I wake up. My body feels fully rested. I can't recall what I dreamt, but clearly I didn't have any nightmares like that one in which I was back at Boardner's. I open my eyes.
Emma: "Good morning, Gabby." (Emma is staring at me.)
Gabby: "Good morning, mistress." (She has called me Gabby, so she's my mistress again.) "You didn't wake me up."
Emma: "No. I won't do that anymore. You need to sleep well." (I smile.) "Besides, while you were sleeping, I was thinking about the mistakes I made. I wish to be a better mistress for you."
She kisses me and caresses my pussy for 2 minutes.
Emma: "Let's make love."
She's already wearing a strap-on! I hadn't noticed it. After sleeping, before we do anything else, Emma usually tells me to satisfy her needs. I guess things are changing :)
Emma: "Are you ready?"
Gabby: "Yes, mistress."
She penetrates me softly and starts to fuck me.
Emma: "From now on, I want to make sure you feel safe and satisfied all the time."
Gabby: "Ah!"
I caress her back. I believe this is the first time she fucks me without restraining me.
Emma: "We won't do anything reckless. We won't have sex in public places..."
Gabby: "Ah!"
Emma: "... And I won't restrain you in front of others anymore."
Gabby: "Ah!"
I hope she keeps her promises. She kisses every part of my face, even my nose. She's fucking me very affectionately.

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Gabby: "Ah!"
I moan, but something is not going well. Emma has been fucking me (and kissing me and caressing me) for more than 5 minutes, but I'm nowhere near coming.
Gabby: "Ah!"
Usually she starts fucking me slowly, but then she keeps increasing her pace until she makes me come. However, this time she's not doing that! She's fucking me too softly.
Gabby: "Ahh!!"
I moan louder, but she keeps going slow. I recall she thinks many girls moan not because they're aroused, but to get aroused, so she wouldn't change her pace even if I screamed.
Gabby: "Ah!"
What do I do?! I've never seen myself faking an orgasm. I'm tempted to say something like 'Please, mistress, fuck me harder', but I don't dare to. It's like telling her that she could do better.
Gabby: "Ah!"
Yesterday I told her I wanted to make love, but I was clear she shouldn't change the way she fucks me. She should just make sure I feel loved.
Gabby: "Ah..."
Now that she's willing to fix several issues in our relationship, the one thing that has always worked perfectly starts to fail. I twist my head to look through the window.
Emma: "What's wrong?"
Gabby: "... I don't know. Maybe I'm not in the mood."
Emma: "That's weird. It would be the first time." (I don't reply.) "What's going on?"
Gabby: "... Nothing."

Emma removes her dildo from my pussy.
Emma: "While you were sleeping, I realized that communication is key in a relationship. You should talk to me without fear I'll get upset or I'll break up with you."
Gabby: "Yes."
Emma: "Is this happening because you want to be my mistress?"
Gabby: "No. It's not that." (I'm honest.)
Emma: "Then? You can tell me."
Gabby: "... Fine. It's just that... I want you to fuck me hard."
Emma: "Haha!"
Gabby: "It's not funny!" (Emma stops laughing.)
Emma: "Why were you afraid of telling me something like that?"
Gabby: "... I don't know. Perhaps because it's my fault. Yesterday I told you I need to feel loved, and maybe that's why you've changed. But I want you to fuck me like you always did."
Emma: "You shouldn't be afraid of telling me such things. 10 minutes ago, I told you I wanted you to feel safe all the time. That means not only that I won't put you in danger, but also that you shouldn't be afraid of me."
Gabby: "... Yes, mistress. I understand."
Suddenly it looks like Emma has matured and I am the immature one. On the other hand, I wonder if she was fucking me like that on purpose just to check my reaction.
Emma: "Is there something else you wish to tell me?"
Gabby: "No, mistress. I just want you to fuck me hard and, after I come, to tell me you love me."
Emma: "Haha!"
Emma kisses me.

Emma leaves the bedroom, but soon she comes back with some sort of bondage device and she places it on the bed.
Emma: "This is for spanking, but we can also use it for sex. Get on all fours."
Gabby: "Yes, mistress."
Emma blindfolds me with a hood and uses the cuffs of the device to restrain me. Then she stands behind me, penetrates me and begins to fuck me intensely straight away.
Gabby: "Ah!! Why didn't you do this before?"
Emma: "I was going to, eventually."
Gabby: "Ah!! What were you waiting for?"
Emma: "I wasn't waiting for anything."
Gabby: "Ah!! Then... what happened?"
Emma: "Gabby, you were very impatient! Why should I fuck you as if I was in a hurry to go somewhere else? I simply wanted it to last longer."
So that was her reason. I feel silly. I was feeling anxious for no reason. For a moment, I was even worried that Emma had somehow lost her ability to fuck me properly.
Gabby: "Ah!!"
Emma: "I already know this is the way you like it. To make you come super hard, I just need to restrain you, fuck you hard, and call you 'toy'."
Gabby: "Toy?!"
Emma: "Yes, 'plaything' or 'toy'."
Gabby: "Ah!! I think fucking me hard is the important part."
Emma: "Haha! Why are you embarrassed? Your ideal day consists in getting fucked by me like a toy from sunrise to sunset. Admit it."
Gabby: "Ah!! I've fantasized about it, but that doesn't mean I wish to be just your toy. I want to be your girlfriend."
Emma: "Haha! I know."

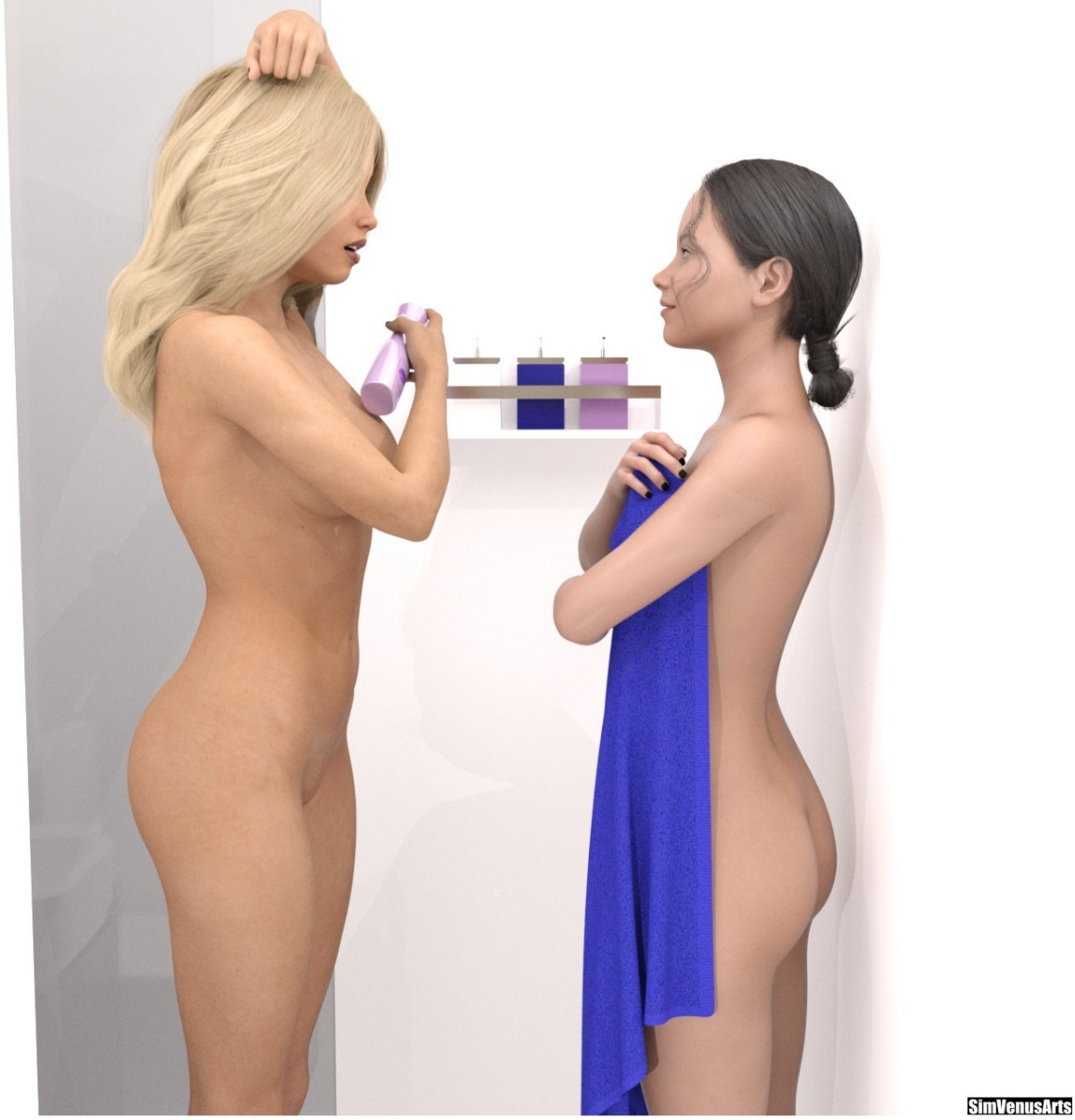
Emma: "From now on, whenever you wish to be fucked hard, you should say 'Please play with your toy, mistress'."
Gabby: "Ahh!!"
Since I don't say anything, Emma starts moving slowly. That makes me feel super frustrated.
Gabby: "Please play with your toy, mistress."
Emma: "Get ready for it. It can't get better than this."
Gabby: "Ahhh!!! Ahhh!!! Ahhh!!!"
Oh, my God!! She starts to fuck me harder than ever before! I didn't think that was possible. I feel ecstatic!
Gabby: "Yes!!! I'm your toy, mistress!" (I must admit it: When Emma fucks me hard, I'm her toy. She can make me say and do whatever she wishes.) "Please play with me! I beg you!"
Emma: "Haha!"
Emma laughs, but she doesn't slow down. I can't hold it anymore.
Gabby: "Mistress, may I have your permission to come, please?"
Emma: "You may."
Gabby: "Ahhh!!! Ahhh!!! Ahhh!!!"
Emma: "Hahaha!"
I come harder than ever before. Surely, Emma was right: It can't get better than this. She removes my hood and kisses me.
Emma: "Don't be embarrassed or afraid of telling me what you want, or any fantasies or fetishes you have. If you wish to try something new, tell me and we'll do it."
Gabby: "... Yes... mistress."
Once I catch my breath, she puts her dildo inside my mouth and deepthroats me. After a while, she removes it and caresses my face.
Emma: "I love you."
Believe or not, it works. I feel loved.

Emma: "Would you like to spend the whole day having sex?"
Gabby: "Yes, mistress."
Emma: "Haha!"
Gabby: "It's the truth! I didn't imagine you could make me come harder than ever before. The bar was already very high."
Emma: "I told you I want to be a better mistress for you. That also includes fucking you as best as I can."
I suppose Emma was able to fuck me like she did today all along. Why didn't she do it before? I don't know. Perhaps she was waiting for a special occasion. Then why did she do it know?! Well... she has said she wanted to show me she can be a better mistress. I should believe her.
Emma: "I'd also like to spend the day having sex, but we can't. We have an appointment at the hair salon." (Emma starts to uncuff me.)
Gabby: "... Why have you made it?"
Emma: "Because this evening we're going to Ebell. We should look fantastic."
Gabby: "Oh!" (I didn't remember about Ebell.) "Maybe we shouldn't go. Natalie's gang..."
Emma: "Don't worry about that."
Gabby: "Have you already received any threats?"
Emma: "... Yes." (I feel a chill.) "But the bodyguards my mom hired are already here, and they have guns. We'll be protected 24/7."
Gabby: "They can protect us better if we stay at home."
Emma: "Gabby, if Natalie didn't exist, would you go to Ebell?" (I'm already uncuffed.)
Gabby: "... Yes." (After all, Agatha Highsmith is my favorite writer. I may not have another chance of meeting her.)
Emma: "Then we should trust our bodyguards and go. We shouldn't let Natalie dictate what we can do."

Gabby: "What time is our appointment?"
Emma: "At 2:00."
Gabby: "We still have time..."
Emma: "Not really. It's almost 1:00."
Gabby: "Oh!" (Emma let me sleep indeed.)
Emma: "But there is enough time for you to lick my pussy." (I smile.) "Lie on you back."
Gabby: "Yes, mistress."
Emma removes the bondage device from the bed and takes off her strap-on. Once I comply, she sits on my face and caresses my breasts. Then I begin to lick her pussy.
Emma: "I've told you that you shouldn't be embarrassed of your fetishes."
Gabby: "Yes." (After I talk, I resume licking immediately.)
Emma: "I should apply that to myself." (Emma moves her hands from my breasts to my belly.) "There is a fetish... I don't think I have it, but I'm curious about it. I've never told anyone."
Gabby: "What is it?"
Emma: "Belly punching."
Gabby: "Eh?!" (Instinctively, I cover my belly with my hands.)
Emma: "I'm not even sure if the one who is supposed to get aroused is the puncher or the recipient of punches; or both." (I've never heard about belly punching. I have no idea either.) "Would you like to try it?"
Gabby: "Do you want me to punch your belly?!"
Emma: "I was thinking about punching yours."
Gabby: "No!"
Emma: "Maybe you'll like it."
Gabby: "I'm pretty sure I won't, mistress."
Emma: "If we never try, we'll never know."
Emma removes my hands and caresses my belly again.

Suddenly, I'm stressed. I should lick Emma's pussy the best I can so that she orgasms before punching me.
Emma: "You have a beautiful belly. It's flawless." (I don't reply.) "Ah! Keep licking right there." (I guess I've found the right spot.) "Maybe the punches don't need to be strong. I could punch you softly." (Emma starts playing with my belly as if it was a hand drum. I don't feel any pain, but I get even more stressed.) "Ahh!! Keep going!" (I move my tongue as fast as I can and suck Emma's clit.) "Oh, Gabby! You're amazing! Ahhh!!! Ahhh!!! Ahhh!!! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!" (Emma squirts and comes.) "Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!"
She keeps moaning and breathing heavily. Her hands are caressing her own breasts, so my belly is safe :)
Emma: "You still had a secret trick to lick me!" (Honestly, I didn't. I guess my survival instinct kicked in.) "That was the best cunnilingus I've ever had." (I smile. That's a big statement given Emma's experience.) "You should always lick me that way from now on."
Gabby: "Yes, mistress."
I feel accomplished. I thought sex with Emma was already perfect, but today both of us have proved that it can still get better. She gets up.
Emma: "Let's take a shower."
I follow Emma to the bathroom. Although I'm not stressed anymore, I still need to ask her something.
Gabby: "Mistress, were you going to punch my belly?"
Emma: "No, unless you asked me to do it."
Gabby: "Why didn't you tell me that?" (Emma stares at me.)
Emma: "Are you upset?"
Gabby: "No, mistress, but I felt sort of anxious. I was afraid you would suddenly do it."
Emma: "... I'm sorry. I should have communicated better with you."
I smile and kiss her. I'm glad she has apologized.

Emma turns on the faucet. As usual, I soap her body.
Gabby: "I really appreciate you've decided to become a better mistress for me." (Emma smiles.)
Emma: "I've always wanted to become a better mistress, but now I think more about your needs. Before I was too self-centered."
Gabby: "Yes."
Emma: "Well, sometimes you've also been too self-centered for a sub."
Gabby: "... What makes you say that?"
Emma: "I mean, yesterday you risked your life to protect me. That shows how much I matter to you. But, other times, I've felt you're not interested in me."
Gabby: "I'm thinking about you constantly, mistress." (That's the truth.)
Emma: "I'm sure you do, but you only think about me as your mistress or girlfriend. I'm more than that."
Gabby: "What do you mean?"
Emma thinks briefly. I'm surprised. I don't think I'm self-centered.
Emma: "What caused the extinctions of megafauna during the Late Pleistocene?"
Gabby: "Eh?... I don't understand the question."
Emma: "Why did mastodons disappear?"
Gabby: "... I don't know."
Emma: "Exactly. You don't know. Why don't you know?"
Gabby: "Because I've never read anything about that."
Emma: "That's right. You've never read anything on that topic, like my Biology project."
Gabby: "Oh!"
Emma: "In fact, you haven't even asked me a single question about it. I read your whole project and even wrote the conclusions for you, whereas you... you didn't care about mine."



I feel bad. Why haven't I asked Emma anything about her project? Perhaps she's right. I only think about her as my mistress and I don't pay attention to other aspects of her life.
Gabby: "I'm sorry. I will read your project as soon as possible."
Emma: "The project was just an example."
Gabby: "I know. I mean... I'm interested in everything you do, although so far I haven't shown it."
Emma smiles.
Emma: "What I mean is that you should also try to become a better sub for me. You should reflect upon your behavior, like I reflected upon mine this morning, and maybe you'll find things you can improve."
Gabby: "Yes, mistress. I will."
Emma kisses me. I suppose she's right. I've usually blamed her for everything that went wrong between us, but I'm not perfect either.
Emma: "Take the towel."
While I dry Emma's body, I try to think about other things in her life I should be interested in. Suddenly I recall something.
Gabby: "On Thursday, you told Lexy that this weekend we're going to see the house that your father bought for you."
Emma: "Yes. We're going today."
Gabby: "Oh!"
Emma: "I planned to go tomorrow, but yesterday Catherine invited us to go to her stable. That will take the whole day, so..."
Gabby: "I understand, mistress."
I feel thrilled. Today I'll meet both my favorite writer and Emma's father, who is a very famous actor. But, to be honest, the real reason I feel this way is that I dream about living with Emma in a mansion by the beach.

Emma: "Let's get dressed." (Emma searches for clothes.) "This will do. Later we'll put on something fancier to go to Ebell."
Gabby: "Yes, mistress."
I help Emma get dressed. She has said we'll put on something fancier later, but the lace outfit she's chosen now is very cool.
Emma: "How do I look?"
Gabby: "Impressive, mistress."
She smiles. She begins to search for clothes again, but suddenly she stops.
Emma: "Would you like to be restrained?"
Gabby: "Eh?" (I didn't expect the question.) "As you wish, mistress."
Emma: "No. I don't want to restrain you if you don't wish so."
Oh! Clearly Emma wants to change plenty of things in our relationship. I like to be able to choose when I wish to be restrained. The problem is that, oftentimes, I don't know what I want. I'd rather say 'no', but... would that disappoint her?
Gabby: "Mistress, I've been willing to ask you... until yesterday, why did you wish to restrain me all the time?"
Emma: "... For several reasons." (She thinks briefly.) "In the beginning, I was so eager to practice bondage that I didn't want to stop. And it's also something I enjoy, you know. It makes me feel dominant and turns me on. You also get aroused, don't you?"
Gabby: "... Yes, especially when we're going to have sex. But I don't when we're in front of others."
Emma: "... I apologize for restraining you when you didn't want it. As I told you yesterday, I wished to know you were serious about being my sub. That's why I didn't uncuff you when Emerald came."
My mind has sort of blocked that moment from my memory. Indeed, I suffered. However, thanks to that, my mom is now happy with Patricia.

Gabby: "Don't worry, mistress. In the end, it was good for my mom to find out that way."
Emma: "... Yes, thanks to my mom."
Emma and I smile at each other, and we kiss. Then she picks up an outfit for me and I begin to get dressed.
Gabby: "What do you think would have happened if Ms. Schulte wasn't here that day?"
Emma: "... I don't know, but I wouldn't have let you leave."
Gabby: "I didn't want to leave."
Emma: "I know, but you also thought that, if Emerald didn't allow you to stay, there was nothing you could do about that."
Gabby: "... Yes, I remember. That's why you caned me."
Emma: "... That was because I thought that, after leaving, you were going to break up with me."
Gabby: "Really?!"
Emma: "Emerald would've told you not to see me ever again. If you had obeyed her and left with her, then you would've also broken up with me. But in the end she stayed here, so I shouldn't have caned you. I'm sorry."
It seems Emma wishes to apologize for every mistake she has made.
Gabby: "... I don't regret getting caned that day, mistress. It made me understand how serious you were about us. Besides, just after caning me, you fucked me for the first time."
Emma smiles and I kiss her. Then I finish getting dressed.
Emma: "So... what's your decision?"
Gabby: "... Wait. You've explained why you restrained me until Sunday. But, from Monday on, my mom was no longer a threat, and you kept restraining me."
Emma looks at me, but she doesn't reply.

Emma: "It's getting late. Let's go have breakfast."
Gabby: "Yes, mistress."
I follow Emma downstairs to the living-room. There I find a beautiful heart-shaped tray with plenty of food. It looks delicious!
Gabby: "Thank you, mistress. You've worked so hard!"
Emma: "... I didn't make it." (Emma looks uncomfortable.) "My mom ordered it for you. She also ordered one for Emerald."
Oops! I shouldn't have assumed Emma made it. In fact, she didn't have time to prepare so much food.
Emma: "You can read the card." (Emma hands it to me.)
Gabby: "Thank you for protecting Emma. Patricia."
I've read it aloud. The message is simple, but I like that she thought about me.
Emma: "Let's sit down."
We start to have breakfast in silence. Emma doesn't look happy.
Emma: "I know you'd like me to be more romantic."
Gabby: "Don't worry. It was my mistake. I shouldn't have assumed..."
Emma: "I'm talking in general." (Emma holds my hand.) "Gabby, do you think we're compatible?"
Gabby: "Eh?" (I'm surprised by the question.) "Yes, mistress."
Emma: "Why do you think that?"
Gabby: "... Because our relationship is going very well. Today I feel we're better than ever. We love each other, and sex..."
Emma: "I'm not referring to that. What I mean is... our personalities. For example, do we share any hobbies?"
I don't reply. The truth is... I don't really know the answer.

Emma: "Upstairs you've asked me why I kept restraining you all the time after Sunday. When we were in public, as you know, the reason is that I want to support bondage." (I nod.) "But otherwise, what else would you have liked to do? Play chess?"
Gabby: "Eh...? I don't play chess, mistress."
Emma: "What I mean is... bondage is mainly the only thing we've done together so far. It's the only thing that I know we both like doing."
Gabby: "I also know you like cheerleading and catfighting."
Emma: "Yes, and I've dragged you into them, but you're not really interested."
Emma is right. I feel anxious, but I don't think bondage is the only thing we have in common.
Gabby: "Today we have plans to do other things together."
Emma: "Yes, but such things don't really count. Most couples talk about their hobbies and interests on their first date, or even before. We still haven't done that, so last week I decided to show you the whole basement, to try lots of bondage devices, and to restrain you all the time because I love it and I know you also like it, but also because I didn't know what else you like and I was afraid to ask you."
Gabby: "Why?"
Emma: "Because maybe we don't have anything in common unrelated to sex, like Amanda and I. She thought all I do in my free time is shopping, partying, fucking, but that's not true."
Now I get why Emma seems so stressed about this. She broke up with Amanda because they were incompatible. But I'm not like Amanda.
Gabby: "Mistress, I agree we should talk about our hobbies, but I'd like to try everything you do. My life used to be very simple and rather boring. With you, I've done more new things in one week than in the last four years, and I'm very grateful for that."
Emma smiles, caresses my face, and kisses me.

Emma: "Let's have breakfast quickly. It's already late, so we'll skip lunch."
Gabby: "Yes, mistress."
I eat as fast as I can for 10 minutes, but I don't manage to eat as much as Emma. She really devours food!
Emma: "Let's go."
She grabs her handbag and we exit the house. I see two big men standing in silence by the gate. They notice us and open it.
Bodyguard 1: "Good afternoon, Ms. Lindberg."
Emma: "Good afternoon."
Bodyguard 2: "Good afternoon, Ms. Ferrara."
Gabby: "... Good afternoon."
Bodyguard 1: "As you know, we're your new security detail. Our understanding is that you're already familiar with the services and procedures of our company."
Emma: "That's right." (I'm surprised. When did she have bodyguards?)
Bodyguard 1: "Do you have any question?"
Emma: "No."
Bodyguard 1: "Please follow us."
After walking a few meters, I see a very long limousine. Our bodyguards open the doors for us and close them once we enter.
Gabby: "Wow!" (The interior of the limousine is rather dark... and very luxurious!) "Mistress, this is what I meant when I said I love to try everything you do."
Emma: "Haha!"
Gabby: "I never saw myself driven by bodyguards in a limousine. I feel like VIP."
Emma: "... You are my VIP."
Emma caresses my face and we kiss.

The limousine starts moving.
Gabby: "How do they know where we wish to go?"
Emma: "I've written the address on this app. Later we'll install it on your phone. You might need it in case of emergency."
Gabby: "Thank you, mistress. I'd like to ask you... when did you have bodyguards? I thought this was your first time."
Emma: "When I am with my father, plenty of times."
Gabby: "Oh! I see." (I could have guessed that.)
I feel silly. The reason why we're in a limousine is that we've been threatened, but I can't hide my excitement. Emma notices it.
Emma: "Does luxury turn you on?"
Gabby: "Eh?!"
Emma: "When Lexy said my father bought a mansion by the beach for me, you looked as if you were walking on clouds."
Gabby: "... Because I felt excited, mistress."
Emma: "Yes, but... is it just excitement, or also arousal?" (I don't reply.) "You shouldn't be embarrassed. I know other girls who get turned on by that. There was one who wanted me to whisper the brands of luxury cars in her ear while we were having sex."
Gabby: "Who?!"
Emma: "That doesn't matter. What matters is whether you also get turned on." (Emma starts to caress my crotch over my leggings.) "Imagine. We'll have 7 cars. On Monday, I'll drive you in a Ferrari, on Tuesday, in a Maserati, on Wednesday, in a Bugatti, on Thursday, in a Lamborghini, on Friday, in a Porche, on Saturday, in an Aston Martin, and on Sunday, in a Rolls-Royce."
I don't care that much about cars but, to be honest, the fact that Emma has lots of money turns me on. I don't understand why.

Emma slides her hand under my leggings and caresses my pussy.
Emma: "Perhaps it's not money. Perhaps it's status what turns you on." (Emma thinks briefly.) "My father's new movie will premiere next week. You can accompany me on the red carpet."
Gabby: "Ah!" (I moan, although I've tried not to do it.)
Emma: "And to the party and the after-party. There you'll probably meet some of the models you follow on Instagram."
Gabby: "Ah! Mistress, you've said we won't have sex in public places."
Emma: "This isn't a public place. The windows are tinted."
Gabby: "The sunroof isn't."
Emma: "Who will spy on us from there? The satellites?"
I don't reply. Emma keeps fingering my clit.
Gabby: "Ah! Perhaps there are cameras."
Emma: "There aren't. Trust me." (Emma stops.) "Admit that luxury and status turns you on."
Gabby: "... I admit it." (I look down.)
Emma: "You shouldn't feel embarrassed. As I said, many girls love those things." (Emma touches my clit.) "Admit that you're already so horny that you don't really want me to stop."
Gabby: "... I am, but I don't want our bodyguards to hear me."
Emma: "I have a solution for that." (Emma opens her handbag.) "This gag cancels your voice, like the one you wore yesterday."
Emma places her handbag on my legs, perhaps so that I feel more privacy. Then she turns the gag on, puts it on my mouth, and begins to finger me again.
Emma: "Many girls wish to be princesses, but they'll never be. You're the lucky one. From now on, your name is Princess Gabriella, and I'll call you princess."
Gabby: "Ahh. Ahh. Ahh. Ahh."
I come. The gag works quite well. I don't think they've heard anything.

Emma removes my gag and kisses me.
Gabby: "Mistress, the reason I'm with you is not that you have money."
Emma: "I know." (Emma smiles.) "I've never thought that."
Gabby: "... Do you believe others think I'm with you because of that?"
Emma: "No. Well... if Lexy was here, she'd call you *puta* again."
Gabby: "... That's a bit how I feel."
Emma: "Why?"
Gabby: "I don't know. Albeit you say I shouldn't be embarrassed, I am."
Emma: "Weren't you in love with me before you knew how much money I have?"
Gabby: "Yes. But still... I wish I wasn't turned on by that. It's as if my love feels less pure now."
Emma: "Would you leave me if I lost all my money?"
Gabby: "No, mistress."
Emma: "Would you love me less?"
Gabby: "No."
Emma: "Then it isn't less pure."
Emma caresses my face and kisses me again. I suppose she's right.
Emma: "Today, I'm going to pamper you. You'll be treated like a princess."
The car stops and, soon after, our bodyguards open the doors for us.
Emma: "We have arrived, princess."
Gabby: "... Yes."
Once we exit the car, Emma holds my hand and we enter a hair salon.
Margaret: "Good afternoon, Ms. Lindberg."
Emma: "Good afternoon, Margaret. This is Her Royal Highness Princess Gabriella Valentina of Savoy." (The receptionist looks shocked.)
Margaret: "... Welcome, Your Highness. Everything is ready for your appointment. Please follow me."

We go inside and find two... hairdressers? They have huge lips, huge boobs and tones of make-up!
Emma: "Hi Riley."
Riley: "Hi Emma."
Emma and Riley peck each other.
Margaret: "Please let me introduce you to Madison, Your Highness. She'll be your hairstylist today." (She's taken aback.)
Madison: "... Pleased to meet you, Your Highness."
Gabby: "Nice to meet you."
Margaret: "Would you like something to drink, Your Highness? Tea, coffee...?"
Gabby: "No, thank you."
Margaret leaves. Madison and Riley look at each other, and then they look at me.
Madison: "Are you really a queen?!"
Emma: "She's Her Royal Highness Princess Gabriella Valentina of Savoy."
Riley: "Oh! So you'll become a queen."
Emma: "Yes, once monarchy is restored in Italy."
Riley: "That's amazing!"
I'm not sure how much Madison and Riley know about Italy's history, but it seems Emma has been reading about it. In part, I feel uncomfortable because we're lying to them, but on the other hand I like the way they look at me. I feel important.
Madison: "Please take a seat, Your Highness."
She points to a hair wash chair. I realize this hair salon can accommodate two clients at a time, so no one else will come. I sit down.
Madison: "Are you comfortable? Is the water's temperature fine?"
Gabby: "Yes."

Madison washes my hair and Riley washes Emma's. Suddenly I get tense. Haven't they seen the picture of Emma gagging me published on that tabloid?! It seems they didn't, so I try to calm down.

Madison: "Please take a seat on that chair, Your Highness." (I comply.) "Do you have a hair style in mind?" (I don't reply. I haven't thought about that.) "May I offer you some suggestions?"

Emma: "Princess, your style coach has sent us this picture. She says it's the ideal haircut for tonight's event."

Emma shows me a picture on her phone. I've had the same hairstyle since I was a child, and I didn't plan to change it.

Madison: "Where are you going?"

Emma: "To Ebell. There is a book presentation there."

Madison: "If I may, I think it's a good suggestion, Your Highness."

Gabby: "... All right."

Emma also sits down. Our chairs are separated, so I cannot see her, but I can hear her.

Emma: "This is the one I want."

Riley: "... It looks princess-like. You're trying to fit into her family."

Emma: "Haha!"

Riley: "... You two are dating, aren't you?"

Emma: "Yes. We're in love."

Madison: "Wow! It's the first time you say that!"

Emma: "Because it's the first time I'm in love."

Although what Emma has said makes me very happy, I blush. I've just met Madison and Riley.

Madison: "Emma has been coming here for three or four years, and each time she's brought with her a different girlfriend. However, I'm sure next time she'll also come with you, Your Highness."

Riley: "Of course she will. She's a royal. The others weren't in Emma's league."
I'm afraid that, if Emma didn't say I'm a princess, Riley would have thought the same about me.
Madison: "Well... perhaps there won't be a next time."
Emma: "Why?"
Madison: "Because we're thinking about retiring, you know. We've got another business that makes more money."
Emma: "Do you mean your OnlyFans?" (Madison doesn't reply.) "You can already talk to me about it. I've turned 18."
Madison: "Oh! Happy birthday."
Emma: "It was 2 weeks ago, but thank you."
Riley: "... When did you find out about our OnlyFans?"
Emma: "Two years ago, when you began your bimbofication." (Madison and Riley don't say anything.) "Are you embarrassed?"
Riley: "... We don't talk much about it in real life."
Emma: "But you can talk with me. I won't judge you. In fact, I wanted to ask you about your boobs. They look bigger than last time."
Riley: "Yes. We've got another refill."
Emma: "How big are they now?"
Riley: "1800 cc. Madison has 2200 cc."
Emma: "Do they feel hard, like some people say?"
Riley: "... Would you like to touch them?"
Emma: "... Yes, if you don't mind."
Gabby: "Eh?!"
I can't see it, but I believe Emma is touching Riley's boobs.

Emma: "They feel nice." (Now she is!) "Princess, wouldn't you like to touch Madison's boobs?"
Gabby: "What?! No!"
Madison: "Is Your Highness also 18?"
Gabby: "Yes, I am, but..."
Emma: "Don't be shy, princess. I know you're interested in fake boobs. You taught me they are supernormal stimuli."
Suddenly Madison takes off her top. Her breasts are huge.
Madison: "It would be an honor, Your Highness."
Emma: "Princess, this is nothing sexual. It's just for you to know if you like how they feel."
Gabby: "... I already know how they feel."
Emma: "Do you mean Cory's boobs? Those are silicone implants. These ones are saline. They feel different."
Gabby: "... Fine!"
I touch Madison's breasts. Somehow Emma always manages to make me do what she wants. I feel so nervous that I close my eyes and blush again. But I must admit... I like fake boobs, and I was curious to check the difference between silicone and saline.
Riley: "Are you also into bimbofication?"
Emma: "... I don't think I'll ever get lip fillers or anything on my face. I've only thought about breast implants."
Riley: "Does your princess want you to get them?"
Emma: "She likes them, but she doesn't want me to. It's contradictory."
Riley: "That's usual. Before I got implants, everybody told me not to do it. However, after I got them, the same people said they look amazing."
Madison: "True. It also happened to me."
I believe Madison and Riley are the ones who made Emma curious about implants. If I don't want her to get them, I should find better arguments.

Madison puts on her top and begins to work on my hair. I try to forget I've just touched her boobs.
Riley: "How have you met your princess?"
Emma: "... My mom is going to marry her mother."
Riley: "Oh! So... your mom is going to marry the queen!"
Emma: "Yes. They got engaged yesterday."
Riley: "That's awesome! Congratulations to her."
Madison: "Then... are you moving to Italy?"
Emma: "No. The princess and her mother are moving here. They've just purchased a mansion by the beach."
Riley: "Really?!"
Emma: "I've got some pictures. Look." (I guess Emma takes her phone.)
Riley: "Wow!"
Madison joins Riley to look at the pictures. I suppose Emma is showing them photos of the house her father bought for her. I wonder why she hasn't shown them to me.
Riley: "You're so lucky."
Emma: "I know. Excuse me. I need the restroom."
Emma stands up and leaves the room, followed by Riley. Madison resumes working in silence, but suddenly Riley comes back.
Riley: "There are two bodyguards and a super long limousine right by the entrance! Is it yours?"
Gabby: "... Yes."
Madison: "Please excuse Riley for not addressing you properly, Your Highness. She isn't used to clients like you."
Riley: "And you?! You aren't either. I know you'd like to go out and check the limousine."
Madison doesn't reply.
Gabby: "... You can go if you wish."
Madison: "Thank you, Your Highness."

Madison leaves, but Riley stays with me.
Riley: "... So you're really a princess. I... it's not that I didn't believe Emma, Your Highness, but she's a rather fanciful girl."
Gabby: "I know what you mean."
Riley looks hesitant.
Riley: "Umm... I've known her for quite a while, Your Highness. She's also very... volatile, you know. Some weeks ago, she was here with another girl. She said she was going to be a mistress and that girl was going to be her sub, but it looks like her plans have already changed."
Gabby: "I know what happened with that girl."
Riley: "Oh! OK. What I mean is..." (She starts writing something on a paper.) "I'm not saying it will happen, but she might also change her mind again. In that case, you can call me, Your Highness."
She gives me the paper. A phone number is written on it.
Gabby: "... Call you for what?"
Riley: "I... I don't have a girlfriend, you know. We can meet and... go for dinner and... get to know each other." (She bites her lips.)
Suddenly I realize she's hitting on me! It's the first time this happens in my life.
Riley: "Or you can just send your limousine to pick me up and drive me to your mansion. Whatever is more convenient for you."
What do I say to reject her politely? I'm not used to this.
Gabby: "I'm with Emma..."
Riley: "Yes, but you never know what will happen. If you call me, I'm sure you won't regret it." (Suddenly she removes her top and shakes her boobs.) "My puppies will be waiting for you."
She walks away. I'm speechless.

Madison comes back and resumes working on my hair.
Madison: "Your limousine is amazing, Your Highness. Your bodyguards let me sit inside." (I had an orgasm there some minutes ago! I hope she didn't smell anything.) "Emma is super lucky to be with you."
Gabby: "I suppose."
Madison: "But..." (Madison seems hesitant.) "You're still very young. You're just 18, right?"
Gabby: "Yes."
Madison: "When I was 18, I had a girlfriend and I loved her so much. I thought I'd be with her for the rest of my life. However, 4 years later, I found out she had been cheating on me and our relationship fell apart."
Gabby: "I'm sorry."
Madison: "No worries. I don't miss her. However, there is something I do miss, you know."
Gabby: "What?"
Madison: "All the girls that wanted to be with me during those 4 years. I rejected them, but I wish I hadn't. I missed so much fun." (Suddenly Madison stops working on my hair and stands in front of me.) "Did you like my boobs?"
Gabby: "Eh?!"
Madison: "You don't have to answer. I know you did. I saw your face." (Madison looks quickly at the door.) "I also have butt implants, Your Highness. If you wish, you can feel them."
She twerks next to my face.
Gabby: "No!" (She stops.)
Madison: "You're right. It's risky now. But the attraction is mutual, Your Highness." (Madison gives me a card.) "If you call me, my assets will be all yours."
Luckily, Emma and Riley come back, and she shuts up. My head is spinning right now.

Once Emma sits on her chair, Riley and Madison resume working. Riley starts to talk with Emma, but my mind can't pay attention to them. What has just happened! I close my eyes. I have multiple thoughts but, mainly, I believe Emma was right: many women are turned on by luxury and status. Would Riley or Madison show any interest in me if they didn't think I was a princess with a mansion and a limousine? I'm sure they wouldn't. Then I guess Emma never told them about her finances, or otherwise they would be all over her.

Another question is... is this normal? I mean, is this how women usually hit on other women? I don't think so. I believe Madison and Riley aren't like most women. They have OnlyFans.

Should I tell Emma? I suppose I should. If I don't, and she finds Riley's paper or Madison's card, she'll think I'm hiding something from her.

My mind keeps going back to all those thoughts. From time to time, Madison asks me something about my hair, and I reply 'yes' or 'no'.

After 1 or 2 hours, she's done.

Emma: "Princess, you look fantastic!"

I look at the mirror. I was so absorbed by my thoughts that I hadn't check my hair, but I like it.

Gabby: "Thank you. You also look awesome."

Emma: "Let's take a selfie."

Emma grabs her phone, embraces me from behind and takes some pictures. Her touch calms me down.

Emma: "Great work. I hope you'll still be here next time."

Riley: "Thanks. Hope to see you both again soon."

Emma: "Bye!"

Riley: "Bye! Have a good day, Your Highness."

Madison: "It was nice meeting you."

I don't reply.

Emma and I go back to the reception.
Margaret: "I hope everything was to your liking, Your Highness."
Gabby: "... My hair looks good."
Emma: "Is it true Riley and Madison are planning to retire?"
Margaret: "... Yes. They plan to close this salon in August."
Emma: "Oh! So... no one else will take it over?"
Margaret: "... Possibly. I don't know. I'm looking for a job." (She looks sad, but suddenly her facial expression changes.) "Your Highness, if you need a personal assistant, I'm highly qualified." (She takes a paper from a drawer.) "Please check my CV."
I take it, but I don't say anything.
Margaret: "It's $229 each. Do you wish to pay separately?"
Emma: "I'll pay." (Emma pays quickly.)
Margaret: "Thank you for visiting us, Your Highness. Have a great day!"
Emma: "Thank you, Margaret. Bye!"
Once we exit, our bodyguards open the doors of the limousine for us, and we sit inside. This time Emma turns on the lights.
Emma: "Something on, princess? You've been rather quiet."
Gabby: "... I have a question. Why do you hide from most people how much money you have?"
Emma: "It wasn't my decision. Both my mom and my father told me to do it. They've said it's good for me, for my privacy..."
Gabby: "They're right."
Emma: "Why? Don't you like to be treated like a princess?"
Gabby: "... Initially yes, but not anymore. It looks like everyone wants something from me."
Emma: "Margaret just gave you her CV."
Gabby: "It's not only that." (I hesitate, but eventually I say it.) "Riley and Madison hit on me."

The car starts moving.
Emma: "Really?!"
Gabby: "Yes. They gave me their numbers, first Riley and then Madison. Riley showed me her boobs."
Emma: "When?!"
Gabby: "When you were in the restroom. Riley only suggested a date after we break up, but Madison basically said I should cheat on you and have lots of sex." (I wait for Emma to reply, but she doesn't.) "Please say something, mistress."
Emma: "You are very pretty, princess. It's normal other women wish to be with you."
Gabby: "That's not the reason. They hit on me because they think I am a princess with a mansion and a limousine."
Emma: "And because you're very pretty."
Gabby: "No one has ever hit on me until today."
Emma: "Until recently you were underage."
Gabby: "... At school no girl was interested in me. Well... only Cami."
Emma: "That's false. There were many girls who wanted to date you."
Gabby: "Who?!"
Emma: "Many. But they didn't tell you because they soon learnt you were in love with me."
Gabby: "You mean I could have had lots of girlfriends?!"
Emma: "Yes, but you didn't because you were in love. That's why I know your love is pure."
Emma kisses me. For a moment, I understand Madison when she said she missed all the girls she rejected. If Emma and I had never got together, after school ended I would also have regretted not dating any other girls. But, luckily, waiting for her has worked for me :)

To be continued in Chapter 50.