

## Karen's Dream

(By: )

Here's a little story that just came to me all at once earlier today. It contains much soaping and spanking, and eroticism. I hope you all enjoy it.

Karen's Dream...

There he stood, naked from head to toe. Jake was poised before his mistress, awaiting only her command. She herself was wearing a pretty, pink flowered dress. She smiled as her eyes admired every part of his body. His body was sculpted at least as well as Michelangelo's David. Each individual muscle could be seen in his quadriceps; and between his legs hung a penis to be proud of.

She knew if she were to have him turn, his buttocks were also nice and firm. His abdomen was nicely cut into six sections. His chest was just what she liked—well toned, but not so big that he looked like he needed a bra either... His face was quite handsome, too, she thought. And his eyes were a deep blue, much like her own, and his hair was golden, like hers also. Now she had him standing like a statue. She was proud of all that she had accomplished with him. After she had finished observing him, and had nodded with approval at his stance before he she addressed him:

"My son..."

"Yes mother?" he responded with all proper respect to the one who had birthed him.

"Kneel," she, Karen, commanded him, and she watched as her twenty-year old son faithfully complied with her wishes. He took one step forward to her and dropped one knee to the ground, and then the other. He kept his back straight, and his head looking down until she reached down with her hand and gently lifted it for him so that he was looking up at her. She rubbed her hands over his shoulders and smiled brightly down at him, putting him at ease. Her hands were soapy, but he didn't mind. It felt good to Jake and he smiled back at her. Then she took her soapy fingers and ran them over his lips back and forth. He kissed them softly, showing his affection for his mother. She proceeded to slide her fingers into her son's mouth, offering him a foretaste of what was to come for him. Jake, likewise, knew what was expected of him. He sucked her fingers firmly, but with gentleness, rubbing his tongue against each one at the same time. When Karen removed her fingers from his mouth, she found not a trace of soap left on them.

"Very good," she commended her son in a sweet and cool voice as she looked over her fingers.

"Thank you," he said.

"Hmm, you're welcome," Karen said with a devious smile on her face this time, "and you'll have much more to thank me for in a little while." She almost laughed as she finished the sentence. And as Jake watched intently, he saw his mother retrieve the large bar of Camay soap from the sink full of warm water that she had dropped it in a few minutes earlier. She began lathering it in her hands quickly and zealously. Then she dropped it in the water again and lathered the bar even more. Finally, Jake could barely see his mother's actual skin, as it was all covered by rich creamy suds, and this was when she turned towards him with the bar of soap in her right hand, ready for action. Jake's heart sped up a little. As many times as they had done this, it still made him a little bit nervous each time. Then he heard the words.

"Open up your mouth young man."

He did, and immediately, his mother slid the bar of Camay soap into his mouth. She worked it around a little, pushing it further and further in until she was convinced that it was as far into his mouth as it would go.

Then she grabbed him under his arm and said, "Stand up." So Jake stood directly before his mother once again, this time with a sudsy bar of Camay in his mouth. Karen quickly turned him toward the sink.

"Take a good look in the mirror sweetheart," she said to him. And once he had looked for a half a minute or so, she pushed his head down over the sink, and began washing her son's mouth out with the bar of soap.

He did not flinch, or struggle with her at all—it was routine discipline, after all. And so, as she held him firmly, Karen, worked the well-lather bar round and round in her son's mouth. She went over and over his tongue, coated the insides of his cheeks, and did not miss his teeth nor the roof of his mouth at all either. She turned and twisted the bar inside his mouth, and thrust it in and out of his mouth, rubbing back and forth. Occasionally, she would dip the bar in the sink to rewet it. Before long, with each new plunge into his mouth, more suds would flow out of his mouth; it looked like Karen was pumping suds out of her son's mouth. Lather dripped from Jake's mouth into the sink below his face. The taste of Camay filled his mouth, and though soap is soap, a part of him sort of enjoyed the taste. He also enjoyed knowing that his mother was ensuring with every movement of the soap inside his mouth that his mouth would be fresh as can be and deeply cleansed. Yet, it was still a mouthsoaping, and it was certainly discipline. Whatever part of his mouth was able to enjoy the taste was not all of his mouth—that was for

sure—and of course, with his mother's thoroughness, it began to burn after a while. But this would not stop Karen—after all, she was disciplining him to make him a man. She knew she had to be rough on him, and that he should not enjoy it entirely—though she was incredibly glad that he was pleased by it in a powerful sense because she was, above all, loving him through the act of soaping his mouth.

She removed the bar of soap from her son's foaming mouth then, and kissed his forehead. "How's your mouth doing now?" she asked him.

Jake tried to speak, but she could barely understand his words with all the suds in his mouth—at first only bubbles flowed from his lips.

Karen couldn't help but laugh at him. "How bout I'll ask some simpler questions and you just nod for yes or shake your head for no, ok?"

Jake nodded at this.

"Did that taste good?"

Jake shook his head.

"Does it burn a little?"

He nodded this time.

"Do you know that I love you and that this for your own good?"

Jake nodded again.

"Good," she said, "just the answers I was hoping to hear. Now, go ahead and spit that mouthful of lather into the sink and you can rinse ONE TIME only with water. But before you do all that, gargle for a minute. Then we'll continue."

Jake quickly did as Karen had said. She watched him a moment and patted him on his bare bottom, and then she grabbed the wet washcloth that had been sitting by the sink. While her son emptied his mouth of some of the soap, Karen prepared to give him round two. She vigorously worked the bar in the cloth until it dripped with suds itself. Then she and Jake looked at each other eye to eye. He had also rinsed off his face. She looked down to see his now erect penis, and ran her finger up it slowly.

Then she turned her eyes back to his mouth and said to him, "Kiss me a moment before we continue." Mother and son, moved in on each other. Jake placed his arms around his mother's petite waist, and she put her left hand behind his head, pushing his face closer to hers, and running her fingers through his thick hair. In her other hand, she held the soapy washcloth off to the side. Her lips met with his and to both it seemed as if a fire ignited—like Jake's lips possessed one chemical, his mother's lips another chemical, and in contact with each other, they could only explode into brilliant red flame. The flame spread like a wild fire as the mother and son exchanged tongues to one another inside their mouths.

Karen tasted the Camay soap that she had lathered her son's mouth with. She liked it, and liked even more knowing that she had filled her son's mouth with it. The feel of his mother's tongue in his mouth drove Jake crazy, making him want so much more. But the kiss lasted only a minute, and Karen was eager to bathe her son's mouth in creamy soap once again. So as the two stood together by the sink, she wrapped the cloth around her two fingers and raised it to his mouth and held out his tongue, and he opened without her having to say one word. Right away, she applied the cloth to his tongue. She kept her left hand right where it had been for the kiss to keep his head from moving at all. She had to look up at him to do this to him, since he was a good six inches taller than she, but it was no problem. She knew that he would never resist her anyhow.

She continued for at least two minutes just washing his tongue with the cloth full of Camay. Then she told him to put his tongue back in his mouth and close it. When he did, she began washing his lips until they were covered in suds of their own, as was his chin. He was foaming at the mouth again...

Then Karen said to him, "Now show me your teeth." She part his lips and bared his teeth nicely for her, and she polished each one with her soap cloth.

Then she gave the magic command, "Open sesame." And Jake opened wide for his mother to fill his mouth with the cloth and for the next five minutes wash out every inch, corner, and crevice inside. At this point, she could tell it was getting hard for her son.

"Take it like a man," she said to him sternly, "and whatever you do, don't cry, or you'll get so much more than this." She continued for a couple more minutes, washing out her son's already overflowing mouth with soap. At last, Karen removed the cloth from Jake's mouth and placed it by the sink again.

"Now for the grand finale," she said to him. Jake was just excited that it was almost over. Karen grabbed the bar softened bar of Camay soap from the sink one last time and shoved it forcefully into her son's mouth.

"Suck on that," she said. Then Karen pulled open the drawer at the sink and got out her biggest, widest, wooden hairbrush. "Assume the position," she told her son. Jake bent over slightly at the sink and braced his arms against the basin. He prepared to bite the bar of soap—he would have to in order for it to stay in his mouth. When Jake had positioned himself, Karen began spanking him.

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

She gave him the first four licks. Pulling back for each one, and quickly flinging the brush down on her son's bare butt. With each one, he bit into the soap in his mouth a little, though he tried not to cringe. Karen could spank hard though, and he could not help but flinch each time.

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

Karen gave him another ten and then waited a bit. Jake was holding up well, though it did hurt. His butt was bright red now as his mother rubbed it with her hands, admiring her work. She bent down and kissed both of her son's buttocks gently, and then straightened up to discipline him some more.

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!...

Karen continued furiously spanking her son until his parted legs began to quiver and he drooled soapy saliva from his mouth. He seemed as though his knees would buckle soon, and Karen did not mean to break him, only to discipline him to make him a man. So she put the hairbrush down and removed the bar of soap from his mouth. She saw how unpleasant the look on Jake's face was. She felt for him—

after all, the taste of soap had to have become horrible to him by now, and his mouth was no doubt on fire at this point, and his bottom was so red that she was sure it would hurt for him to sit for the next couple days. But Karen was not at all sorry she had done this to him. She was doing him a favor.

"Go ahead and rinse your mouth good now, sweetheart," she told him as she touched his cheek, "you've done very well."

Jake rinsed his mouth thoroughly. He took him some time, but he eventually got the last of the actual soap out of his mouth, but as anyone who has ever had his or her mouth washed out knows, the taste was there to stay for quite some time. Karen watched her son the whole time. She had more planned. Oh, his mouthsoaping was finished, but his discipline had one more element to it.

"Alright honey," she called to him, "are you all done rinsing?"

Jake nodded his head.

"Good," his mother said, "now over my lap," she motioned to him as she sat on the lid to the toilet beside the sink in the bathroom that now smelled of Camay soap. It was hard for Jake to obey, and Karen knew that it would be. His bottom was so sore was what he had already received... But that was her test to him—would he still obey even now?

Without a single word of complaint towards her? If he complained or talked back, she was prepared to stuff his mouth with a bar of soap once again...

But Jake did not complain. He was a little slower to obey than usual, but not too slow. He bent himself over his mother's knee in spite of the pain, and prepared to be spanked some more. At first Karen only caressed her son's firm, muscular buttocks lovingly. They were quite tender from the earlier hair-brushing ...

"Good..." she said, "I'm very proud of you, son"

With that, the spanking began.

SPANK! SPANK! SPANK! SPANK! SPANK!

She could have spanked harder, but it was not necessary. Mostly, Karen only wanted to see if Jake would still obey her entirely, and he had. The spankings did not feel good on Jake's backside, but they both knew it could have been worse. His mother's gentleness with him now led Jake to kiss at her legs as he laid over her knee. Karen felt her son's hard cock in he lap as she spanked him... At last she let

him up from her knee and had him stand before her once again. He looked as enthusiastic as he had in the beginning. Karen stood and approached him slowly.

"You're all done now, and a better man for it. What do you say to mommy?"

"Thank you mom," answered Jake, "Thank you so much."

Karen took him by the hand then and they left the bathroom behind them on their way to the master bedroom where Karen began to undress before her naked son. He had earned the right... But that's another story...