

James' First Soaping

I was using the downstairs, (basement) shower, and getting into the hot water, (as hot showers were a premium in our house), and I was enjoying the feeling of the hot water, and the feeling of lathering my boyhood (I was about 12 at the time), when my step-sister opened the shower curtain and caught me. She said she was going to tell and started up the stairs. (Being 12, I didn't realize that she would have been the one to get into trouble, for invading my privacy), through my embarrassment, I stopped her, and begged her not to tell on me.

She said she wouldn't, if I would squirt the Lemon fresh Joy into my mouth and swish it around. And then wait for her to tell me what to do. I agreed quickly, trying to hid behind the shower curtain. I picked up the bottle of Joy, pressed the cap passed my lips and pushed it shut with my tongue. Acted like I squirted it in, and she walked over, said that it was a good try, and opened the shower curtain to embarras me more, and took the bottle of Joy away from me.

I thought she was going to pop the cap, and make me open wide. I was only half right. She unscrewed the cap and set it on the ledge of the wall. She told me to open wide. I refused, she yelled for her mom. I snapped my agreement, and opened my mouth. expecting her to pour a little into my awaiting mouth. She didn't just tilt the bottle, she up-ended it and squeezed it, filling my mouth with Lemon Joy, and overflowing down my chin. I gagged and choked. She pulled the bottle away.

I must have been hard as a rock, because she was sure enjoying her show. She made me wait what seemed five minutes. And then she told me to swallow. I did. Just as quick as the soap went down my throat, it came back up. I choked up soap, water and bubbles... I threw up several times that morning, and I still shiver when I smell Lemon Fresh Joy...

Just for the record, her mom and my dad divorced within a year of that, but they never knew about that. And she soaped me at least one other time after that. (I wasn't sure if it was the soap, or the humiliation that was the excitement for me and caused the fetish? And I really don't care... because the soap and the humiliation both still do the trick on me...)

"SoapyOne"