

TAKING MY LUMPS (Part 5)

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(By: The Camay Kid)

Four Hands, One Mouth

Mommy brought another chair into the bathroom and they both sat down. Mommy opened a bottle of wine and poured two glasses, handing one to Auntie. They toasted, "To the good old days, when our sissy pledge was such a sweet little girl."

"Oh, we can bring that time back, Judith. I think it would be fun."

"Yes, but first she has to be punished for that very unladylike language she used this morning."

"I agree totally. I meant it would be fun for you and me. We'd have never let a SUD pledge get away with that kind of behavior. "

With that they began a long chat as they reminisced. I had no alternative but to sit soaking in the tub while they sipped their wine and talked about the days in the sorority house and how they trained their pledges each year.

"Remember the first time we had the other pledges shave our sissy pledge when it was his turn to go through the initiation. After they forced him into a bubblebath and scrubbed him pink, they got so into lathering him up from his chin to his toes and taking turns shaving off all his body hair. He was so cute just lying there looking like a terrified little bunny rabbit, making little squeaks when they turned him this way or that to shave every inch of him," Aunt Ginger said.

"Oh, yes. And then we had them dress him all up in pink ruffles like a school girl going to an all-girls birthday party, those rhumba panties and the adorable little ruffled ankle socks and that full puffy petticoat they put him in before they buttoned him into that sweet pink satin dress. The pledges did have fun with him that night, and I think he did too, didn't you sweetie," Mommy said turning to me as I tried to disappear under the bubbles. "You were blushing so red, but I could tell you were excited."

"Mmm hmmm" I mumbled through my soap and washcloth gag.

"Yes, you were all excited until the pledges made you waltz around the sorority house in front of all the upper-class sisters, and then lined up to each take a turn paddling you with your petticoats pinned up and your rhumba panties down around your knees. That was such a sight to see your red little bottom when they finally got you through the

entire lineup."

They continued to reminisce as they sipped their wine, occasionally glancing over to make sure I hadn't somehow managed to sneak out of the tub. "Well, Ginger, I guess we'd better get going on our sissy's bath before he melts in all those suds." Mommy leaned over the side of the tub and removed the washcloth and soap from my mouth. "Let's get down to the business at hand here – disciplining our little sissy girl for her naughty mouth, shall we."

The two of them knelt down at the side of the tub and rolled up their sleeves, plunging their hands down under the suds to search for the two other bars of Camay they had slipped into the bathwater after my shampoo. Their hands brushed against my thighs and waist, as they groped for the soap, making me twitch and jerk at the touches. "Behave yourself, and sit still!" Mommy ordered. "Squirming is something only naughty sissies do. You sit quietly like a good little girl, or Mommy will fix it so you're sitting on a very hot bottom, do you understand?" They continued to grope until they found the two bars of very soft Camay. Mommy held hers up to my mouth, jamming it against my tightly closed lips and telling me to take a deep breath and savor the feminine fragrance of the soap. Auntie Ginger started lathering her bar of Camay in a big thick pink washcloth quickly making piles of suds dance in her hands. Mommy did the same thing, and before I could brace myself, the two of them began smothering me under their heavily lathered washcloths from my neck to my ankles. Auntie Ginger took me by one ankle and hauled my foot out of the water and gave it a long vigorous soaping, forcing the washcloth between each of my toes until I made a squeal of discomfort. Mommy immediately mashed her soapy washcloth across my mouth. "I can start with your mouth now and soap it for your entire bath until Auntie Ginger finishes scrubbing the rest of you, or you can be quiet and we'll do your mouth later." I shook my head that I wouldn't make any more sounds. Auntie Ginger resumed with my other foot and Mommy scrubbed under my armpits and over my chest, grabbing each of my nipples in a soapy twisting grip several times. I struggled not to jump or gasp. They worked from both ends toward the middle until Mommy ordered me to roll over and get on my hands and knees.

Now she began at the back of my neck and shoulders, reaching underneath to torture my nipples again while Auntie Ginger scrubbed her way up the backs of my thighs with her washcloth. They both stopped frequently to relather their washcloths and to rub the bars of soap over me before applying their washcloths. Mommy worked her way down my back and Auntie focused on my bottom. I felt her soapy washcloth burrowing between my cheeks and probing around my anus. I swallowed hard to keep from grunting and tried to hold still as she pressed deeper inside me with her finger wrapped inside the washcloth. In the meantime, Mommy had reached under the front of my belly and grabbed my cock and balls in the soapy folds of her washcloth, scrubbing in short hard strokes.

"Sissies always need special attention in this area," Mommy said to Auntie Ginger. "I know Judith, they just never seem to get clean enough in these places. But this little one

will be all clean and sweet after we're through with him."

"Alright, now sissy, back over on your bottom," Mommy ordered when it seemed they would rub the skin off my privates and bottom. "Sit up, hands on the sides of the tub. That's it. Now, about that naughty mouth of yours...Ginger, I'll hold his head if you want to start, and then we can switch places." She grabbed me with one hand on the back of my neck and the other cradling my chin firmly in her washcloth as Ginger worked her washcloth and Camay into a mass of thick suds.

"Ready, here it comes. Open up wide, little sissy. Oh, I can see how dirty that mouth of yours is even from way back here. Auntie's sudsy washcloth will get it all nice and clean. Yessss, that's right. Keep those lips wide. In go the soapsuds." Auntie Ginger attacked my mouth, circling my lips and then pushing as much of the washcloth inside as she could. Mommy held my head firmly in her grip so I couldn't turn my face away. Auntie withdrew the washcloth leaving a mass of suds in its wake. I could see her working the Camay into the washcloth again and quickly she shoved it back in wrapped around her fingers, spreading soap throughout my mouth and over my tongue. I gagged slightly but kept from swallowing any suds. Auntie scrubbed my lips and nose and then tapped me on the lips with her soapy finger saying to Mommy, "OK, it's your turn, Judith. I made a pretty good start on cleaning out that naughty mouth, but I think our sissy needs a second cleaning."

They switched positions, and as Auntie Ginger kneeled beside the tub at my head, she leaned over and whispered in my ear, "You're going to have such a sweet mouth when we're done cleaning it, I might even want to kiss you." I would have smiled at the thought, except Mommy wasted no time on getting her washcloth into the action. She circled my entire face in a wide swath of lather, around and around like the Daytona 500 ('oh no,' I thought – 'please don't think about her doing 500 laps around my face!').

"What were you just thinking about?" Mommy asked as she paused to refuel – I mean relather her washcloth.

"Nuffing," I said trying hard not to let any suds slip down my throat by talking.

She held the new pile of fresh suds up to my nose, "Oh yes, you were. I could see it in your eyes. Now tell, Mommy, or we'll start all over from the beginning."

"I jush wannned you to shtop, dash all. I hoped you wouldn go aroun my faysh too many times," I blurted out through a string of bubbles that drizzled down my chin like an unfinished sentence.

"Well, that's for Mommy to decide, isn't it. If that's what you were thinking, I'll just have to make a couple of more circles around to make sure you get the full message of our discipline." With that, she took the fresh load of suds and distributed it all around my face from ear to ear and forehead to chin, leaving it spread over my whole face for a moment until I was ready to gasp for breath. She pinched my nose in the soapy

washcloth and I opened my mouth involuntarily. In went the washcloth in an instant. As she scrubbed it across the roof of my mouth and over my gums, I switched to inhaling through my nose and took in some suds that stung and made me sneeze. Mommy folded the washcloth lengthwise and wrapped it around my neck like a soapy collar. Then she lathered the Camay in her hands and poked her soapy fingers inside my mouth to soap my tongue.

"Suck my fingers, sissy. I want you to get all the nice Camay lather off my fingers, one at a time."

By now soap was pouring out of my mouth and down my chin. Auntie Ginger still had a firm grip on my head as I sucked each of Mommy's soapy fingers clean, wrapping my tongue around them, feeling her shiny red fingernails as I curled my tongue and pursed my lips into a tight letter "O". Mommy and Auntie Ginger giggled at watching me "service" her fingers. "What a good little sissy. Look how well she sucks...the result of lots of training."

Mommy stuck her hand down under the suds and found my cock. "Oh my goodness, sissy is enjoying herself, Ginger. We'll just have to take advantage of our little sissy slut after we get her love hole all cleaned out as clean as her pretty mouth is. Feel it for yourself, what a naughty little sissy was doing while we were soaping out her nasty mouth."

Auntie Ginger put her hand down between my legs, and of course, by then after Mommy's touch, I was getting aroused. "Oh my goodness, I think she needs another good spanking after we clean her out. I always said if a little girl needs one spanking a day, two are even better for her."

Mommy laughed, "Ginger, you always did like those naughty pledges over your knee, didn't you."

"Yes, indeed. A well-scrubbed bottom is just a good excuse to spank it. I think our sissy here needs a good bathbrush spanking. On your knees again, sister." She lathered the washcloth again with the Camay and shoved it back between my lips.

I jumped at Auntie Ginger's surprising change of tone and obeyed her order. Out of the corner of my eye I saw her reach for the bathbrush, and before I knew it, she was scrubbing my ass with it – hard. Up and down my cheeks and all the way down the backs of my thighs she scrubbed. The taste of Camay was still overpowering my mouth and I was afraid to let out the slightest peep. Her brush dug deep between my cheeks and down under, making me rock with the tempo of her scrubbing. "Sissy likes this, too, I see," she said scrubbing more boldly. "We should bathe her more often this way." I choked on hearing her words.

While Auntie Ginger was scrubbing my bottom, Mommy had prepared the red enema bag with a full two-quart dose of hot soapsuds. She hung the bag from the shower rod

and suds dripped down the hose to cover the nozzle. Auntie started spanking my well-scrubbed bottom with the bristle side of the brush – smooch, smooch, smooch. It was prickly. Then she scrubbed some more over the same spots. Without warning she turned the brush over and spanked me with the flat side – smack, splat, smack, splat. "Ow!" I tried to cry through my washcloth gag. All that came out of my mouth was a pitiful small spray of suds. My attempt earned me a few more spanks.

"Her bottom's all yours now, Judith," Ginger nodded to Mommy, who was holding the soapy nozzle in front of my face waiting for my spanking to end. She poked through the suds covering my burning ass until she found my soapy anus and worked the nozzle inside slowly, turning and pushing imperceptibly as though the nozzle was finding its own way in. Auntie Ginger asked if she could "do the honors," and clicked open the valve that sent a stream of hot sudsy enema deep inside me. The pressure and warmth against my prostate increased my arousal as my belly swelled and some mild cramps ebbed and flowed. Ginger kept a hand on the back of my neck and Mommy worked the nozzle slowly in and out as the flow went on and on. I knew I was helpless to resist the two of them. When the bag finally gurgled empty, they left the nozzle inside me as Auntie Ginger aimed the handheld shower all over my body rinsing me. She swept the hot spray between my legs over the freshly scrubbed places, and I tensed to hold the enema and struggled not to avoid the intense spray, not wanting Auntie Ginger to have another reason to spank me for the third time today. Once I was rinsed, they wrapped me in a big pink terry bath sheet and lifted me by my arms and guiding me over to the toilet. They lifted the towel up behind me and sat me down and returned to their chairs and refilled their wine glasses from the half-empty bottle. I sat in full view on the toilet almost too embarrassed to release the enema as they sipped their wine and watched my predicament with amused smiles enjoying their control over me, like they were back at the sorority hazing a hapless sorority pledge (as I had once been). Finally, the churning soapy enema was too powerful and it overwhelmed me and forced me to release it. I held my face in my hands in shame, even though they had both put me through this cleansing discipline before.

After giving me another rinsing enema of hot water, Mommy leaned me forward over the toilet seat and washed my tender bottom one more time. Satisfied that I was clean again, she stood me in front of the mirror and removed the shower bonnet, unwrapped the towel from my head and began removing the pink rollers. Auntie Ginger had me sit down at her feet and place one hand at a time on her lap so she could paint my nails a soft shade of pink, while Mommy brushed out my curls and put a couple of pink ribbons in my hair. As the nail polish dried on my fingers, they dressed me up in my old pink sorority rhumba panties I'd worn as their special sissy pledge and then put me into a pink ruffled babydoll nightie.

They made me drain the tub and rinse it out before starting a new bubblebath. Auntie Ginger said to Mommy, "Why don't you have a nice soak in the bubbles and watch while I have some fun with our sweet sissy sister, then you can have her while I take a bath and watch."

"Sounds wonderful to me, " Mommy responded and she hung her robe on the back of the door and wrapped her hair up in a fluffy towel. In the meantime, Auntie Ginger stepped into her strap-on harness and sat down on the lid of the toilet seat. She ordered me to take one of the softened bars of Camay from my bath and lather it up in the sink, then kneel at her feet. "Soap me up, nice and slow, sissy," she said pointing to her curved pink cock, "do me with feeling – or you'll feel it, and not the way you want it, either."

I wrapped my soapy fingers around her dildo as though it were my own cock and started stroking slowly, letting my fingers slide up and down its length and around its thickness. I heard Mommy slip into the bubblebath and sigh with contentment. "Our sissy is learning, isn't she, Ginger. At least she learned something from college – oh the education we gave her!" she laughed.

"Yes, indeed, Judith. And now that she's out in the world, it's time she apply what she learned. That's nice, honey. You've done a good job. Auntie's pleased. I'm sure you'd love to suck my pink cock but I have something else in mind. Come with me over to where your Mommy is taking her bath. Kneel right down here beside the tub and take that sponge and gently wash your Mommy with those pretty soapsuds."

Auntie pulled my rhumba panties down to my knees. I was breathing rapidly with excitement both at the sight of Mommy relaxing under piles of fragrant suds and at the unknown plan Auntie was about to execute behind me. I felt the closeness of Auntie's warmth as she stood behind me and opened her chenille robe. She directed me to lean across the edge of the tub with my bottom up in the air. That made my face hang down almost into the bubblebath Mommy was soaking in. I felt something cold and slippery rubbed across my anus. Auntie worked her finger inside me, spreading the slick cool lubricant deeper. Then I felt the rounded bulk of her strap-on begin its slow entry, stretching me. I picked up the sponge and gently caressed Mommy under the suds. Auntie leaned into me and her strap-on slid past the tightest spot and then glided effortlessly. Auntie's bare thighs were suddenly against the freshly spanked backs of mine and her hips rocked forward almost pushing me over the tub's edge and into Mommy's bath. I steadied myself with one hand and felt Auntie lift and pull back. Her hands were on either side of me gripping the tub for leverage and she pushed again and found a steady rhythm. I moaned and my mouth found Mommy's soapy breast. My sponge slithered down over her belly and into the soft hairs that almost floated over her temple. Mommy grabbed the back of my neck and held me to her breast ordering me to suck her nipple gently. Auntie pumped her strap-on fully and with purpose, but with a tenderness that made it feel like I was being rocked in a cradle. The pumping and sucking and stroking went on as Auntie began to make sounds of pleasure. Mommy purred as I sucked on her nipple. She guided my hand and the sponge to stroke her just in the right place and soon she, too, was making sounds of pleasure. I finally felt free enough to let out a grunt or two as Auntie pushed deep into me. "Ooooo, I love getting into a nice hot bottom. Ooooo, yes." Suddenly, Auntie exploded in a burst of energy and almost knocked me into the tub. She thrust furiously

and Mommy responded to the sounds by clamping my hand on her sudsy pussy. Auntie Ginger let out a scream of pleasure as she flattened me against the side of the tub until my balls ached. Her soapy strap-on moved so smoothly, I wanted more. But she was done and lay across my back panting and clawing at my freshly scrubbed skin.

She slowly withdrew and sat back on the bathmat, her legs around me, as Mommy scooped armfuls of suds over herself and stood. I managed to get to my feet and hold a bug soft towel for her to step into. Auntie rose and unstrapped her harness, handing me the strap-on to wash in the sink. Another bubblebath was readied and Auntie slipped under the suds and Mommy wrapped her hair in a towel and fitted the harness around her hips.

"I think our sissy hasn't had enough, yet. Let's give her another ride," Mommy said quietly but with a twinkle in her eye and a smile on her lips. "I think she needs to help Auntie with her bath, maybe Auntie would like a little tub toy to play with in the suds. You get right in the bath with Auntie, down here at her feet and kneel facing her so you can give her some nice caresses like you gave me."

I obeyed and Auntie smiled from under her blanket of bubbles, cupping and holding her breasts out for my viewing. "Come make Auntie's nipples feel good, honey. That's a good sissy. Oh I so loved fucking your sweet ass. Now you can do Auntie a nice favor, too. Oh yes, such a nice clean tongue. Ooooooo, my my. Don't stop."

Mommy got in behind me and guided the strap-on back inside my well-stretched hole. It went in almost effortlessly. Mommy let her weight carry it all the way to the end, and I pressed my mouth down on Auntie's breast letting her nipple fill my mouth. As I closed my lips around that soft flesh, Mommy began to thrust into me, reawakening the sensations that Auntie had started to build. Soon my hips were moving to meet Mommy's and we were swaying together like we were on a porch rocker. Auntie wrapped her sudsy arm around my neck and buried my face against her breast, twirling a soapy finger in my ear as though she'd forgotten to wash it. I could feel the coming explosion build stronger and stronger with each thrust Mommy gave. I wanted to beg her to go deeper but my face was down on Auntie's slippery breast. Auntie ordered me to suck harder, "Don't you dare stop, sissy!"

Mommy slapped the side of my thigh like she was urging a horse onward – slap slap slap. She slid her other hand underneath my belly and grabbed hold of my balls and cock in a tight grip, tugging on everything with every forward and backward motion. I began to cry muffled screams in the sudsy pillow of Auntie's breast – "yes yes, yes..." I tried to shout. Mommy tightened her grip until it hurt, but still the excitement came surging up to the surface. Then, in a blinding flash of light I bucked and jerked and held onto Auntie like I was going to fall off the face of the earth. She grabbed my ear hard in her fingers. Mommy was panting `oh, oh, oh....my sweet sissy." I didn't want her to stop pushing into me, but I had no more to give and I went limp onto Auntie who held me in her arms and rocked me in the suds as I gasped for breath. My panties were still hobbling me and my nightie was soaked with suds. Mommy stepped out of the tub and I

rolled over onto my back as Auntie wrapped both arms around me. I looked up at mommy towering over me beside the tub with her towel-wrapped hair making her look like a queen.

"I think our sissy is ready for bed. I know I am," said Auntie Ginger.

"Me, too. Lets dry her off and let her be our sweet little cuddle toy for the night, just like old times at the SUD sorority house," Mommy giggled. "We should probably put sissy in her SUD diapers, both for old times' sake and to be sure sissy behaves tonight. I still have those pledge diapers all clean and folded in the closet over there, Ginger – just for such occasions. Could you bring them over here? You'll find a pair of diaper pins with them, I think. Tonight sissy will be our little snuggle cutie now that we've got her all clean and disciplined. I'm sure sissy's learned another lesson today about her choice of vocabulary. But if she hasn't – well, we can always send her off to work with a bar of Camay in her plastic panties. That would solve her worry of a lump showing in her pocket. Hee hee hee I bet she wouldn't want to sit on that lump for a whole day, though. It's back to diapers for you tonight my little SUD sissy pledge." They both smiled approvingly as I blushed once more and let them slip the pink sorority diaper (with the Greek letters "SUD" on the bottom) underneath my pink butt. What was I going to do? I'd already taken enough lumps for one day.