

SimVenusArts

My Classmate Emma Lindberg

Chapter 19



Published by SimVenusArts in November 2022.
Email: simvenus.arts@gmail.com
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We go upstairs to Emma's bedroom.

- **Emma:** "Help me undress."

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

Emma sits down and I remove her boots. Then she gets up and I take off her bodysuit. She picks some clothes from her wardrobe and gives them to me, but she doesn't talk while I help her get dressed. She seems pensive. When we are done, she looks at the mirror.

- **Emma:** "My mom is somewhat nervous, don't you think?"

- **Gabby:** "Eh? . . . I'm not sure, mistress."

- **Emma:** "The way she entered the room and removed your blindfold. . ."

- **Gabby:** "I think she was upset because Ms Jensen saw what we were doing."

- **Emma:** "Yes, but my mom is not like that. When she wants to tell me anything, she does it in private. Something is not right. . ."

Perhaps what Emma says is true, but I'm surprised. To me Patricia's reaction was normal. If last week my mom had found me doing something like that. . . I cannot even imagine her reaction.

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

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



Soon after, I'm back in the bedroom. Emma seems less worried now.

- **Emma:** "The test was satisfactory. We don't need to complete it. Let's go quickly to your place and come back. I'd like to start your training."

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

I look forward to the training, but I'm also a bit afraid because I don't know what it will be about, besides depthroating.

- **Gabby:** "Mistress. . . if I need to use my safeword during the training, what will you do?"

- **Emma:** "I would pause it. What do you mean?"

- **Gabby:** "I mean. . . if I can't do something or I feel distressed and wish to stop, would you be disappointed?" (Emma smiles.)

- **Emma:** "No. I'd only be disappointed if you refuse to try again." Emma's words calm me down a bit. I was still worried that she'd break up with me if I use my safeword.

- **Emma:** "You'll wear this outfit."

- **Gabby:** "But. . . this is a catsuit. . . and a harness and mittens."

- **Emma:** "Yes."

- **Gabby:** "Aren't we going outdoors now?"

- **Emma:** "Yes. What's wrong? We aren't going to school."

- **Gabby:** "Umm. . . nothing, mistress."

I get dressed quickly, and finally Emma puts on my mittens. I still get very nervous when I'm restrained in public, but I'm afraid Emma would feel very disappointed if I used my safeword now. I guess I shouldn't use it as a way of trying to disobey her.



- **Emma:** “Gabby, don’t say ‘nothing’ when I can clearly see that there is something on. What’s the problem?”

- **Gabby:** “. . . I’m afraid we could run into Evelyn and Natalie. They may attack me.” (In truth, I wasn’t thinking about that, but it’s indeed another issue.)

- **Emma:** “Ah! Don’t worry. If that happens, I’ll defend you.” (Emma smiles.)

- **Gabby:** “Thank you, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “In fact, now I’m always in charge of defending you. Didn’t you read that section of the contract?”

- **Gabby:** “I browsed through it.”

- **Emma:** “This is important, in particular for you. As you know, I favor a full bondage experience, and so you’ll be restrained most of the time, or even permanently. But you’ll be safe.”

For some reason, the idea of being restrained permanently doesn’t scare me like before, at least when I’m not seen by strangers. I guess it’s true that I’m getting more and more submissive. Now I like that Emma has that power over me.

- **Emma:** “Where are the keys of your apartment?”

- **Gabby:** “In my bag, next to my phone.”

- **Emma:** “OK. Let’s go.”

Emma puts my keys and also my phone in her handbag. Then we walk downstairs. My mom isn’t there, and we exit the house.



I follow Emma, but she starts walking towards our school.

- **Gabby**: “Mistress, to go to my place, it’s faster if we go the other way.”

- **Emma**: “Yes, but we’re going by car. Bringing your stuff here will be easier with a car.”

- **Gabby**: “. . . Sorry, mistress.”

If I knew that, I wouldn’t have felt so worried about being dressed this way. I remind myself that I must trust Emma. A few seconds after, we stop at the entrance of a garage.

- **Gabby**: “I didn’t know this garage was part of the house.”

- **Emma**: “All the land surrounding our house belongs to us. The basement is built below that land.”

I hadn’t thought about that, but it makes sense. Emma’s house is surrounded by a large extension of urban prairie. It must be worth millions. Emma opens the garage and I see an expensive convertible car. It looks new.

- **Gabby**: “Wow! Your mom has bought a fancy car recently.”

- **Emma**: “No, my mom’s car is that one. This one is mine. It was my mom’s present for my 18th birthday.”

I’m quite shocked. For my 18th birthday, my mom gave me a pair of shoes. I already knew that Patricia is wealthier than my mom, but I’m realizing that the difference is much bigger than I thought.



Emma opens the car's door for me.

- **Emma:** "Get in."

- **Gabby:** "Thank you, mistress."

- **Emma:** "What's your address?"

- **Gabby:** "119 Garnet Street."

Emma searches for the address and then we depart. It's my first time in an expensive car. I look around. Some people glance at us, but this time the reason is not my outfit. It's the car.

- **Gabby:** "Mistress, why do you prefer to go to places on foot, and not by car?"

- **Emma:** "To combat climate change. This is an electric car, but here not much electricity is generated by renewable sources."

Sometimes Emma's answers surprise me and make me smile. Still I wonder if I could persuade her somehow to use the car more often. This way people can't see me restrained.

- **Gabby:** "How many times have you driven this car?"

- **Emma:** "This is the second time."

- **Gabby:** "But you drive really well, mistress." (Emma smiles.)

- **Emma:** "We are already close to your place. Is there a free spot in your garage?"

- **Gabby:** "There isn't a garage. Usually there are free spots at street."

- **Emma:** "Fine."

We arrive and Emma finds a spot easily.



- **Emma:** “So this is where you used to live.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress. Our apartment is on the third floor.”

Emma opens the door and we enter the building.

- **Gabby:** “This way, mistress. The lift doesn’t work.”

We get to the third floor and Emma opens the door. When we enter, I feel like I’ve been away for several months.

- **Emma:** “How long have you lived here?”

- **Gabby:** “Five years.”

- **Emma:** “I see. . . anyway, what would you like to bring?”

- **Gabby:** “Most of my things are in my bedroom, right there.”

Emma goes to my bedroom and I follow her.

- **Emma:** “Haha! It’s full of dolls and teddy bears!”

- **Gabby:** “. . . yes, mistress. I haven’t changed. . .”

- **Emma:** “Look! I had one of those when I was six!”

Emma laughs. I’m feeling a bit embarrassed. It’s true I haven’t thrown away any of my toys. I realize now that Emma’s bedroom is that of an adult, whereas mine looks like the bedroom of a little girl.



- **Emma:** “And that!”

- **Gabby:** “Oh my God!”

Emma points at a painting where I had written ‘I love Emma, always, forever, happily’. It’s been there for so long that I had forgotten about it. Emma takes it from the shelf.

- **Emma:** “When did you make it?” (I feel I’m blushing now.)

- **Gabby:** “I made it. . . a few weeks after we met, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Don’t be embarrassed. I like it. I’ll store it next to your Valentine’s letters.”

Emma caresses my cheeks and she kisses me.

- **Emma:** “Do you have any other. . . secret things?”

- **Gabby:** “Well. . . I’ve also made some pencil drawings of you. They are in that drawer.”

Emma opens the drawer and takes the pictures.

- **Emma:** “Wow! These are amazing!”

- **Gabby:** “Thank you, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “I didn’t know you could draw so well. From now on, in addition to being my toy, you are my official portraitist.”

I laugh. Emma looks happy.



- **Emma:** “OK, so we’re bringing home this painting and these drawings. What else?”
- **Gabby:** “Umm. . . my laptop. . .”
- **Emma:** “Yes.”
- **Gabby:** “Those school books and notebooks. And that folder with documents.”
- **Emma:** “Yes.”
- **Gabby:** “My clothes.”
- **Emma:** “Let’s look at them. Are they here?”
- **Gabby:** “Yes.” (Emma opens my closet.)
- **Emma:** “These are the clothes that you wear to go to school, right?”
- **Gabby:** “Mainly yes. I also have those dresses for going to church.”
- **Emma:** “Let’s see.” (Emma takes a t-shirt and looks at it briefly.)
“Umm. . . I think I’d like to renew your wardrobe.”
- **Gabby:** “Eh?”
- **Emma:** “We don’t need to bring your clothes. We’ll go to Angela’s store to get new clothes for you.”
- **Gabby:** “But. . . I appreciate that you wish to purchase clothes for me, mistress, but I feel. . . I don’t know how to say it. I feel somewhat emotionally attached to my clothes. I’ve had them for quite some time.”
- **Emma:** “I can see that. It’s a good reason to renew them.”
- **Gabby:** “Yes, but. . .”
- **Emma:** “My decision is final. Remember that our contract states that I choose how you dress.”
- **Gabby:** “. . . Yes, mistress.”



- **Emma:** “Is there something else you wish to bring?”

- **Gabby:** “. . . My dolls.”

- **Emma:** “No.”

- **Gabby:** “But. . .”

- **Emma:** “You’ve heard my mom. We don’t have much storage space. And I don’t want your dolls in my bedroom. We’ll donate them to charity, so that little girls can play with them.”

- **Gabby:** “We’ve brought my dolls all the way from Italy. They’re really important to me.”

- **Emma:** “Gabby, at some point, everyone has to grow up. I had to do it two years ago, when my mom fell ill and I had to take charge of many things. Today, it’s your turn.”

I look at Emma. She’s serious. All of sudden, the magnitude of the changes that I’m bringing into my life sinks in. Since Friday, everything happened so fast that I didn’t have much time to reflect upon what my mom and I are doing. Nothing will be the same. I begin to cry.

- **Emma:** “Gabby. . .”

Emma hugs me while I keep crying. I always cry a lot when I have to make a difficult decision. After some minutes, I begin to calm down.

- **Gabby:** “I guess you’re right, mistress. Everyone has to grow up. I only wish to take this teddy bear with me. It was a present from my father.”

- **Emma:** “That’s fine.”

Emma and I kiss.



We see you've followed our advice, Ms Straight A's. Keep hiding yourself well.

- **Emma:** “We can use this suitcase, right?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

Emma puts my stuff inside my suitcase. All my life fits inside a suitcase, literally.

- **Emma:** “If you remember any other important things that need to be brought, you can tell your mom and she’ll bring them tomorrow. Now let’s go.”

I follow Emma towards the exit. I can’t believe I’m not coming here ever again. I feel empty. Then I recall that I also felt this way when my mom and I moved out five years ago, away from all my family and friends. And in the end things worked out well. That gives me confidence. We exit, Emma closes the door and we walk downstairs.

- **Gabby:** “One last thing, mistress. Could you check our postbox, please?”

- **Emma:** “Yes. I should use this small key, right?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes.”

Emma opens the postbox. There are lots of commercial leaflets, as usual, but on top of them there is a printed note.

- **Emma:** “We see you’ve followed our advice, Ms Straight A’s. Keep hiding yourself well.”

- **Gabby:** “Natalie and Evelyn have been here!”

- **Emma:** “I guess they were waiting for you to arrive home after school. They don’t know that you live with me.”

Moving out of here makes me feel relieved now.



We exit the building and walk to the car. Emma puts my suitcase inside the boot.

- **Emma:** “At the moment, I need to think. I need silence.”

Emma takes a gag from her handbag.

- **Emma:** “Have you just heard something?”

- **Gabby:** “No, mistress. What have you heard?”

- **Emma:** “I’m not sure. Some movement, but I don’t see anybody.”
I honestly didn’t hear anything. Is Emma thinking that Evelyn and Natalie are still around? We could become paranoid.

- **Emma:** “Let’s get out of here.”

Emma puts the gag in my mouth. Then we get into the car and we depart. She looks serious again. I guess that now she’s more concerned about Evelyn and Natalie than when I told her about their threats at school. I just wish we could get rid of them somehow.



We arrive to the garage and Emma parks the car. She takes my suitcase and we walk home.

- **Emma:** "I wonder if Ms Jensen and Ms Austen are still here."

I can't reply because she hasn't removed my gag. We enter the house and we find Patricia sitting on her own on the sofa.

- **Emma:** "Hi, mom."

- **Patricia:** "Hi."

- **Emma:** "How did things go with Ms Jensen and Ms Austen?"

- **Patricia:** "They're in the basement."

- **Emma:** "Are they enjoying themselves?!"

- **Patricia:** "No. Something happened... the principal is very angry."

- **Emma:** "What happened?" (I guess Emma was right about Patricia. I get nervous.)

- **Patricia:** "She has found out that Emily has cheated on her."

- **Emma:** "When? With who?"

- **Patricia:** "With several women..."

- **Emma:** "Eh?"

- **Patricia:** "But the principal doesn't know for sure. At least not when I left the basement. Emily has refused to confess."

Emma looks at me. We are astonished.



- **Emma:** “OK. Let’s sit down. I need to know everything.” (I sit next to Emma.) “What happened since they arrived?”
- **Patricia:** “Well. . . first Julia explained what you did at school, and said that it cannot happen again. Elena and I agreed. Then Julia said that Elena could leave, and after she left, Julia revealed that she is also into bondage, and that you told her that I’m a mistress like her.”
- **Emma:** “That’s true.”
- **Patricia:** “Then she said that Emily told her that years ago she came to a bondage club here, but that now it’s closed. Julia said she has never been to a bondage club and asked whether the basement still exists. Then I asked her if she wanted to see it.”
- **Emma:** “I see.”
- **Patricia:** “At that point I realized that Emily is in bondage to her. I knew, from the times she was in the basement, that Emily is submissive, and she had been talking about bondage clubs with Julia, and her behavior towards her. . . so I figured out that they are in a relationship.”
- **Emma:** “I understand.” (Now I also get how Patricia knew that.)
- **Patricia:** “But Julia was surprised that I found out. She said that until recently they had kept their relationship secret.”
- **Emma:** “Until this morning. I told Ms Jensen that I knew about them, and then she decided that they’re going to tell people soon.”



- **Patricia:** “Well. . . the issue is. . . I asked how long they’ve been together, and Julia said five years. I was surprised. Emily had stopped coming to the basement three years ago.”

- **Emma:** “How do you remember that?”

- **Patricia:** “Emma. . .” (Patricia looks down.) “Because we were having sex.”

- **Emma:** “Eh?!” (Oh my God! This is getting worse.)

- **Patricia:** “But she wasn’t in bondage to me, and she never told me she had a mistress. Mainly, I saw her during parties, you know. And with other women. Emily likes threesomes with two mistresses.” Patricia stops talking, while Emma touches her own forehead with her hand.

- **Emma:** “But how has Ms Jensen found out?”

- **Patricia:** “OK, wait. . . when Julia said five years, Emily saw that I was surprised. She nodded frantically while Julia couldn’t see her. At that point, I figured out that Emily had kept everything secret from Julia.”

- **Emma:** “And then?”

- **Patricia:** “When we were in the basement. . . OK, first we found you, and you mentioned Emily’s blog. After we left you, Julia said she also read that blog recently. . .”

- **Emma:** “It had to be this morning. She didn’t know about it before.”

- **Patricia:** “Well. . . Emily wrote there about the DieselPunk area. When we got to the area, Julia was amazed, and we spent quite some time there. She was asking me lots of questions until. . . unfortunately, she found the plaque, you know, the one that says that the DieselPunk area was opened four years ago. Then she put two and two together.”



- **Patricia:** “Julia... first she asked Emily about the last time she’d been in the basement, and Emily lied. Then Julia showed her the plaque and asked her why she had written that she had been inside a water tank at the DieselPunk area. Emily realized she had been caught... but she still said that blog post was fiction. She said she had only heard about the area and wrote about it. Then they began arguing. I tried to calm them down but Julia asked me to leave them alone. And I left. Normally, I’d have told them to leave, but she’s your principal, and I don’t want any of this to affect you.”

- **Emma:** “Mom...”

- **Patricia:** “Stupid plaque. Why did we put it there? Sometimes Catherine’s ideas...”

- **Emma:** “Mom, neither Catherine nor you did anything wrong. Don’t worry. I’m going to the basement to talk to them.”

- **Patricia:** “No. I should go.”

- **Emma:** “No. I’ve read Emily’s blog. Please stay here and calm down. I’ll call you if needed. Gabby, let’s go.”

Emma gets up and I follow her, but I’m also feeling nervous.



We walk fast towards the DieselPunk area but, before arriving there, we find Julia and Emily inside a room. Emily is nude and handcuffed to an X-shaped piece of furniture, and Julia holds a rod. The door is open and Emma knocks on it.

- **Emma:** “Good evening, Ms Jensen.”

- **Julia:** “Good evening. Are you looking for your mother? I think she’s in the house.”

- **Emma:** “I know. I’ve just talked to her. She has told me what happened.”

- **Julia:** “Ah... in that case, please leave us alone.”

- **Emma:** “Are you trying to make her confess by whipping her?”

- **Julia:** “It’s none of your business. Please...”

- **Emma:** “It’s not necessary. I can tell you. My mom said Emily stopped coming here around three years ago, and that she had sex with several women when she was here, including my mom.” (Julia is shocked, and so am I! I didn’t expect Emma was going to reveal everything.)

- **Emily:** “It’s not true! I haven’t been here in six years, Ms Jensen.”

- **Emma:** “What? Are you saying my mom has lied?” (Emily doesn’t answer.) “You should whip her, Ms Jensen.”

- **Julia:** “I... I can’t believe she did that...”

Now Julia looks sad. She doesn’t whip Emily. In fact, Emily doesn’t have any marks.



- **Emma:** “Are you going to confess or not?”
 - **Emily:** “I have nothing to confess.”
 - **Emma:** “If there is something I can’t stand, it’s lies. Ms Jensen, please whip her.”
 - **Julia:** “Eh?! Wait...”
- Emma looks impatient. Then she opens a drawer and takes a whip.
- **Emma:** “It’s your last chance. I warn you. This will hurt a lot. Are you going to tell the truth?”
 - **Emily:** “I’ve told the truth.”
- All of a sudden, Emma whips Emily. Julia looks shocked and frozen.
- **Emma:** “Nobody can withstand the pain. Don’t try to. Just tell the truth.”
 - **Emily:** “Ah!” (Emma whips Emily again.)
 - **Emily:** “Ah!!” (And again.)
 - **Emily:** “Ah!!!” (And yet again.)
 - **Emily:** “Aahh!!! Please, Ms Jensen, stop her!”
 - **Emily:** “Aaahhh!!! She’s going to kill me!”



- **Emma:** “Just tell the truth!”
- **Emily:** “Aaahhh!!!” (Emma whips her now with all her strength.)
- **Emily:** “Aaahhh!!! Please stop!” (The marks are already visible.)
- **Emma:** “Don’t you remember that I’ve read all your blog! All those threesomes! I know what you wrote there!”
- **Emily:** “Aaahhh!!!” (This is very hard to watch.)
- **Emma:** “Tell the truth!”
- **Emily:** “Aaahhh!!! Stop! I lied! I lied!”
- **Emma:** “Have you had sex secretly with other mistresses while you were in bondage to Ms Jensen?”
- **Emily:** “I did!”

Emma puts the whip back in the drawer and then she uncuffs Emily, who falls on her knees. She is sobbing.

- **Emma:** “Ms Jensen, I . . .” (I look at Julia. She’s weeping!)
- **Julia:** “Could you please leave us alone now?”
- **Emma:** “Before, I wish that you read this blog entry.”

Emma takes her phone and types something. Then she gives it to Julia.



Julia seems reluctant, but eventually she decides to read. There is a tense silence. Julia keeps weeping while she reads, and her weeping gets even more intense when she ends.

- **Julia:** "I already know she loves me."

- **Emma:** "That's not the point. She explains there that at some point she realized that you are everything she wants for the rest of her life. I know she doesn't acknowledge that she had been cheating, but she hasn't done it for three years. . ."

- **Julia:** "Still, I don't think I can forgive her."

- **Emma:** "Why? She's not the only one who lies. You also lied to us in the morning. You said my mom asked you to come here, whereas in fact you were the one who wanted to come here. And the reason was that you wanted to see the basement, not to talk about Gabby's handcuffs!"

- **Julia:** "Yes, I admit that. But you can't put her lies and my lies on the same level. I was just curious. I asked Emily to show me her blog, and I saw all these entries about a bondage club. Then she told me that your mom owns the club, and that now it's closed. . . All along she pretended that she came to the club only before meeting me."

- **Emma:** "But probably because you wanted total secrecy around your relationship. Otherwise you could have come here together."

I'm not sure why Emma is trying to convince Julia to fix things with Emily. Perhaps she feels uneasy for whipping her so hard? Anyway, I've always liked Emily, so I support Emma.



- **Julia:** “I acknowledge that total secrecy affected us, but it doesn’t justify what she did. Besides that, you’re not being totally honest either. Why are you doing all this now? And why were you so interested in her blog all along? I suspect you’ve been interested in Emily for a long time. I could see how you looked at her in my office.”

- **Emma:** “I’m honest. It’s true. I do like her blog and I want to fuck her.” (What!!!) “But she likes threesomes. And I know that you love each other.”

- **Julia:** “Ah! So that’s what you want, a threesome. Emma, stop. Only Emily could change my mind, not you.”

Suddenly Emily crawls and kneels in front of Julia.

- **Emily:** “I, Emily Charlotte Austen, wish to serve my mistress, Julia Jasmine Jensen, as her slave. I will relinquish all my property to my mistress, I will obey all her commands, and I will devote to her my entire life. Mistress, I wish to be your property. Please take ownership of me.”

I’m not sure what has just happened. Emma and Julia look shocked. Then we all look at Julia.

- **Julia:** “I . . . I take ownership of you. You are my slave.”

Emily smiles. Emma also looks happy.

- **Julia:** “Kiss my feet and stand up.”

After Emily complies, Julia hugs her. They hug each other tightly, although I see that Julia avoids touching the whipping marks. Emma makes a sign to me, and we exit the room.



- **Emma:** “I can’t believe it!”

Emma looks at me.

- **Emma:** “Oh! With all the fuss, I still didn’t remove your gag.”

Just after Emma removes my gag, we see Patricia coming towards us.

- **Patricia:** “Where are they?”

- **Emma:** “Mom, you won’t believe it! Ms Austen has just asked Ms Jensen to be her slave!”

- **Patricia:** “Oh!” (Patricia also looks shocked.)

- **Emma:** “It happened so fast! After Ms Austen confessed, Ms Jensen didn’t seem to be willing to forgive her. And all of a sudden Ms Austen kneeled in front of her and proposed to her.”

- **Patricia:** “. . . And? What did she say?”

- **Emma:** “She accepted!”

- **Patricia:** “I’m really happy for them.” (Patricia smiles.)

I do want to know what exactly being a slave means, but I don’t dare to interrupt the conversation.



Julia and Emily exit the room and they come towards us. They've already got dressed, and thus Emily's marks aren't visible.

- **Patricia:** "Emma has already told me the good news. Congratulations!"

- **Julia:** "Thank you, Ms Schulte. Umm. . . I apologize for my behavior before."

- **Patricia:** "No worries."

- **Julia:** "I think it's time for us to leave. This has been a very long day. And a life-changing one."

- **Patricia:** "Listen, you should celebrate it properly. Would you like to have a proper ceremony here? I'll invite the president of the society to officiate it."

- **Julia:** "That would be amazing."

- **Patricia:** "Leave it to me. I'll organize everything." (It seems that Patricia is really into ceremonies.) "Excuse me."

Patricia has just received a phone call, and she moves away to answer it.

- **Emma:** "I'm also happy for you both."

- **Julia:** "Thanks. . . Who knows? After the ceremony, we could continue the celebration in one of these rooms. Emily, you and me."

- **Emma:** "That would be awesome." (Are they serious?!)

- **Julia:** "We've got to go. Goodnight." (Julia looks at me.)

- **Emma:** "Goodnight."

- **Gabby:** "Goodnight, Ms Jensen."