

The Mother of All Mouthsoaping Tales

(By: Joly42)

Well, boys and girls, here we go again... The same disclaimers as always apply. There's no sex here, so all you perverts go elsewhere. LOL This is a mouth soaping(s) story. No more, no less. And, as the Cryptkeeper once said... "Parental guidance is suggested. So, guide your parents out of the room and we can have some fun!"

It was Saturday afternoon at Linda Green's house which meant, as always, that it was "ladies' day". "Ladies' Day" basically meant that Linda and her friends gathered at her house to get away from their kids, work, lives, etc., and just have some fun. Sometimes they drank, sometimes not. Sometimes they'd rent a movie, sometimes not. Other days, they'd play poker or Monopoly or some other time-burner with Parker Bros. or Milton Bradley stamped on the box. The five of them had just sat down at the table in Linda's basement to decide what to do that day when Linda's son Ronnie came down looking for his Batman figure.

"Ron, you know better than to come down here during Mommy Time." Linda reminded him.

"I know, but I was looking for my Batman. Do you know where he is?" Ron was a sharp little kid, but also terribly disorganized, as nine-year-olds tend to be.

"Did you check the car?"

"Yeah, it's not in the car." Ron said, looking agitated. "Are you sure?"

"Yes!" Ronnie was a little angry at this point. Linda's friends tried to talk amongst themselves, obviously feeling awkward.

"I thought I saw it in the car..." Linda thought out-loud. "No Mom, it's not in the damn car!" Ronnie shouted as he ran back up the stairs. The six mothers sat for a second or two quietly.

Finally, Stacy spoke up. "I don't mean to put my nose where it doesn't belong, but you let him talk to you like that?"

Linda, a little embarrassed, said "Well, I don't know what to do about it. I've grounded him and he no longer gets an allowance..."

Kim piped up. "I'd wash his little mouth out with soap. That'd stop it real fast." This was followed by murmurs of agreement from the other moms.

"Oh, I've never really believed it that. I thought it was kind of antiquated. Is that what you guys do?", Linda asked. This was followed by nodding or some kind of verbal confirmation by the four others. "Really? So, now I'm curious... What did you guys do?" And then, story time began...

Kim's Story

"We were doing homework about a month or so ago and Magnus, who's 7 now, in case any of you have lost track, was trying to get through his math assignment. And I mean, he was just having a terrible time of it... Anyway, he got frustrated with me and sassed off at me. Well, you guys know I won't put up with that, and I marched his little butt to the bathroom. Well, he's crying and not wanting to hold still for me, so I tell him if he doesn't take his punishment, I'll have his dad do it when HE gets home. That calmed him down real quick, until, that is, I grabbed that bar of Ivory soap and started to lather it up real good. Now I've done this at least once which each of my older ones, too, and one thing is always the same... There's that moment, where it really sinks in, what's about to happen, and they FREAK out. My oldest was calm as a cucumber until I held the soap up to his mouth and he realized I was really gonna do it. Anyway, Magnus closed his mouth real tight like, so I pinched his nose shut and waited from him to open his mouth. When he did, I slid that soap right in.

Now, normally, I'd just make him hold it there for a few minutes, but he'd really given me a hard time, so I started scrubbing the inside of his mouth. I told him, while I did it that it was for his own good and that I was washing every nook and cranny of his mouth so he'd think twice next time. I rubbed that soap around in his mouth for a good several minutes, making sure to really soap up his tongue, cheeks, what have you. When I thought he'd had enough, I took the soap out, and, out of curiosity, looked in his mouth. It was COVERED in soap. His tongue, gums, EVERYTHING was pure, Ivory, WHITE. I never let mine rinse, of course, so he did the rest of his homework with his mouth full of Ivory. He hasn't sassed me since."

Betty's Story

"Mine swore at school just the other day. Yeah. I got a call from his teacher, Ms... Umm...."

"That one that looks like Jewel?" Linda interrupted. "Yeah, that's the one. Anyhow, she called and told me he'd said 'the A word' on the playground and that she'd washed his mouth out rather than sending him to the principal's office, and that she hoped that was ok. I said it was, after all, he'd had it coming for a long time. I'd told him

to watch it several times, and I guess I should have gotten the soap sooner. In any event he gets home and I point him in the direction of my bathroom. After all, I wanted him to know that I wasn't going to let him get away with it anymore either. Well, I almost looked real stupid. I was so mad I hadn't stopped to realize that I hadn't gone to the store yet and I didn't have any bar soap. Well, I look around the bathroom and grab the first thing I see. Now, as I said, I was mad and didn't want to lose face, I guess..."

"Just spit it out. What'd you do?" Kim asked, fascinated. "I grabbed my white puffy sponge and my Olay body wash and used it. I mean, I figure it's the same as any other soap, right? So, I lathered up the sponge over the sink and put it right in his mouth. I washed and washed and washed until his entire face from the nose down had disappeared behind mountains of bubbles. I had to try really hard not to laugh. I let him rinse, but only a little. He said he could still taste it two days later. I asked if it made him think about swearing a little more and he said yes. That's good enough for me. If I hear it again, I'll wash his mouth, just like before."

Stacy's story

"You guys still let yours off easy... When little Edward swears, which is on occasion, I let him have it. The first time he did it, I told him he'd regret it if he did it again. Well, he did, so I went to the bathroom and got my Camay soap. I got it nice and wet and took it to his room, where he was, and told him to take a bite of it. He knew I meant it, so scraped his teeth on it, but I said that wasn't enough, that he had better take a bite of it, or I'd get the hairbrush, too. So he takes a bite of it and immediately spits it out. 'Uh-uh', I said, and told him to take another bite and to hold it this time. He did, and I told him to chew it up. I said I didn't want to see anything in his mouth but pink mush when he opened it. She he chewed and chewed and kept making these awful faces and finally he opened his mouth and sure enough, it looked almost like liquid soap. He'd chewed it all up. I let him spit and rinse, but it didn't do any good, because it was in his teeth for days. Anytime he'd brush or eat, it'd start to lather up again. It didn't stop him, though, and it's an almost monthly ritual. But I'm not going to stop. He'll learn not to talk like that in my house."

Natalie's Story

"To tell you guys the truth, I've never had to do it to my kids. The girls have never had potty mouths, and hopefully they never will. But, when I was... Oh, about 16, I guess... <giggle> I did get the little kid next door."

"Judy's little brother?!", Stacy exclaimed, "Whatever happened to him, anyway?"

"Oh, he went to med school. He's a doctor on child psychology or something. So anyway, he was always being a little brat and calling me dirty words or names or

whatever. I tried to ignore it, and hoped he'd stop, but he never did. Well, one day he caught me just in the wrong mood to put up with it. He called me a bitch and I got so mad I ran in the house and found a bar of Irish Spring. I ran back outside and found him in his back yard. I jumped on top of him and he was like, 'what are you doing?' and while he was hollerin' away, I stuck that Irish Spring right in his mouth and started scrubbing. He was screaming and spitting and kicking, but I was a big girl back then, and he was trapped under me. He kept cursing me and I kept telling him, the more he swore, the more I'd do it, that I'd do it all night if I had to. Well, he tossed and turned his head, but I got a good grip on his cheeks and held him tight while I ran that soap in and out of his mouth. He fought and swore some more so I kept scraping it on his teeth and sticking it the back of his throat, which would make him gag. I guess it must have been his spit, but whatever it was, it lathered really well, considering I hadn't even stopped to wet it. Finally, I figured he got the idea and he stopped cursing and screaming, but I was having too much fun getting back at him and kept soaping his mouth for a long while. But then I heard something a couple of years ago, that struck me as odd... An ex-girlfriend of his said he had asked her to wash his mouth out one time while they were in bed. Do you suppose it's possible to like, have a fetish for getting your mouth washed out?" The other moms looked at each other for for a moment, then gave responses such as "Naah" or "No, don't be silly."

Linda's story

or...

The Conclusion

"Well, I must say," Linda said, "You guys have been enlightening, to say the least." Suddenly the sound of footsteps were heard coming down the stairs. It was Ronnie again.

"Mom, I still can't find my Batman! How 'bout you quit talking to your stupid friends for a minute and help me, goddammit!?" The five mothers looked at Ronnie dumbfounded. Linda then found herself in the spotlight as she noticed all of her friends were staring at her. She got up, walked to Ronnie, and grabbed him by the ear. Holding it tight she dragged him upstairs to her bathroom with him saying "Ow ow ow ow." all the way. She shut the bathroom door behind them once they were in. "I can't believe you just said that. Boy are you going to regret it." Linda walked over to her cabinet and got an unopened bar of Dove soap. She turned on the sink and let the water run while she opened up the little box the Dove came in. She set it on the counter and grabbed a washrag.

"Mom, what are you doing?" Ronnie asked nervously. "Son," Linda replied, trying to stay calm. "Son, you have a dirty mouth. I'm going to take this bar of soap and wash all the dirtiness right out of it."

"You can't do that!" Ronnie yelled.

"Yes, I can do that," Linda said as she wet the washcloth and started to lather it with the Dove. "And you're going to let me. Or it'll be worse."

Ronnie was getting scared. "No way in hell!"

"That's two. You'll get it twice now. Want more?" "Dammit Mom...!"

"That's three." Linda said as she pushed the well soaped washcloth in Ronnie's mouth and started to thoroughly wash all around. Ronnie gagged on the bitter taste of Dove. Linda washed all around his mouth, getting the tongue, gums and even the roof of his mouth. Every now and again, she'd withdraw the washrag, put more Dove on it, the once again give all of his mouth a thorough washing. Ronnie squirmed and felt the soap making it's way down his throat. Finally Linda allowed him to rinse. Ronnie rinsed for a couple of minutes and started to leave, thinking it was over. Linda stopped him.

"Not so fast, mister. I told you you were going to get it three times and I meant it." She grabbed her Softsoap dispenser off the counter and pumped several pumps of soap onto her hands. "Open up," she said as she pushed her fingers into his mostly closed mouth and started to once again lather every part of Ronnie's mouth. She ran her fingers all around the inside of his mouth, being careful not to poke him with her long red nails. She stopped and once again picked up the soap dispenser. "OPen all the way... Wider." Once Ronnie had gathered the courage to do as his mother said, she proceeded to pump Softsoap into his mouth. One pump. Two pumps. Three. Four. Linda pumped Softsoap into Ronnie's mouth into it was nearly overflowing. There wasn't even room for Linda's fingers. She told him to hold his mouth closed until she got back. She walked over to the shower. As she looked for something, Ronnie sat there with his mouth completely full of liquid soap. It tasted

horrible. He assumed that it was because it was the Aloe Vera kind, though he really didn't have a basis for comparison. When Linda came back with a bottle of Finesse shampoo, she let Ronnie once again rinse. It was to no avail, though, as no matter how much he rinsed and spit, he could still taste Softsoap. When he was done, he stood quietly, ready for his final punishment. Linda smiled as she put a dab of the white liquid on her fingers. "Somtimes you need a little finesse," she said, "Somtimes you need a lot. Open up." Ronnie did, reluctantly, and Linda squirted in a good amount of the shampoo. As his mother lathed the foul tasting liquid in his mouth with her fingers, Ronnie thought about how much he hated his mom's friend and how he was sure as hell never going to swear in front of his mom again. And how much he HATED her friends.