

The tears came from his eyes and the
sobbing came out of his mouth

so she made sure she gave him
something to be crying ABOUT!

I KNOW that being her
naked SLAVE is going to
be humiliating for you,
and so is saying "Yes
Mistress" EVERTTIME she
tells your ass what
to DO,



but you'll DO it, you'll
OBEY that strict Woman
whose heart is ice cold,
and you'll do it twenty
four seven without
having EVER to be TOLD,




because deep down in
your soul you have a
NEED for a strict
dominant Woman like
Laurie,
and want so BADLY
to BE



"The Guy In This Story!"






A woman with long brown hair is standing in a room with a white wall and a dark floor. She is wearing a short-sleeved, floral-patterned top and a black, knee-length skirt. She is holding a brown leather whip in her right hand. To her right, there is a dark wooden table and a light-colored wooden stool. The text overlay is in a typewriter font.

Stop crying
like a little
GIRL or I'll
come BACK over
there and I'll
REALLY give you
someting to
cry about!






A woman with long brown hair is standing in a room with a white wall and a dark floor. She is wearing a short-sleeved, floral-patterned top and a black, knee-length skirt. She is looking back over her shoulder towards the camera. Her right hand is on her hip, and her left hand is holding a long, thin, brown leather whip. In the background, there is a dark wooden table or desk with some papers on it, and a wooden stool is visible to the right.

I SAID STOP
CRYING MOTHER
FUCKER!

I CAN'T MISTRESS! YOU
GAVE ME TWENTY REALLY
HARD LASHES AND IT
HURTS REALLY BAD
MISTRESS!





A woman with long brown hair is standing in a room with a white wall and a dark floor. She is wearing a short-sleeved, floral-patterned top and a black, knee-length skirt. She is looking back over her shoulder towards the camera. Her right hand is on her hip, and her left hand is holding a long, thin, brown whip. In the background, there is a dark wooden table or desk with some papers on it, and a wooden stool is visible to the right.

Ooooooh?
You think THAT
HURT Mother
Fucker?



OH GOD MISTRESS NOOOOOOOO!



NOOOOOO!



PLEASE NO MORE MISTRESS PLEASE!



NOOOOOO!

And they lived HAPPILY
ever after just like
WE do!
Isn't that right
Honey?



YES
MISTRESS
SUE!



YEAH! Now you can think
about how bad your ass
hurts while you stand
in that corner for me
for an hour or two,
CAN'T you my Dear?



YES
MISTRESS
SUE!



YEAH!











