

## Bad Day Made Good Part 2

(By: Karen Murray)

Part 2

"Actibath carbonated bath tablets. Indulgent bath therapy. Spring Floral." I hadn't any idea what that meant, but interesting it sounded. Following the instructions on the side, I waited until the tub was about half-full, then opened the box and took out two foil-wrapped squares. I removed the foil wrapper from one; inside was a large, chalky, pale-blue tablet a little over four centimeters square, and about 1 cm thick, with a faint flowery smell. I unwrapped the other tablet, and tossed both of them into the tub, where they immediately started fizzing. After a few moments, the water started to turn a deep blue color, and give off a strong floral scent; at least, the scent was strong to me, although to a human it probably wouldn't be. While it looked inviting, I didn't just jump in. First, I read over the box again, paying attention to the ingredients list. It sounded innocuous enough to my limited knowledge of chemistry; apparently it consisted mostly of sodium bicarbonate (baking soda to the non-chemist, which along with the fumaric acid explained the energetic fizzing), fragrances, a little blue dye... I'd made it a point to read a few books on these sorts of things, because unfortunately very few of the "health & beauty" products out there are made with us furries in mind and some of them do have adverse effects on us.

If you're lucky, the worst effect is that the fragrances they put in them are too strong for our more sensitive sense of smell; if you're unlucky, you could wake up with green fur or something.... Cautiously, I put one hand in the water for a minute or two, checking to make sure whatever was dissolving into the water wouldn't do anything funny to my fur. These tablets didn't seem to be doing anything unpleasant, though; even the scent, though strong, wasn't disagreeably so. Once the tub was full, I shut off the faucet and slowly lowered myself into the fragrant blue water, sighing as the warm water soaked through my fur, sliding down until I was immersed from the neck down. I closed my eyes, relaxing, letting my mind go blank. I was almost completely relaxed, when I was startled by a sudden hissing sound and a tickly feeling on the bottom of my foot. I started, opening my eyes and looking around for the source of the hissing. For a second, I couldn't figure out what it was; then I saw the little white square floating around on the surface of the water.

One of the tablets had dissolved too small to keep itself submerged, and had surfaced next to my foot, which explained the tickling. I amused myself by chasing the little square around the water with my toes until it finally broke up and dissolved away. Just as it occurred to me to wonder when the second one would come up, it did... right between my legs, still fizzing, tickling the sensitive outer lips and making me squeak and giggle until after a minute it too dissolved away. The tickling and the warm water had gotten my arousal stirred up again; almost without thinking, my right hand slipped down between my legs again, my fingers gently teasing the thick fur covering the sensitive area below, while the left hand came up to

caress my breasts. Slowly, my fingers traced circles around each one, first the right one, then the left, sliding my index finger underneath each breast and then teasing the thicker fur in the area between them. After a few moments, I went back to stimulating the breasts themselves, tracing smaller and smaller circles and slowly homing in on the pink nipples poking through the fur.

Below, I kept teasing and stroking my thick crotch fur, remembering what I did

earlier in the shower with the soap in my mouth while every so often pinching the fur between my fingers and gently tugging on it, lightly tracing the outline of my inner regions without directly stimulating them just yet, exploring the different areas of my own body. Unlike some people, I've never been afraid to explore my own body, or embarrassed about giving myself pleasure, even if it is orally with a bar of soap in my mouth. So many people think that masturbating is just for giving yourself sexual pleasure when no "real" lover is available, not realizing that it has other uses; self-pleasuring can be soothing and relaxing, helping to clear your mind for a while by giving you something to concentrate on that few things can distract you from, or it can relieve tension by giving you an outlet for pent-up energies.... it's all in how you approach it. Gradually, I shifted my attention from the fur covering my muff to the lips themselves, taking the outer ones between my thumb and fingers. I closed my eyes again, focusing on the feel of my soft, fleshy, furry outer lips, stroking them with the tips of my fingers and comparing the different feelings of stroking the furry outer surface and the furless inner side.

I felt my crotch, especially my outer lips, getting warmer under my fingers as blood rushed to the area in response to my growing arousal. As the pleasure grew stronger, I increased the speed, stroking the entire length of my slightly swollen outer lips, first one, then the other, and sometimes using two fingers to stroke both at once, concentrating not just on the sensations coming from my muff but from my fingers too; the wet, furry feel of my lips' outer surface, and the blood-warm, smooth feel of the inner side. All the while, I kept stimulating my breasts with my right hand, feeling the nipples swell and harden as I rolled each one between my fingers, and sometimes gently pinching them. The sensations were erotic, and yet soothing, burying the unpleasantness of the day underneath the rising pleasure my own fingers were giving me.

After a few minutes, I slipped my fingers from the outer lips to the inner ones, using a lighter touch on their smooth, sensitive surface, feeling them thicken and swell under my touch, reveling in the stronger sensations my gentle stroking produced as I tried different rates and pressures, sometimes lightly pinching one between my thumb and finger for a few strokes. As I continued the gentle stroking, I started to pant slightly from the heat of the water and the rising pleasure inside. By now, I was thoroughly aroused, my whole body becoming more sensitive. I was deliberately holding back from giving myself greater stimulation; although the thought of the bar of Camay was intising. Often, I love to tease myself this way, seeing how long I can fight my own desires at each step. Finally, though, my need grew uncontrollable, and I shifted my left hand away from my breasts and down to my muff, placing one fingertip on either

side of my clit, caressing the skin around it with light, feathery strokes that made me crazy with desire; again, I fought the impulse to go further, but now it was so much harder to resist.

My hips started thrusting slowly up and down, pushing into my hands and stirring up gentle waves in the water. I held back for a little longer, then decided I'd tortured myself long enough with this teasing and finally surrendered to the pleasure, going all out now to release the orgasm I felt building inside me. Two fingers of my right hand began to work their way slowly up into my love-channel, while with my left hand I circled my clit with my thumb and two fingers, completely surrounding and stimulating it from the tip, sides, and hood all at once. My right fingers buried themselves inside my cunt; from frequent experience, I knew right where to direct them for the best stimulation, and just what rhythm to use in thrusting. I closed my eyes, letting my fingers do their magic below, feeling the still-warm, sweet-smelling water surrounding me, rocking me in the gentle waves I was stirring up. A few quick, nonspecific fantasies drifted through my mind, recollections of past lovers both real and imaginary, as I slowly but inexorably drove myself to the climax I so badly wanted, until finally I felt the tingling in my crotch that told me I was teetering on the edge.

For a moment, I considered backing off again, I began to think of my soapy mouth and how wild it became earlier, I could not stand it as I grabbed the Camay and lathered it up for my waiting mouth, now I was really horny! holding back my touching a little longer, but the tingly feel grew so unbearable so quickly that I never had a chance and I barely managed to stifle my squeal of ecstasy as I climaxed there in the water. My hardened, sensitive nipples were repeatedly bathed in warm water, then exposed to the cool air again as I rocked back and forth in the tub, kicking up stronger waves that crested and broke over my breasts. Finally it was all over, and slowly, reluctantly, I slid my fingers back out of my cunt and released my clit, letting myself go limp in the water as the last echos of orgasm faded away, leaving behind both pleasant memories and a much more contented feeling than I'd had a while ago. I removed the soap from my mouth and rinsed it out, oh how wild! The clock on the wall told me that of the one-hour minimum that Gary had given me, I had about ten minutes left, so I just lay there for the rest of the time, feeling my fur drift lazily in the water. When I next looked over at the clock, about twenty minutes had gone by and I realized that at some point I must've drifted off for a quick nap.

And I felt a lot better; the combination of the shower, the nap, and the self-pleasuring had left me feeling refreshed and alive again, with the terrible day I'd had at work little more than a vaguely unpleasant memory filed away somewhere. I climbed out of the tub and opened the drain, dripping water onto the bath-mat while I watched the water spiral down the drain. That spiral motion always fascinates me, because I was born and raised in the southern hemisphere of Teydurax; although we learned in school what causes the spiraling motion, and I was always told that it would spiral the opposite way in the north, I had never been exposed to the phenomenon until I came

here. And even though I've been living here on Earth for over three years now and I've seen it happen dozens of times, I still can't get used to seeing the bath water spiral down the drain in what seems to me to be the wrong direction! After the last of the water drained away, I pulled a towel off of the rack and dried myself down until I was fluffy and damp instead of matted and dripping wet. I replaced the towel on the rack and searched around for the blow-dryer, which wasn't on its hook.

After a few moments of searching, I was forced to conclude that the dryer wasn't anywhere to be found in the bathroom. I sighed, wrapped a large bath towel around me, and stepped out into the kitchen where Gary was just finishing a second set of dishes. The oven was on, so I knew he'd been cooking - he loves to cook - but I had no clue as to what he'd been cooking. All I could smell was that lemon-scented air deodorizer - the kind they use in hospitals that not only add the lemon scent to the air but also partially kill your sense of smell - he uses when he wants to surprise me. He turned to look at me as I came out of the bathroom, dried his hands on the dishtowel, and came over to give me a firm hug. "Feel better now, honeybunny?" he asked. I nodded, and gave him a warm, although slightly damp hug in return. He leaned closer, as if to kiss me; but instead of a kiss, he gently licked my muzzle on both sides, grooming the short muzzlefur with his tongue, while one hand slipped higher to scratch me tenderly behind the ears.