

The Game

It happened again last night. I was watching my favorite football team lose miserably, irritated about their lousy season and not really 100% because of the beer. My wife was about, writing out some bills and organizing some things in the kitchen, when she heard me burst out.

"SHIT!" I exclaimed. "Can't these assholes do anything right?" My team had just been intercepted. I didn't even realize what I'd done until I saw her in the doorway.

"I heard that," she said calmly.

"Honey, I um, well, see there was an interception and..." I stammered.

"What are the rules of the house regarding profanity, Eddie?" she asked.

"No cursing," I mumbled.

"Or...?"

"...or I get my mouth washed out with soap, Ma'am," I said, hoping to appease her with my genuine display of humility.

"And what else...?" she persisted.

"... and a sound spanking, Ma'am. I'm sorry, really. I thought.."

"You THOUGHT," she interrupted "that I wouldn't hear you. I did. You broke the rules. Now upstairs, Mister. MARCH!"

"But, Honey, the game..." I protested, meekly.

"DON'T 'But Honey' me Mr. Foul-Mouth! Get upstairs and into the bathroom for your punishment." she insisted.

There was no talking my way out of this one. I slowly got up and walked past her, fully expecting the swat that she landed on my ass. I jumped, but Betty caught me by my ear and twisted it sharply.

"Let's go," she ordered through her clenched teeth. Up the stairs she dragged me, into the hall bathroom, where she let go and instructed me to get undressed. "I'll be right back and you'd better be ready," she told me.

Not wanting to incur her wrath any more, I immediately dropped my jeans and boxers to the floor. I was already aroused, anticipating the punishment that I dreaded but also relished. As I waited there, I couldn't help but stare at the bar of "punishment soap" that

Betty displayed so readily on the vanity. It was a personal size bar of pink Camay (which I always had to buy at the local grocery store; another little mind trip that my wife liked to play). It was a little worn down from previous sessions, but still a formidable bar. I studied it. I could see the teeth marks along the surface that had been made by me several weeks ago. Next to the soap dish was a white washcloth with pink flowers on it - Betty always kept the same washcloth next to the punishment soap.

It seemed like an eternity that I stood there, waiting for my inevitable fate. Finally, I heard her coming up the stairs, and my heartbeat doubled. In she walked, calmly, not even looking at me as she headed straight for the soap. She picked it up, turned on the faucet and began working it into a lather with her hands. She smiled; she knew I was watching. She turned it over and over, rubbing and caressing the soap into a thick lather. When it was good and soapy, she grabbed the washcloth and wrapped it around the bar, again rubbing until the suds dripped through and splashed in the sink. I swear, it was the soapiest washcloth I'd ever seen!

She looked at me. "Now," she said. "What were those dirty words I heard in my living room, young man?"

"Ma'am, I...". It was no use.

"SAY IT, POTTY-MOUTH!!" she ordered.

"Shit..." I said softly, knowing it was what she wanted to hear and knowing what was coming next.

"And what else?" she continued, mercilessly.

"Assholes...". I said, barely discernable.

"I thought as much. OPEN!" she commanded. Before I could even get my mouth halfway open, the soapy washcloth was jammed between my lips, suds spraying all over my face and chest. She shoved until the cloth was buried in my mouth and my cheeks bulged.

Then she pushed the rag in and out, forcing the suds to spray out from between my lips with each thrust. I felt the overwhelming nausea as I involuntarily swallowed a large dose of soapsuds.

"There," she said smiling. "This is what happens to foul-mouthed little boys who like to use dirty words! Do you like that? Do you enjoy getting your mouth soaped, you bad boy? Because this is what's going to happen EVERY time I hear those words. Do you understand?"

I nodded yes. Tears filled my eyes and my throat burned. I desperately wanted to rinse.

"I can't hear you," she said. "Do you understand?" She stopped scrubbing for a moment and removed the washcloth.

"Yes, Ma'am" I said. As I answered, a flurry of fine bubbles sprang off of my lips and filled the air.

"Good. Now you'll take the rest of your punishment and hopefully you'll remember not to use those words ever again." With that, she reached for the bar of Camay that sat in the soap dish. I opened my mouth reflexively as she shoved the bar all the way back, scraping it along my teeth as it went. Little soap shavings fell from the bar and landed on the back of my tongue. I had no choice but to swallow them.

"Now bend over, Eddie, and don't you dare let that soap out of your mouth until I tell you," she ordered. I bent over the sink, as instructed. Then it began.

"If I ever <SMACK> hear that kind of language <SMACK> coming out of your mouth <SMACK> again young man <SMACK> you can rest assured that <SMACK> you will find yourself <SMACK> right back here again getting your mouth <SMACK> scrubbed out with soap <SMACK>! And next time <SMACK> I think I'll use something a little less 'gentle' <SMACK>."

She straightened me up looked at me. "Maybe you'd like me to wash your mouth out with a little AJAX dish soap next time?" she asked.

I shook my head NO, the bar of Camay still firmly in place.

"How about some laundry soap, then? You know, TIDE does a wonderful job cleaning my clothes. Maybe it'd help clean those filthy words out of your mouth!" she said, laughing.

"Uh-uh," I muttered around the soap, suds dripping off my chin.

"Are you sure?" she asked, coyly. "I think I've got some COMET here under the sink somewhere. Would you like me to scrub your mouth like I scrub out the tub? Hmmm?" She gave the bar of Camay that was in my mouth a little shake, then she pulled it out.

"No, please," I said, suds flying. "I've learned my lesson, really. No more soap. No more swearing. I promise." A large bubble flew off my lips at the word 'promise'. It floated toward Betty, and she popped it with her long, painted fingernail.

"Let's see to it that you keep that promise this time, young man," she said. Then she smiled "Now here's some water. Rinse out and then it's straight to bed for you, naughty boy."

She filled a small glass half full with water, which I greedily guzzled and spit. I handed it back to her, hoping for more, but she simply dried it with a hand towel and placed it

back on the vanity, next to the well-lathered bar of soap. "Bed time now, Eddie. You ARE ready for bed, aren't you?" she asked. I knew what she was getting at. Betty was staring at my cock, which was fully erect from the punishment. She looked up at me with that evil look in her eye.

"Tsk, ts. Young man, you are pathetic. A simple lesson on the evils of profanity and you can't even keep from getting aroused." She toyed with me, knowing full well how stimulating these sessions were, despite the humiliation, guilt, and shame.

"Just look at that thing," she continued. "Well, you might as well get it over with. If you think you're going to poke me in the back with that thing all night, you're sadly mistaken. Now get on with it, and it had better be over in under a minute. I don't have all night!"

This was the part that I dreaded. Betty meant to have me masturbate, right there in front of her. And what was worse, she was timing me!

I reached down and began stroking. I was embarrassed. Sure, I masturbated all the time, and Betty knew it, but usually it was in the bathroom with the door locked, or while she was at the grocery store, or getting her nails done. She knew I didn't like doing it in front of her.

"Thirty seconds," she said.

I had to concentrate. I knew there'd be more punishment in store for me if I didn't finish, and that sent a shock wave of excitement down my spine and into my groin. I rubbed faster and faster.

"Fifteen seconds, mister," Betty said. "Maybe a little more soap in your mouth will convince you that I mean business."

That did it. As she reached for the Camay, my dick exploded and I spilled my seed into the sink.

"Better not get any of that on my countertop, mister, or you'll be licking it up like a dog!" Betty shouted. But my aim was good. I sighed relief.

Betty had enjoyed it, too, although she wasn't letting on. She loved watching me play with myself, responding to her every command. "May I rinse again, please Ma'am?" I asked.

"I suppose so, Eddie. But then its straight to bed for you. Understand?"

"Yes, Ma'am," I said. "Thank you, Ma'am."

I decided to read about the game in tomorrow's paper...

THE END

little eddie