

SimVenusArts

My Classmate Emma Lindberg

Chapter 11



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- **Emma:** “Wake up.”

Emma whispers to my ear. I was dreaming about the day when I went to the cinema for the first time with my mom. That was 12 years ago. . .

- **Emma:** “Good morning, Gabby.”

- **Gabby:** “Good morning, mistress.”

Emma kisses my lips. I feel like I haven’t slept enough, but I guess it’s time to get up. However, Emma doesn’t remove my blindfold.

- **Emma:** “Open your mouth.”

Emma puts something on my mouth, and she straps it around my head. I guess it’s a gag or mask. She begins to caress my breasts. I wonder what she’s doing.



Emma moves my body away from my pillow.

- **Emma:** “You look so hot.”

I notice something over my head. Is Emma sitting on me?!

- **Emma:** “Mmm...!”

Suddenly, Emma starts moving up and down, hitting my head repeatedly. I feel like a punching bag.

- **Emma:** “Yes...”

Emma moves up and down faster, and I begin to feel wetness over my face. Eventually she shakes.

- **Emma:** “This felt good.”

Emma caresses my body over the sleeping bag while she catches her breath.



- **Emma:** “Time to get up.”

Emma removes my blindfold, and I see a dildo coming out of my mouth! Now I understand everything. Emma takes off the dildo gag.

- **Emma:** “Are you surprised?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “I wasn’t sure if your tongue is already fine, so I decided to use this dildo. It was fun, but I prefer your tongue.”

- **Gabby:** “I feel my tongue is OK, mistress.”

Emma and I smile to each other, and she kisses me. Then she takes me out of the sleeping bag.

- **Emma:** “Let’s take a shower.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”



I soap Emma's body like I did on Saturday and on Sunday, but she doesn't tell me to lick her. I do miss it. After our shower, we go back to the bedroom.

- **Emma:** "It's already quite late. We should get dressed quickly."

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

- **Emma:** "I haven't had time to think thoroughly about restraining you in public, so we'll go to school dressed casually. Today it will be quite hot. Some of my old Summer clothes should fit you."

I feel very relieved after listening to Emma. She hands me a top and shorts outfit. I recall Emma wearing it in our first year of high school... I couldn't stop looking at her. We get dressed.

- **Emma:** "Come here."

Emma takes a necklace and puts it on my neck. I look at the mirror. It has a heart, and the phrase 'GOOD GIRL' is written on it.

- **Emma:** "This will remind you that you are in bondage to me. You must never take it off."

The necklace is pretty, but I hope nobody at school connects it to bondage. Suddenly I get nervous again. Even if I'm not restrained, is Emma going to tell people that I'm in bondage to her, and that she restrains me at home? Do my classmates know what bondage is? Perhaps they are as clueless as I was until last Friday...



- **Emma:** “I put some of my stuff in your bag. Pick it up.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

My bag is heavy now. I follow Emma downstairs. There’s nobody in the kitchen. I wonder where my mom and Patricia are.

- **Emma:** “We don’t have time for breakfast. Let’s go.”

We go to the front yard.

- **Emma:** “I always go to school on foot. Remember that I don’t fancy talking while I walk.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “At school, you have permission to talk with anybody who addresses you.”

- **Gabby:** “Thank you, mistress.”

We start walking and suddenly Emma takes my hand. I look at her, but she’s looking ahead. We continue holding hands while we walk. I begin to recall all the times I saw Emma at school holding hands, or hugging, or kissing other girls. I was so jealous, and it made so sad...and now she’s holding my hand! I feel awesome :) I wonder...are we going to hold hands at school? Are we going to let people know that we are...together? I’ve fantasized so many times about being Emma’s girlfriend, and about being with her at school. Now I’m getting excited!



We arrive to school and Emma keeps holding my hand. I feel nervous, but in a good way. We cross the gate and go straight into the main building. I keep checking if we find any of our classmates. It turns out the first one we encounter is, like on Saturday, Jessica.

- **Jessica:** “Hi!”

- **Emma:** “Hi.”

- **Jessica:** “Mmm...pretty necklace. I think I understand now. I mean, what I saw at the square.” (I get tense. I thought Jessica hadn’t seen anything.)

- **Emma:** “I wasn’t sure that you saw it.”

- **Jessica:** “Well...I did.” (Jessica looks at me, smiling.) “What happened? Were you embarrassed?”

- **Gabby:** “Umm...I was afraid of what you might think.”

- **Jessica:** “So you were embarrassed. But you shouldn’t! You should go for it, if it makes you happy.”

I’m surprised by Jessica’s words.

- **Gabby:** ... “It does.”

Jessica smiles.

- **Jessica:** “Also, you should be proud. Not many girls have a mistress like Emma.”

- **Gabby:** ... (I don’t know what to say. I blush.)

- **Jessica:** “I’ve got to go. See you!”

- **Emma:** “See you.”



I'm a bit shocked and look at Emma. She's smiling. I guess she liked what Jessica said.

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

- **Emma:** "You may."

- **Gabby:** "I do feel proud of having you as my mistress. I apologize again for what I did on Saturday."

- **Emma:** "There's no need."

- **Gabby:** "Is Jessica also into bondage?"

- **Emma:** "Yes. I've spoken with her once about it. But she likes to switch. I don't."

I'm not sure what Emma meant by that. But anyway, it occurs to me that perhaps I was wrong and people generally know about bondage and accept it.

- **Emma:** "Let's put the bag in the locker. Then we'll go to the lab."

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



We take our books and notebooks from the bag before putting it in the locker. Once in the lab, Emma lets go of my hand, but we sit next to each other. Ms Julia Jensen, our Biology teacher and also our principal, is already there.

- **Julia:** “Before we start, please hand in your projects.”

Oh my God! I have completely forgotten. I believe this is the first time my homework is not ready on time. Julia begins to collect the projects. What do I say?

- **Julia:** “Gabriella?”

- **Gabby:** . . . “My project is not ready.”

- **Julia:** “This is very unusual of you. What happened?”

- **Gabby:** . . . “I forgot about it.” (I really don’t know how to lie.)

- **Julia:** “You must bring it tomorrow.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, Ms Jensen.”



Julia passes by Emma, and Emma hands in her project! I stare at her.

- **Emma:** “Don’t look at me. You didn’t want to work on it when I told you.”

I look down. When did she finish it? Perhaps while I was a rubber doll...

- **Julia:** “Let’s begin.”

The lesson starts, but I can’t concentrate. I feel very bad. I know many would say that this is not that important, but it is to me. Doing well at school is what kept me going all these years...it’s the only part of my life I’ve been proud of. In fact...I feel more embarrassed now than last Saturday at the square.

- **Julia:** ... “Does anybody know the answer? Gabriella?”

- **Gabby:** ... “No, Ms Jensen.”

What was the question!? I keep making it worse and worse. Now I must try to focus on the lesson and forget about anything else.



After two hours, the lesson ends. I already feel a bit better.

- **Emma:** “Let’s put our books in the locker and go to the cafeteria.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

At the cafeteria, Emma takes my hand again while we wait to be served. Soon after, Natalie comes towards us.

- **Natalie:** “I see that this is what you’ve been doing.”

- **Emma:** “So?”

Natalie frowns at Emma.

- **Natalie:** “Do you think it’s nice to avoid your friends? You even didn’t come to Evelyn’s party.”

I remember Emma had mentioned that party after she punished me on Saturday. She said she would rather stay at home with me.

- **Emma:** “Why would I? She doesn’t like me.”

Natalie leaves. I’m a bit puzzled by the conversation but...I think it may explain several things. Natalie and Evelyn are, or were, two of Emma’s friends. It seems that there was some problem between them, and I guess that’s why Emma didn’t talk to her friends last week.



Unexpectedly, Natalie turns around and comes back.

- **Natalie:** “And what about Chloe?”

- **Emma:** “What about her?”

- **Natalie:** “You have to apologize.”

- **Emma:** “For what?”

Natalie is visibly upset. Suddenly, she comes towards me.

- **Natalie:** “We all know what Emma has been doing to you, Miss Straight A’s.” (I hate it when they call me that.)

- **Emma:** “Leave Gabby alone.”

Natalie leaves. I’m turning pale. She said they all know...

- **Emma:** “Let’s grab a sandwich and go eat somewhere else.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”



Emma and I go to the garden and sit on a bench. I keep thinking about what Natalie said.

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

- **Emma:** “You may.”

- **Gabby:** “Natalie said that they know about us...but how? Do you think Jessica told them?”

- **Emma:** “No.” (Emma looks pensive for some seconds.) “I should tell you something. Last week you noticed that I don’t speak to my friends anymore.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.” (In fact, I asked Emma about that. She just said that now that she’s 18 she wants to move forward.)

- **Emma:** “It’s because of something that happened on my birthday.” Emma looks sad. It’s not common to see her like this. I’m all ears.



- **Emma:** “Do you know Chloe, the president of the Photography club?”

- **Gabby:** “I’ve seen her around, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Before my birthday, we had been seeing each other for several weeks.” (I had no idea!) “I told her that I wanted to get into bondage relationships after turning 18. We talked about it for hours and she said she was interested.”

Emma pauses for a few seconds. I’m very intrigued.

- **Emma:** “On my birthday, I invited her to my place.” (That was nine days ago, on Saturday.) “We went to my bedroom, we spoke a bit and ... well, we started. I handcuffed her and I collared her.” (This sounds quite familiar...) “She looked happy. Then I wanted to take some photos and...she said she wasn’t up for it. I decided she needed to be punished for disobeying me, and she agreed. But while I was spanking her, she used her safeword. So we stopped and I took off her handcuffs. I asked her what was the reason, but she just said she wasn’t comfortable and she didn’t think bondage was for her. She said she didn’t want to continue. Then I broke up with her.”

- **Gabby:** “I see...” (All along my thoughts were not misguided. If I had told Emma I didn’t like bondage, I wouldn’t be with her anymore.)



- **Emma:** “So she left. In the evening, at my birthday party, some of my friends asked me about Chloe, and I told them what happened. They seemed sympathetic. The story spread quickly and on Sunday morning an acquaintance posted on social media what he had heard, referring to Chloe as a slave. Chloe replied that the story wasn’t right. She said we had just had a normal breakup and that we hadn’t tried any bondage. I replied that the story was mostly correct. Then... many people started to say that I must be ashamed of myself because I was hurting Chloe and harming both her reputation and my own reputation. Most of them said that bondage can be practiced privately at home, but that it’s not something to be discussed publicly.” (So Jessica is not the norm. It seems many people don’t support bondage that much.) “A few people even said that bondage is a perversion and called me deviant and similar things. It was very hurtful.”

- **Gabby:** “I’m so sorry to hear that, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Natalie and Evelyn reject me simply because I like bondage. I think Evelyn’s invitation to her party was a trap. Last Friday at school, Evelyn pretended she wanted to be friends with me again, and I told her I was attending her party, but I think they were planning something. I don’t know what.”



- **Gabby:** “I . . . I’m surprised all along you didn’t look much affected by all that, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Last Monday, I understood that I needed to move on. I love bondage. I decided I’m not going to let others make me feel ashamed of something I love. Also, my mom has been practicing bondage since I was a little girl, and for me it’s completely normal. I don’t understand why it’s a taboo for so many people, and thus I won’t let them tell me that I can only practice it secretly at home. I feel I have the right to do it openly.”

Emma pauses briefly. I’m surprised by her tone. She sounds like an activist or a politician.

- **Emma:** “And as I told you yesterday, I also realized that bondage requires commitment and then . . . I thought about you.”

I smile, and Emma kisses my lips. We begin to eat our sandwiches in silence. I keep thinking about Emma’s story. I must say . . . I understand Chloe and those that attacked Emma. All along I’ve been very worried myself about being seen restrained, or even about others finding out. But now I also get Emma’s thinking. Why should she be ashamed of something she likes? Why must she hide it to the point of not even being allowed to talk about it for fear of negative consequences?



Emma's story has also made me feel a bit like I'm Chloe's replacement. However, when I compare it with what Emma did with me last Friday, I see a difference. I'll ask Emma.

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

- **Emma:** "You may."

- **Gabby:** "Last Friday, you didn't talk to me about bondage before we started, like you had done with Chloe."

- **Emma:** "Yes. I thought that perhaps it's better to explain things while already doing them. Maybe Chloe didn't feel comfortable because she knew what was coming."

That last sentence makes me nervous. Is Emma referring to something we already did, or something that is yet to come? I don't dare to ask her.



We finish our sandwiches.

- **Emma:** “Now I’m going to the gym with the cheer squad.” (I already knew that. I know by heart Emma’s timetable at school.)

“Do you have to attend any lesson?”

- **Gabby:** “English Literature.”

- **Emma:** “OK. Let’s go.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

Emma walks me to my locker, where I pick up my books, and then to my classroom. We stop at the door.

- **Emma:** “Wait for me outside the gym. We should be done by one o’clock.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

Emma kisses me goodbye, and I look at her until she gets out of sight. We hadn’t separated since Friday. I know it’s silly, but I’m already missing her.



English Literature is my favorite subject. I enter the classroom and shortly after the lesson begins. For a moment, I feel a bit like my life has returned to normal. However, soon I notice that Evelyn and Natalie keep looking at me and whispering to each other. I'm not used to that. I'm used to just be known as the girl that gets straight A's, but most of the time my classmates are indifferent towards me. Evelyn and Natalie are popular (almost as much as Emma) and they have lots of friends. They hardly ever talk to me (like Emma used to do until last week). I wonder what they are saying. I guess they also think I'm a deviant. Or perhaps now they don't like anybody who is with Emma.

- **Emily**: "Gabriella, have you already read the text?" (Ms Emily Austen is my teacher.)

- **Gabby**: "Oh! No, sorry."

- **Emily**: "It's on page 114."

- **Gabby**: "Yes."

I'm embarrassed again. I really need to be able to concentrate on the lesson and forget about everything else.



The lesson ends at 12:30 and my classmates start to leave. Emily comes close to me.

- **Emily:** “Gabriella, is something going on? You seem distracted.”

- **Gabby:** ... “No, Ms Austen. I’m fine, thanks.”

I tried to focus on the lesson, but it was hard. I’m realizing that my previous life was very simple and problem-free. I miss that a bit.

- **Cami:** “Are you coming to the library?”

- **Gabby:** “Not now.”

- **Cami:** “What are you doing?”

- **Gabby:** “I’ve got to go. I’ll tell you later. See you.”

- **Cami:** “See you.”

Camila is my best friend at school. She moved here one year ago and didn’t know anybody. Soon we became quite close but...I still don’t want to tell her about Emma. I leave the classroom and I already go to the gym. Sometimes the squad’s training ends early.



After leaving my books in the locker, I go to the gym's entrance, but there's still nobody around. Then I decide to go to the restroom. It's empty. Most people are now at the cafeteria, on the other side of the building. I enter a cubicle and relieve myself. I'm missing Emma again. Just in case she's leaving the gym now, I take my phone and text her where I am. After flushing the toilet, I open the cubicle's door and... Natalie and Evelyn are there.

- **Natalie:** "Look who's here."

- **Gabby:** "Hi."

I try to walk past them, but they are blocking the way.

- **Gabby:** "Please excuse me. I need to go now."

- **Natalie:** "We need to talk to you. We'd like to know what's going on between Emma and you."

- **Gabby:** "... "please, I don't have time now."

- **Natalie:** "You are not leaving until you tell us."

I look down. I don't want to tell them anything.



- **Natalie:** “Have you been to Emma’s place?”
- **Gabby:** ...
- **Natalie:** “Speak.”
- **Gabby:** ...
- **Evelyn:** “Gabby, we all know you have a crush on Emma. That’s not the issue. The issue is that... we think that Emma may be taking advantage of you. Recently, Emma invited a girl we know to her place and she... tried to use her to satisfy her perversions. And now it seems she’s targeting you. We are here to protect you.”
- **Gabby:** “Emma is not a pervert.”
- **Natalie:** “So you’ve been to her place, right?”
- **Gabby:** ... (I shouldn’t have said anything.)



- **Evelyn:** “Gabby, we understand that this might be difficult for you, but you need to open up. What did Emma do to you?”
- **Gabby:** ...
- **Natalie:** “Did she collar you?”
- **Evelyn:** “Look at her necklace. It’s pretty obvious.”
- **Natalie:** “Oh, yeah! I hadn’t noticed. So I guess you were a good girl and you let her, didn’t you?”
- **Gabby:** ... “please leave me alone.”
- **Evelyn:** “Natalie, don’t say that.”
- **Natalie:** “Sorry.”
- **Evelyn:** “Gabby, we don’t blame you for anything. Just tell us what happened.”
- **Gabby:** ... (I don’t know what to do. I just wish Emma reads my message and comes here.)



- **Natalie:** “Did she spank you hard?”
- **Gabby:** ...
- **Evelyn:** “Don’t be embarrassed. Just tell us.”
- **Gabby:** ...
- **Natalie:** “We’re getting nowhere. I think we’ll need to find out ourselves.”

Suddenly, Natalie grabs my arm, pulls me and tackles me to the ground. Before I can get up, she sits on my back. Then Evelyn sits on my legs and tries to take off my shorts!

- **Gabby:** “Stop, please!”

Natalie puts her hand over my mouth, so that I can’t shout anymore.

- **Natalie:** Hurry up.



I try to move my legs, but eventually Evelyn is able to unzip and pull down my shorts. I don't fight back anymore.

- **Evelyn:** "What!? Look at these marks! What did she do to you!?"

- **Natalie:** "Oh my God! Poor girl..."

- **Evelyn:** "We must take pictures. This is evidence of Emma's abuse."

I try to move again but I can't. Evelyn gets her phone and takes photos. Eventually, Natalie and Evelyn get up. I feel broken and humiliated.

- **Natalie:** "Gabby, you need to tell us how Emma did this to you."

- **Gabby:** ...

- **Evelyn:** "Don't be afraid. We won't let her abuse you anymore."

- **Gabby:** "You're the ones who have abused me!"

I look at them with anger. They stay silent for a few seconds.

- **Evelyn:** ... "Let's go. We need to decide what to do now."

- **Natalie:** "Yes, let's go."

Evelyn and Natalie leave. I sit on the toilet and burst into tears.