

## The Exam

Mistress was tired of James always asking to be punished by soap. His little innuendoes, that he wanted his mouth washed out, or as he put it, "WMMOWS", and by pouting if he didn't get his way. James had resorted to telling little annoying lies, then apologizing, and saying, "I'm sorry, It was an accident." This was taking its toll on Mistress, and she had finally had enough. She tried washing his mouth out with bar soap, with dish soap, heck, she even thought about using laundry detergent, but she thought that was a bad idea.

One day, Mistress sent James an E-mail, explaining to him, that she had made a decision. She was going to have him punished. Punished for his childish behavior, punished for his lying, punished for being a naughty boy. Cheating on his slave duties... breaking his word to do as she said... But first, he had to have a physical. To make sure he could handle the punishment. His first appointment, was scheduled with a new dental hygienist, named Dr. Collins. Mistress had made the appointment, and told James not to be late.

James showed up on time. The receptionist recorded his time of entry to their office. Interesting name, The Clean Smile. James smiled at that, he would like to have a clean smile... he thought to himself.

"Dr. Collins, our Dental Hygienist, is ready to give you your oral exam" James wondered what a dental exam had to do with his physical fitness for punishment, but asked no questions. He was learning. Soon he was ushered into the dental examination room. Dr. Collins, a woman about thirty, (James was thirty-six), stood next to a dental chair. "Good afternoon, James. Please be seated. I'm the oral hygienist. I will be examining your teeth, tongue, and oral cavity for obvious signs of disease, I'm not a dentist, so I'm really not qualified to give a dental diagnosis, but I can discover any glaring problems. I'm sure we won't find any, I seldom do." James felt slightly reassured. Perhaps this examination would be like the early tests, and be quite ordinary. James sat in the chair, and opened his mouth wide. Dr. Collins looked inside. She probed the surface of his teeth, and in between the teeth. She touched the inner cheek of his mouth, and over and under his tongue. She didn't hurt him.

"Everything seems normal. I'm going to give you an oral cleansing. Here, put this into your mouth and keep it there." So saying she handed James a bar of soap. It looked like a bar of Ivory soap, but the size was not one manufactured by Ivory. It was mouth sized. Large enough to fit a mouth copiously, but without distending the mouth and throat too much, and it had been softened by soaking in tepid water. Although Dr. Collins had said 'put this into your mouth' she placed it in James's mouth.

"Now close your mouth, and suck on that. I'll be back in a few minutes to finish you up." James sucked on the softened soap bar. The unpleasant soapy taste began to permeate his mouth. The soap began to foam slightly, then more than slightly. There

was no sink in which to spit. James didn't think he was supposed to spit, but no sink meant he couldn't cheat even if he wanted to. Couldn't cheat! Couldn't lie, If only he couldn't lie at all, ever. He never would have gotten into this predicament. He had gotten himself into this, and now he would have to endure the torture of the damned. He had willingly (sort of) agreed. He knew Mistress still loved him, and wouldn't injure him, but she would hurt him, was going to hurt him, just as he had hurt her.

He sucked his soap bar. Dr. Collins stuck her head in the office. "Now don't lose any of those suds. Swallow what you can't keep in your mouth, but no dribbling. James swallowed. Uhg. James waited. James sucked. The clock ticked. Five minutes. Ten minutes. This was the mouth soaping to end all mouth soapings. He was eating it. Sucking it like a lollipop. Mistress had accomplished that. In time she would accomplish her other goal. He would be sorry. Not sorry like he was now, but REALLY, REALLY SORRY.

When 15 minutes had passed, Dr. Collins returned. The soap bar had melted to the size of a small candy bar. The rest had disappeared down his throat. None had dribbled out. James felt sick to his stomach from the soap, and had a taste in his mouth that he knew would be there when he awoke tomorrow. Dr. Collins said "You can swallow what's left. We won't be needing that. I have more." James swallowed, the disgusting soap taste increased as the bar slid slowly over tongue (it stuck at the rear for a few seconds, nearly making him gag). Dr. Collins took a fresh bar, and reached for a dental drill, but this one had a cleaning brush on it, not a drill bit. She turned the drill on, and pressed the whirring brush into the softened soap, permeating it with soap. She took a thick solution of liquefied soap, and injected about an ounce into James's mouth. Then she began to clean.

The cleaning brush whirred over teeth, between teeth, on cheeks, under the tongue, over the tongue, the back of the tongue. No child having their mouth wahed out with soap could ever have been so thoroughly washed. There was not a speck inside his mouth that was not cleansed, the soap driven into each pore. Even the palette and back of his through were not spared. James gripped the arms of the chair as he would if his teeth were being drilled without benefit of Novocain. The continued mouth soaping, and his having to hold his mouth wide open for it was beginning to make his saliva flow slow to a halt. The soap was getting drier, and thicker on his teeth, gums, tongue and throat.

After what seemed like eternity (a cliché that is always applicable to a well administered punishment) Dr. Collins put the drill/brush away and reached for the air hose. She blew air into James's mouth for about a minute. The soap hardened, a thick cake of it coating every surface of his oral cavity. She then brought James a metal bowl, and a twelve ounce glass of water. Depositing the bowl on his lap, and the glass in his hand she said "You may rinse" and left the room.

James looked at the glass. He could never rid himself of more than a small fraction of the caked on soap with 12 ounces of water, but he would rid himself of whatever

he could. He took a swallow. James tried to carefully measure the amount of water. He wanted as much as he could hold without losing any. He wanted to attain maximum rinse. But something unexpected happened. (Why he didn't expect it, he didn't know.) The soap began to froth. Pieces of it broke away from teeth and gums. The soap coating his tongue held more tenaciously. The frothing brought renewed suffering. His mouth was being washed again, only this time he was doing it to himself. James spit. The wetted soap obtained new life in his mouth, oozing over the all its surfaces.

The soap taste increased, a dull, unpleasantness that would endure for hours. James knew this punishment would continue without the need for anyone to administer further. He swallowed another mouthful of water. More rinsing, more frothing, more tasting. When he had finished the 12 ounces of water the soaping was worse than before he had begun to rinse. Dr. Collins returned. She took the glass, and the pan from James, asked him to "Open wide", and squirted about 2 ounces of water into his mouth. "Rinse", she told him. James swished the water around his mouth for a few seconds. "Swallow". He swallowed. Sudsy soap, and a small amount of water ran down his throat. The soap taste was everywhere. It tasted differently in different parts of his mouth. He could taste it in his throat, on his palette, under his tongue, the tip of his tongue, the top of his tongue, all different tastes, and all bad.

James could hear Mistresses voice in the reception area. He heard them tell Mistress that James had arrived on time, and the oral checkup was proceeding on schedule. That James was being good, and hadn't resisted at all. They said they were ready to continue with the checkup, with Mistresses permission. She gave the permission to continue.

A receptionist came into the room, and asked James to follow her into another room for the next phase of his examination. James wondered what else could happen, after all, he had just ate about two small bars of soap, and still had the soap caked into his mouth.

James was led through a door at the back on the current examination room, and down a narrow corridor, and into an examination room, the second door on the left, from the end of the hall. James followed the receptionist into the room. She turned around and said, "Strip down to nothing, and get on the table. The next examination will begin in a few minutes. I hope you're ready." A wicked grin crawled upon her face.

James did as instructed. He stripped naked and climbed onto an examination table. He waited for about 5 minutes. He looked around, and didn't see any reading material. He saw a tray sitting on a table, with a white cloth or shroud covering it. He got up from the table and walked over to it. He lifted the cloth, and looked at the apparatus laying thereon. He saw what appeared to be two hot water bottles, connected with hoses into a single hose, with what could be called a 'Y' hose clamp. There were several other tools on the table that were standard for an examination,

like a stethoscope, and an ears, nose and throat, (ENT), light/viewer.

The door opened, and there stood three women in white nurses garb, staring at James in all his glory. James quickly dropped the cloth and headed for the exam table. "I know you were told to undress and sit on the table! Weren't you?" asked one of the nurses. "Yes Ma'am." gulped James.

The three nurses looked at each other and giggled. James realized that he had a hard on, and was standing at attention. The first of the three nurses that spoke, now ordered James to stop where he was. James did as told. He was standing at the side of the table facing slightly sideways.

"What a view!" said the second nurse.

"Straps, ladies!" exclaimed the third nurse. It was hard for James to tell which one was in charge. The three nurses each went to a different part of the room, and each came back to the examination table with some sort of leather straps. James couldn't tell from the way they were holding them, what they were for. But he was sure he was about to find out.

The first nurse, with her pinned up red hair and green eyes, asked, or rather ordered James to sit on the table. "My name is Beth." she continued, "You may call me Mistress Beth, Mistress, or Ma'am, nothing else. Do you understand?"

"Yes Ma'am." James replied.

"Now, then, I want you to sit on the edge of the table while we examine you. You are to say nothing, and to make no sounds. Is that understood?"

"Yes Ma'am." He answered.

Beth watched as James sat himself up onto the table. She reached down with her surgical glove and wiped some pre-cum off of the tip of James' penis. She took the finger and slipped it into James' mouth. He pulled his head away. She reached up with her other hand, and grabbed the back of his head. Pulling it toward her, and she stabbed the cum slimmed finger into his mouth. Wiping it off on his tongue. "Don't you ever pull away from a woman who is taking care of you. Never!" she almost screamed into his ear.

Beth reached out her hand and was handed a stethoscope by the blonde who was also in the room. She was who James would have called nurse number three. "Thank you Becky." said Beth. "This shouldn't take any time at all." She looked over at Becky and the dark haired nurse. He would have liked to called her a brunette, but her hair was raven black, and her eyes were as blue as the sky on a spring Iowa day. He heard Beth ask her for the warmer, and she called her Tia. What a fitting name, James

thought as he watched Tia had Beth a cloth that she rubbed the end of the stethoscope on.

Beth then listened to the beat of his heart. It must have amused her a little, because she acted like she was drumming on his leg to the beat of his heart. She then removed the stethoscope, and handed it out to Tia. This was replaced by Becky with the tool to check into his eyes, and ears, and finally the mouth.

"Uh-Ohh!" exclaimed Beth, as she looked into James mouth. "It looks like we have a problem here, girls. There appears to be some foreign substance in his mouth. We will have to clean this stuff out, and make sure he's healthy. Looks like a full SGI."

"That's just soap left over from my oral exam!" James protested.

Slap! Right across James face. "How dare you speak without being spoken to. And not even using the proper phrases when speaking to a woman. I think you should be taught a lesson, Boy!" Beth sighed a deep heavy sigh, that James knew meant trouble. "Lay on the table, on you stomach." said Becky. He did as ordered, feeling the stinging on the side of his face.

Tia and Becky tied his hands to the top corners of the examination table, and then they tied his feet at the bottom of the extension of the table. "You will like this! I bet you like to have anal exams, don't you?"

James was able to turn his head, and watched Beth pick up the double bags. They were red, with white hoses coming out of each, into a 'Y', as stated earlier, and then into a long thin nozzle. There was a clamp at both the 'Y' and about three inches up from the nozzle. Beth brought the apparatus over for James to examine. James realized that there was another 'Y' in the hose, just below the first one, but didn't see anything extending from it. He was a bit curious when he looked the item over.

"Oh, I see you noticed the extra attachment on the hoses. It's a little surprise for you. You see, the first thing we do, is fill up one bag with hot soapy water. That's about 2 quarts of solution. The second bag, we fill up with cold, soapy water. It too, is approximately 2 quarts. Combined, that's close to a gallon of soapy water. That should clean out your body. You see, I said you needed an SGI, the S stands for soapy."

With that, James realized that some straps were being placed over his head, and around his chin. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. It looked like a medium sized baby bottle was being strapped into place and the nipple was drawn into his mouth with the straps. James realized that the bottle was empty, and this puzzled and troubled him. As he didn't know why an empty bottle was strapped to his mouth.

Then the two bags were filled part of the way with water. The water was still running in the sink. James hard on made it hard to lay flat. Tia reached under him, and guided his penis into a hole in the exam table. She tucked his balls into the hole

also. Then she secured them on the bottom side of the table with what he could only assume was a cock and ball harness. It definitely made it impossible to remove his member from the entrapment.

The bags were brought over to a little tray, right about eye level with James. He watch as the bags were hung on the side of the little tray. The red color of the bags contrasted sharply with the steel of the table and tray. James watched as Becky and Beth each brought over a little bottle of Dishwashing liquid. Beth was holding a small bottle of Ivory liquid, and Becky was holding a small bottle of Dawn, Anti- bacterial dish soap. The two displayed them to James, as if he was a contestant who had just won a prize in a game show. "You are a lucky man, James." Beth said, "As you get to choose which soap gets used on you." Tia then walked up with a king sized bottle of blue Dawn dishwashing liquid. It was one of the 64 ounce bottles.

"You see, we can be nice, but we have a job to do. And, according to your mistress, you wanted to be punished, and to have your mouth washed out with soap. You wanted it so much, that you almost drove her crazy. So, whenever you think you want to be punished with soap, our doors are always opened to you. No appointment needed. As we like to have the practice." Tia said, as all three nursed pulled the caps open on their bottles. Then closed them in unison. James was speechless... literally.

The three nurses, Beth, Becky and Tia all wrapped their hands around the bottle caps, and unscrewed them. "Which bottle goes into the hot water James. Nod your head when we call it. You choices are clear for the Ivory, orange for the orange Dawn. Orange you glad, and blue for the normal Dawn. nod your head if you are ready. You don't really have a choice in the matter, as we will mix them together if you don't choose." Beth said.

James looked at the three bottles, but only two bags... he was feeling pretty sure of himself, at least that he wouldn't have to have the blue Dawn entering his ass. Which is where he was sure the water bags nozzle was going to be heading.

"Bag number one?" Beth asked, "Clear?" James could see the steam rising out of the bag, he knew that was the hot water... He didn't nod his head. "Orange?" Beth continued. James knodded. He figured that the bag would only hold about one or two ounces before it would be full. He was wrong, as usual. He laid there and watched the entire bottle poured into the bag. The bag was capped, and shaken well, not stirred. The bag was then opened back up, carried over to the sink, where even more water was forced into the bag. The bag looked like it was about to bust.

"Bag number two? You only have two choices left!" exclaimed Tia. "Clear?" she asked. James nodded and the Ivory was poured into what appeared to be a bag hanging on an IV hanger above his head. James twisted his head to get a look. How had he missed that bag? He didn't remember it being there.

The hose hanging from this bag, was hooked into the bottle that was strapped

around his mouth. James was hoping that this bag would act like a suction, and not allow any liquid to flow, unless he sucked on it. Thus, allowing him not to have to endure this torture.

"Bag number three?" asked Becky. James was surprised, as he had only seen the three bottles of soap, and the blue Dawn had to be for the third bag. "Blue?" she continued. James sighed, and shook his head in agreement. He watched as close to what appeared to be a quart of soap was poured into the bag. This bag too, appeared to be on the verge of busting its' seams.

James was then blindfolded with a hood, that appeared to have a way to put it around his entire head, without interfering with his feeding bottle. James felt his anus being lubricated with something cold, that suddenly turned warm. He knew this to be soap from experience. He then felt the nozzle being inserted into his ass. He expected the release at any moment. It seemed like an eternity. But nothing happened.

James heard the door open and shut, and still, nothing. He heard footsteps walking across the floor. He felt the hoses move. He felt something being connected to the tip of his penis. He tried to move, he couldn't. He tried to get a look but the blindfold prevented it.

James felt the sting of a leather strap come down across his right ass cheek. He jerked. Then the left. He tensed, expecting another sting, at any second. He tried not to jerk, as when he did, he almost pulled his penis out of its' socket. Another searing blow, then another, and another. James lost count as the strapping turned into a rhythmic of beating and pumping of his penis.

James soon found himself cumming into whatever was attached to his penis. After he had cum, he heard some whirling, and the sound of a buzzard. He realized, that there must have been a sensor connected to his penis just before the strapping started. His ass was on fire. The beating continued.

"So, you just think you can harass me anytime you want, and get away with it?" It was James' Mistress. "Take that! " Crack! Another stinging blow by the leather strap. "And look at the mess you made on the floor!" she screamed. Knowing that he was blindfolded, and couldn't look. "How dare you cum without permission. You will now get what you deserve. Nurse!" she yelled.

"Yes Ma'am?" another female voice asked. "When will the next phase of the punishment start? Since he made a mess, I want to make sure he gets what he deserves." "There is no way to stop it now, Ma'am." the female voice said. "Once the sensor is triggered by wetness, it is unstoppable."

"What if changed my mind. He's crying like a baby. Look at him." James could hear the concern in Mistress' voice. "I know he never likes the soap after he comes. He only

likes it beforehand!"

"We understand this, Ma'am. That is why we use sensors for this part of the punishment. Most men only like the quote 'Punishment' until they get their rocks off. Then they don't care about what they've said or done, or whom they might have hurt in their rise to climax. We have found that punishment is best served after the moment of no return. This way, they are sure to remember it."

"By his own choosing, he has requested that he have both his mouth washed out with Ivory Liquid and a gallon enema at the same time. We tried to explain how long this could take. But he refused to tell us to stop." she giggled. James heard Mistress laugh and say, "I see your point. He didn't say much, did he?"

James felt a few drops of water start to flow into the bottle strapped around and into his mouth. The bottle quickly filled with liquid. James tried not to suck the liquid in. Then he thought he would just get a little taste of it, that way he could say he tasted the Ivory, and he wouldn't really be lying. So, James pressed the nipple of the bottle up against the top of his mouth, and the soapy solution squirted into the back of his throat. He gaged a little, then swallowed, which forced him to press the nipple again.

James realized that once this started, there was no stopping it. They had set this part up really good. And he was now filling his mouth and his stomach with Ivory soap and water.

James realized at the same time, that hot and then cold water seemed to be flowing into his ass. Alternating warm and cold as it started to fill his rear. He suddenly came to the understanding that this was both bags of solution. One whole gallon, possibly one and a half, with the way they filled the bags. James had read where the bowels could hold between six and seven quarts of liquid, but had never tested this on himself, or anyone else for that matter.

The pressure in his ass was building, and his stomach was starting to cramp. He felt hands pressing around and rolling across his back. In circular motions. This eased the cramping somewhat. Then another crack with the strap, followed by another. James was swallowing as much as possible, and he knew that his ass was filling up, and there was nothing he could do about it. So, he attempted to relax, and every time he was able to relax, he felt another blow of the strap. His ass was on fire, and his stomach was aching. James used the soap in his bottle to rinse his mouth. He was finally able to get rid of that awful bar soap that was caked to his mouth. And only at the cost of the taste of Ivory.

James heard another buzzer go off. The strapping stopped, and he felt someone playing around his ass. Then he felt it. It was large, smooth at the beginning. Then, as they pressed the thing into his ass, he felt as if he were being ripped apart. Then a little release as it slipped into place. James felt a strap being cinched around his

waist, not realizing how they could do this with his penis still in its prison. The plug was in place, holding at least a gallon of soapy water in place.

James realized at this time, that the bottle strapped to his mouth was empty as well. That couldn't have been a whole quart, could it? he wondered. He swallowed the last of it as the hood was released from his head. He tried to adjust his eyes, but it took a few seconds. The bottle was removed from his mouth. This was quickly replaced with what he would come to realize was mountain fresh Dial. The blue bar of soap that resembles Coast soap. This was held in place by a special mouth harness, that seemed to be made for this use.

James felt his penis being released, and then the straps on his ankles and wrists were released. He waited until he was told to do something. "Roll over, and be quick about it!" he was ordered. He did as he was told. There was Mistress in her black outfit, looking like the devils handmaiden. And Beth, giving the orders. "Strap him down again. We've only just begun!" squealed Beth. A few cheers came from the back of the room, and James saw that Becky, Tia, the two receptionists, and Dr. Collins were standing at the back of the room watching. He was totally humiliated.

James was in no condition to argue or complain. He was whipped, tied, and clean. At least on the inside. What worse could they do to him? He wondered. He watched as they poured the rest of the Dawn dishwashing liquid and the rest of the Ivory, that he thought they had already used, over his chest, groin and legs. Then they poured some onto his head. "Shut the eyes, you wouldn't want to get this stuff in them. I promise you that it would burn, and we can't release you until this part of the session is over." Beth said.

More and more hands started rubbing soap onto his body. James would have been in heaven, if it wasn't for the soap in the stomach, mouth and bowels. Then someone grabbed his penis and balls and started jacking him off. He became hard in no time. It felt as if someone was going down on his hard soapy cock. He couldn't believe this. It had to be his imagination. He couldn't even look, as he had his entire front side covered in soapy foam and lather.

He then heard someone say, "You go Beth. Take it all the way. Clean that shaft. Yeah baby..." James about lost it. Then he felt the warmth and the hands leave his penis and balls. He heard someone, Beth he assumed, over at the sink, spitting and rinsing, spitting and rinsing. "That was fun, wasn't it. I feel so clean now. How about you, James?" Beth asked.

"Uh-mp-Hump" was all he could mutter. "That should be 'Uh-Huh Ma'am, James!" she slapped his penis as she spoke curtly into his ears.

"Uh-mp-Humph Mm" was all he could get out.

"Looks like he hasn't learned anything at all, Mistress. I guess we will have to have

him back in at least three times a week for the next six weeks, to get him into a professional slave mode. Training has already start." Beth said. "We will allow his release from the clinic, only after he can perform every duty given to him. We will reward him with soap, and we shall punish him with soap. While doing housework, he must always have soap in his mouth. Liquid or bar, makes no difference. As long as this rule is followed. Is that understood?" she asked.

James couldn't tell if she were talking to him at that point, but answered anyways, "Yth M'm"

"Isn't that nice, he is starting to learn. So how quick he agreed to the continuing conditioning?" asking to no-one in particular. "Release him now, and see that he is taken to the soap room in ward five. He isn't to be released from the enema, or the mouth gag until supper time. At that point, he may be taken to the toilet facility and relieve himself. The plug is to be re-inserted after a bar of Tone replaced the enema. As for the soap in his mouth. It's Dial. Let him enjoy it until the seven O'clock snack. If he wants it removed at that time, offer him a choice between another bottle feeding, or the Dial. If he chooses the bottle, which he probably will, for the liquid, then replace the Dial when he finishes the bottle."

"He may have it removed at the nine O'clock cleansing. If he utters one word without permission, or forgets his manners, that Dial will be his sleeping partner, in his mouth, and his midnight snack, and breakfast, lunch and dinner, until it's gone! Do you understand me, James?" Beth asked.

He nodded his head in the affirmative gesture. "Good." said Beth.

"Mistress, you will call his place of employment and inform them, that he will be on a six week sabbatical. During that time he will only be available via mail, that you will receive and deliver. He will sign any required paperwork for you to administer all affairs. You may have your way with him tomorrow. After we make sure that he is thoroughly cleansed, inside and out." Beth gave the order as if it was a matter of fact.

James was released, and his arms were cuffed to the waist band that held the butt-plug in place. He was helpless. He knew he would have soap for his next few meals, maybe more. He was getting what he thought he had wanted. Now he's not so sure. In the care of people he doesn't know. Filled with soap, and blind by soap, at least temporary. He could feel the soap drying on his face and eyes. But he dared not look or try to speak.

James was led down a long cool hallway, down what felt like a ramp, and into a room that was extremely warm. He was lead to a wall, and told to wait for an intern. He felt like eyes were all over him. He couldn't tell, and the only thing he could smell was soap.

SoapyOne