

Disciplined by Dove

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The Camay Kid

Part 1

Down in the Pink Room

I rolled the pink oval of Dove soap between my mittened hands watching the rich suds plop into the basin in front of me. The task Samantha had given me was simple - lather the Dove until it was all gone - something she said any six-year old could do. The details of this punishment were quite a bit more involved, and it was those details that made it a very daunting punishment indeed.

Earlier that Saturday morning I made what I thought was a fairly tame (but admittedly uncomplimentary) remark about some woman on TV. It was one of those "knee-jerk" responses that ended up with me on my knees for being a jerk. "Naughty, naughty...shame on you," Samantha scolded when she heard my negative comment about the news reporter or sportscaster or whoever the woman was who'd earned my off-the-cuff opinion. "I think you need a timeout and some discipline in the pink room, little boy."

Whenever she referred to our basement laundry room as the "pink room," I knew I was in for an unpleasant time. About a year ago she'd decided we needed a special room for her to send me when I needed disciplining, so she ordered me to re-decorate the laundry room. It was now very definitely a pink room - walls and countertop, cabinets and frilly ruffled curtains, all were powder pink. She'd had me install an

old-fashioned white enamel kitchen sink with a wide drain board on one side and a high backsplash fitted with an old-style faucet, the kind with white enamel knobs. On the shelf over the sink Samantha kept a stack of towels and washcloths, a dozen or more cakes of various brands of soap (mostly Camay, Ivory, and Dove), and a long-handled wooden spoon. It was all very retro and domestic and reminded me chillingly of my aunt's laundry room when I was a boy.

Over the year since I obediently did over the room to her specifications, she added a floor-to-ceiling cabinet to hold all her laundry supplies, a couple of pillar candles and shelves of "special" items for my discipline sessions. She also had me fit the door to the laundry with a new deadbolt lock mounted so the key-only side was inside the laundry. At her direction I added a large mirror on the wall behind the sink and wired a very minimal light

fixture that hung from the ceiling like one of those bare light-bulbs they had in interrogation rooms in the movies.

My trips to the pink room most often began with a mouth soaping, and sometimes nothing more than half an hour of kneeling in front of the mirror while I dwelled on the taste of the soap. Samantha would lock the door from the outside until she'd release me when my timeout was over. Sometimes she'd subjected me to extended discipline - spankings with the wooden spoon were one of her favorite "domestic" methods to go with the mouth soaping, but she kept several items of feminine clothing handy when she thought I needed petticoating and a taste of pink humiliation and shame, too. I had learned from previous experiences in the pink room that it was best not to argue with Samantha about her reason for sending me there.

This was one of those cases when I felt strongly that I was being unfairly scolded for a rather mild transgression, but I knew to protest would only make my trip downstairs all the more uncomfortable. I was clearly unhappy about sacrificing some of my weekend time in this way, but that was obviously part of Samantha's disciplining me. Nevertheless, with my brain still not awake, I blurted out, "Honey, it's Saturday, for crying out loud. Give me a break!"

"That's exactly why your discipline will be so much more effective. It was your day off but you've just sacrificed your entire day with that backtalk," Samantha said in a calm measured tone. She headed downstairs ordering me to wait while she prepared the room. A few minutes later she called for me to come downstairs. When I entered the room, she locked the door behind me with her key and ordered me to undress. As I removed my shirt and pants and then my underwear and socks, she placed them in a laundry bag and tossed it by the door. Even though the room was warmer than the rest of the house, I shivered when she picked up the pink plastic diaper panties from the stool and held them out for me to put my feet through the leg openings. I blushed at the feeling as she pulled them up to my knees, leaving my bottom and her "toys" completely exposed. She put the frilly pink satin shower bonnet on my head and then dangled an unfamiliar piece of frilly cloth in my face.

"Put your hands behind your back," she said calmly. She traced her fingernail around my exposed crotch. "My naughty sissy is way overdue for a shave down here. We'll take care of that little chore before you leave the pink room today, but not just yet." Then she pulled on the two ends of a pink ribbon drawing the piece of pink

satin into a puckered little pouch trimmed in white lace. I noticed that the front of the bag was embroidered in fancy scroll-type letters "Sudsy Sissy." She snugged the bag around my cock and balls (which she demurely referred to as her "toys") and tied the ribbon tightly in a bow around the base of my toys. I'd been "bagged" in a pretty pink sissy bag she chuckled, squeezing my toys through the soft and frilly satin sac that imprisoned them. "Much prettier than seeing those nasty things just hanging there. Now you're starting to look more like a sissy." I was instructed to kneel on the stool she'd placed in front of the sink and then reach out to grab the corners of the sink. With my bottom sticking out, I wasn't surprised to see her take the wooden spoon and twirl it gleefully between her palms. "Shame on my naughty boy. I need to make that bottom a pretty shade of pink and give you something to think about during your day in the pink room." Before I could blink, she had landed two smacks of the spoon, one on each cheek. She gave me ten more smart spanks before pulling the plastic panties into place to hold the heat and cover my bagged midsection.

Then I saw the pair of pink terry bath mitts on the side of the sink, together with an unopened cake of pink Dove soap. She knew I hated the scent of Dove and the pink color insured I wouldn't even consider touching it when it sat there in the soapdish on our bathroom sink. "Yuck, girlie soap," I always thought. She caught me making a little face at the sight of it. "Open the soap - your favorite, my little naughty one," she ordered, "You'll learn to love my Dove by the end of the day. Now give me your right hand." She pulled a pink bath mitt over my hand. "Now the other one," as she covered my left hand with the second mitt and tied them securely around my wrists with pink ribbons. When she'd run the water in the sink until it was hot enough for her liking, she placed a large plastic basin in the sink and filled it. "Pick up the Dove and place it carefully in the water," Samantha told me, as though she were speaking to a six-year old. I clumsily tried to pick up the soap in the bulky pink mittens I was forced to wear. I was expecting a mouth soaping to follow next, so I was unprepared for her next instruction.

"Your task today, my sudsy sissy, is to lather that cake of Dove between your pink mittens and into the basin until that cake of Dove is a-l-l g-o-n-e (pronouncing those last two words like the punishment sentence they truly were) and the basin is full of nice Dove suds. This is your day to get all Lovey-Dovey. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Do you have any questions?"

"No, Ma'am."

"Very well then, you may begin. I will watch you for a moment to be sure you do understand what I expect you to do. That's it...make nice rich suds and be sure none spills outside the basin. Good, you're a quick learner today. I think you'll understand the lesson by the time you've finished. Your hands are not to touch another thing except the Dove. I'll be back to check your progress once an hour. Enjoy the Dove."

Samantha dimmed the light, unlocked the door with her key, picked up the bag with my clothes and left. I heard her turn the deadbolt from the other side of the door and then her footsteps going upstairs.

I took a deep breath as I took stock of my situation. The simple task was magnified by the time it would take to lather it until the Dove was all gone Samantha's words "a-l-l g-o-n-e" echoed in my head like a song I couldn't shake). As that fact began to sink in I became both angry and humiliated. Then I looked in the mirror and saw myself with frilly bonnet and pink plastic panties with scratchy lace around the legs. The shame burned as hotly as my bottom from the dozen spanks she'd given me with the wooden spoon. The heavy soapy scent of Dove soon filled the room as the lather began to multiply in the basin - it was truly a scent I detested. It took me a few minutes to become used to the heat of the water and the thick wet feel of those terry mitts on my hands. My lathering motion became mechanical and I tried to think of other things to take my mind off the prospect of spending all day on this stool with my hands in a basin of soapy water. All I could think of was the other times Samantha had brought me down here to discipline me. As uncomfortable as those sessions were, I loved her more each time and redoubled my efforts to please her. She saw that as proof that her methods worked to make me better. But right now I was very upset about her disciplining me this way.

It seemed like Samantha had forgotten her promise to check on me in
an
hour, but I had no way to gauge the time in the semi-darkness and
with
the two small basement windows covered with pink gingham curtains. My
pace of lathering slowed, and it seemed that the Dove was no smaller
than when I began. For a while I struggled with the boredom and the
futility of my assignment. Then, suddenly I heard Samantha turn the
deadbolt and open the door. Once inside, she relocked the inside of

the deadbolt with the key she wore on a ribbon around her neck. She appeared with a large glass full of water which she set on the side of the sink. She told me to stop lathering the Dove and show her the results.

"Is that all you've got to show for an hour of soaping? What have you been doing all this time my lazy sissy?" she scolded. You certainly haven't been putting much effort into your assignment. I can still read the letters D-O-V-E on the soap. Put it down in the basin. It's time for a break." She pulled off my pink mittens and dried each hand in a pink towel without rinsing them.

"Now drink this water," she said handing me the tall glass. I put it to my lips and took a sip. I was terribly thirsty. The water was warm. I took the glass from my lips and groaned as I made a face at the unpleasant temperature of the water.

"Are you making a face and groaning about the nice glass of water I brought you? I didn't ask for an opinion about whether my naughty sissy liked it or not. I just instructed you to drink it. Now drink, or would you prefer I sweeten your beverage with a little of this slightly soapy Dove water?"

"No, Ma'am."

"Then drink it like a good sissy - all of it."

I drank and struggled not to make any more facial expressions or sounds. The warmth of the water made me feel full immediately and wanting to pee.

"Get up off your knees and walk around the room ten times."

I began to walk with the bulky plastic panties crinkling noisily with every step. When I'd completed ten circuits around the laundry, Samantha made me stop and bend forward again over the edge of the sink.

She slipped her fingers inside the waist of my panties and pulled them down to my knees. The coolness of air circulating between my legs felt good. She ran the palm of her hand lightly over my bottom in a

caress.

"HMMMMM, you've gotten a bit cool and white. I need to brighten the pink color again and warm things up before you get back to work," she said as she picked up the wooden spoon and gave me another dozen spansks evenly spaced over both cheeks. "Maybe that will inspire you to lather with a little more purpose for the next hour," she smiled pulling my panties back in place and with her hand feeling the new heat radiate through the plastic. Before leaving Samantha pulled my mittens back on and wished me "happy lathering." She scooped the empty water glass into the basin and left with it full of soapy water.

The next hour seemed interminably long. With a pint of warm water inside me, the fullness in my bladder began to create a growing urge to pee, especially with my hands constantly in the warm water of the basin. I tried shifting my weight from one knee to the other, but the more I tried to get comfortable, the worse things got. My mind drifted but not far enough to forget my dilemma. I tried to lather the Dove more briskly, but my wrists began to tire. I rested momentarily with my forearms on the sink edge.

Just then I was startled by the sound of the dead bolt being turned again. As I jumped at the surprise, the stool legs grated loudly on the tile floor. Samantha strode in with a bustle. "Taking a little rest, were we? I thought I told you to work a little harder this last hour, didn't I?"

"Yes, Ma'am, but I have to pee, and...."

"Well, isn't that too bad. Why do you think I put my sissy in plastic panties? Did you wet them, let's have a look." She pulled my panties down around my knees again. "No, looks like you didn't have to pee that badly after all. Would you like to use the little sissy potty now?"

"Yes, please Ma'am."

"Very well then, first drink another glass of water like a good sissy and maybe I'll let you use the potty chair." She removed my mittens and dried my hands. As I drank, I was trying my best not to let her see me squeezing my thighs together with the added pressure of another pint

of
warm water headed to my bladder.

"Oh, I forgot. Does sissy have to go pee-pee? I'll get the potty chair ready."

She unlocked the metal cabinet and set the potty chair in the middle of the floor. I hobbled over and sat with great relief despite the extra humiliation from my lack of privacy. Samantha smiled at the spectacle I must have presented squatting there on that little low potty chair with a frilly shower bonnet on my head and pink plastic panties bunched around my knees, adding to my embarrassment. She added insult to injury by praising me for not missing the potty. When I was done, she made me waddle around the laundry ten times again - with my panties still around my knees this time. When my exercising was completed, she directed me back onto the stool. She turned to the cabinet and came back to the sink holding the pink terry bib, the one she'd made especially for my mouth soaping sessions. It was oversized and lined with plastic on the back side and trimmed with two layers of frothy white lace around the edge. She secured it around my neck with the pink ribbons tied in a big bow. I was certain I was about to receive another dreadful mouth soaping.

But first she emptied the second of the two pints of water she had brought with her into the basin. It steamed as she poured the soapy solution back. "I want to keep the water nice and warm for you, so I'm removing a pint of it every hour and heating it up when I come back." She swished her hand through the sudsy basin to mix the warmer water through, fishing out the softened Dove to examine it more closely.

"Not enough," she scowled as she let it slip back into the basin. "Make those naughty lips into a nice round "O" and cover those teeth. That's it," she instructed, "yes, a fitting receptacle for soap." I was familiar with the command and knew what to expect. I watched as Samantha brought two fingers coated thickly with gooey soft Dove to my ready mouth. "Now that's an orifice that needs a soaping, isn't it, my naughty one."

".es, a'ah" I tried to reply with a polite "yes, Ma'am" without letting the soap get inside my mouth as her fingers rimmed my pursed lips. She dragged the back of her fingers under my nose, making me

sneeze at the strong soapy scent of Dove. Then, holding my chin firmly in her other hand, she penetrated my waiting mouth and flexed her fingers spreading the thick Dove paste through the inside of my mouth. "I don't want you spitting this out into that nice basin full of water and Dove suds," she said stretching a wide pink terry gag over my mouth and knotting the ends in a bow behind my head.

She dipped her hand back in the basin and gave it another big swish, scooping a handful of shimmering suds and swiping it over my bottom and up between my legs before pulling my panties back into place. Before she place my mittens back on my hands, she decided I needed a little more inspiration to work the Dove more in the next hour. She ordered me to hold my hands out, fingers together and palms up. She took the wooden spoon and stung both of my hands with its curved bowl in claps that cracked like pistol shots and felt like a nest of hornets. Then my tingling hands were returned to the warm soggy mittens. Samantha scooped another pint of water to reheat and left as abruptly as she'd appeared.

My third hour was a real trial. The soapiness on my bottom and between my legs made my slightest movement a slick sliding sensation against the plastic panties. My mouth held the lasting taste of Samantha's finger probe contained by the thick soft gag muffling my lips. And my palms buzzed inside their pink terry prisons as they rolled the pink oval over and over and over until it almost made me dizzy. My stomach felt empty - I hadn't eaten since breakfast - but my bladder constantly ached with the fullness of each new warm pint of water I was forced to drink. I tried to avoid gazing into the mirror at my sad reflection, the only light in the room coming from the bare bulb hanging above the sink. My knees were getting tender and raw. The only good thing was I could begin to see the Dove shrink in my hands. While I was admiring my tentative progress, the door opened abruptly again.

Samantha had her two pints of water - one steaming and sudsy to replenish the warmth of the basin contents, and the other warm but thankfully clear for me to drink. She removed my mittens and examined my fingers, which were starting to shrivel and pucker from the long immersion. "You'd better lather a little faster or your fingers are going to just shrivel into nothing," she laughed as she dried them like a mother in the soft pink towel and removed my gag. I drank my pint

of

water, grateful for its diluting effect on the taste from my last break. I peed with Samantha's permission and supervision and then waddled my required ten times around the room routine. Back on the stool, I braced myself for whatever Samantha might choose for her hourly discipline. She emptied the sudsy warm water back into the basin and gave it a stir with her hand, again fishing out the ever-softer (and slightly smaller) Dove. She stood directly behind me so I couldn't see exactly what she was doing. But I could feel the warm soft firmness of the Dove being pressed down inside the back of my plastic panties between my legs until it was hard against my hole. Samantha cruelly enjoyed twisting and pressing it until she began to work its rounded corner part way in. I winced, but managed to stifle a moan as I could feel the sting of the soap finding my vulnerability. She withdrew it and returned the Dove to the basin. I thought that was the end of this round, but Samantha wedged the soft slick oval back between my cheeks and told me to squeeze hard and not let the soap drop. Amused at my difficulty in holding the soap as ordered, she reached down inside the front of my plastic panties and grabbed my shrunken little cock. She stroked and stretched it in her firm warm soapy grasp with a slow pumping motion. I couldn't help letting out a little sigh at the sign of pleasure on my doorstep while grunting with the effort it took to hold the soap between my cheeks. "You like my nice pink Dove-covered fingers stroking your naughty little coquette, don't you my little pet."

"Y-Yes, Ma'am," I shyly admitted.

"But you'd rather I did it faster, like you do, wouldn't you? Like this..." she began rapidly pumping my cock.

"Uh huh, ohhhhh"

"Oh, but that's enough for now. We have a job still to finish don't we, our discipline for a naughty shameful sissy. You get back to work and think about what kind of reward a good sissy might enjoy." With that, she reached behind me for the Dove and dropped it back in the sink, before pulling my panties snugly over my soapy crotch. She placed a kitchen timer on the top of the cabinet above me, where I couldn't see it but could hear its loud steady ticking. "Just look at you. Aren't you quite the sissy playing in the suds and dressed up in pink frills - your sissy bib and bonnet and panties. Imagine what it would be like if some of my friends came by and saw you like this." I moaned. She laughed, enjoying my dilemma and the embarrassment that thought provoked. Samantha took another pint of water from the basin and locked the door behind her.

Now that I could see the end possibly in sight, I lathered the Dove even harder than I had in the three previous hours. Her brief teasing of my toys had excited me, and my arousal flickered on and off like a light wanting a steady flow of current, augmented by the inescapable but stimulating sting of soap deep in my backside. I tried to find ways for my soapy cock to rub against the slippery insides of the plastic panties and tried to match it to the rhythm of the timer - a little soapy two-step...tick, tick....tick, tick. The Dove was getting noticeably smaller now, and the thought of getting a real mouth soaping began to fade from my tired mind. For everything but my crotch, I was getting too numb to care. The Dove was approaching the size of a plump pink sliver. The room began to feel smaller and smaller. I wanted out, sunshine, fresh air, but there I knelt turning and turning that Dove over in my fat pink sudsy mittens that felt heavier and heavier.