

# SimVenusArts

My Classmate Emma Lindberg

Chapter 38



Published by SimVenusArts in June 2024.

Email: [simvenus.arts@gmail.com](mailto:simvenus.arts@gmail.com)

<https://www.deviantart.com/simvenusarts>

<https://twitter.com/SimvenusA>

<https://www.patreon.com/simvenusarts>

<https://ko-fi.com/simvenusarts>



Emma and Evelyn stop embracing each other.

- **Evelyn:** “I missed your hugs.”

- **Emma:** “Haha!” (Emma looks really happy.)

- **Evelyn:** “About the ceremony...”

- **Emma:** “Are you staying for dinner after it?”

- **Evelyn:** “...I don’t know. Ms. Neal only mentioned a ceremony.”

- **Emma:** “Please stay.”

- **Evelyn:** “The issue is that Christine’s party...”

- **Emma:** “Ms. Neal is staying. And Lexy is also coming.”

- **Evelyn:** “Oh! I haven’t seen her lately.” (Evelyn thinks briefly.)

“OK, I’ll stay. What should I wear?”

- **Emma:** “Something elegant.” (I wonder what Emma has in mind for us.)

- **Evelyn:** “But should it be... leather or latex?”

- **Emma:** “Haha! No, it’s not mandatory. But I know Ms. Neal likes it.”

- **Evelyn:** “Shut up! I’m not staying because of her.”

- **Emma:** “You’ve never been good at lying.”

Evelyn doesn’t answer. I know Catherine is her favorite novelist, and I remember Emma told me she likes older women. Does she have a crush on her?! I think I understand now why she’s changed sides so fast.

- **Evelyn:** “Listen. There is something you should know. Ms. Jensen has also invited Natalie.”

- **Emma:** “Why?!”

- **Evelyn:** “So that she learns more about bondage. She said she won’t come, but she could change her mind.”

- **Emma:** “If you tell her you’re staying for dinner, she will come. But I won’t let her in unless she apologizes to me before.”

- **Evelyn:** “...OK.”

I guess Emma believes Natalie won’t do it. I hope she’s right. Otherwise I foresee plenty of trouble tonight.



- **Evelyn:** “I’ll make an appointment to go to the beauty salon this afternoon. Would you like to come?”

- **Emma:** “. . . I wish I could, but I’ll be busy helping Ms. Jensen and Ms. Austen with the ceremony.”

- **Evelyn:** “Oh! I see. Then we’ll catch up later. I’ve got lots of things to tell you. See you.”

- **Emma:** “See you.”

Actually, going to the beauty salon would be a much better idea than ‘helping’. Once Evelyn leaves, Emma kisses me. She seems to be in a good mood.

- **Emma:** “How did the meeting go? Should I know anything else?”

- **Gabby:** “. . .” (I think as fast as I can.) “Ms. Jensen told Evelyn and Natalie to stop their harassment campaign, or otherwise she won’t expunge their suspensions from their records.”

- **Emma:** “Good to hear.”

- **Gabby:** “And Evelyn told Natalie she was going to talk with her about why she took back the Ebell invitations. But actually. . . I don’t know how she took them back.”

- **Emma:** “She simply told Cami to give them back to her. Jessica texted me about that while you were in the meeting. I thought they had found out Cami is my sub, so I wasn’t going to forgive Evelyn, but luckily you told me Natalie wasn’t involved.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . I’m glad Evelyn isn’t against you anymore, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Not only that. Now she needs me to get to Ms. Neal.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . How are you so sure she’s interested in her?”

- **Emma:** “In fact, I believe the interest is mutual. Jessica also said Ms. Neal spent all her time in the cafeteria talking to Evelyn, although there were others waiting to ask her questions.”

I recall what Patricia told me about Catherine and young college girls. It seems she’s right.



- **Gabby:** “Where was Natalie while they were in the cafeteria?”

- **Emma:** “I don’t know. Cami and Chloe aren’t very useful. They need to learn from Jessica.”

- **Gabby:** “But... the other day you told me Natalie has a crush on Evelyn.”

- **Emma:** “And?”

- **Gabby:** “...I don’t think she’ll like any of this.”

- **Emma:** “Since when do you care about her?” (Emma stares at me.) “Besides, she’s too young for Evelyn. She just doesn’t get it.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, but... do you think she’ll come to the party? She could just pretend she’s sorry so that you allow her in.”

- **Emma:** “Gabby, are you still worried she’ll attack you? Don’t be. Her plot has been thwarted, and now she would need time to come up with a new one. She’s not good at improvising. Besides, soon she’ll be more concerned about her new problems.”

- **Gabby:** “...OK.”

Perhaps I’m being paranoid, but I’m not just worried about me. I think she could attack anyone.

- **Emma:** “It’s time to leave. Let’s go to the lockers.”

Once there, Emma takes my bag.

- **Emma:** “Open your mouth.” (She gags me.) “I knew it. Thanks to the applause you received, you don’t get nervous anymore.” (She cuffs me.) “Do you understand now that few people are against bondage?” (I nod.) “When you’re restrained, they won’t attack or insult you. If anything, they would stare at you or even take a picture, but that’s only because it’s still uncommon.” (She attaches my leash.) “Once it becomes usual, no one would even pay attention to you.” (She pulls my leash and we begin walking.) “But for that to happen, all mistresses should follow my example and restrain their subs in public, no ifs or buts. It’s the only way to normalize bondage.”



We arrive to the parking and get into Emma's car.

- **Emma:** "I don't really understand why anyone, mistress or sub, would wish to keep her relationship private. I suppose it's just fear. But if everyone went public, then bondage would be seen as common and no one would need to be afraid of anything."

Emma writes an address on her GPS device. I don't know where that place is, but I suppose we're meeting Emily there.

- **Emma:** "I've read an interview with a mistress who already went public, but she claimed that her sub wishes to keep things private because otherwise she would feel embarrassed. Do you think that makes sense?" (I didn't expect the question. I'm so nervous about meeting Emily that I'm barely listening to Emma.) "Are you embarrassed of being my sub?" (I shake my head. Emma starts the car and we depart.) "The need for privacy... perhaps I could understand it for casual relationships, but not for committed ones. Imagine someone tells you she's married only when she's at home. Does that make sense?" (I shake my head again.) "So a mistress should be able to restrain her sub everywhere. If not, their relationship isn't really committed."

Emma drives towards a neighborhood where I've been just once or twice. My brain keeps focusing on Emily.

- **Emma:** "I think a sub should feel proud of her relationship with her mistress. She should serve her at any place and time, and she should feel honored when her mistress collars her and holds her leash in public." (Emma stops at a red light.) "And she should never hide or deny that she's in bondage to her mistress. In fact, she shouldn't even be able to deny it. Don't you think?" (I nod, and Emma caresses my arm.) "I have an idea. Tomorrow we'll go to a tattoo studio and you'll get my name written here."

- **Gabby:** "...!!!" (She points to my shoulder!)



Emma drives until the next red light. Somehow she always manages to stress me more than I already am. I have nothing against tattoos, but I never considered getting one, not even for one second.

- **Emma:** “Do you like piercings?” (I shrug. I never thought about it either.) “You can also get some at the studio. I think I’d like one on your tummy button.” (Instinctively, I cover my belly with my hands.) “I don’t know. We’ll see what they have.”

The light turns green. I wish I could tell Emma how I’m feeling. I think I shouldn’t be gagged right now.

- **Emma:** “We should also go to the hair salon. Have you ever dyed your hair?” (I shake my head.) “I believe pink would look good on you. Or perhaps purple, like Christine and Charlotte. What do you think?” (I shrug.) “I’m not sure. Some mistresses want the heads of their slaves to be completely shaved, but I don’t like that.”

Emma stops at another traffic light and touches my legs.

- **Emma:** “How often do you wax your legs? Once a month?” (I nod, but sometimes I do it less frequently.) “You would need to do it more often, but don’t worry. We’ll make an appointment at the clinic for laser depilation. They’ll also get rid of your pubic hair.” (Now my hands cover my crotch.) “It’s better than waxing.”

I feel like a doll that Emma can dress, restrain and modify as she pleases. By the time we enter a parking, I’m no longer concerned about Emily.

- **Emma:** “We’re a bit early.” (Emma removes my gag.) “Is there any other treatment you would like? They even have microblading.”

- **Gabby:** “Umm. . . mistress, I appreciate your wish to enhance my appearance, but I’m not sure, especially about the tattoo.”



- **Emma:** “Why? Because it will have my name?!”

- **Gabby:** “No, mistress. It’s because...I like my body the way it is. I’m open to changes like dying my hair, but tattoos are more...”  
(I wanted to say ‘permanent’, but Emma would then think I’m not committed to our relationship.)

- **Emma:** “More what?”

- **Gabby:** “More...painful.” (I couldn’t think about anything better.)

- **Emma:** “Haha! No, they’re painful on some areas like your face or breasts, but getting one on your arm is rather tolerable.”

- **Gabby:** “...How do you know?”

- **Emma:** “I’ve talked with Jessica. Later you can ask her any question. Now open your mouth.”

Emma gags me again. So I guess that’s it. Tomorrow I’m getting a tattoo.

- **Emma:** “Let’s go.”

Emma opens the boot and grabs a bag. Then she takes my leash and guides me towards the elevators, where she presses a button with the text ‘Boardner’s’. That’s the bondage club she mentioned in the morning! I guess she was looking for a secret place to meet Emily and chose this one. That’s why she knew tomorrow they’re having a strap-on sucking contest.

- **Emma:** “It’s my first time in a bondage club, except for my mom’s. I’m curious about what they might have. If she decides to open the basement again, perhaps we can construct a new area.”

I nod, but I’m more concerned about what Patricia would do if she knew we are here. We walk out of the elevator and stop by the club’s entrance.



- **Bouncer:** “Good afternoon, ladies.” (He notices I’m gagged.) “I see you’re ready.”

- **Emma:** “Good afternoon. Where should we pay?”

- **Bouncer:** “It’s free for ladies like you.”

Emma looks annoyed due to his comment. I get that this club is not women-only.

- **Emma:** “Let’s enter.”

We walk inside and find Emily sitting by a bar. She’s the only customer, so I guess the club has just opened.

- **Emily:** “Good afternoon, goddess.”

- **Emma:** “Good afternoon. You’ve forgotten again to stand up.”

- **Emily:** “I apologize, goddess.”

- **Emma:** “Kneel down and kiss my shoes.” (After complying, Emily stays on her knees.) “So...you’ve been here plenty of times, right?”

- **Emily:** “Yes, goddess.”

- **Emma:** “What’s your favorite area?”

- **Emily:** “...I’m afraid you’ll be disappointed. This club is small compared to your basement.”

- **Emma:** “But, from what I read, you enjoyed it.” (I suppose Emma is talking about Emily’s blog.)

- **Emily:** “...Yes. I liked its crowd.”

- **Emma:** “Are there private rooms?”

- **Emily:** “No. There’s just one big room downstairs.”

Emma takes cuffs from her bag and puts them on Emily’s wrists.

- **Emma:** “Let’s go there.”

- **Emily:** “Don’t you wish to drink something before?”

- **Emma:** “No. We don’t have much time.”

- **Emily:** “...But we should talk about what we’ll do, and my boundaries.”

- **Emma:** “Don’t worry. We’ll talk along the way.”



Emily stands up.

- **Emma:** “Guide us.”

- **Emily:** “Yes, goddess.”

We follow Emily downstairs. Strangely, I wish there were more customers to be more anonymous. Right now I feel observed by the staff.

- **Waitress:** “Welcome to our lair.”

- **Emma:** “Thank you.”

The waitress looked rather surprised. I guess it’s not common to find three women like us here.

- **Emma:** “This doesn’t resemble what you’ve described on your blog.”

- **Emily:** “...No. It has been renovated. I hope they kept at least the despair area.”

Emily seems anxious. We walk fast around an area with modern bondage furniture. Eventually we find a door with a ‘Despair Room’ sign. Emily opens it.

- **Emily:** “Here it is.” (She looks relieved.)

- **Emma:** “Good. Let’s enter.” (Emma smiles.) “Wow!”

The room is a bit dark. It has three columns and a well with some red liquid inside. Emma looks surprised.

- **Emily:** “Do you like it?”

- **Emma:** “It’s fantastic!” (Emma removes Emily’s handcuffs.) “Get undressed.”

Suddenly the waitress comes in.

- **Waitress:** “Do you need any assistance? I could show you how it works.”

- **Emma:** “No, thanks. Could you lock the door?”

- **Waitress:** “I’m afraid that’s not possible.”

The waitress leaves. Although Emma is so convinced she should restrain me in public, it seems she also wants privacy sometimes.



Once Emily gets nude, I notice she still has marks on her back. Emma whipped her really hard last Tuesday.

- **Emma:** “Where are the chains?”

- **Emily:** “We need to ask the waitress to get them.”

- **Emma:** “. . . Go ask her.”

- **Emily:** “Also. . . I believe using this room comes at an extra cost.”

- **Emma:** “Don’t worry about that.”

Emily comes back with the waitress, who opens a drawer for us and leaves. Emma takes a chain.

- **Emma:** “So. . . this goes right here, doesn’t it?”

- **Emily:** “. . . No, goddess. Please let me install it.”

- **Emma:** “. . . Go ahead.”

Emma looks a bit uncomfortable. Here she can’t control everything, like when we are in the basement. In contrast, Emily seems to remember this place quite well, so she’s able to attach the chains to the columns rather quickly.

- **Emily:** “Now I need to put on those cuffs, goddess.”

- **Emma:** “. . . And what’s that chain for?”

- **Emily:** “It’s just an ornament. I could wear it, but it’s not a good idea if you wish to. . . whip me.”

- **Emma:** “. . . OK. But I want to see how it looks. Gabby, get undressed.” (I nod.)

Once Emma takes off my cuffs and my collar, I put on my ‘ornamental’ chain. Meanwhile Emma restrains Emily.

- **Emma:** “And now. . .” (Emma frowns.) “How do you get pulled up?”

- **Emily:** “You need to push that button, goddess.”

Just after Emma does that, we hear a strong noise. The chains attached to Emily’s cuffs and collar go up, and she gets suspended in the air! I am taken aback, but Emily looks happy.



- **Emily:** “There is a whip in the drawer, goddess.”

- **Emma:** “I know, but first things first.”

Emma takes her phone.

- **Emily:** “. . . Who are you calling?”

- **Emma:** “Ms. Jensen.” (I freeze.)

- **Emily:** “Eh?!!” (Emily’s face turns pale.) “What for?!”

- **Emma:** “I’ve told you. To let her know you’ve sent me those messages.”

- **Emily:** “Goddess, if you call her now, she won’t allow you to whip me!”

- **Emma:** “That’s OK. Don’t worry. She’ll be the one who whips you.”

- **Emily:** “She won’t! That’s the problem.”

- **Emma:** “What do you mean?”

- **Emily:** “. . . Goddess, you don’t have the full picture. Please let me explain.” (Julia picks up.)

- **Emma:** (. . .) “Good afternoon, Ms. Jensen.” (. . .) “No, there is no issue. Everything is ready for the ceremony.” (. . .) “I know you’re busy, but this is important.” (. . .) “Could you move away from Ms. Neal? I don’t think you’d like her to learn about this.” (. . .) “OK! I’ll say it. I’m with Ms. Austen at a bondage club.” (. . .) “Boardner’s.” (. . .) “Because she’s been begging me to whip her and to fuck her. She’s been texting me.” (. . .) “She can’t call you right now. She’s restrained.” (. . .) “No, but we can have a video call.” (. . .) “Fine.”

Emma calls Julia again immediately.

- **Julia:** “Hello. Please let me talk with Emily.” (Emma focuses the camera on her.) “What’s all that?!”

- **Emily:** “Ms. Jensen, please let’s chat in private.”

- **Julia:** “How can you be so irresponsible?!”

- **Emily:** “I’ll explain everything to you.”

- **Julia:** “No. The one who needs an explanation is Emma.”

Emily doesn’t say anything else. I’m rather confused.



- **Julia:** “Emma, please unrestrain her. I’ll talk with you afterwards.”

- **Emma:** “I think you should come here and whip her. She needs to be punished.”

- **Julia:** “I’ll punish her later.”

- **Emma:** “If you don’t wish to whip her, I’ll do it.”

- **Julia:** “That’s precisely what she wants.” (Emma frowns.) “Listen.” (Julia sighs.) “After we left your place on Tuesday, Emily and I spent the whole night talking. She said she cheated on me because she missed getting whipped or caned, but she stopped cheating once our relationship got more serious.”

- **Emma:** “I know that. I’ve read her blog.”

- **Julia:** “Yes, but you don’t know other things. That night she begged me to whip her, but I refused, even though our contract says whipping is the punishment for cheating and lying about it. Then...she begged me to let her be punished by another mistress. Initially I refused, but she promised she won’t cheat on me ever again, she won’t ask me to whip her anymore, and our slave contract will only involve punishments of my choice. Then I allowed it.”

- **Emma:** “Oh! So you already knew she texted me.”

- **Julia:** “No, I didn’t. But I knew she called your mother.”

- **Emma:** “My mom?!” (Emma looks half shocked and half angry.)

- **Julia:** “Yes. But she declined. In fact, she called me straight away to let me know about what Emily was doing, and I had to calm her down.”

- **Emily:** “Eh?!” (It seems Emily didn’t know Patricia called Julia.)

- **Julia:** “Then Emily kept trying. She called other mistresses she had met years ago, but for one reason or another they didn’t agree to meet her. After that I guess she got desperate and texted you.”

Suddenly Emma cuts the call and storms out of the room. I decide to follow her.



I find Emma sitting on a bondage bed. She looks sad. I go hug her, and she hugs me back. Then she removes my gag.

- **Emma:** “I feel so stupid.”

I think I know why she’s hurt. This morning she told me she was afraid Emily would compare her to Patricia or other famous mistresses. Now she feels she was Emily’s last option. I recall I laughed at Emma for caring about such things, but I realize this matters a lot to her.

- **Gabby:** “You’re the best mistress.”

- **Emma:** “You can’t say that. You only know me.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . I know you can be better than Ms. Schulte.”

- **Emma:** “Don’t lie.”

- **Gabby:** “I’m not lying. With her, I just felt pain, but with you, I felt special.”

She smiles a bit. Suddenly her phone rings and she picks it up.

- **Julia:** “Hello?” (Emma directs the camera towards us.) “Gabriella! Have you been with Emma all along?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, Ms. Jensen.”

- **Julia:** “Where are you now?”

- **Gabby:** “We’re at the club, but in a different area.”

- **Julia:** “Is Emily still restrained?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes.”

- **Julia:** “Could you please free her?”

- **Emma:** “No. She’ll remain chained until you come here.”

- **Julia:** “But. . .” (Julia sighs again.) “How long does it take to go there?”

- **Emma:** “From the school, half an hour. I’ll text you the address.”

- **Julia:** “. . . OK. I can’t depart immediately because of Ms. Neal. I’ll be there at 5:30.”

- **Emma:** “That’s fine.”



Just after Julia ends the call, Emma texts her the address. Then she kisses me.

- **Emma:** “You always know what to say to cheer me up.”

- **Gabby:** “Thank you, mistress.”

She looks at the time on her phone. It’s 4:15.

- **Emma:** “In the meantime, we can explore this area.”

- **Gabby:** “But... do you think Ms. Austen can remain chained until 5:30?”

- **Emma:** “The waitress checks if everyone is doing fine. It’s her job.”

- **Gabby:** “...Shouldn’t we at least tell her Ms. Jensen is coming?”

- **Emma:** “Gabby! Why do you care about her?”

- **Gabby:** “I...” (Actually, that’s a good question. She’s been begging my girlfriend to fuck her. I should be angry at her.) “You’re right, mistress, but you left your handbag in the Despair Room. I think...”

- **Emma:** “Yes. Go get it.”

Back in the room, I take Emma’s handbag.

- **Emily:** “Gabriella, is Emma coming back?”

- **Gabby:** “No, but Ms. Jensen is coming here. She will free you.”

- **Emily:** “...I need to talk with Emma. Could you ask her to come?”

- **Gabby:** “No, and you shouldn’t call her or text her ever again. She can’t solve your problems with Ms. Jensen. She has enough problems herself.”

Emily doesn’t say anything else. Was I too harsh? I don’t know, but I feel I needed to let it out. I grab my clothes quickly and go back to the bondage bed.

- **Emma:** “Did she say anything?”

- **Gabby:** “No, mistress. I just told her Ms. Jensen is coming.”

I know I mustn’t lie to Emma, but I think there should be exceptions to that rule. Telling always the truth could cause more harm than good.



Emma caresses my crotch.

- **Emma:** “Would you like to have fun?”

- **Gabby:** “Eh?! I thought you wanted to explore the area.”

- **Emma:** “Yes, but it’s rather small. We can see everything from here.” (Actually, Emma is right.) “Go use the toilet while I get ready.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . Yes, mistress.”

I’m always willing to have ‘fun’ with Emma, but here. . . there is no privacy. I can’t even lock the restroom door! Maybe it must be always open because there is a piece of bondage furniture inside. It looks like the examination table of my gynecologist, but I wouldn’t know how to use it.

- **Kimberly:** “Hello.”

- **Gabby:** “Oh! Hi.”

A couple comes in. They look like a mistress and her sub. I’m tense. Peeing in front of strangers is not my thing.

- **Kimberly:** “I need a toilet.”

- **Gabby:** “I’ll be done in a minute.”

- **Kimberly:** “Haha! I’m not talking to you.”

I’m confused. The sub lies on the ‘examination table’. Then the mistress restrains her legs and inserts a funnel into her mouth. Suddenly she jumps onto the table and starts to piss straight into the funnel!! And the sub is drinking everything!!! Instinctively, I block the scene with my hands until the mistress is done.

- **Kimberly:** “Clean my pussy.”

The mistress removes the funnel and the sub licks her cunt. I’d rather not think how that tastes.

- **Kimberly:** “Enough.”

- **Anna:** “Thank you, mistress.”

The mistress washes her hands and they leave. I wasn’t ready to witness anything like this.



Once I calm down, I'm able to pee myself. Then I wash my hands and stride towards Emma.

- **Emma:** "What happened?"

- **Gabby:** "Eh? Nothing, mistress."

- **Emma:** "Gabby, I've changed my clothes and you haven't even noticed."

- **Gabby:** "Oh! You look fantastic, mistress."

- **Emma:** "Just tell me what's going on."

- **Gabby:** "Umm..." (I look around. The couple is not here.) "A mistress and a sub came in when I was in the restroom."

- **Emma:** "Yes, I saw them."

- **Gabby:** "And...there is an examination table and...the sub lied on it and...the mistress jumped onto it and..." (Now I whisper.) "She pissed inside the subs mouth."

- **Emma:** "Oh! I see."

- **Gabby:** "Is that normal?!"

- **Emma:** "... " (Emma smiles and thinks briefly.) "Do you remember my 6-level classification: rubber dolls, ponygirls, petgirls, latex maids...?"

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

- **Emma:** "I told you there is a seventh level, but I didn't talk about it because I'm not interested. Now you know what it is about."

- **Gabby:** "You mean...it's about peeing?"

- **Emma:** "Haha! Not only. Some mistresses use their subs as toilets, spittoons, and such things."

- **Gabby:** "... " (I frown.) "So the mistress could also have pooped?!"

- **Emma:** "Yes."

- **Gabby:** "Eww!!"

- **Emma:** "You're lucky I'm not into that."

Emma hugs me and I calm down completely.



I wonder...if Emma was into such things, would I be capable of serving her? I don't think so, but I'm not sure. Initially I couldn't lick her shoes, and now I don't have any problem with that. I guess anything can be trained.

- **Emma:** "The couple you saw...after they left the restroom, they opened a trapdoor and went downstairs."

- **Gabby:** "...What trapdoor?" (I can't see it.)

- **Emma:** "Take my handbag and come with me."

I follow Emma. She stops next to a shelf with plenty of toys. Then she bends over, finds a handle under the carpet and pulls it. Once the trapdoor is open, we see a vertical ladder.

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

- **Gabby:** "Eh?!... We don't know what's there."

- **Emma:** "That's why I wish to go. I'm really curious."

- **Gabby:** "But...you said that couple is there."

- **Emma:** "Are you afraid of them?!"

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

- **Emma:** "If they're doing something you dislike, close your eyes."

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

Emma steps on the ladder and goes downstairs. My legs are shaking, but the ladder is not very tall and I manage to follow her.

- **Emma:** "Why are you so nervous?" (She grabs my hand.)

- **Gabby:** "...I'm not sure we are allowed to be here."

- **Emma:** "If they're allowed, why wouldn't we be?"

I don't know what to answer. Perhaps I'm getting paranoid.

- **Emma:** "Let's check if there is something we like."

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



We enter an area with cells. I get the same vibes I had when Emma took me to the lowest level of the basement and made me sleep in a transport box.

- **Emma:** “Bah! I think it’s just a prison.”

Emma opens the door of a cell. It’s empty. She proceeds with the next one. It’s also empty.

- **Emma:** “I wonder why they came here. There isn’t anything to have fun.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . Perhaps the mistress just wants to jail her sub.”

- **Emma:** “I don’t think you need to come to a bondage club for that. If I wanted to jail you, I could just cage you at home.”

- **Gabby:** “Then. . . why do they have these cells?”

- **Emma:** “Good question. As you know, the basement also had them, but no one used them. Then my mom decided to accommodate her maids there.”

Emma opens another cell and finds it empty again.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, there is nothing here. Let’s go back.”

- **Emma:** “That couple has to be somewhere. They couldn’t have evaporated.”

- **Gabby:** “But. . . isn’t it weird that there is no one around? Upstairs there is at least one waitress.”

Emma doesn’t reply. Instead, she opens the remaining cell.

- **Emma:** “Aha! They must be there.”

This cell is also empty, but there is a wooden door inside.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress. . . please let’s go back.”

- **Emma:** “Gabby, what are you afraid of?”

This time I’m the one who doesn’t reply. I don’t know the answer. What is that door hiding? A torture chamber?! I pray for it to be locked, but it isn’t.



Once Emma opens the door, we see a . . . piano bar?! I'm taken aback.

- **Kimberly:** "Hello there."

- **Emma:** "Good afternoon."

We come in and find the couple. The mistress is sitting on a sofa, smoking a cigar, while her sub is on her knees. There is also a barman.

- **Kimberly:** "How have you got here?"

- **Emma:** "... We used the trapdoor to come downstairs, like you did."

- **Kimberly:** "Did you forget to close it?!" (She looks at her sub.)

- **Anna:** "I . . . I can't recall, mistress."

- **Kimberly:** "Really?!" (She shakes her head.) "You're only useful for one thing. Open your mouth."

Suddenly the mistress taps the ash from her cigar straight into her sub's mouth!! Emma and I look at each other.

- **Emma:** "Umm . . . I can't see any bondage furniture here. Is this just a bar?"

- **Kimberly:** "Before I can answer your question, I need to know who you are."

- **Emma:** "... Never mind. We're going back upstairs."

- **Kimberly:** "I'm afraid that's not possible."

- **Emma:** "What do you mean?"

- **Kimberly:** "You are in a place where you are not supposed to be. Before I can let you go back, I need to know who you are."

I twist my head and find the barman locking the door. I feel a chill.

- **Kimberly:** "Have a sit."

- **Emma:** "But . . . who are you?"

- **Kimberly:** "I can't answer that either. Have a sit."

We look at each other again. Then Emma holds my hand and notices I am as cold as ice.



Emma refuses to sit down.

- **Emma:** “This isn’t right! We’d like to leave.”

- **Kimberly:** “Have you ever been to a club, or bar, or restaurant, or shop, where you needed to open a trapdoor and use a ladder to go from one place to another?”

- **Emma:** “That’s irrelevant. You can’t keep us here.”

- **Kimberly:** “It’s not irrelevant. You owe me an explanation.”

- **Emma:** “. . . Are you the owner?”

The mistress puffs her cigar and thinks briefly.

- **Kimberly:** “. . . I am.”

- **Emma:** “If you don’t let us leave, I’ll call the police and. . .”

- **Kimberly:** “And they’ll arrest you for trespassing. Listen: this issue could be solved in 5 minutes if you just tell me who you are. Now have a sit.”

Reluctantly, Emma complies. Then I sit next to her.

- **Kimberly:** “I remember you from our encounter in the restroom. I suppose it was your friend’s idea to follow us.”

- **Emma:** “Yes, it was my idea. And she’s my girlfriend.”

- **Kimberly:** “Are you her mistress?”

- **Emma:** “Yes.”

- **Kimberly:** “I thought so.” (The mistress smokes again.) “My name is Kimberly, and this is Anna.” (She points at her sub.)

- **Emma:** “. . . I am Emma, and this is Gabby.”

- **Kimberly:** “Nice to meet you. So tell me. . . what has brought you to my club today?”

- **Emma:** “Umm. . . it’s a long story.”

- **Kimberly:** “I have time.”

If Emma tells her the truth. . . I think Kimberly won’t believe her. The story with Emily is crazy! I look around. Certainly, this isn’t a public bar. There aren’t menus or prices anywhere. It reminds me of the bar in that movie about the Gambino family.



- **Emma:** “We’ve come here because. . . because I needed a place to meet Gabby’s teacher. She’s in a relationship with our principal, you know, but she wanted to cheat on her with me.”
- **Kimberly:** “Hahaha!”
- **Emma:** “What?”
- **Kimberly:** “That was funny, but listen carefully. You must tell me the truth. If a catch you lying, this won’t be solved in 5 minutes.”
- **Emma:** “That is the truth.”
- **Kimberly:** “Where is Gabby’s teacher?”
- **Emma:** “In the Despair Room. She’s suspended in the air there.”
- **Kimberly:** “What?! Did you leave her alone?”
- **Emma:** “Yes.”
- **Kimberly:** “That’s very irresponsible. I have to call my waitress.”
- **Emma:** “Wait! Our principal is coming here. I’ve told her about Emily’s intentions.”
- **Kimberly:** “Who is Emily?”
- **Emma:** “Gabby’s teacher.”
- **Kimberly:** “Hahaha! Stop making things up.”
- **Emma:** “It’s the truth!”

Kimberly puffs her cigar.

- **Kimberly:** “Listen. I’m calling my waitress right now. If there isn’t a woman who goes by the name of Emily in the Despair Room, we’ll have a problem.”

What if Emily asked someone to unchain her and left?! When Kimberly takes her phone, I panic. I get flashbacks of the scene in which the DeMeo crew murders someone in the bar and dismembers his body so that no one can find his corpse. Are we doomed?! Emma holds my hand again.



- **Kimberly:** (...) “Hello, sweetie. Is there someone chained in the Despair Room?” (...) “Have you already freed her?” (...) “She says she deserves it?!” (...) “What’s her name?” (...) “Yes, go ask her.” (...) “OK. Keep an eye on her.” (Kimberly ends the call.) “So... yes, Emily is there.” (I feel relieved.)

- **Emma:** “I told you.”

- **Kimberly:** “But I still don’t know enough about you. How did you get into bondage?”

- **Emma:** “My mom is also a mistress. She’s the owner of The Basement.”

- **Kimberly:** “Oh! Are you Patricia’s daughter?”

- **Emma:** “Yes. Do you know my mom?”

- **Kimberly:** “Of course I do. Do you have pictures of Patricia and you together?”

- **Emma:** “Yes.”

- **Kimberly:** “Let me see them.”

Emma opens her phone and shows plenty of pictures to Kimberly.

- **Kimberly:** “If your mom owns the best lesbian club in the city, why have you decided to meet Emily here?”

- **Emma:** “Because... she likes this club.”

- **Kimberly:** “Fair enough.” (Kimberly puffs her cigar and thinks briefly.) “Your mom is a wonderful woman, you know. But she has a tiny defect: her club is better than mine, and she refuses to sell it to me.”

- **Emma:** “That’s not a defect.”

- **Kimberly:** “It is, especially when it has been closed for... two years? It’s a sin to keep such a place closed. Still... do you know what’s even worse?”

- **Emma:** “What?”

- **Kimberly:** “Sending her daughter to spy on me.” (I freeze again.)



- **Emma:** “I’m not a spy!”
  - **Kimberly:** “Hahaha! Relax. I was joking.” (I sigh.) “Patricia doesn’t know you are here, right?”
  - **Emma:** “. . . She doesn’t.”
  - **Kimberly:** “What would happen if I call her?” (I get tense again.) “I think she should know.”
  - **Emma:** “. . . Please don’t do that.”
  - **Kimberly:** “Why?”
  - **Emma:** “Because I don’t wish to stress her. She doesn’t know Emily wanted to cheat on our principal with me.”
  - **Kimberly:** “She should also be informed about that. A teacher shouldn’t do such things.”
  - **Emma:** “She’s not my teacher.”
  - **Kimberly:** “She teaches at your school. You know what I mean. I’m calling Patricia.”
  - **Emma:** “Please don’t!”
- Kimberly thinks briefly. I think she’s enjoying this situation.
- **Kimberly:** “You seem quite stressed yourself. Would you like a cigar?”
  - **Emma:** “No, thanks.” (Suddenly Kimberly snaps her fingers so that Anna shows Emma a box full of cigars.) “I don’t smoke.”
  - **Kimberly:** “Trust me. These ones are excellent.”
  - **Emma:** “Thanks, but no.”
  - **Kimberly:** “Have you ever smoked a cigar?”
  - **Emma:** “I don’t want to, and I don’t get why you keep insisting!”
  - **Kimberly:** “Haha! You’re quite stubborn, you know. Many people in your circumstances would do anything I say to please me. But I like that you don’t. I think one day you could be a good mistress.”
  - **Emma:** “I am a good mistress.”
  - **Kimberly:** “Haha!” (She laughs for quite a while.)



- **Kimberly:** “Anna, close the box.”

- **Anna:** “Yes, Ms. Wilde.” (She looks disappointed.)

- **Kimberly:** “I have no interest in making you smoke, you know. But Anna would love to see you. She’s got a very strong cigar fetish.” Kimberly puffs her cigar and blows all the smoke on Anna’s face.

- **Anna:** “Thank you, Ms. Wilde.”

Kimberly caresses her face and she smiles.

- **Kimberly:** “That’s how I seduced her, you know. Now she’s my slave and does lots of other things for me, but cigars are still her favorite kink.”

- **Emma:** “. . . Thanks for letting me know, but I don’t wish to seduce her.”

- **Kimberly:** “Haha! I didn’t mean that.” (Kimberly puffs her cigar again.) “I’m just saying that cigar smoking is a useful skill for a mistress.”

- **Emma:** “I disagree.”

Kimberly stares at Emma.

- **Kimberly:** “You think you already know everything, don’t you?”

- **Emma:** “I don’t, but I’m 100% sure about that.”

- **Kimberly:** “If you wish to become a good mistress, you should be more open to learning. Do you know who taught me that mistresses should smoke cigars?”

- **Emma:** “Who?”

- **Kimberly:** “Lady Elizabeth Nelson.”

- **Emma:** “Did you know her?!”

- **Kimberly:** “Of course. I used to work at The Basement.”

- **Emma:** “Eh?!”

Emma looks surprised. I recall Elizabeth was the owner of The Basement before Patricia.



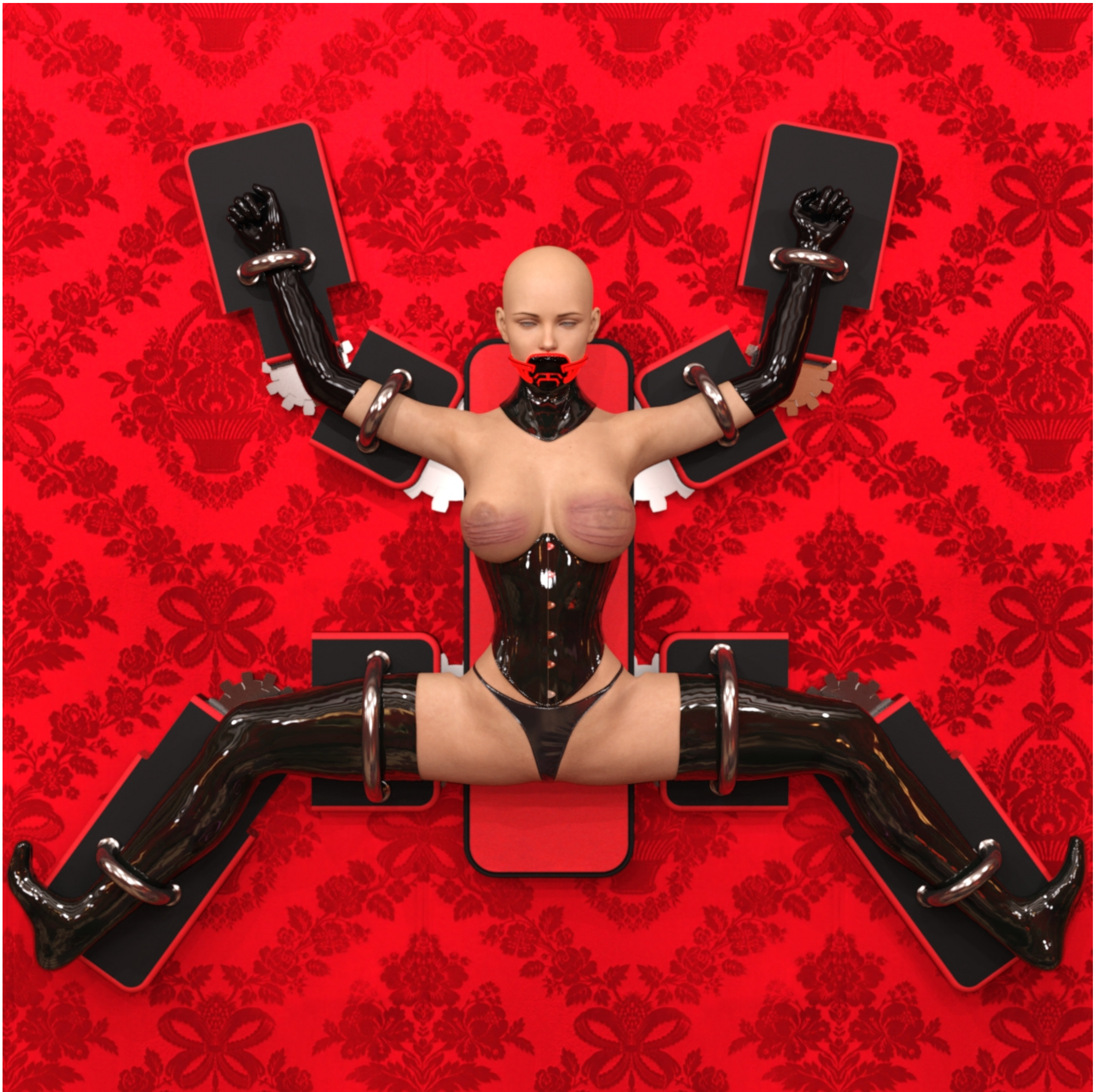
- **Kimberly:** “It seems Patricia never spoke to you about me.”
- **Emma:** “. . . I don’t think so.”
- **Kimberly:** “What did she tell you about how she took over The Basement?”
- **Emma:** “She said she inherited it from Elizabeth.”
- **Kimberly:** “What else?”
- **Emma:** “. . . That Elizabeth was admirable.”
- **Kimberly:** “Haha!” (Kimberly breathes deeply.) “I used to think the same until I read her will, you know. Did Patricia tell you why Elizabeth gave The Basement to her and not to me?”
- **Emma:** “. . . No.”

Kimberly claps twice and Anna becomes her footstool immediately. I’m realizing that, although her tone is rather friendly, we could still be in trouble.

- **Kimberly:** “I have a theory, you know. Elizabeth. . . she had plenty of slaves and she enjoyed dominating them. But there was something she enjoyed even more. Do you know what it is?”
- **Emma:** “No.”
- **Kimberly:** “Dominating other mistresses.”
- **Emma:** “Eh?!”

Kimberly puffs her cigar.

- **Kimberly:** “You shouldn’t be shocked. She was the boss, and she loved to teach the mistresses working for her how they should deal with subs.”
- **Emma:** “I understand that, but one thing is to teach them, and another thing is to dominate them.”
- **Kimberly:** “I used to have that opinion.” (Kimberly smiles.) “But she was adamant that, if you really wish to learn, you must start from the bottom. . . or better put, be a bottom.”



- **Emma:** “So... were you her bottom?”

- **Kimberly:** “... Occasionally and reluctantly. In truth, I wanted to be like her. I wanted to make other mistresses submit to me. That has always been my kink. But if I could go back in time...” (She stops talking.)

- **Emma:** “What do you mean?”

She puffs her cigar.

- **Kimberly:** “One day, a young blonde came to The Basement looking for a job. Elizabeth and myself spoke with her. Although she claimed she was a mistress, it became clear she didn’t know that much about bondage, and soon it transpired she was in a very fucked-up situation. Despite that, she was enthusiastic and extremely pretty, so Elizabeth gave her an opportunity.”

- **Emma:** “I know you’re talking about my mom. You can name her.”

- **Kimberly:** “I suppose you do, but I don’t think you know what she did next.” (Kimberly bends forwards and stares at Emma.) “She became Elizabeth’s private whore for nine months.”

- **Emma:** “Don’t insult my mom!”

- **Kimberly:** “Don’t get me wrong. That was my thinking at that time. In fact, it wasn’t just me. Every mistress working at The Basement referred to Patricia as ‘The Whore’. Elizabeth told her she had to learn lots of stuff, and Patricia allowed her to do everything. I still haven’t found anyone with less boundaries.”

- **Emma:** “How do you know that?!”

- **Kimberly:** “Because sometimes Elizabeth asked me to assist her. I was her right hand, you know.”

- **Emma:** “I don’t believe you!”

Kimberly takes her phone. After spending quite some time searching, she shows Emma an old picture of Patricia. She’s restrained, her breasts have marks, and her scalp is completely shaved! Emma is shocked.



- **Kimberly:** “I could show you more pictures, but I don’t think you should see them. She’s your mother.” (Kimberly closes her phone and removes Anna’s mask. Her scalp is also shaved!)

- **Emma:** “. . . Why have you told me all that?”

- **Kimberly:** “Because you need to be more open to learn. After those nine months, Elizabeth allowed Patricia to join the mistresses working at The Basement, and soon she became super popular. If she hadn’t allowed Elizabeth to teach her, probably she wouldn’t have stayed with us for long. And when Elizabeth tragically passed away one year later. . . well, you know what happened.”

- **Emma:** “. . . Fine. If you don’t call my mom, I’ll be more open to learn. Could we leave now?”

- **Kimberly:** “Not so fast. I’d like to be the one who teaches you your first lesson.”

- **Emma:** “You want me to be your bottom?!!!”

- **Kimberly:** “Yes.”

- **Emma:** “. . . You claim Emily’s conduct is inappropriate, but you’re worse than her.” (Emma fumes.)

- **Kimberly:** “Why? It’s for your own benefit, and even for Gabby’s well-being. Clearly you need to learn lots of stuff.”

- **Emma:** “I doubt you could teach me anything.”

- **Kimberly:** “Haha! Your arrogance turns me on even more.”

- **Emma:** “Oh! Now I turn you on.”

- **Kimberly:** “Of course! I’ve told you my kink is to dominate mistresses. And if the mistress turned sub is Patricia’s daughter. . . you can’t imagine how horny I am.” (Kimberly looks at Anna.) “Emma would be a perfect pony for me, don’t you think?”

- **Anna:** “Yes, Ms. Wilde.” (They grin.)

At last, Kimberly has revealed her goal. She wants to dominate my girlfriend!



Emma looks pensive. I assume letting Patricia know we are here is not an option for her. But then...how can she avoid getting blackmailed? I don't know. I never get useful ideas when we need them :(

- **Emma:** "What would you like to teach me?" (She's giving in!)

- **Kimberly:** "That's a good question." (Kimberly smiles.) "Elizabeth thought that all mistresses should learn about everything. In my opinion, that's not necessary. I think a mistress should specialize on what she likes the most."

- **Emma:** "Actually, I like pretty much everything."

- **Kimberly:** "You've just said you don't like cigars."

- **Emma:** "Well...true."

- **Kimberly:** "In fact, that's something Elizabeth shouldn't have taught Patricia. She was so enthusiastic that she took up cigar smoking too avidly. In the end it almost killed her."

- **Emma:** "For once, I agree with you."

Kimberly uses a gag to keep Anna's mouth open. Then she uses her as an ashtray again.

- **Kimberly:** "You said you don't want Patricia to know you're here because you don't wish to stress her. You didn't say 'upset her' or 'annoy her'. Now I get it. You're just afraid she could resume smoking."

- **Emma:** "Exactly. And I find despicable that you're blackmailing me for that."

Kimberly breathes deeply. I had no idea Patricia used to smoke cigars, but I think now I understand some things. On Tuesday, after Emma whipped Emily, she also told me she did it because Emily was stressing Patricia.

- **Kimberly:** "Let's do the following. First, I'll show you I know more about bondage than you. Once you realize I'm a better mistress, you'll become more humble and submit to me."



- **Emma:** “What do you have in mind?”

Kimberly thinks briefly.

- **Kimberly:** “There’s an online quiz with questions about bondage.”  
(She points at her phone.) “If I lose, I’ll let you leave. But if I win, I’ll teach you a lesson.”

- **Emma:** “Fuck that! A quiz won’t show who knows more.” (Kimberly is taken aback.) “I’ll show you I can give Gabby more and better orgasms than you give Anna.”

- **Kimberly:** “Hahaha!” (Kimberly bursts out laughing.)

- **Emma:** “What?!”

- **Kimberly:** “...” (She regains her composure.) “Being a good mistress entails much more than giving orgasms.”

- **Emma:** “You say that because you’re afraid of losing.”

- **Kimberly:** “I’m not.” (She puffs her cigar.) “Tell me. How do you usually take care of Gabby?”

- **Emma:** “We’ve done plenty of stuff.”

- **Kimberly:** “What do you think you’re best at?”

- **Emma:** “At everything.”

- **Kimberly:** “...” (Kimberly sighs.) “You’re so different from Patricia. Before I wanted to dominate you due to who you are, but now I want to because of how you are. I’ll teach you a lesson you’ll never forget.” (She puffs her cigar again.) “Gabby, what’s Emma best at?”

- **Gabby:** “...” (I guess I should just tell the truth.) “At strap-on fucking.”

- **Kimberly:** “It’s settled then.”

Emma smiles. I’m sure she genuinely believes she’ll win. But what if I don’t come and she loses? Would she blame me?