

SimVenusArts

My Classmate Emma Lindberg

Chapter 14



Published by SimVenusArts in July 2022.

Email: simvenus.arts@gmail.com

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

<https://twitter.com/Simvenusa>

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

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



My mom brings two bowls of clam chowder to the table. I'm so hungry that I take my spoon immediately.

- **Elena:** "Wait." (My mom sits at the table and takes my hand.) "For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly grateful. Amen."

- **Gabby:** "Amen."

I'm glad to see that my mom hasn't changed completely. This feels a bit like we're back home having dinner together.

- **Elena:** "You were wearing a cheerleader uniform when you came home."

- **Gabby:** "Yes. I'm part of the squad now."

- **Elena:** "You've never told me you like cheerleading."

- **Gabby:** "No, I just...like the uniform." (I'm a bit embarrassed.)
"It was a surprise from Emma. She's the captain, and she wanted me to have it, so she made arrangements to allow me to join the squad. But she does not expect me to train with them."

My mom looks surprised. I've also realized that the story sounds a bit weird while I was telling it.



- **Gabby:** “Emma wanted to cheer me up after...” (I pause.)
 - **Elena:** “After you were assaulted.”
 - **Gabby:** ... “Yes.”
 - **Elena:** “Why didn’t you report that?”
 - **Gabby:** “I was embarrassed, and also...it’s complicated. If I do, it means I’ll also have to explain why I have caning marks, and so...everybody at school will soon know for sure I’m in bondage to Emma.”
 - **Elena:** “Are you ashamed of that?”
 - **Gabby:** “No. I’m afraid of the consequences of others knowing. Aren’t you afraid?”
 - **Elena:** ... “I guess so. But Patricia keeps her bondage relationships private.”
 - **Gabby:** “Yes, I wish Emma... I mean... I understand Emma. She thinks that if everyone does it secretly, bondage will be a taboo topic forever. And I also wish that it stops being a taboo. But the fact is that nowadays it still is.”
- My mom doesn’t reply anything. We continue eating in silence for a while.



When we finish, my mom brings two apples.

- **Gabby:** “Mom... aren’t you scared?”

- **Elena:** “What do you mean?”

- **Gabby:** “Don’t you think what we’re doing is crazy... or too fast?”

- **Elena:** “Yes. And it’s also exciting.” (My mom smiles.) “I feel like when I met your dad and I got pregnant so soon. It all seemed crazy, but we were happy.”

I’m surprised by her reply. I know she was just 19 when I was born, but she hasn’t told me much about how she met my dad.

- **Elena:** “Life is like that, you know. Most days, nothing important happens, and suddenly one day you meet somebody and everything changes.”

For some reason, my mom’s words make me feel better.

- **Gabby:** “So now you feel... happy with Patricia?”

My mom takes some seconds to reply.

- **Elena:** “I never thought a woman like Patricia would be interested in me. The way she moves, the way she talks to me... I’m only afraid she changes her mind.”

I do see my mom is really into Patricia.



- **Gabby:** “But...do you like bondage? Yesterday morning your reaction...”

- **Elena:** “I know. I was just afraid of being separated from you.” (My mom pauses a few seconds.) “Bondage is something I’ve felt curious about, but I’ve never been...brave enough to try it.” (I’m a bit surprised my mom knew about bondage.) “With Patricia I feel safe, even though we’ve just met. And you?”

- **Gabby:** “I also feel safe with Emma.”

- **Elena:** “No, I mean...do you like it?”

- **Gabby:** “Well...I didn’t know about it before Friday.” (My mom is surprised.) “Initially, I just wanted to be with Emma. Now I’m also liking bondage more and more.”

My mom smiles.

- **Gabby:** “So...mom, are you really 100% into this?”

- **Elena:** “I am. Aren’t you?”

- **Gabby:** “I really want to be with Emma.”

- **Elena:** “Then we must do our best to keep our mistresses happy.”

We smile at each other. I feel like I’m learning a lot about my mom. Shortly after, we finish dinner and I go upstairs.



I arrive to Emma's bedroom and I see that she has changed clothes again. She looks hot :) I knock on the door.

- **Emma:** "Come in."

I enter and Emma takes off my handcuffs.

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

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

I begin to remove my clothes. I wonder what Emma is planning to do.

- **Emma:** "You did very well during our dinner. And I've checked the corridor, the bedrooms and the bathroom. You did quite a good job."

- **Gabby:** "Thank you, mistress." (I'm glad to hear that.)

- **Emma:** "What about the balconies?"

- **Gabby:** "Eh?! I didn't think I had to clean them."

- **Emma:** "Why?"

- **Gabby:** "Because... they're outside."

- **Emma:** "And? Your instruction was to dust, sweep, and mop the second floor. Do you think that I like dirty balconies?"

- **Gabby:** "No, mistress."

Emma looks sort of upset. I honestly didn't think I had to clean the balconies, but I don't wish to argue with her and upset her more.



- **Emma:** “The reason I decided to give you those chores today was that I wanted you to help your mom on her first day, so that my mom is content with her.”
- **Gabby:** “I understand, mistress.” (I hadn’t thought on that possibility. I’m glad Emma wishes to help my mom.)
- **Emma:** “But your attitude when I gave you the list of chores wasn’t good. When I tell you to do something, I expect you to do your best, no matter how much time it takes. You wanted to finish your chores as fast as you could to get rid of them, right?”
- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress. I apologize.” (I don’t know how, but Emma always finds a way of making me feel that I disappointed her.)
- **Emma:** “Apologize to me properly. Get on your knees.”
- **Gabby:** “Please accept my apologies, mistress. I deeply regret what I have done.”



Emma sits on the sofa and puts her right boot in front of my face.

- **Emma:** “Lick my soles clean.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

I look at the sole. It seems a bit dusty.

- **Emma:** “If they’re dirty, it’s your fault. This will teach you to do your best when obeying me.”

I begin to lick the soles. I do my best to clean them. I remember what my mom said about keeping our mistresses happy, and I wish Emma to be happy with me again as soon as possible.



After a while, Emma makes me switch to the other sole.

- **Emma:** “Continue.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

I look at her for one second. She’s already more relaxed. I think she likes my eagerness to clean the soles, and I continue licking the best I can.

- **Emma:** “Your attitude now is the right one.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Don’t forget the heel.”

I begin to suck the heel immediately, and Emma smiles.



- **Emma:** “Stop. Lie down on your back on the floor.”

I obey Emma, and after that she steps on my belly.

- **Emma:** “Why didn’t you clean the balconies?” (I’m a bit surprised she asks me that again.)

- **Gabby:** “. . . Because I didn’t understand the instructions correctly, mistress. I read them too fast and I didn’t pay enough attention.”

- **Emma:** “And why did that happen?”

- **Gabby:** “Because I wanted to finish as soon as possible. . . to have time to work on my project.”

- **Emma:** “So you think your project is more important.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . “Not anymore, mistress. I struggled with those thoughts before, but I’ve made up my mind. Your tasks are always more important.”

- **Emma:** “Is serving and obeying me always going to be your priority from now on?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

I do mean what I said. I’m not sure exactly when, but my mind has changed, and now keeping Emma happy and fulfilling her wishes is more important than any school work. Emma smiles.



- **Emma:** “Don’t move.”

Emma stands up. Then she steps on my belly with her right boot, and next with her left boot. She’s trampling me! I feel her weight.

- **Emma:** “Are you afraid that I may decide to turn you into my maid?”

- **Gabby:** ... (That’s a tough question. I’ve just said that her tasks are always more important, but... I think I could do more than just house chores.) “Before I was, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Was your plan to complete the tasks inadequately so that I think that you’re not good at cleaning?”

- **Gabby:** “No, mistress. I’ve never tried to deceive you.” (I’m honest.)

- **Emma:** “Will you then be my maid whenever I wish so, and have a willing attitude?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress. I will.”

- **Emma:** “Will you ever question my judgement when I tell you to do something?”

- **Gabby:** “No, mistress.”

Emma steps out of my belly. I feel relieved.



- **Emma:** “Get on your knees.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

Emma takes my chin and I look at her.

- **Emma:** “Gabby, at the moment I don’t plan to turn you into a full-time maid. But if I tell you to do some house chores, you’ll have to do them. You must trust my choices, and your priority should be to serve me and to obey me. Are you ready for that?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress. I am.”

- **Emma:** “Do you promise to do it?”

- **Gabby:** . . . “I promise.”

I don’t know if I fully understand what I have just promised to do.

- **Emma:** “I accept your apologies. Give me a kiss.”

Emma kisses my lips, and she smiles. She looks happy again. I feel sort of exhausted after all this questioning, but I also feel happy.



- **Emma:** “I really wish my mom to be pleased with your mom. That way she can stay here and you can see her daily.”

- **Gabby:** “I’m thankful for that, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “However, it turns out that your mom has misbehaved. My mom is waiting for us in the basement.” (What has my mom done?! She seemed very eager to please Patricia.) “Stand up.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

Emma also gets up and takes some clothes from the stuff Patricia gave her.

- **Emma:** “Get dressed.”

She gives me a latex corset and stockings, and I put them on. Then she takes something like a set of handcuffs or an armbinder, and she binds my arms with it. Finally, she puts something around my neck.

- **Emma:** “You look hot with a neck corset. Let’s go.”

I like the compliment, but I’m too nervous to reply because of my mom. I follow Emma to the basement.



We enter the basement and we go to the upper floor. Is my mom again on that wheel in the DieselPunk area?! I hope not. Emma tries to open a door.

- **Emma:** “Weird... I think my mom told me to come to this room, but it’s closed.”

We continue walking. I keep getting more and more nervous.

- **Emma:** “Ah! They must be there. There is light inside.”

Emma points to a room where I haven’t been before. I follow her. She opens the door and we enter.

- **Gabby:** “Oh my God!”

I was expecting to see my mom and Patricia, but instead we find Ashleigh! She’s restrained inside a cage that has a bed on top.

- **Emma:** “Oh! I forgot. My mom told me she’s punishing Ashleigh-puppy for what she did on Saturday.” (I had already forgotten about that.)

- **Gabby:** “But... has she been here since Saturday?!”

- **Emma:** “I’m not sure.”



I'm shocked, and I'm starting to feel bad for Ashleigh. I think that I overreacted a bit when I attacked her. I don't know what to say.

- **Gabby:** "Didn't she have to go to work today?"

- **Emma:** "I guess. But if my mom decides she must stay here, she stays here for as long as she's told."

- **Gabby:** "Mistress... I don't think what Ashleigh did was so terrible. I think she was just being playful."

- **Emma:** "That's for my mom to decide, not you. But don't worry about her. It's not the first time she's punished."

Emma opens the cage door. Ashleigh begins to exit immediately, and Emma caresses her face.

- **Emma:** "How is my favorite puppy?"

Ashleigh can't bark because of her gag, but she looks happy. I also liked it whenever Emma caressed my face while I was a puppy. Suddenly, Emma pushes Ashleigh back inside the cage and closes the door.

- **Emma:** "She's fine. Let's go."

Emma and I exit the room. One thing is clear: nobody should mess up with Patricia.



We see Patricia coming towards us.

- **Emma:** “Mom, we were trying to find you. Didn’t you tell me...?”

- **Patricia:** ... “Yes, but that room was too dusty. Come with me.”

Emma grabs my arm and we follow Patricia. I’m so anxious that I decide to close my eyes. Soon we stop.

- **Emma:** “Gabby, this is the shibari area. Do you remember when I used rope to restrain you?”

Emma’s words calm me down a bit. I guess my mom is just tied up with rope like I was last Friday. I open my eyes.

- **Gabby:** “What!?”

My mom is next to me tied up with multiple ropes and suspended in the air. I couldn’t have imagined something like this.

- **Emma:** “Amazing work, mom.”

- **Patricia:** “Thanks. I’ve lost practice. It took me longer than it used to.”

- **Emma:** “You could have called me. Then I would also have used rope for Gabby. Now they aren’t matching.”

- **Patricia:** “You keep thinking about fashion all the time. We’ve got more important issues to discuss.”

- **Emma:** “Sorry, mom.”



- **Patricia:** “Gabby, I asked Emma to bring you here because I need to question your mom again. However, if you feel distressed, you may leave.”

- **Gabby:** “I wish to stay, Ms Schulte.” (I can’t leave my mom alone.)

- **Patricia:** “Elena, do you know why I’ve brought you here?”

- **Elena:** “...”

- **Patricia:** “This morning we were talking for a long time. We talked about rules and about my expectations, and I said that one of the rules is that you need to ask for permission to speak, right?”

- **Elena:** “Yes, Ms Schulte.”

- **Patricia:** “Do you understand that this includes making phone calls?”

- **Elena:** “...” (My mom looks nervous.) “Yes, Ms Schulte.”

- **Patricia:** “Did you make a phone call?”

- **Elena:** “...”

My mom is hesitant. I guess she’s doubting whether to lie or tell the truth. I think lying would have terrible consequences. I hope she tells the truth.



Patricia leaves and soon comes back with a bag. She takes from it some sort of...luminous wand?!

- **Patricia:** "Answer."

- **Elena:** "..."

Patricia touches my mom's chest with the wand, and it gives her an electric shock! My mom looks terrified.

- **Elena:** "Yes, Ms Schulte. I've made a phone call."

- **Patricia:** "Who did you call?"

- **Elena:** "My boss."

- **Patricia:** "Why?"

- **Elena:** "To tell him... that I'm not going to work."

- **Patricia:** "Tell me everything."

- **Elena:** "... " (My mom looks distressed.) "I told him that I cannot go to work... because I have a cold and fever."

- **Patricia:** "I see."

Patricia looks disappointed.



- **Patricia:** “Emma, untie her and tell her to leave.”

Patricia switches off the wand, turns around and begins to walk away. Emma looks surprised and walks towards Patricia.

- **Elena:** “Please, Ms Schulte. Let me explain!”

Suddenly, I recall the moment when Emma told me to leave after we went to Angela’s store. I know how my mom is feeling. Patricia turns back.

- **Patricia:** “What’s there to explain? You’ll keep wasting my time.”

- **Elena:** “I said that to my boss...because I felt worried about leaving my job. I was afraid that maybe I wouldn’t be able to meet your expectations and soon you would tell me to leave.”

- **Patricia:** “Liar. This morning you told me that you were 100% sure you want to be my maid, and that you would do your best to meet my expectations. Do you think that misbehaving and telling that to your boss shows you are doing your best and you are 100% sure you want to be my maid?”

- **Elena:** ... “No, Ms Schulte. It was a terrible mistake. Please forgive me. I’ll never do it again.”



Patricia still looks disappointed.

- **Patricia:** “Do you think that I would have spent so much time with you yesterday and today, if my plan was to tell you to leave tomorrow or on Wednesday? Is that what you think about me?”

- **Elena:** “No, Ms Schulte. I trust you. I was only unsure of whether my skills would be enough.”

- **Patricia:** “I’m not playing games. I take bondage very seriously, and I don’t give up on somebody for such reasons. What I don’t accept is intentional misbehavior and distrust.”

- **Elena:** “I understand, Ms Schulte. I know I deserve to be punished, but please do not give up on me.”

I see a tear on my mom’s face! I cry a lot, but I have hardly ever seen her crying. If somebody would have told me two days ago that today I would see my mom talking this way, I would have laughed really loud. However, I know that she’s telling the truth. Patricia puts the wand back in the bag and seems to be thinking. Emma looks at her.



- **Patricia:** “If you wish to stay, you’ll have to do three things.”

My mom smiles. I’m sure she’s going to do whatever Patricia says.

- **Patricia:** “First, you’ll have to send a resignation notice to your boss. Second, you’ll have to send a termination letter to your landlord. And third, you’ll have to sign a bondage contract with me, which will describe all the rules you must follow, and the obligations we have with each other.”

- **Elena:** “Yes, Ms Schulte. I’ll do those three things.”

- **Patricia:** “Not so fast. You’ll spend some time here, thinking about it. Tomorrow morning I’ll give you a copy of the contract, and you’ll read it and make a decision.”

- **Elena:** “Yes, Ms Schulte. Thank you.”

My mom looks relieved. I realize that we are definitely all-in, and we’re never going back to our previous lives. I feel this is crazy, but I’m also happy.



- **Patricia:** “Gabby, do you wish to say anything to your mom before she makes a decision?”

I wasn’t expecting this. I take some seconds to think, but I don’t want to tell my mom what she should decide.

- **Gabby:** “Mom, I know you’ll make the right decision for us, and I’ll support it.” (My mom smiles.)

- **Patricia:** “Gabby, as you should remember, yesterday I said that, whenever your mom misbehaves, I will punish her, and Emma will punish you.” (I look at Emma. She doesn’t seem too comfortable with that.) “Your punishment will be postponed until you misbehave.”

- **Gabby:** “Thank you, Ms Schulte.”

- **Patricia:** “However, should that happen, your punishment will be hard.”

After what I saw yesterday and today, I don’t want to know what Patricia means by a hard punishment.



Emma walks towards my mom and takes her chin.

- **Emma:** “If you decide to stay and then I have to punish Gabby because of something you did, Gabby’s punishment will be nothing compared to yours.”

- **Elena:** “I understand, Ms Lindberg.”

- **Emma:** “Wish Gabby a good night.”

- **Elena:** “Good night, *piccola mia*. Sleep well.”

- **Gabby:** “Good night, mom.”

- **Emma:** “Good night, mom.”

- **Patricia:** “Good night. Good night, Gabby.”

- **Gabby:** “Good night, Ms Schulte.”

- **Emma:** “Let’s go.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, Ms Lindberg.”

Emma and I leave the shibari area.



- **Emma:** “I could show you the bed now, but you should work on your Biology project.”

My project! I had forgotten about it again. After all the things that have just happened, will I be able to concentrate on it? In fact, I don't feel like working on it. It's past 10 pm. I'll rather go to bed. We arrive to Emma's bedroom and she takes off my restraining kit.

- **Emma:** “Use the toilet, get dressed and wait for me in the small bedroom.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

Emma gives me pajamas with hearts. That makes me smile, and I obey her. Although I'm really tired and my head is spinning, after my reaction when she gave me the list of house chores, I can't tell her now that I don't feel like doing my project. Shortly after I go to the small bedroom, she comes back with a big chair and replaces the desk chair with it.

- **Emma:** “This is a bondage chair. It will help you to avoid distractions. Sit down.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

After I sit, Emma restrains my legs, my waist and my neck. She also has belts to restrain my wrists, but she doesn't use them so that I can type, I suppose.



Emma moves my chair to face the desk. Then she brings my phone and a laptop.

- **Emma:** “Do not try to untie yourself. Do you need anything else?”

- **Gabby:** “No, mistress. Thank you.” (After what I witnessed in the basement, I don’t think I’ll ever misbehave again.)

- **Emma:** “When you are done, call me. Good night.”

- **Gabby:** “Good night, mistress.”

Emma kisses me and leaves. I open the laptop, but I do feel tired. I used to be very organized, and I hardly ever needed to do my homework during bedtime. For a moment, I’m tempted to just copy-paste some texts from the Internet and then call Emma. But suddenly my former me comes back and I open my document. I can’t just give up on everything I’ve been working for at school. I read the last paragraph that I had written, and I continue from there.

- **Gabby:** “It’s 3:30. My eyes keep closing. I can’t do this anymore.”

I say that aloud. I’ve been working non-stop for five hours. I just have to write the conclusions to finish. It would take me around half an hour, but I can’t. Perhaps if I set the alarm on my phone and I sleep for two hours then... Before I do that, I fall asleep.