

# SimVenusArts

## My Classmate Emma Lindberg

### Chapter 23



Published by SimVenusArts in February 2023.  
Email: [simvenus.arts@gmail.com](mailto:simvenus.arts@gmail.com)  
<https://www.deviantart.com/simvenusarts>  
<https://twitter.com/SimvenusA>  
<https://www.patreon.com/simvenusarts>  
<https://ko-fi.com/simvenusarts>



Cami turns around and catches her breath for a few seconds. She looks regretful.

- **Cami:** "Why do you always get what you want?"

- **Emma:** "You also got what you want."

- **Cami:** "I didn't come here for this. I came to apologize and to talk with Gabby."

- **Emma:** "About what?"

- **Cami:** "... I wish to know if she's fine."

- **Emma:** "Did Natalie or Evelyn tell you to come?"

Cami doesn't reply. I'm surprised by the question.

- **Emma:** "Don't lie."

- **Cami:** "... Yes." (I'm even more surprised by the answer.)

- **Emma:** "What did they tell you to do?"

- **Cami:** "... To try to convince Gabby to leave you... and to find more evidence that you tortured her. But I didn't come because they told me! I came because I saw your picture online and I was worried."

Cami looks nervous. Emma stares at her.

- **Emma:** "I believe you. But I need to know... Do you think that I tortured Gabby?"

- **Cami:** "... I don't know."

- **Emma:** "So you don't know what you think?"

Emma frowns, but Cami doesn't reply.



- **Emma:** “Listen. You’ve asked me why I get what I want. Perhaps the answer is simply that I do something to get it.”

- **Cami:** “What do you mean?”

- **Emma:** “I mean. . . you’ve been wishing to worship feet, but. . . when were you going to do something about it?”

- **Cami:** “I was embarrassed.”

- **Emma:** “You shouldn’t be.”

- **Cami:** “But also. . . I’m in love with Gabby. Wanting your feet didn’t feel right.”

- **Emma:** “Ah! So you wish to worship only MY feet.”

- **Cami:** “. . . I’m not sure. It’s that. . . it isn’t just feet. I love boots. Usually Gabby wears sneakers, but you have an amazing collection, and you look so hot in them. . .”

Emma stands up. She takes handcuffs and a collar from a drawer!

- **Emma:** “Extend your arms towards me.”

She sits on the sofa again. Cami hesitates and looks at me briefly.

- **Emma:** “Cami, I was serious about what I said before. You’ll be my foot worshipper, and you’ll obey Gabby. But you should also know. . . Gabby or you may stop and leave whenever you wish. Do you really believe that I tortured her?”

- **Cami:** “. . . No.”

- **Emma:** “So don’t pretend that this is not what you want. I don’t have time for more experiments.”

Cami thinks for a few seconds. Eventually, she extends her arms, and Emma handcuffs her. I recall Jessica said many women wish to be where I am, but I didn’t imagine it was going to be proven true so soon!



Emma collars Cami and attaches a leash.

- **Emma:** “From now on, you’re in bondage to me. You must always obey and serve Gabby and myself to the best of your ability. I may restrain you whenever I wish and I’ll take care of your sexual wellness. You must address me as mistress, or as Ms. Lindberg when there are other mistresses around.”

- **Cami:** “Should I address Gabby as mistress or Ms. Ferrara?”

- **Emma:** “No.” (I guess I’m not a mistress even if Cami must obey me.) “You’ll learn many rules as time goes by. The first one is that you mustn’t speak without permission. If you wish to talk, you must request it politely. You must say: ‘I beg your pardon, mistress. May I have your permission to speak, please?’.”

- **Cami:** “Yes, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Your safeword is Madagascar.” (Cami looks surprised.) “You’ll use it if you wish to stop.”

- **Cami:** “. . . Yes, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “I said before that you need to be punished for lying. And you do, but I’ll postpone your punishment until you misbehave again.”

- **Cami:** “Thank you, mistress.” (Emma smiles.)

- **Emma:** “Now it’s time for you to take care of my right foot.”

Emma holds the leash while Cami kisses and licks her foot. Cami looks relaxed now, but I feel overwhelmed. Everything’s happened too fast. I still need to make up my mind about this. Definitely, I need to talk to Emma.



The front door opens. It's my mom.

- **Elena:** "Cami!!!"

- **Cami:** "Ms. Boschini!!!"

- **Emma:** "Haven't I just said you mustn't speak without permission?!"

Cami and my mom look both shocked and embarrassed. My mom is wearing a sexy maid outfit and her chastity belt.

- **Emma:** "Keep worshipping my foot."

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

- **Emma:** "Elena, what must you do when you come into my presence?"

- **Elena:** "Umm. . ." (My mom is nervous.) "I apologize, mistress."

My mom kneels in front of Emma and kisses her left foot once.

- **Emma:** "Tell me, weren't you supposed to go to your apartment? Where is my mom?"

- **Elena:** "Umm. . . she left. She said she needs to talk to an attorney. We'll go to my apartment tomorrow morning." (Suddenly, I realize my mom still doesn't know anything about our picture.)

- **Emma:** "That's fine. Gabby, would you like a hamburger?"

- **Gabby:** "Umm. . . yes, mistress." (I didn't expect the question.)

- **Emma:** "Make two hamburgers for us."

My mom goes to the kitchen. It's way past lunch time, and today I've just drunk the awful baby formula, but my stomach hasn't protested. I guess I'm too nervous.



- **Emma:** “Cami, how did others react at school when they saw our picture online?”
  - **Cami:** “Everybody was talking about it.”
  - **Emma:** “What did they say?”
  - **Cami:** “Some guys were making fun of it, another one said Gabby looks hot. . .” (I don’t really care, but I wonder who.)
  - **Emma:** “And the girls?”
  - **Cami:** “Christine, Charlotte. . .well, everyone in your group of friends has sided with Evelyn and Natalie. They say the picture is another proof that you’re torturing Gabby.”
  - **Emma:** “Have you seen Chloe, the president of the Photography club?”
  - **Cami:** “No. But the cheerleaders still support you.”
  - **Emma:** “I know. Has Ms. Jensen said anything?”
  - **Cami:** “. . .Not really. But when she saw there were journalists outside, she decided to close the gate. And at the end of the day, when we were going to exit, she told the journalists she was going to read a statement and answer their questions. So they went inside with her.”
  - **Emma:** “Oh!”
- Emma takes her phone and opens the tabloid’s web site. My mom is listening to Emma and Cami from the kitchen.
- **Emma:** “I guess it’s still unpublished.”



- **Emma:** "Put on my boots."

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

When Cami is done, my mom comes back with two hamburgers. Emma takes one of them and bites it.

- **Emma:** "Mmm! Even your hamburgers are delicious."

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

Emma takes off my armbinder so that I can eat.

- **Emma:** "Now get on your knees and worship my boots."

My mom complies. Cami looks surprised.

- **Emma:** "You'll be the only one worshipping my feet, but that doesn't include boots or shoes. Help Elena."

Cami hesitates briefly. Eventually she grabs the boot my mom is not licking and goes ahead.

- **Emma:** "Elena, did my mom talk to you about the ceremony on Friday?"

- **Elena:** "... Cerem... No, mistress." (My mom goes back to licking.)

- **Emma:** "We'll organize a ceremony for Ms. Jensen and Ms. Austen in the basement. Ms. Austen will become Ms. Jensen's slave."

- **Cami:** "What?!" (Cami is taken aback. She stops licking and looks at Emma.)

- **Emma:** "Did I give you permission to talk? I'll definitely have to punish you."

- **Cami:** "I apologize, mistress."

- **Emma:** "You'll apologize later."



- **Emma:** “You’ll have to prepare dinner for our guests.”

- **Elena:** “Yes, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “My mom loves ceremonies, you know. If you do a really good job, she’ll take off your chastity belt.” (My mom smiles.) “I don’t know if Ms. Jensen or Ms. Austen will invite somebody, but Angela and Lexy are coming. . . I’ll try to have a guest list for tomorrow, and I’ll find out if anyone has any dietary restrictions.”

- **Elena:** “Thank you, mistress.”

Emma thinks for a few seconds.

- **Emma:** “Are you a certified massage therapist like Gabby?”

- **Elena:** “. . . No, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Gabby gave my mom a foot massage and she loved it.” (My mom looks at me. I feel embarrassed.) “I’ll ask my mom to let you take a course, so that you can massage her.”

- **Elena:** “Thank you, mistress. You’re very kind.”

- **Emma:** “I’ve reviewed the security cam footage, you know. I’m glad you didn’t lie. You did stay the whole night on your knees.”

Cami stops licking briefly. She looks surprised and afraid, but this time she doesn’t say anything.

- **Emma:** “Gabby, you haven’t eaten anything.”

- **Gabby:** “Sorry, mistress. I’ll finish it quickly.” (I was too focused on the conversation.)

I’m glad Emma is trying to help my mom again. We finish the hamburgers in silence, while my mom and Cami worship Emma’s boots.



- **Emma:** “Elena, go back to your chores.” (My mom goes back to the kitchen.) “Let’s go to my bedroom.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

- **Cami:** “Yes, mistress.”

I feel awkward after hearing Cami say ‘yes, mistress’ after me. I don’t know if I’ll get used to this. After dressing me with the armbinder, Emma takes Cami’s leash and we follow her upstairs.

- **Emma:** “Cami, apologize to me properly now.”

- **Cami:** “Umm... Please...”

- **Emma:** “Get on your knees first.”

- **Cami:** “Yes, mistress.” (Cami complies.) “Please accept my apologies, mistress. I regret what I did.”

- **Emma:** “It’s ‘I deeply regret what I have done’.”

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

Emma looks annoyed. I know Cami is not very good at memorizing things. I’m better at that. Emma will soon notice that I’m better at... Wait! Why am I thinking this way? I’m not competing against Cami, right?

- **Emma:** “Do you know what a human rubber doll is?”

- **Cami:** “. . . A doll made of rubber that looks like a human being.” (I almost laugh.)

- **Emma:** “I mean, in the context of bondage.”

To be fair, I didn’t know that until last Sunday. I shouldn’t laugh when Cami fails but... I do feel that she’s taking Emma’s attention away from me. I really need to talk to Emma as soon as possible.



- **Emma:** “A rubber doll is a woman enclosed in skintight rubber clothing. She’s restrained and under sensory deprivation. You’ll be my rubber doll.”

- **Cami:** “Yes, mistress.” (I wonder if Cami understood Emma.)

- **Emma:** “And you’re going to spend the night here.” (I feel a chill when I hear that.) “I guess you should call your mom.”

- **Cami:** “...It’s not necessary, mistress. My mom is at home only on the weekends.” (That’s true. Cami’s mom works in another city.)

- **Emma:** “Fine.” (Emma takes off Cami’s collar and handcuffs.) “Get undressed, use the toilet right there and come back.”

- **Cami:** “Yes, mistress.”

Cami complies quickly. I recall I felt embarrassed the first time I was nude in front of Emma, but she doesn’t seem to feel that way. In the meantime, Emma opens her closet and chooses Cami’s outfit.

- **Emma:** “Put on this catsuit and these boots.”

Cami gets dressed rapidly. Is she trying to show Emma she can obey her as well as I do? I think I’m getting paranoid.

- **Emma:** “Extend your arms.” (Emma restrains Cami’s hands with mittens.) “Now you’ll wear a hood, earplugs and a gag. The gag will teach you that you mustn’t speak without permission, while the earplugs and the hood will teach you that I also control when you can see or hear.”

- **Cami:** “Yes, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “You’ll be my rubber doll until I remove your earplugs. If I remove only your gag, you must lick. Do you understand?”

- **Cami:** “Yes, mistress.”

After Emma finishes dressing Cami as a rubber doll, she smiles.



Emma helps Cami walk a few steps towards the sofa. There she pushes Cami's shoulders down gently until she gets on her knees. Finally, she positions her body as a footstool.

- **Emma:** "Come."

Emma sits on the sofa and rests her feet on Cami's back. I sit next to her.

- **Emma:** "You see? Cami apologized and accepted you're my toy."

- **Gabby:** "Yes, mistress. Umm..." (I think this is a good moment to talk with Emma, but I'm not sure how to bring up the topic.) "I'm quite shocked by everything."

- **Emma:** "You didn't know Cami has a foot fetish, right?"

- **Gabby:** "Not at all, mistress, but... I also didn't expect..."

- **Emma:** "What?"

- **Gabby:** "... That she would end up being in bondage to you."

- **Emma:** "She's very submissive."

- **Gabby:** "Umm... yes, but... I didn't know... I didn't know you wanted to be the mistress of other girls."

Emma stares at me.

- **Emma:** "Are you jealous?"

- **Gabby:** "... No, I feel... well, since Cami arrived, you haven't paid much attention to me."

- **Emma:** "So you're jealous."

- **Gabby:** "... I don't know. I'm nervous. Maybe."

Emma removes my mask and my armbinder.

- **Emma:** "Gabby, you'll always be special to me. I've promised you."

Emma kisses me. We kiss for a long time. Then she hugs me and keeps kissing my hair. I begin to feel better.



- **Emma:** “In my mind, there are several categories of women in bondage, you know.”
- **Gabby:** “What categories?”
- **Emma:** “Depending on how restrained they are, and on their freedom to make decisions, there are six categories. The lowest level are rubber dolls and human furniture. They’re totally restrained and can’t make any decision. After that, there are ponygirls and other working animals. Then petgirls, you know, puppies, kitties, and so on. Above them, we have latex maids and other household workers, then personal assistants and secretaries, and finally submissive wives or girlfriends.”
- **Gabby:** “Umm...” (I’ve never thought about it that way. I’m a bit puzzled.)
- **Emma:** “Well, in truth there is a seventh category below human furniture, but I’d rather not talk about it.”
- **Gabby:** “But... where is the toy category?”
- **Emma:** “That belongs to a different category set, which depends on how sexual pleasure is given to the mistress. In the lowest level, there is no sexual contact. Above that, there are women with a single task, like a foot worshipper. They only do that. Then we have women with several tasks, and finally multifunctional toys like you, with most or virtually all possible tasks.”
- **Gabby:** “... I see.”
- **Emma:** “If I have other girls in bondage to me, they’ll always be below you in any category set, so they’ll also have to obey you.”
- I’m baffled by Emma’s thinking. I wish to ask her where I am in the other category set, but I don’t dare to.



Emma removes her feet from Cami's back. Then she caresses her neck.

- **Emma:** "She's calm. When a girl is turned into a rubber doll, it's important to keep physical contact with her, you know. At least, initially. Otherwise she could feel abandoned and she might freak out."

- **Gabby:** "I understand, mistress."

Emma takes off her boots and removes Cami's gag. She puts her right foot under Cami's mouth, and Cami begins to lick it.

- **Emma:** "Now I know you don't have a foot fetish at all. Whenever I told you to lick my shoes, you never attempted to lick my feet. You even didn't ask if you could. I was starting to think that my feet aren't pretty."

- **Gabby:** "Your feet are nice!"

- **Emma:** "But have you ever wished to lick them?"

- **Gabby:** "... I guess I prefer to lick something else." (Emma and I smile at each other.)

- **Emma:** "Go ahead."

Emma takes off her leggings and her panties. I get on my knees to lick her pussy. I admit this is what I like.

- **Emma:** "Oh my God, this is amazing!"

Emma is getting excited very fast. I recall she told me she had never been with two girls, so this has to be the first time she has two tongues pleasing her. Soon, she comes really powerfully.

- **Emma:** "Oh, God! This felt so good."

I keep kissing Emma's pussy while she rests. I'm not feeling jealous anymore.



Emma picks up several garments from her closet.

- **Emma:** “You’ve already gotten used to the corset, right?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.” (With all the fuss, I kind of forgot I’m wearing it.)

- **Emma:** “Look. These are ponygirl boots. You should also learn to walk with them. Put them on.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.” (I hope this doesn’t mean I’ll be a pony-girl.)

Once I’m done, I stand up and Emma restrains my hands with mittens. She also puts a neck corset and a new hood on my head.

- **Emma:** “Can you walk?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress. It’s easier than with ballet boots.”

- **Emma:** “I thought so.”

Emma grabs Cami’s arm and pulls it up. Cami gets up. Then Emma gags her again.

- **Emma:** “Let’s take a selfie. Stand here.”

Emma takes her phone and stands in between Cami and me.

- **Emma:** “Both of you look so cool! Let’s take another one.”

We take several pictures. I’m wondering if Emma took pictures of my mom and of me when we were rubber dolls.

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

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

Emma holds Cami in her arms as we walk downstairs.



I follow Emma towards a room in the basement where I hadn't been before. She opens the door and helps Cami walk inside. Then she turns on the lights.

- **Gabby**: "Wow!"

- **Emma**: "Do you like it?"

- **Gabby**: "I do! The basement has so many things!"

- **Emma**: "You haven't seen everything yet."

The room is equipped with plenty of sex machines and bondage furniture. I see a stock, a cross, a bondage chair... and they look cool with this neon lighting. Emma smiles.

- **Emma**: "This room is used for orgies, you know. It's Ms. Austen's favorite room. She cheated here quite a lot."

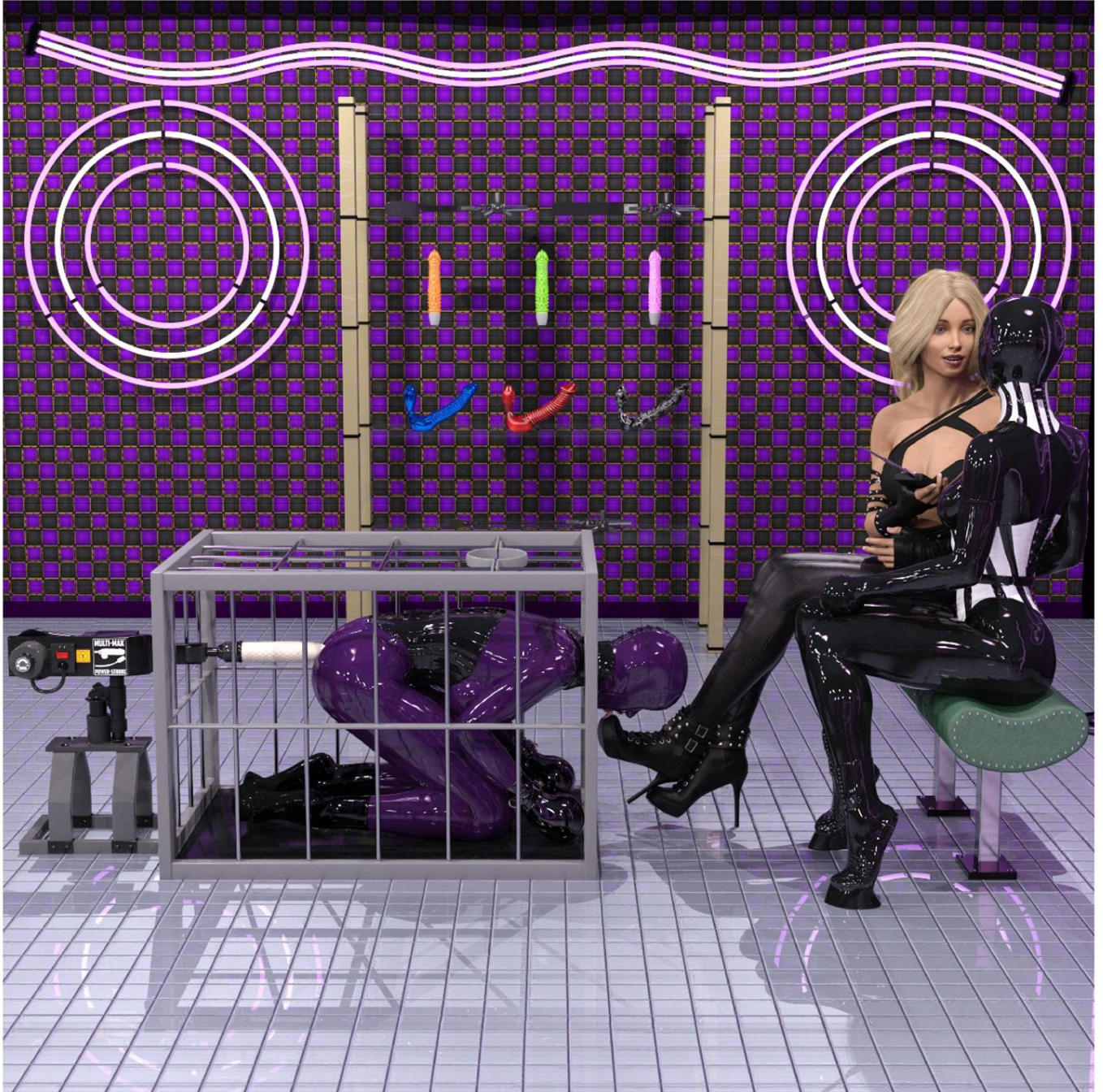
- **Gabby**: "I see." (I'm sure I didn't need to know that.)

- **Emma**: "I wonder... I wonder if on Friday we'll have some fun after the ceremony. We could come here."

Is Emma still thinking about having a threesome with Ms. Jensen and Ms. Austen? Or about an orgy!?

- **Emma**: "Let's go there."

Emma takes Cami's hand and we walk towards a cage.



Emma opens the cage and helps Cami move inside. Cami's head sticks out of the cage through a hole.

- **Emma:** "I think Cami deserves a treat."

Emma unzips Cami's catsuit and closes the cage. Then she adjusts a sex machine to point its dildo at Cami's pussy!

- **Gabby:** "But... isn't Cami a virgin?"

- **Emma:** "She had a girlfriend before moving here."

- **Gabby:** "I know, but... Cami didn't tell me that she was fucked."

- **Emma:** "I bet she was." (Emma removes Cami's gag.) "In any case, she can talk now. She can use her safeword."

Emma picks up the machine's remote control.

- **Emma:** "Let's sit there."

We sit on two stools in front of the cage. Emma moves her feet forward and touches Cami's lips gently. Then Cami starts to lick her boots.

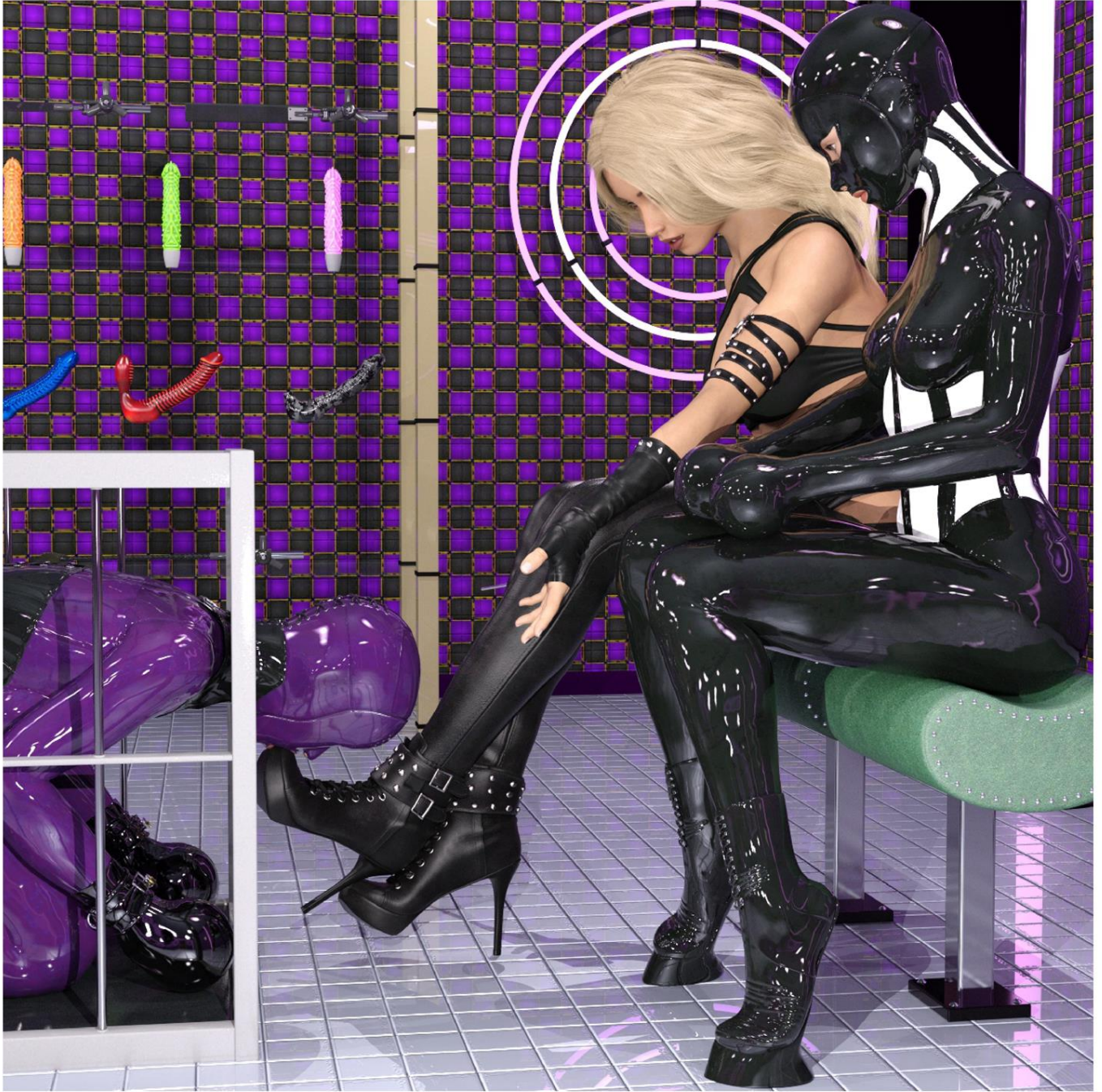
- **Emma:** "Don't you remember what happened in the living room? Cami gets wet just by licking my boots."

- **Gabby:** "I do, mistress, but..."

- **Emma:** "But now she can't touch herself. That's why she needs the machine. Otherwise she would feel denied."

- **Gabby:** "I understand that..."

- **Emma:** "And this machine is really good. She'll love it!"



Emma looks at the remote control to choose a function.

- **Gabby:** “But...”

- **Emma:** “Gabby, what’s going on? Are you jealous again?”

- **Gabby:** “No, mistress. It’s just... I don’t know. Maybe she doesn’t expect this. I thought her task was just to lick feet or shoes.”

- **Emma:** “That’s her task to please me. But, as her mistress, I take care of her sexual wellness.”

- **Gabby:** “What will that involve?”

- **Emma:** “Normally, a mistress only uses toys or sex machines, unless she’s taking care of her wife or girlfriend. But she isn’t my girlfriend.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . What is she?” (Emma and I look at Cami.)

- **Emma:** “She’s my rubber doll.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . Will she be later. . . something else?”

- **Emma:** “It depends on her.”

- **Gabby:** “What do you mean?”

- **Emma:** “I’ve always wanted to have a rubber doll. If she likes being my doll, then I won’t tell her to be anything else.”

- **Gabby:** “Do you think she’ll like it?”

- **Emma:** “I’m pretty sure she’ll love it. Soon she’ll wish to be my doll all the time. Being a rubber doll is ideal for girls who are really submissive and simple minded. . . unlike you. You need to be allowed to talk with me. And I like talking to you.”

Emma caresses my face and kisses me. I recall Emma’s categories. Rubber dolls, ponygirls, puppies, and maids can’t talk. And I’m not Emma’s assistant. Does that mean I’m Emma’s girlfriend? I can’t avoid smiling :)



Emma turns the machine on. It makes less noise than the one I tried yesterday. The dildo moves in and out of Cami's pussy, slowly. She stops licking.

- **Emma:** "I wonder if Cami is multiorgasmic like you."

After some seconds, Cami licks Emma's boots again, perhaps faster. I guess this took her by surprise, but she likes it. I keep thinking about what Emma said in relation to being allowed to talk.

- **Gabby:** "Mistress, I'd like to ask you. Has Ms. Schulte had any...submissive girlfriend?"

- **Emma:** "Not really. Perhaps very briefly. I told you. I think she's had problems to open up after what happened with my father."

- **Gabby:** "I remember, mistress. So...do you think my mom has any chance?"

- **Emma:** "I think my mom has changed after her illness. Before she'd never let a woman move in so fast, even if she'd just be our maid. And I also think she likes Elena."

- **Gabby:** "So then...what would the issue be?"

- **Emma:** "Maybe...maybe she thinks that a girlfriend demands exclusivity, you know." (Yes, I do!) "Maybe she thinks that if she has a girlfriend, she shouldn't have any other women in bondage to her. I also kind of thought that, but yesterday I changed my mind."



- **Gabby**: “What happened yesterday?”

- **Emma**: “... We were talking about my mom... and later I told you about my fantasy. But while I was telling you, I thought I'd feel alone if all those women are there just to serve me, you know, if I don't open up to any of them. Now I think the best for a mistress is to have both a girlfriend and lots of women in bondage to her.”

- **Gabby**: “Ah.”

This explains many things, but on the other hand it leaves me more confused. What was Emma's plan until yesterday? Was I supposed to be her girlfriend, or just one of many women in bondage to her? And what am I now? I can't bear this uncertainty!

- **Gabby**: “Mistress, I need to ask you. Am I your girlfriend?”

I don't know how I could finally dare to ask it, but I did. Emma looks at me, but suddenly Cami begins to moan really loud. She's coming. How inconvenient! When Cami stops shaking, Emma turns the machine off. She also stands up and takes the dildo out of Cami's pussy. Then she gags Cami. Is Emma going to answer me? I hope I didn't fuck everything up with my question. I'm getting nervous.



Emma removes my mask and my neck corset. She faces me again and grabs my mittens.

- **Emma:** “Gabby, are you happy with what I’ve just told you?”

- **Gabby:** “. . .”

I can’t make up my mind and answer. I think I should have thought about it myself before asking that question to Emma.

- **Emma:** “You’ve just seen what will happen. Sometimes we’ll be interrupted, and other times I won’t be paying attention to you.” (Emma looks serious.) “But I’ll open up to you and to nobody else.” Emma keeps staring at me. My heart beats really fast.

- **Emma:** “To be clear, I wish you to be my girlfriend. When I asked you to come here last Friday, I didn’t know what was going to happen between us. We could have stopped immediately if you didn’t like bondage. Or we could have ended up having bondage sessions occasionally. However, everything turned out better than I could have ever wished. You make me really happy, and I know you’re perfect for me. But I don’t know if I’m the best for you, or if you are happy with what I’ve told you. So the question is rather. . . do you wish to be my girlfriend?”

I’ve always wanted to be Emma’s girlfriend. There is nothing I’ve wanted more since I met her. Why can’t I just answer? So far I’ve always thought. . . a couple needs exclusivity. Will I be jealous? But now I also feel Emma has been very sincere with me, and she said she’d only open up to me. Ultimately, I can’t withstand the idea of rejecting Emma. I love her and I wish to make her happy.

- **Gabby:** “I do. I do, mistress. I wish to be your girlfriend.”

Emma hugs me. She keeps hugging me for a long time, while I cry.



Emma dries my tears. We smile at each other. We even laugh a bit. I feel more in love than ever before, if that's even possible.

- **Emma:** "Let's take a selfie."

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

Emma grabs her phone and takes a picture. I think we look really happy.

- **Emma:** "Let's announce it."

- **Gabby:** "How?"

- **Emma:** "... Everywhere. On IG, Tiktok... even on Facebook, if you wish."

- **Gabby:** "Oh!"

- **Emma:** "Is there any issue?"

- **Gabby:** "Not at all, mistress. I didn't expect it, but it makes me really happy."

Emma opens Instagram and uploads our selfie as her profile picture. Then she writes 'In a relationship with Gabriella Valentina Ferrara' in her bio.

- **Emma:** "Now let's change yours."

She takes my phone and does the same, writing 'In a relationship with Emma Nicole Lindberg' in my bio.

- **Emma:** "We'll update other apps later. Now we should celebrate it!"

Emma and I kiss for a long time. I'm Emma's girlfriend and the whole world knows it. I can't believe it! I wish this moment could last forever.