

SimVenusArts

My Classmate Emma Lindberg

Chapter 13



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Email: simvenus.arts@gmail.com

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

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Emma and I hold hands again on our way home. I feel very happy. When we arrive, she opens the door and we enter. My mom is in the kitchen, dressed like a . . . sexy maid?! When she hears the door closing, she walks fast towards us and gets on her knees in front of Emma.

- **Elena:** “Welcome home, mistress. I’m honored to be in your presence again.”

- **Emma:** “Gabby, this is the way you must greet me when I come back home.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Is my mom home?”

- **Elena:** “Ms Schulte left one hour ago. She said she will return at dinner time.”

- **Emma:** “Fine. Stand up. You have permission to talk with Gabby.”

- **Elena:** “Thank you, mistress.”

Emma goes upstairs.



- **Gabby:** “Mom!”

My mom and I hug each other immediately after Emma gets out of sight.

- **Gabby:** “Aren’t you mad at me?”

She shakes her head and smiles. I feel incredibly lucky to have her. I wonder what other moms would have done.

- **Gabby:** “How was your day?”

- **Elena:** “Patricia told me she wants to train me as a latex maid.” (I guess this explains my mom’s outfit.) “This morning, we spent quite some time talking and after that she gave me a list of house chores, and...”

My mom stops. She looks embarrassed.

- **Gabby:** “What is it?”

- **Elena:** “Have you seen the big machine they have in the basement?”

- **Gabby:** ... “I don’t think so.”

- **Elena:** “It’s a sex machine. Patricia took me there. I’ve never had such strong orgasms!”

- **Gabby:** “Mom!!!”

My mom used to be very prude. I can’t believe how fast she has changed.



- **Gabby:** “I need to ask you... are you lesbian?”

- **Elena:** ... (My mom blushes a bit.) “I... I like women like Patricia.”

So definitely it's true that my mom is attracted to her. Well... I also think Patricia is gorgeous.

- **Gabby:** ... “But have you ever...?”

- **Elena:** “No. I've only been with your father.”

My dad passed away six years ago. After that, my mom and I were struggling financially, and she decided to move here with me for better job prospects. But she hasn't had any relationship after his death.

- **Gabby:** “I wonder... did you know I'm lesbian?”

- **Elena:** ... “I was waiting for you to tell me. I suspected it.”

- **Gabby:** “Why?”

- **Elena:** “You never talk about boys... or any man except your father.”

I guess that's true :)



Emma comes back downstairs.

- **Emma:** “Elena, get on your knees.”

- **Elena:** “Yes, mistress.”

Emma puts a gag on my mom. I’m not yet used to see her being dominated this way.

- **Emma:** “Time to go back to your chores.”

My mom stands up and goes back to the kitchen. I wish we could talk again soon. I want to discuss with her so many things...

- **Emma:** “Let’s go upstairs.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”



We arrive to Emma's bedroom. I see a maid's outfit on the sofa.

- **Emma:** "Get undressed."

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

I suspect Emma wishes to turn me into a maid. I wish to work on my Biology project, but I'm not sure how to tell Emma. I begin to take off my clothes slowly.

- **Emma:** "Are you worried about something?"

- **Gabby:** ... "Yes, mistress. I'd like to finish my project. Ms Jensen said I must hand it in tomorrow."

- **Emma:** "You'll do that later. Now you must do these chores."

Emma gives me a list and I read it: 'Do laundry. Clean the sink and the toilet in the bathroom. Dust, sweep, and mop the second floor.' I frown.



- **Gabby:** “I’m not sure I’ll have enough time after doing all these chores, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “That’s why you should undress as fast as you can.”

Emma is getting impatient. I don’t want to upset her, so I give in. I take off my clothes quickly.

- **Emma:** “Get dressed.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

Emma smiles again. I’m not feeling very comfortable, but I can’t disobey her. I’ll just finish the chores asap.

- **Emma:** “This outfit brings back lots of memories. It belonged to our maid, Trinity. She left recently.”

I was wondering who did the house chores before.

- **Gabby:** . . . “Mistress, may I ask you why she left?”

- **Emma:** . . . “She really loved my mom, and she was very religious. When my mom was ill, she made a promise to God that, if my mom recovered, she would become a cloistered nun. Now she lives in a convent.”

- **Gabby:** “. . .!”

I wasn’t expecting to hear such a story.



- **Gabby:** “Do you miss her?”

- **Emma:** “Yes, my mom and I were fond of her. She was in bondage to my mom for many years.”

It looks like Patricia wishes to replace Trinity with my mom. Perhaps Emma also wishes to replace her with me?! I don't know, but one thing is clear: Trinity gave up almost everything for Patricia's sake, whereas I've just complained about doing a few house chores. I must keep in mind that Emma is not used to what I did.

- **Gabby:** “I'm ready.”

- **Emma:** “Not yet. As a latex maid, you're not allowed to speak. You can just nod or shake your head.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Open your mouth.”

Emma puts a mask on my face. She also replaces my collar by a neck bow, and adds a headpiece.

- **Emma:** “You look so nice!”

I like the compliment, although I'm getting nervous thinking that Emma wants me to be a maid. I think I should just get those chores done asap.



- **Emma:** “The clothes in that basket need to be washed. In the laundry area, you’ll find the cleaning products. Start now.”

I take the basket and go downstairs to the laundry area, which is outside next to the kitchen. When I arrive, I look at the washing machine. I realize immediately that I don’t know how to use it. In fact, I don’t even know how to use the one at my place. My mom has always done laundry for me. I’ve never thanked her, which makes me feel bad. And now...I need her again. I can’t risk ruining Emma’s clothes. I go to the kitchen and make signs to let her know that I need help. She looks surprised, I guess because of my outfit, but she follows me to the laundry area and starts the washing machine for me. I feel I don’t deserve the mom I have.



I take a duster, a broom, and a dustpan, and I go upstairs. I start dusting Emma's bedroom as fast as I can. After that, I dust the corridor, and finally I get to the small bedroom. I see that Emma is doing homework. That makes me feel a bit resentful. My former self still tells me that school is more important than anything else, but my priorities are changing. I think it's more important to obey Emma.



When I finish dusting, I take the broom and the dustpan, and I begin to sweep the rooms in the same order I dusted them. I sweep as fast as I can, and shortly after I start to sweep the small bedroom.

- **Emma:** “You’re making too much noise. Either you slow down, or you wait until this room is empty to sweep here.”

I nod, but my resentment towards Emma increases. I hope my mask hides my feelings. I decide to go get the products to clean the sink and the toilet.



Once in the laundry area, I see that the washing machine has ended. I had forgotten about it. I open it and... Emma's clothes aren't there! I get nervous and I look for my mom. She's not in the kitchen or in the living-room. I continue searching for her, and eventually I find her... hanging Emma's clothes in the big balcony! She looks at me and we smile at each other, although with our gags it's difficult. I begin to help her, but she signals that it's not necessary. I really don't deserve my mom.



I go back to the laundry area and pick up the products to clean the sink and the toilet. I also pick up a mop and a bucket. Then I go upstairs and I clean the bathroom. Afterwards I begin to mop Emma's bedroom but...I need to slow down. I'm not used to do this, and I'm getting tired. In fact, I'm sweating. It's hot today, and the mask doesn't allow me to breathe heavily. I continue mopping slowly. I realize that a maid's job is tough, and that maids should be held in high regard.



Finally, I get back to the small bedroom to sweep and mop. Emma is not there anymore. She already finished her homework, and I heard her doing some aerobics. Now she's taking a shower. I have not even started my project... but strangely enough, I don't feel resentful anymore. Instead I feel accomplished and proud of finishing my chores. When I finish mopping, I go back to Emma's bedroom and collapse onto the sofa. Shortly after, Emma comes in.

- **Emma:** "Have you done everything in the list?"

I nod.

- **Emma:** "It looks like you need to improve your fitness. You'll start doing aerobics with me."

I nod. I do like the idea. It will be more fun than doing house chores and, more importantly, it will be time spent with Emma. And maybe I'll get as fit as her :)

- **Emma:** "Now use the toilet."

I go to the toilet and I use it. I also take a towel and dry all the sweat from my skin.



When I go back to the bedroom, Emma is already dressed. She's looking at herself on the mirror. She seems relaxed and happy.

- **Emma:** "Do you like my shirt?"

I nod. Emma asks me that question quite frequently. I think she does care about fashion.

- **Emma:** "I heard the front door. My mom is back for dinner." (I look at the clock. It's 7 pm! I've spent more than three hours doing my chores.) "Let's go downstairs."

I follow Emma. I'm hungry and I look forward to having dinner. My mom is an excellent cook. In fact, she works at an Italian restaurant's kitchen.



At the kitchen, I see that my mom has been quite busy. The smell is nice.

- **Emma:** “Your mom has finished cooking the starters. You will serve and wait the table.”

After a few seconds I realize that I’m not having dinner with Emma. My stomach protests, but I resign myself and nod. Emma removes my mask.

- **Emma:** “Drink some water.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, Ms Lindberg.”

I was very thirsty, so I drink two glasses. This makes me feel a bit better, although I’m still quite shocked.

- **Emma:** “Open your mouth.”

Emma puts back my mask.



Patricia comes out of her bedroom. Emma looks at her and goes back upstairs. Then Patricia removes my mom's mask, lets her drink, and puts her mask back, like Emma did with me. Emma comes back wearing a dress. Did she think her shirt was not appropriate?! Patricia sits at the table, and Emma follows her. I'm still a bit shocked and I don't know very well what I have to do. Thankfully, my mom points at the starters, and I serve them. They smell really nice. She has chosen to cook what she's best at. I go back to the kitchen, but my mom signals that I must fill in Patricia's and Emma's glasses, and that I should wait close to the table.



- **Patricia:** “How was school today?”
- **Emma:** . . . “Mom, I’m a bit in trouble. Do you remember Chloe?”
- **Patricia:** “Yes. You told me you broke up with her.”
- **Emma:** “Well. . . yes, I did. The reason was that, on my birthday, we tried bondage, but after a while she wanted to stop and said it wasn’t for her.” (I’m a bit surprised Emma hadn’t told this to her mom.)
- **Patricia:** “I thought your first time was with Gabby.” (They speak as if I wasn’t here.)
- **Emma:** . . . “Sorry I didn’t tell you before. The issue is, I told my friends why we broke up, the story made its way to Instagram, and Chloe denied it. Then I maintained it was true.”
- **Patricia:** “Why did she deny it?”
- **Emma:** “I think she was embarrassed. She didn’t want others to know she tried bondage, or to be called a slave.”



- **Patricia:** “Did you ask her whether she was OK with talking about that to others?”
- **Emma:** ... “No.”
- **Patricia:** “You should have. People have a right to privacy, you know.”
- **Emma:** “But why is bondage such a taboo subject?”
- **Patricia:** “Society is the way it is. I never talk with outsiders about what I do here. What do you think would happen if it became known that Catherine, or even Ashleigh, have been here? They would be on the cover of every tabloid.” (I wonder who Catherine is. Patricia already mentioned her before.)
- **Emma:** “But... don’t you think that needs to change?”
- **Patricia:** ... “Yes, but in the meantime, you need to be careful. I think you should apologize to Chloe.”
- **Emma:** “...I’ll reflect upon that.”



- **Patricia:** “And besides your troubles. . . is anything else OK? How is it going with Gabby?”

- **Emma:** “I still haven’t told you my troubles.” (Damn it. I wanted Emma to answer that question.)

- **Patricia:** “Ah!”

- **Emma:** “Many insulted me on Instagram, either because they think like you regarding privacy, or just because they are against bondage. I’m not friends with Evelyn and Natalie anymore.”

- **Patricia:** . . . “If you wish, you can invite them here and I’ll explain to them. . .”

- **Emma:** “No, wait, that’s not the issue either.” (Patricia looks surprised.) “Evelyn and Natalie. . . today they’ve realized that Gabby is now in bondage to me. While I was with the cheer squad, they followed Gabby to a restroom. There they stripped her and they saw the caning marks from yesterday. They took pictures.” (It’s hard for me to listen to this. I’m not feeling OK. And I see that my mom is now listening from the kitchen.) “And now. . . they are telling everybody that I tortured Gabby to make her my slave.”

Emma pauses. Patricia looks astonished.



Emma and Patricia are done with the starters, so I bring in the first course, which is clam chowder. I feel hungry again.

- **Emma:** “Mom, what do I do?”

- **Patricia:** . . . “Let me think. In all my years. . . I’ve never had such a problem.” (Emma looks down.) “What does Gabby say?”

- **Emma:** “She supports me.” (Emma smiles. I’m glad to hear her reply.) “She’s such a sweetheart. After I asked her if I can trust her, she gave me love letters she had written for me on Valentine’s day. They’re really beautiful. I can show you later.” (Now I’m super embarrassed! Those letters are for Emma only. What about my right to privacy!?)

- **Patricia:** “That’s so sweet.” (Patricia and Emma smile.)



- **Patricia:** “I think Evelyn and Natalie must be reported. They assaulted Gabby.”

- **Emma:** “Yes. And what about their rumor?”

- **Patricia:** “I’d suggest you just tell the truth, I mean, that you didn’t torture Gabby.”

- **Emma:** “But people will remain suspicious. Soon everybody will find out that Gabby lives here, which would confirm she’s in bondage to me. Then many will believe that I tortured her.”

- **Patricia:** “If Gabby supports you, she can also deny that.”

Emma doesn’t reply anything to Patricia. They begin to eat the clam chowder in silence. I’m afraid it’s all down to me. I’ll have to report Evelyn and Natalie, and to tell people that Emma didn’t torture me.



When they finish, I bring the main course.

- **Emma:** “Where did you go?”

- **Patricia:** “I’ve been to Angela’s store.”

- **Emma:** “Nice!”

- **Patricia:** “Yes, she looked very happy to see me. We’ve talked for over two hours. She told me about your modeling job. And she asked me about Gabby. Angela really likes her. She’s happy for you.” (I smile when I hear that. I definitely like Angela.)

- **Emma:** “Yes. They were whispering while I was trying on my swimsuits. I don’t know what they talked about, but they do like each other.” (I sort of freeze when I hear that. Emma notices everything!)
“So what about my job?”

Patricia and Emma continue talking about clothes and modeling while they enjoy the main course.



I bring the dessert. My mom has really worked hard to prepare this dinner.

- **Patricia:** “Angela... she has told me that she wishes to get again into bondage, you know.”

- **Emma:** “Really!?”

- **Patricia:** “Yeah, and also into designing fetish clothing.”

- **Emma:** “That’s great! I’d rather model that instead of swimsuits.”

- **Patricia:** “I know...” (Patricia smiles.) “She said she’s been thinking about it recently, and after seeing that I’m back and that you’ve also started...”

- **Emma:** “But what about Lexy?”

- **Patricia:** “She said Lexy is going to move out soon to go to university.”

- **Emma:** “But does she already know that Angela used to be...?” (Lexy must be Angela’s daughter. Angela had told me that Emma and her daughter used to play together.)

- **Patricia:** “I don’t think she told her. Not yet.”

- **Emma:** “You see, I disagree with that. When Lexy finds out, she’ll think that before she didn’t really know her mom. I’m happy you’ve always been open about it, at least with me.”

Patricia smiles, and they begin to eat the dessert.



After finishing the dessert, Patricia and Emma get up. My stomach complained all along, but I'm proud I could serve the courses properly.

- **Patricia:** "Elena, come here."

My mom comes fast. Patricia removes her mask, while Emma removes mine.

- **Patricia:** "All the dishes were delicious."

- **Elena:** "Thank you, Ms Schulte."

My mom looks relieved. It looks as if this dinner was a sort of test.

- **Patricia:** "Gabby and you may have dinner now."

I feel glad when I hear that. Patricia handcuffs my mom. Emma does the same with me after removing my wrist and leg bands. It feels as if there are some rules written somewhere about how latex maids should be treated.

- **Emma:** "Gabby, after you have dinner, come to my bedroom."

- **Gabby:** "Yes, Ms Lindberg."

Patricia and Emma leave together.