**Rachel's Shaved Pussy**

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**Rachel's Shaved Pussy chapter 1**

I used to be a good girl. I lived for my studies, behaved well towards friends of both genders and to strangers, never put a foot wrong. Okay, I had lost my virginity, but it was uninspiring, and left me cold, and I discouraged the boy from contacting me again.  
  
I think it was largely due to my pubic hair. Thick and dark, it covered almost my entire pubic region, and I struggled to cover it all when I wore a swimsuit. It seemed to retain moisture like nothing else, and felt cold and dank to me, and totally unsexy. If I ever started to get aroused, the liquid seeping from my vagina would quickly soak into my bush, and make me feel disgusting, putting a quick dampener (excuse the pun) on any feelings I had. I am not sure if it smelt bad afterwards too, but the thought certainly played on my mind and made me feel worse.  
  
That all changed at a 17th birthday sleepover for my best friend and classmate Kirsty, a slimline blonde with a chest I am sure I was not the only one to envy. We had a lot of fun, played games, indulged in some technically illegal drinks supplied by her parents… and late on, the conversation inevitably turned to matters of a lewd nature.  
  
I was surprised to learn that most of them very much enjoyed sex, of various types, with multiple partners, but I let it slide. Just thinking about it made me feel the beginnings of that familiar discomfort between my legs.  
  
As dawn approached, we suddenly realized that Kirsty had not opened her presents, so we gathered round excitedly while she ogled the pile of packages assembled for the occasion. Then she began to tear at them with zeal. Most of them were predictable – films on Bluray, clothes, some tickets to a popular group playing at a nearby arena, and so on – but one surprised us all. It was a large box, maybe shoebox sized, and it had swooshes and swirls of pink and white all over, making the writing actually irritatingly difficult to read. “What is it?” I asked in confusion.  
  
Kirsty, already somewhat flushed from the occasion, the warmth and the drink, turned almost scarlet. “It’s… a pubic shaver. I insisted my mum and dad get it for me. It costs, like, five hundred pounds, but I’ve had bad results with other shavers, and this one has incredible reviews online. You can’t be too careful, y’know, down there.” She was not wrong, I thought, imagining the itching, chafing and even cuts I had experienced with bad underarm shaves, but in my extra-sensitive crotch area. I added my voice to the chorus of agreement.  
  
Well, nothing would do but that Kirsty be made to try out her new gift immediately, and the five of us soon pressured her until she caved. She took out the device, all smooth plasticky curves and shiny chrome, fitted the batteries, and flipped the switch. We all giggled excitedly at the loud, yet somehow gentle, buzz that emerged from it. Sarah took it from her, took her hand, and led her to the bathroom.  
  
We couldn’t resist listening outside the locked door as the machine buzzed away, changing in pitch every now and then, eliciting stifled giggles from us. Kirsty’s breathing became heavier, interspersed with gasps and the odd moan, and finally one long groan that sounded anything but pained. It seemed pretty clear what had just happened, and we whispered excitedly to each other, enjoying the titillation of this illicit show.  
  
Soon after that, the buzzing stopped, and the two emerged. Kirsty was flushed and breathing heavily, but had a huge grin on her face. We closed the door, and began the process of convincing her to show the results. It didn’t take long, she was rather proud of her new, bald pussy. She undid the cord of her dressing gown and it pooled on the floor… and it was amazing, like no hair had ever been seen around that crotch area. From blonde eyelashes down, she was all smooth, pale, firm young skin. Her vaginal lips protruded, slightly puffy but not at all uncomfortable-looking, from the innocent teen slit. It was luscious, and despite never having thought of myself as either lesbian or bisexual, it was somewhat enticing to me.  
  
“Did it hurt?” asked Jessie, the youngest of us.”  
  
“No,” Kirsty shook her blonde head. “Quite the opposite, if anything.” She had a wicked grin on her face now.  
  
“Did you… Did you come? It sounded like you were having fun.”  
  
Kirsty hesitated, then nodded slightly. “It’s the vibration. And the gentle touch. Sarah seemed to know exactly how to handle it.”  
  
“Oh, it’s no big deal. Once I had a quick look at the instructions, it was totally intuitive. I bet anyone could do a good job with this thing. No wonder it’s so expensive!”  
  
Then the conversation stopped. For a moment, it seemed like nobody quite knew what to say next. Or rather, everyone knew what they wanted to say. I am sure I was not the only one building up the courage to ask if I could touch it. I was just about to raise my voice, though, when there was a noise from the front door.  
  
Everyone scrambled. Kirsty threw on her dressing gown as we all settled on the duvets strewn around the lounge, and she had just managed to tie the cord when the door opened and her dad’s head popped through. “Dad! Knock!” Kirsty cried, turning and stamping her foot in irritation.  
  
“And a good morning to you too, my dear. Are your friends ready to go? Their parents will be here to pick them up in a few minutes.”  
  
I glanced at the clock, and sure enough, the agreed conclusion time for the party was almost here. We all groaned our disappointment, but Kirsty’s father was brooking no argument. He stayed long enough to be sure that everyone was moving to pack up and then, just before leaving, he said to me, “Oh, Rachel, your dad texted me to say his flight is running late. He won’t be here for another hour-and-a-half.”  
  
I nodded. It had always seemed like a potentially risky idea coming straight from the airport to collect me, but I was in no mood to complain, as it meant I could spend a bit longer with my best friend.  
  
The others left one by one, and Kirsty and I retired to her bedroom. Kirsty threw her stuff, including her new gifts, onto her bed, and the shaver rolled off to sit on its own, separate from the pile. I could not take my eyes off it. “What’s it like, having no pubic hair,” I asked?  
  
“You mean you have never tried it?” she asked back, incredulously. “You must! It feels so much better. Especially now, with this new shaver. I feel like a star.”  
  
“A porn star?” I asked, jokingly.  
  
“Well…” she surprised me by responding. “All I am saying is, you should definitely do it. Now all my hair is gone, I am never, EVER going back to the way it was before. In fact…” She reached for the shaver, and pointed imperiously to a spot on the carpeted floor. “Sit. And spread your legs.”  
  
I was about to resist, but there was something commanding about her. She seemed to have a new confidence since she had emerged from that bathroom, and I found myself automatically obeying her. When she instructed me to take off my white cotton panties, I did so without thinking. She looked at my thick bush, and tutted. “This will never do. Let’s get rid of it.” She laid down a sheet of newspaper under my legs, and got to work.  
  
As soon as the device touched my skin, just below my belly button, I flinched. It was not painful, it was just surprising. The vibration rumbled through my skin, stimulating it for centimetres around. Kirsty paused, but I nodded at her to continue. She slid the shaver down, and hair seemed to slip off my skin as if it had just been resting there unanchored. She went to either side, then lower down, stripping thick curls wherever it went.  
  
The stimulation was also definitely getting to me. A tingling became a heat, which became a pulsing need. Kirsty’s gown had fallen open, exposing her perfectly bulbed breasts whenever she sat up, and the dressing gown draped appealingly over her rounded hips when she leaned in close. Her warm breath on my crotch was suddenly the most intense feeling I had ever experienced, and as an up-stroke touched the top of my vagina, it tipped me over the edge.  
  
Pleasure spread through my body, starting at my nethers and rolling outward. It was all I could do to stop myself from bucking as my loins took fire. “Oh, God, YES!” I whispered, touching the back of Kirsty’s blonde head, and she looked up to me with intense eyes and a wicked grin.  
  
A short while later, she was done. To my astonishment, there was no stubble, no greying from the roots of my dark hairs, just child-like smoothness. Kirsty put down the shaver, but stayed where she was, about 6 inches from my vulva. Unlike hers, it did not protrude, seeming like just a short, smooth slit in my skin. “You have a beautiful pussy,” she murmured, and before I could respond, she leaned forward and kissed it. I gasped, but it felt so good that I smiled when she looked up, and nodded. She nodded back, stuck out her tongue, and started licking with fervour.  
  
It was incredible. She would tease apart my vagina lips with her tongue, find the nub at the top, and suck it between her glistening lips. Then her tongue would dart across, stimulating back and forth on both sides of my labia. Then she would dive in, her tongue penetrating deep between my folds and curling around in a way I had never imagined before. Then she started the cycle again.  
  
For a while, as her golden head bobbed in my lap, the only sounds in the room were occasional slurps, but slowly two sets of heavy breathing came into the mix, rising in volume. My breath became gasps, then quiet moans, and eventually a final short shriek as my second orgasm in 20 minutes or so hit me. I could not resist grabbing the back of Kirsty’s head and pressing it deep into my bald cleft as I bucked and rode the high, my naked bosom heaving (I could not remember taking off my top and bra, but they were all the way across the room now). Then I fell back to lie on the floor, my breath labouring through my widely grinning lips.  
  
Kirsty emerged into view on top of me, and her lips planted on mine. Our tongues duelled, and I realized that I could still taste myself on her. It wasn’t the sour, stale flavour I had always feared, but sharp and tangy. “I could get used to this taste,” I thought.  
  
To Kirsty I said, “That was incredible! Where did you learn to do it so well?! You’ve not… done it before, have you?”  
  
She shook her head and kissed me again. “Just a couple of videos on the internet. I never even thought I would try it myself, but it just came naturally.”  
  
I laughed. “That it did. And now it is my turn to return the favour.”  
  
Kirsty’s face let up with excitement, but doubt was mingled in too. “Do we have time? Your parents won’t take forever.”  
  
“Oh, it won’t take too long. After all, you are halfway there already, aren’t you?” I touched her slit, as smoothly perfect as mine and, sure enough, it was soaked with the moisture that seeped from within.  
  
Suddenly, there was a knock and the door. We both froze, but it didn’t open. Instead, the voice of Kirsty’s father came from the other side. Evidently, he had borne her earlier words in mind. “Are you girls okay?” he asked. “I heard a scream.”  
  
“Yeah,” we chorused, trying to sound bored. “We’re fine,” I added. “I just trapped my finger in a drawer. It surprised me more than it hurt. Don’t worry about it.”  
  
“Well okay, but you two tell us if you want anything, and we’ll bring it in for you, okay?”  
  
“Thanks dad,” Kirsty called, staring deep into my eyes, “but I think we have everything we need in here.”  
  
His footsteps receded, and I took the opportunity to roll us suddenly over so that I was on top. I did my best to copy what Kirsty had done to me, adding a couple of motions that I thought I might have liked. Her appreciative noises were music to my ears, and all the encouragement I needed.  
  
In the end, we had more than enough time, and we even managed to add in a third act. With our left legs over each other’s right, we pressed our naked pussies together, and rubbed back and forth, a motion I have since found out is called ‘scissoring’ or ‘tribadism’ (thank you, internet). We knew nothing of this, it just seemed right to bring together the gifts we had just given ourselves. It also allowed us to stare into each other’s eyes, feeding on our mutual excitement. It was strenuous work, moving our whole pelvises and lower bodies back and forth like that, but the sensations it brought were more than worth it. The exercise caused us to sweat buckets, and our firm teen skin glistened in the early morning light shining through the window. It seemed as if the lubricant from our genitals had spread over our entire bodies, as if we were both nothing but huge erogenous zones. Every slippery touch, every caress, was a sensory feast. We came for a third time together, our mouths pressed to each other’s naked shoulders to prevent the noise which would alert the adults downstairs.  
  
“Happy birthday,” I whispered ironically in her ear as we basked in our tight joint embrace – her nipples pressed against mine, our vaginas gently leaking onto our teen thighs – and the post-coital bliss that each of us had found.

**Rachel's Shaved Pussy Pt. 2**

I left my best friend Kirsty's house feeling a foot taller than I went in. I was frazzled, exhausted, covered in sweat, still slightly tipsy and wearing thoroughly wrinkled clothing… but underneath that clothing, I had a nubile young body to die for, the crowning glory being the most stunning, hairless pussy on the planet. With a sweet little cunt like this, nobody could turn me down. No target was out of my reach, be it man, woman, child or livestock. I almost believed that, if I flashed my vag at the traffic lights, they would have bent down and found some way to service me.  
And on top of everything else, the feeling in the suddenly naked flesh between my legs seemed to be heightened a thousandfold. The touch of my panties on it was enough to set me going, and I wondered if I would ever be dry again. Not that this bothered me unduly; I wanted to be moist and ready for sex whenever, because from now on, I would be having it a lot more. Besides, I didn’t feel like juicing up was dirty any more. With my smooth pussy, it would always be slick and spicy, and a quick rinse was all it would take to clean out if it ever seemed like it might grow stale.  
My dad grinned to see me so upbeat, commenting on how I must have had a good time. He had no idea. Still, my behaviour on the way home showed him beyond a shadow of a doubt that I was raring to go… for something. His grin widened for a while, but was then replaced by a look of confusion. He could detect instinctively that something was different, but not what. My aroma of recent sex and current arousal was part of it, but I kept rubbing my legs together to try and subtly get at the pleasure-inducing nub, and every time I stretched out my tiredness, my rock-hard nipples pressed through the thin fabric of my summer dress.  
Whether he knew about it, though, my aura was having an effect on him: when I glanced down, daddy’s trousers were visibly tenting. This should have disturbed me, but instead it made me feel all the better. Even someone who had so many reasons – social, biological, legal, emotional – to not be affected could still not resist the powers of the brand new Sex Goddess within me. Maybe I would take pity on him and give him some relief… later.  
The fact is that I was operating on zero sleep in about 24 hours though, and a fair amount of exercise – of all sorts – during that period had left me pretty much devoid of energy. In the few minutes it took to get home, I practically nodded off entirely. (Did I just dream it, or did I feel my dad’s hand sliding up my inner thigh as I sat there seemingly unconscious in the passenger seat?)  
As soon as I stumbled through the door, I grabbed a towel and headed straight for the shower, partly to wake me up and partly because I bloody needed it! All kinds of nastiness coated my skin, not just from a couple of hours of copulation, but everything that had come before – beer and fizzy drinks and pizza grease and dust and badly applied make-up, and all the other accoutrements of a teen girls’ sleepover.  
And of course I took the time to strum my clit while I was in there. The warm water rolling down my face, through my hair, over my small but well-shaped breasts, down my belly and onto my bare pussy felt divine. I wondered if I might, in my new sensitized state, climax just from the massage of that liquid, but I was not willing to wait and see. I had tasted bliss, and I wanted it again and again. My fingers pumped my cunt as the water splashed, and my moans and gasps echoed around the bathroom.  
I spent quite a long time in there, but I didn’t think it would be remarked upon especially. It was still fairly early in the morning, so they would all be in bed except my dad, and in fact he might well be tucked up trying to work through jet-lag. Besides, I had often spent a long time showering, since I was especially careful to wash all trace of stain from my unruly bush. I was paranoid that smells would cling to it, so I often went through it several times with soap and water, just to be sure. Now that it was gone, cleaning was not much more than a rinse, so I had plenty of time for what had lain beneath.  
With another strenuous workout during my ablutions, I was ready to hit the sack. I pushed the door of my room to, shucked off my towel, and lay down… but I could not resist a quick feel, and that got the whole cycle started again. A feel became a rub, a rub became a steady stroke, and I was riding my hand to yet another shattering orgasm. I never wanted to stop.  
  
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I woke up some time later, completely naked, lying face up on top of my duvet, my skin exposed to the open air. My knees were apart, the soles of my feet together, and my right hand rested just below my belly button. It slowly dawned on me that I must have been masturbating right up until the last moment of awareness, and nodded off, lulled by the post-orgasmic bliss.  
I moved my hand, my fingertips brushed the smoothly, ever-so-slightly clammy flesh of my sex, and I was off again. My feet parted, and my fingers began their rubbing motions.  
Then I looked to my left, where I had hung a full-length mirror against the wall. It was placed very carefully so that, from my bed, I could look through the mirror, over to another mirror on my makeup table, and through that to my bedroom door. From my bed, if the door was open, I could see whether anyone was approaching down the hallway. This had reassured me a great deal on many occasions: you don’t know paranoia until you are a self-conscious teenage girl, in a house with two teenage boys, my brothers Ricky and Simon. I often left my door open even while conducting private activities, because I would rather see what is coming than have the flimsy protection of a door that anyone could open and march through at any time.  
Well, the door was open now – it must have fallen open, as it sometimes did, because I felt sure I remembered closing it before going to bed – and there was someone there. It was my 15-year-old brother, Ricky, and he was looking at me. Through the narrow gap between the door and frame, between the hinges, he could see my naked body, and now that I had opened my legs, he had a perfect view of my freshly shaved pussy.  
And he was touching himself. Through his baggy shorts, he was rubbing the rapidly tenting bulge at his crotch, while staring at me. Had he done this before? Was it deliberate, or sheer chance that he had wandered over here and spotted me? These thought disturbed me but, to my shock, they also excited me. The illicit thrill of being watched stoked the heat within me. And I thought, “Well, if he is going to look at me, let’s give him something to watch.” I dropped my right calf off the edge of the bed, making my crotch even more open to view, and began rubbing in earnest.  
Ricky appeared totally oblivious to the fact that, with my head tilted off to the left, I had a perfect reflected view of him as I touched myself. If he had, he certainly would never have done what he did next: after a quick glance down the hall, he reached under the elasticated waistband of his shorts, and pulled out his penis!  
I stifled a gasp at his audacity, turning it into a moan of pleasure. Now that I saw it, it was a decent size. I can’t say that I had seen many, but I had been on the internet, so I had at least something to compare it to, and he certainly had nothing to be ashamed of… except possibly what he was doing with it. With the bottom on his palm, fingers wrapped around, he was rubbing up and down, jerking to his own sister.  
And she was jerking herself too, to the sight of him. I knew I should feel ashamed, but the forbiddenness of it only excited me more. I shifted, and he almost bolted, which made me smile. Then I rolled over onto my left side. Now I could look straight forward and catch the full reflected lewdness. But what was his view? Looking up towards my lower body, all he could now see was my shapely bum and hips, which are admittedly one feature I am most proud of. With my left hand, I pulled up my left bum cheek, the better to expose my vag and puckered butthole, and reached between my legs with my right hand to keep the strumming going. He could have stared straight up my anal canal from there, which was an astonishingly dirty thought that made me hum with surprise and arousal.  
We kept this pose for a couple of minutes, our hands moving feverishly on our respective reproductive organs. Finally, I felt the tide rising, and it seemed like he was approaching the end himself. I thought about stopping, marching over there and interrupting him, literally, with his pants down. It would have been hilarious, but too cruel. Now that I knew the joys of orgasm, I couldn’t deny them so viciously to another. Besides, I wanted release for myself too, and badly.  
Instead, I shifted again, propping myself up on pillows against the headboard. He could now see my full body, from my dainty feet propped up either side, to my glistening cleft, squeezing and stretching under my ministrations, up my belly to my small but perky teenage breasts, one petite nipple being rolled around between my left thumb and forefinger, and even to my face, mouth open, gasping with need. I risked a couple of glances between the hinges, and thought I could detect a hint of movement, but only because I already knew it was there. Far more evident were his gasps and sighs, and even the occasional wet slap of his dick in his palm. I don’t know how he could possibly have thought he could go undetected, especially since he could presumably hear the same from me.  
Then I heard a gasped “Nnnggg!” and turned my head just in time to see a spray of thick liquid emerge from the end of his penis. That tipped me over the edge, and I came, long and hard. A little bit of clear liquid emerged from my own loins, to my surprise, soaking my fingers.  
“Oh, fuuuck YEE-EE-EESSS!” I cried, louder than I had intended, riding the orgasmic high, and as Ricky gasped, he fired another even larger spurt at my door.  
He started to remove something from his pocket, and I leaped out of bed and rushed for the door. As I rounded it, I saw him reach the end of the hallway, clutching his shorts. Lying on the ground was a small bundle of tissues.  
I opened my door fully (with my dry left hand) and looked at the thick, white, gloopy stuff sprayed across the wood panelling, mute evidence of the animal magnetism of my pulsing, bare, orgasmic vagina. At least he had managed to turn aside from the hinge before shooting his load; that would have been a nuisance to clean up.  
I picked up the tissues, and was just about to begin wiping away Ricky’s mess, when a thought occurred to me. Instead, I went over to my laundry basket and picked out a pair of my used underwear. It was one of the frillier pieces, worn on a whim earlier that week (there was no way I had any thought that it would be seen, after all). Using the underwear, I mopped up the sperm of my brother, making sure to get a nice coating on the crotch. Anyone who saw them now, or for the next few days, would be easy to convince that he had been up to no good. I snapped a couple of pics on my phone, and consigned them carefully to the back of a locked drawer.  
Only three or four days ago, such deviousness would have been beyond me. I was actively contemplating blackmail! Now, though, I was Queen of the World, resplendent in the crown jewels given to me by nature and a high-tech shaver, and nothing I did to get what I wanted could possibly be illegitimate.