

SimVenusArts

My Classmate Emma Lindberg

Chapter 40



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Emma looks at Julia and Emily. They are kissing.

- **Emma:** “It’s time to go home.”

I nod repeatedly. She pulls my leash and I follow her. Once we exit, I feel like a weight has been lifted off my shoulders.

- **Bouncer:** “Hope to see you back soon, ladies.”

Emma keeps walking without saying anything. Our pace is quite fast. Is it because she doesn’t want to be seen in this outfit? I guess so, because Catherine has postponed the ceremony by one hour, so we are not in a hurry. Once in the elevator, she removes my gag.

- **Emma:** “Did you enjoy our visit to Boardner’s?”

- **Gabby:** “. . . Mistress, I was terrified.” (I’m not exaggerating.)

- **Emma:** “Why?”

- **Gabby:** “. . . Because I was afraid of Kimberly.”

- **Emma:** “Haha! Did you think she was going to kidnap us?”

- **Gabby:** “. . . At some point yes.”

Emma laughs. Once the door opens, we exit the elevator and stop at the ticket machine.

- **Emma:** “Gabby, Kimberly was trained by Elizabeth and owns a club. She loves bondage, and nobody who loves bondage breaks the rules and does non-consensual stuff.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . Still, if you had lost, we would have had to obey her.”

- **Emma:** “I told you I wasn’t going to lose. You must have faith in me.”

After Emma pays, we walk towards the car. Suddenly, Emma faces me.

- **Emma:** “Why haven’t you said ‘Yes, mistress’? Do you have faith in me?”

- **Gabby:** “. . . I do, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “You don’t seem very convinced. This morning, if you had lost your catfight, Charlotte would have spanked and trampled me, but I had absolute faith in you. I expect the same.”



Emma is right. She believed in me much more than I believed in myself. Why did I think Kimberly was going to defeat her? Now I feel bad.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, I will never doubt you again. I apologize.”

Emma looks upset, but suddenly she smiles.

- **Emma:** “You’ll apologize to me later. Remind me when we are at home.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

I wonder what she’s planning to do, but I don’t ask her. She takes off my collar and we enter the car.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, I should say I was very impressed when I saw that you made Anna come so fast. I apologize for letting Kimberly trick me.”

- **Emma:** “No need to apologize for that. I counted on it.”

- **Gabby:** “Eh?! Then you didn’t have faith in me...”

- **Emma:** “Gabby, I know what you are capable and incapable of. When I said you should have faith in me, I didn’t mean you should believe I’ll always win. I meant you should believe in me when I say I’ll win.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress. I understand it now.”

Emma starts the car and drives towards the parking lot’s exit. She doesn’t look annoyed.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, may I ask what you told Anna? I’m really curious.”

- **Emma:** “Haha! What do you think I told her?”

- **Gabby:** “I have no clue whatsoever.” (I’m honest.)

- **Emma:** “I told her that I knew she’s not a slave. I figured out she’s a mistress being trained by Kimberly. And I told her that I knew her game. She lets Kimberly do everything she wishes to her so that Kimberly is impressed and decides to let her run Boardner’s once she retires. And finally, I told her she should come so that Kimberly doesn’t win. This way Kimberly will think she’s already losing skills and she’ll retire sooner.”



We exit the parking lot. I'm speechless. Is Emma right?! I just thought Anna was Kimberly's sub.

- **Gabby:** "But... do you know for sure that's true?"

- **Emma:** "... " (Emma shrugs.) "It made her come. However, I hadn't figured out Olivia is her sister. I don't know what's her role in all that."

I'm more and more convinced that there is a certain intuition or type of intelligence that Emma possesses, but I lack. Does such intelligence allow Emma to be a good mistress? According to Kimberly, yes. She said good mistresses are able to grasp the inner wishes of their subs. We stop at a red light.

- **Gabby:** "Mistress, would you like to know what Kimberly told me?"

- **Emma:** "No."

- **Gabby:** "... Why not?"

- **Emma:** "Because I'm afraid I wouldn't like it. Besides, since you've made me think about Anna, I'm horny." (Emma glances at me.) "Lick my pussy."

- **Gabby:** "Eh?! We're going to enter the highway."

- **Emma:** "And? I won't cause any accident."

- **Gabby:** "But... what if the police stops us?"

- **Emma:** "That won't happen either. Believe me."

I gulp my saliva. I feel distressed again, but I've just promised Emma I'll never doubt her. Just before the light turns green, she pulls down her panties and removes my cuffs.

- **Emma:** "Slave, lick my pussy now."

I get on all fours and bend over her legs. Should I lick it slowly? Perhaps that will annoy her. I'd better lick it the best I can, as always.

- **Emma:** "Good slave."

We enter the highway. Emma drives fast, but I don't know if she has surpassed the speed limit. I can say, though, that my heartbeat is breaking its record.



Although Emma is getting wet, she's able to drive without issues. Suddenly she slows down and I raise my head.

- **Emma:** "There is a traffic jam. Keep licking."

She pushes my head down. Once I resume licking, she caresses my nape. This is the time most people go home after work, so I suppose traffic jams are usual here. Perhaps she was counting on it.

- **Man 1:** "That's hot!"

People are looking at us! Now that our pace is slow, I'm not worried about an accident anymore, but I feel embarrassed. Emma prevents me from raising my head again.

- **Emma:** "If you don't wish people to see your face, keep licking."

- **Man 2:** "Nice ass!"

That comment was about me! I feel tense.

- **Emma:** "Be a good plaything and focus on what you're doing."

I obey Emma, but my heartbeat doesn't slow down. After moving as a turtle for a while, Emma is forced to stop.

- **Woman 1:** "Wow! Look at that!"

- **Woman 2:** "They are having fun." (I'm not!)

I suppose those two women keep looking at us, but Emma doesn't say anything. After 15 or 20 seconds, they speak again.

- **Woman 1:** "They're making me horny."

- **Woman 2:** "I'm horny too. Why don't you do the same to me?"

- **Woman 1:** "Haha!"

- **Woman 2:** "I'm serious! We spend minutes and minutes here every day. You're usually on your phone, but I'm driving. It's boring as hell!"

- **Woman 1:** "Look! The blonde is smiling. She knows you're jealous."

Of course she does! We can hear you. Luckily Emma can start moving again and we leave them behind. I hope they didn't take a video of us.



Emma caresses my hair while I lick. We keep moving slow, but she isn't forced to stop again.

- **Emma:** "Catherine was mistaken, you know. I don't mind people looking at me. It happens all the time, even if I'm wearing something modest." (That's actually true.) "I told her I wanted my clothes because I wished to see Kimberly one last time. I also wished to be there when Catherine talks to her, but clearly she didn't want that." I've always known Emma likes to be the center of attention. Why did I think that she was walking fast because she didn't want people to see her? I guess she just didn't like that bouncer. Now we are moving faster and faster.

- **Emma:** "I should have played music to prevent those comments from distracting you. But you don't have that excuse anymore. Focus on licking."

Our speed is back to normal. I've been licking for over five minutes, perhaps ten, but Emma is nowhere near coming. I suppose I haven't done a good job so far. It's better I just focus on getting her off to be done with this.

- **Emma:** "That's it! Right there."

She's getting wet again. For some reason, I'm less nervous than before. Am I already getting used to doing this?!

- **Emma:** "Mmm! Your tongue is so good."

She's very excited. I focus on her clit.

- **Emma:** "You're the best!!"

Emma comes. She presses my head hard against her pussy, but she keeps driving straight.

- **Emma:** "I've been dreaming about doing this for years, and you've made it happen! Kiss me."

I've never had such a fantasy. Clearly Emma enjoys taking risks.



I raise my head to kiss Emma. She pecks my lips quickly and pays attention to the road again.

- **Emma:** “Keep kissing my pussy until we arrive.”

For over 10 minutes, I kiss her pussy, but I avoid her clit so that she doesn't get horny again. Eventually she parks her car in the garage.

- **Emma:** “I find driving boring, you know, but today it was fun.” (She smiles.) “We should do this again.”

- **Gabby:** “But... mistress, what if anyone records us and sends the video to the police?”

- **Emma:** “...Next time I'll use the retractable hardtop.” (She thinks briefly.) “And I could also tint the rear windows.”

I'm afraid she won't reconsider her intentions until she gets a fine.

- **Emma:** “Open your mouth.” (She gags me, cuffs me, and collars me.) “Let's go home.”

We enter through the front door. My mom is in the kitchen. She sees us, but she doesn't get on her knees to welcome Emma. Suddenly I recall what happened this morning. Patricia told Emma that my mom is no longer a house maid and she won't obey her.

- **Emma:** “Good afternoon, Elena.”

- **Elena:** “Good afternoon. Hi, *piccola mia*.”

My mom kisses my cheeks and smiles. I wish I could talk to her.

- **Emma:** “Do you know where my mom is?”

- **Elena:** “In the basement.”

- **Emma:** “Tell her Catherine has postponed the ceremony. It's starting at 9:00.”

- **Elena:** “I will. Don't worry.”

- **Emma:** “Gabby. Let's go upstairs.”

I'm happy for my mom, but I'm also sort of frustrated. Maybe Patricia does not consider my mom her girlfriend, but I feel her relationship has progressed better than mine.



Once we enter Emma's bedroom, she removes my gag.

- **Emma:** "You look tired."

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

- **Emma:** "Let's take a nap then. Tonight we'll go to bed quite late."

She takes off my cuffs and my collar. Honestly, the day has already been too long for me. If I could, I'd sleep until tomorrow.

- **Emma:** "Help me get undressed." (I obey Emma.) "I didn't see any decorations downstairs. Perhaps we'll have dinner in the banquet room in the basement. It's super nice! You'll love it."

Once Emma is nude, I remove my clothes.

- **Emma:** "Aren't you excited about the ceremony?"

- **Gabby:** "...I am, mistress. It's just...my energy levels are very low."

- **Emma:** "We can eat something quickly before napping."

- **Gabby:** "No, no. I'd rather sleep first."

Emma looks worried. She always has so much energy that perhaps she thinks something is wrong with me. To be honest, there is something going on: for the first time since the beginning of our relationship, I miss being alone. I don't mean I miss being single. I just miss being able to close the room of my bedroom for a while and do whatever I wish there, away from everybody. I never saw myself as fortunate when I did that, but now I miss it. I guess sometimes we are not aware of what we have until we lose it.

- **Emma:** "Lie down."

Once I comply, Emma covers my eyes with a blindfold and ties my wrists and my ankles.

- **Emma:** "I'll set up an alarm to get up at 7:30."

She kisses me. I'm not sure what time it is. Perhaps 6:45. Less than a minute later, I notice she's already sleeping. I should rest, or otherwise I'll feel down the whole evening. Eventually I also fall asleep.



Suddenly my blindfold is removed. I'm again at Boardner's!!

- **Anna:** "Welcome back." (Anna smiles.)

- **Gabby:** "What am I doing here?!"

- **Anna:** "Haha! I guess Emma's story is true."

- **Gabby:** "What story?!"

- **Anna:** "She brought you inside this transport box. She said she put you here while you were deeply asleep because you'd have refused to come back to our club."

- **Gabby:** "Eh?! Where is Emma?!"

- **Anna:** "She's with Ms. Wilde. You'll see her soon."

- **Gabby:** "I want to see her immediately. Untie me!"

- **Anna:** "Haha! You can't give me orders."

- **Gabby:** "Please untie me."

- **Anna:** "You're now our slave."

- **Gabby:** "What?! Emma! Emma! Emma!"

- **Anna:** "Stop. She can't hear you."

- **Gabby:** "What have you done to her?"

- **Anna:** "She's Ms. Wilde's private whore."

- **Gabby:** "Emma! Emma!..." (I feel desperate.)

- **Anna:** "Stop!" (Anna grabs my chin.) "Be quiet. If you disobey me again, I'll whip you." (She releases it.) "Listen. Emma came back and said she wanted to finish the contest. She said she didn't want Ms. Wilde to think she got away thanks to Catherine, and she wanted to prove she's a better mistress than her. But, obviously, she lost, so she submitted to Ms. Wilde." (Anna grins.) "Regarding you, Ms. Wilde has decided you should obey me. From now on, you must refer to me as Ms. Ivanova."

I feel beyond shocked. I can't think at all.



- **Gabby:** “I don’t believe you!”

- **Anna:** “Don’t shout at me. This is my last warning. If you misbehave again, you’ll be punished severely.”

I need to calm down and think, but I’m too anxious.

- **Gabby:** “I haven’t consented to any of this. You’re kidnapping me.”

- **Anna:** “That’s not true.”

- **Gabby:** “I haven’t signed any bondage contract.”

- **Anna:** “You’ve signed a contract with Emma. She’s shown us the video. You looked very cute by the way.” (Anna smiles.)

- **Gabby:** “But that contract is irrelevant here.”

- **Anna:** “It’s not. Emma is your mistress, and now she’s signed a contract with Ms. Wilde, so automatically you become Ms. Wilde’s sub. She’s told you before. Don’t you remember?”

This can’t be happening. I should find a way to tell someone I’m here.

- **Gabby:** “Could I make a phone call?”

- **Anna:** “No, but I’ll let you talk to Ms. Wilde. She’ll explain everything you need to know.”

Anna leaves, but she comes back soon with Olivia and a wheelchair.

- **Olivia:** “Hi, Gabby. Nice to meet you.” (I don’t reply.) “I’m so glad you’re joining Boardner’s.”

- **Gabby:** “I don’t wish to join!”

- **Anna:** “Enough! I told you not to shout.” (Anna looks angry.) “Help me put her in the chair.”

Anna and Olivia force me to sit on the wheelchair. I can’t oppose them because my ankles and wrists are still tied.

- **Anna:** “Don’t be difficult.”

Olivia unties my legs. Perhaps I could escape now, but I don’t try. I don’t think I would succeed, so it would only make things worse. Eventually she cuffs my arms and legs to the chair.

- **Anna:** “Good girl. Let’s go.”



Anna pushes my wheelchair and we exit the restroom. I almost don't dare to open my eyes, but when I do, I see Emma on an X-cross! It's true: she's submitted to Kimberly.

- **Kimberly:** "Hello there." (She smiles.)

- **Gabby:** "Hello, Ms. Wilde. Please explain to me what's going on." (I'm trying to sound less confrontational.) "Is it true that I am your sub?"

- **Kimberly:** "Yes, it is. Anna doesn't lie."

- **Gabby:** "But...I don't wish it. What should I do to be able to leave?"

- **Kimberly:** "...You have three options." (I was expecting her to say that I can't do anything. My eyes open wide.) "First, you could convince Emma to leave."

- **Gabby:** "Could I talk with her?"

- **Kimberly:** "Soon. As you can see, at the moment I'm training her." (Kimberly increases the speed of Emma's fuck machine.) "Your second option is simply to cancel your bondage contract with Emma. Do you wish to do that?"

- **Gabby:** "...". (I can leave right now if I wish to! However, that implies my relationship with Emma would be over.) "No. I wish to talk with Emma."

- **Kimberly:** "Fine. Your last option is to become the new manager of Boardner's." (That sounds impossible. I frown.) "We use a hierarchy with four levels. I'm on top. The second level consists of mistresses who provide bondage sessions to our submissive customers. Anna and Olivia have just been promoted to that level." (They smile.) "In the third level, you'll find my private whores, like Emma." (I frown again.) "Don't look at me like that. It's just a nickname. I train my private whores personally so that one day they can reach the second level. Finally, the fourth level consists of submissive prostitutes. They do two things: they offer bondage sessions to dominant customers, and they submit to a mistress in front of voyeuristic ones. That's your level right now, and your mistress is Anna."



- **Kimberly:** “Do you have any question?”
- **Gabby:** “. . . No. I just wish to talk with Emma.”
- **Kimberly:** “You’ll talk with her soon but, if you wish to leave, the first two options are not viable. You should focus on the third one.”
- **Gabby:** “Why aren’t they viable?!”
- **Kimberly:** “Emma has realized she needs my training to become the best mistress in the world. You can’t convince her to leave. You know better than me how stubborn she is.” (I purse my lips.) “As for the second option, you are in love with Emma. You know you can’t live without her.” (That’s true, despite everything.) “Therefore, you should strive to become a good prostitute so that Anna talks to me favorably about you. Then I’ll consider taking you as my private whore.”
- **Emma:** “Ah!! Ah!! Ah!! Oh, my God!!!”
Emma shakes and comes. Kimberly smiles, turns off her fuck machine and removes her restraints.
- **Emma:** “Gabby!” (She looks a bit embarrassed.)
- **Kimberly:** “Now you can talk to her.”
I’m not sure what to tell her. On the one hand, I’d like to convince her to leave. But, on the other hand, I am angry with her.
- **Gabby:** “Ms. Lindberg, why have you come back here?”
- **Emma:** “. . . I wanted to test if I’m really a world-class mistress. As you can see, I need training. But don’t worry. I’ll progress fast and soon I’ll be allowed to act as your mistress again.”
- **Gabby:** “. . . This isn’t necessary at all. For me, you’re the best mistress. Please let’s leave.”
- **Emma:** “Don’t lie. When we arrived home, you were tired of me. I could see it on your face. If you’d rather spend time alone instead of with me, I’m not a good mistress. That’s why I decided to come back here.”
- **Gabby:** “But. . .” (Now I feel bad. I think I hurt Emma.)



- **Kimberly:** “Enough talking. Thank me.”

Emma gets on her knees.

- **Emma:** “I’m eternally thankful for your dedication to my sexual education and wellness, mistress.”

Kimberly covers Emma’s head with a hood again.

- **Kimberly:** “Lick my right boot.”

Emma doesn’t hesitate. I don’t think I can convince her to leave.

- **Kimberly:** “Gabby, as you can see, option 1 is not on the table. What do you wish to do?”

- **Gabby:** “...” (I can’t leave Emma. I’m in love, so I must stay with her. And who knows? Probably Patricia will soon find out we are here and she’ll intervene.) “... Option 3.”

- **Kimberly:** “Very well then.” (Kimberly smiles.) “Anna, remove her restraints.”

- **Anna:** “Yes, mistress.” (Anna complies quickly.)

- **Kimberly:** “Get on your knees.” (I obey.) “From now on, you are Anna’s prostitute and you must do everything she says. Since she’s under me, you must also obey me. Do you have any question?”

- **Gabby:** “... No, Ms. Wilde.” (In truth I have many questions, but I’d rather not ask them.)

Kimberly covers my head with another hood.

- **Kimberly:** “Lick my left boot.”

I comply. Anna and Olivia start whispering. I can’t see, but I sense they’re all smiling. We spend more than five minutes licking.

- **Kimberly:** “Enough. Anna, stay here with Gabby.”

- **Anna:** “Yes, mistress.”

- **Kimberly:** “I’m taking Emma downstairs. It’s time to shave her head.”

What!! Emma’s hair has always been long and beautiful. It will be weird to see her shaved :(



After I hear Kimberly and Emma leaving, Anna takes off my hood.

- **Anna:** “Isn’t she really cute?”

- **Olivia:** “She is.”

Anna bends down and caresses my cheeks.

- **Anna:** “Have you ever been with a girl other than Emma?”

- **Gabby:** “No.” (Suddenly I recall Lexy.) “Well, we had a threesome.”

- **Anna:** “A threesome? That was Emma’s idea, wasn’t it?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes.”

- **Anna:** “Did you enjoy it?”

- **Gabby:** “. . . I was nervous, but in the end I did.”

Anna thinks briefly.

- **Anna:** “You’ve just told Emma you think she’s the best mistress for you, but I know you don’t really believe that. She’s all the time making you do things you’re not ready for.”

- **Gabby:** “Not all the time. . . .”

- **Anna:** “You know what I mean. We’ve already seen your picture on the tabloid. Do you actually enjoy to be seen restrained by strangers?”

- **Gabby:** “. . . I enjoy making Emma happy.”

- **Anna:** “That’s not a clear answer, but your issue is very clear to me. You believe you can only be happy if you’re with Emma. But that’s not true. There are plenty of mistresses who can take much better care of you, including myself.” (Anna holds my chin.) “I know exactly what you need. You enjoy tranquility and peace. You like having a daily routine and knowing well in advance what’s going to happen and what you’ll be expected to do. And most of all, you wish to feel safe and protected. Am I right?”

- **Gabby:** “. . . Yes, Ms. Ivanova.”

Somehow she’s read my mind!



Anna stands up.

- **Anna:** “If you’re respectful and obedient, I’ll take good care of you, and you’ll be so happy here that you won’t ever wish to leave. Do you promise to serve me the best you can?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, Ms. Ivanova.” (I’ve decided to stay. What else could I do?)

Anna smiles.

- **Anna:** “You believe Emma is the only one who can satisfy your sexual needs properly. I’ll show you you’re mistaken. Get on all fours and follow me.”

We, including Olivia, go to the bondage bed.

- **Anna:** “Lie on that platform.”

Once I comply, Anna restrains my legs and arms. For a moment, I feel like I’m cheating on Emma, but I shake my head. She’s the one who put me in this situation.

- **Anna:** “You should refer to Olivia as Ms. Smirnova, and you should obey her if I’m not around.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, Ms. Ivanova.”

After touching my pussy briefly, Anna applies a magic wand to my clit.

- **Anna:** “Tell Olivia you like her boobs.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . I like your boobs, Ms. Smirnova.”

- **Anna:** “Tell her that her boobs are better than Emma’s.” (I don’t say anything.) “It seems you need to be convinced. Lick them.”

For some reason, admitting I prefer Olivia’s breasts over Emma’s does feel like cheating. Instinctively, I close my mouth, but suddenly Olivia presses her boobs against my head! Then she moves them all over my face, as if she was massaging my cheeks.

- **Anna:** “Gabby, you’re getting wet. It’s clear you love them. Why do you deny yourself something you enjoy?”

Eventually I give in and start to lick them. They’re really nice.



- **Anna:** “Your pussy is ready.”

Anna takes off her corset and puts on a strap-on dildo.

- **Anna:** “Do you know what Smirnova means?”

- **Gabby:** “... Yes. It means peaceful and quiet.” (I read it on a book.)

- **Anna:** “Smart girl.” (Anna smiles.) “I’ve chosen that name for Olivia. It suits her, doesn’t it?” (I nod. I’ve noticed Olivia doesn’t talk much.) “We’re twins, but our personalities are very different.”

Anna penetrates me and begins to fuck me. She does it exactly like Emma! If I closed my eyes, I wouldn’t be able to tell the difference.

- **Anna:** “Do you know what Gabby likes?” (Olivia shakes her head.) “She’s into mouth fingering.” (Is it called like that?) “Emma caressed Gabby’s tongue when she was competing against Ms. Wilde, and Gabby came almost immediately.”

Olivia puts on a pair of gloves, covers my head with my hood and starts to play with my tongue.

- **Anna:** “Look! She’s so wet already! She’s such an easy plaything.” I do feel unable to fight. Olivia smiles and keeps going until she notices I wish to talk.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, may I have your permission to come, please?”

- **Anna:** “Oh! You’re not only easy but also well-mannered. You may.”

- **Gabby:** “Aahh!!”

I come. I feel a bit embarrassed for letting them please me so fast. But, on the other hand, I have to agree with Anna: Emma is not the only one who can satisfy my needs properly.

- **Anna:** “I think Gabby is multiorgasmic. Keep going.”

Anna keeps fucking me while Olivia fingers my mouth. Soon I come again. And soon after I come yet again. It feels like I’m having an eternal orgasm.



- **Anna:** “At last you’ve woken up.”

I open my eyes. We’re in the piano bar! How did we come here?

- **Anna:** “You came so hard that you passed out.”

I frown. I don’t remember anything.

- **Anna:** “Do you know what you should say to thank me?”

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

- **Anna:** “Lick my boots.”

Anna puts her right boot in front of my face and I begin to lick it. Olivia and Anna stare at me for two minutes. I’m feeling embarrassed.

- **Anna:** “Lick Olivia’s boots as well.” (I comply.) “She’s so docile, don’t you think?”

- **Olivia:** “Yes.”

- **Anna:** “I wonder if it’s true that she loves Emma.”

- **Gabby:** “It is! I’m only doing this because she brought me here and I don’t wish to leave her.”

- **Anna:** “Yeah, right.” (Anna sounds sarcastic.) “I think you wish to find out what it is like to serve another mistress. In particular, you want to check if you’d feel better with a mistress that thinks straight and doesn’t tell you to do crazy stuff.”

I don’t reply. I know she’s trying to manipulate my feelings. But she has a point. In truth, what I’d like is that Emma doesn’t tell me to do anything crazy! I lick Olivia’s boots for one minute.

- **Anna:** “Stop. Kiss my boots and kneel in front of me.” (Once I comply, Anna holds my chin.) “I don’t care if you have feelings for Emma, but you shouldn’t wait for her. Most of Kimberly’s private whores never become mistresses. In fact, Kimberly is more likely to demote Emma so that she becomes a submissive prostitute, like you.” Suddenly I have a bad feeling. Are we ever going to leave this place?



- **Anna:** “Are you surprised?” (I don’t reply.) “You shouldn’t be. Kimberly’s training is very demanding, you know. Many can’t withstand it. But you shouldn’t worry about Emma. She’s already learnt she enjoys submission, so she’ll be a happy prostitute.”

- **Gabby:** “Ms. Lindberg doesn’t want to be a prostitute.” (I’m 100% sure of that.)

- **Anna:** “Not yet, but Kimberly can easily change her mind. Look at yourself. She talked to you for five minutes and she convinced you.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . That’s different. I wouldn’t be here if Ms. Lindberg didn’t want to.”

- **Anna:** “Gabby, don’t lie to yourself. It seems you feel you’re not responsible for your actions. You’re here because you’ve chosen to be, and now you are my prostitute. Say it.” (I frown.) “Tell me you are my prostitute.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . I’m your prostitute, Ms. Ivanova.”

Anna smiles. After all, she’s right. I could leave if I wanted to, but I’ve chosen to stay.

- **Anna:** “Emma told Kimberly you’re very good at pussy licking. I need to test that.” (She removes her panties.) “A good prostitute should be able to lick pussy even when she’s restrained and can’t hear or see.”

She cuffs me, blocks my ears and covers my head with my hood. Then she guides my head towards her pussy, and I begin licking.

- **Anna:** “She’s rather good.”

I can hear her! Seemingly my earplugs don’t work.

- **Anna:** “I can’t wait. We’re going to make lots of money with her. Do you think she should get a boobjob?”

- **Olivia:** “Yes. She has to get expander implants and go even bigger than me. And she must also dye her hair blonde. You should turn her into a plastic bimbo doll.”

- **Anna:** “Haha!”



Anna moves my head away from her pussy. I feel relieved. After overhearing her conversation with Olivia, I was on the brink of biting her cunt. Eventually she removes my cuffs, my hood and my earplugs.

- **Anna:** “It’s true. You’re a good pussy licker.”

- **Gabby:** “... You didn’t come.” (In fact, she didn’t even get wet.)

- **Anna:** “A good mistress should be able to control herself, you know. I was testing you, not having fun. I guess Emma struggles with that.”

Suddenly the door opens. Kimberly comes in with a girl wearing a mask. She looks familiar, but I can’t identify her.

- **Anna:** “Good evening, mistress.”

- **Kimberly:** “Good evening. Emma is in the restroom. Go upstairs to keep an eye on her.”

- **Duchess:** “Who’s that one?”

- **Kimberly:** “She was Emma’s girlfriend, but now she’s Anna’s prostitute.”

- **Duchess:** “Oh!” (The girl thinks briefly.) “Let her stay.”

- **Kimberly:** “... Fine.”

Anna and Olivia leave. I notice Anna doesn’t look happy.

- **Kimberly:** “Would you like a cigar? These are very nice.”

- **Duchess:** “Yes, thank you. It’s indeed time for celebration. When you called me and said you’ve got a surprise for me, I was intrigued, but you’ve surpassed all my expectations. You’ve made my day! I’ll never forget the look of Patricia’s daughter while I was pissing on her face.”

- **Gabby:** “What!!” (They sit on the sofa.)

- **Kimberly:** “Gabby, darling, you’re not allowed to speak. Get on all fours.” (Once I comply, they both rest their legs on my back.) “Good girl.”

Has Emma agreed to that?! I can’t believe it. Kimberly is very dangerous. I should find any phone and call Patricia as soon as I can. Luckily I know the number of Emma’s landline by heart.



Kimberly and the girl light up their cigars.

- **Kimberly:** “Duchess. . . I suggest we should talk about business.”

- **Duchess:** “Do you mean. . . The Basement?”

- **Kimberly:** “Yes.”

- **Duchess:** “I guess you believe Patricia will sell it to us in exchange for her daughter.”

- **Kimberly:** “Yes.”

- **Duchess:** “I see.” (The woman sighs.) “Business should come before pleasure. I suppose we can’t have everything.”

- **Kimberly:** “I plan to have everything. Once The Basement is ours, Emma will come back to me.”

- **Duchess:** “Really? That would be awesome, but Patricia won’t allow it.”

- **Kimberly:** “How? Emma is my private whore and that won’t change. Besides, her relationship with Patricia is not perfect. She’s already telling me stuff.”

- **Duchess:** “It sounds too good to be true.”

- **Kimberly:** “Don’t underestimate me.”

There is silence for some seconds.

- **Duchess:** “I need an ashtray.”

- **Kimberly:** “Gabby, darling, get on your knees.”

- **Duchess:** “Is she trained? I hate it when subs spit everything out.”

- **Kimberly:** “No, but Emma told me she’s a fast learner. Let’s test her.”

This is disgusting! Should I just get up and run away? While I hesitate, Kimberly cuffs my wrists and ankles. Then she covers my head with my hood and uses a gag that keeps my mouth wide open. I can’t believe I’m doing this.

- **Kimberly:** “She’s ready.”

I’m really nervous. Will I vomit? For some seconds, nothing happens. Suddenly something is dropped on my tongue. Is it ash? It’s tasteless!

- **Kimberly:** “Good girl.”



More stuff comes into my mouth, but it's also tasteless. This is weird.

- **Duchess:** "It's true she's a fast learner."

- **Kimberly:** "And one of the most obedient girls I've ever seen."

There is another period of silence.

- **Duchess:** "Kimberly... I'm really glad you are into humiliating your whores. It's always been a pleasure to join you. But... I get the impression you prefer the type of humiliation that produces revulsion."

- **Kimberly:** "... What do you mean?"

- **Duchess:** "I mean... every day you use your whores as spittoons, toilets, ashtrays... and so on."

- **Kimberly:** "That's right. I love it."

- **Duchess:** "Don't get me wrong. I love it too. But... I wonder if you also enjoy inflicting pain. How often do you whip your whores?"

- **Kimberly:** "When they ask for it, or when they misbehave."

- **Duchess:** "That's different. You whip them to punish them, or because they like it. What I mean is... do you enjoy whipping them for no reason, just for the pleasure of making them suffer?"

- **Kimberly:** "No. As you know, I am Lady Elizabeth Nelson's disciple. That would go against her teachings."

- **Duchess:** "That's a pity." (This so called duchess is a psychopath.)

- **Kimberly:** "Do you wish to whip a whore? I'll call you whenever one of them misbehaves."

- **Duchess:** "No, no. I already whip my personal maid regularly. It was just an example. However, there is something I've been dreaming about for a long time, and I hope you could make it happen for me."

- **Kimberly:** "... What is it?"

- **Duchess:** "I wish to brand a sub with a hot iron stick."

What?! She's truly a psychopath! Suddenly, more ash is dropped into my mouth.



- **Kimberly:** “I’ll ask my prostitutes. If one of them wishes to be branded, I’ll call you.”

- **Duchess:** “No! You don’t get it. I wish to brand a girl against her will.”

Kimberly doesn’t reply. I can’t see her face, but I assume this is unacceptable to her.

- **Duchess:** “Listen. This is very important to me. I’ve read old diaries where my great-great-great-grandmother describes how she branded the slaves that worked in her plantation. It was a tradition in my family, and I wish to carry it on.”

- **Kimberly:** “. . .Duchess, my slaves are not like the slaves of your ancestors. They are my slaves because they wish so, and my contract describes what I can do with them. I can’t do anything that’s not written there.”

- **Duchess:** “You can. You just don’t want to. But. . .what if I tell you that you won’t have to pay back your loan if you make it happen for me?”

- **Kimberly:** “Do you mean. . .the loan to pay for the renovations here?”

- **Duchess:** “Yes.”

- **Kimberly:** “That’s over 2 million!”

- **Duchess:** “I know. Consider it a thank you gift for making my dream come true.”

A deep silence invades the piano bar. Is Kimberly considering it?!

- **Kimberly:** “I don’t think branding Emma is a good idea. That could hinder the operation to get The Basement.”

- **Duchess:** “It doesn’t have to be Emma. This one here is perfect. She looks very innocent.”

- **Kimberly:** “. . .Deal.”

Now I definitely wish to escape, but I can’t move. What have I done to deserve this?! :(



- **Duchess:** “Let’s put her to sleep.”

Suddenly I smell something sweet. What is it? I don’t know, but soon after I pass out.

- **Kimberly:** “Wake up.”

Kimberly slaps my cheeks. I’m tied up to an X-cross. What’s this place?! It looks like the dungeon in that movie I watched a few weeks ago.

- **Gabby:** “Kimberly, what you’re doing is callous and you know it.”

- **Kimberly:** “You must refer to me as Ms. Wilde.”

- **Gabby:** “...I apologize, Ms. Wilde. But you know I’m right. You’re selling me to that psychopath!”

- **Kimberly:** “You must address the duchess respectfully.”

- **Gabby:** “I will if you stop this. What have I done to deserve it?”

Kimberly sighs and caresses my hair.

- **Kimberly:** “Gabby, you’ve done nothing wrong, but life is tough and unfair. You were in the wrong place at the wrong time. It’s bad luck.”

- **Gabby:** “It’s bad luck because of you! How will you be able to sleep at night from now on?”

- **Kimberly:** “I’ll sleep like a log. Believe me. Throughout my life, I’ve had to make some difficult choices. I’ve had to betray and hurt people who were dear to me. In comparison, this decision is an easy one. I’ve just met you.”

- **Gabby:** “What if I...?” (I don’t know what else to say. I’m desperate.) “What if I give you 3 million?”

- **Kimberly:** “Haha! Nice try, but I know you don’t have them.”

- **Gabby:** “Emma does.” (I hope so.) “She’ll give them to you.”

- **Kimberly:** “She’ll give me everything she has anyway.” (Kimberly puts her index finger on my lips to make me shut up.) “Listen. This will be very painful, yes, but you should look at the positive side of it. Tomorrow, when your mistress whips you or canes you, you’ll laugh at her, because that’s nothing compared to what you’ve been through.”



Kimberly walks towards a door.

- **Kimberly:** “Everything is ready, duchess.”

The duchess comes in and smiles.

- **Duchess:** “Thank you. It’s perfect. You may leave.”

- **Kimberly:** “But... you might need my assistance.”

- **Duchess:** “If that’s the case, I’ll call you.”

Kimberly hesitates, but eventually she goes away. She’s left me alone with this psychopath!

- **Duchess:** “Do you know who I am?”

- **Gabby:** “...No.”

- **Duchess:** “That’s funny. People think you’re smart, but you are clearly dumb. Otherwise you’d have recognized me.”

The duchess removes her mask. She’s Natalie!!!

- **Natalie:** “Are you surprised, Ms. Straight A’s?”

She’s changed her hairstyle and her voice was softer, but now she sounds as usual. I am beyond terrified.

- **Natalie:** “From all the dumb things you’ve done, reporting me was the dumbest one. How can you be so stupid?” (She grabs the branding stick from the cauldron.) “Now it’s payback time. You deserve to be branded not once or twice, but one hundred times.”

- **Gabby:** “Help! Help!! Help!!!”

- **Natalie:** “Hahaha! Where is Emma now, stupid bitch? We’ve warned you she only thinks about herself and she just wants to play with you and to abuse you, but you didn’t listen.”

Natalie takes the branding stick and places it over me. She looks like the devil.

- **Natalie:** “Suffer, bitch! You fully deserve it.”

She grabs the stick with both hands and presses it against my crotch.



- **Gabby:** “Aaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhh!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!”

I wake up.

- **Emma:** “Gabby! What happened?”

Emma removes my blindfold.

- **Gabby:** “... Nothing, mistress.” (I realize I was dreaming.)

- **Emma:** “You’ve frightened me.”

- **Gabby:** “... I apologize, mistress. I’ve had a nightmare.”

Emma looks at me. She seems concerned now.

- **Emma:** “You’re still shaking.” (She unties my hands.) “Come here.”

I lie next to her and she hugs me. I’m feeling better.

- **Emma:** “What did you dream?”

- **Gabby:** “... Natalie was torturing me. She branded my crotch with an iron stick.”

- **Emma:** “Wow! You do feel she’s capable of everything, right?”

- **Gabby:** “... Yes. Please don’t let her come to the ceremony.”

- **Emma:** “... I told Evelyn she has to apologize to me. If she does, I should let her in. It’s not my ceremony and I’m not the one who invited her.”

I look at Emma. I know I won’t change her mind. Suddenly I recall something else about my dream. Anna was my mistress and told me she’d make me feel safe and protected.

- **Gabby:** “Will you protect me?”

- **Emma:** “Yes, I will.” (She sounds as if I had asked something obvious. Then she checks her phone.) “It’s almost 7:30. We should get up. Wait... I’ve got an e-mail from Ms. Out magazine.” (She frowns and opens it.) “Wow! They wish to interview us!” (She smiles.)

- **Gabby:** “Eh?!”

I also recall that Anna told me she wouldn’t make me do crazy stuff.



Emma opens the curtains and reads.

- **Emma:** “Dear Ms. Lindberg, I hope this email finds you well. My name is Laura Morgan and I am an associate editor at Ms. Out. I am writing to inquire if your partner (Ms. Ferrara) and you would be interested in being featured in our magazine. We have a section about couples in non-conventional relationships. The interview would encompass several topics, like the beginning and evolution of your relationship, the difficulties you’ve encountered and the support you’ve received. The interview will be followed by a photoshoot involving public displays of affection. Please find attached some examples. We have seen the picture published last Wednesday on Downtown News, which has sparked considerable interest among our readers, and we feel your partner and you are a perfect fit for our magazine. Please do not hesitate to ask any question. We look forward to hearing from you. Best regards, Laura Morgan.” (Emma looks at me.) “Have you also received her email?”

Emma unties my ankles and I check my phone.

- **Gabby:** “Yes.”

- **Emma:** “Fantastic! Just reply you’d like to be interviewed. I’ll ask about dates and other details.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . Mistress, I don’t wish to be interviewed.”

- **Emma:** “Why not?!” (Emma is taken aback.)

- **Gabby:** “Because. . . you saw what happened with the picture on Downtown News. We couldn’t go to school for two days. And Ms. Out is more popular. It has readers all over the country.”

- **Emma:** “That’s a good thing.”

- **Gabby:** “For us, it’s not. It would create even more trouble. And it’s clear that what they want is to publish pictures of us similar to the one on Downtown News.”

- **Emma:** “. . . Also good. It’s needed for the normalization of bondage.”



My anxiety is growing.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, I don’t think it is a good idea...”

- **Emma:** “Gabby, I’ve told you what I think about creating a Bondage World, and you said you love it. To create it, we must contribute to the dissemination and public acceptance of bondage. We can’t let the opinions of others intimidate us. We have to be brave.”

Suddenly I recall my dream again. Anna said Emma makes me do things I’m not ready for.

- **Gabby:** “I understand all that, and I support it. It’s just that... things are happening too fast for me. I need time.”

- **Emma:** “How much time?”

- **Gabby:** “...I don’t know. The last seven days have been crazy. It’s not only that I’ve moved here and you’re my mistress. The main issue is... every day tones of unexpected things happen, and I’m not used to that. My life used to be very simple. I just went to school and study, and on Sundays I accompanied my mom to church.”

- **Emma:** “... Sounds boring.”

- **Gabby:** “It was boring, but it was also calm and peaceful. I’m starting to miss it.”

- **Emma:** “But...I can’t predict everything. How was I to know that Ms. Out was planning to interview us?”

- **Gabby:** “I’m not asking you to predict everything. I’m just saying I was used to having a simple daily routine and I need time to adjust to all the changes in my life.”

- **Emma:** “That’s fine. But, for the interview, I feel they wish to publish it soon. Otherwise their readers will forget about the picture and lose interest.”



- **Gabby:** “I’m not ready for the interview.”
- **Emma:** “Will you be ready next week?”
- **Gabby:** “No.”
- **Emma:** “And next month?”
- **Gabby:** “. . . No.”
- **Emma:** “When will you be ready?” (Emma looks impatient.)
- **Gabby:** “. . . I don’t know. I’ve just told you how I feel. Kimberly said that a good mistress should know the inner feelings of her sub. And I suppose she should also take them into account.”
- **Emma:** “But a good mistress should also train her sub and make her do and accomplish things she wasn’t ready for. Think about everything you’ve done this week that you had never imagined yourself doing.”
- **Gabby:** “I agree, mistress, and all those things. . . I’ll remember them forever. It’s been an amazing rollercoaster of sex and emotions.” (I smile. I truly feel what I’ve said.) “But. . .”
- **Emma:** “But?”
- **Gabby:** “Our visit to Boardner’s was too much for me. After my nightmare, I feel we shouldn’t have gone there.”
- **Emma:** “What do you mean? Didn’t you dream about Natalie?”
- **Gabby:** “That was the ending. I dreamt you put me inside a transport box while I was asleep and took me back to Boardner’s because you wanted to finish your contest with Kimberly.”
- **Emma:** “Eh?!”
- **Gabby:** “But she defeated you and made you her private whore, and Anna became my mistress.”
- **Emma:** “Haha!”
- **Gabby:** “And Natalie was a duchess that had paid for the renovations at Boardner’s. She told Kimberly she’d forgive her debt so that she could brand me.”
- **Emma:** “Hahaha!” (Emma bursts out laughing.)



- **Gabby:** “Mistress, it’s not funny. I think I have PTSD.”
- **Emma:** “Gabby, that was a nightmare. You have to distinguish your dreams from reality. You’re back home safe and sound.”
- **Gabby:** “Yes, I know, but I didn’t enjoy being there.”
- **Emma:** “...Not everything has to be fun. Sometimes learning requires putting yourself in difficult situations. And I feel I’ve learnt a lot there, like useful information about my mom’s enemies, about how professional mistresses handle their business, about manipulative subs...” (Emma pauses.) “Are you trying to manipulate me now?”
- **Gabby:** “No, mistress.” (I’m offended.) “I’m telling you how I feel. So far, I’ve always agreed to do anything you propose because...well, first because you’re my mistress and I should obey you, but also...because I’m constantly afraid that, if I don’t, you’d break up with me. You know I love you and I can’t live without you. But, at the moment, I need to know you care about my feelings and you won’t break up with me if I refuse to do something.”
- **Emma:** “Oh! You’re testing me. That sounds very manipulative.”
- **Gabby:** “I’m not manipulating you!”

I’ve shouted at Emma. She looks surprised and upset. Suddenly I feel again the need to be alone, like when we came home. I run out of the bedroom, enter the small bedroom and lie on the bed. Why is everything so difficult? I just wish to have a happy, untroubled relationship with Emma. I start crying. I know I shouldn’t have shouted at her, but I can’t go back and apologize. Otherwise she’ll think that I was trying to manipulate her and that she was right all along. I need her to come here and embrace me. I need to know she cares about my feelings. I keep crying and crying while waiting for her.