

SimVenusArts

My Classmate Emma Lindberg

Chapter 39



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Emma stands up.

- **Kimberly:** “Wouldn’t you like to drink something before we begin?”

- **Emma:** “No. I’d like to start immediately.”

- **Kimberly:** “Are you in a hurry?”

- **Emma:** “Ms. Jensen is coming at 5:30.”

- **Kimberly:** “Who’s that?”

- **Emma:** “Our principal.”

- **Kimberly:** “Oh, yes!” (Kimberly looks at her phone.) “It’s already 5:05. But don’t worry about that. I’ll tell my waitress to free that teacher of yours.”

- **Emma:** “No. I need to talk with her when Ms. Jensen arrives.”

- **Kimberly:** “You don’t have a say on that. Besides, she’s been suspended in the air for too long.”

Kimberly takes her phone. I think she’s sending a text message.

- **Kimberly:** “Shouldn’t you tell Ms. Jensen not to come?”

- **Emma:** “Emily can do that if she wishes to.”

- **Kimberly:** “. . . Fine. Still . . . do you have any plans for this evening?”

(Emma nods.) “You should cancel them. Once you lose, I’ll keep you here until midnight.”

- **Emma:** “I won’t lose. Can we get this done?!” (Emma looks impatient.)

- **Kimberly:** “. . . Given your attitude, one evening won’t be enough. I should keep you here for nine months.”

Emma looks furious, but Kimberly doesn’t care. She drinks from her glass calmly, and then replaces Anna’s gag by her previous mask.

- **Kimberly:** “It’d be a pity to throw away this cigar. Bring Olivia.”

- **Anna:** “Yes, Ms. Wilde.”

Anna leaves and comes back with a . . . rubber doll? Kimberly makes her kneel down and puts a mask with a hole on her mouth. Then she inserts her cigar inside the hole, and Olivia begins to smoke non-stop!



- **Kimberly:** “Bring her machine.”

- **Anna:** “Yes, Ms. Wilde.”

I’m feeling distressed. How can Olivia breathe?! I look at Emma, but seemingly she doesn’t care.

- **Kimberly:** “Gabby, are you worried?”

- **Gabby:** “... Yes.”

- **Kimberly:** “Don’t be. She’s done it plenty of times.”

- **Gabby:** “But... does she like it?”

- **Kimberly:** “She loves it. Smoking fetish is multifaceted, you know. Some, like Anna, feel aroused when they see someone smoking. Others fantasize about smoking themselves. And yet others, like Olivia, get turned on when someone forces them to smoke.”

Before I can reply, Anna comes back with a fucking machine equipped with a dildo. Kimberly inserts the dildo into Olivia’s pussy and turns it on. Now she’s smoking even faster than before!

- **Kimberly:** “Don’t be afraid. This is not what I intend to teach Emma.”

- **Emma:** “Actually, she knows that machine already. Probably the smoking fetish stuff is the only thing you could teach me, but I wouldn’t let you.”

- **Kimberly:** “I’ll remind you of what you’ve just said once you are my sub. You’ll let me do anything I wish.”

- **Emma:** “Yes, and then, before you notice anything, I’ll become the new owner of Boardner’s.”

Emma smiles, but Kimberly looks annoyed. Clearly she didn’t like to be reminded that she was taken aback when Patricia took over The Basement.

- **Kimberly:** “Let’s go upstairs.”

The barman opens the door and we go back to the prison area. I thought that leaving the bar would make me feel relieved, but I’m very nervous.



We arrive to the ladder.

- **Kimberly:** “Don’t forget to close the trapdoor.”

- **Anna:** “I won’t, Ms. Wilde. I apologize for not doing it before.”

- **Emma:** “Is this really the only way to go upstairs?”

- **Kimberly:** “The club is getting renovated. Once everything is finished, there will be an elevator.”

- **Emma:** “So if I call the police and tell them about your hideout down there, they wouldn’t find anything illegal, right?” (I guess I wasn’t the only one who thought about the mafia.)

- **Kimberly:** “Nice try. The only illegal thing I do in the piano bar is smoking. But now it’s closed to the public, so I’m allowed to.”

- **Emma:** “How are you making money to finance your renovations?”

- **Kimberly:** “Because we have more clients since The Basement closed.”

- **Emma:** “Oh!”

Kimberly stares at Emma.

- **Kimberly:** “Do you think I am corrupt and evil?”

- **Emma:** “You’re blackmailing me.”

- **Kimberly:** “It’s karma, you know. I worked in The Basement for quite a while, and I loved it. Do you know what was the first thing Patricia did when she took over?”

- **Emma:** “No.”

- **Kimberly:** “She fired me.”

- **Emma:** “I’m not surprised at all.”

- **Kimberly:** “But she’ll be surprised when she finds out her daughter is my private whore.”

Now Kimberly is the one who smiles, while Emma looks furious. Suddenly an idea crosses my mind. Why don’t they just catfight? I’m pretty sure Emma would win, and I wouldn’t have to do anything beyond cheering for her. However, I know it’s not happening.



As we climb the ladder, I feel more nervous than when we went down.

- **Gabby:** “Ms. Lindberg, I need the toilet.”

- **Emma:** “Again?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes.”

- **Emma:** “. . . Be fast.”

I stride towards the restroom and poop immediately, like when I have diarrhea. Suddenly, Anna comes in.

- **Anna:** “Don’t worry. I’ll just brush my teeth.”

I need to clean my ass. I decide to wait for her to leave, but she doesn’t. Instead, once she’s done, she takes off her catsuit. She’s got so many tattoos! And ‘PROPERTY OF KIMBERLY WILDE’ is written near her crotch!

- **Anna:** “Why are you so nervous?” (I don’t answer.) “My mistress has much more experience than yours. You’re going to lose, but it won’t be your fault.”

- **Gabby:** “You don’t know my mistress.”

- **Anna:** “I know her enough. In fact, it’s better that you convince her to concede defeat. This way my mistress will be merciful.”

- **Gabby:** “My mistress always wins.”

- **Anna:** “Haha! Let me ask you. Do you have a fart fetish?”

- **Gabby:** “No!” (Does that exist?!)

- **Anna:** “Too bad, because, if you don’t do what I said, we’ll soon be farting on your face.”

I’m so disgusted that I stand up.

- **Gabby:** “Do you like catfights?!” (She shrugs.) “We’ll see if you can fart on my face while I am choking you.”

- **Anna:** “Haha! Well. . . later don’t claim that I didn’t warn you.”

Once she leaves, I clean myself up and try to calm down. I’m surprised by what I did. It’s the first time I threaten someone with violence. I guess Emma has changed me and now, as she said, I’m willing to fight.



I exit the restroom and walk towards the bondage bed. Emma is already wearing a huge strap-on dildo.

- **Emma:** “Did something happen?”

- **Gabby:** “. . . Anna said they’ll fart on my face once they win.”

Emma looks at Kimberly and Anna. Then she caresses my face and she kisses me.

- **Emma:** “They aren’t going to win. Don’t worry.”

Kimberly makes a gesture so that the waitress comes.

- **Kimberly:** “Sweetie, the woman who was in the Despair Room. . . has she already left?”

- **Waitress:** “. . . I believe she’s upstairs in the bar.”

- **Kimberly:** “. . . Fine. Until further notice, this area is closed to customers.”

- **Waitress:** “But. . . what do I tell them?”

- **Kimberly:** “. . . Give them free drinks.”

- **Waitress:** “Yes, Ms. Wilde.”

Definitely, Kimberly is serious about this. She’s willing to lose money in order to make Emma submit to her.

- **Kimberly:** “We’ll use the stocks on opposite sides of the bondage bed.”

- **Emma:** “OK.”

While Kimberly begins to restrain Anna, Emma whispers to my ear.

- **Emma:** “It seems we aren’t using any lubricant. Kneel down and deepthroat my dildo quickly.”

I obey her. Kimberly and Anna are behind Emma and seem unaware of what we are doing. Are we cheating? I don’t know, but I don’t care. Instead, I’m happy that one of the skills I’ve learnt thanks to Emma is useful.

- **Emma:** “Enough. Bend over here.”

She opens the stock and I position my head and my arms properly. My confidence is raising. Certainly, I’d feel more intimidated if this was my first experience with a stock.



Emma closes the stock.

- **Kimberly:** “Are you ready?”

- **Emma:** “Yes.”

She rubs my clit with her fingers.

- **Kimberly:** “Let’s start. Three, two, one, go!”

Emma penetrates me and begins to fuck me as usual. The dildo is wet, so I don’t feel any pain.

- **Anna:** “Aahhh!!! Aahhh!!! Aahhh!!!. . . .”

Suddenly Anna moans really loud, like if she was going to come soon. I look at her.

- **Anna:** “Aahhh!!! Aahhh!!! Aahhh!!!. . . .”

She doesn’t stop. Is she pretending she’s already coming?! I’ve never faked an orgasm in my life, but I’d say that, if I tried to fake one, I’d sound like her.

- **Anna:** “Aahhh!!! Aahhh!!! Aahhh!!!. . . .”

She’s so loud that I can’t stop thinking about her. She’s so annoying! Now I understand what gags are for.

- **Anna:** “Aahhh!!! Aahhh!!! Aahhh!!!. . . .”

My pussy is not getting wetter, but Emma is not to blame. She’s fucking me very well, as always. The problem is just. . . Anna’s moans are exasperating. Perhaps that’s her intention. She wants to irritate me.

- **Anna:** “Aahhh!!! Aahhh!!! Aahhh!!!. . . .”

I close my eyes and try to relax, but I can’t. I wish I could close my ears!

- **Anna:** “Aahhh!!! Aahhh!!! Aahhh!!!. . . .”

What do I do?! I could start moaning myself, but I don’t think it will help me. I just need to come, but with this noise. . . it’s just not happening. Will Emma blame me? I don’t know, but at the moment I want her to win more than ever. After all, what would Kimberly teach her? To tattoo ‘PROPERTY OF EMMA LINDBERG’ on my crotch? I really need to figure out something.



- **Anna:** “Aahhh!!! Aahhh!!! Aahhh!!!...”

I need a fantasy. When Emma fucks me, so far I haven't needed to think about anything to be able to come, but now it would be helpful. What was my last fantasy? Ah, yes! I'm walking down the street, and suddenly someone hugs me from behind and puts her hand on my crotch. I freeze, but then I hear 'It's me. I know you want this. Kiss me.' I turn around to find Emma smiling at me and I kiss her. Then she slides her hand under my panties and makes me come.

- **Anna:** “Aahhh!!! Aahhh!!! Aahhh!!!...”

But I'm not coming! I guess... since Emma has kissed me and touched me in real life, my fantasy doesn't sound so exciting.

- **Anna:** “Ah!!! Ah!!! Ah!!! Ah!!! Ah!!!...”

The one who sounds genuinely aroused now is Anna! I open my eyes. She's clearly feeling it!

- **Anna:** “Ah!!! Ah!!! Ah!!! Ah!!! Ah!!!...”

Suddenly Emma puts her finger inside my mouth and plays with my tongue. It works: my pussy starts squirting almost immediately. I don't know why I get so surprised by farting or other fetishes people have. I have a finger-in-mouth fetish that I can't explain myself!

- **Gabby:** “Ah!! Ah!! Ah!!”

- **Anna:** “Ah!!! Ah!!! Ah!!! Yes!!! Yes!!! I'm coming!”

- **Gabby:** “Ah!!! Ah!!! Ah!!!”

I also come. My whole body shakes.

- **Emma:** “Haha!”

Luckily Emma knows how to take care of me. I look at Anna. In the end, I don't think she faked it. Perhaps she's just very loud.



- **Kimberly:** “So...I guess this was a draw.”

- **Emma:** “...Yes. Let’s go ahead with the second round.”

- **Kimberly:** “I don’t think so.”

- **Emma:** “Why not? Now you’re afraid of losing.”

- **Kimberly:** “I’m not, but really...this doesn’t show who the best mistress is. Some women are very skilled at strap-on fucking but they have never dominated anyone.”

- **Emma:** “I know, but then...what do you suggest?”

While Kimberly thinks briefly, Emma removes her strap-on.

- **Kimberly:** “Elizabeth used to say that a good mistress is able to grasp the inner wishes and feelings of her sub without her sub needing to verbalize them. She should understand her sub even better than her sub understands herself.”

- **Emma:** “I agree.”

- **Kimberly:** “Then...an excellent mistress is able to grasp those inner wishes very quickly and without mistakes. She should even be able to anticipate what those wishes will be in the future.”

- **Emma:** “Yes.”

- **Kimberly:** “Still...that’s not enough to be a world-class mistress. A world-class mistress can grasp the inner wishes of any woman, not just her subs. Thanks to that, she can make any woman submit to her shortly after meeting her.”

- **Emma:** “I know. My mom is a world-class mistress.” (Certainly, Patricia did that to my mom.)

- **Kimberly:** “The question is...are you?”

- **Emma:** “...I’m not sure. This week I’ve made five women submit to me, but I’ve known them for a long time.”

Kimberly and Anna look at each other. They didn’t expect such an answer.



Kimberly shakes her head.

- **Kimberly:** “Anyway. You’ve just met Anna and I’ve just met Gabby, so let’s do the following. We’ll use those restraints and two identical fuck machines. While they are on, I’ll whisper anything I wish to Gabby and you’ll do the same with Anna, and I’ll win if Gabby comes first.”

- **Emma:** “Only whispering, right? No touching.”

- **Kimberly:** “Correct. I won’t put my finger inside Gabby’s mouth.” She’s noticed what Emma did! I blush a bit.

- **Emma:** “Deal. Let’s do it.”

Kimberly brings two machines similar to the one Emma used to fuck Cami on Wednesday. Emma opens my stock, removes my chain, restraints me and inserts the machine’s dildo into my pussy.

- **Kimberly:** “Is she ready?”

- **Emma:** “Yes.”

Kimberly gives Emma a remote control.

- **Kimberly:** “This button is for...”

- **Emma:** “I know how it works.”

Kimberly sighs. Then she takes the remote for my machine and stands next to me. What’s she planning to whisper to me? I have no clue. In fact, I believe there is nothing she can tell me to make me come. Even my own fantasies about Emma don’t seem to work anymore!

- **Kimberly:** “Let’s begin. Three, two...”

- **Emma:** “Wait! I’d like to blindfold Anna. I don’t want anything to distract her.”

- **Kimberly:** “...Not a bad idea. Let’s also gag them.”

Kimberly brings blindfolds and gags, and Emma uses them on my eyes and my mouth. I guess Kimberly wants gags because she’s realized how annoying I found Anna’s moans, but I don’t know why Emma doesn’t want Anna to be able to see.



- **Kimberly:** “OK. Let’s begin. Three, two, one, go!”

Kimberly turns on my machine, and I can also hear Anna’s machine. They’re not too noisy.

- **Kimberly:** “Gabby, by now you must have a terrible opinion of me.” (She’s not mistaken.) “However, not everything is what it seems. What you’ve seen. . . I mean, toilet service, cigar service, and so on, are Anna’s choices. Even the tattoo near her crotch was her idea. A good slave shouldn’t wait for her mistress to give commands all the time, you know. She should have initiative. Are you surprised?” (I’m not. Patricia already told me that yesterday. I guess it’s part of Elizabeth’s teachings. But I still haven’t written the list of things I should do for Emma. I mustn’t forget.) “I don’t intend to teach Emma about any of those fetishes. My only goal is that she takes good care of you.” (Yeah, right. . .) “You deserve a better mistress. Right now, she’s arrogant and totally reckless. What’s she doing here with your teacher? Why has she been getting new subs recently? She doesn’t have enough experience, so she should focus on you. This is crystal clear to anyone, not just to me.” (Actually, I agree.) “Do you know what will happen if she doesn’t lose? She’ll double down. She’ll regard herself as a world-class mistress who knows everything.” (I’m afraid that could happen.) “Is that what you wish? I’m sure it’s not, and this is your only chance to stop her. Imagine. If you make the right choice, Emma will realize that she’s going too fast. She’ll understand you are the only one who is worth her time and she’ll forget about other subs. She’ll be much more affectionate, caring and loving, and she’ll do her best to make you happy.” (I must admit that is indeed what I wish.) “And you deserve it, because no one loves her more than you do. So it’s time to make the right decision, and it’s an easy one. You just need to come.”



Kimberly increases the machine's speed and whispers with an even softer voice.

- **Kimberly:** “Just relax. Let it happen and you'll be the most fortunate girl in the world. Emma and you will simply strive to make each other happy. Every night, she'll get into your bed, she'll kiss every part of your body, she'll take good care of your needs, and she'll spoon you until you fall asleep.” (Fuck! That has triggered my feelings. I've fantasized many times about Emma spooning me. I'm embarrassed to admit it, but I used to place cushions next to my back and legs, and imagine they were Emma. But so far she still hasn't spooned me. I've slept tied up with rope, wearing a puppy outfit inside a cage, in a latex sleeping bag, sitting on a bondage chair, tied to a bondage bed, inside a transport box, and inside a bird cage, but no spooning! I think I deserve better.) “Good girl.” (Kimberly has noticed my reaction and raises the dildo's speed to its maximum.) “You've made the right choice. Now it's time to relax.” (I'm getting wet.) “That's it. Your needs should be taken care of. You deserve it.” (I do wish to come now. I can't stop.) “You're such a cute little plaything; so obedient and submissive.” (I'm getting wet very fast.) “Fuck that dildo and come for me.” (I'm squirting!) “Yes! That's my pretty little fuck toy.” (I come. This orgasm was even stronger than the previous one.) “Good slave.”

Kimberly turns off my machine. Suddenly, I feel so ashamed. What have I just done?! How could I believe what she said?! I let her trick me. If I wish Emma to spoon me, or to focus on me, I should talk with her, not allow Kimberly to teach her a lesson! I feel so stupid.



Emma removes my gag and my blindfold.

- **Emma:** “So...this was another draw.” (Eh?! I guess Anna also came!)

- **Kimberly:** “Yes, it was.” (Kimberly sighs and looks at Anna disapprovingly.) “Certain people seem to be very horny these days.”

- **Emma:** “Don’t blame her. I’m a world-class mistress.”

I don’t know if Kimberly’s promises were true or false. Probably they were false. But her predictions about Emma were correct :(

- **Kimberly:** “A world-class mistress should have many other abilities. You haven’t proven you are one yet.”

- **Emma:** “I can prove anything you wish. If you bring here your waitress, in five minutes she’ll be licking my feet.”

- **Kimberly:** “Haha! That’s not true, but I won’t call her. This should be something between you and me, without involving any subs. Ultimately, a world-class mistress should prove she’s superior to other mistresses.”

- **Emma:** “I agree.” (I feel somewhat relieved.) “How do I prove it?”

- **Kimberly:** “The quiz I suggested would show that your knowledge and experience are insufficient.”

- **Emma:** “...I have a better idea. I’ll whisper to your ear and I’ll win if I make you come.”

- **Kimberly:** “Hahahaha!” (Kimberly bursts out laughing.) “I haven’t heard so much nonsense in a long time. But actually, your idea is good, except for the fact that you’ll be the one coming.”

- **Emma:** “You want to whisper to me while I’m whispering to you?! That won’t work.”

- **Kimberly:** “No, of course not. We’ll take turns.”

- **Emma:** “...And who starts?”

- **Kimberly:** “I don’t care. We’ll toss a coin.”

I’m rather shocked by what they’ve decided to do. If Kimberly starts, will she restrain Emma? Will she free her later? I’m not sure we can trust her.



- **Emma:** “Who will toss the coin?”

- **Kimberly:** “Gabby can do it.”

- **Gabby:** “Eh?!”

Now I’m nervous again. I wish Emma to go first, but I don’t know how to manipulate a coin toss. Once Emma removes my restraints, she gives me a coin from her handbag.

- **Kimberly:** “Heads or tails?”

- **Emma:** “Heads.”

They stare at me.

- **Gabby:** “...Shouldn’t Ms. Lindberg start? She had the idea.”

- **Emma:** “Gabby, flip the coin.”

Emma looks annoyed. I just go ahead and toss it. It’s tails :(

- **Kimberly:** “I’ll start then. I’ll win if I make you come in 5 minutes.”

- **Emma:** “You can try for 10 if you wish.” (Kimberly sighs.)

- **Kimberly:** “We’ll use the bondage chair right there.” (She looks at me.) “Gabby, restrain Emma.”

- **Gabby:** “Eh?!”

- **Kimberly:** “What’s wrong?”

- **Gabby:** “...I’ve never done that.” (Kimberly smiles.)

- **Emma:** “I’ll tell you what to do.” (I follow Emma to the chair. She takes a sit.) “It’s easy. First do my legs, and then my arms.”

- **Gabby:** “But...do you think we can trust her? Maybe later she won’t allow me to free you.”

- **Emma:** “Gabby, you don’t have to trust her, but you have to trust me. Do what I said.”

- **Gabby:** “...Yes, mistress.”

I feel weird while restraining Emma. I never imagined myself doing that. In the meantime, Kimberly has freed Anna and told her to go downstairs. I wonder what she’s planning.



- **Kimberly:** “Take that machine there and insert the dildo into her cunt.”

I place the machine below the chair. Its dildo has spikes! Then I caress Emma’s pussy. She’s not wet at all.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress... should I lick you? Or lick the dildo?”

- **Emma:** “Gabby, my goal is not to come. Just put it in.”

I obey her. I’m sure she felt pain, but she didn’t show it. Meanwhile Anna has returned with Olivia.

- **Kimberly:** “Did you finish your cigar?”

- **Olivia:** “... Almost, mistress.”

- **Kimberly:** “Well done.”

- **Emma:** “Why is she here?”

- **Kimberly:** “You’ll find out in a minute.”

- **Emma:** “You said our subs shouldn’t be involved.”

- **Kimberly:** “She won’t say anything. She’ll just... be here, like Anna.”

- **Emma:** “What for?”

- **Kimberly:** “What are you afraid of? If you don’t wish to see her, you can close your eyes.”

- **Emma:** “I know, but...”

- **Kimberly:** “In fact, your eyes may be open, but your mouth should be closed. Gabby, gag her.”

Kimberly hands me a gag and I approach Emma.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, I’m worried...”

- **Emma:** “Gag me.”

Emma keeps her mouth open, and I obey her. Then I look at the door. We’re not far from it. I’ll stand close to it and if things go awry, I’ll run upstairs and ask for help.

- **Kimberly:** “Anna, lock the door.”

- **Anna:** “Yes, mistress.”

I swallow all my saliva. I think we’re trapped :(



- **Kimberly:** “Use your stopwatch to measure exactly how long it takes.”

- **Anna:** “Yes, mistress.”

Anna grabs her phone and comes back. I wonder what time it is.

- **Kimberly:** “Let’s begin.”

Kimberly starts the fuck machine, hugs Anna from behind and looks at Emma.

- **Kimberly:** “Do you find Anna attractive?”

- **Emma:** “...” (Emma looks at them emotionless.)

- **Kimberly:** “You don’t have to answer. I know you do. Anna’s face is very pretty.” (I also think she’s cute.) “And you love her tattoos.” (Emma nods, and Anna smiles.) “However, you don’t fancy her enough to keep glancing at her.” (Now Kimberly hugs Olivia from behind.) “Then... why do you keep glancing at Olivia?” (Is Emma doing that?!) “I guess you like rubber dolls, but I don’t think that’s the reason. You like her because she has big boobs. You keep staring at them.” (Well, I also noticed Olivia’s boobs when I first saw her.) “That’s interesting, you know, because Gabby’s tits, though perky, are clearly lacking. You know I’m right.” (I cover my breasts with my hands and frown.) “I bet you even think your own breasts are too small.” (Kimberly unzips Olivia’s catsuit and begins to fondle her breasts.) “Look at this pair of perfect, big fake boobs.” (She increases the speed of Emma’s machine.) “I’m sure you wish Gabby to have them, and you even wish them for yourself, but you don’t dare to go ahead.”

I knew it! This woman is toxic. I’ve been trying to get Emma to forget about implants, and now she’s using that to dominate her. How could she figure out so fast Emma is insecure about her body? She’s dangerous.



Kimberly keeps groping Olivia's breasts.

- **Kimberly:** "Years ago, I had the same thoughts as you. On the one hand, the body positivity movement, people saying you should love yourself the way you are, warning you against unnecessary surgeries, praising you for looking natural. . . But when you see a pair of perfect boobs like these ones, all that crumbles. Everybody can see they're much more attractive." (Emma shakes her head) "Oh! You're not convinced! I guess many people told you they prefer natural breasts." (Emma nods.) "People lie a lot, you know. What if I show you a definitive proof that fake is better?" (Kimberly steps back.) "Turn around and get undressed."

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

Olivia complies. She has lots of tattoos, like Anna.

- **Kimberly:** "Now face Emma."

What!! Anna and Olivia are identical! I'm shocked.

- **Kimberly:** "Olivia is Anna's twin sister. They look the same, except for their breasts. This means you prefer Olivia over Anna because of them. There can't be any other explanation."

I look at Emma. Her eyes are wide open. This has had an impact on her.

- **Kimberly:** "Now you must be thinking. . . is she suggesting that I should force Gabby to get implants? No, of course not. I didn't tell Olivia to enhance her breasts. She decided herself to do it in order to please me." (Kimberly plays with Olivia's breasts again.) "A world-class mistress doesn't give commands. She educates her subs so that first they find out themselves anything she might wish, and then strive to serve her the best they can. If you submit to me, I'll teach you how to educate Gabby, and soon she'll be asking you for permission to book a consultation with a surgeon."

This woman is so manipulative! I don't know if I'll be able to keep quiet.



- **Kimberly:** “I can easily read your mind, you know. For me, it’s as easy as reading Gabby’s. Right now she feels furious and she wishes to insult me, but she doesn’t dare to. Do you know why she doesn’t? It’s not because she’s afraid of me. Actually, it’s because she also loves big fake boobs and deep inside she wishes you get implants.”

- **Gabby:** “That’s false!!” (I couldn’t restrain myself from shouting.)

- **Kimberly:** “Haha! What’s false? You love fake boobs. You also glanced at Olivia.”

- **Gabby:** “But I don’t want Emma to get them!”

- **Kimberly:** “You shouldn’t refer to your mistress by her first name. Calm down.” (Suddenly I feel a bit ashamed. It’s a mistake I’ve hardly ever made.) “What you’ve said is a contradiction and you know it. Besides, Patricia’s boobs are magnificent. I can’t imagine how insecure you’ve made Emma feel while the three of you were together and you couldn’t avoid staring at them.”

- **Gabby:** “You are...” (I close my mouth and look down. Now I feel guilty.)

- **Kimberly:** “Exactly. Be smart and don’t say anything else. Don’t you realize that, once Emma submits to me, I’ll also be your mistress?” (What?!) “Later you must apologize to me.”

I feel so impotent. I fear Emma is falling for her trap, as I did before, and now I’ve only made things worse.

- **Kimberly:** “Emma, it’s time you make the right decision. Big fake boobs is just one thing you really like, but we both know there is something you desire above anything else: becoming the best mistress in the world. And you know better than me that you can’t get there on your own. Your mother let Elizabeth train her. I also let her train me. Now it’s time you let me train you. You were doubting if I could teach you anything, but I’ve shown you what I am capable of.”



Kimberly approaches Emma.

- **Kimberly:** “Not many mistresses can make Anna come just by whispering to her ear, you know. I’m not trying to trick you. I do believe you have the potential to become the best mistress in the world.” (Great, now she’s using Emma’s ego.) “Elizabeth told me once that Patricia also had that potential. At that time, I thought she was joking, but now I believe your mother had everything to become number 1, except will. She never liked to be in the spotlight. Even today, she’s content with her relationships with district attorneys, local politicians, professors and lawyers, and she doesn’t want more. However, you do. You have everything she has, plus a strong will to excel. Envision it. In a few years, thanks to my training and with more experience, you’ll get anyone you wish: your most-liked actress will be licking your feet; your favorite singer will be tonguing your ass; Miss Universe and Miss World will be your pony and your puppy; you’ll live in a mansion full of human furniture and our governor will be your footstool.”

I think most people would have laughed at Kimberly, but not Emma. She’s getting excited! Kimberly raises the machine’s speed to its maximum.

- **Kimberly:** “I know I’m looking at the next president of the Bondage Society. That woman, Catherine, does nothing else than turning college girls into ponies. We need someone truly powerful and admired to represent us; someone who will show bondage’s might to the world. That someone will be you.” (Emma is squirting! Kimberly grins.) “That’s it. Be a good girl and come for me.”

It looks like Emma is going to come very soon. Is she still trying to fight it? I don’t know, but I’ll check Anna’s stopwatch immediately after she does. This has taken more than five minutes.



Suddenly the door opens. It's the waitress... and Catherine!

- **Catherine:** "What are you doing?"

- **Kimberly:** "... " (Kimberly has frozen.)

- **Waitress:** "I'm sorry, mistress. I told her the area was closed, but she said that the rules of the society allow the president to launch an investigation unannounced at any time. She didn't allow me to warn you."

- **Catherine:** "Why did you close the area?"

- **Kimberly:** "Because we have special guests today." (Kimberly has regained her composure.) "You already know Emma, and perhaps Gabby."

- **Catherine:** "Yes, I do."

- **Kimberly:** "I'm so pleased to have you back in my club. It's a great surprise. I didn't even know you were in the city."

- **Catherine:** "I've come to officiate a ceremony. Emma's school principal is enslaving one of her teachers today."

- **Kimberly:** "What!" (Kimberly removes Emma's gag quickly.) "Did you know Catherine was coming here?"

- **Emma:** "No, I didn't." (Emma smiles. She didn't sound credible.)

- **Kimberly:** "Liar."

- **Catherine:** "I didn't tell her I was coming. Anyway, this club is now officially under investigation. You know closing areas while customers are already inside is not allowed. It needs to be announced beforehand as a private party or special event." (Kimberly doesn't reply.) "Gabby, free Emma and get dressed."

I obey Catherine immediately. She's like our guardian angel :)

- **Catherine:** "I'm going upstairs with Emma and Gabby. You must stay here until I come back."

Once Emma puts on her panties and grabs her handbag, we follow Catherine. I feel immensely relieved.



We are back upstairs. Julia is sitting on a sofa, Catherine's kitty is on the floor, and Emily is caged in front of them. However, Catherine walks towards the bar.

- **Catherine:** "We'll join them later. Now I wish to talk to you. Please have a sit." (I sit next to Emma.) "What were you doing downstairs?"

- **Emma:** "Please don't tell my mom."

- **Catherine:** "Are you in a relationship with Kimberly?!"

- **Emma:** "Eh?! No, of course not. I've just met her."

- **Catherine:** "So?!"

- **Emma:** "Please don't tell my mom we've come here."

- **Catherine:** "Why?"

- **Emma:** "Because I don't wish to stress her."

- **Catherine:** "If you don't wish to stress her, you shouldn't do anything that might stress her." (I think I like Catherine.) "I thought you came here with Emily. At least, that's what I understood from Julia. Why were you with Kimberly?"

- **Emma:** "Promise me you won't tell my mom."

- **Catherine:** "Fine! I won't tell her. Don't you know that your mother doesn't get on well with Kimberly?"

- **Emma:** "... Now I do. But Julia is right. We came here to meet Emily. We met Kimberly later, while we were waiting for Julia."

- **Catherine:** "And then... she closed the room to fuck you."

- **Emma:** "No. She wanted to teach me a lesson."

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

- **Emma:** "... She said she was going to tell my mom we were here unless I allowed her to teach me a lesson."

Catherine doesn't say anything, but she looks shocked and indignant.



- **Catherine:** “Gabby, is that true?”

- **Gabby:** “. . . Yes.”

Essentially it is, although Catherine may be getting a wrong idea of what she saw downstairs.

- **Catherine:** “I’ll have to suspend the license of this club.”

- **Emma:** “Don’t! If you do, Kimberly will tell my mom.”

- **Catherine:** “Emma, your mother is very intelligent. She’ll notice immediately that something is going on and, if you don’t tell her, she’ll make Gabby tell her in two minutes.”

In fact, she had already noticed Emma was nervous yesterday evening, but at that time I didn’t know Emily had sent messages to Emma. That’s why I told Patricia about the house Emma’s father bought for her.

- **Emma:** “But. . . Kimberly simply closed an area without announcing it. Isn’t suspending her license too harsh?” (Why is Emma defending her?)

- **Catherine:** “She didn’t just do that. She also assaulted you.”

- **Emma:** “She didn’t. What you saw downstairs was a contest. She was trying to make me come just by talking to me, and after that I was going to do the same to her. It was my idea.”

Catherine frowns.

- **Catherine:** “And what would have happened if you had won?”

- **Emma:** “She wouldn’t tell my mom.”

- **Catherine:** “And if you had lost?”

- **Emma:** “I’d have had to submit to her.”

- **Catherine:** “Then she was blackmailing you.”

- **Emma:** “. . . But I wasn’t going to lose. I was going to make her come really fast.”

Catherine looks at Emma in disbelief.



- **Catherine:** “Why were the twins there?”

- **Emma:** “Kimberly used them to prove that fake boobs are better.”
Catherine shakes her head. I wish she asks me to tell her the whole story of what happened downstairs, but she doesn’t.

- **Gabby:** “Ms. Lindberg, may I have your permission to speak, please?”

- **Emma:** “No.” (I feel impotent.)

- **Catherine:** “It’s getting late. We need to talk with Julia and Emily, but this won’t end here. Do you know Kimberly has been harassing your mother to make her sell The Basement since it closed?”

- **Emma:** “Yes. Kimberly told me.”

- **Catherine:** “Eh?! Then... why don’t you wish to go after her?”

- **Emma:** “Because...” (Emma blushes.) “Because she made me squirt.”

- **Catherine:** “And?!” (Catherine frowns again.)

- **Emma:** “Until today, I had never enjoyed submission, you know. I thought I was only dominant. But now I believe I can let more experienced mistresses teach me. This way I’ll be able to understand Gabby better.”
Catherine smiles. The fact that Emma has thought about me makes me feel super happy.

- **Catherine:** “I’ve known you since you were a child, but you keep surprising me. I’m glad to hear that what happened downstairs has been somehow positive to you, but I don’t think you should see Kimberly again. At least, your mother wouldn’t like it.”

- **Emma:** “I know. I won’t see her again because she’s resentful. She said my mom fired her just after taking over The Basement. Do you know why she did that?”

- **Catherine:** “No.”

- **Emma:** “Could you ask her?”

- **Catherine:** “. . . I wouldn’t wait for Patricia to find out you’ve been here. You should tell her yourself. Then you can ask her anything you wish.”



Catherine stands up and walks towards Julia and Emily. However, Emma does not follow her.

- **Emma:** “I was so excited when Catherine showed up that I forgot to restrain you.” (Emma cuffs my wrists.) “If I ever forget again, you should remind me.” (I nod.) “Get on your knees and kiss my feet.” Once I comply, Emma collars me and attaches my leash.

- **Emma:** “What did you want to say before?”

- **Gabby:** “I wanted to tell Catherine the whole story of what happened downstairs.”

Emma frowns.

- **Emma:** “You need to get better at reading the room. Otherwise I’ll always have to gag you when we are with others. Open your mouth.” Emma gags me. Honestly, I don’t know what exactly she wants to keep secret from Catherine.

- **Emma:** “Stand up. Let’s join Julia and Emily.”

Once we turn around, I realize that Catherine, Julia, Emily and Lily are staring at us, and I blush. I guess they’ve watched the whole scene. Eventually we join them.

- **Catherine:** “You’re so lucky.”

- **Emma:** “... Why?”

- **Catherine:** “Because of Gabby. It’s difficult to find a sub that loves her mistress as much as she loves you.” (Emma smiles.) “You should take good care of her.”

- **Emma:** “I do.”

- **Catherine:** “Really? You should ask her how she felt when you were downstairs. Never in my life did someone I’ve just met look so happy to see me.”

Emma glances at me, but she doesn’t say anything. If I could choose a mistress to teach Emma, I think I’d ask Catherine :)



Catherine turns around.

- **Catherine:** “Have you thought about what I told you before?”

- **Emily:** “Yes.”

- **Emma:** “Wait. Do you know about the messages she sent me?”
(Catherine sighs.)

- **Catherine:** “... Yes. I overheard Julia when you called her, and then she told me everything. That’s why I came here with her.”

- **Emma:** “And what have you told Emily?”

- **Catherine:** “I’ve told her that, when someone is truly ready to quit something, they can quit it immediately. They don’t need to tell themselves that they will quit after one last time. That’s a trick of their brain to feel well until that last time, but later they will suffer.”

- **Emma:** “... So you also think that Julia should whip her regularly, right?”

- **Catherine:** “No. When did I say that?!” (Catherine looks impatient.)

- **Emma:** “... If Julia doesn’t, she will suffer. You said it.” (Catherine shakes her head.)

- **Catherine:** “I think Emily has to choose what’s more important to her: either her relationship with Julia, or getting whipped. Julia stated she’ll never whip her because she doesn’t like it.”

- **Emma:** “But she’s never tried it. Today I’ve learnt you may start to like something after trying it several times.”

- **Catherine:** “Julia may try it whenever she wishes. She’s her mistress. But Emily shouldn’t count on that because probably it will never happen.”

- **Emma:** “Then Emily’s needs won’t be met. If I should take good care of Gabby, Julia should also take good care of Emily.”

- **Catherine:** “Taking good care doesn’t mean doing everything your sub wants. A mistress shouldn’t let her sub manipulate her.”

- **Emma:** “... I still think Julia should try at least once. She should take Emily downstairs right now and whip her really hard.”

- **Julia:** “Stop! Please stop taking about us. We are here.”



We all look at Julia.

- **Julia:** “We’ve already discussed everything, and we’re going ahead with the ceremony today.” (Emma smiles.) “But I’m not going to whip her, cane her, or anything like that.”

- **Emma:** “Fine.” (Now she frowns.) “There is just one thing I can’t understand. Why did you let me whip her on Tuesday?”

- **Catherine:** “Eh?!” (I suppose Catherine didn’t notice the marks on Emily’s back.)

- **Julia:** “. . . Because, before you arrived, I had told her I needed a break. We weren’t in a relationship anymore.”

- **Emma:** “Oh!” (I’m also rather shocked.)

- **Julia:** “I knew she was being dishonest with me.”

- **Emma:** “But if you had broken up. . . why were you holding a rod?”

- **Julia:** “. . . I don’t know. I was confused and distraught. I guess I was still hoping she would tell me the truth so that I could forgive her. But she kept lying.”

- **Emma:** “Then you’re still together thanks to me.” (Emma smiles.)

- **Julia:** “. . . I guess. If you hadn’t come. . .”

Suddenly we hear a noise. Emily is crying! Julia opens the cage and lets her come out.

- **Emily:** “Ms. Jensen, I lied because I thought telling the truth meant I’d never see you again, and I can’t live without you.”

Julia hugs her.

- **Julia:** “I can’t live without you either.”

I’m surprised by how melodramatic the scene has turned, but I suppose they’ve suffered a lot since Tuesday. Catherine makes a sign and we walk back to the bar.

- **Catherine:** “Let’s leave them alone.”



- **Catherine:** “Why did you whip Emily?”

- **Emma:** “Because she was lying and stressing my mom. When my mom fucked her, she didn’t know Emily was in a relationship with Julia.”

- **Catherine:** “Oh! Julia didn’t tell me Emily was with Patricia.”

- **Emma:** “Not only. She was with many mistresses. It’s difficult to know when she’s being genuine and honest.”

Catherine thinks briefly.

- **Catherine:** “Signing the slavery papers is always genuine. She’ll give everything she’s got to Julia. Let’s hope everything is sorted out now. I don’t want the ceremony to go awry.”

- **Emma:** “Neither do I.”

- **Catherine:** “Speaking about the ceremony, I think it’s better to start one hour later. I still need to talk with Kimberly and then get ready. Could you let Patricia know?”

- **Emma:** “. . . Yes. Are you going downstairs now? I need to pick up my clothes.” (I didn’t realize Emma left them there.)

- **Catherine:** “I’ll bring them to your place later.”

- **Emma:** “But I need to wear them now. This outfit is too revealing.”

- **Catherine:** “. . . Everyone looks at Gabby when she’s cuffed and gagged on the street, you know. Didn’t you want to understand her better? Now you’ll realize how she feels.” (Emma purses her lips.)

“In fact, since suddenly you’re open to getting lessons from other mistresses, why don’t I dress you as a pony and parade you around the city? You’d learn a lot. I’ll ask Patricia what she thinks about that.”

Catherine smiles, steps forward and kisses Emma’s cheeks.

- **Catherine:** “See you later at your place.”

She goes downstairs. Emma looks shocked.