

His bare paws thud across the rug atop the bathroom tiles. Fresh clothes neatly stacked on the sink opposite the towel hooks. First testing the waters with his left hand, he feels the rivulets gather and flow along his white fur. To him it feels hot enough to step inside. One step at a time he finds himself in the warming embrace of the hot shower. He lowers his head to let the water soak in through the hair, before rotating his head to move his muzzle directly into the water flow. With eyes closed he lets his mind wander, as he gargles the water a bit. Letting the water dribble out of his mouth he rotates to give his back a chance to enjoy the warmth. It's this quiet time in the shower, with the drone of the water flow to allow himself to look to what has happened. To try and see where he is taking himself.

It is during this deep contemplation that a thought begins to surface. An urge slowly welling up within him. With one hand massaging his collar bone another hand wanders down to massage another part of his body. He finds himself with a potential in his mind. A conversation he may have had once, or someone that caught his eye. His hand continues to encourage the engorged member in his hand with gentle strokes. His imagination takes its cue and takes casual glances into a chance encounter. Dreaming of a passionate evening he feels a different warmth flushing across his face. Rhythmic stroking gradually gain in speed as the imagined encounter picks up steam. The hand at his throat is now pressed against the shower wall for support as his knees grow weak from the sensation. He furls his brow as he huffs, his heart pounding a harder beat as that sensation continues to strengthen. He can see their faces in pained ecstasy. His hand strokes the full length faster still and has begun to use a twisting motion. Both memories and dreams are one in this heated moment. His muscles flex and his torso strains, nearly causing him to double over. He can feel a new pressure building up. In his mind he can hear this fantasy encounter coming closer to an explosive conclusion. With a tightly muffled grunt everything comes to a sudden halt. He can feel the muscles contract and push, this sensation erupting out causing him to open his eyes. With a silent groan he can barely see the discharge from the white shower floor.

His whole body relaxes and his eyes become glazed. He feels cold and hot simultaneously and ready to collapse to the floor. His hand goes from a closed fist to being splayed out against the shower wall, helping him stay on his feet as he recovers. As the warm water coaxes the fluids down the drain he finally begins his shower routine and grabs the body wash first.