

Same Stuff Different Day

The phone rang and I yelled into the other room, "I got it!" as I picked it up.

"Hello." I said into the receiver.

"Hey, this is Marcella from last night..." she pauses for affect, or to let me remember.

"I'm sorry, Marcella you say? You must have the wrong number." I tried to explain to her.

"No, I don't think so. Your name is Tom, isn't it?" she inquired.

"Why yes, yes it is, but I wasn't at a bar last night. I was here with my wife." I think someone must be playing a joke on you ma'am." I told her.

"You were wearing a blue denim shirt over a white T-shirt last night, blue jeans and dark shoes last night, were you not? she asked.

"Ummm, yes, but I still think you are being played, miss... um Marcella." I told her.

"Who is it, who's on the phone?" Tammy asked as she rounded the corner and looked at me.

"I don't know, some lady that thinks I was with her at a bar last night." I said handing the phone to Tammy.

"Hello, May I help you?" Tammy asked the lady on the phone.

"Hi Tammy, this is Marcella. Tom told me so much about you last night. Sorry I haven't had the chance to meet you yet." she sounded like an old friend, but Tammy couldn't place the voice, exactly. But it was obvious that someone was playing a prank on her. Tom liked to play pranks, this was probably one of them. 'Time to get even, a little' Tammy thought.

"Oh Marcella, it is so nice to hear from you. I'm afraid Tom has short term memory loss, it must have been something he drank last night. I found your name and number in his shirt pocket, she lied, when I was doing the laundry this morning." Would you like to come over for some lunch?" Tammy teased her, expecting her to hang up the phone.

"Seriously?" Marcella asked.

"Duh! No! Not seriously you stupid bitch. Tom was here with me all night, and if you ever even look at him, I will rearrange your life, permanently!" Tammy yelled as she hung up the phone.

"And you, you probably thought that was funny, didn't you?" Tammy glared at Tom.

"I have no idea what you are talking about. I thought it was just a prank phone call." Tom replied.

"Come on, I know you to well, Tommy, who did you put up to that? Who is she? Someone you work with? huh?" Tammy tried to get Tom to confess, but he wouldn't.

"Honestly, babe, I don't know who that was. Maybe one of the guys at the bar put that lady up to it? I don't know." Tom finished.

"Really?" asked Tammy.

"Honest babe. I have no clue. I just hope she isn't one of those big biker babes and that she knows where we live." Tom said, half joking, half serious.

"Hmmm, that wouldn't be good, not after what I just said." agreed Tammy. "Maybe next time I will be a little nicer."

"Would think that would be a good idea. You never know who it is or what they will do." Tom said.

"You had better get ready, we have to go over to Dan and Trina's tonight for cards, remember?" she asked.

"Oh, yeah, don't want to be late.. I have to win back some of my money I lost last week.!" exclaimed Tom.

"Last week, huh, more like the last year. Tehe." Laughed Tammy as Tom chased her into the bedroom.

'Ding Dong!' the doorbell chimed.

"Hi, come on in." Trina smiled and hugged Tammy and Tom as they walked into the foyer taking off their light jackets. "The group is here, the drinks are on the table and the snacks are on the counter. Help yourselves!" she finished as she closed the door.

"Thanks." Tom said, "You look ravishing tonight! Growl!" Tom growled at Tina, winking with and giving a friendly smile.

"What's the game tonight, Poker?" Tom asked greeting the regular players at the game.

"Dealer's choice." said Dan. "You call it, we play it."

"Cool." Tom replied. I'll deal first.

"No way!" said Trina, "First Ace deals." she took the deck of cards and started dealing them around the table face up. Dan got the first Ace.

"Shit!" said Tom. "I've already lost the first round and the bets haven't even been placed yet." he laughed.

"Tom! Such language, and in front of us women. Where are your manners?" Trina teased him.

"That's nothing, I had a prank caller earlier tonight and Tammy called her a stupid Bitch!" he said.

"No?" Trina giggled.

"Yes. I invited her to lunch. She said really? and I said Duh! No, stupid Bitch!" Tammy aid.

"How did Marcella take it?" Trina asked.

The room fell silent, as neither Tammy or Tom had told Trina who had called earlier.

"Trina!" they both said at the same time.

"I'm sorry, I just couldn't resist. I was only calling to remind you about tonight's game... and I just had to tease Tom a little. But Tammy, your language was just horrible. Calling me a stupid Bitch." Trina pouted, "Maybe I just won't talk to you anymore."

"I'm so sorry Trina, I didn't mean it. I really thought you were someone else. Although your voice did sound a little familiar. You did a good job of disguising it. Will you forgive me?" Tammy asked her.

"On two conditions, first, you make me that lunch you offered on the phone." Trina said.

"Done!" Tammy responded. "And the second?" she asked.

"You let me wash your mouth out with soap for calling me a Bitch!" Trina scolded her a little.

"Yuck! No way! I didn't know it was you." Tammy defended her actions of earlier.

Trina looked at her then turned her body in the seat, acting like Tammy had hurt her feelings.

Dan sighed and got up from his chair, "I'm getting another beer, you want one Tom? he asked.

"Sure, I'll come with you." he said. As he got up and walked into the kitchen with Dan. They were whispering and laughing about something, the women guessed it was about what happened earlier and what was going on now at the poker table.

"Please Trina, I said I was sorry, and that I will fix you lunch. I didn't know it was you, Damn-it!" Tammy belted out.

"Listen to you, gee's, you sound like a sailor. What's next? Never mind, I don't want to hear it!" Trina said as she turned back to Tammy. "Look, it won't last long, just a little soap and water, and all is forgiven." Trina coached her along a little.

"Oh, I don't know?" Tammy said with an almost defeated look.

"Great, let's get started on you then we can return to the game." Trina said. She rose from her chair and took Tammy by the hand and led her past the kitchen and into the bathroom. Once there she started running hot water into the sink and reached under the cabinet and pulled out a new bar of personal sized Ivory.

As Trina opened the package and dropped the bar of Ivory into the water, Tammy said, "Uh, is it too late to change my mind. I feel kind of sick to my stomach." as the floating bar of Ivory brought back memories of earlier mouth soapings.

"It is too late to change your mind, not to mention it would be a waste of good soap." Trina said.

"I just thought I would ask." Tammy raised her hands to her mouth as Trina lathered the bar of Ivory in her hands.

"You are just making things worse on yourself by delaying this!" Trina scolded her "Move your hands and take your punishment like a big girl!" Trina was taunting her now.

"No!" Tammy half yelled through her hands.

"Dan! Tom! I need your help, Please!?" Trina yelled into the other room. Almost on Queue the men rounded the corner and stepped into the oversized bathroom. Taking a quick look at the activity, both men stood aside of Tammy and pulled her hands away from her mouth. "She told me I could wash her mouth out, now she is fighting it..."

"Gee, that would constitute lying as well, maybe you should soap her twice?" Tom said as he looked into his wife's pleading eyes.

"Tom! How could you... gmmph..." Tammy's chastisement of Tom was cut short by a bar of Ivory sliding into her mouth. Trina was nothing if she was not thorough. She proceeded to scrub Tammy's mouth as if she was trying to use the entire bar. The thought did occur to her. But this was the first, and hopefully last offense for Tammy.

Trina took the Ivory out of Tammy's mouth and dropped it into sink. Tammy went to spit but before she leaned half-way over the sink Trina had the Ivory back in her hands and then just as quickly back into Tammy's mouth. "Oh no, we are not finished yet. You called me a Bitch, and then you revealed in it by telling me about it. That is a double whammy you get, little girl." Trina taunted her.

"Here is your lunch from me. Maybe next time you will have better manners on the phone." she said as she scrubbed for what seemed like 10 to 15 minutes inside of Tammy's mouth.

When she finally finished, Tammy's mouth was raw and burning. Real tears were rolling down Tammy's face and she choked a few times on the soapy froth that had built up in her mouth.

Trina wetted and shoved the bar of Ivory back into Tammy's mouth one more time and then rinsed and dried her hands. She motioned for Tom and Dan to bring Tammy behind her as she returned to the card table. Tammy grunted and begged as best she could thru the soap, wanting desperately to spit it out. But her will was broken at this point. She would hold it in as long as Trina wished, just to not have to endure this again.

At the end of the next hand of 5 card draw, Trina won. She felt better and a little sad for her best friend, so she let Tammy remove the soap from her mouth. She didn't let her rinse for another 5 minutes... but she knew the Ivory experience would be with her for a long time tonight... maybe even into tomorrow.

SoapyOne