

# Vagina Dialogue

**Bradley Stoke**



“You love the taste of cunt, don’t you?” Natasha remarked.

Julie removed her tongue from the thick lips and folds of her lover’s vulva, and smiled at Natasha, a thin trail of saliva on her chin.

“Yeah! Nothing beats it! It’s got the best taste in the world.”

“And my pussy? How’s that compare?”

“It’s good! Amongst the best. You’ve got a world class clit and I love the taste. No pussy-farts either!”

“You don’t like a burst of beaver wind?”

“Smells better than the toilet whiff of a pucker-hole,” Julie admitted, “but it’s not what I like best about a cookie.”

“You’re a bit of a connoisseur, aren’t you? How long have you been the expert?”

“Ever since I first looked up ‘vagina’ in a medical dictionary. The *labia minora* and *labia majora*. I know all the terms.” Julie gazed up at Natasha who lay on her back, supporting her weight on her elbows. “You like fingers in the box?”

“I like a bit of fisting, but not just now. I’m not lubed enough.”

“Pity,” said Julie, who nonetheless squeezed in a third finger to add to the two already inside Natasha. “I give good wrist. Nice and thin, see!”

“Very nice.”

“You don’t shave, but you’ve got a nice trim beaver. Reminds me of the first few I knew. No thatch to hide the golden valley. A few strands and sometimes a soft down: not like the muffs I mostly get to know these days.”

“You started early, then?”

“Soon as I could. I always wanted to taste and smell another girl’s quim. Your own is never enough. However much you diddle, what you get pasted on your fingers is never as rich as the taste of coochie on the tongue. First time was simpler than I thought. A girl’s knickers come down more easily than I’d feared. And the mound in the cotton seam was only a hint of the beauty inside the tight panties. I’d read D. H. Lawrence’s poem and I’d always liked figs. I didn’t expect a fanny to taste like one, though it does a bit sometimes, but the old goat was right. A cunny’s just like a ripe fig, except it’s not got the seeds. That is unless you’ve added to the flavour with a bit of fun from the fruit bowl.”

“You mean, courgettes and carrots and the like?”

“Sometimes a banana. Even a cucumber. Sometimes, a bit of improvisation in the kitchen beats a mail-order dildo or vibrator, even if the fruit’s a bit riper than you thought and it falls apart in the grip of passion.”

“Is it only minge you crave?” Natasha wondered, arching back as Julie eased in her last finger and pushed a wedge of fingers backwards and forwards in her increasingly lubricated orifice.

“What could be better?” Julie asked, as her tongue lapped on Natasha’s clitoris.

Conversation stalled as the two lovers became more physical in their affection. The only words expressed were short and generally fairly descriptive as their bodies entwined, while their fingers, tongues and vaginas battled together.

“Fuck. Fuck. Fuck,” Natasha gasped.

Julie’s cries were more guttural and more often than not muffled by her lover’s

vulva.

At last, but not for the first time that evening, Natasha reached a climax. The vowels of her cries stretched out and were clothed in a faint growl. Julie's own vocal contribution resembled more the sighs of the dying, though when she collapsed it was with a huge grin on her face.

"Nothing could be better," Julie finally answered, as she licked the juice off her slim wrist.

Natasha was grateful that her lover wasn't one of those women who insisted on wearing bangles or rings that could leave a girl sore for days to come. Not to mention those little cuts on the lips that bloodied the urine if you weren't too careful.

"You've never been tempted to the dark side?" Natasha wondered.

"Yeah. I've tasted dick. Haven't we all? Men are led by their balls and they can never say no. But however tasty the sausage or stiff the salami, it'll always be second-best to the joy of what's between the curtains. And, anyway, the one-eyed snake is quite simply the best a man can offer. The rest of a man's body you can keep. They're just meat-machines with a one-track mind. My doorway's open to all for anyone with the right key, but I prefer a porthole in exchange for my own. On a bad night when there's an itch that needs scratching, I'll take a man in preference to flossing with an electric muff-brush, but if there's pussy on parade I'm in there! I want my tongue on the button and my fingers in the pocket."

"You're not a cock connoisseur?"

"When you've tasted wine you don't willingly go back to shandy."

"If only all women felt that way!" Natasha sighed regretfully.

“More are tempted by the tender sex than you’d imagine,” Julie boasted. “But I guess it’s all a matter of taste. Meat and two veg make a filling meal, but I like a salad bowl with fish dressing. When I’m lying on the beach, it’s always the camel toes that catch my eye. I’ve never gone for the Lycra bulge. And for me, a good twat is just the best thing on a good package. I just melt like ice cream on a topless beach. All that nipple! Not to mention: thigh, navel, neck and tootsie. What can a woman of taste and discrimination do, but want to taste the goods on show?”

“Is it always easy for you?”

“Don’t you find it so?”

“Not always,” Natasha admitted sadly. “Sometimes my heart goes where there’s no hope for satisfaction. There are more women I’ve loved than there are women who would ever love me.”

Julie kissed Natasha affectionately. “A looker like you! You’ve just got to take the risk. Those little minxes that run scared? All they need is the right persuasion. You’ve got to be ruthless. And anyway if you want to taste muffin, sometimes you have to focus on the target and disregard the packaging. The best minge doesn’t always come with the best presentation.”

“I could never have sex with someone if I didn’t appreciate their whole body.”

“Then you’ve missed out on a lot. There’s as much variety between the legs as the rest put together. I love the lips. The outer ones that part and the inner ones that shudder. The long clits, the short ones, the stubby ones and the fat juicy ones. And the hair! Who’d believe that so many beavers were so bushy? I like a fumble in the forest. Fingers in the bush, tongue on the button, and nose in the bouquet. Beats finger-

fucking your own box.”

“So how do you choose the women you go after? Is it the smell? Is it the smile? Is it something else?”

“The eyes are what tell you whether you’re beating a path to an open door,” Julie said. “At least that’s what I used to think. Maybe I’m led by my nose. They say you can smell sexual desire even if you don’t realise it. But I admit I like a bit of a challenge. That girl at the club last week. Remember her?”

“The one I saw you go off with at the end of the evening? The short mousy one with glasses?”

“Yeah. She said she’d only gone to the *Cupid’s Alley* because her friend was gay, but you could see she was curious. When I got chatting with her, she kept squirming like she was really uncomfortable. But I could see she wanted to know what pussy hair tasted like between her teeth. It was the eyes, I think, but maybe it was the scent. I don’t know. But to get to know her better I had to keep telling her I wasn’t really interested in getting to know her that way. I said I just liked a chat. I even said I wasn’t really a muff-diver. Just bi-curious.”

“A bit deceitful, don’t you think?” Natasha remarked.

“You’re such a moral Minnie!” Julie laughed. “Anyhow, it’s not like I’m butch or anything. Most people think I’m as much a cock-fancier as any girl of the straight and narrow persuasion. The guys at work all assume it’s a man who tickles my tonsils on the bedsheets. So, little Daphne thought I was a safe proposition. And, when her friend went off with Annie and left her behind, and I suggested I go back with her in the taxi... well, she was eager.”

“Already?”

“Well, eager for a friendly face in the testosterone-soaked streets of Ealing. No one wants to be heckled by a moron in a baseball cap and trainers,” Julie said with a chuckle. “So, we got on a taxi and I persuaded Daphne to invite me back for a coffee in her flat in Tooting Bec.”

“And was it just a coffee?”

“Anyone fuckoffee?” Julie joked. “Well, there was coffee. But there was also the wine she had in the fridge, and I got her talking about her friend, who’s a girl who really knows the ropes, and she started going on about how she sometimes wondered what it was like, you know, being a lesbian or whatever...”

“It’s not all a picnic, you know,” Natasha remarked.

“Hey! Eating out in the open air beats everything!” Julie smirked knowingly. “Anyway I soon got round to saying, you know, that being sort of uncertain, which was a good tactic, that I often wondered what it was like myself, and what was it like to kiss another woman. And she sort of got round to thinking that maybe just kissing wasn’t such a bad idea. Although she’d probably not guessed how easily a bit of pecking becomes real tongue action and not just on the mouth...”

“She went all the way?”

“It was a bit of a struggle and there was nearly a whole bottle of wine needed to reduce those inhibitions, but yeah! She went all the way. But it was me who did the hard work. I tell you, though, it was worth it.”

“It was?” gasped Natasha, who was stroking the outer lips of her vulva in guilty arousal.

“She had a real bush. It came almost up to her belly button and right over her inside thigh. And within all that hair was the cutest little thing. Those lips had hardly seen any action to speak of. They were smooth and undamaged. Those inner lips had never been nibbled, I bet. Her little button was almost impossible to prise out, but I got my tongue under it and it swelled just like her puffy nipples. She had that strong smell I like, as well. Raw and pungent. She wouldn’t put her face in my toy box though, but I could tell she liked the feel in her own pleasure chamber. She gasped just like a little girl. Brought back memories of my schooldays in the girls’ loo, I can tell you!”

“She turned a hundred and eighty degrees, you think?”

“Scarcely. She got all weepy and angry afterwards. I had to get another taxi home. But I’d had my fun.”

“Was it fun for her?”

“What a question!” Julie said with mock indignation. “It was worth it, though.”

“Are all your conquests like that?”

“Not the easy ones. Usually a night at the *Cupid’s Alley* or the *New Inn* on a Friday or the *Crescent Moon* is a bit predictable. There’s a lot of pussy on the prowl and it doesn’t take much effort to snaffle snatch. But it’s always better when it’s not a foregone conclusion. The fur tastes better after a bit of a fight. The best is when it’s unexpected. Like at work, for instance.”

“At work? You mean at the office? Are there a lot of lesbians who work in advertising?”



“There are certainly a lot of women who work in the biz. There was a gorgeous one who worked in the section that deals in those wanky three inch by five ads for newspapers. You know: those ads for machine tools and language guides. Fuck knows what a babe like her was doing in the most unglamorous niche in the industry...”

“As opposed to...?”

“I work in television advertising. The fucking crème de le crème. Only the top-paying clients come my way! Anyway, she was one of those girls who don’t know how fucking gorgeous she was. She dressed like she’d only ever bought her clothes from Oxfam and she never wore make-up. But, fucking hell, she was the head-turner from heaven. And believe me, I was in there straight away. Of course, I’ve got an edge on the men when it comes to top-notch tottie. Men are just fucking useless. They’re more expert with dogs than with the real deal. So, it was easy for me to become like her best friend at work. Every lunch break, every fucking coffee break, even the bloody loo breaks, I was there.”

“She sounds very nice,” mused Natasha enviously.

“Soon we were going out together in the evenings. Cinemas, wine bars, even the fucking opera. She likes all that shit. The things you do for love! She fancied herself a real aesthete. But it wasn’t her views on fucking Puccini or Verdi that I was after. And eventually, after longer in the wine bar than she generally liked and a few girlie kisses, I got her knickers down. Fuck! She was nervous. But I pretended I was just about as green as her. I guess she wasn’t able to recognise the signs, even when I met an old girlfriend at the Covent Garden Opera House of all fucking places.”

“So did she like it?”

“Not as much as me, that’s for sure. And the one time was all she wanted. Our friendship at work just came to a sudden death. At least she didn’t slap me like some ungrateful bitches have done. But that hole of hers was well worth the digging. Not much hair, and what she had there was as blonde as what she’s got on her head and straight over her shoulders. A lot more curly and wiry, mind you. And her clit was a gem. Not too long, but easy to get at. Parting the ways was harder. Fucking Moses had it easy! These lips were a real struggle to get into, but the tongue as always smoothes the path. She’d had boyfriends, she said, but none of them spent much time down there. I guess she let their willies do all the work. I’m sure she liked it, but she never let me stay down long enough.”

“Did she taste any of what you have to offer?”

“Sadly not. She nibbled my nipples, chewed on my tongue and stroked my bush, but she wouldn’t bring herself to reciprocate in kind where it really matters.”

“Sometimes it works better when you skim the surface rather than dive in deep.”

“You think so? I prefer a bit of real action. The best sex is when the woman you’re with knows exactly what to do with her hand and mouth. Mine’s a pussy with a real war record. I’ve had some of the best tongues in the business inside these lips.”

Julie opened wide her legs and stroked the gash inside her labia. She let her middle finger curve inside and gasped with the excitement. Natasha watched, but didn’t touch, although it was obvious that there’d be no resistance if she did.

“What do you think of my little treasure?” Julie asked.

“I’m not as expert as you,” Natasha admitted. “I’ve known a few, you know, but often it just doesn’t seem right to spend so much time down there. I think there’s so much more than a vagina to a woman.”

“Maybe,” Julie mused, but clearly not convinced. “I like mine. When I’m lonely or between long-term lovers, I give it as much attention as I can. Apparently, there are women who don’t masturbate at all. Poor dears! They don’t know a fucking thing.”

“I’ve had lovers who’ve never done that. It’s weird. All men do it, I hear, but women... Perhaps it’s the company they crave...”

“Fuck that! But no way is solitaire as good as a game for two. Or even three or four.”

“You’ve done that?”

“Often. Or as often as I can. Two tongues on a tootie is like double the pleasure. There was another girl I made love with who was a bit unsure. But me and Nessa, we worked together on that one.”

“Nessa? She’s the tall girl with the short hair, isn’t she?”

“Once she shaved it all off. Tongue on scalp, slit sliding on stubble, it’s fucking magic! I fucking love her. And we’ve made love more often than rabbits in the spring. But we both had the hots for Harriet. You know her? A femme from the *Cat’s Cradle* who used to live with Sylvia?”

“I know Sylvia. She’s as butch as a motor mechanic can be. But Harriet...? No, it doesn’t ring a bell.”

“Well, Harriet thought of herself as strictly a one-woman woman. But when

Sylvia started to play the field, we could see that Harriet didn't like it one little bit. You'd love Harriet if you knew her. She's a bit like the tottie you tickle. Slim, petite, and with more freckles than the stars at night. So, me and Nessa, our minds were like focused the same way. But rather than fight, we worked together. I did the moves, while Nessa stayed in the background. She knows I'm the one with more of the charm that sways the uncommitted. I made a note of Harriet's habits and made sure I was the one at the bar when she bought the drinks. It wasn't long till we were seeing each other in other places than the usual clubs. She kept on saying she was still faithful to her butch belle but with Sylvia doing the rounds, it was obvious she wanted to demonstrate that two could play that game. What she didn't expect was that three can also make a parcel."

"You mean: you and Nessa?"

"Of course. It was what we agreed. I'd got Harriet down to her bra and stockings, when, as we'd planned, Nessa made a show. And by then, little Harriet was pinned down. She'd gone too far by then, having swigged enough of my whiskey, not to accept the inevitable when Nessa slipped off her jeans and blouse. And Harriet's minge was a jewel. I don't know what Sylvia used to do with the girl, though I can guess having had my own taste of her technique, but Harriet's lips have seen action. She might've been a one-girl girl, but she's known more fist than a velvet glove. We both got our fingers well inside. In fact, we got as far as two fists in at the same time. That was a fucking first!"

"Sounds painful."

"I'm not sure she really liked it either, but when it's two on one, it's difficult

to say no. And she shaved it as well. A lot of femmes do that. More fucking feminine, I guess, though I suspect it's something to do with that sub-dom stuff a lot of them are into. It's like a femme wants to be more a girlie than a straight sister could ever be. But there's a difference between playing the game as to having it for real. And I can tell you, whatever we did to little Harriet, it was definitely for real!"

"It sounds a bit cruel," sighed Natasha, moving slightly to one side on the double bed she shared. "Exploitative, in fact."

"She loved it! Well, she squirted like a cow giving milk. I got a bit of cunt juice right in my eye. But once was enough for her. And it wasn't long after till she left Sylvia for good, not that the butch bitch noticed. She's got into other stuff than just minge. And I've no idea what's happened to Harriet. She doesn't go down the *Cat's Cradle* any more. Or anywhere else as far as I know."

"Perhaps group sex isn't what she wants in her love life."

"Well, pity her."

"So, there's been quite a few women you've seduced in one way or another?"

"Seduction's what it's all about!" Julie boasted. "The chase and the pursuit is what make it all worthwhile. And with the rewards on offer, you can't help but binge on what's in the sweet shop. The girls I've known. Fuck me! (And, please, I mean that literally). There was Donna from Marketing at work. Slim and silky. And her vertical smile was a grin as wide as you'll ever see. She even had one of those weird porn star pillar-box pube shaves; although she said it was just to keep her bush under control. She was a girl who found a new lease of life. I felt like fucking Santa Claus: bringing her the best present a girl and her snatch could ever hope for. If only all girls saw it

that way.”

“Are any of your conquests less than enthusiastic about the Sapphic option?”

“I’ve had some slap me. One really lay into me when she woke up after a night of too much wine and, as far as I was concerned, not nearly enough sex. I had bruises on the shoulders and breasts for weeks after! Most women are just a bit confused if they hadn’t known what a girl can do for another girl before. Okay, it’s good to go for a woman who knows the game and plays by the rules, but if you really want to savour cunt you’ve got to play a wider field. I’m a woman who knows what she wants and I’ll do whatever’s fucking necessary to get it.”

“I see,” remarked Natasha, who looked distinctly uncomfortable as she spread out on her lover’s cotton sheets.

“So what do you think?” asked Julie, with a self-satisfied smirk.

“You’re a woman who seduces other women just so you can taste fanny butter. A woman who mostly loves women for the taste of quim.”

“Yeah?”

“I think that it’s you who is the real cunt!”