

Loving Milk

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Lover gives milk to her young friend

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"You really didn't have to get dressed up," I told this beautiful woman, holding her hands in mine on the table. I had told her about this little Italian restaurant in the city where I lived, which was only about half-full, as it was past nine o'clock on a Monday night, with only a few days before Christmas. I loved that you came to me to visit me, you looked beautiful, and I was adoring her. She took me here, to give us time to just talk, to explore what we had started online.

"I've gotta look good for my little boy," she grinned. She had just turned forty a few months ago, but she was still strikingly beautiful; her lush hair still shone vibrantly in the candlelight, her endearing eyes sharp, quick to see everything, but also tender and kind, not even the slightest hint of a wrinkle on her face. She wore a long black dress which hugged her figure perfectly, the gold necklace with diamond pendant that her husband had given her last Christmas hanging over her large, supple breasts, complimenting the two diamond earrings that sparkled beneath her wavy hair. She sported matte-black high heels to match her dress, displaying her unbelievable feet; the high arches, smooth skin which showed no sign of age, and delectable toes, which were painted dark red to accent and contrast the whiteness of her flesh. She had added a few pounds to her figure over the recent years she told me, some might even call her a little chubby. But the simple fact was, to me it seemed to add to her allure; her legs were to die for, not to mention her busty chest and round butt.

I noticed that I had grown erect and immediately felt proud and excited that she was here with me, that she had traveled to meet me. Her warm smile and soothing voice kept me at bay, kept things soft and mellow. I squeezed her soft, thin hands, admiring her fair, almost pale skin, untarnished by marks or freckles, her creamy skin the smoothest I'd ever felt.

We got lost in conversation, catching up on each other's lives over the past few months in between mouthfuls of pasta, filling in what we hadn't mentioned during our numerous talks on the phone and online. It felt easy comfortable, what I wanted, it was not a lust, but it was an attraction, a caring that was growing. She looked at me like no woman had ever before; her eyes were always understanding, compassionate, and loving, but as we talked here eyes fell upon mine in a much deeper tone, purposeful and intent, but on what I didn't know, I had thought that our online loving was just that

"online" after all she was older than me, old enough to be my mother, it was too much to really expect us to become lovers, so I had put it in my head that the visit, was just that, she had grown to a place where she cared for me. She loved me and I did her too. But I had it in my head that I would only take what she gave me, that I would not push at all, that all that had gone on before "online" was just a tease, but now that reality had come to pass and I was having dinner with her, that was a different thing all together.

It was after eleven that we got to her hotel suite, still talking and listening and laughing together. She pulled off her heels and we sat on the black leather couch together, my eyes wandering to her creamy legs whenever her gaze fell elsewhere, her heavenly feet toying with my emotions.

"Do you want a massage honey?" she asked me, standing on the couch on her knees. "You look tense."

"I'm fine," I resisted weakly and nervously, but I never could say no to my fantasies. Her hands pushed against my shoulders and I slid forward, giving her enough room to kneel behind me. She pulled off my shirt and rubbed my back, her gentle hands pressing on my spine and shoulder blades. We fell silent, only the sound of our breathing and of her hands rubbing against my skin audible. She drew herself straight up on her knees, her warm hands rhythmically massaging my neck and shoulders.

"Oh, that feels amazing," I moan, letting myself lean on her body, my head resting on her stomach, just touching the bottoms of her breasts.

"Good. Just relax sweetheart, I'll take good care of you," she said sweetly. Her fingers found every knot in my neck, shoulders, and back, then my jaw, her slight fingers pressing the sensitive point under my ears. The last few days my Grand Master had been working me out very very hard. My muscles were sore and strained from overdoing it in sparing and training. The holidays were hard around martial arts schedule. And I was trying to get in as much training in as I could to get ready for a Tournament in February that I was going to go to.

After giving me the best massage I ever had, she lowered herself down and wrapped her arms around me, my hands holding hers while her cheek pressed against mine.

"Do you want to lay down with your head in my lap? Many times I have imagined as we talked online that you were with me like this," she whispered, kissing me lightly on the cheek.

"I'd love that," I accepted, putting my legs across the couch while she sat down. I lowered my head into her lap, resting on her silky smooth thighs that were mostly hidden by her dress, holding her left

hand on my chest while her right tenderly brushed my hair. I closed my eyes and relaxed, completely forgetting about the erection pushing on my jeans, which was undoubtedly noticeable, but she didn't say a word.

I was calming down, but I was nowhere near tired. The gentle touch, her soft hand brushing my forehead and hair with the care almost like a mother would display, was meant to ease me into a moment of just tenderness, yet it was filling me with lust. I did the best I could to stay calm, to pretend I wasn't having the kinky thoughts I was having, but I could never hide my feelings really. She took her hand from my chest and rested her palm on my forehead.

"I've got something for you," she whispered. I opened my eyes and saw her fingers grab onto the left strap of her dress, pulling it over her smooth shoulder, down her arm, unveiling the top half of her left breast...

I was amazed and delightfully in shock and then she placed a finger on my lips as if to shush me. "Relax honey. I took some medication that makes me lactate. I have thought about it so much after reading your stories, it's the most natural thing in the world," she soothed, smiling at me as if I were a child again.

"Why are you on medication?" I asked, concerned.

"Well it's not actually medication, I'm taking hormones. The milk is actually very healthy and tastes quite good. Now shh, drink my milk sweetheart, I did this for you, it is all for you" She lifted my head up and slipped the dress strap off her arm, uncovering her firm, supple tit. It was the perfect shape and size, her flawless nipple hard, the areola surrounding it just the right size.

My mind no longer think; all I wanted at that moment was her nipple, and I didn't hesitate. I latched onto her bosom, placing my right hand on her side, just below her boob as I sucked on her teat. She held my head in the crook of her elbow, her hand holding my right shoulder, her left squeezing her breast to get the milk flowing. I suckled her nipple, being careful not to bite, drawing warm milk into my mouth. I couldn't believe how good her milk tasted; it was sweet, thin, with the tinge of her skin enhancing the flavor. The backs of her fingers brushed against my cheek while I drank from the teat of heaven. OH my God all my prayers were answered in that moment that I heard her moan in delight.

She slid off her other strap, letting her dress slide down to her waist and unsheathing her second jug. I laid back a bit more and she held my head closer to her shoulder so my face was in her right bosom. I latched on and sucked on her nipple, quickly drawing milk, her left hand caressing my stomach while I drank my fill. I moved my hand from her side and onto her left breast, gently squeezing and feeling

her firm mammary. I felt her warm hand slowly make its way down my stomach, her fingers forcing their way into my pants, finding their grip on my hungry penis...

This time I didn't resist. I continued to suckle and grope her bosoms while she caressed my engorged member, stopping for a moment when she unbuckled and unzipped my jeans, but her hand quickly returned. I drank until I was no longer thirsty, then I looked up at her, our eyes locked as lover's.

I sat up, placing my left hand behind me and holding the back of her head with my right, pulling her into me as she pulled me into her. Her hand held my cock still as we both closed our eyes, our lips coming together in one passionate embrace. We returned with another, then she opened her mouth and I followed suit, our tongues slowly dancing in one another's mouth, a dance that felt like it could last forever, and I wished it would.

She pulled away, placing her hands on my chest in a motion to stop. Confused, I thought she was pushing me away, but she gave me a reassuring smile and slipped out from under me, pressing her hands on my chest again, this time getting me to lay down. I obliged, laying comfortably on the cold leather. She stood at my side and grabbed the waistband of my boxers, pulling them off along with my jeans and placing them on the floor. She knelt on the couch and laid down between my legs, her shins resting on the armrest, feet just visible to me above her head.

My hard penis awaited her on my stomach, but she started elsewhere. Her rosy red lips kissed the insides of my thighs, then both of my neatly trimmed jewels. She licked my scrotum, lifting my balls with her tongue, running the tip along my septum. She ran her tongue up along the bottom of my dick several times, applying more pressure with each trip. She covered my shaft in kisses and flicks of her tongue, her hands fondling my hips.

The thumb and pointer finger of her right hand wrapped around the base of my cock, pointing it straight up towards the ceiling. She held my tip to her lips, softly kissing and licking the head, her eyes closed, smacking it against her mouth. Her lips wrapped around my shaft, slowly inching back and forth, from midway down my penis up to the corona and back, her cheeks pulled inward from her strong but gentle sucking. I held her left hand on my hip, rubbing her delicate knuckles with my thumb, stroking the hair from her forehead with my other hand.

It was the best blow job I had ever received; her teeth never touched my dick, her low purring was so beautiful I felt like crying, and her mouth never left my cock even for a moment.

She began taking me farther down her throat, coming down a little more with each bob of the head until she was taking most of my shaft, returning again and again without so much as a whimper. I wanted this to last forever, her moist lips eternally bound to the love stick she gave me.

Her lips squeezed my head and gave one last suck, then parted with a kiss, leaving my stick wet with her saliva. She got off of the couch and stood beside me, slipping the dress from the waist to her feet, then her cute black lace panties, revealing her fully naked figure.

The beauty of the one place I had never seen entranced me, just like her breasts had a short time ago. Her vagina was surprisingly compact, especially for a woman of forty, almost as if it had never been touched. The lips were small along with her clitoris, which had already popped out of its hood, and her dark reddish pubic hair, which appeared brown in the feint yellow glow of a nearby lamp, was trimmed neatly.

She didn't give me much time to stare, as she quickly got back on the couch, straddling my hips. She placed a hand on my stomach, reaching down with the other to hold my cock steady while she lowered herself. Her pussy was incredibly tight as she inched farther down, her hand joining the other on my stomach, mine holding her knees at my sides. She breathed out heavily when I was fully inside her, pausing for a few moments before she slowly began to move her hips from side to side, back and forth, in a circular motion, her small lips kissing the base of my engorged member. Her gates of heaven clutched my rod tighter than a virgin's, the pleasure more intense than I had ever felt before. Her hips kept a constant rhythm, her back arched, her voluptuous bosoms squeezed together by her arms, her head tilted up with closed eyes, her throat faintly purring.

Her hands left my stomach and she leaned forward, putting her weight on me, her forearms resting on the couch. She raised her butt and brought it down, slowly and gently, over and over, my hands holding her plump cheeks. She kissed my lips tenderly, then rested her forehead on mine, content to simply breathe on each other, her breath more heavy than mine, her hips steadily pleasuring the both of us.

The smell was intoxicating; the mixture of her natural aroma and that of her Chanel No. 5 perfume made me salivate. I felt the tingling sensation of orgasm approach, the sensation tingling throughout my body, the pleasure increasing. My breath became heavy, my hands squeezing her ass cheeks, my legs stretching.

She quickly raised her hips up and off of my stick, swiftly moving and kneeling between my legs as the sensation peaked. Her lips wrapped around the head of my penis in the nick of time, her right hand stroking my shaft as warm cum shot into her mouth, her left holding my hand while I squeezed it firmly. I grabbed her hand and held it still on my cock, which was spasming uncontrollably in her warm embrace.

My whole body shook in the most satisfying orgasm of my life, my diaphragm struggling to operate.

Mylover drank from my cock, sucking semen out vigorously until it stopped coming. My penis rapidly deflated, softening in her palm as I let go of her hand, catching my breath as my body recovered. She stopped sucking and let go of my shaft, instead holding me in her mouth while she rubbed my thighs until the swelling had fully subsided.

She let my limp cock fall to the side, giving my shaft a quick kiss, then laid down on me, her stomach pressing down on my genitals, boobs squished against my chest. She caressed my cheeks and gave me short, sweet kisses while I rubbed her shoulder blades.

My hands wandered down to her hips and I pushed upward, lifting her up in the air and turning her over onto her back. I laid her comfortably on the couch and stood beside her, sliding my hands along her creamy white legs. I knelt at the opposite end of the couch and lifted her legs by her ankles, so her angelic feet were level with my mouth. I ran my tongue around her left heel, then up her arch to her toes, savoring her velvety skin, then I traced the outline of her foot with my tongue before doing the same to her other foot.

Blood had filled my penis again before I finished with her right foot, erect and hungry. Her toes were little drops of heaven in my mouth as I sucked each of them gently. I opened my eyes and saw her fingers massaging her glistening vagina.

Spreading her legs, I placed her left leg on the back of the couch, her right dangling off the seat. I knelt between her legs, hunched over and entranced by her magnificent loving cup. I kissed it on the lips, which were surprisingly moist, then licked up the length of it, relishing in the delightful taste. I covered her unbelievable pussy in firm kisses, then flicks of the tongue, holding her thick thighs while she softly moaned.

A hand ran through my hair and stopped at the back of my head, pulling me in to her. She spread her lips and invited me in, and I did not hesitate. My tongue went deep inside of her, flicking around, darting in and out, then making lapping motions, which were met with louder moans. I retracted my tongue and flicked her swollen red clit, rolling it over and then sucking gently on it.

She put both hands on my head as my tongue returned to her heavenly walls, pulling me as hard as she could while I rapidly ate her out, squeezing her thighs while her voice raised into joyful screams. She struggled to breathe when she reached orgasm, her vagina quaking on my tongue, warm fluid seeping out, her head reared back in ecstasy. She removed her hands from my head and held the insides of her thighs, breathing heavy as I softly kissed her dripping wet pussy. I nuzzled her short pubes then licked from the top of her slit to her bellybutton, flicking my tongue around her navel while she winded down.

I laid on her as she had done to me, kissing her neck and collar bone while she rubbed my sides and shoulder blades. My cock was nestled in her little pubic hairs, tingling the underside of my dick as I slowly moved back and forth, our tongues in each other's mouths.

I backed my hips up and she reached down to guide me in, parting her lips with my head as I entered her for a second time. I grabbed her left leg and put it over my shoulder, pushing it to her chest, her right still draped over the seat. I put my right hand on the cushion and held her breast with my left, slowly moving my hips back and forth, our noses not an inch apart, our breath hastening as time went on. She held my hand on her breast and clutched her thigh, elegantly moaning as I picked up speed, careful not to hit her pelvis as I humped my moaning lover.

I grabbed her other leg and put it over my shoulder without missing a beat, the new position allowing me deeper penetration, her hands clutching my triceps, my hands at her sides. Her knees were pushed close to her chest, her feet swaying above my head straight up in the air, her breath heavy on my face. I could tell she was close to orgasm; her fingers clutching my arms, her eyes closed tightly, her throat producing the sexiest screams I had ever heard. I hurried my pace, my balls slapping her ass as her voice peaked, her head thrown back while her bosoms seductively bounced.

Her vagina convulsed and contracted on my thrusting rod, hugging me even tighter than I had even thought possible, her hands clasped my arms hard but her nails never touched my skin. I slowed to a stop as she inhaled deeply, breathing as if she had just run a marathon, her cozy cunt still quivering and squeezing my penis tight.

Spreading her legs apart, I got in closer, kissing her cheeks and neck while she recovered. She caught her breath, kissing me deeply on the lips, her warm hands holding my cheeks. I postured up and put her feet on my stomach, her knees bent and in opposite directions, her toes curled onto my hips. I kept a slow, steady pace, her hands resting between her heels on my stomach, tits clenched between her arms, her head tilted to the side as she softly moaned. I held her knees and admired her perfect facial features and beautiful auburn hair, her incredible melons, her extravagant hands and feet.

Her rosy red lips beckoned for me to kiss them, and I did, after pushing her feet off my stomach and giving her legs some room. I got down as close to her as I could, placing most of my weight on my forearms by her sides, her nipples pushing against my chest, her arms wrapped around me. Her thighs hugged my hips, her calves resting on my butt, her feet locked together. I barely moved, my penis deep inside her, my pubic bone pressed against her pelvis, my hips slowly swaying but causing intense pleasure for both of us, our tongues switching mouths while we both purred.

I felt the tingling of orgasm course through my body, causing me to speed up, the sensation this time

even greater than the last. She hugged me closer, her legs squeezing my hips as hard as she could, her feet locked tight over my tail bone. I pulled my tongue from her lips and moaned in her ear, cock spasming as it shot a heavy load of sperm into my lover's sweet pussy that was hugging me as tight as she was; my hips shaking, my whole body feeling weak and sensationally tingly. I breathed heavily on her neck, feeling safe and sound in her warm embrace, her hands tenderly rubbing my back as I gradually grew limp inside her.

We laid together for several minutes, her legs hugging me tight, her hand on the back of my head, my face buried in her neck. She gave me a kiss on my temple and released me from the full-body hug, guiding me to lay down with her hands.

She straddled my stomach, her knees pressed to my sides, and leaned over, offering me a breast. I latched on and began feeding from her bosom, feeling her hips while she rhythmically squeezed her tit to help the flow, her other hand on the armrest to hold her up. I moved to her other tit and suckled merrily, drinking to my heart's desire. My cock was hard again by the time I'd had my fill, eager for the endearing gates of my MILF lover again. I could not believe I was fucking her over and over again, and that she had gone through this to give me her milk too.

She turned around, her legs still straddling my hips but her head facing the other end of the couch, and slowly lowered herself down onto my throbbing young stick. Her feet were at my sides, so I grabbed them and bent her legs towards each other, her feet resting on my ribs. She pressed her hips down firmly on my crotch, my meat hidden by her gorgeous round ass, and slowly moved her hips back and forth, her back arched. I held and massaged her feet on my chest, pressing her arches and squeezing her sexy little toes while she picked up speed.

She raised her butt and brought it down slowly, swifter with each thrust, her ass cheeks beginning to shake, drawing my attention away from her feet, which I still held affectionately. I felt the need to pleasure my this sweet woman, who was not just a girl, but a woman that had showed me love, caring. Yes, I wanted to please her, not just have her pleasure me, which she seemed to always doing for me in her e-mails, in her calls, her text, in the way that she gave to me the most intimate gift of her milk that only she could give. I moved her feet back to my sides and placed my hands on her butt, signaling for her to stop.

She raised her hips up and off of my rod, letting me get up from under her and kneel behind her. I put her forearms up on the armrest, putting her legs together between mine in doggy style position. I held her beautiful love-handles, squeezing them lightly as I once again entered the gates of heaven, slowly thrusting my staff of pleasure deep inside. Her soft moans made me want to hear her scream in delight, pushing me to go faster, squeezing her hips as her butt started to jiggle, her voice rising to my enjoyment. I clutched her shoulders and rammed her as fast as I could, her plump ass jiggling with

each slap of my pubic bone, her sweet melons flailing.

Her heavenly squeals told me she was about to cum, which fueled me to go even faster, the slapping noise of her ass and her joyful screams producing a beautiful melancholy of pleasure. I felt her walls closing on my thrusting dick but I kept going, the pleasure unbelievable, her cries the most wonderful music I had ever heard. I slowed to a crawl as her orgasm reached climax, her puckered pussy squirting juices on my engorged member, her screaming replaced by heavy breathing. I bent over and put some of my weight on her back, placing my forearms on the armrest outside of hers, holding her hands and kissing her neck as I came to a stop deep inside her shuddering pussy.

I kissed her cheek and shoulder while she recovered, squeezing my hands just as her pussy squeezed my cock. I sucked softly on her earlobe, tasting the gold of her subtle diamond earrings more than her skin. My tongue flicked in and around her petite ear, then retreated as I kissed her lovingly on the cheek. I let go of her hands and instead held her breasts, groping her supple tits. I laid on my side and pulled her with me, my back on the back of the couch, spooning.

We rested our heads on the armrest, her hands holding mine on her voluptuous breasts. I buried my face in her lush thick hair, which was slightly damp with her sweat, and slowly moved my hips, my penis deep inside her wet pussy, her knees slightly bent with her feet on my shins.

She lifted her right leg up in the air, letting go of my right hand and moving on a bit of an angle toward me, her right shoulder closer than her left. I held up her thigh and her fingers locked between mine, her foot coming down to rest on the side of my knee. I still held her left breast as I moved my hips again, a bit faster than before. I covered her neck and cheek in kisses, noticing the time on the wall clock read almost four o'clock. I was astounded at how long we had been at it, but at the same time I never wanted it to stop. I continued to hump her tight pussy, tasting her now salty skin as I licked her cheek and neck.

She took my hands off of her and turned into me, her eyes meeting mine, adoration in both of our gazes. She lifted her left leg up for me to take, which I lifted up above my shoulder, her knee straight with the top of her calf resting on my neck, her heel on the edge of the couch. She was surprisingly flexible, moving her head closer to me, her knee right beside her face as we kissed, the top of her thigh squishing her left bosom.

I entered her loving vagina and she wrapped her left arm around her thigh and held my side, my hand falling upon her elbow. I hugged her close with my left arm under her armpit, her right hand placed affectionately on the armrest under my cheek. The tips of our noses touched and stayed together as I gently thrust my shaft into her, her warm breath and oddly soothing moans washing over my mouth. I picked up speed, my low grunts drowned out by her loud moaning. I tried to fend off orgasm as best I

could, as we were both approaching climax and I had to make sure I didn't finish before she had been fulfilled.

She raised her head and aimed her mouth straight up, not wanting to scream in my face, although I wouldn't have minded, her hand finding the back of my head and pulling me to her chest. I felt her pussy tighten and I let go, my hips still mindlessly humping while our genitals spasmed and tightened in and on each other. I moaned heavily into her chest, muffled by her cleavage as I exploded inside of her, my rock hard cock jerking back and forth as waves of semen clashed with her rushing vaginal fluids, screaming at the top of her lungs. It was the longest orgasm I ever had, twice as long as either of the two I had experienced earlier, an incredible load pouring into her sopping wet pussy. Both of our bodies shook together, both of us struggling to breathe, still moaning.

She lowered her head and rested her chin on my forehead, her mouth wide open and washing my hair in hot breath. My manhood wilted, her vagina slowly loosening its grip until it was back to normal. We caught our breath, still clinging to each other.

I grabbed her leg and lowered it to my hip, letting her groin relax. I pulled my head from her chest and looked into her caring eyes, both of us infinitely satisfied. I brushed the hair from her beautiful face, my cheek resting happily in her palm. I pulled my hips out just far enough that my penis dislodged from her dripping vagina, then put my right leg between hers, her pussy wet on my thigh. I drew her closer, her breasts pressed against my chest, holding her hip and rubbing her back while she stroked my cheek tenderly.

We kissed goodnight deeply, then put our foreheads together, closed our eyes and drifted to sleep, exhausted and fulfilled. We held each other close, knowing our relationship was forever changed, but for the better.

It was the best Christmas present I could ever have asked for.