Shaving

My lover Susan and I have been dating for about a year. We met on a blind date one summer evening and spent the night together, at Susan's house, enjoying each other's bodies until we were both exhausted. Susan is quite a reserved sort of woman but she certainly spoke frankly on our second date, when we went on a shopping trip. During a brief pause at a coffee bar she asked me how I felt about shaving off my pubic hair. All of it, every wisp and bristle.

Having already slept with Susan I knew she kept her crotch smooth and hairless. Shaved cunts always look cute and sexy, especially if the woman's labia are nicely shaped, and Susan's cunt is particularly beautiful. But shaving my pubes is not something I had wanted to do before, except trimming and waxing around the edges (the bikini line) like lots of women do. During my twenties I sometimes went as far as a kind of "half-Brazilian", leaving just a square patch of bristles above my slit, but the idea of a totally bald mound never really appealed. I probably would not have bothered to shave or wax very much if my pubic hair had not been so dark.

Anyway, Susan became quite insistent about it, so I agreed to shave before our third date (when we planned to sleep together at her house). The task of shaving is neither difficult nor uncomfortable, but a suitably sensitive razor is absolutely essential. When the task was done I felt quite pleased with the result and checked my reflection in the mirror at home, running a finger over my hairless mound to test its smoothness. My skin felt lovely and soft, like silk, and I knew Susan would be incredibly turned on when she saw it.

Well, I was right about that! She was so eager to see my new look that she almost ripped my clothes off in the bedroom. Soon I stood naked before her, while she knelt at my feet to inspect my shaved cunt. Then something really weird happened - I became terribly embarrassed. I'm not usually shy about my body, having spent several years as an exotic dancer, but suddenly I was overcome with coyness. It was almost like the first time I ever undressed for sex. In fact, it was ten times worse. I felt that I needed to run off and hide, curling into a ball where nobody could see me. I turned my head away and put my hands over my face. I knew I was blushing a deep shade of dark red (my skin is olive-brown, so my blushes are never pink).

Fortunately, Susan is a perceptive and sensitive woman who always knows what to say in awkward situations. Within a few moments she and I were giggling and cuddling on the bed, both of us making a joke about the whole thing. I still felt odd and a bit embarrassed, but the feeling soon passed.

That night we took our lovemaking to a new dimension. Susan's passion became so hot that I almost saw steam gushing out of her ears. Her reaction to my shaved vagina was manic, frenzied, kind of scary, and she couldn't stop touching and kissing it. Tribing felt totally awesome, just as Susan had promised, our hairless cunts rubbing together like two slippery mouths. The subsequent orgasms were fantastic, incredible, mind-blowing.

Well, here I am, a year later, still shaving my pubes. Not all the time, though, and not as often as Susan would like. To be honest, I just can't be bothered doing it. It's a bit of a drag and tends to be rather messy. I guess it's become a kind of special treat for Susan whenever I turn up with no bristles, but she still keeps herself very smooth the whole time and doesn't seem to mind the hassle of razors. Being a strawberry blonde she could probably grow a little mat of stubble and still look fairly smooth, but she seems quite obsessed about removing even the slightest hint of hair. That's okay with me, because I enjoy stroking her lovely bald vagina and hearing the little gasps she makes when my tongue slides gently over it.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \*

Shaving. Copyright © Lucy Yasmin Ogur 2006.