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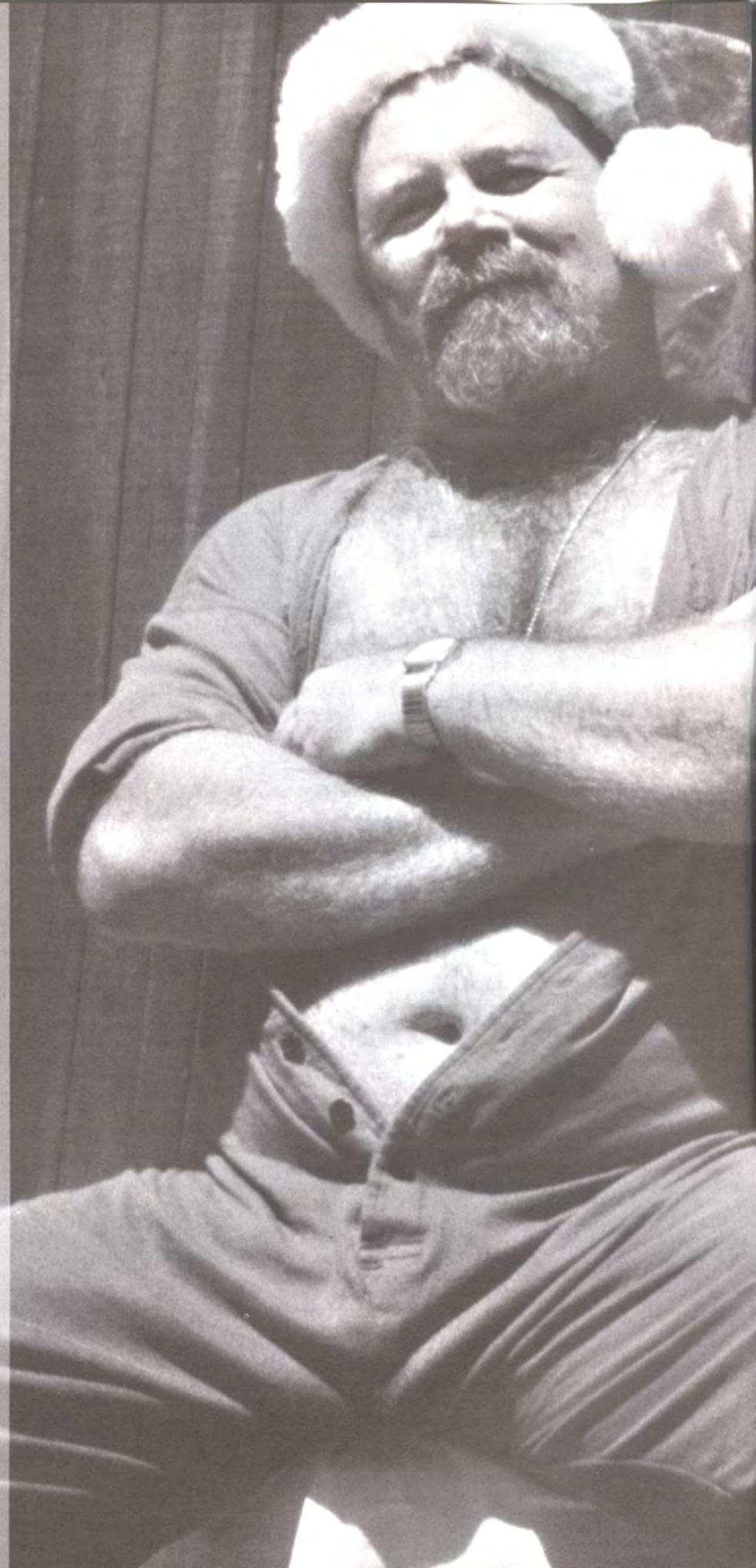
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*Merry
Christmas*

from Dad

On Christmas morning, 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 mustache. "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 of those spring-coil snakes that flies out in your face an' makes you just about shit your shorts.

"Shut up, Brian!" I said.

"All right, 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 o' 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 'embarrassing. 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 o' hair in my crotch, aroun' the base o' my cock, an' even on my balls, an' then rubbin' smooth up my hairless belly to my armpits, an' finally, an' best o' 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 o' 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 weisenheimer 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 swim team where the older guys all shaved their whole bodies regularly. The way my dad looked at me that Christmas morning', I figured 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 33, 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 swim team,

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 o' 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 o' 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 o' 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' smoothes 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' with myself, jerkin off under the covers o' 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 nothing 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-muscled waist, but this time he didn't, cuz he was all by his lonesome an' takin' his sweet time, havin' a snifter o' cognac an' a fine cigar. He was only 20 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 o' his torso, so it looked like a big hairy

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.

Fiction by Jack Fritscher • Photos by Brush Creek Media

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 o' wonders to me, an' had to be, a'course, 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 ten, 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 good lookin' face. He began one o' 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 o' runnin' water till hot steam rose from the sink. He dropped a pair o' 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' his hard-on across the lip o' the sink, an' stroked it twice, then took hold o' his thick foreskin between the thumb an' index finger o' his left hand, stretchin' out its eyehole, while he stuck the index finger o' his right hand inside its eye an' scooped his fingertip around the head o' 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 o' his headcheese, an' then wiped his finger clean, first in his mustache, an' then through the hair matted wet across his chest. Finally, he pulled on his foreskin, strippin' it back over the head o' 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 o' 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 o'

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 rock-hard 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 o' his pecs, rinsing the razor between each pull, his coal-black body hair swirling in the white sink, the smell o' the shavin' cream risin' on the hot steam, an' always his dick stretchin' up, its crownhead two inches above his stripped back fore-skin. He took one more hit o' his cigar, pulled it from his mouth, an' laid it in an ashtray.

He blew the smoke down directly on his freshly shaved chest, criss-crossed with lines o' foam, like a field on an early spring day shows where the sleigh tracks ran before in winter. He wiped his bare palm across his chest, rubbin' his hard, callused 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 o' the other, he wrapped his big, double-fisted grip almost the full length o' his ball-bat 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 teen-aged son, lyin' awake, hidden under covers 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 o' juice pearled through the piss slit, an' he bent over from the waist, lowerin' his mouth to the long dick both o' 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 o' his own cock, runnin' his tongue aroun' an' under its crown, until he pulled his still loose foreskin up aroun' his hard-on an' took it in his teeth, chewin' on it, suckin' it up into his face, stretchin' it like it was the neck o' some sausage wrap. He gave sense to the advice he'd given me that on the swim team, 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 cummin' in. He hit his cognac an' his cigar. The bulk o' his foreskin slipped slow back over the thick head o' his cock an' slid down tight aroun' his shaft. He wet his belly with the hot cloths, an' with the four fingers o' his right hand, pulled shavin' cream across his tight belly, lettin' his

fingers follow the crevasses o' his abdominal muscles, latherin' up the two-inch strip o' hair that dropped down from between his shaved peccs 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 mustache 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 o' water from the faucet, an' wipin' his belly down with a towel. Shaved clean o' 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, a'course, my own cock was tent-polin' my blankets, but I was afraid to jerk on it for fear o' him catchin' me moving outa' the eyes he had in the back o' 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'

face in the mirror positively grinned back.

Finally, he shook the can o' 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 o' his rock-hard 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 o' 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 his eyelids.

I tried to sneak a stroke on my own cock, but he was like an 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

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 o' his own big, uncut rod, then the shaft, inch by slow inch, until his black mustache brushed the baby-soft skin o' 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.

makes skin more sensitive than the fresh drag of a sharp razor. His fingers pinched his nipples, an' his cock juttin' one more throb toward cummin'. I watched him pleasin' 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 o' body play.

My dad was an artist, the way he took himself up to the edge o' cummin', then dropped back, to play some more. Like when he bent over again an' wrapped his lips aroun' the head o' his huge rod, an' then started the long, slow slide o' his thick shaft down his throat, till his lips hit the base, deep-throatin' himself, down so deep his black mustache met the curly black hair o' 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 o' my own dick the juice o' my cock startin' to drool outa' the slit o' 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 aroun' the head o' my dick an' relieved some o' 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

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 mustache, into the humid air o' the bathroom, where he stood naked an' shaved from his strong chin to the base o' 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 o' his own big, uncut rod, then the shaft, inch by slow inch, until his black mustache brushed the baby-soft skin o' 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 o' 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 clots o' 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, cummin' still more, his body wracked in the throes o' cummin', 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 o' 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 cummin', 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 it at him. He was callin' attention to me standin' on the threshold o' 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 exchangin' 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 o' his muscular chest an' belly.

I prayed to God my jockey shorts didn't show my hard-on.

"C'mere." He turned on the hot water. He stood me in front o' 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, bristled 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-callused 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, a'course, 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 cummin', really cummin', in my shorts. I know I made at least two splutterin' sounds.

"Are you all right?" 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 mustache, 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 grown' up. He reached for a bottle o' Mennen Skin Bracer.

"I should have," he said, "bought you some o' 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 OK 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. 