

Female Housemate Wanted **by Pandora Box**

I wasn't really sure why we decided to take Phillip as a housemate. After Elle said she was moving out, me and Marie had agreed that we wanted to live with another female. Just for the little stuff, y'know? So that we could walk around in our underwear without having to worry about some guy perving on us, that kind of thing. I've never lived with a guy before, but I can tell you from experience - living with girls is easy. Why mess with a good thing?

Phillip worked with Elle at the video store. When he found out that we were looking for someone, he rocked up to the interviews. He was cool about it - we told him that we were looking for another girl, and he said that was fine. We didn't have another interview for half an hour, so we just hung out for the rest of the time, talking about movies. Phillip is really into film.

The rest of the interviews went well, and we'd pretty much decided on this girl called Abby. Elle came home the next day, and turns out that Phillip had lent us this movie that we'd been talking about - *Primer*. You can't find it anywhere, but he had a copy, so the three of us sat down and watched it.

It's the most confusing film I've ever seen, but that's sort of meant to be the appeal of it. You watch it and you've got no idea what's happening, not until you go online and read up about what actually happened. I think I get it now, but it's complex as hell, I'll tell you that.

Anyway, the next morning me and Marie were chatting about how nice it was for Phillip to lend us his own personal copy of the film, and we agreed to give him a try as a housemate. Sorry Abby! He just seemed like a cool guy, and Marie and I both wanted to give him a shot - we actually came to tell each other at the exact same time, believe it or not.

Elle passed on our invite, and he moved in about a week later.

I should tell you a bit about us, I guess. Marie and I have known each other since high school - we were never "best friends" or anything like that, but when we discovered we were both moving to the same city, we decided to stick together. We've gotten a lot closer over the last two years, living together. Elle was a friend of Marie's cousin or something like that - she's fun. A bit on the heavy side, but that's fine - having her around made me feel thin!

My name's Trish - I'm 20 years old, and I moved here to study architecture. I'm a bigger girl - not overweight or anything like that, just curvy. Marie is like the exact opposite of me in every way - she's five foot, thin as a rake, and so full of energy it's crazy. I'll come home, maybe have a beer and watch some TV; she comes home and bounces around the apartment cleaning, then goes for an hour-long bike-ride. Yeah. Every day.

We get along pretty well, and so on the day that Phillip moved in, I started to get a bit worried about him changing up the house dynamic. It's always like that with a new housemate though, and as he was moving in, he joked that there was no need to change anything, that we could still walk around in our underwear if we liked (I guess Elle must have mentioned that was a concern, haha).

Coolest thing about Phillip moving in is his massive TV. It's seventy inches - it's almost too big for the room! He doesn't have many DVDs, just a hard-drive that he's connected to the back. He said that we were welcome to use it whenever we wanted - he's got literally every single movie you could want on it. He showed me like one percent of the list, and I already made a mental note of stuff I wanted to check out. It's crazy. I think he borrows DVDs from work and then copies them onto the hard-drive. A little bit naughty, but hey - you won't hear any complaints from me!

The first night he got there, he insisted that we all sit down and watch a film together. It was

nice! He let us choose, so I picked 27 *Dresses* - I'd been wanting to see it for years.

(Huge disappointment, fyi.)

The next night, he was at school - Phillip's film school is on the other side of town, so he leaves early and gets home late, if at all. Me and Marie sat down to watch a film; normally she's too full of energy to sit down and concentrate on a flick, but I guess she enjoyed it enough last night to settle down and do it again.

It pretty quickly became part of the routine. Me and Marie would get home from work, have some food, and then watch a film together each night. We alternated who got to choose...which, on one hand, meant that I had to sit through some real crap, but also let me see some great stuff that I never would have watched otherwise. We barely saw Phillip at all - maybe for a few hours on the weekend. We figured he must have a girlfriend whose place he stayed at, or something like that - I kept on forgetting to ask him.

He brought this big chair with him - he called it his "throne". Me and Marie laughed, but he didn't really join in, which was a bit weird. It's comfortable as hell, and for the first few movie nights I sat in it, but after a while it just felt wrong. I didn't want to sit in Phillip's throne. Phillip's throne should be empty.

I dunno, I guess it was just a politeness thing. He was letting us watch his massive TV, after all. So after that, we just left it, and just sat on the couch.

It must have been two weeks after he moved in that Marie and I just spontaneously had this chat - we'd wanted a female housemate so that we could walk around in our underwear. I mean, not that we ever really did that, but we didn't want to give up the option by getting a man in.

Phillip, though...he was cool. He'd said that he didn't mind, and besides - he was never home. So one day, in the kitchen, Marie and I were making breakfast and chatting about stuff when I brought it up. She agreed, and so to really cement the idea, we both stripped off then and there, and made the rest of our breakfast just in bra and panties.

Like I said, it wasn't *really* something that we normally did, so this was actually the first time that I'd seen Marie in her knickers. Or maybe I'd seen her before, but never really noticed. She's super thin, like I said, but not in a gross way (like when you see models in their underpants) - just...slender. It was interesting.

No boobs, but she had the ass to make up for it. Normally I'd be super self-conscious, especially in front of someone as slim as Marie, but on that first day I just felt super comfortable in my body. Standing around in our underpants just felt...*right*.

The differences between Marie and myself was interesting, from an aesthetic point of view. We were both really attractive and sexy in our own ways. The fullness of my bust compared to her athletic chest, my curves compared to her flat stomach...we both had great asses, but even they were completely different. Mine was generous and matched really well with the rest of my body, whereas hers was hot because it contrasted so beautifully to the rest of her body.

We stood there for ages, just staring at each other, and when I finally made my way up to her face - which was also gorgeous, I should add - I could tell by the expression on her face that she was thinking the same as me. She was just appreciating my body, like I was appreciating hers. Appreciating the female form. Appreciating the contrast between the two of us.

It was a really sweet, lovely moment.

We stood there and stared into each other's eyes for a few seconds, when suddenly I noticed that Phillip was in the kitchen as well, smiling and staring at us. I jumped, startled, and it was weird - it was like it took Marie a few seconds to notice him, but when she did, she jumped in shock as well.

Phillip got this weird, embarrassed...almost annoyed...look on his face, and left the room. Me and Marie looked at each other, and when she laughed, it really broke the tension. Suddenly I was laughing as well, at what Phillip must have thought, finding us staring at each other like that.

We talked briefly about getting dressed again, but it never ended up happening. I just felt so comfortable in front of Marie, there was really no need for it. And the fact that I lived in a house where I could wear nothing but underpants if I wanted, it just really made me feel free. Free and sexy.

That night, during the film (*Shutter Island*, with Leo - not something I would normally have watched, but I'm glad I did) I kept glancing over at Phillip's throne. It seemed...I dunno, empty, somehow. I mean, it's normally empty, but I'm just not normally so aware of it. But it was definitely empty. There was no one there. Phillip's throne was empty.

After that, it became pretty standard for me and Marie to hang out around the house in our underwear. It was never quite like that first time, but I continued to appreciate her body, and I know that she appreciated mine. If Phillip was around, we'd generally put on a T-shirt or something, just for modesty's sake, but he was hardly ever there, so we didn't bother very often.

We kept watching a movie every night - aside from Phillip's throne, there was just the couch, and Marie would sit up one end with me at the other. The weeks went on, and it started to get colder, and it just felt a little ridiculous, that the two of us were sitting so far away from each other when we could have been sharing body warmth. The thought popped into my head while we were watching *How To Lose A Guy In 10 Days* (dreadful) and for the next few nights, I couldn't stop thinking about it.

I was just about to suggest that we snuggle up for the film...just for the warmth, of course, when Marie got to it first. It's almost weird how often we think the same thing - I guess that's just what happens when you live with someone for so long.

That first night we were cuddled up together, we were watching a horror film. I can't even remember which one, but I remember every time Marie jumped, I'd just hold onto her a little bit tighter. It was really nice - her tiny body fit into mine so comfortably, and I really enjoyed the feeling of her skin on my skin. It was so smooth, and so warm.

So if you came into our house, most nights that's how you'd find us. Sitting there, mostly-naked, cuddled up tightly, watching a film. Not, of course, that anyone would come in. We were alone in the room. There was no one else in the room while we watched films.

Things continued like that for a few weeks. Nice and comfortable, super normal...until one night, when I had this dream about Marie. I don't know what it was - it wasn't even a particularly sexual dream, it was just...nice. It was almost embarrassingly sappy, to be honest: I dreamt that we were sitting on the couch, cuddled up, watching a romantic comedy, and after the film ended, I leaned in and gave her a kiss.

That's it. Like I said, not even super sexual. If I'm remembering correctly, after the dream we even went to our separate beds, but it was just like we were a couple. It didn't turn me on, I didn't wake up all sweaty and wet, it was just a simple moment in a dream.

But somehow, it changed everything.

The next day, when I got up and saw Marie in the kitchen, I checked her out as normal (she even did a little spin, so I could properly appreciate the sexy panties she was wearing)...and for some reason, I couldn't stop thinking about her in a sexual light.

Like, Marie has these lovely full, plump lips. She has for as long as I've known them - the girl never needs lipstick. And the second I saw them, I remembered the dream - I remembered kissing her, and wondered what it would be like to feel those lips against mine.

Obviously I didn't want to be thinking about my housemate like that, so I tore my eyes away from her lips, and checked out her boobs instead. I don't know if you've noticed this, but the nipples on girls with smaller breasts are almost constantly hard. I don't know why it is, but it's one of those things you can't unsee. So Marie's nipples being hard - nothing weird about that, right?

But immediately my brain was like "That means she's turned on," which got me thinking about whether she liked having her nipples sucked on (I do. I go crazy for it. Ask any of my ex-boyfriends!) and what they would feel like in my mouth, and then I started imagining touching them while I made out with her and...

Well, I tried to distract myself by checking out her legs. But my eyes were just automatically drawn to the piece of cloth between her legs, and I noticed just the tiniest, smallest amount of...wetness.

Yeah.

My mind went into overdrive. Was she turned on? Was she turned on by me? Was it because I was checking her out? Maybe she was attracted to me! Maybe she'd just been waiting for me to make a move, maybe that was why she liked hanging out in her underpants, maybe that was why she liked *me* hanging out in *my* underpants, maybe that's even why she suggested cuddling...

For like a second, I went nuts. I don't know where Marie was looking, but I feel like no matter what part of me she was looking at, my thought process would have been obvious: my knees went weak, my eyes practically boggled out of my head, and, embarrassingly, my nipples got hard, and my pussy got a little bit wet.

I squeaked an "Excuse me!" and fled the room.

Back in my bedroom, I was breathing super heavily. For a second I thought I saw my bedroom door open, and wondered if Marie had followed me, but there was no one there. Phillip wasn't there. Phillip wasn't in my room.

My brain was buzzing, I had all these thoughts, and I had just embarrassed myself in front of my best friend. No, worse than that - I'd just been *turned on* by my best friend.

I don't think I've mentioned this before, but I am **not** a lesbian. I've never even been curious about it. I like boys - I've always liked boys, and you know what? I *like* liking boys. It's simple. I mean, yay gay rights, but if I meet someone I like I can hold hands with them in public, no questions asked.

Marie's the same way - straight as an arrow, always has been. There's even a running joke about the fact that she goes through boys faster than most people go through toilet paper. So why had I suddenly started imagining that she was into me? And why had the thought turned me on?

It was the dream. That's all it was, I told myself. I had a weird half-sex dream, and when I woke up I was still sort of in that state.

That was it. That was all it was. Just the dream.

I told myself that for the next ten minutes, breathing deeply the whole while. At one point I thought I heard a disappointed sigh, but perhaps I was just projecting - perhaps a small part of me wanted to...but no, that wasn't a thought process I wanted to go down.

Finally, I left the room, and tried to act as normal as possible. Marie didn't bring it up, and neither did I. We just ate our breakfasts and gave each other a long hug, as per usual, before getting dressed and leaving for the day.

That night, we sat down to watch a movie. As always, I sat down first, and Marie sat between my legs, resting her beautiful head on my chest. I noticed out of the corner of my eye

that Phillip's throne had been rotated to face the couch, but as the movie started, I realized what a stupid thought that was. Phillip's throne has always faced the couch. Phillip's throne is empty. There is no one sitting there.

I'd hoped that by acting normally, the feelings would go away, but all day long I hadn't been able to stop thinking about Marie - her perfect little body, how much I liked the touch of her skin against mine, how much I enjoyed the underwear she wore around the house, how much I looked forward to our hug each morning, when I could run my hands up and down her body, feeling every inch of her exposed skin...

And so feeling so much of her body against mine was paramount to torture. I couldn't do anything - I was trying to act as normally as possible, after all - and so we just sat there in silence while the movie played.

I honestly couldn't tell you what movie we watched. All that I was aware of for the entire film was Marie. Marie's breathing, her leg casually draped upon my leg, her ass snuggled in between my legs, her cheek resting on my shoulder, her skin against mine as I wrapped my arm around her, holding her...

Though it was most likely my imagination, I wanted it so desperately to be true - as the movie went on, I felt as though Marie's rate of breathing was increasing. We weren't even watching a horror film! It was like she was as excited to be held by me as I was to hold her, and I wanted nothing more than to run my hands up and down her body, to stroke her white skin, and see if she'd tremble or shiver or cry out in pleasure...or push me away.

Of course, I didn't do any of that. I just sat and stared at the screen, as George Clooney and whoever he was with got up to adventures - none of it sunk into my brain. Even as my eyes stared at the screen, my mind was with Marie.

When the film ended, we each went to our own rooms, and I did two things that I'm embarrassed about. First I masturbated, and then I cried.

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The next morning, I dragged my feet as I got out of bed. I'd had a series of increasingly erotic dreams; weirdly enough, none of them were specifically about Marie, but she was there for each of them. I was with men - strangers, at first, and then ex-boyfriends. I lay there, motionless, as they fucked me, one after another. Like a starfish, I just lay there as the men took me, one at a time - I didn't get any pleasure out of it, but there was no pain, either.

Standing next to the bed was Marie - too far away to touch, but close enough that I could see her beautiful green eyes. I just lay there, making eye contact with her as the men came in me, one after another. After the strangers and the ex's, a stream of men from my life came and had their turn - boys from high-school, men from my course, even Phillip. I stared at Marie, and then I noticed that she wasn't just watching, she was playing with herself. She thought I was sexy.

That was all I needed - suddenly I wasn't just having sex with men, I was putting on a show for Marie. I got more and more turned on by the men fucking me - I still didn't move, just lay there completely still, but as each man filled me up and let the next take his place, I got wetter and wetter. I felt like I was about to cum, when suddenly there weren't any men left. The line had dried up...and so instead, I started having sex with women.

The cum of the dozens of men disappeared, and instead I was being eaten out by girls I'd never seen before, or women I'd seen at the bus-stop. I've never been with a woman, so I don't really know what it would be like, but in the dream it was amazing...but incredibly, incredibly frustrating. For some reason I just couldn't cum - no matter how talented the women were, they'd eat me out, finger me, play with my nipples - I'd just lie there, so close to an orgasm, but

unable to actually get there.

Instead of strangers, it started being women that I knew - lecturers, other students, girls I'd worked with...but regardless of who they were or what they did, I couldn't finish, despite being more turned on than I'd ever been before.

Finally, the line ended, and Marie stood up. She pulled her fingers from her cunt, and I could see how wet and sticky they were. She was wearing a dress, so I couldn't actually see her pussy, but I knew that she wasn't wearing panties.

She stood up, and started walking toward me. I knew that the second her fingers touched my pussy, I'd finally be able to cum. I wanted it so much, but just as she reached forward...

I woke up.

Looking at the clock, I didn't have time for the masturbation session I would have ideally liked, so I reluctantly got up, and went into the kitchen.

As usual, Marie did a little spin for me, and I sat up on the kitchen bench and pulled a pose so she could check me out. Unusually, she gave me a wink once she had, and it wasn't until we'd finished breakfast and I'd gone back into my room to get dressed that I realized why she'd winked:

My panties were completely soaked.

The sexy dream...I'd been so aroused that I bet my panties would have been less drenched if I'd peed them. I couldn't believe it - I'd never done anything so embarrassing in my life. These dreams were really getting to me.

And Marie had *winked*.

Another glance at the clock and I realized that I had no time to think about what that meant - I got dressed and raced for the bus.

I spent the rest of the day thinking about what Marie's wink meant, and by the time I got home, I'd convinced myself that it just meant she didn't care. If she'd wanted to make a move, she could have made a move...but of course she didn't want to, that would be crazy. Marie is straight.

As am I, of course.

That night, as we sat down to watch another of Phillip's endless collection of movies, I was determined not to do anything out of the ordinary. We were just going to sit and watch a film; when the film was done, we'd go to our own separate beds, and I'd have a nice, normal sleep, with no dreams in it.

I sat down, Marie settled in for a cuddle, and then completely ruined any chance I had of paying attention to the film.

Again, it wasn't anything big - I'm convinced that she didn't even know what she was doing. You know how some people can't help but doodle? Like, you give them a piece of paper and a pen, and without even noticing, they'll pick up the pen and start drawing random shapes while you talk? Well, this was just like that.

Marie spent the whole film running her hand up and down my leg. Not even in a sexual way - I've seen people do it to dogs or cats. Just stroking, up and down, running her perfectly manicured fingernail from my ankle to my knee and back again, over and over.

It almost drove me mad. In a good way.

A very good way.

At one point, I was so turned on that I really thought that the smell and heat of my pussy were going to fill the room. I don't know why I found her innocent motions so sexy, but I did - it got to the point where I coughed loudly and readjusted, hoping that she'd stop...and praying that

she'd keep on going.

And she did stop. For a few seconds. And then, when she started again, it wasn't my calf that she was stroking. The readjustment had slightly moved her point of contact, and now the target of her doodling was my thigh.

She drew lines, and loops, and little circles, all with her fingernail, or sometimes the tip of her finger. Each time, she got closer and closer to my panty-line. I'd started trimming my pubic hair, ever since our lingerie shows had become a daily occurrence, but if I hadn't, I swear she'd have been close enough to touch my fuzz.

At one point, my eyes rolled back in pleasure. I still hadn't had a chance to get myself off after my incredibly erotic dream that morning, and now it was like it was being mirrored in reality - it felt like I was so frustratingly close to cumming, and each time Marie's finger came closer to touching my pussy, I was reminded of that feeling from last night, that as soon as she touched me, I'd be able to cum...

An explosion on the screen made me open my eyes again, and watch the film. It was important that I watch the film. My mind, however, was elsewhere: I swear, every inch of my skin was covered in goosebumps, and I was super-sensitive to my gorgeous young housemate's administrations.

Finally, the opening credits appeared. Marie got up and turned the light on, and a cheeky grin appeared on her face when she turned back to face me. I must have been a sight - laying on the couch, spread-eagled, my eyes fixated on the TV, wearing nothing but a bra, and a pair of incredibly soaked panties.

Her smile snapped me out of it slightly, and I forced myself to get up.

I crossed the room to her, and without thinking, leaned forward and gave her a kiss on the lips.

Our eyes wide open, we stood there, frozen, mouths touching, and just stared at each other. Neither of us moved, both of us acutely aware of the softness of the other's lips on our own...

After what must have been at least a minute, her lips parted slightly, her tongue came out and playfully licked my lips, and then she pulled back, wished me a good night's sleep, and skipped off to bed.

I swear, I stood there for half the night before pulling myself together, going to bed, and falling immediately into a deep, deep slumber.

The next morning, I avoided the kitchen until I knew that everyone had left. As much as I wanted things to be normal, I just couldn't face Marie...I couldn't even imagine what I'd say if I ran into Phillip. I called in sick for work, and when I finally got up and left my room, heard a slight humming sound coming from Marie's room.

I knew that she'd left - I'd heard the sound of her car leaving the driveway - so I assumed that she must have left something on in her room.

I'm just being a good housemate, I told myself as I pushed her door open.

I'd been in Marie's room before, of course, thousands of times...but not since these strange feelings had started. There was something strangely intimate about standing there, surrounded by her posters and clothes, by the bed that she sleeps in every night.

The humming sound was coming from her bed, and when I moved her bedspread to the side, I saw it.

Her vibrator.

I knew that she had a vibrator; we'd discussed it years earlier. I think I might have even recommended a brand, a thought that filled me with a dirty thrill now that I thought about it. I'd

suggested a vibrator to Marie. I'd contributed to her getting off. I'd helped Marie get off, night after night...

She must have been using it this morning, and forgotten to turn it off before she left.

One part of my brain obsessively wondered what she'd been thinking of, whether she'd been thinking about kissing me, how my lips had felt, how my mouth had tasted...most of my brain, however, was fixated on the small, humming bullet vibrator in front of me.

This piece of plastic, this small, battery-powered device had, in the past few hours...been inside Marie. Or pressed against her clit, at least.

I mentally noted the size and shape of it - it wasn't for penetration, it was for clitoral pressure. Was that what she liked? I filed it away in my memory. Not, of course, that anything was ever going to happen between us...but if it did, I could know exactly what kind of stimulation she liked. I could know exactly how to get her off.

Without even thinking, I raised Marie's toy towards me, and sniffed it. My eyes fluttered, and I almost collapsed in pleasure. This was what Marie smelled like; this was what her most intimate fluids smelled like, what her cunt would be like to put my nose to. This was the scent of her womanhood...the only thing that could have been hotter would be if I were smelling it straight from the source.

For a second, I thought I saw Phillip entering the room and watching me, but that didn't make any sense. Phillip was at film school. Phillip spends all day at film school. Phillip goes to film school, and is rarely at home. Unless he speaks to me, I don't see Phillip at home.

What a silly thought, I told myself, casting it from my mind and sticking my tongue out to lick Marie's vibrator.

That first taste will stick in my mind forever. It was like my brain was being rewired, like all my favourite flavours were being erased, and replaced with the taste of Marie's juices. Like a lollipop, I licked it again and again, and when I'd licked all the flavor off, inserted the whole thing into my mouth, wrapping my lips around it and desperately sucking, trying to get just another hint of the flavor.

My other hand, without me even being aware of it, had pushed my panties to the side, and starting pushing two fingers in and out of my wet cunt, but no matter what I did, I couldn't cum.

I thought I'd just been there for a few minutes, but when Marie came home from work a few hours later, that's how she found me - desperately masturbating on her bed, trying as hard as I could to get more flavour from her vibrator.

Despite apparently hours of touching myself, I hadn't reached an orgasm, so my mind wasn't working at full capacity. I should have been embarrassed, but I just didn't have the mental energy. I wish I remembered what expression she had on her face when she found me, but all I could think about was her perfect legs, her magnificent ass, her flat stomach, her tits, her back, her hands...and her cunt.

More than I'd ever wanted anything, I wanted to see her cunt. More than I even wanted to cum, I wanted to feel it, smell it, taste it...

She told me to get up, and I did - I would have done anything she asked. She told me to follow her into the lounge room, which I did. We sat on the couch, and Phillip didn't follow us and sit on his throne. Phillip was at film school.

She turned the TV on, picked out a movie from Phillip's hard-drive, and pressed play.

We sat next to each other in silence as the movie played. She was dressed in her work clothing, I was wearing nothing but a pair of soaking wet panties and a bra. The movie played, from start to finish, and we just sat, held hands, and watched it.

When it was over, she turned to me, leaned in, and kissed me.

It was everything I'd dreamed it would be. Her tongue explored my mouth, and her hands explored my body. At first, I was too stunned to move, but as we kissed, she reached down and undid her skirt.

For some reason, that was all that I needed to take me from my stupor, and I immediately leaned over her and returned her kiss. I reached down and literally ripped her shirt off - buttons went everywhere, but neither of us cared. For some reason, she wasn't wearing a bra, and it didn't take long for me to get my hands on her breasts - just as in my fantasies, I started tugging and pulling at her nipples, and exactly as I'd hoped, it sent her wild.

She wrapped her legs around me, and pulled my mouth to hers so hard I wouldn't have been surprised if she'd chipped a tooth. We made out for a bit, until I grabbed her hair and pulled her away from me, before reaching down and removing her panties.

I looked up at her - her face was flushed, her hair was messy, and for once she didn't have a cheeky smile on her face. Her mouth was partly open, and she was looking at me with such lust I couldn't believe it.

"Do it," she whispered. "Please..."

Even though I wasn't watching the TV, I could hear the music of the credits rolling. It made this weird noise, like the sound of a male panting. I have no idea what the movie was - it probably made sense in context, but at the time, I remember thinking it was a more than slightly odd.

Without any further hesitation, I did what I'd been dreaming about for so long, and tasted Marie's sweet, sweet pussy. I used one hand to part her lips, so I could better taste her, and the other hand slowly inserted a pair of fingers into her cunt. As I slowly pumped my fingers in and out, I remembered what I'd learned, and used my tongue to apply pressure to her clit.

Within no time, she was cumming, and it was like my mouth was being flooded by her juices.

I was in heaven. The taste that I now knew I'd been craving ever since I met Marie was almost overwhelming - it filled every corner of my mouth and left me wanting to never brush my teeth again.

I thought that Marie would have returned the favor, but for some reason she wasn't super into it. The movie's credits ended, it went to the menu, and another film started playing a few seconds later - I'd never seen it do that before. I guess we just normally turn it off before the credits finish.

We sat there, both of us nude, and watched another film. Again, I really can't tell you what it was - the whole time, I had one hand in Marie's pussy, playing and tweaking and fooling around, while my eyes never left the screen. I was just so excited to finally get to do everything I'd dreamed of doing for so long.

I realized, while watching the film, that on some level I must have had a crush on Marie for years. That was why I'd wanted to move in with her in the first place. I guess I've always subconsciously been a lesbian - that's why I'm not at all threatened by letting Phillip see me in my underpants. I want Phillip to see me in my panties. I don't mind what Phillip sees me do.

I don't know how Marie felt about the situation - she spent the whole film bucking under my fingers (I tried to do what I knew I'd want done to myself) and staring at the film. When it was over, she leaned in for another kiss, and without prompting, knelt down in front of me, and tentatively started licking my pussy.

Several days of arousal came to a head - the tiniest bit of contact from Marie was all that I

needed. I came and came and came and came. Marie got really into it - she didn't let up, even as I thrashed around, screaming her name, cumming harder than I ever had before. She just kept on playing with my pussy; one hand reached up and began to play with my tits, which set me off again.

I couldn't believe it. We spent the rest of that night on the couch, playing with each other. I don't remembering either of us getting up at all, but at some point Marie's vibrator appeared with fresh batteries, and we spent a few hours playing with that as well.

Even when the TV switched off, that weird panting sound never disappeared, but I figured it wasn't worth worrying about. I had far better things to focus on.

Finally, when we completely ran out of energy, we went into Marie's room to sleep. We spooned all night, and in the morning...sort of continued where we left off.

It's been about three months since then - me and Marie show absolutely no signs of getting sick of each other, I'll tell you that! We're really lucky that Phillip is so cool about things - he's home a lot more these days, for some reason, and at first we used to wait until he was gone before we started fooling around, but one day when the three of us were watching a movie, he explained that he really doesn't mind.

So since then, even when he's around, if we feel like hooking up, we'll hook up. It's really freeing - Marie and I are so into each other, you can never tell what's going to set us off next. I might be making breakfast with Phillip, and see her walk in wearing her favourite corset...well, we don't even have to leave the room, we can just get up on the bench and make love right there.

Phillip was showing us a documentary on lesbians, and mentioned that he was thinking of making something similar. Marie and I almost spoke over each other in our rush to volunteer - ever since I discovered my true sexuality, I've been really keen to share it with the world, and being filmed just seemed like such a natural first step in that direction. He's got about 50 hours of footage so far - he hasn't edited it all together so far, but he says that he'll probably release it online when he does. At first it really bothered me that he'd film us making love, but he showed us a similar documentary - "Lesbian Strap-ons 5", and after we'd watched it for a bit, I had to agree that it's important to show the whole relationship, not just the family-friendly parts.

Anyway, since Marie and I are spending every night together in her room, mine is pretty much going to waste, so we've decided to rent it out. Phillip says he knows someone who might be interested, so we're letting him take care of it.

I only have three criteria - for them to fit into the house, they have to be gay-friendly, really into film...and preferably female.

We got lucky with Phillip, but honestly, I think we'd all be more comfortable with a female housemate.