

Bad Day Made Good Part 1

(By: Karen Murray)

I was standing outside the plant where I work, waiting for my ride home. Even though it was a Friday, and on this particular payday we had also received our monthly bonus checks, this had still been a hell of a day; most of the day I had spent out in the machine shop, fixing a broken automated milling machine. A grimy, oily, messy job, taking those old machines apart, and to make matters worse an oil line had ruptured while I was working. While I dodged the worst of it, my clothes and fur were still badly stained with oily grunge. Then, while working, a wire-stripping tool snapped shut on my finger, breaking blood vessels under the skin and ripping out some fur.... and of course, when I came out of the plant, it was cold and rainy. Needless to say, when Gary (the human I live with) picked me up in front of the plant - within two blocks of each other we work, so we carpool - I was in a foul mood. I climbed into the car, slamming the door, and sat back in the seat, closing my eyes and sighing heavily.

After a moment, I felt a reassuring squeeze on my hand. "Bad day, Kerja?" Gary asked me. Concern I could hear in his voice, and feel in his hand.... I sighed again, nodding slowly, looking over at him. "The worst. One thing after another..." "What happened?" "I don't even want to talk about it," I said, snapping in sudden frustration. "Just let's go home." I sat back again, closing my eyes, trying to unwind. I felt the car start moving, carrying me away from the plant, and towards home; and for a few minutes I just sat there, letting the steady vibration of the road calm me down again. Then I looked over at Gary, and put a hand on his shoulder. "Gary.... sorry I am. Didn't mean to snap at you like that. It's just -"

"Hey, it's alright," he said, interrupting, patting my knee. "You're just tired and upset, honey-bunny. You'll feel better when we get home." "No, it's not okay... shouldn't take it out on you." He just smiled, and turned back to driving us home; and I knew that he already considered it forgotten. Nice to know that someone understands you... I leaned back, closing my eyes again, slowly letting myself relax. Gary turned on the radio, tuning into our favorite station. The signature for the "Afternoon Road Show" came on (a quitting-time whistle, squealing tires, and an announcer telling everyone that "it's time to kick some asphalt"), then the DJ telling us that the featured artist for the show was the Grateful Dead. The familiar strains of "Touch of Grey" filled the car; and although at first I really didn't feel like singing along, after a few moments I found myself doing it anyway, slipping into the catchy lyrics....

Gary joined in after a second, and the two of us formed a sometimes-uncertain but always enthusiastic harmony as we traveled towards home. A few minutes later, I felt the car turning, and slowing down to a stop. But it seemed to soon for us to be home already; I looked, and saw us pulling into a parking lot in front of a Magna grocery store. "What - " "I just need to pick up a couple of things, Kerja." he told me. "Why don't you just wait here; I won't be but a couple of

minutes." True to his word, after a few minutes he was back carrying a medium-sized paper bag, which he tossed behind his seat as he climbed back into the car. He started the engine, and we drove away. Ten minutes or so later, we were home again.

Wearily, I climbed out of the car, unlocking the apartment door as Gary retrieved his package and locked the car. Inside the apartment, I felt a little better, for being home. As soon as the door was closed I set down my things and started stripping off my oily clothes. I wasn't particularly concerned about undressing in front of Gary; we've lived together long enough that it's certainly nothing he hasn't seen before. Besides, at the moment I wanted out of those filthy clothes more than I cared about modesty. After stripping down to my fur, I carried my clothes into the kitchen, grabbed a plastic bag, and stuffed them into it before dumping the whole package in the laundry basket. No sense in getting oil all over everything else in there too.

I came back out to the kitchen again (the kitchen/dining room is in the middle of the apartment; bedroom on one side, living room on the other, bathroom just off the kitchen on the bedroom side, so to get anywhere you have to go through the kitchen) and found Gary there, washing the breakfast dishes. "Gary, I'm -" He put a finger to my lips, interrupting. "First thing you're going to do, honey-bunny, is take a shower and get that crud out of your fur." Drying his hands, he reached into the grocery sack and pulled out a bottle of shampoo and a package of Camay soap.

"Here; I noticed you were out this morning," he said. Then he took out a small box, and pressed both it and the bottle into my hands. "Then, you're going to run yourself a nice hot bath, drop two of these into it, and soak yourself for at least an hour, while I fix dinner for both of us. And don't ask what we're having," he added, anticipating my question. "It's a surprise. Now go on," he said, and steered me towards the washroom. That's one of the nice things about living with someone; when one of us feels bad the other is always there to make us feel better again. I wanted to hug him, but I didn't want to get his clothes dirty too; so I settled for giving him an affectionate lick on the cheek before I shut the bathroom door. I drew the shower curtain closed and unwrapped a bar of Camay soap, then I turned the water on, setting the water to as hot as I could stand, and stepped inside.

For a moment I stood there, gasping as the hot water soaked through my fur, then I opened the shampoo bottle and started soaping up the grimmest areas of my fur. Face, arms, ears, tail, and even my chest and thighs where oil had soaked through my clothes; so grungy I was that the soap suds formed grey instead of white. Finally, back under the water I ducked, rinsing away the worst of the oily dirt, and I turned the water temperature down to a more comfortable warmth to finish my shower. Starting at my shoulders, I worked liberal amounts of Camay soap into my fur, then down each arm, first the left and then the right. The scent was pretty, the lather was very thick. Then back to my upper chest, massaging, enjoying the feel of my fur becoming soapy and slick under my hands, working down to my breasts. As I worked, I felt myself relaxing, starting to enjoy the shower as much for its pleasurable feelings as for the cleaning.

Starting with my right breast, I cupped it in my hands, gently massaging soap into the fur all over its surface, enjoying the pleasurable feel of my fingers brushing the nipple and sliding over the slick fur. While soaping myself, I paid close attention to the feel of my breast under my fingers, searching for any irregularities that might signal cancer or cysts. I felt nothing unusual, as I knew I wouldn't; a full physical I had had only two weeks ago, with a clean bill of health, but it's good to develop and keep the habit of self-examinations. With my left breast I repeated the soaping.... lingering a bit longer than necessary, enjoying the sensations, pausing for a moment to play with the nipples on both breasts, feeling them harden under my fingers. The erotic feelings, smell plus the gentle spray of water on my back and the sweet smell of the Camay soap, were making me more relaxed, helping to relieve the stress of the day.

Calmly, slowly, I moved my hands into the area between my breasts, working the soap deep into the thicker ruff of fur there, then sliding one hand underneath each breast, back and forth, cupping and massaging them some more, feeling myself getting more than a little aroused from the attention. Finally, I moved on from my breast-massaging, continuing down my chest and stomach, enjoying the lingering, erotic feelings. After all the attention I'd given them, my nipples were so hard that I could easily see them peeking out through the soapy fur. I started back up my sides, slowly, lingering whenever I came close to my breasts, until my entire front and sides were thoroughly soaped up and slick. I moved away from the spray, and took a large, long-handled brush from its hook by the shower head.

It's one of those brushes that you find in the automotive sections of K-Mart; the kind where you pour soap into the handle and water pressure forces it out through the bristles. I had a somewhat different application in mind; with the long handle and the shampoo cavity, it's an easy and stimulating way to shampoo and scrub one's back. I still don't know what made me think of trying it, but it works like a charm. It always makes me giggle, though, to imagine the inventor's face, if only he knew... I grinded the soap into the bristles, and opened the small valve in the hose connecting it to the shower head. Water came out of the brush for a moment, and then the soap started to foam in the bristles.

I reached behind me with the brush and started to scrub my shoulders and back, enjoying the stimulating feel of the bristles scrubbing into my fur, working the soap into areas I'd be hard-pressed to reach by hand. Lower and lower I scrubbed, gasping at the tingly feeling the scrub-brush left in its wake, until I reached my tail and rump. I turned off the water valve, rinsed the bristles under the shower spray, and set the brush back on its hook. Once I get down to my tail, soaping by hand is easier, and more fun, than using the brush.... The tail was first. I knew it just had to be pretty grungy after crawling around a machine shop all day, so I spent a fair amount of time kneading soap into the puffy, cotton-ball fur. Of course, that wasn't the only reason I gave my tail plenty of attention; when I'm turned on, the base of my tail gets very sensitive, and even a light touch becomes sexually arousing and pleasurable. And I was getting pretty turned on by now; as I slowly

kneaded my tail and the surrounding area at its base, I felt the beginnings of a warmth and wetness between my legs that had nothing to do with the warm spray of water or the soap from the shower.

But, I don't like to leave shampoo on my fur for too long; it tends to make it frizzy. Reluctantly, I stopped the pleasurable massaging and stepped back into the spray, turning back and forth, running my hands down my upper body, letting the soap wash out of my fur and down the drain until my upper body fur was clean and shiny. Next, I washed my face, I took a washcloth and soaped it liberally, taking time to smell the Camay fragrance that is so pretty. As I closed my eyes I cleaned my face gently and rinsed off, a small amount of soapsuds got into my lips and into my mouth, it was nice and the soft suds on my tongue felt creamy. I rinsed out my mouth and cleaned my face again, this time taking more time around my nose and the smell was so nice, I just wanted to taste the soap, so I took the bar and rubbed it into a lathered frenzy. The next thing I knew my mouth was watering in anticipation to taste the Camay, so I opened wide and stuffed the bar deep in my mouth for a few seconds. Let me tell you, that was an eye-opener, but a nice one as I removed the soap and rinsed out my mouth a few times. Then, I stepped back, and started on my lower body fur... At my feet I started. Since my feet are a bit ticklish, I sat down on the side of the shower to do them. Then up my calves, and knees, and then I stood up to continue up my thighs and around to my rump, soaping thoroughly every inch of the way, and extra thoroughly around my rump, tail, and inner thighs, until finally.... I applied some more soap to my hand, and slipped one hand down into my crotch, starting on the fur down there. I gasped in pleasure from the feelings, getting more and more aroused by the moment.

My fingers seemed to have a life of their own, teasing their way around first the outer lips, then the inner ones, slowly and sensuously stroking the sensitive skin inside, making me shudder a little in delight. Again, I spent lots time in this area, gently pleasuring myself with my slick, soap in my hand rubbing my against equally slick and very aroused "private regions", leaning against the side of the shower and being very grateful for the non-slip stick-ons in the tub... until at last, a gentle, warm ripple of pleasure my efforts produced, leaving me panting slightly as I ducked back under the shower to rinse away the thick soap suds. As I stepped out, I was surprised to notice that the shower had only about ten minutes taken... longer it had seemed. I switched the water from shower to faucet, and started filling the tub. I never understood why humans liked baths so much until I tried it; while it's not much good for getting clean, as least not for us "furries", it is a great way to relax. While the tub filled, I picked up the box Gary had given me and read it.