

The BabySitter

By: SoapyOne

Hi, My name is Mark, and I thought this story would interest you. It happened years ago when I was about 12 years old. My mom and dad were out at some party, and they got an older girl to baby-sit me. Her name was Angie. She was about 5 foot tall, blonde hair, blue eyes. She was the object of more than one of my fantasies as I was growing up. Any ways, here is how that night turned out for me.

It was 7:30 P.M. and I was still playing a video game. Angie tried to get my attention, but I ignored her, that is until she interrupted my game, killed my player and basically pissed me off.

“Mark? Mark? Are you listening to me?” Angie basically screamed at me. I have no idea why, I was just playing my game minding my own business.

“Damn it!” I shouted, “Now look what you made me do!” as my character I was playing on the screen dropped to its knees. Its head laid beside its body. “Now I have to start all over!” I yelled at her.

“What did you just say?” Angie asked me.

“I said I have to start over!” I barked at her.

“Not that, before that?” she queried me, like a Nazi SS agent.

“Ah, I said dang it!” I said as a matter of fact.

“No you did NOT!” Angie corrected me. “You said a bad word. Your parents do not allow you to talk like that. I will not allow it either. Now you put that game away, and go take your shower.” She said to me.

I ignored her, and started my game over. No two bit weenie baby-sitter was going to tell me what to do in my house. Angie got up from the couch, walked over to the television, stood in my way, and turned the set off.

“Hey! What did you do that for? I was just...” She cut me off in mid-sentence.

“You were just going to do what I told you, little boy.” Angie said to me, condescendingly. “Now, put that game away, and go take your shower. You might as well get ready and go to bed, because when your mom and dad hear the language that came out of your mouth... I would not want to be you.” She said to me, shaking her head to the negative.

“You want it put up, you put it away!” I yelled as I jumped to my feet and started to stomp out of the living room. “Bitch!” I said, half under my breath.

“What did you call me?” she jumped towards me, and grabbed my arm, and swung me around to meet her gaze. “Did you just call me a Bitch?” she asked me again. You could tell she was a bright light! It did not take me long to realize that what I just said was not the smartest thing I had said lately.

“I’m sorry, I did not mean it. Really, I didn’t!” I pleaded with her. “Please, I won’t say anything like that again. Just don’t tell my mom or dad, please!” I almost started to cry. At least, I hoped that is what it looked like I was about to do.

“Well, OK, if you promise not to ever call me that again. Do you promise?” she asked me.

“Yeah, whatever.” I said, pulling away and I mumbled something to myself.

“Mark, what did you say? Just now, under your breath?” Angie asked me. “Don’t lie to me, either, mister. I heard what you said. “Now, what was that?”

“I said, ‘Yeah, whatever. I should have called you a fucking bitch! You ruined my game.” I said as I pulled loose and ran down the hallway to the bathroom. I slammed the bathroom door, and turned the lock on the handle. It must not have latched either.

Angie must have been stunned by my words, as she stood there for a minute or two. She knew that I had a dirty mouth, but I had never called her a name prior to tonight, and for me, a twelve year old boy, she was not about to let this stand. Especially when Angie was watching me. Angie followed me to the bathroom, and turned the doorknob. The door was unlocked, and she opened it, and walked in on me.

I had just turned on the water to the shower and was standing naked in front of the tub. I heard the door open, and turned to see Angie, and I quickly covered myself with my hands. “What are you doing in here? Get the Hell out!” I shouted.

“No! You called me a name, not only that, but a bad name. Your language is atrocious, and you will need to be taught some manners. Before your parents get home!” Angie cried out at me.

I stood there in me embarrassment, trying to cover myself. I was humiliated at being caught naked by my babysitter. The girl I dreamed of all the time, even in my little fantasies during the day. Her shoulder length blonde hair, and her soft blue eyes, that now looked mean as she glared down at me. Those red lips that I would have loved to have tasted. I realized that through my embarrassment, I was starting to get aroused. I turned to get into the shower.

“Wait a minute, mister! Where do you think you are going?” she demanded of me.

“You told me to take a shower. I was going to take a shower.” I said as a matter of fact.

“I don’t think so!” she scolded me. “Where are your new bars of soap?” she asked me.

“Why?” I asked her.

“Because, you little Markie, are going to pay for that language. The way I see it, you have two choices, and only two.” She taunted me, still angry with me, but she started to take control of the situation. “You can either let me wash your mouth out with soap, or you can explain to your mom and dad why you said every cuss word in the book. I am sure they would love to hear your new vocabulary. Don’t you agree?” she teased me. I knew that I was in a jam now.

“So, where are the new bars of soap?” she asked me again.

“Under the sink. There is Ivory, and a few others, I think.” I said to her, nodding my head towards the bathroom sink.

“Stay right there!” she told me as she reached down and opened the counter. I was able to see her breasts through her loose V-neck sweater. I had not realized that she was not wearing a bra, and that did not help my predicament when she looked up and caught me staring at her breasts. Angie looked down at her breasts, and looked back at me. “Like what you see?” she asked me.

I was speechless. “Uh-humm” I replied. I only dreamed about what her breasts would look like. She was four years older than I was, and my boyhood made no apologies about what I was thinking right then. “Here we are.” Angie said as she quickly reached into the counter under the sink and pulled out three bars of soap. “We have Ivory, Dove, and Dial. What shall we use? Hmm?” she taunted me, placing all three bars on the sink, and she started to run hot water into the sink. “Come here, Markie. I want you to be a good boy, and do what you are told, or else...” she let the last part sink in, and she knew there was no way I wanted my parents to find out what I had said. So, I walked over and stood beside Angie, right in front of the sink. “If you use the pink Dove, you will smell like a girl, and the Dial says not to use internally. So, the choice is yours, Ivory, or Dove?” she asked me with a finality in her voice.

“I don’t know.” I said, thinking quickly, “I really wanted the Dial, but you cannot make me take that, as it says on the package. So, I guess none of them!” I said, lying, trying to weasel out of his predicament.

“If I choose, it will be the Dove. Now! Make a decision. What soap do you want your mouth washed out with?” Angie said the words slowly to allow them to sink in.

“If you want to use Dove, Go ahead and use it. I don’t care!” I said defiantly. Knowing that no matter what, I was going to have to endure this punishment.

“Pink Dove, it is!” she said as she opened the box and dropped the soap into the hot water. “Now, kneel in front of the sink. I do not want to get my sweater wet!” she said.

“Then why not take it off. I mean, I am naked too!” I teased her.

“On your knees, first!” she said. I did as she said, and my face was barely above the top of the sink. “Hands to your sides.” She said. I complied, and my boyhood jumped straight up and slapped against my stomach. My face turned red as I flushed with embarrassment.

“Stay here, I’ll be right back.” Angie said. As she left the bathroom door open, I was on my knees, naked in front of the sink with hot water filling it, and running over the pink Dove soap, making bubbles on the top of the water. I felt a little knot in my stomach, dreading what was about to happen.

Just then, Angie walked back through the door. She stepped up behind me, and pressed her bare stomach and chest against my back. I struggled to turn to my left, and then to my right, to get a good view of her breasts. But Angie’s hands held my face in place. “You will face the front and not turn your head, unless I turn it!” Angie chastised me. I attempted to get a view in the bathroom mirror, but I was just a little too short, and on my knees.

Angie reached for the faucet handles and turned off the water. She then reached into the water and pulled out the pink Dove beauty bar. She rotated the soap in her wet hands, making a lot of lather. She dunked the soap several times, rinsing some of the lather off, but always managing to create more bubbles for me to see.

I enjoyed the feel of her warm skin against my back. I so wanted to take a quick look at her breasts, but I was afraid of what else Angie would tell my parents.

Angie brought the soap to my mouth. I pursed my lips together and decided to fight the onslaught as long as possible. Angie quickly took the lathered up soap, and ran it directly up against my nose, filling my nostrils with lather. She pressed the soap against my lips and started to rub it past them. I tried to breathe through my nose, big mistake, as the burning was intense. I quickly opened my mouth, to breathe, and it was just as quickly filled with the pink Dove. Angie was thorough with washing my tongue. She proceeded to wet the soap and work a rich lather up in my mouth for at least five minutes.

I started to cry, ashamed for myself, my language, and my humiliation. I was truly sorry. How could I make her stop?

With this, Angie took the soap, and dropped the sweet smelling Dove back into the water. “That is for the first cuss word. We still have three more to clean out of your mouth. When you stop sobbing, we will begin again.” She said to me.

I quickly regained my composure, and just as quick Angie had the soap back in her hands, lathering it up again. "Please, Angie, please, no more!" I begged her as soap spit out of my mouth. Bubbles formed on my lips as I pleaded my cause. "I promise, I will be good. No more cuss words, honest!"

"You promise?" she asked me.

"Yes! I promise, cross my heart, hope to die!" I said.

"OK, I will let you off since this is your first soaping. But, if I ever hear you cuss again, or call me any name, you will eat a bar of soap. Do you understand me?" she tormented me by waving the bar of Dove in my face.

"Yes, I agree, anything. I promise!" I said, to get out of the soaping I knew I deserved.

Angie dropped the soap into the sink. "Get your shower, and then get your butt in bed." She said to me as she walked out of the bathroom towards the living room to find her sweater.

"Get your shower and then get your butt in bed!" I said. She must have heard me say it, too. She stopped, and turned in the hallway. She crept quietly back to the bathroom. "Bitch! That is all she is Bitch. Angie the bitch!" I said under my breath, in a low tone. I turned, and horror filled my eyes as I looked into her devilish blues. She had a look on her face that was hard to describe.

"That does it. Back on your knees. I'll show you what a Bitch I can be!" with that Angie grabbed the pink Dove from the sink. She pulled back on my hair, almost pulling out a handful by the roots. I screamed, and found my mouth full of the large bar of Dove. My teeth dug into the soap as I closed my lips around it. "You better bite down on that. Take a bite! Mmmm, good, isn't it?" she taunted me. Chew it up. Take another bite. Swallow, Now!" she barked out her orders. "Bite! Chew! Swallow! Bite! Chew! Swallow!" The orders stayed the same.

I did as she instructed. I knew that I had made a big mistake. And now the knot in my stomach was turning. I felt like I was getting sick. My mouth was burning, my tongue was on fire. Eating a bar of soap was nothing like anything I had experienced in my life. Even the mouth washing was nothing compared to eating it. I thought for sure that I had blisters on my tongue, lips and throat. I kept biting and chewing, and swallowing, as instructed. I pushed Angie's hand away, with about $\frac{1}{4}$ of the bar remaining. I quickly dodged to the toilet, bent over it and threw-up into it. Bubbles and soap. As I turned, Angie handed me a glass of water. I quickly took it, and to my shock, the cold water made the burning both quench and then relit the fire in my mouth.

"You have a quarter of a bar to go. Finish it, NOW!" Angie ordered me. I opened my mouth, I'm sure my pink teeth were showing past the foam. I bit down, knowing that my punishment was almost over... or was it?

Angie reached over me and pulled the little chain up, that allowed the sink to drain. She filled up the glass with warm water. "Here, drink all of this. I will help you." She said, as I quickly took the glass and drank about half down. Then used the remaining water to try and rinse with. It was not the best choice, as she made me swallow that too. I quickly leaned over the toilet again, and threw up streams of soapy water. It is amazing how much bubbly water can come from one glass and a lot of soap. I felt like I was going to be sick.

"Now! Shower time, little boy." Angie said, as she pulled me away from the toilet and towards the tub. Before I knew it, I was in the hot shower, and Angie was right behind me. "We have to make sure the rest of your body gets as clean as your mouth." She said giggling at me.

Before I knew what was happening, Angie was on her knees in the shower, as naked as I was. She took my little cock in her hands and started to play with me. The next thing I knew, she wrapped her lips around my shaft, and within seconds I squirted my spunk into her mouth. She pulled up and then took the soap off the shower ledge, and began washing my privates. It did not take long before I was ready for her again, but she just played with me.

"The next time you call me a name, you will get more than what you got tonight!" she warned me. I was to find out a couple of months later, that she was not joking. I had the hardest time trying to avoid my mom and dad for the next day while my mouth and tongue were slightly swollen. I finally told them that some kid had hit me, and I refused to fight over something stupid. My parents told me they were proud of me for not fighting, but that I was allowed to defend myself.

Please post this on your sight in its entirety, if you want, just please remove my E-mail.

Angie, if you ever read this, I will never forget you, you Bitch!

Mark