

Phoebe's Fetish Finds Her a Friend

Part 4

When last we left our heroine, she was seated on a stool in the bathroom "office" of Lathering Lisa, a domina who specializes exclusively in the mouth-soaping fetish. Lisa was in the process of administering a thorough mouth soaping to Phoebe in an effort to allow her to realize her submissive side. Phoebe was experiencing a new side to herself, a submissive side, along with her standard feeling of sexual arousal which she experiences each time she finds herself with Camay soap suds in her mouth. Although this time, for the first time since her sister Piper introduced her to this fetish, Phoebe was having her mouth washed out with soap by someone other than herself. The inevitability of the situation, along with the loss of control over the outcome, were new and immensely arousing to her. Phoebe had started the session with her hands tucked under her thighs to keep from thrusting them up instinctively to block Lisa's approach with the soap. But now she had become so sexually aroused that she moved them from under her thighs to allow them to probe her loins.

Lisa had just allowed Phoebe to spit the first round of suds from her mouth and had wiped her face before re-lathering the pink washcloth and moving it toward Phoebe's waiting mouth with the instruction to "Open wide." Phoebe was powerless to resist and opened her mouth as asked.

"That's a good girl," Lisa said softly. "Let the washcloth move around in your mouth. Feel all the soapy suds slipping across and under your tongue. When the washcloth is this sudsy it's almost like having the bar of Camay itself sliding into your mouth. Imagine how sexy that will be. You can imagine it for a bit but don't worry, you won't have to imagine for long." Lisa slowly worked the washcloth in and around Phoebe's mouth making more and more soap suds as she did. The suds dripped off Phoebe's chin and onto the bib and towel covering her clothes. "It's a good thing I put the towel and bib on you. See how messy you've been already and we've only just started." Lisa continued to slowly and gently work the washcloth around Phoebe's mouth not at all being careful of how much suds she created nor where they fell.

After a minute or two Lisa pushed the whole washcloth into Phoebe's mouth, tucking the last corners into her bulging cheeks. "Why don't you hold that for a bit while I rinse off my hands," Lisa said as she plunged her hands into the sudsy water in the sink. She gripped Phoebe's chin in one hand and held it while she whispered in her ear, "Look at how pretty you are with all those sexy Camay suds in your mouth." Lisa smiled as she watched herself and Phoebe in the mirror. Still watching the mirror, she released Phoebe's chin and reached one slender finger into Phoebe's bulging mouth. Hooking one corner of the washcloth with her finger she pulled the corner of it from Phoebe's mouth. Using her other hand she formed a small "O" with her forefinger and thumb. Lisa held this "O" against Phoebe's lips as she ever so slowly pulled the washcloth out of her mouth and through the "O" squeezing all the soap from it as she

did. Lisa watched the process with Phoebe in the mirror and spoke softly in her ear, "Ummmmmm, taste all that yummy pink Camay soap."

Phoebe watched in the mirror as Lisa did this. She had never watched herself as she washed her mouth before. She was entranced by how sexy it looked. She was never conceited but she knew she was an attractive woman and Lisa was very attractive as well. To see her mouth overflowing with soapsuds and watch as Lisa smiled sexily over the entire ordeal was tremendously arousing. She was snapped back to reality when she heard Lisa tell her to "Blow bubbles."

"Go on, blow me some bubbles. You certainly have enough soap in your mouth and I want to see bubbles floating in the air. Come on, blow," Lisa said as she mimicked blowing bubbles.

Phoebe pursed her lips in an "O" and started to blow. What mostly came out was a stream of suds which flowed down her chin and splashed onto the bib she wore and then onto the towel in her lap. Her hands were under the towel between her legs. She fingered her mound through her slacks. She could feel her wetness and she desperately wanted to strip off her clothes and massage herself to orgasm. Lisa sensed how aroused Phoebe had become. "Relax," she said softly. "We have so much more to do. You don't want to come just yet." Lisa turned Phoebe's face toward her own. "Bubbles. I want to see you blow bubbles."

"I'm trying Mistress," Phoebe said through all the suds.

"Well you're not doing so well. I guess we need more soap." Lisa said as she reached to the sink and picked up the sudsy bar of pink Camay from the soap dish. She dunked the bar into the sink and began working it between her hands under the surface of the water. "I absolutely love the way this soap feels when it's wet. It's so smooth and silky but still firm. It doesn't seem to get all mushy like some other soaps even when it's been soaking in water for awhile. I guess we'll see how mushy it gets a bit later when we play with the second bar. That one's been sitting in this sink full of hot water since we started. I bet it's getting softer and softer," Lisa cooed as she lathered the first bar right in front of Phoebe's face. When the lather was thick and creamy, she held the bar in front of Phoebe's lips. "Open up. I want to rest this here instead of always putting it in that soap dish."

Phoebe opened her mouth slightly and Lisa slowly pushed the pink bar of soap into her mouth. Thick suds scraped off the bar onto Phoebe's lips and Lisa, using one finger, rubbed the silky suds around Phoebe's lips.

"That should help with some bubbles," Lisa smiled as she continued to rub her soapy hands together in the thick lather. She then picked up the pink nylon pool sponge that had been sitting by the sink. She plunged the pool into the sink of water and when it was fully wet, she lifted it up and rubbed her sudsy hands over it getting it very soapy. "I love the way these pools make suds. All you need is a little bit of soap and soon you're swimming in soap suds. If just a little soap makes a mountain of suds, I

wonder what we should call it when we use as much soap as I can possibly get on this thing? I know, we'll call it a 'soap storm'! You know, like a 'snowstorm' with soap!"

Phoebe watched as Lisa laughed at her new phrase and realized she was right. Lisa was truly making a blizzard of soapsuds with that nylon poof.

"Ohhh, look at all these suds," Lisa said as she continued to rub the poof between her hands. "Now, let's try to blow some bubbles." Lisa said as she began to slowly pull the bar of Camay from Phoebe's lips. Go on, blow me a bubble."

Phoebe pushed her lips together and then once again formed them in an "O" as she began to softly blow. A bubble started to form on her lips as she blew. She was out of breath before the bubble would leave her lips and as she tried to take another breath, the bubble shrunk as she re-breathed the air that had formed it.

"Awww, you were almost there. Try again," Lisa said.

Phoebe again formed her lips in an "O" and blew. A much smaller bubble formed and flew from her lips. For a moment Phoebe forgot she was having her mouth washed out with soap and was proud of herself as she watched a soap bubble she had created with her own lips float away from her mouth and rise above her head.

Lisa caught the bubble in her soapy hand and it rested in the suds as she blew at it trying to get it aloft again. the bubble flew from her hand and floated downward until it came to rest among the suds on the surface of the water in the sink. "That was sooo sexy! Don't you think?" Lisa asked.

Phoebe nodded in agreement.

"Enough play. You have earned a thorough mouth-soaping young lady and a thorough mouth-soaping is what you are going to get!"

Phoebe's eyes widened. She was under the impression her soaping was all but finished.

Lisa saw the surprised expression on Phoebe's face. "Oh you didn't think we were done already, did you? My dear, I've only just warmed up. The forecast is calling for a soap storm and this is one weatherperson who is never wrong!" Lisa held the soapy poof in her hand. It was literally overflowing with suds. With her other hand she grasped Phoebe's chin. "You're going to enjoy this my dear, I just know it." Lisa held Phoebe's chin in one hand and moved the sudsy poof toward her lips with the other. Lisa worked the poof around Phoebe's closed mouth, depositing rich Camay suds wherever it touched. She then began to push it into Phoebe's mouth. Thick suds splashed off the poof onto Phoebe's chin. The poof moved its way ever so slowly into Phoebe's mouth.

Phoebe could feel the thick suds of the poof entering her mouth. They were different than those that came off the washcloth. The suds from the washcloth were much soapier, tasting more like the actual bar of Camay. These suds, while quite thick and by no means tasty, were not nearly as harsh as the earlier suds had been. Phoebe imagined she could withstand quite a bit of time with these suds.

Lisa pulled the poof from Phoebe's mouth leaving her with a mouthful of soap suds. She dunked the poof into the sink of water and immediately fresh, new soap suds began to form on the poof. Lisa took the bar of Camay from its place in the soap dish and dunked it into the water and then began slowly rubbing it over the poof. The suds that had initially formed grew thicker and richer. She continued to work the bar over the poof as she spoke, "I'm going to put this so, so soapy poof into that dirty mouth of yours and you're going to count for me. I want you to count to one hundred and I want to hear each and every number as you count out loud. If you make a mistake, you will start from the beginning. If I cannot hear you clearly, you will start from the beginning. Do not let the poof fall from your mouth or when I'm done with you, this will seem like I've been washing your mouth out with a bar of chocolate. Have I made myself clear?" Lisa asked. She continued to work the soap over the poof.

"Yes Mistress," Phoebe said through a mouthful of suds.

"Spit and rinse first. I want to start with a fresh palette," Lisa said still lathering the poof.

Phoebe spit the soapsuds from her mouth into the little dentist's sink beside her. She took the small cup and filled it from the small faucet. She swished the cool water in her mouth and spit it into the sink. It was very soapy. It looked to her like she had just rinsed out a washcloth in the small sink. She had soaped her mouth fairly severely before but she was fast approaching the limits of her prior experiences. She rinsed out her mouth once again and when she was finished, she turned toward Lisa.

"I'm ready Mistress," she said.

"Ready or not, here I come!" Lisa laughed as she set the bar of Camay in the soap dish with one hand and moved the incredibly soapy poof toward Phoebe's mouth with the other. "There's no turning back now Phoebe," Lisa said as she held the sudsy poof in front of Phoebe's lips. "The sense of inevitability and lack of control you must feel right now must be overwhelming. You have no choice but to submit to my will. And submit you shall." Lisa pushed the poof past Phoebe's lips and into her mouth.

Phoebe tasted the soap immediately. The suds she had tasted from the poof earlier were no match for these. This was like having the bar of Camay in her mouth only worse. The bar could be held by her teeth away from her tongue but these suds found their way into every corner of her mouth. On her tongue, under her tongue, covering the roof of her mouth. Phoebe imagined if she could see into her mouth it would be a complete whiteout of soap suds. There would be no way she could complete her

assigned task without more than tasting these suds. She would try as hard as she could to not swallow too much.

"To one hundred and I want to hear every one. Begin," Lisa ordered.

Phoebe gripped the poof in her teeth as hard as she could through the soap. As soon as she started counting she knew why she had read of people being punished by having to count with a bar of soap in their mouth while reading about the mouth-soaping fetish in the internet groups and forums. As your tongue tries to form each word, it is forced to rub against the soap. In her case, there was no safe space in her mouth. The suds were everywhere. The poof was hanging out of her mouth and suds dripped from it down her chin. She could feel suds resting just below her nose. If she moved the poof too much while counting, she would wind up with soap in her nose and she wouldn't be able to breathe. "One. Two. Three." Phoebe tried as hard as she could to be clear and loud.

"Very good Phoebe," Lisa said as Phoebe continued to count.

"Seven. Eight. Nine. Tehh." Phoebe was unable to hold the poof in her teeth and as she tried to say 'ten' it popped out and fell into her lap.

"Shit!" she exclaimed and as soon as she did she realized what a grave error she had just made. Not only had she dropped the poof, she compounded her grief by uttering a four-letter word. She looked up at Lisa with mournful eyes. "I'm truly sorry Mistress. I'll start over." She reached for the poof and as she brought it up to her mouth, Lisa's hand clasped her wrist.

"My dear Phoebe. It seems your dirty mouth is apparently a bit dirtier than I thought." Lisa took the poof from Phoebe's hand and dropped it into the sink. She picked up the hand towel and dried her hands. She reached down and opened the cabinet door of the sink vanity. From within the cabinet she removed a mixing bowl and placed it on the counter.

Phoebe's eyes were still wide with anxiousness over what was to happen to her.

Lisa stood behind Phoebe and from over her shoulder reached into the sink and lifted out the bar of Camay she had dropped into the hot water when she began Phoebe's soaping. The outer portion of the bar was extremely soft and her fingers melted into it as though it were warm butter. She held the bar in front of Phoebe's face and watched her expression in the mirror as she told her what she was about to do. "You are going to take this very soft bar of pink Camay soap and chew it up. You will chew each bite into mush and then spit it into this bowl. When you are finished with this bar, you will begin with the other one. When that bar is all chewed up, if you have completed this task quickly enough, I will consider your punishment complete. If not, you will start over with a fresh package of Camay. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress," Phoebe replied.

"Well then, what are you waiting for?" Lisa held the bar of soap for Phoebe to take hold of.

Phoebe took the soft bar of pink soap from Lisa's hand and held it up to her mouth. She took a deep breath and realized there was no way out of this so she opened her mouth and put the end of the bar in. She bit down on the soap and her teeth easily passed into the outer edge of the bar but the rest of the bar was still quite firm. Phoebe had to bite hard to get through the bar and once she did, she began to chew up the piece of soap in her mouth. Phoebe chewed it as fast as she could and then reached for the bowl to spit out the mush. She spit but most of the soap remained stuck in her teeth. She took another bite and started chewing.

Soon the first bar was nothing but a slurry of soapy mush and spittle in the bowl and Phoebe had started to chew up the second bar of Camay. Her teeth were caked with pink soap. Her lips were starting to burn. She had coated them with moisturizing cream before she arrived for her session to prevent them from swelling and burning but the cream was obviously wearing off. She had been unable to keep from swallowing some of her spit and her throat was burning. She chewed the soap as best and as fast as she could, spitting after each piece until she was done. She no longer felt the warmth in her loins she had experienced earlier in her session. She now just felt like she had had her mouth thoroughly washed out by a dominant woman.

Lisa had watched Phoebe as she chewed up the two bars of Camay. She realized this was not going to be very sexy for Phoebe but she felt it was important the experience involve some actual punishment. She still had some plans for Phoebe's sexual gratification and she was about to let her off the hook. "Very well Phoebe. You've chewed both bars of Camay into mush for me and I am pleased. How do you feel?" Lisa asked.

"I feel remorseful Mistress. I truly wish I hadn't uttered that curse word," Phoebe replied through soap covered teeth.

"Here's a toothbrush. Rinse and brush your teeth but be careful brushing or you'll make a fresh new soap storm in there," Lisa laughed as she handed Phoebe the toothbrush.

Phoebe began the arduous task of trying to remove the soap from her teeth without giving herself another mouthful of suds but she was having little success. Suds were beginning to flow out of her mouth and down her chin.

Lisa leaned in and whispered in Phoebe's ear "It's so sexy to see the soap suds flowing out of your mouth isn't it? You've been such a naughty girl but now here you are with a shiny clean mouth yet you can't stop making more and more soap suds in there can you? You and I both know no matter how many bars of soap you chew up, you're still a very dirty girl aren't you? You're still having such naughty thoughts aren't you?"

That's why your mouth is still making suds. The soap knows how naughty you are and that you're thinking naughty thoughts," Lisa's words were breathy in Phoebe's ear. She could sense Phoebe becoming aroused.

Phoebe began to feel heat in her groin. She watched herself in the mirror as she brushed her teeth and made more and more soap suds in her mouth. As her breathing became deeper with her increasing arousal, she began to see bubbles starting to form on her lips around the toothbrush. She pulled the toothbrush from her mouth, pursed her lips and blew. A small stream of bubbles flew from her lips.

"Ooooooh, how sexy is that?" Lisa purred in Phoebe's ear. "C'mon, blow some more."

Phoebe pursed her lips again and blew. This time she blew more softly and only three bubbles, but much larger than the first round, floated from her lips. Phoebe had already dropped the toothbrush and was forcefully rubbing her mound through her slacks. She could feel herself moving quickly toward climax. It was coming so fast this time. She tried again to blow some bubbles but all she was able to do was drool some soapy spittle down her chin.

"Here, let me help," Lisa said as she reached into the sink full of sudsy water and took the still very soapy poof from the suds and began slowly rubbing it across Phoebe's lips. She didn't try to push it into Phoebe's mouth, she just wanted to rub soap across her lips so she could blow some more bubbles.

Try as she might, Phoebe was not able to do any more than blow some air into a bubble Lisa had deposited on her lips with one of her passes with the poof.

"I have an idea," Lisa said. "Open up and close down on the poof. Take a deep breath through your nose and blow out through your mouth. I'll bet you'll be swimming in bubbles in no time."

Phoebe opened her mouth. She was breathing heavily now as she fast approached orgasm. Lisa put the poof in and Phoebe closed her mouth almost all the way. She gripped the poof in her teeth like she had before when she was counting and took a deep breath in through her nose. She blew out her mouth while holding the poof in her teeth. The bubbles started to flow immediately from the poof. They didn't float off the poof but there were bubbles everywhere. They were flowing from the poof to her bib and down to the towel in her lap. Phoebe could see them in the mirror as she watched herself. Watching herself blow bubbles through the poof was extremely sexy and she felt herself on the verge of climax.

Lisa somehow sensed how close Phoebe was to coming and again leaned in close. She blew at the bubbles Phoebe was making on the poof and watched with Phoebe as they floated off the poof into the air. With the fingernail of her right index finger, Lisa began to pop the bubbles one by one as they floated past Phoebe's face.

Phoebe could take no more and she pushed herself over the edge of the delicious abyss of climax. She bit down hard on the poof as she came. She then blew it from her mouth with a forceful exhale. As she did, a final stream of bubbles floated from her mouth. In her warm ecstasy, Phoebe watched the bubbles float away from her mouth.

Lisa smiled as she watched Phoebe come. It was impossible for her not to have become aroused herself with all the sex flowing through the room as she helped Phoebe along to climax.

"Why don't you take a few minutes to relax and clean yourself up, no pun intended, while I take care of some personal business then we'll get to that interview," Lisa said as she removed the towel from Phoebe's lap and wiped her face off with the hand towel. Lisa stood and untied her apron before she walked out of the room. She thought to herself 'Man, it's getting hot in here.'

Phoebe watched through sex-tired eyes as Lisa walked out of the bathroom. She thought she noticed a tell-tale change to Lisa's gait as she left. Phoebe smiled.