

Dog Tired

(By: SoapyOne)

“Hello, my name is Terri,” she said as I answered the door. “and you must be James?” she questioned.

“Yes ma’am. I am James.” I said looking over her beautiful frame. She stood about 5’7” tall and had long black hair that framed her face as it fell past her shoulders. She had on dark tinted sunglasses which she removed to show emerald green eyes. Her lips were painted a soft red and her nail polish matched. I noticed this as she reached out to shake my hand. Her long nails were very well manicured and her hands were soft. Yet her hand shake was firm and confident.

“What can I do for you, Terri?” I asked her.

“Well, you can start by inviting me in. Mary told me to be here promptly at 9:00 this morning, as we have a lot of work to get done!” she stated.

“Are you sure you have the right day? Mary is working and will not be home until after 4:30 this afternoon?” I asked her.

“I am positive. I am not here to work with Mary, I am here to work with you, James.” She said as a matter of fact as she pushed her way past me and headed down into the family room. “My bags are in the car, would you be a dear and bring them in!” She commented over her shoulder confident that I would obey her.

I walked out onto the driveway and retrieved several bags from the van she had driven up in. I noticed several more bags and decided I had better ask which ones to bring in. “Ma’am, err. Terri, how many of these bags did you wish me to fetch?” I asked her.

“All of them!” she said. “Please be careful, there may be breakables in some of them.” She finished as she set her purse down on the ottoman at the foot of my favorite chair. “Please bring me a glass of ice water when you have my bags inside. Thank you!”

I fetched what seemed to be around 6 bags that resembled different sizes of suitcase and travel bags and placed them near the chair and ottoman, then went upstairs and fixed us both a glass of ice water. I wondered what Terri and Mary had in mind?

I entered the family room at the bottom of the steps and handed Terri a tall glass of ice water. She reached out and took it. Slowly bringing it to her lips and sucking a bit of water into her mouth. I felt a familiar twinge in my pants. I knew better than to follow that train of thought as it would land me in trouble.

“Thank You James. That was very nice of you.” She continued, “Mary asked me to visit with you for the day, maybe longer, depending on how things progress around here. I can’t tell you what I am doing here, rather, I won’t tell you what I am doing here. You will have to figure

that out on your own. Suffice it to say, that Mary has complete confidence in me and you will by the end of the day, if not sooner.”

“Look, I don’t know what you are selling, but I don’t think we are really interested at this time.” I said to her.

“Oh, I am not selling anything, James. What I am doing, is following up on a request from Mary. You, on the other hand, will learn to show interest, or I will call mary at work and have her come home early. Do you want me to do that, James?” she questioned me.

“No.” I answered.

“No? No what?”

“No, No Ma’am?”

“That is better. Let’s get one thing straight between us right now, I am here to teach you something. You, on the other hand, are here to learn from me. What that is, only time will tell. Is that understood?” she asked.

“Yes ma’am.” I answered.

About this time the dryer beeper went off. “Excuse me, I have clothes to fold and another load to take from the washer and put into the dryer.” I said as I turned to leave Terri’s presence.

“Is it OK if I watch you work?” she asked.

“Whatever floats your boat.” I said as I walked out of the room and down the hallway to the laundry room.

I looked up from emptying the lint trap and Terri, true to her word, was standing in the doorway watching me work at the laundry. I would have asked her to help, but I wasn’t sure if that would have been proper. So I kept my mouth shut about that and sang a tune while I worked. “Keep on Rockin’ me Baby... Keep on a Rockin’ me Baby...”

“So, what did you do with all that money?” Terri asked me.

“I’m sorry? All of what money?” I asked her back.

“The money you had for singing lessons? It obviously wasn’t used for the lessons.” She said laughing as she walked back toward the living room.

I made a smart ass comment under my breath about singing lessons and ‘Hardey-har-har’ or something to that effect.

“I heard that, James!” she called from the other room.

Wow! Good looking, well mannered and obviously has exceptional hearing... I wonder where Mary found her... and I wonder what she is really doing here? Just watching me? Strange... even for Mary.

As I finished folding the last of the clothes in this load and was bent over to take the clothes from our front load washing machine to place in the dryer, I noticed Terri's legs near the door to the washing machine. As I raised my head, Terri quickly forced a fairly large gag into my mouth and locked the strap ends together behind my head. I heard and felt a lock snap shut. I reached up quickly and my fingers found a small pad lock at the back of the straps. My mouth was stretched a little and I tried to pull the gag out, but I couldn't.

"Wmmp hhhh hmp hm hmm?" I tried to ask. Translation is "What the Hell is This?" But only mumbled words came out. I realized the gag had a breathing hole in it. Although the hole didn't appear to be very large.

"I didn't like your singing. You can't carry a tune, so rather than cause myself any more discomfort with your vain attempts at singing, I have taken matters into my own hands!" Terri said matter of fact. "Oh, and snide remarks behind my back will be punished. Try as you may, that gag will not come off without the key. And I think I left it at home. Do you want to know what state that may be?" she asked?

I nodded yes, realizing that I may be in for a little more than I bargained for. What if this lady were from another state? What if she doesn't know Mary? What did I get myself into letting this stranger into my house? What was she planning to do to me? To Mary?

"I am from Ohio." She said. Several states away and at least a ten hour drive. Maybe, if you are good, I can have the keys overnighted to me by FedEx or UPS." She laughed. "Please, continue with your chores. I have something for you. I hope you will cooperate." She said as she walked out of the room.

I tried again, in vain, to remove the gag, or to get it out of my mouth enough to somehow get help. It was no use, I was not going to be singing for a while. Maybe if I can get out of her sight, I can cut the straps off with a pair of shears or a knife.

As I walked out of the laundry room, Terri appeared and directed me toward the bathroom. I went into the bathroom as directed. Terri closed the door behind her as she entered. The little bondage and the thought of being at this lady's mercy was scary and yet enticing.

Terri opened the cupboard under the vanity (sink) and pulled out a bottle of Wild Berry Ultra Palmolive dish detergent. "Perfect, exactly where Mary said it would be." She seemed pleased as she set a bag down and pulled out a hose with a clamp on one end and a rubber grommet on the other. She started running warm water in the sink and reached over and set the hose and attachments down. I didn't really like the direction that this was starting to take.

Terri reached behind the shower curtain and pulled out the red two-quart enema bag that we kept there. There was also another two-quart water bottle hanging there for douching.

Anyways, Terri proceeded to unscrew the cap on the enema bag and then she opened the cap on Palmolive by unscrewing it and started to pour the dish soap into the enema bag.

“Say when!” she said, staring at me intently. Glancing down at the bag and then back at me.

“Whmm” I tried to say. But I couldn’t get it out exactly.

“I’m sorry, When what?” she asked as she continued to pour the thick dish soap into the bag.

“Whmm Mmmm!” I was able to get out as clear as possible thru the gag.

“That’s better,” she said as she turned the bottle upright and sat it on the counter. “Now to add warm water.” She said to herself, or maybe to her amusement at my realizing what was going to happen to me. She grabbed the large plastic water glass off of the toilet and started to fill it with warm water from the sink. As the glass filled, she poured it into the red bag. It took about two and a half glasses and the bag was bulging. Foam dribbled down the side of the bag from the top. She sat the glass down beside the Palmolive and screwed the cap back onto the bag. She pressed the clamp on the bag’s hose and shook the bag from side to side agitating it as she did. “There, that should mix it good.” She said as she looked at me and said, “Are you going to be a god boy and take your punishment, or do I have to tie you down? If I have to tie you down, the punishments get worse!”

“Ymth Mmmm!” I said.

“You promise? No backtalk and no hesitation then?” she questioned me.

“Ymth Mmmm!” I agreed quickly. Anything to get out of here and to cut this gag off.

“Mmm, much better. See how the threat of a good soapy punishment gets your attention?” she asked. “But, if I don’t follow thru on this, you will think I am a pushover. Let me tell you this, mister, I am no pushover!” she exclaimed as she reached into her bag she carried in and pulled out a harness with a metal butt plug attached to it. It had a fairly small metal ring on the front of the harness and straps that went from the plug back to the straps that came from the ring.

She had hung the red bag on the shower hook and released a little water into the sink to get the air out. Then she took the Palmolive and dabbed a little on her index and middle fingers and rubbed it along the nozzle at the end of the hose attached to the bag. She brought her fingers up to the hole in the mouth gag and ran them over the hole, coating the hole with soap as well.

“That is so you know what is coming, Jamie.” She laughed in a harsh indignant laugh.

I shivered at the thought of what was about to happen.

“Take off your clothes while I prepare for the next part of your punishment. Remember, you promised to do as you were told.” She stated.

I quickly undressed down to my underwear. One look at her and she pointed down to the floor for them too. I dropped them down to the floor and stepped out of my briefs. I stood there naked and at a semi-erect state waiting for my punishment.

I watched as Terri ran water into the now mostly empty Palmolive bottle. It wasn't that full to begin with. She filled it to the top and then stopped the water flow by shutting off the taps on the sink. She capped the bottle of Palmolive with the grommet at the end of the hose she had brought out of her bag. She then set the bottle on the top of a shelf unit over the toilet. She attached the other end of the hose to the air opening on the gag I was wearing. I guess it wasn't an air opening after all. The hose seemed to snap into place.

Terri sat on the toilet and motioned for me to lay across her knees facing the wall away from the sink and door. I obliged as quickly as possible. She inserted the hose nozzle from the enema bag into my bum and I heard the click of the clamp releasing. At the same time Terri gave a slight tug on the hose attached to my mouth and I heard the bottle of Palmolive fall over, obviously on its side, as it didn't hit the floor.

Quickly, I felt the rush of warm water entering my bowels. Just as quickly the soapy solution entered my mouth. I had to swallow fast in order to be able to breathe. I was truly being filled up from both ends with soapy water.

“Put your hands behind your head, Jamie.” Terri instructed me.

I did as I was told and Terri quickly snapped a pair of wrist cuffs on my wrists and snapped them together. There was no way to catch myself if I fell off of her lap now. My hands were behind my head and there wasn't much room between my head and the wall.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!
SMACK! SMACK! Terri landed ten hard strokes on my ass with a hairbrush. Five on each cheek. I was startled. My ass felt like it was on fire. My stomach was cramping and I felt like I was going to throw-up.

“When Terri tells you what to do, you will do it! Is that understood?” she asked.

I tried to answer but could only moan as I swallowed more soapy water. Warm soapy water at that. I bet I had enough soap in me to wash all the dishes in the house for a week or more.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!
SMACK! SMACK! “When I speak, you will answer me!” she demanded as she laid another ten swats with the hairbrush in the same spots as the last ten. “Is that understood?” she asked demandingly.

“Ymph Mmmm!” I replied emphatically.

“Good! When Terri or Mary give you an order, or a request, it is the same as an order. Is that understood?” her tone of voice told me it was an order and not a question, but I dared not, not answer.

“Ymph Mmmm!” I replied between swallows, obviously not fast enough for her.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!
SMACK! SMACK!

“Raise up a little jamie!” she ordered and I complied.

I felt the hose nozzle being removed from my bum and just as quickly felt the cold steel plug pushing at my asshole. Terri must have used the last of the soapy water from the bag to lubricate the metal butt plug as she slid it in without much effort. Not that I was in any position to stop her. She quickly brought the metal ring around and pulled my penis and scrotum sack through it. Then she pulled the harness tight and secured the straps through their buckles. I heard her fumble back on the counter and then I hear not one, not two, but three padlocks locking into place. Then I felt like what can only be described as vibrations coming from the metal plug into my full bowels it just as quickly stopped, so maybe it was just a cramp or something I imagined.

“Stand up and masturbate into the sink for me, Jamie.” Terri said.

This was humiliating. Here I was, a grown man, with a mouth and stomach full of soap and water, and my nether region full and not able to relieve myself, even if I wanted to. Being told what to do by a total stranger. A good looking total stranger, but a stranger just the same. I turned on the water in the sink and grabbed a bar of pink Dove soap and lathered my hands and then my penis as I stroked myself for this woman. I was afraid she was going to stop me before I finished., but no, she let me finish in the sink.

“Clean yourself up now.” She ordered and I quickly obeyed. Realizing that after an orgasm, this was no longer fun. My mouth felt yucky and my stomach was cramping even more. I was shaking and my knees were getting weak. This was no longer a fetish thing or fantasy, this was reality and it was torture.

As soon as I finished drying myself off, Terri motioned for me to stand in front of her. As I stood there, expecting to be chastised, I had no idea how right those words were or how they would come to haunt me. Terri reached into her bag and pulled out a CB3000 Chastity device. In the event you didn't know, this device comes with 5 locking rings that go behind the male's scrotum and up and around his penis at the base. Then a plastic sheath covers the penis and locks onto the ring that is chosen. The 5 rings are each of a different size, with numbers ranging from one to five, respectively.

Terri opened the ring she had chosen and slipped it up and behind the ring that was attached to the harness. She then closed the top of the ring around my cock and put a plastic post

thru the center opening of the ring. She next added a clear plastic quarter ring with points pointing down into my shaft and then pulled the plastic sheath over my cock and snapped it into place. She then locked the contraption with a small combination lock.

“There, that should keep you in line for a long time. See, the plastic ring is behind the harness ring and the rest of the CB3000 is in front of the harness ring. Meaning that the harness cannot come off until the chastity device is removed, Jamie. Since the harness cannot be removed, that means there will be no relief from the enema until you are freed from the chastity device. The little plastic points are called “points of intrigue” and are there to remind you that you will be in pain if you so much as think about another erection in my presence Jamie.” She taunted me.

“I have something else for you, if you promise to behave. I will then remove your mouth gag from you. I will not tolerate any more disrespect. Is that understood?” she asked of me.

“Ythm Mmmm” I tried to reply, another cramp hitting my stomach.

Terri brushed beside me and left the bathroom, returning after fumbling around her bags for a few minutes. She walked in holding a large adult diaper. I shook my head in horror. There is no way in Hell that at she is putting me in a diaper. Enough is enough! I stamped my foot and turned around and muffled that enough was enough!

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

My ass was lit up like a Christmas tree. I was bouncing and only too eager to slip on the adult diaper. What I didn't expect but should have by now, was that these too, locked with pad locks. So, picture this; here I am, an adult male, wearing a diaper, underneath it, a chastity device and a harness locked into place securing each other and a full two quart soapy enema, not to mention a belly full of soapy water that I know, within a matter of an hour or so, will be aching to flow forth from my bladder. My ass underneath the diaper a bright red and my mouth still tasted yucky too.

Terri reached up and unlocked the padlock from behind my head. So, she did have the keys with her. She was just trying to intimidate me. Well, no more.

“What the Hell do you think you are doing to me?” was the first words out of my mouth before she reached over to the counter and turned a knob on a small control box that sent an electrical shock right to my inner being and buckled my knees and dropped me to the floor. I was shocked, literally. By the time I recovered, Terri was dragging me over to the sink where she had started the water running again.

“Such language and so feisty!” she said as she picked up the bar of pink Dove and worked it into a lather. “Open up that dirty mouth of yours Jamie.” She ordered.

“My Fummpin...” is all I got out before the large bar of pink Dove was shoved into my mouth and I mean to tell you, she shoved it in. I think she almost broke my jaw sticking that bar of soap in sideways. The next thing I know the gag was put back on and locked and a hood was placed over my mouth that attached to the gag as well. Then she locked the hood into place and opened the ear zippers and the eye zippers so I could hear and see her as she chastised me again.

“Such a dirty little boy. We haven’t learned anything yet, have we?” she taunted me some more. “Here is the deal, then. You will keep that bar of pink Dove in your filthy, dirty, little mouth until I decide you can take it out. Any more outbursts or temper tantrums, and...” she reached over to the little control box and turned a knob, I was on my knees again and my teeth were sunk deep into the bar of Dove. She turned the knob higher and I lost control of myself. It was a good thing that I had this diaper on. My God, what was I thinking. I just shit myself around a large steel plug.

I moaned and tried to tell Terri what had happened, but I could see from her expression that she already had known what the electronic shocking butt plug would do to me.

“Tsk! Tsk! Tsk! Looks like baby Jamie had a wittle accident in her di-dee?” she said.

I didn’t like being called a baby or being called Jamie, but I wanted even more to get out of this diaper and relieve myself of this enema. How much more could a grown man take? I thought as I realized that she was going to make me keep this soap in my mouth until she was sure I was sorry... and believe me, I was already sorry. Sorry that I let this cruel woman into my house.

I took a quick glance at the clock hoping Mary would be home soon, but only 25 minutes had passed. This was going to be a long day, or even a long weekend. I did my best to sigh and come to terms with this woman who had invaded my normal Saturday morning routine. What next, I shrugged my shoulders to show my complacency with her.

“Oh, so glad you finally decided to behave yourself. I was beginning to wonder if I would have to get the real punishment implements out before Mary got home. She so wanted to see you submit to everything at just the mere whim or suggestion of something. You will obey both of us!” Terri almost shouted the order as she zipped close the eye holes so I was in darkness. I could still hear, though. Breathing was still an option, at least at this point.

I stood there still for what seemed to be an eternity. Listening to Terri give me instructions on what she expected from me. How from this point on I would answer to the name Jamie and do anything and everything I was told. Any questioning on my part, even for clarification would be met with strict punishment. That would include mouth soapings and more. I was allowed to ask for clarification, but I would be punished in a loving way. If I hesitated or resisted, the punishment would be 10 to 100 times worse than I had just received. She promised me.

The dryer beeped again, so I had been standing there for at least 20 more minutes sucking and chewing on this bar of pink Dove. At least I would be able to see again to do my chores.

Terri released my wrists from behind my neck. I didn't even realize that she had put a collar on me and that the wrist restraints were attached to the collar. She then joined them in front of me so I could at least perform my household chores.

“You had better get going Jamie, those clothes are not going to fold themselves. You had better fold them properly, or I will make you wash every item of clothing in the house this weekend!” she scolded me.

The weekend? Wait, I can't see where I am, let alone where I have to go. How am I supposed to do laundry blind, if I can't see?

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

“Omph!” I tried to say as I headed out the bathroom door, running into the door jam. I made my way to the hallway and into where the beeping was coming from. I found the dryer and opened it. I cleaned out the lint trap and threw the lint and Bounce sheet into the trash, I hope. I could feel Terri there, silently watching. Waiting to strike the second I made a mistake. I grabbed one item of clothing at a time, feeling it to see if it was a t-shirt, or jeans, trying to ensure it was right side out, or if it needed a hanger, etc. I thought I was doing good. I could feel no more clothes in the dryer and I added another Bounce sheet and opened the washer. I pulled the clothes out of the washer and tossed them into the dryer. Hitting the back of my hand once and my knuckles on my right hand twice. I know I said a bad word or two, but was hoping Terri either didn't notice it or would let it slide. I was mistaken on both accounts.

As I started the dryer, Terri pushed my diapered torso up against the dryer and the next thing I know:

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

It would have not been so bad, I decided, with the diaper on, had I not shit in them a twenty-some minutes ago. But, then, I thought, Terri is using the spankings to spread the mess to punish me more later. ‘Sigh.’

After she finished my ten swats, I quickly reached into the laundry hampers and decided that the whites were next. I found the bottom of the whites and pulled them from the hamper and stuffed them easily into the front load washer and closed the door. I next felt around until I found the shelf with the laundry soap, liquid All-Temperature Cheer. I filled the cup about 1/3rd full and took it across the laundry room to the washing machine. I found the top hatch and poured the soap into the proper receptacle. I then found the bleach and did the same thing. Upon starting the washer on what I hoped was the right cycle, I put the cup back on the shelf. I grabbed the clothes on the dryer and headed to the door. I stopped where I thought Terri may have been watching from. I did not want to run into her and make her angry.

“What are you waiting for Jamie? They are not going to put themselves away, you know!” she said as another lighter vibration and a larger cramp cascaded through my body. I stepped around where the voice came from and proceeded to Mary’s and my bedroom. Feeling my way around similar to the middle of the night, and putting our clothes away. I could hear Terri going thru drawers and boxes. Would she find the adult toys that Mary and I played with, or did Mary tell her where these were too? She seemed to know a lot about our house, like she had been here before, on several occasions.

“It’s time to work your way upstairs and do the dishes Jamie. A maids work is never done!” she whispered into one of my ears and gave me a little push in the general direction of the stairs. “I brought the Palmolive bottle with me in the event you need another drink. Do you need another drink now, Jamie?” she asked me.

I shook my head no and said, “Hnn-Hnn!” as that was the best I could muster from the soap, the gag and the hood.

“I thought you might say that. I offered you a drink and you said no! That is another bar of soap when you finish this one. Only the next one will be brand new!” she teased me as she unzipped the zipper in the front of the gag and I felt her reattaching the hose to the gag air hole.

I tried to push as much soap out of the hole as possible, but the bar was still too hard and too large to fit thru the hole. Now a hose was connected and I was sure that my attention would be turned to trying to swallow more soapy water before I drowned.

With that thought came a rush of cold water. It swirled around the pink Dove and down my throat. The water was ice cold, almost, and it felt good on my now sore tongue and gums. I tried to swish a little water but that just made my mouth fill up that much faster. I had to keep swallowing. Then the thought hit me. If I chew this pink Dove into mush, I could then get it out of my mouth by swallowing it with the next bottle of water that she forced me to drink. After all, the cold water was a treat at this point. I began to chew and swallow as the force of the water started to subside.

“There! There! That is a good baby. Does little Jamie want more water as she does the dishes? She cooed.

‘No, what little Jamie wants is to tie you up and shove this butt plug up your ass and turn the knob on full!’ I thought to myself.

The next wave of cramps and shock went through me almost simultaneously. ‘What the Hell, was this woman a mind reader or what?’ I thought to myself.

“I expect an answer when I ask you a question little one! Do I make myself clear and do you want more water?” she snapped.

“Ytmm Mmmm! Nnn Ytmm Mmmm!” I answered as best as I could. Still chewing and at least glad she couldn’t read my mind. I heard her running water in the sink and I could feel the

little tugs on the hose connected to the gag as she uncapped and filled, then recapped the Palmolive bottle.

“Here it comes, ready or not!” she said and laughed.

I was ready for it this time. Cool, crisp fresh water. It came flushing out of the hose. Burning and almost making me gag. Extremely hot water with the distinct taste of Dawn dishwashing detergent overpowering the pink Dove that was almost gone. No way to stop the flow. Hot! Hot! Hot!. Swish, burn, swallow. This lady was cruel beyond belief. Cramping, vibrations... Oh God! I have to pee. I can't stop it. Pain in the penis as it grows to accommodate the swelling in the bladder. Good thing I have this diaper on. Hot water in the mouth. Ouch! Oh god, I think I'm going to cry. I pissed myself and shit myself. What else could she do to me that could be worse than this? I thought as I started to sob.

“Get to those dishes, NOW! And be careful not to cut yourself. And just so you know, the gag, the harness, the collar and the hood are all metal reinforced, so don't try to cut thru them, you will only hurt yourself. Besides, babies shouldn't play with knives.” She laughed as I heard her sliding a chair out as she sat down near the counter close to the sink. Another cramp hits home. I feel like I am going to crap in my pants, err., diaper again.

The water was still running in the sink and it was hot. I was just about to turn the temperature down a little when she warned me not to do that.

“Don't you dare turn the hot water down anymore? How do you expect to kill germs and get your dishes clean if you don't use hot water?” she asked.

Being a smart-ass by nature, I held up a single pointer finger to say watch. I then turned the hot water even hotter and unscrewed the cap off of the Dawn Ultra and began pouring it into the sink. When I thought I had about two or three good force-full pushes of soap out of the bottle, I turned the bottle upright and screwed the cap back on. I was so proud of myself. I could still mess with the best of them if given a half a chance.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

‘Ouch! That hurts. Please stop it!’ I tried to say past my gag and the hose.

“Oh, I see! You want more soapy water to drink, don't you little baby? Gee Jamie, that was a lot of soap, I hope you can handle it. Did I forget to tell you, when you make a sink full of soapy water for anything, you have to drink some of it first. If you hesitate, we will give you another enema with it as well.” She warned.

“Ympm Mmmm, Pwss!” was my attempt to accommodate her and say ‘Yes Ma'am, Please!’ Which she must have figured out. I felt the hose being toyed with again and heard her dipping the bottle into the sink to fill it. Then I heard her pouring the soapy water out of

something and into something else. She wasn't serious, was she? A boy could only take so much!

"Lay down on the floor baby Jamie." She told me in almost a warm motherly type of voice. I complied as it was the nicest she had spoken to me all day. Well, almost all day. She unlocked the padlocks on the diaper. She then commented about what a mess I made. That I was lucky she didn't rub my nose in it this time. But not to let this happen again. Then she unlocked a padlock on the harness, my harness now, and proceeded to pull out the steel butt-plug. She was not very gentle either. "Raise up a little Jamie. Be a good girl for mommy!" she said.

I raised up the mid-section of my torso and felt her slide something under me. It must have been a bed pan or something.

"Go ahead baby, little Jamie can relieve herself now." She teased me.

I didn't have to be told twice. I let go with a force that I thought would shake the house. To be truthful, I wasn't even embarrassed at this time, I just needed release. When I was sure that I had expelled all that was in my bowels, Terri wiped me clean with a baby wipe of some type. I heard her telling Mary later all the embarrassing little details.

"That was a good start to your lesson, now on to step number two. When you make a sink full of soapy water, anywhere in the house, you are to either drink it or take a two quart enema from it, or both. This is an order from me. It will be your order to follow the rest of your life, whether you want to or not, you will be drawn to do this." She said, her voice was hypnotizing as she spoke. At least it seemed like it.

The next thing I knew, she was sliding a nozzle back into my rear end and the hot soapy water began to flow. My God that was Hot! I will have to remember not to do that again. The cramps came quicker this time, whether because of the hot water or all the soap I used, the earlier enema, or all of the above, I couldn't tell, but I knew I couldn't take much more.

Then the really hot soapy water I put into the sink started to flow into my mouth. So gross, so thick and creamy. Way to much soap. I will have to remember not to use that much again. I think I am going to throw-up. Oh no.

"Just so you know, that is not coming from the bottle. The end of the hose is sitting in the sink. You must have sucked in air from the hose and started the syphon action. Gravity is doing the rest. You are punishing yourself on that one. Such a good Jamie to clean her own dirty mouth." She seemed pleased with my stupid action.

Out came the nozzle from my ass and in went the plug. Pop went the pad lock. A new diaper, I could tell, as it was dry on the legs. Snap! Snap! Two more pad locks locking on the diaper.

The flow of liquid stopped in my mouth. "There, that should be enough to teach baby Jamie a lesson. Too much soap is not good for the digestive tract. It will act like an enema and

clean you out for days to come.” Her sexy voice had a warning tone to it. “Now! Up on your feet and get these dishes done. I am having guests over at Mary’s request and will need you to be dressed in your new outfit so all the ladies can see how your training is going!” Her voice had a finality to it that stated I would behave or else.