

## How I Got Hooked: A True Soaping Story

### Part 3

(By: richardbrich)

Before I could begin my false confessions (because I really wanted to rinse the soap out) Miss Brenda shoved the Camay deep into my mouth, reached over to the table and grabbed a ring-gag which she quickly strapped around my head and over the bar of soap, making it impossible for me to spit it out. Again, I was thinking this was a bit rough for my first role-play experience. After all, there I was, naked, hog tied, with a bar of soap strapped in my mouth which was oozing from all the soaping and lathering applied by Miss Brenda.

I was able to breath OK and I did ask for this, so I tried to hang in there. Honestly, I am not sure if she would have stopped if I had wanted her too and that was half of the excitement. I did not know just how freaky this woman would get. She walked out of the room and I could hear water running in the bathroom next door.

I got a bit worried when she just left me alone, tied up with that soap stuck in my mouth. What if she didn't come back?

Each minute grew more uncomfortable.

Then I heard the clicking of her high heels on the hard wood floor in the hallway as she came back toward the room.

She came back in after just a couple of minutes and laughed at me. "You're a sight Richard. Maybe I should take a few pictures for Lori, would you like that? Are you ready to talk yet?"

I nodded yes emphatically, desperate to get the soap out of my mouth.

"Well, I'm not ready to listen to you yet Richard. You have not learned your lesson yet. Do you remember that bar of Ivory soap I washed your mouth out with? Well it's been soaking in a bowl of hot water Richard. See, this Richard, this is going to make a nice warm soapy enema for you."

She then swirled the bowl with the Ivory in it and poured it into the enema bag and placed it on the IV stand, checked to be sure the hose was clamped shut and secured it to the bag. She returned her gaze to me. "I have to get you ready for your enema Richard. You know I never waste any of my materials. That bar of Ivory was cut down so it would fit in your mouth, but I saved a nice big piece of it for you Richard. And do you know where that piece is gonna go? That's right! It's going right up your sorry butt! You're getting a thorough cleansing tonight Richard!

I was now trembling and shaking. Yes, I had agreed to a soapy enema as part of this role play, but not to having a bar of soap shoved up my butt. I was gagged with a bar of soap in my mouth and could not protest, nor dare I. The fear of what she was about to do made me forget about the soap burning in my mouth.

Miss Brenda donned rubber surgical gloves and scooped the piece of Ivory soap out of another bowl of hot water. It was about 1/3 the size of the full size bar and she had rounded the edges on it so it looked like a small dildo made of soap. In fact, that is exactly what it was. She dripped the hot water into my crack and began rubbing the soap between my buttocks. She got my butt very sudsy then began working her soapy fingers into my butt. Then she slowly forced the bar of soap into my bottom.

At first, it hurt going in and then for a moment the pain subsided, but as she worked it around the soap began to do its work on the sensitive tissues and I began to feel a burning warm sensation growing inside me. . I was literally squirming and writhing on the table helpless to call out or stop what was happening. The burning feeling became more and more intense. At that moment I noticed Miss Brenda watching me, seemingly looking for signs that I may want her to stop the role play.

No, I thought let's keep going. I had just crossed the line into a new fetish world that I never dreamed of and I was experiencing an erotic excitement I had not felt before. "Richard, this is what Lori wanted you to feel. She wanted you to feel humiliated, just the way she felt when she learned that you cheated on her so many times." It was working. I was living in the role play and although I felt humiliated, I was also strangely turned on in a way that I had never experienced.

"Richard, push the soap out," Miss Brenda ordered and I gave a little push and she removed the soap from my bottom. She discarded it and removed her rubber gloves and discarded them. "Richard, are you ready to tell me everything now and show me proper respect?"

I nodded my agreement and Miss Brenda removed the gag and Camay from my mouth. It had been in for at least five to ten minutes and my lips and tongue were burning and I was gagging on the soap and saliva that I accidentally swallowed while Miss Brenda was soaping my bottom. She helped me rinse and then she listened to all my polite, false confessions of how many times I cheated on my imaginary ex-girlfriend and how I was so sorry and would never cheat on another woman ever again, all the while being very careful to show proper respect to Miss Brenda.

"Well Richard, you still have to be punished for cheating on Lori. And we need to give you an enema and rinse that soap out of your bottom. So I am going to untie your ankles and deliver your punishment". Two spanks with my paddle for every time you cheated." I had confessed to about five times and Miss Brenda used a ping-pong paddle to deliver ten scorching swats to my bare bottom. I was still strapped to the table just above my knees, hands still tied behind my back.

I muttered, "Oh God" after the last swat and that remark brought another, unexpected swat which brought forth from my lips an involuntary "F-bomb."

"Are you testing me Richard? You disrespected me again!. I will not tolerate that at all! You'll be getting another mouth soaping before we're done!"

Miss Brenda donned a surgical rubber glove on her left hand and slid the enema nozzle into my bottom. She used the large douche nozzle and moved it in and out as she released the flow of warm water. I felt the water filling me up and as the enema drained into me Miss Brenda order me to hold it. She stepped over to table and retrieved a large butt plug and covered it with a condom. Then with a towel pressed beneath my butt she removed the enema nozzle and inserted the butt plug.

"There! You hold that Richard. We are about to finish your session. She loosened the strap across my legs and instructed me to sit upright on the table, hands still tied behind my back. Once I was sitting up she tightened the strap across my legs again. I was beginning to feel cramping from the enema. "Now Richard, Lori wanted one last thing in your session, you're going to be raped. And after this, every time you think of cheating on a woman from now until the day you die, you will always remember how you were punished by a woman who was 3,000 miles away. Lori sends her love Richard!" Miss Brenda then discarded her surgical gloves and picked up a bar of Ivory soap and one of the bowls of water and soaped my penis and my balls and began stroking long, firm hard strokes with her left hand.

I tried to resist. For some foolish reason I said, "You can't make me!" I guess I just wanted to see what she would do and I wanted to keep the role play going.

Miss Brenda smiled, shook her head and calmly and confidently said, "Oh yes I can. I'm going to fuck your mouth with this soap now you smart ass! And I'm gonna milk you like a cow."

She picked up the sopping, slimy bar of Camay that had been sitting in one of the bowls of hot water and began thrusting in and out of my mouth as she stroked my stiff rod with her other hand. "Oh yeah, you're my bitch now Richard, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon, let it go." She goaded me while she stroked and soaped me until I exploded.

The feeling was quite indescribable. I had the warm enema still inside me, soap in my mouth and her unrelenting, tight grip on my penis. She continued stroking me long after I came, as squirmed and choked on the soap. She laughed at me and said, "Lori sends her love, you little bitch."

Then, after that, she helped me rinse the soap from my mouth Miss Brenda helped me over to the potty and actually left my hands tied while I relieved myself. To my surprise, she wiped my bottom and insisted that I have another clean water enema to wash out any remaining soap, for my protection. I agreed. We ended the role play that point. I found out that Miss Brenda had been a nurse for years and was

accustomed to being around medical environments and body fluids. She told me she really enjoyed doing the session and that while it was unique, it was by no means the strangest and not even close to the most sadistic sessions she had done. We repeated the session with different variations a half dozen times over the next year or so and then she moved away. I miss her.

Cheers!  
Richard