

Ice Cream - part 1

(By: SoapyOne)

I was walking down the center of the mall, past some of the sidewalk displays, benches, games and other kiosks that were scattered about, when I noticed two very perky and giggling ladies. I would have considered them girls, but they were definitely college age, and definitely fine. One looked up and saw me, she nudged the other, and when she looked up, they both started to giggle.

I immediately looked down at my zipper to ensure that my fly was not opened. It wasn't opened. So I glanced back up and one of the ladies motioned for me to come over with her index finger. I hesitated for a second, but only for a second.

"He's afraid you'll bite him!" the second one said.

"He would be lucky if that was all I would do." Quipped the first lady. The second gave her a startled look, and then grinned when the first one started laughing. "Have a seat." She said as she patted the bench between them, scooting over a bit, and bringing a look of disgust from her friend.

I looked over at her friend, who feigned a smile, and then looked back at the first lady. "Oh, don't mind her." She said, "She's as harmless as a kitten. Honest!" she said as I gave her a sideways glance. "So, what's your name?" she asked me.

"My name is James." I said, "And your name would be?" I questioned the first lady.

"My name is Tia, but you can call me T." She said with a smile. "This is my friend," she said waving her hand introductorily towards the lady with the short black hair, "she is called Ice Cream." Tia started to laugh as Ice Cream started to complain.

"Damn-it Tia, that is not my name, and you know. That's not very damn funny, you bitch!" she yelled at her friend, who was laughing hysterically. I just sort of grinned and nodded at her, as I realized that it was either a nickname or a private joke.

"Oh, such language," Tia said, "someone is in need of a nap, they are getting cranky." With those words, Ice Cream, not her real name, adjusted herself in the seat and straightened up like a proper young lady.

"Please excuse my language, sir James. I don't know what came over me." She stated and quickly shot a smirk at Tia. Tia simply held up her index finger and mouthed the word, 'One'. I could see from Ice Cream's expression, that she was in some type of situation, so I thought I would help her out a little.

“That is OK, Ice Cream, I didn’t take any offense at your filthy language. Hell, where I come from, that sort of language is just laughed off. I guess that is better than getting into any sort of serious corporal punishment, or something for it?” I quipped.

“Asshole!” Ice Cream stammered at me for calling her by the name she was introduced as.

“What? What did I say?” I asked toward her and then Tia.

“She doesn’t like that name. Maybe I will explain it to you if I get the chance.” Tia said.

“You are a fuckin’ bitch, T.” Ice Cream said. “When I get you alone, I’m gonna’ whip the shit out of you!” she continued with a type of attitude that I realized really needed a check and balance applied to it.

“What type of corporal punishment would be good for a filthy mouth, James?” Asked Tia. “Explain what would happen to you if you used that kind of language.

“Well, first off, if I would have just used those words around a lady, I would have been sucking soap, or at least tasting it for a day, if not more. My mom would have dragged me by the ear to the bathroom, opened a new bar of Ivory soap, forced me over the sink, and scrubbed my mouth out until half the bar was gone. Hell, I would have been lucky if I didn’t end up eating the whole bar. Language like that just wasn’t tolerated in our house.” I finished. Just then noticing how both ladies seemed transfixed on what I was saying.

“Really!” exclaimed Tia, looking over at Ice Cream, “that sounds like it might do the trick.”

“No! Tia! Please, I’m sorry. Please, I won’t say anything else like that, ever again! Please...” Ice cream begged and started to sob a little. I believe it was more a show than reality.

“How would you like to buy two ladies lunch, James. We could, ah, maybe go to a movie afterwards. Your treat, of course.” Tia said, “Then, who knows, the night is still young...” She smiled as she winked at me, and ran her index finger around her lips, into her mouth, and then twirled a piece of gum that she was slowly chewing on.

Never to pass up on an opportunity, I agreed. We went out to my truck. I opened the passenger’s side door and assisted the ladies in. We went to a nice steak house, it might not be the top of the line for some, but it was fairly quiet, and served excellent steak. I don’t know if I can say the name of it here, but it is the nickname for the state of Texas. We had a few drinks with dinner, for which the ladies had to show ids for. That told me I was correct about their age. Then we went to the movies, and watched a chick flick. That’s what I get for picking up two girls.

"Well, what did you think of the movie?" Tia asked, as Ice Cream listened to my opinion intently.

"I thought it was OK." I lied.

"Come on, what did you really think, James." Ice Cream asked, "And don't lie, because I can always tell when someone is lying. Don't hold back, now. Tell us. What did you really think about the movie."

"I thought it really sucked." I said.

"Come on, out with it!" Ice Cream said.

"OK, I thought it fuckin' sucked all the way to high heaven. OK? Happy? That's the honest truth. That had to be the shittiest script I have ever had to listen through." I said, exasperated.

"We thought so too. That is why we came back to see it again." Tia said, and they laughed. 'I think I was just set up.' I thought to myself.

"Can we go get some wine, and then go somewhere and relax?" Tia asked. "There is a package store up the road a ways, and we don't live too far from it."

That sounded like an invitation to me, and I jumped at the chance to be with these two beautiful women. We climbed back into the truck, and headed for the package store. I bought some Zell Mosell wine, and followed Tia's directions.

"Pull over at the supermarket up here. We need to get something." Tia said as she pointed to the supermarket on the corner, ahead of us.

"Yes Ma'am, anything you say." I tried to say with a southern drawl.

We walked through the supermarket, and before I knew it, we were in the soap and detergent aisle. Tia was picking up a Family Size pack of Ivory Soap, and then she walked over and handed it to Ice Cream. They spoke under their breath, so I couldn't hear everything. A low tone argument ensued, and Ice Cream finally relented, and grabbed the soap from Tia.

Tia turned and came back down the aisle. She walked past me giving me a wink and walked over to the dish detergents, grabbed a bottle of Ivory Liquid, and came back to me. "In the event that bar soap doesn't do the trick on her..." she grinned and walked towards the checkout stand. With Ice Cream and I in tow.

It only took a few minutes to get to Tia and Ice Cream's place, and it was immaculate. I wondered how two young women could afford such luxury. Probably rich parents, I thought.

Tia was about five foot seven with brown hair, brown eyes and olive skin. She carried herself very confidently and as we entered the foyer, she turned to me, handed me the bags from the package store and supermarket. "Open the wine, three glasses, and bring them back. We will be waiting on you." She said the order, yet it was hard to disobey. It was like I followed her every command without having to be told a second time. Tia turned with confidence and grabbed Ice Cream from the back of her head and pulled her to her. Their eyes met, and Ice Cream was trembling. She closed her eyes as Tia's lips surrounded hers. Ice Cream was about five foot six, thin build also, and black hair, brown eyes, and a face that would launch a million ships... (so much for Helen of Troy).

I walked around the corner from the kitchen, with three glasses in hand. Tia and Ice Cream were all but naked on the floor, hands roaming over each other, and mouths locked together, and tongues in mortal combat. I walked in and set the wine glasses on three coasters. Before I knew exactly what had happened, both ladies were removing my clothes from me. I was naked and a woman was on either side of me.

Tia slipped away into the kitchen and brought back the family pack of Ivory Soap, and the Ivory Liquid. I had not paid that much attention to her, as I was busy with Ice Cream. The next thing I knew, each woman had hold of an ear. They twisted and pulled, and led me to the bathroom. I couldn't believe this was happening. I felt like it was a dream, and that I would wake up any moment from it. I didn't.

Tia turned the water faucet on in the sink, and ordered me to kneel. I hesitated for just a second. My mistake.

"Kneel, slut!" Crack! A slap across my face and a hard yank on my testicles dropped me to my knees in shock as Ice Cream slapped me for not obeying Tia's orders. "When told to do something, you will do so the first time. No Hesitation!" Ice Cream ordered.

I nodded that I understood. They pulled me closer to the sink, and the hot steam from the water rose past my face. Then two bars of Ivory fell into the hot water. They were fighting for position in the sink as the water from the faucet made them dance and bob. My face was pushed into the hot water and I felt the ladies hands running water and soap over my head. I tried to hold my breath, but they held me under, and I struggle.

As they brought my head up for air, I felt a knee pressing against my back to let me know they were in command. Tia, I think, shoved a bar of Ivory Soap into my mouth and the next thing I knew, my face was

back in the sink. I felt hands running over my head and back, along my arms. I realized that I was in some serious trouble about this time. I tried to struggle to my feet, to have them only knocked out from under me.

My head was brought back up, and as I attempted to spit the soap out, it was just as quickly thrust back into my mouth. The Ivory soap was pushed and raked across my teeth. Large chunks were peeled away by my teeth. The Ivory was thrust at angles and against my cheeks, my tongue and I was even told to raise my tongue, which I did. My mouth was full of lather, suds and bubbles running all over my face.

“Don’t spit any of that out. You are a naughty boy! Using such language at the movies. We will teach you a lesson.” Ice Cream said, “You are the one who chose your punishment, at the mall. Speaking of getting corporal punishment, so, now you are!” the girls giggled.

I opened my mouth to say something, and the soap fell out. “He’s done with that one. Next!” called Tia. Before I could catch my breath, my head was headed for the sink of Ivory filled water, and a new bar of Ivory Soap was pressed against my face, until it entered my mouth. Once the soap was inserted, my head was allowed up for air. The two girls continued their workout of me. I was extremely sorry that I had made the mistake of cursing in front of these two ladies. But I wouldn’t have given up this night for anything.

“Are you sorry you used such filthy language, slut?” Tia demanded.

I shook my head, not able to open my eyes. “Uh-hum” was all I could get out around the soap and lather filled mouth. Bubbles popped out of my mouth, I swear they did.

“Any more words like that, and it will be a bar of soap, one bar of soap for each word. Understood?” they asked.

“Uh-huh” I responded as they pulled the Ivory out of my mouth and allowed me to breath. That was my second mistake. My throat caught a breath of air, mixed with the hot water and the soap that spilled down it, and I about screamed. My throat seemed to dry up and it tried to close. It burned and seemed rough to the back of the tongue, which was still covered with soap.

Ice Cream brushed a wash clothe against my eyes and wiped the soap away so I could see. “Any questions, slave boy?” she asked.

“Just one,” I was able to get out the question, not thinking of the possible answer. “What is the Ivory liquid for?” I asked.

Before the words were barely out of my mouth, the bar of Ivory Soap was placed back in, and my face was directed to a red bag hanging on the shower curtain rod. "That is for when you really get out of line, slave boy!" sassed Tia. I shook and shivered when I realized what she meant. I was not going to go there if I didn't have to.

I was led out of the bathroom, into the living room, where a full length mirror showed me with my body all lathered up, and a bar of Ivory sticking out of my mouth. Tia grabbed a digital camera and quickly took some pictures of me, humiliated like this. Ice Cream reached down and grabbed my penis roughly and gave it a soapy tug. Looks like he liked this, Tia. Maybe we should take advantage of him in his weakened and hard condition.

They quickly laid some plastic sheets on the floor, and before I knew it, Tia was riding my face, lathering up her vagina, and Ice Cream was straddling Tia's mouth as she leaned back over my body. She was licking and moaning, and Ice Cream leaned backwards over my body, twisting herself and grabbing my penis with her hands. It only took a few strokes, and I blew. It was then, after losing control, with these two women over me, that I realized just how bad Ivory Soap really tasted, and I was ready for another round, as Tia rolled off my face and buried her head between Ice Cream's legs. Ice Cream reciprocated the favor, and the two women were going at it hard and heavy, when I tried to slip away.

"While you are up, bring us our wine, slave boy!" Ice Cream called out to me. "And don't even think about removing that soap until given permission.!" She yelled. I watched in half fascination, and half agony as Ice Cream licked and sucked on Tia's stiff clitoris, wetting it with her tongue. I then realized that Tia's vagina and her entire pubic area were covered with soap, from sitting on my face. "Ice Cream was washing her own mouth out with soap, from Tia's vaginal. I moved up behind Ice Cream, and slowly lowered myself over Tia's head. Pressing into Ice Cream's tight vagina. She opened for me, not much of a push and I was inside her wet hole. Tia licking both Ice Cream's slit and my penis, sent me off in no time flat.

I later learned that entering a willing Domme without permission is punishable by very severe means, at the hands of two ruthless bitches. "Oops, did I just say that?"