

Shave Me Now

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September 12, 2004

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1 Shave Me Now

By TopLegal

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are not of legal age, do not read it. Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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Invite

A black envelope with white, chalk-like writing had arrived in the mail. Despite the anthrax scare and the lack of a return address, I was drawn to open the envelope.

The envelope itself was an expensive, thick paper stock and it was tightly sealed. I had to resort to a letter opener to extract the contents. A heavy piece of folded black card stock was inside. I removed the card and examined it. There were no notations on the outside of the card and it seemed to be made of the same stock as the envelope.

I unfolded the card carefully. A thin white piece of tissue paper fell out. On the inside of the black card a piece of white paper was carefully mounted on one side. Red calligraphic ink was neatly hand printed on the white portion:

Dear Gunther:

You are receiving a very special, and personal, invitation to an exclusive party. I would be most honored to have the pleasure of your visit at a gathering of the hottest most exclusive men in San Francisco.

If you are man enough for the challenge, be at XXX Howard Street at 0100 on 8 Dec 2001.

X

I must admit I was intrigued and except for planning to go hang in a bar and end up dateless, so I decided I would take up X's invitation.

Friday

I selected my clothing for the evening carefully. I picked out a bar of boots, tight fitting jeans and a T-shirt. I put on my bike helmet and took my Suzuki motorcycle from the Castro over towards the SOMA address.

I parked my bike on the street and took the helmet with me. I rang the bell at 0055, and got no answer. I thought about leaving, but the invitation had stirred my juices. I waited till 0100 and without even ringing the doorbell, a young barely legal, shaved boy wearing only a small bikini brief and a collar around his neck opened the door saying, "Gunther?"

I almost left, but my curiosity got the better of me and I stepped inside. The young boy locked the door behind me and took my helmet and placed it on a table in the entry area.

"Follow me please," he said and walked up a staircase towards a dark loft area.

I followed, observing that he appeared to be completely shaved: head, armpits, etc. I assumed that under the bikini his pubic hair was gone, but decided against asking. My guide did not offer his name and did not talk with me.

After we reached the first landing, he asked for my invitation which I handed to him. He took it and told me to get undressed and sit on the couch until my host was ready and then bounded up the stairs further into the darkness.

I was in an empty warehouse like room which seemed unheated. The only light was from a single light down a flight of stairs. No light seemed to be coming from the high level where the cute guide had disappeared. There was nowhere for me to sit or to put my clothes, but I decided to go for broke and stripped naked.

I stood in the second level staring at the empty space for a while till my guide returned.

"This way please," my guide said.

I followed him into darkness and he led me to a small room lit only by a black light. "Sit there," my guide said pointing to a white stool that glowed oddly in the black light.

"I need to shave you for your meeting," my guide said matter of factly.

"Um," I started.

He continued, "relax, this is quite enjoyable and you will get used to it." He took out a clipper with a small guide and turned it on.

I nodded and he began to remove my thick head of lush blonde hair in quick strokes.

It felt weird to have a shaved, naked boy hovering over me removing my hair. I badly wanted a mirror to watch my hair removal as the hair fell onto the floor in quick bursts. In the darkness it was hard to say whether there were remains of other men's hair.

I noticed something about my guide, he was blue eyed and I suspected blonde. I was blue eyed, and blonde. Was that a thread of commonality?

With the bulk of my hair removed, my guide applied a liberal dose of shaving cream to my head and took out a razor. "Hold still," he said as he began to run the razor against my head. The feel of the cold steel blade against my head was erotic in the darkness. And it felt good as my guide removed the small stubble of my hair.

I felt a huge boner as he rubbed a towel with moisturizer over my now shaved skinhead.

“See, I told you this was relaxing,” my guide said remarking on my boner. “Stand up please.”

I stood up and he lifted my left arm up and ran the clippers through my armpit hair. Oddly, all I wanted was another full set of hair so it could be shaved again. I had never been shaved before, but the way my guide was doing it was so hot and relaxing.

He was quite expert at hair removal and he took his time getting my entire body clean of even the slightest peach fuzz. Up until the last minute, he avoided my pubic region.

Then the question, “ready for your crotch?”

I was still throwing a huge boner and his hand reached down and stroked my shaft.

“Yes please,” I said softly as he stroked my cock and began clipping my pubic hair and then shaving it.

As he rubbed moisturizer onto my denuded pubes I shot a load onto the floor.

My guide was meticulous in his hair removal and took a nose hair clipper with a fresh blade cover and cleaned my nose hairs, ear hairs, and then worked with a tweezer and a flashlight to pluck some additional nose hairs. Next, attention was turned to my eyebrows. He thinned those with a tweezer.

I found my cock erect again and he made me bend over the sink to shave my ass crack. I stroked my own cock and he fingered my fuckhole slightly and I shot another load.

“Perfect,” he announced as he pulled his finger from my fuckhole.

I stood back up and offered me tight leather chaps that left my ass and cock exposed. I put them on. Perfect fit. “How,” I wondered. Next black socks followed and a pair of knee high jack boots. Also perfect fits. My guide helped me into the boots and demonstrated the lacing procedure. I had to do the second boot for myself and my guide approved the lacing.

I was given a leather halter top and a military style cap with insignia I could not recognize imprinted on it.

“This way,” my guide motioned me out of the bathroom. I was led up another flight of stairs and found myself in an extremely dimly lit room. I could make out a row of similarly dressed men lining the hall in a military formation ten wide by four deep.

My guide led me to a spot in front of the assembled men and facing them.

“Stay here,” my guide said as he left the room.

I had some time to make out that different guys had different numbers of stripes on their caps. All were impeccably shaved and identically outfitted to me. All were also blue eyed. All, like me, were less than thirty.

After about ten minutes of absolute silence, they parted and a slightly older man, similarly clad wearing a hat with an “X” on top came through the middle.

“Welcome, Gunther,” his voice thundered, “welcome to the Aryan Brotherhood.”

My feet failed me, I was totally freaked out.

“I am X, once you are initiated you will be known only by your rank, we are an organization of pure Aryan blood devoted to the full enjoyment of our masculine strengths,” he continued. “You are a pure Aryan, welcome as a first order novitiate.”

“But, I’m Jewish,” I stammered.

X chuckled slightly, “would you turn away the affections of your handsome brothers?”

I stared at the gorgeous, shaved men that surrounded me and shook my head. I wanted to be fucked by each and every one of them.

X approached me and guided me to my knees and before I realized it I was being held in place, ever so gently by him and sucking each of my brother’s cocks.

X told me that I would be evaluated and a decision made as to whether I would be invited to return. The brother’s disappeared along with X and my guide reappeared from nowhere to take me downstairs.

At the landing, my clothing was missing, but my guide handed me my wallet and keys in a small satchell and then led me downstairs to my bike helmet.

Next Day

It was still a bit dark, but I had to drive back on my bike wearing the odd leather chaps with my private parts exposed to the elements. At home, I collapsed. When I woke up finally, it was well past noon. I enjoyed feeling my shaved body in the shower and touching different parts of myself while watching in the mirror.

I think if I had not been shaved, I would have thought the whole prior night had been a dream.

Around four o’clock, my doorbell rang, I went downstairs and my guide was at the door wearing extremely short soccer shorts and a T-shirt that was too tight. His leather collar was visible. I laughed to myself, here in the Castro area of San Francisco he would not even appear that out of place.

“Come in,” I motioned. He stepped into my house and quickly removed his T-shirt and shorts. I shut the door.

“I’ve come to check that you are ok,” he said, “can you please strip so I can inspect you?”

I headed to the bathroom and disrobed. My guide quickly ran his hands over my body and checked for any irritation. Then he picked up my razor and some shaving cream.

“What are you doing,” I asked.

“Keeping you smooth,” he responded and began applying shaving cream to my face. He then started to shave me. I was fully erect and loving it.

He did not speak to me much as he worked the razor over my entire body ensuring that stubble was not forming up again. When he finished he asked if I wanted him to stroke me

off, I shook my head and he asked if he could be dismissed. I shook my head.

He clasped his hands behind his back and asked what it was he could do. I asked for an explanation about the Brotherhood and what he did for them but he refused to answer me. After a few minutes of futile discussions, he asked permission to leave again and I dismissed him. He headed out into the night leaving me alone to contemplate my experience.

Waiting

My guide appeared again Sunday in the early evening. I was becoming used to being shaved. It felt wonderful to have another person have to take care of that responsibility for me and so relaxing and erotic at the same time. Again, when he finished he asked permission to leave, but this time I granted it immediately.

On Monday, it was odd at work being totally shaved, but this being San Francisco nobody flipped out completely. Monday night I got home late and my guide was standing outside my door shivering slightly. I gave him a key and told him he could use it in the future. He thanked me and then shaved me, all business. I loved every minute of it. I did not even dare ask if I could grow my hair out a bit to have the experience of having it shaved off again.

Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday were identical. The waiting was becoming unbearable, but I realized my still nameless guide had no information to give me.

Friday though my guide told me to get dressed, we were going to meet X again. My guide led me to a different location in Hunter's Point. I was a bit freaked to be in that part of town with my genitals exposed on a motorcycle and a guy on the back of my bike who was barely dressed.

We pulled into a driveway and my guide entered a code and had me pull into a garage. My guide shut the garage behind me and led me into another warehouse building.

X was waiting for me, alone. My guide disappeared.

"We have decided to accept you, your guide is quite pleased with you, he will be permanently assigned as your houseboy, you are not to know his name. If he displeases you, whip him. If he pleases you, reward him. The Brotherhood will pay for his care and upkeep. You will of course be contributing most of your income directly to the Brotherhood from now on."

"Of course, SIR," I responded without question and standing at attention in my jack boots.

"Good, in light of your virility good looks we will start you as a second rank," X said replacing my cap with one bearing two bars. "Henceforth you will be #10046, 2nd order."

With that X left the room and my guide returned to lead me to a tattoo parlor. A Brother who I had sucked the other night smiled at me and asked me to sit down. My left shoulder quickly became the site for an Aryan Brotherhood tattoo based on a swastika with the number #1046 written beneath it.

After the tattoo job was finished, I sucked off the Brother who had performed the task and

then was fucked by him. Life was good.

Write the Author

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at toplegal@yahoo.com.

See other works by me at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>>

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