

The First Date

An account of Simon and Lisa's first date co written by the two of us.

Simons tale:

We Met a full week earlier under circumstances that were surrealistic to say the least. Here we were both in unfamiliar surroundings. we were so used to playing it normal for months with our significant others before casually trying the waters seeing if the other would be open to our version of "good clean fun". Now we were faced with having a date with a virtual stranger who not only new that part of us but enthusiastically enjoyed it.

Not for nothing did I count myself lucky that night. Aside from being a soap nut like myself she is also beautiful. I am definitely on the winning side of this bet. Lisa is a lovely strawberry blond with an athletes body and a razor sharp wit. I on the other hand am somewhat short, and in no danger of the hair gettin' in my eyes.

So here we are sitting across from each other wondering all night if we're going to get some. (not talking sex here if you Know what I mean). It was the most exciting conversation I've ever had on a first date. We went To my favorite restaurant. When the waitress came over I was my usual charming self. (Lisa's note: Simon is a Wise-ass!) I said something sarcastic to the waitress.

The waitress said that I was being bad. Lisa said, "don't worry as soon as we get back he's getting his mouth washed out but good!" All night long it was like that teases and taunts. Flirts that few people took seriously that drove me Up the wall. As I walked her to her door my heart was pounding. She smiled at me asked me to come in. I did and there on the couch was her roommate. A most disagreeable sort (Lisa's note: she's nice she just didn't like our age difference.)

When I saw her I thought there goes our private time. But we sat and watched the end of law and order with her, and made small talk until finally Lisa asked if I would like to join her in her room. (Duh!) Tthis is when I found out that her bed room had a small private bathroom.

Lisa put on some music, If you could call it that. I said " What the hell is this crap." (forgetting Three very real points, she put the music on, this is still our first date, and she most likely enjoys it,) "This is me!" She said, "I was in a band a couple of years ago!"

"It's very good I just don't usually listen to this kind of stuff." I say meekly. (Lisa's note: Back peddle, Back peddle, Back peddle.) I'm sure I'll like the next song. At this point I'm thinking I've blown it.

"I'm going to change into some sweats, I'll be out in a few." With that she disappears into her bathroom. I look around the room which is I guess a normal 23 year old woman's room, a framed poster of Pierce Bronson was the only "art" to be seen, the rest of the room was adorned by stuffed animals and various and sundry nick-knacks.

The "music" was just about to drive me nuts. When she reentered the room. Standing in front of me was Lisa with a pair of gray sweats and a t-shirt that said "so many stupid people so few comets". But it wasn't what she was wearing but what she had in her hand that caught my interest. She had a new bar of Ivory soap still in its wrapper. Bath size.

"You have been a very bad boy tonight." she said in a very seductive tone. Do you know what I do to bad boys?" she asked.

"I can probably Guess' I said with a smirk.

"Don't get smart with me!" she said. "you are getting you mouth washed out with soap until I think you are fully clean! As those words left her mouth something occurred to me for the first time. I've had my mouth washed out by teachers and my mom. And I've had my mouth washed by lovers who simply wanted to please me. But this would be the first time that I've had my mouth washed out By someone who actively enjoyed doing it. (Lisa's Note: And I did!)

She took me by the hand and led me to the sink. She handed me the soap. "Unwrap it!" she said. As I did she turned on the faucet and let the water run until it was warm. She took the newly exposed bar of soap and rubbed it gently under the water. Lisa worked the bar until lather was dripping from her hands.

"Open up." she said as she held the Ivory soap in front of my face. I couldn't believe it. something that I'd fantasized about all these years was happening and I actually felt my mouth tightening up.

Lisa started rubbing the bar of Ivory on my lips as she said again, but firmer, "Open your mouth If I have to ask again, you'll pay!" By now I was hard as a rock and she could tell I saw her looking at it. I slowly open my mouth and as soon as I do Lisa shoves the fully lather bar into my mouth. In and out and side to side she scrubbed. After a few minutes she pulled the bar of soap out of my mouth. As she ran the water over the ivory I could see the deep marks left in the soap by my teeth.

"You missed a spot." I said although my speech was impaired by the soap still caked on my teeth.

"That's ok I'm not done yet!" she said as I saw the freshly wetted soap coming at me. Before I could resist the soap was back in my mouth. "Do you still want to be a wiseass?" She asked me Knowing full well My mouth was other wise occupied. She continued for what seemed like hours but she says it was only five minutes. When she was done I felt the soap caked to my teeth and spit out what I could, but when I went to rinse She took me by the hand And led me out of the bathroom. I was thinking we were going to the bed but led me past it to her bed room door.

"Where are we going? I asked.

"we're going to watch Leno." she replied.

"Can I rinse first?" I asked.

"Nope." She said playfully.

"What about your roommate?" I said.

She simply responded, "I want to show off my handiwork." Needless to say we sat in the living room all through the show as I got very interesting looks from her roommate. Later we went back to her room. We did not have sex...
Ivoryguy2002 &
Ivorygal2002

lisa

This is the true life continuation of "The First Date" from your feedback we have decided that we would continue to give you both sides of the stories. I have found that reading each others take on things has been interesting for both of us.

It was ten O'clock in the morning when I arose to find Simon still asleep in my bed. For me this was sleeping in, but Simon works second shift at An all night copy shop, after which he usually spends all night working on his artwork. Simon is a freelance artist who does a great deal of magazine work. (I was very impressed when he showed me what he creates.) So for him ten was very early. I rolled over and gave him a kiss on the lips and he awoke.

Simon looked at me the same way a dog looks at you when it's confused. So I kissed him again. This time he kissed me back. By this time I was laying on top of him, my face inches away from his. Us all being adults, I'm sure I don't have to tell you the effect that had on him. We kissed and cuddled for about a half an hour until it became obvious to both of us we wanted more to happen. As I said In my previous posting I had some apprehension about having sex with him, the main reason being his size. Eventually though, Overcome by emotion and desire I reached in my nightstand and handed him a condom. (my plug for safe sex).

To my surprise he was very gentle and attentive to me. I won't go in to the details, but suffice to say When we rolled out of bed at noon we were both ready for the shower. While I got the shower ready Simon started kissing my neck. It made me tingle all over a held me his naked body against mine. When the Water was good and warm we disappeared into the steam.

Standing across from him I had a chance for the first time to really look at his naked form. It was hard to believe this man was in his mid thirties. When looking at him the words supple and lithe come to mind. He wasn't muscular in the bodybuilder sense, but more fit and firm with very little body hair. He could have been a model if he wasn't 5'6"tall. While surveying his body I decided to take control of the soap first. Lathering it up I saw him smile at me as I start to rub the soap all over his chest and abdomen.

All of a sudden I could see the effect this was having on him, looking at him I could hardly believe that I had him inside of me just minutes earlier. As I soaped up his body thoroughly, I reached around him and soaped his back and buttocks. To do this I had to press my body against his sliding around as the soap I had already applied got all over me. This was always my favorite part of My past relation ships as I could my partner washing my mouth out with soap as I stood across from him in the shower. Would this be the time It actually happens? I hoped so.

When I was done with his back side I moved on to his face and washed it like I was cleaning a family heirloom. Softly caressing his face with the bar of Ivory in my hand. When I was done I kissed him about the lips and neck, the taste of Ivory soap on my lips. He then took the soap from my hands and started lathering it. I was almost shaking with anticipation. Strangely He started low With my feet rubbing my calves then up to my knees. I just about melted as ran the bar up the back of my knee and around to my inner thigh. I didn't know if I could last another minute. I wanted to make love to him again and again. Then he started to wash my backside his strong hands conforming to the shape of my body, Moving up around to my back he pulled me to him Pressing Our soapy bodies together. I could feel his manhood against my belly hard and warm he backed me into the corner And started to wash my face.

I closed my Eyes and just felt. I felt his hands rubbing my neck, Soaping my cheeks, and when I felt thee bar of Ivory Against my Lips I was like, "Yes! Here it comes I opened my mouth A little, and then... Nothing happened. I opened my eyes just in time to see him put the soap back in the soap dish. I looked at him as if he'd just forgotten my birthday. He didn't seem to notice as he shut off the water and started to dry me off.

I was thinking did he want me to do it To him first or was he just not in the mood. Well any way I stepped out Of the tub and was drying him off as he reached over to shelf where I kept the twelve pack of Ivory Soap from the other night. He grabbed a bar from the pack and handed it to me. He smiled a huge grin and said "unwrap it". I smiled back.

"I don't Know why you're smiling young lady," He said "you're in Big trouble".

"I'm in trouble? For what?" I asked.

"Lets see," he said in mock contemplation. "you slept with an older man on your first date, Used very dirty language during sex earlier and You didn't warn me about your music last night."

"I can explain..." I started to say, Pretending to try to get out of my punishment, Even though at this point I was almost ready To wash my own mouth out.

"Don't try to talk your way out of this," He said cutting me off mid excuse, "your mouth has gotten you into trouble, and you will only make things worse if you try to talk your way out.

"What are you going to do to me?" I asked. I desperately wanted to hear him say it.

"What we always do to girls who cuss. I'm going to wash your mouth out with soap.

"I almost orgasmed right there on the spot. We were both still naked, and he was going to wash my mouth out. OOOOOOOOH! I unwrapped the soap and handed it to him. He took what seemed forever to lather up the soap. He had a sink full of bubbles by the time he was ready. He approached me and I felt his still soapy left hand grab the back of my head, and his fingers tangle into my hair.

He held the bar of soap mere Millimeters from my lips and said "Open up." As soon as I did I felt the bar of Ivory pass my lips and fill my mouth. Slowly methodically he scrubbed back and forth pulling the soap almost out of my mouth before shoving it all the way to the back, feeling the soap build up on the front of my teeth with every thrust. Then he start scrubbing side to side vigorously. My cheeks bulged with every movement. Then he did something unexpected. He did this circular motion that dug my front teeth deep into the soap.

When he finished he left the bar of soap in my mouth and looked at me with a bar of soap protruding from my mouth, and rinsed his hands. I pointed at the soap and said, "mmmffff!" which meant Can I take this out yet? Amazingly he understood with clarity what I asked.

"Not yet." he said as he exited the room. He returned a moment later with a Polaroid camera. "this is to remind us of our first date." He said as he snapped the picture. He then removed the bar of soap from my mouth. And allowed me to spit twice. But when I reached for the faucet to rinse he held my hand and said No rinsing young lady I want you to remember the taste. Then he leaned forward and kissed me on the neck and then on the lips. That kiss was so intense, my lips still covered with soap. As his tongue entered my mouth bubbles formed in its wake it was like it was still getting washed out and so was his.

I lead him back To my bed.

There is more to come let me know if you liked this. I hope the sexual content doesn't offend anyone. If it didn't let me know maybe next time I'll include more details. Again these are true life stories of Simon and our relationship. Simon had some traditional fiction stories also that we might throw in on occasion.

Love and lather,

Lisa.

Ivoryguy

Sorry for the long wait for this edition but Lisa has more free time than I do. But she's been bugging me to write so she can post the next "Chapter". So here it is.

The next day.

Perhaps the best way for a man to be awoken is by the kiss of a beautiful woman. That is just how I awoke the day after me and Lisa's infamous first date. To say I was surprised would be a gross understatement. You see I am not what you would call a "lady killer" so I am not really

accustomed to waking up next to A lovely young lady such as Lisa. When she kissed me the second time I realized I was indeed awake and not merely dreaming.

As she lay on top of me My interest arose so to speak. my thoughts were of her and the taste of ivory that was still lingering in my mouth. We cuddled and kissed for a long time until neither of us could contain our selves. When she leaned over and grabbed a condom out of her night stand My heart was racing. To have someone as beautiful and caring as her attracted to an old schlep like me, Well, I felt honored. I felt at that very moment to be the luckiest guy alive.

When we were done I felt like I'd been ridden hard and put away wet. (horseman's talk for tired). I wanted to sleep some more but felt that somehow I'd be living up to an old male stereotype. So up I got and followed her to the bathroom and kissed her while she got the shower ready.

The shower was up to temperature so she stepped in and I followed. She grabbed the soap first and started to lather me up first the front then the back. As she scrubbed my back I could feel her breasts slide against me as soap got all over us. I was certain that after this shower we would be the cleanest people in town!

After she washed my neck and face she kissed my still soapy lips. While we were kissing I took the soap from her hands and started to lather the bar. I started with her legs mainly because I love the way they feel as I rub them with soap firm and smooth like a living statue. As I moved my way up I marveled at her shapely figure slim and round. It was as if god made her while totally engrossed in a symphony. Each part of her was in perfect proportion to each other. No line out of place, no curve to wide.

Before I new it my body was pressed against hers in the corner of the shower. I caressed her face with the bar of soap she closed her eyes. I worked up a lather. As I rubbed the soap across her lips I saw her mouth open and was just about to trust the bar into her mouth, when it hit me. She is expecting it now. No element of surprise, no suspense. So I put down the soap. From the look on her face you'd though I'd shot her dog.

I pretended not to notice her hurt expression as I toweled her off and brushed the hair out of her face. It was then that I grabbed a new bar of soap out of the pack she'd opened the night before. I handed it to her, smiled and said, "unwrap it." she smiled as she started to unwrap the bar.

"I don't know why you're smiling, you are in big trouble "I said to her.

"Me? what did I do?" she asked as if she was really shocked.

"well, first of all you slept with a man on you first date and during sex earlier you said some very dirty words" I accused, neither of which offended me as you can probably guess but were a convenient excuse to give her a soaping she wouldn't soon forget.

"I can explain" she started to say, but I cut her off. I told her, her mouth got her into trouble and she was only getting deeper. She asked What I intended to do. It was apparent she needed the words as it was readily obvious by the soap she was unwrapping what I had planned for her.

"I'm going to wash your mouth out with soap" I said as plain as day as I took the bar of soap from her hands and ran it under the water. Now I knew that I wanted to at least match her effort the night before so I made sure that I had a nice thick lather going before I said "open up". With surprising quickness she complied and I inserted the soap. Much of my experience is on the receiving end and one of the worst (or best I should say) soapings was at the hand of Miss Oman my 7th grade math teacher.

Her technique stuck with me and I used it that morning. Once I had the soap in her mouth I vigorously scrubbed back and forth in mouth for a couple of minutes. I could see the soap build up on her front teeth as I washed out her mouth. Next I started scrubbing quickly side to side and watched as her cheeks bulged to accommodate the ever shrinking bar. As the coup de gras. I moved the soap in a circular fashion as if I were tracing her lips but With the bar still deep inside her mouth.

All in all It took five minutes or more but to say the least Her mouth was thoroughly cleansed. When I finished I left the Bar in her mouth and just looked At her, she was lovely standing in front of me Naked as the day she was born with a bar of ivory sticking out of her freshly soaped mouth, Lather all down her chin ad on her breasts.

"mmmffff" she asked While pointing at the soap, I figured she was asking to take it out. I said not yet and grabbed my Polaroid out of my back pack in the bedroom and snapped a picture.

"This is to remind us of our first date." I said and let her spit out the soap. Before she could rinse I spun her around and Started to kiss her. There was still enough soap in her mouth that in minutes my mouth was full of lather and I could taste the soap With every movement of my Tongue. After a few moments of this she led me Back to the bed. She opened up her night stand and then we...

stay tuned for more adventures of me and Lisa. I hope you enjoy reading them As much as we enjoyed doing them. Simon.