

To Tame A Tiger

(By SoapyOne for Shea)

One thing I like about Saturday afternoons in the spring and summer is playing baseball. Not just any baseball. I am on a tri-county woman's league in New York. My team is called the Tigers and our uniforms are white and blue.

My name is Shea and I play first base. I like the control I get over the ball when catching it with the long net the first base glove offers. I'm athletic, about 5 foot 7 inches tall, black hair and brown eyes. Slender, as I said, athletic and I am well known for mouthing off at the umpires in the league and sometimes the fans sitting behind the first base dugout, especially when we are the home team. As the visiting team gets that dugout and their fans sit behind them and jeer all the time. So, I retaliate, usually when the ref is closer to 2nd base, so he or she can't hear what I say. It upsets the fans, especially when you flip them off with the hand behind the back where only you and the fans see it.

Well, as luck would have it we had to play the same team twice this past month do to them making it into the play-offs along with our team. Other teams made it too, but this was a rivalry from the get-go.

It was a warm day, about 78 degrees with a slight wind coming from right field. It felt good on the back of the neck and I wasn't about to let anything get to me... yeah, right... if you knew me, you would know better. I have a mouth that would make a sailor blush and then there is my language too... it is pretty raw at times.

So, we were up 5 to 3 at the top of the 7th inning with one out and a runner on first base. We were the home team as we had the better record. A line drive was hit right to me and being the great first base player that I am, that and the ball was heading right to my face, I instinctively flared my glove in front of the ball and bingo... two more outs...

"You suck!" someone yelled from either the dugout or the stands behind me.

Without even thinking I turned, smirked and flipped my right middle finger in their general direction and muttered, "F U C K Y O U!" Then my eyes caught site of my female room mate, Tanya, and several of our friends. They had came to the game late and I didn't know they were there. We had a standing agreement, that we wouldn't curse around each other or in public. No profanity, period.

Her smile and the gleam in her eyes quickly turned into an almost evil sneer. She said something to our friends and they all got up and started to head toward the break in the stands.

I tried to catch her and she turned to me and said, "You know the rules, now you have embarrassed me in front of our friends. So now, I will embarrass you in front of

everyone. Don't go nowhere, we will be right back. I promise!" she exclaimed as the others smirked and followed her to the parking lot.

I dropped my head but was quickly accosted by my teammates for a great double play. I quickly returned to my playing mode not about to let one little slip ruin my game.

We scored several more times in the bottom of the 7th and after another out on the opposing team in the top of the 8th inning, their coach called time out. As the coach was speaking with her pitcher, I turned to see Tanya and our friends had returned. I waved and smiled and Tanya waved back and then held up a bag from Wal-Mart and pulled out the largest package of Ivory Soap I had ever seen. It must have had 24 bath size bars of soap in it. She split the package open and started to hand them out to all the people sitting around her, including our friends.

I gulped and large amount of air and almost choked... I did cough a little. Our coach walked over and asked if everything was alright.

"Yeah, for now!" I replied.

"Hey coach, come'ere." yelled Tanya. The coach walked over to her and Tanya and they chatted for a few minutes. Each looking over at me a few times. Then Tanya showed her the Ivory soap and let her walk back to our dugout with several bars that were still in the package.

I had a sick feeling in the pit of my stomach. There were several girls on the team that I didn't get along with very well and they were constantly trying to get me into trouble because of my language.

Finally, the game resumed and between the innings Tanya had the announcer state there would be a break in the game to clean things up. Players were to take the field and look for anything that wasn't supposed to be there.

As I was walking out past first base, Tanya and our friends were standing by the first base dugout. They called me over and the next thing I know is a couple of people are holding my hands behind my back and someone pushed my knees forward and I was being held down kneeling up and before I could let out a freaking curse word, Tanya shoved a bar of Ivory soap in my mouth. She scrubbed hard too. Forcing the bar back and forth across my teeth and tongue. Jamming the bar back as far as she could. Coating all my teeth. Before I knew it she pulled the bar of Ivory out of my mouth and grabbed a water bottle and squirted cold water in my mouth. As I tried to rinse another friend shoved their bar of Ivory soap in my mouth and started to scrub.

By now, my uniform was starting to get covered in foamy dribble but they were not done yet. More people stood in line as Tanya chastised me and chided me about my language and what happens to naughty little girls with dirty mouths.

I couldn't even plead for them to stop, as soon as one bar of Ivory soap left my mouth more water followed and another bar took the place of the first bar.

I was spitting chunks of Ivory out of my now burning mouth every change I got. I only got glimpses of some of the people soaping me. Some I knew, some were total strangers. This was the most humiliating day of my life.

It seemed to go on for an hour, but in all actuality, I have no idea how long it lasted. Tanya was last in line and to keep it simple, she had a new bar of Ivory soap, again. She squirted water in my mouth and started scrubbing again. It is a wonder my lips were not bleeding by this time.

"This is for your own good. Coach has excused you for the remainder of the game. She said she will check up on you later. It is time to go home and get cleaned up some more." Tanya said as she forced her bar of Ivory deep into my mouth and pulled me up.

She led me past the first base dugout and out of the ball park. I could barely see through the tears in my eyes and the pain and embarrassment was almost too much.

When we got home she walked me to our apartment and opened the door. "Go stand in that corner," she pointed, "and take your clothes off. Leave that bar of soap in your mouth until I say you can remove it." she ordered.

I stripped as I headed to the corner, my jersey covered in soap and water and spittle. I stood there for a long time trying to move my numb tongue around the bar of Ivory she had lodged into my teeth. Unable to break loose very much soap that was caked over my teeth.

I heard her walk into the living room and I could hear the water running in the shower/bath. The next thing I know, I feel the sting of a paddle brush on my ass.

CRACK!

I reached down with my hands in self defense, just instinct, really.

"Move them!" she growled.

I left them there for a second and slowly moved them.

CRACK! Another blow to my ass.

Again my hands came down. The next thing I know she is cuffing my hands behind my head. With my elbows bent this way it makes it impossible standing against the wall to drop my hands or to bring them above my head and down to the sides to protect myself.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

"One for each bar of soap you had used on you and one for flipping the bird!" she scowled.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!
CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!
CRACK! CRACK!

I was crying like a baby with tears rolling down my face and soap bubbles dribbling out of my mouth.

"Now," she said as she un-cuffed my hands, "go take your bath. You can remove the soap from your mouth when you climb into the tub. I put your toothbrush on the side of the tub. Wash good and I will be in to check on you. Any more cussing and you will eat a bar of soap!" she said.

"Like I didn't already!" I said half under my breath.

"What did you say young lady?" Tanya asked me.

"Nothing... it wasn't important." I said as I tried to walk past her.

"That is a lie, you said something. Since you want to act like that, leave that soap in there until I come in and decide what to do with you. You know how much I hate liars. That is worse than cussing by 100 times." she yelled at me as I headed to the bathroom.

I climbed into the tub with this large bath size bar of Ivory Soap still sticking out of my burning, scorched mouth. Sure that my ass will have blisters on it from the spanking and now, I have made it worse. Yet, the public humiliation with the soaping and the spanking has made me extremely horny. I can't wait to climax as soon as I get the chance.

I sink down into the hot steamy bath with bubbles from the tub covering my breasts. Deeper I drop raising my tender cheeks off of the floor of the hot ceramic tub. I lean back and get my long black hair wet and close my eyes, almost submerging myself. In a way, wishing that the hot water and bubbles would hide me from the rest of the world.

All of a sudden the bar of Ivory is pulled out of my mouth scraping against my teeth.

'Plop' the sound it makes as it hits the water in between my bent knees.

I open my eyes in surprise and find Tanya standing over me. "Here, drink this. It will help a little." she said as she handed me a cold glass of what I figured was milk.

I drank it down. My tongue and throat screaming as the cold milk coated them as it passed over. I knew this would help from past experience, but I have never had a soaping like that before.

"You disappointed me today." Tanya said, "and then you go about acting like nothing happened and then you have a smart mouth and don't want to fess up to what you say. Well, I have a little surprise for you." she continued, "I took the liberty of putting a little something extra into your milk. Actually, a couple of something extra."

"What did you put in there?" I asked, not tasting anything other than Ivory Soap and a cold burning sensation.

"Well, let's just say that one item will act like Viagra for women and make you extremely horny," she continued as I thought, 'Like I wasn't already' "and the other will make you extremely open to suggestions, kind of like a Data-Rape drug."

"You didn't?" I squealed at her.

"I did." she said.

"Bitch!" I said as I clamped my hand over my mouth. "I'm sorry, I didn't..."

"Didn't what? Didn't mean it? Then you shouldn't have said it." she said angrily. "We will bathe you while the drugs kick in and then we will have a little fun."

"What are you going to do to me?" I asked.

"Me? nothing. You should be more worried about what you are going to do to yourself." she said as she reached into the bubbles and pulled out the bar of Ivory floating on top of the water. "Here, suck on this for a while, you will need a pacifier to keep your mouth shut." she said as she shoved it back into my mouth. Interestingly enough, I opened my mouth and excepted the soap and started to suck on it like a pacifier.

I wondered how fast these drugs took affect as I relaxed when she started to wash and rinse my hair and then took a wash cloth and a new bar of Ivory Soap and started to lather the wash cloth up real good.

she would wash one arm and then pull the bar out of my mouth and wet it in the tub then give it back to me and tell me to act like it was her breast, or some boys penis and she continued to do this until I was completely bathed.

That large bath bar size of Ivory Soap that was so formidable at the ball game was now getting smaller and smaller was was smaller than the Personal Size bar of Ivory.

'My mouth is numb, I think.'

"Take the bar of soap out of your mouth and tell me you want a hot soapy enema Shea." said Tanya

"Can I have a hot soapy enema?" I asked her.

"Beg for it." she said.

"Please! Please! May I have a hot soapy enema Mistress Tanya? I will do anything for one." I said. Why did I just say that?

"OK, you can have your hot soapy enema. Now thank Mistress Tanya for it." she said.

"Thank you Mistress Tanya."

"I see the drugs are working really good now Shea. Tell me how are you feeling and then remember that the bar of soap in your hands really is a piece of chocolate, your favorite kind of chocolate" she said as she laughed at me.

"I am extremely horny, or is that hungry?" I said as I put the chocolate in my mouth and started to chew. I bit off piece after piece and chewed it up and swallowed it.

"Play with yourself Shea. Rub that chocolate on your pussy and then eat it." she mused.

I rubbed the worn down bar of Ivory on my vagina and worked up a lather, as I was on my knees now. I would create a lather and take a bite. It was chocolate, yet I knew it wasn't. So close to cumming... almost... almost...

"STOP!" yelled Tanya. "Not yet. Finish your chocolate and relax. It is time for your hot soapy enema." she continued as she filled the two quart bag full of hot water and added some blue Dawn dish soap. She capped the bag and shook it vigorously. She hung the bag on from it's hook on the tub/shower rod and easily pushed the nozzle into my ass. She released the flow as she asked, "Time for a new bar of chocolate, Shea?"

I shook my head yes with excitement. It didn't look like chocolate. It looked like soap. "It's white!" I said.

"It is white chocolate." Tanya said as she handed me the bar she just bathed me with.

I took the bar from her and bit down on it just as a cramp hit my lower stomach. I stopped chewing for a second, trying to regain some composure...

"Shea, the faster you eat your chocolate, the less cramps will come. You will feel better and not feel guilty about the dirty words you said today. OK?" she coaxed me into taking another bite.

"This is thick for chocolate." I said between swallowing and taking another bite.

"Yes, yes it is. But you deserve everything that you are going to do to yourself tonight." she said.

"What is that?" I asked.

"You will see. Now eat up. We have company coming over and they are not happy about your language at the game today either." she said as I took another bite of my chocolate. The cramps were coming closer together, my stomach was full and sight was getting cloudy...