

Man Takes a Shower

(By: Ken Martin)

The man's name was Rick. He was six feet, two inches tall. He had short wavy brown hair, with blue eyes. He was twenty-four years old and in college. He was a philosophy major who worked part time at a grocery store moving heavy boxes off of delivery trucks to put himself through school.

Rick came home from a long hard day. He had five classes, then he partied with his amigos, forgetting about his homework until he had to go to work. He was just getting home at one o'clock and he was dirt tired, not to mention he needed a shower.

Rick lived with two other roommates who were away in Miami for the week because the one guy's sister was getting married and the other one just wanted to go to Miami with him. They were probably having loads of fun and he was stuck here having to work and go to school like a dweeb.

Rick locked the door and hung up his coat on the hanger by the door. He went to the refrigerator and took out a beer. He was thinking about the girl he had seen in the lobby when he came in. Her name was Cindy, and she was hot. He hadn't been able to get her number, she had seemed tired, but he hoped to see her again later. He chugged down the whole beer with one breath and tossed it in the trash.

He looked around the living room for the TV guide. He kept his apartment relatively clean, he had a few magazines lying around but it wasn't dirty. He found the TV guide, there wasn't anything on this late so he just decided to take a shower and go to sleep.

He rubbed the back of his neck as he sat on the sofa then got up and went to the bedroom.

He took off his baseball cap and tossed it on the night table and ran his hand through his hair. He sat on his bed and took off his shoes and socks. He tossed the socks in the laundry basket and put his shoes next to his bed. Rick pulled off his shirt and threw it into the laundry basket. His pecs were pretty big, but not too big. He took off his belt and tossed it in the corner, then pulled off his pants.

Rick went into the bathroom and turned the hot water on in the tub. As he waited for it to warm up he brushed his teeth, wiped off his face, then tested the water. It was a little too hot so he turned up the cold water. He got a towel and washcloth from the closet and put them in the bathroom. He tested the water again, just right. He pulled down his boxers and tossed them in the laundry basket and stepped in the tub, then pulled the curtain closed.

Rick turned on the shower and let the hot water run over his body. His muscles ached from working all

night. He found the Irish Spring soap and lathered it up in the water. Then he started soaping himself up. He cleaned his arms, his stomach, his back, his pits, then his chest. He lathered the soap on the washcloth and scrubbed his ass. Then he put the washcloth down, got the soap and continued. Rick soaped up his cock and balls, then his legs and feet. Then he washed his face and ears.

Then Rick put the soap down and rinsed off. He rubbed his hands all over his body getting the soap off with the dirt. As he was rinsing he thought of that hot chick, Cindy, again. She was really hot, and nice, his cock got big and hard. He wished he had a girlfriend to take care of that, but he didn't.

Rick grabbed the soap again and lathered his hands with it. Then he covered his dick with soap to lubricate it and he started pumping. "Oh, yeah!" He thought of Cindy, wondered what she was doing now. It felt so good. He thrust his pelvis with the rhythm of his strokes. His breathing got quicker and his thrusts got quicker. He beat himself off faster and faster. His legs were getting weaker.

Just when he thought he couldn't hold back anymore, he didn't. In a mind blowing orgasm, he shot his load all over the side of the shower.

His pumping got slower and slower as the last bit of come dripped out of his penis. Then he rinsed off his cock and rinsed off the wall of the shower and turned off the water.

He got out of the shower and dried himself off with the towel. Then, still naked, he went to the mirror and combed his hair. He tossed the towel into the laundry basket, turned off all the lights and went to sleep naked, as usual.

P.S. Hi, I'm Ben, the author of this short story. I always welcome input from the people who read my stories. If you have any questions, compliments, complaints, or suggestions feel free to write me at this address: krys_2@hotmail.com Also if you want to give me a title to this story, feel free to write. But, if you do write, please specify which story you read and are commenting about, I have several.

Thanks.

-Ben