

College Days

(By brianm86)

I generally prefer to find myself on the receiving end of the bar of soap. However, there was one time in my life when I was the washer.

It was in my college days. My girlfriend had invited me over one Saturday night for dinner. She really did it up well. Burning candles on the table, wine in real wine glasses (remember these were college days), etc. She knocked herself out. It was really nice.

After dinner one thing led to another and before long we had agreed to take turns letting the other person wash our mouth out. I won't go into the details. It was sort of a playful combination of a dare and a bet.

When it came my time for me to wash her mouth out, I turned out all of the lights in the room. The only light came from the candles that continued to burn on the nearby table. I sat on the sofa and asked her to lay her head on my lap which she willingly did. I could tell that she was nervous. She had told me that she'd never had her mouth washed out before. To try to reassure her, I stroked her hair once or twice, then bent over and gave her a little kiss between her eyebrows. She looked up at me and smiled a nervous smile. I asked her if she was ready and she gave a little nod.

I reached forward to the bowl of hot water that I had set on the coffee table before we sat down. As I reached forward, I was reaching directly over her face. Her eyes followed my hands as I moved. I reached into the bowl of hot water and pulled out the dark green washcloth that had been floating in it. I wrung out the excess water so that it would not drip on her face as I brought it back, but left it wet enough so as to do the job well. Then I picked up the bar of soap that sat next to the bowl and put it to the washcloth. When I had saturated the washcloth with as much soap as I believed that it could hold, I laid the bar back on the table and leaned back against the sofa again.

I looked at her laying in my lap and had to smile. She looked so sweet, so innocent in the dim light of the candles.

I brought the washcloth to her mouth. She opened her mouth for me, but I told her "No". I asked her to clench her teeth together and then show them to me. She willingly did as I asked and I began to wash the outside of her teeth. I knew that once the mouth washing was over, she would think that she'd tasted all the soap that she was going to taste. The soap on the outside of her teeth would be a little extra surprise for her. A kind of delayed reaction that she would stumble on later. I moved the washcloth across her teeth, and then began to wash the underside of her lips. First back and forth on the underside of her

lower lip and then back and forth along the underside of her upper lip. She had not really tasted anything yet, so she remained relatively relaxed. Then I told her that it was time to open up.

She opened her mouth for me and I moved the soapy washcloth inside. I washed the top of her mouth, then moved to the inside of the cheek. Back and forth the washcloth moved. In and out in a slow, controlled motion. I moved down to the tongue and under it. I washed it as best I could, and then up to the inside of the other cheek. I looked down to her eyes as I washed, but her eyes did not meet mine. She was looking off to the side. She seemed to be in a place other than in the room.

When I had moved the washcloth around the entire inside of her mouth, I started the process again. The roof of the mouth, the inside of the cheek, the tongue, under the tongue, and then finishing up with the inside of the other cheek. Then around for a third and final time. Finally I washed the back side of her teeth.

When I was done, I withdrew the washcloth from her mouth. I folded it over and wiped her lips to try to clean her up a bit, then I laid the washcloth back in the bowl of water.

Since this was the first time that I'd ever done this to someone, I was not sure how I had done, but judging from the grimace on her face as she lifted her head from my lap, it seemed that I had performed the job effectively.

Brian