

SimVenusArts

My Classmate Emma Lindberg

Chapter 26



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- **Patricia:** “I’d like to resume Star-pony’s dressage in the gym.”
- **Emma:** “Could we go with you? Gabby-pony needs to exercise.”
- **Patricia:** “. . . Fine. Walk!”
- **Emma:** “Walk!”

Emma hits my buttocks with the riding crop and we go upstairs. We enter a small gym with some machines and a punching bag.

- **Emma:** “A ponygirl must be in very good shape, you know. It’s not enough for her to be able to walk slowly and elegantly. She should also be able to trot and gallop, and even to carry her mistress.”

Patricia touches a treadmill with her riding crop and Star-pony steps on it.

- **Patricia:** “Trot!”

Initially, her pace is slow, but Patricia increases it gradually. Soon Star-pony is made to gallop really fast! Patricia keeps using her riding crop to perfect Star-pony’s position while galloping.

- **Emma:** “Wow! That’s unbelievable.”

- **Patricia:** “It is. She’s able to gallop faster with hooves than without them.”

- **Emma:** “Gabby-pony, it’s your turn.”

Emma points to another treadmill with her crop, and I step in. Then she detaches my mittens from the armbinder.

- **Emma:** “This way you won’t be at a disadvantage. Trot!”

I begin to trot at a moderate speed. Then Emma increases it. Then she increases it again. I’m galloping almost as fast as I can, but clearly Star-pony is faster than me. After five minutes, I’m getting sweaty and tired, and I feel afraid of falling down. I’m suffering.

- **Patricia:** “I think you should slow it down.”

Emma obeys Patricia. I’m really glad she said that. Eventually, Emma stops my treadmill.



- **Patricia:** “Whoa!”

Patricia stops Star-pony’s treadmill and gives her another sugar cube.

- **Emma:** “Mom, Star-pony seems so perfect. Is there something she doesn’t do well?”

- **Patricia:** “In my opinion, no. But at the contest the jury gave her a lower mark at the carrying exercise.”

- **Emma:** “Why?”

- **Patricia:** “I don’t know. Look.”

Patricia makes a sign with her crop and Star-pony gets on all fours. Then Patricia sits on her! I hadn’t thought about the concrete meaning of ‘carrying’ until now.

- **Patricia:** “Walk!”

Patricia raises her legs and whips Star-pony’s buttocks. Her full weight is on Star-pony, but she’s able to crawl without problems. Suddenly, Emma removes my armbinder.

- **Emma:** “Let’s try.”

She points to the floor with her crop. I get on all fours, but I’m already very tired. She sits on my back and raises her legs.

- **Emma:** “Walk!”

I try to crawl. I’m not sure how much Emma weighs, but clearly she’s heavier than me. I need to make an immense effort to advance quite slowly. After two or three meters, I collapse.

- **Emma:** “Gabby!!” (Emma stands up.) “Definitely, you need to exercise. We’ll start tomorrow.”

- **Patricia:** “Give her water.”

Emma takes a bucket and fills it with tap water. She removes my gag and I drink as fast as I can. I feel relieved. Meanwhile Star-pony keeps carrying Patricia around the gym.



- **Patricia:** “Whoa!”

Patricia removes Star-pony’s gag. Then she points to her own leg with her crop, and Star-pony begins to lick her boot.

- **Emma:** “Why do you make her do that now?”

- **Patricia:** “Because I’ve decided to end the dressage. She’s thanking me.”

- **Emma:** “Oh!”

- **Patricia:** “But I wouldn’t need a motive. I believe every submissive should lick her mistress’s boots or shoes regularly. It’s a great way to worship a mistress, and to show respect and obedience.”

- **Emma:** “I completely agree.”

Emma looks at me and points to her leg. I begin to show ‘respect and obedience’.

- **Emma:** “Mom, I believe dressage in a gym is important, but...it has some limitations. Why don’t we build a stable?”

- **Patricia:** “Where?”

- **Emma:** “Here, in the lawn that surrounds our house.”

- **Patricia:** “No. People can see it from outside.”

- **Emma:** “But...I believe you should have one. Star-pony would love it.”

- **Stella:** “Neigh! Neigh!”

- **Emma:** “You see? Why do you care so much about people? This is a private property. If Catherine has one, why wouldn’t you?”

- **Patricia:** “Catherine’s stable is in the middle of nowhere. You can’t even see it from the road.”

- **Emma:** “Then we could find a place like that.”

- **Patricia:** “We could...but I can’t be here and there at the same time.”

- **Emma:** “I could take care of it.”

- **Patricia:** “Perhaps one day, when you become responsible enough.”

Emma doesn’t reply. I bet she didn’t like the last thing Patricia said.



- **Emma:** “Mom, our ponies look really nice. Let’s take some pictures.”

- **Patricia:** “. . . Sure.”

We exit the gym and we enter another room. There is a cart there! When Emma talked about a cart ride, I didn’t imagine there was a real cart in the basement.

- **Emma:** “This is our pony photo booth. It’s very popular.”

- **Patricia:** “Who goes first?”

- **Emma:** “. . . You.”

Patricia removes Star-pony’s corset.

- **Emma:** “Why are you undressing her?”

- **Patricia:** “To dress her with the harness that can be attached to the cart. I’ve never taken pictures with Star-pony, you know. We should take good ones.”

- **Emma:** “Oh! In that case, I’ll also undress Gabby.”

While Emma undresses me, Patricia puts on Star-pony’s harness. She also takes off her gag and puts on a hood with a bit and reins. Then she inserts a pony tail into Star’s anus! Finally, she attaches the harness to the cart, sits on it and holds the reins.

- **Patricia:** “We are ready.”

- **Emma:** “Which background would you like?”

- **Patricia:** “. . . An old town. The second one in the list.”

Emma selects that one and takes plenty of pictures.

- **Emma:** “Mom, these are perfect. You look awesome!” (Emma shows the pictures to Patricia.) “Don’t you think?”

- **Patricia:** “I like them. Thanks.”

I think the pictures are really cool. Patricia’s words don’t sound very enthusiastic, but she looks genuinely happy.



Emma dresses me with a harness and a hood similar to those Star-pony is wearing. Then she takes a pony tail, and I get nervous.

- **Emma:** “Mom, do you think the pony tail is necessary?”

- **Patricia:** “I think it looks nice. Why do you ask?”

- **Emma:** “It’s just that. . . Gabby-pony hasn’t begun her anal training yet.” (I feel relieved when I hear that.)

- **Patricia:** “Ah! Well, the tail’s butt plug is quite small. It would be a good way to start.”

Ahh!!! I was hoping Patricia would save me, like when she told Emma to stop the treadmill or to give me water. Emma takes some lubricant and puts it on the plug. Then she puts on a latex glove and wipes my anus. Instinctively, I close my buttocks.

- **Emma:** “Don’t be nervous.” (I keep my buttocks closed.) “Mom, please turn around for one second. I think Gabby-pony needs some privacy.”

Patricia and Star-pony leave the photo studio. However, I’m still rather nervous. Emma begins to whisper to my ear.

- **Emma:** “Relax.”

(I open my buttocks a bit, and Emma touches my anus with her index finger.) “You’re very tense. Haven’t you ever taken any rectal suppository?” (I can’t remember right now, but Emma’s words distract me a bit. She pushes her finger inside.) “You see. It’s not that difficult.” (It wasn’t, but the plug is much thicker. Emma begins to move her finger in and out.) “Once you get a bit used to it, you’ll love it. One day you’ll beg me to fuck your ass with big dildos. I promise.” (Emma places her finger fully inside my ass. Suddenly, she removes her finger and takes the pony-tail.) “My mom is very proud of Star-pony, you know. But I’d never change you for her or for anyone else. Nobody is better than you at learning new things.” (I admit Emma knows how to talk to me. If there is something I’m proud of, it’s my ability to learn. She begins to push the tail’s plug inside, and I bite my horse bit hard. Eventually, all of it gets inside.) “Good pony!!”



Emma attaches reins to my bit.

- **Emma:** “Walk!”

She holds the reins and guides me towards the pulling bars of the carriage. Then she binds them to my harness.

- **Emma:** “Put your arms behind your back, as if you were wearing your armbinder.” (Emma sits on the carriage and I obey her.) “Mom! We’re ready!”

Patricia and Star-pony come back. Patricia smiles.

- **Patricia:** “It didn’t take long.”

- **Emma:** “My pony is a quick learner.”

The plug inside my ass doesn’t feel comfortable, but I like that Emma seems proud of me.

- **Patricia:** “Shall we start?”

- **Emma:** “Yes, but please change the background. I’d like the wild west town.”

- **Patricia:** “Sure.”

Patricia begins to take pictures. I look straight ahead, like Star-pony did. Suddenly, the plug slides out a bit. Or is it my imagination? I put pressure on it with my buttocks so that the tail doesn’t fall.

- **Patricia:** “Enough?”

- **Emma:** “... Please take some more. Later I’ll share them on Instagram.”

Ahh!!! Emma’s words make me restless and the plug slides out again. I twist my head.

- **Emma:** “I’ll share them only with my mom and with you. Look forward.”

Honestly, I don’t know why I care about that anymore. Everybody saw my picture online.

- **Patricia:** “Smile.”

Emma sounded annoyed. I don’t wish to upset her again, so I put a lot of pressure to keep the plug inside my ass. I’m realizing how submissive I am. I try to please Emma all the time.



- **Emma:** “Mom, you may stop.”

- **Patricia:** “Fine.”

Emma stands up and detaches my reins and my harness.

- **Emma:** “Your tail is loose.”

She grabs my tail. I believe she’s going to take it off, but suddenly she thrusts it in! I suppress a scream. I realize the plug was never totally inside before. Now it’s more uncomfortable, but I don’t need to put any pressure to keep it in.

- **Patricia:** “Do you like them?”

Patricia shows the pictures to Emma, and she begins to smile again.

- **Emma:** “They’re great!” (Patricia puts the camera back on its tripod.) “Mom, I wonder...why didn’t you take pictures with Starpony before?”

- **Patricia:** “I’m not so enthusiastic about pictures as you. But also...I don’t see her so often.” (Patricia smiles.) “I have more interesting things to do when I meet her.”

- **Emma:** “But, after all these years, doesn’t she wish to be your ponygirl full time?”

- **Stella:** “Neigh! Neigh!”

- **Patricia:** “...As you can see, she does, but I don’t have time to take care of her. You know I have other...it’s not like between Gabby and you.” (I realize Patricia still doesn’t know about Jessica and Cami.) “It’s also more exciting this way. Don’t you think?”

- **Emma:** “What do you mean?”

- **Patricia:** “I mean...if she went with it full time, she’d just be a pony. Now she’s both the managing partner of a renowned law firm, and my obedient pony, ready to do whatever I wish.” (Patricia smiles.) “Isn’t that exciting?”

Emma doesn’t reply. I guess she didn’t expect to hear that. I’m also a bit surprised.



- **Emma:** “I don’t know...I just know I wish to be with Gabby all the time.” (I feel super happy when I hear that.)
- **Patricia:** “As I said, it’s not like between Gabby and you.”
- **Emma:** “But...does Star-pony misbehave?”
- **Patricia:** “...Nowadays, she doesn’t. Many years ago, she did something wrong on purpose, just once.”
- **Emma:** “How did you punish her?”
- **Patricia:** “I didn’t meet her for a long time.”
- **Emma:** “I see...I can’t do that to Gabby.”
- **Patricia:** “I know, but I’m sure Gabby won’t misbehave voluntarily.” (I’m also glad to hear that from Patricia.) “And I think I was too mean. A pony without her mistress is totally lost.”
Patricia walks behind Star-pony and makes her bend over. Then she begins to massage her neck.
- **Emma:** “What are you doing?”
- **Patricia:** “I do this to soothe her when she’s feeling restless or distressed. At the moment she’s feeling sad.”
- **Emma:** “How do you know?”
- **Patricia:** “A good mistress must know how her pony is feeling, you know. Ponygirls can’t speak. Look at Gabby-pony. Why don’t you give her a sugar cube? She’s tired.”
Patricia is right. I’m really tired after all that galloping. Emma removes my bit and feeds me a cube she took from Patricia’s bag.
- **Patricia:** “Now I wish to reward my pony. We’ll be in my private room.” (I didn’t know about that room.)
- **Emma:** “OK. I hope to see Star again soon.”
- **Stella:** “Neigh!” (Emma caresses Star’s face.)
- **Emma:** “Good night, mom.”
- **Patricia:** “Goodnight.”



Patricia and Star-pony leave. Then Emma snaps her fingers.

- **Emma:** “How do you like being a pony?”

- **Gabby:** “...” (I didn’t expect the question.) “It’s not easy.”

- **Emma:** “Yes, lots of dressage is needed. I’d like to train my own ponygirl from scratch, you know.” (No, I didn’t know!) “But not you. I’d miss talking with you.” (Now I smile.) “Are you really so tired?”

- **Gabby:** “I am, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Then I’ll get you ready for sleeping. I’ll reward you tomorrow.”

- **Gabby:** “... What will be my reward?”

- **Emma:** “Typically ponygirls get strap-on fucked. It’s to relieve all the tension accumulated during dressage.”

- **Gabby:** “I’m also very tense, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Haha! I knew you weren’t that tired. Follow me. I’ll show you something.”

After walking out of the photo studio, we enter the elevator. Emma presses the button to go to the lowest level. I realize the basement has more floors than I thought. Once we exit the elevator, Emma opens a door made of metal bars. I see a corridor with 6 high security doors.

- **Emma:** “Here we are.”

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, this looks like... a prison.”

- **Emma:** “Yes, it was designed as such. Originally, this place was intended for harsh punishments, you know. Slaves would be kept here to correct their misbehavior. However, my mom has used it to give accommodation to some of the basement’s employees.”

- **Gabby:** “You mean... they lived here permanently?!”

- **Emma:** “Yes, especially the maids. They were all in bondage to my mom. Well, they still are. If my mom reopens the club, I guess they’d come back. But now this is empty... or not. I haven’t asked my mom, but I guess Elena sleeps here.”

- **Gabby:** “What?!”



Emma opens one of the high security doors without replying me.

- **Emma:** “My mom uses this cell to store bondage furniture she doesn’t use anymore. These are pieces made of wood, like those you’d find in a stable.” (I guess that’s why we came here.) “Are you already getting horny, like in the room for orgies?”

- **Gabby:** “...” (Suddenly Emma caresses my crotch.)

- **Emma:** “You aren’t wet. How is it going with your pony tail?”

- **Gabby:** “...I’m getting used to it, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Let’s remove it. Bend over.”

Emma takes out my pony tail slowly. I feel relieved.

- **Emma:** “I think there are better butt plugs there.” (Ouch!)

Emma opens a trunk next to the wall.

- **Emma:** “Wow! There’s plenty of stuff here.” (It’s indeed full of things, but they’re disorganized.) “Help me search for a butt plug.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

Emma and I browse the stuff. Many of the things...I don’t even know what they are.

- **Emma:** “Oh, this outfit! I’ve seen it in some old pictures, you know. I’ll try it on. Help me get dressed.”

After Emma removes my mittens, I help her with the outfit.

- **Emma:** “Put on the strap-on.”

- **Gabby:** “Eh!?... Yes, mistress.”

It turns out this outfit has a matching strap-on dildo. I get on my knees and help Emma put it on. Now I’m wondering what kind of pictures she has seen, and who was on them.

- **Emma:** “How do I look?”

- **Gabby:** “Perfect, mistress.”

By looking at this huge dildo from such a short distance, I begin to get turned on.



- **Emma:** “Remove everything except your harness.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

While I obey Emma, she browses the stuff in the trunk again. Eventually she takes lubricant, a butt plug and a hood.

- **Emma:** “Bend over here.”

Emma points to a bondage furniture similar to a stock, and I obey her.

- **Emma:** “This time I’ll blindfold you. Let’s find out how excited you get.”

The hood only leaves my nose and my mouth uncovered. Emma also collars me and cuffs my hands and my ankles.

- **Emma:** “From today on, you’ll love butt plugs. I promise.”

Emma fingers my anus. She’s wearing gloves again. After that she begins to push the butt plug and I get tense, like in the photo studio.

- **Emma:** “What’s wrong?”

- **Gabby:** “. . . Nothing, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Are you worried about what my mom said?”

- **Gabby:** “. . .” (What could I be worried about?)

- **Emma:** “You shouldn’t be. Even if Elena isn’t someone. . . renowned, she has much more chances than all the others.”

- **Gabby:** “. . .” (I still can’t recall what Patricia said.)

- **Emma:** “I believe my mom has her own insecurities, you know. But she hides them very well.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . What insecurities?”

- **Emma:** “I think she regrets not going to university. In her mind, scientists, lawyers or even politicians are more important than her. She feels she’s just a mistress. Look! It’s all in already.”

It’s true! I was so distracted I didn’t notice the butt plug getting in. Now my anus feels full.



Emma touches my pussy again.

- **Emma:** “Let’s get it ready.”

I expect her to use a vibrator, but she begins to lick it! She had done that only once, just after she caned my buttocks on Sunday.

- **Gabby:** “Ah!!”

- **Emma:** “Wow! You’re getting wet really fast now.”

Emma licks my pussy for just half a minute, but it’s more than enough to get me turned on.

- **Emma:** “I bet this won’t take long.”

She penetrates me with the dildo easily and begins to fuck my pussy.

- **Emma:** “I don’t feel less important than you at all, you know.”

- **Gabby:** “Ah!!”

She starts to fuck me hard. Her ability to talk while fucking me is remarkable.

- **Emma:** “But I don’t need that. I’m always excited when I dominate you.”

- **Gabby:** “Ah!!!”

I’m so aroused I can barely listen to her. Although this butt plug is less long than the one of the pony tail, it is thicker and it puts lots of pressure on my pussy. With the big dildo, I feel totally full, more than ever before.

- **Emma:** “That doesn’t mean I don’t wish for you to become someone renowned.”

- **Gabby:** “Ahh!!!”

My body shakes and I come.

- **Emma:** “You love butt plugs now, don’t you?”

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

Emma lets me catch my breath. I feel amazing.



After orgasming, I recall Patricia said she finds exciting that Starpony is a renowned lawyer. That's what Emma is taking about now. I thought Patricia just meant she likes relationships with women who have an interesting life outside bondage. I never got the impression she feels inferior to Star, Ashleigh or anyone else. Suddenly, I hear Emma moving something under me.

- **Emma:** "Suck the dildo."

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

Emma puts the head of the dildo in my mouth and keeps it there.

- **Emma:** "I want you to become a politician." (Eh?! I'd like to study English Literature.) "You'll be instrumental in enacting legislation that will normalize bondage in our society." (She takes out the dildo.)

- **Gabby:** "Mistress, I wish to..."

- **Emma:** "Deepthroat it now."

Emma pushes the dildo back in my mouth. To my surprise, my gag reflex isn't triggered, so the dildo gets into my throat.

- **Emma:** "Wow! You are such a fast learner. I'm sure you'll manage to do more than normalize it. You'll build a society in which everyone practices bondage. Just imagine it, a world in which dominant women are mistresses and the rest are slaves who serve them day and night."

Emma's words make my mind conjure up the Roman Empire, although I understand she refers to a different kind of slavery. Suddenly Emma removes the dildo.

- **Emma:** "Wouldn't you like to live in a true Bondage World?"

- **Gabby:** "...I..." (I'm not sure if Emma is serious or if everything is a fantasy. But, in truth, in such a world I wouldn't need to worry about pictures online, Evelyn and Natalie, or anything like that.) "I'd love it."

- **Emma:** "Then it's settled. You must create a Bondage World."



Emma removes my collar and uncuffs my wrists and ankles. I have so many questions I don't know where to start.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, I don't have the impression Ms. Schulte feels less important than anyone.”

- **Emma:** “As I said, she hides her insecurities very well.”

- **Gabby:** “But... why do you think she feels that way?”

- **Emma:** “Because of comments she makes from time to time.”

Emma helps me stand up. Then I hear pieces of furniture being moved. Finally, she makes me lie on my back and cuffs me again. I thought we were done with fucking, but I was wrong :)

- **Emma:** “My mom doesn't want me to be a mistress full time, you know. She wishes for me to do something valuable to mankind like, in her own words, discovering the cure for cancer.” (I was never told what illness Patricia had, but perhaps...) “But for me there's nothing more important than bondage. Normalizing it will be my contribution to mankind.”

Emma penetrates me again and begins to fuck me.

- **Gabby:** “Ah!... Still, I'm not sure that means she feels inferior to others.”

- **Emma:** “. . . It's also related to what happened when she was pregnant. After my grandparents discovered she was a mistress, they forced her to choose between bondage and everything else. She chose bondage and lost her family, going to university, . . . but she wanted to have both. Nothing like that would have happened if bondage was well-regarded. That's why I, well, you and I, must popularize it.” (It never occurred to me the reason Emma is so keen on normalizing bondage was related to her mom's suffering. Now I realize she's completely serious.) “To be clear, my grandparents wanted my mom to feel bondage is despicable, but she doesn't at all. She loves bondage. Still, they've made her internalize she's not as important as others.”



Emma starts to fuck me harder.

- **Emma:** “The good thing is...thanks to that, Elena has more chances.”

- **Gabby:** “Ahh!... You mean... because Ms. Schulte doesn’t feel less important than my mom?”

- **Emma:** “Exactly. Before her illness, my mom never got very close to any woman, but she was somewhat more open with Trinity.” (I recall Trinity was her former maid.) “Now I believe she wishes to have an intimate relationship, but she won’t have it with any of the others. I think she’s afraid of looking weak and inferior if she opens up to them.”

- **Gabby:** “So... all the others are renowned women?”

- **Emma:** “...I’d say yes. Don’t you think?”

- **Gabby:** “I only know about Star-pony and Ashleigh-puppy.”

- **Emma:** “Ah! True. Umm...I’m not sure my mom wishes you to know who the others are.” (Damn it! I was really curious...) “But I bet all of them are willing to serve my mom full time if she demands it, like Star.”

While Emma keeps fucking me, I continue thinking about Patricia.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress...have you ever talked about that with Ms. Schulte?”

- **Emma:** “...I’ve asked her why she doesn’t have a girlfriend a few times...but all this is distracting you. You have my permission to come.”

It seems Emma wishes to avoid the question. Suddenly she puts her thumb inside my mouth. For some reason, licking the leather glove turns me on even more than licking her fingers, and I begin to squirt.

- **Emma:** “Haha! I knew you’d love it.”

My body shakes and I come again. In the end, my orgasm was very intense.



Emma uncuffs me and removes my butt plug and my hood. I get on my knees immediately.

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

- **Emma:** “It seems you need more education. You’ve misbehaved again.”

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

- **Emma:** “The fact that you don’t know makes it even worse. You didn’t ask for permission to come before your first orgasm.”

- **Gabby:** “Ah, OK.”

- **Emma:** “What do you mean ‘Ah, OK’?” (Now Emma looks upset.) “You must never come if I don’t allow it explicitly. It’s extremely important, and this isn’t the first time you’ve done it.”

- **Gabby:** “I apologize, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “You’ll apologize soon. Help me take off my clothes.”

Emma undresses and puts on the outfit she was wearing before. Then she sits on an old bondage chair.

- **Emma:** “Lie on your back and lick the bottom of my boots.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

She looks pensive. I clean her boots the best I can for some minutes.

- **Emma:** “When I said Elena could be sleeping here, you seemed quite shocked. Why?”

- **Gabby:** “Because... this place is a bit scary. And also... I wish Ms. Schulte and my mom will sleep together one day, like us.”

- **Emma:** “So do I.” (Emma smiles just for one second.) “But tonight, you’ll sleep here.”

- **Gabby:** “Eh!? But... mistress, I promise I’ll never do that again.”

- **Emma:** “And I hope this punishment will help you keep your promise. Now kiss my boots.”

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



I follow Emma to another room.

- **Emma:** “There are bondage beds in several cells. I don’t know which one Elena could be using, but I should make sure you don’t use the same one.” (Emma thinks for a few seconds.) “You’ll sleep there.”

- **Gabby:** “Where? In that box?”

- **Emma:** “Yes. It’s normally used for slave transportation, but occasionally it can also be used for sleeping.”

Emma opens the box. It looks like a coffin.

- **Gabby:** “But... will I be able to breathe?”

- **Emma:** “Do you think I would place you somewhere where you can’t breathe?”

- **Gabby:** “I apologize, mistress.” (Now Emma looks more upset. It’s better I don’t show reluctance again.)

- **Emma:** “In fact, the box has a microphone inside. If you shout, it will open automatically. But I would find out, so you mustn’t do that unless you have an emergency.”

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

- **Emma:** “Take off your harness and relieve yourself there.”

Emma points to an old potty chair. I realize there are no toilets here. She keeps looking at me while I obey her. When I’m done, she hands me tissue paper, and I clean myself.

- **Emma:** “Get inside.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

Once I’m in the box, Emma blindfolds me.

- **Emma:** “I know it will be dark in there, but you must get used to sleep while blindfolded.” (Emma caresses my cheeks.) “I’ll be back in the morning. Goodnight, Gabby.”

- **Gabby:** “Goodnight, mistress.”

Emma kisses me. That makes me feel a bit better. Then she closes the box.



The cell door opens and closes, but I almost can't hear it. This box blocks my hearing as much as the rubber doll earplugs. I already miss Emma. I guess she's going to bed. Wait! Cami is in her room! Where will she sleep? I know Cami told me she loves me and all that, but...I'm feeling anxious again. Are they spending time together right now? Perhaps Emma is letting Cami lick her feet again... And there is also Jessica. Probably Emma has gone to check how she's doing in her cage. And maybe she's using a sex machine to take care again of her 'sexual wellness', as Emma would say it. Or she might even be fucking her with a strap-on! Was Emma planning all along to put me in this box to get rid of me and then do whatever she pleases?!

I need to calm down. I should stop thinking about Cami and Jessica. Today I've become Emma's girlfriend. And she has already told Patricia, so she's serious about me. She even said we could travel together in the Summer...

My mood goes up and down, like a rollercoaster. Before Emma began talking to me last week, I was sad. But I was steadily sad. Now I'm happy, anxious, excited, nervous...all at once! However, I'm 100% sure I don't wish to go back to where I was before.

I should try to sleep. In fact, I'm quite exhausted. Since I'm with Emma, more remarkable things happen in one day than they used to happen to me in one year. Today, our picture was published on a tabloid, I went into little space, Jessica and Cami came here, I was turned into a pony, my anal training began... Days with Emma feel very long.

One hour or more later, I'm still awake. I've tried everything, even counting sheep. Suddenly, I hear the door again. Is Emma back? Now I believe someone is talking. Perhaps it's my mom, but it feels more like a conversation! I get tense. Whoever they are, I know I'm not supposed to be here.



The noise from outside continues, although now I don't hear any chatting. It sounds more like steps and things being moved. I'm totally still because I'm afraid of the microphone Emma mentioned, which could open my box.

Who could be in this cell? Maybe it's just my mom, but I've never heard her talking aloud on her own. Perhaps Patricia is with her. That would be nice. Even if they don't sleep together, if Patricia comes here with my mom to get her ready for bed and wish her goodnight, then that means she cares about her.

I know my mom loves Patricia, or she's besotted with her. There's no other possible explanation to how obedient she has become. Before coming here, I would never have said my mom is submissive, but now she even lets Emma punish her! I hope Emma is right when she says my mom has more chances than the others with Patricia.

Now I believe someone is moaning! There is some bondage furniture in this cell, which Patricia and my mom could be using. I get even more tense. If my box opens right now...I don't know what the consequences would be. I'd be super embarrassed. In fact, I should already be embarrassed. It's like I'm spying on my mom!

But wait. Perhaps it's someone else. It could be Patricia with Starpony...or with a woman I haven't met. It could even be Emma, who in fact is the only one that knows I'm here. Perhaps she's testing my obedience by making noises to check if I open my box.

The moaning doesn't stop. In truth, it's becoming louder and louder. This is driving me insane. I'm really tempted to scream, get up, remove my blindfold and find out who is here.



Suddenly the moaning stops. I hear again a bit of chatting, steps and things being moved. But soon afterwards the moaning resumes. What should I do? If my box opens right now, it will look as if I was spying deliberately. I guess I could pretend I was asleep. That's what I should be doing anyway. But perhaps it's better I open the box myself and explain what has happened, although that means Emma could be blamed. . .

Why am I feeling guilty? I didn't cause this situation. Well, it's true I forgot to ask Emma for permission to come, but I didn't choose to be here. And yet, I feel guilty. Perhaps this is another sign I'm submissive. Since Emma mentioned it, I've realized she's right. I'm submissive because I'm usually willing to please others: my mom, my teachers. . . and when it comes to Emma, I'm eager not only to please her all the time, but also to take the blame if she makes mistakes.

The moaning gets louder and louder. Whoever is out there, she's enjoying herself for sure. And her mistress must be very good at fucking, like Emma. Well, I know I can't really judge Emma because I've never had sex with anyone else, but I'm convinced everyone would agree with me. Emma is awesome at fucking. She's better than any porn star I've ever watched. She's completely amazing.

Perhaps that's making me even more submissive. The main reason I wish to please Emma is that I love her, but now. . . even if I didn't love her, I'd submit to her just to get fucked!

I remind myself I must obey Emma. She said I mustn't open the box, so I won't do it. And if it opens itself, I'll take the blame. I'll say it was my idea to be here.



The moaning stops again, and is followed by more chatting and more steps. Why am I paying attention to what they do? I must sleep. These days I haven't slept enough, like that night I spent working on my project.

Wow! I've just realized today I haven't done any homework. And what's more shocking... I didn't worry about it. I guess my priorities are changing. On Monday I was still quite focused on doing well at school, but now... I don't care that much anymore. I feel I only care about Emma.

I wonder how she has managed to do well at school. I've done better than her, but the reason is... school is basically the only thing I've done. In contrast, Emma had many relationships. And before her issues with her friends began, she also hung out and partied with them frequently. I don't know how she can keep focused on studying.

Moreover, I believe Patricia is very wealthy. Just the money she'd make by selling her house and the basement... it's many times more than what my mom could earn in a lifetime. One reason I was motivated to study was to be able to help my mom financially, but now... it seems unnecessary. And I'm thinking more and more about the toy life Emma described. I imagine myself spending every day next to Emma, going wherever she goes, always available for her and ready to lick her pussy and to get fucked. It really turns me on! But she has just said she wants me to become a politician. If that's what she wishes, I'll do it. I must please her.

The moaning comes back. Now it's less loud and less frequent, and it sounds a bit more like screaming. I wonder what they are doing. Anyway, I'm having all those thoughts about my future with Emma but, if this box opens, everything could fall apart. If Emma breaks up with me, I would feel like dying. I must make sure she's always happy with me.



The moaning stops and, shortly afterwards, I hear the door closing. Then, silence. I guess they're gone, and I calm down. Now I really must sleep, because tomorrow... well, actually I have no idea what we will do tomorrow. I used to decide what I would do and my life was very predictable, I guess boring for most people. Now Emma decides for me, and she surprises me all the time! If I could choose, I would forget about anything else and spend the whole day with Emma, just enjoying ourselves. I'd forget about pictures online, Julia and Emily's ceremony, Evelyn and Natalie, Cami, Jessica, Chloe, Lexy and even Patricia and my mom! I wouldn't let anything or anyone interfere. I start to imagine how my day with Emma would be, and I fall asleep.

The door wakes me up. I don't feel tired, so I guess it's already time to get up. I wait for Emma to open my box, but it doesn't happen. Instead, I hear steps and chatting. What does this mean? Maybe they've come back, or they've never left. Or it could be that Patricia has returned, while my mom slept here. I can't possibly know. What if Emma comes back right now? I get tense once more. As I thought last night, my life here is everything but boring.

Eventually, the door closes, and there is silence again. I just hope Emma comes soon and the danger is over. Should I tell her about all the noises I've heard? If she asks me if I slept well, I must tell her. Otherwise I would be lying to my mistress. And maybe she'll even be proud of me. After all, I went through all that without disobeying her.