

I LOVE LESBIANS

Part 2

I had enjoyed a unique and unexpected experience with my two lesbian housemates, and I had no idea it, or anything like it, would ever happen again. I could hope, of course, and I could recall every moment in my mind.

The two women had included me in a delightful experiment in which my cock was sandwiched between them, with orgasmic results, even though I had penetrated neither of them. I would gladly repeat that experience any time Catrina and Eileen wanted me to.

Because our work and sleep schedules differed, It was not until Saturday, my day off, that I saw them again. I woke up just before noon and got ready to go out for coffee and breakfast, but when I came out of my room, Catrina asked, "Coffee?"

"Sure!" I said.

"How do you like your eggs?"

"Ova easy."

Catrina laughed. She poured me a cup of coffee and started frying eggs. "Muffin?" she inquired.

"Yes, I enjoy muffing," I said with a grin.

Catrina smiled, and said "I'll just bet you do."

Just then the front door opened and Eileen walked in, carrying two bags of groceries.

"Hi, honey, I'm home." She put a few things away, fried herself a couple of eggs, and sat down to eat.

"Because of our shifts, we don't see you very often," Catrina began, "But we want you to know how much we enjoyed what we did last week."

"So did I", I said.

"Catrina and I have always been lesbians," Eileen said, "But not because we hate men, or find them repulsive. Our lust and love is mostly for each other, and sometimes other women, but we like you, and find you appealing."

"Lots of men are attractive," Catrina said, "But as soon as they show that male-supreme predatory attitude that most of them have, it's a major turnoff. Men like you are hard to find."

"And now that we've found you, we want to play with you," said Eileen with a grin. At that statement, as a "hard to find" guy, I began to find myself hard.

"I like being playful, and being played with", I assured them.

"Licker?"

I thought she said, "Liquor", and replied "Just beer, usually." Both of them laughed, and I suddenly realized why. "Sorry, I didn't see how you spelled that. Yes, I'm a licker. I love to taste and please a woman with my tongue. I think I enjoy that as much as both of you probably do."

“We might want to put that to a test”, Catrina said with a delightful giggle.

Eileen asked a direct question. “Owen, would you like to lick our pussies?”

It was not a question that I would say “no” to, and I didn’t. She said, “It’s not a contest, or anything like that. We just think it would be nice to feel a male tongue for a change.

Catrina giggled. “It might teach us to be bilingual.”

Eileen grinned and winked. “Come with us to the tasting room,” she said, stepping toward their bedroom. I followed, and as we approached the door, they were already getting naked, tossing shirts and panties aside.

As they hopped onto the bed, I asked, “Would you like me naked too, or should I be dressed for dinner.?”

“By all means, join our nudity,’ Catrina invited. I quickly complied, and my protruding arousal indicator was pointing firmly upward. I wasn’t sure what was in store for it this time, but that could wait. In moments, the women had arranged themselves. Eileen was laying on her back, thighs apart, and Catrina’s pussy hovered over Eileen’s face. I licked my lips in anticipation. Then I licked Eileen’s. They were instantly glistening with her moisture, and as delicious as I expected.

I love performing cunnilingus. The flavor, the aroma, the sunset-pinkness, the unique flower-like beauty, are beyond compare. It is an intimate encounter with the very center of creation itself. And, I love giving the pleasure that it makes possible, enabling me to sustain and/or repeat it almost indefinitely.

I didn’t want to rush it. I placed a lingering wet kiss on on the tender skin of each of her thighs, then gently parted her outer labia with my fingers, tracing them with the tip of my tongue. Pausing for a moment, I licked firmly between them, tasting her sweet juices as they began to flow freely. I heard a soft gasp, and felt a subtle quiver in her thighs. A few more strokes and pokes with my tongue, and my face and beard were wet with her nectar. I could see her inner lips turning a deeper, rosy pink. I knew that her clit was craving for attention, so I circled it with my tongue, then gave it a kiss.

“Mmmmm”, she said. I slowly started to lick it, gradually speeding the rhythm-- around it, then right on it.

Her own tongue, I knew, was tasting Catrina’s pussy, and I briefly wondered if her flavor might be subtly different, but finding out could wait. I was fully immersed in the task at tongue. Not concerned with how quickly Eileen’s orgasm might come, I was deeply enjoying the pleasure her tender flesh, her feel, scent and taste that overwhelmed my senses.

Pleasuring a pussy is not a predetermined process. It is a frontier to explore, guided by the moans, squeals and sighs the licker hears. Eileen’s hand on my head and the motion of her hips were further clues I was on the right trail.

I could also hear Catrina's response to Eileen's licks and to the erotic sight of her lover being pleased by another: me. It was a chorus of lovely sounds.

The tension was building in Eileen's soft but firm thighs. Her breathing deepened, her moans became louder, and her pussy even wetter. It was time for a finger, then two, to slip inside as I licked and sucked on her clit. Curling them gently upward intensified her response. A loud, long squeal and the squeezing on my fingers inside her told me she'd arrived.

Catrina bent forward and planted a kiss, partly on my lips and Eileen's clit at the same time. Eileen giggled, and said "Mmmm, that was good. You're a fine lick, Owen."

"Thank you," I said. "It was my pleasure."

Catrina smiled and said, "Being a lick, I know that you mean that." She repositioned herself next to Eileen, thighs widely spread, pussy pointed toward me. Eileen had given her a head start, but she was eager for more. Hers was a paler shade of pink, and delightfully dripping wet.

Eileen had been slightly spicy; Catrina was simply sweet, and just as delicious. She started quivering at first lick, which I followed with many more. Immediately she started softly moaning and breathing faster. Eileen sat up and watched, grinning and massaging her own breasts. Catrina's hands were on my head, as if to make sure my tongue didn't stray from her wet pussy. Her excitement was intensifying. I slipped two fingers inside her, stroking and curling my fingertips. She gasped and then squealed. She didn't have to say, "I'm coming!", but she did, as my fingers were squeezed in her love tunnel. I slowed my tongue-strokes and kissed her clit firmly.

Taking a few deep breaths, she said, "You did good, Owen."

I looked up at both of them and grinned, stroking my pussy-juice-soaked beard. All three of us sat up on the bed facing one another. The women noticed my erection reaching skyward from my lap, and though they had made no promises, both of them reached for it, fondling and stroking it. As I gazed at the two delicious bodies and their smiling faces, I knew their handwork would soon turn on my fountain. They began taking turns, stroking it faster, watching with fascination and anticipation. Though not accustomed to cocks, giving pleasure came naturally to them. They stroked their own pussies, lubricating their soft hands. I said, "Coming soon," and then I did, intensely. Four perfect round breasts were quickly sprayed with my semen.

Both women squealed and giggled at the culmination of their efforts. I leaned toward them and hugged them both. Eileen said "That was fun! We've never done that before." "You might say we were hand-job virgins," Catrina said with a grin.

I said, "I'm happy to have been your first. I know you're both attracted to women, not men, but what did you think of the experience?"

"You lick pussy just like a woman. And that's amazing, since you don't have one of your own," Eileen said.

"I agree. That was wonderful," Catrina commented. "And then we wanted to return the pleasure, which I hope you enjoyed, because we had a lot of fun doing it."

"Enjoyed would be an understatement. You two are a very erotic experience."

"Care for another taste? Or two?"

"I would love that." Almost instantly both women laid back on the bed, thigh to thigh, legs spread wide, presenting me a choice of rosy pink pussies, glistening with the moisture of arousal. I felt like a hovering hummingbird over flowers dripping with dew, their scent of sweet nectar calling me in.

Catrina came second the first time, so I dove into hers, my tongue landing between her labia, slowly licking toward her clit, savoring her sweetness along the way. When I got there I gave it a kiss and circled it with my tongue-tip, and her sighs and murmurs of pleasure began.

Eileen turned a little so she could nibble on Catrina's nearest nipple. I reached over to caress her upper thighs, feeling the wetness of anticipation.

It didn't take Catrina long. She gasped and squealed with delight. "Oh, that was a good one," she said.

"My turn!" Eileen announced, spreading her legs wider, one of them crossing Catrina's thighs. I zeroed in, tasting Eileen's slightly spicier flavor, as she enjoyed the wriggling of my tongue in all the right spots. Catrina watched and returned the favor of nipple-nibbling. Already wet, Eileen got much wetter. I slipped a finger in and curled it back a little. I had barely gotten started when her pussy tightened on my finger and her thighs tensed a quivered. "Coming!" she said. A couple of minutes later she said, "Thank you for the O, Owen."

"I'll bet you'd like to fuck," Catrina said, "and if our...sexuality were different, we'd probably do that. But the closest thing we're comfortable with is that slide-between that we did last time."

"Sure," I said, "I love to fuck. But I also love to eat pussy. Giving pleasure is just as great as getting it. And you two are so much fun to be with and play with, I couldn't ask for more."

"Sometimes," Catrina began, "Not asking for more might be part of the reason you get more."

My curiosity was obvious from my raised eyebrows. Eileen grinned, and looked like she was about to explain, when there was a knock on the door. "That would be Andrea," Catrina said. "She's a friend of ours, and she wanted to meet you." Eileen went to let her in. All three of us were still naked. Andrea wore a pair of denim cutoffs, and a sleeveless blouse that didn't quite cover her navel. I could see the shape of her braless breasts and erect nipples beneath the thin fabric. She had a mischievous grin, and curly

blonde hair. Her eyes were blue; they were not looking at my face, but watching my erection grow and point upward.

“Owen, meet Andrea,” Eileen said. “We’ve told her all about you. She’s bisexual.” Andrea giggled softly and said, “Happy to meet you, Owen, and thank you for the compliment.”

“I meant every inch of it,” I replied.

Andrea said, “I like to come over and play with Catrina and Eileen often, but they know I like men, too. I enjoyed hearing about their experience with you, and about the way you respected their boundaries in erotic encounters. It made me want to get to know you.”

“Have a seat, and make yourself comfortable,” Catrina invited.

“I appreciate the informal dress code,” Andrea said, quickly pulling off her blouse to reveal two lovely breasts. Then she unbuttoned her cutoffs and let them slide down her shapely legs. There were no panties. Her pink labia appeared moist.

Eileen said, “Owen loves to eat pussy, just like we do.”

Andrea commented, “I know how much you two enjoy it, so I’m excited to hear that.”

I noticed that Andrea’s pink pussy-lips now looked moister than they were before. I looked her in the eye and said, “Andrea, you look delicious.” She was sitting on the edge of the bed, her thighs spread invitingly apart. I knelt on the floor, and dove in for a quick lick. She was indeed tasty. I was not inclined to stop licking anytime soon. She took to being licked nicely; her wiggles, sighs, and whimpers signaled building pleasure. Eileen and Catrina were playing right next to us; Eileen had Catrina well on her way to orgasm.

Andrea emitted a loud squeal. Then she said, “Oooh, you’re good at that.”

Between licks Eileen said, “Yes he is, isn’t he?”

Catrina’s muscles tensed, and her pussy tightened on Eileen’s fingers. “So are you, woman! That was a good one,” she said. The four of us formed a wriggling pile of naked flesh, each of us embracing at least two others. We stayed that way for several minutes. Then I felt a hand squeeze my cock, which was as hard as it had ever been. The hand was Andrea’s. She rolled on top of me, her perky nipples pressing on my chest. I felt hot moisture just below my navel, slowly sliding downward. That was Andrea’s well-lubricated labia, about to connect with the tip of my cock. When it did, she slid quickly down it, squeezing me inside her. We rolled, putting me on top of her, pulling back, thrusting in, faster and faster. Only part of the force of the motion was me. She was humping back with equal passion.

I was aware we were being watched intently, Eileen on one side and Catrina on the other, each excitedly fingering her own clit. That added to our own arousal. “I’m cumming!” Andrea gasped. I knew I was about to, and when I heard her murmur “I’m on the pill,” I let go, squirt after squirt inside her.

Almost in unison, Catrina and Eileen said “Wow,” and began pressing and humping against Andrea and me. It was intense.

Andrea gave me a passionate kiss and said, “Good licker and good fucker. I’m gonna want more of you.”

Eileen said, “We might not be into fucking, but it sure is hot to watch.”

Andrea said, “Thanks, you two, for inviting me over.”

Catrina grinned. “Thank you for coming.”

I grinned. “Sex and puns-- great combination.”

Andrea giggled and dove for Catrina’s crotch and started licking.

“Good idea,” I said. Eileen was lying right next to her, so I went for a closeup, savoring her delicious juicy pinkness. I licked and sucked her clit as she gently humped back onto my face. She was getting juicier and excited, which was turning me on. Andrea, enthusiastically licking Catrina, wriggled her soft round butt against my thigh.

I twisted slightly, and she could feel my hard cock poking her. We both kept licking, but twisted our lower bodies until I was pressed firmly against her shapely ass, her thighs parted just enough that my hard cock felt the slippery wetness of her labia. It twitched involuntarily, as if knocking on her door to paradise, requesting entry. That request was quickly answered when Andrea twerked her butt and drew me inside.

With mutual movements, I glided in and out of her superbly lubricated snatch, not too slow, not too fast, a pleasure neither of us wanted to end. We didn’t miss a lick, as the panting and squealing from our tongues’ targets attested.

Our hosts went from peak to peak, in a mounting range of pleasure.

Finally they’d had enough, and scooted back, watching us still fucking. Andrea rose to her hands and knees. I started thrusting harder and faster. The sound of wet slapping flesh filled the room, along with squeals of pleasure from Andrea. Her last squeal turned into a scream, and she fell forward onto the bed, causing me to slip out of her just as I was about to shoot my load of semen.

Instead, I spurted it onto her back and onto Catrina and Eileen as well, who had been sitting close by, watching us. They laughed, and Andrea sighed contentedly.

Then Catrina and Eileen began wiping droplets of cum off one another playfully and tasting it off their fingertips, giggling. “You two sure are fun to watch,” Eileen said.

“I could say the same about you two,” I replied, grinning.

Andrea sat up and smiled. “A beer would taste good about now.”

Catrina asked, “One for everyone?” She headed for the kitchen.

“This has been a great day,” I said. “Here I sit with 3 beautiful naked women, and we’re all having a good time.”

“We’re like a team,” Andrea said, “Playing together like a well-lubricated machine.” She giggled. “Owen, I like the way you give a lick, and give a fuck. I mean that literally, and also that you care about how we all feel, not just yourself. Some guys think they have to dominate, and be the star of the show. But you accept and treat us all as equals.”

“I agree,” Eileen commented. “That way we’re all free to play our parts,” She grinned, and added, “And rub our parts together.” She reached over and gave my sticky dick a squeeze. It was still softly resting after its recent workout.

I liked that she felt free to do that. I looked at Andrea, who was smiling. “I’m really glad you came,” I said.

She giggled. “Which time? Owen, I really enjoyed you. I think my sister would like you, too. I’ll bring her next time.”

Just then Catrina announced, “Wow, I didn’t know it was so late, and we have to go to work tomorrow. This a been a lot of fun, but it’s time to sleep now.”

Andrea started gathering her clothes and putting them on. Before she left, she kissed me softly. I said, “See you next time, then.” She grinned and nodded her head.