

# A Good Mouthsoaping

(By: Vince)

"You have made no attempt to control your temper, or curb your sarcasm, so I am going to wash that attitude right out of your mouth." Having said that, my uncle leads me to the bathroom sink. I'm dressed in underpants (pulled down mid-thigh), socks and tennies. I glance nervously at what is on the sink: a squeeze pump bottle of liquid Dial, a clean white washcloth and a large thick black magic marker. Then I see what is on the vanity: a slim wooden paddle, and a toilet scrubber with wire bristles about 5 inches across.

I stand at the sink and look at our reflections in the mirror. Then he's behind me, and seeing his wicked smile makes me look away nervously. He brings my face back so we're making eye contact in the mirror.

"Vince, you have found too much cause to complain for my liking, and you're barely cooperative at best. So you will do exactly as I say now, if you don't want a good long paddling."

I start to protest but he ignores me, and says instead, "Stick your tongue out and keep it out." He wets the cloth and squeezes some Dial onto it. He takes his time and I ask "Why do I hab by tongue out?" but I'm careful to keep my tongue out. That's so I can write on it better." I can hardly believe my ears. "Officially, I am going to report your offense as insubordination, and so I am going to write on your tongue a word that applies to you, then scrub it off."

By this time, my tongue has been out for at least a minute. I glance again at the soapy washcloth and squirm involuntarily. He takes the marker and writes `WIMP' in big letters on my tongue. `WI' on top and `MP' at the tip. He writes them backwards so I look in the mirror and see the demeaning title almost completely covering my tongue. Then he picks up the soapy washcloth and says to me "C'mon over to the sink, boy, here we go."

I get into position, standing bent over with legs spread apart, my face over the sink, and the scrubbing begins. Magic marker is really hard to get off a dry tongue. One minute, two minutes...the letters are blurry, but still dark. Three minutes, four minutes...He puts more soap on the cloth. Now he washes around the inside of my mouth instead of just the tongue, which really spreads the taste around. Then he starts back on my tongue. Five minutes. It's almost all gone, but there are a couple of spots left. Ten minutes. My nose and mouth are covered with lather, and the suds are running down my chin. Okay, the letters were finally gone. After a couple of minutes, he lets me rinse my mouth out as long as I want.

I'm reminded, with considerable discomfort, that rinsing thoroughly right after the soaping makes the taste and sting much more intense. My lips tingle, my tongue burns like hell, and my teeth squeak if I grind them.

"Now..." he says. "Aren't we done?" I stammer.

"Unfortunately not, boy. I warned you that if you protested, there would be a paddling in it for you." I gulped.

"Okay now, let's count to 100. You know the rules. You have to count out loud 'One thousand one, one thousand two...' Every five counts you get a swat with the toilet brush. The last five counts you get the paddle. If you drop the soap, we start the counting all over again." Oh my God, I'm thinking, this is already my worst ever mouthsoaping. And now not only will my ass soon be on fire and cherry red, but my kisser will soon be stinging twice as bad!

Now he said firmly, "Let's have those underpants off!" I nearly start to protest again, but I realize no good can come of it. I step out of my briefs, and stand before the sink totally nude. I gulp audibly as he picks up the bar of Lever 2000 from the soap dish, and lathers it up thoroughly, then picks up the toilet brush.

He plugs my nose until I have to open my mouth, and then he shoves the bar in. He wiggles it around a little just to get me started.

Now count!" "One thousand one! One thousand two!..." Obviously it's pretty hard to speak clearly with a big bar of soap in your mouth. And it's especially difficult to do that without it slipping out of your kisser, which I definitely didn't want to happen. But saying the 'th' sound out loud makes your tongue rub up against the soap, and so my tongue was already stinging a lot from that first washing.

(to be continued)