

Dove For Dinner - Part 2

(By SoapyOne)

I was standing at the sink, running the water to do the dishes. I had poured a descent amount of Dove dishwashing liquid into the sink, to make sure that there were plenty of sudsy bubbles. I looked into the dining room, and realized that Andrea and Tina were busy talking, and not paying attention to me. So I took a glass out of the cupboard, and moved the faucet over to the rinse basin, and turned down the hot water, so that I could have a cold glass of water to rinse with.

I know Andrea warned me against rinsing, but I had to. I filled the glass with water and took a big drink. I swished the water around and spit it and the soap residue out into the sink. I did this several more times, as my tongue felt like it was on fire. My lips felt like they were blistered, although I was sure they weren't. I took several more drinks and rinsed my mouth out. Then I refilled the glass with cold water and drank it. Swallowing to get the feeling out of my throat. I was on my third glass of water, when the Dove liquid that Andrea had given me to drink, came back up. I leaned over the sink, and my throat opened as a gush of soapy water sprayed into the sink and down the drain. I know it sounded like I was choking, but I had no choice. I kept heaving over the sink, and finally my stomach had emptied it's contents of the Pink Dove for Dinner, and the Dove liquid.

I grabbed a quick glass of water to rinse my mouth again, and as I was rinsing, I heard Andrea and Tina behind me.

"What do you think you are doing? We told you not to rinse. If you didn't rinse, that wouldn't have happened. Look at the mess you made. What are we going to do with you?" asked Andrea.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am. I had to, my stomach..." I was interrupted.

"You are sorry? You haven't seen sorry yet, mister. Finish off that water and get busy with those dishes. You will pay for your disobedience." She scolded me as she walked out of the kitchen and down the hallway.

I looked at Tina to see what she was doing. She had a look of concern on her face. Just as Andrea did, before she saw the glass of water in my hand.

"Are you OK?" asked Tina. "You sounded like you were dying out here. We both jumped up and ran in here, but you really pissed her off this time. You had better pray that she doesn't hurt you, this time."

"I really didn't mean to disobey. I just couldn't handle the grumbling in my stomach. It was upset from the Dove and the liquid dish soap. I knew I was going to get sick, I just knew it." I pleaded.

"I can't help you now. You made your bed, now you have to lay in it. So to speak." Tina said, "You shouldn't have rinsed, she would have let you rinse if you would have just thrown up, but no. You had to assist it and do what you were told not to do. You, slave, are a bad slave. Naughty, naughty, naughty..."

"But..." I started.

"Silence!" screamed Tina. "How dare you speak without permission. We are going to have to teach you a lesson. Disobeying orders from not just one Mistress, but two. Are we going to have to gag you too? We will!" she said as Andrea rounded the corner with a large hairbrush in one hand, and a new bar of Pink Dove in the other.

"Oh no! Not again. Please! I'll behave. I'll be good. I promise." I pleaded.

"You, you promised before, but like always, you break your promises. And this time, I have a witness. You blew it this time, slave. On your knees!" She ordered.

I dropped down on my knees, naked, waiting to get my punishment. Andrea walked over and handed Tina the hairbrush. "I get to do the soaping. I like to do the soaping. I enjoy it so much. Don't you, slave?" She asked me as I looked into her piercing eyes.

"Yes Ma'am." I said, quivering. Not sure if it was because I knew of the punishment that was coming, or because of the chill from being undressed.

"Slave, I want you to beg for the soap. I want to hear you ask me to do to you what you want. I also want to hear you beg for the spanking that you want so badly. You must want this, as you disobeyed on purpose. You want this, don't you?" she said pushing the Pink Dove into my face.

"Y.., Y.., Yes Ma'am." I stuttered. Andrea reached across and slapped my face. Not once, but twice. First coming across the left cheek, then the right. "That's not what you want to say, is it salve? Now, beg for it!" she demanded my compliance.

"Please Ma'am. I want you to wash my mouth out with soap. With that Pink Dove soap. I want you to clean my mouth out like it's never been cleaned before. Please, Ma'am, I'm begging you from my knees. Wash My Mouth Out, you Bitch!" I knew that last part would get the job done. It was my last chance a rebelling against what I knew was coming. What I didn't expect was the SMACK!!! on the ass that I got just as I said that.

"Please Mistress Tina, spank me. Ouch! One, thank you Ma'am." I said as the first swat landed. "Please Mistress Tina, don't stop. I need my rear end turned red. I'm a disobedient and naughty slave. Harder, you Bitch!" SMACK!!! "Two, thank you Ma'am, may I have another?" These were my words that I had to say when getting spanked. Count, thank, and beg for more. Which I was doing to the best of my ability.

SMACK!!! "Three, Than Umph..." As mistress Andrea shoved the bar of Pink Dove into my mouth. I could hardly taste it by this time. But I knew she would not let up now. She pulled the Dove out, running it against my teeth. She then reached over and ran the bar through the dishwater. "We have to get it wet to ensure a good, thorough cleansing lather now, don't we?" she said.

SMACK!!! "Four, Thank you Ma'am, may I have another?" I had barely gotten the words out before the Dove was back in my mouth. This time, Andrea shoved the bar in with a vengeance. She made sure that she scrubbed the cheeks, then the tongue, under the tongue. She would remove the soap long enough to wet it down again and start over. "You are lucky, slave. I didn't have a new bar of Dove soaking in warm water for you. You will never be that lucky again. She continued soaping my mouth. SMACK!!! "Fv,Thk U Mmmm, m 've nothr?" was all I could manage.

"See, he really does like it. Every time I remove the soap, he asks for another soaping. This could go on all night!" she laughed as Tina replied. "He does seem to enjoy it. He keeps asking me to spank him. SMACK!!! "Sith,Thk U Mmmm, m 've nothr?" SMACK!!! "Svn,Thk U Mmmm, m 've nothr?" SMACK!!! "Ath,Thk U Mmmm, m 've nothr?" SMACK!!! "Ni-Umph,Thk U Mmmm, m 've nothr?" SMACK!!! "Outh, Tn,Thk U Mmmm, m 've nothr?"

"No you may not!" replied Tina, which startled me almost as much as it did Andrea. "You are enjoying this too much. The idea of punishment is discipline, not pleasure. Andrea, continue soaping him, I have something else in mind for this dirty mouth slave. Oh! And look." She said pointing to the clock. "He hasn't finished the dishes on time. That's another strike against you slave." She sounded pissed as she slapped the hairbrush down on the counter, and stamped off down the hallway.

"I wonder what got into her?" Andrea said as she continued the soaping.

"I dn't no" I tried to say.

"Don't talk with your mouth full, it's not polite." Andrea said. "How are you doing? Have you had enough?" she asked.

"Uh-huh" I said.

"Uh-huh! Uh-huh? Where is the respect that I deserve, slave? Uh-huh? What ever happened to Yes Ma'am and Thank you Ma'am?" the anger flared back up in her voice. "I guess you haven't had enough. Stay there, and hold this in your mouth, slave." She said as she rinsed the Dove in the water and shoved it into my mouth and walked down the hallway.

I sat there, silently, trying my best to breathe. I ran my hands across my sore ass, knowing that if my hands even got near my face, that I would be in more trouble.

Andrea and Tina came into the kitchen at the same time. Andrea was carrying a leather hood, which had a snap on mouth and eye openings. I could only imagine how long I would be imprisoned in it. Tina on the other hand, was carrying a red rubber water bottle with a white hose attached to it. The hose had a nozzle on the end with a clamp just above it. I recognized this as a douche bag that Andrea kept around, but I had never seen her use it. It appeared to have a smaller nozzle on it this time. I watched as Tina dropped the bag into the open basin in the sink, and changed the water so that steam was coming off of it. I knew that would be hot. Then she adjusted the water so that she could hold her hand under it.

"There, that's quite warm. This should do the trick." Tina said. "He said he wanted to be clean, I intend to clean him. Thoroughly, inside and out." I watched as she placed the bag under the water and when it was about half full, she reached for the Dove liquid, and unscrewed the cap. (Why do they always have to unscrew that cap?) I thought to myself. She poured the liquid Dove into the bag. I don't know how much. But it looked like quite a lot. Then she continued running water into the bag. I saw foamy white bubbles overflow from the top of the bag. She then recapped the bag and shook it. At this time, Andrea took the Dove out of my mouth and rinsed it with the warm water running in the sink.

"Would you like to rinse, now, slave?" she asked. Raising her head toward the sink. Tina moved out of the way, as she let a little soapy water flow from the end of the hose into the sink, and then she clamped the hose shut with a snap.

"Yes Ma'am, . Very much ma'am. I would love to rinse, Ma'am, thank you!" I tried to sound humble and excited at the same time. I don't know if I succeeded. Andrea reached up to the sink, and took the glass I used to rinse earlier. She filled the glass with the warm water coming out of the faucet. "Here you go, slave. Rinse thoroughly. We don't want to have any problems tonight." She said.

She poured some water into my mouth, and I realized that she was still lathering up the bar of Pink Dove in her other hand under the water again. She pulled the glass away from my mouth. "Tilt you head back and gargle. I want to see how good of a job I did. You had better hope that I see some bubbles. Or I will have to start all over again." She stated as a matter of fact.

I did as instructed. I tilted my head back and started to gargle. The bubbles quickly formed and overflowed out of my mouth and down my chin. Probably imitating the red bag overflowing with suds a few seconds ago. I was trying to see what Tina was doing, when I realized that Andrea was pushing the well lathered bar of Pink Dove back into my mouth, and towards the back of my throat. "I've always wanted to do that to him. This is going to be fun." Andrea said to Tina. "See, I didn't have a chance to soften the Dove first. So, this way, he will soften it for himself. Kind of inventive, don't you think?" she asked.

"Yes, and he will have Dove soap in both ends. He will be clean tonight." Tina said, and they both laughed out loud.

Andrea then fitted the hood over my face and snapped the eye blindfold in place. It was totally dark, and hard to hear. "Keep gargling. I want to see a lot of bubbles." Andrea said. I gargled for what had to be five minutes in darkness. "OK, STOP! It's time to move to the next phase. Swallow the water in your mouth, but not the soap." She said as she placed her hand behind my head and brought it forward. I can only assume it was Andrea's hand, although I couldn't really tell at this point. Andrea then poured some more water into the mouth opening of the hood. Then she snapped the mouth closed, with a push, my mouth was full of soap, water and a little pad that was attached to the mouth piece to keep me quiet. "There, that should keep him quite for you, Tina. He won't be talking now until we let him." Andrea said.

"Lay on the floor, slave!" I heard Tina's voice as someone prodded me with their shoes. I did as I was ordered. I lay down on the floor on my stomach. I felt some hands on my sore ass. Then I felt something cold

leaving a trail across my ass. Ice? Water? I couldn't tell. Then I felt two pair of hands rubbing my ass and I heard them giggling.

They were soaping up my ass cheeks. Then the cold liquid trailed down the crack of my ass. I waited as I felt them spread my ass cheeks. Then, I felt the nozzle from the hose. No, wait, it isn't the nozzle from the hose. What is it. It feels a little larger than what that looked like. It passed by my sphincter muscles and then I felt some pressure. I realized then that they had managed to insert the cap of the Liquid Dove into my ass. I felt the burning sensation as the Dove was forced in. I don't know how much they squirted up there. Maybe a little, maybe a lot. I couldn't tell. I squirmed, and felt a sharp SMACK!!! "Hold still or you will regret it, slave" Andrea said.

At this point, the cap was removed from my ass and a finger replaced it. They worked on my ass for a few minutes, inserting one, two and sometimes three fingers. Lathering it up. They were going to use Dove for a lubricant. Then I felt the nozzle attached to the hose slide easily into my ass. I tightened my muscles and stiffened my body. "That will only make it worse." Said Tina. "Relax, there is a long way to go from here." She spoke softly. Then I felt the next SMACK!!! "She said to relax, slave. RELAX!" Andrea said.

I tried to relax as best I could. I just didn't understand why that through all of this, they didn't tie my hands up or something? Strange thought to have at this point, I thought. Then I shook my head and swallowed a little more soapy water. Then I could feel the warm water starting to fill my ass. I don't know how much I took. After a few minutes, they had me turn onto my left side and raise my right leg up to my chest. That seemed to help a little. So, they were being compassionate after all. I couldn't smile, but I tried.

Then the nozzle was removed. "Hold still slave. We don't want to make a mess on the floor, now, do we?" said Tina.

I heard the water shut off and turn on several times in the next couple of minutes. Then I felt the nozzle being reinserted into my ass. I tried to struggle a little to stop them. That was a two quart bag, and they were using a second filling on me. SMACK!!! "Hold still, or you will get three!" Tina said. "He can't hold three, can he?" asked Andrea. "I don't know Andrea. I've never had to give three bags at one time. But if he doesn't cooperate, we are going to find out." Tina said curtly.

They inserted the nozzle up to its hilt. Then the pressure started to grow worse than I ever imagined. They were rubbing my belly. Pushing it around as they laughed and rubbed. It felt good. "Look! He's making a mess on his legs. I think we should save that for him for later." I

heard Andrea say as one of them swatted at my penis and rubbed the engorged head of it. "That's a normal reaction to an enema. All guys get that way." Tina said. "I think you are right. Let's help him out a little. He can have whatever he releases later if he isn't good. Do you hear that slave?" Tina asked.

"Umph-Uh, M'm" was all I could say. Before I knew it, the nozzle was removed and a large butt-plug was inserted. Something else. A strap was secured around my waist. I heard the muffled sounds of a lock shutting. They had secured the butt-plug in place, holding a gallon enema in my bowels. '

"Get up slave. Stand all the way up." Andrea ordered. She removed the blindfold so that I could see them. At least that's why I thought she removed it. "Look at the time, slave. You now have 15 minutes to get the dishes done! I want the stove cleaned the counter wiped off and the table cleared. Do you understand me, slave?" she ordered more that asked this. "Umph-hm, M'm" was my muffled reply. I swallowed again as I looked at the clock and headed to the sink to complete my assigned tasks.

I finished the dishes and dried them and put them away. I cleaned the stove top, and oven. I remembered her stating that she cooked for me earlier. I was sure the oven was a mess. It was. One of these days Andrea is going to learn to cook without making a mess. I thought to myself. I swallowed again.

I finished with the stove and looked at the clock. I wasn't going to have time to clean the counter. I had cleared the table for the most part as I did the dishes. I tried to rush into the dining room. But when you have that much soap inside of you, it makes it difficult to move fast. I wiped off the table and remembered why Andrea and Tina were sitting there. They were waiting on their after dinner coffee. I hurried to the kitchen and made their coffee. I took the liberty of grabbing a couple of small plates and placed some coffeecake on them. I served them as I was supposed to being a slave. I knelt down and bowed my head as I served. SMACK!!! "That's for making us wait so long slave. Don't ever let it take that long again!" I was startled. It was Tina's voice this time. Not Andrea's familiar voice that I expected, as she would usually do that to me. "Get a move on slave. This conversation doesn't include you." Tina stated. SMACK!!! "I love doing that. He is so cute the way he jumps.

"What should we do with him now? He has finished all his chores, and the time is almost up for the soaping." Tina asked. Then she looked at the time. "Oh! Oh my! I have to run. I have to get home. There is a meeting tonight at 9:00 at my house. It's my week to host the monthly SC." Tina said as she thanked Andrea for the dinner salad and the start to a good evening. "Do you think we could borrow the slave for an

upcoming meeting of the Soaping Club?" Tina asked as she was heading out the door. I bowed to her to show my respect. "I don't see why not. He's yours for the soaping." Andrea said as they kissed at the door.

"Well, that was fun." Andrea said as she watched Tina get into her car in front of the neighbor's house and drove away. "Awe shit. Damn!" she exclaimed. "She drove off with the key to the belt you are wearing. There is no way to get it off without that key. I'm not going to ruin that belt!" Andrea almost yelled. Like it was my fault that she forgot to get the key. "I guess you are going to be the guest of honor at the monthly Soaping Club. I bet she planned that..." I heard Andrea's voice trail off as a smile grew across her lips.

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This is fiction...