

SimVenusArts

My Classmate Emma Lindberg

Chapter 33



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After Emma cuffs and collars me, Patricia takes my leash and I follow her to the basement. Once in the elevator, she presses the fourth button. I guess we're going to the old water bondage facility. Does she plan to submerge me if I don't say what she wants?! I feel frightened. However, once we exit the elevator, she uses a key to open a door I hadn't seen before.

- **Patricia:** "This is my private office. Come in."

- **Gabby:** "Yes, Ms. Schulte." (I recall Emma mentioned the office this morning.)

- **Patricia:** "Address me as mistress. There is nobody else here."

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

Once inside, I'm taken aback. There are many bondage pieces of furniture, tools, and books, but my attention is captured by all those paintings of women naked, restrained, having sex and even orgies.

- **Patricia:** "Are you surprised?"

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

- **Patricia:** "I had the same reaction when I first came here."

- **Gabby:** "Oh! You didn't decorate it yourself."

- **Patricia:** "No. Lady Nelson did."

- **Gabby:** "... Who is Lady Nelson?"

- **Patricia:** "I guess Emma haven't told you about the history of this place."

- **Gabby:** "No. She said I should ask you because you'd love to tell me all the details." (Emma said that when she first took me to the basement.)

- **Patricia:** "Haha! One day I will. Elizabeth Nelson was the founder of the basement. She's the most admirable woman I've ever met. I've kept the decoration here because it reminds me of her. I miss her deeply."

- **Gabby:** "I understand, mistress."

I figure out Lady Nelson was the one who gave the basement to Patricia in her will. Patricia's voice isn't cold anymore, so I don't feel scared.



- **Patricia:** “Get on your knees.”

After I comply, Patricia sits on the sofa. She keeps holding my leash.

- **Patricia:** “Why did you spend the night in the transport box?”

- **Gabby:** “Ms. Lindberg wished to punish me for... for coming without permission.” (I blush a bit.)

- **Patricia:** “It seems to me you misbehave quite a lot, you know. You touch yourself, you come without permission, quite often you speak without permission...”

- **Gabby:** “...I apologize, mistress.” (Patricia smiles.)

- **Patricia:** “None of such misbehavior worries me. What worries me is that you don’t trust your mistress.” (Now she looks serious.)

- **Gabby:** “I...I trust Ms. Lindberg.”

- **Patricia:** “Why didn’t you tell her about what happened last night?”

- **Gabby:** “I...” (In truth, I don’t know exactly why I didn’t.)

- **Patricia:** “Or why didn’t you tell me? Do you trust me?”

- **Gabby:** “I do, mistress.”

- **Patricia:** “But it seems you trust Elena more than you trust us. What do you think I would have done to you if you had told me?”

- **Gabby:** “I...I didn’t think about that. I suppose...I hoped you’d never find out.”

- **Patricia:** “That’s serious misbehavior.” (Suddenly I feel scared again.) “You shouldn’t keep any secret from your mistress.”

- **Gabby:** “I apologize...”

- **Patricia:** “Do you know what would have happened if you had told Elena about it? She would have told me immediately, because she trusts me and she doesn’t hide anything from me.”

Is that true?! The thought that I cannot confide secrets to my mom anymore hadn’t crossed my mind. Has she really changed so fast?!



- **Patricia:** “Yesterday, I told you that I’d help you if you don’t wish to live here anymore. But it seems to me you’ve decided to stay and serve Emma. Am I right?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

- **Patricia:** “If you wish Emma to be your mistress, you need to trust her. I know she’s impatient and reckless, but you should be able to confide in her.”

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

- **Patricia:** “No, I don’t think you do. Or at least your actions don’t show it. Tell me, from all the times you’ve misbehaved, how often have you revealed what you did to Emma and asked her to punish you?”

- **Gabby:** “. . . Never, mistress.”

- **Patricia:** “So you always wait for Emma to find out and punish you, right? And if she doesn’t, you get away with it.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . Yes, mistress.”

- **Patricia:** “How do you think Emma feels about that?”

- **Gabby:** “I . . . to tell the truth, I’ve thought she’s getting paranoid. She told me she plans to install security cameras in the small bedroom to check on me.” (Patricia frowns.)

- **Patricia:** “That’s mostly your fault, you know. But you’re lucky. If Emma is thinking about doing such things, it’s because she has feelings for you. Most mistresses would simply stop caring. Take me as an example. I’ve got plenty of subs, but they aren’t with me most of the time, and I don’t spy on them. They’re always the ones who tell me about all their secrets and misbehavior, and I punish them appropriately so that they misbehave less and less. If I found out one of my subs is hiding her misbehavior from me, I’d feel she doesn’t really wish to be educated and to serve me properly, so I’d stop caring about her.”

Patricia gets up and drinks some water. I feel she’s opening my mind.



- **Patricia:** “Emma is your mistress because you wish so. You should show with your actions you’re really willing to serve her the best you can, and to progress as fast as possible in your education and training. That means you are responsible for acting against your misbehavior. Every time you misbehave, you should tell Emma and ask her to punish you. If you don’t, she’ll feel you don’t really wish to be trained.”

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

- **Patricia:** “Keep in mind everything I’ve said doesn’t only apply to misbehavior. Although you should always obey your mistress, you shouldn’t wait for her commands all the time. You should learn what Emma likes or dislikes, and you should think constantly about her, about what she might need or wish, and offer it to her before she demands it. If she has to tell you what to do all the time, she’d feel you’re not really willing to serve her.”

- **Gabby:** “I understand, mistress. In fact, today Ms. Lindberg said she’ll give me a list of tasks I should do every day so that she doesn’t have to remind me.”

- **Patricia:** “What did you reply to her?”

- **Gabby:** “...I said ‘yes’.”

- **Patricia:** “Instead of saying ‘yes’, you should have offered to write that list yourself. This way you would have shown her all the things you’re willing to do to serve her, and she’d be pleased with you.”
(Why didn’t I think about that?!)

- **Gabby:** “She hasn’t given me the list yet. I can still write it.”

- **Patricia:** “Do it.”

Patricia smiles and caresses my head. I think now I understand better what Emma expects from me. It’s true Patricia is a great conversationalist.



- **Gabby:** “Mistress, I’m really thankful for all your advice.”

- **Patricia:** “I’ve told you all that because I want the best for Emma and I think you’re perfect for her, but I’m afraid your relationship is not going the best it could. I’m not sure, but this could be the reason why she’s decided to have more subs. Perhaps she wishes to test how others behave. However, they won’t take her from you if you show her your love and your will to serve her. I know she only has feelings for you.”

I smile. In fact, I feel happy and more reassured than ever. Patricia drinks water again.

- **Patricia:** “Now I’d like to stress something perhaps I haven’t made clear to you so far. Do you recall when Emma said her other subs are under you and they must serve you?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

- **Patricia:** “In a similar way, while she lives here, she’s under me. That means I’m also your mistress and you must serve me.”

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

Patricia sits on a pouffe, removes my handcuffs and stares at me for some seconds.

- **Patricia:** “As discussed, I don’t wish to tell you what to do all the time, but I should let you know it’s been a long day and my feet hurt.”

This caught me out of guard. I suppose Patricia did like my massage, so. . .

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, would you like that I. . .” (Patricia gesticulates to make me stop.)

- **Patricia:** “Mistress, may I have the privilege of. . .’ This sentence is not in the bondage contract, but all my subs should use it.”

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, may I have the privilege of giving you a foot massage?”

- **Patricia:** “You may.”



Patricia sits back. I remove her boots and give her a massage for around two minutes. I'm not sure why, but the fact that I've actually asked her to do it makes me feel different about it.

- **Patricia:** "Are you hiding any other secret from me?"

- **Gabby:** "...Not that I can think of, mistress." (I didn't expect the question. Patricia thinks for a little while.)

- **Patricia:** "I'm concerned about Emma, you know. Today she's rather nervous. She only mentions her father to me when she's stressed."

- **Gabby:** "...There are plenty of issues going on, mistress. Ms. Lindberg thinks Evelyn and Natalie, I mean the girls who took pictures of my buttocks, have a plan to beat me up. She was using Jessica and Cami, and now also Chloe, to thwart it. Moreover, Christine and Charlotte wish to humiliate her somehow. And others keep insulting her online..."

- **Patricia:** "I get the picture, but it cannot be any of that. School dramas don't make her nervous. It has to be something else."

I agree Emma is able to keep cool when dealing with those problems. But I don't know about anything else... wait!

- **Gabby:** "This evening she received a text message. She hid it from me and looked nervous."

- **Patricia:** "Any idea of who sent it?"

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

- **Patricia:** "Could it be from her father?"

- **Gabby:** "... " (I recall the house by the beach she plans to visit, but the text message cannot be about the house, because I already knew about that when she received it.) "I don't think so."

- **Patricia:** "How are you so sure?"

Although Emma told me about Patricia and her father, I don't actually know how friendly the current relation between them is. I feel Patricia wants to use me to find out things Emma doesn't wish to tell her.



- **Gabby:** “Because. . .” (I feel nervous.) “Mistress, is Ms. Lindberg allowed to keep secrets from you?”

- **Patricia:** “Gabby, Emma is not in bondage to me. She’s my daughter. If she keeps secrets from me, do you think I’d stop caring about her?”

- **Gabby:** “No, mistress.”

- **Patricia:** “But she should assume I’ll learn everything she tells Elena or you. Don’t you realize Elena already told me everything she has been doing to try to help her to please me?”

- **Gabby:** “Oh!!”

- **Patricia:** “It seems you didn’t think about it, but Emma knows it. It’s her way of telling me to get a girlfriend without saying it to my face. Well, it was until today, when she finally said it.”

I feel once more I don’t pay enough attention to what’s happening around me.

- **Patricia:** “Now tell me everything you know.”

- **Gabby:** “It’s just. . . I’m not sure Ms. Lindberg wanted me to know about this. It was Ms. Nieminen who brought it up.”

- **Patricia:** “If it’s something Lexy knows, it can’t be a secret.” (Patricia smiles.) “Just say it.”

- **Gabby:** “Ms. Lindberg plans to see her father this weekend. Apparently he has bought a house for her, and she wishes to visit it.”

Patricia looks down. It seems she didn’t know about it.

- **Patricia:** “Move on to my left foot.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

She closes her eyes and looks pensive. Meanwhile I connect the dots. Does Emma wish Patricia to get a girlfriend because she’s planning to move out and doesn’t want Patricia to feel alone?



After quite a while, Patricia opens her eyes and smiles.

- **Patricia:** “It’s enough. You’ve done a great job.”

- **Gabby:** “Thank you, mistress.”

She removes my collar and stands up.

- **Patricia:** “I need to change. Help me get undressed.”

- **Gabby:** “Eh?... Yes, mistress.” (This also caught me out of guard.)

- **Patricia:** “Unbutton there.”

Patricia points at her back, and I comply. Once I’m done, she takes off her dress and turns around. Her naked boobs are just in front of me. They’re magnificent. To be honest, her whole body is magnificent. Then she removes her panties! I’m afraid I’m going to blush, so I look down.

- **Patricia:** “Why are you nervous?”

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

- **Patricia:** “Gabby, what I’ve said about telling the truth and not keeping secrets applies both to Emma and to me.”

I keep looking down. I do wish to be able to tell the truth, but it’s not easy.

- **Gabby:** “. . . I’m nervous because. . . because you’re naked and. . . we’re here alone and. . . I’m afraid Ms. Lindberg wouldn’t like to know about this.”

- **Patricia:** “Why?”

- **Gabby:** “. . . Because she thinks. . . since she saw me looking at your pictures she thinks I’m attracted to you.”

- **Patricia:** “Isn’t she right?”

- **Gabby:** “. . . But... yes, but I don’t wish for anything to happen. I only wish to be with Ms. Lindberg.”

- **Patricia:** “That’s one of the things I like about you.”



Patricia holds my chin to make me look up.

- **Patricia:** “Gabby, nothing is going to happen between us. Do you think I’d do that to my own daughter?”

- **Gabby:** “. . . No, mistress.”

- **Patricia:** “Emma is somewhat jealous because for whatever reason she believes she’s not as attractive as me. But she’s not afraid I’ll ever try to steal you from her. She knows I’m not into young girls.”

- **Gabby:** “Oh!”

- **Patricia:** “Do you think I was trying to seduce you?”

- **Gabby:** “. . . No, mistress.”

- **Patricia:** “That’s right. But if I wanted to, I wouldn’t need to undress. I’d just talk to you, and in five minutes you’d be on your knees begging me for sex.”

- **Gabby:** “Eh?! No, I wouldn’t. . .”

- **Patricia:** “Haha! Gabby, it’s rather easy for a woman with my experience to touch the right points and make a young girl do anything. But I don’t do it.” (Suddenly Patricia looks serious and stops holding my chin.) “I leave that to Catherine.”

- **Gabby:** “Do you mean Ms. Neal, the president of. . .?”

- **Patricia:** “Yes. She does it all the time. Whenever she gives a talk about her novels at a college, she meets plenty of girls who already admire her work. She picks up one, talks to her and next thing. . . she’s already her ponygirl.”

- **Gabby:** “Oh!”

- **Patricia:** “And most people find that fascinating. That’s the true reason she always wins ponygirl contests. The jury finds amazing she has turned all those pretty young girls into her ponies.”



- **Patricia:** “Help me get dressed.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

Patricia hands me a lingerie outfit. I don't feel nervous anymore. Instead, I keep thinking whether she'd be able to make me beg her for sex in five minutes, but I'd rather not challenge her.

- **Patricia:** “If one day you're no longer with Emma, you should become very successful and influential.”

- **Gabby:** “... Why?”

- **Patricia:** “Because then I'd get interested in you.”

- **Gabby:** “Eh?!”

- **Patricia:** “I'm attracted to such women, you know. If you become president of this country, I'll enslave you.”

- **Gabby:** “I...”

- **Patricia:** “Haha! You should see your face. I'm joking, but what I've said is true. Most of my subs hold positions of power. Many people think they're in control, but in fact I dominate them. I enjoy that feeling.”

I wish I knew the whole list of Patricia's subs, but I don't dare to ask her.

- **Patricia:** “And I'm sure Emma would also enjoy it. It's just that she hasn't experienced it yet. But I can tell you...if you become someone important and famous, she won't think about having other subs again.”

- **Gabby:** “Oh! Yes, mistress. I'll do my best.”

- **Patricia:** “You better do. I don't want to hear once more you've touched yourself when you were supposed to be working.”

- **Gabby:** “No, mistress. That won't happen.”

I suppose Patricia told me all that about powerful women to motivate me to study hard. She succeeded. Suddenly I wish to do my homework. She finishes getting dressed.

- **Patricia:** “Perfect. Now we're going to talk with Elena. Come with me.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”



I follow Patricia back to the elevator. Emma always asks me if she looks nice after getting dressed, but she doesn't. I suppose she's not insecure about her body. She just knows she always looks amazing.

- **Patricia:** "Turn around."

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

After pressing the button to go to the upper floor, she cuffs my wrists again.

- **Gabby:** "I beg your pardon, mistress. May I have your permission to speak, please?"

- **Patricia:** "You may."

- **Gabby:** "Do you keep your subs restrained all the time, like Ms. Lindberg?"

- **Patricia:** "If they are here, yes, unless I tell them to do something they can't do while tied up."

- **Gabby:** "What's the reason?"

- **Patricia:** "There are many reasons. Restraining is fundamental. We'll chat about it another day."

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

- **Patricia:** "I'll just tell you one thing. Once your training is complete, you'll be the one begging Emma to restrain you when she doesn't do it."

I guess my training is far from complete, although I acknowledge I already feel that being restrained is normal.

- **Patricia:** "Let's go."

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

We exit the elevator and I see my mom at the end of the corridor. She's blindfolded and 'hanging' in the shibari area. I suppose it's true Patricia restrains her whenever she doesn't have any task for her. When we arrive, Patricia caresses her chin.



- **Elena:** “Good evening, mistress.”
- **Patricia:** “Good evening. Gabby is here.”
- **Elena:** “Oh!”
- **Patricia:** “. . . Aren’t you going to greet her?”
- **Elena:** “Yes, mistress. Good evening.” (My mom talks fast.)
- **Gabby:** “Good evening, mom.”

Patricia takes a cane from a shelf and caresses my mom’s body with it.

- **Patricia:** “Do you know why Elena is fully restrained?”
- **Gabby:** “. . . Because she has already completed all her tasks?”
- **Patricia:** “That’s right, but today there is an additional reason. She’s tied up because she requested it. She told me she almost misbehaved, so she wishes to be punished to help her overcome her temptations.”
- **Gabby:** “Oh!” (Was she smelling panties again?!)
- **Patricia:** “I’m proud of her, you know. Her training is progressing really fast.” (Now Patricia caresses my mom’s hair.) “You should follow her example.”
- **Gabby:** “. . . Yes, mistress. I’ll ask Ms. Lindberg to punish me as soon as possible.”
- **Patricia:** “Emma won’t be allowed to administer corporal punishments in the foreseeable future.”
- **Gabby:** “Oh! Then. . .”
- **Patricia:** “However, I am.”

This caught me out of guard once more. I don’t wish to misbehave, but I’m not sure I need to be punished. What would happen if I don’t ask for it? By Patricia’s reasoning, that would mean I don’t wish to address my disobedience. I’m starting to think she’s an expert manipulator.



Patricia keeps staring at me. I get nervous.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, could you please . . . punish me?”

- **Patricia:** “No. First, you should kneel down and apologize formally.”

I get on my knees.

- **Gabby:** “Please accept my apologies, mistress. I deeply regret what I have done.”

- **Patricia:** “Say what you’ve done.”

She raises my chin with her cane.

- **Gabby:** “. . . I spoke without permission, I came without permission, and I . . . tried to keep a secret from you.”

- **Patricia:** “What secret?”

- **Gabby:** “. . .” (This is hard. Now I wonder if I would actually have spoken to my mom about it.) “Yesterday evening I was inside a box in the cell while you were having sex with . . . with my mom.”

- **Elena:** “What!!!”

- **Patricia:** “Don’t speak without permission.” (My mom closes her mouth.) “Gabby, as I told you, if you keep secrets again, the consequences would be serious, so you should make sure it doesn’t happen. Would you like to be punished?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

Patricia smiles. Now I think that, if I refuse to be punished and later I’ll disobey again, I’d feel bad for not doing enough to prevent my misbehavior. Somehow, Patricia has convinced me!

- **Patricia:** “Lie down here.”

She points to a simple shibari structure. After I comply, she takes rope and ties up my ankles. Then she removes my handcuffs and ties up my wrists. Now I’m ‘hanging’, like my mom.



Patricia caresses my feet with her cane. I had assumed she was going to cane my buttocks, like Emma did, but I was wrong.

- **Patricia:** “When you wish to stop, just say it.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

- **Patricia:** “Are you ready?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes.”

Patricia steps back. She keeps caressing my feet. Suddenly she raises her cane and hits my soles. I feel the pain.

- **Patricia:** “You should count aloud.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . Yes, mistress. One.”

She caresses my soles with her cane briefly before hitting me again.

- **Gabby:** “Ah! Two.” (She repeats the process once more.) “Ah!! Three.” (And once more.) “Ah!! Four” (And once more.) “Ah!!! Five.”

She pauses. The pain is excruciating! I didn’t know my soles are so sensitive.

- **Patricia:** “Elena, are you ready to be punished?”

- **Elena:** “Yes, mistress.”

Patricia leaves her cane on the shelf, but she takes a very similar one. She caresses my mom’s buttocks with it, and suddenly she canes them.

- **Elena:** “One! Thank you, mistress.” (I guess I should also thank Patricia.) “Two! Thank you, mistress. Three! Thank you, mistress. Four! Thank you, mistress. Five! Thank you, mistress. Six! Thank you, mistress. Seven! Thank you, mistress. Eight! Thank you, mistress. Nine! Thank you, mistress. Ten! Thank you, mistress.”

Patricia pauses again. My mom didn’t scream at all! I’m not sure, but I get the impression it’s not the first time Patricia punishes her.



Patricia takes back the cane she left on the shelf. I'm afraid I won't be able to stand the pain.

- **Gabby:** "Ah!!...Six. Thank you, mistress." (Patricia smiles.) "Ah!!!...Seven. Thank you, mistress." (She hits me harder! I shouldn't have thanked her, but now I mustn't stop doing it.) "Ah!!!...Eight. Thank you, mistress." (This is unbearable.) "Ah!!!...Nine. Thank you, mistress." (I'll take just one more.) "Ah!!!...Ten. Thank you, mistress." Luckily, she pauses again. She goes back to the shelf to take the other cane and resumes punishing my mom.

- **Elena:** "Eleven! Thank you, mistress." (...) "Fifty! Thank you, mistress."

Patricia hits my mom hard 40 times in a row!! And what's more surprising, my mom only screamed a bit at the beginning. Can she tolerate pain better than me? Maybe it's just that her buttocks got numb after getting caned enough times. Patricia switches her canes once more.

- **Gabby:** "Ah!!...Eleven. Thank you, mistress." (I hope my feet get numb soon.) "Ah!!!...Twelve. Thank you, mistress." (But they don't!) "Ah!!!...Thirteen. Thank you, mistress." (I believed emotional pain is worse than physical pain, but my opinion is changing.) "Ah!!!...Fourteen. Thank you, mistress." (Anyone who thinks that way has never experienced strong physical pain.) "Ah!!!...Fifteen. Thank you, mistress." (I start crying.) "Ah!!!...Sixteen. Thank you, mistress." (I thought Patricia planned to pause, but she doesn't!) "Ah!!!...Seventeen. Thank you, mistress." (I need to stop, but I'm afraid it will look like my mom's will to avoid misbehavior is stronger than mine.) "Ah!!!...Eighteen. Thank you, mistress." (Why am I doing this to myself? Am I a masochist?!) "Ah!!!...Nineteen..." I'm unable to thank Patricia. She takes a break until I stop crying.



- **Patricia:** “Gabby, would you like to stop?”

I don't reply. I don't really understand why I can't say 'yes'. Do I wish to prove something to myself?

- **Patricia:** “This isn't a competition. If you think this is enough to prevent yourself from misbehaving again, you should ask me to stop.” Sometimes it looks like Patricia can read my mind. However, I still feel that, if I stop now, I'm not doing as much as I can.

- **Patricia:** “No one can stand this punishment for a long time. In fact, you've already stood longer than most women.”

But that means some stood it longer than me.

- **Gabby:** “... Please continue, mistress.”

Patricia steps back again.

- **Gabby:** “Ahhh!!!... Twenty. Thank you, mistress.” (She hits me even harder than before.) “Ahhh!!!... Twenty-one. Thank you, mistress.” (I cry again.)

- **Patricia:** “You're so stubborn.”

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

Patricia hit me harder than ever and I couldn't take it anymore. I suppose my limit is twenty-two. After she unties me, I rest on the floor.

- **Patricia:** “Elena, your punishment has also ended.”

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

Patricia unties my mom and removes her blindfold.

- **Patricia:** “Later you should apply cream on your buttocks. But now, give Gabby a hug.”

- **Elena:** “Yes, mistress.”

My mom kneels next to me, embraces me tightly and kisses my head. We can't stop hugging each other.



- **Gabby:** “Mom, I didn’t wish to spy on you. I . . .”
- **Elena:** “I know. Don’t worry about that. I’m proud of you, *piccola mia*. You’re so strong!”
- **Gabby:** “But you’re stronger.”
- **Patricia:** “It’s not a competition.”
- **Gabby:** “Sorry, mistress.”

I look at my mom’s buttocks. Her marks are much worse than the ones I had on Sunday! Suddenly my mom, still on her knees, faces Patricia.

- **Elena:** “I’m truly grateful for my fully-deserved punishment, mistress, and for your determination to address my misbehavior.”

- **Patricia:** “Kiss my hand.”

My mom kisses her right hand, which is the one she used to cane us. Then Patricia faces me.

- **Gabby:** “I’m truly grateful for my fully-deserved punishment, mistress, and for your determination to address my misbehavior.”

Patricia extends her arm and I also kiss her hand.

- **Patricia:** “I administer corporal punishments rather infrequently. You should consider yourselves privileged.” (My mom was going to say something, but Patricia stops her with a gesture.) “You should know that, from now on, if you request to be punished, I will decline your request. I expect you not to misbehave any time soon. If you do, I’ll feel very disappointed.”

- **Elena:** “Yes, mistress.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

- **Patricia:** “Now we need to go to the throne. Crawl behind me.”

At the moment I’m not sure I can walk, so I’m happy to crawl.



Once we arrive, Patricia cuffs our wrists and sits on the throne.

- **Patricia:** “Elena, when you were here last Sunday, Emma told Gabby she shouldn’t feel terrible for choosing her over you, because soon you’ll choose me over Gabby. Do you recall that?”

- **Elena:** “Yes, mistress.”

- **Patricia:** “What did you reply to Emma?”

- **Elena:** “. . . I said that will never happen.”

- **Patricia:** “Yes, that’s what Emma told me.” (Patricia stares at my mom.) “Would you say the same now?”

- **Elena:** “. . . No, mistress.”

- **Patricia:** “What would you say then?”

- **Elena:** “I . . .” (My mom bites her lips, but she doesn’t look at me.) “Ms. Lindberg was right. No one is more important to me than you, mistress.”

Patricia smiles. Do I feel hurt? Not really. Emma is more important to me than my mom, so I understand she cares more about Patricia than about me. And I’m glad her relationship seems to be going well. But still . . . I feel somewhat shocked. I’ve been in love with Emma for four years, but she’s known Patricia for just five days!

- **Patricia:** “Lick my boots.”

- **Elena:** “Yes, mistress.”

Patricia raises her leg and my mom starts licking. Then she stares at me for some seconds.

- **Patricia:** “Gabby, I’m wearing two boots.”

- **Gabby:** “Oh! Mistress, may I have the privilege of licking your boots?”

- **Patricia:** “You may.”

I suppose Patricia expected me to ask her that question without needing to insinuate it. Now I even wonder if Emma expected me to do the same when my mom licked her boots here last Sunday. I should be alert.



We lick Patricia's boots in silence for several minutes.

- **Patricia:** "Elena, you'll no longer be a house maid." (My mom stops licking. She looks frozen.) "From tomorrow on, you'll only do the cooking. This way we'll be able to spend more time together and we'll get to know each other better."

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

- **Patricia:** "And you'll no longer be submissive to Emma. You'll obey no one except from me."

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

My mom tries to smile, but she looks more like she's on the verge of crying from happiness. I'm thrilled. Does this mean Patricia is thinking she could become her girlfriend?! I guess so.

- **Patricia:** "Kiss my boots and step aside."

After my mom complies, Patricia looks at me.

- **Patricia:** "Lie on your back."

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

She steps on my chest with her right boot.

- **Patricia:** "I will no longer interfere with Emma's relationships. She may decide to have one or multiple subs and, except for a temporary ban on administering corporal punishments, she may deal with them in any way she wishes. It's all up to her."

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

- **Patricia:** "Therefore, from tomorrow on, you'll no longer receive commands or punishments from me. Although I could still give Emma orders that may affect you, I'm her mom, not her mistress, so she might decide to disobey me."

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

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

I comply. Too many important decisions have been made in just one minute. I need time to assimilate everything.



- **Patricia:** “Get on your knees.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

Patricia still looks meditative. Is she having second thoughts?

- **Patricia:** “Gabby, I’ve given you advice on how to improve your relationship with Emma but, even if you follow it, I don’t know what will happen. She’s impatient and reckless, and I don’t think she will change any time soon. Therefore, I’ll ask you this question one last time. Do you wish to stay here?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.” (I don’t hesitate.)

- **Patricia:** “. . . In that case, you should know that I will no longer help you move out and live on your own. You should do your best to make your relationship work.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress. I will.”

I can’t imagine myself ever wishing to move away from Emma, but I realize that, if she breaks up with me, I’d be totally on my own. Neither Patricia nor my mom would help me. I really must do my best!

- **Patricia:** “Stand up and follow me.”

We walk towards the bird cage. Once there, Patricia removes my handcuffs and my mask.

- **Patricia:** “Gabby, you’ll spend the night here. You’ll be reunited with Emma next morning.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

- **Patricia:** “Good night.”

- **Gabby:** “Good night, mistress.”

- **Patricia:** “From now on, address me as Ms. Schulte.”

- **Gabby:** “Good night, Ms. Schulte. Good night, mom.”

- **Elena:** “Good night, *piccola mia*.”