

SimVenusArts

My Classmate Emma Lindberg

Chapter 28



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- **Emma:** “Give me my phone.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

Before I hand it to Emma, I look at the time.

- **Gabby:** “It’s already 11!”

- **Emma:** “Yes. We aren’t going to school today. Don’t you remember?”

- **Gabby:** “I do, mistress. It’s just... usually I don’t sleep for so long.”

Suddenly I recall all the noises I heard last night.

- **Gabby:** “Have you seen my mom?”

- **Emma:** “No. My mom left with her early to pick up stuff from your apartment. Do you need to tell her anything?”

- **Gabby:** “No, mistress.” (I’ll try to talk with her later.) “And Cami... is she still here?”

- **Emma:** “No. I sent her to school along with Jessy. Why do you ask?”

- **Gabby:** “... Just to know if we are alone.”

- **Emma:** “We are.”

Emma looks pensive. I should stop asking questions or otherwise she will suspect something is on. Later I’ll try to find out who was in the cell.

- **Emma:** “I was planning to take a shower back in the house. But since we’re alone, we could go somewhere more interesting.”

Emma cuffs my wrists and collars me again. She’s smiling.

- **Emma:** “Let’s go.”

We exit the gym and enter the elevator. There are six buttons, and Emma presses the fourth one.

- **Emma:** “You haven’t been to that level yet. My mom’s private office is there. Later I’ll ask her if I can show it to you.”

- **Gabby:** “Thank you, mistress.”

Surely Patricia’s office is interesting, but I’m more intrigued to know what Emma plans to do now.



After exiting the elevator, Emma opens a door and we walk downstairs. I see a pool!

- **Emma:** “This is the old water bondage area. When my mom took over the basement, she restricted guests to the first three levels, but some complained there wasn’t anything like this there. That’s why after some time she constructed the DieselPunk area you already know. But I prefer this one. We can bathe and have fun here.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

I think I’m beginning to understand the organization of the basement. The first two floors are the bondage club. The fifth one is the gym for catfights and the last one has the cells where I slept.

- **Gabby:** “What’s on the third floor?”

- **Emma:** “That’s the parking.” (Emma smiles.)

I hadn’t thought there was a parking, but it makes sense.

- **Emma:** “Come.”

Emma pulls my leash and we walk inside. I’m quite amazed. There is another pool and, unlike in the DieselPunk area, there are sex machines.

- **Emma:** “This room was used mostly for punishments, you know. That’s why there are cells and water tanks. But we can also use it for pleasure.”

Emma smiles and removes my collar and cuffs.

- **Emma:** “Get undressed.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”



Emma undresses fast and jumps into the pool straight away! Then I touch the water with my foot. It's cold.

- **Emma:** "Come on!"

Normally I get into the water slowly. Emma splashes me and I feel a chill.

- **Emma:** "If you don't jump into the pool now, I'll lock you up there."

She points at a water tank. It looks scary. I guess I have no other option, so I jump.

- **Gabby:** "Ah! Ah! Ah!"

- **Emma:** "Haha!"

The pool is quite deep, so I can't stand. I hate feeling cold :(

- **Emma:** "I'll warm you up."

Emma embraces me. Slowly, I get used to the temperature.

- **Emma:** "You'll have cold showers every morning as part of your training."

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

- **Emma:** "You need it to be able to enjoy water bondage."

I was going to complain, but Emma kisses me. There is nothing better to make me feel good than Emma's kisses. I calm down, but suddenly I feel my bladder. It's totally full! I stop kissing Emma.

- **Gabby:** "Mistress, I need the toilet."

- **Emma:** "What?" (Emma looks annoyed. She's always the one who ends our kisses.)

- **Gabby:** "It's urgent. Water makes me..."

- **Emma:** "Are you just trying to escape and get warm?"

- **Gabby:** "No, I'm not! I really..."

- **Emma:** "Get out! There is a bucket there."



I leave the pool as fast as I can and relieve myself in the bucket. Emma shakes her head.

- **Emma:** “You’re like a baby. Clean yourself there and come back.”

I use a tap to clean my pussy and get back into the water immediately. She still looks annoyed.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, I apologize. . .”

- **Emma:** “What have I told you about apologizing?”

- **Gabby:** “I’m. . .” (I was going to say I’m sorry.) “That I shouldn’t apologize if you don’t request it, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Exactly. Have you done anything wrong?”

- **Gabby:** “. . . You look upset.”

- **Emma:** “But it’s my fault. I should have told you to use the toilet in the gym.”

- **Gabby:** “Oh! But I’m not upset.”

- **Emma:** “It doesn’t matter. I’m your mistress, so I should think about your needs.”

I like what Emma said. I hug her and I kiss her again, until she ends our kiss.

- **Emma:** “Now that your bladder is empty, you should be ready to have some fun.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

Emma touches my pussy. She’s in a good mood again :)

- **Emma:** “Choose a number: one or two.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . One.”

- **Emma:** “We’ll start here. Come.”

We get out of the pool.



- **Emma:** “Lie down there on your back facing that way.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

I lie on something akin to a wooden diving board by the pool. It’s not super comfortable.

- **Emma:** “Your head should lie outside. Move forward.”

After obeying Emma, I feel even less comfortable. She cuffs my wrists and ankles to the diving board, and then she touches my pussy.

- **Emma:** “I don’t think I’ve ever told you, but I like they way it looks.”

- **Gabby:** “Thank you, mistress.”

Emma’s compliment makes me relax. She caresses my clit for half a minute to make me wet. Then she inserts a big dildo into my pussy.

- **Emma:** “So easy. Soon I’ll start fisting you.”

- **Gabby:** “What do you mean?”

- **Emma:** “I’ll fuck you with my fists. Your pussy is ready.”

Perhaps that’s popular, but I didn’t know about ‘fisting’. It sounds scary, although I’m more and more open to try new things.

- **Emma:** “Let’s begin.”

Emma takes a remote control and my dildo starts fucking me. It’s long and very thick, the way I like it. She takes a crop and caresses my breasts with it.

- **Emma:** “It looks like you’re having fun.”

She increases the dildo’s speed. I’m indeed feeling my orgasm is coming :)



- **Emma:** “Are you ready for the full experience?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

I thought Emma intended to further increase the dildo’s speed. However, she leaves her remote on the floor. Then she pulls a lever and my diving board bends down! My whole head is submerged and I can’t breathe. After a few seconds, which felt like an eternity, the diving board moves up.

- **Gabby:** “Ah!! Ah!! Mistress...”

Before I can continue, Emma pulls the lever again. This time my mouth was open and I swallow some water. After another eternity, the diving board moves back.

- **Gabby:** “Ah!! Ah!! Please, not again, this is...”

Before I finish, my head is under water once more. This time I could close my mouth on time, but I have to wait two or three eternities to see Emma again.

- **Gabby:** “Ah!! Ah!! Ah!! Please, stop! Stop!!”

Emma is staring at me. She looks upset. Eventually she takes back her remote and stops my dildo.

- **Emma:** “Do you listen to me when I talk?”

- **Gabby:** “... Yes, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “What should you do when you wish to stop?”

- **Gabby:** “... I should use my safeword.”

- **Emma:** “So?”

- **Gabby:** “I’m...” (I was going to apologize, but I remember I shouldn’t do it.) “I forgot, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “You must remember it.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”



There is an uncomfortable silence. After a while, Emma pulls the lever so that only the back of my head touches the water. Then she jumps into the pool and caresses my cheeks.

- **Emma:** “It looks like you don’t enjoy water bondage.”

- **Gabby:** “I don’t, mistress. This is torture. How can there be people who likes it?”

- **Emma:** “. . . You can see it as a form of breath control. Some are into it. But don’t worry. We won’t do it again today.”

Emma kisses me for a while and I begin to calm down. I’m getting to understand better what I enjoy and what I dislike. Anything that makes me feel pain or anguish. . . I don’t enjoy it. However, I really like being fully restrained. It makes me feel controlled, relaxed and free of responsibility because Emma decides and does everything. If I wasn’t, I’d be constantly thinking about what I should do to please her, or wondering if she likes what I’m doing, like Jessica told me.

- **Emma:** “You might not like water bondage, but your pretty pussy likes this dildo.”

Emma grabs the remote and the dildo begins to fuck me again. She keeps kissing and caressing me while I get fucked. This is definitely what I love.

- **Emma:** “Let’s give it what it deserves.”

She increases the dildo’s speed to its maximum.

- **Gabby:** “Ah!! Oh, my God!! Ah!!”

- **Emma:** “Haha!”

Not long after, I feel my orgasm coming again.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, may I have your permission to come, please?”

- **Emma:** “Yes.”

After all the anguish I felt, this orgasm feels really relaxing.



Emma takes the dildo out of my pussy and removes my cuffs.

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

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

That pool has three structures that look a bit like cranes. The one on the right side ends in a ball gag; the one in the middle, in a hook; and the one on the left side, in a seat with a dildo.

- **Emma:** “Have you ever had fun inside water?”

- **Gabby:** “No, mistress. I’ve only had sex with you.” (I’m surprised by the question.)

- **Emma:** “I know. I mean if you have fucked yourself while taking a bath, for instance.”

- **Gabby:** “Ah! No, I haven’t.”

- **Emma:** “What did you usually do?”

- **Gabby:** “I...” (Despite everything I’ve done with Emma, some questions still make me feel embarrassed.) “I touched myself in my sofa or in my bed.”

- **Emma:** “What else?”

- **Gabby:** “... I humped my pillows.”

- **Emma:** “And what else? I wish to know everything.”

- **Gabby:** “... Nothing else. As I told you on Sunday, I didn’t have any toys.”

- **Emma:** “So you’ve never used anything like a banana or a cucumber to fuck yourself.”

- **Gabby:** “No, mistress. My pussy hadn’t been penetrated until you fucked me.”

Emma is taken aback. I don’t know why, but I thought she knew that.

- **Emma:** “Maybe that’s why you love dildos so much. It’s all new for you.”



- **Emma:** “Get into the pool and sit there.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

Emma points to the crane on the left side. I was secretly hoping for that one :) She pulls the lever in order to lower the seat. After I sit, she jumps into the pool and begins to cuff my wrists and ankles.

- **Emma:** “I could pull the lever further and submerge your whole body, you know. But I won’t do it. I just want you to experience what getting fucked inside water is like.”

I’m glad to hear that, and I feel relaxed. However, I keep thinking about why Emma was so surprised before.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, I’d like to ask you. When did you use a dildo for the first time?”

- **Emma:** “I was twelve.”

- **Gabby:** “Oh!” (Now I’m the one who is taken aback.)

- **Emma:** “My mom has always had many toys, you know. She tried to hide them from me, but she couldn’t keep track of them all.” (Emma smiles. She’s never embarrassed to talk about this sort of stuff.) “So I began experimenting on my own with magic wands, vibrators, dildos, butt plugs... I even had a sybian.”

- **Gabby:** “Wow!”

- **Emma:** “I was super excited. But, after five or six months, I got bored. That’s why I think sooner or later you won’t love dildos so much.”

When Emma finishes cuffing me, she inserts the dildo into my pussy and gets out of the pool. I already supposed Emma had been using toys before she got into bondage, but I didn’t think she began so early.



Emma pulls the lever again so that my pussy is under water. Suddenly the dildo starts vibrating.

- **Gabby:** “Ah!”

- **Emma:** “Do you like the water movement?”

- **Gabby:** “It’s fantastic, mistress. I love it.” (The dildo feels nice, but now I have many questions for Emma.) “I wonder...do you still have fun on your own from time to time?”

- **Emma:** “No.”

- **Gabby:** “...Why?”

- **Emma:** “Because I prefer tongues.” (Emma laughs.)

- **Gabby:** “...But the other day you made me wear a dildo gag and you fucked it.”

- **Emma:** “Yes, I know. I was joking. I don’t masturbate anymore because I don’t get very excited. What turns me on is to dominate girls and make them serve me.”

- **Gabby:** “...When was the last time you touched yourself?”

- **Emma:** “When I was thirteen.” (Five years ago! I really didn’t expect that.) “I was bored with the toys I’ve mentioned, but I also had double dildos, strap-on’s and other stuff for couples. So I invited a girl from my class to come home. That day I found out I’d rather fuck than masturbate.”

- **Gabby:** “So your first time...you were only thirteen.”

- **Emma:** “Yes, like Steffi. I wonder how she’s doing.”

- **Gabby:** “Was she your first girlfriend?”

- **Emma:** “No, we weren’t serious. The thing is...she told someone at school what we did, and then others girls wanted to come with me. So I also invited them.”

- **Gabby:** “You mean...”

- **Emma:** “One at a time. Don’t get me wrong.”



Emma increases the vibration intensity, but my mind is too focused on what she's telling me.

- **Gabby:** "Have you ever had a more serious relationship?"

- **Emma:** "... Not really. My longest relationship didn't last more than one month."

- **Gabby:** "Ah! Yes. You told me you weren't ready for commitment."

- **Emma:** "... I said that, but... I don't know if that's the reason. The truth is that many girls ended up disappointing me."

- **Gabby:** "What did they do?"

- **Emma:** "... Something I told them not to do. They disobeyed me."

- **Gabby:** "But... you told me you began practicing bondage with Chloe."

- **Emma:** "That's right, but before... I was already kind of dominant, you know. The thing is... when I started high school, most of the girls my age still hadn't had any relationship, like you. And I had already had sex with fifteen or twenty girls." (What!) "So any girl I dated looked up to me because I had more experience and could teach her things."

- **Gabby:** "That's why you ended up being dominant."

- **Emma:** "Yes, but it's not the only reason. It's also the way I am. I like to tell others what to do and I always make clear I dislike certain things."

- **Gabby:** "What things?"

- **Emma:** "Things like those punished in your bondage contract."

- **Gabby:** "... And why did they disobey you?"

- **Emma:** "I don't know. When I begin dating someone, I am very excited. I make time and plan lots of things to do together." (In my experience, that's 100% true.) "So we have lots of fun, and all girls promise me that they won't do anything I dislike, but eventually they break their promise." (Emma pauses. She doesn't sound happy.) "Then I break up. My mom says I'm too impatient and I should forgive more, but I feel hurt."



Emma jumps into the pool.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, I won’t...”

- **Emma:** “No, don’t promise me anything now. You’ve already signed your contract.”

- **Gabby:** “I was going to say I won’t ask you anything else. This makes you sad.”

- **Emma:** “Ah! Don’t worry.” (Emma smiles a bit.) “In fact, I think it’s good we’ve talked about it, because it’s perhaps the main reason I wish to have bondage relationships. Now you know for sure what you mustn’t do, and if you do it you must accept the punishment established in your contract.”

- **Gabby:** “... So you broke up with Chloe because she didn’t accept it, right?”

Fuck! I just said I wasn’t going to ask anything else. Now Emma looks even sadder.

- **Emma:** “... Not really. I was going to delay her punishment. I broke up because she said bondage wasn’t for her and she didn’t want to continue. And also... I didn’t tell you this before. She told me I was an abuser. That hurt me.”

I recall that, on Monday, I was surprised when Emma asked me if I thought she had abused me. Now I understand it.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, don’t be sad. You didn’t deserve that. I know you do a lot to make me feel special, and I know you also did it for her. She said it when she talked with you on Tuesday.”

Emma hugs me. I was amazed and envious because of the huge amount of sex and relationships Emma has had, but now I know she’s also suffered.



Emma pulls the lever and my seat moves up. Then she comes back.

- **Emma:** “We are here to have fun, and it seems water isn’t good enough for you.”

She begins to touch my clit. Although my dildo keeps vibrating, I don’t get turned on.

- **Emma:** “There is something that always works.”

Suddenly Emma puts two wet fingers inside my mouth and caresses my tongue with them.

- **Gabby:** “Ah!!”

I don’t really get why, but now I’m getting excited. It must be true I have some sort of hand fetish.

- **Gabby:** “Ah!! Ah!!”

- **Emma:** “Haha! We should design a new toy for you: a tongue fondler.”

I’m glad Emma is in good spirits again. She removes her fingers.

- **Emma:** “Would you like to say something?”

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, may I have your permission to come, please?”

- **Emma:** “You may.”

She puts her fingers back into my mouth, and I come. This was fast.

- **Emma:** “One day you might get tired of dildos, but I don’t think you’ll ever get tired of hands.”

We smile at each other. After she removes my dildo and my cuffs, I fall into the pool. I’m not sure if I like sex under water, but getting into it just after an orgasm feels very refreshing.



After a brief kiss, Emma exits the pool and checks her phone.

- **Emma:** “It’s late. You must be hungry.”

- **Gabby:** “I am, mistress.” (Actually my stomach hasn’t protested, but I should eat something anyway.)

- **Emma:** “We should go back to the house. Get a towel there and dry my body.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

Suddenly I recall I had to lick Emma’s armpits in the gym, but this time she doesn’t demand it.

- **Emma:** “I don’t think I’ll ever use those two with you.” (Emma points at the other cranes.)

- **Gabby:** “How do they work?”

- **Emma:** “In that one, I can hang a cage with a girl inside, and then submerge her like in those water tanks.” (She points at the two tanks in the middle of the room.) “And in the one with the ball gag, the girl has to stand and bite the ball gag hard. Otherwise she’d fall into the water.”

- **Gabby:** “So they’re only for punishments, right?”

- **Emma:** “Yes.”

- **Gabby:** “Then I’m glad you won’t use them with me.”

- **Emma:** “Haha! I won’t. I prefer the wheel upstairs, the one my mom used with Elena.” (Ouch!)

After drying Emma, I dry myself quickly.

- **Emma:** “Let’s go.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

We leave our catfight outfits on the floor and walk upstairs undressed.



After entering the elevator, Emma checks her phone.

- **Emma:** “Ms. Jensen has sent us our homework. We’ll eat something and get dressed quickly, and then we’ll do it.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . Yes, mistress.”

I’ve said ‘yes, mistress’, but I was hoping we’d continue having fun after breakfast. I really don’t feel like doing homework right now. Have I become lazy? I’m not sure, but in truth my priorities have changed. Last Monday I was still very worried about finishing my Biology project, but now. . . I only care about spending time with Emma. Perhaps if we finish our homework soon, we could. . .

- **Emma:** “And Lexy is coming in two hours.”

- **Gabby:** “Oh!”

- **Emma:** “What’s wrong?”

- **Gabby:** “Nothing. . . I look forward to meeting her.”

- **Emma:** “So do I. I wonder if she’s serious about becoming a mistress.”

It seems my quality time with Emma has come to an end until. . . I’m not sure, because I assume Cami and Jessica will also come here after school. I feel frustrated. We exit the elevator and walk upstairs to the house.

- **Emma:** “Elena!” (Nobody answers.) “It seems she’s still at your apartment. What did you use to have for breakfast there?”

- **Gabby:** “. . . Mainly orange juice, a yoghurt and bread.”

- **Emma:** “It sounds good. Make it. The juicer is there.”

Emma points to a cupboard and goes upstairs. I believe she’s gone to the toilet. For some reason, I’m horny. Although I’ve already come several times this morning, I’m feeling the urge for more orgasms. Honestly, I’d like to spend the whole day getting fucked! But with homework, Lexy and so on. . . it’s not happening. After taking a deep breath, I begin to make breakfast.



Emma comes back.

- **Emma:** “That bread smells nice.”

My mom baked it and I’ve just toasted it. Emma drinks juice and smiles.

- **Emma:** “After all the trouble with our picture yesterday, today I feel very relaxed.”

I wish I could say the same. She’s naked in front of me and I notice her nipples are hard, which turns me on even more.

- **Emma:** “Aren’t you hungry? Eat.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

What if I wish to eat something else?! I shake my head briefly. Calm down, Gabby! You mustn’t get upset with Emma. She’s done nothing wrong. I drink juice and try to think about something else, but I can’t.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, I was wondering. . . why don’t we do our homework later? We could do something else until Lexy arrives.”

- **Emma:** “Like what?”

- **Gabby:** “. . . In the gym I didn’t make you come a second time. Perhaps now. . .”

- **Emma:** “Forget about that. I’ve told you it wasn’t your fault.”

- **Gabby:** “I know, mistress, but in any case I could. . .”

- **Emma:** “Gabby, if I want you to eat my cunt, I’ll tell you. You don’t need to offer it.”

Emma looks at me disapprovingly, so I don’t insist. I can’t recall feeling this way before. What’s happening to me?! Perhaps it’s just that until recently I didn’t know how getting fucked feels, or that I’ve never had so many orgasms in such a short time. My pussy was content thanks to its ignorance. Now it wants more and more!



We finish our breakfast in silence.

- **Emma:** “Let’s go upstairs.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

Once in Emma’s bedroom, she picks up a leather and lace outfit from her closet.

- **Emma:** “Help me get dressed.”

I bend over and help Emma with her leggings and her boots. Once I finish, I stand up.

- **Emma:** “How do I look?”

- **Gabby:** “Magnificent, mistress. Immensely attractive.” (She turns me on more now than when naked.)

- **Emma:** “Haha! When I meet Lexy, I always put on something designed by her mom.”

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

- **Emma:** “Let’s get you ready.”

Emma chooses another outfit and gives it to me.

- **Gabby:** “What kind of leather is this?”

- **Emma:** “Snakeskin. Get dressed.”

I’d rather not think about how much it costs. After I put it on, I look at the mirror.

- **Emma:** “You also look fantastic. We could be walking the catwalk.”

- **Gabby:** “I agree, mistress. I think we look really hot. You’re turning me on.” (I can’t stop looking at her boobs...)

- **Emma:** “Good to know. Now let’s go to the small room. We should finish our homework before Lexy arrives.”

Never have I seen anybody dressed this way when doing homework. I felt water bondage was torture, but having to study while feeling so horny seems even worse.



After entering the small bedroom, I notice the bondage chair isn't there. Instead, there are two common chairs.

- **Emma:** "Take your laptop and check your e-mail."

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

We sit and open our laptops. I realize I haven't used mine for almost one week, so I should check all my e-mails later.

- **Gabby:** "I have an e-mail from Ms. Jensen and another one from Ms. Austen."

- **Emma:** "Then you've got more homework than me. Open your mouth."

Emma takes a ball gag from a drawer and gags me.

- **Emma:** "Start working."

I read the exercises sent by Julia. They're not very difficult. In fact, Emma has already begun writing. Usually she works faster than me. When doing exams, I always spend time reviewing my answers, but she hands her papers straight away after she finishes writing hers.

- **Emma:** "Why are you looking at me? Work."

I start to do my homework, but sitting so close to Emma is very distracting. She looks so pretty when she's concentrated. And I still feel very horny. After we work in silence for over half an hour, she stands up.

- **Emma:** "I'm done. Are you?" (I shake my head.) "Hurry up. You've got one hour."

After Emma leaves the room, I finish my Biology homework as fast as I can.



When I open Gmail again to download my English Literature homework, I notice Emma sent me an e-mail last Monday. She has shared a Google Drive folder with Patricia and with me. What could it contain?! I'm very intrigued, so I decide to open it quickly. The first file in the list is a picture taken when I was a rubber doll! I had no idea she had taken those pictures. I'm on all fours on the floor, while she's stepping on my back. She looks so dominant and so hot wearing those leggings and sunglasses. . .

I can't resist the temptation to open the second picture. This time she's sitting on my back. I was already horny, but these pictures are driving me crazy. Is it because I'm the one being dominated?

I move to the third one. My mom is there with me, and Emma is stepping on her head! Now I'm shocked. After freezing for a few seconds, I quickly move to the fourth one, in which Emma's heels lie on my mom's torso.

Suddenly I decide to close the folder. I feel this is sick. I shouldn't get turned on by looking at pictures that feature my mom, even if she's a rubber doll. Then I open Emily's e-mail and try to read it, but I can't concentrate. I'm too excited. Instinctively, I open again the first picture and place my hand over my crotch. When I move to the second one, my fingers get under my panties and I begin to touch myself. I can't stop staring at the screen. I rub my clit faster and faster, and shortly after I come. It didn't take longer than a minute.



While catching my breath, I reflect upon my behavior since Emma said we should do our homework. I never felt so horny and so frustrated before. What was happening to me? It's as if I was turning into a real human toy who only cares about sex and orgasms. Do I really wish to live the toy life Emma described? I hope I'm not losing touch with reality.

My life has changed radically very fast. Until last week it was really simple: I went to school and did my homework at home. Now I do lots of other things with Emma, and I also have many new problems, but I need to adjust quickly. Otherwise my grades will suffer.

How is she capable of handling everything? Clearly, she's able to have sex, next make plans, next give me orders, next do her homework, next deal with problems, next give orders to others... I must also be able to concentrate on one thing at a time.

Moreover, I shouldn't lose my motivation to study. Before I wished to find a nice job and help my mom financially. I mustn't assume that, because now we live here, we'll never need that. And Emma's said she wants me to study. I wonder what her motivation is. Seemingly she doesn't need money...

After resting enough time, I decide to go back to my homework, but before I scroll down the list of files. It's rather long. I choose one of them randomly and open it. It's a picture of Patricia straddling my mom's head! I'm shocked again, although now I understand why Emma also shared the pictures with Patricia. I wonder why she hasn't talked to me about this.



Suddenly, the door opens and I turn my head around.

- **Emma:** “What are you doing?”

Emma looks really shocked. Instinctively, I close my browser as fast as I can.

- **Emma:** “Were you touching yourself?!”

She has noticed my chair is wet. Before I can do anything, she grabs my wrist and smells my glove.

- **Emma:** “Oh, my God!!”

Emma looks sad, angry and despaired all at once. I’ve never seen her like this.

- **Emma:** “You were touching yourself while looking at pictures of my mom!” (I shake my head immediately.) “And now you’re lying!” Suddenly I realize I’ve really screwed it up and I fear everything could be over. I try to remove my gag to explain to Emma that I wasn’t looking at Patricia’s pictures, but she takes handcuffs from a drawer and restrains my arms quickly. She also covers my head entirely with a hood, cuffs my ankles and collars me.

- **Emma:** “Why, Gabby? Why?!”

I think she’s crying. After a few seconds, I hear her leaving the room. I stay completely still and, shortly after, I also begin to cry.



After some minutes, someone, I suppose Emma, comes back. She pulls my leash strongly and walks fast. Although I do my best to follow her, I almost stumble when going downstairs because of my ankle cuffs. Once in the living room, she makes me stay on all fours.

She leaves again, but I don't dare to move. Albeit I've stopped crying, I'm sad and afraid. What will happen between us? If she wanted to break up with me, I suppose she'd have already done it and I'd already be out of the house. But I'm not sure what she intends to do. I guess she'll punish me. The punishment for masturbating consists in wearing a chastity belt, but she believes I've done something much worse. I don't know what I should expect.

Suddenly I feel something moving on the floor. Once it stops, Emma pulls my leash to make me stand up. Then she pushes me into a space with a low ceiling, perhaps a cage or a piece of furniture, and she closes the door.

Next, the thing where I've been pushed begins to move. I guess it has wheels. At some point I notice we've taken the elevator. Where could we be going? If I had to guess, I'll say we've gone all the way to the cells. I hear a door opening and closing; after that, silence.

I feel so stupid. Why did I touch myself? I know I mustn't do it, but at that moment I wasn't thinking at all. Yes, I was very horny, but I must be able to control myself! And now here I am. If I could travel back in time, I'd do it immediately. Is my relationship with Emma over? I hope not, but even in that case, will it ever be the way it has been so far? Will she ever wish to spend so much time with me and make me feel special? Will she believe me and forgive me? I feel so awful that I start to cry again.