

Shave my Legs...Then my Cunt!

A short story by The Night Hawk

Copyright © by: The Night Hawk

Poor sweet Bobby, he's such an affectionate young man. He just turned twenty-three the other day, but he's still young enough to pass as my son. As a matter of fact, the other night when he took me out to dinner, the waiter really upset him when he asked Bobby if his 'mother' would want a separate bill!

Unlike so many women today, I am not ashamed of the fact that I'm over forty. In fact, I'm rather proud of the way I've managed to keep in shape. Two of the things I'm most proud of are my breasts, and I like to show them off every chance I get. I like to wear blouses and sweaters that accentuate my 38 C's, and often I go bra-less. That's one of the reasons my Bobby was so attracted to me. My boobs are big but firm, without even a hint of sagging, and my nipples when they get excited are the size of thimbles.

Bobby started working at the radio store about a year ago, which is next door to the women's clothing store where I work. He has plans of opening up his own store in a few years, so he is saving hard, and I help him save now by not letting him spend all his money on me. The stores are rather small ones in a big mall, so it was inevitable that we would start running into each other on a regular basis. It started innocently enough with us having coffee together during our breaks, but as time passed, he started opening up to me and would regularly complain about the girls he was dating.

At first I thought that he was looking to me for some womanly advice, but as the weeks progressed, I finally figured out that he was making passes at me. Well I was really flattered because Bobby is a good looking young man, but I remained cool about it since I wanted someone who was interested in a long term relationship, not just a good time!

Nearly six months passed before Bobby and I finally went out together. It was just after Christmas, and I was feeling a bit of the holiday blues, when Bobby called up and asked if he could take me out for a holiday drink. I said, "Sure, why not," and about an hour later, we were sitting together in a fancy bar.

I looked around at all the beautiful young ladies there with their handsome dates and asked Bobby if he wasn't a bit ashamed to be seen out with an older woman like me. He said that these girls didn't have a thing on me, and started to count off on his fingers all the ways that I was better than any of them. He had already mentioned intelligence, personality, and maturity when he leaned closed and whispered, "Big tits." I stopped him then, before he got too carried away. The alcohol must have freed his inhibitions! I was flattered and said so, but also a bit embarrassed. I gulped my drink quickly and Bobby ordered another for me.

By the time he took me home, I was feeling no pain, and I invited him in for a nightcap. Once inside the door, I forgot about the drink and put my arms around him and kissed him hard on the lips. I don't think Bobby expected things to go so quickly that night, but I was lonely and I was horny!

Bobby proved to be very good in the bedroom, licking my pussy to an orgasm before he even thought about putting his cock in me. When he did though, he made sure

that it was good for me too, holding off from his own climax until I had cum twice more.

When he shot his load into me, I could feel the heat rise to my head. That boy can fire more juice in one cum than most men can in a whole night! He asked if he could stay the night, and being I was already half asleep, I answered that he could only if he made me breakfast in the morning. The next morning I was awakened by the smell of fresh coffee. I put on my housecoat and headed downstairs to find Bobby frying up bacon.

Disappointment showed on his face when he saw me. "Oh Lisa," he pouted, "I wanted to wake you up with breakfast in bed."

I was just thrilled that morning! Every time I put down my cup, Bobby would rush to refill it. This kind of pampering a girl could get used to!

Breakfast over; I left Bobby to clean up the dishes while I went for a bath. About halfway through a luxurious soak, I decided to press my luck. "Bobby dear," I called out, "would you be a good boy and scrub my back?" Well the words were hardly out of my mouth when Bobby rushed in. I noticed right away the tell-tale bulge in his slacks. I told him that before he could properly concentrate on washing me, I'd have to do something about his obvious discomfort.

I instructed him to get undressed and to stand beside the tub so that I could properly take care of him. He was naked in a flash with his erection staring me right in the face. I started to pull his foreskin back and forth across his swollen cock head and used my other hand to gently squeeze his balls. His breath started to come in gasps, and I knew that he was fast approaching climax. His eyes were closed in ecstasy now in anticipation of his release. Quickly, just before he blew his load, I wrapped my lips around his joy stick and sucked him to the finish line. He cried out in pleasure when my lips locked around his shaft, and he immediately erupted, sending torrents of hot cum down my throat. I licked up every last drop, then released him from my grip.

It took Bobby a few minutes to regain his composure, but when he had sufficiently calmed down, he dropped to his knees beside the tub, took the sponge I handed him, and started to wash my body all over! What a glorious feeling - this good-looking guy paying all that attention to my body.

Bobby raised my leg out of the water and started to lather up my toes and legs, and then he asked casually if I had ever considered shaving my pussy.

Well the truth of the matter is that I had done it before, but found that it was too much of a hassle keeping it up. After a few days, the stubble would drive me crazy, and I told him so.

Bobby said that, if I would consent to letting him shave my twat, he would bath me and shave me every day for the rest of my life.

I just laughed at that promise, but he swore that he was sincere. I told him that shaving every day would get to be painful, but I did like the idea of being bathed by him. I told him I would put him to a test of patience. He was to shave my legs and paint my toenails every other day for a month. If he lived up to his end, then I would know that he could keep his promise.

It became a bit of a ritual after that. Every other night after my bath, Bobby would sit on the floor at my feet with a wash basin, a can of shaving cream, a good sharp razor, a towel, and a bottle of fingernail polish. After carefully shaving and powdering my legs, Bobby would raise my feet into his lap, one at a time, and apply a good heavy coat of polish to each one of my toenails. He became quite good at trimming and filing

them too. Afterwards, he would rub my entire body down with some nice smelling powder, and after I was really relaxed, he would start to lick at my snatch. Every night for that first glorious month I luxuriated in the warm afterglow of the fantastic orgasms he could give me with his tongue.

He never asked for a thing in return, he seemed extremely happy just making me happy. Of course, after some terrific oral action, I was almost always in the need to have him fill my gap with his hard prick and feel his seed explode inside of me. Sometimes, when I was feeling very generous, I would treat him to an hour-long blow job. I always stopped just before his climax so that his pleasure would be prolonged, and when I finally sucked him to the brink, I would be rewarded with gallons of his hot sticky spunk!

The month was up before I knew it, and being true to my word, that night I let him take the scissors and trim away all the excess hair around my horny cunt. After he was finished doing my legs he took a great big gob of shaving cream and worked it all around my juicy hole. Then he carefully started sliding the razor around till I was as naked as a jaybird. Bobby then took a warm wash cloth and wiped away the left-over shaving cream and sat at my feet admiring my now-naked, pink pussy lips.

That night, he licked me to so many orgasms that I passed out from the pleasure - it was so intense! I woke up to feel the stickiness of my own juices on my legs and properly scolded Bobby for making such a mess of me. I made him lick all of my juices off of my steamy snatch and thighs. Then I had him kneel between my legs and I ordered him to jack off on my swollen cunt lips. I watched his face contort with pleasure as he pulled on his own rod, obeying my instructions. I told him that he had better make sure that all of his cum landed on my hot box because I needed him to rub that soothing ointment into my gash. Then I told him that after he was done rubbing it in, I wanted him to lick me clean again!

His face showed his surprise, but the idea must have turned him on because right then, he shot a bigger load of cum than I had ever been a witness to! Spurt after spurt flew out of his swollen prick head and landed smack dab on my swollen clit. After a quick rub around with his fingers, he had his head buried in my naked snatch licking up his own goo juice.

It's been three months now since Bobby first shaved my snatch, and true to his word, he shaves it faithfully. The only thing is, Bobby has grown addicted to the taste of his own cum and loves to lick it off my cunt lips. That leaves hardly any for me to swallow or to feel inside of me. I really shouldn't complain, though, since Bobby still loves to eat my twat for hours on end, and he still makes me breakfast every morning. Every night he runs my bath and scrubs the day's worries out of my body, and when we go to sleep now, Bobby lies with his lips attached to my breast. All in all, I think I've got it pretty good. I think I'll keep him for a while!

~ end ~