

Lesbian Licks

VAMPYRA
by Yasmin

Don't worry, it's only a nickname. My friend Sharon coined it last year after we slept together. I guess it's quite a cool name, even though I don't resemble a real blood-sucker. If I looked like a Goth I would probably feel quite honored to be known as Vampyra, but my appearance is fairly ordinary and I rarely get noticed in a crowd.

"Hey, Judy!" my friends sometimes say. "Why don't you smarten up a bit? Go to town and get your hair cut in a fashionable style. Throw out your old jeans. Burn those funny shirts with the button-down collars. Are you listening, girl?"

Sometimes I say *Yes*. Usually I say *No*. What's wrong with my clothes anyway? They're always clean, which is surely the main thing. Okay, so my hair could maybe look better, but I can't be bothered to change it. I always cut it myself, in the bathroom at home, keeping it short and spiky. The plain style suits my face, which is also quite plain. I'm blonde, but no bombshell. My nose is too flat and my chin is too square. Still, I'm not ugly or anything like that. I describe myself as short and sturdy, with fairly broad shoulders and thick limbs. My mother calls me "buxom" because my breasts are quite large. My kid brother calls me a fat slob, not that his opinion counts for much. Sometimes, when I stand naked in front of a mirror, I reckon I have a Marilyn Monroe figure, but with wider hips. Only joking, of course!

I'm nineteen years old and I live at home with my family. By day, I work as a clerk for a small company. I come home every evening, grab something to eat, put on my jeans and dash off to the city. There, down by the harbor, I meet my girlfriend Rowena and we have a few drinks. Sometimes we meet a big group of friends and have a good time. At the weekend we all drink huge quantities of alcohol before going some place where we can dance the hours away. Most of my friends are young professional women who like to party hard on Friday and Saturday nights. The eldest of our group is Sharon, who is twenty-three. She's a gorgeous brunette with short black hair and a fabulous body. Sharon introduced me to the others after she and I hooked up last summer at a music festival in the park. It was after our first night of lovemaking that she started calling me Vampyra.

"You bit my pussy," she said, as we lay in bed with a cigarette. "You really sank your teeth into my flesh. It hurt, but it felt kind of kinky and very erotic."

"Good," I replied.

"Why did you bite so hard?" she inquired.

"Because I enjoy doing it," I explained.

"You seem to be quite expert at biting. Perhaps I should call you Vampyra?"

"Fine," I murmured, not really caring what she called me as long as she fucked me again.

"Do it one more time," Sharon whispered, stroking my tits and nuzzling my neck. "Bite my cunt really hard, Judy, before we go to sleep."

So, that's how the nickname started. Sharon later told the rest of the group that I was a

pussy-biter, which made most of them laugh. A couple of them hit on me soon afterwards. First, a pretty little redhead called Sandy seduced me into her bed. She's a lovely girl, with long flame-colored hair and freckles. We had an hour of great sex before she begged me to bite her freshly-shaved crotch. My teeth clamped onto one of her labia and bit with enough force to make her squeal. She really loved it, so I transferred my teeth to the other flesh-lip, nibbling it gently for a couple of minutes before gnawing it like a beast. My beautiful flame-haired kitten lay writhing in ecstasy, bucking her slim hips against my face as I devoured her womanhood. Her smooth pussy was red and sore for the next two days, but she told everyone it was worth it.

Another member of the group, a pony-tailed Korean called Sun, dragged me down to the beach one night and demanded an intimate bite. She insisted on keeping her panties on, which I told her was rather cowardly, but she enjoyed the experience nevertheless. So did I, of course. Chewing her cunt through a layer of white cotton was kind of tricky, because I felt tempted to bite very hard. I figured Sun might not feel the full sensation through her underwear unless I chomped forcefully. I must have got it right because she climaxed twice, her feet kicking the sand as she squirmed like an eel.

About a week later, a butch babe called Hannah tried to imitate my technique by chewing Sandy's vagina but she bit too hard and failed to impress. Hannah eventually asked me to show her the correct way to use her teeth but she just didn't get it, so I told her to give up on the idea. Still, she and I had a nice fuck during the lesson, and she climaxed three times with my teeth embedded in her big hairy pussy.

By then, Sharon and Sandy and Sun were regularly calling me Vampyra in public. Anybody who asked why I had such a nickname was told that I kept a virgin's blood in my fridge. This always raised a few eyebrows and amused our little gang of friends, but not many outsiders were told the truth. It was like a secret that nobody else needed to know. Only when my jaws had given deliciously painful pleasure to nearly everyone in the group was my special skill announced to a wider audience.

Wow! Suddenly plain old Judy became the most desirable dyke on the block. Everybody wanted to be eaten by the girl with the talented teeth. Women who used to regard me as a dull and rather ordinary girl started hitting on me in droves. Stunning beauties grabbed me in bars and dragged me off to the toilets, where they offered their moist warm cunts to my eager mouth. In one month alone I chewed a dozen different pussies while their owners balanced precariously on plastic toilet lids. The sore but satisfied victims of all this carnage were easily identifiable by their clenched teeth and crab-like walk.

"Where's Vampyra?" became a kind of mantra at around midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. Sometimes all I wanted to do was drink and dance but, being a soft-hearted kid, I never refused any request for a bite.

Things changed when I met Rowena, my current partner, at a kickboxing class. I munched her vagina for an hour on our first date and she was amazed at how good it felt. Right from the start, however, she was not too happy about my putting my mouth on the crotch of every girl who asked for it. I told her it was just a bit of fun, like a kind of joke, but then she got quite upset. Part of me felt flattered that this pretty lady wanted me all to herself, but another part wanted to devour all the beautiful pussies in town. In the end it was a tough choice.

I relayed my decision to Sharon, who told Sandy and Sun. Within five days every woman in the county knew that my biting service was terminated. No more furtive clit-chomping in the toilets. No more labia-gnawing on the beach. No more tiny hairs getting stuck between my

teeth. From now on I was Rowena's girl. She alone would receive my fangs in her intimate flesh. I chose to be a faithful lover in a monogamous relationship, and it was definitely the right choice.

So, I started refusing anybody who asked for a quick bite. It was difficult to say *No*, especially if the woman was totally gorgeous and I was totally drunk. Some people don't handle rejection too well, as I quickly discovered. One cute girl burst into tears when I refused to eat her crotch in the toilet of my favorite bar. Another babe became so persistent that I had to literally push her away.

"How about a little nibble?" she ventured in desperation.

"Not a chance," I replied. "All bites are off."

Three months later and here I am, still with Rowena and feeling fairly happy with life. I guess I might be in love, or something close to it. Rowena wants me to move into her apartment but I need to think about a lot of things before I take such a big step. I'm twenty in a couple of weeks and my Mom says I should move out and be more independent. Maybe she's right. Maybe I'll pack my stuff and move in with my sexy girl.

Rowena can't understand why everyone still calls me Vampyra. I think she suspects me of secretly returning to my old cannibalistic habits. If I go to a bar on my own she gets paranoid and starts bombarding my phone with anxious text messages, demanding to know who I'm dancing with and how many strangers I've talked to. Last week, when she and I met my friends in town, she sulked each time I went to the toilet. If I was gone for more than three minutes she sent Sandy or Sharon to spy on me. Once, when I came out of the toilet looking disheveled and wiping my mouth with my sleeve, she accused me of all kinds of lewd behavior.

"Is that a pubic hair on your chin?" she inquired angrily.

"Don't be silly," I retorted, giving her a big wet kiss.

"Did you bite someone?"

"No. I've given it up."

Being loved and desired is okay, as long as people respect each other's space. Unfortunately, my dear Rowena is starting to take her paranoia too far. Jealousy is beginning to creep into our relationship. Yesterday, for instance, I found out that she told all my friends to stop calling me Vampyra. She has no right to interfere like that. We had a big argument about it and she apologized. I told her that I actually like my nickname, regardless of its kinky origin. Rowena said the name reminds her of all the casual sex I had before we met, but I replied that the encounters were not really sex at all.

"It was just biting and nibbling," I explained, putting my arm around her shoulders.

"Do you miss it?" she asked.

Not a fair question, but I answered it with as much honesty as I could muster. "Sometimes," I confessed. "But not when I'm in bed with you, Rowena."

"I like it when you bite me down there."

"So do I, babe."

* * * * *

Vampyra. Copyright © Yasmin Ogur 2006.