

Dilemma---"Cleansing"

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Recorded on 4/2/2013

I ease myself out of bed, feeling my body whine in protest.
Feeling it whisper, "Go back to bed...it's so soft and comfy there..."

I smile a little bit, tempted by the idea...

...but then I remember two facts:

I am off work today...and the parent is not home today.

I feel my body perk up, feeling a heavy blanket lift off of
it...and stretch.

I feel my ears flatten on top of my head, my muzzle
opening very wide...my spine popping a couple of times, causing a
warm feeling to flow through my back...and the last little clinging
vestiges of sleep fade away.

Slowly, I get out of bed, tail dragging along the
covers...and shuffle toward the door of my bedroom, my lavender
sleepshirt settling back into place, covering my green panties.

As I always do, I pull the door open...and am greeted, as
always, by a soft mewling sound.

"Morning," I grumble, dancing around my kitten toward
the bathroom.

He ends up following me in, as always...and he grooms my
legs as I pee, as always.

...

...and it creeps me out, as always.

...

I finish using the toilet, flushing it and making sure the
bowl doesn't back up...then stretch again, feeling the soft caress of
the sleepshirt as I reach for the bathroom ceiling.

I smile, feeling the soft caress of the sleepshirt, imagining it as the tender caress of a lover...

...then, slowly, I reach down...and delicately pull it up over my head, taking it off.

I feel the softness of the cotton...smell my own scent as the shirt passes my nose...then the cool air as it hits my exposed fur.

I sigh happily, gently setting the sleepshirt down on the toilet lid...then reach two thumbs under the waistband of the panties and slowly slide them off.

I let them dangle from my thumb for a bit...then lightly place them on top of the sleepshirt...

...then I hear a soft mew from the floor.

Blinking, I look down...and see that my white kitten has decided to rub up against my legs, adding his white fur to the black of my "socks".

"You're still here, huh?" I ask softly, reaching down to pet him.

He flinches, nervous...then slowly creeps back to let me pet him.

"Now, Mama's gotta take her shower," I tell him gently, scooping him up in my arms. "So my little man has to go."

He purrs, body stiff and elongated...

...until I open the door, then he becomes a squirmy-worm.

I gently set him down on the floor, back paws first...then close the door before he can get back inside...

...and I lock the door, out of habit.

...

I turn on the faucet for the bathtub, checking the temperature and giving the water time to heat up.

Slowly, the water goes from glacially cold...to warm...to a comfortable, soothing heat...

...and I smile, tossing in some lavender-scented bath salts,

just for the smell.

Then, I step inside, pulling the shower curtain closed...
...and I pull up the little stopper on the faucet, turning on the shower.

I wait for a few seconds as I listen to the flow adjust...
...then squeak as water hits my bare fur, as always.

After a few seconds to make sure the water is not scalding hot, I step back under the spray...

...and I close my eyes, feeling soothed by the heat and the motion of the water on my fur.

Gently, I grab the soap and begin to lather my chest area, my paws caressing my small breasts, making sure they get proper care and attention...

...and I start to smile, picturing the shower becoming a magical place.

I let my paws run over my body, applying soap to the fur there...

...and I imagine that the waters are washing away all the ickyness of my maleness, cleansing my body of all that disgusting masculinity.

I chirr very softly as I feel my paws applying soap to my thighs...

...and imagine the water cascading along them, slimming them down to become sexy, skirt-worthy legs.

Then, I gently clean my groin, my paws rubbing the soap against my male parts...

...and I imagine the water washing them down the drain, replacing them with the wondrous female parts I should have been born with.

I ease my head under the spray, letting the water caress and cascade along my head...

...and picture all of my male thoughts and memories just

washing away, being replaced with all of the female knowledge and experiences I should have had...

...and I smile...

...

...then I giggle...

...

...and then...I begin to sing, softly...

...

..."I'm gonna wash that man right out of my head..."

...

I smile, goofily, my body swaying a little bit as I shampoo my head, continuing to sing that little ditty...each time, my voice getting a little louder.

Then, I rinse my head off...still giggling and singing...and feeling a little bit of my male self wash away. Not a lot...but a little.

...

I tap the faucet with a footpaw, shutting off the water flow...then deftly use the same footpaw to lower the valve on the faucet, shutting off the shower.

A small spurt of water dribbles from the faucet...then it goes quiet.

I grab the towel from the towel rack behind me and begin to pat myself dry...

...and I smile...

...and I feel better.

...

I feel cleansed.

Cleansed of my maleness...at least for a little while.