

## Be Careful What You Ask For!

### Trek3 gets what he asked for:

Did I say in earlier post "careful what you wish for"? Man, should've taken my own advice.

Somewhere I got the idea that if I got a god-awful severe REAL mouth soaping; like SERIOUS, it might just help me abstain from the fetish; at least for a while. Instead, I'm sitting here typing with my mouth on fire and SQUEAKY CLEAN, and so aroused I can't stand it. My mind is going nuts with knowing nothing I say will earn me another soaping until She so Chooses to do so. This is the punishment part of the equation! Anyway...

She obliged me by sitting on me sitting on my hands in the tub, after lining up 3 different bars of soap. She prolonged unwrapping the bars and spent ten minutes simply washing herself while keeping my eyes covered with a washcloth. Every now and then the soap just brushed my lips and I could tell it was the Ivory and I'd squirm. This would earn me a light slap on the face (almost harder to bear than a real slap). She removes the washcloth for the punishment so I could see her soapy hands holding the bath bar of Ivory.

She feels it is important I see her strict no-nonsense demeanor as she scrubs. After 10 minutes of Ivory, she switched to the Lava soap and continued scrubbing as hard as she could. I was close to (did?) swallow soap and she was relentless. She was TRULY in charge and ignored all my wishes to cease the soaping. The more I writhed under her, the firmer she held me. The gritty Lava bar was far back in my mouth, then turned round and round and then She was scrubbing with the bar sideways. My attempt to tell Her !enough! ended abruptly.

She had gotten hold of my tongue with her fingers and was working the existing soap in top and bottom with her hands. When She released my tongue and hands, I started to spit and pry the soap out. One piece of Ivory came off in a perfect cast of five of my teeth. At that point, she grabbed my chin HARD

"Did I say I was finished?? OOOHHH, get that toilet open NOW!"

She hadn't forgotten the Camay.

Let me tell you (at the time) I wish she had. But, oh, her hands, and her expression---WOW!! I was rinsing my mouth repeatedly while She sat in the tub opposite me and washed Herself and watched. I was denied release and wondered if it was over. Then I knew.

"Thank you," I said.

She smiled. "A little late, darling. And here I thought you'd learned manners."

She handed me the Lava soap. Don't even think of stopping 'till I tell you." She had me wash my mouth for two PAINFUL minutes and I had to keep it in while scrubbing myself with Camay

until I got my release. If you think this post is long, imagine how long the soap was in my mouth! Food not gonna to taste the same for a long time!

"Trek3 "