

How I Got Hooked: A True Soaping Story

Part 1

(By: richardbrich)

Hello. It's great to find some folks who share the same unusual fetish for mouth soaping.

Here's my true story:

I was reading the personal ads in the back of a local entertainment mag when I came across an ad placed by a professional dominatrix who performed role plays and catered to various different fetishes, one of which was mouth soaping. For some strange reason (and I still do not fully understand why) the thought of a mouth soaping really turned me on. I was curious and I called her pager.

She called back immediately. I was so nervous I could hardly speak, but she was very patient and coaxed me to tell her my fantasies. I told her I liked the idea of mouth soaping and she asked if I wanted to do a "little boy" role play.

I said that is not my thing and so we came up with an adult role play. We decided that I would play the part of a cheating boyfriend who received a gift certificate for a "free erotic massage" in the mail from a secret admirer. Once in her "massage parlour" she would have me strip naked and bind me as part of her "erotic massage routine."

Once I was bound and helpless, she would inform me that she was actually a governess, paid to punish me by my ex-girlfriend for cheating on her. She said she would wash my mouth out with soap and spank me and force me to confess my cheating ways and beg forgiveness.

She suggested that other clients of hers also enjoyed getting a warm soapy enema in this type of role play. I had never experienced an enema as an adult, but quickly agreed and we set a time for our session. She also promised me there would be all new equipment and soaps, and that her studio was clean, professional and private. I was so turned on after our phone call I could not wait for the session.

The Governess gave me directions to her studio in a business area of town which was fairly deserted at night. I parked in a grocery store parking lot and walked ½ block to her door. I was very nervous as I approached and rang the bell at the two story house. She called out to come upstairs and lock the door behind me. At the top of the stairs I got my first look at a woman I will never forget. She was a stout woman, not fat, but rather strong looking. I judged her to be about 42. She had smooth skin and black hair in a page-boy style and was dressed in a short black lace

dress that revealed her very impressive cleavage. Her nails were long and perfectly manicured a deep red and she wore black patent leather stiletto pumps.

I was trembling, but she put me at ease with her firm and inviting greeting as we shook hands. She introduced herself as Miss Brenda. She walked me past three closed doors to her office at the end of the hall. It looked like a typical home office with computers, books and comfortable chairs and a well-worn sofa.

We began the role play immediately and never broke from it the entire time. I asked her who sent me the certificate and she said it was from secret admirer who wanted to make me feel good. She told me she gave the best erotic massages and that I would not be disappointed. Now I was really getting excited and there was no turning back. She gave me a large towel and told me to disrobe and meet her in the room at the other end of the hall.

I did as I was told and entered the room where she waited. It was a medical room with an examination table complete with stirrups, an IV stand, a porta-potty, medical tables and cabinets and a table with a cloth covering many items that I could not identify. The room was lit entirely by candles. She told me to lie face down on the table and cover my bottom with the towel. Miss Brenda grabbed a bottle of massage oil and began to work it into my back. It felt great, but of course I could not completely relax because I knew what was coming.

She continued the role play and said she wanted to use a little light bondage for the massage to the spice it up and that she really had to bind me for the “full effect.”

Of course I passively agreed and in seconds Miss Brenda had my arms behind my back with my wrists in leather cuffs and my legs strapped down to the table with a large leather strap. She then got out some ropes and tied my ankles to my wrists. I was hog tied and strapped to the table. Basically, I was completely helpless. Now, if you have not been tied up, buck naked, by someone you have never met before, particularly someone who calls themselves a professional dominatrix, let me tell you it is very scary, especially the first time.

We kept up the role play and I said the ropes were a bit uncomfortable and could we please get to the “erotic part” of the massage quickly so I could go home.