

A Potty Mouth Gets Washed Out

(By: Chrissy Bubbles)

I must tell you I have a bit of a potty mouth, and sports always cause me to express my anger and emotions in a dirty way. Personally I have no intention to stop, because to me they are just words and they don't mean anything. They are just a way to express emotion.

My girlfriend, on the other hand, has a big problem with it. She is always saying I have such dirty language and maybe I need someone to wash my mouth out with soap to stop me once and for all. I always thought she was joking, but I was very, very wrong.

One day I was at her house sitting in a chair in front of the TV and she was in the kitchen washing the dishes. I was watching a football game, and my team was doing very well. When the quarterback threw an interception, I blew up. I said, "You stupid fucking piece of shit, learn how to throw you asshole".

My girlfriend screamed from the kitchen "Watch your mouth, you know I don't like that kind of dirty language."

I ignored her and throughout the whole game I was swearing like a sailor. My girlfriend didn't say anything about it. She brought me a drink about a ¾ of the way through the game, and the next thing I knew I fell asleep.

When I woke up my hands were tied behind the chair and my ankles were tied to the chair legs and my girlfriend was standing in front of me. I said, "Why the fuck did you do.....", but before I could finish my sentence my girlfriend shoved a wide pink pot cleaning sponge into my mouth to act as a gag.

She said "If you spit that out it will make what I am about to do worse, and to answer your question; I have had it up to here with your potty mouth, and I am going to do something about it. You have also been acting very childish so here is a baby bib for you."

She tied a pink baby bib around my neck. She pushed the chair with me in it to the kitchen. I was very scared when I saw what was sitting on the kitchen counter. There was a dishcloth, a sponge, a bottle of pink Ajax dishwashing soap and pink rubber gloves.

She turned the chair around and pushed it up against the sink, and made me lean my head back. She put the gloves on and picked up one of the bottles of dishwashing soap, she grabbed my mouth and starting raising the bottle. I spit out the sponge in

my mouth, and clamped my lips shut, just as some soap came out of the bottle and landed on my lips.

My girlfriend said "You'll be sorry you did that, now I am going to have to do another type of mouth soaping after we are done here. Now, I am going to put the sponge back in your mouth and you are going to let me do what I was about to or it will be even worse".

I decided to let my girlfriend do what she wanted to because I was afraid of how it could be any worse and I knew she would eventually do it anyway. She put the sponge back in and grabbed my mouth and held it tight. Then she squeezed some pink Ajax Spring Flowers soap onto the sponge in my mouth. Only a very little bit of the soap got onto my tongue, and I moaned. I thought this was all she wanted to do.

She picked up the spray nozzle from the sink and turned the water on. Then she squeezed the nozzle on the sprayer and directed it onto the sponge in my mouth.

The soap started foaming in my mouth, and filled the room with a smell like flowers. It smelled really good, but tasted really disgusting. She put the nozzle down and poured more soap onto the sponge, and then she sprayed it some more. By this point, a mountain of foam was rising from my mouth. My girlfriend reaches through the foam and pulls the sponge from my mouth.

She said "That was just the warm-up cleansing, now we are going to start the deep scrubbing" She took all of the foam that was on my face and shoved as much of it as she could back in my mouth. Then she squeezed even more soap onto the pot cleaning sponge, and rammed it into my mouth. She vigorously scrubbed the sponge in and out of my mouth, scrubbing my tongue very hard. After a long time, she stopped scrubbing and put the sponge in the sink. She bent down and opened the cabinet under the sink, took out a bottle that was not shaped like a normal dish soap bottle and a dishrag and soaked the dishrag.

I could see that the liquid was a gold-ish yellow color, I tried to speak to ask what it was, but I just blew bubbles. It was as if she heard me because she said this is called Dawn Complete, and it's also antibacterial hand soap, so it will completely clean out your dirty mouth, and kill all the germs from all the bad words you said.

She poured a lot of the bottle into the dishrag and rubbed the dishrag together and created a lather. Then she grabbed me by my ear, and held the rag under my nose, and said "Inhale that cleanliness, and open wide"

I did not open my mouth, so she plugged my nose and I had to open my mouth to breathe. As soon as I opened my mouth she forced the rag into my mouth and moved it all around. She rubbed it on my tongue, teeth, and gums. She left the rag in my mouth and bent down to get

something from under the sink again. She came back up with a small blue bottle that was sort of square shaped and picked up a thick pink sponge.

She opened the blue bottle and squeezed it on to the sponge. I saw a pasty blue liquid on the sponge. She said "In case you wondering, this is Palmolive Super Scrub, it is a gel paste soap that has 'crystal blue scrubbers' that are supposed to remove the toughest, greasy, stuck-on foods, and apparently the profanity is stuck in your mouth. I am hoping this will remove it from your filthy mouth. This would have been your last punishment but since you disobeyed me earlier I have added some more." She told me to open my mouth and stick out my tongue.

I did this and then she scrubbed my tongue. This paste was the worst tasting of all the soaps she used on me. My tongue stung really badly as she scrubbed it. The Super Scrub also caused a thick foam to form in my mouth.

She said "This would have been the last punishment, but since you were immature there will be much more. To start with," she took a baby bottle out of the refrigerator and put it to my mouth. I was very eager to get the taste of soap out of my mouth and gladly accepted the bottle of milk, but it wasn't milk. She said that it was liquid Ivory soap with water and if I didn't drink it all. I would be spanked. She said that now we were going into the bathroom for the last part of my punishment. She pushed the chair to the bathroom and placed me in front of the sink.

She left the bathroom and returned with a camera. She took a picture of me drinking the baby bottle with my pink baby bib on. She said "If you resist any part of your punishment I will show this picture to everyone you know."

I knew I had to obey her now. She locked the bathroom door and untied me from the chair and told me to kneel in front of the sink with my mouth over it and drink the bottle. She went into the closet and I undid the lid from the bottle and started pouring the soapy water out. I was screwing the lid back on just as she closed the closet door. She saw me and said "Uh oh, now I will have to spank you. I'll take care of that after I wash your mouth out. She put an odd shaped, multi-colored bottle of soap, a toothbrush, lilac washcloth and a bar of Irish Spring on the counter next to the sink.

She filled the sink with hot water and plugged it up and unwrapped the bar of Irish Spring, and dropped it in the water. She took the toothbrush and put it under the pump handle of the weird looking soap and pushed down on the handle. A pink foam completely covered the toothbrush. She put the toothbrush to my lips and told me to open up. She brushed my teeth with the foam.

Then she put more soap on the toothbrush and brushed my tongue. My entire mouth was filled with foam. She scrubbed the toothbrush all around my mouth. She removed the brush after what seemed like forever.

She let me rinse for the first time since this whole ordeal started. I knelt in front of the sink with the bar of soap in it. She took the washcloth and soaked it in the water.

She pulled the bar of soap from the water and lathered the washcloth thoroughly. She raised the washcloth with mounds of suds to my nose. It smelled very pleasant but I knew that it was not going to be. She then traced the bar around my lips. Then she pushed the foamy washcloth in my mouth, and moved it all around. She made sure to get every inch of my well-scrubbed mouth.

She removed the washcloth and inserted the bar into my mouth. She pushed it in and out and slivers were scraped off the soap by my teeth. Then she told me to bite down on the bar. She sat in the chair and told me to keep the bar in my mouth, lower my pants and boxers and bend over her knees.

I did as I was told and from her sitting position she opened the drawer next to the sink and pulled out a large hairbrush. She spanked me very hard with the hairbrush. I clenched my teeth and bit down on the soap, which made the taste worse. After she had spanked me many, many times she said "I am completely ready to administer any or all of these punishments again if I hear anything remotely profane from your mouth"

I never swore again in front of her.