

Evening With Olay

Yesterday was supposed to be a relaxing day. It started out pretty good. I had finished the laundry the day before and did any remaining dishes in the evening, so a few of the domestics would be done. I like to help out around the house as much as possible, not to mention Mary requires this of me.

After my shower and washing the sheets that one of the sister-in-laws used for the last three nights, Mary and I decided to put some siding back on the house that the storms of last week had blown down.

The large extension ladder reached the two story high area of the house where the siding pieces were to go. As luck or fate would have it, almost half of the first piece of siding was over the garage roof in the back of the house and the second piece was entirely over the roof, as the house rises above the garage at this location.

So, Mary and I get on the roof, she tells me the first piece is in place and that I can nail it. So, I did. After looking at the second piece, I realize that she butted the piece against the piece that the wind had not yet blown down. From looking at the remainder of the house, you can see the pieces are not butted, but overlapping. Being at the top of the house under the fascia, there is no way to get the nail out that I put in, without tearing up the siding. I let a few choice words fly and she just kept quiet.

The second piece went on with little conversation from either of us. I knew I was already in trouble and tried to make light of it by telling her she was in trouble for her language and that the siding went on fairly trouble free. She was having none of it.

I was on pretty much good behaviour for most of the day. Watching my tongue and attitude. But, to no avail. As it got around 7:00 P.M., Mary told me that she was going to give me as large as an enema as she could without rupturing me and that afterwards, she was going to take me into the bedroom and severely "spank my ass!"

I said, "At least you aren't going to reward me with a mouthsoaping!"

She must of thought I was being a smart ass, as she led me to the bathroom and started running moderately hot water into the sink. She left the room and returned with a measuring cup. In it, it was easy to tell by the color and the smell, that she had one ounce of blue Dawn dish soap. She sat the measuring cup on the counter and reached under for the other dish soaps she keeps there for punishment or just cleansing enemas. She added one ounce of green Palmolive, Melon Palmolive, Joy, Apple scented Dawn, Ivory, Wild Berry Palmolive and to top it off she added one ounce of Herbal Essense shampoo.

Let me tell you, those soaps do not create a pretty color. She proceeded to pour these into the first of two red enema bags. She then started filling the bags by adding

only hot water into the measuring cup and filling the first bag. After a couple of cups and a lot of bubbles she added some cold tap water to set the temperature to a luke warm/hot mixture.

She looked at me and said the hot water was to warm and activate the soap. She proceeded to fill both red enema/douche bags and capped them and hung them on the shower rod.

She had me get on my knees in front of the sink and then took the nozzles and cleared the air out of the hoses but unclamping the hooks. She worked both hose nozzles into my ass.

She unclamped the hose connected to the first bag that had the soaps mixed in with it. Then she unclamped the second hose but only to get the flow started.

She gave me a hard slap on my ass with her hairbrush from the sink and asked me, "What do you think you are looking at?"

She turned my head back toward the sink and pulled an open bar of Olay from the shower rack. She wet it under the hot running water in the sink and pushed it into my mouth. I knew better than to resist.

She started scrubbing my teeth and gums over and over again. Periodically reaching behind me to start the flow from the second bag and then soap my mouth again, then she would stop the flow from the second bag. This continued until the first bag was empty and at least half the second bag was empty.

She then pulled the hose nozzles out and inserted a large butt-plug in to hold the enema.

She continued the soaping until at least a good twenty minutes had passed. At this point I was made to go lay on the bed with my knees in the air, feet close to my butt.

I was kept like this as she pushed around my belly and let me tell you. I though this was going to be erotic. First, way to much water, a lot of soap and no rinsing for the duration of the punishment, then after over a half hour, she let me release myself. I was only spit out the soap and no rinsing was allowed. I had so many cramps that I could not even start to get excited. Although it was one of the best soapings Mary had ever given me.

I was sent to bed, allowed to make periodic trips to the bathroom. My mouth was so dry this morning that it was not even funny.

Mary told me that I was to get a severe spanking as well, but something came up that she had to take care of and that was put off for another time.