

SimVenusArts

My Classmate Emma Lindberg

Chapter 5



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Email: simvenus.arts@gmail.com

<https://www.deviantart.com/simvenusarts>

<https://twitter.com/Simvenusa>

<https://www.patreon.com/simvenusarts>

<https://ko-fi.com/simvenusarts>



I hear Emma's footsteps going upstairs, but after a while she returns and sits on the sofa next to me (I think). I try to do what Emma said, that is, to reflect upon what I did when I saw Jessica, but my head keeps jumping to everything that has happened since yesterday: how excited I was at school when Emma invited me to her place, how nervous I was when she handcuffed and collared me...then meeting Emma's mom...sleeping with Emma and kissing her...taking a shower together and licking her pussy...going shopping in bondage and meeting Angela...and finally running away from Jessica.



After one hour or so (I don't really know), Emma gets up and leaves. Soon after she comes back and removes my mask. My jaw hurts a bit.

- **Emma:** Would you like a veggie sandwich?

- **Gabby:** Yes, mistress. Thank you.

I was indeed getting hungry. I like that Emma thinks on my needs. She puts the sandwich on my lips and I bite it. I taste lettuce, tomato, egg, mayonnaise, cheese, avocado and something else I can't identify. I eat all of it. Then Emma brings water and I drink it.

- **Emma:** Your punishment hasn't ended. Open your mouth.
Emma puts back the mask.



Emma goes upstairs and comes back. I believe that she has brought her laptop and she's typing something. I try to concentrate again on what I did and on how to avoid doing it from now on. After thinking for a while, my conclusion is that the only thing that could prevent me from running and hiding is my fear of losing Emma. So what's worse for me, the likely negative consequences of being seen in bondage, or losing Emma? At the moment, I must admit to myself, losing Emma is worse.



Suddenly, I hear the front door closing.

- **Emma:** Hi, mom!

- **Patricia:** Hi!

- **Emma:** Where have you been?

- **Patricia:** I was with Catherine. It's been a long time and we needed to catch up.

- **Emma:** Oh! So you're back!

- **Patricia:** You could say so.

- **Emma:** I'm glad to hear that. (I'm surprised Patricia hasn't said anything about me. It's not possible that she didn't see me.)

- **Patricia:** How is Angela?

- **Emma:** She passes you her regards. I think she's doing great. She offered me a modeling job to advertise her shop.

- **Patricia:** Really!?

- **Emma:** Yeah! The swimsuits I wanted to buy, I didn't pay for them. She said that I should take photos wearing them and post them on Instagram.

- **Patricia:** Cool! This is what you were already planning to do, right?

- **Emma:** Yes, sort of.

- **Patricia:** I'm happy for you.



- **Patricia:** So... what happened with Gabby? (At last! I feared she was going to ignore me.)
 - **Emma:** We were coming back home and she saw our classmate Jessica walking towards us. She shouted something, then she run away and hid.
 - **Patricia:** Probably she was afraid of what Jessica might think. (At least Patricia understands me.)
 - **Emma:** She said something like that.
 - **Patricia:** Don't you worry about that as well?
 - **Emma:** No. Why would I? (Emma does not hesitate at all!)
 - **Patricia:** Anyway... how long has Gabby been in this position?
 - **Emma:** Over three hours. (Three hours! I thought it was less than two.) I told her to think on what she did and how to avoid it.
 - **Patricia:** Let's talk with her.
- Patricia removes my blindfold and my mask.



- **Patricia:** Gabby, why did you do that when you saw Jessica?
(Wow! I'm impressed by Emma's and Patricia's outfits.)
 - **Gabby:** Because I feared the possible negative consequences of being seen in bondage, Ms Schulte.
 - **Patricia:** If you have concerns, you should not hesitate to tell your mistress, but you must not disrespect her.
 - **Gabby:** Yes, Ms Schulte. I'm so sorry.
 - **Emma:** Will you disrespect me again?
 - **Gabby:** No, Ms Lindberg. I have already reflected upon it. The consequences of disrespecting you are much worse than being seen in bondage.
 - **Patricia:** Emma, remove the restraint bar.
 - **Emma:** Yes, mom.
- Patricia goes to her bedroom.



Emma gets up and releases me from the bar.

- **Emma:** You still owe me a proper apology. To apologize properly, you should say: “Please accept my apologies, mistress. I deeply regret what I have done.”

- **Gabby:** Please accept my apologies, mistress. I deeply regret what I have done.

- **Emma:** Kiss my boots. (I didn’t expect this...)

- **Gabby:** Yes, mistress.

Emma moves her right boot forward and I kiss it. Then she steps back.

- **Emma:** Kiss the other one.

I comply.



Emma sits down on the sofa.

- **Emma:** Do you like my boots?

- **Gabby:** I do, mistress.

- **Emma:** Caress them.

I touch Emma's boots for half a minute or so.

- **Emma:** Worship my boots. Lick them clean.

- **Gabby:** Yes, mistress.

I lick Emma's boots. They're not dirty. I haven't felt so humiliated in my life, but... Emma looks so hot on these boots that doing this is turning me on.

- **Emma:** You've got such a long tongue! (I'm surprised. Is that true?)

Emma smiles and keeps looking at me. I continue licking her boots for two or three minutes.



- **Emma:** What's the dirtiest part of my boots?

- **Gabby:** ...I suppose the soles, mistress.

- **Emma:** Therefore?

Emma puts the sole of her right boot in front of my face. I look at it. I feel this is disgusting, but I already got this far, so...I close my eyes, stick my tongue out and start moving forward.

- **Emma:** Stop.

Emma moves back her boot. I guess she just wanted to know if I was willing to do it. Still, I feel I've lost some dignity. I look down with resignation.



Emma takes my chin and I look up.

- **Emma:** This evening, it's Evelyn's birthday party, and I'm invited. Would you like to go with me?

- **Gabby:** ... (Evelyn and many of my classmates will be there. I need to think what to reply carefully. As Patricia said, I should voice my concerns.)

- **Emma:** Gabby?

- **Gabby:** I'd love to go with you to the party, mistress, but... not restrained. I'm still afraid of the consequences.

- **Emma:** ...I like that you're honest with me... and that you tell me about your fears. (I feel relieved... and I wish I had told Emma about my worries before going to Angela's store...) Anyway, I don't feel like going to the party. I'd rather just stay at home with you.

Emma smiles, and I smile back.

- **Emma:** I accept your apologies, but you mustn't do that again.

- **Gabby:** Yes, mistress. Thank you.

Emma moves forward and kisses my lips. I close my eyes and kiss her back. I feel much better.



- **Emma:** Let's go upstairs.

I follow Emma to her bedroom. She takes something from the stuff Patricia gave her.

- **Emma:** Undress.

- **Gabby:** Yes, mistress.

I take off my clothes. I arrived here just 24 hours ago, but now I don't feel ashamed of being naked in front of Emma at all. . .

- **Emma:** I'd like you to try on this harness.

Emma hands me the harness. I attempt to put it on, but I can't figure out its shape. I don't know where to start.

- **Emma:** Haha! I'll help you.

Emma's tone is friendly, and she looks excited again. With her help, I get dressed quickly.

- **Emma:** You look cool!

- **Gabby:** Thank you.



- **Emma:** I'd like to try on this outfit my mom gave. Help me undress.

- **Gabby:** Yes, mistress.

I unzip Emma's bodysuit, and then I take off her boots.

- **Emma:** My mom said it was designed by Angela.

- **Gabby:** Oh! So Angela designs the clothes she sells...

- **Emma:** Yes. (I understand now why they are expensive.) But before she was more into fetish clothing than now... anyway, help me get dressed.

- **Gabby:** Yes, mistress.

Emma gets dressed and I help her here and there.

- **Emma:** What do you prefer, this outfit or the bodysuit I was wearing? And don't tell me I look nice on everything.

- **Gabby:** This outfit, mistress. (Although before she also looked nice...)

Emma smiles.



- **Emma:** Put on these ballet heels. (Wow! They look so... vertical.) I sit on the bed and dress them. I try to stand up, but I lose my balance and fall on the mattress.

- **Emma:** Take my hand.

I take Emma's hand and stand up. I try to walk but I stumble. Emma hugs me to prevent me from falling.

- **Emma:** With these heels, your steps need to be very short.

I look up. Our faces are very close and Emma is smiling. She closes her eyes and kisses me. We keep kissing for twenty seconds or so. I feel she has indeed forgiven me.

- **Emma:** Try again.

- **Gabby:** Yes, mistress.

I walk very short steps while Emma holds my hand.

- **Emma:** Now I won't handcuff you, but with practice you should be able to walk on ballet heels while cuffed and collared. (I wonder how much practice I'll need...) Now let's go. I want to show you the basement.



Emma and I walk towards the basement. Emma holds my hand all the time, and somehow I manage to walk downstairs. The entrance to the basement is in the garden, which surprises me. Emma opens the door and we go downstairs again. Then Emma opens another door and turns on the lights.

- **Gabby:** ... (My mouth is wide open. I'm shocked.)

- **Emma:** Do you like it?

- **Gabby:** What is this!? (All along I thought the basement was a storage room.)

- **Emma:** This is a bondage club. It's one of the best women-only clubs in the country.

- **Gabby:** But... how could you construct a club this big here?

- **Emma:** Well, my mom inherited this place. You should ask her one day. She'll love to tell you all the details.

- **Gabby:** I will.

- **Emma:** My mom used to host great bondage parties before she fell ill. I hope she'll do it again soon.

- **Gabby:** This place is amazing. (I'm still stunned.)

- **Emma:** I'm glad you like it.

Emma smiles.



With a sign, Emma tells me to start walking again.

- **Emma:** There's a lot to see here, but today I'll just show you this.
Emma leads me to a place with some furnishings.

- **Emma:** Do you know what this is?

- **Gabby:** ...I guess. It looks a bit like medieval furnishings for torture. I saw one in an old castle I visited some years ago.

- **Emma:** Yeah! It's a pillory.



- **Emma:** Gabby, I've brought you here with a purpose. You need to be interrogated.

- **Gabby:** Eh?!

- **Emma:** A pillory is good for questioning, you know.

- **Gabby:** ... (I feel I'm getting nervous again.)

Emma opens the piece of furniture and takes both my hands.

- **Emma:** Don't be scared. It will be fun. I promise.

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

- **Emma:** Take off your heels and put your head here.

After I remove my heels, Emma helps me position my head and wrists on the pillory, and then she closes it. She also cuffs my wrists and locks the cuffs.



Emma leaves and soon after comes back holding a bag. She takes out something. It's a paddle! I get more and more nervous.

- **Emma:** Gabby, you must always be honest with me.

- **Gabby:** Yes, mistress.

- **Emma:** And you mustn't keep secrets from me.

- **Gabby:** Yes, mistress.

Emma walks to the other side and caresses my buttocks. Her touch feels warm, but my heart rate keeps growing.



- **Emma:** Do you touch yourself?
- **Gabby:** ... (I'm not ashamed of being seen naked anymore, but I feel shame now...)
- **Emma:** Answer.
Emma spanks my buttocks with the paddle. It's not very painful, but I feel like a chill.
- **Gabby:** I do, mistress.
- **Emma:** How often? (Emma doesn't shout, but her voice sounds compelling...)
- **Gabby:** ... Every week.
- **Emma:** How many times per week?
- **Gabby:** ... (I feel so embarrassed...)
- **Emma:** Answer.
Emma spanks my buttocks again, a bit harder.
- **Gabby:** ... Almost every day.
- **Emma:** Mmm... nasty Gabby.



Emma begins to caress my pussy with her fingers. Her touch feels nice and I begin to get excited.

- **Emma:** What do you think of when you touch yourself?

- **Gabby:** ... (My face is turning red.)

- **Emma:** Reply.

Emma spanks me again, each time a bit harder than before.

- **Gabby:** I think of you, mistress.

- **Emma:** Of me... you confess you think of me.

Emma spanks me, this time with double strength. Then she starts to finger my pussy, and I begin to get wet.



- **Emma:** And what am I wearing when you think of me?

- **Gabby:** ... Different things.

Emma keeps fingering me. Sometimes she also spanks me lightly with the paddle.

- **Emma:** Which one is your favourite?

- **Gabby:** ... (I can't cope with the shame, and with the excitement.)

- **Emma:** Answer.

- **Gabby:** Your cheerleader uniform, mistress.

- **Emma:** ... Deviant Gabby!

Emma fingers my pussy faster, and I come. I don't think I've ever come so quickly.



- **Emma:** Wow! You came so fast... Haha!
 - **Gabby:** ... (I'm still catching my breath. Emma looks delighted.)
 - **Emma:** Look at all this juice. Clean my hand.
- Emma puts her hand next to my mouth, and I lick it. It's the first time I lick my own juices.
- **Emma:** From now on, when you wish to come, you must ask for permission. You should say: "Mistress, may I have your permission to come, please?"
 - **Gabby:** Yes, mistress.



Emma withdraws her hand and takes another paddle. This one looks scarier.

- **Emma:** Your interrogation hasn't ended.

- **Gabby:** Eh!?

Emma spansks me hard. I bet my buttocks are already red.

- **Emma:** Do you use sex toys?

- **Gabby:** No, mistress.

- **Emma:** Be honest. Don't you even have a magic wand?

- **Gabby:** I don't, mistress. I'm honest. (I am. I've never had a vibrator or anything similar.)

- **Emma:** Then this will be your first time.



Emma takes a device from the bag and turns it on.

- **Emma:** You'll enjoy this.

Emma applies the device on my pussy. I'm already very excited, and the vibration feels intense. I begin to moan.

- **Emma:** Haha! Look how much you're squirting.

Suddenly, Emma increases the device's speed.

- **Gabby:** Mistress, may I have your permission to come, please?

- **Emma:** No, we've started barely twenty seconds ago.

- **Gabby:** Please, mistress. . .

Before I finish the sentence, my body starts shaking and I come again. I don't think I've ever come twice so fast.



I catch my breath and look up. Emma is in front of me.

- **Gabby:** I apologize, mistress. I couldn't hold...

- **Emma:** Don't worry. I like that you're so passionate.

Emma opens the pillory and uncuffs my wrists. I stand up.

- **Emma:** You must never touch yourself again. When you have needs, you should tell me. As your mistress, I'm in charge of your sexual wellness.

- **Gabby:** Yes, mistress. (The future looks bright :))

Emma smiles and I smile back.

- **Emma:** Wasn't it fun?

- **Gabby:** I've loved it, mistress.

Emma and I kiss. All this was definitely better than touching myself.