

Helping My Sister Shave

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After my sister broke her arm, I had to help her shave...everything.

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My sister Liz and I have always had to look out for each other. Our mother died when we were very young, and my father always had to work very hard to keep the money coming in, so we pretty much raised each other. When Liz was 16 and I was almost 18, she broke her right arm doing gymnastics. She had a gymnast's body, petite but tight, fragile yet powerful. When she would wear her gymnast's outfit, her perfect round ass could barely be contained by the fabric. She had beautiful blond hair that ran just past her shoulders, and her young B-cup breasts were perfectly perky and round.

One morning as I was waiting for the shower, I heard Liz yell,

"God damnit!"

"What's wrong Liz?" I called inside.

"Oh, nothing Jeff I just cut myself shaving."

"Is it bad?"

"No, it just stings."

"Can I come in?"

"Just a sec, let me get dressed."

A few moments later. I opened the door to find Liz sitting on the side of the tub with her little pink razor in her trembling hand. Liz had always done an amazing job at shaving. I had never once in my entire life seen her with a hint of stubble on her legs and under her arms, and it was clear that she was frustrated with her inability to shave herself properly. Most of her leg was still coated in shaving cream.

"I didn't think it would be that hard," she said, dejectedly, with a cute little pout on her face, "but my hand keeps slipping and it's hard for me to get a close shave, never mind the fact that even if I figured it out I wouldn't be able to reach my left armpit anyways.

She had dressed in a tiny pair of booty shorts that hugged her tight ass, and a tank top that displayed her shapely cleavage. It didn't surprise me, most of her wardrobe was like this. She wasn't slutty, but she knew her body and was comfortable in it. She only wore clothes that exposed her long smooth legs.

"What can I do?" I asked.

"I don't know," she looked down at her legs, "I could wear jeans, but I really don't want to. I feel more comfortable with my legs out, but I can't go out in public all hairy."

"Well, I could help," I said nervously. I had to tread carefully, even though Liz and I were very close, we weren't all that touchy, "I've still got two working hands, if you tell me what to do I could help you shave your legs, and I could get under your arms too if you want."

"I don't know, wouldn't that be kinda weird?"

"If mom were here, she could help you, but she's not. It's me or dad, so what's it gonna be?"

She thought about it for a second, then slowly extended the razor to me, her lips trembling, her boobs jiggling ever so slightly.

I took it and placed it at the top of her leg, right where her shorts ended, but she tapped me on the back of the hand and giggled,

"Start at the bottom, silly. It won't be a close shave if you do it that way. Haven't you ever seen a girl shaving before, you must have at least seen it in the movies or something? If not, then surely you've seen me."

"Nope, never have. I like to give my little sis her privacy."

I moved the razor down to near her ankle, then started slowly stroking up her leg.

"Good," she said, "that's better."

I continued to make my way up her long, slender leg, rinsing the razor in the tub, as she gently coached me on my handling of the razor, the length of the strokes, and the amount of pressure I put

down. By the time I reached the cut off of her shorts, I was well versed in the intricacies of leg shaving.

"Alright," she said, "now the other one."

She extended her right leg out. It was procedure, of course, but it sure did look sexy. She grabbed a can of shaving cream and sprayed it out along her leg like whipped cream. Then she rubbed it in as best she could with her left hand. I reached out and helped her make sure all of her leg was covered. She flinched a little as my hand wrapped around her leg, but relaxed as I spread the foam delicately over her soft, feminine skin.

I shaved her again, this time with less instruction, cleaning and caressing her leg with the little pink razor. Once I was done, Liz stood rubbed her hand down each leg, inspecting it to see if it met her standards of smoothness. Satisfied, she lifted up her left arm and nodded toward the shaving cream.

I moved to spray the shaving cream into her armpit, but first I reached out my fingers and tickled her. She had always been ticklish, and her underarms were her biggest weakness. She doubled over in laughter and gasped "hey! cut it out!"

I stopped tickling and began to rub the shaving cream into her skin. She giggled softly at my touch as I coated the area.

"Be sure to shave in all directions," she said with an intoxicating smile, "the hair there grows all over the place, and I don't want to see so much as a single piece of stubble left when you're done."

I followed her instructions and soon her armpit was as clean as a whistle. Then she helped me lift up her caste and I got the right side too.

For the rest of the week I came in every morning and helped her shave. She could have done some of it, but she said that it really helped when I did it and I didn't question her. The next week, I came in to shave her and she said,

"Do you mind if I take my shorts off?"

"What for?" I replied.

"I'd like you to shave all of my upper thighs. I hate having hair anywhere on my body, so not being shaved there is really bugging me."

"I don't see why not, it's just underwear."

Liz stood up and I helped her out of her shorts. She was wearing plain black panties that were not particularly revealing.

"Not one for lingerie, sis?" I joked.

"I wore this for you, I didn't want you to be uncomfortable," she said, awkwardly, "if you saw my favorite underwear, you might think I was growing up too fast."

This sent a thrill down my spine, and I felt my cock harden a little. This time when I shaved her, I shaved right up to the panty-line, and I let the razor touch the edges of her underwear.

As the week went by, Liz started to run out of conservative panties. She really didn't own many to start with, and it seemed she needed shaving more and more often. I found out that sometimes she shaved twice a day to keep up with the stubble and to ensure that she was absolutely hairless at all times. Her panties started to hug her ass more and more tightly, and the top and sides started to dip lower and lower.

In the coming weeks, as Liz and I grew more comfortable with each other, and the awkwardness started to wear off, she stopped worrying about what she wore. Often, she wouldn't even bother to put on a shirt, and would sit around the bathroom in her bra, her perfect round tits jiggling with every move she made.

As her panties got smaller, more and more of her pubic area became exposed. I started to catch stray pubic hairs that strayed onto the bikini line, which she instructed me to remove. "We can't have any hairs sticking out," she said seriously, "that would be gross."

She also had me help her put lotion and oil on her legs after they were shaved, which made them even softer and smoother and gave them a bright, beautiful shine. As my hands slid up her smooth, delicate legs, I became ever more aware of what a gorgeous young woman my sister had become.

Then, one day, I came in to find Liz in her skimpiest pair of underwear yet. It was a nude colored thong that left all of her inner thighs and much of her upper pubic area completely exposed. Like much of her underwear, it was so tight that her pussy lips formed a cute little cameltoe. As I shaved her legs and underarms, I couldn't help but stare at the brown pubic hairs that were now clearly visible. As I finished shaving her, and went over to the cabinet to get the lotion, she softly said, "Wait."

I turned around.

"Jeff, I need to ask you a really, really big favor." She said, a coy smile on her face. "This has been driving me crazy for weeks, but I was too afraid to ask you."

"What is it, did I do something wrong?"

"No, no, you've done a wonderful job. My legs are smoother than they've ever been." She stood and walked over to me "You've been a great brother," we were face to face now, and her voice was a whisper, "but I need you to shave one more thing for me."

Without another word, she grabbed the front of her panties and stretched them forward, flashing me her pussy. Then she stared directly at me with her desperate blue eyes and whispered "please."

I instantly reached down and helped her out of her panties, her hairy pussy now in full view. Instinctually, I reached for her bra, and she did not resist. She let me rip it off her, and her two, phenomenal boobs were freed. She stood before me, my little sister, totally naked.

"Look at me," she said, stroking her legs, "I'm so soft and smooth. But there's one problem, one missing piece." Her hand reached down to her pussy, her fingers trailing up past her clit. Then she sat down on the side of the tub and spread her legs wide open, picked up the razor in her left hand, and passed it to me.

I picked up the shaving cream and started rubbing it into her pussy. She had clearly shaved before she broke her arm, the hair hadn't fully grown back and was still short enough that I didn't need to trim it.

"Do you want a landing strip or a patch or anything?"

"Come on, it's me," she breathed, "I won't settle for anything besides completely bare."

That was all I needed to hear. I dived right in, starting with the mound. At her instruction, I shaved sideways, so I could get a perfectly clean shave without hurting her and causing razor bumps.

"Oh Jeff," she said, "I love it when you shave me. I can't tell you how long I've been wanting you to do this, how I've hated having a dirty, hairy pussy. I need my big brother to make me clean and pure and sexy again. Shaving has always turned me on, but when you were gliding that razor over my legs, I had to try so hard not to get wet."

I finished the mound. Her labia were the only hairy part of her body left, she was just a few strokes away from perfection. I moved closer to them, they were soaking wet now, aching to be shaved.

"Do it," she moaned, "make me your hairless bitch."

I complied, carefully uncovering each curve and fold of her pussy. As the razor touched her labia, I felt her gasp and shudder. The handle of the razor glanced against her clit, and that was enough to make her let out a massive moan. I had to work extra hard to keep the razor stable as she trembled with pleasure. At last, there were but a few hairs left. Liz looked down, ecstatic at the sight of her pussy finally denuded, and moaned "finish it."

With a few strokes, I slashed off the last hairs, rendering her pussy smooth and clean. As I did, Liz's pussy reached its wettest, and she gasped as I again flicked her clit with the handle of the razor and a massive orgasm rocked her body.

I was floored by the beauty of her pussy, naked and exposed. Liz looked down on it and smiled.

"Much better," she sighed. She looked like she was ready to leave, but I couldn't stop staring at her pussy. I was transfixed.

Noticing my look, she said softly, "you can taste it, if you want."

That was all I needed. I dived in with my tongue, sliding it over her hairless pussy lips, moving upward toward her clit. "Mmm," she moaned. I buried my face in her soft, smooth pubic mound as my mouth ravished her bare, exposed pussy lips. She trembled and shivered at the stimulation her sensitive uncovered skin could feel, as every suck, every lick struck her to her core.

It was an act of tender domination. She breathed and moaned with pleasure because she was naked, because she was exposed, and because I had made her that way. She had grown up under my hands, under the careful love of my razor, and I had made her a woman. As I licked and sucked at her delicious clit, she gave herself to me and came, crying out in satisfaction.

We sat there for a moment, thinking about what we had done. She was my sister, after all. But she made the choice, and the judgement, as she put on her bra, and slid her panties up. Without its covering of hair, her cameltoe was even more prominent, and her breasts were as perfect as ever. I watched in absolute awe as she slipped her skimpy tank top over her head, leaving her navel and much of her new bare pubic area exposed, and as she pulled up her mini skirt which barely went past her skimpy thong. As she started to walk out the door she turned to me and said with a smile-

"Now, we can't let this grow back. I feel so clean now, and I can't go back to being hairy. So....same time tomorrow?"