

Apple Scented Dawn

(By: SoapyOne)

Mary had me sitting upright in the chair, my back straight, my legs touching the legs of the chair, and my ankles curled around the cross bar supports of the legs.

Raising the bottle of green Dawn to my nose she unsnapped the cap and squeezed the bottle to allow the aroma of apples to drift into the air.

"Smells delicious, doesn't it?" she asked.

I knew better than to open my mouth to answer her, yet, I knew if I didn't answer her, the punishment may be worse. I just looked at her and nodded.

"I can't hear you when you nod, and I asked you a question, boy!" she chastised me. "It smells good, doesn't it?" she asked again, this time with a little attitude in her voice.

"Yes ma'am." I replied, as quick as I could. Fast enough that she couldn't squirt any dish soap into my mouth. Of course, I earned anything she would do... as I let out several foul mouth little expletive groups while driving down the highway today...

"OK, now I want you to tilt your head back and open your mouth, and keep it open." she told me.

I could tell from her look that she was not playing games now. I shuddered a little bit, knowing what was coming. I tilted my head back a little and opened my mouth.

Mary pulled my head back a little farther and leveled the bottle of green Dawn dish soap with my mouth. She started to squeeze the bottle. My eyes shut as she did. I could feel the thick liquid pooling at the back of my mouth, on my tongue. I tried not to gag or swallow... that was the toughest part, or so I thought.

She finished squirting the dish soap into my mouth. I don't really know how much she squeezed in there, but it had to be more than a half ounce.

"Now, don't close your mouth yet. I want you to blow me some bubbles. If I don't see any floating around, I will take that as you not having enough soap in your mouth, and I will add some more." she said, half smiling and half with a slight quirk on her lips. (if that were possible.)

I sucked in a large amount of air thru my nose, and attempted to blow the air up thru the liquid soap. Nothing.

"I guess you will need more." she said as she tilted the bottle up and squeezed again. This time she squirted around inside of my mouth. It tickled the top of my mouth, and I almost choked a little.

I attempted to blow some bubbles for her, and got a couple out.

Mary set the bottle of Dawn down, and turned on the faucet. She poured some water into a small plastic glass. She then poured a little water into my mouth.

At this point, a mixture of gargling filled my mouth with foamy bubbles, and blowing air out was easier. Bubbles started to fly out of my mouth and fill the air above my head.

Mary didn't lecture me about my language, or anything else. She just stood there beside the counter in the kitchen, watching me blow bubbles. After about 6 to 7 minutes of blowing bubbles, and bubbles dripping down my chin and over my chest, Mary plugged my nose so I couldn't draw in more air.

"Swallow some!" she ordered.

I took a small swallow so that she could see the Adam's apple area rise and fall. She held onto my nose, so I swallowed a little more, a little more than I intended to as well.

Mary released my nose, and told me to spit and rinse. After each rinse, I was to gargle to see if I would still blow bubbles, before I could spit again. After at least ten rinses and spits into the sink, I was still creating bubbles in my mouth.

That green Dawn is really concentrated, but the apple scent is nice, considering it is spring time.

I would write more, but I have to make a trip to the restroom.