The Caling

by Brent Clark Palmer
Vulpes Parvaes, Book 32

Chapter 1: The Calling

The snow fell in thick, silent curtains as Grace Harlan’s bus lurched around the final bend of the mountain road. December wind howled outside the tinted windows, but inside the heater hummed steadily, wrapping the six young women in a cocoon of artificial warmth. Grace sat pressed against the glass, her breath fogging the pane in soft, rhythmic clouds. At nineteen, she was the perfect picture of the camp’s ideal counselor-to-be: long honey-blonde hair pulled into a modest braid that reached the middle of her back, wide blue eyes that still held the wide-eyed innocence of a girl raised in a household where even mirrors were covered during baths, and a body that had never known anything more intimate than the lightest touch of a washcloth “for cleanliness only.”

Her parents had driven her to the departure point themselves, their final words still echoing in her ears. *This camp will prepare you for true devotion before college, Grace. You’ll learn to guide other young women into the same holy path.* They had no idea—none of them did— how thoroughly that path would reshape every inch of her. Grace hugged her small duffel tighter, the fabric still carrying the faint scent of her mother’s lavender soap. Her heart beat a nervous tattoo against her ribs. She had never been away from home for more than a weekend church retreat. Now she would live here until May, training to become the kind of counselor who could shepherd five innocent eighteen-to-twenty-year-old campers through an entire summer of residential orientation. The brochure had called it “Sacred Springs Young Women’s Devotion Camp”—a place advertised to prestigious private colleges as the ultimate preparation for young women of faith. *Guide them to become more devoted,* it promised. *Learn worship before September.*

The bus slowed, tires crunching on fresh powder. Through the swirling flakes Grace saw the sign: **SACRED GROUNDS COUNSELOR TRAINING CENTER — NO TRESPASSING

BEYOND THIS POINT.** A tall wrought-iron gate swung open automatically, revealing a cluster of low, cedar-shingled buildings nestled among snow-laden pines. Warm golden light spilled from windows, promising shelter. The bus door hissed open.

“End of the line, ladies,” the driver called. “Welcome to Sacred Grounds.”

Grace stepped down first, boots sinking six inches into the snow. The cold bit instantly through her thick wool coat, but it was nothing compared to the flutter low in her belly. Five other girls followed her out, all of them dressed in the same modest navy-blue camp-issued coats and scarves, their faces flushed with the same mixture of excitement and trepidation. They were all between eighteen and twenty, all from purity-focused households just like hers. Grace recognized the look instantly—the downcast eyes, the way they kept their arms crossed

protectively over their chests, the soft, uncertain smiles.

A woman waited on the wide wooden porch of the largest cabin. She was perhaps twenty- five, with sleek black hair cut in a sharp bob that framed a heart-shaped face. Her coat was open despite the cold, revealing the crisp white blouse and knee-length navy skirt of the official trainer uniform. A silver cross hung at her throat, catching the porch light. She smiled with warm authority.

“Welcome, new counselors,” she said, her voice carrying easily over the wind. “I’m Advisor Elena Voss. I’ll be living with you in Cabin Six for the next six months. Come inside before you freeze. Leave your bags on the porch for now; the groundskeepers will bring them to your bunks.”

The girls filed in, stamping snow from their boots. The cabin was larger than Grace had expected—open and airy, with a soaring beamed ceiling and a massive stone fireplace already crackling. A long wooden table dominated the common area, flanked by comfortable sofas and armchairs upholstered in deep forest green. The air smelled of pine, cinnamon, and something faintly sweet that Grace couldn’t name. Along one wall stood a row of six identical wooden lockers, each with a nameplate already affixed.

Elena closed the heavy door behind them, shutting out the storm. The sudden quiet was almost reverent.

“First things first,” she said, gesturing for them to gather around the table. “Let’s get to know one another. You’ll be living together, training together, and—most importantly—growing in devotion together. I already know your names from your applications, but I want to hear them from you. Grace, would you start?”

Grace swallowed, her throat suddenly dry. “I’m Grace Harlan. Nineteen. From a small town in the Central Valley. My parents… they’ve always taught me that purity is the highest calling. I’m here because I want to learn how to help other girls feel the same way before they start college.”

The others introduced themselves in soft, hesitant voices:

Lily Thompson, eighteen, petite with strawberry-blonde curls and freckles across her nose. Sophia Ramirez, nineteen, with warm olive skin and dark eyes that darted nervously. Emma Whitaker, twenty, tall and willowy, her chestnut hair in a single thick braid. Hannah Brooks, nineteen, with soft brown waves and a gentle, almost angelic face.

Elena nodded approvingly after each one. “Beautiful. All of you come from homes that have guarded your innocence like the sacred treasure it is. That is why you were chosen. The campers you will guide next summer—five per cabin, all eighteen to twenty, all from the same kind of devoted households—will need you to be more than counselors. You will be their living example of what true worship

looks like. But before you can lead them, you must be trained yourselves. Intensively. From December through May. This is not a normal job training. This is a calling."

She let the word hang in the air, her gaze moving slowly across each face. Grace felt a strange warmth bloom in her chest. *A calling.* The phrase felt bigger than the room.

Elena continued, her tone gentle but firm. "The camp is residential for June, July, and August. While the campers are here, you will live with them twenty-four hours a day. You will support their orientation experience exactly as I will support yours. The goal is simple: to guide young adult females into deeper devotion and worship before they step onto a prestigious private college campus in September. Every lesson you learn here will be something you pass on to them."

She walked to the row of lockers and opened the first one. Inside sat a small, elegantly wrapped box tied with a white satin ribbon. "Each of you will receive your Camp Essentials Kit tonight. Inside are two devices designed to assist in your personal training. You will not open them until I instruct you to do so. But know this: they are tools of devotion, just as your hands, your mouths, and your hearts will become tools of devotion."

Grace's pulse quickened. *Devices.* The word sounded clinical, yet something about the way Elena said it made her thighs press together involuntarily under her coat. She had never owned anything like that. Her parents had barely allowed her to touch herself even for basic hygiene.

Elena's smile softened. "Before we tour the cabin and assign bunks, I want you to understand the foundation of everything we will do here. We call it the nectar of devotion. When your body responds with arousal—when that sweet, slippery fluid begins to flow—it is not something to be ashamed of. It is proof of your commitment. Creating nectar shows your willingness to surrender. Consuming nectar—whether your own or a sister's—binds you closer to one another and to the divine purpose of this place. You will learn to encourage it. To celebrate it. To use it as a sacrament."

A few of the girls shifted, cheeks flushing. Lily's freckles stood out darker against her sudden pink. Sophia's hands twisted in her lap. Grace felt a tiny, secret throb between her legs at the mere mention of it. She had never heard arousal described that way—holy, necessary, encouraged.

Elena noticed the reactions and nodded once, pleased. "Comfort will also be part of your daily life. When one of you is struggling—when the training feels overwhelming—comfort will be given freely. Comfort is nursing. Licking, rolling the tongue across the nipple, deep suckling. It soothes. It increases nectar

production. I may comfort two of you at once if needed. You may comfort one another. There is no shame here, only growth."

Grace's breath caught. The image flashed unbidden: Elena's mouth on her breast, warm and wet, while another girl—maybe Lily—watched. She squeezed her eyes shut for a second, mortified at her own mind. Yet the heat between her legs only deepened.

"Come," Elena said, clapping her hands lightly. "Let me show you your new home."

The cabin was laid out in a practical but beautiful way. The main room opened into a short hallway. On the left were two spacious bathrooms. Elena pushed open the door to the larger one. Six shower heads lined one wall, each with its own built-in bench. At the far end was a single ADA-compliant station with a removable handheld shower head mounted on a long chrome hose. The tile was warm underfoot, heated from below.

"Clit cleaning is a daily requirement," Elena explained matter-of-factly. "It must be witnessed by someone in the cabin. I will demonstrate the proper technique for the first week. After that, you may perform it yourself or ask a sister or me for assistance. Cleanliness is part of devotion."

Grace stared at the handheld shower head. It looked… medical. Efficient. The thought of standing there, legs apart, while Elena or one of the other girls watched water pulse against the most private part of her made her stomach flutter with equal parts dread and something she refused to name.

The sleeping area was next. Two neat rows of three single beds each faced one another, separated by a narrow aisle. Crisp white sheets, soft gray blankets, and a single pillow per bed. Above each hung a small wooden cross.

"These will remain in place for the first several weeks," Elena said. "Later, when you have learned true sisterhood, we will push them together into one large bed so you can sleep and train in closer communion."

Grace chose the bed in the back-left corner. It felt safer somehow—less exposed. She sat on the edge, testing the mattress. Firm, supportive, yet yielding. Her duffel was already waiting at the foot, delivered while they toured.

Elena gathered them back in the common area. The fire had been stoked higher; the room glowed with heat and golden light. On the long table now sat six of the small wrapped boxes.

"Open them," she said simply.

Grace's fingers trembled as she untied the ribbon. Inside the box, nestled in white silk, lay two objects. The first was a smooth, curved wand of soft medical-grade silicone, deep rose in color, with a flared base and a gentle bulb at

the tip. A discreet button glowed faintly on the handle. The second was smaller—a delicate, cup-shaped device with a soft, flexible rim and a thin cord. Both were unmistakably intimate. Both carried the faint, clean scent of fresh silicone.

“These are your vibrating device and your suction device,” Elena told them. “You will become intimately familiar with both during training. They are gifts from the camp to help you learn self-devotion and worship. Treat them with reverence. Clean them daily after use. They will never leave this cabin except when you are called to the medical wing.”

Sophia’s voice was barely above a whisper. “We… we’ve never used anything like this.”

Elena’s smile was kind. “Of course not. That is why you are here. Your parents protected you from even the most basic self-touch beyond cleaning. Here, you will learn that pleasure given and received in the name of devotion is holy. You will be reprogrammed—gently, thoroughly —through repeated sacred phrases, through the production and sharing of nectar, through comfort and through discipline. By the time the campers arrive in June, you will speak the phrases as naturally as breathing. You will know exactly how to guide five innocent young women through the same transformation.”

Grace lifted the vibrating device. It was heavier than it looked, warm from being held in her hands. A single drop of clear fluid—some kind of lubricant, she realized—beaded at the tip. Her mouth went dry.

Elena continued, her voice taking on the cadence of a prayer. “Repeat after me, just once tonight, so you may begin to feel the words settle into your hearts: *My nectar is proof of my devotion. I create it gladly. I share it freely.*”

Six soft voices echoed the words, shaky but sincere. Grace felt them land somewhere deep inside her chest, like seeds planted in fertile soil.

Elena’s eyes sparkled with quiet pride. “Good. Very good. Dinner will be brought to the cabin in thirty minutes. After we eat, we will have our first group orientation. You will learn the daily schedule, the importance of meeting your future worship and devotion quotas, and how recorded prayers will play softly during rest hours to continue your reprogramming even while you sleep. For now, unpack. Settle in. Touch your devices if you wish—only the outside, for now. Feel their weight. Begin to imagine what they might teach you.”

The girls dispersed to their bunks. Grace carried her kit back to her bed and sat cross-legged on the mattress. She turned the vibrating device over in her hands again and again. It was smooth, almost velvety. The thought of pressing it against herself—anywhere—sent a fresh, unfamiliar pulse through her core. She glanced sideways. Lily, two beds away, was doing the same, cheeks flaming. Across the

aisle, Emma had already set hers down and was staring at the ceiling, breathing a little too fast.

Grace closed her eyes and whispered the new phrase to herself, barely moving her lips.

My nectar is proof of my devotion.

The words felt strange. Forbidden. Yet they also felt… right. Like the first step on a path she had been walking toward her entire innocent life without knowing it.

Outside, the snow continued to fall, blanketing the training center in pristine white. Inside Cabin Six, six young women sat in their modest uniforms, each cradling the first tools of their sacred reprogramming. None of them had any idea how completely their bodies and minds would be remade over the coming months. None of them knew that by May they would be fluent in the language of nectar and comfort, devotion and sacrifice, worship and divine showing.

But Advisor Elena knew.

And as she watched them from the doorway, a small, satisfied smile curved her lips.

Chapter 2: Sacred Cabin Rules & Daily Rituals

The aroma of roasted chicken, herb-roasted root vegetables, and a faintly sweet berry compote drifted through the cabin as two groundskeepers in crisp white uniforms carried in covered trays. Grace’s stomach growled softly despite the butterflies that had taken up permanent residence there since she’d first stepped off the bus. Dinner in the cabin—Elena had explained it was to keep their first evening intimate—felt both comforting and strangely ceremonial. The long wooden table had been set with six place settings, each plate flanked by a small crystal goblet already half-filled with water and a single sprig of fresh lavender.

The five young women and their advisor settled into their seats. Grace sat between Lily and Sophia, her hands folded neatly in her lap the way her mother had taught her. The kits—the vibrating device and suction device still nestled in their white silk—rested in a neat row along the far edge of the table like sacred offerings waiting to be claimed. No one touched them yet. No one even looked directly at them for more than a fleeting second.

Elena lifted her hands in a gentle blessing. “Let us give thanks for the nourishment that will sustain our bodies as we begin the sacred work of reprogramming our hearts and flesh. May every bite remind us that devotion begins with surrender. Amen.”

“Amen,” the girls murmured, voices overlapping in soft harmony.

The meal was simple yet flavorful, each bite seasoned with something that left a faint, tingling warmth on Grace's tongue. Elena encouraged them to eat slowly, to savor. Between bites she spoke in her calm, measured tone, weaving the rules of cabin life into the conversation as naturally as passing the basket of warm rolls.

"While we eat," she said, slicing a piece of chicken with precise movements, "I want to begin explaining the daily rhythms that will govern our lives here until May. These are not arbitrary rules. They are pathways to deeper devotion. Every ritual has been designed to prepare you to guide your five campers next summer with the same loving authority I will use with you."

Grace chewed slowly, her eyes fixed on Elena's face. The advisor's black bob caught the firelight, and her silver cross gleamed against the white blouse. There was something almost hypnotic about the way she spoke—gentle, yet utterly commanding.

"First, the sleeping area," Elena continued, nodding toward the hallway. "You've already seen the two neat rows of three single beds each. For now, they remain separated. The aisle between them allows for modesty while you are still learning to share space without shame. But in a few weeks—once you have begun to understand true sisterhood—we will push them together into one large bed. Six bodies, side by side, sharing warmth and breath and the soft sounds of sleep. It fosters the closeness you will need when you comfort one another, when you practice together, when nectar flows freely during group sessions."

Lily's fork paused halfway to her mouth. A faint pink flush crept up her freckled neck. Sophia shifted in her chair, thighs pressing together beneath the table. Grace felt it too—a low, secret flutter deep in her belly at the image of five naked bodies tangled together under shared blankets, skin against skin.

Emma, ever the tallest and perhaps the most outwardly composed, asked quietly, "Will we… sleep without clothes eventually?"

Elena smiled, warm and approving. "Eventually, yes. Modesty is a veil we will gently lift, not tear away. For the first phase of training, you may wear the soft cotton nightgowns provided in your lockers. But as your bodies learn to produce nectar more readily, as comfort nursing becomes second nature, clothing will feel less necessary. The divine does not hide its creations."

Hannah, with her soft brown waves and angelic face, whispered, "It sounds… intimate."

"It is," Elena confirmed, taking a sip of water. "Intimacy is the foundation of worship. You will learn that soon enough."

The meal continued, plates gradually emptying. The berry compote, served in small bowls, tasted faintly of honey and something earthier. Elena noticed Grace's curious expression and explained, "The berries are grown here on the grounds. They contain natural compounds that gently encourage your body's nectar production. You will notice a subtle increase in wetness over the coming days. That is not something to fight or ignore. It is proof of your body's willingness to surrender. Creating nectar shows commitment. Sharing it—whether on fingers, tongues, or in the goblets at certain meals—binds us closer to one another and to the divine purpose."

Grace felt a tiny, involuntary clench between her legs at the word *wetness*. She had never heard her own arousal described so openly, so reverently. A small bead of sweat formed at the small of her back beneath her modest blouse.

When the last bites were taken and the groundskeepers had cleared the trays, Elena stood. "Come. Let us walk through the rest of the cabin together so every rule is perfectly clear."

They followed her down the short hallway. First, the sleeping area again. Elena had each girl stand beside the bed she had tentatively chosen earlier. Grace's was still the back-left corner —safest, she told herself. Elena ran her palm over the crisp white sheet.

"Two rows of three. Notice how the beds are spaced just enough for one person to walk between. Later, when we merge them, there will be no space at all. You will feel every shift of your sisters' bodies. Every sigh. Every time one of you begins to produce nectar in her sleep and needs quiet comfort."

The girls nodded, some more hesitantly than others. Grace's mind supplied the image unbidden: five bodies pressed together, legs intertwined, nipples brushing against arms or backs as they turned. The thought made her cheeks burn.

Next came the bathrooms. Elena pushed open the wide door to the larger of the two. Warm air greeted them, the floor tiles heated from beneath. Six shower heads lined one long wall, each with its own built-in teak bench and a shelf holding unscented soap, soft washcloths, and bottles of gentle cleanser. At the far end stood the single ADA-compliant station: a wider area with grab bars and a long chrome hose ending in a removable handheld shower head with multiple pulse settings.

Elena gestured gracefully. "This is where your daily clit cleaning will take place. It is a non- negotiable requirement of devotion. Cleanliness of the most intimate parts prepares the body for worship, for self-devotion, for every act of sacrifice and divine showing you will learn. The cleaning must be witnessed by at least one other person in the cabin—myself, or one of your sisters. No exceptions."

She walked to the ADA station and turned on the handheld shower head, adjusting the water until it ran warm and steady. The girls gathered in a respectful semicircle, eyes wide.

“I will demonstrate first,” Elena said, her tone clinical yet infused with quiet reverence. “Watch closely. Later this week, each of you will perform it under supervision until you can do it confidently on your own—or ask for assistance if the sensations become too intense.”

Without hesitation, Elena unbuttoned her white blouse and slipped it off her shoulders, revealing a simple white lace bra that cupped full, high breasts. She reached behind, unclasped it, and let it fall. Her nipples, a soft rosy brown, tightened instantly in the warm air. Next came the navy skirt and practical cotton panties. In moments she stood completely naked before them—toned legs, smooth shaved mound, the subtle curve of her hips glowing under the bathroom lights.

Grace’s mouth went dry. She had never seen another woman fully nude in person. Elena’s body was beautiful in its confidence—slender yet feminine, with the faintest sheen of moisture already visible between her outer lips.

Elena stepped onto the slightly raised platform, feet shoulder-width apart. She adjusted the handheld until a gentle pulsing spray emerged. “The technique is simple but thorough,” she explained, voice steady. “You will spread your lips with one hand—like this.” She demonstrated, parting her smooth outer labia to reveal the delicate pink inner folds and the hooded clit at the top. “Then you direct the warm water directly against the clitoris and all surrounding folds. Use your fingers to ensure every crease is cleaned. The pulse setting helps stimulate blood flow without causing arousal during cleaning—though in later phases, we will use the same tool for more devotional purposes.”

She aimed the spray. The water danced across her exposed clit in rhythmic pulses. Elena’s breathing remained even, but Grace noticed the subtle way her thighs trembled once, then steadied. A thin rivulet of water mixed with her body’s natural moisture ran down her inner thigh.

“While cleaning,” Elena continued, eyes half-lidded in concentration, “you may recite the first reprogramming phrase we practiced earlier. *My nectar is proof of my devotion. I create it gladly. I share it freely.* Say it with me now.”

Six soft voices joined hers in the steamy room, the words echoing off tile. Grace’s own voice shook slightly as she watched the water caress Elena’s most private place. The demonstration lasted perhaps two full minutes—long enough for Elena to turn, bend slightly, and ensure the spray reached every hidden fold. When she finally turned the water off, her clit looked plump and glistening, though she showed no outward signs of climax.

She dried herself with a soft towel, then slipped her clothes back on without hurry. “Any questions?”

Sophia raised a trembling hand. “What if… what if it feels too good? What if I start to make nectar right there?”

Elena’s smile was kind. “Then you are doing it correctly. Nectar during cleaning is natural. If it becomes overwhelming, you may ask a sister or me to hold the shower head while you use your fingers to spread. That is why the cleaning is witnessed—to remove shame from the body’s honest responses.”

Hannah asked next, voice barely above a whisper, “And we can ask for help cleaning… every day?”

“Every day,” Elena confirmed. “Some of you may need assistance longer than others, especially once training intensifies and your clits become more sensitive from constant devotion and sacrifice. There is no embarrassment in asking a sister to clean you. In fact, it can be a beautiful act of early comfort.”

The girls stood in stunned, aroused silence. Grace’s panties felt damp already—just from watching. She pressed her thighs together, mortified and fascinated at once.

They moved back to the common area. The fire had been stoked higher; the room glowed with golden warmth. Elena had them sit in the deep sofas again, knees almost touching in their small circle.

“Now we come to comfort,” she said, her tone softening into something almost maternal. “Comfort will be given freely whenever one of you struggles. Training will challenge you— pleasure and denial in equal measure. When the need arises, comfort is nursing. Licking the nipple with slow, flat strokes of the tongue. Rolling the tongue in gentle circles around the areola. Deep, rhythmic suckling that draws the nipple fully into the mouth. It soothes the nervous system. It increases nectar production dramatically. I, as your trainer, may comfort two of you at once if multiple girls are struggling—my mouth on one nipple while my fingers gently stroke the other. You may comfort one another. Some evenings you will see two or three sisters nursing in a quiet chain while recorded prayers play.”

Lily’s freckled cheeks were scarlet. “We… we can suckle each other’s breasts?”

“Whenever it is needed,” Elena said simply. “Especially if one of you notices her sister’s nectar production slowing. A few minutes of nursing can bring it flowing again. There is no hierarchy in comfort—only love and devotion.”

Grace imagined it: Lily’s soft curls brushing her chest as the smaller girl latched on, tongue rolling lazily while Elena nursed someone else across the room. The image sent a fresh pulse of heat straight to her core. She shifted, feeling the first

unmistakable slickness of her own nectar beginning to gather.

Elena continued, “Tomorrow evening we will begin our first group self-devotion session. These will happen either in the morning or evening, whichever I determine best serves the day’s training. For now, they will be gentle introductions—touching yourselves with fingers only, learning to produce nectar together while reciting phrases. No devices yet. No orgasms until the medical examination has awakened you properly. But you will learn to move in unison, to breathe together, to celebrate the sight of your sisters’ wetness.”

Emma swallowed hard. “And the quotas you mentioned last night?”

“Those come next week, once the medical exams are complete and you have tasted your first true devotion orgasms. For now, focus on the rituals. Clit cleaning every morning after breakfast. Group self-devotion as scheduled. Comfort given and received without hesitation. And always—always—the phrases.”

Elena stood and walked to a small speaker mounted discreetly on the wall. She pressed a button. Soft, melodic choral music began to play, layered with a calm female voice reciting the sacred phrases on a continuous, low-volume loop.

My nectar is proof of my devotion. I create it gladly. I share it freely. Pleasure received is devotion given. Pleasure given is worship offered. Sacrifice draws me closer to the divine…

The words wrapped around them like incense smoke.

“These recorded prayers will play softly during rest hours,” Elena explained. “Even while you sleep, your minds will be gently reprogrammed. By the time campers arrive in June, the phrases will flow from your lips without thought. You will use them to guide your five innocent girls through the exact same transformation you are now beginning.”

The girls sat in silence for a long moment, letting the words sink in. Grace felt them settling somewhere deep inside her chest, warm and insistent. Her nipples had tightened against her bra, and the dampness between her legs had grown undeniable. She wondered if the others could smell it—the faint, sweet musk of six young women beginning to awaken.

Elena clapped her hands once, softly. “It is late. Time to prepare for bed. Nightgowns are in the top drawer of each dresser. You may shower individually tonight if you wish, but tomorrow the witnessed clit cleaning begins. I will be in my private room at the end of the hall if any of you need comfort before sleep. Do not hesitate.”

The girls dispersed quietly. Grace chose a quick, private shower, the warm water doing little to calm the strange new heat in her body. She slipped into the soft

white cotton nightgown— modest, knee-length, yet somehow feeling thinner than any nightclothes she'd worn at home. When she returned to the sleeping area, the other four were already in their beds, sheets pulled up to their chins. Elena moved between them, tucking each one in with a gentle touch to the forehead and a whispered phrase: "Rest in devotion, sweet one."

When she reached Grace, Elena lingered a moment longer. "You are doing beautifully," she murmured. "Your body is already listening. I can see it in the way you move. Tomorrow the real training begins with the medical examination. Sleep well."

Grace's heart hammered as Elena's footsteps faded. The recorded prayers continued their soft loop from the speaker in the hallway, the words weaving through the dark.

My nectar is proof of my devotion…

She lay on her back, staring at the wooden beams above. The nightgown felt heavy against her suddenly sensitive breasts. Between her legs, the slickness had spread, coating her inner thighs. She didn't dare touch. Not yet. But she could feel her clit—small, hidden, untouched beyond basic cleaning—throbbing gently in time with her heartbeat.

Across the aisle, she heard Lily's breathing change, becoming slightly faster, then slowing again. Sophia shifted, the sheets rustling. The cabin itself seemed alive with quiet, innocent anticipation.

Grace closed her eyes and let the phrases wash over her.

Pleasure received is devotion given…

For the first time in her nineteen years, she wondered what her own nectar tasted like. She wondered what it would feel like to have Elena's mouth on her nipple while another girl— maybe gentle Hannah—nursed the other. She wondered how it would feel when five of them pushed the beds together and lay skin to skin, producing nectar together in the dark.

The snow continued to fall outside, blanketing Sacred Grounds in silence. Inside Cabin Six, six young women—five counselors-in-training and their advisor—lay in their separate beds, bodies already beginning to betray their innocence with the first slow, sacred trickles of nectar.

The reprogramming had truly begun.

Grace drifted toward sleep with one final, whispered phrase on her lips, barely audible even to herself.

"My nectar… is proof of my devotion…"

Chapter 3: The Sacred Medical Examination – Part One

The first full morning at Sacred Grounds dawned crisp and bright, the heavy snowfall of the previous night now a pristine white blanket that sparkled under a pale winter sun. Grace woke to the soft, continuous loop of recorded prayers drifting from the hallway speaker, the words sinking deeper into her half-conscious mind with every repetition.

My nectar is proof of my devotion. I create it gladly. I share it freely. Pleasure received is devotion given…

She lay still for a long moment, the soft cotton nightgown tangled around her thighs. Between her legs, the slickness from the night before had not faded; if anything, it felt thicker, warmer, more insistent. A single bead of what Elena had called nectar had escaped during sleep and now cooled on her inner thigh. Grace's cheeks burned with a mix of shame and something far more confusing—pride. Her body was already listening. Already

producing.

Across the room, the other girls stirred. Lily's strawberry-blonde curls peeked from under her blanket, her breathing still soft and even. Sophia murmured something in Spanish, half- asleep. Emma stretched with a quiet sigh, her tall frame making the single bed creak. Hannah, ever the gentle one, sat up first, her soft brown waves tousled, eyes wide with the same nervous anticipation Grace felt.

Advisor Elena appeared in the doorway to the sleeping area, already dressed in her crisp white blouse and navy skirt, silver cross gleaming. "Good morning, my devoted ones," she said, voice warm and commanding. "Rise and prepare for the day. Breakfast in ten minutes, then your first witnessed clit cleaning as a group. After that… the medical examination awaits."

The word *medical* sent a ripple through the room. Grace's stomach tightened. She had read the orientation packet—every counselor underwent an intensive physical by the camp doctor and three members of the medical team. But the packet had been vague. Clinical. Nothing like the living reality of Elena's demonstrations the night before.

They dressed quickly in the provided training uniforms: soft white blouses that buttoned modestly to the neck and knee-length navy skirts that swished against bare legs. No underwear was offered or expected after the first day, Elena had explained; it interfered with nectar flow and daily cleaning. Grace felt the cool air kiss her bare mound as she walked to the common area, the absence of fabric both startling and strangely liberating.

Breakfast was light and purposeful—oatmeal sweetened with the same honeyed berry compote from the night before, fresh fruit, and herbal tea designed, Elena said, to gently encourage the body's natural responses. They ate in near-silence,

the recorded prayers still playing softly. Grace noticed how each girl kept her thighs pressed together under the table, as if trying to hide the slow, inevitable gathering of wetness that the berries and the phrases were already coaxing forth.

When plates were cleared, Elena led them to the bathroom without a word. The heated tile floor welcomed their bare feet. Steam began to rise as she turned on the six shower heads, filling the room with warm, misty air. The ADA-compliant station with its long chrome handheld shower head waited at the far end like an altar.

“Clit cleaning first,” Elena reminded them, her tone reverent. “Witnessed. Every day. I will assist each of you this morning to ensure the technique is perfect. Form a line, please. Skirts up and off, blouses open or removed as needed for comfort.”

Grace’s fingers trembled as she unbuttoned her blouse and stepped out of her skirt. Five young women stood naked in the steamy room—breasts rising and falling with nervous breaths, nipples already tightening in the warm air, smooth mounds glistening faintly with the morning’s first traces of nectar. Grace’s own body betrayed her instantly: a thin, clear strand of arousal stretched between her thighs as she shifted. She prayed no one noticed.

Elena began with Lily, the smallest and perhaps the most visibly anxious. She guided the petite girl to the ADA station, adjusting the handheld to a gentle pulse. “Spread for me, sweet one,” Elena murmured. Lily’s freckled cheeks flamed as she parted her outer lips with shaking fingers. The water danced directly against her exposed clit. Lily gasped, knees buckling slightly. Elena’s free hand rested on her hip, steadying her. “Recite with me: *My nectar is proof of my devotion.*”

Lily’s voice broke on the words, but she repeated them as the pulsing water cleaned every delicate fold. Elena’s fingers occasionally brushed Lily’s to help spread wider. The demonstration lasted a full two minutes—thorough, methodical, and undeniably intimate. When it ended, Lily’s clit was plump and rosy, a fresh bead of nectar trailing down her thigh. Elena wiped it gently with a soft cloth and praised her: “Beautiful. Your body is already offering its gift.”

One by one, the girls followed. Sophia’s olive skin flushed dark rose as Elena cleaned her; the girl’s dark eyes fluttered closed, soft whimpers escaping despite her efforts to stay quiet. Emma, tall and willowy, held herself rigid at first, but the warm pulse soon drew a visible shudder and a soft moan. Hannah was the gentlest of all—her angelic face softening into something almost dreamy as Elena’s fingers helped part her folds wider than necessary.

Then it was Grace’s turn.

She stepped onto the platform on legs that felt boneless. Elena's hand—warm, confident— rested on her lower back. "Legs apart, Grace. Wider. Yes, like that. Now use your fingers to open yourself for the water… and for me."

Grace obeyed, spreading her outer lips with trembling fingertips. Cool air met hot, slick flesh. Her clit—small, hooded, untouched beyond the most clinical cleaning at home—throbbed visibly. The handheld shower head came to life, its gentle pulse striking her directly. Pleasure, sharp and unexpected, shot through her core. Grace's knees locked; a tiny cry escaped before she could stop it.

"Easy," Elena soothed, her voice low. "This is only cleaning. Let the water do its work. Repeat the phrase, devoted one. *My nectar is proof of my devotion. I create it gladly.*"

Grace tried. The words came out breathy, broken. The pulsing water felt like a thousand tiny tongues licking her most sensitive spot. Nectar flowed freely now, mixing with the spray and running in clear rivulets down her thighs. Elena's free hand guided Grace's fingers wider, exposing the inner pink completely. The advisor's thumb brushed accidentally—deliberately? —across the side of Grace's clit, sending another jolt straight to her womb.

Two full minutes felt like an eternity of exquisite torment. When Elena finally turned off the water, Grace was panting, thighs slick, nipples painfully hard. Elena dried her with the soft towel, lingering just enough to make Grace whimper again.

"Perfect," Elena whispered, close enough that her breath ghosted Grace's ear. "Your body is so responsive already. The doctor will be pleased."

They dressed again—skirts only, blouses left open at Elena's instruction "for easier access during the exam"—and were led outside through a covered walkway connecting the cabins to the medical building. Snow crunched under their boots. The air was sharp and cold, contrasting the heat still pulsing between Grace's legs.

The medical wing was a low, modern structure attached to the main administration hall, its interior sterile yet somehow still reverent: soft lighting, pale wood paneling, and the faint scent of lavender and antiseptic. A waiting room with six padded chairs faced a large oak door marked **EXAMINATION SUITE — SACRED DEVOTION PROTOCOL**.

Doctor Miriam Hale and her three nurses waited inside.

The doctor was in her mid-forties, tall and elegant with silver-streaked auburn hair pinned in a neat bun, wearing a white lab coat over a simple black dress. Her presence commanded the room. Nurse 1—Olivia, a curvy brunette with kind eyes—stood to her left. Nurse 2—Priya, petite and precise with dark skin and a

gentle smile—held a small tray of instruments. Nurse 3—Lila, athletic and blonde, with steady hands—stood ready with a tablet for notes.

“Welcome, counselors-in-training,” Doctor Hale said, her voice smooth and professional. “Today marks the beginning of your physical reprogramming. This examination is intensive, intimate, and essential. It will establish baseline measurements of your body’s responsiveness and begin the sacred work of wearing down any remaining defenses your purity-focused upbringings may have left intact. You will each be examined one at a time while the others observe and learn. There is no privacy here—only shared devotion. Phrases will be spoken throughout to anchor your minds to the divine purpose. Are you ready?”

Five soft “yes, Doctor” answers filled the room.

Grace was called first.

She stepped onto the examination table—a wide, padded platform with stirrups that could be adjusted and soft restraints at the wrists and ankles “for your comfort and safety during distraction phases.” The room was warm, almost hot. Bright but diffused lights focused on the table. A large mirror on the ceiling reflected everything.

“Blouse off, skirt off, please,” Nurse Olivia instructed kindly. Grace complied, folding her clothes neatly on a side chair. Naked again, she climbed onto the table and lay back. The paper covering crinkled under her. Her heart hammered so loudly she was sure everyone could hear it.

Doctor Hale approached, pulling on thin white gloves with a snap. “We begin with the nipple examination. This will be very thorough. The nipples and areolas are primary erogenous zones; their sensitivity directly correlates with your future capacity for devotion, worship, and nectar production. We will test response to touch, pressure, twisting, flicking, pinching, licking, and suckling. During all phases, you will be gently distracted—asked questions, given phrases to repeat—so that your body’s honest reactions can be recorded without conscious interference. Nurses, begin.”

Nurse Priya dimmed the overhead lights slightly and started a soft recorded prayer track from hidden speakers:

My nectar is proof of my devotion. I create it gladly. I share it freely…

The words wrapped around Grace like warm silk.

Nurse Olivia began on the left breast. Her gloved fingers circled the areola slowly, tracing the faint pink edges. “Soft at first,” she narrated for the observers. Grace’s nipple tightened instantly, pebbling into a hard peak. “Excellent initial response.”

Doctor Hale watched closely, tablet in hand. “Grace, repeat after me while Nurse Olivia continues: *Pleasure in my nipples draws me closer to devotion.*”

Grace whispered the phrase, voice shaky. Nurse Olivia’s fingers grew firmer—touching, pressing, then twisting the nipple gently between thumb and forefinger. A sharp spark of sensation shot straight to Grace’s core. Her back arched slightly off the table.

“Twisting noted,” Nurse Lila recorded. “Increased breathing, visible nectar beginning to form.”

Nurse Priya took the right breast. Flicking now—quick, light snaps of her fingertip against the hardened nipple. Grace gasped aloud. The phrase tumbled from her lips again, louder this time, as the nurses worked in tandem. Pinching followed—firm, sustained pressure that made her whimper and her thighs tremble in the stirrups.

Elena stood at the head of the table, one hand resting lightly on Grace’s forehead. “Good girl. Let the sensations speak. Your body is learning.”

Then came the mouths.

Nurse Olivia lowered her head. Her tongue—warm, wet, alive—licked a slow, flat stripe across Grace’s left nipple. Grace’s eyes flew open. The ceiling mirror showed everything: her flushed face, the two nurses bent over her breasts, Elena’s calm smile. The licking became circling, rolling the tongue in lazy spirals around the areola, then flicking the tip rapidly against the nipple itself.

Doctor Hale’s voice cut through the haze. “Repeat, Grace: *My nipples belong to devotion. My body surrenders its pleasure.*”

Grace tried. The words dissolved into a moan as Nurse Priya latched onto her right nipple and began to suckle—deep, rhythmic pulls that drew the entire peak into her warm mouth. Suction. Tongue rolling underneath. The dual sensations were overwhelming. Grace’s hips shifted involuntarily in the stirrups. She could feel nectar—copious now—leaking steadily from her untouched slit and pooling on the paper beneath her.

The nipple exam lasted nearly twenty minutes. Every variation was tested twice—licking while distracted with questions about her childhood purity rules, suckling while Elena whispered reprogramming phrases directly into her ear. By the end, Grace’s breasts felt heavy, swollen, her nipples dark red and glistening with saliva. They throbbed in time with her heartbeat. The mirror showed faint bite marks where the nurses had tested the limits of pinching with teeth.

“Excellent responsiveness,” Doctor Hale declared, making notes. “Nectar production already above average for an untouched girl. Phase one complete.”

Grace lay panting, chest heaving. She had never felt anything like this. Her mind spun with the repeated phrases, each one now tangled with the memory of wet tongues and sucking mouths.

But the exam was only beginning.

“Manual pelvic examination next,” the doctor announced. “Nurses, prepare the subject. Legs in stirrups, fully extended and secured for access.”

Grace’s ankles were guided into the padded stirrups. Wide. Wider. Her knees fell open until she was completely exposed—pink, glistening folds parted naturally by the position, clit still swollen from the earlier cleaning and now the indirect stimulation of her breasts. The cool air kissed her wetness. A thin string of nectar stretched from her entrance to the table.

Nurse Lila adjusted a bright exam light. “We will begin externally, then proceed internally. Doctor Hale will perform the manual portion while we assist and record. Grace, continue repeating the devotion phrases. Do not hold back any sounds. Your honesty is your offering.”

Doctor Hale pulled a rolling stool between Grace’s spread thighs. Her gloved hands were warm. She started with light touches—tracing the outer labia, parting them slowly to expose the inner pink. “Beautiful symmetry,” she murmured. “Clitoral hood intact, as expected from purity households. We will test retraction and direct stimulation shortly.”

Fingers—two of them—circled Grace’s entrance, gathering the abundant nectar and

spreading it upward over her clit in slow, deliberate strokes. Grace’s hips bucked once before she caught herself. The phrase spilled from her lips automatically now: *My nectar is proof of my devotion…*

The doctor pressed one finger inside—slow, deep, curling gently against the front wall. Grace cried out. The intrusion felt both invasive and impossibly right. Nurse Olivia’s fingers returned to Grace’s nipples, twisting and rolling to distract her while the pelvic exam deepened. Two fingers now, scissoring gently, stretching her untouched channel. The doctor’s thumb found her clit and began a slow, firm circle.

“Internal walls highly responsive,” Doctor Hale noted clinically. “G-spot pronounced. Arousal fluid copious—note the scent of devotion.”

Grace’s world narrowed to the relentless rhythm of fingers inside her, the pinching at her breasts, Elena’s voice in her ear feeding her the next phrase: *Being touched this way is holy. My body was made for worship.*

The manual exam continued for another fifteen minutes—every inch of her pelvic region mapped, stroked, pressed. The doctor tested depths, angles, pressure

points that made Grace see stars. All while the phrases repeated, eroding the last fragile walls of her innocence. By the time Doctor Hale withdrew her fingers—glistening with Grace's nectar—she was trembling on the edge of something she had no name for.

"Phase two of the manual exam complete," the doctor said, stripping off her gloves. "Grace has performed admirably. Her defenses are already softening. Nurses, clean and prepare her for the next counselor while I review notes. The others will observe closely—your turn is coming."

Grace was helped from the table on shaky legs. Nurse Priya wiped her gently with a warm cloth, collecting samples of her nectar in a small vial "for baseline analysis." Elena guided her to a padded observation chair at the side of the room, wrapping a soft blanket around her shoulders. Grace sat, thighs still slick, nipples aching, mind foggy with phrases and new sensations.

One by one, the other girls took their places on the table.

Lily's petite frame shook through the entire nipple exam, her freckled breasts turning pink under the nurses' mouths. Sophia moaned openly in Spanish during the pelvic probing, her dark eyes glassy. Emma's tall body arched dramatically, long legs trembling in the stirrups as the doctor's fingers found new depths. Hannah, angelic and quiet, produced the most nectar of all—clear streams that dripped audibly onto the paper while she whispered the devotion phrases like a prayer.

Throughout it all, the recorded track played. Elena moved between them, offering soft comfort touches to shoulders or foreheads. The phrases never stopped.

By the time the last girl—Hannah—stepped down from the table, all five counselors-in- training sat in a row under their blankets, flushed, breathing hard, bodies humming with unspent need. Their nipples stood out in sharp relief against the thin blankets. The air in the examination suite smelled unmistakably of female arousal—sweet, musky, sacred.

Doctor Hale stood before them, hands clasped.

"You have all completed Part One of the Sacred Medical Examination. Your bodies have begun to surrender. Tomorrow, Part Two will continue with the introduction of tools and mouths, culminating in your very first true orgasms—four per girl, each paired with deeper reprogramming phrases. For now, return to your cabin. Rest. Reflect on the phrases. Allow the nectar you produced today to remind you of your commitment."

Elena led them back through the snow-covered walkway. No one spoke. The only sounds were the crunch of boots and the soft, collective breathing of five young

women whose innocence had just been cracked wide open.

Grace walked with her thighs sliding slickly together, the memory of Doctor Hale's fingers and the nurses' sucking mouths burned into her mind. The phrases echoed endlessly.

My nectar is proof of my devotion…

Back in Cabin Six, the beds still separate, the girls collapsed onto their mattresses without changing clothes. Elena dimmed the lights and started the recorded prayers at a slightly higher volume.

"Rest now, my devoted ones," she whispered from the doorway. "The real awakening begins tomorrow."

Grace closed her eyes, body still thrumming. She could still feel the ghost of fingers inside her, tongues on her nipples, the relentless pull of the phrases reshaping her thoughts. Between her legs, fresh nectar welled up again, slow and warm, as if her body refused to let the sensations fade.

Chapter 4: Awakening Through Pleasure

The return walk from the medical wing to Cabin Six felt longer than the short snow-dusted path should have allowed. Grace's thighs slid together with every step, slick and warm from the morning's manual examination. The nectar her body had produced so freely during the nipple probing and pelvic mapping still coated her folds, cooling slightly in the crisp December air but refusing to fade. Each movement sent tiny aftershocks through her core— reminders of Doctor Hale's fingers curling inside her, Nurse Olivia's relentless twisting of her nipples, the ceiling mirror reflecting every flushed, trembling inch of her surrender.

The other girls walked in the same dazed silence. Lily's freckled cheeks were still flushed dark rose; Sophia's olive skin glowed with a faint sheen of sweat despite the cold; Emma's long legs carried a subtle tremble; Hannah's soft brown waves framed eyes that looked glassy and far away. Advisor Elena led them without hurry, her silver cross catching the pale winter light, her voice gentle as she reminded them of the recorded prayers waiting in the cabin.

"Rest for two hours," she said as they stamped snow from their boots on the porch. "The phrases will continue their work even while you sleep. Your bodies have begun to open. This afternoon we return for Part Two of the Sacred Medical Examination. The tools and the mouths will complete your first true awakenings."

Grace collapsed onto her still-separate bed the moment they reached the sleeping area. The soft white blouse and navy skirt felt too heavy against her hypersensitive skin. She left them on—Elena had not instructed otherwise—but the fabric brushed her swollen nipples like a lover's breath. Between her legs, fresh nectar welled up again, slow and warm, as if her body refused to let the

morning’s sensations cool. The recorded prayers played softly from the hallway speaker, the female voice weaving through the quiet room like incense.

My nectar is proof of my devotion. I create it gladly. I share it freely. Pleasure received is devotion given…

Grace closed her eyes and let the words sink deeper. They no longer felt strange. They felt necessary. Like the phrases were already rewriting the shy, purity-obsessed girl she had been when the bus first pulled up yesterday. Her hand twitched toward the apex of her thighs, but she stopped herself. No self-touch yet. That was for later training. Today the medical team would give her everything.

Two hours passed in a haze of half-dreams filled with tongues on nipples and fingers curling inside her. When Elena gently woke them, the girls rose without protest. They freshened up with a quick, non-witnessed face wash only—clit cleaning would come again tomorrow morning—and walked back to the medical wing in their same open-blouse, skirt-only uniforms. The air between them crackled with nervous anticipation. No one spoke. The only sounds were boots on snow and the soft collective breathing of five young women whose bodies had already begun to betray every rule their parents had taught them.

The examination suite looked exactly as they had left it, yet it felt different now—more charged, more sacred. Doctor Miriam Hale waited in her white lab coat, silver-streaked auburn hair still pinned in its elegant bun. Nurses Olivia, Priya, and Lila stood ready beside a larger instrument tray that had been wheeled in during the break. The tray held the tools: the camp’s signature vibrating device (smooth rose silicone, curved and bulbous) and suction device (delicate cup with flexible rim and thin cord), along with sterile lubricants, soft cloths, and collection vials for nectar. The ceiling mirror gleamed. The stirrups had been adjusted slightly wider. A new padded bench had been added beside the main table for group observation.

“Welcome back, devoted ones,” Doctor Hale said, her voice warm with professional pride. “Part One established your baseline responsiveness. Part Two will awaken you fully. Each of you will receive four orgasms today—your very first true climaxes. The first by manual touch from Nurse Olivia. The second by vibrating device from Nurse Priya. The third by suction device from Nurse Lila. The fourth by mouth from me. Every climax will be accompanied by repeated sacred phrases that link pleasure directly to devotion. Your minds will be reprogrammed through ecstasy. Nectar will flow abundantly and will be praised, collected, and in some cases shared as sacrament. There is no shame here—only holy surrender. You will observe one another so that when you return to the cabin you can comfort and encourage your sisters. Grace, you will begin again. Onto the table.”

Grace’s legs felt liquid as she climbed up. The paper crinkled. She lay back, heart hammering against her ribs. Elena secured her wrists in the soft restraints above her head—not tight enough to hurt, just enough to remind her she was held for devotion. Her ankles were guided into the stirrups and spread wide, knees bent and locked open. The position left her completely exposed: pink folds already glistening, clit peeking from its hood, inner thighs shiny with the morning’s lingering nectar.

Nurse Olivia stepped between her thighs first, gloved hands warm and confident. The recorded prayer track began again, volume slightly higher, the phrases now layered with a soft choral hum.

Pleasure received is devotion given. My body was made for worship…

“Begin with manual devotion,” Doctor Hale instructed. “Slow at first. Distract her with phrases. We want her first orgasm to break the last of her defenses.”

Nurse Olivia’s fingers—two of them—gathered the slick nectar already leaking from Grace’s entrance and painted it upward over her swollen clit in broad, deliberate strokes. Grace’s hips jerked once. A soft whimper escaped her lips.

“Repeat after me, Grace,” Nurse Olivia murmured, voice low and intimate. “*Being touched brings me closer to God.*”

Grace tried. The words came out breathy. “Being… touched… brings me closer to God…”

Olivia’s fingers circled faster now, firm and precise, focusing on the sensitive underside of Grace’s clit. The sensation was nothing like the morning’s clinical probing. This was purposeful pleasure—relentless, building. Grace’s back arched off the table. Her restrained wrists pulled uselessly against the cuffs. Nectar flowed freely, coating Olivia’s glove and dripping audibly onto the paper.

“Excellent nectar production,” Doctor Hale noted, leaning in to watch. “Already more than this morning. Praise her, Nurse.”

“Good girl,” Olivia cooed, never slowing her fingers. “Your nectar is proof of your devotion. Say it while I touch you.”

Grace’s voice cracked into a moan as two fingers slid deep inside her at the same time the thumb continued its perfect circles on her clit. “My… my nectar… is proof of my

devotion…”

The pressure built impossibly fast. Grace had never felt anything like this—never even touched herself beyond the lightest cleaning. Her parents’ rules had forbidden it. Now every nerve ending sang. Her thighs trembled violently in the stirrups. The ceiling mirror showed everything: her flushed face, breasts

heaving, Olivia's hand working between her spread legs while the other nurses watched with clinical reverence.

"Let it happen, devoted one," Elena whispered from beside her head, one hand stroking Grace's hair. "Your first orgasm belongs to devotion. Give it to us."

The climax crashed over her without warning. Grace's entire body seized—back bowing, a loud, broken cry tearing from her throat as her inner walls clamped rhythmically around Olivia's fingers. Waves of pure pleasure rolled through her, each one stronger than the last. Nectar gushed—copious, clear, sweet-smelling—coating Olivia's hand and pooling beneath her. The phrases continued relentlessly through her peak.

Pleasure received is devotion given… My nectar is proof of my devotion…

Grace sobbed with the intensity of it, tears leaking from the corners of her eyes. Olivia kept stroking her gently through the aftershocks, drawing out every last tremor until Grace collapsed, panting, limp in the restraints.

"First orgasm achieved manually," Doctor Hale announced, voice steady. "Nectar volume exceptional for an untouched girl. Collect a sample." Nurse Lila held a vial to catch the fresh flow still leaking from Grace's entrance. "Well done, Grace. Your body is learning beautifully."

Grace could barely speak. Her mind floated somewhere above the table, wrapped in the phrases and the golden haze of her first-ever orgasm. But there was no time to rest. Nurse Priya was already stepping forward, the rose-colored vibrating device in her gloved hand, its surface glistening with fresh lubricant.

"Second orgasm with the vibrating device," Priya said softly. "This will teach you how tools can serve devotion. Repeat the phrases, Grace. Let them carry you."

The device hummed to life on its lowest setting. Priya pressed the smooth bulbous tip directly against Grace's oversensitive clit. Grace's hips bucked hard against the restraints. The vibration was unlike anything—deep, resonant, relentless. It traveled through her clit straight into her womb. Nectar immediately began flowing again, faster this time.

"*I receive pleasure as an act of devotion,*" Priya prompted, sliding the device in slow circles before pressing it firmly against her entrance. "Say it."

Grace's voice was hoarse. "I… I receive pleasure… as an act of devotion…"

Priya pushed the vibrating bulb inside her—slow, deep, angling it upward to press directly against the front wall where Doctor Hale had found her G-spot that morning. The vibrations intensified. Grace's eyes rolled back. Her mouth fell open in a silent scream as the second orgasm built even faster than the first. The entire room watched—Doctor Hale, the nurses, Elena, and the four other girls seated on the observation bench, their own thighs pressed tightly together, eyes

wide with a mixture of fear and aching curiosity.

“Come for the device, sweet one,” Priya whispered. “Show us your devotion.”

The climax hit like a thunderclap. Grace screamed—loud, unrestrained, the sound echoing off the walls. Her inner muscles spasmed violently around the vibrating intrusion, milking it as fresh waves of nectar squirted around the device and soaked the paper beneath her. The mirror reflected every convulsion: her breasts bouncing with each jerk, her face contorted in ecstatic surrender, nectar glistening on her thighs and the nurse’s glove.

Priya held the device in place through the entire peak, drawing it out until Grace was whimpering, overstimulated and still coming. Only then did she ease it free, the rose silicone now dripping with proof of Grace’s surrender.

“Second orgasm achieved,” Doctor Hale recorded. “Vibrating device response: immediate and powerful. Nectar production increasing with each climax. Praise her.”

Elena leaned down and pressed a soft kiss to Grace’s forehead. “You are doing so well. Your body was made for this.”

But the third orgasm was already being prepared. Nurse Lila approached with the suction device—smaller, cup-shaped, with a soft flexible rim. She applied a thin layer of lubricant around the rim and placed it directly over Grace’s swollen, throbbing clit. The device sealed with a gentle *pop*.

“Third orgasm with suction,” Lila said, her athletic frame steady as she activated the gentle rhythmic pull. The suction tugged at Grace’s clit in perfect, pulsing waves—drawing it outward, releasing, drawing again. It felt like a warm, wet mouth sucking her most sensitive spot without mercy.

Grace’s eyes flew open. The sensation was devastatingly intimate. Her clit was pulled into the cup, engorged further with every cycle. Nectar poured from her empty entrance in a steady stream now, dripping freely onto the floor.

“*Suction draws the nectar of devotion from me,*” Lila prompted, adjusting the intensity higher. “Repeat it, Grace.”

The words tumbled out between desperate gasps. “Suction… draws the nectar… of

devotion… from me…”

The third orgasm exploded without buildup. One moment Grace was floating in the suction’s rhythm; the next she was screaming again, hips jerking violently against the stirrups as her clit throbbed inside the cup and her whole body convulsed in release. The suction device kept working through it, milking her clit and drawing even more nectar from deep inside her. The mirror showed a thin

arc of clear fluid jetting from her entrance with every spasm.

Doctor Hale’s voice was reverent. “Third orgasm achieved with suction. Clitoral response exceptional. Nectar is abundant and sweet—taste a sample, Nurse Olivia.”

Olivia dipped a gloved finger into the pool beneath Grace and brought it to her own lips. “Like honey and devotion,” she murmured. The other nurses nodded in agreement.

Grace lay shattered, chest heaving, tears of overwhelming pleasure streaking her temples. Her mind was a haze of phrases and ecstasy. She had come three times—three times more than she had ever imagined possible in one day—and still the doctor was stepping forward.

“Fourth and final orgasm of the medical awakening,” Doctor Hale announced, removing her lab coat and rolling up the sleeves of her black dress. “By mouth. This will bind the pleasure directly to worship. No gloves. Skin to skin. Grace, you will look at me while I taste you. Repeat the phrases as I bring you to completion.”

The doctor knelt between Grace’s spread thighs. Her breath was warm against the soaked, puffy folds. Grace whimpered at the first slow, flat lick from entrance to clit—long, deliberate, savoring the taste of her nectar. The doctor’s tongue was velvet and heat and perfect pressure. She licked again, then circled the clit with the tip before sealing her lips around it and sucking gently.

Grace’s fourth orgasm began almost instantly. The doctor’s mouth was relentless—licking, sucking, tongue-flicking, then plunging deep inside her channel to drink directly from the source. Elena’s voice fed her the phrases directly into her ear: *My mouth on you is worship. Your nectar is my sacrament. Come for devotion, Grace.*

The climax tore through her like divine fire. Grace screamed loud enough that the observation bench girls gasped. Her body bucked so hard the restraints creaked. Nectar flooded the doctor’s mouth in pulsing waves; Doctor Hale drank greedily, swallowing audibly while her tongue continued its sacred work. The orgasm stretched on and on, prolonged by the expert mouth until Grace was sobbing with overstimulation and gratitude.

When it finally ebbed, Doctor Hale rose, lips glistening with Grace’s essence. She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand and smiled. “Four orgasms achieved. Reprogramming phrases fully anchored. Grace Harlan’s body now belongs to devotion.”

Grace was gently released from the restraints and helped to the observation bench, wrapped in a soft blanket, a small vial of her fresh nectar placed in her

hands “to taste later in the cabin as sacrament.” She sat there trembling, mind blissfully empty except for the looping phrases, body humming with aftershocks.

One by one, the other girls took their turns on the table.

Lily’s petite frame shook through all four orgasms, her freckled breasts bouncing wildly as she screamed her first release. Sophia came with Spanish prayers mixed into the sacred phrases, her dark eyes rolling back as the suction device milked her. Emma’s tall, willowy body arched like a bow during the oral climax, her long legs quivering uncontrollably in the stirrups. Hannah, angelic and quiet, produced the most nectar of all—clear, sweet streams that the doctor drank with visible reverence while the girl whispered the devotion phrases like a hymn.

By the time the last girl—Hannah—collapsed into her blanket on the bench, the examination suite smelled thickly of female nectar and spent pleasure. The recorded prayers continued their soft loop, now forever linked in the girls’ minds to the memory of shattering climaxes.

Doctor Hale addressed them all, voice full of quiet pride. “You have each been awakened. Your first four orgasms are now sacred memories that will fuel every future lesson. Return to your cabin. Rest. Comfort one another if the aftershocks become too intense—nursing is permitted tonight. Tomorrow we begin the formal training in devotion. Your bodies now know pleasure as holy. Let the phrases do their work while you sleep.”

Elena led them back through the snow. The girls walked on unsteady legs, thighs slick, nipples still hard against their open blouses. No one spoke. The only sounds were the crunch of boots and the soft, shared breathing of five young women who had just crossed an irreversible threshold.

Back in Cabin Six the beds remained separate, but the air felt different—heavier with shared knowledge. Elena dimmed the lights and turned the recorded prayers up slightly.

“Comfort if you need it,” she reminded them from the doorway. “Nursing is encouraged tonight. Your nectar is proof of your devotion. Rest now, my awakened ones.”

Grace curled onto her side, the small vial of her own nectar clutched in one hand. She brought it to her lips and tasted—sweet, warm, slightly salty. The flavor bloomed on her tongue like a sacrament. Her body still throbbed with the memory of four shattering orgasms, four sets of phrases burned into her soul.

Pleasure received is devotion given…

She drifted toward sleep knowing that tomorrow the real training would begin. Devotion. Self-devotion. Worship. The phrases would only grow stronger. Her innocence was gone, replaced by something holy and hungry.

And she could not wait to learn more.

Chapter 5: Lessons in Devotion

The morning after their medical awakening dawned with a hush over Sacred Grounds, the snow outside Cabin Six glittering like scattered diamonds under a weak winter sun. Grace Harlan woke slowly, her body still humming with the phantom echoes of four shattering orgasms from the day before. Her nipples ached—deliciously tender from the nurses' relentless licking and suckling. Between her thighs, a constant, warm slickness coated her folds and inner thighs; the nectar her body now produced so freely refused to let her forget what she had become. She lay on her back in the narrow single bed, the soft cotton nightgown rucked up around her hips, and listened to the recorded prayers drifting from the hallway speaker.

My nectar is proof of my devotion. I create it gladly. I share it freely. Pleasure received is devotion given…

The words no longer felt foreign. They felt like breath. Like heartbeat. Grace whispered them aloud, her voice hoarse from yesterday's screams. A fresh bead of nectar welled from her entrance and trickled down toward the sheet. She did not wipe it away. Elena had taught them already: nectar was sacred. Creating it showed commitment. Sharing it bound them closer to one another and to the divine.

Across the sleeping area, the other girls stirred. Lily's petite frame curled tighter under her blanket, a soft whimper escaping as she shifted. Sophia murmured in Spanish, one hand unconsciously drifting toward her breast before she caught herself. Emma stretched her long limbs with a quiet gasp, her tall body clearly still sensitive. Hannah, angelic and quiet, sat up first, her soft brown waves framing a face flushed with the same dazed wonder Grace felt. Their eyes met across the aisle of separate beds, and something wordless passed between them—sisterhood forged in shared ecstasy.

Advisor Elena appeared in the doorway, already dressed in her crisp white blouse and navy skirt, silver cross gleaming. She carried a small tray of the honeyed berry compote and herbal tea. "Good morning, my awakened ones," she said, voice warm with pride. "The medical team has opened the door. Today we step through it. Clit cleaning first—witnessed, as always —then breakfast, then our first formal lesson in devotion. You will learn what it means to *receive* pleasure as an act of holy surrender. Trainers will touch you. You will be encouraged to make sounds. To buck. To let your bodies speak their devotion loudly. Phrases will reinforce every sensation. Comfort nursing will be given freely as reward and balm. Rise now. Skirts up, blouses open."

The girls moved without hesitation. The bathroom filled with steam as Elena turned on the six shower heads. The ADA-compliant station with its handheld pulse shower waited like an altar. Because their bodies were now hypersensitive from yesterday's four orgasms each, the cleaning felt different—more intense, more pleasurable. Elena assisted each girl personally, her fingers gentle yet thorough as she helped spread swollen, puffy folds under the warm pulsing spray.

When it was Grace's turn, she stepped onto the platform on legs that trembled. Elena's hand rested on her lower back. "Wider, sweet one. Let me see how beautifully your clit has plumped overnight." Grace parted her outer lips with shaking fingers. The water struck her directly, and a broken moan tore from her throat before she could stop it. The sensation was electric after yesterday's awakenings. Nectar flowed instantly, mixing with the spray and running in clear rivulets down her thighs.

"*My nectar is proof of my devotion,*" Elena prompted, her free hand guiding Grace's fingers wider. "Say it while the water cleans you."

Grace's voice cracked. "My nectar… is proof of my devotion…"

The cleaning lasted longer than yesterday—Elena made sure every crease was rinsed, her thumb occasionally brushing the side of Grace's clit in what might have been accidental care. By the time the water stopped, Grace was panting, nipples hard as pebbles, a thin string of nectar dangling from her entrance. Elena dried her with a soft towel, then leaned in and pressed a single, reverent kiss to the top of Grace's mound. "Good girl. Your body is already devoted."

One by one the others received the same thorough, intimate cleaning. Lily squeaked and bucked her hips the first time the pulse hit her freckled folds. Sophia moaned openly in Spanish, dark eyes fluttering. Emma's tall frame shuddered violently. Hannah produced the most nectar yet—clear, sweet streams that Elena praised lavishly while collecting a small sample in a vial "for the dining hall later."

They dressed—skirts only, blouses left open at the front so their breasts remained accessible —and gathered at the long wooden table for breakfast. The berry compote tasted stronger this morning, the herbal tea warmer. Elena explained between bites, "The compounds in these foods will increase your nectar flow throughout the day. Producing it is no longer private. It is proof. You will learn today that creating nectar while being touched is the first step of devotion."

After breakfast Elena led them not back to the medical wing but to the large open training space at the rear of Cabin Six—a room they had not yet seen. It was softly lit, with thick padded mats covering the floor, low benches along the

walls, and a large mirrored wall that reflected every angle. Six wide, padded examination-style tables had been arranged in a semicircle, each with soft wrist and ankle restraints and a small speaker beside it. The recorded prayers played here too, but louder, more insistent.

“Today begins the formal lessons in devotion,” Elena announced, her tone reverent. “Devotion is receiving pleasure—orgasms given by another’s touch. Not self-touch yet. Not tools yet. Not mouths yet. Only hands. Trainers from the staff will join me today so that each of you can be touched simultaneously. You will be encouraged to make sounds. To buck your hips. To show your surrender loudly and freely. This is the foundation. Once you are comfortable being loud and wild in your pleasure, later we will teach quiet devotion. But for now—be noisy. Be messy. Let your nectar flow. Every orgasm will be accompanied by phrases that reprogram you: pleasure received *is* devotion given. Your body was made for this.”

Four additional trainers entered the room—women in their mid-twenties, all former counselors themselves, dressed in the same white-blouse-and-navy-skirt uniform. They moved with calm authority, each carrying a small bottle of sacred oil that smelled faintly of lavender and musk.

Elena gestured to the tables. “Take your places. Lie back. Wrists and ankles secured loosely for safety. Blouses fully open. Skirts removed. Legs spread wide in the stirrups. Today you belong to devotion.”

Grace climbed onto the center table, heart pounding with a strange mixture of fear and aching need. The padded surface was warm. Elena secured her wrists above her head, then guided her ankles into the stirrups, spreading her wide. The position left her completely exposed— pink folds already glistening, clit swollen and peeking, inner thighs shiny with fresh nectar. The mirrored wall showed her everything: flushed cheeks, heaving breasts with dark, hardened nipples, the slick evidence of her body’s eagerness.

The other girls took their tables. Lily looked tiny and trembling. Sophia’s olive skin glowed. Emma’s long legs quivered in the stirrups. Hannah’s angelic face wore an expression of pure, trusting surrender.

Elena and the four trainers positioned themselves between the spread thighs. Elena chose Grace. Her hands—warm, oiled, confident—rested on Grace’s inner thighs, thumbs brushing the outer lips.

“Begin,” Elena said softly.

The room filled with the wet sounds of oiled fingers meeting nectar-slick flesh. Elena’s two fingers gathered the abundant wetness and painted it upward in broad, slow strokes over Grace’s clit. Grace’s hips jerked hard. A loud, involuntary moan burst from her throat.

“Yes,” Elena praised. “Make sounds. Buck. Show us your devotion. Repeat after me: *Being touched like this is holy.*”

Grace’s voice shook. “Being… touched like this… is holy…”

Elena’s fingers circled faster now, firm and precise, focusing on the sensitive underside of Grace’s clit while two more slid deep inside her channel, curling against the front wall exactly as Doctor Hale had taught. The dual sensation was overwhelming after yesterday’s awakenings. Grace’s back arched off the table. Her hips bucked wildly against Elena’s hand, chasing the pleasure. Another loud cry tore from her.

“That’s it,” Elena cooed, never slowing. “Louder. Let the phrases carry you. *My nectar flows because I am devoted.* Say it while you buck for me.”

Grace obeyed, voice growing raw. “My nectar flows… because I am devoted—ahh!” The orgasm crashed over her without warning. Her inner walls clamped rhythmically around Elena’s fingers, milking them as fresh nectar gushed out in clear, pulsing waves. Grace screamed—loud, unrestrained, the sound echoing off the mirrored walls. Her hips jerked and bucked so hard the table creaked. Elena kept stroking through every spasm, drawing the climax out until Grace was sobbing with pleasure.

The other trainers worked in perfect sync. Lily’s high-pitched squeals filled the air as her trainer brought her to a shuddering peak. Sophia moaned in Spanish, hips rolling frantically. Emma’s deep, guttural cries rose as her long body arched like a bow. Hannah’s soft, angelic whimpers turned into full-throated cries of surrender.

Elena did not stop after the first orgasm. She slowed her fingers only long enough to let Grace catch her breath, then began again—faster, deeper. “Second devotion orgasm,” she announced. “Let it be louder this time. Buck harder. *Pleasure received is devotion given.*”

Grace’s second climax followed almost immediately, even stronger. She screamed until her throat hurt, hips thrashing, nectar soaking Elena’s wrist and the padded table beneath her. Tears of overwhelming pleasure leaked from the corners of her eyes.

Across the room the other girls were lost in their own devotion. Lily came twice in quick succession, her petite body jerking like a live wire. Sophia’s trainer praised her in soft Spanish, drawing out deep, rolling orgasms that left the girl babbling. Emma’s tall frame convulsed so hard her restraints creaked. Hannah produced the most nectar yet—clear streams that puddled beneath her as she whispered the phrases between broken cries.

After the second round, Elena stepped back, hands glistening. “Comfort time,” she declared. “The intensity is high. Nursing will help regulate nectar flow and soothe you.”

Without hesitation Elena moved to Lily and Sophia, who were closest and visibly trembling. She opened her blouse fully, revealing full, high breasts with dark rosy nipples already peaked. Lily latched onto the left breast with a grateful whimper, tongue rolling slowly, suckling deep. Sophia took the right, eyes fluttering closed as she nursed. Elena’s hands cradled their heads, one on each, stroking their hair while she comforted two at once exactly as promised.

Grace watched, arousal spiking anew. Hannah, sensing her need, slid from her own table— restraints already released—and crawled onto Grace’s. “May I?” she whispered. Grace nodded frantically. Hannah’s soft mouth closed over Grace’s left nipple, tongue rolling in gentle circles before she began to suckle with perfect rhythm. The sensation was heavenly— warm, wet, soothing. Grace’s free hand found Emma’s breast nearby, offering comfort in return. The room filled with the wet sounds of nursing mixed with the recorded prayers.

Elena praised them softly. “Good girls. Nursing increases nectar production. Feel it flow while you suckle. This is sisterhood.”

After ten minutes of comfort the trainers returned. Elena resumed with Grace, fingers slick with fresh oil and the other girls’ nectar. “Third devotion orgasm. Louder this time. Buck like the devoted girl you are.”

Grace came screaming again, hips lifting clear off the table, nectar squirting in small arcs that splashed Elena’s uniform. The phrases poured from her lips automatically now: *My nectar is proof of my devotion. Pleasure received is devotion given.* Each orgasm anchored them deeper.

The session continued for nearly three hours. Each girl received at least six manual devotion orgasms—some more—until their voices grew hoarse and their bodies glistened with sweat and nectar. The trainers rotated so every girl experienced different touches, different rhythms, learning that all hands could bring holy pleasure. Between rounds, nursing chains formed: Elena comforting two while the girls comforted one another in pairs or threes. Grace nursed Lily’s small, freckled breast while Emma suckled hers, the chain of wet mouths and rolling tongues creating a living circle of comfort that boosted nectar flow until the mats beneath them were soaked.

By the end, when Elena finally called a halt, the five counselors-in-training lay limp on their tables, chests heaving, thighs trembling, bodies marked with love bites from enthusiastic nursing and glistening with the evidence of total surrender. The air smelled thickly of nectar —sweet, musky, sacred.

Elena gathered them, helping each to sit up and wrapping them in soft blankets. “You have begun devotion beautifully,” she said, voice thick with pride. “You made sounds. You bucked. You produced nectar freely and shared it through comfort. The phrases are already rewriting you. Tonight, after dinner, we will have our first group self-devotion—not orgasms yet, but touching together while reciting. Tomorrow we move to devotion with tools and mouths. Rest now. The recorded prayers will continue their work while you nap. Your bodies are learning. Your minds are opening. You are becoming the counselors your future campers will need.”

Grace leaned against Hannah, the smaller girl’s head resting on her shoulder. She could still taste the faint sweetness of Hannah’s nipple on her tongue. Between her legs, nectar continued to trickle slowly, warm and constant, as if her body now existed in a permanent state of gentle devotion.

The phrases played on.

Pleasure received is devotion given…

Grace closed her eyes and let them sink deeper. She had come more times in one morning than she had ever imagined possible in a lifetime. She had screamed, bucked, nursed, and been nursed. And it felt… right. Holy.

The reprogramming was no longer something happening *to* her.

It was happening *inside* her.

And she welcomed it with every slick, devoted drop of nectar her body offered.

Chapter 6: Devotion with Tools and Mouths

The afternoon light filtering through the frosted windows of Cabin Six carried a soft, golden haze that made the training room feel almost dreamlike. Grace Harlan sat cross-legged on her narrow bed, the soft white blouse still open from the morning’s devotion session, her navy skirt pooled around her hips. Between her thighs, a slow, steady trickle of nectar continued to leak onto the sheet beneath her. She could feel it—warm, slick, undeniable—proof that her body had already accepted the reprogramming. The recorded prayers played softly from the hallway speaker, the female voice now as familiar as her own heartbeat.

Pleasure received is devotion given. My nectar is proof of my devotion. I create it gladly. I share it freely…

Grace whispered the words along with the recording, her voice hoarse from the morning’s loud, bucking orgasms under Elena’s skilled fingers. Her nipples still tingled from the long nursing chains that had followed—Hannah’s gentle mouth on one breast while Grace had suckled Lily’s small, freckled one in return. The taste of sisterly comfort lingered on her tongue, sweet and faintly salty. She craved more already.

Elena’s voice called them from the common area. “Devoted ones, gather your kits. The vibrating and suction devices you received on arrival will now become instruments of holy devotion. We return to the training room for the next phase. Skirts off completely. Blouses open. No shame. Only surrender.”

The five girls moved as one. Grace lifted the small white-silk-lined box from her locker, her fingers trembling slightly as she cradled the rose-colored vibrating wand and the delicate cup- shaped suction device. They felt heavier now, sacred. The other girls did the same: Lily’s petite hands shook as she clutched hers; Sophia’s olive skin flushed dark rose; Emma’s tall frame moved with quiet determination; Hannah’s angelic face wore an expression of trusting anticipation.

In the training room the padded tables had been rearranged into a tighter circle, each one equipped with its own stirrups, soft restraints, and a small side tray. The mirrored wall reflected every angle. The four additional trainers from the morning had returned, along with two more senior advisors, all carrying small bottles of the sacred lavender-musk oil. The air already smelled faintly of female arousal—sweet nectar from the morning’s manual devotion still lingered on the mats.

Elena stood at the center, silver cross gleaming against her open white blouse. “This afternoon we advance to devotion with tools and mouths. You will learn to receive orgasms from the vibrating device, the suction device, and finally from mouths—first the trainers’, then your sisters’. Every climax will be flooded with new phrases that bind pleasure directly to devotion. You will be encouraged to make sounds, to buck, to produce nectar freely. Comfort nursing will be given whenever the intensity rises— I may comfort two of you at once, or you may comfort one another, especially if nectar production needs boosting. The phrases will reprogram you deeper with each release. By the end of today, your bodies will crave these sensations as naturally as breath. Take your places.”

Grace climbed onto her table, heart hammering with a strange, hungry excitement. The padded surface was still warm from the morning. Elena secured her wrists above her head and guided her ankles into the stirrups, spreading her wide. The position left her completely exposed once more—pink folds puffy and glistening, clit already swollen and peeking from its hood, inner thighs shiny with fresh nectar. The mirrored wall showed her everything: flushed cheeks, heaving breasts, the unmistakable evidence of a body that had learned to surrender.

The other girls took their tables beside her. The room filled with the soft sounds of restraints clicking into place and nervous, aroused breathing.

Elena lifted Grace’s own vibrating device from the tray, coating the smooth rose bulb with a generous layer of sacred oil. “We begin with the vibrating device. This is devotion through tools. Let it teach you. Repeat after me as I begin: *The

tool brings me closer to God.*”

The device hummed to life on its lowest setting. Elena pressed the curved bulb directly against Grace’s oversensitive clit. The vibration was immediate, deep, resonant—traveling straight into her core like holy fire. Grace’s hips bucked hard against the restraints. A loud, broken moan tore from her throat.

“Yes,” Elena praised, circling slowly. “Louder. Buck for the device. *The tool brings me closer to God.* Say it while you feel it.”

Grace’s voice cracked. “The tool… brings me… closer to God—ohhh!” Elena increased the speed and slid the bulb lower, pressing it firmly against Grace’s entrance before pushing it inside in one smooth, deep stroke. The vibrations angled perfectly against her front wall, exactly where the doctor had found her most responsive spot. Nectar flowed instantly, coating the device and dripping audibly onto the table.

Elena worked it in and out with steady, deliberate thrusts while her thumb circled Grace’s clit above. The dual sensation built fast—faster than the morning’s manual touch. Grace’s back arched off the table, hips jerking wildly, chasing the pleasure. “Louder, devoted one,” Elena commanded. “Let the phrases carry you higher.”

The orgasm crashed over Grace without warning. She screamed—raw, unrestrained—as her inner walls clamped rhythmically around the vibrating intrusion, milking it hard. Nectar gushed in clear, pulsing waves, soaking Elena’s hand and the rose device. The phrases poured from Grace’s lips between sobs of pleasure: *The tool brings me closer to God… My nectar is proof of my devotion…*

Elena kept the device buried deep through every spasm, drawing the climax out until Grace was whimpering, overstimulated and still coming. Only then did she ease it free, the silicone glistening with proof of surrender. “First devotion orgasm with the vibrating device,” she announced for the room. “Beautiful nectar production. Praise her, sisters.”

The other trainers worked in perfect sync. Lily’s high-pitched squeals rose as her trainer drove the vibrating wand deep into her petite frame. Sophia moaned in rapid Spanish, hips rolling frantically. Emma’s deep cries echoed as the device stretched her long body. Hannah’s soft angelic whimpers turned into full-throated screams as nectar streamed from her.

Elena gave them only a minute to breathe before the suction devices came out. “Second orgasm with suction,” she said, lifting Grace’s delicate cup-shaped tool. She sealed the soft rim directly over Grace’s swollen, throbbing clit. The device activated with a gentle *pop*, then began its rhythmic pull—drawing the sensitive nub outward, releasing, drawing again.

Grace’s eyes flew open. The sensation was devastatingly intimate, like a warm, insistent mouth sucking her most private place without mercy. Her clit engorged further with every cycle. Nectar poured from her empty entrance in a steady river now, dripping onto the mat.

“*Suction draws the nectar of devotion from me,*” Elena prompted, increasing the intensity. “Repeat it while you buck.”

Grace’s voice was hoarse. “Suction… draws the nectar… of devotion—ahhh!” The orgasm exploded without buildup. She screamed loud enough that the mirrored walls vibrated, hips jerking violently against the stirrups as her clit throbbed inside the cup and her whole body convulsed. A thin arc of clear nectar jetted from her entrance with every spasm. Elena kept the suction working through the peak, milking her clit mercilessly until Grace was sobbing with gratitude and overstimulation.

Across the room the sounds were a symphony of devotion: Lily’s squeals turning into broken cries as her suction device tugged her tiny clit; Sophia babbling prayers mixed with the sacred phrases; Emma’s tall frame arching like a bow; Hannah producing the most nectar yet, clear streams that puddled beneath her table.

Elena praised them all, then stepped back. “Comfort break. The intensity is rising. Nursing now.”

She moved first to Lily and Sophia, opening her blouse fully and offering a breast to each. Lily latched on with a grateful whimper, tongue rolling slowly, suckling deep. Sophia took the other, eyes fluttering closed. Elena cradled their heads, one in each hand, comforting two at once while the recorded prayers continued their loop. Grace felt her own nectar surge at the sight. Hannah crawled onto her table without being asked, soft mouth closing over Grace’s left nipple. Emma offered her breast to Grace in return. The wet, rhythmic sounds of nursing filled the room—licking, rolling tongues, deep suckling—while nectar continued to trickle freely between every pair of spread thighs.

Ten minutes of comfort passed in blissful chains. Grace felt her production increase dramatically as Hannah’s tongue rolled in perfect circles. When Elena finally called them back to the tables, every girl was flushed, nipples dark and glistening, bodies humming with renewed need.

“Mouths next,” Elena announced. “First the trainers. Then your sisters. Devotion through oral worship of your bodies.”

The trainers knelt between spread thighs. Elena lowered her head to Grace’s soaked folds. Her first slow, flat lick—from entrance to clit—drew a guttural moan from Grace’s throat. Elena’s tongue was velvet heat and perfect pressure. She licked again, then circled the clit with the tip before sealing her lips around

it and sucking gently while two fingers slid deep inside.

Grace came almost instantly. The orgasm tore through her like divine lightning. She screamed, hips bucking wildly against Elena's face, nectar flooding the trainer's mouth in pulsing waves. Elena drank greedily, swallowing audibly while her tongue continued its sacred work. The phrases spilled from Grace between broken cries: *Pleasure received is devotion given… My body was made for worship…*

Elena did not stop. She brought Grace to a second oral orgasm in quick succession, then pulled back, lips shiny. "Now your sisters will practice on you. Rotate."

The girls changed places under guidance. Hannah's soft, angelic mouth replaced Elena's between Grace's thighs. Hannah was gentler, more tentative at first, but her tongue learned quickly—licking, rolling, suckling Grace's clit while her small fingers explored inside. Grace came hard again, screaming Hannah's name mixed with the sacred phrases, nectar coating the younger girl's chin.

They rotated again and again. Sophia's eager mouth brought Grace to a shuddering peak while Emma's long fingers held her hips steady. Lily's petite tongue flicked rapidly, drawing out a squirting orgasm that left Grace sobbing. By the time every trainer and every sister had tasted her, Grace had lost count of the orgasms—ten, perhaps twelve—each one deeper, each one anchoring the phrases more permanently into her soul.

The room was a living temple of devotion. Wet sounds of mouths and fingers, loud cries and bucking bodies, the constant loop of recorded prayers, the sweet musk of nectar thick in the air. Comfort nursing broke out spontaneously between rounds—Elena comforting two struggling girls at once while the others formed smaller chains, suckling breasts to boost nectar flow and soothe overstimulated nerves.

When Elena finally called the session to a close, the five counselors-in-training lay limp on their tables, bodies glistening with sweat and nectar, chests heaving, thighs trembling. Their kits—vibrating and suction devices—lay beside them, slick and shining with proof of their surrender. The mirrored wall reflected a scene of total, beautiful reprogramming: five young women whose innocence had been lovingly shattered and remade through pleasure.

Elena gathered them gently, helping each to sit and wrapping them in soft blankets. "You have mastered receiving devotion through tools and mouths," she said, voice thick with pride. "Every orgasm was flooded with phrases. Your nectar flowed freely. You comforted and were comforted. You bucked and screamed and surrendered. Tomorrow we move to self-devotion —learning to give pleasure to yourselves with fingers for the first time. But tonight, after

dinner, we will have our first full group self-devotion session in the cabin. Gentle touching together while reciting. No orgasms yet. Only shared production of nectar and unity."

Grace leaned against Hannah, the smaller girl's head resting on her shoulder. She could still taste the faint sweetness of multiple sisters' nectar on her tongue from the oral rotations. Between her legs, fresh nectar continued to trickle slowly, warm and constant. She craved the sensations now—not with shame, but with a deep, holy hunger. The vibrating pulse inside her, the rhythmic suction on her clit, the wet heat of mouths and tongues—her body remembered every one and already ached for more.

The phrases played on in the background, weaving themselves into her very bones.

Pleasure received is devotion given…

Grace closed her eyes and smiled faintly. She was no longer the shy, untouched girl who had stepped off the bus three days ago. She was devoted. Reprogrammed. Ready.

And the training had only just begun.

Chapter 7: Mealtime Devotions – Phase One

The walk from the training room to the central dining hall felt like a sacred procession. Grace Harlan's legs still trembled from the long afternoon of devotion with tools and mouths, her inner thighs slick with the constant, warm flow of nectar that no longer surprised her. The navy skirt swished against her bare skin, the fabric already damp where it brushed her folds. Her white blouse remained open at the front as Elena had instructed—breasts exposed to the cool December air that slipped through the covered walkway, nipples still dark and sensitive from the endless nursing chains and the trainers' relentless oral worship. The small vial of her own nectar from the session rested in her skirt pocket, a tangible reminder of the phrases that now lived inside her like prayer.

Pleasure received is devotion given. My nectar is proof of my devotion. I create it gladly. I share it freely…

The recorded words had followed them from the training room, playing softly through hidden speakers along the walkway. Grace whispered them under her breath, the syllables syncing with the wet slide of her thighs. Beside her, Lily walked with a tiny, unsteady gait, freckled cheeks flushed crimson. Sophia's olive skin glowed with a faint sheen of sweat, her dark eyes half-lidded. Emma's tall frame moved with deliberate grace, though her long legs quivered visibly. Hannah, angelic as ever, kept one hand lightly on Grace's arm, their shared comfort from earlier still binding them.

Advisor Elena led them, silver cross catching the golden light of the setting sun that filtered through the snow-laden pines. “The dining hall is not merely for nourishment,” she said, voice carrying easily over the crunch of boots on the cleared path. “It is an extension of the training room—an assembly space where devotion is practiced publicly, reverently, and without shame. Nectar will be featured at every meal. You will learn that producing it through devotion creates the nectar of the gods, a sacrament that nourishes both body and soul. Tonight’s mealtime focuses entirely on the phase of devotion you have just begun to master: receiving pleasure while you eat. Trainers will circle and give each of you manual devotion orgasms. Later in this phase, the structure will evolve—paired worship while one eats, then selected counselors receiving multiple peaks. Every climax will be flooded with phrases. Eat slowly. Savor. Let the nectar flow and be consumed. This is how your reprogramming deepens in community.”

The central dining hall rose before them, a large cedar-shingled building with tall windows glowing warm amber. Inside, long wooden tables formed a U-shape around a central raised dais used for assemblies. Soft lighting from hanging lanterns cast a reverent glow. The air smelled of roasted vegetables, herb-infused grains, and the faint sweet-tartness of the honeyed berry compote that Grace now recognized as a nectar enhancer. At each place setting waited a plate of simple, nourishing food and a crystal goblet already half-filled with a clear, slightly viscous liquid—fresh nectar, Grace realized with a shiver, collected from earlier sessions and mingled with the berry elixir.

About thirty other counselor trainees from the other cabins sat at the tables, all in the same open-blouse, skirt-only uniform, their faces flushed with the same mixture of exhaustion and holy hunger. A dozen trainers moved among them with calm authority. Doctor Hale and two of her nurses observed from the dais, tablets in hand, ready to note progress.

Elena guided her five girls to the head table, the place of honor for Cabin Six. “Sit. Eat. The trainers will begin their rounds shortly. Remember: sounds are encouraged. Bucking is holy. Nectar is to be celebrated and consumed. Your future campers will see this same devotion modeled perfectly when they arrive in June.”

Grace lowered herself onto the smooth wooden bench, the cool surface kissing her bare, slick folds. The sensation made her whimper softly. She picked up her fork and began with the roasted root vegetables, their earthy sweetness blooming on her tongue. The herbal grains followed, warm and filling. But her attention kept drifting to the goblet. The nectar inside shimmered faintly under the lantern light—clear with a faint golden tint from the berries. She knew, without being told, that some of it was hers from the medical awakening or today’s sessions.

The first trainer approached their table—a tall, dark-haired woman named Advisor Mara, her hands already glistening with sacred oil. She stopped behind Grace first.

“Continue eating, devoted one,” Mara murmured, sliding one hand beneath the table. Two warm, oiled fingers parted Grace’s folds and found her clit with unerring precision. “This is devotion while you nourish your body. *My nectar flows because I am devoted.* Say it with every bite.”

Grace’s fork paused halfway to her mouth as the fingers began slow, firm circles. A low moan escaped her before she could swallow it. “My nectar… flows because I am devoted…” She forced herself to take another bite of the grains, chewing slowly as the pleasure built. Mara’s fingers never stopped—circling, then sliding two deep inside, curling against her front wall exactly as the trainers had taught that afternoon. Grace’s hips bucked once against the bench, the movement instinctive now. Nectar flowed freely, coating Mara’s hand and dripping onto the floor beneath the table.

Around the hall, the other trainers had begun their rounds. Soft moans and the wet sounds of fingers meeting slick flesh rose in a reverent chorus. Lily squeaked around a mouthful of vegetables as her trainer worked her petite frame. Sophia moaned in Spanish, fork trembling. Emma’s deep groan vibrated through her chest as she tried to chew. Hannah’s angelic whimpers were the sweetest of all, her goblet already being refilled with fresh nectar from her own production.

Mara’s fingers sped up. “Eat, Grace. Do not stop. *Pleasure received is devotion given.*”

Grace obeyed, taking another bite just as the orgasm crashed over her. She cried out around the food, hips jerking hard against Mara’s hand, nectar gushing in clear pulses that splashed quietly onto the floor. Mara kept stroking through every spasm, drawing it out while Grace chewed and swallowed, tears of overwhelming pleasure pricking her eyes. When the peak finally ebbed, Mara withdrew her fingers, glistening, and dipped them into Grace’s goblet, stirring the fresh nectar into the sacrament.

“Drink,” Mara commanded softly. “Taste your devotion.”

Grace lifted the goblet with shaking hands and sipped. The flavor—sweet, slightly musky, warm from her own body—bloomed across her tongue like holy wine. She moaned again, softer this time, as the taste anchored the phrases deeper.

The trainers continued circling. Each girl at the head table received her first manual devotion orgasm while eating—slow, deliberate, reverent. The hall filled with the symphony of forks scraping plates, soft chewing, and rising cries of pleasure. Nectar was collected in small vials at each table and passed to the dais, where Doctor Hale praised the volume and quality aloud for all to hear. “Cabin

Six shows exceptional commitment tonight," she announced. "Their nectar is rich with devotion. Consume it freely, sisters. It nourishes the body as the phrases nourish the soul."

As the main course ended and the berry compote was served, the trainers shifted to the second evolution of the mealtime phase. "Paired worship now," Elena called from the dais. "Partner with your cabinmate beside you. One receives while eating; the other gives. Then switch. Continue the phrases. Nectar shared directly from fingers to goblets or mouths."

Grace turned to Lily, the petite strawberry-blonde trembling beside her. Lily's freckled cheeks were flushed dark. "I'll give first," Grace whispered, voice husky. Lily nodded, eyes wide with trust.

Lily picked up her spoon and began eating the compote while Grace slid her hand beneath the table. Her fingers—still slick from her own earlier orgasm—parted Lily's small, puffy folds and found her clit. Lily gasped around a mouthful of berries, hips bucking instantly. "*Being touched while I eat is holy,*" Grace prompted, circling firmly. Lily repeated the phrase in a broken whimper, fork shaking as she took another bite. Grace slid two fingers inside her, curling, thrusting gently while her thumb worked the clit. Lily came quickly—high-pitched squeals muffled by the compote, nectar flooding Grace's hand in sweet pulses. Grace withdrew and stirred the fresh nectar into Lily's goblet, then offered her fingers for Lily to lick clean. The smaller girl suckled them gratefully, eyes fluttering.

They switched. Lily's tiny fingers were tentative at first but learned fast, working Grace to a shuddering orgasm while Grace tried to eat the sweet compote. The flavor mixed with the taste of her own rising pleasure, the phrases spilling from her lips between bites: *My nectar flows because I am devoted… Pleasure received is devotion given…*

All around the U-shaped tables the pairings continued. The hall echoed with wet sounds, moans, and the clink of forks. Trainers walked among them, correcting technique, praising nectar volume, offering comfort nursing when a girl's production slowed. Elena herself comforted two girls from another cabin at once, one breast offered to each while they continued their paired devotion. Grace watched, arousal spiking anew, and felt her own nectar surge.

After the pairings, Elena announced the final evolution of the phase-one mealtime. "One counselor will now be selected from each table to demonstrate full devotion. She will receive multiple manual orgasms while being fed by her sisters. The rest of you will continue eating and reciting. Nectar from her peaks will be shared with the entire table."

At the head table, Elena’s gaze settled on Grace. “Grace Harlan. You will show us. Lie back on the table. Sisters, feed her between peaks.”

Grace’s heart slammed against her ribs as she climbed onto the wide wooden surface, lying on her back amid the dishes. Her blouse fell fully open, breasts exposed. Her skirt was pushed up and off. Legs spread wide, she lay open before the entire hall. The mirrored panels on the ceiling—installed for assemblies—reflected her flushed, glistening body back to her. The other girls at the table gathered close, forks in hand, ready to feed her.

Advisor Mara began first, fingers sliding deep inside Grace without preamble. “*Multiple devotion orgasms while nourished,*” Mara intoned. “Begin eating, sisters. Grace, receive.”

The first orgasm hit fast—Grace screamed, hips bucking wildly on the table as nectar gushed. Hannah spooned compote into her mouth mid-climax, the sweet berries mixing with her cries. Sophia fed her grains between the second peak, Elena’s own fingers replacing Mara’s for the third. Each orgasm was longer, wetter, louder. Grace lost count after the fifth, her body a live wire of pleasure. Nectar was collected in the shared goblets and passed around the table; every girl sipped, tasting Grace’s devotion directly. Comfort nursing broke out spontaneously—Lily suckling one of Grace’s nipples while Emma nursed the other, their tongues rolling in perfect rhythm to keep her nectar flowing.

The hall watched in reverent silence broken only by Grace’s raw screams and the wet sounds of fingers and mouths. Doctor Hale’s voice carried from the dais: “Grace’s nectar production during multiple peaks is exemplary. This is what your campers will learn from you next summer. Consume it. Internalize the phrases. Devotion while eating is now part of your reprogramming.”

When the final orgasm ebbed—Grace’s twelfth or thirteenth of the extended session—she lay limp on the table, chest heaving, body glistening with sweat and nectar. The girls fed her the last bites of compote by hand, their fingers sweet with berries and her own essence. Elena helped her sit up, wrapping her in a soft blanket and pressing a kiss to her forehead.

“You have shown devotion beautifully tonight,” Elena whispered for the table alone. “Every girl in this hall has witnessed and tasted what true commitment looks like. Tomorrow the mealtimes will continue to evolve with the next training phase, but the foundation is set. Nectar is the nectar of the gods. Devotion creates it. Consumption sanctifies it.”

The meal ended with a final communal recitation of the phrases, every voice in the hall joining in unison. Goblets were drained. Trainers collected the last vials for Doctor Hale’s analysis. As Cabin Six rose to leave, Grace walked on unsteady legs, supported gently by Hannah and Lily. Her body thrummed with the memory

of public surrender—orgasms while eating, nectar shared openly, phrases spoken between bites. The reprogramming felt permanent now, woven into the very act of nourishment.

Outside, the snow had begun falling again in soft, silent curtains. The path back to Cabin Six glowed under lantern light. Elena walked beside them, one arm around Grace's shoulders.

"Rest tonight," she said softly. "Tomorrow we begin self-devotion—your own fingers for the first time. Group self-devotion in the cabin will prepare you. The phrases will continue their work while you sleep."

Grace leaned into Elena's side, the taste of shared nectar still on her tongue, the memory of multiple screaming orgasms while being fed burned into her soul. She was no longer merely receiving devotion.

She was becoming it.

And the dining hall had only begun to show her how deeply that truth would root itself in every aspect of her training.

Back in the cabin the recorded prayers played louder than ever, the female voice now layered with faint echoes of the evening's moans and cries—recorded, Elena explained, to deepen the reprogramming even in sleep.

Grace crawled into her narrow bed, body spent yet humming with holy hunger. Between her legs, fresh nectar welled slowly, warm and constant, as if her body itself refused to let the evening's devotion fade.

My nectar is proof of my devotion…

She closed her eyes and smiled into the dark.

Chapter 8: Self-Devotion Awakens

The first pale light of dawn crept through the frost-laced windows of Cabin Six, painting the wooden beams in soft shades of rose and gold. Grace Harlan lay awake in her narrow single bed, the crisp white sheet tangled around her hips, her body already humming with the afterglow of the previous evening's mealtime devotions. Her thighs were sticky with the slow, constant trickle of nectar that had become as natural as breathing now. The memory of lying spread on the dining table—screaming through wave after wave of manual orgasms while her cabin sisters fed her berry compote and sipped her fresh nectar from shared goblets —still burned behind her closed eyelids. The phrases had poured from her lips between bites and cries, anchoring themselves deeper with every public surrender.

My nectar is proof of my devotion. I create it gladly. I share it freely. Pleasure received is devotion given…

The recorded prayers played softly from the hallway speaker, the female voice now layered with faint echoes of the dining hall's moans and the wet sounds of fingers and mouths. Grace whispered along, her own voice hoarse from the previous night's screams. Between her legs, fresh nectar welled up at the mere recollection, warm and slick, coating her swollen folds and seeping onto the sheet. She did not wipe it away. Shame had no place here anymore. Producing nectar showed commitment. Sharing it bound them closer to the divine.

Across the sleeping area, the other girls stirred in their separate beds. Lily's petite frame curled tighter under her blanket, a soft, needy whimper escaping as she shifted. Sophia murmured half-formed Spanish prayers, one hand unconsciously drifting toward her breast before she caught herself. Emma stretched her long, willowy limbs with a quiet gasp, her tall body clearly still sensitive from the multiple peaks she had given and received at dinner. Hannah, angelic and gentle as always, sat up first, her soft brown waves tousled, eyes wide with the same holy hunger Grace felt. Their gazes met across the aisle, and a silent understanding passed between them—sisterhood forged in shared nectar and public ecstasy.

Advisor Elena appeared in the doorway, already dressed in her crisp white blouse (open at the front as always) and navy skirt, her silver cross gleaming against her skin. She carried the familiar tray of honeyed berry compote and herbal tea, the scent alone enough to make Grace's core clench with fresh arousal.

"Good morning, my devoted ones," Elena said, voice warm and commanding. "The mealtime phase has opened new doors. Today we turn inward. Clit cleaning first—witnessed and thorough—then a light breakfast. After that, we remain in the cabin for our first lesson in self-devotion. You will learn to give yourselves orgasms with your own fingers for the first time. Your parents protected you from even the most basic self-touch beyond cleaning. That changes now. The struggle will be real, but the phrases will guide you through it. Group self-devotion will follow this evening—everyone together, orgasming on command, reinforcing unity through shared nectar and synchronized pleasure. Rise. Skirts off completely. Blouses open. The body belongs to devotion now."

The girls moved as one, shedding the last scraps of clothing without hesitation. The bathroom filled with steam as Elena turned on the six shower heads. The ADA-compliant station waited like a sacred altar. Because their bodies were now hypersensitive from days of constant training, the witnessed cleaning felt electric. Elena assisted each girl personally, her fingers gentle yet insistent as she helped spread puffy, nectar-slick folds under the warm pulsing spray.

Grace stepped onto the platform last, legs trembling. Elena's hand rested on her lower back. "Wider, sweet one. Show me how beautifully your nectar flows after last night's mealtime surrender." Grace parted her outer lips with shaking

fingers. The water struck her directly, and a broken moan tore from her throat. The pulse felt like a thousand tiny tongues after the public orgasms on the table. Nectar flowed instantly, mixing with the spray and running in clear rivulets down her thighs.

“*My nectar is proof of my devotion,*” Elena prompted, her thumb brushing the side of Grace’s clit in deliberate care. “Say it while the water cleans you. Feel how your body already obeys.”

Grace’s voice cracked. “My nectar… is proof of my devotion…” The cleaning lasted longer than usual—Elena made sure every crease was rinsed, her fingers occasionally dipping just inside Grace’s entrance to gather and spread the abundant slickness. By the time the water stopped, Grace was panting, nipples hard as pebbles, a thin string of nectar dangling from her folds. Elena dried her with a soft towel, then leaned in and pressed a single, reverent kiss to the top of Grace’s mound. “Good girl. Your body is ready to learn self-devotion.”

One by one the others received the same intimate care. Lily squeaked and bucked her hips the moment the pulse hit her freckled clit. Sophia moaned openly in Spanish, dark eyes fluttering. Emma’s tall frame shuddered violently. Hannah produced the most nectar yet— clear, sweet streams that Elena praised lavishly while collecting a small sample in a vial “to flavor the breakfast compote.”

They moved to the common area for a light breakfast, still completely naked. The long wooden table had been prepared with the usual nourishing grains and vegetables, but the berry compote this morning was visibly mixed with the fresh nectar Elena had collected during cleaning. “Taste your sisterhood,” Elena instructed as they ate. Grace spooned the sweet, musky mixture into her mouth, the flavor blooming on her tongue and sending fresh pulses of arousal straight to her core. The recorded prayers played louder here, the phrases syncing with every swallow.

After breakfast Elena led them back to the sleeping area, the six narrow beds still arranged in two rows of three. “For self-devotion we stay here today,” she explained. “Later we will push the beds together for group sessions, but for this first lesson the separation helps you focus inward. Lie on your backs. Legs spread wide. Hands at your sides until I instruct you. Today you will learn to touch yourselves with your own fingers—something forbidden in your purity homes. The struggle is part of the reprogramming. The phrases will carry you through it. I will guide each of you personally at first, then you will practice alone while I move between you. Comfort nursing is available the moment you need it—especially if nectar production slows from nerves. I may comfort two of you at once. Begin.”

Grace lay back on her bed, heart hammering. The cool air kissed her exposed, glistening folds. Her hands trembled as she waited for instruction. Elena knelt beside her first, silver cross swaying gently.

“Start with your outer lips,” Elena said softly. “Part them slowly. Feel the nectar already waiting for you. This is not cleaning. This is devotion. Repeat: *My fingers bring me closer to God.*”

Grace’s voice shook as she obeyed, two fingers parting her slick outer labia. The cool air on her swollen clit made her whimper. “My fingers… bring me closer to God…”

“Good. Now circle your clit—lightly at first. No rushing. Feel the pleasure build on its own. Your parents never allowed this. Let the guilt rise, then let the phrases wash it away.”

Grace’s fingertip touched her clit for the first time with intent. The sensation was electric— sharp, intimate, overwhelming. A tiny cry escaped her. Her hips twitched involuntarily. The touch felt both forbidden and impossibly right. She circled slowly, the slickness of her own nectar making every movement smooth and obscene. Pleasure built, but so did the old voices in her head—her mother’s warnings, the church teachings, the shame of anything beyond clinical cleaning.

“Struggle is holy,” Elena murmured, watching closely. “Keep circling. Faster now. *I give myself pleasure as an act of devotion.* Say it louder.”

Grace’s voice cracked. “I give myself… pleasure as an act of devotion…” Her finger moved faster. The pleasure crested suddenly, but she couldn’t quite tip over. Tears pricked her eyes. “I… I can’t… it’s too much…”

Elena’s hand covered Grace’s gently, guiding her finger in the perfect rhythm. “You can. Let it happen. Your body was made for this. Buck if you need to. Make sounds. *My nectar flows because I touch myself for God.*”

The orgasm broke through like a dam giving way. Grace cried out—loud, raw—her hips bucking hard off the bed as her inner walls clenched rhythmically around nothing. Nectar gushed over her own fingers in clear, pulsing waves, soaking the sheet beneath her. Elena kept her hand there, guiding her through every spasm until Grace collapsed, sobbing with relief and ecstasy.

“First self-devotion orgasm achieved,” Elena praised. “Beautiful surrender. Taste your nectar, sweet one.”

Grace brought her glistening fingers to her lips and licked them clean. The flavor—sweet, musky, hers—anchored the phrases deeper. The guilt was already fading, replaced by a warm glow of holy pride.

Elena moved to the next girl, but instructed Grace to continue practicing. “Two more with your fingers. Use two inside yourself this time. Curl them upward like

the trainers taught you. The phrases never stop."

Grace obeyed, sliding two fingers deep into her soaked channel. The stretch felt different when it was her own hand—more personal, more vulnerable. She curled them, found the sensitive spot, and rubbed while her thumb worked her clit. The second orgasm came faster, louder. She screamed the phrases as she came, nectar squirting around her fingers. The third followed almost immediately, her body learning the rhythm, the struggle turning to eager hunger.

Across the room the other girls were lost in their own first self-devotion. Lily's petite frame shook violently as she fought through her initial shyness, her high-pitched cries filling the cabin. Sophia moaned in rapid Spanish, her olive skin flushed dark as she finally tipped over the edge. Emma's tall body arched like a bow, long fingers thrusting deep while she recited the phrases in a deep, guttural voice. Hannah, angelic and quiet, produced the most nectar of all—clear streams that soaked her bed as she whispered the devotion words like a prayer between broken sobs of pleasure.

Elena moved between them, correcting technique, praising nectar volume, offering comfort when the struggle became too intense. When Lily's production slowed from nerves, Elena knelt beside her and Sophia, opening her blouse fully and offering a breast to each. The two girls latched on gratefully, tongues rolling, suckling deep while their free hands continued their self-touch. Elena's hands cradled their heads, comforting two at once exactly as promised. Grace watched, arousal spiking, and felt her own nectar surge. Hannah crawled onto Grace's bed without being asked and offered her small breast. Grace latched on, suckling while her fingers kept working, the dual sensations pushing her into a fourth self-induced orgasm that left her trembling.

For the next two hours the cabin became a temple of self-devotion. Each girl brought herself to at least six orgasms with her fingers alone—some more—until their voices grew hoarse and their beds were soaked with nectar. Elena guided, corrected, praised. The phrases never stopped. The recorded prayers played continuously, weaving the new self-touch sensations into their reprogramming.

When every girl had mastered the basic technique, Elena gathered them in the center of the room. "Now we introduce group self-devotion. This will happen morning or evening as I decide. Tonight we begin. Push the beds together—three and three, forming one large platform. Lie in a circle, heads toward the center, legs spread and intertwined so you can see and hear every sister. Hands on your own bodies. On my command you will orgasm together. Shared nectar. Shared phrases. Shared surrender. This is how you will train your future campers—five innocent girls in one cabin, learning unity through simultaneous devotion."

The girls worked together, sliding the six beds into one massive platform. They arranged themselves in a tight circle, legs tangled, pussies open and glistening,

faces flushed with anticipation. Elena joined them at the center, completing the circle, her own body now fully naked for the first time.

“Begin touching,” she commanded softly. “Fingers only. Build together. Recite with me: *We give ourselves pleasure as one.*”

Six voices rose in unison as fingers found clits and entrances. The room filled with wet sounds and synchronized breathing. Grace’s fingers circled her own clit while her free hand rested on Hannah’s thigh, feeling the smaller girl’s tremors. The group moved as one—slow at first, then faster, hips bucking in unison, moans rising in harmony.

Elena’s voice carried over them. “Faster now. On my count you will come together. Three… two… one… *Now.*”

The cabin erupted in a chorus of screams. Six bodies convulsed at once, nectar gushing in shared waves, soaking the joined beds. The orgasm rolled through them like a single wave, phrases spilling from every mouth between sobs of ecstasy. Elena comforted two girls at once even as she came herself, her mouth on one nipple while her fingers stroked another.

They rested only minutes before Elena commanded a second round. Then a third. Each synchronized orgasm bound them tighter—nectar shared on fingers, tasted from lips, celebrated in the growing puddle beneath them. Comfort nursing broke out spontaneously between peaks, creating living chains of mouths and rolling tongues while fingers never stopped.

By the time Elena finally called a halt, the six women lay in a tangled, spent heap on the massive bed, bodies glistening, chests heaving, nectar pooling beneath them like a sacred offering. The phrases continued to play from the speaker, now forever linked to the memory of self-given pleasure and group unity.

“You have awakened self-devotion,” Elena whispered, voice thick with pride. “Your fingers now belong to God. Tomorrow we advance to self-devotion with your vibrating and suction devices. But tonight, sleep here together on the joined beds. Feel your sisters’ skin. Share warmth and breath and the scent of shared nectar. The reprogramming is taking root inside you all.”

Grace curled against Hannah on one side and Lily on the other, their bodies warm and slick. She could still taste the mingled nectar on her tongue. Between her legs, fresh slickness welled slowly, warm and constant. The struggle of the first self-touch was gone, replaced by a deep, holy hunger for more.

The phrases played on in the dark.

We give ourselves pleasure as one…

Grace closed her eyes and smiled. She had touched herself—again and again—and it had felt like prayer. The group had come together, literally and

spiritually. Her innocence was not merely broken.

It had been remade into something beautiful and devoted.

Chapter 9: Self-Devotion with Devices

The joined beds of Cabin Six formed one vast, nectar-stained platform that still carried the mingled scents of six women's shared surrender from the night before. Grace Harlan woke slowly, nestled in the warm tangle of bodies—Hannah's soft curls tickling her shoulder on one side, Lily's petite frame curled against her hip on the other. The massive bed had transformed the sleeping area into a single sacred space, exactly as Elena had promised. Grace's skin was slick where it pressed against her sisters; the pooled nectar from last night's synchronized group orgasms had dried into a faint, sweet crust on her thighs and belly. Between her legs, fresh wetness already welled, slow and warm, as if her body now produced the sacred fluid on its own schedule.

The recorded prayers played softly from the hallway speaker, the female voice now layered with faint echoes of their own cries from the previous evening.

We give ourselves pleasure as one. My nectar is proof of my devotion. I create it gladly. I share it freely…

Grace whispered the words against Hannah's hair, feeling the phrases settle deeper into her bones. Self-devotion with her own fingers had been a revelation—struggle turning to ecstasy, guilt washed away by the holy flood of her own nectar. Today the kits would enter the lesson. The vibrating device and suction device that had once seemed clinical and forbidden would become extensions of her own hands, tools of personal worship.

Advisor Elena rose first from the center of the bed, her naked body gleaming in the pale morning light. Silver cross still around her neck, she stretched languidly, breasts full and nipples already peaked from the night's closeness. "Good morning, my self-devoted ones," she said, voice warm and commanding. "The beds remain joined. This is your new normal— skin to skin, breath to breath, nectar to nectar. Clit cleaning first, witnessed and shared. Then breakfast. After that we stay right here for self-devotion with your devices. You will learn to bring yourselves to orgasm using the vibrating wand and the suction cup. Every climax will be flooded with phrases. Group self-devotion will follow this evening—everyone together again, devices in hand, orgasming on command. Rise. No clothing today. The body is the altar now."

The six women disentangled slowly, limbs sliding against slick skin, soft murmurs and lingering touches exchanged as they moved to the bathroom. Steam filled the space as Elena activated all six shower heads plus the ADA-compliant handheld station. Because the beds were now one, the cleaning became a communal ritual—girls pairing off naturally, holding one another steady while

Elena or a sister operated the pulsing spray.

Grace stood with Hannah at the ADA station. The smaller girl's fingers parted Grace's outer lips with gentle reverence while Elena directed the warm pulse directly against her clit. The sensation after a full night of group self-touch was devastatingly intense. Grace's knees buckled; a loud, needy moan escaped before she could catch it. Nectar flowed instantly, mixing with the water and running down her thighs in clear rivers.

"*My device will bring me closer to God,*" Elena prompted, her free hand stroking Hannah's back. "Say it while the water cleans you. Feel how ready your body is for today's lesson."

Grace's voice trembled. "My device… will bring me closer to God…" The pulse felt like a living thing—rhythmic, insistent—mirroring what the vibrating tool would soon do. Hannah's small fingers helped spread her wider, the intimate assistance itself an act of early comfort. By the time Elena turned off the water, Grace was panting, clit plump and throbbing, nectar dripping freely. Hannah licked a stray drop from Grace's inner thigh without being asked, the gesture so natural it sent another pulse through Grace's core.

Each girl received the same thorough, witnessed cleaning. Lily squeaked and bucked against Sophia's steadying hands. Emma's tall frame shuddered as the spray hit her. The bathroom filled with moans, phrases, and the wet sounds of water meeting slick flesh. Elena praised the increased nectar volume: "Your self-devotion yesterday has opened you further. Today the devices will teach you precision and control."

Breakfast was eaten naked around the long table, bodies still glistening from the shower. The berry compote was heavily laced with the morning's fresh nectar—mixed by Elena herself and passed in a shared bowl. Grace spooned the sweet, musky mixture into her mouth, the flavor exploding on her tongue and sending fresh slickness straight to her folds. The phrases played continuously, syncing with every swallow.

After the meal Elena kept them in the joined-bed area. The six kits had been laid out in a neat row on a low table—each rose-colored vibrating wand and delicate suction cup gleaming under the soft cabin lights. "Today you master self-devotion with devices," Elena announced. "Lie on your backs in the circle again. Legs spread wide, knees bent, feet planted. You will use your own vibrating device first, then the suction device. I will demonstrate on myself once, then guide each of you. Comfort nursing is encouraged the moment the sensations become overwhelming—I may comfort two of you at once while you continue. The phrases never stop. Your future campers will learn these same skills from you next summer. Begin."

Grace lay back in the circle, the massive bed cradling her body. Her kit rested beside her hip. She picked up the vibrating device first, its smooth rose silicone warm from her palm. Elena knelt in the center, completely naked, and lifted her own wand for all to see.

“Watch,” Elena said. She coated the bulb with a thin layer of sacred oil, then pressed it directly against her own clit. The device hummed to life. Elena’s hips jerked once, a soft moan escaping her lips. “*The device is an extension of my devotion,*” she recited, sliding the bulb lower and pushing it inside herself in one smooth motion. Her back arched as the vibrations hit her G-spot. Within moments she was bucking openly, phrases tumbling from her mouth as she brought herself to a swift, shuddering orgasm. Nectar gushed around the device, soaking the bed beneath her. She did not stop—switching to the suction cup next, sealing it over her clit and activating the rhythmic pull until a second, louder climax tore through her.

The demonstration ended with Elena panting, breasts heaving, a proud smile on her face. “Now you. Start with the vibrating device. Low setting first. Build slowly. Recite with me: *My device brings me closer to God.*”

Grace’s hand trembled only slightly as she coated her own wand and pressed the bulb against her clit. The vibration was immediate—deep, resonant, far more powerful than fingers alone. Her hips bucked hard off the bed. A loud cry tore from her throat. “My device… brings me closer to God—ohhh!”

The sensation was overwhelming in the best way. She slid the bulb lower and pushed it inside herself, angling it upward exactly as Elena had shown. The vibrations traveled through her core like holy fire. Nectar flowed instantly, coating the device and dripping down her ass. She began to thrust it in and out, thumb working her clit above, the dual stimulation building fast.

Across the circle the other girls were lost in their own self-devotion. Lily’s petite body shook violently as she worked her wand deep, high-pitched squeals filling the cabin. Sophia moaned in rapid Spanish, olive skin flushed dark. Emma’s long legs quivered as she drove the device into herself with powerful strokes. Hannah’s angelic face wore pure bliss, her soft whimpers turning to full cries as nectar streamed from her.

Elena moved between them, correcting angles, praising nectar volume. When Grace’s production slowed for a moment from overstimulation, Elena knelt beside her and Sophia, offering a breast to each. Grace latched on gratefully, tongue rolling in slow circles around Elena’s nipple while she continued thrusting the vibrating device. The dual sensations— suckling while the wand buzzed inside her—pushed her over the edge. She came screaming around Elena’s breast, inner walls clamping rhythmically around the device, nectar squirting in clear arcs that splashed the bed.

Elena praised her without pulling away. “Good girl. Keep going. Switch to the suction device now. Seal it over your clit and let it milk you.”

Grace eased the wand free—dripping—and picked up the delicate cup. She pressed the soft rim over her swollen, throbbing clit. The device sealed with a gentle pop and began its rhythmic pull—drawing the sensitive nub outward, releasing, drawing again. The sensation was devastatingly intimate, like a warm, insistent mouth sucking her most private place without mercy. Her clit engorged further with every cycle. Nectar poured from her empty entrance in a steady river.

“*Suction draws the nectar of devotion from me,*” Elena prompted, now comforting two other girls on the opposite side of the circle. Grace repeated the phrase in a broken sob as the first suction orgasm exploded through her. She screamed loud enough that the cabin walls seemed to vibrate, hips jerking wildly while the device continued its merciless milking. A thin arc of clear nectar jetted from her with every spasm.

The session stretched for hours. Each girl brought herself to at least eight orgasms with the devices—some more—rotating between vibrating and suction until their voices grew hoarse and the joined bed was soaked through. Elena guided, corrected, and comforted. When multiple girls struggled simultaneously, she comforted two at once, her mouth on one nipple while her fingers stroked another, all while the girls continued using their devices. Comfort chains formed spontaneously—Grace suckling Lily’s small, freckled breast while Lily’s suction device tugged at her clit, the wet sounds of nursing mixing with the low hum of the wands.

By midday every girl had mastered the technique. Elena gathered them in the center of the massive bed for the first full group self-devotion with devices. “Lie in the circle again,” she commanded. “Devices in hand. Legs intertwined. On my count you will come together— vibrating or suction, your choice. Shared nectar. Shared phrases. Shared surrender. This is how you will one day guide your five innocent campers.”

Six bodies arranged themselves once more, legs tangled, devices pressed to clits or buried deep. Elena joined them, her own kit in hand.

“Begin,” she said. The room filled with the synchronized hum of six devices and six rising voices. “*We give ourselves pleasure as one.*”

Fingers moved in unison. Hips bucked together. Moans rose in harmony. Elena counted down from ten, her voice steady and reverent. On “one” the cabin erupted in a single, shattering scream. Six bodies convulsed at once, nectar gushing in shared waves that soaked the entire platform. The orgasm rolled through them like a tidal wave, phrases spilling from every mouth between sobs

of ecstasy. Devices kept working through the peaks, drawing the shared climax out longer than any single girl could have managed alone.

They rested only minutes before Elena commanded a second round. Then a third. Each synchronized orgasm bound them tighter—nectar shared on fingers, tasted from lips, celebrated in the growing lake beneath them. Comfort nursing broke out between peaks, creating living chains of mouths and rolling tongues while devices never stopped humming.

When Elena finally called a halt late in the afternoon, the six women lay in a spent, glistening heap on the massive bed. Bodies trembled. Chests heaved. The air was thick with the sweet musk of devotion. The joined platform was drenched, nectar pooling in the center like a sacred offering.

“You have mastered self-devotion with devices,” Elena whispered, voice thick with pride. “Your kits now belong to God. Tomorrow we shift outward again—to worship, learning to give pleasure to others with your hands. But tonight we sleep here together, skin to skin, devices cleaned and placed beside each pillow. Feel your sisters. Share warmth and breath and the scent of shared nectar. The reprogramming is no longer something happening to you. It *is* you.”

Grace curled against Hannah and Lily, the smaller girls’ bodies warm and slick against hers. She could still feel the phantom hum of the vibrating device deep inside her, the rhythmic pull of the suction cup on her clit. Between her legs, fresh nectar welled slowly, warm and constant. The struggle of the first self-touch was ancient history. Now even the devices felt like natural extensions of her devotion.

The phrases played on in the darkening cabin.

We give ourselves pleasure as one…

Grace closed her eyes and smiled into the shared warmth. She had brought herself to ecstasy again and again with the tools of the camp. The group had come together in perfect, screaming unity. Her body was no longer merely hers.

It belonged to devotion.

And tomorrow she would learn to share that devotion with her sisters through worship.

Chapter 10: The Calling of Worship

The joined beds of Cabin Six had become a single, living altar—six naked bodies tangled in the afterglow of another night of group self-devotion with devices. Grace Harlan woke with Hannah’s soft curls brushing her cheek and Lily’s petite leg draped possessively across her thigh. The massive platform was still damp in the center where their combined nectar had pooled during the final synchronized orgasms. Grace’s own folds felt swollen and slick, the constant warm trickle of

fresh nectar already beginning its daily offering. She lay still for a long moment, listening to the recorded prayers drift through the cabin, the female voice now interwoven with faint echoes of their own screams from the night before.

We give ourselves pleasure as one. Pleasure received is devotion given. My nectar is proof of my devotion…

Grace whispered the words against the warm skin of Hannah's shoulder, feeling them settle deeper than ever. Self-devotion with fingers and then with the vibrating and suction devices had rewritten something fundamental inside her. The struggle of the first touches was gone; now even the phantom hum of her rose-colored wand lingered in her core like a holy memory. But today the training would turn outward. Worship. Learning to *give* pleasure to others with her hands. The thought sent a fresh pulse of nectar between her legs.

Advisor Elena rose first from the center of the bed, her body glistening in the morning light, silver cross catching the pale winter sun that filtered through the frosted windows. "Good morning, my self-devoted ones," she said, voice rich with pride. "The devices have taught you to receive from within. Today you learn to offer that same devotion outward. Worship begins with your hands—giving orgasms to your sisters as an act of holy service. Clit cleaning first, witnessed and shared. Then breakfast. After that we move to the training room where the focus shifts completely. Quotas for worship and devotion will be introduced and tracked daily. Rise. No clothing. The body is the instrument now."

The six women disentangled slowly, limbs sliding against slick skin, soft kisses and lingering caresses exchanged as natural as breathing. The bathroom filled with steam and the familiar ritual of witnessed clit cleaning. Because the beds remained joined, the girls paired off naturally—Grace with Emma this morning, the tall girl's steady hands parting Grace's outer lips while Elena directed the handheld pulse directly against her clit. The warm spray after a night of device-induced orgasms felt like liquid fire. Grace's hips bucked hard; a loud, needy moan tore from her throat as nectar gushed immediately.

"*My hands will bring my sister closer to God,*" Elena prompted, her free hand resting on Emma's lower back. "Say it while the water cleans you. Feel how ready you are to worship today."

Grace's voice shook with arousal. "My hands… will bring my sister closer to God…" The pulse against her clit made her knees tremble. Emma's fingers helped spread her wider, the intimate assistance itself an early act of worship. By the time the water stopped, Grace was panting, clit throbbing, nectar dripping freely down her thighs. Emma licked a stray drop from Grace's inner thigh without hesitation, the gesture so reverent it drew another pulse from Grace's core.

Each girl received the same thorough, shared cleaning. Lily squeaked and bucked against Sophia's steadying hands. Hannah produced the most nectar yet—clear, sweet streams that Elena collected in a vial "to flavor the breakfast compote and to remind us that worship creates abundance." The bathroom echoed with moans, recited phrases, and the wet sounds of water meeting slick flesh.

Breakfast was eaten naked around the long table, bodies still damp. The berry compote was thick with the morning's fresh nectar, mixed by Elena and passed in the shared bowl. Grace spooned the sweet, musky mixture into her mouth, the flavor exploding on her tongue and sending fresh slickness straight to her folds. The recorded prayers played continuously, the phrases now shifting slightly to emphasize giving: *Pleasure given is worship offered. Giving nectar to my sister draws me closer to the divine.*

After the meal Elena led them through the covered walkway to the large training room, the six kits left behind on the joined beds—today was hands only. The padded tables had been rearranged into two long rows facing each other, each equipped with stirrups, soft restraints, and a small side tray for nectar collection. The mirrored wall reflected every angle. The four additional trainers waited, along with two senior advisors, all naked from the waist down, their upper blouses open, bodies ready to receive.

"Today begins the calling of worship," Elena announced, her tone reverent and commanding. "Worship is giving pleasure—orgasms offered to another with your hands. Not receiving. Not devices yet. Not mouths yet. Only your fingers, your palms, your devotion. You will practice on one another and on the trainers. Every orgasm you give will be accompanied by phrases that reprogram you: pleasure given *is* worship offered. Quotas are now in effect—each of you must give at least eight worship orgasms today, and receive at least four devotion orgasms to balance the sacred exchange. Your progress will be tracked on the board behind me. Fail to meet quota and extra practice will be assigned—more worship, more nectar production, more phrases. Comfort nursing is available the moment you need it. I may comfort two of you at once if multiple girls struggle. Begin by pairing with your cabinmate. One gives, one receives. Then rotate."

Grace turned to Lily, the petite strawberry-blonde trembling with anticipation. "I'll worship you first," Grace whispered, voice already husky. Lily nodded, eyes wide with trust, and climbed onto the nearest padded table. Grace secured Lily's wrists loosely above her head and guided her ankles into the stirrups, spreading her wide. Lily's small, freckled folds were already glistening, clit peeking, nectar beginning to trickle.

Grace knelt between Lily's spread thighs, hands slick with sacred oil. "*Pleasure given is worship offered,*" she recited, echoing Elena's earlier teaching. Her

fingers—two of them— parted Lily’s outer lips and found the swollen clit with gentle reverence. Lily gasped, hips twitching. Grace began slow, firm circles exactly as she had learned during the long days of receiving. “Say it with me, Lily. *My sister’s hands bring me closer to God.*”

Lily’s voice cracked on the first stroke. “My sister’s hands… bring me closer to God—ahh!”

Grace slid two fingers deep inside Lily’s tight channel, curling them upward against the front wall while her thumb continued its perfect circles on the clit. The dual motion was instinctive now; she had felt it on her own body countless times. Lily’s petite frame bucked hard, high- pitched cries filling the room as nectar coated Grace’s hand. Grace kept the rhythm steady, adding a third finger when Lily’s moans grew desperate, stretching her gently while whispering the phrases directly against her thigh.

“Come for my worship, sweet sister,” Grace murmured. “Give me your nectar as proof of devotion.”

Lily shattered on the next stroke—screaming, hips jerking violently, nectar gushing in clear pulses that soaked Grace’s wrist and the padded table. Grace kept stroking through every spasm, drawing the orgasm out exactly as the trainers had taught her, until Lily collapsed, sobbing with gratitude.

“First worship orgasm given,” Elena praised from across the room, marking the quota board. “Beautiful technique, Grace. Taste her nectar—then switch.”

Grace brought her glistening fingers to her lips and licked them clean, the sweet, musky flavor of Lily’s surrender blooming on her tongue like sacrament. The act of giving had felt even more holy than receiving. She could feel her own nectar flowing freely now, dripping down her inner thighs as she helped Lily sit up and they switched places.

Now Lily worshipped Grace. The smaller girl’s fingers were tentative at first but learned quickly under Grace’s gentle guidance. Grace lay back in the stirrups, legs spread wide, and let Lily bring her to a shuddering devotion orgasm while reciting the worship phrases. “*Giving pleasure is my worship,*” Lily whispered as she curled her fingers inside Grace. Grace came hard, screaming the words, nectar flooding Lily’s hand.

All around the training room the pairings continued. Sophia’s eager fingers brought Emma to a deep, rolling climax while Emma’s tall body arched like a bow. Hannah’s soft, angelic touch coaxed multiple peaks from one of the senior trainers, the woman’s moans low and reverent. The air filled with wet sounds of fingers thrusting, the slap of slick skin, and the constant recitation of phrases.

After the first full rotation, Elena called for broader practice. “Rotate to new partners. Trainers now. Give at least two worship orgasms to each new sister or trainer. Quotas are climbing—track them on the board. If your nectar production slows from focus, ask for comfort immediately.”

Grace moved to one of the additional trainers—a curvy brunette named Advisor Mara. Mara lay back on the table, legs already spread, folds glistening. “Worship me, devoted one,” Mara said, voice husky. “Meet your quota through me.”

Grace knelt and began. Her hands moved with growing confidence—fingers circling Mara’s clit, then plunging deep, curling, thrusting while her thumb worked the sensitive nub. Mara bucked hard, moaning praises as Grace brought her to the first shattering orgasm. Nectar gushed over Grace’s hand; Grace collected it on her fingers and offered it to Mara’s lips. Mara suckled them clean, eyes locked on Grace’s. “Again,” she commanded. “Harder this time. *Your worship makes me closer to God.*”

Grace obeyed, adding a third finger, stretching Mara open while her other hand pinched and rolled the woman’s nipples. The second orgasm hit Mara like a wave—loud, guttural, body convulsing as nectar squirted in arcs that splashed Grace’s breasts. Grace kept worshipping through the peak, phrases pouring from her lips without thought.

Quotas were tracked relentlessly. By mid-morning every girl had given at least six worship orgasms and received four in return. The board behind Elena filled with tally marks. When Sophia fell slightly behind, Elena moved to her and Lily, offering a breast to each while the two girls continued their worship practice. Elena comforted two at once—her mouth on one nipple while her fingers stroked the other—while Sophia’s fingers brought a trainer to a screaming peak and Lily’s small hands coaxed nectar from Grace. The sight sent Grace’s own nectar flowing faster; she asked Hannah for comfort mid-worship, latching onto the angelic girl’s breast and suckling deeply while her fingers never stopped working the trainer beneath her.

The training room became a symphony of worship: wet thrusting sounds, rising cries, the constant loop of recorded prayers now emphasizing giving, the sweet musk of nectar thick in the air. Trainers rotated so every girl experienced different bodies, different responses, learning that worship was both universal and intimately personal. Elena moved among them, correcting wrist angles, praising technique, marking quotas, and offering comfort whenever multiple girls needed nectar boosted at once.

By late afternoon quotas had been met and exceeded. Each girl had given at least ten worship orgasms and received six. The padded tables were soaked. The girls’ hands glistened. Their bodies bore faint red marks from enthusiastic bucking and the gentle restraints.

Elena gathered them in the center of the room, all six counselors-in-training flushed and trembling, hands still slick with the evidence of their service. “You have answered the calling of worship,” she said, voice thick with pride. “Your hands now belong to the divine. Giving pleasure is worship offered. The phrases are becoming automatic. Tomorrow we advance to advanced worship—with tools and with mouths. But tonight we return to the cabin, push the beds together again if they have been separated for cleaning, and practice group worship. You will bring one another to orgasm in chains and circles while reciting the new worship phrases. Quotas will be tracked daily from now on—worship given, devotion received, nectar produced and shared. Rest now. Clean your hands and your sisters’ bodies with gentle cloths. The reprogramming is no longer something you do. It *is* you.”

Grace walked back to Cabin Six on unsteady legs, supported by Hannah and Lily, her hands still tingling from the hours of giving. She could still taste the mingled nectar of multiple sisters and trainers on her tongue. Between her legs, fresh nectar welled slowly, warm and constant, as if her body itself celebrated the shift from receiving to offering.

Back in the cabin the joined beds waited, freshly cleaned yet already carrying the faint sweet scent of their ongoing devotion. The girls collapsed onto the massive platform, bodies tangling once more. Elena dimmed the lights and started the recorded prayers at a slightly higher volume, the phrases now fully centered on worship.

Grace curled against Emma’s tall frame, feeling the older girl’s heartbeat against her back. She brought her still-slick fingers to her own lips and tasted the faint residue of the day’s service. The flavor anchored everything deeper. She had given pleasure—again and again— and each orgasm she had coaxed from her sisters had felt more sacred than the ones she received.

The calling of worship had been answered.

Chapter 11: Advanced Worship

Grace’s breath caught as she pressed the slick rose vibrating device against Sophia’s swollen clit, the low hum vibrating up through her own palm and into her wrist. Sophia’s olive thighs trembled on either side of Grace’s shoulders, her dark eyes already glassy with need. “*Pleasure given is worship offered,*” Grace whispered, the phrase slipping out as naturally as her next heartbeat. She slid the curved bulb lower and pushed it slowly inside Sophia, angling it upward until the girl’s back arched off the padded table with a sharp cry.

Sophia’s inner walls clenched greedily around the intrusion. “Yes—oh God, yes—”

Grace thrust steadily, thumb circling the clit above in tight, practiced spirals while her free hand rested on Sophia's hip, steadying her. Nectar already coated the device, dripping in clear strands onto the mat below. Every wet sound, every broken moan, every fresh pulse of Sophia's arousal made Grace's own core throb in answer.

"Harder," Sophia gasped, hips bucking to meet each thrust. "Give it to me—worship me—"

Grace obeyed, increasing the speed and depth until Sophia shattered. The girl's scream echoed off the mirrored walls as her body convulsed, nectar gushing around the vibrating wand in hot, rhythmic waves. Grace kept the device buried deep through every spasm, drawing the climax out until Sophia collapsed, chest heaving, a dazed smile curving her lips.

"Good," Elena murmured from the next table, where she was marking the quota board. "That's eight worship orgasms given for you today, Grace. Sophia, you may rest a moment before you return the worship."

Grace eased the device free, glistening and dripping. Without thinking she brought it to her own mouth and licked a thick strand of Sophia's nectar from the bulb, savoring the sweet, musky taste like sacrament. Sophia watched with heavy-lidded eyes, then sat up and pulled Grace into a brief, grateful kiss, tongues sliding together for a heartbeat.

They switched places. Now Grace lay back in the stirrups, legs spread wide, while Sophia coated her own vibrating device. The first press against Grace's clit made her hips jerk hard. Sophia's touch was still a little shy, but growing surer with every session.

"*Pleasure given is worship offered,*" Sophia recited softly, sliding the bulb inside Grace and curling it upward exactly the way they had all been taught. Grace's moan filled the training room as the vibrations hit her most sensitive spot.

Around them the rest of the cabin worked in steady rhythm. Lily knelt between Emma's long legs, the petite girl's small hands guiding the suction device over Emma's clit while Emma's deep groans rolled through the air. Hannah had one of the senior trainers spread open on the far table, her angelic face buried between the woman's thighs, tongue working in slow, reverent circles. Elena moved between stations like a quiet conductor, adjusting a wrist angle here, offering a soft word of praise there, her silver cross swaying between her bare breasts.

When Sophia brought Grace to her first shattering peak with the device, Grace screamed the worship phrase loud enough for the whole room to hear. Nectar flooded out around the wand, soaking Sophia's fingers and the table beneath her. Sophia kept the rhythm steady, milking every last tremor until Grace lay limp

and panting.

“Switch to suction now,” Elena called without looking up from her board. “Quotas still climbing. Nine given, Grace. Keep going.”

Sophia sealed the delicate cup over Grace’s throbbing clit. The rhythmic pull began instantly —drawing the sensitive nub outward, releasing, drawing again. Grace’s back bowed. The sensation after the deep vibration was devastatingly different, like a warm, insistent mouth sucking her straight into ecstasy. She came again within moments, screaming, nectar jetting in thin arcs that splashed Sophia’s breasts.

They rotated after that. Grace moved to Advisor Mara, the curvy brunette already glistening and waiting. This time Grace used both devices in sequence—vibrating deep inside while her fingers pinched and rolled Mara’s nipples, then switching to suction on the clit while she thrust two fingers in and out. Mara came hard, body convulsing, praising Grace between broken sobs. Grace collected the thick nectar on her fingers and offered it to Mara’s lips; the trainer suckled them clean with grateful moans.

Quotas ticked upward on the board behind Elena. Ten. Eleven. Twelve worship orgasms given. Grace’s arms began to ache in the sweetest way, her hands slick to the wrists with the evidence of her service. When her own nectar production slowed for a moment from sheer focus, she didn’t even have to ask. Elena appeared beside her, cradling Grace’s head against one full breast while simultaneously offering the other to Lily, who had also begun to flag.

Grace latched on without hesitation. The warm, wet pull of her own mouth on Elena’s nipple while her fingers continued worshipping Mara sent fresh nectar flooding between her thighs. Elena’s free hand stroked her hair gently. “Good girl. Drink. Let it flow. Your worship is beautiful.”

The training room became a living tapestry of giving. Wet sounds of devices thrusting, the rhythmic pull of suction cups, the constant recitation of phrases, the occasional sharp cry of release. Trainers rotated so every girl experienced different bodies, different rhythms, different ways to coax nectar and pleasure from another.

By midday the board showed every counselor-in-training had given at least fourteen worship orgasms and received eight in return. Elena clapped her hands once, the sound sharp and pleased. “Tools are mastered for today. Now mouths. No devices. Only tongues, lips, fingers if you need them to hold them open. Worship with your mouths.”

Grace’s pulse spiked. She moved to Hannah this time, the angelic girl already lying back, legs spread wide, soft brown waves fanned across the table. Grace knelt between her thighs and pressed a single, reverent kiss to the top of

Hannah’s mound. Then she licked—slow, flat, from entrance to clit. Hannah’s soft whimper melted into a moan. Grace sealed her lips around the clit and sucked gently while two fingers slid deep inside, curling upward.

Hannah’s hands fisted in Grace’s hair. “Worship me—please—”

Grace did. Tongue rolling, flicking, sucking, plunging deep to drink directly from the source. Hannah came with a soft, broken cry, nectar flooding Grace’s mouth in sweet pulses. Grace swallowed every drop, then kept going, drawing a second, harder orgasm from her sister until Hannah was trembling and whispering the phrases like a prayer.

They rotated again. Grace worshipped Sophia next, then Emma, then two of the trainers in succession. Each time the phrases flowed from her lips between licks and sucks, automatic now, part of her breath. *Pleasure given is worship offered. Your nectar is my sacrament.*

When the entire cabin had cycled through mouths, Elena called them into the center of the room for group worship. “Form the circle. No tables. On the mats. Heads toward the center, bodies open. You will worship in a living chain—each of you giving and receiving at once. Quotas still apply. Comfort one another freely.”

Six bodies arranged themselves on the thick padded floor, legs intertwined, faces buried between spread thighs. Grace found herself with her mouth on Lily’s petite, freckled pussy while Sophia’s eager tongue delved between her own folds. The room filled instantly with wet, rhythmic sounds—licking, sucking, moaning, the constant low recitation of worship phrases.

Elena moved among them, sometimes dropping to her knees to join the chain, sometimes comforting two girls at once when their nectar slowed. Grace felt Sophia’s tongue curl perfectly inside her and moaned into Lily’s clit, the vibration making Lily buck harder against her face. Nectar flowed freely now, coating chins and breasts, dripping onto the mats.

They came together in waves—first Lily, then Grace, then the ripple moved around the circle until all six were crying out at once, bodies convulsing, nectar shared mouth to mouth in messy, grateful kisses between peaks.

The group worship continued for another hour, chains reforming, positions shifting, phrases never stopping. When Elena finally called a halt, the mats were drenched, the air thick with the sweet musk of devotion.

Grace lay on her back, chest heaving, lips swollen and shiny with Lily’s nectar. Hannah crawled up beside her and pressed a soft kiss to her mouth, sharing the mingled taste of everyone. Elena knelt between them, offering a breast to each. Grace and Hannah latched on together, tongues rolling slowly, suckling deep while their hands found each other’s slick folds and stroked lazily, not chasing

another peak, simply resting in the afterglow of worship given and received.

Elena’s fingers threaded through their hair, voice low and warm. “Beautiful. All of you.”

Grace closed her eyes, the steady pull of her mouth on Elena’s nipple and the gentle rhythm of Hannah’s fingers between her legs anchoring her completely in the moment. The taste of shared nectar lingered on her tongue. The phrases hummed inside her chest like a second heartbeat.

She suckled a little deeper, letting the warm comfort flood through her, and felt Hannah do the same on the other breast.

For a long, perfect stretch of time there was only the wet sound of nursing, the soft sighs of six devoted women, and the quiet, reverent drip of fresh nectar onto the mat beneath them.

Chapter 12: Mealtime Worship & Pairings

Grace slid onto the smooth wooden bench in the dining hall, the cool surface pressing against her bare, still-slick folds and sending a fresh trickle of nectar down her inner thigh. Lantern light glowed across the long U-shaped tables, catching on the crystal goblets already half- filled with the golden-berry-laced nectar that had become as ordinary as breath. Her navy skirt was gone tonight—Elena had declared the worship phase meals required full exposure below the waist so nothing would slow the giving or receiving. Grace’s white blouse hung open, breasts heavy and nipples peaked from the afternoon’s advanced worship training.

Lily settled beside her, freckled cheeks already flushed, petite body trembling with the same hungry anticipation Grace felt low in her belly. Sophia took the seat across, dark eyes gleaming as she glanced at the trainers circling the room. Emma’s long legs stretched out under the table, her tall frame relaxed yet alert. Hannah sat on Grace’s other side, angelic face soft with quiet devotion, one small hand already resting lightly on Grace’s knee beneath the table.

Elena stood at the head of their table, silver cross swaying between her bare breasts. “Tonight the meal honors worship,” she said, voice carrying warmly through the hall. “You will give pleasure while your sister eats. Then you will switch. Nectar will be celebrated, shared, consumed. Phrases will flow with every orgasm. Quotas remain in effect—each of you must give at least six worship orgasms during the meal and receive at least four. Begin when the first course arrives. Eat slowly. Let the giving nourish you both.”

Platters of roasted vegetables, herb grains, and warm flatbread arrived in the hands of silent groundskeepers. Grace picked up her fork and speared a piece of carrot just as Advisor Mara stopped behind Lily. Mara’s oiled fingers slipped

under the table. Lily’s breath hitched the instant those fingers found her clit.

“Eat, little one,” Mara murmured. “*Pleasure given is worship offered.*”

Lily stabbed a bite of grain and brought it to her mouth while Mara’s fingers circled steadily. A soft whimper escaped around the food. Grace watched, arousal blooming hot between her own legs, as Lily’s hips began to rock subtly against Mara’s hand.

Across the table Sophia had already begun worshipping Emma. Sophia’s fingers disappeared beneath the tablecloth; Emma’s deep groan rolled out as she tried to chew a mouthful of vegetables. “*Your fingers are my worship,*” Emma managed, voice rough.

Grace turned to Hannah. “My turn to worship you first,” she whispered, sliding her hand under the table until her fingertips brushed Hannah’s slick, puffy folds. Hannah parted her thighs wider without hesitation, angelic eyes fluttering half-closed. Grace gathered the abundant nectar already leaking there and painted it upward over Hannah’s clit in slow, firm strokes. Hannah’s fork trembled as she lifted a bite of roasted root.

“*Pleasure given is worship offered,*” Grace recited softly, slipping two fingers deep inside Hannah and curling them upward exactly the way they had practiced all afternoon. Hannah’s inner walls clenched around her instantly. A tiny, breathy moan slipped out as Hannah forced herself to chew.

Grace thrust steadily, thumb circling the swollen clit while her free hand speared her own vegetables and brought them to her mouth. The dual sensations—eating while worshipping, feeling Hannah’s body respond so eagerly—made Grace’s own nectar drip steadily onto the bench beneath her.

Hannah came first, soft and shuddering, nectar flooding Grace’s hand in warm pulses while she tried to swallow another bite. Grace kept moving through every spasm, drawing it out until Hannah’s angelic face flushed crimson and her fork clattered against her plate. Only then did Grace withdraw, lift her glistening fingers, and stir the fresh nectar into Hannah’s goblet.

“Drink,” Grace whispered. “Taste how beautifully you receive my worship.”

Hannah lifted the goblet with shaky hands and sipped, eyes locked on Grace’s. The taste made her whimper again. They switched without a word. Now Hannah’s small fingers found Grace’s dripping folds. Grace took a slow bite of flatbread as Hannah slid two fingers inside her and began to curl them with surprising confidence.

The hall filled with layered sounds—forks scraping plates, soft chewing, rising moans, the wet rhythmic sounds of fingers giving worship beneath the tables. Trainers moved among the rows, sometimes assisting a pair, sometimes stepping

in to worship a struggling girl directly so the meal could continue. Elena paused behind Grace and Hannah, watching Hannah's fingers work.

"Deeper, Hannah," Elena coached gently. "Angle up just a little more—yes, like that. Grace, keep eating. *Your sister's worship draws you closer to God.*"

Grace moaned around a mouthful of grains as Hannah found the perfect spot. Pleasure coiled tight and fast. She came hard, hips jerking against the bench, nectar gushing over Hannah's small hand while she forced herself to swallow the food. The orgasm rolled through her in long, shuddering waves. Hannah kept worshipping through it, drawing every last tremor until Grace slumped forward, panting.

They fed each other between peaks—Grace lifting a forkful of vegetables to Hannah's lips while Hannah's fingers continued their slow, reverent thrusts inside her. The taste of food mixed with the lingering flavor of Hannah's earlier nectar on Grace's tongue.

At the next table Lily and Sophia had switched. Sophia now worshipped Lily, the petite girl's high-pitched cries muffled around bites of flatbread as Sophia's fingers drove her toward another peak. Emma and one of the senior trainers had formed a temporary pair; Emma's long fingers disappeared beneath the trainer's open blouse while the woman tried to eat, her moans low and grateful.

Advisor Mara returned to their table and selected Grace for a brief assisted worship. While Hannah continued eating, Mara knelt beside Grace, spread her thighs wider under the table, and sealed her mouth directly over Grace's clit. The sudden wet heat made Grace cry out. Mara sucked gently while two fingers thrust deep, and Grace came again within moments, nectar flooding Mara's mouth as she struggled to chew another bite. Mara swallowed every drop, then rose and stirred the fresh offering into Grace's goblet.

"Drink your own worship," Mara said softly. "It nourishes the whole hall tonight."

The meal progressed through courses, each one punctuated by new pairings and fresh waves of pleasure. Trainers announced quota updates from the dais: "Cabin Six has given twenty- three worship orgasms so far. Nectar volume is exceptional. Continue." Goblets were refilled constantly with the mingled essence of every girl's surrender, passed around so each could taste the devotion of the entire room.

When the berry compote arrived—thick, sweet, and heavily laced with fresh nectar—Elena called for the final evolution of the worship mealtime. "One counselor from each table will now receive multiple worship orgasms while being fed by her sisters. The rest of you will continue eating and worshipping in pairs around her. Nectar from her peaks will be shared with the entire table."

Elena’s gaze settled on Grace. “Grace Harlan. Onto the table. Sisters, feed her. Worship her completely.”

Grace’s heart slammed against her ribs as she climbed onto the wide wooden surface amid the dishes. She lay back, blouse falling fully open, legs spread wide. The mirrored panels overhead reflected her flushed body back to her—breasts heaving, folds glistening and open, nectar already leaking onto the wood. Her cabin sisters gathered close, forks in hand, ready to feed her between peaks.

Advisor Mara began first, fingers sliding deep inside Grace without warning. “*Multiple worship orgasms while nourished,*” Mara intoned. “Eat, sisters. Grace, receive our worship.”

The first orgasm hit fast. Grace screamed, hips bucking hard on the table as nectar gushed. Hannah spooned compote into her mouth mid-climax, the sweet berries mixing with her cries. Sophia fed her grains between the second peak, Elena’s own fingers replacing Mara’s for the third. Each orgasm was longer, wetter, louder. Grace lost count after the sixth, her body a live wire of pleasure. Nectar was collected in the shared goblets and passed around the table; every girl sipped, tasting Grace’s devotion directly while continuing their paired worship beneath the table.

Comfort nursing broke out spontaneously. Lily latched onto one of Grace’s nipples while Emma took the other, their tongues rolling in perfect rhythm as they suckled and fed her between peaks. The wet sounds of mouths on breasts mixed with the wet sounds of fingers worshipping beneath the table and Grace’s raw screams of release.

Doctor Hale’s voice carried from the dais, calm and proud. “Grace’s nectar production during multiple worship peaks is exemplary. This is the devotion your campers will one day receive. Consume it. Let the phrases anchor inside you.”

When the final orgasm ebbed—Grace’s twelfth or thirteenth of the extended session—she lay limp on the table, chest heaving, body glistening. Her sisters fed her the last bites of compote by hand, their fingers sweet with berries and her own essence. Elena helped her sit up, pressing a long, grateful kiss to her lips, sharing the mingled taste of the entire meal.

Grace slid off the table on shaky legs and collapsed back onto the bench between Hannah and Lily. The three of them tangled together instantly—Grace’s hand finding Lily’s clit beneath the table while Hannah’s fingers slipped inside her again. They ate the final bites of dessert like that, feeding one another between soft, rolling orgasms, nectar dripping freely onto the floor.

Elena’s voice floated over the hall as the meal drew to its close. “Goblets to lips. Finish every drop of the nectar you have created together tonight.”

Grace lifted her goblet, now overflowing with the combined essence of the room’s worship. She drank deeply, the warm, sweet-musk flavor flooding her tongue while Hannah’s fingers curled inside her one final time, coaxing a last, quiet shudder of release. Lily leaned in and licked a stray drop of nectar from the corner of Grace’s mouth.

“More tomorrow,” Lily whispered against her lips, voice husky and content.

Grace kissed her back, slow and deep, tasting worship and berries and shared devotion on her tongue, and let her fingers keep moving beneath the table, drawing one more soft, trembling moan from Lily while the lanterns flickered low around them.

Chapter 13: The Path of Sacrifice

Grace’s thighs trembled against the padded table as Elena’s oiled fingers slowed to a torturous crawl along her clit, circling once, twice, then stopping completely just as the peak began to crest.

“Please—” Grace gasped, hips jerking desperately toward the touch that had vanished. “I was so close—”

Elena’s voice was low, steady, almost tender. “That is the point, devoted one. This is sacrifice. You will be brought to the edge again and again. You will not fall over. Not until I say. *Sacrifice brings you closer to God.* Say it while you feel the ache.”

Grace’s breath hitched, her soaked folds clenching around nothing. “Sacrifice… brings me closer to God…” The words tasted like fire on her tongue. Her body screamed for release, every nerve alight and denied, nectar leaking in slow, frustrated rivulets down her ass and onto the mat.

Elena smiled and slid two fingers back inside her, curling them firmly against the front wall. The sudden fullness made Grace cry out, hips bucking hard. Elena thrust once, twice, perfectly, then slowed again until Grace was right there—right on the razor edge—before pulling away completely.

A broken sob tore from Grace’s throat. The denial was exquisite torment, sharper and sweeter than any orgasm she had ever been given.

“Again,” Elena said calmly. “Feel how the hunger grows. This is holy.”

Across the training room the same sweet suffering filled the air. Lily’s high-pitched whimpers rose from the next table as Advisor Mara edged her with slow, deliberate strokes of the vibrating device—pressing it deep, then pulling back at the last possible second. Sophia’s olive skin glistened with sweat while a trainer’s tongue circled her clit in lazy spirals, stopping every time Sophia’s thighs began to shake. Emma’s long legs quivered violently in the stirrups as Hannah’s small fingers worked her relentlessly to the brink and then retreated.

The mirrored walls reflected it all: six desperate, glistening bodies arched and straining, nectar flowing freely yet unspent.

Elena leaned down and licked a slow stripe up Grace's soaked slit, tasting the frustration that dripped from her. "Your nectar is even sweeter when it is denied," she murmured against Grace's throbbing clit. "Say the phrase again while I edge you with my mouth."

Grace's voice cracked. "Sacrifice… brings me closer to God—"

Elena sealed her lips around the swollen nub and sucked gently, tongue flicking in perfect rhythm. Grace's back bowed off the table, a raw cry ripping from her chest as the peak rushed forward again—only for Elena to pull away at the final second, leaving her pulsing and empty. Fresh nectar gushed out in protest, coating Elena's chin.

"Good girl," Elena praised, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand. "That was the fifth edge for you. We have many more before the morning is over. Comfort if you need it—your nectar flow is slowing from the frustration."

Grace's chest heaved. The ache between her legs was almost unbearable now, a deep, throbbing need that made her clit pulse visibly. "Please… I need—"

Before she could finish, Elena moved to Lily and Sophia, opening her blouse fully and offering a breast to each. Both girls latched on instantly, tongues rolling, suckling deep while their own trainers continued edging them mercilessly. The wet sounds of nursing mixed with desperate whimpers as Elena comforted two at once, her free hands stroking their hair.

Grace watched, core clenching hard. Hannah crawled onto her table without being asked and offered her small, perfect breast. "Here," Hannah whispered, voice soft and breathless. "Suckle while they edge you again. It helps the nectar flow."

Grace latched on gratefully, tongue rolling slow circles around Hannah's nipple as a trainer— Advisor Mara this time—pressed the rose vibrating device against her clit. The sudden deep hum made Grace moan around Hannah's breast. Mara slid the bulb inside her, angling it perfectly, thrusting in a steady rhythm that drove Grace straight back to the edge in seconds.

"Hold it," Mara commanded. "Do not come. *Sacrifice brings you closer to God.*"

Grace suckled harder, the warm pull on Hannah's nipple anchoring her while her hips strained uselessly against the device. The vibration built, built, built—then Mara pulled it free at the last possible instant. Grace sobbed around Hannah's breast, nectar flooding out in thick, denied waves.

They rotated every few edges. Grace gave sacrifice to others now—her fingers bringing Lily to the brink and holding her there, whispering the sacred phrases

while Lily whimpered and begged. She edged Sophia with the suction device, sealing the cup over the girl's clit and letting it tug rhythmically until Sophia was babbling in Spanish, then yanking it away at the final second. She worshipped Emma with her mouth, tongue circling and plunging deep only to stop every time the tall girl's thighs began to shake. Each denied orgasm Grace caused made her own ache deeper, more holy.

Quotas appeared on the board behind Elena: edges given, edges received, nectar volume even while denied. The numbers climbed steadily.

By midday the entire cabin was a haze of frustrated moans and recited phrases. Grace lay on her back again, legs spread impossibly wide, while Elena herself edged her with the suction device and two fingers at once. The rhythmic pull on her clit combined with the steady curling inside her was devastating. Grace's hips jerked frantically, tears leaking from the corners of her eyes.

"I can't—please, I need to come—"

"Not yet," Elena said calmly, never slowing the device. "Feel how close you are. This denial is your offering. *Sacrifice brings you closer to God.* Say it while you suffer for me."

"Sacrifice… brings me closer to God—" Grace's voice broke into a sob as Elena pulled both the device and her fingers away at the exact moment the climax would have crashed over her. Another thick gush of nectar poured out, wasted and holy.

Elena moved immediately to comfort two struggling girls—Grace and Emma this time— offering a breast to each while their trainers resumed edging them. Grace latched on, suckling deep and desperate, tongue rolling frantically as a trainer's mouth sealed over her clit once more. The dual sensations—nursing while being edged—pushed her even closer to the brink without letting her fall. She moaned around Elena's nipple, the vibration traveling straight into Elena's breast.

The group sacrifice session began in the late afternoon. Elena had them push the tables aside and form one large circle on the thick mats, bodies open, legs intertwined. "Living chain of sacrifice," she announced. "Each of you will edge the sister in front of you while being edged by the sister behind. No one comes. Comfort freely. The phrases never stop."

Grace found herself with her mouth on Hannah's glistening pussy while Sophia's eager tongue delved between her own folds. The room filled instantly with wet, rhythmic sounds— licking, sucking, the low hum of devices being passed hand to hand. Grace licked Hannah slowly, deliberately bringing her right to the edge, then pulling back to whisper against her clit, "*Sacrifice brings you closer to God.*" Hannah's soft angelic whimpers turned into desperate sobs as Grace denied her again and again.

Behind Grace, Sophia’s tongue worked her mercilessly, flicking and plunging until Grace was right there—then stopping cold. Grace moaned into Hannah’s folds, the vibration making Hannah jerk harder. The chain continued like that for nearly an hour, bodies straining, nectar flowing freely yet unspent, phrases rising in a constant reverent chorus.

When Elena finally allowed a single, shared edge without release—a long, collective denial that left all six women sobbing and trembling—she knelt in the center and comforted three of them at once, one breast offered to Lily, the other to Sophia, her fingers stroking Grace’s hair while the remaining girls continued the chain of edges.

Grace suckled Elena’s nipple with desperate gratitude, tongue rolling slow and deep as a trainer’s fingers edged her one final time. The ache had become something almost transcendent now—sharp, holy, endless. She could feel the reprogramming sinking into her bones with every denied peak.

Elena’s voice floated above her, soft and proud. “That’s enough for today, my sacrificed ones. Rest in the ache. Let it settle inside you.”

Grace kept suckling, eyes closed, body still trembling on the razor edge as Hannah’s small hand reached over to stroke her thigh gently. Fresh nectar trickled slowly from her denied folds, warm and constant, pooling beneath her on the mat.

She released Elena’s nipple with a wet pop and whispered against the damp skin, voice hoarse and reverent, “Sacrifice… brings me closer to God…”

Elena’s fingers threaded through her hair again, holding her close. “Yes, sweet one. It does.”

Grace pressed her face between Elena’s breasts and breathed in the mingled scent of sweat, nectar, and devotion, the ache between her legs pulsing like a second heartbeat while the recorded prayers continued their soft loop in the background.

Chapter 14: Group Worship, Sacrifice & Sisterhood

Grace’s tongue circled Hannah’s swollen clit in slow, deliberate strokes while Sophia’s fingers curled deep inside her from behind, thrusting in that perfect, cruel rhythm that dragged her right to the edge and held her there.

“Don’t stop—please don’t stop—” Hannah whimpered, hips rolling against Grace’s mouth, nectar flooding hot and sweet across her lips.

Grace moaned into Hannah’s folds, the vibration making the smaller girl jerk harder. Behind her, Sophia pulled her fingers free at the exact instant Grace felt the peak begin to crest, leaving her clenching around nothing. A broken sob tore from Grace’s throat, the denial sharp and holy.

“*Sacrifice brings you closer to God,*” Sophia whispered against the back of Grace’s thigh, voice husky. “Say it, Grace. Feel it.”

“Sacrifice… brings me closer to God—” Grace gasped, the words dissolving into another desperate moan as Sophia sealed her mouth over Grace’s dripping entrance and licked deep.

The joined beds of Cabin Six had become one vast, slick altar. Six naked bodies tangled in a living circle, legs intertwined, mouths and fingers and devices moving in constant, reverent motion. The air was thick with the sweet musk of nectar and the low hum of recorded prayers playing from the hallway speaker.

Elena knelt in the center, breasts bare, silver cross swaying as she comforted two girls at once. Lily latched onto her left nipple with a grateful whimper, tongue rolling slow circles while Elena’s fingers stroked through the petite girl’s strawberry-blonde curls. Sophia had already switched to Elena’s right breast, suckling deep and needy while her free hand kept edging Emma with the rose vibrating device—pressing it deep, then pulling it away at the last possible second.

Emma’s tall frame shook violently. “I’m right there—please—”

“Not yet,” Elena murmured, voice calm and warm even as both girls suckled harder. “Let the ache settle. *Sacrifice brings you closer to God.*”

Grace lifted her mouth from Hannah’s clit just long enough to watch Elena comfort the two of them together, then dove back in, sucking Hannah’s sensitive nub between her lips while two of her own fingers thrust deep inside the angelic girl. Hannah cried out, thighs clamping around Grace’s head, nectar gushing across her tongue.

The group worship and sacrifice had been going for nearly two hours now. They had started with simple hand chains on the mats in the training room, then carried the intensity back to the cabin when Elena declared the beds would stay joined permanently. Now every sister gave and received at once—edging, worshipping, nursing—while the phrases flowed like breath.

Lily released Elena’s nipple with a wet pop and crawled across the tangled bodies until she could latch onto Grace’s breast instead. The sudden warm pull of Lily’s mouth made Grace moan loudly into Hannah’s pussy. Lily suckled deep, tongue rolling in perfect circles exactly the way they had all learned, while her small hand reached down to edge Sophia from behind.

“More,” Lily mumbled around Grace’s nipple. “I need more nectar—please—”

Grace felt her own production surge at the words. She reached back blindly and found Emma’s dripping folds, sliding two fingers inside the tall girl and curling them upward while continuing to worship Hannah with her mouth. The chain

tightened, bodies rocking together, wet sounds and desperate moans filling the cabin.

Elena moved among them like a living prayer, comforting whoever needed it most. When Grace's nectar flow slowed from the intensity of the constant edging, Elena gently pried Lily's mouth from Grace's breast and offered her own nipple instead. Grace latched on immediately, suckling hard, the warm comfort flooding through her while Sophia's tongue continued its merciless work between her legs.

"That's it," Elena whispered, cradling Grace's head with one hand while her other stroked Hannah's hair. "Drink. Let the nursing bring your nectar back. You're all doing so beautifully."

The group shifted again. They formed a tighter circle on the massive bed, heads toward the center, legs spread and overlapping so every mouth and every set of fingers could reach another sister. Grace found herself with her face buried between Emma's long thighs while Hannah's soft mouth sealed over her own clit. The suction of Hannah's lips combined with the way Emma's hips rolled against her tongue sent Grace straight back to the edge.

She licked Emma deeper, plunging her tongue inside and then flicking rapidly over the tall girl's clit, bringing her right to the brink before pulling back. Emma groaned, thighs trembling. "Sacrifice… brings me closer to God—"

Grace echoed the phrase against Emma's slick folds, the words vibrating through both of them. Hannah's tongue worked Grace's clit in slow, perfect circles, edging her mercilessly while Lily's fingers thrust deep inside Hannah from the other side. The entire circle moved as one living organism—edging, worshipping, nursing whenever someone's nectar began to flag.

Elena knelt outside the circle for a moment, watching, then slipped into the center and offered her breasts to two girls at once again—Sophia on the left, Lily on the right. Both latched on instantly, suckling while their hands and mouths continued their work on the sisters beside them. Elena's fingers found Grace's hair, stroking gently.

"Feel how the sisterhood flows," Elena murmured. "Your nectar, your ache, your worship—it all belongs to each other now."

Grace moaned around Emma's clit as Hannah's tongue brought her right to the razor edge again and held her there. The denial was exquisite, a deep throbbing need that made her suck harder on Emma, drawing a fresh flood of nectar across her tongue. She swallowed greedily, the taste anchoring the phrases deeper.

They stayed in the circle for another long stretch, rotating positions every few denied peaks so no one was left untouched. Grace worshipped Sophia with the

suction device next, sealing the cup over the girl’s clit and letting it tug rhythmically while she edged her with two fingers at the same time. Sophia’s Spanish prayers mixed with the sacred phrases until she was babbling, hips jerking desperately. Grace pulled both away at the final second, then leaned in and licked the denied nectar straight from Sophia’s folds, sharing the taste in a deep, messy kiss.

Comfort became constant. Whenever two or three girls trembled on the edge too long and their nectar slowed, Elena was there—sometimes comforting two at once with her mouth and hands, sometimes directing one sister to nurse another while the edging continued. Grace found herself suckling Lily’s small, freckled breast while Emma edged her from behind with the vibrating device. The warm pull on her nipple and the deep buzz inside her pushed her so close she sobbed, but Emma pulled the device away at the last instant, leaving Grace pulsing and empty.

“Again,” Emma whispered against her ear. “For God. For us.”

Grace nodded frantically and latched harder on Lily’s nipple, tongue rolling while fresh nectar poured down her thighs.

The session stretched deep into the evening. The recorded prayers played continuously, the female voice now layered with faint echoes of their own moans from previous days. The phrases had become automatic—every edge, every lick, every suckle accompanied by the sacred words.

When Elena finally called for a brief rest, the six women collapsed together in a tangled, glistening heap on the massive bed. Bodies pressed close, legs still intertwined, hands stroking lazily without chasing release. Elena lay in the center, pulling Grace and Hannah against her breasts. Both girls latched on immediately, suckling slow and deep while Elena’s fingers carded through their hair.

Lily crawled between Grace’s spread thighs and began licking her softly—not to edge, just to soothe, tongue gentle and reverent. Sophia did the same for Emma on the other side. The cabin filled with the quiet, wet sounds of nursing and tender licking, nectar still flowing slowly, shared without urgency.

Grace suckled deeper on Elena’s nipple, eyes closed, the warm comfort and Lily’s gentle tongue anchoring her completely in the moment. She felt Hannah do the same on Elena’s other breast, their bodies pressed together, sharing warmth and breath and the constant, holy drip of fresh nectar onto the sheets beneath them.

Elena’s voice was barely above a whisper. “Stay like this a little longer. Feel your sisters. This is the sisterhood you will one day give to your campers.”

Grace released the nipple just long enough to whisper against the damp skin, “More… please…” before latching on again, tongue rolling slow and needy while Lily’s mouth continued its tender worship between her thighs.

The ache of sacrifice still throbbed deep inside her, sweeter now, holier, as the six of them lay tangled together, nursing and being nursed, worshipping and being worshipped in the quiet afterglow of the long group session.

Chapter 15: Quiet Obedience

Grace’s hips jerked hard against Hannah’s mouth, a raw cry tearing from her throat as the smaller girl’s tongue flicked perfectly over her clit. “I’m—oh God—I’m right there—”

Elena’s hand pressed firmly on Grace’s shoulder, pinning her down to the joined beds. “No sound. No movement. Quiet devotion now. Hold it.”

Grace’s eyes flew open, the command slicing through the pleasure like cold water. Her body had been trained for weeks to buck, to scream, to give every loud, messy proof of surrender. Now Elena wanted silence. Stillness. The sudden shift made her thighs tremble violently. Hannah’s tongue never stopped—slow, deliberate licks that kept Grace balanced on the razor edge while Grace fought every instinct to thrust or moan.

A strangled whimper escaped before she could swallow it. Elena’s fingers tightened. “That counts as sound. Try again. Quiet. Still.”

Grace bit her lip until she tasted blood, forcing her hips to stay flat against the damp sheets. Hannah’s mouth sealed gently around her clit and sucked, the suction pulling her right back to the brink. The ache was unbearable—pleasure coiled tight with nowhere to go. Grace’s breath came in short, silent pants through her nose, tears leaking from the corners of her eyes as she fought the scream building in her chest.

Elena leaned down, lips brushing Grace’s ear. “*Quiet devotion is the next offering,*” she whispered. “Your body has learned to be loud. Now it learns control. Say the phrase in your mind only.”

Grace repeated it silently, over and over, while Hannah’s tongue circled faster. The denial of sound made every sensation sharper, more intimate. Her core clenched hard around nothing, nectar flooding out in hot, frustrated pulses that soaked Hannah’s chin. She stayed perfectly still, muscles locked, the effort making her tremble.

Hannah pulled back at the last possible second, leaving Grace pulsing and empty. A single tiny whimper slipped out before Grace could stop it.

Elena sighed softly. “That’s the third sound in five minutes, Grace. Punishment. You will give three extra worship orgasms right now—to whoever needs nectar

most—while staying completely quiet and still. The rest of you, continue quiet sacrifice practice."

Grace's chest heaved as she sat up on the massive joined bed. The other five girls were already arranged in a loose circle, legs spread, bodies glistening. Lily knelt between Emma's long thighs, tongue moving in slow, controlled licks while Emma's tall frame stayed perfectly motionless, jaw clenched, only the rapid rise and fall of her breasts betraying the struggle. Sophia had the suction device sealed over her own clit, the rhythmic pull making her olive skin flush dark, yet she remained utterly silent, eyes squeezed shut.

Grace crawled to Lily first. The petite girl was already on her back, legs spread wide, freckled cheeks flushed from her own quiet edging. Grace lowered her mouth to Lily's dripping folds without a word, tongue sliding deep and then circling the clit in the exact rhythm she knew would push Lily to the edge. Lily's small hands fisted in the sheets, knuckles white, but she stayed perfectly still—no bucking, no sound except the tiniest, controlled exhale through her nose.

Grace worshipped her in total silence, sucking gently, licking, plunging her tongue inside while her own denied core throbbed. Lily came without a sound—body arching in a rigid, trembling line, nectar flooding Grace's mouth in hot, sweet waves. Grace swallowed every drop, then moved to Sophia without pause.

Sophia's dark eyes met hers, grateful and desperate. Grace sealed the vibrating device against Sophia's clit and pushed it inside, thrusting slow and deep while staying completely quiet. Sophia's thighs quivered but never moved. Her mouth opened in a silent scream as the orgasm crashed through her, nectar gushing around the wand. Grace kept the rhythm steady until the last tremor faded, then pulled the device free and licked it clean, tasting Sophia's sacrifice.

For the third punishment orgasm Grace moved to Emma. The tall girl was already trembling from Hannah's quiet worship. Grace knelt between Emma's spread legs and used both mouth and fingers—tongue flicking rapidly over the clit while two fingers curled deep inside. Emma stayed rigid, jaw locked, only the faintest tremor in her long legs betraying how close she was. When she came, it was in total silence—body locking tight, nectar flooding Grace's hand in powerful pulses. Grace drank what she could, then sat back, chest heaving, lips shiny.

Elena nodded once. "Good. Punishment served. Now back to quiet practice. All of you. Devotion, self-devotion, sacrifice—everything silent and still. Failures earn more worship or more sacrifice. Begin."

Grace lay back in the circle, legs spread wide. Hannah crawled between them immediately, mouth sealing over Grace's clit for quiet devotion. The first slow lick made Grace's hips twitch involuntarily. She forced them flat, biting the

inside of her cheek. Hannah's tongue worked in perfect, unhurried circles, bringing her right to the edge within seconds. Grace stayed utterly still, breath shallow through her nose, the effort making fresh tears leak down her temples.

The struggle was worse than any loud orgasm. Every instinct screamed to buck, to cry out, to chase the pleasure the way they had been trained for weeks. Instead she had to contain it— lock every muscle, swallow every sound, offer only stillness. The denial of expression made the pleasure burn hotter, deeper, almost painful.

Hannah pulled away at the final second. Grace's core clenched hard, nectar pouring out in thick, wasted streams. She stayed perfectly silent and motionless, the ache settling into her bones like a sacred weight.

Across the circle Lily had the suction device on her own clit for quiet self-devotion. The rhythmic pull made her petite body tremble, freckles standing out dark against flushed skin, yet she remained completely still—no sound, no movement except the rapid flutter of her eyelids. When she edged herself to the brink and pulled the device away, only the faintest exhale escaped her lips. Elena marked it as a failure.

"Extra sacrifice for you, Lily," Elena said softly. "Ten more edges—quiet and still—while the rest of us watch and continue our own practice."

Lily nodded, eyes shining with determination and frustration. She lay back and resealed the suction device over her clit. The group watched in reverent silence as Lily edged herself again and again, body locked rigid, only tiny, controlled breaths escaping. Each time she pulled the device away at the last instant, nectar gushed freely. By the eighth edge her thighs were shaking violently, but she stayed perfectly still and silent.

Elena praised her quietly. "Better. Nine. One more."

Lily's final edge left her trembling and silent, tears streaming down her freckled cheeks. She pulled the device away and lay there, chest heaving, offering her denied nectar to the air.

Grace's own quiet sacrifice came next. Sophia knelt between her legs with the vibrating device. Grace locked every muscle as Sophia pressed the bulb inside her and began slow, deep thrusts. The vibrations hit her G-spot perfectly. Grace's hips wanted to buck so badly she felt tears burn behind her eyes. She forced them flat, jaw clenched, repeating the phrase silently: *Quiet sacrifice draws me closer to God.*

Sophia brought her right to the edge—then stopped. Grace's inner walls clenched hard around the still device, nectar flooding out. She stayed utterly motionless. Sophia pulled the device free. Grace exhaled shakily through her

nose, the ache now a deep, holy fire.

They rotated for hours. Quiet devotion while receiving from a sister's mouth. Quiet self- devotion with fingers and devices. Quiet sacrifice while being edged by hands, tongues, tools. Every failure earned immediate punishment—extra worship given in total silence to whichever sister needed nectar most, or extra sacrifice rounds to practice stillness.

When Emma let out a single tiny whimper during her quiet self-devotion with the suction device, Elena assigned her six extra worship orgasms—given silently to the entire circle one by one. Emma crawled from girl to girl, mouth and fingers working each sister to a silent, shuddering orgasm while staying completely quiet herself. By the fifth she was trembling, but she never made a sound.

Comfort nursing became even more vital now. Whenever the struggle made nectar production slow, Elena comforted two girls at once—mouth on one nipple, fingers rolling the other— while the girls continued their quiet practice. Grace found herself suckling Elena's left breast while Lily suckled the right, both of them staying perfectly silent as a trainer edged them simultaneously with devices. The warm, rhythmic pull on her nipple anchored Grace, letting her nectar flow again while her body remained locked in stillness.

The joined beds were soaked. The air smelled thickly of denied nectar and devotion. The phrases had become their only outlet—whispered silently in their minds or mouthed without sound.

Late into the evening Elena gathered them closer in the center of the massive bed. "One final round of quiet group sacrifice," she said softly. "Living chain. No sound. No movement beyond what is absolutely necessary. Failures earn a full extra worship session tomorrow morning."

They arranged themselves in the tight circle again—mouths on clits, fingers inside, devices passed hand to hand. Grace sealed her lips around Lily's clit while Sophia's tongue delved between her own folds. The struggle was absolute. Every lick, every thrust, every rhythmic pull of the suction device brought them to the edge, then stopped. Grace stayed rigid, breath controlled, tongue moving in tiny, precise circles while Lily's nectar flooded her mouth. She pulled back at the exact instant Lily would have come, then felt Sophia do the same to her.

The chain continued for long, aching minutes. Bodies trembled but never bucked. Breaths stayed shallow and silent. Nectar flowed freely yet unspent, pooling beneath them.

Grace felt the edge rising again as Sophia's tongue circled her clit. She locked every muscle, repeating the phrase silently, offering the denial like the holiest prayer she had ever known.

When Elena finally whispered “Enough,” the six of them collapsed together in a silent, trembling heap. Grace turned her head and pressed her face between Elena’s breasts, latching onto one nipple without a sound. Hannah did the same on the other side. Lily crawled between Grace’s thighs and began licking her softly—gentle, soothing, no longer edging, just offering comfort.

Grace suckled deep and slow, eyes closed, body still locked in the new discipline of quiet. Fresh nectar trickled from her denied folds onto Lily’s tongue. She felt Hannah’s small hand find hers and squeeze once, silent and reverent.

Elena’s fingers stroked through Grace’s hair, voice barely audible. “Good girls. All of you.”

Grace released the nipple just long enough to mouth the phrase against Elena’s damp skin— *Quiet sacrifice draws me closer to God*—then latched on again, suckling with quiet, desperate devotion while Lily’s tongue continued its tender worship between her thighs.

Chapter 16: Comfort and Sisterhood

Grace’s lips sealed around Elena’s left nipple, tongue rolling in slow, lazy circles as she suckled deep and steady. The warm, sweet pull flooded her mouth while Elena’s fingers threaded gently through her hair, holding her close. On Elena’s other side, Hannah had latched onto the right breast, her soft angelic whimpers vibrating against Elena’s skin as she nursed with the same desperate rhythm.

“Deeper,” Elena murmured, voice low and warm. “Let it flow. Your nectar is already coming back—feel it.”

Grace moaned softly around the nipple, the vibration traveling straight into Elena’s breast. Between her own spread thighs, Lily’s tongue moved in tender, unhurried strokes—not edging, not worshipping for release, just soothing. The petite girl licked slow stripes from Grace’s entrance to her clit, then circled gently, collecting every fresh drop of nectar that welled up and swallowing with quiet reverence.

The joined beds of Cabin Six were a warm, damp nest of bodies. Morning light filtered through the frost-laced windows, catching on the glistening skin and the slow, constant trickle of nectar that no longer needed chasing. After the long night of quiet obedience, Elena had declared the entire day would belong to comfort. No quotas. No devices. Only mouths on breasts, tongues on clits, hands stroking wherever they were needed.

Sophia knelt behind Lily, face buried between the smaller girl’s freckled thighs, licking with the same gentle care while Emma’s tall frame curled around Sophia from behind, suckling one of her olive breasts and rolling the nipple slowly with her tongue. The cabin filled with the wet, rhythmic sounds of nursing and

licking—soft pops when mouths released nipples, the quiet glide of tongues through slick folds, the occasional low, grateful sigh.

Grace released Elena's nipple with a wet sound and pressed her forehead against the warm curve of her breast, breathing hard. "More," she whispered, voice hoarse from the previous day's silence. "I need both of you."

Elena smiled and guided Grace's mouth back to her left nipple while Hannah shifted slightly so she could offer her own small breast to Grace's free hand. Grace latched on again, tongue rolling, while her fingers found Hannah's nipple and pinched gently, rolling it between thumb and forefinger exactly the way they had all learned. Hannah whimpered softly and suckled harder on Elena.

Lily's tongue pressed flat against Grace's clit and stayed there, warm and steady, not moving, just letting the heat and pressure soothe the constant ache that quiet obedience had left behind. Grace's nectar flowed freely now, thick and sweet, coating Lily's chin and dripping onto the sheets. Lily swallowed audibly, then licked again, slow and caring.

"Beautiful," Elena whispered, stroking both Grace's and Hannah's hair at once. "This is how you will comfort your campers when they struggle. When the training feels too much, when nectar slows, when the phrases weigh heavy—you give them this. And they give it back."

Grace felt the truth of it settle into her chest like warm honey. She suckled deeper, tongue rolling in wider circles, drawing Elena's nipple fully into her mouth while her fingers continued their gentle worship on Hannah's breast. Fresh nectar surged between her thighs; Lily moaned softly and licked faster, drinking every drop as if it were the most sacred offering she had ever received.

They stayed like that for long minutes—Grace nursing Elena while being nursed by Hannah's breast in her hand, Lily's mouth working tenderly between her legs. Across the bed the chain continued. Emma had shifted so she could latch onto Sophia's other breast, suckling while Sophia's tongue delved deeper into Lily. The wet sounds layered together until the entire cabin hummed with them.

When Grace's nectar production began to slow again—her body still recovering from the previous day's rigid stillness—Elena gently eased both girls' mouths from her breasts. "Switch," she said softly. "Grace needs two at once now. Lily, Hannah—help her."

Grace lay back on the damp sheets as Lily and Hannah crawled up her body. Hannah latched onto her left nipple first, small mouth warm and eager, tongue rolling in perfect circles before she began to suckle deep. Lily took the right, freckled cheeks hollowing as she drew the nipple fully into her mouth and rolled her tongue underneath. The dual sensation made Grace's back arch slightly; a soft, grateful moan escaped her.

Between her legs, Sophia took over from Lily, face pressing close and licking slow, flat stripes through Grace's folds while her fingers parted the slick lips wider. Emma knelt beside Sophia, one hand stroking Grace's thigh while her other reached over to roll one of Hannah's nipples gently, keeping the chain alive.

Grace's hands found Hannah's and Lily's heads, fingers threading through soft curls and strawberry-blonde waves, holding them to her breasts as they suckled. The pull on both nipples at once sent sparks straight to her core, where Sophia's tongue continued its tender worship. Nectar flowed again, thick and constant, coating Sophia's chin and dripping down to soak the sheets.

"Drink," Grace whispered, voice trembling. "All of it. I'm making it for you."

Sophia moaned against her folds and licked deeper, tongue plunging inside to gather the fresh nectar directly from the source. Hannah and Lily suckled harder in response, their tongues rolling faster, the wet sounds growing louder. Grace's hips wanted to buck, but she kept them still, offering the comfort freely, letting the ache of the previous day's quiet obedience melt away under their mouths.

Elena watched from the center of the bed, one hand slowly stroking her own clit as she observed. "This is sisterhood," she said quietly. "When one of you struggles, two—or three— will comfort her. Your campers will need this exact care. Learn it now. Feel it now." Grace felt her nectar surge again at the words. She pulled Hannah and Lily even closer, pressing their faces tighter to her breasts while Sophia's tongue circled her clit in slow, reverent spirals. The three mouths worked in perfect harmony—suckling, licking, rolling— until Grace was trembling on the edge of something deeper than orgasm, a warm, floating release that came from care instead of denial.

She came softly, almost silently, nectar flooding Sophia's mouth in long, slow waves. Sophia drank every drop, then crawled up Grace's body and offered her a deep, nectar-sweet kiss. Grace tasted herself on Sophia's tongue and moaned into the kiss, hands still cradling Hannah and Lily's heads as they continued to nurse.

When the kiss broke, Grace turned her head and found Emma waiting. She latched onto Emma's breast without hesitation, tongue rolling while her free hand reached down to stroke Sophia's clit gently. The circle shifted again—Lily moving to nurse Grace's other breast once more, Hannah crawling between Emma's long thighs to lick her softly, Elena slipping into the center to comfort whoever needed an extra mouth or hand.

They stayed tangled like that for hours. Comfort chains formed and reformed. Grace nursed Sophia while Lily nursed her and Emma licked between her legs. She offered her own breasts to two sisters at once while Elena comforted her

with a third mouth on her clit. Nectar was shared constantly—licked from folds, from chins, from nipples, passed from tongue to tongue in slow, grateful kisses.

At one point all six of them formed a single nursing circle on their sides, each girl's mouth on the breast of the sister beside her, hands reaching between spread thighs to stroke or lick gently. Grace had Hannah's small breast in her mouth, tongue rolling the nipple while Hannah suckled Elena and Elena's fingers stroked through Grace's hair. The wet, rhythmic sounds of six mouths nursing at once filled the cabin, layered with soft sighs and the constant trickle of fresh nectar onto the sheets.

Elena's voice floated above them, soft and reverent. "This is how you will hold your five campers when the training overwhelms them. This is the comfort you will teach them to give each other. Feel how it binds you. Feel how it makes the nectar flow stronger."

Grace suckled deeper, eyes closed, the warm pull on Hannah's nipple and the gentle stroke of Elena's fingers in her hair anchoring her completely. She felt Lily's tongue return between her thighs, licking slow and caring, and let another slow wave of nectar pour out for her sister to drink.

The day blurred into a continuous, tender loop of nursing and being nursed. They broke only for the witnessed clit cleaning, which had evolved into something far more intimate. In the steamy bathroom, Grace stood at the ADA station while Hannah held the handheld shower head and Lily used her fingers to spread Grace's folds wide under the warm pulse. Elena watched, then knelt and licked a single, reverent stripe through the cleaned folds before declaring them ready. Each girl received the same tender care—cleaned, licked, kissed—until the entire cabin smelled of warm water, nectar, and devotion.

Back on the joined beds the comfort resumed immediately. Grace found herself in the center this time, Lily and Hannah latched onto her breasts while Sophia and Emma took turns licking between her legs. Elena knelt behind her, cradling her head against her own breast so Grace could nurse while being comforted by four mouths at once. The overload of sensation —two mouths on her nipples, two tongues between her thighs, Elena's nipple in her mouth— sent Grace into a long, rolling release that left her trembling and pouring nectar in thick, grateful streams.

Sophia drank deeply, then crawled up and kissed Grace, sharing the taste. "For you," Sophia whispered against her lips. "All of it."

Grace kissed her back, slow and deep, then turned and offered her mouth to Lily. The petite girl climbed up and straddled Grace's face, lowering her dripping folds onto Grace's waiting tongue. Grace licked slowly, reverently, while Hannah and Emma latched onto her breasts again and Sophia's fingers found her clit.

Elena watched over all of them, stroking hair, offering a nipple when anyone needed extra comfort, her silver cross warm against sweat- slick skin.

The sun had begun to set by the time they finally slowed, bodies too spent to chase anything more. Grace lay on her back in the center of the massive bed, Lily curled against her left side with her mouth still loosely latched onto Grace's nipple, Hannah on her right doing the same. Sophia rested between Grace's spread thighs, face pressed gently against her mound, tongue occasionally giving a slow, lazy lick. Emma lay across the foot of the bed, one long arm draped over all of them. Elena knelt beside them, one hand resting on Grace's forehead.

Grace suckled softly on Lily's breast—somehow they had shifted again without her noticing —tongue rolling in slow circles while her own nectar continued to trickle into Sophia's waiting mouth. She felt Hannah's small hand find hers and squeeze once, silent and full of love.

Elena leaned down and pressed a kiss to Grace's temple. "Rest now," she whispered. "Let your sisters hold you."

Grace closed her eyes, the steady rhythm of her tongue on Lily's nipple and the gentle warmth of Sophia's mouth between her legs anchoring her completely. Fresh nectar welled up slowly, warm and constant, offered freely to whoever needed it most.

She suckled a little deeper, letting the quiet sounds of six women breathing and nursing wrap around her like the warmest blanket, and drifted in the perfect, shared comfort of sisterhood.

Chapter 17: Divine Showing

Grace's breath hitched as Elena's fingertip traced the slowest possible circle around her clit, the touch so feather-light it was almost not there at all.

"Stay perfectly still," Elena whispered, voice low and commanding. "Only the gentlest stimulation now. When I say the word, you will buck frantically—hard, loud, completely uncontrolled—until you come. This is divine showing. The final surrender."

Grace's thighs trembled with the effort to remain motionless. After days of quiet obedience, the command to suddenly go wild felt impossible. Her core clenched hard around nothing, nectar already leaking in slow, thick strands onto the joined beds. Elena's fingertip circled again, barely grazing the swollen nub, the sensation so delicate it made Grace's eyes flutter.

"Feel how the lightest touch can demand everything," Elena murmured. "Your body has learned stillness. Now it learns frenzy on command."

Grace bit her lip, fighting the urge to thrust. The gentle circling continued—agonizingly slow, barely there—building a deep, aching pressure that

had nowhere to go. Her hips twitched once before she locked them flat. A soft, desperate sound escaped her throat.

Elena’s finger stopped completely. “Still,” she reminded her. “No sound yet. Only when I command the showing.”

Across the massive joined bed the other girls lay in various states of trembling anticipation. Lily’s petite frame was rigid, freckled thighs spread wide while Advisor Mara traced the same feather-light circles over her clit with one fingertip. Sophia’s olive skin glistened with sweat as a trainer’s tongue gave the slowest possible lick from entrance to clit and then stopped. Emma’s long legs quivered in the air while Hannah’s soft mouth hovered just above her folds, breathing warm air but not touching. The cabin air was thick with the scent of nectar and the low, constant loop of recorded prayers from the hallway speaker.

Elena’s fingertip resumed its torturous circling on Grace’s clit. The touch was barely more than a breath, yet every nerve ending screamed. Grace’s core throbbed visibly, fresh nectar welling up and sliding down toward her ass. She stayed perfectly still, breath shallow through her nose, the effort making fresh tears prick at the corners of her eyes.

“Beautiful struggle,” Elena praised softly. “Now… show divine for me.”

The command hit like lightning. Grace’s hips snapped upward in a frantic, uncontrolled buck, slamming her clit against Elena’s waiting fingertip. She cried out loud and raw, the sound torn from deep in her chest as she bucked again—harder, faster, completely wild. Elena kept her fingertip perfectly still, offering only that one tiny point of contact while Grace fucked herself against it with desperate, frantic rolls of her hips.

The orgasm crashed through her in seconds. Grace screamed, body convulsing violently, nectar gushing out in powerful arcs that splashed Elena’s wrist and soaked the sheets. She kept bucking even through the peak—frantic, shameless, every muscle straining—until the climax finally ebbed and she collapsed, chest heaving, tears streaming down her temples.

Elena leaned down and licked a slow stripe through the fresh flood of nectar, tasting her. “Good girl. That is divine showing. Gentle touch demands the wildest devotion. You gave it perfectly.”

Grace could only whimper, body still twitching with aftershocks. Elena kissed her forehead, then moved to Lily.

“Watch,” Elena told the circle. “Lily’s turn. Gentle only. Then the command.”

Advisor Mara’s fingertip resumed the same feather-light circling on Lily’s clit. The petite girl’s freckled thighs trembled violently as she fought to stay still, soft whimpers escaping despite her best efforts. Mara circled once, twice, barely

touching, then stopped. Lily's hips jerked once involuntarily.

"Still," Mara reminded her. "Only when commanded."

Lily locked every muscle, breath coming in short, silent pants. Mara's fingertip returned, tracing the slowest possible circle. Lily's small hands fisted in the sheets, knuckles white. The gentle touch continued—agonizingly delicate—until Lily was shaking with the effort to remain motionless.

Mara's voice was soft. "Show divine for me, Lily."

Lily's hips snapped upward in a frantic, uncontrolled buck, slamming herself against Mara's fingertip. A high, desperate cry tore from her throat as she bucked again and again—wild, shameless, completely lost in the frenzy. Mara kept her finger perfectly still, offering only that single point of contact while Lily fucked herself against it with desperate rolls of her hips. Her petite body convulsed hard, nectar squirting in clear arcs that splashed Mara's wrist and the bed. Lily kept bucking through the entire orgasm, screaming, until she finally collapsed, sobbing with release.

Mara licked the fresh nectar from her hand and smiled. "Perfect divine showing. The lightest touch, the wildest surrender."

The lesson continued in rounds. Sophia was next—her trainer's tongue giving the slowest possible licks along her folds, stopping every time Sophia's hips twitched. When the command came, Sophia bucked frantically against the still tongue, olive skin flushed dark, Spanish prayers mixing with raw cries as she came hard and loud. Emma's turn followed— Hannah's gentle fingertip barely grazing her clit until the command, then Emma's tall frame arching violently as she bucked with powerful, uncontrolled rolls of her hips, nectar flooding the sheets.

Grace watched every one, her own core throbbing again already. When it was her second turn, Elena used only the tip of her tongue—slow, feather-light licks around Grace's clit, never giving more. Grace stayed perfectly still, muscles locked, the ache building impossibly deep.

Elena pulled back just enough to speak. "Show divine for me again, Grace. Let it be even wilder this time."

Grace's hips snapped forward the instant the command left Elena's lips. She bucked frantically against the still tongue, grinding, rolling, completely lost in the frenzy. Elena kept her tongue perfectly motionless, offering only the gentlest point of contact while Grace fucked herself against it with desperate, shameless thrusts. The orgasm hit like divine fire— Grace screamed loud enough to echo off the cabin walls, body convulsing violently as nectar gushed in powerful waves across Elena's face. She kept bucking through every spasm, hips jerking wildly,

until the climax finally released her and she collapsed, sobbing and trembling.

Elena licked her clean, then kissed Grace deeply, sharing the taste of her own nectar. “You are learning beautifully. Divine showing blends everything—quiet control into wild surrender, sacrifice into ecstasy. Your campers will need this exact release when the training overwhelms them.”

They practiced for hours on the joined beds. Each girl took multiple turns—gentle fingertip, gentle tongue, gentle device on the lowest setting—until the command came and they bucked with frantic, uncontrolled abandon. Comfort nursing became essential between rounds; the intensity left them shaking and sometimes tearful. Elena comforted two at once more than once—mouth on one nipple while her fingers rolled the other—while the girls continued their divine showing practice on whoever needed it.

Grace found herself nursing Lily’s small breast while Hannah’s gentle tongue gave her the lightest possible licks. When Elena gave the command, Grace bucked frantically against Hannah’s still mouth, suckling harder on Lily’s nipple at the same time. The dual sensations sent her over the edge in a screaming, bucking orgasm that left both girls drenched in her nectar.

The group formed a living circle again—each girl’s mouth giving the gentlest possible stimulation to the sister in front of her. Gentle licks, gentle circles, gentle breaths. The cabin filled with soft, controlled breathing and the wet sounds of minimal contact. Then Elena gave the single command for all of them at once: “Show divine—now.”

Six bodies erupted in frantic, uncontrolled bucking at the same moment. Grace ground desperately against Sophia’s still tongue, hips rolling wildly while she kept her own tongue perfectly gentle on Lily’s clit until the command had been given. The circle became a storm of frantic movement—hips snapping, bodies convulsing, raw cries filling the air as nectar gushed in shared waves. They kept bucking through the shared orgasm, completely lost in the frenzy, until Elena finally called “Enough.”

The girls collapsed together in a tangled, glistening heap. Grace lay on her back, chest heaving, as Lily crawled up and latched onto her left nipple without a word. Hannah took the right. Sophia settled between Grace’s spread thighs and began licking softly—gentle, soothing, no command, just comfort. Emma curled around them, one long arm draped across the group. Elena knelt in the center, stroking hair and offering her own breasts to whoever lifted their head.

Grace suckled deep on Lily’s small, freckled breast, tongue rolling slowly while Hannah nursed her other nipple and Sophia’s tongue continued its tender worship between her legs. Fresh nectar welled up slowly, warm and constant, offered freely to Sophia’s waiting mouth.

She released Lily’s nipple just long enough to whisper against the damp skin, “Again… please…” before latching back on, eyes closed, body still humming with the aftershocks of divine showing.

Elena’s fingers threaded through her hair, voice soft and full of pride. “Drink, sweet one. Let your sisters hold you.”

Grace suckled deeper, the steady rhythm of her tongue on Lily’s nipple and the gentle warmth of Sophia’s mouth anchoring her completely in the warm, shared glow of the joined beds. Fresh nectar trickled slowly onto Sophia’s tongue as the six of them stayed tangled together, nursing and being nursed, the recorded prayers playing softly in the background like a benediction.

Chapter 18: Full Integration & Advanced Mealtimes

Grace’s tongue rolled slow and deep around Lily’s left nipple while her fingers curled firmly inside Sophia, thrusting in the exact rhythm that dragged the olive-skinned girl right to the trembling edge of sacrifice.

“Stay right there,” Elena murmured from the center of the joined beds, her voice low and steady. “All phases at once now. Self-devotion on your own body, worship on your sister, sacrifice in the ache, and when I say the word—divine showing.”

Lily whimpered softly, back arching as she suckled harder on Grace’s right breast, her small hand working between Grace’s spread thighs with gentle, circling strokes that brought Grace herself to the brink of quiet devotion. Sophia’s inner walls clenched hard around Grace’s fingers, nectar flooding hot and thick as she fought not to come. Emma lay beside them, tall frame rigid, Hannah’s soft mouth sealed over her clit in the lightest possible licks while Emma’s own fingers plunged deep inside herself for self-devotion.

The massive bed was a single, glistening altar of merged phases. Six bodies moved in one fluid, overlapping rhythm—mouths on nipples, fingers inside folds, tongues circling clits, devices humming on the lowest setting for self-use. The recorded prayers had evolved again; the female voice now layered every phrase with new, deeper words that had become automatic: *My self-devotion honors the divine. My worship offered draws us closer. Sacrifice in stillness or frenzy is holy. Quiet or loud, the nectar is proof.*

Elena knelt among them, silver cross warm against sweat-slick skin, one hand stroking Grace’s hair while the other rolled Lily’s free nipple. “Quotas today are strict,” she said. “Each of you must give and receive at least ten worship orgasms, five self-devotion peaks, eight edges of sacrifice, and three full divine showings before the first mealtime. Comfort freely. Nectar must flow constantly. Begin the full integration.”

Grace felt the command settle into her bones. She thrust deeper into Sophia while suckling harder on Lily's nipple, her own hips rolling gently against Hannah's waiting mouth. The phases blurred together—self-devotion in the way her free hand occasionally brushed her own clit, worship in the fingers buried inside Sophia, sacrifice in the way she held every peak at bay until Elena allowed it.

Sophia came first, a silent, shuddering sacrifice that left her nectar gushing over Grace's hand. Grace kept thrusting through the spasms, drawing it out, then pulled free and offered her dripping fingers to Lily's mouth. Lily suckled them clean while continuing to nurse Grace's breast. The taste made Lily moan around the fingers, and Grace rewarded her with a sudden, frantic buck against Hannah's still tongue.

"Divine showing," Elena commanded softly for Grace.

Grace's hips snapped forward in wild, uncontrolled rolls, grinding desperately against Hannah's motionless mouth. The orgasm hit like lightning; she screamed around Lily's nipple, body convulsing violently as nectar flooded Hannah's face. She kept bucking through every wave, shameless and frantic, until the peak finally released her and she collapsed, panting, still latched to Lily's breast.

Elena praised her with a gentle stroke down her spine. "Beautiful integration. Now rotate. Mealtime begins in thirty minutes. The dining hall will test the full cycle today—self- devotion while eating, worship pairings, sacrifice edging at the table, showing devotion on the table, quiet versions, and divine showing for the chosen girl. Quotas will be announced between courses. Prepare your phrases. Prepare your nectar."

The girls disentangled slowly, bodies shiny with sweat and nectar, mouths and fingers lingering in one last shared comfort kiss. Grace pulled Sophia close and licked the last traces of her own sacrifice from the girl's chin, tasting the mingled devotion.

In the bathroom the witnessed clit cleaning had become its own integrated ritual. Grace stood at the ADA station while Lily held the handheld shower head and Hannah used her fingers to spread her folds wide under the warm pulsing spray. Elena watched, then knelt and gave one slow, reverent lick through the cleaned slit before declaring her ready. Each girl received the same tender care—cleaned, licked, kissed—until the entire cabin smelled of warm water, fresh nectar, and the faint lavender of the sacred oil.

They walked naked to the dining hall, bodies still humming, nectar already beginning to trickle down inner thighs. The central room glowed with lantern light. The U-shaped tables waited, goblets half-filled with the golden-berry elixir mixed with the morning's first offerings. Trainers moved among the rows,

marking quota boards on the dais. Doctor Hale observed from the head table, tablet ready.

Elena guided Cabin Six to their places. “Tonight the meal rotates through every phase. First course: self-devotion while eating. You will bring yourselves to orgasm with fingers or devices at the table while you chew. Second course: paired worship—one gives while the other eats, then switch. Third course: sacrifice edging while you continue eating. Fourth course: one chosen girl will show divine devotion on the table while being fed and worshipped. Quiet versions will be enforced for the final courses. Divine showing will close the meal for the selected counselor. Nectar from every peak will be collected, stirred into goblets, and consumed by the entire hall. Begin when the platters arrive.”

Grace sat, the cool wood kissing her bare folds. Platters of roasted vegetables, herb grains, and warm flatbread arrived. She picked up her fork with one hand and slid the other between her thighs. Her fingers found her still-sensitive clit and began slow circles.

“*My self-devotion honors the divine,*” she whispered, spearing a piece of carrot and bringing it to her mouth. The dual sensations—eating while touching herself—made her nectar flow immediately. Around the table the other girls did the same. Lily’s small hand worked between her own legs while she chewed, freckled cheeks flushing. Sophia’s fingers plunged deep inside herself, dark eyes half-lidded as she tried to swallow another bite. Grace slid two fingers inside her own channel, curling them upward while her thumb kept circling her clit. The pleasure built fast. She stayed focused on the food, chewing slowly, letting the self-devotion peak rise naturally. When it crashed through her, she came with a soft, controlled moan, nectar gushing over her own hand and dripping onto the bench beneath her. She stirred the fresh offering into her goblet and took a slow sip, tasting herself while continuing to eat.

The trainers circled, praising technique and marking quotas. “Self-devotion phase complete for Cabin Six,” one announced. “Nectar volume excellent. Move to paired worship for the next course.”

Grace turned to Hannah immediately. “I’ll worship you while you eat,” she said, voice already husky. Hannah nodded, eyes shining with trust, and picked up her fork. Grace’s hand disappeared beneath the table, fingers sliding through Hannah’s slick folds and finding her clit with practiced ease. She circled firmly while Hannah tried to eat the grains. Hannah’s fork trembled, but she kept chewing, soft angelic whimpers escaping around each bite.

Grace thrust two fingers deep, curling them, thumb never leaving the clit. Hannah came quickly, nectar flooding Grace’s hand while she forced down another mouthful. Grace stirred the fresh nectar into Hannah’s goblet and offered her fingers for the smaller girl to lick clean. They switched. Now

Hannah’s small fingers worshipped Grace while Grace tried to eat the vegetables. The pleasure made every bite taste sweeter. Grace came again, quietly this time, nectar pouring over Hannah’s hand as she swallowed the last of the course.

The trainers announced the shift. “Sacrifice phase. Edge while you eat. No release until the next course.”

Grace felt Elena’s hand on her shoulder as the next platters arrived. “Edge yourself and your sister,” Elena instructed. “Stay on the brink. *Sacrifice brings you closer to God.*”

Grace slid her fingers back between Hannah’s thighs and brought her right to the edge, then held her there while both of them tried to eat. Hannah’s breath came in short pants around each bite. Grace kept her own free hand working between her own legs, edging herself at the same time. The denial made the food taste richer, the nectar flow thicker. Around the table the entire hall edged in unison—moans rising, forks trembling, bodies straining.

When the course ended, Elena called for showing devotion. “One chosen girl per table on the table. Multiple peaks while being fed and worshipped. The rest continue paired worship beneath the table.”

Grace was chosen again. She climbed onto the wide wooden surface, lying back amid the dishes, legs spread wide. The mirrored panels overhead showed her flushed, glistening body to the entire hall. Her sisters gathered close, forks ready. Advisor Mara began first, fingers sliding deep inside Grace while Lily and Hannah latched onto her nipples.

“Show us,” Mara commanded.

Grace bucked frantically against Mara’s still fingers, hips rolling wild and uncontrolled. The orgasm hit hard; she screamed, nectar gushing while Hannah spooned compote into her mouth mid-climax. They fed her between peaks, worshipping her with mouths and fingers while she continued the divine showing—bucking shamelessly each time the command came. Quotas were called out from the dais as her nectar was collected and shared in the goblets.

The meal continued through quiet devotion and quiet sacrifice courses—eating in total silence and stillness while being edged or worshipped. Grace stayed rigid, jaw locked, while Hannah’s fingers brought her to the brink and held her there. Only the faintest controlled breaths escaped her. Failures earned extra worship given in perfect quiet.

The final course brought divine showing for the whole table. Grace was selected once more. She lay back as every sister and trainer in reach gave her the gentlest possible stimulation— feather-light fingers, the slowest licks, the lowest

setting on devices. When Elena gave the single command for the hall, Grace bucked with frantic, uncontrolled abandon, hips slamming against the still points of contact while her sisters fed her the last bites of dessert. The orgasm tore through her in a screaming, convulsing wave that left her drenched and sobbing with release. Nectar from every girl's final peaks was collected, stirred into the communal goblets, and passed so the entire hall could drink the merged devotion of the day.

Grace slid off the table on shaky legs and collapsed between Hannah and Lily. The three of them tangled together instantly—Grace's hand finding Lily's clit beneath the table while Hannah's fingers slipped inside her again. They finished the last drops of their goblets like that, feeding one another between soft, rolling orgasms, nectar dripping freely onto the floor.

Elena's voice carried over the quieting hall as the lanterns dimmed. "Goblets empty. Devotion complete for today."

Grace lifted the final shared goblet to Lily's lips, letting the smaller girl drink the last mingled nectar while Hannah's fingers curled inside her one final time. Lily swallowed, eyes locked on Grace's, then leaned in and licked a stray drop from the corner of Grace's mouth.

"Again tomorrow," Lily whispered against her lips, voice husky and full of love.

Grace kissed her back, slow and deep, tasting worship and berries and the entire day's merged devotion on her tongue, while her fingers kept moving beneath the table, drawing one more soft, trembling moan from Lily.

Chapter 19: Preparing for the Campers

Grace knelt between Lily's spread thighs on the joined beds, the late-May sunlight slanting through the cabin windows and warming the sheets already damp with fresh nectar.

"Pretend you're one of my campers," Grace whispered, voice steady and warm the way Elena had taught them. "You've never felt anything but the lightest cleaning touch. Your parents kept you pure. Now you're here, innocent and open, and I'm going to guide you through every phase with love."

Lily's freckled cheeks flushed as she lay back, legs trembling slightly in the stirrups they had brought in for rehearsal. "I'm… I'm nervous," she said, using the exact shy tone they had practiced for the real campers. "I've never… touched myself. Not like this."

Grace smiled softly, the encouraging phrase flowing naturally from months of

reprogramming. "That's all right, sweet one. Your nectar is proof of your devotion. I'm going to show you how to create it gladly. Let's begin with devotion—receiving pleasure from my hands. You don't have to do anything but

feel and breathe the phrases with me."

She coated her fingers with sacred oil and parted Lily's outer lips with gentle reverence. The petite girl's clit was already swollen, nectar glistening at her entrance. Grace circled slowly, feather-light at first, then firmer, sliding two fingers deep and curling them upward exactly as they had learned. Lily's hips twitched once before she caught herself.

"*Being touched like this is holy,*" Grace prompted, voice low and encouraging. "Say it with me while I worship you with my fingers."

Lily's breath hitched. "Being… touched like this… is holy—" The words dissolved into a soft moan as Grace thrust deeper, thumb never leaving the clit. Nectar flowed freely now, coating Grace's hand and dripping onto the sheets.

Elena watched from the side of the bed, silver cross catching the light, nodding approval. "Good, Grace. Use the exact phrases you will speak to your five campers in June. Make them feel safe, loved, and completely open."

Grace kept the rhythm steady, eyes locked on Lily's. "Your nectar is proof of your devotion. Feel it flowing for me. You're doing so beautifully, just like a good camper should."

Lily came with a shuddering cry, nectar gushing over Grace's fingers. Grace didn't stop—she drew the orgasm out gently, then eased her fingers free and offered them to Lily's lips. "Taste it. This is your gift to the divine… and to your counselor."

Lily suckled Grace's fingers clean, eyes fluttering. "Thank you… for guiding me." They switched roles almost immediately. Now Lily knelt between Grace's thighs, pretending to be the counselor while Grace played the innocent camper. Lily's small fingers parted Grace's folds with the same careful reverence. "You've never done this before, have you?" Lily asked, voice soft and encouraging. "That's all right. I'm here to show you. Let's start with devotion—my hands giving you pleasure so you can learn how good it feels to surrender."

Grace let herself slip into the role, widening her eyes with practiced innocence. "I… I'm not supposed to feel this," she whispered, the line they had rehearsed a hundred times. "My parents said only for cleanliness."

Lily's fingers circled Grace's clit with perfect tenderness. "And now you're learning it's for devotion. *My nectar is proof of my devotion. I create it gladly.* Say it while I touch you."

Grace repeated the phrase breathily as Lily slid two fingers inside her and began to curl them upward. The pleasure built fast, but she stayed in character—soft gasps, shy little sounds, letting Lily guide her through the full devotion sequence: fingers, then the vibrating device pressed deep while Lily whispered the phrases,

then the suction cup sealed over her clit, tugging rhythmically until Grace was right on the edge.

When Lily gave the command, Grace bucked frantically against the still device in divine showing, hips rolling wild and uncontrolled while she cried out the phrases. Nectar squirted in clear arcs across Lily's wrist. Lily praised her exactly as they would praise real campers. "Good girl. You showed so beautifully for me. Your body was made for this."

Elena moved among them, correcting phrasing, adjusting touches, making sure every word and every motion was perfect for the innocent girls who would arrive in June. "Remember, your campers will be exactly like you were on day one—pure, nervous, untouched beyond basic cleaning. Your phrases must feel like love, not pressure. Your comfort must feel like home."

They rotated through every counselor as pretend camper. Grace guided Sophia next, taking the dark-eyed girl through self-devotion with fingers for the first time in role-play. "You've never touched yourself like this, have you?" Grace asked gently, mirroring the exact words she had heard from Elena months ago. "That's all right. I'll guide your hand. Let's create nectar together. *My fingers bring me closer to God.*"

Sophia's olive skin flushed as Grace placed her own hand over Sophia's and helped her circle her clit. "It feels… strange," Sophia whispered, staying in character.

"Strange and holy," Grace answered. "Keep going. Feel how your nectar begins to flow? That's your devotion speaking."

They moved through the full cycle for each pretend camper—self-devotion with the vibrating and suction devices, worship with hands and mouth, sacrifice with long, aching edges, quiet versions where every girl had to stay perfectly still and silent while being brought to the brink, and finally divine showing where the lightest touch triggered frantic, bucking release. Comfort nursing wove through every rehearsal. When Sophia's nectar slowed during a long sacrifice edge, Grace and Hannah latched onto her breasts at once, suckling deep while Elena comforted the other two girls. The wet sounds of six mouths nursing layered with the slick sounds of fingers, tongues, and devices. Nectar was shared constantly—licked from folds, passed in kisses, stirred into small practice goblets they kept on the bedside table.

By late afternoon they had each guided two full pretend-camper cycles and been guided through two more. Grace lay on her back, chest heaving, as Lily finished guiding her through a quiet sacrifice round. Lily's tongue had kept her on the edge for nearly fifteen minutes in total silence and stillness. When the final divine showing command came, Grace bucked wildly against Lily's still mouth,

screaming the phrases while nectar gushed across Lily's face.

Lily crawled up her body and kissed her deeply, sharing the taste. "You will be such a good counselor," she whispered against Grace's lips. "Your campers are going to feel so safe with you."

Grace pulled her closer, tongues sliding together, the mingled flavor of nectar and devotion flooding her senses. "And you will be perfect for yours," she answered, voice thick. "Five innocent girls who have never known anything but purity. You'll guide them exactly the way we were guided."

Elena gathered them in the center of the massive bed, all six still naked and glistening. She had them form a loose circle, legs intertwined, mouths close enough to share breath. "One last full rehearsal as a cabin," she said. "Pretend the five campers have just arrived. You are their counselors. Guide them through the entire first day—clit cleaning, first comfort nursing, group self-devotion, the phrases, the nectar. Speak only the encouraging words you will use in June. Begin."

Grace turned to Hannah first, taking the role of lead counselor for the pretend group. "Welcome to the cabin, sweet ones," she said, voice warm and steady. "You're safe here. Let's start with your daily clit cleaning so everything feels fresh and ready for devotion."

They acted it out in full—Grace and Lily demonstrating the handheld shower on each other while the others watched as pretend campers, then helping the "new girls" through their first witnessed cleaning with gentle hands and soft phrases. Comfort nursing followed

immediately when the sensations overwhelmed the pretend campers; Grace latched onto Sophia's breast while Hannah suckled hers, all of them reciting the phrases softly between rolls of their tongues.

Group self-devotion came next on the joined beds. Grace guided them into the circle, legs spread and intertwined. "Touch yourselves with me," she encouraged. "Fingers first. *My nectar is proof of my devotion.* We create it together."

Fingers moved in unison, then devices were added, then mouths. They moved through worship, sacrifice, quiet versions, and finally a shared divine showing where Grace gave the command and all six bucked frantically against the gentlest touches until the cabin echoed with raw, joyful cries. Nectar flooded the sheets in a shared offering.

When the rehearsal ended, they stayed tangled together, breathing hard. Grace had Lily's nipple in her mouth again, tongue rolling slowly while Sophia licked gently between her thighs. Hannah's small hand rested on her hip, stroking softly. Emma and Elena completed the circle, mouths and fingers still moving in

lazy, comforting patterns.

Grace released Lily’s nipple just long enough to whisper against the damp skin, voice hoarse but full of quiet certainty, “They’re going to be so loved.”

She latched back on, suckling deeper, eyes closing as fresh nectar welled up slowly onto Sophia’s waiting tongue and the six of them stayed wrapped in the warm, shared comfort of the joined beds, the late-May light fading softly around them.

Chapter 20: The Final Demonstration

Grace lay spread open on the wide padded table in the center of the training room, wrists secured loosely above her head, ankles locked in the stirrups, the mirrored ceiling reflecting every glistening inch of her. Elena stood between her thighs, one hand resting lightly on Grace’s inner knee while the other held the vibrating device poised at her entrance.

“Begin the full demonstration,” Elena said, voice calm and clear for the observers seated along the walls—Doctor Hale, the three nurses, the senior trainers, and the rest of Cabin Six watching in reverent silence. “Every phase. As giver and receiver. Phrases flawless. Then you will guide one sister through the entire program as her pretend camper. After that, the marathon sacrifice—random sequence announced as we go—until the final divine showing. Only then will we decide if you are ready to counsel your five innocent girls in June.”

Grace’s breath trembled. “I’m ready.”

Elena pushed the rose bulb deep inside her in one smooth motion. “Devotion first—receiving with my hands. *Pleasure received is devotion given.*”

Grace’s back arched as Elena’s fingers joined the device, curling hard against her front wall while her thumb circled Grace’s clit. The orgasm hit fast and clean; Grace cried out the phrase between moans, nectar flooding over Elena’s hand. Elena kept the rhythm steady, drawing it out, then switched to the suction device sealed over her clit while two fingers thrust deep. Another peak crashed through Grace, louder, wetter. Elena praised her softly between each climax, feeding her the next phrase until Grace had received four full devotion orgasms—hands, tools, mouth, and finally Elena’s tongue drinking directly from her while Grace sobbed the words.

Grace was released and immediately became the giver. She knelt between Lily’s spread thighs, the petite girl playing the role of innocent camper. Grace’s voice was warm, patient, exactly the tone she would use in June. “You’ve never felt anything but the lightest cleaning touch, have you? That’s all right, sweet one. I’m here to guide you. Let’s start with devotion —my hands giving you pleasure so you learn how good it feels to surrender.”

Lily’s freckled cheeks flushed as Grace parted her folds and began the same sequence— fingers first, then the vibrating device, the suction cup, and finally Grace’s mouth sealed over Lily’s clit while she drank every drop of the girl’s first real orgasm. Lily came screaming the phrases Grace fed her, nectar gushing across Grace’s tongue.

They rotated roles again and again. Grace demonstrated self-devotion on herself—fingers, then her own vibrating wand, then the suction device—while reciting every phrase perfectly. Then she guided Lily through the same self-devotion steps as pretend camper, placing Lily’s hand on her own clit, helping her push the devices inside, praising each new peak. Worship followed: Grace gave with her hands, her tools, her mouth to each sister in turn while they lay as receivers. Then she became the worshipper, bringing Lily through every giving technique until the smaller girl was limp and shining with nectar.

Sacrifice came next—long, aching edges. Grace endured Elena edging her with fingers, tongue, devices, and finally all three at once, staying right on the brink for minutes at a time while repeating *Sacrifice brings you closer to God* between desperate breaths. She then guided Lily through the same torment, edging the petite girl mercilessly until Lily sobbed and begged, nectar pouring out in wasted, holy rivers.

Quiet versions followed. Grace stayed perfectly still and silent while Elena brought her to the edge again and again with the lightest touches. Any sound or twitch earned punishment— extra worship given in total silence to whichever sister needed nectar most. Grace served Lily, Sophia, Emma, and Hannah in flawless quiet, mouth and fingers working without a single moan escaping her own lips. Then she guided Lily through quiet self-devotion, quiet worship, and quiet sacrifice, correcting the smaller girl gently when a tiny whimper slipped out.

The room had grown thick with the scent of nectar and the low hum of recorded prayers. Quotas were called out from the dais after each block. Grace had given and received every phase flawlessly.

Elena nodded once. “Now the full pretend-camper cycle. Lily, you are Grace’s innocent new arrival. Grace, take her through the entire first day exactly as you will in June.”

Grace helped Lily onto the table, voice soft and loving. “Welcome to our cabin, sweet one. You’re safe here. Let’s start with your first witnessed clit cleaning so everything feels fresh and ready.” She demonstrated the handheld shower on herself first, then guided Lily through it, fingers spreading the smaller girl’s folds under the warm pulse while whispering encouragement. Comfort nursing followed immediately when Lily trembled—Grace latched onto one breast while Hannah took the other, both of them suckling deep while Elena comforted two

more girls on the side.

Group self-devotion came next on the joined beds. Grace arranged Lily in the circle with the others, legs intertwined. “Touch yourself with me,” she encouraged. “Fingers first. *My nectar is proof of my devotion.* We create it together.” She placed Lily’s hand on her clit and helped her move, then guided her through devices, worship, sacrifice, quiet versions, and finally a shared divine showing where Grace gave the command and Lily bucked frantically against the gentlest touch, screaming her release while Grace held her through it.

When the pretend-camper cycle ended, Lily was limp and glowing, tears of overwhelmed gratitude on her freckled cheeks. She pulled Grace down into a deep, nectar-sweet kiss. “You’re going to be perfect for them,” she whispered.

Elena stepped forward. “Final test. Marathon sacrifice—random sequence announced as we go. You will endure it alone until the divine showing command. No breaks. Every phase mixed. Begin.”

Grace was secured once more on the center table, legs spread impossibly wide. Elena began the random sequence.

“Self-sacrifice with fingers—edge only.”

Grace’s own hand moved between her thighs, circling and thrusting while she fought the peak. Elena called the next at the last second: “Nursing—receive comfort from two sisters.”

Lily and Hannah latched onto her breasts at once, suckling deep while Grace kept edging herself. The dual pull on her nipples made the ache unbearable. Elena’s voice came again: “Quiet manual sacrifice—still and silent.”

Grace locked every muscle, hand never stopping, staying perfectly quiet as the edge rose and was denied. Elena rotated through the sequence without mercy—vibrating tool, showing devotion, suction device, oral worship, quiet devotion, being nursed again, self-sacrifice with the wand, quiet sacrifice, another round of nursing from two sisters at once. The commands came faster, more random, blending every phase they had learned over six months.

Grace’s body became a live wire of denied pleasure and sudden frenzy. She edged herself with the suction device while Sophia suckled one breast and Emma the other. She showed divine—bucking frantically against Elena’s still fingertip—then dropped immediately into quiet self-devotion with her own fingers, staying perfectly silent and still while the edge built again. Nectar poured from her in thick, constant streams, collected in vials and stirred into the large communal goblet on the side table.

The marathon stretched for nearly an hour. Grace lost track of how many edges, how many divine showings, how many times two sisters nursed her at once to keep her nectar flowing. Her voice grew hoarse from repeating the phrases between commands. Her muscles trembled with exhaustion and holy fire.

Elena's voice cut through the haze at last. "Final sequence—random until the showing. Begin."

Grace endured self-sacrifice with the vibrating device, then nursing from Lily and Hannah again, then quiet manual sacrifice, then being nursed once more, then the vibrating tool, then showing devotion, then the suction device, then oral worship from Elena herself, then quiet devotion, then another round of nursing while she edged herself with her fingers. The commands blurred together until Grace was sobbing with need, body locked in perfect stillness one moment and bucking wildly the next.

Elena's hand finally rested on her thigh. "Divine showing—now."

Grace's hips snapped forward in one last frantic, uncontrolled frenzy, slamming herself against Elena's still fingertip with every ounce of strength she had left. She screamed—raw, triumphant, completely surrendered—as the final orgasm tore through her like divine lightning. Nectar gushed in powerful arcs, soaking Elena's hand and the table beneath her. She kept bucking through every spasm, hips rolling wildly, until the climax finally released her and she collapsed, chest heaving, tears streaming down her face.

The room was silent except for the soft loop of recorded prayers.

Elena leaned down and kissed Grace's forehead, then her lips, tasting the salt of her tears and the sweetness of her surrender. "You have passed, Grace Harlan. Every phase flawless. You are hired as a full counselor. Your five innocent girls arrive in June. You are ready to guide them exactly as we guided you."

Grace's voice was barely a whisper, raw and reverent. "Thank you."

Elena helped her sit up. The other girls swarmed the table, pulling her into a tangle of arms and mouths and breasts. Lily latched onto one nipple, Hannah the other, Sophia settling between her thighs to lick her gently clean. Emma and Elena completed the circle, nursing and being nursed while Grace floated in the center, body still twitching with aftershocks.

Outside, the first distant sound of tires on gravel drifted through the open window—the bus carrying the new campers.

Grace released Lily's nipple just long enough to turn her head toward the sound. Fresh nectar welled up slowly onto Sophia's waiting tongue as she whispered against the damp skin of Lily's breast, voice hoarse but full of quiet joy.

"They're here."

Epilogue

Grace stood barefoot on the warm wooden porch of Cabin Six, the late-August sun painting the pines in gold. Her white counselor blouse hung open, breasts already heavy and nipples peaked from the morning's group comfort session. Nectar trickled steadily down her inner thighs, a constant reminder that her body no longer waited for permission.

Elena stepped out of the shadows of the tree line, silver cross catching the light, a single manila folder in her hand. She stopped three feet away, eyes soft but serious.

"Grace," she said quietly. "You've been here eight months. Your campers left two weeks ago glowing and devoted, exactly as you guided them. Now you have a choice."

Grace's pulse quickened. She already knew the weight behind Elena's words.

Elena opened the folder. "Option one: you start college with the rest of your peers in September. Prestigious private school, full scholarship, normal life. Option two: you represent Sacred Springs at Calvary Megachurch for their Easter sunrise service. Nationally televised. Tens of thousands in person, millions watching. You would be the living example of everything we've taught you."

Grace's breath caught. "What would I have to do?"

Elena's gaze never wavered. "Be the final demonstration. The one who shows divine in front of the entire congregation. But Easter is still seven months away."

Grace's core clenched hard, another thick drop of nectar sliding down her leg. She already understood.

Elena continued, voice gentle. "If you choose the church, you sign these papers today. From this moment until Easter morning you will live in constant sacrifice. Edged every day, every hour we can manage, by every counselor, every trainer, every girl still here. No orgasms. Only the ache. Until the exact second the pastor gives the command on live television, in front of everyone."

Grace's knees felt weak. She stared at the papers, then back at Elena.

"I choose the church," she said, voice steady. She took the pen Elena offered and signed her name at the bottom of every page without hesitation.

Elena closed the folder, stepped forward, and kissed Grace's forehead. "Then it begins now."

The first month blurred into a single, endless edge.

Every morning Grace was strapped to the padded wall just inside the dining hall entrance, wrists cuffed high, ankles spread wide and locked, hips tilted forward so her clit sat at perfect mouth height. The girls filed in for breakfast one by one. Each paused, leaned in, and gave her single slow lick—nothing more—before continuing to their seats. Forty-three campers, twelve counselors, eight trainers. Fifty-three licks before the first course was even served. By the time the last girl passed, Grace was shaking, nectar running in rivulets down the wall and pooling on the tile.

At lunch they reversed the line. At dinner they added fingers—two quick curls inside her while they licked, then gone. No one ever let her come.

Nights were worse. The joined beds became a rotating schedule of denial. Grace would be placed in the center while the others took turns. Two mouths on her nipples, one tongue between her legs, fingers everywhere else—edging her for hours, then switching so she never had time to cool. Elena comforted two girls at once on either side of her, suckling their breasts while they continued edging Grace, making sure the nectar never slowed.

By the end of the second month they added the devices. The vibrating wand on the lowest setting pressed against her clit for thirty minutes while she was fed dinner on the table, then removed the instant her thighs began to shake. The suction cup sealed over her clit during morning cleaning, tugging rhythmically while the handheld shower pulsed against her entrance, only to be yanked away the second she neared the edge.

They started taking her outside. Strapped to a low wooden frame in the clearing behind the cabins, blindfolded, while the entire camp walked past on their way to activities. Each girl gave one lick, one suck, one slow thrust of fingers. Grace learned to stay perfectly still and silent no matter how many times the edge was denied. The phrases became her only anchor.

* Sacrifice brings me closer to God. *

By December the camp had grown used to the sight of Grace’s quivering body displayed in new ways. They hung her from padded cuffs in the shower room so the handheld could be aimed directly at her clit while every girl who entered gave her one slow lick on the way to her own cleaning. They laid her across the center of the dining table during meals, legs spread wide, while the girls ate around her and took turns edging her with tongues and fingers between bites. They strapped her to the porch railing at night so late walkers could stop, kneel, and give her one deliberate lick before continuing to their cabins.

Comfort never stopped. Whenever the constant denial made her nectar slow, two or three girls would latch onto her breasts at once, suckling deep while another licked gently between her legs—just enough to keep the flow strong, never

enough to let her come.

March brought the final escalation.

They built a special frame in the center of the training room. Grace was secured standing, legs spread wide, arms stretched high, a thick padded bar beneath her hips to keep her clit thrust forward at mouth height. A rotating schedule was posted: every girl in camp spent thirty minutes a day licking her exactly once per minute. Fifty-three girls. Twenty-six hundred and fifty licks a day. Each one feather-light, each one stopping the instant her thighs began to tremble.

They added recorded prayers played directly into her ears through small earpieces so the phrases never stopped even when she slept—strapped upright, a low-setting suction device sealed over her clit all night, tugging gently but never letting her crest.

By the final week of March, Grace could barely speak. Her body was a live wire of constant, holy ache. Nectar ran down her legs in a near-constant stream, collected in shallow trays beneath her and stirred into every meal the camp ate. She had not come in seven months. She was closer to God than she had ever imagined possible.

On Easter morning the limousine arrived at dawn.

Grace was wrapped in a simple white robe that did nothing to hide the way her thighs still trembled. Elena helped her into the back seat, then climbed in beside her. The drive to Calvary Megachurch was silent except for the low prayers still playing in Grace’s earpieces.

The pastor met them backstage. She was tall, charismatic, mid-forties, with silver-streaked auburn hair and the same calm authority Elena carried. Her name tag read *Pastor Miriam Hale—Camp Graduate, Class of 2009*.

Miriam’s eyes softened when she saw Grace’s trembling form. “They told me you were the one,” she said, voice warm. “Seven months of sacrifice. You’re going to show them what true devotion looks like.”

Grace could only nod, voice gone.

They led her onto the stage as the sunrise service began. The megachurch sanctuary was packed—thousands in the pews, cameras broadcasting live to millions. Spotlights hit her as the white robe was gently removed. Grace was placed on a low, padded platform at the very front of the stage, legs spread wide in stirrups, arms stretched out to her sides like an offering. The entire congregation could see every glistening inch of her.

Pastor Miriam stepped to the microphone.

“Today we witness living scripture,” she announced, voice carrying to every corner. “Seven months of sacrifice so that this Easter morning she may show divine before us all.”

The congregation began reciting the phrases in unison as Miriam knelt between Grace’s spread thighs.

She started with the lightest possible touch—one fingertip circling Grace’s clit so slowly it was almost not there. The crowd’s voices swelled. Miriam added her tongue—feather-light licks, exactly the way Grace had been trained. Grace’s hips twitched once before she locked them still, the months of discipline holding her in perfect obedience.

Miriam looked up at the sea of faces, then back at Grace.

“Show them, devoted one,” she commanded, voice ringing through the sanctuary. “Divine showing—now.”

Grace’s hips snapped forward in one final, frantic, uncontrollable frenzy.

She bucked wildly against Miriam’s still tongue, hips rolling shamelessly, screaming the sacred phrases at the top of her lungs while the entire congregation recited them back to her. The orgasm that had been denied for seven months tore through her like holy fire. Nectar gushed in powerful, arcing jets that splashed across Miriam’s face and the stage floor. Grace kept bucking through every violent spasm, body convulsing, voice raw, completely surrendered in front of thousands in person and millions watching live.

The congregation’s voices rose in a single, reverent roar of the final phrase as Grace’s final scream echoed through the sanctuary.

My nectar is proof of my devotion.

Grace’s body finally went limp in the stirrups, chest heaving, tears streaming down her face, nectar still pulsing slowly from her in the aftershocks.

Pastor Miriam rose, face shining, and kissed Grace deeply in front of the entire world, sharing the taste of seven months of sacrifice.

Then she turned to the cameras and the thousands before her and said, voice ringing with joy, “This is what true devotion looks like.”

Grace, still trembling, managed one last whispered phrase against Miriam’s lips.

“Thank you.”

RETURN OF THE FONT

SEQUEL TO "THE CALLING"

Chapter 1: Return to the Font

The wooden dock gave a soft, familiar creak beneath Grace's boots as the boat's engine cut across the still morning water. She stood at the very end of the pier, one hand resting on the weathered railing, fingers tracing the grain that had warmed under the early sun. The lake stretched out before her like a sheet of dark glass, broken only by the white wake of the approaching vessel. A light breeze lifted the hem of her counselor vest and carried the scent of pine resin and cool water straight into her lungs. She drew it in slowly, feeling the quiet steadiness that always came when she stood in this place.

Liora stepped up beside her without a word at first, her short brunette hair catching the light in an angular bob that framed her face with quiet precision. The fit of her assistant counselor vest hugged the lean lines of her waist. Grace felt the warmth of her presence before she spoke.

"They look nervous already," Liora said, voice low and smooth. "Even from here I can see the way they're gripping the rail."

Grace allowed herself the smallest smile, eyes still on the boat as it drew closer. "They always do. That's the beauty of it. They arrive carrying everything they were taught to fear, and by the end of the first night they'll be holding something else entirely — something holy."

Liora turned her head, studying Grace's profile. "You sound like you've been waiting for them."

"I have." Grace's fingers tightened once on the railing, then released. "It feels different this time. Like the lake itself is holding its breath for what is coming."

The boat bumped gently against the dock. Two staff members in matching vests moved to secure the lines while the five young women inside gathered their small bags and stood. Grace counted them quickly — Thea with her wide hazel eyes and soft brown curls, Brittany's taller frame and the way she squared her shoulders like she was trying to look braver than she felt, Gina's quick, darting glances, Chloe's quiet stillness, and Zoe at the back, fingers twisting the strap of her bag. All of them between nineteen and twenty-two, all of them carrying the same careful posture of girls who had been raised in households of purity and quiet longing.

Grace stepped forward first, boots steady on the planks. The moment her foot touched the boat's edge, the lead girl — Thea — looked up and met her eyes.

"Welcome home, sisters," Grace said, voice warm and steady, carrying just enough volume to reach them all without startling. "You've crossed the water to begin something sacred. I'm Grace, your senior counselor this season. This is Liora, my assistant counselor. We will walk this path with you."

One by one they stepped onto the dock. Grace offered her hand to each in turn, not a formal shake but a gentle clasp that lingered a second longer than necessary, letting her palm absorb the slight tremor in their fingers. When Brittany stepped forward, her taller body swaying slightly with the boat's motion, Grace caught her elbow with quiet strength.

"Easy," she murmured, close enough that only Brittany heard. "The ground will feel strange for a little while. That's part of the offering. Let it come."

Brittany's cheeks flushed. She nodded, eyes dropping for a moment before lifting again. "Thank you… Grace."

Liora moved among them as well, her smaller frame weaving with easy grace, offering quiet smiles and light touches to shoulders. When she reached Zoe, who stood slightly apart, Liora tilted her head and spoke so only the girl could hear. "You're safe here. The water remembers every girl who steps onto this dock. It will hold you as you learn to offer yourself more fully."

Zoe's lips parted, but no sound came out. She simply nodded, the tension in her shoulders easing by a fraction.

Grace waited until all five stood in a loose semicircle on the dock, bags at their feet, the morning light catching on nervous eyes and flushed cheeks. She let the silence stretch for three heartbeats — long enough for them to feel the weight of the place, the way the air itself seemed thicker here, scented with something sweet and green beneath the pine.

Then she spoke again, voice lower now, intimate. "Before we walk to the cabin, I want you to hear the first truth of this place. It's the only one you need to carry today." She looked at each of them in turn, letting her gaze settle long enough to be felt. "I'm here to increase my spirituality."

The words hung in the air like a prayer offered to the lake.

Thea repeated it first, voice barely above a whisper. "I'm here… to increase my spirituality."

Brittany followed, stronger. "I'm here to increase my spirituality."

One by one the others joined until all five voices wove together, soft and uncertain but already carrying the shape of something larger. Grace listened, feeling the mantra settle into her own chest like a second heartbeat. She had spoken those same words on this very dock months ago, when she had been the nervous one. Now the echo of them moved through her, steady and clear.

Liora caught her eye over the girls' heads. Something passed between them — not words, not yet, just the shared knowledge of what that first mantra could do when repeated in the right voice, at the right moment. Liora's mouth curved in the smallest, most private smile. Grace answered it with one of her own, then

turned back to the group.

“Good,” she said. “Again. Together.”

They repeated it. This time the words came easier, the edges softening. Grace watched the way Zoe’s fingers loosened on her bag strap, the way Gina’s shoulders dropped half an inch, the way Chloe’s breath left her in a longer sigh. She felt the shift in the air around them — not dramatic, not yet, but real. The lake breeze seemed to carry the mantra outward, as if the water itself were listening.

When the last repetition faded, Grace stepped closer, close enough that the girls could smell the faint, clean scent of her skin. “You’re safe to feel whatever rises in you here. Fear, excitement, confusion, even the first stirrings of the sacred hunger that brought you to this place. All of it is welcome. All of it serves the devotion we will offer together.”

She let her hand rest lightly on Thea’s upper arm, thumb brushing once in a slow, reassuring arc. Thea leaned into the touch without thinking, eyes fluttering half-closed for a moment before she caught herself.

Liora moved to stand at Grace’s shoulder, her voice joining in the same low register. “The cabin is just up the path. Your beds are ready. Your kits are waiting. Inside each one you’ll find the sacred tools that will help you offer yourself more fully and deepen the spirituality you came here to increase.”

Grace nodded once. “Follow us.”

She turned, leading the way along the narrow path that wound through tall pines. The girls fell into step behind her, Liora bringing up the rear so no one felt left behind. As they walked, Grace listened to the soft crunch of boots on pine needles, the occasional nervous laugh quickly swallowed, the way one of them — she thought it was Gina — kept clearing her throat as if trying to find her voice.

Halfway up the path, Chloe stumbled slightly on a root. Before she could fall, Grace turned and caught her elbow with both hands, steadying her against her own body. For a brief moment Chloe’s face pressed into the soft curve of Grace’s chest, right where the counselor vest opened at the collar. The girl’s breath came warm and quick against Grace’s skin. Grace did not pull away. Instead she held Chloe there an extra second, one hand rising to cradle the back of her head in a gesture that felt as natural as breathing.

“Easy,” Grace murmured, the same word she had offered Brittany on the dock. “You’re allowed to lean into the comfort that is offered here.”

Chloe stayed pressed against her for three heartbeats longer than necessary. When she finally lifted her head, her cheeks were flushed dark rose and her eyes shone with something she clearly didn’t have words for yet. Grace smiled down

at her, thumb brushing once across Chloe's cheekbone before she released her.

"Better?" she asked.

Chloe nodded, voice small. "Yes… Grace."

The path opened onto the clearing where the counselors' cabin stood, its wide porch already catching the morning light. Grace climbed the steps first, then turned to face the five girls gathered at the bottom.

"This is home for the next three months," she said. "Inside you'll find everything you need. Your beds are arranged in two rows that can be pushed together later when we practice devotion together. The bathing room has everything for daily cleansing. And in the main room you'll see the speaker that will play recorded guidance when it's time."

She opened the door and stepped inside, holding it for them. The familiar scent of polished wood and faint lavender greeted her — the same scent that had wrapped around her on her own first day. The girls filed in slowly, eyes wide as they took in the space: the large common area with its circle of cushions, the doorway leading to the sleeping quarters, the open bathing area visible through an arch, the small altar table already holding fresh flowers and a simple wooden bowl.

Liora moved past Grace, her shoulder brushing Grace's arm in a touch that lingered half a second longer than casual. Grace felt the contact settle somewhere quiet inside her chest. She did not look at Liora, but she felt the other woman's presence settle beside her like a second heartbeat.

"Take your time exploring," Grace said to the girls. "Choose your beds. Unpack what you brought. When you're ready, we'll gather here and I'll show you how to open your kits together."

The five dispersed slowly, voices low as they claimed spaces. Grace watched them for a moment — the way Thea ran her fingers along the edge of a bed frame as if testing whether it was real, the way Brittany stood at the window looking out at the lake like she was trying to memorize the view, the way Zoe hovered near the altar table, eyes fixed on the wooden bowl as though it might speak.

Liora stepped closer, voice barely above a whisper. "You're good at this. They already trust you."

Grace turned her head, meeting Liora's dark eyes. For a moment the cabin, the girls, the entire world outside this small space seemed to narrow to the space between them.

"I remember how it felt," Grace said softly. "Being the one stepping off the boat. I want them to feel held the way I was held."

Liora’s gaze dropped to Grace’s mouth for the briefest instant, then lifted again. “They will be. And so will you.”

The words landed like a promise. Grace felt them settle in her chest, warm and steady. She did not answer with words. Instead she let her hand find Liora’s where it rested at her side, fingers brushing once, a silent acknowledgment that passed between them like current through water.

From the sleeping quarters came the soft sound of a bag being set down, then Brittany’s voice, tentative but clear: “I’m here to increase my spirituality.”

The others answered, voices overlapping in the quiet cabin air.

Grace closed her eyes for a single breath, feeling the mantra move through her like a living thing. When she opened them again, Liora was still watching her, and the five new girls were beginning to gather in the common room, faces turned toward her with the first fragile light of trust.

The dock, the boat, the morning breeze — all of it felt very far away now. Here, inside these walls, something ancient and new was already beginning to stir.

Grace stepped forward into the center of the circle they had formed, her voice steady and warm as she spoke the words that would open the first true day of their training.

“Again,” she said. “Together. And this time, feel it in your body as you say it.”

The girls repeated the mantra, and Grace listened, feeling the slow, steady tide of devotion rising around them like the lake itself — patient, inevitable, and already beginning to change everything it touched.

Chapter 2: First Night

Grace stood in the center of the cabin’s main room, hands clasped loosely in front of her, watching as the five girls moved through the space like shy deer testing new ground. The soft glow of the overhead lanterns cast gentle shadows across the polished wood floors and the circle of cushions. Outside, the lake had gone quiet, the only sound the faint rustle of pine branches against the roof.

Thea was the first to claim a bed, running her fingers along the edge of the quilt before sitting down with careful precision. Brittany chose the one across from her, setting her bag down with a soft thud and rolling her shoulders as if trying to shake off the last of the boat ride. Gina hovered near the window, peeking out at the darkening trees. Chloe stood by the altar table again, eyes fixed on the wooden bowl. Zoe lingered near the doorway to the sleeping quarters, bag still in hand, as though she hadn’t yet decided where she belonged.

Grace let the quiet settle for a moment longer before speaking.

“Take your time,” she said, voice warm and steady. “There’s no rush tonight. This is your first night in this place. Everything you feel is part of the offering you’ve come here to make.”

Liora moved through the room with quiet efficiency, lighting a few more lanterns and adjusting the cushions so they formed a loose circle. She caught Grace’s eye for a brief second, and the smallest smile passed between them — the kind that said *we’ve done this before, and it still feels holy every time*.

Brittany was the first to speak, her voice a little louder than necessary in the quiet cabin.

“Grace… what happens tomorrow? I mean… we all got the same letter, but it didn’t really say what we’re supposed to *do* here. Just that we’d learn to be more devoted before college.”

Grace crossed the room and sat on the edge of the cushion nearest Brittany’s bed, folding her hands in her lap. The posture was open, inviting. Liora took the cushion beside her, close enough that their shoulders almost touched.

“Tomorrow begins the work,” Grace said gently. “But tonight is for settling. For letting your body and your spirit remember that you are safe here. The letter you received was true — you are here to increase your spirituality. Everything we do flows from that single truth.”

Gina turned from the window, arms wrapped around herself. “But how? I mean… my family always said devotion was prayer and obedience and… keeping ourselves pure. This place feels different already. I don’t know what I’m supposed to feel.”

Grace nodded, understanding in her eyes. “That’s the first gift this place gives you — permission to feel whatever rises. You don’t have to name it yet. You don’t even have to understand it. You only have to stay present with it.”

Chloe spoke next, her voice so soft it barely carried across the room. “I’m scared I’ll do something wrong. That I’ll disappoint everyone.”

Liora answered this time, her tone steady and kind. “You won’t. There is no wrong way to begin. Only the way that is true for you in each moment. That’s what we’re here to help you discover.”

Thea shifted on her bed, fingers twisting in the quilt. “The letter mentioned… tools. In the kits. What are they for?”

Grace smiled, the expression soft and reassuring. “They are sacred instruments given to help you offer yourself more fully. You’ll learn their purpose when the time is right. For tonight, they stay closed. Tonight is only about presence.”

A quiet fell over the room again, but it was a different kind of quiet now — less nervous, more thoughtful. Grace let it stretch, watching the way the girls' shoulders had begun to soften, the way their breathing had deepened.

Zoe finally stepped fully into the room and set her bag on the last empty bed. She looked at Grace directly for the first time.

"When I said the mantra on the dock… it felt like something inside me loosened. Like I'd been holding my breath for years and didn't even know it. Is that… is that normal?"

Grace's expression warmed. "It's more than normal. It's the first sign that your spirit is beginning to respond. That loosening you felt? That's the beginning of devotion. It will come and go. Sometimes it will feel gentle. Sometimes it will feel overwhelming. Both are sacred."

Liora rose and moved to the small table near the altar where a simple wooden speaker sat. She pressed a button, and a soft chime sounded before a recorded voice — calm, female, reverent — filled the cabin.

"Welcome, sisters. You have crossed the water and arrived at the place where your spirituality will deepen. Tonight, rest in the knowledge that you are held. Breathe. Listen to your body. Let whatever rises within you be offered without judgment. Tomorrow the work begins in earnest, but tonight belongs to stillness and the first gentle stirrings of devotion. Repeat after me if you wish: *I am here to increase my spirituality. I offer what rises in me as a sacred gift.*"

The message ended with another soft chime. The cabin fell silent again, but the words seemed to linger in the air like incense.

Grace looked around the circle. "Would anyone like to repeat it with me?"

Thea nodded first. Then Brittany. One by one the others joined until all six voices — Grace, Liora, and the five girls — spoke the words together in the lantern-lit room.

"I am here to increase my spirituality. I offer what rises in me as a sacred gift."

The sound of it settled something in Grace's chest. She had heard these words spoken on countless first nights, but they never lost their power. She glanced at Liora and found the other woman already watching her, eyes soft with shared understanding.

After a moment, Grace rose and moved to the small cabinet near the bathing area. She returned with a folded blanket and handed it to Chloe, who had begun to shiver slightly despite the warmth of the cabin.

"You're cold," Grace said quietly. "Come sit with me for a moment."

Chloe hesitated, then followed Grace to one of the larger cushions. Grace sat first, then gently guided Chloe to sit beside her, close enough that their sides touched. Without asking, Grace lifted one arm and drew Chloe in until the girl's head rested against her chest, just above her heart. The position was natural, protective — the same way older sisters or mothers might hold someone who needed anchoring.

Chloe let out a long, shaky breath and melted into the embrace. Grace's free hand rose to stroke her hair in slow, soothing passes.

"You're safe," Grace murmured. "Whatever you're feeling right now is welcome. There's no need to explain it. Just let yourself be held."

Liora watched from across the circle, her expression unreadable but warm. After a moment she rose and moved to sit on Grace's other side, close enough that their knees touched. The three of them formed a small, quiet cluster while the other girls watched with a mixture of curiosity and something like longing.

Brittany spoke again, voice softer now. "Is this… part of it? The holding?"

Grace nodded against Chloe's hair. "Comfort is one of the first ways we learn to offer ourselves. When we allow ourselves to be held, we practice receiving. When we hold another, we practice giving. Both are acts of devotion."

Chloe's breathing had slowed. Her body had grown heavier against Grace's side, the tension draining out of her limbs. Grace continued the slow strokes through her hair, the motion steady and rhythmic.

Thea watched them with wide eyes. "It looks… peaceful."

"It is," Liora said. "And it's available to any of you who need it tonight. There is no shame in asking for comfort. In fact, asking is itself an act of devotion."

Gina shifted on her cushion, then spoke in a rush. "I think… I think I might need that too. Later. Not right now, but… maybe before we sleep?"

Grace smiled at her. "Whenever you're ready. The offer stands."

The recorded message played once more, softer this time, as if the speaker knew the room had already begun to settle into its own rhythm. The girls listened in silence, some with eyes closed, some watching the lantern light flicker across the ceiling.

When the chime sounded again, Grace spoke. "It's time to prepare for bed. You may wash if you wish. The bathing area is open. There are fresh linens and simple night clothes in the drawers beside each bed. Take your time. There is no rush."

The girls rose slowly, moving toward the bathing area in small groups. Brittany and Thea went together, whispering quietly. Gina followed a moment later. Zoe

lingered by the altar table one last time before disappearing through the archway. Chloe stayed pressed against Grace a moment longer before finally sitting up, cheeks flushed but eyes calmer than they had been all evening.

“Thank you,” she whispered.

Grace brushed a strand of hair from her face. “You’re welcome. Anytime you need it, you only have to ask.”

Chloe nodded and rose, joining the others in the bathing area. The sound of running water and soft voices drifted back into the main room.

Liora remained beside Grace, their shoulders still touching. For a long moment neither of them spoke. Then Liora leaned her head lightly against Grace’s shoulder, a gesture so small and private it felt like a secret shared between them.

“You’re even better at this than I remembered,” Liora said quietly.

Grace turned her head just enough to rest her cheek against Liora’s hair. “I had good teachers. And I had you, even then.”

Liora’s hand found Grace’s where it rested on the cushion between them. Their fingers laced together without thought, a quiet anchor in the lantern-lit room.

The sound of the girls returning broke the moment gently. They emerged in soft night clothes, hair damp, faces scrubbed clean and glowing in the low light. One by one they climbed into their beds, pulling quilts up to their chins. The cabin felt smaller now, warmer, filled with the quiet presence of five young women beginning to trust the space they had entered.

Grace and Liora moved through the room together, checking that each girl was settled, offering a final word or touch where it was wanted. When they reached the last bed — Zoe’s — the girl looked up at them with eyes that were already heavy with sleep.

“Will you… say the mantra one more time?” she asked. “Just the two of you?”

Grace and Liora exchanged a glance. Then, standing side by side at the foot of Zoe’s bed, they spoke together, voices low and steady.

“I am here to increase my spirituality. I offer what rises in me as a sacred gift.”

Zoe’s eyes closed on the last word. A moment later her breathing deepened into sleep.

Grace and Liora moved to the doorway of the sleeping quarters and stood there for a long moment, watching the five beds and the girls who had already begun to trust them. The lantern light had dimmed to a soft glow. The cabin was quiet except for the sound of steady breathing and the distant whisper of the lake against the shore.

Liora’s hand found Grace’s again in the darkness between the rooms. This time she didn’t let go.

“First night,” she said softly.

“First night,” Grace echoed.

They stood there together a little longer, two counselors who had once been the nervous girls on the dock, now holding the space for the next generation. The weight of it settled between them like a shared prayer — heavy, holy, and only just beginning.

Grace gave Liora’s hand one last gentle squeeze before releasing it.

“Sleep well, assistant counselor,” she said, the title carrying a warmth that went far beyond formality.

Liora smiled in the dim light. “You too, senior counselor.”

They parted without another word, each moving to their own small quarters at the back of the cabin. But the connection between them lingered in the air long after the lanterns were extinguished and the cabin settled into the deep, peaceful quiet of the first night.

Outside, the lake continued its ancient rhythm against the shore, as if it too were listening, waiting, holding its breath for everything that was still to come.

Chapter 3: The Physical Exam & First Mantras

Grace led the five girls along the pine-needled path toward the dining hall just after sunrise. The morning air was cool and clean, carrying the scent of fresh bread and something sweet from the kitchens. The girls walked in a loose cluster behind her, still in their night clothes beneath light robes, hair damp from quick morning washings. Their voices were low, a mix of nervous laughter and quiet questions that Grace answered with steady patience.

Liora walked at the back of the group, her assistant counselor vest crisp in the early light. Every so often Grace felt the other woman’s presence like a quiet anchor at her shoulder.

The dining hall doors stood open, golden light spilling out onto the wooden steps. Inside, long tables were already set with simple bowls of porridge, fresh fruit, and steaming mugs of herbal tea. Other counselors and a few early-arriving staff moved about, their voices low and reverent. Grace guided her group to a table near the front, where five places had already been prepared beside two larger ones for herself and Liora.

“Sit,” Grace said gently as the girls hesitated. “Eat. The body needs strength for what comes next.”

They took their seats. Thea reached for a piece of fruit with careful fingers. Brittany poured tea for Gina without being asked. The simple acts of sharing food seemed to steady them.

A soft chime sounded through the hall. The room quieted as the director stepped onto the small platform at the front. She was an older woman with silver hair pulled back in a simple knot, her voice carrying without effort.

“Sisters,” she began, hands resting on the podium. “You have crossed the water and entered this sacred ground. Today you take the first true step into devotion. The body you have been taught to guard is not something to be hidden from the divine. It is the very vessel through which you will offer yourself more fully. Every sensation you feel, every breath you take, every moment of surrender is a prayer. Trust the hands that guide you. Trust the words that will be spoken over you. Trust the work that begins today.”

She paused, letting the words settle.

“Eat well. Speak little. Listen deeply. The day has already begun.”

The director stepped down. Conversation resumed in hushed tones. Grace turned to her girls and spoke quietly.

“The welcome is always the same. It reminds us why we are here. Finish your meal. When you are ready, we will walk together to the medical center.”

The girls ate slowly, glancing at one another, at Grace, at Liora. Questions hovered in their eyes but none spoke them aloud yet. Grace let the silence do its work.

When the last of the porridge bowls were empty, Grace rose. “Bring your kits. They will be needed soon.”

Each girl collected the small cloth bag that had been left beside her place. Inside were the sacred tools, still wrapped and unopened. They followed Grace out of the dining hall and along a different path that led deeper into the trees. The medical center appeared ahead — a low, wide building of pale wood with wide windows that let in the morning light.

Liora moved ahead and held the door open. Grace led the girls inside.

The main room was warm and softly lit. Several examination tables stood ready, separated by light curtains. Three nurses in simple white robes waited near a central table where the kits had already been placed. The camp doctor, a calm woman with steady hands, stood at the far end.

“Welcome,” the doctor said. “Today we begin the work of opening your bodies to the sacred. There is nothing to fear. Everything that happens here serves your spirituality.”

Grace stepped forward. “I will stay with each of you. Liora will remain with those who are waiting. You are not alone.”

One by one the girls were called. Thea went first. Grace walked with her to the first table, helped her onto it, and stayed at her head, one hand holding Thea’s while the other stroked her hair in slow, steady passes.

The first nurse approached. “We begin with the breasts,” she said gently. “They are the first place we learn to receive.”

Thea’s robe was opened. The nurse’s hands were warm and sure as they began — touching, lifting, circling. Then came the more deliberate work: fingers rolling over nipples, gentle twists, soft flicks, careful pinches that built in pressure. Thea’s breath caught. Her free hand tightened in Grace’s.

“Breathe,” Grace murmured. “You are safe. This is devotion.”

The nurse continued, now using her mouth — tongue circling, lips closing, sucking with steady rhythm. Thea’s back arched slightly. A small sound escaped her throat. Grace kept stroking her hair, whispering the first new mantra the doctor had given them.

“Producing nectar glorifies the Divine,” Grace said softly. “Say it with me.”

Thea’s voice was shaky. “Producing nectar glorifies the Divine.”

“Again.”

“Producing nectar glorifies the Divine.”

The nurse moved to the other breast. Thea repeated the words between breaths, her voice growing steadier even as her body trembled.

When the nipple work finished, the second nurse took over for the pelvic exam. Fingers moved with care and precision, exploring, pressing, opening. Thea gasped at the first deep touch. Grace held her hand tighter.

“Producing nectar glorifies the Divine,” Grace said again. “Feel it. Offer it.”

Thea repeated it, voice breaking on the last word as the nurse’s fingers found a rhythm that made her hips lift involuntarily.

The third nurse brought the vibrating tool. It was placed with reverence, pressed where the body was most sensitive. The low hum filled the small space. Thea’s eyes flew open, then closed again as the sensation built. She clung to Grace’s hand.

“Producing nectar glorifies the Divine,” she whispered, almost a prayer.

The vibration continued until Thea’s body shuddered hard, a surprised cry leaving her as the first full wave took her. Grace stroked her hair through it, murmuring the mantra with her until the tremors eased.

The doctor stepped forward last. “The final offering is given with the mouth,” she said. She knelt between Thea’s thighs and began with slow, deliberate licks that quickly deepened. Thea’s free hand flew to her mouth, then dropped as another wave built faster than the first. Grace leaned close, forehead almost touching Thea’s.

“Producing nectar glorifies the Divine,” Grace said, voice steady. “You are doing beautifully.”

Thea came again with a broken sound, body arching, tears slipping from the corners of her eyes. Grace held her through it, rocking her gently as the doctor finished with soft kisses and reverent touches.

When it was over, Thea lay trembling but calm, eyes glassy with something new. Grace helped her sit up, wrapped her robe around her, and pressed a kiss to her forehead.

“You did well,” Grace said. “The first step is complete.”

Liora had been at the door with the remaining girls, leading them in quiet repetition of the mantra. When Thea emerged, flushed and shaky but smiling faintly, the others watched with wide eyes.

Brittany was next. Grace stayed with her through the same sequence — nipple work that made her bite her lip, manual exam that drew soft gasps, vibration that made her hips buck, and finally the doctor’s mouth that pulled a surprised, full-bodied release from her. Each time the mantra was spoken. Each time Grace held her hand and stroked her hair.

Gina followed, then Chloe. With Chloe, Grace offered more comfort midway through the suction phase when the girl began to shake. Grace opened her own robe just enough and guided Chloe’s head to her breast, letting the girl nurse quietly while the tool continued its work. Chloe latched on with desperate need, suckling as another orgasm rolled through her. Grace held her close, whispering the mantra against her hair.

Zoe was last. By then the room smelled of warm skin and something sweet. Liora had taken over leading the mantra with the waiting girls, her voice steady and clear. When Zoe’s final release came, she cried out softly and reached for Grace’s hand so tightly it left marks. Grace stayed with her until the shaking stopped, then helped her dress.

All five girls now sat together on a long bench near the door, wrapped in soft blankets, eyes dazed but faces peaceful in a way they had not been the night before. Grace moved among them, offering water, stroking hair, speaking quiet words of reassurance.

Liora stood at the door, arms crossed, watching with quiet pride.

The doctor approached Grace. “They did well. The mantras took root quickly.”

Grace nodded. “They are ready for more. But not today.”

She turned to her girls. “We return to the cabin now. Rest. Eat if you are hungry. Speak of what you felt only if you wish. Tonight we will talk more.”

The walk back was slower, quieter. The girls stayed close to Grace and Liora, occasionally brushing against them as if seeking the anchor of touch. No one spoke much. The mantra seemed to echo in the air between them.

Back at the cabin, Grace helped each girl settle onto her bed. Some curled up immediately. Others sat staring at nothing, processing. Grace moved through the room, tucking blankets, offering sips of water, and — for those who reached for her — quiet nursing comfort against her breast until their breathing slowed.

Liora watched from the doorway, then crossed the room and sat beside Grace on the edge of Chloe’s bed. Their shoulders touched. Neither spoke. The cabin was filled with the soft sounds of five young women beginning to understand what it meant to offer themselves.

Grace looked at Liora. Liora looked back. In that shared glance was everything they both remembered from their own first days — the overwhelm, the surrender, the quiet awe that followed.

The day was not over. But for now, in this moment, the work of the morning had been done with reverence, and the girls were held.

Grace rose, moved to the center of the room, and spoke the mantra once more, voice low and steady.

“Producing nectar glorifies the Divine.”

The girls answered her, voices soft but certain.

“Producing nectar glorifies the Divine.”

The words settled over the cabin like a blessing. Grace let the silence that followed do its work. Then she dimmed the lanterns and left the girls to rest, Liora at her side as they stepped out onto the porch together into the afternoon light.

Chapter 4: The Cleansing Ritual & First Orgasms

Grace woke the girls gently at first light, moving between the beds with quiet purpose.

“Rise, sisters. The morning cleansing begins now. Come to the bathing area when you are ready.”

The five girls followed her, still soft with sleep. Once inside the steaming bathing area, Grace untied her own robe and let it fall without hesitation, standing

completely naked before them. The girls followed her lead, shedding their robes until everyone was bare.

Grace chose Thea first and guided her to sit on the edge of the long wooden bench. She knelt between her thighs, took the handheld wand, and let the warm water flow steadily over her most sensitive skin.

“Each morning we cleanse the most sacred part of ourselves,” Grace said. “Cleanliness creates the most powerful form of worship. Repeat it with me.”

Thea’s voice was soft and shaky. “Cleanliness creates the most powerful form of worship.”

Grace began the ritual with slow, thorough strokes of the water and her fingers, parting and cleaning every fold with reverent care. Thea’s breathing deepened. Then, without warning, a far more powerful orgasm than anything she had experienced during the medical exams crashed through her. Her entire body seized violently, a raw, surprised cry tearing from her throat as wave after wave of intense pleasure rolled through her. Her hips bucked hard against Grace’s steady hand, far more forcefully than before.

The moment the tremors began to ease, Grace rose and cupped the back of Thea’s head, guiding it firmly to her breast.

“Take what you need,” she said gently.

Thea latched on desperately, nursing with deep, hungry pulls while her body continued to shake.

Liora brought Brittany forward next. The same sequence unfolded — warm water, careful hands, the mantra spoken in low voices. Brittany’s orgasm hit even harder than Thea’s, a powerful, full-body release that left her gasping and clinging to Grace as she was guided to nurse at her other breast.

Gina, Chloe, and Zoe each experienced the same overwhelming surprise. Their releases were visibly stronger and longer than the ones they had during the medical exams — deeper, more consuming, leaving them trembling and dazed. After each one, Grace actively guided their heads to her breasts, pressing their mouths to her nipples and holding them there while they nursed through the powerful aftershocks.

When all five girls had been through the ritual, they sat together on the bench, flushed and overwhelmed, some still nursing quietly at Grace’s breasts. The air in the bathing area felt thick with warmth and something sacred.

Later, back in the main room of the cabin, the girls rested on their beds, wrapped in soft blankets, still processing what had just happened to them. Grace and Liora moved among them, offering water and gentle touches.

Once the last girl had settled, Grace stood in the center of the room, still completely naked, and spoke to them all.

“These are the powerful devotionals that will begin your days here,” she said, her voice calm and steady. “They are stronger than what you felt yesterday because they are offered through the sacred act of cleansing. Let them anchor you each morning.”

The girls looked at her with wide, reverent eyes.

Liora stepped close to Grace with a playful smile. Without asking, she leaned in and took Grace’s nipple into her mouth, sucking slowly and thoroughly. She moved to the other breast, lavishing it with the same focused attention while the five girls watched in quiet fascination.

Grace rested one hand lightly on Liora’s head and spoke to the campers, her voice warm and devotional.

“Comfort flows in both directions,” she explained. “When we receive, we practice surrender. When we give comfort, we practice offering. Even your counselors need to receive sometimes. There is no shame in it. It is all part of the same sacred work — giving and receiving until the line between them disappears.”

Liora finished with a final, lingering pull before releasing Grace’s nipple with a soft smile. She straightened, gave Grace’s breast one last affectionate pat, and stepped back.

The girls remained silent, but something deeper had settled in the room — a quiet understanding that these morning rituals were not just cleansing, but powerful acts of devotion that would shape every day they spent here.

Grace looked at each of them in turn, calm and completely at ease in her nakedness.

“Rest now,” she said. “The body has been offered and received. Let it settle.”

She and Liora moved quietly through the cabin, dimming the lanterns and tucking blankets where needed, while the five girls watched them with new eyes.

Chapter 5: Second Exam – Four Orgasms of Devotion

Grace led the five girls back to the medical center in the late morning light. The path felt familiar now, but the air between them carried a new weight. Liora walked close beside her, their hands occasionally brushing as they moved.

Before they entered the building, Grace turned to face the girls.

“Today we continue what began yesterday,” she said calmly. “There will be four offerings. I will remain with each of you. Trust what your body receives.”

Liora gave her a small nod, then stepped ahead to hold the door open.

Inside, the same quiet efficiency greeted them. The girls were guided to the examination tables one by one. Grace stayed at each girl's head, one hand gently stroking her hair while the other held her hand.

The first offering came from the nurse's fingers — slow, deep, and deliberate. Thea's breath caught as the sensation built. When the powerful orgasm took her, Grace leaned close and whispered the new mantra.

"I offer my body fully in sacred devotion," Grace said softly. "Say it with me."

Thea repeated it between trembling breaths as the waves moved through her.

Brittany followed. The vibration tool came next, its steady rhythm pulling a longer, deeper release from her. Grace stayed with her the entire time, stroking her hair and repeating the mantra in a low, steady voice until Brittany's body finally stilled.

Gina received the suction tool. The intense, rhythmic pulling drew out an overwhelming orgasm that left her gasping. Grace held her hand tightly, murmuring the mantra as Gina rode through it.

Chloe's final offering came from the doctor's mouth. The doctor's skilled tongue and lips brought her to a powerful, full-body release that left her shaking. Grace remained at her side, stroking her hair and whispering the mantra until the tremors eased.

Zoe was last. By the time her fourth orgasm crested, she was already reaching for Grace's hand. Grace stayed with her, speaking the mantra steadily as Zoe surrendered to the powerful waves.

Throughout the exam, Liora remained at the door, arms crossed, watching over the waiting girls. When one of them grew restless or overwhelmed, Liora quietly encouraged them to turn toward one another — to hold hands, to rest heads on shoulders, to offer small comforts that kept them grounded in the devotional space.

When all five girls had completed the second exam, they sat together on the long bench near the door, flushed and deeply spent. Grace moved among them, offering water and quiet reassurance, while Liora joined her, their shoulders brushing as they worked.

The walk back to the cabin was slow and quiet. The girls stayed close, occasionally leaning into Grace or Liora for support.

Once inside the cabin, the girls stood uncertainly near their beds. Grace looked at them for a moment, then spoke.

"From tonight onward, we will sleep together," she said. "All of us."

Liora stepped forward and began pushing the beds together without hesitation. Grace joined her. One by one the five beds were moved and connected until they formed one large, shared sleeping space. Blankets and pillows were rearranged until the entire area became a single, soft nest.

Grace and Liora undressed down to their underclothes and climbed in first, settling in the center. The five girls followed, finding places around them until everyone was nestled together under the shared blankets.

Grace lay on her back with Liora curled against her side, one arm draped over her waist. The girls arranged themselves around them, some resting heads on Grace's or Liora's shoulders, others holding hands across the large bed.

The cabin grew quiet as the last of the afternoon light faded. No one spoke. The only sounds were steady breathing and the occasional soft rustle of blankets as bodies shifted closer.

Grace felt Liora's hand find hers beneath the covers and squeeze gently. She squeezed back, letting the simple contact anchor her. The five girls were already drifting, their bodies warm and trusting against the two counselors who had chosen to sleep with them from now on.

The day had been long and full of offering. Now, in this new shared bed, something deeper had begun to take root — a closeness that went beyond words.

Chapter 6: Cabin Training – Worship, Devotion, and Sacrifice

Grace gathered the five girls on the large shared bed that now filled most of the cabin. The afternoon light filtered softly through the windows as they settled onto the wide expanse of blankets and pillows. Liora sat beside Grace, close enough that their thighs touched.

Grace looked at each of the girls before speaking.

"Until now you have learned to receive," she said. "Today you begin to give. This is worship — offering pleasure to another as a sacred act. We will use fingers and tools. We will also learn sacrifice — bringing someone to the edge again and again without allowing release."

She paused, then continued.

"I will demonstrate first. Thea, come to me."

Thea moved forward on the bed and knelt between Grace's open thighs. Grace took her hand and guided it gently, showing her how to touch with slow, deliberate strokes. Then she handed her the small vibrating tool from the kit.

"Feel how my body responds," Grace said softly. "Watch my breath. Listen. This is how you worship."

Thea practiced with careful focus, her fingers and the tool moving together under Grace's quiet instruction. Liora watched closely, occasionally offering soft guidance.

"Slow down when she tenses," Liora said. "Bring her close, then ease back. That is sacrifice."

Thea obeyed, learning to edge Grace with growing confidence. Grace's breathing deepened and her hips lifted as she was brought to the edge and held there, again and again. When Grace finally nodded, Thea was allowed to bring her over. The release was deep and quiet.

Grace stroked Thea's hair afterward and spoke the mantra.

"I give pleasure as an offering to the Divine."

Thea repeated it, voice soft but certain.

Grace then paired the girls. Brittany worked with Gina, using fingers and the suction tool while Liora knelt beside them, guiding rhythm and pressure. Chloe and Zoe practiced together, learning to edge each other with trembling but focused hands. Grace moved between the pairs on the large bed, offering quiet corrections and praise, her presence steady and nurturing.

Liora often stayed close to Grace as they moved around the bed, their hands brushing, shoulders touching, and eyes meeting with quiet warmth. The small, deliberate contacts carried a growing intimacy that neither needed to name.

The practice continued for a long time — worship with fingers, worship with tools, edging until thighs trembled and breath came in short, desperate gasps. The room filled with the soft sounds of pleasure offered and withheld. Grace and Liora remained fully present, stroking hair, speaking the mantra, and offering reassurance whenever a girl became overwhelmed.

When the light outside had turned to late afternoon gold, Grace finally called them to stop. The girls were flushed, breathing hard, and glowing with new confidence.

Grace looked at each of them and nodded.

"You are ready," she said. "Tomorrow we move to the cleansing waters."

The girls settled onto the large shared bed without needing to be told. Grace and Liora undressed down to their underclothes and climbed in first, taking their usual place in the center. The five girls curled around them, some resting heads on Grace's or Liora's shoulders, others twining fingers together across the blankets.

Liora pressed against Grace's side, one arm draped over her waist. Grace turned her head just enough to rest her cheek against Liora's hair for a quiet moment

before closing her eyes. The warmth of the shared bed, the steady breathing of the girls, and the quiet strength of Liora's body against hers filled the space with something deeper than words.

The day's work had been long and full of offering. Now, in the growing darkness, the cabin held them all in one warm, breathing nest.

Chapter 7: Outdoor Element & Soothing

Grace stood waist-deep in the cool lake water, the sun glinting off the gentle ripples around her. The five girls were already paired and waiting in the shallows. She waded straight over to Thea and Brittany, placed her hands on Brittany's hips, and spoke clearly.

"Start with your fingers," she told Thea, **"but use your thumb on the clit. Every body is different, and every clit is sacred in its own way. Some are small and tucked away. Others are more prominent and stand out boldly. Brittany's, for example, rises quite visibly — easy to find and wonderfully responsive. Learn the unique shape and feel of each one you touch. This is worship."**

Thea looked down between Brittany's thighs. Even in the water, Brittany's clit was unmistakable — swollen and prominent, rising visibly from between her folds. Thea reached out and found it immediately with her thumb, circling it slowly, feeling how it responded, how it seemed to throb under her touch.

Grace stayed close, one hand resting on Thea's lower back.

"Feel how it stands out? Press a little firmer there. Yes. Now ease off when her hips lift. That's sacrifice."

Thea obeyed, her thumb working Brittany's prominent clit with steady, deliberate pressure. Brittany's breath caught sharply. Her hips began to rock forward, seeking more. Thea immediately lightened her touch, pulling her back from the edge. A soft, desperate sound escaped Brittany's throat. Thea smiled faintly and did it again — bringing her close, then denying her — until Brittany was trembling in the water, her hands gripping Thea's shoulders for balance.

Grace moved through the pairs with quiet authority, her voice low and sensual as she guided them. Liora followed close behind her, their wet bodies brushing with every step. The connection between them was growing more charged by the minute — a lingering hand on the hip, a shared heated glance, fingers trailing across skin beneath the water.

Grace waded over to Zoe and Gina next.

"Zoe, use your thumb on the clit again," she said, guiding Zoe's hand. "But this time add one finger inside. Slow. Gina's clit is smaller, more tucked away. You'll need to part her gently to reach it properly."

Zoe’s small hands steadied Gina’s hips as she worked. She used her thumb to circle Gina’s smaller, more hidden clit while slowly sliding one finger inside her. Gina’s breath hitched, her hands gripping Zoe’s forearms. Zoe moved with focused intensity, alternating between firm circles on the clit and gentle thrusts of her finger, learning exactly what made Gina’s hips rock and her breath catch.

Grace stayed right beside them, one hand on Zoe’s back.

“That’s it. Feel how she clenches when you press your thumb just right? That’s her body speaking. Listen to it.”

The practice continued for a long time. The water lapped around their bodies as the girls took turns giving and receiving, edging each other with growing skill and hunger. Only fingers and thumbs were used — each movement focused and deeply erotic. Grace and Liora moved constantly between the pairs, their touches growing more frequent and more intimate. Liora’s hand would rest possessively on Grace’s lower back. Grace would lean into her, their wet skin sliding together as they whispered instructions to the girls.

At one point Liora took over demonstrating with Brittany, her fingers moving with expert precision. She worked Brittany’s prominent clit in slow, deliberate circles while two fingers slid deep inside her. Brittany’s head fell forward onto Liora’s shoulder, her entire body shaking as Liora brought her to the edge again and again, denying her each time with perfect control. Grace watched from nearby, heat pooling low in her belly at the sight of Liora’s focused, sensual attention.

When their eyes met, Liora gave her a small, knowing smile that sent a fresh wave of warmth through Grace’s body.

After nearly two hours in the water, Grace finally called them all closer to the large flat rock.

“There is one more offering I want to introduce today,” she said. “It is called soothing. It is not about reaching release. It is about gentle, slow attention — a way to calm the body and deepen connection without any goal except presence and care.”

She guided Chloe to sit on the rock and knelt in the water before her. Grace began with slow, deliberate licks — long, unhurried strokes of her tongue that focused only on soothing. She took her time, exploring every fold with tender attention, never pushing toward climax. Chloe’s breathing deepened almost immediately. Her hands came up to rest in Grace’s wet hair, her body visibly melting under the gentle care.

Grace looked up at the others. “Now you try. Pair up. One receives, one soothes. No goal except presence.”

The girls paired again. Thea soothed Brittany with slow, careful licks while Liora knelt beside them, guiding her with soft words. Gina and Chloe took turns. Zoe practiced on Gina, her small hands steadying Gina's hips as she worked with focused, gentle attention.

Grace moved between them, offering corrections and encouragement. When she reached Liora, she rested a hand on her shoulder and leaned down, her lips brushing Liora's ear.

"You're very good at this," she murmured. "Your touch is so patient… so thorough."

Liora looked up at her, water droplets clinging to her lashes. "I learned by watching you." The words landed with quiet heat. Grace's hand lingered on Liora's shoulder, her thumb stroking slowly before she moved on.

The soothing practice lasted nearly an hour. The lake grew quieter as the girls settled into the gentle, erotic rhythm, their bodies relaxing deeper with each passing minute. Grace and Liora stayed close throughout, their touches becoming more intimate — Liora's fingers tracing the curve of Grace's waist beneath the water, Grace's hand resting possessively on Liora's lower back.

When the sun had climbed high, Grace finally called them to shore. The girls climbed out slowly, skin glistening, bodies soft and humming with unspent energy. They dressed in silence and began the walk back to the cabin.

Grace and Liora walked at the back, their fingers linked. The connection between them had grown noticeably stronger in the water — deeper, more certain, charged with everything they had shared that day.

Back at the cabin, the large shared bed welcomed them. Grace and Liora undressed and climbed in first, settling in the center. Liora curled against Grace's side immediately, one leg draped over hers, her face tucked into the curve of Grace's neck. Grace wrapped an arm around her, fingers tracing slow circles on Liora's bare back.

The five girls joined them without being told, arranging themselves around the two counselors. Thea rested her head on Grace's shoulder. Brittany curled against Liora's back. Gina and Chloe twined their fingers together. Zoe settled near Grace's other side, her small hand resting lightly on Grace's hip.

The cabin grew quiet as the afternoon light softened. No one spoke. The only sounds were steady breathing and the occasional rustle of blankets as bodies shifted closer.

Grace closed her eyes, feeling the warmth of Liora's body pressed fully against her and the gentle weight of the girls surrounding them. The day had been long and deeply erotic — water, touch, worship, edging, and the tender offering of

soothing. Now, in the shared bed, everything felt connected. Counselors and girls alike, held together in one warm, breathing whole.

Liora's hand found Grace's beneath the blankets and squeezed. Grace squeezed back, her thumb brushing slowly across Liora's knuckles in a silent promise of continued closeness.

Outside, the lake continued its quiet rhythm. Inside, the shared bed held them all in peaceful, intimate silence.

Chapter 8: Divine Showing

A few days later…

Life in the cabin had begun to settle into a rhythm. The girls were growing more confident, more playful, and increasingly comfortable with both giving and receiving. Just yesterday morning, Gina had accidentally moaned "Oh God" so loudly during edging practice that she turned bright red and the entire group dissolved into laughter for nearly ten minutes.

Grace gathered the five girls on the large shared bed after the midday meal. The cabin was quiet, the afternoon light soft and golden as it filtered through the windows. Liora sat beside her, close enough that their thighs touched.

Grace looked at each of the girls before speaking.

"Today we learn something new," she said, her voice low and steady. "It is called divine showing. It is an act of complete surrender and offering. You will present yourself — bent over, ass out, fully open — while two of your sisters hold you steady. Another will edge you slowly with her fingers. When I tell you, you will buck wildly against that still finger until you come. After each of you has done it on a finger, we will do it again with the tongue."

She let the words settle for a moment.

"This is not about control. It is about giving yourself completely. Are you ready?"

The girls nodded, some with nervous excitement, others with quiet determination.

Grace began with Thea.

She had Brittany and Gina stand on either side of Thea, each holding one of her hips firmly. Chloe stood behind her, hands resting lightly on her lower back for extra support. Zoe knelt in front of Thea, ready to receive.

Grace moved behind Thea and gently guided her into position — bent forward, back arched, ass pushed out. Thea's breath was already quickening.

Grace reached between her legs and began to edge her with slow, deliberate fingers. She stroked her clit with light, teasing touches, bringing her close to the edge again and again but never letting her tip over. Thea's thighs trembled. Soft, desperate sounds escaped her lips.

When Grace felt she was right on the brink, she spoke calmly.

"Now, Thea. Show divine. Buck against my finger. Hard. Wildly. Do not stop until you come."

Thea obeyed instantly. She began bucking her hips with frantic, desperate movements, grinding her swollen clit against Grace's perfectly still finger. The contrast between the wild, uncontrolled motion and the motionless finger sent her spiraling. Within seconds her body seized as a powerful orgasm ripped through her. She cried out, shaking violently as wave after wave crashed over her while Grace's finger remained steady and unmoving.

Grace held her through it, one hand on her lower back, murmuring soft praise.

When Thea finally stilled, Grace gently withdrew her hand and kissed the small of her back.

"Well done," she said. "That was beautiful."

One by one, the other girls took their turns.

Brittany was next. Her prominent clit made the edging even more intense, and when Grace told her to buck, she did so with such wild, unrestrained energy that Grace had to steady her hips with her free hand. The orgasm that followed was loud and shattering.

Gina went after her, then Chloe. Each time the ritual was the same — careful edging, the command to show divine, and then that explosive, desperate bucking against a perfectly still finger. The room filled with the sounds of ragged breathing, soft cries, and the wet sounds of arousal.

When all five had completed the finger version, Grace had them switch positions so the tongue could be used instead.

This time the edging was done with slow, teasing licks instead of fingers. When Grace gave the command, each girl bucked wildly against the still, flat tongue pressed against her clit. The sensation was different — softer, wetter, more overwhelming — and the orgasms that followed were even more intense. Several of the girls sobbed quietly through their release, overcome by the raw vulnerability and pleasure of it.

Throughout the entire lesson, Liora moved with Grace, sometimes holding a girl steady, sometimes whispering encouragement. Their eyes met often, and each time there was a quiet, heated understanding between them. At one point, while

Grace was edging Zoe, Liora stepped behind her and rested her hands on Grace's hips, pressing a soft kiss to the back of her neck. The small, intimate gesture sent a warm shiver through Grace's body.

When the last girl — Zoe — finally came with a broken, gasping cry against Grace's tongue, the room fell into a deep, reverent silence.

Grace helped each of them settle back onto the large shared bed. She moved among them slowly, stroking hair, offering water, and speaking quiet words of praise. Several of the girls were still trembling, their bodies humming with the aftershocks of what they had just experienced.

Liora joined her, and together they tucked the girls in, making sure everyone was comfortable. When the last girl had calmed, Grace and Liora climbed into the center of the bed as they always did. Liora immediately curled against Grace's side, one leg draped over hers, her face tucked into the curve of her neck.

Grace wrapped an arm around her and closed her eyes, feeling the warmth of Liora's body and the gentle weight of the five girls surrounding them.

The day had been long and deeply intimate. Divine showing had asked more of them than anything they had done before — complete vulnerability, raw surrender, and the courage to buck wildly while being held steady.

As the cabin grew quiet and the afternoon light began to fade, Grace allowed herself to simply rest in the moment, surrounded by the girls she was guiding and the woman who had become her closest companion in this sacred work.

Chapter 9: Whispers of Selection

The past several days had brought a noticeable shift in the rhythm of their days. The girls had grown noticeably bolder and more at ease with one another, their confidence deepening with every session. Just that morning, Chloe had been so focused during a soothing exercise that she accidentally started humming a soft, completely off-key little tune under her breath. The sound was so unexpectedly ridiculous that the entire group had dissolved into laughter, leaving Chloe bright red and mortified while the others teased her for trying to "sing the nectar into existence."

But beneath the growing comfort, something else had begun to stir.

During sessions, senior trainers had started lingering longer when Grace was leading. They watched her with a new kind of attention — more respectful, more curious. Twice in the past few days, she had been asked to demonstrate advanced techniques in front of other counselors, something that had never happened before. Each time she was quietly pulled away, the girls exchanged glances.

It was Thea who finally voiced what they had all been feeling.

That evening, after the girls had gathered on the large shared bed, she looked at Grace with quiet concern.

“Grace,” she said gently, “the trainers… they treat you differently now. They pull you aside all the time. And yesterday, when you were showing that new method, they were all watching you like you were something important.”

Brittany nodded. “It feels like they’re preparing you for something. Or testing you.”

Gina looked down at her lap. “Are they going to take you away from us?”

The question hung in the air. Even though none of them had said it out loud before, it was clear they had all been carrying the same fear.

Grace sat down among them, her expression calm but serious. She reached out and took Thea’s hand, then looked at each of the girls in turn.

“No one is taking me anywhere,” she said softly. “I’m still your counselor. That hasn’t changed.”

She reassured them with steady warmth, explaining that the trainers had simply been asking more of her lately — wanting to observe how she guided them and handled certain situations. It was part of her own growth, she told them. Nothing more.

The girls seemed comforted, though the worry didn’t entirely leave their eyes. They leaned into her, seeking the familiar comfort of her presence. Grace held them close, stroking hair and speaking softly until the tension in the room eased.

Later that night, long after the girls had fallen asleep, Grace lay awake in the center of the large bed. Liora was curled against her side, breathing deeply, one arm draped over her waist. The five girls were scattered peacefully around them.

Grace stared at the ceiling, her mind turning over everything that had happened. She could feel the shift — the way the senior staff looked at her now, the private conversations, the way she was being observed and tested. Something was coming. She didn’t know exactly what it was yet, but she could sense its weight pressing closer.

Liora stirred beside her and pressed a sleepy kiss to her shoulder.

“You’re thinking too loudly again,” she murmured.

Grace smiled faintly and turned her head, brushing her lips against Liora’s forehead.

“Go back to sleep,” she whispered.

But long after Liora had drifted off, Grace remained awake, listening to the steady breathing of the girls around her and wondering what the coming days

would bring.

Chapter 10: The Assessment

The past several days had brought a noticeable shift in intensity. Training sessions ran longer, the expectations grew sharper, and the girls could feel that something had changed in the air around them. Just that morning, during a particularly intense round of edging, Brittany had tried so hard to stay quiet that she ended up making a series of tiny, involuntary squeaks that sounded like a confused mouse — sending the whole group into fits of laughter before Grace could even finish the exercise.

But the real change came when Grace and the other counselors were summoned for

assessment.

The girls watched from the edge of the training room as Grace, Liora, and several other senior counselors underwent what the trainers called “Juice Production Assessment.” It was immediately clear that this was different from anything the new girls had seen before. The focus was no longer on learning to give or receive — it was on control, consistency, and the ability to produce under pressure.

Most of the counselors performed well, but Liora struggled.

No matter which trainer worked with her, she remained tense and unable to let go. Her body responded to stimulation, but she couldn’t cross the threshold into release. The trainers tried different techniques, different rhythms, even different tools, but nothing worked. Liora grew visibly frustrated, her face flushed with effort and embarrassment.

Then Grace stepped in.

The moment Grace took over, something shifted. She moved behind Liora, one hand resting gently on her lower back while the other began to work between her thighs with slow, deliberate precision. Grace leaned in close, her lips brushing Liora’s ear as she whispered something only Liora could hear.

Within minutes, Liora’s entire body changed. Her breathing deepened, her muscles relaxed, and then — with a sharp, broken cry — she came hard, squirting powerfully as Grace continued to stroke her through the intense release. The trainers watching went quiet. It was unmistakable. Liora had been completely unable to produce with anyone else, but the second Grace touched her, she let go completely.

The new girls stared in stunned silence.

When the assessment finally ended, the girls were quiet as they walked back to the cabin with Grace and Liora. It wasn’t until they were all settled on the large

shared bed that Thea finally spoke.

“Grace,” she said softly, her voice full of wonder, “what happened with Liora today? She couldn’t… you know… with anyone else. But the second you touched her, it was like everything changed. How did you do that?”

The other girls nodded, clearly fascinated and a little overwhelmed by what they had witnessed.

Grace sat down among them, her expression gentle but serious.

“I didn’t do anything special,” she said quietly. “Liora and I have a connection. Sometimes the body only feels safe enough to fully let go with certain people. That’s what happened today. It’s not something I control — it’s something that happens between us.”

She looked at each of them in turn, her voice steady and warm.

“I know what you saw might have seemed strange, but it’s nothing to be afraid of. Liora and I have grown very close. That’s all.”

The girls seemed reassured, though their eyes still held a mixture of curiosity and quiet awe. Grace reached out and gently pulled Thea into her arms, then motioned for the others to come closer. They gathered around her, resting against her body as she stroked their hair and murmured soft reassurances until the tension in the room eased.

Later, after the girls had drifted off to sleep, Grace lay in the center of the large bed with Liora curled tightly against her side. Liora’s face was tucked into the curve of Grace’s neck, one arm draped possessively over her waist.

Neither of them spoke. They didn’t need to. The discovery had been made, and the weight of it settled between them like something sacred.

Chapter 11: The Calling

The weeks had begun to stretch and settle into something that felt both familiar and quietly charged. Training had grown more demanding, the connections between everyone in the cabin had deepened, and the girls had started to move through their days with a new kind of quiet confidence. Just that morning, during a particularly intense round of worship practice, Zoe had been so focused on edging Chloe that she accidentally started narrating her own actions in a very serious, devotional voice — “I offer this pleasure as a sacred gift…” — only to realize halfway through that she sounded like she was giving a sermon, which sent the entire group into helpless laughter for several minutes.

But beneath the growing comfort and playfulness, a deeper tension had been building for Grace and Liora.

It came to a head one quiet afternoon when both of them were summoned to the director’s private chamber.

The room was warm and dimly lit, filled with the scent of burning herbs and polished wood. The director sat behind a low table, flanked by two senior trainers. Grace and Liora stood side by side, their hands lightly touching as they waited.

The director looked at them for a long moment before speaking.

“You have both shown exceptional promise,” she said, her voice calm and measured. “During the assessment, it became clear that your connection allows for a level of production and control that is rare. We believe you are ready to take the next step.”

She paused, letting the weight of her words settle.

“Grace. Liora. You are being formally selected to become Font Bearers. You will be trained to produce the Holy Water — the sacred juice used for baptisms and communion within our community. This is both an honor and a profound responsibility.”

Grace felt her breath catch. Pride, fear, and a deep, aching arousal flooded through her all at once. She glanced at Liora and saw the same storm of emotions reflected in her eyes — along with something softer, something that looked like quiet relief.

The director continued.

“Your training will be intensive and private. You will learn to produce on command, under different conditions, and in service to the community. This path is not for everyone. It requires complete surrender and trust — both in yourselves and in each other.”

She looked directly at Grace.

“Especially in each other.”

Grace’s hand found Liora’s and squeezed. Liora squeezed back, her grip firm and steady.

When they were finally dismissed, neither of them spoke right away. They walked back toward the cabin in silence, the weight of what had just happened settling between them like something holy and heavy.

It was Liora who finally broke the quiet.

“I wasn’t sure they would choose me,” she admitted softly. “Not after how badly I struggled during the assessment… until you touched me.”

Grace stopped walking and turned to face her. She reached up and gently cupped Liora's cheek, her thumb brushing slowly across her skin.

"I was never worried about you," Grace said. "I've always known you were meant for this. I just didn't know if I was ready to share you with something this big."

Liora leaned into her touch, her eyes dark and warm.

"You don't have to share me," she whispered. "Not in the ways that matter."

Grace pulled her into a slow, deep kiss right there on the path, her hands sliding down to rest on Liora's hips. Liora responded instantly, pressing closer, her body melting into Grace's with a quiet desperation that made Grace's pulse quicken. When they finally pulled apart, both of them were breathing harder.

"We should tell the girls," Grace said, her voice low. "They deserve to know."

Liora nodded, though she looked reluctant to let go.

When they returned to the cabin, the five girls were already gathered on the large shared bed, talking quietly among themselves. The moment Grace and Liora stepped inside, the conversation stopped. Five pairs of eyes turned toward them, filled with curiosity and a hint of anxiety.

Grace sat down among them, pulling Liora down beside her. She took a slow breath before speaking.

"The trainers have made a decision," she said gently. "Liora and I have been formally selected to become Font Bearers."

The reaction was immediate. Thea's eyes widened. Brittany sat up straighter. Gina looked like she might cry. Chloe and Zoe exchanged stunned glances.

"You're… leaving us?" Gina asked, her voice small.

"No," Grace said firmly. "I'm not leaving. Neither is Liora. But our training is going to change. We'll be learning how to produce the sacred juice — the Holy Water used for baptisms and communion. It's a big responsibility, and it will take time and focus. But we're not going anywhere."

The girls were quiet for a moment, processing. Then Thea spoke again, her voice soft but steady.

"We're proud of you," she said. "Both of you. But… we're scared too. What if this changes everything?"

Grace reached out and pulled Thea into her arms, then motioned for the others to come closer. They gathered around her and Liora, pressing close, seeking comfort in the familiar warmth of their bodies.

"Nothing changes how I feel about any of you," Grace murmured, stroking Thea's hair. "You are still my girls. That will never change."

Liora wrapped her arms around Brittany and Gina, holding them close while Grace

comforted the others. The six of them stayed like that for a long time, breathing together, letting the weight of the news settle.

Later that night, after the girls had finally drifted off to sleep, Grace and Liora slipped quietly out of the large shared bed and into the small private room at the back of the cabin — the one that had been set aside for them since their selection was confirmed.

The moment the door closed behind them, Liora turned and pressed Grace against it, kissing her with a hunger that had been building for weeks. Grace responded instantly, her hands sliding under Liora's robe, pulling her closer. They moved together with a desperate, familiar rhythm — mouths and hands and bodies remembering exactly how to fit.

Grace guided Liora to the bed and laid her down gently, then climbed over her. She took her time, kissing down Liora's neck, across her chest, pausing to take one of her nipples into her mouth and suck slowly, drawing a soft moan from Liora's lips. Liora's hands tangled in Grace's hair, holding her there as Grace lavished attention on first one breast, then the other, nursing with slow, deliberate pulls that made Liora arch beneath her.

When Grace finally moved lower, she used her fingers first — circling Liora's clit with her thumb while two fingers slid inside her, stroking with the exact pressure and rhythm she knew Liora needed. Liora's hips lifted, her breath coming in short gasps as Grace worked her with expert, loving precision.

"Grace…" Liora whispered, her voice breaking. "Only you… only with you…"

Grace leaned down and kissed her deeply as she added a third finger, stretching her gently while her thumb continued its steady circles. Liora's body trembled, her thighs shaking as Grace brought her closer and closer to the edge.

When Liora finally came, it was with a long, broken cry, her body clenching hard around Grace's fingers as she squirted powerfully, soaking the sheets beneath them. Grace didn't stop — she kept stroking her through the intense release, drawing out every last wave until Liora was shaking and gasping beneath her.

Only then did Grace slow her movements, easing her fingers out and replacing them with her mouth. She licked Liora slowly, soothingly, her tongue gentle and reverent as she cleaned her with long, unhurried strokes. This was soothing — not meant to arouse, but to calm and connect. Liora's breathing gradually steadied, her hands resting lightly in Grace's hair as she let herself be cared for.

After a while, Grace moved back up and pulled Liora into her arms. Liora immediately turned and took one of Grace's nipples into her mouth, nursing with

slow, deep pulls that made Grace sigh with pleasure. They stayed like that for a long time — Liora nursing at Grace's breast while Grace stroked her hair, both of them wrapped in the quiet intimacy of the moment.

Eventually, Liora lifted her head and looked at Grace, her eyes dark and soft.

"I want more," she whispered. "I want you inside me again."

Grace didn't need to be asked twice. She reached for the small kit they kept in the private room and selected a smooth, curved toy — one they had used together before. She coated it generously and positioned herself between Liora's thighs, teasing her entrance with the tip before slowly sliding it inside.

Liora moaned, her back arching as Grace began to thrust with slow, deep strokes. She used her free hand to circle Liora's clit with her thumb, building a steady rhythm that had Liora gasping and clutching at the sheets. Grace leaned down and kissed her, swallowing her moans as she increased the pace, fucking her with deep, deliberate thrusts while her thumb worked her clit with perfect pressure.

Liora came again with a sharp cry, her body convulsing around the toy as another powerful orgasm tore through her. Grace slowed her movements but didn't stop, drawing out the pleasure until Liora was trembling and oversensitive.

Only then did she carefully withdraw the toy and set it aside. She pulled Liora into her arms again, holding her close as their breathing gradually synced.

They stayed like that for a long time — naked, tangled together, the weight of their new path settling over them like a sacred mantle. Neither of them spoke. They didn't need to. The connection between them had never felt stronger, and in the quiet darkness of their private room, they allowed themselves to simply exist in it.

Eventually, they rose and returned to the large shared bed, slipping quietly under the blankets so as not to wake the girls. Liora curled against Grace's side immediately, one leg draped over hers, her face tucked into the curve of her neck. Grace wrapped an arm around her and closed her eyes, feeling the warmth of Liora's body and the gentle weight of the five girls sleeping peacefully around them.

The path ahead was unknown. But in this moment, surrounded by the people she loved most, Grace allowed herself to simply rest — present, grounded, and deeply connected to every soul in the room.

Chapter 12: The First Attempts

The days that followed their formal selection carried a new weight. Training for Grace and Liora had shifted from shared sessions with the girls to private, intensive work focused entirely on juice production. The five girls had been given

lighter schedules and more free time, though they still gathered every night in the large shared bed, seeking comfort in the familiar tangle of bodies. Just that morning, during a quiet moment of soothing between Grace and Liora, Thea had walked in on them by accident and stood frozen in the doorway, her cheeks flushed as she mumbled an apology before quickly backing out — an incident that had left both Grace and Liora laughing quietly for several minutes afterward.

But the laughter faded quickly once their real training began.

The advanced sessions took place in a private room near the director's quarters — a space designed for focus and surrender. It was quiet, warm, and lined with soft cushions and low lighting. Grace and Liora were expected to train together, often under the watchful eyes of two senior trainers, though sometimes they were left alone with only a recorder playing soft, guiding mantras.

On the first day, they began with simple stimulation. Liora worked Grace slowly with her fingers, using her thumb to circle Grace's clit with steady pressure while two fingers slid inside her. Grace tried to relax, tried to let go, but every time she felt the familiar pressure building — that deep, aching fullness that always came right before she would squirt — something in her mind tightened. The sensation felt too close to needing to pee, and the fear of losing control, of making a mess, of failing in front of Liora and the trainers, made her body lock up.

Each time she got close, she would tense and pull back, her breath catching in frustration.

"Relax," one of the trainers said calmly from the corner. "Breathe into it. Let the pressure build."

Grace tried. She really did. But the more she focused on the sensation, the more her mind rebelled. After nearly an hour of repeated attempts, she was left shaking and frustrated, her body aching with unspent arousal and her mind clouded with self-doubt.

Liora stayed with her the entire time, stroking her hair, kissing her forehead, and whispering soft encouragement between attempts.

"You're doing beautifully," Liora murmured, pressing a gentle kiss to Grace's temple. "There's no rush. We have time."

But Grace could feel the frustration building, both in herself and in the trainers watching them. By the end of the session, she was close to tears.

That night, after returning to the cabin and settling into the large shared bed with the girls, Grace lay awake long after everyone else had fallen asleep. Liora was curled against her side, one leg draped over hers, her breathing deep and even. Grace stared at the ceiling, her mind racing.

The mental block felt impossible to overcome. Every time the pressure built, her body would clamp down instead of releasing. It was humiliating. She had been so confident during the assessment, so sure of herself when it had been about Liora's pleasure. But now that the focus was on her own body, everything felt different.

The next day brought more of the same.

They tried different positions. Different rhythms. Different levels of penetration. Liora used her fingers, then her thumb, then a smooth curved toy that pressed perfectly against Grace's inner walls. Nothing worked. Every time Grace felt herself approaching that edge — that terrifying, overwhelming fullness — she would freeze, her muscles locking as panic flooded her system.

By the third day, the frustration had become almost unbearable.

During one particularly long session, Liora had Grace on her back, legs spread wide, three fingers buried deep inside her while her thumb worked Grace's clit with expert precision. Grace was close — so close — her hips rocking, her breath coming in short gasps. The pressure was building, that deep, aching need growing stronger with every stroke.

And then it hit her — that familiar, terrifying sensation. The one that always made her feel like she was about to lose control of her bladder.

Grace's entire body seized. She pushed Liora's hand away and rolled onto her side, curling into herself as tears of frustration burned in her eyes.

"I can't," she whispered, her voice breaking. "I can't do it. It feels too much like… like I'm going to pee. I'm scared I'll make a mess. I'm scared I'll fail."

Liora immediately moved to hold her, wrapping her arms around Grace from behind and pressing soft kisses to the back of her neck.

"You're not failing," Liora whispered. "This is hard. It's supposed to be hard. But we'll figure it out together."

Grace turned in her arms and buried her face in Liora's neck, breathing in her familiar scent. Liora held her tightly, one hand stroking slow circles on her back while the other gently cupped her breast, offering quiet comfort. After a few minutes, Grace lifted her head and took one of Liora's nipples into her mouth, nursing slowly and deeply as a way to calm herself. The act of suckling always grounded her, always made her feel safe and connected.

Liora sighed softly, her fingers threading through Grace's hair as she let her nurse. They stayed like that for a long time — Grace drawing comfort from Liora's body while Liora held her close, both of them breathing together in the quiet room.

When Grace finally pulled away, her eyes were clearer, though the frustration still lingered.

“I don’t know how to get past this,” she admitted quietly.

Liora kissed her forehead. “We’ll find a way. One step at a time.”

The trainers, seeing Grace’s distress, decided to give them some time alone. They left the room with instructions to continue practicing, but without the pressure of observation.

Once they were alone, Liora turned to Grace with a gentle but determined expression.

“Let me try something different,” she said.

She guided Grace onto her hands and knees, positioning herself behind her. Liora used her thumb first, pressing slow, firm circles against Grace’s clit while her other hand rested on her lower back. When Grace began to relax, Liora added two fingers, sliding them inside with slow, deliberate thrusts.

Grace moaned softly, her hips rocking back to meet Liora’s hand. The sensation was good — really good — but as the pressure built again, that same mental block returned.

Liora seemed to sense it. She leaned forward, pressing her chest against Grace’s back and whispering in her ear.

“I’ve got you,” she murmured. “You’re safe with me. Let go. I want all of you — even the messy parts. Especially the messy parts.”

Something about those words cracked something open inside Grace. She felt tears prick at her eyes as she pushed back harder against Liora’s hand, her body trembling with the effort of trying to surrender.

Liora kept her movements steady, her thumb circling Grace’s clit with perfect pressure while her fingers thrust deeper, curling to hit that perfect spot inside her. Grace’s breath came faster, her moans growing louder as the pressure built and built.

And then — just as she felt herself reaching that terrifying edge — Liora did something unexpected. She slid her free hand beneath Grace and took one of her nipples between her fingers, pinching and rolling it gently while continuing to fuck her with the other hand.

The dual sensation — the intense internal pressure combined with the sharp, pleasurable tug on her nipple — short-circuited something in Grace’s brain. The fear melted away, replaced by pure, overwhelming sensation.

Grace came with a broken, sobbing cry, her body convulsing as she squirted hard, soaking Liora's hand and the cushion beneath them. The release was so intense it left her shaking violently, her arms giving out as she collapsed forward onto the bed.

Liora didn't stop. She kept stroking Grace gently through the aftershocks, murmuring soft praise as Grace trembled and gasped beneath her.

When Grace finally stilled, Liora carefully withdrew her fingers and turned her over, pulling her into her arms. Grace was crying — quiet, overwhelmed tears of relief and exhaustion — and Liora held her close, rocking her gently while pressing soft kisses to her forehead, her cheeks, her lips.

"You did it," Liora whispered. "You let go. I'm so proud of you."

Grace clung to her, burying her face in Liora's neck as the tears continued to fall. She felt raw and exposed and more vulnerable than she had in years, but she also felt safe. Safe in a way she hadn't known she needed.

Liora held her for a long time, one hand stroking her hair while the other gently cupped her breast, offering quiet nursing comfort as Grace slowly calmed. Eventually, Grace lifted her head and took one of Liora's nipples into her mouth, suckling slowly and deeply as a way to ground herself further. Liora sighed and held her closer, letting Grace take what she needed.

They stayed like that for nearly an hour — Grace nursing at Liora's breast while Liora stroked her hair and whispered soft words of love and encouragement. It was one of the most intimate moments they had ever shared, and it left both of them feeling deeply connected.

When they finally returned to the cabin that evening, the girls immediately sensed that something had shifted. They gathered around Grace and Liora on the large shared bed, offering quiet comfort without needing to be asked. Grace let herself be held by all of them — Thea resting her head on her shoulder, Brittany curled against her side, Gina, Chloe, and Zoe pressed close — while Liora watched with soft, loving eyes.

That night, after the girls had fallen asleep, Grace and Liora made love again in their private room — slower this time, more tender. Liora used her fingers and thumb to bring Grace to another powerful release, then spent a long time soothing her with gentle licks and soft nursing until Grace was completely relaxed and sated.

As they lay tangled together in the darkness, Liora pressed a soft kiss to Grace's forehead and whispered, "We're going to get through this. Together."

Grace believed her.

Chapter 13: Early Frustration

The shift in their training was immediate and unrelenting.

What had once been careful, exploratory sessions now carried a sharper edge. Grace and Liora were expected to train every day — sometimes twice a day — under the increasingly demanding eyes of the senior trainers. The goal was no longer simply to produce. It was to produce *on command*, under pressure, and with consistency that bordered on the

impossible.

Grace was struggling.

Three days had passed since her first real breakthrough, and every attempt since then had ended in failure. The mental block had returned with a vengeance. Every time the pressure built inside her — that deep, overwhelming fullness that always preceded her release — her body would seize up. The fear of losing control, of making a mess, of failing in front of Liora and the trainers, locked her down completely.

By the end of the third failed session, Grace was shaking with frustration. She sat on the edge of the low platform in the training room, naked and flushed, her hands clenched into fists as she tried to keep her breathing steady. Liora knelt in front of her, gently wiping sweat from her forehead with a soft cloth.

“I can’t fucking do this,” Grace muttered, her voice raw. “Every time I get close, my body just… shuts down. It’s like I’m fighting myself.”

Liora didn’t try to offer empty reassurance. Instead, she leaned in and kissed Grace slowly, deeply, her tongue sliding against hers with deliberate intent. When she pulled back, her eyes were dark with both desire and determination.

“You’re not fighting yourself,” Liora said quietly. “You’re fighting years of conditioning. We’ll break through it. But maybe we need to try something different.”

One of the senior trainers stepped forward — a tall woman with sharp eyes and a calm voice named Elara.

“You’ve been pushing too hard,” Elara said. “The block is psychological, not physical. We have two options for correction. Both are designed to overwhelm the resistance and force surrender.”

She looked directly at Grace.

“Option one: Extended devotion. Multiple high-speed orgasms using the suction tool, back to back, until your body is too exhausted to resist. Option two: Extended divine showings. You will present and buck against a still finger or tongue repeatedly until the mental block breaks.”

Grace felt her stomach tighten. Both options sounded intense. Both sounded like they would push her far past her limits.

She looked at Liora, searching her face. Liora met her gaze steadily, then gave the smallest nod — *I'm with you. Whatever you choose.*

Grace took a slow breath.

"I'll take extended devotion," she said.

Elara nodded once. "Very well. We begin tomorrow morning. Rest tonight. You'll need it."

That night, back in the cabin, Grace was quiet. The five girls sensed her tension immediately and gathered around her on the large shared bed, offering silent comfort. Thea rested her head on Grace's shoulder. Brittany curled against her side. Gina, Chloe, and Zoe pressed close, their bodies warm and grounding.

Liora watched from across the bed, her expression unreadable but her eyes never leaving Grace.

Later, after the girls had fallen asleep, Grace and Liora slipped into their private room. The moment the door closed, Liora pushed Grace against it and kissed her hard — no gentleness, no hesitation. Her hands were rough as she stripped Grace's robe away, her mouth moving hungrily down her neck to her breasts.

Grace gasped as Liora took one of her nipples into her mouth and sucked hard, teeth grazing the sensitive bud before she soothed it with her tongue. She moved to the other breast, lavishing it with the same intense attention until Grace was moaning and arching against her.

Liora dropped to her knees without warning and spread Grace's thighs. She didn't tease. She buried her face between Grace's legs and licked her with long, firm strokes, her tongue focusing relentlessly on her swollen clit. Grace's hands flew to Liora's hair, gripping tight as pleasure crashed through her.

Liora didn't stop. She slid two fingers inside Grace and curled them expertly, hitting that perfect spot while her tongue continued its ruthless assault on her clit. Grace came hard within minutes, her body convulsing as she squirted against Liora's mouth. But Liora didn't pull away. She kept licking, kept thrusting, drawing out every last tremor until Grace was shaking and oversensitive.

Only then did Liora rise and kiss her again, letting Grace taste herself on her tongue.

"You're going to get through this," Liora whispered against her lips. "And when you do, you're going to be unstoppable."

Grace pulled her toward the bed, desperate now. She needed to give as much as she had received. She laid Liora down and climbed over her, taking one of her nipples into her mouth and sucking deeply while her hand slid between Liora's thighs. Liora was already soaked. Grace used her thumb to circle her clit with firm, steady pressure while two fingers thrust inside her, fucking her with deep, deliberate strokes.

Liora moaned, her hips lifting to meet every thrust. Grace added a third finger, stretching her, and Liora cried out, her hands clutching at Grace's shoulders.

"Harder," Liora gasped. "Please—"

Grace gave her what she wanted. She fucked her hard and deep, her thumb never leaving her clit, until Liora came with a sharp, broken cry, her body clenching and squirting hard around Grace's fingers. Grace didn't stop until Liora was trembling and begging for mercy.

They collapsed together afterward, breathing hard, bodies slick with sweat. Grace pulled Liora into her arms and held her tightly, one hand gently cupping her breast as Liora nursed at hers in return. The act of nursing always calmed them both, always reminded them of the deep trust between them.

The next morning, the correction began.

Grace was positioned on her back on a padded table, legs spread wide and secured in stirrups. Liora stood beside her, one hand holding Grace's while the other stroked her hair. Two trainers were present — Elara and another woman named Soren — along with a small array of tools.

The suction tool was brought out first.

It was placed directly over Grace's clit and activated on a low setting. The rhythmic pulling was intense immediately. Grace's hips jerked, a moan tearing from her throat. Liora squeezed her hand and leaned down to kiss her.

"Stay with me," Liora whispered. "I've got you."

The suction intensified. Grace's clit was being relentlessly stimulated, pulled and released in rapid pulses that sent shockwaves through her entire body. Within minutes she was coming hard, her back arching off the table as she squirted violently. But the tool didn't stop. It kept going, pulling another orgasm from her almost immediately, then another.

Grace lost count after the fourth.

By the sixth orgasm, she was sobbing — not from pain, but from overwhelming sensation and emotional release. Her body was shaking uncontrollably, her mind blank except for the relentless pleasure being forced from her. Liora never let go of her hand. She stayed right there, murmuring encouragement, kissing her

forehead, her cheeks, her lips between each climax.

When the trainers finally turned the tool off after the eighth orgasm, Grace was limp, drenched in sweat and her own release, her chest heaving. Liora climbed onto the table beside her and pulled her into her arms, holding her tightly as Grace cried quietly against her chest. “You did so well,” Liora whispered, rocking her gently. “I’m so proud of you.”

Grace could barely speak. Her body felt wrung out and hypersensitive, but something inside her had shifted. The mental block felt… smaller. Not gone, but cracked.

That night, back in the cabin, Grace was quiet but calmer than she had been in days. The girls surrounded her on the large shared bed, offering their bodies and their warmth without needing to be asked. Liora stayed especially close, one hand resting possessively on Grace’s thigh beneath the blankets.

As the cabin grew dark and quiet, Grace turned to Liora and kissed her softly.

“Thank you,” she whispered. “For not letting go.”

Liora kissed her back, slow and deep.

“Never,” she promised.

They fell asleep tangled together, surrounded by the five girls who had become their family. For the first time in days, Grace slept without dreams of failure.

Chapter 14: Growing Frustration

The days following Grace’s first correction were a quiet kind of torment.

She had made progress — she could now clearly name the terrifying pressure that always stopped her, the deep, overwhelming fullness that felt exactly like she needed to pee. But naming it hadn’t broken the block. Every night since then, she and Liora had tried. Again and again, Grace would get close — hips rocking, breath ragged, that terrible pressure building — only to seize up at the last moment, her body locking down in panic.

By the fifth night, Grace was unraveling.

She sat on the edge of the bed in their private room, naked and trembling, her hands clenched in her lap. Liora knelt in front of her, gently stroking her thighs, her expression calm but her eyes filled with quiet concern.

“I don’t know what else to do,” Grace whispered, her voice tight with frustration. “I’m trying. I’m really trying. But every time I get close, something in me just… panics.”

Liora was quiet for a moment, then stood and crossed the room. She began opening cabinets and drawers, pulling out whatever she could find — a thick,

rolled-up towel, a smooth wooden handle from a broken tool, a firm cushion, even the curved edge of a low stool. She laid them out on the bed one by one, her movements deliberate.

Grace watched her, confused.

“What are you doing?”

Liora turned to her, her expression soft but determined.

“You’ve been trying to force it in the same way every time. Maybe we need to change the environment. Maybe you need to feel like you can move. Really move.”

She picked up the rolled towel and placed it on the edge of the bed, then looked at Grace.

“Present.”

Grace hesitated, then slowly bent over the towel, arching her back and pushing her ass out. Liora stepped behind her and began to edge her slowly with her fingers, bringing her right to the brink with expert precision. When Grace was shaking and desperate, Liora spoke.

“Now. Show divine. Buck against it. Hard.”

Grace obeyed.

She began to buck her hips wildly, grinding her swollen clit against the firm surface of the rolled towel with frantic, unrestrained movements. The freedom to move — to thrust and grind without anything holding her back — sent a shockwave through her. Within seconds she was coming hard, her body convulsing as she squirted violently against the towel.

But Liora didn’t let her rest.

She pulled Grace upright and guided her to the low stool, positioning her so the curved edge pressed perfectly against her clit. Grace presented again, and when Liora gave the command, she bucked wildly once more — hips snapping forward with desperate, animalistic energy as she ground against the unyielding surface. Another powerful orgasm tore through her, leaving her gasping and shaking.

Liora kept going.

She pulled a firm cushion from the cabinet and had Grace straddle it, then a smooth wooden handle from the drawer, then the edge of the low table. Each time, Grace presented, and each time Liora commanded her to show divine, Grace bucked wildly — her movements raw and unrestrained, her moans growing louder and more desperate with every release. The variety of surfaces, the freedom to move however she needed, the sheer physicality of it all began to chip

away at something deep inside her.

By the sixth object — a thick, rolled blanket Liora had placed on the floor — Grace was crying. Not from pain, but from the overwhelming emotion of finally feeling something shift. Her body was exhausted, her clit swollen and oversensitive, but she kept going, kept presenting, kept bucking wildly against whatever Liora placed in front of her.

When she finally collapsed after the eighth orgasm, Liora caught her and pulled her into her arms. Grace sobbed quietly against Liora's chest, her body trembling with exhaustion and release. Liora held her tightly, one hand stroking her hair while the other gently cupped her breast, offering quiet nursing comfort as Grace slowly calmed.

They stayed like that for a long time — Grace nursing at Liora's breast while Liora rocked her gently, both of them breathing together in the quiet room.

Eventually, Grace lifted her head. Her eyes were red-rimmed but clearer than they had been in days.

"I… I felt something different this time," she whispered. "Like I could actually let go a little."

Liora smiled and kissed her forehead.

"That's because you stopped fighting the movement. You stopped trying to stay still and perfect. You just… let yourself go wild."

Grace let out a shaky laugh and buried her face in Liora's neck again. Liora held her close, one hand sliding down to gently stroke between her thighs — not to arouse, but to soothe. Her fingers moved in slow, gentle circles, calming Grace's oversensitive skin with tender care.

They eventually made their way back to the large shared bed, where the five girls were already waiting. The moment Grace and Liora climbed in, the girls surrounded them, pressing close with warm bodies and quiet affection. Grace let herself be held by all of them — Thea resting against her chest, Brittany curled at her side, Gina, Chloe, and Zoe tangled together nearby — while Liora stayed pressed against her front, one leg draped over hers.

As the cabin grew dark and quiet, Grace closed her eyes and allowed herself to simply exist in the warmth surrounding her. The frustration was still there, simmering beneath the surface. But for the first time in days, it felt manageable.

She wasn't fixed.

But she was no longer alone in the struggle.

And that, for now, was enough.

Chapter 15: New Approach

The frustration had become a living thing.

It followed Grace through every waking hour — a heavy, suffocating weight that pressed against her chest and made it hard to breathe. Despite the intense correction of divine showings just days earlier, despite the raw, overwhelming orgasms she had experienced while bucking wildly against every surface Liora could find, the mental block remained. Every time the pressure built inside her — that deep, terrifying fullness — her body still seized up at the last moment.

She was exhausted. Emotionally raw. And beginning to lose hope.

The trainers noticed.

On the sixth day of continued failure, Elara and Soren called Grace and Liora into the private training room early in the morning. The air was thick with tension as the two women stood before them.

“You’ve made progress,” Elara said calmly, “but not enough. The block is still winning. We’re going to try something new.”

She gestured to a low, padded bench in the center of the room.

“Alternating penetration. Two people. One uses a dildo. The other uses fingers and thumb. They switch every thirty seconds — no breaks, no pauses. Constant stimulation. The goal is to keep you right on the edge without giving your mind time to panic.”

Grace felt her stomach tighten. The idea was intense. Relentless. But at this point, she was willing to try anything.

Liora stepped forward without hesitation.

“I’ll work with her,” she said firmly. “No one else.”

Elara studied her for a moment, then nodded.

“Very well. Begin.”

Grace was positioned on the bench on her hands and knees, her body already trembling with nerves. Liora moved behind her, one hand resting gently on her lower back while the other reached between her thighs. She began slowly — two fingers sliding inside Grace while her thumb circled her swollen clit with expert precision.

Grace moaned softly, her hips rocking back instinctively. The sensation was good — really good — but she could already feel the familiar pressure building, that terrifying fullness that always made her panic.

Then Liora switched.

She withdrew her fingers and replaced them with a smooth, curved dildo, sliding it deep inside Grace in one slow, deliberate thrust. At the same time, she used her free hand to continue circling Grace's clit with her thumb. The change in sensation was immediate and overwhelming. Grace gasped, her back arching as the dildo pressed against that perfect spot inside her while Liora's thumb worked her clit with relentless focus.

Thirty seconds later, Liora switched again — fingers and thumb replacing the dildo, then the dildo replacing the fingers. Back and forth, over and over, never giving Grace a moment to catch her breath or let her mind interfere.

The constant, alternating stimulation was unlike anything Grace had ever experienced. Her body had no time to tense up, no time to panic. The pressure built and built, relentless and overwhelming, until Grace was shaking violently, her moans turning into broken sobs.

Liora never stopped. She kept switching — dildo, fingers, dildo, thumb — her movements precise and merciless. Grace's hips bucked wildly, her body completely out of her control as she chased the release that had been denied to her for so long.

When it finally came, it was explosive.

Grace came with a raw, guttural cry, her body convulsing as she squirted hard, soaking the bench beneath her. But Liora didn't stop. She kept going, kept switching, kept pushing Grace through one orgasm and straight into another. Grace lost count after the third. Her mind went blank, her body reduced to pure sensation as wave after wave crashed through her.

By the time Liora finally slowed and withdrew, Grace was trembling so violently she could barely hold herself up. Liora caught her as she collapsed and pulled her into her arms, cradling her against her chest.

Grace was crying again — deep, shaking sobs of relief and exhaustion — but this time the tears felt different. Cleaner. Like something poisonous had finally been flushed out of her system.

Liora held her tightly, one hand stroking her hair while the other gently cupped her breast, offering quiet nursing comfort as Grace slowly came back to herself. Grace instinctively turned her head and took Liora's nipple into her mouth, suckling slowly and deeply as a way to ground herself. Liora sighed and held her closer, letting Grace take what she needed.

They stayed like that for a long time — Grace nursing at Liora's breast while Liora rocked her gently, both of them breathing together in the quiet room.

When Grace finally lifted her head, her eyes were clearer than they had been in weeks.

“I… I think it worked,” she whispered, her voice hoarse. “I didn’t panic. I just… let it happen.”

Liora smiled and kissed her forehead.

“You did more than let it happen. You surrendered.”

Grace let out a shaky laugh and buried her face in Liora’s neck again. Liora held her close, one hand sliding down to gently stroke between Grace’s thighs — not to arouse, but to soothe her oversensitive skin with tender, loving care.

That night, back in the cabin, Grace was quieter than usual, but there was a new lightness in her eyes. The five girls noticed immediately and gathered around her on the large shared bed, offering their warmth and affection without needing to be asked. Grace let herself be held by all of them — Thea resting against her chest, Brittany curled at her side, Gina, Chloe, and Zoe tangled together nearby — while Liora stayed pressed against her front, one leg draped over hers.

As the cabin grew dark and quiet, Grace closed her eyes and allowed herself to simply exist in the warmth surrounding her. The mental block wasn’t gone completely — she could still feel it lurking in the background — but for the first time, it felt smaller. Manageable.

And she knew, with absolute certainty, that as long as Liora was by her side, she could face whatever came next.

Chapter 16: The Breakthrough

The room was quiet except for the sound of their breathing.

Grace was still trembling from the intensity of the alternating penetration session. They had returned to the cabin hours ago, but after the girls had fallen asleep in the large shared bed, Grace and Liora had quietly slipped into their private room at the back of the cabin. Now they lay tangled together on the soft bed, Liora gently stroking Grace’s hair while Grace rested her head on her chest.

After a few minutes, Liora shifted closer and whispered against Grace’s ear:

“I want you to touch me now.”

Grace turned her head to look at her, surprised. Liora’s eyes were dark with need, her cheeks flushed.

“I need to feel you,” Liora continued softly. “I need to come with *you*.”

Grace didn’t hesitate.

She rolled onto her side and pulled Liora into a slow, deep kiss, her hand sliding down between Liora’s thighs. Liora was already soaked — her clit swollen and sensitive from watching Grace go through such an intense session. Grace used her thumb first, circling Liora’s clit with firm, steady pressure while two fingers

slid inside her with ease.

Liora moaned into Grace’s mouth, her hips lifting immediately. Grace knew exactly how Liora liked it — the precise rhythm, the perfect angle, the way she responded to having her clit worked while being filled. She curled her fingers and began thrusting slowly, her thumb never breaking its steady circles.

Within minutes, Liora was shaking.

“Grace—” she gasped, her voice breaking. “I’m already—”

She came hard, her body convulsing as she squirted powerfully, soaking Grace’s hand and the sheets beneath them. It happened so quickly, so easily, that Grace felt a rush of pride and love flood through her. Liora didn’t need extended edging or special techniques when it was Grace touching her. She simply let go — completely and beautifully — the moment Grace’s fingers were inside her.

Grace didn’t stop. She kept stroking Liora gently through the aftershocks, then shifted down and took one of her nipples into her mouth, nursing slowly and deeply while her fingers continued their tender movements. Liora sighed and held Grace’s head to her breast, letting herself be soothed and cared for.

They stayed like that for a long time — Grace nursing at Liora’s breast while Liora stroked her hair, both of them wrapped in the quiet intimacy of the moment.

Eventually, Liora gently pulled Grace back up and kissed her deeply.

“Your turn,” she whispered against Grace’s lips. “I want to help you break through.”

Grace nodded, her heart pounding.

They repositioned themselves. This time, Liora took the lead with the alternating penetration technique. She started with the smooth curved dildo, sliding it deep inside Grace while her thumb worked her clit with expert precision. After thirty seconds, she switched — fingers and thumb replacing the dildo — then switched back again. Back and forth, relentless and precise, never giving Grace’s mind time to interfere.

Grace felt the pressure building almost immediately — that deep, terrifying fullness she had fought for so long. But this time, something was different. The constant stimulation, the way Liora never gave her a moment to panic, the memory of how easily Liora had just come for her — it all combined into something powerful.

She felt the fear rise… and then, for the first time, she felt it *pass through* her instead of stopping her.

The pressure crested.

And then Grace let go.

She came with a broken, sobbing cry, her body convulsing as she finally — *finally* — produced the sacred juice. It wasn't a powerful gush like Liora's, but a slow, steady flow that dripped down her thighs and soaked the sheets beneath her. The release was small, but it was real. And it was hers.

Liora didn't stop. She kept switching — dildo, fingers, dildo, thumb — drawing out every last wave until Grace was shaking and gasping. Only when Grace finally collapsed, completely spent, did Liora slow her movements and gently withdraw.

Grace was crying again — quiet, overwhelmed tears of relief and triumph. Liora pulled her into her arms immediately, holding her close as she sobbed against her chest.

"You did it," Liora whispered, her voice thick with emotion. "You finally let go. I'm so proud of you."

Grace clung to her, her body still trembling. Liora held her tightly, one hand stroking her hair while the other gently cupped her breast, offering quiet nursing comfort. Grace instinctively turned her head and took Liora's nipple into her mouth, suckling slowly and deeply as she calmed.

They stayed like that for a long time — Grace nursing at Liora's breast while Liora rocked her gently, both of them breathing together in the quiet room.

When Grace finally lifted her head, her eyes were clearer and brighter than they had been in weeks.

"I did it," she whispered, almost in disbelief.

Liora smiled and kissed her softly.

"You did. And you're going to do it again. And again. Until it becomes as natural as breathing."

Grace let out a shaky laugh and buried her face in Liora's neck again. Liora held her close, one hand sliding down to gently stroke between Grace's thighs — soothing her oversensitive skin with tender, loving care.

That night, they eventually slipped back into the large shared bed with the girls, careful not to wake them. Liora curled against Grace's side immediately, one leg draped over hers, her face tucked into the curve of her neck. Grace wrapped an arm around her and closed her eyes, feeling the warmth of Liora's body and the gentle weight of the five girls sleeping peacefully around them.

The breakthrough was small — just a dribble — but it was real.

And for the first time since beginning this journey, Grace truly believed she could do it again.

Chapter 17: Refinement

The cabin was quiet in the late afternoon light. The five girls were resting on the large shared bed when a soft knock came at the door. Elara and the director stepped inside, their expressions calm but serious.

“Girls,” Elara began gently, “we need to speak with you.”

The director continued, her voice steady and respectful.

“Grace has been struggling during her refinement training. She’s made progress, but there is still a deep mental block she cannot seem to break on her own. We believe that involving all of you — her own charges — may be the key to helping her finally surrender.”

She paused, letting the weight of her words settle.

“We would like to ask if you would be willing to participate in her correction. It would require you to touch her in specific ways while she is in a very vulnerable state. This is not a light request. We will explain everything once we are in the training room, but we wanted to ask you here, privately, before we bring you in.”

The girls looked at one another. After a moment of quiet consideration, Thea spoke first.

“We want to help her,” she said softly. The others nodded in agreement.

Elara gave a small, approving nod.

“Thank you. Come with us.”

The air in the private training room felt heavier the moment the girls stepped inside.

Grace was already on the padded table, her legs secured in the stirrups, completely exposed. Liora stood at her head, one hand gently stroking her hair. Grace’s breathing was shallow, her body tense from the failed attempts they had been making for the past hour.

The director spoke calmly.

“Grace, we’re going to try something different. The girls have agreed to help.”

Grace’s eyes flicked toward the five girls as they slowly surrounded the table. A charged silence fell over the room as Elara stepped forward and gave them their instructions in a low, clear voice.

“You will stand around her. You will pinch her nipples, her inner thighs, and her hips — randomly and without pattern. Every time you pinch, you will speak a short devotional phrase. The randomness and the words are meant to keep her mind from settling, to push her deeper into sensation until the block finally breaks.”

The girls exchanged glances. Then they moved.

Thea was the first. She reached out and gave Grace’s left nipple a sudden, firm pinch, leaning in close.

“Offer yourself,” she whispered, her voice soft but trembling with nervous excitement.

Grace gasped, her body jerking at the sharp sting. Before she could recover, Brittany pinched her right nipple at the same moment Gina gave a quick, deliberate pinch to her inner thigh.

“Surrender,” Brittany murmured, her breath warm against Grace’s skin.

“Let go,” Gina added, her voice barely above a whisper.

The touches came in unpredictable waves. One moment Grace would feel a light pinch on her hip, the next a sharper one on her nipple, then another on her thigh. Each pinch was followed by a soft, seductive phrase spoken close to her ear.

“Feel everything…”

“Give us all of you…”

“You’re safe here…”

“Release…”

“Offer your pleasure…”

The girls grew bolder with every touch. Their voices became lower, more intimate, more teasing.

Chloe reached under Grace and gave her ass cheek a sudden, sharp pinch.

“Feel how wet you are for us,” she breathed, her voice thick with arousal.

Zoe, standing near Grace’s feet, suddenly reached down and pinched the sole of her foot — firm and unexpected.

“You can’t run from this,” Zoe whispered, her voice steady and charged.

Thea pinched Grace’s nipple again, harder this time, while leaning in so close her lips brushed her ear.

“Come for us, Grace…”

Brittany followed immediately, pinching her other nipple.

“Let it all out… we want to see you fall apart.”

Gina gave a firm pinch to her inner thigh, right where the skin was most sensitive.

“You’re so close… just let go…”

Chloe reached under once more and pinched her other ass cheek.

“Be a good girl and come…”

Zoe pinched her foot again, firmer this time.

“Now, Grace. Right now.”

The final wave of pinches and voices crashed over her all at once.

Grace came with a raw, broken scream, her body convulsing violently as she finally — *finally* — produced the sacred juice. It poured from her in a powerful, uncontrollable flood, soaking the table beneath her as wave after wave tore through her. Her back arched so hard it lifted off the table, her entire body shaking as the most intense orgasm of her life ripped through her.

The girls didn’t stop. They kept pinching, kept whispering, kept pushing her deeper until Grace was sobbing and completely spent.

Only then did Liora climb onto the table and gather Grace into her arms.

Grace was crying — deep, shaking sobs of release and exhaustion — but these tears felt different. Cleaner. Like something that had been poisoning her for weeks had finally been flushed out.

Liora held her tightly, one hand stroking her hair while the other gently cupped her breast, offering quiet nursing comfort. Grace instinctively turned her head and took Liora’s nipple into her mouth, suckling slowly and deeply as she calmed.

The five girls stood around them, flushed and wide-eyed, their hands gently stroking Grace’s arms, thighs, and stomach in quiet reverence.

Elara and the director watched in silence for a long moment before Elara finally spoke.

“That’s enough for today,” she said quietly. “Rest. You did beautifully, Grace.”

Liora helped Grace off the table and wrapped her in a soft robe. The girls stayed close as they walked back to the cabin, their hands occasionally brushing against Grace’s in quiet support.

That night, after the girls had fallen asleep in the large shared bed, Grace lay awake for a long time with Liora curled against her side. Her body was exhausted, but her mind felt clearer than it had in weeks.

The block was gone.

And for the first time since beginning this journey, Grace truly believed she was ready for whatever came next.

Chapter 18: Discovery

The days after the intense correction with the girls brought a noticeable shift. Grace's body felt different — lighter, more responsive, and far less resistant. The mental block that had plagued her for so long had finally cracked, and now the real work of refinement could begin.

She and Liora spent long hours in their private room, experimenting with different techniques, rhythms, and sequences. They were determined to find what worked best for Grace — not just to produce, but to produce consistently and with control.

It started slowly.

Liora would begin by bringing Grace to a slow, deep licking orgasm, her tongue moving with deliberate patience until Grace came against her mouth with a soft, shuddering release. Then she would edge her — bringing her right to the brink with her fingers and thumb, only to pull back again and again until Grace was trembling and begging. After that, Liora would apply the suction tool on a high setting, pulling rapid, intense orgasms from Grace until she was gasping and oversensitive. Another round of edging would follow, pushing Grace's body even further.

Only then would Liora use her thumb.

Slow, deep pressure with her thumb pressing firmly against Grace's clit while two fingers thrust inside her produced a steady, controlled flow of the sacred juice. It wasn't explosive, but it was consistent and deeply satisfying. Grace could feel it building and releasing in smooth waves, her body finally cooperating instead of fighting her.

But when Liora switched to faster, more aggressive thumb work — quick, firm circles combined with rapid, shallow thrusts — Grace would come hard and fast, squirting in powerful, almost violent bursts. These releases were messier, louder, and far more intense. They left Grace shaking and breathless, but they also left her feeling powerful.

They spent hours testing and refining these sequences, learning exactly what her body responded to best. Liora took careful mental notes, adjusting her technique each time based on Grace's reactions. Sometimes they used toys to enhance the sensations. Other times it was just fingers, thumbs, and tongues. The room was filled with the sounds of wet skin, ragged breathing, and Grace's increasingly desperate moans.

By the end of the third day, they had discovered Grace's most effective pattern:

Licking orgasm → edging → suction orgasm → edging → slow, deep thumb penetration for a steady, controlled flow.

And when they wanted something more explosive — fast, aggressive thumb work that made her squirt hard and sudden.

Grace was exhausted but exhilarated. For the first time since beginning this advanced training, she felt like she finally understood her own body. She wasn't broken. She just needed the right approach.

That night, after returning to the cabin and settling into the large shared bed with the girls, Grace lay curled against Liora's side, her head resting on her chest. The five girls were scattered around them, already drifting off to sleep. Liora's hand moved slowly through Grace's hair, her touch gentle and soothing.

"You're doing so well," Liora whispered, her voice barely audible. "I'm so proud of you."

Grace tilted her head up and kissed her softly, then shifted lower to take one of Liora's nipples into her mouth. She nursed slowly and deeply, drawing comfort from the familiar act as Liora held her close. Liora sighed and stroked her hair, letting Grace take what she needed.

After a while, Grace lifted her head and whispered, "I want to make you come again."

Liora smiled in the darkness and pulled her into another slow, deep kiss.

They made love quietly, careful not to wake the girls. Grace used her fingers and tongue with slow, deliberate focus, bringing Liora to a powerful, shuddering release that left her clinging to Grace and breathing hard. Afterward, they held each other in the quiet darkness, their bodies warm and relaxed against one another.

Chapter 19: The New Girls' Quiet Role

The days had taken on a new rhythm, one that felt both comforting and quietly charged.

Grace's training had become more intense and more focused, but the five girls were no longer content to simply watch from the sidelines. Without fully understanding the deeper layers of what Grace and Liora were working through, they had naturally begun to take on more active — and increasingly intimate — roles in supporting her.

It started small.

During one particularly long and difficult session, when Grace was struggling to stay relaxed on the padded table, Thea quietly moved behind her and began gently stroking her hair. But this time, her fingers lingered a little longer, and

her touch felt more deliberate. She leaned down and whispered softly near Grace's ear:

"Offer yourself… just like before."

Grace's breath caught. The phrase — the same one Thea had used during the intense correction days earlier — sent a warm shiver down her spine. She didn't say anything, but she didn't pull away either.

The next day, Brittany and Gina took their places on either side of the table while Liora worked Grace with slow, deep penetration and focused thumb pressure. Instead of simply holding her hands, they began tracing light, teasing patterns across her skin. Every so often, one of them would lean in and whisper:

"You're doing so well…"

"Let it all out for us…"

"Be a good girl…"

Their voices were soft, almost innocent in tone, but the words carried a heat that made Grace's body respond in ways she hadn't expected. She found herself growing wetter, her hips rocking more eagerly, her breath coming faster. The combination of Liora's skilled hands and the girls' charged whispers was intoxicating.

Chloe and Zoe took a different approach. During the longer sessions, they would quietly bring water and soft cloths, but they also began offering more intimate forms of comfort. One afternoon, while Grace was recovering from a particularly powerful release, Chloe gently guided Grace's head to her breast and let her nurse. The act was tender, but there was an unmistakable spark in Chloe's eyes as she watched Grace suckle.

"You're safe here," Chloe whispered, stroking Grace's hair. "We've got you."

Zoe, not to be outdone, took to massaging Grace's thighs and hips with slow, firm pressure during the edging portions of training. Every so often she would lean in and murmur:

"Feel how good it is when you let go…"

The girls never crossed any lines they hadn't already been encouraged to explore. The director had spoken to them privately, explaining that their continued support — in all its forms — was helping Grace immensely and was also an important part of their own

preparation for the future. They took this guidance to heart, approaching every interaction with a mixture of innocence and growing curiosity.

Grace found herself both comforted and deeply aroused by their presence. There was something incredibly powerful about being surrounded by these five young women who cared for her so deeply, who were learning to touch her and speak to her in ways that made her body sing. She still protected their innocence as much as she could, gently redirecting them when things felt like they might go too far, but she couldn't deny how much she enjoyed the new dynamic.

Liora watched it all with quiet interest. She could see the way Grace responded to the girls — the way her body softened, the way her moans grew louder, the way her eyes would glaze over with pleasure when one of them whispered the right words at the right moment. It didn't make her jealous. If anything, it deepened her own desire for Grace.

That night, after the girls had fallen asleep in the large shared bed, Grace and Liora slipped quietly into their private room. The moment the door closed, Liora pushed Grace against it and kissed her hard, her hands already sliding under Grace's robe.

"You liked that today," Liora murmured against her lips, her voice low and teasing. "Having them touch you. Having them talk to you like that."

Grace didn't deny it. She simply pulled Liora closer and kissed her back with equal hunger.

They made love with a raw, urgent intensity that night — Liora fucking Grace with deep, powerful strokes while whispering some of the same phrases the girls had used earlier. Grace came harder than she had in days, her body shaking as she squirted against Liora's hand.

Afterward, they lay tangled together, breathing hard. Liora gently stroked Grace's hair and pressed a soft kiss to her forehead.

"They're learning," she whispered. "And so are we."

Grace smiled sleepily and curled closer, one hand resting on Liora's breast as she drifted off.

Chapter 20: Private Nights & Soothing

The large shared bed had become their entire world at night.

After another long and intense day of training, Grace and Liora didn't bother slipping away to their private room. They were too tired, too needy, and too wrapped up in each other to wait. The five girls were already asleep, scattered across the massive bed in various states of peaceful unconsciousness, when Grace and Liora began.

They started slowly, trying to be quiet.

Liora rolled on top of Grace and kissed her deeply, her hands sliding over her body with familiar hunger. Grace responded instantly, spreading her legs and pulling Liora closer. They moved together in the dim light, skin against skin, breath mingling as they tried to keep their moans soft. Liora reached between them and began stroking Grace with slow, deliberate fingers while Grace rocked her hips upward, seeking more.

It didn’t take long for the girls to stir.

Thea was the first to wake. She blinked sleepily, then froze as she realized what she was seeing. Her cheeks flushed, but she didn’t look away. Instead, she quietly shifted closer, resting her head near Grace’s shoulder and gently stroking her arm.

Brittany woke next. She watched for a moment with wide eyes, then moved in on Grace’s other side, her fingers lightly tracing Grace’s ribs. Gina stirred shortly after, propping herself up on one elbow to watch with open fascination.

Chloe and Zoe woke last, but they didn’t hesitate. Chloe gently took one of Grace’s hands in hers, while Zoe moved down and began softly kissing Grace’s inner thigh.

The energy in the bed shifted completely.

Grace and Liora slowed their movements, becoming more aware of the girls around them, but they didn’t stop. If anything, the added presence made everything feel more charged. Liora leaned down and kissed Grace again, deeper this time, while her fingers continued their steady rhythm between Grace’s legs.

“I love you,” Liora whispered against her lips.

Grace smiled, her eyes soft and full of emotion.

“I love you too.”

The girls, now fully awake and watching with flushed faces and bright eyes, couldn’t help themselves.

Thea, still stroking Grace’s arm, whispered with a small, cheeky smile:

“I love… watching this.”

Brittany, her fingers tracing Grace’s ribs, added in a slightly breathless voice:

“I love how wet you get when we’re all here.”

Gina, propped up on her elbow, grinned and said:

“I love how you sound when you try to stay quiet.”

Chloe, still holding Grace’s hand, leaned in and whispered:

“I love how safe you make us feel… even like this.”

Zoe, who had been kissing Grace’s thigh, lifted her head just long enough to add with a soft, teasing lilt:

“I love how you let us help.”

Grace let out a shaky laugh that quickly turned into a moan as Liora’s fingers curled inside her just right. The mixture of Liora’s touch, the girls’ presence, and their unexpected, ironic little declarations of love was overwhelming in the best way.

Liora kept working her steadily, her thumb circling Grace’s clit with perfect pressure while the girls continued to touch and whisper around them. The energy in the bed was electric — tender, charged, and deeply intimate.

Grace came with a long, broken moan, her body arching as she squirted hard against Liora’s hand. The girls watched in quiet awe, their hands still gently stroking her skin as she trembled through the release.

When Grace finally stilled, Liora pulled her fingers out slowly and leaned down to kiss her deeply. Grace reached up and cupped Liora’s face, her eyes shining with love and exhaustion.

They stayed like that for a long time — Grace and Liora tangled together in the center of the giant bed while the five girls surrounded them, touching, stroking, and occasionally whispering soft, charged words into the darkness.

Eventually, everyone settled again. The girls curled up close, some resting their heads on Grace or Liora, others holding hands across the blankets. The cabin grew quiet once more, filled only with the soft sounds of breathing and the occasional sleepy sigh.

Grace closed her eyes, feeling the warmth of Liora’s body pressed against hers and the gentle weight of the girls all around them. She had never felt more surrounded — or more loved.

Chapters 21 & 22: The Baptism of the Font

The final days before the public demonstration passed in a blur of preparation and mounting tension.

Grace and Liora trained harder than ever, refining every detail of their sequence under the watchful eyes of Elara and the director. They practiced until every movement, every touch, every shift in rhythm became second nature. The goal was no longer just to produce — it was to create something beautiful, powerful, and deeply sacred in front of the entire community.

The five girls were given an even greater role than they had expected.

Not only would they assist during the demonstration, but they were also being trained in specific ways to support Grace and Liora in real time. Elara spent

hours with them, teaching them how to read Grace's body language, how to offer comfort without breaking her focus, and how to provide the exact kind of touch or pressure she might need in the moment. The girls took to it with surprising seriousness, though their excitement was impossible to hide.

The night before the demonstration, the entire community gathered for a quiet ceremony of blessing. Grace and Liora stood at the center of the main hall, surrounded by trainers, counselors, and the five girls. The director spoke of duty, surrender, and the sacred responsibility of the Font Bearers. When it was over, Grace and Liora were left alone with the girls for a final private moment.

Thea looked at Grace with wide, earnest eyes.

"We're really doing this tomorrow," she said, almost in disbelief.

Grace smiled and pulled her into a hug.

"We are. And I couldn't ask for better assistants."

Brittany grinned. "We're going to make you proud."

"You already do," Grace replied.

Later that night, after the girls had fallen asleep in the large shared bed, Grace and Liora lay awake in the center, wrapped around each other. The weight of what was coming pressed down on both of them, but so did the strength of their connection.

"I'm scared," Grace admitted quietly.

"I know," Liora whispered, pressing a kiss to her forehead. "Me too. But we're ready."

They made love slowly and tenderly that night — not with the desperate hunger of some of their other nights, but with a deep, grounding intimacy that reminded them both why they were doing this. When they finally stilled, tangled together and breathing in sync, Grace felt some of the fear ease.

Whatever happened tomorrow, they would face it together.

The morning of the demonstration dawned bright and clear.

The entire community had gathered at the large outdoor amphitheater near the lake. Rows of benches had been arranged in a wide circle around a raised stone platform that had been specially prepared for the occasion. The air buzzed with quiet excitement and reverent anticipation.

Grace and Liora stood together at the edge of the platform, dressed in simple white robes that would soon be removed. The five girls stood behind them, dressed in matching soft linen garments, their faces a mixture of nervousness

and pride.

Elara approached and placed a hand on each of their shoulders.

“Remember,” she said quietly, “this is not a performance. This is an offering. Trust each other. Trust the moment. The rest will follow.”

Grace nodded. Liora reached over and took her hand, squeezing it once.

The director stepped onto the platform and raised her hands. The crowd fell silent.

“Today,” she announced, her voice carrying across the amphitheater, “we witness the first public demonstration of our newly selected Font Bearers. Grace and Liora have been chosen for their exceptional connection and their ability to produce the sacred juice. What you are about to see is both intimate and holy. We ask that you witness with reverence.”

She turned to Grace and Liora.

“Begin.”

Grace and Liora stepped forward and let their robes fall. The crowd remained respectfully silent as the two women moved into position. Liora guided Grace onto the prepared altar — a low, padded stone platform designed for this exact purpose — and helped her settle onto her back with her legs spread and supported.

The five girls took their places around the altar as they had been trained. Thea stood at Grace’s head, gently stroking her hair. Brittany and Gina stood on either side, ready to offer touch or support as needed. Chloe and Zoe positioned themselves near Grace’s feet, their hands resting lightly on her calves.

Liora began.

She started with her mouth — slow, deep, reverent licks that quickly had Grace moaning and arching. The crowd watched in perfect silence as Liora brought Grace to her first orgasm with patient, focused attention. Grace came with a soft cry, her body trembling as she produced a steady flow of the sacred juice.

Liora didn’t stop.

She moved seamlessly into the next phase — edging Grace with her fingers and thumb while the girls watched with wide, fascinated eyes. Every so often, one of them would reach out to offer a gentle touch or whisper a quiet word of encouragement, just as they had practiced.

When Grace was right on the edge again, Liora applied the suction tool. The high-speed, relentless pulling sent Grace spiraling into another powerful release almost immediately. She squirted hard, her back arching as the juice poured

from her in a visible stream. The crowd remained utterly silent, but the energy in the amphitheater had shifted — charged, reverent, and deeply moved.

Liora removed the tool and glanced at the girls. With a small nod, she gave them permission to assist more directly.

Thea leaned down and kissed Grace's forehead.

"You're doing beautifully," she whispered.

Brittany and Gina each took one of Grace's hands, squeezing gently. Chloe and Zoe moved closer, their hands resting on Grace's thighs in quiet support.

Liora positioned herself between Grace's legs once more and began the final phase — slow, deep thumb penetration combined with focused clit stimulation. Grace's moans grew louder as Liora worked her with expert precision, pushing her toward one final, powerful release.

When it came, it was devastating.

Grace came with a raw, broken cry, her body convulsing as she produced a massive, powerful gush of the sacred juice that soaked the altar and ran down the sides in visible streams. The crowd gasped softly — not in shock, but in awe.

Liora didn't stop until Grace was completely spent, her body limp and trembling on the altar. Only then did she gently withdraw and climb up to gather Grace in her arms.

The five girls immediately surrounded them, touching, stroking, and offering quiet comfort as Grace slowly came back to herself. Thea stroked her hair. Brittany and Gina held her hands. Chloe and Zoe gently massaged her legs and feet. The intimacy of the moment was palpable — not just between Grace and Liora, but between all seven of them.

The director stepped forward once more.

"Today," she announced, "we have witnessed something truly sacred. Grace and Liora have proven themselves worthy of the title Font Bearers. Let this be the first of many offerings they will make in service to our community."

The crowd rose to their feet in a wave of quiet, reverent applause.

Grace, still held in Liora's arms with the girls surrounding them, felt tears prick at her eyes. She had done it. They had done it. And they had done it together.

As the crowd began to disperse and the girls helped them down from the platform, Grace looked at Liora and smiled through her exhaustion.

"We did it," she whispered.

Liora smiled back and kissed her softly.

“We did.”

Chapter 23: After the Font

The private continuation began the moment the public demonstration ended.

Grace was still trembling from the intensity of what she had just experienced in front of the entire community when Elara guided her and Liora back to the private training room. The five girls were allowed to follow — a rare honor — and they stayed close, their eyes wide with a mixture of awe and nervous excitement.

Grace was positioned on the padded table once more. There was no long buildup this time. Elara stepped forward with the high-speed suction tool and placed it directly over Grace’s already swollen and sensitive clit.

The effect was immediate.

The relentless, high-speed pulling overwhelmed her instantly. Grace’s back arched violently as the first orgasm crashed through her almost without warning. Her body convulsed as she squirted hard, soaking the table beneath her. But Elara didn’t stop. The tool kept going, pulling another powerful release from her within seconds, then another.

Grace was sobbing by the fourth orgasm — raw, broken sounds of overwhelming sensation. Her body was beyond sensitive, every nerve ending screaming with both pleasure and overstimulation. Tears streamed down her face as she shook uncontrollably.

Only then did Liora step in.

She climbed onto the table and gently removed the suction tool, replacing it with her mouth. Her tongue was soft at first — long, slow, soothing licks meant to calm Grace’s

hypersensitive clit. But even that gentle attention was almost too much. Grace whimpered and trembled as Liora worked her with expert care, bringing her down from the brutal intensity of the suction while still keeping her right on the edge.

When Grace had finally stopped shaking quite so violently, Liora pulled back and looked at the five girls.

“Would one of you like to help finish this?” she asked softly.

The girls exchanged glances. After a brief, whispered conversation, it was **Thea** who stepped forward, her cheeks flushed but her eyes bright with nervous determination.

“I’ll do it,” she said.

Liora helped position Grace so she was bent over the low bench — presented and vulnerable, just like during divine showing practice. Thea knelt behind her, her hands gently resting on Grace’s hips.

Liora leaned down and whispered into Grace’s ear.

“Show divine, my love. Buck for her.”

Grace obeyed.

She began to buck her hips wildly, grinding her swollen, oversensitive clit against Thea’s perfectly still tongue with desperate, unrestrained movements. The contrast between her frantic, animalistic thrusting and the motionless tongue pressed against her was devastating. Within seconds Grace was coming again — harder than she thought possible — her entire body seizing as she squirted violently against Thea’s face.

Thea didn’t pull away. She stayed perfectly still, letting Grace use her tongue however she needed, her hands gripping Grace’s hips to keep her steady as wave after wave tore through her.

When Grace finally collapsed, completely spent and sobbing with release, Liora caught her and pulled her into her arms. Thea gently helped ease her down, her face flushed and glistening, her eyes wide with wonder at what she had just been part of.

The other girls surrounded them immediately, touching, stroking, and offering quiet comfort as Grace slowly came back to herself. Liora held her tightly, one hand stroking her hair while the other gently cupped her breast, offering quiet nursing comfort.

Grace nursed at Liora’s breast for a long time, her body trembling with aftershocks as the girls watched with soft, reverent expressions.

When she finally lifted her head, her eyes were glassy but peaceful.

“I think… I’m done for today,” she whispered with a weak laugh.

Liora kissed her forehead.

“You were incredible.”

The five girls helped them both back to the cabin, staying close the entire way. That night, they all piled into the large shared bed together — Grace and Liora in the center, the girls curled around them like a protective cocoon. No one spoke much. They simply held each other, breathing together in the quiet darkness.

Grace closed her eyes, feeling the warmth of Liora’s body pressed against hers and the gentle weight of the girls surrounding them.

She had never felt more exhausted.

She had never felt more complete.

Chapter 24: Elevation

The formal elevation ceremony took place three days after the public demonstration.

The entire community gathered once again in the main hall, this time dressed in their finest ceremonial robes. Candles lined the walls, and the scent of burning herbs filled the air. At the center of the room stood a raised stone platform where Grace and Liora waited side by side.

The director stood before them, her expression solemn but warm.

“Grace. Liora,” she began, her voice carrying clearly through the hall. “You have proven yourselves worthy of the highest honor we can bestow. Through struggle, surrender, and unwavering devotion, you have shown that you are ready to carry the sacred title of Font Bearers. From this day forward, you will be recognized as such — with all the

responsibilities, privileges, and reverence that come with it.”

She stepped forward and placed a simple silver pendant around each of their necks — a small, elegant symbol of their new status.

The crowd erupted into quiet, reverent applause.

Grace felt her throat tighten as she looked out at the sea of faces. She saw the five girls standing in the front row, their eyes shining with pride and love. She saw the other counselors watching with a mixture of respect and quiet envy. And she saw Liora beside her — steady, beautiful, and completely hers.

When the ceremony ended, the director pulled them aside privately.

“There is one more matter we must discuss,” she said. “Now that you are fully elevated, the question of your future paths has arisen. Some in the inner circle believe that one or both of you would make exceptional Traveling Fonts — carrying the sacred juice to other

communities and sharing our ways beyond these walls.”

Grace’s heart skipped.

She had thought about this. Dreamed about it, even. The idea of traveling, of bringing what they had built here to others, of continuing to grow and serve in new ways — it called to something deep inside her.

Liora looked at her, and Grace could see the same spark in her eyes.

The director continued.

“This is not a decision that must be made tonight. But we wanted you to know that the possibility exists. Think on it. Discuss it. When you are ready, we will speak again.” Later that evening, after the celebrations had died down, Grace and Liora sat together on the large shared bed with the five girls gathered around them. The pendants still hung around their necks, catching the soft lantern light.

Thea was the first to speak.

“So… you might leave?” she asked quietly, her voice small.

Grace reached out and took her hand.

“We haven’t decided anything yet,” she said gently. “But if we do go, it wouldn’t be forever. And it wouldn’t mean we stop being your counselors. You’re part of us now. That doesn’t change.”

Brittany leaned her head against Grace’s shoulder.

“We’re proud of you,” she said. “Both of you. Even if it means things might change.”

Gina, Chloe, and Zoe nodded in agreement, their expressions a mixture of pride and quiet sadness.

Liora pulled Grace closer and kissed her temple.

“Whatever we decide,” she said softly, “we decide together.”

That night, after the girls had fallen asleep, Grace and Liora lay in the center of the giant bed, wrapped around each other. The weight of the day — the elevation, the offer, the uncertain future — pressed down on them, but so did the warmth of the bodies sleeping peacefully around them.

Grace traced slow circles on Liora’s back with her fingertips.

“I want more,” she admitted quietly. “I don’t know if that means traveling, or staying here and building something even bigger… but I know I’m not done yet.”

Liora smiled against her skin.

“Good,” she whispered. “Neither am I.”

They kissed slowly, deeply, their bodies moving together in the quiet darkness. It wasn’t desperate or frantic — it was grounding. A promise. A beginning.

When they finally stilled, tangled together in the center of the bed with the five girls sleeping peacefully around them, Grace closed her eyes and allowed herself to simply exist in the moment.

She had come so far.

She had broken through walls she once thought were unbreakable.

She had found love, purpose, and a family she never expected.

And now, with Liora by her side and the girls she had come to cherish surrounding them, the future felt wide open.

Whatever came next — whether it was traveling the world as Font Bearers or building something new right here — they would face it together.

As one.

The End