

SimVenusArts

My Classmate Emma Lindberg

Chapter 31



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Emma opens the holder and takes me out. We hug and kiss briefly.

- **Emma:** “Do you like this area?”

- **Gabby:** “. . . I do. I’ll never forget it.”

- **Emma:** “We’ll come back. But now, let’s go to my bedroom.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

We go to the house without encountering anyone along the way.

- **Emma:** “Use the toilet quickly.”

Although I wonder why I have to hurry up, I pee as fast as I can. Once in Emma’s bedroom, I see her holding some weird panties. I frown.

- **Emma:** “This is an intimate safety device. It’s designed to protect you from sexual assault. . . and from abusing yourself.”

- **Gabby:** “Do you mean a chastity belt?”

- **Emma:** “It’s more modern. . . like a new generation of chastity belts.”

- **Gabby:** “But. . . you said I won’t be in chastity.”

- **Emma:** “And you won’t. I’ll remove it when I wish to fuck you.”

- **Gabby:** “Ah!”

- **Emma:** “It’s to prevent misbehavior. You’ll wear it until I’m confident you won’t disobey me again.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . Yes, mistress.”

Emma hands me the so-called intimate safety device and I put it on. Then she takes her phone and opens an app. Shortly after, the device’s small screen changes color.

- **Emma:** “It works. Now it can only be opened with my phone. Whenever you need the toilet, I’ll unlock it and you can remove it. But it will try to lock itself after two minutes, so you have to put it back before that. If you don’t, I’ll receive a warning.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

I’m surprised a device like this one exists. I guess Emma is not the only one so keen on preventing her girlfriend from touching herself.



- **Emma:** “In addition to wearing the device, from now on your hands will be restrained behind your back.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . How will I do my homework?”

- **Emma:** “That’s one of the few exceptions. But I’ll install security cams in the small bedroom to check on you.”

I feel Emma is getting a bit paranoid. I frown again.

- **Emma:** “Gabby, I know you love orgasms, and I also understand why you’re so horny. You’ve gone from just masturbating to having a threesome in less than a week, so it’s normal you’re excited. And until you’re fully trained, you’ll keep experiencing new things that will turn you on even more. That’s why I’m helping you to be disciplined.”

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

- **Emma:** “Do you also understand what will happen if you misbehave again?” (She looks serious.)

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

Emma’s phone rings. It’s a video call. I see Jessica next to the house.

- **Jessica:** “Good afternoon, mistress. I have arrived.”

- **Emma:** “Is Cami with you?”

- **Jessica:** “No, mistress. I don’t know where she is.”

- **Emma:** “OK. Get on your knees in front of the main door and wait for me.”

- **Jessica:** “. . . Yes, mistress.”

Emma hangs up. She looks a bit upset.

- **Emma:** “I’ve told them to come, you know. I need to talk to them. But now I don’t feel like seeing them. I’d rather spend the evening just with you.”

I didn’t expect Emma to say that. It makes me really happy :)



- **Emma:** “Help me get dressed.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

I get on my knees and take off Emma’s stockings. Then she picks up a leather outfit and I help her with her shorts, her new stockings and her boots. Meanwhile she puts on a corset, a leather collar and gloves.

- **Emma:** “How do I look?”

- **Gabby:** “Perfect, mistress. You look truly amazing.”

She smiles. She asks me that question every time she gets changed. Appearance is really important to her, so I think I should compliment her enthusiastically more often. Maybe this way she’ll forget about breast implants.

- **Emma:** “You really love leather and latex, don’t you?”

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

- **Emma:** “Go ahead. Worship my boots.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . Yes, mistress.”

I begin to lick Emma’s right boot. She didn’t understand my compliment the way I wished. I do like leather and latex, but her body is what really turns me on. Next time I should make sure I praise her figure, not her outfit.

- **Emma:** “From now on, after you help me put on my shoes or boots, you should spend a couple of minutes polishing them with your tongue. Don’t wait for me to tell you.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . Yes, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “And after I get undressed, you should give me a foot massage.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “I’ll make a list of things you’re expected to do regularly. Eventually you’ll be able to take care of my needs and serve me appropriately without being told what to do all the time.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”



- **Emma:** “Stop. Let’s get you dressed.”

Emma hands me stockings, gloves, and armbands. After I put them on, she squeezes my waist with a corset and covers my head with a hood.

- **Emma:** “I recall I’ve promised to buy a nice set of collars and cuffs for you, and I will. But now let’s use this one. It will restrain you properly.”

After putting on my collar and cuffs, Emma uses chains to bind them together behind my back.

- **Emma:** “One last touch.”

She covers my nipples with pasties. I look at the mirror and see the word ‘slave’ written on them. I’m surprised. Does this mean she already wants me to become her slave?

- **Gabby:** “Mistress...”

- **Emma:** “Yes?”

- **Gabby:** “...How long does a submissive woman normally wait before asking her mistress to become her slave?”

- **Emma:** “Haha! I knew the pasties would make you think about that.” (I blush.) “I don’t know. Each relationship is different. The important thing is that she’s completely sure.”

- **Gabby:** “In the future... would you like to have a slave?”

Now she looks more serious.

- **Emma:** “...Yes, I do. I think it’s really beautiful for two women to commit to a lifelong relationship, both for the slave who dedicates her life to serve her mistress, and for the mistress who takes good care of her property until death. Maybe I’m too romantic...”

- **Gabby:** “No. I also think it’s beautiful.”

Emma smiles and kisses my lips. I don’t know how I could dare to ask her about this, but I do like her answer :)

- **Emma:** “Let’s go downstairs.”

She walks away and I follow her.



We enter the kitchen.

- **Emma:** “I’m really hungry. The pizza we didn’t eat yesterday is still here. Would you like a slice?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress. Thank you.”

Emma cuts the pizza. Yesterday she told me to do it, but now it seems she prefers to keep me restrained.

- **Emma:** “Sit on the sofa.”

While I go to the living-room, Emma looks through the main door’s peephole. I thought she intended to let Jessica in, but she doesn’t. Instead she brings the pizza and sits next to me.

- **Emma:** “Cami hasn’t come.”

- **Gabby:** “But... is Jessica still there on her knees?”

- **Emma:** “Yes, but I’d rather eat before I deal with her.”

Emma takes a slice and bites it. Then she lets me bite it.

- **Emma:** “Your mom’s pizzas are delicious even when they aren’t warm. I wonder if all pizzas in Italy are so good.” (Emma thinks for a few seconds.) “We should definitely go in the Summer. Later we’ll search for flights.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes.” (My heart beats fast now.) “It’s better to book them as soon as possible.”

- **Emma:** “Don’t worry. If we don’t find any good connections, we can use my father’s jet.”

- **Gabby:** “Oh!” (I’ve never imagined myself on a private jet.)

- **Emma:** “But I’d prefer to avoid it. It’s really bad for climate change.”

- **Gabby:** “... Yes, mistress.”

We continue eating in silence. I still wish to ask Emma about her father, her mansion and all that, but I don’t dare to.



- **Jessica:** “Good evening, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “You’re very obedient.”

- **Jessica:** “Thank you.”

- **Emma:** “Come in and kiss my boots.”

After Jessica complies, Emma collars her.

- **Emma:** “Crawl.”

She brings Jessica to the living room and cuffs her. Then she sits on the other sofa.

- **Emma:** “Have you done what I told you?”

- **Jessica:** “Yes, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “So... who reported us to Ms. Jensen?”

- **Jessica:** “Christine and Charlotte.”

- **Emma:** “Are you sure?” (Emma looks sad.)

- **Jessica:** “Yes, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “How did you find out?”

- **Jessica:** “They told me.”

- **Emma:** “Did you ask them directly?”

- **Jessica:** “No. They talked about it when I was around.”

Emma pauses and drinks water.

- **Emma:** “So they are 100% against me.”

- **Jessica:** “Yes, now they are.”

- **Emma:** “They were also against me before.”

- **Jessica:** “... Yes, but not 100%. They got really angry with you when they saw the picture of Gabby’s caned ass. Before they thought Natalie was mainly using the thing with Chloe to move you away from Evelyn.”

- **Emma:** “How do you know that?!”

- **Jessica:** “Because... they talked about it while I was with them.”



- **Emma:** “Have you found out anything else?”
 - **Jessica:** “. . . They are planning to do something if you go to school tomorrow.”
 - **Emma:** “Like what?”
 - **Jessica:** “They want to spank you, or to whip you or to humiliate you somehow. They think you deserve it because of what you are doing to Gabby.”
 - **Emma:** “And how do they plan to do that?”
 - **Jessica:** “They haven’t decided it yet. They’re thinking about teasing you to make you lose a bet, or something like that.”
- Emma smirks and drinks water again. I don’t really know how she’s feeling, but clearly this isn’t easy for her.
- **Emma:** “How could you discover all that?”
 - **Jessica:** “Because I was there.”
 - **Emma:** “Yes, but also. . . because they think you’re also against me. Isn’t that true?”
 - **Jessica:** “. . . Yes, mistress.”
 - **Emma:** “And why do they think that?”
 - **Jessica:** “. . . They assume it. I’ve never said anything against you.”
 - **Emma:** “But you haven’t said anything to defend me either, right?”
 - **Jessica:** “. . . I haven’t, mistress.”
 - **Emma:** “Why not?”
 - **Jessica:** “. . . I’m afraid. Almost nobody knows I was dominant in my previous relationship, you know. If I tried to defend you, they could find out and attack me as well.”
 - **Emma:** “So you’re a coward. If every mistress did the same, soon we would be totally underground.”
 - **Jessica:** “I’m sorry, mistress. I admire your bravery.”



- **Emma:** “Anyway, you did well.”

- **Jessica:** “Thank you, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Now we need to talk. What are you doing here?”

- **Jessica:** “What do you mean? You’ve asked me to come.”

- **Emma:** “Do you really wish to be my puppy?”

- **Jessica:** “Yes, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “And is that all you wish?”

- **Jessica:** “. . .”

- **Emma:** “If that’s the only thing you wish, you’ll end up playing catch, peeing outside and getting caged. And that’s it. Is that what you want?”

- **Jessica:** “I . . .” (Jessica looks nervous.) “It’s what I told you. I need a mistress to know if I enjoy submission. Yesterday you said I could be your baby, and later your puppy. I’m fine with that.”

Emma thinks for a few seconds.

- **Emma:** “When you found out about my breakup with Chloe, you immediately came to me to make yourself noticed. And you kept doing that even when you saw I was talking to Gabby. While you were doing that, what did you want?”

- **Jessica:** “. . . To be your sub.”

- **Emma:** “You mean . . . to be my submissive girlfriend, right?”

- **Jessica:** “. . . Yes.”

- **Gabby:** “Eh?! Yesterday you told me you’re still in love with your ex and you didn’t want to steal Emma from me!”

- **Jessica:** “. . . I know you’re her girlfriend now, so it’s not possible for me at the moment. And I know I must also obey you.”

Emma gets up and takes a gag.

- **Emma:** “Gabby, you mustn’t speak without permission. How many times will I have to remind you? Open your mouth.”

She gags me.



- **Emma:** “If you’re still in love with your ex, why do you wish to be my sub?”

- **Jessica:** “. . . Oftentimes the best way to get over a relationship is to start a new one.”

- **Emma:** “Don’t you wish to go back with her?”

- **Jessica:** “. . . Yes, but I know it’s over. She’s already with someone else.”

Emma thinks again. I still don’t really get what’s the purpose of this whole interrogation.

- **Emma:** “Why do you want me as your mistress, and not someone else?”

- **Jessica:** “Because I like you.”

- **Emma:** “But you don’t love me.”

- **Jessica:** “. . . Not yet. I could fall in love. You’re very attractive, and. . . everybody says you strap-on fuck very well.” (Jessica smiles.)

- **Emma:** “Haha! Who is everybody?”

- **Jessica:** “There are plenty of stories. You’re a legend!”

- **Emma:** “So then. . . you also wish to get fucked, don’t you?”

- **Jessica:** “Yes.”

Emma thinks yet again. Now she looks serious.

- **Emma:** “Listen. Gabby is my girlfriend and I wish to focus on my relationship with her. She’s here 24/7 to serve me. I’d like to spend plenty of time with her, and thus I’m not able to take care of you. . .”

- **Jessica:** “Please, stop! That’s exactly what I don’t want.”

- **Emma:** “Don’t interrupt me.”

- **Jessica:** “Please! I don’t want to be rejected again.”

- **Emma:** “To avoid that, the first thing you have to do is to obey me.”

- **Jessica:** “Yes, mistress.”

Jessica shuts up, but she looks like she’s about to cry. Emma looks at her without showing any emotion.



- **Emma:** “I wish to turn you into a piece of furniture.”
 - **Jessica:** “. . . What do you mean?”
 - **Emma:** “A lamp, or perhaps a table.”
- I’m frozen. I didn’t see this coming at all.
- **Emma:** “Listen. I don’t have enough time to take care of a baby or a puppy. So I would end up calling you very sporadically, and that’s not what you need. You need a mistress that pays you attention every day, and the only way you’ll get that from me is as human furniture.”
 - **Jessica:** “I . . .” (Jessica looks baffled.)
 - **Emma:** “Why don’t you give it a try? In fact, it could be rather interesting for you. Tomorrow we’ll host here a ceremony for Ms. Jensen and Ms. Austen, and we need fancy furniture and decoration. The president of the Bondage Society is also coming.”
 - **Jessica:** “. . . Bondage Society?”
 - **Emma:** “Never mind. You’ll be around plenty of women who are into bondage.”
 - **Jessica:** “I . . .” (Jessica still looks confused.) “Yes, mistress. I’ll give it a try.”
 - **Emma:** “Perfect. Use the toilet there and remove your clothes.”
- Emma smiles and uncuffs Jessica. While she is in the toilet, Emma goes upstairs and comes back with a bag.
- **Emma:** “As furniture, you’re not supposed to move, talk, see or hear anything. You’ll be blindfolded and gagged, and you’ll get earplugs and restraints.”
 - **Jessica:** “Yes, mistress.”
 - **Emma:** “First you’ll get dressed as a rubber doll.”
- Emma helps Jessica put on her outfit.



Emma takes a catalogue from her bag and sits next to me. Then she removes my gag.

- **Emma:** “Look. Which one do you prefer?”

- **Gabby:** “. . .” (She shows me some human lamps, but I’m speechless.)

- **Emma:** “This hanging lamp is very elegant, but we can’t hang it here.”

I realize Emma didn’t plan to do this. Otherwise she’d have already chosen it herself.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress. . . do you think this is a good idea?”

- **Emma:** “What?”

- **Gabby:** “Turning Jessica into a lamp.”

- **Emma:** “. . . I hope she’ll enjoy it.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, but. . . I got the impression you wish to introduce her to Lexy tomorrow so that. . .”

- **Emma:** “That’s true, but I don’t know if they’ll like each other, so I shouldn’t tell her right now.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . Why not?”

- **Emma:** “Because she’d feel I’m breaking up with her.”

- **Gabby:** “But. . . do you have any feelings for her?”

- **Emma:** “I’m not in love.”

- **Gabby:** “Then. . . why do you care?”

- **Emma:** “Gabby! Do you think I’m a monster?!” (Emma looks offended) “I only break up with girls after they hurt me, and Jessica hasn’t done anything wrong. Now she’s even willing to serve me in a way that’s convenient for me.”

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

- **Emma:** “You don’t fully understand. . . She hides it quite well, but she’s suffering. Her prior relationship lasted more than two years, you know. Yesterday evening she told me she almost didn’t cry since she arrived here, which means she’s crying every day.”

- **Gabby:** “Oh!” (I’m feeling bad again for making her cry yesterday.)



- **Emma:** “She says she wishes to find out if she likes being submissive, which may be true, but what she really wishes is to feel that someone cares for her. And if she serves me the way I want, I’ll take care of her.”

I don’t know how, but Emma has made it sound like turning someone into furniture is almost a charitable act. She looks back at the catalogue.

- **Emma:** “We’ll build this one. It doesn’t look too difficult.”

She leaves and comes back with a box.

- **Emma:** “Have you ever constructed furniture?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “This is the manual. Read it and guide me.”

I read the instructions. This lamp is indeed quite simple, but it still requires to use a screwdriver here and there. I guide Emma throughout all the steps, and after twenty minutes she’s done.

- **Emma:** “We’ve made it!” (She looks quite proud.) “Doesn’t it look cool?”

- **Gabby:** “... It’s nice.”

- **Emma:** “Our guests will be quite impressed tomorrow.”

- **Gabby:** “Definitely.”

- **Emma:** “Let’s take some selfies.”

Emma grabs her phone and takes plenty of pictures. I try to smile, but I think I look fake.

- **Emma:** “You’ve never been a piece of furniture. Don’t you wish to try?”

- **Gabby:** “Eh?! No, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Not even for a couple of hours?”

- **Gabby:** “Perhaps another day.”

Emma moves Jessica to the kitchen. I wonder how long she will be a lamp. So far she’s able to stand as still as a mime.



Emma's phone rings but she doesn't pick it up. Instead she grabs a collar and opens the main door.

- **Cami:** "Good evening, mistress."

- **Emma:** "You're very late."

- **Cami:** "I'm sorry, I..."

- **Emma:** "Get on your knees and apologize properly."

Although Cami obeys her, Emma looks impatient.

- **Cami:** "Please accept my apologies, mistress. I regret what I have done."

- **Emma:** "It's 'I deeply regret'."

- **Cami:** "I deeply regret what I have done."

- **Emma:** "Kiss my boots."

After Cami complies, Emma collars her and guides her towards the living room. Cami crawls looking at the floor, so she doesn't see Jessica.

- **Emma:** "Have you done what I told you?"

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

- **Emma:** "What are they planning against me at school?"

- **Cami:** "I don't think there is any plan."

- **Emma:** "Who did you talk to?"

- **Cami:** "Our classmates."

- **Emma:** "... Were you with Christine or Charlotte?"

- **Cami:** "No. Jessica was with them all the time, so..."

- **Emma:** "Yes, and she's told me their plans. Do you have anything to tell me?"

- **Cami:** "Yes. After school, Evelyn and Natalie called me. They wanted to discuss with me how to take Gabby away from you."

I get nervous. Emma looks at me and caresses my leg.



- **Emma:** “So what’s their plan?”
 - **Cami:** “. . . We still couldn’t discuss it.”
 - **Emma:** “Why?”
 - **Cami:** “. . . I jumped into Natalie’s car and she drove all the way to a social club where they often hang out.”
 - **Emma:** “Ebell?”
 - **Cami:** “Yes. Once there, I needed my ID to be allowed in as a guest, but. . . it wasn’t in my wallet. So they told me to get it. I took two buses to go back to school, but I didn’t find it there.”
 - **Emma:** “Where is it?”
 - **Cami:** “I don’t know. I hope it’s here somewhere. Yesterday with all the fuss. . .”
 - **Emma:** “Ah! So you’ve come here to find your ID!”
 - **Cami:** “. . . Yes.”
- Emma looks like she’s about to slap Cami, but she calms down.
- **Emma:** “You’ve failed.”
 - **Cami:** “I think they’re still waiting for me. If we find. . .”
 - **Emma:** “It doesn’t matter. You’re not up for this.”
- Cami looks down. Emma thinks for a short while.
- **Emma:** “Listen. I know Natalie and Evelyn quite well, so I think this is their plan. They want you to convince Gabby to go meet you somewhere quiet, perhaps in the park, without telling me. Then they would show up to your meeting with some of their friends. Natalie would tell Gabby to apologize and to accuse me of maltreatment or something like that. Gabby would refuse, but they’d keep insisting and teasing her. Eventually Gabby would lose her patience and insult them. Then Natalie would immediately push Gabby and beat her up.”
 - **Cami:** “But. . . how do you know. . . ?”
 - **Emma:** “Natalie has done it several times.”



- **Cami:** “Still.. if that happened, I’d be there to defend Gabby.”
 - **Emma:** “Their friends wouldn’t let you. They could even beat you up if you tried.”
 - **Cami:** “Also...how would I convince Gabby to meet me in private?”
 - **Emma:** “That’s the difficult part of their plan. They wanted to meet with you today to teach you tricks so that you could succeed.” (I wonder what those tricks are.)
 - **Cami:** “I don’t know...they sounded like they wanted to help me make Gabby become interested in me.”
 - **Emma:** “Yes, their tricks work that way.”
- Cami thinks for some seconds. She seems convinced now.
- **Cami:** “Well, if that’s their plan, it’s easy to thwart. Gabby and I won’t meet and that’s it.”
 - **Emma:** “No. You will meet.”
 - **Gabby:** “Eh?!”
 - **Cami:** “Why?”
 - **Emma:** “Gabby, where is your gag?”
- Emma gags me again. She looks really annoyed.
- **Emma:** “You’ll meet, and once they begin teasing Gabby, I’ll show up and beat up Natalie.”
 - **Cami:** “But...their friends won’t let you.”
 - **Emma:** “They will. I’ll bring the cheer squad with me.”
 - **Cami:** “Oh!”

In the morning, Emma told me she looks forward to beating Natalie up, but I didn’t think it could happen so soon.



- **Emma:** “We need to talk now. What are you doing here?”
- **Cami:** “I came to find my ID...”
- **Emma:** “Don’t mention your ID again.”
- **Cami:** “... Yes, mistress.”
- **Emma:** “Why do you want me to be your mistress?”
- **Cami:** “Because...” (Cami looks blocked.)
- **Emma:** “You don’t know why.”
- **Cami:** “... Yes, I do. It’s because I wish to worship your feet.”

Emma stares at Cami for some seconds.

- **Emma:** “Go ahead. Take off my boots.”

Cami obeys Emma and begins to lick her feet immediately. Emma looks at her for a short while in silence.

- **Emma:** “Yesterday, Gabby told me what you told her, you know. You said you wish to serve her and learn what she likes, so that she begins to like you. And you think she’ll give you a chance after I break up with her.”

Cami stops licking and looks at me.

- **Emma:** “Don’t look at her. She isn’t allowed to keep secrets from me.”

- **Cami:** “So... you want me to leave.”

- **Emma:** “No. I want you to be honest and tell the truth, especially to Gabby.”

- **Cami:** “That’s the truth.”

- **Emma:** “No, it’s not. Gabby and you didn’t meet yesterday. You know each other quite well. And you know she’s not into you and that won’t change.”

- **Cami:** “The truth is... I’m in love with her. I wish to be close to her, even if she doesn’t feel the same.”

- **Emma:** “That’s only half the truth.”

Cami frowns.



- **Emma:** “Why are you licking my feet?”

- **Cami:** “Because I like it!”

- **Emma:** “Don’t shout at me.”

- **Cami:** “. . . Sorry, mistress.”

Emma pauses for a few seconds.

- **Emma:** “You could lick other feet. Why are you licking mine?”

- **Cami:** “. . . Because until yesterday I had never licked any feet. Before I was embarrassed.”

- **Emma:** “That might be true, but it doesn’t explain why you are licking them again.”

- **Cami:** “I . . .” (Cami looks hesitant.)

- **Emma:** “Gabby, do you remember the story of Cami smelling my boots at the gym?” (I nod.) “Yesterday I left out one detail. My boots weren’t the only ones there. Other cheerleaders had also left them next to mine because they had to come back for cheerleading practice. There were 12 or even 14 pairs of boots, but she only smelled mine. And she didn’t deny she knew they were mine.”

- **Cami:** “I don’t deny it, but the reason I chose them is that . . . your boots are the best.”

- **Emma:** “That’s true, but you had other nice boots there, and you didn’t touch them. I spent some time spying on you. It’s hard to believe you weren’t even curious.”

- **Cami:** “So . . . what’s your point? Do you want to show Gabby I wish to be your sub because I’m attracted to you?”

- **Emma:** “Not only that. I wish to show Gabby the kind of fantasies you have.”

- **Cami:** “What?!”

I’m not sure I’m following Emma. Have I missed something?



- **Emma:** “It’s true you like feet, but there is something that turns you on even more. You love humiliation.”

- **Cami:** “I don’t!”

- **Emma:** “Stop lying. Yes, you do. Soon after meeting Gabby, you fell in love with her, but you also realized she’s in love with me. What would most girls do in your situation? Surely they wouldn’t smell my boots, and later lick my feet.”

- **Cami:** “. . . You keep twisting everything.”

- **Emma:** “And it’s not just that. It’s also your general behavior. Why do you portray yourself as silly and dumb?”

- **Cami:** “I’m not dumb!”

- **Emma:** “That’s right. You aren’t dumb. However, you pretend you aren’t able to memorize a single sentence like ‘I deeply regret what I have done’. Why do you do it?”

- **Cami:** “That was a mistake.”

- **Emma:** “And you’ve asked Gabby so many times to help you with simple homework exercises that by now she believes you’re almost a moron.”

- **Cami:** “That’s because I wanted to spend time with her.”

- **Emma:** “There are better ways for that.”

I wouldn’t go as far as to say she’s a moron, but I do think Cami is not very intelligent. Was she pretending all this time?! I’d be shocked. Emma drinks some water.

- **Emma:** “I know why you do it. It’s because you get turned on when girls you like laugh at you. You get horny when they make you look inferior or when they treat you as if you were stupid.”

If what Emma has said is true, I’d say I’m the one who is dumb. Right now I feel I don’t really know Cami anymore.



- **Cami:** “That’s not true. When I’m nervous. . . sometimes I make mistakes. But I don’t pretend I’m dumb.”
 - **Emma:** “. . . OK. So why don’t you tell us what’s true and what’s false?”
 - **Cami:** “The truth is. . .” (Cami pauses. She looks like she’s struggling.) “Before moving here, everybody said I was ugly.”
 - **Emma:** “How can?” (Emma is as surprised as I am.)
 - **Cami:** “I was fat, I had braces, I wore glasses, I had severe acne but didn’t receive any treatment, and my hairstyle and clothes were. . . old-fashioned, to say the least.”
 - **Emma:** “Why?”
 - **Cami:** “Because of my mom.”
 - **Emma:** “I see.”
 - **Cami:** “The thing is. . . I had a crush on a girl who was very popular, you know, a girl like you. And when I told her about my feelings, she rejected me. Then her friends and my classmates kept laughing at me and making fun of me. They were really mean.”
 - **Emma:** “So you were bullied.”
 - **Cami:** “. . . Yes. The issue is. . . she didn’t bully me. She simply rejected me and later ignored me. Despite all the bullying, that hurt me even more. At some point. . . I don’t remember how, but at some point I began to have fantasies, you know. I’d submit to her and let her do anything she wanted to me in private. I’d let her satisfy all her perversions, just so that she’d pay attention to me and we’d be seen as a couple in public. That really turned me on.”
- I can relate to Cami. I really suffered when Emma ignored me for years. But I never told her about my feelings, nor did I fantasize about letting her do anything she wanted to me.



- **Emma:** “But...you said you had a girlfriend before you came here.”

- **Cami:** “I’ve never had any girlfriend. The reason I lied is...when I moved here, I wanted everything to change. It was possible because I would become 18 and my mom wouldn’t be around most of the time. So I created a fake persona to talk about my past and I improved my looks. I got fit, removed my braces, bought contact lenses, got treatment for acne, purchased new clothes and...well, a mean girl shaved my hair.”

- **Emma:** “What happened?!”

- **Cami:** “She...she teased me to make me lose a bet and then she and her friends used me to have fun. At that moment I hit rock-bottom.” (Now Cami is in tears.) “It was then that my mom said I should move and change schools. And I decided to start from scratch.”

- **Emma:** “Cami...come here.”

I’m really sad, and I think Emma feels the same. She lets Cami’s head lie on her legs and caresses her hair until she stops crying.

- **Emma:** “Why have you decided to tell us all that now?”

- **Cami:** “...I don’t know. I guess...I’m tired of lying. Also...my lies haven’t worked well. When I came to your school, making friends was my top priority. I met Gabby and she was so good to me that I fell in love. But I didn’t tell her because...well, because I saw she’s in love with you and I didn’t want to be rejected again. I was afraid I’d go back to my previous life.”

- **Emma:** “I get it.”

- **Cami:** “For some time, I hoped she’d forget about you, but later I realized it wasn’t going to happen any time soon. Then I began to create fantasies again, but they weren’t about letting Gabby take advantage of me. She’s so pure and sweet...I can’t imagine her doing anything wicked.”

I don’t think I’m so pure, but it’s true I’d never take advantage of Cami.



- **Emma:** “What were your fantasies about?”
- **Cami:** “. . . They involved you. I imagined ways both Gabby and I could be happy, you know, ways I could be with her and she could be with you. I didn’t think you were interested in Gabby, so I’d fantasize Gabby and I would submit to you together, and you’d make us do lots of nasty things to each other and we’d let you do anything to us.”
- **Emma:** “But now you’ve realized I have feelings for Gabby, right? I’m not just using her for a while.”
- **Cami:** “. . . Yes, I know.”
- **Emma:** “Have you also realized she’s not interested in you?”
- **Cami:** “. . . Yes.”
- Cami looks down while Emma thinks for a few seconds.
- **Emma:** “So that leaves us with just one question. Are you actually interested in me?”
- **Cami:** “. . . I have the same question for you.”
- **Emma:** “Yes, I am. Otherwise, why would I wish to be your mistress?”
- **Cami:** “Because you wish to use me to spy on your enemies, because you wish to control what I say to Gabby, because you took Gabby away from me and now you enjoy humiliating me. . . .”
- **Emma:** “No, it’s not any of that.”
- **Cami:** “What is it then?”
- **Emma:** “It’s because I find you attractive.”
- **Cami:** “Eh?!” (If I wasn’t gagged, I’d also react that way.)
- **Emma:** “I don’t plan to use you and then get rid of you. I wish to be your mistress because I enjoy dominating girls I’m attracted to. And you’re very submissive and very pretty.” (Cami is shocked.) “But I only wish to dominate you if you’re here for me. If you’re here for Gabby, or for any other reason, you should leave. So the question is still. . . are you attracted to me?”
- Cami bites her lips. She’s hesitating.



- **Emma:** “I’m not asking if you have feelings for me. I know you don’t, and I don’t have them for you either. I’m just asking if you are attracted to me.”

- **Cami:** “. . . Yes, I am.”

- **Emma:** “Do you wish to be dominated by me? Does it turn you on?”

- **Cami:** “Yes.”

- **Emma:** “Do you promise to always serve me and obey me?”

- **Cami:** “Yes.”

- **Emma:** “And will you forget about Gabby and anyone else and make me your only priority?”

Cami looks at me. This time Emma doesn’t stop her. It’s like she wants me to tell her what to do, but I can only nod or shake my head. If I shake my head, what would she understand? She could understand I want her to leave us alone, but she could also understand I don’t want her to forget about me. What do I do?! Suddenly, she looks at Emma again.

- **Cami:** “Yes, mistress. I will.”

I feel overwhelmed. I’ll need to reflect upon all this conversation calmly to have an opinion about it. Emma smiles and removes Cami’s collar.

- **Emma:** “Get undressed.”

Cami complies. After taking off her clothes, she kneels again.

- **Emma:** “Go ahead and finish licking my feet.”

Cami resumes licking Emma’s left foot. Once she switches to her right foot, Emma begins to rub her left foot against Cami’s pussy. After a while, she penetrates it with her toes!

- **Cami:** “Oh, my God!”

Emma moves her feet up and down. Cami also moves her pussy and begins to squirt. Shortly after, she comes.

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



- **Emma:** “Now you should say ‘I’m eternally thankful for your dedication to my sexual education and wellness, mistress’.”

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

This time Cami didn’t make any mistake. Emma smiles.

- **Emma:** “Turn around. Look at the kitchen.”

- **Cami:** “Who’s that?!”

- **Emma:** “It’s Jessica.”

- **Cami:** “What?! Has she heard everything?!”

- **Emma:** “No. She’s got earplugs.”

- **Cami:** “Oh!... And what is she?”

- **Emma:** “She’s my lamp.”

- **Cami:** “But... why? Wasn’t she your puppy?”

- **Emma:** “Because I don’t have time to take care of a puppy. I wish to spend most of my time alone with Gabby, you know.”

- **Cami:** “I get it.”

- **Emma:** “And so... I don’t wish for you to be a maid. You’ll be my chair.”

- **Cami:** “Eh?!” (Somehow, I’m not so surprised anymore.)

- **Emma:** “As my chair, you’ll really feel dominated by me. I’ll sit on you every day.”

- **Cami:** “But... I’m not sure I can do it...”

- **Emma:** “You’ll be able to. Don’t worry about that.”

- **Cami:** “Yes, mistress.”

I suppose Cami has just accepted it. I’m starting to think Emma is able to do whatever she wishes with anyone.

- **Emma:** “I’ll dress you up as a rubber doll, like yesterday. Wait here.”

Emma goes upstairs to pick up a rubber doll outfit. In the meantime, Cami looks down. She’s deliberately avoiding eye contact with me. I feel our friendship will never be the same. Eventually Emma comes back and dresses Cami.



Emma removes my gag, takes the catalogue and sits next to me.

- **Emma:** “There are lots of chairs here, but I believe we only own these two. Which one do you prefer?”

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, I’m quite shocked by everything that. . .”

- **Emma:** “Yes! I knew Cami had some issues, but how could I know she was bullied? I’m also surprised.”

- **Gabby:** “I mean. . . I’m shocked by what’s happening here. I feel like if a third girl comes in, in half an hour she’d become your table.”

- **Emma:** “Gabby, if Jessica and Cami want to serve me, they’ll have to do it in a way that’s convenient for me. And right now I don’t wish they take my attention away from you. Don’t you like that?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, I do.”

Emma stands up.

- **Emma:** “I’ll just bring the first chair I find.”

When she comes back, she hands me the chair’s manual and I guide her to construct it. As with the lamp, it doesn’t take long to finish it.

- **Emma:** “Let’s try it.” (Emma sits on Cami and leans back.) “It’s rather comfortable.” (She smiles.) “We should take some pictures.”

Just after she takes her phone, it vibrates. She opens a message. Initially I think it could be from Patricia, but she looks concerned.

- **Gabby:** “What’s wrong?”

She doesn’t reply. She doesn’t even look at me. I wonder. . . it could be Natalie, Evelyn, or any of our enemies. After a while, she gets up.

- **Emma:** “Gabby, you shouldn’t keep secrets from me, but I can keep them from you. I’ll come back soon.”

She goes upstairs. I look at Jessica and Cami. What would happen if Patricia comes in now? I’d rather not think about it.