

Soap – A Young Lady Gets It

(By: Pandora)

I've never had my mouth washed out with soap, nor do I really want to, but I thought I'd try my hand at writing a story about it, anyway. Do you know there's a whole newsgroup devoted to the subject of mouthsoaping? Aren't some people weird? <g> Actually, I wrote this some time ago when people were discussing the subject, and I never sent it. I don't think the group exists any more. And if anyone from that kink reads this, "weird" was just a joke. People who aren't into spanking think we're weird.

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Soap

"Young lady, what did you just say?" he thundered, totally catching me off guard. I blinked in amazement a couple of times, then it occurred to me that I had just used a word I'd never used before in my life. Yes, *that* word.

I shrugged my shoulders, having no intention of repeating what I'd just said.

"Don't shrug your shoulders at me, little girl," he warned. "You know exactly what you said."

"Yes, but I didn't mean to, Kevin, and I also know damn well -- I mean, perfectly well -- that I'd *really* be in lots of trouble if I repeated it." I didn't think "damn" was so bad, but now probably wasn't a good time to be using it.

"You're already in a lot of trouble. Have you ever had your mouth washed out with soap?"

"Nooo," I answered, somewhere between a whimper and a whine.

"Then it's about time you did. Come with me," he ordered, taking me by the arm and marching me to the break room.

"Not here," I resisted.

"Well, I can't take you into the men's room, and I can't go in the ladies'. I don't know of any other place with a sink."

"But somebody might see."

"And somebody might have heard you a minute ago, but that didn't seem to bother you, now did it?"

Well, it bothered me a lot that Kevin had heard me; no one else would have gone ballistic like this.

"Please," I pleaded, "couldn't you wait till tomorrow morning before work? Really, really early, so no one will be around?"

"How early?"

"6:30?"

He seemed doubtful, but decided rather reluctantly to put my punishment off till first thing in the morning. "You're sure you'll be here then?"

"I'm sure." I was also pretty sure that, just like with a spanking, if I could delay it over night, I could probably get out of it, too.

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I was there at 6:33:47 on the dot, hoping he would have changed his mind, but Kevin was waiting in the break room.

"Close the door and come here," he ordered. I closed the door, but I stood there, worried that it might do little good, as there was no lock.

"Come on over here."

As I went reluctantly toward the sink, I saw that he had really come prepared, and my heart sank. My chances of talking him out of it now did not look good. He held a clean washcloth in his left hand, and he was filling a glass with cold water. For me to rinse my mouth with afterward? How thoughtful of him, I thought with bitter sarcasm.

I stopped a few feet away from him, still trying to think of a way to get out of this.

"Kevin, I didn't mean to say it. Please? I won't ever say it again."

"Come here," he repeated sternly, as he wet the cloth with warm water. I edged slightly closer, then stopped as he squirted liquid soap on the cloth. He reached out with his left hand and pulled me toward him.

"Open your mouth." I tried, but I think my teeth were stuck together.

"Uh-uh," I mumbled with my mouth frozen shut. A sharp swat to my backside made me yelp "Owww!" and I don't think it was the least bit fair that he took advantage of my expression of pain to stuff the washcloth in my mouth.

"Blechhhh!" I yanked my head away so violently I could have sued myself for whiplash,

ridding my mouth of that horrible, soapy cloth and spitting the soap out, or at least trying to.

He spun me around and gave me several more hard spanks, then he turned me around again and shoved the soapy cloth back in my mouth. I didn't mean to, but when he stuck his fingers in my mouth to move the cloth around, well, I accidentally bit him.

He gave me one swat with his left hand, then he pulled out a chair, sat down and pulled me over his knees, raised my skirt up, pulled down my panties, and started blistering my bare bottom, and it hurt like hell. At least the cloth fell out of my mouth when I started howling.

You know those black velvet Chinese Mary Janes with the pattered rubber soles? That's what I was wearing, and one of them has a tendency to come unbuckled anyway. And pretty soon, I was kicking so hard that the shoe came off, ricocheted off the cabinet, and came flying back in my direction. Kevin must have thought he was so hot, catching the shoe in mid-flight, and, holding it by the back part of the shoe, he started wailing away on my backside. And I had thought his hand was bad! I thought my butt was going to explode any second.

By the time he stopped with the shoe and let me up, my backside stung so badly that I would have eaten half a bar of soap if he had told me to.

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Fortunately for me, though, he was about as exhausted by the whole thing as I was, and he apparently decided that I had learned my lesson, because he picked up the glass of water and asked, "Would you like to rinse out your mouth now?" As I nodded vigorously and reached out for the water, he pulled it back slightly and asked, "Do you think you can control your language?"

"Yes, Kevin," I promised, and he gave me the water. I rinsed over and over and over, using three glasses of water, and I swear, it still tastes like I have a whole bottle of soap in my mouth.

But before he let me escape, he asked, "What's going to happen if I ever hear you using either of those words again?"

"You'll soap my mouth again," I shuddered.

"And?"

"You'll blister my bare bottom," I answered reluctantly.

"With my belt, next time," he promised.

Compared to that rubber-soled shoe, I figured a belt would practically tickle, but still I insisted, "There won't be a next time."

"There'd better not be," he warned grimly, then he told me I could go.

I went back to my desk, looking for chocolate, potato chips, hot sauce... anything to kill the taste of that horrible soap.

A few minutes later, I overheard someone asking, "What was that all about?" and then Kevin answered, "That? Oh, I thought I finally had a real-life story to post on deja.com.mouthsoaping. But I had to spank her so much just to be able to get the soaping done that I doubt anyone would be interested."

~~~~~ I tried to make this a story about mouthsoaping, but I'm afraid I failed miserably. My butt seems to have a mind of its own, and the spankings just snuck in there and took over. I apologize for that. <g>

And I hope the good people at [deja.com.mouthsoaping](http://deja.com.mouthsoaping) have a sense of humor.