

Soapsuds

(By ethanma...@yahoo.com)

No one is perfect enough to avoid slips of the tongue, some of us have smart ass mouths, some engage in back talk, or profanity, some even have trouble with telling the truth. These are the reasons that bathrooms have sinks, and the reason that Mistress keeps a very large supply of soap. Getting your mouth washed out is a stern correction and a lesson in obedience. It gives a clear message that only pure words will be tolerated.

Ushered into the bathroom, I stand to the side, as the area is prepared, with deliberate and precise movements. A towel is spread out across the vanity, the fresh bar of soap is laid upon it, accompanied by numerous face cloths. Each step is fully explained, as I stand to the side, my eyes riveted on each movement.

The nod is given and I begin to remove all clothing, and kneel at the edge of the vanity. She stands directly behind me, her body pressing mine forward, as the sink is filled with water, and the soap dropped with a loud 'plop.' She moves as if in slow motion, each action slow, totally in control. Reaching into the sink, she wets one of the cloths, raising it up and down the cloth soaking water, and soon the soap. With her arms around me, she begins to soap the cloth, taking her time; as I in my nervousness start to squirm. The soap suds on the cloth begin to mount, more and more until it falls in ribbons from the cloth. Then, and only then is it ready for use.

The cloth is brought closer, I can smell the fragrance of the soap. The cake of soap is lifted, and rubbed along my lips slowly, it's then rubbed along my cheeks, the smell strong now, the lather extensive; there would be no escape. More and more lather surrounds my mouth, and small lines of the bubbles slide into my mouth, the beginnings of what was to come. She teases without words, the face cloth touching my cheeks, nose and lips, surrounding my mouth, but not yet forced inside.

Finally it is time, and my hair is pulled, bringing my head back, as she pushes my body tighter to the sink. My mouth opens slowly, I don't want to obey, but I open wide. The face cloth is pushed inside with a full load of lather, the full force of the taste making me react with a grimace. The cloth inside, it touches my gums and teeth, slow and steady, coating each inch. Then the cheeks, from top to bottom, the lather foaming out the sides of my mouth. She moves the cloth fast, then slow, then with determined resolve. The cloth is removed, I think it's over, but she merely wets and lathers it once again, making me hold the unholy mess in my mouth.

As she soaps the cloth for the second time, I hear myself responding, repeating my transgression, why I deserve this; and why it won't ever happen again. She nods in confirmation, and replaces the cloth, beginning the process of cleansing my mouth. When in a fit of stupidity, I move my hands to protect my mouth, a paddle is brought out, my hands severely smacked. The sting reminds me - hands go behind my back,

clasped together not interfering.

She is finally satisfied, by my action and repentance, the cloth is folded and placed in my mouth. Her hand slips to my shoulder, and I know it's soon time to rise. The cloth still in my mouth, she slowly removes it; now the final sentence. Would I be able to rinse, and if the answer is yes, how much or for how long. I stand in proper position, and wait. The correction of soap leaves me with a taste for civility and docile behavior, that lasts far longer than the punishment ever could.