The Source

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Vulpes Parvaes, Book 14

Chapter 1

Lisa Lee rolled her shoulders slowly as she closed out the last appointment on the computer. The soft blue glow of the screen reflected off the polished marble of the front desk, and the quiet hum of the Aether Spa's closing music drifted through the empty lobby like warm mist. It had been a long day — longer than most. Her feet ached inside the simple black heels she wore, and a dull but not unpleasant tiredness had settled into her lower back and the tops of her thighs from standing, bending, and reaching for most of the past ten hours.

She was petite, barely five-foot-two, with the delicate frame that had always made her feel a little smaller than everyone else in a room. Her black hair, straight and silky, was pulled back into a low ponytail that had loosened throughout the day, a few strands now brushing the sides of her face. The spa's uniform — a crisp white blouse tucked into tailored black trousers — fit her slim body well. The fabric clung lightly to the gentle curve of her hips and the soft, heart-shaped swell of her ass, while her small, firm breasts pressed subtly against the front of the blouse. She had never minded her size. There was something quietly pleasing about the way her body moved, the way clothes draped over her narrow waist and flared just enough at the hips to feel feminine without trying too hard.

Lisa let out a slow breath and leaned forward, resting her forearms on the cool marble for a moment. The day had been good — clients had been kind, the schedule had flowed smoothly — but her body felt heavy in that satisfying way that came after hard, honest work. A faint warmth lingered between her thighs from all the movement, a subtle reminder of her own physicality that she usually didn't pay much attention to during a shift. Now, in the quiet lobby, she noticed it.

She was just reaching for her bag when the soft click of the treatment wing door echoed through the space.

Diana Ward stepped out.

The owner moved with that same graceful, unhurried confidence she always carried — tall, elegant, silver threading through her dark hair, her presence filling the lobby without effort. She wore a simple black blouse and tailored trousers, the sleeves rolled once at the wrists, revealing strong, graceful forearms. Her hazel eyes found Lisa immediately, warm and steady in the low lighting.

"Lisa," Diana said, her voice low and smooth, carrying that particular warmth that always made Lisa feel noticed in a way few people managed. "You're still here."

Lisa straightened, offering a small, tired smile. “Just closing out the last few things. I wanted to make sure everything was ready for tomorrow.”

Diana walked closer to the desk, her heels soft against the polished floor. She stopped on the other side, resting one hand lightly on the marble. Up close, Lisa could smell the faint, expensive scent Diana always wore — something clean and woody with a trace of vanilla.

“You’ve been carrying this place on your shoulders today,” Diana said, her eyes studying Lisa’s face with quiet attention. “I watched you from the hallway earlier. You handled that difficult client — the one who wanted to change her appointment three times — with such grace. Most people would have snapped. You didn’t.”

Lisa felt warmth rise in her cheeks. She wasn’t used to this kind of direct praise. “Thank you. I just… I like making sure everyone leaves feeling taken care of.”

“I know you do.” Diana’s voice softened further. “That’s why I wanted to speak with you before you left.”

Lisa tilted her head slightly, curious. Her heart gave a small, unexpected flutter — not nervousness exactly, but something warmer, more attentive. She noticed the way Diana was looking at her, really looking, like she saw more than just the efficient front-desk girl.

Diana continued, her tone gentle but sincere. “You’ve only been here four months, and already you’ve become someone I rely on. The energy you bring to this desk… it matters. It sets the tone for the entire spa. I don’t say that lightly.”

Lisa’s fingers curled slightly against the edge of the desk. She could feel her pulse in her throat. There was something about Diana’s voice — low, steady, and genuinely appreciative — that made the tiredness in her body feel different. Warmer. More present.

“I appreciate that,” Lisa said quietly. “Really. It means a lot coming from you.”

Diana’s mouth curved into a small, knowing smile. She leaned forward just a fraction, her hand still resting on the marble between them.

“I’d like to offer you something,” she said. “A staff wellness treatment. Complimentary. Tonight, if you’re not too exhausted. It’s something we reserve for people who give as much as you do. A way of saying thank you… and of helping you take care of yourself the way you take care of everyone else.”

Lisa blinked, genuinely surprised. Staff treatments were rare. She had heard whispers about them from the longer-tenured therapists — special, deeply relaxing sessions with blends and techniques not offered to regular clients.

“I… wow,” she said, her voice soft. “That’s incredibly generous. Are you sure?”

“I’m very sure.” Diana’s eyes held hers, steady and warm. “You’ve earned it. More than earned it. The treatment is designed to help the body release what it’s been holding onto. Tension. Fatigue. Everything you carry around all day.”

Lisa felt a slow, pleasant heat spread through her chest. She had been looking forward to going home, taking a long shower, and collapsing into bed. But the idea of letting someone take care of her — especially someone like Diana — stirred something unexpected in her. Gratitude, yes. But also a quiet, curious pull.

She glanced down at her hands for a moment, then back up. “I’d love that. Really. If it’s not too much trouble.”

Diana’s smile deepened, genuine and pleased. “No trouble at all. In fact, I was hoping you’d say yes.”

She straightened slightly, her hand lifting from the desk. “Come with me when you’re ready. We can start whenever you’d like.”

Lisa nodded, her heart beating a little faster now. The ache in her feet and back suddenly felt less like exhaustion and more like something alive — something that wanted to be touched, eased, tended to.

“Thank you, Diana,” she said, her voice barely above a whisper. “I… I really appreciate this.”

Diana’s gaze lingered on her for a moment longer, warm and unreadable in the soft lobby light.

“You’re welcome, Lisa,” she replied softly. “I think you’re going to enjoy it.”

She turned and began walking back toward the treatment wing, her steps unhurried. Lisa watched her go, the quiet click of the door echoing behind her as it closed.

For a long moment, Lisa stood alone behind the desk, the soft music still playing, the scent of eucalyptus and sandalwood still lingering in the air. Her body felt strangely awake now — the tiredness still there, but layered with something warmer, something anticipatory. Her small breasts felt sensitive against the fabric of her blouse, and a faint, pleasant ache had settled low in her belly.

She took a slow breath, picked up her bag, and followed.

Chapter 2

Lisa lay on her back on the wide massage table in the softly lit treatment room, the crisp white linens cool against her bare skin. The air smelled of sandalwood and warm vanilla, and the low, pulsing instrumental music seemed to settle directly into her chest. The room felt private and cocooned, with only the soft glow of the salt lamp and the amber sconces providing light.

Diana moved quietly at the small counter, her movements calm and unhurried. She poured a pale golden liquid into a small glass, the thin slices of ginger and something floral catching the light as they floated near the surface.

“I’m going to give you something to help you relax,” Diana said, her voice low and warm as she brought the glass over. “It’s a special herbal blend we use for staff treatments. It helps the body become more open and sensitive.”

She helped Lisa sit up slightly, supporting her back with one hand so she could drink comfortably. The liquid smelled sweet and faintly spicy. Lisa brought the glass to her lips and took a slow sip. Warmth bloomed in her chest almost immediately, spreading downward in a slow, tingling wave that settled low in her belly before radiating outward into her hips and breasts.

She took another sip, then another, until the glass was empty. Diana took it from her and set it aside, then gently helped her lie back down. The warmth from the drink continued to spread, growing stronger with each passing second. Lisa could feel it concentrating in her breasts, a subtle tingling beginning in her nipples that made them tighten in the cool air.

Diana warmed oil between her palms, the rich scent of sandalwood filling the space between them. She placed her hands on Lisa’s shoulders, her touch firm but gentle.

“Just breathe,” Diana said softly. “There’s no rush. Let the blend settle into your body.”

Her hands began to move in slow, deliberate strokes, gliding over Lisa’s collarbones and then down the center of her chest. The oil made every movement smooth and sensual. Lisa let out a soft breath as the warmth from the drink and the warmth of Diana’s hands seemed to merge, creating a deep, pleasant heat that spread through her torso.

Diana worked with unhurried care, her palms gliding over Lisa’s ribs and then lower, tracing the gentle curve of her waist before moving back up. Every touch felt amplified. The drink had clearly heightened her sensitivity — Lisa could feel every subtle shift in pressure, every slow glide of skin against skin. Her nipples had become noticeably more sensitive, tightening further as Diana’s hands moved closer to her breasts.

“You’re already responding beautifully,” Diana murmured, her voice low and intimate. “The blend is working quickly with you. That’s a good sign.”

Her hands continued their slow journey, now moving in wider circles over Lisa’s chest. She cupped the sides of Lisa’s small breasts with gentle warmth, her thumbs brushing lightly along the outer curves. The touch was careful, almost reverent, but unmistakably focused.

Lisa’s breathing had deepened. She could feel the tingling in her nipples growing stronger, a warm ache beginning to build with every pass of Diana’s hands. The drink had made her entire body feel more alive, more responsive. Every slow circle Diana traced seemed to send sparks of pleasure radiating outward.

Diana’s touch gradually narrowed its focus. Her thumbs moved inward, tracing slow, deliberate paths around Lisa’s nipples without quite touching them yet. The anticipation made Lisa’s breath catch. She could feel her nipples tightening even more, becoming almost painfully sensitive as Diana’s hands circled closer and closer.

The music in the background seemed to fade as Lisa’s awareness narrowed to the sensation of Diana’s hands on her skin. The warmth from the drink had settled deep in her chest now, pulsing in time with her heartbeat. Her small breasts rose and fell with each breath, the skin flushed and tingling.

Diana’s voice came again, soft and steady. “Just feel it. There’s no need to think. Just let your body respond.”

Her thumbs finally brushed directly over Lisa’s nipples — once, twice — in slow, gentle strokes. The sensation was electric. Lisa’s back arched slightly off the table as a sharp wave of pleasure shot through her chest and straight down between her legs. Her nipples had never felt this sensitive before. Every slow pass of Diana’s thumbs sent deep, rolling waves of pleasure through her body.

Diana continued with exquisite patience, circling Lisa’s nipples with her thumbs, occasionally brushing over the hardened peaks before circling again. The touch was tender and focused, never rushed, never demanding. It felt like she was giving Lisa’s body exactly what it needed — time, attention, and care.

Lisa’s breathing had grown shallower. She could feel the warmth between her legs intensifying, a steady pulse of arousal that seemed to grow stronger with every pass of Diana’s thumbs. Her hips shifted slightly against the table, her thighs pressing together as the ache deepened.

Diana’s hands remained gentle but insistent, her thumbs moving in slow, hypnotic circles around and over Lisa’s nipples. The pleasure built steadily, warm and rolling, centered entirely in her chest but radiating through her entire body. Lisa could feel herself growing wetter, the heat between her legs becoming more insistent with every passing moment.

She let out a soft, involuntary sound — somewhere between a sigh and a whimper.

Diana’s voice was low and reassuring. “That’s it. Just let it happen. I’m right here with you.”

Her thumbs continued their slow, deliberate movements, occasionally pinching Lisa’s nipples lightly between them before releasing and circling again. The sensation was exquisite — deep, focused, and steadily building into something more intense. Lisa’s small breasts trembled slightly with each breath, her nipples hypersensitive and aching in the most delicious way.

The drink had transformed her body into something almost electric. Every touch from Diana felt magnified, every slow circle sending waves of pleasure cascading through her chest and straight down into her core. Lisa could feel herself slipping deeper into the sensation, her mind growing hazy as the pleasure built higher and higher.

Diana’s hands never stopped their patient work, her thumbs moving in slow, sensual rhythms over Lisa’s nipples as if she had all the time in the world. The only sounds in the room were the soft music, Lisa’s gradually quickening breaths, and the quiet glide of oiled skin against skin.

Lisa lay there, completely immersed in the moment, her body responding with an intensity she had never experienced before. The warmth from the drink and the focused attention of Diana’s hands had created a deep, sensual haze that wrapped around her completely. Every slow pass of Diana’s thumbs pushed the pleasure higher, tighter, more insistent.

She could feel it building — a deep, rolling tension gathering in her chest and between her legs, growing stronger with every gentle touch. Her breathing had become uneven, her small breasts rising and falling rapidly as Diana continued her slow, expert attention.

Diana’s voice came once more, soft and steady.

“Just stay with it,” she murmured. “Let your body open.”

Her thumbs circled Lisa’s nipples again, slow and deliberate, drawing another soft, helpless sound from Lisa’s throat as the pleasure continued to build.

Chapter 3

Diana’s thumbs continued their slow, deliberate circles around Lisa’s nipples, the warm oil making every movement glide with a silky smoothness that sent deep, pulsing waves through Lisa’s chest. The pressure was gentle but insistent, never quite the same from one moment to the next — sometimes light and teasing, sometimes firmer, rolling the sensitive peaks between her thumbs in a way that made Lisa’s breath catch every single time.

Lisa lay on her back, her small breasts rising and falling with each shallow inhale. The drink had transformed her body into something hypersensitive. Every slow pass of Diana’s thumbs sent electricity straight down through her belly and between her legs. She could feel herself growing wetter, the warmth between

her thighs spreading and deepening with each careful stroke.

“You’re breathing so beautifully,” Diana said quietly, her voice low and close to Lisa’s ear. “I can feel how much your body is responding. Just stay with it. There’s no need to rush anything.”

Lisa let out a shaky exhale. Her nipples had become incredibly sensitive, tightening further with every pass of Diana’s thumbs. The sensation was overwhelming in the best way — not sharp or sudden, but a deep, rolling pleasure that seemed to grow stronger the longer it continued. She could hear the soft music in the background, the low hum of the salt lamp, and the quiet sound of Diana’s breathing as she worked.

Diana’s hands shifted slightly, cupping the undersides of Lisa’s small breasts with gentle warmth while her thumbs kept their steady rhythm over the nipples. The combination made Lisa’s hips shift involuntarily against the table. A soft, involuntary sound escaped her throat — somewhere between a sigh and a whimper.

“That’s it,” Diana murmured, her voice warm and reassuring. “Let your body speak. I’m right here with you.”

The touch continued, slow and expert, never rushing, never demanding. Diana seemed to know exactly how much pressure to use, exactly when to lighten her touch and when to press just a little more firmly. Lisa’s mind felt hazy, floating somewhere between the pleasure building in her chest and the growing heat between her legs. She had never experienced anything quite like this — such focused, patient attention on a part of her body she had always thought of as secondary.

Minutes passed. Or maybe longer. Time felt strange in the dim room.

Diana’s voice came again, soft and steady. “I’m going to place something over your eyes now, just to help you sink deeper into the sensations. It’s very common in these treatments. Is that all right?”

Lisa nodded, her voice barely a whisper. “Yes…”

Diana reached for a soft, warm eye pillow from the nearby counter and placed it gently over Lisa’s eyes. The fabric was smooth and lightly scented with lavender. It blocked out the dim light completely, plunging Lisa into a soft, velvety darkness. The loss of sight made every other sensation feel even more intense — the warmth of Diana’s hands, the glide of the oil, the steady throb between her legs.

“There we go,” Diana murmured. “Just relax. I’m going to step across the room for a moment to wash my hands and prepare the next part of your treatment. Stay right here. I’ll be back soon.”

Lisa heard Diana’s footsteps move away from the table. The water at the sink turned on with a soft rush.

She lay there in the darkness, breathing, her body humming with need. The warmth from the drink continued to pulse through her, making every sensation feel magnified. Her nipples still tingled from Diana’s touch, and the ache between her legs had become a steady, insistent pulse. She could feel her honey gathering, warm and thick, soaking through her panties and onto the sheet beneath her.

Then the air in the room shifted.

She hadn’t heard the door. She hadn’t heard footsteps. But she felt it — a quiet, deliberate presence entering the space. Someone else was there.

Before Lisa could react, gloved hands settled gently on her shoulders. The gloves were thin, warm, and smooth, carrying a faint, clean floral scent. They began to move with expert care, sliding down from her shoulders to the tops of her small breasts.

Lisa’s breath caught sharply. Her heart gave a confused, startled flutter.

Who—?

The gloved hands cupped the sides of her breasts with tender precision, lifting them slightly as thumbs found her nipples and began to explore them with slow, deliberate attention. The touch was different from Diana’s — more focused, more precise, almost reverent. The fingers rolled her nipples gently between them, then circled with exquisite slowness, then pinched lightly before soothing the sensitive peaks again.

A sharp, electric jolt of pleasure shot straight through Lisa’s body.

She gasped, her back arching slightly off the table. The sensation was overwhelming. With her eyes covered and her body already so sensitized from the drink and Diana’s earlier attention, every movement of the gloved hands felt magnified tenfold. The fingers knew exactly what they were doing — circling, stroking, pinching, and rolling her nipples with expert patience, pushing her pleasure higher with every passing second.

Lisa’s breathing turned ragged almost immediately. Her small breasts rose and fell rapidly beneath the gloved hands. The pleasure built quickly — deep, rolling, and centered entirely in her chest but radiating through her entire body. She could feel herself growing even wetter, her honey flowing more freely now, soaking into the sheet beneath her.

A broken, helpless sound escaped her throat.

The gloved hands continued their relentless, expert work. They pinched her nipples with just enough pressure to make her whimper, then released, only to circle them again with slow, hypnotic strokes. Every movement seemed perfectly calibrated to drive her higher. Lisa's hips shifted restlessly against the table. Her thighs trembled. The ache between her legs had become a deep, throbbing need.

She was close. She could feel the orgasm building — tight, intense, and centered entirely on her nipples. Her breathing had become shallow and uneven. Her fingers clutched at the sides of the table as the pleasure crested higher and higher.

Through the haze, she heard Diana's voice from across the room — calm, warm, and reassuring.

"I'm right here, Lisa," Diana said softly. "You're safe. Just let it happen."

The words anchored her. Even as confusion swirled in her mind — *Who is touching me? How did they get here?* — Diana's steady presence kept her grounded. The pleasure was too strong, too consuming to fight.

The orgasm hit suddenly and powerfully.

Lisa cried out, her back arching hard off the table as the climax exploded through her. It was centered entirely in her nipples — a deep, pulsing, almost electric release that radiated outward in hot, shaking waves. Her small breasts trembled violently. Her hips bucked. Her entire body convulsed with the force of it as the gloved hands continued their careful, expert stimulation, drawing the orgasm out longer and longer.

Wave after wave rolled through her. Tears slipped from the corners of her eyes beneath the eye pillow. Her breathing came in broken, gasping sobs. The pleasure seemed endless, overwhelming, and strangely beautiful all at once.

Even as the peak began to fade, the gloved fingers gentled, shifting to slow, soothing strokes over her hypersensitive nipples, helping her ride the trembling aftershocks.

Lisa lay there gasping, her body limp and glowing, her mind spinning with confusion and overwhelming sensation.

Through it all, Diana's calm, reassuring presence remained — steady, warm, and close enough to feel even from across the room.

Chapter 4

The gloved hands remained on Lisa's breasts for a long while after the orgasm finally began to fade, their touch shifting from stimulation to something softer, more soothing. They stroked her sensitive nipples with slow, gentle circles, helping her body settle through the trembling aftershocks. Lisa lay on her back,

the eye pillow still covering her eyes, her breathing ragged and uneven. Her small breasts rose and fell rapidly, the skin flushed and glistening with oil. The intense pleasure had left her feeling boneless, liquid, and strangely raw.

She could still feel the deep, pulsing warmth between her legs. Her honey had flowed freely during the orgasm, soaking into the sheet beneath her. The scent of her own arousal mingled with the sandalwood oil and the faint floral note from the gloves. Her entire body hummed with the afterglow, every nerve ending still alive and singing.

The gloved hands eventually lifted away. Lisa heard the soft rustle of movement, then nothing. The presence that had been there was gone as quietly as it had arrived.

A few moments later, she heard Diana's footsteps returning from across the room. The water at the sink had already been turned off. Diana's presence felt different now — closer, more personal. Lisa felt the table shift slightly as Diana leaned over her.

"Lisa," Diana's voice came, low and warm, right beside her. "I'm going to remove the eye pillow now, all right?"

Lisa nodded, still too breathless to speak.

Diana's fingers were gentle as she lifted the soft fabric away from Lisa's eyes. The dim lighting of the room felt almost too bright for a moment. Lisa blinked slowly, her vision adjusting. Diana was standing beside the table, looking down at her with a calm, concerned expression. Her hazel eyes were soft, her posture relaxed but attentive.

Lisa's gaze flicked around the room instinctively. There was no one else there. Just her and Diana. The door was closed. Everything looked exactly as it had before.

Her mind felt hazy, still floating in the aftermath of what had just happened. The pleasure had been overwhelming — unlike anything she had ever experienced. But the confusion was already beginning to creep in.

Diana reached for a warm, damp cloth and began to gently clean Lisa's chest and stomach with slow, careful strokes. The warmth of the cloth felt soothing against her flushed skin.

"How are you feeling?" Diana asked quietly, her voice carrying genuine care.

Lisa swallowed, her throat dry. She tried to form words, but they came out shaky. "I… I don't know. That was… intense. More than intense. I've never felt anything like that before."

Diana continued wiping her skin with tender attention, moving the cloth over her collarbones and then lower, between her breasts. “That’s understandable. The blend we used can create very powerful responses in some people. Especially when combined with focused touch.”

Lisa’s brow furrowed slightly. She stared up at the ceiling for a moment, then back at Diana. “But… someone else was here. I felt it. Hands. Different hands. They… they touched me. After you left.”

Diana’s expression didn’t change. She simply nodded, her movements calm and unhurried as she set the cloth aside and reached for a soft towel to pat Lisa dry.

“I know,” she said gently. “And I’m sorry if that was startling. We have a very small, highly trained team that assists with certain staff treatments. They move quietly. It’s part of the experience — to help the body open up in ways that might not happen otherwise.”

Lisa pushed herself up slightly on her elbows, the sheet sliding down to her waist. Her small breasts were still flushed, her nipples sensitive and slightly swollen from the intense stimulation. She could feel the lingering ache between her legs, the wetness that hadn’t fully subsided.

“But I didn’t see them,” she said, her voice quiet but insistent. “I didn’t hear them come in. And when I took the eye pillow off… they were just gone. It felt… I don’t know. Strange. Like I imagined it. But I know I didn’t.”

Diana met her eyes steadily. There was no defensiveness in her gaze, only warmth and patience. She reached out and gently brushed a strand of damp hair from Lisa’s forehead.

“You didn’t imagine it,” Diana said softly. “What you felt was real. Your body responded exactly as it was meant to. The pleasure you experienced was yours. No one took anything from you. They simply helped guide it.”

Lisa’s heart was beating faster now. She could feel the confusion mixing with the lingering pleasure, creating a strange, tangled knot in her chest. Part of her wanted to push further, to ask more questions. Another part of her — the part that had just experienced the most powerful orgasm of her life — wanted to trust Diana completely.

Diana continued, her voice low and reassuring. “I understand why this feels confusing. It’s not a typical treatment. We designed it this way for a reason. To help people like you — people who give so much of themselves every day — finally receive something in return. Something deep. Something that touches places most treatments never reach.”

Lisa looked down at her hands, then back up at Diana. Her voice was small when she spoke. “It felt… really good. Almost too good. Like my body wasn’t even mine

for a minute.”

Diana’s expression softened further. She reached out and took one of Lisa’s hands in hers, holding it gently between both of her own. Her skin was warm, her grip steady.

“That’s a very honest thing to say,” she said. “And it’s okay to feel that way. Your body is yours, Lisa. Always. What happened here was about helping you feel more connected to it, not less. I’m sorry if it felt overwhelming. That wasn’t my intention.”

Lisa felt something loosen in her chest at Diana’s words. The concern in her voice was real. The care was real. She could feel it in the way Diana was looking at her, in the way she was holding her hand.

“I trust you,” Lisa said quietly, almost surprised by how true the words felt as they left her mouth. “I don’t know why, but I do. Even with all of this… I trust you.”

Diana’s thumb brushed lightly over the back of Lisa’s hand. “Thank you for saying that. It means a great deal to me.”

They stayed like that for a moment, the silence between them comfortable and intimate. Lisa could still feel the afterglow humming through her body — the warmth in her chest, the lingering sensitivity in her nipples, the deep, satisfied ache between her legs. The confusion hadn’t disappeared, but it had softened around the edges, held in place by Diana’s steady presence.

Diana eventually spoke again, her voice gentle. “I’d like to offer you another treatment next week. Same day, same time, if that works for you. We can go a little further if you’re open to it. Or we can keep it exactly like this. Whatever feels right for you.”

Lisa looked at her for a long moment, her heart beating steadily in her chest. The doubt was still there, flickering quietly in the back of her mind. But so was the trust. So was the memory of how good it had felt. So was the way Diana had stayed with her through all of it.

She nodded slowly.

“Okay,” she said. “Next week.”

Diana smiled — small, warm, and deeply genuine.

“I’m glad,” she said softly. “I think you’re going to enjoy it even more.”

Chapter 5

Exactly one week had passed since Lisa’s first staff treatment. She had expected to feel troubled — maybe even a little guilty or confused after everything that had

happened. But she didn’t. If anything, the opposite was true.

Her work at the front desk felt sharper, clearer, more focused than it had in weeks. Scheduling appointments, organizing the day’s flow, handling client requests — everything moved with an ease and precision that surprised her. She felt grounded. Present. Almost lighter.

When Diana appeared at the front desk just as Lisa’s shift was ending, Lisa couldn’t help the warm blush that rose to her cheeks. Diana looked as elegant and composed as always, her silver-streaked hair pulled back neatly, her expression calm and professional.

“Lisa,” Diana said with a small, warm smile. “Do you have a moment? I’d like to escort you back for your second treatment, if you’re still comfortable.”

Lisa nodded, her voice steady even as the blush lingered on her face. “Yes. I’m ready.”

Their interaction remained perfectly professional — no lingering glances, no private smiles that might draw attention. Diana simply waited while Lisa finished closing out the computer and gathered her things, then walked beside her down the familiar hallway toward the Private Reserve room.

Once inside, Diana closed the door softly behind them. The room was already prepared — dim lighting, soft music, the familiar scent of sandalwood and warm vanilla in the air. Lisa undressed without hesitation, folding her clothes neatly before climbing onto the table and settling onto her back.

Diana prepared the herbal drink at the counter, this time pouring it into the small glass with a slightly deeper golden hue than before.

“This one is a little stronger,” she said as she brought it over. “It should heighten your sensitivity even more than last time. Just sip it slowly.”

Lisa pushed herself up onto her elbows and took the glass. The liquid tasted richer, warmer, with a deeper spice that seemed to bloom on her tongue. She drank it all, feeling the warmth spread through her chest and sink lower with every swallow.

Diana took the empty glass and set it aside, then warmed oil between her palms. She placed her hands gently on Lisa’s lower belly, just above the soft curve of her mound, and began to move in slow, soothing circles.

“How have you been feeling this week?” Diana asked, her voice low and conversational, as if they were simply chatting. “Any lingering effects from last time?”

Lisa let out a slow breath, trying to focus on the question while the warmth from the stronger drink continued to spread through her body. “I thought I might

feel… troubled," she admitted quietly. "But I didn't. Not at all. If anything, I've felt more clear-headed. My work has been easier. Sharper."

Diana's hands continued their slow, gentle movements, occasionally dipping a little lower, brushing the sensitive skin just above Lisa's clit without quite touching it yet. "That's wonderful to hear. These treatments can sometimes bring a surprising sense of clarity afterward. I'm glad you've been feeling that way."

Her fingers moved lower, finally making contact with the soft, swollen folds between Lisa's legs. She began with the lightest of touches — slow, gentle strokes along the outer lips, barely brushing the sensitive skin. The sensation was immediate and intense. Lisa's hips twitched involuntarily.

"Tell me what you feel," Diana said softly, her voice calm and encouraging.

"It's… really sensitive," Lisa breathed. "More than last time. The drink feels much stronger."

Diana hummed in quiet approval, her fingers continuing their slow, teasing exploration. She traced light circles around Lisa's clit without quite touching it directly, building the tension with exquisite patience. Lisa's breathing had already begun to deepen.

"I want to try something a little different today," Diana said, her tone still conversational. "Just light stimulation with my fingers. Nothing overwhelming. I want you to focus on the sensations and tell me what you're feeling. Can you do that for me?"

Lisa nodded, her voice barely above a whisper. "Yes…"

Diana's fingers moved with deliberate care, stroking slowly along Lisa's folds before finally brushing the very tip of her finger over her clit in the lightest of touches. The pleasure was immediate and sharp — a deep, aching throb that made Lisa's thighs tremble.

"Good," Diana murmured. "Just stay with it. Let the sensations build naturally."

She continued the light, rhythmic stroking, occasionally brushing Lisa's clit before moving away again. The pleasure was intense, almost overwhelming, but never quite enough to tip her over. Lisa could feel herself growing wetter with every pass, her honey gathering in warm, thick pulses.

Diana kept up the soft conversation, her voice steady and reassuring even as her fingers continued their tormenting, teasing touch.

"You're responding so beautifully," she said. "I can see how much your body wants this. Just breathe through it. Don't rush toward anything. Let it build on its own."

Lisa’s hips had begun to move slightly, chasing the sensation without conscious thought. Every time Diana’s finger brushed her clit, a sharp wave of pleasure shot through her. And every time Diana pulled away just before the sensation could crest, Lisa felt a frustrated, aching need building inside her.

She was edging.

The realization hit her with surprising clarity. Diana was bringing her right to the edge of orgasm and then easing off, over and over again. The pleasure was intense, almost overwhelming, but never quite enough to tip her over. Lisa’s breathing had become ragged, her small breasts trembling with each shaky inhale.

“Diana…” she whispered, her voice strained.

“I know,” Diana said gently, her fingers still moving in that slow, torturous rhythm. “Just stay with it. Let your body feel everything. You’re doing so well.”

The edging continued, each cycle of building and retreating more intense than the last. Lisa could feel her honey flowing freely now, soaking into the sheet beneath her. Her entire body was trembling, caught in a state of suspended pleasure that felt both exquisite and maddening.

Diana’s voice remained soft and conversational, anchoring Lisa even as the sensations threatened to overwhelm her.

“Tell me what you’re feeling right now,” she said quietly.

“It’s… so much,” Lisa gasped. “I feel like I’m right there, but then you pull away and it builds even more. I’ve never felt anything like this.”

Diana’s fingers brushed her clit again — light, teasing, perfect — before retreating once more. Lisa let out a broken whimper, her hips lifting off the table in desperate pursuit.

“That’s exactly what I want you to feel,” Diana said, her voice warm with quiet satisfaction. “Just let it build. Don’t try to force it. Your body knows what to do.”

The edging continued, each cycle pushing Lisa higher, tighter, more desperate. Her small breasts rose and fell rapidly, her nipples tight and aching. The pleasure had become a deep, rolling ache that seemed to fill her entire body. She could feel herself hovering right on the edge, trembling, desperate for release — and yet part of her never wanted it to end.

Diana’s fingers continued their slow, expert torment, bringing her right to the brink again and again, while her voice remained calm, gentle, and endlessly reassuring.

“Just stay with it, Lisa,” she murmured. “You’re doing beautifully.”

Her fingers brushed Lisa’s clit once more — light, perfect, devastating — before pulling away again, leaving Lisa gasping and trembling on the edge of release.

Chapter 6

Diana’s fingers continued their slow, torturous rhythm between Lisa’s legs, bringing her right to the edge again and again with expert patience. Each time Lisa felt herself about to tip over, Diana would ease off, leaving her trembling and desperate. The stronger drink had made everything feel more intense — the ache between her legs had become a deep, pulsing need that seemed to fill her entire body.

Lisa’s breathing was ragged, her small breasts rising and falling rapidly. Her honey had been flowing steadily for some time now, soaking into the sheet beneath her. Every light brush of Diana’s fingers over her clit sent sharp waves of pleasure through her, only to be denied at the last second.

Diana’s voice remained soft and conversational, even as her fingers continued their torment.

“You’re doing so well,” she murmured. “I can feel how close you are. Just stay with it a little longer.”

Lisa let out a broken whimper, her hips lifting slightly off the table in desperate pursuit. The edging had become almost unbearable in the most exquisite way. Her entire body was trembling, caught in a constant state of suspended pleasure.

After several more cycles, Diana’s fingers finally slowed, then stilled completely. She kept her hand resting gently against Lisa’s inner thigh as she spoke.

“I think it’s time for the eye pillow again,” she said quietly. “It helped you sink deeper last time. This time, I’m going to secure it a little more snugly, if that’s all right with you.”

Lisa nodded, still catching her breath. “Yes… okay.”

Diana reached for the soft eye pillow and placed it gently over Lisa’s eyes. Then, with careful hands, she brought the straps around the back of Lisa’s head and tied them securely, making sure the pillow sat snugly against her face without being uncomfortable. The fabric was warm and lightly scented with lavender, blocking out all light and plunging Lisa into complete darkness.

“There,” Diana said softly. “That should stay in place nicely.”

She gave Lisa’s thigh one last gentle squeeze before stepping away from the table. Lisa heard her footsteps move across the room toward the sink. The water turned on with a soft rush.

Lisa lay there in the darkness, her body still humming with unspent need. The ache between her legs had become almost painful in its intensity. She could feel

her honey continuing to flow, warm and thick, soaking into the sheet beneath her. Her nipples were tight and sensitive, her small breasts trembling with each shaky breath.

Then the air in the room shifted.

She hadn't heard the door. She hadn't heard footsteps. But she felt it — a quiet, deliberate presence entering the space. Someone else was there.

Before Lisa could fully process it, gloved hands settled gently on her inner thighs, spreading them a little wider. The gloves were thin and warm, carrying that familiar clean floral scent. But this time, they were joined by something else — the unmistakable warmth of bare skin.

A moment later, Lisa felt a woman's bare hip press gently against her own bare thigh, flanking her from the side. The contact was brief but unmistakable — smooth, warm skin against skin.

Then came the mouth.

Soft lips pressed against her swollen folds, followed by a warm, wet tongue that licked slowly up the length of her slit before circling her clit with exquisite care. At the same time, gloved fingers slid inside her, curling gently as the tongue continued its slow, deliberate work.

Lisa's entire body jerked. A broken, helpless cry escaped her throat.

The combination of the tongue and fingers was devastating. The second person knew exactly what they were doing — licking and sucking her clit with perfect pressure while their fingers moved inside her in slow, curling strokes. The pleasure was immediate and overwhelming, far more intense than the light teasing Diana had been doing earlier.

Lisa's back arched hard off the table. Her small breasts shook with each ragged breath. The tongue circled her clit again and again, alternating between soft licks and firm, focused pressure that made her thighs tremble violently.

The orgasm hit her suddenly and powerfully.

Lisa cried out, her entire body convulsing as the climax crashed through her. It was a full, shaking orgasm — deeper and more intense than the one from the week before. Her hips bucked against the mouth and fingers, her honey flowing in thick, pulsing waves as wave after wave of pleasure rolled through her. Her small breasts trembled, her nipples tight and aching, her entire body lost in the overwhelming release.

Even as the peak began to fade, the tongue continued its gentle, soothing licks, drawing out the aftershocks while the gloved fingers slowed to soft, stroking movements inside her.

Through the haze of overwhelming sensation, Lisa heard Diana's voice from the side of the massage table — soft, warm, and deeply pleased.

"You respond so perfectly, Lisa," Diana murmured. "Just beautiful."

The words anchored her even as her body continued to tremble through the final waves of her orgasm. The gloved fingers and warm mouth remained gentle, helping her ride out the last trembling aftershocks while Diana's calm, reassuring presence stayed close beside the table.

Chapter 7

Diana's fingers were gentle as she untied the straps and lifted the eye pillow away from Lisa's face. The dim lighting of the Private Reserve room felt soft and warm after the complete darkness. Lisa blinked slowly, her vision adjusting. The room was empty except for the two of them. No one else was there.

Diana set the eye pillow aside and reached for a warm cloth, her movements calm and unhurried as she began to gently clean between Lisa's legs. The cloth felt soothing against her oversensitive skin.

"You did so well tonight," Diana said softly, brushing a strand of damp hair from Lisa's forehead. "How are you feeling?"

Lisa let out a shaky breath, her body still trembling with the aftershocks of the intense orgasm she had just had. "I… I don't know. It was a lot. But good. Really good."

Diana smiled, warm and reassuring. "I'm glad. We'll take it even deeper next time, if you're open to it."

One week later, Lisa found herself back in the Private Reserve room.

She had spent the entire week trying not to think too much about what had happened — the overwhelming pleasure, the confusion, the way her body had responded so powerfully. But the memory lingered, and when Diana had approached her at the front desk at the end of her shift and quietly asked if she was ready for her next treatment, Lisa had said yes without hesitation.

Now she lay on her back on the massage table, completely nude, watching as Diana prepared the herbal drink at the counter. This time the liquid had a deeper, richer golden color than before.

Diana brought the glass over and helped Lisa sit up slightly to drink.

"This one is stronger again," she said quietly. "It should heighten everything even more. Take your time with it."

Lisa drank the entire glass, feeling the warmth bloom in her chest and sink lower with every swallow. By the time she lay back down, the effects were already beginning to settle in — a deep, liquid heat pulsing through her body, concentrating between her legs with an intensity that made her breath catch.

Diana warmed oil between her palms and placed her hands on Lisa's lower belly, beginning with slow, soothing strokes.

"I want to take our time tonight," she said, her voice low and conversational. "I'm going to edge you for a while before anything else. Just focus on the sensations and tell me what you're feeling."

Her fingers moved lower, tracing slow, deliberate paths along Lisa's folds without quite touching her clit yet. The pleasure was immediate and sharp. Lisa's hips shifted slightly, her breathing already deepening.

"It feels… really strong already," Lisa admitted, her voice soft. "The drink is hitting faster this time."

Diana hummed in quiet approval, her fingers continuing their slow, teasing exploration. She traced light circles around Lisa's clit, occasionally brushing over it with the lightest of touches before moving away again. The edging began almost immediately — building Lisa up with expert patience, only to ease off just before she could tip over.

Lisa could feel herself slipping into that familiar state of suspended pleasure, her body trembling as the ache between her legs grew deeper with every cycle. Diana kept up a steady stream of soft, reassuring conversation, her voice calm and grounding even as her fingers continued their torment.

"You're responding so beautifully," Diana murmured. "I can feel how much you want this. Just stay with it. Let it build."

After several long minutes of edging, Diana finally slowed her movements. She reached for the eye pillow and held it up.

"I'm going to put this on you again," she said gently. "It seems to help you let go even more."

Lisa hesitated for only a moment. She had begun to recognize the pattern from the previous two sessions — the drink, the edging, the eye pillow, the quiet intervention that always followed. But as she looked at Diana's calm, caring face, she felt the same quiet acceptance she had felt before. Diana was always there. Always present. Always reassuring.

She nodded. "Okay."

Diana placed the eye pillow over Lisa's eyes and tied it securely behind her head, making sure it sat snugly without being uncomfortable. The darkness was

immediate and complete. Lisa heard Diana step away from the table, followed by the soft sound of water running at the sink.

Then the air in the room changed.

Gloved hands settled on her inner thighs, spreading them wider. This time, the gloves felt different — softer, with a faint vibrating hum that started low and then intensified as they made contact with her skin. One gloved hand moved between her legs, the vibrating surface pressing gently against her swollen clit while the other hand slid two fingers inside her, curling slowly.

At the same time, Lisa felt something new — a gentle suction device being placed directly over her clit. The sensation was unlike anything she had experienced before. The soft vibrating glove stroked her in slow, deliberate circles while the suction pulsed rhythmically, drawing her clit into a gentle, rhythmic pull that made her entire body jerk.

Lisa cried out, her back arching hard off the table.

The combination of the vibrating glove and suction was devastating. The pleasure built quickly — tight, intense, and relentless. But just as she felt herself nearing the edge, the gloved hands eased off, slowing their movements and pulling the suction back just enough to keep her hovering in that torturous space between pleasure and release.

The edging lasted for what felt like hours.

The gloved hands never stopped, but they never quite let her tip over. They brought her right to the brink again and again — the vibrating glove circling her clit, the suction pulsing, the fingers inside her stroking with perfect precision — only to ease off at the last possible moment. Lisa had been calling out to Diana for what felt like hours, her voice growing hoarse as she begged again and again.

“Diana… please… I need to come… please…”

Her voice broke on the words, her small breasts trembling with each desperate breath. The pleasure had become almost unbearable — a deep, rolling ache that filled her entire body. She was shaking uncontrollably, tears slipping from beneath the eye pillow as the gloved hands continued their slow, deliberate torment well into the night.

Time had lost all meaning. The edging stretched on and on, the pleasure building and retreating in endless waves until Lisa was sobbing with need, her voice raw from begging.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, the gloved hands slowed, then stilled completely. They gave her one last, gentle stroke before withdrawing.

A few moments later, Diana’s fingers were at the back of Lisa’s head, untying the eye pillow and lifting it away. The dim lighting of the room felt soft and warm as Lisa blinked up at her, her eyes glassy and wet.

Diana was standing beside the table, looking down at her with that same calm, caring expression.

“You did so well tonight,” Diana said softly, brushing a strand of damp hair from Lisa’s forehead. “I’m very proud of you.”

Lisa was still trembling, her body limp and aching with unspent need. She looked up at Diana with desperate, pleading eyes.

“Please…” she whispered hoarsely. “I can’t take any more…”

Diana smiled, warm and reassuring. “I know. And I’m going to give you exactly what you need tomorrow after work. I promise. But only if you can be good for me and not touch yourself until then. Can you do that?”

Lisa nodded weakly, still shaking. “Yes… I’ll try.”

Diana helped her sit up slowly and handed her her clothes.

“Go home and rest,” she said gently. “I’ll take care of you properly tomorrow. I promise.”

She walked Lisa to the door, her hand resting lightly on the small of her back.

“Until tomorrow,” Diana said softly, her voice full of quiet warmth.

Lisa stepped out into the quiet hallway, her body still humming with desperate, unspent need. The promise of tomorrow lingered in her mind as she made her way out of the spa, the ache between her legs a constant, throbbing reminder of how close she had been — and how completely she had been denied.

Chapter 8

It was Saturday, the busiest day of the week at Aether Spa & Wellness. The lobby was a steady stream of clients coming and going, phones ringing, appointments being confirmed and adjusted. Lisa sat behind the polished marble front desk, her fingers moving efficiently across the keyboard as she organized the day’s schedule and handled incoming calls with calm professionalism.

She had kept her promise.

Not once since leaving the spa the night before had she touched herself, even though her body still ached with a deep, persistent need. The edging from the night before had left her hypersensitive and restless, but somehow that same tension seemed to sharpen her focus rather than distract her. Her work felt clearer, more precise. Scheduling appointments, coordinating with the therapists, managing the flow of the day — everything moved with an ease that

surprised even her.

Still, the ache between her legs was constant. A low, throbbing reminder of how close she had been for so long, and how completely she had been denied. Every shift in her chair, every brush of fabric against her skin made her breath catch slightly. But she stayed focused. She had to.

By the time her shift was finally ending, Lisa felt both exhausted and strangely energized. She was just finishing up the last of the day's paperwork when she sensed a familiar presence approaching the desk.

Diana.

Lisa looked up and felt warmth rise immediately to her cheeks. Diana stood there in her usual elegant attire, her expression calm and professional, though her eyes held that quiet warmth Lisa had come to recognize.

"Lisa," Diana said softly, her voice low enough that only Lisa could hear. "Do you have a moment? I'd like to take you back for a quick session before you head home."

Lisa nodded, her voice steady even as the blush lingered. "Yes. I'm ready."

Their interaction remained perfectly professional as Diana escorted her down the hallway to the Private Reserve room. Once inside, Lisa undressed without hesitation and climbed onto the massage table, settling onto her back.

Diana prepared the herbal drink at the counter, this time pouring it with the same deeper golden hue as the night before.

"This one should keep you nicely heightened," she said as she brought the glass over. "Drink it slowly."

Lisa drank the entire glass, feeling the familiar warmth bloom in her chest and sink lower with every swallow. By the time she lay back down, the effects were already beginning to settle in — a deep, liquid heat pulsing through her body, concentrating between her legs with an intensity that made her breath catch.

Diana warmed oil between her palms and placed her hands on Lisa's lower belly, beginning with slow, soothing strokes.

"I want to give you several edges tonight," she said, her voice low and conversational. "Multiple ones, back to back. Just focus on the sensations and tell me what you're feeling."

Her fingers moved lower, tracing slow, deliberate paths along Lisa's folds before finally making contact with her swollen clit. The pleasure was immediate and sharp. Lisa's hips twitched as Diana began to stroke her with expert patience — building her up with light, rhythmic touches, only to ease off just before she could tip over.

The first edge came quickly. Lisa's breathing grew ragged as the pleasure built tight and fast, her body trembling on the brink — only for Diana to pull her fingers away at the last second, leaving her gasping and desperate.

"Good," Diana murmured. "Just stay with it."

She began again, her fingers returning with the same slow, torturous rhythm. The second edge built even higher than the first. Lisa's small breasts rose and fell rapidly, her nipples tight and aching as she hovered right on the brink, only to be denied again.

By the third edge, Lisa was shaking. Her honey had begun to flow noticeably stronger than before, soaking into the sheet beneath her in thick, warm pulses. Diana noticed immediately.

"Your honey production is noticeably stronger tonight," she said softly, her voice filled with quiet praise. "You're responding so beautifully. I think we should explore what your body can truly offer."

She continued the edging with expert precision, bringing Lisa to the edge a fourth time, then a fifth. Each cycle was more intense than the last, Lisa's body trembling violently as she was kept hovering in that torturous space between pleasure and release. Her honey continued to flow freely, the scent of her arousal thick in the air.

After the sixth edge, Diana finally slowed her movements. She kept her hand resting gently against Lisa's inner thigh as she spoke.

"Since the spa is closed tomorrow," she said quietly, "if you can go one more day without touching yourself, I'll open the spa just for the two of us. We'll have the entire place to ourselves. I'll give you multiple orgasms in multiple ways — as many as your body can handle. Would you like that?"

Lisa lay there trembling, her body aching with desperate need. She felt both exposed and strangely cherished at the same time — vulnerable in a way that made her heart flutter, yet safe under Diana's calm, caring gaze.

She nodded slowly, her voice hoarse. "Yes… I want that."

Diana smiled, warm and deeply pleased.

"Good girl," she said softly. "Then meet me here tomorrow morning. I'll be waiting."

She helped Lisa sit up slowly and handed her her clothes, her hands gentle as she guided her off the table.

"Go home and rest," Diana said. "And remember — no touching until tomorrow."

Lisa dressed on shaky legs, her body still humming with unspent need. As she stepped out into the quiet hallway, the promise of tomorrow lingered in her mind — the thought of having the entire spa to themselves, of finally being allowed to come, over and over again. The ache between her legs was almost unbearable, but for the first time in days, it felt like hope rather than torment.

Chapter 9

Sunday morning arrived with soft golden light filtering through the large windows of Aether Spa & Wellness. The spa was completely empty — closed to the public, just as Diana had promised. Lisa arrived a few minutes early, her body already humming with a mix of nervous anticipation and desperate need. She had kept her promise. Not once had she touched herself since leaving the spa the night before, even though the ache between her legs had been nearly constant.

Diana was already there, waiting by the front desk in a simple black blouse and tailored trousers, her silver-streaked hair pulled back neatly. She looked as elegant and composed as always, but there was a quiet intensity in her eyes that made Lisa's heart beat faster.

"Good morning, Lisa," Diana said warmly as she unlocked the door and let her in. "I have a surprise for you today."

Lisa stepped inside, her voice soft. "A surprise?"

Diana smiled, closing and locking the door behind them. "Yes. Today is going to be about you learning to take control of your own pleasure. Solo edging practice, under my guidance. We're going to go through every room and area of the spa. You'll learn to edge yourself — to control it, to prolong it, to ride that edge for as long as I tell you to. I'll be with you the entire time, supervising."

Lisa felt a rush of heat flood through her body at the words. Her internal conflict flared immediately — she knew something unusual was happening, something she should probably question more deeply. But the craving was stronger. The thought of spending the entire day under Diana's careful supervision, learning to edge herself in every corner of the spa, made her thighs press together instinctively.

Diana led her first to the pool area. The water was still and crystal clear, the air warm and humid. Diana had Lisa undress completely and sit on the edge of the pool with her legs dangling in the water.

"Start slow," Diana instructed, her voice calm and guiding. "Use your fingers. Bring yourself right to the edge, but don't let yourself come. I want you to hold it for at least five minutes before you back off."

Lisa obeyed, her fingers sliding between her legs as she began to touch herself under Diana's watchful eye. The water lapped gently at her calves as she edged

herself, her breathing growing ragged as she hovered right on the brink. Diana stood beside her the entire time, offering soft, encouraging words and corrections when Lisa's pace became too frantic.

"Good… slower now. Feel it. Don't rush."

They moved next to one of the massage therapy rooms. Lisa lay on the table while Diana instructed her to edge herself again, this time with her legs spread wide and Diana standing at the foot of the table, watching closely. The vulnerability of the position made Lisa's face flush, but she obeyed without hesitation, bringing herself to the edge over and over while Diana praised her control.

From there, they moved to the sauna. The heat was intense, the air thick and heavy. Lisa sat on the wooden bench, sweat already beading on her skin as she touched herself under Diana's supervision. The combination of the heat and the edging made her dizzy with need, but she held on, following every instruction Diana gave her.

They continued through three more areas — the steam room, the relaxation lounge, and a quiet corner of the yoga studio — each time with Lisa edging herself while Diana watched, guided, and praised. By the time they reached the final location — Lisa's own desk in the empty lobby — she was trembling, her honey flowing freely down her thighs, her body aching with hours of denied pleasure.

Diana had her sit in her usual chair behind the front desk, completely nude, and instructed her to edge herself one final time while sitting exactly where she worked every day.

"Feel how exposed you are," Diana said softly, standing beside her. "And yet how safe. You're learning to own this part of yourself, Lisa. I'm so proud of you."

Lisa's fingers moved between her legs, bringing herself right to the edge once more. Her breathing was ragged, her small breasts rising and falling rapidly. She was so turned on, so desperate, and yet so deeply grateful for the way Diana was guiding her through all of it.

As she hovered on the brink for what felt like the hundredth time that day, Lisa looked up at Diana with glassy, desperate eyes and whispered, "Thank you… thank you so much…"

The words came out before she could stop them — raw, honest, and full of genuine gratitude. She meant it. Despite the internal conflict still flickering in the back of her mind, despite knowing that something unusual was happening, she was so turned on, so deeply immersed in the sensations and Diana's caring presence, that she couldn't help but thank her.

Diana smiled, warm and deeply pleased.

“You’re welcome, Lisa,” she said softly. “You’re doing beautifully. Just one more day, and I’ll give you everything you’ve been begging for.”

Chapter 10

Monday dragged on with agonizing slowness.

Lisa arrived at the spa early, her body still aching from the long, merciless edging session the day before. She had kept her promise — not once had she touched herself since leaving the spa on Sunday night — and the constant, throbbing need between her legs had become almost unbearable. Every step, every shift in her chair sent sparks of frustrated arousal through her body. Yet she stayed focused, throwing herself into her work with the same sharp clarity she had felt since the treatments began. Scheduling appointments, organizing the day’s flow, handling clients — everything moved with precision, even as her body hummed with desperate, unspent need.

She didn’t see Diana once during the entire day. Not even a glimpse. The owner stayed in her office or in the back areas, and Lisa found herself glancing toward the hallway more often than she cared to admit, hoping for a sign that the wait was almost over.

By the time the last client finally left and the spa began to empty, Lisa’s hands were trembling slightly as she closed out the computer. Her heart was beating faster, her breath shallow. She was so turned on, so desperately aching, that she could barely think straight.

When Diana finally appeared at the front desk, Lisa felt a rush of relief mixed with sharp anticipation.

“Lisa,” Diana said, her voice low and warm. “Come with me. It’s time.”

She led Lisa down the hallway, but instead of turning toward the Private Reserve room, Diana opened the door to her own private office. The room was elegant and spacious, with a large wooden desk, floor-to-ceiling bookshelves, and a sleek black leather sofa against one wall. The lighting was soft, and the faint scent of Diana’s perfume lingered in the air.

“Close the door,” Diana said quietly as she stepped inside.

Lisa obeyed, her pulse racing.

The moment the door clicked shut, Diana turned and pulled Lisa into a deep, hungry kiss. Her hands moved with sudden urgency, gripping the front of Lisa’s blouse and tearing it open in one sharp motion. Buttons scattered across the floor as Diana yanked the ruined fabric off her shoulders and tossed it aside. She didn’t stop there — she grabbed the waistband of Lisa’s skirt and tore it down

her legs, the fabric ripping slightly in her haste.

Lisa gasped, her body trembling with a mix of shock and overwhelming arousal as Diana stripped her with raw, unrestrained passion.

Diana reached into her desk drawer and pulled out a pair of silver scissors. Without hesitation, she hooked her fingers into the waistband of Lisa's panties and cut them off in one clean motion, the ruined fabric falling away and leaving Lisa completely bare. The sudden exposure made Lisa's breath catch, her small breasts rising and falling rapidly as she stood naked in the middle of Diana's office.

Diana dropped the scissors onto the desk and spun Lisa around, bending her over the large wooden surface. The cool wood pressed against Lisa's bare breasts as Diana ran her hands possessively over her ass.

"This is your first time being penetrated during a treatment," Diana said, her voice low and rough with desire. "And I'm not going to be gentle."

She stepped back just long enough to unbuckle her belt and pull on the strap-on harness, the thick silicone cock jutting out from her hips. Then she was behind Lisa again, gripping her hips hard as she pressed the head of the strap-on against her entrance.

Diana thrust in with one powerful, deep stroke — no slow buildup, no gentle easing. She fucked Lisa hard from the very first thrust, her hips snapping forward with wild, unrestrained force. The desk creaked beneath them as Diana pounded into her, one hand gripping Lisa's hair and pulling her head back while the other held her hip in a bruising grip.

Lisa cried out, her body jolting forward with every brutal thrust. The contrast between the raw, animalistic fucking and the deep emotional intimacy they had built made her head spin. Diana was relentless — pulling out completely several times just to slam back in harder, making Lisa whimper and push back desperately.

After several rounds of this wild, punishing pace, Diana suddenly slowed. She leaned over Lisa's back, her breath hot against her ear as she began to move in long, deep, sensual strokes — slow and caring, almost loving. The shift was dizzying. One moment she was fucking Lisa like she owned her, the next she was making love to her with tender, deliberate rolls of her hips.

Diana pulled out again and guided Lisa over to the black leather sofa. She sat down and pulled Lisa onto her lap, the strap-on still glistening.

"Ride me," Diana commanded, her voice husky. "Buck on my cock. Take what you need."

Lisa straddled her and sank down onto the thick strap-on with a broken moan. She began to move — slow and sensual at first, then faster, bucking and grinding as Diana gripped her hips and thrust up to meet her. The angle was perfect, the thick cock hitting deep inside her with every downward stroke.

Diana alternated between slow, deep rolls of her hips and sudden, powerful thrusts upward that made Lisa cry out. She pulled out several more times, each time making Lisa whimper and beg before thrusting back in with wild, demanding strokes.

Lisa rode her with increasing desperation, her small breasts bouncing as she moved. The pleasure built higher and higher, tighter and more intense than anything she had experienced before. Diana pulled out one final time, leaving Lisa empty and aching, before thrusting back in with a deep, powerful stroke that pushed her right over the edge.

Lisa’s orgasm hit her like a tidal wave — the most powerful one yet. Her entire body convulsed as she came hard, her honey flooding out around the strap-on as wave after wave of overwhelming pleasure crashed through her. She cried out Diana’s name, her small frame shaking violently as the climax tore through her.

Even as the peak began to fade, Diana pulled her close, wrapping her arms around her and holding her tightly against her chest. Lisa buried her face in Diana’s neck, her body still trembling, her breathing ragged.

In that moment, something shifted inside her.

She had never felt anything like this before — this deep, aching need not just for pleasure, but for *Diana*. For her presence. For her guidance. For the way she made Lisa feel both completely exposed and strangely cherished at the same time. The emotional dependency was growing, quiet but undeniable, wrapping around her like a warm, inescapable thread.

Diana held her close, one hand stroking slowly down her back as Lisa clung to her, her body still pulsing with the aftershocks of the most powerful orgasm she had ever experienced.

Neither of them spoke.

They simply stayed there — Diana holding Lisa tightly on the black leather sofa, the strap-on still buried inside her, the air thick with the scent of sex and sandalwood. Lisa’s heart was racing, her mind spinning, but in that moment, all she knew was that she never wanted Diana to let go.

Chapter 11

Lisa barely slept.

The night after the strap-on session in Diana's office had been restless and feverish. Every time she closed her eyes, her body replayed the intensity of it — the way Diana had torn her clothes off with such raw hunger, the cold press of the wooden desk against her bare breasts, the way she had been bent over and fucked with a mixture of slow, sensual strokes and wild, punishing thrusts. Her inner thighs still felt sticky with dried honey, and a deep, throbbing ache pulsed between her legs that refused to fade.

She tossed and turned for hours, her small breasts sensitive against the sheets, her nipples tightening every time she shifted. The memory of riding Diana on the black leather sofa — bucking and grinding on the thick strap-on while Diana gripped her hips and thrust up into her — kept her on the edge of arousal all night. Sleep came in broken fragments, filled with vivid dreams of being filled, stretched, and denied.

By the time her alarm went off, Lisa felt both exhausted and strangely wired. Her body was still humming with unspent need, even after the powerful orgasm she had experienced the night before. She showered slowly, her fingers trembling as she washed between her legs, careful not to linger too long. The promise she had made to Diana still held — no touching until she was told otherwise.

She arrived at the spa early, her uniform feeling tighter than usual against her sensitive skin. As she approached the front desk, she stopped short.

Diana was already there.

Standing beside her was a petite blonde young woman, slightly shorter than Lisa, with soft golden hair that fell in loose waves around her shoulders and wide blue eyes that gave her an almost innocent appearance. She looked young — maybe twenty-one or twenty-two — and carried herself with a quiet, shy energy. She was dressed in the spa's standard uniform, which fit her delicate frame perfectly.

Diana turned as Lisa approached, a small, warm smile on her face.

"Lisa," she said, her voice calm and reassuring. "Not to worry. This is Chloe. She's going to be handling the front desk from now on so I can spend more time with you."

Lisa blinked, surprised. She hadn't expected this. The idea of someone else taking over her usual position made her stomach flutter with a mix of uncertainty and strange relief.

Chloe offered a small, polite smile. "Hi. It's nice to meet you."

Lisa managed a nod, her voice soft. "Hi."

Diana placed a gentle hand on the small of Lisa's back, guiding her away from the desk and down the hallway toward her private office. The touch was light, but it sent a warm shiver down Lisa's spine. Lisa could feel Chloe's curious gaze

following them as they walked away.

Once inside the office, Diana closed the door and turned to face her. The room felt different in the morning light — still elegant, still intimate, but now charged with a quiet sense of purpose.

“Take off your clothes,” Diana said softly. “And lie on the desk.”

Lisa obeyed without hesitation, slipping out of her uniform and folding it neatly on the nearby chair before climbing onto the large wooden desk and lying on her back. The cool surface pressed against her bare skin, making her nipples tighten instantly.

Diana moved to stand between Lisa’s spread legs, her hands resting lightly on her inner thighs.

“Today, I’m going to teach you how to edge yourself,” she said, her voice low and guiding. “I want you to touch yourself — slowly, carefully — and bring yourself right to the edge. But you’re not allowed to come. I want you to learn how to control it, how to make your honey flow as much as possible. Can you do that for me?”

Lisa nodded, her voice barely above a whisper. “Yes…”

She slid her hand between her legs, her fingers finding her already swollen clit. The first touch made her breath catch. She was still so sensitive from the night before, her body responding immediately to even the lightest contact. She moved slowly at first, circling her clit with trembling fingers, her breathing growing ragged as the pleasure built.

“That’s it,” Diana murmured. “Nice and slow. Feel every sensation. Don’t rush.”

Lisa obeyed, her hips shifting slightly as she brought herself right to the edge — hovering there, trembling, before pulling her fingers away just in time. A soft whimper escaped her throat as the denied orgasm pulsed through her, leaving her aching and desperate.

Diana reached for a small glass jar on the desk and held it beneath Lisa’s entrance, catching the thick, warm honey that had begun to flow freely from her. She did this again after the second edge, and then the third, carefully collecting every drop as Lisa continued to touch herself under her watchful gaze.

“You’re doing so well,” Diana said softly, her voice filled with quiet pride. “Your honey is flowing so beautifully. I can see how much your body wants this.”

Lisa’s internal conflict flared as she edged herself again and again, her body trembling with the effort of holding back. She knew something unusual was happening — something that should probably worry her more than it did. But the craving was stronger. The way Diana watched her, the way she praised her, the

way she collected her honey like it was something precious… it made Lisa feel both incredibly proud and deeply vulnerable at the same time. By the time Diana finally told her to slow down and bring herself right to the very edge one final time, Lisa was shaking. Her honey had been collected in several small jars on the desk, and her body was a live wire of desperate need.

Diana leaned in closer, her voice dropping to a low, intimate murmur as Lisa hovered right on the brink.

“You’ve been doing so well for me, Lisa,” she said. “I think it’s time we talked about your future here.”

Lisa’s breath hitched, her fingers still moving in slow, torturous circles around her clit as she fought to stay on the edge.

“I have a new job for you,” Diana continued, her voice calm and reassuring even as Lisa trembled beneath her. “Something more… personal. Something in client services.”

Lisa’s mind spun even as her body burned. She was so close — right there on the edge, her orgasm hovering just out of reach. Diana’s words wrapped around her like silk.

“You remember the gloved stranger, don’t you?” Diana asked softly. “The one who touched you so perfectly… who made you come so hard while I watched?”

Lisa whimpered, her fingers pressing harder against her clit as the memory flooded back.

“You’d like to do what she did for me, wouldn’t you?” Diana whispered, her voice warm and encouraging. “You’d like to be the one in the gloves… touching our clients… making them feel what you felt.”

Lisa’s entire body was shaking now, her orgasm building to a breaking point as Diana’s words sank in. The idea of it — of being the one to give that kind of pleasure, of wearing the gloves, of being watched the way she had been watched — made her head spin with a mix of shock and overwhelming arousal.

“Yes,” Lisa gasped, her voice breaking as she finally let herself tip over the edge. “Yes—”

The orgasm crashed through her the moment the word left her lips — powerful, shaking, and all-consuming. Her back arched hard off the desk as wave after wave of pleasure tore through her, her honey flooding out in thick, pulsing waves. She cried out, her small body convulsing as the climax ripped through her, Diana’s words still echoing in her mind as she came harder than she ever had before.

Diana watched her with quiet approval, her hand gently stroking Lisa’s trembling thigh as the orgasm finally began to fade.

Lisa lay there gasping, her body limp and glowing, her mind spinning with everything Diana had just said — and everything she had just agreed to.

Chapter 12

The night after the session in Diana’s office had been restless.

Lisa had gone home still trembling from the long, deliberate edging and the overwhelming orgasm she had finally been allowed at the very end. Diana’s words had echoed in her mind for hours — the mention of a new job in “client services,” the reminder of the gloved stranger, the quiet suggestion that Lisa might one day do what that stranger had done for her. She had tossed and turned, her body aching with a strange mix of satisfaction and renewed need. Sleep came in broken fragments, filled with flashes of gloved hands, warm mouths, and Diana’s calm, approving voice.

By morning, she felt both exhausted and strangely energized.

When she arrived at the spa, Chloe was already at the front desk, giving her a small, shy smile as Lisa passed. Lisa made her way down the hallway to Diana’s private office, her heart beating faster with every step.

Diana was waiting for her.

She closed the door behind Lisa and turned with a warm, calm expression.

“Today,” she said softly, “I want to teach you something new. I want you to learn the difference between a quick release… and prolonged, mind-melting pleasure.”

Lisa’s breath caught. Her body was already responding, her nipples tightening beneath her uniform as she began to undress. She folded her clothes neatly and climbed onto the large wooden desk, lying on her back with her legs spread.

Diana warmed oil between her palms and placed her hands on Lisa’s inner thighs, stroking slowly.

“Start touching yourself,” she instructed. “But this time, I don’t want you to rush. I want you to take your time. Bring yourself right to the edge… and then back off. Over and over. I want you to feel the difference between letting go quickly and holding yourself there until your whole body is shaking.”

Lisa slid her hand between her legs and began to touch herself under Diana’s watchful gaze. She started slow, circling her clit with light, deliberate strokes. The pleasure built steadily, but every time she felt herself getting close, she forced herself to slow down, to pull back just enough to keep herself hovering.

Diana watched her with quiet approval, occasionally reaching for one of the small glass jars on the desk and holding it beneath Lisa's entrance to catch the thick honey that was already beginning to flow.

"Good," Diana murmured. "Feel how different it is when you don't rush. Feel how much more your body gives when you make it wait."

Lisa obeyed, her breathing growing ragged as she edged herself again and again. Each cycle was longer than the last. The pleasure built higher, tighter, more intense — but she held herself back, trembling on the brink before easing off. Her honey flowed more freely with every denied orgasm, soaking into the jar Diana held beneath her.

After several long, torturous edges, Diana spoke again.

"You're learning so quickly," she said, her voice warm with quiet pride. "Your honey is flowing so beautifully. I've been thinking about how we can use it."

Lisa's fingers slowed slightly, her eyes flicking up to meet Diana's even as she continued to touch herself.

"I want to use your honey in our spa treatments," Diana continued, her tone calm and businesslike even as Lisa hovered on the edge. "In facials, body scrubs, massage oils. And in our refreshing energy drinks — the ones we give to clients during their sessions. Your honey has a unique quality, Lisa. It's richer. Sweeter. More potent than anything we've used before."

Lisa let out a soft whimper, her fingers moving faster for a moment before she forced herself to slow down again.

Diana smiled, reaching for another empty jar as more honey dripped from Lisa's entrance.

"I also want to create a line of skin care products," she said. "Creams, serums, lotions… all made with your honey as the key ingredient. It's going to be something very special. Exclusive. Something only our most important clients will have access to."

Lisa's breathing had become shallow, her small breasts rising and falling rapidly. She was so close — right there on the edge again — but she held herself back, trembling as Diana's words wrapped around her.

Diana leaned in slightly, her voice dropping lower.

"That means you're going to have to be a little producer for me, Lisa. Which means more edging. More sessions like this. More honey. Can you do that?"

Lisa nodded desperately, her voice breaking as she hovered right on the brink.

"Yes… yes, I can…"

Diana’s eyes darkened with quiet satisfaction.

“Good girl,” she murmured. “Then keep going. Edge yourself again. I want to see how much more you can give me tonight.”

Lisa obeyed, her fingers moving in slow, torturous circles as she brought herself right to the edge once more. Her honey continued to flow, thick and warm, filling yet another small jar as Diana watched her with calm, approving eyes.

The edging stretched on for what felt like hours — long, deliberate, mind-melting cycles of building and retreating until Lisa was shaking uncontrollably, her body glistening with sweat, her honey collected in several jars on the desk.

And still, Diana didn’t let her come.

She simply watched, collected, and guided — her voice soft and steady as she continued to speak about the future she had planned for Lisa’s honey… and for Lisa herself.

Chapter 13

Lisa’s body was still humming with desperate need when Diana led her into one of the private treatment rooms later that afternoon. The long edging session from earlier had left her aching and restless, her honey still flowing in slow, warm pulses that made her thighs slick. Every step she took sent a sharp reminder of how close she had been — and how completely she had been denied.

Diana closed the door behind them and turned to face her.

“Today is a big step,” she said gently. “You’re going to give your first supervised treatment. A regular client. She’s only receiving today — nothing more. I want you to focus entirely on her pleasure. Watch her. Learn her. Feel what it’s like to be the one in control.”

Lisa’s heart was pounding. She had spent so many sessions on the receiving end that the idea of being the one giving pleasure felt both thrilling and terrifying.

A soft knock came at the door.

“Come in,” Diana said.

The woman who entered was breathtaking.

She was tall and elegantly built, with long, silky dark hair that fell in perfect waves past her shoulders and striking green eyes framed by thick lashes. Her skin was flawless, her features delicate yet strong — high cheekbones, a soft but defined jaw, and full lips that curved into a polite, almost regal smile. She carried herself with quiet confidence, dressed in a simple but expensive cream blouse and tailored trousers that hugged her long legs. Everything about her was polished, composed, and intimidatingly beautiful.

Men never approached her. They assumed she was out of their league — too elegant, too perfect, too far above them. So she moved through the world mostly untouched, admired from a distance but rarely pursued.

“Elena,” Diana said warmly, greeting her by name. “This is Lisa. She’ll be taking care of you today under my supervision.”

Elena’s gaze moved to Lisa, and for a moment Lisa felt completely exposed — as if this woman could see straight through her. But Elena’s expression was kind, almost curious.

“Hello, Lisa,” she said, her voice smooth and melodic. “I’m looking forward to this.”

Diana guided Elena to the massage table and helped her undress with the same calm, respectful care she always showed. Once Elena was lying on her back, completely bare, Diana turned to Lisa.

“Start with her breasts,” she instructed softly. “Take your time. Watch how she responds. Use your hands, your mouth — whatever feels natural. I’ll be right here.”

Lisa’s hands were trembling slightly as she poured warm oil into her palms. She stepped up to the table and placed her hands gently on Elena’s collarbones, then slowly slid them down to cup the sides of her full, beautiful breasts. Elena let out a soft sigh, her eyes fluttering closed.

Lisa began to massage her slowly, circling her thumbs around Elena’s nipples without quite touching them yet. She could feel Elena’s breathing change — deepening, becoming more aware. The intimacy of it hit Lisa harder than she expected. She was the one causing these reactions. She was the one making this stunning, untouchable woman begin to unravel.

She leaned down and took one of Elena’s nipples into her mouth, sucking gently while her fingers continued to tease the other. Elena’s back arched slightly, a quiet moan escaping her lips.

“That’s it,” Diana murmured from beside the table. “Listen to her. Feel how her body is speaking to you.”

Lisa continued, alternating between her mouth and her fingers, learning what made Elena’s breath hitch and what made her hips shift restlessly. The power of it was intoxicating. She had never felt anything quite like this — the quiet thrill of watching someone so composed begin to come apart under her touch.

After several minutes, Diana spoke again.

“Now move lower,” she said. “Use your fingers first. Light circles. Bring her right to the edge, but don’t let her come yet. I want you to feel what it’s like to hold

someone there.”

Lisa’s hand slid down Elena’s flat stomach and between her legs. She was already wet — not as much as Lisa usually became during her own sessions, but noticeably so. Lisa began with slow, gentle strokes, circling Elena’s clit with the same patience Diana had taught her. Elena’s breathing grew heavier, her thighs parting wider as she surrendered to the sensation.

Lisa glanced up at Diana, who gave her a small, approving nod.

“Watch her face,” Diana said quietly. “See how her expression changes when you get close. That’s the intimacy. That’s what makes this so powerful.”

Lisa continued, bringing Elena right to the edge and then easing off, just as she had been taught. Elena let out a soft, frustrated whimper, her hips lifting slightly off the table. Lisa did it again — and again — each time learning more about what made Elena’s body respond.

By the time Diana finally allowed Lisa to push Elena over the edge, the woman was shaking, her back arched, soft cries spilling from her lips as the orgasm rolled through her. Lisa kept her fingers moving gently through it, watching in fascination as Elena came apart completely — this beautiful, untouchable woman reduced to trembling, gasping pleasure under her hands.

When it was over, Elena lay there panting, a dazed, blissful expression on her face.

Diana placed a hand on Lisa’s shoulder.

“You did beautifully,” she said softly. “How do you feel?”

Lisa looked down at Elena, still catching her breath, and felt something shift inside her — a quiet, powerful sense of intimacy and connection she hadn’t expected.

“I feel… close to her,” Lisa admitted, her voice barely above a whisper. “Even though I don’t really know her. It’s… intimate. More than I thought it would be.”

Diana smiled, her eyes warm with approval.

“That’s exactly what I wanted you to discover.”

Chapter 14

Lisa was still catching her breath when Diana led her into the next treatment room. The session with Elena had left her feeling strangely powerful and exposed at the same time. She hadn’t expected giving pleasure to feel so intimate — or so revealing about herself.

Diana closed the door and turned to her with a calm but serious expression.

“This next client is going to be different,” she said. “Her name is Nadia. She’s very sensitive, and she responds strongly to direct stimulation. I want you to focus entirely on her clit today. No teasing. No long build-up. I want you to bring her to orgasm as quickly and intensely as you can — then do it again. And again. I want you to see how different her body reacts when you don’t make her wait.”

Lisa blinked, surprised by the directness of the instruction.

Diana must have seen the hesitation on her face, because she added, “This isn’t about edging her. This is about learning control through speed and intensity. Pay attention to how her body changes with each orgasm. I think you’ll learn something important about your own.”

A few minutes later, Nadia entered.

She was striking — tall and lean, with sharp cheekbones, short black hair, and intense dark eyes that seemed to take in everything at once. There was a restless energy about her, like she was always slightly on edge. When she smiled at Lisa, it was quick and a little crooked.

“Hi,” she said. “I’ve been looking forward to this.”

Diana helped her undress and settle onto the table on her back. Once Nadia was comfortable, Diana stepped back and gave Lisa a small nod.

“Start with your mouth,” she said quietly. “No hands yet. Go straight for her clit. Hard and fast. Don’t hold back.”

Lisa moved between Nadia’s legs and took her clit into her mouth without hesitation, sucking firmly while flicking her tongue rapidly. Nadia’s reaction was immediate — her back arched hard off the table and a sharp, surprised moan tore from her throat.

“Fuck—” Nadia gasped.

Lisa kept going, relentless and focused, just as Diana had instructed. Within minutes, Nadia was coming — loud, shaking, and intense. Her thighs clamped around Lisa’s head as the orgasm ripped through her.

Lisa didn’t stop.

She kept sucking and licking through the aftershocks, and within another minute Nadia was coming again — even harder this time, her hands gripping the edges of the table as her whole body convulsed.

Diana’s voice came from beside the table, calm and observant.

“See how much faster she comes the second time? Her body is already primed. Keep going.”

Lisa obeyed, switching between sucking and rapid tongue flicks. Nadia came a third time, then a fourth — each orgasm seeming to roll into the next with almost no break in between. Her moans had turned into broken, gasping cries, and her body was trembling violently.

Lisa could feel how different this was from the session with Elena. With Elena, everything had been slow and sensual. With Nadia, it was raw, urgent, and overwhelming. And strangely, feeling Nadia come so many times in such a short span was teaching Lisa something about her own body — how much more sensitive and responsive she had become. She could feel echoes of Nadia's pleasure in her own clit, in her nipples, in the deep ache low in her belly.

After the fifth orgasm, Nadia was panting and shaking, her voice hoarse.

"Jesus Christ," she muttered. "I can't… I can't feel my legs."

Diana placed a hand on Lisa's shoulder.

"Enough," she said gently. "You can stop now."

Lisa pulled back slowly, her own body flushed and trembling. She looked up at Diana, her voice quiet.

"I… I felt it too," she admitted. "Every time she came, it was like something was happening inside me. Like my body was remembering what it feels like."

Diana's expression softened with quiet pride.

"That's exactly what I wanted you to feel," she said. "Your body has changed, Lisa. It's more connected now. More alive. You're starting to understand that on a deeper level."

She helped Nadia sit up and handed her a robe, then turned back to Lisa with a small, warm smile.

"Get dressed. We'll talk more later."

Lisa nodded, still feeling the strange, powerful afterglow of what she had just experienced — not just from giving pleasure, but from the way it had revealed something new about herself.

Chapter 15

Lisa arrived at the spa the next morning feeling restless and slightly on edge. The night before had been filled with fragmented sleep and vivid flashes of the previous day's sessions — Elena's elegant unraveling, Sophia's soft moans, and the quiet intensity of edging herself under Diana's gaze. Her body still carried the memory of it all: the ache between her legs, the sensitivity in her nipples, and a deep, throbbing emptiness that refused to fade.

When she reached Diana’s private office, the door was already open. Diana was waiting for her, holding a tall glass of the herbal drink. This time the liquid looked noticeably thicker, with a deeper, richer golden color.

“Good morning,” Diana said with a warm smile. “I made this one special for you today.”

Lisa took the glass and brought it to her lips. The familiar warmth bloomed in her chest, but there was something new underneath it — something thicker, almost creamy, that coated her tongue in a way that made her breath catch.

Diana watched her closely.

“I put a little something extra in this time,” she said softly. “I stirred in some of your honey.”

Lisa paused, the glass still at her lips. Her own honey. The realization sent a quiet thrill through her. She took another slow sip, letting the taste settle. It was strangely intimate — drinking something that had come from her own body, something Diana had collected with such deliberate care.

The effects hit her faster and harder than usual. By the time she finished the glass, warmth was already blooming in her chest and sinking low between her legs with an almost aggressive intensity. Her nipples tightened painfully against her uniform, and she could feel herself growing wet almost immediately.

Diana took the empty glass and set it aside.

“Come with me,” she said. “Your first client of the day is already here.”

They walked together to one of the private treatment rooms. Inside, a woman named Isla was waiting. She was in her mid-thirties, with soft curves, warm tan skin, and long auburn hair that spilled over her shoulders. There was a quiet sensuality about her — the kind that didn’t need to be loud to be felt.

Diana helped Isla undress and settle onto the massage table on her back, then turned to Lisa.

“Today, I want you to edge her to orgasm,” she said quietly. “No long teasing. Bring her right to the edge, hold her there, and then push her over. I want you to feel what it’s like to give someone that kind of release for the first time.”

Lisa nodded, her heart pounding. She poured warm oil into her palms and stepped up to the table. Isla looked up at her with soft, trusting eyes.

“Hi,” she said gently. “I’ve heard good things about you.”

Lisa managed a small smile. “Hi. I’ll take good care of you.”

She began with Isla’s breasts, massaging them slowly before leaning down to take one nipple into her mouth. Isla let out a soft moan, her back arching slightly.

Lisa could already feel how sensitive she was — how quickly her body was responding. The drink was making

everything feel more intense, more electric.

After a few minutes, Lisa moved lower. She slid two fingers inside Isla and began stroking her slowly while using her thumb to circle her clit. Isla's breathing changed immediately — becoming heavier, more urgent.

Lisa brought her right to the edge and then eased off, just as she had been taught. Isla whimpered, her hips lifting.

"Please…" she whispered.

Lisa did it again — pushing her right to the brink, then pulling back. Each time, Isla's moans grew louder, more desperate. Lisa could feel how close she was, how her inner walls were fluttering around her fingers. The power of it was intoxicating.

When she finally pushed Isla over the edge, the orgasm was loud and visceral. Isla cried out, her back arching hard off the table as her body convulsed. Lisa kept her fingers moving gently through it, watching in quiet fascination as Isla came apart completely under her touch.

When it was over, Lisa slowly withdrew her fingers. They were coated in Isla's honey — thick, warm, and glistening. Without thinking, she brought them to her mouth and licked them clean.

The taste hit her instantly.

It was sweet. Slightly musky. Rich and warm in a way that made her head spin. This was the first time she had ever tasted honey directly from her own body — not mixed into a drink, but fresh and warm on her fingers. It felt strangely natural. Almost comforting. She licked her fingers again, slower this time, savoring it.

Diana watched her with quiet approval, a small, knowing smile on her face.

"You taste it now, don't you?" she said softly. "How good it is. How natural it feels."

Lisa looked up at her, her cheeks flushed, her fingers still wet. She didn't say anything — she didn't need to. The look in her eyes said everything.

Diana reached out and gently brushed a strand of hair from Lisa's face.

"You're becoming exactly what I hoped you would be," she said quietly.

Chapter 16

Lisa was already in the treatment room when the client arrived. Her name was Lena, a regular who had been coming to the spa for several months. She was in

her early forties, with a soft, curvy body, warm brown skin, and long dark hair that she always wore loose. There was a quiet confidence about her — the kind that came from knowing exactly what she wanted.

Diana greeted her at the door and helped her undress before turning to Lisa.

“This session is going to be different,” she said softly. “You’re going to both give and receive. I want you to take turns pleasuring each other. I’ll guide you when needed, but I want you to explore this naturally.”

Lena smiled at Lisa as she climbed onto the wide massage table and lay on her back. “I’ve been looking forward to this,” she said, her voice low and warm.

Lisa undressed and joined her on the table, settling on her side facing Lena. The two women looked at each other for a moment, the air between them charged with quiet anticipation.

Diana moved to the side of the table, her presence calm and reassuring. “Start slow,” she said. “Touch each other. Feel each other’s bodies. Let it build naturally.”

Lisa reached out first, her hand gliding over Lena’s soft stomach before cupping one of her full breasts. Lena let out a soft sigh and mirrored the movement, her fingers brushing over Lisa’s small, sensitive nipples. The touch sent an immediate spark through Lisa’s body. She was still so hypersensitive from everything that had happened over the past few days — the edging, the orgasms, the constant state of arousal — that even the lightest contact felt electric.

They explored each other slowly, hands roaming, mouths following. Lisa took one of Lena’s dark nipples into her mouth while Lena’s fingers slipped between her legs, stroking her gently. The dual sensation — giving and receiving at the same time — was intoxicating. Lisa moaned softly around Lena’s breast as Lena’s fingers found her clit and began to circle it with slow, deliberate pressure.

Diana watched them with quiet approval, occasionally offering soft guidance.

“Use your mouth on her now,” she murmured to Lisa. “And let her do the same to you.”

They shifted on the table, moving into a gentle sixty-nine position. Lisa lowered her mouth to Lena’s wet folds at the same moment Lena’s tongue found her clit. The sensation was overwhelming — the warmth of Lena’s mouth, the taste of her, the way her own body responded instantly to every flick of Lena’s tongue. They moved together in a slow, sensual rhythm, each giving and receiving in equal measure.

Lisa could feel herself growing wetter, her honey flowing freely. At one point, Diana reached between them and gently collected some of it with her fingers, letting it drip into a small glass jar she had placed nearby.

After several long, languid minutes, Diana spoke again.

“Lisa, I want you to bring her to orgasm now,” she said. “Use your mouth and your fingers. Take your time.”

Lisa focused entirely on Lena, sucking gently on her clit while sliding two fingers inside her and curling them upward. Lena’s moans grew louder, her hips lifting as Lisa pushed her closer and closer to the edge. When she finally came, it was with a long, trembling cry, her thighs shaking around Lisa’s head as the orgasm rolled through her in powerful waves.

Lena lay there panting for a moment before gently guiding Lisa onto her back.

“My turn,” she said with a soft smile.

She returned the favor with equal care and attention, bringing Lisa to a slow, deep orgasm that left her gasping and shaking. As Lisa came, Diana once again collected her honey, this time letting it pool in her palm before transferring it into another small jar.

When both women had caught their breath, Diana spoke again.

“Stay right there, Lena,” she said gently. “Lisa is going to give you a small facial treatment using her own honey — fresh from her body.”

Lena’s eyes lit up with quiet curiosity as she settled back on the table. Lisa, still flushed and trembling from her own orgasm, slowly slid two fingers between her legs and gathered some of her own warm, thick honey. She brought her coated fingers to Lena’s face and began to gently spread it across her skin — over her cheeks, her forehead, and along her jawline.

The act felt deeply intimate. Lisa massaged the honey into Lena’s skin with slow, careful strokes, watching as the golden liquid absorbed into her warm complexion. Lena let out a soft sigh of pleasure, her eyes half-closed.

“That feels… amazing,” she murmured.

Lisa continued until Lena’s face was glowing with a soft, natural sheen. When she was finished, she sat back slightly, her heart pounding. A wave of pride washed over her — pride in how far she had come, in how naturally this all felt now. But mixed with that pride was something deeper. A quiet, deepening submission. She was no longer just receiving. She was producing. She was giving. She was becoming something more than she had been before.

Diana placed a hand on Lisa’s shoulder, her touch warm and grounding.

“You did beautifully,” she said softly. “Both of you.”

Lena smiled up at Lisa, her face still glistening with honey. “Thank you,” she said. “That was… special.”

Diana helped Lena sit up and handed her a robe. As Lena got dressed, Diana picked up one of the small jars of collected honey from the table and held it out to her.

“Would you like to take some home with you?” she asked. “This is fresh from today’s session. It’s excellent for the skin — and it has a very unique quality.”

Lena’s eyes brightened. “I’d love that.”

Diana smiled and handed her the jar. “It’s on the house this time. Consider it a thank you for being such a wonderful client.”

Lena accepted the jar with a grateful smile, then gave Lisa one last warm look before stepping out of the room.

Once the door closed, Diana turned back to Lisa. Her hand was still resting on her shoulder, steady and present.

“You’re doing so well,” she said quietly. “I’m very proud of you.”

Lisa sat there on the edge of the massage table, still naked, her body still humming, her mind swirling with everything she had just experienced — the giving, the receiving, the honey on her fingers and now on Lena’s skin. The pride and the submission swirled together inside her, impossible to separate.

Diana’s hand remained on her shoulder as they stayed in the quiet, charged moment.

Chapter 17

The session with Lena had barely ended when Diana noticed the thick, glistening trail of honey still slowly dripping from between Lisa’s legs.

Diana’s eyes softened with quiet approval.

“Don’t get dressed,” she said, her voice low and calm. “Follow me.”

Lisa sat up slowly, still flushed and trembling. She slid off the table and followed Diana out of the room completely naked, her honey continuing to flow in warm, slow pulses down her inner thighs.

Diana led her down the hallway and into one of the larger treatment rooms. Inside, two young women in soft pale blue jumpers were waiting. One was arranging small glass jars on a tray while the other stood near the massage table.

Diana closed the door behind them.

“These are two of our staff members,” she said. “They’re going to help collect your honey today.”

Lisa felt her cheeks flush. The idea of these young women — strangers — being this intimately involved with her body made her stomach tighten with nerves and

unexpected heat.

One of them, a petite brunette, smiled politely. “Hi. I’m Maya. We’ll be gentle.”

Diana guided Lisa onto the wide massage table and had her lie back. The two young women moved in with quiet efficiency. One began massaging Lisa’s inner thighs with warm oil while the other used soft cloths to gently stimulate her. Within minutes, Lisa’s honey was flowing more freely, and they collected it carefully, letting it drip into the small glass jars.

After several long minutes, Diana spoke.

“That’s enough for now,” she said to the two women. “Thank you.”

The young women gathered the jars and quietly left the room.

Diana helped Lisa sit up and handed her a soft robe, though she didn’t ask her to put it on yet.

“There’s something important I want to talk to you about,” she said, her voice gentle but serious. “I’ve been watching you these past weeks. You’ve grown so much. I think you’re ready for something new.”

Lisa looked at her, heart beating faster.

Diana reached into a drawer and pulled out a pair of thin, soft black gloves. She held them out to Lisa.

“I want you to become the gloved secret therapist,” she said. “One of the spa’s most exclusive experiences. While another therapist works openly with the client, you’ll enter quietly and provide hidden pleasure without the client ever knowing you’re there. It’s intimate. It’s powerful. And I believe you would be extraordinary at it.”

Lisa stared at the gloves, her mind spinning. She remembered how it had felt when those same gloved hands had touched her — the confusion, the intensity, the way it had made her question everything while still craving more.

Diana stepped closer and gently took Lisa’s hand, slipping one of the gloves onto it.

“Would you like to try?” she asked softly.

Lisa swallowed hard, then nodded.

“Yes,” she whispered.

Diana smiled, clearly pleased, and helped her put on the second glove. The material was thin and smooth against her skin.

“Good,” she said. “Your first time is today.”

Before Lisa could respond, there was a soft knock at the door. One of the young therapists poked her head in.

“The client is ready in Treatment Room Three,” she said.

Diana nodded. “Thank you. We’ll be right there.”

She turned back to Lisa, her expression warm but focused.

“This is your first time being the secret therapist,” she said. “Watch. Listen. Feel the power of it. And remember — the client must never know you’re there.”

They walked together to Treatment Room Three. Inside, a client was already lying face down on the table, her body relaxed under a soft white sheet. Another therapist was standing at the small sink in the corner, washing her hands.

Diana gave Lisa a small nod.

“This is your cue,” she whispered.

Lisa took a deep breath and stepped quietly into the room completely naked except for the thin black gloves. Her heart was pounding as she moved silently across the floor. The client had no idea she was there. The therapist at the sink continued washing her hands, creating the perfect distraction.

Lisa approached the table from behind and gently placed her gloved hands on the client’s lower back. The woman let out a soft sigh, clearly believing it was still the same therapist working on her.

Lisa began to massage slowly, her touch light and skilled. She worked her way up the client’s spine, then gradually moved lower. When her hands reached the curve of the client’s ass, she let her gloved fingers drift between her thighs, stroking with slow, deliberate care.

The client’s breathing changed immediately.

Lisa continued, her fingers finding the client’s clit and circling it with gentle, precise pressure. She could feel the woman’s body responding — the way her hips shifted, the way her breathing grew heavier. The thrill of providing hidden pleasure while the client remained completely unaware sent a powerful rush through Lisa’s own body.

She glanced up once and saw Diana standing quietly in the corner of the room, watching with that same calm, approving expression.

Lisa’s internal questioning intensified with every passing second.

How many clients have felt this without knowing? How many have questioned their own sanity the way I did? And now I’m the one doing it…

But even as the questions swirled in her mind, her body responded with a deep, aching arousal. She was so turned on she could barely think straight. Her honey

was flowing freely down her own thighs as she continued to touch the unknowing client with expert, hidden care.

The therapist at the sink finally turned off the water and dried her hands. She returned to the table and began working on the client's shoulders, completely unaware that Lisa was already pleasuring her from below.

Lisa kept going, her fingers moving with increasing confidence. The client let out a soft, helpless moan, clearly believing it was all coming from the therapist she could see.

And still, Lisa's mind raced.

What have I become?

And why does it feel so good?

Chapter 18

Lisa was still trembling when she stepped out of Treatment Room Three. She had just finished being the "gloved secret therapist" for the first time, and the experience had left her shaken. Her body was flushed, her mind racing with questions she could no longer ignore.

She found Diana waiting for her in the hallway. Without a word, Diana gently took her hand and led her into a small private lounge nearby. She closed the door behind them and turned to face Lisa, her expression warm and concerned.

"You're quiet," Diana said softly. "Talk to me. What's on your mind?"

Lisa hesitated, then the words came out before she could stop them.

"I just… I need to ask you something," she said, her voice unsteady. "What we're doing… what *I'm* doing now… am I… am I becoming a prostitute?"

The question hung heavy in the air.

Diana's face softened with genuine care. She stepped closer and took both of Lisa's hands in hers, looking at her with steady, reassuring eyes.

"Oh, Lisa," she said gently. "No. Absolutely not. You are *not* a prostitute. Not even close. What we're doing here is something completely different. This is about pleasure, about connection, about helping people experience something beautiful and intimate. There's no transaction here. No exchange of money for sex. This is something sacred. Something special. You're not selling yourself, sweetheart. You're offering something beautiful. And I'm so proud of you for how naturally you're stepping into this role."

As Diana spoke, she gently guided Lisa backward until the backs of her legs touched the edge of the plush couch. She reached for Lisa's uniform, which had been neatly folded on a nearby chair, and began to dress her with slow, tender

care. First the soft black pants, then the crisp white blouse, buttoning it up with gentle fingers while continuing to speak in that same warm, reassuring tone.

“You’re not doing anything wrong,” Diana said softly as she smoothed the collar of Lisa’s shirt. “You’re not being used. You’re not being taken advantage of. You’re learning. You’re growing. You’re becoming something extraordinary. And I’m right here with you, every single step of the way.”

Once Lisa was fully dressed, Diana sat down on the couch and slowly pulled her forward until she was standing between her spread legs. With firm but gentle hands, she guided Lisa downward until she was kneeling between her legs. Diana’s skirt was already hiked up, and she wasn’t wearing anything underneath. With one hand, she guided Lisa’s face closer while her other hand stroked Lisa’s hair with tender affection.

“You’re safe with me,” Diana murmured, her voice warm and caring. “You’re not a

prostitute. You’re my beautiful, talented girl. And I’m going to take such good care of you.”

Diana’s fingers tightened gently in Lisa’s hair as she held her in place.

“That’s it,” she whispered. “Just like that. You’re doing so well. You’re not doing anything wrong. You’re exactly where you’re supposed to be.”

Lisa’s tongue met Diana’s wetness, and she began to lick slowly, her mind spinning with confusion and overwhelming sensation. Diana continued speaking above her, her voice steady and reassuring even as her hips began to move.

“You’re not a prostitute, Lisa. You’re something so much more beautiful than that. You’re my special girl. My secret therapist. My treasure. And I’m going to make sure you’re always taken care of.”

Diana’s breathing grew heavier as Lisa’s tongue worked faster. Her hand remained gentle in Lisa’s hair, stroking and guiding with a strange mix of tenderness and control.

“You’re not selling yourself,” Diana murmured, her voice thick with pleasure. “You’re sharing something sacred. Something powerful. And I’m so, so proud of you.”

Lisa could feel Diana getting closer. Her thighs began to tremble around Lisa’s head, and her voice grew slightly breathless, though she never stopped speaking.

“That’s it, sweetheart… just like that… you’re doing so beautifully… you’re not a prostitute… you’re my good girl… my perfect girl…”

Diana’s orgasm hit her suddenly and powerfully. She cried out softly, her hips bucking as she came hard against Lisa’s face, her honey flooding Lisa’s mouth

and chin. Even as she came, she kept murmuring gentle, reassuring words.

“You’re not a prostitute… you’re something so much more… you’re mine… my special girl…”

When the waves finally subsided, Diana gently pulled Lisa up and into her arms, holding her close against her chest. She stroked Lisa’s hair and back with tender affection, pressing soft kisses to her forehead.

“See?” Diana whispered. “You’re not a prostitute. You’re my beautiful, talented girl. And I’m going to take such good care of you. Always.”

She reached into her pocket and pulled out a crisp hundred-dollar bill. With gentle fingers, she tucked it into the waistband of Lisa’s uniform pants.

“There’s your Benjamin,” Diana said with a soft smile. “Just a little something extra. Because you deserve it.”

Lisa looked up at her, eyes glassy and overwhelmed. The confusion was still there, but it was slowly being replaced by something else — a deep, aching sense of gratitude and

reassurance.

“I… I think I was thinking about it all wrong,” Lisa whispered. “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have doubted you. I shouldn’t have doubted this.”

Diana smiled and pulled her closer, pressing a kiss to the top of her head.

“It’s okay, sweetheart. You’re learning. And I’m right here with you. Always.”

Lisa rested her head against Diana’s chest, the hundred-dollar bill still tucked into her waistband, and for the first time in a long while, she felt completely safe. Completely reassured. Completely grateful.

She had been thinking about it all wrong.

This wasn’t prostitution.

This was something else entirely.

And she was exactly where she was meant to be.

Chapter 19

Over the next two weeks, Lisa’s role at the spa transformed completely.

What had started as occasional supervised sessions had quickly become her full-time reality. Diana now trusted her with up to six clients per day — regular guests who specifically requested her for long, slow, deliberate treatments focused on edges and powerful orgasms. Lisa had learned to read bodies with startling accuracy. She knew exactly how long to hover someone on the edge, when to pull back, and when to finally let them fall. Her confidence had grown,

but so had something deeper — a quiet, steady sense of purpose.

Between clients, she had what Diana called her “honey breaks.” Twice a day, the two young women in the soft blue jumpers would come find her. They never said much. They simply guided her into one of the back rooms, helped her undress, and collected her honey with quiet efficiency while she lay on the table, breathing through the sensations. Lisa had grown used to it — the gentle hands, the soft cloths, the way her body responded so readily now. Sometimes she even found herself looking forward to those moments of stillness and surrender.

There were moments that stood out.

One afternoon, she had a client named Vanessa — a striking woman in her late thirties who liked to be edged for nearly an hour before finally being allowed to come. Lisa had brought her to the brink eight separate times, each one more intense than the last, until Vanessa was shaking and begging. When she finally let her go, the orgasm was so powerful that Vanessa had cried afterward, clinging to Lisa and whispering “thank you” over and over. Lisa had held her for a long time, feeling strangely moved.

Another client, a soft-spoken woman named Elise, had requested something more emotional. She wanted to be edged while Lisa whispered affirmations to her — telling her how beautiful she was, how good she was being, how much she deserved to feel pleasure. By the time Lisa finally let her come, Elise was sobbing with release, and Lisa had felt an unexpected wave of tenderness toward her.

But the moment that stayed with her most happened on a quiet Thursday morning.

She was at the front desk, helping Chloe with a scheduling issue. Chloe had been struggling with the new system and had called Lisa over for help.

“I keep getting the time slots mixed up,” Chloe said, frowning at the screen. “How do you make the recurring appointments lock in automatically?”

Lisa leaned over the counter, pointing at the screen. “You have to go into the client profile first, then click the recurring tab here. Once you set the frequency, it should auto-populate—” She stopped mid-sentence.

Her eyes had drifted to the small display shelf behind the desk — the one where the spa kept its signature products. Sitting there, neatly lined up, were several small glass jars with elegant white labels.

Lisa’s Honey – Facial Serum

Lisa stared at them for a moment, then turned to Chloe.

“How much do they sell for?” she asked quietly.

Chloe followed her gaze and smiled.

“Fifty dollars,” she said. “They’ve been selling really well. Diana says they’re one of our most popular add-ons now.”

Lisa didn’t answer right away. She just kept looking at the jars, a strange mix of emotions swirling in her chest — pride, vulnerability, and something she couldn’t quite name.

“Lisa?” Chloe asked gently. “You okay?”

Lisa blinked and looked back at her, forcing a small smile.

“Yeah,” she said quietly. “I’m okay.”

But as she turned back to the computer to finish helping Chloe, her mind was still on those jars — and on everything they represented.

She was no longer just a receptionist.

She was no longer just a client.

She was something else now.

And every day, that something else was becoming more and more real.

Chapter 20

One of the most intense sessions that week was with a VIP client named Camille.

Camille was in her early forties, tall and elegant, with sharp cheekbones and long, silky black hair. She had requested something very specific — a “Source Facial.” Lisa had never performed one before, but Diana had explained it clearly: Lisa was to bring herself to orgasm while straddling the client’s face, then spread her honey across Camille’s skin afterward.

When Lisa entered the room, Camille was already lying on her back on the massage table, completely nude, her eyes dark with anticipation. Diana had stayed for the beginning of the session, guiding Lisa gently.

“Take your time,” she had said. “Make her feel every moment.”

Lisa climbed onto the table and straddled Camille’s face, lowering herself slowly until she felt the warmth of the woman’s breath against her. She began to move — slow, deliberate rolls of her hips — while her fingers found her own clit. The position was intensely intimate. She could feel every breath Camille took, every soft sound she made.

Lisa edged herself for what felt like a long time, bringing herself right to the brink over and over while Camille watched and waited beneath her. When she finally let herself go, the orgasm was deep and powerful. She cried out as she came hard against Camille’s face, her honey flooding out in thick, warm pulses.

For a moment, she stayed there, catching her breath, her thighs trembling. Then, as instructed, she slowly moved down and began to spread her honey across Camille’s face with her fingers — over her cheeks, her forehead, her lips. Camille closed her eyes and sighed with pleasure, a soft, blissful expression on her face.

The intimacy of it — the taboo, the vulnerability, the way Camille looked up at her with such open surrender — made something shift deep inside Lisa. She felt both powerful and deeply submissive at the same time. When she finally climbed off the table, her legs were shaky, and her mind was quiet in a way it hadn’t been in days.

Two days later, another request came in.

A client had asked to simply *watch*. No touching. No participation. Just observation while Lisa edged herself and brought herself to orgasm. Honey would be collected afterward.

When Lisa entered the treatment room, the person waiting in the corner chair was already familiar.

It was Chloe.

She was wearing a simple black robe and sitting with her hands folded in her lap, looking both nervous and quietly excited. The moment Lisa saw her, she understood. This wasn’t a regular client. Chloe had asked for this.

Lisa paused in the doorway, her heart beating faster. Chloe gave her a small, shy smile.

“I asked Diana if I could do this,” she said softly. “I’ve been curious for a while. I hope that’s okay.”

Lisa didn’t answer right away. She just looked at Chloe — the sweet, quiet girl from the front desk — and felt a strange mix of emotions. Vulnerability. Arousal. A quiet thrill at being seen this way by someone she knew.

She nodded slowly.

“It’s okay,” she said.

Chloe’s smile grew a little wider, and she settled back in the chair.

Lisa undressed and climbed onto the massage table. She lay on her back, took a slow breath, and began.

She started the way she had been taught — slow, deliberate touches, bringing herself right to the edge and then backing off. She did this again and again, letting the tension build higher each time. Knowing that Chloe was watching made everything feel more intense. Her breathing grew ragged, her small

breasts rising and falling rapidly as she hovered on the brink.

She lost track of time. The only sounds in the room were her own soft moans and the wet sounds of her fingers moving between her legs. When she finally let herself come, the orgasm was long and shaking, her back arching off the table as wave after wave rolled through her.

For a moment, she lay there panting, her body glowing with aftershocks. Then she opened her eyes and looked toward the chair.

Chloe was still watching her, her cheeks flushed, her expression soft and full of quiet wonder.

Lisa didn’t say anything. She just lay there, breathing, as Chloe slowly stood up and reached for the small glass jars on the nearby tray.

“Would it be okay if I helped collect your honey now?” Chloe asked gently.

Lisa nodded.

Chloe smiled — small, shy, and strangely beautiful — and began to carefully gather the thick, warm honey from between Lisa’s legs.

Lisa watched her in silence, her mind still spinning, and wondered how much more her world was going to change.

Chapter 21

Lisa followed Diana into her private office after her last client of the day. She was still a little flushed from the session, her body warm and sensitive. Diana closed the door behind them and gestured for Lisa to sit on the small couch near the window.

“Get comfortable,” Diana said with a warm smile. “I want to talk to you about something important.”

Lisa sat down, curious but a little nervous. Diana took a seat across from her, crossing her legs elegantly and folding her hands in her lap.

“I’ve been thinking a lot about our conversation the other night,” Diana began, her voice calm and thoughtful. “About how you were worried about feeling like a prostitute. And I’ve been reflecting on that quite a bit, because I want you to feel completely at ease with everything we’re doing here.”

She paused for a moment, then continued in that same gentle, measured tone.

“You see, Lisa, I think one of the reasons this has been weighing on you is because of how society defines these things. When people think of a prostitute, what comes to mind? Someone who is paid for sexual acts. Someone who receives money in exchange for

intimacy. That’s the core of it, isn’t it? The transaction. The payment. The idea that what they’re doing is being compensated with money.”

Diana leaned forward slightly, her expression sincere.

“But that’s not what’s happening here. Not at all. What we’re doing at this spa is something entirely different. You’re not being paid for sex. You’re being compensated for your time, your skill, your presence, and the beautiful energy you bring to these sessions. There’s a world of difference between the two. A prostitute is paid *for* the act itself. You’re being paid for your *work* — the same way any therapist, any healer, any artist is paid for their craft.”

She smiled warmly, her eyes soft.

“And I’ve been thinking… maybe the reason this distinction still feels blurry for you is because you *are* still receiving money for what you do. And that might be creating some unnecessary confusion in your mind.”

Lisa listened quietly, nodding along as Diana spoke. There was something so reasonable, so gentle about the way Diana framed everything. It made sense.

Diana continued, her voice smooth and persuasive.

“So I’ve been wondering… would it help you feel better — would it help you feel *clear* — if we removed that element entirely? If you no longer received a salary from the spa? That way, there would be no money changing hands at all. No confusion. No overlap with anything that might make you uncomfortable. You could continue doing this beautiful, meaningful work without any of that weight on your shoulders.”

She paused, letting the idea settle.

Lisa felt something shift inside her. The more Diana spoke, the more it made sense. The money had been bothering her, even if she hadn’t fully admitted it to herself. If she wasn’t being paid, then there really *was* no transaction. No risk of feeling like she was trading sex for money.

She hesitated, then spoke softly.

“…Would you consider that?” Lisa asked. “Not paying me anymore?”

Diana tilted her head slightly, as if genuinely considering it. She was quiet for a moment, then nodded slowly.

“You know what?” she said, her tone thoughtful. “I think that’s actually a wonderful idea. It would remove any remaining doubt for you. It would let you do this work with complete peace of mind. I think that’s very wise of you to suggest.”

She stood up and walked over to a door on the far side of her office — one Lisa had never noticed before. Diana opened it with a gentle smile.

Inside was a beautiful, sunlit bedroom. It was elegantly decorated with soft lighting, a large comfortable bed, and large windows overlooking the spa gardens. It looked peaceful. Private. Expensive.

Diana stepped inside and gestured for Lisa to follow.

“This would be yours,” she said warmly. “Your own private space here at the spa. You’d have full access to the gym, the pool, the kitchen — everything. And your own bathroom, of course. It’s so expensive to live in this city, Lisa. Rent is outrageous. Why should you have to deal with that when we can take care of you here?”

She turned to face Lisa, still smiling.

“I’ll have movers come over tonight. You can tell them exactly what you want to bring. By tomorrow morning, you’ll be completely settled in. No stress. No hassle. Just… home.”

Lisa looked around the beautiful room, her heart beating faster. It was more than she had expected. More than she had ever imagined.

Diana reached out and gently took her hand.

“And as for your salary,” she continued, “the spa will keep it. We’ll hold it for you. Just like we’ve already been doing with your tips and the money from your honey sales. That way, you never have to feel like you’re trading anything for money. You can do this work with complete freedom. Complete peace.”

Lisa felt tears prick at the corners of her eyes. She was overwhelmed — by the generosity, by the thoughtfulness, by how perfectly Diana seemed to understand exactly what she needed.

“I… I don’t know what to say,” Lisa whispered. “Thank you. Really."

Diana pulled her into a warm hug, stroking her hair gently.

“You’re welcome, sweetheart,” she said softly. “I just want you to be happy. And I want you to feel completely safe and cared for here. That’s all that matters.”

Lisa closed her eyes and leaned into the embrace, her face resting against Diana’s shoulder. The room was quiet. Outside, the faint sound of water moving through the spa’s fountain could be heard. Diana continued to hold her, one hand slowly stroking her back in a steady, soothing rhythm.

Chapter 22

Lisa woke up in her new room at the spa for the first time.

Sunlight streamed through the large windows, casting a soft golden glow across the elegant space. The bed was incredibly comfortable, the sheets cool and smooth against her skin. For a moment, she simply lay there, taking it all in — the quiet hum of the building, the faint scent of lavender from the diffuser on the nightstand, the strange but comforting feeling of belonging somewhere so completely.

She had officially moved in the night before. The movers had arrived just after dinner, and Diana had stayed with her the entire time, helping her decide what to keep and what to leave behind. By the time everything was settled, Lisa had felt something she hadn't felt in a long time — a deep, quiet sense of peace.

She was just finishing getting dressed when there was a soft knock at her door.

"Come in," she called.

Diana stepped inside, already dressed for the day in a sleek black blouse and tailored trousers. She smiled when she saw Lisa.

"Good morning, sweetheart," she said warmly. "How did you sleep?"

"Really well," Lisa admitted. "Better than I have in months."

"I'm glad." Diana stepped closer and gently brushed a strand of hair from Lisa's face. "I have something important to talk to you about before your first client of the day."

Lisa's stomach fluttered. "Okay."

Diana took her hand and led her to the small seating area in the corner of the room. They sat down together on the plush loveseat.

"Today's client is a little different," Diana said, her voice calm but serious. "Her name is Victoria. She's a VIP — very wealthy, very particular. She prefers to give pleasure rather than receive it. And she can be… intense. She has a bit of a reputation for getting carried away with my girls."

Lisa felt a small flicker of nervousness.

Diana continued. "Because of that, I'm going to supervise the session personally. I want to make sure everything stays within safe, comfortable boundaries for you. I'll be right there the entire time."

Lisa nodded slowly. "I trust you."

Diana smiled and squeezed her hand.

"I know you do. And I'm going to take very good care of you."

An hour later, Lisa found herself in one of the larger treatment rooms. She was completely naked, lying on her back on the wide massage table. Diana stood nearby, leaning casually against the counter with her arms crossed, watching with calm attentiveness.

The door opened, and Victoria entered.

She was striking — tall, athletic, with short dark hair and intense green eyes. She carried herself with quiet confidence, the kind that came from money and power. When she saw Lisa on the table, her lips curved into a slow, appreciative smile.

“Well, aren’t you lovely,” Victoria said, her voice low and smooth. She turned to Diana. “You always did have excellent taste.”

Diana gave a small nod. “She’s very special. I’m trusting you to be gentle with her.”

Victoria’s smile widened. “Of course.”

She approached the table and began to undress slowly, folding her clothes neatly on a nearby chair. Once she was naked, she climbed onto the table and settled between Lisa’s spread legs.

Victoria began with slow, deliberate touches — her hands gliding over Lisa’s inner thighs, her stomach, her breasts. She took her time, exploring Lisa’s body with obvious appreciation. When her fingers finally found Lisa’s clit, she started with light, teasing strokes that made Lisa’s breath catch.

Diana’s voice came from the side of the room, calm and steady.

“Remember what we talked about, Victoria. Slow. Controlled. She isn’t like my other girls.”

Victoria chuckled softly but obeyed, keeping her touch gentle and deliberate. She brought Lisa right to the edge with expert precision, then eased off just before she could come. Lisa whimpered, her hips lifting slightly.

Victoria did this again and again — pushing Lisa higher each time, only to pull back at the last moment. Lisa’s breathing grew ragged, her small breasts rising and falling rapidly as she hovered on the brink over and over. Her honey was flowing freely, soaking into the sheet beneath her.

After several long cycles, Victoria’s eyes darkened with something more intense.

“Turn over for me,” she said, her voice low. “On your stomach.”

Lisa hesitated for a moment, then obeyed, rolling onto her stomach. She felt Victoria’s hands on her ass, kneading the soft flesh with firm pressure. Then came the first light slap. *Smack.*

Lisa gasped. A sharp, unexpected jolt of pleasure shot straight through her body. She had never been spanked before — and the sensation caught her completely off guard. Her clit throbbed in response, and she felt a fresh wave of honey drip from her.

Victoria did it again.

Smack.

Lisa moaned, her hips twitching. The sting was light, but it sent electricity racing through her. She had no idea she would react this way. She had never even considered it. But her body was responding with an intensity she had never felt before.

Victoria spanked her again, a little harder this time, and Lisa let out a broken whimper. Her face burned with a mix of embarrassment and overwhelming arousal. She was so turned on it was almost dizzying.

Diana's voice cut through the air, sharper than before.

"Victoria. That's enough. She isn't like my other girls. You know that."

Victoria paused, her hand resting on Lisa's ass. For a moment, she seemed to consider Diana's words. Then she leaned down and whispered against Lisa's ear.

"But she likes it, doesn't she?"

Before Diana could respond, Victoria slipped her hands underneath Lisa's body and found her breasts. She took both of Lisa's nipples between her fingers, pinching them hard and pulling them downward. Lisa cried out, her back arching as a fresh wave of intense pleasure crashed through her. Her hips bucked against the table, and she felt more honey gush from her.

Diana stepped forward immediately.

"Victoria. Stop."

But Victoria wasn't done. She released Lisa's nipples only to slap them lightly from underneath, then pinched them again, rolling them between her fingers with expert cruelty. Lisa was shaking now, her breathing ragged, her mind spinning with sensations she had never experienced before. Every sharp pinch, every tug, every slap sent lightning through her body. She had never been this aroused in her life.

Diana's voice was firm now.

"Victoria. That's enough. She's not one of your usual playthings. You're going too far."

Victoria finally pulled back, breathing heavily. She looked down at Lisa, who was still trembling on the table, her face flushed, her body glistening with sweat and

honey. For a long moment, Victoria just stared at her.

Then she smiled — slow and genuine.

“She’s beautiful,” Victoria said softly. “Even like this. Especially like this.”

Diana placed a protective hand on Lisa’s back, her expression unreadable.

“I think we’re done for today.”

Victoria nodded, still looking at Lisa with open admiration.

“Next time,” she said, almost to herself. Then she turned and began to dress.

Diana stayed beside Lisa, gently stroking her back as Victoria left the room. When the door closed, she leaned down and pressed a soft kiss to Lisa’s shoulder.

“You did wonderfully,” she murmured. “I’m very proud of you.”

Lisa lay there, still catching her breath, her body humming with the aftershocks of the most intense arousal she had ever felt. She didn’t know what to think. All she knew was that something inside her had shifted — and she wasn’t sure she would ever be the same.

Chapter 23

Lisa was still catching her breath when Diana helped her sit up after the session with Victoria. Her body was still humming from the intense mix of spanking, nipple play, and

overwhelming arousal she had experienced. She felt raw, exposed, and strangely alive.

Diana placed a gentle hand on her back.

“You did very well,” she said softly. “Even when things got intense. I’m proud of you.”

Lisa looked up at her, still a little dazed.

“I… I didn’t know I would like that so much,” she admitted quietly.

Diana smiled, brushing a strand of hair from Lisa’s face.

“I could tell. Your body responded beautifully. But I think you’ve had enough intensity for one day. Come with me. There’s something else I want you to learn.”

Still naked, Lisa followed Diana out of the treatment room and down the hallway. They walked in silence until they reached Diana’s private office. Diana opened the door and gestured for Lisa to enter.

Inside, sitting on the edge of Diana’s large desk, was Chloe.

She was petite, with soft blonde hair that fell just past her shoulders and warm blue eyes. She was slightly shorter than Lisa, with a delicate frame and a naturally shy but friendly presence. She was wearing a simple white robe, her legs swinging gently as she waited.

When she saw Lisa, her cheeks flushed pink, but she smiled.

“Hi,” Chloe said softly.

“Hi,” Lisa replied, feeling strangely shy herself.

Diana closed the door behind them and walked over to her desk. She opened a drawer and pulled out a sleek black strap-on harness along with a smooth, curved silicone dildo. She placed them on the table beside Chloe.

“Today, you’re going to learn how to use this,” Diana said, her voice calm and instructional. “Not on a client yet. On Chloe. She’s offered to help you practice.”

Lisa’s stomach tightened. She looked at Chloe, who gave her another small, encouraging smile, then back at Diana.

“I… I’ve never used one before,” Lisa said.

“I know,” Diana replied gently. “That’s why we’re starting here. I want you to feel what it’s like to be on the giving end. To understand the power and the responsibility that comes with it. And I’ll be right here the entire time to guide you.”

She picked up the harness and held it out to Lisa.

“Put this on.”

Lisa’s hands trembled slightly as she took the harness. She stepped into it and fastened the straps around her hips, adjusting them until it sat snugly against her body. The weight of the dildo felt strange and foreign between her legs.

Diana stepped behind her and made a few small adjustments, her hands brushing against Lisa’s skin.

“There,” she said. “Now come here.”

She guided Lisa to stand between Chloe’s spread legs. Chloe had already removed her robe and was lying back on the desk, her cheeks still flushed but her eyes bright with quiet anticipation.

Diana’s voice was low and steady.

“Start slow. Use your fingers first. Get her ready. Then, when she’s wet enough, you can use the strap-on. I want you to pay attention to how she responds. Every sound, every movement, every breath. That’s how you learn.”

Lisa nodded, her heart pounding. She reached between Chloe's legs and began to stroke her gently. Chloe was already wet, and she let out a soft sigh as Lisa's fingers circled her clit.

Diana watched closely, occasionally offering quiet guidance.

"Two fingers now… yes, just like that. Curl them upward. Good."

Lisa followed every instruction, her focus narrowing to Chloe's reactions. She could feel how Chloe's body responded to her touch — the way her hips shifted, the way her breathing changed, the soft sounds she made. It was strangely powerful.

After several minutes, Diana spoke again.

"She's ready. Go ahead."

Lisa positioned the tip of the strap-on against Chloe's entrance and slowly pushed forward. Chloe gasped, her back arching slightly as Lisa filled her. The sensation of being inside someone — of controlling the depth and pace — sent a confusing rush of excitement through Lisa's body.

She began to move, slow and careful at first, just as Diana had taught her. Chloe's moans grew louder, her hands gripping the edge of the desk.

Diana's voice remained calm and guiding.

"Watch her face. Listen to her. You can go a little deeper now… yes. That's it. You're doing beautifully."

Lisa kept going, gradually finding a rhythm. The power dynamic felt strange and exhilarating at the same time. She had spent so much time being touched, being edged, being pleasured. Now she was the one doing those things to someone else. It excited her. But it also unsettled her in a way she couldn't quite explain.

After a few minutes, something playful and unexpected bubbled up inside her. She remembered all the times Chloe had come to her at the front desk, flustered and overwhelmed by the new scheduling system, asking for help again and again.

A mischievous smile tugged at Lisa's lips.

She pulled back and then thrust forward harder than before — once, twice — in quick, deep strokes.

"This," Lisa said, her voice low and teasing, "is for all those times you needed my help with the software."

Chloe's eyes flew open wide — and then she let out a delighted squeal, her back arching as a burst of laughter mixed with pleasure escaped her.

"Oh my god—!" Chloe gasped, grinning up at Lisa even as her body trembled. "That's so mean… and so hot…"

Lisa couldn’t help but laugh softly, the tension in her chest easing for the first time that morning. She slowed her pace again, but the playful energy between them lingered.

Diana watched the exchange with a small, amused smile, but said nothing.

Lisa continued, finding a deeper, more deliberate rhythm. She could feel Chloe’s body responding strongly — the way her inner walls fluttered around the strap-on, the way her moans grew more urgent. The power of it, the control, the way Chloe looked up at her with such open pleasure… it was intoxicating.

Time seemed to blur. Lisa lost herself in the rhythm, in the sounds Chloe was making, in the strange new feeling of control mixed with something deeper and more complicated.

Diana’s voice eventually broke through the haze.

“That’s enough for today,” she said gently. “You did very well.”

Lisa slowly pulled out, her legs trembling slightly. She looked down at Chloe, who was breathing heavily, a soft, satisfied smile on her face.

Diana stepped forward and placed a hand on Lisa’s back.

“How do you feel?” she asked quietly.

Lisa looked at her, still trying to process everything.

“I don’t know,” she admitted. “It felt… good. Really good. But also… strange. Like I wasn’t supposed to enjoy it that much. Like I was crossing some kind of line.”

Diana smiled softly, her eyes warm.

“That’s normal. You’re still learning who you are in all of this. Power can be exciting. It can also be unsettling. Both things can be true at the same time.”

She leaned in and pressed a gentle kiss to Lisa’s forehead.

“Come on. Let’s get you cleaned up.”

Chapter 24

Lisa stepped out of her private bathroom, a towel wrapped loosely around her body, her skin still warm and damp from the shower. The day had been long and intense, and all she wanted now was to collapse into her new bed and sleep.

But when she entered her bedroom, she stopped short.

Diana was sitting on the edge of the bed, completely dressed, with the black strap-on harness and dildo resting beside her. She looked up and smiled warmly when she saw Lisa.

“There you are,” Diana said softly. “I was waiting for you.”

Lisa’s heart skipped. She tightened the towel around herself.

“Is everything okay?” she asked.

Diana stood and picked up the strap-on, holding it gently in both hands.

“Everything is fine,” she said. “But I think it’s time you learned something new. Something important.”

She stepped closer, her voice low and calm.

“Tonight, I’m going to fuck you. In your ass. Slowly. Carefully. I want you to know what it feels like — from someone who cares about you. From someone familiar. This way, when the time comes for you to give it to someone else, you’ll understand exactly what they’re feeling.”

Lisa’s breath caught. Her stomach tightened with a mix of nerves and unexpected heat. She had never done anal before. Not once.

Diana reached out and gently took Lisa’s hand.

“I’ll be very gentle,” she promised. “And I’ll stop the second you want me to. But I think you’re ready to learn this.”

Lisa swallowed hard, then nodded.

“Okay,” she whispered.

Diana smiled and led her to the bed. She had Lisa lie on her stomach with a pillow under her hips, then slowly removed the towel. Lisa’s heart was pounding as Diana applied generous amounts of thick, slick lube to her fingers and began to gently prepare her.

Diana took her time — circling Lisa’s tight entrance with one slick finger, pressing gently, never forcing. When she finally slid the first finger inside, Lisa let out a shaky breath. It felt strange. Full. But not painful. The stretch was deep and unfamiliar, and Lisa’s body instinctively tensed for a moment before slowly relaxing under Diana’s patient touch.

Diana added more lube and worked slowly, stretching her with careful, deliberate movements. She whispered soft words of encouragement the entire time, her voice low and soothing.

“You’re doing so well,” she murmured. “Just breathe for me. That’s it… relax. I’ve got you.”

Lisa’s fingers clutched the sheets as Diana added a second finger, scissoring gently, opening her up with exquisite patience. Every slow movement sent waves of strange, intense sensation through her body. It wasn’t just physical — it felt deeply intimate. Vulnerable. Like Diana was claiming a part of her that no one

else ever had.

After several long minutes, Diana finally positioned the strap-on against Lisa's entrance. She leaned over her, pressing a soft kiss to her shoulder.

"Tell me if it's too much," she whispered. "We go at your pace. Always."

Then she began to push inside.

Lisa gasped at the stretch, her fingers tightening in the sheets. It burned at first — a deep, intense pressure she had never felt before. Her body instinctively tried to resist, but Diana moved with exquisite slowness, giving her time to adjust with every careful inch. She paused often, stroking Lisa's back and whispering soft praise until the burn slowly eased into something else — something hot, overwhelming, and strangely pleasurable.

When Diana was finally fully inside her, Lisa let out a long, trembling moan. She had never felt so full. So completely taken. The pressure was intense, almost too much, but beneath it was a deep, pulsing pleasure she hadn't expected.

Diana began to move — slow, deep, deliberate strokes that made Lisa's entire body shake. Every thrust sent waves of intense sensation through her. She had never been this full, this stretched, this completely claimed. And she had never been this turned on in her life.

Diana kept her pace steady and careful, one hand stroking Lisa's hair while the other gripped her hip with gentle firmness.

"You're taking me so beautifully," she whispered. "I'm so proud of you. Just breathe… that's it. You're doing so well."

Lisa could only moan in response, her mind dissolving into pure sensation. Every slow thrust pushed her higher, tighter, closer to something she had never experienced before. Diana fucked her slowly for what felt like a very long time, bringing her right to the edge again and again without letting her come. Lisa was shaking, begging, her voice hoarse with need. When Diana finally reached beneath her and rubbed her clit in firm, steady circles while continuing to thrust deep into her ass, Lisa shattered.

She came harder than she ever had before — a full-body, screaming orgasm that left her sobbing into the pillow as wave after wave of overwhelming pleasure tore through her. Her body convulsed violently around the strap-on, her honey gushing out in thick pulses. She had never felt anything so intense, so all-consuming. It was as if every nerve in her body had caught fire at once.

Diana held her through it, whispering soft praise and stroking her back until Lisa finally went limp beneath her, trembling and breathless.

Only then did Diana slowly pull out.

She leaned down and kissed the back of Lisa’s neck.

“You were perfect,” she murmured. “Absolutely perfect.”

Lisa could only whimper in response, her body still trembling with aftershocks.

Diana gently helped her sit up and pressed a soft kiss to her forehead.

“Go take another shower,” she said. “And clean the strap-on while you’re in there. I’ll be waiting for you.”

Lisa nodded weakly and stood on shaky legs, wrapping the towel around herself again before heading back into the bathroom.

When Lisa stepped out of the bathroom a short while later, the clean strap-on in her hands and a fresh towel wrapped around her body, she stopped dead in her tracks.

Diana was still there.

But she wasn’t alone.

Standing beside her, completely naked, was Chloe.

Chloe’s petite frame was soft and delicate, her blonde hair slightly tousled, her blue eyes bright with nervous excitement. She looked at Lisa with a shy but hungry smile.

Diana’s voice was warm, almost playful.

“Someone else familiar,” she said.

Before Lisa could react, Chloe stepped forward and took the strap-on from her hands. With surprising confidence, she began to put it on, fastening the straps around her narrow hips with practiced ease. Once it was secure, she looked up at Lisa, her expression shifting from shy to something much more intense.

She reached out and yanked the towel off Lisa’s body in one swift motion.

“Get on the bed,” Chloe said, her voice low and commanding. “All fours.”

Lisa froze, her heart hammering in her chest. She looked at Diana, who was watching with a small, unreadable smile.

Diana’s voice was soft but firm.

“You better do as she says.”

Lisa’s legs felt weak as she climbed onto the bed and positioned herself on her hands and knees, completely naked and exposed. Her heart was racing, but her body — her traitorous, desperate body — was already throbbing with arousal. She had never felt this exposed. This vulnerable. This turned on.

Chloe climbed onto the bed behind her. She didn’t hesitate. She pressed the tip of the strap-on against Lisa’s still-slick entrance and pushed inside in one smooth, deep thrust.

Lisa cried out, her arms nearly buckling.

Chloe didn’t start slow.

She began to fuck Lisa with hard, steady strokes — each one punctuated with a playful but firm command.

“You’re going to help me with every computer issue I have,” Chloe said, pounding into her.

Thrust.

“Especially the stupid ones,” she added, gripping Lisa’s hips tighter.

Thrust.

“You’d better be there before I even ask when I need something,” Chloe continued, her voice breathless but commanding.

Thrust. Thrust.

Lisa moaned loudly, her body rocking forward with every powerful stroke. She had never been fucked like this before — so rough, so demanding, so completely overwhelming. Every thrust sent shockwaves of intense pleasure through her. She had never been this turned on in her entire life. Her mind was gone. Her body was on fire.

“Yes,” she gasped. “Yes… I will… I promise…”

Chloe kept going, her pace relentless, her voice growing more excited with every command.

“You’re going to answer every stupid question I have,” she panted.

Thrust.

“Even if I ask the same thing ten times.”

Thrust.

“And you’re going to smile while you do it.”

Lisa was shaking, her moans turning into broken sobs of pleasure. She had never felt anything like this — this mix of fear, submission, and overwhelming, mind-melting arousal. Her body was completely surrendered. Her mind was gone.

“Yes— yes— I will— anything—”

Chloe reached beneath Lisa and rubbed her clit in fast, firm circles while continuing to fuck her hard from behind. Lisa's entire body seized as the orgasm hit her like a freight train.

She came explosively — screaming, shaking, her vision going white as the most powerful orgasm of her life tore through her. Her arms gave out and she collapsed onto the bed, her body convulsing violently as wave after wave of overwhelming pleasure crashed through her. She had never come like this before. It felt like her entire being was unraveling.

Chloe didn't stop. She kept thrusting through Lisa's orgasm, chasing her own release with desperate, frantic strokes until she finally cried out and came hard, her body jerking as she moaned Lisa's name. It was the biggest orgasm Chloe could remember — so intense that for a few seconds, she couldn't even remember her own name.

When it was over, Chloe collapsed on top of Lisa, both of them panting and trembling, their bodies slick with sweat and honey. They stayed like that for a long time, wrapped around each other, too exhausted to move.

Diana watched them quietly from the doorway for a moment, a small, satisfied smile on her face. Then, without a word, she slipped out of the room and closed the door behind her, leaving the two girls tangled together in the bed.

She smiled to herself as she walked down the hallway.

Her plan was working beautifully.

Chapter 25

Lisa woke slowly, her body warm and heavy with sleep. She was tangled in soft sheets and warm skin, her face buried against someone's neck. It took her a moment to remember where she was — and who she was with.

Chloe.

They were still wrapped around each other, legs intertwined, arms draped loosely over one another. Chloe's soft blonde hair tickled Lisa's cheek. For a few peaceful seconds, Lisa simply lay there, breathing her in.

Then she felt it.

Something hard and familiar pressing against her thigh.

Lisa blinked, then let out a sleepy, amused giggle.

"Chloe…" she murmured, her voice still thick with sleep. "You're still wearing the strap-on."

Chloe stirred, letting out a small, confused sound before she too realized what was happening. She lifted her head slightly, glanced down, and immediately

burst into quiet laughter.

“Oh my god,” she whispered, her face flushing pink. “I completely forgot. I fell asleep with it on?”

Lisa giggled again, burying her face in Chloe’s shoulder.

“You did. I felt it when I woke up.”

Chloe laughed harder, the sound soft and bright in the quiet morning light. She reached down and fumbled with the straps for a moment before managing to unfasten the harness and slide it off, setting it carefully on the nightstand.

“That’s embarrassing,” she said, still smiling. “I hope I didn’t poke you in my sleep.”

Lisa shook her head, her own smile soft and sleepy.

“You didn’t. It was kind of… comforting, actually.”

They lay there for another minute, just breathing together, the warmth of their bodies tangled beneath the sheets. It felt easy. Natural. Like something that had always been meant to happen.

Eventually, Chloe sighed and stretched.

“We should probably get up,” she said reluctantly. “I have to be at the front desk soon, and you have that big multi-girl session this morning, right?”

Lisa nodded, though she didn’t move right away.

“Yeah. Diana scheduled it for nine. I should probably shower and eat something first.”

Chloe leaned in and pressed a soft kiss to Lisa’s lips — gentle, lingering, and sweet.

“Go get ready,” she whispered. “I’ll see you later.”

Lisa smiled against her mouth.

“Okay.”

They untangled themselves slowly, both of them reluctant to leave the warmth of the bed. Chloe slipped her robe back on and padded toward the door while Lisa headed into her private bathroom for a quick shower.

By the time Lisa was dressed and ready, the spa was already humming with quiet morning energy. She made her way to the staff kitchen, grabbed a light breakfast, and then headed toward the treatment wing for her first appointment of the day.

Diana met her in the hallway outside one of the larger treatment rooms.

“You look well-rested,” Diana said with a knowing smile. “Good. You’re going to need your energy for this one.”

Lisa raised an eyebrow. “That intense?”

Diana’s smile widened slightly.

“It’s a multi-girl VIP session. The client wants to both receive and watch. You’ll be working with a few of the other girls. I think you’ll fit in beautifully.”

Lisa nodded, feeling a small flutter of nerves mixed with excitement. She had never done a multi-girl session before.

Diana placed a gentle hand on her shoulder.

“Just stay present and follow their lead. The client is paying for an experience. Give her everything she wants.”

With that, Diana opened the door and gestured for Lisa to enter.

Inside, four other therapists were already waiting.

Daisy smiled warmly when she saw Lisa.

She was petite and curvy, with soft auburn hair and a playful glint in her eyes. Next to her stood Bunny — tall, willowy, with long platinum blonde hair and a sweet, almost innocent smile. Beside her was Pixie, tiny and energetic with short pink-streaked hair and bright green eyes. And finally there was Lulu, soft and voluptuous with long dark curls and a gentle, dreamy expression.

They were all in various states of undress, chatting quietly among themselves until Lisa entered. Then they turned toward her with warm, welcoming smiles.

“Hey,” Daisy said brightly. “You made it. Come on in.”

Lisa stepped further into the room, feeling a little shy under their collective gaze. On the large massage table in the center lay their client — a striking woman in her late forties with long dark hair and an air of quiet confidence. She was already undressed, lying on her back with a soft pillow under her head, watching them all with clear interest.

Daisy gently took Lisa’s hand and pulled her closer to the group.

“This is Lisa,” she said to the others. “She’s new to these kinds of sessions, so let’s make her feel welcome, okay?”

The other girls smiled and nodded. Bunny gave Lisa a little wave. Pixie grinned

mischievously. Lulu offered a soft, dreamy smile.

“Don’t worry,” Bunny said kindly. “We’ll take good care of you.”

Daisy turned to Lisa and spoke in a low, reassuring voice.

“The client wants us to start by playing with each other. Slowly. Intimately. She likes to watch the chemistry between us first. Then we’ll all take turns focusing on her. Just stay relaxed and follow our lead. We’ve got you.”

Lisa nodded, her heart beating a little faster.

“Okay.”

The five of them moved onto the wide massage table together, arranging themselves so the client had a perfect view from every angle. Daisy pulled Lisa into a slow, sensual kiss while Bunny and Pixie began kissing each other beside them. Lulu watched with a soft smile, gently stroking Lisa’s back.

The energy in the room was thick and charged. Lisa let herself sink into the moment — kissing Daisy deeply, feeling Bunny’s hands on her waist, hearing Pixie’s soft giggles and moans as she played with Lulu. It felt luxurious. Intimate. Almost dreamlike.

But as the session continued, something began to shift.

Whenever one of the girls would reach her peak, she would gently but deliberately move so that her orgasm happened directly over Lisa’s face.

First it was Daisy, straddling Lisa’s chest and coming with a soft, breathy moan while her honey dripped onto Lisa’s lips and chin in warm, thick pulses. Daisy held herself there for a long moment, her thighs trembling as she looked down at Lisa with a sweet, satisfied smile, letting every drop land on her face.

Then it was Bunny, positioning herself so she came while hovering just above Lisa’s mouth. She let out a quiet, melodic moan as her honey spilled onto Lisa’s tongue and cheeks, her fingers gently stroking Lisa’s hair as she did it.

Pixie followed, giggling softly as she came, her small body shaking while she made sure her release landed right across Lisa’s lips and nose. She even leaned down afterward and pressed a playful kiss to Lisa’s forehead, leaving a little trail of honey behind.

Lulu was last. She moved with slow, dreamy grace, positioning herself so she came while gently rocking against Lisa’s face, her soft moans filling the room as her honey coated Lisa’s skin in warm, glistening streaks. She stayed there longer than the others, gently stroking Lisa’s hair and whispering soft words of praise.

Each of them took their turn. Each of them made sure their pleasure landed on Lisa’s face. And Lisa simply lay there, accepting it all with quiet, willing surrender. She didn’t mind. In fact, there was something strangely comforting about being the center of their pleasure — even if she wasn’t getting a turn herself. She felt used in the most beautiful way. Claimed. Desired.

The client watched it all with clear delight, her eyes sparkling with amusement and pleasure as she touched herself slowly, clearly entertained by the subtle power dynamic playing out before her.

The five therapists continued to kiss and touch each other between turns, but it became increasingly clear that every orgasm — every moan, every shudder, every release — was being directed onto Lisa's face. And Lisa simply lay there, accepting it all with quiet, willing surrender.

She didn't mind at all.

And the VIP client looked very, very pleased.

Chapter 26

Lisa was still glowing from the first round of the session when Daisy gently helped her sit up. The other girls — Bunny, Pixie, and Lulu — were smiling at her with quiet approval, clearly pleased with how well she had taken to the group dynamic.

Daisy leaned in close and spoke softly so only Lisa could hear.

"That was beautiful," she said. "You did wonderfully. Miss Polly is very pleased so far."

Lisa smiled shyly, still catching her breath. "Thank you."

Daisy straightened up and addressed the entire group, her voice warm but clear.

"Alright, ladies. Miss Polly has requested the next round to be something a little more theatrical. She loves roleplay, and she wants us to fully commit. Each of us is going to play a very specific character while we give her an orgasm. We're going to treat this like a little improv performance — stay in character, say your lines, and make it fun. Miss Polly will play along perfectly. She's very good at this."

She turned to Lisa with a gentle smile.

"Lisa, you're going last. You'll be the Sheriff who comes in at the end to 'save the day' and take care of Miss Polly's final… tension. Think you can handle that?"

Lisa nodded, feeling a surprising surge of excitement. "I think so."

Daisy clapped her hands lightly. "Perfect. Let's begin."

The five of them rearranged themselves around Miss Polly, who was lying back on the large massage table with a soft, expectant smile on her face. She looked every bit the innocent, slightly flustered Victorian lady.

Daisy took her place first, sitting gracefully beside Miss Polly and taking her hand.

“Oh my dear sister,” Daisy said in a soft, prim voice, slipping effortlessly into character. “It has been far too long since I’ve visited. I do hope the journey wasn’t too taxing on your delicate constitution.”

Miss Polly let out a delicate sigh, playing her part beautifully.

“Oh, dear sister… the journey was long, but seeing you makes it all worthwhile. I’ve been so… tense lately. So many worries weighing on my mind.”

Daisy smiled sweetly and began to gently stroke Miss Polly’s inner thigh.

“Well then, let me help ease some of those worries. Just lie back and let your loving sister take care of you.”

As Daisy spoke, she slid her fingers between Miss Polly’s legs and began to circle her clit with slow, deliberate strokes. Miss Polly let out a soft, ladylike moan, her back arching slightly as she played the part of the overwhelmed, innocent woman to perfection.

“Oh… oh my… sister, that feels… quite improper… but also… quite wonderful…”

Daisy continued her gentle ministrations, whispering sweet, sisterly reassurances while bringing Miss Polly closer and closer to the edge. When Miss Polly finally came, it was with a soft, trembling cry, her body shaking delicately as Daisy held her hand and murmured gentle words of comfort.

The other girls watched with quiet appreciation, clearly enjoying the performance.

Daisy leaned down and kissed Miss Polly’s forehead.

“There now. Doesn’t that feel better, dear sister?”

Miss Polly nodded breathlessly, still playing her role. “Oh yes… much better… though I fear I may still be in need of further… comfort.”

Daisy smiled and stepped back.

“Very well. Perhaps someone else can assist you.”

Bunny stepped forward next, cracking her knuckles with a mischievous grin as she slipped into character. She grabbed a silk scarf from the nearby table and twirled it dramatically.

“Well, well, well,” Bunny drawled in a rough, theatrical outlaw voice. “If it ain’t the fine Miss Polly herself. I’ve come to steal every last horse in this town… and maybe tie you to the train tracks while I’m at it.”

Miss Polly gasped, clutching her chest in perfect damsel-in-distress fashion.

“Oh no! Not the horses! And certainly not the train tracks! Whatever shall I do?”

Bunny climbed onto the table and positioned herself between Miss Polly’s legs with a wicked grin.

“You’re gonna do exactly what I say, little lady. And right now, I say you’re gonna come for me.”

She began to work Miss Polly’s clit with firm, confident strokes, all while continuing her over-the-top outlaw monologue.

“You think you can stop me from takin’ what I want? These horses are as good as mine… and so are you.”

Miss Polly moaned loudly, her hips lifting as Bunny brought her closer to another orgasm.

“Oh! You brute! You scoundrel! I… I can’t… I’m… oh heavens—!”

Bunny grinned and picked up the pace, clearly enjoying herself.

“That’s right, darlin’. Come for the big bad outlaw. Let’s see if I can make you scream louder than a steam whistle.”

Miss Polly came again with a dramatic, theatrical cry, her body shaking as Bunny held her through it, still delivering lines in her ridiculous outlaw voice.

When it was over, Bunny gave Miss Polly a playful wink and stepped back.

“Pleasure doin’ business with ya, ma’am.”

Pixie bounced forward next, her energy completely different. She slipped into character with a dramatic flair, raising one hand like she was addressing the heavens.

“I am Chief Running Water of the Great Plains!” she declared in a deep, theatrical voice that was both ridiculous and strangely charming. “I have come to claim what is rightfully mine — including the heart of the fair Miss Polly!”

Miss Polly played along perfectly, gasping in mock horror.

“Oh no! Not the fierce Chief! Whatever will become of me?”

Pixie climbed onto the table and settled between Miss Polly’s legs with a mischievous grin.

“You will become mine, pale-face. And I will make you feel the power of the Great Spirit… right between your legs.”

She began to pleasure Miss Polly with quick, playful strokes, all while continuing her over- the-top performance.

“The spirits have spoken! They say you must come for me… and come hard!”

Miss Polly moaned and writhed, clearly loving every second of the ridiculous roleplay.

“Oh Chief! Your… your hands are so strong! I… I cannot resist the will of the spirits!”

Pixie brought her to another powerful orgasm, laughing softly as Miss Polly cried out in exaggerated pleasure. When it was over, Pixie leaned down and kissed Miss Polly’s cheek.

“The spirits are pleased, Miss Polly. Very pleased.”

Lulu stepped forward last before Lisa’s turn. She took on the role of a concerned town citizen with gentle, almost motherly energy.

“Oh Miss Polly,” Lulu said in a soft, worried voice as she climbed onto the table. “I heard there was trouble in town. Bandits, Indians, and now… this? You poor dear. Let me take care of you.”

She began to slowly and lovingly pleasure Miss Polly, her touch gentle but effective.

“You’ve had such a trying day. Let me help you forget all your worries. Just relax and let me make you feel better.”

Miss Polly moaned softly, playing her part to perfection.

“Oh Lulu… you’ve always been so kind to me. I… I don’t know what I’d do without you…”

Lulu brought her to another slow, deep orgasm, whispering gentle reassurances the entire time. When Miss Polly finally came, she clung to Lulu like a true damsel in distress.

“Thank you… thank you so much…”

Lulu kissed her forehead and stepped back with a soft smile.

“Anything for you, Miss Polly.”

Finally, it was Lisa’s turn.

Daisy gave her an encouraging nod as Lisa stepped forward, still completely naked, her heart pounding with a strange mix of nerves and excitement. She had

never done anything like this before — but something about the playful energy in the room made her feel bold.

She climbed onto the table and positioned herself between Miss Polly's legs, looking down at the woman who was still playing the perfect innocent lady.

"Well now," Lisa said, slipping into a low, steady sheriff's drawl that surprised even herself. "Looks like there's been quite a bit of trouble in my town today."

Miss Polly gasped dramatically, clutching her chest.

"Oh Sheriff! Thank goodness you're here! These ruffians and savages have been tormenting me all afternoon!"

Lisa smiled and began to slowly stroke Miss Polly's clit, her touch firm but gentle.

"Don't you worry, ma'am. The Sheriff's here now. I'm gonna take care of everything… and everyone."

She glanced around at the other girls, who were watching with amused smiles.

"That goes for all of you," Lisa continued, her voice low and commanding. "Bunny, you put those horses back where you found them. Pixie, you head on back to your people before I have to make you. And Lulu… you keep being the good citizen I know you are."

The other girls played along beautifully, nodding and stepping back with exaggerated obedience.

Lisa turned her full attention back to Miss Polly, her fingers moving with more purpose now.

"As for you, Miss Polly… I think it's time someone took care of all that tension you've been carrying around."

Miss Polly moaned softly, her hips lifting as Lisa brought her closer to the edge.

"Oh Sheriff… you're so strong… so capable… I feel so safe with you…"

Lisa leaned down and whispered against her ear.

"That's right, ma'am. You're safe now. Let go for me. Let the Sheriff take care of everything."

Miss Polly came with a long, trembling cry, her body shaking as Lisa worked her through it with expert care. It was the most powerful orgasm of the entire session — deep, intense, and clearly the one Miss Polly had been waiting for.

When it was finally over, Miss Polly lay there panting, a blissful smile on her face.

"Oh… oh my… Sheriff… that was… that was exactly what I needed."

Lisa smiled and gently stroked her thigh.

“Anytime, ma’am. That’s what I’m here for.”

The other girls clapped softly, clearly impressed. Even Daisy looked pleasantly surprised.

Miss Polly looked around at all of them with a satisfied, dreamy expression.

“That,” she said breathlessly, “was absolutely wonderful.”

Daisy leaned down and kissed her cheek.

“We’re glad you enjoyed it, Miss Polly.”

As the session wound down, Lisa sat back on her heels, her heart still racing. She had never expected to enjoy roleplay this much — or to be this good at it. The feeling of taking control, of comforting “everyone in town” while giving Miss Polly exactly what she needed… it had been exhilarating.

Chapter 27

Lisa paused outside Treatment Room Four, her hand resting on the door handle. She took a slow, steadying breath. It had been two days since the elaborate roleplay session with Miss Polly, but today felt heavier. Diana had told her this unknowing client session would be more intense and longer than the ones before — extended edging followed by full strap-on penetration.

She opened the door quietly and stepped inside.

The room was dimly lit, with soft ambient music playing. On the wide massage table lay a woman on her back, completely naked, with a thick black eye pillow covering her eyes. Her breathing was slow and relaxed. Near the small sink in the corner stood another therapist — a woman Lisa recognized from previous sessions — quietly running warm water over her hands. The steady sound of the water helped mask any extra movement in the room.

The therapist glanced up, gave Lisa a small, knowing nod, and then turned her attention back to the sink, staying exactly where she was.

Lisa moved to the side of the table and picked up where the session had left off. Her hands — covered in thin black gloves — were warm as she began massaging the woman’s hips and inner thighs with slow, deliberate strokes. Every so often, her fingers brushed higher, testing the client’s sensitivity.

The woman let out a soft sigh, her hips shifting slightly against the table.

Lisa took her time. She worked with patience and precision, circling the client’s clit with light, teasing strokes while her other hand rested firmly on her lower stomach. Every few minutes, she would bring the woman right to the edge — her breathing quickening, her thighs tensing — only to ease off at the last moment.

She did this again and again.

After nearly forty minutes of edging, the client was visibly trembling. Her hands gripped the edges of the table, and soft, frustrated moans escaped her lips every time Lisa pulled back. Her skin was flushed, her nipples tight, and her breathing had become shallow and desperate.

Lisa stepped away from the table for a moment and quietly fastened the strap-on harness around her hips. The weight of it felt familiar now. She climbed onto the table and positioned herself carefully between the woman's spread legs.

With one hand on the client's hip and the other guiding the strap-on, she began to push inside — slow, steady, and controlled.

The woman let out a long, trembling moan, her back arching slightly off the table. Lisa started with deep, deliberate strokes, one hand reaching down to rub the client's clit in time with her thrusts. She could feel every reaction — the way the woman's inner walls fluttered, the way her breathing hitched, the way her body began to shake as she approached the edge once more.

This time, Lisa didn't pull back.

She kept thrusting, kept circling, kept pushing — harder, deeper — until the woman came hard beneath her, crying out as her body convulsed violently. Lisa rode her through it, maintaining a steady rhythm even as the client shook and gasped beneath her.

Just as Lisa was really getting into it — hips snapping forward with powerful, rhythmic thrusts — she felt a gentle tug on her left hand. She glanced over to see the original therapist standing beside the table, her expression calm and quietly encouraging. The woman gave her gloved hand another soft tug, and Lisa instinctively reached out.

Their fingers interlaced.

The original therapist held Lisa's gloved hand firmly, her thumb stroking slowly across the back of her hand as she watched with a small, approving smile. She didn't speak. She didn't need to. The silent support was clear — *keep going*.

Lisa tightened her grip and kept thrusting, harder and deeper than before, her other hand still working the client's clit with focused intensity. The combination of the powerful strokes, the client's desperate moans, and the quiet, steady presence of the other woman holding her hand sent a rush of heat through Lisa's body.

The client came again — harder this time — her back arching sharply off the table as a broken cry tore from her throat. Lisa didn't stop. She kept going, riding her through the orgasm while the therapist continued to hold her gloved hand, occasionally squeezing it in silent encouragement.

Only after the client's tremors had finally begun to subside did Lisa slow her pace and eventually pull out.

She climbed off the table, carefully removed the strap-on, and set it aside. Her hands were shaking slightly as she reached for a warm cloth and began to gently clean the woman, the way she always did at the end of these sessions.

The client let out a soft, deeply satisfied sigh, still unaware that anyone else had been in the room with her.

Lisa's mind was spinning.

She has no idea. She still thinks it was just one therapist the whole time… and I just fucked her senseless while another woman held my hand.

The thought both thrilled and unsettled her.

When she finally stepped out of the room, Diana was waiting in the hallway.

Lisa didn't say anything at first. She simply walked straight into Diana's arms and let herself be held.

Diana stroked her hair gently.

"You did beautifully," she said quietly. "I can feel how much it took out of you… and how much you gave."

Lisa closed her eyes and leaned into the embrace.

"I feel… strange," she admitted. "Like I'm not sure what's real anymore. She had no idea it was me. None of them ever do. I keep wondering how much of this is even real."

Diana held her a little tighter.

"I know," she said softly. "These sessions can feel disorienting. But you're not alone in this, Lisa. You have me. And you have Chloe."

At the mention of Chloe's name, Lisa felt something in her chest loosen.

Diana pulled back just enough to look at her.

"Why don't you go home for the rest of the day?" she suggested gently. "Go be with Chloe. Let her take care of you. You've earned it."

Lisa looked up at her, surprised but grateful.

"Really?"

Diana smiled and brushed a strand of hair from Lisa's face.

"Really. Go home to her. I think that's exactly what you need right now."

Lisa nodded slowly, a quiet sense of relief washing over her.

She didn’t need to be told twice.

As she walked down the hallway toward the exit, her steps felt lighter. The confusion was still there, the blurring of reality still lingering at the edges of her mind — but for the first time in a long while, she knew exactly where she wanted to be.

Home.

With Chloe.

Chapter 28

Lisa lay on her back in the large, comfortable bed, staring up at the soft ceiling light. The room still felt new, but she was slowly getting used to it. Her things were neatly put away, her favorite blanket was draped over the foot of the bed, and the faint scent of lavender from the diffuser had become familiar. For the first time in a long while, she felt like she actually had a space that was truly hers.

She had just finished unpacking the last of her clothes when there was a soft knock at the door.

“Come in,” she called.

The door opened, and Chloe stepped inside, still in her work clothes, followed closely by Diana. Chloe looked a little tired but smiled the moment she saw Lisa.

“Hey,” Chloe said warmly. “Diana said you wanted to see me?”

Diana closed the door behind them and gave Lisa a gentle smile.

“I thought the two of you might like some time together tonight,” she said. “Chloe had a bit of a rough day. There was a small fire in the building next to hers — nothing serious, but the whole area is being evacuated for safety checks. I told her she could stay here with you tonight, just until things settle down.”

Lisa sat up straighter, immediately concerned.

“Oh no… are you okay?” she asked, looking at Chloe.

Chloe nodded, though she still looked a little shaken.

“I’m fine. It was just scary for a minute. Diana offered to let me crash here for the night. I hope that’s okay?”

Lisa didn’t even hesitate.

“Of course it’s okay,” she said, already moving to make room on the bed. “You can stay as long as you need.”

Diana’s expression softened.

“I was hoping you’d say that,” she said. “In fact… I was thinking this might be a good arrangement for a little while. Chloe could stay here with you — at least until her building is cleared. It might be nice for both of you.”

Chloe glanced at Lisa, her cheeks turning slightly pink.

“I… I wouldn’t mind that,” she said quietly.

Lisa felt a warm flutter in her chest. She looked at Diana, then back at Chloe, and nodded.

“I’d like that too.”

Diana smiled, clearly pleased.

“Good. Then it’s settled — at least for tonight.” She stepped closer to the bed and looked directly at Lisa. “But there’s one small rule I’d like to put in place while Chloe is here.”

Lisa tilted her head. “A rule?”

Diana nodded, her voice calm but firm.

“From now on, you’re only allowed to orgasm after all your sessions for the day are complete. And even then… only after you’ve given Chloe an orgasm first.”

The room went quiet for a moment.

Chloe’s eyes widened slightly, then she let out a small, surprised giggle.

“I like that rule!” she said, her voice bright with amusement.

Lisa looked between them, her heart beating faster. The idea of being edged and denied until she took care of Chloe first sent a warm, submissive thrill through her body.

She smiled softly and met Chloe’s eyes.

“Just don’t wear your strap-on all night,” she said, her voice low and teasing. “I have a feeling this arrangement might last longer than just one night.”

Chloe’s cheeks flushed deeper, but her smile grew wider. She reached out and took Lisa’s hand, giving it a gentle squeeze.

“I guess we’ll just have to see how it goes,” she said softly.

Diana watched them both with a quiet, satisfied smile, then turned toward the door.

“I’ll leave you two to get settled,” she said. “Sleep well.”

As the door clicked shut behind her, Lisa looked at Chloe, her heart full and her body already humming with anticipation for whatever the night would bring.

For the first time in a long time, the future felt a little less uncertain — and a lot more warm.

Chapter 29

It was Saturday afternoon, and the spa was quiet. Lisa and Chloe had the whole day to themselves, and they were curled up together in Lisa's room, lazily kissing and touching with no rush or expectations. The sunlight spilled softly across the bed as they lost themselves in slow, unhurried kisses.

A gentle knock at the door pulled them apart.

"Come in," Lisa called, sitting up.

Diana stepped inside, closing the door behind her with a warm smile.

"I thought the two of you might enjoy learning something new," she said, her voice low and inviting. "Something that can become a very intimate ritual between you."

Lisa and Chloe exchanged a curious look before sitting up together.

"What kind of ritual?" Chloe asked.

Diana walked over and sat on the edge of the bed, facing them both.

"It's called bucking," she explained. "It's when you get on all fours and feverishly grind your clit against something behind you — fast, wild, almost desperate — trying to come as quickly as possible. It can be incredibly intense. And when it's done right, it can produce a lot of honey."

She looked at them with gentle excitement.

"Would you like to learn?"

Both women nodded, already intrigued.

Diana smiled and turned to Chloe first.

"Chloe, why don't you try it first? Lisa, give her your hand."

Chloe got onto her hands and knees on the bed, her back arched slightly, her ass raised. Lisa moved behind her and held her palm flat and steady just beneath Chloe's pussy.

"Press back against it," Diana instructed softly. "Hard. Fast. Like you're trying to come right now."

Chloe took a breath, then began to move.

She rocked her hips back in quick, urgent motions, grinding her clit against Lisa's open palm with feverish determination. Her breathing grew heavy almost immediately, soft moans slipping from her lips as she bucked harder and faster,

chasing her pleasure with single- minded focus.

“Oh… fuck…” Chloe gasped, her arms trembling slightly as she pressed back against Lisa’s hand again and again. “That feels so good…”

Diana watched with approval.

“See? Some people love this — the direct, frantic pressure. It’s raw. It’s fast. It’s about letting go completely.”

After a few minutes, Chloe slowed down, breathing hard, her face flushed.

“That was… intense,” she said with a breathless laugh. “I really liked it.”

Diana turned to Lisa, her expression softening.

“Now you, Lisa. Chloe, lie on your back for her.”

Chloe quickly flipped onto her back, her head near the edge of the bed, looking up at Lisa with bright, eager eyes. Lisa moved into position on all fours above her, straddling Chloe’s face so her pussy hovered just above Chloe’s mouth.

Diana’s voice was low and guiding.

“Lisa, when you’re ready… buck. Hard. Fast. Use Chloe’s face however you need to. Chloe, try to lick the right spot as she moves — but don’t try to control it. Just let her use you.”

Lisa’s heart was pounding. She lowered herself until she felt the warm, wet heat of Chloe’s mouth against her, then began to move.

At first, her movements were experimental — small, testing rocks of her hips. But the moment she felt Chloe’s tongue flick against her clit, something inside her snapped. She started to buck in earnest — fast, wild, almost desperate — grinding her clit against Chloe’s face with feverish intensity.

Chloe moaned beneath her, trying her best to keep her tongue in the right place as Lisa moved. Her hands came up to grip Lisa’s thighs, holding on as Lisa bucked harder and faster, chasing her orgasm with raw, unrestrained need.

“Oh my god…” Lisa gasped, her voice breaking. “Chloe… fuck…”

She couldn’t stop. The combination of Chloe’s warm, wet mouth and the frantic, grinding motion was overwhelming. Her hips snapped back again and again, her clit dragging across Chloe’s tongue and lips with every desperate thrust. Honey was already flowing freely, coating Chloe’s face in warm, glistening streaks as Lisa lost herself completely in the sensation.

Chloe tried to keep up, her tongue flicking and pressing wherever she could reach, but Lisa was moving too wildly, too urgently. All Chloe could do was hold on and take it — moaning softly every time Lisa’s clit slid across her tongue.

Lisa came hard and fast, her whole body shaking as the orgasm ripped through her. She kept bucking through it, riding Chloe’s face with broken, gasping cries until the waves finally began to subside. Only then did she slow down, her thighs trembling as she gently lowered herself to rest against Chloe’s mouth.

Chloe licked her softly, cleaning up the honey with slow, gentle strokes of her tongue as Lisa caught her breath.

Diana watched them both with quiet satisfaction.

“That,” she said softly, “was beautiful.”

Lisa slowly lifted herself off Chloe’s face and turned around, her legs still shaky. Chloe was smiling up at her, her face shiny and flushed, her eyes bright with arousal and affection.

“I think I found my new favorite thing,” Lisa said breathlessly, reaching down to gently wipe some of the honey from Chloe’s cheek.

Chloe laughed, the sound warm and a little dazed.

“I think I found mine too,” she said, licking her lips. “Watching you lose control like that… fuck.”

Diana leaned in and kissed them both, first Lisa, then Chloe.

“This can be yours,” she said gently. “A ritual between the two of you. Something wild and intimate and completely your own. Practice. Explore. Find what feels right.”

She stood up, smoothing her blouse with a soft smile.

“I’ll leave you to it. Enjoy your weekend.”

As the door closed behind her, Lisa looked down at Chloe, still lying on her back with that beautiful, messy, honey-covered smile. Something warm and powerful settled in her chest.

This wasn’t just about learning a new technique.

This was about discovering new ways to lose themselves in each other — raw, desperate, and completely free.

And she already knew they were going to be doing this a lot more often.

Chapter 30

The week after the bucking lesson had been filled with quiet, heated exploration. Lisa and Chloe had spent almost every evening trying new things — bucking against the curve of the doorframe, the smooth side of a ceramic pitcher, even the edge of the dresser. Each time was different, each time more intense, and each time they learned a little more about what made the other lose control.

But on Wednesday night, they decided to try something new.

They were in their room after work, both still in their work clothes, when Chloe looked at Lisa with a mischievous glint in her eye.

“I want to try something different tonight,” she said softly. “I want you to fuck my ass.”

Lisa’s breath caught. They had talked about it before, but never actually done it. The idea sent a rush of heat through her body.

“Are you sure?” she asked.

Chloe nodded, biting her lip.

“I trust you.”

They took their time. Lisa prepped Chloe carefully with fingers and plenty of lube, going slow, checking in constantly. When Chloe was relaxed and ready, Lisa put on the strap-on and positioned herself behind her.

At first, it was perfect. Chloe moaned softly as Lisa eased inside, her body opening beautifully. Lisa moved with care, watching every reaction, keeping her thrusts slow and controlled.

But then something shifted.

The heat, the tightness, the way Chloe started pushing back against her — it was too much. Lisa’s control slipped. Her thrusts grew harder, deeper, faster than she intended. Chloe gasped sharply, her body tensing.

“Ah— Lisa, wait— too much—”

Lisa froze, her heart dropping as she immediately pulled out.

Chloe let out a shaky breath and lowered herself onto the bed, wincing slightly.

“I’m okay,” she said quickly, though her voice was tight. “It just got too intense. I’m not badly hurt, I promise. But… maybe we should go see Diana?”

Lisa nodded, guilt and worry twisting in her stomach.

They got dressed and made their way to Diana’s private office. When they knocked and entered, Diana looked up from her desk, immediately sensing something was off.

“What happened?” she asked, standing up.

Chloe explained quickly, her cheeks flushed. Lisa stood beside her, silent and ashamed.

Diana listened calmly, then sighed — a long, reluctant sigh that sounded almost rehearsed.

“I see,” she said quietly. “Well… this is unfortunate. I’m afraid there are consequences for losing control like that, Lisa. You hurt Chloe, even if it was accidental. So I’m going to have to punish you.”

She looked at Lisa with a mix of sternness and something softer underneath.

“Take off your clothes and lie on the couch.”

Lisa obeyed without hesitation, her heart pounding. She stripped and lay back on the wide leather couch, her body already trembling with anticipation and nerves.

Diana turned to Chloe.

“You’re going to watch,” she said gently. “And you’re going to comfort her if she needs it.”

Chloe nodded and moved to sit on the arm of the couch near Lisa’s head, gently stroking her hair.

Diana climbed onto the couch between Lisa’s spread legs. Without another word, she leaned down and began to lick Lisa’s clit with slow, deliberate strokes.

Lisa moaned, her hips lifting instinctively.

Diana didn’t rush. She took her time, building Lisa up slowly, her tongue moving in long, sensual strokes that made Lisa’s entire body tremble. When the first orgasm hit, it was sharp and intense. Lisa cried out, her thighs shaking, but Diana didn’t stop.

She kept licking — slower now, more teasing — drawing out every aftershock until Lisa was gasping.

The second orgasm came faster, then the third — each one deeper, more overwhelming than the last. Lisa was shaking, sobbing with pleasure, her hands gripping the couch as Diana held her hips down and forced her through wave after wave.

By the fourth orgasm, Lisa was begging.

“Please— Diana, I can’t— it’s too much—”

“You can,” Diana murmured against her, her voice calm but unyielding. “And you will. Chloe’s watching. Show her how beautifully you can take it.”

Chloe leaned down and kissed Lisa’s forehead, whispering soft words of encouragement while Diana continued her relentless assault. Her tongue moved with expert precision — slow circles, long licks, gentle sucking — never letting Lisa come down completely before pushing her higher again.

The fifth orgasm tore through Lisa like fire. She arched off the couch, crying out brokenly as her body convulsed. Diana held her through it, licking her through every tremor.

By the sixth, Lisa was sobbing openly, tears slipping down her cheeks as the pleasure became almost unbearable. Her body was slick with sweat, her thighs trembling violently.

“One more,” Diana whispered, her voice low and intimate. “Give me one more, baby. For me.”

The seventh orgasm hit like a lightning strike. Lisa screamed, her back arching violently off the couch as a powerful orgasm ripped through her. Her vision went white. Her body convulsed so hard she thought she might break. Honey gushed out of her in thick, pulsing waves, coating Diana’s face and chin as she kept licking, drawing out every last second of the overwhelming release.

Only when Lisa finally collapsed, completely spent and shaking, did Diana finally pull back. She pressed a soft, reverent kiss to Lisa’s inner thigh, then looked up at her with a satisfied, almost tender expression.

“There,” she said quietly. “That’s enough.”

Lisa lay there, wrecked and glowing, tears still slipping down her cheeks. Chloe immediately crawled over and pulled her into her arms, holding her tightly and stroking her hair.

“You were so good,” Chloe whispered, kissing her temple. “So fucking beautiful.”

Diana watched them both with quiet satisfaction, then leaned down and kissed Lisa’s forehead.

“Rest now,” she said softly. “The two of you have the rest of the night to yourselves.”

As Diana quietly left the room, Lisa curled into Chloe’s embrace, her body still humming with aftershocks, her heart full and aching in the most wonderful way.

She had lost control.

She had been punished.

And she had never felt more loved.

Chapter 31

It was a quiet Wednesday morning when Chloe looked up from her phone and asked, “Hey… I keep forgetting to ask. Your entire schedule today just says ‘Honey Farming.’ What’s that all about?”

Lisa, still brushing her teeth, paused and glanced over.

“I… don’t actually know,” she admitted. “Diana didn’t say anything about it. I figured it was just another session.”

Chloe tilted her head, curious but not overly concerned.

“Huh. Weird. Well, I guess you’ll find out.”

They finished getting ready together, sharing soft kisses and lazy touches before heading out. Chloe went to the front desk, and Lisa made her way to Diana’s office like she always did when her schedule felt unclear.

She knocked once and stepped inside.

“Ah, Lisa!” Diana said brightly, looking up from her desk with a warm smile. “I thought you might show up. Come with me. We’re having a honey farming day.”

Lisa blinked.

“A… honey farming day?”

Diana stood and walked around her desk, gently taking Lisa’s hand.

“You’ll see. It’s going to be a long one. Come along.”

She led Lisa through the back hallways of the spa until they reached one of the larger, more private treatment rooms. Inside, the two young women in the soft blue jumpers were already waiting, quietly arranging various items on a long table near the massage table. Jars, towels, and an array of sleek, gleaming toys were neatly laid out.

Diana guided Lisa to the center of the room and handed her a tall glass of the familiar herbal drink.

“Drink this,” she said gently. “It’ll help things along.”

Lisa took the glass and drank it down without question. Within minutes, she felt the familiar warmth spreading through her lower belly, followed by a deep, aching throb between her legs. Her honey began to flow almost immediately — thick, warm, and steady.

The two women in blue jumpers moved with quiet efficiency. One gently helped Lisa onto the wide massage table and positioned her on her back with her legs comfortably spread. The other began by slowly inserting a smooth glass dildo — cool at first, then warming quickly inside her — while the first woman used a small clit suction device, placing it gently over Lisa’s clit and turning it on to a low, rhythmic pulse.

Lisa gasped, her back arching slightly.

“Oh… fuck…”

The edging began slowly, methodically, and with expert precision.

They took turns using different tools — ribbed glass dildos that dragged deliciously against her inner walls, curved ones that pressed perfectly against her G-spot, vibrating wands that buzzed relentlessly against her clit, and suction devices that pulled and pulsed in maddening rhythms. Every time Lisa got close,

they would slow down, change tools, or simply stop touching her altogether, leaving her trembling and desperate on the table.

Her honey flowed freely, dripping down between her thighs and being carefully collected into small glass jars by one of the women while the other continued working her over.

Lisa was babbling within the first hour.

“Please… oh god, please… I need to come… I can’t… it’s too much…”

She was vaguely aware of Diana standing nearby, speaking softly with someone — another staff member, perhaps — in calm, businesslike tones.

“…the yield is looking excellent today. Much better than last week’s harvest. We should be able to do a full weekly harvesting again soon if this keeps up…”

Lisa barely registered the words. Her mind was too foggy, too consumed by the relentless, torturous pleasure being drawn from her body.

The women switched tools again. A thick, ribbed dildo was slowly pushed inside her while a powerful vibrating wand was pressed firmly against her clit. Lisa cried out, her hips bucking wildly as another orgasm was ripped from her — only for them to pull everything away at the last second, leaving her sobbing with frustration.

Hours passed like this.

By midday, Lisa was a trembling, babbling mess. Her honey was flowing so heavily that one of the women had to keep wiping her thighs between tools. Her voice was hoarse from begging, her body slick with sweat, and her mind had long since dissolved into pure, aching need.

“Please… I’ll do anything… just let me come… I can’t take it anymore…”

She was dimly aware of Diana’s voice again, calm and professional.

“…the weekly harvesting is going exceptionally well. We may need to increase the frequency if her production stays this high…”

Lisa didn’t understand what any of it meant. She only knew that her body was no longer her own — it belonged to the relentless, expert hands drawing pleasure from her over and over again.

By late afternoon, she was beyond desperate. Her voice had broken into soft, broken whimpers. Her legs shook uncontrollably every time they touched her. She had lost count of how many times she had been edged — how many times she had been brought right to the brink only to be denied.

When the door finally opened and Chloe stepped inside, Lisa nearly sobbed with relief.

Chloe took one look at her — flushed, trembling, eyes glassy with desperate need — and smiled softly.

“Time to go home, baby,” she said gently.

The two women in blue jumpers quietly stepped back as Chloe helped Lisa off the table. Lisa could barely walk, her legs weak and unsteady. Chloe wrapped an arm around her waist and guided her out of the room, down the hallway, and back to their bedroom.

The moment the door closed behind them, Lisa turned to Chloe, her voice breaking.

“Please… Chloe, please… I need to come. I’m begging you. I’ve been edged for hours… I can’t… I can’t take it anymore…”

Chloe looked at her for a long moment, her expression soft but unmistakably amused. She stepped closer, placing her hands on Lisa’s hips and holding her steady.

Lisa was shaking, tears of desperation slipping down her cheeks.

“Please…”

Chloe leaned in, her lips brushing against Lisa’s ear, and whispered one single word:

“Now.”

Lisa came instantly.

Her entire body seized as the orgasm ripped through her — violent, overwhelming, and all- consuming. She screamed, her knees buckling as wave after wave of pleasure tore through her. Honey gushed from her in powerful pulses, soaking the front of Chloe’s clothes as her body convulsed uncontrollably. Chloe held her tightly through it, murmuring soft words of praise as Lisa shook and sobbed in her arms.

When the orgasm finally began to subside, Lisa collapsed against Chloe, completely spent, her body still twitching with aftershocks.

Chloe held her close, stroking her hair gently.

“There you go,” she whispered. “That’s my good girl.”

Lisa could only whimper, clinging to her as the last tremors faded.

And in that moment, with Chloe’s arms around her and her body still humming with the most powerful orgasm of her life, Lisa felt completely, utterly owned — and completely, utterly safe.

Chapter 32

Three days had passed since the honey farming marathon, but Lisa still felt the echoes of it in her body. Her thighs ached in a way that wasn't entirely unpleasant, and every time she closed her eyes she could almost feel the phantom press of toys that had been inside her for hours. She had spent most of the time since then resting, curled up with Chloe, speaking little but touching often — as if they both needed the quiet reassurance of skin against skin.

Now it was Saturday afternoon, and Diana had asked her to come to one of the smaller, more private treatment rooms at the far end of the spa.

When Lisa arrived, Diana was already waiting. On the massage table sat two items: a thick, heavy black eye mask and a pair of sleek, padded noise-canceling headphones.

"Today is going to be different," Diana said softly, her voice calm and steady. "We're going to take away your sight and your hearing. I want you to experience what it's like to be completely cut off from everything except touch… and what I choose to do to you."

Lisa's breath caught. She had known something like this was coming eventually, but hearing it spoken aloud made it suddenly very real.

"You'll be safe the entire time," Diana assured her. "I'll be right here with you. But you won't be able to see me. You won't be able to hear me. All you'll have is sensation. All you'll have is me."

She helped Lisa undress completely, folding her clothes neatly and setting them aside. The room was already warm, the lighting soft and golden. Diana guided her onto the wide massage table and had her lie on her back, her arms relaxed at her sides.

First came the eye mask.

Diana placed the heavy, weighted mask over Lisa's eyes with slow, deliberate care, adjusting the straps until it sat snugly against her face. The moment it settled into place, the world went dark — not just dim, but absolute. No light at all. Lisa's breath hitched. She could feel the weight of it pressing gently against her eyelids, anchoring her to the table.

Then came the headphones.

Diana slid them over Lisa's ears, adjusting them until they sealed completely. The world went silent.

Lisa's heart began to pound.

She could no longer see. She could no longer hear. The only sounds left were the faint rush of her own blood in her ears and the sound of her breathing — suddenly much louder, much more intimate, in the absence of everything else.

She felt Diana’s hands on her body.

They started at her shoulders — warm, sure, and unhurried. Fingers glided down her arms, then back up, tracing the lines of her collarbones before moving lower. They brushed lightly over her breasts, circling her nipples with slow, teasing strokes until they tightened into hard peaks. Lisa’s back arched slightly at the sensation. Without sight or sound, every touch felt magnified, sharper, more intense.

Diana’s hands continued downward — stroking her stomach, her hips, the tops of her thighs. Lisa felt completely exposed in a way she never had before. Not just physically, but in a deeper, more vulnerable sense. She had no way of knowing what was coming next. No way to anticipate. No way to prepare. She could only feel.

A single finger traced along her inner thigh before sliding between her legs. It circled her clit with slow, deliberate pressure — not enough to bring her anywhere close to orgasm, just enough to make her ache. Lisa’s breathing grew heavier. She could already feel her honey beginning to gather, warm and slick against her skin.

The finger was replaced by something smooth and cool — a glass dildo, she guessed from the shape and weight — that was slowly pressed inside her. It filled her inch by inch, stretching her gently before beginning to move in long, unhurried strokes. At the same time, something soft and vibrating was placed directly against her clit — a wand, she thought — pulsing in a steady, low rhythm that made her hips twitch.

Lisa moaned, the sound loud in her own ears.

The combination of the slow, deep thrusting and the focused vibration on her clit was overwhelming. Without being able to see or hear, she had no way of knowing how close she was — no visual cues, no sounds to guide her. She could only feel the pleasure building, slow and relentless, deep in her core.

Time began to blur.

She had no idea how long Diana kept her on the edge. It could have been twenty minutes. It could have been an hour. Every time she felt herself climbing toward release, the rhythm would change — the thrusts would slow, the vibration would lessen, or everything would stop entirely, leaving her trembling and desperate on the table.

Her body responded faster than she expected.

The first orgasm built slowly, torturously, until it finally crashed over her in a long, shuddering wave. Lisa cried out, her back arching hard off the table as pleasure ripped through her. Her honey pulsed out around the glass dildo in

warm, thick waves. But the toys didn’t stop. The dildo kept thrusting. The wand kept buzzing. Lisa gasped, her hands gripping the edges of the table as the sensations continued without mercy.

She came again — harder this time — her body shaking violently as another wave crashed over her. Still, nothing stopped. If anything, the vibrations grew stronger, the thrusts deeper. Lisa was babbling now, though she couldn’t hear her own voice. She could only feel the desperate, aching need building again, faster and hotter than before.

A third orgasm tore through her, then a fourth — each one more intense, more overwhelming than the last. Her body was no longer her own. It belonged entirely to the relentless, unseen hands drawing pleasure from her. She lost all sense of time. She lost all sense of self. There was only touch. Only sensation. Only the endless, torturous climb toward release after release.

At some point — she had no idea how long it had been — the toys were removed. Lisa lay trembling on the table, her body slick with sweat and honey, her chest heaving. She felt fingers — gentle, familiar — sliding back between her legs, circling her oversensitive clit with slow, deliberate strokes.

Another orgasm built, slower this time but no less powerful. Lisa’s entire body seized as it hit, her back arching off the table as she came with a broken, gasping cry. Her honey pulsed out of her in thick, warm waves, soaking the sheet beneath her.

Only then did the touch finally ease.

Lisa lay there, completely spent, her body still twitching with aftershocks. She felt the headphones being gently removed, then the eye mask. Light flooded back in, soft and golden. Sound returned — the quiet hum of the room, the soft music, the sound of her own ragged breathing.

Diana was there, looking down at her with a soft, satisfied smile.

“You did beautifully,” she said quietly, brushing damp hair from Lisa’s forehead. “How do you feel?”

Lisa blinked up at her, still dazed, her voice hoarse when she finally spoke.

“…Like I don’t know where I am anymore.”

Diana leaned down and kissed her forehead.

“That’s exactly how you’re supposed to feel.”

She helped Lisa sit up slowly, wrapping a soft towel around her shoulders.

“Take your time,” she said. “Chloe’s waiting for you in your room. Go be with her.”

Lisa nodded, still trembling slightly as she stood on shaky legs. As she made her way back to their bedroom, her body still humming with the aftereffects of the session, she realized something:

She had never felt more vulnerable.

And she had never felt more alive.

Chapter 33

It was Friday evening, and Lisa and Chloe had just finished their shifts at the spa when Diana met them in the lobby with a warm smile.

“I thought the three of us might go out tonight,” she said. “There’s a new gastropub I’ve been wanting to try. It’s called Antarctique. A friend of mine owns it. I think you’ll both enjoy it.”

Lisa and Chloe exchanged a quick, pleased glance. They had both been looking forward to a relaxed evening together, and the idea of a nice dinner sounded perfect after a long week.

“Sounds wonderful,” Chloe said, slipping her arm through Lisa’s.

Diana smiled. “Good. Let’s go.”

The drive to Antarctique took about twenty minutes. The restaurant was located in a beautifully restored historic building on the edge of downtown. The moment they stepped inside, Lisa and Chloe were struck by how elegant and unique the space felt. Dark wood, brass accents, and soft ambient lighting gave it an old-world charm, while modern art and sleek furniture kept it feeling contemporary.

A striking woman with short silver hair and sharp, intelligent eyes approached them with a wide smile.

“Diana!” she said, pulling her into a warm hug. “I’m so glad you made it.”

“Mara,” Diana said, returning the hug. “It’s been too long. I’d like you to meet Lisa and Chloe.”

Mara turned to them with genuine warmth, her gaze lingering just a beat longer than necessary as she took them in.

“It’s a pleasure,” she said, shaking their hands. “Diana has told me so much about you both. Come — let me give you the full tour before we sit down to eat. I want you to experience everything Antarctique has to offer.”

Lisa and Chloe, still arm in arm, followed Mara through the restaurant while Diana walked beside them. Mara was an excellent guide — charming, knowledgeable, and clearly

passionate about her establishment. She explained the concept behind the gastropub: a fusion of old-world hospitality and modern culinary artistry, with a heavy emphasis on the guest experience.

“Everything we do here,” Mara said as they walked, “is designed to make our guests feel completely taken care of. Every detail, every interaction — it’s all about creating moments they’ll remember.”

They moved through the beautifully designed dining room, then into the open kitchen where chefs worked with focused precision. Mara explained the menu in detail — seasonal ingredients, house-aged meats, and a signature emphasis on temperature play in both food and drink. Lisa and Chloe listened with genuine interest, occasionally exchanging small smiles.

Then Mara led them deeper into the back of the restaurant.

“We have some very special spaces here that most guests never see,” she said with a playful glint in her eye. “Would you like to see them?”

Lisa and Chloe nodded, still curious.

Mara guided them through a large, spotless kitchen and then into a massive meat locker. The air grew noticeably colder. Lisa shivered slightly and pressed closer to Chloe, who instinctively wrapped an arm around her waist.

Mara noticed and smiled.

“Cold?” she asked lightly.

“A little,” Lisa admitted with a small laugh.

Mara glanced at Diana, who gave a subtle nod.

“Well,” Mara said, turning back to them with a charming smile, “we’re about to go into the main freezer. It’s quite a bit colder in there. For the full experience — and for your own comfort — I’d recommend removing your outer layers. All of them, if you’re comfortable. It makes the contrast much more… memorable.”

Lisa and Chloe exchanged a quick look. It was an odd request, but Mara delivered it so smoothly and with such confidence that it almost felt normal. Diana gave them an encouraging smile.

“It really does enhance the experience,” Diana said warmly. “Trust me.”

After a brief hesitation, Lisa and Chloe began to undress. They slipped off their jackets, then their blouses, then their pants, until they stood in just their underwear. Mara and Diana watched with quiet appreciation.

“Everything,” Mara said gently. “It really is better that way.”

With a mix of nervousness and curiosity, Lisa and Chloe removed the rest of their clothing. Soon they stood completely naked in the cold meat locker, their skin

prickling with goosebumps. Mara and Diana remained fully clothed.

Mara stepped forward first and took Lisa's hand, while Diana gently took Chloe's. They led the two naked young women deeper into the massive walk-in freezer at the back of the room.

The cold hit them immediately.

Lisa gasped softly as the freezing air kissed her bare skin. Her nipples tightened instantly. Chloe pressed closer to her, their arms still linked, both of them shivering but giggling at the absurdity of the situation.

Mara and Diana didn't seem affected by the cold at all.

As they walked deeper into the freezer, Mara continued her tour, speaking in the same calm, professional tone as before.

"The guest experience here is about contrast," she said. "Heat and cold. Comfort and intensity. We want our guests to feel everything fully."

As she spoke, her free hand casually slid down Lisa's back and gave her ass a firm, appreciative squeeze.

"Just to help warm you up a little," Mara said with a smile.

Diana did the same to Chloe, her hand gliding over the curve of her breast before giving it a gentle but deliberate squeeze.

Lisa and Chloe both let out surprised little giggles, their cheeks flushing despite the cold.

"This is… definitely a unique tour," Chloe said, laughing softly.

Mara grinned. "We aim to please."

They continued deeper into the massive freezer until they reached the very back, where the temperature was at its coldest. Mara and Diana positioned Lisa and Chloe side by side against the back wall, their naked bodies pressed gently together for warmth.

Then Mara reached into a small insulated container and pulled out two specially shaped ice cubes — smooth, curved pieces designed to sit perfectly over a nipple. She placed one on Lisa's left breast and the other on Chloe's right, pressing them gently into place. The cold was shocking at first, but quickly gave way to a strange, tingling pleasure.

At the same time, Diana's hand slid between Lisa's legs, her fingers finding her clit with practiced ease. Mara did the same to Chloe. Both women began to stroke them slowly, deliberately, while the ice cubes continued to melt against their hardening nipples.

Lisa gasped, her body jerking at the dual sensation of freezing cold on her breasts and warm, skilled fingers between her legs. Chloe let out a soft, breathy moan beside her.

Mara and Diana worked them with calm, unhurried focus — circling, stroking, teasing — while continuing their conversation as if this were the most normal thing in the world. “So the new supplier is working out well?” Diana asked casually, her fingers moving in slow, steady circles over Lisa’s clit.

“Very well,” Mara replied, her own fingers working Chloe with equal expertise. “The yield on the aged cuts has been excellent. We should see a strong profit margin this quarter.”

Lisa and Chloe were both trembling now, their hips rocking instinctively against the hands pleasuring them. The combination of the freezing ice on their nipples and the building heat between their legs was overwhelming. They kept glancing at each other, giggling breathlessly between soft moans.

“This is… this is crazy,” Lisa whispered to Chloe, her voice shaking with laughter and pleasure.

“I know,” Chloe giggled back, her eyes sparkling. “But it feels so good…”

Mara smiled at their reactions but didn’t break character.

“Now for the main course,” she announced smoothly, reaching into another insulated container.

She pulled out two thick, smooth, chilled glass dildos — clearly kept cold for this exact purpose. Without missing a beat in her conversation with Diana, she pressed one against Lisa’s entrance and slowly pushed it inside. Diana did the same to Chloe.

Lisa gasped sharply as the freezing toy filled her. The contrast between the icy cold inside her and the warm fingers still circling her clit was almost too much. Her knees nearly buckled.

Mara and Diana continued talking business — profit margins, supplier contracts, seasonal menu changes — all while casually thrusting the chilled dildos in and out of the two naked women, their free hands stroking curves, squeezing breasts, and holding waists as if this were simply part of the evening’s hospitality.

Every time Lisa or Chloe got close to orgasm, the thrusts would slow or stop entirely, leaving them whimpering and desperate. The ice dildos were left inside them to slowly melt, the cold water trickling down their thighs as the pleasure built again and again.

Lisa and Chloe were both giggling and moaning, their bodies pressed together, their arms still linked as they squirmed and trembled under the expert hands of

the two fully clothed women.

By the time the evening finally wound down, both Lisa and Chloe were flushed, shivering, and glowing with a strange, exhilarating mix of cold and overwhelming pleasure.

Diana helped them get dressed again, her touch gentle and caring.

“I hope you both enjoyed your special night,” she said warmly as she led them out of the restaurant and back to the car. “Mara really does know how to create an unforgettable guest experience.”

Lisa and Chloe exchanged a look — half dazed, half delighted — and burst into quiet laughter as they climbed into the backseat together.

It had been, without a doubt, the strangest and most erotic dinner of their lives.

“A Night Just for Us”

The evening after their unforgettable night at Antarctique, Lisa and Chloe returned to their room at the spa. They were both a little dazed, a little sore, and completely glowing. The second the door clicked shut behind them, the weight of the outside world seemed to fall away.

Chloe turned to Lisa with a soft, tired smile and pulled her into a long, slow hug. Neither of them spoke for a while. They just held each other, breathing each other in, letting the quiet settle around them.

Eventually, Chloe pulled back just enough to look at Lisa’s face.

“You okay?” she asked gently, brushing a strand of hair behind Lisa’s ear.

Lisa nodded, her voice soft. “Yeah. Just… a lot. But good. Really good.”

Chloe leaned in and kissed her — slow, deep, and unhurried. There was no performance here. No one watching. No expectations. Just the two of them.

They undressed each other slowly, taking their time, letting their hands linger on skin that was still warm from the cold of the freezer. When they were both bare, they climbed into bed and curled up together under the soft blankets, legs tangled, foreheads touching.

For a while, they just talked — about nothing important. About how ridiculous it was that they’d spent half the night naked in a walk-in freezer. About how Mara’s hands had felt. About how strangely safe it had felt to be that exposed with someone they trusted.

Then the talking slowly faded into kissing.

Chloe rolled on top of Lisa, straddling her hips, and began to kiss her way down her neck, her chest, her stomach. Her hands were gentle but confident as she parted Lisa’s thighs and settled between them. She took her time — licking,

sucking, teasing — until Lisa was moaning softly and rocking her hips against Chloe's mouth.

Lisa came with a long, trembling sigh, her fingers threaded through Chloe's hair as the pleasure rolled through her in slow, deep waves.

But she wasn't done.

After catching her breath, Lisa gently flipped Chloe onto her back and returned the favor — kissing her way down her body with the same slow, deliberate attention. She used her tongue and fingers in perfect rhythm until Chloe was gasping and arching beneath her, coming with a soft, broken cry.

They didn't stop there.

They switched again.

Chloe climbed on top once more, this time facing away from Lisa in a slow, sensual sixty- nine. They moved together lazily at first, then with more urgency, licking and moaning into each other until they came almost at the same time — bodies shaking, fingers gripping thighs, soft cries filling the quiet room.

Afterward, they lay tangled together, breathing hard, laughing softly at how good it felt to just be with each other like this.

"I love when we do this," Chloe whispered, tracing her fingers along Lisa's collarbone. "When it's just us. No rules. No watching. Just… us."

Lisa turned her head and kissed Chloe's temple.

"Me too," she said quietly. "I like when you take control. And I like when I do. It feels… right. Like we both get to have all of each other."

They switched again later — slower this time. Lisa on top, moving with deep, steady strokes of her fingers while Chloe held onto her and whispered how good it felt. Then Chloe took over again, using her mouth and fingers until Lisa was trembling and begging in the sweetest way.

There was no rush. No performance. Just two women who loved each other, learning and relearning each other's bodies with patience and hunger and care.

At one point, Chloe had Lisa on her back, legs spread wide, and was slowly fucking her with two fingers while licking her clit with long, flat strokes of her tongue. Lisa's hands were in Chloe's hair, her hips rolling in time with every movement.

"God, Chloe…" Lisa breathed. "You feel so good…"

Chloe looked up at her with dark, loving eyes and smiled against her skin.

"I've got you," she whispered. "Just let go."

Lisa came again — slower this time, but no less powerful — her whole body melting into the bed as pleasure washed over her in long, rolling waves.

They kept going until their bodies were too sensitive, too tired, too satisfied to continue. Eventually, they ended up curled together under the blankets, skin to skin, hearts beating in sync.

Chloe rested her head on Lisa's chest, listening to her heartbeat.

"I love nights like this," she murmured sleepily. "When it's just us. When we can be whoever we want with each other."

Lisa kissed the top of her head and held her closer.

"Me too," she whispered. "This… this is my favorite place."

They fell asleep like that — wrapped around each other, warm and safe and completely at peace.

No spa. No Diana. No expectations.

Just them.

And it was perfect.

"Forced Orgasms"

The next morning, Lisa was already in one of the smaller treatment rooms when Victoria arrived.

It was mid-morning, and the spa was quiet. Lisa had been told to wait there, stripped down and lying on her back on the wide massage table. Her wrists and ankles were gently but securely tied to the corners of the table with soft black restraints — not tight enough to hurt, but firm enough that she couldn't move much. The position left her completely open and exposed.

She wasn't sure what was happening. Diana had only told her that Victoria had requested a private session and that she should be ready.

When Victoria walked in, she was carrying a small black purse and wearing a sharp, confident smile.

"Well, well," Victoria said, closing the door behind her. "Look at you. All tied up and waiting for me."

Lisa's heart beat faster. She tugged lightly at the restraints, testing them.

"Victoria… what's going on?"

Victoria set her purse down on the counter and walked over to the table, looking down at Lisa with dark, hungry eyes.

“Diana had to step out for a little while,” she said smoothly. “She asked me to keep you occupied until she gets back.”

She reached into her purse and pulled out a large, powerful ribbed wand vibrator — thick, heavy, and clearly designed for intense use.

Lisa’s eyes widened.

“Victoria… wait—”

But Victoria was already climbing onto the table between Lisa’s spread legs. She turned the wand on to a low, rumbling setting and pressed it firmly against Lisa’s clit.

Lisa gasped sharply, her back arching as much as the restraints would allow.

The vibrations were immediate and overwhelming — deep, relentless, and far stronger than anything she’d felt in a long time. Victoria didn’t ease her into it. She pressed the wand hard against her and held it there, watching Lisa’s face with obvious enjoyment as she began to squirm.

“Oh my god— Victoria, that’s too much— please—”

Victoria just smiled and turned the intensity up.

Lisa’s body reacted instantly. The pleasure was too strong, too direct. Her hips bucked against the wand as the first orgasm hit her hard and fast — her back arching, her wrists pulling against the restraints as she cried out. Her honey gushed out in a sudden rush, soaking the sheet beneath her.

But Victoria didn’t stop.

She kept the wand pressed firmly against Lisa’s clit, even as she trembled through the aftershocks. Lisa gasped, her body jerking.

“Victoria— please— I just came— I can’t—”

“Yes, you can,” Victoria said calmly, her voice low and steady. “And you will.”

She turned the wand up even higher.

Lisa’s second orgasm crashed into her almost immediately — harder than the first. Her entire body seized, her legs shaking violently against the restraints as she sobbed with pleasure. Still, Victoria didn’t let up.

The third orgasm came even faster. Lisa was crying now — not from pain, but from the overwhelming intensity of being forced to come again and again with no break. Her body was trembling uncontrollably, her breath coming in short, desperate gasps.

“Victoria— please— I’m begging you— I can’t take any more—”

Victoria leaned down, her face close to Lisa’s, and whispered, “Yes, you can. You’re going to give me every single one.”

She kept the wand pressed against her through the fourth orgasm, then the fifth. Lisa was shaking so hard the table was creaking. Her voice had broken into soft, broken whimpers. Tears slipped down her temples as her body convulsed again and again.

By the sixth orgasm, Lisa was barely coherent — babbling, sobbing, her hips twitching helplessly as the wand continued its relentless assault.

And then the seventh hit.

Lisa screamed — a raw, broken sound — as the most powerful orgasm of the morning tore through her. Her entire body arched violently off the table, her back bowing, her wrists and ankles pulling hard against the restraints. Her honey pulsed out of her in thick, uncontrollable waves, soaking everything beneath her.

She was still shaking through it when the door opened.

Diana stepped inside.

She took one look at the scene — Lisa tied down and convulsing, Victoria holding the wand firmly between her legs — and her expression shifted into one of mild surprise.

“Victoria,” she said, her voice calm but firm. “What are you doing?”

Victoria looked up, her expression perfectly innocent.

“Just keeping her occupied, like you asked.”

Diana walked over to the table and gently placed a hand on Victoria’s wrist.

“That’s enough,” she said. “You’ve gone too far.”

Victoria slowly pulled the wand away. Lisa collapsed back onto the table, her body still twitching, tears slipping down her cheeks as she tried to catch her breath.

Diana turned to Victoria with a disappointed look.

“I told you to watch her, not break her.”

Victoria gave a small, knowing smile and shrugged lightly.

“My mistake.”

They exchanged a look — brief, but unmistakable. A silent understanding passed between them. Then Victoria picked up her purse, gave Lisa a lingering glance, and left the room without another word.

The door clicked shut behind her.

Diana was quiet for a moment, then leaned down and gently brushed the hair from Lisa’s damp forehead.

“You did so well,” she said softly. “I’m sorry she went that far.”

Lisa was still trembling, her voice hoarse when she finally spoke.

“I… I begged her to stop…”

“I know,” Diana murmured. “I heard you.”

She climbed onto the table and settled between Lisa’s legs, then leaned down and began to lick her — slow, gentle, and soothing. Her tongue moved with soft, careful strokes, cleaning up the mess of honey and soothing the oversensitive skin.

Lisa let out a broken sigh, her body relaxing slightly under Diana’s tender attention.

Just then, the door opened again.

Chloe stepped inside, still in her work clothes, clearly on her lunch break. She took one look at Lisa — tied down, shaking, with Diana between her legs — and her expression softened with concern and affection.

“Oh, baby…” she whispered.

She quickly crossed the room and climbed onto the table beside Lisa, gently stroking her hair and kissing her forehead.

“I’ve got you,” Chloe murmured. “I’m here.”

Diana glanced up at her and gave a small nod, then went back to gently licking Lisa, her tongue slow and soothing. Chloe stayed right there, holding Lisa’s hand and whispering soft words of comfort while Diana took care of her body.

Lisa lay between them, her body still trembling, her heart full in a way she couldn’t quite explain.

“A Quiet Night In”

That evening, after a long and intense day, Lisa and Chloe returned to their room with the same quiet understanding: tonight belonged only to them.

No spa. No Diana. No clients. Just the two of them.

They ordered takeout, opened a bottle of wine, and spent the first hour sitting on the bed in their pajamas, eating, drinking, and talking. The conversation was light at first — laughing about ridiculous client requests and Chloe’s latest front-desk mishap — but slowly shifted into something softer.

Lisa reached over and brushed a crumb from Chloe’s lip, her fingers lingering.

“I’ve been thinking about you all day,” she said quietly.

Chloe smiled, her eyes warm. “Yeah?”

“Yeah. I missed this. Just… us.”

Chloe set her wine glass down and leaned in, kissing Lisa slowly. It was a deep, unhurried kiss — the kind that said everything words couldn’t. When they finally pulled apart, Chloe’s expression had shifted into something more playful.

“You know what?” she said, reaching into the drawer of the nightstand. “Let’s make tonight fun.”

She pulled out a coin and held it up between them.

“Heads, I’m in charge first. Tails, you are. We switch whenever we want. No rules. Just us.”

Lisa laughed, already feeling lighter. “Deal.”

Chloe flipped the coin. It landed on heads.

Her eyes lit up with mischief.

“Perfect,” she said, crawling toward Lisa with a teasing smile. “Then tonight… you’re mine.”

Chloe started slow, but with clear intent.

She pushed Lisa gently onto her back and straddled her hips, looking down at her with a soft but commanding expression.

“Hands above your head,” she said, her voice low but playful. “And don’t move them unless I say so.”

Lisa obeyed, biting her lip to hide her smile. Chloe leaned down and kissed her — slow and deep — before trailing her lips down Lisa’s neck, her chest, and lower. She took her time, kissing and licking every inch of skin she could reach, until Lisa was squirming beneath her.

When Chloe finally settled between Lisa’s legs, she looked up with a wicked little grin.

“You’re going to stay just like this,” she whispered. “And you’re going to come when I tell you to.”

Lisa moaned softly as Chloe’s mouth found her. She was slow and deliberate at first — long, flat strokes of her tongue that made Lisa’s hips roll. But then she changed the rhythm, sucking gently on her clit while sliding two fingers inside

her, curling them just right.

Lisa’s breathing grew heavier. Her hands stayed above her head like she’d been told, but her body betrayed her — hips lifting, thighs trembling.

“Chloe…” she gasped. “Please…”

Chloe pulled back just enough to speak, her lips shiny.

“Not yet,” she teased. “You can wait a little longer.”

She kept going — slow, then fast, then slow again — until Lisa was begging, her voice breaking. Only then did Chloe finally give her permission.

“Now,” she whispered.

Lisa came hard, her back arching off the bed as the orgasm rolled through her in long, powerful waves. Chloe didn’t stop until Lisa was shaking and gasping for breath.

When it was over, Chloe crawled back up and kissed her deeply, smiling against her lips.

“Your turn,” she said softly.

They switched.

Lisa took control this time, but she kept it light and teasing. She had Chloe on her hands and knees and spent a long time kissing and touching her from behind — running her hands over her ass, spreading her open, and licking her slowly until Chloe was moaning into the pillow.

Then Lisa reached for the strap-on.

She took her time putting it on, making sure Chloe could see her. When she finally positioned herself behind her, she leaned down and whispered against Chloe’s ear.

“You’ve been so good for me tonight,” she said, her voice low and warm. “Now I’m going to fuck you until you can’t think straight.”

Chloe let out a breathless laugh that turned into a moan as Lisa slowly pushed inside her.

Lisa started slow, deep, and deliberate — one hand on Chloe’s hip, the other reaching around to rub her clit. But as Chloe’s moans grew louder and more desperate, Lisa picked up the pace, thrusting harder, her hips snapping forward with increasing intensity.

Chloe was gripping the sheets, pushing back against her, completely lost in it.

“Fuck, Lisa… just like that— don’t stop—”

Lisa didn’t. She fucked her with steady, powerful strokes until Chloe came with a long, broken cry, her body shaking violently.

They stayed like that for a moment — Lisa still inside her, both of them breathing hard — before Lisa gently pulled out and removed the strap-on. She helped Chloe turn over and pulled her into her arms.

They kissed for a long time after that — slow, lazy, and full of affection.

Later, they switched again.

This time there were no roles, no commands — just the two of them moving together naturally. Lisa on top, then Chloe, then Lisa again. They laughed when they got tangled in the sheets. They moaned when it felt too good. They whispered each other’s names like prayers.

At one point, Chloe had Lisa on her back and was riding her slowly, their foreheads pressed together, eyes locked.

“I love you,” Chloe whispered, her voice soft and full of emotion.

Lisa reached up and cupped her face, her thumb brushing across Chloe’s cheek.

“I love you too,” she whispered back.

They came together that time — quiet, deep, and completely in sync.

Hours later, they lay tangled together in the dark, the room quiet except for their breathing. Chloe’s head rested on Lisa’s chest, her fingers tracing lazy patterns on her stomach.

Lisa kissed the top of her head.

“This was exactly what I needed,” she murmured.

Chloe smiled against her skin.

“Me too. Nights like this… they remind me why I love being with you so much. We can be soft. We can be wild. We can laugh. We can cry. We can be anything.”

Lisa held her tighter.

“Yeah,” she whispered. “We really can.”

They stayed like that for a long time — wrapped around each other, warm and safe and completely at peace.

No spa. No expectations. No one else.

Just them.

And it was perfect.

“Full Source Evening”

One week had passed since the intense night at Antarctique. Lisa had spent those days in a strange, peaceful haze — resting, spending quiet hours with Chloe, and slowly coming to terms with just how completely she had surrendered to her role at the spa.

Tonight, she felt different.

She stood in front of the mirror in their bedroom, adjusting the soft white robe Diana had given her earlier that evening. Her hair was loose, her skin still warm from the shower. She looked at her reflection and felt a quiet thrill run through her. There was no nervousness tonight. Only anticipation.

Chloe stepped up behind her and wrapped her arms around Lisa’s waist, resting her chin on her shoulder.

“You look beautiful,” she murmured.

Lisa smiled and leaned back into her.

“I feel… ready,” she said softly. “Like I finally understand what I am here.”

Chloe kissed her neck.

“You’re Honey,” she whispered. “And tonight, everyone gets to taste you.”

The VIP evening was being held in one of the largest, most luxurious treatment suites in the spa. When Lisa and Chloe arrived, the room was already softly lit with candles and low ambient music. Several clients were already present — elegant, confident women of varying ages — along with a few of the other therapists in their signature blue jumpers.

Diana was there, of course, looking radiant in a sleek black dress. She smiled the moment she saw Lisa.

“There she is,” Diana said warmly, stepping forward. She took Lisa’s hands and looked her in the eyes. “Are you ready, sweetheart?”

Lisa nodded, her voice steady.

“I’m ready.”

Diana turned to the room and spoke clearly.

“Ladies,” she said, “I’d like to introduce you to our very special guest for the evening — our living source. From this moment forward, you may call her

Honey.”

A ripple of appreciative murmurs moved through the room. Lisa felt a warm flush spread across her chest at being addressed that way so openly. She didn’t feel embarrassed. She felt seen.

Diana gently slipped the robe from Lisa’s shoulders, letting it fall to the floor. Lisa stood completely naked in the center of the room, her skin glowing in the soft light. She didn’t try to cover herself. She simply stood there, breathing steadily, letting everyone look.

One of the clients — a beautiful woman in her forties with dark hair — stepped forward first.

“Hello, Honey,” she said with a soft smile. “May I?”

Lisa nodded.

The woman reached out and ran her fingers slowly down Lisa’s stomach, then lower, until they slipped between her legs. She gathered some of Lisa’s honey on her fingertips and brought it to her mouth, tasting it with a quiet hum of pleasure.

“Delicious,” she murmured.

Another client approached — this one older, with silver-streaked hair and a commanding presence. She didn’t ask. She simply stepped behind Lisa, pressed her body against her back, and reached around to cup Lisa’s breasts, squeezing them gently while kissing her neck.

Lisa closed her eyes and let herself feel it.

Over the next hour, the evening unfolded in waves.

Clients took turns tasting her — some using spoons to collect her honey delicately, others using their fingers to scoop it directly from between her legs before licking them clean. A few were bolder, dropping to their knees to taste her straight from the source, their tongues slow and deliberate as they lapped at her while she stood trembling.

Lisa moved through it all in a haze of pleasure and surrender. She was guided onto a large, low platform in the center of the room where multiple hands touched her at once — stroking, squeezing, spreading her open. Someone slipped a finger inside her while another licked her clit, and Lisa came with a soft cry, her honey gushing out as two different women caught it with their tongues and fingers.

Throughout the night, she was referred to only as Honey.

“Honey, would you like to sit on my face?”

“Open your legs wider for us, Honey.”

“Such a sweet little source you are, Honey.”

Each time her name was spoken that way, Lisa felt something deep inside her settle. She wasn’t just participating anymore. She was *embracing* it.

At one point, she was on her back with her legs spread wide while two clients took turns licking her. A third client knelt beside her head, feeding her small spoonfuls of her own honey that had been collected earlier. Lisa opened her mouth obediently, tasting herself while the other women feasted on her.

Chloe moved through the room as well, sometimes joining in, sometimes just watching with a soft, proud smile. At one point, she leaned down and kissed Lisa deeply while another client was between her legs, and Lisa came again — harder this time — moaning into Chloe’s mouth.

Later, Lisa was positioned on all fours while a client used a small spoon to slowly collect honey directly from her entrance, pausing every few moments to feed it to another guest. Lisa’s thighs trembled as she stayed perfectly still, letting herself be used, letting herself be tasted.

She had never felt more beautiful.

She had never felt more *wanted*.

By the time the evening began to wind down, Lisa was glowing — flushed, trembling, and completely spent. Her honey had been collected, tasted, and shared in every way imaginable. She had been licked, fingered, and feasted on for hours, and she had loved every second of it.

Diana approached her at the end of the night and gently helped her sit up. She wrapped a soft robe around Lisa’s shoulders and kissed her forehead.

“You were perfect,” she whispered. “Our perfect little Honey.”

Lisa looked up at her, eyes glassy but full of quiet pride.

“Thank you,” she said softly. “For letting me be this.”

Diana smiled and brushed her hair back.

“You were always meant to be this.”

As the last clients began to leave, Chloe appeared at Lisa’s side and took her hand. Together, they walked slowly back to their room, their bodies tired but their hearts full.

Lisa had fully embraced her role.

She was Honey.

And she had never felt more at peace.

“Willing Surrender”

Several weeks had passed.

The days had blended into something soft and steady. Lisa — now openly and proudly known throughout the spa as Honey — had settled into her role with a quiet kind of grace. She no longer questioned it. She no longer fought it. She simply *was*.

Tonight, the three of them were in the bedroom — Honey, Chloe, and Diana. The lights were low. A soft playlist played in the background. Chloe was curled against Honey’s side, her head resting on her chest, while Diana sat in the armchair nearby, watching them with a calm, approving expression.

Honey’s fingers moved slowly through Chloe’s hair as she stared up at the ceiling, her mind drifting.

She thought about everything that had brought her here.

The first time Diana had touched her. The slow, careful edging. The unknowing clients. The honey farming. The night in the freezer. The forced orgasms. The sensory deprivation. All of it.

And yet, none of it felt like something that had been done *to* her anymore.

It felt like something she had chosen.

Honey turned her head slightly and looked at Chloe, who was tracing lazy circles on her stomach. She looked at Diana, who was watching them both with that quiet, knowing smile she always wore when she was proud of them.

A soft, unexpected thought rose in Honey’s chest.

This is who I am.

Not because someone made her this way. Not because she had been broken down and rebuilt. But because, piece by piece, she had finally stopped running from the parts of herself she had always been afraid to look at.

She had always craved this — the surrender, the service, the deep, aching pleasure of being used and cherished at the same time. She had always wanted to be seen like this. Wanted like this. *Owned* like this.

For so long, she had believed that “finding yourself” meant becoming someone new. Someone stronger. Someone different. Someone who had it all figured out.

But lying here now, with Chloe’s warm body pressed against hers and Diana’s quiet presence filling the room like a steady heartbeat, Honey finally understood.

Finding herself didn’t mean becoming someone else.

It meant coming home to who she had always been.

It meant no longer apologizing for her desires. No longer shrinking herself to fit someone else’s idea of what was normal or acceptable. It meant standing in the center of her own life — naked, open, and unafraid — and saying, without shame:

This is me.

She was Honey.

She was the spa’s living source.

She was the girl who could be edged for hours and still beg for more. The girl who could be tied down and forced to come until she cried, and still feel safe. The girl who could stand in a room full of strangers and let them taste her, and feel nothing but peace.

And she was also the girl who came home every night to Chloe — the girl who laughed until her stomach hurt, who made love slowly in the dark, who held space for softness and strength in equal measure.

She didn’t have to choose between those versions of herself anymore.

They were all her.

Honey let out a slow, shaky breath as the realization settled deep in her chest. It wasn’t loud or dramatic. It was quiet. It was warm. It felt like finally exhaling after holding her breath for years.

She turned her head and looked at Chloe again. Her girlfriend. Her lover. Her safe place.

“I think I finally get it,” Honey whispered.

Chloe lifted her head, eyes soft.

“Get what?”

Honey smiled — small, real, and full of something that felt a lot like peace.

“What it means to be myself,” she said. “It’s not about becoming someone new. It’s about finally stopping the fight. It’s about letting myself *be*… all of it. The parts that are soft. The parts that are wild. The parts that want to be used. The parts that want to be loved. All of it.”

Chloe’s eyes shimmered. She leaned in and kissed Honey slowly, deeply, like she understood exactly what she meant.

Diana watched them from her chair, her expression calm and full of quiet pride.

Honey looked over at her.

“Thank you,” she said softly. “For seeing me before I could see myself.”

Diana gave a small nod, her voice gentle.

“You were always there, Honey. You just needed the space to come home to yourself.”

Honey closed her eyes for a moment, letting those words settle into her bones.

She had spent so much of her life trying to be what other people expected. Trying to be good. Trying to be normal. Trying to be enough.

But here, in this room, with these two women who had helped her break open and then held her while she put herself back together, she finally understood.

Being herself didn’t mean having all the answers.

It meant no longer being afraid of the questions.

It meant living in her truth — fully, openly, and without apology.

Honey opened her eyes and looked at Chloe again. She reached up and cupped her

girlfriend’s face, her thumb brushing gently across her cheek.

“I love you,” she whispered.

Chloe smiled, her eyes bright with tears she didn’t bother to hide.

“I love you too,” she whispered back. “So much.”

Honey turned her head and looked at Diana one last time.

Diana simply nodded, her expression full of quiet approval.

And in that moment — with Chloe in her arms and Diana’s steady presence in the room — Honey felt something she had never truly felt before.

She felt whole.

Not because everything was perfect.

But because she had finally stopped trying to be anything other than exactly who she was.

She was Honey.

And she was home.