

Shannon's Discipline

By: SoapyOne

"Shannon, what were those dirty words coming out of your mouth?" He asked her.

"Ummm... I didn't know you heard me!" she said.

He looked at her sternly. She knew better than to lie to him. She was after all visiting back home from college, and even at nineteen, she knew better than to lie. It would only make matters worse.

"Mostly fuck, asshole and bitch. Oh, and also shit and dick. I have horrible language, don't I?" she asked him. She dropped her head as she said the last phrase, knowing that he was not pleased by the change in her vocabulary since she went to that college in New York.

"I want you to go into the bathroom and tell me what brands of bar soap we have available. Do you have Ivory in there?" he asked her as he sent her towards the bathroom. 'Ivory is a little harsh if used for too long of a time period... so don't over-do it. ok?' he said to himself.

"OK." she said as she rounded the doorway of the bathroom, knowing what was coming. "We have Ivory, Dove, and Irish Spring." she called back to him.

"You have used some naughty words lately?" he said to her, as he came to the bathroom door.

"Yes sir, I have." she agreed. Keeping her manners about her, so as not to add to the punishment.

"Tell me again, what naughty words have you used lately, young lady?" he asked of her.

"Mostly fuck, asshole, bitch, shit and dick." she said.

"OK, you do know that proper young ladies do not use that kind of language, right?" he asked her.

"Yes sir." she replied.

"Is the bar of Dove pink or white?" he asked her. Thinking that white would not suite his purpose, but that pink would work just fine.

"There's both." she answered.

"You are prepared, aren't you young lady?" he asked her.

"Yes sir." she said, dropping her gaze from his. She thought he would be furious, but he is being really calm about this, to the point, that is was almost scaring her.

He reached over and plugged the sink with the stopper. Then he turned on the faucet and ran moderately hot water into the sink.

"Open a 'New' bar of Pink Dove and drop into the sink." he instructed her.

Shannon did as she was instructed. She dropped the soap into the sink.

"The soap is soaking." she told him. She couldn't believe at 19 years of age, she was standing here preparing her punishment, that she knew she deserved, just as she did as a child.

After the Pink Dove had soaked in warm water for about 15 minutes. He reached into the hot water and grabbed the soap. He brought the wet bar to her nose and had her inhale the fragrance. The scent was overpowering.

"It is sweet and feminine, like your language should be," he scolded her, "Do you understand what I am saying? It pains me to hear that type of language, that is coming out of your mouth." he continued. "I want you to repeat the first word you told me you said." he instructed her.

"FUCK." she said.

"I want you to close your teeth and purse your lips like you would for a kiss." he told her. Shannon looked at him questioningly and did as he told her.

He pressed the bar of Dove against her lips, "Kiss it!" he ordered.

"Yes sir." she said, as she kissed the bar of soap. How humiliating this was. He had never made her do that before.

He sensed her confusion, "The kiss, that is because whatever bar of soap we use to clean your dirty mouth, will be your best friend for your punishment."

He then pressed the bar of Dove past her lips, "Keep your teeth closed." he told her. He scrubbed the bar across her lips, teeth and gums for 30 seconds. Then he dropped the soap back into the water.

"Try to blow a bubble for me!" he asked her. She tried, and got a partial bubble out before it popped.

He reach into the water and brought the bar back to her mouth. "Kiss it again and repeat the work "Fuck" out loud."

"Fuck!" she repeated. A slight tear forming in her eye. She was ashamed of what she said, but she was more ashamed of the punishment she was receiving.

After the last sound, he told her, "Stick your tongue out as far as you can." When she did, he pushed the bar into her mouth, past her teeth sliding it along her tongue.

"Retract your tongue back into your mouth." he told her, while holding the Dove in her mouth. "I want you to repeat the word 'FUCK' 50 times.

He counted for her as she repeated the word. Now the tears were streaming down her cheeks, but he felt no pity for her at this time, they had after all, just started. When she reached 50, he took the Dove out and drop it back into the water.

Then he reach into the water, lathered the Dove with his hands. He rewet it again several times building a lot more lather. He brought the bar back to her mouth. "Kiss the bar of soap and say the word 'Asshole' out loud." he told her. He was amazed that she had not said she was sorry by this time.

"Asshole!" she said, almost as if she were calling him that. He was taken aback for a second, and then just shined it on.

He then started scrubbing her wide open mouth. Making sure that he scraped the Dove across her teeth. "Raise your tongue." he said as he scrubbed the underside of the Dove against her tongue. He continued to scrub her tongue and the roof of her mouth for 30 seconds.

"You know why I am doing this, correct?" he asked her.

Shannon nodded her head as if to say, "Yes sir, I understand." She tried to say, "Yes sir" but the soap in her mouth made it impossible.

He re-lathered the Dove and brought it back to her soapy dirty mouth, "Kiss it." he told her. Wondering if she would like to see of a picture of her soap filled mouth or of her kissing the well lathered bar of soap?

"Repeat the word 'Asshole.'" he told her.

"Asshole." she said, this time more melancholy than the last time.

He placed the Dove in her mouth. "Now, say the word 'Asshole' 25 times. If you drop the soap out of your mouth, we will start at the beginning of this section on "asshole", he warned her. He counted to 25 as she repeated her offense with the bar of Dove

stuffed into her mouth.

She nodded her understanding of his warning, and again tried to keep her manners by trying to say, "Yes sir." around the soap.

After she had said the word 25 times, he re-lathered the Dove yet again. He brought it to her mouth, "Say the word 'BITCH' and Kiss the Dove again." he told her.

"Now open your mouth" he ordered as he scrubbed her cheeks for 15 seconds. Both sides. "Can we fit this large bar in there sideways?" he asked her. "Let's give it a try." he said as he forced her cheeks wide to take the bar of Dove across her tongue, from cheek to cheek.

After another 15 seconds of having the bar lodged in sideways, he took a picture of this, then took the bar out. Then he said, "For the word 'Bitch,'" he repeated as he re-lathered the Dove and placed it back into her mouth, "say the word 'Bitch' 15 times."

She started to say the word, he counted. After the 15 count, he took the bar of Dove out and dropped it back into the water.

He reached into the water and grabbed the soap again, and lathered it. He brought it to her mouth and told her, "Kiss it one last time. Now, say the word 'Dick.'"

"Dick!" she said. Realizing that this was for each word she said. It is probably a good thing he didn't know how many times she said them.

"I want you to purse your lips and suck the bar of Dove into your mouth like you would a dick." he told her.

She looked at him almost in shock. He was saying this to her? She couldn't believe it.

"Oh, come on now. You are in college now, don't think I don't know what type of language is used and the things that go on in the dorms. I went to college too, you know." he told her.

She pursed her lips around the Dove and shoved it slowly into her mouth. Sucking it in almost sensually.

"Now, I want you to push and pull the bar of soap into and out of your mouth like you were giving the bar of soap a blow job." he told her. "You want to say the word dick, then you should clean your mouth with the soap, like it was one."

'Nice touch.' she thought. She nodded to show her compliance.

"Do this for 30 seconds." He told her. Then he took the soap from her and re-lathered it in the sink. He took the well lathered Dove and stuck it back into her mouth,

"Repeat the word 'DICK.' 30 times." he told her.

He counted as she attempted to say the word. At the count of 30, he took the bar of soap out of her mouth. He rinsed it in the sink and set it on the vanity. He checked it to see if it had teeth marks in it? 'It better have!' he said to himself.

"Now, that was at least 4 kisses on the soap, one for each word. Plus one or two to humiliate you. 1 minute 45 seconds of scrubbing, plus holding the Dove in your mouth while you repeated your offensive words, Fuck = 50 times, asshole = 25 times, Bitch = 15 times and Dick = 30 times. Did you understand the semblance of what was happening here?" he asked her.

"Yes sir, I understand."

"I want you to think on that language you used and I want you to write lines before I allow you to rinse. So, go sit at the table." He told her. He followed her out of the bathroom to the kitchen. He set a piece of paper and a pen in front of her.

"On this sheet of paper you will write the following phrase on every line, front and back: 'Proper young ladies do not use naughty language.'" he instructed her.

He repeated his warning to her, "I do not want you to rinse your mouth until you complete your lines."

"Yes sir. Anything else?" she humbly asked of him.

"No, I do not want your mouth to swell and I do not want to hurt you. There will be many more mouthsoapings and lines coming if I hear any more language like that from you, young lady." he hugged her as he finished with his warning.

"Oh, Yes!, there is something else, Keep track of all the cuss words you use, and e-mail them to me every week. So I will know whether our soapings are having the proper effect on you."

"Yes sir." she answered, knowing that he would expect nothing less than the honest truth from her.

"Once the lines are completed, you may rinse your mouth with cold water. I would recommend that you have this glass of ice standing by." he said as he got her a glass and put ice from the freezer in it. "You may need it. Now go ahead and write your lines as you took your punishment like a good little girl. And watch that mouth, young lady." he told her.

"Yes sir." she answered, "OK." This had the strangest effect on her.

He whispered into her ear, "If, after your lines are completed, you may stuff your

mouth with the Dove and cum. But not until after the lines are completed.
Understood?"

"Yes sir." she grinned up at him.