Inmate of My Heart - an Akemi & Tanaka Story

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Vulpes Parvaes, Book 13

Chapter 1: The Stationery Store

The little stationery shop on Main Street smelled of paper and lavender. Akemi moved slowly between the narrow aisles, her fingers trailing along the edges of thick cream cardstock and the smooth spines of leather-bound notebooks. She liked the weight of good paper, the way it felt substantial under her hand. Jay walked a few steps behind her, hands in the pockets of his jeans, occasionally picking up a pen or a pack of envelopes and putting it back down without comment.

They had been married for three weeks.

It still felt new to Akemi — the quiet domestic rhythm of it, the way Jay kissed the top of her head in the mornings before he left for his construction site, the way he asked her what she wanted for dinner as if her answer genuinely mattered. She loved him for that gentleness. She really did. But sometimes, in the quiet moments between them, she felt a small, restless ache she couldn't quite name.

She was reaching for a box of heavy cream envelopes when she felt it — a shift in the air behind her, a presence that made the fine hairs on the back of her neck rise.

"Excuse me."

The voice was low, measured, and unmistakably directed at her. Akemi turned.

The woman standing there was tall, broad-shouldered, and crisply put together in a dark uniform that looked both official and severe. Her dark hair was pulled back into a tight bun, and her eyes — a deep, polished mahogany — rested on Akemi with a calm, unhurried focus that made Akemi's stomach tighten in a way she didn't immediately understand.

"I'm sorry to interrupt," the woman said. Her nameplate read *Officer Tanaka*. "I couldn't help noticing you. You have a very particular presence. Quiet. Attentive. The kind of presence that tends to go unnoticed in most places, but is extremely valuable in others."

Akemi blinked, her fingers still resting on the box of envelopes. "I… thank you?"

Tanaka's mouth curved in a small, professional smile. "My name is Officer Tanaka. I work at the women's correctional facility just outside town. We're looking for someone to fill a very specific administrative support role — intake processing, records, visitor coordination. It's not a position we advertise. We prefer to find the right person directly." Her eyes moved over Akemi once, not in a crude way, but with the same unhurried thoroughness she might use when assessing a new arrival. "I believe you might be that person."

Jay stepped closer, curious. "A job at the prison?"

Tanaka glanced at him politely, then returned her full attention to Akemi. “A clerical position, yes. But one that requires a certain temperament. Discretion. The ability to remain calm and present in an environment most people find intimidating. We don’t need someone loud or ambitious. We need someone who can observe, adapt, and be useful without drawing attention to herself.”

She reached into the inner pocket of her uniform jacket and withdrew a single folded sheet of heavy cream paper. The same stock Akemi had been touching moments earlier. She held it out.

“This is an invitation for a personal orientation. Tomorrow afternoon, if you’re available. It’s not a standard interview. We like to give prospective staff a real sense of the facility before any commitments are made. You’ll see how intake works, how the administrative side supports the officers, how everything fits together. If it feels right, we can discuss next steps.”

Akemi took the paper. Her fingers brushed Tanaka’s for the briefest moment. The contact was cool and steady, and something small and electric moved through her at the touch — a quick, involuntary tightening low in her belly that made her press her thighs together without thinking.

Jay leaned in to look at the note over her shoulder. “That’s perfect for you,” he said, and there was genuine warmth in his voice. “You’ve always been good with details. Quiet work. Helping people without making a big deal out of it. This sounds like it was made for you, babe.”

Akemi looked up at Tanaka. The officer’s expression remained perfectly professional, but her eyes held Akemi’s a fraction longer than necessary.

“Will you come?” Tanaka asked quietly.

Akemi’s heart was beating faster than it should have been for a simple job offer. She felt strangely seen. Strangely *chosen*.

“Yes,” she said, her voice softer than she intended. “I’d like that.”

Tanaka nodded once, satisfied. “Good. I’ll see you tomorrow at two. The pedestrian entrance. Don’t be late.”

She turned and walked away without another word, her posture straight, her stride unhurried. Akemi watched her go, the folded note warm between her fingers.

Jay slipped an arm around her waist and gave her a gentle squeeze. “See? Things are already looking up. A steady job, good hours… we can finally start saving for that little house.”

Akemi leaned into him, but her mind was still on the tall officer with the mahogany eyes and the way her fingers had felt against her own.

They celebrated that evening with dinner at the little Italian place on Third Street — the one Jay liked because the portions were generous and the lighting was low. Akemi wore the soft blue dress she'd had on earlier. Jay ordered wine. They talked about the job, about how nice it would be to have two steady incomes, about maybe looking at apartments closer to the facility so her commute wouldn't be so long.

Jay was sweet. He held her hand across the table and told her he was proud of her. When they got home he kissed her slowly in the kitchen, then led her to the bedroom with the same gentle patience he always showed. Akemi responded the way she always did — soft, affectionate, present. She came quietly against his mouth, her fingers in his hair, and afterward she held him while he fell asleep with his face against her shoulder.

But later, lying awake in the dark, Akemi found herself thinking about Officer Tanaka.

About the way the woman had looked at her like she was already deciding something important. About the low, measured voice. About the brief, electric contact of their fingers.

She shifted under the sheets. Her nipples had tightened into sensitive peaks against the thin cotton of her nightdress. Between her thighs, a slow, unfamiliar warmth had begun to gather — not the gentle, familiar ache she felt with Jay, but something sharper. More insistent.

She pressed her legs together and tried to will it away.

Tomorrow, she told herself. Tomorrow she would go to the facility, do the orientation, and see if the job was really as perfect as it had sounded in the stationery store.

She had no idea that by the time the sun set again, her clothes would be gone, her body would be marked, and she would already be learning how to present herself for inspection.

All she knew, in that quiet bedroom with her sleeping husband beside her, was that she was looking forward to seeing Officer Tanaka again.

And that her body, for reasons she could not yet name, was already waiting.

Chapter 2: The Orientation Tour

Akemi arrived at the facility ten minutes early.

The taxi dropped her at the pedestrian gate just as the afternoon sun slanted across the low concrete buildings. She smoothed the front of her modest blue dress — the same one she had worn the day before — and checked that her small

pearl earrings were still in place. Her fingers trembled slightly as she clutched her purse. She told herself it was only nerves. A new job. A serious place. Nothing more.

Officer Tanaka was already waiting inside the gatehouse.

She looked exactly as Akemi remembered: tall, composed, dark hair pulled into that same severe bun. When she saw Akemi approach, her expression softened into the same small, professional smile from the stationery store.

“Miss Akemi,” Tanaka said, her low voice carrying easily. “Right on time. I appreciate punctuality.”

She pressed a button on the panel. The pedestrian door clicked open with a soft electronic sound. Akemi stepped through, and the gate closed behind her with a solid, final weight that sent an unexpected shiver down her spine.

Up close, Tanaka seemed even more commanding. Her eyes moved over Akemi once —

professional, unhurried — lingering for a fraction of a second on the delicate line of her collarbone above the dress’s modest neckline. Akemi felt warmth bloom across her cheeks.

“Thank you for coming,” Tanaka said. “I know this isn’t a typical job interview. I prefer to give prospective staff a real sense of the environment before we go any further. Shall we begin?”

Akemi nodded, falling into step beside her as Tanaka led the way along the wide paved path toward the main building. Their footsteps sounded different on the concrete — Akemi’s low heels clicking lightly, Tanaka’s stride quiet and purposeful.

The prison complex stretched out around them. Low, functional buildings of concrete and steel. Barred windows that still managed to reflect the blue sky. The air carried a faint scent of disinfectant and cut grass. Akemi’s heart was beating faster than it should have been for a simple tour.

“You mentioned yesterday that you’re newly married,” Tanaka said conversationally as they walked. “How long has it been?”

“Three weeks,” Akemi answered. Her voice came out softer than she intended. “Jay and I… we’re still settling in.”

Tanaka nodded, her gaze drifting sideways to study Akemi’s profile. “Newlyweds often bring a certain freshness to this kind of work. A reminder that life continues outside these walls. Does he know you’re here today?”

“He does. He encouraged me to come. He said it sounded perfect for me.”

A small, satisfied sound escaped Tanaka — not quite a laugh, but something close. “Good. Stability at home makes it easier to focus on the work here. And this work requires focus.”

They reached the main administration building. Tanaka held the door open, and as Akemi passed, the officer’s hand came to rest lightly at the small of her back — professional guidance, nothing more. Still, the touch sent a warm ripple straight down Akemi’s spine. Her nipples tightened faintly beneath the thin fabric of her bra, pebbling into sensitive peaks that brushed against the cotton with every step.

Inside, the hallway was long and brightly lit. Pale institutional gray walls. A few framed landscape prints that felt almost out of place. Tanaka walked close beside her, their shoulders nearly brushing.

“The administrative wing is this way,” Tanaka explained, gesturing ahead. “Most support staff spend their time here — filing, scheduling visits, maintaining records. But the real heart of the facility is the intake wing. Everything begins there.”

She led Akemi through a set of heavy doors and into a long observation room. Bright overhead lights. A wide window looking down into a processing area below. Akemi stepped closer to the glass and felt her breath catch.

Below them, two actual new arrivals were being processed.

Both women wore street clothes. One was being asked to remove her jacket while a female officer catalogued the items into a clear bin. The other stood with her hands at her sides as another officer explained the next steps in a calm, professional voice. There was nothing theatrical about it. It was methodical. Routine. The women looked small and exposed under the bright lights.

Akemi’s stomach fluttered. She could feel her own nipples tightening further, a warm, insistent pulse beginning low between her thighs. She pressed her legs together without thinking.

“This is the very beginning of what every new arrival experiences,” Tanaka said quietly beside her. Her hand had returned to the small of Akemi’s back, resting there with quiet steadiness. “We call it the intake protocol. It’s designed to be thorough. Every item is accounted for. Every step is documented. The goal is clarity and safety — for everyone.”

Akemi swallowed. “It looks… very complete.”

“It is,” Tanaka agreed. Her voice dropped slightly. “Most people only ever see this from the outside. You’re getting to see it up close because we want you to understand exactly what the women who come through here feel. Empathy is difficult to teach from a desk. It’s better felt.”

She turned her head, and Akemi felt the full weight of those mahogany eyes on her again.

“Would you like to continue the tour first, or would you prefer to move into the more hands- on portion of the orientation now? Some candidates prefer to observe a little longer. Others want to experience the process directly so they can truly understand it.”

Akemi’s heart was hammering. The warmth between her thighs had deepened into a slow, slick throb. She could feel the cotton of her panties clinging lightly to her skin. She told herself it was only the strangeness of the place, the intensity of Tanaka’s attention. But her body refused to listen.

“I… I think I’d like to understand it,” she said, her voice barely above a whisper. “Directly.”

Tanaka’s smile was small and approving. “Good. I was hoping you would say that.”

She guided Akemi out of the observation room and down another corridor. This one was quieter. The doors they passed had small observation windows. Through one, Akemi caught a glimpse of a woman in a gray uniform being led into a housing unit. Through another, she saw a different prisoner standing with her arms outstretched while a female officer performed what looked like a pat-down.

Each time, Tanaka’s hand remained at the small of Akemi’s back — light, but constant. Each time Akemi felt that steady pressure, another small wave of heat rolled through her.

They stopped outside a heavy door marked *Intake Suite A*.

Tanaka turned to face her fully. “This is where we conduct the more focused parts of orientation. No one else will come in unless I call for them. It’s just you and me.” Her eyes held Akemi’s steadily. “Inside, we’ll begin the next stage. I want you to experience what it feels like to go through the process yourself — safely, with me guiding you the entire time. It’s the best way to build real understanding.”

Akemi’s breath felt shallow. Her nipples ached faintly against her bra, tight and sensitive. Between her thighs the slow pulsing had become a constant, warm ache that made her acutely aware of every small shift of fabric.

Tanaka reached for the door handle, then paused.

“Before we go in,” she said, her voice low and reassuring, “I want you to know that everything that happens from this point forward is part of the standard orientation protocol for this specialized track. Nothing will be done to you that isn’t done to every candidate who shows real promise. You’re safe with me, Miss Akemi. I’ll be right beside you the whole time.”

She opened the door.

The room beyond was bright and clinical. White walls. A wide metal table covered with a fresh sheet. A single chair. Open lockers along one side. A large mirror dominated one wall.

Tanaka stepped inside and held the door for Akemi.

“After you,” she said.

Akemi crossed the threshold on unsteady legs, her heart racing, her body already humming with a strange, overwhelming awareness she had never felt before.

Tanaka closed the door behind them.

The lock engaged with a soft, decisive click.

Chapter 3: The First Undressing

The door clicked shut behind them with a soft, decisive sound. Tanaka turned the lock, then faced Akemi fully. The room was smaller than Akemi had expected — clean white walls, a wide metal table covered with a fresh sheet, a single chair, and open lockers along one side. A large mirror dominated the far wall, reflecting the space back at them in crisp detail. The air carried a faint, antiseptic cleanliness.

Tanaka gestured toward the center of the room. “This is where we conduct the more focused parts of orientation. No one else will come in. It’s just you and me, exactly as I promised.” She moved to the table and picked up a small clipboard, making a quick note before setting it aside. When she turned back, her mahogany eyes met Akemi’s steadily.

“You said you wanted to understand the process directly. That’s brave, Miss Akemi. Most people stop at watching through the glass. But to truly understand the role you’d be taking on — the empathy you’d bring to the women who come through here — you need to feel a piece of it yourself. Safely. With me right here guiding you.”

Akemi’s pulse fluttered at the base of her throat. She could already feel the warmth that had built during the tour deepening into a slow, insistent throb low in her belly. Her nipples had tightened into flushed, sensitive peaks beneath the fabric of her dress, brushing against her bra with every breath.

“What… what would that involve?” she asked, her voice softer than she intended.

Tanaka stepped closer, stopping an arm’s length away. “The very first stage of intake is the undressing phase. In a real arrival, we ask the individual to remove all personal clothing so we can conduct a thorough search and issue the appropriate garments. For you, this is purely educational. You’ll remove your things here, and I’ll stay right beside you the entire time, explaining why each

part matters. It helps you understand the vulnerability our arrivals feel so you can support them better one day. No one else will see. No one else will know."

Akemi's breath caught. The idea of standing in this bright room, taking off her clothes under Tanaka's steady gaze, sent a sharp, thrilling jolt straight through her core. A fresh wave of slick warmth bloomed between her thighs, making her panties cling lightly to her skin.

"I… yes," she managed. "If you think it will help me understand the role. I want to do this right."

Tanaka's lips curved in a small, approving smile. "I knew you would. You have that adaptable spirit I noticed during the tour." She gestured toward the chair. "You can start with your shoes if you like. Or I can help with the zipper on your dress if your hands feel unsteady. Either way is fine. This is your pace."

Akemi's fingers trembled slightly as she slipped off her low heels one by one, setting them neatly beside the chair. The cool tile met her bare feet. She felt suddenly smaller next to Tanaka's taller frame.

"Good," Tanaka said softly. "Now the dress. You can unzip it yourself, or I can assist. Remember, this is just to replicate the feeling. You're doing this for the training, and I'm here to make sure you feel supported every second."

Akemi reached behind her neck for the zipper. The metallic sound of it descending filled the quiet room — slow, deliberate, final. Cool air kissed her back as the fabric parted. She let the dress slide down her arms and pool at her feet, stepping out of it carefully. Beneath it she wore only a simple white bra and matching panties.

Tanaka picked up the dress and folded it with precise, unhurried movements, placing it inside one of the open lockers. She didn't offer any explanation about when — or if — Akemi would get it back.

"You're handling this beautifully," she murmured. "Most people hesitate more at this point. But you're staying calm. That's a very good sign for someone who might work here." She turned back, her gaze moving over Akemi with professional thoroughness, though there was a quiet warmth in her eyes that made Akemi's stomach flutter. "Now the bra, please. It's important to remove undergarments so we can check for any concealed items — though of course that's not a concern with you. This is simply to replicate the full experience."

Akemi's hands moved behind her back. The hook released with a small click, and the straps slipped down her shoulders. The cups fell away, exposing her small, firm breasts to the cool air. Her nipples tightened instantly into flushed, aching tips that stood out prominently, sending sharp little sparks of sensation through her with every breath. She resisted the urge to cover herself, letting her arms fall

to her sides instead.

Tanaka took the bra and folded it neatly, placing it in the locker with the dress. “Perfect,” she said, her voice gentle. “You have a lovely form, Miss Akemi. Small and delicate, but strong in its own way. That’s good — it means you’ll understand the range of people who come through here.” Her fingers brushed the side of Akemi’s arm as she stepped back, a light, guiding touch that lingered just a moment longer than necessary. “Last piece. The panties. Once they’re off, you’ll be fully in the protocol. I’ll keep everything safe and organized right here.”

Akemi hesitated only a heartbeat. Her thumbs hooked into the waistband of her panties, and she slid them down her legs, stepping free. The cool air met her most intimate skin immediately, and she felt the slick evidence of her arousal — warm and unmistakable between her thighs. Completely naked now, she stood with her arms at her sides, trembling faintly.

Tanaka closed the locker door and turned back to her. She didn’t comment on Akemi’s nudity beyond a brief, professional nod. “There. You’re through the first stage. And you handled it with such grace.” She stepped closer, close enough that Akemi could feel the warmth radiating from her uniform. “How does it feel right now, standing here like this with me? Be honest again — I’m listening.”

Akemi’s breath came in shallow little bursts. The vulnerability was overwhelming, yet it sent sparks of thrilling heat racing through her body. Her core fluttered with slick, pulsing warmth. Her nipples ached with sensitivity, and every inch of her skin felt alive and hypersensitive under the bright lights. Yet Tanaka’s steady presence made the moment feel strangely safe.

“It feels… exposing,” Akemi whispered, her voice trembling with the truth. “But also… strangely alive. Like every part of me is awake. I didn’t expect that.”

Tanaka’s eyes met hers directly, warm and reassuring. One hand rose to brush a stray lock of hair behind Akemi’s ear, the touch gentle and lingering. “That’s exactly the insight I hoped you’d gain,” she murmured, her voice low. “You’re not just seeing the protocol now — you’re living it. And you’re doing it well.” Her fingers trailed lightly down the side of Akemi’s neck before she caught herself and let her hand fall away. A small, almost possessive smile touched her lips for the briefest moment. “We’ll stay right here as long as you need. I’m not going anywhere.”

She gestured toward the table. “Now, shall we move to the next part of the demonstration? I want to check your posture and responsiveness before we continue. Stand with your feet shoulder-width apart and your hands behind your head, please. Elbows back. This helps us see how well you can hold yourself open and present.”

Akemi obeyed without hesitation, moving into the position. The stance lifted her small breasts, pushing her stiff, rosy nipples forward into the cool air. Her swollen clit pulsed visibly between her parted thighs, slick and hypersensitive. She could feel Tanaka's eyes moving over her — calm, thorough, appreciative in a way that made Akemi's core clench with fresh heat.

Tanaka circled her slowly. "Very good," she said, her voice low and approving. "Your body responds naturally to instruction. That's exactly what we look for." As she passed behind Akemi, one hand came to rest lightly on the curve of her bare hip, then slid upward along her side in a slow, assessing stroke. Her palm brushed the underside of Akemi's left breast, cupping it gently for a moment as if testing its weight and sensitivity. Akemi's breath hitched sharply. Her nipple throbbed against Tanaka's palm.

"Sensitive here," Tanaka observed quietly, almost to herself. "Healthy response." She gave the small breast a firm, deliberate squeeze, holding it for several seconds before releasing it and continuing her circle. When she reached Akemi's front again, she did the same to the right breast — cupping, lifting, squeezing with calm possession, as though this were simply another standard part of the orientation.

Akemi's clit pulsed hard. A fresh trickle of slick warmth slid down her inner thigh. She kept her hands behind her head, elbows back, exactly as instructed, even as her body trembled with the intensity of being touched so openly.

Tanaka stepped in close, so close that Akemi could feel the fabric of her uniform brushing against her bare stomach. One hand came to rest on Akemi's lower back while the other slid down to cup her ass, squeezing firmly, possessively, before giving it a light, appraising pat. "Excellent," Tanaka murmured. "You're taking this very well, Miss Akemi. Most candidates need far more encouragement to stay open like this." Her fingers lingered on Akemi's ass for a moment longer, then slid between her cheeks in a slow, deliberate stroke that made Akemi gasp. "We'll continue in a moment. But first, I want you to hold this position a little longer so I can observe how your body settles into it."

She stepped back, but her eyes never left Akemi's naked form.

Akemi stood there — hands behind her head, legs spread, breasts lifted and nipples stiff, her swollen clit throbbing visibly between her thighs — while Tanaka watched her with quiet, satisfied attention.

And for the first time since she had stepped through the gate, Akemi understood that her clothes were not coming back.

She was exactly where Tanaka wanted her.

And she did not want to leave.

Chapter 4: Soap and Scrutiny

Akemi stood in the center of the bright room, hands still behind her head, legs spread, her body completely exposed under Tanaka's steady gaze. Her nipples remained tight and flushed, aching with every shallow breath. Between her thighs, her swollen clit pulsed with a slow, insistent rhythm, and she could feel the slick warmth of her arousal slowly coating her inner thighs.

Tanaka studied her for a long moment, then gave a small nod of approval.

"You're responding very well," she said, her voice calm and professional. "Most candidates become tense or try to cover themselves by this point. You're staying open. That's exactly what we want to see." She stepped closer and gently lowered Akemi's arms. "We're going to continue now. The next stage of orientation is the hygiene protocol. It's thorough, but I'll handle everything myself so you understand exactly how it's done and why it matters."

She rested a light hand at the small of Akemi's back and guided her toward the door. "Come with me."

Akemi followed without hesitation, completely naked. The moment they stepped into the corridor, the cool air moved freely over her bare skin. Her nipples tightened further into stiff, rosy peaks. Two female officers passed them in the hallway. Both glanced at Akemi — at her naked body, at the way her breasts moved with each step, at the slick shine between her thighs — but neither said anything. They simply nodded respectfully to Tanaka and continued on their way, as though seeing a naked woman being led by the hand was entirely normal.

Akemi's face burned, but the humiliation only made the throbbing between her legs worse. She could feel fresh slickness gathering with every step.

They reached a door marked *Hygiene Suite*. Tanaka keyed it open and ushered Akemi inside, locking the door behind them.

The room was spacious and tiled in pale blue, with multiple shower heads along one wall, a wide central drain, and a built-in bench. Warm, humid air greeted them, carrying the clean scent of antiseptic soap.

Tanaka rolled up her sleeves with efficient movements. "Stand under the main shower head," she instructed. "I'll handle the washing myself. This stage ensures complete cleanliness and lets us check for anything that might need attention. It's the same for every arrival, and the same for your training."

She turned the dial. Warm water cascaded down in a steady stream. Akemi stepped beneath it, letting the spray soak her hair and run over her bare shoulders, her breasts, her belly. The heat made her skin flush, but it did nothing to ease the deep, aching pulse between her thighs. Tanaka squeezed liquid soap onto a large soft sponge and stepped close. "Arms at your sides," she said gently.

“I’ll start at your shoulders and work down.”

The sponge touched Akemi’s skin — warm, sudsy, and firm. Tanaka moved it in slow, deliberate circles across her back, then over her shoulders and down each arm. Every pass left a trail of creamy lather. When the sponge reached her chest, gliding over the sensitive curves of her breasts, Akemi’s breath caught sharply. The sponge brushed across her stiff nipples again and again, sending sharp sparks of pleasure straight to her core. Her clit pulsed harder, the swollen bud aching with slick, insistent heat.

“You’re responding beautifully,” Tanaka murmured as she worked. “Your skin warms nicely under the soap. That’s exactly what we look for — full relaxation into the process.”

She moved lower, soaping Akemi’s belly, her hips, the gentle flare of her waist. “Turn for me, please.”

Akemi obeyed, turning slowly under the spray. Tanaka’s hands followed with the sponge, gliding over the small of her back and then lower, across the rounded swell of her ass. When Tanaka’s fingers occasionally brushed bare skin beside the sponge, Akemi felt each contact like a small electric jolt. Her thighs trembled.

“Legs apart just a little,” Tanaka said softly. “This is the most vulnerable part for most people, but it’s necessary for a complete cleaning.”

Akemi parted her thighs. Tanaka crouched slightly, bringing the soapy sponge up the inside of one thigh, then the other. The sponge brushed directly over her swollen clit, the suds sliding across the tender, throbbing flesh. A soft, involuntary sound escaped Akemi’s lips. Her nipples ached fiercely now, flushed and hypersensitive, while the deep pulsing between her legs intensified into a steady, fluttering need.

Tanaka straightened and set the sponge aside for a moment. She used her bare hands to work more soap into Akemi’s hair, massaging her scalp with strong, soothing fingers. The gesture felt almost tender. Akemi leaned into it without thinking, eyes half-closing under the warm spray.

When Tanaka finally rinsed everything away with the handheld shower head, the water cascaded over Akemi once more, leaving her skin glistening and clean. Tanaka turned the water off. The sudden quiet amplified every small sound — Akemi’s quickened breathing, the drip of water from her body onto the tile.

Tanaka reached for a towel but used it only on her own hands and forearms. “No drying for you yet,” she explained simply. “The protocol calls for air-drying after the initial scrub so the next treatments go on cleanly. You’ll stay exactly as you are.”

Akemi stood there, water still beading and trickling slowly down her breasts and over her belly. Her nipples remained tight and rosy, tingling in the cooler air. Between her thighs the throbbing had settled into a deep, constant ache. Her swollen clit pulsed with every heartbeat. She felt more exposed than ever, yet the way Tanaka looked at her — calm, attentive, quietly satisfied — made the vulnerability feel strangely right.

Tanaka stepped close again, her uniform brushing lightly against Akemi's wet hip. One hand rose to brush a wet strand of hair from Akemi's cheek. "Tell me honestly," she said, voice warm and intimate. "How does your body feel right now, after the full scrub?"

Akemi's breath trembled. The constant exposure, the careful touches, the way every inch of her remained on display — it all swirled together into something electric and undeniable. Her nipples ached with sensitivity. Her core fluttered with slick, pulsing heat. She could feel her arousal coating her inner thighs despite the shower.

"It feels… intense," she whispered, voice shaky but truthful. "Every part of me is still tingling. My skin, my… everything. It's like I can't hide anything from you, but I don't want to. Not right now."

Tanaka's eyes darkened with quiet approval. She let her fingers trail lightly down Akemi's wet arm before pulling back. "Good," she murmured. "That's exactly the awareness this stage is meant to create. We'll keep going just like this."

Her hand returned to the small of Akemi's back, guiding her gently toward the door. "The marking room is next. Stay right beside me. I've got you the whole way."

Akemi walked forward, still completely bare and glistening, her body humming with unrelenting sensation, following Tanaka's lead without hesitation.

Chapter 5: The Permanent Mark

Akemi walked beside Tanaka through the quiet corridors, still completely bare and glistening from the shower. Water continued to trace slow paths down the curves of her breasts and over the flat plane of her belly. Her nipples remained tight and flushed, tingling with every subtle shift of air. Between her thighs, her swollen clit pulsed with a deep, steady rhythm, and she could feel the slick evidence of her arousal with every step.

Tanaka's hand rested lightly but possessively at the small of her back, guiding her forward. Two more female officers passed them. Both glanced at Akemi's naked body — at her stiff nipples, at the glistening sheen between her parted thighs — before offering Tanaka polite nods and continuing on their way. No one questioned her nudity. No one offered her anything to cover herself with.

They stopped before a door labeled *Marking Suite B*. Tanaka keyed it open and held it wide, waiting for Akemi to enter first. The room was smaller and more clinical than the hygiene suite — pale walls, a padded platform in the center with adjustable supports, and a sleek medical console beside it. A handheld laser device rested on a sterile tray.

Tanaka closed the door behind them and locked it with a soft click. “Just us again,” she said, already moving to the console and powering it on. A low hum filled the room. “This is the laser marking station. Every person on this specialized track receives a unique identifier so the system can track them accurately and safely. It’s quick, precise, and completely painless. You’ll feel only a mild warmth. I’ll handle the entire process myself.”

Akemi stood near the platform, arms at her sides, the last droplets of water still cooling on her skin. Her heart beat a steady, excited rhythm against her ribs. “Will it… hurt?” she asked softly.

Tanaka turned from the console, her expression warm and reassuring. “Not at all. You’ll feel a brief warmth, like sunlight on your skin, and then it’s done. I’ve done this hundreds of times. I’ll choose the placement carefully so it’s comfortable and easy to read.” She stepped closer, her uniform brushing lightly against Akemi’s bare hip. One hand rose to rest gently on Akemi’s shoulder. “Lie back on the platform for me. I’ll position you so everything stays stable. You can keep your arms at your sides or rest them however feels natural. I’m right here.”

Akemi eased herself onto the padded surface. The material was cool against her damp back and buttocks, making her nipples tighten even more into flushed, sensitive peaks. She lay back fully, staring up at the bright ceiling lights, her body on full display. Her swollen clit continued its deep, rhythmic pulsing between her parted thighs.

Tanaka adjusted the platform slightly, tilting it so Akemi’s torso was elevated just enough for easy access. “Perfect,” she murmured. She picked up the handheld laser device, its small screen glowing softly. “I’m going to place the mark on your lower abdomen, just above your hip bone. That location is standard for easy scanning and keeps it discreet under normal conditions.” Her fingers traced a light circle on Akemi’s skin, just below her navel and to the left, marking the spot with a gentle touch that sent a fresh spark straight to Akemi’s core.

Akemi’s breath hitched. The casual way Tanaka’s fingertips lingered on her bare skin made her clit throb harder. A fresh wave of slick warmth bloomed between her thighs.

Tanaka’s voice stayed steady and reassuring. “You’ll feel a series of quick, warm pulses. Stay still for me — just like that. You’re doing wonderfully.” She positioned the device against Akemi’s skin. “Ready?”

Akemi whispered, “Yes.”

The laser hummed to life. The first pulse landed — a brief, concentrated warmth that bloomed across the chosen spot. It wasn’t painful, only a strange, intimate heat that sank deeper with each subsequent pulse. Tanaka moved the device in precise, tiny increments, her free hand resting lightly on Akemi’s hip to keep her steady.

“That’s it,” she murmured. “You’re taking it perfectly. The mark is forming cleanly — small, clean lines. It’s going to look lovely on you.”

Each warm flash sent ripples through Akemi’s body. The sensation traveled outward, feeding the deep, fluttering pulse low in her core. Her swollen clit ached with every beat of her heart. Her nipples throbbed in time with the laser, flushed and aching tips that begged for contact. The finality of the moment — something permanent being etched into her skin under Tanaka’s careful hands — made her head spin with a dizzying mix of vulnerability and heat.

“Almost finished,” Tanaka said softly. “Just a few more pulses. You’re being so good for me, Miss Akemi. I can see how your body is responding — your skin flushing nicely, your breathing steady.” Her thumb stroked lightly over Akemi’s hip bone as she worked. “Makes you easy to find… and even easier to keep track of.”

The words landed like a spark. Akemi’s core clenched involuntarily, her swollen clit pulsing hard and sending a fresh rush of slick heat down her inner thighs. The laser continued its work, each warm flash deepening the strange, ecstatic spiral inside her. She felt marked in the most literal sense — reduced to something that could be scanned and tracked — and the thought only intensified the throbbing pleasure radiating from her center.

The device hummed one final time and fell silent. Tanaka lifted it away and set it back on the tray. She studied the fresh mark — small, precise barcode lines now permanently inked just above Akemi’s hip bone, the skin around it faintly pink. “All done,” she said, her fingers tracing the edge of the mark with feather-light care. “It’s perfect. Clean, readable, and it sits exactly where it belongs on you. How does it feel now that it’s complete?”

Akemi lay there, chest rising and falling quickly, her body still humming from the procedure. The new mark tingled warmly against her skin, a constant, intimate reminder. Her nipples remained flushed and aching. Between her thighs her clit throbbed with unrelenting need, the swollen tender bud slick and pulsing so intensely she could barely keep still.

“It feels… permanent,” she whispered, voice trembling. “Like something inside me has changed. The warmth is still there, and it’s making everything else… more. I can feel it everywhere.”

Tanaka’s eyes met hers, dark with quiet satisfaction. She let her fingers rest lightly on the fresh mark for a moment longer, a possessive press that sent another spark straight through Akemi. “Good,” she murmured. “That’s exactly what this step is meant to create. You’re adapting beautifully.”

She helped Akemi sit up slowly, one hand supporting her back. Tanaka remained close, her uniform warm against Akemi’s bare side. “The mark is yours now,” she said softly. “And I’ll make sure it’s always properly supervised.”

Akemi looked down at the small barcode on her skin, then up into Tanaka’s steady gaze. Her body still thrummed with deep, confusing pleasure, every inch of her exposed and marked and humming.

Tanaka’s hand slid down to rest at the small of her back again. “The records office is next,” she said calmly. “We need to log everything into the system so your training file is official. Come with me.”

She guided Akemi off the platform and toward the door, her hand never leaving the small of her back. Akemi walked beside her, completely naked, the fresh permanent mark tingling on her hip with every step, her swollen clit throbbing visibly between her thighs.

And she followed without resistance.

Chapter 6: Paperwork and Assignment

Akemi’s fingers hovered near the fresh mark on her lower abdomen, tracing the air just above the small, precise barcode lines without quite touching them. The skin there still carried a faint, lingering warmth that seemed to radiate outward, syncing with the deep, rhythmic pulse low in her core. She looked up at Tanaka, her voice soft and breathless.

“What happens next?”

Tanaka’s hand rested lightly on Akemi’s bare shoulder, steady and reassuring. “The next step is straightforward,” she said, her tone calm and professional. “We move to the records office to complete the administrative portion of the orientation. It’s where we log everything into the system so your training file is official and properly assigned. I’ll stay right with you. No one else will handle your details.”

She guided Akemi toward the door with a gentle press at the small of her back. The hallway air felt cooler against Akemi’s still-damp skin, raising faint goosebumps along her arms and making her nipples tighten into flushed, sensitive peaks that ached with every step. Between her thighs, her swollen clit continued its slow, insistent throbbing, the tender bud slick and hypersensitive. Each footfall sent a fresh ripple of heat through her core. The new barcode tingled faintly like a secret etched into her body.

They passed a few other female officers in the corridor. All of them glanced at Akemi’s naked form — at her stiff nipples, at the glistening evidence of her arousal on her inner thighs, at the fresh mark on her hip — but offered only polite nods to Tanaka before continuing on their way. No one questioned her nudity. No one offered her anything to wear.

The records office was a larger, brightly lit room at the end of the hall. Several desks lined the walls, each with a computer terminal and stacks of neatly organized files. A woman in her mid-forties sat at the central desk, her nameplate reading *Officer Rita*. She looked up as they entered, her expression efficient and unsurprised.

“Officer Tanaka,” Rita said with a nod. “New orientation case?”

Tanaka guided Akemi to stand beside the desk, her hand still resting lightly at the small of Akemi’s back. “Yes. This is Miss Akemi. We’ve completed the intake processing and marking stages. She’s ready for full file entry and assignment.”

Rita’s fingers moved to her keyboard without hesitation. “Standard protocol?”

“Exactly,” Tanaka confirmed. “Specialized track. Full administrative logging. And assign her barcode directly to me as dedicated supervisor.”

Akemi’s breath caught at the words. *Dedicated supervisor.* The phrase sounded so official, so permanent, yet Tanaka had said it with the same even professionalism she used for everything else. Her swollen clit gave a sharp, deep pulse, sending a fresh wave of slick warmth trickling down her inner thighs. Her nipples throbbed in response, two rosy, aching tips that stood out prominently in the cool office air.

Rita began typing, her eyes flicking briefly to the fresh barcode on Akemi’s hip before returning to the screen. “Full name, age, and prior status for the record?”

Tanaka answered smoothly before Akemi could speak. “Akemi. Twenty-two. Newly married — though that detail will be noted as prior status for the orientation file.” She gave Akemi’s back a light, reassuring stroke. “We’ll enter the rest as standard intake data.”

Akemi’s heart hammered. *Prior status.* The words landed like a quiet erasure. Her core clenched involuntarily, the tender swollen bud between her legs pulsing harder.

Rita continued typing. “Specialized track confirmed. Barcode assigned. Supervisor: Officer Tanaka, full personal oversight.”

Akemi’s voice slipped out before she could stop it, small and uncertain. “How long is the orientation period?”

Tanaka’s hand moved from her back to rest gently on Akemi’s arm, a calm, steadying touch. She turned slightly toward Rita and spoke in that same measured tone.

“I’d like to guarantee as much time as possible with her,” Tanaka said, her voice thoughtful. She reached for a printed list of offenses and corresponding supervision periods that sat on the corner of the desk and scanned it briefly. “Let’s see… some of these are quite short. I want something that allows for full integration and proper evaluation.” She tapped one line with her finger. “This one requires fifty years. That should be sufficient.”

Rita nodded without hesitation and began typing. “Fifty-year specialized supervision term confirmed under Officer Tanaka’s direct oversight.”

Akemi stood there completely naked, the words settling over her like warm oil. *Fifty years.* She felt her swollen clit throb hard at the number, a fresh rush of slick warmth sliding down her inner thighs. Her nipples tightened further, flushed and hypersensitive. She knew, on some level, that this was far beyond any normal job orientation. Yet Tanaka’s calm certainty, the way she had chosen the longest possible term so casually, made it feel almost… flattering. Like she was being selected for something important. Something permanent.

Tanaka’s thumb traced a small, reassuring circle on Akemi’s bare arm. “It’s the system’s way of giving us enough time to do this right,” she said softly, her voice warm and steady. “Some people adapt quickly. Others need the full window. Either way, I’m right here with you. I won’t let anything feel overwhelming.”

Rita saved the file with a final keystroke. “All set. Assignment complete. Dedicated supervisor logged. File is now active in the system.”

Tanaka nodded once, satisfied. “Thank you, Rita. That should cover everything for now.” She turned Akemi gently toward the door, her hand never leaving the small of her back. “Come on. We’re making excellent progress. The next part of your training will feel even more natural now that your file is official.”

Akemi walked beside her, completely bare, the fresh barcode on her hip tingling with every step. Her core fluttered with slick, pulsing heat. Her nipples throbbed in the open air. Her mind spun with the weight of the fifty-year term and Tanaka’s effortless claim as her dedicated supervisor. Yet she followed without resistance, drawn deeper into the process by the officer’s calm authority.

As they stepped back into the hallway, Tanaka leaned in slightly, her voice low and intimate near Akemi’s ear.

“You’re doing so well,” she murmured. “I can already tell you’re going to fit perfectly under my supervision.”

Akemi’s breath trembled as she glanced up at Tanaka, her body alive with unrelenting sensation.

“I… I trust you,” she whispered.

Chapter 7: The Medical Examination

Akemi’s breath trembled as she glanced up at Tanaka, her body alive with unrelenting sensation. Her hand brushed lightly against the new mark on her hip again, as if confirming it was truly hers now.

“I… I trust you,” she whispered.

Tanaka’s eyes softened with quiet satisfaction. “And I’m glad you do,” she replied, her voice low and warm. “That trust makes everything smoother. Come on — we have one more

essential step before we pause for the day. The medical assessment. It’s required for every person going through the full training orientation, so we can confirm you’re in perfect health and ready for the role. Nothing invasive. Just a thorough check so the system has a complete baseline on file.”

Her hand stayed at the small of Akemi’s back, guiding her down another corridor with steady, unhurried steps. Akemi walked completely bare beside her, the cool tile under her feet and the faint tingle of the fresh barcode on her hip making every movement feel heightened. Her nipples had drawn into flushed, aching tips that tingled with each breath, while between her thighs the swollen tender bud of her clit pulsed in slow, deep waves. Slick warmth continued to gather there, coating her inner thighs in a way that made her acutely aware of how exposed she remained.

They reached a door marked *Medical Assessment Suite*. Tanaka keyed it open and held it for Akemi, then followed her inside. The room was brighter than the others — clinical white walls, an examination table in the center with stirrups folded neatly at one end, trays of instruments lined up on a counter, and a large monitor mounted on the wall. The air carried the sharp, clean scent of medical antiseptic. A padded stool stood beside the table, and soft restraints hung loosely from the sides, ready but not yet secured.

Tanaka closed the door and locked it with a quiet click. “Just us again,” she said, already moving to the counter and pulling on a fresh pair of thin medical gloves with efficient snaps. “This is standard for anyone entering extended training. We take height, weight, vital signs, a full visual and manual inspection, and a few quick samples to make sure everything is healthy and documented. It helps us create an accurate health profile so we know how best to support you moving forward. I’ll conduct it personally so you feel comfortable the whole time. Lie back on the table for me, please. Arms at your sides to start.”

Akemi eased herself onto the padded surface, the cool material pressing against her bare back and buttocks. She lay back fully, staring up at the ceiling lights, her body on full display once more. Her heart beat faster, sending fresh ripples of heat through her core. The swollen tender bud between her legs throbbed steadily now, slick and hypersensitive, while her nipples stood out as two flushed, aching peaks that tightened further in the cool air of the room. Tanaka approached the table, her gloved hands gentle but purposeful. “First, vitals,” she murmured, wrapping a blood pressure cuff around Akemi’s upper arm. The cuff inflated with a soft hiss, and Tanaka noted the reading on a small tablet. “Pulse is elevated, but that’s expected during orientation. Your body is adjusting beautifully.” She moved the stethoscope to Akemi’s chest, the cool metal disc pressing just below one breast. The contact made Akemi’s nipple tighten even more, sending a sharp spark straight down to her core.

“Deep breath for me,” Tanaka instructed softly. Akemi obeyed, her chest rising and falling under the stethoscope’s pressure. Tanaka listened carefully, then moved the disc lower, brushing the underside of Akemi’s other breast. “Lungs sound clear. Heart rate steady despite the nerves. You’re doing well.”

She set the stethoscope aside and picked up a measuring tape. “Now measurements for the baseline record.” Tanaka’s hands were warm through the thin gloves as she wrapped the tape around Akemi’s bust, just beneath her breasts. The tape brushed the sensitive undersides, making Akemi’s nipples ache fiercely. Tanaka noted the number, then moved lower, measuring Akemi’s waist, hips, and the length of her legs. Each pass of the tape felt deliberate, intimate, the slight tension of the tape against bare skin sending fresh waves of heat through Akemi’s body. Her swollen clit pulsed harder with every measurement, the tender bud slick and throbbing so intensely she had to bite her lip to stay quiet.

“Excellent proportions,” Tanaka observed, her voice calm and approving as she recorded the final numbers. “Small and compact — easy to monitor, easy to keep track of.” The words carried a faint possessive edge. Akemi felt them sink straight into her core. Her clit gave a deep, involuntary throb, sending another rush of slick warmth down her inner thighs.

Tanaka set the tape aside and adjusted the table slightly, raising the head end so Akemi was partially reclined. “Now the full visual and manual inspection. I’ll check your skin, joints, and reflexes. Then we’ll do the internal samples. Stay relaxed for me — arms at your sides or resting on the table however feels natural.”

She began at Akemi’s shoulders, her gloved hands gliding over the skin in slow, clinical strokes, checking for any marks or irregularities. The touch was professional yet thorough, fingertips pressing lightly along Akemi’s collarbones,

then down her arms. When Tanaka reached her breasts, she cupped each one gently, lifting and examining with careful precision. Her thumbs brushed across the flushed, aching tips of Akemi's nipples, once, then again, as if confirming texture and response. Akemi's breath hitched sharply. The swollen tender bud between her legs pulsed wildly now, slick heat coating her folds and trickling slowly along her skin.

"Sensitive here," Tanaka noted quietly, almost to herself. "That's healthy. Good circulation." She continued lower, hands moving over Akemi's belly, pressing gently around the fresh barcode on her hip. The light pressure on the marked skin sent a bright spark of warmth radiating outward, feeding the deep ache low in Akemi's core. Tanaka's fingers traced the edge of the barcode once before moving on, as though admiring the placement.

"Legs apart for me, please," Tanaka said softly, her tone reassuring. "I need to check your inner thighs and pelvic area for any tension or issues."

Akemi parted her thighs, cheeks burning. Tanaka's hands slid along the sensitive skin, pressing and palpating with clinical care. When her gloved fingers brushed the slick, swollen folds between Akemi's legs, Akemi couldn't hold back a soft, involuntary whimper. The swollen tender bud of her clit throbbed visibly, slick and aching under the brief contact.

"Easy," Tanaka murmured, her voice gentle. "You're responding normally. Everything looks healthy and responsive." She took a quick swab from a sterile packet and collected a sample from Akemi's inner thigh, then another from higher up, near the source of the slick warmth. The touches were quick but intimate, each one sending fresh pulses through Akemi's core. Her nipples throbbed in time with her racing heartbeat, two flushed, hypersensitive peaks that stood out prominently against her chest.

Tanaka stepped to the counter and prepared a small blood draw kit. "Last part — a quick sample for the lab. Just a pinch." She wrapped a tourniquet around Akemi's arm, found the vein with practiced ease, and drew a small vial of blood. "There. All done with that." She labeled the tube and set it aside, then returned to the table.

Akemi lay there, trembling faintly, her body a live wire of sensation. Her swollen clit pulsed with unrelenting need, slick and tender, while her nipples ached fiercely in the open air. The thorough, clinical handling had left her feeling completely objectified — measured, inspected, sampled, and documented — yet Tanaka's steady, reassuring presence made the humiliation feel like something she was meant to endure and even crave.

Tanaka peeled off her gloves and disposed of them, then rested one bare hand lightly on Akemi's knee. "You handled that exceptionally well," she said, her

voice warm with genuine praise. “Most people in training get tense or ask to stop halfway through. You stayed open and honest with your body the entire time. I’m proud of how you’re adapting under my supervision.”

Akemi’s breath trembled as she met Tanaka’s eyes. The fresh mark on her hip still tingled, the memory of the measurements and touches still vibrating through her core. Her swollen clit ached with every heartbeat, her nipples throbbed visibly, and a fresh wave of slick heat bloomed between her thighs.

“I feel… completely seen,” she whispered, voice shaky but truthful. “Like there’s nothing left to hide. And it’s making everything inside me… so much more intense. I don’t know how to describe it, but I don’t want it to stop.”

Tanaka’s hand slid slowly up from Akemi’s knee to rest on her thigh, a steady, anchoring touch. Her eyes held Akemi’s with quiet intensity. “Then we won’t stop,” she murmured. “Not until you’re fully integrated. I’ve got you, Miss Akemi. Every step of the way.”

Akemi’s fingers brushed unconsciously near the barcode on her hip again, her body still humming, as she looked up at Tanaka and whispered, “What do we do now?”

Chapter 8: The Visitor from Outside

Akemi’s fingers brushed unconsciously near the barcode on her hip again, her body still humming, as she looked up at Tanaka and whispered, “What do we do now?”

Tanaka’s hand rested warmly on Akemi’s thigh, her thumb tracing a slow, reassuring circle just above the fresh mark. “We keep moving forward,” she said, her voice low and steady. “Your file is active, your health is confirmed, and you’ve handled every stage with such natural grace. There’s one more thing before we continue the deeper training, though. A visitor has arrived at the front gate. Your husband, Jay. He’s concerned because you never came home from what he thought was a simple job interview. The system logged the request for a supervised contact visit, and I approved it. It’s standard protocol when external family inquires about an orientation case.”

Akemi’s breath caught sharply. *Jay.* The name felt distant, almost foreign after everything that had already happened to her. Her swollen tender bud between her thighs gave a deep, involuntary pulse, the slick heat there flaring hotter at the thought of her husband seeing her like this. Her nipples tightened into flushed, aching peaks that stood out prominently against her bare chest.

“He’s… here?” she whispered, voice trembling. “Now?”

Tanaka nodded once, her expression professional yet warm. “He is. We’ll meet him in the visitation area shortly. But first, we need to prepare you properly.

External contact can be disorienting during early orientation, so I'll take you through a quick private session to ensure you're centered and able to handle it. It's part of the protocol — helps you stay focused on your training even when outside reminders appear. Come with me. The

preparation room is right next door."

She helped Akemi slide off the examination table, her hand never leaving the small of her back as they stepped into the hallway once more. Akemi walked completely bare beside her, the cool air brushing over her skin, the fresh barcode tingling on her hip with every step. Her core fluttered with slick, pulsing warmth, the tender swollen bud between her legs throbbing insistently. Her nipples ached fiercely, two rosy, hypersensitive tips that tightened further in the open corridor.

Tanaka led her into a smaller, dimly lit room labeled *Pre-Contact Preparation*. The space held a wide padded bench, a low cabinet with several drawers, and soft lighting that cast gentle shadows across the walls. Tanaka closed and locked the door behind them.

"Just us," she said, turning to face Akemi. "This session is designed to reinforce your focus before any external interaction. It reminds you where you belong during orientation and who is responsible for guiding you. Lie back on the bench for me, please. Legs apart, arms relaxed at your sides. I'll show you exactly how completely I can support you — better than anyone from outside ever could."

Akemi eased herself onto the padded surface, the material cool against her bare back and buttocks. She parted her thighs as instructed, heart racing. Her swollen clit throbbed visibly now, the tender bud slick and aching with need. Her nipples stood out prominently, flushed and sensitive in the softer light.

Tanaka opened the cabinet and withdrew a smooth, harnessed device — thick, realistic in shape, and noticeably larger than anything Akemi had known in her short marriage. She secured it around her waist with efficient movements, the strap-on settling against her hips with quiet authority. "This is part of the preparation protocol," Tanaka explained, her voice calm and reassuring as she stepped between Akemi's parted legs. "It demonstrates how fully I can meet every need you have during training. No outside distractions. No uncertainty. Just complete, focused care from your dedicated supervisor."

She leaned over Akemi, one hand bracing beside her head, the other guiding the thick tip of the strap-on to brush lightly against Akemi's slick, swollen folds. "Tell me if it feels right," Tanaka murmured, her eyes locked on Akemi's. "I want you to feel exactly how much better this can be."

The thick head pressed forward slowly, stretching Akemi open with a deep, fulfilling pressure that made her back arch off the bench. A low, involuntary moan escaped her lips as the strap- on slid deeper, filling her completely in a way

that sent sparks of intense pleasure radiating through her core. Her swollen clit throbbed hard against the base of the harness, the tender bud grinding with every slow thrust. Her nipples ached fiercely, two flushed, hypersensitive peaks that tightened further as Tanaka's uniform brushed against them.

"You're taking it so well," Tanaka said softly, her hips moving in a steady, controlled rhythm. "See how completely I can fill you? How perfectly you respond when it's just me guiding you?" Each thrust was deliberate, deep, the thick length stroking every sensitive spot inside Akemi until her core clenched around it in rhythmic waves. Slick heat coated the strap-on, the wet sounds of their connection filling the quiet room.

Akemi's breath came in ragged gasps. "It's… so much," she whimpered, voice breaking. "I feel so full… so completely taken care of."

Tanaka's eyes darkened with quiet satisfaction. "That's exactly what I'm here for," she murmured, leaning down so her lips brushed Akemi's ear. "Your husband might love you, but he can't give you this — can't keep you this focused, this open, this perfectly supervised." The words carried a subtle possessive edge, and they sent Akemi spiraling higher. Her swollen clit pulsed wildly against the harness, the tender bud grinding with every thrust until bright sparks of pleasure built toward an overwhelming peak.

Tanaka's pace quickened slightly, one hand sliding down to press lightly over the fresh barcode on Akemi's hip, holding her in place. "Let it happen," she whispered. "Show me how well you respond to proper care. Come for your supervisor, Miss Akemi."

The command, delivered in that calm, authoritative tone, pushed Akemi over the edge. Her body tightened, core clenching hard around the thick strap-on as waves of intense release crashed through her. Her swollen clit throbbed violently, sending slick heat flooding between her thighs. Her nipples ached with sharp, exquisite sensitivity, her back arching as soft, breathless cries escaped her lips. The orgasm rolled through her in long, shuddering pulses, leaving her trembling and flushed beneath Tanaka.

Tanaka stayed buried deep inside her until the last tremors faded, then eased the strap-on free with gentle care. She unfastened the harness and set it aside, her hand returning to rest lightly on Akemi's thigh. "There," she said softly, voice warm with approval. "You're centered now. Ready for the visit. Your body knows exactly who is guiding it."

Akemi lay there, chest heaving, skin flushed and glistening, the fresh mark on her hip still tingling. Her swollen clit continued to pulse with aftershocks, her nipples rosy and hypersensitive in the open air. She felt marked in every way — physically, emotionally, completely under Tanaka's supervision — and the

realization only deepened the warm, humming pleasure still radiating through her.

Tanaka helped her sit up, one hand supporting her back. “Jay is waiting in the visitation room. We’ll go in together. Stay right beside me, exactly as you are. I’ll handle everything.”

Akemi looked up at her, voice soft and trembling with the afterglow. “Will he… understand?”

Tanaka’s fingers brushed a damp strand of hair from Akemi’s cheek, the touch lingering. “He’ll see what he needs to see,” she murmured. “And you’ll show him exactly where you belong now.”

She guided Akemi toward the door, hand firm at the small of her back. “Ready?”

Akemi nodded, still bare and flushed, her body marked and humming, and whispered, “I’m ready… with you.”

Chapter 9: The Visitation Room

Akemi’s breath trembled as she walked beside Tanaka, completely bare, her body still humming from the intense preparation session. The thick strap-on had left her core aching in the most delicious way, her swollen tender bud pulsing with slow, lingering aftershocks that sent fresh waves of slick warmth trickling along her inner thighs. Her nipples remained flushed and hypersensitive, two rosy, aching peaks that tightened further with every step under the hallway lights. The fresh barcode on her hip tingled warmly against her skin, a constant intimate reminder of everything that had already been done to her.

Tanaka’s hand stayed firm at the small of her back, guiding her with quiet authority. “The visitation area is just ahead,” she said softly, her voice calm and reassuring. “Jay is waiting. Remember, you’re safe with me the entire time. I’m right here, and I’ll handle anything that needs handling.”

They reached a heavy door marked *Supervised Visitation A*. Tanaka keyed it open and ushered Akemi inside first. The room was simple and functional: a single table bolted to the floor, two chairs on one side, a third on the opposite side, and soft overhead lighting that left no shadows. Jay sat alone at the table, his construction-worker hands clasped tightly in front of him, his face tight with worry. When the door opened and he saw Akemi — completely naked, marked, flushed, and standing beside the tall uniformed officer — his eyes widened in shock.

“Akemi?” His voice cracked. He half-rose from the chair, then sank back down, staring. “What… what the hell is going on? You’re… you’re not wearing anything. Why are you like this? I thought you were here for a job interview. I waited hours, and when you didn’t come home I called the number on that note and they

said you were still inside for ‘orientation.’”

Tanaka guided Akemi to the chair directly across from Jay, her hand never leaving the small of Akemi’s back. She remained standing right beside her, tall and composed in her uniform, a solid presence at Akemi’s shoulder. “Mr. Jay,” Tanaka said evenly, her tone professional and courteous, “thank you for coming. Akemi is in the middle of her extended orientation training. We allow supervised contact visits when family expresses concern. Please sit. This will be easier if everyone stays calm.”

Jay’s gaze darted between Akemi’s bare body and Tanaka’s face. His cheeks flushed with confusion and embarrassment. “Orientation? She’s naked. There’s… there’s some kind of mark on her hip. This doesn’t look like any job interview I’ve ever heard of. Akemi, baby, talk to me. Are you okay? Did they do something to you?”

Akemi lowered herself into the chair, the cool metal pressing against her bare skin. The movement made her swollen clit throb sharply, the tender bud slick and hypersensitive between her parted thighs. Her nipples ached fiercely in the open air of the room, two flushed, prominent tips that stood out visibly under Jay’s stunned stare. Humiliation crashed over her in a hot wave, but instead of shame it ignited a deep, fluttering heat low in her belly. She could feel her arousal coating her inner thighs, impossible to hide, and the knowledge that Jay was seeing her like this — marked, exposed, and standing under Tanaka’s personal supervision — only made the pulsing ache between her legs intensify.

“I’m… I’m okay, Jay,” she said, her voice soft and trembling. The words felt strange on her tongue, as if they belonged to someone else. “This is part of the training. Officer Tanaka explained it all. The orientation is hands-on so I can truly understand the environment I’ll be supporting. I… I had to go through the same steps the women who come here experience. It helps me be better at the job.”

Jay’s eyes flicked again to the small barcode on her hip, then to her bare breasts, then quickly away. “The same steps? You’re sitting here completely naked in front of a stranger. There’s a tattoo or something on you. This isn’t a job, Akemi — this looks like they’re treating you like one of the inmates. Tell me the truth. Are they forcing you to stay?”

Tanaka’s hand rested lightly on Akemi’s shoulder, a steady, possessive weight that sent another spark straight through her core. “No one is forcing anything, Mr. Jay,” she said calmly. “Akemi entered the orientation willingly. She has adapted remarkably well. Her file is now active under my personal supervision for the full training period. She’s safe, she’s healthy, and she’s exactly where she needs to be.”

Akemi felt the words sink into her like warm oil. Her swollen clit pulsed hard, the tender bud throbbing with slick, insistent need that made her shift in the chair. The humiliation of sitting naked in front of her husband while Tanaka stood beside her, claiming supervision so casually, made her core clench involuntarily. Slick heat bloomed fresh between her thighs, and her nipples tightened into two aching, rosy peaks that Jay couldn't help but notice.

She forced herself to meet Jay's eyes. "It's true," she whispered, voice shaking with the intensity of her body's reaction. "I… I undressed myself. I went through the cleaning, the marking… everything. Officer Tanaka stayed with me the whole time. She made sure I was never alone. It felt… exposing at first. But now it feels right. Like I'm finally understanding what it means to be useful here. To have someone who knows exactly how to guide me."

Jay leaned forward, his face pale. "Useful? You're my wife. We got married three weeks ago. You were supposed to come home tonight and tell me about a normal office job. Instead you're sitting here without a stitch of clothing, talking about being 'marked' and 'supervised.' This is insane. I want to take you home right now."

Akemi's heart hammered. The contrast between Jay's bewildered love and Tanaka's calm authority sent another powerful throb through her core. Her swollen clit ached deeply, the tender bud slick and pulsing so intensely she had to press her thighs together under the table. Her nipples throbbed in the open air, flushed and hypersensitive, every breath making them tingle under both pairs of eyes.

"I don't… I don't think I want to go home yet," she said, the words slipping out before she could stop them. The admission humiliated her further, yet the heat it ignited between her legs was overwhelming. "Officer Tanaka has shown me things I didn't know I needed. She takes care of every detail. She makes sure I'm focused, that I'm safe, that I'm… exactly where I belong. I feel more awake here than I ever did at home. More seen. More… taken care of."

Tanaka's fingers gave Akemi's shoulder a light, approving squeeze. "She's telling the truth," Tanaka said quietly, addressing Jay but keeping her gaze on Akemi. "Akemi has responded exceptionally well to the structure. Her body and mind are adapting faster than most. I'm her dedicated supervisor, so I'll continue guiding her personally through the entire training period. You don't need to worry. She's in excellent hands."

Jay stared at Akemi, searching her face. "Baby… you sound like you believe this. You sound like you want to stay. What about us? What about our life together?"

Akemi's voice grew softer, but clearer. The humiliation of explaining herself while completely naked, marked, and still dripping with arousal from Tanaka's

earlier preparation made her core flutter wildly. Her swollen clit throbbed with every word, slick heat coating her thighs beneath the table. Her nipples ached so fiercely they felt almost painful, two prominent, rosy tips that Jay kept glancing at despite himself.

“Our life together was… quiet,” she whispered. “Safe, but quiet. Here, with Officer Tanaka, I feel needed. I feel like I have a clear place. She knows exactly how to handle me — how to keep me focused, how to make sure I don’t have to think about anything except doing what’s asked. I trust her. Completely. She’s already shown me more care in one day than… than I knew was possible.”

Jay’s shoulders slumped. He looked from Akemi to Tanaka and back again, confusion and reluctant acceptance warring across his face. “If this is really what you want… if you’re not being forced… then I won’t fight it. I love you, Akemi. I just want you to be happy. Even if it means… this.”

Akemi felt a fresh rush of humiliating heat crash over her. Jay’s reluctant surrender, spoken while she sat naked and marked in front of him, sent her swollen clit pulsing violently. Slick warmth flooded between her thighs, and her nipples tightened into two aching, hypersensitive peaks that visibly throbbed under the lights. She turned her head slightly toward Tanaka, eyes shining with devotion.

“Thank you for understanding, Jay,” she said softly. Then, louder, her voice trembling with emotion and arousal, she looked up at the officer beside her. “And thank you, Officer Tanaka. For everything. For guiding me, for supervising me, for showing me exactly where I belong. I’m so grateful you chose me for this. I don’t want to be anywhere else.”

Tanaka’s hand slid from Akemi’s shoulder to rest possessively at the back of her neck, a light but unmistakable claim. Her eyes met Akemi’s with quiet, dark satisfaction.

“You’re welcome, Miss Akemi,” she murmured, her voice low enough that only the three of them could hear. “I’m very glad you’re mine to supervise.”

Jay watched the exchange in silence, his expression resigned. Akemi sat there, completely bare and flushed, her body humming with unrelenting need, and reached out to touch Tanaka’s wrist with trembling fingers.

“I’m ready to continue my training now,” she whispered, eyes locked on Tanaka’s. “Whenever you are.”

Chapter 10: First Night in the Cell

Akemi sat there, completely bare and flushed, her body humming with unrelenting need, and reached out to touch Tanaka’s wrist with trembling fingers.

“I’m ready to continue my training now,” she whispered, eyes locked on Tanaka’s. “Whenever you are.”

Tanaka’s fingers closed gently over Akemi’s for a brief moment, a steady, grounding touch that sent another deep pulse through Akemi’s core. “Then we’ll go now,” she said softly, her voice low and reassuring. “The visitation is finished. Jay has seen what he needed to see, and you’ve said what you needed to say. It’s time to settle you into your assigned space for the night. Come with me.”

She guided Akemi up from the chair, her hand returning to its familiar place at the small of Akemi’s back. The door to the visitation room clicked open, and they stepped back into the corridor together. Jay remained seated, watching them leave in stunned silence, but neither woman looked back. Akemi walked completely bare beside Tanaka, the cool air of the hallway brushing over her still-flushed skin. Her swollen clit throbbed with every step, the tender bud slick and hypersensitive, sending fresh ripples of heat through her lower belly. Her nipples stood out as two flushed, aching peaks that tightened further under the overhead lights, tingling with each subtle sway of her body. The fresh barcode on her hip felt warm against her skin, a constant private reminder of how thoroughly she had already been claimed by the process.

They moved deeper into the facility, past quiet hallways and locked doors, until they reached a narrower wing lined with heavy metal doors. Tanaka stopped in front of one marked with a small digital panel and a simple number: 17. She keyed in a code, and the lock released with a heavy, final click. The door swung open to reveal a small, sparse cell — concrete walls painted a pale gray, a narrow cot bolted to the floor, a metal toilet and sink in one corner, and nothing else. A single overhead light cast a soft glow across the space.

“This is your cell for the duration of your training,” Tanaka said simply, guiding Akemi inside with a gentle push at her back. “It’s standard for orientation cases under dedicated supervision. You’ll sleep here, and I’ll check on you personally each night. No one else has access.” She stepped in after her and closed the door. The lock engaged automatically behind them with a solid thunk that echoed in the small room.

Akemi stood in the center of the cell, heart racing. The bare walls seemed to press in, making her nudity feel even more complete. Her core fluttered with slick, pulsing warmth, the swollen tender bud between her thighs aching steadily. She could feel the evidence of her arousal on her inner thighs, warm and unmistakable. Her nipples throbbed visibly, two rosy, sensitive tips that begged for any contact in the cool air.

Tanaka turned to face her, expression calm and professional. “The first night is important. We begin what we call rehabilitation protocol — simple exercises to help you internalize your place in the system and release any lingering tension

from the day. It’s necessary training, Miss Akemi. It teaches you how to present yourself correctly for supervision and how to accept correction when it’s needed. I’ll show you the positions and guide you through the first session myself.”

She gestured to the clear space beside the cot. “Kneel first. Knees apart, back straight, hands resting on your thighs palms up. This is the basic presentation position. It shows you’re open, attentive, and ready for instruction.”

Akemi lowered herself to the cool floor without hesitation, knees spreading wide on the concrete. The position left her completely exposed — breasts lifted slightly, swollen clit on full display between her parted thighs, the fresh barcode on her hip clearly visible. A fresh rush of slick heat bloomed low in her belly at the vulnerability. Her nipples tightened into two flushed, aching peaks that stood out prominently in the cell’s soft light.

Tanaka stood over her, studying her with quiet approval. “Good. Very natural. Now, when I say ‘present,’ you move into this position immediately. It’s how you’ll greet me each evening and how you’ll wait when I need to correct or train you.” She stepped closer, one hand resting lightly on Akemi’s shoulder. “You’re trembling a little. Is the position making you feel anything specific?”

Akemi’s voice came out soft and breathless. “It feels… exposing. Like every part of me is open for you to see. My… my body is reacting so strongly. I can feel myself getting wetter just from kneeling here for you.”

Tanaka’s fingers traced lightly down Akemi’s arm. “That’s exactly what this protocol is designed to encourage — full awareness and honest response. Now stand and bend over the cot. Hands flat on the mattress, legs straight, feet apart. This is the correction position. It allows proper access for discipline when it’s needed.”

Akemi rose and bent forward, palms pressing into the thin mattress, ass raised and legs spread. The position stretched her body taut, pushing her breasts forward so her nipples brushed the cool sheet with every breath. Her swollen clit throbbed openly between her thighs, slick and visibly pulsing. She felt utterly objectified, reduced to a body waiting for Tanaka’s judgment, and the humiliation sent a deep, fluttering wave of heat through her core.

Tanaka moved behind her, one hand resting on the small of Akemi’s back to steady her. “Perfect form,” she murmured. “Back arched just like that. This is how you’ll present when discipline is required. It’s part of the training — to teach you to accept correction calmly and learn from it.” Her palm smoothed slowly over Akemi’s bare backside, a gentle, assessing touch. “You have such smooth skin. Responsive, too. I can already see how your body is preparing itself.”

Without warning, Tanaka’s hand came down in a firm, measured smack across Akemi’s right cheek. The sound cracked sharply in the small cell. Heat bloomed

instantly across the skin, a stinging warmth that made Akemi gasp. Her swollen clit pulsed hard at the impact, the tender bud sending sparks of pleasure straight through her core.

“Does that feel like training?” Tanaka asked, her voice calm and instructive as she delivered a second, matching smack to the left cheek. “Or does it feel like something your body already understands it needs?”

Akemi’s breath hitched, a soft whimper escaping her. “It feels… necessary,” she managed, voice shaking. “The sting is making everything between my legs throb even more. I’m getting so wet, Officer Tanaka. Please… I think I need more.”

Tanaka’s hand rubbed the warmed skin gently for a moment, then delivered three more firm spanks in quick succession — left, right, left again. Each one landed with controlled precision, spreading heat across Akemi’s backside and sending jolts of humiliating pleasure straight to her core. Akemi’s swollen clit ached fiercely now, the tender bud slick and pulsing visibly between her spread thighs. Her nipples throbbed against the mattress, two flushed, hypersensitive peaks that dragged across the sheet with every involuntary rock of her hips.

“You’re learning quickly,” Tanaka said, her tone warm with approval. “See how your body opens up when it receives proper correction? That’s the point of this session — to teach you that discipline from your supervisor feels right.” She delivered another series of firm, even spanks, alternating cheeks until Akemi’s entire backside glowed with a warm, rosy heat. Each impact made Akemi’s core clench, her swollen clit throbbing harder, slick arousal coating her inner thighs in glistening trails.

“Please,” Akemi gasped, voice breaking on the word. “More… I need more of it. I feel so empty without your hand on me. I want to learn everything you have to teach me tonight.”

Tanaka’s hand paused, rubbing slow circles over the heated skin. “Then we’ll continue with restraints to help you hold the position properly.” She reached into a small compartment beside the cot and withdrew two soft leather cuffs attached to short chains anchored to the bed frame. “Wrists first. This keeps you exactly where I need you while I finish the session.”

She fastened the cuffs around Akemi’s wrists, securing them to the bed so Akemi remained bent over, arms stretched forward, ass raised and presented. The light restraint made Akemi feel even more helpless, more completely under Tanaka’s control. Her swollen clit pulsed wildly now, the tender bud dripping with slick need that trickled slowly down her thighs.

Tanaka stepped back to admire the sight, then resumed the spanking — firmer now, each smack landing with a crisp sound that echoed in the cell. Akemi cried out softly with every strike, the stinging heat blending into overwhelming

pleasure that made her hips rock helplessly against nothing. Her nipples dragged across the mattress, aching and

hypersensitive, while her core clenched rhythmically around emptiness, desperate and dripping.

“Beg properly,” Tanaka instructed gently between spanks. “Tell me what you need from your supervisor tonight.”

Akemi’s voice came out in broken, desperate whimpers. “I need you to keep spanking me… to keep training me… please, Officer Tanaka. I’m yours to correct. I’m so wet for it… my clit is throbbing so hard it hurts. I’ll stay in any position you want. I’ll learn anything. Just don’t stop touching me like this.”

Tanaka’s hand came down again, harder, then soothed the burning skin with slow strokes. “Good girl,” she murmured, the praise slipping out warm and intimate. “You’re already begging so sweetly. That’s exactly how a well-supervised trainee should sound.”

She continued the discipline for long minutes — measured spanks interspersed with gentle caresses that only heightened Akemi’s desperate arousal — until Akemi’s backside glowed a deep, even pink and her legs trembled with the effort of holding position. Tears of overwhelming sensation pricked Akemi’s eyes, but her voice stayed eager, pleading.

“More… please, more,” she begged, voice hoarse and trembling. “I need to feel you own every part of me tonight. I’m so close already just from your hand. Please don’t stop training me.”

Tanaka leaned down, her lips brushing Akemi’s ear as her palm rested warmly over the heated skin of Akemi’s ass. “I won’t stop,” she whispered, voice dark with quiet promise. “Not until you’ve learned exactly how good it feels to be mine to discipline.”

Akemi moaned softly at the words, her swollen clit pulsing hard against nothing, slick and desperate, as she pressed back into Tanaka’s hand.

“Again,” she breathed, voice breaking with need. “Please spank me again.”

Chapter 11: Daily Service Begins

Akemi moaned softly at the words, her swollen clit pulsing hard against nothing, slick and desperate, as she pressed back into Tanaka’s hand.

“Again,” she breathed, voice breaking with need. “Please spank me again.”

Tanaka’s palm came down once more — firm, measured, the sharp crack echoing off the cell walls. Heat bloomed across Akemi’s already glowing backside, the sting blooming into a deep, throbbing warmth that made her core clench hard around emptiness. Her swollen, tender bud throbbed violently between her

spread thighs, slick arousal dripping in slow, glistening trails down her skin. Her nipples dragged against the thin mattress with every involuntary rock of her hips, two flushed, aching buds that sent sharp sparks through her chest.

“That’s it,” Tanaka murmured, her voice low and approving as she delivered three more even spanks, alternating cheeks. “You’re learning to ask for what your body needs. Good trainees don’t hide their responses — they offer them.” Her hand soothed the heated skin for a moment, then landed again, harder, pulling a broken whimper from Akemi’s lips. The restraint cuffs kept her bent perfectly in place, wrists secured, ass raised high, every inch of her on display for Tanaka’s gaze.

By the time Tanaka finally unfastened the cuffs and helped Akemi straighten, the cell felt smaller, warmer. Akemi’s legs trembled as she stood, backside glowing a deep, even pink, her swollen clit still pulsing visibly between her thighs. Slick heat coated her inner legs, impossible to ignore. Her nipples stood out prominently, tight and rosy, aching from the constant friction against the mattress.

Tanaka studied her for a long moment, eyes tracing the fresh mark on her hip, the flush across her chest, the glistening evidence of her arousal. “You did well tonight,” she said quietly. “Very well. Rest now. Tomorrow your daily service duties begin. You’ll attend to me directly — light tasks to help me through my shifts. It’s part of the training. It teaches you usefulness under supervision.”

She guided Akemi to the narrow cot, pulling the thin blanket up only far enough to cover her legs. “Sleep. I’ll be back in the morning to start your first full day.”

Akemi lay there in the dim cell, heart still racing, body humming with leftover heat. She whispered into the quiet, “Thank you, Officer Tanaka,” but the door had already clicked shut.

Morning came with the soft buzz of the cell lock. Tanaka stepped inside carrying a small tray with water and a plain protein bar. She wore her crisp uniform, hair pulled back neatly, looking rested and composed.

“Up,” she said simply. “Kneel in presentation position while I inspect you. Then we begin your attendant duties.”

Akemi slid from the cot and dropped to her knees on the cool floor, thighs spread wide, back straight, palms up on her thighs. The position opened her completely — swollen clit still sensitive from the night before, now pulsing slowly in the open air, nipples tightening instantly into flushed, aching buds under Tanaka’s gaze.

Tanaka circled her slowly, one hand trailing lightly across Akemi’s shoulder, down her spine, over the warm curve of her spanked backside. “Still a little pink

from last night," she observed, voice matter-of-fact. "Good. It reminds you of your place. Stand now. We have work to do."

Akemi rose, legs slightly unsteady. Tanaka led her out of the cell and down the quiet morning corridors. Other officers passed them without comment, offering Tanaka only polite nods. Akemi walked completely bare beside her, the barcode on her hip tingling with every step, her core already fluttering with fresh slick warmth. The casual way the staff treated her nudity as normal only deepened the humiliating thrill, making her swollen clit throb gently between her thighs.

Their first stop was Tanaka's small private office near the administrative wing — a neat room with a desk, filing cabinets, and a large window overlooking the exercise yard. Tanaka closed the door behind them.

"Your first duty," she said, gesturing to the floor. "Clean the office. Start with the floor — on your hands and knees. Use the cloth and bucket I've set out. I want every inch spotless. While you work, I'll review files. Keep your back arched and your knees apart so I can see you clearly at all times. It helps me concentrate."

Akemi lowered herself to the floor without question. The cool tile pressed against her palms and knees as she began wiping in slow, deliberate strokes. The position pushed her ass high, her swollen clit exposed and brushing the air with every forward movement. Her nipples grazed the tile occasionally, sending sharp tingles through her breasts. Slick heat gathered quickly between her thighs, the tender bud pulsing steadily as she worked under Tanaka's watchful eyes.

Tanaka sat at the desk, flipping through reports, but her gaze kept returning to Akemi. "Slower on the far corner," she instructed calmly. "I like watching you stretch to reach it. Your form is very pleasing like this — compact, obedient, nothing hidden." The words carried a quiet aesthetic appreciation, and Akemi felt her core clench at the casual objectification. Her swollen clit throbbed harder, a fresh trickle of slick warmth sliding down her inner thigh.

"Yes, Officer Tanaka," Akemi whispered, voice breathy as she obeyed, arching her back more deeply. The motion made her breasts sway gently, nipples tight and aching. She could feel Tanaka's eyes on her like a physical touch, studying the way her body moved, the way the barcode shifted on her hip with each reach.

After the floor was spotless, Tanaka stood. "Next task — fetch my morning tea from the staff station at the end of the hall. Walk normally, no rushing. When you return, kneel and hold the cup up to me with both hands. I want to see how steadily you can present it."

Akemi rose, legs trembling slightly from the constant low-level arousal. She walked the corridor completely bare, the barcode on her hip catching the light with every step. Two passing officers glanced at her but said nothing beyond a polite "Morning, Tanaka's trainee." The casual acknowledgment sent another

humiliating wave through her, making her swollen clit pulse visibly and her nipples draw into even tighter, rosy buds.

She returned with the steaming cup, knelt gracefully, and lifted it with both hands, back straight, thighs spread. Tanaka took the cup slowly, fingers brushing Akemi's as she did. "Good," she murmured, sipping once. "You hold yourself beautifully when you serve. I could get used to starting every shift this way."

The praise made Akemi's core flutter hard. Slick warmth coated her inner thighs again, her swollen tender bud aching with a deep, insistent throb. She stayed kneeling, waiting, while Tanaka worked at the desk for several long minutes, occasionally glancing over to study Akemi's posture, the flush across her chest, the way her nipples remained prominently erect.

"Pose for me now," Tanaka said after a while, setting the empty cup aside. "Stand in the corner facing the wall, hands behind your head, legs apart. I need to think clearly for the next report, and looking at you helps me focus. Stay perfectly still until I say otherwise."

Akemi obeyed immediately, moving to the corner and assuming the position — arms raised, fingers laced behind her head, feet spread wide. The stance lifted her breasts, pushed her ass out slightly, and left her swollen clit completely exposed. She could feel Tanaka's eyes on her like a caress, tracing every curve, every detail of her marked, naked body. Minutes stretched into what felt like an hour. Her muscles trembled faintly from holding the pose, but the constant awareness of being watched, objectified, aesthetically appreciated, kept her arousal at a steady, addictive simmer. Her nipples throbbed in the open air, two flushed, sensitive peaks that ached with every breath. Her swollen clit pulsed rhythmically, slick heat slowly dripping down her inner thighs in tiny, glistening trails.

Tanaka finally rose and stepped behind her. One hand rested lightly on Akemi's hip, thumb brushing the edge of the barcode. "You're becoming quite the perfect little attendant," she murmured, the words carrying a subtle possessive warmth. "I find myself looking forward to these quiet moments with you more than I expected. Your body is so… efficient at holding my attention."

Akemi's breath hitched. The casual compliment, the way Tanaka's fingers traced the mark she herself had placed, sent a powerful throb through her core. "Thank you, Officer Tanaka," she whispered, voice trembling. "I want to be useful to you. Every day. However you need me."

Tanaka's hand slid lower, resting briefly on the curve of Akemi's still-warm backside from the previous night. "Then you'll continue your duties this afternoon — polishing the observation windows in the intake wing, fetching my lunch, and waiting in presentation position whenever I'm between tasks. All

while staying exactly as you are. No coverings. No distractions. Just you, serving quietly under my supervision."

She turned Akemi gently to face her, eyes dark with quiet satisfaction. "How does that sound for your first full day of service?"

Akemi looked up at her, body flushed and aching, swollen clit pulsing visibly, nipples tight and rosy, and answered without hesitation, voice soft and eager.

"It sounds perfect," she breathed. "I'm ready to serve you right now, Officer Tanaka. Tell me what you need me to do next."

Chapter 12: Evening Check

The cell door clicked open with a soft electronic beep. Evening light filtered through the narrow, barred window high on the wall, casting pale stripes across the concrete floor. Akemi stirred on the narrow cot, the thin blanket tangled around her calves. She was still completely bare, her skin carrying the faint, lingering warmth from the day's constant low-level arousal. As she sat up, the cool air of the cell brushed over her, tightening her nipples into flushed, sensitive tips that ached faintly with every breath. Between her thighs, a slow, residual pulse throbbed in her swollen clit, the tender bud still slick and hypersensitive from hours of being kept on display and in service.

She blinked, trying to orient herself. The events of the day — the long hours of cleaning on her hands and knees, fetching tea while naked, standing posed in the corner while Tanaka worked, the casual touches and quiet praise — had left her body in a constant state of simmering need. Her mind felt soft around the edges, pleasantly foggy.

The door swung wider. Tanaka stepped inside carrying a small metal tray with a cup of water and a plain protein bar. She wore her crisp dark uniform, hair pulled back in its usual tight bun, looking rested and composed. She closed the door behind her with a quiet click, then turned and smiled at Akemi — the same calm, reassuring smile she had worn through every stage so far.

"Good evening, Miss Akemi," Tanaka said, her voice low and even. She set the tray on the small shelf beside the cot and pulled the single stool closer, sitting down so she was at eye level with Akemi. "How did you do today?"

Akemi hugged her knees to her chest instinctively, though the motion only made her nipples brush against her arms and sent another flutter through her core. "I… I tried to be useful," she whispered. "I cleaned your office. I fetched your tea. I held the poses like you asked."

Tanaka nodded once, as if that were the most natural answer in the world. "Good. I noticed how well you moved today. How attentive you were. That kind of focus is exactly what we look for." She reached out and gently rested a hand on

Akemi’s bare knee, the touch warm and steady. “You’re safe. You’re under my personal supervision. Nothing will happen that isn’t carefully planned for your benefit.”

Akemi felt the words settle over her like a warm blanket, even as her swollen clit gave a slow, deep throb at the casual claim of supervision. She nodded, unable to look away from Tanaka’s steady mahogany eyes.

Tanaka picked up the cup of water and offered it to her first. “Drink. Then we’ll talk. I want you comfortable while I walk you through the evening protocol.”

Akemi took the cup with both hands, sipping slowly. The cool water helped steady her breathing, but it did nothing to calm the persistent warmth low in her belly. Tanaka waited patiently until she had finished half the cup, then began.

“Every evening ends with a compliance check,” Tanaka said, her tone calm and professional, as though she were explaining a standard procedure. “It helps you start the next day centered and focused. During these checks I’ll make sure your body is responding appropriately to the program. It’s not punishment — it’s regulation. We’ve found that regular, controlled release of tension keeps emotional balance high and prevents the kind of stress that leads people back into old patterns. You’ll see. Your body already responded beautifully today. That’s a very good sign.”

Akemi’s nipples tightened further into flushed, sensitive tips as the memory of the day’s constant exposure and Tanaka’s occasional touches flooded back. A fresh trickle of slick warmth gathered between her legs. She shifted on the cot, trying to hide it, but Tanaka’s eyes followed the small movement with quiet approval.

“Tonight we’ll begin with a simple edging exercise,” Tanaka continued. “I want you to touch yourself while I watch. You’ll bring yourself close to the edge, but you won’t come until I tell you. This teaches control and helps you learn to wait for permission. Do you understand?”

Akemi’s breath caught. The idea of touching herself while Tanaka watched sent a sharp wave of heat through her. Her swollen clit pulsed hard at the words. “Yes, Officer Tanaka,” she whispered.

“Good girl,” Tanaka said softly. She gestured toward the cot. “Lie back. Legs apart. I want to see everything clearly.”

Akemi obeyed, sliding back on the narrow cot and spreading her thighs wide. The position left her completely exposed — swollen clit already glistening, nipples tight and aching, the fresh barcode on her hip clearly visible under the cell’s soft light. She felt her face burn, but the humiliation only made the throbbing between her legs worse.

Tanaka remained seated on the stool, watching with calm, focused attention. “Begin,” she said quietly. “Use your fingers. Slow circles at first. Show me how you touch yourself when no one is watching.”

Akemi’s hand moved between her legs. Her fingers slid through the slick heat, finding her swollen clit with embarrassing ease. She began with slow, tentative circles, her breath already quickening. The direct stimulation after a full day of denial and exposure pushed her toward the edge almost immediately. Her nipples tightened into two flushed, aching peaks. Her hips rocked helplessly.

“Faster now,” Tanaka instructed, her voice low and steady. “But don’t come. Hold it right there on the edge. Breathe through it. You’re doing well.”

Akemi’s fingers moved faster, circling her swollen clit with desperate precision. The pleasure built fast — too fast. Her hips rocked involuntarily. Her breathing turned shallow. Her nipples throbbed visibly, two flushed, aching peaks that tightened further with every pass of her fingers.

“I’m… I’m getting close already,” she gasped, voice shaky. “Officer Tanaka, it’s happening too quickly again. I can’t… I can’t hold it—”

Tanaka’s hand rested gently on Akemi’s shoulder, steadying her. Her voice stayed perfectly calm, helpful, almost tender — the tone of a caring supervisor who only wanted Akemi to succeed. “Breathe through it, sweetheart. Slow your fingers just a little. You’re doing so well already. I can see how beautifully your clit is swelling for me, how wet you’re getting just from trying to hold back. That’s exactly what your body needs right now — feel how it’s opening up for the program? You’re such a good girl when you let yourself get this close and stay right there for me. Just a few more seconds. I know you can hold it. You want to be perfect for the prison, don’t you? You want to show me how well you can control it…”

The words were spoken so gently, so encouragingly, yet each one landed like a deliberate spark on dry tinder. Tanaka’s tone was pure support, her eyes warm and proud, but the descriptions — how swollen Akemi’s clit looked, how wet she was getting, how beautiful she was when she struggled — were precisely chosen. They painted vivid, intimate pictures that made Akemi’s mind flood with the very sensations she was fighting. Her swollen tender bud throbbed harder under her own fingers, the tender flesh pulsing visibly, slick and aching. Her nipples tightened into two flushed, hypersensitive peaks that ached fiercely. The gentle praise, the quiet reminder that she was being watched so closely, that her body was already “opening up for the program,” pushed her straight past the point of no return.

Tanaka leaned in closer, her breath warm against Akemi’s ear, voice still soft and helpful, almost coaxing. “You wouldn’t want to come for me right now, even if I

told you to. I'm the one who decides when you can come. I tell you when to come. You don't get to decide that yet, do you? You're still learning to wait for me… just wait for me like a good girl…"

The words hit like a velvet hammer. The casual ownership, the gentle insistence that Akemi's pleasure belonged to Tanaka, the quiet command wrapped in caring encouragement — Akemi's body betrayed her completely. Her swollen clit pulsed violently under her fingertips, the tender bud exploding into a shattering orgasm that ripped through her without mercy. Her back arched hard, a raw, broken cry tearing from her throat as wave after wave crashed over her. Slick warmth flooded down her inner thighs in hot, uncontrollable spurts. Her nipples throbbed visibly, two flushed, aching peaks that stood out sharply in the cell light. She shook, sobbed, and came helplessly while Tanaka watched with calm, quiet satisfaction, her hand never leaving Akemi's shoulder.

When the last tremors finally faded, Tanaka shook her head once, gently, her expression still kind. "You didn't hold it again, Miss Akemi. That's all right. This is exactly why we have correction. It helps you learn." She stood and offered Akemi her hand. "Stand up and come here. Over my lap this time. I want you to feel this properly."

Akemi's legs were still trembling from the climax. She rose on shaky knees and let Tanaka guide her across the small cell. Tanaka sat on the edge of the cot and patted her uniformed thigh. "Over my lap, sweetheart. Face down, ass up, legs apart. Hands gripping the edge of the cot if you need to. This is light correction again — not punishment. Just a reminder to help your body learn control. You're still a good girl for the prison, Akemi. You're trying. That matters."

Akemi draped herself over Tanaka's lap, her bare stomach pressing against the crisp fabric of the uniform, her breasts hanging down, nipples brushing Tanaka's thigh with every shaky breath. Her ass was raised high, thighs spread wide, swollen clit exposed and dripping between her legs. The position felt even more humiliating than bending over the cot — intimate, childlike, completely at Tanaka's mercy. She could feel the warmth of Tanaka's body beneath her, the steady rise and fall of her breathing, the quiet authority in every small shift of her legs.

Tanaka's left hand rested firmly on the small of Akemi's back, holding her in place. Her right hand smoothed slowly over the already-pink curves of Akemi's backside, as if admiring the canvas. "You're so responsive," Tanaka murmured, almost to herself. "Look at how beautifully your skin marks. This is going to help you remember to wait for permission next time."

The first smack landed — firm, measured, the flat of Tanaka's palm cracking against Akemi's right cheek with a sharp, resounding sound that echoed off the cell walls. Heat bloomed instantly, a stinging warmth that made Akemi gasp. The

second smack followed on the left cheek, matching the first in force and precision. The third and fourth came in quick succession, spreading the heat across both cheeks until Akemi's entire backside glowed a deeper pink.

Akemi whimpered, the stinging heat blending with the lingering aftershocks of her accidental orgasm. Her swollen tender bud pulsed visibly between her spread thighs, slick and aching. Every smack made her hips jerk involuntarily, pressing her dripping clit against Tanaka's uniformed thigh and sending fresh sparks of humiliating pleasure through her core.

Tanaka didn't rush. She paused between sets, rubbing the warmed skin with her palm, letting the sting settle into a deep, throbbing heat. "You're taking it so well," she said softly, voice still gentle and reassuring. "Feel how your body is opening up for the correction? That's good. That's progress. You're a good girl for the prison when you accept this."

The spanking continued — steady, rhythmic smacks that built the heat higher and higher. Akemi's whimpers turned into moans, then into desperate, broken cries that grew louder with every impact. Her swollen clit ground against Tanaka's thigh with each smack, the friction driving her closer and closer to another peak despite the stinging pain. Her nipples dragged against the fabric of Tanaka's uniform, aching and hypersensitive. The sounds she made echoed through the cell, carrying down the corridor, loud enough for the entire block to hear.

"Please…" Akemi gasped, voice cracking. "Please, Officer Tanaka… it hurts but it feels… it feels so good…"

Tanaka's hand never faltered. She delivered another firm set of spanks, then paused to rub the glowing skin. "I know, sweetheart. Your body is learning. You're allowed to feel both. That's why we do this — because you need it. Because you're a good girl who's trying so hard to hold back for me."

Akemi's cries grew louder, raw and unrestrained. The spanking intensified, Tanaka's palm cracking against her ass in a steady rhythm that made the cell walls ring. Akemi's swollen clit throbbed violently against Tanaka's thigh, the friction pushing her straight toward another orgasm. She began to beg openly, voice breaking.

"Don't stop… please don't stop… I'm going to come again… please, Officer Tanaka, I can't hold it… I'm so close…"

Tanaka's hand kept falling, firm and relentless, the smacks echoing like gunshots through the prison block. Akemi's body tensed, then shattered. She came hard over Tanaka's lap, a long, sobbing wail tearing from her throat as her swollen clit pulsed and gushed against the uniform fabric. The orgasm rolled on and on, driven higher by the continued spanking, until she was shaking, crying out,

begging incoherently.

“Please… don’t stop… keep spanking me… I’m coming again… please, please, please…”

Tanaka continued the spanking through the climax, then through the next wave that crashed over Akemi almost immediately after. Akemi’s cries grew louder, wilder, echoing down the corridor and beyond — raw expressions of mad delight that carried through the entire block and seemed to fill the prison itself. Her body convulsed over Tanaka’s lap, orgasms blending into one long, continuous peak as the spanking and the friction against her swollen clit drove her higher and higher.

She begged the entire time, voice hoarse and desperate.

“Don’t stop… please don’t stop spanking me… I’m coming again… I’m a good girl… I’m your good girl… please keep going…”

Tanaka finally slowed, then stopped, her palm resting warmly over Akemi’s glowing, stinging backside. She rubbed slow, soothing circles over the heated skin while Akemi trembled and gasped through the final aftershocks, her swollen clit still twitching, her nipples throbbing, her body limp and spent over Tanaka’s lap.

“There,” Tanaka whispered, voice soft and full of pride. “That’s how we learn. You took your correction so beautifully. You came for me again and again while I spanked you. You’re such a good girl for the prison, Akemi. I’m very proud of you.”

Akemi lay draped over Tanaka’s lap, chest heaving, tears of overwhelming pleasure streaking her face, her voice a broken, devoted whisper.

“Thank you… for correcting me… for making me feel like this… I’ll try even harder next time… just please… keep teaching me…”

Chapter 13: Points and Production

The cell door clicked open with its familiar soft electronic beep. Morning light filtered through the narrow, barred window high on the wall. Akemi was already awake, kneeling in presentation position on the cool concrete floor — thighs spread wide, back arched, palms resting upward on her thighs. She had woken early, her body still humming from the intense correction the night before. Her backside still carried a deep, warm ache from Tanaka’s hand, and her swollen clit pulsed with a slow, insistent rhythm even without being touched.

Tanaka stepped inside carrying the usual small tray with water and a protein bar. She closed the door behind her and paused, taking in the sight of Akemi already in position. A small, satisfied smile touched her lips.

“Good morning, Miss Akemi,” she said, her voice low and warm. “You’re presenting beautifully today. I like that you’ve started anticipating what’s expected.” She set the tray down and pulled the stool closer, sitting so she was at eye level. “How are you feeling after last night?”

Akemi kept her eyes lowered respectfully, though her voice came out soft and slightly breathless. “I feel… focused. And a little sore. But good. I want to do better today.”

Tanaka reached out and gently lifted Akemi’s chin with two fingers, making her meet her gaze. “That’s exactly what I want to hear. You took your correction very well. Coming while I spanked you showed me how responsive your body is becoming under proper supervision. We’re going to build on that today.”

She released Akemi’s chin and picked up the water cup, offering it to her. Akemi took it with both hands and drank obediently.

“From now on,” Tanaka continued, “we’re going to track your progress more formally. Every compliant action, every successful service task, every time you hold the edge when asked — these things earn you points. You can use those points for small privileges: extra rest, a softer blanket, or even supervised release if you’ve earned enough. Demerits are given for struggling too much or failing to hold the edge without permission, but I don’t expect you’ll accumulate many. You’re already trying so hard to be a good girl for the prison.”

Akemi felt a fresh wave of heat bloom low in her belly at the words. Being scored and rewarded like this made her feel even more objectified, yet the way Tanaka explained it made it sound almost kind. Her swollen clit gave a deep throb at the thought of earning privileges through her body’s performance.

Tanaka helped her to her feet. “Stand. I want to inspect you properly before we begin the day.”

Akemi rose and stood with her hands behind her head, legs apart, exactly as she had been taught. Tanaka circled her slowly, running her hands over Akemi’s body with calm thoroughness — cupping her breasts, squeezing them firmly, rolling her stiff nipples between her fingers until Akemi’s breath hitched. She slid one hand between Akemi’s thighs, fingers gliding through the slick heat there, and pressed two fingers inside her without warning. Akemi gasped, her hips jerking forward involuntarily.

“So wet already,” Tanaka murmured, almost to herself. “Your body is learning very quickly.” She pumped her fingers slowly a few times, then withdrew them and brought them to Akemi’s lips. “Clean them.”

Akemi opened her mouth obediently and sucked Tanaka’s fingers clean, tasting herself on the officer’s skin. The act sent another powerful pulse through her

core.

Tanaka smiled. “Good. You’ve earned five points already this morning just for presenting so well and accepting inspection without resistance. Now, let’s begin your duties.”

She led Akemi out of the cell and down the corridor. Akemi walked completely naked beside her, the barcode on her hip catching the morning light. Several female officers passed them. One paused to watch Akemi walk by, her eyes lingering on Akemi’s stiff nipples and the glistening sheen between her thighs, before offering Tanaka a respectful nod.

Their first stop was again Tanaka’s private office. Tanaka closed the door and gestured to the floor.

“On your hands and knees. Same position as yesterday. While you clean, I’m going to review some new protocols with you.”

Akemi dropped to the floor without hesitation, arching her back deeply and spreading her knees so Tanaka could see her clearly. She began wiping the tile in slow, deliberate strokes, her breasts swaying beneath her, her swollen clit brushing the air with every movement. Slick warmth gathered quickly between her thighs again.

Tanaka sat at her desk and opened a folder. “Because you’ve been responding so well to the program, we’re going to begin a new phase of your training starting tomorrow. It’s called production protocol. Your body has shown excellent sensitivity and responsiveness. We’re going to start harvesting what you produce naturally when you’re kept in this state of arousal. It’s a very important contribution to the facility, and one that only the most promising trainees are selected for.”

Akemi’s movements slowed slightly as she processed the words. *Harvesting what you produce.* She felt her swollen clit throb hard at the implication, though she didn’t fully understand it yet. A fresh trickle of slick heat slid down her inner thigh.

Tanaka continued speaking as if this were the most ordinary conversation in the world. “We’ll start slowly. For now, just know that your body is being prepared for something very special. Something that will make you even more useful than you already are.” She glanced down at Akemi’s exposed form and added, almost casually, “You’re already producing quite a lot of honey just from being on display and in service. That’s very promising.” Akemi’s face burned, but the praise and the clinical way Tanaka spoke about her body’s reactions only made her arousal spike higher. She kept cleaning, her back deeply arched, her dripping clit fully visible, while Tanaka watched her with quiet satisfaction.

After several minutes, Tanaka stood. “That’s enough for now. You’ve earned another ten points today. Stand up.”

Akemi rose to her feet, legs slightly unsteady. Tanaka stepped close and cupped Akemi’s face with one hand, her thumb brushing lightly over her lower lip.

“You’re doing beautifully, Miss Akemi. I’m very pleased with how quickly you’re adapting. Tonight we’ll continue your edging practice, and tomorrow we’ll begin the first steps of your production training.” Her voice dropped slightly, becoming more intimate. “I have high hopes for you. You have exactly the kind of body and temperament that thrives under this kind of structure.”

Akemi looked up at her, eyes glassy with arousal and something deeper — a growing, helpless devotion. Her swollen clit pulsed visibly between her thighs. Her nipples ached. Her entire body felt like it belonged to the woman standing in front of her.

“Thank you, Officer Tanaka,” she whispered. “I want to be good for you. I want to produce whatever you need me to produce.”

Tanaka’s smile was slow and satisfied. She leaned down and pressed a soft kiss to Akemi’s forehead.

“I know you do,” she murmured. “And you will. Starting tomorrow, we’re going to make very good use of that sweet, responsive body of yours.”

She turned Akemi gently toward the door, her hand resting possessively at the small of her back.

“Now come. We have more duties to attend to. And I want everyone to see how well my trainee is progressing.”

Chapter 14: First Harvest

The next morning, Tanaka arrived earlier than usual.

Akemi was already kneeling in presentation position when the cell door opened. She had woken with her body aching in a way that felt almost pleasant — her swollen clit tender from the previous night’s edging and spanking, her nipples stiff and sensitive even before she touched them. The new mark on her hip still tingled faintly whenever she moved.

Tanaka stepped inside carrying a different tray this time. Instead of the usual water and protein bar, there was a small collection vial, a bottle of warming oil, and what looked like a soft suction device. She closed the door and locked it behind her.

“Good morning, Miss Akemi,” she said, her voice calm and professional as always. She set the tray down and pulled the stool closer. “Today we begin your production training. This is an important step in your specialized track. Your

body has shown excellent responsiveness, and we're going to start harvesting what you naturally produce when kept in this heightened state."

Akemi remained in position, thighs spread, back arched, palms up. Her heart beat faster at the words. *Harvesting what you naturally produce.* She still didn't fully understand what that meant, but the clinical way Tanaka spoke about her body made her clit throb hard.

"Stand up and come here," Tanaka said, patting the edge of the cot. "Lie back with your legs apart and your hips at the edge. I want full access."

Akemi obeyed without hesitation. She lay back on the narrow cot, spreading her thighs wide so her feet rested on the floor. The position left her completely exposed — swollen clit already glistening, the fresh barcode on her hip clearly visible, her breasts rising and falling with quickened breath.

Tanaka sat on the stool between Akemi's spread legs and picked up the bottle of warming oil. She poured a small amount onto her fingers and began rubbing it slowly over Akemi's inner thighs, then higher, coating the slick folds around her clit with deliberate care. The oil felt warm and tingly against Akemi's sensitive skin.

"This is the first stage of production protocol," Tanaka explained as she worked. "We stimulate you thoroughly, edge you for an extended period, and collect what your body produces. The longer you're kept on the edge, the more you'll give. This is very valuable to the facility, and it also helps train your body to respond more intensely over time."

She rubbed slow, firm circles around Akemi's swollen clit with her oiled fingers, never quite touching the tender bud directly. Akemi's hips twitched. Her clit throbbed visibly, aching for direct contact. A fresh wave of slick heat welled up from inside her.

Tanaka watched with calm attention. "Already producing quite a lot," she murmured. She reached for the small collection vial and held it ready with one hand while continuing to circle Akemi's clit with the other. "We'll edge you for twenty minutes this first time. You will not come. If you feel yourself getting too close, you tell me immediately. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Officer Tanaka," Akemi gasped. Her voice was already shaky.

Tanaka began in earnest.

She used two fingers to stroke slow, deliberate paths along either side of Akemi's swollen clit, occasionally dipping lower to gather the thick, slick fluid that was already flowing freely from her. Every few minutes she would pause the stimulation, press two fingers inside Akemi, and curl them firmly against that sensitive spot until Akemi's thighs trembled and her breathing turned ragged.

Then she would ease off again, letting the edge recede just enough before starting the slow circling once more.

Akemi's world narrowed to the steady, relentless rhythm of Tanaka's fingers. Her swollen clit felt huge and hypersensitive, pulsing desperately with every near-miss. Her nipples ached fiercely. Her hips kept trying to rock upward, seeking more pressure, but Tanaka's free hand rested firmly on her lower belly, holding her in place.

"You're doing so well," Tanaka said softly as the minutes passed. "Look how much honey you're giving me already. Your body was made for this." She collected another small amount into the vial, then returned her fingers to Akemi's clit, rubbing slow, firm circles that made Akemi whimper.

By the fifteen-minute mark, Akemi was shaking. Tears pricked at the corners of her eyes from the intensity of being held so close to the edge for so long. Her swollen clit throbbed violently with every careful stroke. She could feel thick, viscous fluid steadily leaking from her, far more than usual.

"Please…" she whimpered, voice breaking. "Officer Tanaka… I'm so close… I don't think I can hold it much longer…"

Tanaka immediately slowed her fingers to an almost torturously light touch. "Breathe through it, sweetheart. You're being so good for me. Just a little longer. I want to see how much more you can give when you're pushed right to the very edge."

She kept Akemi there — hovering, trembling, dripping — for the final five minutes. Every time Akemi's breathing changed or her hips jerked, Tanaka would ease off or press firmly inside her to pull her back from the brink. By the time the twenty minutes were up, Akemi was sobbing quietly, her entire body trembling, her swollen clit visibly pulsing and red from the prolonged stimulation.

Tanaka finally withdrew her fingers and held up the collection vial. It was nearly half full of thick, clear fluid.

"Excellent for a first session," she said with quiet satisfaction. She capped the vial and set it aside, then leaned down and pressed a soft kiss directly to Akemi's swollen, oversensitive clit. Akemi cried out at the contact, her hips jerking hard.

Tanaka smiled against her skin. "You did beautifully, Miss Akemi. Your body is already showing excellent production potential. We'll do this every morning from now on, and we'll gradually increase the time. By the end of the week, I expect you to be able to hold the edge for over an hour."

She helped Akemi sit up slowly, one hand supporting her back. Akemi's legs were shaking so badly she could barely stand.

Tanaka steadied her and brushed a strand of damp hair from her face. “You’ve earned twenty points today just from this session. I’m very proud of you.” Her voice dropped, becoming more intimate. “You’re exactly what I hoped you would be. Responsive. Obedient. Perfect for this kind of training.”

Akemi leaned into her touch, eyes glassy and overwhelmed. Her swollen clit still throbbed painfully between her legs, denied and aching.

“Thank you, Officer Tanaka,” she whispered. “I want to produce more for you. I want to be good at this.”

Tanaka’s smile was slow and deeply satisfied.

“I know you do,” she murmured. “And you will be. Starting tomorrow, we’re going to make this even more intense. Your body is going to learn to give me everything I want from it.”

She turned Akemi toward the door, her hand resting possessively at the small of her back.

“Now come. We have a full day of service ahead of us. And I want everyone to see how well my best trainee is progressing with her new protocol.”

Chapter 15: Shared Service

After the morning harvest, Tanaka did not give Akemi any time to recover.

She led her naked trainee out of the cell and down the corridor without a word about what had just happened. Akemi’s legs were still unsteady, her swollen clit throbbing with every step, her inner thighs slick with the thick fluid that hadn’t fully been collected. Her nipples remained stiff and hypersensitive, brushing against nothing yet sending constant sparks through her chest.

They stopped at Tanaka’s office first. Tanaka closed the door and turned to face her.

“You did well this morning,” she said calmly, as if they were simply discussing work. “Your body responded beautifully to the new protocol. Because of that, we’re going to increase your usefulness today.” She stepped closer and cupped Akemi’s face with one hand. “Other officers have noticed how well you’re progressing. A few have requested stress relief during their shifts. You will provide it. With your mouth only. While I observe and continue your edging.”

Akemi’s breath caught. The idea of being used by other women while Tanaka watched sent a sharp pulse straight through her core. She nodded without hesitation.

“Yes, Officer Tanaka.”

Tanaka’s thumb brushed over her lower lip. “Good girl.”

She led Akemi to a small side room near the guard station. Two female officers were already waiting — one tall and broad-shouldered with dark hair pulled into a braid, the other younger with sharp features and a hungry look in her eyes. Both glanced at Akemi's naked, flushed body with open interest.

"Trainee Akemi will be providing relief today," Tanaka said evenly, as if this were a standard assignment. "She is still in active production protocol, so I will be edging her throughout. You may use her mouth. Nothing else."

The taller officer stepped forward first without a word. She lifted the front of her uniform skirt and guided Akemi to her knees. Akemi went down obediently, her bare knees meeting the cool floor. The woman's hand settled on the back of her head, guiding her forward.

Akemi opened her mouth and began licking, slow and attentive, the way she had learned. The taste of another woman flooded her tongue as she worked. Behind her, Tanaka's hand slid between her spread thighs and began slow, deliberate circles around her swollen clit — never enough to let her come, but more than enough to keep her dripping.

The first officer came quickly, grinding against Akemi's tongue with a low groan before stepping back and adjusting her uniform. The second officer took her place almost immediately, spreading her legs and pulling Akemi's face between them without ceremony.

While Akemi licked and sucked, Tanaka continued edging her from behind. Two fingers slid inside her, curling firmly against that sensitive spot while her thumb pressed lightly on her clit in slow, torturous circles. Every time Akemi's hips started to rock or her breathing changed, Tanaka would ease off or press harder inside her to pull her back from the edge.

"You're doing very well," Tanaka murmured near her ear as the second officer used her. "Your mouth is becoming quite skilled. And look how much honey you're still producing even while you serve others. Your body really was made for this."

The second officer came with a sharp gasp, her fingers tightening in Akemi's hair. When she stepped back, Tanaka did not let Akemi rise. Instead, she kept her on her knees and continued the slow, relentless edging with her fingers.

"Two more officers will be coming through shortly," Tanaka said calmly, as if discussing a schedule. "You'll continue until I say we're done. And you will not come. Not until I decide you've earned it."

Akemi's mind felt soft and hazy. Her jaw ached faintly. Her swollen clit throbbed desperately under Tanaka's fingers. Her inner thighs were coated with slick fluid that kept steadily leaking from her, no matter how many times she was edged.

She had lost count of how many times she had been brought right to the brink only to be pulled back.

When the next two officers arrived, Akemi serviced them without being told. She opened her mouth obediently each time, licking and sucking while Tanaka continued working her from behind — sometimes with fingers, sometimes just slow, circling touches that kept her constantly on the edge without relief.

By the time the last officer left, Akemi was trembling on her knees, face wet, breasts heaving, her swollen clit visibly pulsing and red from the prolonged denial. A small puddle of thick, clear fluid had formed on the floor beneath her.

Tanaka finally withdrew her hand and helped Akemi to her feet. She wiped her fingers on a cloth and then, almost tenderly, brushed Akemi's damp hair back from her face.

"You did excellently," she said, her voice warm with approval. "You earned thirty points today just from service and holding the edge. I'm very pleased with you."

Akemi leaned into her touch, eyes glassy and overwhelmed. Her entire body felt like one raw, aching nerve.

"Thank you, Officer Tanaka," she whispered. "I want to be useful. I want to serve however you need me to."

Tanaka smiled and pressed a soft kiss to Akemi's forehead.

"I know you do," she murmured. "And you are. You're becoming exactly what I need you to be."

She turned Akemi toward the door, her hand resting possessively at the small of her back once more.

"Now come. We still have the afternoon production session to complete. And tonight…" Her voice dropped slightly. "Tonight we're going to see how long you can hold the edge before you break."

Akemi followed without resistance, her swollen clit throbbing with every step, her body marked, used, and dripping, completely under Tanaka's control.

And she had never felt more needed.

Chapter 16: Evening Production and Denial

The cell door clicked open just after lights-out. Tanaka stepped inside carrying a larger tray than usual. On it sat several collection vials, a bottle of oil, a small wand-style vibrator, and what looked like soft leather cuffs. She locked the door behind her and set the tray down on the small shelf.

Akemi was already kneeling in presentation position on the floor, thighs spread wide, back arched, palms up. She had spent the entire afternoon in a haze of

low-level arousal after the shared service session. Her swollen clit still throbbed with every tiny movement, and she could feel the constant, slow leak of thick fluid between her thighs.

Tanaka looked down at her with quiet satisfaction. “You’ve had a very productive day,” she said, her voice calm and professional. “But we’re not finished yet. Tonight’s production session will be longer. I want to see how much more your body can give when we push you properly.”

She gestured toward the cot. “Lie back. Wrists above your head.”

Akemi obeyed immediately, stretching out on the narrow cot and raising her arms. Tanaka secured the soft leather cuffs around her wrists and attached them to the metal frame above her head, leaving Akemi stretched out and unable to close her legs or cover herself. The position made her feel even more exposed than usual.

Tanaka sat on the edge of the cot between Akemi’s spread thighs and poured warming oil onto her fingers. She began slowly — long, deliberate strokes along Akemi’s inner thighs, then higher, coating the swollen, sensitive folds around her clit without touching it directly. Akemi’s hips twitched helplessly.

“We’re going to edge you for forty minutes tonight,” Tanaka said as she worked. “You will not come. Not even once. If you feel yourself getting too close, you will tell me. If you fail to hold it, the session will be extended and you will receive correction afterward.” She glanced up at Akemi’s face, her expression calm but firm. “Do you understand?”

“Yes, Officer Tanaka,” Akemi whispered, her voice already shaky.

Tanaka began in earnest.

She used her fingers first — slow, precise circles around Akemi’s swollen clit, occasionally dipping lower to gather the thick fluid that was already flowing freely. Every few minutes she would switch to the small vibrator, pressing it lightly against the side of Akemi’s clit or just below it, never quite on the most sensitive spot. The low, steady buzz made Akemi’s thighs tremble.

Time blurred.

Tanaka kept her right on the edge with expert patience. Whenever Akemi’s breathing changed or her hips started to rock, Tanaka would ease off, press two fingers deep inside her, and curl them firmly until the edge receded. Then she would start again — sometimes with fingers, sometimes with the vibrator, sometimes just slow, torturous strokes with her thumb.

By the twenty-minute mark, Akemi was crying quietly. Her swollen clit felt enormous and hypersensitive, pulsing desperately with every near-miss. Her nipples ached fiercely. Thick, viscous fluid steadily leaked from her, soaking the

sheet beneath her ass. She had already filled two collection vials, and Tanaka showed no signs of stopping.

“You’re doing so well,” Tanaka murmured, her voice low and encouraging as she circled Akemi’s clit with two fingers. “Look how much honey you’re giving me. Your body was made for this kind of use. I’m very proud of you.”

Akemi sobbed, her wrists pulling uselessly against the cuffs. “Please… Officer Tanaka… I’m so close… I can’t… I don’t think I can hold it…”

Tanaka immediately slowed her touch to an almost feather-light stroke. “Breathe through it, sweetheart. You can. I know you can. Just a little longer for me.”

She kept Akemi there — hovering, trembling, dripping — for the full forty minutes. Every time Akemi thought she might finally be allowed to come, Tanaka would pull her back again with expert precision. By the end, Akemi was shaking uncontrollably, tears streaking her face, her swollen clit visibly throbbing and red from the prolonged denial.

When Tanaka finally withdrew her hand and capped the last full vial, Akemi let out a broken, desperate whimper.

Tanaka looked down at her with quiet satisfaction. “You did beautifully. Four full vials tonight. That’s excellent progress for someone who only started this morning.” She reached up and gently brushed the tears from Akemi’s cheeks. “I know it was hard. But this is exactly what your body needs. And it’s exactly what I want from you.”

She unfastened the cuffs and helped Akemi sit up slowly. Akemi’s legs were shaking so badly she could barely stay upright. Tanaka pulled her into her arms, letting Akemi rest against her chest while she stroked her hair.

“You’re becoming exactly what I hoped you would be,” Tanaka murmured against her hair. “Responsive. Obedient. Perfect for long-term supervision. I have big plans for you, Miss Akemi. Very big plans.”

Akemi clung to her, still trembling, her swollen clit aching with denied need. “Thank you… for training me… for not letting me come… I want to be good for you…”

Tanaka kissed the top of her head. “I know you do. And you are.”

She helped Akemi lie back down and pulled the thin blanket up over her. Before she left, she leaned down and pressed a soft kiss directly to Akemi’s swollen, oversensitive clit. “Sleep,” she said quietly. “Tomorrow we’re going to increase the time again. And we’re going to start preparing your breasts as well. Your body has even more to give than I expected.”

She turned off the light and left the cell, locking the door behind her.

Akemi lay in the dark, body aching, mind soft and hazy, her swollen clit still pulsing with every heartbeat.

She had never felt more owned.

And she had never wanted anything more.

Chapter 17: Breast Preparation and Dual Production

The next morning, Tanaka arrived carrying a different kind of tray.

On it sat the usual collection vials, the bottle of warming oil, the small vibrator, and two new items: a pair of soft silicone suction cups connected by a thin tube, and a small glass bottle filled with a pale liquid. She locked the cell door behind her and set the tray down.

Akemi was already kneeling in presentation position, thighs spread, back arched, palms up. Her body still ached from the long edging session the night before. Her swollen clit throbbed with every tiny shift of weight, and she could feel the constant, slow leak of thick fluid between her thighs.

Tanaka looked down at her with quiet approval. “Good. You’re learning to anticipate the routine.” She pulled the stool closer and sat. “Today we begin the next phase of your production training. Your breasts are going to be prepared so they can contribute as well. This is called dual production protocol — honey from below, and milk from above. Your body has already shown it responds extremely well to stimulation. We’re simply going to guide it further.”

Akemi’s breath caught. *Milk.* The word sent a strange, hot flutter through her chest. She stayed perfectly still in position, but her nipples tightened instantly into stiff, sensitive peaks.

“Stand up and come here,” Tanaka said, patting the edge of the cot. “Lie back with your arms above your head.”

Akemi obeyed. She lay back on the narrow cot, stretching her arms up as Tanaka secured the soft cuffs around her wrists once again. This time Tanaka also spread Akemi’s legs wider and secured soft straps around her thighs, leaving her completely open and unable to close them.

Tanaka sat between her spread thighs and poured warming oil onto her palms. She began by massaging Akemi’s breasts with slow, firm strokes — cupping them, squeezing them, rolling her stiff nipples between her fingers until Akemi’s back arched and soft sounds escaped her throat.

“These are going to become very sensitive over the next few days,” Tanaka said calmly as she worked. “We’ll use suction twice a day, along with a mild supplement in your meals. Your body will start producing milk naturally. It’s a very valuable addition to the program, and it shows how well your system is

adapting to long-term supervision."

She picked up one of the silicone suction cups and placed it over Akemi's left breast, pressing it down until it sealed. She did the same with the right. Then she attached the small handheld pump and began working it slowly.

The suction was gentle at first, but steady. Akemi gasped as she felt her nipples being drawn deeper into the cups, the sensation sharp and strangely pleasurable. Tanaka alternated between pumping her breasts and returning her free hand between Akemi's spread thighs, circling her swollen clit with oiled fingers.

"We're going to edge you while we stimulate your breasts," Tanaka explained. "The combination helps your body associate arousal with production. You will not come. Not until I decide you've earned it."

For the next thirty minutes, Tanaka worked her with calm, relentless focus.

She pumped Akemi's breasts in slow, rhythmic pulls while her fingers kept Akemi hovering right on the edge of orgasm. Every time Akemi's hips jerked or her breathing turned ragged, Tanaka would ease off on her clit and increase the suction on her breasts instead, or press two fingers deep inside her and hold her there until the edge receded.

By the twenty-minute mark, Akemi was sobbing quietly. Her breasts felt hot and swollen inside the suction cups. Her nipples throbbed with every pull. Between her thighs, her swollen clit pulsed desperately, leaking thick fluid in steady streams that Tanaka collected into the vials without comment.

"You're already producing more honey than yesterday," Tanaka murmured as she worked. "And your breasts are responding beautifully to the suction. I can already feel them starting to change." She leaned down and pressed a soft kiss to the top of one suction cup. "Good girl. You're taking this so well."

When the thirty minutes were finally up, Tanaka removed the suction cups. Akemi's nipples were red, elongated, and visibly more sensitive than before. Tanaka gently rolled one between her fingers, and Akemi cried out at the intensity of the sensation.

Tanaka smiled. "Very good progress for the first day." She capped the full vials and set them aside, then released the cuffs and thigh straps. She helped Akemi sit up slowly and pulled her into her arms, letting her rest against her chest while she stroked her hair.

"You did beautifully," she murmured. "Your body is adapting faster than I expected. By the end of the week, you'll be producing both honey and milk on a regular schedule. And we'll keep edging you through all of it."

Akemi clung to her, still trembling, her breasts aching and her swollen clit throbbing with denied need.

“Thank you… for pushing me… for not letting me come…” she whispered. “I want to

produce for you. I want to give you everything.”

Tanaka kissed the top of her head. “I know you do. And you will.”

She helped Akemi stand on shaky legs and turned her toward the door, her hand resting possessively at the small of her back.

“Now come. We have a full day ahead. And tonight…” Her voice dropped slightly. “Tonight we’re going to see how long you can hold the edge while both your breasts and your clit are being stimulated at the same time.”

Akemi followed without resistance, her body marked, swollen, and dripping, completely under Tanaka’s control.

And she had never felt more certain that this was exactly where she belonged.

Chapter 18: Simultaneous Stimulation

That evening, Tanaka returned to the cell carrying an even more elaborate tray.

On it were the usual collection vials, the warming oil, the small vibrator, the breast suction cups, and a new item: a larger, curved wand vibrator with a smooth, bulbous head. She locked the door behind her and set everything down.

Akemi was already kneeling in presentation position, thighs spread wide, back arched, palms up. Her breasts still felt tender and swollen from the morning suction session. Her nipples were visibly more prominent than they had been just a day earlier. Between her thighs, her swollen clit throbbed with a constant, low ache.

Tanaka looked down at her with quiet satisfaction. “You’ve been very good today. I promised you we would stimulate both your breasts and your clit at the same time tonight, and I keep my promises.” She gestured toward the cot. “Lie back. Arms above your head. Legs as wide as they’ll go.”

Akemi obeyed without hesitation. She stretched out on the narrow cot and raised her arms as Tanaka secured the soft cuffs around her wrists. This time Tanaka also spread Akemi’s legs even wider and secured soft straps around her upper thighs and just above her knees, leaving her completely open and unable to close them even a little.

Tanaka sat between her spread thighs and began slowly.

She attached the breast suction cups first, sealing them over Akemi’s already sensitive nipples and starting the pump at a low, steady rhythm. The rhythmic pulling immediately made Akemi’s back arch. Then Tanaka poured warming oil over her fingers and began circling Akemi’s swollen clit with slow, deliberate

strokes while the breast pump continued its work.

For the first ten minutes, she kept everything at a steady, manageable pace — just enough to keep Akemi highly aroused, but not enough to push her to the edge too quickly. She alternated between her fingers and the small vibrator on Akemi's clit while the suction cups steadily worked her breasts.

Then she picked up the larger curved wand.

"This one goes inside," Tanaka said calmly. She coated the bulbous head with oil and pressed it slowly into Akemi's dripping entrance. The curved shape slid in easily, and when Tanaka angled it upward, the head pressed firmly against that sensitive spot inside her while the base of the toy rested against her swollen clit.

She turned it on at the lowest setting.

The dual sensation — the steady suction on her breasts combined with the deep, rumbling vibration inside her and against her clit — made Akemi cry out. Her hips jerked hard against the restraints, but she had nowhere to go. Tanaka held the wand in place with one hand and used her other hand to occasionally increase the suction on her breasts or press down lightly on her lower belly.

"You will not come," Tanaka said, her voice calm and steady over the sound of the toys. "Not until I decide you've earned it. We're going to keep you here for a full hour tonight. You're going to give me as much honey as your body can produce while both your breasts and your clit are being stimulated at the same time."

Time dissolved into a haze of overwhelming sensation.

Tanaka was mercilessly precise. She would bring Akemi right to the brink with the combination of the wand inside her, the vibration against her clit, and the suction on her breasts, then ease everything back just enough to keep her hovering. Every time Akemi sobbed or begged, Tanaka would praise her in that same calm, professional tone — telling her how beautiful she looked when she struggled, how much honey she was producing, how proud she was of her for holding on.

By the forty-minute mark, Akemi was crying openly. Her breasts felt hot and swollen inside the suction cups. Her nipples throbbed with every pull. The wand inside her kept her constantly stretched and filled while the vibration against her clit made her swollen bud pulse desperately. Thick, viscous fluid leaked from her in steady streams, soaking the sheet beneath her and filling vial after vial that Tanaka calmly collected.

"You're doing so well," Tanaka murmured as she watched Akemi tremble. "Your body was made for this. Look at how much you're giving me while you're being used like this. I'm very proud of you."

When the full hour was finally up, Tanaka turned off the wand and removed the suction cups. Akemi's nipples were red, elongated, and visibly wet. Tanaka leaned down and gently sucked one into her mouth, swirling her tongue around the hypersensitive bud. Akemi cried out, her entire body jerking against the restraints.

Tanaka smiled against her skin. "Very good progress," she said softly. She released the cuffs and thigh straps, then pulled Akemi into her arms, letting her shake and cry against her chest while she stroked her hair.

"You gave me so much tonight," Tanaka murmured. "I'm very pleased with you. Your body is adapting beautifully to dual production. Soon we'll add the supplement, and then your breasts will start producing milk as well."

Akemi clung to her, still trembling, her swollen clit aching with denied need and her breasts feeling hot and tender.

"Thank you… for keeping me on the edge… for making me produce so much…" she

whispered brokenly. "I want to give you everything. I don't ever want to stop."

Tanaka kissed the top of her head. "I know you don't. And you won't have to."

She helped Akemi lie down and pulled the thin blanket over her. Before she left, she leaned down and pressed a soft, lingering kiss directly to Akemi's swollen, oversensitive clit.

"Sleep," she said quietly. "Tomorrow we're going to increase everything again. And soon… very soon… I'm going to let you come while both your breasts and your clit are being stimulated at the same time. But only when I decide you've earned it."

She turned off the light and left the cell, locking the door behind her.

Akemi lay in the dark, body aching, mind soft and hazy, her swollen clit still pulsing with every heartbeat.

She had never felt more completely owned.

And she had never been happier.

Chapter 19: The Supplement

The next morning, Tanaka arrived carrying the familiar production tray — but this time there was an additional small glass of pale, slightly sweet liquid.

She locked the cell door behind her and set everything down. Akemi was already kneeling in presentation position, thighs spread wide, back arched, palms up. Her breasts felt tender and swollen from the previous day's suction and stimulation. Her nipples were visibly more prominent, and even the cool air of

the cell made them tingle.

Tanaka looked down at her with quiet approval. “Good. You’re learning the routine well.” She pulled the stool closer and sat. “Today we’re adding something new to your protocol. This is a mild supplement designed to support dual production. It will help your breasts begin producing milk more quickly and in greater volume. You’ll drink it every morning before we begin stimulation.”

She picked up the small glass and held it out. “Drink it all.”

Akemi took the glass with both hands and drank without hesitation. The liquid was slightly sweet with a faint herbal aftertaste. She didn’t question it. If Tanaka said it would help her produce more, then she wanted it.

Tanaka watched her finish with a small, satisfied smile. “Good girl. Your body is going to change over the next few days. Your breasts will become heavier and more sensitive. You may start to leak small amounts of milk even without stimulation. This is all part of the program, and it shows how well you’re adapting to long-term supervision.”

She helped Akemi onto the cot and secured her wrists above her head and her thighs wide apart, just as she had the night before. This time, however, she also placed a small rolled towel beneath Akemi’s lower back, tilting her hips upward slightly.

“We’re going to do a longer session today,” Tanaka said as she attached the breast suction cups and started the pump at a steady rhythm. “Sixty minutes of edging while both your breasts and your clit are stimulated. I want to see how much honey you can give me now that you’ve had the supplement.”

She coated her fingers with warming oil and began circling Akemi’s already swollen clit with slow, deliberate strokes while the suction cups worked her breasts. After a few minutes, she added the curved wand vibrator, pressing it deep inside Akemi and angling it so the head pressed firmly against that sensitive inner spot while the base vibrated against her clit.

The combination was overwhelming from the start.

The steady suction on her breasts, the deep vibration inside her, and the relentless circling of Tanaka’s fingers on her clit quickly pushed Akemi toward the edge. Tanaka kept her there with expert control — bringing her right to the brink again and again, only to ease off or change the angle just enough to keep her hovering.

By the thirty-minute mark, Akemi was crying. Her breasts felt hot and heavy inside the suction cups. Her swollen clit throbbed desperately with every careful stroke. Thick, viscous fluid leaked from her in steady streams, filling vial after vial that Tanaka calmly collected.

“You’re producing even more than yesterday,” Tanaka murmured as she worked. “The supplement is already helping. Your body is responding exactly as I hoped it would.”

She kept Akemi on the edge for the full sixty minutes, never once letting her come. Every time Akemi sobbed or begged, Tanaka would praise her in that same calm, professional tone — telling her how beautiful she looked when she struggled, how much honey she was giving, how proud she was of her for holding on for so long.

When the hour was finally up, Tanaka turned everything off and removed the suction cups. Akemi’s nipples were red, elongated, and visibly more sensitive than before. A small bead of clear fluid had formed at the tip of one nipple. Tanaka leaned down and gently licked it away.

“Very good progress,” she said softly. She released the cuffs and helped Akemi sit up slowly, pulling her into her arms while she stroked her hair.

“You did beautifully,” Tanaka murmured. “Your body is adapting faster than I expected. In a few more days, you’ll be producing both honey and milk regularly. And we’ll keep edging you through all of it.”

Akemi clung to her, still trembling, her swollen clit aching with denied need and her breasts feeling hot and tender.

“Thank you… for pushing me so hard… for not letting me come…” she whispered. “I want to produce more for you. I want to give you everything my body can make.”

Tanaka kissed the top of her head. “I know you do. And you will.”

She helped Akemi stand on shaky legs and turned her toward the door, her hand resting possessively at the small of her back.

“Now come. We have a full day of service ahead of us. And tonight…” Her voice dropped slightly. “Tonight we’re going to do another long session. But this time, I’m going to let one of the other officers help me edge you while you service her. I want to see how well you can focus on serving while both your breasts and your clit are being stimulated.”

Akemi followed without resistance, her body marked, swollen, and dripping, completely under Tanaka’s control.

And she had never felt more certain that this was exactly where she was meant to be.

Chapter 20: Assisted Edging

That evening, Tanaka returned with another officer.

The woman was in her mid-thirties, tall and athletic, with short dark hair and sharp eyes. Her name tag read *Officer Reyes*. She nodded respectfully to Tanaka as she entered the cell, then looked down at Akemi, who was already kneeling in presentation position on the floor.

“Trainee Akemi will be providing relief tonight while we continue her production protocol,” Tanaka said calmly, as if this were a standard assignment. “You may use her mouth. I will be edging her the entire time. She is not permitted to come.”

Reyes’s eyes darkened with interest as she looked at Akemi’s naked, flushed body — at her swollen, more prominent nipples, at the glistening slickness between her spread thighs, at the fresh bead of fluid that had already formed at the tip of one nipple.

“Understood,” Reyes said.

Tanaka gestured toward the cot. “On your back, Miss Akemi. Arms above your head. Legs wide.”

Akemi obeyed without hesitation. She lay back on the narrow cot and stretched her arms up as Tanaka secured the soft cuffs around her wrists. This time Tanaka also spread Akemi’s thighs wide and secured soft straps around her upper thighs, leaving her completely open.

Tanaka attached the breast suction cups first and started the pump at a steady rhythm. Then she coated her fingers with warming oil and began slow, deliberate circles around Akemi’s swollen clit while the suction worked her breasts.

Reyes lifted the front of her uniform skirt and straddled Akemi’s face without ceremony, lowering herself onto Akemi’s waiting mouth. Akemi immediately began licking, slow and attentive, the way she had been trained.

While Akemi serviced Reyes, Tanaka continued edging her with expert precision.

She alternated between her fingers and the small vibrator on Akemi’s clit, occasionally pressing two fingers deep inside her and curling them firmly against that sensitive spot. Every time Akemi’s hips jerked or her breathing changed, Tanaka would ease off or change the rhythm, keeping her hovering right on the edge without letting her tip over.

Reyes came once with a low groan, grinding against Akemi’s tongue. She didn’t move away afterward. Instead, she stayed in place, occasionally shifting her hips to encourage Akemi to keep licking while Tanaka continued working between her spread thighs.

“You’re producing quite a lot tonight,” Tanaka murmured as she collected another full vial of thick fluid. “Even while you’re servicing someone else. Your body really does respond beautifully to being used like this.”

She increased the suction on Akemi’s breasts slightly and pressed the vibrator more firmly against her swollen clit. Akemi moaned into Reyes’s pussy, her hips straining against the restraints as she was pushed right to the brink again.

Reyes came a second time, then finally lifted off Akemi’s face. She adjusted her uniform and looked down at Akemi’s flushed, tear-streaked face with open satisfaction.

“She’s very good with her mouth,” Reyes said to Tanaka.

Tanaka smiled faintly, never pausing the slow, torturous circling of her fingers around Akemi’s clit. “She’s learning quickly. She wants to be useful.”

Reyes left without another word. Tanaka continued edging Akemi for another twenty minutes after she was gone — bringing her right to the edge again and again, only to pull her back each time. By the time she finally turned everything off and removed the suction cups, Akemi was shaking uncontrollably, sobbing quietly, her swollen clit visibly pulsing and red from the prolonged denial.

Tanaka released the cuffs and helped Akemi sit up, pulling her into her arms while she stroked her hair.

“You did beautifully,” she murmured. “You serviced her so well while I kept you on the edge the entire time. I’m very proud of you.”

Akemi clung to her, still trembling, her swollen clit aching with denied need and her breasts feeling hot and tender.

“Thank you… for letting her use me… for not letting me come…” she whispered brokenly. “I want to be used like that. I want to serve while you edge me. I want to give you everything.”

Tanaka kissed the top of her head. “I know you do. And you will.”

She helped Akemi lie down and pulled the thin blanket over her. Before she left, she leaned down and pressed a soft, lingering kiss directly to Akemi’s swollen, oversensitive clit.

“Sleep,” she said quietly. “Tomorrow we’re going to increase the time again. And soon… I’m going to start letting you come during these sessions. But only when I decide you’ve earned it. And only while someone else is using your mouth.”

She turned off the light and left the cell, locking the door behind her.

Akemi lay in the dark, body aching, mind soft and hazy, her swollen clit still pulsing with every heartbeat.

She had never felt more completely owned.

And she had never wanted anything more.

Chapter 21: First Release

The following evening, Tanaka returned with Officer Reyes again.

Akemi was already in position when they entered — kneeling in full presentation, thighs spread wide, back deeply arched, palms up. Her breasts had grown noticeably fuller and more sensitive over the past two days. The supplement was clearly working. Her nipples were darker, thicker, and a small bead of clear fluid had already formed at the tip of her left nipple even before any stimulation began.

Tanaka set down the production tray and looked down at her trainee with quiet satisfaction.

“Tonight is different,” she said calmly. “You’ve been holding the edge very well. You’ve earned something new.” Her voice remained professional, but there was a warmer

undercurrent. “Tonight, while Officer Reyes uses your mouth, I’m going to let you come. But only when I tell you to. And only while she’s using you. Do you understand?”

Akemi’s breath caught. Her swollen clit gave a hard, desperate pulse at the words. “Yes, Officer Tanaka,” she whispered.

Tanaka nodded once. “Good girl.”

They positioned her on the cot the same way as before — wrists cuffed above her head, thighs strapped wide open. Tanaka attached the breast suction cups and started the pump at a steady rhythm, then coated her fingers with oil and began slow, deliberate circles around Akemi’s already swollen clit.

Reyes lifted her skirt and straddled Akemi’s face without hesitation, lowering herself onto Akemi’s mouth. Akemi immediately began licking, eager and focused.

Tanaka worked her with precision.

She used the curved wand inside Akemi while her fingers and the small vibrator tormented her clit. The suction on her breasts pulled steadily, making her nipples throb. Every time Akemi’s hips started to buck or her moans grew too urgent, Tanaka would ease off just enough to keep her hovering.

Reyes came once, then again, grinding against Akemi’s tongue while Tanaka kept her right on the edge.

Akemi was shaking. Her swollen clit felt enormous and hypersensitive. Her breasts ached inside the suction cups. She was so close she could barely think.

Tanaka’s voice came low and steady near her ear.

“You’ve been so good for me, Miss Akemi. You’ve held the edge beautifully for days. Tonight, I’m going to let you come. But you don’t come until I say the words. Do you understand?”

Akemi moaned desperately into Reyes’s pussy and nodded as much as she could.

Tanaka increased the intensity — pressing the wand deeper, circling Akemi’s clit faster, and turning the breast pump up slightly. Akemi’s entire body was trembling, right on the brink.

Reyes came a third time with a low groan, then stayed in place, still using Akemi’s mouth.

Tanaka’s voice dropped, calm and commanding.

“Come for me now, Miss Akemi. Come while she’s using your mouth. Come for your

supervisor.”

The permission hit Akemi like a shockwave.

Her body shattered.

A raw, broken cry tore from her throat as the orgasm crashed through her. Her swollen clit pulsed violently against Tanaka’s fingers. Her core clenched hard around the wand inside her. Thick, slick fluid gushed from her in powerful waves, soaking the sheet beneath her as she came harder than she ever had in her life. The suction on her breasts only intensified the sensation, sending sharp sparks of pleasure straight through her chest.

She kept licking Reyes through her own orgasm, sobbing and moaning into the other woman’s pussy as wave after wave rolled through her. Tanaka didn’t stop. She kept circling Akemi’s clit through the climax, drawing it out, forcing every last pulse from her trembling body.

Only when Akemi was shaking and whimpering did Tanaka finally ease off.

Reyes stood and adjusted her uniform, gave Tanaka a respectful nod, and left without a word.

Tanaka turned everything off, removed the suction cups, and released the restraints. She pulled Akemi into her arms immediately, letting her sob and tremble against her chest while she stroked her hair.

“You did so well,” Tanaka murmured, voice warm with pride. “You came so beautifully for me. I’m very proud of you, Miss Akemi.”

Akemi clung to her, still crying softly from the intensity of the release. Her body felt wrung out and hypersensitive. Her swollen clit continued to pulse with aftershocks. A few small droplets of milk had leaked from her nipples during the

orgasm, glistening on her skin.

Tanaka noticed and gently brushed one droplet away with her thumb, then brought it to Akemi's lips.

"See?" she said softly. "Your body is already giving me more than I expected. Both honey and milk. You're becoming exactly what I need you to be."

Akemi sucked Tanaka's thumb obediently, eyes glassy and devoted.

"Thank you… for letting me come…" she whispered. "I want to do it again. I want to come for you whenever you say. I want to be used like that every day."

Tanaka kissed the top of her head, then lower, pressing a soft kiss to Akemi's still-throbbing clit.

"I know you do," she murmured. "And you will be. We're only just getting started."

She helped Akemi lie down and pulled the blanket over her.

"Rest now. Tomorrow we're going to increase everything again. And soon… I'm going to have more than one person using you at the same time while I edge you."

She turned off the light and left the cell, locking the door behind her.

Akemi lay in the dark, body still trembling with aftershocks, mind soft and hazy with devotion.

She had never felt more completely owned.

And she had never felt more at home.

Chapter 22: Officer Lena

Tanaka finished securing the last restraint around Akemi's thigh and gave it a gentle tug. Akemi lay on her back on the narrow cot, arms stretched above her head and cuffed to the frame, legs spread wide and held open. Her nipples were already stiff in the cool air, and her swollen clit pulsed visibly between her spread thighs.

Tanaka looked down at her with calm authority.

"You're going to have a longer edging session tonight," she said evenly. "Lena will explain a few things while I'm gone. I want you to listen to her. Be honest with her."

Akemi's stomach tightened at the words, but she only nodded. "Yes, Officer Tanaka."

Tanaka gave her a small, approving nod, then turned and left the cell without another word. The door clicked shut behind her.

The moment she was gone, Lena moved.

She stepped between Akemi's spread legs, poured a small amount of warming oil onto her fingers, and began slowly. Two fingers slid inside Akemi while her thumb settled over her swollen clit, rubbing in steady, patient circles. She didn't rush. She simply worked Akemi's body with consistent, unhurried pressure.

For a long moment, the only sounds in the cell were Akemi's breathing and the quiet, wet sound of Lena's fingers moving inside her. Lena didn't speak. She just edged her, keeping her on a slow, simmering heat.

Then, almost casually, Lena broke the silence.

"I met your little sister the other day," she said, her fingers never slowing. "Miki, right? She just turned eighteen. Cute little thing. You two are a lot alike."

Akemi's eyes flew open. The words hit her like a shock. Miki. Her little sister. The sudden, unexpected mention of her family while Lena's fingers were buried inside her and rubbing her swollen clit made something hot and shameful twist deep in Akemi's belly. Her clit pulsed harder than before, and a fresh rush of thick honey flooded around Lena's fingers.

Lena smirked, clearly feeling the reaction. She curled her fingers more firmly against that sensitive spot inside Akemi.

"Tanaka's already expressed an interest in meeting her," Lena continued, her voice still casual, almost friendly. "You don't mind, do you?"

Akemi's breath hitched violently. The idea of Tanaka meeting her little sister sent a powerful, confusing wave of heat crashing through her. Her swollen clit throbbed hard under Lena's thumb, and she felt another thick gush of honey leak from her core. She was mortified by how strongly her body was reacting.

Lena kept working her steadily, fingers thrusting deep while her thumb circled Akemi's swollen, hypersensitive bud without mercy.

"She wouldn't be a prisoner, of course," Lena went on, her tone almost reassuring. "More like Tanaka's girlfriend. She'd sleep in her bed every night. Tanaka would take very good care of her."

The image flashed through Akemi's mind — her little sister in Tanaka's bed, Tanaka's hands on her, Tanaka claiming her the same way she had claimed Akemi. The thought was so overwhelming, so wrong, and yet so unbearably arousing that Akemi's entire body jerked in the restraints. Her swollen clit pulsed wildly. She was right on the edge, shaking, desperate.

Lena slowed her fingers just enough to keep Akemi teetering there, then leaned in closer, her voice dropping into a softer, almost sympathetic tone.

"In fact," she said quietly, "she already has."

Akemi’s eyes widened. Her breath caught in her throat.

Lena didn’t speed up. She kept her fingers moving in that same deep, steady rhythm, curling inside Akemi while her thumb continued its slow, deliberate circles over her swollen clit. She let the silence stretch for a few seconds, letting the weight of what she’d just said settle.

“She’s already here,” Lena said softly. “Miki’s been staying with Tanaka for the last few days. Tanaka wanted her close. Wanted to take care of her properly.”

Akemi’s body reacted before her mind could catch up. A thick, helpless rush of honey flooded around Lena’s fingers. Her swollen clit throbbed hard, visibly pulsing under the steady pressure of Lena’s thumb. She stared up at Lena, eyes wide and glassy, her breathing shallow and uneven.

Lena felt the reaction and gave a small, knowing smile.

“She’s not wearing anything while she’s here,” Lena continued, her voice gentle but intimate. “Tanaka doesn’t allow it. Miki stays naked in Tanaka’s quarters. Just like you.”

Akemi let out a shaky, broken sound. Her hips jerked helplessly in the restraints. The image of her little sister walking naked through Tanaka’s space, sleeping in Tanaka’s bed, completely bare and under Tanaka’s control, was burning through her. Her swollen clit pulsed violently under Lena’s thumb.

Lena kept edging her slowly, refusing to let her come. She gave Akemi time to feel it.

After a long moment, she spoke again, softer this time.

“Tell me you’re okay with that.”

Akemi’s voice was small and trembling. “I’m… I’m okay with it.”

Lena’s thumb pressed a little more firmly against her swollen clit.

“Say it again. Like you mean it.”

Akemi’s breath hitched. Her voice came out quieter, more strained. “I’m okay with it.”

Lena nodded once, as if accepting the answer, and continued.

“She has a younger body than yours,” Lena murmured. “Softer. Tighter. Tanaka’s been enjoying that.”

Akemi’s body trembled harder. Her swollen clit pulsed desperately under Lena’s thumb, and she could feel how much thicker the honey had become. She was right on the edge, but Lena still wouldn’t let her fall.

Lena’s voice stayed soft.

“Tell me you’re happy she’s with Tanaka like this.”

Akemi’s voice was barely above a whisper. “I’m happy she’s with Tanaka.”

Lena’s fingers curled deeper inside her.

“Again.”

“I’m happy she’s with Tanaka,” Akemi repeated, her voice smaller now, more broken.

Lena didn’t let up. She kept the pressure steady and relentless, forcing Akemi to stay right on the edge while she continued.

“Tanaka’s been very gentle with her,” Lena said. “She’s taking her time. Letting Miki get used to everything. But Miki’s already sleeping in her bed every night. Naked. Just like Tanaka wants.”

Akemi was shaking hard now. Her voice came out barely above a whisper, thick with shame and unwanted arousal.

“I’m happy for her,” she breathed. “I’m happy she’s sleeping in Tanaka’s bed.”

Lena leaned in even closer, her voice barely above a murmur.

“Tell me you’re glad Tanaka is taking care of her the way she takes care of you.”

Akemi’s eyes were glassy. Her voice was small and shaky, almost tearful.

“I’m glad,” she whispered. “I’m glad Tanaka is taking care of her.”

Lena smiled faintly against her ear.

“Good girl.”

She slowed her fingers just slightly, keeping Akemi right on the very edge, and delivered the final line in that same soft, intimate tone.

“Tanaka is with Miki right now.”

Akemi came instantly and violently.

A raw, shattering scream tore from her throat as the orgasm crashed through her harder than anything she had ever experienced. Her entire body seized in the restraints, her back arching hard off the cot as wave after wave of overwhelming pleasure ripped through her. Thick honey gushed out around Lena’s fingers in powerful, uncontrollable spurts, soaking the sheet beneath her. The orgasm went on and on, violent and all-consuming, until Akemi was sobbing and shaking uncontrollably.

Lena kept her fingers moving gently through every spasm, drawing it out until Akemi was completely limp and trembling.

Only when the last tremors finally faded did Lena slowly withdraw her hand.

She stayed close, one hand resting lightly on Akemi’s trembling stomach as she looked down at her.

After a long moment, Lena spoke again. Her voice was quieter now, softer than before — almost gentle.

“I’m going to tell Tanaka everything,” she said. “Not just what happened. I’m going to tell her how your body reacted the moment I mentioned Miki. How wet you got when I told you she was already here. How you tried so hard to hold it together when I said she wasn’t wearing anything. How your clit started pulsing the second I told you she has a younger body than yours.”

Lena’s thumb brushed lightly over Akemi’s still-sensitive clit, making her twitch.

“I’m going to tell her how I had to keep making you say you were happy for your sister… and how every time you said it, you got even wetter. How your voice broke when you said it the last time.” Lena’s voice stayed soft, almost intimate. “And I’m going to tell her that you barely needed to be touched at all the moment I said she was with Miki right now. That you came so hard it looked like it hurt.”

She leaned down and pressed a slow, deliberate kiss to Akemi’s forehead.

“I’ll make sure she knows exactly how much this affected you,” Lena murmured. “Every single part of it.”

Lena stayed there for a moment longer, gently stroking Akemi’s hair while she trembled beneath her. Then she finally stood up, adjusted her uniform, and walked to the door. Before she left, she glanced back one last time.

“Get some rest, Akemi,” she said quietly. “Tanaka’s going to want to talk to you about this.”

The door clicked shut behind her, leaving Akemi alone in the dark — still cuffed open, dripping, and shaking from the most intense orgasm of her life.

Chapter 23

An hour had passed since Lena left.

Akemi was still on the cot when Tanaka entered the cell. She carried nothing this time. She simply closed the door behind her and crossed the small space in silence. Without speaking, she began unfastening the remaining restraints with steady, unhurried hands. When Akemi’s wrists and thighs were free, Tanaka helped her sit up slowly.

“Come here,” she said quietly.

Akemi moved into her arms without hesitation, wrapping herself around Tanaka’s waist and pressing her face into the front of her uniform. Tanaka let her stay there. One hand came up to rest on the back of Akemi’s head, fingers

moving slowly through her hair.

They remained like that for a long time. Tanaka didn't rush her.

Eventually, she spoke, her voice low and even.

"Lena told me everything," she said. "She was very detailed. She told me how you reacted when she said Miki was already here. How wet you became when she told you your sister wasn't allowed to wear clothes. How your body responded when she mentioned that Miki has a younger body than yours. She told me how she made you say you were happy for your sister, over and over. And she told me how hard you came when she said I was with Miki right then."

Tanaka's hand continued its slow, soothing motion.

"I sent her to prepare you for this," she continued gently. "I knew it would be difficult for you to hear. I wanted her to help you accept it."

Akemi's arms tightened around Tanaka's waist. Her face stayed hidden.

Tanaka was quiet for a moment before she spoke again.

"Now I need to understand something," she said, her voice still soft. "What do you expect me to do with your sister, Akemi?"

She let the question settle.

After a long moment, Tanaka began to speak again, her tone thoughtful and unhurried.

"I could take her on short trips with me," she said. "Just the two of us. I could take her away for a few days at a time. She could sleep in the same bed as me every night while we're gone."

Akemi's body had gone very still against her. Tanaka felt the small shift in her breathing.

"I could shower with her every morning," Tanaka continued. "Take my time with her. Wash her myself. Make sure she's clean before she starts her day."

Akemi's thighs pressed together for a brief second.

"I could keep her in my quarters during the day," Tanaka said. "Not just at night. She could be there whenever I'm not working. I could sit with her. Touch her whenever I wanted. Make her part of my routine."

Akemi's fingers curled tighter into the back of Tanaka's uniform.

"I could use my hands on her whenever I felt like it," Tanaka said, her voice calm. "Not just when we're in bed. I could touch her while she's doing other things. While she's reading. While she's eating. Just because it pleased me."

Akemi's breathing had grown noticeably shallower.

“I could fuck her with the strap-on every night before she goes to sleep,” Tanaka continued. “Make it something she expects. Something she gets used to needing.”

Akemi let out a small, shaky breath against Tanaka’s stomach.

“I could take her out with me sometimes,” Tanaka said. “Let people see us together. Let them see how young she is compared to me. Let them see how I look at her. How I touch her when we’re in public.”

Akemi’s hips shifted slightly on the cot.

“I could also make her the one I focus on most,” Tanaka said quietly. “The one I spend the most time with. The one I take care of first. The one I fuck the most often.”

Akemi was trembling now.

Tanaka’s hand never stopped moving through her hair.

“I could do all of these things,” she said. “Or some of them. Or none of them. It depends on what you need.”

She paused.

“What do you need, Akemi?” Tanaka asked gently. “Be honest with me. Your pleasure matters to me.”

Akemi stayed silent for a long time, her face pressed hard against Tanaka’s uniform, her body tense and shaking.

When she finally spoke, her voice was small and unsteady.

“…I want to watch.”

Tanaka was quiet. She didn’t react right away. She simply continued stroking Akemi’s hair, letting the words sit between them.

After several seconds, she spoke.

“You want to watch me with your sister,” she said, confirming it softly.

Akemi nodded once against her.

Tanaka was silent for a long moment, thinking.

“I understand,” she said eventually. Her voice remained gentle, but there was a thoughtful weight to it now. “If I let you watch… I won’t do it halfway.”

She pulled back just enough to look down at Akemi’s face. Her expression was calm, but her eyes were steady.

“If I let you watch me use the strap-on on Miki,” Tanaka said, “then I think Miki should have to stay and watch afterward. I think she should have to see what it

looks like when I’m finished with her. I think she should have to watch while I make you clean me with your mouth. While I make you thank me for taking care of your sister.”

Akemi’s breath caught sharply. Her eyes were glassy, and her face had gone deep red.

Tanaka brushed a strand of hair from Akemi’s cheek with her thumb.

“Would you be able to do that?” she asked quietly. “Would you be able to thank me for fucking your sister while she watches?”

Akemi didn’t speak. She simply nodded, small and ashamed.

Tanaka studied her for a long moment, then leaned down and pressed a slow kiss to her forehead.

“All right,” she said quietly. “Then that’s what we’ll do.”

She drew Akemi back into her arms, holding her close.

“We’ll talk more about the details tomorrow,” Tanaka murmured. “For now, just rest. I’ve got you.”

Chapter 24

The next morning, Tanaka returned just after breakfast.

She entered the cell carrying a small tray with tea and a folded cloth. She set it down on the narrow ledge by the cot and looked at Akemi for a moment before speaking. Her expression was calm, but there was a quiet readiness in her eyes, as if she had already decided how this conversation would go.

“Sit up,” she said gently.

Akemi obeyed, shifting to sit on the edge of the cot. Tanaka pulled the small stool closer and sat in front of her, close enough that their knees nearly touched. She poured a cup of tea and handed it to Akemi without speaking. Only after Akemi had taken a few small sips did Tanaka finally begin.

“I’ve been thinking about what you asked for last night,” she said, her voice low and even. “About wanting to watch me with your sister.”

Akemi’s grip tightened slightly around the cup. She kept her eyes lowered.

Tanaka continued, unhurried.

“Before we go any further, I need to be sure of something,” she said. “I need to believe that you’re truly grateful I’m taking care of Miki.”

Akemi’s breath caught. She didn’t look up.

Tanaka waited.

After a long moment, she spoke again, softer this time.

“Look at me, Akemi.”

Akemi slowly lifted her eyes. Tanaka held her gaze, steady and patient.

“I want you to convince me,” Tanaka said. “Make me believe you’re grateful that I’m the one taking care of your sister. That I’m the one keeping her close. That I’m the one who gets to touch her and teach her and fuck her.”

Akemi’s face burned. Her hands trembled slightly around the cup.

Tanaka didn’t rush her.

“Start from the beginning,” she said quietly. “Tell me why you’re grateful.”

Akemi’s voice was small when it finally came out.

“I’m… I’m grateful because she’s safe with you.”

Tanaka tilted her head slightly, as if considering the answer.

“Safe,” she repeated. “Is that all?”

Akemi swallowed. She tried again, her voice even smaller.

“I’m grateful because… because you’re taking care of her the way she needs.”

Tanaka was quiet for a moment. Then she reached out and gently took the cup from Akemi’s hands, setting it aside. She took both of Akemi’s hands in her own, holding them loosely.

“Try again,” she said. “This time, I want you to mean it.”

Akemi’s eyes were glassy. She looked down at their joined hands for several seconds before she spoke.

“I’m grateful you’re taking care of her,” she whispered. “I’m grateful she’s with you instead of… instead of anyone else. I’m grateful you’re the one who gets to have her.”

Tanaka’s thumbs moved slowly over the backs of Akemi’s hands.

“Keep going,” she said.

Akemi’s voice was barely above a whisper now.

“I’m grateful you’re fucking her,” she said, the words trembling as they left her mouth. “I’m grateful she gets to sleep in your bed. I’m grateful you’re the one who touches her every day. I’m grateful she’s yours now.”

Tanaka was silent for a long moment, studying her.

Then she spoke, her voice calm and thoughtful.

“Again,” she said. “Slower this time. I want to hear it.”

Akemi’s breath hitched. She closed her eyes for a second, then opened them again. Her voice was thick when she spoke.

“I’m grateful you’re taking care of my sister,” she said, each word deliberate and shaky. “I’m grateful she’s naked in your quarters. I’m grateful you get to fuck her whenever you want. I’m grateful she’s the one you’re focusing on right now. I’m grateful you’re doing all of this… and that I get to know about it.”

Tanaka’s hands remained steady around hers.

She was quiet for several seconds after Akemi finished.

Finally, she nodded once, as if satisfied.

“Good,” she said softly. “That’s better.”

She released one of Akemi’s hands and reached up to brush a strand of hair from her face.

“Now,” Tanaka said, her voice returning to its usual calm tone, “let’s talk about what happens next. If I’m going to let you watch me with Miki… there are things we need to be clear about.”

She looked at Akemi steadily.

“Are you ready to talk about that?”

Akemi nodded, small and quiet.

Tanaka gave her a faint, approving smile.

“Good,” she said. “Then let’s begin.”

Chapter 24 (continued)

Tanaka held Akemi’s gaze for a moment longer before she spoke again.

“I want to be very clear with you,” she said, her voice calm and measured. “If I let you watch me with your sister, it will not be for your entertainment. It will be because I believe it will help you accept what is happening. Do you understand that?”

Akemi nodded slowly.

Tanaka continued, her tone still gentle.

“When you watch, you will not speak unless I ask you to. You will not touch yourself unless I give you permission. You will sit where I tell you to sit, and you will stay there until I say otherwise. This is not a performance for you. It is something I am allowing because you asked for it.”

She paused, letting the conditions settle.

“Do you still want to watch under those terms?”

Akemi’s voice was small. “Yes.”

Tanaka nodded once, as if she had expected that answer.

“Good,” she said. “Then there are a few more things we need to decide.”

She released Akemi’s hands and leaned back slightly on the stool, studying her.

“The first time I let you watch,” Tanaka said, “I think it should be simple. I will use the strap- on on Miki while you are in the room. Nothing else. No extra instructions for her. No extra expectations for you. Just you, watching.”

She let that sit for a moment.

“After that,” she continued, “we can decide if we want to add more. But for the first time, I want it to be straightforward. Do you agree with that?”

Akemi nodded again. “Yes.”

Tanaka’s expression softened slightly.

“I also need to know how honest you’re willing to be with me while it’s happening,” she said. “If I ask you how you’re feeling while you watch me fuck your sister… will you tell me the truth? Even if it’s difficult?”

Akemi’s face flushed. She looked down at her lap for a few seconds before answering.

“I’ll try,” she whispered.

Tanaka reached out and gently lifted Akemi’s chin with two fingers, making her meet her eyes again.

“Trying isn’t enough,” she said quietly. “I need you to promise me you’ll be honest. Even when it embarrasses you. Even when it makes you feel ashamed. Can you do that?”

Akemi’s voice was barely audible.

“…Yes.”

Tanaka held her gaze for another moment, then nodded and let her hand fall away.

“All right,” she said. “Then we’ll start there.”

She was quiet for a little while, as if considering something else. When she spoke again, her voice was softer.

“There’s one more thing I want to be clear about before we move forward,” she said. “When I’m with Miki… she is not replacing you. But she is becoming important to me in her own way. I need you to understand that your place with me is not threatened by her. It is simply changing.”

Akemi’s eyes glistened. She didn’t speak.

Tanaka reached out and took one of Akemi’s hands again, holding it gently between both of hers.

“I’m not asking you to be happy about that right now,” she said. “I’m only asking you to accept that it’s happening. Can you do that?”

Akemi was quiet for a long time. Then she gave a small, shaky nod.

“Yes,” she whispered.

Tanaka squeezed her hand once, lightly.

“Good,” she said. “Then we’ll take this one step at a time.”

She stood up slowly and looked down at Akemi.

“I’ll come back this evening,” she said. “We can talk more then, if you need to. Until then, I want you to rest. And I want you to think about what it will actually feel like to watch me with your sister.”

She reached out and brushed her fingers lightly across Akemi’s cheek.

“Can you do that for me?”

Akemi nodded again, her voice small.

“Yes, Officer Tanaka.”

Tanaka gave her a faint, approving smile.

“Good girl,” she said quietly.

Then she turned and left the cell, locking the door behind her.

Chapter 24 (continued)

Tanaka had already turned toward the door when she paused. She stood there for a moment with her hand on the handle, then slowly turned back to face Akemi.

“There’s one more thing,” she said quietly.

Akemi looked up at her, waiting.

Tanaka walked back to the stool and sat down again, closer this time. She took both of Akemi’s hands in hers, holding them gently but firmly.

“When I let you watch me with Miki,” she said, “I will expect something from you afterward.”

Akemi stayed very still.

Tanaka’s voice remained calm and even.

“After Miki comes,” she continued, “I will want you to thank me. Not just for letting you watch. I will want you to thank me for taking care of your sister. For fucking her. For making her come.”

Akemi’s breath caught. Her fingers twitched slightly in Tanaka’s hands.

Tanaka didn’t rush. She let the words settle before she continued.

“And I won’t want you to just say it,” she said. “I will want you to show me you mean it.”

She looked directly into Akemi’s eyes.

“I will want you to clean me,” Tanaka said, her voice soft but clear. “With your mouth. After I’ve used the strap-on on your sister. I will want you to thank me while you do it.”

Akemi’s face had gone deep red. She stared at Tanaka, her lips slightly parted, but no sound came out.

Tanaka gave her hands a gentle squeeze.

“I need you to understand what I’m asking,” she said. “This isn’t a punishment. It’s part of what I’m willing to give you. If you want to watch me with Miki, then I expect you to show gratitude afterward. Not just with words. With your actions.”

She paused, studying Akemi’s face carefully.

“Can you do that?” Tanaka asked. “Can you thank me for fucking your sister… and then clean me while she watches?”

Akemi’s breathing had become shallow and uneven. She looked down at their joined hands for a long moment before she finally answered.

Her voice was barely above a whisper.

“…Yes.”

Tanaka was quiet for a few seconds. Then she nodded once, as if the answer satisfied her.

“Good,” she said. “Then we’re clear.”

She released Akemi’s hands and reached up to brush her fingers lightly along Akemi’s cheek.

“I’ll come back this evening,” she said. “We can talk more then if you need to. Until then, I want you to rest… and think about what it will feel like to do what I’ve asked.”

Tanaka stood up again. This time, she didn’t pause at the door.

“I’ll see you tonight, Akemi,” she said gently.

Then she left the cell, locking the door behind her.

Chapter 26

Chapter Summary

Incomplete

Incomplete