

Lavender Ivory

There I was, kneeling in front of the bathroom sink. She opened the purple package of Lavender Ivory.

"How many cuss words did you say today?" she asked.

"None, Ma'am." I responded. "At least I don't think I said any."

"None? I don't believe you. It has been a long time since you haven't said any dirty words." she taunted me as she ripped the remainder of the purple wrapping off of the purple bar of Ivory.

"This is Lavender Ivory. Smell it!" she said putting it up to my nose and then running it under the warm water flowing into the sink.

I took a deep breath and noticed the light scent of the new Ivory she had pulled out from under the sink before she had me kneel there. What I also noticed, was the bar of Ivory came from a 12+4 pack (16 pack) bundle of Lavender Soap. I also saw the large bottle of Palmolive Ultra Melon scented dish soap under there, so I dared not disobey her or talk back, even if I didn't cuss today.

"What are you going to do?" I asked. Already knowing the answer and wanting, yet not wanting it.

"I am going to wash your mouth out with this here bar of soap. You obviously can't be trusted to tell the truth. Just because I didn't hear you, doesn't mean you didn't cuss today, does it? she asked.

"No Ma'am. I'm sorry if I cussed today, or lied about it. I don't remember saying anything bad."

"You don't? Well, let's see if we can help you remember!" she said as she brought the wet bar of Ivory to my mouth. She hadn't even worked it into a lather, yet.

I hesitated, but only for a second and then I opened my mouth.

"Stick out your tongue as far as you can." She ordered.

I complied. The next thing I know she almost had me gagging on the light purple bar of soap.

She shoved the new bar of Ivory into my mouth pressing it hard against my tongue as she shoved it in until it hit my back teeth. It scraped against my teeth and some of it shaved off and the soap continued back until it pressed at the back of my mouth.

"How does it taste?" she asked me.

"Ith thaaa liii lwee." I tried to say past the soap. (It tastes like Ivory), but it was impossible to say an understandable sentence with this purple bar wedged into the back of my mouth.

With that, she pulled the bar back out of my mouth. Then the onslaught began. She pulled my head back so my mouth was almost straight up. I heard her dipping the soap into the water in the sink. I tried to look, but the angle was too sharp to get a good view.

Then I saw the purple bar again as she quickly brought it up to my face. I had to close my eyes for a second to keep from getting water splashed into them as it was being flung from the soap as she brought it to my mouth.

I again opened my mouth as wide as I could for her, not wanting her to be angry with me.

"Close your mouth a little." she said. "I want you to get a good feel for this mister."

I brought my lips closer together only to have them thrust apart by the purple soap. I opened my eyes to see the end of the soap in her hand as it was thrust in and out of my mouth. I tried not to swallow but with my head tilted back, it was impossible. Now I remember why I do, and don't like mouthsoapings with Ivory. It burns when forced in and roughly applied to the tongue and mouth, yet the flavor is unmistakably Ivory and you know once you taste it, that your mouth will be clean and the after affects and flavor will last for a long time.

I choked a little which caused a bubble to form on the end of the soap, but it didn't fly into the air. I would guess my eyes were starting to water. Not from the punishment, per se', but from the choking on the little water that went down the wrong pipe.

"Poor baby! Not going to lie to me any more, are you?" she asked.

I tried to shake my head no and say "No!" at the same time, but her grip was still firm and my head barely moved.

She pulled the Ivory out and re-wetted it in the sink. She brought the bar back to my mouth and said, "Say Awe!"

"Awethhh!" was all I was able to get out as the Ivory stifled any other sounds. The onslaught was on again.

She ensured that she wouldn't miss any places in my mouth that that new bar of soap would reach. The scent was mild, but that Ivory taste...

Just when I thought she was done, she grabbed a washcloth off of the towel bar hanging to the left of the sink, on the wall.

At least she let go of my head. I brought my head down a little and tried to look into the mirror. This mirror was higher than the one in our Master bedroom, so I couldn't see her handywork. But I could sure feel and taste it. I was also fairly excited, which she noticed.

"So, you appear to be enjoying yourself aren't you?" she said as she used the tip of her shoe and pushed against my groin lightly.

"Uh-huh! Yeth Ma'am" I was able to get out thru my mouth full of soap and lather brought on by the forceful soaping she had just given me.

"So, do you remember cussing today?" she asked as she worked the purple Ivory into the now soaked washcloth.

This was a "no win" scenario, and she knew it, and she knew I knew it. I could tell by the look on her face.

"Well! I'm waiting." she said, and she was. As the longer I took to answer, the longer the Ivory in my mouth had to clean my mouth out, and the longer she had to create a creamer covering of soap on the washcloth.

If I answered yes, that I remember cussing today, she would wash my mouth out for both lying to her and cussing earlier and then denying it. If I answer no, she will continue to wash my mouth out until I confess. I guess I should confess to what I don't remember doing, just to get it over with.

"Yeth Ma'am, I said a bad word today, I'm sorry I didn't remember earlier." I finally got it out.

"You naughty little liar!" she said as she pulled the soapy Ivory off of the washcloth. "You are just saying that so I will finish quicker, aren't you?" she asked me.

I must have blushed a little, as I always do when she catches me in a lie. "Yes Ma'am!" I said, "But I really don't remember!"

"OK, so now I have to wash your mouth out for lying to me, for cussing today, and then for lying to me about cussing to get a shorter punishment for lying and cussing... That is almost confusing... Why do you do that to me?"

I looked to the floor and my head was quickly brought back up. She reached into the cupboard under the sink and brought out the Palmolive Ultra melon dish soap.

"Maybe this will help you remember." she said as she pulled the cap open on the large plastic bottle.

I opened my mouth knowing better than to refuse or fight. I felt the cool liquid hit my tongue. The Ivory taste was stronger than the Palmolive, at least at first. She kept squeezing the bottle until my mouth was about one third full. I could still breathe thru my nose at least.

She sat the bottle down and looked at me and grimaced a little.

"Well? Don't you have anything to say?" she teased me, knowing I couldn't talk at the moment. "OK then." she said as she brought the washcloth over to my mouth, dropping the slightly smaller bar of purple Ivory into the wash basin.

She held the washcloth over my open mouth and started to wring it out, into my mouth and down my chin. She was careful not to get any soap in my eyes, either that, or I was just lucky this time.

As the soap and water started to overflow, she plunged the well lathered washcloth into my full mouth. Soap and bubbles flew everywhere. OK, not everywhere, but all over my face, chin and chest. She had not wrung all of the water out of the washcloth either, as I soon found out.

Then the taste of the Palmolive cut thru the taste of the Ivory. I swallowed as little as I could but it was hard not to, as the reflex is automatic. She continued to work that Ivory - Palmolive covered washcloth around in my mouth. Ensuring that she was not gentle and that she got my gums, the roof of my mouth, my tonsils in the back, the bottom of the tongue, my teeth, everywhere as clean and soap covered as she could.

Then she did it. She tilted my head back and pushed the washcloth with her hand back as far and as straight as she could. She watched what she was doing with a deliberate disdainful look on her face. She hit the epiglottis and caused a gag reflex.

I tried to keep from choking and biting her. She pulled out and covered my mouth with the washcloth to keep me from spitting out any soap.

I gagged and swallowed. My god that was horrible. I choked and gagged some more.

She pushed my mouth open with the washcloth and shoved as much as she could into my mouth. I had to swallow more Ivory palmolive as she forced the washcloth into my mouth.

"Just a second, I will get you some water." she said turning on the faucet and filling a large 20 ounce tumbler with warm water. I of course, didn't know it was warm water until she pulled the washcloth out and put the glass to my lips, nor did I care at that moment. "Here, drink!" she said.

I complied. I swallowed as much water as I could. I felt like I was going to throw up, but after a few drinks, the water was gone and my throat, although burning and a little scratchy, was ok. My stomach, it was a little upset or queazy.

"Let's start where we left off she said!" bringing the washcloth to my mouth.

I looked up at her and was about to say something and as I opened my mouth, the washcloth went in. "Oh My God" it tasted so awful. Ivory and Palmolive should not be mixed. I know I had tears in my eyes this time.

"Regretting not telling me the truth now?" she smirked.

I tried to nod my head yes but her firm grip on my head made that difficult and then she pulled my head back.

"Good!" she said. "You were a fairly good boy today. I believed you when you said you didn't say any dirty words today. This was your reward for not cussing today." she looked me in the eyes and smiled. "But, then you lied to me and said you did cuss. So, now we will have to punish you for that as well... Do you know what that punishment will be?" she asked me.

I tried to shake my head no, as it was impossible to talk with sickly sweet tasting washcloth being worked around in my mouth.

"No? Well then," she continued, "I guess I will have to tell you."

I listened intently as she informed me what the next part of my punishment would be...