

Scrubbed's Long Soaping
(Started By zmon)

The usual disclaimer: this is a piece of fiction. It involves consensual M/F mouthsoaping and spanking. If you are a minor, or such material offends you, please don't read it.

OK Scrubbed, let's start this up.

We'll start with one of your favorites. You have been using some very bad words, and I am going to wash them out of your mouth.

I lead you to the bathroom sink. You glance nervously at what is on the vanity: a heavy wood paddle and a fly swatter with a plastic head about 5 inches square. Then you see what is on the sink. There is a squeeze pump bottle of liquid Dial, a clean white washcloth and a large thick black magic marker.

You stand in front of the mirror and look at my reflection in the glass. You don't like my smile. "Scrubbed, you have been caught using very bad words in chat rooms and in postings. Now you will do exactly as I say or your pants are coming down and you'll get the paddle."

You start to protest but I ignore you and say "Stick your tongue out and keep it out."

I wet the cloth and squeeze some Dial onto it. I take my time and you ask "Why do I hab by tongue out?" but you are careful to keep your tongue out.

"That's so I can write on it better." Your eyes get wide. "I am going to write one of your bad words on your tongue, then I am going to scrub it off." By this time, your tongue has been out for at least a minute. You look at the soapy washcloth and squirm.

I take the marker and write 'FUCK' in big letters on your tongue. 'FU' on top and 'CK' at the tip. I write them backwards so you look in the mirror and see the F word almost completely covering your tongue. Then I pick up the soapy washcloth and say "Here we go."

I begin washing. Magic marker is really hard to get off a dry tongue. One minute, two minutes...the letters are blurry, but still dark. Three minutes, four minutes...I put more soap on the cloth. I wash around the inside of your mouth instead of just your tongue to spread the taste around. Then I start back on your tongue. Five minutes. It's almost all gone, but there are a couple of spots left. It's finally gone.

Your mouth is full of suds and they are running down your face.

I let you spit, but not rinse at first. After a couple of minutes, you can rinse your mouth out.

"Now..." I say. "More?" you ask. "Oh yes, more."

"Let's count to 100. You know the rules. You have to count out loud 'One thousand one, one thousand two..". Every five count you get a swat with the fly swatter. The last five counts you get the paddle. If you drop the soap, we start all over again."

"Now pull down your pants and your panties."

You protest again, but you know it's no use. Off come the pants. I pick up the bar of ivory on the sink, wet it thoroughly, then pick up the fly swatter. You open your mouth and I put the bar in. I wiggle it around a little just to get you started.

"Now count"

"One thousand one..." it's hard to talk with the soap in your mouth. Saying it out loud makes your tongue rub up against the soap, and your tongue is already sore from your first washing.

When you get to 5, I give you a hard crack on the right buttock. You jump, but don't drop the soap. You keep going. You want to go fast to get the soap out of your mouth, but then there's the swatter.

One thousand ten. Crack. Left buttock. 15. Right. And so on.

When you get to 60, you are having a hard time keeping from choking. Your mouth and ass are both burning. 70. 80.

When you get to 90 I pick up the paddle. Soapsuds are running down your face. When you say 95 I give you a hard smack with the paddle. You have to bite on the soap to keep it from flying out of your mouth. "One thousand 96" Smack. 1097. Smack. You practically scream the last numbers. "One thousand one hundred!" "OK, you can spit it out now" As you bend over to spit the soap in the sink, I give you the last SMACK and the soap shoots out of your mouth and hits the faucet. You are not a happy camper.

I let you rinse your mouth for a long time. You wipe your face off and you think you're done. Not quite.

"One more thing. I've heard you using the S word lately..."

"NO" you wail. But it's no good. You stick your tongue out again while I resoap the washcloth. I write SHIT on your tongue in big letters. I try to do it backwards, but I screw up the S so it's reversed in the mirror. Oh, well.

You then get your tongue rescrubbed. It seems to take even longer this time than the first. When we're done, your tongue is bright red but very, very clean.

Now it's SoapyOne's turn.

Z

Reply from soapsuckingboy:

Thank you for this wonderfully creative and cruel punishment script! The false endings, and the strict blending of spanking and soaping together remind me of the very worst discipline I ever got as a boy.

Reading this story made me get an erection, and I got hot and itchy all over by the end of it, imagining that was me getting it, and seeing my face in the bathroom mirrors!

Reply from Scrubbed:

When a transgression comes from the mouth, it is the mouth that needs to be punished!

I'm having second thoughts about this, with tears running down my face! But I am ready for a rest, and to use a few more swares and see what the rest of you can come up with!

Or are you all too chicken? LOL

Great job Z, Thanks (I think)

Scrubbed