

The Secret

(By: soapyone)

I had given up smoking several months ago... but I was getting stressed out. Things just were getting hectic at work, and I just had to have a cigarette. I searched through the house, looking everywhere. All the ashtrays were put away, and the cigarettes were long gone. I finally found a one in the bottom of my purse. It had been there for months, and I was dying to have it. I knew it would be stale, but I didn't care.

I went to the kitchen and lit the cigarette from the stove, and turned on the water in the sink. If Jim were to come home and catch me smoking again, he would be furious. So, I smoked the cigarette at the sink, dropping the ashes into the water, so they would rinse down the drain. I was almost finished when I heard the car pull into the driveway.

"Damn!" I said. As I attempted to crush the cigarette out, and grabbed the air freshener, and sprayed around the kitchen, and into the entry hall. I stopped the water from running and then tried to find something to cover the smell of the cigarette on my breath.

I ran into the bedroom trying to find some gum. "My purse, where the hell's my purse?" I questioned myself. I heard the door open about the same time that I remembered that I put my purse on the dining room table. "Oh shit!"

"Babe, I'm home." he said as he walked through the door. I watched as he walked over to the entry of the Den, and set his laptop case down on the floor by the desk. He set his keys down, and his wallet, like he did every day, when he was done with work. He came home early, trying to surprise me, and that he did.

He looked down the hallway, and saw me looking out of the bedroom door. "Hey baby. Come here and give me a kiss." he said as he started to walk down the hall. I met him part way up the hall, with my head down, and turned my cheek to him when he went to kiss me. I forgot, that's one of the things he hates the most... he likes to kiss the lips. "What's wrong?" he asked as he turned my head towards him, "and what is that smell?" He sniffed me, my clothes and my hair. I could see the anger building in his eyes, and the twitching of his mouth as his jaw tightened. I knew he was going to give me a tongue lashing. I was just waiting. He looked hurt, he let go of me. Instead of yelling, he just walked past me into the bedroom and shut the door. I was shocked. I didn't realize it would hurt him like that.

I followed him into the bedroom, and saw that he was sitting on the edge of the bed, with his head down in his hands. "I'm sorry baby, I was stressed, and Barbara came over and we talked. She gave me a cigarette. So I took it to calm down. Please don't be angry with me." I pleaded.

"Barbara and Tom are in Florida. Don't lie to me on top of smoking behind my back. You must think I'm stupid or something!" he was pissed.

"Ah, I was..." He cut me off as I tried to find another excuse.

"I can't believe you would do that behind my back, then try and lie. And to use Barbara's name like that..." he said.

"I'm sorry, please forgive me. I won't ever do it again. I promise!" I almost begged him to forgive me.

"You! You promise? You promised the last time, didn't you? Your promises don't mean shit anymore." he yelled as he got up and left the room. I reached for his arm.

"Please, don't walk out on me, I'm trying to apologize." I started to cry as he turned and stared into my eyes with those beautiful green eyes of his. "I'm really sorry. I don't know why I did it... I was just so stressed, and I had no one to talk to today. I'll never do it again, really." I tried to sound submissive.

"Are you really sorry. Sorry enough to get punished for lying, and for smoking, and for trying to get one of your friends into trouble?" He asked me. "Sorry enough, to except what you deserve?"

"Yes, anything. just please, don't be mad at me. I love you..." I said as the tears rolled down my cheek. After all, I knew I hurt him, and then hurt him again when I lied to him. He didn't deserve that. He had always been there, never worked late, and called if he was going to be late. Then, he was always at the office, if I called to talk to him.

"OK, I want you to take a shower, and get rid of that disgusting cigarette smell. I'll come in to help you if you need it. Just call for me when you are ready.!" he said.

"Ready, ready for what?" I wondered out loud. "OK, it'll only take me a few minutes to get clean." I said.

"That should be enough time. Call me before you get out of the shower. Wash good. OK?" he said as he smiled for the first time since coming home.

"OK, I will call you." Thinking he wanted to climb into the shower with me. I stepped into the bathroom, undressed, and turned on the shower. Checked my armpits to ensure there was no hair to shave, and stepped into the steaming hot water. I washed my hair, rinsed it, then repeated the process, as I wanted to get the smell of the cigarette smoke out of my hair. I continued to lather up my washcloth, with Dial antibacterial soap. I lathered up my body. Starting with my shoulders and neck, working my way down to my breasts, and lathering them up real good. Massaging my breasts and tweaking my nipples. Closing my eyes as I shivered a little. I continued to wash. Working my way down to my stomach, and then working my way down my legs, and

finally to my ticklish feet. I washed thoroughly, and made sure my ass and crotch were clean. Knowing my mans wants of going down on me every chance that he gets.

"I'm done with my shower, can I get out now?" I yelled out from the shower. "I'll be right there." he called back. I saw him enter the bathroom. He left the bathroom door open, and then slid the shower door open, also. The cold rush of air sent goose bumps down my body. I shivered, yet just stood there watching as he handed me my toothbrush.

"It would be kind of hard to get completely clean if you didn't brush your teeth, now, wouldn't it?" he asked looking at me. I took the toothbrush, and went to rinse it in the water. "I have already rinsed it for you. All you need to do is brush your teeth like your told." "Yes sir," I said, "I will do whatever you wish, sir." I grinned at him. He smiled back.

I ran the wet toothbrush past my lips and onto my pearly whites. I started brushing my teeth, when I realized that it wasn't toothpaste on my toothbrush, but it was a thick soap. I pulled the brush smartly out of my mouth, and spat out what I had started to brush with. "What in the Hell was that?" I asked before I realized the rage that had arisen in my voice.

"That my dear, was blatant disobedience!" he said, with a stern look in his eyes, and sound to his voice. "Now, take your toothbrush, and work up a nice thick lather on that bar of Dial. Then, brush your teeth, and scrub your filthy mouth like the dirty little brat that you are, or I will do it for you!" He stated as a matter of fact.

"I will not wash my own mouth out with soap!" I snapped back. "Then I will do it for you!" He said, as he stepped into the shower and grabbed me, and then took my toothbrush away. I watched slightly horrified, as he did what I wouldn't do. He took my toothbrush and rubbed the bristles in a circular motion on the bar of Dial. He then brought it up to my mouth, and pressing his weight against me. Holding me against the shower wall, he grabbed my jaw, and pressed against the side of my mouth. I had to open it, as it hurt. I opened my mouth, and the toothbrush was instantly filling my tongue with suds. He brushed my tongue, my teeth and my gums. Every bit of my mouth was full of soap. The taste was sweet. Sweeter than what I thought it would be. I settled down a little. Still pissed off at being treated like a little child.

I thought he was done, when he told me to rinse my mouth. I quickly filled my mouth with water and swished it around, trying to rinse the soap from everywhere. Just then, he clamped his hand over my mouth and plugged my nose. I had no choice but to swallow. The taste was not sweet as it went down my throat. It burned. I started to gag. He continued to ensure that I had my punishment.

"That's better." he said as if finished swallowing. "Now, doesn't your mouth feel so much cleaner after that?" He grinned.

"No!" I cried. "It doesn't. You didn't need to do that. I said I was clean. I could have just brushed them." "Are you clean?" he asked. "Yes, everywhere!" I shouted.

"Let's just see about that. If you aren't clean, I will finish cleaning you, OK?" He asked. "Yes, and if I'm clean, then I get to wash your mouth out, mister!" I stammered back. I was pissed, and wanted to pay him back, and pay him back right now.

"Turn around, and bend over." he said. I did as he said, because I knew that I was clean. The next thing I felt, was his finger sliding around the brim of my ass. "What are you doing?" I asked. "I'm checking you for cleanliness. Now, be still."

"I'm squeaky clean. You won't find any dirt on me at all. Then you will regret washing my mouuu..." I grunted, as his finger slid up my ass and scraped my inner wall. I never thought he would go that far.

"Awe, see what I found?" he said as he withdrew his finger from my ass. I didn't have to see. I knew he had a dirty finger. "Now then, I get to finish cleaning you, don't I? You said that I wouldn't find anything, and I did. So, you will submit for the rest of the night, right?"

"Right!" I said defeatedly.

"Good, now bend back over and stay there." he said, as I glanced up and saw him working the soap over his hands. He reached up for a hose with a nozzle, that I knew was attached to our red enema bag. I realized that the bag was now full. How did he do that? He was being sneaky tonight!

I felt the soapy nozzle enter my ass. My muscles tightened down against the nozzle. I felt the water start to flow. I suddenly realized that the water was hot. Not scolding, but it was hot. "You were going to get this one way or another, now here, hold this soap in your mouth until I say otherwise." he said, as he pushed the soft mushy bar of Dial past my lips, and into my waiting mouth.

"Don't go anywhere, we have to make sure you get clean tonight." he said. Waiting to ensure that I took the entire two quarts from the bag. Once that was done, he inserted a medium butt plug into my ass, and had me step out of the shower. I still had the bar of soap in my mouth. I thought he would let me remove it, but he gave me a stout warning, and a slap on the ass, when I reached for it.

I was willing to let him have this night, as mine would come. Sooner than later, mine would come.

He led me to the bedroom, and laid me down spread eagle, and secured my wrists and ankles to the bed frame. He said that this would keep me from changing my mind. I thought I would spit out the soap when he left the room. he had that figured out too. He fitted a leather hood over my head, and locked it down. The soap was in my mouth to

stay, or until I ate it, which I had no intention to do.

I was tied and soaped. My bowels were full. The cramps would come and go. I had no choice. I laid there in the dark, listening, waiting. Then I heard the alarm go off. The wrists and the ankles were released, and I was led into the bathroom. I could tell from the way and distance we walked.

I was taken to the toilet, and the plug was slowly removed, and I was sat on the toilet. I let the enema go. It busted out of my ass like a rocket-sled on wheels. When I was done, he inserted the nozzle again, and rinsed my ass out. He told me this was for my own good. He finally unlocked the hood, and removed it. I was allowed to spit the soap out of my mouth and into the sink.

I rinsed my mouth out, with water. And then he took me into the bedroom and had me lay across his lap. He then administered a spanking on my bare ass. He said I had on swat for every day, since the last time he caught me smoking, to this one.

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