

How I Got Hooked: A True Soaping Story

Part 2

(By: richardbrich)

We kept up the “erotic massage” 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.

Miss Brenda walked to the head of the table and began to display her artistic, sadistic side. She lifted my head by the chin and looked me in the eye and said, “Richard, you’re not going anywhere and you’re not getting a massage! An old girlfriend of yours by the name of Lori paid me to punish you for cheating on her and she wants me to find out just how many times you cheated on her. She wants all the details Richard and after I get a confession out of you, you are going to be punished for what you did!”

I started to shout back at her, “This is crazy! Are you f-ing nuts! Let me go! I’ll have you and Lori arrested for this!”

“OK Richard, you are going to have to learn the hard way who is in control here.” Miss Brenda then yanked the cloth off the table nearby to reveal several new bars of soap, two large bowls of steaming hot water an enema bag a stack of towels and other assorted medical tools. I knew at that moment that this would be an experience I would never forget.

She picked up a huge bar of Ivory soap that had been cut down to about 2/3rd of its original width and she began to lather it in a bowl of hot water. “Richard, Lori moved to Switzerland a week ago and she is not coming back and as for having me arrested, what will you tell the police, that I forcibly tied you up and washed your mouth out with soap? They will laugh you out the door. You came to me, remember? No Richard, your ass is mine for as long as I say so. Now open up that filthy potty mouth!!!”

Miss Brenda stood at the head of the table and with one hand pulled my head up by the hair and with the other she forced the wet, sudsy bar of Ivory deep into my mouth. She thrust it in and pulled it out rapidly like some sort of a mouth soaping machine. That’s when I noticed that she had actually notched the end of the bar so she could grasp it with her fingers to push it in and pull it out. “Don’t you ever let me hear you use that “F” word again Richard. And no more back talk from you, do you understand?”

She paused long enough for me to say, “Yeah, yeah, OK” and then she swirled the soap in the hot water and thrust it back in my mouth, over and over again.

“Richard, you will address me as Miss Brenda. The correct response is ‘Yes, Miss Brenda,’ do you understand?”

“Yes, Miss Brenda” I was so shocked and turned on I could not believe this was actually happening. Miss Brenda turned out to be the real thing. A pro-dom who took great pleasure in dispensing discipline. And boy, was she good at it! Miss Brenda let me rinse my mouth. She had a full water bottle and a small bucket and she held each for me so I could rinse my mouth while I was still hog tied.

“Well Richard, how do you like having your mouth washed out with soap like a little brat? How many times did you cheat on Lori, Richard? How long was it going on and who were you fooling around with?”

I denied it. I knew it was a big mistake, but I had to deny it to keep the role play going.

Miss Brenda became visibly angry. “Alright Richard, have it your way.” She walked over to the table and picked up a new bar of Camay. She had also notched this one so she could grasp the end. She began to lather it in the hot water. “Do you like my special bars of soap Richard? I notch them so I can get good grip on them to give you a really good mouth soaping. That’s what you can expect from a professional governess Richard. I know all the little tricks. I’m going to teach you not to lie to me. Now open that lying, filthy mouth!”

She jammed the lathered bar of Camay up under my nose as it slid up across my clenched lips and I could smell the sweet, feminine perfume of the pink soap. She forced it into my mouth and jammed it in and out.

The bar of Camay was wider than the Ivory, which she had cut down to get deeper into my mouth. Because the Camay was wider, it got stuck in my molars as she thrust it in. I knew there was a lot of soap left inside my mouth. She pulled it out as she continued her interrogation. “C’mon Richard, how many times!? Who were you with!? Then she pulled my head up by my nose and ordered me to stick out my tongue.

When you’re hog tied, you do as you’re told. I opened wide and stuck out my tongue. She swished the Camay in the hot water and slathered my tongue with the thick, gooey pink soap. My lips and tongue were beginning to burn. I began thinking that I was getting a lot more than I bargained for in my first experience with a dominatrix. This woman clearly enjoyed her work and she was totally into the role play. It all seemed very real and as we progressed in the scene I began to really live the part I was playing, that of a real hot-shot, cut down to size and humbled by a powerful woman. I have to admit it was really turning me on, but I had no idea what was coming next and it was still a bit scary.