

A Relaxing Soak

A relaxing get-together doesn't go quite as planned. A clothing TF story by Lus Rangifer (aka Eaglehooves)

Lus dipped a royal-blue hoof into the warm, bubbling water of the hot tub, testing the temperature cautiously before swinging her legs over the edge. The caribou paused for a moment, letting her lower legs adjust to the temperature as the water soaked into her chocolate-brown fur socks before easing in.

"Meeeeehhhh..." She let out a bleat of relief as the warm water reached her core, feeling the tension immediately start to ease as it soaked into the softer brown fur of her core. It splashed gently against her cream colored belly as she settled into the seat, leaning back so that her collar of matching neck fluff sat just above the bubbling water.

"Rough week, deer?" A soft, yet slightly gruff voice asked over the fence.

"Yeaaa..." She responded, momentarily closing her eyes as she trailed off. "Wanna come soak and hear about it?"

"Love to," the voice responded, followed by a clapping of hooves on hard dirt and the swing of a gate.

Lus slowly sat up slightly to look, a snow-white goat in a loincloth decorated with hearts and swirls already through the gate between their yards and halfway to the hot tub. She settled back down as he climbed up on the edge, dipping a pink hoof into the water before quickly sliding his bulky frame in.

"Letting the goat out, Gwendolyn?"

"Yeah..." He responded, his golden horns clacking against the edge of the hot tub as he leaned back. "It's just... a comfortable form. Feels like it fits.

"You made a handsome 'bou too, you know~" She teased, reaching over and nudging his wide shoulders.

"Mmm... and why do I get the feeling that's gonna happen again, whether I want it to or not?"

"Hey, spontaneous seasonal caribou-ification is out of my control!" Lus blurted in response, raising a blue hoof-hand out of the water to point. They stared at each other for a moment, before both snerking and chuckling.

“Just teasin’ ya Lus. Wouldn’t miss it.”

They both settled back into their seats, relaxing for a moment before the chime of jingle bells broke the silence.

“Speaking of ‘bous, I invited-” Lus started, before Gwendolyn cut her off.

“Is she *actually* wearing bells right now?!” He blurted, turning in his seat to face the gate with a splash.

Waving from the gate to the front of the house was a pewter-colored caribou, her coat dappled with white and charcoal colored spots. She let herself through, revealing a sky blue swimsuit that covered her navy udder, as well as ribbons with jingle bells tied around her hocks, wrists, and tail. She pranced the short distance over to the tub a whirlwind of jingling, before hurling herself over the edge and into the water with a splash.

“Heya Juniper.” Lus muttered, slightly annoyed at her over-enthusiastic entry, but glad the water had muted the incessant chime from all but the bells she wore as earrings. “How’s it going?”

“Oh, I’m just *beat!* This week has been wild. I was in a meeting about the shipping delays, then I got a call about my duties as Ms. Prancer, then before I could reply to that I got an email about the store...”

Lus’ eyes glazed over, too tired from her own busy week to follow the bubbly ‘bou’s story, which didn’t seem to be going anywhere in particular anyway. They’d been friends for months, and she’d yet to get a coherent answer as to what *exactly* it was she did. Every time she asked it just turned into an enthusiastic but indecipherable, run-on wall of words, and as far as she could tell Juniper had her hooves in a little bit of *everything*. Still, even if she couldn’t quite figure her out, she *was* a blast to be around.

The sound of the gate swinging shut again pulled Lus back to reality, Juniper stopping in the middle of a sentence as they both turned and looked at the new guest. A jet black horse was making his way down the concrete path from the front of the house to the hot tub, his rubber-muffled hoofsteps nearly the complete opposite of the ‘bou’s earlier entry.

“Oh yea. I invited Duncan.” Gwendolyn mumbled, too relaxed to bother looking.

“ello.” He nodded, plodding his way over to the side of the pool. As he got closer it became apparent that not only were his hooves rubbery, but his kilt and the rest of his body was too. It glistened in the evening light and squeaked against the tiles around the edge of the tub as he sat down and swung his hooved legs over the edge, before sliding down into the pool with a drawn-out squeak.

“See you’re as talkative as ever.” Lus chuckled, eliciting a giggle from Juniper and a quiet snort from both him and Gwendolyn.

“Yer welcome ta vent, lassies. I just wanna soak and soften up a wee bit.” He said, leaning back and resting his arms on the edges of the tub, the water beading up and running back down off them.

“Well in that case; where was I?” Everyone leaned back as Juniper started back into her story, Lus and Gwendolyn resting their eyes as the bubbly voice and bubbly water both washed over them. “Oh yeah, so the contractors for the pasteurization plant overhaul...”

Lus broke the calm that had settled in after Juniper finally finished talking about her week with a sloshing of water, leaning out of the hot tub to retrieve a small, milky-white plastic bottle devoid of any markings or labels save a gift tag, its cap sealed with a foil wrap and a ribbon.

“So a friend of mine gave me this relaxing aromatherapy thing...” Lus posited, holding up the bottle for her guests to see. “Said it’s supposed to soften stiff muscles and relieve tension unlike anything else I’ve tried. I’ve been saving it for a special occasion, and unwinding with some friends who’ve also had a rough week sounds like a good time to use it. Anyone mind?”

She looked around the hot tub, seeing everyone shake their head in the negative, before tearing off the thin foil and twisting the cap off. She wafted the bottle under the end of her snout for a moment, taking in a whiff of the strangely familiar but unplaceable scent. It smelled like lavender, mixed with something else? Something clean and fresh. She shrugged and emptied the slightly viscous, transparent contents of the bottle into the tub and within moments the surface of the tub started to be obscured by a thin foam of bubbles, the scent wafting through the patio.

“I think you got pranked,” Gwendolyn murmured, her nostrils twitching and flaring as the scent hit them. “Smells just like my laundry detergent.”

Lus took another whiff of the scent, thinking about it for a moment.

“I guess it does have a sorta soapy undertone, but it’s still relaxing.” She replied, sloshing the building foam about with a shrug.

“Fair.”

A couple minutes had passed in relaxed silence, and while Gwendolyn's observation had initially worried her, by now Lus could certainly feel the effects. Her worries weren't magically gone, but they certainly felt far more distant than they did just a few minutes prior. Every ounce of tension in her limbs seemed to just melt away, and she sighed softly to herself as she let them go limp, letting the bubble jets push them around slightly. She sighed softly to herself, enjoying the feeling of the warmth seeping even deeper inside her.

Her hoof brushed over Gwendolyn's, disrupting her trance. She pulled her leg back towards her seat, her eyes jolting open in confusion as she felt her thighs move, water swirling about empty stubs as they were pulled closer, but her hoof seemingly remained where it was. With a sloshing of water she leaned forward to feel, her hand smoothly gliding through the water as the wet fur seemed to stick to the skin beneath, slicked down rather than floating about.

Rather than dispelling the hallucination however, what she felt was even stranger. Rather than a closed stub, the opening to where her leg used to be was open! She felt along the edge for a moment, gasping as she could feel her touch both outside and inside of her slick, furless leg, working her way from her left over to her right. As she slid along the edge she could feel the material bunching, forming into ruffles, before letting go in shock as she realized she hadn't pulled her hand away as the sensation moved from one leg to the other.

Panic set in for a moment, before she took another breath of the lavender scent and the overwhelming feeling of calm whisked it away. Why was it concerning that she had a single opening again? That was how dresses worked, after all. She leaned back into the seat, not noticing that everyone was much closer now, and letting out a contented sigh as one of the bubble jets caused her nub of a tail to unravel into creme colored ribbons that fluttered in the current.

She sat and just relaxed for a moment, feeling her fur stick to her skin and smooth out, the tension melting away as the warm water moved further and further inside her. Leaning her head back and resting her eyes, she slowly ran her hand over her apron, moaning softly as she passed over four lumps that were particularly sensitive, before the two smooth, wet surfaces simply glided over each other smoothly on the next pass.

On the third pass she simply let her arm go limp at the end of the stroke, feeling as the glove drifted through the water, her shoulder filling with water as it rushed into the opening, causing her lace fringe to flutter in the current. She giggled as she felt it land on something soft and round, recognizing it as Juniper's bra. Lus mumbled out an unintelligibly quiet apology as she sunk deeper into the tub, raising her remaining hand to her neck floof, stroking the drifting fur smooth as she let it slip below the water.

Gwendolyn leaned back, breathing in the soapy lavender smell. It was soothing, certainly, but something about it felt wrong. He stared down indignantly at the layer of foam, raising an eyebrow in suspicion.

The water continued to churn away, the bubbles simply sitting there, nothing happening as the goat stared down at where the water met his chest, watching them. As the minutes passed, the observing started to take on a somewhat zen like quality. Just sitting around with some friends, watching the bubbles swirl and stick and pop and new ones form, feeling his fur drift about in the warm water... it was relaxing, he had to admit.

Almost too relaxing. He shook his head, the touch of Lus' hoof brushing against his bringing him back just enough to try and shake off the fog he could feel forming. Everything felt heavy, sort of like he was waterlogged? He'd been soaked while in a form with fur many times in his various adventures, but this felt different... The heaviness wasn't just on top of him, it was within.

He planted his wide hands on a rib in the tub behind him and pushed, intended to heave himself out of the water. Rather than lift though, his wrists rolled without any pain or discomfort, his arms going noodly and drifting in the currents, landing across his abs. He pushed with his legs, pushing himself slightly more upright in the seat before feeling his loincloth come loose.

He froze in place, not intending for this to become that kind of get-together, his face turning crimson under his fur as he felt his loincloth start to drift away from his waist, followed by a moment of panic as he felt warm water rush into the emptiness underneath it. He opened his mouth to cry out, breathing in a lungful of the lavender vapor in the process that put his head back into a tranquil fog. What was he missing again? They didn't bundle sweaters with matching wool undergarments, that would just be uncomfortable. His long, warm socks were sitting in a pile with Lus' cute, shiny hoof-stockings, his sweater was up against the edge of the drum, and his hat...

He furled his brow as his softening body slipped below the waterline, his head separating from his neckline as he felt it float on the water for a moment. Quickly the water wicked up his felt horns, his view tilting forwards as the woolen hat sank, landing atop a gray, polka-dot dress.

His hat was accounted for. A bubble slipped free of the woolen pile as he contentedly sighed to himself, contentment washing through his fibers as he confirmed his accessories were in here with him. Whatever else it was he was worrying about, it wasn't important.

Juniper hummed a tune quietly to herself, enjoying the warmth as she pushed a little clump of bubbles back and forth, occasionally prodding at it to break it apart so she could regather them. She took a deep breath of the lavender scented air and let out a contented bleat as she felt her arms getting heavier, letting the bubbles drift off as she leaned back in the seat, resting her head against her floofy mane.

As her head came to rest her earring bells jingled softly, breaking the unusual calm she had felt creeping in. Her eyes went wide as she realized something strange was happening.

“Ooo... so it *isn't* just scent and bubbles...” She whispered to herself in quiet excitement, quickly glancing around to confirm she hadn't tipped off her friends, who seemed to still be unaware.

Content that they hadn't seemed to be paying attention, Juniper turned her attention back to herself, reaching down her leg towards a tingling that seemed to be forming under the band of bells on her ankle. She scratched at it for a moment, before pulling the bow undone, lifting it up for a better look.

She gasped quietly to herself as she felt her entire hoof moving through the water, lifting it to her lap before very slowly looking downwards. A silly grin crept across her face as she brushed aside the foam, spying a light gray heel with a sky-blue spike and a plastic cap on the end in the shape of a hoof, topped with a ribbon wrap. A tingle of excitement ran through her as she thought about someone wearing it, click-click-click-ing just like 'bou hooves!

An idea came to Juniper's mind, and the tingle of excitement seemed to move to follow it, stopping at her hips. She set the heel aside as her swimsuit suddenly started to feel loose on her udder, gasping softly as an investigatory touch seemed to push water out of her through her open legs, causing the suit to float off of her flattening body. She broke into a smirk as she reached behind herself, feeling for a clip above her tail, and released her four-cup bra. Someone was going to enjoy wearing that!

As she slid the bra down her legs and cast it off into the bottom of the tub she could feel her legs sticking together, and a quick pat confirmed they were flattening out. She wiggled in place in anticipation as she felt the warmth rising through her chest, hollowing out her torso. Disappointment washed over her for a moment as she tried to reach over to feel the changes, only to find that her arms now ended at the elbow.

The dappled dress let out a silent squee of excitement in her mind as her core seemed to suddenly realize nothing was keeping the wet fabric upright anymore, and the dress fell over, her viewpoint slipping below the waterline in the drum. She was gonna be such a pretty dress!

Duncan shifted in his seat with a soft squeak, leaning back and letting his mane squish against the edge of the pool. Being made of solid living rubber he was vaguely aware that he didn't have muscles to smooth, not real ones at least, but the warmth still felt nice, and the feeling of being slick and glossy with water was wonderful.

He raised an eyebrow as he felt a strange sensation on his knee. It felt... wet? Not like the water was simply sitting against his surface, but like the water was actually soaking into him somehow.

The sensations got stranger as he felt a trickle of water run down his submerged leg. The *inside* of his leg. With an uncharacteristic swiftness he leaned forward and reached down, feeling for the source and finding a leaking seam. He held his thumb over the hole, pondering for a moment. Why was his seam leaking? Why did he have a seam?! He turned to Lus to ask what was in the bottle she poured into the pool, but barely got his mouth open before the worry melted from his mind. Something strange was happening... but it did feel good. He shrugged, and let go of the hole.

With a sudden rush of warmth the flow resumed, greater this time. He leaned back into his seat as he felt a hole open in his other knee, water flowing into both of his hooves, feeling them become heavy as the air was displaced out. As they filled he could feel the seam fail, the two pieces of rubber separating, providing a bigger opening for them to fill even faster, until suddenly they came free completely.

He gasped as the water suddenly ran down the inside of his thighs, feeling his legs and his kilt start to deflate into a pile as solid rubber turned hollow, and the weight of the thick, black material pushed the water out. He quickly undid his belt buckle and opened his black and green kilt to reveal... another kilt? He ran his hand over the pleated black latex, snorting and eyes going wide as he felt his hand on his thigh, and nothing inside.

Why that surprised him though, he suddenly couldn't remember. He cocked his head curiously as he tried to place it, feeling another seam open up and water pour into this chest, the warmth and weight of it pulling him deeper into the water. The trapped air in his muzzle pulled his vision upwards as he sank, his torso crumpling into a pile of black rubber straps as the harness came to rest on top of the kilt, the horse mask slowly following it down and landing on one of the rubber hoof-gloves next to it after it tilted to the side, releasing the trapped air.

As his head came to rest on top of the pile of rubber horse gear in his quarter of the drum, a realization clicked through the soapy lavender haze. He'd always been hand washed before, he'd never gotten to soak with friends before! Given how good it felt though, he'd have to whisper in the ear of the next person who wore him to do it more often.

A wave of thoughts rushed through Lus' mind as she felt the bench disappear beneath her, and the maid dress started to slowly sink deeper into the water. She let out one last sigh, a bubble of air trapped in her cream colored chest slipping out between the neckline and the ruffled rubber collar as her vision tipped back and upwards, her antlers falling away as the headpiece and collar separated from the body of the dress. Something was wrong, but as relaxed as she felt she couldn't put a finger on what it was. Was there always a clear acrylic lid on top of the tub?

She felt like it wasn't there earlier, but without it the washer could make quite a mess. Was it that she was in the washer at all? Magic clothing like her was washer and dryer safe regardless of material.

Moments later her viewpoint slipped below the waterline, and then the drum started to spin. She felt herself thrown against the outside, her gloves brushing over the rugged wool of Gwendolyn, the soft cotton of Juniper, and the slick rubber of herself and Duncan as parts of them were churned against her, pressing against her sensitive apron. Within seconds, the textures and motion had overwhelmed her, all she could think about was the warm, wonderful whirlpool of sensation.

Syl's ears jolted upright as they heard the unmistakable, cheerful musical chime that signaled the end of a washing machine cycle ring out from downstairs. They turned in the direction of the open door, giving a confused look to the empty house. They hadn't put in a load of laundry today... had they? They couldn't remember doing so, but there wasn't anything else that made that noise.

The red squirrel stood up from their computer desk, leaving the empty desk chair spinning in the middle of the room as they briskly strode out of the study. They had the place to themselves, and no one had asked about stopping by to run laundry, so the only explanation was that it was malfunctioning? Their tail swished back and forth nervously behind them as they made their way down the stairs.

"I hope it's not leaking. I'm trying to write, I don't have time for this..." They muttered under their breath as they plodded through the kitchen, opening up the door to the utility room beyond.

Inside everything looked normal. No puddles on the floor, nothing awry on the shelves, no unfamiliar laundry basket left behind by a friend who let themselves in. In fact, the only thing out of the ordinary was that the washer lid they usually left open was closed. They shrugged and started towards the machine.

"Maybe it fell closed and started itself?" They pondered aloud, stopping in front of the machine and staring down through the clear plastic lid.

Their face broke into a grin as they realized that was most definitely *not* what had happened.

"Or maybe it is my laundry after all~" They cooed, opening the lid with a smirk. They looked back and forth for a moment, before locating the garment they were looking for. They pulled the brown and cream rubber maid dress free of the soggy white-and-pink sweater that had wrapped partly around it, holding it out in front of them. A scattering of drops shook from its glossy surface as it seemed to wiggle ever-so-slightly in their hands, before they pressed the neckline

of the warm, smooth dress to their face. The subtle wiggle turned into an affectionate squirm as their fur became damp from the remaining water.

“Mmm... So you finally decided to try out my surprise I see. And with a whole closet full of friends too! So many lovely outfits to try on~” They teased, peering over the top of the dress and down into the washing machine. “But first... I think you all need a nice, warm, cozy tumble together in the dryer~”