

# SimVenusArts

## My Classmate Emma Lindberg

### Chapter 34



Published by SimVenusArts in February 2024.

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- **Emma:** “Good morning, Gabby. Wake up. Wake up!”  
It wasn’t easy for me to fall asleep in this cage. I don’t know what time it is, but I still feel tired.

- **Gabby:** “. . . Good morning, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “My mom is fucking Elena in her bedroom right now!”

- **Gabby:** “Eh?!” (Suddenly I feel more awake.)

- **Emma:** “Their noise woke me up twenty minutes ago and they still keep going. Now I understand how you felt inside the transport box yesterday. Elena moans so loud!”

- **Gabby:** “. . . Yes, mistress. She does.”

- **Emma:** “Aren’t you excited?! This means a lot! My mom would never fuck her in her bedroom unless she’s her girlfriend.”

- **Gabby:** “Oh!” (Suddenly I recall what happened by the throne.)  
“Ms. Schulte said she’s no longer a house maid. Now she’ll only cook and she won’t obey you.”

- **Emma:** “I know. She told me yesterday evening, but I didn’t expect things to progress so fast. Anyway, I’m happy my plan has worked out.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . What plan? Do you mean the advice you gave my mom to please Ms. Schulte?”

- **Emma:** “Not only. Mainly, I made her get on her knees and lick my boots many times.”

- **Gabby:** “Eh?”

- **Emma:** “Gabby, sometimes I need to explain everything. I knew my mom was more open to having a girlfriend after she felt alone during her illness. And I suspected she liked Elena a lot. Otherwise she wouldn’t have allowed her to move in so fast. So I kept dominating her to make my mom jealous.”

- **Gabby:** “Oh! I see. . . I’m also happy, mistress.”  
Once more, I feel I don’t pay enough attention to what happens around me. But I do feel happy for my mom :)



- **Emma:** “Come out.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

After exiting the cage, I recall I should compliment Emma’s body whenever she wears a new outfit.

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

- **Emma:** “You may.”

- **Gabby:** “You look truly amazing.”

Emma doesn’t reply, but she smiles. Then she hugs me and kisses me. She’s already taken a shower and brushed her teeth, so she smells really nice. I realize I probably don’t, but seemingly she doesn’t care. That makes me feel devoted to her. After quite a while, our kiss ends.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress... could I address you as ‘goddess’?” (Emma looks surprised.) “I mean... I don’t wish to be turned into a sex doll, but ‘goddess’ reflects better how I feel about you.”

Emma caresses my face and smiles.

- **Emma:** “Yes, you can. In fact, yesterday evening I also thought about the way I address you. Until now, I’ve always called you Gabby. But from now on, at least when giving commands, I’ll call you ‘slave’.”

- **Gabby:** “Eh?”

- **Emma:** “Don’t take me wrong. You’re my submissive girlfriend and my toy, but I feel our relationship is more intense than that. Most girlfriends don’t serve their mistresses full time, but you do. That’s why I think calling you ‘slave’ is much more appropriate. It reminds you of your place and it shows much better how I see you.”

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

So Emma sees me as her slave! Honestly, I don’t know why I’m surprised. My nipple pasties show it clearly.



- **Emma:** “Follow me, slave.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, goddess.”

I follow Emma upstairs. My feet hurt because of yesterday’s punishment, but I still manage to walk. After we enter a room, Emma takes her phone and, suddenly, my chastity belt blinks.

- **Emma:** “Take off your intimate safety device, slave.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, goddess.”

I comply. For some reason, I’m liking being called ‘slave’. I think Emma is totally right. Although I’m not her slave officially, for all intents and purposes I obey her, and getting constantly reminded that she owns me is making me horny.

- **Emma:** “Use the toilet, slave.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, goddess.”

This toilet is in plain sight, so Emma stands in front of me while I pee.

- **Emma:** “You should also poop, slave. Make sure you get everything out.”

Normally, I poop after I have breakfast. Although I push, nothing comes out. Emma is looking impatient, but suddenly she smiles.

- **Emma:** “Do you know what ‘reverse blumpkin’ means?”

- **Gabby:** “No, goddess. I don’t even know about ‘blumpkin’.”

- **Emma:** “You’re about to find out.”

Emma takes handcuffs from a drawer and puts them on my wrists. Then she removes her panties.

- **Emma:** “Lick my pussy, slave.”

So ‘reverse blumpkin’ means licking pussy while pooping?! I didn’t know such a thing has a name. But, more importantly, I didn’t know Emma was into such things. I guess it’s true she doesn’t mind bad smells.



Once I begin to lick Emma's pussy, I realize I'm quite thirsty.

- **Emma:** "Your tongue is dry, slave. Open your mouth wide."

After I comply, Emma grabs my chin and spits into my mouth a couple of times. This is getting so nasty! However, I didn't dislike it.

- **Emma:** "Now get me off, slave."

I resume licking. This time she's getting wet.

- **Emma:** "Right there. Keep worshiping your goddess."

Emma's fluids pour all over my mouth. She's already very excited.

- **Emma:** "Ah!! You're such a good slave."

I get the impression Emma also gets horny by calling me 'slave'.

- **Emma:** "Ah!!! Ah!!! Ah!!! Mmm... This was amazing!"

She comes. It didn't take more than two minutes.

- **Emma:** "Have you pooped?"

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

Actually, while I was licking, I didn't even try to push. But Emma isn't upset. She brings two stools and places them on each side of the toilet.

- **Emma:** "I'm going to ride your face, slave. Breathe deeply when you can."

Although my face is already wet, Emma pours lubricant all over it. Then she steps on the stools and begins to rub her pussy from my forehead to my chin. Initially she does it slowly, but she increases her pace gradually. I close my eyes.

- **Emma:** "Ah!! You look so cute down there."

I like the compliment. She's getting very wet again.

- **Emma:** "Ah!!! I love face fucking!"

Emma comes really hard. I didn't expect it. She grabs my head strongly and presses my mouth and nose against her pussy, so I can't breathe. I wait for her to release me, but she doesn't. Her body doesn't stop shaking! I try to twist my head, but she doesn't let me. Am I going to pass out?! I get so nervous that suddenly all my shit comes out.



Emma bends over.

- **Emma:** “Gabby, you pooped while I came! It was amazing!”

I’m still catching my breath, so I can’t answer. Emma puts her hands on my cheeks and kisses me.

- **Emma:** “Wasn’t it fun?”

- **Gabby:** “...I loved it.”

I’m not lying. I love Emma’s pussy. And, although I got nervous by the end, thanks to that I could poop.

- **Emma:** “Do you still need more time?”

- **Gabby:** “No.” (I do feel empty now.)

Emma removes my cuffs and stands up.

- **Emma:** “Make sure you clean yourself well, slave.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, goddess.”

Emma has switched from ‘Gabby’ to ‘slave’ again. In truth, I like them both. When she calls me ‘Gabby’, she sounds friendly and I feel special and loved. When she calls me ‘slave’, she sounds dominant and I feel owned. I grab paper, clean my ass and flush the toilet.

- **Gabby:** “I’m done, goddess.”

- **Emma:** “You’re not, slave. Today you need to be cleaned deeply. I’m going to fuck your ass.”

I freeze briefly. Now I get why Emma wanted me to poop.

- **Emma:** “Have you ever got an enema?”

- **Gabby:** “No, goddess.”

- **Emma:** “I’ve brought my kit here before I woke you up, and I even tested it on myself. Look how clean I am.”

Emma turns around and opens her buttocks. I kneel and look at her asshole.

- **Emma:** “Don’t just look at it, slave. Put your tongue inside.”

Emma moves her ass towards my mouth. I close my eyes and comply. It’s true it’s very clean :)



- **Emma:** “Mmm. . . your tongue feels so nice inside there. Next time you lick my ass you should do this again. But now stop.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, goddess.”

Emma walks to the shower.

- **Emma:** “Pay attention now, slave. After today, I expect your ass to be ready for sex at any time, so you’ll have to clean it regularly on your own. Get on all fours.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, goddess.”

- **Emma:** “This kit is rather simple. First you fill this bowl with lukewarm water. Then you put lube on your asshole.” (Emma does it as she speaks.) “Next you fill this syringe up to this mark. Well, once you do it yourself, you’ll know the exact amount needed for your anus to feel full.”

- **Gabby:** “I understand, goddess.”

After Emma fills up her syringe, she inserts it gently on my asshole and begins injecting water into it.

- **Emma:** “There is no need to rush. Do it slowly.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, goddess.”

- **Emma:** “How are you feeling?”

- **Gabby:** “. . . It’s not painful, but it’s not super comfortable either.”

- **Emma:** “You should think about all the fun you’ll have thanks to it.”

I guess that will work if I actually enjoy anal sex. Suddenly Emma stops.

- **Emma:** “Does it feel full?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, goddess. It’s really full.” (Emma removes the syringe.)

- **Emma:** “Now crouch in the shower and let the water spill out. Don’t rush it either.”

I comply. Soon I see water running towards the sink.

- **Gabby:** “Wow! It’s so dirty!”

- **Emma:** “Haha!”



After a while, my anus is empty again. Emma stands up. I turn around and get on my knees.

- **Gabby:** “Goddess, thank you so much for teaching me to do this.”

- **Emma:** “Gabby, you aren’t done.” (Emma smiles.) “You need to repeat the process until the water comes out clean.”

- **Gabby:** “Oh!”

- **Emma:** “Do it yourself now. You can try this bulb if you wish. Meanwhile I’ll get the stock ready.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, goddess.”

I take the syringe and fill it up. Then I get on all fours, but the syringe is so big that it’s rather difficult to use it in this position. I guess it can be used only when someone else injects the water. Then I decide to use the bulb, and it works well. I feel accomplished. After repeating the process five times, the water comes out clean.

- **Emma:** “Slave, are you done?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, goddess.”

- **Emma:** “Get on all fours.”

Once I comply, Emma inserts two fingers into my ass, takes them out, and examines them.

- **Emma:** “Good job.”

- **Gabby:** “Thank you, goddess.”

- **Emma:** “Remember what I said before. You should clean yourself regularly.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, goddess.”

- **Emma:** “And this is just one thing. When your education is complete, I’ll expect you to take proper care of your own hygiene and look always impeccable.”

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

I wonder what else she plans to teach me.



- **Emma:** “Come here and bend over.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, goddess.”

The stock is already open. After I position myself, Emma closes it and cuffs my ankles.

- **Emma:** “We’ll have so much fun!”

Emma takes a strap-on dildo and dresses it quickly. I’m not sure if she’s eager to fuck my ass or happy because of our moms, but clearly she’s in good spirits.

- **Emma:** “I can tell you: You’ll never forget this day.”

That’s true. It’s early morning, but enough things have already happened to make me remember it. Emma takes an anal plug like the one she used on Wednesday and inserts it up my ass very fast! However, I didn’t really feel pain. Perhaps it’s because of the enema.

- **Emma:** “Let’s start!”

Emma penetrates me and begins to fuck me straight away.

- **Gabby:** “Ah! Oh, my God!” (This dildo is the biggest one I’ve ever had.) “Ah!! Ah!! Ah!!” (I didn’t realize I was already wet. My pussy feels totally full.)

- **Emma:** “Now I know why your sex drive is so high. You’ve inherited it from Elena.”

- **Gabby:** “Ah!! Ah!! Ah!!”

- **Emma:** “Tell me you love my dildo.”

- **Gabby:** “I love your dildo, goddess. Ahh!! Ahh!! Ahh!!”

- **Emma:** “Tell me you’re my sex slave.”

- **Gabby:** “I’m your slave, goddess. Ahh!! Ahh!! Ahhh!!!”

- **Emma:** “Haha!”

I come. Every time Emma begins to fuck me, she makes me come faster than the previous time. I wonder how she does it.



Emma removes the stock's upper half and replaces her dildo by a smaller one.

- **Emma:** "Now you'll get this one ready. Suck it, slave."

Just after I open my mouth, she pushes her dildo towards my throat and penetrates it. Clearly, my gag reflex is lost forever.

- **Emma:** "You got this so fast! I'm so proud of you." (Emma removes her dildo.)

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

- **Emma:** "You need new challenges. It's time for some throat fucking."

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

Emma pushes her dildo straight to the bottom of my throat. After two seconds, she takes it back half way, and pushes it forward again. She repeats that movement many times.

- **Emma:** "There is a strap-on sucking contest tomorrow evening at Boardner's, you know. It sounds crazy, but I believe we could win it."

Emma steps up her pace. Is she serious?! I feel a chill.

- **Emma:** "Oh, no! Tomorrow there is that event at Ebell you wish to attend. We just need those invitations."

I had already forgotten about it, but now I wish to attend it more than ever. Suddenly everything that's going on at school comes back to my mind: Evelyn and Natalie, Catherine and Chalotte, Bondage Day... but Emma seems so relaxed about everything. Here we are, having sex instead of planning anything. But I mustn't doubt her judgement. I must trust her. Suddenly Emma stops fucking my throat and bends over. She kisses me.

- **Emma:** "The big moment has arrived. Your ass is ready."

She stands up and caresses my buttocks. I feel calm. When it comes to sex, I don't doubt her anymore. Now I see her as a sex goddess that knows everything, even weird things such as 'reverse blumpkin'. I trust her completely.



After closing the stock and removing my butt plug, Emma inserts two fingers into my ass and moves them back and forth. Shortly after, she puts her whole hand inside and begins to fist me, like she did yesterday. Although my ass is open and ready, at the moment I'm not feeling as much pleasure as when she fucks my pussy.

- **Emma:** "You'll love this. I promise."

Emma removes her fist and gets a vibrator from a drawer. She introduces it into my pussy and, without delay, she penetrates my ass with her dildo.

- **Emma:** "Have fun!"

She turns on the vibrator and starts to fuck my ass. I feel really full. I'm not sure if it's thanks to the vibrator, the dildo, or both, but now I'm getting super excited!

- **Emma:** "There you go!"

Emma increases the vibrator's speed. She also fucks my ass faster, almost as if it was my pussy.

- **Emma:** "Tell me you love it."

- **Gabby:** "I love it, goddess! Ah!"

- **Emma:** "Tell me your ass belongs to me."

- **Gabby:** "My ass is yours, goddess! Ahh!!!"

Emma raises the vibrator's speed to its maximum. I'm squirting a lot.

- **Emma:** "Tell me you belong to me."

- **Gabby:** "I'm yours, goddess! Ahhh!!!"

Shortly after, I come. My body keeps shaking for a long time.

- **Emma:** "Haha!"

Emma removes her dildo. She also turns off the vibrator and takes it out, but I'm still shaking. I never thought I could come so hard.



Emma checks her phone.

- **Emma:** “Fuck! It’s a bit late. Next time I’ll use a bigger dildo, but now we have to get ready to go to school.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, goddess.”

She uncuffs my ankles and opens the stock. Although I’m still catching my breath, I don’t forget to get on my knees in front of her.

- **Gabby:** “I’m eternally thankful for your dedication to my sexual education and wellness, goddess.” (She smiles.)

- **Emma:** “I have a little present for you.”

Emma opens another drawer and takes a collar with the inscription ‘I love anal’ and with a dildo-shaped pendant.

- **Emma:** “You’ll wear it until you complete your anal training.”

That means. . . I’ll be wearing it today at school! I’m tempted to complain, but I recall what I resolved yesterday evening: I should do my best to make my relationship work. And that means I must trust and obey Emma, and I should let her know whenever I misbehave. I try to smile.

- **Gabby:** “Thank you, goddess.”

Just after she collars me, I realize something.

- **Gabby:** “I’ve come twice without permission. Please accept my apologies, goddess. I deeply regret what I have done.”

Emma looks surprised at first, but then she smiles. I get the impression she hadn’t noticed it.

- **Emma:** “I accept your apologies. Kiss my feet.”

Emma caresses my hair after I comply. I think Patricia was right: she likes that I told her about my misbehavior before she noticed it.



- **Emma:** “Help me get undressed.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, goddess.”

Emma looks happy. It’s a good moment to talk to her.

- **Gabby:** “I beg your pardon, goddess. May I have your permission to speak, please?”

- **Emma:** “You may.”

- **Gabby:** “I’m truly sorry I didn’t tell you yesterday about what happened in the cell.”

- **Emma:** “Why didn’t you?”

- **Gabby:** “I was afraid, which means I didn’t trust you completely. But now I do, so I won’t hide secrets from you anymore.” (Emma doesn’t say anything.) “And I hope I won’t disobey you again but, if I do, I will tell you as soon as possible. You don’t need to install security cameras or anything like that.”

- **Emma:** “I’ve already purchased them online.”

- **Gabby:** “Oh! I’m sorry, goddess. Yesterday I didn’t react appropriately when you mentioned them, but I’ve had time to reflect upon my behavior.”

Emma thinks for a little while.

- **Emma:** “I won’t install them, but you better keep your promise.”

- **Gabby:** “I will, goddess.” (Emma smiles.)

- **Emma:** “Stand up.” (I comply.) “I’ve been waiting for you to say you’ll report to me your misbehavior, you know. This means you’ve progressed in your training.”

- **Gabby:** “Thank you, goddess.”

Emma hugs and kisses me. My feet hurt again because of yesterday’s caning. But if my punishment helps me make Emma feel happy about me, then I think it’s been worth it.



After our kiss ends, I take off Emma's clothes. Then she removes everything I'm wearing, including my collar.

- **Emma:** "Let's take a shower."

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

Just before Emma turns the faucet on, I get an idea.

- **Gabby:** "You're a bit sweaty, goddess. May I have the privilege of worshipping your armpits?"

- **Emma:** "... Yesterday you were quite reluctant to do it." (Emma looks surprised.)

- **Gabby:** "... Yes, but in the end I enjoyed it. I love worshipping your body."

Emma steps out of the shower and cuffs my wrists quickly.

- **Emma:** "Go ahead."

She raises her left arm and I kiss and lick her armpit straightaway. In truth, that isn't on top of my worshipping wish list, but I suggested it because she loves it. She rubs my pussy with her thigh.

- **Emma:** "You're getting horny again, aren't you?"

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

She begins to touch my clit with her right hand. Although she caresses it softly, I'm getting super aroused.

- **Emma:** "Your pussy belongs to me."

Emma whispered that phrase to my ear at the right moment, and I come. She holds me so that I don't collapse.

- **Emma:** "Haha! Taste it."

She plays with my tongue with the fingers she used to touch my clit. Then she touches my pussy with her left hand.

- **Emma:** "We need to take a shower, but tonight you'll have more fun than ever before. I promise."

Emma stops touching both my pussy and my tongue, and removes my handcuffs. If I could, I'd fast-forward my life until tonight.



I soap Emma's body while she shampoos her hair. I still feel very horny, and touching her skin doesn't allow me to calm down. However, I know she's not in the mood anymore. She switches from 'fun mode' to 'business mode' almost immediately. I must learn to do the same.

- **Emma:** "Soap yourself now."

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

I do it as fast as I can, so that I'm able to bring towels for Emma and dry her body. She smiles.

- **Emma:** "I have some clothes for us in the room next door. Bring your collar and your ISD."

What's my ISD? I could ask her, but I wish to behave impeccably, and such a question would perhaps annoy her. I look around quickly and I see my chastity belt. That's it! She called it 'intimate safety device' yesterday. I feel relieved.

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

In the other room, Emma picks up her outfit. I help her get dressed without being told to, and she smiles again. Once she's done, I recall that yesterday she told me to polish her shoes with my tongue every time she puts them on, so I proceed to do so.

- **Emma:** "You're behaving very well today."

- **Gabby:** "Thank you, goddess." (I smile.)

- **Emma:** "It seems I don't need to tell you what to do anymore."

- **Gabby:** "No, goddess. Yesterday you said you'll make a list of everything I should do without being told to, but I'd suggest you let me write the list myself. It's my responsibility to think about your needs and wishes."

I go back to licking Emma's shoes. Initially she smiles, but later she looks concerned. I wonder what she's thinking about.



- **Emma:** “Gabby, what has my mom done to you?” (Emma looks serious.)

- **Gabby:** “. . . What do you mean?”

- **Emma:** “How did she change you?”

- **Gabby:** “Eh?”

- **Emma:** “You have to tell me. Otherwise I’ll end up thinking that the bird cage is magic.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . I’m not sure I understand, goddess.”

- **Emma:** “Every time my mom puts a woman in the bird cage, she comes out behaving like the ideal sub. It happened to Elena a few days ago, and now it has happened to you.”

- **Gabby:** “Oh! That’s what you mean. . . .”

- **Emma:** “Yes, but I refuse to believe that the bird cage is the cause. So tell me, what has she done to you?”

- **Gabby:** “We were talking. . . .”

- **Emma:** “About what?”

- **Gabby:** “Several things. . . . She gave me advice on how I could improve my relationship with you.”

- **Emma:** “What advice?”

- **Gabby:** “. . . She said I shouldn’t keep secrets from you, I should trust you, I should tell you when I misbehave, I shouldn’t wait for your commands all the time. . . .”

- **Emma:** “But. . . didn’t I tell you all that before?”

- **Gabby:** “. . . Yes, goddess.”

- **Emma:** “So?”

- **Gabby:** “I. . . somehow I understood her better. As you’ve said, Ms. Schulte is a great conversationalist.”

Emma looks annoyed, and I’m puzzled. I didn’t see any of that coming.



- **Emma:** “Did she punish you?”
- **Gabby:** “. . . Yes, goddess.” (I’m not going to lie.)
- **Emma:** “How?”
- **Gabby:** “She caned my feet.”
- **Emma:** “How many times?”
- **Gabby:** “Twenty-two. I couldn’t take it anymore.”
- **Emma:** “What?! That’s very painful. Show me.”

Emma looks at my soles. Then she leaves the room and comes back with some cream.

- **Emma:** “Lie on your back on the floor and raise your legs.”

Once I obey Emma, she begins to apply her cream. It feels nice.

- **Gabby:** “Thank you, goddess.” (She smiles.)
- **Emma:** “Why did my mom punish you?”
- **Gabby:** “Because. . . it was because I asked her to punish me.”
- **Emma:** “Eh?! Why?”
- **Gabby:** “Because. . . well, after we talked, we went to the shibari area. My mom was tied up there. Ms. Schulte explained that my mom requested a punishment to help her overcome her temptations, and that I should follow my mom’s example. I answered I’ll ask you to punish me, but she said that you aren’t allowed to administer corporal punishments and that she could do it instead. So in the end she caned both my mom and me.”

- **Emma:** “In the shibari area?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes.”

- **Emma:** “That’s very weird. I’m pretty sure she didn’t plan to cane Elena, but something made her change her plans.”

I don’t know if Emma is right. But if she is, then I guess my mom was caned because of me!



- **Gabby:** “Goddess, how do you know Ms. Schulte changed her plans?”

- **Emma:** “She uses the shibari area for a different kind of punishment.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . Which one?”

- **Emma:** “This one.” (Emma smiles and begins to tickle my feet.)

- **Gabby:** “Tickling?! That’s not a punishment.”

- **Emma:** “It’s torture! Look.”

Emma grabs my left foot strongly and resumes tickling it. I laugh.

- **Emma:** “Imagine you were tied up and I keep going for as long as I wish.”

- **Gabby:** “Haha! I guess. . . Haha!” (I keep laughing.)

- **Emma:** “One day we’ll go to the shibari area. I’ll change the way you think about tickling.”

Emma keeps tickling me for a while and we laugh together. Eventually she stops and looks serious again. I get on my knees.

- **Emma:** “My mom hardly ever gives harsh punishments, you know. In fact, she usually refuses when her subs request them. I believe she only gives them when she’s very upset.” (Emma looks up.) “I think I’m to blame. She was very upset because I mentioned my father to her. She really can’t stand that.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . If that’s the case, you’re not to blame, goddess. I also spoke to her about your father.”

- **Emma:** “Why?!”

- **Gabby:** “. . . Ms. Schulte said you only mention your father to her when you are very nervous, so she asked me if you were hiding any secrets from her. Then. . . I mentioned you received a text message. She asked if it could come from your father, and I said it didn’t, but she kept digging until I told her about the house he’s bought for you.”

Emma stares at me. I am nervous.



- **Emma:** “Now I understand everything. My mom thinks I’m planning to move away to be able to do whatever I wish. That’s why yesterday evening she said she’ll never interfere with any of my relationships again. Did she also tell you that?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, goddess.” (I’m glad Emma is not upset with me.)

- **Emma:** “But before she decided to help our relationship because she really thinks you’re perfect for me. And her way of helping was to turn you into an ideal sub, but...”

Emma shakes her head. I’m not sure her theory is right, but now I’m more worried about what she wants from me.

- **Gabby:** “I thought you like the way I’m behaving today, goddess.”

- **Emma:** “I do. Don’t get me wrong. I want you to serve and obey me all the time and to be always respectful, polite and well-mannered. But that doesn’t mean you should be afraid of me, or avoid telling me what you feel, or suggest to do things you don’t really like.”

- **Gabby:** “I’m not afraid of you, goddess.”

- **Emma:** “Gabby, some minutes ago you didn’t dare to ask me what ISD means. I saw your face when you figured it out.”

- **Gabby:** “I didn’t wish to annoy you, goddess.”

- **Emma:** “And you asked me to worship my armpits, although I know you don’t fancy it.”

- **Gabby:** “I...” (Emma doesn’t let me talk.)

- **Emma:** “And you didn’t show any reluctance to what we did in the toilet, whereas before you were often afraid of trying new things. I bet you wouldn’t have complained if I had decided to pee all over your face.”

- **Gabby:** “I...” (I was going to deny it, but perhaps Emma is right.)

- **Emma:** “What?”

- **Gabby:** “Nothing, goddess.” (I look down.)



- **Emma:** “I’ve always admired my mom, you know. She has an exceptional gift. She makes women submit to her and do whatever she wishes faster than any mistress I know. Sometimes it doesn’t take her more than one day. But...” (Emma stops talking again.)

- **Gabby:** “... Goddess?”

- **Emma:** “... But she’s never had any girlfriend. She’s the best turning women into rubber dolls, personal assistants, maids, puppies, kitties, ponies, hucows...” (Does she mean ‘human cow’?!) “But you are my girlfriend. It’s more complex.”

- **Gabby:** “... What’s complex?”

- **Emma:** “Our relationship. I’m in charge and I decide everything for you. But to make the best decisions you must be honest and open with me, even when you think I’m mistaken. Otherwise I’ll make choices you don’t like and you won’t be happy.”

- **Gabby:** “I understand, goddess.”

- **Emma:** “Come here.”

Emma hugs and kisses me. I like what she’s said. I should think not only about her happiness, but also about mine.

- **Gabby:** “Goddess, I beg your pardon. May I ask you a question?”

- **Emma:** “You may.”

- **Gabby:** “Do you actually plan to move to that house?”

- **Emma:** “Would you like that?”

- **Gabby:** “I’ll follow you wherever you go.”

- **Emma:** “I know. I didn’t ask that.”

- **Gabby:** “I... I suppose it’s better to wait until knowing about what university we’ll go to.”

- **Emma:** “So do I.” (Emma smiles.)

I’m glad we agree on this, but mainly I’m glad she’s interested in my opinion. I don’t know why I assumed that letting her decide everything means that what I think doesn’t matter.



- **Emma:** “It’s time to get you dressed. Bring your ISD.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, goddess.”

- **Emma:** “Call me mistress. I bet ‘goddess’ makes you feel I’m always right.”

- **Gabby:** “... Yes, mistress.” (Perhaps it does. I’m not sure.)

- **Emma:** “In fact, I’ve already stopped calling you ‘slave’.” (I hadn’t noticed!) “It sounds too impersonal, like if you were one out of many, and I promised you’ll always be special to me.”

I smile. I like Emma remembers that. She caresses my pussy briefly, puts on my ISD and locks it with her phone.

- **Emma:** “Let’s do this. I’ll call you ‘slave’ when I want you to obey me immediately and without any reluctance. And only then you’ll address me as ‘goddess’.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

Emma stands up to choose an outfit for me. I’m fine with her decision, but she seems to keep thinking about it.

- **Emma:** “Don’t get me wrong. I still think your relationship with me is akin to slavery. I feel we already know each other better than many ‘official’ mistress-slave couples.”

- **Gabby:** “...I don’t know any other such couples.”

- **Emma:** “You know Ms. Jensen and Ms. Austen. She’ll become her slave today, but they’ve never lived together, their friends and family don’t know about their relationship, Ms. Austen kept secrets from Ms. Jensen until very recently...”

- **Gabby:** “...So you believe they should cancel everything?!”

- **Emma:** “...I didn’t say that. They’ve been together for five years and they love each other. They can work things out.”

Emma doesn’t sound very convincing. I get what she’s saying, but I’d rather not think too much about it. Tonight I’ll just wish them the best :)



Emma is still choosing my outfit. This is unusual. Normally she's very decisive, but now she looks like absent.

- **Gabby:** "Mistress, if you wish I can let you know what I would pick up for myself."

- **Emma:** "Do you think I'm worried I'll choose something you don't like?"

- **Gabby:** "Well... I'm not sure."

- **Emma:** "When I told you about being open with me, I was thinking about more important issues. You'll always wear what I choose."

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

I don't dare to say anything else, but Emma still doesn't pick up anything. Suddenly she removes her shoes and sits on the bed.

- **Gabby:** "... Mistress... are you feeling OK?"

She doesn't answer for a while.

- **Emma:** "My mom was right yesterday evening when she told you I was nervous, you know. And you were also right when you told her that the reason could be the text messages I had received." (Emma gives me her phone. Now I'm also nervous.) "You can read them. Start here."

- **Gabby:** "Message from Ms. Austen sent on Wednesday: 'I'm really grateful for what you did yesterday. You've taken a load off my mind. I was feeling guilty every day for keeping secrets from Ms. Jensen. Now I feel liberated.' Then you replied 'You're welcome'."

Emma doesn't say anything. Now I remember that yesterday morning she told Patricia that Emily had thanked her for the whipping, so Emma's secret must be something else.



- **Gabby:** “Message from Ms. Austen sent later on Wednesday: ‘Ms. Jensen has talked to me about the ceremony. We won’t invite any friends or family, but any guests from the Bondage Society are welcome. She’s also requested a private room with a bondage bed where we can spend the night after the ceremony. She said we won’t engage in any orgies or threesomes.’ You replied: ‘Your room will be ready. There will be a few guests from the society’.”

I look at Emma. She has closed her eyes. I remember that on Tuesday Julia told her that they could have a threesome after the ceremony, but I guess she wasn’t serious.

- **Gabby:** “Message from Ms. Austen sent on Thursday morning: ‘I need to call you. Are you already awake?’ You replied ‘Yes’.”

That happened when I was still inside the transport box in the cell.

- **Gabby:** “Message sent on Thursday afternoon: ‘Mistress, I know what I said this morning was shocking so I’ve decided to text you to express myself better. If you share this message with anyone you’ll ruin my life so, once you receive it, you own me. You’ve read my entire blog. You know I’m a pain slut and I like it rough. For the last three years, this side of me was dormant, but you’ve awoken it with your whip and you’re the only one who can make it sleep again. Please take ownership of me and fuck me hard to finish what you started on Tuesday. My whole body is lusting for you. Please have mercy on me and meet me before the ceremony, so that I can commit and be faithful to Ms. Jensen for the rest of my life. Otherwise I’ll feel miserable forever.’”

I can’t believe this. The phone falls from my hands, but I take it back.

- **Gabby:** “Message sent on Thursday evening: ‘Mistress, my suffering is unbearable. Your silence hurts me even more than my whipping marks. My body and soul are dying to meet you. Tomorrow from 4 to 6 pm you have the last chance to enjoy what is yours and save me.’”



Suddenly Emma's phone vibrates.

- **Gabby:** "She has just sent a new message!"

Emma takes her phone and opens it. It's a picture! She's restrained and has marks on her tits. I guess it was taken years ago.

- **Emma:** "Mistress, these tits belong to you and you can squeeze them as much as you like. This whole body is yours to use and abuse in any way you desire. You own this horny and obedient slut. Please, please, please, make use of your property and fuck her mouth, her pussy and her ass as hard as you wish. I beg you."

I'm overwhelmed. It's true what Emma said before: you may not know someone well even if you've been together for years.

- **Emma:** "So... what's your opinion?"

- **Gabby:** "You were right. Ms. Jensen doesn't know her well."

- **Emma:** "Yes, but I mean... should I do what she's asking for?"

- **Gabby:** "What?! No, you shouldn't."

- **Emma:** "Why?"

- **Gabby:** "Because... for multiple reasons. What if you get caught? You'll ruin Ms. Austen's life, Ms. Jensen would be heartbroken... and she's your principal. She might retaliate somehow."

- **Emma:** "Imagine we won't get caught. What else?"

- **Gabby:** "You'd be cheating on me."

- **Emma:** "No, because you'd be there with me."

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

- **Emma:** "Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes."

- **Gabby:** "Why do you want me there?!"

- **Emma:** "To have a threesome. That's why I've decided to show you the messages. This way it wouldn't be cheating. Yesterday with Lexy we were two mistresses and one sub. Today we could be one mistress and two subs."



I'm getting really nervous. I need to find a good reason to dissuade Emma, but I can't.

- **Gabby:** "What if... what if everything is a plot? Perhaps it's not Ms. Austen who's sending those messages."

- **Emma:** "Gabby, I was on the phone with her. There is no plot."  
(Emma shakes her head.)

- **Gabby:** "Also... I don't think she's telling the truth, mistress. Or she won't keep her word. If you fuck her, she'll enjoy it so much that she'll ask for more after she becomes Ms. Jensen's slave. She won't stop cheating on her."

- **Emma:** "That's one of the issues I've been reflecting upon. It's definitely a possibility. The problem is... if I don't fuck her now, she'll keep asking for it later for sure."

- **Gabby:** "But... you'll refuse and that's it."

- **Emma:** "Gabby, the issue is that... I wish to fuck her. I've told you. If you read her blog, perhaps you'd understand it. Isn't it better to do it today than later?"

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

- **Emma:** "I've also been thinking about what my mom told me yesterday when she saw my pieces of furniture. I've decided I won't take any more subs and I won't use them to satisfy my needs."

- **Gabby:** "Oh! But then why are we now talking...?"

- **Emma:** "That will start tomorrow morning. So I thought that today... meeting Ms. Austen could be like a farewell, both for her and for me."

- **Gabby:** "But what if..." (I try to think about something else as fast as I can.) "She said she's only got two hours. Probably she'll later claim that it wasn't enough."

- **Emma:** "She isn't multi-orgasmic. She's not like you. Besides that, if we meet today, I won't meet her anymore, no matter what she says later."



- **Gabby:** “What if...” (I can’t think about anything else.) “Mistress, it looks like you’ve already decided about it.”
- **Emma:** “I haven’t. I want to hear all your thoughts before deciding.”
- **Gabby:** “...I don’t know what else to say. What I don’t get is...what was bothering you when you were choosing my clothes? I think you’re pretty sure you wish to do it.”
- **Emma:** “There is one issue you didn’t think about.”
- **Gabby:** “What is it?”
- **Emma:** “...OK, I’ll tell you.” (Emma looks down.) “It’s that... my mom had sex with Ms. Austen.”
- **Gabby:** “I remember that.” (I wait for Emma, but she doesn’t continue.) “Is that a taboo for you?”
- **Emma:** “Not a taboo. I’m afraid... Ms. Austen could find that my mom is better at sex than me.”
- **Gabby:** “Is that what’s been making you nervous all this time?!”
- **Emma:** “Yes.”
- **Gabby:** “Haha!!”
- **Emma:** “It’s not funny. So far I’ve never fucked anyone who also had sex with my mom... or with any other famous mistress.”
- **Gabby:** “It’s not a competition.” (I keep laughing.) “Ms. Schulte said that to my mom and me yesterday when she was punishing us.”
- **Emma:** “That’s for subs. For mistresses... it’s different.”  
Why did I say it’s not a competition?! I wish to dissuade Emma.
- **Gabby:** “... Oh! You’re right, mistress. It’s better not to risk your status.”
- **Emma:** “Are you making fun of me?”
- **Gabby:** “No! I’m starting to understand your point...”
- **Emma:** “Slave, lie on your back on the bed.”
- **Gabby:** “... Yes, goddess.”

After I comply, Emma cuffs my wrists. She looks upset.



- **Emma:** “You need a bit of facesitting. It will remind you of your place.”

I breathe deeply before she straddles me and sits on my face. Then she takes her phone. Perhaps she’s reading Emily’s messages again, or maybe she’s already answering them!

I need to calm down. She said she won’t take more subs and she won’t use them to satisfy her needs from tomorrow on! That makes me happy. If today she decides to have a threesome with Emily, I’ll have to obey her. I already know she’s reckless and it’s time I get used to it.

Also, I shouldn’t have said that thing of ‘It’s better not to risk your status’. I wasn’t making fun of her, but I sounded rather sarcastic because I don’t believe at all that her status is at risk. I think it’s the first time I’ve acted like that with her. It mustn’t happen again.

Emma sits on my face for around ten minutes, letting me breathe briefly from time to time. Eventually she moves forward.

- **Emma:** “Kiss my ass, slave.” (I comply.) “The other one.” (I kiss the other buttock.) “Again. Keep going.” (I spend one minute doing it.) “Stop.”

Emma turns around to face me and sits on my chest.

- **Emma:** “Do you think I am frivolous?”

- **Gabby:** “No, goddess.”

- **Emma:** “Or silly? Or stupid?”

- **Gabby:** “No, goddess. Of course not.”

- **Emma:** “Or less intelligent than you?”

- **Gabby:** “... No.”

- **Emma:** “Then why do you laugh at me?”

- **Gabby:** “...”

Emma still looks very upset. I need to think about my answer carefully.



- **Emma:** “Now you don’t know what to say, right? Come with me.”  
I follow Emma to the wash basin. There she takes a soap tablet.

- **Emma:** “Stick out your tongue, slave.”  
Once I comply, she begins to rub the tablet against my tongue!

- **Emma:** “Are you surprised? This is what happens to disrespectful subs. It’s on your contract.”  
I guess it is. I don’t remember that.

- **Emma:** “Open your dirty mouth.”  
Emma introduces half the tablet into my mouth and leaves it there.  
I feel a bit like when I was a little girl in little space.

- **Emma:** “Your tongue is still filthy with inappropriate phrases.  
Keep soaping it.”  
Emma leaves and comes back with a paddle! She removes my ISD.

- **Emma:** “Rest your hands on the basin, bend over and lift your ass.”  
She caresses my buttocks briefly, and then she spanks me. Her paddle is not as painful as a cane, but it still hurts.

- **Emma:** “That’s it. Bite the soap to clean your mouth.”  
She keeps spanking me. I’m quite shocked all this is happening.

- **Emma:** “I know my mom said I can’t do this, but if she doesn’t wish to interfere with my relationships, she should let me discipline my slave when she clearly needs it.”  
She spanks me harder. Eventually I bite the tablet so strongly that it breaks, leaving part of it inside my mouth. Then she stops and removes my handcuffs.

- **Emma:** “Spit it and wash your mouth.”  
I feel relieved. Soap doesn’t taste nice.



- **Emma:** “Answer my question. Why did you laugh at me?”

- **Gabby:** “... Because... there is one thing I find very surprising about you. Almost everyone at school envies you. They envy your intelligence, your popularity and many other talents you have, but above all they envy you because you are super attractive and you’ve had lots of relationships with girls. And it turns out you’re insecure exactly about those things: your body, and now also your performance at sex. I know I don’t have much experience with other women, goddess, but I’m sure you are the number one in the world at fucking. Please believe me.”

Emma smiles a bit.

- **Emma:** “Get on your knees and apologize.”

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

- **Emma:** “Kiss my hand.” (I comply.) “I accept your apologies, but you mustn’t disrespect me ever again.”

She takes the aftercare cream and sits on the bed.

- **Emma:** “Lie on my thighs.” (She begins to apply it.) “I also envy something about you, you know. I envy the way you express yourself sometimes.” (I’m glad she liked my answer.) “You and I might have different opinions and concerns and, as I said before, I wish to know what you think, but you should always respect my views and be humble.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, goddess.”

- **Emma:** “And above all you shouldn’t belittle my sentiments, because... because I have feelings for you, so you can hurt me.”

- **Gabby:** “I won’t do it ever again, goddess.”

Emma turns my body around and we kiss. I always feel blessed when she reminds me she has feelings for me.



Emma puts back my ISD and locks it. Then she stands up and chooses an outfit for me. She's not hesitant anymore.

- **Emma:** "Get dressed."

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

I doubted whether to address her as 'mistress' or 'goddess'. Emma notices it and smiles.

- **Emma:** "Before I said you'll wear that collar." (She points to the 'I love anal' one.) "But now I think this one is more appropriate." (She grabs a collar with the phrase 'Bad girl'.)

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

I smile. Actually, I'm glad. This one is kind of OK for school. Emma takes her phone and reads her messages again.

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

- **Emma:** "You may."

- **Gabby:** "Have you decided whether. . . whether you'll accept Ms. Austen's request?"

- **Emma:** "I've decided to talk to her in person at school. I don't wish to leave any evidence by sending a message."

If Emma planned to refuse, she would send a message without any worries. I guess this means. . . we'll have a threesome with Emily, unless Emma changes her opinion after chatting with her.

- **Emma:** "Hurry up."

I guess she doesn't want me to keep thinking about that, so I get dressed as fast as I can. This outfit seems rather. . . slutty.

- **Gabby:** ". . . I'm ready, mistress."

Emma collars me quickly. I look like a bad girl indeed.

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



I follow Emma to the house. We find Patricia and my mom having breakfast in the living room. Well...my mom is on her knees, blindfolded and restrained, and it looks like Patricia is feeding her.

- **Emma:** “Good morning, mom.”

- **Patricia:** “Good morning. Good morning, Gabby.”

- **Gabby:** “Good morning, Ms. Schulte.”

My mom doesn't say anything. Does she also have earplugs?

- **Patricia:** “I thought you had already left.”

- **Emma:** “I know it's a bit late, but we'll go by car. Gabby, go get my handbag and your bag in the small bedroom.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, Ms. Lindberg.”

I go upstairs to take them, and I return as quickly as I can. My bag is heavy. I guess Emma put her school stuff inside.

- **Patricia:** “... We are getting to know each other, although today we'll be rather busy preparing the ceremony.”

- **Emma:** “You're back. Let's go. Have a nice day, mom.”

- **Patricia:** “You too.”

I follow Emma outside. She smiles.

- **Emma:** “They are having breakfast together! Things are moving fast.”

- **Gabby:** “... Yes, but my mom was... I'm not sure Ms. Schulte regards her as her girlfriend.”

- **Emma:** “She does! I've asked her, and she didn't deny it. You've heard her.”

I smile. I'm not convinced, but I hope Emma is right. She knows Patricia better than I do.