

Phoebe's Fetish Flourishes: The Long Awaited Sequel

Phoebe sat in her living room watching the video she had ordered. It was from a fetish web site that specializes in making custom videos based on scripted scenarios. All Phoebe had to do was log on to the website, type in the scenario she wanted to see and e-mail the form (along with payment, of course). A few weeks later, here she was watching the video she had custom made for her. She had hoped it would arrive in the mail today. She had been tracking it's shipping progress every day since she had gotten up the courage to actually order it.

She recalled how her hands shook with anticipation and excitement as she typed her scenario. She remembered how she read it over and over after typing it to make sure she there were no misspellings and that she had included all the important aspects. When she actually pushed the send button, she had all but assured herself that the company would never agree to produce such a video even though she had seen some pretty far out examples on the website.

When she checked her e-mail later that day and saw a reply from the company agreeing to produce the custom video, she sat down hard in her chair and let out a long breath. Her whole body tingled with excitement. It took her two weeks of thinking about it before she actually sent in the formal request and her credit card info for payment.

She raced home from work this afternoon to check her mail. She had been repeating this process of excited anticipation each afternoon this week. As she opened her mailbox this afternoon she had already convinced herself that it wouldn't be there but when she pulled out a small, brown paper wrapped package, her heart skipped. She suddenly grew very self conscious and quickly looked around to see if any of her nosey neighbors were watching. She felt as if anyone who looked at her in that moment would somehow be able to read her every thought and would know she had a secret.

Of course no one was watching and even if they were, all they would see was a very attractive young woman fetching her mail and walking slowly up the steps to her apartment door. Phoebe was actually concentrating very hard not to run up the steps and she made a careful effort not to slam her door shut as she entered with her treasure.

The anticipation of the whole event was what really fueled her fire. Phoebe had studied psychology in college and she knew it was human nature to feel that way. The wanting of something was very often more satisfying than the actual having. Nonetheless, Phoebe was curious to see if the video matched her scenario because if it did, the having would surely outdo the wanting. But, just to make sure she wasn't totally disappointed, Phoebe planned to make an entire evening out of the premiere of her new video. She turned down all her lights and lit several candles. Then she went to her bedroom and put on her sexiest lingerie. She then went to her bathroom

and made herself up, fixing her hair, mascara and eyeliner. She put on her best lipstick and checked herself in the mirror. Not bad, she thought.

Then she plugged the sink drain and ran hot water in it until it was full. She opened her linen closet and picked out a brand new bar of her favorite soap, Camay Classic, opened the box and held the pink bar up to her nose and took a deep inhale. The sexy scent of the soap made her begin to get wet and she began to stroke herself as she held the soap up to her nose. She was very wet and aroused now but she forced herself to stop and maintain the level of anticipation that had been building since she got her gift to herself in the mail. She dropped the pink bar of soap in the sink full of water and watched it for a second before she slowly walked out of the bathroom and made her way to the living room.

Phoebe had ordered her custom production in DVD format so she would have the highest quality picture so when she played it in slow motion, as she anticipated she would (many times) there would be no distortion. She set her television to the proper settings and placed the very plain looking disk in the tray and closed it. As Phoebe walked to her favorite chair to watch, she could hear the DVD player come to life. Phoebe sat back and watched as the title menu flickered onto the screen.

They had actually made a title screen for her “Phoebe’s Mouth Soaping Video” displayed on her TV screen. Phoebe reached down to her wet mound and began to finger herself gently, not enough to bring her to climax, but enough to keep the arousal at a high level. She made herself wait to start the show, forcing the anticipation to last, building her curiosity level. Would the video be all that she imagined? Would the model look as pretty as she did on the web page? Would the cameraperson film the scenes at an angle that provided her with the sights she truly wanted to see? Would the soap look as pink in the video as it does in real life? Would the suds look bubbly enough? Did the model even know how to really lather a bar of soap? All these thoughts were racing through her mind as she sat in her favorite chair and rubbed herself. She finally built up the courage to push the play button and her personally scripted movie began to play on her TV.

The movie began with a rather plain looking man, Phoebe figured he was in his late twenties or early thirties, sitting on a couch watching television. A door to the room opened and in walked a very attractive young Asian woman wearing a dark skirt and white top. She carried a briefcase and appeared to be coming home from work. As she looked up from putting her briefcase down, the young woman immediately looked perturbed. “What have you been doing all day? This place is a mess!” she said. She was really looking angry.

Phoebe thought the woman was exquisitely beautiful and was playing her part exactly as Phoebe had written it.

“Well mister, I’m waiting for an answer” she said as she stood in front of the TV the man was watching. “Did you do any of the chores I told you to do when I left

because it sure doesn't look it"she was tapping her foot on the floor and had her arms folded across her chest as she stood there waiting for his reply.

"I was busy. I guess I forgot" was his reply.

Phoebe was smiling as he said this because she knew what was coming. After all, she wrote the script and boy was he going to get it!

"Busy! I work all day long and I work hard at my job then I come home from a long day and find you draped on the couch watching some stupid TV program and you've done none of the things I asked you to do. You couldn't even fold the laundry. It's sitting right here in the basket. You could have done it while you watched your precious program but you couldn't even be bothered!"

"Look, I told you I was BUSY! I'll do it later. What's the big deal?"

"BUSY? I guess so." She was looking at the VCR and could see it was playing a tape but he wasn't watching any movie, he was watching....OPRAH! It dawned on her in an instant that he had used the remote to switch back to regular TV as she walked in. She pushed the eject button on the VCR and out popped the video he had been watching.

"Shit" he muttered. He had been caught. He knew she didn't approve of his video rentals, usually porn.

"What was that? Did you use a four-letter word in my house?" she immediately lost interest in the video and dropped it on the coffee table.

"No, ma'am" he said.

"Oh, and we wish to add lying to our list of offenses as well, do we?"

"No, ma'am" he said again.

"Well, I certainly heard a four-letter word. Is there anyone else in the room?"

"No, ma'am"

"Well I certainly wouldn't let such filth come out of my mouth and if I didn't say it, and there's no one else here but you, it surely seems as though you must have said it." She was leaning over the coffee table staring right into his eyes.

Phoebe was almost on the edge of her seat. She continued to stroke herself softly. She could feel her wetness through the sheer panties. It was coming! Phoebe knew it would. She already felt as though the video was worth every penny she spent on it.

They were obviously very professional and were playing her script out just as she wrote it.

The young woman on the screen suddenly slapped the man in the face. She hit him pretty hard and Phoebe could see the redness on his cheek where she hit him.

“Ow! Bitch!” he said without thinking. And then suddenly realized he was in deep trouble now.

“Bitch, huh? Well, that’s not exactly what I heard you say before. Do you want to try again, or should I take another swing at the other cheek?”

“Alright already. I said ‘shit’ before”

“Oh, ‘shit’ huh? So, when you told me you didn’t say anything, that was a lie, right?” she was holding his chin in her right hand, squeezing his cheeks together.

“Yes, ma’am” he said

“And what happens to little boys who say dirty words and then lie about it to their mistress?”

“They get their mouth washed out with soap”

“That’s right, they do” she was cooing to him as she said this. “And what kind of soap do these dirty little boys get shoved in their mouth?”

“Camay”

“And do you know why they get their mouth washed out with Camay? I’ll tell you why, because it’s pink and feminine and makes mounds of soap suds, that’s why. Well, what are you waiting for? Step to it. March yourself into the bathroom young man and get ready to taste some soap.”

The cameraman followed the two of them as she walked behind him into the bathroom. The shot cut to an angle from the side of the bathroom sink so Phoebe could see both the man and his beautiful mistress standing in front of the sink.

The woman told him to strip off his pants and shirt and kneel in front of the sink. She then began to fill the sink with water. Phoebe could see the steam rising off the water as the sink filled. The woman reached into the closet beside the sink and placed a pink washcloth, neatly folded, on the edge of the sink. In her other hand she held a box Phoebe immediately recognized as a box containing a bar of pink Camay. The woman held the box right in front of his face as she slid her fingernail under the flap to loosen it. She then tipped the box to the side and out slipped a pink bar of

soap. She held it in her hand in front of his face and placed the opened box on the counter.

“See that? That’s the soap I’m going to wash your mouth out with. First I’m going to let it sit in this nice hot water for a couple of minutes so it gets nice and soft and will make lots and lots of suds in your mouth.” She dropped the bar of soap into the sink full of water. “Now, while my soap softens, why don’t you tell me again why we’re here?”

“Do I have to?”

“Yes, unless you want me to get a second bar of Camay so you can chew on it while the first one gets soft? Would you rather I did that? You know, that’s a terrific idea. Forget about telling me why you said those horrible words.”

She reached back into the closet and took out another white box that Phoebe again recognized as a new bar of Camay. She slowly opened this box in the same manner as the first one and when she tipped the bar out of it’s box she again held it in front of his face.

“Open up” she said in a very matter-of-fact way. She didn’t want to waste any time so she pinched his nose closed with her other hand and held the bar of Camay ready at his lips. As soon as he opened his mouth to breathe, she pushed the end of the dry bar of soap into his mouth.

“Take a bite. C’mon, bite it. There, that’s it” she said as he bit down on the bar of soap.

“Good, now chew it up. I want you to chew that piece of soap until it’s mush and if you don’t do it right, I’ll make you chew and swallow this whole bar before I wash your mouth out with the other one. Let’s go, I don’t have all day” she said as he just sat there with the chunk of soap in his mouth.

“You best start chewing because the longer you sit there not chewing it, the longer my other bar sits in that nice, hot water getting softer and softer. Oh, I can only imagine the way it’s going to lather up and dissolve in your mouth!” With that, he began to slowly chew the piece of soap.

“There, that’s a good boy. Chew, chew, chew!” she was laughing at the disgusted look on his face as he slowly chewed. “That can’t taste very good at all, huh? Open up, I want to see if you’re really chewing it”

He opened his mouth so she could see in. There were small chunks of soap stuck in his teeth and a larger chunk of soap resting on his tongue. He hoped she would be satisfied. The taste of soap was overpowering.

“Oh, look at all those little slivers of pretty pink soap in your mouth. Doesn’t that look nice! I’m a little disappointed in you though. I was hoping to see some bubbles in there but all you’ve managed to do is make a pasty white drool come out of your mouth. No worries, there will be plenty of bubbles in there soon enough, right my potty mouthed little boy?” she giggled at him as he sat there with his mouth wide open and a look of disgust on his face.

Phoebe was rubbing herself harder now. She sat in her chair with one leg draped over the arm exposing her mound. She rubbed hard on herself with one hand and began sucking on the fingers of her other hand as she watched the show play out on her TV. Even though she knew what was going to happen, she was still tremendously aroused. She imagined herself having just come home from work and flipping on the tube to catch the news. But instead of news, she found herself watching some program she had never seen before. As she watched, she would think to herself ‘ wouldn’t it be cool if....’ and each time she thought of something, the actors on the screen did exactly what she thought. The feeling was mesmerizing and very sexy. She was careful as she played with herself, she didn’t want to climax before the climax!

The woman on the screen took the pink washcloth from the edge of the sink and reached into the water, wrapping it around the bar of pink soap that rested on the bottom. She lifted it out of the water and began rolling it over and over in the washcloth.

“Oooh, it’s so soft and silky. Look at how sudsy it’s getting” she said as she continued to work the Camay into a lather. “Look at all these pretty Camay soapsuds. I don’t think I’ve ever seen such a sudsy washcloth before,” the soapsuds were splashing off the washcloth into the sink as she worked the soap into the cloth. All of this being done right in front of his face.

“Smell that? Nice feminine scent. You’ll be smelling that for a few days after I’m done with you. Do you think I can make this washcloth any soapier?”

“No, ma’umph,” he tried to say ‘no, ma’am’ but as soon as he opened his mouth to speak, she shoved the washcloth into his mouth.

“You’re such a fool! Not that I wouldn’t have gotten it in there anyway, but I love when I trick you. Now be good and keep your mouth open wide while I scrub out those filthy words,” she was working the washcloth in and out of his mouth. The suds were covering his face and splashing off his chin onto his chest. She held the back of his head with one hand while she worked the cloth with the other and she used her body to keep him pinned against the vanity. She stopped scrubbing for a moment and took the washcloth out of his mouth.

“Hmm, I don’t think I’m getting the desired effect,” she then turned to face the camera “Do you have any suggestions, Phoebe?”

Phoebe's legs bucked. She was panting with sexual arousal.

"I'm sorry, what's that you said? It's hard to hear through the TV," the woman said.

Phoebe was astounded. This was not in her script but it was amazingly sexy.

"Oh, you think I should shove the lathered bar of Camay in his mouth? Good idea!" she picked up the bar of Camay and dunked it into the water. She began rolling it over and over in her hands. Soon her hands and the bar of soap were covered in thick suds.

"Look at this nice, sudsy, pink bar of soap. That's not going to taste very good at all, is it? Open up, my friend Phoebe thinks I need to scrub your mouth with the bar of Camay itself and you know what they say, Phoebe's always right!" he opened his mouth and she shoved the bar of soap in.

"Isn't that nice? Look at you, how pathetic you look with a pink bar of soap sticking out of your mouth. What's that, Phoebe?" she said as she turned back to face the camera, "you say I should move the bar in and out of his mouth, nice and slowly, scraping it on his teeth so he gets slivers of soap in his mouth? Okay, you're the boss," she gripped the end of the bar and began to move it in and out of his mouth.

Phoebe could see the lather building on the sides of the soap as it was ever so slowly moved in and out, in and out.

After about a minute of this, the woman on the screen turned to face the camera again. "Yes, I do see where that would be a problem but I thought I took care of that already when I had him chew on the other bar. I see. Okay, I'll give it a go," she said to the camera and then turned back to her man.

"My friend Phoebe says the bar of Camay can't get every nook and cranny of your mouth clean. It's just making lather on the sides of your mouth and you were probably cheating and holding your tongue away from the soap as it was gliding in and out of your mouth. She suggests I soap up my hands and use my fingers to reach all the places the bar didn't, especially your tongue. I told her I already had you chew on some soap and I thought that would take care of it but she isn't satisfied," she picked up the bar of soap and stated lathering it up in her hands. She was creating mounds of soapsuds that began flowing down her wrists and forearms. She scooped those suds back to her hands as she worked, making the suds thicker and soapier. When they were as thick and sudsy as she could get them she held her hands up to the camera.

"What do you think Phoebe? Pretty soapy, right?" she turned back to the man again "I'm sorry, honey. I thought we were all done but Phoebe is in one of those moods. What did you call it before? Oh yeah, she's being a bitch! Open that mouth!" she forced two fingers of her right hand into his mouth and began rubbing them around.

“I want to get all those places where the soap couldn’t reach, your gums, under your tongue, the roof of your mouth,” she worked her fingers around and around. “There’s nothing like a thorough mouth soaping from a stern, beautiful woman to solve all your behavioral problems,” she continued to work her fingers around his mouth for a minute or two. She suddenly turned to the camera.

“What do you think now Phoebe? Oh? Yes, I would have to agree. He was way out of line. How do you suggest I fix that? That’s a great idea! I can’t believe I didn’t think of it myself. Thank you so much for all your help today. I always thought I knew how to administer a thorough mouth soaping but I learned a few things today. Thanks again and I’ll take care of that last problem straight away,” she turned back to the man.

“Phoebe is very upset about you calling her a bitch and she wants me to deal with it. Don’t give me any lip about it either. I know you didn’t actually say she was a bitch. You really couldn’t say much of anything,” she laughed “but you were thinking it. I believe she has come up with a terrific way to resolve this last issue. First, lick the suds off my hands,” she held her hands up to his face and he began to lick them.

“Make sure you get all those suds.” He was licking and licking them. “That’s it, just like a little puppy dog,” she laughed at how pathetic he looked. His face and mouth all covered with thick soap suds and his tongue sticking out, lapping up even more suds.

“Good. That should do. Now, for the final phase of your mouth soaping. What? You thought that was it? Silly boy. You called her a BITCH. You have to pay a steeper price than licking up some soap suds.” She dried her hands, reached into her pocket and took out a cigarette and lighter. She lit her cigarette and blew smoke up toward the ceiling.

“Okay, Phoebe will let you off the hook if you chew up both of these bars of Camay. She and I are going out for awhile and when we get back, there better be nothing but a plate of mushy soap left. Here’s a plate,” she handed him a dinner plate and placed the two bars of Camay on it. Don’t even think about trying to fake it either. I’m leaving Lisa, the cameraperson, here to watch and I’ll be checking in with her on the cell phone. Well, get started! You don’t have all night.”

He picked up the bar he had bitten earlier and looked pleadingly toward his mistress.

She bent forward until her face was inches from his “Bite it!” she said. He put the bitten end of the bar in his mouth and took a bite.

“If you take bites like that, you’ll be here until tomorrow. Take a BIG bite!” He put the bar back into his mouth and took another, larger bite from it.

“That’s better. Now, chew” he started to slowly chew the soap. His mouth was stinging from all the soap he had in it already but he continued to chew because he knew he’d be in even worse shape if she came back and he wasn’t done.

“Good. Only another bar and a half to go!” she laughed. She took a drag from her cigarette and blew the smoke up toward the ceiling as she turned to face the camera. “C’mon Phoebe. What do you say we get a bite to eat. He’s already having his dinner. She laughed, patted him on the head, and walked out of the room. A plume of smoke rose over her shoulder as she walked away.

The camera panned back to the man kneeling in front of the sink chewing on the soap. “Open up, let me have a look” a female voice was heard. This must be Lisa, the cameraperson, Phoebe thought. “You’re not doing it right. Here, let me help,” Phoebe watched as a woman’s hand reached out from behind the camera toward the man. The hand took hold of the bar of soap and as it began moving toward his mouth, the camera was placed on the edge of the sink. The screen was filled with the mounds of soapsuds that filled the sink. In the background, Phoebe heard the mans muffled protests. Then she heard Lisa say, “Don’t be such a baby, it’s only a little soap and water.” Across the mountain of soapsuds the words ‘The End’ appeared and the screen went black.

Phoebe had been on the verge of climax for several minutes now but she had been able to stave off the finish. She didn’t want to climax before the movie was over. It had been everything she had hoped it would be and more. The way the producers had incorporated her into the film was fantastic. This would be a DVD she would wear out from watching. She stood slowly and teetered a bit from sexual weakness.

She gathered her strength and walked to her bathroom. As she walked in, she could already smell the distinct, sexy fragrance of Camay soap. She stood in front of her sink and looked at herself in the mirror. She was beautiful, she thought. While watching herself in the mirror, she reached into the sink full of water and grabbed hold of the bar of soap. It was very soft from sitting in the water for so long. Phoebe’s immediate thought was that she didn’t think she had ever let a bar of soap sit in the water for that long. It was almost goeey in her hands but it still had enough firmness for her to pick it up out of the water and begin to lather it in her hands. The suds it made were immediately thicker and richer than any she had ever experienced. When she was satisfied, she placed the bar of pink Camay on the edge of the sink. One hand made it’s way down to her panties and she slipped them down around her ankles. She began to wash her mound with her soapy hand. The suds splashed onto the floor. She was on the verge of climax immediately. Her other hand reached up and began rubbing across her mouth, soaping the outside of her lips.

She watched herself in the mirror as she ever so slowly opened her lips just a bit. As though they had a mind of their own, her fingers immediately found the opening in her parted lips. Two fingers slid into her mouth and began to dance on her tongue. The taste of Camay soap was both familiar and sexually arousing to her. She rubbed

her mound harder as she neared the pinnacle of pre-climax excitement. Her other hand plunged deeper into her mouth and she came. Her body exploded in convulsions of pleasure. Her soapy fingers fell from her mouth and she grabbed hold of the vanity with her hand to steady herself. She shuddered for what seemed like an eternity and then nearly collapsed from sexual exhaustion. She slowly made her way to the shower door and reached in, turning the water on as hot as it could go. She slipped off the remaining pieces of her lingerie and stepped into the steam.

She would sleep well tonight.