**Five Years Earlier - Sophie's Bikini**

by[grumpyg](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=892262&page=submissions)©

I was just dropping off to sleep in bed one night when suddenly Sally, my wife, spoke. "Brian, are you awake?"

"I am now," I grunted, "What do you want?"

"I've been meaning to ask you something."

"Can't it wait till morning?" Stupid question. Sally could never wait.

She cuddled up closer, her small firm breasts softly pushing into my back. "Well, not really. I promised Sophie I would ask you."

Sophie is our daughter, then 18 going on 19, a petite 5 feet tall, blue eyes and dark brown hair. She was more-or-less a younger version of Sally; the looks, the moods, the habits ....just about everything. Sophie's breasts, 32c, were larger and fuller than her mother's (34b) and her figure hadn't yet been ruined by childbirth, gravity or bad eating habits. Sophie walked or cycled whenever possible, regularly went swimming with friends and had just started to play squash, so she was fit and in trim. She never seemed to lack boyfriends.

Sally went on to tell me that whilst she and Sophie had been clothes shopping a few days ago for Sophie's forthcoming holiday to Ibiza, Sophie had really liked a particular white bikini, rather more cut back than ones she'd worn in the past. It had looked perfect on her except that her hair was showing around the edges. It took me a moment or two to twig that it was her pubic hair. Sophie had been almost in tears. Sally had bought the bikini for her in the hope that the offending pubes could be trimmed.

"Well, surely that's not a problem," I said. "There can't be too much to trim. Can't you or one of her friends help? Boyfriend? We have several pairs of scissors and you can even use the beard trimmer I haven't used for ages. Can't she pay for a wax down there if it's so much a problem?"

I had known for some while that Sophie had some kind of hormone problem, which meant that her pubic hair had been growing thicker and faster than most other girls. Despite creams and pills doctors had not been able to sort this out.

"You know how much I hate using creams, waxing and razors," Sally answered, "So I'm not the best to advise Sophie. Please Brian, you've got a much steadier hand and you've had plenty of practice on me. She is your daughter after all."

I thought about it for a few moments. "I'm not sure," I replied. "I've never heard of any other fathers being asked to trim their daughter's pubic hair. Have you?"

"Oh, don't be silly. I trust you and I'm sure Sophie will not be stupid enough to say anything to anyone."

There was a long pause. One of those long, awkward pauses that seem to last an eternity. Eventually I could feel Sally's hand came around my front, down my belly and onto my cock.

"Ah!" said Sally, almost sarcastically. "You've been thinking about it then?"

And so began a long conversation between us, including an explanation by me as to why Sophie's dirty panties had been found in my jacket pocket on more than one occasion. I'd discovered them by accident, mistaking a pair of hers for Sally's [I'm sure you guys realise this was purely to monitor Sally's general and sexual health]. The difference in age, diet and even hygiene meant that Sophie won the sniffability factor 500%. "Plus," said Sally, in her 'I'm going to get my own way' voice, "I've never seen you look the other way when Sophie's walking about the house with very little on."

That was true. We'd never bothered too much using the loo if one of us was in the shower, or vice versa, and Sophie never bothered if I was coming out of our bedroom and she went from her bedroom into the bathroom wearing just her panties, or likewise if she came downstairs seeking her favourite bra. If truth be told I'd worked so hard and long at my job for the last few years that I'd all but missed Sophie growing up. Sure I'd remembered when she first arrived, all the oohs and coos followed by the sick and poos at the relevant end. Sure we went on family holidays, I helped teach her how to speak but never some of the words she learned at school, how to swim; but never how to dress or to strop when she didn't get all her own way. There were big gaps in my memories, gaps where I'd immersed myself in my work. The next thing I knew she was a teenager ... all arguments and acne.

I just knew Sally just wasn't going to let up -- she never did, and in the end I agreed to speak to Sophie when I got home from work the following day.

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I just couldn't stop thinking about it at work and I had to hide an embarrassing erection several times. That morning Sally had even secreted a pair of Sophie's panties into my jacket pocket - a very sexy red lace pair that had obviously been worn all day long and rubbed well into Sophie's secret bits by her bicycle saddle. After lunch I'd gone to the toilets and inhaled the strong, musky, pheromone enhanced, erotically supercharged fragrance whilst I whacked off. It was stronger than I remembered from the previous time I'd borrowed a pair, but I knew Sophie sometimes had a hectic day at her sixth form college. Or perhaps they had been worn for 2 days just in case I needed further persuasion? Sally knew too well my pervs and my weaknesses. She knew how to ALWAYS win a request she'd made. Maybe this evening would be even better than expected.

The evening meal was not quite ready when I arrived home and I decided to chat to Sophie straight away before I chickened out. Doubt was still raging in my mind and embarrassment came a close second. But after a day at work mulling things over my brain was in my cock and my doubts were up against very stiff opposition.

When I got to her room Sophie was laid on her bed watching TV - which is what she often did after a hard day studying. She hadn't changed from her college clothes and Sally knew from when we first met that her wearing a cheap white blouse and short grey skirt been a turn-on for me. That, matched with my first shaving of Sally's teenage pubes, not long after I had met her, had put us both in the mood for fun many years ago. Was this also a plan hatched out between them so that I wouldn't back out?

Awkwardly, I opened the conversation but Sally must have already spoken to Sophie, for as soon as I asked her (nervously for me) to show me she stood up, hiked her skirt up and (nervously for her) slowly pulled down her white panties. As soon as she had lifted her skirt I could see the problem - lots of hair poking out of her white panties. By the time her panties were down to her knees the mass of curly dark brown hair admittedly looked a right mess. Sophie let her panties fall to the floor, kicked them off and stood before me with her skirt still lifted up.

"OK," I said, my cock making the decision for me, "I agree, it's a problem. I'll shave you just this once but no-one else must know."

As dinner would be a further 20 minutes I suggested I begin the trimming and went off to find some scissors. When I returned Sophie was laid on the bed with her skirt lying on the floor. I knelt at the side of her and began a scissor trim of the offending pubes. They were rather coarse and springy and smelled divinely of girl juice mixed with sweat and pee. Remembering how sensitive her mother had been right at the top of her mound I let my fingers accidentally tickle there whilst I trimmed just underneath.

"Da...ad" said Sophie, giggling "That tickles."

"Sorry," I replied, "I didn't know you were ticklish there. I'll trim further down."

I was acutely aware that my cock was bulging awkwardly in my trousers and this was made worse by the wonderful girly-smell drifting incessantly into my nostrils. Then Sophie began to flinch a little and I realised the blunt scissors were pulling at the mass of hair. I slowed right down, just taking the top off. Then Sally called up that the meal was ready so I ran my finger along and around Sophie's groove and brushed the hair off gently, knowing that would leave enough of that dirty sweaty juice on my finger to sneakily sniff. Sophie shivered but said nothing. This would be fun.

"OK," I said "I'll start again after dinner." And I left Sophie to get dressed.

All through dinner I kept wondering if Sophie was sat there without any panties on. She kept putting her hand down below, maybe to brush off an odd hair that was tickling and this kept me hard during much of the meal.

After we'd finished, just as I was about to go upstairs I asked Sally if there was a better pair of scissors, sharper so as not to pull Sophie's sensitive skin.

"Why don't you try that old trimmer? It's in our bedroom."

I knew exactly what she meant. I found it and took it through to Sophie's room.

"I could use this," I said, "It's a bit noisy but it won't pull your hair like the scissors."

Sophie seemed happy and removed her skirt then laid on the bed - she hadn't had any panties on throughout dinner! I found an old towel and put it under her. The trimmer was indeed noisy and vibrated quite a bit. Sally loved it and I was sure Sophie would too.

After just a couple of minutes she giggled, "Da.......ad," she said "That kinda tickles too."

"I'm sorry. It's a bit old. I'll use the scissors."

Sophie was quick to reply. "No, it's OK. I don't mind it. You can use it some more."

I took my time again for the aroma was marvellous - less pee now the bulk of the hair had gone. Sweat, just a touch of pee, oozes of sexual dribble as panties rubbed sensitive skin, the pressure of bicycle saddle massaging, persuading and insistantly having combined the different bodily fluids into one divine nectar. Why oh why couldn't some young, bright entrepreneur bottle it?

As I ran the trimmer unnecessarily down her groove I heard Sophie let out a little gasp and involuntarily open her legs wider. I chastised myself for using the trimmer as a vibrator.

"It's a little bit awkward here," I said, "I'd better go a bit slower. Is that OK?" I wanted to drag out the time as much as possible.

"Mmmm yes," said Sophie rather slowly.

I started again, this time purposely letting the trimmer vibrate against Sophie's groove and her legs opened even wider to let me move the trimmer further down. I could easily see now the treasure that lay beneath that offending spoil-sport hair, that valley of pleasure, that area of unbelievable interest to me and to much of the male population. Now she had her eyes shut, an intense look on her face. She shivered several more times. I slowed down even more, letting Sophie enjoy the vibrations from that old trimmer, purposely moving the trimmer up and down time and time again over and around that sweet spot that every female has.

Eventually I had removed as much hair as I could, leaving the remains to shave off with the razor.

A dry razor in hand and just a little talc, I started to shave away the remaing hair from her mound, leaving Sophie's perfect unblemished and silky smooth skin. Almost without thinking, I started to gently stroke the edge of her valley.

"Da..........ad," said Sophie.

"Sorry sweetheart, I wasn't thinking. Mum really likes that. I forgot ........."

"Oh, it's ok dad, it just feels funny. I'm not sure ...."

"Ok," I offered, you can tell me to stop anytime you want. I just thought you might ..." I paused. "Surely your boyfriends .....?"

Sophie was silent. Of course, maybe the hair embarrassed her. Many male friends. Few lasted more than 2 or 3 weeks - tried groping her boobs, wanted a hand job? I didn't know. I didn't speak again.

I started to shave lower down then returned a few minutes later to what I was doing before. This time Sophie said nothing. I watched her face as I gently ran my finger along her groove. She had an intense look, her breathing came a little faster, her lips opened slightly and she let out a very contented murmer "Mmmmmm." Her teenage skin, like her mother at that age, was still ultra sensitive. I was aware that gradually her legs were opening again allowing my finger further slowly move downward. Slowly, all so very slowly so not to alarm her I dared my finger to go further and further down, always allowing her to refuse my touch. I could sense more moisture beginning to flow out of her. Her soft pussy lips were swelling from the constant but very gentle arousal. A new fresher aroma was inviting and pleasing to my nostrils. It was very, very arousing both for her and me.

I stopped abruptly. The little devil on my right shoulder was being hassled by the good guy on the left. Guilty pangs hit me hard. I went back to shaving the last few traces of Sophie's unruly bush until all was finished. I told Sophie I'd clean her off with a cloth. I did this very gently, just touching her skin lightly then finished, as I always did with Sally, with a kiss on her smooth pussy lips.

"Da..........ad," said Sophie, but no more. I kissed there again, stood back and admired my handiwork. I wish I could have stayed there all evening looking at what now was, in my opinion, the most perfect pussy I'd ever seen; puffy mound, small dimple, long deep valley, the makings of lips that would surely be stretched and altered when Sophie, in the future, had her first baby.

Would I have liked my engorged throbbing cock to penetrate her? No! Definitely not. Pleasing, teasing, arousing my daughter was thrill enough alone. I never had and I never will have any desire to progress further. And Sally knew that every bit as much as I did.

The good guy on my left shoulder had won. I went downstairs to Sally leaving Sophie alone. She knew how to relieve the sexual tension within her. She knew. I'd heard her in her room several times in the past and I knew too well how she could pleasure herself. One particular time I remember well, 3 or 4 years earlier, she had a spat with one particular boy who she liked a lot and she came back from the disco in a real foul mood, went straight up to her room and switched the TV on loud. Don't teenagers know how to shut doors? Often every door in the house got left that way after a particular teeenage tantrum.

I remember I'd gone up a short while after to the bathroom. The TV volume had been turned down in Sophie's room and I could just hear some 'mmmmmm's' and gasps in her breathing. I don't think Sophie was aware that her door was open quite a bit. I could see she was laid on her bed, jeans down, legs slightly apart and her hand inside her panties, moving very slowly. She had pulled her bra and sweat top up and seemed to be pulling at or pinching her left nipple. Every move her hands and fingers made, whether rubbing or pinching, seemed to bring forth a murmer or small gasp. I stood frozen, unable to look away, feared of moving and making a floorboard creak. I must have been stood a good 5, maybe 10 minutes as her actions got gradually faster. I could have sworn she purposely tried to pull and pinch her nipple to hurt herself, as if the hurt and the pain enhanced her arousal. Then she would switch hands nipping, pulling and hurting the other nipple. Finally there was a loud moan, a contented sigh as she climaxed, her whole body shivering and shaking

Following Sophie's close shave and my abandoned attempt to masturbate her nothing more was said. Nothing at all except for Sally thanking me for helping out.

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The holiday came and went. Ibiza was a little too much for Sophie. She is a naturally shy girl but with plenty of friends and she was perfectly capable of having good time. Sun - ok, sand - ok, sea -ok, sex - maybe not. But she had obviously liked the drinking and sunbathing.

Over the next couple of weeks I kept finding different panties in my jacket pocket, even neatly wrapped in cling film to preserve the moisture and scent. Sally's thoughtful appreciation of a deed done? I don't know.

A week or two after that one evening I was watching TV when, nervously, Sophie came in to the room. Sat on my lap, kissed me on the cheek and put her arm around me.

"Dad," said Sophie, slowly, "Will you get rid of my hair again? Please."

It was early evening and Sally was out. I noticed that Sophie still had her college stuff on but without a bra underneath her shirt. The top three buttons were undone and there was a distinct smell of cheap but quite acceptable perfume. Without a bra and with her arm around me her breasts felt soft against me. I had told Sophie I would only shave her the one time, but again my cock disagreed with my initial intent.

We went up to Sophie's room. I didn't get the old trimmer, just my razor. Without asking, Sophie laid on her bed, removed her skirt, pulled her panties down and threw them on the floor. I was surprised that her hair had grown so quickly as there was already quite a lot obscuring her vee. As I got closer to her that familiar smell wafted over to my nose. Some may think it was dirty, repulsive even, but that sweaty pee-tainted aroma mixed in with Sophie's natural sexual odour was very arousing. Even sat here five years later typing this story, I can vividly recall the sight, the scent and the arousal.

I could feel myself being to firm up, just the sight and smell of Sophie's hairy cunt was working my natural male responses. I began to use the razor on Sophie's pubes. Perhaps my fault that it tugged a little - I wasn't using a fresh disposable. I could feel Sophie flinch.

"Dad. That razor is tugging at my hair. It's hurting. C...c..can you use that other. You know. Please."

I went through to our bedroom. Again the same routine. I really took my time with the trimmer, allowing the noisy vibrations to enhance Sophie's mood. Up and down, dwelling on the places I knew would feel the best. Stopping when I thought Sophie was getting over aroused.

Pubes almost gone I could again see Sophie's mound, her pubis, her vulva very clearly. I got a new triple blade razor this time, soap and water. Starting at the very top I very slowly, very painstakingly shaved the remaining stubble. Pressing firmly at first then tracing over the area again and again in soft, light strokes. Using plenty of water and soap I wanted my razor to arouse, to make love to Sophie's tender teenage skin. Little by little, very very slowly I made my way down. Almost all the time that I was patiently teasing her sensitive skin Sophie had her eyes closed, savouring every touch, every tickle. Finally I had the last bit of stubble removed, got the cloth again and tenderly dried the whole area.

As before I kissed that beautifully erotic and arousing part of Sophie's body, the part where she would hopefully enjoy much more pleasure in the months and years to come. Starting at her belly button I worked my way down every gorgeous square inch, raining more and more kisses there.

Sophie never moved, never said anything. Her legs were apart giving me total and unconditional access to kiss wherever I pleased. My conscience had given up the battle of arguing good and bad with me. No little figures on my right or left shoulder. All I wanted to do was to give my daughter ultimate pleasure. Something she would never forget, nor I.

I ran my fingernail down that secret, sensitive groove. Again no objection from Sophie. Perhaps she might think I would abandon her again, leave her unfulfilled, unsatified. Tracing my finger further down I sought Sophie's own lubrication and found it in abundance. Coating my finger well with that precious fluid I repeated the path my finger had made before, replenishing the lubrication often and increasing the pressure until I finally reached the part where her clit was awaiting its turn for attention. I gave it a little to satisfy it temporarily.

Next the kisses, repeated two or three times before applying my tongue to Sophies gorgeous groove. Now came a short "Da—aa—ad!, no.... I mean oooh. Da—aa-ad ..."

But that was all. The only half-hearted short objection. My tongue never stopped, pressing insistently into Sophie's groove, then further down, down to her now engorged clit. A few licks, a few sharp intakes of breath from Sophie and my tongue moved on. I wanted to lap up every spare drop of Sophie's love lubrication before returning to her swollen, receptive clit.

Persistently, only stopping for a second or so, my tongue lent its persuasive insistence to making Sophie's clit submit. Faster and faster I licked, lightly nibbled with my lips until Sophie's nerve network gave way, submitted, gave in to persuading her body to release her sensual, sexual climax.

Wave after wave of pure pleasure pulsed though her. From nose to toes. Time and time again. Finally the pleasure waves ceased. Sophie seemed exhausted but a broad smile beamed from her.

I left her room. I let her rest. Some while later she came downstairs, crossed the room to my chair, kissed me firmly on the cheek.

"Thanks dad."

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Postscript: Sophie usually took her mobile phone with her everywhere she went so I figured it went everywhere with her in Ibiza too. She just happened to leave it the lounge one evening; curiosity got the better of me and I had a casual look through the phone's photo album.

Mostly fun pics, acting silly with her friends, clowning around. But there were some very interesting beach photos including two of her best friend, Julie, topless. Julie lives close by, is often round at our house and is quite a tease. Oh Julie!!

Maybe I shouldn't have bluetoothed the photos to my phone. Or the ones with Sophie on either.