

SimVenusArts

My Classmate Emma Lindberg

Chapter 25



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Emma takes her phone.

- **Emma:** “I’ll check again if the interview is published.” (She refreshes the web site.) “What?! Principal reveals she is in a BDSM relationship with a teacher.”

- **Gabby:** “Eh!?”

I look at the screen. Emma has read the main headline of the tabloid. She keeps reading.

- **Emma:** “Ms. Julia Jensen, principal of Skyline High School, has announced today that an English Literature teacher at the same school, Ms. Emily Austen, is her ‘slave’. The revelation came after Ms. Jensen, 44, accepted an interview when she was questioned about an exclusive picture published on our site this morning. Ms. Austen, 33, also present during the interview, has confirmed the nature of her relationship with Ms. Jensen.”

Emma and I look at each other. We’re both speechless. Emma continues reading.

- **Emma:** “Ms. Jensen was asked to comment on a picture taken yesterday at Garnet Street, which seemingly shows a Skyline High School senior gagged and restrained by another student from the same school. In her answer, Ms. Jensen stated she ‘understands the scandal’ spurred by the picture. However, she expressed she is ‘not concerned’ about the alleged nature of the relationship between her students, and shortly after she made her bombshell revelation. ‘Bondage relationships should be accepted and normalized in our society’, she asserted. She also announced Skyline High School ‘will develop initiatives geared towards ensuring a welcoming environment for students and staff in bondage relationships’.”



- **Gabby:** “This is so shocking! I can’t fathom how they could go from not telling anyone about her relationship to telling everyone in just one day.”

- **Emma:** “Yeah... I think she wants to take all the media attention away from us. That’s why she told us not to go to school.”

- **Gabby:** “I guess...” (I don’t know if that was her intention, but I’m grateful to Julia.)

- **Emma:** “The question is why. Has she done it because she thinks it’s necessary to protect us? Or because now she wishes to lead a movement to normalize bondage? Or even because she wishes everyone to know she has a slave? I need to call her.”

- **Gabby:** “Eh?!”

Jessica looks really shocked. I realize she didn’t know anything about Julia and Emily. Emma stands up and calls Julia.

- **Emma:** (...) “Emma. Good afternoon, Ms. Jensen.” (...) “Why were you going to call me?” (Emma frowns.) “Why?” (...) “I think Gabby and I should go to school tomorrow.” (...) “Yes, I’ll talk with my mom.” (...) “Well, in that case, perhaps you should know that not only Gabby is in bondage to me.” (...) “Camila Torres and Jessica Baumgartner.”

- **Jessica:** “Woof! Woof!” (Emma makes a gesture to tell Jessica to be quiet.)

- **Emma:** (...) “No.” (...) “OK.” (...) “Yes, I’ll check my email.” (...) “I’ve called you because I read your interview and I’d like to ask you about it.” (...) “OK.” (...) “Bondage Day?” (...) “Bye.”



Emma sits on the sofa.

- **Gabby:** “What did she say?” (I’m very nervous.)

- **Emma:** “She doesn’t have time to talk about the interview at the moment. She’s busy organizing ‘Bondage Day’.”

- **Gabby:** “What’s that?!”

- **Emma:** “I don’t know. Some event she wishes to host on Friday at school.” (Emma looks frustrated.) “She also said Ms. Austen has sent us our homework by email and we shouldn’t go to school tomorrow.”

- **Gabby:** “OK.” (I feel a bit calmer now.)

- **Emma:** “No, it’s not OK! Why shouldn’t we go? She said I should talk with my mom.”

- **Gabby:** “Well. . .” (I don’t wish to argue with Emma.) “And what about Cami and Jessica?”

- **Emma:** “She said they can go because nobody else knows they’re in bondage to me.”

- **Gabby:** “I see. . .”

- **Emma:** “Maybe my mom is already back. We’ll check soon. But before I have to deal with this one.” (Emma looks at Jessica.) “Why did you say ‘Woof! Woof!’ while I was on the phone? Puppies should be respectful.”

Jessica looks down. I think it’s obvious she freaked out a bit when Emma told Julia that she’s in bondage to her. Emma takes a gag from her bag.

- **Emma:** “This will teach you to be quiet.”



Emma still looks quite upset.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, you look tense. I could give you a massage if you wish.”

- **Emma:** “Later.” (I look down.) “...OK. Massage my neck briefly.” (I smile.)

- **Gabby:** “We don’t have a massage chair here.” (I look around.) “But we could use those puffs.”

Emma removes my mittens and I arrange the puffs for her.

- **Gabby:** “Could I have my phone, please?”

- **Emma:** “Yes.”

I use my phone to play relaxing music, like I normally do when I massage my mom.

- **Gabby:** “Do you like it?”

- **Emma:** “It’s fine. Wait a moment.”

Emma removes her top. Then she takes a blindfold and, for a moment, I think she’s going to blindfold me, like she did when I massaged Patricia’s feet. But she blindfolds Jessica. I guess she wants some privacy. Eventually she sits on the puffs and closes her eyes.

- **Emma:** “Start.”

Her muscles are very tense. Because she said ‘briefly’, I shorten the duration of my moves. After five minutes, I stop. However, she doesn’t open her eyes. I think she’s enjoying it, so I resume. In the end, I massage her for half an hour, until the music ends.

- **Emma:** “Oh, Gabby! You’re magnificent! No wonder your mom loves you so much.”

- **Gabby:** “Than you, mistress.”

Emma and I smile at each other. I think she’s calm now.



Emma stands up and puts on her top. She takes off Jessica's blindfold and gag, but she collars her and attaches a leash.

- **Emma:** "I hope coming back to little space won't be necessary. Take my bag and let's go."

- **Gabby:** "Yes, mistress." (I also hope that.)

We walk back to the room where Cami is. Once we arrive, Emma turns on the lights.

- **Jessica:** "Woof! Woof! Woof! Woof!"

Jessica has seen Cami inside her cage. She's shocked again.

- **Emma:** "Yes, this is Cami. She's behaved very well as a rubber doll. Now it's your turn to enter the cage."

- **Jessica:** "Woof! Woof!"

- **Emma:** "What do you mean 'Woof! Woof!'? It's not optional. Puppies also need some discipline."

Emma opens the cage and takes Cami out. Then she detaches Jessica's leash and pushes her in.

- **Emma:** "You'll be here for as long as I deem necessary."

Emma closes the door and Jessica looks at her.

- **Emma:** "I haven't forgotten you're starving. I'll bring you something." (To be honest, I did forget.) "Gabby, I'll be back in five minutes. In the meantime, undress Cami."

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

Emma leaves. I begin to undress Cami immediately. I wish to talk with her about what happened earlier.



I take off Cami's neck corset as fast as I can. Then I remove her hood and her earplugs. Eventually she opens her eyes.

- **Cami:** "Where am I?!!!"

- **Gabby:** "It's a room used for orgies." (Bad answer. I realize Cami doesn't know about the basement.)

- **Cami:** "Gabby, where has Emma taken us?!" (She looks terrified.)

- **Gabby:** "Calm down..."

- **Cami:** "Where's the exit?!"

- **Gabby:** "We're just in the basement under Emma's house. This is a bondage club owned by Emma's mother."

- **Cami:** "Eh?! We need to escape!"

- **Gabby:** "No. Please don't freak out. I've been here plenty of times."

- **Cami:** "Are you sure? She could be kidnapping us."

- **Gabby:** "No. Don't worry."

- **Cami:** "Ahh!!! There is a girl in that cage!"

- **Gabby:** "That's Jessica."

- **Cami:** "She's also taken her!"

- **Gabby:** "No! She's here because she wishes to. Isn't that true?"

- **Jessica:** "Woof!"

- **Cami:** "Why did she bark?!"

- **Gabby:** "... Because she's a puppy..."

- **Cami:** "Gabby, please take me out. Please!"

- **Gabby:** "Cami, you're safe here! Breathe slowly and I'll explain everything."

Cami has anxiety. I help her walk towards a stool.



Cami sits on the stool. I let her calm down a bit while I take off her corset and her boots.

- **Gabby:** “As I said, this is a bondage club under Emma’s house. I’ve been here several times since last Saturday.”

- **Cami:** “And Jessica?”

- **Gabby:** “She came this morning. Now she’s also in bondage to Emma, right?” (I look at Jessica.)

- **Jessica:** “Woof!”

- **Cami:** “But...”

- **Gabby:** “I understand this is shocking. But Emma will be here in two minutes and you’ll be able to ask her whatever you wish.”

I take off Cami’s mittens. I use the key Emma gave me before leaving.

- **Cami:** “Are you sure we’ll be fine?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes. Now I have to undress you.”

- **Cami:** “Why?”

- **Gabby:** “Because Emma said so. Stand up.”

I help Cami take off her catsuit. It’s really wet.

- **Gabby:** “See how sweaty you are. You can’t wear a catsuit for too long.” (Suddenly I notice a bad smell.) “Have you peed on yourself?”

- **Cami:** “... A bit. I’m sorry.”

- **Gabby:** “We need to clean you! Otherwise Emma will take you to little space.”

- **Cami:** “Little space?... What’s that?!” (Cami is afraid again. Now that I think about it, little space can sound scary.)

- **Gabby:** “Don’t worry. We’ll use those paper towels.”

I find an empty plastic bag inside Emma’s bag and I put Cami’s outfit there. Then I take lots of towels from a dispenser and I help Cami dry herself.



I finish drying Cami. I hope Emma won't notice anything.

- **Gabby:** "Listen. I wanted to ask you. . . wait. Jessica, move closer."

- **Jessica:** "Woof!"

I take off her collar and hood and use Cami's earplugs to block her hearing. When I put back the hood and the collar, Jessica doesn't look happy.

- **Gabby:** "I wanted to ask you about what happened in the living-room. Do you really wish to be in bondage to Emma?"

- **Cami:** "Gabby, I'm here for you."

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

- **Cami:** "I mean, it's true I have a foot fetish. And I find Emma physically attractive. . . like most people. But I don't love her. I love you."

- **Gabby:** "But then. . . why did you do that?"

- **Cami:** "Because she said I'll also have to obey you. I hope this way I'll learn what you like to make you happy." (This reminds me what Jessica told me earlier about bondage relationships.) "And then you'll like me."

- **Gabby:** "But you know I love Emma."

- **Cami:** "And you're doing the same for her. Don't lie. The reason you're obeying and serving her is that you hope she'll fall in love with you."

- **Gabby:** ". . . Well, I guess. . ." (I hadn't thought about it that way, but it's true.)

- **Cami:** "But I'm convinced she'll break up with you, like she has done multiple times with others. Then, I'll be there for you, and I just hope. . . will you give me a chance?"

- **Gabby:** "I. . ." (I decide to redirect the conversation.) "But don't you see that, as a rubber doll, you won't learn anything about me?"

- **Cami:** "Um. . ."

We hear the door opening and we stop talking.



Emma comes in with a bowl. I believe that's actually dog food!

- **Emma:** "I'm back! I took a bit longer because Lexy called me. Perhaps she'll come here tomorrow."

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

- **Emma:** "Jessy, this is for you."

Emma places the bowl inside the cage, and Jessica begins to eat.

- **Emma:** "Now you could have barked to acknowledge me."

It looks like Jessica is ignoring Emma. Wait!

- **Gabby:** "Mistress... Jessica has earplugs."

- **Emma:** "Why?"

- **Gabby:** "Because... I've used them because..." (I'm afraid to tell Emma what Cami said.)

- **Cami:** "Because I wanted to talk with Gabby in private."

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

- **Cami:** "I've enjoyed being your rubber doll, but... I think I'd rather be your maid. When I saw Ms. Boschini earlier, I loved her outfit, and I think it's the kind of thing I'd enjoy the most. I know you already have her as your maid, but I could be Gabby's maid."

- **Emma:** "No, she's my mom's maid."

- **Cami:** "...Even better. Then I could be your maid and Gabby's maid."

- **Emma:** "Being a good maid is difficult. You're not ready for that." (Emma thinks for some seconds.) "But Elena needs an assistant. You'll be her assistant house maid."

- **Cami:** "But I do all the chores at my place. I told you my mom is at home only on the weekends."

- **Emma:** "Believe me, you need to meet certain standards. With Elena you'll learn a lot, especially cooking."

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



I'm glad Cami helped me out, although she took the opportunity to become a maid. I'm worried about that. Should I tell Emma what Cami told me? I need to think about it. Emma bends over and takes off Jessica's collar and hood.

- **Emma:** "Let's remove your earplugs."

- **Jessica:** "Woof!"

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

- **Jessica:** "Woof!"

- **Emma:** "Now you'll be alone here, but I won't forget about you."

- **Jessica:** "Woof!"

- **Emma:** "Good puppy."

Emma caresses Jessica briefly and stands up.

- **Emma:** "Where is the rubber doll outfit?"

- **Gabby:** "I put it there, mistress. It's really wet and it needs to be washed."

- **Emma:** "Perhaps this could be your first task. Cami, take my bag. Let's go upstairs to talk with Elena."

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

We exit the room.

- **Cami:** "This place is so big! Gabby, I thought the basement was just that room."

- **Emma:** "Haha! I'll show you other rooms another day. And Elena may tell you to clean here. As you can see, she needs help."

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

We exit the basement and walk through the garden. It's sunset time. Cami is nude, but seemingly she doesn't mind.



We enter the house, but we can't find my mom.

- **Emma:** "I'll check in my mom's bedroom."

Emma opens the door and I follow her, but Cami waits outside.

- **Gabby:** "Wow!"

My mom is restrained with a hook that binds her wrists and penetrates her asshole! Emma takes off her blindfold and her gag.

- **Emma:** "What have you done?"

- **Elena:** "Nothing, mistress."

- **Emma:** "Why are you being punished?"

- **Elena:** "I'm not. Ms. Schulte said this is part of my training."

- **Emma:** "Is my mom here?"

- **Elena:** "Yes. She said she was going to the basement."

- **Emma:** "We didn't see her. Anyway, I wanted to tell you that Cami will be your assistant house maid."

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

- **Emma:** "Yes. Is there a problem?"

- **Elena:** "I don't think she's prepared, mistress."

- **Emma:** "I know. You'll teach her everything she needs to know to be a good maid. But, given that at the moment you're restrained, she'll start tomorrow."

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

- **Emma:** "Have you cooked dinner?"

- **Elena:** "Yes, mistress. It's in the oven. I think it's still warm."

Emma blindfolds and gags my mom, and we exit Patricia's bedroom.



- **Emma:** “Cami, Elena will begin your training tomorrow, but you’ll start as a maid now. Let’s go upstairs.”

- **Cami:** “Yes, mistress.”

Once in Emma’s bedroom, she chooses a maid outfit for Cami.

- **Emma:** “You’ll look even better than Elena. Get dressed.”

- **Cami:** “Yes, mistress.”

Cami smiles and puts on the outfit as fast as she can. I think she feels she’s been very clever with her idea to become a maid.

- **Emma:** “You look amazing!”

- **Cami:** “Thank you, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Doesn’t she look awesome, Gabby?”

- **Gabby:** “. . . Yes, mistress.”

I must admit. . . Cami never looked so sexy before.

- **Emma:** “Your first task will be to polish all my boots. They’re in those drawers. You’ll find the brush and everything else you need inside.”

- **Cami:** “Yes, mistress.”

Cami opens a drawer full of boots and smiles as if she had found a treasure. Emma takes a gag.

- **Emma:** “As a maid, you can’t talk, but you can nod or shake your head. Open your mouth.” (Emma gags Cami.) “From now on, you’re my maid. Start working.”

Cami nods and looks again at the boots. Emma and I leave the bedroom.



I follow Emma to the kitchen. She opens the oven.

- **Emma:** “Elena has made two pizzas. Which one do you recommend?”

- **Gabby:** “*Pizza alla diavola*, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “... Is that the one on top?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress. But it’s spicy. Maybe you prefer the other one.”

- **Emma:** “... That one only has tomato and cheese.”

- **Gabby:** “... Yes. It’s *pizza napoletana*.”

- **Emma:** “What does that mean?”

- **Gabby:** “From Naples.”

- **Emma:** “Nah, we’ll have the other one. Cut it into six slices.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

I take the pizza out of the oven and take a knife.

- **Emma:** “I’ve never thought seriously about learning a language, you know. But you could teach me Italian.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.” (I smile.)

- **Emma:** “Are you from Naples?”

- **Gabby:** “No, mistress. My family is from Calabria. It’s in the south.”

- **Emma:** “Do you miss them?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes. My mom and I haven’t gone back since we came here.”

- **Emma:** “We could go there in the Summer.” (My heart beats fast now.) “What do you think?”

- **Gabby:** “I’d love that.” (I feel really happy.)

Emma smiles. Suddenly, I realize that, if we go, my family would see me restrained. But I don’t care. The true reason why I’m happy is that Emma thinks we’ll be together in the Summer. Cami said she’s convinced Emma will break up with me, but clearly she doesn’t plan to do that.



I finish cutting the pizza.

- **Emma:** “Take it to the living room, but leave two slices for Cami.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

I obey Emma and we sit on the sofa.

- **Emma:** “Tell me. Why does Cami wish to be a maid now?”

- **Gabby:** “...” (What do I say?!))

- **Emma:** “Speak.” (I remind myself I mustn’t lie.)

- **Gabby:** “Cami said she wants to serve me and to learn what I wish so that I like her. She thinks you’re going to break up with me, and she hopes I’ll give her a chance after that.”

- **Emma:** “And what did you reply?”

- **Gabby:** “... That as a rubber doll, she won’t learn anything.”

- **Emma:** “But... did you tell her she doesn’t have a chance?”

- **Gabby:** “... No, mistress, because you came back...”

- **Emma:** “That’s perfect then.”

- **Gabby:** “Eh!?” (I thought Emma wanted me to tell her that.)

- **Emma:** “I need Cami on my side, you know. My former friends don’t trust Jessica that much, but they trust Cami because they know she loves you. Tomorrow at school Cami will be my double agent. She’ll tell me all their plans.”

- **Gabby:** “But... don’t you mind she’s here to try to ruin our relationship?!”

- **Emma:** “Don’t worry. With my training method, soon she’ll forget about you and she’ll worship me as her goddess.”

I’m in shock. It looks like all along Emma knew about Cami’s intentions.



- **Emma:** “I should find my mom.”

Just after finishing our pizza, Emma takes her phone and calls Patricia.

- **Emma:** (...) “Hi, mom. Where are you?” (...) “Really?!” (...) “Can I go? I haven’t seen her in ages.” (...) “OK. I’ll be there soon. Bye.”

Emma hangs up and she begins to remove her boots.

- **Emma:** “We need to go upstairs. But before, take off your boots. We should approach my bedroom silently to check if Cami is working.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

I obey Emma. We hold our boots and we walk on our tiptoes towards her bedroom.

- **Emma:** “Cami!”

Cami isn’t working. She’s touching herself while smelling a pair of boots. I’m not too surprised. She stops immediately after noticing us.

- **Emma:** “Are you polishing my boots with your squirt?”

She looks embarrassed, and she signs she wishes to remove her gag to speak.

- **Emma:** “There’s nothing you can say in your defense. I’ve told you I’m in charge of your sexual wellness. If you have needs, you should tell me, but you mustn’t touch yourself without permission.”

Suddenly, Emma sits down and steps just below Cami’s pussy.

- **Emma:** “Hold my leg and hump my foot.”

Now I’m surprised! Cami is even more embarrassed and looks hesitant.

- **Emma:** “Do it!”

Emma makes Cami smell one of the boots she was wearing. Cami begins to rub her pussy over Emma’s foot slowly. Emma makes her smell the other boot, and Cami reacts by moving faster. Eventually, she humps Emma’s leg frenetically and comes.



- **Emma:** “You’ve squirted so much!” (Emma removes Cami’s gag.)
“Lick my foot clean.”
- **Cami:** “Yes, mistress.”
- Cami spends two minutes tasting her own juices.
- **Emma:** “Now clean the floor.” (Cami looks hesitant.) “Use the cloth. I see you didn’t even start to wipe my boots with it.”
- Cami complies. I bet she’d have licked the floor if Emma had demanded that. Once she’s done, she takes another cloth to wipe Emma’s boots.
- **Emma:** “No. Kneel in front of me.”
- **Cami:** “Yes, mistress.”
- **Emma:** “Before I told you I was going to delay your punishment until you misbehave again. It didn’t take very long.”
- **Cami:** “I apologize, mistress.”
- **Emma:** “Did you see what Elena was wearing to cover her crotch?”
- **Cami:** “. . . A chastity belt?”
- **Emma:** “Exactly, because I also caught her.” (I don’t think she needed to know that! Cami is taken aback.) “The belt is her punishment, and it will also be yours.”
- **Cami:** “. . . Yes, mistress.”
- Emma searches her wardrobe. She takes a chastity belt, but also a yoke, a corset, earplugs, a hood and a spread bar with cuffs. It looks like she got inspired.
- **Emma:** “Get undressed. You’re going to spend some time fully restrained. You must realize that being my maid is a privilege you shouldn’t take for granted. If you misbehave again, you’ll be my rubber doll permanently.”
- **Cami:** “. . . Yes, mistress.”



Emma dresses Cami. The hood covers her head completely, except for her nose, so she can't hear or see anything.

- **Emma:** "Don't worry about Cami. She's coming to terms with her secret wishes and submitting to me."

- **Gabby:** "...I understand, mistress." (I'm starting to wonder whether Emma planned to do all that.)

- **Emma:** "What time is it? Oh! We need to hurry. My mom is waiting for us." (Emma searches for something in her closet frantically.) "Here it is! Come. You'll be my ponygirl."

- **Gabby:** "What?!"

- **Emma:** "Don't worry. It's just for this evening."

- **Gabby:** "But... where's your mom?"

- **Emma:** "In the basement. She's with our lawyer. We'll meet them in 5 minutes."

- **Gabby:** "... Do you mean... the lawyer who will take care of our picture online?"

- **Emma:** "Yes. She's already seen your picture and she wishes to meet you. And she loves meeting ponygirls. We'll surprise her!"

- **Gabby:** "Um..."

- **Emma:** "What's wrong?"

- **Gabby:** "I don't know. Somewhat I feel like I'll be put on display."

- **Emma:** "That's typical for ponygirls. Come on. I'll also change. Help me get undressed."

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

Emma undresses as fast as possible. I'm not keen on being a ponygirl, but I look forward to finding out about our picture. Cami remains oblivious to everything. Now I'm thinking a rubber doll life is not that bad. It's simple and more anonymous.



Emma makes Cami get on her knees.

- **Emma:** “Help me get dressed.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

Emma chooses a leather outfit with thigh-high boots. I love it :)

- **Emma:** “As a ponygirl, you can’t talk, but you can make horse noises. You can whinny, nicker, squeal and so on.” (I wonder if I can make any of those noises. If I try, they’ll laugh at me.) “Also, I’ll give you commands like ‘Walk!’, ‘Trot!’, ‘Whoa!’, and similar. You’ll learn them all.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . Yes, mistress.” (I’m feeling ridiculous again, like when I was diapered.)

- **Emma:** “Get undressed.”

I comply. In the meantime, Emma prepares my outfit.

- **Emma:** “Becoming a good ponygirl isn’t easy, you know. Hundreds of ours of dressage are needed. An excellent ponygirl must move impeccably, without making any mistake. And she should be very disciplined. That’s why the bondage contract recommends using ponygirl training to prevent minor offenses.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.” (I feel like Emma is giving me a speech.)

- **Emma:** “If I had done this earlier, perhaps you wouldn’t keep misbehaving.”

- **Gabby:** “What have I done?” (Suddenly, I’m worried.)

- **Emma:** “You spoke without permission when I was talking to Jessica.”

- **Gabby:** “I apologize again, mistress.”

Emma hardly ever forgets such things. I’m still wondering who took the picture, but I don’t dare to ask her. She finishes dressing me and smiles.

- **Emma:** “Oh my God! You look perfect!”



- **Emma:** “I’ll snap my fingers and you’ll be my ponygirl until I snap them again. Do you have any question?”

- **Gabby:** “No, mistress.”

Emma snaps her fingers immediately.

- **Emma:** “Walk!”

She walks fast. I can’t barely follow her because of my pony boots. Just after entering the basement, we see Patricia...with a ponygirl! I didn’t expect that.

- **Stella:** “Neigh! Neigh! Neigh!”

- **Emma:** “Hi, mom!”

- **Patricia:** “Hi.” (I notice Patricia and Emma are wearing very similar outfits.)

- **Emma:** “I knew it! Look how excited Star-pony is. She likes Gabby-pony.” (Emma caresses Star-pony’s back. That woman has boobs...)

- **Patricia:** “Since when is Gabby your ponygirl?”

- **Emma:** “It’s just for this evening.”

- **Patricia:** “Ah! OK.”

- **Emma:** “I should tell you...Gabby and I have talked. Now she’s my girlfriend.”

- **Patricia:** “Wow! That’s fantastic! I’m happy for you.” (Patricia and Emma hug.) “Take good care of her.”

- **Emma:** “Yes, mom.”

Patricia smiles at me, but she doesn’t talk to me. I guess it’s because I’m a ponygirl.



- **Emma:** “What can be done about our picture on the tabloid?”
- **Patricia:** “They’ve already removed it.”
- **Emma:** “Oh!” (Emma is surprised, but I’m not sure if she’s happy about that. I am.)
- **Patricia:** “I talked to Ashleigh, and she said first I should get a lawyer and send a cease and desist letter. So I talked to Stella. She simply called them, and they obeyed her.”
- **Emma:** “Haha! They were afraid of her.”
- **Patricia:** “Yes. They’ve already lost many lawsuits against her. She’s the best.” (Patricia caresses Stella’s back, as if she was a real pony.) “She also says the picture was taken with a professional camera, you know. The tabloid claims its journalists were not involved. However, it would be possible to inquire who took it, in case we wish to pursue any legal action.”
- **Emma:** “I don’t wish to pursue any action.”
- **Patricia:** “Why not?”
- **Emma:** “. . . It’s better to let go.” (It seems Emma doesn’t want to tell Patricia that she knows who took the picture.) “Also. . . there is another reason why they’ve complied so promptly. They don’t need our picture anymore. Have you checked the tabloid’s web site recently?”
- **Patricia:** “No.”
- **Emma:** “They’ve published an interview with Ms. Jensen where she says Ms. Austen is her slave.”
- **Patricia:** “What?!”
- **Emma:** “Yes, and Ms. Austen was there to confirm it. Why do you think Ms. Jensen did that? I’ve called her, but she doesn’t want to talk about it.”
- **Patricia:** “I. . .” (Patricia looks shocked.) “When I talked with her, she didn’t tell me anything.”



Patricia begins to comb Star-pony's mane. She seems to like it.

- **Emma:** "Ms. Jensen also said Gabby and I shouldn't go to school tomorrow."

- **Patricia:** "Yes. We talked about that. We agreed it was a good idea to wait one day and let things calm down."

- **Emma:** "But why? It looks like we've done something forbidden."

- **Patricia:** "It's not forbidden, but it's taboo. I've told you that. In any case, you're going back on Friday, so don't worry."

- **Emma:** "On Friday she's celebrating 'Bondage Day' at school."

- **Patricia:** "What?!"

- **Emma:** "She said she's busy organizing it."

- **Patricia:** "I'll talk to her again. She's taking things too far."

- **Emma:** "I don't think that's a bad idea."

- **Patricia:** "I think she's feeling overexcited. It can happen when someone comes out of the closet after so many years."

- **Emma:** "But such initiatives are needed to normalize bondage. I don't want to hide what I do for the rest of my life. Why are we spending the evening in this basement? We should be getting out and enjoying a cart ride with our ponies around the neighborhood. Wouldn't you like that?"

- **Patricia:** "Yes, but the world doesn't change so fast. You should think more about your future... and about Gabby's future."

- **Emma:** "I'm thinking about my future. That's why I support Ms. Jensen's idea. Why don't you?"

- **Patricia:** "It's not that I don't support it... but she needs to be careful and think everything through before going ahead."



Patricia puts her comb back in her bag.

- **Patricia:** “Now I’d like to resume Star-pony’s dressage.”

- **Emma:** “Could we stay? Gabby-pony also needs dressage.”

- **Patricia:** “But she needs to start from the beginning.”

- **Emma:** “Come on! Star-pony likes her. I’m sure she also needs to retrain the basics after so much time.”

- **Stella:** “Neigh! Neigh!”

- **Patricia:** “. . . Fine.”

Patricia takes two riding crops and gives one of them to Emma.

- **Patricia:** “Walk!”

- **Emma:** “Walk!” (I start to walk normally.) “Whoa! Look at Star-pony. You must raise your thighs until they are parallel to the ground.”

I look at her. She seems very concentrated on her movements.

- **Emma:** “Walk!”

I try to imitate her. It’s more difficult than it seems, mainly because of the pony boots.

- **Emma:** “Higher!”

Emma hits the back of my thighs with her riding crop.

- **Emma:** “Keep straight! And raise your chin!”

Emma moves my chin up with her crop. I try to look at Star-pony to copy her.

- **Emma:** “Don’t look sideways!”

- **Patricia:** “Let her look at Star-pony for a while. You’re overwhelming her.”

- **Emma:** “Whoa!”

I’m glad Patricia suggested that. Emma doesn’t look upset.



We look at Star-pony. Her movements are perfectly timed, her torso is totally straight, her chin is up, her eyes stare at the horizon, and she doesn't deviate from an imaginary line as she advances. She's amazing! What Emma said is true: to become an excellent ponygirl, many hours of dressage are needed.

- **Patricia:** "Whoa! Well done."

Patricia takes a sugar cube from a jar and feeds it to Star-pony. She seems proud of herself.

- **Patricia:** "She likes having an audience."

- **Emma:** "I suppose she doesn't need to retrain anything."

- **Patricia:** "Perhaps not simple things, but dressage never ends. There is always something to be perfected."

- **Emma:** "Do you think Gabby could be as good as her one day?"

- **Patricia:** "Perhaps... I doubt it."

- **Emma:** "Why? Do you think I can't train her as well as you do?"

- **Patricia:** "Haha! Why are you so competitive?"

- **Emma:** "I believe Gabby-pony has potential."

- **Patricia:** "Sure she does. But Star-pony has a little secret. She took ballet lessons for many years when she was young."

- **Emma:** "Oh!"

- **Patricia:** "Look."

Patricia makes a sign with her crop. Star-pony raises her right thigh and she keeps it there, perfectly parallel to the ground, and perfectly still. I'll never be able to do that.



Patricia makes another sign so that Star-pony rests her leg.

- **Emma:** “Why don’t you take her to the contest?” (What contest?!)

- **Patricia:** “I used to take her. But it’s frustrating. Catherine always wins.”

- **Emma:** “Why? Is the jury rigged?”

- **Patricia:** “In a way, yes. But she doesn’t do anything. It’s just that...the jury wishes to please her.”

A phone rings and Patricia takes it from her bag.

- **Patricia:** “Hello.” (...) “Good evening, Ms. Jensen.” (...) “Yes, she’s just told me about it.” (...) “A talk?” (...) “That’s very kind of you, but I’m afraid I’ll have to decline.” (...) “No, I’ve never spoken about it publicly.” (...) “In my opinion, this looks a bit rushed. I’d suggest you reflect upon it.” (...) “Ms. Neal? You mean our president?” (...) “Yes, I can give you her number.” (...) “You’re welcome.” (...) “Bye.”

Patricia doesn’t look very happy.

- **Emma:** “She’s asked you to give a talk at Bondage Day, right?”

- **Patricia:** “Yes.”

- **Emma:** “And you’ve declined. Why?”

- **Patricia:** “Because I don’t wish to.”

- **Emma:** “But why? I think you’re the best mistress in the world, and you’re a great conversationalist. I can’t think about anyone better than you to give it, not even Catherine.”

- **Patricia:** “You’re not going to persuade me.”

- **Emma:** “If it’s too soon, we could ask Ms. Jensen to postpone it.”

- **Patricia:** “That’s not the reason. Don’t insist.”

Emma looks disappointed. I feel she wishes her mom to be a renowned and famous mistress, I guess more like Catherine, but Patricia is not interested. Sometimes I wish Emma was a bit more like Patricia.