

Soapy Mother

By: davey

I was kicked of college last month and mother had to drive 5 hours to pick me up. I tried to explain what happened and she drug me into the restroom of the admissions office and removed a bar of Ivory soap from her purse. She told me she knew I wouldn't tell her he truth about why I was kicked out of school and came prepared.

She wet the bar of soap and proceeded to work it in and out of my mouth for what felt like an eternity, but what was really 5-10 minutes. I was foaming bubbles and swallowing soap.

I should explain that I am 19 years old and mother has been punishing me this way along with spankings since I can remember. She also brought her punishment panties for me to wear home. She made me take off my pants and underwear while holding the bar of soap in my mouth and put the panties on me.

The punishment panties are completely sheer and don't cover anything. After slapping my but about 20 times, she told me to put my pants back on and threw away my underwear.

She removed the bar of soap from my mouth and only let me wipe off my face with a paper towel without rinsing. She grabbed my hand and walked me to her car. Mother explained she would be tutoring me until next school year and I would be receiving regular mouth soaping and spanking sessions at least once a week.

I knew I would be very lucky to only have one session a week. Her spankings are always very embarrassing with me having to wear only my spanking panties all day and spending a lot of time in the corner.

Mother believes in soap at both ends, so I could look forward to receiving at least 3 enemas, all while holding a bar of Ivory in my mouth. The spankings are mostly given over her knee and the panties are either pulled down around my ankles or all pulled off completely. It is going to be a long, hot and soapy summer.

I don't know if I feel loved. I just feel ashamed. To have to wear tiny see thru panties all day on a spanking day (today) is embarrassing.

Mother called me from work this morning and told me to put on my panties. I just received a long soapy spanking two days ago when I said something she didn't like.

She made me bite down on a bar of Ivory soap and keep it in my mouth until the spanking was over.

Mother then put me to bed at 6:00 p.m. My bottom is still a little sore with just a few marks from her hairbrush and I am going to feel it again in a few hours.

It is Friday afternoon and when my friends are out tonight I will be in bed with a very hot bottom. Not to mention a mouth still filled with soap and my insides still gurgling from her enemas.

Mother just called and told me she is leaving work early and to go into her bathroom to get a new bar of Ivory soap. She told me to put it in my mouth and get my butt into the corner of her bedroom because she will be home in 30 minutes.

Either this means she is going to give me more soapy enemas or I will be in bed at 5:00.

Either way I am not going to like it. Maybe I will be able to sit down by Sunday to tell you how it went.

Mother came home at 3:00 p.m. and found me standing in the corner of her bedroom as instructed with a bar of Ivory soap in my mouth and wearing my little spanking panties. I don't know why she calls them spanking panties because I am never spanked while wearing them. Mother always pulls them down around my ankles or off completely when she spansks me.

I could hear her high heels clicking closer and closer. I smelled her perfume as she came up behind me and whispered in my ear "Have you been a good boy for mommy today"? and asked if I finish my schoolwork.

I nodded yes to both because it's hard to answer when your mouth is stuffed with a soap bar. She slapped me on the butt telling me not to move. If she knew I had been writing about her punishments of me on the internet, she would have taken the skin off my bottom.

I heard some clothes rustling and then out of the corner of my eye saw she had taken off her dress and was now just wearing a short white slip. She kept her high heels on and I'm glad she did because I could keep track of where she was. She slapped my butt again and told me not to move because she would be right back.

She went into her bathroom and I could hear what sounded like something being cut up. I was right because she returned a few minutes later and showed me the four large soap sticks she had made from cutting up a bar of Ivory soap. She told me "Look what mommy has for her bad boy".

I knew from experience where they were going. She grabbed my ear and pulled me into her bathroom, made me bend over with my hands on the toilet and peeled down my panties.

Mother put on a latex gloves and dipped her fingers into a large jar of petroleum jelly. The first large blob went into my bottom. She lubricated the tips of each stick before she slowly slid each stick up into me and pushed them as far up as she could get them. She pulled up my panties and then pulled me back into the corner telling me to not move.

I had an entire bar of Ivory soap in my bottom and it burned like fire.

I could hear her high heels clicking back for forth downstairs for what felt like an hour, but was probably only a half hour. The soap sticks were beginning to work and I hoped she would return soon. I then heard her preparing my first enema and knew it was going to be a long afternoon. I knew what was coming and my butt was clenching.

Mother returned carrying the bulging enema bag and her hairbrush saying "Mommies back and look what she has for you" and hung up the enema bag in her bathroom. She pulled my by the ear into her bathroom and removed the bar of soap from my mouth. I was hoping she was finished with it. No such luck because I watched her bending over to run the bar under hot water making it softer.

I watched her and realized what a completely gorgeous woman she is even if she is my own mother. She is 5' 10 " tall, without high heels and has shoulder length black hair. Her legs are so long and as I watched her I could see she had on some silky pantyhose. Her legs were just beautiful, especially in those pantyhose and really high black heels. She is always well-dressed and her face is perfectly made up. I started to get excited in my panties and I hoped she wouldn't notice. She did and asked if I was looking forward to my enemas. I assured her I was not.

She put the bar back into my mouth and told me to be a good boy for mommy and bend over the side of her bathtub. Mother told me "Mommies bad boy is going to have soap bubbles coming out of both ends all night." She peeled my panties down and after greasing the large nozzle, slid it up inside of me and started the first enema. Mother knows how to give an enema and gives them slowly, stopping and starting many times until the bag is empty. Mother sat down on the toilet and crossed her legs telling me to hold it for five minutes. She started brushing her hair while waiting and I knew the other side of her brush would be cracking on my bottom soon enough. I was miserable, with my insides full of soap trying to get out and a bar of soap all over my teeth and tongue and starting to get into my throat. As I strained to hold the enema for the required five minutes, I continued to ask myself "Why couldn't I do better in school?" I also knew I had at least two rinsing enemas to go, but at least those would be warm salty water and

would sooth my insides after cleaning out the burning soap. I also knew I still had a spanking still coming. I still didn't know why she came home early and what she had planned for me. If she had other plans for me, she didn't tell me. I soon found out and it was a long afternoon.

I found out why my mother came home early on Friday. She had plans for a business dinner at 6:00 p.m. and then go out for drinks with her girlfriends. At least she didn't have some prolonged punishment she was going to administer. Her punishments were long enough.

Mother told me she wanted to finish with my punishment early so she had time to get ready to go out. She also told me I would be put to bed at 5:30 and I was to stay there. Mother told me she didn't want to find out I was surfing net or watching television. I can't imagine what she would do if she found out I was telling people on this site about her punishments. After the usual three enemas while biting down on a bar of wet Ivory soap, my mouth was just filled with soap and burning. Since she called me earlier on Friday I had been biting down on a bar waiting for her to come home. I wouldn't dare not do as she told me.

Mother pulled me over knee for quick 24 on my bare bottom with the hairbrush and put me in the corner with my panties down while she got ready. After mother was ready to go out she pulled up my panties and led me to my bedroom. She laughed and told me she thought she saw a soap bubble come out of my mouth. I wasn't laughing. After putting me in bed she kissed me goodnight and told me if I am awake when she returns, she may decide to finish the spanking that she didn't have time to complete this afternoon. Mother then joked that she may just wake up anyway to finish it. At least I hopes she was joking. I slept fitfully that night because my stomach was gurgling due to some water still being there and my mouth still having a very soapy taste. My tongue was still burning. I am beginning to hate Ivory soap.

Someone asked "why the enemas?" The enemas are part of the entire punishment and humiliation process. I have been taking enemas from my mother for years and only recently they have become larger and expanded to three during one session. The enemas are part of mother's "soap at both ends" program. The side effect is that I never constipated. Who could be when you get cleaned out like that every week? Mother seems to be having me keep the soap in my mouth for longer periods of time. I don't like it and I am hoping she doesn't make it longer and longer. Anyone who had had to keep a bar in their mouth for a while knows that it starts to melt and you have no choice but to swallow it.

P.S. I found this site when I was surfing the net trying to find out if any other 19 year olds are still being punished the way my mother punishes me.

Last weekend, I said something she didn't like and after a long session in the bathroom with an Ivory soap bar, I had a new attitude.

Last Sunday, my mother was buying something on the internet and I asked her what she was ordering. She told it was something she was going to get a lot of use out of, but my bottom was not going to like very much. She told me it is called tawse and she hoped to make my spankings more effective. The UPS man delivered a box for my mother this afternoon and I didn't have the nerve to open it. She put it in her bedroom and seem to be happy that the box had arrived before Friday. I don't know if I will be.

I had my own lesson on the effectiveness of a tawse last night. My mother didn't tell me to get into my panties and get myself into the corner until 6:00 p.m. I thought she may not take the time for a long punishment, but boy was I wrong.

I heard her come into the bedroom and she put a bar of Ivory in my mouth and left it there. I heard those high heels clicking around again. I only seem to notice that I can hear her high heels when I am getting ready to be punished.

After a while she came back into her bedroom and I heard her getting undressed. The soap bar was starting to melt and I was swallowing soap. I heard her crack something against her hand that sounded like leather. I knew she was about to put her new purchase to work.

My mother told me to turn around and stand in front of her. She was wearing just a small black slip with very shiny pantyhose and her black high heels. She was holding her new two tailed strap and asked me if I liked her new strap. I thought I had better answer yes and nodded my head that I did like it. I thought she looked very beautiful and I started to become exited. My mother told me to hold out my hands palms up. She then cocked the strap back over her shoulder and brought it down against my right palm and it was hard. It made a loud "crack" and I let out a yelp or as much of a yelp as I could while holding a bar of soap. She warned to me to not drop the bar of soap under threat of eating the whole bar and receiving an even longer spanking. She brought it down against my other palm the same way. It stung like fire. I don't know where my mother learned to do this, but she must have taken good notes. She repeated the strokes until each palm had received six. I wasn't excited anymore and wasn't thinking about her slip or her legs. I was just trying to get the burning in my palms to stop. She smiled and told me it looked like her new strap had done a good job to adjust my

attitude.

My mother told it was time I felt the leather on my bottom and told to to bend over the back of the chair in her bedroom. I felt her pull my panties down around my ankles and then heard her swing the strap. She cracked it on my bottom six times and then told me to kneel on her bed with my head all the way down. She gave me another six strokes and her new strap really stung. She told me she was trying to find the most effective position to use her strap.

She told me to kneel on the floor with me head all the way down and my arms stretched out in front of me. I turned my head to the side and saw a high heel next to me face. My mother had walked up and straddled me. I felt her gently place the strap on my bottom and back up slightly. She told me she wanted to make the next strokes vertical. I heard the strap whistle in the air and then felt that strap slam into my butt harder than before. I just kept looking at her heel next to my face and I could see her shift her weight when she brought it down with a loud "crack. They almost sounded like gunshots. She was putting her strength into it. She gave me six strokes this way and on the fourth, the soap bar shot out of my mouth and I let out a scream. She heard loud cries from me on the next two strokes as well. She told me to get myself into bed.

As I lay on my stomach I remembered that she didn't give me any enemas. I heard her heels clicking down the hall and my mother came into my room still dressed in her slip. She bent over to kiss me goodnight. She asked me if I liked my first strapping? I didn't know what to say, but I thought I had better say that while it burned like fire, but I didn't hate it. She told me I wouldn't be getting the strap for every spanking, but she would be getting some good use out of it. She also told me she had only given me six strokes in each position and any future spankings with the strap would start at 24 strokes.

She told me that she would deal with me losing the soap bar at a later time. I was hoping she had forgotten. She clicked out of my room and I slept on my stomach last night.

As I sit here and write this, my palms still have a little soreness. My butt still hurts and looks like a checkerboard with some marks going across and other going up and down.

Three days after my introduction to my mother's new strap I received a lesson in not losing the bar of soap. I was told to put on my panties and meet her in her bathroom.

She was waiting for me with several bars of soap. She took one bar and ran it under hot water before shoving it into my mouth. She cut a new bar of Ivory in half and was rounding off the edges. She dipped one end of each bar into some petroleum jelly and

made me bend over with my hands on the toilet seat. She then slowly pushed each half up my bottom. before pulling up my panties up very high making sure the entire bottom was wedged into my butt cheeks all the way. Those soaps sticks were going to stay put. My mother then told me the soap sticks in my bottom could be let out as soon as I finished eating the entire bar of soap that I had in my mouth. I slowly started taking small bites and tried to swallow them. it wasn't easy and she helped me along by smacking my butt with her hairbrush telling me eat quicker. I finally finished the bar and it tasted terrible.

She told me I could let the soap sticks out of my bottom and to meet her in her bedroom. I was afraid that that. She was sitting on the end of her bed waiting for me and was holding her hairbrush. Her short strap was on the bed next to her. She yanked my panties down and off and made me get over her knee. She proceeded to redden my already warm bottom and put me to bed. It was 6:00 p.m. I and was down for the night after learning a lesson in doing what my mother tells me to do. At least I didn't get a repeat lesson with her new strap.

Tomorrow is Friday and here I go again. Another lesson to be learned.

The bar of Ivory was a full size bar. Cut in half length ways and slightly rounded off still made large soapstick. Both were pushed in deep and they burned as they started to melt. Not as much as my bottom burned after.

I just returned home from a four day trip with my mother. I received my usual Friday punishment session in the hotel room. My mother forgot to bring soap and she had the front desk deliver some more soap bars to the room while I was standing in the corner in just my sheer panties. Several people in the hotel called the front desk to complain about some cracking noise. The noise was my mother's strap being used on my bottom.

My mother found a new method to give me soap sticks. She makes them herself. She read somewhere about an ice tube mold that makes ice tubes for water bottles. She shredded a large bar of Ivory soap with a cheese grater. Melts it in a pan on the stove with a little water. The soap quickly melts and the thick liquid can be poured through a small funnel into the ice tube mold. Put it in the freezer and you are left with a dozen soap sticks.

I have received up to four of these sticks at one time. She dipped the end in petroleum jelly and slid them high up into me. The soap melts quickly and my bottom feels full of pure soap. It burns a little on the way out, along with cleaning me out. She threatened to put one in my mouth if I complained . I didn't.

It works well. The soap turns to a thick liquid on the stove. Quickly pour it through a funnel into the tray. You make have to heat it again for a few minutes. Pure soap sticks. Very effective.

My mother has started using her home-made soap sticks in my mouth as well as my bottom. Pure soap in my mouth. They melt quickly and can make me sorry I talked back to her or said something I shouldn't have.

My mother sent me to live with my grandmother all summer. I am back home now and back in school. My grandmother obviously taught my mother all she knows about punishing a young man.

Yesterday I had talked back to my mother and she had started the day off by bending me over the toilet and putting two of her homemade soap sticks up my butt. She put a bar of Ivory soap in my mouth and made me stand in the corner. i heard water running and heard her walk into her bathroom. I kind if knew what was coming. I felt the soap sticks doing their job and she let me run to the toilet. After getting rid of everything, I had to get in the tub and kneel with me head down. I received several enemas while still holding the bar of Ivory, I was told if I let it drop, I would get the strap.

The day ended with me getting spanked over her knee while holding another bar of ivory the whole time. My tears and my drool was making a puddle on the floor. I was in bed by 4:00 p.m. with a burning hot butt, completely cleaned out and my mouth full of soap.