

# SimVenusArts

## My Classmate Emma Lindberg

### Chapter 22



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Emma snaps her fingers in front of my face. I didn't expect it.

- **Emma:** "How was little space? Do you feel better?"

- **Gabby:** "I do, mistress. Thanks again for my dolls." (I'm not sure if it is because of little space or my dolls, but I feel more optimistic now.)

- **Emma:** "Listen. I know your life has changed a lot very fast and you might feel stressed. Whenever you need a break, let me know and I'll bring you here."

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

- **Emma:** "And if you have anxiety attacks or you pee on the floor again, you'll spend quite some time here."

- **Gabby:** "... Yes, mistress. I hope it won't happen again." (Emma smiles.)

- **Emma:** "In fact, my plan was to leave you here the whole day, but something has come up. Cami has called me. She says she's ready to apologize, so she'll be here in one hour."

- **Gabby:** "Oh! I... That's good news!" (I smile.)

Emma collars me and attaches a leash.

- **Emma:** "Let's go to the bedroom and get dressed."

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

I'm glad Cami is coming. I hope Emma accepts her apologies and then I can talk to her. She probably knows what's going on at school.



Whiskey .....	4\$	Pina Colada .....	9\$
Beer .....	6\$	Mojito.....	9\$
Rum .....	5\$	Mai Tai.....	9\$
White Wine.....	5\$	Dumbster Truck.	9\$
Red Wine .....	5\$	Green Tentacle.	9\$
Champagne .....		reek Fire .....	9\$
Coke .....			
Lemonad.....			
Milk .....			
water .....			

Emma looks at Jessica. It seems she's still sleeping. Emma and I exit little space to walk through the basement.

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

- **Emma:** "Yes."

- **Gabby:** "Why does the basement have a little space room?" (I'm really curious.)

- **Emma:** "What do you think?"

- **Gabby:** "Umm...I don't know...Did Ms Schulte have a little girl?"

- **Emma:** "Hahaha! No, not at all. My mom is not into age regression."

- **Gabby:** "...So then why?"

- **Emma:** "Where else would you find such a room?"

- **Gabby:** "... " (I guess I'm missing something.) "At a nursery school?"

- **Emma:** "Yes."

- **Gabby:** "... Ah! Workers and customers of the basement left their children there!"

- **Emma:** "Exactly. When I was a little girl and my mom was busy, I also used to spend time in that room with other children. The nursery teacher was in bondage to my mom. Well, she still is. She's very obedient."

- **Gabby:** "Oh!"

Did the teacher obey Emma as well? I realize more and more how Emma's upbringing was indeed... What was the word Angela used at her shop...? Yes, unconventional.



Emma and I arrive to the house and she opens the door. Patricia is in the living room.

- **Emma:** “Hi, mom! How was the conversation with Lexy?”

- **Patricia:** “Very good. Now she says she wishes to be a mistress.”  
(Patricia smiles.)

- **Emma:** “Nice! I’ll call her.” (Emma looks really happy.) “But before that, I’d like you to tell me everything. We can have lunch together.”

- **Patricia:** “Angela and I have just had brunch. We’ll talk later.”

- **Emma:** “Fine.”

- **Patricia:** “Hi, Gabby.” (Patricia looks at me for the first time.)

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

- **Patricia:** “Why is she dressed like a baby?” (Patricia looks surprised.)

- **Emma:** “Because she peed on the floor and thus I took her to little space.” (I feel so embarrassed that I wish we had never left little space.)

- **Patricia:** “...How did that happen...? Wait. Shouldn’t you be still at school?”

- **Emma:** “Mom, I need to talk to you in private.”

- **Patricia:** “What’s going on?”

- **Emma:** “Let’s talk in private, please.”

- **Patricia:** “OK, but I’ve just come back. I’d like to change clothes and after that I must talk to Elena.”

- **Emma:** “I think she’s still sleeping. I also need to talk to you about her. Please, let’s talk.”

- **Patricia:** “...OK.”



Emma goes upstairs and comes back quickly with a bag.

- **Emma:** “Let’s sit on the sofa.”

Patricia and Emma sit. Emma points to the floor.

- **Emma:** “Gabby, get on your knees and give my mom a feet massage.”

- **Patricia:** “That’s not necessary.”

- **Emma:** “Mom, this could be somewhat stressful, like when you talked to Ms Jensen and Ms Austen yesterday. I’d like you to feel relaxed.”

- **Patricia:** “I already feel relaxed.”

I’m surprised. I thought Emma wanted privacy. But I realize Emma is afraid of Patricia’s reaction. I decide to get on my knees.

- **Gabby:** “Ms Schulte, I’m a certified massage therapist. I took a course last Summer.”

- **Emma:** “Really?!”

- **Gabby:** “Yes. My mom was in pain from working long hours at the restaurant, and she couldn’t afford. . . you know, so I took the course to massage her.” (I’m not lying.)

- **Patricia:** “OK, fine! Let’s talk.”

Emma removes my collar. Then she takes earplugs from her bag to block my hearing. She also puts a mask on my head, which covers my face almost completely. I can’t see or talk. After all, I was right. Emma wanted privacy.



I can hear Emma and Patricia talking but can't understand anything, like when I was a rubber doll. Suddenly, something touches my right hand, so I take it. It must be Patricia's left foot. I begin my massage. Although I've never given a massage while blindfolded, I can proceed as usual. Patricia's skin is amazingly soft. Even the bottom of her foot is soft! I'd like to know what cream or lotion she uses...

I wonder how the conversation is going. To be honest, I don't know what I would do if I was Patricia. Punish Emma? Possibly yes... but that doesn't solve anything. Once something is published online, there is no way to remove it. Even if the tabloid takes it down, someone else will republish it. I'm afraid very little can be done to help us.

After ten minutes or so, Patricia withdraws her foot, but immediately touches my hand with her right foot. I feel relieved. I suppose this means she likes my technique. I massage her right foot, then her left foot again, and finally her right foot once more.



Eventually, my mask and earplugs get removed. Emma is not here anymore.

- **Patricia:** “You’re an excellent massage therapist.”

- **Gabby:** “Thank you, mistress. May I ask where Ms Lindberg is?”

- **Patricia:** “She’s in her bedroom.” (Patricia looks up. Then she looks at me again.) “Gabby, for me there is nothing more important than my daughter, and I want the best for her. You understand that, right?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

- **Patricia:** “And I know that having you in her life is very good for her. In fact, I can’t think of anyone better than you. She’s really lucky to have you.”

- **Gabby:** “Thank you, mistress.”

- **Patricia:** “But I’m not so sure she’s very good for you. As you can see, she’s stubborn, impatient and reckless.”

- **Gabby:** “...” (I agree with Patricia, but I don’t want to say it.)

- **Patricia:** “Listen, if at some point you decide that you don’t want this anymore, just say it. I feel this would be the only way Emma can learn a lesson. Don’t think that now that your mom and you live here you don’t have anywhere else to go. I’ll help you.”

- **Gabby:** “...” (I didn’t expect this. I feel paralyzed and don’t know what to say.)

- **Patricia:** “Go with Emma.”

I get up to go upstairs as fast as I can.



- **Emma:** “Here you are! Cami is arriving soon. Help me get undressed.”

- **Gabby:** “Umm. . . yes, mistress.”

Emma smiles. I thought the conversation with Patricia didn’t go well, but she looks happy.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, may I ask how Ms Schulte reacted when you talked with her?”

- **Emma:** “Don’t worry. Elena will just have to wear the chastity belt for some time. My mom isn’t upset with her. In fact, she seemed relaxed. I suppose you’re a very good masseuse.”

- **Gabby:** “But. . . thank you, mistress. But did you talk about our picture online?” (Was Emma more worried about my mom than about our picture? I do care about my mom but. . . )

- **Emma:** “Yes. She said she’s going to talk to Ashleigh. She thinks publishing such a picture without consent might be illegal.”

- **Gabby:** “OK.” (Sounds good, although justice is slow.) “Will she also talk with Ms Jensen?”

- **Emma:** “Ah, yes! She will call her. Her ceremony will be here on Friday evening. And Catherine is coming!”

- **Gabby:** “Oh!” (I had forgotten about the ceremony.) “That’s nice.”

I try to smile. I feel Emma doesn’t want to talk about our picture. I’m not sure if it’s because she’s not worried, because she doesn’t want me to be worried, or because of something else.



Emma opens the closet to choose our outfits. Meanwhile, I take off my onesie.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, may I ask you who Catherine is?” (I’m really curious.)

- **Emma:** “The president of the bondage society.”

- **Gabby:** “Ah!”

- **Emma:** “Didn’t you know that?” (Emma looks at me.)

- **Gabby:** “Well, I’ve heard her name several times but...”

- **Emma:** “She’s coming to officiate the ceremony, as my mom suggested yesterday.”

- **Gabby:** “Ah! Yes.”

- **Emma:** “But I’m sure you know her. Haven’t you read one of her novels for English literature?”

- **Gabby:** “Which novel?”

- **Emma:** “. . . I think the title is ‘Fried Green Peppers at the Station Cafe’.”

- **Gabby:** “What!!! Do you mean she’s Catherine Neal???”

- **Emma:** “Yes.” (Emma smiles.)

- **Gabby:** “Oh, my God! But... have you already met her?”

- **Emma:** “Yes, plenty of times. She used to come to the basement. She’s lovely.”

- **Gabby:** “I love her novels!” (Now I’m genuinely excited about the ceremony.) “So... is she a mistress?”

- **Emma:** “Of course. My mom told me that she has a stable full of ponygirls. I’ve never been there, but now that I’m 18... perhaps she’ll invite me.”

I’m not sure what a ponygirl is... but my imagination is running wild.



I remove my diaper, but I'm not sure where to throw it away.

- **Emma:** "Did you pee in your diaper?"

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

- **Emma:** "Put it in the bathroom bin. And use the toilet."

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

I do that as fast as I can, and I return to the bedroom.

- **Emma:** "Cami has texted me. She'll be a bit late because there were journalists at the school exit."

- **Gabby:** "Journalists!!!" (I guess they were looking for us.)

- **Emma:** "Yes."

Emma takes handcuffs, a magic wand and a strap-on from a drawer.

- **Gabby:** "Now!?"

- **Emma:** "You're clearly stressed, and that's because I still haven't taken care of your needs today."

Emma puts on her strap-on. Then she handcuffs me.

- **Gabby:** "But is there time?"

- **Emma:** "There is plenty of time. You never take too long." (I smile.) "Come here."

Emma sits on the sofa.



- **Emma:** “Sit on me while facing me.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

I sit on Emma while the huge dildo penetrates my pussy. In this posture it feels even longer. Emma and I kiss.

- **Emma:** “Fuck the dildo.”

I begin to move up and down. The feeling is strong. Emma plays with my nipples: sometimes she caresses and licks them, but other times she pinches and bites them. All of a sudden she puts one of her fingers in my mouth and I come.

- **Emma:** “Wow! You really needed it.”

I’m surprised, even embarrassed, by how fast I came. Emma takes the dildo out of my pussy. Then she kisses me while caressing my crotch softly.

- **Emma:** “Did you like how I touched your nipples?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “There is a collar inside that drawer. Bring it and kneel.”

Once I get on my knees, Emma collars me.

- **Gabby:** “Ouch!”

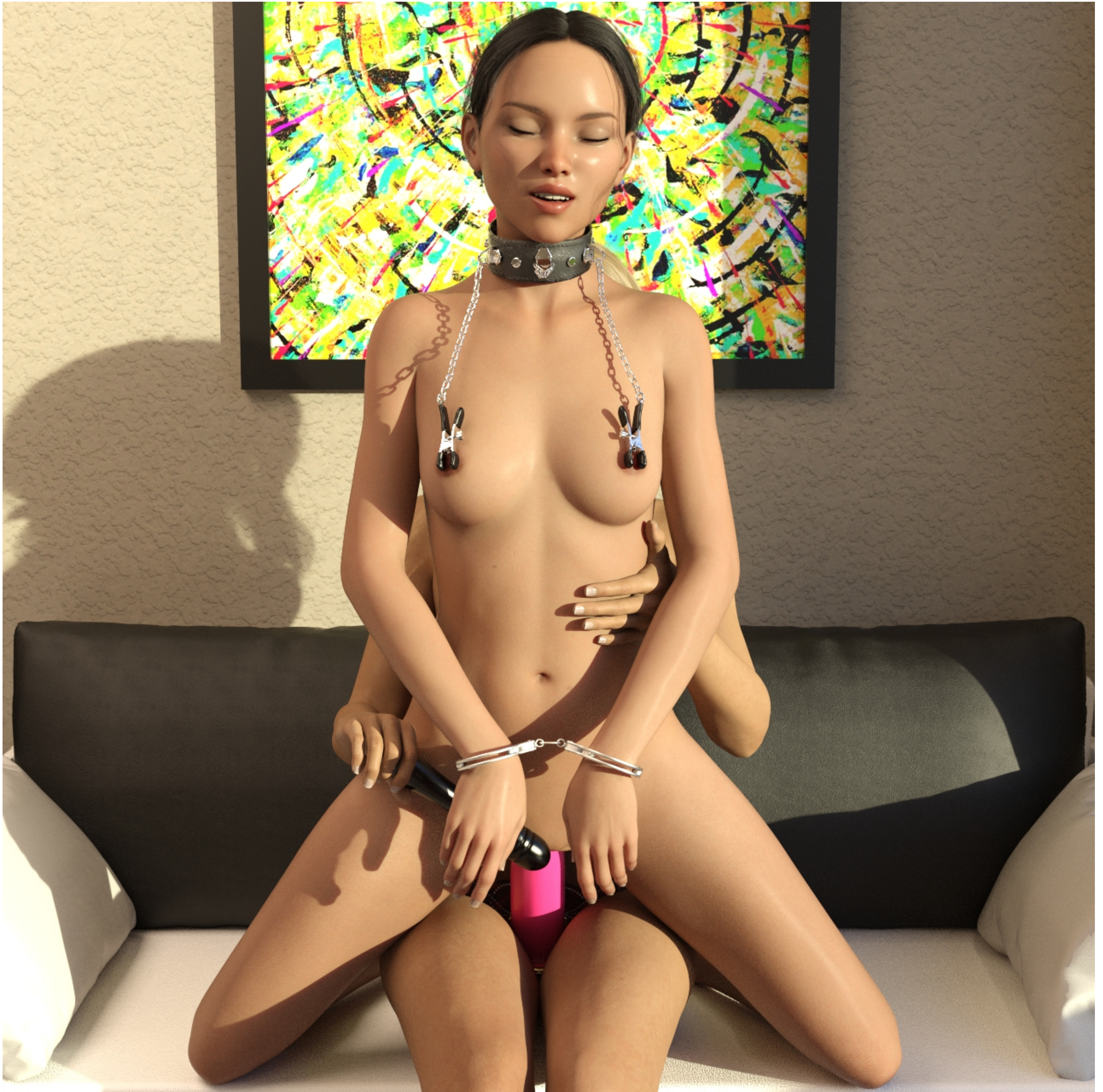
Emma smiles. She has clamped my nipples with something that is attached to the collar.

- **Emma:** “Do you prefer how my fingers treat your nipples?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes. You are kinder.”

- **Emma:** “Sooner than you think, you’ll demand stronger clamps.”

I’m not so sure.



Emma changes the position of my handcuffs from back to front.

- **Emma:** “Sit on me, but face the other way.”

- **Gabby:** “Again?”

- **Emma:** “Yes. You clearly need more.”

I sit on the dildo. Emma turns the magic wand on and applies it to my clit. With her free hand, she caresses my body. Soon I get very excited.

- **Emma:** “Who’s best at taking care of this compliant little girl?”

- **Gabby:** “You are, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Is there a better mistress for this obedient little plaything?”

- **Gabby:** “No, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Could there ever be a better mistress for this docile little toygirl?”

- **Gabby:** “No, mistress.”

Now Emma moves her pelvis to fuck me. I begin to squirt.

- **Emma:** “Is there anything better than being my submissive little toy?”

- **Gabby:** “No!”

I come. I couldn’t hold it anymore. I don’t know why, but Emma’s questions really turn me on.



Emma takes the dildo out of my pussy.

- **Emma:** “Turn around.”

We hug and kiss each other for quite some time.

- **Emma:** “How was it?”

- **Gabby:** “Awesome, mistress. In this posture, my pussy gets really full.”

- **Emma:** “That’s true. And how do you feel now?”

- **Gabby:** “Much better. You were right. I really needed it.”

Emma smiles. Then she looks at me without saying anything. Suddenly I remember what I should do, so I kneel down. I try to look up, but my collar pulls up my nipple clamps. It hurts. Then I bend backwards so that I can look at Emma without moving my neck.

- **Gabby:** “I’m eternally thankful for your dedication to my sexual education and wellness, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Later today we’ll continue your training. Stand up.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

Emma also stands up. She takes off her strap-on, and she removes my handcuffs and my collar.

- **Emma:** “Cami will be here in ten minutes. Help me get dressed.”

Emma puts on her clothes as fast as possible. I didn’t expect her to use such an outfit while Cami is here, but I love it.

- **Emma:** “How do I look?”

- **Gabby:** “Truly amazing, mistress.”

She smiles.



- **Emma:** “Let’s get you ready.”

Emma takes a bag from her closet. She opens it to lay out a catsuit, a hood, an armbinder, a corset, and stockings on the bed. All of them are made of leather and latex.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress. . . are you turning me into a rubber doll?”

- **Emma:** “Not really. You’ll be dressed like one, but you won’t be blindfolded or gagged.”

- **Gabby:** “OK, but. . . is Cami going to see me restrained?”

- **Emma:** “Yes. Do you still have a problem with that?”

- **Gabby:** “I don’t, mistress.” (It’s true. Now that our picture is online, I don’t care anymore.) “But I think. . . I’m afraid she may not like it. And then she might not apologize.”

- **Emma:** “She will. Don’t worry about that. And she will accept you’re in bondage to me and you’re my toy. Put on the catsuit, the stockings and the hood.”

Emma sounds very confident, but I don’t know if she’s right. I hope so, because I do wish to talk to Cami. Once I’m done, Emma takes the corset.

- **Emma:** “Flatten your belly.”

- **Gabby:** “Ouch!” (She has squeezed my waist way too much while tightening the corset.) “Mistress, I feel compressed.”

- **Emma:** “What do you think a corset is for? You’ll get used to it.”

Emma uses the armbinder to restrain me.

- **Emma:** “You look like a perfect doll.”

- **Gabby:** “Thank you. . . mistress.”

I can hardly speak. I hope I get used to this corset soon.



Emma's phone vibrates.

- **Emma:** "Cami's here. Let's go."

I'm getting nervous. I never had such a feeling when meeting Cami before. I follow Emma downstairs, where she opens the door.

- **Cami:** "Hi."

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

- **Cami:** "Thank you."

Once inside, Cami looks at me. She stops walking but doesn't say anything.

- **Emma:** "Is it true what you told me? Have you come to apologize?"

- **Cami:** "Yes."

- **Emma:** "What do you wish to apologize for?"

- **Cami:** "Eh?!" (Cami looks surprised.) "For what I said yesterday."

- **Emma:** "What did you say?"

- **Cami:** "... That you are selfish and narcissist."

- **Emma:** "What else?"

- **Cami:** "... That you do what you wish without thinking about anybody else. I shouldn't have said any of that."

- **Emma:** "Do you accept that I'm Gabby's mistress and that she's my toy?"

- **Cami:** "Your toy?!"

- **Emma:** "Yes, right?" (Emma looks at me.)

- **Gabby:** "Yes, mistress. I'm your toy."

Cami frowns.



- **Cami:** “Fine. I accept you’re Gabby’s mistress and she’s your toy.”  
(Cami doesn’t look happy.)
- **Emma:** “Good. Now apologize to me.”
- **Cami:** “But... haven’t I already done that?”
- **Emma:** “No. To apologize properly, you must get on your knees and say: ‘Please accept my apologies, mistress. I deeply regret what I have done’.” (But... how can Emma expect Cami to do that?!)
- **Cami:** “You are...” (Cami bites her tongue.) “Why do you wish to humiliate me?”
- **Emma:** “I don’t wish to humiliate you.”
- **Cami:** “So you don’t think what you are asking for is humiliating?!”
- **Emma:** “Behaving respectfully and showing good manners is not humiliating. If you were truly sorry, you’d already be on your knees.”  
Cami looks down. I think she’s struggling. There is an uncomfortable silence, but suddenly she kneels!
- **Cami:** “Please accept my apologies... Sorry, I don’t remember the rest.”
- **Emma:** “Gabby, remind her.”
- **Gabby:** “You should say: ‘Please accept my apologies, mistress. I deeply regret what I have done’.”
- **Cami:** “But you aren’t my mistress.”
- **Emma:** “But I’m a mistress. You should also address me properly.”
- **Cami:** “... Fine.” (Cami takes a deep breath.) “Please accept my apologies, mistress. I deeply regret what I have done.”  
Emma smiles.



- **Emma:** “Kiss my boots.”
- **Cami:** “What?!” (I really think that Emma is taking this too far.)
- **Emma:** “Kiss my boots.”
- **Cami:** “I’ve already apologized. Why do you keep humiliating me?”
- **Emma:** “I’m glad you’ve apologized and I don’t wish to humiliate you. This is your treat.”
- **Cami:** “Eh!?”
- **Emma:** “I know you like feet and boots.”
- **Cami:** “What are you saying? I don’t like feet.”
- **Emma:** “Well, ‘like’ is an understatement. You love them.”
- **Cami:** “No, I don’t.”
- **Emma:** “Cami, it’s OK to have a fetish. You shouldn’t feel embarrassed.”
- **Cami:** “But I don’t have any fetish!”
- **Emma:** “If you keep denying it, you’ll have to apologize again, this time for lying.”
- **Cami:** “I’m not lying!”

Emma thinks for a few seconds.

- **Emma:** “Let’s do an experiment. If you can keep looking at my feet for ten minutes without touching them, I’ll acknowledge I was wrong and I’ll let Gabby and you talk as much as you wish.”

Cami stares at Emma. Then she smiles.

- **Cami:** “Fine. Let’s do it.”

I’m shocked.



- **Emma:** “Sit right there on the floor.”

Emma points to a place next to the sofa. Cami complies. Then Emma removes her boots and sits on the sofa behind Cami.

- **Emma:** “I’ll set up a timer.” (Emma takes her phone.) “OK, the ten minutes countdown starts... now!”

Emma lays her legs on top of Cami’s shoulders. Her feet are close to Cami’s face, but far enough to avoid any accidental touching.

- **Emma:** “Gabby, check that Cami doesn’t close her eyes.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

- **Cami:** “What’s your plan? Do you think your feet are going to hypnotize me?”

- **Emma:** “No, they’re going to attract you. You can’t resist them.”

- **Cami:** “Haha! This is ridiculous.”

- **Emma:** “It would be for anybody who doesn’t have a strong foot fetish. But you have it.”

- **Cami:** “I don’t!”

- **Emma:** “If you keep lying, an apology won’t suffice. I’ll have to punish you.”

- **Cami:** “I’m not lying!”

- **Emma:** “Fine.” (Emma sighs.) “I guess I’ll have to punish you.”



- **Emma:** “Gabby, would you like me to tell you how I know that Cami has a foot fetish?”
- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.” (I’m all ears. I’ve never suspected Cami has any fetish.)
- **Emma:** “This happened back in January. After our P.E. lesson, I was in the storage room next to the gym. Everybody had already left, but I remained because I had cheerleading practice after the lesson.”
- **Gabby:** “I understand, mistress.”
- **Emma:** “It turns out... Cami had forgotten her bag in the gym. While I was in the storage room organizing the cheerleading practice, I heard the gym door opening. I looked through the door’s window and I saw Cami taking her bag. Then I went back to my tasks.”
- **Gabby:** “And then?” (I’m getting impatient.)
- **Emma:** “It also turns out... my bag and my boots were next to Cami’s bag. Some minutes later, when I was about to exit the storage room, I saw Cami still there, smelling my boots.”
- **Gabby:** “What?!”
- **Cami:** “Gabby, don’t believe her. It’s all an invention!”
- **Emma:** “You mustn’t talk to Gabby until I allow it.”
- **Cami:** “But you’re lying.”
- **Emma:** “If you accuse me of lying again, your punishment will be hard.”



- **Cami:** “But... in fact, there is a hole in your story.”
  - **Emma:** “What hole?”
  - **Cami:** “Only the P.E. teacher can open the storage room. She has a card.”
  - **Emma:** “I also have a card.”
  - **Cami:** “Don’t keep inventing things! Those cards are only for teachers and staff.”
  - **Emma:** “I have a card. Gabby has seen it.”
  - **Cami:** “But how?”
  - **Emma:** “That’s irrelevant. The point here is that you had your nose buried inside my boots. Would you like to explain why?” (Cami looks down.) “Keep looking at my feet.”
- Cami complies. I don’t know what to believe... all this feels surreal.
- **Emma:** “Are you going to answer or not?”
  - **Cami:** “I have nothing to say.”
- Suddenly, Emma takes one of her boots and puts it next to Cami’s face.
- **Emma:** “Do you miss it? Four months is a lot of time.”
  - **Cami:** “Take it away!”
  - **Emma:** “Why? I saw how you looked at them when I opened the door. Clearly you haven’t forgotten them.”
- Cami doesn’t reply, but I’m even more shocked. Has Emma dressed with the same boots on purpose? Was she planning to do all this?!



- **Emma:** “Gabby, would you stop being Cami’s friend if she tells you she has a foot fetish?”
  - **Gabby:** “. . . No, mistress.”
  - **Emma:** “Do you think having a foot fetish is embarrassing?”
  - **Gabby:** “No.”
  - **Emma:** “Neither do I. Cami, if you admit what you did, I’ll also allow Gabby to talk to you, so . . . what are you afraid of?”
  - **Cami:** “I’m not afraid of anything.”
  - **Emma:** “So what is it then?”
  - **Cami:** “. . . How much time is left?”
  - **Emma:** “Enough time for you to explain yourself.”
- Cami doesn’t say anything. Now I believe Emma’s story is true, but she doesn’t want to admit it.
- **Emma:** “Certain chances are unique, you know. Today you have the chance of smelling, kissing and licking my feet. If you don’t take it, you’ll regret it for the rest of your life.”
  - **Cami:** “I won’t!”
  - **Emma:** “But if you do take it, I’ll let you kiss and lick my feet frequently. I promise. I like having my feet worshipped.” (Eh!? Is that what all this is about?!)
  - **Cami:** “I don’t want that!”
  - **Emma:** “Why not? I don’t understand you. Do you plan to keep smelling other people’s shoes for the rest of your life?”
  - **Cami:** “No!”



- **Emma:** “Believe me. If you don’t take this chance, next time you find yourself smelling someone’s shoes, you’ll feel frustrated and sad, because you’ll remember the day in which you could get the real thing and you refused it.”
- **Cami:** “I already feel sad, and you know it.”
- **Emma:** “I know you love Gabby. And... I think you want her to be your mistress.”
- **Cami:** “Yes, I’ve already told her.”
- **Emma:** “Listen. From now on, you’ll obey Gabby. You’ll do what she says and serve her to the best of your ability.” (Eh!? I don’t...)
- **Cami:** “But... What for? She’s in bondage to you.”
- **Emma:** “Yes, which means you’ll also be in bondage to me.”
- **Cami:** “You’re crazy!” (I’m thinking the same as Cami.) “How on earth do you think I would agree to that?”
- **Emma:** “Because if you do, I’ll tell you to lick my feet every day. And you’ll be the only one to worship them. Nobody else ever will.”
- **Cami:** “Do you really think I’m so desperate to lick your feet?!”
- **Emma:** “This is not about being desperate. It’s about taking a unique chance to make your fantasy come true.”
- **Cami:** “And what fantasy is that?”
- **Emma:** “To kiss and lick the perfect feet of a very dominant woman. To make her feet the center of your life, to worship them whenever and wherever she wishes, to be totally under her control as her foot worshipper.”



- **Emma:** “Forty seconds. You need to make a decision.”

- **Cami:** “You talk as if you were the only woman with feet in the world.”

- **Emma:** “I don’t. I just say that, if you don’t make a move now, the pretty feet that you have so close to you, the perfect feet you’ve been fantasizing about for so long will never be yours. I guarantee that.”

Cami stares at Emma’s feet. Is she really thinking about doing it?!

- **Emma:** “Twenty seconds.”

Emma moves her toes slightly. Now Cami does look as if she was hypnotized.

- **Emma:** “Ten seconds.”

Cami bites her lip.

- **Emma:** “Five seconds.”

- **Cami:** “Fuck it.”

Cami grabs Emma’s left foot, putting several toes in her mouth. She proceeds to lick Emma’s foot frenetically. It looks like she was really desperate!

- **Emma:** “Unzip it. Treat yourself.”

Emma noticed Cami moved her right hand to her crotch. She pulls down her shorts as fast as she can. She begins touching herself while licking Emma’s foot. Shortly after, she comes. Many surprising things have happened since I’ve been in bondage to Emma, but this one is the most shocking!