Emmy's New Apartment

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Vulpes Parvaes, Book 26

The boxes sat in uneven stacks across the living room floor, some still taped shut, others torn open with their contents half-sorted. Late afternoon light slanted through the wide windows of the one-bedroom unit, catching on the plastic wrapping still clinging to the new mattress leaning against the bedroom wall. Emmy wiped her palms on the thighs of her jeans and straightened, feeling the dull pull between her shoulder blades. The tank top she wore had slipped slightly off one shoulder; she tugged it back into place, the cotton warm and slightly damp against her skin.

She gathered the flattened cardboard from the kitchen counter and stepped into the hallway, letting the apartment door swing shut behind her with a soft click. The corridor was quiet, carpeted in a soft 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, one hand resting lightly on the doorframe. Her hair fell in loose, sunlit waves past her shoulders. She wore wide-leg linen pants in a soft oat color and a fitted sleeveless top that skimmed the long line of her torso. Everything about her posture looked effortless, the kind of ease that came from knowing exactly how much space she took up.

“You must be the new neighbor,” the woman said. Her voice was low and clear, carrying easily down the short distance between them. “I saw the movers this morning. I’m Nena. Welcome to the twelfth floor.”

Emmy shifted the stack of cardboard in her arms and managed a small smile. “Hi. Emmy Tran. And thank you. It’s… a lot at once.”

Nena’s gaze moved over the boxes, then back to Emmy’s face with quiet attention. “First place?”

“First real one, yeah. Graduated in May. Started unpacking and realized I have no idea where anything goes.” Emmy laughed once, short and a little self-conscious. “I keep telling myself it’ll feel like home by Monday.”

“Monday’s your start date?”

“First job. Bookkeeper for a VR design company downtown. They build virtual spaces for clients—offices, training environments, that kind of thing. I’ll be handling invoices and payroll instead of the actual worlds, but still.” She shrugged, the movement small. “It’s exciting. And terrifying.”

Nena stepped forward and took the top half of the cardboard stack without asking. Her hands were larger than Emmy’s, fingers long and sure. The difference in their heights made Emmy tilt her chin up a fraction to keep eye contact.

“Let me help with these,” Nena said. “The chute’s finicky if you try to shove too much in at once.”

They walked the short length of hallway together. Nena moved with an unhurried grace that made the task look simple. When they reached the chute, she held it open while Emmy fed the flattened boxes through. The metal door clanged softly each time.

Back in front of their doors, Emmy brushed a loose strand of dark hair from her cheek. Her skin felt warm from the day’s work. Nena leaned one shoulder against her own doorframe, the posture relaxed, one ankle crossed over the other. The hallway light caught the fine gold at the ends of her hair.

“You look like you’ve been going nonstop since the movers left,” Nena observed. Her eyes were a clear, steady grey. “If you want, I can grab you a cold drink from my place. Or point you toward the best takeout that actually delivers here.”

Emmy felt the offer settle somewhere in her chest, loosening a knot she hadn’t named. “That’s really kind. I think I’m still running on adrenaline and the last of my iced coffee from this morning. But thank you.”

Nena nodded, then seemed to consider something. She straightened and disappeared into her apartment for a moment, returning with a small white card held between two fingers. The stock was thick, the lettering simple and elegant in deep navy: *Summit Personal Services*. A phone number and a small line of text beneath it: *Discreet • Thorough • Building Residents Preferred*.

“This is the service a lot of us in the building use,” Nena said, offering the card. “They’re not just standard cleaners. They do move-in organization, deep cleans, help with unpacking and putting systems in place. I used them when I first got here and it saved me from living out of boxes for three months. They know the building, they’re reliable, and they’re quick.”

Emmy took the card. Their fingers brushed—Nena’s cooler than her own overheated skin. She turned the card over once, reading the details again.

“I don’t know how I didn’t think of something like this,” she admitted. “I’ve been dreading coming home to more chaos after work next week.”

“That’s exactly why they’re popular here. Busy professionals, new residents, anyone who wants their space to feel like theirs instead of a storage unit.” Nena’s mouth curved in a small, genuine smile. “If you call now, they might still have a slot this weekend. Worth a try.”

Emmy looked at the card, then at the half-open door behind her where boxes waited like patient questions. She pulled her phone from her back pocket.

“Would you mind staying while I call? Just in case they have questions about the unit or something. I don’t even know the square footage off the top of my head.”

“Of course.” Nena settled back against the doorframe, arms loosely folded, the picture of someone with nowhere more important to be.

Emmy dialed. The line rang twice before a calm, professional voice answered.

“Summit Personal Services, this is Mara. How can I help you today?”

“Hi, my name is Emmy Tran. I just moved into The Lumina, unit 1205. A neighbor

recommended your service for move-in help—organization and a deep clean, maybe some help with the boxes I haven’t touched yet.”

“Welcome to the building, Ms. Tran. We work with several residents at The Lumina. What size is the unit?”

“It’s a one-bedroom. I think around eight hundred square feet? I haven’t measured.” Emmy glanced at Nena, who gave a small nod of encouragement. “I start a new job on Monday and I’d really like to feel settled before then.”

“Understood. We have availability tomorrow morning—Saturday—at ten. Our associate would arrive with all supplies and can focus on whatever you prioritize: kitchen, bathroom, general organization, or a full deep clean. How does that sound?”

Emmy felt her shoulders drop a fraction. “Ten o’clock tomorrow would be perfect.”

“Great. I’ll send a confirmation text to this number with the associate’s name and any details. They’ll text when they’re on their way. Is there anything else you’d like us to know—pets, specific sensitivities, or areas you’d prefer we focus on first?”

“No pets. And… maybe start with the kitchen and bathroom if they have time? The rest I can chip away at myself once the main spaces feel livable.”

“Absolutely. We’ll make sure the associate has that note. You’re all set for tomorrow at ten, Ms. Tran. Welcome home.”

“Thank you. Really.” Emmy ended the call and let the phone rest against her thigh. She looked up at Nena. “It’s confirmed. Saturday morning at ten.”

Nena’s expression warmed. “There. One less weight. You’ll be surprised how much lighter the whole place feels once someone else has handled the first layer.”

Emmy slipped the card into her pocket and exhaled, a longer breath than she’d taken all afternoon. The hallway felt quieter now, or maybe it was just the relief settling in. She met Nena’s eyes again.

“Thank you for this. For the card, for staying while I called. I didn’t expect to meet anyone today, let alone someone this helpful.”

Nena pushed off the doorframe with that same unhurried grace. “That’s what neighbors do. And if you need anything else before or after they come—directions, an extra set of hands for something light, or just someone to complain to about the building’s laundry room—my door’s right here.” She tipped her head toward the apartment across the hall. “Get some rest tonight, Emmy. You’ve earned it.”

She crossed the short distance to her own door, glanced back once with a small, easy smile, and let herself inside. The door closed with a quiet, final sound.

Emmy stood in the hallway a moment longer, the card a small, solid shape in her pocket. Then she turned, pushed her own door open, and stepped back into the waiting light and boxes of her new apartment. The door clicked shut behind her.

The morning light in the apartment felt different—brighter, somehow, or perhaps it was only the anticipation that made every surface seem sharper. Emmy had woken early, showered, and dressed in soft grey leggings and a loose white tank top that still carried the faint scent of her detergent. She moved through the remaining boxes with a restless energy, stacking a few books on the low shelf by the window, then pausing to look out at the city waking below. At ten o’clock exactly, the knock came.

She opened the door and the air in the hallway seemed to change.

The woman standing there wore a fitted black maid uniform with a crisp white apron tied at her narrow waist. The fabric of the bodice curved over full, perfectly shaped breasts that rose and fell with each slow breath. Her dark hair was pinned in an elegant twist, a few soft strands framing a face of striking beauty—high cheekbones, full lips painted a deep rose, and eyes the color of rich earth that held Emmy’s gaze with quiet, unhurried power. She was taller than Emmy by several inches, her posture effortlessly commanding, and when she smiled it was warm and professional, yet something in the curve of it made Emmy’s pulse quicken before a single word had been spoken.

“Good morning, Ms. Tran. I’m Amaryllis, from Summit Personal Services. I’m here for your scheduled appointment.”

Her voice was low and smooth, each syllable shaped with care, as though she had all the time in the world. Emmy felt herself stand a little straighter.

“Please, come in. And it’s Emmy. Thank you for coming so promptly.”

Amaryllis stepped inside with graceful economy of movement. The subtle scent she carried —clean linen and something warmer, like sun-warmed skin—drifted past Emmy as she closed the door. They stood for a moment in the small entryway, the apartment’s half- unpacked state visible beyond.

“Shall we walk through the space together?” Amaryllis asked. “I like to understand a client’s priorities before we begin.”

They moved slowly from room to room. Amaryllis asked thoughtful questions—where

Emmy spent most of her time, what felt most chaotic, whether she preferred the kitchen or the bedroom addressed first. Her presence filled the rooms without crowding them. When she paused to run a fingertip along the edge of a box, the gesture looked deliberate, almost intimate. Emmy found herself answering more openly than she had expected, describing the overwhelm of the move, the new job starting Monday, the desire to feel settled rather than buried.

In the living area, Amaryllis stopped beside the sofa where a stack of throw blankets and pillows waited to be arranged. “May I show you something?” she asked. “Many clients find that learning a few simple techniques removes the feeling of being overwhelmed by their own belongings.”

Emmy nodded, stepping closer. Amaryllis picked up one of the blankets and began to fold it with precise, fluid motions, her hands demonstrating the proper way to create even thirds. She held the finished fold out for Emmy to see, then stepped nearer so their shoulders nearly touched. The uniform’s bodice brought her breasts to the level of Emmy’s face when Emmy leaned in to watch.

“Like this,” Amaryllis said softly, reaching across to adjust the fold in Emmy’s hands. As she turned back, her body pivoted in the small space between them. The full, warm weight of her breasts brushed firmly across Emmy’s nose and then over her parted lips—an accidental, lingering sweep of soft fabric and the yielding heat beneath it.

The contact lasted only a second, yet it sent a dizzying rush through Emmy’s body. Heat bloomed low in her belly and spread outward in a slow, liquid wave. Her breath caught. The world seemed to tilt, the edges of her thoughts softening into a warm haze. She felt her nipples tighten against the thin fabric of her tank, a slick warmth gathering between her thighs. For a moment she could only stand there, lips still tingling from the brief, impossible pressure, heart hammering.

Amaryllis continued speaking as though nothing had shifted, her voice calm and compelling. “We’ve found that clients are most satisfied when they aren’t left feeling helpless in their own homes. Our service includes guiding you through the processes—supervising the work so you learn the correct methods yourself. That way the space stays orderly long after we’ve gone. I can direct the projects, correct technique in the moment, and make certain you’re never uncertain again.”

Emmy’s mind felt pleasantly fogged. The suggestion should have seemed odd—paying someone to teach her how to clean her own apartment—but the

lingering sensation of that soft, heavy brush across her mouth made everything Amaryllis said sound reasonable, even desirable. She swallowed, her voice coming out a little husky.

“That… that sounds really helpful. I don’t want to feel like I’m guessing all the time. I’d like to learn properly.”

Amaryllis’s eyes met hers, steady and warm. “Good. Then we’ll structure the visits that way. I can come early each morning—say, seven o’clock—and we’ll spend a couple of hours together. I’ll guide the work for the day, show you the most efficient and satisfying methods, and supervise until you feel confident. You’ll find it becomes quite natural under proper direction.”

Emmy nodded quickly, the idea settling into her with surprising ease. The thought of Amaryllis returning tomorrow, standing this close again, her voice filling the quiet apartment, sent another slow pulse of heat through her. “Yes. Every day. Early mornings work. I want that.”

“And for the sessions,” Amaryllis continued, her tone practical yet intimate, “I recommend dressing in something soft and unrestrictive. A simple tank or camisole with comfortable shorts or light leggings. Nothing that binds or distracts. It allows full movement and makes the guidance easier for both of us. I’ll let you know if anything else suits the tasks better as we go.”

Emmy felt her cheeks warm, but the arousal still humming through her made the suggestion feel natural rather than strange. “I can do that. Whatever you think is best.”

Amaryllis smiled, a slow, satisfied curve of her lips that made Emmy’s stomach flutter. “Perfect. Then we’ll begin tomorrow morning at seven. I’ll text a brief confirmation tonight so you have my direct contact.”

They spent another twenty minutes moving through the remaining rooms. Amaryllis

demonstrated a few more techniques—how to line shelves so items were visible at a glance, the most effective way to stack linens so they didn’t wrinkle. Each time she moved close, Emmy’s body remained acutely aware of her: the sway of her hips beneath the apron, the way the uniform hugged the full curve of her breasts, the low timbre of her voice when she praised a small improvement in Emmy’s folding. The dizziness never fully left; it settled into a warm, receptive thrum that made every suggestion from Amaryllis land softly and stay.

When they reached the door again, Amaryllis paused with one hand on the knob. “You’ve taken a lovely space, Emmy. By the end of our work together, it will feel entirely yours— calm, orderly, and effortless to maintain. I’ll see you at seven tomorrow.”

Emmy watched her leave, the quiet click of the door echoing in the suddenly emptier apartment. She stood there for a long moment, the ghost of that accidental brush still tingling across her lips. The rest of the day stretched ahead, yet her thoughts kept circling back to the morning—the sound of Amaryllis's voice, the way she had stood so close, the warmth and weight that had swept across Emmy's face.

Later, as evening light faded from the windows, Emmy lay on her bed in the half-dark. She had changed into sleep shorts and a thin camisole, but her skin still felt too warm. Her hand drifted downward almost without thought, slipping beneath the waistband of her shorts. Her fingers found slick heat, and she exhaled shakily.

She closed her eyes and let the images return. Amaryllis leaning in, the soft press of those perfect breasts brushing her nose, then her mouth—slow, warm, impossibly intimate even in its accident. The low voice saying *I'll supervise you closely… a couple of hours every morning… dress as I recommend.* Emmy's fingers moved in careful, unhurried circles, gathering the wetness and spreading it over the swollen bud of her clit. Her hips lifted slightly into her own touch. She imagined tomorrow morning: opening the door to that same compelling presence, Amaryllis stepping inside in her fitted uniform, the two of them standing close again while Amaryllis guided her hands, corrected her posture with a light touch at the small of her back, leaned near enough that another accidental brush might happen.

A soft sound escaped her throat. She pressed two fingers more firmly, tracing the slick folds, then returning to the sensitive peak with slow, deliberate strokes. Her free hand rose to cup one small breast through the camisole, thumb brushing the stiff nipple. In her mind Amaryllis's dark eyes held hers while she explained the next task, voice low and certain. *You'll learn so much under my direction.* Emmy's breath came faster. The pleasure built in steady waves, not frantic but deep and gathering, each roll of her hips accompanied by another flash of memory—the curve of Amaryllis's breasts in the uniform, the warmth of her body so near, the promise of early mornings filled with that same nearness and guidance.

She touched herself carefully, savoring every sensation, letting the daydream stretch and deepen. Tomorrow Amaryllis would return. The thought alone sent another rush of slick heat over her fingers. Emmy bit her lower lip, eyes closed, lost in the slow, building rhythm and the vivid image of the woman who would soon be standing in her apartment again, close enough to touch, close enough to guide her through whatever came next.

The soft lavender camisole clung lightly to Emmy's skin as she moved through the apartment Sunday morning, the thin straps resting against her shoulders and

the fabric skimming the small, sensitive peaks of her breasts with every breath. She had paired it with pale blue cotton shorts that sat high on her thighs, loose enough to allow easy movement yet short enough that the hem brushed her skin with each step. The outfit felt exactly as Amaryllis had described— unrestrictive, comfortable, almost like wearing nothing at all once she grew accustomed to the air against her bare legs and the way the camisole shifted when she reached or bent. She had woken early, showered, and dressed with a quiet flutter in her stomach, the memory of yesterday's guidance still warm in her body. At seven o'clock the knock came, right on time.

Emmy opened the door and Amaryllis stood there in her fitted black uniform, the white apron cinched at her narrow waist, the bodice shaping her full, perfect breasts into a smooth, commanding curve. Her dark hair was pinned with the same elegant precision, a few strands softening the line of her jaw. The scent of clean linen and warm skin reached Emmy first, followed by the steady, unhurried smile that made the hallway feel smaller.

"Good morning, Emmy," Amaryllis said, her voice low and melodic. "You dressed exactly as we discussed. You look ready to work."

Emmy felt a flush rise to her cheeks and a warmer pulse lower down. "Thank you. I… I wanted to be comfortable like you said."

Amaryllis stepped inside, her presence filling the space at once. "Then let's begin. We'll start in the kitchen and move through each room together. I'll show you, then guide your hands until the motion feels natural."

They worked for hours. In the kitchen Amaryllis had Emmy unpack the remaining dishes and glassware, standing close behind her at the open cabinets. Her hands covered Emmy's smaller ones, fingers warm and sure as she adjusted the angle of a stack of plates. "See how the weight balances here? You'll never have to search again." Each correction brought the front of Amaryllis's uniform lightly against Emmy's back or shoulder. The contact sent slow ripples of heat through Emmy's body. She felt her nipples tighten against the thin camisole, the ache between her thighs deepening with every quiet word of praise.

"You're a quick study," Amaryllis murmured near her ear while they arranged the spice jars in a neat row. "Most people fight the structure at first. You seem to settle into it beautifully."

Emmy's breath caught. She nodded, a small sound of agreement escaping her. The apartment was already changing—cabinets organized, counters clear, the morning light falling across empty, gleaming surfaces. A deep, contented haze settled over her thoughts. She didn't want the morning to end. She wanted more guidance, more of Amaryllis's hands correcting her, more of the calm certainty that came from being shown exactly what to do.

They moved to the living area, then the small bathroom. Amaryllis demonstrated how to fold towels so they stacked without slipping, how to line the shelves beneath the sink so every item had its place. Each time she leaned in to adjust Emmy's posture or reposition an object, her body brushed close— the curve of a breast against Emmy's arm, the warmth of her hip at Emmy's side. Emmy's arousal built in steady layers. Her shorts grew damp at the center; she shifted her weight and felt the slickness between her folds with every movement. She kept working, lost in the rhythm, the praise, the visible transformation of her space. Time blurred. She felt blissfully small and cared for, the new life she had only just begun already taking clear, orderly shape under Amaryllis's direction.

Near midday Amaryllis paused in the living room, surveying the progress with satisfaction. "You've accomplished so much already. I think a short break is in order. Nena has been such a gracious neighbor to you. Why don't we invite her for a light lunch? It would be good practice for you to host—prepare something simple, serve it properly, and continue your work while she's here. I'll supervise everything."

Emmy hesitated only a second. The idea of stopping felt wrong; the idea of serving Nena while Amaryllis watched felt strangely right. A warm throb answered low in her belly. "Yes," she said, voice soft and eager. "I'd like that. I can make something quick."

She prepared a simple lunch—tea sandwiches with cucumber and cream cheese, a small bowl of cut fruit, a green salad. Her hands moved with surprising sureness after the morning's practice. When Nena knocked a little after noon, Emmy opened the door with a tray already in her hands, the camisole clinging lightly to her damp skin from the work, the shorts riding higher on her thighs from constant movement.

Nena stepped inside, tall and willowy in a soft cream blouse and tailored trousers, her blonde hair loose. She smiled warmly at the visible changes. "Emmy, the place looks wonderful already. You've been busy."

Amaryllis directed everything with quiet authority. "Emmy prepared lunch for us. She'll serve while we sit. Then she can continue with the floors so the momentum isn't lost."

Emmy carried the plates to the low table near the sofa, poured iced tea into glasses, and set everything out with care. Nena and Amaryllis sat. Emmy stood nearby for a moment, hands clasped in front of her, waiting to see if anything else was needed. The position made her acutely aware of her body—the way the camisole brushed her stiffened nipples, the slick warmth gathering between her legs, the faint tremble in her thighs from hours of work.

“Everything looks perfect,” Nena said, taking a sandwich. “You’ve always been such a thoughtful hostess in your home.”

Emmy blinked, a small flicker of confusion surfacing. She had only just moved in. But before she could speak, Amaryllis’s voice came, smooth and approving.

“Emmy, why don’t you begin on the living room floor while we enjoy what you’ve prepared? Use the bucket and cloth we set aside. On your hands and knees will give you the best leverage and let you reach every corner properly.”

The instruction landed with a rush of heat. Emmy felt her cheeks flush, yet she moved without hesitation. She fetched the bucket, knelt, and lowered herself onto all fours. The position stretched her petite frame, the camisole gaping forward so the inner curves of her small breasts were visible if anyone looked down, the thin fabric dragging across her sensitive nipples with every shift. Her shorts pulled tight across the curve of her ass and rode higher, exposing the smooth skin of her upper thighs and the lower swell of her cheeks. She dipped the cloth and began to scrub in slow, careful strokes, the cool water and the pressure of the floor against her knees and palms grounding her even as arousal spiked sharply.

Above her, the conversation continued in calm, appreciative tones.

“The progress is already so promising,” Amaryllis said. “Look how much has been

accomplished in a single morning. Emmy takes direction beautifully.”

Nena’s voice followed, warm and admiring. “She really does. And she has such a cute little figure for this kind of work—so petite and graceful even like this. The way she moves on her hands and knees… it’s adorable.”

Emmy’s breath hitched. The words washed over her while she scrubbed, her body on display beneath them. A deep, dizzying throb pulsed between her legs. She felt slickness soaking into the thin cotton of her shorts, her clit swollen and sensitive with every subtle shift of her hips. She scrubbed harder, wanting to hear more, wanting the approval to continue. The confusion about Nena’s words—“you’ve always been such a thoughtful hostess in your home”—

lingered at the edges of her mind, but it felt distant, unimportant next to the warm haze of being seen, guided, and praised while she worked.

Nena continued as though the framing were perfectly natural. “It’s lovely to see you keeping everything so spotless while still being such a gracious, giving hostess, Emmy. You’ve always had that instinct in your own space.”

Emmy paused for a fraction of a second, cloth in hand, the floor cool and wet beneath her. She opened her mouth, uncertain—“I only just…”—but the sentence dissolved before it formed. The position, the eyes on her body, the steady rhythm of the conversation above her, and the deep, building ache of arousal made

disagreement feel unnecessary. She resumed scrubbing, a soft, involuntary sound escaping her as she reached farther forward, the camisole shifting again, her nipples dragging against the fabric. She wanted them to keep talking about her this way. She wanted to keep earning the praise.

They finished lunch while Emmy worked. Nena complimented the food, the organized shelves visible from where they sat, the way the apartment already felt calmer. Amaryllis agreed, her voice carrying the same quiet power that had guided Emmy all morning. When Nena finally rose to leave, she touched Emmy's shoulder lightly in passing.

"Thank you for having me, Emmy. You really do make this feel like a proper home."

Emmy looked up from the floor, cheeks flushed, body humming. "Thank you for coming," she managed, voice small and breathy.

After the door closed behind Nena, Amaryllis remained. She watched Emmy for a moment, then spoke with gentle satisfaction.

"Nena was very impressed with everything she saw today. She's offered for you to practice your new skills in her apartment as well, once we've built a little more foundation here. That way you'll have even more opportunity to refine these habits and never risk feeling helpless about maintaining your space again. It's a generous extension of the support you're already receiving."

Emmy sat back on her heels, the cloth dripping in her hand. The news settled into the warm, agreeable haze that had carried her through the entire day. The thought of going to Nena's apartment under Amaryllis's continued guidance felt exciting rather than strange—another layer of structure, another chance to learn, another way to make her new life feel solid and cared for. She nodded, a small smile curving her lips.

"That sounds… really good. I want to keep improving. I don't want to feel helpless anywhere."

Amaryllis's smile deepened, approving. "Then we'll make it happen soon. And for tomorrow —your first day at the new job—I'll come early, around six-thirty, to help you get ready. We'll choose the right outfit together, make certain everything here is in perfect order, and send you off feeling completely prepared and confident for this new chapter of your independent life."

Emmy felt the promise land like another warm hand at the small of her back. She looked up at Amaryllis, still on her knees amid the clean, wet floor, the camisole clinging to her body, the ache between her thighs steady and deep. The day's bliss lingered in every muscle, every flushed inch of skin. She wanted the guidance to continue. She wanted the structure, the closeness, the clear shape of

each day unfolding under careful direction.

“Yes,” she said softly, the word carrying all the eagerness building inside her. “I’d like that very much.”

Chapter 4

Monday morning came soft and pale through the curtains of Emmy’s apartment. She had woken early, the organized space around her already feeling calmer than it had any right to after only two days. The lavender camisole and pale blue shorts she had slept in felt light against her skin, the fabric carrying the faint trace of her own arousal.. Her body still held a low, steady warmth from everything that had happened—the guidance, the closeness, the way each task had left her both tired and strangely content.

At six-thirty exactly, the knock came.

Emmy opened the door and Amaryllis stood there, uniform crisp, hair pinned with the same elegant care, her presence filling the doorway in that quiet, certain way that made the hallway feel smaller. She carried a small bag this morning.

“Good morning, Emmy,” Amaryllis said, her voice low and warm. “You look rested. That’s good. Today is important. We’re going to make sure you start it exactly right.”

Emmy stepped back to let her in, her pulse already quickening at the tone. “I… I was just about to get dressed. I wasn’t sure what to wear for the office.”

Amaryllis set her bag down and closed the door behind her with a soft click. “We’ll choose together in a moment. But first—proper preparation. A thorough shower, cared for with real attention, will clear your mind and set the tone for the whole day. I’m going to guide you through it. And since we’re building these habits together, I’ll demonstrate the level of care that matters. Nena maintains very high standards for herself and her spaces. Learning to give that same care helps you understand what excellence feels like.”

Emmy’s breath caught. The suggestion landed with a warm rush low in her belly. She nodded, voice softer than she meant it to be. “Okay. Yes. I want to do it right.”

They moved to the bathroom. Steam began to rise as Amaryllis turned on the water, adjusting the temperature until it was perfectly warm. She turned to Emmy, her eyes steady.

“Undress, please. Everything off. We’ll do this properly.”

Emmy’s fingers trembled slightly as she slipped the camisole over her head and stepped out of the shorts. The air felt cool against her skin for only a moment

before Amaryllis’s gaze and the rising steam wrapped around her. Amaryllis undressed with the same unhurried grace— first the uniform jacket and blouse, then the rest—until she stood bare as well, her body full and strong and beautiful in the soft light. Her breasts were perfect, round and full, the nipples a deeper rose against smooth skin. Everything about her carried that same quiet power.

“Step in,” Amaryllis said. “I’ll join you so you can feel the technique directly.” The shower was just large enough for both of them. Water cascaded over Emmy’s shoulders first, then Amaryllis’s as she stepped close behind her. The heat soaked into Emmy’s muscles. Amaryllis’s hands were sure and gentle as she reached for the bottle of shampoo.

“Head back a little,” she instructed, working the lather into Emmy’s dark hair with slow, thorough circles. Her fingers massaged Emmy’s scalp, and Emmy felt her eyes flutter half- closed at the sensation. “Feel how the pressure moves from the roots outward? That’s what we want—complete, not rushed.”

Emmy leaned into the touch, the water streaming down her face and chest. Amaryllis’s body was warm behind her, the soft press of her breasts against Emmy’s back when she leaned forward to rinse the hair. Emmy’s own nipples tightened in the steam, a slow ache building between her thighs that had nothing to do with the heat of the water.

When her hair was clean, Amaryllis handed her the body wash. “Now me. Start at the shoulders and work down. Slow. Use your whole hands.”

Emmy turned. Her palms, slick with lather, moved over Amaryllis’s shoulders, then down the smooth planes of her back. The muscles shifted under her touch. She worked lower, over the curve of her hips, then around to the front when Amaryllis guided her hands forward.

“Here,” Amaryllis said quietly, placing Emmy’s hands on her own full breasts. “Cup gently. Lather in slow circles. Feel the weight, the way the skin moves. This is the attention Nena prefers—thorough, respectful, complete. Nothing skipped.”

Emmy’s breath hitched. The breasts were soft and warm under her palms, the nipples firming slightly as she circled them with the lather. She worked carefully, almost reverently, her own body responding with a deeper pulse of heat. Water ran in rivulets between them. Amaryllis watched her with calm approval.

“That’s it. Slower on the undersides. Good. You’re learning quickly.”

Emmy’s voice came out a little unsteady. “It feels… important. Doing it like this.”

“It is,” Amaryllis answered. “When you care for someone this way, you understand what it means to maintain a space—or a person—at the highest level. It carries over to everything else.”

They rinsed together. Amaryllis washed Emmy in turn—shoulders, arms, the gentle sweep down her torso, over the small curve of her breasts, down her stomach and thighs—each touch deliberate, guiding, never hurried. Emmy stood still under the attention, her skin tingling everywhere Amaryllis's hands passed, the ache between her legs growing heavier, sweeter.

When they stepped out, Amaryllis wrapped them both in thick towels. She dried Emmy first, then herself, then led her back into the bedroom.

"Now the lotion," she said, settling onto the edge of the bed in her towel. "This is the final step. Nena likes her skin nourished this way every morning. You're going to do it for me so you learn the standard."

Emmy knelt in front of her without being asked, the towel slipping a little at her chest. She warmed the lotion between her palms the way Amaryllis had shown her before, then began at the arms—long, gliding strokes from shoulder to wrist. The scent was clean and light. Amaryllis's skin absorbed it smoothly under her hands.

"Press a little more firmly here," Amaryllis directed as Emmy reached her shoulders. "Feel how it sinks in. Good."

Emmy moved lower. Her hands glided over the full curves of Amaryllis's breasts, circling slowly as she had been shown, warming the lotion into every inch. The weight of them in her palms, the way the skin yielded then firmed, sent another deep throb through her own body. She worked outward, then beneath, her thumbs brushing lightly over the nipples without lingering too long—yet the contact made her breath catch.

Amaryllis's voice stayed steady, guiding. "Exactly right. You're being very careful. Nena will appreciate this kind of focus when the time comes for you to help in her space."

Emmy's cheeks warmed at the words, but she kept going—down the torso, over the soft plane of the stomach, then to the legs. She lifted each one in turn, working the lotion from thigh to ankle in long strokes, her hands learning the shape of muscle and smooth skin. By the time she finished the second leg, her own body felt flushed and alive, the towel between her thighs damp in a way that had nothing to do with the shower.

Amaryllis watched her with quiet satisfaction. "You did beautifully. Now stand. Let me finish you."

She applied lotion to Emmy in turn—quick, efficient, but still with that same attentive care— over her smaller breasts, down her back, along her thighs. Every touch left Emmy's skin humming.

When they were both smooth and scented, Amaryllis rose and opened Emmy's closet. She chose a fitted cream blouse with delicate buttons, a tailored navy pencil skirt that fell just below the knee, and simple black flats. No bra. The blouse would move softly against Emmy's freshly lotioned skin.

"Arms up," Amaryllis said, helping her into the blouse. Her fingers worked each button with care, adjusting the collar so it lay perfectly against Emmy's neck. She smoothed the fabric over Emmy's shoulders, then helped her step into the skirt, zipping it at the side and straightening the hem. The outfit was professional, modest, yet the lack of underlayers left Emmy acutely aware of every shift of fabric against her sensitized skin.

Amaryllis stepped back and studied her. "Perfect. You look capable and put-together. The structure we're building here will support you through the day."

Emmy turned slightly, catching her reflection. She looked… settled. Ready. The low thrum of arousal from the shower and lotion still lingered, but it felt contained, channeled into something focused.

"Thank you," she said softly. "For all of this. I feel… steadier."

Amaryllis smiled, small and warm. "That's the point. Now—your bag is by the door. I'll stay here a little while. The apartment is comfortable, and I have notes to organize. As my ideas for tonight come together—the plan for Nena's space—I'll send you texts. You can read them when you have a moment. They'll help you prepare for what we'll do when you return."

Emmy's heart gave a small, eager leap at the promise. "You'll be here when I get back?"

"I may step out briefly, but I'll make sure the space is ready for you. Focus on your work. The texts will guide the rest." Amaryllis reached out and brushed a strand of damp hair behind Emmy's ear, the touch lingering. "You're going to do well today. The care we gave you this morning will stay with you."

Emmy nodded, reluctant to leave the warmth of the moment but already feeling the pull of the day ahead. She picked up her bag, stepped into the hallway, and glanced back once. Amaryllis stood in the doorway, towel still wrapped loosely around her, the organized apartment visible behind her—clean counters, neatly stacked books, the morning light falling across surfaces that no longer felt chaotic.

"Have a good first day, Emmy," Amaryllis said. "I'll be thinking of the plan."

The door closed gently behind her.

Inside, Amaryllis locked it, then moved through the quiet space with unhurried steps. She dropped the towel over the back of a chair, slipped into a soft robe she

had brought in her bag, and settled onto the couch. The apartment was calm, ordered, already carrying the faint scent of the lotion they had shared. She poured herself a glass of water from the now- organized kitchen, then sat back, legs tucked beneath her, and opened her phone.

Her fingers moved slowly across the screen as she began to compose the first message—the first of many that would arrive throughout Emmy's day like quiet, commanding threads pulling her focus home.

Outside, Emmy walked toward the elevator, the professional clothes settling around her body, the memory of Amaryllis's hands and voice and the warm press of skin still vivid beneath the surface. She felt ready. She felt supported. And beneath it all, a quiet, building anticipation for the texts that would come—and for the night that would follow when she returned to the space Amaryllis was already making her own.

Chapter 5

The elevator doors opened onto the tenth floor of the glass-and-steel building downtown. Emmy stepped out into the bright, open-plan office of the virtual reality design firm, her new navy pencil skirt brushing her freshly lotioned thighs with every step. The cream blouse felt soft against her skin, the absence of anything underneath making her acutely aware of the way the fabric shifted when she moved. She carried the same small bag she had taken from her apartment that morning, the one Amaryllis had set by the door.

A woman at the front desk smiled and directed her to the bookkeeping department. "First day? Welcome. Mr. Hale's team is through there—second cubicle on the right."

Emmy thanked her and walked the short hallway, the low hum of conversation and the click of keyboards already settling into the background. Her desk was clean, a dual-monitor setup waiting, a stack of invoices in a neat tray. She logged in, opened the accounting software, and began the first task of the day: reconciling vendor payments for the latest round of VR office- space prototypes.

The work was steady and familiar—numbers that needed to line up, dates that had to match, small discrepancies to flag. She typed steadily for nearly an hour, the morning light from the tall windows falling across her keyboard. It should have felt grounding. Instead, her mind kept drifting back to the warm steam of the shower, Amaryllis's calm voice guiding her hands, the weight of those full breasts under her palms as she had lathered and rinsed and then, later, smoothed lotion into every curve.

Her phone vibrated on the desk.

She glanced at it. A message from Amaryllis.

Amaryllis: When you return home this evening you will change out of your work clothes immediately. Put on the soft lavender camisole and blue shorts you wore yesterday. Begin in Nena’s kitchen. Wipe every surface—counters, backsplash, appliances—in a clockwise direction starting at the sink. Use only the microfiber cloths I left folded on the counter. Work slowly and thoroughly. Report to me when the kitchen is complete.

Emmy’s fingers stilled on the keyboard. Heat rose in her cheeks and spread lower, a slow, liquid pulse between her thighs. She read the message twice. The tone was direct, almost formal, like instructions from someone who expected to be obeyed without question. She felt the same flutter she had felt that morning when Amaryllis’s hands had moved over her body —only now it was sharper because the instructions were about serving someone else.

She typed quickly, keeping the screen angled away from the aisle.

Emmy: Understood. I’ll begin with the kitchen as soon as I’m home.

She set the phone face-down and forced herself back to the spreadsheet. The numbers blurred for a moment. She corrected a transposed figure, saved the file, and moved to the next invoice. But every few minutes her eyes flicked to the phone.

Mid-morning, another message arrived while she was cross-checking payroll deductions.

Amaryllis: After the kitchen, move to Nena’s bathroom. Clean the shower glass first— top to bottom, no streaks. Then the tile and fixtures. Use the same clockwise method. Pay special attention to the corners. Nena expects the space to feel cared for, not merely cleaned. Take your time. I will inspect later.

Emmy’s breath caught. She pressed her thighs together under the desk. The command about inspection sent another rush through her. She imagined Amaryllis walking through Nena’s apartment behind her, correcting posture or angle the way she had in the shower. Her nipples tightened against the thin blouse. She shifted in her chair and typed a short reply.

Emmy: Yes. I’ll do the bathroom exactly as you said.

She stood, murmured something about needing the restroom, and walked quickly down the hall. In the privacy of the stall she read the message again, one hand resting lightly on her lower stomach. The ache was steady now, warm and insistent. She took a slow breath, smoothed her skirt, and returned to her desk.

The afternoon dragged in the best and worst way. She processed expense reports for client presentations—line after line of numbers, receipts scanned and categorized. Her supervisor stopped by once to ask how the first day was going. Emmy smiled and said it was going well, that the systems were straightforward.

The whole time she was thinking about the next text.

It came just after three o’clock, while she was updating the master ledger for the quarter.

Amaryllis: When the bathroom is finished, move to Nena’s bedroom. Strip the bed completely. Refold the linens exactly as we practiced yesterday—thirds, folded edge facing out. Stack them on the chair by the window. Then remake the bed with fresh sheets. Smooth every crease. The pillows must be fluffed and centered. Nena will notice if anything is out of place.

Emmy stared at the screen. The detail in the instructions made her stomach tighten with a strange, eager nervousness. She could already picture herself on her hands and knees at the edge of Nena’s bed, smoothing sheets the way Amaryllis had shown her, the same careful movements she had used when scrubbing the floor yesterday while Nena and Amaryllis watched and spoke above her.

She replied at once.

Emmy: I’ll make sure the bed is perfect.

A few minutes later another message arrived.

Amaryllis: Good. You’re taking this seriously. That pleases me. After the bedroom, dust and wipe all surfaces in the living area. Work from the windows inward. When everything is done, text me a single word: Complete. I will decide if anything needs to be redone.

Emmy felt a small, involuntary sound rise in her throat—half sigh, half something softer. She crossed her legs and tried to focus on the spreadsheet again, but the columns of figures kept dissolving into images of herself moving through Nena’s apartment under those precise instructions. The job that had seemed important that morning now felt like something she had to get through so she could return to the real work waiting for her.

By five o’clock the office was thinning out. Emmy finished the last batch of invoices, saved her files, and logged off. She packed her bag quickly, the navy skirt whispering against her legs as she stood. Her phone buzzed one final time as she reached the elevator.

Amaryllis: I’m still here in your apartment, making myself comfortable while I finalize the rest of the plan. The space feels different already — calmer. When you arrive home, come straight to your own door. Change immediately into the lavender camisole and blue shorts as I instructed earlier. I will be waiting. Once you’re dressed properly, we’ll go across the hall to Nena’s together. She may want to greet you before you begin the work. Remember the order I gave you. I expect you to follow it without rushing.

Emmy stepped into the elevator alone. The mirrored walls reflected her flushed cheeks and the slight quickness of her breathing. She typed one last reply before the doors opened on the ground floor.

Emmy: I'll come straight home and change as soon as I'm inside. I won't rush. I want everything to be exactly as you said.

She slipped the phone into her bag and walked out into the warm evening air, the city lights just beginning to glow. The walk to the high-rise felt shorter than usual. Every step carried the memory of Amaryllis's hands on her skin that morning and the weight of the commands that had filled her afternoon. By the time she reached the twelfth floor, her pulse was steady but elevated, a quiet, humming anticipation that had nothing to do with the bookkeeping she had left behind.

She paused only long enough to take a slow breath outside her own door, then slipped her key into the lock.

Chapter 6

Emmy turned the key in the lock and stepped into her apartment, the quiet click of the door closing behind her feeling like the true start of the evening. Amaryllis was already there, lounging on the couch in a soft robe, one leg tucked beneath her, a glass of water on the side table. She looked completely at ease, as if the space had always been hers to occupy.

"Right on time," Amaryllis said, her voice calm and approving. "You followed the texts well today. Now, as I instructed earlier, change immediately into the lavender camisole and blue shorts. No delays. I want you comfortable and properly dressed for the work ahead."

Emmy set her bag down without hesitation. She slipped off her work blouse and skirt, the professional layers falling away to reveal skin still faintly scented from the morning's lotion. The air felt cool for a moment before she pulled the soft lavender camisole over her head. The thin straps settled on her shoulders, the fabric light and clinging gently to the small curves of her breasts. Then came the blue shorts, riding high on her thighs, loose enough to move in but short enough that every shift of her legs reminded her of how exposed she was.

Amaryllis watched with quiet satisfaction, her eyes tracing the transformation. "Perfect. You look ready. The outfit suits the tasks. Now we'll go across the hall to Nena's. She's expecting us, and the plan begins the moment we step inside."

They crossed the short hallway together. Emmy knocked softly. Nena opened the door almost at once, dressed casually in a flowing blouse and soft pants, her tall frame relaxed. A bottle of wine and two glasses already waited on the low table in the living area.

“Emmy,” Nena said warmly, stepping aside to let them in. “Amaryllis has everything arranged so beautifully. Start with the kitchen, just as planned. We’ll be right here.”

Amaryllis guided Emmy forward with a light hand at the small of her back. “Begin at the sink and work clockwise. Every surface. Thoroughly. We’ll be watching.”

Emmy took the stack of microfiber cloths and began. The kitchen counters gleamed under the soft lighting as she wiped in steady, deliberate strokes, starting at the sink and moving methodically around the space. She bent forward over the surface, the camisole shifting, the shorts riding higher with each reach. Behind her, she could hear the soft pour of wine and the low murmur of conversation.

Nena’s voice carried easily. “Look at her already. So focused. The way she moves… such a cute little figure, even when she’s working like this.”

Amaryllis replied, her tone pleased. “She’s learning the value of attention to detail. See how she doesn’t rush? That’s what makes the difference.”

Emmy felt the words settle over her like warm hands. A slow flush rose in her cheeks and spread lower, a gentle pulse building between her thighs. She pressed on, wiping the backsplash with careful pressure, then the appliances, making sure every inch met the standard Amaryllis had set. The cloths moved smoothly under her palms. When she finished the last section, she straightened and turned.

“Kitchen’s complete,” she said softly.

Amaryllis nodded from her seat beside Nena. “Good. Now the bathroom. Shower glass first, top to bottom. No streaks. Then the tile and fixtures. Same clockwise approach.”

They followed her into the bathroom, Nena carrying her wine glass, Amaryllis moving with unhurried grace. Emmy knelt on the cool floor, cloth in hand, and began on the shower glass. She reached upward, stretching, then lowered to scrub the lower sections, her body shifting on her knees. The camisole gaped slightly with the movement, the shorts pulling tight across her hips. Water droplets from an earlier rinse caught the light as she worked.

Nena leaned against the doorway, sipping her wine. “She’s very thorough. Look at the care she’s giving every corner.”

Amaryllis’s voice was steady. “That’s the standard we’re building. She responds well to clear direction.”

Emmy’s breath came a little quicker. The position on her knees, the eyes on her, the quiet praise—it all wove together into a deep, humming contentment. She

finished the glass, moved to the tiles, then the fixtures, working slowly until everything shone. When she stood, her thighs ached pleasantly from the effort, but the ache felt good, earned.

“Bathroom’s done,” she reported.

“Excellent,” Amaryllis said. “Bedroom next. Strip the bed completely. Fold the linens exactly as we practiced—thirds, folded edge facing out. Stack them neatly on the chair. Then remake it with fresh sheets. Smooth every crease. Pillows fluffed and centered.”

In the bedroom, Emmy pulled the covers free, working methodically. She climbed onto the mattress to reach the center, folding and stacking with precise movements. The sheets whispered under her hands. She smoothed the fresh ones into place, crawling across the bed on her hands and knees to tug and straighten, the camisole riding up, the shorts shifting. Nena and Amaryllis stood near the doorway now, watching, their conversation continuing over the soft clink of glasses.

“She’s always been so diligent with these kinds of details,” Nena remarked lightly. “It’s lovely to see it in action again.”

Amaryllis smiled. “She’s progressing beautifully. Every task builds on the last.”

Emmy felt the words sink in, stirring the same warm, receptive haze from the morning. She finished the bed, pillows perfectly arranged, and stepped back.

“Bedroom complete.”

“Living area now,” Amaryllis directed. “Dust all surfaces from the windows inward. Then the floors—on your hands and knees for the best reach. We want every inch cared for.”

Back in the living area, Emmy dusted the shelves and tables first, stretching and bending. Then she lowered herself to the floor, cloth in hand, moving on all fours across the open space. The position was intimate, vulnerable. Her back arched slightly with each forward reach, the camisole hanging loose, the shorts hugging the curve of her bottom. She could feel their gazes following her—the quiet clink of wine glasses, the low voices.

Nena spoke softly to Amaryllis, though loud enough for Emmy to hear. “Such a cute little figure. Especially like this. So petite and graceful even when she’s working hard.”

Amaryllis answered, “She’s learning to find real satisfaction in it. That’s the most important part.”

Emmy’s body responded with a deeper, liquid warmth. She kept moving, wiping in steady strokes, losing herself in the rhythm. The floor grew cleaner beneath

her hands. Time stretched in the best way—each pass of the cloth bringing her closer to completion, closer to their approval. When the last section was done, she sat back on her heels, breathing steadily, skin flushed and alive.

“Living area’s finished,” she said, voice a little husky.

Nena set her wine glass down and stood, stretching her tall frame with satisfaction. “That was excellent, Emmy. Very thorough. I’m very pleased and satisfied with how you handled everything tonight.”

She glanced toward the hallway that led deeper into her apartment, as if preparing to retire for the evening. “You know, there’s always a little cot next to the washer and dryer if you don’t feel like traipsing back and forth across the hall.”

Amaryllis stepped closer to Emmy, one hand settling lightly but possessively on her shoulder. “It’s certainly something we’ll consider in the future.”

Nena smiled, clearly content. “Good night, then. I’ll see you both soon.”

Amaryllis guided Emmy back across the hall to her own apartment. Once inside, she led her straight to the bedroom. The lights were low. Amaryllis pulled back the covers on the bed and helped Emmy slip beneath them, tucking the sheet and blanket gently around her shoulders.

“I’m so proud of your progress tonight,” Amaryllis said, sitting on the edge of the bed. Her voice was warm, intimate. “You dion't go unrewarded when you’re being such a good client.”

She loosened the front of her robe, guiding Emmy’s head forward with gentle hands. Emmy leaned in, her lips parting as she took one soft nipple into her mouth. The skin was warm and smooth against her tongue, the gentle suckling sending a deep, sweet ache through her own body. She drew on it slowly, reverently, feeling the slight firming beneath her lips. After a long, quiet moment, Amaryllis eased her to the other side. Emmy repeated the motion, the second nipple just as soft, just as rewarding, the intimacy of it wrapping around her like the blankets.

Amaryllis let out a soft, approving breath. “There now. Rest well.”

She tucked the covers more securely around Emmy and brushed a strand of hair from her forehead.

“I’ll be back in the morning to get you ready. We’ll do some morning chores together.”

Emmy settled deeper into the pillows, the warmth of the reward still lingering on her lips and in the steady pulse low in her belly. The apartment felt calm, ordered, safe. Her body hummed with the day’s efforts and the closeness of the

evening. She closed her eyes as Amaryllis rose and moved quietly toward the door, already looking forward to the structure the morning would bring.

Chapter 7

Morning light filtered softly through the curtains of Emmy's apartment. She stirred beneath the covers, the memory of the previous night's reward still warm on her lips and in the quiet thrum of her body. A gentle knock came at the door, followed by the sound of a key turning —Amaryllis letting herself in, as she had said she would.

Emmy sat up slowly, the sheet slipping from her shoulders. Amaryllis stepped into the bedroom carrying a small bag, already dressed in a simple, elegant blouse and trousers that made her look both professional and entirely at home. She smiled as she approached the bed.

"Good morning, Emmy. I hope you rested well after your excellent work last night." She set the bag down and sat on the edge of the mattress, her presence calm and commanding. "Before we begin today's practice, I want to make sure you understand something important. You're just learning what it means to be independent—what's truly required to maintain your own space. It can feel overwhelming at first. That's why Nena is being so incredibly generous. She's allowing you to use her space to practice those essential skills, so you're never left helpless. Isn't that kind of her?"

Emmy nodded, still half-wrapped in the blankets, her voice soft and a little husky from sleep. "It is… very kind. I hadn't thought about it that way. Having a place to practice like that makes everything feel less scary. Like I won't mess up on my own."

Amaryllis's smile deepened with approval. "Exactly. She sees how eager you are to learn and she's helping in the best way possible." She reached out and gently pulled the sheet down, exposing Emmy's body still in the lavender camisole and blue shorts from the night before. "Now, let's get you properly prepared. Stand up for me."

Emmy rose from the bed. Amaryllis stood as well and began to remove her clothes with slow, deliberate care. First the camisole, lifted over her head, the thin fabric brushing across her skin. Then the shorts, eased down her legs until she stood completely bare. Amaryllis's hands lingered lightly on her hips for a moment, steadying her.

"As my employer in this training session, Emmy," Amaryllis said formally, her tone clear and professional, "I need to know your preference. Would you rather practice by bathing me this morning, or try bathing Nena? Nena has kindly offered to help with that too, if you'd like to expand your experience."

Emmy felt a warm flush spread across her chest and lower. The question hung in the air, charged with possibility. Her body still carried the memory of last night's closeness, the way touch had felt like reward and guidance at once. She found herself answering without hesitation, the words coming easily in the haze of the moment.

"I… I think I'd like to try bathing Nena. If she's offering."

Amaryllis nodded, clearly pleased. "A good choice. She'll be glad to hear it. Come with me now."

Still nude, Emmy followed Amaryllis out of the apartment and across the short hallway. The air felt cool against her bare skin, heightening every sensation—the soft carpet under her feet, the quiet hum of the building. Amaryllis knocked on Nena's door.

Nena opened it almost immediately, dressed in a loose silk robe that fell open just enough to reveal the elegant line of her collarbone. Her tall frame filled the doorway gracefully. She took in the sight of Emmy standing there naked and smiled with warm approval.

"I see you're here to practice bathing me," Nena said, her voice low and gracious. "Come in, both of you. Amaryllis told me you chose this. I'm happy to help you learn."

They stepped inside. Amaryllis closed the door behind them and took a supervising position near the bathroom entrance, her posture attentive and calm. "We'll begin in the shower. Emmy, you'll wash Nena thoroughly—hair first, then body. Use slow, careful strokes. I'll guide you as needed."

Nena slipped off her robe and stepped into the large shower, turning on the water until steam began to rise. She held out a hand to Emmy. "Join me. The water's perfect."

Emmy stepped in, the warm spray cascading over both of them. Nena's body was tall and willowy, skin smooth and luminous under the water. Amaryllis remained just outside the open shower door, watching closely.

"Start with her hair," Amaryllis instructed. "Work the shampoo in gently, from roots to ends. Make sure it's fully rinsed before moving on."

Emmy reached up, her smaller hands sliding through Nena's long blonde hair. The strands felt silky under the lather. Nena tilted her head back slightly, eyes half-closed in relaxation.

While Emmy worked, Nena asked in a conversational tone, "How was your first day at the new job yesterday, Emmy? Tell me about it."

Emmy answered as she rinsed the shampoo, her fingers careful. “It was… fine. Mostly numbers and invoices. A lot of sitting at a desk. It felt a little tedious after everything here.”

Nena smiled, reaching out to stroke Emmy’s arm in a slow, appreciative motion—down from shoulder to elbow, then lightly along her side. The touch was gentle but lingered, sending a warm ripple through Emmy’s body. “Mmm. I can imagine. All those numbers when you could be doing something like this instead. Doesn’t this feel so much better than bookkeeping? The warmth of the water, the way you’re caring for someone… it’s fulfilling in a completely different way, isn’t it?”

Emmy’s breath caught as Nena’s hand continued its slow path, brushing along her waist and then lower, a light stroke across her hip that made her thighs press together. The water and the touch combined into something that made her thoughts soften further. “It does… feel better. Much better.”

Amaryllis spoke from the doorway, voice steady. “Good. Now move to her body. Use the body wash. Start at the shoulders and work downward. Both hands. Thoroughly.”

Emmy lathered her palms and began washing Nena’s shoulders, then down her arms. Nena continued talking, her strokes on Emmy growing more intentional—tracing the line of Emmy’s spine, then brushing lightly over the curve of her breast in a way that sent sparks through her.

“You know,” Nena said conversationally, “I’m independently wealthy. I don’t have to work at all. It gives me the freedom to focus on what really matters—like helping someone learn skills that will serve them for life.” She guided Emmy’s hands lower on her own body, encouraging more thorough attention while her own touch continued to drift over Emmy’s skin. “Amaryllis has other clients, of course. She can’t be here full time for me. But if you were helping me instead… you wouldn’t have to wear a uniform. Or anything at all, really. Just like this. Natural. Comfortable. Focused on what actually feels good.”

Emmy’s hands moved over Nena’s breasts, lathering carefully, her own body responding to every stroke Nena gave in return. The contrast between the tedious desk work she had described and the warm, intimate closeness here made her head feel light. She nodded faintly, mesmerized by the rhythm of the water, the hands on her skin, the calm certainty in Nena’s voice.

Nena continued, her tone gentle and persuasive. “Why don’t you call in sick today? Spend the day with me instead. See if you like it better than your new job. No pressure—just try it. You can always go back tomorrow if you want. But I think you’ll find this suits you far more.”

Emmy’s thoughts felt wrapped in the steam and the touch, the framing of generosity and learning settling over her like the water. She found herself agreeing, the words coming soft but certain. “Yes… I think I would like that. To try it.”

Nena smiled, satisfied. “Good girl. Amaryllis, would you hand her the phone?”

Amaryllis passed Emmy’s phone from the counter. Still standing under the spray with Nena, her body flushed and responsive from the shared shower and the ongoing gentle strokes, Emmy dialed the number for her new office. Her voice was steady when the call connected.

“Hi, this is Emmy Tran… I’m not feeling well this morning. I won’t be able to come in today. I’m sorry for the short notice.”

She listened to the brief response on the other end, then ended the call and set the phone aside. The water continued to fall around them as Nena drew her into a light, approving embrace, Amaryllis watching with quiet satisfaction from the doorway. The day ahead now belonged to whatever Nena and Amaryllis had planned for her practice.

Chapter 8

The call ended with a soft click. Emmy lowered the phone, her hand trembling slightly from the warmth still radiating through her body. The shower water continued to fall gently around her and Nena. Amaryllis remained in the doorway, supervising with quiet attention.

“Rinse thoroughly now,” Amaryllis said. “Both of you. Then we’ll move to the lotion. Emmy, you’ll apply it to Nena first, just as we practiced yesterday.”

Emmy nodded, still dazed from the call and the intimacy of the shared water. She helped rinse Nena’s long blonde hair, her smaller hands moving carefully through the strands. Nena’s fingers traced light, encouraging paths along Emmy’s sides and back in return, the touch making the simple act of rinsing feel intimate and grounding. When the water ran clear, Amaryllis handed them towels. They stepped out, and Emmy began the lotion application under Amaryllis’s guidance—slow, thorough strokes over Nena’s tall, willowy frame, working the cream into every curve while Nena watched her with warm approval.

Once Nena was cared for, Amaryllis directed Emmy to apply lotion to herself as well. The familiar ritual left Emmy’s skin soft and sensitized. By the time they finished, the morning light had brightened the apartment.

“Breakfast next,” Amaryllis said. “Emmy, you’ll prepare and serve it. Nena and I will be in the living area.”

Still nude, Emmy moved into Nena's kitchen. The counters were already spotless from the previous day's work. She found eggs, bread, fruit, and yogurt in the well-stocked refrigerator. As she cracked eggs into a bowl and began whisking, the cool air against her bare skin made her acutely aware of every movement—her breasts shifting slightly with each reach, the soft brush of air between her thighs. She toasted bread, sliced fruit into neat portions, and arranged everything on a tray with care. The domestic rhythm felt natural, almost soothing after the intensity of the shower.

She carried the tray into the living area, where Nena and Amaryllis sat relaxed on the sofa, already sipping coffee. Emmy set the plates before them, then stood nearby, waiting.

"This looks lovely," Nena said, smiling up at her. "Thank you, Emmy. Sit with us for a moment while we eat."

Emmy lowered herself to the floor at their feet, knees tucked beneath her. The position felt instinctive after the previous day's chores. Nena and Amaryllis ate slowly, chatting about the day ahead. Occasionally one of them would offer Emmy a bite from her fork—fresh fruit or a piece of toast—feeding her with the same casual generosity.

When breakfast was finished, Amaryllis stood. "Time for the chores. The same sequence as yesterday. Kitchen first, then bathroom, bedroom, and living area. Emmy, you remember the standards."

Emmy rose and began. In the kitchen she wiped every surface clockwise, starting at the sink, her bare body moving freely as she reached and bent. The absence of clothing made each motion feel lighter, more direct—her skin brushing against the cool counters, her nipples tightening slightly from the air and the focused effort. She worked methodically, the same careful strokes as the day before.

It occurred to her, while stretching to reach the top of the refrigerator, that she was still completely naked. The thought of asking for clothes flickered through her mind for the first time that morning. She paused for a moment, cloth in hand.

Nena noticed immediately from where she and Amaryllis had settled at the kitchen table with fresh coffee. "You don't need clothes, Emmy," she said gently. "You're perfect just as you are. This way you can move freely and focus on the work."

Amaryllis added smoothly, "Clothes actually make housework harder, not easier. Fabric catches on things, restricts your reach, and creates unnecessary steps when you have to adjust or remove them later. You're learning the most efficient way already. Trust that."

Emmy felt the words settle over her. The brief impulse to ask faded. She nodded once and returned to the counters, the explanation making sense in the quiet focus of the task. The day unfolded in the same careful rhythm as before, only now without any barrier between her skin and the work. In the bathroom she knelt on the tile, scrubbing the shower glass top to bottom, then the fixtures, her bare knees pressing against the cool floor. Nena and Amaryllis moved through the space occasionally, commenting softly on her progress.

“Look how thorough she is,” Nena remarked at one point, leaning against the doorway with her coffee. “Every inch, just like yesterday.”

Amaryllis replied, “She’s finding real satisfaction in it. The structure helps her stay present.”

Emmy’s body responded to the quiet praise—the steady warmth low in her belly, the way her skin flushed under their attention. She moved to the bedroom next, stripping the bed with the same precise folding she had learned, then remaking it with fresh sheets. She climbed onto the mattress on her hands and knees to smooth every crease, the position exposing her fully as she worked. Nena and Amaryllis watched from the doorway, their conversation continuing in low tones.

By the time she reached the living area, the sun was higher. She dusted from the windows inward, then lowered herself to the floor again for the final wipe-down. On her hands and knees, she moved steadily across the open space, the same graceful efficiency as the day before. The repeated motions left her skin lightly sheened, her breathing calm but deeper. Every so often Nena or Amaryllis would offer a word of guidance or approval, keeping her focused and content in the task.

By late afternoon the last surface gleamed. Emmy finished the final pass and sat back on her heels, the apartment restored to the same ordered calm as the previous day. Her body felt pleasantly tired, every muscle engaged from the thorough work, yet a deep sense of fulfillment settled over her.

Amaryllis and Nena had moved to the sofa with the remains of their coffee. Amaryllis turned to Nena, her voice thoughtful. “Emmy did exceptionally well today. I was thinking about her reward. She appreciated sucking my nipples last night so much—the way she took to it, so eager and focused. It clearly meant a great deal to her.”

Nena nodded, swirling the last of her wine. “She did seem to enjoy that closeness. We should build on it. Something that lets her give that same focused attention while we both enjoy it.”

They discussed it quietly for a few minutes, their tones calm and collaborative. Amaryllis suggested the direction, and Nena agreed with a pleased smile. “Yes. That feels right for today. She’s earned it.”

Amaryllis looked to Emmy, who was still kneeling on the floor. “Come here, Emmy. Your reward for today’s work.”

Emmy rose and approached. Amaryllis guided her to kneel between them on the soft rug. Nena shifted forward on the sofa, parting her legs slightly. Amaryllis did the same. “You’ll use your mouth on each of us in turn,” Amaryllis said gently. “Suck on our clits until we come. On your face, just as we discussed. Take your time with each.”

Emmy leaned in without hesitation, the daze of the long day of service and the growing intimacy making the instruction feel natural. She started with Nena, her tongue and lips finding the sensitive bud, sucking gently at first, then with more focused rhythm as Nena’s breathing deepened. Nena’s hand rested lightly on the back of Emmy’s head, guiding without force. “That’s it… just like that. So good for us.”

When Nena’s thighs trembled and she came with a soft, drawn-out sound, the warmth spilled across Emmy’s lips and chin. Emmy turned without prompting to Amaryllis, repeating the same careful attention—sucking, licking, drawing out the pleasure until Amaryllis’s hips lifted and she orgasmed as well, the slick heat marking Emmy’s face once more.

Emmy remained kneeling afterward, breathing steadily, her face glistening, her own body humming with the shared intensity. She felt dazed, the world soft around the edges.

Nena stroked her hair once, then spoke in the same gracious tone she had used all day. “There’s still laundry to be done, Emmy. It’s optimal if you sleep on the cot next to the washer and dryer tonight so you can finish it properly. You’ll wake up here in the morning and serve breakfast in bed to me and my guest Amaryllis. That will be the best way to start the day.”

Emmy opened her mouth, but no words came. The suggestion settled over her like everything else that day—reasonable, structured, something she could simply follow. She couldn’t find any objection to voice.

Amaryllis rose first, offering Emmy a hand to help her stand. “You did beautifully today. Rest on the cot when you’re ready. We’ll see you in the morning.”

Nena stood as well, stretching her tall frame. “Thank you for everything, Emmy. Sleep well.”

The three of them moved through the apartment in quiet harmony. Nena and Amaryllis retired together to the master bedroom, the door closing softly behind them. Emmy walked to the laundry room at the back of the apartment. The small cot was already made up beside the washer and dryer, a folded blanket and pillow waiting. She lay down on it, the cool sheets against her bare skin, the faint

scent of detergent in the air. The day’s efforts and the reward left her body heavy and content. She closed her eyes as the apartment settled into evening quiet, the cot feeling like the natural place to rest until morning chores began again.

Chapter 9

The days that followed settled into a seamless rhythm of commands and quiet appreciation. Emmy woke each morning on the cot beside the washer and dryer, the faint scent of detergent already in the air. She rose, showered quickly under Amaryllis’s early supervision, then prepared breakfast in bed for Nena and her guest. She carried the tray into the master bedroom on bare feet, setting it carefully on the low table between them before kneeling at the side of the bed to serve each bite when requested. Nena and Amaryllis ate slowly, their conversation flowing over Emmy’s head as she remained in position, attentive and still.

“Such a natural way to begin the day,” Nena would say, stroking Emmy’s hair once the plates were cleared. “You’re learning so well.”

Amaryllis would add her own measured praise. “The structure suits her. She responds beautifully to clear direction.”

After breakfast came the chores, the same sequence each day but executed with growing precision under their combined oversight. Emmy moved through Nena’s kitchen in steady clockwise sweeps, wiping every surface while Amaryllis or Nena watched from nearby, offering corrections or approval. In the bathroom she knelt on the tile to scrub the shower glass and fixtures, her bare skin gleaming under the lights as she reached and stretched. The bedroom required the same careful stripping and remaking of the bed; she climbed onto the mattress on hands and knees each time, smoothing sheets until every crease disappeared. The living area finished with dusting and floor work, her body moving freely across the open space.

Throughout each task, commands came interspersed with appreciation. “Slower on that corner, Emmy—yes, exactly like that. You’re doing so well.” Or, “Look how focused she is today. This is what real independence looks like when it’s properly supported.” Emmy absorbed it all, the praise warming her skin and settling the quiet hum of satisfaction deeper into her body. She no longer paused to consider alternatives; the rhythm of service filled her thoughts completely.

One morning, while Emmy was folding fresh linens in the bedroom, Nena spoke casually from the doorway. “I wanted to let you know something helpful, Emmy. Your old apartment has been leased to someone else already. I took care of having all your things moved into storage so nothing would be lost. I’m covering the storage fees myself—it seemed the least I could do while you focus on learning here.”

Emmy’s hands stilled on the sheet for only a second. The information landed softly, wrapped in Nena’s gracious tone. She resumed folding, the motion steady. “Thank you,” she said quietly. “That… helps.”

Nena smiled. “Of course. You don’t need to worry about any of that now.”

Another afternoon, while Emmy was on her knees in the living area wiping the baseboards, Amaryllis’s phone rang. She answered it with calm efficiency.

“Yes, this is Amaryllis… Summit Housekeeping? Oh, I’m afraid they went out of business years ago. No, there’s no one here by that name anymore. You must have an old listing.”

She ended the call and returned her attention to Emmy without further comment. The moment passed like any other interruption in the day’s flow.

Later that same evening, after the chores were complete, Emmy knelt between Nena’s parted thighs in the living area, performing cunnilingus with the same focused attention she gave every task. Her tongue moved in slow, thorough strokes, sucking gently on Nena’s clit as she had been guided to do. Nena’s hand rested lightly on the back of Emmy’s head, fingers threading through her hair in appreciative caresses.

Nena spoke in a relaxed, conversational voice even as her breathing deepened. “You know, Emmy, I really can’t see any reason you’ll ever need clothes again. They only get in the way of the work you’re doing so beautifully now. This is so much more natural for you.”

Emmy’s rhythm faltered for only a heartbeat before resuming, the words settling into the same receptive space as every other gentle correction. She continued until Nena came with a soft, satisfied sigh, the warmth marking her face once more.

Another day, while Emmy was remaking the bed in the master bedroom, Amaryllis sat nearby and described a phone call she had taken earlier. “I had the most pleasant conversation with your former boss today. He understood completely when I explained you wouldn’t be returning. These things happen when someone finds a better fit. He wished you well and said not to worry about any formalities.”

Emmy smoothed the final pillow into place, the information registering without resistance. “That’s… good to know,” she murmured.

Amaryllis nodded approvingly. “It’s all been handled so you can stay focused here.”

By the close of each day the pattern repeated: commands during service, appreciation woven through every interaction, and Emmy moving deeper into the structure without pause or objection. The cot in the laundry room became her

consistent place at night, the washer and dryer humming softly beside her as she drifted into rest. Breakfast in bed for Nena and Amaryllis marked the start of each new morning, the same attentive service flowing onward.

The days blended in a steady current of guidance and reward. Emmy's world narrowed to the tasks at hand, the calm voices offering direction and praise, and the growing certainty that this was the shape her life had taken—simple, ordered, and fully supported. She performed each command with the same quiet focus, her body and mind aligning more completely with the rhythm Nena and Amaryllis had established for her.

Scene: The Confession

It was late in the evening. The chores were finished. Emmy had just finished remaking the bed in the master bedroom when Nena called her into the living room.

Nena was seated on the sofa in her silk robe, one leg crossed over the other. Amaryllis sat beside her with a glass of wine. Emmy stood in front of them, still naked, her skin faintly marked from a long day of work on her hands and knees.

Nena studied her for a moment, then spoke in her usual warm, measured tone.

"Emmy, come here. Kneel."

Emmy lowered herself to the rug without hesitation.

Nena reached out and gently brushed a strand of hair from Emmy's face. "There's something I want to tell you. Something I think you're ready to hear."

Emmy looked up at her, calm and attentive.

Nena continued. "When you first moved in across the hall, I decided I wanted you. Not as a neighbor. Not as a friend. I wanted you here, like this. Serving. Obeying. Belonging to me."

She paused, letting the words settle.

"I called Amaryllis the same day I met you. I asked her to help me. Everything that happened after that — the visits, the guidance, the shower, the texts, the chores, the rewards — all of it was planned. Amaryllis didn't just help you settle into your apartment. She was slowly training you for me. I wanted you to stop belonging to yourself and start belonging to us."

Nena's voice remained gentle, almost kind.

"I wouldn't call it slavery. That word feels too crude for what this is. But I won't pretend there aren't parallels. I took control of your life. I arranged for your apartment to be leased. I ended your job. I took away your clothes. I made sure the only structure left in your world was the one I gave you. And I did it because I

wanted you."

She looked at Emmy steadily.

"I wanted you on your knees. I wanted you eager to please. I wanted you to wake up every morning thinking about how you could serve me better. And I used Amaryllis to make that happen."

Emmy remained quiet, her expression soft and open. She didn't look shocked. She simply absorbed it.

After a long moment, she spoke.

"And what else can I do for you, Miss Nena?"

Nena blinked, then let out a soft, surprised laugh. She turned to look at Amaryllis, who was smiling with quiet amusement. The two women shared a brief, knowing glance before Nena turned back to Emmy.

Amaryllis spoke first, her voice low and pleased. "She really is perfect."

Nena reached down and cupped Emmy's chin, tilting her face up.

"What else can you do for me?" she repeated, almost fondly. "Oh, Emmy. So much more."

She leaned back against the sofa, still holding Emmy's gaze.

"You're going to stop thinking of yourself as someone who used to have a life. That person doesn't exist anymore. From now on, your only purpose is to make my life easier and more pleasant. You will wake up every morning and ask what I need. You will spend your days keeping this apartment perfect. You will learn exactly how I like to be touched, how I like to be bathed, how I like to be pleasured. And you will do it with gratitude."

Nena's voice grew quieter, more intimate.

"You will sleep on the cot until I decide you've earned the right to sleep at the foot of my bed. You will not wear clothes unless I tell you to. You will not leave this apartment unless I allow it. And when I want to show you off — when I want another woman to see how well I've trained you — you will perform for her exactly as you perform for me."

She stroked Emmy's cheek with her thumb.

"You will thank me for every command. You will thank Amaryllis for every lesson. And you will learn to find real pleasure in being owned."

Nena smiled, small and satisfied.

"That's what else you can do for me, Emmy. That's what you *will* do for me."

Emmy looked up at her, eyes soft and shining with something close to devotion.

“Yes, Miss Nena,” she whispered.

Nena glanced at Amaryllis again. They both smiled.

The confession was over.

And Emmy had accepted it completely.