

# You've Had It Coming

(By: soapyone)

She had me waiting on my knees with my shirt off for some time. I was kneeling beside the tub, next to the toilet. Actually, the bottoms of my feet were touching the tub wall. I wasn't sure what was going to happen or what I had done, but I was sure that she wasn't playing around this time.

She walked into the bathroom and didn't even bother to close the door. Whatever I had done, she wanted me to be embarrassed if someone walked down the hallway. This meant several things, the least of which, this was not a prelude to fun and games afterwards.

There are three types of cloths you generally find in a bathroom; Bath towels; hand towels and wash cloths. Well, imagine my surprise when she walked into the bathroom with a bar of Ivory Soap, a bottle of blue Dawn dishwashing liquid and a hand towel from the hallway closet.

She started running water in the sink and before I could really grasp the situation, she had already unwrapped the bar of Ivory and shoved it into my mouth. She proceeded to wet the hand towel in the sink and then squirted blue Dawn up and down the towel. She worked it into a lather of sorts and then dunked it into the sink quickly and added more liquid detergent.

She dragged the Ivory Soap out of my mouth and dropped it into the sink. She was now between me and the sink and I was basically backed up to the tub with nowhere to go.

"You had this coming for some time now!" she said as she twisted the soapy hand towel and brought it up to my mouth.

I looked at her with pleading eyes and she just said, "Open!"

And when I did, she started twisting the towel into my mouth, like it was a wringer for it. It didn't take long for my mouth to fill with horrid taste of Dawn and the smell of Original Dawn is almost nauseating...

She kept wringing the hand towel, first one way and then the other. "Open wider!" she told me.

As I opened my mouth she squirted more Dawn directly into my mouth and onto the towel. Bringing the edge of the towel out to my lips, to where it almost slipped completely out of my mouth.

I could see the stream of liquid soap as she coated the hand towel and then she just crammed as much of it as she could into my mouth and continued to work it around for

a few minutes.

She removed the towel and dropped the end into the sink and then picked up the Ivory Soap. She didn't bother to chastise me or anything. She didn't even work the soap into a lather. She just brought it up to my lips and I opened my mouth while she scrubbed back and forth.

"Stick your tongue out as far as you can." she told me.

I did as I was instructed and she coated my tongue with Ivory.

"Blue and white, what an interesting mixture." she said as she stuck her tongue out and then pulled it back into her mouth, showing me what she wanted me to do. As I pulled my tongue in, the bar of Ivory came inside my mouth with it.

The lingering taste of the Ivory and the Dawn mixed was gross, to say the least. Then, she picked up the bottle of Dawn again and squirted it onto the bar of Ivory Soap.

She set the Dawn down and pulled the end of the towel out of the water. She reached the towel over my face and squeezed out some soapy water, so that my face and mouth were drenched in the Dawn scented water.

She tilted my head back and proceeded to fill my mouth with the soapy water. I started to gag a little and she told me to swallow.

What a mistake. I gagged again and spit the bar of Ivory Soap out of my mouth. She glared at me and said that now we would have to start all over as she picked up the Ivory and rinsed it off in the sink.

She dunked a cup in the water in the sink and asked me if I wanted to rinse my mouth. Of course, she made me swallow the soapy water. She did allow me to rinse and drink several large glasses of water when she was done with me.

I have no idea what I did, or if this soaping was just for GP (general purposes) for those times when she wasn't around that she knows I cuss or have an attitude. She never did say, but I detest the smell of blue Dawn, as it makes me quiver when I smell it.