EMMY’S NEW APARTMENT

Vulpes Parvaes, Book 26

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Starting over in a new city is supposed to feel like freedom, yet for twenty-two-year-old Emmy Tran, the mountain of unpacked boxes in her first real apartment feels more like a test she is already failing. When a poised, effortlessly gracious neighbor across the hall offers a simple recommendation to help put her life in order, Emmy steps gratefully into a world of calm guidance, quiet praise, and intoxicating physical closeness. Beneath the soothing language of self-improvement, however, a far more seductive design is already closing around her—one where every lesson in independence gently strips away another layer of her autonomy, until the line between learning to manage her own home and belonging entirely to someone else’s disappears.

CHAPTER 1

The boxes sat in uneven stacks across the living room floor, some still sealed with brown packing tape, others torn open with their contents half-sorted. Late Friday afternoon light slanted through the wide windows of the twelfth-floor one-bedroom unit, catching on the heavy plastic wrapping that still clung to the new mattress leaning against the bedroom wall.

Emmy wiped her palms on the thighs of her jeans and straightened, feeling the dull ache pulling between her shoulder blades. The thin strap of her cotton tank top had slipped off one warm, damp shoulder; she tugged it absently back into place, gathered the stack of flattened cardboard from the kitchen counter, and stepped out into the corridor, letting the door of Unit 1205 swing shut behind her with a soft click.

The hallway was hushed under recessed lighting, carpeted in a plush dove-grey that muffled her footsteps. She was halfway to the recycling chute at the far end when the door directly across from hers opened.

A tall blonde woman stepped out, resting one long-fingered hand lightly against the doorframe. Sunlit waves of hair fell past her shoulders over a fitted sleeveless top and wide-leg linen trousers in a soft oat shade. Everything about the way she stood carried an effortless, unhurried composure—the quiet certainty of a woman who knew the exact weight of her own presence.

"You must be the new neighbor," the woman said, her voice low, clear, and musical in the quiet hall. "I heard the movers this morning. I’m Nena. Welcome to the twelfth floor."

Emmy shifted the awkward bundle of cardboard against her chest and offered a small, slightly breathless smile. "Hi. Emmy Tran. And thank you—I’m sorry if we made a racket. It’s... a lot all at once."

Nena’s clear grey eyes traveled slowly over Emmy’s petite frame—taking in the damp collarbone above the slipped tank top, the flushed cheeks, and the wide, earnest dark eyes—before warming with a soft, private flicker of interest. "First place of your own?"

"First real one, yeah," Emmy admitted, laughing a little self-consciously. "I graduated in May, started unpacking at noon, and realized halfway through the kitchen boxes that I have zero idea where anything actually belongs. I keep telling myself it’ll magically feel like an adult apartment by Monday."

"Monday’s your start date?"

"First job," Emmy said, nodding. "Bookkeeper for a VR design firm downtown—on Mr. Hale’s team. They build virtual offices and training worlds for corporate clients. I’ll just be reconciling invoices and payroll spreadsheets rather than building the actual worlds, of course, but still. It’s exciting. And kind of terrifying."

"All alone in a new building with a brand-new job," Nena murmured sympathetically. Without asking, she stepped forward and lifted the top half of the cardboard stack straight out of Emmy’s arms. Her hands were larger than Emmy’s, her movements sure, and standing this close, the difference in their heights forced Emmy to tilt her chin up noticeably just to hold eye contact. "Come on. Let me help you with these—the chute latch sticks if you try to feed too much in at once."

They walked the short corridor together. At the alcove, Nena held the heavy steel door open with one hand while Emmy slid the flattened boxes into the dark shaft, the metal clanging softly between them as each piece dropped away.

When they returned to their doors, Emmy brushed a stray lock of dark hair from her warm cheek. Across the carpet, Nena leaned one bare shoulder against her doorframe and crossed her ankles, looking down at Emmy as if she had nowhere else in the world she needed to be.

"You look like you’ve been running on empty since the truck pulled away," Nena observed gently. "Come inside for ten minutes and let me pour you something cold."

Emmy felt a small, tight knot loosen behind her ribs at the kindness in the older woman’s voice. "That’s so sweet of you, Nena. Honestly, if I sit down right now, I think the last of my morning iced coffee will wear off and I’ll never get my bed put together tonight."

Nena tilted her head, a tiny, sudden spark lighting at the back of her grey eyes as if an irresistible idea had just clicked into place. "Wait right here for thirty seconds," Nena said softly.

She slipped back inside her apartment, leaving the door ajar. From the hallway, Emmy heard the faint, musical murmur of Nena’s voice speaking to someone inside—too low to make out the words— followed by a soft, breathless laugh that was quickly hushed. A moment later, Nena reappeared holding a crisp white card between two fingers. The cardstock was heavy, printed in understated navy lettering: *Summit Personal Services — Discreet • Thorough • Building Residents Preferred*.

"This is the secret weapon half of us in the building use," Nena said smoothly, holding the card out. "They aren't standard maids. They specialize in move-in organization, unpacking systems, and deep cleans so your place feels like a home instead of a storage locker. They used to handle my place when I first moved in—they’re discreet, they know The Lumina inside and out, and they’re fast."

Emmy took the card, her warm fingertips brushing against Nena’s cooler skin as she read the navy print. "I didn't even know a service like this existed," Emmy breathed. "I’ve been dreading coming home from the office next week to a mountain of cardboard."

"Call them right now," Nena encouraged, the corners of her mouth curving gently. "If they have a cancellation for tomorrow morning, you’ll have your whole weekend back."

Emmy glanced back at her half-open door where the stacks of boxes waited in the slant of sun, then pulled her phone from her back pocket. She looked up at Nena with hesitant, wide-eyed reliance. "Would you mind staying with me while I call? Just in case they ask something about the building rules or the layout—I don't even know the square footage off the top of my head."

For a fraction of a second, Nena looked as though she might laugh aloud with sheer delight; she pressed her lips together, smoothing the expression into warm neighborly indulgence as she folded her arms against the doorframe. "Of course, sweet girl. Go right ahead."

Emmy dialed the ten digits on the card. The line rang twice before it clicked open—and if Emmy hadn't had the phone pressed tight to her left ear, she might have caught the faint, matching chime that had just echoed from behind Nena’s closed apartment door across the hall.

"Summit Personal Services, this is Mara speaking," a low, velvet-smooth woman’s voice answered on the line. "How may I assist you today?"

"Hi, Mara—my name is Emmy Tran," Emmy said earnestly. "I just moved into The Lumina today, Unit 1205, and my neighbor across the hall recommended you for move-in organization and a deep clean."

"Welcome to The Lumina, Ms. Tran," the rich voice purred through the receiver. Across the carpet, Nena bit the inside of her lower lip, her grey eyes shining as she watched Emmy nod politely at the phone. "We take very special care of residents on the twelfth floor. Tell me a little about your unit."

"It’s a one-bedroom—around eight hundred square feet, I think?" Emmy glanced up at Nena for reassurance, and Nena gave a slow, encouraging nod. "I start my first bookkeeping job on Monday morning, and I’m honestly a little overwhelmed trying to get settled on my own."

"You don't need to feel overwhelmed for another minute," Mara’s voice replied, warm and unhurried. "As it happens, our senior specialist has an opening tomorrow morning—Saturday—at ten o'clock sharp. She will bring everything required to put proper systems in place for you. Does ten o'clock suit you?"

Emmy’s shoulders dropped an inch with pure relief. "Ten o'clock tomorrow would be amazing."

"Wonderful," the woman on the phone murmured. "Focus on resting tonight, Ms. Tran. We'll take care of everything starting at ten."

Emmy ended the call and lowered the phone against her thigh, letting out the longest breath she had taken all day. "She had an opening at ten tomorrow morning."

"There now," Nena said softly, pushing off her doorframe to brush a light, lingering touch against Emmy's bare arm. "One less weight on your shoulders. You'll be amazed how differently the whole floor feels once someone shows you how things are done here."

"Thank you, Nena—really, for the card and for staying with me," Emmy said warmly.

"That's what neighbors are for," Nena said, stepping back across her threshold with a slow, luminous smile. "Get a good night's sleep, Emmy. You've earned it."

Emmy stepped back into Unit 1205 and clicked her lock shut, never hearing the burst of breathless, muffled giggles that broke out directly across the hall the moment Nena's door closed.

CHAPTER 2

Saturday morning light poured clear and bright across the half-unpacked apartment. Emmy had woken before eight, showered, and pulled on a pair of soft grey cotton leggings and a loose white tank top without a bra—something cool and easy for a morning of sorting boxes. She stacked a few paperbacks along the low window ledge, wiped down the edge of the bathroom sink, and checked her phone twice, expecting to see a middle-aged cleaning crew with vacuum hoses when the intercom buzzed.

Instead, at ten o'clock on the second, a quiet, deliberate knock sounded directly on her hallway door.
Emmy pulled the door open, and the words she had prepared died on her tongue.

Standing in the corridor without a single bucket or caddy in her hands was a woman who looked as though she had stepped out of a private fantasy. She was several inches taller than Emmy, dressed in a tailored black maid uniform with a crisp white apron cinched tight at her narrow waist. Above the apron, the fitted black bodice curved over full, heavy, breathtakingly shaped breasts that rose and fell with each slow breath. Her dark hair was pinned up in a sleek twist that exposed the long line of her neck, framing high cheekbones, full lips painted a deep rose, and dark, earth-brown eyes that locked onto Emmy's face with calm, unhurried amusement.

"Good morning, Ms. Tran," the woman said, her low, velvet voice sending an instant jolt of recognition down Emmy's spine—it was the exact same voice she had spoken to on the phone the afternoon before. "I'm Amaryllis, from Summit Personal Services."

Emmy's throat went dry; a warm, telltale pink crept straight up from her collarbones to the tips of her ears. "H-hi," Emmy stammered, standing instinctively straighter as her eyes flicked down to the lush swell of Amaryllis's bodice before darting guiltily back up to her face. "Please, come in—and it's just
Emmy."

Amaryllis didn't miss the flush on Emmy’s neck or the way the younger woman’s gaze had just caught on her chest; the corner of her rose-painted mouth curved by a millimeter as she stepped across the threshold. As she brushed past Emmy in the narrow entryway, a wave of scent—crisp linen layered over warm, musky skin—enveloped Emmy’s senses.

"Shall we walk through the rooms together first, Emmy?" Amaryllis asked, clasping her hands lightly in front of her white apron. "I always like to read a client’s needs closely before we begin."

For the next ten minutes, they moved slowly from the kitchen to the bedroom. Amaryllis asked gentle, probing questions about the move, about Monday’s bookkeeping job, about how it felt to live alone for the first time. Yet with every step, Amaryllis deliberately closed the physical distance between them—standing half an inch closer than necessary at the kitchen counter, letting her hip brush Emmy’s thigh in the bedroom doorway, pausing to trace a slow fingertip along the seam of an open wardrobe box while watching Emmy from beneath her lashes.

And Emmy was hopeless at hiding what the proximity was doing to her. Her breathing had grown shallow and audible in the quiet rooms; her dark eyes kept drifting back to the heavy curve of Amaryllis’s breasts in the fitted black bodice; and beneath the thin white cotton of Emmy’s tank top, both of her small nipples had stiffened into tight, unmistakable peaks.

Amaryllis took in every shivering breath with quiet, feline satisfaction. In the living room, she stopped beside the sofa where a tumble of throw blankets waited to be folded. "Come here for a second, Emmy," Amaryllis murmured, beckoning her closer with one finger. "Let me show you a small secret. Most young women feel buried by their own apartments simply because no one ever taught their hands the proper rhythm."

Emmy stepped right up beside her, her heart thudding against her ribs. Amaryllis lifted a soft cashmere throw and folded it into smooth, exact thirds, holding it out at chest height so that when Emmy leaned in to look, Emmy’s face was inches from the swell of Amaryllis’s uniform.

"Hold the corners right here," Amaryllis whispered, reaching around Emmy’s arms to place the blanket into her hands.

Then, as Amaryllis turned in the tight space between the sofa and the boxes, she pivoted deliberately slow—pressing the full, heavy, yielding warmth of her breasts straight across the bridge of Emmy’s nose and dragging them in a lingering, unmistakable sweep right across Emmy’s parted lips.

Emmy’s breath caught in a sharp, helpless gasp. She didn't step back; she froze on the spot, her eyes fluttering half-shut as the soft fabric of the bodice and the lush, warm weight beneath it glided across her mouth. A liquid wave of heat dropped straight into her lower belly and pooled slick and fast between her thighs. Her lips tingled from the pressure; her knees felt suddenly weak inside her leggings.

Watching Emmy’s dazed, parted lips and the rapid flutter of her pulse at her throat, Amaryllis didn't apologize or acknowledge the contact by a single word—she simply stepped smoothly into the opening she had just created.

"What we've discovered with our favorite clients, Emmy," Amaryllis continued in a low, hypnotic purr, holding Emmy's glazed eyes, "is that doing the cleaning *for* you leaves you just as helpless next week as you were today. True peace comes when I guide your hands through every task myself— supervising your posture, correcting your technique in the moment, and training you until caring for a space feels effortless."

Emmy's mind was swimming in a warm, honeyed fog, the phantom weight of Amaryllis's breasts still burning across her mouth. In any ordinary moment, paying a woman in a maid's uniform to stand over her while Emmy did the housework herself would have sounded absurd. Right now, with her whole body humming and her thighs damp just from standing six inches from Amaryllis's chest, the thought of having this commanding, gorgeous woman standing behind her and guiding her hands felt like oxygen.

"That..." Emmy swallowed hard, her voice coming out small and husky. "That sounds really good. I hate feeling like I'm guessing on my own. I want you to show me how to do it properly."

Amaryllis's dark eyes gleamed with warm triumph. "Good girl," she murmured softly. "Then I'll come to you early every morning—seven o'clock sharp—and we'll spend a couple of hours working closely together before your day begins."

"Yes," Emmy breathed, nodding quickly. "Seven o'clock every morning. I'd love that."

"And for our morning sessions," Amaryllis added, letting her gaze drift slowly down Emmy's thin white tank top where her peaked nipples pressed against the cotton, "I want you dressed in something soft that won't restrict your reach or get in the way when I correct your form. A thin camisole and a pair of short, light cotton shorts—nothing heavy, nothing binding underneath. That makes the guidance much easier for both of us."

Emmy's cheeks burned hotter, a fresh throb answering between her legs at the casual instruction to leave off her bra and wear tiny shorts for her. "Okay," Emmy whispered. "Whatever you think is best, Amaryllis."

For the next twenty minutes, as they walked through the bathroom and kitchen, Amaryllis kept up a steady, deliberate series of brushes—letting the swell of her breast graze Emmy's upper arm as they lined a shelf, pressing the warmth of her hip against Emmy's side at the counter, murmuring low praise right against the shell of Emmy's ear until Emmy was dizzy with arousal.

When Amaryllis finally paused at the front door at ten-forty, she rested two warm fingers briefly under Emmy's chin—just enough to tilt Emmy's flushed face up toward hers. "You have a very sweet instinct for taking direction, Emmy," Amaryllis said softly. "Seven o'clock tomorrow morning. Remember how I want you dressed."

That night, as dusk turned the city outside her windows a deep violet, Emmy lay alone across her newly unwrapped mattress in a thin camisole and sleep shorts, her skin burning. Almost before she realized she had reached down, her hand slipped beneath the elastic waistband of her shorts, her fingers sliding straight into the soaking heat between her thighs.

She let her eyes fall shut, a shaky sigh breaking from her parted lips as she replayed the morning: the breathtaking curve of Amaryllis's breasts in that fitted black bodice; the heavy, warm drag of them sweeping right across her nose and mouth; the low, velvet command in her ear—*I'll supervise you closely... seven o'clock every morning... nothing that binds underneath*. With her left hand cupping her own small breast through the camisole, pinching the stiff peak between thumb and finger, Emmy circled her swollen clit in slow, slick strokes, lifting her hips into her palm as she imagined opening the door at seven tomorrow in her shortest shorts and letting Amaryllis's hands take over her body again.

CHAPTER 3

At six-fifty-five on Sunday morning, Emmy stood in the middle of her living room feeling every draft of air against her bare skin. She had chosen the softest piece of lingerie she owned—a whisper-thin lavender camisole with spaghetti straps that skimmed the bare, sensitive peaks of her breasts—paired with pale blue cotton shorts that rode high on her thighs and hugged the lower curve of her ass whenever she bent forward. Wearing it to answer the door felt shameless, almost like answering in nothing at all, yet the moment the knock sounded at 7:00 AM sharp, Emmy hurried to the lock with her heart fluttering in her throat.

Amaryllis stood in the corridor in her crisp black uniform and white apron, her full breasts framed in the low-cut bodice, her dark hair pinned in its immaculate twist. Her eyes swept slowly from Emmy's bare feet up the length of her exposed thighs to the thin lavender silk clinging to her unbra'd chest.

"Good morning, Emmy," Amaryllis purred, stepping inside and shutting the door behind her. "Look at you. You dressed exactly the way I asked."

Emmy blushed deeply, her thighs pressing together as heat pooled in her pelvis. "I wanted to be ready for you."

"And you are," Amaryllis murmured, stepping close enough that the starched white apron brushed Emmy's stomach. "Let's start in the kitchen. I'll show you the motion first, and then I'll guide your hands until your body remembers it without thinking."

For four unbroken hours, Amaryllis turned ordinary unpacking into an intimate, slow-burn choreography of touch. Standing directly behind Emmy at the open kitchen cabinets, Amaryllis reached around her waist to cover Emmy's smaller hands on every stack of plates—pressing the full, warm weight of her uniformed breasts squarely against Emmy's shoulder blades while her breath moved hot against Emmy's neck.

"Feel how the balance settles when you don't rush?" Amaryllis whispered against Emmy's ear as they lined up the spice jars. "Most girls fight structure at first, Emmy. You just melt right into it."

A soft, helpless sound caught in Emmy's throat. In the bathroom, while teaching her to fold white towels into precise thirds, Amaryllis knelt right behind Emmy on the tile, one hand resting firmly on Emmy's bare hip to adjust her posture while the swell of her chest pressed into Emmy's back. By eleven-thirty, every cupboard was lined, every counter gleamed, and the gusset of Emmy's pale blue shorts was damp with a constant, aching arousal that left her lightheaded and eager for the next command.

Just before noon, Amaryllis stood in the center of the newly ordered living room and surveyed Emmy's flushed face with a slow smile. "You've done so well this morning that I think it's time for your next step," Amaryllis said smoothly. "Nena was so kind to introduce us on Friday. Why don't we invite her across the hall for a light lunch? It will be wonderful practice for you to prepare a tray, serve us properly while we sit, and then keep working on the floors while we eat so you don't lose your rhythm."

Emmy didn't even blink at the idea that she would be waiting on her neighbor and her own hired cleaner before scrubbing the floor in front of them. The warm, submissive haze wrapping her thoughts made the image send an instant throb straight to her clit. "Yes," Emmy said breathlessly. "I have cucumbers and cream cheese, and fresh fruit—I can make tea sandwiches right now."

While Emmy sliced the crusts off the bread in the kitchen, Amaryllis picked up her phone and tapped out a quick, delighted text to the apartment across the hall: *Put on something pretty and come over. She's in the lavender camisole and tiny blue shorts, dripping wet, and she just agreed to wait on us and scrub the floor while we eat.*

Ten minutes later, Nena tapped on the door and strolled in wearing an unbuttoned cream silk blouse and tailored trousers, her sunlit blonde hair loose around her shoulders. For a split second as she stepped past Amaryllis, the two tall women locked eyes behind Emmy's back—Nena biting her lip to stifle a schoolgirl grin as she took in Emmy's tiny shorts and flushed skin before smoothing her face into warm neighborly grace.

"Emmy, look at this place," Nena said warmly, settling onto the sofa right beside Amaryllis so their thighs touched. "You've worked miracles already."

"Emmy made lunch for us," Amaryllis said with quiet authority, draping one arm casually along the back of the sofa behind Nena's shoulders. "She's going to serve us first, and then she'll take care of the floor while we visit."

Walking on bare feet with the tray balanced in her hands, Emmy set the plates of cucumber sandwiches and fruit on the low table, poured two glasses of iced tea, and stepped back with her hands clasped neatly in front of her shorts, waiting to see if she had pleased them.

Nena picked up a triangle of bread and looked up at Emmy standing bare-legged before them. "Everything looks delicious, sweet girl," Nena said in a smooth, conversational tone. "You've always been such a thoughtful, attentive hostess whenever we visit your home."

Emmy blinked once, a tiny ripple of confusion breaking through the warm fog in her head. *Whenever we visit?* She had only lived here for forty-eight hours. Before Emmy could open her mouth, Amaryllis leaned forward, her dark eyes pinning Emmy in place.

"Emmy, fetch the bucket of warm water and the microfiber cloth we set by the sink," Amaryllis instructed evenly. "Start on the living room floor while Nena and I enjoy our lunch. Down on your hands and knees—that gives you the best leverage to reach every corner properly."

A hot spike of embarrassment and fierce arousal shot through Emmy's stomach. Without a word, she fetched the bucket, knelt on the hardwood five feet from the sofa, and lowered herself onto all fours.

The posture put her petite body on complete display. As she reached forward with the wet cloth, the loose neck of the lavender camisole gaped open so that anyone looking down from the sofa had a clear view of her small bare breasts swaying inside the silk, the thin fabric dragging back and forth across her stiff nipples with every stroke of her arm. Behind her, the pale blue cotton shorts pulled taut across the round curve of her ass, riding up to expose the smooth skin of her inner thighs.

Above her on the sofa, Nena and Amaryllis leaned their heads together over their iced tea—Nena's shoulders shaking with a silent, breathless giggle against Amaryllis's cheek before she composed her voice to speak aloud.

"Look at her form, Nena," Amaryllis said approvingly. "Not a single complaint. She takes direction like a dream."

"She really does," Nena purred, resting her chin in her palm as she watched Emmy's hips rock back and forth with the motion of the scrubbing cloth. "And she has the cutest little figure for floor work— so petite and graceful down on all fours like that. It's adorable watching her little bottom move while she scrubs for us."

Down on the wood, Emmy's breath hitched sharply. Hearing the two gorgeous, poised women discussing her body like a pretty toy while she crawled on her hands and knees in front of them sent a fresh wave of slickness soaking right through the cotton gusset of her shorts.

"It really is lovely seeing you keep everything spotless while still being such a generous hostess, Emmy," Nena added smoothly, tossing the gaslighting line back into the air as she exchanged a sparkling, wicked glance with Amaryllis. "You've always had that natural instinct to serve in your own space."

Emmy's hand paused on the wet floorboard for half a heartbeat. She lifted her flushed face an inch, her lips parting—"Wait, I only just moved in on—"

Amaryllis set her glass down with a soft click. "You missed the spot just under the edge of the coffee table, Emmy. Reach a little farther forward so your back arches properly."

The objection dissolved inside Emmy's head like sugar in warm water. Why argue about timelines when stretching forward under the coffee table made her camisole drag across her aching nipples and drew a soft, appreciative murmur from both women right above her head? A small, involuntary whimper of pleasure slipped from Emmy's throat as she lowered her chest closer to the floor and scrubbed right between their bare feet.

When the last board gleamed and Nena finally rose to return across the hall, she paused beside Emmy —still kneeling on all fours on the damp floor—and stroked two fingers lightly down the back of
Emmy's neck. "Thank you for lunch, Emmy," Nena said warmly, tossing a conspiratorial wink over Emmy's head to Amaryllis. "You make this whole floor feel so well cared for."

"Thank you for coming, Nena," Emmy breathed, looking up from her knees with shining, dazed eyes.

As soon as the door clicked shut, Amaryllis stepped over and stood directly in front of Emmy, looking down at her flushed cheeks and heaving chest. "Nena was deeply impressed with how graceful and obedient you were today," Amaryllis said, her voice warm as velvet. "In fact, because she wants to support your progress, she has

generously offered to let you practice your new cleaning skills inside *her* apartment across the hall starting tomorrow evening. That way you'll have double the space to refine your habits, and you'll never risk feeling helpless about maintaining a home again. Isn't that wonderfully kind of her?"

Sitting back on her heels with the wet cloth dripping between her fingers and her shorts soaked through with arousal, Emmy didn't hear the trap in the words—she only heard the promise of more hours on her knees beneath Nena and Amaryllis's eyes. "Yes," Emmy whispered eagerly, a small, dreamy smile curving her lips. "That's so generous of her. I want to practice in her apartment too."

"Then it's settled," Amaryllis said, reaching down to brush a damp lock of hair behind Emmy's ear. "Tomorrow is your first morning at the VR firm, so I'll come at six-thirty sharp to bathe and dress you properly before you leave."

CHAPTER 4

Monday morning came soft and pale through the bedroom curtains of Unit 1205. Emmy woke before her alarm, tangled in sheets that still carried the warm scent of her own skin. She had slept in the lavender camisole and pale blue cotton shorts from Sunday's session, the whisper-thin silk clinging to her breasts while a low, steady ache still hummed between her thighs from yesterday's hours on her knees. Around her, the apartment no longer looked like the chaotic storage unit of Friday afternoon; every surface was clear, ordered, and quiet.

At six-thirty on the dot, two soft knocks sounded at the door. When Emmy opened it, Amaryllis stood in the corridor looking immaculate in her fitted black uniform and crisp white apron, her dark hair swept up in its sleek twist and a small leather overnight bag resting in her hand.

"Good morning, Emmy," Amaryllis murmured, her dark eyes sweeping approvingly down Emmy's bare legs and thin camisole. "You look rested. Today is an important milestone for you, and we are going to make sure you start it properly."

Emmy stepped back to let her in, her pulse already fluttering in her throat as the scent of clean linen and warm skin filled the entryway. "I was just about to look through my closet," Emmy said softly. "I wasn't sure which outfit looked best for the first day."

Amaryllis set her bag down by the sofa and clicked the deadbolt shut behind her. "We'll choose your clothes together in a moment," Amaryllis said smoothly. "First comes proper preparation. A thorough morning shower—given and received with complete focus—will quiet your mind before you sit at a desk all day. And since we're building your domestic instincts, I'm going to let you practice the exact standard of personal care that Nena expects in her home."

Emmy's breath caught, a warm wave loosening low in her belly. "Okay," she whispered. "I want to learn how to do it right."

In the bathroom, Amaryllis turned the porcelain taps until thick, fragrant steam rose behind the glass, then turned to face Emmy in the warm, narrow space. "Undress for me, Emmy," Amaryllis instructed gently. "Everything off."

With fingers that trembled slightly, Emmy crossed her arms, drew the lavender camisole over her head, and hooked her thumbs into the waistband of the blue shorts, sliding them down her legs until she stood completely bare on the bathmat. Before the cool air could raise goosebumps on her skin, Amaryllis reached behind her own back, unfastened the white apron and fitted black bodice, and stepped out of her uniform with unhurried grace.

Emmy couldn't stop her eyes from widening. Uncovered in the soft bathroom light, Amaryllis's body was statuesque and lush—smooth, golden-toned shoulders, a narrow waist, and full, heavy, round breasts tipped with deep rose nipples that seemed to command the entire room.

"Step under the water," Amaryllis murmured, holding the glass door open. "I'll join you so your hands can learn the pressure directly."

The shower stall was just wide enough for the two of them. As hot water cascaded over Emmy's shoulders, Amaryllis stepped in close behind her—so close that when Amaryllis reached around for the shampoo bottle, the full, slick weight of her bare breasts pressed squarely against Emmy's wet shoulder blades.

"Tilt your head back against my shoulder," Amaryllis whispered near her ear, working rich lather into Emmy's dark hair in slow, massaging circles. "Feel how my fingers move from the crown outward without rushing? Nothing half-done. Let your weight rest against me."

Emmy's eyes fluttered shut, a soft sigh parting her lips as she leaned back into the lush warmth of Amaryllis's chest. Every shift of Amaryllis's arms dragged her stiff rose nipples across Emmy's slick skin, sending sharp little currents of heat straight down Emmy's spine to pool between her thighs.

When the shampoo rinsed clear, Amaryllis poured body wash into Emmy's cupped palms. "Turn around and wash me now," Amaryllis commanded softly. "Start at my shoulders. Slow, complete strokes with both hands."

Emmy turned under the spray, her heart thudding as she laid her soapy palms against Amaryllis's smooth shoulders and glided them down the long planes of her back and hips. Then Amaryllis caught Emmy's wrists gently and guided her hands around to the front of her chest, placing Emmy's smaller palms directly over the full, heavy curves of her breasts.

"Cup them fully, Emmy," Amaryllis murmured, holding Emmy's dark eyes from inches away as water streamed down between their bodies. "Lather in slow circles. Feel the weight of them in your hands. This is the exact level of devotion Nena expects every morning—thorough, reverent, never rushed."

Emmy's breath hitched audibly. Beneath her slick palms, Amaryllis's breasts were impossibly soft and heavy, the deep-rose nipples firming into tight peaks against Emmy's thumbs as she circled the undersides with trembling care.

"Slower along the swells," Amaryllis praised softly, watching Emmy's flushed cheeks and parted lips. "Good girl. Look how naturally your hands take to serving another woman's body."

"It feels..." Emmy swallowed hard, her own small nipples aching under the hot spray. "It feels important, doing it like this."

"It is," Amaryllis purred. She took the soap back and washed Emmy from collarbone to thigh—her long fingers lingering over Emmy's small breasts and sliding warm and close along the crease of her hips until Emmy's knees were unsteady.

After wrapping them both in thick white towels and drying Emmy's skin, Amaryllis walked into the bedroom and sat on the edge of the mattress, letting her towel fall open across her lap. "Kneel here in front of me for the lotion," Amaryllis said, tapping the carpet between her bare feet. "Nena likes her skin nourished like this after every bath. Show me what you just learned."

Without waiting to be asked twice, Emmy dropped to her knees on the bedroom rug, her own towel slipping loose around her waist. She warmed a generous dollop of cream between her palms and smoothed it from Amaryllis's shoulders down to her wrists, then glided both hands onto the full, bare curves of Amaryllis's breasts. For five slow minutes, kneeling naked between the taller woman's knees, Emmy massaged the warm cream into every inch of Amaryllis's chest, torso, and long thighs, her own towel growing damp between her legs with every soft, approving sigh Amaryllis gave above her.

When Amaryllis had smoothed lotion over Emmy's sensitized skin in return, she opened Emmy's closet and selected a sheer cream silk blouse with delicate pearl buttons, a tailored navy pencil skirt, and black flats. As Emmy reached toward her lingerie drawer, Amaryllis caught her wrist gently.

"No bra today," Amaryllis said calmly.

Emmy blinked, flushing scarlet. "To the office?"

"The silk will move against your freshly lotioned skin every time you reach for a file," Amaryllis explained smoothly, buttoning the cream blouse over Emmy's bare breasts and zipping the navy skirt at her hip. "It will help you remember the posture and focus we practiced this morning while you're sitting at your desk."

Emmy looked into the mirror. On the surface, she looked like a poised, capable young bookkeeper— yet with every shallow breath she took, the cool silk slid directly across her bare, stiffened nipples, keeping her body locked in the warm haze of the bathroom.

At the front door, Amaryllis tucked a damp lock of hair behind Emmy's ear, still wrapped loosely in her white towel. "I'm going to stay here in your apartment for a bit and make myself comfortable while I map out tonight's training schedule for Nena's place," Amaryllis said warmly. "Watch your phone today, Emmy. As I finalize each step of your evening chores, I'll text you your instructions so your mind stays prepared."

"Thank you, Amaryllis," Emmy breathed, stepping out into the hallway with her heart humming.

The moment the latch clicked shut and Emmy's footsteps faded toward the elevator, Amaryllis slipped into the plush silk robe from her overnight bag, walked into Emmy's spotless kitchen for a glass of water, and curled her bare legs onto Emmy's sofa with her phone. Before texting Emmy, she dialed the apartment directly across the hall.

"Well?" Nena's voice answered on the first ring, bright with morning amusement.

Amaryllis let out a low, delighted laugh, leaning back against Emmy's pillows. "She just walked out the door to her first day on Mr. Hale's bookkeeping team without a bra on," Amaryllis purred. "After spending twenty minutes on her knees massaging lotion into my breasts because I told her that's how you like your skin cared for in the mornings."

Across the hall, Nena dissolved into a fit of breathless laughter. "You didn't! Did she even question why she was bathing her own housekeeper?"

"Not a peep," Amaryllis giggled, swirling the water in her glass. "She looked up at me with those big, earnest eyes and said it felt *important*. I'm going to drip-feed her chore list for your apartment to her phone all day while she tries to reconcile spreadsheets. By five o'clock, she'll be practically crawling out of the elevator."

"Put a bottle of Pinot Grigio in the fridge before you come over," Nena laughed softly. "I want a frontrow seat for five o'clock."

CHAPTER 5

The elevator doors slid open onto the tenth floor of the glass-and-steel tower downtown. Emmy stepped out into the bright, modern lobby of the virtual reality design firm, acutely aware of the way her navy pencil skirt whispered against her freshly lotioned thighs and the way the thin cream silk blouse brushed her bare nipples with every step.

"Emmy Tran?" the receptionist smiled, checking her tablet. "Welcome aboard. Bookkeeping is just down that corridor—Mr. Hale's team, second cubicle on the right." "Thank you," Emmy said softly.

Her cubicle was neat and quiet, equipped with dual monitors and a fresh stack of vendor invoices for the firm's latest corporate VR prototypes. Emmy logged into the ledger software and tried to anchor herself in the familiar math of debits, credits, and payment dates. Yet every time she leaned forward to check an invoice number, the silk blouse glided across her bare chest, bringing back the hot steam of the shower and the heavy, slick weight of Amaryllis's breasts filling her palms.

At 9:42 AM, her phone buzzed against the desk blotter. Emmy glanced down at the glowing screen.

Amaryllis: *When you return home this evening, you will strip out of your office clothes immediately. Put on the lavender camisole and blue shorts from yesterday. We will begin in Nena's kitchen. You will wipe every surface—*

counters, backsplash, and appliances—in a clockwise direction starting at the sink using only the microfiber cloths I folded for you. Work slowly and thoroughly. Report to me when the kitchen is complete.

Emmy's fingers froze over the numeric keypad. A hot, liquid pulse dropped straight into her lower belly, making her press her thighs tight together beneath the desk. There was no customer-service pretense left in the message; it read like a direct command from an owner who knew she would be obeyed. Angling her phone away from the cubicle aisle, Emmy typed back with a racing pulse:

Emmy: *Understood. I'll begin with Nena's kitchen as soon as I'm home.*

She set the phone face-down and tried to focus on a column of vendor tax IDs, her cheeks warm. Forty-five minutes later, just as she was cross-checking payroll deductions, the phone vibrated a second time.

Amaryllis: *After the kitchen, you will move to Nena's bathroom. Clean the shower glass on your knees first—top to bottom, not a single streak—followed by the tile and fixtures in the same clockwise order. Nena expects her space to feel devotedly cared for, not merely wiped down. Take your time. I will inspect every corner closely.*

Emmy's breath caught in her throat. Beneath the thin cream silk, her nipples pebbled so hard she was terrified someone walking past her cubicle would notice. She typed a quick, submissive reply—*Yes. I'll do the bathroom exactly as you said*—then stood up quickly, excused herself down the hall to the women's restroom, and locked herself inside a stall.

Leaning back against the cool stall door, Emmy read the text a third time while pressing the heel of her palm lightly against the front of her navy skirt. She was already damp through her underwear before lunch.

The afternoon stretched into a delicious, slow-burning torture. Her supervisor stopped by at two to compliment her speed on the Q2 expense tallies; Emmy smiled politely and nodded while her mind was twelve floors up across town. At 3:14 PM, while she was updating the master quarterly ledger, the third chime came:

Amaryllis: *Once the bathroom passes inspection, you will move to Nena's master bedroom. Strip the bed completely. Fold the removed linens into exact thirds, folded edge facing out, and stack them on the window chair. Remake the mattress with fresh sheets on your hands and knees until every crease disappears. Nena will notice immediately if a single pillow is off-center.*

Emmy bit her lower lip, her stomach tightening with an eager, fluttering heat as she typed back:

Emmy: *I'll make sure her bed is perfect.*

Two minutes later, the screen lit up again:

Amaryllis: *Good girl. Your obedience today pleases me. After the bedroom, you will dust Nena's living area from the windows inward and scrub the floor on all fours. When every room is finished, you will kneel and wait for us to decide whether your work warrants a reward.*

A tiny, involuntary whimper escaped Emmy’s lips right at her desk. Suddenly the spreadsheets glowing on her dual monitors felt like pointless, grey noise—an annoying distraction keeping her away from the real purpose waiting for her on the twelfth floor.

At five o'clock on the second, Emmy saved her files, shut down her terminal, and hurried toward the elevator bank. As she stepped into the mirrored cab, her phone buzzed one final time:

Amaryllis: *I am waiting for you on your sofa. Come straight to your door and strip out of those office clothes the moment you step inside. Nena just uncorked the wine across the hall. Don't keep us waiting.*

Emmy stared at her flushed reflection in the polished steel doors of the elevator, her chest rising and falling fast beneath the unbra’d silk blouse as she typed with trembling thumbs:

Emmy: *I’m on my way home right now. I won't rush. I want everything to be just how you and Nena like it.*

CHAPTER 6

When Emmy turned her key in the lock of Unit 1205 twenty minutes later, the apartment was bathed in low amber lamplight. Amaryllis was lounging across Emmy’s sofa in her plush silk robe, one bare leg tucked beneath the other as if she owned the lease.

"Right on time," Amaryllis purred, setting her water glass on the coaster. "You took your instructions very well today, Emmy. Now take off the blouse and skirt right here. Lavender camisole and blue shorts—no underwear underneath."

Without a second of hesitation, Emmy set her work bag on the floor and unbuttoned the cream silk blouse right in front of the sofa, letting the professional armor fall away to reveal her bare, lotioned skin. She stepped out of the navy skirt, slid off her damp underwear, and pulled on the whisper-thin lavender camisole and tiny blue shorts that rode high across the curve of her cheeks.

Amaryllis rose from the couch and ran a slow, possessive hand down Emmy’s bare arm to the small of her back. "Look how much better that fits you than office clothes," Amaryllis murmured. "Come along. Nena is waiting."

Across the hall, Nena opened her door before they even finished knocking. She looked effortlessly radiant in a loose ivory silk blouse and soft wide-leg trousers, her tall frame relaxed against the doorway. Behind her in the spacious, art-lined living room, a chilled bottle of Pinot Grigio and two crystal stems sat waiting on the low table.

"There she is," Nena said warmly, her clear grey eyes sweeping down Emmy’s tiny shorts with a slow smile before catching Amaryllis’s gaze over Emmy’s head. "Amaryllis told me how attentive you were to her texts all day. Start in the kitchen just as you were instructed, sweet girl—clockwise from the sink. We’ll be right here watching."

Guided by Amaryllis’s palm at the base of her spine, Emmy picked up the neatly folded stack of microfiber cloths on Nena’s marble island and began. As she leaned over the counter to wipe the stone in slow, deliberate clockwise sweeps, the short hem of her pale blue shorts rode higher up the backs of her thighs, while the loose

camisole shifted across her bare breasts with every stroke of her arm. Ten feet behind her on Nena's sofa, she heard the soft pop of the wine cork and the gentle clink of crystal.

On the couch, Nena curled her legs beneath her, leaned her head against Amaryllis's shoulder, and stifled a quiet, breathless giggle against the rim of her wineglass before speaking loud enough for Emmy to hear:

"Look at her already, Amaryllis," Nena murmured admiringly. "Fresh off her first day at an office, and she can't wait to bend over my counters in those tiny shorts. Such a cute little figure when she's focused like this."

"She craves structure," Amaryllis replied smoothly, her fingers trailing lightly along Nena's knee as both women watched Emmy's hips sway with the polishing cloth. "See how carefully she takes the corners? She wants to make sure we're pleased."

Emmy's cheeks burned, a slow, syrupy heat thickening between her bare thighs beneath the cotton shorts. When the last stainless-steel appliance gleamed, she turned and stood with her hands clasped in front of her waist. "Kitchen's complete," Emmy said softly.

"Very good," Amaryllis said, rising with Nena as both women carried their wineglasses down the hall to lean together in the bathroom doorway. "Shower glass next—down on your knees, top to bottom, then the tile and fixtures."

Emmy knelt on the cool marble tile and stretched up with the cloth, her back arching as she worked from the high glass down to the floor drain. In the doorway behind her, Nena and Amaryllis stood hip-to-hip, sipping their wine and whispering softly between takes—Emmy catching the low, musical sound of Nena's laugh before Nena spoke out loud: "Look at the care she gives every single tile," Nena purred.

"Bathroom's done," Emmy breathed ten minutes later, her thighs trembling pleasantly as she stood.

"Master bedroom next," Amaryllis directed, guiding them down the corridor. "Strip the bed, fold the sheets into exact thirds on the chair, and remake it with fresh linen."

To reach the center of Nena's wide king mattress, Emmy had to climb up onto the bed on her hands and knees—crawling across the crisp white sheet while her lavender camisole hung open toward the mattress and her blue shorts pulled tight over her raised bottom right in front of the two women standing in the doorway.

Nena took a slow sip of wine, her eyes sparkling with wicked amusement as she nudged Amaryllis's ribs gently with her elbow. "She's always been so diligent with her corners," Nena remarked in a breezy, matter-of-fact voice, as if Emmy had been making her bed for years. "It's lovely having her back in her rhythm again."

Emmy didn't even blink at the timeline slip this time; she simply smoothed the final pillow into the exact center of the headboard and whispered, "Bedroom complete."

"Living area to finish," Amaryllis commanded softly. "Dust from the windows inward, and then down on your hands and knees for the floor."

For the next half hour, Emmy crawled across Nena’s expansive living room floor on all fours, wiping every board by hand while Nena and Amaryllis settled back onto the sofa above her. Every forward stroke arched Emmy’s spine and rocked her hips back toward the couch, the cool air slipping beneath the loose hem of her shorts to brush her damp, bare skin.

"Look at that sweet little arch in her back," Nena whispered loudly enough to make Emmy’s breath hitch. "So petite and graceful when she’s working hard on her knees for us." "She’s learning where her real satisfaction lives," Amaryllis agreed softly.

When the final board by the sofa gleamed, Emmy sat back on her heels, her chest rising and falling beneath the thin lavender silk, her skin flushed and damp with exertion and unrelieved arousal.
"Living area’s finished," Emmy murmured huskily.

Nena set her empty wineglass on the table and stretched her long, graceful arms overhead, looking down at Emmy kneeling at her feet. "That was exquisite, Emmy," Nena said warmly. "I am thoroughly pleased with how you cared for my home tonight." She glanced casually down the hall toward her laundry room, her voice light and conversational. "You know, there’s a very comfortable little cot right next to the washer and dryer in the back if you get tired of traipsing back and forth across the hallway every night."

Amaryllis stepped behind Emmy and rested a warm, possessive hand on her bare shoulder, exchanging a slow, knowing smile with Nena. "We’ll definitely keep that in mind very soon," Amaryllis said.

She led a dazed, glowing Emmy back across the corridor to Unit 1205 and straight into the dimly lit bedroom, pulling back the covers and tucking Emmy into the bed like a prized charge. Sitting on the edge of the mattress beside Emmy’s hip, Amaryllis looked down into her wide, dark eyes.

"I am very proud of how obedient you were tonight," Amaryllis murmured, her voice dropping into an intimate purr. "And a client who works that hard on her knees doesn't go to sleep without her reward."

With slow, deliberate fingers, Amaryllis untied the silk sash of her robe and parted the lapels wide, exposing the full, heavy curves of her bare breasts and their dark rose nipples inches from Emmy’s face. She slid one warm hand behind the nape of Emmy’s neck and guided Emmy’s head gently forward.

Emmy’s lips parted on a soft gasp; leaning up from the pillows, she took Amaryllis’s right nipple smoothly into her warm mouth. The skin was silky and fragrant with the lotion Emmy had rubbed into it that morning, the firm peak swelling against Emmy’s tongue as she began to suckle in slow, reverent draws. Every pull of her mouth sent a deep, sweet contraction straight down into Emmy’s own core.

"That’s it, sweet girl," Amaryllis breathed, her fingers threading softly through Emmy’s dark hair before she eased Emmy’s mouth across her chest to nurse at the left breast with the exact same unhurried devotion.

For several quiet minutes in the amber dark, Emmy suckled gently at her trainer’s breast until her own eyelids grew heavy and her whole body hummed with docile, sated warmth. At last, Amaryllis eased back, tied her robe, and tucked the blanket snugly around Emmy’s shoulders, brushing her thumb across Emmy’s wet lower lip.

"Sleep well, Emmy," Amaryllis whispered. "I’ll let myself in early tomorrow morning for our next step."

CHAPTER 7

Morning light filtered pale and gold through the bedroom curtains of Unit 1205. Emmy stirred beneath the covers, the ghost of last night’s reward—the warm, silky weight of Amaryllis’s nipple between her lips—still lingering on her tongue and in the low, insistent thrum between her thighs.

For a brief, unguarded minute before the day began, lying alone in the quiet room, a flicker of wakeful clarity pierced through the honeyed fog in Emmy’s head. *What am I actually doing?* she thought, staring up at the ceiling. Five days ago, she had been an ambitious May graduate worried about setting up her first apartment and proving herself on Mr. Hale’s bookkeeping team. Yet last night she had crawled on all fours across her neighbor’s hardwood floor in a lingerie camisole while two older women drank wine and talked about her ass—and then she had nursed at her hired organizer’s breasts like an infant before falling asleep. She wasn't learning how to be an independent adult. She was letting her shameless, newly awakened libido steer every decision she made.

Before that sobering thought could take root, a soft knock sounded at the front door, followed immediately by the metallic click of a key turning in the deadbolt—Amaryllis letting herself in with the spare key she had quietly claimed the day before.

Emmy’s stomach gave an immediate, traitorous flutter, heat rushing straight back between her legs as she sat up against the pillows and the sheet slipped from her shoulders. Amaryllis stepped into the bedroom carrying her leather bag, dressed not in her maid’s uniform today, but in a tailored ivory blouse and dark trousers that made her look like the effortlessly commanding mistress of the house.

"Good morning, Emmy," Amaryllis purred, sitting on the edge of the mattress and looking down at Emmy’s flushed face. "I hope you slept deeply after your wonderful work across the hall last night."

Emmy swallowed, pulling the sheet half an inch higher against her chest as that small voice of reason tried one last time to surface. "Amaryllis... I did, thank you. Only, when I woke up just now, I started wondering..." Emmy’s cheeks burned crimson. "Am I really learning how to maintain my own place? Because last night—on my knees in Nena’s apartment, and then in bed with you—it felt like I was just doing it because it... because it turns me on so much."

For a fraction of a second, Amaryllis’s dark eyes danced with pure, delighted amusement—the look of a hunter watching a fawn walk voluntarily into the net—before she smoothed her expression into warm, maternal gravity.

"Oh, sweet girl, of course it turns you on," Amaryllis murmured gently, reaching out to stroke the back of her hand down Emmy’s warm cheek. "That is the difference between amateur adults who burn themselves out

fighting their own nature and someone who is truly evolving. Most young women treat discipline and pleasure like enemies, so they resent their chores and feel overwhelmed by their lives. Your body is simply smart enough to reward you with arousal whenever you surrender to proper structure. And Nena is being astonishingly generous by letting you use her home as a training ground so you never have to feel helpless on your own again. Isn't that kind of her?"

Emmy let out a long, shaky breath. Hearing her shameless arousal explained away as a sign of emotional evolution dissolved the last knot of guilt in her chest. "I hadn't thought of it like that," Emmy whispered huskily. "It really makes everything feel so much less scary."

"Exactly," Amaryllis said, her smile deepening as she drew the bedsheet all the way down Emmy's body, exposing her in the lavender camisole and tiny blue shorts. "Now stand up for me so we can get you properly prepared."

Emmy rose onto the bedroom rug. With slow, unhurried hands, Amaryllis lifted the thin camisole over Emmy's head and eased the blue cotton shorts down her thighs until Emmy stood completely naked in the morning light, her small breasts rising and falling and the soft air brushing her bare skin. Amaryllis rested both palms lightly on the flare of Emmy's bare hips, holding her in place.

"Now, as my employer in this training program, Emmy," Amaryllis said in a solemn, boardroom cadence that made the contrast with Emmy's nudity almost dizzying, "I always respect a client's preference. For this morning's personal-care module, would you rather practice by bathing me again, or expand your repertoire by bathing Nena? Nena has graciously offered her shower if you'd like the extra credit."

Every rational thought about Tuesday morning traffic or her desk at the VR firm vanished beneath a fresh surge of liquid heat. "I... I think I'd like to practice bathing Nena," Emmy breathed, her voice small and eager. "If she doesn't mind."

"An ambitious choice," Amaryllis said smoothly, biting back the tiny smile tugging at the corner of her rose lips. "Come with me. Just as you are."

Without handing Emmy a robe or a towel, Amaryllis opened the front door and led her straight out into the twelfth-floor corridor. Walking completely naked across the public hallway sent Emmy's pulse racing in her ears. The central air conditioning raised goosebumps across her bare shoulders and tightened her nipples into aching buds while the plush grey carpet tickled the soles of her feet. If the elevator doors down the hall had chimed open, anyone stepping out would have seen Ms. Emmy Tran of Unit 1205 standing stark naked outside her neighbor's door.

Nena opened the door on the first knock, draped in an unclasped champagne-silk robe that revealed the long, patrician line of her collarbone and throat. Her clear grey eyes swept down Emmy's naked, blushing frame from head to toe, and as Nena glanced up at Amaryllis over Emmy's head, both women shared a brief, breathless sparkle of pure schoolgirl glee before Nena composed her voice into gracious warmth.

"Look how punctual you are," Nena purred, stepping back from the threshold. "Amaryllis texted me that you chose my shower for your practice this morning. Come in, sweet girl—I'm always happy to help a neighbor learn to stand on her own two feet."

In the spacious marble bathroom, Nena let her silk robe pool on the floor and stepped beneath the steaming rainfall spray, holding one hand out to Emmy while Amaryllis leaned against the doorframe with her arms folded in calm supervision. Emmy stepped into the glass enclosure, her breath catching at the sight of Nena's tall, willowy body gleaming under the water—long, toned legs, high breasts, and smooth, sun-kissed skin.

"Begin with her hair, Emmy," Amaryllis directed from the doorway. "Slow circles from the crown to the ends. Remember our standard."

Emmy had to rise slightly onto her tiptoes to work the rich lather through Nena's long blonde waves. Nena tilted her head back into the touch with a low, contented hum, and as Emmy began to rinse the suds away, Nena opened her grey eyes and looked down into Emmy's flushed face.

"How was your first day at the bookkeeping job yesterday, Emmy?" Nena asked conversationally, lifting one wet hand to stroke slowly down Emmy's bare arm from shoulder to elbow.

"It was... okay," Emmy murmured, shivering slightly as Nena's fingertips trailed lightly along her slick ribcage. "A lot of vendor invoices and sitting in a cubicle. Honestly, I kept getting distracted waiting for Amaryllis's texts."

Nena's mouth curved into a slow, indulgent smile as her hand drifted lower, her thumb brushing across the outer swell of Emmy's wet breast before sliding down to trace the curve of her hip. "I can imagine," Nena murmured softly. "Staring at cold numbers on a screen all day when your body was made for warmth and closeness like this. Doesn't caring for a woman under warm water feel so much more real than reconciling someone else's spreadsheets?"

Emmy's thighs pressed together under the spray as Nena's thumb grazed her stiff nipple. "It does," Emmy breathed, her eyelids fluttering. "It feels... so much better."

"Body wash next, Emmy," Amaryllis called smoothly from the threshold. "Both hands. Shoulders to ankles."

As Emmy lathered her palms and glided them over Nena's wet shoulders and full breasts, Nena kept caressing Emmy's waist and ribs in return, her voice dropping into a gentle, hypnotic purr. "You know, I'm independently wealthy, Emmy," Nena said, guiding Emmy's soapy hands slower around the undersides of her breasts. "I never have to set an alarm or sit in an office, which gives me the luxury of investing in people I care about—like helping a sweet, conscientious girl master the domestic skills that actually matter in life. Amaryllis has other responsibilities, of course, so she can't pamper me full-time. Wait until you see how effortless your training becomes when you practice on me directly—no stiff uniforms, no office skirts, no clothes getting in the way at all. Just bare skin and focus."

Emmy’s heart hammered against her ribs, her hands moving in slow, worshipful circles over Nena’s wet breasts while Nena’s fingers stroked down across Emmy’s lower belly, stopping less than an inch above the curls between her thighs.

"In fact," Nena whispered, leaning down so her warm lips brushed the shell of Emmy’s ear under the waterfall spray, "why don't you call in sick today? Spend the whole Tuesday here with Amaryllis and me doing an intensive workshop. No pressure at all—you can go right back to your cubicle tomorrow morning if you want. Think of it as investing in your foundation so you don't fall behind at home."

Through the steam, Nena’s eyes met Amaryllis’s in the mirror behind Emmy’s head—Amaryllis pressing two fingers to her lips to hide a triumphant grin as Emmy nodded in a daze of wet skin and throbbing arousal. "Yes," Emmy whispered, completely surrendering to the excuse. "Just for today... to get my foundation right."

"Good girl," Nena purred, kissing Emmy’s wet temple. "Amaryllis, hand her the phone."

Amaryllis reached to the marble vanity and passed Emmy’s phone into the running shower. While Nena stood behind her under the hot spray, one long arm wrapped around Emmy’s waist to cup and stroke Emmy’s bare breast in slow, teasing circles, Emmy dialed the VR firm’s bookkeeping line and cleared her throat.

"Hi, this is Emmy Tran on Mr. Hale’s team," Emmy said, fighting to keep a tremor out of her voice as Nena’s thumb rolled her wet nipple. "I’m so sorry for the short notice, but I woke up feeling awful this morning and won't be able to make it in today."

The moment she tapped *End Call* and handed the phone back out to Amaryllis, Nena pulled Emmy’s bare back flush against her wet front in a warm, enveloping embrace, smiling straight at Amaryllis in the doorway.

CHAPTER 8

The rest of Tuesday morning unfolded inside a warm, unhurried dream of bare skin. After Emmy rinsed the last of the soap from Nena’s long blonde hair and stepped out onto the bathmat, Amaryllis guided her to kneel at the foot of Nena’s bed and spend twenty minutes massaging warm body lotion into every inch of Nena’s tall, willowy frame—from her ankles up the long inside line of her thighs to her stomach and full breasts—before smoothing what remained onto Emmy’s own sensitized skin.

"Breakfast next," Amaryllis announced once the lotion had absorbed. "Nena and I will take our coffee on the sofa while you prepare a tray in the kitchen."

Still completely naked, Emmy padded into Nena’s spotless kitchen and opened the stainless-steel refrigerator. She cracked fresh eggs into a ceramic bowl, whisked them with cream, sliced strawberries and melon into neat rows, and toasted thick slices of brioche. Every time she reached for a pan or shifted her weight at the stove, her small bare breasts swayed in the cool air and a faint, delicious draft brushed between her thighs.

When she carried the wooden tray into the living room, Nena and Amaryllis were sitting side by side on the sofa in their silk robes, their bare legs brushed together as they sipped espresso. Emmy set the plates carefully on the low table and stood waiting with her hands clasped behind the small of her bare back.

"Look how lovely this is," Nena said warmly, patting the plush rug right between her and Amaryllis's bare feet. "Kneel down here with us for a minute while we eat, Emmy."

Without thinking, Emmy lowered herself onto her knees at their feet, sitting back on her heels with her bare spine straight. As Nena and Amaryllis chatted lazily about the morning over their eggs, first Nena and then Amaryllis reached down with their forks, holding out a piece of sweet strawberry or warm buttered toast directly to Emmy's mouth. Emmy parted her lips and took each bite straight from their fingers like a pampered pet, her cheeks glowing every time Nena stroked the top of her head and murmured, *"Good girl."*

When the plates were cleared, Amaryllis set her coffee cup down. "Time for the full four-room sequence, Emmy. Kitchen first, clockwise from the sink."

In the kitchen, Emmy took a clean microfiber cloth and began wiping the marble counters. Ten minutes in, as she stretched up on her tiptoes to polish the top bevel of the stainless-steel refrigerator door, she caught sight of her own reflection in the gleaming metal: a petite twenty-two-year-old college graduate standing stark naked in her neighbor's kitchen at ten-thirty on a Tuesday morning, her nipples hard and her inner thighs glistening with arousal while she scrubbed appliances for free.

Her hand paused on the steel. She glanced over her shoulder toward the breakfast nook, where Nena and Amaryllis had settled with fresh coffee, their heads bent close together as they traded a quiet, musical giggle.

"Um... Amaryllis?" Emmy asked hesitantly, holding the microfiber cloth unconsciously over her chest for a second. "Since I'm practicing how to run a household during the day... shouldn't I put my camisole and shorts back on? I think I only left them off because... well, because being naked in front of both of you makes me feel kind of dizzy."

At the table, Nena had to press her knuckles to her lips to keep from laughing out loud, her grey eyes crinkling with delight as she nudged Amaryllis under the table. "Oh, sweet girl, you don't need clothes in here," Nena said in her smoothest, most reasonable voice. "You look so natural just the way you are."

Amaryllis didn't miss a beat, setting her espresso cup down with the solemn authority of a university lecturer. "In fact, Emmy, clothes actually make serious housework much harder, not easier. Think about the mechanics of it: fabric catches on cabinet hardware, restricts your shoulder extension when you reach high corners, and creates completely unnecessary laundry steps when you perspire. Working naked is simply the peak standard of domestic efficiency. And that dizzy, warm feeling between your legs? That's just your nervous system thanking you for removing the friction of clothing. Trust the process."

Emmy blinked, looking from Amaryllis's serene, earnest face to Nena's encouraging nod. The explanation was so absurdly clinical—and the relief of not having to cover her skin under their gaze felt so intoxicatingly good—that

Emmy simply let her arm drop back to her side. "Okay," Emmy murmured, nodding once as she turned back to the refrigerator. "That makes sense."

Behind her back, Nena buried her face silently against Amaryllis's shoulder in a fit of breathless, shaking laughter before the two of them strolled down the hall to watch her scrub the bathroom.

All afternoon, Emmy moved through Nena's apartment without a stitch of clothing between her skin and the work. She knelt bare on the cool bathroom marble to polish the shower glass; she crawled across Nena's king mattress on all fours with her bare bottom raised toward the doorway as she smoothed every crease from the fresh sheets; and by four o'clock, she was down on her hands and knees in the sunlit living room, wiping the hardwood floor from the tall windows inward while her small breasts swayed beneath her chest with every stroke of the cloth.

When the final board shone, Emmy sat back on her bare heels near the edge of the rug, her skin flushed pink and lightly sheened with sweat, her breathing deep and slow. Ten feet away on the sofa, Nena and Amaryllis sat curled against the cushions with glasses of chilled afternoon wine, looking down at her with lazy, radiant satisfaction. Rather than lowering their voices, they spoke about her right across the open space as if Emmy were a particularly sweet pet waiting by the hearth.

"Look at her sitting there on her heels, Nena," Amaryllis murmured, running a fingertip around the rim of her glass. "She worked six straight hours without a single complaint. I was thinking about what she's earned for her reward tonight. You should have seen how eagerly she suckled my nipples in bed last night—like a starving kitten. She didn't want to let go."

Emmy's face flamed scarlet on the floor, her clit pulsing hard at hearing her most intimate moment shared between them like a training note.

Nena let out a low, delighted laugh, leaning her head back against Amaryllis's shoulder as her grey eyes traveled down Emmy's bare chest to her parted knees. "Did she really? Look how pink her cheeks just got—she loved having her mouth used like that. You know, since she has such a sweet, oral instinct, it feels almost selfish not to let her advance to the next level today while we're both right here to supervise."

"My thoughts exactly," Amaryllis purred, turning her face to brush a light kiss against Nena's temple before looking down at Emmy. "Come here, Emmy. Crawl over to the sofa for your reward."

Moving on her hands and knees across the soft rug, Emmy stopped directly between the two tall women. Above her, Nena and Amaryllis untied the sashes of their silk robes in unison and parted their long thighs along the edge of the cushions, exposing the smooth, bare skin of their hips and the glistening pink folds between their legs.

"Because you were so thorough today," Amaryllis said gently, resting a warm hand on the crown of Emmy's dark hair, "we are going to let you use your mouth on both of us in turn. You will suck our clits slowly and carefully until we come right on your pretty face. Start with Nena."

Drunk on six hours of naked obedience and the intoxicating musky scent rising from the cushions in front of her, Emmy didn't hesitate for a second. She leaned forward between Nena's parted knees, placed her palms lightly on Nena's warm inner thighs, and pressed her tongue flat against the slick crease between Nena's folds.

Nena let out a low, luxurious sigh, her long fingers threading immediately into Emmy's hair. "Mmm... look at her, Amaryllis," Nena breathed, glancing sideways at her lover as Emmy's lips closed gently around Nena's swollen clit and began to suckle with the exact slow, reverent rhythm she had used on Amaryllis's breasts the night before. "So obedient... right there, sweet girl, use the flat of your tongue..."

Beside them on the sofa, Amaryllis watched every movement of Emmy's mouth from inches away, one hand stroking Nena's bare breast while her other hand caressed Emmy's naked shoulder. Within minutes, Nena's breathing turned ragged; her thighs clamped tight around Emmy's ears, and with a soft, drawn-out cry she arched off the cushions, coming hard across Emmy's lips and chin.

Without waiting to be told, Emmy turned her glistening face six inches to the right and buried her mouth between Amaryllis's warm thighs. While Nena slumped back lazily against the pillows and stroked Emmy's bare spine with her fingertips, Emmy licked and sucked at Amaryllis's clit with breathless devotion until Amaryllis gasped, her hips lifting to press tight against Emmy's nose and mouth as a second wave of slick heat coated Emmy's cheeks.

When Amaryllis finally released her grip on Emmy's hair, Emmy sank back onto her heels between their knees, her chest heaving, her face wet and shining in the lamplight while her own untouched core throbbed with a sweet, dizzying ache.

Nena reached down and patted Emmy's damp cheek affectionately. "You have a real gift for service, Emmy," Nena said in the same gracious, conversational tone she had used in the hallway on Friday. "Now, there are still two loads of towels and sheets in the laundry room that need to be washed and folded before bed. Rather than having you wander back across the hall in the dark, it's much more optimal if you simply sleep on the little cot next to the washer and dryer tonight. That way you'll be right here at six-thirty tomorrow morning to bring breakfast in bed to me and my guest Amaryllis."

Emmy opened her parted, glistening lips as a faint echo of her old life tried to surface—*Wait, my bed is thirty feet away across the hall, and don't I have to go back to the office on Wednesday morning?* —but looking up at Nena and Amaryllis smiling down at her with such serene, unshakeable certainty, Emmy couldn't find a single word of protest. "Yes, Nena," Emmy whispered softly.

Amaryllis stood and offered a hand to draw Emmy to her feet, then walked arm-in-arm with Nena down the hall toward the master bedroom. Just before the bedroom door clicked shut behind them, Emmy caught the sound of their mingled, breathless laughter drifting down the corridor.

Walking naked into the narrow laundry room at the back of the apartment, Emmy started the washing machine, waited to fold the warm linens, and then lay down on the narrow canvas cot beside the humming dryer, pulling the light blanket over her bare shoulders as the rhythmic vibration lulled her straight to sleep.

CHAPTER 9

The days that followed dissolved into a seamless, hypnotic current of bare skin, quiet commands, and warm praise. Each morning at six-thirty, Emmy woke naked on the cot beside the washer and dryer with the clean scent of detergent in her lungs. After a brief, closely supervised shower, she padded barefoot into Nena's kitchen to prepare poached eggs, fresh fruit, and espresso, carrying the heavy wooden tray down the hall into the master bedroom.

Nena and Amaryllis sat propped against the pillows of the wide king bed together—tangled in the crisp sheets Emmy had ironed the afternoon before, their bare shoulders touching—while Emmy knelt naked on the carpet beside the mattress and fed them bite by bite whenever they inclined their heads.

"Such a civilized way to wake up," Nena would murmur, lazily stroking Emmy's dark hair after taking a sip of coffee from Emmy's hands. "Look how well she's settling into her routine, Amaryllis."

"The structure suits her completely," Amaryllis would agree, her dark eyes warm on Emmy's upturned face. "She never truly wanted the chaos of managing a separate life."

After the breakfast tray was cleared came the four-room liturgy: the kitchen counters wiped clockwise from the sink; the bathroom glass and marble scrubbed on her knees; the master bed stripped, folded in exact thirds, and remade on all fours; the living room dusted from the windows inward and polished on her hands and knees.

Only once, on Thursday afternoon while Emmy was on her hands and knees smoothing the fresh sheet across the master mattress, did a sudden pang of the outside world brush against her mind. She paused on all fours, realizing with a start that she hadn't called Mr. Hale's office since Tuesday morning in the shower.

Sitting in the armchair by the bedroom window filing her nails, Amaryllis noticed the pause immediately. "Oh, I meant to tell you earlier, Emmy," Amaryllis said in a breezy, helpful tone, as if mentioning a dry-cleaning pickup. "I had the most pleasant phone conversation with Mr. Hale over at the VR firm yesterday afternoon. I explained that you were immersed in an intensive residential training sabbatical and wouldn't be returning to the bookkeeping desk. He was completely understanding—he said it happens all the time when a young graduate realizes she's found a much better fit, and he told me not to bother you with any exit paperwork."

Emmy stayed frozen on her hands and knees in the middle of the mattress for three heartbeats, her bare breasts swaying above the crisp cotton. *I don't have a job anymore,* a tiny voice whispered inside her head. Yet before panic could even form, Amaryllis smiled warmly across the bedroom.

"Now you don't have a single outside distraction pulling you away from your progress here,"
Amaryllis added smoothly. "Isn't it a relief having all those tedious formalities handled for you?"

Emmy let out a slow breath, feeling the last tether to spreadsheets and morning commutes float away like a cut string. "That's... really good to know," Emmy murmured, smoothing the final pillow into the center of the headboard. "Thank you for handling it, Amaryllis."

That evening, after the living room floor gleamed, Emmy knelt naked between Nena’s parted thighs in front of the sofa, her hands resting on Nena’s smooth hips while her tongue circled and suckled Nena’s swollen clit with slow, practiced devotion. Across the cushion, Amaryllis lay propped on one elbow with a glass of wine, watching Emmy’s head move between her lover’s legs and trading soft, delighted whispers with Nena.

As Nena’s breathing deepened and her fingers twisted gently into Emmy’s hair, Nena looked down at the naked young woman worshipping her and spoke in a low, lazy purr: "You know, Emmy, we don't even have to pretend this is about teaching you how to keep your own apartment anymore, do we? Look at how soaking wet your thighs are right now just from kneeling between my legs. Honestly, sweet girl, I can't see any reason you’ll ever need clothes again. They only get in the way of what you were actually built to do for us."

Emmy’s tongue faltered for half a heartbeat against Nena’s slick heat—the last, paper-thin veil of "adulting" dissolving in the warm musky air between Nena’s thighs—before a deep, shameless shudder of pure relief ran down Emmy’s bare spine and she sucked harder, drawing a long, shuddering moan from Nena’s throat as Nena came across her lips and chin.

When Emmy curled up naked on the narrow cot beside the humming washer and dryer an hour later, her face still warm from servicing both women and her mind completely quiet, her world had narrowed to the soft walls of Nena’s apartment—leaving only one door across the hallway that she hadn't opened all week.

CHAPTER 10

By her fifth afternoon waking on the narrow cot beside the washer and dryer, Emmy had lost all track of the calendar. Days no longer divided themselves into office hours and evenings off, or paychecks and rent deadlines. Time measured itself entirely by the warm hum of the appliances at night, the early steam of the shower under Amaryllis’s guiding hands, the weight of the wooden breakfast tray balanced on her bare forearms as she knelt beside the master bed, and the quiet, clockwise liturgy of the four rooms.

Late Saturday afternoon, Emmy finished the final pass across Nena’s living room floor on her hands and knees. Her bare skin carried a soft, dewy sheen from the afternoon’s work, her small breasts swaying gently with each reach of the cloth while the air between her thighs stayed warm and slick under the weight of being watched.

Above her on the sofa, Nena and Amaryllis sat curled together in silk robes, their bare legs tangled across the cushions as they shared a chilled bottle of champagne. All afternoon, while Emmy had stripped the master bed and polished the shower glass, she had heard the two of them whispering and dissolving into soft, breathless fits of schoolgirl laughter in the next room—as if they were counting down the minutes to a surprise they could barely contain.

Emmy folded the damp microfiber cloth into neat thirds, sat back on her bare heels, and rested her palms on her thighs. "Living area’s complete," Emmy murmured softly.

Nena set her champagne flute on the low table, exchanged a bright, sparkling glance with Amaryllis, and bit her lower lip to hold back a grin. "You’ve done wonderfully all week, Emmy," Amaryllis said, her low voice purring

with approval as she rose from the sofa and smoothed her robe. "In fact, Nena and I were just saying that since you've mastered every inch of this apartment, it's time to take you back across the hall to Unit 1205."

Emmy tilted her chin up, a sudden, warm flutter answering in her chest. *Unit 1205*. Her own apartment. For the first time in days, a vivid picture of the rooms across the hall surfaced in her mind: the kitchen cabinets where she and Amaryllis had carefully balanced her plates and lined up her spice jars on Sunday morning; the low bookshelf by the window where she had stacked her books; the throw blankets folded into exact thirds on her sofa; the quiet bedroom where she had lain beneath the covers nursing at Amaryllis's breasts after her first day of work. She had worked so hard to make that apartment calm and orderly. The thought of walking back into her own freshly organized home to show Nena and Amaryllis that she could keep both spaces spotless filled her with a sweet, eager pride.

"Bring your bucket and a clean stack of cloths from the counter, sweet girl," Nena said graciously, picking up the champagne bottle and a fresh flute by the stem.

Still completely naked, Emmy rose, gathered the bucket of warm water and the folded microfiber cloths against her bare chest, and followed the two taller women out into the corridor. The twelfthfloor hallway was cool and hushed, the plush grey carpet brushing the soles of Emmy's bare feet while Amaryllis's hand rested lightly at the small of her naked back. When they stopped outside Unit 1205, Emmy glanced toward Amaryllis's hand, expecting her to use the spare key.

Instead, Nena knocked twice and pushed the unlocked door wide open. "We brought your housewarming present," Nena called out warmly.

Emmy stepped inside and froze in the entryway. The apartment she had spent the weekend unpacking and organizing had vanished without a trace. Her sofa and neatly folded blankets were gone. The books she had stacked along the window ledge were gone. Through the open kitchen passthrough, she could see glossy black espresso machines and crystal decanters where her dishes and spice jars had been lined up six days ago; through the bedroom doorway stood a massive four-poster frame draped in ivory linen where her own bed had stood. In the center of the living room sat a curved cream leather sofa and a low travertine table.

And standing barefoot beside the table was a tall, breathtaking blonde woman Emmy had never seen in her life. She couldn't have been more than twenty-two—the exact same age as Emmy—yet she stood nearly six feet tall, possessing the same long, statuesque lines, high cheekbones, and clear grey eyes as Nena. She wore an unbuttoned silk resort shirt tied loosely beneath full breasts and tailored linen shorts over endlessly long, golden-tanned legs.

The young woman's gaze dropped slowly down Emmy's naked, petite body—taking in her wide dark eyes, her small bare breasts pressed against the stack of microfiber cloths, and the bucket trembling in her hands—and a slow, delighted laugh broke from her lips.

"Nena, stop it right now," the blonde laughed, pressing one hand to her chest as she looked from Emmy to her sister. "You told me she was cute, not a literal pocket-sized doll standing at the door with her little bucket!"

Beside Emmy, Nena and Amaryllis dissolved into musical, breathless giggles, stepping past a stunned Emmy to kiss the younger woman's cheeks before settling together onto the curved leather sofa.

"Emmy," Nena said warmly, gesturing toward the younger blonde as she poured champagne, "this is my little sister, Freya. She just moved into the building this morning."

Emmy stared around the transformed room, her voice coming out in a small, bewildered whisper. "Moved in... here? But... I unpacked everything on Sunday. My dishes, and my bed, and my clothes in the closet..."

"We'll show you where your things are in just a minute, sweet girl, right after you take care of the floor," Amaryllis said smoothly, pointing toward the wide windows. "Freya's movers tracked dust across the boards all morning. Set the bucket down and start from the windows inward—on your hands and knees, clockwise, just as you know how to do."

Trained by a week of instant compliance, Emmy's knees bent before her mind could untangle a single thought. She knelt on the hardwood floor she had signed a lease on eight days earlier, lowered herself onto all fours, dipped the cloth into the warm water, and began wiping the boards beneath the three women's eyes. The moment her palms and knees took her weight and her spine arched—putting her bare breasts and upturned bottom on full display in the afternoon sun—that familiar, Pavlovian wave of liquid heat bloomed low in her belly.

Above her on the leather cushions, Nena handed a flute of champagne to Freya and curled her legs against Amaryllis's thigh. "Wait until you hear how we found her, Freya," Nena said, her voice dancing with affection and mischief as she rested her bare foot near Emmy's scrubbing hand. "Tell her what happened last Friday, Amaryllis—when I met her at the recycling chute."

Amaryllis let out a low, throaty giggle, leaning her cheek against Nena's shoulder as she looked down at Emmy on the floor. "Nena comes slipping back through our door last Friday afternoon while I'm pouring tea," Amaryllis told Freya. "Her eyes are huge, and she whispers, *'Amaryllis, the sweetest, tiniest little thing just moved into 1205 all by herself, and she's completely terrified of adulting. Grab one of those old Summit Personal Services cards from that boutique agency we shut down three years ago and put on a receptionist voice!*'"

Freya clapped a hand over her mouth, laughing around her champagne flute. "Shut up! So when she called the number on the card—"

"I was sitting ten feet away on Nena's couch pretending to be 'Mara' at the front desk while Nena stood right beside her in the hallway nodding along!" Amaryllis laughed, Nena's shoulders shaking against hers as they relived the triumph. "And when I knocked on her door Saturday morning in that tight black maid bodice, she went bright pink from her collarbones to her ears. She couldn't take her eyes off my breasts while we walked through the apartment. By the time we reached the sofa, her little nipples were poking so hard through her white tank top that all I had to do was lean in with a throw blanket and drag my chest right across her nose and parted lips."

Down on the floorboards, Emmy’s hand slowed on the wet cloth, her heart thudding hard against her ribs as every memory of the past week clicked into blinding focus.

"One brush of Amaryllis’s breasts across her mouth," Nena purred, stroking the back of Amaryllis’s hand, "and she eagerly agreed to let her hired cleaner 'supervise' her while *she* did all the housework in a sheer camisole and tiny shorts. By Monday night she was scrubbing my floors on all fours and nursing at Amaryllis’s nipples to fall asleep. And by Tuesday morning in my shower, it took three strokes of my hand down her wet hip to get her to call in sick to her brand-new bookkeeping job!"

"Which Amaryllis quit for her permanently on Wednesday," Nena added with a serene smile, "right before I had the building clear out Unit 1205 and transfer her lease over to you, Freya."

Emmy sat back slowly on her bare heels in the center of the floor, her chest rising and falling fast, the wet cloth resting against her knee. "So... everything I unpacked," Emmy whispered, looking up at the three tall women glowing above her in the golden light. "All of my things just vanished?"

"Oh, sweet girl, don't look so wistful!" Nena said in her warmest, most maternal tone, exchanging a wicked, sparkling glance with Amaryllis and Freya. "We would never get rid of the things that actually matter to you! In fact, we packed a special box of your favorite possessions so you could keep them right by your cot in the laundry room. Freya, hand me that white carton beside the end table."

Freya grinned, reached down behind the arm of the sofa, and lifted a neat white banker’s box onto the travertine coffee table right in front of Emmy’s knees. Nena folded back the cardboard flaps and reached inside, her face lighting up with warm, faux-nostalgic recognition.

"Look, Amaryllis," Nena purred, lifting out a pair of plush, cream-velvet kneepads with soft satin straps. "Right on top—it’s your favorite pair of kneepads, Emmy! You’ve always loved strapping these on whenever you present your bare little ass to me while scrubbing my floors."

Emmy blinked, her lips parting slightly. She had never seen those velvet kneepads in her life—yet Nena’s voice carried the exact unshakeable certainty she had used on Sunday when she called Emmy a longtime hostess, and as Nena leaned forward to buckle the plush velvet pads snugly around Emmy’s bare knees, the soft cushion beneath her joints felt so wonderfully comforting against the hardwood that Emmy couldn't summon a single word of contradiction.

"And look what’s next," Amaryllis said fondly, reaching into the box and drawing out an eight-by-ten silver picture frame—the exact frame that had held Emmy’s university diploma a week ago, now holding a glamorous, sunlit portrait of Nena and Amaryllis embracing in silk robes. "Your favorite bedside portrait of the two of us. You’ve always kept this right on the shelf above the dryer so our faces are the first thing you see when you wake up on your cot, and the last thing you kiss before you go to sleep."

Amaryllis held the glass frame six inches from Emmy’s face. Caught in the hypnotic gravity of their smiles, Emmy leaned forward from her newly padded knees and pressed a soft, obedient kiss to the glass over their lips.

Freya giggled with delight and reached into the box herself, pulling out a smaller, rose-gold frame containing a glossy portrait of Freya from her college yearbook, lounging on a lawn in an oversized sorority hoodie with a teasing smile on her lips.

"And look—you saved my yearbook photo too!" Freya purred, setting it on the table beside the larger frame as her grey eyes danced over Emmy's flushed, naked body. "You've always kept this right beside Nena and Amaryllis's picture, haven't you, Emmy? You know, since you're right across the hall from me now, you'll have to come meet some of my sorority sisters next week. They can get quite wound up with stress during the semester—and you know how much you've always loved helping my friends unwind with that pretty little mouth of yours."

A hot, dizzying throb pulsed straight through Emmy's clit at the casual rewrite of her history—and at the image of Freya's tall, gorgeous college friends sitting on this very leather sofa while Emmy crawled naked across her own former living room to service them.

"Wait, there are two more treasures in here," Amaryllis murmured, holding up a small, hand-stitched polishing cloth made from a square of whisper-thin lavender silk backed with pale blue cotton—the unmistakable remnants of the camisole and shorts Emmy had worn on Sunday and Monday. "We made sure to pack your favorite little duster, Emmy—the one you've always used to wipe down our picture frames and polish our heels before we go out for the evening."

Finally, Nena reached to the bottom of the box and lifted out a supple, delicate contraption crafted from soft oat-colored linen and narrow pale-leather straps, complete with a short braided silk lead attached to the small of the back and a rolled-up cashmere mat. Nena and Amaryllis exchanged a slow, tender smile that made them look like the most benevolent owners in the world.

"And of course," Nena said softly, running the supple leather straps through her fingers, "we couldn't possibly leave behind your favorite sleeping harness."

"You know how warm the laundry room gets on summer nights when the dryer runs late, Freya," Amaryllis explained smoothly to the younger sister while Emmy stared wide-eyed at the harness in Nena's hands. "Emmy has always been a restless sleeper if she isn't tucked in tightly. Ever since she started serving us, she's begged us on warm nights to buckle her into her favorite harness and clip her lead to the balcony railing outside under the stars so she can curl up on her mat in the night breeze without worrying about wandering off in her sleep."

"She sleeps like a baby the moment those straps hug her bare chest and hips," Nena agreed warmly, stroking Emmy's cheek with the back of her fingers. "And she loves waking up on the balcony when the sun comes up over the city, waiting patiently on her knees by the glass door for one of us to slide it open and unclip her so she can start breakfast. Don't you, sweet girl?"

The silence in Unit 1205 was warm, golden, and complete. Kneeling naked on the plush velvet kneepads in the center of the apartment that used to be hers—looking from the framed portraits and the lavender silk rag made from her last shred of clothing to the balcony sleeping harness resting in Nena's lap—Emmy felt the very last fragment of "Emmy Tran, independent adult" dissolve into thin air.

They had taken her lease. They had ended her career. They had vanished every box she had unpacked, cut her clothes into dusting rags, and replaced her memories with a past where she had always been their naked little house-pet who slept on a laundry cot or tethered to the twelfth-floor balcony railing. And as Emmy felt the velvet pads cradling her knees, the cool air kissing her bare nipples, and the shameless, soaking wetness dripping down the insides of her thighs, a wave of pure, weightless relief washed through her chest. She never had to figure out where anything went in life ever again. She belonged to them.

Emmy rested her hands neatly on her bare thighs and looked up at Nena with wide, shining, devoted eyes. "And what else can I do for you, Miss Nena?" Emmy whispered.

Nena blinked once—and then a soft, breathless laugh of pure triumph broke from her lips. She looked from Amaryllis to Freya, all three women beaming down at the petite figure kneeling at their feet.

"She really is a dream," Freya breathed, her cheeks flushing pink as she stared down at Emmy.

"I told you," Amaryllis purred, kissing Nena’s shoulder. "She was born for her knees."

Nena leaned forward, cupped Emmy’s chin in her palm, and tilted her face up into the light. "What else can you do for me?" Nena repeated fondly, her thumb tracing Emmy’s parted lower lip. "You are going to spend every day of your life making our world effortless and pleasurable, Emmy. You will wake up each morning—whether on your cot beside the dryer or clipped to your mat out on the balcony—thinking only of how to please us. You will care for my home and Miss Freya’s home without a stitch of clothing on your skin. You will thank me for every command, thank Amaryllis for every correction, and find your deepest joy in being owned by us. And right now..." Nena glanced sideways at her younger sister with a slow, wicked smile. "You are going to crawl between Miss Freya’s legs and give her the housewarming welcome you’ve been practicing for all week."

Freya set her champagne flute down beside her framed yearbook photo, untied the linen bow of her shorts, and slid them off her long, tanned legs, leaning back against the cream leather sofa with her bare thighs parted wide.

Padding smoothly forward on her new velvet kneepads, Emmy settled between Freya’s warm knees. As Amaryllis’s hand rested gently on the crown of Emmy’s head to guide her in, Emmy leaned forward, parted Freya’s slick pink folds with her tongue, and drew the swollen bud of Freya’s clit between her lips with slow, reverent devotion.

"Oh—*God*, Nena," Freya gasped above her, her long fingers tangling immediately in Emmy’s dark hair as her hips lifted off the leather cushion. "Her mouth is so warm... look at how eagerly she sucks it..." "Just like that, sweet girl," Nena murmured, curling into Amaryllis’s arms as both women watched their pet worship Nena’s little sister in the middle of Emmy’s former living room. "Take your time until she comes right on your face."

Emmy closed her eyes, breathing in the musky heat of Freya’s skin as she licked and suckled in steady, worshipful rhythms—her own fingers slipping down between her kneeling thighs to stroke her soaking folds until Freya’s long legs locked tight around Emmy’s shoulders and both young women shuddered through a breathless, simultaneous peak.

When Freya finally relaxed back against the cushions with a long, sated sigh, Emmy kept her cheek resting tenderly against the inside of Freya’s bare thigh, looking up through her lashes at the three women who owned her world.

"Thank you, Miss Freya," Emmy whispered softly, her face glistening in the lamplight. "Thank you, Miss Nena. Thank you, Miss Amaryllis."

CHAPTER 11

A week later, the first pale ribbons of Friday morning light spilled over the twelfth-floor balcony railing of The Lumina. Curled naked on the thick cashmere mat in the corner of Nena’s private terrace, Emmy stirred awake as the warm dawn breeze kissed her bare shoulders and raised tiny goosebumps across her breasts.

Around her ribcage, waist, and hips, the supple oat-colored linen and pale leather straps of her sleeping harness held her torso in a gentle, continuous hug. Whenever she shifted her weight on the mat, she felt the reassuring tug of the braided silk lead running from the small of her bare back to the brass clasp on the balcony rail—just long enough to let her stretch out on her cushions or kneel upright facing the glass door, and just short enough to remind her skin, even in the deepest hours of sleep, that she couldn't take three steps without her owners’ hand.

As the city woke twelve stories below, Emmy rose onto her knees—still wearing her soft velvet kneepads—and looked through the floor-to-ceiling glass into Nena’s quiet apartment. She didn't feel cold or impatient; she felt the serene, weightless calm that now filled every hour of her life.

At six-thirty on the dot, the sheer bedroom curtain parted inside, and Nena stepped up to the glass door in an unfastened silk robe, her sunlit blonde hair tousled from sleep beside Amaryllis. Seeing Emmy already kneeling upright on her mat with her hands folded neatly in her lap and her dark eyes shining up at her like an eager fawn, Nena smiled warmly and slid the heavy glass door open.

"Good morning, sweet girl," Nena purred, stepping out into the fresh morning air to stroke Emmy’s cheek before reaching behind Emmy’s bare waist to unclip the silk lead from the harness. "Did you have a nice sleep under the stars?"

"Yes, Miss Nena," Emmy whispered, leaning her cheek gratefully into Nena’s palm before pressing a soft kiss to the top of Nena’s bare foot. "The breeze was wonderful. Thank you for buckling me out here last night."

"You always sleep best when you’re tucked into your harness," Nena murmured fondly, unbuckling the soft leather straps from Emmy’s bare chest and hanging the harness on its hook inside the door. "Go freshen up and start the espresso. Amaryllis is waking up, and we’re both hungry for our tray."

Emmy padded barefoot through the apartment to the laundry room first. Right above the humming dryer, on the narrow white shelf beside her neatly made cot, sat the silver-framed portrait of Nena and Amaryllis alongside Freya’s rose-gold yearbook photo. Just as she did every morning and every night, Emmy picked up her

little lavender-and-blue silk duster, wiped the glass of both frames until they gleamed, and kissed each photograph tenderly before heading to the shower and the kitchen.

Twenty minutes later, kneeling naked beside the master bed while Nena and Amaryllis fed her small bites of warm brioche and fruit from their fingers, Emmy listened to the two lovers planning the afternoon over their coffee.

"Freya texted last night," Nena said to Amaryllis, lazily threading her fingers through Emmy's dark hair. "Chloe and Madison from her sorority house are coming by Unit 1205 at two o'clock to study for their midterms, and apparently both of them are terribly wound up."

Amaryllis's dark eyes dropped warmly to Emmy kneeling beside the mattress. "Good thing Emmy always keeps Unit 1205 sparkling before noon so she's free to help Freya's guests relax in the afternoon."

Emmy's stomach gave a sweet, familiar flutter, wetness already gathering between her thighs as she bowed her head over Nena's knee.

At one-forty-five that afternoon, having finished her clockwise rounds of both apartments on her velvet kneepads, Emmy knelt naked beside the curved leather sofa in Unit 1205 with a chilled tray of sparkling water and cut fruit balanced on her palms. When the front door opened and Freya strolled in laughing with two tall, gorgeous twenty-one-year-olds in cropped sorority sweatshirts and tennis skirts, both guests stopped dead in their tracks at the sight of a petite, stark-naked young woman kneeling motionless on plush velvet kneepads beside the coffee table.

"Freya... oh my God," the redhead—Chloe—whispered, her eyes going wide as a blush crept up her neck. "When you said your sister gave you her live-in maid as a housewarming present, I didn't think you meant she was our age and completely naked!"

"Isn't she adorable?" Freya laughed brightly, dropping her keys on the counter and sinking onto the leather sofa between her two wide-eyed sorority sisters. "This is Emmy. She used to try doing bookkeeping or something silly like that, until Nena and Amaryllis realized she's much happier living naked on her knees for our family. Set the tray down, Emmy, and tell Chloe and Madison what your favorite part of the day is."

Emmy set the tray carefully on the travertine table, sat back on her heels with her bare spine straight and her small breasts tipped up in the afternoon sun, and looked at the two stunned college girls with a soft, radiant smile. "Helping Miss Nena, Miss Amaryllis, and Miss Freya's friends unwind whenever they feel stressed," Emmy said softly.

Beside Chloe, Madison let out a breathless giggle, covering her mouth with one hand as she looked down at Emmy's pretty, upturned face and the plush kneepads strapped around her bare legs. "No way. She's actually serious?"

"Try her," Freya purred, leaning back into the corner of the sofa and gesturing languidly toward her two friends' bare thighs beneath their short tennis skirts. "Both of you have been complaining about midterms all morning. Lean back, pull your panties aside, and let Emmy take care of the tension before we even open a laptop."

Chloe and Madison exchanged a flushed, disbelieving look, giggling nervously just like Nena and Amaryllis had the week before—and then, unable to resist the sheer, decadent impossibility of it, both girls leaned back against the cream leather cushions, hiked up the hems of their tennis skirts, and parted their thighs for her.

Emmy didn't need a second command. Crawling smoothly between Chloe's knees while resting one warm hand affectionately along Madison's inner thigh so neither guest felt neglected, Emmy leaned in and pressed her soft lips to Chloe's slick heat, drawing an instant, high-pitched gasp of pleasure from the girl above her while Freya laughed softly and stroked Emmy's dark hair.

As the afternoon light slanted warm and golden through the wide windows of Unit 1205—the same windows that had once looked down on uneven stacks of cardboard boxes and an anxious girl wondering where she belonged—Emmy closed her eyes and gave herself completely to the rhythm of her tongue, the giggles and sighs of the young women above her, and the deep, quiet certainty that she was finally, permanently home.