

FORTY-FOUR

There was no one about when they entered Saniel's family tree. Moselyn led Brave to the bathroom. "Wait here, but you'll want to set your flatpanel over on that table to keep it dry. I'll be right back."

He did as he was told and she returned quickly with what looked like a small log, but Brave quickly recognized it as a Biggen tool designed to hold liquids, but he couldn't remember the Biggen name for it.

"Remember, I promised to share the secret of my scent? I suspect this is what you've been smelling. My furwash." She popped the top of the tube and squeezed it just a little. The scent of cinnamon filled the bathroom.

Brave's eyes went wide as he took in the scent. It was like a concentrated version of Moselyn's special scent. Moselyn started to fill the tub with water. Steam wafted up from the water.

"Will you join me, Brave?" She squeezed a little of the tube's contents into the tub. The water turned foamy. She set the tube aside, went over to the trough, and urinated. The device automatically flushed it away. "You'll want to do likewise if you do join me. The warm water might trigger you into making..." she paused a moment trying out the chitterspeak term, "bad water" and didn't butcher it too badly. "If you join me, you'll have this scent on you too."

Brave was intrigued and followed her directions. Despite having lost control of his bladder outside, he still urinated a little in the trough. He moved over next to the tub. Moselyn was already in it. She was using a sponge to work the soap into her fur. The scent of his urine in her fur quickly vanished. He hesitated again.

"I will admit it's not as fun as grooming your potential mate, but the warm water feels really good."

"I see Butternut do this once. She invite me and I no join her."

Moselyn splashed a few drops at him. He wrinkled his nose in surprise. It was very warm water, like in the shallows of a pond in the middle of summer and smelled of her scent. Yes, he immediately understood why she asked him to use the trough and make bad water.

"Well, are you joining me or not? Would you prefer to lick the urine off your fur?"

Putting it that way, he crawled over the side into the soapy water. The warmth felt really good as she promised. She handed him the sponge.

"Work the foam into your fur."

He hesitated again. She gently grabbed his forepaw with the sponge in it and guided his paw along his fur. He could smell that wonderful scent as it worked its way into his fur. She let go of his paw and he quickly used the sponge to scrub all over, especially where he had wetted himself. When he was done, he was as soapy as her.

“Now here is the tricky part, Brave. We need to close our eyes, hold our breath and dunk our heads under the water for a moment. When you come back-up, the water will run down your fur and rinse most of the furwash off. Watch me.” She took a deep breath, closed her eyes and quickly dunked her head, coming back up quickly.

He followed her directions. She drained the tub and grabbed the hand sprayer. She tested the temp.

“Final rinse. Like a rain shower,” she explained. “This is to get the rest of the furwash foam out of our fur.” She sprayed water on herself and then him. She then shook herself rapidly, spraying droplets everywhere. He did likewise at the same time. Both of them gigglechattered as they splattered droplets on each other. She handed him a towel and took one for herself. He mimicked his actions and was amazed at how much of the water/dampness the towel removed from his fur.

She hung the towel on a bar and then did the same with his towel. She then grabbed a brush and brushed her fur. She went over to Brave. He hesitated for a moment and then allowed her to brush him. He leaned into the brushing chitterpurring at the attention. She gigglechattered at his behavior.

“That feels real good. Like careful claw grooming. It take a lot of practice to gently scratch skin like that with claws. Is like you trying to be potential mate,” he chattered.

“No, just friends. Friends help each other. And I feel I owe you that after scaring you so badly out there. I bet if you brushed Blossom’s fur this way, she’d love it just as much as you seem to.”

“I have been. Energy show me how. But I no ask her to do same in return. I,” he scuffed a footpaw, “was afraid.”

“So, this is where you two have been hiding!” Blossom called out as she entered the bathroom, startling both of them. She looked them over seeing that their fur was still wet. Her tail began to wiggle in agitation at what she imagined happened.

Moselyn looked at Brave. To her surprise, despite the brief startlement, he was now snuffling his own damp belly fur. “You right, Moss, I now smell like you. I like this scent.” He scampered over to Blossom wigwagging his damp tail excitedly and summarized what had happened in chitterspeak.

“...and she scared me so bad,” he drooped his tail, “I made bad water against her back like a young pup. She no allow me to groom her. She lead me here and we cleaned the mess like Biggens do.” He snuffled into his damp fur again. “Now I smell just like her. She then used Biggen brush tool on me...”

Blossom cocked her head at a slight angle. “You no let me brush you and you let her do so?” she chattered back raising her tail in a curl briefly.

He scuffed a footpaw. “I afraid before. I see how you enjoy it. I fear I like it too much. I let her do it because what I did to her outside. I feel I owe her that. And I right. I like it a lot. It feel so good. Moss no want be potential mate still, just friend. If she change mind, I would accept her as potential second mate to you though she is a Biggen. She as kind and thoughtful as you.” He nuzzled Blossom.

He had forgotten his flatpanel’s translator program was on and Moselyn blushed through her fur at the compliment.