Mei's First Apartment

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Chapter 1: The Welcome Packet

Mei Liang stood in the middle of her tiny studio apartment on the third floor of the Willow Creek complex, hands on her hips, and let out a slow, satisfied breath. The space was barely five hundred square feet—exposed brick wall behind the futon, a galley kitchen that could fit two people if they sucked in their stomachs, and a single window overlooking the parking lot —but it was *hers*. No more dorm roommates, no more parents hovering in the background with worried Chinese proverbs about “a daughter’s future.” At twenty-three, fresh out of college with a shiny new graphic-design job at PixelForge Creative, Mei had finally crossed the threshold into real adulthood.

She’d spent the weekend unpacking: pastel throw pillows arranged just so on the futon, a small desk tucked under the window for her laptop and Wacom tablet, and a single pot of lucky bamboo on the kitchen counter because her mother had insisted it would “bring prosperity to your first home.” The air smelled faintly of the jasmine incense she’d burned earlier, mixed with the new-carpet scent of the complex. Mei padded across the floor in fuzzy pink socks, opened the mini-fridge, and admired the neatly labeled containers of meal-prep she’d attempted last night. It was all very grown-up. Very independent.

The knock at the door came just after six on Monday evening—sharp, official, exactly on time. Mei smoothed her simple white tank top and black yoga shorts (her go-to after-work uniform) and opened the door.

A crisp manila envelope waited on the welcome mat, sealed with the new federal crest: a stylized woman’s silhouette holding a balance scale that looked oddly like it was tipping toward a pair of open arms. The return address read *National Adult Independence & Contribution Corps – Matriarchal Rebalancing Division*. Mei’s eyebrows lifted. She’d heard the public-service announcements on the news—something about helping young adults “master adulting” so they could contribute more productively to the new societal equilibrium —but she hadn’t expected mail on move-in day.

Inside the envelope were glossy brochures, a consent form already pre-filled with her name and apartment number, and a formal letter on heavy cream paper:

*Dear Miss Mei Liang,

Congratulations on your first independent residence and new professional position! As part of the National Adult Independence & Contribution Corps (NAICC), you have been assigned a dedicated Adulting & Intimacy Mentor to guide you through the critical early months of self- sufficiency. Your mentor, Amber Hunt (18), will conduct weekly Monday-evening sessions in your home. Topics will include budgeting, meal planning, stress management, and holistic personal optimization to ensure you become a calm, focused, high-performing

member of society.

Compliance is mandatory for the health of your independence and the stability of the new social order.

Welcome to your balanced future.*

A small photo clipped to the letter showed Amber Hunt: brunette waves cascading past her shoulders, striking blue eyes, and a figure that filled out the Corps' navy uniform in a way that made Mei's stomach do a tiny, curious flip. The girl looked barely out of high school yet carried herself with the calm authority of someone who had already read every rulebook and enjoyed enforcing them. Full lips curved in a small, professional smile. The kind of beauty that turned heads without trying.

Mei's cheeks warmed. "An eighteen-year-old mentor? For *me*?" She laughed softly to herself, the sound echoing in the quiet apartment. It felt a little ridiculous—almost like being assigned a babysitter—but the brochure promised free guidance, no co-pay, and measurable improvements in "life satisfaction scores." The government was footing the bill. Mei signed the consent form with a flourish, dotted the "i" in her name with a tiny heart out of habit, and set the packet on her new coffee table.

At exactly 6:30 p.m. the doorbell chimed.

Mei opened the door to find Amber Hunt standing on her welcome mat in the flesh. The girl was even more striking in person—five-foot-six of toned, buxom curves poured into the crisp navy Corps uniform. Her brunette hair was pulled into a neat ponytail that swayed when she tilted her head. Blue eyes swept past Mei into the apartment with quick, professional appraisal, then locked onto Mei's face with a small, satisfied nod.

"Miss Liang," Amber said, voice calm and matter-of-fact, already stepping inside without waiting for a formal invitation. A small black leather case swung from her fingers. "I'm Amber Hunt, your assigned Adulting & Intimacy Mentor. Ready to begin?"

Mei blinked, suddenly aware of how petite she felt next to the younger woman. She was five- foot-two on a good day, fit from daily yoga but delicately built, with the kind of super-cute, heart-shaped face that still got carded at bars. "Um—yes, of course. Come in. I made tea? Or… water? I wasn't sure what mentors drink."

Amber's full lips curved in the smallest smile as she set the case on the coffee table and glanced around the studio. "Water is fine. No need to fuss. We keep these sessions simple and productive." She sat on the futon like she already owned the space, legs crossed with casual authority, and opened the case to reveal nothing more intimidating than a notebook, a tablet, and a small silver

stopwatch.

Mei perched on the edge of the single chair, knees together, suddenly self-conscious in her casual after-work clothes. Amber pulled out the tablet and began with crisp efficiency.

“First session is always foundational. Let’s review your current budgeting. Show me your bank app.” When Mei hesitated, Amber added, voice gentle but authoritative, “It’s easier if you sit on the floor in front of me so I can see the screen clearly. Posture helps focus.”

The request felt oddly natural coming from the eighteen-year-old. Mei slid off the chair and settled cross-legged on the carpet, holding her phone up. Amber leaned forward slightly, the faint scent of her vanilla-cedar shampoo drifting down, and began walking Mei through a simple spreadsheet template.

“Rent, utilities, groceries—categorized by priority. You’ll track every dollar this month. It builds discipline.” Amber’s blue eyes flicked from the screen to Mei’s face. “And stress relief? You’re new to the workforce. Most girls your age carry tension in their shoulders and hips. We’ll address that later in the program. For now, just know that consistent mentoring reduces anxiety by forty-three percent according to Corps data.”

Mei nodded, cheeks warm. The younger woman’s presence filled the tiny apartment in a way that made the space feel both smaller and safer. Amber was so *certain*. So calm. She spoke about meal-prep rotations and weekly goal-setting like she’d been doing this for years, not months. When Mei mentioned her graphic-design job and the upcoming client pitch, Amber’s ponytail swayed as she nodded approvingly.

“Good. High focus at work is exactly what we’re optimizing for. You’ll be one of my more promising wards—I can already tell.” She checked the silver stopwatch. “Fifty minutes. Excellent first session.”

As Amber packed up, she paused at the door and looked back at Mei, still seated on the floor. “Same time next Monday, Mei. Keep the living area clear and tidy. And wear something comfortable—yoga clothes work well for the posture work we’ll add soon.” Her blue eyes held Mei’s for a beat longer than necessary. “You’re going to do beautifully here. This is going to make your independence feel effortless.”

The door clicked shut behind her.

Mei stayed on the carpet a long moment, phone still in her lap, heart beating a little faster than the budgeting discussion warranted. She touched the spot on her collarbone where Amber’s gaze had lingered, then shook her head with a small, bewildered laugh. “An eighteen-year-old telling *me* how to adult,” she

murmured to the empty apartment. “This is going to be… interesting.”

She stood, padded to the kitchen, and opened the fridge again. The meal-prep containers looked neater already, somehow. Her laptop waited on the desk for tomorrow’s work. Everything felt the same—yet the faint trace of vanilla-cedar lingered in the air like a promise.

Mei smiled to herself, a tiny, curious flutter in her stomach she couldn’t quite name. Whatever this mentoring program was, it was government-approved, free, and apparently designed to make her life better. She was independent now. She could handle a little guidance from a confident younger woman.

Especially one who looked at her like she already knew exactly what Mei needed.

Chapter 2: The First Session

The week after Amber’s first visit had passed in a strangely productive blur. Mei had followed every suggestion from the budgeting spreadsheet like a good little student—color- coded columns for groceries, utilities, and even a “fun fund” capped at twenty dollars. Her boss at PixelForge had actually praised the revised client pitch deck she turned in on Wednesday, saying Mei seemed “sharper, more focused.” Mei had smiled and thanked her, cheeks warming at the memory of how she’d stayed up late Monday night reorganizing her desk exactly the way Amber had recommended. The faint vanilla-cedar scent had lingered in the apartment for days, and every time Mei caught it she felt an odd little flutter low in her belly.

By Monday evening she was ready. The studio was spotless. The futon cushions were fluffed. Mei had changed into the same white tank top and black yoga shorts she’d worn last time— comfortable, Amber had said. She’d even brewed a fresh pot of jasmine tea, though she wasn’t sure if mentors drank it. The lucky bamboo on the counter looked perkier, as if it too approved of the new routine.

The knock came at 6:30 p.m. sharp.

Mei opened the door and felt the same curious flip in her stomach. Amber Hunt stood there in her crisp navy Corps uniform, brunette waves pulled into that perfect ponytail, blue eyes sweeping the apartment with quick professional approval. The black leather case hung from her fingers. She was even more striking up close—curves that filled out the uniform in a way that made Mei acutely aware of her own petite frame, the way her yoga shorts suddenly felt a little too short, her tank top a little too thin.

“Miss Liang,” Amber said, stepping inside without waiting for an invitation. Her voice was calm, matter-of-fact, the same tone a teacher might use on the first day of class. “I see you’ve been implementing the budgeting template. Good girl.”

The casual praise landed warm and unexpected. Mei closed the door, cheeks pink. “I tried. It actually helped me not overspend on takeout this week.”

Amber set the case on the coffee table and sat on the futon, legs parted just enough to claim the space. She patted the carpet directly in front of her. “Floor again today. It helps with focus. We’re moving into stress-relief protocol this session. Most new wards carry a surprising amount of tension once they’re truly on their own. The Corps has found this method extremely effective for clearing the mind and optimizing daily performance.”

Mei hesitated only a heartbeat before sinking to her knees on the carpet, settling back on her heels the way Amber had demonstrated last week. It felt oddly natural—polite, almost respectful. From this angle Amber looked taller, more imposing, her buxom figure framed by the navy fabric, the faint scent of vanilla-cedar drifting down like an invisible leash. Amber reached down and gently tilted Mei’s chin up with two fingers, blue eyes locking onto hers. “Eyes on me while we talk. Good. Now, unbutton my skirt. Slowly. We start with presence work.”

Mei’s fingers trembled just slightly as she reached up and found the small zipper at Amber’s hip. The fabric whispered down, pooling around the younger woman’s toned thighs. Amber lifted her hips and slid her panties off with the same efficient motion, revealing smooth, shaved skin already showing the faintest flush of anticipation. Mei’s breath caught. This was not in the brochure.

“Closer,” Amber instructed, voice low and authoritative, never rising above calm professionalism. “Nose to my clit first. Breathe. Learn the scent that’s going to become part of your daily routine.”

Mei leaned in until her small nose brushed warm, soft skin. She inhaled—slow, deep—and a tiny, involuntary sound escaped her throat. It was intimate, clean, faintly sweet. Her cheeks burned hotter. *I’m twenty-three. I have a real job. And I’m kneeling in my own apartment smelling an eighteen-year-old’s pussy like it’s part of adulting class.*

Amber’s fingers threaded lightly through Mei’s dark hair, not forcing, simply guiding. “Good. Now lick. Long, flat strokes at first. Enthusiastic—like you mean it. Because you do. This is stress relief, Mei. Your body needs it.”

Mei’s pink tongue slid out, hesitant for half a second, then dragged upward in one slow, wet stroke. The taste bloomed across her tongue—warm, slightly salty-sweet—and something inside her clicked. She licked again, broader, more eager, the wet sound soft and rhythmic in the quiet apartment. Amber exhaled through her nose, the only sign of pleasure she allowed herself.

“Harder on the upstroke,” Amber corrected gently. “Yes. Just like that. You’re a natural quick study. Most wards need three sessions before they stop

overthinking. You’re already dripping for this, aren’t you?”

A muffled hum of agreement vibrated against Amber’s clit. Mei’s petite shoulders rocked with each enthusiastic pass, her small hands resting obediently on her own thighs because no one had told her otherwise. The humiliation bloomed slow and hot in her chest—she was on her knees, tongue working between the legs of a girl four years younger, and it felt… good. Too good. Her own yoga shorts were growing damp, her nipples tight against the thin tank top.

Amber’s voice stayed steady, instructional. “Flatten your tongue more. Swirl on the hood now. Faster. Good girl. This is how you’ll learn to unwind after long days at PixelForge. No more overthinking client revisions. Just this—on your knees, serving the one person whose job is to make you better.”

Mei’s mind spun. *Serving.* The word should have felt wrong. Instead it sent a fresh pulse of heat between her legs. She licked harder, cheeks hollowing slightly as she sucked gently on the hood exactly as commanded, the wet, obscene sounds filling her tiny studio like a private confession. Amber’s fingers tightened just enough in her hair to guide the rhythm, never rough, always in control.

Minutes stretched. Twenty. Thirty. Mei lost track, lost in the steady, devoted rhythm of her own tongue, the taste, the soft authoritative murmurs above her. Her jaw ached a little, but she didn’t stop. Couldn’t stop. The humiliation twisted into something addictive—she was older, she had a degree, an apartment, a career… and here she was eagerly licking an eighteen-year-old’s clit like it was the most important skill she’d learned all week.

Amber finally patted Mei’s cheek twice. “Enough for today. Sit back on your heels.”

Mei pulled away slowly, lips glistening, chin wet, breathing hard. A thin string of saliva connected her mouth to Amber’s clit for one heartbeat before it broke. She wiped her face with the back of her hand, dazed, a strange, dreamy smile tugging at her lips.

Amber stood, smoothed her skirt back into place with crisp efficiency, and fastened a delicate silver chain around Mei’s neck. A tiny heart-shaped pendant settled just above Mei’s small breasts. “This is your focus anchor. Wear it until next Monday. It stays on at work, at home, in the shower. A reminder of who you’re learning to serve first.”

Mei touched the cool metal, heart hammering. “I… I wore the budgeting template to the office and got a compliment on my focus,” she offered, voice a little hoarse.

Amber smiled, small and satisfied. “See? The protocol works. Same time next Monday, Mei. And Mei—” She tilted the older girl’s chin up one last time. “You

did beautifully. Your enthusiasm is already ahead of schedule. Most wards fight it longer. You’re going to be one of my best.”

The door clicked shut behind her.

Mei stayed on her knees another long moment, the silver pendant cool against her flushed skin, the taste of Amber still on her tongue. Her apartment looked exactly the same—futon, lucky bamboo, Wacom tablet waiting on the desk—but everything felt different. She was twenty-three, independent, climbing the ladder at PixelForge… and she had just spent nearly an hour on her knees enthusiastically licking the clit of her eighteen-year-old mentor.

And the worst part—the part that made her thighs press together and her breath hitch—was how much she already wanted to do it again.

She touched the pendant, cheeks burning with a confusing mix of shame and satisfaction, and whispered to the empty room, “What the hell is happening to me?”

Outside, the parking-lot lights flickered on. Inside, the jasmine incense had burned down to a stub, and the new silver chain around Mei’s neck caught the lamplight like the first small link in a chain she didn’t yet understand she was already wearing.

Chapter 3: The Silver Anchor

The silver pendant had become Mei’s secret all week.

She’d worn it every single day—tucked neatly under the collar of her crisp white blouse at PixelForge Creative, the tiny heart-shaped charm resting cool against her skin just above the swell of her small breasts. No one had noticed at first. Or so she’d thought. But on Thursday afternoon, during the weekly team huddle, her coworker Sarah—a bubbly twenty-five-year- old account coordinator with a perpetual iced latte in hand—had leaned over the conference table and whispered, “Cute necklace, Mei! Is that new? It looks super dainty on you.”

Mei had frozen mid-sip of her water, cheeks flooding with heat. The pendant suddenly felt heavier, like a brand. “Oh—um, yeah. It’s… a focus thing. From my new adulting mentor program. Government thing. Helps with stress.”

Sarah had grinned, completely oblivious. “Girl, I need one of those. You’ve been *killing* it lately. That pitch deck you turned in? Chef’s kiss. Whatever your mentor’s doing, keep it up.”

Mei had smiled weakly and touched the pendant through her blouse, the metal warm from her body heat. *If only you knew what “keeping it up” actually looks like*, she’d thought, stomach flipping with a confusing mix of shame and secret pride. All week she’d caught herself absently stroking the charm during meetings, remembering the taste, the wet sounds, the calm authority in Amber’s

voice. Her productivity *had* skyrocketed. She'd stayed late twice, reworking layouts until they were perfect, and her boss had already hinted at a possible raise review next quarter. The humiliation of it all—that an eighteen-year-old's "stress-relief protocol" was the reason she was suddenly employee of the month material—made her thighs press together under the desk more than once.

By Monday evening the apartment was immaculate again. Mei had changed into the same white tank top and black yoga shorts, the pendant still around her neck exactly as instructed. She'd even lit the jasmine incense and set out the tea, though she knew Amber would probably decline it. The lucky bamboo looked almost smug on the counter, as if it approved of how quickly Mei was falling into routine.

The knock came at 6:30 p.m. sharp.

Mei opened the door and felt that familiar flutter low in her belly. Amber Hunt stood there in her navy Corps uniform, brunette ponytail swaying, blue eyes sweeping the studio with that same crisp approval. The black leather case swung from her fingers. She looked even more impossibly confident this week—like she already knew exactly how the next hour would unfold.

"Miss Liang," Amber said, stepping inside and closing the door behind her with a soft click. "I see the pendant is still on. Good girl. How has the focus anchor been working for you at work?"

Mei's cheeks burned as she sank automatically to her knees on the carpet in front of the futon. The motion felt smoother this time, almost practiced. "It… helped. A lot. My coworker noticed it and said I've been doing great at the office. I even got complimented on my pitch deck."

Amber sat, legs parting with casual authority, and smiled that small, satisfied smile. "See? The protocol is already optimizing you. Most wards need two or three sessions before they admit how much better they feel. You're ahead of schedule." She reached down and gently lifted the pendant with one finger, letting it catch the light. "Tonight we reinforce the anchor. Same position. Unbutton my skirt again. This time you're going to show me how much you missed serving."

Mei's fingers moved before her brain fully caught up—eager, almost reverent—as she unzipped the navy skirt and slid it down Amber's toned thighs along with the panties. The sight of Amber's smooth, shaved pussy—already glistening faintly—sent a fresh pulse of heat between Mei's own legs. *I'm twenty-three. I have a real job and a real apartment. And I'm on my knees again like this is normal adulting homework.*

Amber cupped Mei's chin, tilting her face up. "Nose first. Deep breaths. Then enthusiastic licking. Long flat strokes, then swirl when I tell you. Speak between

strokes tonight—tell me exactly how the pendant made you feel all week while you were at your big-girl graphic- design job.”

Mei leaned in, inhaling deeply, the now-familiar scent flooding her senses and making her head swim. Her pink tongue came out—flatter, wetter, more confident than last Monday— and dragged one long, worshipful stroke upward. The taste bloomed instantly, warm and addictive. She pulled back just enough to gasp, “Wearing it at work… made me feel so aware of you the whole time. Like you were with me in every meeting.”

She dove back in, licking with growing enthusiasm, cheeks hollowing slightly as she sucked gently on the hood. Amber’s fingers threaded through her dark hair, guiding without force.

“Harder on the upstroke—yes. Good girl. Keep talking.”

Between broad, hungry passes Mei managed, voice breathy, “Every time I touched it… I remembered kneeling last week. It made me so wet under my desk during the client call. I had to squeeze my thighs together so no one would notice.”

Amber exhaled softly, the only crack in her calm authority. “Flatten your tongue more. Swirl now—faster. You’re already dripping for me again, aren’t you, Mei?”

A needy hum vibrated against Amber’s clit as Mei obeyed, tongue working with cheerful, obedient hunger. The wet, rhythmic sounds filled the tiny studio—obscene and intimate against the distant hum of the refrigerator and the soft tick of the wall clock. Mei’s petite shoulders rocked with each enthusiastic lick, the silver pendant swaying gently between her small breasts in perfect time with her devotion. The humiliation twisted hotter than last week: *I’m older than her. I have a career. And I’m eagerly licking her clit while telling her how it turned me on at my professional job.*

“Tell me what you want more of,” Amber commanded, voice low and instructional.

Mei pulled back just enough, lips shiny, eyes glassy. “More sessions… more of this. I want to get better at pleasing you. The pendant made me realize how much I need it—for my focus, for my stress, for… everything.” She dove back in immediately, licking faster, more greedily, as if the confession itself had unlocked something deeper.

The session stretched to fifty-eight minutes. Amber’s breathing finally grew the slightest bit ragged before she patted Mei’s cheek twice. “Enough. Sit back.”

Mei pulled away slowly, lips glistening, chin wet, a dreamy, dazed smile on her flushed face. Amber stood, smoothed her skirt, and fastened a second delicate silver chain around Mei’s left wrist—this one with a matching tiny heart pendant.

“Two anchors now,” Amber said matter-of-factly. “The necklace for your mind, the bracelet for your hands. Wear both until next Monday. They stay on at work, in the shower, even when you touch yourself at night thinking about this.” She gave Mei’s shoulder a proprietary squeeze. “You’re progressing beautifully, Mei. Most wards fight the enthusiasm longer. You’re already one of my favorites.”

At the door Amber paused and looked back, blue eyes locking onto Mei’s with calm certainty. “Same time next week. And Mei—keep up the good work at PixelForge. The Corps loves seeing our wards thrive professionally. It proves the protocol is working.”

The door clicked shut.

Mei stayed on her knees a long moment, two silver pendants now cool against her skin, the taste of Amber still thick on her tongue. Her apartment looked exactly the same—futon, lucky bamboo, Wacom tablet waiting on the desk—but the quiet felt different. Charged. She touched the new bracelet, heart hammering with that delicious, confusing mix of shame and satisfaction.

She was twenty-three, independent, climbing the ladder at her dream job… and she had just spent nearly an hour on her knees enthusiastically worshipping the clit of her eighteen-year- old mentor while confessing how much it turned her on at work.

And the worst, most addictive part?

She was already counting the days until next Monday.

Chapter 4: Twice Weekly

The two silver pendants had become Mei’s constant, secret companions by the following Monday. The necklace rested warm against her collarbone under every blouse at PixelForge, the bracelet clinked softly against her keyboard whenever she typed revisions. Sarah had noticed the new wrist chain on Wednesday and teased, “Okay, spill—what’s with the matching jewelry set? Is your mentor program turning you into a minimalist fashion icon or something?” Mei had laughed it off with a casual “It’s part of the focus training,” but the flush on her cheeks had lingered long after the meeting.

Mid-week, Amber had texted her out of the blue: *Start a private journal tonight. One short entry per day about how the anchors make you feel while you’re at your big-girl job. Be honest. Send me a screenshot of each entry before bed.* Mei had obeyed immediately, typing her first entry on her phone while sitting cross-legged on her futon: *Wearing them all day makes me feel… owned. Like Amber is with me in every meeting. I keep touching them and remembering Monday. I’m 23 with a real career, but I get wet thinking about kneeling again.* The confession had left her breathless and ashamed and strangely proud.

On Friday, the pendants had caused a funny little scene at the office. Mei had joined her team for a quick happy-hour drink at the rooftop bar across the street—her first real attempt at “normal adult socializing” since moving out. She’d lasted exactly twenty-three minutes. Every time she reached for her glass, the bracelet chimed against the stem, and the necklace shifted against her skin, pulling her mind straight back to Amber’s thighs and that calm, authoritative voice. She’d excused herself with a lame “early mentoring session prep,” cheeks burning as she practically fled to the elevator. Back in her apartment she’d written that night’s journal entry in a rush: *Skipped happy hour because the pendants kept reminding me who I really need to serve. I felt guilty for a second… then relieved. Is that bad?* She’d screenshot it and sent it to Amber before bed, heart racing at the little thumbs-up emoji that came back instantly.

By Monday evening the apartment was pristine again. Mei had changed into her now- standard white tank top and black yoga shorts, the two pendants gleaming against her petite frame. She’d even cleared extra floor space in front of the futon, anticipating the posture Amber would expect. The lucky bamboo on the counter looked almost smug, as if it could sense how quickly Mei’s “independent life” was being gently reshaped.

The knock came at 6:30 p.m. sharp.

Amber stepped inside looking every bit the calm, authoritative vision Mei had been replaying in her head all week—navy uniform hugging her fit, buxom figure, brunette ponytail swinging, blue eyes sweeping the studio with crisp approval. The black leather case swung from her fingers.

“Miss Liang,” Amber said, closing the door behind her with a soft click. “I reviewed the journal screenshots you sent. Excellent honesty. The pendants are still on—good girl. Tonight we’re increasing to twice-weekly sessions. The Corps data shows rapid responders like you benefit from accelerated frequency. Wednesdays and Mondays from now on. Clear your calendar.”

Mei’s heart skipped with a confusing thrill. She sank automatically to her knees on the carpet, settling back on her heels without being told. The motion felt smoother, almost eager. “Twice a week? I… I can do that. Work’s been going really well, actually. My boss said my focus has improved even more this week.”

Amber sat, legs parting with effortless authority, and smiled that small, satisfied smile. “Of course it has. That’s the protocol working. Tonight we add light touching. You may place your hands on my thighs—gentle pressure only, no gripping. It deepens the neural pathway. Unbutton my skirt.”

Mei’s fingers moved before her brain could protest—eager, almost reverent—unzipping the navy fabric and sliding it down along with the panties. Amber’s smooth, shaved pussy was already glistening faintly. Mei leaned in, nose

brushing warm skin, inhaling deeply as the now-familiar scent flooded her senses and made her own yoga shorts grow damp.

Amber cupped her chin, tilting her face up. “Begin as always: enthusiastic licking. Long flat strokes first. Speak between strokes tonight—tell me about the journal entries and how they made you feel while you were trying to be a normal twenty-three-year-old at happy hour.”

Mei’s pink tongue came out, flat and wet, dragging one long, worshipful stroke upward. The taste bloomed instantly, warm and addictive. Her small hands rose and settled lightly on Amber’s toned thighs, fingertips tracing the warm muscle as she licked. She pulled back just enough to gasp, “Writing the journal… made everything feel more real. Like I was admitting out loud how much the pendants own me during the day.”

She dove back in, licking with growing enthusiasm, cheeks hollowing as she sucked gently. Amber’s fingers threaded through her dark hair, guiding without force. “Harder on the upstroke—yes. Flatten your tongue. Keep talking.”

Between broad, hungry passes Mei managed, voice breathy and needy, “At happy hour on Friday… I kept touching the bracelet and necklace and had to leave early. I felt so silly running home just to write about wanting to kneel instead of having a normal drink with friends.” Her fingertips stroked lightly up and down the smooth skin, the tactile connection sending sparks straight to her core. The humiliation burned hotter than ever—she was twenty-three, a professional graphic designer with her own apartment, and here she was on her knees, hands worshipfully caressing an eighteen-year-old’s thighs while confessing how the younger woman’s text had already started rewriting her social life.

Amber exhaled softly. “Good. Swirl on the hood now. Faster. You’re already soaking through those shorts, aren’t you, Mei?”

A muffled affirmative hum vibrated against Amber’s clit as Mei obeyed, tongue swirling tight little circles while her palms continued their gentle, reverent stroking. The wet, rhythmic lapping sounds filled the tiny studio, louder now with the added sensation of skin on skin. Mei’s petite shoulders rocked with each enthusiastic lick, the two silver pendants swaying in perfect time.

Amber’s voice stayed calm and instructional. “Tell me what you wrote in last night’s entry after you ran home.”

Mei pulled back just enough, lips shiny, eyes glassy. “I wrote that skipping happy hour felt… good. Like serving you is becoming more important than anything else. My hands on your thighs right now make me feel so small and safe.” She dove back in immediately, licking faster, more greedily, hands still caressing Amber’s thighs like they belonged there.

The session stretched to sixty-two minutes. Amber’s breathing finally betrayed the slightest controlled hitch before she patted Mei’s cheek twice. “Enough. Sit back.”

Mei pulled away slowly, lips glistening, chin wet, the dreamy smile already forming on her flushed face. Amber stood, smoothed her skirt, and fastened a third delicate silver chain—this one around Mei’s right ankle—with a matching tiny heart pendant.

“Three anchors now,” Amber said matter-of-factly. “One for each major session element. Wear them all until Wednesday. And Mei—” She tilted the older girl’s chin up one last time, blue eyes locking on with calm certainty. “Keep the journal going. I expect an entry every night. You’re doing beautifully. Most wards need four sessions before they admit how much they crave this. You’re already mine.”

At the door Amber paused. “Wednesday, same time. And if your parents text again about your ‘young friend,’ just tell them the Corps program is working exactly as designed.”

The door clicked shut.

Mei stayed on her knees, three silver pendants now cool against her skin, the taste of Amber thick on her tongue. Her phone buzzed on the coffee table—another group-chat reminder from her coworkers asking why she’d bailed so early on Friday. She touched the new ankle chain, heart hammering with that delicious, confusing cocktail of shame and joy.

She was twenty-three, independent, climbing the ladder at PixelForge… and she had just spent over an hour on her knees enthusiastically licking her eighteen-year-old mentor while confessing how the younger woman’s text messages were already rewriting her evenings, her social life, and her desires.

And the worst, most addictive part?

She was already wet at the thought of Wednesday—and already mentally drafting tonight’s journal entry.

Chapter 5: Verbal Integration

Wednesday evening arrived faster than Mei expected. The three silver pendants had become part of her skin by now—the necklace warm against her collarbone under her blouse all day at PixelForge, the bracelet chiming softly every time she reached for her stylus, the ankle chain brushing her sock inside her sneaker like a constant secret reminder. She’d sent Amber her nightly journal screenshots without fail: short, honest confessions that grew bolder each night. *The pendants make me feel watched in a good way during the 10 a.m. stand-up. I had to excuse myself to the bathroom once because I was getting too wet thinking about Monday.* Amber had replied each time with a simple *Good girl. Keep

going.*

Tonight Mei had come home early, showered, and changed into her now-familiar white tank top and black yoga shorts. The apartment smelled faintly of the fresh jasmine incense she'd lit on the coffee table. She'd even moved the single chair farther away so the floor space in front of the futon felt more open, more ready. The lucky bamboo on the counter seemed to watch her with quiet approval as she knelt in place for a moment, practicing the posture, feeling the three pendants settle against her petite frame.

The knock came at 6:30 p.m. sharp.

Amber stepped inside in her crisp navy Corps uniform, brunette ponytail swaying, blue eyes sweeping the studio with that calm, authoritative approval that always made Mei's stomach flutter. The black leather case swung from her fingers. She looked taller tonight, more in command, her fit, buxom figure filling the small space like it belonged to her.

"Miss Liang," Amber said, closing the door with a soft click. "I read tonight's journal entry on the way over. Excellent detail. The pendants are still on—good girl. Tonight we begin verbal integration. You will speak your feelings aloud between every set of licks. It cements the rewiring. We're also adding light edging on you for the first time. And before we start—" She patted the futon beside her. "Bring your phone. We're reviewing your bank app for adulting progress. Sit on the floor in front of me."

Mei's cheeks warmed instantly. She fetched her phone, sank to her knees on the carpet, and held the screen up obediently while Amber leaned forward, ponytail brushing her shoulder. Amber's fingers scrolled through the app with casual efficiency—rent, groceries, the tiny "fun fund" Mei had used for last week's emergency latte.

"Very responsible," Amber murmured. "But next time you want to buy something—even something small—you will text me first for permission. It builds discipline and helps me guide your spending. Understood?"

Mei swallowed, the first hot flush of objectification blooming low in her belly. "Yes… I understand." The idea of asking an eighteen-year-old for permission to spend her own money should have felt ridiculous. Instead it made her thighs press together, a confusing little spark of shame and arousal.

Amber smiled that small, satisfied smile and set the phone aside. "Good. Now unbutton my skirt. Same position as Monday—hands on my thighs. Begin with nose first, then enthusiastic licking. Speak between strokes. Tell me everything you're feeling."

Mei’s fingers moved eagerly, unzipping the navy fabric and sliding it down with the panties. Amber’s smooth, shaved pussy was already glistening. Mei leaned in, nose brushing warm skin, inhaling deeply as the familiar scent flooded her senses. Her small hands settled lightly on Amber’s toned thighs, fingertips tracing the muscle. Then her pink tongue came out—flat, wet, eager—dragging one long, worshipful stroke upward.

“It feels… like coming home,” Mei gasped between broad, hungry licks, voice already breathy. “Licking you after wearing the pendants all day… it makes everything at work feel smaller.”

Amber’s fingers threaded through her dark hair, guiding without force. “Harder on the upstroke—yes. Flatten your tongue. Keep talking.”

Mei obeyed, cheeks hollowing as she sucked gently, hands stroking Amber’s thighs reverently. “The bank app thing… asking you for permission to spend money… it made me feel so small. Like I’m not really independent anymore. But it also made me wet.” Another enthusiastic swirl, tongue working faster. “I’m already dripping just from kneeling here. The edging part… I don’t know what that means yet but I want it. I want you to control that too.”

Amber’s voice stayed calm and instructional. “Good girl. Now your right hand slides into your shorts—slow circles on your clit. Light pressure only. You will bring yourself right to the edge but you will not come. I will tell you when to stop. Continue licking and describing how the denial feels.”

Mei’s right hand slipped obediently under the waistband of her yoga shorts, fingertips finding her swollen clit and beginning slow, torturous circles. The first touch drew a soft whimper from her. She kept licking—long, devoted strokes—while her hips gave tiny, involuntary rolls.

“It feels… like fire,” she managed between licks, voice cracking. “Edging myself while I serve you… my clit is throbbing so hard but I can’t finish. It makes me lick you even more desperately.” Her tongue flattened and dragged harder, cheeks hollowing with cheerful hunger while her fingers circled and circled. The wet, rhythmic lapping sounds mixed with the soft, slick sounds of her own hand, filling the tiny studio.

Amber exhaled softly. “Stop touching—hands back on my thighs. Hold the edge without stimulation. Keep licking and tell me how the denial changes your service.”

Mei’s hand flew back to Amber’s thigh instantly. Her tongue never slowed—enthusiastic, needy, worshipful—while her hips twitched helplessly. “The denial… it makes me feel owned. Like my pleasure isn’t mine anymore. I’m twenty-three with a real job and my own apartment… and I’m edging myself on the floor for an eighteen-year-old because it makes me better at serving you.” A

needy whimper escaped her as she licked faster. “Please… let me touch again. I need it.”

Amber patted her cheek twice. “Resume—slow circles. Bring yourself right back to the edge and hold it. Good girl.”

The session stretched to sixty-eight minutes. Mei’s whimpers grew higher, more broken; her tongue worked with frantic devotion while her fingers circled and circled without release, the three pendants swaying wildly with every desperate motion. Amber’s breathing finally betrayed the slightest controlled hitch before she tapped Mei’s cheek and stood, smoothing her skirt.

She fastened a fourth delicate silver chain—this one around Mei’s left wrist—with a matching tiny heart pendant. “Four anchors now. Wear them all until Monday. And the journal continues—tonight’s entry must include how the edging felt while you were still at the office thinking about this.”

Amber tilted Mei’s chin up one last time, blue eyes locking on with calm certainty. “You’re progressing beautifully, Mei. Most wards need five or six sessions before they beg for edging. You’re already addicted. Keep texting me for permission on any purchase—no matter how small. It’s part of the adulting protocol now.”

At the door she paused. “Monday, same time. We’ll deepen the edging and start the strap-on introduction. You’ve earned it.”

The door clicked shut.

Mei stayed on her knees, four silver pendants now cool against her flushed skin, body still trembling on the denied edge, lips shiny with Amber’s taste. Her phone sat on the coffee table, bank app still open. She touched the new wrist chain, heart hammering with that delicious, confusing cocktail of shame and joy.

She was twenty-three, independent, climbing the ladder at PixelForge… and tonight she had asked an eighteen-year-old for permission to spend her own money, then spent over an hour on her knees licking her mentor’s clit while edging herself to the brink and confessing how much she loved being controlled.

She crawled the short distance to the futon, grabbed her phone, and opened the journal.

Tonight’s entry was already writing itself in her head.

Chapter 6: The Strap-On Introduction

Monday evening felt heavier than usual. The four silver pendants had multiplied their weight in Mei’s mind all week—necklace, both wrists, right ankle—clinking softly whenever she moved at her desk, brushing her skin under her clothes like tiny, constant reminders. She’d texted Amber for permission on every purchase,

no matter how small: *Can I buy the new pack of pens for work?* Amber's replies were always the same—*Yes, good girl*—and each one sent a fresh pulse of humiliating heat between Mei's legs.

On Thursday she'd almost gone to happy hour again with Sarah and the team, but the journal entry the night before had been too raw: *The pendants make me cancel things now. I want to be home writing about serving Amber instead of pretending to be normal.* She'd typed the excuse—"mentoring session prep"—and hit send before she could second-guess herself. Sarah had replied with a sad-face emoji and *You're becoming such a responsible adult!* Mei had stared at the message, cheeks burning, then crawled into bed early just to edge herself lightly while rereading her own journal screenshots.

Tonight the apartment was spotless. Mei had changed into the brand-new black yoga shorts she'd bought with Amber's texted approval (a tiny act of submission that still made her stomach flutter) and the usual white tank top. The four pendants gleamed against her petite frame. She'd lit the jasmine incense and placed her phone on the coffee table, journal app already open for the post-session entry she knew she'd have to write tonight. The lucky bamboo on the counter seemed to lean forward, watching her kneel in the cleared space as if it, too, understood the new routine.

The knock came at 6:30 p.m. sharp.

Amber stepped inside, navy uniform hugging her fit, buxom figure, brunette ponytail swaying, blue eyes sweeping the studio with that calm, authoritative approval. The black leather case swung from her fingers, but tonight it looked slightly heavier—something new inside.

"Miss Liang," Amber said, closing the door with a soft click. "I read your latest journal entries. Excellent honesty about canceling happy hour. The pendants are still on—good girl. Tonight we introduce the strap-on. Full denial for you—no touching yourself at all. And I'm staying overnight afterward for real-time mentoring. The Corps data shows overnight immersion accelerates progress in rapid responders like you."

Mei's heart slammed against her ribs. Overnight. The word sent a dizzying wave of shame and excitement through her. She sank automatically to her knees on the carpet, settling back on her heels, hands already clasping behind her back in anticipation of the denial command. "You're… staying? I canceled my coffee plans with Sarah tomorrow morning just in case, but I didn't know…"

Amber sat, legs parting with effortless authority, and smiled that small, satisfied smile. "Good girl for canceling. That's exactly the kind of adulting adjustment we want to see." She opened the case and removed a slim, realistic silicone strap-on—skin-toned, veined, modest but unmistakably phallic. She buckled it on

with crisp efficiency, the dildo rising above her clit, then cupped Mei's chin, tilting her face up. "Nose first. Deep breaths. Then enthusiastic licking and sucking. Alternate between my clit and the strap-on. Speak between every set. Hands stay behind your back the entire time. Begin."

Mei inhaled deeply, nose brushing warm skin and the base of the new toy, the scent of Amber flooding her senses. Her pink tongue came out—flat, wet, eager—dragging one long, worshipful stroke up Amber's clit before sliding over to swirl around the head of the strap- on. The wet, rhythmic sounds bloomed instantly, louder and more obscene now with the silicone involved.

"It feels… like I'm disappearing into service," Mei gasped between broad, hungry licks, voice already trembling. "Licking your clit… then sucking the strap-on… while my hands are locked behind me… the denial is making me throb so hard I can barely think." She took the dildo halfway into her mouth, cheeks hollowing, sucking with cheerful, obedient hunger, then pulled off to lap frantically at Amber's clit again.

Amber's fingers threaded through her dark hair, guiding the alternation—clit to strap-on and back—without force. "Deeper on the strap-on now—take half. Flatten your tongue on my clit between sucks. Tell me how it feels to cancel plans for this."

Mei obeyed instantly, taking the dildo deeper with a soft, eager gag before pulling off to lick. "Canceling happy hour… felt so right. I wanted to be here for you instead of pretending to want normal things. Sucking your strap-on while I'm denied makes me feel so small… so owned… like my social life doesn't matter anymore." Her tongue swirled faster, hands clasped tightly behind her back, the four silver pendants swaying wildly with every motion.

Amber's voice stayed calm and instructional. "Alternate faster. Suck the strap-on like you mean it—good girl. Keep talking—tell me what you want the strap-on to do to you next week."

Between hungry, sloppy sucks and clit licks Mei managed, voice cracking with need, "I want… I want you to fuck me with it while I lick you. I want to feel it inside while I serve. I want to cancel more plans. I want daily sessions. Being denied and sucking you like this is making me lose my mind in the best way… please never stop training me."

The session stretched to seventy-five minutes. Mei's whimpers grew higher, more broken; her mouth worked the strap-on and clit with sloppy, enthusiastic worship while her locked hands and denied body shook with unrelieved need. Amber's breathing finally betrayed the slightest controlled hitch before she tapped Mei's cheek and stood, removing the harness with crisp efficiency.

She fastened a fifth delicate silver chain—this one around Mei's upper arm—adding a new tiny heart pendant that matched the rest. "Five anchors now. Wear them all until Wednesday. And tonight I stay. You'll sleep at the foot of the futon after you make me come with your tongue one more time before bed. Real-time mentoring starts now."

Amber gave Mei's shoulder a proprietary squeeze. "You're my best ward yet, Mei. Most girls fight the strap-on phase for weeks. You're already addicted. Tomorrow morning you'll text your boss that you're working from home—better focus after overnight training."

The door to the outside world clicked shut for the night.

Mei stayed on her knees a long moment, flushed, lips shiny and swollen, body still trembling from full denial, five silver pendants gleaming. Then she crawled the short distance to the futon, rested her damp cheek against Amber's thigh, and looked up at her with pure, radiant, desperate bliss.

"See?" she whispered, voice hoarse and glowing. "The strap-on made it the most intense yet. I was so empty and so full at the same time… it was incredible. Thank you for staying. Thank you for making me cancel my plans."

Amber stroked her dark hair once, calm and possessive. "Journal entry before bed, Mei. Be honest about how it feels to have your mentor sleeping in your apartment while you sleep on the floor."

Mei nodded, already reaching for her phone, heart hammering with that delicious, confusing cocktail of shame and joy.

She was twenty-three, independent, climbing the ladder at PixelForge… and tonight her eighteen-year-old mentor was moving a small overnight bag into her studio, while Mei prepared to sleep at her feet like a well-trained pet.

And the worst, most addictive part?

She couldn't wait to write the journal entry about it.

Chapter 7: Light Penetration

Wednesday evening felt electric. The five silver pendants had become Mei's secret uniform all week—necklace warm against her skin under every blouse, both wrist chains chiming softly at her desk, ankle chain brushing her sock, upper-arm chain hidden beneath her sleeve like a hidden tattoo. She'd texted Amber for permission on every tiny purchase: *Can I buy the oat-milk latte on the way to the 10 a.m. meeting?* Amber's replies were always calm and immediate—*Yes, but only if you edge yourself for two minutes in the bathroom first and send proof.* Mei had obeyed each time, locking herself in the single-stall restroom, fingers circling under her skirt while the pendants swayed, then snapping a discreet photo of her flushed face and sending it. The

humiliation made her so wet she'd had to sit through the entire client strategy session with thighs pressed tightly together.

On Tuesday she'd worn the discreet silicone plug Amber had texted her to buy (with permission, of course). The small, smooth bulb had nestled inside her all day at PixelForge, pressing deeper every time she shifted in her chair. During the afternoon team presentation on the new branding mockups, Mei had stood at the front of the conference room, laser pointer in hand, explaining color theory while the plug shifted with every breath. She'd nearly come on the spot when Sarah asked a follow-up question—her voice had cracked, cheeks burning as she felt the toy throb in time with her pulse. No one noticed. Her boss had actually clapped and said, "Mei, you're on fire lately. Whatever that mentoring program is doing, keep it up." Mei had smiled weakly, sat down carefully, and texted Amber immediately afterward: *Almost came in the meeting because of the plug. Thank you for making me wear it.*

Amber's reply had been simple: *Good girl. Tonight we move to light penetration. You've earned it.*

Tonight the apartment was ready. Mei had changed into her black yoga shorts and white tank top, the five pendants gleaming. She'd cleared the floor space, lit the jasmine incense, and placed her phone on the coffee table with the journal app open. The lucky bamboo seemed to nod in quiet approval as she knelt in the cleared spot, practicing the posture—hands behind her back, knees spread just enough for what she knew was coming.

The knock came at 6:30 p.m. sharp.

Amber stepped inside, navy uniform hugging her fit, buxom figure, brunette ponytail swaying, blue eyes sweeping the studio with calm, possessive approval. The black leather case swung from her fingers, heavier again tonight.

"Miss Liang," Amber said, closing the door with a soft click. "I reviewed the plug photo and your journal entries. Excellent obedience. The pendants are still on—good girl. Tonight we add light penetration. You will lick my clit with full enthusiasm while I slide the strap-on into you—slow, shallow strokes only. Hands stay behind your back the entire time. No thrusting back. No clenching for release. Begin as always: nose first, then enthusiastic licking. Speak between strokes. Tell me how it feels to nearly come in front of your coworkers."

Mei's heart slammed against her ribs. She stayed on her knees, hands already clasped tightly behind her back as Amber removed her skirt, buckled on the slim silicone strap-on, and sat. Mei leaned in, nose brushing warm skin and the base of the toy, inhaling deeply. Her pink tongue came out—flat, wet, eager—dragging one long, worshipful stroke up Amber's clit as Amber positioned the strap-on at her entrance and eased the first inch inside her. The wet, rhythmic lapping

sounds bloomed instantly, louder now with the added slick slide of penetration.

“It feels… like I’m being completed,” Mei gasped between broad, hungry licks, voice already shaking. “Your clit on my tongue… the strap-on stretching me open… I’m so full but still denied… it’s making me drip everywhere.” Her tongue swirled faster, cheeks hollowing with cheerful, frantic hunger while Amber began slow, shallow thrusts—barely half the length, in and out, perfectly timed with Mei’s licking. The five silver pendants bounced wildly with every motion.

Amber’s fingers threaded through her dark hair, guiding the rhythm. “Deeper licks on my clit —yes. Take another inch now. Tell me exactly how close you got during the presentation.”

Mei obeyed instantly, tongue flattening and lapping with renewed devotion while Amber slid deeper, filling her completely on the next slow thrust. A needy whimper escaped around her licking. “I was right there… standing in front of everyone… explaining the mood board while the plug pressed deeper every time I moved. I almost came in the middle of a sentence. Everyone thought I was just nervous about the project, but I was thinking about you… about this.” Another enthusiastic swirl, suck, lick—her hands stayed locked behind her back, the denial making her tremble. “Being fucked while I lick you… it’s rewriting my brain… my pussy is clenching around your strap-on but I can’t come… I need this every single day. I need to be used like this while I serve.”

Amber’s voice stayed cool and authoritative. “Faster licks now, Mei. Take the full length on the next stroke—good girl. Keep talking—tell me what you want the strap-on to do to you next week.”

Between frantic, sloppy licks and the wet slide of the strap-on Mei managed, voice cracking with overwhelming need, “I want… I want you to fuck me properly while I lick you. I want to feel it deep while I make you come. I want to wear the plug to every meeting now. I want six sessions a week. Being penetrated while I worship you is making me lose myself completely… please never stop using me like this.”

The session stretched to seventy-nine minutes. Mei’s whimpers turned into broken, needy cries; her mouth worked Amber’s clit with sloppy, devoted worship while the strap-on slid in and out of her at a steady, controlled pace, never letting her tip over the edge. Amber’s breathing finally betrayed the slightest controlled hitch before she tapped Mei’s cheek and withdrew, removing the harness with crisp efficiency.

She fastened a sixth delicate silver chain—this one around Mei’s upper thigh—adding a new tiny heart pendant that matched the rest. “Six anchors now. Wear them all until Monday. And the Corps approves six sessions per week—every weekday plus Saturday—starting

immediately. You'll text your boss tomorrow that you're switching to part-time hours soon. The protocol is optimizing you for service more than office work."

Amber gave Mei's shoulder a proprietary squeeze. "Monday, same time. We'll test full strap- on fucking while you lick. And tomorrow you wear the plug again—all day. Send me proof photos from the bathroom during your lunch break."

The door clicked shut.

Mei stayed on her knees a long moment, flushed, lips shiny and swollen, body still trembling from the light fucking and unrelieved need, six silver pendants gleaming. Then she crawled the short distance to the futon, rested her damp cheek against Amber's thigh, and looked up at her with pure, radiant, desperate bliss.

"See?" she whispered, voice hoarse and glowing. "Being fucked while I licked you was the most intense thing I've ever felt. I was so full and still so empty… it was incredible. Thank you for making me wear the plug at work. Thank you for everything."

Amber stroked her dark hair once, calm and possessive. "Journal entry before bed, Mei. Be honest about how it feels to almost come in a professional meeting because your eighteen- year-old mentor told you to wear a plug."

Mei nodded, already reaching for her phone, heart hammering with that delicious, confusing cocktail of shame and joy.

She was twenty-three, independent, climbing the ladder at PixelForge… and tonight she had been lightly fucked by her mentor's strap-on while confessing how close she'd come to orgasming in front of her entire team.

And the worst, most addictive part?

She was already wet at the thought of wearing the plug again tomorrow—and already drafting the journal entry in her head.

Chapter 8: Daily Sessions

The six silver pendants had turned Mei's body into a living reminder. They chimed softly with every step at PixelForge, brushed her skin under her clothes, and made even the simplest tasks feel charged. She'd texted Amber for permission on everything now—*Can I buy the new stylus for my Wacom?* *Can I stay ten minutes late for a team huddle?*—and each approval came with a small task: edge in the bathroom, send a photo, wear the plug an extra hour. The humiliation was constant, delicious, and impossible to ignore.

On Friday she'd almost gone to the office happy hour again, but Amber's text had been clear: *Stay home and edge for twenty minutes while you write tonight's

journal entry instead.* Mei had obeyed, fingers circling her clit on the futon while the pendants swayed, then typed the raw confession: *I canceled happy hour because serving you feels more important than pretending to be a normal twenty-three-year-old with friends. The plug is still in. I’m so empty and so full at the same time.* Amber had replied with a single *Good girl* and a heart emoji. Mei had come closer to orgasm than she had all week.

Tonight the apartment was ready for daily service. Mei had changed into her black yoga shorts and white tank top, the six pendants gleaming. She’d cleared extra floor space, lit the jasmine incense, and placed her phone on the coffee table with the journal app open. The lucky bamboo on the counter seemed to watch approvingly as she knelt in position—on all fours this time, knees spread, back arched, head lowered in anticipation.

The knock came at 6:30 p.m. sharp.

Amber stepped inside, navy uniform hugging her fit, buxom figure, brunette ponytail swaying, blue eyes sweeping the studio with calm, possessive approval. The black leather case swung from her fingers.

“Miss Liang,” Amber said, closing the door with a soft click. “I read your latest journal entry. Excellent honesty about canceling happy hour. The pendants are still on—good girl. Tonight we begin daily sessions—every evening from now on. The Corps data shows rapid

responders like you thrive with full immersion. And we’re moving to full strap-on fucking while you lick. Same position as last time, but deeper and harder tonight. Hands stay behind your back the entire time.”

Mei’s heart slammed against her ribs. Daily. The word sent a dizzying wave of shame and need through her. She stayed exactly where she was—on all fours on the carpet in front of the futon—as Amber removed her skirt, buckled on the slim silicone strap-on, and sat on the very edge of the futon with her legs spread wide. Mei crawled forward on her knees, lowering her head between Amber’s toned thighs until her nose brushed warm, smooth skin. From this angle she could reach Amber’s clit perfectly while her hips stayed raised and presented behind her.

Amber guided the head of the strap-on to Mei’s entrance with one hand. “Nose first. Deep breaths. Then enthusiastic licking. I will fuck you properly while you serve—steady, deep strokes. Speak between every set of licks. Tell me how it feels to be fucked daily while your coworkers think you’re just ‘focused.’”

Mei inhaled deeply, the familiar scent flooding her senses. Her pink tongue came out—flat, wet, eager—dragging one long, worshipful stroke up Amber’s clit as Amber pushed the strap-on inside her in one smooth, deep thrust. The wet, rhythmic lapping sounds bloomed instantly, louder and filthier now with the full

penetration.

“It feels… like I’m being completely used,” Mei gasped between broad, hungry licks, voice already shaking. “Your clit on my tongue… the strap-on filling me so deep… I’m so full but still denied… it’s making me drip down my thighs.” Her tongue swirled faster, cheeks hollowing with cheerful, frantic hunger while Amber began steady, deep thrusts—pulling almost all the way out and driving back in, perfectly timed with Mei’s licking. The six silver pendants bounced wildly with every powerful stroke.

Amber’s fingers threaded through Mei’s dark hair, holding her face exactly where she wanted it. “Deeper licks on my clit—yes. Take every inch now. Tell me exactly how close you got while wearing the plug in yesterday’s meeting.”

Mei obeyed instantly, tongue flattening and lapping with renewed devotion while Amber fucked her harder, the wet slap of skin on skin mixing with the obscene sounds of her mouth. A needy whimper escaped around her licking. “I was right there again… sitting in the conference room… the plug pressing deeper every time I shifted… I had to bite my lip so no one would hear me moan. Everyone thought I was just passionate about the project, but I was thinking about you fucking me like this.” Another enthusiastic swirl, suck, lick—her hands stayed locked behind her back, the denial making her tremble violently. “Being fucked properly while I lick you… it’s rewriting everything… my pussy is clenching so hard around your strap-on but I can’t come… I need this every single day. I need to be used like this while I serve. Please never stop.”

Amber’s voice stayed cool and authoritative. “Faster licks now, Mei. Push back onto the strap-on—good girl. Keep talking—tell me what you want next week when you’re officially part-time at work.”

Between frantic, sloppy licks and the relentless deep thrusts of the strap-on Mei managed, voice cracking with overwhelming need, “I want… I want you to fuck me every morning before work and every night when I get home. I want to wear the plug to every meeting. I want daily sessions forever. Being penetrated while I worship you is making me lose myself completely… please never stop using me like this.”

The session stretched to eighty-three minutes. Mei’s whimpers turned into broken, needy cries; her mouth worked Amber’s clit with sloppy, devoted worship while the strap-on slammed into her again and again, never letting her tip over the edge. Amber’s breathing finally betrayed the slightest controlled hitch before she tapped Mei’s cheek and withdrew, removing the harness with crisp efficiency.

She fastened a seventh delicate silver chain—this one around Mei’s other upper thigh— adding a new tiny heart pendant that matched the rest. “Seven anchors

now. Wear them all until Monday. And the Corps approves daily sessions—every single evening—starting immediately. You'll text your boss tomorrow that you're reducing to part-time hours effective next week. The protocol is optimizing you for service more than office work."

Amber gave Mei's shoulder a proprietary squeeze. "Monday, same time. We'll test full denial with the strap-on while you lick. And tomorrow you wear the plug all day again—plus the new remote vibe I'll text you to buy. Send me proof photos from the bathroom during lunch."

The door clicked shut.

Mei stayed on all fours a long moment, flushed, lips shiny and swollen, body still trembling from the thorough fucking and unrelieved need, seven silver pendants gleaming. Then she crawled the short distance to the futon, rested her damp cheek against Amber's thigh, and looked up at her with pure, radiant, desperate bliss.

"See?" she whispered, voice hoarse and glowing. "Being fucked properly while I licked you was the most intense thing I've ever felt. I was so full and still so empty… it was incredible. Thank you for making me cancel more plans. Thank you for everything."

Amber stroked her dark hair once, calm and possessive. "Journal entry before bed, Mei. Be honest about how it feels to know your eighteen-year-old mentor is turning you into her full- time devoted Ward while you still pretend to have a normal job."

Mei nodded, already reaching for her phone, heart hammering with that delicious, confusing cocktail of shame and joy.

She was twenty-three, independent, climbing the ladder at PixelForge… and tonight she had been fucked hard by her mentor's strap-on while licking her clit on all fours like a well- trained pet.

And the worst, most addictive part?

She was already wet at the thought of tomorrow's remote vibe—and already drafting the journal entry in her head.

Chapter 8: Full-Body Control

The seven silver pendants had turned every movement into a private performance. They chimed softly when Mei walked the short distance from her desk to the break room at PixelForge. They brushed her skin under her blouse when she leaned over her Wacom tablet. They even pressed against her when she sat carefully during the Monday morning all-hands meeting—especially the new thigh chains that framed her hips like delicate shackles. She was now officially part-time, effective next week; her boss had approved the reduction

with a surprised but pleased smile. “You’ve been so focused lately, Mei. Whatever that mentoring program is teaching you, it’s working. Take the extra time for yourself.” Mei had smiled back, cheeks burning, knowing the “extra time” would be spent on her knees.

Amber had texted her new rules throughout the week: *No more takeout. High-protein, low- carb meals only—send me photos of every plate.* *Thirty-minute yoga flow every morning before work, then twenty minutes of glute bridges and core work at night.* *And grooming: you will be completely smooth for me by Wednesday. Book the appointment or I’ll do it myself during session.* Mei had obeyed instantly, texting back proof photos of her grocery haul, her yoga mat unrolled on the studio floor, and finally the confirmation for a full Brazilian wax at the little salon two blocks from her apartment. The humiliation of lying on that table, legs spread for a stranger while thinking about Amber’s calm blue eyes, had left her dripping by the time she got home.

Tonight the apartment smelled of the new protein-packed stir-fry Mei had cooked exactly to Amber’s texted recipe. She had changed into her black yoga shorts and white tank top, the seven pendants gleaming against her freshly waxed, baby-smooth skin. The sensation was obscene—every inch of her pussy and ass now hypersensitive, the cool air of the studio brushing places that had never been bare before. She’d cleared the floor space, lit the jasmine incense, and placed her phone on the coffee table with the journal app open to tonight’s entry, already half-written in her head.

The knock came at 6:30 p.m. sharp.

Amber stepped inside, navy uniform hugging her fit, buxom figure, brunette ponytail swaying, blue eyes sweeping the studio with calm, possessive approval. The black leather case swung from her fingers, but tonight she also carried a small white shopping bag.

“Miss Liang,” Amber said, closing the door with a soft click. “I reviewed your meal photos and workout videos. Excellent obedience. The pendants are still on—good girl. And the waxing?” She set the bag down and tilted Mei’s chin up as Mei sank automatically to her knees on all fours in front of the futon. “Show me.”

Mei’s cheeks burned as she stayed on all fours, arching her back slightly and pulling her yoga shorts down just enough to reveal the smooth, glistening result. The cool air kissed her newly bare pussy and she shivered.

Amber smiled that small, satisfied smile and ran two fingers lightly over the bare skin. “Perfect. Completely smooth for me now. No more hiding anything. This is full-body control starting tonight—diet, workouts, grooming, everything. Your body belongs to the protocol now.” She sat on the edge of the futon, legs spread wide, and removed her skirt and panties with crisp efficiency before buckling on

the slim silicone strap-on. “Tonight you will recite your own journal entries aloud while you lick my clit and take the strap-on. Hands behind your back the entire time. Full denial—no coming. Begin.”

Mei crawled forward on all fours, nose brushing warm, smooth skin. Her pink tongue came out—flat, wet, eager—dragging one long, worshipful stroke up Amber’s clit as Amber pushed the strap-on deep inside her in one smooth thrust. The wet, rhythmic lapping sounds filled the studio instantly, filthier than ever against her newly waxed skin.

“Recite your first entry from last week,” Amber commanded, voice calm and authoritative, beginning steady, deep thrusts.

Mei gasped between broad, hungry licks, voice trembling. “Wearing them all day makes me feel… owned. Like Amber is with me in every meeting. I keep touching them and

remembering kneeling… I’m 23 with a real career, but I get wet thinking about serving you instead of working.” Her tongue swirled faster, cheeks hollowing as she sucked gently on the hood while the strap-on slammed into her again and again, the seven pendants bouncing wildly with every powerful stroke.

Amber’s fingers threaded through her dark hair, holding her face exactly where she wanted it. “Next entry. The one about canceling happy hour.”

Mei obeyed, licking frantically while the strap-on fucked her deep and steady. “I canceled happy hour because serving you feels more important than pretending to be a normal twenty- three-year-old with friends. The plug is still in. I’m so empty and so full at the same time… I almost came in the meeting because of it.” A needy whimper escaped her as Amber thrust harder. “Please… I’m so close already… the waxing made everything more sensitive… I feel so bare for you…”

Amber’s voice stayed cool. “Keep reciting. The entry about the remote vibe in the bathroom yesterday.”

Between frantic, sloppy licks and the relentless deep thrusts Mei managed, voice cracking with overwhelming need, “I edged in the bathroom stall during lunch… fingers on my bare clit while the vibe buzzed… I had to bite my hand so no one would hear me moan your name. Everyone thinks I’m just focused at work, but I’m really just your eager little Ward now… please let me come… I need it…”

The session stretched to eighty-seven minutes. Mei’s whimpers turned into broken, desperate cries; her mouth worked Amber’s clit with sloppy, devoted worship while the strap-on fucked her mercilessly, never letting her tip over the edge. The newly waxed skin made every thrust feel electric, every lick more obscene. Amber’s breathing finally betrayed the slightest controlled hitch before she tapped Mei’s cheek and withdrew, removing the harness. She fastened an

eighth delicate silver chain—this one around Mei's waist like a delicate belt—adding a new tiny heart pendant that rested just above her smooth mound. "Eight anchors now. Wear them all until Monday. Full-body control is official: you will send me your exact meals, workout logs, and grooming maintenance photos every day. No exceptions."

Amber gave Mei's shoulder a proprietary squeeze. "Monday, same time. We'll test full denial with the strap-on and add light nipple clamps while you lick. And tomorrow you wear the remote vibe all day at your last full-time shift—high setting during your final team meeting. Send proof videos."

The door clicked shut.

Mei stayed on all fours a long moment, flushed, lips shiny and swollen, body still trembling from the thorough fucking and unrelieved need, eight silver pendants gleaming against her freshly waxed skin. Then she crawled the short distance to the futon, rested her damp cheek against Amber's thigh, and looked up at her with pure, radiant, desperate bliss.

"See?" she whispered, voice hoarse and glowing. "Reciting my own shameful words while you fucked me… it was the most intense thing yet. I feel so controlled… so owned… so perfect. Thank you for the diet rules. Thank you for making me wax smooth for you. Thank you for everything."

Amber stroked her dark hair once, calm and possessive. "Journal entry before bed, Mei. Be honest about how it feels to know your eighteen-year-old mentor now controls your body completely—inside and out—while you still pretend to have a normal life for a few more days."

Mei nodded, already reaching for her phone, heart hammering with that delicious, confusing cocktail of shame and joy.

She was twenty-three, independent, still technically climbing the ladder at PixelForge… and tonight she had been fucked hard while reciting her own humiliating confessions, her body now completely smooth and under her mentor's full control.

And the worst, most addictive part?

She was already wet at the thought of tomorrow's high-setting remote vibe in her final full- time meeting—and already drafting the journal entry in her head.

Chapter 9: Amber Stays Over / Official Move-In

Saturday morning sunlight filtered through the plantation shutters of the studio, casting long bars across the floor that no longer felt entirely Mei's. She had already woken Amber at exactly 7:00 a.m. with slow, devoted licks, staying on her knees until the younger girl came with a soft, satisfied sigh. Only then had Mei risen to prepare breakfast, photograph it, and send the proof for approval.

The apartment still carried the faint scent of last night's high- protein dinner, but the space felt different now—charged, expectant.

Amber had announced it casually over coffee: "The Corps is making it official today. My things arrive at noon. The apartment is now our shared space for full immersion. You'll help unpack everything and we'll start redecorating to my taste. It helps the rewiring when the environment reflects who owns it."

Mei's stomach had done that familiar, delicious flip. Official. The word felt heavier and sweeter than anything else in her life right now.

By 12:30 p.m. two Corps delivery workers had carried in four large boxes and a flat, heavy carton labeled "Ward Chair – Model 4 – Permanent Issue." Amber directed them with calm authority while Mei knelt quietly in the corner wearing nothing but her twenty pendants, the silver chains chiming softly every time she shifted. Once the workers left, Amber closed the door with her own key—the key she now carried on a sleek black fob—and smiled that small, satisfied smile.

"Unpack everything, Mei. My clothes go in the top four drawers. Yours move to the bottom one only. The new art and pillows replace anything too 'cute.' And the Ward Chair assembles right here in the living room. It's for when I work from home. You become my chair."

Mei obeyed without hesitation, folding Amber's crisp navy uniforms and casual clothes into the top drawers while her own pastel tops and jeans were pushed to the very bottom like an afterthought. She hung the new abstract geometric prints—cool blues and stark lines that felt nothing like her old aesthetic. The old throw pillows were replaced with sleek black leather ones. The lucky bamboo went straight into the building's recycling bin.

Finally she opened the Ward Chair carton. Inside was a low, padded black-leather piece with elegant curves and a U-shaped cutout in the seat. Two discreet straps hung from the sides. It looked like a modern ottoman until Mei slid it into place and realized exactly what it was for.

Amber tested it once, sitting down and adjusting the height so the cutout perfectly framed a kneeling girl's face. "Perfect. This is where you'll spend at least two hours a day whenever I work from home. You lie on your back, head through the opening, and I sit on your face while I do paperwork, take calls, or review reports on my other wards. It keeps you in constant service without interrupting my schedule. Get in position now. We'll christen it." Mei's cheeks burned as she lay on her back on the floor and slid her head up through the U-shaped opening so her face was perfectly presented beneath the seat. Amber straddled the chair facing toward Mei's body, lowered herself smoothly, and settled her smooth, warm pussy directly onto Mei's mouth and tongue. From this angle Amber could grind her hips down and forward exactly how she wanted

while staying comfortably seated and working.

“Begin,” Amber said, already opening her laptop on the low table beside the chair. “Enthusiastic licking the entire time. Hands behind your back. Full denial. I have a status report to finish and two calls about my other wards. You will stay right here serving as my chair the entire time.”

Mei’s tongue came out—flat, wet, eager—dragging long, worshipful strokes up Amber’s clit as Amber began typing. The position was perfect: Amber’s weight pressed firmly down, her hips able to roll and grind whenever she wanted to emphasize a point.

Amber’s voice stayed perfectly calm and professional as her fingers flew across the keyboard. “Tonight’s journal entry will be recited aloud while I work. Start now.”

Mei gasped between broad, hungry licks, voice muffled against Amber’s pussy. “Tonight’s journal entry… I wrote that watching you move all your things in and replace my lucky bamboo while I unpack your uniforms makes me feel like I’m not the independent twenty- three-year-old who signed the lease anymore… I’m just your devoted Ward now.” Her tongue swirled faster, cheeks hollowing as she sucked gently on Amber’s clit while Amber’s hips rolled down in a slow, deliberate grind.

Amber answered her phone on the second ring, voice crisp. “Advisor Hunt speaking… Yes, Lieutenant, Ward #0319 is coming along nicely. She’s responding beautifully to the strap-on training—much faster than average.” As she emphasized the word “beautifully,” Amber thrust her hips down sharply, grinding her pussy harder against Mei’s tongue. Mei whimpered loudly but never stopped licking, the twenty pendants chiming softly against the leather of the new Ward Chair.

The call continued for fourteen minutes. Amber discussed progress metrics, approval rates, and scheduling for three different young wards while her hips kept up their slow, relentless rhythm—emphasizing every important point by grinding down on Mei’s face. Mei’s tongue worked frantically the entire time, the humiliation crashing over her in waves. *She has other girls… she fucks them with a strap-on… and I’m just her chair right now…*

When the call ended, Amber went back to typing her report, occasionally murmuring corrections while her hips kept rolling in small, possessive circles. “Keep licking. You’re doing beautifully as my chair. Ward #0319 still has a long way to go compared to you— you’re already my favorite.”

The session stretched to one hundred and fourteen minutes. Mei’s whimpers turned into broken, desperate cries muffled against Amber’s pussy; her tongue never faltered even as Amber calmly finished her entire status report and a

second short call. Amber finally came hard on Mei’s face, thighs trembling around her head, then stood up, smoothed her skirt, and stepped off the chair.

She fastened one final delicate silver chain—this one a thin garter-style band that locked around Mei’s upper thigh—adding the twenty-fifth pendant. “Twenty-five anchors now. The Ward Chair stays in the living room. You will spend at least two hours a day as my chair whenever I work from home. Uniform starts tomorrow: tiny black apron, heels, nothing else while you’re in the apartment.”

Amber gave Mei’s flushed cheek a proprietary pat. “Text your parents again to confirm tomorrow’s dinner. Then journal entry before bed must be written while you’re lying under the Ward Chair with your tongue still out—recite it aloud to me first.”

Mei stayed on her back under the chair a long moment longer, flushed, lips shiny and swollen, body still trembling from the relentless facesitting and unrelieved need, twenty-five silver pendants gleaming. Then she crawled out, rested her damp cheek against Amber’s thigh, and looked up at her with pure, radiant, desperate bliss.

“See?” she whispered, voice hoarse and glowing. “Being your chair while you worked and took calls about your other wards… feeling you grind harder every time you praised one of them… it was the most humiliating and perfect thing yet. I felt like furniture… and I loved it. Thank you for moving in. Thank you for the Ward Chair. Thank you for everything.”

Amber stroked her dark hair once, calm and possessive. “Recite tonight’s journal entry aloud first, Mei. Then type it. Be honest about how it feels to know your eighteen-year-old mentor now literally sits on your face and does her paperwork while she talks about fucking her other wards.”

Mei nodded, already reaching for her phone with trembling fingers, heart hammering with that delicious, confusing cocktail of shame and joy.

She was twenty-three, independent, still technically climbing the ladder at PixelForge… and tonight her eighteen-year-old mentor had officially moved in, redecorated her apartment, and turned her into living furniture while casually discussing how well another girl took a strap- on.

And the worst, most addictive part?

She couldn’t wait to be sat on again tomorrow.

Chapter 10: Amber’s Calls

Mei lay perfectly still on her back beneath the new Ward Chair, head slotted through the U- shaped cutout so her face was framed and presented like a living cushion. The black leather seat pressed warm and firm against her forehead and cheeks. Amber had straddled the chair facing toward Mei’s body, lowered herself

smoothly, and settled her smooth, warm pussy directly onto Mei's mouth and tongue. From this position Amber could grind her hips down and forward whenever she wanted, using Mei's face exactly like the piece of furniture she had just become.

Amber's laptop was open on the low table beside the chair. She had already started typing her status report when her phone rang for the first time.

"Sophie," Amber answered, voice flat and detached. Her hips rolled down in a slow, deliberate grind, pressing her clit harder against Mei's eager tongue. "Journal entry was weak again. Too many 'I feel' statements. Tomorrow I want you edging for thirty minutes while you record yourself reciting the entire thing out loud. No coming. Send it before eight. Understood?"

Mei's tongue never stopped its long, worshipful strokes. The casual command landed like a slap. *Sophie. Another girl. Edging and reciting for her too.*

Amber kept typing one-handed. "Good. If you cry, fine. Just finish the task." She ended the call without another word, hips still moving in lazy circles.

The phone rang again almost immediately.

"Emily," Amber said, tone unchanged. She thrust her hips down sharply, smothering Mei's mouth and nose for a heartbeat. "Video was acceptable. You took the larger dildo better this time. Practice with the next size up tomorrow. Same rules — no orgasm. Send the clip by noon or I add another week of denial."

Amber's hips kept up their slow, relentless rhythm. Mei's tongue worked frantically, the humiliation crashing over her in waves. *Emily gets the larger dildo… Emily begs for it… and I'm just the chair right now.*

When the call ended, Amber went back to typing her report, occasionally murmuring corrections while her hips kept rolling in small, possessive circles. "Keep licking."

One final call came in.

"Taylor," Amber answered, voice cool. "Lunchtime edging video was sloppy. You stopped too early. Tomorrow you hold the edge for a full three minutes each time. Three sessions. No coming. I'll review them tonight." She ground down hard on the word "coming," smearing her wetness across Mei's lips and chin. "If you fail again I'll make you wait another month. Understood? Good."

The call ended. Amber closed her laptop, let herself come hard on Mei's face — thighs trembling around her head as she ground down with a soft, satisfied sigh — then stood up, smoothed her skirt, and stepped off the chair.

She looked down at the flushed, shiny face still framed in the Ward Chair.

“Good girl,” she said softly. “You heard all of that. Journal entry before bed tonight must include how it felt to listen to me talk to Sophie, Emily, and Taylor while your tongue was buried between my legs the entire time.”

Mei stayed on her back under the chair, chest heaving, lips glistening, twenty-five silver pendants trembling against her skin. She looked up at Amber with pure, radiant, desperate bliss and whispered, “Yes, Miss Hunt.

Chapter 11: The Corps Evaluation

The twenty-five silver pendants chimed softly against Mei’s skin as she knelt naked in the center of the redecorated studio, waiting. The Ward Chair now occupied the place of honor in the living room—sleek black leather, low and sturdy, its U-shaped cutout ready. Amber had left for her morning rounds with her other wards at 8:00 a.m., entering and exiting with her own key as if the apartment had always belonged to her. Mei had spent the day at her part- time desk at PixelForge with the egg vibrator on low, edging twice in the bathroom and sending the proof videos exactly as ordered. Her boss had praised her “laser focus” again. Mei had smiled, cheeks burning, knowing the real reason she could barely sit still.

At 6:30 p.m. the lock clicked. Amber stepped inside carrying her black leather case and a slim tablet.

“Miss Liang,” she said, voice calm and authoritative. “Lieutenant Reyes will be here in ten minutes for your official Corps Evaluation. You will serve as my chair the entire time. The Lieutenant will observe and take notes. No hesitation, no shyness. Get in position.”

Mei’s heart slammed against her ribs. A stranger watching her become furniture. She crawled to the Ward Chair, lay on her back on the floor, and slid her head up through the U-shaped opening so her face was perfectly framed and presented beneath the seat. Amber straddled the chair facing toward Mei’s body, lowered herself smoothly, and settled her smooth, warm pussy directly onto Mei’s mouth and tongue. From this angle Amber could grind her hips down and forward whenever she wanted while staying comfortably seated and working.

“Begin,” Amber said, already opening her tablet. “Enthusiastic licking the entire time. Hands behind your back. Full denial. I have a short report to finish before the Lieutenant arrives.”

Mei’s tongue came out—flat, wet, eager—dragging long, worshipful strokes up Amber’s clit as Amber began typing. The position was perfect: Amber’s weight pressed firmly down, her hips able to roll and grind exactly how she wanted.

The door opened at exactly 6:40 p.m. Lieutenant Reyes stepped inside, tablet in hand, silver epaulets glinting on her senior Corps uniform. She took a seat in the

single chair across the room without comment, eyes clinical and detached.

“Proceed, Advisor Hunt,” she said. “I’ll observe and compare live.”

Amber’s voice stayed perfectly even as her fingers continued typing. “Ward #0742 is performing exactly as expected, Lieutenant. She’s been under me for twelve minutes already and hasn’t missed a single stroke.”

Her hips rolled down sharply on the word “stroke,” grinding her clit harder against Mei’s tongue. Mei whimpered softly but never slowed, licking with desperate, obedient devotion while the Lieutenant watched.

Amber answered a quick call on speaker, voice crisp. “Sophie. Journal entry from last night was still too emotional. Tomorrow I want you edging for forty minutes while you recite the entire thing out loud. No coming. Send the recording before eight. Understood?” She thrust her hips down hard on the word “understood,” smothering Mei’s mouth and nose for a heartbeat. “Good. If you cry again, that’s acceptable—just finish the task.”

The call ended. Amber kept typing her report, hips moving in small, possessive circles. “Ward #0524 is still struggling with verbal integration, Lieutenant. Emily cried halfway through her face-sitting session yesterday. I may need to add extra denial time.”

Lieutenant Reyes made a note on her tablet, voice cool. “Compared to Ward #0319, who took the strap-on training without hesitation last week, #0524 is lagging. But #0742 here is ahead of schedule. Visible arousal response to observation. Excellent tongue control. Recommend full remote toy protocol continue and add daily chair time to two and a half hours.”

Amber’s hips rolled again, slow and deliberate. “Agreed. She’s my favorite for a reason.”

The evaluation stretched for fifty-three minutes. Mei’s tongue never faltered—long, flat, worshipful strokes the entire time—while Amber calmly finished her report and took one more terse call about Taylor’s latest edging video. The Lieutenant watched without expression, occasionally murmuring comparisons to other wards Mei would never meet.

Finally Amber let herself come—hips grinding down hard, thighs trembling around Mei’s head as she sighed softly—then stood up, smoothed her skirt, and stepped off the chair.

Lieutenant Reyes nodded once. “Outstanding progress, Advisor Hunt. Ward #0742 is one of the most advanced in this cohort. File updated. I’ll schedule a follow-up in two weeks.”

She left.

Amber looked down at the flushed, shiny face still framed in the Ward Chair. “Good girl. You performed perfectly. Journal entry before bed tonight must include how it felt to listen to me talk about Sophie, Emily, and Taylor while the Lieutenant watched you serve as my chair.”

Mei stayed on her back under the chair a long moment longer, chest heaving, lips glistening, twenty-five silver pendants trembling against her skin. She looked up at Amber with pure, radiant, desperate bliss and whispered, “Yes, Miss Hunt.”