

SISSY'S SUMMER SCHOOL

(By: The Camay Kid)

Chapter Two

A New Dawn for Daphne

"Good morning, Daphne."

I rolled from my tummy onto my back out of a deep sleep. Before I could open my sleepy eyes, I struggled to understand where I was. So many strange sensations were flooding my senses, even as bright sunlight flooded through the open lace curtains. A soft summer breeze wafted across my bed and pillow carrying the scent of perfumed shampoo. My bottom was very tender even just lying on the pink gingham sheets. Something loose and silky was twisted around my body. I could feel that familiar sweet ache of my penis pulsing with morning energy as it, too, woke up to new sensations. Except that I really had to pee quite urgently, it felt better back on my tummy with my hard little penis pressing snugly against the mattress, so I rolled back and buried my face deep into the pillow where it was still dark. That scent on the pillow? What was it? So sensual and feminine...

"Good morning, Daphne."

That voice again, and who was Daphne? I didn't recognize either. I was very confused and thought I must still be in my last pre-waking dream the way nothing made any sense. Suddenly, I felt the covers lifting away from me. Keenly aware of my aroused condition, I grabbed for the protection of bedding and found nothing but air.

"Well, well, our little sissy is quite the sleepy pussycat, isn't she. Time to get up for your first full day of lessons, Daphne."

Daphne? Was that unfamiliar voice addressing me? And 'she'? Pussycat? Lessons? Where was I? I didn't dare roll over. Then it hit me like a jolt. Oh no! I was with Governess! That scent of perfumed shampoo was what she washed my hair with last night, and my tender bottom was sore from the spanking she gave me, and I was all tangled up in the pink nightie she made me wear to bed. I couldn't turn over and let her see my condition, and boy, did I have to pee so bad it hurt. I groaned something unintelligible into the pillow, something like "gimme couple min-ets, an' I'll geddup." Oh, there was an awful soapy sort of taste in my mouth, too, when I moved my lips and tongue. The mouth washing she gave me! Wow, did that taste last something wicked!

"I want you to get up right this minute. We have a very full day ahead of us, and we need to get started. No more silliness. You've had a good long sleep. I will not tolerate a lazy sissy in my charge. Turn over and get out of bed NOW."

She didn't raise her voice, but she spoke with such a stern tone, that I knew she meant business. But I dreaded letting her discover my condition. I just shook my head 'no' into the pillow and whimpered. I heard Governess walk away from the bed. Moments later I felt the hem of my nightie being whisked up and my frilly sissy panties yanked forcefully down to the middle of my thighs. A dozen rapid sharp spansks from some hard object landed on my tender bottom. I yelped in surprise and discomfort, and involuntarily turned over to protect myself from further punishment. No sooner had I done that, than I realized I had totally exposed myself to Governess' strict gaze, as I looked up at her standing over me with a hefty hairbrush waving in her hand.

"If this is what it takes to get you out of bed, that's fine with me. Now, what's this I see swaying in the morning breeze? A little orphan looking for a home, I suppose. Uh huh! Just as I expected. You were touching yourself this morning before I came in to get you out of bed, weren't you, Daphne. And you pretended to be asleep when I appeared, so I wouldn't know what nasty behavior you were up to, isn't that right?" Governess punctuated her questions by shaking the hairbrush dangerously close to me, so that I had to tuck my chin out of its path.

"No, no, Governess, really I wasn't touching myself, and I wasn't pretending to be asleep," I blurted, with eyes now open quite wide, hoping she would believe the truth as I stared in terror at the menacing hairbrush.

"Then how do you explain waking in such an obscene condition? I certainly didn't put you to bed that way, and I have expressly forbidden you to touch yourself ever, have I not."

"Yes, you have, Governess. I...I don't know why I got so...so stiff, but I really have to pee badly. Can I go to the bathroom, please? Right now?" I begged, wanting to squeeze myself just to avert an accident. "Honest, I didn't touch myself at all."

"You shall soon have the opportunity to go 'potty,' as my little sissy will refer to her toilet privileges henceforth, and it is '*may*' I go potty? not '*can*' I go potty. You might as well begin with a sissy grammar lesson. Well then, it appears one could conclude that being sent to bed after a spanking and a thorough sudsy scrubbing leaves you quite excited, is that it? Or is it the smell of that sweet sissy shampoo we washed your hair with and that soft slinky nightie and frilly sissy panties that have you all charged and ready this morning, like a little pink sissy bunny? Hmmm? Or does simply being such a sissy do that?"

"Um, I don't know, Governess. Perhaps." I blushed, not really able to tell if it was any or all of those things that left me so 'charged,' as she put it, but she may have been right about all of it, and just the humiliation of hearing her use the word *sissy* over and over was having its own weird effect on compounding my 'situation.'

"Well, come along then. We'll get you to the potty before you have an accident you'll sorely regret. Little sissies need so much care and constant supervision! And then you'll have your first lesson in morning hygiene."

Governess had difficulty holding back a smile when I swung my feet to the floor and she pulled my frilly panties back over my very pink bottom so that I could follow her into the bathroom.

"Oh my, there's nothing cuter than a nicely spanked pink bottom in a pair of frilly sissy panties on a sunny morning, kind of like sunrise on a warm day - everything coming up roses," she said with pleasure as she escorted me along. "Sunny side up, sweetie," she gave me a solid love pat.

"I shall inspect these every morning for evidence of nocturnal misdeeds, and should I ever find dried stains, or, even worse - dampness, you'll not want to touch yourself for weeks," she warned me as she removed the panties again once we reached the bathroom. She pointed to the toilet, "There's the potty. Be prompt about your business."

I faced the toilet and started to lift the hem of my nightie and take my still stiff penis in hand to aim it, reaching to raise the lid with my other hand.

"No! No! No!" Governess scolded. "This is a civilized household, and you will only use the potty from a seated position. No good little girl would dream of standing up to pee. I will not tolerate such a slovenly habit."

I hastily put the lid back down and turned part way around, looking somewhat confused as to exactly how she wanted me to use the commode. She came over and demonstrated very clearly until I was safely seated to her satisfaction. Overcoming my embarrassment at my procedural gaff and the lack of privacy, I finally gained relief from the uncomfortable pressure, while Governess prepared for my morning cleansing and hygiene lesson. I sat watching her put a fresh pink washcloth at the sink (and remembered the quite distasteful pink washcloth ordeal to which she subjected my mouth the evening before). She went into the spacious bathroom closet and came out with a frilly oversized shower bonnet with pink lace ruffles trimming the edge and a set of fluffy pink towels. I noticed while she had the closet door open, that the shelves were well stocked with stacks of soaps and bottles of shampoo and bubblebath, plus numerous other bathroom items. Before I was finished 'going potty,' as Governess made me say, I released the last watery traces of the previous evening's enemas, too, along with some unpleasant gassy noises.

"Do we need to do some more internal housecleaning, Daphne? Perhaps some more warm soapsuds to get you ALL cleaned out and finish the job, so we don't have to hear any more of those very unladylike noises? Sissies are to be seen and not heard. And if that doesn't quiet you down, then maybe it's not too soon in your education

that we introduced you to the ritual of tampons. They do have a quieting effect on sissies, believe me."

I hung my head in shame at her scolding as I finished up at the potty wondering what 'tampon rituals' were all about. She filled the sink with hot water and the cake of Camay soap while she supervised my attempt to carefully wipe myself (in my effort to spare my bottom from extra hygienic treatments and 'rituals'). She beckoned for me to stand on a bathmat in front of the sink and raise my hands up high so she could remove my nightie. Governess stood so close beside me, that I could feel her body against me and smell her clean soapy fragrance. She smiled her mischievous smile when she placed the shower bonnet on my head, then expertly lathered the washcloth and soap together as I watched attentively. Her motion was so fluid it was like she was casting a magic spell. With one warm sudsy hand on the back of my neck, she pushed my face down over the sink and scooped up the foamy washcloth to cover my face. Her spell came over me as I closed my eyes and held my breath, but she persisted with the washcloth longer than I could hold out. I gasped as she scrubbed, and she pressed between my lips just enough to give me another taste, for my "obstinance in getting out of bed."

Leaving me to cope with my suds-covered face, Governess instructed me to place my feet wide apart, bend forward well over the sink, and keep my legs spread. She swooped the washcloth between my thighs and soaped me thoroughly front and back, delighting in the pink color that lingered on my cheeks. As she had done the night before, Governess rubbed the sleek Camay firmly across my anus and under my balls and up over my front before giving the whole area another thorough cleansing, rubbing and clutching and probing with the steamy washcloth. When she probed my anus with the washcloth wrapped around her finger, I yipped like a puppy.

"As hard as we scrub your little clitty, we just can't seem to make it behave, can we?" Governess taunted as she enjoyed tormenting me with her washcloth as deep as she could penetrate. She ran the washcloth under the hot water to rinse me and then dried me with one of the soft pink towels. That felt really good. The whole process, especially the hot washcloth and the slippery soapsuds had done nothing to reduce my excitement. I started to pull away from the sink, thinking she had finished my lesson.

"Not so fast, Miss Daphne. You haven't taken care of your sissy panties, yet, have you?"

"No, Governess," I replied, not sure what 'taking care of my sissy panties' meant. But my doubt was quickly dispelled when she handed them to me.

"Here are your sissy panties, and here's the Camay. Now I want you to get those panties nice and soapy - all lathered up just like Governess would get a dirty little sissy. Go ahead. Get the panties and the Camay all friendly and close. Make them nice and sudsy and snuggle together - pink to pink. That's it. Isn't that fun? Someday, when you're naughty, maybe I'll give you a good hard spanking and make you put

those frilly sissy panties back on all steamy and full of lather like that and send you to stand in the corner until they're dry. But for now, rinse them all clean and hang them with these clothespins on the line over the tub so they'll be all fresh and sweet for bedtime tonight. Besides learning your own personal hygiene requirements, you must learn how to care for your pretty lingerie, Daphne. This will be a regular part of your morning ritual. When you learn to become an expert panty-washer, I'll even have you wash all of my panties, too. Now hang your bonnet next to your towel and washcloth, everything nice and neat. Let's go get you dressed for breakfast and your first lessons." She put my pink bathrobe around me, and we returned to the frilly pink bedroom.

Governess laid out some things for me to wear while she set me to making my bed. That chore finished, she sprinkled some feminine-scented dusting powder into a pair of white cotton panties printed with pink, blue, and yellow flowers and had me step into them. Then she put me in a pink T-shirt with short puffy sleeves and a pair of pastel green rompers. They were loose fitting bib-tops and had full cut baggy short legs that billowed almost like a skirt around my thighs. Governess sat me on the vanity table bench while she put a pair of white cotton ankle socks with pink-edged cuffs and pink terry ballet slippers on my feet. She brushed my hair and slipped a pink and white polka dot terrycloth headband behind my ears and over the top of my head, arranging my hair so it flipped out in front like bangs.

I helped Governess get our breakfast of juice, bran muffins, and grapefruit. She allowed me to have a mug of herbal tea, but denied my request for some coffee - "too strong for little girls." As we sat at the table in her breakfast nook off the side of her kitchen, I began to take in my surroundings and noted the tidiness of Governess' home. The bay window looked over a small side garden and birdfeeders under a big shady maple. There was a small marble sculptured fountain of a naked girl bending over a pool washing her hair. Birds splashed in the trickling water. I turned my focus to Governess and was absorbed by her beauty, despite my tribulations since my arrival. She had a strong determined look of confidence, yet conveyed a softness that made me want to get close to her. She wasn't as old as my mother, but seemed much stricter in a way that attracted me. I was staring wistfully at her when she spoke.

"Daphne, enough daydreaming. My, you do like to daydream, don't you? You have your next chore to get busy with. Here's an apron to keep your outfit clean while you wash the breakfast dishes."

My heart sank back to reality with a rude bump. Governess was going to expect me to work. I wasn't used to this. Mom had never made me wash dishes - ever. Apparently Governess knew this fact, because she summoned me over to the kitchen sink where she held a full-length flowery ruffled apron. She put it around my neck and tied the strings in a big bow at the back, then sent me over to clear the dishes from the breakfast table. When I returned to the sink, she instructed me on how to rinse and stack the dishes, fill the sink with hot water and enough dishwashing detergent to make a sinkful of shimmering suds, and then to clean each item carefully to make

them sparkle and to avoid any breakage. She didn't have to tell me that any failures would go well punished. Already I understood that, and was beginning to comprehend her capability to administer very unpleasant punishments I'd prefer to avoid. Governess handed me a pair of pink rubber gloves.

"You'll probably want these since the water is quite hot, and I know what a sissy you are."

I pulled them on, not realizing how I now appeared in my sissy outfit and full apron and pink rubber gloves. As the sink filled with frothy suds, I went to work sorting and stacking. Governess took her tea and the morning paper back to the table where she could keep an eye on my progress. When I had dried all the dishes, she instructed me on where they all belonged.

With another chore accomplished, Governess showed me where to put my rubber gloves to dry and the hook behind the door where I was to hang my apron, then told me she was going to take me on a little tour of the yard after I brushed my teeth. I asked Governess if I could 'go potty' first, so she accompanied me to the bathroom. I brushed my teeth carefully, then headed for the potty. The clothing I was wearing was unfamiliar to me, and it took me a minute to figure out how to get out of the rompers so I could lower my panties and sit. When I finished peeing, proud that I had learned my proper potty position so quickly, I prepared to reverse the dressing procedure until Governess abruptly stopped me.

"I can see now you have a lot of bad habits to overcome, particularly where hygiene is concerned. Don't you wash after going potty, Daphne? You get yourself back over to the sink, and you take your washcloth and the Camay soap and scrub your hands and face and between your legs thoroughly with hot water and soapsuds like they've never been scrubbed before. Do you understand? I'll watch to make sure you do a proper job. If I have to help you, it will be much hotter and soapier than you can imagine."

I knew better than to question why I needed to wash my face, or why wiping myself wasn't sufficient when all I did was pee. But I was grateful for the opportunity to of the washing for myself without Governess' forceful assistance, so I shuffled to the sink and obeyed quietly. Once I had dried my washed parts and redressed myself, we went downstairs for our tour of the yard.

She had me change from my pink slippers to a pair of white sneakers with pink laces. I was extremely nervous about going outside the house dressed in my rompers and pink T-shirt with a pink and white polka dot headband.

"Oh, don't be so silly, Daphne. If anyone should see you, they'd just think you're my pretty niece here visiting with your aunt for the summer. Come along, don't dawdle so. Do you need some wooden spoon encouragement?"

"No, Governess," I said meekly as I followed her out into the backyard. We walked around a lovely green private space. Even though her house was in a residential neighborhood, a high fence and numerous shade trees surrounded the backyard. There was a colorful garden full of flowers and herbs and a few vegetables, a lush well-manicured lawn, and a set of patio chairs around a table nestled in a corner by tall rose trellises and partially screened by a dense clump of lilacs. An arbor arched over a brick pathway to the side garden where the fountain and birdfeeders were located. Governess pointed to the arbor and told me one project she wanted me to complete was to give the arbor a fresh coat of paint and plant some new vines to grow over it. But this morning she took me over to a small tool shed and showed me where the garden tools were. "I'd like you to edge these flower beds and weed them before lunch, Daphne."

I took the necessary tools and set to work, happy to be outside on such a nice morning. About two hours later, I had worked my way around almost the entire flowerbed and accumulated quite a pile of weeds. Governess came out to check on my progress, and I was quite proud to show her my accomplishment.

"Stand up, Daphne! Just look at you! You're a sight, covered with dirt from head to toe, mud on your rompers, all sweaty. And look at those filthy fingernails and hands and face. You come with me, young lady. We can't have you looking like some unwashed riffraff." She grasped my wrist firmly and hustled me toward the house.

I was heartbroken that she hadn't noticed the work I had done, and devastated that she was so upset with my getting some dirt on my hands and face. I wanted to cry, but I was angry, too. I didn't know what to think, but I had no choice except to follow Governess.

"Right down to the laundry room with you, Miss Piggy. You look like you've been just wallowing in the dirt. You're going to have to be thoroughly scrubbed before I can allow you back into the rest of the house."

She dragged me down to the basement door and into the musty dark. We came to another door that I could hardly see coming in from the bright sun. Governess opened the door and snapped a light switch. My eyes were blinded by an all-white room, and my nose twitched at the overwhelming strong soapy smell of the laundry. I sneezed and blinked. Governess jerked me to a stop at the door.

"You must be very quiet, Daphne, so the Ivory Witch doesn't find out you're here."

I looked at her with a totally puzzled expression.

"Oh, Daphne, the Ivory Witch lives somewhere in the dark corners down here in the laundry, and she hates dirty sissies. When she finds them, she imprisons them for days and scrubs them without mercy until there's not a speck of dirt left on their pink shriveled bodies, and they are just as pure as a new-fallen snowflake."

I looked at Governess with a half-smile at the silly story she was making up. She waved a finger in my face and smiled back, "Don't ever tell me that I didn't warn you about the Ivory Witch. A lot of other sissies have made that mistake and paid dearly for it. Now we must get those dreadful filthy things off you and get scrubbing. Don't keep me waiting, Daphne. Get those clothes off quickly."

As I struggled out of the rompers and T-shirt, my eyes adjusted to the light so I could see the rest of the laundry room. White tiles covered the floor and walls. In one corner was a large tiled open shower stall with a handheld spray on a long flexible hose. On the opposite wall next to the washing machine was a wide counter and shallow white enamel laundry sink with a big sloping drainboard on one side. Over the sink was a shelf with boxes of Ivory Snow laundry detergent, a stack of white towels, and at least a dozen cakes of Ivory soap piled three cakes high. There was a large mirror over the sink and a tall floor-length mirror across the room from it. In another corner was a large white plastic washtub beside a straight white wooden chair. There was a row of white cabinets under the sink, and rows of clothesline running the length of the room just below the ceiling. I also spotted an amazing assortment of scrub brushes of various shapes and sizes hanging beside the sink. Once I was naked, Governess pointed to the shower and told me to go stand in it. She reached for a cake of Ivory soap off the shelf over the sink. My stomach tightened into a hard knot and I gulped. I must have made a noise, too.

"What's wrong, Daphne? Why are you whining?"

"Um, I didn't mean to, Governess. It's just that, uh, well..."

"Yes, Daphne, go on. It's just what? There's nothing to be worried about. I'm just going to scrub you clean with plain old-fashioned soap and water. Now what's your problem?"

"Uh, uh, I don't...like Ivory, Governess. I mean...um...I can't stand Ivory. It just makes me get like um...sort of sick."

"Nonsense, Daphne. Ivory is pure soap safe enough to use on babies. Lots of mothers raise their babies on Ivory soap, and they're all the healthier for it. Don't be so silly. It can't make you sick. Don't you give me a difficult time, now. Remember what I told you about the Ivory Witch. I don't really care if you like Ivory soap or not. It's what we're going to use right now and any other time I decide you need a good Ivory scrubbing."

She removed the wrapper from the Ivory and selected a wooden handled bathbrush from the row of brushes and brought both things over to the shower stall where I was cowering. Governess turned on the water and adjusted it until a strong hot spray came steaming out with a steady hiss. She aimed it at me.

"Now no more complaints. You're going to be your governess' pure Ivory girl by the time you sit down for lunch - all squeaky-clean. Turn around so I can hose off your back. Now come over here while I start soaping you up. See, just good healthy Ivory soapsuds. Doesn't that feel nice?"

I wrinkled my nose and squinted my eyes tightly at the smell of the Ivory I so detested. Governess applied her brush everywhere she'd run the soap, making me bend over so she could get between my legs. She scrubbed my neck and shoulders, down over my chest and tummy, then up from my ankles and calves to the backs of my thighs. She rinsed me off completely with the hose, then turned off the water and made me stand in the shower while she poured several pitchers of warm water into the washtub by the chair. When the tub was half full she tossed the cake of Ivory in and beckoned for me in her "come hither" manner.

"Sit," she ordered. My knees poked up as I filled the washtub, and the Ivory bobbed between my thighs, far too close for comfort. Governess sat in the chair next to me and produced a large pink sponge, which she began lathering with the Ivory. When huge gobs of soapsuds covered the sponge, Governess pressed it firmly into my face and scrubbed. Ivory soapsuds went up my nose and filled my ears. Some got into my mouth and made me whimper.

"Oh, stop your sissy whimpering, or I'll put the whole nice big cake of Ivory right in there and give your tongue something to whimper about. Do you want that instead of lunch? Hmmm?"

I shook my head. Governess made my head nod and shake some more with her forceful scrubbing before making me get to my hands and knees. She rubbed the softened Ivory thoroughly over my bottom and in front, making sure she gave my clitty a good soaping. Then she slid her soapy index finger inside my exposed bottom and soaped my anus with a hard back and forth motion. The soap on her finger left a slight stinging sensation inside me that made my clitty start to grow. I sneezed hard from the soap that had gone up my nose. Governess gave my face another few rounds with the sponge leaving my face buried in thick white lather. She ordered me to hold out my hand and placed the soft wet Ivory in it with the panties I had been wearing all morning.

"Wash out your panties nice and clean, Daphne. Use plenty of good Ivory soapsuds, then rinse them really well. Little sissies have to learn to always wash their panties." Governess seemed to be enjoying my discomfort with the Ivory soap, and she was making the most of the opportunity to draw it out a bit longer for my benefit.

After that little chore, she rinsed me off with more pitchers of water, wrapped me in a big white towel, and leaned me forward over the sink, holding my head down with one hand. I heard her open a cabinet door below the sink and saw her retrieve a bottle of Ivory shampoo.

"My pure little Ivory girl has to have a nice Ivory shampoo to finish the job, doesn't she."

I nodded obediently, glad it was almost over. Governess stood over me and gave me a very forceful and complete shampooing and wrapped my hair in another towel when she finished. I trotted up the stairs behind her as she took me to get dressed for lunch. She searched in my bedroom closet and came out with a simple sleeveless white cotton gauze shift with a ruffled hem and some tiny embroidered flowers all around the yoke. She removed the towel from around my chest and dabbed me all over with it once more, making sure she taunted me a bit by squeezing and stroking my well-scrubbed clitty and sissy balls in the soft terrycloth. I held my hands up over my head as Governess slipped the shift down over me. She decided I should keep my hair wrapped in the other towel at least until after lunch.

"You look so adorable, my pure Ivory girl, all scrubbed and fresh," Governess cooed. If it hadn't actually felt good to be clean and wearing the soft loose shift, I would have still grimaced at the idea of her subjecting me to her Ivory soap. I truly detested its smell. Governess went into her room for a moment and came back with a camera.

"Let's take you back down to the laundry for a picture of my Ivory sissy. We need to start recording your summer school experience on film for your sissy scrapbook, don't we, Daphne."

I dutifully followed again and stood by the laundry sink in my sift and towel-wrapped hair. Governess made me hold the bathbrush and the cake of Ivory and smile for her picture.

"Oh, you're so cute, honey."

After lunch, Governess took me out on the screened porch where she had set up a table like a small desk with a supply of paper and writing materials. She handed me a sheet of paper that had been ruled into lined sections, each with a neatly hand-lettered heading.

"I want you to copy this page on 60 more sheets, Daphne, so we can put together a special scrapbook to keep a record of your lessons and progress this summer. Look carefully at the sample I've given you and neatly copy it exactly the same way 60 more times. That's your assignment for this afternoon."

The headings included: "Chores for Today," "Performance," "Attitude," "Lesson Subject," "Daphne's Assignment," "Grade," "Infractions," "Discipline Required," "Daphne's Response," "Governess' Comments and Notes," all in various sized ruled boxes. It was an exacting task to get each box the right size, and they were all different.

As I carefully copied page after page, Governess sat reading on the chaise lounge beside me. About midway through the afternoon, she permitted me to stop and take a break. She sent me into the kitchen to bring out a pitcher of lemonade and two glasses on a tray. Then I sat on a cushion on the floor beside her chaise lounge as we drank our lemonade. Governess took the towel off my hair and fluffed my hair with her fingers as we sipped. I rested my cheek on her thigh as she played gently with my hair before it was time to go back to finishing my task. She checked my work at the end of the afternoon and then took me into the kitchen to help her prepare supper.

After supper I wanted to have some time to relax, but Governess took me by the hand and started upstairs.

"Come along, Daphne. You've had quite a full day. It's time for your bath and bedtime."

"But, Governess, I've already had my ba..."

"Oh, Daphne, my dear, I thought we'd cured such backtalk. It appears that one lesson was not sufficient, was it?" You always have a bath before bedtime. That's just the way it is with sissies, and if Governess tells you to take three baths a day or one big bath all day long, you will do as Governess says. One of your reasons for being here is to learn good personal hygiene - becoming a clean sissy, a very clean sissy - and that means plenty of soap and water. Haven't I made myself clear yet? Now what must we do about your backtalk, Daphne?"

I was crestfallen and realized my mistake after it was too late. We finished the march upstairs and headed through the bathroom door just as Governess asked her last humiliating question. I hung my head and murmured,

"I...I need to have my mouth washed out with soapsuds, Governess."

"That was barely audible, Daphne. You can do better than that, and I didn't hear a 'please' before 'Governess'."

"I need to have my mouth washed out with soapsuds, please, Governess."

"Yes, indeed you do, and so you shall. Over to the sink with you. Hands up. We don't want to dribble soapsuds on your pretty Ivory girl shift, now do we? And hands on the sides of the sink, head down. Bend right over. That's right. You'll learn, Daphne, if we have to do this several times each day. I have plenty of soap on hand."

She filled the sink with hot water, reached for a pink washcloth and the Camay soap and repeated the same dance she had performed the night before and this morning making rich suds blossom in her hands just inches from my nose. Without fanfare she easily had the whole soapy washcloth deep inside my mouth, then out, then back in. As I was concentrating on not swallowing any of the bitter soapy froth, Governess

snapped her hairbrush briskly across my bare bottom - once, twice, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten times. Then she gave my mouth another fresh scrub before two last very hard spansks.

"Now you just stand over the sink and taste that soap and feel those stinging cheeks while I run your bath, Daphne. That's what happens any time the words 'But Governess' come out of your mouth. Soapsuds will follow those words or any others like them that express reluctance or hesitancy to obey me. Is that clear, Daphne?"

I nodded my head over the sink and heard the water start to fill the bathtub. Soon the scent of roses filled the bathroom. Governess took the washcloth from my mouth, wiped my face with a towel without letting me rinse, put my shower bonnet on my head, and guided me into the tub. Contritely I looked up at her, "Thank you, Governess, for washing my mouth out with soapsuds." Governess stroked my cheek and said,

"I think I can trust you tonight to soak in that fragrant bubblebath a while without getting into mischief, can't I."

"Yes, Governess."

Fifteen minutes later, she helped me out of the tub, wiped the lingering rose-scented bubbles off with a soft towel and held out my frilly sissy panties for me to step into. Then it was into my pink nightie and off to bed. She kissed me and reminded me to be a good girl all night.

"Sweet sissy dreams, Daphne. I'll see you in the morning."

The big pillow nearly swallowed me up in my own bubblebath fragrance. Just before my eyelids closed, I thought, *I really am smelling like roses.*