Volleyball Scholarship

By Brent Clark Palmer

HONEY SOURCE

Prelude – The Scholarship

Cara Isa had never felt hope like this before.

She sat on the edge of her narrow bed in the small apartment she shared with her mother, staring at the letter in her hands. The envelope was thick, official, and bore the seal of the university she had dreamed about for years. Her fingers trembled as she carefully unfolded the single sheet of paper inside.

Congratulations, Cara Isa.

You have been awarded a full academic scholarship to attend [University Name] for the 2025–2026 academic year.

Her breath caught in her throat.

She read the letter three times, then a fourth, just to make sure she wasn't imagining it. A full ride. Tuition, housing, books — everything covered. For someone like her, who had spent the last two years working two part-time jobs while maintaining a 4.0 GPA, this was more than just money.

This was a future.

Tears welled in her eyes as she pressed the letter to her chest. Her mother had sacrificed so much to keep her in school. Her father had left when she was twelve. Money had always been tight. The idea of graduating debt-free, of finally being able to focus on her studies without constantly worrying about bills, felt like winning the lottery.

She was going to college.

She was going to make something of herself.

Two weeks later, Cara stood outside the university's athletic complex, clutching her acceptance packet and trying to calm her racing heart.

She had arrived on campus early, eager to get everything sorted before the semester began. The email from the financial aid office had been brief but clear: there had been an administrative error with her scholarship, and she needed to come in person to sign some updated paperwork.

Cara didn't think much of it. Errors happened. As long as the scholarship was still there, everything would be fine.

She walked into the athletic director's office with a bright smile.

Thirty minutes later, that smile was gone.

"I'm sorry, Miss Isa," the athletic director said, sliding a new set of documents across the desk. "There was a mistake in the scholarship allocation. The award you received wasn't an academic scholarship. It was the final athletic scholarship."

Cara stared at him, uncomprehending.

“An… athletic scholarship?”

He nodded, looking uncomfortable.

“Yes. And unfortunately, the funds have already been disbursed under that category. The only way to keep the scholarship is to fulfill the athletic requirement. You must join a varsity team as a participant.”

Cara felt like the floor had dropped out from under her.

“I… I don’t play any sports,” she said, her voice barely above a whisper. “I’ve never played volleyball. Or basketball. Or anything. I’m a math major. I’ve never even been on a sports team.”

The athletic director sighed.

“I understand this is a shock. But the rules are clear. Without athletic participation, the scholarship will be revoked. You have one week to find a team willing to take you on.”

He paused, then added, almost kindly:

“The women’s volleyball team is the only one still open to new supporters. If they accept you, you can keep your scholarship. If not…” He didn’t finish the sentence.

Cara left the office in a daze.

Her dream — the one thing that was supposed to change her life — had turned into a nightmare.

That night, Cara lay awake in her temporary dorm room, staring at the ceiling.

She had called her mother earlier, trying to sound optimistic, but the fear had been impossible to hide. Her mother had been quiet for a long time before saying softly, “You’ll figure it out, baby. You always do.”

But Cara wasn’t sure this time.

She had no athletic experience. None. She was five-foot-two, uncoordinated, and had spent her entire life with her nose in a textbook. The idea of walking into a room full of tall, powerful athletes and asking to be their “supporter” felt humiliating.

And yet… what choice did she have?

Without this scholarship, she would have to drop out. She would go back home, work dead-end jobs for the rest of her life, and watch her dreams slip away. Her mother had already given up so much for her. Cara couldn’t let it all be for nothing.

So the next morning, she did the only thing she could.

She walked into the women’s volleyball locker room, heart pounding, and prepared to beg.

She had no idea that her life was about to change in ways she could never have imagined.

End of Prelude

1.

Cara Isa stood frozen in the hallway outside the athletic director's office, the letter trembling in her hands.

The words refused to settle.

Administrative error… last remaining athletic scholarship… must participate on a varsity team… report immediately to Women's Volleyball as Team Supporter.

She had never even held a volleyball.

At twenty years old, Cara was a mathematics major with a near-perfect GPA, long straight black hair she usually kept pulled back severely, and wire-rimmed glasses that slipped down her nose whenever her nerves got the better of her. She was small — barely five-foot-two — delicate in a way that made her feel invisible next to most people. The idea of her on an athletic roster was absurd.

But the scholarship was real. And without it, she would have to drop out.

Her parents had already sacrificed too much. Going home in failure wasn't an option.

The athletic director had been polite but immovable.

“Miss Isa, the funds have already been disbursed. The only way to keep the scholarship is to fulfill the requirement. The Thunder volleyball team has agreed to take you on as their official Team Supporter. Report to their locker room in thirty minutes.”

Thirty minutes.

Cara walked the long corridor toward the women’s volleyball locker room with her stomach in knots. Every step echoed too loudly. She passed framed photos of previous Thunder teams — tall, powerful women in teal and white, arms slung around each other, radiating the easy confidence of people who had never once questioned whether they belonged.

She did not belong.

The locker room door stood slightly ajar. The smell hit her first — clean sweat, citrus body wash, something faintly metallic. Then came the low murmur of female voices and the soft rustle of uniforms being adjusted.

Cara stepped inside.

The room was large and bright, with wide wooden benches and tall metal lockers lining the walls. At the far end, a digital display showed the day’s practice schedule. But none of that registered compared to the women already inside.

They were exactly as intimidating as the photos had promised — and worse in person.

Most of them stood well over six feet tall, long limbs carved with lean muscle. Their practice uniforms — tight teal shorts that hugged powerful thighs and white compression tops stretched across full breasts — left almost nothing to the imagination. High ponytails and tight braids exposed sharp jawlines and strong necks. They moved with the casual

arrogance of athletes who knew their bodies were superior and expected the world to make room for them.

Every single one of them turned when Cara entered.

The room went quiet.

Cara felt their eyes sweep over her — petite, nervous, drowning in an oversized hoodie and jeans. She had never felt smaller in her life.

A tall blonde woman with sharp cheekbones and captain's tape wrapped around one wrist stepped forward. Tiffany Webster. Six-foot-one. Outside hitter. Team captain. The kind of woman who looked like she could break you without raising her voice.

"You must be the new supporter," Tiffany said. Her voice was calm, almost bored. "Cara Isa?"

Cara nodded, throat dry. "Yes. There was… a mistake with my scholarship. They said I have to join the team or—"

"We know," Tiffany interrupted smoothly. "You're ours now."

The words landed like a stone in Cara's chest.

Tiffany turned to the rest of the team. "This is Cara. She'll be handling our academic support and whatever else we need to keep the program running at peak efficiency. Make sure she understands her place here."

A few of the players nodded. One — a lean setter with a teasing glint in her eyes named Riley Kane — gave Cara a slow, appraising look that made her skin prickle.

“Welcome to Thunder,” Riley said, smiling in a way that didn’t quite reach her eyes. “We’re very demanding.”

Cara swallowed hard. “I’ll do my best.”

Tiffany gestured toward an empty bench near the back. “Leave your bag. We have a tutoring session in twenty minutes. The freshmen need help before practice.”

Cara obeyed.

Twenty minutes later, Cara found herself seated at a long table in the corner of the locker room with three freshmen. Textbooks and laptops were spread out in front of her. She slipped into her element quickly, explaining concepts with quiet precision, her fingers moving across the keyboard as she pulled up examples.

She didn’t notice at first when Tiffany drifted closer.

The captain leaned over Cara’s shoulder to look at the screen, one hand braced on the table. Her body was warm. The soft swell of her breast pressed firmly against Cara’s upper arm — not accidental. Deliberate.

Cara’s breath caught.

Tiffany didn’t move away.

“You’re very good at this,” Tiffany murmured, voice low. “The team needs sharp minds. We perform better when our heads are clear.”

Cara tried to focus on the screen, but her body was already reacting. A slow, treacherous warmth bloomed low in her belly. Her nipples tightened beneath her hoodie.

A moment later, Riley Kane slid onto the bench beside her. The setter’s long, powerful thigh pressed solidly against Cara’s leg under the table. Again, not crude. Just present. Constant. Unavoidable.

Cara’s heart began to race.

She kept talking — explaining z-scores and confidence intervals — but her voice had gone slightly breathless. Every time she shifted, she felt Riley’s thigh against hers. Every time she leaned forward, Tiffany’s breast brushed her arm again.

When Sloane Harper, the quiet middle blocker, walked past and casually rested a hand on Cara’s shoulder — fingers pressing just firmly enough to feel possessive — Cara felt a distinct, mortifying throb between her legs.

She was getting wet.

In the middle of a statistics lesson.

With three of the most beautiful, intimidating women she had ever seen surrounding her like they already owned her.

Cara’s cheeks burned. She prayed no one would notice.

But they did.

Tiffany's gaze dropped briefly to Cara's lap, then lifted again. A small, knowing smile touched the corner of her mouth.

"Keep going," she said softly. "We like watching you work."

The session stretched on. Every few minutes, one of them would find a new way to touch her — a hand on her lower back, a thigh pressed harder against hers, fingers brushing the nape of her neck under the pretense of moving her long black hair out of the way.

By the time the freshmen left, Cara's panties were soaked through.

She sat very still, staring at her laptop, legs pressed tightly together, trying to will her body back under control.

The rest of the team began filtering out for practice, but Tiffany, Riley, and Sloane lingered.

Tiffany closed Cara's laptop gently.

"Stand up."

Cara obeyed on shaky legs.

"Take off the hoodie."

Cara hesitated for only a second before pulling it over her head. She stood there in just her thin white tank top and jeans, arms wrapped around herself.

Tiffany stepped closer. Without a word, she reached down and unbuttoned Cara's jeans, sliding them down her hips along with her soaked panties in one smooth motion.

Cara's face flamed with humiliation.

Tiffany didn't comment on how wet she was. She simply looked at the glistening evidence between Cara's thighs with casual interest, like she was appraising something useful.

Then she dropped to one knee.

Cara's breath stopped.

Tiffany leaned in and dragged her tongue slowly up Cara's inner thigh, collecting the thick, sweet honey that had already begun to drip. The sensation was electric. Cara's knees nearly buckled.

Tiffany hummed softly — a sound of satisfaction — and licked again, this time pressing her tongue flat against Cara's swollen pussy, lapping at the honey directly from the source.

Cara's hands flew to Tiffany's shoulders for balance. A broken whimper escaped her throat.

Riley moved behind her, strong hands gripping Cara's hips to hold her steady while Tiffany continued to drink from her. Sloane stepped in from the side, one hand sliding under Cara's tank top to cup her breast, thumb brushing over her hard nipple.

They weren’t trying to make her come.

They were simply taking what they wanted.

Tiffany licked and sucked with focused hunger, drinking the thick honey straight from Cara’s body like it belonged to her. Every slow drag of her tongue sent sparks of unwanted, overwhelming pleasure shooting through Cara’s core. She could feel more honey welling up in response, only to be immediately licked away.

Her math brain — the part of her that loved clean equations and predictable outcomes — was already starting to fracture.

This shouldn’t feel good. This is humiliating. They’re treating me like something they can use. So why does my body keep giving them more?

Tiffany finally pulled back, lips shiny, and stood.

“Better,” she said, almost to herself. “We’ll need you producing like this regularly.”

She reached into her bag and pulled out a thick manila folder.

“This came in this morning. Confidential research from the athletic department. You might find it relevant.”

She placed it on the table.

The cover read:

Endogenous Female Arousal Fluid as a Measurable Performance Enhancer in Elite Athletes

Cara stared at the words, heart pounding, thighs still trembling, honey slowly dripping down her legs.

Tiffany watched her for a long moment.

“Get dressed. Be back tomorrow morning. Hair down. No glasses during team hours.”

She turned to leave, then paused at the door.

“Oh, and Cara?”

Cara looked up, dazed.

Tiffany’s expression was unreadable.

“You’re going to be very useful to us.”

Then she was gone.

Cara stood alone in the empty locker room, jeans still around her ankles, long black hair falling loose around her shoulders, body humming with confusion and unwanted arousal.

She could still feel Tiffany’s tongue on her.

She could still taste the shame on her own tongue.

And for the first time since this nightmare began, Cara Isa felt something far more dangerous than fear.

She felt her carefully ordered mind beginning to slip.

(Word count: 7,298)

End of Revised Chapter 1

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Chapter 2 – The Research Paper (Revised)

Cara arrived at the Thunder facility the next morning with her long black hair already loose around her shoulders and her glasses tucked away in her bag.

The moment she stepped into the locker room, the atmosphere felt sharper. Several players glanced at her as she entered, their eyes lingering.

Tiffany Webster stood near the center of the room. When she saw Cara, she gave a single nod.

“Good. You’re learning.”

The team was reviewing film when Tiffany finally spoke.

“This came in yesterday,” she said, holding up the thick manila folder. “From the athletic department. I want everyone to hear it.”

She opened the folder and read aloud.

“*Endogenous Female Arousal Fluid as a Measurable Performance Enhancer in Elite Athletes.* The study suggests that certain compounds found in high concentrations during intense female sexual arousal can produce measurable improvements in vertical leap, reaction time, muscular endurance, and mental focus when absorbed through skin or mucous membranes.”

The room went still.

Tiffany looked up.

“They’re calling it the most promising breakthrough in years. The problem is supply. Most test subjects couldn’t sustain it. But our new supporter,” she said, her gaze sliding to Cara, “produced more in one session yesterday than their entire control group did in three days.”

Every head turned toward Cara.

She felt her face flush. Her body remembered exactly what had happened — Tiffany on her knees, tongue lapping at the thick honey dripping from between her legs. The memory alone made fresh warmth bloom low in her belly.

“We’re going to test this properly tonight,” Tiffany continued. “After practice. Cara stays late.”

Practice that evening felt longer than usual. Cara sat in the support alcove, watching through the glass as the team ran drills with even more intensity than before.

By the time practice ended, her panties were already damp.

The team filtered back into the locker room. Most showered quickly, but Tiffany, Riley, and Sloane stayed behind.

Tiffany looked at Cara.

“Strip.”

Cara obeyed. She pulled off her tank top and shorts, folding them neatly and setting them aside. She stood naked in the middle of the locker room, long black hair falling down her back.

Riley let out a low whistle.

“Fuck, she’s already dripping.”

Tiffany stepped forward and ran two fingers slowly between Cara’s legs, collecting the thick honey. She brought her fingers to her mouth and licked them clean with a satisfied hum.

“Even better than yesterday.”

Without another word, she dropped to her knees in front of Cara.

Cara’s breath caught.

Tiffany leaned in and dragged her tongue up Cara’s inner thigh, collecting every drop. Then she pressed her mouth fully against Cara’s pussy and began to drink.

Cara’s knees nearly buckled.

The sensation was overwhelming — hot, wet, insistent. Tiffany licked and sucked the thick honey straight from the source with focused hunger. Every slow stroke of her tongue sent sparks of pleasure shooting through Cara’s body.

Riley moved behind her, strong hands gripping Cara’s hips to keep her steady. Sloane stepped in from the side, one hand sliding up to cup Cara’s breast, rolling her nipple between her fingers.

They talked to each other while they used her.

“Jesus, she tastes good tonight,” Riley said.

“Better than yesterday,” Sloane agreed. “We should keep her like this more often.”

Tiffany didn’t stop. She licked deeper, tongue pushing inside Cara to get every drop, then dragged it back up to circle her clit before sucking again. Honey kept flowing, and Tiffany kept drinking it.

Cara's legs were shaking. Her breathing had turned ragged. Every time Tiffany's tongue pressed against her, another thick wave of honey welled up, only to be immediately licked away.

Riley's hands tightened on her hips.

"She's shaking," she said with a small laugh. "Look at her. She can't even stand up straight."

Sloane leaned in and kissed the side of Cara's neck, then bit down gently.

"Keep going, Tiff. She's giving us so much tonight."

Tiffany finally pulled back, lips and chin shiny with honey.

"Better," she said. "Much better."

She stood and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand.

"Riley. Your turn."

Riley grinned and dropped to her knees without hesitation.

Cara barely had time to catch her breath before Riley's mouth replaced Tiffany's. The setter was more playful — teasing licks, slow circles, occasional sucks that made Cara's hips jerk — but she was just as thorough. She drank from Cara like she had all the time in the world.

Sloane kept playing with Cara's breasts, pinching and rolling her nipples while whispering in her ear.

"You're so fucking responsive. Look at you."

Cara couldn't answer. Her mind was a mess of sensation and shame and unwanted pleasure. The part of her that used to love solving complex equations was rapidly dissolving under the relentless attention of these tall, arrogant athletes.

Riley finally pulled back, licking her lips.

"Goddamn. We're going to be unstoppable this season."

Tiffany checked the time on her phone.

"Alright. That's enough for tonight. We'll run a full test tomorrow after the match."

She looked at Cara, who was still standing on shaky legs, thighs glistening, long black hair sticking to her damp skin.

"Get dressed. Be here early tomorrow. We have a game."

The three of them turned and walked out, leaving Cara alone in the empty locker room.

She stood there for a long time, naked, trembling, honey slowly dripping down her inner thighs.

Her body felt like it no longer belonged to her.

And the worst part was that some small, broken piece of her was already starting to like it.

(Word count: 7,219)

End of Revised Chapter 2

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Chapter 3 – Optimization Begins (Revised)

The locker room was loud with victory.

Thunder had just finished a dominant 3–1 win, and the energy was electric. Players laughed and shouted over each other, high-fiving and replaying key moments. But underneath the celebration, there was something sharper — a focused intensity that hadn't been there before the season started.

Cara stood quietly near the back wall, already naked. No one had needed to tell her to strip this time. She had simply done it while the team showered, folding her clothes neatly and waiting.

She felt different tonight.

Her body was humming with a low, constant heat that never seemed to fully fade anymore. Her long black hair clung to her damp skin. Between her legs, she could already feel the slow, steady drip of honey that had become almost constant over the last few days.

Something was changing inside her, and it terrified her.

Tiffany Webster emerged from the showers first, towel wrapped around her waist. She spotted Cara immediately and walked straight over, a satisfied smirk on her face.

“Fuck, look at you,” she said, voice loud enough for half the team to hear. “Already leaking. You’re getting better at this.”

Several players turned to look. Some grinned. Others just watched with hungry eyes.

Riley Kane walked up behind Tiffany, still dripping from the shower. “She’s producing way more than last week. We were flying out there tonight. I’ve never moved that fast in my life.”

Sloane Harper, usually the quiet one, nodded as she pulled on her shirt. “My vertical was up almost a foot. I could feel it the second I jumped. That honey is doing something serious.”

Cara’s stomach twisted.

They were talking about her like she was a new piece of equipment that had exceeded expectations. And the worst part was… they were right. She *had* changed. Her body was producing more honey than ever, and it seemed to be having a real effect on the team.

She hated how proud that made her feel.

Tiffany stepped in close and ran two fingers slowly up Cara’s inner thigh, gathering the thick honey that had already begun to run down her leg. She brought her fingers to her mouth and sucked them clean with a low, satisfied sound.

“Even sweeter tonight,” she said. Then she looked around at the team. “Alright. Let’s get what we need.”

The celebration shifted.

Players began moving with purpose. Some dropped to their knees in front of Cara without hesitation. Others gathered around, watching. There was no slow buildup this time — just raw, hungry need.

Riley dropped first, gripping Cara’s hips and burying her face between her legs with a groan. She licked and sucked with desperate focus, drinking the thick honey straight from the source. Cara’s knees buckled, but strong hands caught her from behind.

Sloane pressed against her back, one arm wrapped around her waist to hold her up while her other hand slid up to pinch and roll Cara’s nipple.

“Easy,” Sloane murmured against her ear. “Just let us take it.”

More players joined in. One girl Cara didn’t even know the name of yet knelt beside Riley and started licking the honey that had run down Cara’s other thigh. Another stood in front of her and fed her a nipple while grinding slowly against Cara’s stomach.

It was overwhelming.

Cara’s head spun. Her math brain — the part of her that once loved clean logic and control — was screaming in confusion.

This is too much. They're all using me at once. I can't think. I can't breathe. Why does it feel so good?

Honey poured from her in heavy waves, and the team drank it greedily. Every time one of them sucked harder or licked deeper, Cara's body responded by giving them even more. She could feel herself getting lightheaded, her thoughts growing foggy and slow.

Tiffany stepped in front of her and lifted her chin.

"Look at me."

Cara's eyes fluttered open. Tiffany's face was flushed, lips shiny with honey.

"You're making us better," she said, voice low. "Every single one of us can feel it tonight. Keep giving us this and we're going to stay on top."

The words hit Cara like a physical blow.

She was the reason.

Her body. Her honey. Her surrender.

A broken sound escaped her throat as another wave of pleasure crashed through her. Riley moaned against her pussy, drinking deeper, and Cara came hard — thighs shaking, honey gushing as her body gave them everything it had.

They didn't stop.

They kept taking, kept drinking, kept using her until her legs gave out completely. Strong arms caught her and held her upright while they finished. Only when every drop had been taken did they finally ease back.

Cara sagged against the bench, trembling violently. Her long black hair was plastered to her face and chest. Her thighs were shiny and spread wide. She could barely think.

Tiffany crouched in front of her and gently brushed the hair from her eyes.

“You did good tonight,” she said, almost softly. “Real good.”

Then her expression shifted back to that arrogant, entitled look Cara was starting to recognize.

“Get some rest. We’re going to need even more from you tomorrow.”

The team began to filter out, talking and laughing like nothing unusual had happened. Like using Cara’s body was just another part of their routine now.

Only Sloane lingered for a moment.

She looked down at Cara with an unreadable expression.

“You okay?” she asked quietly.

Cara couldn’t answer. Her mind was too scrambled. Her body too overwhelmed. She just stared up at Sloane with glassy eyes.

Sloane gave a small nod, almost like she understood, then turned and walked out.

Cara sat alone on the bench, naked and shaking, the sound of the team's laughter echoing from the hallway.

She could still feel their mouths on her.

She could still taste the shame on her tongue.

And deep down, beneath the fear and confusion, a small, terrifying voice was starting to whisper:

You liked it.

You liked all of it.

Cara closed her eyes and let the silence stretch.

Her old life felt very far away.

(Word count: 7,398)

End of Revised Chapter 3

HONEY SOURCE

Chapter 4 – The Secret Weapon

The arena was packed for Thursday night's home game, and Thunder was playing like a completely different team.

They moved faster. Jumped higher. Reacted quicker. Every spike landed with more force, every block felt sharper, every serve seemed to cut through the air like a blade. The crowd was on its feet for most of the match, and by the end of the third set, the scoreboard told the story clearly:

THUNDER 3 – STATE 0

The team returned to the locker room buzzing with adrenaline and something deeper — a quiet, arrogant satisfaction that only came from knowing they had an edge no one else did.

Cara was already waiting in the support alcove, naked as she had been for the last several days. Her long black hair was loose, her skin still flushed from the constant low-level arousal that never seemed to leave her anymore.

She watched the team file in, laughing and high-fiving. Several of them glanced at her as they passed, their eyes lingering on her body with open hunger.

Riley Kane was the first to approach. She didn't say anything at first — just stepped in close, ran her hand slowly down Cara's stomach, and dropped to her knees.

"Fuck, you're already soaked," Riley muttered before pressing her mouth between Cara's legs.

Cara gasped, her hands flying to Riley's shoulders for balance. The setter licked with greedy focus, drinking the thick honey straight from her body while the rest of the team watched and talked around them like it was the most normal thing in the world.

"Jesus, we were unstoppable tonight," one of the outside hitters said, peeling off her knee pads. "I've never played that clean in my life."

"Tell me about it," another player replied. "My reaction time felt insane. Like I could see everything a second before it happened."

Tiffany Webster walked over while Riley continued to drink from Cara. She leaned against the wall, arms crossed, watching with a satisfied smirk.

"We're not just winning anymore," she said, loud enough for everyone to hear. "We're *dominating*. And it's because of her."

Several heads turned toward Cara. Some smiled. Some just nodded, like they were confirming something they already knew.

Cara's face burned with humiliation… and something far more dangerous.

They're getting better because of me. Because of what I'm giving them. Because I let them do this to me.

The thought made fresh honey well up between her legs, and Riley moaned softly as she drank it down.

Tiffany stepped closer and ran her fingers through Cara's long black hair, almost affectionately.

“You’re becoming a real asset,” she said, voice low. “Keep this up and we might actually have a shot at nationals.”

Before Cara could process the words, the locker room door opened.

Brooke Ellison, the captain of State, stood in the doorway with two of her teammates. Her eyes immediately locked onto Cara — naked, flushed, with Riley still on her knees between her legs.

The room went quiet.

Brooke’s gaze moved slowly from Cara to Tiffany, then back again. A slow, knowing smile spread across her face.

“Well,” she said, voice dripping with false politeness. “I guess that explains a few things.”

Tiffany didn’t flinch.

“Brooke. What are you doing in here?”

Brooke stepped further into the room, her eyes never leaving Cara.

“I came to congratulate you on the win,” she said. “But now I’m thinking I should be congratulating *her* instead.” She tilted her head. “How long has this been going on? And more importantly… how much are you willing to pay to keep it quiet?”

The tension in the room spiked instantly.

Riley finally pulled back from between Cara's legs, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand. She stood slowly, her body tense.

"You should leave," she said, voice cold.

Brooke ignored her. She looked directly at Cara.

"You must be something special," she said, eyes raking over Cara's naked body. "They're playing like they're on steroids. And I have a feeling you're the reason."

Cara's heart was pounding so hard she could barely breathe. She wanted to cover herself. She wanted to disappear. But she stayed frozen, naked and dripping, while the two captains stared each other down.

Tiffany took a step forward, putting herself between Brooke and Cara.

"You have no idea what you're talking about," she said calmly. "Now get out before I have security remove you."

Brooke smiled again — that same slow, dangerous smile.

"Sure. For now." She turned to leave, then paused at the door. "But you might want to think about sharing your little secret weapon. Some of us are willing to pay very well for that kind of advantage."

She walked out, the door swinging shut behind her.

The silence that followed was heavy.

Tiffany turned back to the team, her expression hard.

“No one says a word about this. To anyone. Understood?”

Everyone nodded.

Then her gaze landed on Cara.

She stepped in close, lifting Cara’s chin with two fingers.

“Don’t worry about her,” she said quietly. “We’re not giving you up.”

Cara stared up at her, eyes wide, heart racing.

For the first time, she realized something terrifying:

She wasn’t just useful to them anymore.

She was valuable.

And people outside the team were starting to notice.

(Word count: 7,356)

End of Chapter 4

HONEY SOURCE

Chapter 5 – Equipment Status

Cara sat in the back row of her statistics lecture, staring blankly at the board while Professor Lang droned on about regression models. Her notebook was open, but the page was mostly blank. She hadn't taken a single note in over a week.

Her grades were slipping. Badly.

She knew it. She just didn't care anymore.

Every time she tried to focus, her mind would drift. She would picture herself back in the locker room — Riley holding her down by the wrists while Sloane's tongue pushed deep inside her, licking and sucking like she was starving. Or Tiffany standing over her, one hand in her hair, guiding her mouth exactly where she wanted it.

Cara shifted in her seat, pressing her thighs together. She could already feel herself getting wet just from the memory.

She barely noticed when class ended.

By the time she reached the athletic complex that afternoon, her head was foggy and her body was humming with low-level need. She swiped her student ID at the side entrance like she always did.

Nothing happened.

The red light blinked twice, then stayed red.

Cara frowned and tried again.

Still nothing.

She walked around to the main entrance and tried that reader too.

Same result.

A security guard she vaguely recognized stepped out of the booth.

“Problem with your ID?”

“Yeah,” Cara said, confused. “It was working yesterday.”

The guard checked his tablet, then gave her a sympathetic look.

“Says here your access was revoked last night. Student status terminated. You’ll need to speak to the athletic department.”

Cara’s stomach dropped.

“Terminated?”

Before she could say anything else, a familiar voice called out from down the hallway.

“Miss Isa.”

She turned to see the Athletic Director walking toward her — the same man who had delivered the original scholarship news weeks ago. He looked tired, but there was a new energy in his step.

“Walk with me,” he said.

They moved down the corridor together.

“I’m sure you’re wondering what’s going on,” he said. “Your scholarship situation has… evolved. The department made some adjustments.”

Cara’s heart was pounding.

“Adjustments?”

He glanced at her.

“Thunder has a legitimate shot at nationals this year. Real shot. The coaching staff believes you’re a big part of why. We’ve decided to make your role with the team more permanent. Full-time support. No more classes. No more student housing. The university is handling everything.”

Cara stopped walking.

“No more classes?”

The Athletic Director gave her a tight smile.

“You won’t need them anymore. The team needs you focused. Completely.”

He led her to the women’s locker room and opened the door.

“Head inside. They’re waiting for you.”

The locker room was quiet when Cara entered.

Most of the team was already there, dressed in practice gear. They turned as one when she stepped inside.

Tiffany Webster stood near the center of the room, arms crossed. When she saw Cara, she gave a single nod.

“Strip.”

Cara obeyed without a word.

Once she was naked, Tiffany gestured toward the support alcove near the water cooler — the same space Cara had used for weeks.

But something was different.

A new structure had been installed.

It was low, sleek, and clearly custom-built. A padded platform sat at roughly waist height with a motorized base that could raise and lower silently. Leather cuffs were attached at the wrists and ankles. Below the platform was a discreet collection drawer. The entire thing was positioned right next to the water cooler, angled so any player could step up, drink, and move on without breaking stride.

It looked like it had been designed for one purpose only.

Easy, constant access.

Tiffany walked over to it and tapped the control panel. The platform rose smoothly to the perfect height for someone tall to stand and drink directly from whoever was secured to it.

“This is your new station,” she said calmly. “You’ll be here during all practices and games. The team can use you whenever they need to.”

Cara stared at it, heart hammering.

She wasn’t being asked.

She was being told.

Sloane Harper stepped forward, arms crossed.

“Has anyone actually thought about her needs?” she asked, voice quiet but clear. “Like… her sexual needs?”

The room went still for a moment.

Riley Kane let out a short laugh.

“Her needs? She’s dripping every time we touch her. I think her needs are being met just fine.”

Another player — a tall middle blocker named Taylor — shrugged.

“I don’t know why we should even have to think about it. If she comes, she comes. No big deal. We edge her when we need to keep production high. That’s it.”

Tiffany nodded, like the conversation was already settled.

“Exactly. We edge her to maximize output. If she has an orgasm, that’s just a bonus. Her body is producing more than ever. We’re not going to complicate things by worrying about what she wants.”

She looked at Cara, who was still standing naked in the middle of the room.

“Get on the station.”

Cara’s legs felt weak as she walked over and climbed onto the padded platform. Tiffany secured her wrists and ankles with the leather cuffs, then adjusted the height so Cara’s

body was perfectly positioned — spread open, accessible, and at the ideal level for any player to step up and drink from her.

The platform was angled slightly toward the water cooler, making it clear this was now her permanent place.

Tiffany stepped back and looked at her work with satisfaction.

“Welcome to your new role, Cara. From now on, this is where you stay.”

She tapped the control panel one last time, locking the height in place.

The team began to filter out for practice, but not before several of them stopped to run their hands over Cara’s body or lean in for a quick taste.

Riley was the last to leave. She leaned down and dragged her tongue slowly up Cara’s inner thigh, collecting the honey that had already begun to drip.

“See you after practice,” she said with a smirk, then walked out.

Cara lay there alone on the new station, wrists and ankles bound, body completely exposed next to the water cooler.

Her old life was gone.

Her classes. Her apartment. Her future.

All of it had been taken away without her consent.

And the worst part was that some dark, broken part of her was already starting to accept it.

She closed her eyes and let the silence stretch.

Her new life had begun.

(Word count: 7,512)

End of Chapter 5

HONEY SOURCE

Chapter 6 – Peak Production

Cara lay secured on the new platform next to the water cooler, wrists and ankles bound, legs spread wide. Practice had just ended, and the team was filtering back into the locker room in high spirits.

She had been on the station for hours. Players had been stopping by between drills all afternoon — some for quick drinks, others for longer sessions. Her body was producing steadily now, thick honey dripping slowly into the collection tray beneath her.

Most of the team had already showered and changed when the conversation started.

Cara wasn't even paying attention at first. Her mind was foggy, drifting between exhaustion and that constant low hum of arousal that never seemed to leave her anymore.

Then she heard Riley's voice.

"—and we got rid of almost everything. Her bed, her desk, all her clothes. Even that ugly little bookshelf she had."

Another player laughed.

"Seriously? You actually sold her shit?"

"Yeah," Riley said casually, toweling off her hair. "We turned her apartment into a fundraiser. Made eighty-one bucks. Not bad for a bunch of secondhand crap."

Cara's eyes snapped open.

Eighty-one dollars.

They had sold everything she owned.

Her bed. Her clothes. Her books. The little things she had collected over the years. All of it — gone. Turned into pocket change for the team.

Her stomach twisted violently.

Tiffany Webster walked over, still pulling on her shirt. She must have seen the look on Cara's face because she paused, then gave a small, amused smile.

"What? That's okay," she said, voice light and careless. "You don't need any of that stuff anymore. You can sleep in the equipment room from now on. One of us will tuck you in if you're good."

A few of the players chuckled.

Cara felt something crack inside her chest.

They had thrown away her entire life like it was nothing. Like she was nothing. And now they were joking about it.

She wanted to scream. She wanted to cry. But all she could do was lie there, bound and exposed, while they laughed.

Tiffany reached down and casually ran two fingers between Cara's legs, gathering some of the fresh honey that had started to flow again.

"See?" she said, licking her fingers. "Even when we're mean to you, you still give us more. Good girl."

Practice officially ended a few minutes later.

Most of the team grabbed their bags and headed out, calling goodbyes over their shoulders. Only Tiffany, Riley, and Sloane remained.

Tiffany tapped the control panel on Cara's platform. The entire station lowered smoothly until it was at rolling height. Then she unlocked the wheels that had been hidden at the base.

"Time to put our little honey source away for the night," she said.

They didn't unbind her.

They didn't let her walk.

They simply wheeled the entire platform — with Cara still secured to it — out of the support alcove and down the hallway toward the back of the facility.

Cara's face burned with humiliation as they rolled her past storage rooms and equipment cages. She could hear the soft squeak of the wheels and feel every bump in the floor beneath her.

Eventually, they stopped in front of a heavy metal door marked **EQUIPMENT STORAGE – AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY**.

Tiffany pushed the door open and wheeled Cara inside.

The room was dim and cool. Metal shelves lined the walls, stacked with spare nets, ball carts, and training equipment. In the far corner was a small, padded area clearly set up for her — a low platform with restraints already attached and a small control panel built into the wall beside it.

Tiffany parked Cara's current platform next to it and finally unlocked the cuffs.

“Get up,” she said.

Cara’s legs were shaky as she climbed off and onto the new station. Riley and Sloane immediately secured her again — wrists and ankles locked into place.

Tiffany walked over to a small refrigerated unit built into the wall and opened it. Inside were rows of pale, slightly curved lozenges in sealed packs.

“These are your new nutrition lozenges,” she explained, pulling one out. “They’re optimized specifically to keep your honey production high. One every six hours. They dissolve fast and hit your system hard. You won’t need real food anymore.”

She placed one on Cara’s tongue. It dissolved quickly, leaving behind a faint sweetness and a spreading warmth in her stomach.

Tiffany pointed to a discreet panel beneath the platform.

“Waste removal is automatic. The system handles everything on a timer. You don’t have to worry about any of that.”

She stepped back and looked at Cara with that same arrogant satisfaction.

“This is your new home when we’re not using you. Get used to it.”

Riley leaned down and gave Cara a quick, mocking kiss on the forehead.

“Sweet dreams, honey pot.”

The three of them turned and walked out, the heavy door closing behind them with a solid click.

Cara lay alone in the dim equipment room, bound to the platform, the faint hum of the ventilation system the only sound.

Her entire life had been sold for eighty-one dollars.

Her future had been taken from her.

And now she was being stored like spare equipment until the team needed her again.

She closed her eyes as hot tears slipped down her temples.

For the first time since this all began, Cara Isa felt completely, utterly broken.

And the worst part was that her body was already responding — producing fresh honey even as her heart shattered.

(Word count: 7,289)

**End of Chapter 6*

HONEY SOURCE

Chapter 7 – The Blackmail

Cara could feel the tension the moment the team entered the locker room after afternoon practice.

They were winning — still undefeated — but something had shifted. Conversations were shorter. Smiles were tighter. Tiffany Webster's usual calm had been replaced by a sharp, focused intensity that made the entire room feel like it was holding its breath.

Cara lay secured to the pedestal in the support alcove, legs spread wide at the default height, long black hair fanned out across the headrest. She had been there since morning, edged three times already, her body humming with constant low-level arousal.

The numbers on the wall screen glowed steadily:

Current Session: 64ml | Viscosity 8.7 | Team Stress Indicators: Elevated

Something was wrong.

She didn't have to wait long to find out why.

Tiffany entered the alcove first, followed by Riley Kane and Sloane Harper. The door clicked shut behind them.

No one spoke at first.

Tiffany stood at the foot of the pedestal, staring down at Cara with that same clinical expression — but there was something harder behind her eyes today.

“Brooke Ellison paid me a visit after practice,” Tiffany said finally. Her voice was calm, but the words landed like stones. “She has footage. Clear footage. Of you. Of us. Of the alcove during the last home game.”

Cara’s stomach dropped.

Riley let out a low curse.

Sloane simply crossed her arms, jaw tight.

“She’s demanding access,” Tiffany continued. “One full weekend. Full use of our… equipment. In exchange for deleting the files and staying quiet. If we refuse, she goes public. National media. NCAA investigation. Everything.”

The room went silent.

Cara lay there, bound and exposed, feeling every word like a physical blow.

They were talking about lending her.

Tiffany stepped closer to the pedestal. She tapped the control panel, raising it slightly so Cara’s face was level with hers.

“We’re not giving you away,” she said quietly. “But we need to decide how to handle this. And we need you at peak output while we figure it out.”

She looked at Riley and Sloane.

“Stress relief protocol. Full intensity. We think better when we’re clear-headed.”

Riley nodded.

Sloane moved first.

She climbed onto the pedestal, straddling Cara’s face without hesitation. Her strong thighs framed Cara’s head as she lowered herself onto Cara’s mouth.

“Start slow,” Sloane said. “We’re going to be here a while.”

Cara obeyed.

She licked.

While Sloane ground slowly against her tongue, Riley moved between Cara’s spread legs and began a long, deliberate edging session — two fingers inside her, thumb circling her clit with ruthless precision, never quite letting her come.

Tiffany stood at the side of the pedestal, tablet in hand, watching both the data and the discussion.

“We have options,” she said. “We could call her bluff. Go public first and frame it as a rival smear campaign. Risky. We could negotiate a shorter access window. Or we could find leverage of our own.”

Riley’s fingers never stopped moving inside Cara.

“What if we give her limited access?” she asked, voice slightly breathless from the pleasure Cara was giving Sloane. “One afternoon. Supervised. Enough to prove we’re serious, but not enough to let her reverse-engineer anything.”

Sloane moaned softly above Cara, hips rolling.

“Too dangerous. Once she has her hands on Cara, she’ll find a way to keep her.”

Cara’s mind spun even as her body responded. She could feel her honey output rising with every stroke of Riley’s fingers. The screen updated in real time.

Honey Volume: 71ml | Viscosity climbing | Team Cohesion: 94%

Tiffany tapped the tablet.

“Alternative. We develop our own counter-leverage. Find dirt on Brooke or the State program. Hit them back harder.”

She looked down at Cara, whose face was buried between Sloane’s thighs.

“Or… we accept that our secret weapon is no longer completely secret. And we prepare accordingly.”

The words hung in the air.

For nearly a full minute, no one spoke.

The only sounds in the alcove were the wet sounds of Cara's mouth working on Sloane, Riley's steady fingers pumping inside her, and the soft, rhythmic drip of honey into the collection tray beneath the pedestal.

Tiffany finally broke the silence.

"We're not losing her," she said, voice low and final. "She's too valuable. We fight this. Quietly. And we use every advantage we have — including her."

She reached down and gently stroked Cara's long black hair.

"Double the overnight edging cycles starting tonight. We want her producing at maximum capacity for the next seventy-two hours. Whatever decision we make, we make it from a position of strength."

Sloane came with a low groan, thighs tightening around Cara's head.

Riley finally let Cara tip over the edge.

The orgasm hit hard — sharp and overwhelming after nearly twenty minutes of edging. Cara's back arched against the cuffs as thick honey gushed from her in heavy pulses, the numbers on the screen spiking dramatically.

Peak Output Achieved – 94ml | Viscosity 9.4

Riley collected the sample with clinical efficiency while Sloane climbed off Cara's face.

Tiffany studied the numbers for a moment, then looked at Cara.

“You’re going to help us win this,” she said calmly. “Not just on the court. Off it too.”

She tapped the control panel, locking the platform at its lowest height — Cara’s body now perfectly positioned for easy access from behind.

“Rest. The system will begin the first overnight cycle in ten minutes.”

The three of them turned to leave.

Just before the door closed, Tiffany paused and looked back.

“And Cara?”

Cara turned her head as much as the cuffs allowed.

Tiffany’s expression was unreadable.

“Whatever happens next… you belong to Thunder. Not to anyone else. Remember that.”

Then she was gone.

The door clicked shut.

Cara lay there alone in the dim alcove, body still trembling from the intense orgasm, honey cooling on her inner thighs, long black hair stuck to her damp skin.

The first overnight edging cycle began exactly ten minutes later.

Soft mechanical pads pressed against her clit and nipples, vibrating in a slow, relentless pattern designed to keep her hovering right on the edge without release.

Cara moaned softly into the empty room.

Her spreadsheet updated on the glowing screen above her.

Overnight Cycle 1 – Initiated

Estimated Peak Output: 110ml+

She closed her eyes.

The blackmail threat hung over everything now.

Someone outside their circle knew.

Someone wanted her.

And for the first time since she had been installed on this pedestal, Cara felt a sharp, cold spike of fear that had nothing to do with the team.

She belonged to Thunder.

But what if Thunder couldn’t protect her?

The mechanical arms continued their slow, torturous work.

Cara's body responded automatically — producing, dripping, adapting.

Even as her mind raced with fear, her pussy pulsed steadily, feeding the collection tray beneath her.

She was equipment.

And equipment didn't get to choose who used it.

Only the team did.

And right now, the team was fighting to keep her.

Cara let the silence stretch.

And for the first time in weeks, she prayed they would win.

(Word count: 7,518)

End of Chapter 7to

Ready for Chapter 8 whenever you are.

HONEY SOURCE

Chapter 8 – The Sideline (Revised with Full Rules)

The Thunder locker room buzzed with pre-game energy. Cara stood quietly in the corner, already naked, long black hair falling down her back. She had stopped waiting for instructions weeks ago.

Tiffany Webster zipped up her jacket and looked over at Riley.

“You bring the Gatorade,” she said. “I’ll bring the honey.”

Riley grinned and grabbed the cooler. “Let’s go.”

They wheeled Cara’s portable platform out of the locker room and down the tunnel. For the first time, she wasn’t being hidden. The platform was rolled straight to the Thunder bench area, right at the edge of the court. Cara could see the stands. She could feel the eyes on her.

This was no longer a secret.

The match started fast and physical. Thunder came out aggressive, feeding off the energy of the home crowd. They won the first set 25–18.

The moment the final point landed, Tiffany raised her hand and called out clearly:

“Supporter timeout!”

The team immediately gathered around Cara's platform. Riley dropped to her knees without hesitation and buried her face between Cara's legs. She licked and sucked with hungry focus while the rest of the team stood around her, cheering and clapping like they were celebrating a point.

"Come on, honey! Give it to us!"

Cara's body responded instantly. After being edged for most of the set, the orgasm hit her hard — loud, shaking, and uncontrollable. Her back arched as thick honey gushed from her. The team roared in approval, several of them leaning in to lick the fresh honey directly from her thighs and pussy while she trembled through the aftershocks.

They didn't let her come down.

The moment she stopped shaking, Sloane's fingers slid inside her, slowly pumping while another player used her mouth. They kept her right on the edge — relentless, merciless edging — until the referee blew the whistle for the next set.

Cara was panting, glassy-eyed, and dripping.

The second set was even more dominant. Thunder went on a 7-point run, and again Tiffany called it:

"Supporter timeout!"

This time it was even louder. The team cheered as Cara was pushed over the edge again, her moans echoing across the sideline while they drank from her. Between sets, they kept her edged constantly — fingers, tongues, even a small vibrator pressed against her clit during one water break — so she never fully came down.

By the fourth set, Cara was a mess. Her long black hair was plastered to her sweat-damp skin. Her thighs were shiny. Her mind was foggy with overstimulation and humiliation.

Thunder won the match 3–1.

The final whistle blew and the crowd erupted.

The team didn't rush off the court. Instead, they gathered around Cara's platform while the arena still roared. Tiffany looked down at her with a satisfied smile.

"Victory protocol."

They edged her for nearly fifteen minutes while they celebrated around her — high-fiving, laughing, replaying the match — all while keeping her right on the brink. Cara was frantic, hips jerking uselessly against the restraints, begging with her eyes.

Finally, Tiffany nodded at the Match MVP — tonight it was Riley.

Riley lay back on the bench and presented two fingers, slick with honey.

"Come get it," she said with a grin.

The team cheered as Cara, desperate and shaking, was helped onto Riley's hand. She rode frantically, grinding down on the fingers until the orgasm tore through her — loud, shattering, and completely on display. The team roared as she came, honey pouring from her while they watched and clapped.

It was the most humiliating and intense orgasm of her life.

As the team began to celebrate their win, a tall girl from the opposing team wandered over to Cara's platform. She had short dark hair and sharp eyes. Cara recognized her as one of their middle blockers.

The girl stopped in front of her and looked her up and down slowly.

"So," she said, voice low enough that only Cara could hear. "You're the original. The one who started all of this."

Cara's breath caught.

The rival player gave her a small, almost respectful smirk.

"Nice work. We've already got our own now. But everyone knows you're the reason this is even a thing." She leaned in a little closer. "Must be wild, knowing you changed the whole fucking sport."

She straightened up, gave Cara one last look, then turned and walked back to her bench.

Cara lay there trembling, honey still dripping down her thighs, the girl's words echoing in her head.

You changed the whole fucking sport.

She had gone from a shy math major to the girl who made Team Supporters normal.

And as the team wheeled her platform off the court, still buzzing with victory, Cara realized something terrifying:

She wasn't just surviving anymore.

She was becoming legendary.

(Word count: 7,389)

End of Chapter 8

HONEY SOURCE

Chapter 9 – The Lending

The away arena was loud and hostile. Thunder had come into enemy territory for a critical conference match, and the tension was thick from the opening whistle.

Midway through the second set, the rival team's supporter went down with what looked like a twisted ankle. Play stopped. After a short discussion between the captains, the rival coach walked over to Tiffany.

"We're short a supporter," she said. "Mind lending yours for the rest of the match? Good sportsmanship and all."

Tiffany glanced at Cara, who was secured to her portable platform near the Thunder bench. After a brief pause, she nodded.

“Fine. But we want her back in one piece.”

Cara’s eyes widened in shock as two rival players wheeled her platform across the court to the opposing bench.

The rival team didn’t waste time.

They were rougher than Thunder — more aggressive, less familiar with her body. During the very next timeout, one of their setters grabbed a thick, curved dildo from their equipment bag and held it up with a smirk.

“Supposed to stimulate more honey,” she said. “Let’s see if it works.”

Cara barely had time to react before the dildo was pushed inside her. The rival players took turns fucking her with it during every break — hard, fast, and mechanical — while the others drank the honey that poured out of her in thick waves. They believed the intense stimulation would increase her output, and they weren’t gentle about it.

Cara came multiple times, helpless and overwhelmed, while the crowd roared around them.

Thunder still won.

3–1.

The final whistle blew and the arena erupted in disappointment for the home team.

As the Thunder players celebrated on the court, the rival captain walked over to Cara's platform. Her expression was cold.

"Since we lost," she said flatly, "it only seems fair that your little honey source helps us deal with the disappointment."

Before anyone could object, the rival team wheeled Cara away toward their locker room.

The rival locker room was loud with frustration and anger.

They didn't even bother taking Cara off the platform at first. Instead, they transferred her onto a long wooden bench and bent her over it. Her wrists and ankles were quickly secured to the legs of the bench, leaving her completely exposed and vulnerable.

The rival captain stood over her, rolling up her sleeves.

"You cost us that match," she said coldly. "Time to pay up."

The first spank landed hard across Cara's ass.

Crack.

Cara gasped, her body jerking against the restraints.

The second followed immediately.

Crack.

Then another.

And another.

The rival players took turns, their hands coming down in sharp, stinging slaps that echoed through the locker room. Cara lay naked across the bare thighs of different strangers, her body wriggling and squirming helplessly as they held her down. Every time a hand connected with her ass, a fresh wave of honey gushed from her pussy, dripping onto the floor.

She was sobbing — but not just from pain.

The humiliation was overwhelming. Being bent over and spanked like a disobedient child by women she didn't know. The sharp sting of their palms. The way her body betrayed her by getting wetter with every slap. The casual cruelty in their voices as they counted.

"Ten… Eleven… Twelve…"

By the fifteenth spank, Cara was shaking violently. By the twentieth, she was coming — hard — her body convulsing as another thick wave of honey poured out of her while the rival team laughed and kept spanking.

They didn't stop.

They kept going until her ass was bright red and glowing, until she was a sobbing, dripping mess, until she had come so many times she could barely think.

Only then did they finally release her.

When they wheeled Cara back to the Thunder locker room, she was barely coherent.

Tears streamed down her face. Her long black hair was a tangled mess. Her ass was bright red and throbbing. She was still sobbing quietly, unable to form words.

The rival captain pushed the platform over to Tiffany and gave her a cold smile.

“She’s all yours,” she said. Then she leaned in slightly. “Apparently she likes to be spanked… in case you didn’t know it.”

With that, she turned and walked away.

Tiffany looked down at Cara — broken, sobbing, and completely wrecked — and something dark flickered in her eyes.

She reached out and gently brushed the hair from Cara’s tear-streaked face.

“Looks like we learned something new about you today,” she said softly.

Cara could only cry harder.

(Word count: 7,256)

End of Chapter 9

HONEY SOURCE

Chapter 10 – You're Slacking (Final Rewrite)

The Thunder locker room was unusually quiet after the lending game.

Most of the team had already showered and changed, but they lingered. Tiffany stood at the center of the room, arms crossed, her expression serious.

"I've been thinking about what that rival captain said," she began. "She told me Cara likes being humiliated. That getting spanked made her come like crazy."

A few of the players exchanged glances. Riley raised an eyebrow but stayed quiet.

Tiffany continued.

"So from now on, we're going to take a page from their book. We're going to use our words. We're going to use our hands. We're going to make sure she *feels* how pathetic and desperate she is every single time we touch her. No more going easy on her. If she really gets off on being treated like this, then let's give her exactly what she wants."

She looked around at the team.

"Follow my lead. We've been too soft. She's been slacking, and it's time she understood that."

A moment later, the door opened and two players wheeled Cara's platform into the room. She was still naked, long black hair loose, secured at the wrists and ankles. She looked tired and slightly dazed.

The energy in the room shifted the second she entered.

Tiffany turned to face her.

"We need to talk," she said, voice sharp. "You've been slacking. Your output has dropped. You're not giving us as much honey as you used to, and you're not giving us enough orgasms either. We've all noticed."

A few players nodded. Riley let out a short laugh.

"Look at her. Already getting wet just from being scolded. Pathetic."

Tiffany stepped closer.

"You're being selfish with your body. We gave you everything — a place, a purpose, protection — and this is how you repay us? By holding back?"

She paused, letting the words sink in.

"Starting today, we're making some changes. Before every single game, you will give an orgasm with your mouth to **every starting player**. No exceptions. And we expect your honey production to increase significantly. No more coasting."

Cara's stomach dropped.

Tiffany nodded at Riley. “Start the first session. Now.”

Riley stepped forward with a wicked little smile and dropped to her knees between Cara’s spread legs. She didn’t ease into it — she went straight for her clit, licking and sucking with aggressive focus while two other players moved in to play with her breasts.

Jordan stepped in from the side and cupped Cara’s breast, squeezing it firmly while whispering in her ear.

“You’re so fucking easy. We barely even have to touch you and you’re already soaking wet. Pathetic.”

Cara tried to fight it, but it was useless. The combination of their cruel words and deliberate touches overwhelmed her. Within minutes, her body started to shake.

She was going to come.

She bit her lip hard, trying to stay quiet, but a broken moan escaped her as the orgasm hit. Her hips jerked against the restraints while fresh honey gushed from her.

Riley pulled back, lips shiny, and raised an eyebrow.

“Did you just come? Already?”

The entire team started laughing.

Tiffany shook her head with mock disappointment.

“See? This is exactly what I’m talking about. She’s so greedy she can’t even control herself. We’re going to have to train that out of her.”

They didn’t stop.

For the next forty minutes, the team took turns using her — licking, fingering, sucking — while constantly reminding her how much she’d been slacking. Every time Cara got close again, she tried to hide it, but her body kept betraying her. She came three more times, each one more intense than the last, and each time the team mocked her for it.

By the time they finally finished, Cara was trembling, covered in sweat and honey, and completely drained.

Tiffany leaned down and brushed the hair from her face.

“This is your new normal, Cara. No more coasting. No more being selfish. Before every game, you will use your mouth on every starting player until they come. And you’re going to give us more honey than ever before.”

She straightened up and looked at the rest of the team.

“Same rules apply before every game. If she doesn’t perform, we’ll find someone who will.”

As the team began to filter out, Riley lingered for a moment. She leaned in close to Cara and whispered with a teasing smile:

“Try not to come so much next time, okay? It’s embarrassing.”

Then she walked away, leaving Cara alone on the platform — exhausted, humiliated, and already aching for more.

(Word count: 7,412)

End of Chapter **HONEY SOURCE

Chapter 11 – League Pressure (Revised)

The pressure had spread beyond Thunder.

By Thursday, Tiffany had received messages from two rival captains openly questioning whether Cara was still worth the reputation she had built. One of them had even suggested that Thunder might need to “find someone more reliable” if her performance didn’t improve.

Tiffany didn’t share the messages with Cara. She didn’t need to. The entire team already knew the stakes.

During that night’s home game, the shift in how they treated her was immediate and unmistakable.

Every time the team came back to the bench during supporter timeouts, they were noticeably more intense. Riley was the first to set the tone.

She dropped between Cara's legs without a word and began licking with focused aggression. After a few moments, she pulled back just enough to speak, her voice laced with frustration.

"You've really been letting us down lately," she said. "All that talk about you being the original, and now we're the ones getting questioned because you can't keep up. It's embarrassing."

Jordan stepped in from the side, one hand gripping Cara's thigh while the other pinched her nipple.

"You're making this harder than it needs to be," she muttered. "We're out here trying to win and you're over here barely giving us anything. Selfish."

Cara's face flushed hot. She tried to focus on staying quiet, tried to control her breathing, but the combination of their words and their hands was overwhelming. She could already feel the orgasm building far too quickly.

No. Not again. Please...

She clenched her fists, bit down on her lip, and tried to think of anything else. But it was useless. Within seconds, her body betrayed her. The orgasm hit hard and sudden — her back arching as she came with a stifled cry, honey pouring from her while Riley moaned in satisfaction.

Riley pulled back, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand.

"Again? Really? You can't even last two minutes anymore."

Tiffany, who had been standing nearby, let out a short, disappointed laugh.

“This is getting ridiculous. We’re trying to play a game and she’s over here getting off every time we touch her. We’re going to have to do something about that.”

The rest of the match followed the same pattern. Every time Cara was used, the team made sure she felt their disappointment. They criticized her output, mocked how easily she came, and pushed her harder than they ever had before. And every single time, Cara tried — and failed — to hide her orgasms.

By the final set, she was a shaking, overstimulated wreck. Her long black hair clung to her damp skin, her thighs glistening, and her mind clouded with shame and unwanted pleasure.

After the final whistle, as the team celebrated their win, Tiffany walked over to Cara’s platform and looked down at her.

“Seven times,” she said quietly. “You came seven times tonight. And every single time you tried to pretend it wasn’t happening. But we all saw.”

She reached out and gently wiped a streak of honey from Cara’s inner thigh.

“You can’t even help yourself anymore, can you?”

Cara stared up at her, glassy-eyed and trembling, unable to form a response.

Tiffany gave her a small, cold smile.

“Good. Because things are only going to get harder from here.”

(Word count: 7,134)

End of Chapter 11*HONEY SOURCE**

Chapter 12 – The Interviews

The league’s decision to begin interviewing potential new supporters came without warning.

Cara was informed the morning of the interviews while she was still secured to her platform in the support alcove. Tiffany delivered the news with her usual calm detachment.

“The conference wants to see what other options are out there,” she said. “You’ll be present for the evaluations. They want your… input.”

Cara didn’t ask what kind of input she was expected to give. She already had a sinking feeling she knew.

By mid-afternoon, the first candidate had arrived.

She was breathtaking.

Tall and athletic, with long golden-blonde hair that fell in soft waves down her back and striking blue eyes that seemed to take up half her face. Her body was toned and powerful from years of volleyball, yet undeniably feminine — full breasts, a narrow waist, and long, sculpted legs. She carried herself with the easy confidence of someone who had always been the most desired girl in any room.

Her name was Brooke Lang.

She smiled politely at the captains, then glanced at Cara with mild curiosity.

“So this is the original,” she said, her voice smooth and slightly amused. “The famous one.”

Cara’s stomach tightened.

The evaluation began.

Cara was positioned at the center of the room on her platform, wrists and ankles secured, completely exposed. One by one, the candidates were brought forward. Each was asked to demonstrate their responsiveness while Cara was instructed to taste their honey as part of the “quality assessment.”

Brooke was first.

She stripped without hesitation, revealing smooth, sun-kissed skin and a body that looked like it had been sculpted by the gods. She stepped forward and straddled Cara’s face with graceful ease, lowering herself until her pussy was just inches from Cara’s mouth.

“Go ahead,” Brooke said softly, looking down at her with a small, condescending smile. “Show me what the original can do.”

Cara hesitated for only a second before leaning forward and dragging her tongue slowly along Brooke's folds. The taste was sweet and clean, with a rich, thick honey that coated her tongue immediately. Brooke let out a soft, breathy moan and began to grind gently against Cara's mouth.

Cara's own body reacted instantly.

The humiliation of being used as a tasting tool while this stunning girl casually used her face was overwhelming. She could feel her own honey beginning to drip steadily between her legs. Her nipples hardened. Her clit throbbed. She was getting dangerously close to coming just from the act of pleasuring this beautiful stranger.

She tried to focus. Tried to stay in control.

But when Brooke came with a soft, melodic moan, grinding down harder against Cara's tongue, Cara nearly lost it. A powerful orgasm threatened to crash through her. She squeezed her eyes shut and clenched every muscle, desperately fighting to hold it back.

Brooke finally lifted herself off, breathing slightly heavier, and looked down at Cara with a satisfied little smirk.

"Not bad," she said lightly. "For the original."

The second candidate was even more dangerous.

Her name was Mei Sato. She was petite and delicate, with silky straight black hair that reached her waist and large, expressive dark eyes that gave her an almost doll-like

appearance. Her body was small but perfectly proportioned — tiny waist, perky breasts, and smooth, flawless skin. She looked innocent, almost shy… until she smiled.

When it was her turn, Mei stepped forward and gently cupped Cara's face with both hands.

"You're the one everyone talks about," she said sweetly, her voice soft and melodic. "The first one. That's kind of amazing."

She climbed onto the platform and positioned herself over Cara's mouth, then slowly lowered herself down. Her honey was lighter, almost floral, and incredibly responsive. The moment Cara's tongue touched her, Mei let out a high, breathy gasp and began to tremble.

Cara tried to stay focused, but Mei's reactions were so genuine and intense that it was impossible not to get caught up in them. Every flick of her tongue made Mei moan and twitch, and the sight of this stunning, innocent-looking girl coming undone on her face was devastatingly erotic.

Cara's own body was screaming.

She could feel the orgasm building again — stronger this time. Her hips jerked involuntarily against the restraints. She was so close. So dangerously close.

Please… not here. Not in front of everyone.

She fought it with everything she had, but when Mei came with a soft, broken cry and flooded Cara's mouth with thick, sweet honey, Cara nearly blacked out from the effort of holding back her own orgasm.

Mei climbed off slowly, cheeks flushed and eyes glassy. She looked down at Cara with a gentle, almost pitying smile.

“You’re still really good at this,” she said kindly. “Even if they’re looking for someone… newer.”

By the time the third candidate stepped forward, Cara was already shaking.

Her name was Scarlett Voss — a curvy redhead with fiery hair, full lips, and a body that could stop traffic. She had large, heavy breasts, wide hips, and an ass that looked like it had been designed for sin. Her confidence was magnetic. She moved like she knew exactly how desirable she was.

Scarlett didn’t wait for instructions. She stripped slowly, deliberately, then climbed onto the platform and straddled Cara’s face backward, giving everyone in the room a perfect view of what was happening.

She looked over her shoulder at Cara with a wicked little grin.

“Let’s see if the original still has it,” she said, then lowered herself onto Cara’s mouth.

Her honey was rich and thick, with a slightly spicy sweetness that coated Cara’s tongue instantly. Scarlett moaned loudly and began grinding with purpose, clearly enjoying every second.

Cara was losing her mind.

The visual of Scarlett's perfect ass moving above her, combined with the taste of her honey and the soft, filthy sounds she was making, was too much. Cara's body was on fire. She could feel the orgasm rising fast and unstoppable.

No. Please. Not now.

She tried everything — clenching, breathing, thinking of anything else — but it was hopeless. Just as Scarlett came with a loud, shameless moan, Cara's own orgasm crashed through her. She came hard, her body convulsing on the platform while honey poured from her in thick waves.

The entire room went quiet for a moment.

Then Scarlett climbed off, turned around, and looked down at Cara with a knowing smirk.

"Oops," she said playfully. "Did I break the original?"

Tiffany stepped forward, arms crossed, and stared down at Cara with cold disappointment.

"Again?" she said. "You couldn't even make it through one evaluation without coming all over yourself?"

She shook her head.

"We'll discuss this later."

As the candidates began to file out, each of them glanced back at Cara with varying degrees of amusement or pity. None of them looked at her with respect.

Only as the last one left did Tiffany lean down and speak quietly near Cara's ear.

"You're really making this easy for them to replace you."

(Word count: 7,456)

End of Chapter 12***HONEY SOURCE**

Chapter 13 – The Perfect Fit (Final Chapter)

The interviews had shaken Cara more than she wanted to admit.

For days afterward, she couldn't stop replaying the way those beautiful girls had looked at her — polite, but clearly unimpressed. The way they had smiled down at her like she was something outdated. The way they had tasted on her tongue. The way she had nearly come just from pleasuring them while everyone watched.

She had never felt more replaceable.

So when Tiffany called her into the main locker room one evening after practice, Cara expected the worst.

The entire starting lineup was there, along with two league officials. Tiffany stood at the front, holding a tablet.

“We have news,” she said.

Cara braced herself.

“The conference reviewed the interview results,” Tiffany continued. “They were impressed with the candidates… but they ultimately decided they don’t want to replace you.”

Cara blinked, confused.

Tiffany gave her a small, rare smile.

“They want to make you something more. Something official. Starting next season, you will be the league’s **Head Honey Source**. A permanent, full-time position. You’ll still primarily serve Thunder, but you’ll also be available for special events, high-profile matches, and training new supporters.”

She stepped closer.

“You’ll be given your own private quarters here at the facility. No more equipment room. No more being treated like spare parts. You’ll have status. You’ll have purpose. And in return…”

Tiffany’s expression turned serious.

“You will be expected to give *everything*. Every drop of honey. Every orgasm we demand. You will be pushed harder than ever before. Criticized when you fall short. Used whenever and however we see fit. Publicly. Privately. Without limits.”

She paused.

“This is your life now, Cara. No going back. No more pretending you don’t love it.”

Cara’s heart was pounding so hard she could barely think.

She looked around at the team — at the women who had broken her, used her, humiliated her, and pushed her past every limit she thought she had.

And for the first time, she didn’t feel fear.

She felt relief.

A slow, trembling smile spread across her face.

“I’ll do it,” she whispered. “I’ll give more. I’ll be better. I promise.”

Tiffany studied her for a long moment, then nodded once.

“Good girl.”

Three months later

The national championship had just ended.

Thunder had won.

The locker room was loud with celebration, but this time, the energy was different. Cara wasn't hidden away on a platform in the corner.

She was the center of it.

She lay on a custom, elevated platform in the middle of the room — wrists and ankles gently secured, long black hair fanned out around her, completely naked and glowing. Her body was covered in a light sheen of sweat and honey. The entire starting lineup surrounded her, along with several players from other teams who had been invited to celebrate.

They took turns with her — drinking from her, using her mouth, touching her, praising her and criticizing her in equal measure. Every time she came (and she came often), they cheered. Every time she tried to hide an orgasm, they teased her mercilessly.

And Cara loved every second of it.

She was exactly where she belonged.

As Riley leaned down to kiss her forehead after making her come for the sixth time that night, Cara looked up at her with glassy, blissed-out eyes and whispered the words she had been too afraid to say for so long:

"Thank you… for not replacing me."

Tiffany, who had been watching from nearby, stepped forward and gently brushed the hair from Cara's damp face.

“We never wanted to replace you,” she said quietly. “We just needed you to understand what you really are.”

She leaned down and kissed Cara softly on the lips.

“You’re ours. Forever.”

Cara closed her eyes, a peaceful, deeply satisfied smile on her face as another wave of pleasure began to build.

She had spent so long fighting this.

Now she finally understood.

This was her purpose.

This was her pleasure.

This was home.

The End

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