

Phoebe's Fetish Finds Her a Friend - Part 1

(By: brownop31)

Phoebe sat in her editor's office. She nervously twirled her pen between her fingers. She wanted a cigarette but it was a "No Smoking" office building so she was left to fiddle with her pen until her editor was finished reading her idea. She worked as a writer for a weekly magazine with a fairly good circulation. She had made a name for herself while doing an advice column for the local newspaper and was courted away from that job her current editor who wanted her to write columns about "the other side of town. The bizarre, the unusual, the freakish if you will". Phoebe was intrigued by the idea and the pay raise wasn't too shabby either.

He held the page at arms length and looked down his nose at it, trying to read her handwriting. Phoebe knew he wore reading glasses but she also knew he was attracted to her and she figured he must think he looks old in his glasses. She recalled how he always seemed to quickly remove his glasses whenever she knocked at his door. She chuckled to herself. He was okay looking but certainly not her type. The age difference wasn't an issue with her. She was a free spirit when it came to matters of the heart, but she would never feel comfortable dating her boss. Too many office problems on that road.

What was taking him so long? Phoebe thought to herself. She wished he would just put on the damn glasses and be done with it. Finally, he put the sheet down on his desk and looked across at her. He folded his hands together and placed his elbows on his desk. His face was blank. Phoebe wasn't sure if this was a good sign or a bad one. He often had a blank expression and was giving no clues as to his decision on her story idea. Phoebe almost bit through her pen before he started to speak.

"I like it!" He said. "This has some real potential. I'd like to see what you could do with it for...let's say two weeks from today, how's that going to work with your schedule?"

"I'll make it fit my schedule, don't worry about that," Phoebe replied. "You REALLY like the idea? How do you think it will play out with the readers? And what about the publisher?" Phoebe chewed on her pen nervously. She was thrilled that he liked the story idea but she worried that he wouldn't be able to get it published in the magazine and even though she loved writing and investigating a story, no one will be able to read it if it doesn't get published.

"Don't pay any mind to the publishing, you just write the story. If it's good, and I'm sure you'll do your standard great job, it'll make the cut. Now, get out there and find yourself a story!"

"Thank you, thank you, thank you!" Phoebe practically leaped to her feet, reached across the desk, and shook his hand vigorously. "I'll get the story and you won't have to pester me about deadlines on this one." She was smiling from ear to ear as she walked out of

his office. It struck her then that she may have been a little too exuberant in her gratitude. She wondered if she might have tipped him off about her "secret". She thought about it as she walked out the front lobby and lit her cigarette. She decided she couldn't do anything about it now anyway and if he did have a suspicion she certainly wasn't going to confirm it for him by making an awkward comment trying to cover herself. She blew a column of smoke up toward the sky and watched it drift away. That's where she let her cares on this matter go, drifting away.

This whole affair started when, a week ago, Phoebe was sitting at her computer "fetishing". That's how she referred to her time spent on the Internet looking at and searching for web pages featuring mouth soaping. She had read all the postings on the various message boards and looked at all the pictures. She had even ordered a custom video, which she watched regularly. She was looking for something else though. Something a bit different. She started searching through the vast numbers of dominatrix sites looking for any and every one where the woman mentioned washing mouths out with soap. She was a bit surprised to find that it was fairly common to find it mentioned in some form or another. A few even listed it as a "specialty" of theirs. Phoebe had created quite a list of these sites when she landed on a page that truly caught her attention.

This particular site was the home page of a woman who referred to herself as "Lathering Lisa" and was completely devoted to mouth soaping. In the list of her "services" she states she "will lash your tongue with lather, seduce you with suds and scrub your mouth into submission" and "make you bow down to my bubbles and blow your mind!". "Lisa" described how she became enthralled by the act of washing a mouth out with soap as a young teen. How as a joke, she threatened a male friend that she would do it to him if he didn't watch his language and when he tried to call what he thought was her bluff, she took him by the ear, marched him into a bathroom and soaped him. She described the feeling of power and control she felt as she scrubbed out his mouth. She also described that she became extremely aroused by the whole experience and how she knew right then that she wanted to figure out a way to do this for a living. She went on about how she experimented over the following years, perfecting her "craft" until she was confident enough to start her own business venture and was certain her fellow "soapers" would eventually seek out her services.

Needless to say, Phoebe was fascinated and this is where her story idea was born. Phoebe was quite interested in the socio-psycho-logical aspect of mouth soaping. Why were she, and obviously many others, so drawn to this scene? What type of person was it who wanted, needed, desired to have his/her mouth washed out with soap by a dominant woman? She knew there were just as many "soapers" out there who had absolutely no desire to have their mouth washed out but rather wanted to wash someone else's out and she respected that aspect but her curiosity lay in her own realm of "soapee" more than "soaper". She had become quite adept at delivering a thorough mouth soaping. She spent many evenings in her bathroom experimenting, mostly on herself but she had certainly seduced her share of men into experiencing the "joy" of a bar of pink soap. She fancied herself more the receiver than the giver and while she had had her mouth washed out a few times by others,

mostly by her sister Piper, she was usually left to perform the task on herself.

Phoebe wanted to watch "Lisa" do her thing, hopefully be able to interview her clients, in strict confidence of course, interview a psychiatrist or two, and write a story about it that she hoped would open a door to a world unknown to many if not most. She believed "Lathering Lisa" was the perfect subject for her story however she knew it wouldn't be as easy as just dialing the phone and asking to sit in on her sessions. Phoebe knew she would have to develop a relationship with "Lisa" where she trusted Phoebe would be discreet and keep privacy at the forefront of importance. So, Phoebe spent the following week outlining her idea, charting a timeline to follow and writing, editing, and re-writing questions she needed answered. She also came up with a survey form she would ask "Lisa" to have her clients complete after their sessions so Phoebe wouldn't have the uncomfortable chore of asking for their permission to interview them for a story. She had figured that would be a sure ticket to "no' Ville" and would essentially roadblock her story before it could even get started. Phoebe also took the week to build up the courage to go to her editor with her idea. She worried greatly that her "secret" would come out and she would always be viewed in the office as the "soap girl".

She decided she would avoid that by only revealing to her editor that she wanted to interview a dominatrix and her clients to get an insight into the world of domination and submission. She would leave the details to later. In addition to her editor, Phoebe wondered how "Lathering Lisa" would respond. Phoebe knew she would have to begin her quest as "Lisa's" client before she could even ask her about being the subject of her story. This excited and scared Phoebe. It wasn't the soap, she had had plenty, and I mean plenty, of soap, suds, lather, whatever in her mouth, on her face, stuck to her teeth, etc. and she wasn't afraid of more. It was the psychology of dominance that scared her. Phoebe knew that even though she was, to outsiders, a control freak who had to have her say in everything and needed to be in charge. But in reality, she was a whole different ball of wax.

She wanted to be controlled sexually. She desired dominance but boyfriend after boyfriend failed miserably. She tried to get her partner to "take the reigns" but it never seemed to work. Phoebe had given up trying to figure it out. She decided it must be that men were intimidated by the combination of her looks, she was quite attractive and she knew it, and her success in a male dominated business. Phoebe believed that "Lathering Lisa" would be exactly what she hoped she would, a dominating sexual being who would control her and allow her to be the submissive she so desperately wanted to be. This scared Phoebe because she didn't know if she could make it "back to the other side" so to speak, once she crossed the line from her outside persona to the submissive creature she knew she would become at the hands of "Lisa".

Although it truly did take a great deal of time to work out all the logistics of her story presentation, it took Phoebe a week to work up the courage to place a call to "Lisa".