

# SimVenusArts

## My Classmate Emma Lindberg

### Chapter 21



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Email: [simvenus.arts@gmail.com](mailto:simvenus.arts@gmail.com)  
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- **Emma:** “Gabby, Gabby.”

Emma kisses my lips and unties the rope from my handcuffs. I’m glad she has woken me up. I was dreaming that she was whipping my back, but I can’t remember why she was upset.

- **Gabby:** “. . . Good morning, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Good morning. We fell asleep after tribbing. Help me get undressed.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

Emma sits down and I remove her stockings.

- **Emma:** “I do like this bed. I think I’m going to get a similar one for my bedroom. Then we’ll use it daily.”

- **Gabby:** “That would be awesome.”

Emma and I smile at each other. She takes off the rest of her clothes and then she removes all my cuffs.

- **Emma:** “We’ll take a shower here.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress. . . wait. Our clothes are upstairs.”

- **Emma:** “We’ll go upstairs later to get dressed.”

I’m worried someone could see us while walking nude in the garden, but I don’t dare to say anything. My nightmare is making me afraid of Emma!



- **Emma:** “Wash my body. Pay special attention down there.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

I’m happy Emma doesn’t get tired of my tongue :) As usual, I wash all her body while she shampoos her hair.

- **Emma:** “Have you done a good job down there?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Lick my ass.”

- **Gabby:** “Eh?” (This took me by surprise.) “Yes, mistress.”

I get on my knees and begin to lick Emma’s buttocks.

- **Emma:** “Not there. Get in here.”

Emma opens her legs and shows me her anus. For whatever reason, ass licking is something I’ve never fantasized about. I hesitate.

- **Emma:** “What’s the matter? Didn’t you clean it well?”

- **Gabby:** “It... looks clean, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “So?”

- **Gabby:** “. . . I’m not sure I will like it.”

- **Emma:** “If you never try, you’ll never know.”



- **Gabby**: “What if I vomit?”

- **Emma**: “If it’s clean, why would you vomit?”

- **Gabby**: “. . . I don’t know. I feel I’m not. . . ”

- **Emma**: “Gabby, I really enjoy getting my ass licked, and yesterday you promised you’ll worship every part of my body.”

- **Gabby**: “I know, mistress.”

- **Emma**: “Is rimming a taboo for you?”

- **Gabby**: “. . . No, mistress. It’s more. . . I’m afraid I’ll find it unpleasant.”

- **Emma**: “That’s why you have to try. Remember. Last Saturday you were reluctant when I told you to lick the bottom of my boots. Now that you’ve done it, are you still reluctant?”

- **Gabby**: “No, mistress.”

Emma takes a sponge and washes her anus quickly.

- **Emma**: “Get in there.”

Emma opens her buttocks in front of my face. I close my eyes and I stick out my tongue.

- **Emma**: “Good toy.”

I begin to rim Emma slowly. Because her anus is clean, the taste and the smell are not unpleasant. I suppose Emma was right.

- **Emma**: “Get your tongue to work. Come on!”

Now I lick her asshole as if it was her pussy. It seems Emma is very sensitive there. She moans and begins to touch herself.

- **Emma**: “Oh, God! Your tongue is the best!”

Emma comes. She has squirted quite a lot.



- **Emma**: “So... did you feel like vomiting?”

- **Gabby**: “No, mistress. I don’t know why I thought... I’m sorry.”

- **Emma**: “I’m not offended. It’s just... when you said that, I felt that you don’t find my ass attractive.”

- **Gabby**: “Not at all, mistress. It’s perfect!” (I’m surprised Emma felt that way.)

- **Emma**: “Kiss my buttocks.”

I kiss them repeatedly for one minute. I’m feeling horny now. I think I’m becoming very submissive. Being dominated by Emma really turns me on.

- **Emma**: “From now on, I expect you to worship my ass whenever I wish.”

- **Gabby**: “Yes, mistress. I will.”

- **Emma**: “And we’ll also do some facesitting. You’ll get used to have my ass on your face very soon.”

Emma smiles and caresses my cheeks.

- **Emma**: “Get that towel and dry me up.”

- **Gabby**: “Yes, mistress.”

I dry Emma’s body while she dries her hair. She looks happy.



- **Emma**: "Take that bag. Let's go get dressed."

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

I follow Emma. We exit the basement and walk through the garden. I'm not sure what time it is, but the Sun is already visible. Emma opens the front door.

- **Emma**: "What?!"

- **Gabby**: "Mom!"

My mom is on her knees, exactly in the same place where we left her. Emma removes the pantie gag.

- **Elena**: "Welcome home, mistress. I'm honored. . ."

- **Emma**: "Where is my mom?"

- **Elena**: "Ms Schulte hasn't come back yet."

- **Emma**: "Have you been here the whole night?"

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

Emma takes a key from the bag and unlocks my mom's yoke.

- **Emma**: "Go to sleep."

- **Elena**: ". . . Yesterday Ms Schulte said she wants to move my things from my apartment early in the morning."

- **Emma**: "Don't worry. I'll tell her what happened. Now go to rest."

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

My mom looks relieved. I can't imagine how hard staying awake on her knees the whole night has been for her.



I follow Emma upstairs to her bedroom.

- **Emma:** “Give me the bag.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

Emma takes her phone from it.

- **Emma:** “My mom sent me a message last night. Did you hear my phone vibrating?”

- **Gabby:** “No, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “I guess we were deeply asleep.” (Emma reads the message.) “She says they were talking with Lexy for a very long time, and thus she decided to spend the night at Angela’s place.”

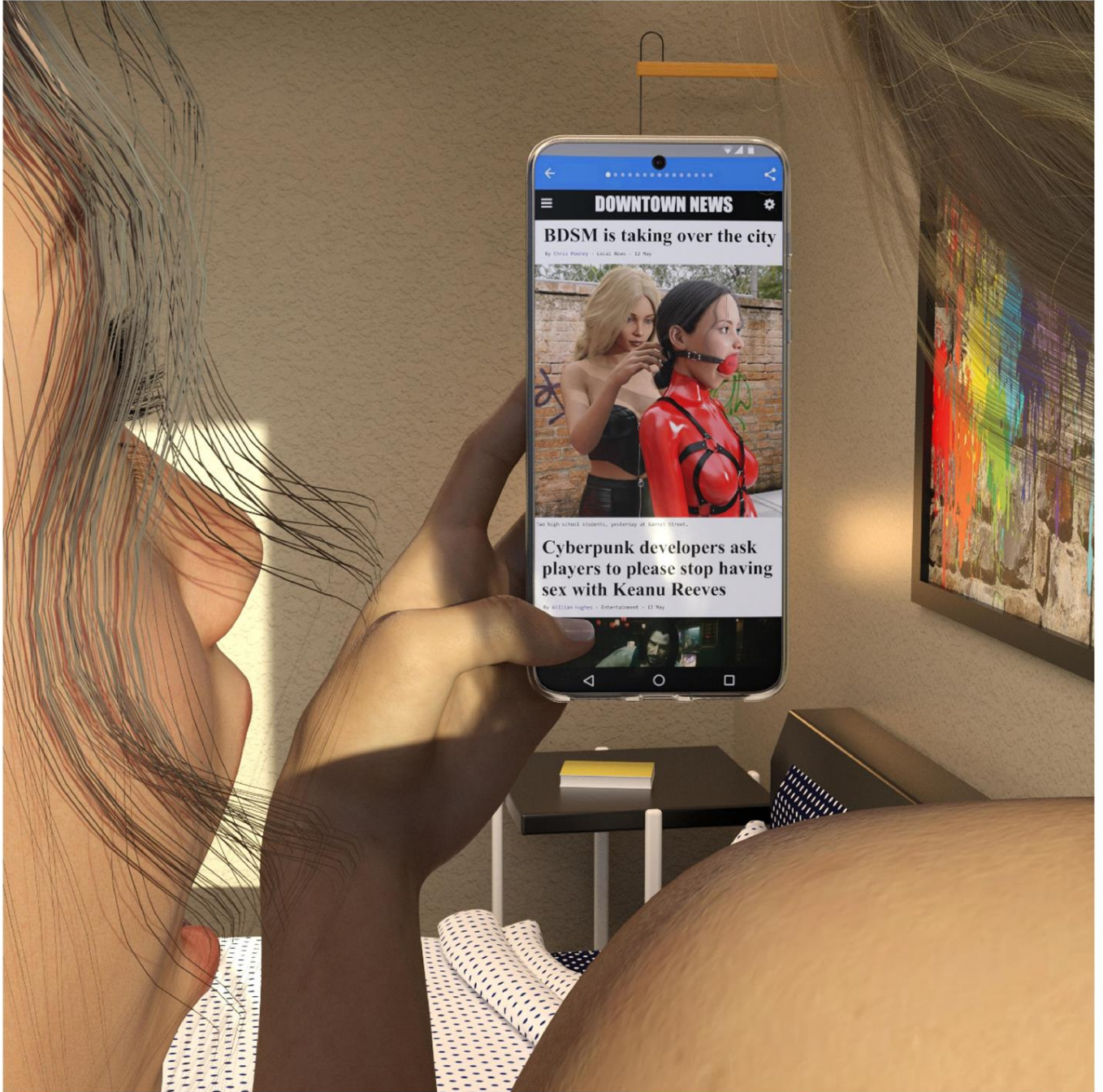
Emma doesn’t look happy. I know she didn’t intend my mom’s punishment to be so harsh.

- **Emma:** “I’ll ask my mom to let Elena take the day off.”

- **Gabby:** “Thank you, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “And we’ll also help her. Soon she’ll be sleeping with my mom.”

Emma smiles, and I smile back. Now that I think about it, I don’t know where my mom sleeps.



- **Emma:** “Let’s get dressed... wait. I’ve just got another message... What!?” (Emma looks concerned.)

- **Gabby:** “What happened?”

- **Emma:** “It’s from Jessica. She says a picture of us has been published on a tabloid.”

- **Gabby:** “What picture?!” (I’m getting very anxious.)

- **Emma:** “She sent a link.”

Emma opens it. I look at the screen next to her while the web page loads. I’m so nervous that I hold my breath.

- **Emma:** “Oh!”

- **Gabby:** “Oh, my God!”

I feel like I’m fainting. Yesterday evening someone took a picture of us when Emma was gagging me next to her car!

- **Emma:** “BDSM is taking over the city.”

Emma has just read the headline. I knew being restrained in public was very risky. I knew it! And now everybody will know...

- **Emma:** “What are you doing?!”

Emma points at the floor. I’ve peed myself! Honestly, I hadn’t noticed.

- **Gabby:** “... mistress, I...”

Emma frowns. I don’t know what to say. It’s the first time I pee myself since I was a little girl. On the one hand, I’m ashamed, but on the other hand, I’m upset with Emma. I feel all this is her fault.



- **Emma:** “I remember I heard something while we were there. . .”  
Before I reply, the phone rings and Emma takes the call.
- **Emma:** “Yes?” ( . . . ) “Good morning, Ms Jensen.” (Emma looks quite calm.) “Yes, I’ve just seen it.” ( . . . ) “It was taken yesterday.” ( . . . ) “No, we didn’t wish to publish anything.” ( . . . ) “I’m not sure.” (Ms Jensen now talks for quite some time.) “Why?” ( . . . ) “How is it the best for us?” ( . . . ) “My mom is not at home at the moment.” ( . . . ) “Yes, I’ll tell her.” ( . . . ) “OK.” ( . . . ) “Bye.”
- **Gabby:** “What has she said?”
- **Emma:** “Ms Jensen says that she’s seen our picture, that she’ll try to handle the situation and that today we shouldn’t go to school. She says that it’s the best for us.”
- **Gabby:** “OK. . .”  
I feel somewhat relieved that we aren’t going to school.
- **Emma:** “How is it the best for us? I think we should go.”
- **Gabby:** “Eh?!”
- **Emma:** “Otherwise, people will think that we’re ashamed.”
- **Gabby:** “Mistress, please let’s not go.”
- **Emma:** “Why?”
- **Gabby:** “Because. . .”



I try to think about something to convince Emma, but I can't. I feel the same way as when I saw my mom turned into a rubber doll for the first time.

- **Gabby**: "I can't breathe."

- **Emma**: "Gabby!"

Emma helps me lie down on the bed. She sits next to me in silence and caresses my face. After some minutes, I feel better.

- **Emma**: "I know exactly what you need. From now on, until I snap my fingers, you're my little girl, and I'm your mommy."

- **Gabby**: "Eh? Mistress..."

- **Emma**: "It's mommy."

- **Gabby**: "... Mommy, are we going to school?"

- **Emma**: "No, you're too little for that."

I feel a bit better but, in reality, not going to school doesn't solve any problems. It just postpones them.

- **Emma**: "Give mommy a little kiss."

Emma bends her head. I intend to kiss her lips, but suddenly she twists her neck and I end up kissing her cheek. I don't get what's going on.



Emma brings a mop and begins to remove the pee from the floor. I'm surprised she didn't tell me to do it.

- **Gabby**: "I already feel OK, mistress. I can..."

- **Emma**: "It's mommy."

- **Gabby**: "Mommy, I can clean the floor myself."

- **Emma**: "No, this is mommy's job. And it's also mommy's fault that you peed on the floor. But soon mommy will take care of that." I'm not sure what Emma is planning to do, but I'm glad she's not upset with me for peeing. She finishes cleaning with the mop.

- **Emma**: "Now mommy needs to run a few errands. She has to leave you here alone."

Emma leaves the bedroom, but soon she's back with two restraint bars that form a V-shape.

- **Emma**: "This is for my little girl's safety."

Emma cuffs my wrists and my ankles and collars me with the bars.

- **Emma**: "And this one will keep you company."

Emma brings my teddy bear!

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

This has made me smile.



Emma gets dressed quickly. She has chosen a really sexy dress.

- **Emma:** “Does mommy look nice?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, very nice. Where are you going?”

- **Emma:** “As I said, mommy needs to run a few errands.” (I frown. I guess I’m also too little to understand where she’s going.) “I’ll be back as soon as I can. Do you promise to be a good little girl?”

- **Gabby:** “. . . Yes.”

Emma kisses my forehead and leaves. I get that Emma’s idea is to treat me as if I was a child. I wonder what for.

Anyway, I think I should use this time to think about what to do. We aren’t going to school today, but Ms Jensen didn’t say anything about tomorrow. I guess that she wants to check how others react at school today. I suppose everybody will be talking about us.

Suddenly my phone rings. It’s inside my bag, but I’m unable to take the call. Perhaps it’s even better for me not to take it. Is this why Emma restrained me?

Anyhow, I wonder who took the fucking picture. It could be a random passerby but, honestly, I didn’t see anybody, and we were there for less than a minute. And the ones who had also been there were Evelyn and Natalie to threaten me with a note! Although Emma thinks that Evelyn was not involved. . .

My phone rings again. Hearing the ring tone makes me nervous. I hope Emma comes back soon. I admit that at the moment I don’t know what’s best for us to do, so I have to trust her. And I feel better when she’s next to me. It calms me down.



After more than an hour, Emma comes back with a shopping bag.

- **Emma:** "I'm here! How is my little girl?"

- **Gabby:** "Fine..." (I'm not fine. I've been wondering what each of my classmates might think when they find our picture.)

- **Emma:** "Mommy has bought some stuff to take care of you. Look at this box of ultrasensitive wipes."

Emma removes the restraint bars. Then she takes a wipe and cleans my vagina! I must admit that it feels nice.

- **Emma:** "Look also at this rash cream to protect your skin."

Emma applies cream softly to my crotch and around my anus. She smiles at me.

- **Emma:** "Now let's get you ready."

Emma takes now a box of...diapers! I'm feeling ridiculous. I feel that now she's treating me as if I was a baby!

- **Gabby:** "Mommy, I don't think I need a diaper."

- **Emma:** "Yes, you do. You'll need them until you grow up and learn to pee in the toilet."

- **Gabby:** "But I already..."

- **Emma:** "No buts. Remember: mommy knows best."

Emma takes a diaper and follows the instructions to put it on me. Clearly she isn't used to do it, but in the end she manages quite well. I'm definitely feeling ridiculous, but at least nobody else is here to see me.



Emma's phone rings again.

- **Emma:** "Mommy will be right back."

It seems Emma doesn't want to answer the phone in front of me. I wonder what's going on. Shortly after she comes back.

- **Gabby:** "Has somebody recognized you at the shop?"

- **Emma:** "Nobody."

- **Gabby:** "Was Ms Jensen upset with us?"

- **Emma:** "A little girl should not be concerned about problems of adults. Mommy will deal with everything."

- **Gabby:** "But how?"

- **Emma:** "That is too complex for a little girl to understand. You only need to know that mommy will always be here for you, that she will take care of you and that she will keep you safe."

Emma kisses my forehead again.

- **Emma:** "Now let's get my little girl dressed. Sit up."

Emma takes a onesie from her bag. She removes the price tag, which means that she has just bought it.

- **Emma:** "Raise your arms."

After all these days helping Emma get dressed, it feels nice to see her doing it for me.

- **Emma:** "Do you like your onesie?"

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



- **Emma:** “Come with mommy.”

Emma holds me on her arms, like when I was a rubber doll. She walks downstairs.

- **Gabby:** “Where are we going?”

- **Emma:** “To little space.”

- **Gabby:** “Eh?”

- **Emma:** “It’s a place where you’ll feel 100% calm and safe. It’s perfect for little girls. You’ll love it.”

Emma and I enter the basement. She walks towards an area where I hadn’t been before. Then she walks upstairs and opens a door.

- **Emma:** “Close your eyes.”

I comply. We walk through the door and Emma closes it.

- **Emma:** “Open them.”

- **Gabby:** “Oh!”

We are in a big children’s bedroom. It’s full of dolls and toys. It’s like my old bedroom, but much bigger. I smile.

- **Emma:** “Do you like it?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mommy.”

Emma takes me to a bed, where I lie down. Then she leaves little space.



I'm amazed the basement has a room like this one. Well, in fact, this isn't underground. I think it's a small building that I can see from the big balcony. Soon after, Emma comes back.

- **Emma:** "It's time for breakfast. Sit up."

Emma covers my chest with a bib. Then she takes a baby bottle full of . . . milk? She sits down and puts the nipple next to my lips.

- **Emma:** "Open."

As with the diaper, I'm feeling ridiculous. I twist my neck.

- **Emma:** "You need to have breakfast. Be a good little girl."

In truth, I'm hungry. Reluctantly, I open my mouth and suck the nipple.

- **Gabby:** "Ew! What is this?"

- **Emma:** "Your baby formula."

- **Gabby:** "It's terrible! It needs sugar."

- **Emma:** "No. That's very bad for a little girl's teeth."

- **Gabby:** "I want an apple."

- **Emma:** "No. You'll have what mommy tells you. Remember: mommy knows best."

I look at Emma. I know she's not going to accept any disobedience. I suck the nipple again and drink all the baby formula as fast as I can, so as to taste it as little as possible. Then Emma holds me in her arms and pats my back several times. Suddenly, I burp.

- **Emma:** "Good little girl."



Emma takes off my bib.

- **Emma:** “Mommy has a surprise. She has arranged a play date for you.”

- **Gabby:** “With whom?!”

- **Emma:** “With Jessica.”

- **Gabby:** “Eh?! . . . Is Jessica coming here?”

- **Emma:** “Yes. She called me and I told her about you. Then she said she wants to come.”

- **Gabby:** “I don’t want to play with her.” (I’ve already felt ridiculous, but if Jessica comes here while I’m diapered and dressed like a baby, I’ll feel humiliated!)

- **Emma:** “You need to socialize. It’s not good for a little girl to spend the day alone.”

- **Gabby:** “I’m with you, mommy.”

- **Emma:** “Today mommy will need to be away for some time.”

- **Gabby:** “So you’ll leave me here alone with Jessica!”

- **Emma:** “Yes, and I’m sure you’ll get on well with each other.” (Emma’s phone vibrates.) “She’ll be here in two minutes.”

- **Gabby:** “Mommy, please! Don’t let her in.”

I imagine Jessica here, trying to contain her laughter. Then I imagine her telling everybody at school what she saw. I burst into tears.

- **Gabby:** “Mommy, please!”

Emma takes a pacifier and puts it next to my lips.

- **Emma:** “This will help you calm down. Open.”

I begin to suck the pacifier. Emma caresses my cheeks and removes my tears.



- **Emma:** “Come with mommy.”

Emma takes off my pacifier. She takes my hand and we walk towards a crib. Then she opens a drawer and takes a pair of handcuffs.

- **Emma:** “Today your behavior has been a bit too difficult. Mommy doesn’t like bratty little girls.”

- **Gabby:** “But...”

- **Emma:** “No buts. You must obey mommy always.”

Emma puts me inside the crib and uses the handcuffs to bind my right wrist to one of the crib’s bars.

- **Emma:** “Now mommy is going to bring Jessica here. You’ll welcome her and you’ll keep each other company. Are you going to be a good little girl?”

- **Gabby:** “. . . Yes, mommy.”

Emma smiles, kisses my forehead and leaves little space. I’m thinking so many things right now.

First, I know I’ll feel super humiliated once Jessica is here, especially if she laughs at me. Why is Emma doing this? I still don’t get it.

Second, I haven’t forgotten about our picture. Shouldn’t Jessica be at school? Perhaps Ms Jensen has decided to cancel today’s lessons.

Third, I’m realizing how powerless babies are. They have no choice, no freedom at all. Crying is the only thing they can do.

Fourth, I’m thinking about my dolls. Why didn’t Emma allow me yesterday to bring them here? Perhaps I can still ask my mom to rescue them when she goes with Patricia to our apartment.

Fifth, . . . (I could reach one hundred.)



I've been waiting for twenty minutes, but Emma and Jessica haven't come. I wonder what's going on. Suddenly, I hear the door opening, and my heartbeat grows faster than ever.

- **Emma:** "Mommy's here! How is my little girl? Jessica is excited to play with you."

Instinctively, I close my eyes and try to cover my face behind my arm.

- **Emma:** "As you can see, Gabby is quite shy, but I'm sure you'll have fun together. Do you like this little space?"

- **Jessica:** "I love it, mommy."

- **Gabby:** "Eh?!"

I open my eyes. Jessica is dressed in a onesie and carried in Emma's arms. I'm shocked.

- **Emma:** "You must welcome Jessica."

- **Gabby:** "... Hi."

- **Jessica:** "Hi, Gabby."

Jessica smiles at me. She looks really happy.

- **Emma:** "Now I have to leave. Do you promise to be good little girls?"

- **Jessica:** "Yes, mommy."

- **Emma:** "And you?"

- **Gabby:** "... Yes." (I'm still quite speechless.)

Emma leaves Jessica on the bed. Then she removes my handcuffs, takes me in her arms and leaves me next to Jessica.

- **Emma:** "Give mommy a kiss."

Emma shows me her cheek and I kiss it. Then she lets Jessica kiss her other cheek! Emma smiles and leaves little space.



- **Gabby:** “Jessica, what are you doing here?”

- **Jessica:** “. . . What do you mean?”

- **Gabby:** “. . . One minute ago, I thought you were coming here to laugh at me. Emma didn’t tell me that you were also going to be. . .” (I stop talking. I find it difficult to call her baby or little girl.) “But why are you here?”

- **Jessica:** “Are you upset? I’m not trying to steal Emma from you.”

- **Gabby:** “I didn’t mean that.”

- **Jessica:** “OK. . . I came because. . . Emma told me that you were going into little space, and I. . . I wanted to come.”

- **Gabby:** “Why?”

- **Jessica:** “Because. . . I thought. . . it was a good idea. Why are you here?”

- **Gabby:** “Because Emma decided it, but that’s not your case. So answer me.”

- **Jessica:** “Why are you so blunt? Do you wish that I leave?”

- **Gabby:** “. . . It depends on why you are here.”

- **Jessica:** “I’m here because I need to!”

Jessica buries her face in a cushion. Is she crying? I didn’t mean to be harsh, but perhaps I was.

- **Gabby:** “I’m sorry. I didn’t intend to hurt you.”

Jessica doesn’t reply. She’s definitely crying.



After one minute, I decide to talk again.

- **Gabby:** "I'm sorry. I guess. . . I don't understand why Emma made me come here, so that's why I don't understand why you need to be here."

Jessica turns around and dries her tears.

- **Jessica:** "Why do you think people go into little space?"

- **Gabby:** ". . . I have no clue."

- **Jessica:** "I see."

- **Gabby:** "But you're definitely welcome to be here. Before. . . I'm sorry."

- **Jessica:** "No worries." (Jessica looks calmer now.) "I guess I should tell you. . . I'm going through a difficult period."

- **Gabby:** "What happened?"

- **Jessica:** ". . . Basically, one month ago my girlfriend broke up with me."

- **Gabby:** "I'm sorry to hear that." (I didn't know Jessica had a girlfriend.)

- **Jessica:** "I. . . I wanted to be her mistress, you know. I tried to be a good mistress. But she said I'm not. . . and she's right."

- **Gabby:** "Why do you think that?"

- **Jessica:** "Because it's true. Being a good mistress is really difficult. It takes lots of energy, and lately I have less and less energy. I think you don't realize how lucky you are for being with Emma."

- **Gabby:** "You think I'm lucky?"

- **Jessica:** "Of course! But not just because she's hot. It's because she has infinite energy. She's so enthusiastic about bondage and about being a mistress, and she's constantly paying you attention and thinking about you."



Jessica sits up.

- **Gabby:** “I acknowledge that Emma has lots of energy and that I enjoy all the attention she pays to me...but with all the trouble about being restrained in public, and our picture in the news...at the moment I don't feel that lucky.”

- **Jessica:** “But don't you see it? That's why she brought you to little space. She's dealing with everything while you can be here calm and relaxed.”

- **Gabby:** “I'm not very calm.”

- **Jessica:** “Did you have a happy childhood?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes.”

- **Jessica:** “She wants that you can feel here like when you were a little girl, without problems and responsibilities. Would you have preferred that she did nothing and instead she made you deal with everything?”

- **Gabby:** “No.”

- **Jessica:** “Then you should feel very lucky for being with her.”

- **Gabby:** “I see.”

Jessica stops talking. I don't think being in little space works for me as Emma intended, but at least talking about it with Jessica might be interesting.



- **Gabby**: “So that’s also why you’re here, right? To feel like when you were a child.”

- **Jessica**: “Yes.” (Jessica looks down.) “At the moment I feel that life is too difficult and sad. I just need a mistress to take care of me for some time. And...”

- **Gabby**: “Yes?”

- **Jessica**: “Well... I must confess I was looking forward to this. Last Saturday I saw you collared at the square and... didn’t you see that I was waiting for Emma at the school entrance yesterday and on Monday?”

- **Gabby**: “I thought it was coincidence.” (I suppose I’m naïve.)

- **Jessica**: “Well... no. I suppose Emma didn’t think that. She’s also very intelligent.”

- **Gabby**: “So what are you saying? Do you mean that you have been planning to be with Emma?” (I frown.)

- **Jessica**: “As I said, I don’t want to steal her from you.”

- **Gabby**: “But you wish to share her!”

- **Jessica**: “No. Calm down. I’m still in love with my ex.”

- **Gabby**: “So then?”

- **Jessica**: “It’s what I said. I just need a mistress to take care of me for some time, to recover and also... to find out what I prefer. I like to switch. I still don’t know if I prefer to be dominant or submissive.”

- **Gabby**: “Mmm...”

I don’t know what to say. I feel I should talk with Emma.



- **Jessica:** “I can give you some advice. You should realize there are tons of girls willing to be where you are. If you don’t want Emma to be taken away from you, you must make her feel like she’s the best mistress in the world. And my feeling is that you haven’t been doing that lately.”

- **Gabby:** “Why do you say that?”

- **Jessica:** “Well...it seems that you’ve been questioning her decisions and obeying reluctantly. You should realize how a mistress may feel when you do that frequently. To me, it felt like I’m not good enough. But to Emma...I think she feels that you don’t value her enough.”

- **Gabby:** “I see.”

- **Jessica:** “Don’t you think that Emma is also nervous and afraid since your picture was published? She isn’t a superheroine. And yet she tries her best to keep calm and deal with it, and also to protect you and keep you safe. But here you are, questioning whatever she does.”

I don’t say anything, but now I’m feeling bad. I suppose I’ve been thinking too much about myself and too little about Emma. After some minutes in silence, Jessica falls asleep, and shortly after I’m also asleep.



- **Emma:** “Mommy’s here. Wake up.”

Emma has whispered to my ear. I look around. Jessica is still sleeping next to me.

- **Emma:** “You looked like two little angels.” (Emma smiles.)

- **Gabby:** “What time is it?”

- **Emma:** “Time for mommy’s surprise.”

Emma points to some boxes next to the sofa. We go sit there and I open one of them.

- **Gabby:** “My dolls!!!”

I feel really touched. I did miss my dolls. Perhaps it’s because all the memories they bring from my childhood. I guess Jessica is right: feeling like a little girl can also make me happy.

- **Gabby:** “Did you ask Ms Schulte to bring them?”

- **Emma:** “No, mommy brought them herself.”

I hug Emma.

- **Emma:** “Yesterday mommy didn’t remember about little space, but the dolls can stay here.”

- **Gabby:** “Thank you. You’re the best mommy in the world.”

Emma smiles.

- **Gabby:** “I love you, mommy.”

- **Emma:** “I love you too.”

I know Emma is just acting as my mommy, but listening to her saying it felt nice :)