

Punishment Time

(By Uthur)

Disclaimer: This work contains graphic descriptions of a punishment enema. It is not intended for reading or downloading by anyone under the age of 18. If this subject offends you, do not read on.

All portions of this story are fiction. Any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. This work is copyrighted 1996 by Uthur and is intended for non commercial free distribution. No part of this work may be reprinted, modified or distributed for a fee without the written permission of the author. Any redistribution of this material must be in its entirety with this disclaimer attached.

Corbet knew he was wrong and deserved to be punished, but that didn't make it any easier. He sat, for what seemed like hours, in his parents master bedroom awaiting his fate. The rules were well known to him, but just this once, he thought they could be bent a little bit. But to his parents, coming home two hours after curfew would not be tolerated under any circumstances.

Finally, he could hear his mother's footsteps in the hallway approaching the door. Corbet's heart began to race as the door swung open and his mother walked in the room. "Let's not dilly dally young man, you know what to do," she said.

"Yes mother," was his only meek reply. As his mother disappeared into the bathroom, Corbet began to remove his clothing stripping on down to his underwear. He listened intently and with some trepidation as he heard the sounds of his mother preparing things for his punishment in the bathroom. As the sound of the cabinet door closing crept out into the bedroom, Corbet heard his mother's voice, "Corbet, I am ready for you now!" With a lump in his throat, Corbet entered the bathroom.

Corbet's stomach began to flutter when he saw the all too common instruments of his punishment. On the counter of the sink sat the red rubber two-quart enema bag and tubing. A large white douche nozzle was placed next to a small jar of Vaseline along with several latex examination gloves. More ominous was the large pitcher and new bar of Ivory soap. Corbet felt a hard tug on his arm as his mother positioned him facing the bathroom sink standing next to the toilet. Tears began to creep into his eyes as he watched his mother remove the wrapper from the bar of soap and place it in the pitcher. She then ran the hot water for several minutes, which seemed like hours to Corbet, before filling the container letting the water splash directly on the white floating bar.

Corbet's mother set the pitcher down on the counter top and opened the small bathroom cabinet to remove a roll of toilet paper, which she set on the back of the commode. Corbet couldn't look away from the pitcher as wispy trails of soapsuds floated off the bar of Ivory and drifted through the hot water. His mother swirled the soap in the pitcher with her finger until the water took on milky white color. She sighed as she removed the bar of soap and set it on the counter. Its surface was all bubbly and after sitting in the hot water for several minutes it was clearly apparent that it softened considerably.

Corbet sniffed as tears began to flow from the corners of his eyes as he watched his mother pour the contents of the pitcher into the red rubber enema bag. As bubbles flowed out of the top of the bag and dribbled down the sides of bulging bag, she put the empty pitcher down and screwed in the white cap, which was connected to the several feet of rubber tubing. His mother checked to see that the clamp on the tubing was closed as she turned and hung the enema bag from the shower curtain rod. Corbet sniffled again as he saw her take the large douche nozzle and slid it into the tubing, which now dangled from the bag like a snake.

Turning to Corbet, his mother said, "Now I think we are about ready young man. Come here!" Corbet took a few steps towards the sink as he watched his mother pick up a washcloth and wet it under hot running water. Tears flowed down his face as he watched her pick up the slippery bar of soap and rubbed it all over the wet washcloth, until a good lather was created. He watched his mother fold the cloth over several times before she turned to him and said, "Now open up!" Corbet began to plead for mercy as his mother grabbed the hair on the back of his head and forced the soapy washcloth into his mouth. "Mmmmpffhs," was all that Corbet could say as the horrible taste of the soap overwhelmed his tastebuds and tears rolled down his expanded cheeks.

Corbet's mother put the lid down on the toilet and sat down. Reaching over she grabbed Corbet's hand and pulled him directly in front of her. This was the part that really embarrassed Corbet. Reaching her fingers into the waistband of his shorts, his mother pulled his underwear down to his ankles, leaving him naked before her. Corbet's face flushed red as he fought off the urge to gag from the horrible soapy taste in his mouth.

With a practiced motion, Corbet was pulled over his mother's knee with his bottom high in the air and his young manhood wedged between her thighs. He sniffed again as he heard her snap on a pair of latex gloves and he heard the distinctive sound of the jar of Vaseline being opened and then set down on the countertop. He groaned slightly as he felt his mother pry open the cheeks of his ass and then experienced the coolness of a Vaseline coated finger just touch the entrance to his anus. With a quick thrust, the lubricated finger pushed up his behind and twisted back and forth several times before withdrawing.

Corbet began to softly sob as he felt the tip of the douche nozzle touch his lubricated hole. He wiggled a bit as the plastic tube was inserted deep into his bottom. Corbet's mother then said, "I hope this teaches you a good lesson young man," as a loud CLICK

signaled the start of the water flow. Corbet's mother kept one hand on his bottom holding his cheeks together and the nozzle deep up his bottom. The water and soap rocketed up his backside and burned as it went in. Corbet began to squirm on his mother's lap and through the soapy washcloth that filled his mouth came strange unintelligible noises of distress. The cramps started soon as the warmth of the soapy water invaded deeper into his colon. The pressure of the water flow added to his distress and soon Corbet lifted his legs off the floor and trembling, held them straight out.

When the bag was half-empty, a series of sharp cramps filled his abdomen and sounds of him sobbing worked their way past the soapy washcloth that filled his mouth. Twisting and turning on his mother's lap, Corbet's legs began to slowly kick in the air as if he was trying to run away from the soapy invasion that filled his bowels. After what seemed to be a lifetime, Corbet heard the salvation of the bag gurgling dry as the last drops of the two-quarts of solution filled his backside. With a CLICK his mother shut the clamp on the hose and with a sharp jerk, she removed the douche nozzle from his burning anus.

With a sharp slap on his ass that left a distinctive red hand print, Corbet's mother said, "Stand-up!" and Corbet struggled to his feet. Standing before his mother who was still seated on the toilet lid, Corbet's abdomen was clearly distended. His bowels growled in retaliation to the soapy invasion and his youthful manhood stood half erect. "I think 10 minutes will be sufficient for you young man," said his mother as Corbet could only groan past the horrible soapy cloth that filled his cheeks. He began to sob and moan louder as he watched his mother set the kitchen timer to 10 minutes and set the clock down onto the countertop.

The pressure quickly grew in Corbet's belly and soon he was doing a little silly dance as he shifted his weight from one foot to the other and then back again. The cramps came in waves and when they hit Corbet grimaced and bent over slightly while rubbing his stomach in an attempt to soothe his innards. He clenched his butt cheeks together as tight as he could as his body trembled while he struggled to retain the solution. Every tick of the timer echoed through his brain as he fought to retain the enema and struggled to keep from retching up the soapy washcloth that filled his mouth with foul flavor.

At last, the bell on the timer rang, but it seemed that it also signaled a wave of very bad cramps that doubled Corbet over and caused his ass to tremble as he clenched his cheeks as tight as he could to retain the fluid. As his mother stood up, Corbet moved into position to sit on the toilet, but he was quickly rebuked. Corbet cried with big sobs as he watched his mother go to the bathroom cupboard and take out the porcelain bed pan and set it on the floor in front of the commode. Bad boys don't deserve to be comfortable, said his mother as Corbet sat down on the pan.

Corbet's mother pulled the washcloth from his mouth as he made a horrible face in reaction to the foul taste that filled his mouth. Corbet's bowels growled and groaned, but Corbet's embarrassment of sitting on the bed pan in full view of his mother seemed to

prevent him from gaining relief from the invading waters. He sobbed and watched his mother clean the enema bag and put things away as the cramps continued to rack his midsection. Finally, as Corbet's mother left the bathroom and closed the door, his backside erupted and the foul liquid flowed from his bowels.

Ten minutes later, Corbet's mother re-entered the bathroom and handed the youth a roll of toilet paper and told him to clean-up and head for bed. Before she left the room, she filled a bathroom glass half full of warm water and walked out into the bedroom. Corbet cleaned himself off, emptied the bedpan and cleaned it before replacing it back into the cabinet. He then rinsed his mouth with the half glass of warm water, which only seemed to refresh the taste of the soap.

Corbet walked out into the bedroom and was handed his underwear by his mother. As he put his shorts on, the cramps from his bowels stilled caused him considerable discomfort. Picking up the rest of his clothes, he heard his mother say, "I hope this has taught you a lesson," to which he replied, "Yes Mother!" Corbet went to bed and finally fell to sleep as occasional cramps swept through his stomach. He tried to eat a piece of candy in his room, but it didn't begin to mask the taste of soap that lingered in his cheeks.

The next morning at breakfast, Corbet still could taste Ivory soap in his mouth as he ate his corn flakes. As he put his coat on to go to school, his mother gave him a big hug and told him how sorry she was that she had to punish him, but that it would make him a better person. Corbet again thanked his mother as he walked out the door knowing that she was right.

The End