

# Girl's Work

## Part 1

I was on the phone with a friend one day and my mom started nagging me about doing some chores. She was screaming from the other room that I promised to wash the dishes and they had been sitting there dirty for hours.

My friend said "What's that yelling?"

I said "That's my mom bitching at me for not doing the dishes. First of all I'll do them when i get around to it, and second of all that shit is girl's work anyway so I shouldn't even have to do it."

My friend said "yeah man ur right that sux u get stuck doing that shit."

I said "Yeah well life's a bitch and so is my mom."

Then I heard my mom say "What did u just say?" She took the phone from me and said "Anthony needs to hang up and do his chores now he'll talk to you later," and hung up the phone.

I stood there in open mouthed disbelief and said "Uh i said um uh...nothing."

She said "I heard what you said I heard the whole conversation I was listening in on the other phone. So you think chores are girl's work do you? And I'm a bitch am I? Well if that's what you think I'll make it true. First you are going to be punished for your filthy dirty disgusting potty mouth. Second you are going to not only wash the dishes, but you are also going to wash the floor and vacuum and do the laundry. And since you think all that is girl's work you will do it as a girl. Now follow me" She said follow me but didn't give me much of a choice as she grabbed me by my ear and pulled me into the kitchen. She put on rubber gloves and grabbed a large pink sponge and the bottle of Palmolive and squeezed a lot of the soap on the sponge and turned on the sink.

I said "I thought I was going to do the dishes"

She said "This sponge isn't for the dishes it's for your mouth"

I begged and pleaded with her not to do it and I'd do whatever it took to get out of it, but she said "It's too late for that. Open wide." I reluctantly opened my mouth and she shoved the sponge in it.

She rubbed the sponge all around the inside of my mouth for a long time, then she finally withdrew it. She said "I'm not done yet so don't think you're getting off the hook that easily."

I thought to myself "That was easy how could it be any worse and then my questions were answered. She pulled a soap dispensing scrub brush out from under the sink and filled it with soap. She then proceeded to scrub my mouth out with that paying special attention to my tongue and scolding me the whole time, until there was no more soap left in it. She said "There is one more phase left and she poured a glob of the soap into her gloves and rubbed the fingertips in them then she put her soapy rubber gloved fingers in my mouth and probed every surface of it.

When her fingers got the back of my mouth I almost threw up but I somehow avoided it. She retracted her fingers and I asked if I could rinse.

She said "You can rinse after these dishes are washed." Then she removed the gloves and grabbed me by my ear again she dragged me into the guest bedroom that was right next to the kitchen and said here are the clothes you will wear when you do your new chores. On the bed lay a pair of pink cotton panties with frills and a pink pinafore apron and a maid's cap.

I said "There is no way I am wearing that sissy girl stuff"

My mother said "Oh yes you are!" as she sat down on the bed forced me over her knees and pulled down my pants and underpants and began spanking my bare ass furiously.

In a short time I was crying and saying "I'll wear the clothes just please stop spanking me."

She said "If you really want to wear the clothes you have to ask me nicely and then I'll stop spanking you."

I said "May I please wear the clothes"

She said "Which clothes?"

I said "May i please wear the girl's clothes"

She said "Which girl's clothes?"

I said "May I please wear the frilly panties and apron and cap."

She said "Of course you can. That's very sweet of you to ask me so nicely." As if I had any choice. She let me off her lap and I put on the panties. Then she helped me put on the apron and maid's cap and escorted me to the sink. She put the pink rubber

gloves she used to wash my mouth out with earlier on my hands to complete my ensemble, and said time to do your "girl's work."

I began washing the dishes and she left me to do it. When I was finished I called her in and she said they were satisfactory and that I could rinse. Then she took a cup and filled it with the water from the sink and put a drop of soap in it. She said "this will make sure you still get a reminder of how a swear word tastes."

I took the cup of soapy water and swished it in my mouth and spit. I asked for another cup and she said ok but this one will have more soap. This was a catch-22. If I didn't rinse the soap taste would stay in my mouth but if I rinsed I would get more soap. I decided it would be worth the extra rinse even if I had to get some more soap, and I took the glass and swished it in my mouth for a long time, and then spit it out.

My mother said "After the floor is washed to my satisfaction you may rinse with just water as long as you like."

I said "ok where's the mop and bucket?"

She said "Did I say mopped? No. I said washed. You will be washing the floor. I'll go get your tools. She returned with a big bucket and a tiny scrub brush shaped like an iron. She said "You will scrub this whole kitchen floor on your hands and knees the way women used to have to do it, until it is spotless." She filled the bucket with water from the sink and squirted a lot of soap into the bucket also and told me to get busy, and she was going to go run some errands. She grabbed the car keys and left after I had about half the floor done I decided I was sick of this and I went to get the mop figuring she wouldn't be home that soon and how would she know.

I started mopping the floor and was done in no time. I decided to go watch some tv. When my mother got home she called me into the kitchen. She said "you finished this pretty fast but it looks good. I wonder what your secret is I don't think i could have ever finished it that quickly" She said "I wonder if you used something special let me just check my hidden camera." She brought me into the living room and turned on the TV i saw that she was recording me the whole time. She rewound the tape and saw me get the mop. She said "I guess you thought you were above scrubbing a floor on your hands and knees. Well if that's how you feel you will do it again, but without your hands."

I said "How could I possibly scrub floor without my hands. She said "That's simple. I have created a gag for you with a scrub brush that is used as the gag. You will dip the brush in the bucket and used your mouth to scrub the floor."

to be continued