

SimVenusArts

My Classmate Emma Lindberg

Chapter 36



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When Emma opens the gym, the cheerleaders are already waiting by the door.

- **Cheerleaders:** “Good morning, captain!”

- **Emma:** “Good morning. Come in.”

It looks like they behave like the Black Bees. I suppose it’s true Emma has strong leadership skills, like Corinna wrote in her notebook. While entering the gym, they smile at me.

- **Emma:** “Relax. They don’t have a card to enter the storage room.”

- **Gabby:** “I know, mistress. It’s just...”

- **Emma:** “Let’s go.”

The cheerleaders have formed a semicircle in the middle of the gym. Emma and I go face them.

- **Emma:** “Ms. Kneuer is feeling indisposed.” (Actually, that’s true.)
“Today we’ll train without her.”

- **Cheerleaders:** “Yes, captain!”

- **Emma:** “This is Gabby. As you know, she’s joined the squad this week. Let’s welcome her.”

- **Cheerleaders:** “Welcome, Gabby!”

- **Amanda:** “Captain, may I be allowed to speak?”

- **Emma:** “You may.”

- **Amanda:** “We have a welcome gift for her. Everyone has contributed to it.”

- **Emma:** “Oh! That’s really nice. Go ahead.”

Amanda hands me a paper bag with a box inside.

- **Amanda:** “I hope you like it.”

- **Gabby:** “Thank you.”

I recall Amanda is the vice captain. She’s also the one who, according to Lexy, had been begging Emma to fuck her. But it looks like she’s got over it. If it wasn’t for Corinna, I feel my start with the squad couldn’t be better.



When I am about to open my present, the gym door opens. Charlotte and Christine come in.

- **Emma:** “You can’t be here.”

- **Charlotte:** “Yes, we can. You’ve received our ultimatum, haven’t you?” (Emma doesn’t answer.) “Are you going to apologize publicly?”

- **Emma:** “I don’t have to apologize for anything.”

- **Charlotte:** “Well, we think otherwise, so we’ve come to challenge you.”

- **Emma:** “What do you mean?”

- **Charlotte:** “We know what you’ve been doing here. We’ve come to fight.”

- **Emma:** “You should leave immediately.”

- **Charlotte:** “Why? Isn’t it true that you catfight here?”

- **Emma:** “What are you talking about?”

- **Charlotte:** “Don’t act dumb. We’ve learnt you have rules, you know. You can be challenged, and the one who defeats you takes over the squad. Isn’t that right?”

- **Emma:** “Everything we do at the squad, and our rules, are none of your business.”

- **Charlotte:** “Your rules say anyone who wishes to become a cheerleader can come and challenge you.”

Emma remains silent. I guess one of the cheerleaders betrayed the squad and talked to Charlotte and Christine about the fights.

- **Charlotte:** “What’s the matter? Are you a coward?”

- **Emma:** “Haha! Listen, what you’ve heard about our rules is wrong. We have a ranking and I am on top. To challenge me, you need to go all the way up, starting from the bottom.”

- **Charlotte:** “Who is at the bottom?”

- **Emma:** “... At the moment, Gabby.”

- **Gabby:** “Eh?!”



- **Emma:** “Don’t act surprised. We’ve talked about this.”
- **Gabby:** “But...”
- **Charlotte:** “Are you going to use Gabby to fight?!”
- **Emma:** “No. I’m telling you to leave.”
- **Charlotte:** “We aren’t going anywhere. It’s your call.”
- **Emma:** “The rules are the rules.”

Charlotte and Christine look astonished.

- **Christine:** “Emma, you’re despicable. You’ve already hurt Gabby way too much, and now this. I hope she realizes the type of person you are.”

- **Emma:** “You’re the ones doing this.”

- **Christine:** “I bet you made her join the squad just to prevent us from challenging you.”

- **Emma:** “That’s totally false.”

On Monday, Emma told me she wanted me to join it so that I can get the uniform. I must believe her.

- **Christine:** “Look, we know what happens to the loser here. She gets trampled, spanked and so on. We’ve come here to stop you, not to make Gabby suffer.”

- **Emma:** “You wouldn’t do that anyway, because she would defeat you.”

- **Charlotte:** “Haha! Don’t be silly.”

- **Emma:** “I’ve trained her and I believe in her.”

- **Charlotte:** “Prove it.”

- **Emma:** “...If you defeat Gabby, you won’t do anything to her. I’ll let you trample and spank me instead.”

- **Gabby:** “What!!!”

Suddenly, everyone is silent. Charlotte and Christine walk towards a corner to whisper to each other in private. Does Emma actually want me to fight? And what if I lose? My legs are shaking.



Charlotte and Christine come back.

- **Charlotte:** “Deal. I’ll defeat Gabby and then we’ll teach you a lesson you’ll never forget.”

- **Emma:** “You won’t.”

- **Charlotte:** “Let’s start.”

- **Emma:** “First you need to undress. We’ll be ready in fifteen minutes. Squad, prepare everything.”

- **Cheerleaders:** “Yes, captain!”

- **Emma:** “Gabby, come with me.”

Emma takes my hand and pulls me towards the storage room. I feel like when I am having a nightmare, except that this time I won’t wake up. Once in the room, I see Corinna. I had already forgotten about her.

- **Emma:** “Get undressed.”

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, this... this is too much for me.”

- **Emma:** “Gabby, what I said out there is true. I believe in you. You should believe in yourself.”

- **Gabby:** “What if I lose?”

- **Emma:** “You won’t. Just remember what you learnt yesterday.”

I begin to undress, but my whole body is shaking. Emma notices it.

- **Emma:** “Come here.”

She helps me take off my clothes and makes me sit on the ping-pong table.

- **Emma:** “Here nobody can see us from the door. Relax.”

Emma bends over and starts to lick my pussy! Even in this situation, it makes me feel special. She’s right: I need to calm down. After all, I’m not totally new to catfights. I shouldn’t be afraid.

- **Emma:** “That’s it.”

I keep breathing faster, but now due to excitement, not anxiety. Eventually, I come.

- **Emma:** “Haha!”



I stand up and look at Corinna. It seems she didn't hear us. Those earplugs must be really good.

- **Emma:** "Let's get you ready."

I feel relaxed now, but I don't think I'll be calm for long. Emma pours oil over my arms.

- **Emma:** "This way your skin will be slippery. She won't be able to grab you easily."

- **Gabby:** "Will she also use oil?"

- **Emma:** "Probably not. She doesn't know much about our rules."

- **Gabby:** "... Isn't that unfair?"

- **Emma:** "No. It's what happens when you get into something without a clue."

Actually, I reckon Emma is right. She removes my collar and keeps oiling the rest of my body, except the palms of my hands.

- **Gabby:** "Do you know who told her about the fights?"

- **Emma:** "... Probably the girl who left."

- **Gabby:** "... You mean the one that owned my uniform?"

- **Emma:** "Yes. She was also in the track and field team. But don't worry about that. Except Christine, everyone here supports you 100%."

- **Gabby:** "Really?"

- **Emma:** "Of course! You're part of the squad and Charlotte isn't. You're fighting at home. And Amanda will be the referee. She won't let her do anything illegal."

Emma sounds very convincing, to the point I'm starting to believe I can win. Next she powders my hands with chalk.

- **Emma:** "This will help you grab her, and that hood will protect your face and scare her a bit."

She covers my head with a hood she took from my bag. I smile.

- **Emma:** "Are you ready?"

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



Emma kisses me intensely. Then we exit the storage room.

- **Gabby:** “Wow!”

The cheerleaders have changed the lighting and have installed a ring in the middle of the gym.

- **Gabby:** “Where was that ring?”

- **Emma:** “It’s a secret.” (Emma smiles.) “I’ll tell you later.”

- **Gabby:** “Everything...it’s as if this was a professional bout.”

- **Emma:** “That’s the idea. I bet Charlotte is already regretting this.”

Emma takes my hand and we begin walking towards the ring. Then the cheerleaders see us.

- **Cheerleaders:** “Gabby! Gabby! Gabby! Gabby! Gabby! ...”

They don’t stop chanting my name. I feel overwhelmed.

- **Emma:** “Be careful with the steps.”

We enter the ring. Charlotte is standing completely nude next to the opposite corner, along with Christine. They’re looking at us. Suddenly Emma raises my arm.

- **Cheerleaders:** “Yaaaaay!”

Then she takes a microphone, walks to the center of the ring and starts speaking as if she was a master of ceremonies.

- **Emma:** “Welcome to CSQ catfight 39!” (What’s CSQ?)

- **Cheerleaders:** “Yaaaaay!” (Charlotte and Christine look astonished.)

- **Emma:** “On the left corner, 1.77 m, 60 kg, making her debut, the challenger: Chaaarlote! Elizabeeeth! Jaaaansens!”

- **Cheerleaders:** “Boooooo!”

- **Emma:** “On the right corner, 1.68 m, 55 kg, making her professional debut and ranked 15, the defender: Gabriellaaa! Valentinaaa! Ferraaaaara!”

- **Cheerleaders:** “Yaaaaaaaay!”

The atmosphere is crazy! My heart is beating fast.



Amanda enters the ring and asks Charlotte and me to approach her.

- **Amanda:** “Remember: standing is not allowed.” (Charlotte frowns.) “No hairpulling, biting, punching, kicking, or scratching. Just joint locks or chokeholds. To concede, tap out or just say ‘I give up’. Is it clear?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes.”

- **Charlotte:** “. . . Yes.”

- **Amanda:** “Go to your corner.”

I walk back. Emma is already behind the ropes.

- **Emma:** “You got this. Just be smart.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

At this point, I actually believe I will win. Amanda calls us again.

- **Amanda:** “On your knees.” (Charlotte and I comply.) “Ready?” (We nod.) “Fight!”

- **Cheerleaders:** “Gabby! Gabby! Gabby! Gabby! Gabby! . . .”

The cheerleaders resume chanting immediately. If Emma shouted anything to me, I wouldn’t be able to hear her. Perhaps that’s better. I should concentrate on the fight. I decide to feint an attack, like I did yesterday with Emma, but Charlotte is having none of it. She comes straight towards me and tries to grab my arms. However, my oil works and I’m able to escape.

- **Charlotte:** “What the fuck is this shit?!”

Now her hands are oily. She tries to clean them quickly by rubbing them against her legs, and she comes towards me again. She takes hold of my neck and tries to grasp my bun through my hood!

- **Amanda:** “Stop!!” (Amanda separates us.) “This is my first and my last warning. If you breach the rules again, you lose.”

- **Charlotte:** “But . . . OK.”

Charlotte frowns. She looks frustrated. I guess she thought this was going to be very easy.



- **Amanda:** “Get back on your knees.” (We comply.) “Ready?”
(We nod.) “Fight!”

- **Cheerleaders:** “Gabby! Gabby! Gabby! ...” (The chanting resumes.)

After I feint a couple of attacks, Charlotte comes again straight towards me. This time she hugs me and makes me fall on my back. I also hug her, both with my arms and with my legs. My left ear is very close to her mouth.

- **Charlotte:** “Gabby, I don’t wish to hurt you. Just give up and this will be over.”

I try to turn around, but she doesn’t let me.

- **Charlotte:** “But if you keep trying, I’ll have to get serious.”

Doesn’t she realize that this position doesn’t give her any advantage?

- **Charlotte:** “Don’t you see that you don’t have any chance against me?”

She seems to think I’m the weakest weakling on Earth. I’m getting irritated. Suddenly she stops hugging me and tries to move back to stay on her knees. Then I also break my hug and escape.

- **Cheerleaders:** “Gabby! Gabby! Gabby! ...” (The chanting keeps going with renewed strength.)

I feint several attacks but she doesn’t fall for any of them. I don’t think we’ve been fighting for long, perhaps two minutes, but I’m getting tired. I’m breathing through my mouth. Suddenly Charlotte comes forward again. She does the same as before, and we end up in the same position.

- **Charlotte:** “You’re so stubborn. You used to be a very sweet girl with a promising future, you know.”

I try to get on top of her, but I can’t.

- **Charlotte:** “Now you’re just Emma’s plaything. You only exist for her amusement. Don’t you see how she’s smiling right now?”

Charlotte releases me and I escape again. I’m feeling exasperated.



- **Cheerleaders:** “Gabby! Gabby! Gabby! ...” (The chanting keeps going.)

I faint a couple of attacks again, but Charlotte defends herself. I’m finding out that catfighting is a very intense activity. I’m already feeling tired. Charlotte may be stronger than me but, more importantly, she’s got more stamina. If I don’t win soon, I’ll be exhausted. Suddenly Charlotte comes forward and hugs me again, but this time she doesn’t make me lie down. I also hug her.

- **Charlotte:** “Once you lose, you’ll see the real Emma. You’ll see how fast she breaks up when her girlfriend disappoints her.”

- **Gabby:** “Shut up!”

- **Charlotte:** “You don’t believe me? Just give up and see what happens.”

Charlotte releases me and moves back. I’m feeling furious. I try to grab her arms, but they’re slippery! I suppose they got oiled when she hugged me. Then Charlotte pulls me and makes me fall on my chest. I turn around as fast as I can, but she quickly seats on my stomach. The chanting wanes down and soon stops.

- **Charlotte:** “Give up.”

- **Gabby:** “Never!”

Charlotte moves up and holds my wrists against the ground.

- **Charlotte:** “I don’t wish to hurt you. Just give up.”

I feel so impotent! I try to release my arms, but my attempt is futile. I realize I’ve fallen for her trap. She kept teasing me until I lost my temper. Emma told me to be smart, but Charlotte was smarter than me. I feel disappointed with myself.

- **Charlotte:** “I’ve won.”

- **Emma:** “No, you haven’t. Gabby, you got this! You know exactly what to do.”

Honestly, I don’t, but I like that she keeps supporting me.



- **Charlotte:** “What should I do to make her give up?”

- **Emma:** “If you don’t know, that’s your problem.”

Charlotte moves my arms under her knees and then straightens her back.

- **Charlotte:** “Do you want me to choke her?”

- **Emma:** “She’s the one going to choke you.”

- **Charlotte:** “Haha!”

Charlotte leans back while she laughs. Suddenly I remember what Emma did yesterday. I gather all my remaining strength to bend my legs and push Charlotte’s shoulders back. It works!

- **Cheerleaders:** “Yaaaaaaaaaaaaay!” (The cheer is deafening.)

Charlotte falls on her back. She turns around and tries to escape, but I’m quick enough to jump over her and hold her down. Then I begin to choke her neck with my arms immediately.

- **Cheerleaders:** “Gabby! ...” (The chanting resumes, stronger than ever.)

I don’t think she can breathe. I don’t know if it’s because of how impotent, or furious, or disappointed I was feeling, but I don’t release her. I’ve never thought I could be capable of doing something like this. Suddenly I see a towel falling next to me.

- **Amanda:** “Stop!”

Amanda pushes me away from Charlotte.

- **Cheerleaders:** “Yaaaaaaaaaaaaay!”

I don’t understand what is happening. Have I done something illegal? Emma enters the ring, makes me stand up and hugs me.

- **Emma:** “You’ve made it!!!”

She removes my hood and kisses me. The cheerleaders also get into the ring and begin to hug me. Eventually it sinks: I won!



For one or two minutes, the frenzy goes on. Every cheerleader hugs me and congratulates me, saying things like ‘You’re amazing’, ‘You’re the best’ and ‘We’re proud of you’. Never in my life had I felt so popular.

- **Emma:** “OK! OK! Please, listen!” (The noise stops.)

- **Amanda:** “Gabby! Charlotte! Come here.”

- **Christine:** “We’re leaving.”

I look at Charlotte. She’s tying her shoelaces. I’m glad to see that she’s fine.

- **Emma:** “You have to stay for the announcement.”

- **Christine:** “No. We’re leaving.”

- **Emma:** “You can’t. It’s against the rules.”

- **Christine:** “We don’t give a fuck. We are not your subs.”

- **Charlotte:** “I’ll stay.”

- **Christine:** “What?!”

- **Charlotte:** “I’ll stay. I’m not a bad loser.”

- **Christine:** “Charlotte, this was a trap! We shouldn’t have come here. They wouldn’t have let us win no matter what.”

- **Charlotte:** “No. Gabby deserves my acknowledgment.”

- **Christine:** “But you’ve just told me about all the tricks they’ve used: the oil, the chalk...” (Charlotte stands up.)

- **Charlotte:** “We should have learnt the rules.”

Charlotte and I walk towards Amanda and stand on either side of her. Once she grabs our wrists, Emma takes back her microphone.

- **Emma:** “The winner by submission after 4 minutes and 41 seconds, ranked 15 and with a record of 1 victory, 0 ties and 0 defeats, is the defender: Gabriellaaa! Valentinaaaa! Ferraaaaara!”

- **Cheerleaders:** “Yaaaaaaaaaaaaay!”

The cheerleaders applaud. Then Charlotte hugs me. She doesn’t say anything, but she looks sincere. I wonder why her attitude has changed so much.



- **Emma:** “Gabby, now you can show your dominance over the loser.”

- **Gabby:** “Eh?!”

- **Emma:** “The tradition here is to trample her, at least.”

- **Gabby:** “But...”

- **Christine:** “No way! We’re leaving now.”

- **Charlotte:** “Wait. Let Gabby speak.”

There is an uncomfortable silence.

- **Emma:** “What do you wish to do?”

I’m feeling once more that it’s easier when Emma decides everything for me. But this time I’m afraid she could decide something I dislike.

- **Gabby:** “I... I want you to be friends with Ms. Lindberg again.”

- **Charlotte:** “Haha!”

- **Gabby:** “What?” (Charlotte keeps laughing.)

- **Charlotte:** “Gabby, before I lied. You’re still very sweet.” (Charlotte gets serious now.) “That can’t happen, you know. My real friend is Christine.” (Christine smiles.) “And Emma’s real friend is Evelyn. Certain friendships develop because... just because a school puts people together. And once the school stops doing that, they disappear. In this case, we’ll make it happen one month in advance.” (I look at Emma. She seems to nod.) “But I promise we won’t harass you anymore. What Emma and you do is none of our business. I came to that realization while you were choking me.”

- **Gabby:** “... OK.”

It seems that what Emma said yesterday is true: catfighting is useful to solve disputes. Charlotte turns around.

- **Emma:** “Wait. We still have to take a commemorative picture. Stay there.”

Charlotte stands next to me. While Emma takes pictures with her phone, she offers me her hand and I shake it.



Charlotte and Christine leave. The atmosphere is calm now, even a bit solemn. For sure, Charlotte's remarks about friendships have made us think.

- **Emma:** "Squad, fall in."

- **Cheerleaders:** "Yes, captain."

'Fall in' seems to be a command to tell them to form a semicircle. When Emma is about to speak again, someone sneezes. A few seconds later, it happens again. Oh, my God! It has to be Corinna! Perhaps the others think it has come from someone outside.

- **Emma:** "There is little time left today, so we'll schedule an extra practice next week."

- **Cheerleaders:** "Yes, captain!"

- **Emma:** "Now you can go to the swimming-pool and enjoy it, even during lunch time."

- **Cheerleaders:** "Yaaay!"

Nobody can use the swimming-pool without authorization from Ms. Kneuer, but it seems Emma can also authorize it. The cheerleaders, Amanda included, leave the gym.

- **Emma:** "Gabby, what you've done here is very special. I'll never forget it."

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

- **Emma:** "You've proven you're willing to fight. I'm very proud of you."

Emma kisses me. I have many questions, but I don't dare to ask them. I wonder if she made me train yesterday because she knew this could happen. I wonder if she told Charlotte she would let her punish her because she actually wanted me to fight. But, most of all, I wonder what would have happened if I had lost.



Emma locks the gym.

- **Emma:** “Let’s go to the storage room.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

Once inside, I look at Corinna. She’s definitely the one who sneezed. Snot is flowing from her nose.

- **Emma:** “I’m sure I put the keys in this pocket.”

- **Gabby:** “I’ll help you find them, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Look! It has a hole here.”

- **Gabby:** “Oh!”

- **Emma:** “Then they have to be somewhere inside.” (After a short while, Emma finds them.) “Got them. Anyway, remind me we should buy a new bag for you. Or better, a new everything.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . Yes, mistress.”

I’ve had this bag since I was 6. It has sentimental value, but arguing about that with Emma is pointless. I already did that when she got rid of my clothes.

- **Emma:** “It’s me.”

Emma has just removed Corinna’s earplugs. Then she helps her stand up and removes her blindfold and her handcuffs. She also gives Corinna tissue paper, which she uses to clean her nose. Corinna looks half relieved and half upset.

- **Emma:** “Before you say anything, I remind you that you shouldn’t speak without permission and that you should always address me respectfully.”

Emma removes Corinna’s duct tape. Then Corinna starts shaking her head repeatedly.

- **Emma:** “What are you doing?”

- **Cory:** “I’m using my safeword!”

Emma looks surprised. I didn’t expect it either.



- **Emma:** “Why?”
- **Cory:** “Isn’t it obvious?! How can you leave me here for over an hour?”
- **Emma:** “It’s been less than an hour.”
- **Cory:** “... Whatever. I’ve suffered a lot. Someone was here for some time.”
- **Emma:** “It was us.”
- **Cory:** “And you didn’t tell me?!” (Cory looks even more indignant now.) “Don’t you realize that, if someone found me, I’d lose my job?”
- **Emma:** “No one was going to come here except us. I told you.”
- **Cory:** “... This has been the worst experience of my life.”
Emma looks down.
- **Emma:** “Cory, I understand you’re upset, but it was the first time in my life I couldn’t find the keys. And the reason was that there was a hole in Gabby’s bag.”
- **Cory:** “Don’t blame Gabby.”
- **Emma:** “I’m not blaming her.”
Cory thinks briefly.
- **Cory:** “Anyway, I should get dressed.”
- **Emma:** “Are you sure this is what you want?”
- **Cory:** “Yes.”
- **Emma:** “I think you should think calmly about everything. At the moment you’re very agitated.”
- **Cory:** “I’ve had time to think while I was down there, and I promised myself I was going to do this.”
- **Emma:** “But you were also agitated then.”
- **Cory:** “Listen.” (Cory stares at Emma.) “What you said before is true: I should have a mistress, and I have feelings for you. And you can give me truly amazing sex.” (She smiles briefly.) “But I can’t risk my whole life to be... I don’t even know what, because you already have a girlfriend.” (She points at me.) “Once you graduate, you can call me and we’ll talk.”



- **Emma:** "...Fine. Gabby, take your bag and let's go."

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

I was expecting Emma to keep asking Corinna to reconsider her decision. I guess she was convinced she wouldn't change her mind.

- **Gabby:** "Mistress, I'm sorry my bag has..."

- **Emma:** "You don't have to apologize. I'm not upset with you. But I don't wish to talk about what happened there. Let's go to the swimming-pool. Get dressed."

After I comply, I notice the paper bag Amanda gave me.

- **Gabby:** "My present!"

- **Emma:** "Oh, yeah! Let's open it."

I'm very curious. There is a long box inside the bag. I open it.

- **Gabby:** "What's this?... It's a strap-on!"

- **Emma:** "Haha!"

- **Gabby:** "But... is this normal?"

- **Emma:** "Amanda has such ideas. She's obsessed with strap-ons. Just put it in your bag."

Emma begins to walk towards the exit, but I'm rather shocked.

- **Gabby:** "But... does she think that I fuck you?"

- **Emma:** "Haha! No. She only thinks about herself. Maybe she believes that every woman in the world should have one in order to fuck her."

I'm still in shock, but I put the box in my bag and follow Emma towards the swimming-pool changing rooms.



- **Emma:** “Let’s take a quick shower and use the toilet. You know I hate it when someone pees inside a pool.”

I suppose she’s referring to what happened yesterday in the water bondage area.

- **Emma:** “Do you have a swimsuit here?”

- **Gabby:** “No, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “I’ll give you one. I hope it’s not too big.”

Emma takes a couple of swimsuits from her locker. They’re from Angela’s shop. I’m sure it’s the most expensive swimsuit I’ve ever worn. Suddenly Amanda comes in.

- **Amanda:** “Congratulations, Gabby! You did fantastic! This was the first time someone comes to challenge us, you know. We’re all very proud of you.”

- **Gabby:** “Thank you.”

- **Amanda:** “Are you going to challenge number 14?”

- **Gabby:** “Eh?!” (I wonder who she is.)

- **Amanda:** “I believe you can beat most of the cheerleaders. You should have a much higher ranking.”

- **Gabby:** “I...” (Actually, I feel ready to retire. Today’s experience has been great, but I don’t see myself fighting again.) “I’m not sure...”

- **Emma:** “We’ll have time to think about that next week.” (In the end I guess Emma will decide it.) “Now it’s time to celebrate and relax. Let’s go to the swimming pool.”

After we exit the changing rooms, we join the others inside the pool. Well, we don’t really join them. There are six couples of girls minding their own business: hugging, kissing... and touching each other under the water.



- **Emma:** “Why don’t you go swim a bit? You should keep in shape.”

- **Amanda:** “. . . I don’t have my glasses here.”

I realize Amanda is the only cheerleader who doesn’t have a girlfriend in the squad. That’s why she came to the changing rooms. She must have felt bored here on her own.

- **Emma:** “You could do aquafitness.”

- **Amanda:** “I don’t like doing that alone. Besides, I have a question for Gabby. Have you already opened our present?”

- **Gabby:** “. . . I did.”

- **Amanda:** “. . . And?”

- **Gabby:** “. . .” (What am I supposed to say?!) “Thank you. I appreciate it.”

- **Amanda:** “Did you already have one?”

- **Gabby:** “No.”

- **Amanda:** “If you have any question, don’t hesitate to ask me.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . Thanks.”

- **Amanda:** “. . . If you wish, you can practice with me.”

- **Emma:** “Amanda, we’ve already talked about this. It’s not happening.”

- **Amanda:** “I’m not asking you. I’m talking with Gabby.”

- **Emma:** “When are you going to get over it?”

- **Amanda:** “I’m over it.”

- **Emma:** “It doesn’t look like it. You know Gabby is my girlfriend.”

- **Amanda:** “So was I. Did you know?” (She looks at me.)

- **Emma:** “She knows about you. Do you think what you’ve told her is normal?”

- **Amanda:** “I think it is. Your relationship seems to be pretty open.”

- **Emma:** “What do you mean?” (Amanda stares at Emma.)

- **Amanda:** “Do you think I’m stupid? Walls don’t sneeze.”

She heard Corinna! But how much does she know? I’m getting nervous.



Emma sits on the pool's coping. I move next to her.

- **Amanda:** "It was Ms. Kneuer, right?" (Emma doesn't reply.)
"You've been talking to her since she got implants."

- **Emma:** "That's none of your business."

- **Amanda:** "You fucked her so hard that you left her 'indisposed', in your own words."

- **Emma:** "Don't be silly."

- **Amanda:** "And Gabby was with you. I should have done the same. If I had let you fuck others while we were together..."

- **Emma:** "Nothing would have changed."

Amanda looks upset.

- **Amanda:** "What is it that you don't like about me?"

- **Emma:** "We've talked about that."

- **Amanda:** "But how is wanting sex something bad?"

- **Emma:** "One thing is wanting it and another thing is commanding it."

Amanda looks like she's going to start crying. She thinks for some seconds.

- **Amanda:** "You don't have to worry about Ms. Kneuer. I'm not going to blackmail you."

- **Emma:** "I know you're not like that."

- **Amanda:** "But you could be more empathic with me."

- **Emma:** "What you need is to find another girlfriend."

- **Amanda:** "No one fucks like you."

Emma sighs.

- **Emma:** "Tonight there is a celebration at my place. There will be other mistresses. You can test if that's true."

- **Amanda:** "...What time?"

- **Emma:** "Don't come before 11:00."

Amanda smiles a bit and leaves. Emma shakes her head.



Once the cheerleaders see Amanda's departure, they also leave. Maybe they think we wish to be alone.

- **Emma:** "How does she dare to blackmail me?!" (Emma looks angry.)

- **Gabby:** "... She said she's not going to."

- **Emma:** "Gabby! You're too naïve sometimes. If she didn't wish to blackmail me, she wouldn't have talked about it."

I didn't have that impression, but perhaps Emma is right.

- **Gabby:** "... So that's why you've invited her."

- **Emma:** "Yes. I do it for Cory. I would hate it if this affects her somehow."

- **Gabby:** "But Amanda can't prove anything."

- **Emma:** "The cheerleaders heard someone sneezing, and Cory wasn't training with us. It's enough to start a rumor."

I try to come up with ideas to help Emma, but all of them are useless.

- **Emma:** "I just hope she finds someone to fuck her and forgets about me."

- **Gabby:** "... So you won't have sex with her tonight, right?"

- **Emma:** "Haha! No. That would only make things worse."

- **Gabby:** "And who will?"

- **Emma:** "I don't know!" (Emma is very tense.)

- **Gabby:** "... Lexy said she wishes to find a sub."

- **Emma:** "But Amanda isn't submissive. That's my problem with her."

- **Gabby:** "... That's why you broke up?"

- **Emma:** "Yes. I've always been dominant, even before I got into bondage." (Emma looks up briefly.) "In the beginning, we were just having sex, and I loved it. But when we started doing other stuff together... she demanded things and argued with me all the time. I even began to feel she was using me while I fucked her. Thanks to Amanda, I've learnt that someone can be submissive in bed and dominant elsewhere."



Emma looks down in silence. I suppose she's still reflecting upon her relationship with Amanda.

- **Emma:** "Lick my pussy."

- **Gabby:** "Eh?! Here?" (Emma moves her swimsuit to expose her crotch.)

- **Emma:** "Yes. I really need to relax."

I look around. We're alone. It's lunch time, so it's unlikely someone will come in. And Emma seems...it's better I just obey her. Once she takes off her swimsuit, I jump into the water and begin to lick straight away.

- **Emma:** "Mmm! I'm so glad we're together."

She caresses my hair tenderly.

- **Emma:** "You're not only the best toy I've ever had, but also the best girlfriend."

Emma's words make me happy. I focus on licking her pussy.

- **Emma:** "Right there! You're such a pretty little plaything."

She squirts and pushes my head against her crotch.

- **Emma:** "Ah! Ah!"

She has an orgasm. Although she tries not to make too much noise, she comes very hard.

- **Emma:** "Move up."

Emma bends down and kisses me. After a minute or so catching her breath, she doesn't seem stressed anymore.

- **Emma:** "Gabby..." (She hesitates.)

- **Gabby:** "Mistress?"

- **Emma:** "Promise me that you'll always be so well-behaved and obedient as you are now. Promise me that you won't change."

- **Gabby:** "I...won't change, mistress. I promise."

She kisses me again. Then she jumps into the water and hugs me.



Emma touches my pussy.

- **Emma:** “I still haven’t fucked you inside a pool. We should try your strap-on. Bring your bag.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

I’ve just promised Emma I’ll always be obedient, so I can’t argue with her. Moreover, now I’m horny. While I go to the changing room, she uses her card to lock the natatorium. That makes me feel safer.

- **Emma:** “The good thing of water sex is that everyone is always wet.”

- **Gabby:** “Then you’re like water for me, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Haha!”

Emma puts on my strap-on. Once I get nude, we jump into the water.

- **Emma:** “Hug me.”

After I comply, Emma opens my legs and penetrates me. She begins to move my body up and down slowly.

- **Emma:** “Kiss me.”

We kiss while she keeps fucking me. Her movement is rather slow. After two or three minutes, she stops.

- **Emma:** “Do you like it?”

- **Gabby:** “...” (I don’t wish to offend her, but I must be honest.)
“I’d rather have ‘air sex’, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Haha! I know ‘water sex’ is slow. I could move faster if I could stand, but this pool is too deep. Let’s get out.”

Emma takes a towel and we dry ourselves. Then she lays it on the floor and she cuffs my wrists.

- **Emma:** “On your knees.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”



Emma fucks me hard straight away. I didn't expect it, but it's exactly what I was craving for.

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

I do understand Amanda. Who wouldn't miss this? Getting fucked by Emma... I'm sure I'll never get tired of it.

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

- **Emma:** "I thought this dildo was a bit small, but it's working."

- **Gabby:** "Forget the dildo! It's the way you use it, mistress."

- **Emma:** "Haha!"

Now she fucks me harder than ever. I'm embarrassed to admit this but, if I asked Emma to promise me something, I'd ask her that she never stops strap-on fucking me.

- **Gabby:** "Ah!!! Ah!!! Mistress, may I have your permission to come, please?"

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

If she had said 'You may not', I'd have come anyway. I can't help it. She moves in front of me.

- **Emma:** "Clean it."

Just after I open my mouth, she pushes the dildo all the way down and holds it there for a few seconds. Then she begins to fuck my throat.

- **Emma:** "Well done."

It's true this dildo is a bit smaller. After depthroating me with ease for around three minutes, she stops.

- **Emma:** "This training is almost complete. There is only one thing left."

- **Gabby:** "Which one?"

- **Emma:** "Upside down depthroating. Come here."

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



- **Emma:** “Lie on your back there.”

Emma points to one of the starting blocks and I comply. For some reason, after today’s catfight I’m feeling rather confident. I’m no longer afraid of Emma’s ‘teachings’.

- **Emma:** “Ready?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

She puts the dildo back in my mouth and pushes it forward slowly. Soon it gets deeper than ever before!

- **Emma:** “Wow! It’s all the way down. I can see it.”

Emma caresses my neck and feels the dildo inside it. Then she begins to fuck my throat.

- **Emma:** “You’re amazing! I wonder how many girls can do this on their first attempt.”

After she increases her speed, my saliva starts flowing towards my nose. In the usual position, it falls on the floor, but now it’s blocking my nostrils! I attempt to breathe out strongly to free them, but more saliva comes in.

- **Emma:** “This is awesome.”

Emma fucks me even faster, so more saliva keeps coming down. I can’t breathe! She sounded enthusiastic, so I don’t think she’ll notice I’m in trouble. What was the safeword I should use when I can’t speak? I don’t remember! I begin to move my arms up and down frantically.

- **Emma:** “What are you doing?!”

Emma stops, but she doesn’t remove the dildo from my mouth! I keep moving my arms.

- **Emma:** “OK. Let’s pause.”

Just after she removes it, I turn around and breathe through my mouth.



- **Emma:** “What happens?!”

- **Gabby:** “...” (I need some seconds to catch my breath.) “I couldn’t... breathe... mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Oh!”

- **Gabby:** “... But I’m fine... now.”

Emma holds me on her arms and lays me on the towel. She caresses my hair. Once I’m fully recovered, I sit up.

- **Emma:** “Why couldn’t you breathe?”

- **Gabby:** “Because my saliva blocked my nose.”

- **Emma:** “Oh!”

- **Gabby:** “But now I’m OK. We can continue.”

- **Emma:** “No.” (Emma hugs me. She seems very affected.) “I’m sorry.”

Is this the first time Emma apologizes to me? I think so. She’s made some decisions that put us through trouble, but I can’t recall any time she felt sorry. However, now she does.

- **Gabby:** “It’s not your fault, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “It is. I must look after you.”

- **Gabby:** “But you didn’t do it on purpose.”

- **Emma:** “That doesn’t matter. I should have been aware this could happen, but I wasn’t, because... because this was also my first time.”

- **Gabby:** “You mean... your first time upside down depthroating?”

- **Emma:** “Yes. I should have read more about it.”

Emma always looks so confident that I didn’t imagine she didn’t do this before. But it makes me feel special.

- **Gabby:** “I’d like to keep exploring new things together, mistress.”

She smiles and kisses me.



Emma takes her phone.

- **Emma:** “It’s time to get ready for Ms. Neal’s speech.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

We get up. However, Emma keeps browsing her phone.

- **Emma:** “Jessica says Cami already has the invitations to go tomorrow to Ebell.”

- **Gabby:** “Oh!”

- **Emma:** “Natalie told Cami that, if she couldn’t convince you to go with her, she should give you the invitations anyway.”

- **Gabby:** “Really?!”

- **Emma:** “Yes. I guess her plan is to beat you up at Ebell, and maybe even to beat me up, if I go with you.”

- **Gabby:** “Oh! Then... let’s not go, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “We’re going. I know you really wish to meet that writer.”

- **Gabby:** “But...”

- **Emma:** “Gabby, you’ve already proven you’re a fighter. Besides, I will protect you.”

Emma stares at me for some seconds before going back to her phone.

- **Emma:** “Jessica also says that Natalie and Evelyn have been summoned to Ms. Jensen’s office at 2:00 pm to read their letter of apology to you. Have you also got a message from her?”

I had already forgotten about that letter. I take my phone.

- **Gabby:** “I did, mistress. I should also go at 2:00 pm.”

- **Emma:** “OK. Let’s go get dressed.”

While I follow Emma, I recall that, a few minutes ago, she said she must look after me. And she does, but her approach is not to avoid conflicts. It’s to fight! I’m feeling nervous again.