

# I Love Lesbians

by Captainrat

*My years working in Hollywood, though it was indeed in the entertainment industry, were not so financially rewarding. My employer was a prosperous enterprise called Le Sex Shoppe on Hollywood Boulevard., where I worked the evening shift as the sales clerk. It was both enjoyable and educational, a store full of books, magazines, erotic appliances, 8-mm films, and several coin-operated movie viewing booths where customers could enjoy watching in private. These were the days well before videotapes and the internet.*

*Those movie booths were popular. The most frequent transaction was changing dollars into quarters, several of which were needed to watch an entire 15-minute movie. Though there was supposed to be only one person per booth, they were often shared by two.*

*Aside from the reading material, I learned a lot by observing the customers, noting what literature and merchandise they bought, revealing a wide variety of kinks one would never have guessed so many people had.*

*My pay wasn't bad for the time, but I was still on a budget; my tiny apartment cost more than I liked. When I happened to see a classified ad to share a 2-bedroom house, I was immediately interested. I called the number. The woman who answered sounded pleasant, and she invited me to come see it. I was met by two women, Eileen and Catrina, who explained that they were a couple, sharing one of the bedrooms, and I could rent the other one. It was cheaper yet nicer than the little apartment I was renting. I moved in at the end of the month.*

*With my evening schedule, I seldom saw my housemates, who worked mornings. When I did, they were friendly and polite though I kept in mind they weren't interested in men, and I respected that. Both were quite attractive in a natural, unadorned way.*

*When I got home from work, usually around 2:30 AM, the women were presumably asleep, since the house was usually quiet. I went to my room and perused the books and magazines I had borrowed from work. The store was my library. I was careful to aim my semen spurts elsewhere, so I could return the erotica unstained in a day or two.*

*One night, though, I began hearing giggles, squeals, and moans coming from their room, gradually increasing in intensity and volume. Instantly I started imagining the two of them nakedly together, writhing in pleasure, kissing, licking, and rubbing. The sounds ended in satisfied sighs. I didn't need the erotic pictures that night.*

*I didn't tell them what I'd heard; I didn't want to inhibit any future performances. When saw them next, I began to see them more as sensual women, noticing how they moved and looked at one another, and observed the shape of their bodies. I still assumed they were unavailable, but my imagination provided vivid erotic thoughts that would pop up even on silent nights.*

*It was a Saturday, my day off. I woke up about noon, as I usually did, and decided to go out for a leisurely breakfast. I stopped on the way home for a 6-pack, figuring I'd like a beer later on. When I walked in the house, the women were sitting on the couch watching TV, casually snuggled together. "Hi, Owen," Eileen said. "Off work today?"*

*I walked to the kitchen to put the beer in the Fridge. "Yes, it's my evening off."  
"Come have a seat", Catrina invited. I sat in a comfortable-looking upholstered chair a few feet from the couch. Catrina smiled and said, "We just wanted to let you know that we're happy to have you here. Of course, it helps our budget, but also we appreciate that you respect our sexual preference."*

*"Of course I do. Why wouldn't I?" I replied.*

*Eileen said, "Lots of men don't. When we go out in the evening, to a bar or a concert or a movie, men often try to pick us up, and even when we make it clear that we're a couple, they keep trying, get pushy or sometimes insulting when we say "No." It gets annoying."*

*"I know, some guys are like that. They're assholes. Just because you're both attractive women, they act as if you owe them something," I said.*

*"You think we're attractive?" Catrina asked, grinning.*

*"Definitely. Very. I'm sure you know you are, but I know you're not available, and that's OK."*

*Eileen said, "Still, it's nice to hear you think we look good, even from a man."*

*I grinned. "I work in an adult bookstore, full of magazines showing all kinds of beautiful women, You might say I'm kind of an expert."*

*Eileen giggled. Catrina smiled, and said, "I like that. You're cute."  
Eileen added, "For a man." It was a fun conversation. I felt we were becoming friends, not just housemates.*

*"Care for a beer?" I offered.*

*Both said "Sure!" I went to the kitchen and got 3 of my 6, opened them, and handed one to each. I sat back down and took a sip of mine.*

*"So, just so you know," Catrina began, "Eileen and I have been lesbians since puberty, and we've been together since our teen years. We're in love, and very satisfied."*

*From the way they sat together on the couch, relaxed and touching, holding hands, I believed them. Briefly I imagined them naked, sensuously caressing one another.  
"That's great to hear," I said.*

*Eileen began to speak. "We have been talking about trying something a little different, though, just for a change. It would involve a man, one we could trust, sliding between us." I was already hard, but that brought a sudden twitch inside my jeans.*

*"An interesting idea," I said. "Tell me about it."*

*Catrina explained, "One thing we like to do, besides oral, is to rub our clits together until we climax. It's called scissoring, and it's lots of fun. But we thought maybe if we were laying pussy-to-pussy and a man slid his cock between us, slipping between our wet lips and our clits, it would be a different, and intense, pleasure for both of us."*

*Eileen added, "And for you, too."*

*Suddenly, this was no longer just hypothetical. "I...think you're right." I said.*

*Catrina asked, "Would you like to try that with us?" I nodded affirmatively.*

*Eileen said, "We've never tried this before, and we just want to ease into it, just doing what Katrina said, at least to begin with. Can we trust you not to get carried away?"*

*"Your idea will be plenty of pleasure for me, and I don't do anything I know isn't wanted-- that would spoil it. Yes, you can trust me."*

*"Let's go to our room," said Katrina. I followed them there. She asked, "Shall we get undressed?" No reply was needed. The women shed their loose shorts and T-shirts as I unfastened my jeans and dropped them, followed by my T-shirt. None of us, I noticed, were in the habit of wearing underwear. The loose clothing they usually wore hadn't revealed how nicely shaped their bodies were, or much of their lovely skin. Katrina, blonde, was creamy and pale; Eileen had dark brown hair and light tan skin all over, not, evidently, from the sun. I gazed at one, then the other, then both.*

*"Pardon me for pointing," I said, grinning.*

*"Let's call it a compliment," Katrina said, giggling.*

*Eileen said, "We thought we'd play a little first, while you watch, and then we'll be ready for you." That sounded good to me.*

*They reclined on the bed, facing, caressing each other's soft breasts. Then their hands roamed to bellies, thighs, and butts. Katrina kissed Eileen's nipples, then licked her way to her navel. Eileen quivered at that and raised up, grabbing Katrina's ass with one hand, twisting around to plant a kiss on her crotch. The two of them play-wrestled, tickling and gently poking, fingers probing between spread thighs, finding wetness.*

*I watched closely as I could without getting in the way. It was delightful to see. They flipped to a 69 position, Katrina on the bottom, and began vigorously licking, their bodies writhing in obvious pleasure. They probably could have continued that for much longer, but they suddenly rolled apart and sat upright in the middle of the bed. Their legs were spread; I gazed upon two beautiful pink pussies, glistening with moisture. "We're ready," said Eileen softly.*

**Catrina spoke, "Just one little detail. We're not on birth control, so please don't come inside us." If I followed the plan, I wouldn't, of course, but I'd have to be extra careful.**

**I said, "OK". The women scooted to the edge of the bed, Eileen laying on her back with her legs wide apart. Catrina climbed onto her and spread her legs as well. I was faced with a rare and wondrous sight: two rosy wet pussies pressed together, dripping with their natural lubrication. My cock was as hard as it had ever been, aching with anticipation.**

**With careful aim I approached and slid it between the lubricated labia, feeling heat but little resistance. Further in, my cock could feel a clit above, and a clit below. Each stroke in and out would rub them both. I heard gasps and moans, and I could feel the two women pressing more tightly together. The alignment seemed perfect; I pulled back a little, then forward, and began a gentle rhythm, inward and back. It wasn't as tight as being inside a pussy, so I was sure I could continue a while before coming. The erotic excitement, though, was intense, and it felt heavenly.**

**Eileen moaned loudly, and Catrina said, "It's wonderful! I love it!" I agreed with her. The sliding friction on my cock felt great, but even better with my awareness that I was pleasuring two women at once with each stroke. I kept thrusting, and the moans, squeals, and whimpers got louder and faster. My rhythm had sped up. Both pussies had gotten even wetter. I could feel their bodies tensing, then beginning to shake. Each thrust brought moans and squeals. I kept going, but slowed down when I could feel them begin to relax.**

**Eileen said, "Holy shit!" Better than I thought it would be!"**

**"Fucking intense!" Catrina said. "Your turn, Owen."**

**I knew it wouldn't take long. I resumed my rhythm, taking shorter strokes so I wouldn't accidentally slide into a pussy. I didn't need to, anyway. My hard shaft was surrounded, caressed by hot slippery pussylips. After a few minutes of this I exploded, spurting between their pressing bodies. They rolled apart, revealing puddles of cum just below their navels. They both leaned over to kiss me at the same time, each claiming half my mouth.**

**I grinned broadly and said. "You two have great ideas! If you have any more, I'm voting YES."**

**"You were excellent," Eileen said. "If and when we do, we'll surely pick you."**

**I remembered, of course, that they were lesbians, so I couldn't count on another event like that one, but I sure hoped there would be.**

**My title is the truth: I sincerely love lesbians, not just these two who had given me such a unique pleasure, but all of them. We share the same desire. In that, I understand them. I am not in competition with lesbians; we share both admiration of, and lust for, the greatest form of beauty on Earth.**