

# SimVenusArts

My Classmate Emma Lindberg

Chapter 9



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Emma and I enter the house through the front door and we walk into the living-room.

- **Emma:** “Hi, mom!”

- **Patricia:** “Hi.”

- **Emma:** “How was the conversation with Gabby’s mom?”

- **Patricia:** “We’ve just finished. I was going to call you now.”

- **Emma:** “Has she already left?”

- **Patricia:** “No, she’s in my bedroom. Wait a moment.”

Patricia goes to her bedroom and comes back with. . . I’m left speechless. My mom is completely dressed in a catsuit. She’s blindfolded and mouth gagged, and his hands are covered by mittens. I feel like I’m fainting.



- **Patricia:** “Gabby, your mom and I have had a long conversation. We’ve talked about bondage and I’ve answered all her questions. She now understands and accepts that you’re in bondage to Emma.”

Emma smiles, but I’m unable to say anything.

- **Patricia:** “We’ve also talked about what happened here before. Your mom acknowledges that she was disrespectful towards Emma and myself, that she insulted us and that she accused us falsely. She accepts that she needs to be punished for that, and she is also keen on experiencing bondage herself to better understand it and to become polite and well-mannered. I’m also intrigued by the ‘full experience from scratch’ favored by Emma, and I’d like to try it. Therefore, we’ve agreed that your mom will spend some time in bondage to me, effective immediately.”

Patricia pauses briefly. I’m so much in shock that I couldn’t follow her explanations.



- **Patricia:** “Do you have any question?”
- **Gabby:** “But... what is she?!”
- **Emma:** “Gabby, your mom is now my mom’s rubber doll.”
- **Gabby:** ... “rubber doll... mom, are you OK?”
- **Emma:** “She can’t hear you. She has earplugs. Rubber dolls don’t have auditory perception.”
- **Gabby:** “What?! Mom...” (I can’t believe I’ve dragged my mom into this situation.)



My heart is beating too fast. I'm having an anxiety attack.

- **Gabby:** "I can't breathe..."

- **Patricia:** "Help Gabby lie down on the sofa. She seems distressed."

Emma helps me walk towards the sofa and I lie down.

- **Emma:** "Try to calm down."

Emma leaves, but soon she comes back with a blindfold. She puts it on my eyes.

- **Emma:** "This will help you."

Emma sits next to me and caresses my hair and my cheeks for a while.

Then she kisses my forehead and leaves.



After 10 minutes, I feel somewhat better. Emma comes back and removes my blindfold.

- **Emma:** “I’ve made instant soup. Sit down and drink.”

- **Gabby:** “Thank you, mistress.”

I manage to drink the soup despite the handcuffs. It’s warm and it helps me relax, but I keep thinking about my mom.

- **Gabby:** “I beg your pardon, mistress. May I have your permission to speak, please?”

- **Emma:** “You may.”

- **Gabby:** “What’s a rubber doll?”

- **Emma:** . . . “well, basically it’s a woman in bondage who is totally enclosed in skintight rubber clothing, and restrained in various ways. It’s like having a toy.”

- **Gabby:** “A toy!?”

- **Emma:** “Yes. . . how to explain it? Yesterday, as a puppy, Ashleigh and you could do what you wanted. Now, my mom can do with your mom what she wants. Your mom is her doll.”

Emma’s words make me nervous again.



- **Gabby:** “I’d like to speak with my mom.”
  - **Emma:** “At the moment, that’s not possible.”
  - **Gabby:** “How long will she be a rubber doll?”
  - **Emma:** “I don’t know. I’ll ask my mom later.”
  - **Gabby:** “Where are they now?”
  - **Emma:** ... “Gabby, you seem worried.”
  - **Gabby:** “I am.”
  - **Emma:** “I have an idea. I’ll turn you into my rubber doll, so that you experience the same as your mom.”
  - **Gabby:** “Eh!?”
  - **Emma:** “This way you’ll calm down.”
  - **Gabby:** ... “yes, mistress.” (I don’t know if Emma is right, but I must obey her.)
- Emma smiles.
- **Emma:** “Go upstairs and use the toilet. Don’t lock it.”



I go to the toilet and I use it. Then I see the caning marks on my buttocks. My word! I understand now why they feel like burning. Suddenly, Emma comes in.

- **Emma:** “How is your tongue?”

I had already forgotten about my tongue. I look at it in the mirror. It's not that much.

- **Gabby:** “I think it will be fine soon, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Let's go to my bedroom.”

Once in the bedroom, Emma takes off her gloves and removes my handcuffs. She sits on her bed and taps her thighs.

- **Emma:** “Lie down on your stomach here.”

- **Gabby:** . . . “yes, mistress.” (Is Emma going to spank me!? Perhaps she's upset because of my reaction when I saw my mom. . .)

Emma looks at my buttocks and caresses them.

- **Emma:** “I've brought this ointment for your skin.”

- **Gabby:** “Thank you, mistress.”

Emma takes the ointment from a bag and begins to apply it on my buttocks. I am somewhat surprised and ashamed that I have just felt afraid of her, while she was thinking about my wellbeing. I must trust her.



- **Emma:** “I’d like to wear something more casual now. Help me get dressed.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

I try to forget about my mom and I look at Emma while I help her. I like her idea of casual.

- **Emma:** “You’ll be an amazing rubber doll. Get undressed.”

Emma goes through the garments Patricia gave her. Her smile is big.

- **Emma:** “Put on this catsuit and these boots.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

After I get dressed, Emma puts mittens on my hands.

- **Emma:** “These are your earplugs. You’ll be my doll until I remove them.”

- **Gabby:** . . . “yes, mistress.”

Emma puts the earplugs on me. After that, she puts a mask that covers all my head, except for my nostrils, and something around my neck. I’m a rubber doll now.



This outfit feels like having a second skin. It's really like nothing I have experienced before. I can't see or speak, and I barely can hear anything. The earplugs are of high quality. Suddenly, I begin to feel worried about myself, but I remind myself that I must trust Emma. Emma takes my arm and pushes me gently to start walking. We move a few steps and she makes me stop. Then she takes me on her arms and carries me! I hadn't realized she was strong enough to do that. I notice we are walking downstairs. When we arrive to the living-room (I believe), she puts me back on my feet.



I stand on my feet, motionless. I don't know what Emma is doing, but I think that probably there is no point in trying to guess what's going on. Instead I should use this time to reflect upon my current situation. I arrived here 48 hours ago and my life has been turned upside down. Everything has happened very fast, too fast for me. On Friday morning, I didn't know what bondage was. Now I'm in bondage to Emma, but I still need to figure all the implications this will have on my life. And I also have to think about my mom. I wonder what she is doing.



Emma takes my arm and we walk. I'm disoriented, so I don't know where we are going. Shortly after, we stop and she makes me stay on all fours. Later I notice something on my back... Anyway, I should concentrate on my thoughts. First, do I really want to be in bondage to Emma? Do I like being restrained? Do I wish to obey her all the time? I guess my answer to those questions stays the same since Friday: I love Emma. I've been wishing to get close to her for more than three years, and now I have. I can't stand the idea of going home and not talking to her ever again. Moreover Emma said that she's very interested in bondage. She seems to really enjoy it, and I like to see her happy.



And I definitely like one aspect of this 'full bondage experience from scratch': Emma pays me lots of attention. We've been together 48 hours non-stop, and she keeps thinking about me, about what I need, what I should wear and do...I really enjoy her company. Besides that, lots of my sexual fantasies have been fulfilled: we kissed, we licked each other, we had sex...and it was awesome! I feel like I've lived more in the last 48 hours than in the previous 4 years.



But I'm just thinking about the positives. . . Emma has said that she's serious about being my mistress. I suppose this means she wishes to be my mistress for a long time, and I wish to be with her for the rest of my life, so that's perfect, but. . . I need to think about the consequences. Undoubtedly what scares me the most is to be seen restrained in public. Now my mom already knows, but I'm afraid of what others would think about me if they found out. I fear they'll reject me. I've always been too afraid of rejection. This is why I didn't speak with Emma about my feelings all these years. I feared she would have rejected me.



Tomorrow we have to go to school, and I know I don't want to be seen restrained there. As Patricia said, I should voice my concerns, and this is the biggest one. I hope Emma is reasonable and thinks this thoroughly. But if she wants me to be handcuffed or whatever at school...at the moment this is a red line for me. Apart from that, the punishments...today's punishment was really painful. But Emma said she prefers to prevent misbehavior rather than to punish it, so I should just not misbehave.



Emma takes my arm and we walk. We stop and she makes me stay on all fours again. Is she now using me as a footstool!? ... It doesn't matter. I should continue thinking. I was assuming Emma and I will go to school. If she doesn't let me go, that's another red line. But why wouldn't she? She has said that she likes that I'm so dedicated to my studies. And she herself is quite responsible, although not as focused on studying as I am. This reminds me we still have to work on our Biology projects. I hope Emma remembers this and we can work on them later. I still have lots to do... I start to think about my project, but I feel tired. I've gone through many emotions today. I lay my head down over my mittens to feel more comfortable, and I fall asleep.



I wake up. I've no idea how long I've been sleeping. I raise my head slightly and I can smell some nice food. Today I've just eaten an apple for breakfast and instant soup for lunch, so now I feel hungry. I'm thirsty as well. Moreover, my muscles are sore after being in this position for so long. I try to go back to reflecting upon the consequences of being in bondage, and about my mom, but I can't. I wait for twenty or thirty minutes, hoping that Emma makes me move, but it doesn't happen. Being a rubber doll is tough. Suddenly, whatever was lying over my back goes away, but Emma doesn't make me move. I really want to get up, stretch my arms and legs, drink water and eat something. However, I don't dare to do it. Emma wants me to stay in this position, and I mustn't disobey her. Another 20 minutes or so go by, and I begin to feel desperate. I don't know how much longer I'll be able to stand this.



Eventually, Emma grabs my arm and makes me stay on my knees. I feel immensely relieved. She removes the thing around my neck, my mask and finally my earplugs.

- **Emma:** “You’re a very good rubber doll.”

- **Gabby:** “Thank you, mistress.” (Strangely, a feeling of accomplishment invades me, like when someone overcomes a challenge.)

Emma puts a mug of water on my mouth, and I drink it fast.

- **Emma:** “Gabby, I need to know. What you said when we were in the basement, that you would choose to be in bondage to me over your mom. . . did you just say it to end your punishment, or you really mean it?”

- **Gabby:** “I really mean it, mistress. I’ve thought about that while I was a rubber doll. Before I was afraid of my mom’s reaction, but not anymore. I’m serious about being in bondage to you.”

Emma smiles.

- **Gabby:** “I’m still afraid of being seen restrained by others though, for example at school.”

- **Emma:** “I haven’t thought about that yet, but don’t worry. Sit down on the sofa.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.” (I hope this means we’ll go to school dressed as usual.)

Emma gets up and goes to the kitchen.



Emma comes back with a tray.

- **Emma:** “I have prepared a dessert.”

She puts the tray over my legs and sits next to me. I look at the plate and. . . Oh my God! It’s full of heart-shaped waffles with strawberries and cream. And there is also a red rose. My mouth is wide open. I want to say so many things, but I can’t choose one. Emma brings a waffle to my mouth and I bite it. I’m feeling emotional. Does this mean Emma has feelings for me? I’m afraid of asking her.

- **Emma:** “I hope you like it.”

- **Gabby:** “I love it, mistress.”

Emma brings a strawberry to my mouth. She also eats one. I really need to say something.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, this has really touched me. It’s beautiful.”

Emma smiles.

- **Emma:** “It has been an eventful day. You deserve it.”



- **Gabby:** “Mistress...what I said in the basement just before my punishment ended...I also do mean that.”

- **Emma:** “I know...I already knew.”

- **Gabby:** “You knew?”

- **Emma:** “Yes. I think many others do, at least our classmates. Still, you needed to be caned harshly to say it. I wonder...what were you waiting for all these years?”

- **Gabby:** ... “I was afraid.”

- **Emma:** “I bet...you’d have never said anything. If I hadn’t approached you this week, we would have graduated from high school to never see each other again.”

Emma is right. That would have happened. But all along she didn’t seem interested in me at all.



- **Gabby:** “I was afraid you’d reject me. You didn’t seem to like me.”

- **Emma:** “I’ve always liked you.” (My heart goes boom when I hear that.)

Emma pauses briefly, and she caresses my face.

- **Emma:** “I suspected you wanted to have a committed long-term relationship. Isn’t that right?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes.”

- **Emma:** “I wasn’t ready for that. I’ve been hooking up with many girls and. . . I didn’t want anything serious. However, I knew that after turning 18 I wanted to get into bondage relationships, and I’ve understood that bondage requires a strong commitment. Then I realized we were ready for each other.”

Emma’s words are a revelation to me. All along I never imagined those were her thoughts. She doesn’t know how much I suffered. . . but it doesn’t matter now. She said she has always liked me, and that means the world to me.

- **Gabby:** “I feel so happy, mistress.”

Emma smiles and kisses me. We finish eating the dessert in silence, just smiling to each other.