

REAL LIFE STORY

(By LisaMarx – IvoryGirl)

Dear friends you have no doubt read simon's account of our first and somewhat odd date. Here is more.

As simon said it was a very different date for both of us. For me It was not only the first time I'd dated an older man. It was also the first time I had been "out of the closet" so to speak. I had always had fantasies about having my mouth washed out with soap, and to do it to others but had never sat down with a real human and discussed it with someone. Wow! When Simon E-mailed me and told me he knew who I was and that I had been face to face with him, I was scared at first. "oh my god some one knows my dirty little secret!" I thought. But then I thought of the obvious benefits of having a friend with whom I could share this part of me with and agreed to meet him.

Any fears I had about meeting a total stranger that I knew only by his postings on a fetish web site melted within five minutes of sitting down to coffee with him.

When I first looked at him I thought, "He looks so normal!" but then again so do I. He was obviously older than me, but seemed to take really good care of himself. he was in shape, Smelled terrific,(girls, do yourself a favor buy your boyfriend "woodland cologne" from bath and body works. Yum!) and was so clean he squeaked. (suprise, suprise.)

I sat down with him and once we started talking it was like I'd known him my Whole Life. He listens to me asks me about my life as if it were the most interesting thing he'd ever heard. although I didn't tell him for months I fell in love that afternoon.

Our first date he picked me up for dinner. Now I've lived in this city all my life and never expected anyone to take me anywhere I've never been before, But some how In his short few years of living here he found this little Italian bistro that was out of the way. It could only seat about fifty people but was still half empty.

As he ordered, he wised off to the waitress. She knew him from previous visits. "You're a very bad boy" she casually tossed back at him. I took this opportunity threaten him with getting his mouth washed out with soap. The waitress shot back "I'd pay real money to see that." (yep she knew him.) Money making opportunities aside I was surprised that he wasn't the least bit flustered by my comment at all. As a matter of fact I blushed more saying it than he did.

Back and forth we tossed out little teases and taunts. When I would make fun of him he'd say things like, "Do we need to visit the sink young lady", and "if you don't watch your mouth you may find a bar of soap in it!"

I was melting. All I could picture the rest of the night was him with a bar of ivory sticking out of his mouth and him washing out mine.

Well after dinner he drove me to my apartment. My roommate was there, She was uncertain what to think of our relationship. I had told her about my fetish and where Simon and I had met. She had even washed my mouth out once or twice. But she thought I should look for someone closer to my age.

After hanging out in the living room for a while, (law and order was on and I just love that show) I took him back to my room (the MASTER bedroom, I've always liked the sound of that.) off to the side is a little bathroom, where I changed into something more comfy. I gave Simon a diplomacy test, I put on a CD that the band I was in in college recorded. He failed. Now as much as I know the music sucks I still pretended to be deeply hurt that he didn't like it. (Picture a mix of Tiffany, The go-go's and Bananarama...It was worse) So upon entering the bedroom again I had in my hand A brand new bar of Ivory. I had bought a twelve pack from Walmart. I figured we'd go through it fast enough.

To my surprise he actually seemed a little nervous as I took his hand in mine and led him in the bathroom with me. I told him to unwrap the soap while I warm up the water. With the soap back in my hands I made sure to lather it up thoroughly, I like lots of bubbles.

When I was ready I raised the soap to his face and said open up. To my surprise he didn't. I figured this was part of the game for him so I got "motherly" and said that if he didn't open up he'd be in even more trouble, all the while rubbing the soap on his lips.

He complied and opened his mouth. For the first time in my life I was actually washing out a mouth that wasn't mine. I scrubbed back and forth and side to side for about a minute. Trying to be thorough but not too harsh as probably sooner rather than later I would be on the receiving end. As I removed the soap from his mouth and rinsed the lather off the bar I heard, "You missed a spot." escaping from his lather filled mouth.

I couldn't let that slide. Insult my band, go ahead but don't question my technique. So I went the soap again. I scrubbed for another five minutes, and finally stopped before I got carried away. I could have gone on forever but I don't think he could.

He started to spit out the larger chunks of soap from his mouth, but before he could rinse though I took his hand and led him out to the living room He desperately did not want to go out there,(he didn't know that My roommate knew everything) I wanted to show off. we walked into the living room and my roommate commented that I sure Knew how to keep my man in his place. This earned her A raised middle finger from Simon.

I said "Do we need to go back to the bathroom, I still have lots of soap."

He said "i'll be good."

I said that I'll decide in the morning If he needed more. My roommate just laughed.

All during leno I would look over at him and see the froth of soap dribbling down his chin and notice that his he was definitely excited, not to be crude but this is very noticeable on him. noticeable to the extent that I was A little nervous about having sex with him someday. but that is for another time. we went to bed later that night and cuddled and kissed. He still hadn't rinsed and though the soap was visibly gone from his mouth I could still taste it. I wanted to kiss him all night But we eventually fell asleep in each other's arms and I dreamt of him for the first time and woke the next morning the happiest I had ever been.

I hope you like this story. I had fun living it. tell us If you like getting both sides of the stories Or would you rather have us pick different stories for us to do separately. If you have any stories real or made up please share as both of us enjoy a good "Soap opera"

love,

Lisa and Simon