Sacred Hunger

by Brent Clark Palmer

Vulpes Parvaes, Book 7

Chapter 1

The Purity Award

The letter had come on heavy cream paper with a single golden chalice pressed into the seal. Ling Carson read it standing in the doorway of the group home, her backpack still slung over one shoulder from her last day of high school. She was barely eighteen. The words blurred the first time.

“Miss Ling Carson,

It is our sacred privilege to inform you that you have been chosen as this year’s recipient of the Residential Purity Internship at the Church of the Living Nectar. This award is granted only to the young woman whose life has demonstrated the highest standard of purity and devotion. We believe you are that young woman. Your presence is requested immediately. All arrangements have been made.”

She had cried in the bathroom for twenty minutes, then packed her two suitcases. There wasn’t much to take.

The church sat on the edge of a quiet suburban neighborhood, white columns and a tall steeple rising above manicured lawns. A long gravel drive led past flower beds heavy with late-spring blooms. Ling stepped out of the rideshare, heart hammering, and a tall, quiet man in a clean gray work shirt appeared almost at once.

“Miss Carson?” His voice was low and steady. Silver threaded his dark hair at the temples. “I’m Elias. I’ll take your bags. Welcome home.”

Something in the way he said it—simple, certain—made her throat tighten. She had never had a father. This man looked like he had been waiting for her.

“Thank you, Mr. Elias,” she said softly.

He gave her a small, kind smile and lifted both suitcases as if they weighed nothing. “Just Elias is fine. The Sisters are waiting inside.”

The main hall smelled of polished wood and faint incense. A circle of women rose as she entered—attractive, warmly dressed suburban mothers in their late twenties and early thirties, every one of them smiling with genuine delight. They surrounded her in a soft wave of perfume and gentle hands on her shoulders.

“Oh, look at her,” one murmured. “So young. So pure.”

“Welcome, little one,” said another, cupping Ling’s face. “We’ve been praying for you.”

A tall woman with calm gray eyes and a simple silver cross at her throat stepped forward. Pastor Lydia Hart. She took both of Ling’s hands in hers.

“Ling Carson,” she said, voice low and certain, “you have lived a life of exceptional purity. The internship is yours because your heart is ready. We will teach you everything. You have nothing to fear here. We know what is best for you.”

Ling’s eyes stung. “Thank you, Pastor. I… I want to be pure. I want to learn.”

“You will,” Pastor Hart said with absolute conviction. “We will guide you every step. Now come. The Sisters have prepared a tasting for your first day.”

They led her to a smaller parlor where four women waited beside a low table. On the table stood six small glass jars, each filled with a different thick, golden liquid. The women introduced themselves with the same warm certainty: Rachel, Naomi, Sophia, and Abigail. They were her chosen guides, the ones whose nectar had called to her most strongly even before she arrived.

“Each jar holds an offering from one of the Sisters,” Pastor Hart explained, her hand resting lightly on Ling’s back. “Adults receive nectar only in ceremony. Today you may taste freely and choose the four that speak most clearly to your spirit. Those four will be your primary trainers.”

Ling nodded eagerly, cheeks already warm. She lifted the first spoon. The nectar was thick, sweet, faintly floral. She closed her eyes as it coated her tongue. Something low in her belly fluttered.

One by one she tasted. When she reached the fourth jar—Sophia’s—she made a small, involuntary sound of pleasure. The women exchanged knowing glances.

“Those four,” Ling said, pointing. “Rachel, Naomi, Sophia, and Abigail. They feel… right.”

The four women beamed with quiet triumph.

“You have chosen well,” Pastor Hart said. “They will walk with you through every stage of your training. The rest of us will assist as needed. Now, before we begin your private devotion, we must clothe you properly.”

They took her to a sunlit dressing room. On a padded bench lay a garment of soft white fabric —modest at first glance, high collar, long sleeves, but when Rachel lifted it Ling saw the clever construction: hidden slits, easy lifts, strategic openings that would allow access while still appearing respectable from a distance.

“This is your intern’s robe,” Naomi said gently. “It covers you in the sight of the world and opens for the work of the Spirit.”

The women helped her undress with calm efficiency. Ling stood naked before them, heart racing, nipples already tight from the cool air and from something else she couldn’t name. Rachel’s hands smoothed the robe over her shoulders.

Then, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, Rachel's fingers slipped inside the hidden front panel and found Ling's nipples.

A soft gasp escaped Ling. The touch was sure, circling, rolling, tugging just enough to make her sway.

"Feel how your body answers," Rachel murmured, voice full of maternal pride. "This is the first stirring of holy nectar. There is no shame here, little one. Only truth."

Abigail's hand slid lower, parting the robe at the thigh and cupping Ling's mound with gentle pressure. A single fingertip traced the seam of her, slow and reverent.

"Oh—" Ling's knees softened. She was already wet. She could feel it.

"Go on," Pastor Hart said from the doorway, watching with serene approval. "Check for yourself. Confirm what your body already knows."

Ling's hand trembled as she reached between her own legs. Her fingers came away

glistening. The thick, clear fluid stretched in a shining thread between her fingertips and her swollen folds.

"I… I have it," she whispered, staring. "I'm producing nectar too."

The women's faces lit with joy.

"Of course you are," Naomi said, kissing her temple. "You were made for this. The poor orphan girl who never had a true home—now you will be filled with purpose every day."

They helped her into the robe properly, adjusting the panels so everything remained covered yet instantly accessible. Ling felt strange and beautiful and strangely safe all at once. Her body hummed. She was confused—why did this feel so good? Was this really purity?—but the confusion only made her more eager to please them.

"Tomorrow your private devotion training begins in earnest," Pastor Hart said, stepping close and brushing a strand of hair from Ling's face. "Tonight you rest. But first, the Sisters will give you a small taste of what is to come, so you understand the blessing you have received."

The four chosen women gathered around her. Rachel's fingers returned to her nipples, pinching and rolling with steady purpose. Naomi's hand slipped between her thighs again, two fingers parting her folds and circling the tender bud at the center. Sophia and Abigail supported her, murmuring soft encouragements.

"Breathe, little one," Sophia whispered. "Let it flow. This is your offering."

Ling’s head fell back. Her hips moved without permission. The sensations built fast—too fast —and she made a small, desperate sound.

“Not yet,” Pastor Hart said calmly from the side. “She must learn control. But feel how quickly her body responds. Excellent.”

They worked her with patient, knowing touches until Ling was trembling, nectar dripping down her inner thighs, breath coming in soft whimpers. She wanted to beg. She wanted to be good. She wanted to be pure for them more than she had ever wanted anything.

When they finally stopped, Ling sagged against Abigail, panting.

“You did beautifully,” Pastor Hart said, voice warm with approval. “Tomorrow we will continue. For now, Elias will show you to your room. Rest well. You are home.”

Ling looked up, dazed and glowing. The women smiled at her with the serene certainty of people who knew exactly what she needed.

“Thank you,” she said, voice small but fervent. “Thank you for choosing me. I want to be pure. I want to learn everything you teach me.”

Pastor Hart’s hand rested on her head like a blessing.

“We know, little one. And we will teach you until there is nothing left of the confused orphan girl—only a vessel overflowing with holy nectar and perfect devotion.”

Ling shivered with something that felt like both fear and the deepest longing she had ever known.

Elias appeared in the doorway, quiet and steady as ever.

“This way, Miss Carson,” he said gently. “Your room is ready.”

As she followed him down the quiet hallway, robe whispering against her still-sensitive skin, Ling Carson felt the first true stirrings of the life she had been chosen for. She was confused. She was aroused. And she was more eager than she had ever been to prove herself worthy.

She would be pure for them.

She would be perfect.

She would make them proud.

Whatever that required.

Chapter 2

The Circle of Sisters

Ling followed Rachel down the wide hallway, the intern’s robe whispering against her legs with every step. Her body still hummed from the gentle touching during the outfit fitting. She could feel the faint slickness between her thighs and the way her nipples remained tight against the soft fabric. Part of her was confused — *Is this really what purity feels like?* — but a louder part of her was simply thrilled. She had been chosen. She was home.

They entered a bright, sunlit room arranged in a wide circle of comfortable chairs. Twelve women were already seated, all of them attractive, warm-looking mothers in their twenties and thirties, dressed in modest but flattering clothes. The moment Ling stepped inside, every face turned toward her with genuine delight.

“There she is,” one of them said warmly. “Our new little sister.”

“Come sit by me, sweetheart,” another called, patting the empty chair beside her. “We’ve been so excited to meet you.”

Ling took the seat, cheeks warm. The women introduced themselves one by one — soft voices, kind eyes, names like Elena, Miriam, Grace, and Tessa. They smelled of vanilla and fresh laundry and something faintly sweet Ling couldn’t name. She felt small and precious among them.

Pastor Lydia Hart entered last and took the chair directly across from Ling. She smiled that same serene, certain smile.

“Before we begin our regular meeting,” the Pastor said, “I want to formally welcome Ling Carson, this year’s Purity Intern. She has lived a life of exceptional purity despite being orphaned so young. We are honored to guide her.”

A soft murmur of approval moved around the circle. Several women reached over to squeeze Ling’s hands or pat her knee.

“You poor thing,” Miriam said gently. “No real family, no one to show you the way. But you’re not alone anymore. We will take care of you.”

Ling’s throat tightened. She sat up straighter. “Thank you. I… I really want to be pure for all of you. I want to learn everything.”

“That’s exactly why you were chosen,” Pastor Hart said with calm authority. “Now, Sisters, let us go over the calendar for the coming weeks so our new intern understands the beautiful path ahead of her.”

The meeting began.

Elena opened a leather-bound planner. “First on the calendar is the Nectar Festival in three weeks. We will need abundant offerings this year. Every Sister will contribute, and of course our new intern will be central to the ceremonies. Special worship sessions have already been scheduled for the evenings leading

up to it.”

Ling’s heart beat faster at the word *worship*. She didn’t fully understand yet, but the way the women smiled when they said it made her stomach flutter.

Grace leaned forward. “The special worship sessions will be especially meaningful this year. Our intern will have the opportunity to demonstrate her growing devotion in front of the full congregation. It is such a blessing to be able to serve that way.”

Several heads nodded. Ling felt a rush of heat between her legs. She wanted that. She wanted to demonstrate whatever they asked.

Naomi spoke next, her voice soft but excited. “We’ve also scheduled periods of sacrifice beginning next week. Short at first, then longer as our intern’s devotion deepens. Sacrifice is such a beautiful way to prepare the wellspring. The longer we wait, the more powerful the offering becomes.”

Ling shifted in her chair. She didn’t know exactly what “sacrifice” meant in this context, but the way the women said it — with reverence and a hint of knowing hunger — made her thighs press together.

“And of course,” Pastor Hart added, “there will be several divine showings scheduled throughout the month. Those moments when the Spirit moves so strongly through the body that it must be witnessed. Our intern will be learning how to show divine properly. It is one of the most sacred expressions of purity we have.”

The women around the circle made soft sounds of agreement. Some closed their eyes briefly as if in prayer. Ling sat very still, her pulse racing. Every word they spoke seemed to settle somewhere low in her belly and bloom into warmth. She was confused — *Divine

showings? Sacrifice?* — but she was also desperately eager. She wanted to be part of all of it. She wanted them to be proud of her.

The discussion continued for nearly an hour. They spoke about upcoming fellowship dinners, youth group activities, and garden work days, but every topic eventually circled back to the spiritual calendar and the role Ling would play. The women’s voices stayed calm and maternal, yet every sentence carried a quiet, confident heat that made Ling’s skin prickle.

When the meeting finally ended, the women rose and gathered around her again. Hands stroked her hair, her shoulders, her arms. They told her how beautiful she was, how perfect she was for this role, how lucky the church was to have such a pure-hearted orphan to guide.

“You’re going to be wonderful,” Tessa said, cupping Ling’s face. “We can already feel how responsive your body is. That’s a gift.”

Ling’s cheeks burned, but she smiled brightly. “Thank you, Sister Tessa. I want to be the best intern you’ve ever had. I want to be pure for you.”

They led her next to a smaller parlor where the six jars of nectar waited on the low table. Ling tasted each one again, more slowly this time, letting the thick sweetness coat her tongue while the women watched with gentle smiles. She chose the same four as before — Rachel, Naomi, Sophia, and Abigail — and they beamed with quiet pride.

“These four will be your primary guides,” Pastor Hart confirmed. “The rest of us will assist whenever needed. You have chosen well.”

After the tasting, they walked the grounds together. Elias was trimming roses near the side path. When he saw Ling, he straightened and gave her that same steady, kind nod.

“Miss Carson,” he said quietly. “The roses are especially fragrant today. Would you like to take one for your room?”

Ling felt an immediate wave of safety at the sight of him. “Yes, please. Thank you, Elias.”

He cut a perfect bloom and handed it to her, his gloved fingers brushing hers for only a second. “You’re settling in well, I hope.”

“I am,” she said, and meant it. “Everyone is so… kind.”

His eyes held hers for a moment longer than necessary. “They take good care of their own here. You’re in the right place.”

Something warm and complicated twisted in Ling’s chest. She wanted to hug him. She wanted him to pat her head like a father would. Instead she clutched the rose and followed the women back inside.

The rest of the afternoon passed in a gentle blur of introductions, small tasks, and quiet conversations. Everywhere Ling went, the women touched her — a hand on her lower back, fingers brushing her wrist, an arm around her shoulders. Each touch sent fresh sparks through her body. By the time the sun began to set, she was in a constant state of low, humming arousal. Her nipples ached. Her panties were damp. And she was more eager than ever to prove herself worthy.

That evening, after a simple dinner where the women once again treated her like a beloved younger sister, Ling was shown to her room. She changed into a soft nightgown the church had provided and climbed into bed. The rose Elias had given her sat in a small vase on the nightstand.

She lay in the dark, staring at the ceiling, body restless and hot. Her hand drifted between her legs almost without thinking. She was so wet. So sensitive. She

didn’t dare touch herself the way she wanted to — not yet, not without permission — but she pressed her thighs together and remembered every hand that had touched her that day, every calm voice telling her she was pure, every mention of festivals and worship and sacrifice and divine showings.

Tears pricked her eyes. She was confused. She was overwhelmed. But more than anything, she was desperately, achingly eager.

“I want to be pure,” she whispered into the darkness. “I want to be good for them. I want them to be proud of their little orphan girl.”

Her hips shifted restlessly against the sheets. The ache between her legs was almost painful in its sweetness.

Tomorrow, she told herself, they would begin teaching her properly. Tomorrow she would learn what real devotion felt like.

For now, she closed her eyes, clutched the edge of the blanket, and let the extreme arousal and the deep, confusing longing carry her into sleep.

Chapter 3

The Second Fitting

Ling woke the next morning with her body already awake. The thin nightgown clung to her skin where she had sweated in the night. Between her legs she was slick and swollen, the ache from yesterday still present, deeper now. She lay still for a long moment, staring at the ceiling, one hand resting lightly on her lower belly.

This can’t be normal, she thought. *They touched me so gently yesterday, and now I feel like this all the time.* But the thought was quickly followed by another, louder one: *I want more. I want them to touch me again. I want to be pure for them.*

She dressed in the intern’s robe from the day before and made her way to the dining room. The women greeted her with the same warm smiles and soft hands on her shoulders. Breakfast was cheerful and ordinary — talk of gardens and Sunday school and whose turn it was to bring snacks for the youth group. No one mentioned nectar or devotion or the way Ling kept shifting in her seat because her body would not settle.

After the meal, Pastor Lydia Hart approached her with that same serene certainty.

“Ling, we’ve decided your robe needs a second fitting,” she said. “The first one was only to get you covered. Today we adjust it properly so it serves your new life here. It must allow full access for your training while still appearing modest to the outside world. The Sisters will help you.”

Ling’s heart jumped. “Yes, Pastor. Thank you. I want it to be perfect.”

Rachel, Naomi, Sophia, and Abigail led her to the same sunlit dressing room. The robe was removed with calm efficiency. Ling stood naked in the center of the room while the four women circled her, measuring tapes and pins in hand, murmuring to one another about seams and openings and how the fabric should drape.

“The original cut was too restrictive,” Rachel explained as she ran the measuring tape around Ling’s hips. “We need wider access here… and here.” Her fingers brushed the inside of Ling’s thigh, then higher, parting her folds for only a second before moving on. Ling’s breath caught.

Sophia knelt in front of her, adjusting the hem. “And the bodice must open easily for the gates of the temple.” Her hands slid up Ling’s stomach and cupped both breasts, thumbs circling the nipples with slow, deliberate pressure. “See how they respond already? So eager. So pure.”

Ling’s knees softened. “Yes, Sister Sophia. I… I feel it.”

Naomi stepped behind her, pressing close so Ling could feel the warmth of her body through her own simple shift. “We must make sure the back panels lift cleanly as well.” Her hands smoothed down Ling’s spine, then lower, parting her cheeks gently and tracing the sensitive skin there before returning to the small of her back. Every touch was purposeful, unhurried, and accompanied by soft spiritual commentary.

“Your body was made for this offering, little one,” Naomi murmured. “The poor orphan girl who never had anyone to guide her… now your temple will be tended every day.”

They worked on the robe for nearly an hour, but the actual sewing and pinning took only a fraction of that time. Most of the hour was spent with hands on Ling’s body — adjusting, testing, “checking the fit” by sliding fingers beneath the fabric, rubbing, circling, pressing. They took turns. Rachel spent long minutes on her nipples, rolling and pinching until they stood dark and tight, while murmuring about how beautiful her offerings would be during the upcoming nectar festival. Sophia focused between her legs, two fingers parting her folds and stroking with patient, knowing pressure that made Ling’s hips rock forward.

Every time Ling grew close — her breath hitching, her thighs trembling, a soft desperate sound escaping her — one of the women would pause, smile, and speak in that calm, superior voice.

“Not yet, little one,” Abigail said gently when Ling whimpered and pushed against Sophia’s hand. “Your nectar must be offered at the proper time. We are only preparing the temple today.”

They would stop. They would praise her for how responsive she was. They would adjust a seam or add a hidden tie, then begin again somewhere else — a thumb circling her clit while Rachel held her open, or warm palms kneading her breasts while Naomi whispered mantras into her ear.

“My body is a sacred vessel,” Ling repeated loudly, voice shaking but fervent. “My nectar is holy proof of my devotion! I want to be pure for you! Please make me pure!”

The women smiled at one another over her head, pleased.

By the time the second fitting was complete, Ling was shaking. Her thighs were wet to the knees. Her nipples throbbed. She had been brought to the edge so many times she had lost count, always stopped with gentle spiritual explanations and soft kisses to her forehead or cheeks. The new robe was beautiful — still modest from the outside, but with clever hidden panels and lifts that would allow instant access anywhere the Sisters chose.

“You look perfect,” Pastor Hart said when she returned to inspect the finished garment. She ran her hands slowly over Ling’s body through the fabric, testing the new openings. “This robe will serve you well during worship sessions… during sacrifice periods… and especially during divine showings.”

Ling’s whole body flushed hot at the words. She wanted those things. She wanted them so badly it hurt.

The rest of the day passed in a gentle haze of more world-building. Elias showed her the greenhouse and the small orchard behind the main building. He spoke quietly about the roses and the vegetables the church grew for the food pantry. Ling walked beside him, robe brushing her sensitive skin with every step, and felt that same safe, fatherly pull toward him. He never touched her inappropriately, but his calm presence made the constant ache between her legs feel almost bearable.

“You’re doing well here,” he said at one point, voice low. “They’re good women. They know how to care for someone like you.”

“Someone like me?” Ling asked softly.

“Someone who never had a real home,” he answered. “Someone who wants to belong.”

Her eyes stung. She nodded.

That evening, after another ordinary dinner full of laughter and ordinary talk, Ling returned to her room. The new robe hung on the back of the door. She changed into her nightgown and climbed into bed, but sleep would not come.

Her body was on fire. Every brush of the sheets against her nipples made her gasp. Between her legs she was swollen and dripping. She pressed her thighs together and rocked gently, but it only made the ache worse. She thought of all the hands that had touched her today — the way they had groped and stroked and teased without ever letting her finish. She thought of the calendar the women had discussed: the nectar festival, the special worship sessions, the periods of sacrifice, the divine showings. She thought of Elias's kind eyes and the way the Sisters called her "little one" and "poor orphan girl" with such loving certainty.

Tears slipped down her temples.

"I'm so confused," she whispered to the dark. "It feels too good. It can't be wrong if they say it's holy… right?"

Her hand drifted between her legs again. She touched herself lightly, just enough to feel how wet she was, then stopped. She didn't have permission. Not yet.

Tomorrow, she told herself. Tomorrow they would begin her real training. Tomorrow she would learn what true devotion felt like.

For now she lay there, body trembling with extreme, unrelieved arousal, heart full of desperate eagerness and a deep, growing need to belong.

She closed her eyes and whispered the phrases they had taught her until sleep finally took her.

"My body is a sacred vessel.

My nectar is holy.

I want to be pure for them.

I want to be their good little orphan girl."

Chapter 4

The Gates of the Temple

Ling woke before dawn, the new robe hanging on the door like a promise. Her body was already awake — nipples tight, the space between her thighs slick and aching from yesterday's long, teasing fitting. She lay still for several minutes, breathing through the confusion and the hunger that had taken root inside her.

They stopped me every time, she thought. *They said it wasn't time yet. But it felt so good…* The thought made fresh nectar well between her legs. She pressed her thighs together and whispered the phrases she had been taught.

"My body is a sacred vessel. My nectar is holy."

When Rachel came to fetch her, Ling was already dressed and waiting.

“Today we begin in earnest,” Rachel said with quiet certainty. “Private devotion training. Are you ready, little one?”

“Yes, Sister Rachel,” Ling answered loudly, voice bright with eagerness. “I want to learn. I want to be pure for all of you.”

The private devotion chamber was prepared. Soft golden light. The low padded platform in the center. The four main trainers — Rachel, Naomi, Sophia, and Abigail — stood waiting in their simple white shifts. Pastor Lydia Hart was not present yet. This first session belonged to the four who had been chosen.

They helped Ling onto the platform and opened the new robe at the front, leaving her covered from the shoulders down but completely exposed from the neck to the knees. The hidden panels made everything instantly accessible.

Rachel stepped forward first, her hands calm and sure.

“We begin at the gates of the temple,” she said. “The nipples are the first points of offering. When they are tended properly, nectar begins to flow from deeper within.”

Her fingers slipped inside the robe and found Ling’s breasts. She circled the nipples slowly, then pinched and rolled them with patient skill. Ling gasped, back arching.

“Feel how quickly they respond,” Naomi observed from beside her. “Already they are tight and dark. Your body knows what it was made for.”

Rachel continued the steady rhythm. Ling’s hips began to shift on the platform.

“Repeat after me,” Rachel instructed. “Your body is a temple of nectar.”

“Your body is a temple of nectar!” Ling cried out, voice ringing through the quiet room.

“Your nectar is the proof of your devotion.”

“Your nectar is the proof of my devotion!”

They worked her nipples for long minutes, sometimes both women touching her at once, sometimes one while the others watched and praised. Every time Ling grew close to something she could not name, they slowed or stopped, speaking over her soft whimpers with calm spiritual certainty.

“Not yet,” Abigail said gently when Ling’s breathing turned ragged. “The offering must be prepared. We are only opening the gates.”

By the time they finally withdrew their hands, Ling’s nipples were swollen and throbbing. She stared down at her own body, breathing hard, and felt a fresh rush of nectar between her legs.

“I’m… I’m already producing so much,” she whispered, awed by the wetness she could feel coating her inner thighs.

“Yes,” Sophia said, pride in her voice. “Your body is responding beautifully. This is what purity looks like here.”

They gave her a moment to breathe, stroking her hair and murmuring how proud they were of their eager little orphan. Then Rachel’s hand slid lower.

“Now we examine the center of your devotion,” she said. “The pearl at the heart of the temple. It must be tested with every method so we may learn how best to draw your nectar.”

Two of Rachel’s fingers parted Ling’s folds. She circled the swollen bud with slow, deliberate pressure — not enough to finish, just enough to make Ling cry out and lift her hips.

“Oh— Sister Rachel— it feels so strong—”

“Repeat the phrases,” Naomi reminded her.

“My body is a temple of nectar! My nectar is the proof of my devotion!”

Rachel’s fingers never stopped their steady circling. Ling’s thighs began to shake. She was close — so close — when Rachel simply lifted her hand away.

Ling sobbed in frustration, nectar pouring from her in a fresh rush that soaked the platform beneath her.

“Not yet,” Rachel said, voice full of maternal certainty. “Feel how much your body is offering. This is beautiful.”

They let her settle, then Naomi selected the small vibrating tool from the side table. “We test the vibrating method next,” she said.

The low hum filled the room. Naomi pressed the rounded head directly against Ling’s clit and held it there with perfect pressure. Ling’s entire body seized.

“Too much— I’m going to— please— may I offer?”

“Not yet,” Naomi answered calmly, lifting the tool away just as Ling’s orgasm began to crest.

Ling cried out, tears slipping from the corners of her eyes. Her nectar was everywhere now — coating her thighs, the platform beneath her, dripping steadily onto the floor. She stared down at herself in wonder.

“I’ve never produced this much before,” she said, voice small and awed. “It’s… it’s so much.”

The four women smiled at one another with quiet satisfaction.

“Your body is learning,” Sophia said, kissing Ling’s damp forehead. “Every denial deepens the wellspring. This is how true devotion is built.”

They continued the clitoral examination for another long stretch — fingers again, then the vibrator at different settings and angles — always stopping just before release. Ling repeated every mantra they gave her at the top of her voice, her confusion and overwhelming arousal tangled together until she could no longer tell them apart. She wanted to be good. She wanted to be pure. She wanted them to keep touching her forever.

When they finally paused, Ling was trembling, robe open, body glistening with nectar from her navel to her knees. The four trainers gathered close, stroking her hair and praising her loudly offered enthusiasm.

“You are doing so well, little one,” Rachel said. “Tomorrow we will continue the examination. For now, rest. Your body has offered beautifully today.”

Ling lay on the platform for several minutes after they left, staring at the ceiling, heart pounding, thighs still twitching. She was confused. She was more aroused than she had ever been in her life. And she was more eager than ever to prove herself worthy of their guidance.

Tomorrow, she thought. Tomorrow they would go further.

She closed her eyes and whispered the phrases until her breathing finally slowed.

“My body is a temple of nectar.

My nectar is the proof of my devotion.

I want to be pure for them.”

Chapter 5

The Depths of the Temple

Ling was still trembling when the four women returned to the devotion chamber. Her body had not settled from the previous session. Nectar continued to seep slowly from her, a constant warm reminder of how close she had been brought and how carefully she had been denied.

Rachel smiled down at her with serene approval.

“We continue the examination of the center of your devotion,” she said. “Today we test the remaining methods.”

They positioned her again on the platform, robe open, knees drawn up and parted. Naomi selected the suction tool from the side table — a soft, flexible cup attached to a gentle pump.

“We test the suction method now,” Naomi explained. “It draws the pearl outward and creates rhythmic pressure. This often produces the strongest nectar flow.”

She sealed the cup over Ling’s swollen clit and began the slow, pulsing suction. Ling’s back arched instantly.

“Oh— oh God— Sister Naomi— it’s too much—”

“Repeat the phrases,” Sophia reminded her gently.

“My body is a temple of nectar!” Ling cried out, voice cracking. “My nectar is the proof of my devotion!”

The suction continued in steady waves. Ling’s thighs shook violently. She could feel her clit being drawn into the cup, the rhythmic pull sending lightning through her entire pelvis. Nectar poured from her in thick rivulets, soaking the cloth beneath her.

“I’m close— I’m so close— please— may I offer?”

“Not yet,” Naomi said calmly, releasing the suction just as Ling’s body began to seize.

Ling sobbed, hips bucking helplessly against nothing. Fresh nectar gushed from her in a heavy rush. She stared down at herself, eyes wide with awe.

“It’s… it’s even more than before,” she whispered. “I didn’t know my body could produce this much.”

The women exchanged quiet, satisfied glances.

“Your temple is opening beautifully,” Abigail said, stroking Ling’s damp hair. “Every denial teaches it to offer more.”

They gave her only a moment before Sophia took her place between Ling’s spread thighs.

“Last method for the clitoral examination,” Sophia said softly. “The tongue and mouth. This is the most intimate way to draw nectar directly from the source.”

She lowered her head. Her tongue was warm, wet, and devastatingly precise — broad slow licks followed by focused flicking, then gentle suction with her lips. Ling’s hands flew to her own hair, gripping hard.

“ Sister Sophia— oh— oh please— I can’t— I’m going to—”

Sophia pulled back at the exact moment Ling’s orgasm began to crest. Ling wailed in desperate frustration, nectar flooding from her in a powerful surge that splashed against Sophia’s chin and lips.

Sophia licked her lips slowly, eyes half-lidded with quiet pleasure.

“Extraordinary,” she murmured. “The amount of nectar you are producing is a clear sign of your growing devotion.”

Ling lay panting, tears slipping down her temples, body twitching with unrelieved need. She was awed. She was overwhelmed. And she was more eager than ever to continue.

The four women gathered the tools for the next phase of the examination. On the side table now lay an array of phallic instruments — smooth glass, textured silicone, each one clearly cared for and blessed in their own way.

“We move now to the penetration phase,” Rachel said. “We will test fingers first, then each tool internally. You will tell us which combinations bring your body the strongest pleasure. Those four will become your signature devotion tools for all future training.”

Ling nodded fervently, voice loud and clear despite her trembling.

“Yes, Sisters. I want to find them. I want to be tested completely.”

They began with fingers — first two, then three — curling and pressing with expert knowledge of her body. Ling moaned and pushed down onto them, reporting every sensation.

“The curved pressure inside… it touches something so deep…”

Next came the smooth straight dildo. Then the gently curved one. Then the ribbed version that made her cry out the loudest so far. Then the one with the softly bulbed end that stretched her in a way that made her vision blur. Finally the powerful internal vibrator, used at varying speeds and depths.

They tested combinations — angle, depth, speed, pressure — while Ling repeated every mantra they gave her between gasps and moans. Each time she grew close, they withdrew the tool or slowed to a stop, speaking over her desperate pleas with calm certainty.

“Not yet, little one,” Rachel said again and again. “We are still learning what pleases your temple most. The offering must wait.”

By the end of the testing, four clear winners had been identified:

- The gently curved dildo for its perfect internal pressure

- The ribbed dildo for its intense texture

- The bulbed-end dildo for its deep stretching fullness

- The powerful internal vibrator for its overwhelming rhythmic intensity

These four were set aside reverently on a small silver tray.

“These will be your primary instruments of devotion,” Naomi declared with quiet triumph. “Every future session will make use of them.”

Ling stared at the four tools, breathing hard, body still pulsing with denied need. She was exhausted. She was dripping with nectar. She was more confused than ever — and more devoted than she had ever imagined possible.

The soft chime of the meal bell sounded from somewhere in the building.

Rachel smiled and helped Ling sit up, closing the robe with gentle hands.

“Meal break,” she said. “You have done beautifully today. Come. Everyone is waiting.”

They led her from the devotion chamber. Ling walked on unsteady legs, robe once again modest and proper, her body still humming with extreme, unrelieved arousal. As they entered the dining hall, the same women who had spent the morning with their fingers, tools, and tongues inside her were now laughing and chatting about ordinary things — school projects, new recipes, whose husband was working late.

No one mentioned the examination. No one acknowledged the way Ling’s thighs still glistened or the way she kept shifting in her seat. They simply passed her food, asked about her favorite subjects, and treated her like any beloved younger sister who belonged exactly where she was.

Ling ate in a daze, the normalcy of it all sinking into her like warm water. *This is just daily life here,* she thought. *They do this every day. And I get to be part of it.*

She glanced around the table at their kind, attractive faces and felt a deep, aching gratitude mixed with the constant, throbbing need between her legs.

Chapter 6

The First Offering

Ling returned to the devotion chamber after the meal with her body still humming and her mind spinning. The ordinary chatter around the dining table had done something strange to her — it had made the entire morning feel normal. This was simply what happened here. This was daily life. She was no longer an outsider. She belonged.

The four main trainers were already waiting. Pastor Lydia Hart stood at the head of the platform in her cream-colored robe, the silver cord at her waist gleaming in the soft light. She smiled at Ling with that same calm, unshakable certainty.

“Welcome back, little one,” the Pastor said. “You have been tested and prepared. Now we bring everything together. Today you will receive your first four devotion orgasms. Each will be given by a different hand so you may learn the

full range of your offering. You will not be denied this time. You will be permitted to offer everything."

Ling's knees nearly buckled. Her voice rang out loud and fervent.

"Yes, Pastor! Yes, Sisters! I want to offer everything. I want to be pure for you!"

They helped her onto the platform and opened the robe completely. Her body was already glistening. The four signature tools waited on the silver tray beside her: the gently curved dildo, the ribbed dildo, the bulbed-end dildo, and the powerful internal vibrator.

Pastor Hart stepped forward first, her hands sliding inside the robe to find Ling's breasts.

"We begin with combined stimulation," she said. "Nipples and penetration together. This is how true devotion is awakened."

Her fingers worked Ling's nipples with slow, commanding pressure while Rachel took the curved dildo and slid it deep inside her in one smooth motion. Ling cried out, back bowing.

"Oh— yes— yes— my body is a temple of nectar!"

Rachel knelt between Ling's spread thighs. With her right hand she gripped the base of the curved dildo and began thrusting it in steady, powerful strokes, angling the smooth curve upward so the head dragged relentlessly across the front wall of Ling's cunt with every inward push, hitting that swollen, sensitive spot deep inside over and over. At the same time, the fingers of her left hand spread Ling's soaked folds wide and rubbed her swollen clit in tight, fast circles — direct, unrelenting pressure on the slippery pearl, flicking and pressing in perfect rhythm with the dildo's thrusts. The geometry was precise: Rachel's body leaned in close, one arm braced on the platform for leverage while her hands worked independently — the right driving the curved length in and out with wet, filthy sounds, the left tormenting the exposed clit with slick, insistent fingers that never lost contact. Ling's hips bucked wildly against the dual assault.

The combination was overwhelming. The curved dildo stroked that perfect internal spot with every thrust while the Pastor's fingers rolled and pinched her nipples. Ling's hips moved frantically. She was already close — so close — when Rachel withdrew the dildo and the Pastor lifted her hands.

"Not yet," the Pastor said gently. "We are preparing the offering. The first devotion will come soon."

They continued the combined stimulation for long minutes — different angles, different rhythms — until Ling was sobbing with need, nectar pouring from her in thick waves. Only then did they stop.

Rachel took her position between Ling’s spread thighs once more.

“This first devotion is given with fingers and the curved dildo,” she said. “The tool that first showed us your deepest pleasure.”

Rachel settled in close. She held the curved dildo in her right hand and thrust it deep into Ling’s dripping cunt in long, filthy strokes, the smooth curve grinding against her G-spot with every inward push. At the exact same time, the fingers of her left hand worked Ling’s clit with ruthless precision — two fingers rubbing hard, fast circles directly on the swollen, slippery bud while her thumb occasionally flicked the tip. The position was intimate and graphic: Rachel’s face hovered inches above Ling’s spread pussy, watching every wet thrust of the dildo as it disappeared inside her, coated in thick nectar, while her left hand stayed glued to Ling’s clit, never breaking contact, rubbing and pressing with expert, relentless pressure that made Ling’s thighs shake violently. The wet, obscene sounds of the dildo plunging in and out mixed with the slick noise of fingers working her clit filled the quiet room.

Ling’s voice rose in a desperate chant.

“My body is a temple of nectar! My nectar is the proof of my devotion! Please— please let me offer— I want to be pure!”

“You may offer,” Pastor Hart said calmly from beside her. “Give us your first devotion.”

The orgasm crashed through Ling like a wave breaking. She screamed, body seizing, thighs clamping hard around Rachel’s wrist as her cunt convulsed violently around the curved dildo. Thick, creamy nectar gushed out in powerful pulses with every thrust, splashing against Rachel’s hand and soaking the platform. Rachel kept fucking her through it — deep, steady strokes of the dildo while her fingers rubbed Ling’s clit in tight, merciless circles, drawing every last spasm out of her until Ling was shaking and sobbing.

“ One,” the Pastor counted softly.

Ling lay shaking, tears streaming down her face, overwhelmed by the intensity. She had never come like that before. She had never felt so completely seen and claimed.

Naomi stepped forward next, the powerful vibrator in one hand and the ribbed dildo in the other.

“This second devotion is given with the vibration tool and the ribbed dildo,” she said. “The combination that made your body sing the loudest during testing.”

She slid the ribbed dildo inside Ling’s still-pulsing cunt and turned the vibrator on high, pressing the head directly against her swollen, oversensitive clit while thrusting the ribbed length in and out with wet, filthy strokes. The dual sensation

was devastating — the textured ridges dragging along her inner walls while the vibrator buzzed relentlessly against her clit, making her entire pelvis jerk and twitch. Naomi's position was deliberate: she leaned over Ling, one hand driving the ribbed dildo deep with every thrust, the other holding the vibrator pressed hard and steady against Ling's clit, grinding it in small circles as Ling's nectar coated both tools and her own fingers.

"I'm going to— too much— oh God—"

"You may offer," Pastor Hart said again. "Give us your second devotion."

The second orgasm hit even harder. Ling wailed, body bucking wildly, cunt clamping down around the ribbed dildo as thick nectar sprayed out in messy pulses with every thrust. Naomi kept the vibrator glued to her clit through the entire climax, working her relentlessly until Ling was gasping and limp.

"Two."

Sophia moved into place, suction tool in hand and the bulbed-end dildo ready.

"This third devotion is given with the suction tool and the bulbed-end dildo," she said. "The combination that stretched and drew you the deepest."

She sealed the suction cup over Ling's clit and began the rhythmic pulling while slowly working the thick, bulbed dildo inside her, stretching her cunt wide with every deliberate thrust. The suction tugged her swollen clit outward in pulsing waves while the bulbed head pressed and dragged against every sensitive spot inside. Sophia's hands moved with graphic precision — one holding the suction steady, the other gripping the base of the dildo and fucking Ling with slow, deep strokes that made wet, filthy sounds with every withdrawal.

"I can't— I can't hold it— please— please let me offer—"

"You may offer," the Pastor said. "Give us your third devotion."

The third orgasm tore through Ling with raw force. She screamed until her voice cracked, body convulsing, cunt spasming hard around the bulbed dildo as nectar flooded out in heavy, messy waves that soaked Sophia's hands and ran down her thighs. Sophia kept the suction locked on her clit and the dildo buried deep, fucking her through every aftershock until Ling went limp and trembling.

"Three."

Finally, Pastor Lydia Hart herself took her place between Ling's thighs. She set the tools aside for a moment and looked up at Ling with deep, maternal pride.

"This final devotion is given with my tongue and mouth and the internal vibrator," she said. "The tool that overwhelmed you most completely."

She turned the vibrator on low and slid it deep inside Ling’s dripping, oversensitive cunt, then lowered her head and took Ling’s swollen, oversensitive clit between her lips with reverent hunger. Her tongue moved in slow, commanding circles while the vibrator pulsed inside her, the wet sounds of her mouth working Ling’s clit mixing with the low hum of the toy. The Pastor’s position was intimate and filthy — her face buried between Ling’s spread thighs, lips sealed around her clit as she sucked and licked with focused intensity, one hand steadily working the vibrator in and out of her soaked cunt.

“Pastor— oh Pastor— I’m going to— I’m going to offer again— please— please—”

“You may offer,” Pastor Hart murmured against her. “Give us your fourth devotion. Offer everything.”

The fourth orgasm was the most powerful yet. Ling came with a raw, broken scream, thighs clamping around the Pastor’s head, body bowing completely off the platform as her cunt convulsed violently around the vibrator and thick nectar flooded the woman’s mouth in heavy, pulsing waves. Pastor Hart drank from her without hesitation, tongue still working her clit through every spasm until Ling’s body finally went slack and trembling.

“Four,” the Pastor said softly, lifting her glistening face. “You have offered beautifully, little one.”

They gathered around her, stroking her hair, kissing her cheeks, wiping the tears from her face with gentle fingers. Ling lay there, robe open, body glowing and spent, heart overflowing with something she could not yet name.

“You are no longer the confused orphan,” Pastor Hart said, voice full of quiet triumph. “You are our devoted intern. Your body knows the way now. Every day we will deepen this. Every week you will show the congregation how pure you have become.”

Ling looked up at them through tear-blurred eyes, overwhelmed, hooked, and more certain than she had ever been in her life.

“Thank you,” she whispered, then louder, the way they liked. “Thank you for teaching me. I want to be pure for you every single day.”

Pastor Hart smiled and pressed a kiss to her forehead.

“You already are, little one. And you will be more so tomorrow.”

Chapter 7

The First Showing

Three days had passed since Ling received her first four devotion orgasms. Each morning the trainers rotated through her chamber — sometimes Rachel and Naomi together, sometimes Sophia alone with the Pastor observing, sometimes all four guiding her through long, drawn- out sessions that left her trembling and soaked. Every release was granted only after she had begged loudly, repeating the sacred phrases until her voice grew hoarse. Each time she came, the women praised her with the same gentle certainty, telling her how beautifully her body offered its nectar, how pure she was becoming.

By the fourth morning, Ling had stopped counting how many times she had been brought to climax. The pleasure no longer felt separate from her daily life. It simply *was*.

On the fifth day, the entire congregation gathered in the main hall for the weekly showing.

Ling stood at the front of the room wearing only her open intern robe, the hidden panels pulled aside so nothing was concealed. Thirty women sat in neat rows, all of them attractive, warm-faced mothers in their twenties and thirties, watching her with soft, approving smiles. Pastor Lydia Hart stood beside her, one hand resting lightly on Ling’s shoulder.

“Today our intern will demonstrate the devotion she has learned,” the Pastor announced. “Watch how her body responds. See the proof of her growing purity.”

They began with simple nipple work. Rachel and Naomi stood on either side of Ling, each taking one breast in hand. Their fingers circled and tugged with practiced rhythm while Ling stood tall, repeating the phrases at full volume.

“My body is a temple of nectar! My nectar is the proof of my devotion!”

The women in the audience leaned forward slightly, eyes bright with quiet hunger. Ling felt their attention like warm hands on her skin. When her nipples had grown dark and stiff, the trainers moved lower. Sophia dropped to her knees in front of Ling and spread her folds with two fingers, displaying her glistening center to the entire room.

“Observe how freely she flows,” Sophia said, voice calm and instructional. “This is what happens when a young woman surrenders completely.”

She licked Ling in long, slow strokes while the congregation watched. Ling’s knees shook. Her voice cracked as she kept chanting the mantras, louder now, almost desperate.

When Sophia pulled back, nectar coated her chin in a shining layer. The women in the audience murmured soft sounds of approval. Several of them shifted in their seats, pressing their thighs together.

“Excellent,” Pastor Hart said. “Now we move to full demonstration.”

They positioned Ling on the low platform at the front of the hall. Rachel took the curved dildo and worked it deep inside her while Naomi pressed the vibrator against her clit. The combination was immediate and overwhelming. Ling came hard within minutes, crying out her thanks as her body convulsed and nectar pulsed out in thick waves around the toy. The congregation watched in reverent silence, some of them openly touching themselves through their clothes.

After the first release they gave her no rest. Sophia replaced the vibrator with the suction tool while Abigail took over the curved dildo, fucking her in steady, filthy strokes. Ling came again, louder this time, her voice echoing off the high ceiling as her cunt clenched and sprayed.

By the fourth orgasm she was sobbing with gratitude, body limp and shining with sweat and nectar. The women in the audience rose to their feet and applauded — not loud, but warm and sincere, like mothers proud of a child who had finally learned to walk.

“You have done beautifully,” Pastor Hart told her afterward, helping her close the robe. “The congregation sees your devotion now. They will carry that image with them all week.”

Ling’s legs still trembled as the women surrounded her with soft hugs and gentle kisses on her cheeks and forehead. Their affection felt like sunlight. For the first time in her life she understood what it meant to have a family that truly wanted her.

That afternoon, while the grounds were quiet, Ling found Elias trimming the hedges near the side path. He looked up when he heard her footsteps and gave her his usual quiet smile.

“Miss Carson,” he said, voice low and steady. “You’re looking well today.”

“I had my first showing this morning,” Ling told him, unable to keep the pride from her voice. “They said I did beautifully.”

Elias nodded, trimming another branch with careful precision. “I’m glad to hear it. You deserve to feel proud.”

They walked together for a while. He pointed out the new rose bushes he had planted and the small vegetable patch he tended for the church pantry. Ling asked him about his favorite flowers and he answered with the same gentle patience he always showed her. For those few minutes she felt like a normal girl talking to a kind father figure. The constant ache between her legs quieted into something softer, almost sweet.

When they reached the greenhouse, Elias paused and looked at her with quiet concern.

“If you ever need anything — extra blankets, better food, someone to talk to — you just tell me. I’ll make sure you have it.”

Ling’s throat tightened. She wanted to hug him. Instead she smiled and said, “Thank you, Elias. You’re the kindest person I’ve ever met.”

He gave her a small, almost shy smile in return. “You’re easy to be kind to.”

Later that evening, after dinner, Pastor Hart called Ling into her private office. Elias was already there, standing quietly by the window with his hands clasped in front of him. The Pastor closed the door and turned to Ling with that same serene certainty.

“Elias has served this church faithfully for many years,” she said. “He has kept himself caged for decades as an act of his own devotion. I believe it would comfort him — and strengthen your own sense of belonging — if he were permitted a small taste of your nectar.”

Ling’s heart beat faster. She looked at Elias. He stood perfectly still, eyes downcast, the outline of the metal cage visible beneath his work trousers.

“I would like that very much,” Ling said softly. “If it would help him.”

The Pastor smiled. She guided Ling to sit on the edge of the desk and gently parted her robe. With two fingers she collected a generous amount of Ling’s still-wet nectar and held it out on a small silver spoon.

“Only a taste tonight,” she said to Elias. “And you remain fully clothed and caged.”

Elias stepped forward. His hands trembled slightly as he took the spoon. He brought it to his lips and tasted Ling’s nectar for the first time. His eyes closed. A soft, reverent sound escaped him.

“Thank you,” he whispered.

The Pastor collected more on her finger and offered it next. Elias licked it clean with careful reverence, never touching Ling directly. When the Pastor finally allowed him to lean in and taste directly from the source — just one slow, careful lap of his tongue between Ling’s folds — he made a broken, grateful sound and stepped back immediately, eyes shining.

Ling watched him with a strange, warm ache in her chest. The act felt strangely comforting, almost holy. She reached out and touched his sleeve.

“You’re a good man, Elias,” she said quietly. “I’m glad you’re here.”

He looked at her then, really looked, and for a moment the careful mask slipped. She saw loneliness and gratitude and something deeper that made her want to protect him the way he seemed determined to protect her.

Pastor Hart watched them both with quiet satisfaction.

“This is only the beginning,” she said. “As your devotion grows, so will his privileges. For now, this is enough.”

That night, lying in her bed with the rose Elias had given her on the nightstand, Ling stared at the ceiling and felt the full weight of everything that had happened in one day. She had come four times in front of the entire congregation. She had learned the first steps of worship. She had shared her nectar with the kindest man she had ever known.

For the first time since arriving, the confusion inside her felt smaller than the belonging.

She whispered the phrases into the darkness until sleep took her.

“My body is a temple of nectar.

My nectar is the proof of my devotion.

I have a family now.

I am home.”

Chapter 8

Learning to Worship

The days after the second showing fell into a rhythm that felt both sacred and inevitable. Ling woke each morning already wet, her body trained to expect the trainers’ hands, mouths, and tools. The orgasms came daily — sometimes two, sometimes four — always after she had begged loudly and repeated the phrases until her voice grew raw. Each release left her shaking and grateful, nectar pouring from her in thick, rhythmic waves while the women stroked her hair and told her how pure she was becoming.

The third weekly showing was even more intense than the second. Ling came three times in front of the full congregation — once on the ribbed dildo while Rachel worked her clit, once with Sophia’s mouth sealed over her and the bulbed toy stretching her from inside, and once with the Pastor’s tongue flicking relentlessly while the vibrator pulsed deep within her. The women applauded softly when it was over, surrounding her with warm embraces and kisses that made Ling’s chest ache with belonging.

Worship training began the following morning during the regular women’s circle.

Twelve Sisters sat in the sunlit parlor discussing the upcoming nectar festival. Ling entered wearing only her open robe. Pastor Hart guided her to the center of the circle and spoke with gentle authority.

“Today you learn the true work of worship,” she said. “The clitoris is the direct doorway to the nectar. You will crawl between your Sisters, offering your mouth and tongue until each one reaches her sacred release. Collect every drop. This is how you serve your new family.”

Ling dropped to her hands and knees at once, voice bright with eagerness.

“Yes, Pastor. I want to worship all of you. I want to make every Sister come.”

She crawled first to Miriam. The woman was speaking about flower arrangements when Ling pushed her thighs apart and sealed her mouth over Miriam’s already-wet center. She licked in long, slow strokes, then sucked the swollen clit between her lips with focused hunger. Miriam’s voice faltered. Her thighs pressed against Ling’s ears as her hips began to rock.

“Oh… good girl… just like that…”

Ling sucked harder, tongue flicking rapidly. Miriam came with a soft, broken moan, thighs clamping tight around Ling’s head as nectar flooded her mouth in warm, thick pulses. Ling drank every drop, licking greedily until Miriam sagged back in her chair, breathing hard.

She crawled to the next woman without being told. Grace was mid-sentence about the youth group when Ling buried her face between her thighs and worshipped with the same desperate devotion. She sucked and licked until Grace’s hand fisted in her hair and the woman came hard, thighs squeezing Ling’s head while nectar gushed against her tongue in heavy waves.

One by one Ling moved around the circle. Each Sister was brought to orgasm by her mouth. Some came quietly, thighs trembling; others cried out, hands gripping Ling’s hair as their cunts pulsed and flooded her tongue. The room filled with the wet, filthy sounds of Ling’s mouth working and the soft, involuntary moans of the women as they came one after another. Nectar coated Ling’s chin, lips, and cheeks. Her own cunt dripped steadily onto the floor.

While she was buried between Tessa’s thighs — sucking hard on the woman’s clit while Tessa’s legs pressed against her ears — Ling heard a voice from somewhere above her. It sounded like Elena, speaking casually to the woman beside her.

“…the intern program has been an even bigger success than we hoped,” Elena said, voice light and conversational, as if discussing the weather. “We found exactly what we needed — a confused but beautiful and eager young woman with no family, desperate to belong. She provides orgasms on demand now. The plan worked perfectly.”

The words drifted through the haze of thighs and wet heat. Ling wasn’t entirely sure she had heard them correctly. Tessa’s thighs were clamped tight against her

ears, and Elena’s clit was throbbing against her tongue. The pleasure and the pressure made everything feel distant and dreamlike. She kept sucking, kept licking, kept collecting nectar, but a small, cold thread of confusion slid through her chest.

Confused… beautiful… eager… orgasms on demand…

Had she really heard that?

Before she could think about it too hard, Tessa came hard against her mouth, thighs locking around her head as fresh nectar poured down Ling’s chin. The moment passed in a rush of wet heat and praise.

When Ling finally crawled back to the center of the circle, face shiny and dripping, the women applauded softly. They pulled her into their laps one by one, kissing her nectar- smeared mouth, stroking her hair, telling her how proud they were, how perfectly she served, how much she belonged to them now. The warmth of their affection wrapped around her like a blanket. Whatever she thought she might have heard felt small and unimportant compared to this.

That afternoon, a different kind of comfort found her.

Elias was working near the greenhouse when Ling approached him. He looked up from the tomato plants and gave her his quiet, steady smile.

“You look tired today,” he said gently.

“I had worship practice this morning,” Ling admitted. She hesitated, then added, “It felt really good… but also strange. Like I was being used and loved at the same time.” Elias set down his tools and wiped his hands on a cloth. He didn’t touch her, but his presence felt solid and safe.

“You don’t have to understand everything right away,” he said. “Sometimes belonging feels complicated before it feels simple.”

They walked together along the back path. He told her about the new beehives he was building and how the honey would be used for the festival. Ling listened, feeling some of the strange unease from the morning fade. When they reached the small bench near the rose garden, she sat beside him and rested her head lightly against his shoulder. He didn’t pull away.

Later that evening the Pastor called them into her office again. This time the atmosphere felt different — quieter, more intimate.

“Elias has continued to serve faithfully,” Pastor Hart said. “Tonight he receives a longer, more direct taste as reward.”

She had Ling sit on the edge of the desk with her robe open. Elias knelt between her thighs, still fully clothed, the cage pressing visibly against his trousers. This time there was no spoon, no finger. The Pastor simply nodded.

“Take what you need,” she told him.

Elias leaned in slowly. He licked Ling with long, reverent strokes — not hurried, not greedy, but thorough, as if he were savoring every drop. His tongue moved from her entrance up to her clit and back again, collecting her nectar with careful devotion. Ling watched him with a tender ache in her chest. When he finally sealed his mouth over her clit and sucked gently, she reached down and stroked his hair without thinking.

“You’re so kind to me,” she whispered.

Elias made a soft, broken sound against her and kept licking, slower now, almost worshipful. When he finally pulled back, his eyes were glassy and his breathing unsteady.

“Thank you,” he said quietly. “Both of you.”

Pastor Hart watched them with quiet satisfaction.

“This bond is becoming something beautiful,” she said. “Our little orphan is finding the father she always needed, and you, Elias, are being given purpose beyond your work. We will continue this way — measured, supervised intimacy as reward for your service.”

That night Ling lay in bed with the strawberries Elias had brought her earlier. Her body hummed from the day’s worship and the showing, but her heart felt full in a new, complicated way. She had made every woman in the circle come with her mouth. She had heard

something strange and unsettling — or maybe she hadn’t. She had been held and praised and wanted. She had shared something tender and almost sacred with the kindest man she had ever known.

She whispered the phrases into the darkness, but this time they carried a new weight.

“My body is a temple of nectar.

My nectar is the proof of my devotion.

I have sisters who love me.

I have a father who cares for me.

I am finally home…

Aren’t I?”

Chapter 9

The Answer

The worship circle that morning felt different.

Twelve women sat in their usual places, voices calm as they discussed the final details of the nectar festival. Ling entered wearing only her open robe and dropped to her hands and knees without being told. Over the past weeks she had learned each woman's preferences with intimate precision.

She crawled first to Miriam, who loved slow, broad licks followed by gentle suction on her clit while two fingers curled inside her. Ling gave her exactly that — long, wet strokes of her tongue before sealing her lips and sucking steadily while her fingers found that perfect spot inside. Miriam's thighs pressed against Ling's ears as she came hard, nectar flooding Ling's mouth in warm, rhythmic pulses while the woman continued speaking above her.

Next was Grace, who preferred quick, firm flicks of the tongue directly on her clit while Ling's hands gripped her thighs and held her open. Ling delivered it perfectly. Grace came with a soft cry, thighs trembling as nectar gushed against Ling's tongue.

Tessa liked to be teased — slow circles around her clit for long minutes before sudden, intense suction. Ling knew this now. She circled patiently, then sucked hard and fast when Tessa's breathing changed. Tessa came with a broken moan, legs clamping around Ling's head as she flooded her mouth.

One by one Ling moved around the circle, giving each woman exactly what she had learned they craved most. Some needed fingers inside while being licked. Others wanted only her tongue, focused and relentless. A few liked to be held down gently while she sucked them through their orgasm. She knew them all now — their rhythms, their favorite pressures, the exact way to make each one come. And one by one they did, thighs pressing against her ears, hands in her hair, nectar pouring over her lips and chin as they reached their peaks.

While she was buried between Tessa's thighs, sucking hard on the woman's clit with Tessa's legs clamped tight against her ears, the words she had overheard during the previous worship session suddenly returned to her with startling clarity.

Confused but beautiful and eager young woman… provides orgasms on demand… the plan worked perfectly.

The memory hit her like cold water even as her mouth continued its work. She wasn't sure she had heard it correctly then, and she still wasn't sure now. But the words refused to leave her mind.

When Ling finally crawled back to the center of the circle, face shiny and dripping with nectar, the women pulled her into their laps one by one. They kissed her nectar-smeared mouth, stroked her hair, and told her how proud they were, how perfectly she served, how much she belonged to them now. The warmth of their affection wrapped around her like sunlight.

Still, the remembered words lingered.

That afternoon, unable to shake them, Ling went straight to Pastor Lydia Hart's office.

The Pastor looked up from her desk with her usual calm smile when Ling knocked and entered.

"Little one," she said warmly. "You look troubled. Come sit."

Ling closed the door behind her and sat on the edge of the desk, robe still open from her earlier session. She hesitated, then spoke.

"I… I think I heard something during worship yesterday. One of the Sisters said something about the intern program. About recruiting a confused but beautiful and eager young woman who provides orgasms on demand. She said the plan worked perfectly. I wasn't sure I heard it right, but… it's been bothering me ever since."

Pastor Hart rose slowly from her chair and stepped between Ling's parted thighs. She placed her hands gently on Ling's knees and looked at her with deep, maternal affection.

"Oh, sweet girl," she said softly. "You poor thing. Your mind is playing tricks on you again. We would never speak about you that way. You are our beloved intern. Our chosen one. Our family."

She leaned in and kissed Ling's forehead, then her cheek, then the corner of her mouth.

"But I can see how unsettled you are," the Pastor continued, voice low and soothing. "Let me help quiet those worries."

She guided Ling off the desk and down to her knees on the soft rug. Then she sat back in her chair, spread her own thighs, and lifted the hem of her robe.

"Worship me," she said gently. "Right here. Let me come on that pretty face while you listen to my voice. I'll answer every question you have."

Ling obeyed without hesitation. She leaned forward and pressed her mouth to the Pastor's center, licking slowly at first, then with growing hunger. The Pastor's hand came to rest on the back of Ling's head, fingers threading through her hair.

"That's it," the Pastor murmured. "Such a good girl. You were made for this, you know. Made to give pleasure. Made to serve. Made to provide exactly what we need, whenever we need it."

Ling's tongue moved faster. She sucked the Pastor's clit between her lips and flicked it with steady pressure. The hand on the back of her head pressed her

closer, guiding her face deeper between the older woman’s thighs.

“You are here because we chose you,” the Pastor continued, voice calm and certain even as her breathing grew heavier. “Because you are perfect for this. Because your body was made to offer orgasms on demand. That’s why we brought you here. That’s why you belong.”

Ling moaned against her, confused and aroused all at once. The words should have frightened her, but the pleasure of serving, of being used, of having her face pressed so firmly against the Pastor’s wet center made everything feel warm and right.

The Pastor’s thighs began to tremble. Her fingers tightened in Ling’s hair, holding her in place as she came hard against Ling’s mouth and face. Warm nectar pulsed over Ling’s lips, chin, and cheeks in thick, rhythmic waves while the Pastor held her there, grinding slowly against her face through every spasm.

When it finally passed, the Pastor gently pulled Ling’s head back and looked down at her with tender eyes. Nectar glistened across Ling’s flushed cheeks and lips.

“See?” the Pastor said softly, wiping a streak from Ling’s cheek with her thumb. “Nothing of the sort could possibly be true. We love you. We chose you because you are special. Because you were meant for this life of devotion and service.”

She helped Ling to her feet and kissed her forehead again.

“Remember, little one,” she added as she straightened Ling’s robe. “When any of us asks for an orgasm, you give it. That is your role here. That is how you show your purity. Do you understand?”

Ling nodded, still dazed, still tasting the Pastor on her lips.

“Yes, Pastor. I understand.”

The Pastor smiled and stroked her hair one last time.

“Good girl. Now go rest. You’ve had a long day.”

Ling left the office feeling strangely satisfied. Her questions had been answered. The Pastor had been kind and reassuring. Everything was fine.

And yet, as she walked back to her room, a deeper confusion settled in her chest.

She had just been told — in the gentlest, most loving way possible — that she was there to provide orgasms on demand.

And she had thanked her for it.

Chapter 10

The First Sacrifice

The shift began on a quiet Tuesday morning.

Ling had grown used to waking up already wet, already aching, already eager for the trainers' hands and mouths and toys. This morning was no different. She was summoned to the devotion chamber wearing only her open robe and found Rachel, Naomi, and Sophia waiting for her.

"Today is different," Rachel said as she guided Ling onto the platform. "Today we begin teaching you the beauty of sacrifice."

Ling tilted her head, confused but obedient. "Sacrifice?"

Naomi smiled, calm and certain. "Denial. You have been given so much pleasure these past weeks. Now it is time for you to learn what happens when that pleasure is withheld. Periodic sacrifice deepens your devotion. It makes your body and your spirit more eager to serve."

They began slowly.

Rachel worked Ling's nipples with skilled fingers while Naomi circled her clit with two fingers in the exact rhythm that always drove her wild. Ling moaned and arched, hips lifting, already close within minutes.

Then they stopped.

Ling whimpered in protest, thighs trembling. "Please— I was so close—"

"Not yet," Rachel said gently. "Feel the ache. Let it build. This is sacrifice."

They waited, then started again. Fingers on her clit, slow and steady. The curved dildo sliding inside her. Ling's breathing turned ragged. She was right on the edge when they pulled everything away again.

A broken sound escaped her. "No— please— I need it—"

Sophia leaned in close, voice low and instructional. "This is how you learn. The longer we deny you, the more desperate you become. The more desperate you become, the more obedient and eager you will be to please us when we finally allow it."

The words landed differently than usual. There was no spiritual wrapping this time. Just raw truth.

They edged her again. And again. And again.

Each time they brought her right to the brink — clit throbbing, cunt clenching around whatever toy was inside her — only to stop. Ling began to beg openly, voice cracking, tears slipping down her temples.

"Please— I'll do anything— I need to come— please let me come—"

Rachel stroked her hair almost tenderly. “This denial will make you more eager and obedient to please us. That is the gift of sacrifice.”

They kept going. Thirty minutes turned into an hour. Then two. Ling was a mess — sobbing, shaking, hips bucking uselessly every time they touched her. Her nectar poured from her in thick streams, soaking the platform beneath her. She had never been this desperate in her life.

At one point, when she was crying and begging incoherently, Naomi spoke again, dropping all pretense.

“This way we get more while you get less,” she said matter-of-factly, fingers lazily circling Ling’s swollen clit without giving her enough pressure. “You become hungrier. More willing. More grateful for every little bit we allow you. That’s the real purpose of sacrifice.”

Ling stared at her through tear-blurred eyes, too far gone to fully process the words, but something deep inside her registered the truth of them. She was already nodding, already agreeing, already desperate to please them.

After nearly three hours of relentless edging, they finally stopped touching her.

Ling lay trembling on the platform, thighs spread wide, cunt visibly pulsing and dripping. She was crying openly now, voice hoarse from begging.

“Please…” she whimpered. “Please let me come… I’ll do anything…”

Rachel looked down at her with calm satisfaction.

“You will,” she said. “But first, you will give each of us an orgasm with your mouth. Only after you have properly worshipped all three of us will we even consider allowing you release.”

Ling didn’t hesitate. The need inside her was so overwhelming that she would have done anything they asked. She scrambled onto her hands and knees and crawled first to Rachel.

She buried her face between Rachel’s thighs and worshipped with desperate hunger, licking and sucking exactly the way she knew Rachel liked — long strokes followed by firm suction on her clit while two fingers curled inside her. Rachel came quickly, thighs tightening around Ling’s head as nectar flooded her mouth.

Next was Naomi. Ling knew she preferred quick, relentless flicks of the tongue directly on her clit while being held open. She gave her exactly that, and Naomi came hard, grinding against Ling’s face with a low moan.

Last was Sophia. Ling remembered that she liked to be teased for a while before sudden, intense suction. She circled patiently, then sucked hard and fast when Sophia’s breathing changed. Sophia came with a sharp cry, legs clamping around

Ling’s head as she pulsed against her tongue.

When Ling finally pulled back, her face was shiny with nectar and her own desperation had reached a fever pitch. She looked up at the three women with wide, pleading eyes.

“Please…” she begged, voice cracking. “I did what you asked… please let me come now… I need it so badly…”

Rachel reached down and gently stroked her wet cheek.

“Not yet, little one,” she said softly. “Later.”

The word landed like a physical blow.

Ling let out a broken, desperate sob, hips jerking helplessly against nothing. Fresh tears spilled down her face as the ache between her legs became almost unbearable.

“Please…” she whispered again, barely able to form the word. “Please… I can’t… I need it…”

Naomi smiled and kissed the top of her head.

“Later,” she repeated gently. “Sacrifice is only just beginning.”

They helped her off the platform, closed her robe, and sent her back to her room still aching, still dripping, still frantic with need.

Ling lay on her bed for hours afterward, thighs pressed tightly together, whimpering softly into her pillow. Every time she tried to touch herself she stopped, terrified they would know. The denial burned through her like fire.

She had never needed anything this badly in her life.

And they had told her “later.”

Chapter 11

Hunger

The days after the first sacrifice blurred together in a haze of aching need.

Every morning Ling was brought to the devotion chamber and edged for longer periods than the day before. Two hours became three. Three became four. The trainers — Rachel, Naomi, Sophia, and sometimes the Pastor herself — took turns bringing her right to the edge over and over again, only to stop the moment her body began to seize.

But the purpose had shifted.

It was no longer just about making her desperate for her own pleasure. It was about making her desperate to *give* pleasure.

“This denial is doing exactly what we hoped,” Naomi said one afternoon while slowly circling Ling’s throbbing clit with two fingers. “The longer we keep you like this, the more you’ll want to please us. The more you’ll *need* to please us. That’s the real gift of sacrifice.”

Ling could only whimper in response, hips twitching uselessly.

They proved their point daily.

After hours of edging, when Ling was sobbing and begging, they would have her worship them. She would crawl between their thighs with frantic hunger, licking and sucking with a desperation she had never shown before. Every time one of them came against her tongue, the trainers praised her lavishly — not just for her skill, but for how eager and obedient the denial had made her.

“Look how much better you serve when you’re denied,” Rachel murmured one evening as Ling sucked desperately on her clit. “This is what we wanted. A girl who *needs* to please us.”

The blunt honesty came more frequently now.

“This way we get more while you get less,” Sophia said casually one morning while Ling was on her knees between her thighs, face shiny with nectar. “You become hungrier. More willing. More grateful. That’s the point.”

Ling didn’t argue. She couldn’t. The constant denial had rewired something inside her. The longer she went without release, the more she craved their approval. The more she craved their approval, the more she wanted to make them come. It had become almost obsessive.

In the afternoons, they began her self-devotion training.

They gave her a special stool with different textured surfaces and an attachable dildo. Ling was told to practice edging herself — to ride the surfaces and the toy, to use her fingers and the small vibrator, to bring herself right to the edge and stop.

She failed. Badly.

The first few times she lasted less than a minute before her body betrayed her and she came hard, sobbing with both relief and shame. The trainers watched with calm amusement.

“Seventy-five percent failure rate,” Naomi noted after the third time. “You’re still too greedy for your own pleasure. We’ll have to correct that.”

By the end of the week, Ling was a wreck.

She spent her days in a constant state of low-level desperation. Her body ached constantly. Her mind was foggy with need. And every time the trainers touched

her, she became frantic to please them — licking, sucking, offering her mouth and hands with an eagerness that bordered on worship.

One evening, after nearly five hours of edging, Rachel finally spoke the words Ling had been both dreading and craving.

“You’ve been very good today,” she said, stroking Ling’s tear-streaked face. “I think you’ve earned a little something.”

Ling’s entire body lit up with desperate hope.

But Rachel only smiled.

“Not a full orgasm,” she said gently. “Just a taste. Just enough to keep you hungry.”

They gave her the smallest release possible — a few seconds of the vibrator pressed against her clit while two fingers curled inside her. It was enough to make her body spasm, but nowhere near enough to satisfy the burning need that had built up over days.

Ling cried out in frustration as they pulled away, leaving her twitching and dripping.

“Please…” she begged, voice hoarse. “Please, just a little more… I need it so badly…”

Rachel kissed her forehead.

“Later,” she said softly. “Sacrifice is still teaching you. Soon you’ll understand how good it feels to want nothing but to please us.”

Ling lay on the platform long after they left, body trembling, mind spinning.

She was no longer just addicted to her own orgasms.

She was becoming addicted to *giving* them.

And the trainers knew it.

Chapter 12

Transcendence

By the final week, Ling had stopped counting the days.

The edging had become constant. Every morning, every afternoon, and every evening the trainers took turns denying her. Five hours. Six hours. Sometimes seven. They brought her to the edge so many times she lost the ability to speak clearly. She could only sob and beg, hips jerking helplessly, nectar pouring from her in thick, constant streams.

And through it all, they reminded her of the truth.

“This is making you so much better for us,” Rachel said one afternoon while slowly fucking her with the curved dildo, stopping every time Ling got close. “The longer we keep you like this, the more you *need* to please us. That’s what we wanted.”

Naomi was even more direct.

“Look at you,” she said while Ling was on her knees, desperately sucking her clit after another long session of denial. “You’re so hungry now. So eager. This is why we do it. So you’ll worship us like this every single day.”

Ling didn’t argue anymore. She couldn’t. The denial had hollowed her out and filled her with only one thing: the desperate, aching need to make them come. Every time one of the trainers allowed her to worship them, she did so with frantic devotion, licking and sucking like her life depended on it.

The self-devotion training had improved slightly, but not much. She still failed more often than she succeeded, coming when she was supposed to stop. The trainers corrected her each time with long sessions of multiple orgasms until she was limp and shaking, then sent her back to practice again.

By the morning of the big weekly devotion, Ling was barely coherent.

She had been edged for nearly seven days straight, with only the smallest, most unsatisfying teases to keep her from completely breaking. Her body was in a constant state of low, burning need. Her mind was foggy. All she could think about was how badly she wanted to please them.

The entire congregation gathered in the main hall that evening.

Ling was brought to the front platform completely naked, legs trembling. Pastor Lydia Hart stood beside her, calm and regal in her cream robe.

“Tonight,” the Pastor announced to the room, “our intern will demonstrate the full power of sacrifice.”

They began slowly.

For nearly an hour they edged her in front of everyone — fingers, tongues, toys — bringing her right to the edge again and again while the congregation watched in reverent silence. Ling was crying openly now, begging without shame.

“Please… please let me come… I’ll do anything… please…”

When they finally stopped touching her, Pastor Hart stepped forward.

“You have been denied for seven days,” she said softly, stroking Ling’s wet cheek. “You have learned what sacrifice truly means. Now you will receive your reward.”

They positioned her on the platform and began in earnest.

Rachel took the curved dildo and worked it deep inside her while Naomi pressed the vibrator hard against her clit. Sophia held her thighs open. The Pastor stood at her head, whispering in her ear.

“This is what you were made for,” she murmured. “To be used. To be denied. To be so desperate that you live only to please us.”

Ling was already close. So close she could barely breathe.

When the Pastor finally gave the command — “Come for us, little one. Offer everything.” — Ling’s body detonated.

The orgasm was transcendent.

It tore through her like lightning. Her back arched violently off the platform as she screamed, raw and broken. Her cunt clamped down hard around the curved dildo as thick, powerful waves of nectar gushed from her in heavy pulses. Her entire body shook uncontrollably. She came so hard she saw white, sobbing and thanking them over and over as the orgasm rolled through her in long, devastating waves.

They didn’t stop.

They kept working her through it — the vibrator never leaving her clit, the dildo never slowing — drawing the release out until Ling was sobbing with overwhelming pleasure. Only when her body finally went limp did they ease off.

Ling lay there trembling, tears streaming down her face, completely spent.

The congregation rose and applauded softly.

Pastor Hart leaned down and kissed her forehead.

“Now you understand,” she whispered. “Sacrifice makes everything sweeter. You are ours now, little one. Completely.”

Ling could only nod weakly, too overwhelmed to speak.

In that moment, she understood something she had never understood before.

She didn’t just *want* to please them anymore.

She *needed* to.

And she never wanted that feeling to end.

Chapter 13

The Heart-to-Heart

Ling was failing again.

She sat on the special devotion stool in her room, the textured surface pressing against her swollen clit as she rocked slowly. The small vibrator pulsed inside

her. She had been told to edge herself for thirty minutes without coming.

She lasted twelve.

Her body betrayed her again. The orgasm hit hard and sudden, her thighs clamping around the stool as she cried out, nectar gushing down the wood. When it was over, she sat there shaking, tears of frustration in her eyes.

Seventy-five percent failure rate. Still.

After cleaning herself up, Ling went to see Pastor Lydia Hart.

The Pastor smiled warmly when she entered and gestured for her to sit on the edge of the desk.

“Little one,” she said gently. “You look troubled again.”

Ling sat down, robe open, and looked at her hands. “I’m still failing at self-devotion. I keep going over the edge. I try so hard, but it just feels too good. I can’t stop myself.”

The Pastor moved closer and placed her hands on Ling’s bare thighs.

“Oh, sweet girl,” she murmured. “This is completely normal. Setbacks are part of advancement. Your body has been given so much pleasure these past weeks that it’s still learning how to hold it. This struggle is not failure — it is proof of how deeply you’ve been claimed.”

Ling looked up at her. “But I want to be good. I want to please you all. I just… I can’t control it.”

The Pastor’s hands slid higher.

“That’s because your pleasure no longer belongs to you,” she said softly. “It belongs to us now. Every time you come without permission, you’re offering. Your body is simply giving us what we’ve already taken.”

She leaned in and kissed Ling’s forehead, then her cheek.

“This is beautiful growth, little one. The more you struggle, the more we see how completely we’ve shaped you.”

The Pastor’s hand moved between Ling’s legs, two fingers sliding through the wetness already gathering there. She began to stroke her slowly, deliberately.

“This is how we take from you while teaching you to give,” she continued, voice low and hypnotic. “Every time you come without permission, you are surrendering more of yourself to us.”

Ling’s breathing hitched. She was already close again.

“See?” the Pastor whispered. “Even now, your body is offering itself to me. You can’t help it. And that is exactly how it should be.”

The Pastor pressed closer, her own breathing growing heavier. She shifted so her clit was rubbing firmly against Ling's thigh, using the younger woman's body for her own pleasure while her fingers continued their slow, steady strokes.

At the peak of her orgasm, the Pastor withdrew her fingers from Ling and brought them to her mouth, licking them clean as her hips ground against Ling's thigh. A soft, quiet moan escaped her as her body trembled, warm nectar soaking through the front of her robe.

When it was over, the Pastor kissed Ling gently and wiped the tears from her cheeks.

"This is not a problem to fix, little one. This is a gift to nurture. We will help you. We will correct you with love. And through that correction, you will become even more perfect for us."

Ling nodded weakly, still dazed and aching, but strangely comforted. She felt seen. Understood. And completely, utterly theirs.

Chapter 14

Devotion Clearing

The next morning, Pastor Lydia Hart called all four main trainers into the devotion chamber. Ling was already waiting on the platform, robe open, when they arrived.

"After yesterday's conversation," the Pastor said calmly, "it's clear our little one needs help. Her body is still struggling to hold its pleasure. We will perform a full devotion clearing today. Multiple orgasms, given with love and intention, to help reset and purify her system."

Ling looked up at them, nervous but obedient.

Rachel smiled gently. "This is for your own good, little one. We're going to help you."

They began immediately.

Naomi went first. She settled between Ling's thighs and sealed her mouth over her clit, sucking with slow, relentless pressure while two fingers curled inside her. Ling came within minutes, thighs shaking around Naomi's head.

Before she could even catch her breath, Sophia took over. She used the suction tool on Ling's oversensitive clit while slowly working the bulbed dildo inside her. The combination was devastating. Ling came again, harder this time, crying out as her body convulsed.

Rachel followed. She used the curved dildo and the vibrator together, fucking Ling with steady, powerful strokes while the vibrator buzzed mercilessly against

her clit. Ling’s third orgasm ripped through her, leaving her sobbing and gasping.

The Pastor took her turn last for the first round. She climbed onto the platform, straddled Ling’s face, and lowered herself onto Ling’s mouth while reaching back to stroke her clit with expert fingers. Ling licked desperately as the Pastor rode her face, coming with quiet dignity while Ling’s fourth orgasm tore through her beneath her.

They didn’t stop.

Round after round, they took turns. Sometimes two of them worked her at once — one with her mouth, another with a toy. Sometimes all three trainers worked together while the Pastor watched and gave instructions. Ling came again and again, her body shaking violently with each release. Nectar poured from her in thick waves, soaking the platform and the trainers’ hands.

By the sixth orgasm, Ling was crying openly, overwhelmed and exhausted.

“Please…” she whimpered between sobs. “I can’t… it’s too much…”

“This is what you need,” the Pastor said softly, stroking her damp hair. “Your body has been holding on to too much. We are helping you let go. We are purifying you through pleasure.”

They continued.

By the tenth orgasm, Ling was barely conscious. Her body twitched and jerked with every touch. Her voice was hoarse from crying out. She had never been made to come this many times in a row. She felt completely emptied — and strangely, deeply comforted.

When they finally stopped, Ling lay limp on the platform, trembling, eyes half-lidded. The four women gathered around her, gently wiping her down and stroking her hair with soft, satisfied smiles.

“You did beautifully,” Rachel whispered.

“You gave us everything,” Naomi added.

The Pastor leaned down and kissed her forehead.

“This clearing has brought you closer to us,” she said. “You are lighter now. More open. More ours.”

Ling could only nod weakly. She felt strangely peaceful. Clean. Empty in a way that felt almost holy. She didn’t realize how much of herself had been taken — only that she felt smaller, quieter, and more completely theirs than she ever had before.

Chapter 15

Showing Divine

The next morning, Ling was summoned to the devotion chamber once again. This time, all four trainers and Pastor Lydia Hart were waiting for her.

“Your body is still struggling to hold its pleasure,” the Pastor said calmly. “Yesterday’s clearing helped, but we need to go further. Today you will learn how to properly *show divine*.”

Ling looked at her, uncertain. “Show divine?”

Rachel stepped forward. “It means getting on all fours and offering yourself completely. You will buck and grind your most sacred place against whatever is available — a face, a finger, a thigh, a chair, a doorframe, a toy — until the Spirit moves through you and you come. This is a powerful form of surrender and purification.”

The Pastor nodded. “You will do this completely nude. Nothing hidden. Nothing between you and your offering.”

Ling’s cheeks burned, but she nodded obediently. She slipped off her robe and stood naked before them, heart pounding.

They began immediately.

First, they had her kneel in front of Sophia. Sophia sat on a low chair and spread her legs. Ling got on all fours, pressed her face between Sophia’s thighs, and began frantically bucking and grinding her pussy against Sophia’s shin and foot. Her hips moved wildly, desperate and uncontrolled, as she rubbed her swollen clit against the older woman’s leg.

“Good,” Sophia murmured. “Faster. Show us how divine you can be.”

Ling obeyed, her movements becoming more frantic and animalistic. After several minutes, she came hard against Sophia’s leg, crying out as her body shook.

They didn’t give her time to recover.

Next, they moved her to Naomi. Ling was made to straddle Naomi’s thigh while the woman sat on the edge of the platform. She bucked and ground her pussy against Naomi’s leg with wild, desperate movements, her breasts bouncing, her face flushed with effort and shame. She came again, sobbing as her nectar soaked Naomi’s thigh.

Then came Rachel. Ling was positioned in front of a sturdy wooden chair. She got on all fours and began grinding her pussy against the edge of the seat, rocking and bucking frantically like she was possessed. Her moans filled the room as she rubbed herself raw against the wood until another orgasm ripped through her.

The final practice was the most intense.

They had Ling stand in the doorway and instructed her to grind against the doorframe. She pressed her body against the wood, lifted one leg slightly, and began frantically bucking and rubbing her pussy against the frame with desperate, uncontrolled movements. Her face pressed against the wood as she humped and ground herself like an animal in heat.

The Pastor watched with calm satisfaction.

“This is what true devotion looks like,” she said. “Completely stripped. Completely shameless. Offering yourself to whatever is in front of you.”

By the time they finished, Ling had come five times in succession. She was trembling, dripping, and completely exhausted. Her mind felt hazy and empty.

The women gathered around her, gently stroking her hair and praising her.

“You did so well,” Rachel whispered.

“You’re learning to surrender completely,” Naomi added.

The Pastor leaned down and kissed her forehead.

“This is only the beginning of showing divine,” she said softly. “Soon you will be able to do this anywhere, anytime, for anyone we choose. That is true purity.”

Ling nodded weakly, too drained to speak. She felt strangely peaceful again — emptied, used, and more deeply theirs than ever.

Chapter 16

The Final Correction

The next day, Ling was brought back to the devotion chamber. This time only Rachel and the Pastor were present.

“You’ve made progress,” the Pastor said, “but you’re still not fully in control. Today we introduce the tapping technique.”

Rachel positioned Ling on the platform, legs spread wide.

“When you feel yourself getting close,” the Pastor instructed, “you will tap your clit. Tap… tap… tap. Light and steady. This will help pull you back from the edge.”

They began with the curved dildo and the vibrator. Ling was already sensitive from the previous days. Within minutes she was panting and close.

“I’m close— I’m so close—”

“Tap,” Rachel commanded.

Ling reached down and began tapping her clit with her fingertips. *Tap… tap… tap.*

For a moment it worked. The urgency eased slightly. But then the pleasure surged again, stronger than before. Without thinking, Ling started tapping faster — *tap-tap-tap-tap* — until she pushed herself over the edge and came hard, crying out.

Rachel sighed and withdrew the toys.

“You tapped too fast,” she said calmly. “That’s cheating.”

They tried again. And again. Each time Ling got close, she would start tapping properly, but the moment the pleasure became overwhelming, her fingers would speed up on their own and she would come anyway.

After the fourth time, the Pastor spoke.

“This isn’t working,” she said quietly. “It’s time for the last resort.”

She looked at Rachel. “Ruined orgasms.”

Ling’s eyes widened. “Ruined…?”

Rachel nodded. “When you’re right on the edge, we will physically remove your hands — or the toy — at the exact moment you start to come. You will feel the orgasm begin… and then nothing. No pleasure. Just frustration.”

They began again.

This time, every time Ling got close, Rachel would suddenly pull the vibrator away or grab Ling’s wrist and yank her hand back. Ling would cry out as the orgasm started — only to be left twitching and empty as it was stolen from her.

The first few times she sobbed in frustration.

By the fifth ruined orgasm, something began to shift.

The desperate, frantic energy started to fade. Ling became more focused. She started listening more carefully to her body. She began to recognize the exact moment before the point of no return.

After seven ruined orgasms in a row, the Pastor finally stopped.

“Enough,” she said.

Ling lay there panting, body trembling, but her mind was clearer than it had been in days.

The Pastor stroked her hair.

“You’ve done well,” she said softly. “Your failure rate has dropped significantly. You’re learning control. Not perfect yet… but much better.”

Rachel smiled. “From seventy-five percent down to about twenty-five. That’s real progress, little one.”

Ling looked up at them, exhausted but strangely proud. She had hated every second of the ruined orgasms, but she could feel the difference in herself. She was no longer completely at the mercy of her body.

The Pastor leaned down and kissed her forehead.

“You’re becoming exactly what we hoped for,” she whispered. “Our devoted, obedient, perfectly trained intern.”

Ling closed her eyes, a small, tired smile on her lips.

Chapter 17

The Gathering

The main hall was packed.

Nearly every woman in the congregation had come — over fifty of them — filling the rows of chairs and standing along the walls. The air was thick with perfume, anticipation, and a low, humming tension that made Ling’s skin prickle the moment she stepped onto the platform.

She was completely naked.

Pastor Lydia Hart stood beside her, calm and regal in her cream robe, one hand resting lightly on Ling’s lower back.

“Tonight,” the Pastor announced to the room, “our chosen intern will demonstrate everything she has become.”

The demonstration began.

First came **devotion**. Rachel and Naomi worked Ling’s body with practiced ease — fingers, tongues, and the curved dildo — bringing her to the edge again and again while Ling repeated the sacred phrases at the top of her voice. The room was silent except for Ling’s desperate moans and the wet sounds of her body being used. When they finally allowed her to come, the release was loud and shattering. Several women in the front row shifted in their seats, thighs pressing together.

Next was **worship**. Ling crawled on hands and knees between the front row of women, offering her mouth to whoever was closest. She licked and sucked with focused hunger, bringing three different Sisters to orgasm in quick succession while the rest of the congregation watched. The air grew heavier. Some women had begun openly touching themselves.

Then came **sacrifice**.

They edged her for nearly twenty minutes in front of everyone. Ling was a sobbing, trembling mess by the end — begging, crying, hips jerking uselessly every time they pulled away. When they finally let her come, the orgasm was explosive. Her back arched violently as she screamed, nectar gushing from her in powerful waves while the entire hall watched in aroused silence.

The sexual tension in the room was thick enough to taste.

Finally, they had her demonstrate **showing divine**.

Completely naked and on all fours, Ling frantically bucked and ground her pussy against whatever they placed in front of her — Sophia's thigh, the edge of a chair, Rachel's fingers, even the wooden leg of the platform. Her movements were desperate and shameless, her face flushed with effort and pleasure as she humped and rubbed herself like an animal until she came again with a broken cry.

The congregation was visibly affected. Many women were breathing hard. Some had their hands between their legs. Others simply stared at Ling with dark, hungry eyes.

When it was over, Ling knelt on the platform, trembling and dripping, her chest heaving.

Pastor Lydia Hart stepped forward.

"Our intern has shown you her devotion," she said, voice calm but carrying through the hall. "And now we open a new chapter."

She gestured to a large screen behind her. It lit up with a clean, elegant app interface.

"From this moment forward, any of you may book time with Ling through our private system. The app will show you available slots and the different ways you may use her. Private devotion. Receiving worship. Helping or watching her sacrifice. Participating in showing divine. Or simply consuming her nectar as our chosen intern."

A ripple of excitement moved through the room.

"You may book single sessions or recurring appointments," the Pastor continued.

"Everything will be supervised and recorded for her protection. Ling belongs to all of us now — but she is also ours to use as we see fit."

Ling felt the weight of every eye in the room on her naked body. The tension was electric. She could feel how badly they wanted her. How aroused they were. How much they already saw her as theirs.

The Pastor placed a hand on Ling's head, stroking her hair gently.

“Our little orphan has become something extraordinary,” she said softly, loud enough for the room to hear. “She is no longer just an intern. She is our most devoted offering.”

Ling closed her eyes, heart pounding, body still humming from the demonstration.

She had never felt so exposed.

She had never felt so wanted.

And she had never felt so completely, deliciously owned.

Chapter 18

The Inner Circle

The gathering had ended hours ago, but Ling’s body was still humming.

She had been gently cleaned, dressed in a soft white robe, and led through the quiet hallways of the church by the Pastor herself. They stopped in front of a heavy wooden door at the far end of the residential wing — the Pastor’s private quarters.

“Come inside,” Pastor Lydia Hart said softly.

The room was beautiful. Warm lighting, deep burgundy walls, a large bed with crisp white sheets, and a faint scent of lavender and something sweeter. A small fire crackled in the corner hearth. It felt nothing like the devotion chamber. It felt personal. Intimate. Sacred in a different way.

Ling stood near the center of the room, hands clasped in front of her, heart beating fast.

The Pastor closed the door behind them and turned to face her.

“You were magnificent tonight,” she said, stepping closer. “The entire congregation saw what you’ve become. They want you now more than ever.”

Ling looked down, cheeks warm. “I… I liked it. Being seen like that.”

“I know you did.” The Pastor reached out and gently tucked a strand of hair behind Ling’s ear. “You were made for this.”

There was a pause. The air between them felt thick.

Then the Pastor spoke again, her voice lower.

“There’s something else you should know, little one. Something only a very few are trusted with.”

Ling looked up.

The Pastor held her gaze.

“Rachel, Naomi, and Sophia… they take turns spending the night with me.”

Ling blinked, unsure if she had heard correctly.

“Every night, one of them sleeps in my bed,” the Pastor continued calmly. “They rotate. Three nights a week each. It has been this way for a long time.”

Ling felt something twist in her chest — a strange, sharp mixture of shock, jealousy, and something hotter she couldn’t name.

“They… they sleep with you?” she asked quietly.

The Pastor smiled, but it wasn’t a cruel smile. It was gentle. Knowing.

“They do more than sleep,” she said. “They worship me. They pleasure me. They give themselves completely before we rest. And in the morning, they leave refreshed and even more devoted.”

Ling’s mouth felt dry. Her mind raced with images — the three trainers taking turns climbing into this very bed, pressing their bodies against the Pastor’s, using their mouths and hands and everything else to please her.

A hot, aching jealousy flared in her stomach.

The Pastor stepped even closer, close enough that Ling could feel the warmth of her body.

“You’ve earned the right to know this,” she said softly. “Because you’ve proven yourself. You’ve given everything. You’ve let us shape you. You’ve become exactly what we hoped for.”

She reached out and took Ling’s hand, bringing it up to her lips for a gentle kiss.

“And now… I want to invite you into our inner circle.”

Ling’s breath caught.

“You mean…?”

“Yes,” the Pastor said. “Starting tomorrow night, you will join me in this bed. You will be placed between me and whichever trainer is with me that night. You will give us both pleasure before we sleep. You will use your mouth, your hands, your body — whatever we desire.”

She paused, her thumb stroking the back of Ling’s hand.

“But you will not be allowed to come yourself. You must stay fresh for tomorrow’s appointments. That is the price of being this close to us.”

The words landed like a physical touch. Ling felt heat flood between her legs even as her heart pounded with a confusing mix of emotions.

Awe.

Jealousy.

Hunger.

Belonging.

The Pastor leaned in and kissed her forehead, then her cheek, then the corner of her mouth. “You’ve worked so hard to get here,” she whispered. “Now you get to sleep between us every night. Sandwiched between the woman who owns you and the women who helped shape you. Doesn’t that sound perfect?”

Ling nodded slowly, her voice barely above a whisper.

“Yes, Pastor… it does.”

The Pastor smiled, satisfied.

“Good girl.”

She stepped back slightly, but her hand remained on Ling’s waist.

“Tomorrow night, you begin. Tonight, you rest. I want you well-rested for what’s coming.”

Ling left the Pastor’s quarters a few minutes later, her mind spinning and her body aching with a new, deeper kind of need.

She had thought she already belonged to them completely.

She was wrong.

She was about to become even more theirs than she ever imagined.

Chapter 19

Ministry Begins

Ling woke the next morning to the soft chime of her phone.

She reached for it with sleepy fingers and saw the notification glowing on the screen:

Church of the Living Nectar – Intern Booking System

You have 7 new appointment requests.

Her heart gave a small flutter.

She opened the app.

The interface was clean and elegant — soft cream and gold, with the church’s simple chalice logo at the top. Her name and photo appeared at the top: **Ling Carson – Chosen Intern**.

Below that were several categories:

- **Private Devotion**

- **Worship (Receiving)**

- **Sacrifice Assistance / Observation**

- **Showing Divine Participation**

- **Nectar Consumption**

- **Custom Request**

Each category had available time slots for the next two weeks. Some were already booked.

Ling scrolled through the requests, her stomach tightening with a mix of nerves and excitement.

Sister Miriam – Private Devotion (2:00 PM today)

Sister Grace & Sister Tessa – Worship Session (4:30 PM today)

Elena Voss – Nectar Consumption + Showing Divine (Tomorrow 10:00 AM)

Anonymous – Sacrifice Observation (3 slots this week)

She accepted the first two for today without hesitation.

By mid-morning, the system was already active.

Her first appointment was with Sister Miriam in one of the smaller private devotion rooms. Miriam had booked a full hour of private devotion. Ling arrived wearing only her open intern robe and spent the entire session on her knees and back, giving Miriam three slow, intense orgasms with her mouth and fingers while the older woman praised her the entire time. “You’re even better than I imagined,” Miriam whispered afterward, stroking Ling’s hair. “I’ve already booked you again for next week.”

Ling left the room flushed and glowing.

Her second appointment that afternoon was more intense — a joint worship session with Sisters Grace and Tessa. The two women took turns sitting on Ling’s face while the other watched and touched herself. Ling licked and sucked until both women had come, her own body aching with denied need the entire time.

By the time she finished, she was dripping and desperate — but the app had already sent her the next day’s schedule.

That evening, just before dinner, another notification appeared:

Special Appointment – Elias Grant

Approved by Pastor Hart

Service: Full Source Tasting + Gentle Praise

Time: 8:00 PM – Private Quarters

Ling’s chest tightened with warmth.

When she arrived at the small private room, Elias was already there, standing quietly with his hands clasped in front of him. He looked nervous but steady, the outline of his cage visible beneath his work trousers.

Pastor Hart was also present, seated in a chair near the bed.

“Tonight is special,” the Pastor said gently. “Elias has earned this.”

Ling stepped forward and slowly removed her robe, letting it fall to the floor. She lay back on the bed and spread her thighs for him.

Elias approached with quiet reverence. He knelt between her legs and leaned in, pressing a soft kiss to her inner thigh before beginning.

He took his time.

Long, slow licks from her entrance to her clit. Gentle suction. Careful exploration with his tongue. Every movement was filled with care and gratitude. Ling watched him with soft eyes, one hand resting lightly on his head.

“You’re doing so well,” Elias murmured between strokes, his voice low and warm. “I’m so proud of you, Ling. You’ve become something truly beautiful.”

The praise hit her deeper than any physical touch. Tears pricked her eyes as she came quietly against his mouth — not a loud, shattering orgasm, but a soft, emotional release that left her trembling.

When it was over, Elias rested his forehead against her thigh for a long moment. “Thank you,” he whispered.

The Pastor watched them both with quiet satisfaction.

“You’ve earned your place here,” she told Elias. “You may continue to offer her praise during sessions when it feels right. She needs that from you.”

Elias nodded, eyes bright.

Later that night, as Ling lay in her own bed, another notification lit up her phone:

Tomorrow’s Schedule

- 9:00 AM – Private Devotion (Sister Abigail)

- 11:30 AM – Worship Session (3 Sisters)

- 3:00 PM – Showing Divine Practice (Pastor Hart supervising)

- 8:00 PM – Night Rotation (Pastor’s Quarters)

Ling stared at the screen for a long time, a small, tired smile on her lips.

She had never felt so used.

She had never felt so needed.

And she had never felt so completely at home.

Chapter 20

The Final Invitation

That night, Ling stood outside the Pastor’s private quarters with her heart pounding.

She had been summoned with a simple message through the app:

8:00 PM – Pastor’s Quarters

Night Rotation – First Night

When she knocked, the door opened almost immediately.

Pastor Lydia Hart stood there in a simple silk robe, her hair loose around her shoulders. Behind her, Rachel was already in the bed, propped up against the pillows, completely naked.

“Come in, little one,” the Pastor said softly.

Ling stepped inside. The room was warm and dimly lit, the same burgundy walls and large bed from the night before. The air smelled of lavender and skin.

The Pastor closed the door and turned to face her.

“Tonight you join us properly,” she said. “You will sleep between us. You will give us both pleasure before we rest. And you will not come yourself. Do you understand?”

Ling swallowed, her voice barely above a whisper.

“Yes, Pastor.”

“Good girl.”

They undressed her slowly — the Pastor and Rachel working together with gentle hands until Ling stood completely naked between them. Then they guided her into the bed.

She was placed in the middle.

The Pastor lay on her left. Rachel on her right. Ling was sandwiched between them, their warm bodies pressing against hers from both sides.

The Pastor turned toward her first, cupping Ling’s face with one hand.

“Start with me,” she murmured.

Ling rolled onto her side and pressed her mouth between the Pastor’s thighs. She licked and sucked with devoted focus, using everything she had learned over the past weeks. The Pastor sighed softly, one hand resting on the back of Ling’s head as she guided her.

Rachel watched them both, her fingers lazily tracing Ling’s spine.

When the Pastor came, it was quiet but deep — her thighs tightening around Ling’s head as warm nectar coated her tongue.

The moment the Pastor finished, Rachel gently pulled Ling toward her.

“My turn,” she whispered.

Ling turned and buried her face between Rachel’s thighs, licking and sucking with the same desperate devotion. Rachel came faster, her hand fisting in Ling’s hair as she ground against her mouth with a low moan.

When it was over, both women pulled Ling back into the center of the bed.

The Pastor kissed her forehead. Rachel kissed her shoulder.

“You were perfect,” the Pastor said softly.

Ling lay between them, her body aching with unfulfilled need. She was soaked, throbbing, desperate — but she didn’t ask for release. She already knew she wouldn’t get any.

Instead, she closed her eyes and let herself feel everything.

The warmth of their bodies on either side of her.

The steady rhythm of their breathing.

The heavy, satisfied silence in the room.

She thought about the frightened, lonely orphan who had arrived here weeks ago — the girl who had been so desperate to belong that she would have done anything.

And now here she was.

Sandwiched between the woman who owned her and the woman who had helped shape her. Used.

Denied.

Cherished.

Completely, utterly theirs.

A small, peaceful smile touched Ling’s lips as sleep began to pull her under.

She had never been more lost.

She had never been more found.

And she had never been more at home.

The End