

The Girl in the Bathtub

The girl in the bathtub is taking a bath for the first time since she started following a meal plan. It has been almost two years since the girl in the bathtub had filled the bathtub with warm water and took her time to gently place candles all around it. The girl in the bathtub doesn't usually spend more than 15 minutes in the bathtub, maybe having forgotten the real purpose of a bathtub is not to serve as a shower. The girl in the bathtub observes the pinky reflection of her body reaching up to the water surface, rippling and deforming in something closer to her mental image of her body, reminding her of the reason why she hasn't taken a bath in almost two years: all the flaccid lumps on her body. The girl in the bathtub is glad the bubbling soap is forming a foam thick enough to hide her reflection. The girl in the bathtub did not always hate taking baths. There was a time, before low-cut pants and stretch marks and the social-pressured fear of body hairs, when the girl in the bathtub enjoyed being a girl in a bathtub.



The girl in the bathtub had forgotten that she actually enjoys taking baths, she could not remember why she had fought so hard with her mother not wanting to take one. The girl in the bathtub likes to bare her little body free of clothes and shake her tiny bum like big girls do. The girl in the bathtub moves her childish hips splashing water everywhere before her mother asks her to stop. Last time she took a bath she didn't have much space to play. As her father was still living with them, the girl in the bathtub liked taking baths with him. Her small body allowed for an adult man to fit in the bathtub with no problem, but dancing around was a challenge. Either way, the girl in the bathtub loved to cuddle on her father's chest soaking in how small she felt compared to him. She regrets not having his comforting presence this time

around and a paper duck gives her little comfort. The girl in the bathtub's mother hurries her to get out of the bathtub, her little fingers getting all wrinkly already. But she takes her time. She enjoys the bath, now that she is big enough to take a bath alone.

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The girl in the bathtub wonders what is that she actually does not like about baths. She likes being in the bathtub, so long as the light is left dim, her reflection in the mirror is blurred by the fog and not too many people are involved. The girl in the bathtub does not live alone, but always tries to have the apartment for herself when taking a bath. The girl in the bathtub could never be a girl in an *onsen*.

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The girl in the bathtub today is a girl in an *onsen*. She had been told that Japanese ladies leave all polite mannerism at the door and shamelessly stare and point the finger at all foreigners. The girl in the bathtub who is now a girl in a *onsen* is glad not to be blonde, or red-haired or anything but a brunette. The older Japanese ladies are now gossiping among themselves, pointing at the intimate hairy bits of the other girls in an *onsen*, most of whom are the girl in a bathtub's friends. One girl in an *onsen* chats up the girl in a bathtub complimenting her figure, she can not stop staring at her bosom. The girl in the bathtub had never thought of being too heavy-chested, she thinks it's a Japanese thing and keeps holding tightly to her assumption of not having a nice figure.

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The girl in the bathtub takes a bath in a small bathtub. Although she would like the water to cover her nakedness completely, she can hardly achieve it. This is the excuse the girl in the bathtub usually uses to talk her partner out of taking a bath together: the bathtub is too small. The girl in the bathtub feels light-headed and regrets not having left the bathroom window

slightly open. Her partner will not come back any time soon and she locked the door anyway. She thinks of coming out of the bathtub. She does not like being a girl in the bathtub anyway. She lifts her impossibly heavy body out of the water and tries to reach for the doorknob, but she slips and falls down. The girl in the bathtub is now a girl on the floor.



The girl in the bathtub likes hot steamy shower sex. She is trying to give a blowjob to the man she thinks she is in love with, but she can hardly breathe, and her knees are aching on the hard floor of the shower. The girl in the bathtub tries to pull herself up from the shower floor, hinting at the man in the shower that she does not want to continue being a girl in the shower. The girl in the bathtub, who is momentarily a girl in the shower, does not remember how she became a girl on the floor, but the man in the shower tells her she fainted during a blowjob. The girl in the bathtub makes a mental note that she is a girl who faints easily and that she should not be giving blowjobs in a steamy bathroom.



The girl in the bathtub is thankful to not have actually locked the door, so when her partner comes home, he can easily pick her up and place her gently on the bed. The girl in the bathtub likes being a girl on the bed. The man whom she is in love with does not mind looking at every blob and curve of the girl in the bathtub's body. The girl in the bathtub finds it disrespectful how someone can show such easiness in front of her complete nakedness. If something makes her uncomfortable, surely the loving thing for the man whom she is in love with to do is agreeing with her foolishness.



The girl in the bathtub is for the first time a girl in a sauna. The man whom she is in love with is sitting next to her blind as he left his glasses outside. The girl in the bathtub knows he is uncomfortable without glasses and tries to reassure him with silly

jokes. The girl in the bathtub forgets that she does not like being a girl with no clothes on. The girl in the bathtub walks out of the steamy room carefully placing one foot after the next as she is a girl who faints easily. The girl in the bathtub needs to make sure the man whom she is in love with does not slip and fall on the wet ground as he still has no glasses on. She conveniently forgets she usually only likes to take baths alone, as she helps him in the colder bathtub in the spa. The girl in the bathtub acknowledges that she does not hate taking baths, so long as she is with the man whom she is in love with, reminiscent of another man who let her play with water as she was just a child.

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Sitting on the bed, while placing a cold wet piece of cloth on her forehead, the man whom the girl in a bathtub is in love with tells her they should take a bath together next time. The girl in the bathtub agrees.

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