

TAKING MY LUMPS (Part 1)

(By: The Camay Kid)

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Off to a Bad Start

It was starting out to be one of those days...nothing going right. I'd already overslept when the alarm didn't go off, and I was scrambling to get out the door before I was late for work. "Ah, shit!" I yelled at myself in the bathroom mirror as I splattered toothpaste on my tie. "You fucking idiot, pay attention to what you're doing," I muttered in disgust at my sloppiness. I grabbed a towel and began to wipe the white spots off my tie.

"What was that I heard, little boy?" my wife called from the bedroom where she was still in her bathrobe brushing her hair. "Did I hear the "S" word AND the "F" word both coming out of my little boy's mouth?"

"N-no, Ma'am. Um, but it was...I mean...well, just me talking to myself. I got toothpaste on my tie. That's all. Those words just kinda slipped out."

She appeared behind me at the sink, her hairbrush in one hand. I froze when her eyes locked onto mine in the mirror.

"Well, well. My sloppy little boy must need a bib to keep his clothes clean. We'll have to get you one – I'll bet we can find you a cute PINK one. We can't have you getting your nice clothes all messy now, can we. And as for what I just heard, you know that I don't allow that kind of filthy talk in my house, don't you."

"Y-yes, Ma'am."

"And what happens when my naughty little boy uses such dirty dirty words? Hmmm?"

"Ah...um...ah...well" I could feel myself blushing as I struggled to say the words.

"Yes? Come come, tell Mommy. Has my little boy forgotten what happens when he uses such naughty potty talk?" Has he? Perhaps it's time for a reminder."

"Uh, n-no, Ma'am, please. I'm already late for work. I'm sorry. I know when I say those things I get my mouth washed out with soap. I don't need a reminder, not after last time. It was just a mistake this time. I was rushing because I'm late."

Her hairbrush flashed in an arc and landed square on my right cheek, then again on the

left. Even through my trousers it stung. "OW! OW!"

"There is no excuse for a single filthy word to come out of your mouth. NONE! I don't care if you are late, and I don't care if those words just `slipped,' as you so innocently put it, out of your mouth. We will have to do something about the filth inside that slippery mouth of yours, won't we, young man." She turned to the bathroom closet and came back to the sink with a new cake of pink Camay. As she slowly started unwrapping it, she said, "I think some Camay SOAP will fix that slippery tongue of yours quite nicely. We'll make it really slippery with a good long lathering of Camay, so soapy that no filthy word could ever come between your lips again, not a single one." She held the soap up to my nose.

I sneezed at the scent of it and the memory that scent brought back of more than one long session at the sink, soap filling my ears and nostrils as well as my mouth, my lips working like a stranded fish in dire need of oxygen. "No, please!" I begged. "I'm already late for work, Ma'am." (I suddenly realized calling my wife "Ma'am" instead of "Honey" was a sign that she already had me in my naughty little boy frame of mind, ready for the punishment I knew she would administer.)

"Well, you're being late for work is reason for another kind of punishment, and I really don't care if you're late or not. That's your problem. But I think we should start your mouthsoaping this morning while the offense is still fresh in your mind."

She reached out and hooked two fingers inside the waist of my trousers pulling me firmly around from the sink. "Open your trouser pocket. Go ahead; hold it open for Mommy, nice and wide, just like I make you open your mouth when the soap goes in. And here comes the Camay into my naughty little boy's pocket, just like that." She dropped the bar of Camay soap into my right front pocket. "There. Now my naughty little boy with the dirty mouth is all ready to go off to work, and when he comes home tonight, we'll take that pretty bar of Camay out of your pocket and put-it-somewhere-else." With that, she smiled and tapped her fingernail on my lip to punctuate each of her last words.

"B-but, Ma'am, I can't go to work with that...that lump in my pocket!"

"Oh, but you can, and you will."

"It's going to show and it...it smells so.."

"Feminine? Yes, that's the beauty of Camay. It's a lady's soap, isn't it. And it will serve as a good reminder all day as it sits there in your pocket smelling like your Mommy who's going to put it to good use tonight."

"But...oh please, don't make me do this, Ma'am, please!"

She reached into my pocket and removed the soap and carried it over to the sink, turning on the hot water faucet. She looked at me in the mirror and smiled broadly.

"Very well then. If you'd rather I get it all soft and lathery first, we can do it that way."

"NO! I mean, no, please Ma'am. It would leave a wet spot in a very embarrassing place and ruin my trousers."

"In that case, I'll just have to go get my little boy's crinkly pink plastic diaper panties for you to wear underneath your trousers and we'll just drop the sudsy Camay down in the waterproof crotch where you can sit on it all day. Is that what you'd like? I think that's an excellent idea. Wouldn't that make my point!"

"No, wait, please Ma'am. I'll take it in my pocket the way you put it there."

"Well, how suddenly your obedience has kicked in. Whatever changed your mind? And it will be good for you if someone does notice that funny little bulge in your pocket. If they ask what it is, you'll just have to tell them, won't you. Maybe the girls in your office will think you suddenly became well endowed overnight and will want to touch you there to see if it's real. Wouldn't that be embarrassing if they discovered it was only a cake of sissy pink Camay soap, a little pink lump of loving discipline from Mommy. What would they think then? Ha ha ha. Now you go eat your breakfast like the good little boy I know you want to be while I pack your lunch."

I chugged my orange juice and gobbled the English muffin that for some reason had an odd soapy taste this morning...or was that just my imagination. On my way out the door, my wife handed me my usual brown bag lunch, which I stuffed in my briefcase, and she gave me a peck on my cheek and another swat on my bottom as I told her I loved her – and knew we both meant our signs of affection.

"We'll get things all cleaned up nicely when you get home tonight. Have a good day and be a good boy." She grinned. Off I went with my lump in my pocket and another in my throat.

Part 2

A Lumpy Day at the Office

I was terribly self-conscious about the weight and bulk of the Camay pressing against the thin fabric of my dress trousers as I walked from the bus stop to the office. My body heat warmed the Camay as it rubbed against my thigh and released a noticeable whiff of its classic perfumed scent. I could feel it thump my leg each time my right foot hit the pavement – my mind kept repeating the words "lump" "thump" as I walked, making me blush at the constant awareness of it and what it represented. Already Mommy's punishment was in effect and I was feeling it clearly.

I went out of my way to avoid the others in my office until I was safe behind my desk. It was a constant distraction all morning as I tried to work. All I could think about was what

would happen in front of the bathroom sink tonight. Once, as I turned in my chair to answer the phone, the Camay slipped inside my pocket and fell toward my crotch. I almost gasped as I felt it nudge my balls. My cock started to stiffen, and I had to put my hand under the desk to rearrange things. Just then one of the clerks stepped into my office to drop off some mail. She caught my look of surprise when she noticed me pull my hand out from under the desk too abruptly. I blushed and she suppressed a giggle. It was almost lunchtime.

I headed for the men's room down the hall on the way to the staff lunchroom. After washing my hands, I picked up my brown bag and found a vacant table in the back of the lunchroom. As I opened the bag, a small white envelope fell out. I opened it and began reading as I took the first bite of my sandwich...

"My dear naughty little boy, How was your morning with my little reminder close to you? You did wash your hands before lunch, didn't you. WITH CAMAY, of course (you'll find another cake of it in your lunch bag). Enjoy your sandwich and think about this evening. Waiting for you with lots of `love' and lather, Mommy"

My hand started to shake as I read her note. I was so engrossed in her words that I didn't notice Ginger sit down beside me.

"Hi stranger. Are we being anti-social today?"

"Oh...hi, Ginger. Ah, um...er, no – just had a lot on my mind. How are you?"

Ginger was my wife's best friend and former college roommate and sorority sister. The three of us had known each other since I started dating Judith my freshman year. In fact, we knew each other very well. Judith decided to make me her sorority pet as well as her submissive boyfriend, and she and Ginger worked together to train me to serve them both as their houseboy. Ginger knew me better than my own mother, and at times Judith would make me call her roommate Auntie Ginger – with good reason.

"I'm just fine, and how's my big sister Judith, these days?"

Before I could answer, Auntie Ginger had snatched the note from my hands and began reading it. She quickly burst into laughter. "Oh, is our little boy in trouble, by any chance?"

"N-no, Auntie," I stammered, knowing all too well that she could read "between the lines" and knew my wife and our relationship well enough to understand the meaning of my lunch note.

"So, did our little boy wash his hands WITH CAMAY?" Ginger asked in a voice that could easily be heard well beyond our table. She grabbed my hand and sniffed. "Naughty, naughty. You go back to the little boy's room with this and WASH like Mommy told you to. Shame on you!" I sheepishly took the soap she had found inside

my bag and tried to rush back to the men's room before anyone could see what was in my hand.

When I got back to the table, Auntie Ginger took my hands in hers and smelled them again. "Much better, that's a good little boy."

I blushed at both her words and the feminine scent that was coming from my hands now. I resumed eating my sandwich as we chatted. Suddenly, I bit into my sandwich and my teeth sank into something firm, a small lump like a cold bit of butter, but as I chewed, I realized it wasn't butter – it tasted like...? ...like? No, it couldn't be – not a piece of Ivory soap. I continued to chew until I'd mashed it together with the bite of sandwich. Then I tried to swallow it. Just the thought of what it was made me almost gag. The taste permeated the flavor of the sandwich. I struggled a couple more times to swallow.

"Is everything alright, my dear boy?" Ginger asked with a mock concerned look on her face.

I nodded and got up with my mouth full, too embarrassed to spit the contents out into my lunch bag in front of Ginger, and rushed to the water fountain for a drink. I gulped two cups of ice water, wiped my lips on the back of my hand and sat back down again, afraid to say anything to Ginger about what I knew it was. We finished our conversation and lunch and headed back to our respective offices, hers was two floors above me in the executive suite. "Do come up and see me sometime," she said as we parted. "We'll all have to get together some evening and relive some of our old times, eh?" I smiled and blushed, which made her giggle. "That would be fun, wouldn't it dear." "Yes, Auntie Ginger."

Part 3

An hour later my phone rang. It was Ginger.

"You get your naughty little sissy-hiney up to my office right now, young man. I need to have a little talk with you."

My face turned red and my hands shook. "What did she know?" I wondered as I climbed the stairs. When I got to Ginger's secretary's desk, she told me to go ahead into to Ginger's office, that she was waiting for me. I reflexively put my hand on my trouser pocket and took a deep breath. Ginger had never pulled rank like this on me at work before – many times in our days around the sorority house, but never here. She allowed me to close the office door behind me, giving us some small amount of privacy, it seemed.

"Come over here," she ordered motioning me to stand beside her on the other side of her large polished oak desk. "Put your hands behind your back. Now, step right over here." I obeyed and stood shaking, my leg nearly touching the arm of her leather swivel

chair. She reached out and patted my trouser leg.

"What's this?"

"Nuh...nuh..n-nothing, Auntie Ginger."

"Don't you lie to me. I have remedies for naughty little boys who tell their Auntie lies. Perhaps you can remember what those remedies are, yes? What is this lump in your pocket, little boy? I want the truth."

"Um, a bar of soap."

"Oh really? What kind of soap?"

"Ah C-, Cam-Camay," I said, almost ready to cry.

"Well isn't that very special, and why would a little boy have a pretty sissy pink bar of Camay in his pocket? Can you tell me that?"

"I...uh...well, I accidentally said something bad this morning and Jud-...I mean Mommy made me take this soap with me."

"And what's going to happen to our little boy with the naughty nasty mouth?"

"I'm...I'm...Mommy's going to wash it out – "

"With? Go on, tell you Auntie Ginger what your Mommy's going to wash your filthy mouth out with." She leaned toward my ear and whispered, "You can tell your Auntie Ginger the truth now, because she knows."

"With Camay...Mommy's going to wash my mouth out with Camay."

"Oh what a wonderful idea. Your Mommy is so smart and knows just what a little boy with a dirty dirty mouth needs, doesn't she. I wish I could be there to watch and even to help her get that mouth of yours ALL nice and clean again. I wouldn't want to kiss a little boy's mouth that was so full of nasty awful foul words. Now let me hear you say that again for me."

"Mommy's going to wa-wash my m-mouth out with Camay," I stammered with a fiery blush rising up around my face like a collar of shame.

Yes, you don't sound very excited about that, do you. And now, since you lied to your Auntie, you'll have to be punished for that, too. Hand me that Camay soap, young man."

"Y-yes, Auntie Ginger." My hands shook so much I could hardly pull the Camay out of

my pocket. I handed it to her and kept my eyes fixed toward the floor.

"Now, lower your trousers and your underpants."

I looked at her in disbelief. "Here?"

"Yes, and now, shoes and socks off, too. Stand right there in the corner with your hands at your sides."

Ginger buzzed her secretary on the intercom and asked her to "Bring me my instrument."

The door opened, I turned toward the wall and listened to the click of high heels on the hardwood floor. The door closed again without any words being spoken, just the swish of pantyhose under a crisp business skirt as the secretary left. Auntie Ginger ordered me back to the front side of the desk. I hobbled across the room with my pants and boxers twisting around my ankles, my shirttail flapping part way down my butt. Auntie Ginger put her hand between my shoulders and pushed me down so my chest was on the bare wood of her desk, the decorative molding edge pressing against my thighs. She lifted my head by my hair and slipped a folded towel under my face, lifted my shirttail over my back and ran her fingernails across my naked bottom, making me twitch with a shiver. She chuckled...

"So, what's with the pink cheeks, my darling little child? Have we been naughty today? Did Mommy spank our little bottom? Hmm? Looks like you're in deep trouble."

"Y-yes, Auntie Ginger," I sighed nervously.

"Well, surprise, surprise. This IS your lucky day. Look what Auntie has for her naughty boy's pink bottom."

She held up her "instrument" – a light wooden paddle, gleaming with a smooth satin finish. It had the familiar sorority letters SUD, and I recognized it from years ago when I was my wife's and Ginger's special pledgette. Its familiarity gave me a sudden chill. "We wouldn't want to disturb the other employees with any unnecessary noise now, would we."

"No, Auntie."

"No, of course not. The smart crack of my paddle could be considered necessary, given your behavior, but any cries from you would be unnecessary, wouldn't they. So I want you to hold your pink bar of Camay right inside that filthy mouth where it belongs while I warm up that color your Mommy gave you. Open up nice and wide and wrap your lips around this. It had better not fall out, or we'll extend the session for another round. And since you can't count with that big bar of soap plugging your mouth, I have a friend who'll help count for us."

I heard a crackle of static and an electronic click right beside me on the desk. From the corner of my eye, I could see a speakerphone with the "on" button glowing. Then, a familiar voice...

"Hello my naughty little one. I'm so disappointed that you've lied to your Auntie. I thought when you left the house this morning you were dedicated to becoming a better-behaved little boy. But I see I need help in getting you there. You deserve the spanking Auntie Ginger is about to give you, and I give her complete permission to punish you as necessary while I count."

The sound of Mommy's voice was only made more embarrassing but realizing that the phone had been on the whole time I'd been in Ginger's office. Mommy had heard the whole conversation and my attempts to shade the truth.

"Shall we begin with two dozen – for the sisters of old Sigma Upsilon Delta, - oh, if the girls could only be here to sing the SUD pledge suds song for you." Auntie Ginger stepped behind me and off to one side. I heard her bracelets jangle as she brought the paddle back and then landed it squarely across my bottom. Her wrists were still strong. Mommy counted out over the phone "One for the SUDs sisters" I struggled between the Camay that filled my mouth and the burning heat that was already spreading across my ass. "Two for the sisters" Mommy called out as I tried to avoid biting the Camay....the afternoon seemed to drag on endlessly as Auntie Ginger worked the count toward her sentence of two dozen. Finally, my spanking came to an end, and Mommy thanked Ginger and said goodbye before hanging up with a warning to me to come straight home from work. Auntie Ginger ordered me to put myself back in order (including Camay – now with a full impression of my teeth – back in my pocket), then she sent me to walk lamely back to my office where I had difficulty sitting all afternoon.

Just before it was time to go, my phone rang. It was Auntie Ginger again.

"If I were you, it would be a good idea to stop by Flora's and pick up a dozen pink roses for your Mommy on the way home."

I thanked her for the advice and closed my briefcase.