

TAKING MY LUMPS (Part 4)

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The Camay Kid

The Sigma Upsilon Delta Sisters...again
(Lather On and Roll `em Up)

When I got home, I gave my wife a "Hi, Honey" along with a kiss, trying to act as normal as possible. Then I handed her the roses.

"Oh aren't these lovely. Thank you, sweetie. I'm afraid it's too late for these to cancel your appointment in the bathroom. I know you didn't give them to me to bribe your way out of your punishment, did you. I do appreciate your thoughtfulness and I'll reward you for that - after I've punished you. Now get along upstairs and prepare yourself. I'll be up in a few minutes to get started."

I trudged upstairs with my eyes fixed on the steps as I lifted one foot in front of the other towards my impending lathery doom. After undressing I stepped into my wife's bathroom and was not surprised to see she'd already started to prepare for my discipline. From repeated training in this regard I knew I was expected to write down my offense on the open page of a spiral notebook she kept of my punishments and records of when and what they were for and what my punishment was. I entered the date and wrote that I was sorry for using two forbidden naughty words, and listed them individually on separate lines, then signed my name. On the edge of the sink she had laid out a stack of fluffy washcloths, two unopened bars of Camay, a large bath sponge, and a pink bathbrush. On the seat of a nearby straight chair she had placed the usual frilly pink shower bonnet, a pair of pink frilly rhumba panties and an oversized terrycloth bib with a juvenile print on the plastic front. Even though the room was warm, I shivered as I knelt beside the bathtub. She had draped the long pink terry straps for my wrists and ankles over the side of the tub. She used those to keep me in my place in the tub when she wanted to have complete control over my mobility – or lack of it.

It seemed to take forever before I heard her coming up the stairs. Then, knowing I was expected to keep my head down and eyes toward the floor, I could smell her seductive perfume as she entered the bathroom. She tittered to herself when she saw the deepened color on my bottom. She had put the roses in a vase and now placed them on the vanity in front of the bathroom mirror, smelling them approvingly as she lightly rearranged the blooms.

"I see your Auntie Ginger added some new shades of pink to your bottom from the one I left on there this morning, pinker now even than these pretty roses."

"Yes, Mommy."

"Now, hand me the Camay I gave you this morning," she ordered with a new tone of authority in her voice.

"Um, ah...I don't have it here. It's still in my pants pocket, I think."

"You think? I gave that to you to carefully keep with you at all times today. Now go get it, you naughty forgetful little boy."

I jumped to my feet to head back to the bedroom for the Camay I'd left in my pants. Her words made me feel like such a loser, but she wasn't finished putting me in my place and proper frame of mind.

"Not so fast, where do you think you're walking to? When you've been a foul-mouthed and disobedient little sissy, you aren't permitted to just walk around this house, little boy. You crawl in there – like the sissy baby you are – fast as you can wiggle that sorry pink bottom!"

Her tone gave extra impetus to my crawling skills and set the tone for what I could tell was going to be a long and difficult evening. I scooted off to the bedroom like a chastened kitten, returning with the Camay in hand.

Mommy took it from me and examined it closely, noting the teeth marks. "Well, Auntie Ginger got you to make quite an impression here, too, I see. But I need to make a deeper one on you tonight so we won't have the kind of language that came out of your mouth this morning in this house any more. Get in that tub, on your back, hands and feet over the edge."

I lay down as directed and she picked up the long terry straps, wrapping one around each wrist and ankle and securing the Velcro tabs to themselves so the straps fit me quite snugly. The other end of each strap had a steel ring that she clipped to a cord tied to each of the tub's four legs, leaving just enough slack for my hands and feet to be placed on the bottom of the tub – but no further. She turned on the water and adjusted it until the flow was hot but not scalding. Then she emptied half a bottle of her favorite dish detergent under the forceful flow and added a cup of bubblebath powder. Warm rich suds soon billowed up over my chest and between my legs and rose around my ears and chin like clouds from an advancing storm.

She stirred vigorously with the bathbrush between my outspread legs making waves of suds surge toward me. The heat of the water and the feminine scent of the suds gave me a sudden urge to want to stroke myself and caress my own nipples, but my hands were restrained from just such liberties. There would soon be touching of another kind in those places but not from my own hands or in the manner I preferred.

Over the rush of water as the tub filled, I heard the doorbell. Mommy turned off the faucets and went to the bathroom door.

"Yes?"

"It's me, Judith. I came to see how you were doing with our naughty little sissy."

"Hi, Ginger. Come on up. I've just gotten him ready in the tub."

Auntie Ginger came in the bathroom door and they hugged.

"Oh, you look so wonderful. I'm so glad to see you," Mommy said to her old sorority sister. It's been too long. Sit down, I'm just getting started." She pointed to the straight chair. Auntie Ginger smiled as she picked up the shower bonnet and bib and rhumba panties.

"Oooo, such pretty pink things. Are these for our naughty sissy?" she giggled. "I'd love to watch, and even lend a hand or two." They both laughed.

"Yes, those are for sissy in due course, among other things our sissy needs tonight. You're more than welcome to watch and even help if you'd like to. It would be like old times, wouldn't it, when we had to train my little naughty one in the ways of fitting in with a house full of other bratty sorority pledges. You'd think he'd have learned by now, but he still needs work and I'd love to have you help, Ginger. Why don't you go in my bedroom and make yourself comfortable. I have an extra chenille robe in the closet, and there's a whole drawer full of lingerie – that is if our SUD pledge here hasn't been in there recently."

Mommy gave my ear a hard twist as they both laughed again. "Ow!" I shrieked.

At that Mommy asked Auntie Ginger to hand her one of the washcloths by the sink. She took it with the cake of Camay I'd been lugging around all day and plunged them under the suds in the tub. Then, with great flair she dramatically began to lather the Camay in the folds of the thick washcloth as Auntie Ginger cheered her on. Mommy wrapped the sudsy washcloth around the soap, leaving about a third of it exposed beyond the edge of the terrycloth, then put her other hand behind my neck and ordered me to open wide.

"Here, I don't want to hear another sound from you today, sissy. We already know this cake of soap is just your size. In it goes, now close your mouth and don't let this slip – or you'll be very sorry."

I nodded my understanding with my mouth stretched around the whole washcloth and soap as Auntie Ginger headed for the bedroom to prepare herself. Mommy went to the bathroom closet and came back to the tub with a bottle of scented shampoo and another of conditioner. She pulled the straight chair over beside the tub and put the shampoo and conditioner on the seat. While she waited for Auntie Ginger to return, Mommy took the bathbrush and began exploring under the suds letting the brush find its won way up the insides of my legs. I squirmed within the limits of the straps that

restrained me, but that gag kept me from making more than a muffled grunt or moan. Mommy looked down with an expression of pleasure as she tormented me with her brush.

Auntie Ginger soon reappeared in the bathroom in Mommy's old pink chenille bathrobe – my favorite, so soft and nice to snuggle against, She found a pink bath towel in the closet and skillfully wrapped it around her auburn hair like a queen. I could see as she wrapped her hair in the towel that she had found a satin full slip to wear under the bathrobe. She also wore a pair of open-toed mules that showed off her pedicured toes to match her always-perfect fingernails. Ginger always had things together and was the sultry fashion model type, even when we were all at the university.

"Now, what can I do to help here?"

"Well, I think we'll start at the top and work our way down. Would you like to give this miserable little imp a nice shampoo while I go change and get us some wine?"

"That's a great idea. Take your time, Judith. I'll keep sissy's mind occupied with plenty of shampoo. Lather, rinse, and repeat after me..." Auntie Ginger found a low stool to set next to the tub and picked up the handheld sprayer. Before I knew it, she was spraying my head from every possible angle until the hot water was streaming down my face and over my soapy gag until I was gasping for air in the spray. Already she had established who was in control of my shampoo even before she flipped the lid on the shampoo bottle. Then, instead of pouring a dab in the palm of her hand, she turned the bottle upside down over my head and squirted a stream of shampoo from one side to the other – ear-to-ear. Quickly, she swooped her hands down over my ears and back to the top of my head swirling the thick scented lather all over my hair. Settling the bottle back on the chair seat, Auntie Ginger used both hands to begin shampooing my whole head with forceful energetic motions. My head was swayed side to side and back and forth like a bobble head doll as she scrubbed. Then she used her fingernails to get down into my scalp for several minutes. I still couldn't yelp or beg for mercy or a lighter sentence, even, with the soapy washcloth lodged firmly between my teeth. After several minutes of this lathery workout, Auntie Ginger turned the sprayer back on and began another Niagara of rinsing. When she replaced the sprayer in its holder she chuckled,

"That's was just way too much fun, so we ought to do it again! What do you think, my sissy girl?" She grabbed my hair and nodded my head up and down, as her words "sissy girl" buzzed to my core. She and Judith and their other sorority sisters had used that term when they wanted to "brand" me as their feminized houseboy, and the memories of those experiences conjured up the same responses that I couldn't help back then. It excited me tremendously, to their great delight and pleasure.

Auntie Ginger launched a second lathering on my head from the top down over the sides until my ears wear full of suds and rivers of heavy shampoo lather flowed down

over my nose and plopped from my chin and onto my chest. "Keep those eyes closed, honey," she warned as her hands circled and cupped lather with the gusto of a western roundup. "Yeehah!" she teased, with a playful slap across the side of my head, then another the other way. "Head `em up, move `em out. Rawhide!" she sang. Then she switched to a soft sensual motion piling the lather in mounds over the top of my head and letting the weight of it ooze down in all directions.

I could barely hear for all the suds in my ears now, but I sensed that Mommy had returned to the bathroom. "How are our sissy's shampoo going, Ginger?"

"Oh just fine, Judith. We're having a great old time, aren't we sissy girl!" She nodded my head rapidly. "Getting her hair a-l-l squeaky clean, yes, ma'am, just the way a pretty little girl should be."

Auntie Ginger gently pressed her fingers across my closed eyes to wipe the suds away. "There, honey. Just look at you and all those suds." Mommy was holding a big mirror over the tub as they both looked down at me. I squinted to see myself in the mirror – two eyes peering from a mass of suds with two small holes around my nostrils. Mommy put down the mirror and came back to the tub pointing her camera at me. "Smile, shampoo girl," she ordered. Then there was a bright flash followed by Auntie Ginger and Mommy hooting with laughter when they looked at the image in the camera screen. Auntie Ginger gave me another thorough rinsing and announced, "I think one more shampooing ought to do it for now." At which, she proceeded to douse me again and resume the rolling and tumbling of my head between her hands. Her fingers worked behind my ears and under my chin and back up the sides of my face, then down over my forehead and mouth and around behind my neck...over and over as I gulped short breaths between passes of her hands over my whole face and head. Finally, she stopped, leaving me covered in suds for a moment while I heard her step away from the side of the tub to whisper something to Mommy. They giggled like schoolgirls together as Auntie Ginger began my last rinse. Minutes later the sprayer clicked back in its cradle at the foot of the tub, and I felt a big thick towel draped over my head and Auntie Ginger began drying my hair in a brisk fluffing motion. When she pulled the towel away, I saw Mommy holding her plastic bin of hair rollers. Auntie Ginger poked through until she had a handful of narrow pink rollers and a hairbrush.

Mommy told me to sit up straight in the tub while Auntie Ginger was going to set my hair. I moaned my humiliation into the gag, but it had no effect. They were going to put the rollers in my hair like they used to when we were students. Auntie brushed my hair into sections and rolled each one tightly into a pink roller before snapping the outside of the roller in place. Mommy held the mirror for Auntie, then got out her camera again. My mouth was unable to make even the shape of a "No" let alone a sound of displeasure. There I sat in suds up to my nipples, a washcloth and bar of soap sticking out of my mouth and my whole head covered with prickly pink rollers. They wrapped a soft old towel around the rollers and then Mommy pulled the frilly plastic shower bonnet down over the whole affair framing my face with the lace ruffle trimming the bonnet edge.