

One for the ladies, by way of introduction

I've tried my hand at writing erotica before, but never tried a mouthsoaping story. Guess y'all inspired me. (Did I just say y'all? I've lived in Florida too long). I've never been good at writing pure fiction so when I do write it tends to be based on real experiences and people. Anyway. You're not here to read a big rambly introduction. Besides, I just wrote one in the main forums. Ha!

The bathmat is soft and relatively comfortable to kneel on, though you're pretty certain you won't be comfortable for long; the smile on my face must have told you that. And you don't have much choice but to kneel; part of my smile was from tying you in a position we haven't tried before. Your big toes are tied together with thin cotton cord; each end of the cord runs just past your cunt, up your abdomen and connects with the clamps on your nipples. The clamps are not tight and, as long as you keep your naked buttocks against your heels, you are relatively comfortable, but your few attempts to rise from your haunches have given your nipples a meaningful, though not excruciating, tug. Your hands are free and allow you to steady yourself at the sink. Your arched back and half-spread legs accentuate your helpless nudity but I don't have time to enjoy your charms or the fruits of my labors. I kiss your forehead on my way out of the bedroom; you hear me telling Shay I'll be home in an hour or two and to enjoy her time alone with you. From the sound of her chuckle you don't think you'll have long to wait, and from the fact that I tied you on your knees in front of the sink you have a pretty good idea of what's coming next.

Moments later, you turn your head to see Shay coming through the bedroom door. She's wearing blue jeans, topless, and the smile on her face sends more erotic fear down your spine than the bar of soap in her hand. She walks over to you slowly, puts the soap-some kind of mild fruit-on the counter in front of you and stands behind you to whisper in your ear.

"I'm going to clean you now, dirty girl," she breathes. "I'm going to clean that dirty mouth of yours. You have a dirty mouth, don't you?"

You can only nod. "I know you do," she continues. Her bare nipples graze your shoulder as she puts her arms around your neck. "I know you have a dirty mouth. Weren't you begging to be fucked only a few minutes ago? 'Fuck me, please fuck my ass,' isn't that what you said?"

You nod again, blushing. "If master's cell phone hadn't rung you'd be getting fucked right now, wouldn't you," she says playfully. "Wouldn't you!" she demands, slapping your face for your momentary refusal to answer.

You nod again. "Yes, mistress, I hope so."

"You hope so." She circles behind you again, kneeling down and pressing her body

against yours. Her jeans feel slightly rough against your stretched ass and for just a second you imagine you can feel the heat from her cunt as her arms encircle your waist to pull you close. Then her mouth finds your ear again. "Sounds like you have a dirty ass, too," she breathes.

"Yes, mistress." It's all you can think to say. You watch her as she circles you again to stand in front of you. Your nose is almost level with her cunt as she half-leans back on the sink. One of her hands holds your shoulder, the other reaches for the soap. "Don't worry, I'm not going to wet this one," she smiles. "Open wide."

You know better than to try and cheat and open your mouth wide enough to take the bar (raspberry? strawberry? why don't these things ever taste like they smell?) halfway into your mouth. Shay squeezes your shoulder approvingly, then reaches under the sink for another bar, wetting and lathering it slowly in front of your eyes before circling behind you again.

"Here's how it's going to work, dirty girl," she whispers. "We're going to clean your mouth and your ass at the same time. When you can hold this bar in your ass"-she slides the soapy bar between your cheeks-"for a whole minute, then we'll stop. Maybe I'll fuck that dirty ass with my strap-on, or maybe I'll sit on your face and have you use that dirty mouth of yours on my ass. Understand?" You nod. "I'm letting go now," she breathes, giving your earlobe a playful bite.

Settled back as you are, however, it's almost impossible for you to clench your asscheeks enough to hold the slippery soap. You lean up immediately and are just as immediately reminded of the cord that connects your nipples to your big toes. Shay giggles as you drop back down, dropping the soap from your ass in the process.

"6 seconds," she says, taking the bar from your mouth. "You'll have to do a lot better than that. Spit." She holds your hair away from your face as you rinse your mouth in the bathroom sink. "Ready to try again?"

You wonder for a moment if your eyes show enough fear that I might become so overcome with my need to take you that I would end the scene early and just fuck you. No such mercy from Shay, though, now or ever. You open your mouth again, painfully aware that this is your last chance to start with a dry bar of soap. Shay pushes it in your mouth a little farther this time, just far enough that your upper lip touches a wet spot. You can still keep it away from your teeth with your lips but it is hard to keep your freshly-rinsed tongue from touching the bar. It can't possibly take that long to wet a bar of soap, you think to yourself, as Shay lathers the other bar for your ass again.

This time, better prepared, you push yourself up before she slides the slippery bar between your asscheeks, holding the sink for balance and trying to ignore the dull throb in your nipples as you pull on the cord. Even still, you can't quite hold on long enough.

“34 seconds,” she says, helping you lean over. “Much better!” Her smile is cheerful, pleasant. How can someone so warm and loving be so cruel, you wonder for the thousandth time. The soap in your ass is starting to dry and itch as she helps you rinse your mouth again. “Ready?” she says.

You open your mouth again. It’s still not too bad on this side, you think, watching her slowly lather the other bar. The bar in your mouth is a little soggy now and to keep it away from your teeth you are forced to push it a little with your tongue, which is soon coated with soap. Raspberry. You’re pretty sure.

You arch again immediately, clenching your ass as tightly as you can and wondering if the increasing taste of soap in your mouth will distract you from the increasing ache of your nipples. It doesn’t. “31 seconds,” she smiles, taking the bar from your mouth. “Spit.”

You no longer care whether or not you get soap in your hair as she helps you rinse your mouth again. “Ready?” This side of the bar is soft from your saliva, coating your tongue almost immediately. Your eyes water a little as you watch her lather the other bar.

“Mmmthress?” She stops for a moment, looking down at you. You know I couldn’t resist your pleading eyes, but she’s another story...and a tiny portion of your brain finally understands why I blindfold you for play unless I’m in a particularly sadistic mood. “Mmthress?”

She takes the soap from your mouth, telling you to spit. You can’t straighten up well enough anymore, and most of it runs down your chin to your breasts and stomach. She doesn’t turn on the sink or offer to help you rinse. “Yes?”

You spit again, again more on yourself than in the sink. “Mistress, I...I don’t think I can hold the bar when it’s slippery.” You wonder if it’s true, whether or not you can hold the bar if she doesn’t relent. Your nipples are aching now and your asshole itches from the dried soap. “Is there anything I can offer you to not wet the bar again?”

Shay pauses, soap still in her hand. “Like what?”

“Like....” You hadn’t thought about that. You’d thought you’d have the bar of soap back in your mouth again at this point. “Like what if I offer my dirty mouth and my dirty ass? You said you weren’t sure which you wanted, what if you take them both?” You watch her face. “What if I lick your asshole and then you fuck mine with your strapon? Please?” You don’t really have much hope. Both you and she know you would have eagerly made that offer without any threat of mouthsoaping. She leans on the sink for endless seconds, playing almost idly with the bars of soap in her hands and you wonder for a moment if you’ve made things worse for yourself.

Instead, she leans forward to whisper in your ear again. “OK,” she breathes. “I’m worried about those nipples anyway. One more time, with a dry bar in your ass. If you make a minute, I’ll take you up on your offers. If you don’t, I’ll think of something else to do with you.” She kisses your soapy lips with that tender cruelty of hers; gentle and implacable.

“Thank you, mistrmmmp!” is all you have time to get out.