

q life: with GABRIEL TABASCO

Matt, the Milkman and I
March 2020

My friend Matt, who on weekends when we had nothing to do, would wank off together, once told me about his friend nicknamed the Milkman. Apparently Matt would go over to the Milkman's house and get milked. 'Hence his nickname,' Matt clarified.

'All I do,' he began telling me, over a pint of beer, 'is to go over to his pub, usually before it opens for the day or on weekends when it's slow. After we have a pint, he places me over a table or on the bar, and milks me. Usually it takes about an hour or so, depending on how horny I am. Which is always, so I wank off before I go, so I can last longer,' he explained.

He took a long sip of his beer and laughed, remembering the milking sessions he had. Matt told me about it all before, through the online chats we used to have when we first met online but it seemed hotter to hear him say it as we were drinking.

Matt was a tall, dark-haired, strong-jawed political consultant. What he did exactly I was not sure. But I did know that the civil service, both domestic and foreign was packed to the rafters with gay men, with seemingly endless libidos. The civil service seemed to be a society cut off from a society and they all seemed to have sex with each other. Matt seemed to know anyone who's anyone. So his milking sessions were a break from the close-knit gay political circles he was accustomed to.



'It sounds hot,' I said.

'The politicians or the Milkman who runs a pub?'

'Both. But I'd like to be milked too... with you... if that's ok...' I said to Matt.

'Sure. Let me see if I can arrange,' he said.

'You should know that the Milkman loves come.

Once, he milked me over a

bowl of strawberries. I came all over them, and he ate the strawberries covered with my come, as he had a glass of Champagne.' To say I was hard after hearing all that was an understatement.

After some going back and forth over a number of weeks, one sunny Saturday morning Matt made it work and we drove over to the Milkman's pub in the northern suburbs of Melbourne, to be milked like two lactating cows.

The Milkman was a big, burly Scotsman who welcomed us in with a strong handshake and a big smile. He patted me enthusiastically on the back and Matt strongly on the butt as he led us in.

'We'll be having the milking upstairs in my living room boys, if that's ok,' he explained, as if we had any choice in the matter. 'Please undress, get naked ... and hard ... and get on all fours on the coffee table,' at that he laughed, 'and I will be right with you. Let me just go wash my hands and get the lube.'

Matt and I stood awkwardly in the living room for a moment before looking at each other and slightly grinning we began to take our clothes off. We wanked off together countless times but this felt different: more sexually charged, a little dangerous and hornier. It was as if we were venturing into the unknown. Which for me, it was. It was my first milking session. Naked, both Matt and I got on the coffee table, our balls hanging in the air ready to be tugged until tight and our erections growing, ready to be fondled and played with by a man who was about to show up with a strawberries and lube. We'd provide the cream. On all fours on the coffee table we were prepared to be fondled and milked.

The Saturday sunshine streamed into the room and warmed it. Matt, with his dark brown hair and fair, milky skin seemed to glow gently in the sunlight. His light skin made him seem almost hairless but he had a light film of hair on his legs. His chest and ass were smooth. By contrast I was darker and would naturally be hairy if I did not mascape.

'Nice set of holes we have here,' said the Milkman. My hole was waxed while Matt's had some bum fluff around it. 'Usually some guys are hairy down there, not that I am complaining,' continued the Milkman, 'and it can be more challenging to milk amid all that hair, but with you guys it's soft and smooth. Matt you got a bigger bum,' he added to which we all laughed, Matt and I nervously, as the Milkman was running his hands up and down our asses.



He was just getting started and occasionally he tugged lightly on our cocks that were fully erect.

'Gabriel, you got a nice set of low hangers,' commented the Milkman. 'Matt. Nice thick cock you got there.' The commentary ran through the session.

So there we were, one Saturday morning before the pub opened in northern Melbourne as Matt's and my low-hangers were on all fours on the Milkman's low-level, wooden coffee table. The Milkman began working away at us, having lubed up our holes and fingered us gently.

'Some guys don't want too many fingers in their hole while others want lots, but today it will be just the gentle one. One on each of you,' he laughed. From fingering he would reach under our perineum and tug at our balls and begin stroking our cocks.

Just as Matt said, both he and I were lightly kissing, laughing and chatting as the Milkman worked away at us. He had one hand on each of our asses and in unison caressed each of them. Whatever he did to Matt he would also be doing to me. His left hand on Matt's left bum cheek, his right hand on my right bum cheek. Then he would dip and fondle our balls, squeezing and tugging at them at the same time. He did that for a good 45 minutes as Matt and I became hornier and our breathing heavier.

'I am guessing you guys are close to coming,' said the Milkman.

'I guess so,' said Matt.

'I know so,' said the Milkman. 'I can tell because both of you have stopped your kissing and chatting and are trying not to come and both pairs of balls are tightening. They were like peaches. Now they are like grapes. And the contents will soon go on my strawberries.'

His analogies alone made us horny as he continued to work away at us, his rhythm became faster and faster until we were ready to come. First Matt, and inspired by his produce I followed right after. Both of us providing the cream for the Milkman's strawberries.