

Ebony or Ivory

(By SoapyOne)

The doorbell rang. "Hello?" came the voice as the door opened. It was LeAnn, a family friend. Her mother had dropped her off to visit while she went shopping.

"I want to go, I want to go!" my wife said to her friend before she headed out the door.

"Is it OK if LeAnn stays here with you, while we go shopping, Jim?" her mother asked.

"Sure, I am watching football, she won't bother me at all." I stated as a matter of fact, thinking nothing more of it. We've know LeAnn since she was around 3 years old, and here she was, a young adult, 5'10", about 120 lbs, brown eyes and black hair. Her father is black and her mother Caucasian, so LeAnn was naturally dark skinned. Always smiling and always seemed to be in a good mood. Hard to believe she was out of High School already, and getting ready for college.

"What are you watching?" LeAnn asked as she sat down beside me, feigning interest in what I was doing, as the other women left to go shopping.

"I'm just watching football." I replied.

"Who's playing?"

"Oh, the Hawkeyes and the Buckeyes." I said.

"Oh! Who's winning?" she asked.

"The Hawks." I answered.

"Good!" she replied, "Who do you want to win?"

"The Buckeyes." I replied.

She giggled, and then giggled a little more at my _expression.

"What's so funny?" I asked.

"You are, you always cheer for losers." She teased.

I ignored her and turned my attention back to the game on the wall. After a few minutes of going nowhere, a Buckeye wide receiver dropped a perfectly Thrown pass. "You stupid idiot!" I yelled

at the wall. "How the hell you expect to win if you keep dropping the fucking ball?" I continued cussing at the Screen.

"You better not let Mary hear you talk like that!" LeAnn said, "or she will wash your mouth out with soap."

"So, she let's me get away with it if I am watching football." I said, turning my head to look at LeAnn to see what reaction that got from her.

"Well, she might let you get away with it, but I am not about to let you get away with language like that, in front of me. How Rude!" she said as she got up and grabbed my little finger yanking on it and pulling me up to follow her. She headed into the hallway and made an immediate right turn into our bathroom.

"What are you doing?" I have joked and half tensed at being walked into the bathroom.

"Get on your knees in front of the sink, NOW!" her voice demanding that I obey.

"But!"

SLAP!

Her hand struck my cheek open palm and I was stunned for a minute. She knew I would never hit her back. I dropped to my knees and watched as she turned on the water tap and started filling the sink with hot water.

She looked at the soap on the sink, then at the soap in the shower, and finally she opened the cupboard below the sink, and brought out a bar of Olay soap. "This should work nicely." She said.

She opened the box and dropped the bar of Olay into the hot water. She quickly reached into the water and started to work the soap between her hands into a thick lather. "What did you say in the other room, Jim?" she asked of me.

"Nothing, I was just..." she cut me off as I was answering her.

"Nothing? Now we are adding lying to your cussing. So be it!" she said. "You better fess up, and don't lie to me."

"I called the guy who dropped the ball a fucking idiot, basically." I answered.

"What else did you say, before I got here?" she asked. "You better be truthful, too!" she warned.

"Well, I think I used every word in the book. I even called a black player the "N" word. I'm sorry, I know I should never use that word. God, I should not have told you that. I'm so sorry!" I tried to explain, but there is no explanation for losing your temper because of a ball game that you are not playing in.

"You will be sorry. You will be!" she said. She dripped more water on the soap and the lather was almost unreal. She brought the soap to my mouth and started pressing it around my lips. She coated them with soap and lather, ensuring to scrape the soap gingerly across my closed teeth.

"Open up your dirty little mouth, so I can clean all those nasty little words out of there." She said. As she pulled the bar back and was ready to slap me again.

"OK, it's opened." I said. No sooner getting the words out as she brought the bar of Olay to my lips again.

"Open your mouth as wide as you can, and stick out your tongue as far as possible." She instructed me. I did as she told me. It was almost a funny sight to see my white lips open, with my pink tongue sticking out almost down to the bottom of my chin. The funny part of that disappeared when the soap immediately hit the back of my tongue and mouth.

Reflex brought the tongue back into the mouth a little, and the soap hit the back of the mouth. At this point, LeAnn started scrubbing the tongue until she turned it white. She also wet the bar a few times and worked on the top of the mouth, and as far back as she could reach. She made sure that vast amounts of soap were covering my inner cheeks. When she pulled the bar out to wet it, I tried to close my mouth, and my teeth didn't touch, only the soap that coated them touched.

My tongue, always the curious thing, quickly found that all the teeth were coated. As LeAnn shoved the bar back into my mouth yet again. I thought that this would be over relatively quickly, but it just kept going.

"Every cuss word, and the 'N' word? We are just getting started." LeAnn stated, as if she could read my thoughts. She shoved the bar of Olay into my mouth and rinsed her hands real quick in the soapy sink. She reached into the cupboard again, and pulled out a bar of Ivory Soap. She unwrapped it, and dropped it into the water. She pulled it out of the sink and worked that into a lather as well.

She reached up with her left hand and grabbed the Olay, dragging it across my teeth as she pulled it out of my mouth. With her right hand, the Ivory Soap was pushed across my lips and outer teeth as it was forced into my mouth. She lowered the Olay into the water, spinning it with her left hand, as her right hand worked the Ivory around in my mouth. Kind of like watching the Karate Kid doing the 'Wax On – Wax Off' with soap.

Her right hand drug the Ivory across the insides of my teeth on its way out, as the left hand left a trail of Olay on the outside of my teeth on its way in.

LeAnn continued alternating soaps like this for at least seven minutes. My mouth was burning, my tongue was on fire, and the worst was yet to come from this 18 year old friend of the family.

"Looks like you enjoy this!" she said brushing her foot against the crotch of my jeans, and the erection that had been there since she started. "I think I know how to fix that." She said, but first things first!" She dropped the Ivory Soap into the sink and forced the Olay deep into my mouth. "Hold that there! Better yet, sink your teeth into it, so I know you will not drop it." She said as she started to unbutton and unzip my jeans as she reached into my under-shorts and pulled on my aching member.

"Hmmm. Not what I expected, but surprising that you like this." She said, referring to getting excited about being soaped. She dropped to her knees and pulled my pants down. To my surprise, the next thing I know, she is reaching into the sink and grabbing the bar of Ivory Soap. She starts lathering up my cock and balls. She gets me right on the brink of going over the edge, and she stops stroking me.

She stands and looks into my eyes, my mouth full and dribbling soap. "Would you like me finish what I started?" she asked me.

Begging for release, I nodded yes, and tried to say `PLEASE!', but all that came out was "Pleath."

OK, she reached up and grabbed the Olay, and pried it off of my teeth. "In order for me to finish what I started, I have to finish washing your mouth out with soap. Since there is still so much soap left, I will be busy for quite a while. Unless..." she trailed off her sentence for dramatic effect as she wet the soap again. Bringing it to my mouth, I opened for it.

"If you chew this to mush, I will consider your mouth clean, and I will finish what I started." She said as she pushed the soap deep into my mouth.

I felt her grip again on my penis. I bit into the soap, and only after a couple of chews, realized, that she had switched soaps on me, and I was now Chewing a bath sized bar of Ivory Soap.

I paused for a moment as she looked up and tugged on my sack.

"I didn't say to stop, that is, unless you want me to stop?" she questioned.

I started chewing again, realizing, that this was worse than what she was doing to me earlier. To have Ebony stroking me off, I had to have Ivory for a snack to chew on.