

**Merry Christmas
from Dad!**

Daddy's Big Shave

On Christmas morning a the year I was fourteen, my dad handed me a special present he had bought an wrapped for me himself. His big hands kinda shoved the package into my lap. My little brother giggled, the twerp! I looked into my dad's face. His big chin sported a grin stretching from ear to ear. He rubbed his forefinger through his big black moustache. "Go on," he said. "Open it." The way my brother was actin, all ants in his pants, I expected I was about to unbox one a those spring-coil snakes that flies out in your face an makes you just about shit your shorts.

"Shut up, Brian!" I said.

"Alright, boys," our mother said, "it's Christmas."

My dad reached his big mitt in toward the wrapped present on my lap, not realizin that the pressure a his hand pushed through the package, an through my plaid bathrobe, an finally through my PJ's into my crotch which was permanently hard, the way it had got like rebar in concrete, the year before, an stayed that way so I didn't think it would ever go down an really never wanted it to.

"Open it," he said, not knowin he was nudgin harder on my crotch.

I tore open the package an my eyes bugged out.

"Merry Christmas," dad said.

"It's a razor," Brian cackled. "Why you need a razor?"

To cut your throat, I thought. Instead, I said, "Gee, thanks, Dad." How embarrassin. For months I'd laid awake nights till Brian went to sleep in the upper bunk in our bedroom an I'd take my prick in one hand an rub my other hand over my body, feelin the new growth a hair in my crotch, aroun the base a my cock an even on my balls, an then rubbin smooth up my hairless belly to my armpits, an finally, an best a all to my face where the light blond down on my upper lip made me feel so much like a growin man that it set off my cock in my other hand an I'd shoot so much stuff in the tent a my blanket that my ma asked me one day to

please stop blowin my nose in the sheets, an I was afraid she'd caught me, but later I found out thoughts like that never crossed her mind.

My dad put his hand on my knee. "What do you think?" he said. He pointed at my own first razor.

I'd wanted to shave for almost a year, but I was afraid to ask for a razor, cuz some wisenheimer would ask, "For that peach fuzz? For that little cookie duster? Ha!" An I was even more embarrassed at gettin caught usin a razor that I'd bought on the sly with money from my paper route, even though, I confess, I had played around with my dad's razor, but I never shaved my upper lip or face where they might see.

An this is the good part.

The only place I could shave when I was thirteen was my crotch which I kept shaved just a little bit at a time, cuz I couldn't show up in the showers after gym shaved all the way down to my nuts, even if I was on the swimteam where the older guys all shaved their whole bodies regularly. The way my dad looked at me that Christmas mornin I figgered he suspected that he had to make the first move, to kinda help me, you know, start doin publicly the things a man's gotta do.

I always wondered if he knew, that year I was thirteen, turnin fourteen, an he was thirty-three, how it was with me, always locked away in the upstairs bathroom at least twice a day, peelin myself naked outa my red nylon Speedos, watchin my dick, that was big as any guy's on the swimteam, stand straight up by itself. Look, Ma! No hands! While I squirted Barbasol Shave Cream, the only kind my dad ever used, cuz it was regular Marine Corps issue, into my hand an palmed it across my face, inhalin its clean soapy smell, feelin it cool on my tender cheeks an chin an upper lip, then squirtin it direct on my nuts like whip cream on a banana split aroun my hard stand-up cock, so I could keep my balls shaved, rememberin, Oh God, how my dad's highjacked razor felt scrapin smooth across, aroun, an under my balls, till finally my dick shot straight across the tub an toilet an I could see my face in the bathroom mirror rockin back an forth with my mouth open, silent screamin, like a big O in the middle a the shave cream, foam all over my face, silent screamin from all the secret pleasure that knocked me out that first year I knew how to play with my dick.

My dad, who had to shave twice a day, all that summer an fall kept bitchin at the Gillette Blue Blade company, cuz he couldn't figger out why his blades were always dull. He musta screwed open his disposable blade razor an looked in an found at least some trace a my blond crotch hair mixed in with his own black chin stubble. In the same way I didn't want him to find me out, I wanted him to catch me, so

we could be in on our secrets together like when he gave me his first listen-son-we-need-a-man-to-man-talk.

My dad was what you might call a ritualistic type a man, thinkin, as I said, he had some reason to shave twice a day, so he didn't have 5-o'clock shadow raspin across his cheeks an chin.

"Sometimes," I once heard my mother, kinda pleased with herself, say to Bonnie Hallam who was in the same bridge club an who was havin trouble with her husband, "a man can rub a woman raw until he sands her down an smooths her out."

Watchin my dad shave his face was one thing, but twice a year or so to please my ma, or so I'd overheard late at night, he'd head into the bathroom, when my ma was out shoppin or at her bridge club, an Brian an me were at school, which I wasn't one time right before this Christmas I'm telling about, and he'd take a leisurely shower an then climb out buck naked without towelin off an stand drippin with his big uncut cock an balls hangin down on the white porcelain sink, just so he could please himself, one of the few ways a married man can, while on his way to pleasin his wife, an then he'd start The Big Shave.

For his normal daily shaves, he always left the door ajar to keep the mirror from foggin up. That's how that afternoon before Christmas I could spy on him, curious as I was to see what a grown man does when he's alone, cuz the bathroom was straight across from my bedroom door where I had been playin hooky an playin with myself, jerkin off under the covers a the bottom bunkbed where he couldn't see me all wrapped in my sheets an blankets so I musta looked, if he'd thrown me a glance, like nothin more n my unmade bed, which in my room wasn't unusual.

Ordinarily, when we were home, he wrapped a white towel aroun his lean-muscle waist, but this time he didn't, cuz he was all by his lonesome an takin his sweet time, havin a snifter a cognac an a fine cigar. He was only twenty years older n me an our features looked alike even though he was dark and I was blond an he was bigger built compared to my swimmer's body. He studied himself in the mirror first, runnin his hands where the thick dark hair, matted across his chest, met between his pecs an descended down the center line a his torso so it looked like a big hairy funnel cloud suckin on down from his chest, past his navel, into his dark crotch.

Under it all hung his big, uncut olive-skinned dick, which was a wonder a wonders to me, an had to be, acourse, cuz his long low hangin dick was the place from which I'd come, an I'm still not sure how many inches it was, but he was hung at least 10, maybe more, cuz once, later on in life, when I was grown up, he got real loose lipped on some Jack Daniel's an

told me that big “equipment,” that was his word for it, ran in our family, from his granddaddy to his daddy an down to me an Brian an Brian’s young boys; but that’s another story.

He sipped his cognac an lit his cigar. A rich blue halo wreathed his goodlookin face. He began one a the slow rituals daddies play when they think they’re home alone. He changed the blade in his razor an put it under the tap a runnin water till hot steam rose from the sink. He dropped a pair a white wash cloths into the sink an pulled them up, wrung them out, an laid them across his hairy chest. He winced under the scalding heat, layin his shoulders back. His hairy pecs absorbed the wet warmth. Smoke from his cigar plumed from his nostrils.

He tilted his head back an reached for his dick, rollin hardon across the lip a the sink, an stroked it twice, then took hold a his thick foreskin between the thumb an index finger a his left hand, stretchin out its eye-hole, while he stuck the index finger a his right hand inside its eye an scooped his fingertip around the head a his uncut cock that was standin straight up from its hairy bush. Then he leaned forward, flexin his chest an dumpin the hot wash cloths into the sink, an raised his finger to his nose, sniffed the aroma a his headcheese, an then wiped his finger clean, first in his moustache, an then through the hair matted wet across his chest. Finally, he pulled on his foreskin, strippin it back over the head a his hard cock, which looked to me like I prayed to God my cock would look, except blond, when I was older.

He sipped his cognac an put his cigar between his teeth. My ol man was ready to shave his chest an belly an crotch. He soaped up a wash cloth an sudsed himself up one section at a time: left pec, right pec, flat belly, hairy groin, an once, even his thick hairy forearms he sometimes shaved. He gripped the Barbasol an shook the can several times, real deliberate, an then pushed the dispenser top. White shavin cream foamed up in a mound like a Dairy Queen sundae in the palm a his hand. He set the can down an with his right fingers dippin into the cream in his left palm, he lathered up both his pecs, so you could see the long black fur softening in the drifts a foam. He rinsed his hand an then wiped clear the nipple on his left pec an then on his right pec. They both stood out, fleshy an rosy, surrounded by the shavin cream.

He reached down an touched his big rockhard dick, strokin it like a baby, an then picked up his razor, puffin the sweet-smellin cigar still stuck between his teeth. With slow deliberate strokes, he pulled the razor in long swaths across his chest, following the mounds a his pecs, rinsing the razor between each pull, his coal-black body hair swirling in the white sink,

the smell a the shavin cream risin on the hot steam, an always his dick stretchin up, its crownhead two inches above his stripped back foreskin. He took one more hit a his cigar, pulled it from his mouth an laid it in a ashtray.

He blew the smoke down directly on his freshly shaved chest, criss-crossed with lines a foam, like a field on a early spring day shows where the sleigh tracks ran before in winter. Barehanded he wiped his palm across his chest, rubbin his hard hand—I truly always loved when he touched me—across his baby smooth chest. His fingers toyed with his nipples. Then with both hands, one ahead a the other, he wrapped his big double-fisted grip almost the full length a his ballbat cock an rocked back an forth strokin his dick for his own pleasure the way, as I said, a man will do when he's home alone, or thinks he is, when he doesn't know his teenage son, lyin awake, hidden under cover of his own bed, keeps so absolutely quiet his dad'll never know his boy has seen more n most sons dream.

Choked in his two-handed grip, his cockhead squeezed thick an dark through his olive skin. A clear drop a juice pearled through the piss slit an he bent over from the waist, lowerin his mouth to the long dick both a his hands pulled toward his waitin mouth. He was doin what I'd never even imagined. He jack-knifed his body, layin face to his own dick.

His tongue unfurled slowly from his mouth an he lapped the juice from the head a his own cock, runnin his tongue aroun an under its crown, until he pulled his still loose foreskin up aroun his hardon an took it in his teeth, chewin on it, suckin it up into his face, stretchin it like it was the neck a some sausage wrap. He gave sense to the advice he'd given me that on the swimteam my most important event was the stretchin exercises.

He pulled his mouth off his own dick an straightened up grinnin into the same mirror I always liked to watch myself cumin in. He hit his cognac an his cigar. The bulk a his foreskin slipped slow back over the thick head a his cock an slid down tight aroun his shaft. He wet his belly with the hot cloths, an with the four fingers a his right hand pulled shavin cream across his tight belly, lettin his fingers follow the crevasses a his abdominal muscles, latherin up the two-inch strip a hair that dropped down from between his shaved pecs straight to his big, hairy crotch.

He looked into the mirror an liked what he saw an smiled, all straight white teeth under the black moustache he never shaved. Then slowly, he took his razor into his right hand, the same razor I'd used to sneak-shave aroun my crotch, an deliberately shaved his torso clean, laying the razor under the steamin stream a water from the faucet, an wipin his belly down with a towel. Shaved clean a his hair, he looked young enough an was in

good enough shape that he coulda passed for my older brother if I had one.

By this time, acourse, my own cock was tentpolin my blankets, but I was afraid to jerk on it for fear a him catchin me moving outa the eyes he had in the back a his head, just like all dads say they have. I don't know what woulda really happened if he had caught me. I do know I woulda really wanted to stand opposite my dad and the two of us jerk off together just lookin at each other, both him an me feeling real proud that I came outa his cock.

His dick stood at hard attention. He stroked it with one hand an rubbed his other hand across his fresh-shaved chest an down his fresh-shaved belly. I knew how his hard palms must feel smoothin his body, cuz nothin makes skin more sensitive than the fresh drag of a sharp razor. His fingers pinched his nipples, an his cock juttud one more throb toward cumin. I watched him pleasurin himself, playin with himself, me knowin all along I was witnessin somethin real private, an glad to know that I wasn't the only one in the family who went into the bathroom for a shavin session a body play.

My dad was a artist the way he took himself up to the edge a cumin, then dropped back, to play some more. Like when he bent over again an wrapped his lips around the head a his huge rod, an then started the long, slow slide a his thick shaft down his throat, till his lips hit the base, deep-throatin himself, down so deep his black moustache met the curly black hair a his crotch. He was as perfect in form as any Olympic athlete. No wonder my ma an he were crazy about each other. If he could do all this alone, go figger what he could do with someone else!

My dad was suckin himself!

I wanted to cum!

I wanted to cum!

I wanted to cum!

But I didn't dare touch myself, even though I could feel between the hard throbs a my own dick the juice a my cock startin to drool outa the slit a my dick, an run down the crown, inside my tight foreskin, till the juice lubed the head enough so that my foreskin just opened up an slid down around the head a my dick an relieved some a the pressure.

My dad, slower n a sword swallower, pulled his mouth up off his cock. He palm-drove his rod a few times, reached for his cognac, an relit his cigar. He looked real satisfied with the glass in his hand, the cigar in his mouth, and his dick reachin out over the white sink. He smiled, an his face in the mirror positively grinned back.

Finally, he shook the can a Barbasol again an lathered up his crotch. He was gonna do what I was already doin. I loved him cuz we were like father, like son, except he was dark as a Mediterranean an I was blond as a Viking from my mother's side, but my dick came from him. Carefully, he shaved from his belly down to the top a his rockhard dick; then with one hand he lifted his dick an shaved aroun it, till he was shaved slick clean. He wiped away the excess shave cream with a white hand towel, then wrapped the hot wet towel slowly aroun his huge cock, bobblin the weight a it aroun, movin his hips, flexin his hairy butt, shakin his dick back an forth, up an down an aroun, like he was fuckin somethin hot an wet that clung to him hotter an wetter than that wet towel. His eyes rolled back an closed an he was gone off to the movies showin on the twin drive-in screens inside a his eyelids.

I tried to sneak a stroke on my own cock, but he was like a animal in a glade. His eyes opened an he looked aroun more as if he lost somethin than he heard somethin. Anyway, his cock stayed rock solid, holdin up the hot towel, an he started in shavin his big hairy balls, stretchin em out, pullin the razor real careful over em, while the nuts in the sac rolled aroun tryin to escape the sharp blade. His ball bag finally shaved, he unwrapped the white towel from aroun his dick which the heat had made glow a wild red.

He hit his cognac an took a long pull on his cigar, inhalin, closin his mouth, watchin in the mirror as the blue smoke curled outa his nostrils, through his moustache, into the humid air a the bathroom where he stood naked an shaved from his strong chin to the base a his cock an balls. Somethin in the way he moved made it plain as day what was next.

He looked down at his big erection an stuck out his tongue an wagged it back an forth. He bent over one last time, swallowin first the head a his own big, uncut rod, then the shaft, inch by slow inch, until his black moustache brushed the babysoft skin a his fresh-shaved crotch. He pumped, suckin himself, for more n five minutes, not knowin, I could tell, that there was anybody else in the world, cuz right then he didn't need anybody.

Slowly again he pulled his lips up his shaved cock, shiny wet where his mouth had sucked up hard on his meat. He faced himself in the mirror, stuck the cigar between his white teeth, the sweet blue smoke circlin his head, an with his left hand smoothin over the fresh shave a his chest an down his shaved belly, his right hand beat long steady strokes up an down his hard cock, until finally his left hand stroked his crotch an he closed its hard fist aroun his shaved balls, pullin down on them hard, stretchin his

nuts down an out, big as peeled potatoes, an so he came: the white hot seed jackin up through the air, white sleet a cum speedin through space, his juices spurtin across the sink an up against the glass mirror where they hit an ran like snowballs meltin in the steamin hot bathroom, ran down the mirror, him seein himself, his own face, through the slippery cum, cumin still more, his body wracked in the throes a cumin, his hand still milkin his immense dick for all the pleasure yet remainin.

If my dad saw his face in the mirror, I saw more. I saw how my universe, my life began, how he sired me, all his shootin cum an paroxysms a passion, an without touchin myself, lyin dead still as a bedbug, my own cock shot into my sheets, like it was set off by his cumin, cuz he was my dad, an he was the man most like me, an we were like tunin forks in the same key, where if you hit one, the other one starts hummin identical.

That afternoon was how I got to the Christmas where my dad gave me a razor.

"Peach fuzz! Peach fuzz!" Brian was still shoutin. "You don't even know how to use it."

"Yes, I do," I snapped at him. He was callin attention to me standin on the threshold a puberty, an attention, especially that kind, I didn't need, what with all the changes goin on in my head an body, cuz I seemed to be growin about a foot a month, an my dick, well, it was just growin to be more like my dad's faster n I thought.

When we finally finished exchangein presents, my mom said to my dad, "Maybe he doesn't know how to use it. Maybe you better show him."

"I don't need to shave," I said. How embarrassin. "I mean I know how to shave."

"So," my dad said, "go shave."

"I don't want to now. I will later."

"Do it now," my mother said. "We've only got two hours till we're due at your grandmother's for Christmas dinner an I don't want you lookin dirty."

"I don't look dirty."

"You're dirty," Brian screamed. "You're dirty."

"People who offend me, Brian," I said, "die in great pain!"

Brian reached to defend himself with his new hockey stick.

I didn't wanna fight on Christmas. I looked to my dad for help.

"Shut up, Brian," he said. Then he turned to me.

Omigod, what was he gonna do?

He picked up my new Gillette Blue Blade razor.

"No," I said.

"Come on," he said. He put his big arm aroun my shoulders an marched me to the upstairs bathroom, *that* bathroom. "I'll just show you," he said. "There's nothin to it. There's just some things a young man has to learn."

I followed him into the bathroom.

"Take off your shirt," he said, peelin off his to the skin. The black hairs had begun to sprout across the stubbled mounds an valleys a his muscular chest an belly.

I prayed to God my jockey shorts didn't show my hardon.

"C'mere." He turned on the hot water.

He stood me in front a the sink, facin me toward the medicine chest. He moved in behind me an I saw his face loomin over mine an behind me in the mirror.

"Do you wanna do it?" he asked.

I bit my upper lip, covered with blond down, an rolled it between my teeth.

"Or do you want," he said, "me to do it?"

"I want..."

"Tell me what you want."

"I want...you to do it."

Did I know then this was a once in a lifetime chance? Maybe. Maybe not. What I do know is that my dad stood behind me, where I could feel his big body, his hips against my butt, his bare chest an belly, shaved ten days before, bristlin like an excitement I never felt before against my bare back an shoulders. My own cock, hard in my shorts, pressed against the sink. I didn't know then if he felt what I felt, or if what I was feelin, was in me only, an not in him, cuz he had eyes for no one but my ma. But I do know I'll never forget the way he reached aroun my body, an washed my face, an shook the Barbasol can in his big hand, makin the shave cream pile palm-up to a single dip which he spread on my cheeks an neck with his hard fingers.

His eyes met mine in the mirror as his hand raised the razor close to my face.

Abraham, holdin his own blade, could not have looked at Isaac more tenderly.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I want you to shave me," I said. I meant my face, acourse, but I hoped against hope he'd shave my armpits an my crotch.

"Then shave you I will."

And so he did that Christmas mornin, whistlin “White Christmas,” an pullin the doubled-edged Blue Blade down my cherry cheeks, up my hairless throat, up my chin, shavin me against the grain, sandin me smooth. Finally he told me to make a stiff upper lip, which he showed me by juttin his own upper teeth behind his lip an pullin his open mouth down with his big square jaw. I mimicked him, an he did not laugh at the ridiculous face I made in the mirror tryin to get it right, the way a man holds his face when he shaves. But I wasn’t tryin to get my face the way he wanted it. The face I was makin I was trying not to let show that I was cumin, really cumin, in my shorts. I know I made at least two splutterin sounds.

“Are you alright?” he asked.

“I...Whew! I...” I put both hands flat down on the sink an dropped my head between my shoulders, tryin not to spasm like some erotic epileptic.

“What’s wrong?”

“Nothin...” I cleared my throat.” I think I have a...cough...yeah, a cough...I think it’s the heat in here...an bein up so early...to open presents...an not havin any breakfast yet...an Brian.” That seemed like enough reasons.

It was a close shave. He bought it. “Then make the stiff upper lip like I told you.”

I stood up an made the face he wanted. He took slow even strokes on my cherished moustache, fine as baby ducks’ yellow down.

“There,” he said, still standin behind me.” Clean as a whistle. Rinse your face.”

I bent over the sink an bumped my butt against his pants where I could feel his big cock hammocked at rest. He seemed to notice no more than an ordinary bump. I raised up an he turned me aroun an dried my face himself. Real tender, like he knew, like he really understood I was growin up. He reached for a bottle a Mennen Skin Bracer.

“I should have,” he said, “bought you some a this for Christmas.” He shook the green liquid into his hands an rubbed em together. “This is gonna sting.”

His coarse palms, wet with Skin Bracer, rubbed my virgin face. I sucked in a big breath an jumped up an down an waved my fingers at my face till the hot rush cooled to a brisk glow an I smelled myself smell the good way he smelt every mornin.

When I stopped floppin aroun an he stopped laughin, he said, “You’ll get used to it. You’ll even like doin it.” He said it like men were born to shave. “You’re gonna grow up to be just like your ol man,” he said.

“That’s okay by me,” I said, an I meant it, even if I did grow up different from him in that one particular way that one outa ten sons is different from his dad yet just like him in every other.

