

MsAndrea, What Body Washes Did You Get?

(By SoapyOne)

This is a story requested by MsAndrea. It is fiction... OK

MsAndrea, what bodywashes did you get?
(Dove for Dinner - part 3)

I had just finished scrubbing soap onto the kitchen floor with a scrub brush and a pail of water. Just like they used to do in the old days. The floor was covered with foamy soap suds. I looked it over several times. Very pleased with the way it would turn out. After I rinse it and wax it, it would shine like new. No, better than new. Mistress Andrea will be pleased. I thought to myself.

As I was thinking about the next chore on my list, I heard the garage door open, and Mistress pulling into the garage. She decided that while I worked my list, she would do some shopping. She liked to shop for new clothes. She also liked it when I surprised her with new gifts as well. Which I hadn't done recently. She reminded me of that when she gave me the list and left.

Mistress walked into the kitchen and stopped right in front of me. I looked down and saw the dirt prints where she walked across the newly scrubbed floor. "Get the stuff out of the van, and put it away. I'll be waiting to take a bath." She said as she tossed the bag she was holding over her shoulder and strutted down the hallway. I got up off of my knees and headed to the garage. Then I stopped, knelt back down, reached for my scrub brush, and cleaned the floor as I backed out of the kitchen. "I can't believe she did this after all the time I put into getting this floor clean!" I stated to myself, no louder than a wisper.

"What did you say?" she called from down the hallway. "Nothing!" I replied. "That's one." Andrea countered with. I knew she heard me say something, and if I didn't tell her exactly what it was, I was in big trouble. "I said that I can't believe you did this to my kitchen floor after all the time and energy that I put into getting it clean, Ma'am!" I said as I jumped to my feet and headed to the garage.

I was hoping that she would just let that one little slip go by. Although I knew that any disrespect would be met with immediate reprimand. So, I figured if I appeared busy, maybe Andrea would let it go until later.

I was searching through the bags of "stuff" as she called it, to see what she had bought. Mostly just groceries and cleaning supplies. I grabbed all the bags and a box and carried them into the dining room and set them on the table. I checked to make sure that nothing she had bought was perishable or needed to be frozen. "Now what are you looking for?" Andrea startled me as I looked up out of one of the bags.

"I.. I was just looking to make sure that anything that needed to go

into the fridge would get there." I stated truthfully. "You are just plain nosy today." She said. "If I wanted you to go through those bags, I would have said, 'Slave, go to the garage, get the new stuff, bring it in and go through it!' Did I say that? No! I didn't say that." she had a frown on her face, like I was messing around with stuff that didn't belong to me. "No Ma'am, you didn't give me permission to go through your new stuff. I'm sorry." I said.

"You will be sorry! Slave. Now, clean up this mess in the kitchen. I can't believe that I leave you alone for a few hours and you have to play in the soap by turning the kitchen into a soap puddle. What am I going to do with you?" Andrea asked not expecting a reply.

"You can always count on me to keep your house whoa!!!! " I said as I slipped passed her on the soap floor. Reaching out to her to help catch my balance. Realizing that I had grabbed Mistress by the hips and pulled her down on top of me.

Then she tried to get up and slipped onto the soapy floor getting her hair all messed up. "Oh Shit!"

I said. "I'm sorry Mistress. Are you OK?" I worriedly lurched forward to help her up.

She just lay there on the soapy floor for a minute. She was looking at me with both astonishment and a little fear. Mistress busted up laughing. reaching back brushing her hair through the suds on the floor. I figured she must have hit her head or something.

"You look so silly." She said as she started to roll over to prop herself up. "I can't believe that you slipped and fell. It's even funnier that you tried to use me to save You!" She was laughing so hard that tears were starting to fill in her eyes. "I'm fine, slave. Are you OK?" she asked concerned. "You took a pretty hard fall, trying to save me." she busted up laughing again.

"Yes Ma'am." I said relieved. "It was an accident and I am really sorry, Andrea." I said it without thinking. It was an agreement that I don't use her first name as her slave. "Mistress!" I corrected myself.

"Help me up, slave. I need to change. But before I change, I need to take a bath and clean up." She started to laugh again. "I can't believe I said that... hahaha" She must have hit her head. I assisted her up, and watched as she grabbed the bags from the dining room table and walked down the hall.

She stopped to check herself in the full length mirror at the end of the hallway. "Damn! These were new." she huffed.

"I acted like I couldn't hear her and started mopping up the soap and water on the floor. I finished the job and went to the bathroom and started running the water in the tub. I lit a couple of scented candles. Mistress liked the Vanilla and Jasmine scent as the candles burned. Tonight, I lit the Jasmine candle, as she was in a good mood. I

had realized that when she was stressed, the vanilla candles helped to relax her. I looked for bubble bath but couldn't find any. "Mistress?" I called to her.

"Yes slave? What do you want? she answered.

"Ma'am, I don't see any bubble bath or body wash for you to bathe with. Did you pick some up at the store while you were gone?" I asked.

"Didn't you see that on your chores list, slave? That is your job to see that I have everything that I need to keep me satisfied. Including my bathing essentials." she commented as a matter of fact.

"No Ma'am. See, I have my list here, and the bubble bath and body washes aren't on the list, Mistress." I tried to explain.

"Are you calling me a liar, slave?" she questioned my statement.

"No Ma'am. But the list..." she cut me off by coming into the bathroom totally naked and took the list from me and held up a finger which meant silence.

"See, right here, the fifth thing on the list. Bubble bath and Dove body wash." she stated smartly as she produced a pen and scribble on the list. She handed me the list, and sure enough. Right where she just wrote the words, there they were. Dove body wash and bubble bath.

"I didn't know Dove made a bubble bath, Ma'am?" I said trying to be funny.

"Oh, they don't. They do make several body washes though." she returned the comment pointing to the list.

"Yes Ma'am, I'll be right back." I started to leave the bathroom and she put her finger in front of me again. There is no need for you to leave, slave. I figured you were going to take all afternoon on the kitchen floor. So I took the liberty of picking up the bubble bath and the body washes. By the way, you will be servicing two of us tonight. Mistress Helen will be arriving shortly. She will expect the best you can offer, and I demand that you give it to her. Do you understand me?" Andrea asked.

"Yes Ma'am!" was my reply. Mistress Helen was known throughout our circles as being a woman who got what she wanted, when she wanted. The stories have it that she has branded several slaves. And that she was one of the best at punishing rituals. Making all the slaves she encountered realize that what they thought were their limits, were nothing more than a beginning of what they could endure.

"Slave, you had better get a move on. I promised her a nice home cooked meal. I want White Zinfandel and a very relaxing and memorable night. Get a move on. You have a lot of work to do!" Andrea told me.

I started to leave and Mistress stopped me again. "You forgot the bubble bath, slave." she toyed with me. "It's in the bedroom on the

bed. Please get it and finish what you start. Mistress Helen won't like unfinished services."

"Yes Ma'am. I will be right back." I went into the bedroom and got the bubble bath. I saw the Dove body wash sitting on the bed also. It was a test. I was told to get the bubble bath, not the body wash. I will pass this test. I walked back into the bathroom where Mistress was staring at herself in the mirror. Her hair still twisted from the water in the kitchen.

"I got the bubble bath Ma'am. If you will excuse me for a second, I will make you some nice bubbles to relax in." I said.

"Where is the body wash?" she questioned. "You had to have seen it. It was right beside the bubble bath. Can't you do anything right?" SLAP! Right on the side of my face. "Hop to it. Get in there and get it!" she ordered.

"Mistress Andrea, what body washes did you get?" I asked. Knowing that she had only gotten the Dove body wash.

"How dare you ask me a question slave!" Slap. "Get all of the body washes you see on my bed and bring in here. No! Belay that last order! Take them to the kitchen after you get my bubbles going. Get into your slave outfit, as you won't need any clothes for the rest of tonight!" Andrea ordered.

She had started to prepare for Mistress Helen and was starting to get into the role.

I went into the bedroom and found two types of Dove body wash and one bottle of Dove Nutrium. I went to my room, or the slave room, as it was equipped better for a slave, than for a house guest. I stripped naked and placed a leather collar around my neck. I was allowed to leave it, the collar, off once in a while, while performing some cleaning on the floors to keep from getting the D-Rings caught on foreign objects.

I was told that if Mistress Andrea ever had company of any sort over, and I appeared without the collar, that it would never come off again. As it would be welded in place. How do you weld leather? Just a thought I had when she said it. I hooked a chain from the D-Ring on the left side of the collar to the nipple ring on my left nipple. This was for controlling me should I get out of line.

I went into the kitchen and set the Dove body washes and the Dove Nutrium on the counter. I turned on the oven and set the temperature to 350 degrees. I took out the steaks that I had thawing in the refrigerator for dinner. I also peeled several potatoes. One for each of us, and one for the pot. I cut the potatoes into chunks and placed them into a pan to boil. Mashed potatoes, corn nibblets and prime rib.

Just what my Mistress loves when she has a special evening planned. She won't eat much. She will eat the dinner salad that I was just starting to fix. But the prime rib will be a snack for me during the week. I

could live with that.

I had dinner about ready when the doorbell rang.

"That's her! That's Mistress Helen! Position Slave!" Mistress whispered the last part as hoping that Mistress Helen wouldn't hear her telling me how to act. Good slaves knew what positions they should be in when a Mistress entered or left a building.

"Hello helen!" Mistress Andrea said as she greeted her with a kiss on the cheek when she opened the door.

Mistress Helen walked into the house and stopped in front of me. I knelt down to the spiked black leather pumps she had on and kissed them. She then lifted one foot off the floor. I took a quick glance up and saw Mistress Helen take Mistress Andrea's head and pull it to her. She gave her a long deep kiss.

Mistress Andrea seemed a little tense, but then she just let out a long sigh. Mistress Andrea was in a long pink terrycloth robe. How fitting I thought. Knowing of her fascination of Pink. I must have got lost in the moment of watching them kiss and fantasizing about it. Before I knew what hit me...

SMACK! Mistress Andrea about knocked me out with a slap across my face. I lost my balance and tumbled back. "No one gave you permission to look up, you little worm!" she reared her hand to slap me again when Mistress Helen reached out and stopped her.

"Now Now! There is no need for violence. We want to have a nice quiet evening. Don't get yourself upset." She said to Mistress Andrea and looked down at me and winked.

"You must be... " I was expecting her to say slave, or James, or something to that affect, when the next word out of her mouth shocked me, "Mine!" she finished.

"Mistress Helen owns you now. I have given your slave-hood to her. If you serve well, she will keep you or trade you off to someone else. If you don't serve her well, then I don't need you as a slave either. As you would dishonor me."

Mistress Andrea looked stern when she said this. I couldn't believe that she just gave me away. I was speechless for the first time in my life.

"Say hello to your new Mistress, Slave." Andrea said.

"Mistress, Hello." I said in a voice that was hurt and quivering.

"You may call me Mistress Helen. And I will call you whatever I feel like calling you, slave!" she said as she looked down at me. She took her gloved hand and wiped it across the welt on the side of my face. "Nice right you have there, Andrea." she said smiling.

"Thank you Helen. Won't you please come in?" Mistress Andrea said. "Dinner is about ready. Slave has prepared a meal just for you for this special occasion. He has also brought something into the kitchen for you to see. I don't know what he wants you to do with them, though." Mistress Andrea said extending out an arm and hand toward the kitchen, through it and into the dining room.

Mistress Helen dropped her coat as she walked through the door. Knowing that slave would catch it and not let it hit the floor. True to what she had been told. He caught the coat and not one thread of it touched the floor.

James rose after the two women left the room and placed the coat into the foyer closet. He then headed into the kitchen and prepared the last stages of the meal. He went in and kneeled at the feet of his new Mistress, head bowed and his hands holding up a glass of chilled White Ziff for the two Mistresses.

Mistress Helen took the glass and toasted Andrea. "To the perfect evening and the perfect pet." She toasted.

"To the perfect night!" replied Mistress Andrea. They touched glasses, and wrapped arms and drank out of each other's glass. Mistress Helen tapped her foot once on the floor, which was my queue to get up and leave. Even though I had never met her, the word got around about her techniques, and every slave owner was trying to imitate her.

I headed into the kitchen and retrieved their plates. The table was already set, so all I had to do was serve them their dinner. I had already set the coffee on to perk and the after dinner snack was ready to go.

I walked into the dining room and knelt again between the two Mistresses, and served the plates up onto the table. I waited. There was some idle conversation, a little whispering, and some petting under the table with feet. Mistress Andrea tapped her feet twice. I quickly jumped up and went and got more wine for the ladies.

"Bring in what you placed on the counter for me to see, slave!" said Mistress Helen in a sharp but sexy voice.

"Yes Ma'am" I replied. I looked on the counter where I had placed the Dove Body washes and the Dove Nutrium. I couldn't believe my eyes. There beside the Dove was a large bottle of Ivory Liquid, and a bar of Pink Dove soap, which is Mistress Andrea's favorite soap for bathing and soaping dirty mouths. 'I didn't use any bad words today, did I' I thought to myself.

My mind racing to remember. I grabbed the Dove body washes, the Dove Nutrium and the Pink Dove bar soap. As I was reaching for the Ivory Liquid I read a note that said, 'Slave, bring in the red water bag with you when you get these items.' It was from Mistress Andrea. What did she plan for me. I didn't know, but I was sure that I was about to find out.

I grabbed the red bag as instructed on my way into the dining room. I set the items down on the table as I knelt between them.

"Well, let's see what we have here? What body washes did you get, Andrea?" Asked Mistress Helen as she looked over them. "Humm, Dove Nutrium, good choice. Dove Ultra Moisturizing Body Wash and Dove Sensative Skin Moisturizing. Good choices. What's this?" Mistress Helen looked kind of puzzled as she picked up the Ivory Liquid and then the Pink Dove bar soap. "What is this. Ivory Liquid and Pink Dove?" She looked at me. Then she saw the red water bag.

"Oh, I see. I heard you liked soap. I guess since you have a new Mistress you want to know how good of a job she will do on you?" she sounded perplexed yet joyous at the challenge that I didn't make.

"From this point on, slave, you will not speak another word for the rest of the night. You will not answer any question with words. You will be expected to perform without any noise. Is that understood, S.L.A.V.E." She spelled out the last word to make her point.

"Yes Ma'am. Umm..." I caught myself and nodded yes. I watched as Mistress reached into a bag that she had brought with her and pulled out a ball gag with a locking strap that went around the head. I knelt forward as I knew that was meant for me. I watched horrified as Mistress opened the Dove Nutrium and squirted it on the ball gag and shoved it into my unwilling mouth.

But I quickly remembered what Mistress Andrea said, and didn't want to dishonor her. I opened my mouth and it was quickly filled with the nastiest tasting thick soap that I have ever had. I was surprised by how smoothly Mistress's hands had snapped the strap/belt into place. Then I heard the familiar click of a lock. Locking the mouth gag into place with the collar.

I couldn't speak if I wanted, and now I couldn't even spit out the nasty soap in my mouth. But at least I knew I wouldn't have to eat that sickening sweet Pink Dove tonight. There could be something good come out of this after all. The last night of Dove... I could only hope.

"So, You must want an enema tonight. Bringing me a bottle of liquid soap and an enema bag is what I would call begging for it. Is that what you want slave?" Mistress Helen asked.

I didn't know what to do. If I shook my head no, she would be insulted because I brought her the stuff. But, if I shook my head yes, she would surely fill me with soapy water.

I didn't want to wait long, as I knew this would be a sign of disobedience. I shook my head yes. I kept shaking it yes. Hoping that she would think I wanted it too much, that I might enjoy it, therefore she wouldn't give me one. Reverse psychology.

"That's a good slave. Boy, you sure are enthusiastic tonight, aren't you. We shall see how long that lasts.

I stayed kneeling there as the Mistresses finished their meal. What little they eat could hardly be called a meal. I cleaned up the table and brought them their coffee and snack. They seemed contented as they headed for the couch in the living room and snuggled close to each other.

I took the bag and the soaps off of the table and started to head to the bathroom.

"Where do you think you are going with those, Slave? You better come back with those." It was Mistress Andrea who whispered something to Mistress Helen and they both had a slight laugh.

"OK, if that's what you want to do. Go right ahead. But he might not like it... but who cares.. haha" Mistress Helen started to laugh.

I walked into the living room and knelt at their feet. With my hands full of soap and the bag.

"Did you finish the dishes, slave?" I was asked. I nodded yes.

"Good. Glass, warm water, toothbrush, Now!" Is all Mistress Andrea said. I quickly set down the soaps and the bag and headed into the kitchen. I started the hot water running and filled a glass with warm water as it heated up out of the faucet. I then headed into the bathroom and retrieved my toothbrush. This was standard operating procedure for me by now. But I had a locked ball gag in my mouth. They have to let me get rid of this nasty Dove Nutrium to wash my mouth out with a toothbrush and soap. I headed back to the living room.

Mistress Helen looked at the table. I understood, I set the water and the toothbrush down on the table.

"Take this red bag and fill it about half way with water, slave. Hot water. Test the water with your tongue. Make sure it's hot, but not scolding. A little hotter than warm. Understood?" Mistress Helen asked.

I nodded yes and left the room with the bag. I filled it a little more than half full with hot water. I couldn't test it with my tongue, as my mouth was gagged. That wasn't very funny, I thought. I went back into the room. I knew Mistress was going to make me squirt a little soap into the bag.

"Get ready for this Andrea." said Helen as she pointed to the Ivory Liquid and said "Unscrew that cap slave."

Which I did.

"Start pouring the soap into the bag. We will stop you when we are sure there is enough in the bag." Mistress Helen chided as she motioned with her hand for me to continue and turned to speak with Andrea. They watched

while I started to pour and she motioned for me to turn the bottle up, so the soaped poured freely out.

I did as directed. I watched mesmerized as they started kissing and running their hands across each other's bodies.

Mistress Helen slipped her hand into Andrea's robe and started to caress her breasts. She reached over and gave a little tug on the front of the robe and it fell open. She cupped one of Andrea's breasts.

Andrea glided Helen's head to her bosom. Helen's lips parted as they neared the perky peaks. I could see Helen suck one of Andrea's nipples into her mouth, scraping it lightly with her teeth as it passed through. Her mouth opened and her tongue was darting around the entire rim of Andrea's breast. She maneuvered around a little and started to work her way between both of Andrea's breasts.

Helen dropped a hand into Andrea's crotch and started to press around the pubic area. I was sure she was reaching for her clit, when my concentration was broken by the slurping sound of the entire bottle of Ivory Liquid being drained into the red bag. I couldn't believe it. I was looking into the bag when Helen spoke up.

"Squeeze the bottle slave, get it allll..." her voice muffled out as Andrea pulled her head back onto her breast. Helen was doing a good job of suckling those round little globes of flesh.

I did as instructed and squeezed the bottle and drained it all, into the bag. I capped the bag and recapped the now empty Ivory bottle. They weren't going to do the whole thing into me, are they? I wondered if the body could handle that much soap?

I hung the bag on the punishment hook on the wall just beside and over the couch. I knelt and waited with my bare ass facing my Mistresses. I could hear the moanings behind me, but could only imagine what they were actually doing.

Then I felt the nozzle press up against my ass. A little soapy water was released onto it, and it was used to lubricate the nozzle as it was inserted up into my anus. I heard the click of the clamp being released, and I felt the rush of warm water entering my ass. I felt the lock being released and the ball gag strap being loosened from around my head. I was glad to get that off of me.

My head was pulled back and a voice said "Drink!" It was Helen as she poured the warm water from the glass into my mouth. "Swish, swallow." I obeyed on command. Then I saw the Pink Dove dropped into the glass of water to soften up.

I knew what would be coming. My ass was burning from the soap. The warm water helped, but the soap was really working on me.

Helen grabbed my head and pushed it into her pussy. She shifted on the couch as her head dropped into Andrea's lap.

Helen started to suck and slurp on Andrea's pussy. I was trying to get a good look, but Helen kept moving her thighs over my line of sight. I stuck my tongue deep into Helens pussy and extended it to its full width. My wide tongue now slowly crawled over the rim of Helen's pussy. All the way up to her clit. She moaned and squirmed so I stayed working on the clit. I like to write out the alphabet on the clitoris with my tongue, as it seems to have the proper response from most of my Mistresses.

I continued licking and sucking Mistress Helen's clit for quite a while. I pushed back the hood to her clit, like she was doing to Andrea. The more I licked and sucked on Mistress Helen, the more she licked and sucked and nibbled on Mistress Andrea. Mistress Andrea had both hands on Helen's head, guiding her to where she wanted her to lick. Mistress Helen started to buck as I brought her close to her orgasm. Mistress Andrea was close to her own and I was about to lose my marbles at the same time. Mistress Andrea and Mistress Helen came at the same time, and I almost lost my head when Mistress Helen bucked and locked her legs around my head. He was riding me like an old horse she wanted to put away wet.

Mistress Helen pushed my head back and turned me around. She clamped the hose and pulled the nozzle out of my ass. She gave it a good smack and then grabbed me by the hair and turned me to face her and Mistress Andrea.

"Go fill the bag up again, slave!" she panted out of breath. I jumped up and headed to the kitchen and refilled the bag. This time the bag made plenty of suds as the water filled it. I capped the bag and hung it on the wall and knelt down again.

"Turn around." Mistress Andrea said as Helen grabbed my hair and yanked. My body followed the head as it spun around.

"Watch, Helen, I'll show you what he really likes. I know this, because he keeps asking me to do it again, and again, and again. Like he's the energizer bunny or something. Still soaping... hahaha!" Mistress Andrea laughed.

I watched as Mistress Andrea picked up my toothbrush and the glass of water that had the bar of Pink Dove dropped into it. She raised the glass to my lips and said, "Here,slave, Drink!"

I did.

"Don't swallow yet, gargle." she ordered.

I tilted my head back and gargled the soapy water, as she pushed the toothbrush into the glass and pulled the Pink Dove forward with it. I saw her moving the bar of soap closer to my mouth, but there was nothing I could do about it. Just then, I felt Mistress Helen insert the enema nozzle back into my waiting ass.

She unclamped the hose just as the creamy Dove mushed past my lips and

teeth. Leaving about an eighth of an inch of soap on both the lips and teeth. I was still trying to gargle when the soap forced some of the water down my throat.

It burned and I almost choked and gagged. "Easy boy. We have a long night ahead of us tonight." Said Mistress Helen with a little concern in her voice.

"He'll be alright. That's his way of trying to get compassion." Mistress Andrea told my secret.

"Well then, we will take that as a lie, and it's a good think we have plenty of soap." Mistress Helen said. "Let's see how this soaping thing of yours works, and then we will try mine. I think you will like mine. It's quite clever. You shall see!" Mistress Helen said as if patting herself on the back.

Mistress Andrea brought the toothbrush up to my mouth and rubbed it around on the soap. "Keep gargling slave." she said as she pushed the bar of soap around with the toothbrush, all the while getting the bristles filled with pink Dove creamy soap. "He is going to love this. Aren't you slave?" Mistress Andrea asked.

I stopped gargling and tried to answer her, forgetting the warning that no words were to be spoken by me tonight. "Uh-hmp, M'm!" I said.

"What a naughty mouthed little disobedient slave we have there. I know I told him not a sound. And what does he do, he talks at the first chance. You had better finish with that toothbrush, because I'm about to gag him again Andrea!" Mistress Helen was pissed. I messed up this time. Not that bad tasting Nutrium again. Mistress Andrea started to brush the outside of my lips and then my outer gums. Pulling the lips back to show Mistress Helen what she was doing. As if I were a horse or something. Then Andrea reached up and grabbed the front of the bar of Pink Dove and pulled it out. She ordered me, "Swallow!" I did as she instructed. She took the bar of Dove and turned it around. I obediently opened my mouth for it.

"You aren't getting that lucky, slave." she said as she ran the soap heavily over my teeth, shaving off quite a bit. She then took the soap the ran it across the inside of my cheeks, where it was hard to brush when the soap was filling my mouth. She lathered up my cheeks and my tongue, as my mouth was now once again, full of Pink Dove.

She pulled the Dove out and dropped it into the glass of little water. She ran the toothbrush over the exposed part of the soap in the glass. Again, making the bristles froth with pink lather. I waited as she slowly and methodically brought the instrument of my punishment up to my mouth. She brushed my teeth, my gums, my cheeks again. She had me raise my tongue and brushed the bottom of my mouth and then she brushed the top of my mouth. Making sure to push the toothbrush back as far as she could without me gagging. This was something we practiced for on many occasions. She filled my mouth with pink lather.

Then she had me repeat the whole process. I had to brush my cheeks, I had to brush my tongue and under my tongue. I had to brush my teeth with the Pink Dove.

She finished brushing my teeth and dropped the toothbrush into the glass. "Go now, slave, and draw us a new bath. We wish to get clean." Mistress Andrea said.

As I started to get up, Mistress Helen stopped me. "Wait! isn't this the slave that Tina told me about. The one that rinsed his mouth out after being told not to?"

Mistress Andrea turned about three shades red as now she knew the word was out, and I had embarrassed her to all of her friends. "Yes, Helen, this is the disobedient slave that did that. I'm so embarrassed about that!" she said apologetically.

"That ball gag would sure come in handy right about now. Can we use it again?" asked Andrea.

"Sure! Slave, pick up the Pink Dove and suck it into your mouth again." Mistress Helen said to me. I slipped my hand into the glass and scraped the soap out along the inside of the glass. Leaving a pink streak on the glass. I put the soap up to my lips and sucked it across both lips and into my mouth. I felt Mistress Helen clamp the enema hose shut and knew that I was full. She placed the mouth ball-gag back into place and secured it there. This time she didn't use the lock. She knew her point had already been made.

"Go now. And take this bag with you. Fill it up again. We might need it later." Mistress Helen said as she turned toward Mistress Andrea and giggled.

"You might be next... hahaha" Mistress Andrea giggled nervously.

I grabbed the red bag and the glass and the Dove Nutrium and the two Dove body washes and headed toward the bathroom. Setting the glass in the kitchen sink on my way through the kitchen. I was running a new bubble bath as ordered. Plenty of bubbles. My ass was on fire. I had to relieve myself. I didn't dare without permission.

But, I had to. No! I finally told myself. You are a slave, you will do only as your Mistress orders. No less. Only more.

I set the Dove body washes around the tub surround so they would be easy to reach. It wasn't long before Mistress Andrea and Mistress Helen came into the large bathroom with the sunken garden tub.

Mistress Andrea dropped her robe to the floor, which she wasn't really wearing any ways. Mistress Helen stepped out of her spiked leather pumps and then with a motion so fast that I missed it, her entire outfit just fell to the floor. She was a beautiful woman. She stretched out her hands toward the ceiling and asked, "Do you like?"

Andrea reached over with her mouth and bit one of Helen's nipples and then playfully hopped into the tub. Mistress Helen followed right behind her.

I knelt at the tub. I took a sponge and worked some hot water from the steaming tub through it. I lathered up the sponge with the Dove Sensitive Skin Body Wash. I looked at Mistress Andrea for permission, and she slightly nodded her head towards Mistress Helen.

"Nice lead-in!" she said to Mistress Andrea with her eyes closed. I wonder how she saw Mistress Andrea Do that? I started at Mistress's shoulders and had the nastiest thought. What if the sponge accidentally brushed past her lips in one quick stroke?

"If you even think that thought again, Slave, I will make you a non-gendered slave!" Mistress Helen's eyes opened into the coldest dead stare I have ever seen.

This woman was a witch. I just know it, I thought. A smile crept across her lips. I decided that I would quit thinking for myself, and just do my job.

I lathered up Mistresses shoulders and she leaned forward so I could get her back. I went to get more Dove body wash when Mistress Helen stopped me. She reached behind my head and released my mouth gag. "Now you will see how a slave is supposed to bathe his Mistresses."

Mistress Helen reached up and took the Pink Dove out of my mouth and let it drop into the water. "Oops. Looks like a game of bobbing for soap is on for later." she started to laugh as she said this. "Pick up the Dove body wash, slave!" she ordered me.

I complied immediately. "See, I told you he is trainable, still." Mistress Helen said to Mistress Andrea who nodded back at her and grinned.

Mistress Andrea watched to see what would happen next. "You will open the cap on the body wash, and you will fill your mouth completely with it. You will then give me a tongue bath. Starting at my feet and working your way up. If you miss any spot. You WILL start over!" she ordered me to begin.

Mistress Andrea leaned back into the tub and started to playfully press her feet into Mistress Helen's legs. Mistress Helen would return the favor. Making it very hard for me to bathe Mistress Helen.

I opened the cap again. I placed the opening to my lips and squeezed the bottle. It was thick, and took a while to fill my mouth. I could taste the body wash, even over the Pink Dove.

I started at Mistress Helen's left foot. I sucked her toes into my mouth. Running my tongue around on each of her toes. Circling them and then sucking on each one as if it was a miniature cock. "See, I told you he was good at that!" said Mistress Andrea.

"Oh Yes! Yes!" It sounded as if Mistress Helen was ready to cum again. Of course, having Mistress Andrea's toes circling her clit didn't hurt matters either.

"Hmmm! He is good at that. I'll give him that. At least I know where to go to get a good bath." Mistress Helen said.

"Anytime you want him, He's yours after all." Mistress Andrea replied. I was confused now. They were talking like I belonged to each of them?

I continued licking and scrubbing Mistress Helen's feet with my tongue. I had just finished with her ankle when she said, "Refill! Can't have you running out slave!" I took the Dove body wash, and again filled my mouth. I again started with Mistress Helen's left ankle. She pulled it away and stuck her right foot to my mouth. "This one needs some attention. It's lonely!" she giggled.

I worked attentively on Mistress Helen's right foot. Her toes, then the bottom of her foot. I licked up her ankle to just below her knee. I didn't need to be told again. I lifted my head and poured more Dove Body Wash into my mouth and continued my tongue bath of the new Mistress in my life.

When I finally got up to Mistress Helen's vagina, she had the following instructions for me. "You will fill your mouth again with the body wash. You will lay on the tub surround with your face, facing up. You will have 2 minutes to make me cum. And I better be clean." she said.

I filled my mouth with the thick liquid again. I lay back and Mistress Helen lowered herself with a vengeance onto my full mouth. I could hear the two talking, although it was muffled. My soapy tongue darted in and out of Mistress Helen's pussy. I locked my lips around her clit again. This time using the soap in my mouth as a friction builder with my tongue to bring her off. She climaxed and raised off of my face. She turned her back to me and lowered herself again. My tongue darted up between the cheeks of her ass. I cleaned where I could. She seemed to enjoy this even more.

She rose up off of my face quicker than she got on it. She knelt back into the water giving her back to my tongue. I filled my mouth full again. I licked up and down and across her back until it was a foamy white. I spent plenty of time on her chest and breasts. Her nipples liked the soap. They stood hard and erect like little cocks ready to erupt. When I finished with the breasts. I worked on the fingers. Mistress Helen seemed to like this, as she was making sure she rubbed that soap everywhere inside my mouth.

I finally tongue bathed her all the way up into her armpits. I expected dry deodorant, and a musky taste, but found neither. Maybe I just couldn't tell at this point. When I finished with her shoulders and neck, she had me stop.

"Andrea's turn, slave. I'm clean and you did a good job, for your first time." she complimented me, and Mistress Andrea smiled.

I slid over to Mistress Andrea and watched her to see what body wash she was going to pick. I was hoping for the Dove Ultra Moisturizing Body Wash, since I had already tasted the Nutrium. No such luck. She pointed her eyes to the Nutrium. I opened the cap and raised it to my mouth. I watched as two streams of thick soap flowed into my mouth. One pink stream and one white stream. "Make sure you mix that good in there!" Mistress Andrea said. She knew she would only have to say it once.

I started to squirm now. I couldn't hold the enema any longer. I was going to pop. Mistress Helen must be a mind reader because she knew what I was thinking.

"Turn around and bend over. Show me your ass slave!" she said. Mistress Andrea realized from the expression on my face that I was about to explode.

"Oh No you don't! Not yet! Not until I say so, slave!" I heard her searching in the water, her hands making splashing noises. "I found it!" she said excitedly.

Found what? Then I felt Mistress Andrea forcing the bar of Pink Dove into my ass. I couldn't believe this. First an entire bottle of Ivory Liquid, and now a Pink Dove butt-plug to hold it in place. My ass was on fire.

She wasn't waiting on me to relax. There wasn't enough time, and we all knew it. She pressed the bar of soap to my ass, and as soon as it started to slide in. She shoved it in as hard as she could, keeping pressure applied until the soap was swallowed whole by my ass. I felt the pressure grow, and then I could feel the bar of soap pressing against my ass, and I knew it could hold the enema in as well as that locking butt-plug that Mistress Tina used on me.

I turned around after they solved that problem and Mistress Andrea leaned back into the warm water and raised her right foot. I took her foot up to my mouth. I opened my mouth and sucked in her big toe. She jerked her foot out as she was ticklish. I pulled it back into my mouth lovingly.

I knew that my Mistress preferred a juicy pussy to my cock almost any day of the week. She kept me around as a favor to a mutual friend we had as children. (Which is another story for another time.)

I sucked her big toe back into my mouth and gently circled her toe. She started to giggle. So I applied a little more pressure with my tongue.

I watched as Mistress Helen's hand reached over the water and handed Mistress Andrea a joint. Mistress Andrea gave a slightly puzzle look, and then took a hit off of it. She inhaled the pot and passed the joint back. I continued sucking on Mistress Andrea's toes. She really liked it when I strommed the soft skin between the toes with my tongue.

Licking back and forth and up and down, then sucking multiple toes into my mouth. Then the entire ball of her little feet and the toes. Lightly brushing my teeth along the sensitive bottoms of her toes. She would have been thrashing around on any other night.

I made it to the heel of her right foot, and realized that Mistress Helen's mouth was now buried part way below the water line in the tub. It was airlocked against Mistress Andrea's pussy. I was curious how Mistress Helen could breathe like that as I watched her suck on Andrea's clit, as I nibbled on the heel of her foot.

Mistress Andrea shifted and her right foot fell across the small of Mistress Helen's back. I saw the left foot come up and attempt to lock over the right one. Mistress Andrea tried to pull Mistress Helen closer, but she must have swallowed a little water because her head came up for the first time and she gasped for air. But, right back down onto that swollen clit again went Helen.

I filled my mouth with Nutrium again, and watched as Mistress Andrea's eyes seemed to roll back into her head. I sucked the toes of the right foot into my soap filled mouth and started cleaning them. I knew they were clean from the earlier bath. But it was still my job to ensure the cleanest feet were in this tub tonight. I watched the look of pleasure turn into a look of panic. I realized that Mistress Helen had given Mistress Andrea another orgasm, but instead of stopping, she continued to suck of the now extra sensitive clit.

Mistress Andrea was begging her to stop. But Mistress Helen couldn't hear her pleas and her begging.

"Slave! Pull her off of me! NOW!" She screamed as another wave of pleasure rolled through her entire body, making the water in the tub vibrate with the contractions that her muscles were having.

"PLEASE! STOP! PLEASE! OH GOD! OH! OH NO! " That was all she cried out as she tried to pull away and just locked her body into one intense shudder after another. I had never seen her like this before.

Mistress Helen rose up from under the water and smiled.

"You Bitch!" Moaned Andrea. That was gr.. great!" she gasped.

"Bitch? ME? It's not my fault he didn't stop me when you told him to!" Mistress Helen said with a grin.

I finished bathing Mistress Andrea up to her vagina. "Hold off on that, slave...boy.. We will go with the ass, but leave the front alone this time." she said as I filled my mouth with more soap and lay on the tub surround and watched as her ass lowered onto my mouth. Unlike Mistress Helen, who didn't want her ass played with. I knew this was a big Turn-on for Mistress Andrea. As long as she controlled what went where, she didn't mind having something in her ass, especially if it was my tongue. So, I lathered her ass for what seemed like fifteen minutes. With my hot, rough soapy tongue burrowing deep into her nether hole.

Her ass muscles tightened and loosened around my stiff tongue and she start to rock on my tongue. She liked to have an orgasm this way. This orgasm was nothing like the previous one. But like Mistress Andrea says, "One orgasm you lose, is one you can never make up!"

She rocked on my mouth until she quit trembling. Then she turned her back to me and I finished washing her as I had done to Mistress Helen.

Both women appeared to have had their share of a soap tongue bath. "What say we give him something?" Asked Mistress Helen. "For being such a good slave!" she said in a child-like way.

"That's a great idea. I know just the thing!" Mistress Andrea said. "He's been as hard as a rock since the mouth gag at the table. Let's give him some relief?" she said more as a question than a statement.

"OK,Slave, would you like your cock all hard and soapy, and played with until you cum?" Mistress Helen asked.

"Well! What about it, slave? Do you want a hard soapy cock?" We have plenty of soap here. Do you want a hard soapy cock?" Mistress Andrea teased.

I didn't notice the change in the wording from the two Mistresses. I knodded yes. Emphatically, yes.

"Be right back." said Mistress Andrea as she left the bathroom and went into the bedroom.

"Your mouth is empty, we can't have that, now, can we?" Mistress Helen said as she reached for the Dove body wash. "Oops, that's the wrong one, Mistress Andrea likes the Nutrium. So, we will have to use that for her!" said Helen.

"Here is your hard cock slave!" Mistress Andrea rounded the corner with an 8 inch strap-on dildo pulled over her crotch. "Is he ready?" she asked.

"Yes, I just filled his mouth up again. Speaking when not allowed!" Mistress Helen said.

"Get on your back on the tub surround, slave. Hang your head over the edge. I want a clean path into your throat, you slut!" Mistress Andrea said as she pressed the head of the dildo against my lips as soon as I lay down and dropped my head over the edge of the tub.

"Open your mouth, Bitch!" she told me. I opened my mouth and she immediately shoved the dildo in as far as she could. Soap was displaced from my mouth and ran up my nose at this angle. I tried to breathe out and only blew bubbles. When I breathed in, the soap went up my nose and burned.

Mistress Andrea kept pumping at my mouth as Mistress Helen wrapped her hands around my cock and started to pump it.

"He's cumming. NOW!" Mistress Helen put something on the end of my penis and Mistress Andrea shoved her cock into my throat and just bounced there. As if she was having her own orgasm again. I came like a wild animal. I could hardly breathe with heightened arousal, and the soaping I had just had was the soaping to end all soapings. The item that Mistress Helen placed over my penis was used as a trainer and to catch my semen for later use. But that is another story.