

Message Misinterpreted

(By: dis_vet04)

On a recent trip to Florida, I had stopped off at Tarpon Springs (a very nice little Greek community/ home of the sponge docks) to eat one of their world famous Gyros, Greek Canolee, and a bottle of Greek wine. While shopping, I bought Brenda a little sample pack of Greek Olive Oil soap and sea sponges (loofah). She was very happy.

The other night, after getting back from her girlfriend's house, Brenda and Lisa were talking about something. (I can't remember right now what it was. but Lisa had said how she handled herself in a certain situation) And I commented on how Lisa was a total BITCH. You should have seen the fire in Brenda's eyes. (you could probably roast hot dogs)

She snapped like an over stretched rubber band and hauled off and slapped me right across my fresh mouth. (the little bitch actually brought blood) (now mind you, most women can't hit hard enough to tickle and believe me it sure as hell didn't tickle any.) Brenda then grabbed me by the ear and started twisting really hard (I thought she was going to pull my damn ear right off) causing me intense pain. I tiptoed and followed her into the bathroom (like I really had a choice eh?) where she finally let go, wet the brand new bar of olive oil soap and vigorously in her hands creating mounds of bubbles.

"Now open your mouth wide and stick out your tongue young man, I will not have you talking about my friend like that."

I kept my mouth closed as tight as I could not wanting to taste the soap. Brenda grabbed my ear again and twisted, when I opened my mouth to squeal, she slid the bar back and forth very hard and fast on my tongue causing an aqueous amount of soapsuds to build up in my mouth and then she shoved the soap to the back of my throat twisting and turning and side to side and shoving it deeper causing me to gag and choke on the soap.

That didn't phase her a bit. She pulled the bar out of my mouth and rewet it. She continued doing this until about 1/2 the bar was gone. (that's a lot of soap in one's mouth) Then she put the bar of soap back on the sink, pushed my head back, closed my lower jaw with her right hand and pinched my nose with her left hand and told me to swallow. As I did, I started choking on the soap bubbles again that were still in my mouth.

She let me rinse and spit just one time after catching my breath. Then she said she was going to call Lisa over here, apologize to her for saying that she was a BITCH, and let her finish washing the rest of my mouth out with the other half of the bar while she watched. Well, she did call Lisa and I apologized to her.

Lisa came over and the whole process started all over again. Well, needless to say, I did finish off the whole bar of olive oil soap and my stomach started making funny gurgling sounds like it wanted to escape via the rectum. When Lisa was finished with her duties, I apologized to her again saying that I was just paying her a compliment. After all, BITCH is just an acronym for Babe In Total Control of Herself.

Both Brenda and Lisa had a good hardy laugh out of that one and said that was just a freebie and that everything was cool. Guess I'll have to make another trip down to Florida again soon.