

I push open the door joining our rooms when I hear *Sympathy for the Devil* playing on the CD player. That's my signal. I wonder if he remembers what I told him about that song when we first started to flirt: that it was the theme song in my wickedest fantasy about him, the one where I really abuse him.

The door creaks like an old rusty farm gate; after all, who else makes use of the adjoining rooms at a Doubletree? His room is dark except for the glow of electronics LEDs and the Glade candles on his nightstands. He's in the center of the bed, under the sheet, and not saying a damn thing, though I can see him staring at me. Good. So far he's followed my instructions to the letter. As long as he's obedient, this will all be perfect. In a dramatic flair, I throw out my cape and sashay toward the foot of the bed.

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An hour earlier we'd met up at the ground floor bar: he had my room key, and I had a little package for him. I came in through the back entrance of the hotel, just so I could watch him for a moment before he saw me. I hadn't seen him in person for two years. He was sitting at the bar wearing new jeans that hugged his ass and a sweater a size too large. His neck (his lovely, swan-like neck) was craned back over his shoulder toward the door, where he stared anxiously. I was late, after all, but that was my prerogative. He nursed his precious Jack and Coke through a stir straw, looking every bit the 23-year old he was in a room full of thirty- and forty-something business travelers.

I wanted to sneak up on him and kiss the back of his neck, or slide my cold hand up his back where his shirt had come untucked beneath his sweater, but he turned when I was still few feet away and caught me cat-stalking him. He popped off the bar stool and tried to figure out how to hug me around the shoebox I held in my hands, but I pushed it into his hands and backed him right down onto his stool again. Even in my heels he was half a foot taller than me, but I wanted him at my eye, which level the stool forced. "There are gifts for you in the box," I told him, not even giving him a chance to greet me by name. "And instructions in the envelope. Open it."

While he opened the envelope on the top of the box and followed the first two of my handwritten instructions (*1. Set the timer on your watch for 30 minutes and start it. Wait here until the timer goes off. 2. You may finish your drink and you may drink sparkling water, but you may eat or drink nothing else until I say otherwise.*), I ran my nails – long acrylics painted a garish red – over his neck and down his shoulder and slipped off to the elevator. The man sitting closest to him stared after me; I could feel his eyes on my barely-covered ass.

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His eyes are fixed on me as I come around the foot of the bed. I have the type of body that feels better than it looks – I'm short and soft and 'ample' – which is why the lights are off in his room, but I spent a lot of time and money on my costume, and the truth is I'd be pissed if he didn't stare. The cape is the best part – I salvaged it from a deluxe Maleficent costume, so it has the high-peaked collar and surrounds my shoulders in purple and black ribbed satin that falls down to a batwing hem. When I walk toward him, the slit at the front of the cape opens over my breasts and the hem billows around my calves. I have on four-inch heels that I haven't worn since before the divorce, and pantyhose with an open crotch (much better than nylons that cut into my thighs). The black satin teddy that covers my belly (and *barely* my hips) holds my girls in place well enough to create a massive crevice of cleavage, but as big as my breasts are there is always the danger that one will come swinging out like a wrecking ball when I bend over. I have my makeup done to full effect now; I'm wearing a shade of deep crimson lipstick and heavy black eye shadow that makes my caramel skin look pale, and I had my hair cut into a bob with bangs just for him. I couldn't tell if he noticed in the bar.

Despite all that, his eyes are locked on my face – on my lips in particular – because that’s where the real costume is. Everything else is window dressing. I’m a tease, so I smile with my lips pressed shut and check to make sure he’s put my little clamshell box on the nightstand. Check that off his list. I just slide it a little closer to the edge where I can reach it later.

The sheet flies back with an easy flick, and my cape billows out over him to replace it. Good – another couple of check marks on his to-do list. (34. *When you get in bed, you must be completely naked.* 22. *Take a quick, cool shower, but make sure you wash everywhere. Anywhere you think I might want to kiss you, wash thoroughly with only water and the soap I gave you.*) The flight of the sheet fills the air with the scent of the lavender soap. Good boy. When I slide my leg over his belly to straddle him, I realize that he’s shaved, too, without being told – not just his face, but his chest, and probably more. That’s a pleasant surprise; in reward I bend down to kiss the smooth skin of his chest and run my tongue up the shallow, hairless valley of his breastbone, then suck on the knob of his chin.

He shivers, and his eyes close. His face can barely contain his smile.

I pass by his mouth, following the line of his jaw, and press my lips into the bulge of his neck just beneath his ear. Finally, I let him feel them – the tips of the fangs I’d cemented to my teeth – as they press into his skin. I bite down slowly until it’s just enough to hurt – until through my tongue I can feel the wincing gasp catch in his throat, even though he tries to hide it. He’s in heaven, and I’m feeling just a little bit devilish as Mick roars through the chorus of the song. I suck the biggest fold of skin off his neck that I can manage and squeeze it against the fangs with my tongue and lips; I’m noisy and slurping and salivating as I give him the darkest hickey I can manage without breaking his skin. In place of blood, my warm saliva dribbles down his neck into the pillow.

I could break his skin if I tried. My fangs are sharp enough and strong enough to shred the skin from an apple – or to nick up my lips the first couple of days I tried them out. My daughter laughed at the way I talked with them in, the way I slurred until I realized how to curl back my lips. (Then she asked if she could get a tongue piercing. I told her to wait ten years.) The cement is plenty strong, too – back in my adjoining room, the wooden handle of my hairbrush has two matching rows of sunken dents where I tested my fangs.

My teeth *want* to sink into his flesh, my jaw aches to clamp down, and I’m not any more scared to taste his blood than I am his cum, but- I give him a final nip before I let his bruised skin slip from my lips and I move back up over his face. I hover just above him, my eyes only inches from his, before my mouth closes over his. I kiss him hungrily; my thick Mexican lips can devour a little white mouth like his, but he kisses me back with the desperation of a drowning man. It’s gratifying to know that the wait since our last time has been even harder on him than on me. I give him his fill of my lips and tongue; I hold him by his cheeks and pour myself into him until his breath runs out, and when I let him break free I whisper what I’d been thinking ever since I began to plan this night. “Now you’re *mine*.”

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There hadn’t been any of this pretense, any costumes or games, the first time we met – the only other time we’d met in person. What there had been was near-disaster.

It was a little more than a year ago. Okay, it was 14 months, 2 and a half weeks, and I could probably count the hours if asked. I’d invited him to drive up to my apartment right after the divorce; actually, I’d invited him *again*, for what was the 20th time at least, but no amount of begging could convince him to visit me before the papers cleared, the self-righteous prick. That’s right: I *begged* him, even when I had two or three other guys emailing me, saying they would drive over at a moment’s notice to give me more loving than I could handle. That wasn’t what I wanted though – some self-obsessed dickhead from the internet; I wanted *him*. So he finally agreed and I made all the plans and counted down the days and the hours and the minutes. He was early.

He picked me up in his little American four-door that fit his height about as well as it fit my width. I was waiting in this black V-neck that swooped so low I had to keep adjusting it to hide my bra and a suede skirt that I couldn't believe I found in my size ...or close enough. I was funny and hospitable and sexy, and he could barely look at me. The table we sat at in the restaurant at lunch was small enough that our knees should have bumped, but he must have held his legs way off to the side because I was trying; I was sliding down in the booth trying to bump his legs. After an 'accidental' demonstration I told him how I was forever dropping food into my cleavage; if we went to a movie and had popcorn he might as well just start off by pouring half the bag down my shirt. As much as he paid attention and listened and laughed, his cheeks turned pink long before I could make his eyes drift down into my blouse. Any lingering doubts I had about his virginity were dispelled; he was shaking when I touched his fingers on the way back out to the car. He sat like a lump in the driver's seat when I showed him where to park to overlook the nude beach (it was empty), and I finally had to ask him why he hadn't tried to kiss or touch me. "That's why you're here, isn't it? To be with me?"

"I'm sorry, Kristina." He played with his stick shift; that damn thing kept poking into my thigh whenever I leaned over closer to him. "I guess I'm just too nervous! I don't want to seem like a jerk: all tongue and sweaty paws the first time we meet."

"Maybe I wouldn't mind a little more tongue and paws."

He glanced up at me, and in the weird light inside his car, his eyes were such a pretty, unsettling color of green. "Well, why didn't *you* kiss *me*?" he asked. "Since I'm the shy one and all."

I was beginning to think I didn't have much to lose; I was practically giving this guy a backstage pass, and he didn't know what to do with it. "Because it's one thing, Rick, for you to say you don't mind a little extra fat on me when you're behind a computer screen, but it's quite another thing in person. A lot of guys would change their mind when they saw me. *Have* changed their mind. Since you wouldn't look at me or tell me how pretty I looked when you saw me, I figured you'd changed your mind, too. I'm not saying it doesn't hurt my feelings, but I understand. I'm not going to throw myself at you if you're turned off. I don't have *that* much confidence."

He seemed confused. "But I already had the picture you sent me. I would have been happy if you were half as cute as that, but that picture isn't half as cute as *you*. That's why I'm so nervous: I guess when I saw you I realized you were out of my league." He glanced up. "You're just so sexy I can barely talk."

If it weren't for that damn stick shift, I might have climbed into his lap and jumped his bones right there. That would have saved us both some trouble. Instead we kissed like teenagers sharing a breath mint, and I helped his hand find its way up my shirt and behind my bra.

Poor kid. Mine were the first breasts he'd ever fondled, and I'm sure he'll have a hell of a time ever finding another pair that compare to them. They're my girls. If he wasn't a breast man before, he was by the time I had force-fed him my nipple. The hurried drive back to my apartment was a little bit dangerous since my fingers were groping inside his fly, but he kept his hands gripped to the 2 and 10 on his steering wheel and stammered when he asked where to turn next, so it was worth it. Inside the apartment we barely made it to the bed before I had him crushed against my breasts again, and from there it was only natural to push his head down, way down between my thighs. The first time his lips touched my cooch – it was a polite, inquisitive kiss – I nearly laughed from the excitement; I grabbed the back of his head and shoved his face into a less formal introduction to my vagina.

I wasn't just being selfish, either; he'd told me dozens of times how much he fantasized about going down on me – more than he fantasized about sex, he said. Who was I to deny him his fantasy? I'd expected him to be clumsy and clueless, and maybe a little reluctant when he found out what a woman smelled like when she wasn't in his fantasy world, but he surprised me. He was extremely eager but still tender, and attentive when I guided him with my fingers. I fell back into the bed with the kind of giddy relief you only know when you've gone without for years; I draped my legs over his shoulders and let

him just bury himself in me. If I needed a reward for the thousands of hours I'd spent luring and teasing and teaching this kid online over the last two years, this was it.

Trust me: I wasn't counting the minutes, but when I glanced over at the alarm clock and saw the long hand had moved halfway around, I pushed him away and told him he needed to breathe. I couldn't believe he'd been down there that long; I couldn't believe I'd pushed off coming and just let him lick me. If we were going to make love, though, it had to be before I was completely raw. We moved quickly; he had a pretty decent hard-on from eating me out, but it was fading and I couldn't get him hard enough to stay inside me, even after I pulled the condom off. Fuck! (Or rather, *no fuck!*) I climbed off – hopefully before his poor performance could turn to stage fright – and began licking him and sucking on him and using all the little tricks I thought might work, but he was a lost cause. He seemed more upset than frustrated, so I put on my calmest face and used my sweet voice. “What can I do, baby? What's going to turn you on?”

Oh, God! His embarrassment, his hesitation, was at the same time priceless and exasperating. “There's- There's one thing.”

“You can tell me. Do you need me to talk dirty? Do you need me to give you a blowjob?”

“Can you sit on my face?” He looked like he'd just asked to borrow a million dollars.

Despite my best intentions, my nose wrinkled. Not in disgust – quite the opposite; I was just surprised. “But is that really going to make you hard, Rick? I mean, it will make me wet as hell, but most guys need some kind of physical stimulation.”

“I don't know. But I think it will turn me on.”

“You know,” I said, my voice heavy with warning though I was already crawling up his chest to straddle him, “It's not going to be like the porn on the internet. I'm not some hundred-pound waif. If I really sit on your face – and that's what I'll do, I'll ride you like a bike – I'm heavy, and I'm soft, and you may not be able to breathe so easily. And I don't mean this to sound bad, but once I get going I'm not likely to care.”

He just grinned like a dope. I loved that my pussy did that to him. “I told you before, Kris – I don't want some bony pelvis punching me in the nose. I want soft and real. *Fleshy*.”

He *knew* that was my favorite word! A second later I'd swallowed his grin in my “fleshiness”, and all I could see were his beautiful blue-green eyes staring at me while I squirmed. I told him between heavy gasps to let me know if he needed a breathing break, and then I didn't worry about him again. I knew he'd started browsing porn since we'd first started chatting online, because he'd gone from being scandalized at the links I sent him to sending me porn links too, but I didn't expect him to be an expert. He struck the perfect balance between kissing and sucking and licking and holding the fuck still when I needed to grind down on his mouth. I glanced back once to see that his erection was back, as tall and straight as a flagpole, and glistening with pre-cum, but frankly I couldn't imagine why it had been so important for me to let him cum first. I bashed my clit into his tongue and squeezed my tits and groaned. I came finally, loud and hard enough to let all my neighbors know I was getting some, and gave his delighted face one more wriggle from my hips. Everything under his eyes was smeared with me, and he was panting like he'd just finished a race.

His cock! I slid back to grab it and squeeze it back to life, but the erection was bleeding out like a leaky balloon. Fuck.

I kissed away the dribble of pre-cum and gave his shrunken dick a testing lick. “Should I try to suck you off again, Rick? I don't care if you cum in my mouth – I just really want you to cum for me.”

“I don't think it's going to help. My- My balls are *really* starting to hurt, Kris.”

Fuck! Blue balls *and* impotent. I was starting to feel a little more sorry for him than irritated. I tried sucking on him anyway, but even if I could get him to swell enough to unshrive, he just wouldn't get hard enough to get inside me. After a few minutes, and after noticing his eyes starting to well up from the pain, I had to give up. I had the house to myself until after dinner – I'd planned on going a few

more rounds with him and teaching him a few things, or at least getting him to eat me out again – but it was so weird not being able to make him cum that when he said he should probably leave I just nodded stupidly and helped him get dressed and showed him to the door. I barely remembered to kiss him before he left. The poor kid walked down the stairs bowl-legged and wincing.

I should have tried talking him into jacking off in the bathroom, but I didn't think of it until he was already five minutes gone, and probably already on the freeway. Damn. I really didn't want it to end like that. I crawled back into bed and called his cell.

"Hey, Kristina." He sounded surprised over the road noise in the background. "Did I forget something?"

"Yeah, Rick. You forgot to cum for me."

"Look, I'm *really* sorry about that. It definitely wasn't you. I mean, you were--"

"Just shush and listen. I didn't call for an apology; I called to fix it. Put your phone on speaker or something, okay? Okay." I settled down into the still-mussed comforter on my bed and dropped my voice an octave and made it dusky – my phone sex voice. "Pay attention, because you've got to picture this. I'm laying in my bed, and I've got one hand holding my phone, but the other is down inside my panties. I'm touching myself, Rick. I'm imagining it's your tongue. I'm licking my fingers so they can feel wet like your lips. Oooh. Can you still taste me on your lips?"

"Kris – seriously. I'm really, really in pain, and I don't think it's going to go away until I can stop thinking about you. That's going to be hard enough as it is."

"Awww, that's sweet. But it's not going to go away until you blow your load, you big stud, and I'm going to make sure that's just what you do. I'd never forgive myself if you got into an accident driving home."

"In my pants?" There was some desperation in his voice, and I could barely keep from laughing.

"Hopefully! Mmmm... But there's a rest stop thirty miles down the highway from where you got on. *If* you think you can make it that far. I don't plan to let you." I cackled into my phone when he groaned. "So, where were we? Oh, right – I'm stroking my labia with one wet finger, imagining it's your tongue sliding up and down. Oh, I loved the way you ate me out, Rick. I can't *believe* you've never done it before – you're made for it. If you hadn't've run off so fast I'd throw you down into the bed right now, because I'm getting all wet again just thinking about your head between my thighs. I want to wrap my legs around your neck and squeeze and grind against your mouth until I cum so hard that my juices are dripping from your chin. It's better when I know that all you care about is my orgasm, Rick – it's all for me. I want to watch your pretty green eyes the whole time, 'cause I can tell that you're loving it. You just love to eat me out, don't you? Was it as good as you fantasized, Rick?"

"Better..."

It only took me a couple minutes before his breathing became heavy, then ragged and gasping, and I knew he'd made a mess in his pants. It was right then, when I was telling him that he did good, that he saw the sign for the rest stop.

"Well, perfect. Go on into the bathroom and clean up in one of the stalls. Nobody's going to look at you twice with all of the shit that goes on at rest stops."

"I think I'm just going to throw away these underwear."

"Awww. Poor baby. If it will make you feel any better, I'll ruin a pair of my panties thinking about *you*. I'll send them to you in the mail to prove it."

After that I would have been happy to have him visit every week until we got his cock-shyness straightened out, but it didn't happen. I moved down to Escondido a few months later, and he finally found himself a girlfriend. Believe it or not I was happy for him, and I stopped trying to get into his pants long enough for them to give it a chance. But that poor girl – he was so mixed up and embarrassed from our day together that I don't think he ever even worked up the nerve to kiss her. Judging by the emails

he sent asking for advice, she probably spent most of the time trying to figure out if he was gay or some kind of fetishy psycho. Toward the end, when it was clear to me that he wasn't going to be able to salvage the relationship, I finally sent him those panties in the mail: this silky, tiger-striped pair that were a dozen sizes too small for me, but I wore them wadded up in the crotch of my pantyhose for an evening of surfing porn. I didn't put a return address on the envelope, but later, after they'd broken up, he told me he could recognize my smell. *That* was when I knew then that I absolutely had to have him again.

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Tonight there won't be any mistakes – he is going to come, and I am going to take his virginity from him and keep it like a trophy. I told him as much, too – I told him I was going to take his innocence piece by piece.

I unhook my cape and toss it over the chair beside the bed. Maybe we'll play with it later. A flick of my heel throws the sheet back over the foot of the bed, letting me crawl down his smooth chest until my hands have wandered over the final gentle bulge of his belly and arrive at their prize. In a quick, possessive movement I scoop up his blood-thick cock and scrotum and hiss at him like a cat, curling my lips away from my teeth. Finally he can see the fangs that he's fantasized about for so many years, and the reaction is worth it. His face drains of color, and the penis in my head stiffens into a rod. I lower my mouth – my teeth – toward his penis while he whimpers.

Several years back, after I finally tricked him into admitting to me that he looked at porn (he'd better, after how many links I sent him), he linked me to this video of a vampire blowjob. I've watched it a hundred times since – I even have it saved to my cell phone – not because it makes me wet (though I can admit it is sexy in its own way), but because I want to study it. I need not only to *know* what turns him on, but to *be* it, if I want him to be mine. A lot of what the vampire actress does is with her eyes. That sucks for me, since my all-white contacts are backordered through next week and my eyes are just a muddy color of brown, but I make up for it with good, arching eyebrows and much sexier lips than that actress. I've been practicing, too. My daughter caught me one night, fangs in, carefully fellating a peeled banana when I thought I was the only one awake in the apartment. That was embarrassing. But now... I'm an expert now.

His neck arches back and his breath catches in his chest as I begin to nurse the soft mushroom tip at the end of his erection. When his eyes roll to the ceiling, I spit him out to hiss angrily, "Watch me!"

His eyes snap open – wide enough to show lots of white – and lock to my face.

"If I see you so much as blink, I'll bite." I bare my fangs again, and he loves it – at least to judge by his erection. Slowly, still fixing him with an accusatory glare, I lower myself those few inches to close my lips around his cock.

I think he's actually afraid I'll bite him; whatever it is, each time I glance up I see his eyes staring at my mouth and his own penis, and even though I don't make any effort to hurry his erection never softens. When I can tell he's almost ready to cum, I wrap my fingers around his balls and squeeze until he groans, flick my tongue all around his tip so he can see, and keep my fangs bared and framing his shaft. I see him struggling, wadding the bed sheets into ropes in his fists; the poor dear is trying to be *polite* and not come in my mouth. It's not hard to turn my laugh into an evil cackle. Just for effect, I add in a hiss, "Feed me!"

He explodes over my tongue, so I swallow quickly before I can taste the bitterness. I push him deeper into my mouth so I don't have to taste him again, then seal my lips around his shaft and suck. He gasps, and for a moment his cock surges and pumps, futilely trying to ejaculate again, but I continue to slurp and squeeze his head in the back of my mouth for minutes after he's got nothing left to give. I know full well the agony of pleasure this is putting him through; that's why I'm doing it. I silently forgive him closing his eyes this time; my ex cried the first time I did it to him, but after that he was *mine*. At

least for a while. Even though Rick moans and squirms and clutches at the sheets, I continue to suck and swallow until his cock has shriveled up to a fleshy knob, and then I still lick and nibble at his thighs. A vampiress is done when she's done, after all. By the time I slither up his body and thrust my tongue between his lips, the taste of his semen is gone from my mouth. He's not ready for that yet.

I hover on all fours over him, crouched down enough to let my still (amazingly) contained breasts drag against his chest. His mouth still hangs open from my kiss, and he has this expression like he's just realized what the whole world is about. "That was amaz-

I clamp my hand down over his mouth, and none too gently. My eyes flare; even without the contacts, I know the dark makeup makes them pop. "I told you not to talk." It comes out harsher than intended, but it gets his attention. "Nothing's changed. Talk again before I tell you to and we'll *both* regret it. Especially before I've had my turn." I loosen my hand from his mouth, but only to wedge my fingers – all four of them – between his lips and teeth and pry his jaw open. I fall on him and thrust my tongue into his empty mouth – it slaps against his lips and teeth like a flag flapping in the wind, then retreats as I lean back to lick my fangs and lips above his face, where he can see. It's ridiculously campy, I know, but I'm playing a character. The effect on him is completely worth it.

"I hope you're ready to impress me with your tongue, Rick. That was a tempting appetizer; prove to me now why I shouldn't move on to the main course." I've rehearsed my next line in my mirror in the other room, and repeated it so many times it was like a mantra. I know just how to bare my fangs when I'm saying it, where to put the inflection, when to hood my eyes. Somehow it still sounds corny when it rolls off my tongue and into his ear. "Eat me out or I eat you up." I nip his cheek.

His eyes go wide again, and that's just how I want to see them. I only have to scoot forward on my knees to pin his face between my crotch and the pillows, but I don't; I stop short. I should move quickly before he can say anything stupid, but I don't settle down against him just yet. Sucking a cock is fun enough, generally speaking, but it's not enough to make me wet; however, after the show I just put on for him I'm glistening. My pantyhose would be soaked if they weren't crotchless. I'm sure he can smell me, and I want see him reach, to stretch his tongue to taste me. I tease him, lifting my hips to stay just out of reach of his mouth. When he lifts head from the pillow, I grab a handful of the hair on the back of his head and smash him into my swollen mound. It's not until he's groaning in pleasure that I let go and grind him back down into the pillow, smearing myself all over his lips and cheeks. I press down on his forehead and mash myself against him until his face starts turning colors and I can tell he needs to breathe. I let him gasp, and I get a quick glimpse of his enormous grin before I mash down again.

I've never been this *nasty* before; I guess he's getting a piece of my virginity, too. I just want to *do* things to him, and it doesn't help matters that he's been tempting me for years now. He will be mine after tonight, but right now that's not enough – I want to mark him or scar him, something that can't be undone. I want to hurt him just a little bit, so he loves me for taking the pain away. I want to own him. I want to taste his cum again and not shirk away from the taste this time; it's my cum now. I pull his hair and channel all my lust into trying to devour his face with my thighs. I torture myself by pulling away to let him breathe again, and I let him lick me while I quiver with the anticipation of orgasm.

He's still so eager to bury his tongue in my crotch that it doesn't matter how inexperienced he still is; his enthusiasm makes up for any subtlety. I settle my hips again and rock over his face however feels best to me without regard for his comfort, and that only seems to excite him more. I lift up every so often to give him room because his tongue is nice, but the way he sucks on my labia when I let him – or even my clit – mmmh! Fuck!

I want to bite down on something. Normally I'd suck on his fingers, but with these fangs- No, I don't see any reason why I can't this time, either – that's the point of the fangs. It takes some awkward shifting to get his arm free from under my knee, but once I have his wrist in my hands I squeeze it, I dig my nails into it, and I lick all the way up his wrist and into the cup of his palm like his skin is candy. While his tongue and nose and lips grind beneath my mound, my tongue flickers around his palm. I nip on the

pads of his fingers, testing the strength of my fangs on his fingers. His fingers aren't calloused; the closest they've seen to hard work is holding a number two pencil through a long masters' exam. He moans at the pain, and his watery eyes plead up at me from between my thighs, but he licks harder and faster and more urgently, as if he thinks that's what I want. He should know better – I take what I want. I only want to bite him harder.

When I finally come – not one roaring orgasm, but dozens of little flickers spread out over several minutes – my teeth are buried in the meat of his thumb. Because I came down so gently I don't have to get the fuck off him like he's on fire, so even though I'm sure I'm done for awhile, I keep my cooch pressed into his face while I inspect the two purple dents I've made in his hand. I feel kind of proud of them, even if they're not permanent. I let my hips glide through smaller circles, like a racecar coasting through a victory lap after the checkered flag, and then I finally I slip back behind his chin and swipe away my sweat and gunk from his face. It's kind of gross and kind of funny, but he looks like a used Kleenex right now. "Mmm-hmmm-hmm", I giggle – a practiced, deep, breathy laugh that shows my fangs and hides my amusement at the state of his face – and I plop down onto his ribs. It would spoil the mood to grab a tissue from the side of the bed, so what I wipe away with my fingers I push into his mouth for him to suck clean. "I think that was more of a reward for you, but... Mmmm..." I rub a fingertip over his tongue, and my mind flits away to a fantasy of mine, of seeing him suck on my blue dildo after I've used it. No, he's not ready for that, either, and besides I didn't pack it. I swore that I wouldn't get myself off on this trip, even if I got so horny I had to rape him. *That* he's ready for.

Gazing back down into his teary eyes, I hiss. "You like my pussy?" It's not my favorite word, but it rolls out nicely between fangs and I know he thinks it's hot coming from my mouth. He nods, so I grab his face hard, squeezing his cheeks between my thumb and fingers until his lips purse up. "Say it!" I hiss, and I give him an angry glare. He looks worried, like he's not sure if he'd get in more trouble from talking or not. I could take it further, but I feel pity for him and relent. "This is the one time you get to talk, Rick. So make it worthwhile. Tell me how much you like my pussy."

"I love your pussy." How cute.

"It loves you too, baby. So you get a little break." I pat his cheek. "Roll over onto your stomach. Time for you to relax."

While he turns over beneath me (and tries not to throw me off him in the process), I let those long, red acrylic nails play along the sensitive skin at the small of his back, and I wonder if I've missed an opportunity to use with the nails while he was watching. Guys like him seem to have a thing for nails. I reach over to the nightstand and open that clamshell box; inside is a little silk bag that clinks in my hand. I press him back down onto his folded arms when he begins to glance up. "Shhh. I told you to relax." Inside the bag are my "dragon-claws". That's not my name for them, that's actually what they're called on the website. They're just long, jointed, silver talons that slip over the ends of my fingers, even over the acrylic nails. They seemed vampirish enough, but more importantly they were just a little bit S&M, which is the direction I wanted to turn his fantasies. These fangs might be good as a prop once, but there were a thousand things I could do if I tied him up. My little riding crop didn't get worn out by itself. I'd sprung for the full set of claws, since he's paying for the hotel, so it's a bit of a process to get them all on. Oooh... the way his skin tenses and quivers the first time I slide the tips of the cold metal down his spine is so delicious I wanted to lick him again, to suck the cold from his skin. But I don't. I have a better idea.

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One time, quite out of the blue, he'd made me extremely wet without even trying.

This was just a month or two after the time he came to my house. We'd been talking on the phone for half the night. (The prepaid phone cards he bought for us were some of the best gifts I'd ever

received. Even once it was just me and my girl in the apartment I didn't want the phone ringing in the middle of the night and waking her up, and I didn't yet have one of those fancy-schmancy cell phones with free long distance. Yes, I'm a little difficult, but completely worth it.) The conversation had turned, as it often did, to the afternoon we'd spent together (we got a lot of mileage out of those five hours), and I'd made us both come talking about it. My phone voice did more for him than his nervous stammering did for me, so I still had a night with my toys planned, but I like talking to him after he'd come. He was always freer with his little secretive fantasies afterward, freer with his compliments. Sometimes I wished I could sit him down in a room and get him high and see just what he would do when he wasn't so guarded or thinking with his cock.

That night he told me that sometimes he imagined being naked with me in my room again, and he could almost remember the feeling of my warm skin on his. I liked that too, I told him. But then he said that there was something more – that he imagined laying in my bed on his belly, maybe tied to the bed, and me biting his ass, and not just hard enough to bruise it but so hard that I really broke the skin. Ooooooh. He said he thought it was the kind of thing I might do, and even if he didn't like the idea of pain it turned him on thinking about me doing it. That made me quiver. I don't think he knew just how much it would hurt. Or maybe he did; he said he imagined me holding him down until I'd punctured the skin so he couldn't squirm away. He noticed me breathing heavily into the phone, and he didn't have to ask twice for me to gasp that I was gushing around my fingers, that he'd just given me a surprise mini-gasm. It was only three minutes of conversation, but I still remember that night when I need to get off. Why? Because he was absolutely right. That was *exactly* the kind of thing I would have done to him if I had a little more courage, and that he saw that hidden in me and it turned him on... Mmmm-hmmm.

I didn't bring it back up, and I'm pretty sure his little fantasy didn't include fangs then, but that's what I've had in mind since I started planning out this night. And that was before I knew just how much having these things glued in my mouth made want to sink them into something, *anything* soft and giving – fruit, my hairbrush handle, my pillow, my own arm. There was something about fangs that made me need to bite down, to feel flesh squish down to the bone between my teeth. There was something about his fragile, naive, innocence that made me need to hear him suck in his breath through a wince, to have him beg for a little pleasure to soften the pain. I knew that once I had his ass in my hands again I wouldn't stop until I tasted his blood on my lips. What kind of vampire would I be if I didn't?

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The tips of my new metal claws have already found his ass – the two marbled slabs of meat that are now mine – and he's squirming beneath my prodding and pinching and scratching, burying his hips in the bed cushion like he's fucking it. That is probably going to give him an erection again, and I'm helping by keeping my other hand between his legs, tickling his shriveled scrotum with my claw tips. When I kiss the red marks I've made on his ass cheeks, his squirming changes – he's not eager to escape my lips like he was the sharp metal, and when I lick his skin he holds perfectly still, like he's trying not to push back on my mouth. I might have thought he was cold and unresponsive if I didn't know him better; I know he thinks he's being *polite*, and it only makes it easier for me to abuse him. I wonder one more time if he remembers that night on the phone when he had me sopping; then I grab a handful of his ass and I bite.

He flinches and yelps, but the cry of pain isn't whiny so much as vulnerably sexy, so I bite harder. After all of my practice I thought it would be easier to break through his skin than it is; his flesh just dents around my fangs; I have to knead my jaw back and forth – to chew his ass while he kicks and whimpers – until I feel a little tear, a little penetration, and I can taste the bitter metal of blood swirling through my saliva. I make a big deal of slurping noisily and washing my tongue over his flesh, but the

wounds are so small they close in only a few seconds. The bruise that's forming around those little swollen holes, though – that will last him awhile.

I've swallowed his blood, and it's enough. The taste of it isn't any more appealing to my tongue than semen, but now he *knows* he's marked. He knows that he's mine. He watches me over his shoulder, and relief that it's over is plain on his face, so I lick my lips and cackle at him. I practiced the next line, too – I'm pretty convincing with the delivery. "You shouldn't have let me do that, Rick. Mmm... Now that I've had a taste of you, baby, how do you ever expect to get away alive?"

That makes his erection swell, so I reach my hand under him and grab it, stroke it with my metal claws while I kiss the two little wounds I've made. My other tooth-dents are disappearing from his ass, but his skin is turning a lovely shade of rose and probably smarts like hell. I bite him again – just hard enough to make him wince and raise a fresh trickle of blood from the wounds when my fangs find them. He said he doesn't like pain, but that's because he didn't know what it does to me. I'm not really a sadist; I don't pull the wings from flies and I'm probably the smiliest person in the state, but that he trusts me – and only me – to let me hurt him when he's so soft and young and vulnerable – not just trusts me, but *lusts* for me – makes me so wet that I think I might have an orgasm from sex.

That's not usual for me. I love intercourse as much as the next girl, but I can only orgasm from it under very specific conditions. And when those conditions come together and I cum with a penis in me – Trust me, it's *always* memorable. I'm getting hornier just thinking about it, so I forget his ass for a moment and manhandle him until he realizes I'm trying to roll him over and push him back so he's sitting against the headrest. This – the *position* – he remembers, or he damn well better, since I've described it to him about a hundred times. The first time was back when we were first chatting, back when I was still trying to figure out how to seduce him.

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It was way back when we first talking online. When I first met him, he was opening chat rooms with silly names like "Philosophy Dog – Ask Me Anything". He wanted to talk about religion and ethics and altruism, but I was a horny housewife tired of rooms full of "ASL?", so I'd stalk him just a little bit and ask him about his virginity. I asked him what he thought it felt like to be inside a woman. I laughed, and I told him that once he knew from his own experience – not just something he read in a book – it would change his whole perspective on the world.

He was cute, and he was frustrating. He liked to think he was Mr. Holy-on-the-mountain, but he was just a kid who wanted to be teased, who wanted to be titillated, who hung on every word I typed when I explained that I liked to wear my special satin bra because of how it felt on my nipples when I got excited. I got excited easily, I told him. It didn't take much – just a little kiss, or a little flattery, or a man's hand finding that spot in my back. Sometimes just putting on lipstick was enough. Sometimes the smell of cologne – or perfume. I told him that I got crushes on women almost as often as men and that I wasn't afraid to act on them. It was true, too – I wasn't just playing into the lipstick lesbian thing to give him a hard-on – but once he'd wrapped his head around that it gave me an excuse to talk with him about how women like to be kissed and touched, what they felt like and tasted like and smelled like. That's how I really got my foot in the door.

After I had earned the title of a chat-buddy (as opposed to 'stalker'), he would play along with me when I acted out. I'd tell him I was climbing into his lap, or that I was nuzzling his ear, or that I was hovering a hair's breadth from his lips so my breath and the electricity between our skin was the only kiss he felt. I chipped away at his resolve a little bit at a time, until he was playing back with me, too, at least enough to write that he was blushing or had his arms around my waist when I sat in his lap and squirmed. What he wouldn't do, though, was "cyber"; that was a hard line, he said, because I was married.

"In name only," I told him. That wasn't entirely true then, but it was as much detail as he needed.

"Names are important," is what he told me.

So I let that zinger lie and I made him my project. I had little flings in other chat windows to prevent an outright explosion of libidinous frustration, but in between I worked on him. It took me a month in our chat rooms to break him – a month of teasing and taunting until he finally started typing out that he was licking my nipples or (gasp) touching my "wet pussy".

He was *such* a virgin. The only details he gave me were reworked from what I'd already told him, and I'm sure his hands were trembling as he typed. I loved it; I loved chipping away at that wall he'd built around himself, even if he accused me of "corrupting" him. Online foreplay wasn't enough for me, though. Next I nagged him until he emailed me pictures of himself. He didn't know what a trap he'd stepped into; once I knew what he looked like, I could talk to him about his green eyes. I could describe pushing his brown hair back from his brow. I could type on and on about how I'd lick and nibble that long, awkwardly slender neck of his. (I kind of stepped into his vampire fetish before I knew it was there.)

It wasn't enough; I needed something more than words and pixels. I talked him into buying that first pre-paid calling card (the first of many) and emailing me the number. All day after I got his email I was giddy; my stomach flipped and churned like I was a high-school girl on her first date. Late at night, when everyone was asleep, I sneaked into the laundry room and called him. His voice matched his picture. Mine didn't; you'd never guess it, but my voice is breathy, and girlish in a sexy way – kind of like Jennifer Tilly, I've been told. I sat on the floor and leaned against the washing machine while it ran. The noise from the wash hid my voice from my husband in the bedroom, but more importantly the vibration in my lower back was enough to make me horny on its own. Rick wasn't doing anything for me; he'd choked when he heard my voice, and it only took me a moment to realize that popping his cyber cherry hadn't given me the free ride to phone sex. I had a hand down in my sweats just resting there – slowly, lightly tracing my labia while we talked about whatever – his college courses, my day at work – whatever. I don't remember the details; I just remember the frustration simmering up until I had to say something. "Have I told you," I asked him when the gap in the conversation was big enough that I could change the subject, "that I hardly ever have an orgasm with regular sex?"

To his credit, he rolled with it. "Yeah. On the computer." He added quickly, "But tell me about it again."

I grinned, because I knew I had him. I'd hooked him with my voice. "Well, that's why it's so nice that you like the idea of going down on me; I need some kind of clitoral stimulation for an orgasm – most women do – and it's hard to get that from regular sex. When some woman finally gets hold of you she's going to keep you down in her cootchie all day, 'cause most of the men I've been with don't that think they should have to go down on women. And that just means that they think I don't need an orgasm, but I do, Rick – I really do. But that's not what I'm talking about. What were we talking about?"

"I think having an orgasm from sex?"

I made him say 'sex'! I slipped a finger inside me. "Right. Now there are really only two ways I can have an orgasm when I'm having sex. You have to remember this, okay? There's a test later. The first way is to get me really, really horny. If I get that horny I just get kind of crazy, and there's no telling what I might do to you. The best thing you can do is just sit still and do whatever I tell you and hold on. But I've only ever been that horny when I was high, and I don't think you're ready for that yet."

I laughed, because he was starting to get really quiet, but his breath was getting heavier. "I'd do all sorts of things if I was high, or a little drunk – things you'd *never* forget – but I can get dramatic, too, and I want to make it easy for you when we meet. At least at first."

He snickered back into the phone.

"The second way is kind of hard, especially since you have a little bit of a belly and I do too, and in this case it doesn't help that you're tall. You'd have to sit up in a Lazyboy or something, and I'd sit in your lap facing you, which spreads my legs and lets me get really deep on you without trying. I'd need you sucking on my tits, and whichever one you're not sucking on I'm going to be squeezing the hell out of, at least when once we start getting close. You can't squeeze my tits because I need the fingers on both of your hands, Rick: a couple in my mouth, so I have something to lick and bite and keep my mouth busy; and one finger in my ass. Usually I like it better if you just kind of touch my asshole while you're grabbing my ass, but if I'm going to come and I tell you to stick your finger in there, you'd better do it. If I think I'm going to come and I do, it's going to be such a special treat for you. But if I don't, you'd better find somewhere to hide for the rest of the day."

"Wow – it's that big, hunh? Your orgasm?"

"That big. I remember every sex orgasm I've ever had. If I had an orgasm when we were having sex, it would change your life. You'd be my little slave if you made me come like that, and you'd love it." He chuckled into the phone, which I knew meant he was too embarrassed to agree out loud. He was kind of a dork, but if he had been there with me in the laundry room I would have jumped his bones. "Mmm... I'm all wet talking about it. I wish you were here so you could lick me. Orgasms from oral are still reeeally nice." I knew I was pushing it, but I needed something badly. I had a particular someone in mind when I was talking about men who didn't seem to think I deserved an orgasm, and he was in the bedroom.

"I'd love to lick you, Kris, more than anything."

Ooooh.... I quivered. "Then why don't you? Right now. You could drive up here in an hour and you wouldn't even have to come inside. I'll bring a blanket outside and you can eat me out in the grass all you want."

"You know why."

"He won't know. He wouldn't even care anyway. He has a girlfriend already." I could feel him slipping.

"It's the principal of it. It would be wrong, Kristina. For me. For me it would be wrong."

I harumphed through the phone and into his ear. "You could say I raped you. I probably would, too, if I saw you. I'd throw you down in the grass and just rape your little face until I came all over it."

I thought that would get a response, but all he said was, "Hmmm."

"What do I have to do, Rick, for you to let me touch you? I know you want it, no matter what you say."

"You have to be a vampire."

"Oh, I'll bite you; don't worry about that."

"No, I mean swoop down with a cape, and bite my neck with your fangs, and drink my blood. If you were supernatural, I'd have a good excuse. If you were a vampire, Kristina, I'd do anything you said."

"Is *that* all?" I was a little bit angry with him, but the frustrated longing in his voice was something I could relate to, even if he was too immature to understand that he needed a real outlet. Besides, I was too horny to let it bother me for long. I still had a nice little orgasm listening to him moan while we talked through our "what if" midnight tryst on the grass. I made him tell me every last article of clothing he was wearing so I could describe stripping it off of him. Just to get him back I took all of his clothes inside and left him naked outside in the grass in "what if" world.

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He stares at me – particularly at my lips and bared fangs – while I make the awkward transition to his lap to mount him. This is when being heavy can cost me; I'm not exactly a gymnast, and some guys get distracted by that. But his erection stays as hard as a plastic dildo – except for the spongy tip, which

swells up inside me when I slide down over him. Call me stupid, but I skipped the condom in favor of feeling the velvety, warm skin of his penis. When I begin to squirm and rock I can feel the swollen veins.

For a few moments we just make love. Finally!

I've earned it. I grind my hips back and forth slowly – each movement deliberate – almost like I would if I were riding his face; I squeeze when he slides out and relax when I take him back in. I push down until I can feel the base of his cock; I want him to fill me. I'm so wet that I can hear our movements slickering, slurping – even before I'm bouncing fast enough to slap against him.

The fangs are an aphrodisiac for him; they're a reset for his cock. Whenever I feel him starting to go soft, I only have to lick my lips or curl them back from my teeth and hiss, and he's as hard as wood again. I indulge us both and lick his cheek and nip at his ear before I remind him that he has responsibilities, too – I scoop up a breast and offer it to his lips. When I realize that I've given him something almost as exciting as the fangs, I drape my arms over his shoulders and slump forward to drown him in breasts that loom at the top of my teddy like a standing wave. I bounce and rock and squeeze, and I soak in his attention. I'll trade the calloused inattention of an experienced lover for his nervous fumbling any day; my girls deserve his kind of awed devotion. They deserve not to be taken for granted. This is worth every penny of the costume.

After a few minutes we're starting to sweat. My mind wants to drift off and give the night to my body, so I have to remind myself that this his virginity I'm taking. This night is one time that I can count on him remembering forever; it's the yardstick by which he'll measure every other woman he ever fucks. I have to focus and keep my head; I have a plan – a script that I've worked out for him to make it special. But I don't care; I can't care. I can feel it coming – I'm going to cum again tonight, if all of the stars line up, and if that happens by brain is just a back-seat driver. I grab my tits and squeeze, and those damned claws on my fingers dig in and really hurt. I know I'm really horny, though, because I gasp and moan in his ear and squeeze again. I knock his face away from my nipple so I can pinch it, then just as quickly shove it back between his lips and lean into his face. The stars are about to align, if only-

Mmm... Yes!

He remembers. His hands have slipped down past my hips to cup my ass, and his fingers are finding their way to my crack... It's the wrong direction, but I can fix that in a minute.

I grab one of his wrists before his both hands can smell like my sweating ass, and I drag his fingers back to my lips. I'm pretty sure all of the lipstick is gone (there's a tube waiting in the box on the nightstand, but this isn't time); this isn't the time for a show anyway – I'm not curling my tongue between his fingers so much as gnashing his knuckles between my molars until he winces, fucking my lips with his finger and biting again.

Once I show him how to wedge his hand under my thigh, he doesn't argue; his finger slips between my cheeks and finds the tight sphincter of my anus. "Not just yet," I whisper and I- I can't help it – my self-control just goes out the window since I'm having the first little quiver of an orgasm already – I slammed his wrist up against the wall and rape his mouth with my tongue. My thighs seize and I clench down on him until I'm sure my vagina is going to cramp. When I pull away I leave him gasping for breath, and I see a smear of red around his mouth. It's not lipstick; it's his blood. That kiss – my fangs – tore up his lips pretty badly – enough that I can see the blood beading... I don't care; his erection feels like a water balloon about to burst. Now my ass slaps against his thighs without reservation; it's trying to push down harder, to swallow the finger that's teasing the rim. I arch my back and yank his head down to the top curve of my breast, then roll my shoulder while his lips and tongue wander until he gets the idea I want his mouth back on my nipple.

It hurts when he sucks – almost as bad as my claws, but there isn't anything I want more. That's not true. My mouth is empty; it's starting to fill with saliva, but my jaws are aching to suck or bite something – and I'm tired of fingers. With his head tilted to the side and smashed into my bouncing breast, his neck is stretched out, so long and inviting. It glistens with sweat. The vein bulging out of it

reminds me of the one on his penis. I swallow and wet my lips, and I taste the smear of his blood that last kiss left on my lips. I look at the vein again.

I want it.

It's an uncomfortable stretch to reach his neck while he's still at my breast, but once I wrap my arm around him and pull him closer he's right where I need him. I brace myself against the wall with one hand so I can keep fucking him, then run the claws on the other hand into the hair behind his ears, where they emerge just enough to tease at his neck. My mouth waters. I yank his hair, and his eyes roll up to peer at me; he's grinning – he's loving it – every bit of the lust I feel is reflected in his face. God, I want him – not just this moment, but to own him, to keep him locked in a basement and make him my after-work sex-slave hobby like those nasty fuckers in the Bible belt. I get depraved when I'm having sex. My lips brush the taut skin of his neck; they don't want to wait for me to make a decision.

I know the dangers of biting his neck. I know about diseases, but I'm clean and he's probably sterile. I know where his jugular and carotid are. I can be careful. All this thinking is making my vagina hurt; I'm fucking him, for God's sake, and about to have the mother of all orgasms; what is my brain still doing in control?

Just one more thing, brain. "Rick..." I hiss in his ear. "In just a minute, I'm going to tell you to stick your finger all the way in." My tongue flicks his earlobe for a few moments while I breathe heavily in his ear. Sometimes I forget how much noise I make having sex, but that last round of moaning makes his neck flush pink. "No matter what happens, just hold on and *don't move* until I'm done coming, okay?"

He nods. His breath is heavy too, and I can tell he's trying not to moan in delight while I smother him in my breast. My head cocks at an odd angle; I feel like such a predator as I line up my mouth with curve of his neck. I can control myself enough to kiss him first, to brush his skin with my lips and wet it with the saliva welling in my mouth. I close my lips.

I'll leave a scar if I bit him here.

I don't care. No – I *do* care; it's exactly what I want. Oh, God, I'm so wet I can feel my juices dripping down to my ass around his finger. I can feel the quivering starting in my belly. I kiss his neck again and test my fangs on his skin – it's just a little nip. It's not like his ass – the skin on his neck is thin and sensitive. I can feel him tensing before I even touched him; just the electricity between us is enough to make him react.

My jaw aches with the anticipation the bite – it's like a yawn, except I just want to clamp down and gnash my teeth as hard as I can. But I can't. I can't bring myself to bite him. That he will let me hurt him is intoxicating, but to actually do it – really do it, and not just bruise his bottom a little... My tongue thrusts out again and traces down his smooth, graceful neck in frantic little flickers; it's enough to draw out the moment while I squeeze down over his cock to bring myself to that point where my body just takes control and does what it needs to. He moans into my breast still; he's completely lost in the experience. His hand squeezes beneath my cheek and a surprisingly eager finger presses at the resistance of my sphincter. *I'd do anything you want, he had said, if you were a vampire. I'd be yours.* Mine!

The walls of my vagina quiver. "Now!" I hiss, and as his finger slips into me I bite.

I guess I expected it to be like the movies; even after my experience with his ass I expected my fangs to sink into his flesh like they had the fruit. But his skin just stretches – even though he flinches and his moan turns into a squeal of pain, I feel like the best I'm doing is bruising him. He wraps an arm around me and squeezes against the pain while I chew on him; he clutches at the fat on the back of my arm, but I push him back against the headboard and grab him in return. He is *mine*, I'm not his. My orgasm is right there, so frustratingly close – like the air above an ice sheet when you've fallen through a frozen lake – and I can feel him hitting all the right spots inside me. His cock is throbbing. I rake at his skin again and again until his flesh is raw, and tears squeezed from his eyes are running down my cheek.

I can't believe he's so hard, or that I'm so wet I'm gushing and slipping around each time I buck. Each time I growl or pant or moan his cock throbs again, despite his swallowed sobs.

I'm losing it. I'm going to start calling him names; cursing like a dirty porn star. I pant into his ear and nip at his skin, and what comes out from my lips is perfect. "My brave boy," I hiss, around a fold of skin pinched paper-thin between my fangs. "Bleed for me!"

Suddenly I feel a different kind of friction, like a tear in leather. Blood wells behind my lips and fills my mouth in seconds. I don't care if it tastes like pennies, it's hot and mine – I swallow it greedily.

My hips erupt with the orgasm, and he comes at almost the same time; my channel fills with pump after pump of hot semen, just like my mouth fills with his spurting blood. My whole body burns like a volcano; the eruption in my belly overflows into giddy screaming into his blood-soaked neck. It's like shooting up; and my vagina squeezes the needle of his erection to get every drop it could. My lips do the same at his neck; I swallow again and again and begin to suck when the flow ebbs. Now that I'm past the initial shock of the taste, I can appreciate that it's more complex – there are sweet and salty and bitter undertones depending on how the blood washes over my tongue. I can feel his moans through my lips; they're a delicious vibration. My vagina clenches again at his softening cock; the sticky, warm semen seeps into his lap.

In the afterglow of the orgasm I can see the mess I've made; blood has spilled out of the corners of my lips and dribbled down my chin and his shoulders. When I suck at it and lick it from his skin, I just smear red all over him. He's still bleeding, though, so fuck it – I close my mouth over the wound and begin sucking again, as hard as I can. He whimpers, and the pathetic little sound – a sublime mixture of ecstasy and utter defeat – sends more afterquivers of orgasm through my belly and thighs and cooch. Even my ass is squeezing around his finger like it was trying pinch it off and have a piece of him, too. His blood isn't flowing as fast from his neck now, so I find the wounds with my fangs and dig away the blood clots, then tear the holes deeper and longer.

I've fucked a few men with strap-ons before, but penetrating his flesh with my teeth is so much more sexual – so dominant and arousing.

He's not fighting me; he just moans a little and hangs loosely in my hands, which clutch at his arms like talons. The silver claws have cut into his skin there, too, so without a second thought I twist his limp arm up to my mouth and slurp up what I can. His head lolls onto my breasts and smears them with blood; below us the pillows the sheets are stained crimson red, and I don't even know how many mouthfuls I've swallowed. But it's fine, because he is mine – finally all mine – and this is the best orgasm I'd ever had. I dig my talons into his arm to open the vein.

Once he's lost the last of his muscle tone I yank the claws from my fingers and suck on his neck again, fighting him for the trickle of blood while I rub out two more small orgasms before I can't get any more from either of us, no matter how hard I try. I am completely satisfied, and from the way the smile is fixed on his pale, unmoving face, so is he.

...Or that's the story I tell him, more or less. It's hissed into his ear a gasp at a time while I bruise his neck with my fangs. He comes so hard I can feel the streams of semen inside me.

And me? I do have the biggest orgasm ever. And I'm keeping him for a pet, I've decided, because he's better than a virgin now. He's mine.