

MILKED



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Diaz**



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First published 2007.

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Milked!

1.

‘Darling,’ I asked nervously, ‘darling...’

My wife lifted her head from the magazine and peered at me over the rim of her glasses.

‘Yes, darling?’

It was Friday evening and we were, as usual, spending a quiet evening at home, listening to music and reading after a casual meal supplied by the local Indian take away.

My wife, Kayla, is a beautiful woman in the classic sense. Voluptuous and curvy, everything a man would like but, apparently according to my wife, not what women should look like.

‘I can’t get fashionable clothes to fit me,’ she constantly protested, ‘the latest designs are for girls who look like bean poles!’

Of course, I told her that she was sexy and beautiful and Kayla had simply murmured, ‘thank you, darling, but I would like to wear fashionable clothes!’

Her body made me drool and I constantly hungered for it. Unfortunately, Kayla did not possess the same libido as I did and our sex life was meagre.

It was a little humiliating having to ask for sex and I put it off for as long as was humanely possible until I could wait no longer.

Kayla looked at me, waiting for me to continue.

When I didn't, Kayla fingered her glasses, a sign of annoyance and asked, 'you said something, Tony?'

'Ah...yes.'

I shifted uncomfortably as my wife impatiently waited, fingers drumming on the arm of the sofa.

'Please, Tony,' Kayla said, 'if you have something to say, please say it! I'm in the middle of an incredibly interesting article.'

I swallowed and gathered my courage.

'Darling,' I rushed, 'could we make love tonight?'

She pursed her lips – another sign of annoyance – and inspected me.

'Oh,' she said in a voice tinged with a small measure of disgust, 'is it *that* time again?'

Her eyes narrowed and I gulped. There was something about Kayla that made me feel insignificant and a little useless, although she never treated me with anything other than a distant affection.

She closed her magazine with a sigh, rearranged herself on the sofa and then looked at me.

'You are demanding your marital rights?' Kayla asked stiffly.

'Demanding? No...no, darling, not demanding at all. I just thought it would be nice for us to...you know...make love...'

'*Making love*, as you put it, consist of you penetrating me, wiggling your thing about for a few moments and then depositing that yucky stuff inside me! I drip for hours afterwards!'

Her sudden and cruel words, quite out of character for her, shocked me. I flushed and tried to think of something that would sway her.

‘I...I thought we’d enjoy doing it together...’

‘*You* enjoy it you mean! Darling, I’ve told you that I just don’t enjoy penetration.’

Oh,’ I said sinking dejectedly back into the chair, ‘oh, if you don’t enjoy sex then,’ I said sadly.

‘I didn’t say *that*, darling,’ Kayla said. ‘I enjoy sexual release but I just don’t enjoy penetration.’

My ears pricked up.

‘But you do...do enjoy sexual *release*?’

‘You can say *orgasm*, darling, I won’t faint!’

‘Oh...’

‘If you could find a way to...oh, forget it,’ Kayla said, returning to her magazine.

‘No, wait!’ I cried. ‘If I could do what?’

‘If you could find a way for me to orgasm and then when you do, it would be a joint act, as it were, we would *both* enjoy it.’

Kayla smiled at me.

‘Can you think of a way, darling? You *are* a man of the world, aren’t you?’

I flushed and looked away.

‘You mean...use my...fingers...’

‘Goodness no! You’d be *so* rough, I just know it! My bits are sensitive, you know.’

‘Then...then how?’

‘Oh forget it; you aren’t really interested in me!’

‘I am!’ I protested vigourously, ‘I really am!’

‘I find that hard to believe after all these years...’

‘Darling,’ I implored, ‘can’t we put the past behind us? Can’t...can’t we try again? Tell me.’

Kayla looked at me carefully.

‘You mean that?’

‘Yes, I do...’

‘*Really* mean it?’

I nodded and I could see she relaxed just a little.

‘Darling, I have heard of a technique where the partner uses his or her mouth and tongue...’

‘His or *her*?’

‘I believe it is quite common for lesbians to exchange sexual relief.’

Lesbians?

My wife was suddenly being very open about sex and I didn’t know if it was a good or bad thing.

Kayla returned to her magazine and for a few moments, appeared engrossed in it while my mind raced.

Go down on her?

Is that what she is suggesting?

I had never done that but, strangely, my cock was rock hard at the thought.

I was astonished that Kayla, who preferred to undress in the bathroom rather than in front of me, had even considered oral sex!

It was out of character but, perhaps, she misses sex just as much as I do.

Or *orgasms* at least.

‘I’d like to try it!’ I blurted out.

Kayla looked up from her magazine and removed her reading glasses.

‘What was that, darling?’

‘I...’I’d like to...you know...’

‘Sorry, darling,’ Kayla said blithely, ‘I *don’t* know. What are you going on about?’

She waited calmly and I wondered if I saw a slight smile playing around the edge of her mouth.

‘What we were talking about,’ I stumbled, ‘you know...I’d try it...’

‘Try what, darling?’

Kayla was amused, I could tell! And, apparently, she was going to make me say it!

‘To...to give...give you sexual relief...’

‘An orgasm?’

Her left eyebrow shot up and Kayla smiled.

‘You want to give *me* an orgasm?’

I nodded quickly.

‘How *wonderful*,’ my wife said in a voice tinged with heavy sarcasm. ‘After *four* years of marriage, you have *decided* that you would like to give *me* an *orgasm*! *Hallelujah*! I’ll just call the vicar and ask him to ring the church bells! Let there be celebrations across the land!’

Flushing deeply, I tried to defend myself.

‘Darling, I...I didn’t know...that’s all...’

‘You didn’t *know*?’

Her other eyebrow shot up to rest with her other eyebrow.

‘You didn’t know that I would like to enjoy an orgasm every once in a while? Perhaps I should have put a notice on the community noticeboard at church. *Wanted: One Orgasm!*’

‘Now, darling, don’t be like that...’

‘Like *what?*’

‘Well...you know...’

‘No, I *don’t* know. You are being terribly oblique tonight, darling.’ Kayla stood up, smoothed her skirt, walked to the sideboard and poured herself a sherry. She didn’t offer to get me one so I just waited.

‘So, after all these years,’ Kayla said, ‘you’ve decided it’s time for you to learn new skills, to learn how to *please* me?’

‘Well, I wouldn’t put it exactly *that* way...’

‘Yes or no!’

‘Well...yes...’

‘So, you’re prepared to use your mouth and tongue to please me?’

My face was red hot but my cock was still rigid within the confines of my trousers.

I couldn’t help but look at the tight skirt hugging my wife’s voluptuous bottom and the way her curves pushed against her blouse.

I wanted her, wanted to *please* her so she would *please* me!

‘Well?’ Kayla demanded, looking at me over the rim of the crystal sherry glass.

‘Yes,’ I whispered.

‘Yes, what?’ Kayla persisted.

‘Yes, I’m prepared to use...use my mouth and...’

‘I must warn you darling,’ Kayla said serenely after sipping sherry, ‘that I may take some time to achieve sexual release. Your tongue and mouth will become sore. You’ll probably give up and I’ll be left high and dry.’

Kayla placed the sherry glass on the sideboard and I wondered if she was about to leave the room.

‘I won’t!’

‘Really?’

‘Yes,’ I blurted out, ‘I’ll keep going until...until...’

‘I achieve an orgasm?’ Kayla finished and I nodded.

‘Yes,’ I whispered.

‘Promise?’

I nodded again and Kayla smiled at me.

‘I’ll just run up and have a nice shower so I’m all clean and fresh for you.’

An image of Kayla naked and pink under the shower flickered across my mind and my hard cock twitched.

‘Why don’t you tidy up down here, lock up and wait for me in bed, you naughty boy!’

My wife smiled sexily at me and she walked towards the stairs, her bottom rolling seductively within her skirt.

She smiled sexily at me!

A really sexy smile!

She did!

I tried to recall when Kayla had last done that, but failed.

With my cock almost bursting from my trousers, I scurried around to clean up and, after locking all the doors and checking the windows – Kayla couldn't sleep unless I told her it was safe – I hurried upstairs to the bedroom.

2.

I could hear the shower in the bathroom as I turned down the bed and then quickly removed all my clothes. With trembling hands, I turned down the bedside lamps so a soft, warm and sexy hue enhanced the ambience of the bedroom.

The shower stopped just as I slipped under the covers and I eagerly awaited Kayla's entrance.

And waited!

As my cock subsided to half an erection, I wondered if she was ever going to leave the bathroom!

Finally, my wife emerged dressed in a rosebud pink peignoir that enhanced her sexy body.

It came to just below her crotch and I wondered if I saw a glimpse of dark pubic hair as she walked sexily towards the bed. The top half of the garment highlighted her massive breasts and my cock immediately sprang to attention.

'Are you ready, darling?' Kayla purred and I nodded dumbly.

'I'll have to tell you what to do, I suppose,' she said airily. 'It's amazing how men expect women to know everything about their silly pee pees when they can't be bothered learning anything about women's bits!'

Kayla glanced at me and I tried to convey in a weak smile an abject apology on behalf of all males.

‘You *will* listen to instructions, won’t you?’

‘Ah...yes...I’ll do what you tell me...’

‘Good,’ she said, settling back against the pillows and her perfume washed over me, invading my nostrils and senses.

Her eyelids closed and I leaned over to kiss her lips when her eyes blinked open.

‘You’re not naked, are you?’

‘Ah...yes,’ I stuttered.

Kayla sat up, her breasts jiggling wildly.

‘That won’t do,’ she said crossly. ‘How do I know that you won’t get carried away, get up and penetrate me with that...that thing between your legs!’

Disgust dripped from her final word and I blinked nervously.

‘I...I promise I...won’t...’

‘Hah!’ Kayla said dismissively. ‘Men are incapable of ignoring their pathetic pee pees! No, you’ll have to put your underpants back on.’

I knew better than to argue.

‘Yes dear,’ I murmured and I slipped from the bed and looked for my discarded boxer shorts.

‘No,’ she said suddenly, ‘they have a fly and your dickie pokes through!’

I looked down at my hard cock and back at my wife.

‘Wha...what do you want me to do then? It’s got buttons...’

‘No,’ Kayla said, emerging from the bed and rummaging through the chest of drawers. ‘Here!’

She threw a white garment at me and I caught it purely through reflex.

It was a white panty girdle with a satin insert panel.

I looked at it in horror.

‘I...I can’t wear this?’ I exclaimed as Kayla clambered back into bed.

‘Why not?’ Kayla said crossly, ‘it’s just a garment, for goodness sakes!’

‘But...but it’s female underwear...’

‘So what? It will keep your dickie pressed tightly and you won’t be able to get them off in a hurry so I’ll be able to relax. Believe me, darling,’ Kayla said persuasively, ‘you want me relaxed so I finish quickly!’

My cheeks burned as I stared at the undergarment.