

# My Shower

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My Shower by irishmik60 It'd been a long day, hot sweaty, and torturous. All day I had to look over the lovelies walking past my stall, in all forms of undress. Shorts, shorter shorts, bikini bottoms. Bikini tops, halter tops, tube tops (yes, they're still worn), baggy blouses, thin blouses, sheer blouses. Tall woman, short women, thin women, voluptuous women, big titted women, small titted women. Long hair, short hair, blondes, brunettes, redheads, even some good looking gals with gray hair. Some with a 'fuck me' look on their faces, some with an 'attitude' plastered on their faces, as if they were too good for anyone. All in all, after a days work, I was to return home hot, sweaty, tired, and with a never ending hard on. I ran a small 'surf shoppe' on a small beach in central California. I wasn't getting rich, but I was my own boss, my own hours. It paid the bills and kept food and beer on the table. Some days I would get 'lucky' and be able to date if not outright fuck one of these darlings that would enter my store. Tonight I was home all by myself. I decided I'd go down to one of my favorite hangouts after showering and put a 'feed on' and maybe get drunk afterwards. As I entered the bathroom I adjusted the water temp and showerhead. As the water began heating up, I stripped from my T and shorts. Most all the time I go 'commando'. I love the feel it gives my cock. Free to swing loose. Looking in the mirror I frowned at the small paunch I was starting to develop. I told myself I need to start jogging again to keep in shape. At 44, it seemed mother nature was trying to win the battle and get me out of shape. I made a mental note to begin a new battle plan to take victory away from her. As I looked further downward I viewed my lil' friend. Soft my penis hung, small and shriveled against my nutsack. I always envied those guys that had a hose hanging down. But, I knew when my friend grew to attention he'd more than make up for the difference. As I entered the shower my body at first startled to the hot steamy spray, but quickly grew accustomed to it. I loved the feel of the cascading water falling over my body. I lathered myself as I remembered all the lovelies I'd viewed today. The Blonde with the huge 'plastic', man made tits. The sexy MILF looking to buy a 'first board' for her teenaged son. Had her son not been with her, I might have invited her to dinner tonight. As I recalled her slender body, firm rack, I nonchalantly cupped my hanging nuts and cock. I was pleasantly surprised when I felt my cock slightly swollen and protruding. Seems it had a memory of this woman as well. My

cock's thick buldus head was firming up with evidence of an upcoming erection. The shaft thickening, swelling. My nuts pulling up tighter towards my penis. Not really masturbating I sort of slid my hand from the base of my cock, sliding my thumb over the soapy head blankly enjoying the sensation. Hell! I'm a bachelor, and this woman had definately had an effect on me. So, who'd be the wiser if I stroked one off? Taking my pleasure more seriously I began to slide my hand up and down my thick 8" shaft. I could feel the digits of my fingers as they ran along the ridges on my cock, the swollen pulsing viens causing ripples along the top. The thick tubule along the bottom seemed almost to disfigure my cock from a circular shaft to one with a distended underside. I knew before I finished I'd feel my cum rushing through this tube and splash the shower wall. Knowing I now wanted to come, but at the same time wanted to make this last, I leaned forward in the shower using my left hand to rest on the shower wall. The heated spray from the shower seemed to heighten my nerve endings. Hot water rushing down my back, trickling between my clinched ass cheeks. The soap slowly rinsed away, but the oozing pre-cum kept my shaft slick and slippery. It'd now been almost ten minutes of self gratitude and I could feel my thighs start to tighten and shake. I kept the slow movement of my hand making the forthcoming orgasm so much more intense. The blood in my cock pulsed and gave my penis a life of it's own. I could feel my cock twitch and vibrate, pulse and throb within my hand. I couldn't stop now had I wanted to. My gut tightened. I was on the balls of my feet, stroking, squeezing, beating my cock. As much as I tried to continue the slow torture of my manhood, I could help but quicken the stroking. Just then the first splas of cum shot forward! Like a shot is slammed into the shower wall in front of me, with some splahing back at me. Stroke after stroke, shot after shot, I must've had seven or eight blasts shoot from deep within. As my seed dripped down the showers wall I had to let go of my cock and catch my balance with both hands to keep from falling. I looked down and watched the last remnants of my orgasm drip from my pisshead and drip down onto my thigh, the running water thinning it and seeing the creamy effluence wash away. Gaining my composure I rinsed my hands, thigh, and cock: turned off the water and stepped from the shower. As I walked to my bedroom naked, I made a mebtal note to myself to give this a woman a nice discount on a board for her son, if she returned to the shop. What else could I do for a woman that'd not known, but had given me one HELL of a cum?