

## Phoebe's Fetish Finds Her a Friend Part 3

(By: brownop31)

Phoebe arrived for her "appointment" at precisely the scheduled hour. Lisa had been very clear about not arriving early out of respect for any other clients she might be entertaining that day just as they would be instructed to show similar respect to her.

Lisa explained that when she was first starting out in "the business" she had failed to make that stipulation when arranging her appointments and two of her clients crossed paths in the foyer when one of them had left her umbrella and overcoat behind. Lisa had made sure when she chose this "office" that it had separate entries so she could have clients enter one way and exit through a different doorway to specifically avoid just such an occurrence. She had failed; however, to anticipate the possibility that someone would leave behind an item in the entryway and return to retrieve it while her next client was waiting.

This instance, while professionally embarrassing for Lisa, actually had a happy ending. Both the man who was waiting in the foyer and the woman who returned to get her umbrella, asked Lisa on subsequent visits to possibly arrange a date between them. So, as happy accidents go, Lisa became not only their dominatrix but their matchmaker as well. Lisa was not going to push her luck any further and from that point on, began scheduling clients further apart as well as strictly enforcing arrival times. She went a step further by visually checking her entry foyer and locking the entry door before bringing her clients into the "office" The entry waiting room looked to Phoebe like one you might see in an upscale doctor's office with a couple exceptions - there were only two chairs, there was no receptionist, and there were no magazines nor a coffee table on which they would normally be spread out.

Phoebe sat with her legs crossed on one of the two upholstered chairs. She nervously twiddled her pen between the index and middle fingers of her left hand. She desperately wanted a cigarette but there was no ashtray sitting on the non-existent coffee table and a prominently displayed "No Smoking" sign hung on the wall facing her.

She tried to convince herself there was nothing to be nervous about. This was going to be a simple interview and she had done hundreds of interviews. But Phoebe knew better. This would not be "just" an interview. There would be a session involved. Lisa implored Phoebe to let herself experience the subordinate side of the soaping fetish.

While she had washed her own mouth out countless times since she discovered her attraction to this fetish, she had only had her mouth washed out once by someone else and that was when Piper had done it a year or so ago. Phoebe was unsure how she would be able to let go of her dominant side and allow herself to be dominated. Lisa had assured her she would be fine but as she sat here in the waiting room, anticipation and doubt swirled through her mind. Phoebe checked her watch to see if

she might have time to go outside for just a couple drags when the door to the office opened and a very attractive young woman dressed in an ivory colored blouse and dark blue, calf length skirt said, "Phoebe, please follow me."

The woman turned and started to walk back through the doorway as Phoebe stood and, reporter's notebook and pen in hand began her interview.

"Lisa, it's so nice to meet you in person. I have a million questions."

"Questions, questions, questions. It's always `questions' with you. That's part of the reason you find yourself in so much trouble young lady. If you would stop questioning my authority and do as I say, you wouldn't find yourself here, now would you?" Lisa asked.

Phoebe was stunned a bit. She immediately recalled that Lisa had instructed her the session would begin as soon as she opened the door. In her nervousness she had forgotten that. Phoebe tried to recover, "I'm sorry Lisa. I forgot what you had said about the session starting immediately. "

"It appears, young lady, you've forgotten more than that. I have instructed you on several occasions to refer to me as either `Ma'am' or `Mistress' and you have now twice referred to me by my first name. We will deal with that while we deal with what brought you here in the first place. I don't know how many times I have spoken to you about using `dirty' words in this house and I've also told you it makes no difference whether I'm present to hear you say them or not. You will speak like a proper young lady at all times or there will be consequences. I know you've heard me say that before, correct?" Lisa was stern but very matter-of-fact.

Phoebe's head was swimming. She had been caught off guard and for someone like her, that was not a position she found herself in frequently. She had tried to apologize to get back on even ground but that only deepened her dilemma. Her mind raced through possibilities to try and extract herself from this role playing even for a moment so she could regain her footing but she could see that Lisa was not going to allow that. Lisa wanted her to submit to her role as a submissive and there was no way out of that.

"I'm waiting Phoebe. The longer you make me wait, the longer your punishment will last." Lisa said.

Phoebe snapped back to reality, "I'm sorry Lis... Umm, I mean ma'am."

"Oh, you will be `sorry' young lady but I'm still waiting for my answer." Lisa now stood with her arms folded across her chest and began tapping her foot on the floor impatiently.

In Phoebe's scramble to try to get herself out of her mess, she had forgotten what Lisa had asked her. There was no way to backtrack now. Phoebe was going to have to ask Lisa what the question was and she knew she would have to pay for that. "I'm sorry ma'am, I've forgotten the question." Phoebe muttered.

"So, you've got `a million questions' for me which I'm certain you could recite without a moment's notice but you can't seem to remember when I ask you one teeny, tiny question. It's this lack of respect for my authority that keeps landing you in trouble with me and while I've let you get away with murder before, you are going to suffer the consequences today. What I asked you was if you recalled me telling you, countless times, that there are consequences for not speaking like a proper young lady at all times, even when I'm not present." Lisa moved to stare right into Phoebe's eyes.

"Yes," Phoebe stammered.

"Yes' what?" Lisa asked.

"Yes, ma'am." Phoebe mumbled. Phoebe would look back later on this moment and realize she was no longer playing a role. She actually felt like a young schoolgirl being chastised by her teacher.

"Yes, ma'am, what?" Lisa's voice grew a bit louder and a bit angrier.

Phoebe would later recall how good at this Lisa is but right now she was consumed with emotions. She felt off her guard, uneasy, a bit scared even. She no longer felt at all confident. "Yes ma'am, I remember you saying there were consequences for not speaking like a proper young lady."

"And what did I tell you the consequence would be?" Lisa asked.

"You said I would have to eat soap." Phoebe would later wonder why she had said that. She had never referred to her fetish as `eating soap', she had always referred to it as `washing her mouth out with soap', but for some reason, perhaps because she felt like a young girl, she said what a young Phoebe might have said to her mother or a teacher.

"No, I did not say that." Lisa replied.

Phoebe was stunned. Where was Lisa going with this?

"Eating soap does no good at all," Lisa said, "That would only serve to make you sick to your stomach and that's not going to teach you anything. What I said was `I'll wash your mouth out with soap'. As opposed to eating soap, which would probably clean your teeth and would certainly clean your stomach out, washing out your mouth with lots and lots of soap suds as well as scrubbing a well lathered bar of soap in and out of

your mouth, will clean the filth out of every corner of your mouth and your tongue which is where those dirty words get formed. Now, we've wasted enough time standing here in the doorway. You won't need these for now," Lisa took Phoebe's pen and notebook and set them on the counter. She then moved through the entry foyer and locked the front door. As she walked back past Phoebe, she pinched Phoebe's left ear in her right hand and said, "Come with me young lady, there's quite a bit of soap waiting for you."

They passed down a short hallway at the end of which Phoebe saw what looked like the open doorway to a bathroom. Phoebe felt a mixture of anticipation and fears that she hadn't felt before. Even when Piper had washed her mouth out that first time she hadn't really been afraid like this. She was more curious to see what it would be like and even though Phoebe had washed her own mouth out many times, she could never create the feeling of inevitability she had now.

Those times, she always was in control. She started, stopped, scrubbed, lathered, and washed all at her own pace and to the limits she wanted to go. Here, she was at the mercy of someone else. A professional dominatrix who would push Phoebe to her full limits of pleasure and submission. Phoebe's knees were almost buckling as Lisa pulled her along by the ear. It was only a few paces down the hallway to the bathroom but Phoebe felt like it was a mile. She even briefly thought about pulling away and running back down the hall to the waiting room.

She was that scared. But she wanted this, she needed this. As they walked through the doorway, Phoebe noticed it was a lovely looking bathroom with a tub/shower to the right, a toilet directly across from the door, and a sink and vanity to the left of the toilet. Above the sink hung a mirror and in front of the sink was something that didn't quite fit - a stool. On the floor under the stool was spread a bathmat and beside the stool stood a small sink similar to the ones in a dentist's office. Phoebe quickly learned why the stool was there as Lisa pushed her toward it and told her to "Sit!"

Lisa opened the hot water faucet and began running water into the sink. From the edge of the vanity Lisa picked up and began tying on an apron. It was nothing fancy, similar to one you might see a 1950's housewife wearing around the kitchen. "We don't need to get soap and spittle all over my nice skirt do we?" Lisa smiled.

On the vanity counter Phoebe noticed laid out very orderly were a pink bath towel, a matching hand towel, a matching washcloth, a pink 'poof' nylon sponge, and a pink bib. Lisa, after tying on her apron, picked up the bib and tied it loosely around Phoebe's neck. "We don't need soapsuds getting all over your blouse either. Now, I have restraints for your hands if you cannot keep from interfering but I prefer to leave them free. You may sit on your hands if you think you cannot control yourself but I will restrain them if you cannot." Lisa looked to Phoebe for a response.

"No, ma'am. I'll be good." Phoebe replied.

"When I'm done with you, you'll be VERY good," Lisa laughed.

"Now, when I told you there were consequences for not speaking like a proper young lady, and I told you I'd wash your mouth out with soap for your transgressions, I also told you what brand of soap I'd use, didn't I?" Lisa asked.

"Yes, ma'am," Phoebe said.

"And what soap is that Phoebe?" Lisa asked.

"Camay," Phoebe said.

"And did I tell you why I use Camay soap?" Lisa asked.

"No, ma'am. I don't think so," Phoebe hoped she wasn't wrong.

"I didn't think so. I use Camay soap to clean the mouths of my young ladies because it is 'the soap of beautiful women' and while you are indeed a beautiful woman on the outside, your mouth is still dirty and dirty mouths are ugly. You can't walk around with a beautiful outside: a lovely face," Lisa pinched Phoebe's cheeks in her hand, "pretty hair," she stroked Phoebe's bangs, "beautiful eyes, and have a dirty, filthy potty mouth. So, we're going to clean that mouth up and make it as beautiful as the rest of you."

Lisa put her hand under the running water to check if it was hot enough. It must have been because she then pulled up the sink stopper and opened the cold water faucet. She again checked the temperature and when it was what she wanted she opened one of the vanity drawers. Inside, Phoebe saw the drawer was filled with packages of soap. Phoebe saw Dove Pink and white, Olay pink, Caress berry fusion, Ivory, and of course Camay pink.

Lisa reached into the drawer and took out a package of Camay. It was a two bar pack with each individual bar in its own small box and the two boxes wrapped in cellophane. Phoebe watched as Lisa slid a fingernail under the cellophane wrapping and peeled it off. Phoebe could immediately smell the familiar scent of Camay soap as Lisa tossed the wrapper into the trash. Lisa held one of the boxes containing the bar of Camay in front of Phoebe's face as she slowly peeled open one end of the box and tipped the pink bar of soap out of its container.

The second box Lisa opened in the same manner and then dropped the bar into the sink. "This one's for second helpings. I wouldn't have you leave here wanting more. That wouldn't be very polite, would it? It will get nice and soft in the hot water and will almost melt in your mouth as I scrub it in and out. You're going to love it!" Lisa chuckled.

Lisa wrapped the other bar in the pink washcloth and placed it too in the sink full of hot water. She then reached over and closed the faucets. Phoebe could see some steam rising from the sink and the scent of Camay soap was filling the room. Lisa must have sensed Phoebe smelling the air, "don't you just love the scent? It truly is a beautiful fragrance although I hope you still appreciate it after we're through. I think you will because we both know you're going to enjoy this. At least I know I will," Lisa was laughing now.

She picked up the pink bath towel that had been sitting on the counter and placed it on Phoebe's lap. "No need to get soap all over your pretty slacks," she said. Lisa then reached into the sink and picked up the bar of Camay that was wrapped in the washcloth. She held it right in front of Phoebe's face and began working the washcloth around the bar of soap, rubbing it over the pink bar. Phoebe could catch periodic glimpses of the bar of soap as the washcloth moved around it. Lather was forming quickly.

Bubbles and suds were covering the washcloth in no time. Lisa continued to work the lather, making it as thick and creamy as she could. Phoebe had done this many times before and she knew the more you worked the soap into the washcloth, the thicker and richer the lather would get. When suds began to flow off the washcloth and splash onto the bath towel on Phoebe's lap, Lisa took the bar of Camay in one hand and folded the washcloth over her other. She then began scrubbing the soap hard into the washcloth, back and forth over the same spot.

Thick, white lather formed over that spot on the pink washcloth. Lisa kept scrubbing until Phoebe swore she saw the lather on the washcloth start to turn pink. At that point, Lisa held the sudsy bar in front of Phoebe's face, "You can barely make out the cameo on the bar anymore, see" Phoebe nodded. The feelings of fear and anticipation were at their peak now. She shifted her weight on the stool and put her hands under her thighs. She knew what was about to happen, she was afraid of it but she couldn't stop it. She didn't want to stop it but she couldn't anyway. Lisa had succeeded in making her submissive. She knew what the Camay tasted like. She didn't 'like' it but she enjoyed the feeling of soapsuds in her mouth. She felt herself begin, for the first time during the session, to get wet in her groin. She started to feel sexy. Phoebe realized it was sexy to be dominated as well as to dominate. Her lips parted ever so slightly.

"That's what I was waiting for," Lisa said as she pushed the soapy washcloth into Phoebe's mouth. "Open up, feel it slip in. Feel the suds bubbling around your mouth. Taste the sweet soapy suds as they glide around your tongue," Lisa spoke softly to Phoebe. She sensed what Phoebe was feeling. She was no longer trying to dominate Phoebe, rather she was now serving as a guide through the feelings of submission and pleasure. Lisa saw one of Phoebe's hands move from under her thigh and rest in her groin. "It's okay, make it as pleasurable as you want but remember, we're not done until I say so.

You're not in charge here and your mouth looks like it needs a good scrubbing. I have two bars of Camay to use up and I won't be finished until they're both worn down quite a bit if not gone completely." Lisa continued to work the washcloth around Phoebe's mouth, lathering every spot she could reach. She pulled the washcloth from Phoebe's lips and re-wet it. Suds were flowing out of Phoebe's mouth.

"Spit," Lisa told her.

Phoebe leaned over and spit a mound of suds into the little sink. She still had quite a bit of suds on her face and lips. Lisa reached over and picked up the hand towel from the vanity counter. With her left hand Lisa wiped the towel across Phoebe's face, cleaning the soapsuds from her chin and nose. In her right hand, Lisa held the still quite sudsy washcloth, which was now dripping onto the bathmat under the stool. Lisa put the towel back on the counter and picked up the sudsy bar of Camay from the soap dish. She dunked the bar of soap into the water and began working it over the washcloth again making mounds of soapsuds splash off the washcloth onto the mat.

"Open," was all Lisa said. Phoebe opened her mouth in anticipation.

To be continued... ..