

Tied Up and Coasting

By SoapyOne

A few years back, (I will not say how many), I was engaged to a girl named Kari. She was about 5'3", medium brown hair, brown eyes, and was no bigger than a peanut. (For those who don't know that expression, she didn't weigh 100 pounds soaking wet.)

She was a real sweet girl, and always willing to try new things. One day, while playing out a scene of light bondage, she had me tied to our bed, (we rented a trailer together), and she said that she was displeased with my language. I told her to go F@\$# herself, to which she left the room, into the adjacent bathroom. This of course was where we kept the Ivory bars of soap. She knew of my mouthsoaping fetish, and usually liked to reap the benefits of it, if and when she could.

This time, she spent a little extra time in the bathroom, and I heard her tear off a wrapper and run water in the sink. I figured she was getting the soap wet, and then she would proceed to wash my mouth out with soap.

Kari looked at me, with a don't be a smart ass, look on her face. I acted like I was trying to get loose, and told her what I wanted to do to her. I really loved these games, and she knew I wouldn't raise a hand to her... I used a few choice words, and to my surprise, as she kneeled over me on the bed, she produced a nice, large, new shiny bar of Coast Deodorant Soap.

I turned my head away from it, and her. The scent was enough to scare any sane person... not that I am as sane as the next person. She reached over and turned my head towards her.

"I told you, I am going to wash your mouth out with soap! And if you don't co-operate, you will end up sleeping with this in your mouth all night!" she said.

"Please don't!" I begged her. "I thought we were playing. I thought you had..." she cut me off.

"You thought I had Ivory, didn't you?" she said, as she started rubbing the Coast soap around my tightly sealed lips. "Come on now! Open up like a good boy. Let momma clean your dirty little mouth for you." she cooed...

With that, as I tried to turn my head, she corner of the soap touched my eye. I still think she did this on purpose. As I went to bellow out a painful stinging cry, I found my mouth filled with the large blue and white bar of wet slimy soap. Before I could try and wiggle the Coast out of my mouth, she had scraped it across my teeth and lodged it into my mouth on the back and sides of my teeth. (If you don't think this would work, try a large bar of soap in the back of your mouth).

She was off the bed and back onto it so quick I barely had time to register what was happening. She placed a cold wet washcloth to my eye. (Which is another reason I think she planned this, knowing how stubborn I could be). I felt a cloth going around my mouth and head. It was part of an Ace bandage, and she was wrapping it around my lower face and mouth to hold the Coast soap in place. Since my hands and feet were tied, I was in no real position to stop her.

"See, you need to watch you language when I tell you too! There is a time and a place for everything. And this was not the time, nor the place for you to say that to me." As for your little problem, I will take my stress out on you, and when I am done, I might remove the soap. But you have to promise to behave." With that, she took a few pictures, moving the wrapping out of the way, so the soap could be seen in the Polaroid pictures. "This is for insurance, you wouldn't want your mom or sisters to see you this way, would you?" she taunted.

She asked me several times if I was going to be good, I shook my head no. She knew I was in the mood to play, and then she said, "Do you know the commercial that says, 'Coast, the eye opener!?' It seems to work for opening the mouth, too..." she giggled and made one last threat, or promise, about leaving it in all night, if I didn't do exactly as I was told. Let's just say that it was a long night, and she canceled a dinner engagement we had for that night...