

# SimVenusArts

My Classmate Emma Lindberg

Chapter 2





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Emma kept browsing Instagram and caressing my hair for over an hour. Suddenly, we hear a door closing downstairs.

- **Emma:** I think my mom is back. I'd like to introduce you to her.

Emma takes off my mouth gag.

- **Emma:** Have you understood that you need permission to speak?

- **Gabby:** Yes, mistress.

- **Emma:** Stand up.

Emma leaves the room and comes back with a mug of water. Meanwhile I was able to get on my feet somehow.

- **Emma:** Drink.

Emma puts the mug on my mouth and I drink all the water. I was actually very thirsty after all that time with the mouth gag.

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

- **Emma:** Let's go downstairs.

Emma removes the rope from my legs and attaches the leash to my collar.







- **Emma:** Hi mom!

- **Patricia:** Hi!

Emma's mom was inside a bedroom on the ground floor. She came out to meet us.

- **Emma:** This is my friend Gabby. Gabby, this is my mother, Patricia Schulte. (Oh my goodness! She could be Emma's sister.)

- **Gabby:** Nice to meet you, Mrs Schulte. (I wonder why they don't have the same surname.)

- **Patricia:** Nice to meet you, Gabby. Wow! It seems that Emma has already been playing with you.

- **Emma:** Yes, mom. We came here after class.

- **Patricia:** When you told me yesterday that now you're 18 and you wish to get into bondage, I didn't think you were going to find a girl so fast!

- **Emma:** I know Gabby from school. She's been my classmate for years. (Grrr! Yes, but until this week you wouldn't talk to me. I'm beginning to think that the only reason Emma wants to be my friend is to try bondage with me.)







- **Patricia:** And she's so cute!
- **Emma:** You see, Gabby. You shouldn't be embarrassed because of your body! She blushed when she had to strip before.
- **Patricia:** Haha! So tell me, what have you done so far?
- **Emma:** A few things: I put cuffs in her wrists, rope to tie her legs, I collared her and I gagged her mouth.
- **Patricia:** You already gagged her!
- **Emma:** Yes. She spoke without permission, so I had to punish her. But she took it well.
- **Patricia:** I'm sure. She looks like a very well-behaved girl. (I feel like Emma and her mom talk about me as if I wasn't here. I had some hope that Emma's mom would put an end to all this, but my hope has vanished.)







We walk towards the living-room.

- **Patricia:** The outfit you gave her is a bit trashy though.

- **Emma:** Because I don't have anything else of her size! Mom, please let me use your stuff.

- **Patricia:** Mmm...let me think about that. That wardrobe hasn't been opened in two years!

- **Emma:** Please...

- **Patricia:** OK, I'll check everything this evening and tomorrow I'll give you what you can have.

- **Emma:** Thanks!







- **Emma:** You know, I had the idea of opening an Instagram account about bondage and post pictures with her. With your stuff, we'll take the coolest pictures!

- **Patricia:** An Instagram account about bondage? You're going a bit too fast. I know that now you're 18 and so on, but you should think that twice.

- **Emma:** Why?

- **Patricia:** Just think on all the consequences that could have on your life. And on her life, too.

- **Emma:** OK, I'll think it twice. (At last, Emma says something sensible.) Still, please take pictures of us.

- **Patricia:** Well...if we're going to take some pictures, I'll bring some stuff from the basement already. We need to dress her more elegantly. You can also get dressed.

- **Emma:** Thanks, mom! Here is the cuff's key. Gabby, while I'm upstairs, do what my mother says. And don't forget to address her properly.

- **Gabby:** Yes, Mrs Lindberg.

Emma goes upstairs, while Patricia goes downstairs. Mmm...I could try to leave now and go home...but I'm handcuffed and I don't have the keys. What would I tell my mom?







After a few minutes, Patricia is back with a bag full of things.

- **Patricia:** Come to my bedroom.

- **Gabby:** Yes, mistress.

Patricia holds the leash and guides me to her bedroom. Then she removes my collar.

- **Patricia:** I took a few of the first things I found. I hope they will fit you. Let's undress.

- **Gabby:** Yes, mistress.

Patricia takes off my miniskirt and my top. I blush again. I can't help myself.

- **Patricia:** My daughter is right. You have a nice body! You shouldn't be ashamed.

- **Gabby:** Thank you, mistress. (But I'm not ashamed of my body. I'm ashamed of being seen almost naked!)







- **Patricia:** I've had this bodysuit for many years. It conjures up many memories. Let's put it on.
- **Gabby:** Yes, mistress. (This bodysuit could actually be dressed with my handcuffs on.)
- **Patricia:** Let's put on these stockings as well.  
Patricia removes my high heels and dresses me quite fast. It must be true that she has lots of experience with this sort of clothing.
- **Patricia:** Oh! Almost forgot the necklace and the belt.  
Patricia seems very friendly. Her talking almost makes me forget the awkwardness of the situation.
- **Patricia:** You look quite good.
- **Gabby:** Thank you, mistress. (It's true. I don't think I've ever looked so sexy.)







- **Patricia:** I've found this armbinder and this legbinder. I had almost forgotten about them!

Patricia puts on the legbinder and my high heels.

- **Patricia:** Handcuffs are fine, but armbinders look much more elegant. Don't you think?

- **Gabby:** Yes, mistress. (Until now, I didn't know armbinders existed.)

Patricia removes my handcuffs and puts on the armbinder.

- **Patricia:** Perfect! You look super cool.

- **Gabby:** Yes, mistress. (And I'm super restrained. With the handcuffs, I could still use my hands somehow. Now, not at all.)

- **Patricia:** I've got more stuff here, but let's ask Emma. I'll go upstairs and check how she's doing.







Soon after, Emma comes back. I turn my head around. She looks stunning! I can't keep my eyes off her. Then Patricia also returns.

- **Emma:** Oh my God! Mom, she looks awesome!

- **Patricia:** Actually, you look even better.

- **Emma:** Thanks, mom.







- **Patricia:** I've got more stuff... a blindfold, for instance.
- **Emma:** Not for the pictures. I like her eyes. Do you have a mouth gag? While we take photos, she doesn't need to speak.
- **Patricia:** Sure. Gabby, open your mouth.  
Patricia takes a mouth gag from the bag and puts it on my mouth.
- **Patricia:** Perfect. Should we go to the room?
- **Emma:** Yes, please.  
We go to another room. I need to jump to follow Emma because of the legbinder.
- **Emma:** This is my mom's little photo studio.  
I nod towards Emma. She's really excited. And I'm getting excited too, just by thinking on having pictures of Emma on that outfit.







- **Patricia:** Let's start. What background would you like to choose?
- **Emma:** Mmm... something classy, like an old town.
- **Patricia:** OK... I have this old town alley. Do you like it?
- **Emma:** Yes! It's close to what I had in mind.
- **Patricia:** Stand there.

Emma starts posing like a professional model. I wish I was as confident as her. Patricia takes lots of pictures.







- **Patricia:** Gabby, it's your turn.

I nod and jump as fast as I can towards the right spot.

- **Patricia:** These pics will be amazing. You look awesome. Stay right where you are.

Patricia's words cheer me up somehow.

- **Patricia:** Look right there.

I do as Patricia says and she starts taking photos. I've just found out a positive thing of being restrained and mouth gagged: I don't have to pose or to smile that much.

- **Patricia:** Emma, look at this one. Do you like it?

- **Emma:** I do. Please, mom, take some more like that.







- **Patricia:** Emma, join her now.

Emma comes next to me.

- **Patricia:** Gabby, look at Emma.

I do as Patricia says. Emma also looks at me and smiles. It's the first time I'm able to stare at her face so close for so long. She looks so pretty. At this moment, I'd really do anything she wishes to make her happy.

- **Patricia:** You two look gorgeous.

Patricia takes lots of pics of us. She also seems excited by now.







- **Patricia:** Gabby, get on your knees.

I manage to do that. Then Emma starts posing and caressing my head, while Patricia takes pictures.

- **Patricia:** I must say, I do think these pics would get lots of likes on Instagram. (Fuck! I wish Emma still thinks it twice.)

- **Emma:** You too could be an influencer, mom. Next time you'll pose as well.

- **Patricia:** I'll think about that. OK, let's stop. But we should do this again, definitely.

- **Emma:** Yes, it's so much fun!







We exit the photo room and Emma removes the mouth gag.

- **Emma:** Let's go outside to breath fresh air.

- **Patricia:** Yes, the weather is very nice.

I jump behind them towards the small garden. I get nervous thinking that somebody could see me from outside.

- **Patricia:** It's already 7:00pm. Is Gabby staying with us for dinner?

- **Emma:** Of course!

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

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

- **Gabby:** I usually have dinner at home with my mom. If I don't go home, she'll be worried.

- **Emma:** Don't worry. Let's call her to let her know that you are staying here. Your phone is upstairs, right?

- **Gabby:** Yes, mistress. (This could be an opportunity. I could tell my mom something so that she knows something is off... but I don't want to worry her... and I'm not sure I want to leave either.)







Emma goes upstairs and brings back my phone. Then she calls my mom and sets up hands-free calling.

- **Elena:** Hello?

- **Gabby:** Mom, it's me.

- **Elena:** Where are you? I've been waiting for you.

- **Gabby:** A classmate of mine has invited me to have dinner. I'm at her place.

- **Elena:** OK. Is it far away?

- **Gabby:** No, not at all. It's like 20 minutes on foot.

- **Elena:** Fine.

- **Gabby:** See you later, mom.

- **Elena:** See you.







- **Patricia:** Dinner is ready. Aren't you changing your clothes?
- **Emma:** What for? This is the style I really like. Let's sit at the table.

I jump behind Emma and Patricia towards the dining-room. Then Emma removes the armbinder, but she puts the handcuffs on with my hands in front of me.

- **Emma:** You must learn to use cutlery while being handcuffed. It's not difficult.

- **Gabby:** Yes, Mrs Lindberg.

- **Patricia:** I hope you like carrot soup, Gabby.

- **Gabby:** I do, Mrs Schulte.

I take a spoon and more or less manage to start eating the soup.







- **Emma**: : Mom, perhaps you can tell Gabby more about bondage. You're the expert.
- **Patricia**: Oh, I'm not the expert!
- **Emma**: You're always so modest. You've been doing it for over a decade!
- **Patricia**: Well, yes, it's true I have experience, but in bondage nobody knows everything. It's an infinite universe. Gabby, is there anything you'd like to ask me?
- **Gabby**: Yes, Mrs Schulte. How long am I supposed to be restrained?
- **Patricia**: That depends. For some women, bondage is something they do occasionally. It's like another leisure activity, which they practice when they feel like it. For others, bondage is a lifestyle. They do it regularly or even permanently.
- **Emma**: Yeah! That's the full experience I like. (So Emma wants me to be restrained regularly or permanently? My face is turning pale.)







- **Patricia:** I've always introduced my women to bondage progressively, but I know Emma's idea of giving a full experience from scratch. I'm curious to see how it goes.
- **Emma:** My theory is that, if you start doing it occasionally, you get only a fraction of the feeling. Then you think it's not so exciting and in the end you don't do it anymore.
- **Patricia:** Who knows? Maybe you're right. Gabby, let me ask you. How did you become interested in bondage?
- **Gabby:** I was unaware of bondage until today, Mrs Schulte.
- **Patricia:** Wow! That's surprising. It looks like you're very into it. But then I guess this is all new for you, right?
- **Gabby:** It is.
- **Patricia:** Has Emma talked to you about rules and so on?
- **Gabby:** Mrs Lindberg said that I must learn and follow her rules and obey her orders. If I do, I'll be rewarded, but if I don't, I'll be punished.
- **Patricia:** That's right. You must always do as your mistress says. Simply keep in mind that, when you want to stop, you just use your safeword.







- **Gabby:** What safeword?
- **Patricia:** The safeword that Emma and you have agreed on.
- **Gabby:** ...
- **Patricia:** Emma, what is your safeword?
- **Emma:** ... We haven't agreed on one yet.
- **Patricia:** And what are you waiting for?!
- **Emma:** ... Nothing. I was very excited and I forgot. I'm sorry, mom.

Patricia shakes her head in disbelief.







- **Patricia:** This can't happen again.
- **Emma:** It won't.
- **Patricia:** Gabby, a safeword is a word that you can say whenever you want to stop. Many people use the name of a color or a fruit. Do you understand?
- **Gabby:** Yes, Mrs Schulte.
- **Patricia:** Emma, do you have any safeword in mind?
- **Emma:** I remember you told me your first safeword was Madagascar.
- **Patricia:** Wow! I can't recall when I told you that. It was long ago I guess. And you remember it.
- **Emma:** I like it.
- **Patricia:** So it's settled. Gabby, your safeword is Madagascar.
- **Gabby:** Yes, Mrs Schulte. (Great! So now I say Madagascar, and Emma removes my cuffs and legbinder, and I'm free to go home!)







- **Patricia:** How do you feel so far? Do you like being in bondage?
  - **Gabby:** ... (And I arrive home, and then I realize that probably Emma and I won't talk anymore, and I get sad...)
  - **Patricia:** Gabby?
  - **Gabby:** I do, Mrs Schulte. I really like it. (I have to be honest with myself. It's not the cuffs what made me stay here all along. It's my love for Emma.)
  - **Patricia:** I'm glad to hear that.
- Emma smiles and caresses my legs with her boot under the table. I smile back.