

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 dark hair, wearing a black short-sleeved dress with cut-out shoulders and black heels, stands with one hand on her hip and the other on the head of a man. The man is shirtless, muscular, and kneeling on a tiled floor, looking up at her. They are in a kitchen with wooden cabinets and a tiled backsplash. A white kettle and a water bottle are on the counter behind them.

**"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!"











**The End**

SO!



Is my  
kitchen  
CLEAN,  
slave?















