

I suppose that this story
is a kind of confession
about what happened when MY Mistress
asked ME that question

slave,



before I
inspect my
kitchen,



to make
CERTAIN



that
you did
EVERY
thing
right,




I'm
going to
ASK you
if you
did!



What will
happen if I
find ANY
thing
that you
haven't
done
right?



A woman with long black hair, wearing a black, short-sleeved, form-fitting dress with cutouts on the shoulders and black high-heeled shoes, stands in a kitchen. She has her left hand on her hip and her right hand resting on the head of a man kneeling on the floor. The man is shirtless, muscular, and has a pleading or desperate expression. He is kneeling on a light-colored tiled floor. In the background, there is a kitchen counter with a white electric kettle, a glass, and a plastic water bottle. The kitchen cabinets are light-colored wood.

**"You'll
punish me,
Mistress!"**

YES!



So
before
I ask
you,



I want
you to
read a
story,



about
what
happened



"To A Slave Named Steve!"

"OH GOD!"



"IT HURTS,
MISTRESS
THERESA!"



"IT FEELS LIKE
IT'S ON FIRE,
MISTRESS
THERESA!"



"OH GOD!
IT HURTS!"



GOOD !



Now stop
your
whining,



or I'll come
BACK down
there,



and REALLY
give you
something
to whine
about!



And I
DO mean
REALLY!



"YES
MISTRESS
THERESA!"







Good
night,
slave!



"GOOD NIGHT
MISTRESS
THERESA!"









SO!



Is my
kitchen
CLEAN,
slave?











