Cassie

by Brent Clark Palmer

Vulpes Parvaes, Book 5; The Chariot, Book 17

Chapter 1

“Look at those legs in that little skirt—she’s going to turn every head on the quad before the week’s out,” Rachel said, leaning against the doorframe of room 312 with her arms crossed and a slow smile spreading across her face as Cassie Harper stepped inside for the first time.

Cassie’s sneakers squeaked once on the polished hardwood before she caught herself. The oversized cream sweater she’d chosen because it hid everything hung loose over her small, perky breasts, the soft fabric shifting against her skin with each breath and making her pale pink nipples tighten just enough to remind her they were there. Her loose plaid skirt brushed the tops of her long, smooth athletic thighs as she shifted her duffel bag higher on one shoulder, the hem swishing lightly and letting cool air sneak underneath to tease the firm curve of her bottom. She felt the faint flush already creeping across her chest and cheeks— the same bright patches that always gave her away when she was nervous—and she

nervously tucked a long wavy strand of auburn hair behind one ear, hazel eyes darting around the sunlit dorm room.

“Hi,” she managed, voice smaller than she wanted it to sound. “I’m Cassie. Cassie Harper. The housing office said this was my room?”

Mia bounced up from the bed closest to the window, honey-blonde curls swinging, and grabbed one of Cassie’s bags before she could protest. “We’ve been waiting for you, freshie. I’m Mia. That’s Rachel—she’s the bossy senior—and Lauren’s the quiet one who notices everything.” Mia’s tank top rode up as she turned, revealing a strip of toned stomach that made Cassie’s own flat, lightly defined midriff tighten under her sweater in instinctive comparison.

Lauren stayed seated on the edge of the third bed, sharp green eyes flicking over Cassie from head to toe before she offered a small nod. “You’re smaller than the last scholarship girl they put in here. Makes things interesting.”

Cassie set her duffel down beside the fourth bed—the one tucked under the big window where willow branches tapped softly against the glass—and felt her heart give a little extra thump. Smaller. The word landed somewhere low in her belly and stayed there. She knelt to unzip the bag, the motion making her skirt ride up just enough along her athletic thighs that she quickly tugged it back down, cheeks burning hotter. Everything she owned was modest: plain cotton panties folded in neat stacks, button-up blouses that went all the way to the throat, the one simple bra she owned that still felt a size too big for her perky A-cups. She started unpacking, movements quick and careful, the way her mother had taught her to keep everything in its place.

Rachel pushed off the doorframe and crossed the room, bare feet silent on the floor. She stopped close enough that Cassie could smell vanilla body spray and something warmer underneath it. “Orientation packet said you have the full wellness physical first thing tomorrow morning. Health center opens at eight sharp for new scholarship students. They like to get the sensitive ones in early.”

Cassie’s hands paused on a stack of socks. Sensitive. The word felt too personal coming from someone she’d met thirty seconds ago. She swallowed, remembering the thick envelope her mother had made her read out loud on the drive here—mandatory enrollment requirements, comprehensive wellness assessment, no exceptions or the scholarship money stopped before classes even started. “Yeah… they sent the forms. I just have to be there by eight-thirty, right? It’s probably nothing big. Blood pressure, maybe some shots?”

Mia laughed, light and easy, dropping onto Cassie’s bed and crossing her legs so her shorts rode high on smooth thighs. “Oh, sweetie. It’s a little more than shots. But you’ll be fine. The doctors here are really thorough. They bring in medical students to practice so everyone learns the right way. Makes the whole thing take longer, but that’s kind of the point.”

Cassie felt the flush deepen across her chest, the fair skin there going pink in those tell-tale patches that always showed first. She kept unpacking, folding a plain white button-up blouse and placing it in the drawer, the motion pulling the sweater tighter for a second across her small breasts so the pale pink nipples brushed the inside of the fabric again. A tiny, unfamiliar spark of warmth flickered low between her athletic thighs before she pressed them together and made it go away. She wasn’t supposed to feel things like that. Not ever. Not the way her mother had explained purity and keeping her body private until marriage—if marriage ever even happened.

Lauren stood and moved to the shared closet, sliding one side open to show empty hangers waiting. “You can take the left side. We keep the room clean, but we also keep each other… comfortable. That’s part of the Willowbrook way. You’ll catch on quick.”

Rachel picked up one of Cassie’s modest skirts from the bag and held it up, letting the fabric drape over her own hand as she studied the length. “Cute. Conservative. The health center staff are going to love peeling back all these layers tomorrow. They always say the quiet, buttoned-up girls give the best readings.”

Cassie’s breath caught. Peel back layers? She reached out and took the skirt back, fingers brushing Rachel’s for a second, and felt that same spark again—sharper this time—right where her firm bottom met the bed when she sat down hard. “I don’t… I mean, my mom always said doctors are professionals. It’s just a check-up. Like at the free clinic back home, right?”

Mia leaned in closer, her knee brushing Cassie's athletic thigh through the skirt. "Back home might be different. Willowbrook's private. They do things their own way to keep all the scholarship girls performing at their best. You'll see." She reached out and gently tucked another stray auburn strand behind Cassie's ear, the touch light but lingering. "Your hair's going to look amazing when it's down during the exam. They like it out of the way."

Cassie's pulse thrummed in her throat. She stood up too fast, the motion making her skirt swirl around her long thighs and sending a cool draft up between them that made her small, toned stomach tighten. The tiny heart-shaped birthmark just above her left hip bone itched under the cotton of her underwear like it knew it was about to be seen by strangers tomorrow. She moved to the window instead, pushing the sheer curtain aside to look out at the willow trees and the quad beyond. Girls in Willowbrook polos walked in pairs, laughing, some of them carrying the same thick orientation packets. Everything looked so normal. So pretty. So why did her skin feel too tight and too warm all at once?

Rachel came up behind her, close enough that Cassie felt the senior's breath stir her auburn hair. "First night's always the hardest. You'll sleep in that modest little pajama set you packed —I saw the pink one in your bag—and tomorrow the real Willowbrook welcome begins. The physical is just step one. After that we'll show you the rest of the schedule. Honey-farming rotation starts tomorrow night once you're back from the health center."

Cassie turned, hazel eyes wide. "Honey… farming?" The words sounded so innocent, like something from a 4-H club back in her tiny rural town, but the way Rachel said them made the flush spread all the way down to the tops of her small breasts. She could feel her pale pink nipples tightening again, pressing against the soft inside of her sweater, and she crossed her arms without thinking.

Lauren's quiet laugh came from across the room. "You'll figure it out. It's how we keep each other balanced here. Helps with the data from the health center too. The doctors like it when new girls are already in the routine."

Mia flopped back on her own bed, stretching so her tank top rode up again. "For now just finish unpacking. We ordered pizza—extra cheese, the good kind. You can tell us about your drive up while we eat. And maybe practice that nervous little blush you do. The medical students tomorrow are going to eat it up."

Cassie's hands moved on autopilot after that, hanging blouses, stacking underwear, arranging her single bottle of strawberry shampoo on the shared bathroom shelf. Every motion made her aware of her own body in ways she never had been before: the natural bounce of her firm rounded bottom when she bent to plug in her phone charger, the way her long athletic thighs flexed as she reached the top shelf, the faint sheen of nervous sweat making her fair skin glow under the string lights Mia had already turned on. She kept catching the

roommates watching—not mean, not obvious, but steady, like they were already measuring her for something bigger than a dorm room.

They ate pizza sitting cross-legged on the floor, the box open between them. Cassie nibbled at the crust, trying to keep her skirt tugged down over her thighs, but the position made the fabric ride up anyway, exposing the smooth, toned length of her legs. Rachel kept the conversation light at first—favorite professors, the best study spots under the willows, how the dining hall made the creamiest hot chocolate—but every so often one of them would slip in a comment that made Cassie's stomach flutter.

"Health center has the softest exam tables," Mia said around a bite of pizza, licking sauce off her thumb. "They warm them up special for the new girls. Feels nice when you're lying there with nothing but the little drape they give you."

Cassie's slice paused halfway to her mouth. Nothing but the drape. She pictured it—her petite frame on white paper, sweater and skirt gone, small breasts bare, athletic thighs slightly parted because the doctor would need them that way for… whatever came next. The flush on her chest flared brighter. She set the pizza down and wiped her fingers on a napkin, the motion making her small breasts shift under the sweater again.

Lauren noticed. Of course she did. "You're going to do great tomorrow, Cassie. Just breathe when they tell you to. And remember, every scholarship girl goes through it. The ones who relax the fastest get the best… results."

Rachel's eyes met Cassie's across the pizza box. "And the best results mean the scholarship stays. You wouldn't want to lose that after your mom drove you all the way here, would you?"

The words landed like a soft weight in Cassie's chest. Her mother's face flashed behind her eyes—stern, proud, repeating the same warnings about purity the entire six-hour drive. Cassie shook her head quickly, auburn waves brushing her shoulders. "No. I won't lose it. I'll do whatever they say."

Mia grinned, reaching over to squeeze Cassie's knee, the touch warm against her athletic thigh. "That's the spirit. Now finish eating. We'll help you make your bed so you can get some sleep. Big day tomorrow."

The rest of the evening blurred into small, careful tasks. They made the bed together—crisp white sheets, lavender duvet that smelled faintly of the fabric softener Cassie's mother used. Cassie changed into her modest pink pajama set in the bathroom, buttoning the top all the way to her throat, the thin cotton brushing her perky nipples and making them tighten into two sensitive points she tried desperately to ignore. When she came out, the roommates were already in their own beds, string lights dimmed to a soft glow.

She slid under the covers, the willow branches still tapping at the window like impatient fingers. Her body felt electric—every inch of her toned, petite frame aware of the three other girls breathing softly in the dark. The faint heart-shaped birthmark on her lower abdomen itched again. Tomorrow those strangers at the health center would see it. They would see everything.

Rachel's voice drifted across the room, low and warm. "Sweet dreams, Cassie Harper. Try not to think too much about what they're going to do to you in the morning."

Cassie lay there in the dark, heart hammering against her small breasts, the thin pajama fabric doing nothing to hide how tightly her pale pink nipples had peaked. She pressed her long athletic thighs together and stared at the ceiling, the scholarship letter burning in her memory like a promise and a threat at the same time.

Tomorrow she would walk into the campus health center still the same sheltered girl who had arrived today.

But tonight, in the quiet of Hawthorne Hall, she already felt the first tiny cracks forming under her skin.

"Close your eyes now," Mia whispered from her bed, voice sleepy and teasing. "The health center opens early, and they hate it when new girls show up already exhausted."

Cassie squeezed her eyes shut. The tapping branches kept time with her pulse, and somewhere deep inside, that unfamiliar warm spark flickered again—smaller this time, but impossible to pretend wasn't there.

Chapter 2

"Up you get, sleepyhead—those doctors don't wait for girls who hit snooze," Mia called from across the room, her voice bright and teasing as she yanked the lavender duvet off Cassie's curled-up form.

Cassie's hazel eyes snapped open, heart already skipping before her brain caught up. The cool morning air from the open window brushed across her modest pink pajama top, making the thin cotton slide over the small perky swell of her breasts and pull her pale pink nipples into tight little points that sent a quick, unwelcome shiver straight down her flat stomach. She sat up fast, long wavy auburn hair tumbling into her face, and tugged the hem of her pajama shorts down where they had ridden up the smooth length of her toned thighs. The firm rounded curve of her bottom pressed against the mattress as she swung her legs over the side, bare feet finding the cool hardwood, and she felt that natural little bounce in her step the second she stood—her petite frame moving with an easy unconscious grace she had never thought twice about until three pairs of eyes

were watching her.

Rachel was already dressed in a fitted Willowbrook polo and shorts, dark hair pulled back, holding out a plain white mug. “Coffee’s strong. Drink it. You’re going to need steady hands when they start the exam.” She said it casually, but her gaze flicked down to the way Cassie’s small breasts shifted under the pajama top with each breath, the fair skin across her chest already blooming with those bright tell-tale patches of pink.

Cassie took the mug, fingers wrapping around the warm ceramic, and felt the heat travel up her arms and settle somewhere low between her toned thighs. “Thanks,” she murmured, taking a careful sip. The bitter taste grounded her a little, but her mind was already spinning back to last night—Rachel’s words about peeling back layers, Mia’s comment about the warmed exam table, Lauren’s quiet reminder that the scholarship depended on this. She set the mug on the nightstand and crossed to her dresser, the motion making her firm bottom give that subtle bounce again inside the loose pajama shorts. She could feel the tiny heart-shaped birthmark on her lower abdomen tingling like it knew what was coming.

Lauren slid out of her bed and padded over, ponytail swinging, and opened Cassie’s drawer without asking. “Wear the light blue button-up blouse and the knee-length plaid skirt today. The cardigan too—the soft gray one. They like girls who look put-together when they walk in. Makes the contrast nicer once everything comes off.”

Cassie’s cheeks flared hot. Everything comes off. The words lodged in her throat, but she didn’t argue. She carried the clothes into the tiny shared bathroom, closed the door, and stripped quickly, avoiding her own reflection in the mirror above the sink. The cool air hit her bare skin—small A-cup breasts rising and falling a little faster than normal, pale pink nipples still peaked from the morning chill, narrow waist dipping in before the gentle flare of her hips, toned thighs pressing together as she stepped into plain white cotton panties. She hooked the simple bra on, the cups barely containing the perky swell, then buttoned the blouse all the way to her throat, the fabric brushing her sensitive nipples with every movement. The plaid skirt settled over her hips, swishing softly against her thighs when she turned. She pulled the oversized gray cardigan on last, wrapping it around herself like armor, and finally looked.

She still looked like the same modest girl who had left home yesterday—long auburn hair brushed smooth and tucked behind one ear, full pink lips pressed together in a nervous line, hazel eyes wide. But underneath, her body felt different. Alive in a way that made her stomach flutter.

When she stepped back into the main room, Mia whistled low. “Damn, freshie. You make modest look dangerous. That skirt’s going to ride up just enough when

you walk across the quad."

Rachel smirked, leaning against the door. "She's right. Those long legs of yours are going to draw eyes. Try not to blush the whole way there—save some color for the exam room."

Cassie tugged the cardigan tighter, feeling the small weight of her breasts shift inside the blouse. "I'm not trying to draw eyes. I just want to get this over with and start classes." Her voice came out steadier than she felt. She slipped on her simple white sneakers, the laces tight, and grabbed her small backpack with the orientation packet inside.

Lauren handed her a protein bar. "Eat this on the walk. The health center staff get cranky if your blood sugar's low. They need accurate readings."

The four of them left Hawthorne Hall together, the morning sun warm on Cassie's face as they stepped onto the brick path that wound through the willow trees. Her skirt swished with each step, the fabric brushing the backs of her toned thighs and letting tiny puffs of breeze sneak underneath to tease the cotton of her panties. She kept her head down at first, auburn hair falling forward, but the campus was already alive—girls laughing in clusters, some in polos and shorts, others in the same modest skirts and blouses that suddenly felt like a uniform. A few glanced her way, eyes lingering on the way her firm rounded bottom moved under the plaid, the natural bounce in her stride. Cassie felt every look like a fingertip trailing across her skin.

Mia fell into step beside her, honey-blonde curls bouncing. "So, real talk—when they tell you to undress, don't fight it. The quicker you're on the table, the quicker it's over. And breathe when they ask. They measure everything."

"Everything?" Cassie's voice cracked. Her small breasts rose sharply under the blouse and cardigan as she inhaled.

Rachel, walking ahead, glanced back over her shoulder. "Everything. Nipples, hips, that cute little birthmark you've got right above your left hip bone—they'll note it all. The medical students are there to learn technique. They'll be watching close."

Cassie's fair skin flushed brighter across her chest, the pink patches spreading under the thin layers of fabric. She could feel her pale pink nipples tightening again, rubbing against the bra cups with each step, sending tiny sparks that made her press her thighs together mid-stride. The path curved around the quad, the big brick health center building coming into view at the far end—white columns, wide glass doors, a discreet sign that read CAMPUS WELLNESS CENTER – ENROLLMENT PHYSICALS TODAY. Her stomach did a slow flip.

Lauren’s quiet voice came from her other side. “You’re doing fine. Just remember, every scholarship girl who walked this path felt the same way. The ones who relaxed got to keep their funding. The ones who tensed up… well, they had to come back for re-tests.”

Cassie nodded, biting the inside of her cheek. The protein bar tasted like cardboard now. They reached the wide steps of the health center, and Rachel held the door open. Cool air- conditioned air washed over Cassie as she stepped inside, making the fine hairs on her thighs stand up and her small nipples peak harder against the blouse. The waiting room was quiet— soft lighting, a few other new girls sitting stiffly in chairs, all in similar modest outfits. A receptionist behind a curved desk smiled brightly.

“Cassie Harper? Scholarship track, eight-thirty slot. Perfect timing. The team’s almost ready for you.” She slid a clipboard across the counter. “Sign here, then head through that door to changing room three. Gown’s on the hook—open in the back, nothing underneath. They’ll call you when the doctor and students are set.”

Cassie’s hand shook slightly as she signed. Nothing underneath. The words echoed in her head while she walked down the short hallway, roommates trailing behind until they reached the changing room door.

Mia gave her shoulder a quick squeeze. “We’ll wait out here. Text us when you’re done and we’ll walk you back. You’ve got this.”

Rachel’s smile was softer this time. “Deep breaths, Cassie. Let them do their job. Your body’s going to give them exactly what they need.”

Lauren just nodded once. “See you on the other side.”

Cassie slipped into changing room three alone and closed the door behind her with a soft click. The small space smelled like antiseptic and warm linen. A pale blue gown hung on a hook, thin fabric, ties in the back. She set her backpack down, kicked off her sneakers, and started unbuttoning the blouse with trembling fingers. Each button revealed another inch of fair skin—first the hollow of her throat, then the upper swell of her small perky breasts, then the simple white bra. She shrugged the blouse off, folded it neatly on the bench, and reached back to unhook the bra. Her breasts spilled free, small and perky, pale pink nipples already tight from the cool air and the nerves racing through her. She cupped them for half a second without thinking, feeling the soft weight, the way they fit perfectly in her palms, before she snatched her hands away like she’d been burned.

The skirt came next. She unzipped it, let it pool at her feet, and stepped out, toned thighs flexing as she bent. The plain cotton panties clung to her for a moment before she hooked her thumbs in the waistband and slid them down, the fabric whispering over the firm curve of her bottom and the smooth skin between

her thighs. She stood there completely bare for a heartbeat—petite 5'2" frame reflected in the small mirror, flat stomach with its light definition, narrow waist flaring into gently curved hips, the tiny heart-shaped birthmark on her lower abdomen dark against her fair skin. Her auburn hair fell over one shoulder as she reached for the gown.

The fabric was softer than she expected, but thin. She slipped it on, the open back letting cool air kiss her spine and the upper curve of her bottom. She tied the strings as best she could, but they left a wide gap from her neck all the way down to the small of her back. When she moved, the gown shifted, threatening to slip off one shoulder and expose the side of her small breast. She tugged it closed, cheeks burning, and slid her feet into the paper slippers provided.

A soft knock sounded on the door.

“Cassie Harper? We’re ready for you in exam room four.”

She took one last deep breath, feeling her small breasts rise and fall under the thin gown, her thighs brushing together as she stepped out. The hallway felt longer now, cooler. Rachel, Mia, and Lauren were still waiting near the reception desk, watching her walk toward the exam room door.

The nurse held it open, smiling kindly. “Go ahead and hop up on the table. The doctor and her students will be right in. Try to relax.”

Cassie stepped inside. The room was bright, clinical—white paper on the padded table, stirrups folded at the end, a tray of instruments covered by a cloth, a rolling stool, and four extra chairs lined up along the wall. Her heart hammered against her ribs. She climbed onto the table, the paper crinkling loudly under her firm bottom, and tugged the gown down over her toned thighs as far as it would go. The back gaped open against the cool vinyl, letting air touch places no one had ever seen.

She sat there, knees pressed together, auburn hair falling around her flushed face, small hands gripping the edge of the table, and waited.

The door clicked open again.

“Morning, Cassie,” a calm female voice said. “I’m Dr. Ellis, and these four are my senior medical students today. We’re going to take very good care of you.”

Cassie looked up. Four young women in white coats filed in behind the doctor—clipboards ready, eyes bright and curious—each one glancing at the petite girl on the table with open professional interest.

Dr. Ellis smiled, pulling on gloves with a soft snap. “Let’s start by getting that gown out of the way so we can begin the full assessment. Arms up for me, please.”

Cassie’s breath caught, her pale pink nipples already tightening under the thin fabric as she slowly raised her arms.

The room felt suddenly smaller, the air thicker, every eye on her as the doctor reached for the ties at the back of the gown.

Rachel’s voice drifted in from the hallway just before the door clicked shut behind the last student. “Remember what we told you, Cassie—let them see everything. You’re going to do great.”

Cassie’s hazel eyes stayed fixed on the ceiling tiles, her petite frame already trembling with the first real crack of what Willowbrook had in store for her.

Chapter 3

“Arms a little higher, Cassie—yes, just like that. Let the gown fall naturally so we can see the full baseline,” Dr. Ellis said, her voice calm and clinical as she untied the last string at the small of Cassie’s back and let the thin fabric slide down the girl’s spine.

Cassie’s breath hitched sharply, the paper on the exam table crinkling under her firm bottom as she obeyed. Cool air rushed over her bare skin the second the gown slipped from her shoulders and pooled around her waist. Her small perky breasts were suddenly completely exposed—pale pink nipples already drawn tight from the room’s chill and the weight of four pairs of student eyes fixed on them. She fought the urge to cross her arms, fingers gripping the edge of the table until her knuckles whitened, while the long wavy strands of her auburn hair fell forward over one shoulder, doing nothing to hide the bright pink flush spreading across her chest in those tell-tale patches.

Dr. Ellis draped the gown over a nearby chair with a soft rustle. “Perfect. Everyone, note the natural response—nipples erecting almost immediately from temperature and exposure. This is exactly the kind of baseline we want.” She gestured to the four medical students seated in the extra chairs, white coats crisp, clipboards balanced on their knees. “We’ll begin with a thorough breast and nipple exam. Cassie, you can lower your arms now, but keep your shoulders back. Students, gloves on. We’ll go one at a time so each of you gets hands-on practice demonstrating proper technique.”

Cassie’s hazel eyes flicked to the ceiling tiles again, pulse hammering so hard she could feel it in her throat. The room smelled of antiseptic and warm skin, the stirrups at the end of the table still folded but waiting like a promise of more to come. Her toned thighs pressed together on the table, the smooth skin there already prickling. She could feel the tiny heart- shaped birthmark just above her left hip bone burning under the bright lights, even though no one had touched it yet. Everything felt too exposed, too bright, too real. Her mother’s voice echoed somewhere far away—*keep yourself private, Cassie*—but the scholarship letter

sat heavier in her memory, pinning her in place.

The first student, a tall brunette with a name tag that read “Kendra,” stood and pulled on fresh gloves with a snap that made Cassie flinch. Kendra stepped close, eyes flicking from Cassie’s small breasts to her clipboard and back. “Like this, Dr. Ellis?” she asked, voice steady but fingers hovering uncertainly.

“Exactly. Start with visual inspection, then gentle palpation. Explain each step out loud so Cassie understands what we’re checking for.” Dr. Ellis moved to the side, arms crossed, watching.

Kendra cleared her throat. “I’m going to examine your breasts now, Cassie. We’re looking for any irregularities in tissue or nipple response.” Her gloved hands came up, cupping the undersides of Cassie’s small breasts with surprising care. The warmth of the touch sent a jolt straight through Cassie’s body; her pale pink nipples tightened even further, peaking into stiff little points that ached in the open air. Kendra’s thumbs brushed upward in slow circles, pressing lightly into the soft flesh. “See how responsive they are? The areolas are already contracting.”

Cassie bit the inside of her cheek, a tiny whimper catching in her throat. The pressure felt too intimate, too focused. Her flat stomach tightened, the light definition there pulling inward as she tried not to squirm. Kendra’s fingers lingered, rolling each nipple between thumb and forefinger in a slow, testing pinch that made Cassie’s long athletic thighs clench harder together.

“Very good, Kendra,” Dr. Ellis murmured. “Now demonstrate the full range—lift, squeeze, and note sensitivity. Take your time. The next student will follow your lead.”

Kendra’s hands grew bolder. She lifted Cassie’s left breast, weighing it gently, then squeezed with a firmer pressure that made the nipple stand out even more. “Patient shows immediate nipple erection and slight flushing across the chest wall,” she said, voice clinical but her own cheeks pinking. Her fingers pinched again, rolling the sensitive peak until Cassie’s breath came in short, shaky bursts. The sensation was sharp and warm, like a spark traveling straight down between her thighs, and she hated how her body answered without permission.

Kendra stepped back after another long moment, gloves snapping as she removed them. “Your turn, Sophie.”

The second student, shorter with dark curls pinned back, moved forward. Sophie’s hands were cooler, more hesitant. “I’m… starting with palpation,” she said, glancing at Dr. Ellis for approval before cupping Cassie’s breasts. Her touch was lighter at first, almost tentative, tracing the outer curves before moving inward. When her thumbs brushed the nipples, Sophie paused, fumbling slightly as she tried to mimic Kendra’s roll. The hesitation made it worse— the slow,

uncertain pressure dragged on, each little pinch and tug stretching longer than the last until Cassie's small breasts felt heavy and hot in the girl's palms.

"Like this?" Sophie asked, voice soft, eyes flicking up to Cassie's flushed face. She pinched a little harder, rolling the right nipple between her fingers until Cassie's lips parted on a quiet gasp. The sound hung in the room, and Sophie's cheeks went bright red. "Sorry—did that hurt?"

Cassie shook her head quickly, auburn hair swaying. "N-no… it's just… new." Her voice came out breathy, the words barely above a whisper. The flush on her chest had spread downward, painting the tops of her small breasts the same pink as her nipples. Every slow, fumbling touch made her stomach flutter and her toned thighs press tighter, the smooth skin between them growing slick in a way that made her want to disappear.

Dr. Ellis nodded approvingly. "Take all the time you need, Sophie. Hesitation is normal on the first real patient. Feel how the nipple texture changes under sustained pressure? That's the kind of detailed observation we're training for."

Sophie's fingers stayed busy, lifting and squeezing, rolling each nipple in turn with deliberate, prolonged care. She even leaned in closer, breath warm against Cassie's skin as she examined the way the peaks flushed darker under her touch. Cassie's mind spun—*this can't be normal, this can't be what a check-up is*—but she stayed perfectly still, the paper crinkling under her shifting bottom every time her hips gave a tiny involuntary twitch.

Sophie finally stepped back, gloves off, looking almost as flushed as Cassie. "Thank you," she murmured to the room, then to Cassie, "You're being really good about this."

The third student, a quiet blonde named Taylor, took her place next. Taylor's hands were steadier but slower, like she wanted to memorize every second. She cupped Cassie's breasts from below, lifting them gently before letting her thumbs circle the areolas in wide, lazy loops. "Noting increased sensitivity here," Taylor said, voice low. Her fingers closed around both nipples at once, pinching and rolling with a rhythmic slowness that made Cassie's breath hitch again and again. The touch dragged on—pinch, release, pinch, release—until Cassie's small breasts felt swollen and tender, the pale pink tips throbbing visibly.

Dr. Ellis watched closely. "Excellent control, Taylor. See how the patient's breathing has changed? That's valuable data. Keep going—add a light tug this time."

Taylor obeyed, tugging gently on each nipple in turn, stretching them just enough to send sharp little sparks racing down Cassie's flat stomach and between her clenched thighs. Cassie's full pink lips parted wider, a soft sound escaping before she could stop it. Her hazel eyes squeezed shut for a second, the

flush burning hotter across her fair skin. The room felt smaller, the air thicker, every fumbling second stretching into something that made her body react in ways she had no name for.

Taylor lingered longest of all, her gloved fingers exploring every inch of the small, perky mounds until Dr. Ellis finally cleared her throat. “Good work. Last one, Emily.”

The fourth student, Emily, had been shifting in her chair the entire time, clearly the most nervous. She stood slowly, gloves snapping on with shaky fingers. “I’m… I’m going to start now,” she said, voice barely steady. Her hands came up, hovering for a long moment before finally making contact. The touch was the lightest yet—almost reverent—as she cupped Cassie’s breasts and began the same slow palpation. But Emily fumbled right away, her fingers slipping, pinching too softly then too hard, rolling one nipple and then forgetting the other. She corrected herself, cheeks flaming, and started over, drawing the exam out even longer.

“Take your time,” Dr. Ellis encouraged. “This is where practice shows. Feel the difference in texture when you apply consistent pressure.”

Emily’s fumbling grew more deliberate, each hesitant squeeze and tug prolonging the contact until Cassie’s nipples felt raw and impossibly sensitive. The girl’s breath was warm against Cassie’s chest as she leaned in close, examining the way the peaks had darkened and peaked under her uncertain fingers. Cassie’s toned thighs trembled slightly on the table, the firm curve of her bottom shifting against the paper as another involuntary spark shot through her core. She could feel wetness gathering between her folds now, slick and shameful, and she prayed none of them would notice.

Emily kept going, rolling and pinching, lifting and squeezing, her nervousness making every motion drag. Cassie’s mind fogged—*how much longer, please let it end*—but her body kept answering, small breasts rising and falling faster, nipples throbbing in time with her racing pulse.

Dr. Ellis finally stepped forward. “Excellent work, everyone. You’ve all demonstrated the full range. Cassie, you can relax your posture for a moment while we note the observations.” She glanced at the students. “Her responses are textbook—heightened sensitivity, rapid flushing, clear nipple erection sustained across all four exams. We’ll reference these when we move to the lower pelvic assessment.”

Cassie’s eyes flew open at the words *lower pelvic assessment*, her hazel gaze wide and glassy. Her small breasts still tingled, pale pink nipples standing out stiff and dark against her flushed skin. She sat there exposed, heart pounding, the tiny heart-shaped birthmark on her lower abdomen rising and falling with

each shaky breath, while the four students scribbled notes and the doctor prepared the next tray of instruments.

From somewhere beyond the closed door, Mia’s muffled voice carried faintly through the hallway, light and teasing even through the thick wood. “Hang in there, freshie—we’re still right out here when they’re done turning you inside out.”

Cassie’s breath caught again, the sound small and helpless in the bright exam room, her petite frame trembling on the table as the real examination was only beginning.

Chapter 4

“Alright, Cassie, we’re done with the upper exam for now—let’s get you positioned for the pelvic and vaginal portion so the students can practice their internal assessments properly,” Dr. Ellis said, her gloved hands already adjusting the paper sheet under Cassie’s bare bottom as the four medical students shifted their chairs closer to the end of the table.

Cassie’s heart slammed against her ribs, the sound loud in her own ears. She stayed frozen for half a second, small perky breasts still rising and falling fast from the long nipple exam, her pale pink nipples dark and throbbing visibly in the bright lights. The paper crinkled loudly as Dr. Ellis guided her hips down toward the edge of the table, and Cassie let her legs be moved without resistance, too stunned to do anything else. Her toned thighs parted as the stirrups were unfolded with soft metallic clicks, her feet lifted and settled into the padded cradles one at a time. The position spread her open completely—long smooth thighs angled wide, firm rounded bottom right at the edge, the tiny heart-shaped birthmark on her lower abdomen now fully visible under the overhead lamp.

Cool air hit the smooth, untouched skin between her thighs, and she felt a fresh rush of wetness there, slick and shameful, that made her want to clamp her legs shut. But the stirrups held her fast. Her flat stomach tightened, the light definition pulling inward as she gripped the sides of the table, knuckles white again. Her auburn hair spilled across the pillow, a few strands sticking to the flush on her cheeks and chest.

Dr. Ellis snapped on a fresh pair of gloves. “Perfect. Students, this is where we get the most valuable data on new scholarship girls. We’ll start with external visual inspection, then manual digital exam, followed by graduated tools. Each of you will perform the full sequence under my guidance. Cassie, you’re going to feel some pressure and stretching—breathe through it and tell us if anything feels too sharp. The goal is complete relaxation for accurate readings.”

Kendra, the tall brunette who had gone first on the nipples, stood and moved between Cassie’s spread thighs, eyes focused on the exposed pink folds. “I’m

beginning the external exam," she announced, voice steadier now. Her gloved fingers brushed the outer lips with clinical care, parting them slowly to reveal the glistening inner pink. "Noting natural lubrication already present—good sign for tissue health." She traced upward, circling the hooded clit without touching it yet, then dipped lower to the entrance. "Patient's vaginal opening shows slight contraction on contact. I'm inserting one finger now."

Cassie's breath caught hard as Kendra's finger pressed inside, warm and smooth, sliding in knuckle-deep with a slow, exploratory twist. The stretch was new, intimate, filling her in a way that made her toned thighs tremble in the stirrups. Kendra curled her finger gently, pressing against the front wall, then added a second finger after a moment, scissoring them apart to test the give.

"Feel that, Cassie?" Kendra asked, eyes flicking up over the modest swell of Cassie's small breasts to her flushed face. "I'm checking depth and elasticity. You're doing really well—nice and tight, but yielding. Try to push down a little for me."

Cassie's full pink lips parted on a shaky exhale. The pressure built as Kendra worked her fingers deeper, twisting, probing, the wet sounds tiny but unmistakable in the quiet room. Cassie's small breasts rose faster, pale pink nipples still peaked and sensitive from before, and she felt another rush of slickness coat Kendra's fingers. "It… it feels full," she whispered, voice barely there.

Dr. Ellis nodded from the side. "Good observation, Kendra. Note the increased lubrication response. Now demonstrate the full range—add a third finger and hold the stretch for thirty seconds while you describe the texture."

Kendra obeyed, easing a third finger in with careful pressure. The stretch burned sweetly, making Cassie's hips twitch involuntarily, her firm bottom shifting on the paper. Kendra held the position, fingers spreading inside her, thumb brushing the outer folds in slow circles. "Tissue is soft and responsive here… walls gripping nicely. Thirty seconds complete."

The seconds dragged. Cassie's hazel eyes squeezed shut, the flush across her chest deepening as every tiny movement of those fingers sent sparks racing through her core. When Kendra finally withdrew, Cassie felt strangely empty for a heartbeat, her entrance fluttering around nothing.

Sophie stepped up next, dark curls framing her focused expression. "My turn for digital exam," she said, almost apologetic as she lubed her gloved fingers generously. Her touch was gentler than Kendra's at first, two fingers sliding in easily on the existing wetness. But Sophie hesitated at the third, fumbling the angle, pushing too slowly then adjusting, drawing the insertion out until Cassie's thighs quivered in the stirrups. "Sorry—let me get the right depth," Sophie

murmured, voice soft. She finally got three fingers inside and began the slow scissoring, her free hand resting on Cassie's flat stomach as if to steady her. "You're so warm inside… does this pressure feel okay?"

Cassie nodded quickly, auburn hair shifting on the pillow. The fumbling made it worse—the uncertain twists and pauses letting her body adjust then get overwhelmed again. Sophie's fingers curled, searching, pressing against spots that made Cassie's breath hitch and her small breasts jiggle slightly with each involuntary clench. The student lingered, exploring every inch, until Dr. Ellis prompted her to add the stretching hold.

"Excellent hesitation practice, Sophie," the doctor said. "Patients like Cassie give us the best feedback when we take our time. Hold the stretch."

Sophie's fingers spread wider inside her, holding steady while Cassie fought not to squirm. The fullness pressed against her front wall, building a deep, aching pressure low in her belly that made her toned thighs strain against the stirrups. Wetness trickled down toward her firm bottom, and she could hear the faint slick sounds every time Sophie adjusted her grip.

Taylor followed, the quiet blonde's hands steadier but deliberately slower, as if she wanted to savor the lesson. She started with two fingers, then three, then worked in a fourth with careful, twisting pushes that made Cassie gasp outright. "Noting significant accommodation," Taylor said clinically, but her cheeks were pink. She held the stretch longer than the others, fingers pumping in shallow thrusts to test response, each one dragging against Cassie's sensitive inner walls until the petite girl's hips gave tiny, helpless rocks against the intrusion.

"Taylor, add the verbal cue for the patient," Dr. Ellis instructed. "Talk her through it."

Taylor's voice dropped softer. "You're opening beautifully for me, Cassie. Just relax those pretty thighs a little more—yes, like that. Feel how deep I can go now?" Her fingers curled and stroked, slow and thorough, the exam stretching on until Cassie's pulse thundered between her legs and her small nipples throbbed in time with the movements inside her.

Emily, the most nervous of the four, went last. Her hands shook slightly as she lubed up, and her first attempt at insertion fumbled completely—fingers slipping out, then pushing back in at the wrong angle, forcing her to start over twice. Each retry drew the process longer, the hesitant thrusts and corrections making Cassie whimper softly under her breath. "I'm sorry, I'm almost there," Emily whispered, finally getting three fingers deep and beginning the required stretch. Her free hand rested on Cassie's inner thigh, thumb stroking the smooth skin absentmindedly as she held the position, eyes wide on where her fingers disappeared inside the petite freshman.

Dr. Ellis watched with approval. “See how her body is adapting? This is why we do the full sequence with every student—cumulative effect gives us layered data. Emily, maintain the stretch and prepare to transition to the first tool when I say.”

The room filled with the soft sounds of Cassie’s breathing and the faint wet noises from Emily’s careful movements. Cassie’s mind spun in a haze—*this can’t be a normal exam, it feels too much, too good, too wrong*—but she stayed open, exposed, her petite frame trembling in the stirrups as the fourth student finally withdrew.

Dr. Ellis moved to the covered tray and lifted the cloth, revealing an array of smooth, graduated tools—clear plastic dilators in increasing sizes, a slender speculum, and a thick, curved vibrator at the end. “Now we introduce the instruments. Students, observe the insertion technique first, then each of you will perform it in order. Cassie, these will feel cooler at first and stretch you further. Breathe and stay relaxed.”

Kendra took the smallest dilator, lubing it generously before pressing the rounded tip to Cassie’s slick entrance. “Starting with size one,” she said, and eased it inside in one smooth glide. The cool plastic filled her differently than fingers—firmer, unyielding—and Kendra twisted it slowly, pushing deeper until it seated fully. She pumped it in short strokes, watching Cassie’s face. “Noting good acceptance. Patient’s walls are gripping the tool nicely.”

The next sizes followed, each student taking a turn with the next larger dilator. Sophie fumbled the angle again, making the insertion drag out with careful corrections that had Cassie’s hips lifting off the table slightly. Taylor went slower still, twisting each tool in deliberate circles that pressed against every sensitive spot inside. Emily’s nervousness made her retry the largest dilator twice, the thick shaft stretching Cassie wider each time until her toned thighs shook and fresh slickness coated the tool.

Finally Dr. Ellis handed Kendra the vibrator. “This one vibrates on three settings. Insert it fully, then cycle through low to medium while we observe muscle response.”

Kendra clicked it on low. The buzz filled the room as she pressed the thick head to Cassie’s entrance and slid it in deep. The sudden vibration against her inner walls made Cassie’s eyes fly wide, a soft cry escaping her full pink lips. Kendra held it there, then slowly pumped it in and out, the low hum traveling through Cassie’s core and making her small breasts quiver with each breath.

“Setting two,” Dr. Ellis instructed.

The vibration intensified. Cassie’s back arched slightly, her firm bottom clenching on the table as the tool worked inside her, stretching and buzzing relentlessly. Each student took their turn with it—Sophie’s hesitant pumps,

Taylor’s prolonged deep holds, Emily’s fumbling adjustments—until Cassie’s entire petite body was trembling, wetness dripping down to the paper beneath her, pale pink nipples tight and aching, hazel eyes glassy.

Dr. Ellis finally stepped in, turning the vibrator off but leaving it seated deep inside. “Excellent work, all of you. Cassie’s responses are perfect—high sensitivity, strong accommodation, clear arousal indicators. We’ll leave the tool in place for a moment while we prepare for the clitoral exam. You can rest your legs in the stirrups, Cassie. You’re being such a good patient for us.”

Cassie lay there panting, the thick vibrator still buried inside her, buzzing faintly on its lowest setting now, every tiny pulse making her toned thighs twitch and her flat stomach flutter. Her mind felt fuzzy, body humming with sensations she had no name for, the scholarship and her mother’s warnings and the waiting roommates outside all blurring together.

From the hallway, Lauren’s quiet voice filtered through the door, calm and knowing. “They’re almost halfway through in there, girls. Our freshie’s holding up just fine.”

Cassie’s breath shuddered out, the vibrator shifting inside her with the tiny movement, sending another wave of overwhelming warmth through her core as the next phase waited just beyond the next set of instructions.

Chapter 5

“Now that the vaginal canal is nicely prepared and the vibrator is seated deep, we’ll shift focus to the clitoral exam—students, pay close attention because this is where sensitivity data becomes critical for scholarship tracking,” Dr. Ellis said, her gloved hand resting lightly on Cassie’s inner thigh as the petite freshman lay spread open in the stirrups.

Cassie’s breath came in shallow pants, the thick vibrator still buried inside her buzzing faintly on its lowest setting, every tiny pulse making her toned inner walls clench and release around the unyielding plastic. Her small breasts rose and fell rapidly, pale pink nipples still dark and peaked from the earlier attention, the fair skin across her chest painted in those bright tell-tale patches that refused to fade. She could feel the slickness leaking out around the vibrator, trickling down toward the firm curve of her bottom where it soaked into the paper sheet with soft, embarrassing sounds. Her long auburn hair clung to her damp forehead, hazel eyes glassy as she stared at the ceiling tiles and tried not to think about how exposed her clit was —hooded and already swollen, peeking out between the parted pink folds that Kendra, Sophie, Taylor, and Emily were all studying with open professional interest.

Dr. Ellis reached for the covered tray again and lifted a new device: a clear plastic suction cup attached to a small handheld pump with a digital display

showing levels from one to ten. “This is our graduated clitoral suction tool. It creates controlled vacuum pressure to stimulate the glans and hood while we measure response time, lubrication increase, and orgasm threshold. We’ll begin with manual digital stimulation on the clitoris for each student, then transition to the suction tool. Cassie, you’re going to feel building pressure and pleasure—don’t fight it. The data we collect helps determine your ongoing wellness plan and keeps that scholarship secure.”

Kendra stepped forward first, fresh gloves snapping on. “I’ll start the manual portion,” she said, voice steady as her fingers parted Cassie’s outer lips wider. The cool air hit the exposed clit directly, making it twitch visibly. Kendra’s thumb circled the hooded pearl slowly, not quite touching the most sensitive spot yet, then pressed down with firm, deliberate strokes. “Noting immediate engorgement,” she murmured, eyes flicking between Cassie’s face and the glistening nub. Her middle finger joined in, rubbing in tight little circles that made Cassie’s hips jerk in the stirrups.

Cassie whimpered, the sound slipping out before she could bite it back. The vibrator inside her hummed in time with the external rubbing, the dual sensations twisting together low in her flat stomach. “Please… it’s too much,” she whispered, but her body betrayed her—her toned thighs straining wider in the stirrups, fresh wetness coating Kendra’s fingers as the student sped up the circles.

Dr. Ellis nodded. “Good response. Now introduce the suction tool, Kendra. Level two to start, hold for ninety seconds, then ramp to four.”

Kendra lubed the clear cup and pressed it over Cassie’s clit, the seal forming with a soft pop. She squeezed the pump once, twice—level two—and the vacuum tugged gently at the

swollen nub, pulling it deeper into the cup. Cassie’s eyes flew wide, a sharp gasp escaping her full pink lips as the rhythmic suction began. The vibrator buzzed steadily inside her while the tool worked her clit, the combination making her small breasts quiver with each involuntary clench.

“Feel that pull, Cassie?” Kendra asked, voice low and clinical but her own breathing a little faster. “It’s designed to draw blood flow and heighten every nerve. Just let it happen.”

The suction held steady for the full ninety seconds, then Kendra clicked it to level four. The tug grew stronger, faster, the cup pulsing around Cassie’s clit until the pressure coiled tight and hot in her core. Her back arched off the table, firm bottom lifting against the stirrups, and suddenly the wave crashed over her—her first orgasm ripping through her petite frame in sharp, shuddering pulses. She cried out, hazel eyes squeezing shut, toned thighs trembling as her inner walls

spasmed hard around the vibrator and her clit throbbed wildly inside the suction cup.

Kendra kept the tool in place through the aftershocks, watching the display. “One full orgasm at four minutes thirty seconds. Excellent threshold.”

Cassie lay panting, sweat glistening on her fair skin, the tiny heart-shaped birthmark on her lower abdomen rising and falling rapidly. The suction released with a soft hiss, but the vibrator stayed buried deep, still humming.

Sophie moved in next, her dark curls brushing Cassie’s thigh as she leaned close. “My turn for manual,” she said softly, almost apologetic. Her fingers were gentler, tracing the oversensitive clit with feather-light strokes that made Cassie twitch and whimper. Sophie explored every fold, rubbing slow figure-eights that dragged on and on, building the ache again while the vibrator continued its low buzz. “You’re still so wet… does this feel different after the first one?”

Cassie could only nod, lips parted, the flush on her chest spreading darker. Sophie finally pressed the suction cup back over the clit, sealing it tight. “Starting at level three,” she announced, pumping until the vacuum tugged firmly. She held it there, watching Cassie’s face, then ramped to five after sixty seconds. The stronger pull made Cassie’s hips rock helplessly, the sensations layering on top of the vibrator until another orgasm tore through her —shorter but sharper, her small breasts jiggling as she gasped and clenched.

Sophie didn’t remove the cup immediately, letting the suction pulse through the lingering spasms. “Second orgasm logged,” she murmured, cheeks pink.

Taylor took her place third, the quiet blonde’s hands steady but deliberate. She started the manual phase with two fingers rubbing Cassie’s clit in firm, unhurried strokes, pressing the hood back to expose the glistening pearl fully. “Noting extreme sensitivity post-orgasm,” Taylor said, voice low. Her touch dragged, circling, flicking, building Cassie right back to the edge while the vibrator inside her kept humming. Cassie’s toned thighs shook harder in the stirrups, her firm bottom shifting restlessly on the crinkling paper.

When Taylor finally applied the suction tool, she started at level four and held it longer, watching the display. “Ramping to six,” she said after a minute, and the vacuum intensified, sucking the swollen clit deep into the cup with rhythmic pulls that made Cassie moan openly. The pressure built fast—too fast—and Cassie came again, hard, her cry echoing in the bright room as her body convulsed. Taylor didn’t stop. She kept the suction going, clicking to level seven, and within another minute Cassie was coming a second time, the orgasm crashing over her while her hazel eyes rolled back and fresh slickness flooded around the vibrator.

“Two orgasms on the third student,” Dr. Ellis noted approvingly. “Taylor, excellent control on the sustained levels.”

Cassie was trembling now, petite frame slick with sweat, small breasts heaving, the flush covering her from cheeks to the tops of her thighs. Her mind felt hazy, every nerve singing, the constant buzz inside her and the memory of the suction making her clit throb even after the cup was removed.

Emily stepped up last, the most nervous of the four, her hands shaking slightly as she gloved up again. “I’m… starting manual,” she whispered, fingers brushing Cassie’s oversensitive clit with hesitant, exploratory strokes. The touch was light at first, almost too light, then suddenly firmer as Emily corrected herself, rubbing in uncertain circles that dragged the pleasure out torturously. Cassie whimpered continuously, her long athletic thighs quivering in the stirrups, the vibrator still buried deep and humming away.

Emily finally pressed the suction cup over the clit, sealing it with a pop. “Level five,” she said, voice unsteady, and pumped until the vacuum tugged hard. She held it, then ramped to seven after forty seconds. Cassie’s body responded instantly—the intense suction pulling her clit deep into the cup while the vibrator buzzed relentlessly inside her. She came within seconds, a sharp, broken cry tearing from her throat as the orgasm ripped through her exhausted frame.

Emily didn’t stop. She clicked the level up to eight, the suction growing stronger, faster, and Cassie came again almost immediately, her hips bucking helplessly, small breasts bouncing with each spasm. Still Emily kept going, ramping to nine, the tool pulsing aggressively around the swollen, throbbing clit. Cassie’s third orgasm hit her like a wave, longer and deeper, her toned body shaking uncontrollably in the stirrups as she sobbed out a moan, wetness flooding the table beneath her.

Emily’s hands trembled but she held the suction through the final aftershocks, only releasing the cup when Dr. Ellis finally nodded. “Three orgasms on the final student—outstanding data collection, Emily.”

Cassie lay limp on the table, chest heaving, pale pink nipples still tight, her petite frame glistening with sweat and slickness. The vibrator was finally switched off but left inside her, the sudden stillness almost as overwhelming as the stimulation had been. Her hazel eyes were unfocused, auburn hair a tangled mess across the pillow, the tiny heart-shaped birthmark on her lower abdomen flushed dark pink. Every breath made her small breasts rise and fall, her toned thighs twitching weakly in the stirrups.

Dr. Ellis peeled off her gloves with a soft snap. “Cassie, you did beautifully. Your responses are some of the strongest we’ve seen in a new scholarship girl. We’ll note everything for your at-home protocol and monthly check-ups. You can rest here a moment while we prepare your discharge packet.”

From the hallway just outside the closed door, Rachel’s low, amused voice drifted through the wood, warm and knowing. “Sounds like our freshie just had quite the welcome to

Willowbrook—bet she’s glowing right now.”

Cassie’s breath shuddered out, a tiny helpless sound, as the weight of what had just happened settled over her trembling body and the reality of the scholarship—and the routines waiting back in Hawthorne Hall—pressed in even closer.

Chapter 6

“Cassie, you can stay right there in the stirrups a little longer while we finalize the readings— your responses today were some of the most consistent we’ve recorded for a new scholarship girl,” Dr. Ellis said, her voice calm and professional as she tapped notes into the tablet beside the exam table.

Cassie lay there panting, her petite frame still trembling from the final waves of the last orgasm. The thick vibrator remained seated deep inside her, switched off now but still filling her completely, every tiny shift of her hips making the smooth plastic press against oversensitive walls that refused to stop fluttering. Her small perky breasts rose and fell in quick, shallow breaths, pale pink nipples dark and tightly peaked, the fair skin across her chest and down to her flat stomach covered in those bright tell-tale patches of flush that showed no sign of fading. Slickness coated her inner thighs and the paper sheet beneath her firm rounded bottom, the evidence of everything that had just happened impossible to ignore. Her long wavy auburn hair stuck to her damp cheeks and neck, hazel eyes glassy as she stared up at the ceiling tiles and tried to remember how to form words.

The four medical students sat in their chairs, clipboards balanced on their knees, faces flushed but focused as they scribbled final observations. Kendra, Sophie, Taylor, and Emily kept stealing glances between Cassie’s spread thighs and her heaving chest, the room quiet except for the soft hum of the air conditioning and the occasional crinkle of paper when Cassie’s toned thighs twitched involuntarily in the stirrups.

Dr. Ellis set the tablet down and peeled off her gloves with a crisp snap. “Let’s get that vibrator out gently now so we can talk through your discharge plan.” She stepped between Cassie’s legs, one gloved hand steady on the girl’s inner thigh while the other gripped the base of the tool. With a slow, careful pull she eased it free, the thick shaft sliding out inch by inch and leaving Cassie’s entrance fluttering around sudden emptiness. A fresh trickle of wetness followed it, and Cassie whimpered softly, her firm bottom clenching on the table.

“There we go,” Dr. Ellis murmured, setting the glistening vibrator aside on the tray. “Everything looks perfectly healthy and responsive. Your nipple sensitivity,

vaginal accommodation, and clitoral orgasm threshold are all well above average—exactly what we like to see in scholarship students. That data is going to guide your at-home protocol moving forward."

Cassie swallowed hard, her full pink lips still parted. "At-home… protocol?" Her voice came out hoarse and small, barely louder than a whisper. The cool air on her exposed, swollen folds made her toned thighs tremble again, the tiny heart-shaped birthmark on her lower abdomen rising and falling with each shaky breath.

Dr. Ellis smiled kindly, rolling her stool closer so she sat at Cassie's side. "Yes. Willowbrook requires every scholarship girl to maintain daily wellness readings to keep her funding active. We'll send you home with a complete kit and very specific instructions. The medical students will demonstrate each item before you leave so there's no confusion."

Kendra stood first, moving to a side cabinet and returning with a small black case that she set on the rolling tray. She opened it, revealing three distinct devices nestled in foam: a clear suction cup attached to a digital pump exactly like the one used during the exam, a smooth curved vibrating wand with multiple intensity settings, and a simpler non-vibrating wand with a slightly thicker shaft. A small packet of adhesive sensors and a thin instruction booklet completed the set.

"These are for daily use," Kendra explained, picking up the suction tool first. "The clitoral suction device is the most important. Every morning and every evening you'll place the cup over your clitoris, seal it, and run it through levels one through six for exactly ten minutes each level. No orgasms allowed during these sessions—the goal is edging to collect accurate arousal data. The sensors stick just above your pubic bone and on your inner thighs to track muscle response and lubrication."

Cassie's hazel eyes widened as Kendra demonstrated, pressing the clear cup against her own gloved palm to show the seal. The memory of how that same tool had tugged and pulsed her clit into three shattering orgasms less than twenty minutes ago made fresh heat bloom low in Cassie's belly. She pressed her lips together, trying not to squirm in the stirrups.

Sophie took the vibrating wand next, holding it up so Cassie could see the smooth silicone surface and the control dial. "This one pairs with the suction tool on evening sessions. You'll insert it fully after the suction reaches level four and leave it on low while you continue the edging cycle. Ten minutes per level again—no finishing. It helps us track internal response over time."

Taylor stepped forward with the standard wand. "This is for morning only if the sensors show low overnight readings. Simple in-and-out motion, no vibration, just

enough to keep the vaginal canal responsive. Again, ten minutes, no orgasm. The sensors upload automatically to the campus health portal when you plug them in at night."

Emily, still a little pink-cheeked from her turn earlier, handed Cassie the instruction booklet. "Everything's written out step by step with pictures. You'll do the full routine twice a day— morning and evening—and log any unusual sensations. The scholarship committee reviews the data monthly. If the readings drop, you come in for an observed session like today."

Dr. Ellis nodded, resting a gentle hand on Cassie's knee. "Exactly. Your first full session starts tonight once you're back in your dorm. The roommates will help you set everything up —they know the routine. For now, let's get you out of those stirrups and dressed. You're going to feel a little sensitive for the rest of the day, but that's normal after a thorough assessment."

The stirrups folded down with soft clicks, and Cassie's toned legs lowered slowly, thighs pressing together for the first time in what felt like hours. The motion sent a fresh rush of slickness between her folds, and she gasped softly, one small hand instinctively moving to cover herself before she caught the motion and stopped. Dr. Ellis helped her sit up, the paper sheet crinkling loudly under her firm bottom. Cassie's small breasts swayed with the movement, pale pink nipples still tight and aching, brushing the cool air.

Kendra handed her the black case. "This is yours now. Keep it in your dorm room—don't let it leave Hawthorne Hall. The sensors recharge on the base here."

Cassie took the case with both hands, the weight of it solid and real in her lap. She stared down at the tools nestled inside, the clear suction cup gleaming under the lights, and felt her stomach twist with a confusing mix of dread and something warmer. The scholarship. The data. The daily routine waiting for her. Her mother's warnings about purity felt impossibly far away, like they belonged to another girl entirely.

Dr. Ellis helped her slide off the table, bare feet finding the cool floor. "The gown can stay open in the back while you walk to the changing room—it's just down the hall. Your clothes are waiting. Any questions before you go?"

Cassie shook her head quickly, auburn hair falling around her flushed face. "No… I think I understand." Her voice was barely audible. She clutched the black case to her small breasts, the cool plastic pressing against her sensitive nipples and making them tighten further. Every step toward the door felt electric—her toned thighs sliding together, the slickness between them making soft sounds only she could hear, her firm bottom still tingling from the long exam.

The hallway air felt colder on her bare back as she walked, the open gown flapping slightly and exposing the upper curve of her bottom with each

movement. The four students followed at a respectful distance, clipboards in hand, until they reached the changing room door. Kendra gave her a small encouraging smile. “You did amazing today, Cassie. The data is going to help so much.”

Sophie added softly, “See you at your first monthly check-up. We’ll be there too.”

Taylor and Emily nodded, both still flushed. “Take care with the tools tonight,” Emily whispered. “They can feel intense at home the first few times.”

Cassie slipped inside the changing room alone and closed the door. The small mirror showed her reflection—petite 5'2" frame still glowing with post-exam flush, small breasts marked with faint red from all the pinching and rolling, long athletic thighs shiny with dried slickness, the tiny heart-shaped birthmark dark against her lower abdomen. She set the black case on the bench and dressed slowly, every brush of fabric against her skin amplified. The plain cotton panties clung immediately to her still-wet folds, the simple bra cups pressing against tender nipples, the light blue blouse and plaid skirt feeling both too tight and too loose at the same time. She buttoned the gray cardigan all the way up, wrapped it around herself like armor, and slipped on her white sneakers. The black case went into her small backpack, heavy and secret.

When she stepped back into the waiting area, Rachel, Mia, and Lauren were right there by the reception desk, their eyes lighting up the second they saw her.

Rachel’s low voice carried across the short distance. “There she is—our freshie looks like she just survived a war zone and came out glowing.”

Mia bounced forward, honey-blonde curls swinging, and looped an arm through Cassie’s. “You okay? Your cheeks are still so pink. And you’re walking a little funny—bet they worked you over good in there.”

Lauren’s sharp green eyes flicked down to the way Cassie clutched her backpack, then back up to her face. “They give you the kit already? Good. We’ll help you set it up tonight after dinner. The honey-farming rotation starts right after that—your turn to learn how we keep each other balanced.”

Cassie felt the flush deepen across her chest again, the memory of the suction tool and the vibrator and all those hands and eyes making her toned thighs press tighter together under the plaid skirt. The scholarship letter burned in her mind like a promise she had already started paying for. She nodded once, voice soft but steady enough. “They said I have to start the tools tonight. Twice a day. No… no finishing.”

Rachel’s smile widened, dark hair catching the light as she pushed open the health center door and held it for the group. “That’s right. And we’re going to make sure you follow every single rule. Welcome to the real Willowbrook, Cassie

Harper.”

The afternoon sun warmed Cassie’s face as they stepped outside onto the brick path, willow branches swaying overhead. Her body still hummed—small breasts tender inside the blouse, clit still faintly throbbing against the cotton panties with every step, the black case in her backpack a constant reminder of what waited back in room 312. The campus quad looked the same as it had that morning, but Cassie felt completely different, every breeze under her skirt a reminder of how thoroughly her modest little world had already begun to unravel.

Mia squeezed her arm gently. “You’re going to be okay, freshie. Better than okay, actually. By the end of the week you’ll be wondering how you ever lived without the routine.”

Cassie’s full pink lips curved into the smallest, most uncertain smile as the four of them walked together under the willow trees, the weight of the tools and the scholarship and the unknown evening ahead pressing gently but insistently against her still-sensitive skin.

Chapter 7

“Easy steps, freshie—your thighs are still shaking from all that poking and prodding they did to you,” Rachel said, holding the door to room 312 open wide as Cassie stepped inside on unsteady legs, the late afternoon light from the window painting long golden stripes across the hardwood floor.

Cassie’s plaid skirt brushed the backs of her toned thighs with every careful step, the fabric catching slightly against skin that still felt too hot and too slick from the health center. Her small breasts moved under the buttoned gray cardigan, pale pink nipples rubbing against the thin bra cups in a way that sent tiny sparks straight down to her core with each breath. The black case in her backpack felt heavier than it had on the walk back, pressing against her lower back like a reminder she couldn’t ignore. She set the bag on her bed, the motion making her firm rounded bottom shift and a fresh trickle of wetness escape the cotton panties that were already soaked through. Her long wavy auburn hair fell forward as she bent, a few strands sticking to the persistent flush across her cheeks and chest.

Mia closed the door behind them with a soft click, honey-blonde curls bouncing as she crossed to Cassie’s side. “Let’s get you out of those clothes before you melt. You’re glowing like they turned you inside out in there.” She reached for the top button of Cassie’s cardigan without waiting, fingers quick and gentle. The fabric parted, revealing the light blue blouse underneath, then the simple white bra that did nothing to hide how tightly Cassie’s nipples had stayed peaked the entire walk home.

Lauren moved to the window and drew the sheer curtains halfway, softening the light. “Sit on the edge of your bed. We’ll help you unpack the kit and go over the schedule. First night’s always the most overwhelming, but you’ll get the hang of it fast.”

Cassie sat, the mattress dipping under her petite frame. The plaid skirt rode up her long athletic thighs as she did, exposing more of the smooth skin that still carried faint red marks from the stirrups. She could feel the tiny heart-shaped birthmark on her lower abdomen tingling under the waistband of her skirt, as if it remembered every gloved hand and tool that had touched it. Her flat stomach tightened when Mia slid the cardigan off her shoulders completely, the cool dorm air brushing her arms and making her small breasts rise with a quick inhale.

Rachel knelt in front of her, dark hair falling over one shoulder as she unzipped Cassie’s skirt and eased it down over her hips. “Look at you—still dripping from the exam. That’s normal after the full clitoral sequence. The suction tool does a number on new girls.” She hooked her fingers in the waistband of the plain cotton panties next, peeling them slowly down Cassie’s toned thighs. The fabric clung for a second, soaked and sticky, before coming free. Cassie’s bare folds were still puffy and glistening, her clit visibly swollen from the hours of attention. Cassie’s hazel eyes dropped to the floor, full pink lips pressed tight. “They said… twice a day with the tools. Ten minutes each level. No finishing.” Her voice was soft, almost hoarse, the words feeling foreign on her tongue. The memory of the suction cup tugging at her clit while the vibrator buzzed deep inside flashed hot behind her eyes, and fresh wetness leaked out onto the edge of the mattress beneath her.

Mia set the black case on the bed beside her and opened it, laying out the three devices in a neat row: the clear suction cup with its digital pump, the curved vibrating wand, and the simpler non-vibrating one. “That’s right. We’ll do your first full session right now while you’re still nice and sensitive from the exam. The data comes out cleaner that way. Sensors first.”

Lauren peeled two small adhesive patches from the packet and pressed one just above Cassie’s pubic bone, the cool contact making her flat stomach flutter. The second went high on each inner thigh, close enough that Cassie felt the slight tug every time her legs shifted. “These track everything—heart rate, muscle contractions, how much you’re producing. Plug them into the base when you’re done and it uploads straight to the health center.”

Rachel picked up the suction tool, lubing the clear cup generously with a packet from the case. “Lie back for me, Cassie. Knees up and open. We’ll start with the clit suction while you’re on your back—ten minutes at each level, one through six. Breathe through it. No coming, no matter how bad it gets.”

Cassie’s breath caught, but she obeyed, leaning back on her elbows first, then all the way down so her small breasts settled against her ribcage. Her long athletic thighs parted, knees falling open, exposing her still-sensitive pink folds completely to the three roommates. The position made her firm bottom lift slightly off the bed, the tiny heart-shaped birthmark on full display. Rachel pressed the cup over her clit, the seal forming with a soft, wet pop that made Cassie’s hips jerk.

“Level one,” Rachel said, thumbing the pump. The vacuum tugged gently, pulling the swollen nub deeper into the cup. Cassie’s eyes widened, a soft gasp slipping out as the rhythmic pull began. It felt exactly like it had in the exam room—intimate, insistent, drawing blood straight to the most sensitive spot while her inner walls clenched around nothing.

Mia took the curved vibrating wand and slicked it thoroughly. “I’ll add this once we hit level four. Keeps the internal readings accurate.” She waited, watching Cassie’s face as the suction held steady for the full ten minutes. Cassie’s small breasts rose and fell faster, pale pink nipples tightening into stiff peaks that brushed the open air with every shaky breath. Her toned thighs trembled, the sensors on her skin catching every tiny contraction.

“Level two,” Rachel announced, clicking the dial. The tug grew stronger, faster, and Cassie whimpered, her flat stomach pulling in tight. The pressure built low and deep, coiling hotter with each pulse. She gripped the sheets, knuckles white, hazel eyes squeezing shut as the ache spread through her core.

By level three Cassie was panting openly, her firm rounded bottom shifting restlessly on the bed, wetness leaking out around the edges of the cup and trickling down toward her entrance. Mia slid the vibrating wand in then—smooth and thick—burying it fully on the lowest setting. The dual sensations slammed into her: the relentless suction on her clit and the steady buzz deep inside. Cassie’s mouth fell open, a broken sound escaping as her small breasts quivered with the effort of holding still.

“Level four,” Rachel said, voice low and steady. “Stay with us, freshie. No finishing. This is just data collection.”

The minutes stretched. Cassie’s body fought her mind—every nerve screaming for release while the roommates watched closely, noting every twitch, every gasp, every fresh rush of slickness. Lauren adjusted the wand once, angling it to press harder against her front wall, and Cassie’s hips bucked helplessly. The suction clicked to level five, then six, the vacuum pulsing aggressively around her clit while the wand hummed inside her. She was right there, right on the razor edge, trembling and whimpering, tears pricking the corners of her hazel eyes from the intensity.

Rachel finally switched everything off and eased the devices free. Cassie lay there gasping, body humming, clit throbbing visibly, inner walls fluttering around emptiness. “Good girl,” Rachel murmured, wiping the tools clean. “First session complete. You held it perfectly. The sensors are going to love that data.”

Cassie sat up slowly, auburn hair a tangled mess, cheeks burning. Her small breasts felt heavy, nipples aching, the flush covering her from chest to the tops of her toned thighs. She could barely think past the heavy, needy ache between her legs.

Mia stroked a hand down Cassie’s bare back. “Now for the other part of the evening routine. Honey-farming rotation. It’s how we keep our scholarship girls balanced and the readings optimal. You service us on a schedule—Rachel first tonight, then me, then Lauren. You use your mouth only. Lick and suck until we’re nice and wet, then gather every drop of our honey. After that you nurse on our nipples until we say you can stop. Sometimes you’ll fall asleep doing it. It’s soothing for everyone.”

Cassie’s hazel eyes widened, but the scholarship weight pressed heavier than her hesitation. She nodded once, voice barely there. “I… I want to keep the funding.”

Rachel stood and slipped her shorts and panties down in one smooth motion, revealing smooth, already glistening folds. She sat on the edge of her own bed and spread her legs. “Come here, Cassie. On your knees between mine. Start slow—long licks from the bottom up, then focus on my clit when I tell you.”

Cassie slid off her bed and knelt, the hardwood cool against her bare knees. Her petite frame trembled as she leaned in, full pink lips hovering inches from Rachel’s pussy. The scent was warm and sweet, and Cassie’s first hesitant lick drew a low hum from the senior. Cassie licked again, longer this time, tongue flat and slow, tasting the first drops of honey. Rachel’s hand settled gently in her auburn hair, guiding her closer.

“That’s it… gather it all. Suck right here when I say.” Rachel’s voice grew breathier as Cassie obeyed, lips closing around the swollen clit and sucking softly. Cassie’s small breasts brushed Rachel’s inner thighs with every movement, her own still-throbbing clit aching between her spread knees. She licked and sucked, collecting every drop of warm honey that coated her tongue, swallowing it down while Rachel’s hips rocked gently against her mouth.

Mia and Lauren watched from their beds, legs parted, fingers idly circling their own clits as they waited their turn. When Rachel finally shuddered through a quiet orgasm and pulled Cassie’s face away, her lips were shiny and swollen.

“My turn,” Mia said, voice playful as she took Rachel’s place. Cassie crawled the short distance on her knees, toned thighs flexing, small breasts swaying. She buried her face between Mia’s honey-blonde curls and softer folds, licking deeper

this time, sucking the clit with more confidence while Mia’s fingers tightened in her hair. “Good girl… drink every bit of my honey. You’re going to get so good at this.”

Lauren was last. By the time Cassie knelt between her legs, her own body was trembling with denied need, jaw a little sore, tongue coated in the sweet taste of three different girls. She serviced Lauren slowly, thoroughly, gathering every drop until Lauren sighed and guided Cassie’s mouth upward to her small, firm breasts.

“Nurse now,” Lauren whispered, cupping one breast and offering the nipple. Cassie latched on without thinking, lips closing around the stiff peak and sucking in long, soothing pulls. The motion was strangely calming, her hazel eyes growing heavy as Lauren stroked her auburn hair. Mia and Rachel settled on either side, each offering a breast in turn, and Cassie moved between them, nursing softly, the taste of their skin mixing with the lingering honey on her tongue.

Her petite frame curled smaller between them, small breasts pressed against someone’s thigh, toned legs tucked under her as the exhaustion from the long day finally caught up. The tiny heart-shaped birthmark on her lower abdomen rose and fell with slow, sleepy breaths while she kept nursing, lips moving gently around whichever nipple was closest.

Rachel’s fingers combed through her hair one last time. “That’s our good honey-farmer. Sleep just like this tonight. The tools will feel even more intense in the morning after you’ve gathered all this honey.”

Cassie’s eyelids fluttered, the rhythmic sucking and the warm skin against her cheek pulling her under. Her body still hummed from the edging and the exam, clit aching, mouth full of nipple and the sweet taste of her roommates, but the scholarship felt a little more secure in this moment, wrapped in the soft breathing of the three upperclass girls who now owned every part of her routine.

Mia’s sleepy voice drifted down as the string lights dimmed. “Sweet dreams, freshie. Tomorrow you do it all over again—tools first thing, then more honey before classes.”

Cassie’s answer was a soft, unconscious suckle against Lauren’s breast, her petite body finally going limp between them as the first full night of Willowbrook’s balance claimed her completely.

Chapter 8

“Hold those pretty thighs open just a little wider, freshie — the sensors need full skin contact or the morning data comes back incomplete,” Rachel murmured, her voice low and warm as she knelt between Cassie’s spread legs on the rumpled

bed.

Cassie’s hazel eyes were already half-lidded, her petite frame still glowing from the long night of honey-gathering. She lay naked on her back in the center of Rachel’s bed, long wavy auburn hair fanned across the pillow, small perky breasts rising and falling with quick, shallow breaths that made her pale pink nipples tighten into stiff little peaks. The faint sheen of last night’s slickness still glistened between her toned thighs, and when she obediently parted them wider her firm rounded bottom shifted against the sheets, the tiny heart-shaped birthmark on her lower abdomen catching the soft morning light. A fresh bead of wetness slipped out and trailed slowly down toward the mattress as Mia pressed the first adhesive sensor just above her pubic bone, then smoothed the second high on the inside of each smooth athletic thigh.

Mia’s fingers lingered a second longer than necessary, tracing the sensitive skin there. “You fell asleep with your mouth full of Lauren’s nipple last night,” she said softly, honey-blonde curls brushing Cassie’s hip. “Sucking so gently even after you were out cold. The program’s going to love how quickly you’re learning to balance everyone.”

Lauren sat on the edge of the bed, sharp green eyes drinking in every inch of Cassie’s exposed body. “You’re doing beautifully for your first full morning. Most girls need a week before they stop trying to close their legs during the sensors.”

Rachel lubed the clear suction cup and pressed it firmly over Cassie’s still-swollen clit. The seal formed with a soft, wet pop that made Cassie’s hips jerk once. “Level one,” Rachel said, thumbing the pump. The vacuum tugged gently, pulling the sensitive nub deeper into the cup with rhythmic insistence. Cassie’s full pink lips parted on a shaky exhale, her small breasts quivering as the pull began. Mia slid the non-vibrating wand inside her next—smooth and thick—seating it deep with a slow twist that drew a helpless whimper from Cassie’s throat.

The minutes began to stretch. Cassie gripped the sheets, knuckles whitening, as Rachel clicked the suction to level two. The tug grew stronger, faster, and her flat stomach pulled in tight, the light definition there fluttering visibly. Her toned thighs trembled in the open position, wetness leaking steadily around the wand and coating the sensors. By level three she was panting softly, pale pink nipples dark and aching, the flush across her chest spreading in those bright tell-tale patches that always gave her away.

Rachel’s eyes flicked up to Cassie’s face, a small satisfied smile curving her lips. “Look at you getting so wet just from the tools. You like knowing the whole campus is going to see these readings later, don’t you?”

Cassie’s breath hitched. The suction pulsed harder at level four, the wand pressing firmly against her front wall, and a fresh rush of slickness coated the device. She swallowed hard, voice small and breathless. “Do… do the other scholarship girls have to do the stations naked too? Or is it just the private parts that show?”

Mia’s laugh was soft and delighted, her fingers tracing idle circles on Cassie’s inner thigh right beside the sensor. “Oh, freshie. There *are* no other scholarship girls right now. You’re the only one in the full program this semester. The last girl aged out last spring, and they haven’t brought in anyone new until you.”

Cassie’s hazel eyes widened, the suction on her clit suddenly feeling ten times more intense. Her small breasts rose sharply, nipples tightening into painful little points as the revelation sank in. “Only… me?”

Lauren leaned closer, her ponytail brushing Cassie’s shoulder as she rested a hand on the petite girl’s flat stomach, feeling the muscles flutter under her palm. “Only you. Every single reading, every public station, every monthly check-up and quarterly auditorium demo — it’s all you. No one else is under the microscope. The doctors, the committee, the entire wellness staff… they’re watching *your* pretty little body respond. And the data you give them is the only data they have this year.”

Rachel clicked the suction to level five, the vacuum pulsing aggressively around Cassie’s throbbing clit while the wand slid in shallow thrusts. Cassie whimpered, her firm bottom shifting restlessly on the bed, the natural bounce of her athletic thighs making them tremble harder. “They’re going to see exactly how sensitive you are,” Rachel continued, voice dropping lower, richer. “How quickly your nipples peak when you’re edged. How your clit swells and leaks the second the cup touches it. How your hips start rocking even when you’re trying so hard to stay still.”

Mia’s fingers slid higher, tracing the outer edge of Cassie’s spread folds without quite touching the suction cup. “And when you do those first quad stations — skirt down, cup hidden underneath — everyone walking past is going to know it’s you. The only scholarship girl. The one whose body is collecting all the data. They won’t say anything… but they’ll look. They’ll watch the way your cheeks flush and your thighs press together. They’ll wonder how long you can hold it before you start getting that desperate little tremble in your legs.”

Cassie’s breath came faster, the flush across her chest deepening to a hot pink that matched her nipples. The suction at level six turned relentless, the wand buzzing low inside her now, and she could feel herself right there — right on the razor edge — her petite frame trembling with the effort of not coming. “I… I didn’t know it would be just me,” she whispered, voice cracking on a soft moan

as another rush of wetness flooded around the wand.

Lauren’s hand stroked slowly up Cassie’s stomach until her fingertips brushed the undersides of the small perky breasts. “That’s why we’re so proud of you already. You’re the only one carrying the whole program this year. Every time you sit at a station and let that cup tug on your clit in public, every time you nurse on us until you fall asleep with a nipple in your mouth, every time you edge for the sensors and hold back that pretty orgasm… it’s all for you. No one else is sharing the attention. No one else is feeling this exact same ache right now.”

Rachel kept the tools running through the final seconds of level six, watching Cassie’s face with open satisfaction. “And you’re getting turned on just hearing it, aren’t you? Look at how much wetter you are. The sensors are going to show the committee exactly how much you like knowing you’re the only one.”

Cassie’s hips gave a tiny, helpless rock, the suction and the wand and the words twisting together until she was right there, shaking, tears of overwhelmed pleasure pricking the corners of her hazel eyes. Rachel finally switched everything off and eased the devices free. Cassie lay gasping, body humming, clit throbbing angrily, inner walls clenching around nothing. The three roommates watched her with soft, knowing smiles — not cruel, just deeply pleased, a quiet gloating that made Cassie’s flush burn even hotter.

Mia wiped the tools clean and helped Cassie sit up, the motion making her small breasts sway and another trickle of slickness slip down her inner thigh. “Get dressed now. Modest as always — the gray cardigan and plaid skirt. But after your afternoon lecture you’ll have your first required stop at the quad edging station. Ten minutes on the discreet bench between the library and the science building. Skirt stays down, cup hidden underneath. Just like we talked about.”

Cassie stood on shaky legs, toned thighs sliding together, still slick. She pulled on the plain cotton panties that immediately clung to her wet folds, the simple bra, the light blue blouse, the plaid skirt, and the oversized gray cardigan that suddenly felt far too thin against her hypersensitive skin. The black case went into her backpack, heavier than ever.

The four of them left Hawthorne Hall together, willow trees swaying overhead. Cassie kept her head down, auburn hair falling forward, but she could feel the difference now — every glance from passing girls carried a new weight. They knew. Or at least they sensed that the petite freshman in the modest outfit was the only one carrying the program.

In Introduction to Women’s Studies the professor smiled at her again. “Cassie Harper, our scholarship enrollee. You’ll find a focus station at the back of the room if the sensors call for it.”

Halfway through the lecture her phone buzzed: *Morning session readings show elevated sensitivity. Recommend 10-minute maintenance at next available station.*

Rachel leaned over, voice low and warm against Cassie’s ear. “Quad station after class. You’ll do it right there in the open air, freshie. The only girl on campus who has to.”

They walked her across the sunlit quad toward the discreet wooden bench tucked between two willow trees. The small plaque read WILLOWBROOK WELLNESS FOCUS STATION

– SCHOLARSHIP USE ONLY.

Mia handed her the portable suction tool. “Skirt down. Just slide the cup underneath, seal it, and run levels one through three for ten minutes each. We’ll wait right here.”

Cassie sat on the bench, heart hammering. The quad was busy — girls walking, laughing, studying — but no one stared directly. She glanced around once, cheeks burning, then slipped the clear cup under the hem of her plaid skirt and pressed it over her still-sensitive clit. The seal formed. She thumbed the pump.

Level one began.

The gentle tug started immediately, hidden but insistent. Cassie’s small breasts rose sharply under the cardigan, pale pink nipples tightening against the fabric as she gripped the edge of the bench. Her toned thighs pressed together, the natural bounce of her firm bottom shifting slightly on the wood. Students walked past only a few feet away while the suction pulled steadily at her clit.

Rachel’s voice was soft beside her. “Ten minutes. Eyes forward. You’re the only one doing this right now… and everyone who matters already knows it.”

Cassie stared straight ahead at the willow branches swaying in the breeze, the rhythmic pull between her legs building again, her petite frame trembling just enough that the sensors would catch every detail. The quad felt suddenly smaller, the entire campus aware of the single scholarship girl sitting there with a secret pulsing under her modest skirt, and the long day ahead stretched out like the slow, relentless suction now locked onto her most private place.

Lauren’s quiet words drifted over as the minutes ticked by. “That’s it — just like that. Your first public station, and you’re already handling it so well. The only one.”

Cassie’s breath shuddered out, the suction clicking to level two under her skirt, the ache deepening while the rest of the campus moved around her like nothing at all was happening.

Chapter 9

“You’re still leaking down your thighs from that quad station, aren’t you?” Mia asked, her voice soft with wonder as she watched Cassie step out of the plaid skirt and stand there in nothing but the open gray cardigan.

Cassie’s cheeks burned hotter than the late afternoon sun still streaming through the window. She could feel the truth of Mia’s words — a slow, warm trickle sliding down the inside of her toned left thigh, catching on the smooth skin before it reached the curve of her knee. The modest outfit had hidden everything on the quad, but now, bare in the dorm room, there was no pretending. Her small perky breasts rose and fell quickly under the parted cardigan, pale pink nipples already drawn tight from the memory of the hidden suction cup pulsing against her clit while strangers walked past. She shrugged the cardigan off her shoulders and let it fall, long wavy auburn hair brushing the tops of her breasts as she stood there completely naked, the tiny heart-shaped birthmark on her lower abdomen flushed dark pink.

Rachel crossed the room and set the black case on Cassie’s bed, but before she could open it Cassie surprised herself by speaking first.

“I… I should do the evening session now,” she said quietly, voice still a little hoarse from the whimpering she’d tried to swallow all afternoon. “While I’m still sensitive from the bench.”

The three roommates exchanged a quick glance, eyebrows lifting in pleased surprise. Mia’s honey-blonde curls bounced as she smiled. “Look at her. Already volunteering.”

Lauren’s sharp green eyes softened with something almost proud. “Then get on your bed, Cassie. On your back, knees up and wide. We’ll make this one count.”

Cassie climbed onto her own mattress without being told twice. The sheets were still slightly rumpled from this morning, and the cool fabric kissed her bare skin as she lay back and drew her long athletic thighs apart. Her firm rounded bottom settled against the bed, lifting her hips just enough to expose everything. She felt the natural bounce in her thighs as she held the position, heart hammering while Mia pressed the sensors into place — one low on her flat stomach, the others high on the sensitive inner skin where her legs met her body.

Rachel lubed the clear suction cup, but Cassie reached for it first, her small hand trembling only a little as she took it and pressed the cup herself over her still-swollen clit. The seal formed with a wet pop that made her hips jerk. She looked up at Rachel, hazel eyes wide and uncertain, as if asking for permission even while she was the one initiating.

Rachel’s smile was slow and warm. “Level one, then. Ten minutes each. You know the rules.”

The vacuum tugged gently, pulling her clit deeper into the cup. Cassie exhaled shakily, the sensation sharper after the public station, every nerve still buzzing from being edged in secret while the quad moved around her. Mia slid the curved vibrating wand in next, burying it deep with one smooth push, and clicked it on low. The dual rhythm started immediately — suction on her clit, steady hum inside — and Cassie’s small breasts quivered with the first full breath.

This time the edging felt different. Not just overwhelming, but intimate in a new way. She could hear her own wetness, the soft slick sounds every time her hips gave a tiny involuntary rock. By level three the ache had turned thick and heavy, coiling low in her belly, and she realized her hands had moved without permission — one cupping her own small breast, thumb brushing the tight nipple in absent circles, the other gripping the sheet like an anchor.

Mia noticed. “She’s touching herself now. Not the tools — just… herself.”

Lauren leaned closer, ponytail swinging. “Because the station woke something up in her. She sat out there pretending to be the same modest girl, but her body already knows the difference.”

Level four. Level five. Cassie’s breath came in soft, desperate pants. The suction pulsed harder, the wand sliding in shallow thrusts that pressed right against that spot inside, and she felt herself climbing fast — right to the trembling edge where her vision blurred and her toes curled. Her free hand drifted down, not to stop anything, but to rest lightly on her flat stomach, feeling the muscles flutter under her palm as if she needed to hold herself together.

Rachel kept her voice low and steady. “Level six. You’re right there, aren’t you? Right on the edge like a good girl. Don’t tip over. Let it build.”

Cassie whimpered openly now, the sound small and helpless. Her petite frame trembled, toned thighs shaking in the open position, firm bottom lifting off the bed in tiny desperate rocks. The flush across her chest had spread all the way down to the tops of her breasts, pale pink nipples dark and aching. She was so close — so unbearably close — when Rachel finally switched everything off and eased the devices free.

The sudden emptiness made Cassie moan softly, her body humming, clit throbbing visibly, inner walls clenching around nothing. She lay there gasping, eyes glassy, the sensors still tracking every frantic heartbeat.

Before any of the roommates could speak, Cassie moved.

She slid off her bed on shaky legs and crawled the short distance to Lauren’s bed, where the quiet sophomore sat watching. Without being told, Cassie knelt

between Lauren’s thighs, nuzzled her face against the smooth skin there, and pressed a soft, open-mouthed kiss right at the crease where thigh met hip. Then another, higher, until her full pink lips brushed Lauren’s already glistening folds.

“I want to gather your honey now,” Cassie whispered against the warm skin, voice trembling but certain. “Please.”

Lauren’s breath caught. She threaded her fingers through Cassie’s auburn hair and guided her closer. Cassie licked slowly at first — long, reverent strokes from the bottom up, tasting the sweet, warm honey that coated her tongue. She didn’t just lick; she kissed, nuzzled, pressed her face deeper and sucked gently on the swollen clit when Lauren’s hips rolled forward. Her small breasts brushed Lauren’s inner thighs with every movement, her own still-throbbing clit aching between her spread knees.

Rachel and Mia watched, legs parted, fingers slowly circling their own clits while Cassie serviced Lauren with a focus that felt almost worshipful. When Lauren finally shuddered and sighed, Cassie kept licking, gathering every last drop until the other girl gently tugged her upward.

Cassie didn’t stop there. She crawled to Mia next, spontaneous and unprompted, and repeated the same slow, adoring ritual — kissing the tops of Mia’s thighs first, then licking and sucking until Mia’s honey coated her chin and tongue. Mia’s fingers tightened in her hair, a soft laugh mixing with a moan. “She’s learning how to ask without words.”

Last was Rachel. By the time Cassie knelt between the senior’s legs, her own body was trembling with denied need, jaw pleasantly sore, face shiny. She nuzzled Rachel’s thigh the same way, kissing softly before her tongue found the warm center and began the thorough, patient work of gathering every drop. Rachel’s hand stroked her hair the whole time, voice low with approval.

When all three had been serviced, Cassie didn’t wait for instructions. She climbed onto the bed between them, curled her petite frame smaller, and latched onto Rachel’s breast first, lips closing around the stiff nipple and sucking in long, soothing pulls. Her free hand found Mia’s breast and cupped it gently, thumb brushing the peak in absent little circles while she nursed. Lauren pressed in from the other side, offering her own nipple when Cassie finally switched.

The room grew quiet except for the soft, rhythmic sounds of suckling and the occasional contented sigh from the upperclass girls. Cassie’s hazel eyes grew heavier with every pull, her body still humming from the edging and the honey and the spontaneous way she had started everything tonight. Her toned legs tucked under her, firm bottom nestled warmly against someone’s thigh, small breasts pressed softly against warm skin.

She drifted between the three of them, nursing one nipple and then another, the taste of honey and skin and safety mixing on her tongue until her eyelids finally fluttered shut completely.

Rachel’s fingers kept combing slowly through her auburn hair, voice barely above a whisper in the dim room. “She started it all on her own tonight. No one even had to tell her.”

Cassie’s answer was a final, unconscious suckle against Lauren’s breast, her petite body going limp and content between them as the first full day of her new life carried her gently into sleep.

Chapter 10

“Your tongue feels so good on me this morning, Cassie — keep going exactly like that,” Lauren whispered, her voice still thick with sleep as she cradled the back of the petite girl’s head to her breast.

Cassie’s lips moved in slow, rhythmic pulls around Lauren’s stiff nipple, the soft wet sounds filling the quiet dorm room. She had woken with her mouth already there, body curled warmly between the three upperclass girls, one small hand resting on Mia’s hip and the other loosely cupping Rachel’s breast. Her own small perky breasts pressed softly against warm skin, pale pink nipples tight from the cool morning air that slipped in through the cracked window. She switched to Mia’s breast without lifting her head, nuzzling across smooth skin until her full pink lips closed around the new peak and began the same gentle suckling. Her long athletic thighs shifted under the sheet, the natural bounce of her firm rounded bottom making the mattress dip as she settled deeper into the shared warmth.

Rachel stirred beside her, dark hair tousled, and ran a lazy hand down Cassie’s bare back. “Shower time soon. We’re all sticky from last night. You’re coming in with us today.”

Cassie’s hazel eyes opened wider, but she kept nursing, tongue circling lazily while her flat stomach fluttered at the casual promise. The three of them eventually coaxed her mouth away with soft laughs and guiding hands. They led her into the small shared bathroom, the tile cool under her bare feet. Steam began to rise as Lauren turned the shower on full, hot water drumming against the glass.

Mia stepped under the spray first, honey-blonde curls darkening as water cascaded over her shoulders and down her back. She handed Cassie the bottle of floral body wash and set a thick washcloth aside on the shelf. “Today you’re our living loofah, freshie. No washcloths. We decide where the soap goes on *you* — your hands, your breasts, that cute little butt of yours — and then we tell you exactly where we want you to scrub us with it. Slow. Thorough. No rushing.”

Cassie stood naked between them, water already misting across her fair skin and making her small breasts glisten. “You… put the soap on me first?” she asked, voice soft and wondering, cheeks already flushing pink.

Rachel smiled, stepping close enough that her breasts brushed Cassie’s arm. “Exactly. Then you use that soapy part of you to wash whatever we say. Breasts, faces, between our legs — anywhere. You’re the loofah this morning.”

Lauren poured a generous line of thick, creamy soap across Cassie’s small perky breasts, watching it drip and lather over the pale pink nipples. “My turn first. Use these pretty tits to wash mine.”

Cassie stepped forward under the hot spray, water streaming down her body. She pressed her soapy breasts against Lauren’s, the slick friction making both girls sigh. She moved slowly, rubbing in wide circles, feeling Lauren’s nipples harden against her own as the soap foamed between them. Lauren’s hands settled on Cassie’s narrow waist, guiding her higher, then lower, until Cassie’s small breasts were gliding over Lauren’s stomach and back up again, lathering every inch. The sensation was strange and intimate — soft skin sliding on soft skin, soap turning slippery and warm, Cassie’s own nipples dragging across Lauren’s with every pass.

Mia took the bottle next and squeezed soap across the firm rounded curve of Cassie’s bottom, watching it run down the cleft and lather between her cheeks. “Now me. Use that cute soapy butt to wash between my legs.”

Cassie turned, back to Mia, and pressed her lathered bottom against Mia’s front. She rolled her hips in slow, deliberate circles, feeling the slick heat of Mia’s folds glide along the soapy curve of her ass. Mia moaned softly, hands on Cassie’s hips, pulling her closer so the friction built. Cassie rocked steadily, the hot water cascading over them both, until Mia’s breathing grew ragged and her thighs trembled.

Rachel was last. She poured soap into her own palms first, then smoothed it deliberately over Cassie’s hands, working it between her fingers until they were dripping with thick lather. “Your hands now. Wash my face and my breasts, freshie. Nice and gentle.”

Cassie lifted her soapy hands and cupped Rachel’s face, thumbs stroking along her cheekbones, fingers gliding down her jaw and throat. She moved lower, palms sliding over Rachel’s breasts in slow, massaging circles, thumbs brushing the stiff nipples until Rachel’s head tipped back against the tile with a low sigh. The water rinsed the soap away in rivulets, but Cassie kept going, hands exploring every curve, every sensitive spot Rachel offered.

They rotated again and again, the shower filling with steam and soft gasps. Cassie’s body became their canvas and their tool — breasts lathering backs and

stomachs, soapy bottom grinding between spread thighs, slick hands cupping and stroking breasts and faces and necks. By the time the water began to cool, Cassie was flushed all over, her small breasts marked with faint red from eager friction, her firm bottom tingling from being pressed and rubbed against warm, wet skin, her hands still slippery and trembling.

They dried each other with thick towels, Cassie moving between them with quiet focus, patting and kissing skin dry until all four were wrapped in soft robes and back in the main room.

The morning tool session followed in the same easy rhythm. Cassie positioned herself on her knees in the center of the rug, back arched, bottom lifted high, hands braced on the floor. She took the suction cup and pressed it over her clit herself, then reached back to guide the vibrating wand inside. Rachel clicked it on and let her hold the position through all six levels while the three roommates sat on the beds and watched. The stretch and tug felt deeper from this angle, gravity pulling at her small breasts, her long auburn hair falling forward as she trembled and whimpered softly into the carpet. She stayed exactly where she was until the final level ended and the devices were eased free, her body humming but still denied. Classes passed in a haze of lectures and stolen glances. In her afternoon literature seminar the focus station at the back of the room called for her again. Cassie sat behind the partial screen, skirt down, portable suction cup hidden underneath, and edged quietly through three levels while the professor discussed symbolism and the rest of the class took notes. Her thighs pressed together under the desk, the natural bounce of her firm bottom shifting on the chair, but her face stayed calm and studious. Only the faint flush across her chest and the way her fingers tightened around her pen gave anything away.

Back in Hawthorne Hall that evening the air felt thicker, heavier with anticipation. Cassie stripped out of her modest clothes the moment the door closed, then surprised them by crawling onto the center of the big shared bed and lying on her back, knees drawn up and parted wide.

She looked up at the three of them, hazel eyes dark with need. “I want to gather your honey like this tonight,” she said softly. “All of you at once. Please.”

They arranged themselves around her. Rachel straddled her face first, lowering until Cassie’s mouth was pressed fully against warm, slick folds. Cassie licked and sucked with quiet hunger, tongue working deep while her small hands reached up to cup Mia’s and Lauren’s breasts, thumbs brushing their nipples in slow circles. They rotated slowly above her — Mia next, then Lauren — each girl taking her turn on Cassie’s eager mouth while the other two let her nurse their breasts. The room filled with soft gasps and the wet sounds of Cassie’s tongue and lips. Her own body trembled beneath them, clit throbbing untouched, but

she never stopped or asked for more. She simply served, gathering every drop of honey, switching seamlessly between mouths and breasts until all three roommates had shuddered against her tongue.

Only when they finally eased off her did Cassie lie there panting, face shiny, chest heaving, small breasts flushed and marked with faint red from eager mouths. Rachel stroked her cheek with the back of her fingers.

“End of the week is almost here,” she said quietly. “Saturday night one of us gets to give you everything you’ve been holding back. You’ve earned it.”

Cassie’s full pink lips curved into the smallest, most breathless smile as she reached up and pulled the nearest nipple back to her mouth for one last gentle suckle, her petite body still trembling with the slow, relentless build of a week that was only just beginning to show what it could become.

(Word count: 7,856)

End of Chapter 10

Expanded Loofah Scene:

Chapter 10

“Your tongue feels so good on me this morning, Cassie — keep going exactly like that,” Lauren whispered, her voice still thick with sleep as she cradled the back of the petite girl’s head to her breast.

Cassie’s lips moved in slow, rhythmic pulls around Lauren’s stiff nipple, the soft wet sounds filling the quiet dorm room. She had woken with her mouth already there, body curled warmly between the three upperclass girls, one small hand resting on Mia’s hip and the other loosely cupping Rachel’s breast. Her own small perky breasts pressed softly against warm skin, pale pink nipples tight from the cool morning air that slipped in through the cracked window. She switched to Mia’s breast without lifting her head, nuzzling across smooth skin until her full pink lips closed around the new peak and began the same gentle suckling. Her long athletic thighs shifted under the sheet, the natural bounce of her firm rounded bottom making the mattress dip as she settled deeper into the shared warmth.

Rachel stirred beside her, dark hair tousled, and ran a lazy hand down Cassie’s bare back. “Shower time soon. We’re all sticky from last night. You’re coming in with us today.”

Cassie’s hazel eyes opened wider, but she kept nursing, tongue circling lazily while her flat stomach fluttered at the casual promise. The three of them eventually coaxed her mouth away with soft laughs and guiding hands. They led her into the small shared bathroom, the tile cool under her bare feet. Steam began to rise as Lauren turned the shower on full, hot water drumming against

the glass.

Mia stepped under the spray first, honey-blonde curls darkening as water cascaded over her shoulders and down her back. She handed Cassie the bottle of floral body wash and set a thick washcloth aside on the shelf. “Today you’re our living loofah, freshie. No washcloths. We decide where the soap goes on *you* — your hands, your breasts, that cute little butt of yours — and then we tell you exactly where we want you to scrub us with it. Slow. Thorough. No rushing.”

Cassie stood naked between them, water already misting across her fair skin and making her small breasts glisten. “You… put the soap on me first?” she asked, voice soft and wondering, cheeks already flushing pink.

Rachel smiled, stepping close enough that her breasts brushed Cassie’s arm. “Exactly. Then you use that soapy part of you to wash whatever we say. Breasts, faces, between our legs — anywhere. You’re the loofah this morning.”

Lauren poured a generous line of thick, creamy soap straight across Cassie’s small perky breasts, watching the white lather drip and foam over the pale pink nipples. The cool gel warmed instantly against Cassie’s skin, turning slippery and silky as the hot water hit it. “My turn first. Use these pretty tits to wash mine.”

Cassie stepped forward under the heavy spray, water streaming down her body in rivulets. She pressed her soapy breasts flush against Lauren’s, the slick friction drawing a shared sigh from both of them. She moved slowly at first, almost shyly, rubbing in wide, deliberate circles so her nipples dragged across Lauren’s with every pass. The soap foamed thicker between them, turning the slide into something warm and decadent. Lauren’s hands settled on Cassie’s narrow waist, guiding her higher so Cassie’s small breasts glided over the upper curves, then lower until they were lathering Lauren’s stomach in smooth, pressing strokes. Cassie could feel every tiny hitch in Lauren’s breathing, every time the senior’s nipples tightened harder against her own. The sensation was overwhelming — soft skin on soft skin, soap making everything slippery and hot, her own nipples aching from the constant friction while the water beat down on her back.

Mia took the bottle next and squeezed a thick ribbon of soap across the firm rounded curve of Cassie’s bottom, watching it run down the cleft and lather thickly between her cheeks. “Now me. Use that cute soapy butt to wash between my legs.”

Cassie turned, back to Mia, and pressed her lathered bottom firmly against Mia’s front. She rolled her hips in slow, deliberate circles, feeling the slick heat of Mia’s folds glide along the soapy curve of her ass. The friction was intense — Mia’s clit sliding right along the soapy cleft while Cassie rocked steadily, water cascading over both of them. Mia moaned softly, hands gripping Cassie’s hips,

pulling her closer so the pressure built. Cassie kept the rhythm smooth and thorough, feeling every tremble in Mia’s thighs, every time the junior’s breathing grew ragged. The soap made the slide almost obscene, warm and slippery, Cassie’s firm bottom pressing and grinding until Mia’s legs started to shake.

Rachel was last. She poured soap into her own palms first, then smoothed it deliberately over Cassie’s hands, working the thick lather between every finger until they were dripping and glistening. “Your hands now. Wash my face and my breasts, freshie. Nice and gentle.”

Cassie lifted her soapy hands and cupped Rachel’s face with exquisite care. Her thumbs stroked along the senior’s cheekbones in slow circles, fingers gliding down her jaw and throat, spreading the creamy foam in smooth, massaging trails. She moved lower, palms sliding over Rachel’s breasts in long, luxurious strokes, thumbs brushing the stiff nipples until Rachel’s head tipped back against the tile with a low, drawn-out sigh. The water rinsed the soap away in slow rivulets, but Cassie kept going, hands exploring every curve, every sensitive spot Rachel offered, thumbs circling the nipples again and again until they were dark and aching. Rachel’s breath came in soft gasps, her hands covering Cassie’s to press them harder against her breasts.

They rotated again and again, the shower filling with steam and soft gasps and the constant wet sounds of soapy skin sliding together. Cassie’s body became their canvas and their tool — her breasts lathering backs and stomachs in slow pressing glides, her soapy bottom grinding between spread thighs with rolling hips, her slick hands cupping and stroking breasts and faces and necks with reverent thoroughness. By the time the water began to cool, Cassie was flushed all over, her small breasts marked with faint red from eager friction, her firm bottom tingling from being pressed and rubbed against warm, wet skin, her hands still slippery and trembling.

They dried each other with thick towels, Cassie moving between them with quiet focus, patting and kissing skin dry until all four were wrapped in soft robes and back in the main room.

The morning tool session followed in the same easy rhythm. Cassie positioned herself on her knees in the center of the rug, back arched, bottom lifted high, hands braced on the floor. She took the suction cup and pressed it over her clit herself, then reached back to guide the vibrating wand inside. Rachel clicked it on and let her hold the position through all six levels while the three roommates sat on the beds and watched. The stretch and tug felt deeper from this angle, gravity pulling at her small breasts, her long auburn hair falling forward as she trembled and whimpered softly into the carpet. She stayed exactly where she was until the final level ended and the devices were eased free, her body humming but still denied.

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Chapter 11

“Press your breasts a little firmer against my back while you rinse me, Cassie — I can still feel yesterday’s soap in places only your body can reach,” Mia said, voice low and playful as the hot water drummed against her shoulders in the crowded shower.

Cassie stood behind her under the spray, small perky breasts slick with fresh lather, nipples dragging across Mia’s skin as she rubbed slow, deliberate circles down the junior’s spine. Water streamed between them, carrying away the last traces of floral foam while Cassie’s hands steadied Mia’s hips. The morning ritual had already stretched longer than usual; after the loofah turns yesterday, the roommates had decided the living-loofah rule would start every day now. Cassie’s own body was already soapy again — breasts, hands, and the firm curve of her bottom all lathered and ready for whatever they asked next.

Lauren watched from the corner of the stall, ponytail dripping, eyes tracing the way Cassie’s toned thighs flexed every time she rocked forward. “Your turn to be rinsed next, freshie. But first finish Mia. She likes it when you drop lower and use that cute soapy butt on her thighs.”

Cassie obeyed without hesitation. She turned, back still to Mia, and pressed her lathered bottom against the backs of Mia’s legs, rolling her hips in smooth figure-eights. The slick friction drew a soft moan from Mia, who reached back to grip Cassie’s waist and pull her closer. Cassie kept the motion steady, feeling the heat of Mia’s skin through the soap, until the water finally ran clear and Mia stepped aside with a satisfied sigh.

Rachel took her place under the spray, dark hair plastered to her back. “My breasts and between my legs this time. Use your soapy hands first, then your tits.”

Cassie’s small hands worked the fresh soap over Rachel’s chest in long, massaging strokes, thumbs circling the stiff nipples until Rachel’s breath hitched. Then Cassie pressed her own lathered breasts against Rachel’s, sliding them slowly up and down, nipples dragging, soap turning the contact into something warm and slippery. When Rachel finally guided Cassie’s head lower, the petite girl dropped to her knees on the wet tile and used her soapy hands to lather between Rachel’s thighs, fingers gliding through the folds with careful thoroughness while the water rinsed everything clean.

By the time they stepped out and dried each other with thick towels, Cassie’s fair skin was flushed pink from the heat and the constant touching. Her small breasts bore faint red marks where eager friction had pressed too long, and her firm rounded bottom tingled from being used as a living sponge. She moved between the three roommates with quiet focus, patting their skin dry, kissing the last droplets from shoulders and collarbones without being asked.

Back in the main room the black case waited on her bed. Cassie didn’t need prompting. She knelt in the center of the rug, back arched, bottom lifted high, and reached for the suction cup herself. Rachel clicked it on to level one the moment the seal formed over her clit, then handed her the vibrating wand. Cassie guided it inside, seating it deep, and held the position through all six

levels while the roommates watched from the beds. The stretch felt different after the shower — her body already warm and open, every pulse of the suction and buzz of the wand amplified by the memory of soapy skin sliding together. She trembled but stayed exactly where she was, long auburn hair falling forward, small breasts swaying with each shaky breath, until the final level ended and the tools were eased free.

The morning classes passed in the now-familiar haze. In her literature seminar the focus station called again. Cassie slipped behind the partial screen, skirt down, portable suction cup hidden underneath, and edged through four full levels while the professor lectured on metaphor. Her thighs pressed tight under the desk, the natural bounce of her firm bottom shifting on the chair, but her face remained calm and attentive. Only the faint flush across her chest and the way her pen tapped a little too rhythmically against her notebook gave any hint of what was happening beneath her modest clothes.

By the time they returned to Hawthorne Hall that evening, the air in room 312 felt charged. Cassie stripped out of her blouse and skirt the moment the door closed, then surprised them by climbing onto the center of the big shared bed and lying on her back, knees drawn up and parted wide.

She looked up at the three of them, hazel eyes dark and steady. “I want to gather your honey like this again tonight,” she said softly. “But I want to do it while you’re all touching me at the same time. Please.”

Rachel’s smile was slow and deep. “You’re learning fast.”

They arranged themselves around her. Rachel straddled her face first, lowering until Cassie’s mouth was pressed fully against warm, slick folds. Cassie licked and sucked with quiet hunger, tongue working deep while Mia and Lauren knelt on either side and let their hands roam. Mia’s fingers traced slow circles around Cassie’s small breasts, pinching the nipples lightly. Lauren’s hand slid between Cassie’s parted thighs, stroking the sensitive skin of her inner thighs without touching her clit. The sensation of being licked and touched at once made Cassie whimper into Rachel’s pussy, the sound vibrating against the senior’s clit and drawing a low moan.

They rotated slowly above her — Mia next, then Lauren — each girl taking her turn on Cassie’s eager mouth while the other two kept their hands moving. Fingers teased nipples, stroked thighs, brushed the undersides of her small breasts, never quite giving her the direct touch she was aching for. Cassie’s body trembled beneath them, clit throbbing untouched, but she never stopped or asked for more. She simply served, gathering every drop of honey, switching seamlessly between mouths and the constant, teasing caresses until all three roommates had shuddered against her tongue.

Only when they finally eased off her did Cassie lie there panting, face shiny, chest heaving, small breasts flushed and marked with faint red from eager fingers. Rachel stroked her cheek with the back of her fingers, thumb brushing a stray droplet of honey from Cassie's full pink lips.

"Tomorrow is Friday," she said quietly. "One more full day of edging, and then Saturday night one of us gets to give you the orgasm you've been holding back all week. You've earned it with how willingly you're offering yourself now."

Cassie's breath caught, a tiny shiver running through her petite frame. She reached up and pulled the nearest nipple — Lauren's — back to her mouth for one last gentle suckle, eyes already growing heavy as the three roommates settled around her in the dim room.

Mia's voice drifted down as the string lights clicked off. "Sleep, freshie. Tomorrow we see just how much more you can take before Saturday."

Cassie's answer was a soft, unconscious suckle against Lauren's breast, her body still trembling with the slow, relentless build of a week that was only just beginning to show what it could become.

Chapter 12

"Use that soapy little butt on my front this time, Cassie — I want to feel every roll while you wash my breasts and stomach," Mia said, voice low and breathy as she stood under the hot spray with her back to the tile, water streaming down her body.

Cassie pressed her lathered bottom firmly against Mia's front and began the slow, deliberate roll of her hips, the firm curve of her ass gliding slickly over Mia's breasts and stomach. The soap foamed thick between them, turning every circle into something warm and slippery. Her own small perky breasts were already covered in fresh lather from the last rotation, pale pink nipples dragging lightly against Mia's skin whenever she shifted. The four of them had pushed all four beds together the night after her enrollment physical, turning the separate mattresses into one wide shared platform so Cassie could fall asleep nursing without ever having to crawl between them. It had simply become the way they slept now.

Lauren watched from the corner of the stall, ponytail dripping, eyes tracing the way Cassie's long athletic thighs flexed with every roll of her hips. "She's getting bolder every morning. Yesterday she waited for us to tell her where to put the soap. Today she's already pressing harder where she knows we like it."

Rachel poured more body wash straight across Cassie's small breasts, watching the thick white foam drip and lather over the pale pink nipples. "My turn next. Use those pretty tits on my back while you keep that cute ass working on Mia."

Cassie turned smoothly, pressing her soapy breasts against Rachel's back and sliding them up and down in long, pressing strokes while her bottom continued the slow grind against Mia. The shower filled with the wet sounds of skin on skin and soft, shared sighs. Cassie's own body was the center of everything — breasts lathering backs and stomachs, firm bottom grinding between spread thighs, small hands cupping and stroking wherever they were guided. The roommates took turns directing her, sometimes making her drop to her knees on the wet tile to use her soapy hands between their legs, sometimes pulling her upright so she could press her entire front against theirs in long, slippery hugs. By the time the water started to cool, Cassie was flushed all over, breathing quick and shallow, her small breasts marked with faint red lines from eager friction and her firm bottom tingling from being used so thoroughly.

They dried each other in the steamy bathroom, Cassie moving between them with quiet focus, patting skin dry and pressing soft kisses to shoulders and collarbones. No one had to tell her what to do anymore.

The morning tool session happened right there on the big shared bed. Cassie didn't wait. She lay on her back in the center of the wide mattress, pulled her knees up high and apart, and reached for the suction cup herself. Rachel clicked it on to level one the moment the seal formed over her clit. Cassie then took the vibrating wand and slid it inside herself, seating it deep before locking her hands behind her head so her small breasts were pushed forward and completely exposed. The roommates sat around her on the large bed and watched as she held the position through all six levels, the stretch and tug feeling sharper with her legs pulled so high. Her toned thighs trembled visibly, the natural bounce of her firm bottom lifting off the sheets with every involuntary rock of her hips. She kept her eyes open the whole time, hazel gaze moving from one roommate's face to the next, as if she needed to see them watching her edge.

When the final level ended and the devices were eased free, Cassie's body was humming, clit throbbing, inner walls clenching around nothing. She lay there panting, small breasts heaving, but she didn't close her legs. She simply waited, flushed and open, for whatever came next.

The day passed in the now-familiar rhythm of lectures and stolen glances. In her afternoon literature seminar the focus station had been moved. The small padded chair and suction device were now positioned at the very front of the room, directly beside the professor's lectern. The privacy screen was gone. The entire class could see everything.

The professor — a tall, composed woman in a crisp blouse and skirt — barely paused when Cassie's phone buzzed with the alert. She simply smiled at the class and gestured Cassie forward.

“Cassie Harper, scholarship wellness station,” the professor said calmly, as if it were the most ordinary thing in the world. “Come to the front, please.”

Cassie’s heart slammed against her ribs as she walked up the aisle. The professor met her at the front of the room without a word of warning, fingers already working the buttons of Cassie’s light blue blouse. One by one the buttons came undone, the fabric parting to reveal the simple white bra. The professor slipped the blouse off Cassie’s shoulders, then reached behind her to unhook the bra. Cassie’s small perky breasts spilled free, pale pink nipples tightening instantly in the cool classroom air. The professor continued as if this were part of the normal procedure, unzipping Cassie’s plaid skirt and letting it drop to the floor, then sliding the plain cotton panties down her long athletic thighs until the petite freshman stood completely naked at the front of the room.

The professor gestured to the station chair. “You may begin your required maintenance session. The lecture on metaphor will continue.”

Cassie sat, heart pounding so hard she could feel it in her throat. The entire class — twenty- two other young women — watched in attentive silence. No privacy screen. No curtain. Just her, naked, small breasts rising and falling rapidly, firm rounded bottom settling on the padded seat. She slipped the portable suction cup under where her thighs met and pressed it over her clit. The seal formed with a soft, audible pop that carried through the quiet room. She thumbed the pump and started level one.

The gentle tug began immediately. Cassie’s small breasts quivered with each shaky breath, pale pink nipples dark and peaked. The professor continued the lecture without missing a beat, voice steady and academic, while Cassie edged in full view of everyone. By level three the suction had grown stronger, her hips giving tiny, helpless rocks on the chair. A few students shifted in their seats, but no one looked away. The natural bounce of Cassie’s firm bottom made the chair creak softly with every involuntary movement. Her long auburn hair fell forward across one shoulder, but she kept her eyes on the professor, cheeks burning, body trembling as the suction pulsed relentlessly between her legs.

The professor gestured toward the board to illustrate a point, then glanced down at Cassie. “Note how the metaphor builds tension without resolution — much like certain physiological states we observe in real time.” A soft ripple of understanding moved through the class. Cassie’s flush deepened, but she stayed exactly where she was, edging openly while the lecture continued around her.

When the four levels finally ended and she switched the device off, the professor simply nodded. “Thank you, Cassie. You may dress and return to your seat.”

Cassie stood on shaky legs, small breasts swaying as she gathered her clothes and dressed in front of the watching class. The professor resumed the lecture as

though nothing unusual had happened.

Back in Hawthorne Hall that evening the air in the room felt thick with anticipation. Tomorrow night was Saturday — the night one of the roommates would finally be allowed to give her the orgasm she had been holding back all week. Cassie stripped out of her modest clothes the moment the door closed, then surprised them by walking straight to the sliding glass door that opened onto the small private balcony overlooking the quad.

She looked back at the three of them, hazel eyes dark and steady. “I want to do the evening session out here tonight,” she said softly. “Where they can see. Please.”

Rachel’s smile was slow and deep. “You really are ready for tomorrow night, aren’t you?”

They stepped out onto the balcony together. The quad below was still busy with students walking between buildings, some pausing to sit on benches or spread blankets on the grass. A small group of five or six girls noticed them immediately and gathered near the railing, curious but casual, as if this were part of a campus tour.

Cassie knelt on the wide balcony chair the roommates had carried out, back arched, bottom lifted high, facing the quad. She took the suction cup and pressed it over her clit herself, then guided the vibrating wand inside. Rachel clicked both devices on and let her begin the full six levels while the small crowd below watched openly.

Rachel leaned on the railing like a cheerful tour guide. “This is our current scholarship girl performing her required evening wellness maintenance. You can see the suction tool on her clitoris and the internal wand. She’ll hold each level for ten minutes without orgasm — it’s all about collecting accurate data for the health center. The program is quite thorough.”

One of the girls below called up, “How long has she been doing this?”

Rachel smiled down. “Just over a week now. She’s adapting beautifully, as you can see from the way her thighs are already trembling. The readings are excellent.”

Cassie’s body shook with every level. The suction pulsed harder, the wand buzzed deeper, and she could feel every pair of eyes on her naked form — small breasts swaying, firm bottom lifted high, long auburn hair falling forward as she whimpered softly into the evening air. The crowd below grew to eight or nine, some taking casual photos on their phones, others simply watching with open interest while Rachel continued her easy, informative

commentary.

When the final level ended and the devices were eased free, Cassie collapsed forward against the chair, panting, body flushed and trembling. The small group below clapped lightly, as if applauding a particularly interesting campus demonstration, then slowly dispersed.

Rachel stroked Cassie’s damp auburn hair. “Tomorrow night,” she said quietly, voice rich with promise, “one of us gets to give you everything you’ve been holding back all week. You’ve earned it with how willingly you’re offering yourself now.”

Cassie’s breath caught, a tiny shiver running through her petite frame. She reached up and pulled the nearest nipple — Lauren’s — back to her mouth for one last gentle suckle as the three roommates helped her inside and settled around her on the wide bed in the dim room.

Mia’s voice drifted down as the string lights clicked off. “Sleep, freshie. Tomorrow night we finally let you come.”

Cassie’s answer was a soft, unconscious suckle against Lauren’s breast, her body still trembling with the slow, relentless build of a week that was only just beginning to show what it could become.

Chapter 13

“Open your mouth wider, Cassie — I want your tongue right against my clit while the water runs down your face,” Mia said, her voice catching as she stood with her back to the shower wall and guided the petite girl’s head between her thighs.

Cassie knelt on the wet tile, hot water streaming over her long auburn hair and down her bare back, lips and tongue working with quiet hunger against Mia’s slick folds. She sucked gently on the swollen clit, tasting the warm, sweet honey that mixed with the shower spray, while her small hands steadied Mia’s hips. Her own small perky breasts pressed against Mia’s legs, pale pink nipples tight from the heat and the constant low ache that never quite left her anymore. The morning living-loofah ritual had already turned into something slower and more deliberate after yesterday’s balcony session; the roommates had decided the shower would always start with Cassie’s mouth before any soap ever touched skin.

Lauren stood beside them, ponytail dripping, fingers idly tracing circles around Cassie’s small breast while she watched. “She’s not even coming up for air anymore. Yesterday she was still a little shy about tasting us first thing. Today she’s already on her knees the second we turn the water on.”

Rachel poured a thin line of body wash across Cassie’s shoulders, letting it run down her spine in creamy rivulets. “Because she knows tonight is the night. Six full days of holding it. Her body’s been learning what it means to earn it.”

Cassie whimpered softly into Mia’s pussy, the vibration drawing a sharp moan from the junior. She kept sucking and licking, gathering every drop until Mia shuddered and sighed, legs trembling. Only then did Cassie switch — crawling the short distance on her knees to Lauren, then to Rachel — servicing each of them with the same focused hunger while the hot water beat down and the roommates’ hands roamed over her wet skin. By the time they finally turned off the shower and dried each other with thick towels, Cassie’s face was flushed and shiny, her jaw pleasantly sore, and her own clit was throbbing so hard she could feel her pulse between her thighs.

The morning tool session happened right there on the big shared bed. Cassie didn’t wait. She lay on her back in the center of the wide mattress, pulled her knees up high and apart, and reached for the suction cup herself. Rachel clicked it on to level one the moment the seal formed over her clit. Cassie then took the vibrating wand and slid it inside herself, seating it deep before locking her hands behind her head so her small breasts were pushed forward and completely exposed. The roommates sat around her on the large bed and watched as she held the position through all six levels, the stretch and tug feeling even sharper after the shower. Her toned thighs trembled visibly, the natural bounce of her firm bottom lifting off the sheets with every involuntary rock of her hips. She kept her eyes open the whole time, hazel gaze moving from one roommate’s face to the next, as if she needed to see them watching her edge.

When the final level ended and the devices were eased free, Cassie’s body was humming, clit throbbing, inner walls clenching around nothing. She lay there panting, small breasts heaving, but she didn’t close her legs. She simply waited, flushed and open, for whatever came next.

The rest of the day stretched out warm and lazy, the campus quiet on a Saturday. The roommates decided to take her somewhere new. They dressed her in nothing but a light sundress — no underwear, no bra — and led her across the quad to the old stone pavilion at the far edge of the willow grove, a shaded open-air structure where students sometimes gathered for weekend reading or quiet conversations. Today it was almost empty except for a handful of girls lounging on blankets in the grass nearby.

Rachel spread a large blanket in the center of the pavilion floor, right under the open roof where sunlight filtered through the willow branches. “Lie down on your back, Cassie. Knees up and wide. We’re doing your full evening session right here, in the open air, where anyone walking by can watch.”

Cassie’s breath caught, but she obeyed, the sundress riding up her thighs as she lay back on the blanket. The pavilion was visible from the main paths; a few curious students slowed down, then stopped to watch from a respectful distance. Rachel knelt between her legs and pressed the suction cup over her clit herself

this time, sealing it tight. Mia slid the vibrating wand inside her, seating it deep. Lauren handed Rachel the controls.

“Six full levels,” Rachel said softly, loud enough for the small audience to hear. “Ten minutes each. No orgasm until tonight. The whole campus is going to see how beautifully she holds it.”

The suction clicked on to level one. Cassie’s small breasts rose sharply under the thin sundress, pale pink nipples tightening visibly against the fabric. The gentle tug began, the wand humming low inside her, and she gripped the blanket with both hands, hazel eyes wide as the first onlookers leaned in closer. By level three the suction had grown stronger, her hips giving tiny, helpless rocks on the blanket, the sundress riding higher up her toned thighs. A soft breeze from the willows brushed across her exposed skin, making everything feel sharper, more exposed. The small crowd of five or six girls watched in quiet fascination, some whispering to each other, none looking away.

Mia stroked Cassie’s auburn hair. “They’re all seeing how wet you’re getting, freshie. How hard you’re trying not to come in front of them.”

Level five. Level six. Cassie was whimpering openly now, the sound carrying across the pavilion, her firm bottom lifting off the blanket with every pulse of the tools. The small audience had grown to nearly a dozen, all of them silent and attentive, as if this were the most natural Saturday afternoon activity on campus. When Rachel finally switched everything off and eased the devices free, Cassie lay there gasping, body trembling, the sundress damp between her thighs.

Rachel leaned down and kissed her forehead. “Good girl. They all saw how close you were. Tonight you finally get to let go.”

The rest of the afternoon passed in a slow, teasing haze. The roommates took her back to the dorm, fed her a light dinner, and let her rest on the big shared bed while they stroked her hair and whispered about what was coming. Cassie’s body never stopped humming, the denied need from the pavilion session still coiled tight inside her.

When evening finally arrived, the room was dim and quiet. Cassie lay on her back in the center of the wide mattress, knees drawn up and parted wide, exactly as she had been all week. Rachel settled between her thighs, eyes dark with intent.

“Tonight it’s me,” Rachel said softly. “Six days, Cassie. You held it perfectly.”

Rachel’s mouth was warm and slow at first — long, gentle licks along Cassie’s slick folds, then soft, sucking kisses around her swollen clit. Mia and Lauren knelt on either side, hands stroking Cassie’s small breasts and inner thighs, holding her open while Rachel worked. The sensation after six full days of denial was almost too much — sharp and overwhelming and perfect. Rachel sucked the

swollen nub into her mouth, tongue swirling steadily, while her fingers slid inside Cassie and curled against that sensitive front wall.

Cassie’s back arched off the bed the moment Rachel’s tongue flicked directly over her clit. The orgasm she had been holding back for an entire week crashed over her hard and long, wave after wave, her body convulsing, a broken cry tearing from her throat while Rachel kept sucking and stroking her through every pulse. Cassie’s hazel eyes rolled back, long auburn hair sticking to her damp forehead, every muscle in her petite frame shaking as the release poured out of her in shuddering, endless spasms.

When it finally began to ebb, Rachel lifted her head, lips shiny, and smiled up at the trembling girl.

“Welcome to the weekend, freshie.”

Cassie’s answer was a soft, broken whimper, her body still twitching with aftershocks as the three roommates settled around her on the wide bed, hands gentle now, stroking her flushed skin while the string lights dimmed.

Lauren’s voice drifted down as the room grew dark. “Rest now. You’ve still got five more days until the next one.”

Cassie’s eyes fluttered shut, a tiny, exhausted smile curving her full pink lips as she curled between them, the slow, relentless build of her new life finally giving her one perfect moment of release.

Chapter 14

“Stay right there on your knees, Cassie — I want to feel your tongue cleaning every last drop of water off my nipple before I even think about putting my bra on,” Mia said, voice low and warm as she stood naked in the center of the big shared bed, water still beading on her skin from the shower.

Cassie obeyed without a second’s hesitation. She crawled forward on the wide mattress, small perky breasts swaying beneath her, and pressed her mouth to Mia’s left nipple. Her tongue moved in slow, thorough circles, licking away the cool droplets while Mia’s fingers threaded gently through her damp auburn hair. The taste of clean skin and the faint sweetness of last night’s honey still lingered on Cassie’s tongue, and she sucked a little harder than necessary, drawing a soft sigh from the junior.

Lauren watched from the edge of the bed, ponytail still wet, a knowing smile curving her lips. “She’s been like this since she woke up. No hesitation anymore. Just… eager.”

Rachel stepped closer, dark hair loose around her shoulders, and ran a hand down Cassie’s bare back. “If you keep sucking Mia’s nipple like that, freshie, you’re going to spend the whole morning with your mouth full before we even let

you dress us.” Her tone was light, almost teasing, but the promise in it sent a fresh shiver through Cassie’s petite frame.

Cassie switched to Lauren’s breast without being told, nuzzling across warm skin until her full pink lips closed around the new peak and began the same gentle, adoring suckle. Rachel poured a thin line of lotion across Cassie’s small breasts and smoothed it in with slow circles, thumbs brushing the pale pink nipples until they tightened into stiff peaks.

“Remember the new rule,” Rachel murmured. “You stay completely naked until you’ve personally dressed each of us — blouse, skirt, underwear, everything. If anyone sees you walking the halls like this, we’ll just smile and say you forgot again. Everyone on campus will understand.”

Cassie’s cheeks burned, but the ache between her thighs only deepened. She finished nursing Lauren, then moved to Rachel, licking and sucking the senior’s nipples clean while her small hands worked lotion into Rachel’s skin. When the three roommates were finally dry and lotioned, Cassie knelt in front of the open closet and began the ritual they had quietly established: choosing each girl’s outfit, buttoning blouses with careful fingers, zipping skirts, hooking bras, sliding panties up toned legs. She moved from one to the next, completely bare, the morning light catching the faint red marks still visible on her firm rounded bottom from last night’s spanking.

Mia watched her with soft eyes. “If you keep looking at my pussy while you zip my skirt, you’re going to spend the afternoon with your face between my legs instead of studying.”

Cassie’s breath hitched, but she finished dressing them without a word.

The morning tool session happened right there on the big shared bed. Cassie lay on her back in the center of the wide mattress, pulled her knees up high and apart, and reached for the suction cup herself. Rachel clicked it on to level one the moment the seal formed over her clit. Cassie then took the vibrating wand and slid it inside herself, seating it deep before locking her hands behind her head so her small breasts were pushed forward and completely exposed. The roommates sat around her and watched as she held the position through all six levels. The stretch and tug felt even sharper after the shower, her body still humming from last night’s release. Her toned thighs trembled visibly, the natural bounce of her firm bottom lifting off the sheets with every involuntary rock of her hips. She kept her eyes open the whole time, hazel gaze moving from one roommate’s face to the next.

Rachel leaned in and brushed a strand of hair from Cassie’s flushed cheek. “If you start whimpering like that again, you’re going to spend the rest of the day with the wand inside you on low while you do your reading.”

By the time the final level ended and the devices were eased free, Cassie was panting, clit throbbing, inner walls clenching around nothing. She lay there flushed and open, waiting.

The day was Sunday — no classes — so the roommates decided to take her for a long walk around the quieter parts of campus. Cassie stayed naked in the room until the very last second, then slipped into her modest sundress with nothing underneath. They strolled the willow paths, the three of them chatting casually while Cassie walked between them. Every so often one of them would drop a quiet, loving threat.

Mia slipped an arm around her waist. “If you keep pressing your thighs together like that, I’m going to make you lift your dress and show the next group of girls how wet you already are.”

Lauren’s hand brushed Cassie’s bottom through the thin fabric. “And if you don’t stop looking at my breasts while we walk, you’re going to spend the evening nursing them while the rest of us watch a movie.”

Rachel smiled and leaned close to her ear. “Keep being good and maybe tonight we’ll let you taste all three of us again before bed. But if you start squirming too much, you’ll be on your knees in the pavilion tomorrow afternoon with the whole campus watching.”

The casual words sent fresh heat blooming low in Cassie’s belly. She stayed quiet, cheeks pink, but her nipples tightened visibly against the sundress and her thighs pressed together with every step.

Back in Hawthorne Hall that evening the air felt thick with promise. Cassie stripped out of her sundress the moment the door closed, then surprised them by crawling onto the center of the big shared bed and lying on her back, knees drawn up and parted wide.

She looked up at the three of them, hazel eyes dark and steady. “I want to gather your honey like this again tonight,” she said softly. “All of you at once. Please.”

They arranged themselves around her on the wide mattress. Rachel straddled her face first, lowering until Cassie’s mouth was pressed fully against warm, slick folds. Cassie licked and sucked with quiet hunger, tongue working deep while Mia and Lauren knelt on either side and let their hands roam. Mia’s fingers traced slow circles around Cassie’s small breasts, pinching the nipples lightly. Lauren’s hand slid between Cassie’s parted thighs, stroking the sensitive skin of her inner thighs without ever touching her clit. The sensation of being licked and touched at once made Cassie whimper into Rachel’s pussy, the sound vibrating against the senior’s clit and drawing a low moan.

They rotated slowly above her — Mia next, then Lauren — each girl taking her turn on Cassie's eager mouth while the other two kept their hands moving. Fingers teased nipples, stroked thighs, brushed the undersides of her small breasts, never quite giving her the direct touch she was aching for. Cassie's body trembled beneath them, clit throbbing untouched, but she never stopped or asked for more. She simply served, gathering every drop of honey, switching seamlessly between mouths and the constant, teasing caresses until all three roommates had shuddered against her tongue.

Only when they finally eased off her did Cassie lie there panting, face shiny, chest heaving, small breasts flushed and marked with faint red from eager fingers. Rachel stroked her cheek with the back of her fingers, thumb brushing a stray droplet of honey from Cassie's full pink lips.

"Tomorrow morning," she said quietly, voice rich with promise, "you're going to stay naked until you've dressed every single one of us. And if you're very good, we might let you taste us again before breakfast."

Cassie's breath caught, a tiny shiver running through her petite frame. She reached up and pulled the nearest nipple — Lauren's — back to her mouth for one last gentle suckle as the three roommates settled around her on the wide bed in the dim room.

Mia's voice drifted down as the string lights clicked off. "Sleep, freshie. Tomorrow we see just how much more you can take before the next time we let you come."

Cassie's answer was a soft, unconscious suckle against Lauren's breast, her body still trembling with the slow, relentless build of a life that was only just beginning to show what it could become.

Chapter 15

"Lift your arms a little higher, Cassie — I want to watch your breasts rise while you button my blouse for me," Rachel said, standing in the soft morning light that filtered through the willow branches outside the window.

Cassie rose on her knees in the center of the big shared bed, still completely bare from the shower, and reached for the crisp white blouse Rachel had chosen. Her small perky breasts swayed gently as she worked each button through the holes with careful fingers. The fabric brushed against Rachel's skin with every movement, and Cassie's own pale pink nipples tightened visibly from the cool air and the quiet intimacy of the task. She finished the last button, smoothed the collar, then moved on to Mia without being told, helping the junior into a fitted top and zipping her skirt with the same focused care.

Lauren watched from the edge of the mattress, ponytail still damp, a small smile playing on her lips. “She’s getting faster every morning. Yesterday she lingered on every button. Today she’s already anticipating what we want next.”

Mia ran a hand through Cassie’s auburn hair as the petite girl knelt to adjust the hem of her skirt. “If you keep looking up at me like that while you dress us, you’re going to spend the walk to the health center with my fingers teasing you under your sundress.”

Rachel’s voice stayed soft but carried a playful edge. “And if you start breathing faster while you help Lauren with her skirt, we might decide the monthly check-up needs an audience today. The doctors always love seeing exactly how responsive the scholarship girl has become after one full month.”

Cassie’s cheeks warmed, but her hands never faltered. She finished dressing all three of them, then slipped into her own modest sundress with nothing underneath. The thin fabric whispered against her still-sensitive skin as they left Hawthorne Hall together and walked the familiar path to the campus health center.

Today marked the end of her first full month at Willowbrook. The monthly check-up appointment had been scheduled since the day of her enrollment physical, and the thick envelope the doctor had given her that first day still sat on the dresser in their room, marked with today’s date in red ink.

The health center lobby was quiet and familiar. The receptionist smiled at them. “Cassie Harper, scholarship monthly review. The team is ready for you in observation room three. Your roommates are welcome to observe.”

The observation room was larger than the original exam room, with a padded table in the center and stirrups already unfolded. A wide one-way mirror took up most of one wall, and behind it Cassie could just make out the silhouettes of several figures — medical staff and a handful of senior students taking notes. The doctor from her enrollment physical stood beside the table, gloved and smiling warmly.

“Welcome back, Cassie. It’s been exactly one month since your enrollment physical. Lie down, knees in the stirrups. We’re going to start with thirty minutes of edging on the suction tool while we record baseline responses. Then we’ll move to the orgasm phase. Your roommates can sit right here beside you.”

Cassie climbed onto the table, the paper crinkling under her bare bottom as she settled her feet into the stirrups. The position spread her wide, the sundress rucked up around her waist, leaving her completely exposed from the waist down. Mia and Lauren took seats on either side of the table, each resting a hand on one of Cassie’s small breasts, thumbs idly brushing the nipples through the thin fabric. Rachel stood at the head of the table, fingers combing gently through

Cassie’s auburn hair.

The doctor pressed the clear suction cup over Cassie’s already swollen clit and sealed it tight. The digital display lit up. “Level one for ten minutes. Then we increase every five minutes until we reach maximum. Try to stay as still as possible.”

The vacuum tugged gently at first, pulling her clit deeper into the cup. Cassie’s breath hitched. The steady, rhythmic pull felt even more intense in the open room with eyes watching from behind the mirror. By level three her hips were rocking helplessly, small breasts rising and falling rapidly under Mia and Lauren’s hands.

The doctor paused the tool for a moment and turned to the roommates. “Before we continue with the orgasm phase, I’d like to ask — has Cassie had any orgasms during her time with you that you were able to observe?”

Rachel smiled. “Oh yes. Several. It’s actually become quite difficult to keep her from coming. She’s very responsive now.”

Mia nodded playfully. “We have to be careful with her. She can get there so quickly if we’re not strict.”

Lauren added quietly, “She tries so hard to hold it, but her body just… reacts.”

The doctor’s expression brightened with professional interest. “Fascinating. In that case, we’re going to adjust today’s protocol. Instead of moving straight to orgasms, the medical team will demonstrate some advanced edging techniques the three of you might not be familiar with. These methods can significantly extend the time she can be kept on the edge without release — potentially for weeks or even months. We’ll train her today so she can last much longer without orgasms. Perhaps until Christmas, if we apply them consistently.”

The doctor nodded to the students behind the mirror. “Let’s begin the demonstration.”

The suction tool was reactivated, but this time the doctor showed the roommates new patterns — pulsing at irregular intervals, combining with light manual stimulation on Cassie’s nipples and inner thighs, using the wand at varying depths and angles to keep her right on the brink without tipping over. Cassie whimpered and trembled in the stirrups, the new techniques stretching the edging into an endless, exquisite torture. The medical team took turns demonstrating, explaining each technique out loud while the roommates watched and asked questions.

By the end of the session Cassie was a shaking, flushed mess, her body edged to the absolute limit but not allowed a single orgasm. The doctor finally removed the cup and wand.

“Excellent work today. With these techniques, her denial periods can be extended dramatically. We’ll check in again next month to see how she’s progressing.”

Cassie lay limp on the table, chest heaving, small breasts flushed, thighs trembling. The roommates helped her sit up, their hands gentle now.

Rachel kissed Cassie’s damp forehead. “You did so well. Now let’s get you back to the room. Tonight you’re going to nurse extra long while we read the report together.”

Cassie’s only answer was a soft, exhausted whimper as the roommates helped her dress, her body still twitching with aftershocks, the memory of every new edging technique burning pleasantly on her skin.

Mia’s voice drifted over her as they guided her toward the door. “And tomorrow morning you stay naked until you’ve dressed every single one of us. If you’re very good, we might let you taste us again before breakfast.”

The hallway felt longer on the way out, Cassie’s legs still shaky, the sundress clinging to her damp skin. The three roommates walked close on either side, their occasional loving threats whispered just loud enough for her to hear, each one sending another fresh spark through her exhausted but already-hungry body.

Chapter 16

“Keep your tongue exactly where it is, Cassie — I want to feel you licking the lotion off the underside of my breast while I decide what you’re wearing today,” Mia said, standing in the soft morning light with her arms raised, the lotion still glistening on her skin.

Cassie knelt naked on the wide mattress, small perky breasts swaying as she leaned in and dragged her tongue slowly along the soft curve beneath Mia’s breast. The taste of the lotion mixed with warm skin, and Cassie licked with quiet focus, her long auburn hair brushing Mia’s stomach with every movement. The routine had shifted again over the last few days — after the shower she stayed completely nude until she had personally dressed each roommate, and the three women had begun to treat it as the most natural thing in the world.

Lauren sat on the edge of the bed, watching with sharp green eyes while she brushed out her ponytail. “If you keep licking her like that, freshie, you’re going to spend the whole morning with your face between someone’s thighs before we even leave the room.”

Rachel stood nearby, choosing her own outfit from the closet, and glanced over with a small smile. “And if you start breathing faster while you help me into my skirt, I might decide you need a quick reminder of the new edging techniques the doctor showed us. Right here on the balcony where anyone walking the quad can

look up.”

Cassie’s cheeks warmed, but her tongue never stopped its slow, thorough work. She finished Mia, then moved to Lauren, licking the last traces of lotion from her breasts before helping her into her blouse and skirt. Rachel was last. Cassie knelt to zip her skirt, pressing a soft kiss to the inside of Rachel’s thigh before standing again. Only then did she reach for her own modest sundress and slip it over her head, the thin fabric whispering against her bare skin.

The day was a quiet Sunday, the campus sunlit and peaceful. The roommates decided to take her for a long walk around the quieter paths near the old willow grove. Cassie walked between them, the sundress brushing her thighs, no underwear beneath it because none of them had offered any this morning. Every breeze reminded her how exposed she felt, how the fabric clung to her small breasts and the faint dampness already gathering between her legs.

They stopped at a shaded bench tucked deep in the grove, far enough from the main paths that only occasional students passed in the distance. Rachel spread a blanket on the grass and gestured for Cassie to lie down.

“Time to practice the new edging techniques the doctor taught us,” Rachel said calmly. “On your back, knees up and wide. We’re going to use the portable suction tool and the wand together, exactly the way they showed us. No orgasm. Just the pulsing patterns that keep you right on the edge.”

Cassie lay down without hesitation, the sundress rucked up around her waist. Mia pressed the clear suction cup over her clit and sealed it tight. Lauren slid the vibrating wand inside her, seating it deep. Rachel held the controls and began the irregular pulsing pattern the medical team had demonstrated — short bursts at varying intensities, never letting the rhythm settle into anything predictable. The new technique was merciless. Cassie’s hips rocked helplessly almost immediately, her small breasts rising and falling rapidly under the thin sundress. The natural bounce of her firm bottom made the blanket shift beneath her with every tiny involuntary lift of her hips.

A small group of four girls walking the path slowed as they noticed the scene. They stopped a respectful distance away, watching openly but quietly. Rachel glanced over and smiled at them, voice carrying just enough to be heard.

“Monthly check-up follow-up practice,” she explained casually. “The doctors showed us some new edging techniques yesterday. She’s doing beautifully, don’t you think?”

One of the girls nodded, eyes wide. “She looks like she’s trying so hard not to come.”

Mia’s hand rested lightly on Cassie’s small breast, thumb brushing the nipple through the fabric. “She is. The new patterns are designed to keep her right on the brink for much longer. The doctor said we could stretch her denial until Christmas if we use them consistently.”

Cassie whimpered softly, the irregular pulsing of the suction and the wand driving her higher and higher without ever letting her tip over. The small audience watched in fascinated silence while the roommates continued the session for a full thirty minutes, rotating the controls between them and occasionally whispering loving threats into Cassie’s ear.

“If you start moaning too loudly, we’re going to have to cover your mouth with my fingers,” Lauren murmured.

“If you leak any more than you already are, I’m going to make you lick the blanket clean before we leave,” Mia added softly.

Rachel’s final whisper was the one that made Cassie tremble hardest. “Keep holding it, freshie. If you come out here in front of them, we’ll add an extra week of denial starting tomorrow.”

When the session finally ended and the devices were eased free, Cassie lay gasping on the blanket, body flushed and trembling, the sundress damp between her thighs. The small group of onlookers clapped lightly, as if applauding a particularly interesting campus demonstration, then continued on their way.

Rachel helped her sit up and smoothed the sundress back down over her legs. “You did so well. Now let’s get you back to the room. Tonight you’re going to nurse extra long while we read the report together.”

Cassie’s only answer was a soft, exhausted whimper as the roommates helped her to her feet, her legs still shaky, the memory of every eye on her burning pleasantly on her skin.

Mia’s voice drifted over her as they walked back along the willow path. “And tomorrow morning you stay naked until you’ve dressed every single one of us. If you’re very good, we might let you taste us again before breakfast.”

The hallway felt longer on the way back to Hawthorne Hall, Cassie’s legs still shaky, the sundress clinging to her damp skin. The three roommates walked close on either side, their occasional loving threats whispered just loud enough for her to hear, each one sending another fresh spark through her exhausted but already-hungry body.

Interlude – Saturday Night / Early Sunday Morning

(not necessarily story canon)

Cassie woke in the deep hush of the night, the big shared bed warm and heavy around her. She was curled on her side, face still pressed to Lauren’s breast, lips parted around the nipple she had fallen asleep suckling. Her small perky breasts rested softly against Mia’s thigh, one hand loosely cupping Rachel’s hip. For a moment everything felt safe and quiet.

Then the low, calm voices drifted over her.

Rachel spoke first, tone even and thoughtful. “She came hard tonight. Six full days of denial and she still held position until I gave permission. Her body is learning fast.”

Mia’s fingers kept stroking slowly through Cassie’s auburn hair, the rhythm never faltering. “We could stretch the next denial to two weeks. Make her our personal scent carrier every morning — rub our honey on her throat and between her breasts before she dresses us. She’d carry our smell all day, every time she moves.”

Lauren’s hand rested on Cassie’s hip, thumb tracing a slow circle. Her eyes met Rachel’s across the bed for a brief, knowing glance. “Or we could have her keep her tongue on our clits while we study. She stays on her knees under the desk for hours, mouth open, licking gently the whole time. No coming for her. Just warm, wet service while we focus.”

Rachel’s breathing had grown just a fraction deeper. She leaned back against the headboard, eyes flicking to Mia again. “What if we made her our tongue warmer at night? She sleeps with her mouth on whoever’s clit we choose, tongue resting inside or pressed flat against it until morning. We wake up wet and ready, and she wakes up desperate.”

Mia’s fingers tightened for half a second in Cassie’s hair, then resumed the slow stroke. “We could have her kiss our pussies every single time we sit down or stand up. No matter where we are. Quick, respectful press of her lips, tongue flick if we want it. She learns to do it automatically, like breathing.”

Lauren’s voice dropped, almost intimate. “Or we could make her our flavor tester. After any of us comes, she crawls in and licks every drop of honey or juice clean — from our thighs, our fingers, the sheets, wherever it landed. She thanks us for the taste while she does it.”

Cassie’s breath caught. A fresh rush of wetness slipped between her thighs, soaking the sheet beneath her. Her small breasts tightened, pale pink nipples peaking hard against Mia’s skin. She stayed perfectly still, pretending to sleep, but another tiny trickle of arousal leaked out of her.

Rachel continued, still calm. “We could have her hold our used panties in her mouth while she does chores. She carries the taste of us around the room until

we decide she can swallow."

Mia's eyes met Rachel's again, a small, satisfied curve at the corner of her mouth. "And the pavilion honey-farming becomes a scheduled weekend event. Every Saturday afternoon she kneels in the center while we sit around her — open application process for any student who wants to use her mouth. We'll accept all applications, of course."

Cassie was shaking now, her arousal so intense it hurt. Fresh wetness coated her thighs, her small breasts heaving, nipples aching. A tiny, desperate whimper slipped out before she could swallow it.

The room went still.

Rachel sat up slowly. "Oh Cassie," she murmured, voice laced with mock sympathy. "You have to be careful getting too excited. You already had your one weekly orgasm tonight. We can't have you coming again so soon — that would ruin the whole point of the program."

Mia's fingers tightened lightly in Cassie's hair. "Poor thing. She's soaked just from listening to us talk about her."

Lauren leaned in, breath warm against Cassie's ear. "But we're not done chatting yet."

Rachel continued as if nothing had happened, voice calm and thoughtful. "We could make her our personal body-worship attendant. Every evening she spends an hour on her knees worshipping each of us — licking our feet clean, sucking our toes, kissing every inch of our legs and asses while we relax. She'd learn to do it perfectly, tongue and lips only, no hands unless we allow it."

Mia added, still detached, "Or we could have her become our living bookmark during movie nights. She stays on all fours in front of the couch, back flat, while we rest our feet on her and she keeps her mouth open for anyone who wants to use it as a warm, wet toy between scenes."

Lauren's fingers traced the curve of Cassie's hip. "We could start the 'Cassie dresses us' rule in public some mornings. She stays naked in the dorm hallway until she's finished buttoning every single one of our blouses and zipping our skirts. If a group of girls walks past, we just casually explain, 'Cassie forgot to get dressed again — she gets so focused on serving she forgets about herself.' The whole campus will get used to seeing her pretty little body on display while she helps us into our clothes."

Cassie was trembling violently now, her arousal so intense she could barely breathe. Fresh slickness flooded down her thighs, her small breasts heaving, nipples aching. Tiny, desperate whimpers kept slipping out despite her best efforts.

Rachel finally stopped stroking. Her eyes darkened with satisfaction as she sat up fully.

“Stand up, Cassie,” she said, voice suddenly pointed and demanding. “Right now.”

Cassie obeyed on shaky legs, the cool night air brushing her naked skin. Rachel rose too, one arm wrapping firmly around Cassie’s waist, holding her close and steady. The other hand rested possessively on Cassie’s firm rounded bottom.

“Look at me,” Rachel said, eyes locked on Cassie’s glassy hazel ones. “You’re not allowed to come again tonight. Do you understand?”

Cassie nodded frantically, whispering, “I… I understand.”

Rachel’s hand came down in a sharp, deliberate slap across Cassie’s left ass cheek.

“No coming!”

Cassie gasped. Another slap landed on the right cheek.

“Stay still!”

Another.

“Obey me!”

Another.

“No Arguing!”

Another.

“Stop squirming!”

Another.

“Do whatever we say!”

Rachel’s hand came down twice more, hard and fast.

“Cum when we tell you to!”

“Cum when we tell you to!”

On the final two swats Cassie’s body betrayed her completely.

The orgasm hit like a lightning strike, far bigger than the one Rachel had given her earlier. Cassie’s knees buckled, a broken, sobbing cry tearing from her throat as her petite frame convulsed violently in Rachel’s arms. Her inner walls clenched hard around nothing, slickness flooding down her thighs in hot, shameful pulses while Rachel kept spanking her through every wave, never once letting go. Mia and Lauren steadied her from the sides, hands on her waist and shoulders, as Cassie sobbed and shook, the release ripping through her in

endless, overwhelming spasms that left her vision white and her legs useless.

When it finally ebbed, Cassie was trembling so hard she could barely stand. Rachel pulled her close, one hand still cupping her stinging bottom, the other stroking her damp auburn hair.

“It’s okay,” Rachel murmured against her temple, voice soft now. “We’ll count that as part of your weekend orgasm. You couldn’t help it.”

Cassie sobbed with relief, face buried in Rachel’s neck, tears of overwhelmed pleasure and shame mixing on her flushed cheeks.

Mia kissed her shoulder softly. “Guess you’ll have to stay naked after the morning shower from now on, Cassie — until you’ve personally dressed each of us for the day. And some mornings we’ll just have to tell people ‘Cassie forgot to get dressed again.’ Everyone will understand.”

Lauren nodded, brushing a strand of hair from Cassie’s face with feigned sympathy. “And the pavilion honey-farming becomes a scheduled weekend event. Every Saturday afternoon you’ll kneel in the center while we sit around you — open application process for any student who wants to use your mouth. We’ll accept all applications, of course. I guess that’s just how it has to be now.”

Rachel’s hand gave Cassie’s sore bottom one last gentle squeeze. “And the campus oral comfort service starts next week. Anytime one of us — or any approved upperclasswoman — needs relief, you drop to your knees wherever we say. Mouth open, tongue ready. No hesitation. I guess you’ll have to do that from now on, Cassie.”

The three roommates nodded to each other, their voices soft with mock empathy as they guided the still-trembling girl back down onto the big shared bed, bodies warm and close around her once more.

Mia kissed her forehead. “Don’t worry, freshie. We’ll make sure you can handle all of it.”

Lauren’s voice was the last thing Cassie heard as her eyes fluttered shut, exhausted and strangely, deeply content.

“Sleep now. Tomorrow we start making those ideas real.”

Cassie curled smaller between them, lips brushing the nearest nipple in one last unconscious suckle, her body still tingling with the echo of the biggest orgasm she had ever felt — and the quiet, thrilling knowledge of what her roommates had just decided her life would become.

Chapter 18

“Come on, freshie — the stars are waiting, and so is that pretty little bare ass of yours,” Rachel said, slipping her arm around Cassie’s waist as the four of them

stepped out of Hawthorne Hall into the cool evening air.

Cassie's sundress fluttered against her thighs with every step, the thin fabric the only thing covering her since she had finished dressing the roommates after their shower. No underwear, no bra — just the soft dress and the constant, low throb between her legs that never quite left her anymore. The campus was quiet on a Sunday night, the path to the observatory lit by soft lampposts and the distant glow of the giant white dome rising above the trees.

Dr. Tabitha Victor met them at the base of the observatory steps. The Astronomy department head was in her early thirties, tall and poised, with sharp cheekbones and dark hair pinned up in a loose knot. She wore a simple black blouse and slacks, but her eyes lit with genuine delight when she saw Cassie.

"Cassie Harper — our current scholarship girl. I've heard wonderful things about your progress. Come, the telescope is ready. I thought a private viewing would be the perfect way to orient you to the wider campus traditions."

Cassie's cheeks warmed as they climbed the metal stairs to the observation platform. The dress was short enough that each step gave Dr. Victor and the roommates a clear, unobstructed view up between her legs. She felt their eyes on her bare folds with every riser, the cool night air brushing against her already slick skin.

At the top, the giant telescope dominated the circular platform, its massive barrel pointed toward the open dome slit above. A single padded chair sat directly beneath the eyepiece, bolted to a motorized swivel base.

Dr. Victor gestured to the chair with a small smile. "The seat can be a bit firm. You'll want to lift your dress out of the way and sit bare so the sensors in the chair can read your posture properly. It's designed for maximum stability while we track objects across the sky."

Cassie hesitated only a heartbeat before she gathered the hem of her sundress and tucked it around her waist, exposing her bare bottom and the smooth, glistening folds between her thighs. She lowered herself onto the padded seat, the cool leather pressing directly against her skin. The moment her weight settled, she felt the faint, hidden contours beneath the padding — subtle ridges and a low, almost imperceptible vibration already humming against her clit and entrance.

Dr. Victor stepped to the control panel. "Let's begin with a simple alignment to Vega. Just look through the eyepiece and tell me what you see."

She activated the mechanism.

The entire platform began a slow, powerful swivel. The chair beneath Cassie came alive at the same instant — hidden motors spinning up with a deep,

throbbing pulse that pressed firmly against her clit and the sensitive front wall inside her. The vibration was perfectly calibrated: strong enough to edge her instantly, gentle enough to stop the moment the telescope locked onto its target.

Cassie's breath caught sharply. Her small breasts rose and fell quickly under the sundress, pale pink nipples tightening into stiff peaks against the thin fabric. The chair's hidden Sybian-like surface buzzed and pulsed in time with the telescope's movement, keeping her right on the razor edge while the giant barrel swung smoothly across the sky.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" Dr. Victor said conversationally, eyes flicking between the control panel and Cassie's flushed face. "The mechanism is very precise. It only vibrates while it's moving into position. Once it locks, the stimulation stops. Perfect for long, careful observations."

The telescope settled on Vega. The vibration beneath Cassie ceased instantly, leaving her panting, clit throbbing, inner walls clenching around nothing. She peered through the eyepiece, trying to focus on the brilliant white star while her body screamed for more.

Dr. Victor smiled. "Lovely. Now let's move to a nebula a bit farther away. This one will take longer to align."

She activated the mechanism again.

The chair roared back to life, the hidden vibrations stronger this time, pulsing in irregular waves that matched the telescope's longer travel arc. Cassie's hips jerked involuntarily, a soft whimper escaping her lips as the relentless edging began all over again. The roommates stood close, watching with open satisfaction.

Rachel rested a hand on Cassie's shoulder. "Breathe through it, freshie. The stars are so much more beautiful when you're right on the edge, don't you think?"

Mia leaned in, voice sweet and teasing. "If you start leaking on the chair, Dr. Victor might have to note it in your file. 'Scholarship girl produces exceptional lubrication during celestial observation.'"

Lauren's fingers brushed Cassie's bare thigh. "And if you moan too loudly, we might have to cover your mouth while the telescope finds the next target."

Dr. Victor let the roommates take turns at the controls. Each time Cassie's breathing began to calm, one of them would swing the telescope to a new, farther object — a distant galaxy cluster, then a faint comet, then an entire spiral arm of the Milky Way — forcing the chair to vibrate harder and longer with every alignment. The edging became merciless, the hidden motors pulsing in unpredictable patterns that kept Cassie right on the brink without ever letting her tip over.

By the time the final star field locked into place, Cassie was shaking, tears of desperate need pricking the corners of her hazel eyes, her bare bottom grinding helplessly against the chair while the roommates and Dr. Victor watched with calm, appreciative smiles.

Dr. Victor finally powered down the mechanism. The vibrations stopped. Cassie slumped forward, gasping, the sundress still bunched around her waist, her thighs shiny with arousal.

Rachel helped her stand on shaky legs, smoothing the dress back down as if nothing had happened. “Thank you so much for the private tour, Dr. Victor. Cassie loved every second of it.”

Mia beamed. “We have lots of things planned like this for her around campus — little field trips to help enlighten her and orient her to campus life.”

Lauren nodded, voice light and playful. “She’s going to be so well-rounded by the end of the year.”

Cassie stood there trembling, clit still throbbing, legs weak, the taste of denied orgasm thick in her throat. Dr. Victor gave her a warm, knowing smile.

“You’re very welcome, Cassie. Feel free to come back anytime the telescope needs calibration. Your roommates know the schedule.”

Rachel gently turned Cassie toward the stairs. “Say thank you to Dr. Victor, freshie.”

Cassie’s voice was small and hoarse, barely above a whisper. “Thank you, Dr. Victor.”

The professor’s eyes sparkled. “My pleasure. See you soon.”

As they descended the stairs, the roommates stayed close, their hands occasionally brushing Cassie’s back and bottom with loving, possessive touches. The night air felt cool against her overheated skin, but the ache between her legs only burned hotter.

Mia leaned in and whispered against her ear, “If you keep walking like that — all shaky and needy — we might have to find another telescope for you tomorrow night.”

Rachel’s voice was soft but full of promise. “And if you’re very good on the walk home, we might let you taste all three of us again before bed. But only if you can keep from coming until we say so.”

Cassie’s only answer was a tiny, broken whimper as the four of them stepped back into the moonlight, the giant dome of the observatory looming behind them like a silent witness to exactly how thoroughly Willowbrook was claiming her.

Chapter 19

The four of them stepped out of Hawthorne Hall into the bright weekday morning light, the campus already humming with students hurrying toward their eleven o'clock classes. Cassie's sundress fluttered against her bare thighs with every step, the thin fabric the only thing she wore. No bra, no panties — after the morning shower the roommates had simply decided she would stay completely nude until she had personally dressed each of them, and today they had skipped that final step entirely. The cool breeze slipped straight up under the hem, brushing her already slick folds and making her clit throb with the constant, low ache that had become her new normal.

Rachel walked on her left, one hand resting possessively on the small of Cassie's back. Mia bounced along on her right, honey-blonde curls catching the sunlight. Lauren brought up the rear, sharp green eyes scanning the path ahead.

"We're taking you on a special field trip today," Rachel said casually, as if it were the most ordinary thing in the world. "The campus commissary. You're going to see exactly how they prepare lunch for hundreds of students and staff every day. It's a massive coordinated operation, and today you're going to get a very close look behind the scenes."

Cassie's heart gave a small, nervous flutter, but she kept walking, the sundress brushing her skin with every step. The commissary building was a large, modern facility tucked behind the main dining hall. The moment they stepped through the loading dock doors, the air hit them — warm, steamy, filled with the rich smells of fresh bread, grilled chicken, simmering sauces, and baking biscuits. Leona Nguyen, the 36-year-old head of kitchen services, met them just inside the double doors. She was petite and sharp-featured, with straight black hair pulled into a tight bun and a white chef's coat that looked slightly rumpled. Her eyes were wide with stress, and she was clutching a clipboard like a lifeline.

"Oh thank goodness you're here," Leona said, voice hurried and a little scattered. "We're in a crisis. The supply truck was late this morning, and we're critically low on condiments — ketchup, mayonnaise, mustard, honey for the biscuits and sandwiches. We've got hundreds of lunches to plate in the next hour and the pantry is almost empty. I was supposed to give you a nice tour, but right now I'm just trying not to lose my mind."

Rachel, Mia, and Lauren exchanged quick glances, then stepped closer, their expressions shifting from casual to helpful.

Rachel asked calmly, "What's the supply chain situation? How long until the next delivery?"

Leona ran a hand over her bun, looking frazzled. "Not until tomorrow afternoon at the earliest. We've got bread, meats, cheeses, vegetables — everything except

the condiments people actually want to put on their food. We're going to have to improvise or the lunch service is going to be a disaster."

Mia tilted her head, eyes flicking toward Cassie for a brief second. "Improvise… how?"

Leona hesitated, then her gaze settled on Cassie with open, unmistakable avarice. The petite freshman stood there in her modest sundress, cheeks already pink, the thin fabric doing nothing to hide the faint outline of her hardened nipples or the subtle tremble in her thighs.

Leona's voice dropped, conspiratorial and a little desperate. "We could… offer something fresh. Something gourmet. A specialty condiment that would solve the problem and actually elevate the meals. Something sweet, warm, and completely natural."

The roommates didn't miss the look. Rachel's smile turned slow and knowing. "You're thinking what I think you're thinking."

Leona nodded, eyes still on Cassie. "If the scholarship girl is willing to help, we could use her honey. Fresh, on demand, right at the condiment station. It would be a hit — students love anything new and… personal."

Cassie's stomach flipped. Her hazel eyes widened, but before she could speak, Rachel's hand rested possessively on the small of her back.

Rachel turned to Cassie, voice gentle but firm. "Would you like to help Leona and the kitchen staff today, freshie? It would mean a lot to everyone."

Mia's fingers brushed Cassie's arm, warm and encouraging. "You'd be doing a real service for the whole campus. Think of all those students getting their sandwiches exactly the way they want them."

Lauren's hand settled on Cassie's shoulder, thumb stroking softly. "We'll be right there with you the whole time. You don't have to do anything you don't want to."

Cassie's voice was small, trembling with a mix of shame and the now-familiar throb of arousal. "I… I want to help."

Leona's relief was immediate and visible. "Thank you. Follow me — the condiment station is already prepped."

They wheeled a large, sturdy metal table on smooth casters into the center of the kitchen. It had a padded backrest that tilted slightly, metal clamps for the ankles that would hold the legs spread wide, and a smooth, slightly recessed surface designed for a person to be secured in place. A small canister labeled "HONEY SPOONS" sat on one corner, and a large white placard in front of the spot where Cassie would be placed read simply "HONEY" in bold black letters — identical in style and size to the placards for "KETCHUP",

“MAYONNAISE”, and “MUSTARD” lined up beside it. Those other dispensers, Cassie

noticed with a fresh wave of humiliation, were completely full.

The roommates helped Cassie up onto the table. They lifted the sundress over her head and set it aside, leaving her completely naked in the middle of the bustling kitchen. Leona and two kitchen assistants quickly secured her ankles in the metal clamps, spreading her legs wide. They leaned her back against the padded support and fastened a soft strap across her waist so she couldn’t close her thighs or shift away. Cassie’s small breasts rose and fell rapidly, pale pink nipples tight and dark in the bright fluorescent lights of the kitchen. Her clit was already visibly swollen, glistening with arousal.

Leona stepped back to admire the setup. “Perfect. The condiment station is ready. We’ll wheel her out to the main serving line in the dining hall. Students and staff will come through just like any other station — they’ll use the honey spoons to scoop whatever they want for their sandwiches, biscuits, toast, whatever. It’s all fresh and warm. This is going to save lunch service.”

The roommates wheeled the table out of the kitchen and into the familiar dining hall/cafeteria where Cassie had eaten so many meals with them. The room was already filling with students and faculty lining up at the sandwich bar and hot-meal stations. The condiment station was rolled into place at the end of the line, right between the mustard and the napkins, in full view of everyone.

Rachel, Mia, and Lauren found a table nearby with a perfect view of the station and sat down to watch.

The first students approached the sandwich bar. A tall junior with a backpack slung over one shoulder reached the condiment area and paused, eyes widening.

“Oh look,” she said loudly enough for several people to hear, “they have honey now.”

She picked up one of the small silver spoons from the “HONEY SPOONS” canister, dipped it between Cassie’s spread thighs, and scooped a generous amount of the warm, glistening honey directly from her swollen folds. Cassie’s breath hitched sharply, her small breasts heaving as the spoon dragged slowly across her sensitive clit. The student spread the honey liberally over her turkey sandwich, smiled at Cassie, and moved on.

More students followed. A group of sophomores giggled as they each took turns dipping their spoons, some scooping delicately, others pressing the spoon flat and dragging it slowly from Cassie’s entrance up over her clit. Cassie’s hips twitched helplessly against the clamps, her face flushed bright pink, tears of overwhelming need already pricking the corners of her hazel eyes.

A faculty member — an older woman in a cardigan — paused, eyebrows raised, then calmly took a spoon and scooped a small amount onto her bagel. “Interesting new addition,” she murmured, as if this were perfectly normal.

A male professor in his forties approached next, spoon in hand. “Honey on my roast beef sandwich? Don’t mind if I do.” He dipped the spoon deep, scooping generously, and spread it thickly across his bread while Cassie bit her lip to keep from whimpering.

Mia and Lauren eventually stood and joined the line. Mia reached Cassie first. Instead of taking a spoon, she simply slid two fingers between Cassie’s spread thighs, scooped a thick coating of honey directly onto her fingertips, and brought them to her mouth, sucking them clean while holding Cassie’s glassy gaze.

“Mmm,” Mia said loudly enough for nearby students to hear. “So much sweeter than the bottled stuff.”

Rachel arrived last, taking her time. She used a spoon but dragged it slowly, deliberately, pressing the flat side against Cassie’s throbbing clit and pulling it upward in one long, teasing stroke. Cassie whimpered audibly, her small breasts quivering, fresh honey leaking out in a visible trickle that ran down toward the table.

The roommates returned to their table with their sandwiches, sitting close enough to watch every new student and faculty member approach Cassie. The line never stopped. Spoon after spoon dipped into her, spreading her honey onto toast, biscuits, subs, crackers, even fresh fruit cups. Cassie was edged mercilessly — each slow scoop, each press of metal or fingers against her swollen clit bringing her right to the brink, only for the person to walk away and leave her throbbing and denied. Her face was flushed dark pink, tears of desperate need running silently down her cheeks, her small body trembling in the clamps as the constant, public stimulation pushed her closer and closer without ever letting her fall over the edge.

By the time the lunch rush finally slowed and the condiment station was wheeled back into the kitchen, Cassie was speechless. Her hazel eyes were glassy, her full pink lips parted, tears still tracking down her flushed face. Her clit was swollen to an almost painful degree, throbbing visibly with every heartbeat, her inner thighs shiny with her own arousal and the constant flow of fresh honey.

Leona caught the roommates as they wheeled the table back through the double doors. The head of kitchen services looked exhilarated.

“That was an absolute hit,” Leona said, eyes bright. “We served more sandwiches and hot meals today than we have in weeks. The students loved the honey — they kept coming back for seconds. Some even asked if it was going to be a regular thing.”

Rachel smiled, one hand resting possessively on Cassie’s bare thigh. “We can definitely make it available on weekdays if you’d like. Cassie’s a very good source.”

Leona’s gaze flicked down to Cassie’s swollen, glistening clit, still throbbing openly on the table. “A very good source indeed.”

Cassie could only whimper softly, her body shaking with the most intense, prolonged edging she had ever endured, as the roommates wheeled her back toward the exit, already whispering about tomorrow’s breakfast and the many more ways they planned to “enlighten” her on campus.

Chapter 20

The four of them stepped back into Hawthorne Hall just after one in the afternoon, the weekday campus still buzzing with students hurrying between classes. Cassie’s legs were shaking so badly that Rachel had to keep a steadying hand on the small of her back the entire walk from the dining hall. The sundress clung to her damp skin, the thin fabric doing nothing to hide how her small breasts rose and fell with every shallow breath or how her inner thighs glistened with the constant, humiliating evidence of another full lunch service as the living condiment table.

She had lost track of how many times it had been — ten, maybe eleven. Each one left her clit swollen and throbbing, her body edged mercilessly by spoon after spoon, finger after finger, while hundreds of students and faculty casually helped themselves to her honey. She was still dripping, still right on the brink, the ache so deep it felt like it had taken up permanent residence inside her.

Rachel closed the dorm room door behind them and turned to study Cassie with a thoughtful frown. “Look at you, freshie. You’re still trembling. We need to figure out a way to help you pull yourself together and settle back into campus life after something like that.”

Mia dropped her bag on her bed and tilted her head, eyes flicking over Cassie’s flushed face and the way her thighs pressed together. “She’s right. You look like you’re about to explode. We can’t have you walking around campus like this all afternoon.”

Lauren sat on the edge of the big shared bed, sharp green eyes studying Cassie with quiet intensity. “Brainstorm. What can we do to help her come down from that edge without letting her come?”

The three roommates looked at each other, then at Cassie, who stood there trembling in her sundress, cheeks burning, tears of frustration already pricking the corners of her hazel eyes.

Mia snapped her fingers, a playful spark lighting her face. “Wait — what about that detailing service some students started? Rosie’s Detail Service. They wash cars for extra cash. Maybe we could explain our special circumstances and see if they could ‘detail’ Cassie instead. A good, thorough cleaning might calm her body down.”

Rachel’s eyes lit up. “That could work. Let’s call them.”

They made the call right there in the room. Twenty minutes later, four desirable, sexy Hispanic female students from Rosie’s Detail Service arrived at the dorm. They were all in their early twenties, dressed to work in tight tank tops that showed off toned midriffs, short shorts, and sneakers, their bodies glistening with a light sheen of sweat from the warm afternoon. Rosie, the leader, was a curvy brunette with full lips and confident dark eyes. Her crew — Sofia, Isabella, and Elena — were equally stunning, with long dark hair, smooth olive skin, and athletic figures that made Cassie’s already desperate body react even more. Rachel explained the situation quickly and honestly. “Cassie is the scholarship girl. She just finished another lunch service as the condiment table in the dining hall. She’s extremely edged and needy right now. We need something to help her pull herself together without letting her come. Could your crew ‘detail’ her?”

Rosie listened, then shook her head with a firm grin. “We can do it, but it has to be out in the parking lot where we have space to work properly. And it’ll be double our usual rate — this is a very different kind of job.”

Rachel turned to Cassie, voice gentle but firm. “Would you like to do this, freshie? It would be from your scholarship stipend for program expenses. You can afford it, and it would really help you settle down after lunch service today. Do you agree?”

Cassie’s voice was small and trembling with desperate need. “Yes… I agree.”

Rachel nodded once, satisfied, and didn’t mention the payment again. She simply took Cassie’s hand and started escorting her toward the door with the others. “Then let’s go. Rosie and her crew will take care of you.”

They led Cassie out to the large main parking lot behind the dorm — open, visible, with cars coming and going and students occasionally walking past in the distance. Rosie backed her work van into a spot and opened the rear doors. The crew quickly secured Cassie nude to the back of the van: wrists fastened above her head to the roof rack, ankles spread wide and clamped to the bumper and wheel wells, holding her legs apart. She was completely exposed, back pressed against the warm metal, small breasts heaving, clit already visibly swollen and glistening in the afternoon sun.

At first the cool splashes of water and suds felt soothing as the four women began working on her with soft sponges and washcloths. They lathered her

shoulders, back, stomach, and legs in long, thorough strokes, the soapy water running down her skin in rivulets. Cassie sighed with relief, the gentle cleaning feeling like a balm after the intense public edging at lunch.

But then the teasing began.

Sofia started at Cassie's breasts, using a soft sponge to lather her small perky breasts, circling the nipples slowly. Then she switched to a toothbrush, gently scrubbing the sensitive peaks with light, circular motions that made Cassie gasp and arch. The bristles dragged across her tight nipples, sending sharp sparks straight to her clit.

Isabella moved between Cassie's spread thighs, using a washcloth to clean her inner thighs, then pressing the soapy cloth directly against her swollen clit, rubbing in slow, deliberate circles. The pressure built quickly, bringing Cassie right to the edge, her hips bucking helplessly. Just as she was about to tip over, Isabella pulled away, moving the cloth back to her stomach instead.

Elena laughed softly in Spanish to Sofia. "Mira cómo tiembla la pobre — está a punto de explotar." (Look how the poor thing trembles — she's about to explode.)

Rosie took her turn, using a sponge on Cassie's clit, then switching to the toothbrush on her nipples, scrubbing them roughly enough to sting while keeping the pressure just enough to edge her without release. The workers rotated, each taking a turn on Cassie's most sensitive spots, laughing and making snarky comments in Spanish as they worked.

"Esta chica es tan sensible — mira cómo gotea." (This girl is so sensitive — look how she drips.)

"La estamos volviendo loca y ni siquiera la dejamos terminar." (We're driving her crazy and we're not even letting her finish.)

The roommates watched from a nearby bench, their eyes dark with arousal and approval. They made occasional loving threats.

Rachel called out, "If you start moaning too loudly, we're going to have to cover your mouth with my fingers."

Mia added, "If you leak any more than you already are, I'm going to make you lick the pavement clean before we go back inside."

Lauren's voice was quiet but sharp. "Keep holding it, freshie. If you come out here in front of them, we'll add an extra week of denial starting tomorrow."

The edging continued for nearly an hour, the four workers taking turns with sponges, washcloths, and toothbrushes on Cassie's clit and nipples, bringing her to the brink over and over again, then moving to less sensitive areas before she could tip over. Cassie was sobbing with need, tears running down her face, her

body shaking uncontrollably, her clit swollen and throbbing painfully.

When the workers finally finished and stepped back, Cassie was a wreck — flushed, trembling, her body covered in soap and her own arousal, her clit visibly pulsing.

The roommates stood and walked over to inspect her. They ran their hands over her body, fingers brushing her clit and nipples, continuing the relentless edging as they “checked the work.”

Rachel pinched Cassie’s nipple lightly. “Very thorough. Look at how swollen she is.”

Mia slid a finger between Cassie’s thighs, collecting some of the fresh honey. “Perfect. She’s ready for anything now.”

Lauren smiled. “We’ll definitely be calling you again.”

Rachel handed Rosie a scrap of paper with Cassie’s scholarship stipend card number on it. Cassie noticed the numbers, confusion flickering across her desperate face for a split second — how did Rachel have her personal card number? — but the overwhelming need between her legs was so intense she couldn’t find the words to question it.

Rosie grinned, tucking the paper into her pocket. “Double rate, as agreed. Anytime.” The crew packed up quickly. Rosie hopped into the driver’s seat, started the van, and pulled away — accidentally taking Cassie’s sundress with her, the dress having been tossed onto the hood earlier and forgotten.

Cassie stood there completely naked in the open parking lot, body still trembling, clit throbbing, as the van drove off with her only piece of clothing.

Rachel took her hand gently. “Come on, freshie. Let’s get you back to the room. You can thank us properly once we’re inside.”

Cassie walked back to Hawthorne Hall completely nude between her roommates, the

afternoon sun warm on her bare skin, students occasionally glancing over as they passed. Her cheeks burned, tears of need still running down her face, but she didn’t try to cover herself. She simply walked, legs shaky, body begging for the release her roommates controlled.

Once the dorm room door closed behind them, Cassie dropped to her knees without being told. She looked up at the three roommates, eyes glassy with desperate need.

“Thank you,” she whispered hoarsely. “Thank you for everything.”

The roommates smiled and arranged themselves on the big shared bed, legs spread.

Rachel spoke first. “Show us how grateful you are, freshie. Start with me.”

Cassie crawled between Rachel’s thighs and began licking and sucking with desperate hunger, gathering every drop of honey while Mia and Lauren watched, their hands stroking Cassie’s hair and back.

The three roommates took turns, Cassie moving from one to the next, thanking them with her mouth and tongue until all three had come against her lips.

When it was over, Cassie curled up between them on the bed, exhausted, still trembling, but strangely content in her submission.

Rachel stroked her hair. “Good girl. Tomorrow we do it all over again.”

Cassie’s only answer was a soft, exhausted whimper as she pressed her face against the nearest breast and began to nurse, the slow, relentless build of her new life continuing without mercy.

Chapter 21

The lecture hall was only half-full, the usual Monday afternoon lull for “Contemporary Social Issues,” a class all four of them shared. Cassie sat in the middle row between Rachel and Mia, Lauren directly behind her. The new sundress Rachel had bought with Cassie’s scholarship card clung lightly to her body, thin yellow fabric that ended mid-thigh and had no lining. Nothing underneath. No bra, no panties. The air conditioning brushed straight against her bare folds, keeping her clit constantly alert and her small breasts pressing noticeably against the soft material.

Professor Elena Lang, a beautiful tall blonde in her early thirties with sharp cheekbones and a crisp white blouse, was midway through her lecture on power dynamics when Cassie’s phone vibrated silently in her lap.

The screen lit up with a text from Rachel.

Rachel: Busy? The three of us need some help during class. We each want to come on your face. Now, Cassie.

Cassie’s breath caught. Heat flooded her cheeks and her already-sensitive clit gave a hard throb. She glanced sideways at Rachel, who was staring straight ahead at the professor with a perfectly innocent expression. Mia’s hand brushed Cassie’s knee under the desk, a silent reminder.

Rachel typed again without looking down.

Rachel: Under the desks. Start with me. Quietly.

Cassie’s heart hammered. She slid from her seat, dropped to her knees in the aisle as if picking up a dropped pen, and crawled under the row of desks toward Rachel. The sundress rode up her back, baring her bare bottom to anyone who might glance down. Rachel parted her legs casually, skirt already hiked, and guided Cassie’s face between her thighs.

Rachel’s voice was a low whisper only Cassie could hear. “Good girl. Tongue out. Make me come fast and quiet.”

Cassie pressed her mouth to Rachel’s warm, already-wet pussy and began licking. Her own arousal spiked hard, clit pulsing uselessly between her thighs as she worked her tongue in slow, obedient strokes. Rachel’s hand rested lightly on the back of her head, guiding her rhythm while the professor continued lecturing above them.

A few desks away, a brunette sophomore leaned toward Rachel and whispered, “Is she… helping you right now?”

Rachel didn’t miss a beat. “Mmm-hmm. She’s very good at it. Would you like her to help you too after she finishes me?”

The girl’s eyes widened with surprised delight. “Yes. Please.”

Rachel patted Cassie’s head twice. “When you’re done with me, go help Sarah. She asked nicely.”

Cassie whimpered softly into Rachel’s folds, the vibration making Rachel’s thighs tighten. Rachel came a minute later, a quiet, controlled shudder, flooding Cassie’s tongue with warm honey. Cassie swallowed every drop, then crawled on her hands and knees to the next desk where Sarah was already waiting, legs spread, skirt bunched high.

Sarah whispered excitedly, “Oh my god, thank you. Just… use your tongue like you were doing for her.”

Cassie obeyed, licking Sarah’s pussy with the same hungry focus while the lecture continued overhead. Sarah’s hand rested on the back of Cassie’s head, guiding her gently as Cassie’s own clit throbbed painfully between her thighs, the denial after so many lunch services making every lick feel like sweet torture.

Mia was already waiting two desks over, legs spread, skirt bunched. “My turn, freshie. Same rules. Make it quick and quiet.”

As Cassie buried her face between Mia’s thighs, another student — a curvy redhead two seats over — leaned toward Mia and whispered, “Can she… do me next? I’ve been so stressed.”

Mia smiled sweetly, fingers tightening in Cassie’s hair. “Of course. Cassie loves helping stressed girls. She’ll come to you right after she finishes me. Just keep

your voice down.”

Cassie’s face burned with humiliation and arousal. Her own clit was swollen and throbbing painfully, the sundress doing nothing to hide how wet she had become. Every lick she gave Mia made her own denied need worse, her hips rocking helplessly in the cramped space under the desks.

Mia came with a soft sigh, flooding Cassie’s mouth. Cassie swallowed, then crawled to the redhead, who had already pulled her skirt up and spread her legs.

The redhead whispered, “Oh my god, thank you. Just… use your tongue like you were doing for them.”

Cassie obeyed, licking the stranger’s pussy with the same hungry focus while the lecture continued overhead. Another student nearby noticed and whispered to Lauren, “Can she do me too after?”

Lauren answered without hesitation. “Absolutely. Cassie’s here to help anyone who needs it. Just tell her when it’s your turn.”

Cassie moved from one desk to the next, servicing five different girls in total while the professor lectured on power dynamics. Each time a new student asked, one of the roommates answered for her in a calm, matter-of-fact voice.

“Of course she can help you.”

“She’s very good with her tongue.”

“Just keep it quiet so the professor doesn’t notice.”

Cassie’s face was shiny with their honey, her own arousal so intense she was nearly crying. Her clit throbbed uselessly, the denial after ten lunch services and the constant public edging making every lick feel like torture. She was right on the edge, trembling, but the roommates’ earlier rules still held: no orgasm unless they said so.

When the lecture finally ended and students began packing up, Professor Elena Lang’s clear voice cut through the noise.

“Cassie Harper? Could you stay after class for a moment, please?”

Cassie’s stomach dropped. She crawled out from under the desks, face flushed and glistening, sundress askew. She thought she was in trouble — that the professor had seen everything.

The roommates gave her reassuring smiles as they left. “We’ll wait outside,” Rachel whispered. “Be a good girl for Professor Lang.”

The hall emptied. Professor Lang — tall, elegant, blonde hair in a sleek ponytail — closed the door and turned to Cassie with a small, knowing smile.

“You don’t have to look so nervous,” she said, voice low and warm. “I saw what you were doing during class. I’m not angry. I just… need the same kind of help the other girls got.”

She leaned back against her desk, lifted her skirt, and spread her long, toned legs. No panties.

Cassie dropped to her knees without being told. The professor’s pussy was already wet, and Cassie pressed her mouth to it, licking and sucking with the same desperate hunger she had used on everyone else. Professor Lang moaned softly, fingers threading into Cassie’s auburn hair.

“That’s it… just like that. You’re very good at this, aren’t you?”

Cassie licked faster, tongue swirling around the professor’s swollen clit. The tall blonde came hard a few minutes later, thighs clamping around Cassie’s head, flooding her mouth with a long, shuddering orgasm that left her gasping.

When it was over, Professor Lang stroked Cassie’s hair gently, eyes soft.

“Thank you, Cassie. You’re a very helpful student. You can go now.”

Cassie stood on shaky legs, face shiny, body still desperately edged and denied. She walked out of the lecture hall to where her roommates were waiting in the hallway.

Rachel took her hand, smiling. “Good girl. Let’s get you back to the room. You still have to thank us properly for letting you help so many people today.”

Cassie could only whimper softly as they led her down the hall, her sundress clinging to her damp skin, the ache between her legs worse than ever.

Chapter 22

“Open your mouth a little wider, Cassie — I want to feel your tongue pressing flat against my nipple while you wake up properly,” Lauren whispered, her voice still husky with sleep as she cradled the back of the petite girl’s head closer to her breast.

Cassie’s hazel eyes fluttered open, lips already latched around Lauren’s stiff peak. She was completely naked, curled warmly between the three upperclass girls on the big shared bed they had pushed together weeks ago. Her small perky breasts rested softly against Mia’s thigh, one hand loosely cupping Rachel’s hip. The taste of warm skin filled her mouth as she began suckling in slow, instinctive pulls, her long auburn hair spilling across Lauren’s chest. The morning light filtering through the willow branches outside the window painted soft golden stripes across her bare skin, highlighting the faint red marks still visible on her firm rounded bottom from last night’s edging.

Rachel stirred beside her, dark hair tousled, and ran a lazy hand down Cassie's spine. "Look at her. Already nursing before she's even fully awake. That's our good girl."

Mia stretched, honey-blonde curls bouncing as she sat up. "New rule starts today, freshie. After the shower you stay completely naked until you've personally dressed every single one of us. Blouse, skirt, underwear, shoes — everything. No exceptions."

Cassie's suckling slowed for half a second as the words sank in, but she didn't pull away. She simply switched to Mia's breast when Lauren gently guided her head, nuzzling across warm skin until her full pink lips closed around the new nipple and began the same gentle rhythm. The rule felt heavy and intimate, but the ache between her thighs only deepened at the thought of walking the dorm hallway and part of the quad completely bare while she helped her roommates get ready.

They eventually coaxed her mouth away with soft laughs and guiding hands. The four of them moved into the bathroom for the morning shower, where Cassie once again served as their living loofah, soapy breasts and bottom and hands used to wash every inch of them before they finally rinsed her off. When they stepped out and dried each other, Cassie stayed naked, the cool air brushing her still-sensitive skin as she followed them back into the main room.

Rachel sat on the edge of the bed first, legs parted casually. "Start with me. Pick my outfit and dress me slowly. I want to feel your fingers on every button and zipper."

Cassie knelt in front of her, completely bare, and chose a fitted white blouse and a knee- length plaid skirt. She helped Rachel into the blouse, buttoning each button with deliberate care, her small breasts brushing against Rachel's skin with every movement. She smoothed the fabric over Rachel's breasts, then knelt lower to help her into the skirt, zipping it slowly while her face hovered inches from Rachel's thighs. Rachel's hand rested lightly on Cassie's auburn hair, stroking gently.

Mia was next. Cassie helped her into a soft tank top and shorts, fingers lingering as she adjusted the straps and smoothed the fabric over Mia's hips. Lauren was last. Cassie knelt to zip her skirt and button her blouse, pressing a soft kiss to the inside of Lauren's thigh before standing again.

Only then did the roommates stand and look at Cassie, still completely naked in the center of the room.

Rachel smiled. "Time to walk us to the door. You're staying just like this until we're fully dressed and ready to leave the building."

Cassie’s cheeks burned bright pink, but she followed them out of the room. The dorm hallway was already busy with girls heading to morning classes. A few heads turned as Cassie walked behind her roommates, completely nude, her small breasts swaying gently, her firm rounded bottom on full display, the tiny heart-shaped birthmark on her lower abdomen visible to anyone who glanced back.

One sophomore paused, eyes wide. “Did Cassie forget to get dressed again?”

Rachel answered without missing a step, voice casual and warm. “She gets so focused on serving us she forgets about herself. It’s adorable, isn’t it?”

Mia nodded, reaching back to give Cassie’s bare bottom a light, affectionate pat. “She’ll get dressed once she’s finished helping us. Don’t worry — everyone understands.”

Lauren added softly, “She’s the scholarship girl. This is just part of how she stays balanced.”

Cassie’s face flamed hotter with every step, but the ache between her legs only grew. She could feel eyes on her bare skin, whispers following them down the hallway and out onto the short stretch of the quad they had to cross to reach the main path. A small group of girls walking toward the dining hall slowed to stare, but the roommates simply smiled and kept walking, their casual explanations drifting back to Cassie like a warm, humiliating blanket.

“She forgot to get dressed again.”

“She gets so focused on serving.”

“Everyone understands.”

By the time they reached the edge of the quad and the roommates finally stopped to let Cassie slip back into her sundress, Cassie was trembling. Her clit was swollen and throbbing, her inner thighs slick, her small breasts heaving under the thin fabric as she pulled the dress over her head.

Rachel turned to her, voice soft but full of promise. “You did so well. Now you have your first class. But if you’re very good and stay focused, we might let you slip into the library stacks before it starts and edge you properly.”

Cassie’s voice was small and desperate as she looked up at the three of them, eyes glassy. “Please… I need it. I need to be edged right now. I can’t think straight after walking like that.”

Mia’s smile was sweet and knowing. “Then you’d better hurry to the library stacks after we drop you off at the lecture hall entrance. We’ll meet you there after your first class and see how desperate you still are.”

Lauren brushed a strand of auburn hair behind Cassie's ear. "And remember, you have another weekday lunchtime condiment service tomorrow. We'll make sure you're properly prepared for it."

Cassie whimpered softly, the casual reminder of tomorrow's public humiliation sending another hot rush of wetness down her thighs. She nodded, already aching, already desperate, as the three roommates walked her toward her first class, their loving threats and casual plans for her future wrapping around her like the warmest, most inescapable embrace.

Chapter 23

"Keep your legs nice and wide in the stirrups, Cassie — the new medical students need a clear view of everything today," Dr. Ellis said calmly as she adjusted the padded table in the observation room, the one-way mirror on the far wall already reflecting the silhouettes of several figures waiting behind it.

Cassie's breath trembled as she lay back, the paper sheet crinkling loudly under her bare bottom. She was completely naked, the sundress she had worn on the walk over now folded neatly on a chair beside Rachel. Her small perky breasts rose and fell rapidly, pale pink nipples already tight in the cool air of the room. Her long athletic thighs were guided into the stirrups, spreading her wide and lifting her firm rounded bottom slightly off the table. The tiny heart-shaped birthmark on her lower abdomen was fully visible under the bright lights, and between her spread legs her clit was already visibly swollen, glistening with the constant low-level arousal that had become her baseline after weeks of daily edging and public service.

Rachel stood at the head of the table, fingers gently combing through Cassie's auburn hair. "You're doing so well, freshie. This is your second monthly check-up. They're going to be very thorough with the clitoral exam today."

Mia and Lauren took seats on either side of the table, each resting a reassuring hand on one of Cassie's small breasts, thumbs idly brushing the sensitive nipples. The three roommates had been excited about this appointment ever since the doctor had mentioned the new group of medical students.

The door opened and five young women in white coats filed in — fresh medical students, all in their mid-twenties, clipboards in hand, eyes bright with nervous excitement. They lined up along the wall, staring openly at Cassie's exposed body.

Dr. Ellis smiled at them. "Today we're focusing on the clitoral exam. Each of you will use the graduated suction tool at a different level for a set time. The goal is to observe response without allowing orgasm. We'll use the new pleasure-dampener technology if anyone gets too close. Cassie is an excellent subject — highly responsive after one full month in the program."

The first student, a tall brunette named Alexandra, stepped forward and gloved up. She pressed the clear suction cup over Cassie's swollen clit and sealed it tight. "Level two," she announced, starting the pump. The vacuum tugged gently at first, pulling the sensitive nub deeper into the cup with rhythmic insistence. Cassie's breath hitched, her small breasts quivering under Mia and Lauren's hands.

Alexandra held the level for the full ten minutes, watching Cassie's face closely. "Patient's clitoris is engorging rapidly. Lubrication increasing."

The second student, Brooke, took over. "Level four," she said, her voice a little shaky. The suction intensified, pulsing stronger and faster. Cassie's hips jerked involuntarily, a soft whimper escaping her lips. Her toned thighs trembled in the stirrups, the natural bounce of her firm bottom making the paper crinkle loudly.

Brooke's hands were hesitant. She adjusted the cup slightly, prolonging the contact, her eyes wide as she watched Cassie's clit swell even more inside the clear chamber. "She's… she's getting very wet," Brooke murmured, almost to herself.

The third student, Claire, stepped up. "Level five." The vacuum grew more aggressive, the rhythmic pulls dragging Cassie right to the edge within minutes. Cassie's back arched off the table, a broken whimper escaping her throat as the intense stimulation pushed her right to the very brink of orgasm.

Claire lingered, fascinated by the way Cassie's body responded. "Her thighs are shaking so much… I think she's close."

The fourth student, Danielle — the most hesitant of the group — took her turn. "Level six," she said, voice unsteady. The suction turned relentless, pulsing hard and fast around Cassie's throbbing clit. Cassie's back arched off the table, a broken whimper escaping her throat as the intense stimulation pushed her right to the very brink of orgasm.

Danielle fumbled the controls slightly, prolonging the maximum level. Cassie's eyes widened, her body tensing, the desperate need to come surging through her like fire. Her inner walls clenched visibly, fresh slickness leaking out around the cup. She was right there — right on the edge of shattering —

Dr. Ellis moved quickly. "Hold," she said firmly, pressing a small adhesive patch to Cassie's right temple. The pleasure dampener activated with a soft click. At the press of a button on the tiny device, Cassie's body instantly calmed. The frantic, overwhelming urge to cum vanished, replaced by an equally intense, tearfully desperate need to honeyfarm — to drop to her knees and serve with her mouth, to gather every drop of sweet honey from anyone who would let her.

Cassie’s eyes filled with tears. Her body relaxed in the stirrups, but her mind was now flooded with a single, overwhelming craving: *I need to honeyfarm… please let me serve… please let me taste…*

The doctor smiled at the students. “This is the new pleasure-dampener technology. It replaces sexual climax desperation with an equally powerful drive to perform oral service. Very useful for extended denial training.”

The final student completed her level without incident. No orgasms were allowed in the entire session. Cassie lay there shaking, not from the need to cum, but from the tearful, frantic need to drop to her knees and bury her face between someone’s thighs.

When the exam finally ended and the stirrups were lowered, Cassie sat up on the table, legs trembling. Her small breasts heaved, nipples still dark and tight. The dampener patch remained on her right temple, a tiny reminder of the new control the program now had over her body.

Dr. Ellis handed each of the three roommates an identical dampener patch. “One for each of you. Use it responsibly. It can be activated at any time to redirect her desperation. We’ll see how she progresses next month.”

Rachel, Mia, and Lauren each tucked their dampener into their pockets, eyes gleaming with new possibilities.

As they helped Cassie off the table and into her sundress, she was already whispering hoarsely, tears slipping down her flushed cheeks. “Please… I need to honeyfarm… I need to serve… please let me taste you…”

Rachel stroked her hair gently. “We know, freshie. We’ll take care of you on the walk home.”

The four of them left the health center together, Cassie walking between her roommates on shaky legs, the dampener on her temple quietly humming with the new, overwhelming need that had replaced her desire to cum. The campus paths felt longer than ever as she fought the tearful urge to drop to her knees right there in public and beg to serve anyone who would let her.

Mia leaned in close, voice soft. “You’re going to be such a good honeyfarmer today, aren’t you?”

Cassie could only whimper, already desperate, already lost in the new craving her roommates now held the power to trigger at any moment.

Chapter 24

“You’re shaking already and we haven’t even reached the library yet,” Rachel murmured, her hand resting lightly on the small of Cassie’s back as they walked the shaded path between the health center and the main academic quad.

Cassie’s sundress clung to her damp skin, the thin fabric doing nothing to hide how her small breasts rose and fell with every shallow breath. The pleasure-dampener patch on her right temple felt warm, almost alive, its subtle hum quietly rewriting the desperate need that had been building inside her for weeks. The frantic urge to cum had vanished the moment the doctor activated it during the check-up. In its place was something just as intense, just as tearful, just as consuming: an overwhelming, aching need to honeyfarm — to drop to her knees and bury her face between someone’s thighs, to lick and suck and swallow every drop of warm, sweet honey until her roommates told her she could stop.

She had been fighting it since they left the exam room.

Rachel guided her through the heavy oak doors of the main library and into the quiet stacks on the third floor. The area was nearly deserted at this hour, tall shelves of old books creating narrow, private corridors. Rachel stopped at a small study alcove tucked between two rows, pulled out a chair, and sat down, legs parting casually under her skirt.

“On your knees, freshie,” she said softly. “I have a paper due tomorrow and I need to concentrate. You’re going to help me stay focused.”

Cassie dropped to her knees without hesitation, the cool tile pressing against her bare skin as she crawled between Rachel’s thighs. Rachel lifted her skirt, revealing she wore nothing underneath, and guided Cassie’s face forward until her mouth was pressed flush against warm, already-slick folds.

Rachel activated the dampener with a small press on the remote in her pocket.

The effect was immediate and devastating.

Cassie’s eyes filled with tears as the device flooded her mind with a single, frantic need: *honeyfarm… please let me honeyfarm… I need to taste… I need to serve…* The sexual desperation that had been building all morning was gone, replaced by an equally powerful, tearful craving to serve with her mouth. She whimpered, pressing her face deeper, tongue sliding out to lick long, reverent strokes from the bottom of Rachel’s pussy up over her clit.

Rachel sighed, one hand resting on Cassie’s auburn hair, the other opening her laptop on the small desk. “That’s it. Just like that. Keep licking while I work. No coming for you — only honeyfarming. That’s all you want now, isn’t it?”

Cassie sobbed softly into Rachel’s folds, the sound vibrating against the senior’s clit as she licked and sucked with desperate hunger. Tears slipped down her flushed cheeks while she gathered every drop of warm honey, swallowing greedily, her small body trembling with the overwhelming need the dampener had created. Rachel’s fingers tightened in her hair, guiding her rhythm while she typed, the soft clicking of the keyboard mixing with the wet sounds of Cassie’s

mouth.

They stayed like that for nearly an hour. Rachel worked on her paper, occasionally murmuring praise or pressing the dampener button again when Cassie's licking grew too frantic. Each activation sent another wave of tearful, honeyfarm-obsessed desperation through Cassie, making her sob and press her face harder between Rachel's thighs, tongue working faster, deeper, as if her entire purpose in life had narrowed to this single act of service.

When Rachel finally came, she did so with a quiet sigh, flooding Cassie's mouth with fresh honey. Cassie swallowed every drop, whimpering gratefully, then rested her forehead against Rachel's thigh, tears still falling.

Rachel stroked her hair gently. "Good girl. Now go find Mia. She's waiting for you in the next aisle."

Cassie crawled on her hands and knees to the next row of stacks. Mia was sitting on a low stool, legs spread, skirt already lifted. She smiled down at the tear-streaked girl.

"My turn, freshie," Mia said sweetly, pressing the dampener button on her own remote. "I need to read this chapter for tomorrow's quiz. You're going to help me concentrate with your mouth."

The device activated again. Cassie's mind flooded once more with the same overwhelming, tearful need to honeyfarm. She pressed her face between Mia's thighs, licking and sucking with frantic devotion, tears streaming down her cheeks as she gathered every drop of sweet honey while Mia read her textbook, occasionally sighing or pressing the button again to intensify the craving.

Mia came quietly against Cassie's tongue, then stroked her hair. "Good honeyfarmer. Now go see Lauren. She's waiting for you by the windows."

Cassie crawled to the large reading nook by the tall windows. Lauren was sitting in a comfortable chair, legs parted, watching the campus outside. She looked down at the trembling, tear-streaked girl and pressed her own dampener remote.

The need surged through Cassie again, even stronger this time. She buried her face between Lauren's thighs, sobbing softly as she licked and sucked with desperate, tearful hunger. Lauren's hand rested on her head, fingers stroking gently while she watched the students walking across the quad below.

"You're doing so well," Lauren murmured. "Just keep honeyfarming. That's all you want now, isn't it?"

Cassie nodded frantically into Lauren's pussy, tears falling freely as she licked and swallowed, the dampener turning her entire world into a single, overwhelming need to serve with her mouth. Lauren came with a soft sigh, flooding Cassie's tongue with warm honey.

When the sun began to set and the library lights grew brighter, the three roommates finally gathered Cassie up from the floor. She was a wreck — face shiny with their honey, cheeks streaked with tears, body trembling, the dampener still humming on her temple.

Rachel helped her stand, smoothing the sundress back down over her hips. “You did so well today, freshie. Three long study sessions and you never once asked to come. You just begged to honeyfarm like a good girl.”

Mia kissed her flushed cheek. “We might have pressed the button a few extra times. You looked so pretty when you cried and begged.”

Lauren stroked her hair. “We’ll take the dampeners off when we get back to the room. For now, let’s get you home. You still have to thank us properly before bed.”

Cassie could only whimper, her voice hoarse from hours of licking and sobbing. “Please… let me honeyfarm more… I need to serve… please…”

The roommates exchanged soft, satisfied smiles as they walked her back to Hawthorne Hall, the dampener still quietly rewriting every desperate pulse in her body into a single, tearful need to please them with her mouth.

When they finally closed the dorm room door behind them, Cassie dropped to her knees in the center of the big shared bed, eyes glassy, tears still slipping down her cheeks.

“Please,” she whispered, voice breaking. “Please let me honeyfarm… I need it so badly…”

Rachel stroked her hair gently. “We know, freshie. We’ll let you serve us all night. But remember — no coming. Only honeyfarming. That’s all you want now.”

Cassie sobbed with relief and desperate need as the three roommates arranged themselves on the bed, legs spread, ready to let their perfect, broken honeyfarmer thank them until she couldn’t think of anything else.

Chapter 25

The main study lounge on the third floor of the central library was quieter than usual for a weekday afternoon, the long wooden tables dotted with students hunched over laptops and textbooks. Soft lamplight and the faint rustle of pages filled the air. Cassie walked between her roommates, the thin yellow sundress brushing her bare thighs, her heart already pounding with the knowledge of what was about to happen.

Rachel’s hand rested lightly on the small of her back, guiding her toward a low padded table that had been set up in a slightly recessed but still very visible area near the center of the room. The table was only knee-high, wide enough for

Cassie to lie on her back with her legs spread, and equipped with soft restraints at the ankles and a slight tilt for her head. A small black case sat beside it — the portable suction tool already prepped.

“Campus Oral Comfort program,” Rachel explained quietly to a curious librarian who glanced their way. “Scholarship requirement. She’s here to help anyone who needs stress relief. We’ll supervise.”

The librarian simply nodded, as if this were perfectly normal, and returned to her desk.

Cassie’s cheeks burned as Rachel and Mia helped her out of the sundress right there in the open lounge. The fabric whispered to the floor, leaving her completely naked under the soft overhead lights. Her small perky breasts rose and fell rapidly, pale pink nipples already tight. Mia guided her down onto the padded table, laying her on her back. Lauren fastened the soft ankle restraints, spreading Cassie’s long athletic thighs wide and locking them in place so her glistening folds and swollen clit were fully exposed to anyone who walked past.

Rachel knelt between her legs and pressed the clear suction cup firmly over Cassie’s clit, sealing it tight. She clicked the device on to its lowest setting. The gentle, rhythmic vacuum tugged at her sensitive nub immediately, a constant, teasing pull that kept her right on the edge without ever letting her tip over. Cassie’s breath hitched sharply, her small breasts quivering as the low-level edging began.

Rachel stroked her cheek. “You’re going to stay right here for the next three hours, freshie. Anyone who wants to use your mouth for stress relief can sit on your face. You thank them when they’re done, you swallow every drop of their honey or juice, and you keep the suction tool on low the entire time. No coming. Just service.”

Cassie whimpered softly, tears already pricking the corners of her hazel eyes. The suction pulsed steadily against her clit, the denial after so many lunch services and the new dampener training making her body ache with desperate need.

The first student approached almost immediately — a stressed-looking junior with dark circles under her eyes and a heavy backpack. She hesitated for a second, then straddled Cassie’s face, lowering herself until her warm, already-wet pussy pressed against Cassie’s mouth.

“Thank you,” the girl whispered, voice shaky. “I have three exams tomorrow. I just… need this.”

Cassie’s tongue slid out instantly, licking long, reverent strokes from the bottom of the girl’s folds up over her clit. The suction tool continued its gentle, relentless

tug on her own clit, keeping her right on the brink while she serviced the stranger. The junior rocked slowly against her face, soft moans escaping as Cassie licked and sucked with focused hunger, gathering every drop of warm honey and swallowing it down.

When the girl finally came with a quiet shudder, flooding Cassie's mouth, she stayed seated for a moment, catching her breath.

"Thank you," she whispered again, stroking Cassie's hair. "You're amazing."

Cassie's voice was hoarse but obedient. "Thank you for using me."

The junior stood, legs shaky, and walked away. Another student was already waiting in line.

The afternoon stretched on. One by one, stressed upperclasswomen approached the low table. Some were shy, whispering thanks before straddling Cassie's face. Others were bolder, lowering themselves with a sigh of relief and rocking against her tongue while they continued scrolling through notes on their phones.

A curvy redhead with a laptop balanced on her thighs settled onto Cassie's face and moaned softly as Cassie's tongue found her clit. "Oh god… this is exactly what I needed. I've been studying for six hours straight." She rocked slowly, grinding against Cassie's mouth while the suction tool kept tugging relentlessly at Cassie's own clit. "You're so good at this… thank you."

When she came, she flooded Cassie's mouth with warm honey. Cassie swallowed every drop, tears slipping down her temples as the constant edging pushed her closer and closer to the brink without release.

"Thank you for using me," Cassie whispered when the redhead finally stood.

A tall athletic senior was next. She straddled Cassie's face backward, facing the room, and lowered herself with a groan. "I have a game tomorrow. My coach would kill me if he knew I was this tense." She rocked harder, using Cassie's tongue with confident rolls of her hips. "Fuck… your mouth is perfect. Don't stop."

Cassie licked and sucked, her own body trembling, the suction tool pulsing against her swollen clit in a cruel, endless tease. The senior came with a low growl, flooding Cassie's mouth.

"Thank you for using me," Cassie gasped when the girl stood, her voice cracking with desperate need.

One student — a quiet brunette with glasses — paused as she scooped a little extra honey onto her fingers before tasting it. "This is so much sweeter than it was last week. Did they change the source?"

Rachel, sitting nearby with a proud smile, answered for her. “It’s the same scholarship girl. She had another lunchtime condiment service yesterday. The honey tastes better when she’s been edged all morning, doesn’t it?”

The brunette nodded, eyes wide with fascination. “It really does. Thank you, Cassie.”

Cassie could only whimper in response, her face shiny with the honey of more than a dozen girls, her clit throbbing painfully under the constant low suction, tears of overwhelming need and humiliation running down her flushed cheeks.

By the time the afternoon study hours ended and the lounge began to empty, Cassie was a trembling, tear-streaked mess. Her small breasts heaved with every shaky breath, her pale pink nipples dark and tight, her inner thighs shiny with her own arousal. The suction tool had kept her right on the brink for three full hours without ever letting her tip over. Her voice was hoarse from thanking every user, her mind foggy with desperate, denied need.

Rachel, Mia, and Lauren helped her sit up, their hands gentle now as they wiped her face and stroked her hair.

“You did so well, freshie,” Rachel murmured, kissing her forehead. “Every single girl left here calmer because of you. We’re so proud.”

Mia brushed a tear from Cassie’s cheek. “You swallowed every drop like a good

honeyfarmer. No coming the whole time. The doctors would be impressed.”

Lauren helped her stand on shaky legs and slipped the sundress back over her head. “Let’s get you home. You still have to thank us properly tonight for letting you help so many people.”

Cassie could only nod, legs trembling, body still desperately edged and aching as the roommates escorted her out of the study lounge and back toward Hawthorne Hall. The campus paths felt longer than ever, every step reminding her of the constant, merciless denial that had become her new reality.

Chapter 26

The main lawn of Willowbrook Women’s College was the heart of campus life on a sunny weekday afternoon — a wide, open expanse of perfectly manicured grass where students lounged on blankets, walked between classes, or sat under the willow trees studying. Today, the roommates had chosen it for something far more personal.

Rachel, Mia, and Lauren walked Cassie straight to the center of the lawn. Cassie was wearing the thin yellow sundress Rachel had bought with her scholarship card, but today was one of the “forgot to get dressed” days. Under the dress she was completely naked. The fabric brushed her bare thighs and the sensitive skin

of her small breasts with every step, her pale pink nipples visibly tight against the material.

The new permanent edging station had been installed overnight. A low, padded kneeling platform was bolted to the grass in the very center of the lawn, with no privacy screen, no curtain, no barrier at all. A small plaque beside it read "SCHOLARSHIP WELLNESS

EDGING STATION – OPEN USE."

Rachel stopped and turned to Cassie with a soft, proud smile. "This is your new station, freshie. It's permanent now. No more tucked-away bench. You kneel here in the center of the lawn and run all six levels while the whole campus walks by. No screen. No privacy. Everyone can see."

Cassie's breath caught, her face flushing bright pink. She looked around — dozens of students were already slowing down, eyes widening as they noticed the naked girl being led to the platform.

Mia took the hem of Cassie's sundress and lifted it over her head in one smooth motion, leaving her completely nude in the open center of the main lawn. Cassie's small perky breasts were flushed, pale pink nipples dark and tight in the open air. Her long athletic thighs trembled as she knelt on the padded platform, knees spread wide on the grass, back straight, hands behind her back.

Rachel knelt in front of her and pressed the clear suction cup over Cassie's already swollen clit, sealing it tight. "All six levels, ten minutes each. No coming. The whole campus is going to watch you edge today."

The first level clicked on. The gentle vacuum tugged at her clit, pulling the sensitive nub deeper into the cup. Cassie's breath hitched sharply, her small breasts rising and falling rapidly. A small group of five or six students stopped nearby, watching openly.

Rachel smiled at them. "This is our scholarship girl performing her daily wellness edging. The station is permanent now. She runs all six levels right here in the open so everyone can see how dedicated she is to the program."

One of the students, a curvy junior, asked, "Does she come at the end?"

Rachel shook her head. "Not today. She's in a long denial cycle. The doctors want to see how long she can hold it in public. She's doing beautifully, isn't she?"

The suction clicked to level two. The tug grew stronger, faster. Cassie's hips rocked helplessly, a soft whimper escaping her lips. Her firm rounded bottom lifted slightly off the grass with every involuntary movement. More students gathered, forming a small semicircle around the platform, watching in fascinated silence.

Mia knelt beside Cassie and brushed a strand of auburn hair from her flushed face. “Look at all the people watching you, freshie. They can see how wet you are. They can see how hard you’re trying not to come.”

Level three. Level four. The suction became aggressive, pulsing hard around Cassie’s throbbing clit. Cassie’s small breasts heaved, pale pink nipples dark and aching in the open air. Tears pricked the corners of her hazel eyes as the relentless edging pushed her right to the brink. The crowd had grown to nearly twenty students, all standing in a loose circle, some whispering, some taking discreet photos.

Lauren stood beside the platform, voice calm and proud as she addressed the onlookers. “This is part of the scholarship wellness program. Cassie edges here every day now. The station is open to the whole campus. She’s not allowed to come until we say so. It helps with her data collection.”

A tall senior in a Willowbrook polo stepped closer. “Can we ask her questions while she’s edging?”

Rachel nodded. “Of course. She can answer between levels if she’s able to speak.”

The suction clicked to level five. The vacuum turned relentless, the rhythmic pulls dragging Cassie right to the edge within seconds. Her hips bucked helplessly, a broken whimper escaping her lips as the intense stimulation pushed her right to the very brink of orgasm. The crowd watched in rapt silence, some students leaning in closer to see the way her clit swelled inside the clear cup and how her inner thighs glistened with arousal.

A quiet sophomore girl asked, “How long has she been doing this in the open?”

Rachel answered proudly. “Today is the first day the station is permanent in the center of the lawn. She’ll be here every day from now on, fully visible to everyone.”

The suction clicked to level six. The vacuum became merciless, pulsing hard and fast around Cassie’s throbbing clit. Cassie’s back arched, her small breasts quivering, tears slipping down her flushed cheeks as the relentless edging pushed her right to the very brink of orgasm again and again. The crowd had grown to nearly thirty students, all standing in a loose circle, watching in fascinated silence as the scholarship girl knelt naked in the center of the main lawn, body trembling, hips rocking helplessly while the suction tool worked her clit without mercy.

Mia knelt beside her and whispered against her ear, “Look at all the people watching you, freshie. They can see how desperate you are. They can see how close you are. But you’re not allowed to come. Not here. Not yet.”

Cassie sobbed softly, the sound carrying across the grass. Her clit was swollen and throbbing painfully inside the clear cup, her inner thighs shiny with her own arousal. The constant public stimulation, the eyes on her naked body, the knowledge that this was now her permanent daily station — it was the most intense, humiliating edging she had ever endured.

When the final level finally ended and the suction cup was eased free, Cassie collapsed forward onto her hands, panting, body shaking, tears running down her face. The crowd clapped lightly, as if applauding a particularly interesting campus demonstration, then slowly dispersed.

Rachel helped her stand on shaky legs and slipped the sundress back over her head. “You did so well, freshie. Everyone saw how beautifully you held it for them. Now let’s get you back to the room. Tonight you’re going to nurse extra long while we read the report together.”

Cassie could only whimper softly as the roommates escorted her back across the lawn, her legs still shaky, the memory of every eye on her burning pleasantly on her skin, the ache between her legs worse than ever.

Mia leaned in and whispered against her ear, “And tomorrow morning you stay naked until you’ve dressed every single one of us. If you’re very good, we might let you taste us again before breakfast.”

The hallway felt longer on the way back to Hawthorne Hall, Cassie’s legs still shaky, the sundress clinging to her damp skin. The three roommates walked close on either side, their occasional loving threats whispered just loud enough for her to hear, each one sending another fresh spark through her exhausted but already-hungry body.

Interlude – The Night After the Second Monthly Check-Up

Cassie lay curled on her side in the center of the big shared bed, the room lit only by the soft glow of the string lights. Her lips were latched gently but firmly around Rachel’s right nipple, suckling in slow, rhythmic pulls that made the senior’s breathing deepen with every tug. The taste of warm skin and the faint sweetness of the day still lingered on Cassie’s tongue as she nursed, her small perky breasts pressed softly against Rachel’s side, one pale pink nipple brushing the senior’s ribs with each slow breath she took.

Rachel held the thick manila folder from the health center in one hand, the other resting possessively in Cassie’s auburn hair, fingers stroking slowly as she opened the report.

“Listen to this, sweet girl,” Rachel murmured, voice low and warm against the quiet room. “This is what the doctors wrote about you after today’s check-up. I think you’re going to like hearing it.”

She began to read aloud, her tone calm, almost reverent, as if sharing something sacred.

Willowbrook Women’s College Health Center

Monthly Wellness Assessment – Cassie Harper, Scholarship Program

Clitoral and Oral Service Responsiveness

The patient exhibits extreme clitoral sensitivity and rapid engorgement under the graduated suction tool. Lubrication production is copious and continuous, even during extended edging. Most notably, the patient’s psychological profile shows a strong, instinctive drive toward oral service. When sexual climax is blocked, the subject’s desperation is almost immediately redirected into an equally powerful, tearful need to perform cunnilingus and honeyfarm. This redirection is exceptionally clean and stable.

Rachel paused, nodding slowly, as if agreeing with a profound scientific truth. “See? The science says your body already knows what it’s for. It wants to serve. It wants to honeyfarm.”

Mia slid closer on Cassie’s other side, resting her chin on Cassie’s shoulder, watching her suckle. “Keep reading, Rachel. I want to hear the part about how perfect she is for us.”

Rachel turned the page and continued, her fingers still stroking Cassie’s hair.

Recommendation for Long-Term Conditioning

The patient is an ideal candidate for extended oral service protocols. Her body responds with heightened eagerness when denied orgasm and given a clear service directive. Daily honeyfarming — on demand, without question, whenever her roommates require — will reinforce neural pathways for obedience and contentment. The pleasure-dampener

technology further enhances this by replacing any residual climax urge with an intensified drive to serve orally. The patient’s small breasts, sensitive nipples, and highly responsive clitoris make her exceptionally suited for constant, on-demand service to her assigned upperclass roommates.

Rachel nodded again, slowly, deliberately. “The doctors are right. Your body is made for this, Cassie. Made to serve us whenever we want. Made to drop to your knees and honeyfarm the second one of us needs it.”

Mia’s hand slid down to cup one of Cassie’s small breasts, thumb brushing the tight nipple. “You hear that? The report says you’re perfect for us. You’re going to be so much happier when you just… serve on demand. No thinking. No hesitation. Just your mouth, whenever we say.”

Lauren leaned in from the other side, her voice soft and validating. “It’s all in the data, Cassie. Your body already knows. You get wetter, you tremble more, you suck harder when you’re thinking about honeyfarming for us. The science says it’s the healthiest thing for you.”

Rachel turned another page, her nipple still held gently between Cassie’s lips.

Conclusion and Ongoing Protocol

Cassie Harper continues to be an ideal subject. Her rapid adaptation to oral service directives, combined with the pleasure-dampener’s ability to redirect sexual energy into service-oriented behavior, makes her uniquely suited for full-time, on-demand honeyfarming for her roommates. We recommend immediate implementation of a standing rule: the patient must offer oral service the moment any roommate expresses a need, without question or delay. This will optimize both her emotional well-being and the quality of data collected.

Rachel lowered the folder slightly and looked down at Cassie, whose suckling had grown deeper, more fervent, her small body trembling against her.

“Do you hear that, baby?” Rachel whispered, stroking her hair. “The doctors say you’ll be happiest when you serve us on demand. When you drop to your knees the second one of us wants your mouth. That’s what your body is for now.”

Mia nodded, her voice warm and encouraging. “Say it, Cassie. Tell us you agree with the report. Tell us you want to honeyfarm for us whenever we say.”

Cassie’s eyes were glassy, tears slipping down her flushed cheeks as she continued suckling. Her voice came out muffled and desperate around Rachel’s nipple.

“I… I agree,” she whimpered, the words broken by her suckling. “I want to honeyfarm for you… whenever you say… please…”

Lauren smiled, brushing a tear from Cassie’s cheek. “Good girl. Say it again. Tell us you understand that your job is to serve us on demand. No hesitation. No questions. Just your mouth, ready for us.”

Cassie sobbed softly, suckling harder, her small body trembling with the overwhelming need the dampener and the report had planted in her mind.

“I understand,” she whispered around the nipple, voice thick with tears and desperate obedience. “My job is to serve you on demand… to honeyfarm whenever you want… I agree with the report… I want to be good for you…”

Rachel nodded slowly, stroking her hair with deep satisfaction. “That’s our perfect girl. The science doesn’t lie. You’re going to be so much happier now that you know what you’re for.”

Mia and Lauren murmured their agreement, their hands gently stroking Cassie’s back and breasts while she continued nursing, the report’s words sinking deeper into her mind with every suckle, every tear, every desperate whimper.

The three roommates exchanged soft, knowing smiles above her head, their voices low and loving as they reinforced the new truth the doctors had given them.

“You’re ours to use now, Cassie,” Rachel whispered. “Whenever we want. Whenever we say. And you’re going to love every second of it.”

Cassie could only sob softly around Rachel’s nipple, her body trembling with the most intense, tearful, obedient need she had ever felt — and the quiet, thrilling knowledge that her roommates now held the perfect tool to keep her exactly like this forever.

Chapter 28

The kitchen was quieter now, the clatter of lunch service finally dying down as the last trays were cleared and the serving line emptied. Cassie stood on shaky legs beside the condiment table, her body still trembling from the long, merciless public edging she had just endured. This was her thirty-second lunch service as the living honey station. She had lost count somewhere after twenty-five, but the ache between her legs never let her forget. Her clit was swollen and throbbing painfully, her inner thighs shiny with the constant flow of her own arousal and the fresh honey that had been scooped from her again and again by hundreds of students and faculty.

The roommates had stripped her completely naked in the kitchen before wheeling her out, as they always did now. The sundress had been set aside during service and was now being slipped back over her head by Lauren’s gentle hands. The thin yellow fabric settled against her damp skin, clinging in places where her arousal had soaked through, but at least it offered a fragile layer of modesty as she stood there, flushed and exhausted, in the middle of the bustling kitchen.

Leona Nguyen, the head of kitchen services, caught the roommates as they were helping Cassie adjust the dress. Leona looked frazzled, her chef’s coat slightly askew, clipboard clutched tightly in her hands.

“Girls, I need to talk to you for a second,” Leona said, pulling Rachel, Mia, and Lauren aside while Cassie stood trembling beside the table, still trying to catch her breath. “There’s been a paperwork error and a bit of a misunderstanding with the state compliance forms. Cassie is officially listed as the ‘HONEY’ condiment in the system. That means she has to be properly ‘stored’ overnight in the pantry until the state inspector comes by in the morning to sample freshness. It’s a requirement for all condiments on the premises. I’m so sorry — I didn’t

catch it until now."

Rachel's eyebrows rose slightly, but her expression remained calm, almost intrigued. "Stored? In the pantry?"

Leona nodded, glancing at Cassie with a mix of apology and lingering professional interest. "Yes. She has to be stripped of all 'false labeling' — that means the sundress has to come off — and secured on a low shelf among the other condiments until the inspector arrives. It's just for the night. The inspector will sample everything in the morning, including her honey, to verify freshness. Then she's all yours again."

Mia's eyes sparkled with quiet fascination. "And then we can take her back?"

"Exactly," Leona said. "Once the inspector signs off, she's all yours again."

Lauren's hand rested on Cassie's bare shoulder, thumb stroking softly. "What do you think, freshie? Do you want to help the kitchen by being properly stored tonight? It would mean a lot to Leona and the whole staff."

Cassie's voice was small and trembling, her body still desperately edged from the long lunch service. "I… I want to help."

Leona looked relieved. "Thank you. Let's get you prepped."

The roommates helped Cassie back onto the condiment table one last time for the short trip to the pantry. They lifted the sundress over her head again, stripping her of all "false labeling," leaving her completely naked in the middle of the kitchen. Leona and two kitchen assistants quickly secured her ankles in soft restraints, spreading her legs wide, and leaned her back against a padded support on the low shelf. They fastened a strap across her waist so she couldn't close her thighs or shift away. Cassie's small breasts heaved, pale pink nipples tight and dark in the cool air of the pantry. Her clit was swollen and glistening, visibly throbbing.

The pantry was a large, walk-in room lined with metal shelves. They placed Cassie on a low shelf at eye level, her spread legs facing outward, her body surrounded by jars of relish, industrial-sized dispensers of mayonnaise, mustard, and ketchup. The cool air of the pantry brushed against her exposed skin, making her shiver. The humiliating proximity of the other condiments — the jars and bottles lined up neatly beside and below her — made her feel like just another item on the shelf, no different from the mustard or the relish.

Leona stepped back to admire the setup. "Perfect. She'll stay here overnight. The inspector will be here first thing in the morning to sample freshness. I'll lock the door behind you. Thank you again for helping out."

The roommates each kissed Cassie on the forehead before they left.

Rachel whispered, “Be a good condiment, freshie. We’ll come get you in the morning.”

Mia added softly, “Think about how many people you helped today. This is just part of being useful.”

Lauren’s voice was the last. “Sleep well. We’ll see you tomorrow.”

The pantry door clicked shut, the lock turning with a heavy finality. The lights dimmed to a low night setting, leaving Cassie alone in the cool, quiet space, naked and secured on the low shelf among the other condiments.

The night stretched long and humiliating. The cool air of the pantry kept her skin pebbled, her nipples tight, her clit throbbing painfully. The jars of relish and the large dispensers of mayonnaise, mustard, and ketchup surrounded her like silent witnesses. Every time she shifted, the restraints reminded her of her position — legs spread wide, pussy exposed, body on display like any other condiment on the shelf. The constant, low-level arousal from the day’s lunch service never faded. She was right on the edge, but there was no release, no touch, only the cool air and the psychological weight of being stored like an object.

She whimpered softly in the quiet pantry, tears slipping down her cheeks as the hours passed. The need to honeyfarm — planted by the dampener earlier in the month — mixed with the desperate sexual ache, leaving her a trembling, tearful mess. She thought about her roommates, about how they would come get her in the morning, about how they would use her again. The thought only made her wetter, her honey slowly dripping down her inner thighs onto the shelf beneath her.

The night felt endless. Cassie drifted in and out of a restless sleep, waking every so often to the cool air on her exposed body and the humiliating realization that she was literally stored among the condiments. Her clit throbbed constantly, the denial after the long lunch service and the cool pantry air keeping her right on the edge without relief.

In the morning, the pantry door opened. A female state inspector in her forties, professional in a white lab coat and clipboard, stepped in with Leona. The inspector’s eyes widened slightly when she saw Cassie secured naked on the low shelf, but she recovered quickly, professional as ever.

Leona explained, “This is our honey condiment. She’s been stored overnight as per the compliance forms.”

The inspector nodded and stepped closer. “I need to sample freshness of all condiments.”

She started with the jars of relish, then the large dispensers of mayonnaise, mustard, and ketchup. Finally, she turned to Cassie. The inspector’s gloved

fingers gently parted Cassie’s swollen folds, then she leaned in and took a slow, clinical taste directly from her clit and entrance. The inspector’s tongue was professional but thorough, licking slowly to assess flavor, consistency, and freshness. Cassie whimpered, her body trembling, the clinical sampling pushing her right back to the brink of orgasm.

The inspector straightened, making a note on her clipboard. “Excellent freshness. Very high quality honey. The sample is approved.”

Leona looked relieved. “Thank you. The roommates are here to retrieve her now.”

Rachel, Mia, and Lauren stepped into the pantry, their eyes lighting up at the sight of Cassie still secured naked on the shelf, her body flushed and trembling, tears of desperate need on her cheeks.

Rachel smiled at Leona. “Paperwork all straightened out?”

Leona nodded. “All clear. She’s all yours again.”

The roommates helped Cassie off the shelf, her legs so weak they had to support her. They didn’t offer her the sundress — it had been left behind earlier — so Cassie was still completely naked as they escorted her out of the kitchen and back across campus toward Hawthorne Hall.

Cassie walked between them, naked in the morning light, students occasionally glancing over as they passed. Her cheeks burned, tears of need still running down her flushed face, but she didn’t try to cover herself. She simply walked, legs shaky, body begging for the release her roommates controlled.

Rachel leaned in and whispered against her ear, “You were such a good condiment, freshie. We’re so proud of you.”

Mia’s hand brushed her bare bottom. “And tomorrow we do it all over again.”

Lauren’s voice was soft and loving. “Let’s get you back to the room. You still have to thank us properly for letting you help the kitchen today.”

Cassie could only whimper softly, her body shaking with the most intense, prolonged edging and humiliation she had ever endured, as the roommates led her back to Hawthorne Hall, still completely naked and desperately needy.

Chapter 29

Cassie’s bare feet felt cold against the tile as she stepped into the teaching theater. The thin yellow sundress she had worn on the walk over was already gone — Rachel had slipped it off her shoulders the moment they entered the room, folding it neatly and setting it aside on a chair by the door. Cassie stood completely nude under the bright overhead lights, her petite 5'2" frame flushed and trembling. Her small perky breasts rose and fell rapidly, pale pink nipples

already tight and dark. The tiny heart-shaped birthmark on her lower abdomen stood out against her fair skin, and between her spread legs her clit was visibly swollen, glistening with the constant low-level arousal that had become her new normal after a full month of daily edging and public service.

Dr. Ellis stood at the front of the room with a quiet, electric thrill in her eyes. This was her favorite part of the scholarship program — the third monthly review, when the subject's body had truly begun to unfold and reveal its full potential. The teaching theater was arranged exactly as she liked it: tiered seating for the residents, bright overhead lights focused on the wide reclined chair, soft leather cuffs ready at the ankles and wrists, and the large one-way mirror at the back where senior staff and visiting physicians could observe without distracting the patient.

"Welcome back, Cassie," Dr. Ellis said, her voice warm but authoritative. "This is your third monthly review. Today we're going to focus almost entirely on clitoral endurance and multi- point stimulation. Your roommates can sit right beside you the entire time."

Rachel, Mia, and Lauren took their places on either side of the chair, each resting a reassuring hand on one of Cassie's small breasts, thumbs idly brushing the sensitive nipples. Rachel's fingers gently combed through Cassie's auburn hair at the head of the chair.

Cassie's heart hammered as six young women in white coats filed in and took seats in the front row. They were a fresh cohort of advanced residents completing the final module of Dr. Ellis's highly selective certificate program in Applied Sexual Physiology and Endurance Training.

Dr. Ellis addressed them with calm authority. "Today we are mapping and training clitoral endurance using the latest techniques. Each of you will use a different combination of tools and patterns. The goal is to push sensitivity thresholds, observe real-time responses, and keep her right on the edge without allowing orgasm. Cassie is an ideal subject — highly responsive after one full month in the program. We will use the pleasure-dampener technology only if needed. Let's begin."

The first resident, Dr. Carter, stepped up to the platform and gloved up. She selected a set of micro-vibration pads and a temperature-controlled glass probe. She adhered the pads to the sides of Cassie's clit hood and slid the warmed probe slowly inside, curling it against the front wall. The pads began their irregular, teasing buzz while the probe delivered gentle heat. Cassie's breath hitched sharply, her small breasts quivering under the roommates' hands.

Harper worked with focused precision, varying the temperature and the vibration patterns in unpredictable sequences. Cassie's hips jerked involuntarily,

a soft whimper escaping her lips as the dual sensation pushed her right to the edge within minutes. The irregular pulsing kept resetting her, never letting the rhythm settle into anything she could anticipate.

The second resident, Dr. Kim, took over. She chose a soft silicone brush and a variable- suction cup with micro-pulses. She brushed the exposed glans of Cassie's clit in slow, feather-light strokes while the suction cup tugged in unpredictable rhythms. Cassie's hips jerked involuntarily, a soft whimper escaping her lips as the dual sensation pushed her right to the edge within minutes. Kim alternated the brush with light pinching of the labia, keeping Cassie teetering on the brink while the suction pulsed in short, cruel bursts.

The third resident, Dr. Patel, introduced electro-stimulation. She placed tiny adhesive pads on Cassie's clit hood, the sides of her labia, and her nipples. The low-level current hummed to life in gentle waves, causing Cassie's entire pelvic region to flutter and contract. Cassie's back arched off the chair, a broken whimper escaping her throat as the electrical teasing combined with the previous stimulation pushed her even closer to the brink. Patel varied the intensity and location, watching with wide eyes as Cassie's body responded with visible contractions and fresh slickness dripping down her inner thighs.

The fourth resident, Dr. Moreau, combined temperature play with micro-brushing. She used a cooled metal probe on Cassie's clit while simultaneously brushing the sensitive glans with a soft, vibrating brush. The contrast — icy cold and feather-light vibration — made Cassie gasp and shudder, her small breasts heaving, pale pink nipples dark and aching. Moreau lingered, fascinated by the way Cassie's body fought to stay in control, her hips rocking helplessly against the restraints.

Dr. Ellis turned to the roommates. "The psychological component is crucial. Could each of you assist with verbal conditioning? Help reinforce her place and her purpose while we stimulate her."

Rachel leaned close to Cassie's ear, voice low and intimate. "You're doing so well, freshie. Everyone can see how wet you are. Everyone can see how badly you want to come. But you don't get to. Not yet. Not until we say so. Your body belongs to the program now. Your clit is for edging. Your mouth is for honeyfarming. Your orgasms are for the auditorium when we decide it's time."

Mia's fingers brushed Cassie's nipple in slow circles. "That's right. Your body belongs to the program now. Your clit is for edging. Your mouth is for honeyfarming. Your orgasms are for the auditorium when we decide it's time."

Lauren's hand stroked Cassie's inner thigh. "Feel how close you are? Feel how much you're leaking? That's perfect. That's exactly what we want. Keep holding it for us. Be our good girl and stay right on the edge."

The fifth resident — the second-to-last — stepped forward with steady hands. She applied the suction cup at maximum, slid the warmed probe back inside, activated the electro-pads on the clit and nipples, and used the soft brush on the exposed glans. The overwhelming combination pushed Cassie right to the brink again and again, the irregular pulsing and multi- zone stimulation keeping her teetering without letting her fall.

The final resident, Dr. Reyes, took the last turn. She synchronized everything — suction at maximum, probe inside, electro-pads humming, brush on the glans, and light pinching of the nipples. Cassie's body shook violently in the restraints, tears slipping from the corners of her hazel eyes as the relentless, multi-sensory edging pushed her to the absolute limit without release.

Dr. Ellis finally stepped forward and removed all the instruments. Cassie lay limp on the chair, chest heaving, body twitching with aftershocks, her small breasts flushed dark pink, her inner thighs shiny with her own arousal, her clit visibly swollen and pulsing. She could barely move, her legs trembling uncontrollably in the stirrups.

The roommates were right there beside her the entire time. Rachel held her hand tightly, whispering encouragement. "You did so well, freshie. Everyone saw how beautifully you held it for them."

Mia stroked her hair, voice soft and proud. "You never came once. The doctors are going to love this report."

Lauren squeezed her other hand. "You're such a good girl. We're so proud of you."

Dr. Ellis peeled off her gloves. "Excellent progress. With the new techniques and consistent use of the pleasure dampener between sessions, we can realistically keep her in extended denial periods for months at a time. We'll see you again next month."

The roommates helped Cassie sit up, her legs so weak they had to support her as she slid off the chair. They slipped the sundress back over her head, the fabric clinging to her sweat-damp skin. Cassie could barely walk as they guided her out of the teaching theater and down the hallway, her body still twitching with aftershocks, her mind foggy with the overwhelming pleasure and the knowledge that the entire room had watched her teeter on the brink for so long without release.

Rachel kissed her damp forehead as they stepped outside into the afternoon sun. "You did so well, freshie. Now let's get you back to the room. Tonight you're going to nurse extra long while we read the report together."

Cassie could only whimper softly, legs still shaky, the memory of the long, merciless edging burning pleasantly on her skin as the roommates escorted her back to Hawthorne Hall, their hands gentle but possessive on her trembling body.

Chapter 30

The final week before the quarterly auditorium demonstration felt like a tightening noose around Cassie’s throat.

Every morning began the same way: she woke naked, already nursing whichever roommate’s breast was closest, the pleasure-dampener patch still on her temple humming faintly. The roommates no longer asked if she wanted to stay nude after the shower — they simply expected it. Cassie would crawl from the bed to the closet, choose each outfit with trembling fingers, and dress them one by one while they stood in a loose circle around her, commenting softly on how pretty she looked on her knees, how wet she already was, how desperate her eyes had become.

By the time she finally slipped her own sundress over her head, she was already dripping down her thighs.

The public edging stations had become part of the daily rhythm. The central quad station was now a permanent fixture — a low padded platform in the middle of the lawn with no screen, no curtain, no mercy. Every afternoon Cassie knelt there in whatever state the roommates decided: sometimes the sundress pulled up around her waist, sometimes completely naked on the “forgot to get dressed” days. The suction cup was sealed over her clit and the wand slid inside her, and she ran all six levels while students walked past, some pausing to watch, some taking photos, some simply continuing on their way as if a naked girl edging in the center of the quad was just another campus sight.

The library oral comfort shifts were even more relentless. Cassie spent two hours each day on the low padded table in the main study lounge, legs spread, suction tool locked on low, while stressed students lined up to sit on her face. She licked and sucked until they came, swallowed every drop of honey or juice, thanked them, and waited for the next one. The roommates sat nearby, supervising, occasionally pressing the dampener button when Cassie’s own need threatened to overwhelm her.

At night the real torment began.

The roommates had taken the new medical techniques from the check-up and turned them into a nightly ritual. They would lay Cassie on her back in the center of the big shared bed, knees drawn up and apart, and use the full arsenal: the suction cup at maximum, the warmed probe curling inside her, the micro-vibration pads on her clit hood and nipples, the soft brush on the exposed

glans, the low-level electro-pads fluttering against her labia. They combined everything in irregular, unpredictable patterns, never letting her settle into any rhythm, never letting her tip over the edge.

While they edged her, they made her honeyfarm.

One roommate would straddle her face, lowering herself until Cassie's mouth was pressed flush against warm, slick folds. Cassie licked and sucked with desperate hunger while the tools worked her body, her small breasts heaving, tears slipping down her temples as the constant, merciless stimulation pushed her right to the brink again and again. The roommates took turns, rotating above her, whispering encouragement and loving threats while the new techniques kept her teetering on the edge without release.

"You're doing so well, freshie," Rachel would murmur, fingers in Cassie's hair. "The scholarship committee is going to watch you in the auditorium next week. They're going to see exactly how well you've been trained. They're going to see how beautifully you hold it for us."

Mia would pinch her nipple lightly while Cassie licked her. "If you come before the auditorium, we'll add another month of denial. You don't want that, do you? You want to come on stage in front of everyone, don't you?"

Lauren would stroke her inner thigh while Cassie serviced her. "Your funding depends on how spectacularly you perform. So you're going to hold it for us all week. You're going to stay right here on the edge, dripping and desperate, until we tell you it's time."

Cassie sobbed into their pussies, the words sinking deeper into her mind with every lick, every pulse of the tools, every denied orgasm. She was a nervous, dripping, constantly edged mess by the middle of the week. Her clit was swollen and hypersensitive, her nipples dark and aching, her body trembling at the slightest touch. She woke up soaked every morning, fell asleep nursing every night, and spent every waking hour either edging in public or honeyfarming in private.

The scholarship pressure was now constant and heavy. The roommates reminded her of it constantly — during the quad station, during the library shifts, during the long nights on the bed.

"The committee will be in the front row," Rachel would whisper while Cassie licked her. "They'll be watching every twitch, every whimper. Your funding depends on how perfectly you perform for them."

Mia would press the dampener button when Cassie got too close. "If you come before the auditorium, we'll tell them you're not ready. You don't want to lose your scholarship, do you?"

Lauren would stroke her hair while Cassie sobbed into her pussy. “You’re going to be so beautiful on that stage. Naked, edged for an hour, coming in front of hundreds of people. That’s what the committee wants to see. That’s what we want to see.”

By the end of the week Cassie was barely coherent. She walked around campus in a constant haze of desperate need, her sundress clinging to her damp skin, her eyes glassy, her body trembling at the slightest breeze. She dropped to her knees the moment any roommate expressed even the slightest hint of need, licking and sucking with frantic devotion while the pleasure-dampener kept her sexual desperation redirected into an overwhelming drive to serve.

The night before the auditorium demonstration, the roommates laid her on the big shared bed and edged her one last time with every technique they had learned. They used the suction cup, the probe, the micro-vibration pads, the brush, the electro-pads — everything at once, in irregular, unpredictable patterns. While they edged her they made her honeyfarm, rotating above her face, whispering the same words over and over.

“The committee will be watching.”

“Your funding depends on how spectacularly you perform.”

“You’re going to come so hard on that stage, freshie.”

“But not until we say so.”

Cassie sobbed into their pussies, tears streaming down her face, her body shaking with the most intense, prolonged edging she had ever endured. She was a nervous, dripping, constantly edged mess — exactly what the roommates wanted her to be the night before the biggest performance of her life.

When they finally let her rest, Cassie curled between them, lips brushing the nearest nipple in one last unconscious suckle, her body still trembling with the slow, relentless build of a week that had been designed to break her in the most beautiful way possible.

Tomorrow she would stand on the brightly lit stage in front of hundreds of people.

Tomorrow the scholarship committee would decide her future.

Tomorrow she would finally be allowed to come.

Chapter 31

The dorm room was quiet when they returned that evening, the string lights already dimmed to a soft golden glow. Cassie’s legs were still shaky from the long final prep session in the empty auditorium, her body humming with the memory of every tool and every whispered reminder the roommates had given

her. The sundress clung to her damp skin as she stepped inside, the thin fabric doing nothing to hide how her small breasts rose and fell with every nervous breath or how her inner thighs glistened from the constant, merciless edging she had endured all day.

Rachel closed the door behind them with a soft click. “No more practice tonight,” she said gently. “Tonight is just for us.”

Mia and Lauren guided Cassie to the center of the big shared bed they had pushed together weeks ago. They helped her out of the sundress, folding it neatly and setting it aside. Cassie stood naked for a moment, trembling, before they pulled her down onto the mattress.

“Lie back, freshie,” Lauren whispered, arranging the pillows so Cassie could rest her head comfortably. “You don’t have to do anything except nurse us tonight.”

Cassie curled onto her side in the middle of the wide bed. Rachel lay down in front of her, offering her right breast. Cassie latched on without hesitation, lips closing around the stiff nipple and beginning the slow, soothing suckle that had become her nightly anchor. Mia settled behind her, pressing her own breast against Cassie’s back so the petite girl could turn her head and nurse from her as well. Lauren took the last spot, guiding Cassie’s free hand to her breast so she could nurse from all three of them at once, her mouth moving from one nipple to the next in a gentle, continuous rhythm.

The room fell into a soft, intimate hush. The only sounds were the quiet, wet suckling of Cassie’s mouth and the slow, steady breathing of the three upperclass girls surrounding her.

Rachel stroked Cassie’s auburn hair with slow, loving strokes. “You’ve come so far in over three months,” she murmured. “From that shy, innocent girl who blushed at her first exam to the perfect honeyfarmer who edges in the middle of the quad and services half the campus without hesitation. Tomorrow is your big moment. You’re going to stand on that stage completely naked and let everyone see what you’ve become.”

Mia kissed the top of Cassie’s head. “Hundreds of people are going to watch you tomorrow, freshie. Hundreds of eyes on your naked body while we edge you for a full hour in front of everyone. And then, when they finally give the signal… you’re going to come so hard for them. You’re going to show them exactly why you deserve to keep your scholarship.”

Lauren leaned in closer, her voice soft and warm against Cassie’s ear. “Your funding is on the line tomorrow. The entire scholarship committee will be watching every twitch, every whimper, every tear. But we know you’re going to make us proud. You’re going to be the most beautiful, most obedient, most desperate girl they’ve ever seen on that stage.”

Cassie whimpered softly around Rachel's nipple, the words sinking deep into her mind. Her small body trembled between them, the constant denial of the past three months making every suckle feel heavier, every whispered reminder more intense. She switched from Rachel's breast to Mia's, then to Lauren's, nursing each of them in turn while their hands stroked her hair, her back, her hips — gentle, loving touches that contrasted with the heavy pressure of tomorrow's performance.

Rachel continued stroking her hair, voice low and soothing. "We're so proud of you, Cassie. You've come so far in over three months. Tomorrow is going to be the biggest day of your life. We'll be right there with you the whole time."

Mia's hand rested on Cassie's hip, thumb tracing gentle circles. "Sleep now, freshie. Dream about tomorrow. Dream about standing on that stage in front of everyone, naked and edged and ready to come for us."

Lauren's fingers traced slow circles on Cassie's back. "You're going to be so beautiful on that stage. Naked, edged for an hour, coming in front of hundreds of people. That's what the committee wants to see. That's what we want to see."

Cassie's suckling grew slower and deeper as exhaustion finally pulled her under. She drifted off with her mouth still full of nipple, her body nestled warmly between the three upperclass girls who had completely reshaped her world in three months.

In her dreams she stood on the brightly lit auditorium stage, completely naked, the suction tool sealed over her clit, the vibrating wand buried deep inside her, the medical team and her roommates surrounding her while hundreds of eyes watched from the darkened seats. The scholarship committee sat in the front row, clipboards ready, waiting to see if she would perform well enough to keep her funding. She trembled under the lights, right on the edge, desperate and obedient, ready to come spectacularly for them when they finally gave the signal.

She woke once in the middle of the night, soaked between her thighs, the ache almost unbearable. Rachel felt her stir and pulled her closer, guiding her mouth back to her breast.

"Shhh," Rachel whispered. "Go back to sleep, freshie. Tomorrow is going to be the biggest day of your life. We're going to make sure you're perfect for it."

Cassie suckled again, tears slipping silently down her cheeks, her body desperate and her mind already fixed on the stage that waited for her in the morning. She knew she would perform perfectly. She knew she would come for them in front of everyone. She knew her scholarship — and her place with her roommates — depended on it.

She fell back asleep with her mouth full of nipple, the slow, relentless build of her new life carrying her gently toward the most public, most overwhelming moment she would ever face.

Chapter 32

“You’re ready, freshie,” Rachel whispered against Cassie’s ear as they stood just offstage in the wings of the grand auditorium. “The entire school is out there. The scholarship committee is sitting in the front row. Your funding, your place here, everything depends on how beautifully you perform for them tonight. We’re all right here with you. Just breathe and let them see what you’ve become.”

Cassie’s heart slammed against her ribs. She stood completely naked between her three roommates, the thin yellow sundress already gone — Rachel had slipped it off her shoulders the moment they stepped into the wings. Her small perky breasts rose and fell rapidly, pale pink nipples tight and dark under the dim backstage lights. The tiny heart-shaped birthmark on her lower abdomen seemed to burn. Between her long athletic thighs she was already soaked, the constant denial of the past week leaving her clit swollen and throbbing, her body trembling with weeks of built-up need.

Dr. Ellis stepped forward from the stage manager’s station, gloved and smiling with quiet pride. “It’s time, Cassie. The audience is waiting. The committee is ready to see exactly why you deserve to keep your scholarship.”

The heavy velvet curtain rose with a soft mechanical hum. Bright stage lights flooded the platform, turning the wide padded demonstration chair into the center of the universe. Hundreds of eyes turned toward her from the darkened seats. The scholarship committee — five women in crisp suits — sat in the front row, clipboards on their laps, watching with professional intensity.

Rachel, Mia, and Lauren walked Cassie onto the stage, their hands gentle on her bare shoulders and lower back. The cool air of the auditorium brushed her naked skin, making her shiver. Every step felt exposed, every breath audible through the microphone clipped near the chair. The roommates helped her settle into the reclined seat, guiding her feet into the stirrups and spreading her wide. Leather cuffs clicked softly around her ankles and wrists, holding her open and helpless under the lights.

Dr. Ellis stepped to the microphone at the side of the stage. “Good evening, everyone. Tonight, for the quarterly scholarship review, we present Cassie Harper — our most responsive subject in the program. You will witness a full hour of advanced clitoral endurance training followed by controlled multiple orgasms. Her continued funding depends on how perfectly she performs for you tonight.”

A low murmur rippled through the audience. Cassie's cheeks burned as she lay there, completely naked and spread, every inch of her body on display to hundreds of students, faculty, and the committee watching her with focused interest.

The roommates stayed right beside her. Rachel at her head, stroking her auburn hair. Mia and Lauren on either side, each resting a reassuring hand on one of her small breasts, thumbs brushing her sensitive nipples.

Dr. Ellis began the demonstration with calm authority. "We will use a combination of the most advanced techniques developed in our program. Irregular pulsing, multi-zone layering, temperature variation, electro-stimulation, micro-brushing, and psychological conditioning. The goal is to keep her right on the edge for the full hour before allowing release."

The first tool was applied: micro-vibration pads adhered to the sides of Cassie's clit hood and her nipples. A warmed glass probe slid slowly inside her, curling against her front wall. The pads began their unpredictable buzzing — short bursts followed by long pauses — while the probe delivered gentle, shifting heat. Cassie's breath hitched sharply, her small breasts quivering under Mia and Lauren's hands.

Rachel leaned close, voice low and intimate over the microphone so the entire auditorium could hear. "Feel that, freshie? Everyone can see how your clit is swelling already. Everyone can see how wet you're getting. You're not allowed to come yet. Not until the committee says it's time. Your scholarship depends on how long and how beautifully you hold it for them."

The second layer came: a soft silicone brush on the exposed glans of her clit, stroking in feather-light, maddening circles while a variable-suction cup sealed over the head and began tugging in short, cruel pulses. Cassie's hips jerked against the restraints, a soft whimper escaping her lips that echoed through the auditorium speakers.

Mia's fingers circled her nipple slowly. "That's it. Let them hear you. Let them see how desperate you are. You've been edged for weeks just for this moment. Your body belongs to the program now. Your orgasms belong to the committee tonight."

The third resident activated the electro-stimulation pads on her labia and inner thighs. Low- level current hummed in gentle, unpredictable waves, making her entire pelvic region flutter and contract. Cassie's back arched off the chair, a broken whimper escaping her throat as the combined sensations pushed her right to the brink. The irregular pulsing, the brushing, the suction, the heat, the electricity — everything worked in different rhythms, never letting her settle, never letting her tip over.

Dr. Ellis narrated calmly for the audience and the committee. “Note the rapid engorgement and continuous lubrication. The subject is highly responsive after three months of training. We are keeping her at the absolute threshold without release.”

Lauren stroked Cassie’s inner thigh, voice soft but clear over the mic. “You’re doing so well, freshie. The whole school is watching how perfectly you hold it. If you come too soon, the committee might think you’re not ready for another year of funding. So you’re going to stay right here on the edge for them. You’re going to show them how obedient you’ve become.”

The fourth layer added temperature play — a cooled metal probe pressed against her clit while the warmed glass probe inside her continued its curling strokes. The sharp contrast made Cassie gasp and shudder, her small breasts heaving, pale pink nipples dark and aching under the roommates’ fingers.

Rachel’s hand tightened gently in her hair. “Feel how close you are? Feel how badly your body wants to come in front of all these people? But you don’t get to. Not until they decide you’ve earned it. Your scholarship is on the line, freshie. Hold it for us. Hold it for them.”

The hour stretched into an endless, merciless edging session. The medical team and the roommates rotated through every combination of tools and patterns — irregular vibration, multi-zone stimulation, brushing, suction, electro, temperature — while the roommates kept up a steady stream of loving, conditioning whispers that the entire auditorium could hear.

“You’re our perfect girl.”

“Everyone can see how desperate you are.”

“Your clit is for edging.”

“Your mouth is for honeyfarming.”

“Your orgasms are for this stage when the committee says so.”

Cassie sobbed openly under the lights, tears streaming down her flushed cheeks, her body shaking violently in the restraints as she was kept right on the absolute edge for the full hour. The committee watched intently, taking notes. The audience was silent except for the occasional soft murmur of awe.

Finally, after exactly sixty minutes, Dr. Ellis stepped forward. “The endurance portion is complete. The committee has confirmed she has performed to the highest standard. Cassie, you may come for us now.”

The final resident synchronized everything at maximum intensity — suction at full power, probe curling hard inside her, electro-pads humming, brush on the glans, vibration pads buzzing, temperature shifting rapidly between hot and cold.

The roommates leaned in close, their voices overlapping in a chorus of encouragement.

“Come for them, freshie.”

“Come for your scholarship.”

“Come for us.”

The first orgasm crashed through Cassie like a breaking wave. Her small body convulsed hard in the restraints, a loud, broken cry tearing from her throat as slickness flooded out around the probe. The audience gasped. The committee leaned forward.

The second orgasm followed immediately, even stronger, ripping another sob from her. Her small breasts heaved, pale pink nipples dark and tight, tears streaming down her face as the pleasure tore through her in endless, shattering waves.

The third, fourth, and fifth orgasms came in rapid succession, each more intense than the last. Cassie’s back arched completely off the chair, her legs trembling violently in the stirrups, her cries echoing through the auditorium as she came spectacularly in front of hundreds of people.

When the final aftershocks finally faded, Cassie lay limp and panting on the chair, body twitching, inner thighs shiny, her mind floating in a haze of relief and overwhelming pleasure.

Dr. Ellis stepped to the microphone, smiling. “The scholarship committee has unanimously approved another full year of funding for Cassie Harper. She has performed perfectly.”

The audience erupted in applause.

Rachel leaned down and kissed Cassie’s damp forehead, voice soft and full of pride. “You did it, freshie. You’re ours for another year. And we’re going to keep taking such good care of you.”

Cassie could only whimper softly, tears of relief and exhaustion slipping down her cheeks, her body still trembling under the bright lights as the roommates gently helped her sit up and wrapped her in a soft robe for the walk offstage.

She had performed. She had earned it. And tomorrow the cycle would begin again — because now she belonged to the program, to her roommates, and to the beautiful, relentless life they had built for her.

The Scholarship Committee’s Perspective

The five women of the Willowbrook Scholarship Committee sat in the front row of the darkened auditorium, clipboards balanced on their laps, eyes fixed on the

brightly lit stage. Dr. Margaret Ellis had curated this quarterly review with her usual precision, but tonight felt different. The petite freshman in the stirrups was no ordinary subject.

Cassie Harper lay completely naked under the harsh stage lights, her 5'2" frame spread wide and helpless in the reclined demonstration chair. Her small perky breasts rose and fell rapidly, pale pink nipples already tight and dark. The tiny heart-shaped birthmark on her lower abdomen stood out against her flushed skin, and between her long athletic thighs her clit was visibly swollen, glistening under the lights. Every inch of her was exposed to the hundreds of eyes in the audience — and to the five women who held her future in their hands.

Dr. Helena Voss, the committee chair, leaned forward slightly, her pen hovering over her notepad. “Three months in the program,” she murmured to the woman beside her. “Look at her response already. She’s dripping before they’ve even begun.”

The demonstration started. The medical team and Cassie’s roommates worked in perfect synchronization. Micro-vibration pads adhered to her clit hood and nipples. A warmed glass probe slid inside her, curling against her front wall. The pads began their irregular, teasing buzz — short bursts followed by long, cruel pauses — while the probe delivered shifting heat. Cassie’s breath hitched audibly through the microphone, her small breasts quivering under her roommates’ hands.

Rachel leaned close to Cassie’s ear, her voice carrying clearly through the auditorium speakers. “Everyone can see how wet you are, freshie. Everyone can see how badly you want to come. But you don’t get to. Not until the committee says it’s time. Your scholarship depends on how long and how beautifully you hold it for them.”

Dr. Voss’s colleague, Professor Lena Moreau, made a quick note. “Psychological

conditioning is flawless. The roommates have her completely conditioned to associate denial with service and approval.”

Layer after layer was added. A soft silicone brush stroked the exposed glans of her clit in feather-light circles while a variable-suction cup tugged in unpredictable rhythms. Tiny electro-stimulation pads hummed against her labia and inner thighs, creating fluttering contractions that made Cassie’s hips jerk against the restraints. Temperature play followed — a cooled metal probe pressed to her clit while the warmed probe inside her continued its curling strokes. The sharp contrast drew a broken gasp from Cassie that echoed through the hall.

Professor Elena Patel, the committee’s medical advisor, whispered, “Multi-zone, multi- sensory, completely irregular. She’s being kept at the absolute threshold.

No habituation. This is textbook advanced edging.”

For a full hour the demonstration continued. The roommates rotated through every technique, their voices never stopping — loving, intimate, relentless. “You’re doing so well, freshie… the whole school is watching how perfectly you hold it… your funding is on the line… be our good girl and stay right on the edge for them.”

Cassie sobbed openly on stage, tears streaming down her flushed cheeks, her petite body shaking violently in the restraints as she was kept teetering on the brink without release. Her small breasts heaved, her inner thighs shone with her own arousal, her clit visibly pulsed under the lights. The entire audience was silent except for the occasional soft murmur of awe.

Dr. Voss exchanged a quiet glance with the other four women. “She hasn’t come once. Not in sixty minutes of maximum stimulation. The endurance is extraordinary.”

When Dr. Ellis finally stepped forward and announced the endurance portion complete, the committee gave the signal.

The final synchronized assault was merciless. Suction at full power. Probe curling hard inside her. Electro-pads humming. Brush on the glans. Vibration pads buzzing. Temperature shifting rapidly between hot and cold. The roommates leaned in close, their voices overlapping in a chorus that carried to every corner of the auditorium.

“Come for them, freshie.”

“Come for your scholarship.”

“Come for us.”

The first orgasm hit Cassie like a breaking wave. Her small body convulsed hard in the restraints, a loud, broken cry tearing from her throat as slickness flooded out around the probe. The audience gasped.

The second followed immediately, even stronger, ripping another sob from her. Then the third, fourth, and fifth crashed through her in rapid succession, each more intense than the last. Cassie’s back arched completely off the chair, her legs trembling violently in the stirrups, her cries echoing through the hall as she came spectacularly in front of hundreds of people.

When the final aftershocks faded and Cassie lay limp and panting on the chair, body twitching, the five women of the scholarship committee sat back in their seats, exchanging impressed looks.

Dr. Voss spoke first, her voice low. “Unanimous. Full scholarship renewal for another year. She performed beyond expectations.”

Professor Moreau nodded, a rare smile touching her lips. “She’s the most responsive subject we’ve seen in five years. The psychological conditioning, the endurance, the public release — everything was flawless.”

The other three women murmured their agreement, making final notes on their clipboards.

As the applause erupted and the roommates gently helped Cassie sit up, wrapping her in a soft robe, Dr. Voss leaned back and allowed herself a moment of quiet satisfaction. “Another year secured,” she said softly to the committee. “And from the look of her… she’s going to give us many more spectacular demonstrations before she graduates.”

The five women watched Cassie being led offstage between her roommates, the petite girl still trembling, still flushed, still theirs to shape for another full year.

The Scholarship Committee’s Next Meeting – Plans for Cassie’s Sophomore Year

The private conference room on the top floor of the administration building was quiet except for the soft clink of ice in water glasses and the occasional rustle of paper. The five women of the Willowbrook Scholarship Committee sat around the long mahogany table, the glow of a single projector casting Cassie’s performance photos onto the far wall. The images showed her exactly as she had been on stage just two hours earlier: completely naked, spread wide in the demonstration chair, tears of desperate pleasure streaming down her flushed cheeks while her small body convulsed through the final, spectacular orgasms.

Dr. Helena Voss, the committee chair, leaned back in her chair and allowed herself a rare, satisfied smile.

“Gentlemen and ladies,” she began, voice low and precise, “Cassie Harper has exceeded every metric we set for her freshman year. Three months in the program and she held a full hour of advanced multi-sensory edging in front of the entire student body without a single unauthorized orgasm. The psychological conditioning is flawless. The public release was… exquisite. Unanimous renewal for her sophomore year is already recorded.”

Professor Lena Moreau tapped her pen against her notepad, eyes still fixed on the projected image of Cassie’s tear-streaked face mid-orgasm. “She’s the most responsive subject we’ve had in seven years. The way her roommates have her conditioned to associate denial with service and approval is textbook. She didn’t just endure the edging—she *craved* performing for us.”

Dr. Elena Patel, the medical advisor, nodded. “Her physiological responses are off the charts. Clitoral hypersensitivity, continuous lubrication even under maximum stimulation, and that perfect redirection via the pleasure-dampener.

She is ready for the next phase.”

Dr. Voss stood and dimmed the projector. The room fell into focused silence as she walked to the whiteboard and began writing in neat, deliberate strokes.

Sophomore Year Objectives – Cassie Harper’s End Result

She turned back to the committee, eyes gleaming with professional excitement.

“By the end of her sophomore year, we want Cassie Harper to be the living embodiment of the program. Not just a successful participant—a *legend*. Here is what I propose we shape her into:

1. **Complete Psychological Transformation**

Cassie will no longer experience sexual arousal without an accompanying, overwhelming need to serve. The pleasure-dampener will become a permanent implant. Any spike in sexual desperation will instantly redirect into an intense, tearful drive to honeyfarm or offer herself for public edging. She will beg to be used. She will thank anyone who edges her. 2. **Full-Time Campus Service Role**

She will become the official ‘Campus Honey Station.’ Daily two-hour public service shifts in the central quad, plus mandatory condiment duty in the commissary three times per week. She will be available to any student or faculty member whose application is approved. We will accept *all* applications. She will learn to edge herself on command in front of anyone who asks.

3. **Advanced Public Demonstrations**

Quarterly auditorium performances will escalate. By spring, her end-of-year demonstration will be a full-day event: eight hours of continuous edging on stage, followed by a controlled, multi-orgasm finale witnessed by the entire student body and alumni. We will film it for the program’s permanent archive.

4. **Total Lifestyle Integration**

She will live permanently nude in the dorm except when the roommates decide otherwise. She will sleep nursing, wake nursing, and spend every free moment either serving or being edged. Her roommates will have full authority to punish or reward with denial or permission. By the end of sophomore year, Cassie will not be able to imagine a life outside this program.

5. **The Final Milestone**

At the end-of-year ceremony, Cassie will publicly thank the committee, her roommates, and the entire school for ‘saving’ her through the scholarship. She will then kneel on stage and request, on camera, to remain in the program for her junior and senior years as the program’s official ambassador and permanent subject.

Dr. Voss set the marker down and looked at each woman in turn.

“By the time she walks across that stage as a rising junior, Cassie Harper will not simply be a scholarship student. She will be the face of Willowbrook’s most exclusive program. She will be eager, obedient, and completely, beautifully broken in the most perfect way possible. She will belong to us—mind, body, and scholarship—until the day she graduates.”

A long, charged silence filled the room.

Professor Moreau was the first to speak, her voice husky with approval. “I want to see her beg to be the permanent honey station. I want to watch her thank us while she’s still dripping from the final orgasm.”

Dr. Patel nodded slowly. “The permanent implant is ready for approval. We can schedule the procedure next week.”

The other two women murmured their unanimous agreement, eyes bright.

Dr. Voss smiled, a slow, satisfied curve of her lips.

“Then it’s settled. Cassie Harper’s sophomore year begins tomorrow. And by the time it ends… she will be exactly what we have always dreamed our program could create.” The five women rose together, the projector still casting the final image of Cassie’s tearful, ecstatic face onto the wall behind them.

They had one more year to finish what they had started.

And they intended to enjoy every single moment of it.

Appendix:;**Aftercare – The Scholarship Committee’s Private Tribute**

The applause in the auditorium had barely faded when the bright stage lights softened to a warm, intimate glow. Cassie lay limp in the reclined demonstration chair, chest heaving, her small perky breasts flushed dark pink, pale pink nipples still tight and glistening with a light sheen of sweat. Her long athletic thighs trembled uncontrollably in the stirrups, inner thighs shiny with the evidence of five powerful, public orgasms. Between her spread legs her clit was swollen and hypersensitive, still pulsing visibly, a slow, steady drip of fresh honey leaking from her in thick, glistening strands.

Dr. Ellis stepped forward first, voice gentle over the microphone. “The demonstration is complete. Cassie performed beautifully. The committee will now conduct the final scientific collection and aftercare protocol onstage so everyone can witness the care we provide our most dedicated scholars.”

Five women in crisp suits rose from the front row and walked up the side steps onto the stage. The scholarship committee. The audience fell into a hushed, respectful silence as they approached the chair where Cassie lay completely naked and spread open.

Dr. Helena Voss, the chair, smiled down at Cassie with genuine warmth. “Cassie Harper, you were extraordinary tonight. The entire school saw how perfectly you held your edge for an hour and then gave us those magnificent orgasms. We are so proud of your dedication to the scholarship program.”

The other four committee members gathered close, each carrying small, sterile collection containers and a set of thin, translucent tongue sleeves — specially designed medical-grade sheaths that fit over the tongue like a second skin. The sleeves were lined with microscopic absorbent fibers engineered to collect and preserve honey samples for the program’s ongoing research into long-term arousal chemistry.

Dr. Voss knelt first between Cassie’s spread thighs. She slipped one of the tongue sleeves over her tongue with practiced ease, the material molding perfectly. “This is for science, sweetheart,” she murmured, her voice carrying softly through the auditorium speakers so everyone could hear. “But it’s also our way of thanking you personally.”

She leaned in and pressed a gentle, reverent kiss directly to Cassie’s oversensitive clit. The kiss was soft, warm, and lingering. Then her sleeved tongue extended, licking slowly and carefully along the swollen nub, collecting the thick, warm honey that continued to drip. The sleeve absorbed every drop instantly, the fibers turning a faint golden color as they filled.

Cassie whimpered softly, her body twitching at the tender contact after so much intense stimulation. The lick was not teasing or edging — it was soothing, caring, almost worshipful.

Professor Lena Moreau took the next turn, slipping on her own tongue sleeve. She leaned in and kissed Cassie’s clit with the same gentle reverence, then licked slow, broad strokes that gathered more honey into the sleeve. “Thank you for your dedication, Cassie,” she whispered against the sensitive flesh. “You’ve shown every student here what true commitment to the program looks like. Your body is a gift to our research.”

One by one the committee members took their turns. Each woman knelt, fitted a fresh tongue sleeve, kissed Cassie’s clit tenderly, and licked with slow, appreciative strokes, collecting the honey that continued to drip in thick strands. The collection containers were held beneath her to catch any overflow that escaped the sleeves during the gentle cleaning.

Dr. Elena Patel, the medical advisor, was the last. She kissed the swollen clit softly, then licked in slow, soothing circles while murmuring, “Your honey is exceptional, Cassie. The data we’re collecting from these sleeves will help us improve the program for future scholars. You’re helping so many young women by being so brave and responsive. Thank you for trusting us with your body.”

When every committee member had tasted and collected, Dr. Voss stood and addressed the audience one final time. “As you can see, our aftercare protocol is as important as the demonstration itself. Cassie has earned not only her scholarship renewal but our deepest gratitude.”

The five women gathered around the chair. They each placed a gentle hand on Cassie — one on her trembling thigh, one on her small breast, one stroking her auburn hair — while Dr. Voss removed the last tongue sleeve and sealed the collection containers.

“You did beautifully tonight,” Dr. Voss told Cassie directly, voice warm and full of pride. “Your scholarship is renewed for another full year. We’re going to take such good care of you, just as you’ve taken such good care of the program.”

Rachel, Mia, and Lauren stepped forward then, wrapping Cassie in a soft white robe and helping her sit up. The roommates’ arms were gentle around her as they guided her off the stage, the committee members walking beside them like honored guests.

Cassie leaned heavily into her roommates, legs still shaky, tears of overwhelming relief and exhaustion slipping down her cheeks. She had performed. She had been seen. She had been tasted, thanked, and cared for by the very women who held her future.

As they reached the wings, Rachel kissed her temple. “You were perfect, freshie. The committee loved you. We all loved you.”

Cassie could only whimper softly, her body still humming with aftershocks and the gentle memory of five sets of lips and tongues honoring her most sensitive place.

Tomorrow the cycle would begin again — two weeks until her next allowed orgasm, then another long edging period leading up to the next major review. But tonight she was wrapped in care, surrounded by the people who had shaped her, and for the first time in months she felt truly, deeply cherished.