

SimVenusArts

My Classmate Emma Lindberg

Chapter 20



Published by SimVenusArts in December 2022.

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Julia and Emily walk towards the exit.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, Emily’s clothes are still in my bedroom.” (I’ve just remembered that.) “Should I...?”

- **Emma:** “Don’t worry. They’re in a hurry to go home and celebrate.” (Emma smiles.) “Also, those are Julia’s clothes now.”

- **Gabby:** “What do you mean?”

- **Emma:** “Now that Emily is Julia’s slave, all her properties are transferred to Julia.”

- **Gabby:** “Eh?!... But what exactly is being a slave?” (Finally I got a chance to ask it.)

- **Emma:** “Well... technically it’s a type of contract. It’s similar to a bondage contract, but with two important differences: it can only be terminated by mutual agreement, and the slave cannot have any property.”

- **Gabby:** “...you mean Emily now has nothing at all?” (I’m quite shocked.)

- **Emma:** “Yes. The logic is that Emily is now Julia’s property, and by default everything Emily owned belongs now to Julia.”

- **Gabby:** “...But isn’t that unfair to Emily?”

- **Emma:** “Mmm...slavery is the strongest form of bondage relationship, you know. Julia also has responsibilities, but it’s true that Emily has to trust Julia completely. In fact, only Emily could ask Julia to become her slave, not the other way around. Otherwise it could be seen as Julia ordering Emily to be her slave.”

Now I realize how important it is what Emily did.



Patricia comes back.

- **Emma:** “Mom, who called you?”

- **Patricia:** “Angela. She said she has told Lexy today about her past as a mistress, and that she wishes to go back to it. It seems Lexy didn’t take it well. Angela said she looks upset and in disbelief.”

- **Emma:** “I told you yesterday. She should have told Lexy long time ago.”

- **Patricia:** “I guess you’re right. Anyway, she has asked me to talk to Lexy. I’m going to their place now.”

- **Emma:** “I think I should go. I know Lexy better than you.”

- **Patricia:** “No. Angela asked me to go. I can call you later if needed.”

- **Emma:** “. . . Fine.”

- **Patricia:** “Tell Elena that I’m leaving and I don’t know what time I’ll be back.”

- **Emma:** “Yes, mom.”

Patricia walks towards the exit.

- **Emma:** “My mom is stressed. She left without saying goodbye.”

- **Gabby:** “I guess. . .” (I am not sure what to say. Clearly it’s not an easy day for her.)

- **Emma:** “Let’s find your mom. Perhaps she can prepare tiramisu for my mom and surprise her when she comes back. She loves it.”

- **Gabby:** “Excellent idea, mistress.”

I smile. I like that Emma wishes the relationship between our moms to go well.



I follow Emma and we exit the basement.

- **Emma:** “Let’s go to the kitchen.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

Once there, we can’t find my mom. However, we hear the washing machine running the spin cycle in the laundry area outside. Emma leaves my gag on the table and opens the door. The noise is quite loud.

- **Emma:** “What are you doing?!”

- **Gabby:** “Mom!!!”

My mom. . . it looks like she was touching herself while smelling some panties! When she notices we are here, she tries to hide them immediately. Emma steps forward and removes her gag.

- **Emma:** “Come to the kitchen.”

- **Elena:** “Yes, mistress.”

We go back to the kitchen and my mom closes the door.



- **Emma:** “What were you doing?”
 - **Elena:** “. . .” (My mom doesn’t say anything, but she’s blushing.)
 - **Emma:** “There is a security camera outside. I could watch the recording, but it’d be better if you just told me.”
 - **Elena:** “I . . . I apologize, mistress.” (My mom kneels down in front of Emma.) “I’ll never do it again.”
 - **Emma:** “I didn’t tell you to apologize. I’ve asked what you were doing.”
 - **Elena:** “I . . .” (My mom is really embarrassed. She looks at me. Perhaps if I wasn’t here, this would be easier for her.) “I was touching myself, mistress.”
 - **Emma:** “And what else?”
 - **Elena:** “I was smelling Ms Schulte’s panties.”
 - **Emma:** “Do you have my mom’s permission to do any of that?”
 - **Elena:** “. . . No, mistress.”
- Emma thinks for some seconds.
- **Emma:** “Gabby, are you hungry?”
 - **Gabby:** “Eh?” (I didn’t expect that question.) “Actually I am, mistress.”
 - **Emma:** “Elena, wash your hands and serve dinner for Gabby and for me in the living-room. Wait for us there.”
 - **Elena:** “Yes, mistress.”
- I suspect Emma is thinking about what to do with my mom. I recall what happened with Emily, and I get nervous.
- **Emma:** “Let’s go to my bedroom.”
 - **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”



Once in the bedroom, Emma removes my mittens.

- **Emma:** “Are you sweaty? You’ve been wearing this catsuit for hours.”

- **Gabby:** “I do feel warm, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Get undressed.”

I take off my boots and Emma removes her heels. She looks relaxed, but I’m still thinking about my mom.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress...”

- **Emma:** “Yes?”

- **Gabby:** “... Are you going to punish my mom?”

- **Emma:** “Yes.”

- **Gabby:** “But... please do not whip her.”

- **Emma:** “Gabby.” (Emma stares at me.) “Do you think that I like whipping women?”

- **Gabby:** “... No, mistress. I remember you prefer to prevent misbehavior rather than punish it.”

- **Emma:** “That’s right.”

- **Gabby:** “But... you did whip Ms Austen... very hard.”

- **Emma:** “And? It doesn’t mean that I liked it.” (Emma is looking annoyed.)

- **Gabby:** “I apologize, mistress. I didn’t mean that.”

Emma and I get undressed in silence for a minute or so. In fact, I’m afraid of saying anything that might annoy her more.



Emma hands me a towel and looks at me again.

- **Emma:** “I’ve read Ms Austen’s blog. I know what bondage contract she has signed. Whipping is the punishment for cheating and lying about it.”

- **Gabby:** “I understand, mistress. But...shouldn’t Ms Jensen be the one who whips her?”

- **Emma:** “If Ms Jensen had told me to stop, I’d have stopped. I thought she was going to. In the morning she said she never left marks.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, but...Ms Austen told you to stop...”

- **Emma:** “Gabby, do you think that what I did was wrong?”

- **Gabby:** “...No, mistress. I’m just...trying to make sense of what happened. You looked so angry with Ms Austen...like if she had cheated on you.”

- **Emma:** “...I admit I was angry.” (Emma smiles a bit, and then gets serious again.) “It’s because of my mom, you know. She has suffered a lot due to her illness. Now she has recovered, but mentally...she’s not yet the same person. She used to be very confident. Now...although she doesn’t say anything, she’s still afraid that her illness will come back. The last thing she needs is that someone brings trouble into her life. And Ms Austen was stressing her.”

- **Gabby:** “I see...”

I hadn’t thought that Emma was upset because of her mom. But I recall that, in my bedroom, she said she had to grow up when her mom fell ill. It looks like she feels she must protect her.



- **Emma:** “Ms Austen should have told the truth from the beginning. Then there wouldn’t be any whipping.”

- **Gabby:** “I agree, mistress, but. . . I think she was afraid. She didn’t want Ms Jensen to break up with her. That’s why she kept lying.”

- **Emma:** “You think? There are other entries in her blog. She wrote that everything happened before meeting Ms Jensen, but now I’m suspicious. I think she knew that sooner or later she would have to tell the truth.”

- **Gabby:** “But then. . . why was she refusing?”

- **Emma:** “. . . Maybe she was testing Ms Jensen. She wanted to know if she would ask me to stop. When she saw that Ms Jensen did not, she knew Ms Jensen was truly hurt and disappointed.”

- **Gabby:** “I see.”

I don’t say anything else. I feel that Emma’s thoughts are somewhat contrived. Emma turns around and opens her closet.

- **Emma:** “You’ll wear this set. This way your skin can breathe.”

- **Gabby:** “Thank you, mistress.”

Emma gives me a lingerie set and I put it on. She also dresses in lingerie.

- **Emma:** “How do I look?”

- **Gabby:** “Perfect, mistress.”

I do like what she has chosen for us :)



- **Emma:** “A final touch.”

Emma takes something like a fishnet mask and puts it over my eyes. I can see through it.

- **Emma:** “You look awesome.”

- **Gabby:** “Thank you, mistress.”

Emma also takes a pair of handcuffs.

- **Emma:** “I don’t know when we’ll have time to go shopping for handcuffs, but you’ll have better ones. I promise.”

- **Gabby:** “Thank you, mistress.”

I’m already quite used to being restrained. In fact, it makes me horny :) I think it’s because it reminds me of all the times I’ve had sex with Emma.

- **Emma:** “This is for your mom, but I won’t hit her. I just need to interrogate her.”

Emma takes a riding crop from a drawer. I wonder what she’ll ask my mom, but I’m not nervous anymore.

- **Emma:** “Let’s go downstairs.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”



My mom is waiting for us in the living-room. Our dinner is ready.

- **Emma:** “Take a sit.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

I sit down, but Emma doesn’t.

- **Emma:** “Elena, when we arrived home after school, it looked like you didn’t want to welcome me properly. Why?”

- **Elena:** “. . . I was surprised to see Ms Jensen and Ms Austen.”

- **Emma:** “And?”

- **Elena:** “. . . I felt embarrassed, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “So you think that being in bondage is embarrassing.”

- **Elena:** “Not at all, mistress. I just feared. . . what others may say. They might make fun of me.”

- **Emma:** “So in fact you think that being in bondage is embarrassing, because you think others will make fun of you!”

- **Elena:** “OK. . . yes. I admit I felt that way. But I’ve thought about it. It won’t happen again, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “It must not. From now on, whenever I come into your presence after being away for some hours, you will kneel down in front of me and kiss my feet, and you’ll stay on your knees until I say otherwise.”

- **Elena:** “Yes, mistress.”

Less than a second later my mom gets on her knees and kisses Emma’s feet.



Emma sits down.

- **Emma:** “Serve dinner to Gabby.”

My mom stands up and brings a tray for me. She has made spaghetti with meatballs. She’s really good at it. I hope Emma will like it.

- **Emma:** “Kneel down again.”

- **Elena:** “Yes, mistress.”

My mom looks nervous. Emma uses the riding crop to lift her chin.

- **Emma:** “Elena, my mom is a magnificent mistress. More than ten women are in bondage to her, but actually many more have wished to be. Being in bondage to her is a privilege. It’s something you should feel proud of.”

- **Elena:** “I am proud, mistress. It was just... I feared others might not see it that way.”

- **Emma:** “As my mom would say, if you have concerns, you can talk with your mistress afterwards. But you must never disrespect her.”
(I recall Patricia told me that on Saturday.)

- **Elena:** “Yes, mistress. I apologize.”

- **Emma:** “You’ll apologize in a moment.” (Emma looks at me.)
“Gabby, it’s quite late. You can start eating.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

I take my fork and my knife and I begin to eat. The spaghetti are indeed delicious.



- **Emma:** “Why are you wearing this outfit?”
 - **Elena:** “...” (My mom looks surprised, and so am I. I thought Emma was going to ask about the panties.)
 - **Emma:** “Answer.”
 - **Elena:** “... Because the other outfit got dirty when I was cooking. I had to change.”
 - **Emma:** “And why have you chosen this one?” (Emma touches my moms bra with her riding crop!)
 - **Elena:** “Because...” (My mom looks at me. I think she’s embarrassed again.)
 - **Emma:** “Don’t try to find plausible answers. Just tell the truth.”
 - **Elena:** “... Because I want to look sexy for Ms Schulte, mistress.” (My mom blushes.)
 - **Emma:** “And why is that?”
 - **Elena:** “Because I... I want her to be in the mood for...”
 - **Emma:** “You wish to lick her pussy, right?”
 - **Elena:** “... I... yes, mistress. I mean, Ms Schulte has given me lots of pleasure. She’s very generous. But so far she hasn’t demanded that I... please her.”
- Emma smiles. I hadn’t thought that my mom was suffering for that reason.



- **Emma:** “Have you met Ashleigh, my mom’s puppy?”
- **Elena:** “Yes, mistress. I saw her yesterday.”
- **Emma:** “She has been in bondage to my mom for years. Yet, I don’t think she’s ever licked my mom’s pussy, or worshipped any part of her body for that matter.” (I’m surprised. I don’t know why, but I had assumed that satisfying the sexual needs of your mistress was part of all bondage relationships.) “To get there, you must show my mom that you really appreciate her and care about her. You must show her that you truly love her.”
- **Elena:** “Yes, mistress.”
- **Emma:** “And for that, it’s not enough to just obey her and do everything she says. You must think and find out what she may need, or what she may wish, and do it without waiting for her to tell you.”
- **Elena:** “I understand, mistress.”
- **Emma:** “But you seem to think that the best way of showing you care about her is to smell her panties while touching yourself.” (Emma touches my mom’s crotch with her crop! My mom feels a chill.)
- **Elena:** “No, mistress. I’ll never do that again.”

I think Emma’s advice. . . I think I should also follow it. Emma knows that I love her, but I shouldn’t just wait for her to tell me what to do. I need to surprise her.



- **Emma:** “Do you know why I was looking for you?”
- **Elena:** “. . . No, mistress.”
- **Emma:** “Because I had to tell you that my mom has left and she’s not sure what time she’ll be back home. And also, because I wanted you to make tiramisu for her. She’s had a stressful day, and you must help her feel better.”
- **Elena:** “Yes, mistress. I’ll do that immediately.”
- **Emma:** “No. You’ll do that another day. Now you’ll have to tell my mom that you’ve misbehaved, and you will be punished.”
My mom looks down, but Emma raises her chin with the riding crop again.
- **Emma:** “Do you know what the punishment for what you did is?”
- **Elena:** “. . . I can’t remember, mistress.”
- **Emma:** “Gabby?” (Emma turns my moms head with her crop so that she looks at me.)
- **Gabby:** “The punishment for masturbating is to wear a chastity belt, and the one for smelling panties is to wear a . . . pantie gag?”
- **Emma:** “That’s correct. Elena, do you accept you need to be punished?”
- **Elena:** “Yes, mistress. I fully accept it. But . . . please do not punish my daughter.”
- **Emma:** “Why would I punish Gabby?”
- **Elena:** “Because . . . Ms Schulte said that, if I misbehave, then she would punish me, and you would . . .”
- **Emma:** “Ah, that! No. Now Gabby has signed a contract, and only the punishments written there apply.” (I feel relieved.)



- **Emma:** “Bring my tray.”

- **Elena:** “Yes, mistress.”

My mom complies, and Emma tries the spaghetti.

- **Emma:** “Clearly, there is something you do well. I’ll give you a list of my mom’s favorite dishes.”

- **Elena:** “Thank you, mistress.” (My mom smiles.)

- **Emma:** “Apologize to me now.”

My mom gets on her knees again.

- **Elena:** “Please accept my apologies, mistress. I deeply regret what I have done.”

- **Emma:** “Lick the bottom of my stockings clean.”

Emma raises her right leg and my mom begins to lick without hesitation. I think she is becoming submissive quite fast. We eat in silence for one or two minutes.

- **Emma:** “Gabby, tomorrow we should show Ms Jensen the threatening note in your postbox.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Elena, did I tell you to stop?”

- **Elena:** “No, mistress. I’m sorry.”

My mom stopped licking after hearing about the threatening note, but she resumes immediately.



- **Gabby:** “Mistress, do you think Ms Jensen will extend the suspension of Evelyn and Natalie?”

- **Emma:** “No. Why would she?” (I frown.)

- **Gabby:** “Because of the note.”

- **Emma:** “We can’t prove they did it. And honestly, I don’t think they did; at least, not Evelyn. Perhaps it was Natalie on her own. . . or somebody on her behalf. Sooner or later we’ll find out. Don’t worry.” I don’t say anything, but I’m more worried now than one minute ago.

- **Emma:** “Elena, lie on the floor on your back.”

- **Elena:** “Yes, mistress.”

Emma steps on my mom’s belly and on her mouth.

- **Emma:** “Lick.”

My mom licks the bottom of Emma’s left foot now.

- **Emma:** “Gabby, if it makes you feel better, we’ll go to school by car.”

- **Gabby:** “It does, mistress. Thank you.”

It’s true I feel better. I’m still not over what happened at the school’s restroom. We finish having dinner in silence.



- **Emma:** “Elena, remove our trays and come back.”

My mom complies and gets on her knees again.

- **Emma:** “Today, you doubted about kneeling in front of me, and on Sunday you called me ‘crazy daughter of Satan’.” (I’m surprised Emma is still thinking about that.) “Will you disrespect me again?”

- **Elena:** “No, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Will you always obey my mom and I?”

- **Elena:** “Yes, mistress.”

Emma bends forward and covers my mom’s cheeks with her hands.

- **Emma:** “Do you love my mom?” (I’m taken aback by the question.)

- **Elena:** “I do, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Are you honest? You met her two days ago.”

- **Elena:** “I am, mistress. I’m in love. This is the second person I’ve loved in my whole life. And both times, I felt that way since the day we met.” (Emma smiles. I understand my mom. I’ve also felt that way since the day I met Emma.)

- **Emma:** “Will you do your best to show your love to my mom?”

- **Elena:** “Yes, mistress.” (Emma sits up.)

- **Emma:** “I accept your apologies. Do not misbehave again.”

- **Elena:** “I won’t, mistress. Thank you.”



- **Emma:** “Use the toilet and bring here my mom’s panties.”

- **Elena:** “Yes, mistress.”

Emma goes upstairs and comes back with a bag. Shortly after my mom returns and gives Emma a laundry basket.

- **Emma:** “Your punishment begins now. Take off your thong.”

My mom complies really fast. She’s determined to obey.

- **Emma:** “Put on this chastity belt.”

Once my mom is ready, Emma locks it with a key.

- **Emma:** “You’ll wear it at all times until my mom tells you to stop.”

- **Elena:** “Yes, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “You must never try to remove it or to tamper with it. When you need the toilet, you must tell my mom or myself. Each of us will have a copy of the keys. You must use the toilet as fast as you can, and you must come back immediately to get the belt locked again.”

- **Elena:** “I understand, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Don’t touch yourself ever again. Believe me, you don’t want to experience the punishments associated with reoffending.”

- **Elena:** “I won’t do it again, mistress.”

Emma smiles.



- **Emma:** “Get on your knees.”

Emma takes something like a yoke. She replaces my mom’s choker with the yoke, and then she restrains my mom’s wrists with it.

- **Emma:** “Now you will kneel down in front of the main entrance until my mom arrives. Then you will explain to her why you’re being punished.”

- **Elena:** “Yes, mistress.”

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

- **Elena:** “Goodnight, *piccola mia*.”

- **Gabby:** “Goodnight, mom.”

- **Emma:** “Open your mouth.”

Emma puts Patricia’s panties inside my mom’s mouth!

- **Emma:** “Close it.”

Now she puts tape on her mouth. This must be the pantie gag.

- **Emma:** “Perfect. Gabby, let’s go.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

I hope Patricia comes back soon.



Emma opens the door and I follow her outside.

- **Emma:** “I wanted to continue your training, but it’s late.”

- **Gabby:** “So . . . where are we going?”

- **Emma:** “To the bed; the one I wanted to show you yesterday.”

- **Gabby:** “I remember, mistress.”

We enter the basement and I follow Emma upstairs. I’m feeling nervous. I guess it’s because of the things I’ve encountered here in previous evenings: my mom in the wheel, Ashleigh in the cage, my mom in the shibari area. . . Emma opens a door.

- **Emma:** “Maybe by now you think the bed is something extraordinary. . . but it’s basically a bed.”

I look at it.

- **Gabby:** “Well, I’ve never slept on a four-poster bed.”

- **Emma:** “That will change soon.”

Emma smiles briefly. Then she removes my handcuffs.

- **Emma:** “Take off your bodysuit and your gloves. And use the toilet.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

There is a toilet in the room, and I use it. Meanwhile Emma leaves and comes back with a bag.



- **Emma:** “Tonight we’ll celebrate that now you’re my toy. We’ll have so much fun! I promise.”

We smile at each other, and Emma kisses me.

- **Emma:** “Get on your knees on the mattress.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

I comply. Emma takes rope and handcuffs from the bag. She puts cuffs on my wrists and on my ankles, and then she ties my handcuffs to the top of the bed. Now I know why it’s a four-poster one.

- **Emma:** “Perfect!”

Emma gets on her knees behind me and caresses my breasts and my pussy.

- **Emma:** “You’re feeling horny already!”

- **Gabby:** “Yes. . .”

- **Emma:** “I see you’re really getting to like bondage.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . I like it when you restrain me, mistress.” (Emma keeps caressing my body. Then she speaks with a soft voice.)

- **Emma:** “Tell me, what other things do you like?”

- **Gabby:** “I. . . I like to be restrained when we have sex. You make me feel so dominated.” (I’m surprised of what I said, but it’s true.)

Emma keeps caressing my pussy. Admitting that I like being dominated has excited me even more.



- **Emma:** “Tell me. . . do you fantasize about living a toy life?”

- **Gabby:** “A toy life?”

- **Emma:** “Yes, a toy life. You’d spend the day fully restrained, always horny, and I’d have sex with you whenever I wish. It’s a very pleasant life, with no worries and no responsibilities.”

I’m trying to think about what Emma has said, but she keeps touching my clit with her right hand, and I moan. She continues talking slowly and with a soft voice.

- **Emma:** “Imagine. You’d be the whole day gagged, blindfolded, earplugged, and fully-restrained, ready for me. And suddenly you’d feel touched, then caressed down there, then penetrated, and you’d have an immense orgasm.”

Emma caresses my face with her left hand and suddenly she puts a finger on my lips. I begin to lick it and to suck it. She’s getting me really wet.

- **Emma:** “And next I’d remove your gag, and you’d feel my pussy over your lips, and you’d lick me for as long as I wish.”

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, may I have your permission to come, please?”

- **Emma:** “And then I’d put you back in your closet, stored like a toy, and you’ll be again waiting for me.”

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, please let me. . .”

- **Emma:** “Come for me, my toy.”

- **Gabby:** “Oh, my God!”

- **Emma:** “Haha! I knew my hand would make you come harder than any sex machine.”

I’ve had an immense orgasm indeed.



Emma unties the rope from my handcuffs, but only to tie it again with my arms in a different position.

- **Emma:** “Tell me... what do you prefer: giving or receiving pleasure?”

- **Gabby:** “...” (Honestly, I’ve never asked myself that question.)

- **Emma:** “Would you rather lick my pussy or get strap-on fucked?”

- **Gabby:** “I...I can’t choose, mistress. I love doing both.”

- **Emma:** “That’s what I thought, and I like that. I like my toy to be multifunctional.”

Emma opens her bag, takes a huge strap-on and puts it on. I’m already wet, so she begins to fuck me right away. Definitely, my pussy loves big dildos :)

- **Emma:** “Would you worship every part of my body?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Do you promise?”

- **Gabby:** “I do.”

I have the feeling that I should have thought more carefully about my answer.



- **Emma:** “On Saturday, you told me that you used to think of me when you touched yourself. What were we doing in your thoughts?”
- **Gabby:** “We. . . we kissed.”
- **Emma:** “What else?”
- **Gabby:** “We hugged.”
- **Emma:** “Did we have sex?”
- **Gabby:** “. . . Yes. We. . . I mean, I. . . I imagined ourselves tribbing.”
- **Emma:** “Aha! So that’s what you like. You like it more than a strap-on.”

Suddenly, Emma takes her strap-on dildo out of my pussy. I was really enjoying it and now I feel frustrated.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, please keep fucking me with your strap-on. I love it.”
- **Emma:** “Why would I? There is something you fancy more and, if I didn’t ask you, you’d never tell me.”
- **Gabby:** “In fact I prefer your strap-on, mistress. I mean. . . at that time, I didn’t have any sex toys. Tribbing was all I knew.”
- **Emma:** “How did you know tribbing?”
- **Gabby:** “I. . . well, I. . . I used to hump my pillow or my cushions.”
- **Emma:** “Haha! Nasty Gabby.” (Even after all the things Emma and I have done, I still feel embarrassed when I recall the things I did.)
- **Gabby:** “Please, mistress. Fuck me.”
- **Emma:** “Fine. Today you’ve been a good girl. But keep in mind that, as your mistress, I can stop and deny you an orgasm whenever I wish.”

Emma penetrates me and fucks me again.



Emma fucks me hard now. After feeling denied, I really need this.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, may I have your permission to come, please?”

Emma stops fucking me again, but this time the dildo stays inside.

- **Emma:** “Not yet. I need to ask you...do you have any secret fantasy?”

- **Gabby:** “...I can’t think about any right now.” (I can’t think about anything. I really need to come.)

- **Emma:** “Did you think about other women when masturbating?”

- **Gabby:** “...Before I met you.”

- **Emma:** “And after? Don’t lie.”

- **Gabby:** “After...I only thought about other girls that were with you.”

- **Emma:** “Eh?”

- **Gabby:** “...When I saw you at school with other girls, I felt very jealous. But, when I was touching myself, I used to recall the times when I saw you kissing them, and caressing them...” (I don’t know why I’m confessing this, but it’s true.) “I hope...I’m sorry, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “I’m not offended. It’s interesting. You can come now.”

Emma fucks me hard again, and unintentionally I recall memories of Emma with other girls. Shortly after I come.



Emma takes off her strap-on and unties the rope from my handcuffs.

- **Emma:** “Lie down on you back.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

She begins to tie with rope each of my handcuffs to the bed corners.

She’s in silence. I hope what I said hasn’t killed the mood.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, is there any secret thing that you would like to do?”

- **Emma:** “No. What I wish to do is what I do.”

I guess my question was silly. Emma finishes tying me up.

- **Emma:** “Well. . . sometimes I fantasize about having a mansion full of slaves.”

Emma smiles and kisses me. I feel relieved to see her happy again.

Then she sits on my face.

- **Emma:** “Lick my pussy.” (I begin to lick her. She isn’t very wet.)

“I imagine myself waking up in the morning and having my slave toy please me. After that, in the shower, my two personal slave maids shampoo my hair and wash my body. Then they dry me up and help me get dressed. Downstairs, I get breakfast served on the sofa by my slave housemaid while I rest my feet on my slave footstool.” (Emma is getting excited pretty fast!) “After breakfast, I go for a morning walk with my puppy, or with my puppies, and when I’m back I relax on a lounge by the swimming-pool, where my feet slave worships my feet, my slave therapist massages my body, and my slave secretary tells me about any appointments I have and any messages I’ve received. Keep licking there!”

I comply, and soon Emma comes. It looks like this fantasy really turns her on.



Emma lies down next to me for a minute, and suddenly she turns around and lies on top of me.

- **Emma:** “I also like tribbing, but only if I’m in control, you know.”
Emma kisses me. Then she sits up and begins to rub her pussy against mine.

- **Emma:** “Are we doing it the way you thought about it?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.” (Except for the fact that I’m tied up, it’s true.)

- **Emma:** “I’d like all your fantasies to become real.”

- **Gabby:** “Thank you, mistress.”

Emma begins to rub her pussy against mine faster, and we begin to moan.

- **Emma:** “Am I better than your pillow?”

- **Gabby:** “Much better, mistress.”

We laugh, but Emma keeps tribbing. She’s very intense.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, may I have your permission to come, please?”

- **Emma:** “Of course. Let’s come.”

Now Emma rubs and humps her pussy against mine like crazy, and we come together. We are exhausted.

- **Emma:** “Oh, God! This was amazing...”

- **Gabby:** “It was better than any of my fantasies.”

Emma lies down next to me to catch her breath. Suddenly she falls asleep. I don’t know if she intended us to spend the night this way, but I don’t want to wake her up. It’s been a very long day. Shortly after, I also fall asleep.