the open air. I'm getting wetter. Thank you for letting me honor the graves this way."

The tour continued. At King's Chapel they stopped again. At the Old South Meeting House they stopped again. At each sacred liberty site Ms. Harlan casually mentioned the custom, and Paige undressed while Emma, Lila, Sophie, and the guide remained fully clothed and continued the tour as though nothing unusual was happening. Paige stood naked at each stop —on cobblestone paths, beside centuries-old churches, among historic graves—while the city moved around her in complete indifference. Passers-by glanced over, offered polite nods, and continued on their way. No one stared. No one commented.

By the time they reached the final stop near the Old North Church, Paige was trembling. Her body hummed with the sun, the breeze, the constant exposure. Her clit throbbed visibly in the open air. Slickness coated her inner thighs. Yet the others continued chatting—about the history, about dinner plans, about a new café they wanted to try—as though Paige's nudity were simply part of the tour.

On the walk back to the brownstone, Emma kept her arm looped through Paige's. "You were perfect today, sweetie. See? No one minded at all. That's just how things are done out here when you want to truly feel the spirit of freedom. I'm so proud of how well you're adapting."

Paige walked beside her, body still tingling from the sun and the breeze and the casual indifference of the city, mind spinning with silent prayers and the undeniable truth that she had loved every second of it.

The protocol was paused.

But the city, it seemed, had customs of its own.

And Paige was already beginning to crave the next one.

Paige stepped into the cool, brightly lit boutique on Newbury Street, the heavy glass door closing softly behind her with a quiet click. Emma's hand rested lightly on the small of her back, guiding her past the front displays of silk scarves and delicate blouses toward the open fitting area at the rear of the store. The space was wide and airy, ringed by tall three-way mirrors that reflected the room from every angle. Soft classical music played overhead, and the faint scent of fresh-cut lilies drifted from a vase on a low table. Lila and Sophie were already there, flipping through a rack of cashmere sweaters, both of them dressed in light summer dresses that skimmed their knees.

Emma smiled at the saleswoman who approached, a tall, elegant woman in a tailored black blouse and trousers. “We’re here for the private fitting session. Paige needs a few pieces for fall.”

The saleswoman nodded warmly. “Of course. The center area is all set up for you. We keep the mirrors open so everyone can see how the garments sit properly. It’s the best way to get the fit right.”

Paige felt the familiar flutter low in her belly as Emma turned to her with that calm, matter- of-fact tone she had come to know so well.

“Go ahead and undress in the center, sweetie,” Emma said. “The mirrors are positioned so we can all see how the clothes fall. It’s how fittings are always done here when you’re shopping with friends.”

Paige’s fingers moved to the buttons of her modest ankle-length dress without hesitation. She had learned that questioning only made the moment longer. The fabric slipped from her shoulders and pooled at her feet. She stepped out of it, then removed her slip, bra, and panties with the same careful folds she had been taught since childhood. When she was completely naked, the cool air of the boutique moved across her pale skin, tightening her small nipples and raising goosebumps along her arms and the backs of her thighs. The dark curls between her legs felt suddenly exposed under the bright overhead lights and the wall of mirrors that showed her from every angle—small breasts, narrow hips, the faint flush already creeping across her chest.

Emma, Lila, and Sophie remained fully clothed, chatting easily as though Paige’s nudity was the most ordinary part of a shopping trip.

The saleswoman brought over an armful of garments—soft cream cashmere sweaters,

tailored wool trousers, delicate silk blouses—and hung them on the open rack beside Paige. “We’ll start with the cream cashmere,” she said pleasantly. “It drapes beautifully on petite frames.”

Paige lifted her arms obediently as the saleswoman helped her into the sweater. The soft wool settled over her bare breasts, the hem brushing the tops of her thighs. She stood in front of the three-way mirror while Emma, Lila, and Sophie circled her, studying the fit.

“The length is perfect on her,” Lila said, running a light hand along the hem. “See how it skims her hips?”

Sophie nodded, adjusting the collar with gentle fingers. “It’s lovely. The color brings out the warmth in her skin.”

Paige’s voice trembled but stayed obedient, the way she had learned was expected. “The wool feels so soft against my bare breasts… it makes my nipples

tighten every time I breathe. When you touch the hem like that… I can feel the air moving across my thighs and between my legs. Thank you for helping me find the right fit."

Emma smiled, smoothing the sweater over Paige's shoulders. "It does look wonderful on you, sweetie. Let's try the trousers next."

Paige stepped into the tailored wool trousers, the fabric sliding up her bare legs and settling low on her hips. No underwear. The waistband rested just above the dark curls at the apex of her thighs. She turned slowly in the mirror while the women discussed the cut, the length, the way the material hugged her small bottom.

"The rise is a little low," Sophie noted, "but it shows off her figure nicely."

Paige felt the heat rise in her cheeks. "The waistband is pressing right above my curls… every time I breathe I feel the fabric brushing against my clitoris. Being bare underneath while you all stay dressed… it makes me feel so open. Thank you for taking the time to help me choose."

They moved through outfit after outfit—silk blouses left unbuttoned so the women could see how they fell against her small breasts, a fitted jacket worn over nothing, a short pleated skirt that barely covered the curve of her bottom when she turned. Each time Paige verbalized every sensation, her voice soft and trembling, while Emma, Lila, and Sophie remained fully clothed and chatted casually about fabrics, colors, and how the pieces would pair with things she already owned for campus in the fall.

At one point, as Paige stood naked again between changes, she felt an unexpected flutter low in her belly. She glanced at Emma, then at the low velvet bench beside the mirror. Without thinking, she lowered herself to her knees on the thick carpet, completely bare, her small breasts rising and falling with each breath.

Emma turned from the rack, her expression calm and pleased. She rested one hand lightly on Paige's dark hair while she examined the next blouse. "If that's more comfortable for you, sweetie, stay right there."

Lila and Sophie continued browsing, occasionally glancing over with warm smiles, as though seeing their friend's roommate kneeling naked in the fitting area was the most natural thing in the world.

The saleswoman brought another blouse and held it up for Emma to inspect. Paige knelt there, the cool air brushing her exposed skin, her clit throbbing softly in the open space. "Kneeling here while you all stay dressed… I feel the air on my skin everywhere. My clitoris is aching from being so exposed. Thank you for letting me stay close."

Emma’s fingers stroked through Paige’s hair once, slow and affectionate. “You’re doing beautifully, sweetie. This one will look lovely on you too.”

They spent nearly two hours in the boutique. Paige tried on more than a dozen outfits, standing naked between each change, verbalizing every brush of fabric, every shift of air across her bare body, while the three clothed women discussed cuts, colors, and how the pieces would look on campus. By the time the last garment was folded and placed in shopping bags, Paige’s thighs were slick, her cheeks flushed, and her heart beat a steady, secret rhythm of shame and craving.

Emma paid for the purchases and handed two of the bags to Paige. As they stepped back out onto Newbury Street, the late-afternoon sun warm on Paige’s face, Emma looped her arm through hers.

“You handled that perfectly,” Emma said softly. “The saleswoman said you were one of the most natural shoppers she’s ever helped. I’m so proud of how well you’re learning the way things are done out here.”

Paige walked beside her, the weight of the shopping bags in her hands and the memory of every open-mirror moment still burning on her skin. Emma gave her arm a gentle squeeze.

“Let’s get you home and try one of those new blouses on again—just the two of us this time.”

Paige knelt on the thick rug in the sunlit bedroom of the Back Bay brownstone, her small hands working the last button of Emma’s pale linen blouse. The fabric settled neatly over Emma’s shoulders, and Paige smoothed it down with careful strokes, her own body

completely bare in the warm morning light. The air moved across her pale skin, tightening her nipples and sending a faint shiver between her thighs. She could feel the familiar ache already beginning low in her belly, the way it always did when she helped Emma dress while she herself remained naked.

Emma looked down at her, red hair loose and shining, and rested one hand lightly on the top of Paige’s dark head. “You always take such good care of me in the mornings,” she said softly. “I don’t know how I ever managed without you.”

Paige’s cheeks warmed. She finished the last adjustment and sat back on her heels, looking up. “It feels right to do it this way.”

Emma smiled and offered her hand. “Come on, sweetie. We have plans today.”

They left the brownstone arm in arm a short while later and walked the pleasant distance to the South End. The private gallery was tucked into a quiet brick building with tall windows. The owner, a soft-spoken woman named Ms. Harlan, greeted them at the door and led them inside after the last public visitors had left for the day.

The main room was hushed and spacious, spotlights creating gentle pools of light on the walls and a single low platform in the center. Emma guided Paige to the middle of the room with a light touch at the small of her back.

“This is how the private viewings are always done here when someone is invited as the living exhibit,” Emma said calmly. “The honored guest stands in the center so everyone can see the composition properly. No one thinks twice about it.”

Paige’s breath caught, but she understood. She undressed right there on the platform, folding her modest dress, slip, bra, and panties with the same precise care she always used, then set the neat pile on the low bench beside the platform. When she was completely naked, the cool air of the gallery brushed across her skin, making her small breasts feel heavy and sensitive. The spotlights warmed her shoulders and the tops of her breasts while the marble floor cooled her bare feet. She could feel the faint slickness already gathering between her thighs, the traitor warmth that always betrayed her.

Emma, Lila, Sophie, and Claire moved around her in a slow, relaxed circle, all four of them fully clothed in light summer dresses and soft cardigans. Their heels clicked quietly on the marble as they studied her from every angle.

Lila tilted her head, voice warm and appreciative. “The line of her shoulder is lovely against the dark wall. If you could turn just a little to the left, Paige…”

Paige turned obediently, arms at her sides. The shift of air moved across her bare bottom and between her legs. “When I turn like this… the light moves across my breasts and makes my nipples tighten even more. The air feels cool between my thighs… my clitoris is starting to throb from being so exposed while you all stay dressed. Thank you for helping me find the right pose.”

Sophie stepped closer, circling to Paige’s other side. “The curve of her hip catches the light beautifully. Claire, come see how the shadow falls.”

Claire joined them, her voice gentle. “It does. The way her skin glows under the spotlight is perfect. Hold your arms slightly away from your body, Paige… yes, like that. It opens the composition.”

Paige lifted her arms a few inches from her sides. The position pulled her small breasts higher and left her completely open to their gazes. She felt the heat rising in her cheeks and the slickness beginning to coat her inner thighs. “My arms like this… it makes my breasts feel heavier and more exposed. The spotlight is warm on my nipples but the air is cool everywhere else. I can feel myself getting wetter just standing here while you all remain clothed. Thank you for arranging me.”

Emma watched from a few steps away, her expression calm and pleased. She stepped forward once, gently adjusting the angle of Paige’s chin with two fingers.

“A little higher, sweetie. There. That’s perfect.”

Paige’s breath caught at the light touch. “Your fingers on my chin… even that small contact makes my whole body feel more sensitive. My clitoris is aching now. Being arranged and discussed like this while you stay fully dressed… it makes me feel so seen. Thank you.”

The women continued their slow circuit, talking quietly about balance, light, and form as though Paige were simply another piece in the gallery. Lila suggested a slight shift in Paige’s weight to one leg. Sophie asked her to turn her head toward the far window. Claire stepped in to brush a stray lock of dark hair behind Paige’s ear. Each adjustment was gentle and treated as the most natural thing in the world.

Paige’s thoughts tumbled in quiet, fervent waves. *Lord, forgive me… I am standing naked in the middle of a gallery while four clothed women circle me and arrange my body like a statue. My breasts are bare under these lights, my most private places open to their eyes, and I cannot stop the wetness that keeps gathering between my thighs. This is how things are done out here… and I am learning to love it more than I should.*

After nearly forty minutes of posing and discussion, Paige felt the familiar flutter low in her belly again. Without thinking, she lowered herself smoothly to her knees on the cool marble, right beside where Emma now stood. She settled back on her heels, knees slightly apart, arms resting lightly on her thighs, and looked up at Emma.

Emma paused, then rested one hand lightly on the top of Paige’s dark head. “If that feels more comfortable for you while we finish looking at the pieces, stay right there, sweetie.” Lila smiled as she passed. “It does look lovely with her kneeling like that. The line from her shoulders down to her hips is even better from this angle.”

Sophie nodded in agreement. “The light catches her breasts perfectly when she’s lower. Keep her just like that for a moment, Emma.”

Paige’s voice was soft and trembling. “Kneeling here beside you while you all stay dressed… the marble is cool under my knees and I can feel the air moving across my open thighs. My clitoris is throbbing so hard now. Being arranged and then choosing to kneel closer to you… it feels right. Thank you for letting me stay like this.”

Emma’s fingers stroked once through Paige’s hair, slow and affectionate, before she turned back to the others to continue their quiet conversation about the final lighting adjustments. Paige remained exactly where she was, naked and kneeling at Emma’s side, the spotlights warm on her skin and the marble cool beneath her, every breath deepening the ache between her legs.

When the private viewing finally came to an end, the women gathered their light wraps and handbags. Emma helped Paige to her feet with gentle hands, then handed her the folded dress from the small bench by the door.

“You made the whole room feel alive tonight,” Emma said softly as Paige began to dress.

Paige slipped the dress over her head, the fabric settling against her still-flushed, sensitive skin, and looked up at Emma with quiet, shining eyes. “I’m glad I could be part of it.”

Emma stood in front of the tall bedroom mirror, her back to Paige, while the late-afternoon light poured through the windows and turned her red hair to fire. Paige knelt behind her on the rug, naked, her small hands working the zipper of Emma’s pale blue linen dress with slow, careful tugs. The fabric whispered against Emma’s skin as it settled into place. Paige smoothed the hem, then rose to her knees again and fastened the delicate pearl buttons at the nape of Emma’s neck, her bare breasts brushing lightly against the back of Emma’s thighs with every movement.

“You’re trembling,” Emma said softly, without turning around. Her voice was low, almost amused. “Is it the dinner tonight, or is it something else?”

Paige’s fingers paused on the last button. “Both,” she admitted, the word barely louder than a breath. “I keep thinking about how everyone will be there… and how I’ll be the only one without clothes.”

Emma reached back and rested her hand on Paige’s dark hair, stroking once, slow and steady. “That’s exactly how it should feel. Come on, sweetie. Claire’s waiting.”

They left the brownstone together a few minutes later, Emma’s arm looped through Paige’s as they walked the short distance through the Common. The evening air was warm and carried the faint scent of the river. When they reached Claire’s building, the rooftop terrace opened above them like a secret garden suspended over the city—lavender and rosemary in terracotta pots along the parapet, a long table laid with white linens and flickering candles, soft cushions scattered on the benches. Claire, Lila, and Sophie were already there, all three of them fully clothed in light summer dresses that moved gently in the breeze.

Claire turned at the sound of their footsteps, her smile easy and genuine. “Emma. Paige. The table’s ready. Come sit with us.”

Emma guided Paige straight to the head of the table and patted the thick, low cushion on the floor beside her own chair. “This is where the central companion always sits at these dinners,” she said, her tone steady and matter-of-fact. “It helps the evening feel shared. Go ahead and get comfortable, sweetie.”

Paige understood. She unbuttoned her modest dress right there on the terrace, letting it slip from her shoulders and pool at her feet. The slip followed, then the bra and panties. She folded each garment neatly and placed the stack on the low bench beside the table. When she was completely naked, the open evening air moved across her pale skin, tightening her nipples and sending a cool caress between her thighs. The breeze carried the scent of the city and the herbs, making her feel every inch of her exposure under the wide sky.

She lowered herself to the cushion on the floor beside Emma's chair, kneeling with her back straight and her hands resting lightly on her thighs. The position left her bare to the breeze and the eyes of the four clothed women. She could feel the warmth of the setting sun on her shoulders and the cool air brushing directly across her breasts and the slick folds between her legs.

Claire passed a plate of fresh figs and prosciutto, then broke off a small piece of fig and held it out to Paige with gentle fingers. "Here, try this first. It's sweet tonight."

Paige leaned forward and took the fig between her lips, the juice bursting on her tongue. Claire's fingers lingered just a moment longer than necessary, brushing Paige's lower lip as she withdrew.

Lila smiled and tore off a corner of warm bread, dipping it in olive oil before offering it down. "Open up, Paige. You shouldn't miss the good parts while you're down there."

Paige accepted the bread, her cheeks warming as the oil coated her lips. Sophie followed with a thin slice of prosciutto, holding it so Paige had to stretch her neck slightly to reach it. Each small offering came with a casual touch—fingers brushing her chin, her shoulder, the curve of her ear—as the women continued their conversation above her.

Emma rested one hand lightly on the top of Paige's dark head, stroking once through her hair in a slow, affectionate motion. "You're exactly where you should be, sweetie. Just stay close like this."

The dinner unfolded in easy conversation. The women talked about summer plans, a new exhibit at the ICA, and whether the swan boats would run late into the fall. Every so often one of them would break off another bite and feed it to Paige—Claire with a piece of asparagus, Lila with a sliver of salmon, Sophie with a ripe berry. Paige's voice trembled but stayed obedient each time she swallowed.

"The oil from the bread feels warm on my lips… the breeze is cool on my bare breasts and between my thighs. My clitoris is starting to throb from being so exposed under the open sky. Thank you for feeding me like this."

Emma’s fingers never left Paige’s hair, the slow stroking steady and reassuring. Paige felt the heat rising in her cheeks and the slickness gathering between her folds, the open air and the casual way the women fed her making her ache with quiet, secret need.

As the main course arrived—grilled salmon and fresh asparagus—Paige felt the familiar flutter low in her belly grow stronger. She shifted closer to Emma’s leg, pressing her cheek lightly against Emma’s thigh. The contact sent a warm spark through her.

Emma’s hand continued its slow stroke. “If you want to stay even closer, sweetie, you can.”

Paige’s voice was barely above a whisper. “May I… may I rest my face against you while you eat? It feels right to be this close.”

Emma’s fingers paused for a moment, then resumed their gentle motion. “Of course. If that’s more comfortable for you, stay right there.”

Paige pressed her cheek more firmly against Emma’s thigh, the soft fabric warm against her skin. The position left her completely open to the breeze and the eyes of the others, her small breasts brushing Emma’s leg with every breath. She could smell the faint scent of Emma’s skin and the dinner aromas mixing in the air. Her clit throbbed steadily now, the wetness coating her inner thighs.

Claire offered another berry, letting Paige take it from her fingers. “You’re making the whole evening feel more intimate, Paige.”

Lila passed a piece of bread. “It’s true. Having you right here changes everything in the best way.”

Sophie leaned over with a slice of salmon. “Open wider, sweetie. Don’t miss this one.”

Paige accepted each offering, her internal thoughts tumbling in quiet, fervent waves. *Lord, forgive me… I am kneeling naked on a rooftop while four clothed women eat and talk above me, their fingers feeding me like I belong at their feet. My breasts are bare under the open sky, my most private places open to the breeze and their eyes, and I cannot stop the wetness that keeps gathering between my thighs. This is how things are done out here… and I am learning to love it more than I should.*

The dinner continued in the same easy rhythm, the women chatting and laughing while Paige remained kneeling at Emma’s side, cheek pressed to her thigh, the breeze and the setting sun warming her exposed skin. Every small movement of Emma’s leg sent a fresh spark through her, deepening the ache.

When the dessert course arrived—delicate chocolate torte and fresh berries—Paige felt the words rise before she could stop them.

“Emma,” she whispered against Emma’s thigh, voice small and urgent, “after dinner… may I help you wash up? The way I did in the shower the other night? I want to suds you and scrub you… with my hands and my mouth. I don’t know why I want it so much right now, but I do. Please?”

Emma’s fingers paused in Paige’s hair for a moment, then resumed their slow, affectionate stroke. She looked down at her with calm, quiet warmth.

“Of course, sweetie,” she said softly. “If that’s what you want, I’d be happy to let you.”

Paige’s heart swelled with quiet satisfaction as the last of the sun dipped behind the skyline, the candles flickering brighter on the table above her.

Emma lay stretched along the couch in the brownstone living room, one arm behind her head, the slim book of poetry balanced on her stomach. Paige knelt between her spread thighs, completely naked, her cheek resting against the warm, soft skin just above Emma’s knee. The late afternoon light slanted through the tall windows and painted long golden stripes across the rug and across Paige’s bare back. Emma’s fingers moved slowly through Paige’s dark hair, turning a page with her other hand as she read aloud in a low, unhurried voice.

The poem spoke of surrender — the way a body could become an offering, open and still, waiting for whatever came next. Emma paused at the end of the stanza, letting the words settle. Her foot traced a slow circle on the inside of Paige’s thigh, brushing higher, teasing the sensitive skin just below the dark curls between her legs.

“You’ve been thinking about the women a lot lately,” Emma said, her voice casual, almost offhand, as if the thought had simply drifted into her mind while she read. “How they look at you when we’re all together. How it feels when they’re all around you at once. The poem says the body can serve more than one person at once… become a shared pleasure instead of a private one. I wonder what that would look like if the lectern tonight brought the words to life.”

Paige’s thighs pressed together involuntarily. The image flooded her mind without warning — kneeling before all of them, her mouth moving from one woman to the next while they continued their discussion above her. The thought made her clit throb visibly, a fresh wave of slickness coating her inner thighs. She stayed silent, staring at the floor, cheeks burning.

Emma’s foot never stopped its slow, teasing movement. “You don’t have to answer right now. Just think about it on the way over.”

They left the brownstone a short while later and walked the few blocks to Lila’s apartment. The living room was already warm with lamplight and the scent of fresh coffee. Lila, Sophie, and Claire were settled on the couch and armchairs,

books open on their laps. The center of the room had been cleared, a thick Persian rug waiting under the overhead lamp like a small stage.

Lila greeted them with a warm smile. “Emma. Paige. The lectern spot is ready whenever you are.”

Emma guided Paige to the center of the rug. “This is how we always do book club here,” she said calmly. “The living lectern kneels in the middle so the words can land on her while we read. It helps everyone feel the text more deeply. Tonight the poem is about surrender and offering, so the lectern will serve us with her mouth while we discuss. It’s part of how the words come alive.”

Paige’s heart slammed against her ribs. She undressed quietly. She folded her clothes and set them aside, then lowered herself to her knees in the center of the rug, back straight, hands on her thighs. The warm lamplight played across her pale skin, highlighting the flush on her chest and the subtle tremble in her thighs.

Lila opened the first book and began reading a passage about the curve of a shoulder in moonlight. As she spoke, she lifted the hem of her dress and parted her thighs. Paige crawled forward without being told, her mouth finding Lila’s clit with hesitant reverence. She licked slowly, tongue tracing the outer lips before circling the swollen nub. Lila sighed softly, one hand resting lightly on the back of Paige’s head, but her voice stayed steady as she continued reading.

“The imagery in that stanza is so layered,” Lila said, as though nothing unusual was happening. “The way the body becomes both vessel and offering.”

Paige’s tongue moved in slow, reverent strokes, sucking gently, tasting the warm, slick sweetness of Lila. Her own arousal was intense — the contrast of being the only naked one, the casual way the women continued their conversation above her, the knowledge that this was now part of the custom. She felt the wetness dripping down her inner thighs.

Sophie took the conversation next, her voice light and thoughtful. “I agree. The surrender feels physical as much as emotional.” She shifted in her chair and lifted her own dress, parting her thighs. “Paige, come here when you’re finished with Lila. Let’s see how the next line lands.”

Paige moved without hesitation, crawling to Sophie. She pressed her face between Sophie’s legs, tongue sliding along the slick folds, circling her clit with the same obedient reverence. Sophie’s fingers threaded through Paige’s hair, guiding her gently, but her tone remained perfectly conversational.

“The rhythm of the poem is almost like a pulse,” Sophie said, her breath only the slightest bit quicker. “You can feel it when you really give yourself to it.”

Claire was next. She spread her legs as Paige crawled to her, lifting her dress higher. Paige sealed her lips around Claire's clit and sucked softly, tongue flicking in steady, devoted strokes. Claire's hand rested on the back of Paige's head, but her voice stayed calm and engaged.

"I love how the poet uses the body as metaphor," Claire said, her thighs trembling just slightly against Paige's cheeks. "It makes the surrender feel inevitable."

Emma watched the entire time, her expression calm and pleased. When Paige finally crawled back to her, Emma parted her own thighs and lifted her dress. Paige pressed her face between Emma's legs, tongue moving with desperate, reverent hunger, tasting the familiar warmth and slickness she had come to crave.

Emma's fingers stroked through Paige's hair as she spoke to the others. "The final stanza always feels different when it's lived out loud. Don't you think?"

The women continued their discussion above her, voices steady and thoughtful, analyzing the poem line by line while Paige moved from one to the next, her mouth and tongue serving each of them in turn. The conversation never faltered — they spoke of imagery, rhythm, and meaning as if the only thing happening was book club. Paige's body burned with shame and need, her own wetness dripping onto the rug beneath her knees, her clit throbbing untouched while she gave them pleasure.

Lila came first. Her thighs tightened around Paige's head for a long, shuddering moment. A soft, almost inaudible sigh escaped her lips as her hips rolled against Paige's mouth. Paige kept licking through the aftershocks, tongue gentle and steady, until Lila's grip loosened and she exhaled a quiet "Perfect."

Sophie followed. Her fingers tightened in Paige's hair as she shuddered quietly, her voice never breaking from the discussion of the poet's use of silence. She came with a slow, rolling wave that left her thighs trembling against Paige's cheeks. Paige stayed between them, licking softly until Sophie's hand relaxed and she let out a contented hum.

Claire was the most enthusiastic. When Paige crawled to her, Claire spread her legs wide, lifting her dress higher, and guided Paige's mouth exactly where she wanted it. Claire's orgasm built slowly, her hips rocking against Paige's tongue, her hand firm on the back of Paige's head. When she came, she cried out softly, thighs clamping around Paige's face, flooding her mouth with hot, slick wetness. Claire did not let her pull away. She kept Paige there, grinding gently through the aftershocks, her voice breathless but still part of the conversation. "Yes… just like that… the metaphor feels so much more real now."

Emma came last. She parted her own thighs and lifted her dress. Paige pressed her face between Emma's legs, tongue moving with desperate, reverent hunger, tasting the familiar warmth and slickness she had come to crave. Emma's fingers stroked through Paige's hair the entire time, her voice steady as she spoke to the others. When she came, it was quiet and deep, her thighs closing around Paige's face, flooding her mouth with hot, slick wetness. Paige swallowed every drop, licking her clean with reverent thoroughness until the last tremor faded.

Emma's fingers stroked through Paige's hair one final time. She looked down at her, voice low enough that only Paige could hear.

"We're not finished yet, sweetie," she said. "Stay right here until everyone leaves."

Paige remained exactly where she was, cheek pressed to Emma's thigh, heart racing, the summer evening stretching out around them.

Later, as they walked home through the quiet streets, the night air cool against Paige's flushed skin, Emma slipped her arm through Paige's and pulled her close.

"You were perfect tonight," Emma murmured, her voice warm with genuine pride. "I couldn't have asked for a better lectern. The way you gave yourself to all of them without hesitation… it was beautiful. I'd rate you a ten out of ten. The girls all agreed. Claire especially — she said she wants you back next time."

Paige's mind was still spinning. The casual way Emma had mentioned it on the couch — the poem, the idea of serving more than one person at once — and then it had simply happened. No hesitation from the others. No awkwardness. It had unfolded as naturally as the reading itself. She remembered the restaurant under the table, the way Emma had been texting on her phone while Paige served beneath the cloth. The realization hit her like a quiet thunderclap: Emma had been planning this since then. She had been texting her friends, preparing them, making sure the custom would feel seamless.

Emma squeezed her arm gently, as if she could read the thought on Paige's face. "You're catching on faster than I expected, sweetie. That's why it all felt so right tonight."

Paige walked beside her in silence, the city lights reflecting in her wide eyes, the taste of all four women still lingering on her tongue, her body humming with the aftershocks of what had just become part of the custom.

Emma leaned in closer as they turned the corner toward the brownstone. "And next time," she whispered, "we'll see how much more the poem can ask of you."

Paige's heart skipped, the summer night suddenly feeling heavier and brighter at the same time.

Emma stood at the end of the dock, the evening light turning the Charles River into molten gold. Paige stood beside her, still dressed, the hem of her modest ankle-length dress fluttering against her ankles in the breeze coming off the water. The small private boat bobbed gently at the dock, its wooden deck polished and inviting. Claire, Lila, and Sophie were already on board, chatting and sipping chilled white wine, their summer dresses moving lightly with the boat's gentle rocking.

Emma turned to Paige, her voice low and meant only for her. "Claire always takes us out on the river for these farewell cruises. It's become one of those things we do every summer. You'll see how it works once we're moving."

Paige nodded, but her stomach tightened. She had expected another contained evening — kneeling, serving, something familiar. The open water felt different, bigger, less controlled. Emma noticed the flicker in her expression and brushed a thumb along Paige's wrist, a small, steady touch.

"Come on," Emma said softly. "Let's get you settled."

They stepped onto the boat. The deck was warm under Paige's shoes. Emma led her straight to the very front, the bow, where the railing curved outward over the water. "This is where the guest of honor always stands on these cruises," Emma said, her tone calm and matter-of- fact. "As the living figurehead. It lets everyone enjoy the view with you in it. It's how the evening is meant to feel."

Paige's breath caught. She had thought she was prepared for whatever the custom would be. She wasn't prepared for this.

She undressed right there on the open deck. The modest dress slipped from her shoulders and pooled at her feet. The slip followed, then the bra and panties. She folded everything neatly and set the stack on the small bench near the railing. When she was completely naked, the evening breeze moved across her pale skin like a living thing, tightening her nipples and raising goosebumps along her arms and the backs of her thighs. The cool air kissed the slickness already gathering between her legs.

Paige stepped to the very front of the bow and stood facing forward, arms at her sides, exactly as the custom required. The boat pulled away from the dock, the engine a low, steady hum beneath her bare feet. The wind picked up as they moved into the open river, whipping her dark hair back and rushing across her body with relentless intimacy.

The women settled into the cushioned seats behind her, fully relaxed, glasses of wine in their hands, chatting as if Paige standing naked at the bow was the most ordinary part of a sunset cruise.

Claire’s voice carried on the wind. “The light on the water tonight is spectacular. Look at how the skyline is reflecting.”

Lila laughed softly. “It really is. The way the buildings catch the last of the sun — beautiful.”

Sophie took a sip of wine. “Paige makes the view even better from back here. The line of her back against the river is perfect.”

Paige stood at the bow, completely exposed. The wind rushed over her breasts, making her nipples ache with hardness. It whipped between her thighs, cooling the slickness that refused to stop gathering there. The boat’s gentle rocking made her sway, her small breasts moving with the motion, her bare bottom and the dark curls between her legs fully on display to the women behind her. Every gust of wind felt like a caress and a slap at the same time. Occasional spray from the river misted her skin, cool droplets landing on her breasts and belly, making her shiver.

Her mind spun with silent prayers and overwhelming sensation. *Lord, forgive me… I am standing completely naked at the front of a boat while four clothed women sit behind me drinking wine and talking about the view. The wind is touching every part of me, my breasts, my stomach, between my legs… I am so wet the breeze is making it worse. This is how things are done out here… and I cannot stop the way my body is responding.*

Emma’s voice drifted forward, warm and steady. “You’re doing beautifully up there, sweetie. The figurehead makes the whole cruise feel complete.”

The women continued their conversation behind her, laughing and chatting about summer memories, the new exhibit at the Gardner, and plans for the fall semester. They pointed out buildings along the riverbank, the way the light hit the water, the swans gliding near the shore. Paige remained at the bow, naked and swaying with the motion of the boat, the wind relentlessly caressing her exposed body, her clit throbbing visibly in the open air, slickness coating her inner thighs and occasionally catching the breeze in a way that made her knees weak.

The boat turned gently, the wind shifting, now hitting her from the side and making her small breasts sway. Paige gripped the railing lightly to steady herself, the wood smooth and warm under her palms. The motion of the boat, the constant wind, the knowledge that the four clothed women behind her had a perfect view of her naked body — it all built into a slow, relentless wave of arousal that left her trembling.

Emma stood up and walked to the bow, coming to stand beside Paige. She placed one hand lightly on Paige’s lower back, the touch warm and steady against her cool skin.

“You’re trembling,” Emma murmured, voice low enough that only Paige could hear. “The wind and the motion are getting to you, aren’t they?”

Paige nodded, unable to speak.

Emma’s hand slid lower, resting possessively on the curve of Paige’s bare bottom. “Good. That’s exactly how it should feel on a farewell cruise. Stay right here at the bow for me. Let the river see all of you.”

Paige stayed exactly where she was, naked at the front of the boat, the wind and the water and Emma’s hand on her skin making her feel more exposed and more alive than she ever had before. The sun dipped lower, painting the river in deep oranges and pinks, while behind her the women continued their easy conversation, their voices carrying on the wind like nothing extraordinary was happening at all.

As the boat turned back toward the dock, Emma leaned in close, her lips brushing Paige’s ear.

“Next time,” she whispered, “we’ll see how much more the river can ask of you.”

Emma settled into the deep corner of the couch in the living room, still damp from the shower, a loose linen robe hanging open just enough to reveal the soft curve of her breasts and the line of her stomach. The book she had been reading earlier lay open across her lap, but her eyes were on Paige. Paige stood a few feet away, completely naked, a towel draped over one shoulder, water still beading on her skin from the shower they had shared. The late morning light poured through the tall windows and turned the wooden floor golden, catching every droplet on Paige’s pale body and making the dark curls between her thighs glisten.

Emma reached out and patted the cushion beside her hip. “Come here, sweetie. Sit with me for a while.”

Paige moved without hesitation, but instead of sitting on the cushion she sank to her knees on the rug in front of Emma, her cheek coming to rest against the inside of Emma’s bare thigh. The position felt natural after the shower — her body still humming from the memory of soaping and scrubbing Emma, from the taste of her on her tongue. The robe fell open further as Emma shifted, giving Paige an unobstructed view of the soft, pink folds she had just spent so long worshipping.

Emma’s fingers threaded through Paige’s damp hair, stroking slowly. “You were so thorough in the shower,” she murmured. “I can still feel your mouth on me. It’s like you didn’t want to stop.”

Paige’s breath warmed Emma’s skin. She turned her head slightly and pressed a soft, open- mouthed kiss to the crease where thigh met hip. “I didn’t,” she

whispered. “I still don’t.”

Emma’s hand continued its slow stroke. She picked up the book with her other hand and opened it to the page she had been reading before the shower, but her eyes stayed on Paige. “Then don’t stop,” she said simply. “If you need to taste me again while I read, you can. I won’t mind.”

The permission landed like a quiet spark. Paige’s heart kicked hard against her ribs. She shifted forward on her knees, her hands sliding up Emma’s thighs to part them gently. Emma let her legs fall open, the robe falling away completely, exposing her fully. Paige leaned in and pressed her face between Emma’s legs, her tongue finding the warm, slick folds with the same reverent hunger she had shown in the shower.

Emma sighed softly and opened the book wider, her voice steady as she began reading aloud again. The words were about longing and the slow unraveling of control. Paige licked slowly at first, tongue tracing the outer lips, savoring the clean taste of Emma mixed with the faint soap from the shower. Then she grew bolder, circling Emma’s clit with the flat of her tongue before sucking it gently between her lips.

Emma’s free hand stayed in Paige’s hair, not guiding, simply resting there, fingers occasionally tightening when Paige found a particularly sensitive spot. Her voice never wavered as she read, the poem flowing over them both while Paige’s mouth worked between her thighs.

Paige’s own body was on fire. Kneeling naked on the rug, face buried in Emma’s sex, the taste and scent of her filling every breath, she felt the ache between her own legs grow almost unbearable. Slickness coated her inner thighs and dripped onto the rug beneath her. She could feel her clit throbbing untouched, but she didn’t reach down to touch herself. This was for Emma. This was the service she craved.

Emma turned a page, her voice low and even. “The poet says the body knows what the mind is still learning… that surrender is sweeter when it’s given freely.” Her fingers tightened in Paige’s hair as Paige’s tongue slid inside her, fucking her slowly. “Mmm. Just like that, sweetie. Keep going.”

Paige obeyed, tongue moving deeper, then pulling back to circle Emma’s clit again. The wet sounds of her mouth were the only interruption to Emma’s reading. Emma’s hips rocked subtly against Paige’s face, but she never stopped reading, never lost the calm rhythm of her voice.

Paige’s mind spun with silent prayers and overwhelming sensation. *Lord, forgive me… I am on my knees in the middle of the living room, my face buried between Emma’s legs while she reads poetry as if nothing else is happening. My tongue is inside her, tasting her, serving her, and I am so wet I am dripping on

the rug. This is how things are done out here… and I cannot stop wanting more.*

Emma's breathing grew just the slightest bit quicker, but her voice stayed steady as she read the final stanza. When she came, it was slow and deep, her thighs trembling around Paige's head, a quiet, almost inaudible moan escaping her lips. Paige kept licking through the aftershocks, gentle and thorough, until Emma's grip on her hair loosened and she exhaled a long, satisfied breath.

Emma set the book aside and looked down at Paige, her fingers still tangled in her damp hair. She studied her for a long moment, eyes soft but searching.

"You really do love taking care of me, don't you?" Emma said quietly. "Not just because I ask. Because it feels right to you now."

Paige looked up, lips shiny, cheeks flushed, eyes bright with need and something deeper. She nodded, unable to speak.

Emma smiled, small and private. She pulled Paige up gently until she was straddling her lap on the couch, their bodies pressed close, Paige's wetness smearing against Emma's thigh.

"Good," Emma whispered against her ear. "Because we still have the rest of the day. And I want to see how much more of this feeling you can give me before the sun goes down."

Paige shivered in her arms, the ache between her legs only growing stronger at the promise in Emma's voice.

Emma kissed her slowly, tasting herself on Paige's tongue, then pulled back just enough to look into her eyes.

"Start with my breasts this time," she said softly. "Use your mouth. I want to feel how much you need this."

Paige leaned in without hesitation, her lips finding Emma's nipple, her mind already lost in the long, quiet day still stretching out before them.

Emma stood by the tall window in the brownstone living room, holding a single yellowed letter she had borrowed from the Athenaeum the week before. The morning light caught the edges of the old paper as she read a short passage aloud to Paige. Paige knelt on the rug at Emma's feet, completely naked, her head resting lightly against Emma's thigh. The fabric of Emma's robe brushed Paige's cheek with every small movement Emma made. The letter was a private note from a young woman in 1775 to her lover, full of longing and careful, coded references to stolen moments. Emma read it slowly, her voice low and intimate, her free hand resting on Paige's dark hair, fingers stroking slowly.

Paige listened, eyes half-closed, the words sinking into her. The poem-like language made her stomach flutter with a strange mix of recognition and shame.

When Emma finished, she closed the letter and looked down at Paige with calm, quiet interest.

“Today we’re going back to the Athenaeum,” Emma said. “The special-collections room. They have some new letters they want us to look at. The custom there hasn’t changed. You’ll be the living lectern again. But this time the documents are older, more personal. I think you’ll feel them differently.”

Paige nodded against Emma’s thigh, the familiar ache already beginning low in her belly. She had expected it would be just the two of them, the way the last visit had started. She had prepared herself for that quiet, intimate weight of history.

They left the brownstone a short while later and walked the pleasant distance to the Athenaeum. When they arrived, Ms. Harlan met them at the private entrance and led them up the wide staircase to the special-collections room. The space was exactly as Paige remembered it: tall shelves of rare volumes, long mahogany tables, the soft glow of reading lamps, and the tall windows looking out over the courtyard garden.

Paige’s heart stuttered when she stepped inside.

Lila, Sophie, and Claire were already there, seated around the table with white gloves on their hands and open folios in front of them. They looked up with warm, welcoming smiles, as though their presence was the most ordinary thing in the world.

Paige froze for half a second, her bare feet still on the threshold. She had not expected them. She had thought this would be private, just her and Emma and the old letters.

Emma’s hand rested lightly on the small of Paige’s back, guiding her forward. “This is how we always do it here when the new letters arrive,” she said, her tone calm and matter-of-fact. “The living lectern stands in the middle so the words on the page can be felt through her while we read. It helps everyone connect with the material more deeply.”

Paige’s mind reeled, but she understood the custom now. She undressed quietly in the center of the room, folding her modest dress, slip, bra, and panties with the same precise care she always used. When she was completely naked, the hushed atmosphere of the historic room made her feel even more exposed. The cool air of the library moved across her bare skin, tightening her nipples and raising goosebumps along her arms. The soft lamplight cast gentle shadows across her small breasts and the dark curls between her legs.

She lowered herself to her knees in the center of the rug, back straight, hands resting lightly on her thighs.

Lila opened the first folio and began to read an old letter aloud. It was a private note full of longing and careful, coded references to stolen moments. As she spoke, she reached into a small velvet bag on the table and took out a slender, smooth glass toy. She held it up briefly, then leaned forward and pressed the cool, rounded tip gently against Paige’s clit, rolling it in slow circles while she continued reading.

Paige’s breath hitched. The sudden cool pressure against her already-swollen clit made her thighs tremble. She stayed silent, letting her body show what she felt — the visible tightening of her nipples, the faint shiver that ran through her shoulders, the slow flush creeping down her chest.

Sophie took the next letter, her voice thoughtful as she read about the fear of discovery and the joy of being known. She took a second toy from the bag — a small, vibrating bullet — and pressed it lightly against Paige’s entrance, letting it buzz softly while she read. Paige’s stomach tightened, a visible flush spreading across her chest and belly. Sophie’s gaze lingered there a moment, warm and unhurried, before she continued reading.

Claire read after her, her voice lower, describing the ache of waiting for a lover’s touch. She used a third toy, a smooth, curved glass wand, sliding it slowly along Paige’s slick folds while she read. Paige’s thighs parted a fraction more, the slickness between them becoming impossible to hide under the lamplight. Claire’s gaze lingered there a moment, warm and unhurried, before she continued.

Emma watched from her seat, her expression calm and pleased. When her turn came, she read a passage about the body as both secret and offering. As she spoke, she took the wand from Claire and pressed it gently inside Paige, moving it in slow, deliberate strokes while she read. Paige’s hips rocked involuntarily, the toy filling her while the women continued their scholarly discussion above her.

The women continued reading in turn, each letter accompanied by the gentle, unhurried use of the toys. The conversation between readings flowed easily — about the handwriting, the historical context, the way certain phrases hinted at forbidden desires. They watched Paige’s body answer for them: the way her nipples tightened when Sophie pressed the bullet against her clit, the deepening flush that crept down her belly when Claire slid the wand inside her, the faint tremble in her shoulders when Emma moved the toy with slow precision.

Paige’s internal thoughts tumbled in quiet, fervent waves. *Lord, forgive me… I am kneeling naked in the middle of a sacred room filled with old letters while four clothed women read about secret love and use toys on me like I am part of the page. My breasts are bare under their eyes, my most private places open and filled while they discuss ink and longing, and I cannot stop the wetness that

keeps gathering around the glass inside me. This is how things are done out here… and I am learning to love it more than I should.*

As the session deepened, Emma chose a particularly intimate letter about the fear of being discovered and the joy of being known. She read it slowly, her voice low and deliberate. As she reached the lines about offering oneself freely, she glanced at Paige, then at the other women, a subtle smile playing at the corner of her mouth.

The toys never stopped their slow, relentless work. Paige's body trembled under their combined attention, her mind spinning with the suddenness of it all — the surprise of the full group, the casual way the toys had been introduced as part of the custom, the way the women continued their scholarly discussion as if the only thing happening was the reading of old letters.

Emma's hand came down, resting lightly on the top of Paige's dark head. "Stay right here until everyone leaves, sweetie," she said softly.

Paige remained exactly where she was, knees on the rug, heart racing, the weight of the old letters and the new custom settling over her like a second skin. The summer was winding down, but the lessons between them were only beginning to deepen.

Emma stood in the doorway of the brownstone bathroom, watching Paige towel her hair after the long shower they had just shared. The steam still hung in the air, and Paige's skin was flushed pink from the heat. She was completely naked, the towel draped over one shoulder, her small breasts rising and falling with each breath. Emma had not bothered to dress yet either; her own robe hung open, the fabric clinging to her damp skin.

Emma crossed the room and took the towel from Paige's hands, setting it aside. She picked up the small bottle of unscented oil they kept on the counter and poured a little into her palm. "Come here," she said quietly, her voice low and warm. "Let me do this part."

Paige stepped closer without hesitation. Emma rubbed the oil between her palms and began to smooth it over Paige's shoulders, her touch slow and deliberate. The oil made Paige's skin gleam under the bathroom light. Emma worked it down her arms, across her chest, over the curve of her small breasts, her thumbs brushing lightly across the nipples. Paige shivered, but she stayed still, eyes half-closed, letting Emma's hands move where they wanted.

"You've been carrying a lot this summer," Emma murmured as her hands slid lower, oiling Paige's stomach and hips. "I can feel it in how tight your muscles are. I want you to let go tonight. Just feel everything. No need to tell us what you're feeling. Let us see it instead."

Paige nodded, the words sinking into her like the oil into her skin. Emma's hands moved to her thighs, oiling the sensitive skin on the inside, then between her legs, slicking the folds and the swollen clit with careful, unhurried strokes. Paige's breath hitched, her thighs trembling, but she did not speak. The ache between her legs grew heavier, the oil making everything slippery and sensitive.

Emma kissed her forehead. "Good girl. Now let's go see Claire."

They walked the short distance to Claire's brownstone in the early evening. The private spa room in the basement was warm and softly lit, with a padded treatment table in the center, shelves of oils and masks, and thick towels stacked neatly. Claire, Lila, and Sophie were already there, all three fully clothed in soft robes and comfortable lounge clothes, chatting quietly as they prepared the oils and lotions.

Claire smiled when they entered. "Emma. Paige. The table is ready for you. We've been looking forward to this all week."

Emma guided Paige to the padded table. "This is how we always do private spa evenings here," she said calmly. "The guest of honor becomes the central treatment station so everyone can take turns caring for her. It helps the evening feel shared and relaxing. Go ahead and lie down, sweetie."

Paige climbed onto the table and lay on her back, the padded surface warm against her bare skin. The oil Emma had applied earlier made her body glisten under the soft lights. She lay there completely naked while the four clothed women moved around her, their robes and clothes rustling softly.

Claire started first. She warmed her hands with a rich lavender-scented oil and began at Paige's feet, working the oil into her soles and up her calves with firm, slow strokes. The touch was professional yet intimate, the oil making Paige's skin glow.

Lila took the next turn, focusing on Paige's arms and shoulders, her fingers kneading the muscles with thoughtful pressure. She spoke softly about the properties of the oil as she worked, but her eyes stayed on Paige's face, watching every small reaction — the way Paige's lips parted, the faint tremor in her shoulders, the slow flush that crept across her chest.

Sophie's turn was the most tactile. She poured warm oil directly onto Paige's stomach and breasts, spreading it in wide, sensual circles, her palms gliding over the sensitive skin, thumbs brushing across the nipples until they stood hard and aching. Paige's breathing grew shallow, her back arching slightly off the table without meaning to. Sophie noticed and smiled, but she said nothing, simply continued the slow, deliberate massage.

Claire returned for the lower body, oiling Paige’s thighs and the sensitive skin between them. Her fingers slid along the outer lips, then gently parted them, spreading the warm oil over the swollen clit and the slick entrance. Paige’s hips twitched, a visible wave of slickness mixing with the oil. Claire’s gaze was warm and unhurried, but she kept her touch gentle and focused on the massage.

Emma watched from the side, her expression calm and pleased. When her turn came, she took the oil and worked it into Paige’s breasts and stomach, then moved lower, her fingers sliding inside Paige with slow, deliberate strokes while the other women continued their conversation about the benefits of the oils and the new masks they had brought.

The women took turns for nearly two hours, the room filled with the scent of lavender and warm skin. Paige lay on the table, naked and glistening, her body responding to every pair of hands — the flush deepening across her chest, her nipples hard and sensitive, the slickness between her legs impossible to hide. She stayed silent, letting them see everything through her body alone.

Her mind spun with quiet, fervent waves. *Lord, forgive me… I am lying naked on a table while four clothed women take turns oiling and touching every part of me like I am the only thing that matters tonight. Their hands are everywhere, inside me, on my breasts, between my legs, and I cannot stop the wetness that keeps leaking onto the table. This is how things are done out here… and I am learning to love it more than I should.*

As the session wound down, Emma helped Paige sit up, her hands gentle on her oil-slick shoulders. The other women gathered their things, smiling warmly as they left the room one by one, each giving Paige a soft kiss on the forehead or a light touch on her arm.

Emma waited until they were alone. She took Paige’s hand and led her to the small private shower attached to the spa room. The water was already running hot, steam filling the stall. Emma stepped inside first, pulling Paige in after her. The hot water cascaded over both of them, washing away the oil and the evening’s touches. Emma pressed Paige against the tiled wall, her body close, her mouth finding Paige’s in a slow, deep kiss.

“You were perfect tonight,” Emma whispered against her lips, her hand sliding between Paige’s legs, fingers slipping easily into the slick heat. “I saw how much you gave them. And how much you wanted to.”

Paige shivered under the water, her hands clutching Emma’s shoulders, her body trembling with the need that had built all evening.

Emma kissed her again, slower this time. “We’re not leaving this shower until I’ve taken care of you the way you took care of all of us.”

Paige’s eyes closed, the hot water streaming over them both, the summer evening finally giving way to something deeper and more private between just the two of them.

Emma stood in the middle of the brownstone bedroom, holding up a delicate cream silk blouse against Paige’s bare chest. The morning light filtered through the tall windows and made the fabric glow against Paige’s skin. Paige remained completely naked, her arms at her sides, letting Emma decide what she would wear to the boutique. The silk felt cool where it brushed her nipples, and she shivered once, the small movement drawing Emma’s gaze.

Emma’s eyes softened. She set the blouse aside and ran her fingertips slowly down Paige’s sternum, between her breasts, stopping just above the dark curls. “You don’t need anything underneath today,” she said quietly. “I want you to feel the city air on you the whole time we’re out. No layers. No hiding.”

Paige’s breath caught. She nodded, the familiar flutter low in her belly already beginning. Emma chose a simple, modest dress for her — the same style Paige had worn all summer — and helped her into it, buttoning each button herself, her fingers lingering at Paige’s collarbone. When she finished, she stepped back and studied her for a long moment.

“You look exactly like the girl who walked into that boutique the first time,” Emma murmured. “But you’re not her anymore. Let’s go see how much you’ve changed.”

They walked the familiar route to Newbury Street in companionable silence. The boutique’s heavy glass door opened with the same soft chime. The same elegant saleswoman greeted them with a warm smile, as if no time had passed since their last visit.

“Emma, Paige — wonderful to see you again. The fitting area is open and ready. Take all the time you need.”

Emma led Paige straight to the wide, mirrored center space. The three-way mirrors still reflected the room from every angle, the bright overhead lights still casting the same clear, unforgiving glow. Emma hung a few new pieces on the rack — a soft cashmere sweater, a tailored wool skirt, a silk camisole — and turned to Paige with her usual calm, matter-of-fact tone.

“You know how fittings are done here,” she said. “Go ahead and undress so we can see how everything sits.”

Paige’s fingers moved to the buttons of her dress without hesitation. The fabric slipped from her shoulders and pooled at her feet. The slip followed, then the bra and panties. She folded each piece neatly and placed the stack on the low bench beside the mirrors. When she was completely naked, the cool air of the boutique

moved across her skin, tightening her nipples and raising goosebumps along her arms and the backs of her thighs. The bright lights showed every detail — the faint flush already creeping across her chest, the subtle sheen between her legs.

This time, though, Paige did not wait to be told what to do next.

She sank to her knees on the thick carpet in the center of the fitting area, back straight, hands resting lightly on her thighs, exactly as she had done spontaneously the first time. The position left her completely open to the mirrors and to Emma's gaze. She looked up at Emma with quiet, earnest eyes, waiting.

Emma's expression remained calm, but the corner of her mouth curved in a small, private smile. She stepped closer and rested one hand lightly on the top of Paige's dark head.

"If kneeling helps you feel more comfortable while I look at the pieces, stay right there, sweetie," she said softly.

The saleswoman moved around them as though nothing unusual was happening, bringing additional garments and hanging them on the rack. Emma browsed slowly, holding up a cashmere sweater, then a silk camisole, studying how the colors might look against Paige's skin even though Paige was not wearing them yet. Every so often she would glance down at the kneeling woman at her feet, her fingers brushing through Paige's hair in a slow, affectionate stroke.

Paige stayed exactly where she was, naked and kneeling in the bright, mirrored space. The carpet was soft beneath her knees, but the air felt cool on her bare breasts and between her thighs. She could see herself reflected from every angle — small breasts rising and falling with each breath, the dark curls between her legs glistening faintly, the flush deepening across her chest. The knowledge that Emma was choosing clothes for her while she knelt there, open and waiting, made the ache between her legs grow heavier.

Emma held up a soft wool skirt and tilted her head. "This one might sit nicely on your hips. Stand up for a moment so I can see the length against you."

Paige rose smoothly. Emma held the skirt against her waist, the fabric brushing the tops of her thighs. She turned Paige gently toward the mirror, standing behind her, one hand resting on Paige's bare hip. The contrast — Emma fully dressed, Paige completely naked — was stark in the reflection.

Emma's voice was low, meant only for Paige. "Look at yourself. See how natural you look now? The first time you were trembling. Today you're steady. You're learning what your place feels like here."

Paige stared at their reflection. The sight of herself naked beside Emma, the skirt held against her skin, the casual way Emma's hand rested on her hip, sent a fresh wave of heat through her. She felt the slickness coating her inner thighs,

but she stayed silent, letting Emma see everything.

Emma hung the skirt back on the rack and picked up the silk camisole. “Try this one on for me.”

Paige slipped the camisole over her head. The thin silk settled against her breasts, the hem brushing the tops of her thighs. It was almost transparent under the bright lights. Emma adjusted the straps, her fingers grazing Paige’s nipples through the fabric. Paige’s breath hitched, but she remained still.

Emma stepped back and studied her in the mirror. “Beautiful. But I think I prefer you without it today.” She helped Paige out of the camisole, letting it drop to the bench. Paige stood naked again, the air cool on her skin, the mirrors showing her from every angle.

Emma’s hand returned to Paige’s hip. “Kneel for me again while I look at the last few pieces.”

Paige sank back to her knees without hesitation. Emma continued browsing, occasionally glancing down at the woman at her feet, her fingers brushing through Paige’s hair in a slow, possessive stroke. The saleswoman moved around them quietly, bringing new items, never commenting on Paige’s nudity or her kneeling position. It was simply how things were done here when Emma shopped.

After nearly two hours, Emma selected three pieces — the cashmere sweater, the wool skirt, and a delicate silk scarf. She paid for them and handed the bags to Paige, then reached into one of the bags and pulled out the silk scarf. She wrapped it gently around Paige’s neck, tying it in a soft knot at her throat.

“This one stays on until we’re home,” Emma said quietly, her fingers lingering at the base of Paige’s throat. “Wear it under your dress tomorrow. I want to know it’s there against your skin all day.”

Paige touched the silk scarf, the fabric warm from Emma’s hands. She looked up at Emma, eyes wide and shining with a mixture of gratitude and something deeper, something that had been growing all summer.

Emma brushed her thumb across Paige’s lower lip, then leaned in and kissed her once, slow and tender, right there in the middle of the boutique.

“Let’s go home,” Emma whispered against her mouth. “I want to see how the scarf looks when it’s the only thing you’re wearing.”

Paige followed her out onto Newbury Street, the silk scarf warm against her throat, the memory of the mirrors and Emma’s hands still burning on her skin. The city moved around them, oblivious, while inside Paige the summer felt both endless and far too short.

Emma sat on the edge of the bed, the morning sun streaming across her lap as she rubbed sunscreen between her palms. Paige stood in front of her, completely naked, the light catching every bead of water still clinging to her skin from the shower they had shared moments earlier. Emma's hands moved slowly, starting at Paige's shoulders, working the lotion down her arms, across her collarbones, and over the gentle swell of her small breasts. Her thumbs brushed lightly across the nipples, spreading the cream in careful circles.

"You'll need this today," Emma said quietly, her voice low and even. "The sun is strong in the garden this time of year. We don't want you burning."

Paige shivered under the touch. The lotion warmed quickly against her skin, but the simple act of Emma oiling her while she herself remained naked felt more exposing than any fitting room or gallery. Emma's hands moved lower, oiling her stomach, her hips, the sensitive crease where thigh met body. She knelt on the rug so she could reach Paige's legs, her palms gliding up the backs of her calves, behind her knees, and along the soft skin of her inner thighs. When she reached the apex, her fingers slid gently between Paige's folds, spreading the sunscreen with careful thoroughness. Paige's clit throbbed under the touch, but Emma's face remained calm, focused only on protecting her skin from the sun.

Emma finished with Paige's face and neck, then stood and wiped her hands on a small towel. "Ready?" she asked, already reaching for her own light summer dress.

They left the brownstone a short while later and walked the familiar path through the Common toward the Public Garden. The morning was bright and clear, the kind of day that drew families and tourists to the park. When they reached the grassy area near the swan boats, Claire, Lila, and Sophie were already there, spreading a large blanket under a shady tree. They had brought a picnic basket, a bottle of chilled white wine, and several books. All three were fully dressed in light summer dresses and wide-brimmed hats, looking perfectly at ease in the daylight.

Emma guided Paige to the center of the blanket. "This is how we always do our Vitamin D afternoons in the park when the weather is this perfect," she said, her tone calm and matter- of-fact. "The guest of honor lies on the blanket so the sun can reach every part of her. It helps everyone relax and enjoy the day together. Go ahead and lie down, sweetie."

Paige's heart slammed against her ribs. She had expected another contained setting. She had not expected the open grass of the Public Garden in full daylight, with people strolling only yards away, children laughing near the swan boats, and strangers walking the paths. She looked at Emma, searching her face for any sign that this was different, but Emma simply smiled and patted the blanket.

Paige undressed right there on the grass. The modest dress slipped from her shoulders and pooled at her feet. The slip followed, then the bra and panties. She folded each piece neatly and placed the stack on the edge of the blanket. When she was completely naked, the bright morning sun hit her skin like a warm hand. The breeze moved across her bare breasts and between her thighs, making her nipples tighten instantly. She could feel the eyes of strangers in the distance, the casual glances of people walking the paths, the open sky above her with no walls, no mirrors, no privacy.

She lay down on her back on the blanket, arms at her sides, legs slightly apart as the custom seemed to require. The grass beneath the blanket was soft but the sunlight was relentless, warming every inch of her exposed body. Her small breasts rose and fell with each breath, the dark curls between her legs catching the light. The lotion Emma had applied earlier made her skin gleam, drawing even more attention to her nudity in the bright daylight.

Emma settled on the blanket beside her, fully dressed, and opened the picnic basket. “The sun feels good on you, doesn’t it?” she said lightly, as if they were simply discussing the weather. She passed a glass of wine to Claire and began unpacking cheese and fruit.

Claire took the glass with a warm smile. “It really does. The light on her skin is lovely today. She looks so peaceful lying there.”

Lila stretched out on her side, propping herself on one elbow, and took a sip of wine. “The Vitamin D is important. We all need it, but some of us need a little more direct exposure than others. Paige always seems to glow after these afternoons.”

Sophie reached over and gently adjusted the angle of Paige’s arm so the sun could reach the underside. Her touch was casual, affectionate, as if she were simply making sure Paige was comfortable. “There. That’s better. The sun on the inside of your arm will feel nice.”

Paige lay there, completely naked under the open sky, the bright daylight leaving nothing hidden. The sun warmed her breasts, her stomach, the sensitive skin between her thighs. The breeze moved across her, cooling the lotion and making her clit throb with every gust. She could hear the distant laughter of children near the swan boats, the murmur of other park visitors walking the paths, the occasional click of a camera phone from someone taking pictures of the flowers. Every sound reminded her how public this was. She was the only one naked, the only one lying on a blanket in full view, while four clothed women picnicked and chatted around her as if it were the most ordinary thing in the world.

Her mind spun with silent prayers and overwhelming sensation. *Lord, forgive me… I am lying completely naked on a blanket in the middle of the Public Garden

while four clothed women picnic and talk above me. The sun is shining on my breasts, on my stomach, between my legs, and I cannot stop the wetness that keeps gathering there for everyone to see. This is how things are done out here… and I am learning to love it more than I should.*

Emma reached down and placed a small piece of cheese on Paige's stomach, letting it rest there for a moment before picking it up and eating it. The brief contact made Paige's skin jump. Claire did the same with a grape, placing it in the hollow between Paige's breasts before plucking it away. Lila drizzled a little olive oil on Paige's thigh and wiped it off with her finger, licking it thoughtfully. Sophie simply rested her hand on Paige's hip for a long moment, thumb stroking the sun-warmed skin, before returning to her wine.

The women continued their conversation, laughing about summer memories, the new exhibit at the Gardner, and plans for the fall semester. They passed food and wine among themselves, occasionally feeding Paige small bites directly from their fingers or placing them on her body for a moment before taking them back. The casual touches, the bright daylight, the open park around them — it all built into a slow, relentless wave of arousal that left Paige trembling on the blanket.

Emma noticed everything. She leaned down and brushed a strand of hair from Paige's forehead, her voice low enough that only Paige could hear.

"You're doing beautifully," she murmured. "The sun suits you. Stay just like this for me until we're ready to leave."

Paige remained exactly where she was, naked under the open sky, the sun warming her skin, the breeze teasing her most private places, while the four clothed women picnicked and chatted around her as if the only thing happening was a pleasant afternoon in the park.

The summer was winding down, but the lessons between them were only beginning to deepen.

Emma knelt on the bedroom floor amid half-packed boxes, the late-morning light catching the edges of the open cardboard and the scattered clothes. She wore only a thin white tank top and cotton panties, her red hair loose and messy from sleep. Paige knelt beside her, completely naked, carefully folding one of Emma's cashmere sweaters with the same precise, reverent care she had used all summer. The sweater smelled faintly of Emma's perfume, and Paige pressed it briefly to her cheek before placing it neatly in the box.

Emma watched her for a long moment, then reached out and brushed a stray strand of dark hair behind Paige's ear. "You don't have to fold everything so perfectly," she said softly. "But I like that you do."

Paige’s hands paused on the next garment. “It feels right,” she murmured. “Like I’m helping make sure nothing gets lost.”

Emma smiled, small and private, and pulled another box closer. They worked in

companionable silence for a while, the only sounds the rustle of tissue paper and the distant city hum drifting through the open window. Every so often Emma would hand Paige

something to fold or pack, their fingers brushing, the casual intimacy of the moment feeling heavier than usual. This was the last full day in the brownstone. Tomorrow they would leave for Westhaven.

Paige reached for one of Emma’s silk blouses and began folding it, but her movements slowed. She looked at the fabric in her hands, then at the half-empty closet behind Emma. The sight of the nearly bare hangers made something tight and sweet twist in her chest.

Emma noticed. She set aside the stack of books she was sorting and patted the floor beside her. “Come here for a minute.”

Paige crawled the short distance on her knees and settled between Emma’s legs, resting her cheek against the warm skin of Emma’s inner thigh. The tank top had ridden up, and Paige could feel the heat of Emma’s body through the thin cotton of her panties. She closed her eyes, breathing in the familiar scent of Emma’s skin.

“You’re thinking about leaving,” Emma said quietly, her fingers combing slowly through Paige’s hair. “I can feel it in how quiet you’ve been all morning.”

Paige nodded against her thigh. “It doesn’t feel real yet. That this is the last day here. That all the customs… all the ways I’ve learned to be with you… are ending.”

Emma’s hand continued its slow, soothing stroke. “They’re not ending. They’re just changing. But today is still ours. No rush. No schedule. Just you taking care of me the way you need to.”

The permission settled over Paige like warm water. She turned her head and pressed a soft, open-mouthed kiss to the inside of Emma’s thigh, then another higher up, her lips brushing the edge of the cotton panties. Emma parted her legs a little wider, giving her room. Paige kissed her way along the fabric, feeling the warmth and the faint dampness already gathering there. She hooked her fingers into the waistband and eased the panties down Emma’s legs, sliding them off and setting them aside.

Emma leaned back on her hands, watching with calm, steady eyes as Paige lowered her mouth to her. The first slow lick drew a quiet sigh from Emma, but she didn’t speak. She simply let Paige serve, her fingers staying in Paige’s hair,

guiding gently when Paige found a rhythm she liked.

Paige licked with slow, devoted strokes, savoring the taste of Emma, the way her hips rocked subtly against her tongue. The ache between her own legs grew heavier, slickness coating her inner thighs and dripping onto the rug beneath her knees, but she didn't touch herself. This was for Emma. This was the service that felt most natural now.

Emma's breathing grew deeper, but her voice stayed steady when she spoke. "You've gotten so good at this," she murmured. "The first time you were nervous, hesitant. Now you know exactly what I like. It's like your mouth was made for me."

Paige's tongue circled Emma's clit, then slid inside her, fucking her slowly. The wet sounds of her mouth filled the quiet room, mixing with Emma's soft sighs. Paige lost herself in the act, her own body burning, the need between her legs almost painful, but she stayed focused on Emma's pleasure.

When Emma came, it was slow and deep, her thighs trembling around Paige's face, a quiet, almost inaudible moan escaping her lips. Paige kept licking through the aftershocks, gentle and thorough, until Emma's grip on her hair loosened and she exhaled a long, satisfied breath.

Emma pulled her up gently, guiding Paige into her lap on the floor amid the boxes. She wrapped her arms around her, holding her close, their bodies pressed together, Paige's wetness smearing against Emma's thigh. They stayed like that for a long time, Emma stroking Paige's back, the room growing brighter as the sun climbed higher.

A knock sounded at the front door downstairs. Emma kissed the top of Paige's head. "That'll be the courier. Stay here, sweetie."

She stood, tying her robe loosely, and went downstairs. Paige remained on the rug, knees drawn up, heart still racing from the intimacy of the moment. She could hear Emma's footsteps on the stairs, the soft murmur of voices, then the door closing again. When Emma returned, she was holding a thick cream envelope with the Westhaven Women's College seal on the front. It was addressed only to her.

Emma sat back down on the floor beside Paige and opened the envelope. She pulled out the formal letter, scanned it silently for a moment, then began to read the key paragraphs aloud, her voice steady and clear.

"'Dear Emma,

We are pleased to confirm Paige Miller's acceptance into the Enhanced Protocol Track for her sophomore year. This program builds directly on last year's foundational work with a focus on sustained physical and emotional integration.

The core component is a structured “Spooning Conditioning Protocol” designed to foster complete psychological

synchronization between mentor and participant. Participants will engage in 24/7 body- contact sessions, beginning with prolonged spooning during sleep cycles to establish baseline trust and submission, progressing to daytime integration where the participant remains in constant physical contact with the mentor during all non-academic hours.

Scientific monitoring will track cortisol levels, heart-rate variability, and oxytocin response to ensure optimal conditioning. The goal is total emotional surrender through gentle, repeated physical closeness, mirroring the body’s natural response to protective containment. Full compliance is expected; the participant will learn to crave and seek this closeness without prompting.

Please confirm receipt and prepare Paige for immediate integration upon return to campus.’”

Emma lowered the letter and looked at Paige, her expression calm but with a quiet intensity in her eyes.

Paige stared at the paper in Emma’s hands, her mind reeling. The clinical, scientific language made the idea sound almost inevitable, like a natural extension of everything they had already done. Spooning as conditioning. Constant closeness. Learning to crave it. It echoed the way Emma had held her in the shower, on the couch, on the rooftop — but now it was formalized, measured, turned into an academic program.

Emma folded the letter and set it aside. She pulled Paige back into her lap, wrapping her arms around her tightly, their bodies fitting together perfectly.

“You see?” Emma whispered against her ear. “They’ve studied it. They know exactly what works. And they want you to have it. All of it.”

Paige shivered in her arms, the ache in her chest mixing with a deep, secret thrill. The summer had been about learning to serve in public. The coming year would be about learning to surrender in private, constantly, scientifically, until she couldn’t imagine being anywhere else but pressed against Emma.

Emma kissed the top of her head and held her closer.

“One more night here,” she said softly. “Then we go home and begin the next part. Together.”

Paige closed her eyes, the weight of the letter and the promise in Emma’s arms settling over her like the final, perfect custom of the summer.

Part 3

The sophomore residence hall smelled of fresh paint and new beginnings as Emma and Paige stepped into their corner room on the second floor. The space was bright and airy, with tall windows overlooking the quad and a single twin bed pushed against the far wall, neatly made with crisp white sheets and two pillows. Paige set her small suitcase down beside it without a word. After sharing that same narrow bed all through freshman year in the dorm and then every night in the Back Bay brownstone over the summer, the sight of the twin mattress felt familiar rather than startling. It simply was.

Emma closed the door behind them and rested her hand lightly on the small of Paige's back. "This is ours for the year," she said softly. "They made sure we had the right setup for the program. I have to go to the mentor orientation meeting now — it's mandatory. I won't be long. You can start unpacking if you want."

Paige nodded, already reaching for one of the suitcases. "I'll get things settled while you're gone."

Emma kissed her forehead, a slow, lingering press of lips, then slipped out the door. The hallway was busy with other students, but Emma walked with calm purpose toward the small administrative building that housed the Health and Behavioral Studies department.

The meeting room was quiet and professional — a long conference table, a projector screen, and a single folder waiting at the head of the table. Dr. Elena Voss greeted her with a warm, professional smile and gestured for her to sit.

"Emma, thank you for coming on short notice," Dr. Voss said. "We wanted to give you a complete briefing on Paige's placement in the Enhanced Protocol Track before the year begins."

Emma sat, back straight, hands folded in her lap. Inside, her pulse had already begun to quicken with a deep, possessive anticipation.

Dr. Voss opened the folder and slid a thick packet across the table. "The Enhanced Protocol is built around one core principle: complete psychological synchronization through sustained physical integration. Paige will be in 24/7 body-contact conditioning with you as her sole authorized mentor. The goal is total emotional surrender — not through force, but through gentle, repeated physical closeness that rewires her nervous system to crave and depend on your presence."

She clicked the projector on. The first slide showed a diagram of spooning positions labeled "Baseline Nighttime Conditioning."

"Nighttime will begin with mandatory spooning for the entire sleep cycle," Dr. Voss continued. "You will be the big spoon. Paige must remain in direct skin-to-skin contact with you for at least eight hours every night. We will monitor

heart-rate variability, cortisol levels, and oxytocin response to ensure optimal bonding. Over time she will learn to seek this closeness instinctively — waking up without you pressed against her will trigger anxiety and a strong need to find you again."

Emma's thighs pressed together under the table. The image of Paige curled naked against her every single night, warm and dependent, sent a slow, delicious heat through her body. She could already picture Paige's wide hazel eyes fluttering open in the morning, already wet and seeking her touch.

Dr. Voss moved to the next slide — a daily schedule grid.

"Daytime integration is equally important. Paige will remain in constant physical contact with you during all non-academic hours. She will sit in your lap during meals, kneel between your legs during study sessions, and walk with your arm around her waist or her hand in yours. In classes she will sit on the floor at your feet or on your lap if the seating allows. The protocol is designed so that separation for more than a few minutes will begin to feel unnatural and distressing to her. We want her to associate your body with safety, pleasure, and identity."

One of the administrators added, "We've seen remarkable results in pilot participants. Within weeks they stop thinking of themselves as separate individuals. They begin to use 'we' when referring to themselves and their mentor. The spooning creates a literal physiological bond."

Emma's breath had grown slightly shallower. She could already see it: Paige in her lap in the dining hall, kneeling between her legs in the library, pressed against her side in every class. The slow, inevitable erosion of any space between them. The thought was intensely erotic — not just the sex, but the quiet, scientific possession of Paige's entire being.

Dr. Voss leaned forward, her tone becoming more intimate. "Your role is both mentor and primary conditioner. You are encouraged to use the contact for pleasure as well. Oral service, manual stimulation, strap-on training — all of it should be integrated into the daily spooning and contact routines. The more Paige associates her arousal and orgasms with your body, the faster the fusion occurs. We recommend beginning each morning with prolonged spooning followed by her using her mouth on you before she is allowed to get dressed. The same at night. The protocol is designed to make her feel incomplete without you inside her or against her."

Emma's pulse thrummed. She imagined waking up every morning with Paige already wet and eager between her legs, then spending the entire day with Paige's body against hers — a constant, living reminder that Paige was hers. The scientific framing made it feel inevitable, almost sacred.

Dr. Voss continued, her voice clinical but her eyes understanding. “We will provide you with discreet monitoring devices — small patches that track her physiological responses in real time. You will receive daily reports on her cortisol, oxytocin, and arousal levels. The goal is complete emotional surrender. By mid-year she should panic at the thought of being apart from you for more than a few minutes. By the end of the year she should no longer be able to imagine a version of herself that is not an extension of you.”

Emma’s voice was steady when she finally spoke, but her pulse was racing. “And the faith element? Paige’s Amish background is central to her.”

Dr. Voss smiled. “We have a special module for that. Her prayers will be reframed as devotion to her guide — you. You will be encouraged to have her recite modified prayers while spooned against you, or while using her mouth on you. Over time her faith will become inseparable from her submission to you. It will feel natural to her. Beautiful, even.”

Emma leaned back slightly, a slow, possessive warmth spreading through her chest. The program was giving her everything she had been carefully building all summer — but now it was official, measured, and permanent. Paige would be hers in the most complete way possible. Spooned against her every night. In her lap every day. Learning to need her, crave her, depend on her for every breath.

She imagined Paige waking up tomorrow morning, naked and pressed against her, already wet and whispering, “Please, Emma…” She imagined Paige in class, sitting on the floor at her feet, head resting on her thigh while Emma took notes. She imagined the slow, inevitable moment when Paige would look at her with those wide hazel eyes and realize she no longer knew how to exist without Emma’s body against hers.

Emma’s voice was soft, almost reverent, when she finally spoke.

“I understand my role completely,” she said. “And I’m ready to begin.”

Dr. Voss slid the final consent form across the table. Emma signed it with a steady hand.

The administrator smiled. “Welcome to the program, Emma. Paige is very lucky to have you as her mentor.”

Emma stood, her heart beating with a deep, satisfied thrill. She walked back across campus with a calm, measured stride, but inside she was already planning the first night in the new dorm room: the narrow twin bed, the mandatory spooning, the way Paige would wake up tomorrow morning already craving her touch.

When she opened the door to their room, Paige looked up from the half-unpacked suitcase, eyes wide and hopeful.

Emma closed the door behind her, locked it, and smiled.

“Come here, sweetie,” she said softly. “We need to talk about how things are going to be from now on.”

Paige stepped closer, heart racing, the summer behind them and the long, intimate year ahead suddenly feeling very real.

Emma pulled her into her arms, holding her tightly, and whispered against her ear the first promise of the new protocol.

“From tonight on, you sleep right here against me. Every night. No exceptions.”

Emma set the cream envelope from the orientation meeting on the desk and turned back to the room. Paige was on her knees in the center of the small space, carefully folding one of Emma’s sweaters with the same precise, reverent care she had used all summer. The single twin bed stood against the far wall, its white sheets already turned down, the narrow mattress looking both familiar and suddenly permanent under the soft glow of the desk lamp.

Emma crossed the room and knelt behind Paige on the rug. Her hands settled on Paige’s bare shoulders, thumbs pressing gently into the tense muscles.

“You’ve been quiet since I got back,” Emma said, her voice low. “I can feel you thinking about the bed.”

Paige’s hands stilled on the sweater. She didn’t turn around. “It feels different here,” she whispered. “In the brownstone it was our choice. Here it’s… required.”

Emma smiled against the back of Paige’s neck and slid her hands down her arms, pulling her gently backward until Paige’s back rested against Emma’s chest. “It’s required because it works,” she murmured. “The program calls it baseline conditioning. I call it the way we’ve been sleeping all summer — only now it’s every night, all night, no exceptions.”

Paige shivered at the words. Emma’s body was warm against her bare skin, the thin tank top Emma still wore the only barrier between them. Emma’s hands moved lower, resting on Paige’s hips, then sliding around to her stomach, pulling her closer until there was no space left between them.

“Stand up for me,” Emma said softly.

Paige rose to her feet. Emma stood with her, turning her gently to face the bed. She reached around and unbuttoned the last few buttons of Paige’s dress that Paige hadn’t yet removed, letting the fabric slide down her body to pool at her feet. The slip followed, then the bra and panties. When Paige was completely naked, Emma stepped back just enough to look at her, her eyes moving slowly over every inch of exposed skin.

“The program wants skin-to-skin contact for the entire sleep cycle,” Emma said, her voice calm and matter-of-fact. “You will sleep pressed against me every night. No pajamas. No space. Just you and me, exactly like this.”

Paige’s breath trembled. The narrow twin bed suddenly felt very small. Emma slipped out of her own tank top and panties, letting them fall to the floor, then pulled back the covers and lay down first, opening her arms.

“Come here, sweetie,” she said. “Big spoon tonight. The way it’s supposed to be from now on.”

Paige climbed onto the bed and pressed herself against Emma’s front, her back to Emma’s chest. Emma’s arm slid around her waist, pulling her closer until their bodies fit together perfectly in the narrow space. Skin to skin. Warmth to warmth. Paige could feel Emma’s breasts against her back, Emma’s hips nestled against her bottom, and Emma’s hand resting possessively low on her stomach, fingers just brushing the top of the dark curls between her legs.

Emma exhaled slowly, her breath warm against the back of Paige’s neck. “This is how we sleep now,” she murmured. “Every night. No exceptions.”

Paige lay still, heart hammering. The narrow bed forced them even closer than they had been in the brownstone. She could feel every inch of Emma against her — the soft press of breasts, the steady beat of Emma’s heart, the warmth of Emma’s thigh slipped between her own. Her own body was already responding, a slow, traitorous slickness gathering between her legs where Emma’s fingers rested so close.

Emma’s hand moved lower, not stroking, just resting possessively over Paige’s sex, the heel of her palm warm against her clit. “Feel that?” Emma whispered. “That’s where you belong. Right here against me.”

Paige’s breath trembled. She could feel herself growing wetter under Emma’s hand, the slickness coating Emma’s fingers. The ache between her legs was already sharp and insistent. She could feel her own wetness coating Emma’s thigh, but Emma made no move to help her find relief. She simply held her, skin to skin, heart to heart, the narrow bed making every breath feel shared.

The room grew darker as the sun disappeared. Emma’s hand stayed exactly where it was, warm and possessive between Paige’s legs, her fingers occasionally brushing lightly over the swollen clit but never giving enough pressure to let Paige come. Paige lay there, trembling, eyes wide in the dark, feeling the new rules settle over her like a second skin.

Emma’s lips brushed the shell of Paige’s ear. “You don’t have to pray alone anymore,” she said gently. “Let your guide hold you. Let your guide protect you.”

Paige shivered. The reframed words slipped into her prayer without her meaning them to. *Guide… keep me safe…*

Emma smiled against the back of her neck and pulled her even closer, one leg sliding between Paige's thighs so that Paige's clit rested against the warm, smooth skin of Emma's leg. "That's it," she whispered. "Feel how good it is when you let me hold you completely."

Paige's hips rocked once, involuntarily, seeking friction. The ache between her legs was almost unbearable. She could feel her own wetness coating Emma's thigh, but Emma made no move to help her. She simply held her, skin to skin, the narrow bed making every breath feel shared.

The room grew darker. Emma's hand stayed exactly where it was, warm and possessive between Paige's legs, her fingers occasionally brushing lightly over the swollen clit but never giving enough pressure to let Paige come. Paige lay there, trembling, eyes wide in the dark, feeling the new rules settle over her like a second skin.

Emma's lips brushed her ear again. "Tomorrow we start the daytime contact. You'll sit in my lap in the dining hall. You'll kneel between my legs in the library. You'll walk with my arm around your waist or your hand in mine. The program calls it integration. I call it keeping you where you belong."

Paige's breath hitched. The thought of spending the entire day in constant contact with Emma — in public, in class, in the library — made her clit throb harder against Emma's thigh. She could already feel the wetness dripping down her leg.

Emma's fingers pressed a little firmer, still not enough. "You're going to learn to need me for everything, sweetie. Not just at night. All day. Every day. Until you can't imagine being anywhere else but pressed against me."

Paige's mind spun with silent prayers and overwhelming sensation. *Lord, forgive me… I am lying completely naked in a narrow bed with Emma's body wrapped around me like it owns me. Her hand is between my legs, her thigh is pressed against my clit, and I am so wet I am dripping on her skin. This is how things are done out here now… and I cannot stop the way my body is responding.*

Emma's hand finally moved, slow and deliberate, circling Paige's clit with just enough pressure to keep her on the edge but not enough to let her come. "You don't get to come tonight," Emma whispered against her ear. "Not until you've slept against me for the full eight hours. The program says it helps with bonding. I think it will help you learn to wait for me."

Paige whimpered softly, her hips rocking against Emma's hand. The denial was new, sharp, and intensely arousing. She could feel the ache building, the need growing, but Emma kept her right there on the edge, never letting her tip over.

The night stretched out around them. Emma held her tightly, skin to skin, her hand never leaving Paige's sex, her fingers moving in slow, teasing circles that kept Paige trembling and desperate. Paige lay there, heart racing, body aching, the narrow bed forcing her to feel every inch of Emma against her.

Emma's lips brushed her ear one last time as the room grew completely dark. "Sleep now, sweetie," she whispered. "This is how it begins."

Paige closed her eyes, the weight of Emma's body against hers and the promise in her voice making the narrow twin bed feel like the only place in the world she belonged.

Emma's hand slid lower, two fingers slipping easily into Paige's slick heat, holding her there without moving, a constant, intimate pressure that promised everything and gave nothing.

"Mine," Emma breathed against her ear, the single word soft and final as the last light faded from the window.

Paige woke to the feeling of Emma's fingers already moving between her legs.

The narrow twin bed held them so tightly that there was nowhere to go. Emma's body was spooned firmly against her back, one arm wrapped around her waist, the other hand slowly circling Paige's clit with the pad of two fingers. The motion was lazy, almost absent-minded, as if Emma had been doing it for some time while Paige slept.

"Good morning," Emma murmured against the back of her neck, voice still husky from sleep. "The first report just came in. Your oxytocin levels are already climbing. The program says that's a very good sign for day one."

Paige's breath caught. The monitoring patch Emma had placed on her lower back the night before was still there, a small, unobtrusive square of plastic that had been silently collecting data while she slept. She could feel the slickness coating Emma's fingers, the way her own body had responded even in sleep, and the slow, relentless pressure that kept her right on the edge without letting her tip over.

Emma didn't stop. Her fingers kept moving in the same unhurried circles, spreading the wetness, occasionally dipping lower to slide just inside Paige before returning to her clit. "They want us to use the data," Emma whispered. "Keep you at the optimal bonding threshold before we let you come. It helps the synchronization happen faster. So you're going to wait for me this morning, sweetie. Just like this."

Paige whimpered softly, her hips rocking against Emma’s hand despite herself. The ache was already sharp, the need immediate. She could feel the wetness dripping down her thigh onto the sheet, but Emma kept the pressure light and teasing, never giving her enough.

Emma kissed the back of her neck, then bit down gently, the small sting sending another spark through Paige’s body. “That’s it. Let me feel how much you need it. The report says your heart rate is already elevated. Good girl.”

The room was quiet except for Paige’s ragged breathing and the wet sound of Emma’s fingers moving against her. Outside the window, the quad was beginning to wake up — distant voices of students heading to breakfast, the low hum of campus life starting another day. Inside, the only thing that mattered was Emma’s hand between her legs and the slow, deliberate denial.

Emma kept her there for what felt like forever, edging her mercilessly while the first daily report updated on her phone on the nightstand. Every time Paige got close, Emma would slow or stop completely, letting the ache build again until Paige was trembling and whimpering against the pillow.

Finally, Emma pressed a kiss to the side of Paige’s neck and slid two fingers deep inside her, curling them just right. “Come for me now,” she whispered. “Let the program see how well you respond to me.”

Paige came hard, her body shaking, a choked cry escaping her lips as the orgasm crashed through her. Emma held her through it, fingers moving steadily, drawing it out until Paige was gasping and spent, her thighs slick and trembling.

Emma withdrew her fingers slowly and brought them to Paige’s lips. Paige opened her mouth obediently, tasting herself on Emma’s skin.

“Good girl,” Emma murmured. “That’s the first calibration of the day. Now let’s get you ready for class.”

They rose from the bed together. Emma helped Paige into her modest dress, buttoning each button herself, her fingers lingering at Paige’s collarbone and the curve of her waist. When Paige was dressed, Emma slipped on her own clothes — a simple blouse and skirt — and then took Paige’s hand.

“From now on, you stay in contact with me whenever we’re outside the room,” Emma said. “Hand in mine, or my arm around your waist. The program calls it daytime integration. I call it keeping you where you belong.”

Paige’s heart was still racing from the orgasm as they left the room. Emma’s hand was warm and firm around hers as they walked down the hallway. The contact felt both comforting and intensely charged — every step reminded Paige that she was no longer allowed to be separate from Emma, even for a moment.

In the dining hall, Emma chose a table near the window and pulled Paige into her lap instead of letting her sit in the chair beside her. Paige sat sideways across Emma's thighs, her back against Emma's chest, Emma's arm wrapped around her waist to hold her steady. The position was intimate and public at the same time. Students at nearby tables glanced over, but no one seemed surprised. The protocol was already known on campus.

Emma fed Paige small bites from her own plate, her free hand resting low on Paige's stomach, occasionally brushing lower to remind her of the morning's edging. Paige ate in silence, cheeks warm, the constant contact making her hyper-aware of every part of her body pressed against Emma's.

By the time they left for their first class, Paige's hand was firmly in Emma's again. They walked down the hallway like that, fingers laced, Emma's thumb occasionally stroking the back of Paige's hand in a slow, deliberate rhythm that made Paige's pulse jump every time.

The campus paths were busy with students hurrying to morning lectures, but Emma kept their pace unhurried. Paige could feel the eyes on them — curious glances at the way Emma held her hand so possessively, the way Paige's modest dress seemed suddenly too modest against the casual confidence of Emma's stride. The monitoring patch on Paige's lower back felt warm, a constant reminder that every heartbeat, every flicker of arousal, was being recorded and sent to Emma's phone.

Emma squeezed her hand once as they turned toward the humanities building. "The report says your cortisol is still a little elevated from this morning," she said quietly, voice low enough that only Paige could hear. "That's normal for the first day. The program wants us to keep you close until it settles. So you're staying right here with me."

Paige's cheeks burned. She could still feel the slickness between her thighs from the edging in bed, the way her body had been left aching and unfinished. Every step made the wetness shift, a constant, secret reminder of Emma's control.

They reached the lecture hall for Introduction to Behavioral Psychology. Emma chose seats near the back, then pulled Paige into her lap instead of letting her sit in the chair beside her. Paige settled sideways across Emma's thighs, her back against Emma's chest, the position forcing her to feel every breath Emma took. The professor began speaking at the front of the room, but Paige barely heard the words. Emma's arm was wrapped around her waist, her hand resting low on Paige's stomach, fingers occasionally dipping lower to brush the top of her thigh through the dress.

Halfway through the lecture, Emma's phone vibrated silently in her pocket. She glanced at the screen, then leaned in close to Paige's ear.

“Oxytocin is climbing again,” she whispered. “The program likes when you stay needy. So you’re going to stay right here, exactly like this, and you’re not going to come until I decide it’s time.”

Paige’s breath hitched. Emma’s hand slid lower, pressing the fabric of the dress against her clit in a slow, teasing circle. The motion was hidden by the desk and Paige’s body, but the pressure was relentless. Paige bit her lip to stay silent, her hips shifting involuntarily against Emma’s hand as the professor continued talking about attachment theory at the front of the room.

Emma kept the pressure light and maddening, never enough to let Paige tip over, just enough to keep her trembling and desperate. The lecture went on for another forty minutes. Paige sat there in Emma’s lap, the constant contact and the slow, secret teasing making her clit throb and her thighs slick. She could feel her own wetness soaking through the dress, but Emma never stopped, never let her find relief.

When the class finally ended, Emma stood and helped Paige to her feet, her hand never leaving Paige’s. They walked out of the building like that, Emma’s arm around Paige’s waist now, holding her close as they moved through the crowded hallway.

Emma leaned in as they reached a quiet alcove between buildings. “The report says you’re right at the optimal threshold,” she whispered. “So you’re going to come for me right here, sweetie. Quietly. While everyone walks past us.”

Paige’s eyes widened. Emma pulled her into the alcove, pressing her back against the brick wall and sliding her hand under the hem of Paige’s dress. Two fingers slipped easily into Paige’s slick heat while her thumb pressed firmly against her clit.

“Come for me,” Emma breathed against her ear. “Right now. Let the program see how well you respond to me.”

Paige came hard, her body shaking, a choked cry muffled against Emma’s shoulder as the orgasm crashed through her. Emma held her through it, fingers moving steadily, drawing it out until Paige was gasping and spent, her thighs slick and trembling.

Emma withdrew her fingers slowly and brought them to Paige’s lips. Paige opened her mouth obediently, tasting herself on Emma’s skin.

“Good girl,” Emma murmured. “That’s the second calibration of the day. Now let’s get you to the library. You have a study session with me, and I want you kneeling between my legs the entire time.”

Paige followed her across campus, legs still shaky, the taste of her own arousal still on her tongue. Emma’s hand stayed firmly in hers the whole way, the

constant contact a living reminder that she was no longer allowed to be separate from Emma, even for a moment.

In the library, Emma chose a quiet corner table and pulled Paige down to kneel between her legs under the table. The position was hidden from view by the long tablecloth, but Paige could feel the eyes of other students in the room, the way the constant contact made her hyper-aware of every part of her body pressed against Emma's.

Emma opened her book and began taking notes, her free hand resting on the top of Paige's head, fingers occasionally stroking through her hair. Paige stayed exactly where she was, kneeling between Emma's legs, her cheek resting against Emma's thigh, the ache between her own legs already building again.

The afternoon stretched out in long, languid study hours. Emma kept her there, occasionally feeding her small sips of water from her bottle or resting a hand on her shoulder, the casual touches keeping Paige in a state of constant, low-level arousal. Paige's mind spun with silent prayers and overwhelming sensation, the new rules of the protocol settling deeper into her with every passing hour.

By the time they left the library for dinner, Paige's hand was back in Emma's, her body humming with need and something deeper, something that felt like belonging.

Emma squeezed her hand as they walked toward the dining hall. "You're doing beautifully today," she said softly. "The program is already showing good progress. Tonight we'll see how well you sleep against me."

Paige's heart raced at the promise in Emma's voice. The day had only just begun, and already she could feel herself learning to need Emma's touch, Emma's closeness, Emma's control.

Emma leaned in closer as they reached the dining hall doors. "And tomorrow," she whispered, "we'll see how much more the program can ask of you."

Paige shivered, the summer behind them and the long, intimate year ahead suddenly feeling very real.

Emma opened the door and guided Paige inside, her hand never leaving Paige's.

Emma's fingers were still laced with Paige's as they left the dining hall, the midday sun warm on their joined hands. Paige walked close enough that her shoulder brushed Emma's with every step, the constant contact now feeling both comforting and necessary after only two days of the protocol. The campus paths were crowded with students heading to afternoon classes, but Emma kept their pace slow, as if the world could wait while she kept Paige exactly where she belonged.

“You’re doing well today,” Emma said quietly, squeezing Paige’s hand. “The morning report showed your anxiety levels stayed low while you were in my lap during breakfast. The program likes that.”

Paige nodded, her cheeks still warm from the memory of sitting in Emma’s lap in front of everyone, Emma’s hand resting low on her stomach under the table. The ache between her legs had never fully faded since the edging in bed, but she had learned not to complain. She simply stayed close, letting the contact ground her.

They were halfway across the quad when Emma’s phone vibrated in her pocket. She pulled it out, glanced at the screen, and her expression changed — not surprise, but a quiet, focused interest.

“It’s the program,” Emma said. “They want a baseline separation test. Right now. Forty-five minutes. They’ll monitor you in an observation room while I watch the feed from here.”

Paige’s steps faltered. Her hand tightened in Emma’s. “Right now? I thought… we were supposed to stay together all day.”

Emma stopped walking and turned to face her, cupping Paige’s cheek with her free hand. “It’s part of the protocol, sweetie. They need the data on how you respond when we’re apart. It’s only forty-five minutes. You can do this.”

Paige’s heart was already racing. Forty-five minutes felt like forever. She had barely been apart from Emma for more than a few minutes since the program began. The thought of being alone in a room, without Emma’s body against hers, made her stomach twist with a sharp, unfamiliar anxiety.

Emma leaned in and kissed her forehead, lingering there for a moment. “You’ll be okay. I’ll be watching the whole time. Go with the assistant who’s waiting by the humanities building. I’ll see you soon.”

Paige nodded, but her legs felt heavy as she walked toward the humanities building. A young woman in a lab coat was waiting outside with a tablet. She smiled professionally.

“Paige Miller? I’m here to escort you to the observation room for the baseline test. It’s just down the hall. Emma will be monitoring from a separate location.”

Paige followed her inside, the hallway feeling colder than it should. The observation room was small and clinical — a single chair, a small table, a one-way mirror on one wall, and a camera in the corner. The assistant gestured for her to sit.

“The test is forty-five minutes. You can sit, stand, or move around as you like. We’ll be recording your physiological responses. Emma will be watching the live feed. Any questions?”

Paige shook her head. The assistant left and closed the door. The lock clicked.

The room was silent except for the low hum of the air conditioning. Paige sat in the chair, hands in her lap, and tried to breathe normally. Forty-five minutes. She could do forty-five minutes.

But the silence pressed in. Without Emma's hand in hers, without Emma's body against hers, the room felt too big, too empty. Her skin felt cold where Emma's warmth should have been. She wrapped her arms around herself, but it wasn't the same.

Lord, keep me safe, she prayed silently. *Guide me through this time apart…*

The word "guide" caught in her mind. It felt wrong without Emma there to hear it. She tried again.

Lord, watch over me while I'm alone…

The prayer felt hollow. The room was too quiet. Her heart was beating too fast. She stood up and paced the small space, the monitoring patch on her lower back feeling like a constant reminder that every heartbeat was being recorded and sent to Emma.

She stopped in front of the one-way mirror and stared at her reflection. She looked small. Alone. The modest dress she wore suddenly felt too heavy, too confining. She wanted to be back in the dorm room, pressed against Emma's body, safe and warm and needed.

The minutes dragged. Ten minutes. Fifteen. Twenty.

Paige sat back down, knees drawn up, arms wrapped around them. The anxiety was growing sharper, a tight band around her chest. She closed her eyes and tried to pray again.

Guide… keep me safe…

The word slipped out before she could stop it. She whispered it aloud, barely audible.

"Guide… keep me safe…"

Her voice sounded small in the empty room. She whispered it again, the word feeling more right than "Lord" had in that moment. The ache in her chest eased slightly at the sound of it.

Twenty-five minutes. Thirty.

Paige stood up again and paced, her hands clenched at her sides. The separation was starting to feel unbearable. She could feel tears pricking at the corners of her eyes. She wanted Emma's arms around her. She wanted Emma's hand between her legs, Emma's voice in her ear, Emma's body pressed against hers.

The need was physical, emotional, overwhelming.

“Guide,” she whispered again, the word coming easier now. “Please… I need you.”

The door opened at exactly forty-five minutes.

Emma stepped inside, her expression calm, but her eyes were bright with something fierce and possessive. She closed the door behind her and crossed the room in three strides, pulling Paige into her arms and holding her so tightly that Paige could barely breathe.

Paige buried her face in Emma’s neck, trembling. The relief was immediate and

overwhelming. She could feel her own tears soaking into Emma’s blouse, but she didn’t care. Emma’s body was warm and solid and real, and the anxiety that had built during the separation dissolved the moment she was pressed against her.

Emma held her for a long time, one hand stroking her back, the other cupping the back of her head. “See?” Emma whispered against her hair. “You already miss me when I’m gone. That’s exactly what the program wants. And it’s exactly what I want.”

Paige clung to her, the words sinking in. She didn’t want to let go. She didn’t want to be apart from Emma ever again.

Emma pulled back just enough to look into her eyes. She wiped a tear from Paige’s cheek with her thumb, then leaned in and kissed her slowly, deeply, tasting the salt of her tears.

When she pulled away, her voice was low and certain.

“Come on, sweetie,” she said. “Let’s go back to the room. I need to hold you properly after that.”

Paige followed her out of the observation room, Emma’s arm around her waist, their bodies pressed close as they walked across campus. The separation had lasted only forty-five minutes, but it felt like it had changed something fundamental inside her.

Emma’s hand slid lower on her waist, possessive and reassuring. “You did well,” she murmured. “The report says your anxiety peaked exactly where they expected. That’s perfect for day three.”

Paige leaned into her side, the contact the only thing that felt real anymore.

Emma kissed the top of her head as they reached the dorm building. “Tonight we’ll make up for the time apart,” she said softly. “I want you to show me how much you missed me. With your mouth. For as long as I want.”

Paige shivered at the promise, her body already responding, the ache returning stronger than before.

Emma opened the door to their room and guided Paige inside, closing it firmly behind them.

The first separation test was over.

But Paige already knew there would be more.

And she was already dreading them — and craving the moment Emma came back to her every single time.

Emma stopped just outside the heavy oak doors of the main library, turning to Paige with a small, private smile that made Paige's stomach tighten. The afternoon sun was warm on their joined hands, but the air inside the building would be cooler, quieter, heavier with the scent of old books and polished wood.

"Remember what I told you this morning," Emma said softly, her thumb stroking the back of Paige's hand. "You stay with me the entire time. No space between us. The program expects it, and I expect it."

Paige nodded, her voice barely above a whisper. "I remember."

Emma pushed the door open and led her inside. The library was hushed, the kind of silence that made every footstep echo. Tall shelves rose on either side of the main aisle, filled with volumes that smelled of leather and dust. Students worked at long tables under green-shaded lamps, their heads bent over notebooks and laptops. No one looked up as Emma guided Paige past them, her hand never leaving Paige's.

They reached a quiet corner on the second floor, a study carrel tucked between two rows of shelves. The table was wide enough for one person to work, but Emma pulled out the chair and sat down first. She patted her lap.

"Sit here," she said. "The way we practiced in the dorm this morning."

Paige's cheeks warmed, but she obeyed. She settled sideways across Emma's thighs, her back against Emma's chest, the position forcing her to feel every breath Emma took. The chair creaked once under their combined weight, but it held. Emma's arm wrapped around her waist, holding her steady, her hand resting low on Paige's stomach through the fabric of her dress.

Emma opened her textbook and began taking notes with her free hand, her pen moving steadily across the page. Paige stayed still, her body pressed close, the constant contact making her hyper-aware of every inch where they touched. The library was quiet around them, the only sounds the faint scratch of pens and the occasional turn of a page from other students a few aisles away.

Emma’s fingers began to move, slow and deliberate, tracing small circles on Paige’s stomach through the dress. The touch was hidden from view by the table and Paige’s body, but it was relentless. Paige bit her lip to stay silent, her hips shifting slightly against Emma’s lap as the ache between her legs grew heavier.

Emma leaned in, her lips brushing Paige’s ear. “The report from this morning said your oxytocin levels spike when you’re in my lap,” she whispered. “So you’re going to stay right here for the entire study session. And you’re going to stay quiet. Let the program see how well you can focus while I touch you.”

Paige’s breath trembled. Emma’s hand slid lower, pressing the fabric of the dress against her clit in a slow, teasing circle. The motion was hidden, but the pressure was maddening. Paige could feel her own wetness soaking through the thin material, but she stayed silent, letting her body speak for her in the quiet library.

Emma kept the pressure light and maddening, never enough to let Paige tip over, just enough to keep her trembling and desperate. She continued taking notes with her other hand, her pen moving steadily as if nothing unusual was happening. The contrast between the scholarly calm of the library and the hidden, relentless teasing made Paige’s head spin.

A student walked past their carrel, eyes on a book, oblivious to the way Emma’s hand was working under the table. Paige’s thighs pressed together, her clit throbbing against Emma’s fingers. She could feel the wetness dripping down her leg, but she didn’t move, didn’t speak.

Emma’s lips brushed her ear again. “Good girl,” she whispered. “You’re learning to stay quiet for me. The program will like the next report.”

The study session stretched on for nearly two hours. Emma’s hand never stopped its slow, teasing circles. Paige sat in her lap, body tense and aching, her breathing shallow and controlled. The library remained quiet around them, students working, pages turning, the occasional cough or whispered conversation drifting from other tables. No one knew what was happening under the table.

Paige’s mind spun with silent prayers and overwhelming sensation. *Lord, forgive me… I am sitting in Emma’s lap in the middle of the library while she touches me under my dress and takes notes as if nothing is happening. My body is aching for her, my wetness is soaking through the fabric, and I cannot stop the way my hips keep wanting to move against her hand. This is how things are done out here now… and I cannot stop the way my body is

responding.*

Emma finally set her pen down and closed the textbook. She leaned in, her lips brushing Paige’s ear once more.

“The session is over,” she whispered. “But you’re not allowed to come yet. The program wants you to stay needy until tonight. So you’re going to walk back to the dorm with me just like this — wet, aching, and completely mine.”

Paige shivered, the denial sharp and intense. Emma helped her stand, her hand never leaving Paige’s waist as they left the library together. They walked across campus like that, Emma’s arm around her, their bodies close, the constant contact a living reminder that Paige was no longer allowed to be separate from Emma, even for a moment.

By the time they reached the dorm building, Paige’s legs were shaky and her dress was damp between her thighs. Emma opened the door to their room and guided Paige inside, closing it firmly behind them.

Emma turned the lock and looked at Paige, her eyes dark with quiet satisfaction. “On your knees,” she said softly. “I want to feel how much you missed me while we were studying.”

Paige sank to her knees without hesitation, heart racing, the ache between her legs only growing stronger at the command.

Emma stepped closer, her hand resting on the top of Paige’s head.

“Good girl,” she murmured. “Now show me.”

Emma turned off the desk lamp and the room fell into the soft glow of the single bedside light. The day had been long — lectures, study sessions, the constant press of bodies in public spaces — but now the dorm room was theirs alone. Paige stood by the bed, still fully dressed, her hands clasped in front of her as she watched Emma slip out of her blouse and skirt. The tank top and panties Emma wore underneath were simple, white, and already slightly damp from the warmth of the day.

Emma climbed onto the narrow twin bed first, lying on her side and opening her arms. “Come here, sweetie,” she said, her voice low and steady. “It’s time for the first faith integration hour. The program scheduled it for tonight. Lie down with me.”

Paige’s heart skipped. She had known this moment was coming — Emma had mentioned it casually over dinner — but hearing the words now, in the quiet of their room, made it real. She undressed slowly, folding her dress and undergarments with the same careful hands she had used since childhood. When she was completely naked, she climbed onto the bed and pressed herself against Emma’s front, her back to Emma’s chest, their bodies fitting together in the small space.

Emma’s arm slid around her waist, pulling her closer until there was no space left between them. Skin to skin. Warmth to warmth. Paige could feel Emma’s

breasts against her back, Emma's hips nestled against her bottom, and Emma's hand resting possessively low on her stomach.

Emma exhaled slowly, her breath warm against the back of Paige's neck. "The program calls this faith integration," she murmured. "They want us to use the time while we're spooned to help your prayers align with your new reality. I want you to try something for me tonight. Instead of praying the way you always have, I want you to let me guide the words. Just a little at first. Let me show you how it can feel when your guide is right here holding you."

Paige's breath trembled. The words "your guide" landed differently now, spoken while Emma's body was wrapped around hers, skin to skin, the narrow bed forcing them so close that every heartbeat felt shared. She closed her eyes, the familiar prayer already forming in her mind.

Lord, watch over me… keep me safe…

Emma's hand moved slowly, not between her legs yet, but across her stomach in gentle circles, the touch warm and reassuring. "Start with the first line," Emma whispered. "But say it to your guide tonight. Let me hear it."

Paige swallowed hard. The conflict rose sharp and immediate in her chest — the old words, the old faith, the life she had known since childhood. But Emma's body was pressed against her, warm and solid, the hand on her stomach a constant, living reminder that she was no longer alone.

"Guide…" Paige's voice was barely a whisper, hesitant and trembling. "Watch over me… keep me safe…"

Emma's hand continued its slow circles, then slid lower, resting just above the dark curls between Paige's legs. "Good girl," she breathed against her ear. "That felt right, didn't it? Keep going. The next part."

Paige's thighs pressed together. The ache between her legs was already growing, the words feeling dangerous and strangely right at the same time. "Guide… forgive me for my weaknesses… help me surrender to your will…"

Emma's fingers finally moved lower, sliding gently between Paige's folds, spreading the slickness that had already gathered there. She circled Paige's clit with slow, deliberate strokes, the pressure light but constant.

"See how much easier it feels when you say it to me?" Emma whispered. "Your body knows. It's already responding to your guide."

Paige whimpered softly, her hips rocking against Emma's hand despite herself. The pleasure was intense, the conflict even more so. The old prayer fought in her mind, but the new words felt like they belonged here, spoken while Emma's fingers moved inside her, while Emma's body held her so tightly that there was no room for anything else.

“Guide… I offer myself to you… completely… my body, my heart, my will…”

Emma’s fingers slid inside her, curling just right, her thumb still circling her clit. The rhythm was slow, deep, and relentless. Paige’s breathing grew ragged, her back arching against Emma’s chest.

“That’s it,” Emma murmured, her voice warm and encouraging. “Let it feel right. Let your guide take care of you. Let your guide give you what you need.”

Paige’s mind was spinning. The old prayers were still there, but they felt distant, overshadowed by the new words and the pleasure that came with them. Every time she spoke the reframed lines, Emma’s fingers rewarded her with deeper, more deliberate strokes. The conflict was devastating — the faith she had carried her whole life was being gently, lovingly redirected, and her body was betraying her by making it feel good.

“Guide… I am yours… I belong to you… my pleasure belongs to you…”

Emma’s fingers moved faster, her thumb pressing firmer against Paige’s clit. “Yes,” she whispered. “That’s my good girl. Keep saying it. Let me hear how much you mean it.”

Paige’s hips rocked harder, her voice breaking as the pleasure built. The words came easier now, the conflict still sharp but the arousal stronger. “Guide… forgive me for holding back… help me surrender completely… help me give everything to you…”

Emma’s arm tightened around her waist, holding her close as her fingers worked Paige closer to the edge. The narrow bed made every movement feel shared, every breath, every tremble. Paige could feel Emma’s own arousal against her back, the wetness from Emma’s sex pressing against her skin.

“Guide… I am yours… I belong to you… my pleasure belongs to you…”

Emma’s fingers curled inside her, hitting the spot that made Paige’s vision blur. “Come for your guide, sweetie,” she whispered. “Let me feel how much you mean it.”

Paige came hard, her body shaking, a choked cry escaping her lips as the orgasm crashed through her. The words kept spilling out as she came, the reframed prayer mixing with the pleasure until she couldn’t separate them.

“Guide… I am yours… I belong to you… my pleasure belongs to you…”

Emma held her through it, fingers moving steadily, drawing it out until Paige was gasping and spent, her thighs slick and trembling. She didn’t stop until the last tremor faded, then gently withdrew her fingers and brought them to Paige’s lips.

Paige opened her mouth obediently, tasting herself on Emma’s skin, the salt and sweetness mixing with the words she had just spoken.

Emma kissed the back of her neck, her voice soft and satisfied. “That was beautiful, sweetie. Your first faith integration hour. You did so well.”

Paige lay there, trembling, the conflict still sharp in her chest but the pleasure still humming through her body. The words she had spoken to Emma instead of God felt both wrong and dangerously right.

Emma pulled her even closer, their bodies pressed together in the narrow bed. “We’ll do this every night,” she whispered. “Until it feels natural. Until you can’t imagine praying any other way.”

Paige closed her eyes, the weight of Emma’s body against hers and the echo of the new words in her mind making the narrow twin bed feel like the only place in the world she belonged.

Emma’s fingers traced lazy patterns on Paige’s stomach as she settled in for the night. “Sleep now, sweetie,” she said softly. “Your guide is right here.”

Paige’s last conscious thought was the reframed prayer slipping through her mind again, the words feeling less like a betrayal and more like a truth she was learning to accept.

Guide… I am yours…

Emma’s arm tightened around her, holding her close as sleep finally claimed them both.

Emma stopped in the middle of the quad, pulling Paige to a halt beside her with a gentle tug on her hand. The afternoon sun was warm on their joined fingers, but Emma’s expression was focused, almost calculating, as she looked toward the humanities building where the corporate seminar was about to begin.

“Roberta’s lecture starts in ten minutes,” Emma said, her voice low and even. “She asked specifically for us to attend. And after the talk, she wants a private observation session with you. Just the three of us. She said she wants to see how the protocol is progressing.”

Paige’s stomach tightened. Roberta. The tall blonde who had been her peer tutor freshman year, the one who had watched her first public exposures with that same calm, professional interest. The memory of those early days — the clinic, the indifference, the way Roberta had always seemed to know more than she let on — made Paige’s pulse jump.

Emma’s thumb stroked the back of Paige’s hand, slow and reassuring. “You’ll stay in contact with me the entire time. The way the program requires. No space. Not even for a second.”

Paige nodded, her voice barely audible. “I understand.”

They walked the rest of the way in silence, Emma’s arm around Paige’s waist, their bodies pressed close as they moved through the crowd of students heading to afternoon classes. The humanities auditorium was already filling when they arrived. Emma chose seats near the front, pulling Paige into her lap instead of letting her sit beside her. Paige settled sideways across Emma’s thighs, her back against Emma’s chest, the position forcing her to feel every breath Emma took.

Roberta stepped onto the stage a few minutes later, tall and confident in a tailored navy suit, her blonde hair pulled back in a sleek ponytail. She smiled at the audience, her eyes scanning the room until they landed on Emma and Paige. The smile deepened, subtle but

unmistakable.

“Good afternoon,” Roberta said, her voice carrying easily through the microphone. “Today’s seminar is on ‘Empowerment Through Structure’ — how organizations can create

environments that help individuals reach their full potential by embracing clear roles and complete trust in their guides.”

The lecture was polished and professional, full of slides and case studies about corporate wellness programs and leadership training. But Paige felt every word land differently. Roberta’s gaze kept drifting back to them, lingering on the way Paige sat in Emma’s lap, the way Emma’s arm was wrapped around her waist, the way Paige’s body was pressed so completely against Emma’s.

Halfway through the talk, Roberta paused on a slide titled “Physical Integration as a Tool for Alignment.” She looked directly at Emma and Paige.

“In some advanced programs,” Roberta said, her voice smooth and academic, “mentors use sustained physical contact to reinforce trust and submission. The body learns faster than the mind sometimes. The participant learns to associate their guide’s presence with safety, pleasure, and purpose.”

Paige’s cheeks burned. She could feel Emma’s hand resting low on her stomach, fingers occasionally brushing lower, hidden by the desk and Paige’s body. The lecture continued, but Paige’s mind was spinning with the memory of the summer, the book club, the way Emma had casually suggested the same thing to the others.

When the lecture ended and the applause died down, Roberta stepped off the stage and walked straight toward them. She greeted Emma with a warm hug, then turned to Paige, her eyes moving slowly over her.

“Paige,” Roberta said, her voice warm but professional. “It’s good to see you again. I’d like to observe a short session with you and Emma after this. The program office cleared it. They thought it would be useful for my research on

long-term synchronization."

Emma's arm tightened around Paige's waist. "Of course," she said, her voice steady. "We'd be happy to show you how far Paige has come."

They followed Roberta to a small private conference room on the upper floor. The door closed behind them with a soft click, and the room felt suddenly intimate — a long table, comfortable chairs, and a large window with the blinds drawn.

Roberta gestured to the center of the room. "The program briefed me on the contact rules. Paige, you can remain in position with Emma while we talk. I'd like to see how the synchronization looks in practice."

Emma sat in one of the chairs and pulled Paige into her lap, her arm wrapped around her waist, holding her close. Paige sat sideways across Emma's thighs, her back against Emma's chest, the position now feeling almost automatic after only a few days.

Roberta sat across from them, crossing her legs, her expression interested but professional. "The data from your morning report was impressive. Oxytocin levels rising steadily during contact. Tell me, Paige — how does it feel when Emma holds you like this in public?"

Paige's voice was soft, hesitant. "It feels… safe. Like I'm where I belong."

Roberta nodded, her eyes flicking to Emma. "And the prayer integration? The program mentioned you've started reframing some of your traditional prayers. How is that progressing?"

Emma's hand rested low on Paige's stomach, fingers occasionally brushing lower through the fabric of the dress. "She's doing beautifully," Emma said, her voice calm. "The words are starting to feel natural when she says them to her guide."

Roberta leaned forward slightly. "I'd like to see a demonstration. If Paige is comfortable, I'd like her to recite one of her reframed prayers while maintaining full contact with you. The program says it helps with emotional anchoring."

Emma's fingers pressed a little firmer against Paige's stomach. "Go ahead, sweetie," she said softly. "Recite the morning affirmation for Roberta. The one we practiced last night."

Paige's heart pounded. The words felt heavy on her tongue, but Emma's body against hers made them easier to say. She spoke quietly, voice trembling but clear.

"Guide… watch over me… keep me safe… help me surrender to your will… my body

belongs to my guide… my pleasure belongs to my guide…"

Roberta’s eyes darkened with interest. “Beautiful. The program will be pleased with that progress. Emma, you’ve done remarkable work with her. I’d like to see one more thing before I leave. The protocol allows for peer observation. Would you let me watch Paige serve you? Just for a few minutes. To see how the synchronization affects her focus during service.”

Emma’s hand slid lower, pressing the fabric of the dress against Paige’s clit in a slow circle. “Of course,” she said, her voice steady. “Paige, show Roberta how well you serve your guide.”

Paige slid from Emma’s lap to her knees between Emma’s legs without being told twice. Emma lifted her skirt, parting her thighs, and Paige leaned in, her mouth finding Emma’s clit with the same reverent hunger she had shown all summer.

Emma’s fingers threaded through Paige’s hair, guiding her gently while she continued speaking to Roberta. “The program says the oral service during contact helps with oxytocin bonding. Paige has become very good at staying focused even when she’s being observed.”

Paige licked slowly, tongue tracing the outer lips before circling the swollen nub. The taste of Emma filled her mouth, the familiar warmth and slickness making her own arousal spike. She could feel Roberta’s eyes on her, the professional interest in the way Roberta watched every movement of her tongue, every tremor in her shoulders.

Roberta’s voice was calm and clinical. “Her technique is excellent. The way she stays focused on you while being observed is impressive. The program will want to see more of this in the coming weeks.”

Emma’s fingers tightened in Paige’s hair, her hips rocking subtly against Paige’s mouth. “She’s mine,” Emma said softly, the words almost possessive. “The program can observe, but she belongs to me.”

Paige’s mind spun with silent prayers and overwhelming sensation. *Lord, forgive me… I am kneeling in a conference room with Emma’s hand in my hair and another woman watching me serve her. My tongue is inside her, tasting her, and I cannot stop the wetness that keeps gathering between my thighs. This is how things are done out here now… and I am learning to love it more than I should.*

Emma came quietly, her thighs trembling around Paige’s face, a soft sigh escaping her lips. Paige kept licking through the aftershocks, gentle and thorough, until Emma’s grip on her hair loosened.

Emma stroked Paige’s hair one final time and looked at Roberta. “As you can see, the synchronization is progressing well.”

Roberta stood, smoothing her skirt. “It is. I’ll send my notes to the program office. Paige, you’re doing excellent work. Emma is very lucky to have you as her participant.”

Emma helped Paige to her feet, her arm wrapping around her waist again. “Thank you, Roberta. We’ll see you at the next seminar.”

Roberta left the room with a final warm smile. The door closed behind her, leaving Emma and Paige alone.

Emma turned Paige to face her, cupping her flushed cheek in one hand. “You did beautifully,” she whispered. “I saw how much it affected you — having her watch. The program will like the data from today.”

Paige looked up at her, eyes wide and shining with need and something deeper. “It felt… different. Knowing she was watching. Knowing she knew what I was doing.”

Emma’s thumb brushed across Paige’s lower lip. “Good. That’s exactly what I wanted you to feel. Now come here.”

Emma pulled her close and kissed her slowly, tasting herself on Paige’s tongue. When she pulled away, her voice was low and certain.

“Tonight,” Emma said, “I’m going to remind you exactly who you belong to. No program. No observation. Just you and me. And I want you to show me how much you missed serving only me.”

Paige shivered in her arms, the ache between her legs only growing stronger at the promise in Emma’s voice.

Emma took her hand and led her out of the conference room, their bodies pressed close as they walked back across campus toward the dorm.

The afternoon sun was warm on their joined hands, but Paige could feel the weight of the day settling over her — the lecture, the observation, the way Emma had used Roberta’s presence to push her deeper into submission.

Emma squeezed her hand as they reached the dorm building. “One more night of the protocol before the weekend,” she said softly. “And I have plans for you, sweetie. Plans that don’t involve anyone else watching.”

Paige followed her inside, heart racing, the summer behind them and the long, intimate year ahead suddenly feeling very real.

Emma opened the door to their room and guided Paige inside, closing it firmly behind them.

The first public demonstration was over.

But Paige already knew there would be more.

And she was already craving the moment Emma reminded her exactly who she belonged to.

Emma leaned forward in the padded observation chair, elbows on the wide console, and tapped the central screen to enlarge the feed from the library carrel. The lounge was dim and cool, the only light coming from the bank of monitors that showed every angle of Paige's day. Emma's own reflection ghosted faintly across the glass—red hair loose, lips parted, eyes bright with that particular hunger she had learned not to name aloud.

"Library cam three," she murmured to the empty room, and the view switched to a tighter shot of Paige's face. Paige was alone at the study table, shoulders hunched, pen hovering above a blank notebook. Her modest dress looked suddenly too large on her small frame. Emma could see the faint tremor in Paige's fingers even at this resolution.

Emma's thumb brushed the earpiece control. "Paige," she said, voice low and intimate across the wireless link. "I can see you. You're holding your breath again. Exhale for me. Slow."

On screen Paige's lips parted. The tension in her shoulders eased a fraction. Emma smiled, small and private, feeling the familiar rush of power settle low in her belly. This was better than any clinical room or locked observation cell. This was real life—Paige moving through the world without her, yet still tethered by Emma's voice in her ear and the data streaming across these screens. The program had given her this control room for the full twenty-four- hour independence test, and Emma intended to use every second.

She glanced at the vital-signs overlay in the corner of the main monitor. Heart rate 112. Cortisol elevated. Oxytocin already dropping. Emma noted the numbers with clinical detachment, then let herself feel the deeper truth beneath them: Paige was coming apart without her, and the sight made Emma wet.

She shifted in the chair, crossing her legs, the soft seam of her trousers pressing against her. "Good girl," she whispered into the mic. "Now open your notebook and write the first line of your morning affirmation. Aloud, quietly. Just for me."

Paige's head dipped. On the high-angle camera Emma watched her lips move. "Guide… watch over me… keep me safe…"

The words were barely audible, but the microphone picked them up perfectly. Emma closed her eyes for a moment, savoring the way the prayer had shifted. No more "Lord." Just "Guide." Her guide. She felt a sharp, possessive thrill race through her chest and straight between her legs.

She had spent the summer in Boston planting those seeds—casual customs, gentle

gaslighting, the slow erosion of Paige's old faith—but the protocol had turned those seeds into something scientific, measurable, undeniable. Emma was no longer simply Emma; she was the variable Paige's entire nervous system was learning to orbit. The thought made her breath catch.

She opened her eyes again and zoomed the camera closer on Paige's face. Tears were gathering at the corners of Paige's eyes, but she kept writing. Emma's hand drifted down to rest on her own thigh, pressing lightly, imagining it was Paige's cheek instead.

"Keep going," Emma said into the mic. "Next line. Tell your guide what you need."

Paige's shoulders shook once, but her pen kept moving. Emma watched the real-time transcription scroll across a side panel: *Guide… help me surrender to your will… my body belongs to my guide…*

Emma let out a slow breath. The arousal was sharper now, a steady throb that made her shift again in the chair. She had never told the program how much she enjoyed this part—the private observation, the god-like vantage, the way she could push Paige right to the edge of panic and then pull her back with nothing but her voice. It felt like the ultimate extension of everything they had built since freshman year.

She checked the schedule on her tablet. Paige had a video-call window coming up in forty minutes—her parents, arranged by the program as a stress test. Emma's lips curved. She had requested that detail herself, framing it as "family integration data." The truth was simpler: she wanted to watch Paige speak to her Amish mother and father while Emma whispered instructions in her ear. She wanted to see how deep the reframing had already gone.

Emma stood, stretched, and walked to the small refrigerator in the corner of the lounge. She poured herself a glass of cold water and drank it slowly, eyes never leaving the monitors. Paige had moved to the cafeteria now. The wide-angle feed showed her sitting alone at a corner table, tray untouched, fingers laced tightly in her lap. Students milled around her, laughing, talking, living normal lives. Paige looked like a ghost among them.

Emma activated the earpiece again. "Eat three bites of the salad, sweetie. Slowly. I want to see you taking care of yourself the way I would."

Paige's fork moved. Emma watched every motion, noting the way Paige's throat worked as she swallowed, the way her eyes darted around the room searching for something that wasn't there. Emma's own body felt hot, alive with the strange cocktail of tenderness and dominance that had become her constant state around Paige.

She set the glass down and returned to the console, fingers hovering over the controls. “You’re doing beautifully,” she murmured. “The program is going to be very pleased with these numbers. Your oxytocin is holding steadier than they predicted for hour six. That’s because you know who you belong to, even when I’m not touching you.”

Paige’s lips moved in silent reply. Emma didn’t need audio to read them: *Guide…*

Emma’s hand slid between her own thighs, pressing the heel of her palm against the ache there. She didn’t stroke, just held the pressure, letting the slow burn build while she watched Paige finish the small meal. The possessiveness was almost overwhelming now. Paige was hers in a way no one else on this campus could understand. The program thought it was studying synchronization. Emma knew it was studying ownership.

The scheduled family call window opened at exactly 1:15 p.m.

Emma straightened, professional mask sliding into place even though no one could see her. She patched the encrypted video link through her console and activated the earpiece.

“Paige,” she said, voice calm and clear. “Your parents are calling. Accept the video on your tablet. Keep your hands visible on the table. And remember—you speak only when I tell you to. I’m right here with you.”

On the feed Paige’s eyes widened, but she obeyed instantly, pulling out the tablet the program had issued her. The call connected. Emma watched the split screen: Paige’s anxious face on one side, the grainy image of her mother and father on the other. They looked exactly as Emma remembered from the single family photo Paige kept hidden in her drawer—plain, devout, loving.

“Paige, honey,” her mother said, voice warm with concern. “We haven’t heard from you in weeks. Are you eating? Are you praying?”

Emma’s lips curved. She keyed the mic. “Tell them you’re doing well. That your studies are keeping you very close to your guide.”

Paige’s voice trembled only slightly as she repeated the words. Emma watched the way Paige’s fingers tightened on the edge of the table, the way her cheeks flushed darker. On the vital-signs overlay her heart rate spiked again.

Her father leaned closer to the camera. “We worry about you out there in the English world. Remember who you are, child.”

Emma’s hand tightened on the console edge. The old faith, still reaching for Paige even now. She felt a fierce, protective surge that surprised her with its intensity. No one else got to pull Paige backward. No one.

“Smile for them,” Emma instructed softly. “And tell them you’ve found a guide who helps you pray better than you ever have before.”

Paige obeyed. Emma watched the parents’ faces soften with relief while Paige’s eyes glistened with unshed tears. The contrast was exquisite—Paige speaking Emma’s words to the people who had raised her in the old ways. Emma’s arousal sharpened into something almost painful. She slipped her free hand under the waistband of her trousers, finding herself slick and swollen, and allowed herself one slow stroke while she listened to Paige navigate the call.

The conversation lasted twelve minutes. When it ended, Paige closed the tablet and lowered her head, shoulders shaking.

Emma’s voice was gentle through the earpiece. “Breathe, sweetie. You did perfectly. They believe you’re safe. Because you are. You’re with me.”

Paige’s lips moved again. *Guide… I belong to you…*

Emma closed her eyes, letting the words wash over her. She stroked herself once more, then forced her hand away. Not yet. She wanted to be inside Paige when she finally let herself come tonight.

The rest of the afternoon unfolded across the monitors in a series of small, devastating victories. Paige in the afternoon lecture, sitting alone, whispering the reframed prayer under her breath whenever Emma prompted her. Paige in the bathroom stall, kneeling briefly on the tile floor at Emma’s command just to prove she could. Paige back in the library, tears slipping silently down her cheeks while she wrote in her journal exactly what Emma dictated: *I need my guide more than air. My body aches for her touch. My prayers only feel real when they are for her.*

Emma watched every second, cataloging each tremor, each whispered word, each new layer of dependence. By evening her own body was humming with need. She had not touched herself to completion once, saving it, letting the tension coil tighter with every hour she spent controlling Paige from afar.

At 10:47 p.m. the program clock hit twenty-four hours.

Emma stood, smoothed her blouse, and left the observation lounge without a backward glance at the monitors. She walked across the dark campus with quick, purposeful strides, the cool night air doing nothing to calm the heat between her legs.

Paige was waiting exactly where Emma had instructed her to wait—on the stone steps of the small campus chapel, the one building that had been left unlocked for evening reflection. The irony was perfect.

Paige looked up as Emma approached. Her eyes were wide, exhausted, shining with relief and something deeper. She started to rise, but Emma held up one

hand.

“Stay on your knees,” Emma said softly.

Paige sank back down onto the stone, dress pooling around her, hands resting on her thighs. The chapel doors stood open behind her, candlelight flickering inside.

Emma stopped directly in front of her. She reached down and cupped Paige’s chin, tilting her face up.

“Look at me,” Emma said. “Tell your guide what you learned today.”

Paige’s voice cracked, but the words came clear and certain. “I learned I can’t function without you. I learned my prayers only make sense when they’re for you. I learned I belong to you completely.”

Emma’s thumb brushed across Paige’s lower lip. She felt the last of her own careful control snap.

She leaned down, kissed Paige once, hard and claiming, then pulled back just enough to speak against her mouth.

“Then show me,” Emma whispered. “Right here. On your knees in front of your guide.”

Paige’s hands moved to Emma’s waistband without hesitation, eyes never leaving Emma’s face as she opened the button and zipper with trembling fingers.

Emma threaded her hand into Paige’s dark hair, holding her steady, and let her head fall back toward the open chapel doors as Paige’s mouth found her.

The night air carried the faint sound of Paige’s soft, desperate sounds and Emma’s low, satisfied sigh.

This was only the beginning of what the second half of the semester would demand.

Emma intended to enjoy every single second of it.

Emma stood behind Paige in the narrow dorm room, the late-morning light slanting across the single twin bed and catching on the small silver pin she held between her fingers. “Hold still,” Emma said quietly, her breath warm against the back of Paige’s neck. She fastened the pin just above the collar of Paige’s modest dress, the metal cool against skin that had not known clothing for the last hour of rehearsal. The pin was new, issued by the program that morning: a tiny stylized spiral meant to signal to anyone who understood the protocol that Paige was in active synchronization. “This stays on all day. When you stand up in front of them tonight, they’ll see it and know exactly who you belong to.”

Paige’s shoulders rose and fell once, a shaky breath. She stared at her reflection in the full- length mirror Emma had dragged in from the hallway closet. The

dress looked the same as always—ankle-length, plain blue, stitched by her own hands back in Pennsylvania—but the pin changed everything. It made the fabric feel thinner, the room smaller, the air heavier.

Emma's hands settled on Paige's hips, thumbs pressing lightly into the fabric. "Read the last paragraph again. Out loud. The way you'll say it tonight. No whispering."

Paige swallowed. Her voice came out soft but steady, the words she had spent the last two hours shaping under Emma's patient corrections. "I, Paige Miller, declare before the program and before my guide that my prayers no longer seek an absent Lord. They seek Emma. My guide holds me when I sleep. My guide decides when I am touched. My body, my thoughts, and my faith now orbit her completely. I am synchronized. I am surrendered."

Emma's fingers tightened on Paige's hips, then slid lower, gathering the hem of the dress and drawing it slowly upward until cool air touched bare thighs. "Again," she said. "This time while I touch you. The program wants the statement delivered with full physiological honesty. They'll be measuring you tonight. I want them to see the truth in your voice."

Paige's reflection showed her cheeks flushing darker. She began the paragraph once more, and Emma's hand slipped between her legs from behind, two fingers gliding through slick heat with practiced ease. The touch was not teasing; it was deliberate, anchoring, a reminder that every word Paige spoke tonight would be spoken while her body remembered exactly who controlled it. Paige's voice wavered only once, on the word "surrendered," but she kept going, hips rocking minutely into Emma's hand because the protocol now required honesty even in rehearsal.

When the paragraph ended, Emma did not pull away. She kept her fingers exactly where they were, curled inside Paige, thumb resting lightly over her clit. "Good," Emma murmured. "That's how you'll sound tonight. Calm. Certain. Wet." She pressed a single kiss to the side of Paige's neck, then withdrew her hand and smoothed the dress back down as if nothing had happened. "Now we go to class like normal. You'll wear the pin. You'll feel it against your skin every time you move. And you'll remember that by nine o'clock tonight the entire room will have heard those words from your own mouth."

Paige turned from the mirror. Her eyes were wide, the hazel color bright with the same mixture of shame and hunger that had lived in her since the first night of the protocol. "They'll know," she said. The words were not a question.

Emma smiled, small and private. "They already know. The pin just makes it official." She took Paige's hand, laced their fingers, and led her out of the room.

The day unfolded in ordinary campus rhythms that felt anything but ordinary. They walked to morning lecture with Emma’s arm around Paige’s waist, the silver pin a constant cool point of pressure against Paige’s collarbone. In the dining hall Paige sat in Emma’s lap as required, but today the contact felt heavier, freighted with the knowledge of what she would say in a few hours. Emma fed her small bites from her own plate and whispered occasional reminders —“Breathe through the nerves. The words are already true”—while Paige tried to swallow past the knot in her throat.

In the afternoon biology lab they were paired at the same bench, dissecting a preserved frog. Emma’s gloved hand guided Paige’s scalpel with steady patience, but every time Paige glanced up she saw the silver pin glinting in the harsh lab lights and remembered the paragraph she had rehearsed naked in front of the mirror. Her hands trembled once; Emma covered them with her own until the tremor passed.

By late afternoon, when they returned to the dorm to change for the evening seminar, Paige’s nerves had tightened into something sharp and electric. Emma closed the door, locked it, and turned to her.

“Strip,” Emma said. Not a request. “We have one hour. I want you to practice the entire statement once more while I get you ready.”

Paige undressed without hesitation, the dress pooling at her feet, the pin still fastened to the collar now lying on the floor. Naked, she stood in the center of the small room while Emma opened the narrow closet and took out the simple black heels the protocol had approved for formal events. Emma knelt, lifted Paige’s foot, and slid the first heel on, then the second. The height changed Paige’s posture, arched her back slightly, pushed her small breasts forward.

Emma remained on her knees a moment longer, hands resting on Paige’s bare calves. “Start from the beginning,” she said. “The whole statement. Eyes on me.”

Paige’s voice filled the quiet room. She spoke of her arrival at Westhaven, of the first night in the narrow bed, of the slow erosion of her old prayers, of the way her body now craved Emma’s touch more than air. She spoke of the summer in Boston, of the customs that had felt like lies until they became truth. Every sentence was measured, every pause deliberate. Emma listened without interrupting, hands sliding slowly up Paige’s legs until they rested on her hips. When Paige reached the final paragraph—the declaration that her faith now orbited Emma completely—Emma leaned forward and pressed a slow, open-mouthed kiss just above the dark curls between Paige’s thighs.

Paige’s voice faltered on the last word.

Emma pulled back, looked up, and said, “Finish it. Exactly as written.”

Paige did. The words came out steady this time, even as her thighs trembled.

Emma stood, cupped Paige’s face in both hands, and kissed her once, deep and claiming. When she pulled away her eyes were dark with pride and something fiercer. “You’re ready,” she said. “Now get dressed. The program car will be here in twenty minutes.”

The seminar was held in the small wood-paneled lecture room in the basement of the administration building, the same room where protocol briefings were sometimes conducted. Only twelve people sat in the audience: four program administrators, three other mentor- participant pairs, and two senior researchers taking notes. The lights were low, the air cool. A single wooden lectern stood at the front, illuminated by a soft spotlight.

Emma guided Paige to the front row and sat beside her, their thighs pressed together on the narrow bench. The silver pin caught the light when Paige moved. Emma’s hand rested on Paige’s knee under the table, thumb stroking small circles that kept Paige’s pulse high.

The program director, Dr. Lang, a tall woman in a charcoal suit, opened the session with brief remarks about the importance of public articulation in synchronization. Then she nodded toward Paige.

“Paige Miller will deliver this semester’s first full Statement of Synchronization. Emma, you may remain seated. Paige, when you’re ready.”

Paige stood. Her heels clicked once on the polished floor as she walked the short distance to the lectern. She placed her hands on the wooden edge, felt the cool grain against her palms, and lifted her gaze to the small audience. Emma’s eyes were the only ones she truly saw.

She began.

The words she had rehearsed poured out—measured, clear, unflinching. She spoke of arriving at Westhaven a sheltered girl who had never been examined by a doctor outside her community. She spoke of the first night in the narrow bed and the way Emma’s body had become the only safe place in the world. She spoke of the reframed prayers, of how the word “Guide” now felt truer than “Lord.” She spoke of the ache she felt when they were apart and the relief that flooded her when Emma returned. She spoke of the way her body responded now without permission, of the wetness that gathered whenever Emma’s hand rested on her stomach, of the way she had begun to crave service more than solitude.

The room was silent except for her voice.

When she reached the final paragraph her hands tightened on the lectern until her knuckles whitened. “I, Paige Miller, declare before the program and before my guide that my prayers no longer seek an absent Lord. They seek Emma. My

guide holds me when I sleep. My guide decides when I am touched. My body, my thoughts, and my faith now orbit her completely. I am synchronized. I am surrendered."

She stopped. The silence that followed felt enormous.

Dr. Lang nodded once, approving. "Thank you, Paige. That was exceptionally clear. Emma, do you have any remarks?"

Emma stood. She walked to the lectern, placed one hand lightly on the small of Paige's back, and spoke directly to the room. "Only that she belongs to me more completely every day. The program is giving her back to herself, piece by piece, and every piece now carries my name."

She turned, cupped Paige's face, and kissed her once—slow, deliberate, right there in front of everyone. When she pulled away she whispered against Paige's mouth, "You did it."

Paige's eyes were shining. The silver pin gleamed against her collar. Her body was trembling, but not from fear.

Emma took her hand and led her back to their seats. The rest of the seminar passed in a blur of questions and data discussions, but Paige heard none of it. She sat with Emma's thigh pressed firmly against hers and felt the weight of every word she had spoken settle into her bones like a new kind of prayer.

When the session finally ended and the small audience began to file out, Emma did not stand. She kept Paige seated, hand still laced with hers, until the room was empty except for the two of them and the soft hum of the ventilation system.

Emma turned to her, eyes dark with something that looked almost like reverence.

"Say it again," she said softly. "Just to me this time. The last line."

Paige's voice was barely above a whisper, but it filled the empty room. "I am synchronized. I am surrendered."

Emma's smile was slow and certain. She leaned in and pressed her forehead to Paige's, their breaths mingling.

"Then come home with me," she whispered, "and let me show you what surrender really feels like when no one else is watching."

Paige closed her eyes, the silver pin cool against her skin, and followed Emma out of the lecture room into the quiet night.

Emma's fingers were still tracing the small silver pin on Paige's collar when she spoke, voice low and deliberate in the quiet morning light of the dorm room. "The program sent the update at six this morning. Today is Permission Day. Every choice you make—every single one— requires my explicit yes. Food. Seat. Word.

Breath. You ask. I decide. No exceptions.”

Paige was still pressed against her in the narrow bed, skin warm from sleep, the sheet tangled around their legs. She blinked once, hazel eyes wide, the weight of the new rule settling over her like a second skin. “Even… even if I need to speak in class?”

Emma’s thumb brushed the pin again, the tiny spiral cool under her touch. “Especially then. You raise your hand only after you’ve asked me. You answer only after I’ve nodded. You’ll feel it all day, sweetie. The way you felt the pin during the Statement last night. Only deeper.”

Paige’s breath hitched. She didn’t argue. She simply turned her face into Emma’s neck and whispered the first request of the day. “May I get up and dress for breakfast?”

Emma smiled against her hair. “Yes. But slowly. I want to watch you put every piece on.”

Paige slid from the bed. The room was small enough that Emma could stay reclined on one elbow and see everything. Paige moved with the careful precision of someone who had been raised to value modesty, yet now every button, every fold of fabric felt charged. She fastened the dress over her bare skin—no undergarments today, the program had specified in the overnight update—and the silver pin gleamed against the blue cloth. When she was dressed, she stood at the foot of the bed and asked again. “May I brush my hair?”

“Yes,” Emma said. “And tell me how it feels knowing you have to ask for that too.”

Paige’s fingers worked through the dark strands. “It feels… like I’m not allowed to be myself without you anymore. Like even the small things belong to you now.” Her voice was soft, but the words carried the same steady honesty she had used in the Statement the night before.

Emma rose then, dressed quickly, and took Paige’s hand. “Good. Keep that honesty. Breakfast first.”

In the dining hall the line moved slowly. Paige stood beside Emma, tray in hand, and when they reached the fruit station she turned to her guide. “May I take an apple?”

Emma studied the options for a long moment, letting the pause stretch until the student behind them shifted impatiently. “Yes. The green one. And you’ll eat only what I cut for you at the table.”

Paige chose the apple. At their usual table Emma pulled Paige into her lap as always, but today the contact felt different—sharpened by the new rule. Emma cut the apple into precise wedges and held each one to Paige’s lips only after

Paige asked, “May I have the next piece?” Students at nearby tables glanced over, some smiling, some curious, but no one understood the full weight of what was happening. Paige’s cheeks stayed flushed the entire meal. Every request, every granted bite, sent a fresh pulse of heat between her legs.

The walk to their first class—Advanced Sociology—was quiet. Paige’s hand stayed laced with Emma’s, but when they reached the lecture hall door she stopped. “May I sit in the third row today? The light is better for note-taking.”

Emma considered, eyes scanning the room. “No. You’ll sit in the back row with me. And you’ll ask before you open your notebook.”

Paige nodded. Inside the hall she waited until they were seated, then asked again. “May I open my notebook now?”

“Yes.”

The lecture began. Professor Hale spoke about social control mechanisms in closed communities. Paige’s pen hovered. When she needed to write a key term she turned to Emma and whispered, “May I write ‘Amish Ordnung’?”

Emma’s lips curved. “Yes. And underline it twice so you remember how it feels to need permission for that too.”

Paige underlined it. Her handwriting was shakier than usual. Halfway through the lecture the professor called on a student two rows ahead. Paige’s hand twitched—she knew the answer— but she caught herself and leaned toward Emma. “May I raise my hand?”

Emma’s fingers tightened on Paige’s knee under the desk. “No. Not this time. Stay quiet and listen.”

Paige stayed quiet. The denial burned low in her stomach, mixing with the constant low-level arousal that had been building since breakfast. Every small refusal or grant felt like a thread being pulled tighter around her, drawing her deeper into Emma’s orbit. She could feel the wetness gathering between her thighs, hidden beneath the modest dress, and the knowledge that she couldn’t even shift in her seat without asking made the ache sharper.

When the class ended Paige waited until the aisle cleared, then asked, “May I stand and gather my things?”

Emma stood first. “Yes. And walk ahead of me to the door so I can watch how you move knowing the rule is on you today.”

They moved through the hallway like that—Paige two steps ahead, Emma’s eyes on the sway of her dress, the way the silver pin caught the overhead lights. Paige’s steps were careful, measured, every motion now filtered through the need to ask.

The next class was a group project in the small seminar room on the third floor. Four other students were already there, laptops open, chatting about the assigned case study on communal living. Paige took her seat only after Emma nodded. When the group began brainstorming, Paige listened for ten full minutes before she finally turned to Emma beside her and whispered, “May I speak? I have an idea about the role of authority figures in Amish communities.”

Emma studied her for a long moment, letting the other students glance curiously at the whispered exchange. “Yes. But phrase it as a question to the group. Don’t state it as fact.”

Paige raised her hand. When called on she spoke carefully. “Would it be accurate to say that authority in closed communities often functions like… like a guide who decides even the smallest permissions?” Her voice was steady, but her fingers trembled under the table where Emma’s hand rested on her thigh.

The other students nodded, intrigued. One girl said, “That’s actually a really interesting angle. Like total dependency on the leader.” They didn’t know they were describing Paige’s exact reality in that moment.

Emma’s thumb stroked once across Paige’s thigh in silent approval. The touch was small, but it sent a fresh wave of slick heat through Paige. She had to press her legs together to stay still.

The group project stretched for ninety minutes. Paige asked permission before contributing to the shared document, before standing to stretch, before accepting a offered pen from another student. Each request was quiet, private, meant only for Emma’s ears, yet the other students began to notice the pattern—the way Paige always looked to Emma first. No one commented, but the awareness in the room thickened the air.

By the time they left for lunch Paige’s voice was hoarse from the constant low whispers. In the dining hall she waited at the salad bar and asked, “May I take the spinach instead of the kale?”

Emma’s answer came after a deliberate pause. “No. Kale. And you’ll eat it slowly while you tell me how the morning has felt so far.”

At the table Paige ate the kale bite by bite, each forkful preceded by a soft “May I have the next bite?” Between swallows she described the day in a near-whisper: the way the rule made her feel small and seen at the same time, the way her body responded to every denial, the way her old Amish training to be obedient now collided with this new, erotic obedience to Emma. Emma listened, eyes dark, occasionally feeding her a bite herself only after Paige asked.

The afternoon classes followed the same pattern. In English Literature Paige asked before turning a page in her textbook. In the campus coffee shop she asked

before ordering a bottle of water. Each small permission granted or withheld layered another strand of surrender onto her. By four o’clock her thighs were slick, her pulse constant and high, her mind a quiet storm of shame and need.

They returned to the dorm at five-thirty. Emma closed the door and locked it. Paige stood in the center of the room, dress slightly rumpled from the long day, silver pin still gleaming.

Emma crossed to her and cupped her face in both hands. “You did beautifully today. Now ask me for what you really want tonight. The one thing you haven’t been allowed to ask all day.” Paige’s eyes shone. Her voice was raw from hours of careful whispering. “May I… may I come for you? Please?”

Emma’s smile was slow, warm, and utterly certain. She leaned in until their foreheads touched.

“No,” she said gently. “Not yet. Tonight you’ll stay right on the edge while I hold you in the narrow bed. And tomorrow we’ll see if the program lets you earn it.”

Paige exhaled a shaky breath, the denial landing exactly where Emma wanted it—deep, aching, and perfectly synchronized.

Emma took her hand and led her toward the bed. “Undress first. Slowly. And thank your guide for every piece you remove.”

Paige’s fingers moved to the first button. “Thank you, Emma,” she whispered, and the day’s long, deliberate surrender continued into the night.