

Rose

Part 2

At 6:30 I parked the car down the street. I was asking myself lots of questions, the main one being....should I do this. Gosh, I didn't even know her name.

I saw a couple of young women, probably in their 30's, come out of the house and they started walking up the street, in my direction, but they were on the other side of the street. When they got across from where I was parked one of them crossed the street, and said, "are you the guy that's supposed to get his mouth washed out by Rose?". I could feel myself turning red from embarrassment.

I said to her, "you mean she told you that?". She started laughing and said "Rose is really looking forward to doing it, but she really didn't think you'd show up. Anyway, have fun".

At least now I knew her name. I rang the bell at 7 PM and was invited in by 'Rose'. Gosh, she was gorgeous. In her pink pumps, with the pink pom-poms, she was a little taller than me, which was a little intimidating. She definitely had an air of pride, confidence, assertiveness, superiority; she was big and very very beautiful.

I followed her into the livingroom. She stopped in front of me and spun around, saying, "we start right now, get on your knees".

I was not ready for this but I slow-ly obeyed. She smiled; her face actually glowed. She said, "so, you've decided to take the place of the 16 yr. old, hmmm? How old are you?".

I could barely hear myself say "45".

She said, "Rose is going to have fun punishing you. Everything that he had coming to him, you're going to get. But you're going to get more for not minding your own business. Now, where did we leave off before you so rudely interrupted us? I know!

I was slapping the shit out of him, like this". She grab-bed my hair with her left hand and began slapping me about the head and face with her right hand. While the slaps stung, they were definitely meant to humiliate. She must've slapped me 25 times, saying, "keep those hands behind your back or I'll tie them there. She end-ed with 10 stinging slaps to the left side of my face.

She grabbed an ear and led me, on my knees, to the kitchen. Everything had happened so fast. Once in the kitchen she said, "okay, why am I going to wash your mouth out?".

I said, "because of what I said to you".

"And what was it that you said?". "I don't know what it was that I said".

"Liar!"

"I don't know what I said, Rose". Slap-slap-slap-slap-slap-slap "that's Miss Rose to you".

I was not liking this. What did the kid say that pissed her off so much! And I was going to get punished for it.

Rose held a bottle in front of me and said, "what's this"?

I said, "it's a bottle of perfume, Miss Rose".

She said, "smell it. How does it smell?".

I said, "it smells very nice, Miss Rose".

Then she screamed, "then why did you say it smells like cat piss? Hmmm? Let's see. I think 20 sprays of Tabu Cat Pee should be sufficient". She started spraying me with the perfume.

I was yelling, "cut it out Rose. c'mon, it doesn't smell like cat-pee, honest". But she continued spraying me.

She dragged me towards the sink and said, "I hope you like Camay".

She yanked my hair, and as I yelled "ouch" she crammed a bar of soap in my mouth. She twisted and churned the soap in my mouth. In an attempt to stop her I bit down on the soap. Then she mashed it into my teeth and began the twisting and churning, all over again.

She screamed, "if those hands come out from behind your back I'm going to make you eat this whole bar. Do you understand?".

Through a soap gagged mouth I answered "yes Miss Rose", but the answer was obviously muffled.

I tried to stop the soaping by collapsing to the floor, but Rose came down on top of me. She continued to mash the soap into my teeth, twisting and turning the soap clockwise & counter-clockwise. My mouth was on fire, and the soap tasted horrible. I tried to get her off me, but she had leverage. She threatened to break my thumb if I didn't lie still, on my stomach, on the floor. She then used a stocking to fasten my hands behind my back.

She yanked me by the hair to get me back up on my knees. The soap was still

crammed in my mouth. We were both breathing heavy. She said, "do you want to stop?".

I nodded my head "yes". She said, "well that's just too bad. I love to dominate guys that don't like to be dominated. The kid didn't like it either. Now, let's finish getting that mouth of yours washed out".

She made me bite the soap in half. Then, with her hand covering my mouth, she said, "okay, chew the soap like a good boy. C'mon, chew it up. Chew the Camay".

I obeyed, what else could I do. She teased and taunted me as I chewed the soap, saying things like "does the soap taste good", "does the Camay taste yummy", "are you ready for the other half yet". She asked about 5 times if the soap tasted good, but I tried to ignore her.

She said, "when I ask you a question I expect an answer. now, does the Camay taste yummy?".

I shook my head, "no, no, no!". She laughed and said, "well, maybe some of this lovely perfume that you're wearing will make it taste better. Hmmm? Let's see. C'mon, open up. c'mon, open that mouth for some sweet per-fume". I opened up. Rose sprayed 10 sprays of the Tabu into my mouth, with the chewed up soap. Then she said, "okay, chew it all up and see how that tastes".

I was forced to chew it all for about a minute. She laughed and said, "Now, is that yummy?".

I slowly nodded my head, "yes".

She said, "okay, you can spit it all out in the sink." As I spit everything into the sink she said, "at least now we'll know to use the Tabu when you chew up the other half of the Camay".

Obviously, or maybe not obviously, this story is a story of fiction. I guess I should have said that at the start, but I'm not much at writing stories, at least not at finishing them.

Merry Christmas, Gang.