

## Phoebe's Fetish Flourishes Part I

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Phoebe sat at the bar in her sister Piper's club. In front of her on the bar along with her handbag sat a notebook with printed sheets jammed in at odd angles. She reached into her purse and took out her cigarettes and lighter and set them in front of her on the bar. She was excited and wanted a cigarette to calm herself but was trying desperately to cut down on her smoking. She didn't smoke much, less than a pack a day, but her health was important to her.

She worked out regularly, ate reasonably well and genuinely tried to take care of herself. Smoking was really her only vice. That's funny, she thought, could one consider a fascination with soap to be a vice?

She liked smoking and she knew there were many men who found the sight of a beautiful woman smoking to be a turn-on and that made her feel sexy whenever she lit up. Where the hell was Piper, she thought.

She was supposed to meet her here almost a half hour ago. Phoebe had told herself to wait until Piper showed before lighting a cigarette and that would show herself she had the willpower to quit if she wanted. The problem was she didn't want to quit right now and the story she was meeting Piper to tell was so arousing to her she needed a cigarette to calm her nerves. She couldn't take it any longer and took a cigarette and lit up dragging deeply. She blew her smoke up toward the ceiling and almost as though on cue, Piper walked into the room.

Scanning the room Piper quickly spotted her sister sitting at the corner of the bar. After greeting a few employees and dealing with another 'the-world-is-coming-to-an-end' catastrophe that business owners face every day, she walked up to where Phoebe was sitting and grabbed a seat next to her.

"It's about time!" Phoebe said. She smiled and gave Piper a hug and a kiss. Where have you been? I've been waiting forever!"

"Relax, don't get so dramatic," Piper said, "I'm only a little late. I'm a busy girl you know. Give me a cig." Piper almost never smoked anymore. She actually was the one who taught Phoebe how to smoke. Phoebe had caught her smoking after school one day when Piper was in Junior High and in order to keep Phoebe from ratting her out to Mom, she agreed to show her how. These days she only smoked when she was really stressed or if she was with her sister and she was smoking. Piper could see by the look in Phoebe's eyes that this 'something I've got to tell you' was going to be a juicy one.

"So, what's this thing you just had to tell me that couldn't wait until Sunday dinner?" Piper asked as Phoebe lit her cigarette for her.

"Are you serious?" Phoebe laughed, "I couldn't tell this at family dinner!"

"Really?" Piper was intrigued, "Now I'm all ears. What's with the notebook?" she asked as she noticed it sitting on the bar, "you working on some kind of research project?"

"Actually, yes I am." Phoebe was smiling as she hadn't thought about it like that but realized it really was in fact research she had been doing.

"So, are you going to let me in on it or what?" Piper was on the edge of her seat. Phoebe was always coming up with some cockamamie scheme to save the planet or feed the world or rescue baby seals but the look in her eyes told Piper this was something altogether different.

"Well, I have been doing some research," Phoebe said in a lowered tone as she grabbed her notebook. She handed Piper several printed sheets and gave her a moment to scan through them.

Piper could see these were pages Phoebe had printed off of her computer. Quickly looking through the pages showed they appeared to be stories Phoebe had downloaded from an internet website.

"What is this? What's with the stories? I don't get it," Piper said looking inquisitively at her sister.

"Read one and you'll see," Phoebe said as she took a drag on her cigarette. Piper began to read one of the stories and within twenty seconds she slapped the pages down into her lap and smiled broadly looking at Phoebe.

"Are all of these like this? Where did you find them? I can't believe this. Are these real stories or did you write them?" Piper was almost babbling now. She took a drag on her cigarette to help calm herself down.

"No, I did not write them," Phoebe laughed blowing her smoke over her shoulder, "I had the same reaction when I first saw this on the internet. I just couldn't believe there was this kind of stuff out there. I mean, I know the internet is full of information but I never imagined I would find this kind of thing."

"I haven't read this whole story but is that what it's all about or is it just one part of the story just thrown in?" Piper asked excitedly.

"Some of them have a spanking theme also but most of these are all about THAT," Phoebe said, "I know, it's amazing, right?"

"What made you even look? How did you find these?" Piper asked.

"Remember Simon?" Phoebe asked in reply.

"Simon who?"

"Simon my old boyfriend? The guy in the hotel bathroom? Is it starting to come back to you now?" Phoebe nodded at Piper as she could see the light bulb go on over her sister's head.

"Ah, yes. That was some evening," Piper smiled.

"Yeah, it was," Phoebe said like a Southern Belle as she fluttered her hand in front of her face as though she were trying to cool herself, "I do declare I'm getting hot just thinking about it," she laughed, "Well, later that night I couldn't get it out of my head. The feeling of power and control. To be able to wash someone's mouth out with soap and have him just kneel there and take it. Plus the feel of the bar in my hands and the softness of the lather, the scent. I'm telling you sis, my head was spinning. I got home and took a loong hot bath with a bar of Camay. I lathered it up and stuck it in my mouth and held it there while I took care of business if you know what I mean," Phoebe winked. Piper smiled.

"I came so hard I almost bit right through the bar!" Phoebe exclaimed at a whisper, "I took the soap out of my mouth but didn't rinse. I toweled off and sat down at my computer to search the internet. I figured there has to be someone else who gets turned on by soap out there."

"My god! I've created a monster!" Piper exclaimed.

"No," Phoebe laughed, "I think this has always been inside. You just gave me a way to let it out. Anyway, I did some searching and let me tell you, I was up WAY past my bedtime. The whole time I could still taste the Camay. I stayed wet the whole time too," Phoebe smiled a devilish smile. "And then," she handed Piper another stack of pages from her notebook, "I hit the jackpot!"

Piper studied the top page. It was a printout of the home page of a Yahoo Group called 'mouth soaping fetishes.' Under that sheet were page after page of postings to the group site by a whole assortment of different people. The home page showed there were hundreds of members of the group.

Piper was amazed.

There were also pages of photos. Some were obvious fakes but most were real. And besides, even the fakes showed that whoever took the time and effort to make them did it for a reason. They all had the same common bond, the fascination with either washing someone's mouth out or having their own mouth washed out.

"This is amazing," Piper said as she continued to leaf through the pages.

"I know. I know," Phoebe said hurriedly, "but there's more to tell."

"Oh, honey, you've got my full attention."

"I've spent hours going through these postings and websites. I even paid to download some videos with mouthsoaping in them. You've GOT to let me see them!" Piper said. "Oh, I didn't

buy them per se. You pay to view them on your computer but you don't get to save them for later. I'll e-mail you the websites. Anyway, I'm getting more and more fascinated with this whole soap thing and I read one of the posts and it's from someone who's asking for help in choosing which soap to use. Now, I've always been a loyal Camay girl, right? So I'm reading the replies and one of them is from a girl who actually gives a review of each of the soaps. How well it lathers, how it smells, how much suds you can make, and also, how it tastes! So.....off to the store I go!"

"You're not serious, are you?" Piper is enthralled.

"Oh yeah. I picked out three to go along with my old favorite, Camay, and brought them home to do a little test of my own."

"Which ones did you get?"

"I wanted to stay with the feminine theme of the Camay so I picked pink Dove, pink Olay and Caress Berry Fusion. The girl who wrote the review said they were relatively mild for newcomers like me and that they all make mountains of suds. You know how I like a sudsy bath so I was hooked. I brought them home and drew a hot, steamy bath. I set out candles and opened up all my soaps. I set each one on its own washcloth on the edge of the tub. Just looking at all the soaps and thinking about 'taste testing' them made me weak in the knees."

Piper found herself getting very aroused. Not at the thought of having soap put in her mouth like Phoebe, but with the idea of washing someone else's mouth out with all that soap. "Tell me more," She was almost bouncing in her seat with anticipation.

"Okay, so I get in the tub and take each bar one at a time and smell it to see if it makes me feel sexy. All of them passed that test. Although the Caress has more of a fruity scent and I don't think I really felt sexy about that one until later. I then took each one and lathered it in my hands. No washcloth. I wanted to see how it felt. Feel the soft smooth texture. Feel the suds forming in my fingers. Get a better scent from it. See how well it lathers. You get the picture."

"Yeah, I do. The picture I want to get though is the one with you having a bar of soap in your mouth. Remember, this was supposed to be about a TASTE test," Piper was getting impatient. Phoebe liked to tell such detailed stories.

"Relax, it's my story. So where was I? Oh, right I was getting to the taste test. I wrapped a wet washcloth around each bar and dropped them in the water and let them sit there getting soft. Like you taught me, the softer the soap, the more suds it will make. After about twenty minutes, I reached down and grabbed a washcloth with its soapy friend still wrapped inside. I closed my eyes and started lathering it in the washcloth trying to see if I could tell which soap it was by the scent.

My first bar was the pink Dove. It's got a nice scent, not too strong and definitely feminine. Plus it says it has moisturizing lotion in it so it should leave my lips soft and kissable, right? Well the Dove made great lather in my bare hands when it was fresh out of the box so you can

imagine how well it did in a washcloth after softening for that amount of time. I mean, WOW! suds were everywhere. I almost frightened myself into not putting it in my mouth."

"Please tell me you went through with it," Piper said.

"Of course I did. I'm no quitter. I started by softly sudsing my lips. Then I parted my lips slightly and pushed the soapy washcloth inside. I sudsed my teeth and the inside of my lips and cheeks. It really felt sensuous. I found myself getting VERY hot. I opened my mouth wider and began to gently suds my tongue. God, it was so erotic I had all I could do to keep from cumming."

Piper could feel herself becoming more aroused. She drew deeply on her cigarette to try to calm herself. "Why not cum?" she asked as she blew out her smoke, "I mean, isn't that the idea?"

"Yes and no," Phoebe explained. "Sure it's a sexual thing but I also really wanted to check these soaps out. Besides, holding out makes the payoff that much better, right? So, after using the washcloth for a minute or two I took the bar, wet it and lathered it in my hands. It was still pretty soft from its soaking so it was getting VERY sudsy. I got it good and lathered. The suds were nice and thick. Then I pushed it into my mouth. I made sure to brush it across my lips and scrape it on my teeth as it went in so I could get a real good taste. Then I held it in my mouth and rotated it a couple times so even if I wanted to I couldn't avoid it with my tongue," Phoebe was speaking in the breathy manner so common when someone is extremely aroused sexually. She took a long drink from her glass.

"Man, you really are hard core honey. So, how did it taste?" Piper was smiling at the thought of her sister sitting in the tub with a bar of pink soap sticking out of her mouth.

"It was SEXY! I mean, don't get me wrong. It's not like you don't know it's soap but the suds and the soft feminine shape in your mouth. Oh! It was sooo hot!" Phoebe took another drag on her cigarette. She could feel herself wanting, needing to climax.

"WOW! Tell me about the others," Piper said.....