

Visit To Governess

During a business trip, I had the weekend free in San Francisco. I went to a large Walgreen's pharmacy to get supplies for a simple fantasy. With a basket in hand, I found the bar soap aisle and began assessing their stock. Lost in thought, I didn't notice a woman standing slightly behind me. After placing a three pack of Dove, then Camay, and Caress in the basket, I backed up to continue to peruse. I bumped into her, tripping from the surprise. The basket dropped and I fell back against her chest. Catching myself before I fell completely, but not before I felt her strong arms wrap around me, supporting me against her body.

Quickly gaining my balance and picking up the basket, I turned and said, "I'm sorry, I didn't notice you there, please excuse my..." Her eyes stopped my sentence short. She was absolutely gorgeous with long blond hair and a commanding, nurturing presence. I was mesmerized.

She moved close, her eyes riveted on mine, and as she placed a four pack of Ivory into my basket, she said, "If you're trying out different soaps, you must include Ivory, it's one of my favorites."

I blushed, as I tried to think of an explanation for the varied and large amounts of soap in my basket. I said, "Oh, uh, these, just stocking up, I guess. Again, I apologize."

She maintained her poise and control, "Here on business?"

"Yes," I answered without thinking, further incriminating myself. "Well, uh, I better let you continue your shopping. Thank you and have a nice evening."

I moved quickly to another aisle, wondering what she was thinking and glancing at the Ivory she placed in my basket. I looked at some pacifiers; then found the laundry/dish detergents. I put a bottle of Ivory Liquid and a box of Ivory Snow into my basket. I turned to notice her walking towards me.

She could easily sense my embarrassment. Ignoring my blushing, she took a large bottle of Dawn from the shelf, handed it to me saying, "Dawn is excellent for maintaining mounds of suds no matter what you're washing."

I nonchalantly replied, "Really?"

"Absolutely, and while nothing's as gentle on delicates as Ivory Snow, Tide is great for that really thorough washing that's necessary now and then." She placed them both in my basket.

"Thanks for the suggestions, I'll give them a try."

She continued, as if discussing a recipe, "You'll have to tell me how you like them, I've always been pleased with the results I've gotten."

In somewhat of a hurry to avoid any more embarrassment, I said, "Sure, I'll let you know, but we probably won't see each other again anytime soon. Thanks again."

I headed for another isle, momentarily losing her. I wandered to the magazines and when I thought the coast was clear, I proceeded to the incontinent isle. I had only purchased adult diapers once before, but being far from home, gained the nerve for this last purchase. I glanced at the products, reading some labels, oblivious to my surroundings.

From behind me, an all-too-familiar, entrancing voice said, "Depends are your best choice."

I knew I was turning red, but maintained my calm and said, "If I didn't know better, I'd think you've been following me."

Without dropping a beat, she whispered back, "And if I didn't know better, I'd think you're preparing for a regression to that innocent, little boy inside you. The soaps for a nice, hot bubble bath and the diapers for an escape from the pressures of business life, even if just for a little while." She paused giving me a chance to object, when I didn't she continued, "If I'm correct in my thinking, you may say `Yes, Governess.'"

Almost hypnotized, I quietly responded, "Yes, Governess."

She stepped in front of me, her tender eyes were comforting, "Good boy, what shall the Governess call you, little one?"

"Bill...but I probably..." She placed a finger over my lips, stopping my futile protest.

She continued, "As a Governess, I understand these needs and know that all little boys require expert care once in a while. It's clear that I know what is best for you, so I'll hear no arguments." She was so enrolling, calm and unwavering in her logic. I stood there, saying nothing. "Good, now, here's what we're going to do. You'll pay for your items and we'll go straight to my nursery where I'll take good care of you."

I said, "But I should..."

She stopped me again, her tone changed, becoming more controlling, saying, "You should do as you're told, unless you want me to correct your behavior right here in the store, now let's go young man."

I paused a moment but her eyes suggested otherwise, so I proceeded to the checkout counter. I was self-conscious with her right behind me. She stood with me in line and supervised as I emptied my basket. The pretty cashier sensed my embarrassment as

she was ringing the items. She said, "My, with all this soap, someone's going to be doing a lot washing, huh?"

The Governess looked at me and smiled, replying, "Most certainly."

We left the store and she took me by the arm to her car. She opened the back door and buckled me into the seat, saying, "It's just a short distance, so just relax." I kept wondering if I should I continue or make up an excuse to leave. All too quickly, we arrived at her Victorian home. I tried the door, but discovered that it wouldn't open. She opened it for me and said, "We're here. Now, into the house so I can take a closer look at you." Before I could hesitate, she led me by the hand to her spacious nursery, which was very well equipped. I heard the door lock behind me.

"Bill, there is only one simple rule in the nursery and it is: Little boys do as they are told, immediately and without question. By following this rule, your time here can be quite pleasant and a refreshing escape from reality. However, infractions earn progressively stricter consequences, until compliance occurs. If you understand, say, `Yes, Governess."

I replied, quietly, "Yes, Governess."

"Good choice, now off with these clothes." She quickly undressed me and as I stood naked, she circled me slowly. "An immediate and thorough washing is in order, then I'll acquaint you with your schedule." She was in the bathroom for a few minutes; I heard water running in the tub as I looked at the décor of the room. She returned and buckled a strap around my waist. She said, "For your first bath, I think it's best to secure those little hands." The strap held some Velcro cuffs which she locked around my hands. "This will help compliance and make it easier for me to wash you."

"I think I'm clean, I showered this morning," I said as I somewhat tested my bonds.

The Governess looked deep into eyes and said, "You're first infraction and so soon? I was very specific when I said, `without question.' I'll deal with this when you are in the tub. Now off you go." Her tone wasn't angry, just secure in knowing the eventual outcome. She followed me into the bathroom. I saw a half-empty bottle of Dawn as the tub filled with suds. Several bars of soap lined the tub. I paused when I saw what was in store for me. Strong hands guided me by the shoulders toward the tub. "Into the tub without hesitation, unless you wish to earn another infraction." I eased into the hot water. She continued, "You'll find my standards for cleanliness are quite high and I am very diligent in my methods to get you clean to those standards. I'll start with your face and work my way down."

She took a new bar of Camay, dipped it into the water and began to sensuously bring it to a rich lather. She held my head with one hand and with the other slowly rubbed the bar of soap all over my face. She repeated this process several times. Soon, my face was completely covered with suds. She was very patient, deliberate in her scrubbing,

casually describing the process. If this was an example of her standards for cleanliness, I was in for the washing of my life.

Finally, she stopped scrubbing my face. She lathered the Camay once again, saying, "It is time to address your first infraction. Open your mouth, Bill." She held the frothy Camay ready. I looked at her in disbelief and she said, "Your hesitation is another infraction."

I opened my mouth and she quickly pushed the bar of soap deep inside. Holding my head firmly in her free hand, she expertly worked the Camay around, in and out of my mouth. She re-lathered it several times, each time, patiently going about her business of soaping me without mercy. On each removal, I sought to expel some of the suds, but she countered by scooping the excess with the bar and inserting it again saying, "Hold that Camay right where it is, Bill. Those suds won't do any good unless they stay in there. I'll use a nice new bar of Dove for that second infraction."

As I held the Camay, she lathered a bar of Dove and began the same procedure on my helpless mouth. She diligently continued her scrubbing and then, as she pushed my lower jaw into the soft sudsy bar, she said, "Now, to continue with your bath. That Dove will stay where it is until I remove it. Perhaps a sudsy mouth will remind you of the rule you have broken twice. I'm confident you'll learn the appropriate behavior, given enough time...and soap." She smiled as she looked down at me.

She took a new bar of Caress and began to slowly wash the rest of my body. She described her actions, oblivious to my struggles with the mounds of suds that billowed from my mouth on every exhalation. After soaping every inch of me, she said, "I need to wash the dirtiest part of you, this will require some extra scrubbing." She took the bottle of Dawn and doused my penis, which caused me to squirm. She paused, looking me seriously in the eyes and said, "Bill, you already have two infractions, do I need to coat that bar of Dove with some Dawn?"

I moaned a no and stopped moving.

She said, "Good choice." She worked the Dawn into a thick lather, periodically adding more Dawn and sprinkles of hot water to keep the texture of the suds to her liking. I climaxed and collapsed.

She said, "You've climaxed in the wash water, that means another washing's in order, but now it's naptime."