

My Life Episode Part 1

(By anon - wierd, edgy)

I channeled this excerpt from my diary through a man who thinks I'm probably a figment of his imagination. I'd like to get email from other girls like me. I'll send more if he'll channel it for me.

"My Life"

Today, August 31, I started this diary. It has a lock so I'll put in everything however embarrassing - my punishments, my sexual training, even my masturbation fantasies. Why not? I don't think I'll put in everything I get punished for because I don't think it matters what I did AFTER I've been punished for it. I'll put in the punishments, though. I'm writing for an audience of an imaginary girl just like me. You'll want to know about my punishments so you'll know you're not alone and I get it just like you do. And you'll want to know about everything sexual that happens to me too, even when I play with myself.

Dear reader, did you know I get punished for playing with myself? Well I do - awful punishments that hurt terribly and humiliate me awfully and last forever and ever, AND yet I keep doing it. Can you believe that? Of course you do - you're just like me, and you do the same things I do, and get the same punishments.

I get a lot of punishments. Sometimes it seems like I spend my whole life being punished - being spanked, ALWAYS on my bare skin though not always on my bottom, waiting to be spanked, which is a punishment in itself, waiting on my knees with my nose pressed right into the corner and my bare bottom showing which I'm not allowed to rub no matter how much I want to, waiting to be strapped, naked as a jaybird touching my toes in the middle of the living room which makes my whole body hurt before I even feel the strap - lots more.

Holding a bar of soap in my mouth, often for hours at a time. I'm quite obedient. All you have to do is tell me once to go get my soap, and I go and put it my mouth all by myself and hold it there until you take it out. Ma'am once said I'm always biddable, but when I'm holding a bar of soap in my mouth I obey the order to come here particularly fast, hoping she'll take it out. It keeps me quiet, too.

I try not to complain. When I do I get told to fetch my soap, and the thing is I never know when they'll take it out or what other punishments I'll get while it's in my mouth ... the soap itself isn't so bad, but it isn't much fun either.

There's another way they make me wash out my mouth. They tell me to fetch my washing bowl. The big bowl of water goes in the middle of the kitchen floor, the soap goes in the bowl, and I go down on my knees with my hands behind my back and stay there until I've eaten the whole bar of soap and lapped up the whole bowl of soapy water. Of course I'm not allowed to start until the soap is good and soft and the water is good and soapy. It's not one of my favorite meals. And I'm never told until

I've finished it whether I'll be given another bowl and have to start all over. I haven't been given three in a row yet but there's no reason they can't.

I have to strip myself naked while the soap is soaking so all my skin is exposed for the strap or whatever. People stand around and criticize while I swallow it all - criticize me with the strap, I mean. It's more effective than scolding alone. They make me stop to be criticized and position myself to expose whatever part of me they want to spank. I have to lap up the tears that fall on the floor.

Do you think they're strict with me? They could be stricter...

MORE TO FOLLOW!