

## The Moonlit Bath

### Written by Tempy

The dark sky seemed to block out every thing it could in order to reign over all else in the heavens, but a few bright balls of fire were able to force their way through, leaving pin pricks of white, blue and red. In the distance, the larger ball of the moon showed its defiance of all and its envy of the sun which ruled the day. A slight breeze raced through the mountains and around the hills, forming weird tracks that changed even as they were being used. The breeze carried on its route until it found something in its way. A pair of lightly furred legs moved around the darkened plains, the green grass tickling the owners feet though laced sandals. They kept moving until they came to a small pool. The pale blue water gently rippled under the taunts of the wind. Around the edges of the pool, the grass seemed to slope down to meet it and take a dip in the cool waters.

The furry toes wiggled as their mistress paused to think as she looked at the lake. She bent down and slowly untied the sandals and stepped out of them and into the waters. A small shock went over her for a second as she got used to the coldness of the waters, before continuing into the deeper depths of the pool until it got to knee depth. She giggled a little as she started to splash a little, all alone in the water.

It didn't take her too long to remember the reason she came out here. The night air and cool waters in this far away and seldom visited place made it just perfect. Moving to the edge of the pool, she started to undress. She began with her jewellery which gave a sign of her status in the tribe, gold bangles chimed as she took them off gently and placed them on the bank. She took off her gloves and placed them neatly beside them. Using her now completely bare arms, she reached behind her neck, under her long furred spines and carefully unlatched her necklace and placed that down as well. Her final piece of adornment, her head band, was then slipped off and put with the rest of the jewellery. She then started to remove the white cloth wrapping from her spines. It was the same routine she did each time she came to this sheltered location for her wash. It was always so peaceful and perfect, she just loved washing here. It was secluded and the calmness in the air allowed her to completely relax. Her job as tribe priestess wasn't the hardest job around but as this job included listening to everybody's problems and trying her best to help them, she felt the weight of the world upon her light orange furry shoulders. Sometimes, it got to be too much and she enjoyed the rest and relaxation of the moonlight pool.

She placed her hands on the bottom of her shirt and grabbed hold of the white ayate<sup>1</sup> cloth which made up the shirt. Slowly lifting it and raising her arms above her head, she wiggled a little to help the skirt get over her spines and up above her head. She carefully folded it up and placed it next to the rest of her clothes. She then pulled down her skirt, pushing her tail back through the hole which accommodated it, and it too was folded and placed with the others. She then sat down on the bank, dipping her legs into the water and gently kicking them idly. She cupped up some water in her hands and poured it over her chest. The moonlight twinkled over the water drops on her small but well formed breasts. The temperature showed as her Navajo white<sup>2</sup> nipples grew hard and poked out from under the short, thick fur. She lifted herself up from the bank and dipped deeper into the waters. Once in, she started to move towards a deeper part, until the water level was at thigh level. Crouching in the water, she bent over to dip her whole body into the waters. A few seconds later, the water erupted as she came back out for air, her whole body now dripping and her fur wet and looking noticeably thinner.

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1 Ayate fibre is a kind of cloth made from the Maguey cactus plant. The fibres were weaved much the same way as cotton was.

2 Hex code FFDEAD

She started to wash her body with the pools clear water, rubbing the water into her fur, down to the skin and getting between every hair and cleaning it. She started on her face, wincing a bit as she got some water into her eyes, cleaned her spines and then started to move down her body. As she got to her chest and started to rub over her left and then right breast, she felt her nipples getting even harder than they were. She then felt a dampness forming between her legs. She knew the water didn't quite go that high at the moment and the dampness didn't quite feel like water. It felt strange, a little stickier than water, maybe a bit acidly too. She was old enough to know what this strange fluid was and blood rushed to her now apple red cheeks as she began to blush. But her body and mind told her that it didn't want to stop. It wanted more. She gave a quick look around. Everything seemed peaceful. The light breeze kept going, making the odd bush sway in time. This breeze was also helping to increase the feeling she kept between her legs as it gently blew across the waters and moved past the folds of her Labium<sup>3</sup>, sending tiny electronic thrills up her spine to her brain. There was no more time for thinking, her body was reacting as on some primal instinct. Her right hand moved from rubbing water and cleaning her right breast, to cupping and squeezing it, running a finger over her erected nipple, pushing it down and up, only for it to spring back the next moment. Her left hand slowly moved down her body, starting at her waist and then moving down to her hips, before changing course and heading between her legs.

Something was telling her to go on. She didn't know if it was her own will or just that she couldn't resist the feeling of pleasure she was getting from feeling her own body, but she knew that she had to go on, nothing was going to stop her until she is through, and even then, she wasn't sure it would end. Reaching its target, she started to rub a couple of her fingers up and down the skin flaps of her most private of places, feeling the moisture grow and grow the more she played with them. She then dipped the forefront of her moist middle finger between them and into the wet hole. Just as it entered past the muscle guards of the entrance, it pulled back out again. And then went back in with a bit more speed and force, rubbing up against the sides with a sound half way between sucking and rubbing. As it started to get faster and deeper as if with a mind of its own, her other hand showed it didn't want to be stuck with second place and started to tease her right nipple between forefinger and thumb, twisting, pushing, pulling, rubbing. Noticing this, her left index finger decided to join its partner and then entered the small hole together. They were now going in deeper than before, as deep as the joint between the Intermediate phalanges and proximal phalanges<sup>4</sup> bones and yet from her vaginal canal, something seemed to cry out for more!

A third finger then enter the fray with her thumb rubbing around her clitoris in looping circles, bobbing it up and down as it went. Her right hand got busier too as it started to squeeze the breast, bouncing the little b cup up and down as it went. Feeling the nipple, pitching, squeezing, pushing, rubbing, she couldn't bare any more. Her fingers entered her fast and deeper, her thumb circled more and more, her little chest bounced as she breathed deeply and quickly and then, the feeling exploded like a dam after a heavy flood. There was a splash as she fell down into the water and then just laid there, floating on the surface of the water. She sighed. The sound of the breeze returned and gentle ripples appeared on the surface of the water. She opened her big blue eye and stared into the black, pin pricked sky. This is what happened every time she came here. The ripples grew in number. She would have to wash all over again as the sticky fluid would take a little work to get out of her fur. She closed her eyes again. One day, she thought, she wouldn't need to go through this all alone. One day, someone would enter her life. She could picture her true love but he had never appeared yet and she wondered if he could truly give her greater joy than that of which she was already feeling. More and more ripples appeared in the water's surface as the few clouds that were visible decided that they had to release the build up of water from inside them. She knew the feeling of just having to release the pressures from inside.

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3 The 'meaty' flaps on the outside of the Vulva

4 The second and third bones in a finger