

There He Knelt Part II

(By Dovemymouth)

There he knelt on the bathroom floor - soapy saliva drooling out of his mouth onto the small towel positioned under his chest.

He had made it. Finally. And he was in time before she would return from the supermarket.

He felt proud, despite his burning lips, gums and tongue. Despite the humiliating posture he was in.

She had bound his ankles, knees and wrists. And she had made sure that he would not be going (crawling) anywhere else before finishing his soapy chore. The bathroom door was locked and a collar and leash even kept him from reaching the door handle with his hands.

Nevertheless, this time she had shown a little mercy on him. Sometimes she would leave him kneeling on a grid of edgy wooden ridges or on a metal grate with thin edges. One time, she had placed him on a wooden board strewn with little stones. One menace she had only shown him, but never used so far was a board covered with thumbtacks glued to the surface. Having to kneel on this board would make today's situation look like a laugh.

But today she had just picked the rough doormat from the front door for him to kneel on during his chore in the bathroom. The tips of the brush-like surface were only causing him some itching, although it grew a little worse every minute that he had spent working on the soaps.

By now, all three bars of soap lay in their respective bowls, drying out again. The whole set of plastic bowls and soaps made for a nice image: The pink Camay in a Barbie-pink bowl, the white Dove bar in a large matching white bowl and a green bar of Palmolive soap in a bright green bowl. Next to the soap bowls, a light blue bucket filled with soapy water added another colorful spot to the setting.

He had had to wait quite a while before being able to start with his chore. The water had been so hot that he had been afraid he would never be able to make it in time before her return. She always used hot water for this, but this time she had taken the time to use boiling water from the stove.

It must have been years ago that she had the idea for this - the "Soapy Cinderella". Having watched an old European Cinderella movie, she had been inspired to offer him a similar experience: The lady would be out for fun or work or whatever while he had to do a useless chore at home. In the movie, Cinderella had to separate grains from the ashes. For her slave, the task was slightly modified.

His job was to separate water and soap. Completely separate those two. She "mixed" water and soap by putting a bar of soap into a bowl of hot water, the set accompanied by an empty bucket. Then he had to kneel down and use his mouth to transport the water from the bowl into the bucket - one mouthful after the other until the bowl would be empty.

That was the easy part of the task, and the first time he had "played" the Soapy Cinderella, he had made the mistake to stop then. But what she wanted was a spotless separation of water and soap with the soap resting in a spotless bowl. And, as in all her soap games, he was to take care not to leave any teeth marks on the bars. So, after transporting the water into the bucket, the hard part of the game was yet to come: He had to carefully lick every little drop of water and smear of softened soap from the bowl, then suck all of the softened soap of the bar and place it back into the nicely cleaned bowl without using his teeth.

The first time, when he had just left the mushy soap in a small puddle of soapy water in the bowl, she had made him chew up the whole bar - bite by bite - and then had him repeat his Soapy Cinderella roll again to do better. From then on, he had taken great care to leave the bowl and the soap bar looking nice and fresh in front of him.

To ensure that he wouldn't use any help other than his mouth, she always secured him sternly with lots of bondage - and other means to make him feel uncomfortable. Like the doormat he was now kneeling on, itching on his legs.

Once she had found out that he became better in his Cinderella job, she had always increased the difficulty of the whole process. So, this time she had used three bars instead of just one, and had meticulously heated the kettle and two pots on the stove to have the water really boiling.

The hotter the water, the more the soaps soften. The longer the soaps are in the water, the softer they get. The softer the soaps are, the more difficult the task gets because the amount of soapy mush smeared on the bowl grows enormously. The more mush, the soapier his mouth and the longer it would take him to put a "nice" bar back into the dried bowl.

She had left him bound and leashed, kneeling over the three steaming bowls - having lectured him on the punishment he was going to experience if he left a "mess". As soon as she had locked the bathroom door, he felt that he was really left between a rock and a hard place. He could either start sucking the hot water right now, burning his mouth but shortening the time the bars would soak. Or he could wait for the water to cool down, which would leave the bars to soften considerably, thus causing his mouth to burn more through all of that soap he would have to lick.

While he had been thinking on how to proceed, the clean smell of the soaps had started to slowly rise from the hot bowls. He decided to wait for the water to cool down until he

would be able to dare the heat. Thus, he had time enough to see the soapy clouds drifting from the bars, making the water more and more opaque and the perfume of the soapy water getting ever stronger, almost dazing him with the clean smell.

Also, he had to think of the different types of soap. Usually, she preferred Dove bars. But this time she had left him with a potpourri of three varieties. Remembering that Palmolive turns nastiest when soaked, he started on the green bowl first, sucking of the water as good as possible, then emptying the pink and the white bowls successively. The "easy" part done, he now had to carefully suck the bars from the bowls, place the bars on the towel, lick first the bowls, then the bars clean and dry and place them carefully back into their bowls without any drop of saliva or teeth marks.

He had no idea how long it had taken him, but he knew for sure that his mouth burned awfully after licking his way through all this soap for hours. In addition, his motionless limbs now started to cause him pain because of the tight bondage - and he was eagerly waiting for her to return to see how good a Soapy Cinderella he had been.

Finally he heard the clicking of the front door lock, filling him with relief. He waited for her to enter the bathroom, congratulating him on how well he had done. But it seemed to take her quite a while to put all the shopping goods away. About fifteen minutes later, he heard her unlock the bathroom door...

"Sorry, Cinderella - I couldn't really get all the stuff that I wanted. I'll be off again to the mall in a few minutes. Why don't you play some more while I'm there?".

Horrified, he watched her drop a second, fresh bar into each bowl to join the first ones and refill the bowls with boiling water from the kettle and a large pot.

"My, your face really does look a mess, doesn't it? Looks like we need some soap to get your face clean..." she teased. With a broad smile she produced a bottle of dish soap from behind her, unscrewed the cap and poured a generous amount of soap into each bowl, leaving the bottle almost empty when she was done with the last bowl.

Tussling his hair, she blew him a kiss, got up and locked the bathroom door behind her...