

Story of Alyssa

(By: b_rashleigh)

Part 1

We met in the hotel fitness center. Her name was Alyssa. I was on the treadmill; she was on the Stairmaster. We were alone so a conversation ensued. From her demeanor, she was an assertive woman.

I tried to steer the conversation toward her, but she cleverly kept turning it in my direction. Her questions probed deeper into my psyche. I got off the treadmill, grabbed a towel and we talked for a bit.

"Off to the showers, or are you a bath person?" she casually asked.

"Oh, I don't know, it depends," I said.

"I'm a bath person, a long luxurious soak in mounds of bubbles feels great after exercise," she added, revealing more about herself than she had during our entire conversation.

Pointing to my sweat-soaked clothes, I said, "Gee, to save time, it would almost be easier to find the hotel laundry and sit in a washer, huh."

She smiled and quickly retorted, "Let's see, I would set the machine for a hot wash, warm rinse, and use lots of Tide." I laughed and starting to leave. She added, "Of course that is after pre-treating a couple of spots. You know, it might take two or three times in the machine before you and your clothes were clean."

I turned, saying, "Have a good night."

With a smile, she said, "I'm planning on it."

I was about to take a shower when the phone rang. She said, "Bill, this is Alyssa, from the fitness room. I know we just met, but could you help me?" Before I could ask how, she continued, "I am working on a project with a teacher and I know that you would be perfect candidate to interview for my research. Your time will be well spent and it will really help my education." Her assertive attitude was gone, she sounded sweet and convincing.

I said, "What kind of research, what are you studying."

"We can discuss that on the way to my teacher's house, it's not far, I'll drive."

I said, "You want to interview me tonight?"

Her tone changed, sounding more directive, "The sooner the better, besides, scheduling time with my teacher is difficult and I know you're in town for a short time on business, right? Meet me out front in about five minutes. It's great that you are able to help me, see you out front." She hung up before I could even reply. I toweled off, put on some deodorant, combed my hair, got into some clothes and headed downstairs.

She was waiting in the car. During the short trip, I asked, "So what is your field of study?"

"It's a branch of psychology. But it will become more apparent during the interview process," she said as she was dialing a number on her cell phone. Talking to the other party, she said, "Dr. Eiger? We're on our way." She glanced a smiling look at me and said, "Yes, he'll be great for my research. I so appreciate you taking the time this evening, ok, goodbye."

We soon stopped at a Victorian dwelling, The door opened to a very beautiful, blond woman.

She said, "Enter."

Alyssa introduced us, "Bill, this is Dr. Eiger."

"Nice to meet you, Dr. Eiger. Alyssa and I just met, so excuse me if I seem a bit nervous about an interview. I am really not sure what to expect."

"You needn't worry, the two of us will take very good care of you," Dr. Eiger said with a slight smile to Alyssa. "Follow me and we will begin." I did as she instructed. Alyssa was close behind me.

We entered a medical room. It seemed a strange place for an interview but Alyssa said, as she was locking the door, "We need an accurate profile for the research, so we'll start with some basic medical information. Dr. Eiger will examine you. I will document the results."

"An examination; why would that be necessary for an interview?" I questioned.

Dr. Eiger replied, "She just told you, I trust there is nothing wrong with your hearing, young man." Her tone was somewhat casual but immediately commanded respect. Before I could reply, she continued. "Undress to your underwear, you may use that screen if you're shy."

"I am not sure I should do this, I don't even know you that well," I retorted.

Alyssa reassured me saying, "I saw you in those flimsy jogging shorts, just a half an hour ago. Your underwear can't be any more revealing than those shorts were."

That was true, so I undressed. I emerged from behind the screen, a bit embarrassed, Dr. Eiger said, "Sit on the table, facing me." Alyssa was behind me, with a clipboard in hand. Dr. Eiger continued to ask some questions about hygiene and childhood.

She said, "You didn't shower after you exercised tonight, did you Bill?" "I didn't have time, Alyssa wanted me to meet her right away, I was going to shower when I got back," I replied.

She said, "There is never a good excuse for poor hygiene. This is just not acceptable." As she was saying this, she held my arms up. At the same time, Alyssa buckled a nylon belt around my waist. Each woman quickly placed one of my hands into restraints; which held them firm and slightly behind my back.

"Hey, what's going on," I demanded. They effortlessly positioned me on the table as if the process had been rehearsed. My chest was secured and elevated. My underwear was removed and my legs were strapped into the stirrups at the base of the table leaving me fully exposed. Within a minute or so, I was completely under their control.

As both knowingly gazed down at me, Dr. Eiger said, "Speaking without permission is not permitted, Bill. If it persists, we will correct such behavior." Her tone changed to confident and unyielding.

She began speaking to Alyssa, who was taking notes, "Bill's case demands regressive discipline cleansing. He will be powdered and diapered, that is, whenever he is not being controlled through the standard series of washings. Restraints prevent interfering with the treatments and enhance cooperation. This is a light form of restraint, more restrictive measures are available, if necessary."

I interrupted saying, "Come on, let me go, please? I won't cause any trouble, I'll just leave."

As Alyssa moved close to my face, satisfied with her power, she said, "Bill, in my research, I am studying methodologies of stimulation, by a dominant female, and how it effects the recovery time between ejaculations. As you have probably guessed, Dr. Eiger is an expert in this field." During her explanation, Dr. Eiger assembled a tray of soaps and equipment. Alyssa continued, "Dr. Eiger has prescribed the full washing scenario for you. Ironically, you mentioned sitting in a washer at the hotel. The wash cycle in a machine will pale compared to the scrubblings you will receive from us."

Dr. Eiger said, "Bill, you were warned about speaking without permission. Alyssa, apply the dental prop, and I'll demonstrate how we use soap to correct a willful mouth." Alyssa secured the dental prop firmly between my teeth by buckling it tightly behind my head. My head was then strapped to the table. Dr. Eiger slowly unwrapped a new bar of Camay soap and began to lather it in a basin of hot water. She patiently coated my face with the suds, lathering the bar many times.

She said, "Camay smells so luscious, its thick rich suds are perfect for dirty little boys...and their naughty mouths." She handed the bar of soap to Alyssa, who lathered it again. Dr. Eiger opened the dental prop, forcing my jaws wide apart. She instructed Alyssa saying, "Once the jaws are opened, the lathered soap is moved in and out of the mouth, slowly, almost sensuously. No need to hurry; he is not going any place, are you Bill? The treatment is long, deliberate, and as always, very thorough."

Alyssa followed her instructions exactly; delighting in the torment it caused me. The process was repeated many times.

Dr. Eiger said, "After a thick coating of suds is created, secure the sudsy bar by slightly relaxing the dental prop." Alyssa did so, lodging the Camay in my mouth. I moaned in futile resistance.

Dr. Eiger continued, "Diapering maintains control between washings. It reduces assertiveness and assists in the compliance of the patient. Once forced to eliminate in the diaper, a natural dependency is created. But first, we will pre-treat before his initial washing." A diaper was slipped under my hips. I worked to avoid swallowing the suds that filled my mouth. She continued, "We will start with Ivory Liquid and soap flakes from a bar of Dove and Caress." Alyssa took the soap and grated them into fine slivers.

Most of the Ivory Liquid was poured onto my penis, the flakes were added, then; a diaper and plastic pants were secured around my waist. I was released from the table and, with a woman on each side, escorted to the bathroom. Dr. Eiger backed me into a corner, poured a small amount of hot water into the front of the diaper. She began vigorously massaging my penis, through the diaper, creating lots of suds.

She said, "Bill, a little soap never hurt anyone. You must learn to face the inevitable or these treatments will be even harder to endure." The suds escaping from my mouth was my only reply. She continued, "Besides, we're just pre-treating now. The full series of washings will be much more intense and fun, for us at least." Alyssa prepared the tub; she poured in a large amount of Dawn dishwashing liquid and had assembled several bars of soap, a large blush brush, and some Johnson's Baby Cleansing cloths.

Dr. Eiger would occasionally pour more Ivory and water into the diapers creating more lather as she continued to massage my genital area.

Alyssa said, "Sitting in that washing machine is sounding better all the time, huh, Bill?" My eyes pleaded for release as suds dripped from my mouth. The sound of the bath water stopped.

Dr. Eiger said playfully, "It's bath time, little boy." They stood me in the tub, removed the diaper, and then laid me on my back.

Alyssa removed the bar of Camay saying, "Let's see how that mouth is doing."

Dr. Eiger said, "The more suds, the more compliant the mouth, add some soap flakes and use this blush brush to lather them." Alyssa opened the prop, poured a large pile of flakes in my mouth, and brought them to a thick lather with the soft wet brush. She continued to work the flakes and then placed a new bar of Ivory, locking it in place with the prop again; every breath created more suds that billowed from my mouth.

"Perhaps the Ivory and soap flakes will produce the proper amount of lather," she stated.

Dr. Eiger said, "Next, we'll add these cleansing cloths, they are pre-soaped and designed to last for an entire washing. Two or three should fit into his mouth quite nicely."

Dr. Eiger was thoroughly soaping my body and particularly scrubbing my penis. She took several bars of soap and enveloped my penis between them. Occasionally, she would add some Dawn and continue scrubbing. Alyssa was soaping my face, using a new bar of Dove and the suds that came from my mouth. The women worked as a finely tuned team allowing not one inch of me to escape their soaping. I soon climaxed in exhaustion.

The soap was removed from my mouth, the dental prop removed. Alyssa rinsed my mouth with warm water and a towel was placed inside. I was pulled into a standing position and rinsed and dried. Then I was taken to the nursery where I was powdered, diapered, and restrained in a crib. The towel was replaced with a large pacifier, effectively preventing talking.

Alyssa said, "You will rest about two hours, then we start again; with more dishwashing liquids and we'll introduce brands of laundry detergent. Like I said earlier tonight, lots of Tide."

Dr. Eiger said, "In cases like yours, we find it is necessary to get progressively more intense with the washings. This assures compliance and the meets our minimum standards of cleanliness. I anticipate it will take a couple of days to complete the research. In the meantime, as I said when we met, you needn't worry, the two of us will take very good care of you."

Part 2

Dr. Eiger was reported to have a succinct way of addressing issues, industriously pursuing an appropriate solution. After scheduling an appointment, I knocked on the door of her Victorian home; Alyssa, Dr. Eiger's beautiful nurse, opened it and escorted me to the exam room. I was given a skimpy hospital gown, instructed to undress completely, and get on the table. Just as I slipped on the gown, the door opened and the two women entered.

Dr. Eiger said, "Not on the table yet? Perhaps you didn't understand the instructions." I sat on the table and before I could answer, she continued, "Your chart denotes some special attention is required. You realize that I am very thorough in my examinations and subsequent treatments, correct?"

I said, "I had heard so, yes."

"That's an inappropriate answer. You will respond, only when questioned, with 'Yes, Dr. Eiger' or 'No, Dr. Eiger.' Anything else is unacceptable." She moved very close to my face and her eyes locked onto mine. As she gently cupped my face with her warm, strong hands, her gaze seemed to penetrate my soul, leaving no doubt that she was in complete control. "Am I making myself clear?" she punctuated her commanding sensuality with these softly spoken but very powerful words.

I was almost hypnotized by her stare but quietly responded, "Yes, Dr. Eiger."

She released me from her focus, saying, "Good. Now, off with this gown and we'll proceed. Lie back, with your arms to your sides." The gown came off. I shivered as the cool air hit my body and I felt the cold plastic of the table. My head rested into Alyssa's waiting hands. Once I settled, she tightened her grasp holding my head firmly in place.

Using straps from the sides of the table, Dr. Eiger locked them tightly across my chest, waist and legs.

I asked, "Are these necessary?"

Dr. Eiger simply said, "Absolutely, as you will soon discover. Evidently, additional instruction regarding speaking only when questioned is also necessary." She began gently touching me, observing my responses. She continued, "I've seen many cases like this one. Adult males maintaining an illusion of control, when, in reality, they are desperately inept, particularly in adequately caring for themselves. The seriousness of your condition necessitates correctional cleansing. Your conduct validates this diagnosis; so treatment will begin immediately. Alyssa, start an oral and penile drip, then we'll proceed with the full series of washings."

With a knowing smile, Alyssa said, "Yes, Dr Eiger" as she began gathering the necessary materials.

I struggled against the bonds and said, "Wait a minute, I..." One of Dr. Eiger's hands firmly covered my mouth; the other gently grasped my scrotum.

Once she was convinced she had my attention, she quietly said, "My dear Bill, presently your treatment plan includes regressive therapy, repeated mouth-soapings, and no less than five rigorous washings. Every inappropriate word uttered will increase

the frequency, length, and intensity of each of those components, so you'd be wise in only responding to questions."

Dr. Eiger released her hold. In a confident, clinical voice, she continued, "I'll explain the oral drip. First, for accessibility, we insert and secure a dental prop." Alyssa quickly strapped it in place.

"Second, so we can administer the drip, we prohibit any head movement." My head was tightly secured to the table with a small, thin strap.

"Third, to begin the mouth-soaping, we insert three Johnson's Baby Wash cloths. They are pre-soaped, gentle, and a perfect introduction to the soaping regime we've designed for your filthy mouth." My struggle against the straps was futile as Alyssa easily propped open the gag and inserted the dry wash cloths. She then closed the gag, which held the bulging cloths firmly in place.

"Fourth," Dr. Eiger continued, "Since your saliva won't moisten the wash cloths enough to produce the appropriate lather, we set an IV drip to assist in their saturation." An IV bag, filled with hot water, was brought into position with the end of the hose suspended directly above the dental prop. The drip was adjusted so it slowly, steadily, moistened the cloths lodged inside my mouth.

Dr. Eiger said, knowing all too well the inevitability of her work, "The results of water on those soapy cloths will soon be apparent. Now for your penile drip."

As I struggled with the oral drip, Alyssa loosened the straps around my waist enough to slip a shallow pan underneath my bottom. She tightened them again, molding my body into the pan. Another IV bag, filled with blue liquid, was positioned with the hose placed over my penis.

Dr. Eiger said, "Dawn dishwashing liquid is my favorite and excellent for cleaning dirty boys. Your penis will soon be completely coated. The liquid will accumulate in the pan, so your bottom and anus will also be treated, or rather, pre-treated, since this is a precursor to a series of washings." By this time, the cloths in my mouth were getting wet; soapy liquid was accumulating below my tongue. Every exhalation started to create suds, a few at first, then many more. Soon, mounds of suds began to blossom, engulfing my entire mouth, jaw and neck. The drip kept adding hot water. I had no idea how much soap could be in those little cloths.

Dr. Eiger said, "I see some suds accumulating, excellent. Alyssa will use some Camay to start washing your face." Alyssa slowly lathered a new bar of Camay over my chest, then, using the existing suds from my mouth, work a rich, thick lather all over my face. I couldn't move a fraction of an inch to protest the treatment.

Dr. Eiger said, "Bill, you're probably wondering how long those cloths will continue to lather. Since they do have a limited amount of soap, we've something else to assist the process." She took a third IV bag and coupled it into the existing hose above my mouth.

Dr. Eiger said, "This Ivory liquid will sustain the soap supply in those cloths for quite a while, so you needn't worry about the suds diminishing. We'll start with a 25% mix of the Ivory, gradually increasing the percentage on each subsequent use. Naturally, we have the option of using just the Ivory liquid drip, without the water, but that depends on your compliance throughout the cleaning process. You'll find our washing methodologies to be varied, intense, thorough, and of course, inescapable."

My penis was completely coated with Dawn and the Ivory drip kept me expelling bubbles on every breath. Dr. Eiger moved to my penis and with sprinkles of hot water, she began to slowly massage the Dawn into a frothy lather. I strained against the restraints, as the drips from all three of the IV bags steadily continued. Alyssa continued to sensuously scrub my face with the suds that billowed from my mouth, describing her efforts in the process.

Dr. Eiger increased the tempo of her actions, vigorously scrubbing my penis. As I climaxed, I screamed into the cloths that filled my mouth, spraying a fountain of bubbles everywhere. Alyssa, quickly removed the gag and cloths, replacing them with a dry towel, then she used another towel to remove most of the soap from my body.

Dr. Eiger said, "Bill, while you're under our care, the washings will be the means of continually draining you. Alyssa, prepare him for his first tub washing, then, we will restrain him in the nursery until it's bath time again. Oh and chart five more washings before assessing of his progress." My arms were secured in a waist-to-wrist belt and I was released.

Dr. Eiger said, "Don't you feel better now that you are a bit cleaner?" Almost delirious, I nodded my head, letting out a slight affirmative moan. Dr Eiger casually held the back of my head. She removed the towel and quickly replaced it with one of the sudsy bars of Camay, holding it firmly in place.

She locked her powerful gaze on my eyes once again and said, "Bill, I was quite clear how you were to answer questions; a towel, wash cloths, or a bar of soap in your mouth doesn't excuse this simple courtesy. As if on cue, Alyssa reached for a large bottle of Ivory liquid. "You will respond appropriately, or we'll coat this Camay with Ivory liquid."

I struggled, in a panic, to respond properly, saying as best I could what she wanted to hear.

Dr. Eiger said, "Acceptable for now, I will not hesitate a second time. Now we'll continue." Alyssa removed the Camay and replaced the towel. The bathroom was stocked with dozens of bars of soap, bottles of dishwashing liquid, Ivory Snow, and Tide laundry detergent. I was placed in the tub with my feet restrained to the two bars at the

front of the tub. In this position, my legs were spread, leaving my pubic area completely accessible to their thorough washings.