

Lillian Calls Her Husband's Bluff

Lillian sighed as she rested her head on her husband Mark's chest. The two lovers had just settled into bed, caressing each other lightly. Both had been busy at work for the past week, which meant they were tired at night, which amounted to the fact that it had been about one week since they had made love. Both were in the mood tonight.

Lillian was a smooth skinned, barely more than petite size, Asian woman with firm round breasts that took her husband two hands to fondle, and a shaven pussy. Her husband Mark was a medium sized man, well built, with dark mid-length hair.

After a moment, Lillian brought her face up to Mark's and kissed her husband slowly, pressing the fullness of her lips against his, and toying with his tongue, using her own. Mark wrapped his arms around her and rubbed her back, and her backside, with his hands while kissing her back. After several minutes of this, Lillian pulled away, and gently pecked Mark's lips a couple of times, smiling at him. "Tell me how much you want me, baby," she coaxed him.

"Get on me and fuck me, Lill," Mark taunted her back.

Lillian, still smiling, looked at her husband sideways. Lillian didn't mind some cussing, but at times her husband's language could get on her nerves, and his mouth had been bad lately. So she teased him, Honey...if you don't quick talking like that, I'm going to have to wash your mouth out with soap!" Her voice grew surprisingly firm on those last words.

"You wouldn't," Mark retorted.

Then Lillian pressed her hands against her husband's shoulders and raised her body up over his, her breasts hanging down in the space between them, and her eyes grew fantastically wide. "You wanna bet?" she said. Mark just laughed. At least he was laughing until Lillian jumped out of bed and grabbed him by the arm, "Alright then," she said, "If you don't believe me, just come with me, and I'll have to show you." She was serious. Her mind was made up. Not only did she wish to remedy her husband's language, but she was determined to teach him to take her seriously--that was the straw that had broken the camel's back.

"Honey..." Mark yelled out as Lillian dragged him towards the bathroom. He didn't want to fight with her, he loved her too much, and he was in too good of a mood. Tonight, he had wanted to enjoy her, not piss her off. Lillian made no response, but turned on the bathroom light and shut the door behind Mark in the bathroom. "Please, Lilly, you don't have to do this," he begged her, "I'll never cuss in bed again."

"Stand there in front of the sink, my darling potty mouth," she said. At least she was speaking sweetly to him, Mark thought. Lillian meanwhile turned on the warm water and fetched a bar of Ivory soap from the cabinet. "Your language is not the only issue,

Mark," she explained to him as she began lathering the fresh bar of soap, "you see, I do have to do this in order to teach you to respect me. After this, I bet you'll believe me when I threaten you from now on." Mark knew he had been wrong. He didn't try to argue anymore, he just swallowed hard. Lillian continued lathering the Ivory soap in her hands until her hands themselves were covered in soap suds. The whole bathroom smelled of Ivory soap, and Mark could only imagine how bad it was going to taste. Finally, she was ready. "Smell the soap darling," she said, placing the bar under his nose and rubbing some lather onto his nostrils. Mark smelled it, and some of the suds went up his nose, causing him to open his mouth. And when he did...

Lillian shoved the bar of Ivory into her husband's mouth and began rubbing it over his tongue over and over. "You shouldn't have laughed, Mark," she said to him. "I told you I would do this, and look! now its happening."

She stared him in the eyes as she scrubbed his mouth with soap, and he looked back at her with pitiful eyes.

The soap tasted even worse than he had expected, and before long it began to sting. Lillian kept on washing his mouth though, picking up the pace even, and scrubbing harder now. She scraped the bar along Mark's teeth, and twisted and turned the bar vigorously through his mouth. She soaped his cheeks, his tongue, the roof of his mouth--nothing was escaping this wife on a mission.

Mark began to drool soap, his mouth was full of more lather than it could contain. Lillian just laughed as his mouth began to bubble and foam. Mark felt humiliated... but he felt something else too. Here he was completely naked, ready for sex, and getting his mouth washed out with soap by his beautiful, naked wife. Suddenly, his cock began to harden. Before long, Lillian noticed it too.

"Oooh," she cooed, "I think you're starting to like this... I know I am," she said, grabbing hold of her husband's cock while she finished soaping his mouth. And at last she stopped, and removed the now used bar of Ivory soap from his mouth.

Mark dropped to his knees, lather spilling out of his mouth, and said (as best he could with a soap filled mouth) "I'm sorry baby, I'm so sorry I didn't respect you, but I promise it won't happen again," he cried to her as he hugged her knees.

Lillian looked down at him smiling, "I know you won't sweetheart. Would you like to rinse your mouth now?" she asked him.

Mark nodded eagerly, and she turned on the cool water for him and said, "Go ahead, as much as you want. You took that very well, I'm proud of you." As he bent over the sink rinsing, Lillian slapped her husband's ass playfully.

Mark laughed, "Are you going to spank me now?"

"I could," she said, sitting on the toilet lid.

"You should," Mark said, suddenly enjoying his wife's domination, and he laid himself over her lap. Lillian smiled and spanked him hard until his ass was bright red. His cock was throbbing by this point.

"Well, that was some pretty neat foreplay--we should do it again some time," Lillian said, smiling, "now what do you say we go get back to the business we had in mind for tonight."

Climbing back into their covers where the night had started, Lillian and Mark soon lost themselves in orgasmic bliss with one another, Mark's mouth still tasting like Ivory soap all night long...