

Doverly: The Mouthsoaping Goddess
(By Jolly42)

Yeah, I know it's been like, since last millineum since I posted. 50+ hours a week of work will do that to you, though. Enjoy this story that I've had on the backburner for a while now.

We've all heard stories of Hercules, Zeus, Hera, Ares, and the rest. They were all the God or Goddess of one thing or another, be it lightning, thunder, war, masturbation, whatever. But one Goddess that the mythology books have forgotten is Doverly, the Goddess of mouthsoaping. And while Zues and the others have been keeping a low profile for the last few centuries, Doverly enjoys what she does far too much to not still do it on at least a daily basis.

I first discovered Doverly when a friend of mine one day told me a fantastic story. He was alone in his apartment playing "Perfect Dark" on his Nintendo and had just finished cursing at the screen when Jennifer Lopez appeared before him holding a bar of Dove soap. She then grabbed him by the ear, led him to the bathroom and washed his mouth out.

What can I say? I'm down with Jennifer Lopez, so I went home, hopped on my Nintendo, lost on purpose so I'd have a reason to swear, and then waited for her to show up. I figure, it can't hurt to try, right? After half-an-hour I was getting bored and said, "Aw, fuck it, this ain't working..." when Faith Hill appeared in my living room holding a Softsoap dispenser.

I was shocked at first and said "Hey, where the fuck is Jennifer Lopez?!" Her eyes widened and she started to grab me by ear when I said "Whoa! Wait a minute, what's going on? Who are you?"

She explained to me that she was Doverly, the Goddess of mouthsoaping and that once or twice or more a day she listened around for people swearing and then cleaned out the dirty mouths she found.

She apparently always assumes the guise of some attractive celebrity because it made the soapee more cooperative. I said that's fine and good but before she proceeded could she please turn into Britney Spears. (Hey, I'm a dirty bastard, what can I say?)

She did.

So I had my mouth washed out by Britney Spears. It ruled. I then asked her if she did sex, but she said she wasn't "equipped" for it. Damn it.

Since then Doverly has visited me pretty regularly and has sometimes let me travel with her on an "observational basis" she calls it. In that time I've seen some wacky stuff. Like the time she got an 8-year-old kid disguised as Gwyneth Paltrow with a bar of Ivory. But that's story for another time.

--Jolly42

"A sewer rat may taste like pumpkin pie, but I wouldn't know, 'cause I wouldn't eat the filthy motherfucker." --Jules "Pulp Fiction"