

A humiliating and hard lesson in showering

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A compulsory second shower in front of the p.e. teacher

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“Turner!” shouted the P.E. teacher. Turner looked anxiously back towards where the shout had emanated from. “Get in my office, at once!” bellowed the teacher. Turner hurried nervously into the P.E. teacher’s office. “And close the door, Turner!” shouted Mr. Murray. Turner swiftly obliged. “Turner, at the end of last lesson, do you remember what I told you miserable lot?” Turner looked down sheepishly. “Well !!!” “Shall I remind you, Turner? I said that I wanted every pupil to shower thoroughly. Do you remember that instruction, Turner? It was only last week. I said I didn’t want boys from my lessons leaving here stinking or covered in mud after rugby. Do you remember now, Turner?” Turner nodded, dejectedly. “And do you remember what I said would happen to boys who didn’t wash properly? Do you?” Turner spoke softly, “You said you would humiliate them, Sir”. “Yes Turner, that is right, I said I would humiliate them and I said if necessary, I would shower them myself to ensure they left here clean.” “I did shower thoroughly, Sir”, Turner stammered. “Yes, you may have showered, but did you ensure you were clean? You are quite old enough to know how to wash, Turner; you have turned 18.” “I am clean, Sir”, said Turner. “Well your ‘mate’ Henderson, has just told me that there is still mud up the back of your legs Turner, and if there is Turner, you will have to have another shower.” “But its lunch time”, said Turner. “I don’t care what time it is Turner, you are not leaving these changing rooms unless you are clean. You know the rules.” “Yes Sir.” “Do you know the rules, Turner?” “Yes, Mr. Murray.” “Right, if you are clean you won’t having anything to worry about, will you? Right turn around, drop your trousers and let me see the back of your legs.” Turner looked shocked but he knew that Mr. Murray was in no mood to be messed around with. Slowly he turned round. He faced the door he had just come through. Whilst he read the safety rules for swimming on the back of the door, he unbuckled his belt, undid the button, lowered his fly and let his trousers drop to the floor. Turner felt self conscious standing with his white briefs and prayed no one would walk in. Mr. Murray allowed his eye to wander up the back of Turner’s legs, right to where the white briefs tightly covered Turner’s bottom. “There is mud splattered up your left leg, Turner!” “But Sir, I” began Turner. “Shut up!” interrupted Mr. Murray. “I said everyone was to wash properly or they don’t leave this changing room.” “Right then,” Mr. Murray angrily snarled, “did you use any deodorant?” “Yes Sir!” said Turner. “You said you had washed yourself and you lied! Right, shirt off, I want to see if you used deodorant.” Turner turned round to face Mr. Murray, whose face was glowering with rage.

Turner had to steady himself as his trousers were still round his ankles. Turner crouched to hitch up his trousers. "Leave those alone," shouted Mr. Murray, "I haven't got all day. Shirt off!" Turner nervously began to undo the buttons of his shirt, his hairy muscular chest was gradually revealed and he slipped off his shirt and placed it on the desk in front of him. Mr. Murray walked round from behind the desk to face Turner. "Right then, arms up!" Turner raised his arms. He felt vulnerable just wearing tight white briefs and his trousers still around his ankles. With his arms raised, Mr. Murray bent forward and pushed his nose into Turner's hairy arm pit. Mr. Murray inhaled deeply and Turner wondered if he could feel Mr. Murray's lips but he doubted it. "No deodorant there, Turner, you stink!" yelled Mr. Murray, as he pulled back. Mr. Murray was now incandescent with rage. "When I ask you boys to do something, I expect it to be done. I ask for cleanliness, and you ignore me. I will not have boys leaving my lessons and going to other lessons stinking; it reflects on me". There was a pause. Turner wondered what would happen next. "Right, Turner, did you put on a clean pair of underpants?" demanded Mr. Murray. Turner knew he had; it was more than his life was worth not to. "Yes Sir, these are clean," said Turner pointing to his white briefs. "Right I want them off, I want to examine them", sneered Mr. Murray. Turner blushed as he kicked off his shoes and pulled his feet clear of his trousers. With a deep breath he moved his hands to the top of his briefs. "Turn around Turner, I don't want to see your miserable appendage", said Mr. Murray. Turner turned once again, his hands slowly lowered his pants revealing his hairy backside. Turner removed his pants completely and felt his cheeks burn as he stood naked. Mr. Murray walked forward and snatched the briefs. Turner looked straight ahead but he could see a reflection of Mr. Murray in the office door window. "Right let's have a look", said Mr. Murray. Turner could see Mr. Murray tentatively bringing the white briefs up for inspection. But instead of looking in them, Mr. Murray gently rubbed the briefs against his face and he again inhaled deeply as he held them against his nose. In the reflection, Turner couldn't tell whether Mr. Murray's eyes closed in disgust or with pleasure. He soon found out. The pants were hurled at the back of his neck. "Turner, they are disgusting", shouted Mr. Murray. "I don't even want to touch them, you, you filthy little git. Get those pants back on and then I am taking you for a shower." Turner could tell that Mr. Murray was furious and he felt very intimidated. Mr. Murray virtually frogmarched Turner towards the showers. "Right, get under that shower Turner and get yourself cleaned up, and I am going to stand here and make sure you do it properly." Turner felt so embarrassed and he knew his face was bright red. He stalled for a fraction before he started to walk towards the nearest shower head, uncertain and reluctant about removing his white briefs. "You can keep those on", remarked Mr. Murray, "I don't want to be put off my lunch". Immensely relieved, Turner headed to the nearest of the six shower heads, feeling foolish and awkward. He turned the jet on high and prayed the steam generated would help disguise his body. "Where is your soap?" bellowed Mr. Murray. Turner realised he had not brought his shower gel with him. "I forgot it Sir, it is in my bag". "Have you got a brain?" demanded Mr. Murray. Turner just shrugged his shoulders. "Wait there, you can use mine". Mr. Murray headed back to his office. Turner began to rub himself down under the piping hot water. As he rubbed down his legs, a sudden horror descended upon him. He looked down at his white briefs and realised, aghast, that his white pants had turned sheer. The material was clinging tightly to his cock,

and the head was clearly visible, his balls hanging low and his dark bush acted as a backdrop to make his package appear even more pronounced. At this point, Mr. Murray returned, shower gel in hand. Turner turned his back on Mr. Murray, but was only too painfully aware that this would only reveal his tight hairy buttocks. Mr. Murray proffered the shower gel to Turner but stood away from the downpour unwilling to get his tracksuit wet. "Come and get it then", yelled Mr. Murray. Turner paused briefly, he felt compelled to hide his modesty by covering himself with his hands. However, he felt the urge to brazen it out. After all, he had been put in to this ridiculous situation and he almost felt like making Mr. Murray feel equally uncomfortable by being confronted with his near naked body. In a sudden flash of bravado, Turner emerged slowly and purposefully from the cloud of steam, his transparent pants revealing his impressive package and he almost flaunted himself in front of Mr. Murray as he reached out to take the shower gel. Turner looked directly into Mr. Murray's face in an attempt to outwit him. Mr. Murray's eyes were staring straight back at Turner's. Mr. Murray held out the shower gel. As their two hands each grabbed the bottle, Turner suddenly noticed Mr. Murray's eyes dropping to his nearly-exposed genitals. Turner watched as Mr. Murray faltered. His gaze was held by the vision of the wet translucent pants. As Turner tried to take the shower gel, Mr. Murray increased his grip. The two were briefly in stalemate. Mr. Murray suddenly came to his senses. He was aware he had held the bottle for far too long. He released his grip and Turner almost fell back, such was the tension he had created on pulling the bottle. Recovering quickly, Mr. Murray yelled, "Right get yourself washed properly and let's get off for lunch." Turner returned to the shower. He felt acutely aware that Mr. Murray was studying his body. However his previous embarrassment began to fade. He decided he would wind Mr. Turner up. He felt rather empowered. He had noted the behaviour of Mr. Murray and he decided he would play Mr. Murray at his own game. Turner squeezed some of the shower gel onto his chest. He began to massage it in slowly. He stood sturdily and allowed the hot water jets to run down his face and he held his head back and the water ran shapely down his body. He rolled his head provocatively and soaped his muscular arms carefully and built up lather and raised his arms to run water into his hairy arm pits. He was aware that Mr. Murray had fallen silent. Turner didn't engage eye contact with the teacher but closed his eyes and tried to suggest he was enjoying his shower. Turner turned so that his backside was displayed. He ran his fingers down his own back and suggestively over his material clad buttocks. Turner knew he was having a profound effect on Mr. Murray since Murray hadn't said anything for several minutes. Turner bent slowly over to soap his legs. His hairy back side was pushed out towards Mr. Murray, the cleft in his buttocks was clearly visible through the material. Turner stood up and remained with his back to Mr. Murray but he felt a compulsion to rile Mr. Murray further. He allowed his fingers to gradually push the material of his wet briefs slowly down, his buttocks being tantalisingly revealed. He soaped his buttocks. He ran his hands over his hairy bottom and teased the buttocks apart allowing the hot water to run down the cleft. Very deliberately, Turner asked, "Has the mud gone yet from the back of my legs, Sir?" There was a momentary pause. "Yes", Mr. Murray's voice was unnaturally high; he had been caught off guard. He coughed, "Yes Turner, but um you, er, still need to clean yourself, at the, er, front." Turner responded, "Yes, Sir, I will make sure I am clean at the front." "Good, yes, I don't

want you leaving here smelling.” Turner turned around; once again he allowed the water to run down his body. He soaped his chest again and ran his hands over his biceps, down his stomach and to the top of his briefs. Carefully, he pushed his finger tips into his briefs. He moved his hands up and down his stomach and back to his briefs, each time pushing his fingers further down into his pants. As he did so the pants began to ease themselves down. At first, Turner’s dark bush was exposed. Turner ran his fingers through his pubic hair. Once again, he moved his hands up and ran his hands over the hair on his head. His pelvis pushed forward, his pubic hair prominent. Turner began to relish how he was teasing Mr. Murray; he had felt humiliated and angry but he now knew he had Mr. Murray under his control. He decided to punish Mr. Murray unmercifully. Turner’s hands descended slowly down the length of his body until they were resting casually at the waist band of his pants. He deliberately lowered his pants to reveal his cock and balls. He soaped his hands and ran them along the length of his shaft and massaged his balls slowly. He ran his hands suggestively back and forth along his cock and then down to his balls, creating a thick lather. Turner fully expected Mr. Murray to at least express some form of indignation but none came. Mr. Murray was totally silent. Turner continued to massage himself thoroughly and began to feel quite amused that he was totally exposed and guessed that Mr. Murray was enraptured. Turner upped his game; he lifted his cock and began to draw back his long foreskin, revealing his smooth, beautifully formed cock head. He soaped the head of his penis with his fingers and once again leaned back so that his pelvis thrust forward towards Mr. Murray. With no words from Mr. Murray, Turner suddenly realised that he didn’t know how this was going to end. Was he going to pull up his pants, turn off the shower and walk away as if nothing had happened? What would Mr. Murray say to him? Would Mr. Murray think Turner was gay? Turner realised he was out of his depth and was struck with self doubt; he began to feel he had gone too far. May be Mr. Murray was just aghast at the ridiculous performance that Turner had just put on? Turner felt so uncomfortable that he deftly raised his pants to cover up his exposed genitalia. Turner decided to attempt to leave the shower. He opened his eyes, fearful of the expression on Mr. Murray’s face, but then his mouth gaped open in astonishment. Turner had been looking downward towards the floor, feeling ashamed. The first thing he noticed was crumpled clothing on the floor. Turner’s eyes flicked towards Mr. Murray and his eyes ascended Mr. Murray’s naked body with his tracksuit abandoned on the floor. Turner took in the masculine frame of his P.E. teacher. Mr. Murray had to be around 30. His chest was smooth and he had pronounced pecs. He had a washboard stomach from working out and he had not an ounce of fat, only muscle. Mr. Murray’s cock was big, rock hard and he was stroking it. Mr. Murray’s eyes were shut. Turner had not seen another man’s aroused cock before and his instant reaction of admiration surprised himself. Mr. Murray really was stunning. Turner was transfixed. He stared at Mr. Murray’s hand caressing his cock; he couldn’t take his eyes off it. Mr. Murray’s cock was very big, and almost intimidating. Turner tried to feel disgust, anger and even amused but he felt none of these feelings. All he could feel was that his own cock was beginning to swell within his wet pants. Within seconds of watching his P.E. teacher stroke himself, Turner began to feel uncomfortable in his own pants such was the strength of his erection. Involuntarily, he found himself releasing his swollen cock from his restrictive pants. He lowered the pants to the top of his

legs. Mr. Murray opened his eyes to drink in once again the nubile body of Turner beneath the shower. Their eyes met. Turner made a small gasp. Mr. Murray's face displayed no reaction other than his eyes fell to take in the erection that Turner had released from his pants. Mr. Murray began to increase the frequency of his strokes. His other hand gently squeezed, rubbed and massaged his own balls. He drew his hand up and down his shaft and ran his fingers over the moist head. Mr. Murray's gaze was firmly on Turner's engorged cock. He said nothing but his breathing rate increased and he frequently licked and bit his lip. His hand moved more and more urgently up and down and the pressure he applied to his balls increased. Turner stood perfectly still and felt totally aroused by this display of male masturbation before him. He also felt turned on that he was the subject matter for the intense way Mr. Murray was rubbing himself. Turner noticed that the head of Mr. Murray's cock was darkening in colour, the cock looked impossibly large and his hand was moving at an urgent pace. Mr. Murray began to groan, his legs began to lose balance, his hand moved faster, and then Mr. Murray's head rolled back as a stream of cum literally shot out of his cock and landed not far from Turner's feet. Further streams broke forth and Mr. Murray had to steady himself. His hand slowed and Turner could see the beads of perspiration on his forehead, a combination of effort and the steam from the shower. Mr. Murray ground to a halt. He remained silent. He just stood looking at Turner. Turner's cock was oozing precum but he was reluctant to touch himself. Mr. Murray appeared to show no sign of remorse or embarrassment. He just continued to look at Turner's body, up and down. Eventually the two made eye contact. Turner tried to read Mr. Murray's face but he remained inscrutable. Mr. Murray was impassive. Turner looked Mr. Murray in the eye, wondering what would happen next. Mr. Murray began to walk towards Turner. Turner held his gaze. The two men faced each other. Without a word, Mr. Murray crouched down in front of Turner. Both of his hands moved toward the wet material of Turner's underwear. He gradually eased the briefs down Turner's legs until they reached his feet. As Turner stepped out of them, he actually had to lean on Mr. Murray to avoid falling over. Mr. Murray stood back up and once again they faced each other, both completely naked. Mr. Murray made a gentle grab for Turner. He pulled Turner towards him but turned him at the same time. Turner's back was towards Mr. Murray. Mr. Murray pushed Turner carefully forward so that both were now under the hot jets of water. Mr. Murray's muscular arm held Turner tightly across Turner's chest. Turner could feel Mr. Murray's semi-erect cock pushed against his buttocks. Mr. Murray's free hand took Turner's cock. Any doubts that Turner had in his mind had no time to surface. Turner was pinned tightly. His back rested against a muscular chest, an arm held him across his own chest and a hand was expertly stroking his cock. The hand around his cock was firm but gentle. Turner found himself pushing into the hand with his pelvis and he relished the feel of the semi-erect cock moving against his buttocks. Turner found himself totally giving into Mr. Murray. He had never been touched in such an erotic way and the hot water pounding down on him heightened his arousal further. He wanted to cum so badly and he knew it wouldn't be long. Mr. Murray was gripping and releasing his cock and touching the head with his thumb. Mr. Murray's restraining arm began to tease Turner's nipple. Turner knew the moment was nigh and he had no control; he was being totally manipulated but he was in complete ecstasy. Turner felt the familiar feel of being on the verge of cumming. He

thrust in Mr. Murray's hand and the hand moved swiftly up and down. Turner was about to explode. Mr. Murray rested his lips against Turner's neck and licked him and bit him gently. Turner ejaculated vigorously, his legs felt wobbly and Mr. Murray had to hold him up. Turner groaned. The orgasm was intense and the cum ran over Mr. Murray's hand. Mr. Murray rubbed the cum along the shaft increasing the sensation. "Fucking hell!" Turner screamed. Mr. Murray smiled to himself. He had massaged Turner's cock until Turner couldn't take any more. Both were now satisfied. Mr. Murray held onto Turner and Turner leaned back against Mr. Murray's hard body, loving the feeling of closeness. Mr. Murray in a loud voice said, "Don't ever try to leave here again with mud on your legs, Turner." Turner tensed. Mr. Murray moved his mouth close to Turner's ear and whispered, "Unless, of course, you want to!" Mr. Murray let go of Turner, stood back, turned, picked up his tracksuit and walked naked back to his office. Turner watched him go, observing his tight buttocks as he went. Mr. Murray closed the door of the office behind him. Turner caught his breath. He walked to the changing room and dried quickly and dressed. He left the changing room without seeing Mr. Murray again. Outside Henderson happened to be walking past. "Got in trouble did you?" he sneered. Turner walked up to Henderson. "I owe you one!" Turner said and smiled.