I LOVE LESBIANS-- PART 4

When Andrea and Angela said “See you next week,” it was music to my ears, and other parts. They were both delightful women, each with her own kind of beauty, both enthusiastic and uninhibited with sex, and, as sisters by adoption, neither showed any jealousy of the other.

Waiting a week was not my choice. My evening shift at Le Sex Shoppe, 6:00 PM to 2:00 AM, interfered with going out to meet women at night. I was lucky that my two lesbian housemates, who worked day shifts, had introduced me to the sisters on our common day off. My housemates, Catrina and Eileen, were erotically playful, though they were averse to penetration by penises. They liked men, me in particular, who respected their preferences.

The day before our next day off, I found a note written by Eileen that said, “Andrea called to tell us that she and Angela will be out of town for a few days, and won’t be coming over tomorrow, but they do want to get together as soon as they return.” That disappointed me. But the note also said, “Catrina and I have something different planned tomorrow, and we hope you’ll be here.” That piqued my interest. Those two could be plenty of fun by themselves.

The following morning-- actually, a nooning, I woke up and smelled the coffee and bagels being toasted, both welcome scents, but my mind was wondering what might be in store for the day. As I sat sipping and smearing cream cheese on my bagel, Catrina was telling me, “Two friends of ours are coming to visit today, Terri and Diane. They’re a couple, like us.”
Eileen said, “They’re looking forward to meeting you. We told them about you.”

“Any particular details?” I asked. Catrina giggled. Eileen continued, “All the good stuff. We get together and play with them sometimes. I think you’re going to like them.”

We finished breakfast, and sat around drinking coffee. Before long, there was a knock at the door. Catrina opened it, and the two women came in. Both of them were attractive in a natural way-- like Catrina and Eileen, they didn’t need enhancing with makeup. The taller one, about 5 feet 10, was Terri. She wore a snug T-shirt covering large soft breasts, unimpeded by a bra. The bumps of her nipples were clearly evident.
Diane was much shorter, had very curly brown hair. Her blouse was looser, but I could see her shapely body beneath the thin fabric. Catrina introduced us, and both gave me a friendly smile. We all seated ourselves in the living room.

Terri said, “Owen, we’ve heard good things about you.”
I replied with a grin, “Then they are probably true..”
Diane said “That’s good to know.” She grinned back.
“My excellent housemates, I believe, have noticed that I really LIKE women, not just for sex, but because they’re my favorite kind of human. And I like women who like women, because that gives us an interest in common.”

Diane asked, “But you do like us for sex, too, don’t you?”
Eileen spoke up, “He sure does! He loves to lick pussy, and he’s good at it.”
I smiled. I appreciated the endorsement. I noticed Diane twisted in her seat a little. Catrina said, “Well, everyone, how about let’s have some fun?”

Eileen stood up and walked toward the bedroom, shedding her shirt and loose shorts on the way. Terri was next, peeling off her shirt, freeing her beautiful pair of breasts. She unbuttoned her faded blue jeans and wiggled out of them. She followed Eileen, caught up with her, giving her butt a pinch. Catrina and Diane were both up, dropping tops and bottoms, watching one another undress. Their bodies were very similar, sensuously curved.

I had wasted no time while watching the unveiling of beautiful flesh; I had denuded myself as well. Diane and Catrina glanced back at me as I followed them to the bedroom. “I think he likes us,” Diane commented. My erection left no doubt of that.

Terri and Eileen had reached the bed first. They caressed one another, palms and fingers roaming everywhere. Eileen sucked and nibbled on Terri’s soft breasts and hard nipples. Catrina and Diane playfully bumped their breasts together. Diane said, “I think I’d like to try Owen’s tongue.” She sat on the bed and spread her thighs. Naturally, I was there, lickety split.

It was no surprise that Diane was already wet with anticipation. The first swipe of my tongue between her labia, up to her clit was luxuriously lubricated and delicious. “Mmmmm,” I said. I looked up at her. “You can say that again,” she said. I replied, “Don’t worry, I will.” With my lips firmly around her swollen clit, I said, “Mmmmmmmmmm…” She liked the vibration.

I kissed and licked everywhere between her thighs that my tongue could reach, then spread her outer lips to expose the brightening pinkness within. I gazed at it for a moment. The sight was nearly as exciting as the taste. Returning to her clit, I circled around it, ran my tongue-tip lightly across it, repeating that several times. She put her hand on my head, not pressing hard, but running her fingers through my hair. I could hear soft gasps and deeper breathing. More moisture

flowed. I tasted that again, and it soaked my beard. “you’re good at that,” she said. Catrina, who had been watching us, stroking her own pussy, said, “I told you he was.”

My finger slipped inside her. Then another one joined it. My fingertips curled, moved around and explored as I kept licking. The muscles in her thighs began to quiver, and she humped back at me. After a few more strokes and some faster clit-licking, her hips and thighs began to undulate. She pressed firmly on my head; her pussy tightened on my fingers. “Yes!” she shouted. Her thighs squeezed my head, trapping me. After a long vocal sigh, she relaxed. Catrina giggled. “I think you’ve warmed her up for me, Owen.”

Catrina pounced on Diane, kissing her and sucking her breasts. She began humping against her pussy, legs spread wide. Diane humped back at her, and they quickly positioned so their clits could rub. It was exciting to watch. Terri and Eileen were writhing around in a 69. That looked like fun, too. I scooted over toward them. “Owen, would you care to join us?” Eileen asked. She had raised up to her knees, her crotch hovering over Terri’s face. Terri’s tongue was busy licking her, but Terri’s glistening labia were now open to taste. “I’d be delighted,” I replied.

I wasted no time in placing my head between Terri’s soft but firm thighs, invitingly open. As I approached my pink target, she raised it toward me, and my tongue landed in her lubrication, sliding toward her clit. “Ooooh!” she squealed. I began a rhythm of licks. She had a spicy flavor. “Mmmmmmff,” she said. It was hard to enunciate while her tongue was busy, but I guessed that meant she approved. She was about to make Eileen cum. I began to explore the juicy labia and swollen clit I was facing, savoring her taste and imparting pleasure.

Eileen announced her orgasm with enthusiasm. Terri slowed her licking, just tasting the juices that flowed from Eileen’s pussy. I sped up mine. “That’s good, Owen,” Terri said. I could feel her excitement building by the way she moved. Sooner than I expected, she emitted a loud “Ooooooh...fuck!” Even more of her delicious lubrication flowed onto my face. I looked up at her, grinned, and said, “You sure do taste good, Terri. What’s your secret?”

Diane, still embracing Catrina, answered for her. “Spicy food! She loves Mexican food, curry, and hot peppers.” Terri giggled. Diane said, “She does have a well-seasoned pussy, doesn’t she?” I agreed.

The five of us relaxed, each of us lazily caressing one another's naked bodies, feeling good together. Part of me was not relaxed at all, though, and stood up at attention. I had been enjoying listening to the orgasms all around me, especially the ones I"d caused, not really thinking about one of my own. My erection had been noticed, though. Terri, who was still next to me, reached over and grabbed it. "One of us hasn't cum yet," she observed. "That's true. You don't have to help unless you want to," I said.

Terri sat up and faced me, her enticing soft breasts capturing my attention. "I haven't always been a lesbian," she said. "I had a bad relationship with a man once. He was abusive, and I had to get away from him. I thought maybe all men were assholes. Then I met Diane and fell in love with her. But, as she knows, I still like to fuck a man now and then." Diane spoke up, "It's OK with me. I don't mind, because I love her."

My cock, already hard, twitched as I listened to those words. I reached out, caressed Terri's breasts, then leaned forward and sucked on one of her nipples. I lifted both breasts and found I could press them together and kiss both nipples at once. She raised to her knees, then scooted forward until our bodies touched. She sat back down, her wet pussy descending onto my erection, all the way down. "Wow," I said. "I thought you'd like that," said Terri. "And I knew I would, too."

Our movements were gentle at first, luxuriating in that most intimate contact. Then she leaned back onto the bed, straightening out her long legs, and I moved on top of her. I made long strokes out and back in, slowly enjoying every inch as she squeezed wetly around my shaft. I sucked on her erect nipples, one at a time. I'm not sure which one of us started fucking harder and faster. She was thrusting back at me each time. Our need was intense. Each time I slid all the way in, it felt like I'd grown longer, reaching further.

Then she began to squeal with each stroke. "Oh, fuck! Fuck me!" Her pussy clamped down on my cock, and I knew I'd be cumming soon, and so would she. She whispered, "I'm on the pill." Then she screamed. In two more strokes, I sent spurt after spurt into her satisfied pussy. I was still inside her when she smiled at me and said, "Thank you, Owen." I smiled back at her. "Anytime."

We looked at the other three. They had been watching, and fingering one another. Diane said, "That was amazing."

There were more orgasms to be had, and we had them. Five naked people had a nearly infinite supply of erogenous zones to be licked, rubbed, sucked, and

pressed together. Our naked bodies, glistening with sweat and sexual fluids, invited lustful looks and welcomed touches. Fingers, tongues, and palms explored where they were wanted and needed.
When the time eventually came to part, our thoughts drifted to imagining future encounters.

When I thought about my experiences later, it seemed that in a way I had been a delegate to an intersexual peace conference. Regardless of preference, there are aspects of sexuality that we all can share and learn from, given an accepting attitude. Proving that in practice was a privilege, and the benefits of the friendships went beyond the pleasures.

My work in an adult bookstore showed me there was a wide variety of sexual preferences. The purchases revealed to me what might not have been guessed otherwise. Knowing that didn't bother me, even when I didn't share their kinks. All were people desiring to share their particular joys and pleasures with like-minded friends, and I wished them well, as everyone should.