

SimVenusArts

My Classmate Emma Lindberg

Chapter 29



Published by SimVenusArts in July 2023.

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Five minutes later, I hear a door opening and closing, followed by some noises I can't identify. Then someone, I suppose Emma, opens the door of the thing with wheels and pulls my leash to drag me out. She removes my cuffs and my panties in silence. After that, she holds me in her arms and makes me straddle something pointy. My pussy doesn't feel comfortable. Next she cuffs my wrists and ankles again, which pulls my legs down and aggravates my discomfort. Eventually she removes my collar, hood and gag. She looks serious. I realize I'm sitting on a bondage horse just before she covers my eyes again with a hood.

- **Emma:** "Confess what you've done."

- **Gabby:** "Mistress, it's a misunderstanding!" (I'm talking fast because I'm super nervous.) "I opened that picture just before you came."

- **Emma:** "Confess what you've done."

- **Gabby:** "It's not what you think. I didn't..."

- **Emma:** "I'm losing my patience. Confess what you've done!"

- **Gabby:** "I..." (I figure out Emma wants me to tell her what I did, not what I didn't do.) "After you left, I finished my Biology exercises. Then I was going to read Ms. Austen's e-mail, but I noticed you had shared with me a Google Drive folder, so I've opened it and found pictures taken when I was a rubber doll. And then..." (I swallow my saliva.) "Then I touched myself."

- **Emma:** "Just like that."

- **Gabby:** "But I wasn't looking at pictures of Patricia! It was just pictures of you and me."

- **Emma:** "Since when do you refer to my mom that way?"

- **Gabby:** "... Never, mistress. I meant Ms. Schulte."

Emma stops talking. I need to calm down.



- **Emma:** “Are you attracted to my mom?”
- **Gabby:** “...”
- **Emma:** “Answer. Do you find my mom attractive, yes or no?”
- **Gabby:** “Mistress, I love you. I...”
- **Emma:** “I didn’t ask that. Answer!”
- **Gabby:** “... Yes, but like everyone else.”
- **Emma:** “No, not like everyone else. Don’t you think I’ve noticed how you look at her?”
- **Gabby:** “...I look at her normally.”
- **Emma:** “You’re such a liar. I still remember when we came home with Ms. Jensen and Ms. Austen and my mom greeted them. You couldn’t stop staring at her boobs. Do you think everyone does that?”
- **Gabby:** “... No, mistress.”
- **Emma:** “Why do you do it then?”
- **Gabby:** “... Mistress, I only wish to be with you.”
- **Emma:** “Do you think her breasts are better than mine?”
- **Gabby:** “No, mistress, I think you’re perfect!”
- **Emma:** “And yet another lie. Don’t you remember I’ve read your Biology project? I know you love big fake boobs.”
- **Gabby:** “... Mistress, please believe me! Your breasts are perfect! I got really turned on when we were having breakfast just by looking at them. Didn’t you notice that?”
- **Emma:** “Yeah, but that’s because you didn’t have better boobs around.”
- **Gabby:** “No, it’s not!”

Emma pauses. I’m still very nervous, but also a bit shocked by Emma’s questions. I know Emma is very proud of her mom and looks up to her but... is she also jealous of her?



- **Emma:** “Gabby, honesty is paramount for me. You know that. If you keep lying, I don’t see the point of. . . do you understand?”
- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”
- **Emma:** “What do you prefer: small natural breasts, or big fake boobs?”
- **Gabby:** “. . .” (I bend my neck down.)
- **Emma:** “It’s a simple question.”
- **Gabby:** “Big fake boobs.” (It’s true. That’s why I chose that topic for my Biology project. I wanted to understand why I like them.)
- **Emma:** “So. . . do you prefer my mom’s boobs over mine? Yes or no?”
- **Gabby:** “. . . Yes.”
- **Emma:** “Do you wish I get breast implants?”
- **Gabby:** “No!”
- **Emma:** “Why are you lying again?!”
- **Gabby:** “I’m not, mistress! Breast implants require surgery and later they could cause lots of complications and health issues.”
- **Emma:** “What if they didn’t? Imagine they’re 100% safe. Would you wish it then?”
- **Gabby:** “. . .”
- **Emma:** “If my fake boobs looked like my mom’s breasts, wouldn’t you wish it?”
- **Gabby:** “. . . I guess. Yes.” (I can’t believe I’ve just said that.) “But all those assumptions aren’t real! In practice. . .”
- **Emma:** “I know things could go wrong. That’s not the point. The point is. . . I’ve asked if I should get implants many times to other girls, and all of them keep saying ‘no’. But when I check who they follow on IG, I see a long list of popular influencers with big fake boobs. And you’re not an exception.”



- **Emma:** “Will you keep telling me the truth?”
- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”
- **Emma:** “Are you physically attracted to my mom?”
- **Gabby:** “. . . Yes.”
- **Emma:** “Are you attracted to her since the first time you saw her?”
- **Gabby:** “. . . Yes.”
- **Emma:** “And besides her body, do you like my mom? Do you like her personality?”
- **Gabby:** “Yes.”
- **Emma:** “Do you wish I was more similar to her?”
- **Gabby:** “. . . I had that thought.”
- **Emma:** “When?”
- **Gabby:** “. . . When she refused to give that talk about bondage at school. I liked she doesn’t wish to go public. But after you explained to me why you wish to create a bondage world, I fully support you.”
Emma removes my hood. She looks more relaxed. Perhaps she liked the last thing I’ve said.
- **Emma:** “Look into my eyes.” (I comply.) “You find my mom attractive since you met her. You tried to repress it but, since you gave her a foot massage, you can’t handle your impulses anymore and you’ve touched yourself while fantasizing about her. Isn’t that the truth?”
- **Gabby:** “No! It’s not!”
Emma looks serious again. Suddenly she takes a whip from a rack on the wall. For half a minute, she caresses it while looking pensive. I feel terrified.



- **Emma:** “Gabby, you’ve touched yourself. You’ve disappointed me and I feel hurt.”

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

- **Emma:** “If I had found any other girl looking at a picture of my mom just after touching herself, I’d have broken up with her immediately. But I don’t wish to break up with you because you’re special to me and...” (Emma’s voice is breaking. She’s getting emotional.) “And I have feelings for you.”

- **Gabby:** “Mistress...” (I can see tears in her eyes.)

- **Emma:** “I wish to be able to forgive you, but I can’t forgive liars. Now, if you confess, I’ll punish you with this whip, and then I’ll forgive you. But if you keep claiming you didn’t do it, there is a way for me to check if you’re telling the truth. When I entered the bedroom, I saw the time on your computer, so I can look at your browsing history to verify if it’s true you opened that file just before I entered.” (How didn’t I think about that?!) “Should I whip you, or should I go upstairs?”

Since I’m telling the truth, my first intention is to say ‘go upstairs’, but I decide to close my eyes and think twice. If, for whatever reason, my browsing history doesn’t show what Emma expects, she’ll break up with me! But... perhaps everything is a trick to make me confess.

- **Gabby:** “If I confess, you promise we won’t break up, right?”

- **Emma:** “Yes. I’m not a liar.”

What do I do? On the one hand, I feel I should just tell the truth. Why wouldn’t my browsing history show exactly what I’ve done? But, on the other hand, I’m very risk averse, and I’ve already confessed both I touched myself and I’m attracted to Patricia...



Suddenly the door opens.

- **Emma:** “Hi, mom.”

- **Patricia:** “Hi. What are you doing here?”

- **Emma:** “Um. . . if you need help with Elena’s stuff, I’ll go upstairs in a sec.”

- **Patricia:** “I don’t. Why are you holding a whip?”

- **Emma:** “. . . Because I might have to punish Gabby.”

- **Patricia:** “What has she done?”

- **Emma:** “She has touched herself.”

- **Patricia:** “Whipping isn’t the punishment for that.”

- **Emma:** “Yes, but she may have done something else. She’s hesitating whether to confess it or not.”

- **Patricia:** “Confess what? In the latest version of the standard contract, whipping is only used to punish cheating, and you spend with Gabby the whole day, so. . .”

- **Emma:** “Touching yourself while looking at pictures of other women is cheating.”

- **Patricia:** “I disagree, but anyway, Gabby, have you done that?”

- **Gabby:** “No, Ms. Schulte.” (Patricia’s presence here has clarified my thoughts.)

- **Patricia:** “There you go. She didn’t do it.”

- **Emma:** “It’s not so simple. I can actually check if she did it by looking at her browsing history.”

- **Patricia:** “Then go check.”

- **Emma:** “But if she’s lying, I’ll have to break up with her.”

- **Patricia:** “No, you won’t. I’ve told you many times you need to be more patient and forgiving.”



- **Emma:** “Mom, please let me talk to her alone, and then we’ll talk in private.”
- **Patricia:** “No, because I’m realizing what’s going on here. You’ve threatened her with breaking up so that she confesses some misbehavior and accepts to be whipped.”
- **Emma:** “It’s not like that.”
- **Patricia:** “How is it like then?” (Patricia is getting very upset.)
- **Emma:** “I haven’t threatened her.”
- **Patricia:** “I bet she doesn’t feel that way. Anyhow, you know what the punishment for masturbating is, don’t you?”
- **Emma:** “Yes. It’s a chastity belt.”
- **Patricia:** “So why don’t you just apply it? To me it feels like you wish to try and experience everything in just one week, even those things I’ve told you to avoid. Why do you suddenly wish to try whipping?”
- **Emma:** “I don’t. In fact, I’ve already tried it and it’s not my thing, although it’s effective.”
- **Patricia:** “Who did you whip? Gabby doesn’t have any marks.”
- **Emma:** “... Ms. Austen.”
- **Patricia:** “What?! When?”
- **Emma:** “When she didn’t want to admit she cheated.”
- **Patricia:** “Did she agree to be whipped by you?”
- **Emma:** “... Initially not, but...”
- **Patricia:** “How many times did I say you need to get consent before you administer a punishment? And not just consent. They need to understand and accept they need to be punished. Otherwise they’ll resent you.”
- **Emma:** “But yesterday she sent me a message to thank me. She feels she’s taken a load off her mind.”



- **Patricia:** “That’s irrelevant. From now on, you’ll always need to get my permission before any corporal punishment.”
- **Emma:** “Mom! I wasn’t going to whip Gabby until she accepted it.”
- **Patricia:** “It doesn’t matter. My decision is final. Now go check Gabby’s browsing history and you’ll find out she didn’t do what you think.”
- **Emma:** “. . . Gabby, are you sure?”
- **Gabby:** “Yes, Ms. Lindberg.”
- Emma leaves the cell.
- **Patricia:** “Were you there when Emma whipped Ms. Austen?”
- **Gabby:** “Yes, Ms. Schulte.”
- **Patricia:** “And Ms. Jensen?”
- **Gabby:** “She was there as well.”
- **Patricia:** “What did she do?”
- **Gabby:** “. . . Nothing. It all happened quite fast. But later I asked Ms. Lindberg about that, and she told me she did it because of you.”
- **Patricia:** “What do you mean?”
- **Gabby:** “. . . Ms. Lindberg thought you were suffering because of Ms. Austen’s lies. She did it to help you.” (Patricia smiles.)
- **Patricia:** “Gabby, you’re such a sweetheart. Emma is thinking about whipping you, but you still defend her. Tell me, has she administered any other corporal punishment to you?”
- **Gabby:** “. . . She caned my buttocks last Sunday, but my marks are already gone.”
- **Patricia:** “Did you consent to it?”
- **Gabby:** “I . . . don’t remember. But I deserved it. And Ms. Lindberg put cream on my buttocks afterwards.”
- **Patricia:** “You can’t let Emma do whatever she wishes. You should have boundaries. If you feel Emma isn’t treating you properly, you must let me know.”
- **Gabby:** “. . . Yes, Ms. Schulte.”



Patricia and I wait for Emma in silence. I'm getting nervous.

- **Patricia:** "It looks like Emma is checking your full browsing history. I'll uncuff you." (Patricia uses the keys Emma left here.)

- **Gabby:** "Thank you, Ms. Schulte."

- **Patricia:** "Just out of curiosity: what pictures does she think you were looking at?"

- **Gabby:** "... " (I freeze.)

- **Patricia:** "Why don't you answer me? I didn't think you were lying."

- **Gabby:** "... I wasn't lying. Please let me explain."

- **Patricia:** "Yes, explain."

- **Gabby:** "While I was alone doing my homework, I found out Emma had shared a Google Drive folder with you and me with pictures taken when I was a rubber doll."

- **Patricia:** "Yes, I've already seen it."

- **Gabby:** "I was really horny and... yes, I did it, but I was just looking at pictures of Emma and myself. I only found out there were pictures of you after I finished, but then Emma came back and suspected the worst."

- **Patricia:** "And then she was crying, wasn't she?"

- **Gabby:** "I believe so." (Patricia shakes her head.) "Now I'm worried about her. I think she intends to get breast implants. She made me confess things like I prefer big fake boobs... or I find your breasts more attractive than hers. I think she looks up to you, and sometimes perhaps she feels jealous..."

- **Patricia:** "Gabby, thanks for telling me, but I already know all that. Actually, to help Emma, you could stop staring at my tits."

- **Gabby:** "... Yes, Ms. Schulte. I apologize."

I look down while my cheeks blush. Has everyone noticed I like...? I thought I was hiding it quite well.



Emma comes back. She smiles and hugs me straight away, without saying anything.

- **Patricia:** "I'll leave you alone."

- **Emma:** "... Thanks, mom."

After Patricia leaves the cell, Emma holds me in her arms and kisses me. Then she carries me and makes me sit on a bondage rack with small spikes.

- **Emma:** "I guess I've overreacted a bit."

- **Gabby:** "I understand, mistress. What you saw looked shocking."

- **Emma:** "Still, I'm somewhat disappointed. Do you know what this is for?" (Emma points at the rack.)

- **Gabby:** "... I think I do."

- **Emma:** "I hope I'll never need to use anything like this with you." (Emma stares at me.) "Why did you touch yourself?"

- **Gabby:** "... I was very excited."

- **Emma:** "But why didn't you tell me? Do you prefer touching yourself over having sex with me?"

- **Gabby:** "No! Not at all."

- **Emma:** "Then?"

- **Gabby:** "I... suggested it. I talked about licking your pussy when we were having breakfast, and I said your outfit turns me on..."

- **Emma:** "You should communicate things clearly. If you wish to get fucked, just say it."

- **Gabby:** "I wish to get fucked."

- **Emma:** "Again?!"

- **Gabby:** "Yes, mistress. Please fuck me. Fuck me the whole day."

Emma caresses my pussy.

- **Emma:** "You've been on the horse for a while. Doesn't it hurt?"

- **Gabby:** "... A bit, but I'll be fine."



- **Emma:** “Why are you so horny today?”

- **Gabby:** “I’ve been thinking about that. Since you talked to me about a toy life, I fantasize about it more and more and my priorities are changing. I don’t care about school that much anymore. Now I just wish to spend time with you.”

- **Emma:** “Gabby...maybe a toy life sounds appealing now, but sooner or later you’ll get bored...and I think I’d also get bored. Do you remember when my mom explained why Stella isn’t a full-time pony?”

- **Gabby:** “I do, mistress, but I wish to experience a toy life, maybe just for today.” (Emma thinks for a few seconds.)

- **Emma:** “...Actually it could be a good idea. Today you’ll be just my toy. You’ll be all the time horny and ready for me, and I’ll only use you to satisfy my needs and have fun. Let’s find out if you enjoy to be used like that.”

- **Gabby:** “Will you use me frequently?”

- **Emma:** “Haha! Don’t worry about that. Let’s go have fun.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

We exit the cell. My heart is beating fast. Just by imagining what we’ll do in the next hours, I feel super excited. Suddenly Emma’s phone rings.

- **Emma:** “Hello.” (...) “Oh, yes! I’ll be there in a minute.” (...) “See you!” (Emma looks at me.) “Lexy is here! With all the fuss, I forgot she was coming.”

- **Gabby:** “But we were going to...” (I feel frustrated again.)

- **Emma:** “Don’t worry. I’ll still treat you like a toy.”

- **Gabby:** “Eh?! But...”

- **Emma:** “Let’s hurry up!”

We take the elevator and walk fast towards the house.



Lexy is waiting for us by the door. She's really pretty.

- **Emma:** "Hi!"

- **Lexy:** "Hi!"

Emma hugs her and they kiss each other on the cheek.

- **Emma:** "Sorry I was in the basement."

- **Lexy:** "No worries. How are you?"

- **Emma:** "I'm doing great! Let me introduce you. This is Gabby. Gabby, this is my friend Alexandra Nieminen." (I recall Angela's surname is Kelly.)

- **Lexy:** "Nice to meet you, Gabby."

- **Gabby:** "Nice to meet you, Ms. Nieminen."

- **Lexy:** "You can call me Lexy."

- **Emma:** "No, she can't. She must address you respectfully."

- **Lexy:** "Oh! Is she the girl you talked about on the phone? I mean the one in bondage to you."

- **Emma:** "Yes. She's my toy."

- **Lexy:** "Your toy?"

- **Emma:** "I use her to satisfy my needs and have fun." (I'm already regretting my toy life.)

- **Lexy:** "Oh!"

- **Emma:** "We should talk a lot about bondage."

- **Lexy:** "Yes... well, I don't know. Is she staying now with us?"

- **Emma:** "Yes. She lives here."

- **Lexy:** "Eh?! But... she wasn't here on your birthday."

- **Emma:** "That's right. We began last week."

- **Lexy:** "Oh! That's really... fast."

- **Emma:** "Haha! I know."

Lexy looks puzzled.



- **Emma:** “Let’s go inside.”

Emma uses her keys to open the door. My mom comes immediately, gets on her knees and kisses Emma’s boots. I don’t know if she saw Lexy, but this time she didn’t hesitate at all!

- **Elena:** “Welcome home, Ms. Lindberg. I’m honored to be in your presence again.”

- **Emma:** “I didn’t go anywhere. We were in the basement.”

My mom looks down.

- **Lexy:** “Who is she?”

- **Emma:** “Ah! This is Elena, our new maid. She’s Gabby’s mom.”

- **Lexy:** “But... is she also in bondage to you?!”

- **Emma:** “No, she’s in bondage to my mom, but she must also obey me.” (Lexy looks puzzled again. She doesn’t know what to say.)

“Are you thirsty?”

- **Lexy:** “... Yes.”

Emma looks at my mom and waits a few seconds.

- **Emma:** “Elena, we have a guest. You should offer something to drink.”

- **Elena:** “Oh! Yes, Ms. Lindberg. What would you like to drink... ma’am?”

- **Lexy:** “Just sparkling water.”

- **Emma:** “Bring water for me as well.”

- **Elena:** “Yes, Ms. Lindberg.”

My mom stands up and goes to the kitchen.

- **Emma:** “Let’s take a sit. As you can see, there have been some changes since my birthday. We should catch up.”

We sit on the sofa. Suddenly I realize my pussy has been exposed all along! Although seemingly Lexy didn’t realize it, I cover it with my hands.



- **Emma:** “So... have you already begun practicing bondage?”
- **Lexy:** “Eh?! No... I’m still thinking about it.”
- **Emma:** “But my mom said you wish to be a mistress, and you sounded enthusiastic on the phone.”
- **Lexy:** “... Yes, but I wish to learn more before I start.”
- **Emma:** “The best way of learning is by practicing it.”
- **Lexy:** “I guess... but also, how do I know if I’ll enjoy being dominant? Perhaps it’s not for me.”
- **Emma:** “Lexy, you’re very dominant.”
- **Lexy:** “Why do you say that?”
- **Emma:** “Um... remember when we played together in primary school. We were arguing all the time. I wanted things to be done my way, but you wanted to do them your way. The other girls just obeyed me.”
- **Lexy:** “Haha! That’s true.” (Emma and Lexy smile at each other.)
- **Emma:** “I’m sure you’ll really enjoy it. Haven’t you ever fantasized about dominating a girl?”
- **Lexy:** “... Couldn’t we talk in private? I don’t really know Gabby.”
- **Emma:** “She won’t say anything. Don’t worry about her. Just tell me... what turns you on in your fantasies?”
- **Lexy:** “...” (Lexy is blushing a bit.) “If I tell you, perhaps you’ll think I’m depraved.”
- **Emma:** “I won’t! I promise.”
- **Lexy:** “Well... sometimes I imagine myself using a girl as a footstool.” (Emma thinks for a few seconds and smiles.)
- **Emma:** “Gabby, get on all fours on the floor.”
- **Gabby:** “Wh...”

I was going to ‘What!’, but I bite my tongue. I don’t wish to upset Emma again, so I comply. Lexy looks nervous.



- **Emma:** “Go ahead.”
- **Lexy:** “But... she’s in bondage to you, not to me.”
- **Emma:** “Don’t worry. She must also obey my mom, you know. She’s already given her a foot massage.”
- **Lexy:** “... How do I know if she’s OK with this? Your mom told me subs have boundaries that must be respected.” (I think I should have a conversation about that with Emma.)
- **Emma:** “If she isn’t fine with it, she can use her safeword. Besides, I’ve already used her as a footstool. She’s well-trained. Look.”
Emma rests her legs on my back.
- **Lexy:** “Oh! In that case...”
Lexy bites her lips. Suddenly she smiles and decides to imitate Emma.
- **Emma:** “How are you feeling?”
- **Lexy:** “I never thought my fantasies would become true one day. I’ll never forget this.”
- **Emma:** “This is just the beginning. What other fantasies do you have?”
- **Lexy:** “Haha! I think this is enough for today.”
- **Emma:** “Believe me. You can experience much more than this with Gabby.”
- **Lexy:** “She’s really submissive, isn’t she?”
- **Emma:** “She is, although some girls are even more submissive. But I’ve already been training her full-time for six days.” (Certainly, six days ago I wouldn’t be doing this. It’s amazing how fast I’ve changed.)
- **Lexy:** “... How did you start? Was she already into bondage?”
- **Emma:** “Haha! No, not at all. She even didn’t know what bondage is.”



- **Lexy**: “But then...I don’t know. I mean, I just don’t know how to talk to a girl about this. If I wish to practice bondage, how do I find a submissive girl?”

- **Emma**: “For you, it will be very easy.”

- **Lexy**: “Why?”

- **Emma**: “We both know you have lots of admirers. How many girls in your school would do anything to be with you?”

- **Lexy**: “. . . Yeah, I know, but I’m very picky.”

- **Emma**: “I’m not saying she has to be your girlfriend. And also, you can have more than one girl in bondage to you, you know. Besides this toy, I have a puppy and a foot worshipper.”

- **Lexy**: “What?! Where are they?”

- **Emma**: “At the moment they’re at school. But they’ll come here later.” (Lexy looks shocked.) “Have you had fantasies involving pet play or foot worship?”

- **Lexy**: “Um. . .” (Lexy seems embarrassed again.) “Not exactly foot worship, but when your maid kissed your boots before. . . I think I’d like that.”

At that moment, my mom comes to the living room with drinks and snacks. She’s surprised to see me on all fours.

- **Emma**: “Leave the tray on the table.”

- **Elena**: “Yes, Ms. Lindberg.”

My mom complies. Then Emma points at Lexy.

- **Emma**: “Lick her boots clean.”

- **Elena**: “Yes, Ms. Lindberg.”

My mom gets on her knees and begins to lick Lexy’s boots. As before, she doesn’t hesitate at all. I feel like she’s become completely docile.



- **Emma:** “Do you enjoy it?”

- **Lexy:** “Oh, yeah! Definitely, I’ll never forget this. It’s turning me on.”

- **Emma:** “Haha! I’ve told you.”

- **Lexy:** “Does she also get horny by doing this?”

- **Emma:** “I don’t think she has a boot fetish.”

- **Lexy:** “But then...”

- **Emma:** “She enjoys anything that makes her feel dominated. And also, boot kissing and licking is ideal to remind a sub of her place. That’s why I make her do it regularly.” (Given my mom’s behavior, it looks like it’s working.) “Elena, lick her soles.”

- **Lexy:** “I’ve come on foot. My soles are dirty.”

- **Emma:** “That’s why she must clean them.”

My mom complies. I wonder what would happen if Patricia came here right now, but she’s still in the basement.

- **Lexy:** “And Gabby... does she also lick boots?”

- **Emma:** “Of course! She’s done it many times.” (Emma removes her legs from my back.) “Gabby, lick mine.”

I get on my knees next to my mom and comply. I have the impression Lexy is losing her previous inhibition and now wants more and more.

- **Lexy:** “This can’t get better.”

- **Emma:** “Sure it can.”

Emma opens a drawer, gets two collars and puts them on my mom and on me. She gives my mom’s leash to Lexy.

- **Lexy:** “We have mom and daughter licking our boots. It’s unbelievable!”

- **Emma:** “Haha! So... do you still have any doubts about becoming a mistress?”

- **Lexy:** “Not at all. I’ve made up my mind.”

Emma and Lexy smile at each other.



- **Lexy:** “I forgot I’m thirsty.”

Lexy picks up both glasses from the tray and gives Emma one of them.

- **Emma:** “Would you like to see the basement?”

- **Lexy:** “Does your mom allow me?”

- **Emma:** “Why wouldn’t she? Now you’re 18.”

- **Lexy:** “...OK.”

After drinking, Emma gets up and removes my mom’s collar.

- **Emma:** “Elena, I’ve sent you a list of guests for tomorrow’s ceremony with their dietary restrictions. Lexy is definitely coming.”

- **Elena:** “Thank you, Ms. Lindberg.”

Emma gets a gag and puts it on my mom. I realize she’s no longer wearing a chastity belt.

- **Emma:** “Go back to your chores.”

Once my mom leaves, Emma takes back my leash and we walk towards the basement.

- **Lexy:** “Throughout the years you’ve told me so much about the basement. My expectations are high, you know.”

- **Emma:** “I’m sure it won’t disappoint you. But before we enter, I need to ask you something. Why did you get upset when your mom told you she was a mistress?” (Emma looks serious.)

- **Lexy:** “Because she hid it from me for so many years. I felt like I didn’t know my mom until now.”

- **Emma:** “So it wasn’t because you had something against bondage, right?”

- **Lexy:** “No. Perhaps she got that impression, but she was mistaken.”

Emma smiles.

- **Emma:** “Let’s go.”