

# SimVenusArts

My Classmate Emma Lindberg

Chapter 45



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- **Gabby:** “Crawl next to me.”

- **Amanda:** “Yes, Ms. Ferrara.”

We follow Emma to another spanking room. It’s very similar to the one where she spanked me, but it has different pieces of furniture.

- **Emma:** “This is a spanking bench. It only allows one posture, but it’s a good one to start practicing.”

- **Gabby:** “Thank you, mistress. Amanda, get undressed.”

I’ve decided to spank her, but I’m not sure how hard I’ll be able to hit her. Hurting people is not my thing.

- **Amanda:** “Why didn’t you bring me here when we were dating?”

- **Emma:** “Because my mom didn’t allow me to practice bondage until I became 18.”

- **Amanda:** “That’s a pity. If you had brought me here, you could have disciplined me. Then I’d have been a better girlfriend for you.”

- **Emma:** “. . . Perhaps.”

- **Amanda:** “I don’t think it’s too late to do it. I could come every day.”

- **Gabby:** “You shouldn’t speak without permission.” (I’ll definitely be able to spank her hard.) “Hurry up.”

- **Amanda:** “Yes, Ms. Ferrara.”

Eventually, she finishes taking off her clothes. I have to acknowledge she’s got a nice, fit body.

- **Gabby:** “Lie on your stomach here.”

This bench is easy to use. I cuff her wrists and ankles, and I bind her waist with a strap. Her buttocks are fully exposed.

- **Gabby:** “You have three safewords. ‘Red’ means ‘stop’, ‘yellow’ means ‘be careful’, and ‘green’ means ‘give me more’.”

- **Amanda:** “I don’t need them, Ms. Ferrara. You can discipline me as much as you wish.”

This girl is getting into my nerves.



There is a rack on the wall with spanking tools. I take a paddle.

- **Emma:** “Not so fast. Amanda, we’ll be back in a minute.”

- **Amanda:** “Yes, Ms. Lindberg.”

I follow Emma out of the room.

- **Gabby:** “Where are we going?”

- **Emma:** “Amanda doesn’t care about The Matrix. We should find a better outfit for you.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . Yes, mistress.” (I would’ve never thought about that.)

- **Emma:** “Apart from that, now you look too eager to spank her. You need to calm down.”

I don’t get Emma. First she pushes me to spank her and now she thinks I’m too much into it.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, why don’t you tell her to go home?”

- **Emma:** “Because I want you to train spanking and she’s ideal for that. Besides, I have a plan.”

- **Gabby:** “What plan?”

- **Emma:** “You’ll see. At the moment you should focus on giving her a good spanking.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . I think I’ll be able to hit her hard.”

- **Emma:** “That’s not necessarily good. What’s the goal of a spanking?”

- **Gabby:** “. . . To punish misbehavior.”

- **Emma:** “More than that, it’s to prevent further misbehavior.”

- **Gabby:** “You want me to spank her so that she stops harassing you?!”

- **Emma:** “Yes. Why are you surprised?”

We are back in the room where Emma found Trinity’s outfit.

- **Emma:** “Amanda is a fan of Catwoman. Put on this catsuit.”

I obey Emma, although I’m afraid I don’t know much about Catwoman.

- **Emma:** “It’s perfect! Let’s take some pictures.”

While Emma takes photos, I wonder why she’s never put on any of those outfits for me. Perhaps it’s because my only idol is Emma :)



Emma stops taking pictures and we walk back.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, if you think that spanking can make Amanda stop harassing you, why don’t you spank her yourself?”

- **Emma:** “. . . Because it’s difficult for me. She can manipulate me.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . What about me?”

- **Emma:** “She doesn’t know you that much. Still. . . I don’t think it will be easy for you. It’s your chance to impress me.”

Suddenly I feel under pressure.

- **Gabby:** “Do you have any advice?”

- **Emma:** “. . . Just spanking her would not work, no matter how hard you do it. You need to make her believe that she should be obedient and convince her that misbehaving is bad for herself.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . How do I do that?”

- **Emma:** “By interrogating her. Spanking is not so important. As you know, I only spank you when you refuse to answer, or if you lie.”

We arrive to the spanking room and Emma opens the door.

- **Amanda:** “At last! I thought you had abandoned me here.”

- **Gabby:** “Don’t speak without permission.”

- **Amanda:** “Wow! You look awesome. The wait was worth it.”

(She smiles.)

- **Gabby:** “What have I just said?”

If Amanda behaved this way when she was with Emma. . . I think I understand why their relationship didn’t work.

- **Emma:** “First you’ll use your hand. With a paddle it’s more difficult to control how hard you spank her.” (Emma stands close to Amanda’s buttocks.) “You should keep your fingers together, like this, and move your arm like this.” (Emma spanks Amanda.)

- **Amanda:** “Thank you, Ms. Lindberg. I’ve missed your hand so much.”

- **Gabby:** “Did you use to spank her?!”

- **Emma:** “Not really. Only when I fucked her.”



Emma steps back.

- **Emma:** “It’s your turn. If you hit always the same spot, it’s more painful, although eventually it gets numb. I prefer to spank both buttocks.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

I’m feeling nervous. What should I ask Amanda? Suddenly I recall something Emma told me yesterday after our threesome.

- **Gabby:** “Did you tell Ms. Lindberg you would die if she didn’t fuck you again?”

- **Amanda:** “When did she tell you that?!”

- **Gabby:** “Answer me.”

- **Amanda:** “Did you just tell her so that she uses it now?!”

- **Gabby:** “Speak to me.”

- **Amanda:** “Ouch!” (I spank her hard. Although I’m wearing gloves, my hand hurts. I should tone it down.) “...I don’t want to talk about that.”

- **Gabby:** “Don’t evade my questions. Why did you do it?”

- **Amanda:** “... Because I missed her.”

- **Gabby:** “Even if that’s true, do you think saying that is appropriate?”

- **Amanda:** “If Ms. Lindberg broke up with you right now, wouldn’t you feel like dying?”

The truth is that I would. I should be careful with what I ask.

- **Gabby:** “Why did she break up with you?”

- **Amanda:** “... She said she felt used.” (I recall Emma told me that today at the swimming pool.)

- **Gabby:** “Why do you think she felt that way?”

- **Amanda:** “I don’t know, but I know we were 100% compatible in bed. I know I’ll never find anyone better than her, and she knows she can’t have better sex than the one she had with me.”

I glance at Emma, but she looks down.



- **Gabby:** “I don’t think that’s true. She doesn’t want to have sex with you anymore.”

- **Amanda:** “It is. You can ask her.” (I don’t say anything.) “Who is better in bed, Gabby or me? Ouch!” (I spank her.)

- **Gabby:** “Refer to me as Ms. Ferrara.”

- **Amanda:** “... You don’t ask her because you’re afraid of her answer.”

- **Gabby:** “I’m not afraid. She already knows the question, so she can reply if she wishes to.”

Emma doesn’t say anything.

- **Amanda:** “Ms. Lindberg doesn’t like lying. She doesn’t reply because she doesn’t want to hurt your feelings.”

- **Emma:** “There isn’t any instrument to measure how good sex is.”

- **Amanda:** “... I know. What matters here is your opinion.”

- **Emma:** “My opinion is that I can’t compare you. Unlike Gabby, you weren’t restrained when we had sex.”

- **Amanda:** “... I see. If you don’t tie her up, you wouldn’t even get horny.”

- **Emma:** “That’s ridiculous.”

I wasn’t expecting Emma to say anything. Now I don’t dare to intervene.

- **Amanda:** “What we had is unbeatable. That weekend we spent together in bed... neither you nor me will ever experience anything as good as that again.” (Amanda sounds sad.) “You know it.”

- **Emma:** “I don’t deny we share good memories, but I can’t forget how troublesome our relationship was out of bed.”

- **Amanda:** “... That shouldn’t keep us from having sex.”

- **Emma:** “I don’t want just sex.”

- **Amanda:** “OK, but... why don’t you just admit sex with me was the best you’ve ever had?” (There is silence for some seconds.)

- **Emma:** “... I acknowledge that.” (Emma sighs.) “Are you happy now?”

Amanda smiles. I feel frozen.



Emma blocks Amanda's hearing with her earplugs.

- **Emma:** "I understand you could be upset."

I don't even know how I'm feeling. My brain is spinning.

- **Emma:** "Say something."

The truth is...now I'm indeed afraid of asking Emma anything. Above all, I don't wish to break up with her. But if she prefers Amanda... Suddenly Emma takes my hands.

- **Emma:** "Gabby, I want to be with you, not with Amanda."

- **Gabby:** "But you'd rather have sex with her!"

- **Emma:** "No, I don't."

- **Gabby:** "You've just said sex with her was the best you've ever had."

- **Emma:** "...I can't erase my memories, neither the bad ones nor the good ones. Amanda and I discovered lots of new things together. We had something very special, but it can't happen again. In the end our relationship was a nightmare."

- **Gabby:** "...What happened?"

- **Emma:** "I've told you. In the beginning, we just had sex, and it was awesome. But when we started doing other things together, we were arguing all the time. If sex wasn't that great, we would have split up quickly, but because it was, we kept going and...I've suffered. Our relationship went through a cycle that repeated itself many times. First, we argued, then we cried, then we made up and had sex, and then we argued again. It was too emotionally draining for me."

- **Gabby:** "Why didn't she suffer like you?"

- **Emma:** "She did."

- **Gabby:** "But she didn't want to break up."

- **Emma:** "...No. She thought that, since sex was so great, everything else would end up working well. But I disagree. With Amanda I learnt that a relationship is much more than sex."



I understand Emma's relationship with Amanda didn't work and I don't fear she'll leave me for her, but I still can't get over the fact that she thinks sex with her was better.

- **Gabby:** "What do I do wrong?"

- **Emma:** "Wrong?"

- **Gabby:** "When we have sex, what do you dislike?"

- **Emma:** "Nothing. I love having sex with you."

- **Gabby:** "But then... why was it better with Amanda?" (Emma doesn't answer.) "Do you think she's hotter than me?"

- **Emma:** "Not at all. You're prettier than her."

I smile, but I still wish to know what the problem is.

- **Gabby:** "Did she lick your pussy better than me?"

- **Emma:** "No. You're the best at that."

- **Gabby:** "Did she... kiss you or caress you better?"

- **Emma:** "No, Gabby. It's not that."

- **Gabby:** "Then... what is it?!"

- **Emma:** "It's... I suppose it's your attitude sometimes. I feel you're like... nervous or afraid."

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

- **Emma:** "... Amanda was very eager to try new things, like me. We both experienced for the first time anal sex, double dildos, lots of different positions... and we were both very thrilled about it. With you... whenever I propose something new, I feel I have to push you or to convince you."

Although I think my concerns were oftentimes justified, I understand Emma. If I was the one deciding what we do, our relationship would probably be a bit boring. Well, for her it would be quite boring.

- **Gabby:** "I agree, mistress. I promise you won't be the only one that has ideas to have fun."

Emma smiles and we kiss. I feel happy we've talked about this.



Emma walks towards the rack.

- **Emma:** “Use this paddle.” (The word ‘slut’ is written on it.)

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

Then she removes Amanda’s earplugs.

- **Amanda:** “Those things work really well. I thought again that you had abandoned me. Ouch!” (I spank her.)

- **Gabby:** “You’ve spoken once more without permission.”

- **Amanda:** “Are you still here? You should leave.”

- **Gabby:** “Why?”

- **Amanda:** “Because you’ll get jealous. You know I’m better in bed than you.”

- **Gabby:** “You aren’t.”

- **Amanda:** “Have you lied to Gabby? Ouch!” (I spank her again.)

- **Gabby:** “Refer to me as Ms. Ferrara, and speak only to me.”

- **Amanda:** “Spank me if it makes you feel better, but that won’t change the fact that Ms. Lindberg prefers to have sex with me.”

- **Gabby:** “She doesn’t.”

- **Amanda:** “... Now you’re in denial. It’s the first of the five stages of grief.”

- **Gabby:** “I’m not. Your issue is that you don’t understand Ms. Lindberg. You think she only cares about sex, like you.”

- **Amanda:** “I get it now. She’s told you you’re better than me at other things to calm you down.”

- **Gabby:** “No. She’s told me you failed at everything else, and clearly you still don’t get there is something more important for Ms. Lindberg than sex.”

- **Amanda:** “... What?”

- **Gabby:** “Obedience.”



- **Amanda:** “You think I’m a slut that only cares about sex, but you’re worse than me. You do everything Ms. Lindberg says just to get fucked. Ouch!” (I spank her.)

- **Gabby:** “That’s false. Our relationship involves much more than sex. I serve her because I love her.” (Emma smiles.)

- **Amanda:** “... That’s perfect. From now on, she’ll have sex with me and she’ll do with you everything else.”

- **Gabby:** “You still don’t get it! She’s not keen on having sex with anyone who doesn’t obey her.”

Amanda doesn’t answer immediately. Emma always made clear to me that she’s only interested in bondage relationships, but she was with Amanda before Patricia allowed her to have such relationships, so...

- **Amanda:** “... So you’re saying I have to be Ms. Lindberg’s sub if I want to have sex with her.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes.”

- **Amanda:** “... And that means I have to obey her all the time?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, and you’ll also have to obey me.”

- **Amanda:** “Haha! Your training is fucking up your brain. You’re not a mistress. Ouch!” (I spank her once more.)

- **Gabby:** “No, but I’m Ms. Lindberg’s girlfriend.”

Amanda seems to be thinking about it! I didn’t expect that. I believed Emma already told her everything I’ve said, but I guess she didn’t. And I thought Amanda would never wish to be a sub, but perhaps...

- **Amanda:** “She could refuse to have sex with me even if I was her sub.”

- **Gabby:** “No. A mistress should take care of her sub’s sexual wellness.”

What am I doing?! I wanted Amanda to stop harassing Emma, not to be her sub. Jessica is more than enough.

- **Amanda:** “So be it. I’ll be your sub.”

I feel a chill, but Emma is smiling.



Emma blocks Amanda's hearing with her earplugs again.

- **Gabby:** "What have I done?!"

- **Emma:** "You've broken her." (Emma smiles.)

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

- **Emma:** "It's an expression taken from horse training. A wild horse is broken once you tame it and ride it. Now you can ride Amanda."

- **Gabby:** "I don't wish to! I just wanted her to leave you alone."

- **Emma:** "She wasn't going to do that. She misses me too much." (Emma shrugs.) "I think it's better this way."

- **Gabby:** "But... you don't have time for other subs."

- **Emma:** "I'll tell her that, if she wants to be my sub, she needs to have a girlfriend who is also my sub. Don't you remember what I said?"

I recall what Emma told me about becoming a dominant couple that is served only by submissive couples. It sounds rather crazy. Before I can say anything else, she takes off Amanda's earplugs.

- **Emma:** "From now on, you'll do everything Gabby or I say."

- **Amanda:** "Yes, Ms. Lindberg."

- **Emma:** "If you disobey us, you'll be punished very harshly. In fact, I have to punish you immediately for what you've done to me. Do you accept you need to be punished?"

- **Amanda:** "Yes, Ms. Lindberg, but... will you fuck me?"

- **Emma:** "If you do what I say, yes."

Amanda smiles. Definitely, she just cares about sex. Emma uncuffs her.

- **Emma:** "Get on your knees and tell Gabby you're truly grateful for your spanking."

- **Amanda:** "I'm truly grateful for my spanking, Ms. Ferrara."

- **Emma:** "Lie on your back and lick the bottom of her boots."

I hesitate, but eventually I place my right boot over her mouth.



- **Emma:** “Stop.” (Emma collars Amanda.) “Crawl behind us.”

- **Amanda:** “Yes, Ms. Lindberg.”

- **Gabby:** “Where are we going?”

- **Emma:** “To the punishment area. I’m going to cane her.”

- **Amanda:** “You said no caning!”

- **Emma:** “That was before. Now you are my sub, and I need to make sure you really mean it. You’ve lied to me too many times.”

Amanda doesn’t answer. We walk to the elevator and go all the way up. I don’t recall any punishment area on this floor.

- **Emma:** “This way.”

Emma opens a door and we walk upstairs. There are windows, so we’re no longer underground. I’m confused.

- **Gabby:** “Where are we?”

- **Emma:** “Next to little space.”

- **Gabby:** “Oh!”

The nursery school isn’t underground either. What a strange place to build a punishment area.

- **Emma:** “This is where all started, you know. When Lady Nelson was young, she took over an old tavern and turned it into a bondage club. But soon it became too small, so she started building the basement.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . And little space?”

- **Emma:** “The kitchen area was repurposed for that later, but the rest remains as it was 60 or 70 years ago. Perhaps this is the oldest bondage area in the city.”

Emma opens another door and turns on the lights. It looks old indeed.

- **Gabby:** “There aren’t any beds or rides to have sex.”

- **Emma:** “Haha! No. At that time, I don’t think the law allowed it. People came here to give and receive pain, you know. They were sadists or masochists.”



Emma takes off Amanda's collar.

- **Emma:** "Let's use the caning board. Lie on your back here."

- **Amanda:** "Yes, Ms. Lindberg."

She cuffs Amanda's wrists and ankles to the board. Then she grabs a wooden cane.

- **Emma:** "Are you scared?" (Amanda doesn't answer. She looks nervous.) "How do you think I felt when you threatened me?"

- **Amanda:** "I didn't threaten you."

- **Emma:** "You told me you'd kill yourself if we didn't go back together."

- **Amanda:** "That's not a threat."

- **Emma:** "That's not a threat?!" (Emma looks angry.)

- **Amanda:** "Ouch!! Ouch!! Ouch!! Ouch!!" (She canes Amanda four times!)

- **Emma:** "How do you think I felt when you sent me over 400 messages in one week?" (Amanda doesn't reply.) "Or when you called me 50 times in one day?" (She closes her eyes.) "Or when you were stalking me?"

- **Amanda:** "Ouch!! Ouch!! Ouch!! Ouch!!" (She canes her again.)

- **Emma:** "Open your eyes and reply to me. How do you think I felt when I saw you from my bedroom's balcony at 2:00 am?"

- **Amanda:** "...I was there because I missed you. Ouch!!!"

- **Emma:** "No, you were there because you wanted me to feel bad."

- **Amanda:** "I just wanted you to give us another chance."

- **Emma:** "No, you wanted to force me to be with you forever."

- **Amanda:** "Ouch!! Ouch!! Ouch!! Ouch!!"

Amanda is crying. Emma had said Amanda begged her for sex every day, but I hadn't imagined the full extent of what happened.

- **Amanda:** "I'm sorry."

She sounds sincere. Her face is full of tears.



- **Emma:** “At last you’ve apologized to me.” (Emma seems calmer now.) “From now on, you’ll never complain that I don’t do what you want.”

- **Amanda:** “Yes, Ms. Lindberg.”

Amanda stops crying.

- **Emma:** “Gabby, would you like to cane her?”

- **Gabby:** “Eh?! No.” (I shake my head.)

- **Emma:** “Why not?”

- **Gabby:** “... Because I don’t like caning.”

- **Emma:** “How do you know? You’ve never done it.”

- **Gabby:** “...I don’t need to kill someone to know I don’t like killing.”

- **Emma:** “Don’t exaggerate.” (Emma raises her arms.) “Killing someone is illegal. Besides, that’s not the point. I don’t really like it either.”

- **Gabby:** “... Then why do you do it?”

- **Emma:** “Because sometimes it’s necessary to punish misbehavior. If one day I tell you to teach me a lesson, maybe you’ll need to cane me or to whip me. You need to practice.”

- **Gabby:** “I won’t be able to cane you, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “... Then I’ll have to find someone else to do it.”

- **Gabby:** “No!” (The thought of somebody else punishing Emma is even worse than doing it myself.) “I’ll find other ways of punishing you.”

- **Emma:** “If the bondage contract requires caning or whipping, that’s what you should do.”

I can’t find a reply to that. After all, she has caned me, and I’m OK with it. Moreover, I don’t want Emma to be someone else’s sub, not even for a short time. And finally, I’m making her convince me to do something new, and she’s just told me she doesn’t like it.

- **Gabby:** “Give me the cane.” (Emma smiles and hands it to me.)

- **Amanda:** “Ouch. Ouch. Ouch. Ouch.”

I cane Amanda rather softly four times. She smiles.



I never saw myself caning anyone, but it has just happened.

- **Emma:** “You need to improve your posture and your style. We’ll practice with a mannequin.”

- **Gabby:** “Eh?! Then I didn’t need to practice with Amanda.”

- **Emma:** “That didn’t count as practice. I just needed to know you’re actually willing to do it.”

Emma uncuffs Amanda. I’m OK with practicing with a mannequin, but I still doubt I’ll be able to cane Emma.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, do you really think physical punishments are better than other punishments?”

- **Emma:** “Like what?”

- **Gabby:** “...I don’t know. A mistress can punish her sub in many ways. If you stopped talking to me, I’d suffer more than if you caned me.”

- **Emma:** “I’ve been trying to avoid Amanda for months and until now she had never apologized. Each sub is different.”

- **Gabby:** “Then each sub should have a personalized contract.”

- **Emma:** “I agree. We could write one, but it will need to be reviewed by the Bondage Society and that takes time. Before they published the standard contract, each sub had her own contract, and some mandated the worst acts of cruelty. That’s why they published the standard one.”

- **Gabby:** “...Why does it include physical punishments?”

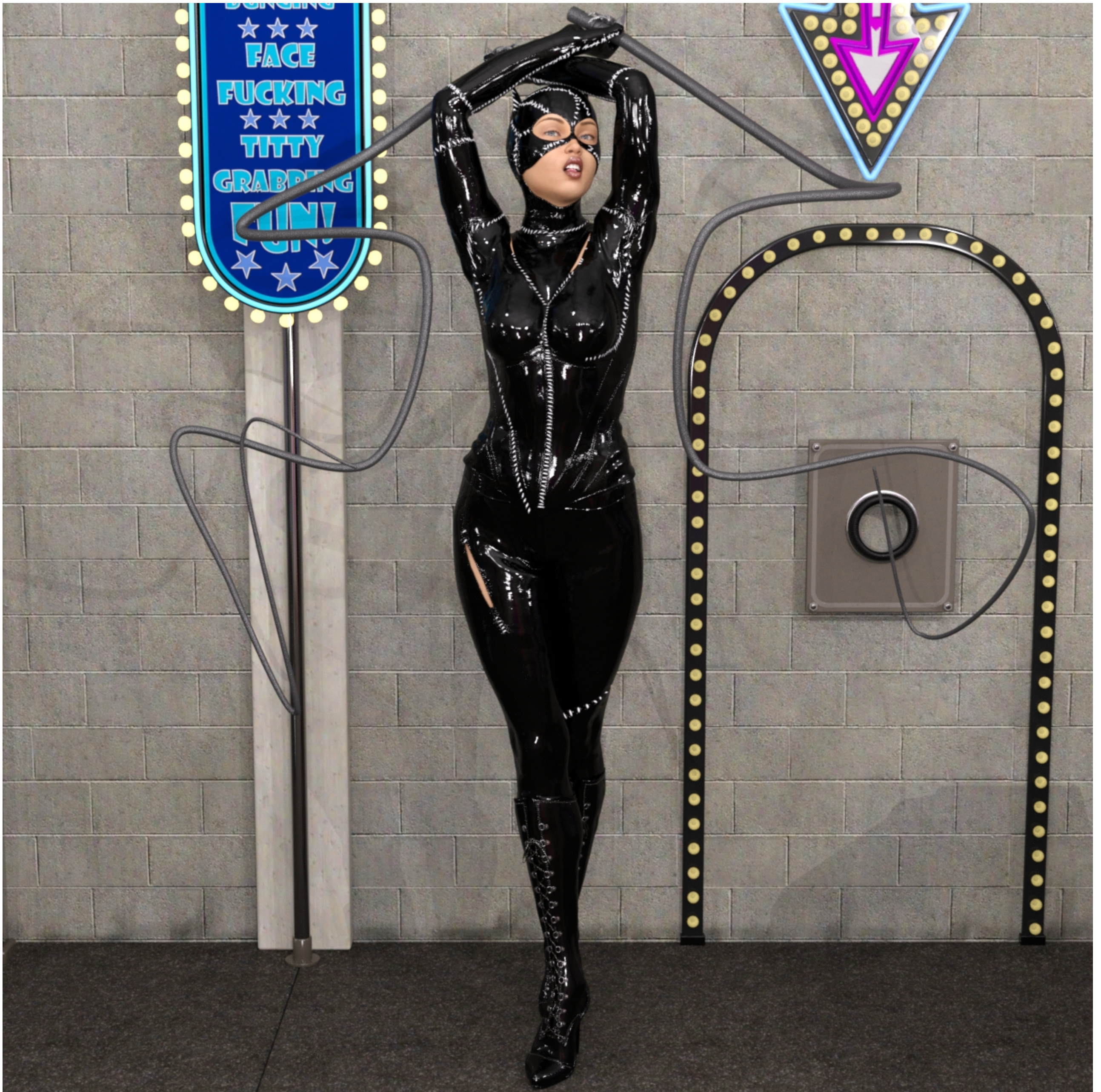
- **Emma:** “I don’t know. I don’t claim to know more than those who wrote it. You can ask Catherine.” (Emma finishes uncuffing Amanda.) “Stand in front of that ladder.”

- **Amanda:** “Yes, Ms. Lindberg.”

Emma cuffs Amanda to it.

- **Gabby:** “What is it for?”

- **Emma:** “For whipping.” (I’m taken aback.)



- **Gabby:** “I thought Amanda’s punishment ended.”
  - **Emma:** “It did. This is just for practice.”
  - **Gabby:** “I can practice with your mannequin.”
  - **Emma:** “We’ll use whips that don’t lacerate the skin. It won’t be very painful.” (I didn’t know about such whips.) “Besides, Amanda will love it. Don’t you know Catwoman uses a whip?”
  - **Gabby:** “. . . No.”
  - **Emma:** “Wouldn’t you like to be whipped by Catwoman?” (Amanda doesn’t answer.) “What if I am Catwoman?”
  - **Amanda:** “Yes, please whip me.” (She hasn’t hesitated!)
  - **Emma:** “Follow me.”
  - **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”
- We go all the way back to the storage room and Emma picks up another Catwoman outfit.
- **Emma:** “Help me get dressed.”
- I obey Emma, but my brain keeps thinking about caning and whipping.
- **Gabby:** “I beg your pardon, mistress. May I have your permission to speak, please?”
  - **Emma:** “You may.”
  - **Gabby:** “Do you think every mistress should be able to cane or whip?”
  - **Emma:** “. . . Difficult question. If you ask my mom, she’d say yes. But she learnt that from Lady Nelson, who taught her to do things that in my opinion aren’t good, like smoking cigars.”
  - **Gabby:** “I see, but. . . what do you believe?”
  - **Emma:** “I believe every mistress should try it several times. If she realizes she doesn’t like it, then she shouldn’t do it, but she should find another punishment that is effective.” (I smile.) “I’m ready. How do I look?”
  - **Gabby:** “Amazing, mistress.”
  - **Emma:** “Take some pictures of me.”



- **Emma:** “You weren’t very enthusiastic when you said ‘amazing’.”  
(Emma looks at the pictures.) “I prefer your outfit.”
  - **Gabby:** “You’d look better without the mask, mistress. Your face is very pretty.”
  - **Emma:** “Haha! What’s the most beautiful part of my body?”
  - **Gabby:** “. . . Everything, but if I have to choose, I’ll pick your face.”  
(Emma smiles.) “What’s your favorite part of mine?”
  - **Emma:** “Your tongue.”
  - **Gabby:** “Eh?!”
  - **Emma:** “Your face is the most beautiful, but your tongue gives me pleasure. Stick it out.”
- Emma kisses me. While we kiss, I feel we’re perfect for each other. We don’t need anyone else around us.
- **Emma:** “Take this whip and let’s go back.” (I grab it.)
  - **Gabby:** “. . . Mistress, why don’t we go a private room and spend the rest of the night together?”
  - **Emma:** “. . . From tomorrow on, we won’t have any threesomes or see other subs until the Summer holidays.” (Emma smiles.)
  - **Gabby:** “You promise?!”
  - **Emma:** “I do. But now I’ve also made a promise to Amanda and I always keep my promises. Besides, I wish to convince her to date Jessica.”
  - **Gabby:** “Jessica!!”
  - **Emma:** “Yes. Why are you surprised? She loves cheerleaders, like you.”
  - **Gabby:** “. . . I’m sure she does, mistress. But Amanda. . .”
  - **Emma:** “Amanda will do everything I say.”

I’m rather shocked. I was wondering what Emma’s plan was. After the ceremony I thought she wanted Jessica to meet Lexy, but Amanda. . . they’ve known each other for years!



I believe we're messing up with people's lives. Suddenly I have a sense of foreboding.

- **Emma:** "What's wrong?"

- **Gabby:** "I feel something bad will happen tonight, mistress."

- **Emma:** "What?"

- **Gabby:** "...I don't know. But if we stay away from others, we'll be fine."

- **Emma:** "Haha! Nice try. Look, we'll be with Amanda and later we'll talk to Chloe and Cami." (I recall they're waiting for us inside cages.) "After that, we'll go to a private room."

Emma grabs my hand and we go back to the punishment area, but my feeling doesn't go away.

- **Amanda:** "At last you're back. Why do you always make me wait?"

- **Emma:** "Your default attitude is also back. You should say 'Welcome back, mistresses. I'm honored to be in your presence again'."

- **Amanda:** "...OK."

- **Emma:** "I should have brought my hard whips." (Emma sighs.) "Say what I told you."

- **Amanda:** "Welcome back, mistresses. I'm honored to be in your presence again. You look fantastic, Ms. Lindberg."

Emma smiles and adjusts the angle of Amanda's ladder.

- **Emma:** "Most people use short whips but long whips are more aesthetically pleasant, don't you think?"

- **Gabby:** "...Yes, mistress." (I hadn't thought about it, but Emma does look hot with her whip.)

- **Emma:** "The issue with long whips is that hitting your target is more difficult, so today you should practice your aiming skills. You should aim at her buttocks, her back or her thighs, and avoid her head and her pussy." (She walks back from Amanda.) "You should move your forearm over your head and then extend it, like this."

She whips Amanda's back. Amanda shakes, she but doesn't scream.



- **Emma:** “Try it.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . So it’s true these whips don’t cut the skin, right?”

- **Emma:** “Yes. They’re too thick for that, and they’re padded with foam. They aren’t like the one I used to whip Jade.”

- **Amanda:** “Who is Jade?” (Luckily Emma didn’t call her Emily.)

- **Emma:** “You shouldn’t speak without permission. Gabby has already told you that several times.” (Emma looks at me.) “Whip her.”

I grab my whip and imitate Emma to hit Amanda’s back, but my movements are rather slow.

- **Emma:** “Nice, but you don’t need to stop, you know. You can repeat the circular movement with your arm and whip her again and again.”

Emma proceeds to do it. She’s whipping Amanda every two seconds!

- **Emma:** “We can do it at the same time. Go ahead.”

I start to whip Amanda non-stop, like Emma, but my pace is slower. I wonder how much time she spent practicing with her mannequin.

- **Emma:** “Harder. Don’t be afraid.”

I do my best to be faster. If someone came in right now, they would certainly think we are two crazy sadists tearing down their slave.

- **Emma:** “I love the sound whips make.”

Emma didn’t stop whipping while she talked, but I’m breathing through my mouth. This is tiring.

- **Amanda:** “Ouch!”

- **Emma:** “Twenty times more.” (I’ve lost count of how many times I’ve done it.) “Stop. You’ve proven again you’re a fast learner.”

- **Gabby:** “Thank you, mistress.” (I smile.)

Emma uncuffs Amanda. She seems fine, although her back looks somewhat reddish.



- **Emma:** “Get on your knees and kiss Gabby’s hand.”

- **Amanda:** “Yes, Ms. Lindberg.”

She does it. I feel like a queen in front of her vassal.

- **Emma:** “Kiss my hand.”

She also complies. It seems that she’s back in submissive mode, like after Emma caned her.

- **Emma:** “Will you stop complaining and be always obedient?”

- **Amanda:** “Yes, Ms. Lindberg.”

- **Emma:** “From now on, you belong to the Black Bees.” (Amanda frowns.) “I’m the queen, Gabby is my consort, and Jessica is our princess.”

- **Amanda:** “. . . You mean Jessica Baumgartner?”

- **Emma:** “Yes.” (Amanda frowns again.) “She’s in charge of the workers.”

- **Amanda:** “Who are the workers?”

- **Emma:** “Chloe Oliveira and Camila Torres.”

- **Amanda:** “Haha!”

- **Emma:** “What’s funny?” (Emma looks upset.)

- **Amanda:** “. . . I apologize, Ms. Lindberg.”

- **Emma:** “Answer my question.”

- **Amanda:** “Umm. . . Chloe is fine, but Cami. . . sometimes that girl can’t tell which way is up.”

- **Emma:** “Don’t make fun of her. She’s gone through a lot.” (I recall Cami’s story about bullying.) “Besides, now you are her fellow worker.”

- **Amanda:** “What do I have to do?”

- **Emma:** “You’ll be our fuck toy.” (Amanda smiles.) “Whenever we call you, no matter what you are doing, you’ll go wherever we tell you to go and we’ll play with you.”

- **Amanda:** “Yes, Ms. Lindberg.”

Emma produces a collar with the words ‘FUCK TOY’ and puts it on Amanda’s neck. I’m not sure when she took it, which adds to my shock.



- **Emma:** “We’ll play with you right now.”

- **Amanda:** “Yes, Ms. Lindberg.” (Amanda smiles.)

- **Emma:** “Is your ass ready?”

- **Amanda:** “Yes. I got an enema just before coming, as you taught me.”

I guess she was confident she was going to have sex tonight with Emma...or with someone else. I’m tired of feeling insecure or jealous. After all, I will also fuck her. I must trust Emma.

- **Emma:** “That stock is for spanking, but we’ll use it anyway. Help me move it here.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “... You should also help.” (Emma looks at Amanda disapprovingly.)

- **Amanda:** “Oh! Sorry. Yes, Ms. Lindberg.”

We move a wooden stock to the center of the room. It’s indeed heavy.

- **Emma:** “Cuff her.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress. Amanda, get on your knees here.”

- **Emma:** “No. You’ve already practiced that position with Jessica and Lexy. Lie down on your back.”

Amanda complies. Emma opens the stock, puts Amanda’s head through a hole, and closes it. Then I cuff her.

- **Emma:** “There aren’t any strap-ons in this area. I’ll be right back. Meanwhile, make her horny. Touch her pussy.”

Emma leaves me alone with Amanda. I freeze. Without Emma, my confidence plummets.

- **Amanda:** “What are you waiting for?”

Amanda has switched back to her demanding mode, but I can’t put her in her place. After all, it’s Emma who told me to do it. I spit on my glove and begin to touch her.

- **Amanda:** “Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh!”

She begins moaning straight away! I’m surprised, but also reassured.



Although I haven't touched others, I've got plenty of experience touching myself and I should use it. I rub her clit.

- **Amanda:** "Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh!"

Amanda reminds me of Anna at Boardner's. She was also moaning all the time when Kimberly fucked her.

- **Amanda:** "Ahhh!! Ahhh!! Ahhh!! Ahhh!!"

Emma said some women moan to get aroused, not because they're aroused. Perhaps Amanda is one of them.

- **Amanda:** "Oh, my God!!! Oh, my God!!! Oh, my God!!! Oh, my God!!!"

She came! I was wrong. She was aroused.

- **Emma:** "Haha! Well done." (I hadn't noticed Emma was back!)  
"I knew you didn't need any advice to do that."

- **Gabby:** "... Thank you, mistress. But I only wanted her to get horny, not to come."

- **Emma:** "Amanda can't hold orgasms at all. She's not just multior-gasmic. She's a nymphomaniac." (Emma squats and faces Amanda.)  
"From now on, you should ask for permission to come. You should say 'Mistress, may I have your permission to come, please?'. If you don't, you'll be punished."

- **Amanda:** "... Yes... Ms. Lindberg." (She's still catching her breath.)

Emma stands up and kisses me.

- **Emma:** "Let's put on our strap-ons."

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

Once we are done, we stand behind Amanda.

- **Emma:** "Do you like the view?"

- **Amanda:** "I love it."

- **Emma:** "You won't forget it. Tonight your life will change forever. This is the beginning of your journey as our sex slave."



- **Emma:** “First, fuck her pussy.”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

Even though I know Amanda’s pussy is wet, I penetrate her slowly.

- **Amanda:** “Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh!”

Despite that, she’s started moaning again. This girl is something else.

- **Amanda:** “Ahhh!! Ahhh!! Ahhh!!”

I begin to fuck her. Meanwhile Emma is just watching us.

- **Amanda:** “Ahhh!!! Ahhh!!! Ahhh!!!”

She moans so loud that I feel compelled to fuck her harder.

- **Amanda:** “Ms. Ferrara, may I have your permission to come, please?”

She spoke very fast, as if it was super urgent.

- **Gabby:** “You may.”

She comes. It took less than 30 seconds. Although I know that Amanda is easy to please, I feel a bit proud. I’m beginning to understand why Emma liked to fuck her.

- **Emma:** “Well done.”

- **Gabby:** “Thank you, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Take some lubricant and fist her ass.”

- **Gabby:** “Eh?!” (I already feel confident using my strap-on, but not my fists.) “How?”

- **Emma:** “I’ve already fisted you twice. Do it like me.”

It’s true she did that yesterday and today, and I can recall how she did it. Still, I don’t know if Amanda wants that.

- **Gabby:** “Have you ever been fisted?”

- **Amanda:** “Yes, Ms. Ferrara.”

- **Gabby:** “Do you like it?”

- **Amanda:** “I love it.”

I feel reassured, but Emma frowns.



- **Emma:** “Do you let us do anything we wish?”

- **Amanda:** “. . .” (Amanda hesitates.) “Yes, Ms. Lindberg.”

Emma smiles and takes off Amanda’s collar. Then she blocks her ears with earplugs and covers her head with a hood. She also gags her. Now Amanda can’t talk, hear or see.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress. . . what else do you plan to do with Amanda?”

- **Emma:** “I don’t know. It depends on how the fisting goes.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . What if she doesn’t like it? As safeword, she could wave or something.”

- **Emma:** “I know her. I know when she doesn’t like something.”

- **Gabby:** “But. . . do you think it’s OK to ask her to let us do anything?”

- **Emma:** “Yes. Otherwise she’ll start manipulating you to make you do whatever she wants. I know her better than you.” (I’m not convinced.) “Start fisting her.”

I put lubricant on my gloves and proceed with care. First, I introduce one finger in her ass, then two, then three. I do it slowly. Eventually I penetrate her with my fist.

- **Amanda:** “Ahhh! Ahhh!”

- **Emma:** “She’s able to moan loud even when she’s gagged.” (Emma smiles.) “Don’t be afraid. Fist her harder.”

I move my fist in and out, but not very fast.

- **Amanda:** “Ahhh! Ahhh!”

- **Emma:** “You and me together. . . . we’ll be irresistible.”

- **Gabby:** “What do you mean?” (I frown.)

- **Emma:** “Everyone will submit to us. Imagine. Your favorite model, actress, singer, and celebrity. . . soon all of them we’ll be licking your boots.”

- **Amanda:** “Ahhouch!”

That didn’t sound like a moan. I guess I’ve fisted Amanda too deeply.



- **Gabby:** “I think I’ve hurt her.”

- **Emma:** “Let me see.” (Emma looks at Amanda’s asshole.) “She’s fine. You can start fucking her ass with your strap-on.”

I smile. I admit I like using my strap-on. I penetrate Amanda with care.

- **Amanda:** “Ahhh! Ahhh!”

She’s moaning again, so I begin to fuck her slowly.

- **Emma:** “Who’s your favorite influencer on Instagram?”

- **Gabby:** “You.”

- **Emma:** “Besides me.”

- **Gabby:** “. . . I don’t know. I don’t have a favorite.”

- **Emma:** “If you don’t choose one, I’ll bring here someone you might dislike.”

- **Amanda:** “Ahhouch!” (I think I’ve gone too far with my dildo.)

- **Gabby:** “. . . Mistress, you’re distracting me.”

- **Emma:** “A good mistress should be able to chat and fuck at once.”

- **Gabby:** “I know you can do that, but I’m not there yet.”

- **Emma:** “That’s why I’m training you.”

Oh! So she’s talking just to train me. . . I think I shouldn’t take seriously everything Emma says. I resume fucking Amanda.

- **Emma:** “How didn’t I think about this before?” (Emma takes her phone.)

- **Gabby:** “About what?”

- **Emma:** “I can check who you follow on IG. What?! Kyra Belanger, Alla Bruletova, Carrie Anderson, Kristina Zhuravleva, Monica Masnovi, Ola Wanserska, Natalie Lee, Kateryna Butenko-Milevskaya, Antje Utgaard, Olya Abramovich, Amanda Bagley, Leonie Hanne, Scarlett Rose Leithold, Daniela Washington, Blondinka Angelina. . . you follow a bunch of blondes!” (I feel embarrassed.) “Would you leave me if I die my hair?!”

- **Gabby:** “No, mistress!”

- **Amanda:** “Ahhouch!” (I hurt Amanda again.)



- **Emma:** “Kyra Belanger looks like me.”
- **Gabby:** “Not really. . .”
- **Emma:** “Wouldn’t you like to turn her into your pony?”
- **Amanda:** “Ahhouch!” (I hurt Amanda once more.)
- **Gabby:** “Mistress! It’s all nonsense. To start with, she’s not into women.”
- **Emma:** “Because she didn’t meet us. Once I get more followers, I’ll send her a message to suggest a collaboration.”

Certainly, Emma knows how to make me lose concentration. I feel sorry for Amanda, so I stop.

- **Gabby:** “Mistress, she doesn’t seem to enjoy it.”
  - **Emma:** “What do you think the reason is?”
  - **Gabby:** “. . . That I can’t talk and fuck at the same time.”
  - **Emma:** “Haha! That’s not true. You’ve managed pretty well.”
- I’m surprised. I thought I was doing terribly.
- **Gabby:** “. . . What’s the reason then?”
  - **Emma:** “Many girls won’t orgasm just from anal stimulation. Amanda is one of them.”
  - **Gabby:** “You could’ve told me.”
  - **Emma:** “You could’ve remembered what I did when I fucked your ass.”

I recall Emma used a vibrator. Since I don’t have one, I decide to spit on my fingers and rub Amanda’s clit.

- **Amanda:** “Ahhh!! Ahhh!! Ahhh!! Ahhh!!”

I resume fucking her. She’s clearly enjoying it.

- **Amanda:** “Ahhh!! Ahhh!! Ahhh!! Ahhh!!”

I fondle her breasts. So far I haven’t commented anything, but they are really nice.

- **Amanda:** “Ahhh!!! Ahhh!!! Ahhh!!! Ahhh!!!”

She comes. What if Emma is right and one day I can strap-on fuck Kyra Belanger? I shake my head quickly. Emma is the one I do wish to fuck.



- **Emma:** “Would you like to have your ass licked?”
- **Gabby:** “Eh?! Do you want to lick my ass?!”
- **Emma:** “No, but Amanda will do it. She’s very good at it.”
- **Gabby:** “. . . I’d prefer that you do it, mistress.”
- **Emma:** “Haha! I know, but it won’t happen. Although I love getting my ass licked, I don’t like licking asses myself. So unless I ask you to teach me a lesson. . .”
- **Gabby:** “. . .” (I hesitate.) “I feel it’s something very intimate, mistress. It’s not like spanking her or fucking her with my strap-on.”
- **Emma:** “True, but as a mistress you should make your subs please you and satisfy your needs in a way that shows your dominance over them.”
- **Gabby:** “I’d feel super jealous if I see someone else licking your pussy.”
- **Emma:** “Haha!” (Emma thinks briefly.) “We won’t let anyone kiss us or lick our pussies. They won’t even be allowed to touch them. But we’ll let our subs lick our asses.”
- **Gabby:** “. . . You promise?”
- **Emma:** “I do.”

Somehow Emma has convinced me again, or maybe I’m curious about having my ass licked. As I get undressed, she removes Amanda’s gag.

- **Emma:** “You can spit into her mouth if her tongue is too dry.”
- **Gabby:** “Eh?! No, mistress.” (I find that a bit repulsive.)
- **Emma:** “. . . You can also use your fingers to play with it.” (Emma does it briefly.) “Anyway, wipe your ass and sit on her face.”

Suddenly I feel nervous. What if Amanda doesn’t like the idea and bites my ass? She said she lets us do anything, but. . .

- **Emma:** “Go ahead.”

Once I obey Emma, Amanda begins to lick my ass immediately. Maybe she knew what was coming after Emma played with her tongue. Never in my life did I think I’d have my ass licked, but it’s happening!



- **Emma:** “You like it, don’t you?”

- **Gabby:** “Yes, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “I think you’re a switch.”

- **Gabby:** “A switch?”

- **Emma:** “Yes. You’re submissive to me, but you also enjoy domination.”

- **Gabby:** “...I’m just training, mistress.”

- **Emma:** “Haha! Then you can stop. You don’t need any training for that.” (I frown, but I don’t move away from Amanda. I’m horny.)  
“I believe your mind is opening up. Now you even wish to have your own subs.”

- **Gabby:** “No, mistress. I just wish to be with you.”

- **Emma:** “Really? I can’t kiss you and lick you at the same time.”  
Emma takes off her dildo and kisses me. As we kiss, she begins to caress my pussy. I’m wet.

- **Emma:** “Imagine. When we sunbathe in the garden, we’ll have a sub licking our feet, another one licking our asses, yet another one giving us a massage, and even another one fanning us. And while all that goes on, I’ll be kissing and caressing you.”  
She whispers in my ear. I know I shouldn’t take her fantasies seriously, but I’m very wet and she keeps rubbing my clit.

- **Gabby:** “Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh!”

- **Emma:** “Meanwhile, our latex maid will be doing all the house chores. You’ll never have to clean your room again.”

- **Gabby:** “Ahhh!! Ahhh!! Ahhh!!”

- **Emma:** “And our personal assistant will be organizing everything. For anything we wish to do, she’ll do all the paperwork, bookings and payments. We’ll have no stress at all!”  
Who wouldn’t like to live that way? To be honest, I’d feel like a queen.

- **Gabby:** “Ahhh!!! Ahhh!!! Ahhh!!!” (I come.)

- **Emma:** “Haha!”



I step down from the stool and catch my breath. I wish to tell Emma that I'd be completely happy if I spend the rest of my life just with her, but her mind is already somewhere else.

- **Emma:** "I promised Amanda to fuck her. I think it's time."

After attaching her dildo again, she penetrates her pussy.

- **Amanda:** "Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh!"

- **Emma:** "She won't last long. Lick her boobs. I know you like them."

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

Before I start, Emma begins to move in and out frenetically. She's fucking her super hard!

- **Amanda:** "Ahhh!! Ahhh!! Ahhh!! Ahhh!!"

I feel like she's going to split Amanda in half!

- **Emma:** "Go ahead!"

When I lick Amanda's breasts, her nipples move up and down so fast that I need to grab them.

- **Amanda:** "Ahhh!!! Ahhh!!! Ahhh!!! Ahhh!!!"

If Emma was fucking Amanda's ass, I'm sure it would be injured by now.

- **Amanda:** "Oh, my God!!! Oh, my God!!! Oh, my God!!! Oh, my God!!!"

She comes. Her body shakes as if she was possessed. I'm in shock.

- **Amanda:** "... That was... worth... the wait." (She's breathing heavily.)

Emma takes off Amanda's hood and earplugs.

- **Emma:** "What?"

- **Amanda:** "... You are even better... than I could recall."

- **Emma:** "Your life as our sex slave has just started. Now it's your turn to keep your promise and be obedient."

- **Amanda:** "What should I do?"

Emma doesn't answer. Instead, she inserts her dildo deep into Amanda's mouth and smiles.