

Working for the Weekend

(By SoapyOne)

He came home from work at the usual time. He stepped thru the door and smell dinner cooking on the stove. He walked up the stairs leading to the main living quarters in their split foyer home.

"Hi babe, how was your day?" he asked as he kissed his lovely wife and mistress.

"It was good, we stayed pretty busy today." she said. "And, how was yours?" she asked him.

"Not bad, things went pretty smooth for the most part. Fixed a few computer problems and worked on a few projects. The next thing I knew, it was time to come home." he said as he smiled at her and propped his laptop up against the wall near the table.

"That's good." she said as she grabbed his hand and walked him over to the sink. "What is this?" she asked him pointing to the dishes from last evenings supper that he didn't wash, dry and put away.

"Those are dishes that I forgot to do." he said looking at them, then at her and putting his head down as he finished.

"That is right, you better drop your head." she chastised him. She pulled his hand and he followed her into the bedroom. "And, what is that?" she said pointing at a basket full of dirty clothes that had been piling up for the week.

"That is our laundry that I didn't get done. I'm sorry, I was planning on doing the laundry tomorrow." he said.

"You're sorry alright, not half as sorry as you are going to be!" she exclaimed. "I will not tolerate you being lazy. These are your chores, you asked to do them, so you will keep up with them. Do you understand me?" she questioned him raising his head up with her index finger bent under his chin.

"Yes." he replied.

She struck him with an open palm on the side of his face. He had always asked her to be more forceful in her discipline and not hold back. This took him by surprise, though.

"Yes? Yes what?" she demanded of him.

"Ow!" he almost protested as he started to raise his hand to his face and quickly brought it back down. "Yes Ma'am!" he quickly replied.

"That is better, but you should have said it right the first time. That is three strikes mister! You are in for it now." she said pulling him into the hall and then into the bathroom.

He saw the sink full of water with a couple of bars of soap sitting on their boxes or wrappers and a thick washcloth. Taking a quick glance around, he noticed a bottle of dishwashing liquid on the shelf and a red two quart enema bag hanging from the shower rod, almost bursting from how full it was.

He started to protest but she just put her finger to his lips and shushed him. She pulled off his tie, unbuttoned his shirt and unbuckled his pants. He stepped out of his shoes as she worked on removing his buckle. He slid the shirt off knowing better than to resist and stepped out of his pants and underwear as she pulled them down around his ankles.

She put her hands lightly on his shoulders and he knelt down on his knees. He was starting to get excited at being dominated by her and at the thought of having her give him a little punishment. Not that he could do anything about it, being locked in a CB3000 chastity device that she bought him for his birthday.

She reached into the water and pulled out a bar of soap, it appeared to be Camay, although it was starting to change to a lighter pink due to the soaking in the water. She ran her finger over the soap leaving a trail in the soap. Then she let the soap plop back into the water. The steam rising out of the sink steaming up the mirror a little.

She stepped behind him and ran her fingers down the crack of his ass. Finding his nether region she pushed her soapy finger into him. He flinched and his sphincter muscles tightened around her finger. She pulled out abruptly and looked at her finger. She reached over to the bag hanging on the shower curtain rod. She pulled the hose and nozzle from the hole they were sitting in and unsnapped the clip to allow a little water to flow over her finger that had soap on it a couple of seconds prior. She snapped the clip shut and ran her finger over the nozzle soaping it a little bit.

She stepped behind him and pushed the nozzle into his soap covered hole and before he could let out a gasp of air, he heard the snap of the clip on the hose and felt the first rush or very hot water entering him. He shifted his position a couple of times as the water flooded into his bowels.

She washed her hands thoroughly with the Camay making a mound of lather. Then she shoved the bar into his waiting mouth and worked it over his teeth and tongue. Scraping in and out. First scraping in on his lower teeth and out on his upper teeth, then she reversed the scraping and scraped the Camay in on his upper teeth and out on his lower teeth. She reversed the soap in her hand so the un-scraped side was facing him and she began the scraping of the soap across his teeth all over again. It didn't occur to him for a few minutes, that she wasn't going to scrub his mouth out right away. She was shaving the soap down as far as the mushy bar would allow her to first.

She pulled the smaller bar of Camay out of his mouth and pushed his lower jaw up until his mouth closed. "You sit there and enjoy that while I go eat my dinner." she taunted him. "When the bag is empty, you may join me in the kitchen and do the dishes. You will wash them, dry them and put them away before you dare speak to me again, not to mention it is impolite to talk with your mouth full."

He looked up at her and then down at his extended member inside it's plastic prison and then back up at her.

"Why you looking up at me?" she asked him. "It's not like you're getting released from that for the entire weekend. And if you piss me off one more time, I will drop the keys into the garbage disposal while it is running. That should mess them up real good. Let's see you get that Master lock off then." she chided and spun around and slipped out of the bathroom, dropping her head back to get a good look at him as she scooted out.

He was contemplating his predicament when his belly reminded him with a loud grumble and a cramp to check the bag. It was now empty. He reached back and clamped the clip shut and stood up with another cramp hitting his bowels and belly. He paused, not wanting to make a mess on the bathroom floor, as he knew he would be the one cleaning it up.

He took the nozzle out and held it over the toilet, wishing it was him over the toilet instead of the hose and nozzle. He allowed the hose and nozzle to hang into the tub and he quickly joined her in the kitchen with his mouth seemingly half full of Camay shavings and his lips bulging from the Camay stuck to the inside and outside of his teeth.

He started running hot water into the sink and added some Palmolive Wild Berry dish soap.

"More!" she said as he squeezed the bottle. "More!" she prodded him along. "I said MORE! I want more soap in there! Don't make me say it again." she scolded him as he unscrewed the cap and poured the soap out of the bottle in gulps into the sink.

"That's perfect!" she said. He quickly lifted the bottle and screwed the cap on. He must have squeezed and poured four ounces or more into the sink for a few dishes.

'What a waste!' he thought to himself.

Almost as if she was reading his mind she stepped up behind him and reached between his legs feeling his ass again. "Stay right there, don't move and don't put any dishes in the sink yet." She ordered him as she walked down the hallway toward the bathroom.

She returned a few seconds later with the red enema bag, the re-softened bar of Camay and a large butt plug. He knew he was not going to enjoy this.

She reached into the cupboard and pulled down a large sixteen ounce glass and dipped it into the sink. Raising up a nice hot soapy glass of water with a large white head on it. She sat the glass down on the sink and laughed when she saw the fear in his eyes. She proceeded to open the bag by unscrewing the end of the hose cap that was in the bag.

"Oh, the poor baby was afraid that this was for him to drink?" she cooed. "Well, you might get your wish if you are lucky." she said, as she poured the glass of hot soapy Palmolive water into the bag. It took just over four large glasses to fill the bag, and fill it she did. She capped the bag and hung it on a hook that is used for her brass pots and pans.

She slipped the hose nozzle easily into his ass and released the clip. This was allowing another two quarts to start to flow into his already bulging bowels. She pressed the clip to slow the flow of the water.

"That will give it time to mix with the first bag. Now, if you finish the dishes before the bag empties, you will have to drink this!" she said as she dipped the glass into the sink full of soapy water and filled it again. "Awe, What the Hell! Drink it anyways. You had better have it completely gone without pouring it out into the sink before the bag empties or you will be sorry!" she snapped.

He was now in almost agony. His ass slowly filling with more hot soapy water and the cramps were almost non-stop at this point. his mouth was starting to burn and...

"Open up!" she ordered. He had no sooner got the thought about his mouth and lips starting to burn when she shoved the bar of Camay into his mouth and with a roll of Duct Tape secured it in place. Ensuring not to cover his nose, so he could breathe.

"I know, I know!" she said, raising the glass of soapy water to his tape covered mouth and setting it down. "I thought of that too." she giggled as she took a small paring knife and cut a little slit in the tape where the soap bulged out. Using the soap to ensure she didn't cut his lips.

She then reached over on the counter and pulled up a plastic tube a little more than a foot and a half long and pushed one end thru the slit in the tape and the other into the glass. She raised the glass up and placed it on a shelf above the sink, above his head.

"Now, once you start drinking the flow will continue due to gravity. You could use your tongue to stop the flow of water, but the hose is above the Camay and your tongue is lodged below it, and neither the two shall meet. Enjoy your dinner." she said as she pointed to the dishes. "You better get started on those, they are not going to do themselves. If you think this is bad, wait until we start on the laundry." she pushed the large butt plug into his ass with the hose nozzle still in there and unsnapped the clip one more level.

"When I finish my meal, I will unsnap another level on the clip. Unless of course, the dishes are washed, dried and put away... which will be impossible, since I will still have the plate that I am eating on. Poor baby, a no-win scenario." she laughed as she sat down.

He was sweating, from the heat in his bowels and the steam from the sink in the kitchen where he stood naked performing his chore from the night before. The cramping was now continuous and with the large plug in, there was no way to release it. Then it happened, the plug started to vibrate. Sending waves through his bowels and mixing the soapy water around inside him, at least that is the thought that went through his mind.

He looked over at her as he placed the dishes into the sink and ran rinse water in the other sink. She was playing with the wireless control for the butt plug as she took a bite of her food. She picked up another item and let it dangle in front of his gaze.

"This is a special gift for you, my love!" she said with a smirk. "It attaches to your testicles and locks onto your cage. When you need correction, ZAP! Electro-shock therapy where it will do the most good and we get to test it out while you are doing the laundry by hand in the tub. If you do a good job, I will let you take all of the laundry downstairs and wash it again and then allow you to put it in the dryer, one load at a time."

"How is your Camay, dear?" she asked him as he turned to work on the dishes knowing that was his only way to get any relief.

"Hmps mmd" he tried to say it was good but the soap and tape would only allow what she heard.

"That's good, but you really shouldn't talk with your mouth full. Start drinking your water." she said.

He started sucking on the hose and before he knew it the water was flowing into his mouth at a rate which he almost couldn't keep up with. As the bitter sweet taste of the Palmolive Wild Berry (Strawberry, he thought), and Camay went across his palate, he thought he was going to barf. Then another agonizing cramp and the buzzing in his ass continued.

He had tears in his eyes and she couldn't tell if it was from the drink, the double enema the Camay or all three, so she asked him. "What is the matter babe? Is the enema too much?"

He shook his head no.

"Is it the Camay soap, too harsh?" she asked.

Again, he shook his head no.

"The soapy drink? To much soap?"

Again, the same response.

"The plug, was it to large or hurting you? she asked starting to get concerned she may have gone too far.

He shook his head no again.

"Are you in too much pain, do you want me to stop punishing you?" she questioned him.

He looked at her and shook his head no, again.

"You want me to continue with what I am doing to you?" she asked in amazement.

He shook his head yes this time.

She could barely believe her eyes. She was literally cleansing his body from the inside and he was crying tears of happiness? What was she going to do with him. She sighed.

"OK, remember, you asked for it by not doing your chores!" she stated as a matter of fact. He nodded his agreement and turned back to his dishes. "Maybe you should start chewing on your dinner before it gets cold." she said laughing and then a snort escaped her lips. She busted up laughing again as she saw him start to chew on the Camay taped in his mouth.

She walked up to the sink from her seat and took the now empty glass off of the shelf.

"Oh! Look! You are out of water. We can't have that now, can we?" she asked him, but not really asking him, more like taunting him again. "Can we?" she demanded of him.

He shook his head no and tried to speak, but he couldn't get a word out from around the soap and tape.

"I didn't think you wanted to run out of water." she said as she dipped the glass into the hot rinse water in the second side of the sink. She ensured the hose was still in the glass when she placed it back on the shelf. "Enjoy your water. It should help you digest your soap." She said as she walked back to her seat, unclicking the clamp with another touch of her fingers and increasing the flow of the water left in the bag.

He finished the dishes and as he put the last of them away she unclamped the last of

the ridges on the clamp and allowed the last of the water to finish filling him. His stomach poked out like a pregnant woman's and he could barely move due to the pain from the cramps.

She reached up and quickly removed the tape from around his mouth.

"Do you need to rinse?" she asked him.

He nodded yes.

She forced his head into the sink of still hot and soapy water. As he raised his head she looked at him and laughed. "You need to open your mouth to rinse. This is your last chance.

If you don't rinse this time, you will not get another chance in here tonight!" she said as she pushed his head into the hot soapy water again.

He took a large gulp of soapy water into his mouth as she held his head under the water. He almost started to panic as she finally allowed his face to rise above the water. His mouth was full of Camay and soapy Palmolive and hot water. He was just about ready to spit and she stopped him.

"I said you could rinse, I said nothing about spitting in my sink! did I?" she questioned him like a detective on a hot tip.

He shook his head no.

"I can't hear you!" she snapped at him. "Don't you dare spill any of that either, mister!" she ordered him.

He swallowed hard several times then replied to the best of his ability, "No Ma'am, you did not say I could spit."

"Very good, you are learning." she said as she pulled the nozzle out of his ass allowing the plug to seal tightly by itself. "Now go into the bathroom and start running the water in the tub for the laundry. I bought several new boxes of laundry detergent and some Woolite for the delicates. I hope you are ready for some real fun now.

Before he could move, since she was standing between him and the bathroom, she reached down and snapped the ZAP collar around his testicles and he heard the snap that locked it into place on the CB3000. She watched him walk down the hall and then she pressed the little red button on the controller and she heard him yelp from the bathroom. A smile crossed

her lips as she sat at the counter and started rolling dice. Hmmm... snake eyes, two seconds.

Another yelp as the water began running in the tub...