

Shower Time

It was a beautiful spring day, and there was barely a cloud in the sky. Naarkesex however, had found the perfect one. It was soft, fluffy, and the underside bulged with water, the white fluff turning to a deep grey as the rain weighed it down. The pony flittered her wings as she rose upward toward the cloud, whistling a happy tune. She had a small pack on her side, which contained some shampoo, soap, and a scrub brush. It was the perfect day for an outdoor shower, a treat the pegasi gave themselves on occasion. The fresh rain water felt better than anything that could come out of a tap.

She hoisted her bag over on top of the cloud, gathering up her soap and scrub brush, her wings gently flapping, creating a light breeze as she hovered under the cloud. She reached up with her bottom hoof, and gave the cloud a swift kick. Immediately the rain started to pour from it. Her orange fur bristled at the slightly cold water, but the sun was quickly warming her. She tossed her white and blue mane behind her head and sighed, leaning her head upward toward the water, letting it run over her body. Her long tail flicked as she ran the soap over her body, taking a bit of water in her muzzle and gargling it before spitting it back out.

“Haaaah! Perfect!”

She cried out, doing a little twirl in the air. She took her scrub brush and doused it in soap, moving it to the itchy spot between her wings and starting to scrub gently. Her leg kicked as she groaned in pleasure, all her itchiness dissipating as she let her tongue loll from her maw. She scrubbed around under her arms, over her belly and up her chest. She hooked the brush on a bit of cloud and pulled down her shampoo, whistling as she scrubbed it through her main. The water started to trickle, then drip...it had stopped. She blinked, grabbed her brush and frowned.

“Aw come on!”

She grunted, jabbing at the cloud with the brush, her wings splayed out. Her body dripped water and soap, it stung the corners of her eyes and tangled her hair, she needed to rinse!

“Stupid friggen..”

She cursed under her breath, then turned and gave the cloud a swift kick. A few droplets of water fell, then she grunted and gave it a larger kick.

“I know you have more in there!”

She cried out, and gave it one last heaving kick. All at once a torrent of water rushed over her, causing her to fall swiftly to the ground below. She squealed the entire way, rapidly flapping her soaked wings until she hit the ground below, flooded with water. Naarkesex sat up and blinked, soaking wet and dripping as the water slowed to a drizzle.

Well. At least she was clean.