

I LOVE LESBIANS

I rented a room in a house from two lesbian women, never expecting that we'd share any sexual activity. One day they proposed an intriguing activity; a unique sexual sandwich that delighted the three of us.

The next week they introduced me to their bisexual friend, Andrea. We four played. Before Andrea left, she said, "I think my sister would like you, too. I'll bring her next time."

Though they were a confirmed lesbian couple, my housemates and I became good friends, and I enjoyed helping them explore their curiosity about men, while respecting their preferences. The following week they introduced me to their bisexual friend Andrea, who said, "I think my sister would like you, too. I'll bring her next time."

PART 3

Andrea's promise had stimulated my imagination all week, waiting for the next day Catrina, Eileen, and I had off together. My lesbian housemates could be plenty of erotic fun on their own, but I'd found that more is merrier.

Either the sounds or the scent of breakfast being made woke me around noon. A few minutes later I heard Eileen call out, "Owen, coffee's ready!" I put on a pair of shorts and stepped out of my room. In the kitchen, Catrina was pouring coffee while Eileen scrambled eggs. Both of them were completely nude. They looked delicious, and I told them so.

"Thank you," said Eileen. "We thought you wouldn't mind our informal attire.

"You were right. That's a great way to start the day." We drank coffee and ate breakfast. Catrina was spreading some jelly on her toast when a blob of it dripped into her lap, landing just below her navel. I politely offered to clean it up, and Catrina, grinning, turned her chair toward me. I dove for the sticky spot and licked it thoroughly. Just in case I missed some, I kissed my way downward to her pink labia and ran my tongue between them. When my tongue caressed her clit, she said "Ooo. I think you've got it."

I knew if I continued, we might not finish breakfast. I wouldn't want her eggs to get cold. I sat up and took a sip of my coffee. "Do you two have any plans for after breakfast?" I inquired.

Eileen said, "As a matter of fact, we do. You are invited to join us, but there is a dress code."

"I'll be happy to comply," I said. I stood up and removed my shorts. I sat back down. Both women had noticed the erection inspired by their lovely nudity.

"We thought it might be fun to play with some flavored massage oil we bought recently," said Eileen. "Do you think you might enjoy that?"

I was sure she knew my answer, but I nodded anyway. We adjourned to the bedroom. There was a vinyl cover on the big bed. A large plastic bottle was laying in the middle. The two women hopped onto the bed, bouncing playfully. As I joined them, Eileen opened the bottle and dribbled some oil on Catrina, and began to caress her oily butt. I reached out and did the same on her other cheek. The firm rounded flesh felt extra sensual in my hand with the slick lubrication. I picked up the bottle and squirted some on Eileen's chest. She laid back on the bed while I began spreading the oil over her breasts and belly, using both hands. She clearly enjoyed the sensation, wriggling sensuously as I kneaded her firm tits and erect nipples.

Meanwhile Catrina grabbed the bottle and gave me a squirt which landed on my belly button. She followed up by spreading the lube downward, slickening my dick and gently massaging my balls. She slid her hands up and down my hard shaft, feeling it throb and twitch at her touch. Eileen got up and pressed her chest against my back, massaging me with her firm oily tits and erect nipples. I reached behind me and probed between her legs, finding that her pussy needed no added lube. My finger slid in easily. I pulled out and slid my fingertip across her clit, and felt her quiver in response.

Catrina moved closer, pressing her breasts against my chest. My cock was sandwiched between our bellies. The three of us were getting much pleasure and fun from sliding skin against oily skin. I remembered the lube was supposed to be flavored; it smelled like strawberries, in fact. It was time to taste it. I bent down and sucked Catrina's left nipple into my mouth. Eileen slipped around me and nibbled on the right one. Catrina wriggled with the double stimulation. I licked my way down her berry-flavored belly to a different tasty treat, her sweet natural-lubed labia.

She squealed as my tongue-tip tittilated her clit. Eileen, still sucking and licking her nipple, began sliding her hands up and down my oily cock. I kept licking Catrina. My face was soaked with her sweet juices, and she was quivering and moaning. Suddenly Eileen slid down and pressed her soft firm tits around my throbbing cock, stroking it. That did it for me-- I squirted semen all over her chest. "That was fun!" said Eileen. "It sure was," Catrina said. I grinned at both of them.

Catrina pounced on Eileen, kissing and licking her chest covered with my cum mixed with flavored oil. Soon she was kissing her way down her belly, landing in her excited snatch. I watched Catrina's enthusiastic tongue action and Eileen's delighted response. Catrina's firm round butt undulated as she licked. I put hands on her asscheeks, feeling her muscles tense and relax. The erotic scene was already reviving my erection. Before long Eileen began to moan louder, then squealed in ecstasy. Seconds later, we heard a knock at the door.

Catrina bounced out of bed and went to answer it. I could hear Andrea's voice saying "We're here!" As the door opened, I walked out of the bedroom to see who Andrea had with her. They both saw me standing there, still naked, my cock rising to point at them. Andrea said, "Hi, Owen, I brought my sister! This is Angela."

Angela smiled. I noticed immediately that the two of them looked nothing alike. Angela was much taller and slimmer, though still shapely. Her skin was dark brown, and her hair was black and kinky. She was wearing very short shorts and a tight tank-top. Her breasts weren't large, but her nipples greeted my eyes through the thin fabric. "Pleased to meet you, Angela," I said. "So, the two of you are sisters?" Andrea giggled. Angela explained, "Yes, but not genetically. One of us is adopted." She didn't say which, but that didn't matter.

Catrina said, "Care to join us in the playroom?" We followed her to the bedroom where we had been playing. "Shall we get comfortable?" Andrea asked. Eileen, sitting in the middle of bed, replied, "You mean naked? Yes, please do." Andrea and Angela both slipped out of their shorts and tops. Neither wore underwear. I'd seen Andrea nude

already, but I gazed admiringly at them both, the voluptuous blonde next to the tall athletic body of the beautiful Black woman.

"We've been playing with some flavored massage oil today," said Catrina. "It's lots of fun."

"I'm sure it is," Angela said. "That will be perfect for me. I'm not quite as bisexual as Andrea, but I love being rubbed all over. It doesn't matter what gender the hands and fingers are."

I looked at Angela. I picked up the oil bottle, poured a generous amount in my hands, and reached out to her breasts and started massaging them. They felt delightful. Her big pointed nipples slid between my oily fingers. Eileen did the same to Andrea's ample tits.

Angela moaned softly. "I love what you're doing. You're making my pussy wet." She put her hand on one of her own tits, oiling her palm, then grasped my hard cock, sliding it up and down. "I want what you're offering here, but first, I hear you're good with your tongue." "He certainly is," Andrea commented.

"It's something I truly enjoy," I said. I grabbed the oil bottle and squirted her firm tummy, sliding my hands to spread the lube downward. She laid back on the bed and moved her thighs apart.

Meanwhile, Eileen had kissed and licked her way down to Andrea's pale pink pussy, providing plenty of pleasure. I gazed at Angela's sensual dark labia and the moisture seeping between them. As I touched, they spread like a blooming flower, revealing the pinkness deep within. I tasted her, trailing my tongue tip from her juicy center up to her clit. She sighed and softly said, "Oh, yes!"

I explored Angela's deliciousness with sensual licks and gentle touches, gradually increasing speed as she responded with moans and movement. Catrina had been watching intently, caressing my back. She straddled me and sat on my butt, leaning forward for a better view. I think she wanted to be doing what I was doing, and Angela could see that too. To be desired by two people at once is extra arousing. My face and beard were soaked in her juices. Her thighs began to quiver and her soft moans more frequent. "I'm fixin' to come!" she said, followed by a long, loud squeal. Her thighs came together, squeezing my head, then relaxed.

I could feel Catrina getting excited too, wiggling her ass as she sat on me, noticeably wet. Knowing what would happen next, she slipped off

me. Angela was ready to fuck. I rose up and moved to kiss her. As our lips met, my cock slipped into her wet pussy simultaneously. She thrust her hips upward so that I slid all the way in. We both moaned in ecstasy. I tried to pull back to stroke in again, and discovered I couldn't-- she had trapped my cock motionless. I looked her, amazed. She giggled, and said "Got you!" Then she released me so I could pull out and back in. I stroked slow and deep, savoring the sensation. Every third or fourth time she tightened down again, playfully.

To the side of us, Catrina, Eileen, and Andrea had formed a triangle of pussy licking. Slurping and moaning set the sensual tone for all of us. Angela began thrusting back at me at a faster rhythm, so I sped up too, as I licked and sucked on her brown nipples. In a sudden twist of her body she flipped us over, and I found myself fucking upward as she ground her pussy against my groin. A minute or two later she came with a long loud squeal and moan. She stopped moving, but she was squeezing me tightly inside her, making sure I stayed.

Andrea raised her head from Eileen's pussy and said, "That sounded like a good one, sis!" "Oooh yeah," Angela replied, and moved her legs so that she was sitting upright on me, my cock still deep in her dripping wet pussy. I looked up at her firm, perfect body and her beautiful dark brown skin. I felt my cock twitch inside her, harder than ever. Angela felt it too, and grinned at me.

The triangle beside us had licked and fingered their way through several orgasms, and were gently caressing, sometimes tickling one another. Catrina and Eileen both looked at Angela admiringly. Catrina said, "Sometimes...I almost wish I had a dick..." Eileen pinched her playfully, and she squealed. "I said 'almost'." My housemates hadn't seen Angela naked before.

"I'm glad I've got one," I commented. "Me too," said Angela, and she started sliding up and down on mine, slowly at first, then a little faster. Adding a back-and-forth motion. Her pleasure was mounting again, more intensely with every stroke, and so was mine.

Catrina and Eileen embraced, and began rubbing their clits together. Andrea watched us intently and fingered her own wet pussy. Angela was moving faster now; I thrust upward on every downstroke, and every time she raised up, her pussy muscles gripped me. The look on

her face said “ecstasy”. The quivering in her hips and thighs was like a vibration. Then she screamed, and yelled “Oh, FUCK”. That did it for me. I squirted a fountain of semen into her juicy cunt. She leaned down, pressing her erect nipples into my chest, causing a final twitch of my cock before it started slipping out.

“Wow”, she whispered in my ear.

You’re amazing!” I said. She raised up a little, looked at me and grinned. “Yes, I am, aren’t I? But not everyone can handle me.” No false modesty there, and I liked that. I took a deep breath, relaxed and satisfied. The sweet scent of seeping wet pussies was in the air. I surveyed my surroundings, a garden of pretty pink petals between open thighs.

“Dessert,” I thought. I wanted to taste them all. Nearest to me was Eileen, so I leaned her way and slid my tongue into her slit. She spread her thighs wider, and I began a rhythm, tasting her juices, sliding over her clit, and back down. I felt her fingers in my hair, massaging my scalp approvingly. Before long her movements and sounds conveyed excitement, and soon she came.

Catrina was next, eagerly anticipating the same treatment, already wetter. As I licked her, Eileen commented, “When we do each other, we know just what we like, and it’s great. Owen, you’re really good too, but there’s a subtle difference. It’s hard to put your finger on.” With that, I put my finger in Catrina. She giggled at my digital pun, then squealed in delight as I wiggled it, and kept licking her clit. After her orgasm, she said to Eileen, “He can put his finger on it.” Eileen laughed and pinched Catrina’s nipple.

I rolled over on my back, and by this time my erection was returning. Andrea had been closely watching my licking, She would have enjoyed some of that, but she decided on a fuck instead. She grasped my growing cock, which quickly got fully hard. “My turn,” she announced.

Andrea straddled me and deftly slipped me inside her slick but snug love tunnel. She raised up and sank down several delightful strokes, then leaned sideways, urging me to flip us over. I did, and looked down at her shapely breasts and mischievous grin, as I slid sensuously in and out of her. I kissed her eager lips, then began nibbling and

sucking on her nipples. She began thrusting back at me; our rhythm got faster and harder.

Angela said, "Go for it, sis!" I glanced at her. She was smiling as she fingered her own clit, watching me fuck Andrea. Right next to us, on either side, were Eileen and Catrina, giggling softly and enjoying the show. I felt a hand squeeze my butt, and another hand started playing with Andrea's clit.

We were already well on our way to cumming, and the playful touches set us both off. I felt Andrea tighten up on my cock, squealing and gasping, and I let go spurt after spurt inside her. After we both recovered, I said, "Andrea, you and Angela are almost like twins." Both of them started laughing. Angela said, "Oddly enough...no one has ever said that about us before."

They looked quite different, of course; each had a different kind of beauty, but I couldn't have rated either more desirable than the other. What was alike about them was their ability to fully enjoy the pleasure that their own bodies, and others', could provide. They were not shy or hesitant once they knew what they wanted. The parents who raised them had done it well.

Catrina brought some beers from the kitchen, and we sat sipping them on the bed. I turned to Angela and said, "In case I didn't say so, it was a pleasure to meet you." She replied, "Owen, your meat was my pleasure, and your licking was to my liking." I grinned and leaned toward her, giving her a kiss on the cheek. "I knew you'd like him, sis." said Andrea.

It was getting late, and my housemates had to work tomorrow. Otherwise we might have started playing again. After we finished our beers, the "A" sisters got dressed and said "See you all next week." I certainly hoped so.