

SimVenusArts

My Classmate Emma Lindberg

Chapter 1



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My name is Gabriella Ferrara, but everybody calls me Gabby. I'm a high school senior and I've turned 18 one month ago. I'd like to be admitted to a good college and I spend lots of time doing homework. I don't go out with my friends very often.



I'm a bit shy. I've been secretly in love with one of my classmates, Emma Lindberg. She's very popular and gets invited to all the parties. I've tried to talk to her several times and be her friend, but she didn't seem interested. It has already been three years since I met her, but she's still constantly in my mind.



Last weekend Emma also turned 18. Many of my classmates were invited to her party, but not me. Although I already expected that, I still felt a bit sad. However, last Monday Emma started talking to me! I couldn't believe it. She didn't have any concrete reason to chat with me. We chatted again on Tuesday and on Wednesday. On Thursday, I told her I was surprised that she's not spending much time with her usual friends anymore. She just said that, now that she's 18, she wishes to move forward and be friends with girls like me.



Today is Friday, and Emma and I are chatting again.

- **Emma:** Do you have any plans for the weekend?

- **Gabby:** I'd like to finish my Biology project.

- **Emma:** I meant more... like going out somewhere.

- **Gabby:** ... No, I don't. I guess I think too much on my homework.

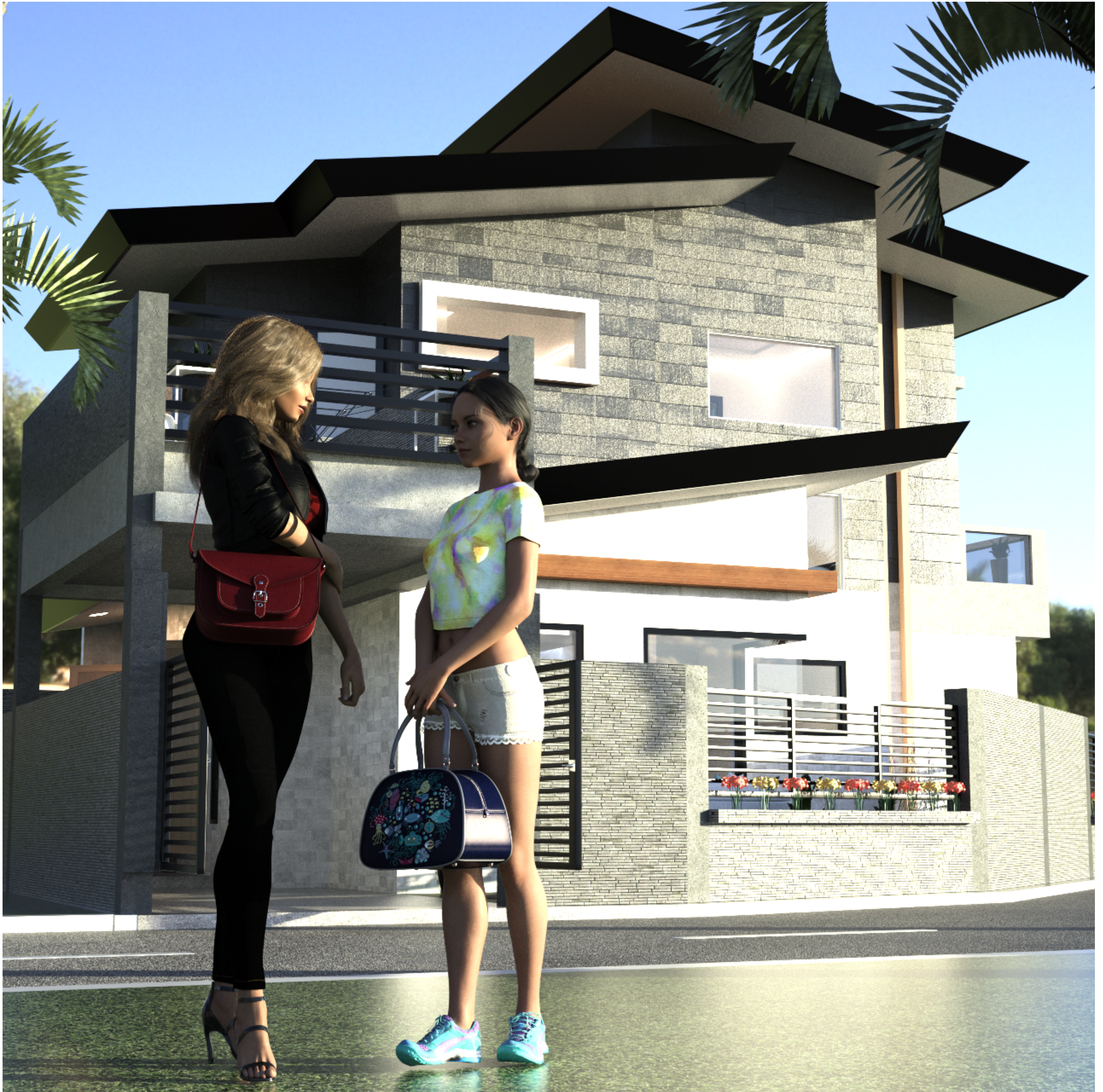
- **Emma:** I like that you are so responsible. Still, why don't you come to my place after class? We can do something fun.

- **Gabby:** (I'm shocked. I've never met her out of school.) ... Yes, I'd like to.

- **Emma:** Cool! I'll be at the front door and we'll go together. See you!

- **Gabby:** See you!

I can't believe it! She's invited me to go to her place! I'm so nervous. I need to calm down.



Emma lives close to our school. After class, we walked to her place.

- **Emma:** So this is where I live.

- **Gabby:** Nice house!

- **Emma:** I live with my mom, but I think that at the moment she has gone shopping. We'll be on our own. Come in.

- **Gabby:** Thanks.

Actually, I already knew where Emma lives because I had followed her once after class, but I don't want to tell her that.



We went upstairs and continued chatting in her bedroom.

- **Emma:** What do you usually do in your free time?

- **Gabby:** I like reading novels. At the moment I'm reading "The Well of Loneliness".

- **Emma:** Sounds sort of depressing... anyhow, I was thinking more on something we could do together.

- **Gabby:** What would you like to do?

- **Emma:** Well... I used to spend lots of time with my friends. But now that I'm 18, I want something different. I'm very keen on getting into bondage.

- **Gabby:** What is bondage?

- **Emma:** You don't know? I could show you right know. It will be fun. I promise.

- **Gabby:** OK.

What on earth is bondage? I honestly don't know. English is not my native language. I moved here with my mom just 5 years ago.



- **Emma:** Stand up.

- **Gabby:** OK.

Emma opens a drawer behind me and picks up something. Then she comes and takes my hands. It's the first time she touches me. I feel nervous again. Then I notice something else.

- **Gabby:** What are you doing?

- **Emma:** I'm handcuffing you.

- **Gabby:** What!?

- **Emma:** You really don't know what bondage is... now you're finding out.

- **Gabby:** But...

- **Emma:** Don't be nervous. You'll enjoy it. I promise.

- **Gabby:** : OK.



- **Emma:** Sit down on the bed.

Emma starts to untie my shoelaces.

- **Emma:** My mom practiced bondage for many years. She's quite an expert. She fell ill two years ago and stopped, but she has recently recovered. I think she'll get into bondage again soon.

- **Gabby:** I see. Have you learnt from her?

- **Emma:** Yes and no. I have been interested since I was 13 or 14, and my mom has told me a bit of how she does things, but she said that I mustn't practice it until I'm 18. But I'm now 18, so here we are.

- **Gabby:** So this is your first time.

- **Emma:** Yeah!

Emma's continuous talking sort of calms me down, but I'm still wondering what I'm getting into.



- **Emma:** I have an outfit I bought years ago for Halloween. It doesn't fit me anymore, but I hope it's your size. Let's try it on.
 - **Gabby:** OK.
 - **Emma:** Let's take off your shorts. Stand up.
 - **Gabby:** OK. (Emma easily removes my shorts)
 - **Emma:** Your panties are pretty.
 - **Gabby:** Thanks.
- I'm a bit embarrassed and I blush.



- **Emma:** This outfit is more appropriate for bondage than your clothes. My mom has lots of stuff, but she keeps everything in a locked wardrobe in the basement. I hope she will soon let me use all she has.

Emma takes a miniskirt and puts it on me.

- **Emma:** Does it fit?

- **Gabby:** Yes, it's fine.

- **Emma:** Then it's yours.

- **Gabby:** Well... thanks!



Emma takes rope from the drawer.

- **Gabby:** But... what's the rope for?

- **Emma:** Bondage involves trust, you know. Do you trust me?

- **Gabby:** ... yes.

- **Emma:** Then there's nothing to worry about.

- **Gabby:** OK.

Emma ties the rope around my legs. She seems so enthusiastic that I don't want to tell her to stop. In addition, I get excited when she touches me.



Emma removes the handcuffs from my hands. I feel a bit relieved.

- **Emma:** Let's try on the top. Take off your t-shirt.

I remove my t-shirt.

- **Emma:** Take off the bra as well.

I remove my bra and I blush again. This time Emma notices it.

- **Emma:** Why are you embarrassed? You have a nice body!

- **Gabby:** ... thanks.

Now I'm even more embarrassed. It's the first time a girl tells me my body is nice. And that girl is Emma!



Emma gives me the top and I put it on.

- **Emma:** How much do you like it?

- **Gabby:** ... I look sort of like a stripper.

- **Emma:** You look sexy.

- **Gabby:** ... thanks.

The one that looks so damn sexy with whatever she dresses is Emma.

Why am I unable to tell her?

- **Emma:** Let's put the cuffs on your wrists again.



- **Emma:** Get on your knees.

- **Gabby:** OK.

Emma picks up from the drawer a collar with a leash! I think this is getting out of hand.

- **Emma:** Bend your head down.

- **Gabby:** But...

- **Emma:** I'm going to collar you.

- **Gabby:** OK.

I don't know how this is going to end, but I feel unable to stop it.

Emma puts the collar around my neck and locks it.

- **Emma:** From now on, you don't reply OK anymore. Say always yes or no.

- **Gabby:** Yes.

- **Emma:** And you must address me properly. When it's the two of us, you'll call me mistress, and when we are with others, Mrs Lindberg.

- **Gabby:** ... yes, mistress.

Emma smiles.



- **Emma:** Get up. Look at yourself in the mirror.

- **Gabby:** Yes, mistress.

I get up and look at the mirror. I'm not used to wear anything like this. It's like I'm not myself anymore.

- **Emma:** I think you look cool.

- **Gabby:** Yes, mistress.

- **Emma:** Damn it, I'm not sure if I have any shoes for your. Let me check.

Emma opens the wardrobe. After searching for a while, she takes a pair of high heels.

- **Emma:** Try them on.

- **Gabby:** Yes, mistress.

- **Emma:** They fit! Now you look even cooler.

Emma smiles again.



- **Emma:** Let's take some pictures.

- **Gabby:** Yes, mistress.

Emma removes the leash from the collar and then takes her phone.

- **Emma:** Smile.

Emma takes a selfie with me.



- **Emma:** Let's go to the balcony.

- **Gabby:** Yes, mistress.

Emma seems so happy that I don't dare to say anything. I hope nobody sees us from outside. With my legs tied and wearing high heels, I can barely move. I jump little by little.

- **Emma:** Smile again. You're quite photogenic.

- **Gabby:** Thank you.



- **Emma:** Now turn around.

- **Gabby:** Yes, mistress.

Emma continues taking pictures of me for a few minutes.



- **Emma:** Let's sit on the sofa.
- **Gabby:** Yes, mistress.
- **Emma:** How do you feel?
- **Gabby:** I feel... nervous... and restrained.
- **Emma:** You shouldn't be nervous, but being restrained is mainly what bondage is about. Do you like it?
- **Gabby:** ...I'm not sure.
- **Emma:** It's fine. It has been just a few minutes.
- **Gabby:** How long will I be restrained?
- **Emma:** As long as I decide. In bondage, the girl that is restrained must obey the one that restrained her. My mom thinks that introduction to bondage should be done step by step over a long period of time. However, I believe that it's better to give a full experience from scratch.

Emma's words do not calm me down anymore, but I'm afraid of saying anything against what we are doing. She seems so excited that I fear that telling her that I want to stop would mean she would not talk to me ever again. That would break my heart.



- **Gabby:** So... what do we do now?

- **Emma:** There are hundreds of things that you will experience, rules that you will learn, and orders you'll need to obey. But we can already start with the first rule. When you wish to speak or ask a question, first you must ask for permission politely. You should say: "I beg your pardon, mistress. May I have your permission to speak, please?"

- **Gabby:** Yes, mistress. I apologize.

- **Emma:** When you forget the rules or disobey my orders, you will be punished. However, if you are well-behaved, I will reward you, and I promise you'll be truly happy.

I'm curious about what punishments and rewards Emma has in mind, but I don't dare to ask her.



- **Emma:** I've had an idea when we were taking photos. I think I'll open an Instagram account about bondage and I'll start posting our pics.

- **Gabby:** What?! No...

Emma's face turns serious.

- **Emma:** It seems that you've already forgotten rule number one.

- **Gabby:** Yes, mistress. I apologize.

- **Emma:** Apologizing is fine, but this time is not enough. Open your mouth.

Emma picks something from the drawer again. I'm not sure what it is. Then she puts it on my mouth and straps it around my head.

- **Emma:** This gag will teach you that I decide when you are allowed to speak.



- **Emma:** Now I'm going to spend some time browsing Instagram accounts about bondage to see what others post. In the meantime sit on the floor next to me and stay still. You'll slowly get used to being restrained.

I do what Emma tells me. I feel I don't have other options. First, I don't want to disobey her because I fear that she would not talk to me anymore. And now I can't even move or say anything, and I'll be punished if I try. I should use this time to think carefully.

- **Emma:** Come closer.

Emma starts caressing my hair with one hand while she uses her phone with the other. Her touch feels so nice that I relax and forget about everything.

To be continued in Chapter 2.