

SimVenusArts

My Classmate Emma Lindberg

Chapter 27



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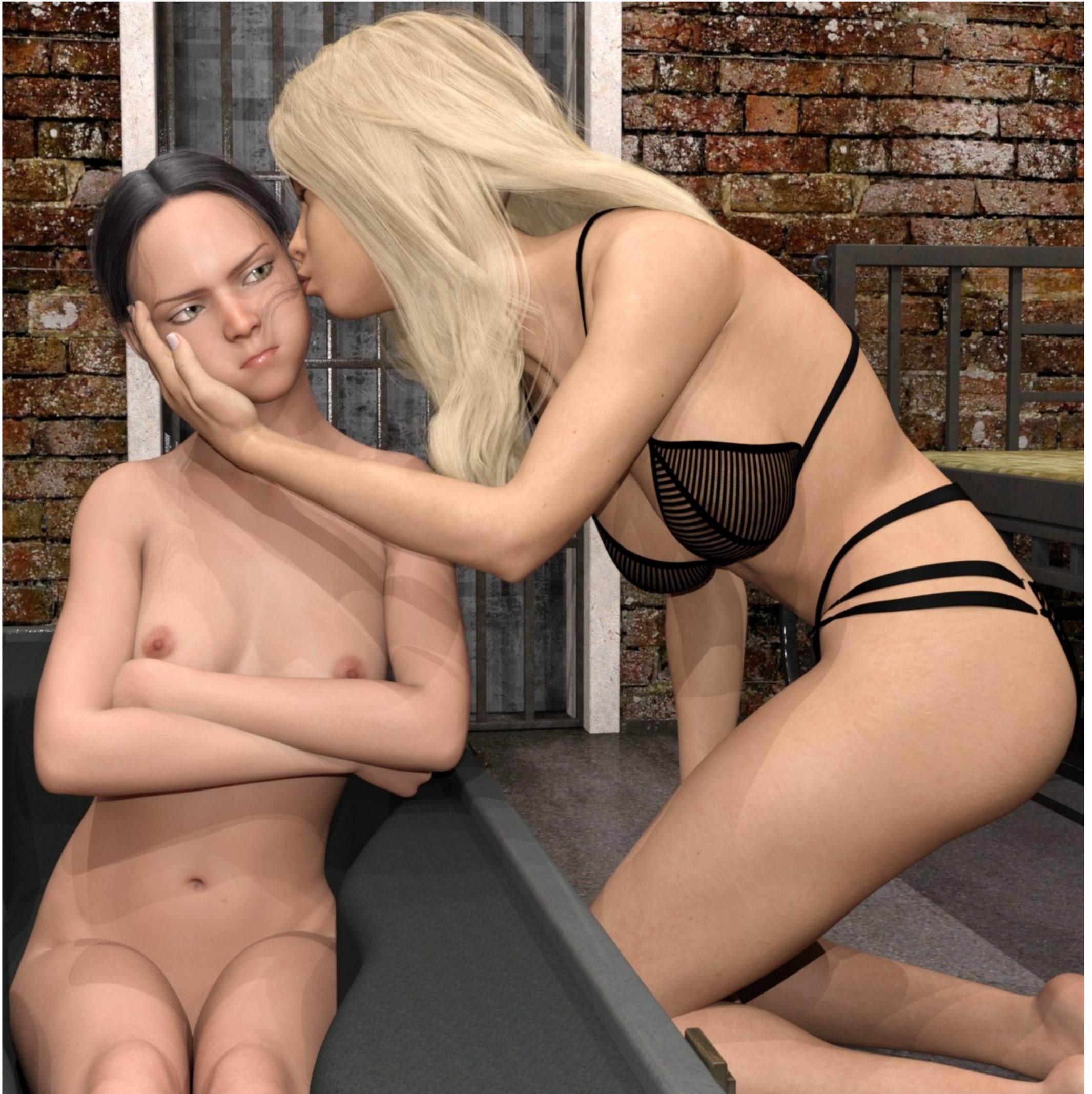
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After more than one hour, I hear the door again. I pray this time it's Emma and wait for my box to be opened, but suddenly it starts to move! Someone is dragging it slowly. What do I do?! I try to think as fast as I can. Should I open it? If it's my mom or Patricia, they will discover that I've been here the whole night. But what if my mom is moving this box somewhere else? She doesn't need it in her cell. Maybe she's taking it to a storage room, and then Emma won't find it. And what if she puts something heavy on the box? Then I won't be able to open it myself! I panic.

- **Gabby:** "Ahh!"

After screaming, I touch the lid. It didn't open!

- **Gabby:** "Ahhh!!!"

I scream louder, but the lid remains closed!

- **Gabby:** "Ahhh!!! Please! Help!"

I decide to push the lid. It opens. Then the box stops moving. I sit up as fast as I can and remove my blindfold.

- **Emma:** "Hahaha!"

Emma is next to me. She bursts out laughing.

- **Emma:** "Oh, Gabby! I should have recorded this."

- **Gabby:** "This isn't funny!"

- **Emma:** "Come here."

She kisses my left cheek repeatedly while caressing my right cheek.

- **Emma:** "I'm proud of you because you didn't open the box. And you even believed me when I said there is a microphone inside!"

- **Gabby:** "Eh?! So then how did I open it?"

- **Emma:** "I didn't close it. I just put a sticker to check whether you had opened it."

Emma keeps giggling. I'm still annoyed, but at the same time I'm glad everything is over.



- **Emma:** “You’re upset, right?”
- **Gabby:** “. . .” (I’m not annoyed anymore, but I pretend to be.)
- **Emma:** “That’s good.” (Emma smiles.) “You’ll need to muster all your anger against me.”
- **Gabby:** “Why?”
- **Emma:** “Soon you’ll find out. Get up.”
- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

Emma collars and handcuffs me. I start to think. . . besides her prank, has she done something that could make me angry? Well, she could have done many things. . .

- **Emma:** “Let’s go.”

Emma attaches a leash and guides me out of the cell area. Instead of taking the elevator, we walk upstairs to the floor immediately above it. Then Emma opens a door.

- **Emma:** “What do you think this is?”
- **Gabby:** “. . . It’s a boxing gym.”
- **Emma:** “Yes and no. They made it look like that, but in reality it wasn’t used for boxing. What do you think it was for?”
- **Gabby:** “. . . I don’t know. For Taekwondo?”
- **Emma:** “Haha! No. This place has been in disuse since my mom took over the basement. But before, it was used for something not very legal, you know. It was used for catfighting.”
- **Gabby:** “. . . you mean, fights between women?!”
- **Emma:** “Yes, underground fights with lax rules. Only selected guests could watch them, and there was betting involved. At some point there was even a tournament.”
- **Gabby:** “Wow! I thought such stories were all urban legends.”
- **Emma:** “I suppose many of them are. But here, it happened for real until my mom stopped it. She doesn’t like catfights at all.”



- **Emma:** “Let’s catfight.”

- **Gabby:** “Eh?!”

- **Emma:** “I want you to fight against me with all your strength.”

Emma removes my collar and handcuffs.

- **Gabby:** “But... I don’t like fights. I’m like Ms. Schulte.”

- **Emma:** “Haven’t you ever fantasized about dominating me? Imagine... you could overpower me and make me submit to you.”

- **Gabby:** “... No, mistress. I haven’t.” (I’m honest.)

Emma takes off her bra and her panties.

- **Emma:** “Aren’t you angry with me at all?”

- **Gabby:** “I’m not, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Really? Think about everything I’ve done to you. I restrain you all the time, I’ve made you walk handcuffed and collared at street and at school, and many people have seen our picture online.”

- **Gabby:** “It’s your right to do that, mistress. A submissive girl must be restrained day and night.” (I know Emma is trying to tease me, but she won’t succeed.)

- **Emma:** “And also, I’ve punished you many times. I’ve made you sleep the whole night in a box, you’ve licked the bottom of my boots, I trampled you, and... I even caned your ass!”

- **Gabby:** “All that was required, mistress. I must be educated properly.”

- **Emma:** “Moreover, I’ve made you do house chores while you had to work on your project, you aren’t going to school because of me, and you aren’t free to choose what you wish to study.”

- **Gabby:** “You’re entitled to decide what I do, mistress. I must serve and obey you.”

- **Emma:** “And on top of it all, you have to share me with Cami and Jessy, and who knows? Maybe with more women in the near future.”
What?! I was calm, but now she has gotten into my nerves.

- **Gabby:** “I’ll fight!”



- **Emma:** “Haha! That’s the spirit.”
- **Gabby:** “Where are the gloves?”
- **Emma:** “Hahaha!” (Emma bursts out laughing.) “We don’t need gloves. Let’s enter the ring.”

Once there, Emma takes a hood from a bag and puts it on.

- **Emma:** “How do I look?”
- **Gabby:** “. . . It looks awkward on you. Why are you wearing it?”
- **Emma:** “To protect my skin. Getting serious injuries during a catfight is very rare, but getting scratches is rather common. I don’t want any on my face.”
- **Gabby:** “. . . And what about my face?”
- **Emma:** “Don’t worry. I’ll make sure you don’t get any.”

I get the impression Emma has some catfighting experience. I wonder against whom she fought.

- **Emma:** “Listen: your goal is to make me tap out or to say ‘I give up’ by using joint locks or chokeholds.” (I get a chill when I hear ‘chokehold’.) “You can just grab me and hold me with your arms and legs. No hairpulling, biting, punching, kicking, scratching or anything like that.”

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

- **Emma:** “And standing is not allowed. Let’s get on our knees.”

We kneel down. I see in front of me a masked woman who is clearly bigger and stronger than me. I feel I’m already chickening out. What was I thinking when I said ‘I’ll fight’? I’m very peaceful. Whenever someone at school hit me, I rarely defended myself. And I have no chance against Emma. It’s better I let her grab me and then I’ll submit.

- **Emma:** “Are you ready?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Fight!”



Emma raises her arms to protect herself. I wait for her to grab me, but she doesn't.

- **Emma:** "Gabby, the fight has started. You must try to attack me."

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

I try to grab Emma's arm but she moves it away. Then I wait for her to counterattack, but she doesn't.

- **Emma:** "What if I tell you yesterday evening I wrote a list of the women I wish to enslave?"

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

- **Emma:** "It's quite long. Soon I'll be pretty busy taking care of them all."

Is Emma just teasing me, or is she for real? I don't get why she's doing this.

- **Emma:** "I'll be having fun the whole day, whereas you'll be busy running errands for me."

I've had enough! I try to grab Emma's arm again, but I fail. Then Emma holds my torso and pushes me down. I fall on my back and she falls over me. Her mouth is now very close to my ear.

- **Emma:** "And if one of my slaves does something for me that makes me feel proud, she'll enjoy your skilled tongue as a reward. I'll collar you and I'll even hold your leash while you are on your knees serving her pussy."

I'm furious! I try to free myself, but Emma holds me strongly. Suddenly her legs move forward and she sits on my belly. I try to sit up, but she holds my arms against the ground.

- **Gabby:** "Let me free!"

- **Emma:** "Haha! Yes, initially you'll complain. But unless you show your full strength, you'll be humiliated again and again. I'll give you another chance."

Emma gets up and walks to one of the ring's corners.



I spend some seconds catching my breath. Fighting consumes lots of energy. Once I sit up, Emma kneels in front of me.

- **Emma:** “Will you try to defeat me?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes!”

- **Emma:** “Fight!”

I attempt to grab Emma’s arms. After a while, I’m able to take her left arm, but she does the same with mine.

- **Emma:** “Is this all you can do?”

After pushing Emma as hard as I can, she falls on her back and I fall over her. Then I try to sit on her, like she did before, but I realize she’s holding my torso with her arms and my waist with her legs. I can’t move.

- **Emma:** “And now what? Are you already giving up?”

I try to free myself, but Emma is very strong. Suddenly she rolls over to lie on her side and she grabs one of my arms, while keeping my waist constrained by her legs. I strive to lift one of her legs with my free arm, but I’m not capable.

- **Emma:** “This is called a scissor hold. I like catfighting, you know. Imagine...I could make Cami and Jessy catfight for my entertainment, and you’d lick the winner’s pussy. I bet Cami would do her best, unlike you.”

- **Gabby:** “Why are you doing this to me?!”

I feel so impotent. Emma’s legs press my waist so hard that it hurts, but I can’t do anything.

- **Emma:** “I’ll give you one last chance.”

She releases her scissor hold and gets up. I catch my breath again, but I already feel tired. I’m wondering... What will happen if I lose? Will Emma do all the things she’s telling me?! I really need to win.



I sit up and Emma kneels in front of me once more.

- **Emma:** “Ready?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes.”

- **Emma:** “Fight!”

I try to grab Emma’s arms again, but she protects herself.

- **Emma:** “Come on! You can do better.”

I figure out she’s leading me to a trap. If I attack her like before, she will overpower me. It’s better I feint it.

- **Gabby:** “Ahh!!”

I pretend to attack Emma, but I retreat in time.

- **Emma:** “Haha! Do you think I’ll fall for that?”

- **Gabby:** “You will!”

I keep feinting attacks and she gets impatient.

- **Emma:** “If there were spectators, they’d be booing us.”

- **Gabby:** “They’d be booing you.”

I feel she’s irritated by what I said. She tries to push me down, but I move fast to the side and put my arm on her back to push her to the ground. She turns around fast, but I manage to sit on her belly before she can defend herself.

- **Emma:** “Fuck!”

Emma tries to fight back with her arms, but I grab them. Eventually I put them under my legs and move forward to sit on her chest.

- **Gabby:** “I’ve won.”

- **Emma:** “No, you haven’t.”

- **Gabby:** “I won’t give you another chance.”

- **Emma:** “I don’t need another chance.”

Emma keeps struggling. I didn’t believe I could defeat Emma, but it’s happening!



- **Gabby:** “Give up.”

- **Emma:** “Haha! You’re a fool if you think I’ll give up so easily.”

Emma keeps trying to free her arms, but she can’t.

- **Gabby:** “We could stay in this position until midnight. This is boring for the spectators.”

- **Emma:** “Soon you’ll have to swallow your words.”

- **Gabby:** “Why do you wish to keep suffering?”

- **Emma:** “I hate losing, you know. In fact, I’ve never lost.”

- **Gabby:** “There is a first time for everything.”

- **Emma:** “. . . It looks like you’re getting to enjoy catfighting. You think you’re dominant now, right? You think you can give me orders.”

- **Gabby:** “Haha! It looks like I can.”

While I laugh, I lean backwards a bit. It turns out that’s what Emma was awaiting! She flexes her legs a lot to put the back of her feet on my shoulders, and she pushes me down. After falling on my back, I turn around to escape, but she’s fast enough to sit on my back. My arms are trapped.

- **Emma:** “So . . . who’s the one that’s giving up now?”

I feel I’m doomed, but a few seconds ago I also thought Emma didn’t have any chance. I try to imagine a way to free myself, but I can’t. Emma puts her hand under my chin and raises my neck. I feel really uncomfortable.

- **Gabby:** “I . . . I can’t let you win.”

- **Emma:** “That’s the right attitude! I’m proud of you. But now it’s time for you to concede defeat.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . I can’t. After all you’ve said . . . that list . . .”

- **Emma:** “Gabby, there is no list. None of that is true. Give up.”

So Emma was just teasing me. I feel annoyed, but also relieved.

- **Gabby:** “I . . . I give up.”



Emma lets me turn around. Then she bends over and kisses me for a long time. I feel happy again.

- **Emma:** “As your mistress, I can’t accept that you obey anyone else. I’ve already told you.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “If someone gives you orders, you must check first with me whether you should follow them.”

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

- **Emma:** “And if someone tries to force you to do something, even if they use threats or violence, you must defend yourself. If I’m there with you, I’ll protect you, but if not, you shouldn’t let them. You must fight.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . Mistress, are you talking about Evelyn and Natalie? I tried to defend myself, but I didn’t expect Natalie to do that.”

- **Emma:** “I’m not blaming you for that. I was talking in general, but now that you’ve mentioned them, I know they’ll try something. At school, I’ll be with you as often as possible, and the cheerleaders will keep an eye on you. But Natalie will try to find the right moment to beat you up.”

- **Gabby:** “Why me?!” (I get nervous.)

- **Emma:** “What do you mean? Because you’ve reported her.”

- **Gabby:** “But. . . you told me to do that!”

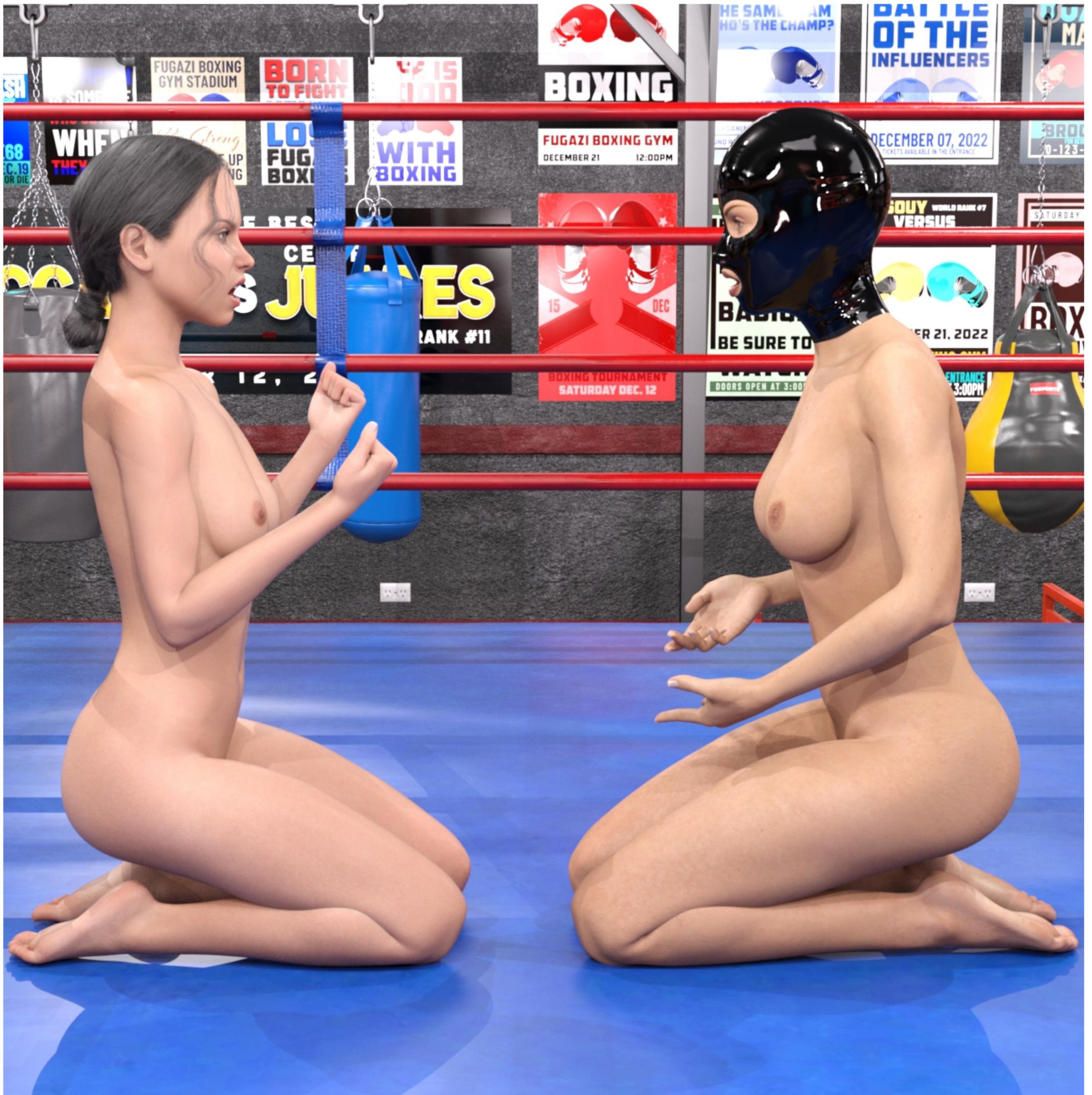
- **Emma:** “Yes. It’s the right thing to do.”

- **Gabby:** “But if I hadn’t, now I’d be safer.”

- **Emma:** “Gabby, why are you afraid? Today you’ve seen that, if you’re smart enough, you could defeat anyone, even me. But the first step is for you to actually have the will to fight. I hope you’ll have it from now on.”

- **Gabby:** “Is that why we came here?”

- **Emma:** “Yes.”



I've always tried to avoid fights. Whenever someone tried to tease me, I'd ignore them or even laugh with them. And if they hit me, I wouldn't hit back hoping they'd stop. But now Emma expects me to fight. I feel restless.

- **Gabby:** "Mistress, why do you want me to fight? Is it just because you can't stand that others could dominate me?"

- **Emma:** "...It's not only that. Do you think you'd be the first girl Natalie beats up? She's done it many times." (Now I get fearful.) "And do you know why? Because she's smart enough to choose her victims well. If one day she dared to attack me, I'd knock the shit out of her! But she doesn't. She always goes after the ones who neither fight nor report her. They've kept enabling her, and I think you'd have done the same, right?"

- **Gabby:** "...Probably. But I think it's unfair to say they enable her."

- **Emma:** "Don't get me wrong. It's Natalie's fault. I'm not blaming them. But from today on, you won't be like them anymore. You'll fight."

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

- **Emma:** "Say it."

- **Gabby:** "I'll, fight."

- **Emma:** "Louder."

- **Gabby:** "I'll fight!"

Emma smiles. I feel like a soldier. A part of me admits Emma is right, but I also feel it would be better to make peace with Natalie and Evelyn somehow. Why couldn't we talk things out?



- **Emma:** “Take a towel from that bag and dry my body.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

I thought the fight was over and we were going to take a shower, but it seems Emma has other plans.

- **Emma:** “Do you know why many people like watching catfights?”

- **Gabby:** “... Because they like fighting and violence?”

- **Emma:** “Not really. Those would rather watch boxing or MMA.”

- **Gabby:** “... But professional fighters aren’t naked.”

- **Emma:** “That’s true, but I don’t believe that’s the reason. They like catfights because, when the fight ends, the winner dominates and humiliates the loser.”

- **Gabby:** “Eh?”

- **Emma:** “The catfight we’ve had isn’t common, you know. It’s not normal for a mistress to fight against a woman she already dominates. A catfight allows two women to determine who the stronger one is. Once the loser gives up, she must serve the winner.”

- **Gabby:** “I see.”

- **Emma:** “Have you dried well my arms and shoulders?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Lick my armpits.”

- **Gabby:** “Eh?!”

Emma raises her left arm.

- **Emma:** “Do it.”

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

- **Emma:** “You must worship every part of my body. We’ve already talked about this when I told you to lick my ass.”

Emma looks impatient. I was aware of ass licking before, but armpit licking is new to me. Is it a thing?



I begin to wonder if Emma is teasing me to check if I'm willing to fight.

- **Gabby:** "Mistress, you've just said I must defend myself if someone tries to force me to do something. I'm ready to fight again."

- **Emma:** "Since when am I someone to you?"

She looks genuinely surprised by what I said. I realize she really means I must lick her armpits.

- **Gabby:** "...I apologize, mistress. I've misunderstood your intentions."

- **Emma:** "Gabby, we've already fought, and I've won. I don't wish to fight again. Don't make me wait."

Emma gets even more impatient. I don't wish to upset her, so I get close to her armpit. It smells. I recall I was also reluctant to lick her ass or the bottom of her boots, but now I can do it without hesitation. This shouldn't be different. I close my eyes and start to lick.

- **Emma:** "Who is the strongest woman here?"

- **Gabby:** "You are, mistress."

- **Emma:** "Who is the most intelligent?"

- **Gabby:** "... You are."

- **Emma:** "And who is the most beautiful?"

- **Gabby:** "You are, mistress." (I feel like Evil Queen's magic mirror.)

- **Emma:** "Will you ever question my superiority?"

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

I open my eyes. Emma is smiling again.

- **Emma:** "Lick the other one."

I comply. In the end, licking armpits is quite similar to licking sweaty feet.

- **Emma:** "I'm happy with the progress of your training. Eventually you'll do everything without hesitation, like a proper toy."

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

I wonder what my next task will be, but Emma is right. I'll end up doing anything she wishes.



- **Emma:** “That’s enough. Lie on your back.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

After I comply, Emma straddles my face.

- **Emma:** “You know what to do.”

She smiles while I begin to lick her pussy. Today it tastes really strong.

- **Emma:** “This feels so good... every catfight should end this way.”

She’s already wet. Suddenly, she begins to rub her pussy up and down all over my face. I try to keep licking it, but it moves fast!

- **Emma:** “Oh, my God! I love queening you. Keep your tongue out.”

I stick my tongue out as much as I can and Emma rubs her pussy against it. She’s squirting.

- **Emma:** “Oh, fuck! I’m coming!”

She grabs my head and presses it hard against her pussy. I can feel her whole body shaking. Eventually she collapses next to me, which lets me breathe again.

- **Emma:** “Oh, my goodness! That was fast.”

She caresses my body while catching her breath.

- **Emma:** “How did you like it?”

- **Gabby:** “It was... very intense, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “True. Catfighting makes me very horny.” (Emma comes closer and kisses me.) “I guess you’d rather lick my pussy when it’s still, right?”

- **Gabby:** “... Yes, mistress. I’d love that.”

- **Emma:** “Don’t worry. I’m still turned on.”

Emma and I smile at each other. I’m thinking we could catfight every morning :)



- **Emma:** “Go down on me.”

I lick Emma’s pussy while she lies on her back. She’s wet, although not as much as before. As I keep licking, she gets drier and drier. Am I doing something wrong? I feel worried.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, would you like me to do something different?”

- **Emma:** “No.”

I resume, but she doesn’t get excited. I try licking as fast as I can, sucking her clit, penetrating her vagina with my tongue. . . but nothing works.

- **Emma:** “Stop.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . I’m sorry, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Why?”

- **Gabby:** “Because. . . I didn’t lick your pussy well.”

- **Emma:** “Did I say that?”

Emma closes her eyes. There is an uncomfortable silence for one minute or so. Suddenly she sits up and smiles.

- **Emma:** “Come here.” (I sit next to her and she kisses me.) “If you think you’ve misbehaved, you should tell me what you’ve done, but you shouldn’t apologize before that. I’m the one who decides if you must apologize. In this case, you haven’t done anything wrong.”

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

- **Emma:** “Then why are you so concerned?”

- **Gabby:** “Because. . . it’s the first time this happens.”

- **Emma:** “But it’s not your fault.”

I know Emma is trying to reassure me, but I still feel distressed. Until now sex between us has been amazing and she has always praised my tongue.



- **Emma:** “Gabby, stop looking down. It was just that. . . I was thinking about Natalie and Evelyn again. That turns me off.”

- **Gabby:** “Oh! What about them?”

- **Emma:** “. . . Things.”

I guess Emma doesn’t want to talk about it. But I’d like her to confide in me.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, I’ve been wondering. . . Why did you use to hang out with Natalie? You don’t seem to like her.”

- **Emma:** “I’ve told you. Because she became friends with Evelyn.” Emma pauses. It looks like our conversation has finished, but suddenly she resumes it.

- **Emma:** “Well, I suspect she’s in love with Evelyn. She’s jealous because Evelyn considers me her best friend.”

- **Gabby:** “But. . .” (I’m quite surprised.) “Does Evelyn love you?”

- **Emma:** “Haha! No, not at all. Evelyn is my friend since before high school, you know.” (I didn’t know.) “We’re like sisters.”

- **Gabby:** “Then. . . why is Natalie jealous?”

- **Emma:** “. . . It’s complicated. Natalie thinks that, if I was out of the picture, she could somehow get Evelyn to love her.”

- **Gabby:** “That sounds absurd.”

- **Emma:** “Well. . . Evelyn is very influenceable and Natalie knows it. At my birthday party, first I spoke only with Evelyn about my break-up with Chloe, and she was sympathetic. She had nothing against bondage. When she saw all the abuse I received online, or after talking with Natalie, she changed her mind.”

- **Gabby:** “I see.”

Now I realize how much this hurts Emma. I’m not worried anymore about not being able to give her an orgasm, but I’m worried about her.



- **Emma:** “I believe Natalie thinks I speak ill of her to Evelyn, but I’ve never done that. What Natalie doesn’t know... this is a secret. You must keep it.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.” (I’m happy Emma shares secrets with me.)

- **Emma:** “Evelyn has a thing for older women, you know. At school everyone thinks she hasn’t dated anybody, but she has. Last month she had a fling with a woman in her thirties.”

- **Gabby:** “Who?!” (I’m taken aback.)

- **Emma:** “I won’t tell you. What’s relevant is that Natalie doesn’t know it because Evelyn confides only in me.”

I’d rather not begin speculating who that woman is.

- **Gabby:** “So... basically Natalie is using the fact that you practice bondage with me to take Evelyn away from you. But is she really against bondage?”

- **Emma:** “... I don’t think so. We’ve never talked about it.”

My brain is spinning. Natalie has assaulted and threatened me, and now she looks forward to beating me up, but she’s not against bondage. The issue is just that she doesn’t know Evelyn dates older women.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, wouldn’t it be better to tell Natalie?”

- **Emma:** “Tell what?”

- **Gabby:** “That Evelyn prefers older women.”

- **Emma:** “Gabby, what did I say?! That’s a secret. Evelyn doesn’t want anybody to know it. I’ve shared it with you... because this affects you and I think you deserve to know, but you mustn’t tell anyone else. Moreover Natalie is trying to ruin a friendship. That’s really wrong. She doesn’t deserve to know anything.”

- **Gabby:** “... Yes, mistress.”

I understand Emma. In fact, I agree with her. What I don’t get is how I’ve ended up being the victim of all this.



- **Emma:** “Enough talking. We haven’t followed this ring’s tradition yet.”

- **Gabby:** “What tradition?”

- **Emma:** “The loser gets strap-on fucked. Get on all fours.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

I thought Emma was not in the mood for sex anymore. Well, it’s me the one who should be in the mood for getting fucked. Am I? At the moment I’m not turned on. Emma kneels behind me.

- **Gabby:** “Ouch!!”

She’s just thrusted her big dildo inside my pussy! Normally, she touches it and makes it wet before fucking me.

- **Emma:** “The winner mustn’t have mercy on the loser. Take it.”

Emma begins to fuck me. It hurts. Why is she doing this? Is this a revenge because I didn’t turn her on before? Or is she upset because of Natalie and is taking it out on me?

- **Gabby:** “Ouch!! Mistress, my pussy is quite dry.”

- **Emma:** “And?”

- **Gabby:** “Please, stop!” (Emma stops fucking me.)

- **Emma:** “What should you do to make me stop?”

- **Gabby:** “I…” (I can’t think right now.)

- **Emma:** “It seems you want me to keep going.”

- **Gabby:** “No!”

- **Emma:** “So?”

- **Gabby:** “...I should use my safeword.” (Eventually the answer came to my mind.)

- **Emma:** “So why don’t you?”

- **Gabby:** “I... until now I’ve never needed it.”

Emma removes her dildo from my pussy. I feel relieved.



- **Emma:** “There are women who like feeling forced and overpowered, you know. Moaning and complaining during sex turns them on. I’ll stop only when you use your safeword. If you don’t, I’ll assume you’re enjoying it.”

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

- **Emma:** “Why don’t you use it then?”

- **Gabby:** “...” (I don’t know the answer myself.)

- **Emma:** “Do you fear I’ll break up with you if you use it? I won’t. I’ll only do that if you start misbehaving on purpose.”

- **Gabby:** “Thank you, mistress. I’ll use it from now on.” (Emma smiles.)

- **Emma:** “We still need to decide something you could use when you’re gagged.”

- **Gabby:** “... Perhaps I could shake my head.”

- **Emma:** “... OK, and if you can’t, shake your hands or your feet.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

Emma gets up to take my handcuffs and a hood with a gag from her bag.

- **Emma:** “Open.”

After putting them on me, she applies lubricant to her dildo. Then she kneels behind me and thrusts her dildo into my pussy again.

- **Emma:** “I’ve watched old videos of catfights in this ring, you know. Losers used to get fucked roughly.”

Emma fucks me even harder than before. However, thanks to the lubricant, or maybe because I’m happy after she said she doesn’t plan to break up with me, now I’m getting wet.

- **Gabby:** “Ahh!!” (Although I’m gagged, I moan quite loudly.)

- **Emma:** “You see? I knew you’d enjoy rough sex if you feel safe.”

She’s right. Albeit now I’m restrained, knowing she’d stop if I wish makes me feel comfortable.



Suddenly Emma holds up my torso.

- **Gabby:** “Ahh!!!”

- **Emma:** “That’s it. Feel your mistress’s power.”

- **Gabby:** “Ahh!!!”

- **Emma:** “Moan, my toy, moan. Whine all you want.”

If it wasn’t for her arms, I’d immediately collapse. I feel completely at her mercy.

- **Emma:** “In the videos I’ve watched, fights don’t really end when the loser taps out. The winner gets an extra prize if she also makes the loser submit sexually. You have my permission to come, but you should try to avoid it.”

I could try, but I know it would be futile. Once I’m wet, there is something in the way Emma fucks me that I can’t resist. I notice my fluids flowing down my legs.

- **Gabby:** “Ahhh!!!”

- **Emma:** “I see we both know I’m too good for you.”

Emma’s speed never decreases. She’s indeed unstoppable. Eventually I bite my gag hard and I come. My whole body shakes while she holds me in her arms.

- **Emma:** “Haha!”

She lets me lie down gently. Then she removes my gag.

- **Emma:** “Now my ranking is higher than yours. To challenge me, you’d have to defeat someone above me, although currently there’s nobody.”

- **Gabby:** “But...mistress, are you thinking about organizing cat-fights?”

- **Emma:** “My imagination runs wild. But I know my mom wouldn’t allow it.”

Although now maybe I’m more willing to defend myself, I don’t see myself challenging anyone. I’m glad Emma has a mom like Patricia.



- **Gabby:** “What prize did winners use to get?”

- **Emma:** “. . . I’m not sure. Perhaps it was money.”

- **Gabby:** “But before you said those who make the loser orgasm got an extra prize.”

- **Emma:** “Ah! Yes. The winner was allowed to trample and humiliate the loser while the spectators cheered and applauded her.”

Suddenly Emma gets up, picks up my collar and puts it on my neck.

- **Emma:** “Lie down.”

After I comply, she steps on my face.

- **Emma:** “The winners did something like this.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . I get it, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “We look cool. I wish there was a good camera here.”

It seems Emma enjoys trampling quite a lot. I bet she’d be really happy if there were spectators cheering her. Eventually she removes her foot.

- **Emma:** “It’s enough. You didn’t do that bad for a first-timer.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . Mistress, I wonder. . . do you have any actual catfighting experience?”

- **Emma:** “. . .” (She looks hesitant.) “I do. Haven’t you heard any rumors at school?”

- **Gabby:** “No.” (I’m honest.)

- **Emma:** “Well. . . I’ll tell you. We’ve had catfights in the cheer squad.”

- **Gabby:** “Eh!?”

- **Emma:** “Since we catfight, running the squad has been much smoother. It puts everyone in their place.”

- **Gabby:** “What do you mean?”

- **Emma:** “One thing I dislike about cheerleading is that it’s a bit subjective. Judges decide who the best one is. Catfights are not.”

I’m not sure I understand Emma. I’m rather shocked.



Emma removes my handcuffs.

- **Emma:** “Do you know Amanda?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes.” (She’s the vice captain of the squad.)

- **Emma:** “One day we had an argument. She claimed she was a better cheerleader than me and thus she should be the captain. And others supported her, but I disagreed.”

- **Gabby:** “So she attacked you.”

- **Emma:** “Haha! No. She wanted to hold a vote to let all the squad members decide.” (It sounds reasonable to me.) “But I countered they’re not professional judges, and I proposed to catfight. I had discovered the videos recorded here not long before. That’s how I got the idea.”

- **Gabby:** “And did she accept?!”

- **Emma:** “Initially she was hesitant, but the other ones pushed her. They seemed delighted to see us fight. So we fought in the gym.”

- **Gabby:** “And you won.”

- **Emma:** “Yes, and when she gave up I trampled her like this.” (Emma steps on my back and pushes me down.) “I had never felt so powerful before.”

I picture Emma trampling Amanda while the others cheer. What a story! If I had heard the rumor, I’d have thought it’s all a lie. Emma removes her foot from my back.

- **Emma:** “That’s my only experience. Nobody challenged me again. Amanda was challenged several times and she always won. That’s why she’s vice captain.”

- **Gabby:** “But didn’t she get upset when she lost?”

- **Emma:** “Maybe she was disappointed, but she accepted it. Everyone agrees that the atmosphere in the squad has improved a lot since we fight. No more arguments, conspiracies or bitching. We have bonded better than ever.”



I'm beginning to understand why all the cheerleaders still support Emma after the bondage issue came out, and why they seem to protect each other and even promised Emma they'll keep an eye on me. Wait a moment! Since Monday, I'm also a cheerleader!

- **Gabby:** "Mistress, could any squad member challenge me?!"

- **Emma:** "It wouldn't make sense. You've got the lowest ranking."

I calm down. May my ranking remain where it is :)

- **Emma:** "Come. I'll show you something."

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

We walk towards the lockers and Emma opens one of them.

- **Emma:** "The best fighters of this ring had their own outfits."

- **Gabby:** "They look cool."

- **Emma:** "Let's try them on."

Emma removes my collar and my hood, and we get dressed.

- **Emma:** "I guess this belt should have been given to the winner of a tournament. I wonder why it's here. Take a picture."

I take a photo of Emma while she holds the belt. Then we take many pictures together.

- **Emma:** "The best fighters also had a nickname, and perhaps even a fan club. Maybe one day I'll also...I don't know." (Emma looks sad.)

- **Gabby:** "Mistress, if this is your wish, go for it, here or somewhere else. I'll support you."

- **Emma:** "Really?!"

- **Gabby:** "Yes."

Emma smiles and we kiss for a long time. I think we're both feeling very happy now.