

SimVenusArts

My Classmate Emma Lindberg

Chapter 7



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I wake up. It's already morning! I look at Emma. She looks so pretty when she's sleeping. I turn around and drink water from the bowl.

- **Emma:** "Good morning!" (She's woken up. Perhaps I've made too much noise. . .)

- **Gabby:** "Woof!"

- **Emma:** "Did you sleep well?"

- **Gabby:** "Woof!" (Despite being restrained, I slept the whole night. I was so tired. . .)

Emma gets up.

- **Emma:** "You look so adorable when you are sleeping. . . I decided not to wake you up yesterday evening."



Emma opens the door of my cage. I begin to come out and she caresses my face and body.

- **Emma:** “Do you promise to be a good puppy?”

- **Gabby:** “Woof!”

I come out completely and Emma kisses my forehead. She keeps caressing me.



Emma takes off her panties and sits on the bed.

- **Emma:** “Come!”

- **Gabby:** “Woof!”

She opens her legs.

- **Emma:** “You know how I feel in the mornings. Be a good puppy.”

- **Gabby:** “Woof!” (I think I was unconsciously hoping for this.)

Emma’s pussy smells stronger today, perhaps because yesterday I had washed it in the shower. I begin licking.

- **Emma:** “This feels so good. . . my puppy has a supertongue.”

Emma gets wet fast. She keeps caressing my head. I can’t get enough of her pussy.

- **Emma:** “Mmm. . .!”

Emma’s body begins to shake and she has an orgasm. She lies on her back, while I keep licking the juices around her pussy.



After resting for a few minutes, Emma sits up and caresses my cheeks. Suddenly she slaps her fingers in front of my nose.

- **Emma:** “Time to stop.” (I was really enjoying being a puppy now... but I don’t think I want to be one forever...)

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Let’s undress you. Lie down face up on the bed.”

Emma begins to take off my puppy outfit.

- **Emma:** “I’ve had quite some fun. What about you?”

- **Gabby:** “I liked it...specially all the times you caressed me and kissed my cheeks...”

- **Emma:** “Oh!”

Emma smiles.



- **Gabby:** “I’m sorry I reacted that way when Ms Clifford. . .”

- **Emma:** “You don’t have to apologize. While being puppies, neither Ashleigh nor you have responsibilities. If anything happens to you, my mom or myself would be responsible.”

- **Gabby:** “Then why did you punish me?”

- **Emma:** “I didn’t punish you. I punished Gabby-puppy. And I’m sure my mom also punished Ashleigh-puppy, if she really tried to lick you.”

- **Gabby:** . . . “I understand, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “And remember always that I’m in charge of protecting you.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

Emma smiles. She finishes undressing me and makes a gesture so that I sit next to her.

- **Emma:** “So did it work? How many times did you think on your mom?”

- **Gabby:** “My mom! I had completely forgotten about her.”

- **Emma:** “I suppose my mom is right then.”

Emma smiles, and I begin to get nervous thinking about my mom. I wish to be a puppy again.



- **Emma:** “Let’s take a shower.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

I follow Emma to the bathroom. We enter the shower and get wet.

Then Emma starts to shampoo her hair.

- **Emma:** “Soap my body.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

Like yesterday, I take shower gel and a sponge and wash Emma, but I’m like absent, thinking about my mom.



- **Emma:** “You seem preoccupied.”

- **Gabby:** . . . “yes, mistress. I’m thinking again about my mom.”

Emma looks pensive for a few seconds.

- **Emma:** “Do you like my boobs?”

- **Gabby:** “Eh!?” (Emma’s question surprises me.) “I love them, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “You can soap them without the sponge.”

I begin to massage Emma’s tits. I realize that I hadn’t touched them yet. I bite my lips.

- **Emma:** “You can suck them.”

Emma turns on the shower briefly to remove the soap, and I lick and suck Emma’s nipples. I had fantasized with this hundreds of times. . .



- **Emma:** “You need to relax. . .”

Emma caresses my pussy. I close my eyes and keep sucking her boobs.

- **Emma:** “Come here.”

I open my eyes and Emma kisses me. Then she fingers my pussy faster and I moan quite loudly. I have to hug her so as not to fall down.

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

- **Emma:** “You may.”

I come a second after Emma replies. I might have a supertongue, but she has superfingers.

- **Emma:** “Haha! You were so loud. I may gag you next time.”

- **Gabby:** . . . “I’m sorry. . .” (I’m still breathing too fast).

- **Emma:** “No need to apologize.”

Emma hugs me. Definitely, she knows how to calm me down. I’m not nervous anymore.



Emma and I go back to the bedroom after we are done in the bathroom.

- **Emma:** “Yesterday evening, while you were asleep, I went through all the stuff my mom gave me. I’ve chosen this bodysuit and this pair of ballet boots for today.”

Emma hands them to me and I put them on. Meanwhile, Emma also gets dressed.

- **Emma:** “Today you’ll practice walking on ballet boots while handcuffed. Come here.”

I manage to stand up without losing my balance. Emma puts handcuffs on me, this time with my hands in front.

- **Emma:** “You look fantastic. And you’re as tall as I!”

- **Gabby:** “Thank you, mistress.” (I’m starting to like ballet boots :))

Emma smiles.

- **Emma:** “Let’s go downstairs.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”



- **Emma:** “Good morning, mom!”
 - **Patricia:** “Good morning. Good morning, Gabby.” (Each time I see this woman I bit my lips. . .)
 - **Gabby:** “Good morning, Ms Schulte.”
 - **Patricia:** “How have you recovered from yesterday? Did you sleep well today?”
 - **Gabby:** “Yes, Ms Schulte. I’ve slept very well.”
 - **Patricia:** “The bodysuit you’re wearing today is Angela’s design, you know.”
 - **Gabby:** “Oh! That’s nice.” (This made me smile.) “Angela is very talented.”
 - **Patricia:** “Yes, she is. She’s very hard-working too.” (I guess that’s true. She also designed the catsuit Emma wore when we were in the basement.)
 - **Emma:** “Mom, what are you reading?”
 - **Patricia:** “Yesterday I passed by the big sex shop and took this catalogue. I’m thinking on starting a completely new collection of garments and accessories, you know. I think I’ll give you everything I have.”
 - **Emma:** “Really?! Thanks!”
- Emma looks delighted.



- **Emma:** “Gabby, how hungry are you? Would you like a piece of fruit for breakfast?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, Ms Lindberg. Thank you.”

Emma brings a fruit platter and I pick up an apple. I wash it and eat it, while Emma and Patricia have a cup of coffee.

- **Patricia:** “What are you doing today?” (Suddenly, my mom comes back to my mind and I feel a chill. I had forgotten about her again since we took a shower.)

- **Emma:** “We’re staying at home. I have to work on my Biology project. You also need to do that, right? You mentioned it on Friday.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, Ms Lindberg.” (Another thing I had completely forgotten. I like that Emma remembers that.)

- **Emma:** “What about you, mom?”

- **Patricia:** “I’m also staying at home. I need to sort out my schedule and decide who I’ll meet up for sessions next week.”

Emma nods. I wonder how many women are in bondage to Patricia.



After breakfast, Patricia goes to her bedroom. It's 10:00 am.

- **Emma:** "Let's sit on the sofa."

- **Gabby:** "Yes, mistress."

I follow Emma to the living-room. Then she looks pensive for some seconds.

- **Emma:** "As your mistress, I can't accept that you receive orders from anybody else."

- **Gabby:** "I understand, mistress."

- **Emma:** "This includes your mom."

- **Gabby:** ... (My worries were justified...)

- **Emma:** "I want you to stay here. When your mom arrives, we'll explain to her that now you're in bondage to me, and thus you no longer obey her, and we'll answer any question she might have."

- **Gabby:** "Umm..." (I need to think very carefully how to reply to Emma.)



Suddenly, the doorbell rings.

- **Emma:** “I guess this is your mom.”

Emma gets up and opens the door.

- **Elena:** “Good morning. Is this the house of the Lindbergs?” (Why is my mom always so much ahead of time!? She had said 10:30.)

- **Emma:** “Yes, I’m Emma. You must be Gabby’s mom.”

- **Elena:** “Yes, my name is Elena Boschini. Nice to meet you.”

- **Emma:** “Nice to meet you. Please come in.”

- **Elena:** “Thank you.”



My mom comes in and finds me sitting on the sofa. She looks shocked.

- **Elena:** “Oh my God! What happened to your clothes? What are you wearing?”

- **Gabby:** . . . “a bodysuit.”

- **Elena:** “Where’s your bag? Pick it up and let’s go. We should go home first so that you can change before going to church.”

- **Gabby:** “Umm. . .”

- **Elena:** “And what is that? You’re handcuffed!” (I was trying to hide my handcuffs behind a cushion, but in the end my mom saw them.) “What are you doing?”

- **Gabby:** “Mom, let me explain.”

- **Elena:** “You can explain to me while in the car. Now we must hurry. Remove the handcuffs and let’s go.”



- **Gabby:** “Umm. . . I can’t.”
- **Elena:** “What do you mean?”
- **Gabby:** “I don’t have the keys.”
- **Elena:** “Did you lose them?”
- **Gabby:** “No. . .”
- **Emma:** “I have them, Ms Boschini.”
- **Elena:** “OK, so bring them here.”
- **Emma:** “Could you please sit down? Gabby and I need to talk with you.”
- **Elena:** “We’ve got no time. We need to hurry to go to church.”
- **Emma:** “Wouldn’t it be possible for you to attend another service later in the afternoon? Please have a sit. This is important.”
- **Elena:** . . . “fine.”

Emma sits next to me, and my mom also sits down.



- **Elena:** “So what is it?”
 - **Emma:** “Gabby is now in bondage to me.”
 - **Elena:** ... “What does that mean?”
 - **Emma:** “Basically, it means that she allows me to restrain her and, in general, to decide what she can or cannot do.”
 - **Elena:** “Eh?! Gabby, what is this? You’re joking, right? ... Are you secretly recording a video for TikTok or something?”
 - **Gabby:** “No, mom. It’s true. I’m in bondage to Ms Lindberg.”
 - **Elena:** “Ms Lindberg?”
 - **Emma:** “I’m Ms Lindberg.”
 - **Elena:** “Haha! Look, maybe you two think that this is funny, and maybe I’ll find it funny myself later but, at the moment, I don’t have time for this.”
 - **Gabby:** “Mom, please try to understand. We aren’t joking.”
 - **Elena:** “I’ve had enough! Emma, bring the keys.”
 - **Emma:** “Ms Boschini, Gabby is not underage anymore. Her situation has changed, and I want her to stay here.”
- My mom gets up.
- **Elena:** “Gabby, let’s go! Don’t worry about the handcuffs. We’ll go to an ironmonger’s and we’ll find out how to break them.”



Patricia comes back from her bedroom.

- **Patricia:** “What’s all this shouting? Who are you?”

- **Elena:** “Ah! You must be Emma’s mother. My name is Elena Boschini. I’m Gabby’s mom. Nice to meet you.”

- **Patricia:** “Yes, I’m Emma’s mom. Patricia Schulte, nice to meet you. So what’s going on?”

- **Elena:** “Listen, Gabby is handcuffed and your daughter Emma says that she has the keys, but she refuses to bring them.”

- **Patricia:** “Yes.”

My mom waits for Patricia to do something, but she doesn’t.

- **Elena:** “Eh?... So could you please ask you daughter to bring the keys?”

- **Patricia:** “Emma, have you explained to Ms Boschini that Gabby is in bondage to you?”

- **Emma:** “Yes, but she thinks that Gabby and I are joking.”

- **Patricia:** “They aren’t joking. Gabby is in bondage to Emma.”

- **Elena:** “If I hear again the word bondage... What are you trying to do? Are you trying to kidnap my daughter? I’m losing my patience!”

- **Patricia:** “There is no need to shout. Nobody is kidnapping Gabby. Please sit down, and I’ll explain everything to you.”

- **Elena:** “There’s nothing to explain! Gabby is my daughter and she’s is coming with me. Gabby, let’s go!”



- **Gabby:** “Mom, please listen. I know that this isn’t easy and that you’re in shock now, but if you calm down and sit we can discuss. . .”

- **Elena:** “Enough!!! Gabby, if you don’t get up now, I’m calling the police. These two women are crazy and they want to kidnap you, and you already have this. . . what’s the word? Stockholm syndrome.”

- **Gabby:** “No, mom. Nobody is kidnapping me. I’m in bondage to Ms Lindberg willingly.”

My mom walks towards me, takes my arm and tries to pull me to get up.

- **Emma:** “Ms Boschini, calm down now, please.”

- **Elena:** “Shut up you crazy daughter of Satan. . .”

My mom pulls me hard and makes me stand up, but I lose my balance because of the ballet boots and we both fall down.

- **Patricia:** “Emma, leave Ms Boschini and I alone. We need to have a long conversation. Take Gabby with you.”

- **Emma:** “Yes, mom.”

The usual friendly tone of Patricia has turned grave. Emma helps me stand up, and we go upstairs.