Akemi

by Brent Clark Palmer

Vulpes Parvaes, Book 9

Chapter 1: The Note and the Taxi

The taxi tires crunched over loose gravel as the car eased to a stop just outside the heavy iron gates of the women's correctional facility. Akemi shifted in the back seat, her petite frame sinking deeper into the worn upholstery. She glanced down at the folded sheet of paper in her lap, the one she had received two days earlier while browsing the little stationery shop on Main Street. The handwriting had been neat and precise, the ink a deep navy that stood out against the cream paper. "Miss Akemi," it had begun, "your application caught my attention. Come for a personal orientation. We need someone with your quiet presence." It was signed simply "Officer Tanaka," and included the address and a time.

She smoothed the front of her modest knee-length dress, the soft blue fabric she had chosen that morning because it felt appropriate for a job interview—professional yet feminine, the same one she had worn to the small reception after her wedding three weeks ago. A thin gold band still circled her finger, catching the afternoon light that slanted through the taxi window. At twenty-two, she still marveled at how quickly life had shifted from the quiet routines of her parents' home to the gentle rhythm of marriage with Jay. He had kissed her forehead before she left that morning, murmuring that he hoped the interview would go well, that maybe this administrative role would let them start saving for the little house they dreamed about.

The driver cleared his throat. "This the place, miss?"

Akemi nodded, her pulse already fluttering lightly in her throat. "Yes, thank you." She paid the fare, gathered her small purse, and stepped out into the warm spring air. The gates loomed ahead, tall and unyielding, the kind of barrier that made the world on the other side feel both distant and strangely intimate. Gravel shifted under her low heels as she approached the pedestrian entrance, the note clutched in her fingers like a talisman.

A figure waited just inside the gatehouse, tall and composed, dressed in a crisp dark uniform that accentuated broad shoulders and a straight posture. The woman's dark hair was pulled back into a tight, efficient bun, and her eyes—sharp, steady, the color of polished mahogany —lifted to meet Akemi's the moment she came into view. A small nameplate on her chest read "Officer Tanaka."

"Miss Akemi," Tanaka said, her voice low and measured, carrying easily across the short distance between them. She pressed a button on the gatehouse panel, and the pedestrian door clicked open with a soft electronic whir. "Right on time. I appreciate punctuality."

Akemi stepped through, the gate closing behind her with a solid, final sound that sent a tiny, unexpected shiver along her spine. Up close, Tanaka seemed even

more commanding— thirty-three, perhaps, with a calm confidence that made the air around her feel charged. Her gaze swept over Akemi once, professional and unhurried, lingering just long enough on the delicate line of her collarbone visible above the dress's modest neckline that Akemi felt a faint warmth bloom across her cheeks.

"Thank you for the invitation," Akemi replied, her own voice softer than she intended. She held out the note, offering it like proof of her right to be here. "I was surprised to receive it. I didn't even know the prison was hiring for office support."

Tanaka accepted the paper with a brief nod, her fingers brushing Akemi's for the briefest moment. The contact was cool, steady, and it left a lingering trace of sensation on Akemi's skin, like the memory of a touch that had lasted longer than it had. "We don't advertise widely," Tanaka said, folding the note once and slipping it into her breast pocket. "But when I saw your background—quiet, detail-oriented, newly married and looking for something stable—I thought you might be exactly the kind of person who could fit into our

environment. Administrative support here isn't like a regular office. It requires empathy. Presence. The ability to observe and adapt without drawing attention to yourself." Her eyes met Akemi's again, steady and warm. "Shall we begin the orientation? I prefer to walk and talk. It gives a better sense of the place than sitting behind a desk."

Akemi nodded, falling into step beside her as Tanaka led the way along a wide, paved path that curved toward the main building. The prison complex stretched out around them—low, functional structures of concrete and steel, windows barred but reflecting the blue sky in a way that almost softened their severity. The air carried a faint scent of disinfectant and freshly mown grass from the small lawn near the entrance. Akemi's heels clicked softly against the pavement, a delicate counterpoint to Tanaka's quieter, more purposeful stride.

"You mentioned my marriage in the note," Akemi ventured after a moment, her fingers tightening slightly on the strap of her purse. "How did you know?"

Tanaka's lips curved in a small, knowing smile, but her tone remained courteous and professional. "Public records are easy enough to check when someone applies for a position involving sensitive environments. I like to know who I'm bringing inside these walls. Your husband—Jay, isn't it?—seems like a steady sort. Newlyweds often bring a certain… freshness to the work. A reminder that life continues beyond these fences." She gestured with one hand toward the distant exercise yard, where a few figures in gray uniforms moved under the watchful eyes of other guards. "Does he know you're here today?"

“He does,” Akemi answered, a soft flush rising again to her cheeks at the way Tanaka spoke her husband’s name, as if it were a detail she had already filed away for later use. “He encouraged me to come. We both thought a steady job like this could help us settle into married life. He works construction, so his hours are long. I wanted something reliable, something where I could feel useful.”

Tanaka slowed her pace slightly so they walked side by side, her shoulder nearly brushing Akemi’s. “Useful,” she repeated, the word rolling off her tongue with a quiet satisfaction. “That’s a good word for it. Many people think prison work is only about locking doors and counting heads. But the right administrative support can make everything run smoother. You’d be helping process intake files, schedule visits, keep records precise. And sometimes, you’d be the first calm face a new arrival sees when they step through those gates.” Her gaze drifted sideways again, tracing the line of Akemi’s pinned-up hair and the small pearl earrings she had chosen that morning. “You have a gentle way about you, Miss Akemi. I noticed it even from your application photo. It’s rare. Most applicants come in with sharp edges. You seem… softer. More adaptable.”

The compliment, delivered in that even, professional tone, sent an odd little flutter through Akemi’s stomach. She felt her nipples tighten faintly beneath the thin fabric of her bra, pebbling into sensitive peaks that brushed against the cotton with each step. It was nothing overt, just a quiet physiological response she couldn’t quite name—warmth spreading low in her belly, a subtle pulse beginning between her thighs that made her thighs press together for a moment as they walked. She told herself it was only nerves, the strangeness of standing inside a prison for the first time, the weight of Tanaka’s undivided attention. Yet the sensation lingered, a gentle throb that matched the rhythm of her quickening heartbeat.

“I hope I can be useful,” Akemi said, her voice a touch breathier than she intended. She glanced up at Tanaka, catching the way the officer’s eyes lingered on the delicate hollow of her throat where her pulse fluttered visibly. “I’ve never worked in a place like this before. It feels… important. Serious.”

“It is,” Tanaka agreed, her tone deepening just enough to carry a subtle undercurrent. “And I take the people I bring in very seriously. You’ll see that today. This orientation isn’t the usual paperwork-and-handshake routine. I like to give prospective staff a real feel for the rhythms here—how we handle arrivals, how we maintain order, how every detail matters.” She stopped at the entrance to the main administration building, holding the door open with one hand so Akemi could pass first. As Akemi stepped through, Tanaka’s palm brushed lightly against the small of her back—professional guidance, nothing more—yet the contact sent a fresh wave of warmth cascading down Akemi’s spine. Her clit gave

a single, slow pulse beneath the modest layers of her clothing, a delicate throb that made her inhale sharply through her nose.

Inside, the hallway stretched long and sterile, fluorescent lights humming overhead. The walls were painted a pale institutional gray, but someone had hung a few framed prints of landscapes along one side, as if to remind everyone that the outside world still existed. Tanaka walked beside her again, close enough that Akemi could smell the faint, clean scent of the officer's soap—something crisp and slightly herbal.

"Tell me more about your marriage, if you don't mind," Tanaka continued, her voice conversational yet attentive. "Newlyweds fascinate me. The way two people learn to fit together, to make space for each other's routines. Does Jay know how much you enjoy feeling… needed?"

Akemi's cheeks flushed deeper at the question. She felt her nipples stiffen further into tight, pebbled peaks, pressing insistently against her bra as a fresh rush of heat pooled low in her core. The way Tanaka phrased it—so politely, so professionally—made the words feel intimate, almost probing, as if the officer were already peeling back layers Akemi hadn't realized she was wearing. "He does," she answered, choosing her words carefully. "We're still learning each other's ways. He's kind. Steady. He likes when I take care of the little things at home—making sure dinner is ready, keeping our small apartment tidy. I suppose I like feeling useful there too."

Tanaka's lips curved again, a small, private smile that didn't quite reach her eyes. "Useful," she murmured once more, the word sounding almost affectionate this time. "That suits you. I can already picture how neatly you'd fit into our system here. Some people resist the structure. Others… they bloom under it." Her hand came up briefly to gesture toward a side corridor, but her fingers brushed Akemi's elbow in the process, a light, guiding touch that lingered a fraction longer than necessary. "This way leads to the intake wing. We'll start there shortly. But first, I want you to understand the atmosphere. The quiet authority that keeps everything in its place."

They continued down the main hallway, their footsteps echoing softly. Akemi's body felt strangely alive with each step—her skin prickling with awareness, a persistent, gentle pulsing between her legs that made her acutely conscious of the thin fabric of her panties. She told herself again that it was only the novelty of the place, the intensity of Tanaka's focus. Yet every time the officer's gaze settled on her—on the curve of her waist, the line of her modest dress hugging her petite frame—another small wave of warmth bloomed inside her, making her thighs feel slick and sensitive against each other.

"You're very observant," Akemi said, trying to steer the conversation back to safer ground. "Most people don't notice details like that from an application."

Tanaka chuckled softly, the sound low and warm in the quiet corridor. “I have to be. In here, missing a detail can change everything. And you, Miss Akemi… you’re a detail worth noticing.” She paused at a heavy door marked “Intake Observation,” her hand resting on the handle. Her eyes met Akemi’s directly, steady and unblinking. “Before we go inside, I want you to know that this orientation is thorough. Hands-on. I don’t believe in half-measures when it comes to someone who might become part of my team. You’ll experience things today that most applicants never do. But I’ll be right beside you the entire time. Guiding you. Making sure you feel… secure.”

The word “secure” landed with a quiet weight, and Akemi felt her clit pulse again—slow, insistent, a delicate throb that made her shift her weight from one foot to the other. Her nipples ached faintly against her bra, stiff and pebbled, sending tiny sparks of sensation through her chest with every breath. She nodded, the motion small but eager. “I understand. I’m ready to learn whatever you think I need to see.”

Tanaka’s smile deepened, just enough to show a flash of something satisfied behind her professional composure. She turned the handle and pushed the door open, revealing a long, brightly lit room beyond with observation windows looking into what appeared to be processing areas. “Then let’s begin,” she said, stepping aside so Akemi could enter first. Her hand found the small of Akemi’s back again, firmer this time, guiding her across the threshold with quiet authority. “After you, Miss Akemi. I want you to see everything clearly.”

Akemi stepped forward into the room, the cool air of the intake wing brushing over her flushed skin, her heart beating a steady, excited rhythm against her ribs. Tanaka followed close behind, the door clicking shut behind them with a soft, decisive sound.

“Tell me,” Tanaka murmured near her ear, her voice low and reassuring as they moved deeper into the space, “what do you feel right now, standing here with me?” Her fingers rested lightly at the base of Akemi’s spine, a steady, anchoring touch. “Be honest. I want to know exactly how this environment is affecting you.”

Chapter 2: The Orientation Tour

Akemi stood just inside the intake observation room, the cool air brushing over her skin as Tanaka’s hand rested lightly at the base of her spine. The officer’s voice stayed low and reassuring, close enough that Akemi felt the warmth of her breath against her ear.

“Tell me,” Tanaka murmured. “What do you feel right now, standing here with me? Be honest. I want to know exactly how this environment is affecting you.”

Akemi’s heart fluttered against her ribs. She could feel a faint warmth blooming across her cheeks and lower still, a slow, gentle pulse beginning low in her belly

that made her thighs press together for a moment. Her nipples had tightened into flushed, sensitive buds beneath the fabric of her dress, brushing against her bra with every small shift of her weight. It was nothing she could name yet—just a quiet, confusing awareness of her own body in this stark, ordered space.

“It feels… intense,” she said softly, her voice barely above a whisper. “The walls, the quiet, the way everything seems so ordered. It’s a little overwhelming, but not in a bad way. I feel very aware of myself here. Like I’m being seen more clearly than usual.”

Tanaka’s fingers flexed once against the small of her back, a gentle press that could have been nothing more than professional guidance. Yet the contact lingered, warm and deliberate. “Good,” she replied, her tone calm and approving. “That awareness is exactly what we look for in someone who might join our team. Most people walk through these halls and see only the surface—bars, doors, routines. But you already feel the weight of it. That’s promising, Miss Akemi.”

They stood together at the long observation window, the glass cool and clear. Beyond it lay the main intake processing area: bright overhead lights, metal tables, and a few uniformed staff moving with quiet efficiency around a new arrival who stood stiffly in the center of the room. The woman there was being spoken to by another officer, her belongings already placed in a clear plastic bin on a nearby counter.

Tanaka kept her hand in place as she gestured with the other toward the scene. “Watch for a moment. This is the very beginning of what every new arrival experiences. We call it the intake protocol. It’s designed to be thorough but fair. You’ll notice how calmly everything is handled. No raised voices. Just clear steps, clear expectations.”

Akemi’s gaze followed the movements beyond the glass. The arriving woman was being asked to remove her jacket, then her shoes. Each item was cataloged aloud by the processing officer in a steady, professional voice. Akemi felt her own breath catch as the woman’s hands hesitated on the buttons of her blouse. A fresh wave of warmth flooded Akemi’s cheeks, and lower still, a delicate throb pulsed between her thighs, making her acutely conscious of the thin fabric of her panties. Her nipples tightened further into rosy, aching tips that pressed insistently against her bra. She told herself it was only empathy, the strangeness of watching something so private, yet her body refused to listen. A soft, slick warmth had begun to gather low in her core, making the cotton cling lightly to her skin.

“It looks… exposing,” Akemi whispered, her voice trembling just a little. “Even from here. I can’t imagine how it must feel to stand there like that.”

Tanaka’s hand slid a fraction lower on her back, the touch still polite, still guiding. “That’s precisely why this orientation is different from the usual interviews,” she said, her voice low and reassuring. “Paperwork and questions only tell you so much. To truly understand the people we serve here—and the staff who support them—you need to feel a piece of it yourself. Not as a prisoner, of course. As a prospective member of the team gaining real empathy.” She turned her head slightly, her mahogany eyes meeting Akemi’s with steady warmth. “Would you like to walk the rest of the tour with me first? I can show you the layout of the facility so you see how the intake wing fits into the larger system. It will give you context before we go any deeper.”

Akemi nodded, grateful for the suggestion. “Yes, please. I think that would help.”

Tanaka’s lips curved in a small, satisfied smile. “Excellent. Then let’s continue.” Her hand slipped away from Akemi’s back, but only to rest lightly at her elbow, guiding her away from the observation window and back into the main hallway. The corridor stretched long and sterile under the fluorescent lights, the pale gray walls broken only by occasional framed prints of open landscapes. Their footsteps echoed softly—Akemi’s low heels clicking, Tanaka’s quieter and more purposeful.

As they walked, Tanaka kept her pace measured so they stayed side by side. “The

administrative wing is this way,” she explained, gesturing ahead. “That’s where most of the support staff spend their time—filing intake records, scheduling visits, maintaining the database. But the real heart of the facility is the intake wing we just left. Everything flows from there. New arrivals come in, they’re processed, and then they’re assigned to their housing units under the supervision of officers like me. A good administrative assistant understands that flow so she can keep things running smoothly behind the scenes.”

Akemi listened closely, her pulse still fluttering from the observation room. Every few steps she felt the faint brush of Tanaka’s uniform sleeve against her arm, a small, incidental contact that sent another quiet ripple through her body. The warmth low in her belly had not faded; instead it had settled into a gentle, persistent throb that made her aware of the sway of her hips beneath her dress. Her nipples remained tightened into flushed, sensitive buds, brushing against the lace of her bra with each breath.

“You mentioned earlier that you like feeling useful,” Tanaka continued, her voice conversational yet attentive. “How does that translate to your marriage with Jay? Does he appreciate the way you take care of the little details at home?”

The question caught Akemi off guard, but she answered honestly. “He does. He works long hours in construction, so I try to have dinner ready when he gets home and keep our apartment tidy. It makes me feel like I’m contributing

something steady, something reliable." Tanaka nodded, her gaze drifting sideways to trace the line of Akemi's pinned-up hair and the delicate curve of her neck. "Reliable. That's a quality we value here too. Some people come in thinking prison work is only about control. But the best staff members understand it's about structure and care—knowing exactly where everyone belongs and making sure they stay there." Her fingers brushed Akemi's elbow again as they turned a corner, the touch lingering a fraction longer than necessary. "You strike me as someone who would thrive in that kind of structure, Miss Akemi. Quiet, attentive, quick to adapt."

Akemi felt a fresh rush of heat bloom across her chest. Her nipples ached faintly now, two rosy tips that sent tiny sparks of sensation through her with every step. Between her thighs the gentle throb had deepened into a slow, slick warmth that made her panties feel damp against her skin. She told herself it was only the intensity of the tour, the way Tanaka's full attention remained fixed on her, yet the sensations refused to subside.

They passed a series of heavy doors marked with numbers and small observation windows. Tanaka paused at one and gestured for Akemi to look through the glass. Inside, a small group of women in gray uniforms sat at tables under the watchful eye of two officers.

"This is one of the housing units," Tanaka explained. "Once an arrival completes intake, they're brought here and assigned to a block. The administrative staff helps with the paperwork that makes those assignments permanent and orderly. You'd be part of that chain —ensuring the right forms are filed, the right records updated. It's quiet work, but it matters."

Akemi peered inside, watching the women move with subdued efficiency. One of them glanced toward the window and quickly looked away. The sight sent another flutter through Akemi's stomach, the warmth between her thighs pulsing softly in response. She shifted her weight, trying to ignore the way her body seemed to be reacting to every new detail of the facility.

Tanaka noticed the small movement and tilted her head slightly. "Something on your mind?" she asked, her tone gentle but probing. "You seem a little flushed. Is the tour affecting you more than you expected?"

Akemi's cheeks burned hotter. "It's just… everything feels so real here. The way the women move, the way everything is so controlled. It's different from anything I've known. But I'm okay. I want to see more."

Tanaka's eyes softened with quiet approval. "That's the right attitude. Most applicants get uncomfortable after the first ten minutes and start asking for the exit. You're still here, still asking to see more. I like that." She resumed walking, her hand returning to the small of Akemi's back as they continued down the

corridor. The touch felt steadier now, more anchoring. “Let me show you the central hub. It connects the intake wing to the housing blocks and the administrative offices. You’ll see how all the pieces fit together.”

They reached a large open area where several hallways converged. A central desk stood manned by two female officers who nodded respectfully at Tanaka as they passed. One of them glanced at Akemi with mild curiosity but said nothing. Tanaka guided Akemi to a large wall map of the facility, her fingers tracing the layout as she spoke.

“Here’s intake,” she said, pointing to the wing they had just left. “Everything starts there. Then new arrivals move through processing and into these housing units. Administrative support keeps the records accurate so no one slips through the cracks. You’d be the one making sure the files match the people—names, sentences, assignments. It’s detail work, but it keeps the whole system honest.”

Akemi leaned in to study the map, her shoulder brushing lightly against Tanaka’s arm. The contact sent another small spark through her, the warmth low in her core flaring softly. Her nipples remained flushed and sensitive beneath her dress, tingling with every subtle shift of fabric. She could feel the slick heat between her thighs growing more noticeable, a quiet, insistent reminder of how alive her body felt in this place.

Tanaka’s voice dropped slightly as she continued. “Some people find the structure here freeing once they get used to it. No decisions, no chaos—just clear expectations and someone watching over you to make sure you’re safe.” Her fingers traced a line on the map that led from intake to a smaller, separate wing labeled “Special Supervision.” “This area is for cases that need extra attention. Dedicated officers oversee them personally. It’s quieter. More… intimate.”

Akemi’s pulse quickened at the word. She felt her clit give a slow, deep pulse beneath her clothing, the swollen bud sending a fresh wave of slick warmth through her. Her nipples ached now, two tight, rosy tips that pressed against the lace of her bra. She swallowed, trying to keep her voice steady. “It sounds like a big responsibility. Being that close to the people here.”

“It is,” Tanaka agreed, her hand still resting at Akemi’s back. “But the right person finds it rewarding. You get to see someone adapt, to watch them learn their place in the system. There’s a certain beauty in that.” Her eyes met Akemi’s directly, steady and warm. “I think you might be the right person, Miss Akemi. You have that quiet presence that fits perfectly here.”

They continued the tour for what felt like hours but was probably only forty minutes. Tanaka led her through the administrative offices, pointing out filing systems and computer stations where staff worked in silence. She showed her the small staff break room with its vending machines and neat rows of chairs. At

every stop she asked gentle questions—about Akemi's daily routines with Jay, about what she enjoyed most about feeling useful, about how she handled new situations. Each question drew Akemi a little deeper into conversation, and each answer seemed to make Tanaka's gaze linger a moment longer.

By the time they circled back toward the intake wing, Akemi's body felt flushed and hypersensitive. Her nipples had remained tightened into aching, flushed buds the entire tour, sending tiny sparks through her chest with every step. Between her thighs the slow, rhythmic pulsing had become a constant, slick ache that made her walk with careful, measured steps. She could feel the dampness of her arousal against her panties, warm and undeniable, yet Tanaka's calm professionalism never wavered.

They stopped outside the same private intake suite where the tour had begun. Tanaka turned to face her, hand still resting lightly at the small of her back.

"You've seen the full layout now," Tanaka said, her voice low and reassuring. "The intake wing is the heart of everything. Would you like to step inside one of the private rooms and observe the next stage up close? Or would you prefer to go even deeper and experience a small piece of the process yourself—so you can truly understand what the women who come through here feel?"

Akemi's breath caught. The offer hung in the air between them, heavy with possibility. Her core fluttered with fresh heat, her clit pulsing slowly and insistently beneath her clothing. She looked up into Tanaka's steady eyes and felt the words leave her lips before she could second-guess them.

"I think… I'd like to experience a small piece of it," she whispered. "If you'll be right there with me."

Tanaka's smile deepened, warm and satisfied. She reached out and brushed a stray lock of hair behind Akemi's ear, the touch gentle and lingering.

"Then let's go inside," she murmured, her fingers trailing lightly down Akemi's arm before she pulled the door open. "I'll stay right beside you the entire time. You're safe with me."

Akemi stepped forward into the private intake suite, her heart racing, her body alive with a thousand tiny pulses of heat and need, following Tanaka's lead without hesitation.

Chapter 3: The First Undressing

Akemi stepped forward into the private intake suite, her heart racing, her body alive with a thousand tiny pulses of heat and need, following Tanaka's lead without hesitation.

The door clicked shut behind them with a soft, decisive sound. Tanaka turned the lock, then faced Akemi fully, her expression calm and reassuring under the bright

overhead lights. The room was smaller than Akemi had expected—clean white walls, a wide metal table covered with a fresh sheet, a single chair, and open lockers along one side. A large mirror dominated one wall, reflecting the space back at them in crisp detail. The air carried a faint, antiseptic cleanliness that made everything feel precise and intentional.

Tanaka gestured toward the center of the room. “This is where we conduct the more focused parts of the orientation. No one else will come in. It’s just you and me, exactly as I promised.” She moved to the table and picked up a small clipboard, making a quick note before setting it aside. When she turned back, her mahogany eyes met Akemi’s steadily. “You said you wanted to experience a small piece of the process yourself. That’s brave, Miss Akemi. Most people stop at watching through the glass. But to really understand the role you’d be taking on—the empathy you’d bring to the women who come through here—you need to feel a little of what they feel. Safely. With me right here guiding you.”

Akemi’s pulse fluttered at the base of her throat. She could already feel the warmth that had built during the tour deepening, a slow, insistent throb low in her belly that made her thighs press together beneath her modest dress. Her nipples had tightened into flushed, sensitive tips that brushed against the lace of her bra with every breath, sending tiny sparks through her chest. She swallowed, trying to keep her voice even. “What… what would that involve? For this first piece?”

Tanaka stepped closer, stopping an arm’s length away. Her uniform looked crisp and authoritative next to Akemi’s soft blue dress, and the contrast made Akemi feel suddenly smaller, more delicate. “The very first stage of intake is the undressing phase,” Tanaka explained, her tone professional yet warm. “In a real arrival, we ask the individual to remove all personal clothing so we can conduct a thorough search and issue the appropriate garments. For you, this is purely educational. You’ll remove your things here, and I’ll stay right beside you the entire time, explaining why each part matters. It helps you understand the vulnerability our arrivals feel so you can support them better one day. No one else will see. No one else will know.”

Akemi’s breath caught. The idea of standing here, in this bright room, taking off her clothes under Tanaka’s steady gaze sent a sharp, thrilling jolt straight through her core. A fresh wave of slick warmth bloomed between her thighs, making her panties cling lightly to her skin. Her nipples ached now, two flushed, sensitive peaks that pressed insistently against the fabric of her bra. Yet Tanaka’s voice remained so calm, so logical, that refusing felt impossible—almost ungrateful.

“I… yes,” Akemi managed, her voice soft and a little breathless. “If you think it will help me understand the role. I want to do this right.”

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

Akemi’s fingers trembled slightly as she slipped off her low heels one by one, setting them neatly beside the chair. The cool tile met her bare feet, and the slight change in height made her feel even more petite next to Tanaka’s taller frame. Her heart hammered against her ribs.

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

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

Tanaka picked up the dress and folded it with precise, unhurried movements, placing it inside one of the open lockers. “You’re handling this beautifully,” she murmured. “Most people hesitate more at this point. But you’re staying calm. That’s a very good sign for someone who might work here.” She turned back, her gaze moving over Akemi with professional

thoroughness, though there was a quiet warmth in her eyes that made Akemi’s stomach flutter. “Now the bra, please. It’s important to remove undergarments so we can check for any concealed items—though of course that’s not a concern with you. This is simply to replicate the full experience.”

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

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

Akemi hesitated only a heartbeat. Her thumbs hooked into the waistband of her panties, and she slid them down her legs, stepping free. The cool air met her most intimate skin immediately, and she felt the slick evidence of her arousal—warm and unmistakable between her thighs. Completely naked now, she stood with her arms at her sides, trembling faintly. Her nipples remained flushed and hypersensitive, two rosy tips that tingled in the open air. Between her legs her swollen clit pulsed with a deep, insistent rhythm, the tender bud sending slow waves of slick heat down her inner thighs.

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

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

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

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

She gestured toward the table. "Now, shall we move to the next part of the demonstration, or would you like a moment to simply stand here and feel what it's like to be fully seen?"

Akemi looked up into Tanaka's steady eyes, her body humming with unrelenting sensation, her heart pounding. She managed a soft, breathless reply.

"I… I want to keep going," she said, her voice barely audible. "With you."

Chapter 4: Soap and Scrutiny

Akemi looked up into Tanaka's steady eyes, her body humming with unrelenting sensation, her heart pounding. She managed a soft, breathless reply.

"I… I want to keep going," she said, her voice barely audible. "With you."

Tanaka’s expression softened with quiet approval, the corners of her mouth lifting in that calm, professional way that made Akemi’s stomach flutter even more. “Then we won’t stop,” she said simply, her voice low and reassuring. “You’re doing exactly what this orientation asks of you. That kind of honesty is rare.”

Before Akemi could say anything more, a soft knock sounded at the door. Tanaka crossed the room and opened it just enough for a middle-aged woman in a gray janitorial uniform to step inside, pushing a small wheeled cart. The woman’s eyes flicked once across Akemi’s naked form without surprise or comment, then settled respectfully on Tanaka.

“Officer Tanaka,” the janitor said with a polite nod.

Tanaka gestured toward the open locker where Akemi’s neatly folded dress, bra, panties, and shoes still rested. “Clear everything in there and take care of the contents the usual way,” she said quietly. “Standard disposal protocol for orientation cases.”

The janitor nodded once, already reaching for the bundle. “Understood. I’ll handle it right away.”

Akemi caught only fragments—“clear” and “usual way”—but the words blurred together under the bright lights and the rush of her own pulse. She wasn’t sure what exactly the woman meant, only that Tanaka had spoken with calm authority and the janitor had responded as though this were completely routine. The bundle disappeared into the cart in a quick, efficient motion. The janitor wheeled the cart back out without another word, the door clicking shut behind her. Akemi blinked, a faint confusion flickering through her mind, but Tanaka was already turning back to her, expression unchanged.

“Ready?” Tanaka asked, resting a light hand on Akemi’s bare shoulder. The touch was warm, steady. “The hygiene suite is just down the hall. This is the next part of the demonstration— the full cleaning protocol. It’s thorough, but I’ll walk you through every step so you understand exactly why we do it this way. You’ll stay right beside me the entire time.”

Akemi nodded, the brief uncertainty about the locker already fading beneath the gentle pressure of Tanaka’s hand guiding her forward. They stepped out into the corridor together. Cool tile met Akemi’s bare feet with every step, the air moving freely over her skin in a constant, intimate reminder of her exposure. Her nipples had tightened into flushed, aching tips that tingled with each breath, while low in her core a slow, warm pulse had begun to build again between her thighs. She felt the slick evidence of her arousal with every movement, yet Tanaka’s calm presence kept the moment from spiraling into panic.

They reached the hygiene suite quickly. Tanaka keyed the door open and ushered Akemi inside. The room was spacious and tiled in pale blue, with multiple shower heads along one wall, a wide central drain, and a built-in bench opposite. Warm, humid air greeted them, carrying the clean scent of antiseptic soap.

Tanaka closed the door and locked it with a soft click. “Just the two of us,” she said, already rolling up her sleeves. “No one else will interrupt. Stand right here under the main shower head. I’ll handle the washing myself so you can feel how carefully it’s done. This stage ensures complete cleanliness and lets us check for anything that might need attention. It’s the same for every arrival, and the same for your training.”

She turned the dial. Warm water cascaded down in a gentle, steady stream. Akemi stepped beneath it, letting the spray soak her hair and run in rivulets over her shoulders, her breasts, her belly. The heat relaxed her muscles but did nothing to ease the fluttering sensitivity low in her core. Her nipples drew even tighter under the water, flushed and aching, while between her thighs her swollen clit gave a deep, rhythmic throb that made her thighs tremble faintly.

Tanaka squeezed liquid soap onto a large soft sponge and stepped close. “Arms at your sides for now,” she instructed gently. “I’ll start at your shoulders and work down. Tell me if the pressure feels right.”

The sponge touched Akemi’s skin—warm, sudsy, and firm. Tanaka moved it in slow,

deliberate circles across her back first, then over her shoulders and down each arm. Every pass left a trail of creamy lather that slid down Akemi’s body in glistening paths. When the sponge reached her chest, gliding over the sensitive curves of her breasts, Akemi’s breath caught. The sponge brushed across her tightened nipples again and again, sending sharp sparks of pleasure straight to her core. Her clit pulsed harder, the swollen bud aching with a slick, insistent heat that made her knees feel unsteady.

“You’re responding beautifully,” Tanaka murmured, her voice calm and instructive. “Your skin warms nicely under the soap. That’s exactly what we look for—full relaxation into the process.”

She worked lower, soaping Akemi’s belly, her hips, the gentle flare of her waist. “Turn for me, please. I need to reach everywhere.”

Akemi obeyed, turning slowly under the spray. Tanaka’s hands followed with the sponge, gliding over the small of her back and then lower, across the rounded swell of her backside. The touch remained professional yet thorough, and when Tanaka’s fingers occasionally brushed bare skin beside the sponge, Akemi felt each contact like a small electric jolt. Her thighs trembled. The slick heat between them had grown so intense that the shower water could barely wash it

away.

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

Akemi parted her thighs. Tanaka crouched slightly, bringing the soapy sponge up the inside of one thigh, then the other. The sponge brushed dangerously close to her most intimate folds, the suds sliding directly over her swollen clit. A soft, involuntary sound escaped Akemi’s lips. Her nipples ached fiercely now, flushed and hypersensitive, while the deep pulsing between her legs intensified into a steady, fluttering need that made her entire body feel alive and exposed.

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

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

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

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

Tanaka stepped close again, her uniform brushing lightly against Akemi’s bare hip. One hand rose to brush a wet strand of hair from Akemi’s cheek. “Tell me honestly,” she said, voice warm and intimate. “How does your body feel right now, after the full scrub? I want to hear it in your own words.”

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter 5: The Permanent Mark

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

The corridor felt longer than before, every step sending cool air whispering across her damp skin. Water still traced lazy paths down the curves of her breasts and over the flat plane of her belly, leaving faint trails that cooled rapidly in the hallway’s steady temperature. Her nipples had drawn into flushed, aching tips that tingled with every subtle shift of her arms, while between her thighs a deep, tender throb pulsed through her swollen clit. The slick heat there refused to fade, coating her inner thighs with a warm, unmistakable sheen that made each footfall feel intimate and exposed. She kept her gaze lowered, focusing on the tile passing beneath her bare feet, yet Tanaka’s presence beside her anchored the moment, turning the vulnerability into something she could breathe through.

Tanaka’s hand rested lightly at the small of Akemi’s back, guiding without pressure. “The marking room is just ahead,” she said, her voice calm and instructive. “This is the next standard step in the intake protocol. Every arrival receives a unique identifier so the system can track them accurately and safely. It’s quick, precise, and completely painless. You’ll feel only a mild warmth. I’ll handle the entire process myself so you understand exactly how it’s done and why it matters.”

Akemi nodded, her breath shallow. The words “every arrival” settled over her like a second skin, but Tanaka’s tone stayed so matter-of-fact that the phrase felt logical, almost reassuring. Her core fluttered again, the swollen tender bud between her legs giving another slow, insistent pulse that made her thighs tremble faintly. She could feel her nipples tightening further, two rosy, sensitive peaks that ached in the open air with every step.

They stopped before a door labeled “Marking Suite B.” Tanaka keyed it open and held it wide, waiting for Akemi to enter first. The room beyond was smaller and more clinical than the hygiene suite—pale walls, a padded platform in the center with adjustable supports, and a sleek medical console beside it. A handheld laser device rested on a sterile tray, its surface gleaming under the bright overhead lights. The air carried a faint, clean metallic scent, like ozone after a storm.

Tanaka closed the door behind them and locked it with a soft click. “Just us again,” she said, already moving to the console and powering it on. A low hum filled the room as the system woke up. “This is the laser marking station. The barcode is permanent, but it’s designed to be small and unobtrusive. It serves as your unique identifier—nothing more, nothing less. It helps the facility know exactly who you are at any moment, where you belong, and that you’re under proper supervision. For your training today, we’ll apply it exactly as we would for any arrival so you can experience the full sensation and understand the procedure from the inside.”

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

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

Akemi eased herself onto the padded surface. The material was cool against her damp back and buttocks, making her nipples tighten even more into flushed, sensitive peaks. She lay back fully, staring up at the bright ceiling lights, her body on full display. Her swollen clit continued its deep, rhythmic pulsing, the tender bud slick and aching between her parted thighs. Tanaka adjusted the platform slightly, tilting it so Akemi’s torso was elevated just enough for easy access.

“Perfect,” Tanaka murmured. She picked up the handheld laser device, its small screen glowing softly. “I’m going to place the mark on your lower abdomen, just above your hip bone. That location is standard for easy scanning and keeps it discreet under normal conditions. It also frames your natural lines beautifully—though of course that’s secondary to the protocol.” Her fingers traced a light circle on Akemi’s skin, just below her navel and to the left, marking the spot with a gentle touch that sent a fresh spark straight to Akemi’s core.

Akemi’s breath hitched. The casual way Tanaka’s fingertips lingered on her bare skin, choosing the exact placement with what felt like deliberate care, made her clit throb harder. A fresh wave of slick warmth bloomed between her thighs, impossible to hide. Her nipples stood out prominently now, two rosy, aching tips that tingled with every shallow breath.

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

Akemi whispered, “Yes.”

The laser hummed to life. The first pulse landed— a brief, concentrated warmth that bloomed across the chosen spot like sunlight focused through glass. It wasn’t painful, only a strange, intimate heat that sank deeper with each subsequent pulse. Tanaka moved the device in precise, tiny increments, her free hand resting lightly on Akemi’s hip to keep her steady. “That’s it,” she murmured. “You’re taking it perfectly. The mark is forming cleanly—small, clean lines. It’s going to look lovely on you.”

Each warm flash sent ripples through Akemi’s body. The sensation traveled outward, feeding the deep, fluttering pulse low in her core. Her swollen clit ached with every beat of her heart, the tender bud slick and hypersensitive. Her nipples throbbed in time with the laser, flushed and aching tips that begged for any contact. The finality of the moment—the knowledge that something permanent was being etched into her skin under Tanaka’s careful hands—made her head spin with a dizzying mix of vulnerability and heat. She felt depersonalized, reduced to a body being cataloged and marked, yet the way Tanaka’s eyes stayed fixed on her with quiet focus made the experience feel almost intimate.

“Almost finished,” Tanaka said softly, her voice dropping to a gentle register. “Just a few more pulses. You’re being so good for me, Miss Akemi. I can see how your body is responding—your skin flushing nicely, your breathing steady. It’s exactly how it should be.” A tiny Freudian slip escaped her, almost too quiet to catch: “Makes you easy to find… and even easier to keep track of.”

The words landed like a spark on dry tinder. Akemi’s core clenched involuntarily, her swollen clit pulsing hard and sending a fresh rush of slick heat down her inner thighs. Her nipples tightened into two prominent, sensitive peaks that ached fiercely in the open air. The laser continued its work, each warm flash deepening the strange, ecstatic spiral inside her. She felt objectified, reduced to a marked surface under Tanaka’s control, and the humiliation only intensified the throbbing pleasure radiating from her center.

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

Akemi lay there, chest rising and falling quickly, her body still humming from the procedure. The new mark tingled warmly against her skin, a constant, intimate reminder of what had just happened. Her nipples remained flushed and aching, two rosy tips that stood out prominently. Between her thighs her clit throbbed with unrelenting need, the swollen tender bud slick and pulsing so intensely she could barely keep still. The entire experience—the undressing, the scrubbing, the marking—had left her feeling stripped of everything familiar, yet alive in a way she had never known.

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

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

She helped Akemi sit up slowly, one hand supporting her back. The platform creaked faintly beneath them. Tanaka remained close, her uniform warm against Akemi's bare side. "The mark is yours now," she said softly, almost to herself. "And I'll make sure it's always properly supervised."

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

Chapter 6: Paperwork and Assignment

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

"What happens next?"

Tanaka's hand rested lightly on Akemi's bare shoulder, steady and reassuring. "The next step is straightforward," she said, her tone calm and professional. "We move to the records office to complete the administrative portion of the

orientation. It’s where we log everything into the system so your training file is official and properly assigned. I’ll stay right with you. No one else will handle your details.”

She guided Akemi toward the door with a gentle press at the small of her back. The hallway air felt cooler against Akemi’s still-damp skin, raising faint goosebumps along her arms and making her nipples tighten into flushed, sensitive peaks that ached with every step. Between her thighs, her swollen clit continued its slow, insistent throbbing, the tender bud slick and hypersensitive from the marking session. Each footfall sent a fresh ripple of heat through her core, the new barcode tingling faintly like a secret etched into her body. She walked beside Tanaka, completely bare, the cool tile under her feet a constant reminder of how exposed she remained, yet the officer’s steady presence kept the vulnerability from overwhelming her.

They passed a few other staff members in the corridor—two female officers carrying clipboards who offered polite nods to Tanaka and glanced at Akemi with the same neutral professionalism as before. No one commented on her nudity. Tanaka’s hand never left her back, a quiet anchor.

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

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

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

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

“Exactly,” Tanaka confirmed. “Ten-year orientation period. Full administrative logging. And assign her barcode directly to me as dedicated supervisor.”

Akemi’s breath caught at the words. Ten-year orientation period. The phrase sounded so official, so permanent, yet Tanaka had said it with the same even professionalism she used for everything else. Her swollen clit gave a sharp, deep pulse, sending a fresh wave of slick warmth trickling down her inner thighs. Her nipples throbbed in response, two rosy, aching tips that stood out prominently in the cool office air. She shifted her weight, trying to process the casual way her future was being logged, the way Tanaka had simply claimed supervision over her as though it were the most natural thing in the world.

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

Tanaka answered smoothly before Akemi could speak. "Akemi. Twenty-two. Newly married —though that detail will be noted as prior status for the orientation file." She gave Akemi's back a light, reassuring stroke. "We'll enter the rest as standard intake data. No need for outside contact details at this stage."

Akemi's heart hammered. Prior status. The words landed like a quiet erasure, folding her old life—her marriage to Jay, her apartment, her plans—into something distant and filed away. Her core clenched involuntarily, the tender swollen bud between her legs pulsing harder, slick and aching with a heat that made her thighs tremble. She felt her nipples tighten further, flushed and hypersensitive, every breath making them tingle in the open air of the office.

"Ten-year term confirmed," Rita said, typing steadily. "Barcode assigned. Supervisor: Officer Tanaka, full personal oversight."

Akemi's voice slipped out before she could stop it, small and uncertain. "Ten years? But… this is just the orientation, right? For the job?"

Tanaka's hand moved from her back to rest gently on Akemi's arm, a calm, steadying touch. "Shh," she murmured softly, her voice warm and reassuring, close enough that only Akemi could hear. "It's all part of the standard training protocol, Miss Akemi. The ten-year window gives us time to fully evaluate how you adapt and integrate. Think of it as an extended orientation period—nothing more. You're doing beautifully so far. I'll be your dedicated supervisor the entire way, so you'll never be without guidance. No need to worry about the wording. It's just how the system logs these things to keep everything organized and secure."

The gentle hush, the way Tanaka's fingers lingered on her bare skin, sent another powerful throb through Akemi's core. Her clit ached deeply now, the swollen tender bud pulsing with slick, insistent need that made her knees feel weak. The casual way her questions were soothed, the effortless way Tanaka folded the ten-year term into something logical and temporary, only deepened the fluttering heat low in her belly. She felt depersonalized, her old identity quietly slipping away into the database, yet the sensation only made her body respond more intensely—slick warmth coating her thighs, nipples throbbing with every heartbeat.

Rita continued typing without pause. "Assignment complete. Dedicated supervisor logged. File is now active in the system."

Tanaka nodded once, satisfied. “Thank you, Rita. That should cover everything for now.” She turned back to Akemi, her hand sliding down to rest lightly at the small of her back again. “See? All official. Your training file is in place, and I’m assigned to watch over you personally. It means I’ll be able to guide you through every stage without any gaps. You’ll feel secure knowing exactly who’s responsible for you.”

Akemi swallowed, her voice barely a whisper. “It just sounded so… long. Ten years.”

Tanaka’s eyes met hers directly, warm and steady. “It’s the system’s way of giving us enough time to do this right,” she said softly, her thumb tracing a small, reassuring circle on Akemi’s bare skin. “Some people adapt quickly. Others need the full window. Either way, I’m right here with you. I won’t let anything feel overwhelming. You’re already handling it better than most.”

The words, delivered in that calm, professional tone, sent another rush of heat through Akemi. Her swollen clit throbbed hard, the tender bud slick and pulsing so intensely she had to press her thighs together to steady herself. Her nipples ached fiercely, two flushed, sensitive peaks that stood out in the bright office light. The casual erasure of her old life—her marriage, her name as anything other than an entry in the system—felt both terrifying and electrifying. She felt objectified, reduced to a file under Tanaka’s personal supervision, and the humiliation only made her body burn hotter.

Rita saved the file with a final keystroke and looked up. “All set. Anything else for this case?”

Tanaka shook her head. “That’s all for now. We’ll handle the rest of the orientation steps directly.” She turned Akemi gently toward the door, her hand never leaving the small of her back. “Come on. We’re making excellent progress. The next part of your training will feel even more natural now that your file is official.”

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

As they stepped back into the hallway, Tanaka leaned in slightly, her voice low and intimate near Akemi’s ear. “You’re doing so well,” she murmured. “I can already tell you’re going to fit perfectly under my supervision.”

Akemi’s breath trembled as she glanced up at Tanaka, her body alive with unrelenting sensation. “I… I trust you,” she whispered, the words slipping out before she could think better of them. Her hand brushed lightly against the new

mark on her hip again, as if confirming it was truly hers now.

Chapter 7: The Medical Examination

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

“I… I trust you,” she whispered, the words slipping out before she could think better of them.

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

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

Her hand stayed at the small of Akemi’s back, guiding her down another corridor with steady, unhurried steps. Akemi walked beside her, completely bare, the cool tile under her feet and the faint tingle of the fresh barcode on her hip making every movement feel heightened. Her nipples had drawn into flushed, aching tips that tingled with each breath, while between her thighs the swollen tender bud of her clit pulsed in slow, deep waves. Slick warmth continued to gather there, coating her inner thighs in a way that made her acutely aware of how exposed she remained. The hallway lights seemed brighter, the air cooler against her skin, yet Tanaka’s calm presence turned the vulnerability into something she could lean into rather than flee from.

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

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

Akemi eased herself onto the padded surface, the cool material pressing against her bare back and buttocks. She lay back fully, staring up at the ceiling lights, her body on full display once more. Her heart beat faster, sending fresh ripples of heat through her core. The swollen tender bud between her legs throbbed steadily now, slick and hypersensitive, while her nipples stood out as two flushed, aching peaks that tightened further in the cool air of the room.

Tanaka approached the table, her gloved hands gentle but purposeful. “First, vitals,” she murmured, wrapping a blood pressure cuff around Akemi’s upper arm. The cuff inflated with a soft hiss, and Tanaka noted the reading on a small tablet. “Pulse is elevated, but that’s expected during orientation. Your body is adjusting beautifully.” She moved the stethoscope to Akemi’s chest, the cool metal disc pressing just below one breast. The contact made Akemi’s nipple tighten even more, sending a sharp spark straight down to her core.

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

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

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

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

She began at Akemi’s shoulders, her gloved hands gliding over the skin in slow, clinical strokes, checking for any marks or irregularities. The touch was professional yet thorough, fingertips pressing lightly along Akemi’s collarbones, then down her arms. When Tanaka reached her breasts, she cupped each one

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tanaka peeled off her gloves and disposed of them, then rested one bare hand lightly on Akemi's knee. "You handled that exceptionally well," she said, her voice warm with genuine praise. "Most people in training get tense or ask to stop

halfway through. You stayed open and honest with your body the entire time. I’m proud of how you’re adapting under my supervision.”

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

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

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

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

Chapter 8: The Visitor from Outside

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

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

Akemi’s breath caught sharply. Jay. The name felt distant, almost foreign after the hours she had spent inside these walls—naked, marked, measured, and documented under Tanaka’s calm supervision. Her swollen tender bud between her thighs gave a deep, involuntary pulse, the slick heat there flaring hotter at the thought of her husband seeing her like this. Her nipples tightened into flushed, aching peaks that stood out prominently against her bare chest, sending tiny sparks through her with every quickened breath.

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

Tanaka nodded once, her expression professional yet warm. “He is. We’ll meet him in the visitation area shortly. But first, we need to prepare you properly. External contact can be disorienting during early orientation, so I’ll take you through a quick private session to ensure you’re centered and able to handle it. It’s part of the protocol—helps you stay focused on your training even when outside reminders appear. Come with me. The preparation room is right next door.”

She helped Akemi slide off the examination table, her hand never leaving the small of Akemi’s back as they stepped into the hallway once more. Akemi walked completely bare beside her, the cool air brushing over her skin, the fresh barcode tingling on her hip with every step. Her core fluttered with slick, pulsing warmth, the tender swollen bud between her legs throbbing insistently. Her nipples ached fiercely, two rosy, hypersensitive tips that tightened further in the open corridor. The thought of Jay waiting somewhere nearby—while she remained marked, exposed, and under Tanaka’s personal supervision—sent fresh waves of humiliating heat through her body, yet she followed without hesitation.

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

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

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

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

She leaned over Akemi, one hand bracing beside her head, the other guiding the thick tip of the strap-on to brush lightly against Akemi’s slick, swollen folds. “Tell me if it feels right,” Tanaka murmured, her eyes locked on Akemi’s. “I want you

to feel exactly how much better this can be.”

The thick head pressed forward slowly, stretching Akemi open with a deep, fulfilling pressure that made her back arch off the bench. A low, involuntary moan escaped her lips as the strap- on slid deeper, filling her completely in a way that sent sparks of intense pleasure radiating through her core. Her swollen clit throbbed hard against the base of the harness, the tender bud grinding with every slow thrust. Her nipples ached fiercely, two flushed, hypersensitive peaks that tightened further as Tanaka’s uniform brushed against them.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Akemi nodded, still bare and flushed, her body marked and humming, and whispered, "I'm ready… with you."

Chapter 9: The Visitation Room

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

for the full training period. She’s safe, she’s healthy, and she’s exactly where she needs to be.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Akemi’s voice grew softer, but clearer. The humiliation of explaining herself while completely naked, marked, and still dripping with arousal from Tanaka’s earlier preparation made her core flutter wildly. Her swollen clit throbbed with every word, slick heat coating her thighs beneath the table. Her nipples ached so fiercely they felt almost painful, two prominent, rosy tips that Jay kept glancing at despite himself.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter 10: First Night in the Cell

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tanaka turned to face her, expression calm and professional. “The first night is important. We begin what we call rehabilitation protocol—simple exercises to help you internalize your place in the system and release any lingering tension from the day. It’s necessary training, Miss Akemi. It teaches you how to present yourself correctly for supervision and how to accept correction when it’s needed. I’ll show you the positions and guide you through the first session myself.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

skin. Responsive, too. I can already see how your body is preparing itself."

Without warning, Tanaka's hand came down in a firm, measured smack across Akemi's right cheek. The sound cracked sharply in the small cell. Heat bloomed instantly across the skin, a stinging warmth that made Akemi gasp. Her swollen clit pulsed hard at the impact, the tender bud sending sparks of pleasure straight through her core.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tanaka stepped back to admire the sight, then resumed the spanking—firmer now, each smack landing with a crisp sound that echoed in the cell. Akemi cried out softly with every strike, the stinging heat blending into overwhelming pleasure that made her hips rock helplessly against nothing. Her nipples dragged across the mattress, aching and

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter 11: Daily Service Begins

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

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

Tanaka’s palm came down once more—firm, measured, the sharp crack echoing off the cell walls. Heat bloomed across Akemi’s already glowing backside, the sting blooming into a deep, throbbing warmth that made her core clench hard around emptiness. Her swollen, tender bud throbbed violently between her spread thighs, slick arousal dripping in slow, glistening trails down her skin. Her nipples dragged against the thin mattress with every involuntary rock of her hips, two flushed, aching buds that sent sharp sparks through her chest.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tanaka's gaze.

Tanaka circled her slowly, one hand trailing lightly across Akemi's shoulder, down her spine, over the warm curve of her spanked backside. "Still a little pink from last night," she observed, voice matter-of-fact. "Good. It reminds you of your place. Stand now. We have work to do."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Akemi rose, legs trembling slightly from the constant low-level arousal. She walked the corridor completely bare, the barcode on her hip catching the light with every step. Two passing officers glanced at her but said nothing beyond a polite “Morning, Tanaka’s trainee” to no one in particular. The casual acknowledgment sent another humiliating wave through her, making her swollen clit pulse visibly and her nipples draw into even tighter, rosy buds.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tanaka’s hand slid lower, resting briefly on the curve of Akemi’s still-warm backside from the previous night. “Then you’ll continue your duties this afternoon—polishing the observation windows in the intake wing, fetching my lunch, and waiting in presentation position whenever I’m between tasks. All while staying exactly as you are. No coverings. No distractions. Just you, serving quietly under my supervision.”

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

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

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

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

She blinked, trying to orient herself. The events of yesterday—the taxi, the intake, the marking, the medical exam, the visitation with Jay—felt like a dream she couldn’t quite wake from. The small barcode on her lower abdomen tingled as she shifted, a permanent reminder etched into her skin.

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

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

Akemi hugged her knees to her chest instinctively, though the motion only made her nipples brush against her arms and sent another flutter through her core. “I… I don’t know,” she whispered. “It felt strange. Everything still feels strange.”

Tanaka nodded once, as if that were the most natural answer in the world. “That’s expected on the first full morning. Your body and mind are adjusting to

the new structure. That's why I'm here—to explain the program clearly so you understand exactly how we're going to help you become a productive member of society again." She reached out and gently rested a hand on Akemi's bare knee, the touch warm and steady. "You're safe. You're under my personal supervision. Nothing will happen that isn't carefully planned for your benefit."

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

Tanaka picked up the cup of water and offered it to her first. "Drink. Then we'll talk. I want you comfortable while I walk you through everything."

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

"The rehabilitation program you've been placed in is unique," Tanaka said, her tone calm and professional, as though she were explaining a standard employment contract. "It's been designed specifically for women who show exceptional potential for rapid reintegration. Most inmates follow the general population schedule, but you've been selected for this intensive, personalized track because of how well you responded during intake. Every activity is meant to rebuild your sense of purpose, discipline, and usefulness to society."

Akemi lowered the cup to her lap, the cool metal pressing against her bare thighs. "What… what kind of activities?"

Tanaka smiled gently, her hand still resting on Akemi's knee. "They're therapeutic in nature. Structured. We call them tension-release sessions, compliance training, service rotations, and communal reinforcement. They're scheduled throughout the day so your body and mind learn new, healthy patterns. For example, every morning begins with a compliance check during headcount. It helps you start the day centered and focused."

Akemi's breath caught. The word "compliance" sent a fresh pulse through her core, her swollen clit aching softly between her thighs. She could already imagine herself standing at the bars, naked, while Tanaka…

Tanaka continued smoothly, as if reading Akemi's thoughts. "During these checks I'll make sure your body is responding appropriately to the program. It's not punishment—it's regulation. We've found that regular, controlled release of tension keeps emotional balance high and prevents the kind of stress that leads people back into old patterns. You'll see. Your body already responded beautifully yesterday. That's a very good sign."

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

“The daily schedule is simple and consistent,” Tanaka went on. “Morning count and compliance check. Work details—light service tasks that teach humility and contribution. Midday meal with communal observation time. Afternoon service rotations. Evening wind- down session. Lights out at twenty-two hundred. You’ll earn points for good compliance, which can be used for small privileges. Demerits are rare for someone like you, but they simply mean an extra focus session until the lesson is learned.”

Akemi swallowed. “And… the other women here? They do the same things?”

Tanaka’s hand slid a little higher on Akemi’s thigh, reassuring. “Not exactly. The general population has standard programming. You’re in the specialized track because of how quickly and openly you adapt. The other inmates will hear some of your sessions—that’s natural in a block like this—but they understand it’s part of your tailored rehabilitation. Many of them find it motivating. They’ll see you progressing and want the same for themselves.”

Akemi’s core fluttered hard at the thought of the other women listening. Her swollen clit pulsed visibly, the tender bud growing slicker by the second. She felt exposed, objectified, yet Tanaka’s calm explanation made it sound almost… kind.

Tanaka leaned forward slightly, her voice warm and intimate. “I know it feels overwhelming right now. But every part of this program is designed to help you. The edging sessions teach control and release. The service rotations build usefulness. The communal moments remind you that you’re part of something larger than yourself. You’re not being punished, Miss Akemi. You’re being rebuilt. And I’m going to be with you every single day, guiding you personally, because I believe you can become exactly what society needs you to be.”

Akemi’s breath trembled. Her nipples ached fiercely now, two prominent, rosy tips that stood out in the morning light. Between her thighs, slick heat coated her swollen clit, the tender bud throbbing in time with her quickened heartbeat. She looked at Tanaka, searching her face.

“So… everything I felt yesterday—the undressing, the marking, the examination, the way you… touched me—it was all part of this program?”

Tanaka’s smile was gentle, almost tender. “Every single moment. And you responded so perfectly that I knew this track was right for you. Your body already understands what your mind is still learning. That’s why I’m here—to help the two catch up.”

She stood and offered Akemi her hand. “Now, let’s begin your first official morning. Stand for me in presentation position while I perform the compliance check. Then we’ll move to the mess hall for your first communal meal. You’ll see how naturally everything flows once you trust the program.”

Akemi took Tanaka’s hand and rose from the cot, legs slightly unsteady. She dropped to her knees in the center of the small cell, thighs spreading wide, back arching, palms resting upward on her thighs exactly as she had learned the night before. The position left her completely open—breasts lifted, swollen clit exposed and glistening, nipples tight and aching in the cool air.

Tanaka stood over her, looking down with quiet satisfaction. “Perfect form already,” she murmured. “This is going to be a very good day for you, Miss Akemi.”

Akemi looked up at her, voice soft and trembling with a mixture of nerves and building heat.

“I’m ready, Officer Tanaka,” she whispered. “Show me what I need to do.”

Akemi looked up at Tanaka, her body already humming with that confusing, electric warmth. She was still on her knees in the center of the small cell, thighs spread wide, back arched, palms resting upward on her thighs exactly as she had been told. The position left nothing hidden—her breasts lifted and offered, her swollen tender bud exposed and glistening between her spread legs, her nipples tight and aching in the cool morning air.

“I’m ready, Officer Tanaka,” she whispered. “Show me what I need to do.”

Tanaka’s smile was gentle, almost tender. “Good girl,” she murmured, the praise slipping out soft and warm. “That’s exactly the attitude we want to see. This is your first official morning cell check. Every inmate in the block goes through it, but yours is always last so I can give you my full attention. It’s part of the program—helps you start the day centered and focused. We call it tension-release therapy. You’ll edge for me first, holding yourself right at the edge until I say otherwise. It teaches control and builds the kind of emotional regulation that makes you a productive member of society again.”

Akemi’s breath caught. The word “edge” sent a fresh, deep pulse through her core. Her swollen tender bud throbbed visibly, the slick heat between her thighs already coating her inner skin. Her nipples drew even tighter, two flushed, sensitive tips that tingled with every quickened breath.

Tanaka stepped closer, her uniform crisp and authoritative against Akemi’s bare skin. “You can use your own fingers for the first part. Show me how you touch yourself. I’ll watch and guide you. Remember, the goal is to get right to the edge and hold there. No release yet. That comes later in the evening session. This is

about learning discipline.”

Akemi’s hand trembled as she slid it down her belly. Her fingers brushed the fresh barcode on her hip, then moved lower, parting her slick folds. The moment she touched her swollen tender bud, a soft whimper escaped her lips. The sensitive flesh was already slick and throbbing, and the lightest circle of her fingertip sent a sharp jolt of pleasure through her entire body. Her nipples ached fiercely, two rosy peaks that stood out prominently in the cell’s soft light.

“That’s it,” Tanaka said quietly, crouching down so she could watch closely. “Slow circles. Feel how your body responds. This is normal, Akemi. Your body is learning what it needs to become useful again.”

Akemi tried to follow the instruction. Her fingers moved in slow, careful circles around her swollen clit, the tender bud pulsing harder with every pass. Slick warmth coated her fingertips, and her hips rocked involuntarily. The pleasure built quickly, too quickly. Her breathing turned shallow, her thighs trembled, and she felt herself racing toward the edge far faster than she expected.

“I—I’m getting close already,” she gasped, voice shaky. “Officer Tanaka, I’m… I’m right there.”

Tanaka’s eyes stayed steady on her. “Hold it. Don’t go over. Breathe through it. This is the part that takes practice.”

Akemi tried. She slowed her fingers, but the swollen tender bud was so sensitive that even the lightest touch made her core clench hard. A fresh rush of slick heat dripped down her inner thighs. Her nipples throbbed in time with her racing heartbeat. She bit her lip, fighting the rising wave, but her body betrayed her—the pleasure crested anyway, sharp and unstoppable.

A small, helpless cry escaped her as she tipped over the edge, her swollen clit pulsing violently under her fingers. Her thighs shook, and a rush of slick warmth flooded between her legs as the orgasm crashed through her, far sooner than she wanted.

Tanaka’s expression remained calm, but she shook her head once, gently. “You didn’t hold it, Miss Akemi. That’s all right. This is why we start with correction. It helps you learn.” She stood and offered Akemi her hand. “Stand up and bend over the cot for me. Hands flat on the mattress, legs straight and apart.”

Akemi’s legs were still trembling from the unexpected climax. She rose on shaky knees and bent forward over the thin cot, palms pressing into the mattress, ass raised high, thighs spread. The position left her completely exposed—her glowing backside presented, her dripping swollen clit visible between her legs, her nipples brushing the sheet with every shaky breath.

Tanaka stepped behind her. “This is light correction,” she explained softly, her voice still reassuring. “Not punishment. Just a reminder to help your body learn control. You’re still a good girl for the prison, Akemi. You’re trying. That matters.”

The first light smack landed on Akemi’s right cheek—firm but not harsh, a crisp sting that bloomed into warm heat. Akemi gasped, her swollen clit throbbing hard at the impact. The second smack landed on the left cheek, matching the first. The third and fourth followed in quick succession, spreading the warmth across both cheeks.

Akemi whimpered softly, the stinging heat blending with the lingering aftershocks of her accidental orgasm. Her swollen tender bud pulsed visibly between her spread thighs, slick and aching.

The cell door had been left slightly ajar for the morning check. Officer Lena stood just outside, watching the scene with sharp, envious eyes. She was a tall, dark-haired guard who had been on the block for years. Her gaze lingered on Akemi’s raised backside and the way Tanaka’s hand delivered the measured spanks. Lena’s jaw tightened. She had wanted this position—wanted Tanaka’s personal attention, wanted to be the one bent over and corrected. Instead, this new girl had been chosen.

Tanaka delivered two more light spanks, then soothed the warmed skin with her palm. “There,” she murmured. “That’s enough for today. You took your correction well. Next time you’ll hold the edge longer, won’t you? Because you’re a good girl for the prison, and good girls learn quickly.”

Akemi’s voice came out shaky and breathless. “Yes, Officer Tanaka… I’ll try harder. I want to be good for you. For the prison.”

Tanaka helped her straighten, then turned toward the door. “Officer Lena, you can log the check. Trainee Akemi showed good effort but needs more practice with edging control. Light correction administered.”

Lena nodded once, her eyes flicking to the faint pink handprints on Akemi’s backside. “Understood,” she said, her tone flat but her expression tight with something darker. She lingered a moment longer than necessary before turning away down the corridor.

Tanaka closed the cell door fully and turned back to Akemi, her hand resting gently on the younger woman’s flushed cheek. “See? Even the first day has its lessons. You’re already making progress. Now, let’s get you ready for your first meal. You’ll see how the program helps everyone around you too.”

Akemi leaned slightly into Tanaka’s touch, her swollen clit still throbbing, her backside warm from the light spanking, her nipples tight and aching. She looked

up at Tanaka, voice soft and trembling with a confusing mix of shame and need.

“I’ll do better next time,” she whispered. “I promise I’ll be a good girl for you.”

Chapter 3: First Meal-Time Edging

Akemi looked up at Tanaka, her backside still warm from the light spanking, her swollen tender bud throbbing between her spread thighs.

“I’ll do better next time,” she whispered. “I promise I’ll be a good girl for you.”

Tanaka’s hand lingered on Akemi’s flushed cheek for a moment longer, her thumb brushing gently across the younger woman’s skin. “I know you will,” she said softly. “That’s why we correct you—so you can learn. You’re already a good girl for the prison, Akemi. You just need a little guidance to stay on the right path.” She helped Akemi stand, then guided her toward the cell door with a steady hand at the small of her back. “It’s time for your first communal meal. The program has a special structure for meals so everyone stays focused and productive. You’ll see how it works.”

Akemi walked beside Tanaka down the corridor, completely bare, the faint pink handprints on her backside tingling with every step. Her swollen clit pulsed in slow, deep waves, the tender bud still slick from the morning’s edging attempt and the spanking. Her nipples had drawn into flushed, sensitive tips that ached in the cooler hallway air. The barcode on her hip felt warm, a constant private reminder of her place.

They reached the mess hall—a large, open room with long metal tables and benches. The other inmates were already seated in their gray uniforms, eating quietly under the watchful eyes of several guards. Conversations were low and subdued. When Akemi entered, several heads turned. Eyes lingered on her naked body, the fresh mark on her hip, the soft pink glow on her backside. No one spoke, but the silence felt charged.

Tanaka led Akemi to a spot at the end of one table, directly in view of the entire room. “This is your assigned place for meals,” she explained calmly. “The protocol is simple and consistent for everyone in the specialized track. You eat for one minute, then you are edged until I say stop. Then you eat again for one minute, and the cycle repeats for the full meal period. It teaches discipline, focus, and the ability to balance nourishment with regulation. You’ll be edged by whoever is assigned for the rotation today—sometimes an inmate who has earned the privilege, sometimes a guard. I will supervise the entire time.”

Akemi’s breath caught. Her swollen clit gave a sharp, visible throb at the words. “Right here… in front of everyone?”

Tanaka’s hand rested reassuringly on Akemi’s shoulder. “Yes. This is communal

rehabilitation. The other women benefit from seeing progress. It helps them stay motivated. You're doing something very important for the prison, Akemi. You're a good girl for being willing to learn in front of them."

A female inmate—quiet, dark-haired, with a small privilege badge on her uniform— approached the table. Tanaka nodded to her. "Begin the cycle. One minute of eating, then edge her properly. No rushing her to the edge too quickly. She's still learning."

The inmate sat beside Akemi and slid a tray in front of her: plain oatmeal, a piece of fruit, and water. Akemi picked up the spoon with trembling fingers and began to eat. The first minute felt endless. She was acutely aware of every eye in the room, of her bare breasts, of the way her swollen clit pulsed visibly between her parted thighs under the table. Slick warmth gathered again, coating her inner skin.

The minute ended with a soft chime from Tanaka's watch. "Time," Tanaka said gently. "Hands behind your back, thighs open. Let the edging begin."

The assigned inmate reached under the table. Her fingers found Akemi's swollen tender bud and began slow, deliberate circles. Akemi gasped, her spoon clattering against the bowl. The touch was firm but careful, stroking the slick, hypersensitive flesh in steady rhythms. Pleasure surged through her core instantly. Her nipples tightened into two flushed, aching peaks that stood out prominently in the bright mess-hall lights. She fought the urge to rock her hips, remembering the morning's correction.

"Easy," Tanaka murmured, standing beside them. "You're doing well. This is how we learn balance. Eat again in one minute. Until then, feel everything. You're a good girl for the prison when you let the program help you."

The inmate's fingers continued their work, circling Akemi's swollen clit without mercy but without pushing her over the edge too quickly. Akemi's breathing turned ragged. Slick heat dripped down her inner thighs onto the bench. Her nipples throbbed visibly, two rosy tips that ached with every shallow breath. The entire room could see her—naked, being edged at the table, struggling to hold back.

The minute ended. "Eat," Tanaka said calmly.

Akemi picked up the spoon again, hands shaking. She managed only a few bites before the chime sounded and the edging resumed. This time the inmate used two fingers, stroking faster, pressing directly on the swollen tender bud. Akemi whimpered, her core clenching hard. The pleasure built rapidly, threatening to crest.

“Hold it,” Tanaka instructed softly. “You’re still learning. Good girl for trying so hard. The prison needs you to learn this control.”

Akemi fought the rising wave, thighs trembling, but the inmate’s fingers were relentless. A second wave of slick warmth flooded between her legs. Her nipples ached fiercely, flushed and hypersensitive. She was right on the edge again, teetering, when the minute ended and Tanaka called for another bite of food.

The cycle repeated—eat, edge, eat, edge—across the full twenty-five minutes of the meal. By the tenth cycle Akemi was shaking, her swollen clit so sensitive that even the lightest touch made her whimper aloud. The other inmates watched quietly, some with open curiosity, some with quiet envy. Tanaka never left her side, offering constant soft praise.

“You’re taking it so well,” Tanaka murmured during one of the edging phases. “Your body is learning exactly what it needs to become useful again. Good girl for the prison, Akemi. Good girl for letting everyone see how hard you’re trying.”

Near the end of the meal, Akemi’s control finally slipped. The inmate’s fingers pressed just right on her swollen tender bud and Akemi came hard, a sharp, involuntary cry escaping her lips as her core clenched and pulsed. Slick warmth flooded the bench beneath her. Her nipples throbbed visibly, two tight, rosy peaks that stood out for the entire room to see.

Tanaka’s hand rested gently on Akemi’s shoulder as the orgasm faded. “That’s all right,” she said softly. “You’re still new. We’ll work on holding it longer tomorrow. You’re still a good girl for the prison. You tried.”

The meal ended with a final chime. Akemi sat there, flushed, trembling, her swollen clit still pulsing with aftershocks, her backside still faintly pink from the morning’s spanking. The other inmates began to file out, many casting lingering glances at her.

Tanaka helped Akemi stand, her hand steady at the small of her back. “You did beautifully for your first meal,” she murmured. “Now we’ll go back to the cell for a short rest before your next duty. How does your body feel right now, after being edged in front of everyone?”

Akemi leaned into Tanaka’s touch, voice shaky and breathless.

“It feels… overwhelming,” she whispered. “But I want to be better for you. For the prison. Please tell me what I need to do next.”

Akemi looked up at Tanaka, her voice hoarse and trembling, still on her knees in the mess hall.

“Thank you, Officer Tanaka,” she whispered. “I want to keep being good for you. Please… tell me what comes next.”

Tanaka's hand rested warmly on Akemi's shoulder, her thumb brushing lightly over the flushed skin. "You've done enough for the meal period," she said softly. "Now we move to daily recreation time. This is when the block is allowed time in the yard for exercise and regulated activity. For you, it's also a time for service and continued tension-release work. You'll provide stress relief to the three off-duty guards on break, and you'll be edged yourself to keep your body balanced. I'll supervise the entire time so you stay safe and focused. This helps you learn your purpose in the prison. You're a good girl for the prison when you serve like this."

Akemi's legs felt unsteady as Tanaka helped her stand and guided her out of the mess hall. Her swollen tender bud continued to throb between her thighs, the sensitive flesh slick and hypersensitive from the long meal-time edging cycles. Her nipples ached, two flushed, sensitive tips that tightened further with every step in the cooler corridor air. The faint pink glow on her backside from the morning's spanking still tingled.

They stepped into the recreation yard—a large, enclosed concrete area ringed by high walls topped with razor wire. A few female inmates were walking slow laps or sitting on benches under the watchful eyes of guards. The afternoon sun warmed the air, but Akemi felt the breeze on her bare skin like a constant caress. When she entered completely naked, several heads turned. Eyes lingered on her body, the fresh barcode on her hip, the soft pink flush on her backside, and the glistening slickness between her thighs.

Tanaka led her to a shaded area near the wall where three off-duty female guards in their thirties waited on their break. The first was Officer Reyes, a sturdy, broad-shouldered Latina woman with short dark curls and a confident stance. The second was Officer Park, a slim Korean-American guard with sharp cheekbones and a quiet intensity. The third was Officer Hale, a tall, freckled redhead with a warm but commanding presence and long auburn hair tied back.

Tanaka stopped in front of them. "Officers, Akemi is on her first recreation service rotation. She'll provide relief only with her mouth today. I'll edge her the entire time to keep her regulated. Begin whenever you're ready."

Akemi dropped to her knees on the concrete, thighs spreading wide, back arched, hands resting palms up on her thighs. The position left her completely exposed—breasts lifted and offered, swollen tender bud visible and throbbing in the open air, nipples tight and aching under the combined gazes.

Tanaka stood right beside her. "Begin with Officer Reyes," she instructed gently. "Use your mouth. Slow and attentive. This is not about rushing. It's about providing proper relief. You're helping the prison stay calm and productive. You're a good girl for the prison when you serve without hesitation."

Officer Reyes stepped forward first. She lifted the front of her uniform skirt, revealing she wore nothing underneath, and guided Akemi's face between her thighs. Akemi pressed her mouth to Reyes's slick folds, her tongue sliding out to lick slowly along the guard's slit. Reyes groaned and began bucking sloppily against Akemi's nose, grinding her wetness over Akemi's face in messy, eager strokes. The guard's arousal coated Akemi's lips and nose, dripping down her chin as Reyes rode her face with increasing urgency.

While Akemi serviced Reyes, Tanaka reached down and began lightly circling Akemi's swollen tender bud with two fingers. "You're being edged while you serve," Tanaka explained softly. "This is how we balance your duties. You give relief and receive regulation at the same time. Feel how your body responds. This is healthy. This is what the program needs from you. You're a good girl for the prison when you accept both."

Akemi whimpered into Reyes's sex as the guard bucked harder, her nose buried deep. The dual sensation pushed her pleasure higher. Her nipples throbbed fiercely, two flushed, hypersensitive peaks that stood out in the open yard air. Her core clenched rhythmically as Tanaka's fingers kept her right on the edge.

Reyes came with a low, guttural moan, grinding her clit against Akemi's nose until her thighs shook. She stepped back, breathing hard, leaving Akemi's face glistening with her release.

"Next, Officer Park," Tanaka said calmly.

Officer Park moved in, more controlled. She held Akemi's head steady with both hands and guided her mouth directly to her swollen nub. Akemi sucked gently on the sensitive clit, swirling her tongue in tight circles. Park sighed deeply, her hips rocking in slow, deliberate thrusts while Akemi sucked and licked her nub with focused attention. Park's orgasm built quietly but intensely; when it hit, she pressed Akemi's face tighter, coming with a soft, shuddering gasp that left more of her wetness coating Akemi's lips and chin.

Tanaka never stopped edging Akemi, her fingers stroking the swollen tender bud in slow, relentless circles. "Good girl," she murmured. "You're helping them stay focused for their shifts. You're contributing to the prison's harmony. Look how your body is learning. Your clit is so swollen and responsive. You're becoming exactly what the prison needs."

Officer Hale was last. She chose a different approach, straddling Akemi's face while standing, lowering herself so Akemi's tongue could slide deep inside her. Hale rode Akemi's tongue with long, rolling movements, her hands in Akemi's hair, using the younger woman's mouth for deep penetration. When Hale came, it was with a quiet, intense shudder, her inner walls clenching around Akemi's tongue as she flooded the younger woman's mouth.

Throughout it all, Tanaka kept Akemi constantly edged—slow, deliberate strokes on her swollen tender bud that brought her right to the brink again and again without allowing release. Other inmates in the yard watched openly, some with envy, some with quiet fascination. The sounds of Akemi's soft whimpers and the wet sounds of her service carried across the yard.

"You're doing so well," Tanaka praised quietly, her fingers never stopping their work between Akemi's thighs. "Look how your body is learning. You're a good girl for the prison, Akemi. You're helping everyone around you by giving this relief. This is your purpose. This is how you become useful again."

Akemi was trembling by the time the recreation period neared its end. Her swollen tender bud was throbbing painfully, slick and hypersensitive after being edged for nearly forty minutes straight. Her face glistened with the combined release of the three guards. Her nipples were tight and rosy, aching from the constant exposure and arousal.

Tanaka finally pulled her fingers away, leaving Akemi right on the edge, desperate and denied. "That's enough for today's recreation," she said calmly. "You provided excellent stress relief to the guards. They'll remember how good you were. And you took your own edging beautifully. You're a very good girl for the prison, Akemi."

Akemi looked up at Tanaka, eyes glassy with need, voice hoarse and trembling.

"Thank you, Officer Tanaka," she whispered, still on her knees, body aching with unspent pleasure. "I want to keep being good for you. Please… tell me what comes next."

The recreation yard had emptied by the time Tanaka finally eased her fingers away from Akemi's swollen, throbbing clit. The afternoon sun had dipped lower, painting the concrete walls in long golden shadows. Akemi remained on her knees for a long moment, chest heaving, face still glistening with the mingled release of the three guards. Her swollen tender bud pulsed visibly between her spread thighs, denied and desperate after nearly forty minutes of relentless edging. Slick warmth coated her inner legs in slow, glistening trails. Her nipples stood out as two tight, rosy peaks, aching from the constant exposure and the building pressure that had no outlet.

Tanaka crouched beside her, one hand gently cupping Akemi's flushed cheek. "You gave them exactly what they needed," she murmured, voice low and intimate. "And you took your own regulation beautifully. That's how a good girl for the prison contributes. Come on—let's get you back to the cell. You've earned a short rest before the evening check. I don't want you too exhausted to focus when it matters most."

Akemi leaned into the touch, her body still trembling. Tanaka helped her stand and guided her through the corridors with a firm hand at the small of her back. The walk felt endless. Every step made Akemi's swollen clit brush against her own slick thighs, sending fresh sparks of need through her core. Her nipples tingled in the cooler air, hypersensitive and aching. The barcode on her hip seemed to burn with quiet heat, a constant reminder of how thoroughly she was already marked as Tanaka's.

Back in cell 17, Tanaka closed the door and locked it. She guided Akemi to the cot and eased her down onto her back. "Rest for a little while," Tanaka said softly, pulling the thin blanket only up to Akemi's waist, leaving her breasts and the glistening mess between her legs exposed. "I'll stay right here. Close your eyes. Let your body settle. The evening check will be more intense—you'll need to be present for it."

Akemi's eyelids fluttered shut. She drifted in and out of a light, hazy doze while Tanaka sat on the stool beside the cot, one hand resting possessively on Akemi's bare thigh. The touch never left her. Every so often Tanaka's fingers would trace slow, idle patterns on her skin— never enough to push her back toward the edge, but enough to keep the low, simmering arousal alive. Akemi's swollen clit continued to throb gently under the blanket, her nipples staying tight and flushed. The cell was quiet except for the occasional distant sound of other inmates moving in their blocks. Tanaka's presence filled the small space, calm and constant, a living reminder that Akemi was never truly alone anymore.

Time slipped by in that warm, suspended haze. The light outside the high window shifted from gold to soft dusk. When Tanaka finally squeezed her thigh, Akemi's eyes opened, heavy-lidded and dark with renewed need.

"It's almost time for the evening cell check," Tanaka said, her voice low and reassuring. "Every inmate has one. Yours is always last so I can give you my full attention. The checking guard will bring you to one orgasm after a brief break. Then I take over for the second and third. I do the later ones myself because I know exactly how your body needs to be handled —gently, thoroughly, without rushing. This is how we release everything the day built up in you. You're not being forced, Akemi. You're being helped to stay balanced and useful. You're a good girl for the prison when you let me take care of you like this."

Akemi's breath quickened. Her swollen tender bud gave a deep, involuntary pulse beneath the blanket. She sat up slowly, legs parting instinctively as Tanaka stood.

There was a soft knock. Officer Lena stepped inside, the same dark-haired guard who had witnessed the morning spanking. Her eyes flicked over Akemi's naked, still-flushed body with that same sharp hunger.

“Evening check for Trainee Akemi,” Lena said, voice clipped.

Tanaka nodded. “Begin. One orgasm after the break, then I’ll finish the session.”

Lena didn’t waste time. “On the cot, face up, legs wide.”

Akemi lay back, spreading her thighs. Lena knelt between them, two fingers sliding easily into the slick heat. She pumped steadily, curling upward while her thumb circled Akemi’s swollen tender bud. The direct stimulation after the long edging in the yard and the restless nap pushed Akemi toward the edge almost immediately. Her nipples tightened into two flushed, aching peaks. Slick sounds filled the small cell.

After the required brief pause, Lena resumed. Her fingers thrust deeper, thumb pressing firmly. Akemi came hard within moments, a sharp cry tearing from her throat as her core clenched and pulsed around the guard’s fingers. Fresh slick warmth flooded out, coating Lena’s hand and the sheet beneath her.

Lena withdrew, wiped her fingers, and stepped back. Her gaze lingered on Akemi’s trembling form a second longer than necessary before she left the cell.

Tanaka closed the door and turned back to Akemi. “Good,” she said softly. “The first one is done. Now I take over. I’ll give you the second and third orgasms myself—gently, continuously if that’s what your body needs. Up to twenty minutes if necessary. This is for you, Akemi. To help you release everything the day built up. You’re a good girl for the prison when you let me take care of you like this.”

She helped Akemi lie back again, legs spread wide. Tanaka removed her uniform jacket and rolled up her sleeves, then knelt between Akemi’s thighs. Her bare fingers—warm and sure— parted Akemi’s slick folds. She started slowly, two fingers sliding deep while her thumb circled the swollen tender bud with perfect pressure.

Akemi moaned immediately, the sound raw and needy. Tanaka’s touch was knowing, patient. She built the pleasure in long, rolling waves, never rushing, never letting Akemi settle. When the second orgasm crested, Tanaka didn’t stop. She kept her fingers moving through the clenching spasms, drawing the pleasure out, then pushing Akemi straight into a third without pause.

“That’s it,” Tanaka murmured, voice low and intimate. “Let them come. Your body knows what it needs now. You’re doing so well. Good girl for the prison, Akemi. Good girl for accepting everything we give you.”

The third orgasm rolled into a fourth, then a fifth—gentle but relentless, Tanaka’s fingers and mouth working together now, tongue flicking softly over the hypersensitive clit while her fingers curled inside. Akemi’s cries echoed off the cell walls, loud enough for the entire block to hear. Her hips bucked helplessly,

her nipples throbbed visibly, her whole body shaking as the continuous session stretched past fifteen minutes.

Tanaka never hurried. She kept the stimulation steady and loving, drawing out each peak until Akemi was sobbing with pleasure, her swollen tender bud so sensitive that every touch felt like fire and bliss at once.

When the full twenty minutes had passed and Akemi lay limp and trembling, covered in a sheen of sweat and her own slick release, Tanaka finally eased her fingers free. She wiped them gently on a small cloth, then pulled the thin blanket up over Akemi's legs, leaving her chest and the glistening mess between her thighs exposed.

"You did beautifully tonight," Tanaka said, brushing damp hair from Akemi's forehead. "Five orgasms in one session. Your body is learning faster than I expected. This is exactly what the program is for—releasing the tension so you can be useful and content. You're a very good girl for the prison, Akemi. I'm proud of you."

Akemi lay there, chest heaving, body limp and glowing. Her swollen clit still twitched with aftershocks, her nipples rosy and tender in the cool air. She looked up at Tanaka with glassy, devoted eyes and reached out, fingers brushing weakly against Tanaka's wrist.

"I feel… so full of you," she whispered, voice raw. "Like my body only knows how to respond to you now."

Akemi's eyes fluttered open in the dim early-morning light. The cell was quiet except for the faint hum of the ventilation system and the distant clatter of the block waking up. Her body felt heavy and alive at the same time—limbs loose from the long, relentless orgasm session the night before, yet already stirring with fresh heat. Between her thighs, her swollen tender bud still pulsed with a low, lingering ache, the sensitive flesh slick and hypersensitive even in rest. Her nipples had tightened into flushed, aching tips the moment the cool air touched them, two rosy peaks that sent tiny sparks through her chest with every breath.

She shifted on the narrow cot and felt the faint, warm sting on her backside from the previous day's corrections. The memory of Tanaka's steady hand, the sharp but loving smacks, the way her own body had responded with helpless pleasure, made her core flutter again. She pressed her thighs together, trying to ease the growing throb, but it only made her swollen clit ache more insistently.

The cell door clicked open. Tanaka stepped inside, uniform crisp, hair neatly pulled back, carrying the usual small tray with water and a protein bar. Her eyes found Akemi immediately, warm and assessing.

“Good morning,” Tanaka said, her voice low and reassuring as she set the tray down. “You slept through most of the night after the session. That’s good. Your body is learning to rest when it needs to.” She sat on the stool beside the cot and rested one hand lightly on Akemi’s bare knee. “How do you feel this morning?”

Akemi sat up slowly, the thin blanket slipping down to pool around her waist, leaving her breasts and the glistening evidence of her lingering arousal exposed. “I feel… full,” she whispered. “Like my body is still humming from last night. Everything is so sensitive. My… my clit won’t stop throbbing, even now.”

Tanaka’s fingers traced a slow circle on Akemi’s knee, the touch steady and possessive. “That’s exactly what we want at this stage,” she murmured. “The program is teaching your body to stay responsive, to stay open. It’s healthy. It means you’re adapting. You’re a good girl for the prison when you let yourself feel everything so honestly.” She offered the water first. “Drink. Then we’ll do your morning cell check. Remember, every inmate has one. Yours is always last so I can give you my full attention. Today we’ll focus on holding the edge longer. You struggled yesterday, but that’s all right. This is how you learn.”

Akemi drank deeply, the cool water doing little to calm the heat already building low in her belly. When the cup was empty, Tanaka stood and gestured to the center of the cell.

“Stand in presentation position first,” Tanaka said calmly. “Then we’ll begin the edging. Knees wide, back arched, hands on your thighs. Show me you’re ready to try again.”

Akemi slid off the cot and dropped to her knees in the middle of the small space. Thighs spread wide, back arched deeply, palms resting upward on her thighs. The position opened her completely—breasts lifted and offered, swollen tender bud exposed and already glistening, nipples tight and aching in the cool air. She could feel Tanaka’s eyes on her like a physical touch, tracing every curve, every detail of her marked, naked body.

Tanaka crouched in front of her, close enough that Akemi could smell the clean, herbal scent of her uniform. “Good girl,” she praised softly. “You’re presenting beautifully already. Now use your fingers. Slow circles on your clit. Get yourself right to the edge and hold there. No release. This is about control, Akemi. About learning to serve the program instead of letting your body rush ahead. You can do this. You’re a good girl for the prison when you try.”

Akemi’s hand trembled as she reached down. The moment her fingertips brushed her swollen tender bud, a sharp whimper escaped her lips. The sensitive flesh was slick and

hypersensitive from the night before; even the lightest touch sent a jolt of pleasure straight through her core. She began slow circles, trying to pace

herself, but the pleasure built fast— too fast. Her hips rocked involuntarily. Her breathing turned shallow. Her nipples throbbed visibly, two flushed, aching peaks that tightened further with every pass of her fingers.

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

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

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

Tanaka leaned in closer, her breath warm against Akemi’s ear, voice still soft and helpful, almost coaxing. “You wouldn’t want to come for me right now, even if I told you to. I’m the one who decides when you can come. I tell you when to come. You don’t get to decide that yet, do you? You’re still learning to wait for me… just wait for me like a good girl…”

The words hit like a velvet hammer. The casual ownership, the gentle insistence that Akemi’s pleasure belonged to Tanaka, the quiet command wrapped in caring encouragement—

Akemi’s body betrayed her completely. Her swollen clit pulsed violently under her fingertips, the tender bud exploding into a shattering orgasm that ripped through her without mercy. Her back arched hard, a raw, broken cry tearing from her throat as wave after wave crashed over her. Slick warmth flooded down her inner thighs in hot, uncontrollable spurts. Her nipples throbbed visibly, two flushed, aching peaks that stood out sharply in the cell light. She shook, sobbed,

and came helplessly while Tanaka watched with calm, quiet satisfaction, her hand never leaving Akemi's shoulder.

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

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

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

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

The first smack landed—firm, measured, the flat of Tanaka's palm cracking against Akemi's right cheek with a sharp, resounding sound that echoed off the cell walls. Heat bloomed instantly, a stinging warmth that made Akemi gasp. The second smack followed on the left cheek, matching the first in force and precision. The third and fourth came in quick succession, spreading the heat across both cheeks until Akemi's entire backside glowed a deeper pink.

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

Tanaka didn't rush. She paused between sets, rubbing the warmed skin with her palm, letting the sting settle into a deep, throbbing heat. "You're taking it so

well," she said softly, voice still gentle and reassuring. "Feel how your body is opening up for the correction? That's good. That's progress. You're a good girl for the prison when you accept this."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Please… don't stop… keep spanking me… I'm coming again… please, please, please…"

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

She begged the entire time, voice hoarse and desperate.

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

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

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

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

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

Akemi lay draped over Tanaka’s lap for a long time after the spanking finally ended, her body limp and glowing, chest still heaving with aftershocks. The cell air felt thick with the scent of her arousal and the faint leather-and-skin smell of Tanaka’s uniform. Her backside burned with a deep, throbbing heat that blended seamlessly with the relentless pulsing of her swollen tender bud. Every tiny shift of her hips made her slick clit brush against the fabric of Tanaka’s thigh, sending fresh sparks of oversensitive pleasure through her core. Her nipples ached, two tight, rosy peaks that dragged against Tanaka’s uniform with each shaky breath.

Tanaka’s hand continued its slow, soothing circles over the glowing skin of Akemi’s ass, the touch both comforting and possessive. “You took that so beautifully,” she murmured, voice low and warm against Akemi’s ear. “Look at how your body opens up when it receives correction. That’s progress, sweetheart. You’re already becoming exactly what the prison needs—a good girl who learns from every lesson. I’m proud of you.”

Akemi whimpered softly, the praise sinking deep into her, making her swollen clit throb harder against Tanaka’s thigh. “Thank you… for correcting me,” she breathed, voice hoarse and devoted. “I want to be better for you. I want to hold the edge next time. I want to be your good girl…”

Tanaka helped her sit up gently, then pulled her into a loose embrace so Akemi’s bare breasts pressed against the front of her uniform. One hand stroked down Akemi’s spine, the other resting possessively on the curve of her still-warm backside. “You will be,” Tanaka whispered. “I know you will. That’s why I’m

here—to guide you until you don’t even have to try anymore. Until it’s natural. Until your body knows its place under my supervision.”

The rest of the morning passed in a haze of quiet routines. Tanaka stayed with Akemi in the cell for a short while longer, letting her rest against her shoulder while she reviewed notes on her tablet. Then she escorted her through the day’s scheduled activities—light cleaning duties in the administrative wing, where Akemi worked on her knees polishing floors under Tanaka’s watchful eye, her naked body on full display to passing staff. Every time she stretched or bent, her swollen clit brushed the cool tile, keeping her in a constant state of low, simmering arousal. Tanaka’s occasional soft praise (“Good girl for staying focused”) only made the ache deeper.

By the time they returned to the cell for the midday break, Akemi was trembling again, her core slick and needy, her nipples tight and hypersensitive. Tanaka let her lie down for a brief nap, but even then her hand stayed on Akemi’s thigh, a constant reminder of who controlled her body now.

The afternoon slipped by in more service tasks—fetching files, presenting them on her knees in Tanaka’s office while wardens came and went for quick stress relief. Akemi’s mouth worked diligently, her tongue and lips bringing each guard to quiet, satisfied climaxes while Tanaka edged her from behind, never letting her tip over. The cycle of denial and service left Akemi’s mind foggy, her body a live wire of unspent need.

By evening, when the block settled into its nightly rhythm, Akemi was aching in a way she had never known—deep, constant, and entirely focused on Tanaka.

The cell door clicked open for the evening check. Officer Lena stepped inside again, her expression carefully neutral, but her eyes held that same sharp hunger Akemi had noticed before. Tanaka stood to the side, arms crossed, supervising as always.

“Evening check for Trainee Akemi,” Lena said, voice clipped.

Tanaka nodded. “Begin. One orgasm after the break, then I’ll finish the session.”

Akemi lay back on the cot without being told, legs spreading wide on instinct. Lena knelt between them, fingers sliding into the slick heat with practiced ease. She pumped steadily, thumb circling Akemi’s swollen tender bud in firm, relentless strokes. The direct stimulation after the day’s long edging and denial pushed Akemi toward the edge almost immediately. Her nipples tightened into two flushed, aching peaks. Her hips rocked helplessly.

After the required brief pause, Lena resumed. This time her fingers thrust deeper, faster, deliberately driving Akemi straight toward climax instead of holding her at the edge. Akemi’s eyes widened—she tried to hold back,

remembering the morning's lesson—but Lena's touch was merciless. The guard curled her fingers hard against that sensitive spot inside while her thumb pressed firmly on the swollen clit, forcing the orgasm out of her.

Akemi came with a sharp, broken cry, her core clenching violently around Lena's fingers. Slick warmth flooded out, coating the guard's hand. But Lena didn't stop. She kept thrusting through the spasms, drawing the pleasure out longer than protocol required, then immediately pushed Akemi into a second, harsher orgasm before the first had even fully faded.

Tanaka's brow furrowed slightly, but she said nothing yet. She was watching closely.

Lena finally withdrew, wiping her fingers on her uniform with a satisfied glint in her eye. She glanced at Tanaka, then left the cell without a word.

Tanaka closed the door and turned to Akemi, her expression calm but her eyes sharp. She helped Akemi sit up, then gently turned her so she could see the fresh handprints blooming across Akemi's backside—clear, overlapping marks from the guard's rough handling during the forced orgasms.

Tanaka's fingers traced one of the prints, her touch light. "These are new," she said quietly, almost to herself. "And they weren't from me." She reached for her tablet, pulled up the security feed, and watched the footage of the evening check in silence. Her jaw tightened as she saw Lena deliberately force the orgasms instead of edging, then spank Akemi three times immediately after each climax.

When the video ended, Tanaka set the tablet down. Her voice remained calm, but there was a cold edge beneath it. "I see," she murmured. "Officer Lena has been… overzealous. She forced you instead of letting you edge. She used the orgasms as an excuse to spank you repeatedly." Tanaka's hand smoothed gently over the fresh handprints, soothing them. "That's not how the program works. I handle your later orgasms for a reason—I know how to keep them gentle, how to make them help you. She crossed a line."

Akemi trembled under the touch, her swollen clit still twitching from the forced climaxes, her body a confused storm of overstimulation and need. "She… she made me come so hard," she whispered, voice shaky. "I couldn't stop it…"

Tanaka leaned in, pressing a soft kiss to Akemi's temple. "I know, sweetheart. That's why I'm taking full oversight from now on. No more checks from other guards without me present. You're mine to supervise. Mine to correct. Mine to bring to pleasure when the program requires it. You're a good girl for the prison, Akemi. And I'm going to make sure no one interferes with that again."

She pulled Akemi into her arms, holding her close, one hand still soothing the handprints on her backside. "Tomorrow morning I'll speak with the warden

about Officer Lena’s transfer to another block. For tonight… I’m going to take care of you properly. Lie back for me. I’m going to give you the second and third orgasms the way they’re meant to be given—gently, thoroughly, the way only I can.”

Akemi lay back, legs spreading wide again, eyes locked on Tanaka with glassy devotion. Her swollen tender bud pulsed visibly, still slick and hypersensitive from Lena’s rough handling. Her nipples ached, two flushed, tight peaks that begged for attention.

Tanaka knelt between her thighs, bare fingers parting her folds with reverent care. “This is how it should feel,” she whispered, voice low and intimate. “This is how a good girl for the prison is taken care of.”

Her mouth descended, tongue flicking softly over Akemi’s swollen clit while two fingers slid deep inside. The touch was gentle, knowing, and devastatingly precise. Akemi’s back arched off the cot with a raw moan, her hands fisting in the blanket as Tanaka began the long, continuous session that would stretch well past twenty minutes—drawing out wave after wave of pleasure until Akemi was sobbing Tanaka’s name, begging for more, lost completely in the difference between correction and true care.

Tanaka never rushed. She licked and sucked and stroked with patient devotion, bringing Akemi to one shattering orgasm after another, each one gentler and deeper than the last, until the entire cell block could hear the difference in Akemi’s cries—raw, grateful, and utterly devoted.

When it was finally over, Akemi lay limp and glowing, body trembling with aftershocks, voice a broken whisper.

“Only you… only you make me feel like this… thank you for taking care of me…”

Tanaka brushed a kiss to the inside of Akemi’s thigh, right beside the still-throbbing clit, and smiled against her skin.

“You’re welcome, my good girl,” she murmured. “And tomorrow, no one else will touch you like that again. I promise.”

Akemi’s fingers found Tanaka’s hair, holding her close as the last tremors faded.

“I don’t want anyone else,” she breathed. “Only you.”

The mess hall was loud with the low clatter of trays and murmured conversations, but the moment Akemi knelt at her assigned spot at the end of the long table, the room seemed to grow quieter. The other inmates ate in their gray uniforms, eyes flicking toward her naked body with a mixture of curiosity and quiet envy. The fresh pink glow on her backside from the morning’s correction was still visible, and the slick evidence of her constant arousal glistened between her spread thighs. Her swollen tender bud throbbed visibly in the open air, the

sensitive flesh already hypersensitive from the day's earlier edging and service. Her nipples stood out as two tight, rosy peaks, aching with every breath.

Tanaka stood beside her, one hand resting lightly on Akemi's shoulder. "Officer Lena is on rotation for your meal-time edging today," she said calmly. "You know the protocol. Eat for one minute, then let her edge you. Repeat until the meal ends. This is how you learn balance, Akemi. You're a good girl for the prison when you accept both nourishment and regulation without complaint."

Akemi nodded, voice soft. "Yes, Officer Tanaka. I'll try to hold the edge this time."

Lena stepped forward, her dark eyes gleaming with something sharper than professional duty. She sat on the bench beside Akemi and slid a tray in front of her—plain oatmeal, fruit, water. "Begin eating," Lena said, her tone flat.

Akemi picked up the spoon with trembling fingers and took her first bite. The minute felt endless. Every eye in the room was on her bare breasts, on the barcode on her hip, on the slickness already coating her inner thighs. Her swollen clit pulsed steadily, the tender bud aching for touch even before the edging began.

The chime sounded. Lena's hand moved under the table without hesitation. Two fingers parted Akemi's slick folds and slid deep inside while her thumb pressed firmly against the swollen tender bud. She began stroking immediately—fast, deliberate, curling upward against that sensitive inner spot with practiced precision.

Akemi gasped, the spoon clattering against the bowl. The sudden, intense stimulation after the day's constant denial pushed her straight toward the edge. Her nipples tightened into two flushed, aching peaks that stood out prominently for the entire hall to see. Slick heat flooded around Lena's fingers, coating them instantly.

"Easy," Tanaka murmured beside them, voice calm and reassuring. "You're doing well. Let the program help you. You're a good girl for the prison when you stay open like this."

Lena's fingers moved faster, thumb circling the swollen clit with relentless pressure. She leaned in close, her breath warm against Akemi's ear. "You're so wet already," she whispered, too low for Tanaka to hear. "You like this, don't you? Being edged in front of everyone. Being the prison's little toy."

Akemi's hips jerked involuntarily. The pleasure built too quickly, too intensely. She tried to hold back, remembering Tanaka's corrections, but Lena's fingers curled harder, thumb pressing down firmly on the swollen tender bud in tight, merciless circles.

“You’re going to come for me,” Lena whispered, voice laced with jealous satisfaction. “Right here. Right now. And then I’ll have to correct you in front of everyone.”

Akemi’s eyes widened. She tried to fight it, but the guard’s touch was ruthless. Her swollen clit throbbed violently under Lena’s thumb, the tender bud pulsing as the orgasm crashed over her without mercy. A sharp, broken cry tore from her throat as her core clenched hard around Lena’s fingers. Slick warmth gushed out, coating the guard’s hand and dripping onto the bench beneath her. Her nipples throbbed visibly, two flushed, hypersensitive peaks that stood out for the entire room to see. The orgasm rolled through her in long, helpless waves while the other inmates watched in silence.

Lena didn’t stop. She kept her fingers moving through the spasms, drawing the pleasure out, then immediately pushed Akemi into a second, harsher orgasm before the first had even fully faded. Akemi sobbed, her body convulsing, another flood of slick heat spilling out as she came again in front of the entire mess hall.

Only then did Lena withdraw. She wiped her fingers on her uniform and stood. “Trainee Akemi failed to hold the edge twice,” she announced loudly enough for the room to hear. “Protocol requires immediate correction.”

Before Tanaka could intervene, Lena pulled Akemi up by the arm, bent her over the table in front of everyone, and delivered three firm, resounding spanks to Akemi’s bare backside— sharp, deliberate smacks that echoed through the hall. The handprints bloomed bright pink across the already tender skin.

Akemi cried out, the stinging heat blending with the aftershocks of the forced orgasms. Her swollen clit throbbed violently between her spread thighs, slick and aching from the public humiliation. Her nipples dragged against the cold metal table, sending sharp sparks through her chest.

The entire mess hall watched in silence.

Tanaka’s voice cut through the room like a blade. “Enough.”

She stepped forward, eyes dark with controlled anger. One hand gently pulled Akemi upright while the other traced the fresh, overlapping handprints on her backside. The marks were unmistakable—clear evidence of Lena’s overzealous correction.

“Officer Lena,” Tanaka said, her tone dangerously calm, “step away. I will handle this personally.”

Lena’s jaw tightened, but she obeyed, stepping back with a flicker of defiance in her eyes.

Tanaka turned Akemi to face her, cupping her flushed cheek with one hand while the other soothed the stinging skin of her ass. “I’m here,” Tanaka whispered,

voice low enough for only Akemi to hear. “You’re safe. You’re mine to supervise. This was not part of the program. I will fix it.”

Akemi leaned into her touch, trembling, her swollen clit still pulsing, her body a storm of overstimulation and need. “It hurt… but it felt… I couldn’t stop coming for her,” she whispered, voice breaking. “I tried to hold it… I wanted to be good for you…”

Tanaka’s eyes softened, but the anger toward Lena remained. She pulled Akemi closer, pressing a gentle kiss to her temple while the entire hall watched. “I know, sweetheart. You are a good girl. You’re my good girl. And from now on, no one else will touch you like that without my direct permission.”

She turned slightly toward the room, voice carrying with quiet authority. “Meal period is over. Return to your duties. Officer Lena, you will report to the warden’s office immediately. I will be reviewing the footage of this check personally.”

Lena’s face paled, but she nodded once and left without another word.

Tanaka kept Akemi close, one arm around her waist, the other gently rubbing the fresh handprints on her backside. “Come on,” she murmured, guiding her toward the door. “We’re going back to the cell. I’m going to take care of you properly now. No more interference. Only me.”

Akemi walked beside her, naked and flushed, body still trembling from the public ordeal, her swollen clit throbbing visibly with every step. She leaned into Tanaka’s side, voice soft and devoted.

“Only you,” she whispered. “Please… only you from now on.”

The mess hall had gone deathly quiet after the public spanking. Akemi was still bent over the table, trembling, her glowing backside marked with fresh handprints from Lena’s deliberate smacks. The other inmates watched in stunned silence as Tanaka stepped forward, her expression a perfect mask of controlled anger.

“Officer Lena,” Tanaka said, voice icy and authoritative, “step away from my trainee. I will handle this personally.”

Lena straightened, her face a careful mix of defiance and nervousness, exactly as they had rehearsed. She gave a curt nod and backed away. Tanaka’s hand moved to Akemi’s shoulder, gentle but possessive, steadying her as she helped the younger woman stand.

“Everyone return to your duties,” Tanaka announced to the room, tone calm but final. “The meal period is over. Officer Lena, you will report to the warden’s office immediately. I will be reviewing the footage of this check.”

Lena left without another word, playing the part of the chastised guard perfectly. The inmates filed out, casting lingering glances at Akemi's naked, flushed body and the clear handprints on her ass.

The moment the last inmate was gone, Tanaka's hand tightened on Akemi's shoulder. "Stay right here for a moment," she murmured softly to Akemi. "I need to speak with Officer Lena privately about her behavior. I'll be right back."

Akemi nodded, still dazed and trembling, her swollen clit visibly pulsing between her thighs, her nipples tight and rosy. Tanaka guided her to sit on the bench, then turned and walked briskly after Lena.

She caught up with the other guard just outside the mess hall and steered her into a small, unused storage room used for private staff meetings. The door clicked shut behind them. Tanaka locked it.

The mask dropped instantly.

Tanaka's lips curved into a slow, satisfied smile as she released Lena's arm. "Do you think she's buying it?" she asked, voice low and amused, the professional sternness completely gone.

Lena let out a breath she'd been holding, her own expression shifting from feigned nervousness to a wicked, conspiratorial grin. She leaned back against the wall, arms crossed, eyes gleaming with excitement. "Oh, she's buying it completely," Lena said, voice dropping to match Tanaka's intimate tone. "Did you see her face when I forced her the second time? She was trying so hard to hold back for you, and I just pushed her right over the edge. The look in her eyes when I spanked her in front of everyone… she's so confused and so turned on. She thinks I'm the jealous rival trying to steal you from her. She has no idea you're the one pulling every string."

Tanaka stepped closer, her body language shifting from strict supervisor to something far more predatory and intimate. She reached out and traced a finger along Lena's jaw, tilting her chin up slightly. "Good. I want her to stay confused a little longer. The more she believes you're the threat, the harder she clings to me when I 'protect' her. You did well today — forcing those orgasms and then spanking her publicly was perfect. She came so hard for you, didn't she? I could see her clit pulsing from across the room."

Lena's breath hitched at the praise, her cheeks flushing. "She was dripping the entire time. I could feel how much she wanted to hold back for you, but her body betrayed her. It was so easy to push her over. I almost came myself just watching her try to be good for you while I forced her to come in front of the whole hall."

Tanaka's smile deepened, dark and pleased. She stepped even closer, pressing Lena back against the wall, one thigh sliding between Lena's legs. "I know. I

watched the whole thing. You played the jealous guard beautifully. She thinks you're in love with me and resent her for taking my attention. That's exactly what I wanted. It makes her even more desperate to prove she's the one who belongs to me."

Lena's hips rocked subtly against Tanaka's thigh, her voice turning breathy. "I do get off on it, you know. Helping you break her like this. Getting to be the 'bad guard' who forces her to come and spanks her while you watch from the side… it's the hottest game I've ever played. But I know she's yours. I'm just the tool you use to push her deeper."

Tanaka's hand slid down Lena's side, gripping her hip possessively. "Exactly. You're my tool. And you're very good at it. Tomorrow morning during the cell check, I want you to force her again — make her come twice instead of edging her properly. Then spank her three times after each orgasm, nice and hard so the handprints are obvious. I'll 'discover' the marks later and review the footage publicly. It'll look like I'm furious with you, and I'll have you transferred to another block by the end of the day. Akemi will see me protecting her, and she'll fall even harder."

Lena's eyes darkened with arousal. "And after the transfer? You'll still let me help sometimes, right? I love watching you break her."

Tanaka leaned in, lips brushing Lena's ear. "Of course. You'll get to participate in the weekly entertainment sessions and the inspections. You can help me edge her, force her orgasms, and hold her down while I use the strap-on to prolong it. But remember — she's mine. Every moan, every orgasm, every drop of honey she produces is for me. You're only allowed to touch her when I say so, and only in the ways I approve. Understood?"

Lena shivered, nodding eagerly. "Understood. She's yours. I'm just the jealous guard who gets to push her limits for you. God, I can't wait to see her face when she finally realizes you planned all of this — the forced orgasms, the spankings, the public humiliation — all to melt her mind and make her completely addicted to you."

Tanaka's hand slid lower, cupping Lena's ass and pulling her tighter against her thigh. "Neither can I. She already begs so sweetly for me. By the time we're done with the inspectors, she'll be begging me to keep her forever, knowing I orchestrated every single overwhelming moment just to give her the pleasure she never knew she needed. And you'll get to watch the final reveal — when I tell her the truth and she comes apart completely for me."

Lena's breath was ragged now, hips grinding subtly against Tanaka's thigh. "I'm so hard just thinking about it. You're going to break her so beautifully."

Tanaka's smile was slow and predatory. "I already am. Now go back to your duties. Act angry and resentful when I publicly discipline you tomorrow. Make it convincing. The more Akemi believes you're the threat, the sweeter it will be when I 'save' her and she realizes I was the one behind every single orgasm and spanking."

Lena nodded, eyes dark with lust. "Yes, Officer Tanaka. I'll make it convincing. For you."

Tanaka stepped back, straightening her uniform, the professional mask sliding back into place. "Good. Now get out of here before someone wonders why we're taking so long."

Lena straightened, gave Tanaka one last heated look, and slipped out of the room.

Tanaka stayed behind for a moment, alone, a small, satisfied smile playing on her lips. She could already picture Akemi's face when the truth finally came out — the shock, the overwhelming gratitude, the even deeper, more complete surrender.

She whispered to the empty room, voice soft and full of dark promise.

"Soon, my good girl. Soon you'll know exactly how much I've done to make you mine."

Tanaka adjusted her uniform one last time and stepped out into the corridor, ready to return to Akemi and continue the beautiful, carefully orchestrated game that would eventually break her completely — and make her love Tanaka even more for it.

The mess hall buzzed with the usual clatter of trays and low conversations, but the moment Akemi knelt at her assigned spot at the end of the long table, the room seemed to grow quieter. The other inmates ate in their gray uniforms, eyes flicking toward her naked body with a mixture of curiosity and quiet envy. The faint pink glow on her backside from the morning's correction was still visible, and the slick evidence of her constant arousal glistened between her spread thighs. Her swollen tender bud throbbed visibly in the open air, the sensitive flesh already hypersensitive from the day's earlier edging and service. Her nipples stood out as two tight, rosy peaks, aching with every breath.

Tanaka stood beside her, one hand resting lightly on Akemi's shoulder. "Officer Lena is on rotation for your meal-time edging today," she said calmly. "You know the protocol. Eat for one minute, then let her edge you. Repeat until the meal ends. This is how you learn balance, Akemi. You're a good girl for the prison when you accept both nourishment and regulation without complaint."

Akemi nodded, voice soft. “Yes, Officer Tanaka. I’ll try to hold the edge this time.”

Lena stepped forward, her dark eyes gleaming with something sharper than professional duty. She sat on the bench beside Akemi and slid a tray in front of her—plain oatmeal, fruit, water. “Begin eating,” Lena said, her tone flat.

Akemi picked up the spoon with trembling fingers and took her first bite. The minute felt endless. Every eye in the room was on her bare breasts, on the barcode on her hip, on the slickness already coating her inner thighs. Her swollen clit pulsed steadily, the tender bud aching for touch even before the edging began.

The chime sounded. Lena’s hand moved under the table without hesitation. Two fingers parted Akemi’s slick folds and slid deep inside while her thumb pressed firmly against the swollen tender bud. She began stroking immediately—fast, deliberate, curling upward against that sensitive inner spot with practiced precision.

Akemi gasped, the spoon clattering against the bowl. The sudden, intense stimulation after the day’s constant denial pushed her straight toward the edge. Her nipples tightened into two flushed, aching peaks that stood out prominently for the entire hall to see. Slick heat flooded around Lena’s fingers, coating them instantly.

“Easy,” Tanaka murmured beside them, voice calm and reassuring. “You’re doing well. Let the program help you. You’re a good girl for the prison when you stay open like this.”

Lena’s fingers moved faster, thumb circling the swollen clit with relentless pressure. She leaned in close, her breath warm against Akemi’s ear. “You’re so wet already,” she whispered, too low for Tanaka to hear. “You like this, don’t you? Being edged in front of everyone. Being the prison’s little toy.”

Akemi’s hips jerked involuntarily. The pleasure built too quickly, too intensely. She tried to hold back, remembering Tanaka’s corrections, but Lena’s fingers curled harder, thumb pressing down firmly on the swollen tender bud in tight, merciless circles.

“You’re going to come for me,” Lena whispered, voice laced with jealous satisfaction. “Right here. Right now. And then I’ll have to correct you in front of everyone.”

Akemi’s eyes widened. She tried to fight it, but the guard’s touch was ruthless. Her swollen clit throbbed violently under Lena’s thumb, the tender bud pulsing as the orgasm crashed over her without mercy. A sharp, broken cry tore from her throat as her core clenched hard around Lena’s fingers. Slick warmth gushed

out, coating the guard's hand and dripping onto the bench beneath her. Her nipples throbbed visibly, two flushed, hypersensitive peaks that stood out for the entire room to see. The orgasm rolled through her in long, helpless waves while the other inmates watched in silence.

Lena didn't stop. She kept her fingers moving through the spasms, drawing the pleasure out, then immediately pushed Akemi into a second, harsher orgasm before the first had even fully faded. Akemi sobbed, her body convulsing, another flood of slick heat spilling out as she came again in front of the entire mess hall.

Only then did Lena withdraw. She wiped her fingers on her uniform and stood. "Trainee Akemi failed to hold the edge twice," she announced loudly enough for the room to hear. "Protocol requires immediate correction."

Before Tanaka could intervene, Lena pulled Akemi up by the arm, bent her over the table in front of everyone, and delivered three firm, resounding spanks to Akemi's bare backside— sharp, deliberate smacks that echoed through the hall. The handprints bloomed bright pink across the already tender skin.

Akemi cried out, the stinging heat blending with the aftershocks of the forced orgasms. Her swollen clit throbbed violently between her spread thighs, slick and aching from the public humiliation. Her nipples dragged against the cold metal table, sending sharp sparks through her chest.

The entire mess hall watched in silence.

Tanaka's voice cut through the room like a blade. "Enough."

She stepped forward, eyes dark with controlled anger. One hand gently pulled Akemi upright while the other traced the fresh, overlapping handprints on her backside. The marks were unmistakable—clear evidence of Lena's overzealous correction.

"Officer Lena," Tanaka said, her tone dangerously calm, "step away. I will handle this personally."

Lena's jaw tightened, but she obeyed, stepping back with a flicker of defiance in her eyes.

Tanaka turned Akemi to face her, cupping her flushed cheek with one hand while the other soothed the stinging skin of her ass. "I'm here," Tanaka whispered, voice low enough for only Akemi to hear. "You're safe. You're mine to supervise. This was not part of the program. I will fix it."

Akemi leaned into her touch, trembling, her swollen clit still pulsing, her body a storm of overstimulation and need. "It hurt… but it felt… I couldn't stop coming for her," she whispered, voice breaking. "I tried to hold it… I wanted to be good for you…"

Tanaka’s eyes softened, but the anger toward Lena remained. She pulled Akemi closer, pressing a gentle kiss to her temple while the entire hall watched. “I know, sweetheart. You are a good girl. You’re my good girl. And from now on, no one else will touch you like that without my direct permission.”

She turned slightly toward the room, voice carrying with quiet authority. “Meal period is over. Return to your duties. Officer Lena, you will report to the warden’s office immediately. I will be reviewing the footage of this check personally.”

Lena’s face paled, but she nodded once and left without another word.

Tanaka kept Akemi close, one arm around her waist, the other gently rubbing the fresh handprints on her backside. “Come on,” she murmured, guiding her toward the door. “We’re going back to the cell. I’m going to take care of you properly now. No more interference. Only me.”

Akemi walked beside her, naked and flushed, body still trembling from the public ordeal, her swollen clit throbbing visibly with every step. She leaned into Tanaka’s side, voice soft and devoted.

“Only you,” she whispered. “Please… only you from now on.”

The mess hall was still deathly silent as Tanaka stood over Akemi, one hand gently cupping her flushed cheek while the other soothed the fresh, overlapping handprints blooming across her bare backside. The pink marks from Lena’s deliberate spanks stood out sharply against Akemi’s skin, clear evidence of the overzealous correction. Akemi trembled, her swollen tender bud still pulsing visibly between her spread thighs, slick heat dripping down her inner legs from the two forced orgasms Lena had just wrung out of her in front of everyone. Her nipples throbbed, two flushed, hypersensitive peaks that stood out prominently under the bright lights. The entire room watched in stunned silence, the air thick with the scent of Akemi’s arousal and the faint echo of her broken cries.

Tanaka’s voice cut through the quiet like a blade, calm but edged with steel. “Officer Lena, step away from my trainee. I will handle this personally.”

Lena straightened, her face a careful mask of defiance mixed with just the right amount of nervousness. She gave a curt nod and backed away, exactly as they had rehearsed in the storage room earlier. Tanaka’s hand never left Akemi’s shoulder, steadying her as she helped the younger woman stand upright. Akemi leaned heavily into her, legs shaky, body still trembling from the public ordeal.

“Everyone return to your duties,” Tanaka announced to the room, her tone professional and final. “The meal period is over. Officer Lena, you will report to the warden’s office immediately. I will be reviewing the footage of this check personally.”

Lena turned on her heel and left without another word, playing the part of the chastised guard to perfection. The inmates filed out in silence, casting lingering glances at Akemi's naked, flushed body and the clear handprints on her ass. The mess hall emptied quickly, leaving only Tanaka and Akemi.

Tanaka pulled Akemi close, one arm wrapping around her waist while the other gently rubbed the stinging skin of her backside. "I'm here," she whispered, voice low enough for only Akemi to hear. "You're safe. You're mine to supervise. This was not part of the program. I will fix it."

Akemi pressed her face into Tanaka's uniform, trembling. "It hurt… but it felt… I couldn't stop coming for her," she whispered, voice breaking. "I tried to hold it… I wanted to be good for you…"

Tanaka's eyes softened, but the calculated anger she showed the room remained. She kissed Akemi's temple tenderly. "I know, sweetheart. You are a good girl. You're my good girl. And from now on, no one else will touch you like that without my direct permission."

She turned slightly toward the now-empty hall, raising her voice so it would carry for anyone still listening in the corridor. "I need to review the security footage immediately. Akemi, stay with me. I want you to see this too."

Tanaka guided Akemi to the small monitoring station just outside the mess hall. She pulled up the footage of the meal-time edging session on the screen, playing it for both of them. Akemi watched in humiliated silence as the video showed Lena deliberately forcing her to orgasm twice instead of edging her, then spanking her three times after each climax. The handprints were unmistakable.

Tanaka's jaw tightened visibly for the camera. She paused the video and turned to Akemi, her voice loud enough to carry. "This is unacceptable. Officer Lena has gone far beyond protocol. She forced you instead of letting you edge. She used the orgasms as an excuse to spank you repeatedly. That is not how the program works. I handle your pleasure and your correction for a reason—I know how to keep everything gentle and beneficial for you."

Akemi's eyes were wide, her body still flushed and aching. "She… she made me come so hard," she whispered. "I couldn't stop it…"

Tanaka pulled her closer, one hand soothing the handprints on her backside while the other cupped her cheek. "I know, sweetheart. That's why I'm taking full oversight from now on. No more checks from other guards without me present. You're mine to supervise. Mine to correct. Mine to bring to pleasure when the program requires it. You're a good girl for the prison, Akemi. And I'm going to make sure no one interferes with that again."

She keyed her radio. “Warden, this is Officer Tanaka. I need Officer Lena transferred to another block effective immediately. Her behavior with Trainee Akemi has compromised the integrity of the specialized program. I will provide the footage and full report.”

The warden’s voice crackled back in agreement. Tanaka ended the call and turned back to Akemi, her expression softening into the warm, protective mask she always wore for her. “It’s done. She’ll be gone by tonight. You’re safe now. Only me from now on.”

Akemi leaned into her, voice soft and devoted. “Only you… please… only you from now on.”

Tanaka kissed her forehead. “Only me. I promise.”

Later that evening, after Akemi had been taken back to her cell and given a short rest, Tanaka slipped away to the same small storage room where she and Lena had spoken before. She locked the door behind her.

Lena was already waiting, leaning against the wall with a satisfied smirk.

The mask dropped instantly on both sides.

Tanaka’s lips curved into a slow, predatory smile. “Do you think she’s buying it?” she asked, voice low and amused.

Lena let out a soft laugh, stepping forward. “She’s buying it completely. Did you see her face when I forced her the second time in the mess hall? She was trying so hard to hold back for you, and I just pushed her right over. The way she cried out in front of everyone… she thinks I’m the jealous rival who wants you for myself. She has no idea you told me exactly how hard to push her.”

Tanaka closed the distance, pressing Lena back against the wall, one thigh sliding between her legs. “You played it perfectly. The handprints, the public spanking, the way you forced her to come instead of edging her — it was exactly what I wanted. She’s even more desperate for me now. She thinks I’m protecting her from you.”

Lena’s breath hitched, hips rocking subtly against Tanaka’s thigh. “I almost came myself watching her break in front of the whole hall. Forcing her orgasms and then spanking her while she was still coming… it was beautiful. She’s so addicted to you already, and she doesn’t even know you’re the one orchestrating every single overwhelming moment.”

Tanaka’s hand slid down to grip Lena’s hip possessively. “That’s the plan. You’ll continue the ‘jealous guard’ act until the transfer is official. Tomorrow morning during the cell check, force her again — make her come twice, then spank her three times after each one. Make the marks obvious. I’ll ‘discover’ them publicly, review the footage, and have you transferred by the end of the day. Akemi will

see me saving her, and she'll fall even harder."

Lena shivered with arousal. "And after the transfer?"

Tanaka leaned in, lips brushing Lena's ear. "You'll still get to help in the weekly entertainment sessions and the inspections. You can hold her down while I use the strap-on to prolong her orgasms. You can assist with the honey farming and the edging during the inspector visits. But remember — she's mine. Every moan, every orgasm, every drop of honey is for me. You're only allowed to touch her when I say so, and only in the ways I approve."

Lena nodded eagerly, voice breathy. "Understood. She's yours. I'm just the jealous guard who gets to push her limits for you. God, I can't wait to see her face when she finally realizes you planned all of this — the forced orgasms, the spankings, the public humiliation — all to melt her mind and make her completely addicted to you."

Tanaka's smile was dark and satisfied. "Neither can I. She already begs so sweetly for me. By the time we're done with the inspectors, she'll be begging me to keep her forever, knowing I orchestrated every single overwhelming moment just to give her the pleasure she never knew she needed. And you'll get to watch the final reveal — when I tell her the truth and she comes apart completely for me."

Lena ground against Tanaka's thigh one last time, then straightened as Tanaka stepped back. "I'll make the transfer convincing tomorrow. Act angry and resentful when you publicly discipline me. I'll play the part perfectly."

Tanaka adjusted her uniform, the professional mask sliding back into place. "Good. Now go. I need to get back to her before she wonders where I am."

Lena gave her one last heated look and slipped out of the room.

Tanaka stayed behind for a moment, alone, a small, satisfied smile playing on her lips. She could already picture Akemi's face when the truth finally came out — the shock, the overwhelming gratitude, the even deeper, more complete surrender.

She whispered to the empty room, voice soft and full of dark promise.

"Soon, my good girl. Soon you'll know exactly how much I've done to make you mine."

Tanaka straightened her uniform one last time and stepped out into the corridor, ready to return to Akemi and continue the beautiful, carefully orchestrated game that would eventually break her completely — and make her love Tanaka even more for it.

Chapter 10: Tanaka's Office – Honey Farming Begins

Akemi walked beside Tanaka through the quiet administrative corridors, her bare feet padding softly on the cool tile. The handprints from Lena's public spanking still glowed a faint pink across her backside, a warm, stinging reminder with every step. Her swollen tender bud continued to throb between her thighs, the sensitive flesh slick and hypersensitive after the long, forced orgasms and the humiliating scene in the mess hall. Slick warmth coated her inner thighs, making them glide together with each movement. Her nipples remained tight and rosy, two flushed, aching peaks that tingled in the cooler air of the hallway, brushing against nothing yet sending constant little sparks through her chest.

Tanaka's hand stayed firm and possessive at the small of Akemi's back, guiding her with quiet authority. "We're going to my private office now," Tanaka said softly, her voice low and reassuring. "This is where we begin the next important part of your training. You've been progressing so beautifully with edging and service. It's time to start honey farming. This is a specialized skill we teach only to the most promising trainees like you. It's essential for impressing the county and state inspectors. When they see how well you produce honey and how obediently you offer yourself, it proves the program is working perfectly."

Akemi's breath hitched. "Honey farming…?"

Tanaka smiled gently, her fingers tracing a slow circle on Akemi's lower back. "Yes. Your body is going to learn to produce honey—the sweet, slick liquid that comes from deep inside your vagina when you're deeply aroused. We stimulate you regularly, edge you, and harvest that honey to increase volume and quality. It's part of your rehabilitation. It teaches you to give something useful to the prison, to the inspectors, to society. And it feels incredible when done correctly. You're going to be so good at this, Akemi. I can already tell. You're a good girl for the prison when you let your body produce honey for us."

They reached Tanaka's private office. Tanaka keyed the door open and ushered Akemi inside, locking it behind them with a soft click. The room was neat and intimate: a large desk, filing cabinets, a wide padded bench in one corner, and soft lighting that made the space feel almost private. The air carried a faint, clean scent of antiseptic mixed with Tanaka's herbal soap.

Tanaka guided Akemi to the padded bench and helped her lie back. "We'll start slow today," she said, opening a small cabinet and withdrawing a set of soft suction cups for her breasts, a small collection device for her vaginal honey, and a bottle of warming oil. "I'll stimulate you while I explain the technique. Wardens and guards will come in for stress relief while you practice. You'll stay open and responsive the entire time. This is how you contribute now. This is how you become useful again."

Akemi lay back, legs parting instinctively. Her swollen tender bud pulsed visibly in the open air, already slick and aching. Her nipples tightened further into two

flushed, sensitive tips as Tanaka coated her hands with the warming oil and began massaging her breasts in slow, firm circles, thumbs brushing over the already-tight nipples.

“Feel how sensitive they are already,” Tanaka murmured, voice warm and intimate. “That’s perfect. Your body is responding so well to the program.”

A few minutes later the door opened. Officer Reyes entered first, the broad-shouldered Latina guard from the recreation yard. She didn’t speak. She simply lifted the front of her uniform skirt and straddled Akemi’s face, lowering herself onto Akemi’s waiting mouth. Akemi licked and sucked obediently, tongue sliding along Reyes’s slick folds as Tanaka continued the breast stimulation, rolling and tugging at her nipples with oiled fingers.

Reyes came quickly, grinding against Akemi’s tongue with a low groan, flooding her mouth with her release. She stepped back, adjusted her uniform, and left without a word.

Tanaka never stopped. She attached the suction cups to Akemi’s breasts, turning the machine on low. Gentle suction tugged at her nipples, drawing them deeper into the cups while Tanaka’s fingers moved down to circle Akemi’s swollen tender bud in slow, teasing strokes, collecting the thick, slick “honey” that was already flowing freely from her vagina.

“You’re already starting to produce honey,” Tanaka said softly, voice full of praise. “Feel how your clit is swelling and dripping? That’s the honey we need. Soon you’ll be producing even more for the inspectors. You’re going to be so proud when they see how much you can give. You’re a good girl for the prison, Akemi. A very good girl.”

As Tanaka continued the stimulation, something unexpected happened. A warm, white drop of milk beaded at the tip of one of Akemi’s nipples, then another. The suction cups began to draw thin streams of milk from her breasts.

Akemi’s eyes widened in confusion. “Officer Tanaka… I’m… I’m leaking milk from my breasts. What’s happening? I’ve never… I didn’t…”

Tanaka looked surprised for a moment, then smiled gently, as if this were a minor but manageable development. “It looks like someone has been adding a supplement to your oatmeal,” she said calmly, almost affectionately. “Probably mischievous Lena trying to cause trouble before she was transferred. But we’ll make the best of it. This milk production is actually a wonderful addition to the program. The inspectors will love seeing how productive your body has become. It shows how well you’re adapting. Don’t worry, sweetheart. I’ll turn this into something very useful for the prison.”

Akemi’s mind spun with the new sensation. Her breasts were leaking milk while Tanaka’s fingers continued to edge her swollen clit, collecting the thick, slick honey from her vagina. The dual production—milk from her breasts and honey from her core—left her feeling completely objectified, reduced to a source of fluid for the prison, yet the overwhelming arousal and Tanaka’s calm reassurance made it feel wildly exciting and irresistible.

More guards entered throughout the session. Each one used Akemi’s mouth for stress relief while Tanaka kept the suction on her breasts and the edging on her clit going, harvesting both the milk and the vaginal honey. Akemi lost herself in the sensations, her body producing more and more as the stimulation continued.

By the time the last guard left, Akemi was shaking, face glistening with their release, breasts leaking steady streams of milk into the suction cups, her swollen tender bud a throbbing, dripping mess of thick honey between her spread thighs.

Tanaka finally turned off the machines and removed the cups, leaning down to kiss each leaking nipple softly, then pressing a kiss to Akemi’s swollen clit. “You did so well,” she whispered, voice dark with satisfaction. “Your body is already producing both milk and honey beautifully. Tomorrow we’ll increase the stimulation and the harvesting time. The inspectors are going to be very impressed with you, my good girl.”

Akemi looked up at her, eyes glassy with overwhelming need and devotion, voice a broken whisper.

“I want to produce for you,” she breathed. “I want to be useful… I want to be your good girl for the prison… please keep teaching me…”

Tanaka smiled, brushing a kiss to Akemi’s trembling lips, tasting the guards on her tongue.

“I will,” she promised softly. “Every single day. Until you can’t remember what it felt like to be anything else.”

Akemi’s fingers found Tanaka’s wrist, holding on as if she never wanted to let go.

Chapter 11: Tiered Privileges & Service Rotations

Akemi lay on the padded bench in Tanaka’s office, chest still heaving, body glistening with a mixture of sweat, milk, and the thick, slick honey that had flowed so freely from her during the long session. Her breasts felt heavy and sensitive, the nipples still reddened and elongated from the suction cups, tiny beads of milk occasionally forming at the tips even after the machine had been turned off. Between her thighs, her swollen tender bud continued to throb, the sensitive flesh coated in her own thick honey that had been harvested and collected in small vials on the desk. The taste of the guards still lingered on her tongue, a constant reminder of how many times she had serviced them with her

mouth while Tanaka edged and milked her.

Tanaka stood beside the bench, gently wiping Akemi's face and breasts with a soft cloth. Her touch was tender yet possessive, the cloth moving slowly over Akemi's leaking nipples and then down her belly to the slick mess between her legs.

"You did so well," Tanaka murmured, voice warm with genuine pride. "Your body produced both milk and honey beautifully today. The inspectors are going to be very impressed when they see how productive you've become. This is exactly what the program is designed to do —turn you into something useful, something the prison can be proud of. You're a good girl for the prison, Akemi. A very good girl."

Akemi whimpered softly at the praise, her swollen clit pulsing visibly at the words. The supplement Lena had been adding to her oatmeal—blamed on Lena's "mischief" but clearly part of Tanaka's plan—was already making her body change in ways that left her feeling confused, docile, and wildly aroused. She wanted to ask more about the milk, about why her breasts were suddenly leaking, but the words wouldn't come. Instead she simply lay there, letting Tanaka's gentle cleaning and praise wash over her.

Tanaka finished wiping her and set the cloth aside. "Now that you're producing so well, it's time to introduce the points system," she said, her tone shifting to calm, professional instruction as she helped Akemi sit up. "This is how we track your progress and reward good behavior. Every compliant action earns you points. Good edging, successful service rotations, high honey and milk production, calm acceptance of correction—all of these earn points. You can use those points for small privileges: extra rest time, a softer blanket, or even a supervised orgasm if you've earned enough. Demerits are given for struggling too much or failing to hold the edge, but I don't expect you'll accumulate many. You're already trying so hard to be a good girl for the prison."

Akemi's breath trembled as she absorbed the information. The idea of being scored and rewarded like this made her feel even more objectified, yet the way Tanaka explained it made it sound almost fair, almost kind. Her swollen tender bud gave a deep throb at the thought of earning privileges through her body's performance.

Tanaka helped her off the bench and guided her toward the door. "Your first service rotation starts now. You'll provide relief to selected guards throughout the afternoon—only with your mouth, as always. I will observe every moment to make sure you're safe and performing correctly. This is how you earn points and show the prison how useful you can be."

They left the office and walked the corridors. Akemi's naked body drew the usual glances from passing staff, but now she felt the weight of the points system on her as well. Every step made her leaking breasts bounce slightly, a drop of milk occasionally escaping and running down her skin. Her swollen clit pulsed with each movement, the thick honey still slowly seeping from her.

The first service rotation took place in a small side room near the guard station. Two female guards waited. Tanaka stood in the corner, arms crossed, watching closely.

"Begin," Tanaka said calmly. "You know what to do. You're a good girl for the prison when you serve without hesitation."

Akemi dropped to her knees in front of the first guard and began her work with her mouth, tongue sliding along slick folds, sucking gently on the swollen clit. The guard sighed in relief, fingers threading through Akemi's hair. Tanaka's eyes never left them, her voice offering soft encouragement.

"That's it, Akemi. Slow and attentive. You're earning points with every lick. You're helping the guards stay focused for their shifts. You're a good girl for the prison."

The second guard took her turn, and then a third. Akemi serviced them one after another, her face growing wetter with their release, her own arousal building higher as Tanaka watched and praised her constantly. "Good girl… you're doing so well… your tongue is becoming so skilled… the prison is lucky to have you…"

By the time the rotation ended, Akemi was trembling on her knees, face glistening, breasts still leaking small drops of milk, her swollen tender bud dripping thick honey onto the floor beneath her.

Tanaka stepped forward and helped her stand, one hand cupping her cheek. "You earned twenty points today," she said softly. "That's excellent for your first rotation. You're becoming so useful. So good for the prison."

Akemi leaned into the touch, voice hoarse and needy. "Thank you, Officer Tanaka… I want to earn more points for you. I want to be useful… I want to be your good girl…"

Tanaka smiled, brushing a kiss to Akemi's forehead. "You will be. Every single day. Now let's get you back to the cell for a short rest. We have more rotations tomorrow, and I want you ready."

As they walked the corridor, Tanaka's hand stayed possessively on Akemi's lower back, fingers occasionally brushing the curve of her ass or the edge of the barcode on her hip. Akemi's body hummed with unspent need, her swollen clit throbbing, her leaking breasts a constant, confusing reminder of the supplement Lena had added to her food.

She didn’t know it was all part of Tanaka’s plan.

She only knew she wanted more.

She only knew she wanted to be Tanaka’s good girl.

Always.

Chapter 12: Group Therapy & Milking Circles

The communal therapy room was warm and softly lit when Tanaka guided Akemi through the heavy door. The space had been arranged in a wide circle of padded mats on the floor, with a raised central platform equipped with restraints and milking equipment. A dozen female inmates already sat on the mats in their gray uniforms, their eyes turning toward Akemi the moment she entered completely naked. The air carried the faint, intimate scent of anticipation and arousal.

Tanaka’s hand stayed possessively at the small of Akemi’s back as she led her to the center platform. “This is your first weekly group therapy and milking circle,” Tanaka explained calmly, her voice carrying easily in the room. “It’s part of the communal healing program. The other inmates are here to offer peer support and empathy as you practice honey farming. They’ll watch and, if they’ve earned the privilege, assist. This helps everyone learn together. You’re contributing to the prison’s harmony, Akemi. You’re a good girl for the prison when you let yourself be open in front of them.”

Akemi’s heart raced. Her swollen tender bud pulsed visibly between her thighs, the sensitive flesh already slick and dripping thick honey. Her breasts felt heavy and sensitive, the nipples still reddened and elongated from the earlier session in Tanaka’s office, small beads of milk occasionally forming at the tips. The supplement Lena had been adding to her oatmeal— blamed on Lena’s “mischief” but clearly part of Tanaka’s plan—was making her body change in ways that left her feeling confused, docile, and wildly aroused. She could feel the eyes of the other inmates on her naked form, on the leaking nipples, on the glistening honey between her legs.

Tanaka helped her lie back on the central platform, positioning her with legs spread wide, arms relaxed at her sides. “Stay open for everyone,” Tanaka murmured. “This is how we share and support each other. You’re doing so well.”

One of the inmates, a quiet woman with short dark hair and an earned privilege badge, knelt between Akemi’s legs first. She began gently licking and sucking the swollen tender bud, collecting the thick honey with her tongue. Akemi gasped, her hips jerking involuntarily. The sensation was overwhelming—public, intimate, humiliating. Her nipples tightened further, leaking more milk as the stimulation built.

Tanaka stood beside the platform, one hand resting on Akemi's shoulder. "That's it," she said softly. "Let her help you produce. This is peer support. This is how we heal together. You're a good girl for letting the group see how much honey you can give."

The circle watched in silence, some inmates shifting uncomfortably in their seats, others openly fascinated. Another inmate was invited to assist with the breast milking, gently sucking one leaking nipple while the suction machine was attached to the other. Akemi moaned loudly, the dual stimulation pushing her closer to the edge.

Then Lena slipped into the room quietly, moving with purpose toward the platform. She was supposed to have been transferred, but here she was, kneeling between Akemi's legs and replacing the first inmate. Her mouth descended on Akemi's swollen tender bud with far more intensity, sucking hard while her fingers slid deep inside, curling against the sensitive spot. Akemi cried out, her body arching off the platform. The sudden, aggressive stimulation after the gentler assistance from the other inmates sent her pleasure spiraling wildly.

Tanaka's hand tightened slightly on Akemi's shoulder, her voice calm and reassuring. "Lena is still assigned to this block for now. She's here to help with the group therapy. Let her assist you. This is part of the program. You're doing so well, Akemi. You're a good girl for the prison when you accept help from everyone."

Lena's tongue and fingers worked relentlessly, pushing Akemi right to the brink and holding her there, forcing more thick honey to flow. The other inmates watched, some whispering, some shifting in arousal. Akemi's moans grew louder, raw and desperate, as Lena sucked harder on her swollen clit and pumped her fingers deeper.

The milk from her breasts flowed more freely as another inmate sucked one nipple and the machine tugged at the other. Akemi was lost in the sensations—public, overwhelming, humiliating, and irresistibly pleasurable. Her swollen tender bud throbbed violently under Lena's mouth, her core clenching around Lena's fingers, her breasts leaking milk in steady streams.

Tanaka watched with quiet satisfaction, her hand stroking Akemi's hair. "See how much honey you're producing for the group? This is beautiful. This is how we heal together. You're a good girl for the prison, Akemi. Such a good girl for letting everyone see how much you can give."

Lena pushed her harder, deliberately making Akemi teeter on the edge without letting her tip over, drawing out the session until Akemi was sobbing with need, her body a live wire of overstimulation and confusion.

The circle continued, the other inmates assisting in turns, but Lena's secret, intense participation under Tanaka's direction made the entire session far more overwhelming for Akemi than she could have imagined.

When the session finally ended, Akemi lay on the platform, trembling, covered in milk and honey, face flushed and eyes glassy with ecstasy and confusion.

Tanaka leaned down, brushing a gentle kiss to Akemi's forehead.

"You did beautifully," she whispered. "The group is so proud of you. You're becoming exactly what the prison needs. A very good girl for the prison."

Akemi looked up at her, voice hoarse and broken.

"I… I don't understand what's happening to me," she whispered. "But I want more… please, Officer Tanaka… keep teaching me…"

Tanaka smiled, her hand stroking Akemi's hair.

"I will," she promised. "Every single day. Until you can't remember what it felt like to be anything else."

Akemi's fingers found Tanaka's wrist, holding on tightly as the last tremors of the communal session faded.

"Only you," she breathed. "Always only you."

The administrative wing hummed with subdued activity as Tanaka guided Akemi into her private office for the intensive preparation session. The door locked behind them with a quiet click, sealing the two of them in the softly lit space. Akemi stood completely bare in the center of the room, her body already responding to the anticipation. Her breasts felt heavier than usual, the nipples elongated and sensitive, small beads of milk forming at the tips from the supplement Lena had been adding to her oatmeal. Between her thighs, her swollen tender bud pulsed steadily, the thick, sweet honey already beginning to seep from her core and coat her inner thighs in glistening trails. The barcode on her hip tingled, a constant private mark of ownership.

Tanaka set down a small tray of collection vials and suction devices, then turned to Akemi with calm authority. "The county inspectors arrive in three days. This is a critical evaluation. You are the official representative of the specialized program. They will observe you all day —edging endurance, orgasm control on command, honey production volume, milk yield, and stress-relief service. You must perform flawlessly. This is not just about passing an inspection, Akemi. This is about proving that the program works. That you have become a productive, useful member of the prison system. That you have learned to give everything you have for the greater good."

Akemi’s breath trembled. Her swollen tender bud gave a deep, involuntary throb, the thick honey flowing more freely at the words. Her nipples tightened further, a fresh bead of milk sliding down the curve of one breast. The idea of being displayed, measured, and evaluated in front of strangers made her feel utterly objectified—yet Tanaka’s steady gaze made it feel almost sacred.

Tanaka stepped closer, one hand resting on Akemi’s bare hip, thumb brushing the edge of the barcode. “We’re going to practice everything today. Full demonstrations. I will edge you, bring you to orgasm on command, harvest your honey and milk, and have you provide stress relief exactly as you will for the inspectors. You must stay open, responsive, and obedient the entire time. This is your chance to show how much you’ve learned. You’re a good girl for the prison when you give them everything they ask for.”

She guided Akemi to the padded bench and helped her lie back, legs spread wide, arms relaxed at her sides. Tanaka coated her fingers with warming oil and began slow, deliberate circles around Akemi’s swollen tender bud. The touch was expert, teasing the hypersensitive flesh without mercy. Akemi gasped immediately, her hips jerking. The thick honey flowed more freely, coating Tanaka’s fingers and dripping onto the collection tray below.

“Hold the edge,” Tanaka instructed calmly. “Do not come until I tell you. This is what the inspectors will expect—complete control until they give permission.”

Akemi tried. She breathed through the rising pleasure, but her body was already so sensitive from the constant stimulation of the past days. Her swollen tender bud throbbed violently under Tanaka’s fingers. Her nipples leaked thin streams of milk down the curves of her breasts. The dual production—thick honey from her core and milk from her breasts—left her feeling completely reduced to a resource, yet the humiliation only made her arousal spike higher.

Tanaka kept her right on the edge for long minutes, fingers circling, occasionally sliding deep inside to curl against the sensitive spot while her thumb pressed firmly on the swollen clit. “You’re doing well,” she murmured. “Feel how much honey you’re producing? The

inspectors will be impressed. This is what the program does—it turns you into something valuable. You’re a good girl for the prison when you give them this much.”

Akemi whimpered, hips rocking helplessly. “Please… I’m so close… I don’t know if I can hold it…”

Tanaka paused her fingers for a moment, letting the edge recede just slightly. Her expression softened, and she looked down at Akemi with something deeper than professional instruction. Her voice dropped, becoming quieter, more genuine, more heartfelt.

“You know, the whole purpose of prison — the reason I’ve given my entire adult life to this work — is rehabilitation. To take someone like you and help you learn, truly learn, how to want to rejoin society as a contributing member. I’ve devoted everything to that cause. Every day, every shift, every decision. It’s what I believe in with my whole heart.”

She let the words hang, her hand resting warmly on Akemi’s inner thigh, thumb stroking gently. Then her voice grew even softer, almost confessional, meant only for the two of them.

“But when I met you, Akemi… I knew I wanted something different. Frankly, I don’t care what you do for the prison or for society. I care about what you do for *me*. And I believe if you can give yourself to me completely like this, it will please you more than anything else ever could. For you and for me, true rehabilitation doesn’t mean you re-enter society. It means you never leave *my* prison. You’ve become the inmate of my heart, and I want you to stay in my prison forever.”

The words settled over Akemi like warm chains — possessive, loving, final. Her swollen tender bud throbbed hard at the confession, a fresh rush of thick honey seeping from her core. Her leaking breasts felt even heavier, nipples tingling as another bead of milk formed and slid down her skin. The heartfelt confession, the raw honesty in Tanaka’s voice, the way she admitted she wanted Akemi for herself and no one else, made something deep inside Akemi crack open. She felt seen, desired, and claimed in a way that went far beyond the program. Tears pricked her eyes, not from pain, but from overwhelming emotion and arousal.

“I… I don’t want to leave,” Akemi whispered, voice trembling with raw honesty. Her eyes were glassy, filled with a mixture of awe and overwhelming love. “I want to stay in your prison. I want to be yours completely. If this is what rehabilitation means… if this is what you want from me… then I’m happy. I’m so happy to be here with you. I’ll produce honey and milk for you. I’ll serve. I’ll be whatever you need me to be. Just… keep me. Please keep me forever.”

Tanaka’s smile was slow and genuine, her hand moving up to cup Akemi’s cheek. She leaned down and kissed her softly, tasting the day on her lips.

“That’s my good girl,” she whispered. “That’s exactly what I wanted to hear.”

She straightened, the professional mask sliding back into place with practiced ease, but the warmth in her eyes remained. “Now that you understand, let’s continue the practice. The inspectors will expect complete control. Hold the edge for me again. Show me how much you want to stay in my prison.”

The session continued with renewed intensity. Tanaka edged Akemi through multiple long cycles, bringing her right to the brink and holding her there while she practiced orgasm control on command. She harvested the thick honey that

flowed freely from Akemi’s core and the milk that leaked steadily from her breasts, collecting both in vials for the inspectors to see. Wardens and guards came in for stress relief, using Akemi’s mouth while Tanaka continued the stimulation, praising her constantly.

“You’re doing so well,” Tanaka said during one of the edging phases. “You’re giving them exactly what they need. You’re a good girl for the prison when you serve like this. The inspectors will see how useful you’ve become.”

Akemi lost herself in the practice, her body a live wire of overstimulation and devotion. By the end of the session, she was trembling, covered in a sheen of sweat and her own fluids, her swollen tender bud throbbing painfully, her breasts leaking milk in steady streams.

Tanaka finally turned off the machines and removed the cups, leaning down to kiss each leaking nipple softly, then pressing a kiss to Akemi’s swollen clit. “You’ve practiced everything perfectly,” she said, voice warm with pride. “Edging endurance, orgasm control, honey and milk production, stress relief. The inspectors are going to be very impressed. You’re becoming exactly what I need you to be.”

Akemi looked up at her, eyes glassy with overwhelming need and devotion, voice hoarse.

“I want to be perfect for them,” she whispered. “I want to make you proud… but mostly… I want to be yours.”

Tanaka brushed a kiss to Akemi’s forehead, tasting the day on her skin.

“You already are,” she murmured. “You’re mine. And soon everyone will see exactly how perfectly you belong to me.”

The morning of the county inspection dawned with a crisp, sterile quiet that seemed to press down on the entire facility. Akemi stood in the center of Tanaka’s private office, completely bare, her body already humming with the low, constant arousal that had become her new normal. Her breasts felt heavier than ever, the nipples elongated and sensitive from the daily milking sessions, small beads of milk forming at the tips even before any stimulation began. Between her thighs, her swollen tender bud pulsed steadily, the thick, sweet honey already seeping from her core and coating her inner thighs in a glistening sheen. The supplement Lena had secretly added to her oatmeal — the one Tanaka had orchestrated and then casually blamed on “Lena’s mischief” — had turned her body into a constant source of both milk and honey, leaving her feeling confused, docile, and helplessly aroused at all times.

Tanaka stood in front of her, adjusting the final details with calm precision. She ran her hands over Akemi’s breasts, gently squeezing the soft flesh until a thin

stream of milk leaked from each nipple. Then she slid two fingers between Akemi's legs, collecting a sample of the thick honey on her fingertips and holding it up to the light.

"Perfect," Tanaka murmured, her voice low and approving. "The inspectors will see how productive you've become. This is what they want to see — a trainee who has fully embraced the program. You're going to make me very proud today, Akemi. You're a good girl for the prison when you show them everything you can give."

Akemi's breath trembled. Her swollen tender bud throbbed at the praise, another drop of thick honey sliding down her inner thigh. The thought of being displayed, measured, and used in front of three strangers made her feel utterly objectified — yet Tanaka's calm, possessive gaze made it feel almost sacred, almost inevitable.

The door opened. The three county inspectors entered — all women, all in crisp business attire with official badges clipped to their jackets. The lead inspector was a tall, severe- looking woman named Director Harlan, mid-forties, with sharp eyes and a no-nonsense posture. Beside her stood Inspector Morales, a shorter Latina woman with a clipboard and a professional smile, and Inspector Kane, a quiet, observant redhead who carried a small recording device.

Tanaka greeted them with professional courtesy, her hand never leaving the small of Akemi's back. "Directors, thank you for coming. Trainee Akemi is ready for your full-day observation. She will demonstrate edging endurance, orgasm control on command, honey production volume, milk yield, and stress-relief service exactly as the program requires. You may participate in any of the scheduled activities as you see fit. This is how we show the effectiveness of our specialized rehabilitation track."

Director Harlan's eyes swept over Akemi's naked body, noting the leaking nipples, the glistening honey between her legs, and the barcode on her hip. "Impressive physical response already," she said, voice clinical. "We'll begin with the meal-time protocol and move through the daily schedule. We expect full cooperation and maximum productivity."

Tanaka nodded. "Of course. Akemi is fully compliant. She's a good girl for the prison and will show you exactly how much she has learned."

The day unfolded with clinical precision. The first stop was the mess hall for the extended meal-time edging cycle. The three inspectors sat at the head table, watching intently as Akemi knelt at her assigned spot. Tanaka stood beside her, one hand resting on her shoulder.

"Begin," Tanaka said calmly. "One minute of eating, then edging. Repeat for the full thirty minutes. The inspectors will observe your control."

Akemi ate her first spoonful of oatmeal with trembling fingers. The minute ended with a chime. Lena appeared — still officially “transferred” in Akemi’s mind, but here she was, stepping forward under Tanaka’s secret direction. Lena knelt between Akemi’s legs and immediately began a ruthless, intense edging, fingers thrusting deep while her tongue attacked the swollen tender bud with aggressive precision.

Akemi gasped, the spoon clattering. The inspectors leaned forward, taking notes as Lena forced her right to the edge and held her there, drawing out thick streams of honey that dripped visibly onto the floor. Director Harlan nodded approvingly. “Excellent production volume. The supplement is clearly effective.”

Tanaka’s voice remained steady. “Yes. Lena is still assigned to assist with certain rotations for now. She helps demonstrate the program’s robustness.”

The cycle repeated — eat one minute, edged ruthlessly by Lena for the next, over and over. Akemi’s moans grew louder, her swollen clit throbbing violently under Lena’s tongue and fingers. Her breasts leaked milk in steady streams down her chest, the white droplets catching the light as the inspectors watched. By the tenth cycle she was shaking, begging incoherently, her body a live wire of overstimulation and confusion.

Lena pushed her harder during one of the edging phases, deliberately forcing a sharp, public orgasm out of her in front of the inspectors. Akemi cried out, her core clenching hard as slick honey gushed onto the floor. The inspectors murmured approval.

“Strong response,” Inspector Morales noted. “She’s clearly adapted well to the program.”

Tanaka’s hand tightened slightly on Akemi’s shoulder, her voice calm. “Well, Lena still works here for certain specialized tasks. These things happen in the program. It shows how responsive Akemi has become.”

The meal extended well beyond the usual thirty minutes as the inspectors requested additional cycles to observe Akemi’s endurance. By the time it finally ended, Akemi was a trembling, dripping mess, face flushed, breasts leaking milk, thick honey coating her thighs and the bench beneath her.

Next came recreation time in the yard. The inspectors followed, watching as Akemi provided stress relief to the guards on duty — using only her mouth while Tanaka edged her from behind. Lena appeared again for one high-stakes moment, straddling Akemi’s face in front of the inspectors and riding her tongue aggressively while Tanaka kept her constantly on the edge. The inspectors took detailed notes, praising Akemi’s compliance and the volume of honey she produced under the dual stimulation.

“You’re performing exceptionally well,” Director Harlan said at one point. “The prison is clearly in compliance because of trainees like you. Keep it up.”

Tanaka’s response was smooth and reassuring. “Thank you. Akemi is dedicated to the program. She’s a good girl for the prison.”

By the end of the day, Akemi was exhausted but floating in a haze of overwhelming arousal and confusion. The inspectors left with glowing reports, shaking Tanaka’s hand and praising the specialized track. As soon as they were gone, Tanaka pulled Akemi into her arms in the empty yard, holding her close.

“You were perfect,” Tanaka whispered against her ear. “They loved you. They saw how much you give. You made the prison proud today, my good girl.”

Akemi leaned into her, voice hoarse and devoted. “I only wanted to make you proud… I felt so much today… so confused… but I kept thinking of you.”

Tanaka kissed her temple, her hand sliding down to soothe the still-sensitive skin of Akemi’s backside.

“You did,” she murmured. “And tomorrow will be even better. The state inspectors are next. But for now… let’s get you back to the cell. I have one more thing I want to give you tonight — just you and me.”

Akemi’s fingers found Tanaka’s wrist, holding on tightly as they walked back together.

“Only you,” she breathed, the words soft and certain in the quiet evening light. “Always only you.”

The recreation hall had been prepared for a one-time special demonstration. The overhead lights were dimmed to a soft, intimate glow, and the large open space was ringed with chairs where selected inmates and off-duty guards sat in silence, waiting. In the center stood a raised platform with padded restraints and a low bench. The air already carried the faint, sweet scent of anticipation and arousal.

Tanaka guided Akemi through the door with a firm hand at the small of her back. Akemi walked completely bare, every step making her acutely aware of how exposed she was under the gathered eyes. Her swollen tender bud throbbed visibly between her thighs, thick honey already seeping from her core and coating her inner thighs in glistening trails. Her nipples were tight and rosy, aching with every breath as the low hum of the audience’s attention washed over her.

Tanaka’s voice was calm and authoritative as she led Akemi onto the platform. “This is a special demonstration for the block,” she announced to the room. “Trainee Akemi will show you her progress in a single, extended session — long edging followed by a series of orgasms. You are all here to witness how the program is working. Akemi is a good girl for the prison when she gives you this

show.”

Akemi’s breath trembled. She could feel the weight of every gaze on her naked body, on the slick honey dripping from her swollen clit. The humiliation was overwhelming, yet it only made her core flutter harder, another thick drop of honey sliding down her inner thigh.

Tanaka helped her lie back on the padded bench, securing her wrists lightly in soft restraints above her head and spreading her legs wide, ankles fastened to the sides of the platform. The position left her completely open — swollen tender bud exposed and throbbing in the open air, thick honey already glistening on her skin.

“Begin with the edging,” Tanaka said, her voice carrying through the hall. She stood beside the platform, one hand resting possessively on Akemi’s thigh. “Long and slow. Show them how well you can hold the edge now.”

Lena stepped forward from the side of the room, her uniform crisp, her expression carefully neutral for the audience. She knelt between Akemi’s spread legs and immediately began a ruthless, intense edging. Her tongue attacked the swollen tender bud with aggressive precision while two fingers slid deep inside, curling hard against the sensitive spot. Akemi cried out instantly, her hips jerking against the restraints. The sudden, overwhelming stimulation after the day’s constant denial pushed her straight to the edge.

Tanaka’s hand tightened on Akemi’s thigh, her voice calm and reassuring for the watching crowd. “Hold it, Akemi. This is for everyone to see. You’re a good girl for the prison when you let them watch you struggle like this.”

Lena sucked harder, fingers thrusting deeper, deliberately driving Akemi right to the brink and holding her there. Akemi’s moans grew louder, raw and desperate, echoing through the hall. Her swollen tender bud throbbed violently under Lena’s tongue, thick honey gushing out around Lena’s fingers.

The edging stretched on for long, agonizing minutes. Lena pushed her harder, faster, then slowed just enough to keep her teetering on the edge without letting her tip over. Akemi sobbed, her body shaking in the restraints.

Then Lena pulled back abruptly. She reached into a small bag beside the platform and produced a thick, realistic strap-on — larger than anything Akemi had felt before. Without a word, Lena secured it around her hips, the heavy length jutting out obscenely.

Tanaka’s eyes widened in feigned surprise. “Lena — we didn’t plan this!” she said, her voice carrying clearly through the hall, the perfect note of shock and disapproval for the audience.

Lena didn’t hesitate. She positioned the thick head of the strap-on against Akemi’s dripping entrance and pushed forward in one long, relentless thrust, burying the entire length deep inside her in a single stroke.

Akemi’s back arched off the bench with a raw, guttural cry. The sudden, overwhelming fullness stretched her completely open, the thick shaft filling every inch of her slick, sensitive channel. The head dragged along her inner walls with devastating precision, pressing hard against that deep, sensitive spot while the base ground relentlessly against her swollen, throbbing clit. The sensation was merciless — deep, heavy, and impossibly intense. Her swollen tender bud was crushed against the harness with every thrust, sending sharp, electric jolts of pleasure through her core.

Lena began to pound her with long, forceful thrusts, the thick strap-on slamming deep and pulling back almost to the tip before driving in again. The wet, obscene sound of the strap-on plunging into Akemi’s soaked pussy filled the hall, loud enough for every inmate and guard to hear. Akemi’s cries grew louder, broken and desperate, her body shaking in the restraints as Lena fucked her with ruthless, rhythmic power.

Tanaka stood beside the platform, her hand still resting on Akemi’s thigh. Her voice was perfectly composed for the audience. “Lena, this was not part of the planned demonstration,” she said, the words carrying clear disapproval — yet her fingers tightened on Akemi’s skin in a way that told the truth.

Lena didn’t slow. She gripped Akemi’s hips and drove the strap-on even deeper, angling it so the thick head dragged perfectly against that sensitive inner spot with every brutal thrust. “She needs it,” Lena said loudly, playing her part. “Look at her. She’s dripping everywhere. The program is working — she’s becoming exactly what the prison needs.”

Akemi’s mind spun in a haze of confusion and overwhelming pleasure. Lena’s words, Tanaka’s feigned protest, the thick strap-on pounding into her without mercy — it was too much. The heavy shaft stretched her wide, the base grinding relentlessly against her swollen clit, the head hammering that deep spot inside her with every thrust. Her swollen tender bud was crushed and rubbed raw against the harness, sending white-hot pleasure shooting through her entire body.

Tanaka leaned down close, her voice low enough for only Akemi to hear amid the cries. “You’re taking it so well, sweetheart. Feel how deep she is? Feel how full you are? This is what your body was made for. You’re Tanaka’s little doll when you let yourself get fucked like this in front of everyone.”

Lena picked up the cue and began the long, conspiratorial banter they had planned together, their voices intertwining as they verbally drove Akemi toward

release.

Lena thrust harder, her voice carrying to the audience but the words clearly aimed at Akemi. “Look at her leaking honey everywhere. She loves being stretched open like this, doesn’t she, Officer Tanaka? She’s Tanaka’s little doll. She gets so wet when she’s used hard in front of everyone.”

Tanaka’s hand tightened on Akemi’s thigh, her voice perfectly composed for the crowd but laced with the secret script. “She does, Lena. She can’t help it. Her body craves being filled so completely. She’s been waiting for this all day. You will do everything I ask, Akemi. You will belong to me forever. You will obey me completely. You will stay in my prison forever. You will give me everything I want.”

Lena slammed the strap-on in again, the thick head grinding against that deep sensitive spot. “She’s clenching so hard around me. She’s trying to pretend she doesn’t love it, but her pussy is milking me. She’s Tanaka’s perfect little toy. She wants me to pound her deeper, doesn’t she, Akemi? Tell us how much you need it. Tell us you’ll do everything Tanaka asks.”

Tanaka leaned closer, her breath hot against Akemi’s ear, the words coming faster now, the banter turning into a relentless verbal assault designed to exploit every one of Akemi’s deepest quirks. “You will do everything I ask. You will stay in my prison forever. You will be my little doll. You will let me use you however I want. You will never leave me. You will come when I tell you. You will beg for me. You will give me your mind, your body, your soul. You will be mine completely.”

Lena grinned, thrusting even deeper, her voice carrying to the audience. “She’s dripping down my thighs. She’s going to come any second. She can’t hold it because she loves being Tanaka’s little toy. She loves being broken in front of everyone. Come on, Akemi — let them see you lose control. Let them hear you scream for Tanaka.”

Akemi’s mind flickered with a brief, foggy moment of confusion — *Are they… working together? Are they saying these things on purpose?* — but the thought dissolved instantly as the thick strap-on slammed home again, the base grinding mercilessly against her swollen clit and the head hammering that perfect deep spot. The pleasure eclipsed everything. She could only sob and blubber incoherently, her mind completely shattered, words reduced to broken, meaningless sounds as the orgasm continued to tear through her.

The combined verbal assault — Lena’s crude, humiliating descriptions and Tanaka’s sharp, possessive commands — crashed over Akemi like a tidal wave. Her swollen clit was crushed mercilessly against the harness with every brutal thrust, her inner walls stretched and stroked perfectly by the thick shaft. The public eyes, the words painting her as Tanaka’s little doll and toy, the way

Tanaka claimed ownership even while Lena fucked her — it was too much. She came with a raw, shattering scream that echoed through the entire hall.

Her swollen tender bud exploded under the relentless grinding, her core clamping down hard around the thick strap-on as wave after wave of explosive pleasure ripped through her. Thick honey gushed out around the shaft in powerful spurts, soaking Lena's thighs and the platform beneath her. Her cries were loud, broken, and unrestrained — a wild, animal sound of pure, overwhelming ecstasy that filled the recreation hall and seemed to echo beyond the walls.

The audience erupted into spontaneous applause — inmates and guards clapping loudly, some whistling, some cheering as they watched Akemi come apart so completely in front of them.

Lena kept thrusting through the orgasm, drawing it out longer, the thick strap-on slamming deep and grinding against Akemi's swollen clit until the pleasure bordered on too much. Tanaka leaned down, her voice low and intimate against Akemi's ear, the words meant only for her.

"That's it, my good girl. Let them see how much you love it. Let them see how beautifully you come when you're used like this. You're mine. Every single overwhelming moment is for you."

Akemi could only sob and blubber incoherently, her mind completely shattered, words reduced to broken, meaningless sounds as the orgasm continued to tear through her. She was too thoroughly fucked to form a single coherent sentence — her brain felt like it had been pounded out of her body, leaving only raw, animal pleasure and confusion. A string of nonsense spilled from her lips between sobs: "Creative… unexpected… tuna fish…

please…"

Tanaka held her close as the last tremors finally faded, her hand gently stroking Akemi's sweat-damp hair while Lena stepped back, the strap-on still glistening with Akemi's honey.

"You were perfect," Tanaka whispered, pressing a soft kiss to Akemi's temple. "They all saw how beautifully you give yourself. You're mine, Akemi. Every single piece of you."

Akemi could only whimper something wordless and broken, her body limp and trembling, her mind too overwhelmed to speak. She clung to Tanaka, lost in the aftershocks, her swollen clit still twitching.

The audience continued to applaud, the sound filling the hall as Tanaka held her close, a small, satisfied smile playing on her lips. She exchanged a quick wink and a knowing glance with Lena across the platform, then gave her a discreet

“mission accomplished” high-five behind Akemi’s back as the crowd began to disperse.

Tanaka patted Akemi gently on the head. “It will be alright, Akemi,” she said softly, almost tenderly, as she helped her sit up and guided her off the stage on unsteady legs. “I’ve got you.”

Akemi could only lean against her, still blubbering soft, incoherent sounds, her mind blissfully, thoroughly fucked into silence.

The cell was quiet except for the soft, steady sound of Akemi’s breathing. She lay out cold on the narrow cot, her body limp and glistening with sweat, thick honey, and the faint sheen of milk that still leaked slowly from her nipples. Her chest rose and fell in shallow, exhausted breaths. Her swollen tender bud was still visibly twitching between her spread thighs, the sensitive flesh red and oversensitive from the relentless double-team session that had finally pushed her beyond consciousness. The restraints had been removed, but her legs remained parted, as if her body hadn’t yet remembered how to close them.

Tanaka stood beside the cot, one hand resting lightly on Akemi’s thigh, gently stroking the slick skin. Lena leaned against the wall a few feet away, arms crossed, a satisfied smirk on her face. The two women looked at each other in the dim light, the professional masks completely gone.

Lena let out a low, appreciative whistle. “Holy shit, Tanaka. She was completely gone by the end. Did you hear that last scream? I thought the whole block was going to come running. She came so hard she literally passed out on your strap-on. That was beautiful.”

Tanaka’s lips curved into a slow, proud smile. She traced a finger along the edge of Akemi’s still-twitching clit, collecting a thick drop of honey and bringing it to her own lips. “She was perfect,” she said quietly, voice warm with genuine satisfaction. “Every single thrust, every word we said — she took it all. You played your part flawlessly. The way you pounded her while I told her she was my little doll… she broke so beautifully. She’s deeper under now than she’s ever been.”

Lena chuckled softly, stepping closer to look down at Akemi’s unconscious form. “I almost felt bad for a second when she started blubbering nonsense. ‘Creative… unexpected… tuna fish…’ or whatever the hell that was. But then she came again even harder. She’s completely addicted. She has no idea we planned every second of it.”

Tanaka’s hand moved up to brush a damp strand of hair from Akemi’s forehead, her touch tender. “She doesn’t. And that’s exactly how I want it for now. She still thinks you’re the jealous rival who keeps misbehaving. It makes her cling to me even harder when I ‘protect’ her. But she’s starting to crack. Soon she’ll be ready

for the full truth. And when she realizes I orchestrated everything — every forced orgasm, every spanking, every time you

'misbehaved' — she's going to fall even deeper. She'll love me more for it."

Lena nodded, eyes dark with shared excitement. "I can't wait to see her face when you tell her. She's going to be so confused and so turned on at the same time. She already begs for you like she can't breathe without you. Once she knows the whole game was yours… she's going to be yours completely."

Tanaka smiled, leaning down to press a soft kiss to Akemi's temple. "She already is. But we're not done yet. The state inspectors arrive tomorrow, and I want her even more broken and devoted by then. You'll get one more chance to push her during the inspection. Make it wild. I want her so overwhelmed she can't think straight. Then I'll be the one who comforts her afterward. She'll never want to leave my side again."

Lena gave a small, conspiratorial salute. "Understood. I'll make it unforgettable. For her… and for you."

Tanaka straightened, the professional mask sliding back into place. "Good. Now go. I'll stay with her until she wakes. Act normal in front of the others — the jealous guard who got caught. The transfer story still holds for now."

Lena slipped out of the cell quietly, leaving Tanaka alone with Akemi.

Tanaka sat on the edge of the cot, gently stroking Akemi's hair as the younger woman began to stir. Akemi's eyelids fluttered open, her gaze unfocused and glassy. She looked up at Tanaka with a soft, confused whimper, her body still trembling with aftershocks.

Tanaka leaned down and kissed her forehead. "Shh, sweetheart. It's all right. You did so well today. The whole block saw how beautifully you gave yourself. You're mine, Akemi. Every single piece of you."

Akemi could only whimper something wordless and broken, her mind still too shattered to form coherent thoughts. She reached out weakly, fingers brushing Tanaka's wrist, clinging to her like she was the only real thing left in the world.

Tanaka smiled, her hand continuing its gentle strokes through Akemi's hair. "Rest now. I've got you. I always have you."

The state inspectors arrived the next morning under a gray sky that matched the tension in the facility. Inspector Vale and Inspector Ruiz were accompanied by two additional senior officials from the state oversight board, making the visit higher-stakes than the county one. They were led directly to a private evaluation suite in the administrative wing, a larger room equipped for full-body

demonstrations, endurance testing, and combined service evaluations.

Akemi was already waiting in the center of the room, completely bare, her body prepared and oiled. Her breasts were full and sensitive, leaking thin streams of milk down her chest from the supplement. Her swollen tender bud pulsed openly, thick honey already dripping in slow, viscous trails down her inner thighs. The barcode on her hip was clearly visible under the bright lights.

Tanaka stood beside her, one hand resting possessively on Akemi's lower back. "Inspectors, this is Trainee Akemi. She will demonstrate the full range of the specialized program for you today in a private, intensive setting. You may observe and participate in any activity you wish. This is how we show the effectiveness of our specialized rehabilitation track under direct, high-stakes evaluation."

The inspectors circled Akemi slowly, taking notes and murmuring among themselves. Inspector Vale tapped her clipboard. "We'll begin with private endurance testing, then move to a full-body combined evaluation of edging, honey production, milk yield, and stress-relief service. We expect maximum productivity and control under direct supervision."

Tanaka nodded. "Of course. Akemi is fully compliant. She's a good girl for the prison and will show you exactly how much she has learned."

The day unfolded with intense, intimate precision. The first activity was private endurance testing in the evaluation suite. The inspectors sat in a semi-circle while Tanaka positioned Akemi on the padded bench, legs spread wide. Lena appeared as the assigned edger, her presence explained by Tanaka with the usual calm line: "Lena is still assigned to assist with certain rotations for now."

Lena knelt and began an intense, prolonged endurance edging, fingers and tongue working Akemi's swollen tender bud and deep inner spots with ruthless skill. The inspectors watched closely, noting the volume of honey and the way Akemi's body responded. One inspector reached out and pinched Akemi's leaking nipple, drawing a sharp gasp from her as milk sprayed in a thin arc.

"Strong milk yield," the inspector noted. "The supplement is clearly effective."

Tanaka's response was smooth. "Yes. We've seen excellent results. Akemi is adapting beautifully."

The endurance testing extended as the inspectors requested longer holds and multiple near- climaxes, each one more intense than the last. Lena pushed Akemi right to the edge repeatedly, forcing her to hold it longer while the inspectors took notes and occasionally touched or stimulated her themselves.

Next came the full-body combined evaluation. Akemi was moved to a standing position with her wrists lightly restrained above her head. The inspectors

observed while Lena and Tanaka worked together on a team service demonstration. Lena knelt in front of Akemi and began licking and sucking her swollen tender bud while Tanaka stood behind her, fingers sliding deep inside and curling against the sensitive spot. The dual stimulation left Akemi shaking and sobbing, her body overwhelmed by the public, clinical scrutiny.

The inspectors participated directly this time, one taking a turn edging Akemi while another watched her service another guard. The combined stimulation left Akemi trembling and sobbing, her body a live wire of overstimulation.

Then came the wild moment.

Lena stood and, at Tanaka's subtle nod, bent Akemi over the bench in front of the inspectors. Lena began spanking Akemi firmly, her palm cracking against the bare backside with sharp, resounding smacks. Tanaka stepped in beside her, her own hand joining in a coordinated team spanking. Their palms fell in alternating rhythm, one after the other, spreading the heat across Akemi's ass while they verbally drove her higher.

Tanaka's voice was low and intimate, the words new and deeply possessive, spoken for Akemi's ears alone but loud enough for the inspectors to hear the tone. "You will do everything I ask, Akemi. You will stay in my prison forever. You will be my little doll. You will let me use you however I want. You will never leave me. You will come when I tell you. You will beg for me. You will give me your mind, your body, your soul. You will be mine completely."

Lena's hand landed harder, her voice carrying the scripted cruelty. "She's clenching so hard. She loves being spanked while we use her. She's Tanaka's perfect little toy. She wants us to spank her harder, doesn't she? Tell us how much you need it, Akemi. Tell us you'll do everything Tanaka asks."

The combined spanking and verbal assault — Lena's crude, humiliating descriptions and Tanaka's sharp, possessive commands — crashed over Akemi. Her swollen clit throbbed violently, thick honey gushing down her thighs as the stinging heat blended with the overwhelming pleasure. The public eyes, the words painting her as Tanaka's little doll and toy, the way Tanaka claimed ownership even while Lena spanked her — it was too much.

She came with a raw, shattering scream that echoed through the entire room.

Her swollen tender bud exploded, her core clenching hard as wave after wave of explosive pleasure ripped through her. Thick honey gushed down her thighs in powerful spurts. Her cries were loud, broken, and unrestrained — a wild, animal sound of pure, overwhelming ecstasy that filled the evaluation room.

The inspectors watched with clinical approval, taking notes on the intensity and duration of the response.

When the session finally ended, Akemi lay limp and trembling over the bench, body covered in a sheen of sweat, milk, and thick honey, her swollen tender bud still twitching with aftershocks, her breasts leaking in slow, exhausted streams.

Tanaka unfastened the restraints and pulled Akemi into her arms, holding her close against her uniform. She pressed a soft kiss to Akemi's temple, her voice low and intimate.

"You were perfect," she whispered. "They all saw how beautifully you give yourself. You're mine, Akemi. Every single piece of you."

Akemi could only whimper something wordless and broken, her body limp and trembling, her mind too overwhelmed to speak. She clung to Tanaka, lost in the aftershocks, her swollen clit still twitching.

The inspectors continued to take notes, the sound of their pens the only noise in the room as Tanaka held her close, a small, satisfied smile playing on her lips.

The game was working exactly as planned.

The cell door clicked open with its familiar soft electronic beep. Tanaka stepped inside carrying the usual small tray with water and a protein bar. Akemi was already kneeling in the center of the small space in full presentation position — thighs spread wide, back arched deeply, palms resting upward on her thighs. Her body was still carrying the faint glow and sensitivity from the previous day's events. Her swollen tender bud pulsed visibly between her legs, the thick honey already beginning to glisten on her inner thighs. Her breasts felt heavy, the nipples elongated and sensitive, small beads of milk forming at the tips from the supplement Lena had been adding to her oatmeal.

Tanaka set the tray down and crouched in front of her, one hand resting gently on Akemi's knee. "Good morning, Akemi. You're presenting beautifully this morning. Let's begin the check."

Akemi's voice was soft but steady, her eyes lifting to meet Tanaka's. "Before we start… I need to ask you something. During the demonstration in the recreation hall… when Lena used the strap-on on me in front of the whole block… it felt different. Like you were working together. Was that real? Or was it part of the program too?"

The question hung in the air between them. Tanaka's hand paused on Akemi's knee. For a long moment she simply looked at Akemi, her expression softening from the usual calm professionalism into something deeper, more open. Then she sighed, a small, almost relieved sound, and sat down fully on the floor in front of Akemi, their faces level.

"Yes," Tanaka said quietly. "It was all part of the program. All of it. From the very beginning."

Akemi’s breath caught. Her swollen tender bud gave a deep, involuntary throb at the words, but her eyes stayed fixed on Tanaka’s, wide and searching.

Tanaka continued, her voice low and steady, the gaslighting mask finally falling away completely. “Lena was never a real threat. She was never a jealous rival trying to steal my attention. I chose her. I recruited her. I told her exactly what to do — how to act jealous, how to force your orgasms instead of letting you edge, how to spank you publicly, how to push you harder than I could in front of others. The supplement in your oatmeal that made you start producing milk? That was me too. I had Lena add it every day because I wanted your body to change in front of you, to make you feel even more confused, more dependent, more completely mine. Every forced orgasm, every extra spanking, every time she ‘misbehaved’ in front of the block or the inspectors — I orchestrated it. I planned it. I watched it happen and I enjoyed every second of it because I knew it was breaking you open in the most beautiful way possible.”

Akemi’s eyes filled with tears, but they weren’t tears of betrayal. They were tears of overwhelming realization, of relief, of a love so deep it hurt. Her swollen tender bud pulsed harder, the thick honey flowing more freely down her thighs as the truth sank in. Tanaka’s hand moved up to cup Akemi’s cheek, her thumb brushing away a tear. “I never wanted you to rejoin society, Akemi. I never wanted you to leave my prison. From the moment you stepped out of that taxi, I knew I wanted you for myself. I wanted you marked, exposed, used, overwhelmed, broken open, and rebuilt as mine. Every single overwhelming moment — the public spankings, the forced orgasms, the way Lena pounded you with the strap-on in front of the block — I planned it all to drive you deeper into pleasure than you ever thought possible. Because I love you like this. I love owning you like this. I love watching you become exactly what I need you to be.”

Akemi’s voice broke as she leaned into Tanaka’s hand. “You… you did all of that for me? You made Lena do those things… you made me feel all of that… because you wanted me to be yours?”

Tanaka nodded, her eyes warm and honest. “Yes. Every single second. The strap-on Lena used? It was mine. I told her exactly how to use it on you. And it won’t be the last time you feel it. I want you to feel it again and again, whenever I decide. I want you overwhelmed, confused, and completely addicted to the pleasure I give you. I want you to stay in my prison forever, Akemi. Not as a prisoner of the state, but as the inmate of my heart.”

Akemi’s tears spilled over. She reached out and clung to Tanaka, her body shaking with emotion and the deep, throbbing arousal that the confession had only intensified. “I’m so touched,” she whispered, voice thick with tears and love. “I can’t believe you did all of that for me. I feel so… so loved. So wanted. Thank you… thank you for everything. I don’t know how to thank you enough—”

Tanaka shushed her gently, pressing a finger to Akemi's lips. "Shhhhhh. Don't think, Akemi. You don't have to think anymore. I'll tell you what to think. I'll tell you what to feel. I'll tell you everything you need to know. Just let me take care of you. Let me own you completely. That's all I want from you now."

She pulled Akemi into her lap on the cot, wrapping her arms around her naked body and holding her close. Akemi curled into her, silent, her head resting against Tanaka's chest, her breathing still shaky with emotion. The cell was quiet except for the soft sound of their breathing.

Tanaka's voice became cooler, more measured, almost clinical, as if she were educating a brand-new inmate on her very first day.

"Rule one: You will stand at attention for morning count every day without fail. Yes, Officer Tanaka."

Akemi's voice was soft and obedient. "Yes, Officer Tanaka."

"Rule two: You will keep your cell spotless and your body ready for inspection at all times. Yes, Officer Tanaka."

"Yes, Officer Tanaka."

"Rule three: You will obey every order from any guard without question. Yes, Officer Tanaka."

"Yes, Officer Tanaka."

"Rule four: You will report any unusual feelings or thoughts to me immediately. Yes, Officer Tanaka."

"Yes, Officer Tanaka."

Tanaka's arms tightened around her, her voice growing quieter, more intimate, the rules becoming deeply personal as she held Akemi tighter in her arms.

"Rule five: You will never hide your arousal from me. When you are wet, when you are leaking milk, when you are throbbing and desperate, you will show me. Yes, Officer Tanaka."

"Yes, Officer Tanaka."

"Rule six: You will never again think of yourself as anything other than mine. Your old life, your marriage, your name outside these walls — none of it matters anymore. You are Akemi, my personal inmate. Yes, Officer Tanaka."

"Yes, Officer Tanaka."

"Rule seven: You will beg for me when I want you to beg. You will thank me for every correction, every orgasm, every drop of milk and honey I take from you. You will thank me for keeping you here forever. Yes, Officer Tanaka."

“Yes, Officer Tanaka.”

Tanaka’s arms tightened around her, her voice dropping to a near-whisper, the final rule the most personal of all.

“Rule eight: You will never leave my prison. You will stay here with me, as my little doll, my perfect toy, my heart’s inmate, for the rest of your life. Yes, Officer Tanaka.”

Akemi’s voice was soft, broken, and utterly devoted.

“Yes, Officer Tanaka.”

Tanaka held her close for a long moment, the two of them wrapped together in the quiet cell. Then she kissed the top of Akemi’s head and spoke with quiet finality.

“You’ve earned a new role, Akemi. Starting next week, you will assist me with the intake and orientation of new prison applicants. You will help me select them, guide them through their first days, and show them what it means to become a good girl for the prison… and for me. You will be my partner in expanding the program. You will help me bring more girls into my prison.”

Akemi’s eyes widened. She lifted her head slightly, a small, whimsical smile breaking through the tears and exhaustion. “I got the job!” she said softly, almost playfully, the words carrying a note of wonder and delight.

Then her voice turned serious, reverent. “May I thank you, Officer Tanaka? For trusting me with this?”

Tanaka’s smile was warm. “You may.”

Akemi leaned in and kissed Tanaka’s hand, pressing her lips to the knuckles with deep gratitude. “Thank you,” she whispered.

She paused, then asked with quiet humility, “May I accept the job, Officer Tanaka?”

Tanaka’s hand stroked through Akemi’s hair. “You may.”

Akemi’s smile was small and radiant. “I accept. I’ll do my very best for you.”

Tanaka held her close again, the two of them wrapped together in the quiet cell. The inmate and her strict, observant captor.