

# 20th! The embarrassment of being shaved!

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*How my new friends decided to shave me!*

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I had lots to think about after that weekend, the first letter I wrote on the Monday evening was to Margaret and Florence thanking them for the lovely time I had. Then another to Emma telling her all about it too and about how embarrassing their openness had been, yet admitted I had found it exciting. At the time I didn't think I could ever get used to such openness, yet I realized that's how I'd felt about Emma's perversions and somehow got used to it. The next couple of times we went up to London we stayed with them, and again were made most welcome. I found I was able to contribute by helping out with the dishes, making tea and other small favors. It was like Margaret was the queen and we were her servants catering to her needs. Still she had a matter-of-fact way about her that seemed to suit her, and Florence was the right match for her. It was like Florence was the den mother, but Margaret was head of the family. At the time I'm talking about I was only 20 going on 21, Margaret 27 and Florence about ten years older. They both had jobs, Florence had managed to persuade Margaret to give up her old ways and go to night school. The outcome was not only that she had a good job in a financial institute, but she was also a supervisor, and doing all right at it. They were a strange couple in some ways; Margaret had been born and raised in Canning Town, in those days probably the worst slum in London. Her parents (if they were married) were alcoholic's as were most of her extended family. Most lived on welfare, or with what money could be obtained through stealing, or whoring. When Margaret was in her early teens she left home to go live with her Aunt and cousins, not that they were much better, but she got on better with her cousins than she did with her own brothers and sisters. Florence was from a comfortable middle class family, an only child although she went to the right schools, and mixed with the right social class. She was not unattractive, rather had a bit of a homely appearance that seldom dated. She went to college and got a degree in social work, where she would come in contact with lots of social misfits. She stayed a virgin till she got married to an upper class gentleman, the bowler hatted type who worked in a bank in the city. Margaret on the other hand was an extremely attractive outgoing girl, who in her late teens was described then as an 'angry young girl.' With a perfect body to match her good looks, she was a magnet for all kinds of men pursuing her charms. Prostitution seemed the only way out of the misery she lived in, as it was with most young girls. Between that and stealing she often had brushes with

the law, that got her sent to reform school, then when she turned 18 to prison. Being raised in her environment Margaret learned at an early age how to survive, sleeping 5 or 6 to a room with her peers put an end to any forms of modesty anyone might have had, had they known any better that is. Whereas Florence was from a very different social background, being raised from an early age to be a lady, and that her body was not something to be proud of. After about 3 or 4 months we were staying there for a long weekend, Darlene and I had driven up on the Friday night after work to be there for the weekend. The Friday evening was spent at the club, and after we returned to their Flat for the night. By now I was getting used to the sounds of their lovemaking, in fact not only getting used to it, but actually enjoying it. Why I would think other ladies wouldn't have similar feelings to us I don't know, but that's how I felt at the time. I never thought I'd ever get over Margaret's ways in private; the next morning after waking up I had to rush to the bathroom as I often did and plunked myself down on the toilet. I loved the feeling of relief that comes with the first pee of the day, and not paying attention I let go some flatulence. Suddenly a voice said, "My that was a relief I bet," and looking up startled to see Margaret standing there in all her glory and smiling at me. I was so embarrassed I could have crawled down the toilet myself; I didn't know what to say just mumbled something like "Sorry" and couldn't look at her. She came into the room and stood opposite me waiting to use the throne herself. I'm sure by this time she was getting a kick out of my embarrassing moments and this was no different. Sitting there and she was leaning with her back against the vanity, my head felt like it was in line with her groin. I saw she had the most beautiful full bush of jet black pussy hair, with her slim waist and lovely rounded hips it was like it was the perfect centerpiece. At last what had seemed like an endless stream of piss came to an end, and I was finally able to wipe myself and get up and flush the toilet. Standing up Margaret stood to one side to let me at the washbasin while she in turn sat on the toilet, and I heard her 'relief' hit the water, the noise it made obviously didn't bother her as she enjoyed her morning pee. In so many ways she was so much more outgoing than me. That afternoon Darlene was going to visit her mother, but Margaret invited me to go with her to, as she put it, "See how the other half lived." She had Florence bring their car around and we got it took off to the East end of the city. Just driving through the streets made me start to feel uneasy, and Florence finally parked on this side street. I was informed this was 'Canning Town' as I said, probably the worst slum in London at that time. Once we got out of the car a bunch of kids came rushing up calling her name, and Margaret returned the greetings calling them by name. Then she dug into her handbag and retrieved some coins and gave each one something, saying "Now you watch my car" and led the way a few doors down and we entered this pub. The place was quite crowded even for the time of day, around one in the afternoon. The place was very smoky and dark, then there shouts of, "It's Maggie, 'ow the fuck are yer" in the typical cockney slang, and some of the women came up and gave her a big hug. "You doin' all right Flo" she was asked, they obviously knew her from previous visits. Margaret introduced me as 'Rosalyn' to them, but obviously formality was lost on them and soon they were calling me Rosie or Rose, whatever suited them. They cleared a table for us to sit at and right away someone brought Margaret and Florence drinks and asked me what I wanted, so I ordered a Gin and tonic. (By this time I had learned that Gin was the Londoners

drink, being cheap and plentiful.) We were joined by an aunt and two of her female cousins and they were soon engaged in a heated conversation. After a couple of drinks Margaret soon lapsed back into her thick cockney accent, I guess one never really loses it no matter how hard you try. There were lots of others; men as well as women, who stopped to say 'ullo,'ow are yer' in their cockney way. Margaret and Florence were quite generous in buying lots of drinks for others as well as themselves, although Florence was only drinking lemonade. I was to learn later as this was to be expected, as Margaret was one who had, "Done well for 'erself." I took notice of the patrons; there were obviously a lot of whores there, as it was too early in the day for them to ply their trade. However having said that, there probably wasn't a female in the place that hadn't turned the odd trick to make, 'a few Bob' when the occasion arose. (A Bob was a figure of speech for a shilling.) Except for Florence that is. I was appalled at how the women dressed, the cheapest and not too clean clothes, too much make up plastered on. We called them 'Tarts' in those days. Although they were friendly enough and quite cheerful and pleased to see their old friend 'Maggie', (made me think of an old song called 'Maggie May.' The men were different, the young ones wore crepe soled (Brothel creeper) shoes, drainpipe trousers and fingertip length jackets with velvet collars and string or skinny ties. Their hair was done up in a D.A. (Ducks arse) style made popular by Tony Curtis. They were largely known as 'Teddy Boys' then. Some older men wore badly fitting cheap suits that seemed to large for them, with baggy trousers that looked like they had been slept in, black or dark shirts with white or other bright gaudy ties, with soup or other stains on them. Their hair was slicked down in that old fashioned way with grease or Brylcreme, we referred to them as 'spivs.' Also it was popular with a lot of Dock workers. Still I kind of enjoyed it, Florence had tipped me off to, "Stay close to Margaret" and I would be alright and have nothing to worry about, after all some of their appearances were quite frightening to me. Still this was Margaret's neck of the woods, and she obviously loved revisiting her old neighborhood on occasion. The drinks had flowed quite freely, and I was certainly feeling good by the time we left. Back at the car Margaret dished out some more change to the kids hanging around. Florence unlocked the car and got in behind the wheel, and Margaret indicated for me to get in the back seat with her. As we drove back across the city she held my hand and asked, "Well what did you think?" In truth I didn't know what to say to her, I had enjoyed it yet I was a bit apprehensive about it. As if reading my mind she gave my hand a squeeze and said, "That's all right dear just remain seated and keep your knees together and you'll be alright." That was the first of many trips I would make with her to her 'local' as she called it, over the next few years. Back at the Flat it was still too early to go anywhere, and Darlene wasn't back from her mother's so I went and laid down for a nap for a couple of hours. Darlene woke me up when it was time for supper and we joined the others at the table. That night it was off to the club again, by now I was getting to be known to quite a few of the other ladies. They seemed to think that because I was friends with Margaret and Florence, that I was 'all right' and hence was welcomed into their midst. As before we danced a lot sharing with some of the other ladies, and before the night was over we were invited to a get together at one of the ladies houses. It was a 'come as you are and BYOB' affair starting later in the afternoon, and we were to bring something towards supper, a 'pot luck' affair. I was excited about it but unfortunately we would have

to leave early as we had our long drive back to camp after. However Margaret said Florence would bring something for all of us to eat, and we would follow them in Darlene's car so we could leave right from there to go back to camp. That night Darlene and I made love as usual, I think the fun we had at the club coupled with the sounds of love from our hosts made us particularly randy. So to do what we wanted to one another without worrying about others might think, gave me some awesome feelings that I was happy to let out in the throes of love with my Darlene. That Sunday morning as usual I got up and went and had my pee, as the bathroom was right across from our bedroom I dashed across naked as I had done before. By now I was getting kind of used to the ways of the house, and after was expecting to put on my knickers and a blouse to join them in the kitchen for breakfast. Only I heard Margaret call to me from the kitchen. When I answered her she said "Come here for a minute," and by now I knew when she wanted something she expected it to be right away. I said, "In a minute I'm going to put something on." "Never mind that" she replied, "Just get in here." I did as I was told and automatically place my hand over my most private part and an arm over my breasts. "Look at that" she said to the others, "Can you believe how modest she is?" "Yes she's a real sweetheart," Darlene said, "Even in private for the longest time after we became lovers." "Never mind Rosalyn you're among friends here, come let me see what you look like." At that and I was blushing like hell I slowly dropped my hands to let her cast her eyes on my nakedness. I saw her smile as she had a good look at my nakedness, even asking me to turn around slowly. I mean it's not like she hadn't seem me before, but now she was getting a full eyeful. As embarrassed as I was I have to admit to feeling a little excitement knowing she liked what she saw, I could see it in her eyes. In a way it was a few awkward moments that was broken when she indicated a chair next to her at the table and said, "Come have some breakfast." Sitting down I noticed she was in her usual knickers and negligee, which was open displaying her lovely perfect tits. As often as I'd viewed them before they were still a delight to see, and she was rightfully proud of them. Florence was naked as before, and as I mentioned before there was not a hair on her below her neck. Later I was to wonder if this was a set-up to what was to happen to me later that day. Late in the afternoon we followed Margaret and Florence's car out into the suburbs, there they finally pulled up in front of the house that Irene lived in. As I was to find out later Irene shared her house with two other women who were 'boarders' as far as the public was concerned. It was a nice house in a sub division, large with three bedrooms, a sitting room and a living room. It had lots of space around it that gave some measure of privacy. We were made very welcome and on arriving I helped Florence carry the foodstuffs and the liquor we had brought into the kitchen. There were two tables there that had been pushed against a wall, where we placed the food on one, and the liquor on the other. Arlene's friend Marylyn took our coats and left to hang them up while we laid our stuff out. Finally we poured drinks for Margaret and Darlene as well as ourselves and went to join them in the living room. There was quite a lively discussion going on about women's issues, styles etc. of the day particularly regarding new influences from America. There were a number of topics passed around with each of us asked for an opinion, and after a couple of hours or so it got round to what seemed to be sleeveless dresses, and the new swimsuit fashions. This brought on a discussion about shaving one's armpits. Women shaving had never been

an issue in the U.K up till that time, from what I recall there was the usual reluctance to accept new styles. Our hair, and mine in particular just grew naturally, after all having brown hair it did not show the way black hair did. This brought on a lively discussion on the pros and cons for trimming and shaving one's armpits and pussy. And of course there was no such thing as the 'bikini line' either in those days. There were about a dozen of us there that afternoon, and I think about three of them admitted to shaving their pubic hair, and that did not include Florence. I knew by this time Florence shaved to please Margaret, and was happy to do so. Irene as it turned out was a nurse and apparently shaved lots of patients prior to an operation for cleanliness reasons, and gave examples of why it was necessary. Needless to say there were lots of comments and off color remarks made, but it was all in good fun and taken accordingly. I didn't pay too much attention to why my opinion seemed to be asked regarding my thoughts on this, and I recall telling them I thought it was all a 'fad.' My view was that women would soon forget it, and go back to being au natural particularly around their pussy. Ones pussy was not normally on display the way armpits would be in a sleeveless dress, and the bathing suits at the time were did not come up as high on the hips as they did later on. So ones pussy hair would very seldom show round the leg openings. As you know by now I was pretty naive at that time, and never gave it a thought to the fact perhaps there was a hidden agenda. So here we were in the kitchen with some suggestions they couldn't believe I'd never tried shaving my pussy. I recall as a youngster couldn't wait to have my pussy hair grow in, and how excited I was to see the first 'peach fuzz' start to appear, then later grow heavier and darker as I approached womanhood. Now here I was in a group of women, not only that but a bunch of lesbians who was questioning such a thing. They were now starting to crowd around me, but I still didn't pay too much attention to this. Of course during this discussion we were all holding and sipping our drinks, then for some reason a voice said, "Well if we're going to do it lets do it." At that some of them set their drinks down, and I went to walk away but one lady held me by the arm and smiled at me. That's when a warning was triggered in my brain, I tried to pull away but others came and took holding of my other arm and they gently maneoured me into the dining room. Now I knew something was up and tried to pull away, but the harder I tried the harder they ganged up around me and held me within their cluster. Now it felt like their hands were all over me, my skirt was unzipped and before I could prevent was pushed down to my feet. Many hands had hold of me and lifted me up onto the table, by now I was struggling as hard as I could but they had me in a firm grip. The noise we made attracted some who were in the living room, and they came to see what all the fuss was about. I saw Margaret and Darlene amongst others but they just seemed to be smiling and watching what was happening to me. My captors if I can refer to them as that were talking to each other. I heard one voice say, "Get the basin and bring it in." A few minutes later another voice said, "Here it is" and out of the corner of my eye I saw a basin with steam rising from it being placed in a sideboard in the room. Now I may not have been the sharpest knife in the drawer, but by now it was beginning to dawn on me what was in store for me. Now I renewed my struggles and began to scream out loud in protest, and a hand was clamped over my mouth to stifle my screams. Next thing I knew was something was placed around my head holding a cloth in place over my mouth to silence me. Now a lot of 'supporters' were saying

things like, "Relax you'll enjoy it, just be cool and it will soon be over" etc... As this was happening I felt my knickers being pulled down, and I tried to kick harder but they had a good hold of my legs and soon had them off me completely. Now they had me spread eagled and a hand was on my pussy, I was able to glance down and saw Irene smiling up at me with a pair of scissors in her hands and she began trimming my pubic hair. As helpless as I was I have to admit it wasn't painful at all, in fact it felt quite pleasant, but the reality of it was against my wishes. As I couldn't do anything about it, I just had to let them do what they were going to do to me. Irene's hand was gentle on me, why I say that I don't know as I had no previous experience with shaving. She knew what she was doing obviously, and all I could do was wonder about the basin of hot water sitting on the sideboard. Steam was rising from it, and I saw wash cloths had been placed next to it. Finally Irene stopped what she was doing to me and something was said and one of the other ladies soaked a wash cloth in the water and hand it to her. Moments later I felt it placed over my pussy. It was hot but not unbearable, and then saw a man's shaving brush being lathered with soap and that's when my heart sank. After the discussions we'd held earlier I knew what was in store for me, I was about to be given the full treatment. Now although I was being held quite firmly there were words of encouragement from the ladies, telling me how good I was and how much I would enjoy it after. Still what I was experiencing was not at all unpleasant, in fact in a way it was quite enjoyable. The bristles on the brush were quite soft and I was lathered well, then I began to feel the razor lightly scraping at what was left of my bush. It was one of what was called 'safety razors,' double edged so there was little chance of my being cut. Still there was the possibility of being nicked, and was told as long as I kept still and didn't struggle, that was unlikely. Anyway I was in their hands and just kept still, and I actually began to enjoy my 'treatment.' I thought Irene was finished when she stopped shaving me, and she ran her hand over to check her handiwork. She said something to her assistant who then placed a hot cloth over my pussy for a few moments, and then after it was removed I was again lathered with the shaving brush. She said something to those holding me and I felt my legs being pulled further back and apart, then she shaved over my pussy again and making sure she got between the cheeks of my arse next to my rectum. The others sensed I was enjoying it as I had long since stopped struggling, and as I was enjoying the experience and now quite relaxed. Once she was finished someone untied the cloth around my head and removed the gag warning me to stay quiet. I was washed again with a by now warm cloth, and fingers felt my smoothness and Irene announced she was finished. Seconds later a hand with some cold crème rubbed it over me, it felt good, nice and cold and slippery. The others could tell by now I was enjoying it, and more than one hand was touching me. Other hands were caressing both my lets and tummy, It was powerful I was not ashamed to let my feelings be known. I could tell by the touch of the fingers on my pussy more than one was enjoying themselves. Knowing the ordeal was over I couldn't help myself, I just laid back and let them pleasure me, fingers slipping up between my labia's and tickling my clit. Even after a beautiful orgasm they kept going till I had another. Now they let go of me and stepped back to get their drinks, still lying there with my legs apart I felt my pussy. She felt slick and smooth, the cold crème coupled with some of my own juices made her feel so good. I went to sit up and willing hands helped me get off the table, my legs felt weak for a moment as I leaned against

the table. Margaret came over smiling and said, "You're a good sport," and gave me a hug and kiss. I was led into the living room and handed another drink. The others began clearing things away and set the table, and about 20 minutes later we all sat down to supper. I began to get my composure back and felt pleased in a way, as from the tone of the others it was like I was a good sport and accepted by them. We had to leave before the others as we had a long drive to get back to camp. We all kissed one another and were wished a safe trip, by this time there were no hard feelings on my part. In fact I recalled what had happened to me, and admitted in fact it was not all that bad. My problem would be to keep my shaved pussy from others seeing it, when undressing/dressing in the barracks with the other girls there.