

## Germany and Bubbles

### **James first soaping from his future wife:**

I met my wife in Germany. We were both active duty Army. We were both Specialist, and both on the Sergeants list to be promoted. (Enough for background information.)

I would usually go visit my friend, soon to be fiancé, then wife, in the early morning, after PT (Physical Training), for a cup of coffee. This one particular morning, she was running late, and was still in the shower when I entered her room. The rooms were set up dormitory style, and usually had two people per room. She had no room-mate, so there was no reason not to knock, as she told me to just come right in, in the mornings and get my coffee.

She was in the shower, as I said. I was curious how she would react if she found out that I had a soap fetish. I figured it was time to find out, as it would be better to know, prior to getting in any deeper in the relationship... so she couldn't hold it against me later...

I knocked on the bathroom door. "Coffee!" I said.

"Set it on the sink, will ya'?" she replied. She opened the shower curtain and watched as I set her coffee on the sink, and smiled, wiping the water from her face. I didn't recognize the scent from the soap... so I asked her about it. It was Neutrogena Bar soap, with a tint of beige/tan coloring. I commented about it. She said it was good for the skin, etc...

I said, "I have a question for you?" she said to ask... "If we were to get serious, and had kids, and they start getting older... and they lie or cuss, how would you discipline them?" Good lead-in if you ask me...

"I would explain to them that lying is not good, or that cursing and bad language would not be tolerated." she said.

"And if that didn't work, or say, they called you a Bitch?" Which I knew that is the only thing that really offends her. (Funny since we raised AKC dogs and bitch is a female that has whelped a litter of pups).

"I would wash their filthy little mouths out with soap!" She exclaimed. (Bingo! I thought to myself.)

"Have you ever had your mouth washed out with soap?" I asked her. She said she hadn't and shook her head no. I replied, "How could you punish your own children with a punishment that you have never had done to you? And how would you be sure that you were doing it right?"

"Well, I never really thought about it." she said.

"Pretend that I'm your kid, just playing, OK?" I said, and she gave me a funny look. She agreed. "What does fuck you bitch mean?" I asked her in a small child like voice. She proceeded to tell me that it wasn't proper to use that kind of language... blah blah blah... etc..

"Oh, I said, "Then damn and shit are ok?" I tried to sound like a kid asking what words were allowed. "Mommy's a Bitch!" I said emphatically. Her demeanor changed from playing a game to really having a stern look on her face. She pointed at me with her hand, (instead of using the index finger), and then motioned for me to come to the edge of the shower. I had on my BDU pants (Battle Dress Uniform for those who are non military), and a brown t-shirt that was worn under the BDU shirt. As I go close, she reached around the shower curtain, grabbing my neck and said with a deep (for her) rough voice, "We don't use that word in my house, mister!" She squeezed my neck, and as I moaned, I saw the soap heading for my face.

I tried to play the part of the kid not wanting to have his mouth washed out, but her next words stunned me. "You will open your mouth for this, or I promise, I will never do this again!" She said. I wasn't sure, if she meant the soaping, or the role-playing, or having me in her room. I was shocked... I was now not in control of the situation. She was in total control, and I think I pissed her off.

I opened my mouth, then shut it. She ran the bar of soap across my lips, passed them and around my teeth on the outside. As I hadn't parted my teeth for the bar to enter my mouth. "Stubborn, are you?" she asked. I just looked at her. Unsure if I really wanted this. Then she saw the bulge in my pants.

"I know you will open after I do this..." she said as she wet the bar of soap again, and ran it under and across my nose. Filling my nostrils with lather. I had to breath... my lips filled with soapy lather, and my nose clogged with foamy lather... I relented and opened my mouth. Taking in a deep breath. Almost as soon as I opened my mouth and breathed in, the bar of soap was inside my mouth. She drug it across my teeth, and over my tongue. Trying to work the small bar around. (Even when the Neutrogena is new, it's smaller than most commercial soaps). The taste was sweet in the mouth. But burned the sinuses and the throat... She continued to wash my mouth out with soap for me for several minutes. She took the soap out of my mouth, and her look dared me to spit it out. She then rinsed the soap, and lathered up her washcloth and then placed the soap back into my mouth. "That's a good soap dish, isn't it?" she asked. "Uh-Huh" was my muffled reply.

I stood there outside her shower, and watched her finish bathing herself. Relinquishing the soap when she decided her washcloth needed more lather. I watched as she bathed herself twice. (She later told me that she only did that to prolong my punishment. As it was the first time she ever saw someone get excited by having their mouth washed out with soap, and it intrigued her.)

She finished bathing, and finally took the soap out of my mouth and placed it back into her showers soap tray. She then reached for my coffee and handed it to me. "Here, that will help get the taste out of your mouth." she said.

I must have looked at her like she was crazy, and she caught on to my delima, of not knowing

what swallowing soap would really do to me.. "Don't worry... the water helps dilute the soap, and the worst that will happen, is that you won't have any trouble going to the restroom today. It will act like an enema! You ever had an enema?" she asked me.

I shook my head no, and she said that we have a lot to experience together. She pushed my coffee closer to my mouth. It was now warm, not to hot, and I quickly drank what I was offered. She looked at me and said with a smirk, "Be careful what you ask for, mister, you just might get it... Now come with me.. " she said as she walked over to her bed, turned to face me and dropped the towel she had draped her body with. As I approached her, she placed her hands on my shoulder and pressed me down onto my knees...