

Disciplined By Dove Part 2

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The Camay Kid

The Results of a Long Day's Soaping

I don't remember the door opening again, but the next thing I knew there was another woman's voice together with Samantha's. I could smell an unfamiliar perfume over the scent of the Dove. I looked over my shoulder to see not one but two other women, friends of Samantha's, with her. At their first glimpse of my situation, they let out a burst of feminine laughter and hilarity as Samantha led them into the laundry. She ordered me to stop my lathering.

Samantha introduced me to Giselle, a friend from her book club, tall, slim with long sleek hair and an extremely well-groomed tailored look - perfect nails and tasteful makeup. Her green eyes communicated a piercing cool superiority. I offered her a shy tentative smile before looking away in embarrassment. The other lady was Madelaine, of all Samantha's friends I knew, the one who I most feared. She was an imposing woman both in her physical stature and her take-command personality, drop-dead super-feminine style with outfits that made a statement of her being the Woman in Charge, all woman. She liked gloves, big hats and full dresses, always looking like she'd just been to the beauty salon. Madelaine's voice conveyed her sense of control, and she had a way of making any male feel inferior and unsuitable to be in her presence. Part of it was the tone of voice she used to address me every time we'd met in the past. She always spoke to me in a maternalistic sing-song manner of speaking to a very young child. She smiled with obvious delight at seeing me in my compromised situation. I wouldn't have been surprised to learn that she had suggested this whole session of discipline to Samantha. I always felt uncomfortable when Madelaine was around, sensing that she'd gladly take me to task without any reason except that I was male. I couldn't even look at her now.

"Ladies, I want you to observe what becomes of a shameful naughty boy in this house. He gets disciplined as a little pink sissy assigned to make soapsuds for his mistress - and her friends. Now think ladies, what kinds of fun we could all have with this nice basin full of pretty Dove soapsuds. Use your imagination."

"Your sissy is just adorable, Samantha. But I can't help wondering what's inside those sweet plastic panties. Does sissy really wear

diapers, too?" Giselle asked. They all laughed.

"Not today, or should I say 'not yet' " Samantha replied, "but
there's
always a time and place for everything."

"Well, this certainly looks like the right place to diaper a
deserving naughty one," Giselle observed, "and maybe this is just
the right time, too, now that you have some extra hands to help,
Sammy."

"As long as that tushie is clean and smooth like a sissy's bottom
should be," Madelaine added, "and if it's not, we can be sure it
will be soon."

"Sam, that's a darling bib," Madelaine said leaning closer to touch
and inspect my attire, "and her bonnet is wonderfully frilly. I can
see what a calming effect this all has on a naughty one's behavior.
I simply love the sight of a naughty little one undergoing domestic
discipline. Lord knows, they never seem to get enough of it, at
least the little boys need it regularly. They are so cute when they
know they're about to be disciplined - that look in their eyes when
they're dying to plead with you to let them off but they know you're
going to discipline them anyway. I think the sissy role is just what
this little sassy one needs. It's so much fun turning them into
sweet little girls. I'm always amused by how their attitude becomes
so docile when we bring out their softer side. Oh, look at how
nicely she blushes."

Madelaine stroked my cheek with the back of her finger as she spoke.
Her ultra-feminine perfume overpowered me. She opened a large
flowery tote bag and took out a pair of ruffled bib-top aprons,
handing one to Giselle and putting the other over her own head and
tying a floppy bow in the back. She removed the sparkly rings from
her fingers and placed them in a small velvet bag. Giselle took off
her creamy satin blouse and put her apron on, covering a lacy pink
slip.

Returning beside me at the sink, Madelaine took charge of things.
She picked up a fresh washcloth and dunked it in the basin full
of concentrated Dove suds and warm water opaque with milky
soap. "I'll
bet your sissy likes to have his face washed, Samantha. Has it been
washed yet today?" I wanted to pull away from her.

"Not since he got up this morning, but please be my guest and have a

ball. I'm glad to see you brought aprons. As the boys like to say when they're watching football, 'go deep,'" Samantha answered.

Madelaine lifted the washcloth out of the sink. It dripped with thick suds. She put one hand under my chin and turned my face up towards her, holding the ominous washcloth in her other hand just a quick swish away. I looked nervously at the washcloth and then back to her determined gaze as she smiled and spoke to me in baby-talk.

"My my my, has our wittle sissy face been washed yet today? Hmmm?"

I nodded. She instantly had me in her spell and under her control.

"Well," she went on, turning my face left and right, "I see a dirty dirty wittle face of a naughty wittle sissy who didn't do a vewy good job washing her dirty wittle face, did she. I shook my head and blushed. "Auntie Madelaine is going to make sissy's dirty face all sweet and cwean wiv lots and lots of pwetty soapsuds on my washcloth. And my wittle sissy is going to be vewy good for Auntie so Auntie doesn't have to spank."

She covered my face slowly with the warm smothering washcloth and slid it down from my forehead over my eyes and nose and mouth, dunked it into the suds again and repeated the slow sweep from top to bottom over my face. She cupped my chin in the sudsy folds and wiped the suds from my eyes.

"Look at you, all covered wiv soapy suds, isn't that fun?" she cooed with delight. "Samantha, do you have another cake of Dove. I need more soap to do this job right."

Samantha handed her a new cake of Dove. Madelaine reached around me to rub the soap and washcloth together in the very soapy water. "Mmmmmmm, look at all those nice bubbles, honeybunch. You're going to love having Auntie cover your face with lots of those pwetty suds. We're going to get that sweet face cleaner than it's ever been."

She brought the freshly lathered washcloth back toward my face with even thicker lather. I involuntarily turned my head away.

"Oh, sissy is soooo naughty. Auntie will have to punish." Madelaine looked toward the counter where the wooden spoon lay, and then said to Samantha, "May I?"

"Oh, please do."

Madelaine asked Giselle to help her. They leaned me forward on my knees and over the sink, then pulled the plastic panties down in back exposing my bottom.

"Ooooooo, look at those pink cheeks. I think sissy has already had a spanking today. Well, we can't have our naughty sissy being uncooperative for Auntie, can we. Shame, shame."

She swung the wooden spoon and landed a blistering direct hit on my left cheek. CRACK! Then on the right - CRACK! I jumped at the intensity of her spanks on my already tender bottom. Giselle took a firmer grip on my arm and pushed my head down toward the soapy sink. Two more spanks...I gasped and yelped. Giselle fished the washcloth out of the sink and stuffed it between my lips until most of it filled my mouth, suds drizzling down my chin and back into the basin.

"She's got a nice sudsy washcloth to keep her quiet now, Maddy," Giselle chuckled. "Spank away."

Madelaine thrust the spoon between my legs and pried it left and right to prompt me to spread my thighs farther apart. Then she flicked the spoon back and forth spanking the insides of my thighs SPLATTITY-SPLATTITY-SPLATTITY-SPLAT, SMACKITY-SMACKITY-SMACKITY-SMACK!! I lurched and grunted into my soapy gag. Giselle pushed my face down until my nose was in the suds. Madelaine repeated her rapid rhythm several more times up and down the insides of my thighs, then a dozen more sharp stinging spanks across my bottom. I felt her pull the plastic panties up over my burning thighs and bottom. They seated me back on the stool facing the sink.

By now the new bar of Dove was considerably softer lying there in the sudsy water of the sink. Giselle stepped behind me and held me by my ears. Madelaine pulled the washcloth out of my mouth and fished the Dove out of the suds rubbing them together dramatically right in front of my face. I glanced at her in the mirror, my expression like a terrified rabbit about to be trapped.

Giselle's strong fingers locked onto my ears and tilted my head slightly back. Madelaine pinched my nose and rammed the washcloth inside my lips when I tried to gulp a breath through my mouth. She scrubbed in and out over my tongue and gums, over the roof of my mouth, and then all around my lips and nose. After she removed the washcloth, she picked up the Dove and worked it slowly past my lips until it filled my mouth, stretching my lips until they felt like they'd split at the corners. She slid it back and forth, then

withdrew it and inserted three fingers inside to wash and probe everywhere the soap had coated the inside of my mouth.

She stopped and Giselle pushed my head over the sink to let me open my mouth and allow the suds to flow out of my mouth. Madelaine told Giselle to push my face into the sudsy water, and she washed my whole face again underneath the sudsy water, prying my lips apart and scrubbing inside my mouth as well. Yanking me back into a sitting position with suds cascading down over my bib, they changed places and Giselle resumed a second lathering of my face with the washcloth. Madelaine couldn't contain her delight at the sight of my soapy face.

"Just look at sissy's soapy soapy face. Don't worry, my naughty one, we'll get it all clean, scrub out all those nasty words and backtalk. Funny how making a naughty one's bottom nice and warm helps them to keep their mouth open and their head still to receive a proper soapy washing."

Giselle put one of my pink bath mittens on and resoaped it, exploring the roof of my mouth and my tongue. Now the thick distinctive taste of soap filled my mouth and the back of my throat. I struggled not to swallow, but obediently kept my mouth open for their soapy attacks. The throbbing itchy heat that had spread inside my plastic panties began to stir a response that I had no control over. Oddly, the taste of the soap and the strength of the two women overcame my embarrassment and added to that erotic response.

My resistance began to melt and I could feel my attitude softening. Madelaine sensed the changes in my response. "I think we need to prepare our sissy for her diapering before she has wets her plastic panties." They all giggled.

As Giselle resumed soaping my mouth for a third time, Madelaine pulled my panties back down to my knees and closely examined my pink bottom and in front what Samantha liked to call my "coquette." "I think a shaving would be just the thing to complete our sissy's preparation for diapers, Samantha. Do you have a razor?" I almost choked on the suds in my mouth, and my shocked reaction made me spray a few suds out between my lips and Giselle's soapy fingers. She patted my lips with three soft soapy slaps. "Tut-tut-tut. hush little one or I'll have to put the whole bar of Dove back in your mouth until we've finished shaving your bottom and around your little sissy toys. Sissies need to be smooth and clean everywhere - so sweet and feminine. Now no more outbursts."

I gave her a resigned look of submission as she continued to soap my mouth, still quite firmly but now with gentler almost seductive motions. Samantha handed Madelaine the razor she requested and then went back to the cabinet shelf where she kept some pink towels and diaper pins. I noticed her exchange a wink with Madelaine when she waved the big vibrator. Madelaine nodded with a smile. "Oh yes, just the thing..."

Giselle reinserted the washcloth into my soapy mouth as she lathered up my crotch with a shaving brush and leaned me back against Madelaine, spreading my legs apart over the edge of the sink. I closed my eyes, not sure if I wanted to pretend this wasn't happening or should watch the transformation my discipline insured. I felt myself giving in as my head nestled into her apron, my bib saturated with gleaming suds.

"Now, didn't our little sissy enjoy having `her' face washed by two caring ladies?" It makes you feel all `lovey-dovey', doesn't it. Now you're our pretty pink sissy so sweet and clean, and we'll make sure you stay that way," Madelaine said in a soothing yet forceful way caressing my face tenderly with her soapy hand. It has a weird calming effect as I felt the razor dragging around my crotch. I sighed, making a big glistening soap bubble between my lips.

I nodded with my mouth still full of thick lather, as Giselle shaved me into complete sissynood. I knew I'd been Doved and couldn't help submitting to the power of Samantha's discipline or her friends'.