

# Mr. Pottie Mouth

(By: SoapyOne)

I just can't seem to learn... or maybe I just don't want to.

I printed out the mouthsoaping techniques from WHAP! Magazine (Women Who Administer Punishment), and left it on the vanity counter in our bedroom. I knew that Mary would see it, and I was hoping she would take the subtle hint. Now, mind you, I have not said but one cuss word since my sister-in-law made me eat that Irish Spring last week, and for that one cuss word, Mary made me hold a bar of Lever 2000 in my mouth for five minutes, then the bar of Irish Spring for another five minutes...

Anyways, today, work was going along at a staggering pace and I was busy working when up pops the IM from Mary. She pops a couple of messages and then states she is going to leave for a little while, then return.

I begged her not to leave me alone on the IM, just joking around. I was goofing off and called her a poopoohead!

Did you know you can't recall the messages once they were sent? Oops.

So, I quickly sent an apology.

When she returned, she ignored the apology, but told me that I was to get ten minutes each with two different bars of soap. The part that was the hardest, she said I would have to choose the soaps. The first was Lever 2000 and the second was Dove.

I figured that the other soaps we had would be worse than these two. When will I learn to respect her like she deserves. It is not like I called her the actual expletive, ya' know?

Anyways, after about seven minutes of standing in the corner, the Lever 2000 was drooling down my chin. By ten minutes I was practically choking and gagging on the wretched soap in my mouth.

Mary pulled the Lever 2000 out and handed me a bottle of water. I took a drink and swished it around in my mouth. I turned to head towards the vanity at the sink and she turned me right back around.

"No spitting boy, as we are not done yet!" she said.

I looked at her with a face that must have had panic written on it.

"Swallow it!" She said, "Be fast about it too, we haven't got all evening."

I did as I was told. Swallowing the Lever 2000 and water solution. What was bad

enough after ten minutes was even worse going down with water. Although the water did help to dilute it some.

"Turn around here for a sec." she said.

As I turn, Mary stuck a white bar of Dove up to my lips.

"Open! Open! Open!" she taunted like a Mervins commercial.

I obediently opened my mouth, now more than ever regretting the childish name calling offense that I committed earlier.

After ten minutes of Dove and thankfully no scrubbing Mary removed the bar of Dove and gave me the bottle of water. She allowed me to finish drinking the bottle. No rinsing was permitted.

"Go eat your dinner and then get the dishes done! If I hear or see anything like that again, you will think this was a picnic." she continued, "Any complaining and you will have a bar of soap in your mouth until you wash, dry and put away the dinner dishes as well. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes." I replied.

"Yes? Yes what?" she snapped back at me.

"Yes Ma'am." I answered.

"Good! After you finish the dinner dishes you can start on the laundry that we have accumulated since Sunday." she said.

"Yes Ma'am." I sighed.

"By the way, I love you!" she said as she patted me on the rear end and headed back to read the novel she had downloaded on her computer.

So, I have finished the dishes and I am working on the laundry in the other room... waiting on the washer to stop so I put the clothes in the dryer and start another load. I guess she read the printout from WHAP! as she told me that she would like to have a large wooden hairbrush for Mother's Day, and that I could probably guess what it will be used for.

Some of you find that erotic, personally, I don't know what is worse, being tickled or being spanked over the knee with a wooden hairbrush?