

Phoebe Finds a Fetish

By Brownop31

They had only just arrived at their posh hotel room when Phoebe grew angry. It seems her boyfriend, while unpacking, went into a four-letter-word tirade when he discovered he had forgotten to bring his shaving kit.

"Calm down!" she told him, "You know I can't stand that kind of language. Besides, I'm sure we can get a razor in the hotel shop. I looked in there when you were checking us in. They have everything."

"It's not just the fucking razor!" he yelled, "It's all the other shit too! My fucking toothbrush, the toothpaste and my fucking allergy pills!!" He was apparently oblivious to the fact that Phoebe was visibly angrier at each swear word that crossed his lips.

"That's it! I've had it with that mouth of yours!" she screamed, "If you don't watch your language around me I'll..."

"You'll what?" he asked with a smirk on his face, "Get real."

In truth, Phoebe didn't know what she would do. She just got so angry at his constant use of foul language. She had mentioned how she didn't at all like hearing that kind of language from him many times over the couple months they had been dating. She tried to get through to him by saying it makes him sound immature and unintelligent but she obviously wasn't reaching him. Now she had made a threat to do something about it and she had no idea what she was threatening. This only served to make her that much angrier. She had to get out to calm herself down.

"Where do you think you're going?" he asked as she grabbed her purse and headed toward the door.

"Out!" she said in anger and disgust as she slammed the door shut. As she stood just outside the door, hoping beyond hope that it would fly open and he would apologize, she heard "Bitch!" from inside. She felt like she could kill him as she walked to the elevator and pressed the "Down" button.

Phoebe lit a cigarette as she sat on a stool in the hotel bar. As she sat and smoked it was obvious from the look on her face she was angry and frustrated.

"Hey, Pheebs," Piper said as she walked up to her younger sister. Piper owned the hotel bar and was the reason Phoebe and her boyfriend could afford to stay in such a nice hotel. "You look like you could use a drink. What's up?" Piper asked as she began to mix a cocktail.

"My boyfriend, what else is new," Phoebe replied.

"Caught him cheating?" Piper asked as she took a cigarette from the packet Phoebe had left on the bar and lit it.

"I wish. I could probably deal with that easier. I just can't stand his filthy mouth. I mean, I'm not a prude. I can take a curse word or two.

Everyone slips in anger sometimes, right? But with him, whenever he gets the least bit annoyed at something every other word out of his mouth is 'F' this and 'F' that. I'm sorry. I'm ranting. I just got so angry at him. I just needed someone to vent on." Phoebe said as she took a drag on her cigarette. She didn't smoke that often but she felt like smoking the whole pack right now.

"Don't mention it," Piper said as she took another drag on her cigarette, "That's what big sisters are for." Piper blew her smoke up toward the ceiling. She wasn't much older than Phoebe. Only two years actually. But since their mother passed away she was always the one Phoebe turned to for advice.

"I just don't know what to do. Like an idiot I yelled at him 'If you don't watch that language I'll...' and then just left it hanging there." Phoebe was chuckling at herself at how foolish she had been to make an idle threat.

"You'll what?" Piper asked as she took another drag.

"That's just it. I don't know 'What'"

"Well, think about it. How did we learn not to use 'bad words'?"

"Mom taught us, I guess."

"Yes, but how did she teach us?" Piper was smiling at the exchange. She couldn't believe her sister couldn't follow this. "She didn't bake us a cake every time we said 'good' words, did she?"

"No," Phoebe laughed, "but I still don't see where you going."

"OK, think back. Do remember Mom asking this question 'What did I say I would do if I ever heard you use those dirty words?'"

You could almost see the light bulb above Phoebe's head as she said "Wash my mouth out with soap!"

"Bingo!" Piper smiled.

"Yeah, but my boyfriend's not a little kid. How can I threaten him with washing his mouth out? He's bigger and stronger than me. It's not like he'll just let me do it."

"Phoebe, Phoebe, Phoebe," Piper took another drag, "They're all little boys inside. Trust me, he wants you to discipline him. That's why he keeps doing it. Besides, if you do it right you'll have him eating out of the palm of your hand." Both girls were laughing out loud over that one.

"You think it will work?" Phoebe asked. She was getting very interested in this conversation.

"Didn't Mom ever soap your mouth?" Piper asked with a raised eyebrow.

"No, You?" Phoebe replied shaking her head.

"I've been on both ends of the bar and it is definitely better to give than

to receive."

"You're kidding!" Phoebe laughed out loud, "When? Where? You've been keeping secrets sister. Tell me all the sudsy details."

"Well, Mom washed my mouth out a few times but if she had done it right it would have only been once."

"What do you mean?" Phoebe was on the edge of her seat. She was surprised at how excited she was getting listening to Piper describe their mother's idea of washing a mouth out with soap.

"All she did was wet the soap, stick it in my mouth and make me hold it. Usually it was only a minute or two."

"Was it awful?" Phoebe asked with a scrunched up face, "I think I would puke."

"No, it was easy. All I did was hold the soap with my teeth and not touch it with my tongue. In about half a minute the soap would be dry and all I'd wind up with would be a few slivers on my teeth. When she let me rinse, I'd spit them out and 'Voila!' I'm still a foul-mouthed bitch when I want to be."

"Alright, that's the one end of the bar. Tell me about the other end." Phoebe was becoming incredibly turned on. She wasn't sure why, but she definitely felt she was getting warmer.

"That, little sister," Piper said as she blew smoke over her shoulder, "is what I'm going to teach you."

"OK, how do I 'do it right'?" Phoebe shook her head and smiled, "I can't believe I'm actually talking about doing this."

"The first time you do it you might get a little nervous but you can't show it or you'll never go through with it." Piper took a drag on her cigarette and appeared to be deep in thought, "You know, you might want to practice."

"How do you practice washing someone's mouth out with a soap?"

"Alright, listen. I can probably get someone to cover for me here. I can help you if you want."

"What, you're going to let me wash your mouth out with soap?"

"Not exactly," Piper had a smirky smile on her face, "See, in order to do it correctly, you really need to have experienced it yourself." Piper could see the shocked look on Phoebe's face. "I promise to be gentle." Piper took a final drag on her cigarette and crushed it out in the ashtray. "Think about it for a minute or two. I'll be right back."

Phoebe thought hard about what to do. She wanted to curb her boyfriend's tongue but she couldn't believe she had to have her mouth washed out with soap to do it. However, the excitement of experiencing something new was always a high for her and for some reason she found the thought of being controlled that way very sexy. She also thought it would be tremendously sexy to control someone else. She took a last drag on her cigarette and blew a column of smoke over her sister's head as Piper

walked back toward her. "OK," she said as she stubbed out her cigarette, "I'll do it under one condition. You let me practice on you after you do me."

Piper thought about it for a second or two, "Fair enough. I called someone to cover for me. Just let me get my purse and we're out of here."

"Where to?" Phoebe asked as she gathered her cigarettes and lighter off the bar.

"First lesson in 'Mouthsoaping 101', we need a bar of soap. Let's go into the hotel shop. I think they'll have just what the doctor ordered."

There were a number of brand name soaps in the hotel shop along with some exotic (read expensive) "gourmet" soaps.

"How do you know which one to use?" Phoebe asked.

"You want to pick one that makes a good, thick lather and has a nice, feminine scent. You could probably use any one of these. Do you have a favorite?"

"I've always loved the scent of Camay and it can't get much more feminine than a pink bar of soap."

"Looks like they knew we were coming. They've got a whole shelf of Camay in every size and color it comes in."

"Here's pink right here," Phoebe said as she scanned the rows of Camay boxes.

"Lesson number two," Piper said as she held up two boxes of pink Camay. One bath sized bar and one personal sized, "Which size is the right size?" Piper answered her own question, "Again, you could probably go either way but for the method I'm going to show you today, we're better off with a bath sized bar. See, size does matter," They both laughed, "A bigger bar will look more intimidating and that will help you set the tone this first time. Later, if you have to wash his mouth out again, you might try the smaller size. But right now, bigger is definitely better." Piper could see a look of concern on Phoebe's face.

"Now remember," Piper said as she and Phoebe walked out of the shop toward the elevator, "when you soap your boyfriend make sure you bring him down here to buy the soap. Take him by the ear and drag him if you have to. Part of the experience is the humiliation he'll feel as he has to pick out the bar of soap knowing you'll be washing his mouth out with it. And, make sure he walks it up to the cashier and pays for it himself. Lisa, the girl who works there, she knows me and she's seen me bring a naughty boy or two in to buy soap. She gets a kick out of it."

When they got to Piper's room they headed straight for the bathroom. "OK," Piper said, "you've told him you're going to wash his mouth out with soap, you've taken him, forcefully if necessary, to the store and had him pick out and purchase a nice, big, bar of pink Camay, and now you're at the moment of truth. He may still think you're bluffing and that you've gotten your kicks already. Or, he may apologize profusely and promise he'll 'never do it again!' in hopes you'll back down. You have to be strong and keep going or he'll never obey you again." Phoebe's heart was pounding with both

anticipation of her first taste of soap and fear that she might like it. "Once you get him in the bathroom," Piper continued, "march him right over to the sink and start filling it with warm water. Order him to undress."

"Why?" Phoebe asked.

"It adds to the embarrassment and makes him easier to control," Piper said matter-of-factly. "Then, have him unwrap the bar of soap and hand it to you. Hold it up to his nose and tell him to smell how nice and pretty it smells. Tell him how pretty all the suds will make his mouth smell and then, drop it in the sinkful of water and let it sit there and get soft."

"The softer it is, the sudsier it will get when you lather up, right?" Phoebe asked with a little smile.

"You got it. Now, I'm not going to make you undress but if we're going through with this you're going to have to get ready," Piper said as she turned on the faucet and started filling the sink with warm water.

"OK, here," Phoebe said as she unwrapped the bar of Camay and handed it to her sister. Phoebe stepped up to the sink and stood before the mirror looking at herself in disbelief that she was actually going through with this.

"Smell," Piper told her as she held the bar of pink soap up to Phoebe's nose.

"I love the scent. I only hope I still will when you're through," Phoebe tried to laugh but she was getting very nervous and excited at the same time.

"You will, honey. Just relax, it's going to be painless," Piper said as she dropped the bar of Camay into the sink and shut off the faucets. "Now, here's where it gets real interesting. You drop the soap into the sink and order him to tell you what he did to deserve his mouthsoaping. The interesting part is that you can drag it out for as long as you want."

"And the longer it takes, the softer the soap gets and the more suds it will make," Phoebe finished her sister's thought.

"My, you're such a good student," Piper laughed, "it's almost a shame I have to wash your mouth out. I should reward you."

"Hey! Are you trying to drag this out so the Camay gets soft?" Phoebe yelled.

"Sorry! I got carried away," Piper said as she took the soap out of the sink. "Now, we could spend hours going over all the different methods for soaping a mouth 'the right way' but my favorite is with a washcloth. You drop the washcloth in the warm water and get it good and wet. Then pick up the bar of soap, wrap the washcloth around it, and start lathering." Piper was doing this as she said it. "Make sure you work up a good, thick lather."

"Gentle, remember," Phoebe said as she watched her sister perform a waltz with the washcloth and the bar of Camay. Mounds of soapsuds began to splash into the sink.....

"Remember, you said you'd be gentle with me."

"Don't worry honey, I have a feeling you're going to enjoy this more than you think."

Phoebe remembered now, as she watched Piper lathering the washcloth, the other reason she liked Camay soap so much...it makes a mountain of suds. She could see Piper was enjoying what she was doing and got she got turned on even more as she imagined what it would be like to be standing over her boyfriend, sudsing the washcloth and preparing to scrub his mouth out with soap and him helpless to stop her. Knowing, as he was forced to watch her, that the inevitable was coming. She was going to work that washcloth into every corner of his mouth. He'd be blowing bubbles for days when she got through with him. Phoebe was completely lost in her thoughts of power and domination when Piper snapped her back to reality...

"Open up," Piper ordered as she held the fully sudsed washcloth up to Phoebe's face. Phoebe did as she was told. Opening only slightly at first. She could smell the Camay in the suds on the washcloth as Piper began to rub the soapy cloth over her lips and front teeth. Phoebe's tongue wasn't going anywhere near that washcloth. Phoebe had decided to go through with her mouthsoaping but apparently her tongue had second thoughts.

"You want to keep telling him what a 'bad boy' he is and that you're going to 'scrub all those naughty words out of his filthy mouth,'" Piper said as she continued to scrub the sudsy washcloth across Phoebe's lips.

Phoebe was thinking this wasn't too bad when Piper suddenly pushed the soapy cloth passed her teeth and started scrubbing her tongue. Phoebe tasted the soap and felt the suds scrubbing around her mouth reaching all the way to her back teeth. Suds were dripping off her chin as Piper tugged the washcloth out of her mouth.

"Look at yourself," Piper exclaimed as she pointed to some soapsuds which had found their way onto the tip of Phoebe's nose, "Phoebe the Camay reindeer!" Piper was now laughing out loud. Phoebe looked at herself in the mirror and burst out laughing at how funny she looked. A large soap bubble floated from her lips.

"Wow," Piper marveled as she popped the bubble with a fingernail, "I didn't realize I had gotten that much soap on your lips. You can spit and rinse if you want but don't let that boyfriend of yours do anything until you give him permission. If he tries to spit before you allow him to, start over with a freshly lathered washcloth and make sure you go at least twice as long as the first time."

Phoebe spit the suds out of her mouth and began rinsing with fresh water. By the third glass she felt she had gotten all the soap out of her mouth. She could still taste Camay although not too strongly. Shockingly, she was thinking that she rather enjoyed the whole thing.

"I can see what you mean about this being 'the gift that keeps on giving' I think I'll be tasting Camay for days. I have to tell you, there's something very sexy about it. I don't know how to explain it but I'm pretty turned on

right now. The anticipation of having all that power over someone is very cool!"

"I told you you'd enjoy it," Piper said with a smile "Alright," Phoebe said with a devilish smile of her own, "your turn!"

"Remember that I was gentle with you," Piper smiled.

"It's just a little soap and water, you big sissy," Phoebe was laughing as she picked up the bar of Camay and found a fresh washcloth. She was already refilling the sink with warm water. Phoebe wrapped the plush washcloth around the pink bar of soap and dropped them both into the filling sink. She watched as suds began to form on the surface of the water. She felt a new wave of excitement as she picked up the soaking wet washcloth still wrapped around the bar of pink Camay and began to work up a lather. She was staring at the pink soap as she worked it around the washcloth, sudsing every corner and both sides. She imagined herself standing over her naked boyfriend cowering at the sink, pleading with her 'I'll never swear again, I promise! Just don't put that soap in my mouth!' Phoebe was filling the sink with suds as they splashed off the completely soaped washcloth but she kept lathering and lathering. Working the bar of Camay into every corner of the cloth.

Piper snapped her out of her trance, "I hate to interrupt but are we going to do this or would you rather be alone with your new friend?"

"I'm thinking," Phoebe said as she finally stopped lathering the washcloth and put the bar of Camay on the edge of the sink, "What do you say we skip this?"

"Honey, I'm not exactly looking forward to having you wash my mouth out. Especially not with that washcloth, I don't think I've ever seen more soap loaded onto a washcloth in my life. But I'm not sending you in to wash your boyfriend's mouth out with you never having done this before. It could go wrong and you'd be back at square one."

"I have an idea," Phoebe said with a twinkle in her eye.....

Phoebe was sitting in the overstuffed chair by the window of her hotel room smoking a cigarette. She was nervous and smoking helped her relax. She was afraid she wouldn't be able to go through with it or that she would start to feel bad for him and wouldn't finish the job. She was starting to think her "great idea" wasn't so great after all and that perhaps she had made a big mistake by not practicing on Piper. It was too late to turn back now though, as she heard the door opening. She took a deep drag on her cigarette and blew the smoke out the window.

"Are you smoking in here?" he asked as he put down his keys and a bag from a local drug store, "You know it affects my allergies. I can't believe how f@%ing inconsiderate you are sometimes."

"I told you before, I had had it with that mouth of yours," Phoebe stood and started across the room. She took another drag on her cigarette and blew the smoke over her shoulder as she walked. She was gaining confidence and hearing

him utter another four-letter word was just the push she needed to assure herself she wouldn't back down.

"What the hell are you talking about?" He had no idea what was in store for him. "While you were off with your sister, yeah, I saw you two in the bar, I had to go all over town to find a razor. Your hotel shop don't have shit. They should just put up a sign that says 'for women only' cause guys are f@%&ed in there." Phoebe was now an arms length away and he noticed something different about her. Maybe it was the way she had put her hair up or the comfortable looking open-toed shoes she wore that exposed her freshly painted toenails. Or the conservative blouse and skirt she wore. She looked nice, he thought, but there was something different yet familiar about her. It finally hit him... she looked like a young version of her mother. She looked matronly!

"That's it, young man," Phoebe stood almost directly in front of him. She took a drag on her cigarette and blew the smoke into his face. "What did I say I'd do if I caught you using that kind of language?" Phoebe stood with her right arm folded across her chest. Her left elbow rested on her right hand with her left hand, cigarette between the index and middle fingers, near the left side of her face. She was tapping the toe of her right foot, impatiently waiting for an answer, "I'm waiting mister."

"For what?" He was completely unaware.

"What happens to naughty little boys who use dirty words?"

"I have no idea what the f@%& you're talking about. Are you drunk?"

Phoebe took a long slow drag on her cigarette. I am drunk, she thought as she slowly exhaled toward the ceiling. Drunk with power and excitement. "It's funny that you should mention the hotel shop because that's exactly where we're headed. Just let me grab my purse and we'll go down."

"I'm not going anywhere with you," he said in disbelief, "and I think maybe you need to lie down for awhile."

Phoebe took a final drag on her cigarette. She French inhaled the smoke deeply and exhaled slowly as she crushed it out in the ashtray then turned to face him. "You can walk with me or I will take you by the ear and drag you there in front of every and anyone who might see. But either way, you're going with me. We have some shopping to do." Phoebe grabbed her purse and started for the door. When she didn't sense him following immediately, she reached out and pinched his left earlobe between the thumb and index finger of her right hand.

"Ouch! What the f@%k!! That hurts!" he yelled as she started dragging him toward the door.

"You better get all that filth out now because when I'm finished with you you wont feel much like swearing for a long time. But, keep in mind, the more you swear, the worse it will be." As they headed from the elevator to the hotel shop he still had no idea what

Phoebe was up to. However, when Phoebe led him through the aisles to a shelf filled with Camay soap, he got an uneasy feeling in the pit of his stomach.

"You've got to be kidding," he was trying to sound like a tough guy but he could see by the determined look on Phoebe's face that he would have to do better than that if he was going to dissuade her.

"I want you to pick out a nice, bath sized bar of Camay. Oh, and make sure it's pink." Phoebe had a devilish smile on her lips. She was really getting into this.

He fumbled around with the boxes of soap on the shelf, "Listen, you're not really thinking of doing what I think you are, are you?" It was less a question and more of a plea.

"Why?" Phoebe asked with a smile, "What do you think I'm going to do?" She was electrified. This was going even better than she imagined it would. Piper was right, he was already eating out of the palm of her hand. She was in complete control and she loved it! She never felt sexier in her life. She was going to have to remember to let Piper have it for not letting her in on this years ago.

"You know." He was talking at his feet trying desperately to not be overheard by anyone else in the shop.

"Speak up. I can hardly hear you. Or, would you prefer to have this discussion at the register with the pretty, young cashier? You know, that's a terrific idea. C'mon, let's tell her what you think I'm going to do with that pink bar of Camay."

"Phoebe, no!" he whispered so low he was practically inaudible.

"We're going to have to have that nice young lady help us. I can't understand anything that comes out of your mouth. First, it's nothing but a stream of curse words and now it seems the cat's got your tongue." Phoebe had to twist his ear again to get him to start moving but he slapped her hand away before they got in sight of the cashier.

Phoebe was right, he thought. The cashier was pretty. He wished he could disappear as Phoebe shoved him toward the counter carrying his sole purchase. He placed the bar of Camay on the counter as he started fumbling through his pockets realizing he had not one penny on him.

"I just love this soap," said Lisa, the cashier, as she scanned the box, "it smells so nice," she picked up the box, held it to her nose and sniffed deeply, "Don't you think so?" She held the box out for him to smell.

"Go ahead, dear," Phoebe said as she walked up behind him, "Smell it. It's such a lovely scent," Phoebe winked at Lisa. "Lisa, could you help us? I'm apparently having a little trouble hearing. My boyfriend was trying to tell me what he thought I was planning to do with this bar of pink Camay soap but I can't seem to hear anything he says."

He quivered at the way Phoebe said 'pink Camay soap' pausing between each word "Go ahead, honey, tell Lisa what you think I'm going to do," Phoebe was grinning from ear to ear watching her boyfriend get so uncomfortable and embarrassed. She loved the fact that she caused his embarrassment and she could either continue it or end it on her whim.

"She's...um...she's going to...um...she's..." he was unable to even think it no less say it aloud to someone he'd never met.

"OH MY GOD!" Lisa exclaimed as realization dawned on her, "She's going to wash your mouth out with soap!" Lisa had a look of amazement on her face, "That is so cool! Can I watch?" she asked Phoebe.

"Not this time," Phoebe smiled, "Maybe next time. Here dear, pay Lisa for the Camay and thank her for all her help. I'm sure you'd love to stand here and chit-chat all day but you've got a date with a sinkful of hot water and a washcloth to go with that bar of pretty, pink soap." Phoebe couldn't keep from smiling. She practically floated as they waited for the elevator. She didn't even have to prod her boyfriend into following. He just walked behind her with his head down looking like a man walking to the electric chair. "Cheer up, you big baby. It's just a little soap and water. On second thought, better make that a lot of soap!" Phoebe laughed out loud when she saw the look on his face.

"Please," he pleaded, "You don't have to do this! I promise I'll never say another curse word again, I swear! I've learned my lesson already!" He was practically on his knees.

"There you go swearing again. Tsk, tsk, tsk. Maybe I should have had you get two bars of Camay," Phoebe said as the elevator reached their floor. "OK mister," Phoebe said as they entered their room, "Into the bathroom and don't forget the soap. Oh, and start stripping."

"What!" he said in astonishment.

"You heard me. All the way. I want to see your cute, little behind."

He opened the bathroom door and nearly had a heart attack.

"Suprise!" Piper shouted as she sat on the toilet seat smoking a cigarette.....

"What took so long?" Piper said to Phoebe as she walked in behind her still astonished boyfriend.

"Sorry, we had to have a little discussion with Lisa, the cashier."

"She's a real cutie, isn't she?" Piper said as she took a last drag on her cigarette and flushed it down the toilet.

"You should have seen her face when she figured out what we were going to do with the soap. She actually asked if she could watch!" Phoebe was laughing at the thought of her washing her boyfriend's mouth out while both Piper and

Lisa watched. Her boyfriend, on the other hand was trying to shrink away and escape this whole scene.

"Just look at him," Piper said as she looked him up and down. He was standing between the two sisters with his eyes downcast. He was holding the box containing the Camay soap in both hands at his waist hoping that it would somehow disappear into thin air and this nightmare would be over. "You've done well, little sister. You don't need my help. It seems you've got him right where you want him."

"No, stay," Phoebe said. "I want to make sure I do it right."

"O.K. if you insist," Piper said as she sat back down on the toilet seat cover.

"I do," Phoebe said to her sister. And to her boyfriend she said, "Hey, you don't look like you're undressing to me. Chop, chop. Off with the clothes!" She opened the hot water faucet in the sink and put her hand under the running water to feel for the water to get warm. When it did she pulled up the drain stop so the sink would fill. Steam began to rise off the water in the sink as Phoebe turned off the water. She tested the water with her hand as she dropped a thick washcloth into the hot water. She turned to find her boyfriend completely naked. He still held the box with the bar of Camay in both hands at his waist trying desperately to hide his privates from the view of the two women. He was even more embarrassed as he thought of the irony of the situation.

When he first met Piper right after he and Phoebe started dating, he had imagined having a menage-a-trois with the two of them but this was certainly not what he had envisioned.

"Alright, over to the sink," Phoebe ordered him. "Unwrap my bar of Camay."

He did as he was instructed and opened the box containing the bar of sweet smelling pink soap. As he removed the bar from its box he realized that he had never before noticed how big a bath sized bar of soap was. He wondered how it could possibly fit in his mouth since he had already figured that all Phoebe was going to do was wet the soap in the hot water and make him keep it in his mouth for a few minutes. He guessed it was good that the soap was so big since then he would only have part of it in his mouth. Even though he thought it wouldn't taste very nice, he was feeling better about his situation as he held the bar of soap out to Phoebe who was standing at the edge of the vanity to his left while Piper watched from her seat on the toilet cover to his right.

"Smell it!" Phoebe ordered him. "Doesn't it smell pretty?" she teased as he held the bar of Camay to his nose.

"Well, doesn't it?" Phoebe asked as she waited for an answer.

"Yes," he muttered.

"'Yes' what?" Phoebe smiled.

"Yes, it smells pretty," he stammered.

"I don't think Piper heard you. You'll have to speak up."

"I said 'it smells pretty,'" he said in Piper's direction. Both sisters were giggling now.

"Does it smell yummy?" Phoebe asked.

"Um,...I um.....," he was stammering pretty badly now due to the humiliation he was experiencing.

"Never mind," Phoebe said with mock disgust. "You're gonna find out if it's yummy or not in a few minutes. Put my Camay in the water."

He could see steam rising off the surface of the water as he dropped the pink bar of soap into the sink. He watched the soap as it rested on top of the washcloth on the bottom of the sink. He could have sworn he could see it melting as he saw what looked like wisps of smoke curling off the soap as it nestled in the washcloth.

"Now, tell us why I have to waste a perfectly good bar of Camay soap on your mouth," Phoebe commanded. "And make sure we both hear every word!"

"I used foul language," he muttered.

"What kind of foul language? And be sure to speak up or we'll be making another trip down to see Lisa. Maybe the threat of a Camay/Dove combo washing will get you to speak clearly." Phoebe was in her glory watching him squirm. She caught Piper's eye and the two of them exchanged looks of approval.

"I said the 'F' word," he stammered a little louder than before.

"'F' is not a word. It's a letter. I want to hear those filthy words you said." Phoebe was enjoying this because she knew the Camay was getting softer and softer as it sat in the warm water and if Piper was right, which Phoebe was sure she was, it was going to make more suds than she had ever seen before.

"Fuck," he said in shame.

"And?" Phoebe asked.

"Shit."

"Anything else?"

"I don't think so," he said after he thought a moment. He wasn't sure but he hoped he had confessed enough and he could get this whole mess over with.

"Well, you think about it and let us know when you're sure and don't think I won't know if you're lying!" Phoebe stood with her arms crossed on her chest

tapping her right toe impatiently. She glanced over at Piper who mouthed 'You go, girl.' Phoebe smiled and continued acting impatient. She couldn't believe he hadn't caught on that all she was doing was letting the Camay sit in the warm water longer so it would make better lather to wash his mouth out with.

"I'm sure," he said after about four full minutes had passed. "That was it."

"O.K. then. Let's see how my pretty pink bar of Camay soap is doing." Phoebe peered into the sink full of water. She could hardly see the Camay as the water had become cloudy with soap. She reached in and cradled the bar of soap in the washcloth as she lifted them out of their steamy bath. She could smell the sweet, sexy scent as she held the soap, still nestled in the washcloth, close to her face. She could feel that the Camay was considerably softer than when it was first deposited in the water.

"Give my Camay a great big kiss," she ordered him as she held the soap and washcloth up to his face. He recoiled away.

"Kiss it!" she demanded and pushed the soap and washcloth up to his lips. With her right hand she held the back of his neck and pushed the soap against his lips with her left. She could see some softened pink Camay deposited on his lips as she pulled the soap away. She smiled a very sexy smile as she dunked the washcloth and the bar of Camay back into the sink, lifted them, and began to work them into a lather.

In seconds thick, rich soap suds were splashing off the washcloth into the sink. Phoebe continued to roll the Camay over and over in the washcloth making sure she soaped the entire cloth from corner to corner. When she was satisfied she had gotten it all, she flipped the cloth over and repeated the process on the other side making sure she held the washcloth and soap close to her boyfriend's face so he would be sure to see the process.

"Ummmmmm, yummy huh? You see all these suds? They're all going into your dirty mouth. I'm going to scrub every corner of your mouth out with my Camay soap suds. I'll bet you can't wait, huh?" Phoebe was laughing at him as he instinctively clamped his mouth shut while she sudsed the washcloth right in his face. Phoebe was finally satisfied that she could not possibly get any more soap onto the washcloth and she set the bar of Camay on the edge of the sink with her right hand, which was completely covered in thick lather, while she held the washcloth up to her boyfriend's face with her left. "Open up sweetie," she smiled.....

His mouth was instinctively clamped shut at the sight of the soapy washcloth held just millimeters from his lips. Piper wanted to get up and grab his lower jaw and force his mouth open so Phoebe could begin the scrubbing but she resisted the temptation. She also wanted to see how Phoebe would handle this first stumbling block. Everything else she had done was working like a charm and Piper wanted to see how Phoebe would react so she held her seat on the toilet cover although she couldn't resist offering this advice:

"You should put the bar of soap back into the water so it will continue to stay soft. Just in case you need to re-suds the washcloth."

"Thanks, sis. It's a good thing you're here," Phoebe said as she dropped the bar of pink Camay back into it's steamy bath. "Isn't it a good thing my sister is taking the time to help us here?" she asked her boyfriend who still had his mouth clamped shut.

"If Piper wasn't here I wouldn't know the first thing about washing a mouth out with soap. You should thank her," she said with a smile. He turned his head ever so slightly towards Piper who sat on the toilet seat cover smiling. He wanted to thank her alright. With a backhand to the face and knock that silly grin off her lips. He started to say 'Thanks a lot, bitch!' but all he got out was "Thank umph!" as Phoebe seized the opportunity she was waiting for and plunged the soapy washcloth into his mouth as soon as his lips parted to speak.

Phoebe couldn't contain her laughter. How silly he was! How did he not see that one coming. Piper was right, he was wrapped around her finger and he was powerless against her. She shoved the soapy washcloth deep into his mouth and began to move it back and forth across his tongue, coating it with thick suds.

"There, isn't that nice?" Phoebe purred. "All those yummy Camay soap suds swishing around in your mouth. I'll bet it feels so much better to have soap suds in there instead of those filthy words. Do you like having Camay suds in your mouth?" she asked with a smile.

He tried to shake his head 'no' but Phoebe had a firm grip on the back of his neck with her free hand as she danced the washcloth around his mouth with the other.

"I'm sorry, I couldn't hear you," Phoebe said as she momentarily paused her scrubbing.

He didn't try to respond. His mouth and throat were burning from the soap.

Phoebe pulled the still sudsy washcloth from his mouth. "Do you think I've gotten all those nasty words scrubbed out of your mouth?" she asked him as she turned his head to face her.

He was emphatically nodding his head up and down while he tried to say 'yes' but all that escaped his lips was a large soap bubble. Meanwhile Piper was shaking her head 'no!' in shock that Phoebe was actually considering ending the session after such a short time.

"You think so?" Phoebe purred as she popped the bubble with a fingertip. "Let's have a look in there and see."

He opened his mouth as wide as he could hoping Phoebe would see enough soap suds on his tongue and pronounce his mouth clean. Phoebe peered into his mouth inspecting up and down. She even asked him to lift up his tongue so she could see the underside. All the while she was trying to keep from laughing out loud. "Silly boy!" she said as she stuffed the soapy washcloth back into his mouth. "There are still plenty of dirty words floating around way in the back. Besides, I have all this lovely

Camay lather built up on this washcloth. You wouldn't want it to go to waste would you?"

Phoebe shook his head from side to side. "I'm so glad you agree!" She smiled and started scrubbing again. Soap suds were cascading down his chin onto his chest. "Now, you remember this every time you even think about saying a swear word," Phoebe danced the washcloth around over and under his tongue, into every corner of his mouth. "If I hear, or if someone tells me they heard, you use that kind of language ever again you'll find yourself right back in front of a sink with a mouthful of pretty, pink Camay soap!"

After what seemed to him like hours of Phoebe scrubbing and swishing the washcloth around his face and mouth, she finally stopped. She stuffed the entire washcloth into his mouth, pressed his lips together and slowly pulled the cloth out of his mouth using his lips to squeeze every last bit of soap out of it.

When it was completely out of his mouth she turned to Piper. "Well, what do you think?"

"Let's see," Piper said as she stood and stepped up to the sink to inspect Phoebe's work. She grasped his chin and turned his face towards hers. "There's really only one foolproof test. You take your finger," she held up the index finger of her left hand, "and stick it in as far as it will go," she pushed her finger deep into his mouth. "When you pull it out, if it doesn't have suds on it, you're not done yet." Piper slowly pulled her finger from his mouth making sure she scraped it against his teeth and lips on the way out effectively wiping any suds off. "Nope, I'm afraid you're not quite done." Piper was laughing at him. Phoebe couldn't resist and joined in.

"I've done as good a job as I can. You give it a try," Phoebe said to her sister as she handed Piper the washcloth.

"O.K. if you insist. But I won't be needing that washcloth just yet. There's only one really effective way of getting enough soap into his mouth," Piper said as she reached into the sink and lifted the soft pink bar of Camay out of it's bath. "You have to use the bar."

"No fair!" Phoebe protested. "You didn't show me that. How am I supposed to do it right if you're holding back information?"

"I'll show you now if you'll stop whining," Piper said. "And, you'd better be careful how you speak to me. I AM still your big sister and you're not too big to be standing in front of the sink with a bar of soap in your mouth when I'm done with him!"

"Sorry, sweetie," Phoebe said. "I lost my head for a second. O.K., show me."

"Hold his chin for me and then you'll be able to see everything." Phoebe grabbed his chin with one hand and forced his mouth open. Piper gripped the slippery bar of Camay in her left hand and held the back of his neck with her right. She pushed the soap into his mouth and narrated as she moved it.

"You shove the bar in and give it a twist like this," Piper turned the bar of Camay, which was still of formidable size, around in her hand. The soap scraped against his teeth leaving some of them coated in pink soap. "Then you rub it against any teeth that don't have soap on them.

That's one nice thing about using a pink soap, you can easily see the spots you missed." Piper was scraping bits of Camay onto any area where she didn't see pink. Phoebe was watching intently, still with a firm grip on his chin. "Let it sit like that for a minute or two," Piper said as she picked up the washcloth and Phoebe released her hold on his chin. "Then, you suds up the washcloth again."

He moaned in disgust. When was this going to end?

"You be quiet, mister!" Phoebe commanded. "Think of this as a learning experience. Besides, it's just a little soap and water."

Both girls were laughing now while Piper was busy soaping the washcloth. She easily had as much soap on it as Phoebe had. Suds were everywhere, dripping down Piper's arms, splashed all over the top of the vanity, of course the sink was overflowing with them.

When Piper was satisfied she had thoroughly soaped the washcloth she held it up in front of her sister. "Here's the secret weapon," she placed the bar of Camay in the washcloth and wrapped it with the sudsy cloth. "You use the bar AND the washcloth!" Piper pushed the bar of Camay into his face. The washcloth covered his whole face. Suds were in his eyes and started to go up his nose as he tried to breathe without opening his mouth. This time he wasn't going to give in. He twisted and turned his face trying to get the soap away from his mouth. All he succeeded in doing though, was to get his face thoroughly sudsy as Piper followed his every twist, keeping the bar of Camay and the washcloth pressed against his face.

"How do you get his mouth open when he acts like this?" Phoebe asked.

"That's actually easy. I was just letting him scrub himself. This way, if I need more suds later I can just scoop some off his face. Plus, he's only making the lather thicker and soapier. But when you're ready all you have to do is this," Piper pinched his nose with her free hand keeping the soap and washcloth poised for entry. "When he can't hold his breath any longer, he'll have to open that filthy mouth!"

Piper waited only seconds more and he had no choice but to give in. He opened his mouth and took a deep, soapy breath. Piper slipped the bar of Camay into his mouth and pushed it as far in as it would go. Once it was in she pushed his lower jaw closed and sunk his teeth into the soft, pink soap while she began scrubbing the washcloth across the exposed portion of the bar with her other hand.

She continued to do this for a couple minutes. Phoebe couldn't believe the suds Piper was making. His entire chest was covered with thick lather. Piper then pulled his lower jaw open and began scrubbing the washcloth around and over the bar of Camay still perched in his mouth. This proceeded to make

mounds of thick lather in his mouth. He couldn't help but swallow some. When Piper saw him swallow she said, "That's what I was waiting for."

"What?" Phoebe asked as she hadn't noticed.

"He swallowed, Piper said to her sister. "Those suds I made are so thick it's just like swallowing the actual bar of soap."

Phoebe was mesmerized watching her sister work the soap. "Well, maybe now you can answer my earlier question, little man, does it taste yummy?" She and Piper both laughed at him. They could see that his throat must be burning from swallowing the suds. He couldn't even form a word with the bar of Camay still firmly stuffed in his mouth.

"I'd say he'll probably pass the 'finger test' now, wouldn't you?" Phoebe asked Piper who had stopped her scrubbing and was staring into his mouth admiring her handiwork.

"Oh, he'll pass alright!" Piper said and they both laughed.

"What do we do with him now?" Phoebe asked Piper.

"I say we leave him here and let him think about what happened and why"

"Honey," Phoebe said to her thoroughly soaped boyfriend, "I hope you learned something today," she continued as she pulled the bar of Camay from his still soap-filled mouth. "I think you still owe Piper a 'thank you' for all her help."

When he said nothing after a moment Phoebe added, "I had better hear a 'thank you' or we can start over. Would you like that?"

He vigorously shook his head 'no'.

"Well, I'm waiting."

"Thank you, Piper," he said. As he said 'Piper' a stream of small bubbles floated from his lips.

The girls laughed and popped the bubbles with their fingernails.

"Since you've already eaten," Phoebe was almost doubled over but she couldn't resist that one, "we're going to go get some dinner."

"Bye, sudsy!" Piper said as she draped the still soapy washcloth around his neck and gave him a kiss on the cheek. Then she and Phoebe left. He could still hear them laughing as they walked down the hallway.

He began to try and rinse his mouth out with fresh water. He wished the hotel had bigger drinking glasses.