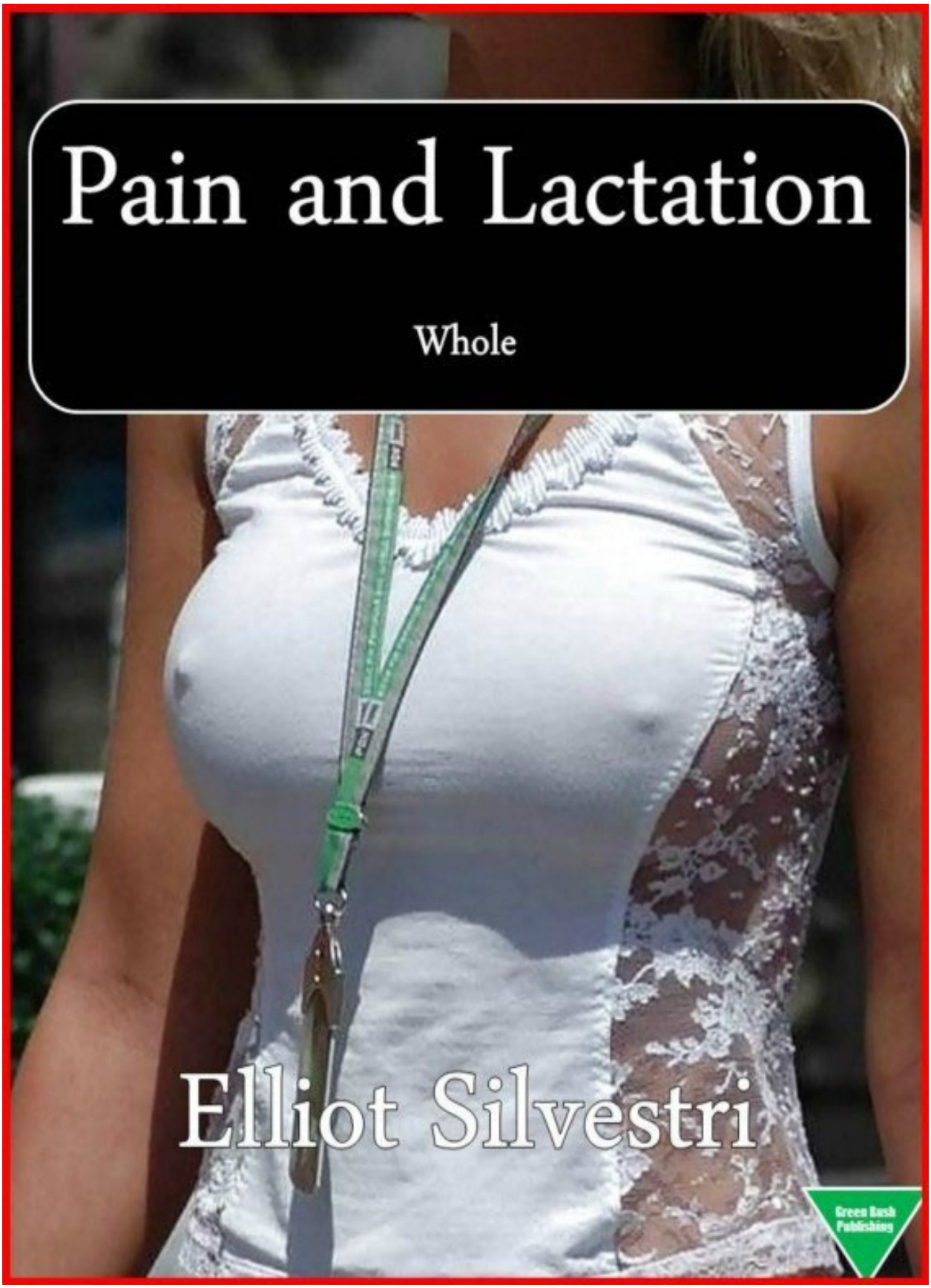
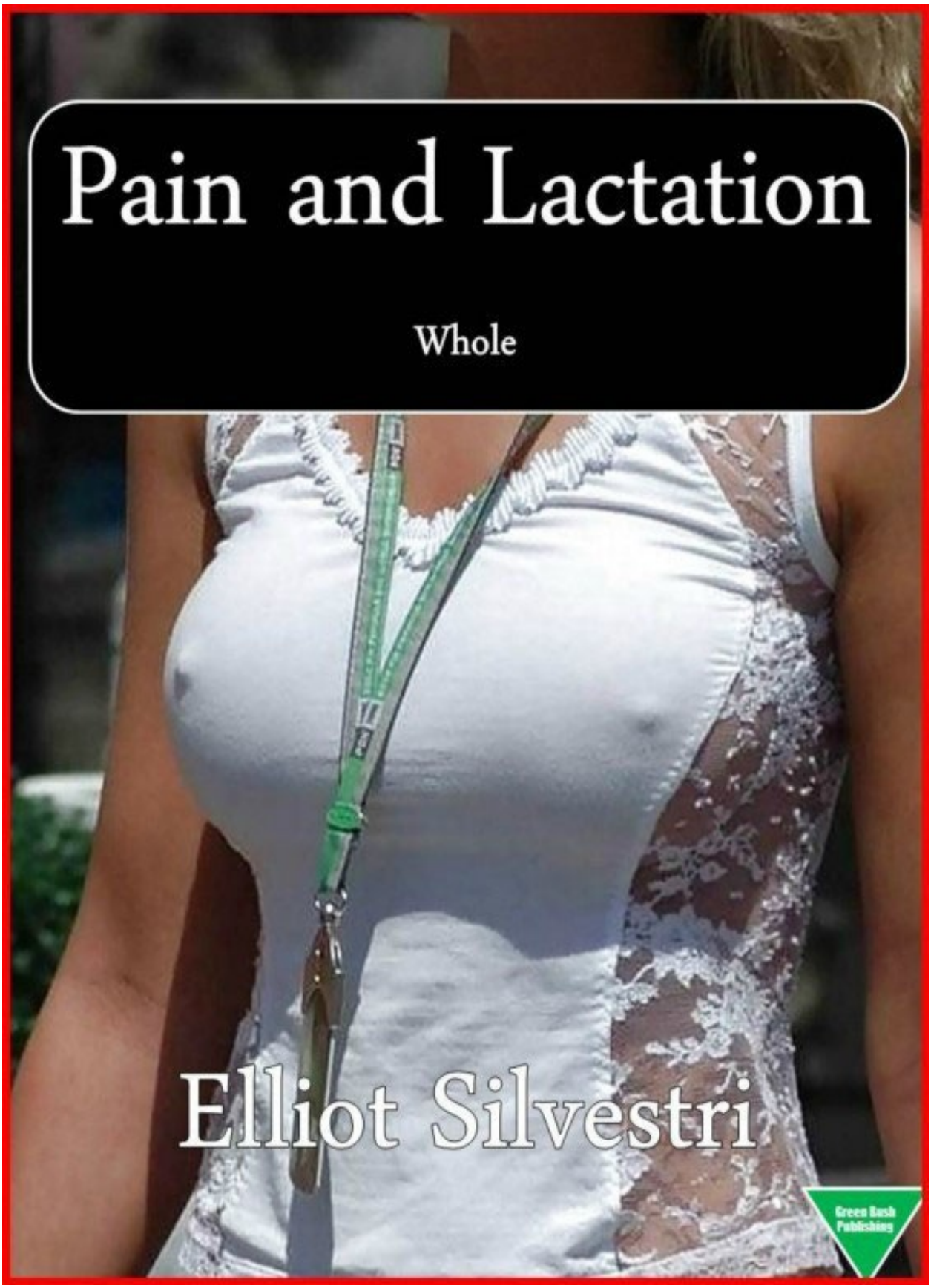

Pain and Lactation
Whole
Elliot Silvestri
Green Bush Publishing


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Pain and Lactation

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

Vickie looked at herself in the mirror and sighed. Life wasn't supposed to be perfect, but the one bit of pride she had in her physical appearance—her tits—had disappointed her starting a year ago and continued to disappointed to the day. Yes, she was a touch overweight, and yes her previously jet-black hair had sprouted some grays. Maybe her butt was a bit too big and her thighs were chunkier than she liked. The second worse were the lines slowly developing in her face.

But her tits—her tits!—they had been perfect for most of her life. Larger than average but they still managed to stand up proudly off her chest. They had lasted through two pregnancies and the associated breast feeding. They had lasted as the rest of her body started to fall to the ravages of aging. But for some unknown reason a year ago the twins had given up and started to deflate and sag.

Her dressing gown was open barely keeping her warm after exiting the bath she liked to take after work. Everything was exposed but there was no one around to see. She held the soft bits of flesh up with her hands, putting them back into the position she was so used to, but the moment her hands moved away, they fell and deflated.

"Stop it," her husband said from the doorway of the bathroom. "They're perfect, just like you."

"Fuck you, Bert," she replied. She used his childhood nickname because it annoyed him. "You aren't falling apart like I am."

It was almost the truth. He might have a few lines on his face and some gray at the temples, but it made him look distinguished and oddly sexy.

"You aren't falling apart, Vix. You're aging perfectly."

"My tits look like shit."

"They look fine." He walked up behind her and slipped his hands around her

breasts, cupping them, and circled his thumbs over her prominent light brown nipples. She shrugged and pushed him away.

“They used to be perfect, now they’re old lady tits.”

“Geez,” he sighed. “We’ve talked about this. We can afford it if you want to go see a plastic surgeon, go get them fixed the way you want.”

Vickie frowned. “You know I’m not going to do that.”

It wasn’t that she was afraid of doctors or surgery, it was that she didn’t see herself as the type of woman to run to a plastic surgeon the moment a hint of aging showed up uninvited. Her perspective on who she was and how she saw herself had come to a clash and she didn’t know how to resolve the issue.

Her husband made a pronouncement. “Then you either need to get over it or ignore it because it isn’t going away.”

Vickie nodded and turned away. It was stupid, she knew. She had a life that was good, nothing was really wrong with it. She was happy.

Mostly.

Across town Brenda was completely naked and fixed her eyes on the wall behind her boyfriend. In contrast to her nudity, he had on jeans and a t-shirt. Her fingers were interlaced behind her head and she focused on breathing carefully and slowly. Her upraised arms brought up her breasts, making them even more fetching than normal. She sported naturally dark red hair along with small, pink nipples. Her dark red hair was cut short, barely reaching the nape of her neck, because she hated dealing with the strands in her face.

“What did you do wrong today?” Jason asked her.

“I didn’t have dinner ready like I promised,” Brenda replied.

“So…do you deserve to be punished?”

“Yes.” She blinked back a tear and shuddered once while breathing in. She was

afraid.

“Do you want to be punished?”

“No.”

“But your behavior tells me you’re looking forward to a punishment.”

“No it doesn’t!” she quickly contradicted him.

Jason frowned. It was an expression had all the more fierce by his shaved head. “That’s going to be another set,” he told her.

Brenda looked down and bit her bottom lip. “I’m sorry. I’ll try to do better.”

“That’s what I’m looking for. Are you ready?”

She nodded and said, “Yes.” It wasn’t a confident yes.

Hanging from his hand was a yard-long piece of sueded leather, the last foot of which was split into four small strands. Jason whirled it a few times and then laid it down sharply across Brenda’s left breast.

She gasped in pain and pulled her hands down from behind her neck in a late attempt to protect her precious skin. A tear slid down the outside of her high cheekbones. She hated that. She hated how quickly and easily she cried at a bit of pain.

“How many was that?” Jason asked.

“One,” Brenda whimpered.

“How many do you get for not having dinner ready?”

“Four.”

“And how many for being impertinent?”

Brenda opened her mouth to answer but realized she didn’t have a number. He had only told her she had another set to do for being mouthy. How many strokes a set entailed was up to her. That was the problem. Too few and he’d add on

additional smacks. Too many and he'd let her suffer the full count. "Four," she finally answered.

Jason nodded. She'd never know if it was too many or just right. "Put your hands back up and keep them there," he instructed.

She nodded and resumed her position. A casual flick of Jason's hand shot out the lash and caught the tip of her nipple. Her body reacted; her elbows came forward and she pulled back, but she managed to hold her position and keep her fingers folded together. The pain lanced out from her nipple to heat up her entire chest. "Oh fuck," she cursed.

"Count?"

"Two," Brenda moaned.

"Only six more to go."

More tears started to slide out of her eyes and over her cheeks. She wanted the pain, she desired the pain, but she also wanted it to stop. By the time Jason was done lashing her, Brenda's mouth was hanging open with uncontrollable sobs while her entire body shook. When he was done with her, Jason kissed her forehead and reached between her legs. She was wet. Sopping wet. It was easy to feel her wetness because she no longer had any pubic hair. Jason insisted she shave it off when they started dating.

"You need to shave," he reminded her. There was a touch of stubble on her labia.

"I know. I'll take a bath when you're done with me."

He nodded. "Get down on your knees," he ordered.

Brenda sighed; her anxiety quickly left her body knowing today's torment was over. Although her tits throbbed with pain from the stripes that crisscrossed them, already she could feel the ache fading away. She unlaced her finger from behind her neck and knelt down. Jason didn't mind her using her hands now. In fact, he encouraged it.

Gently, almost with reverence, Brenda cupped Jason's cock and balls in her hands, opened her mouth, and took the plum-shaped cockhead between her lips.

He was only semi-hard at this point. He used to get completely hard while whipping her, but that was when they first started playing together. Now her tit torment was just foreplay to him.

In the arena of hair removal Jason was nothing if not equitable. He used to be a competitive swimmer in high school and college, but had mostly let that pass now. However, he had gotten used to removing all body hair before competitions. In the past he had employed shaving, depilatories, waxing, and every other method. Eventually he had resorted to laser hair removal. Permanent and effective. As a result, except for his arms and legs, Jason was almost perfectly hairless.

Brenda liked that. She smooth feel of his testicles' skin matched the skin of his cock. While holding the base of his shaft and lightly gripping the balls, Brenda titled her head back and opened up her throat, letting as much of his cock penetrate into her mouth and throat as possible. Jason wasn't huge, and she wasn't performing some porn star trick, she simply knew that he liked the feeling of his cock completely surrounded by her mouth. Since he was still slightly soft, it was an easy trick to accomplish.

Once that was done, she started the blowjob in earnest, bobbing her head back and forth, sucking as hard as she dared while lightly fondling his balls. Brenda liked giving head. She liked giving pleasure to other people. The best men were always appreciative of her hard work. There wasn't anything humiliating about being on your knees sucking a man's cock—she knew some women who would refuse to give head under any circumstances let along on her knees after having her tits whipped—it was an honor to give pleasure to someone you loved.

Jason's cock quickly and happily responded to her attention. In short order he was so hard and large in her mouth that she was having trouble taking his whole length and compensated by wrapping one hand around the bottom half of his shaft with working the balls with the other. What Jason really loved was when she ran her finger lightly up and down along the line behind his balls and up to his anus. She did that now and felt his balls tighten up to his body and knew the moment was at hand.

The first spurt she took in her mouth, savoring the bitter saltiness of his cum. It was thick and heavy on her tongue. The flavor wasn't pleasant, but knowing she was doing something that every woman in her family and all her friends would

consider disgusting and degrading, made swallowing his semen a pleasure.

For the following spurts Brenda took his cock out of her mouth and continued stroking him as they flew through the air and landed on her cheek and neck. That did absolutely nothing for her, but she knew Jason loved watching it. He had told her many times and when she looked up at him today, his was grinning proudly at her.

“Thank you,” he said when she let go of his cock.

“You’re more than welcome,” she replied as she wiped his cum off her skin and licked her fingers clean.

“Now go clean up and shave.”

With a nod Brenda got off her knees and hurried to the bathroom attached to the bedroom of the apartment she shared with Jason. Outside their home everyone saw her as a strong-willed and independent woman, insider she was happily submissive to her boyfriend. When she was done bathing she would head down to the kitchen and make her boyfriend dinner while in the nude. That was another rule she happily followed: no clothes inside the apartment unless there were visitors.

Outside the apartment she was strong-willed, independent, and forthright. No one told her what to do or how to run her life. Inside the apartment she could let all of that go.

She was happy.

Mostly.

Chapter Two

The Tumblr blog was a borderline porn blog and Vickie knew that, but she couldn't help looking at it all the time. Rob didn't know it was one of the many she followed; it mixed it with the wide variety of everything she followed. "Breast is Better" featured topless photos of women who were—supposedly and according to the comments under every picture—unashamed and proud of their breasts. Undoubtedly many of the pictures were submitted by husbands and boyfriends, but they avoided pictures that were obviously lifted from straight out porn websites. The only real rule the blog's owner had, beyond amateur pictures only, was that the picture had to include the woman's face. They were all smiling and seemed happy to show off their tits.

And there was a wide variety of tits on display. From tiny to huge, all colors, tan lines and not, pierced and unpierced, inked and plain, nipples of all shades and sizes. There were comments added either by blog's owner or the submitter, most along the lines of "I used to be ashamed of my breasts, but my husband/boyfriend/girlfriend/you made me realize there's nothing to be ashamed of—even if I am different."

Vickie liked looking through the pictures—she found it vaguely arousing—but never saw any pictures of tits nearly as deflated as hers. Maybe it was because the owner weeded them out, maybe it was because no one's tits were as bad as hers. There were plenty of breasts on display with obvious stretch marks from weight gain. Those women usually claimed the marks were from their breasts growing during breast feeding. But none of those women's breasts had shrunk up like Vickie's. Even though the owner would always strikethrough the words stretch marks and insert "tiger stripes", Vickie was still too ashamed to submit her own picture.

More than once Vickie had locked herself in the bathroom—even when her husband wasn't home—and took a few practice pictures of her naked breasts. Every picture looked uniformly awful. She did all the usual things to make the pictures look better: wash the mirror, check the angles, and improve the lighting. But nothing she did could make up for the fact that her breasts were just awful.

And the worst part was that back in high school and college and the years before she had children, Vickie had been proud of her tits. They weren't too small or too big; the nipples were perfectly centered and slightly upturned. More than once she had been the one to suggest skinny dipping with her friends just so she could show off her breasts. She had liked the attention the boys paid to her tits. She was always the one who had suggested going out to the beach at the far end of the state park that was tacitly agreed upon as being the topless beach. The boys were always happy to make the hike to see her naked tits—the girls less so.

So after an early successful career as an exhibitionist, Vickie had retreated to being the woman she had always secretly mocked: always covering up and always using a bra to create the illusion she had a bigger chest than was the case.

It was with great horror, then, that Vickie caught Rob scrolling through the Breast is Better blog on her tablet. She had been getting ready for bed and had tossed the tablet on the bed where he was already reading a book. There was no reason for her to conceal anything from her husband; he was already engrossed in his own work while he waited for her to come back from the bathroom. But there he was, thumbing through her tablet while his own rested on the nightstand next to him.

Her breath caught in her throat which must have been because her heart had jumped up there which naturally made it impossible to breathe. Rob just looked up at, almost casually, and asked her with only the slightest of grins, "Do you like looking at other women's breasts?"

Swallowing hard, forcing her heart back into place which allowed her to breath normally once again, Vickie gave the best answer she could at the moment. "I'm jealous of them."

"Why?" Rob glanced back down to the tablet and scrolled through some more pictures.

"They have the tits I used to have."

"Yours are great. You shouldn't be jealous."

"I don't like them," she said as she snatched the tablet away from him. He resisted just a moment in order to see the name of the blog, and then released it to her.

“Want me to take your picture so you can submit it?” he asked.

Her answer was immediate. “No.”

“Why not.”

“I’m not like that.”

Rob snorted and picked up his own tablet. “You used to be like that.”

“Like what?” she asked, offended.

“I’m pretty sure you were the one at the head of the pack during the track team’s midnight run.”

Vickie had made it to college partly on her athletic abilities. Part of the tradition at her small college was that all members of the track team would do a lap of the track at midnight before the first meet of the season. There was usually alcohol involved, but Vickie didn’t normally imbibe, so while the rest of the team was stumbling over the cinders, she was leading the pack in the informal race. Four years running.

“That was different,” she protested. “That was back in college before children.”

Rob rolled over and pulled his cell phone from off the nightstand. He pointed it at her. “Take off your top and I’ll even submit it for you.”

“Ha ha. No.” Vickie slipped into bed and pulled the sheets up to her chin.

“Tomorrow then,” he decided.

“No.” Vickie rolled over and turned off the light on her side of the bed.

“I know you want to do this,” Rob told her.

She pretended she was asleep.

What really bothered her was that he was right. She did want to do it. She was just too nervous and too ashamed.

“Look at this,” Jason told her showing her a blog that seemed filled with topless women. As porn went it was pretty mild. It fell somewhere between semi-competent college student art and overly earnest casual but sexy shots.

“They’re nice,” Brenda sniffed. It only took a glance for her to determine her breasts were better than what was being offered on the blog.

“You’re submitting your picture,” Jason informed her.

“I am?” Brenda asked, momentarily stunned.

“You are.”

It took a lot to surprise or shock Brenda. She wasn’t world-weary, but she was fairly certain she had seen a lot in her years. “I don’t think I should.”

“Why not?” She wasn’t Jason’s slave. What she did in their place was mutually agreed upon. Either of them could make a suggestion, even though most of the time it was Jason making the suggestions, but she wasn’t forced to play their games. She wanted to. So her answered miffed him. A few pictures of Brenda showing off her breasts should have barely registered with her over the sex games they had played.

“I’m a lawyer with the state,” she reminded him. “I have a certain dignity to maintain.”

Jason frowned. “You’re a low-level functionary with the Department of Transportation, or so you said in your own words.”

“Someone might recognize me and it could cause…problems.”

“We’ll do your hair and makeup,” he told her. Brenda always used simple makeup and a plain hairstyle at work. It made her seem more mature, more dignified. “And this is a tiny blog that women from all over the world submit to. No one is going to recognize you.”

“It’s still a bad idea.”

Jason drew in a breath. “If you were completely anonymous, would you want to do this?” he asked. “Show off your tits to the world?”

Brenda hesitated and then answered. “Yes.”

“We’ll find a way to make it work.”

Chapter Three

Once they started taking the pictures, Vickie relaxed and found herself enjoying posing topless for Robert. It was easy to do because she kept in the forefront of her mind that the pictures were just for him. He put her in a huge variety of poses and she felt a bit ridiculous in some of them, but he enjoyed the photo session so Vickie was happy to give that to him. It was done in their bedroom after Vickie had picked up and cleaned it to her satisfaction. The majority of the pictures were her on the bed, but a few featured her posing around the dresser and windows.

What she didn't like were the results. In every picture, even the ones where she didn't have a strange smile or weird eyes, her tits—in her very humble opinion—looked terrible.

"I hate them. I look terrible in all of them," she declared as they scrolled through the options. "Get rid of them all."

"This one is the best," Robert declared. He had a good eye. She was slipping into the bed making her body look just right and her tits the best they'd looked in years. Vickie had to conclude he was right. It was the best of a very weak bunch. Her smile looked genuine and she was happy in the photo not just to have her picture taken, but to be posing for the camera and the man behind it. Her boobs, to use the word she said to Robert, were "adequate."

"They look great," he told her.

"They look adequate. No real sag, they aren't pointing in different directions, no obvious stretch marks, and they're sufficiently large." She sighed. "I suppose I can live with it."

On the blog the women appeared in all manner of dress on their lower half: skirts, jean, and panties of all sorts. Some were obviously cropped hinting that the picture may have been a full nude. The blog's owner was obviously not a prude and there were plenty of full-on porn blogs on the site, so it was more a matter of aesthetics rather than prurience that kept the blog exclusively naked

breasts only. Vickie had opted to pose in a pair of bright green satin panties that were both flattering to her somewhat overly-curvy hips and were sexy enough to appeal to Robert.

Once the photo was chosen he didn't post it. He sent it from his phone to hers.

"Why'd you do that?"

"You need to submit it," he told her.

"Why me?" she sulked.

"Because you want to. I know you. You're afraid and only by facing your fear will you get any satisfaction out of it. If I post it, you'll resent me. If you post it, you'll be proud."

"I've never posted anything before," she informed him.

"First time for everything."

Her stomach was a tight knot. This was wrong, so very wrong, but that tight knot extended down to her pussy which was slowly dampening her panties.

She was somewhat humiliated when Rob discovered the blog she had created months before was named Innocent Vixen. He smiled but didn't comment. The only reason she had ever created the blog at all was to make it easier to follow others. There was literally nothing posted as her own content.

It was with great anxiety that Victoria Selffe submitted a picture of herself, topless, under the moniker Innocent Vixen to the blog Breast is Better. There was no reaction from the blog's operator right away. Vickie checked through all of the posted instructions and discovered it would most likely be a day before her picture would be posted and released to the world at large.

"You can put it on your blog right now," Rob pointed out.

"I'm good with this. Besides, I have no followers. No one will see it."

"I'll make a blog and follow you."

“No. You won’t.”

And that settled the matter.

Posing in front of Jason actually relaxed Brenda, much to her surprise. He had never taken nude photos of her before, even ones as tame as these, sot it was something new for the both of them. In preparation Brenda had gone all out, using her leftover skills from working backstage in high school drama club to layer on the makeup to the extent that she barely recognized herself in the mirror. It wasn’t tawdry, but the end result was that she looked as if she had just walked off stage from some local theater production. By adding a pink wig leftover from some long forgotten Halloween party, her appearance was effectively disguised.

Jason had gone so far as to lower the temperature in the apartment so that when he took the pictures her nipples were fully erect. In the end that step wasn’t entirely necessary, with her small areola and light pink nipples the slight increase in size wasn’t as much as a visual thrill for Jason as he had hoped.

It took them an hour to go through all the photos. They knew they had to pick just one because the blog’s owner specifically stated that multiple submissions would be ignored along with photosets.

“The problem is,” Jason commented as they started narrowing down the selection. “You don’t take a bad photo.”

That wasn’t entirely true. Almost half the pictures were eliminated right away because of a weird expression on Brenda’s face, blurring, or some other esthetic violation. They eventually settled on one where Brenda was in a familiar pose to them both: chin slightly raise, eyes downcast, her fingers interlaced behind her neck raising her small but pert breasts slightly upwards.

Seeing that most of the submitted content of Breast is Better came from users that were apparently women, Jason had Brenda create her own blog to submit the photo.

“Bread-N-Redd?” he asked, noting the title to her newly created blog that was the online equivalent of a shell corporation. “What does that mean?”

“Nothing,” she answered. “That’s the whole point.”

He shrugged. “Fine.” She was using her laptop to make the blog to post the picture. Jason pulled out his phone and fiddled with it as she worked. A chime alerted her to a message. She glanced at it and rolled her eyes.

“Really?”

“It doesn’t look good for you not to have any followers,” said Jason.

“Is there a way to block…” she squinted at the screen. “NDArgonaut? What the hell kind of name is that?”

“As in Jason and the…”

“Ha. Very overly clever.”

“And as far as I know there’s no way to block a follower.” He winked broadly at her and tweaked her nipple. As always, she was naked for him, making her breasts easily accessible. Brenda swatted his hand away and focused on her picture. The message from the website said it had been successfully submitted. Now it was a waiting game to see if Breast is Better would post it. She knew she could post it on her own, but she wanted to see what would happen.

Chapter Four

When she got home from work the next day Vickie was too busy—and too nervous—to check the status of her picture. It wasn't until late into the evening after the kids were put to bed did she have time to pick up her tablet. Rob was in the other room and her legs were jiggling with anticipation and nerves.

It wasn't a surprise to see that her photo had been posted.

Upon second viewing she was happy with the way her body looked, natural but sexy.

It was a shock to see how many likes the photo had received. Vickie let out a yelp and called to her husband.

Rob wandered in while brushing his teeth. Vickie found she was incapable of speech and simply turned her tablet around to show him.

"Nice tits," he commented.

She made a noise and tapped on the screen that indicated the number of people who had appreciated her show. That was enough to make him raise his eyebrows, rush back to the bathroom to spit, and return with praise. "And you thought that no one would like your tits. How do you feel now?"

She didn't know how to answer the question. It was a mix of many emotions. "Proud," she answered as he reached for her nightshirt, pulling it over her head so he could fondle her breasts.

"Me too," he answered as he felt between her legs.

"But I still want them back to their old glory," she told him as he pushed a finger into her already wet pussy.

"We'll see what we can do."

It didn’t take long for Jason to note that his girlfriend’s picture had appeared on the Breast is Better blog. She said nothing to him about it when she arrived home. They pretended like it was a normal day after work. Brenda made dinner in the nude, they ate together, and then he casually pulled out his phone to display her picture on the site.

She smiled thinly. “I know,” she said with a bit of pride in her voice. “I checked earlier at work.”

“On your computer?”

She nodded.

“Isn’t that dangerous?”

Brenda lifted up her chin. “I can be dangerous from time to time, if I want.”

“And what do you think?”

“I think my picture is getting about the same amount of likes as every other picture on that blog.”

Jason shrugged. “There’s no accounting for male taste. Some of them probably have one hand on the mouse and the other on their dick.”

“You think guys are jerking off to me?”

“Without doubt.”

“Mm-hmm,” Brenda commented absently as she scrolled through the other pictures on the blog. The new ones were nice, some were artistic, some were blatantly sexy, a few were risqué enough to give Brenda pause—outdoor shots, in front of crowds, inside an open store—but one in particular caught Brenda’s eye.

She showed it to Jason.

“Nice,” he commented. “They’d be better if they were a little bigger.”

Brenda rolled her eyes at her boyfriend. “Don’t just look at her tits. This is

probably her bedroom. Look at the background."

Jason's eyes roved along the wall in the picture. "She's a local girl."

Brenda nodded. A poster on the wall behind Innocent Vixen was the familiar night sky of the capital city. "I don't think she intended to show where she lives."

"Maybe she's from the area but moved away and kept it to remember where she's from."

"Maybe."

"You're spending a lot of time staring at her," Jason remarked.

"So?"

"So…I think you like her tits."

Brenda smiled slightly. "Maybe I'm just thinking what it'll be like to watch you whip her."

"Would you like that?" Jason asked, intrigued.

With a lick of her lips Brenda answered, "I'd like to watch."

"Get against the wall," Jason ordered her as he reached for the dresser. "I'm going to give you a taste of what she's going to get."

Brenda practically jumped up at his order. She could already feel the sting of the lash on her nipples. It was so wrong to anticipate that and want it. She smiled at him as he wrapped the lash once around his hand. She put her hands behind her head, lifted up her elbows, and arched her back slightly to offer her breasts to his cruel attention.

When the first sting landed Brenda wasn't thinking about how good it felt on her body. She wondered how it would feel to Innocent Vixen.

Chapter Five

Vickie was alarmed when she looked at her blog and saw that she had a message waiting. She took a second look and realized that she had two followers now. One was obviously Robert. “DirtyBert” was a stupid name. The other follower was Bread-N-Redd, who was also the person who had sent her the message.

With trembling fingers she managed to click on the message icon to read what Bread-N-Redd had sent.

Your breasts are lovely. I like the confidence you exude in your photo. I couldn’t help but notice the framed picture behind you. Do you live in the Capital District?

Brenda’s heart pounded so hard she was certain it would slam through her ribcage and fall on the floor. She glanced at the large framed photo of Albany’s skyline that hung near the bed. It was half a joke from her mother. She and Robert lived so far out in the woods they couldn’t see anything but trees and mountains from their house, but they both worked in the city so they needed to be reminded of that, or so Mom had said.

Just from the poster in the background a complete stranger had figured out where she lived. Not exactly where she lived, but close enough.

The first instinct that bubbled up from was for Brenda to delete the photo from her nascent blog and send a takedown request to Breast is Better. Her second instinct was to hide her head under her pillow until the world went away.

Then she calmed herself. Bread-N-Redd wasn’t really asking for anything. It was probably just some creepy guy who recognized the Corning Tower or the Egg and made a guess. He wasn’t being completely creepy. He did give her a few compliments in the message…which also could have been a ploy to drag her in.

Taking a moment to think, Brenda saw that she had two choices. First was to ignore the message. Probably nothing would happen. The second was to lie her ass off and send Bread-N-Redd a message saying she had been a UAlbany

student years ago and moved away but kept the poster as a memento. That was probably the best option.

She didn't do either.

She looked at Bread-N-Redd's blog. There was only one picture on the blog, a woman wearing a bright pink wig and too much makeup. It was probably a photo taken from a burlesque show. Vickie felt a pang of jealousy upon looking at the other woman's body; her tits were nearly perfect and she wasn't the least shy about using them. The avatar for the blog was the same as the one photo. Presumably Bread-N-Redd was the woman in the photo—maybe.

Vickie wished she had the same confidence as Bread-N-Redd.

In her reply, because her mother always told her a reply was polite and necessary even if it was through a computer, Vickie wrote, Thank you. I'm flattered. I wish they were bigger or better shaped.

And that was that, Vickie decided. No one ever kept a private conversation going on Tumblr. She never expected a response.

When she checked in later she was surprised to find a response once more.

Don't run yourself down. I don't it when women say they hate their bodies. No one's perfect. I spent too many years hating my body—and my breasts especially —before I got over that. I mean, look at my boobs. They're not perfect, but I love them. Now.

She knew she should have left it alone, but Vickie found she couldn't. She hated to leave someone hanging at the end of a conversation, no matter how casual it was.

You're right. Self-loathing is ugly. And you do have nice boobs—judging by your picture, at least. I just wish mine were a little more like they used to be before I had kids. Thanks again.

With the "thanks again" sign off Vickie considered the conversation over.

It wasn't.

Later that night she showed Rob the short exchange of messages between her and Bread-N-Redd. He raised his eyebrows. “She’s kind of hot.”

Vickie rolled her eyes at him. “Really? That’s your response?”

He shrugged. “It’s true. If that’s actually a picture of her and you’re having a conversation with her and not some creepy guy pretending to be her.”

The only thing Vickie could do was to ignore his unkind comment. “What about the things she’s saying?”

Rob cleared his throat. “She’s right. You have a nice body. I like it. Nothing positive comes from you hating yourself.”

“I just wish they were like they used to be,” Vickie said once more, pushing up her breasts against gravity, creating artificial cleavage and lamenting the changes to her body.

“You know what you can do about it.”

Silently Brenda showed Jason the short exchange between her and Innocent Vixen.

“She’s no innocent,” Jason commented.

“I feel bad for her. It’s like she has no confidence in her body when it’s very nice.”

A smile pulled at the corners of Jason’s mouth. “You like her, don’t you?” he teased.

Brenda sighed and glared at the ceiling. “You know I’m not like that.”

“All women are bi, it’s a fact.”

“In your fantasy world, maybe.”

“Write her back,” he encouraged her. “She needs a friend.”

“She doesn’t need a friend. She just needs some confidence in her body.”

“And you can show her that confidence.” He grinned and adjusted his cock inside his pants. “I bet she’d love to have her tits whipped a bit. She’s got big nipples. She’d take right to a pair of nipple clamps.”

Brenda sucked in her breath. While she liked the pain associated with having her tits whipped and slapped, the pain from the nipple clamps that Jason put on her was excruciating. She didn’t like them. She liked his reaction to her wearing them, though. “You’re projecting your fantasies on to her,” Brenda chided him.

If he heard her words, Jason gave no indication. “She’s local, isn’t she? Can’t be very far away, if she has that poster on her wall. I’d love to see the two of you together while I whip your tits. I could make a little contest of it. Who would last the longest without crying?”

“I would,” Brenda said with great confidence.

“What makes you say that?”

She hated that she was giving in to his fantasy, but it was also a fantasy that she enjoyed. They were lying in bed together, just relaxing before going to sleep. Brenda’s hand wandered down to his crotch; his cock was already hard inside his pajama bottoms.

“Simple. I’ve endured more than her. You’ve been pinching and whipping and slapping my tits for two years now. They’re tougher than leather.”

Jason touched her soft flesh, her tender nipples. “I don’t think they feel like that at all.”

“It’s just an expression. Metaphorically tougher than leather.”

“I’m not sure. She looks pretty tough.”

In defiance Brenda wrapped Jason’s fingers around her nipples and squeezed them down, forcing him to pinch her. Her expression didn’t change. She bore the pain. “Not tougher than me.”

“I want you to make it happen,” Jason told her.

The pain started to get to her. Brenda released her hands from over Jason's but he didn't stop squeezing. Her body shuddered. "Oh," she said not wanting to give away anything more.

"Are you going to make it happen for me?" Jason asked.

"Yes," Brenda promised.

He released her nipples and she sighed—half in relief, half in disappointment. "Good."

Brenda grabbed his hands again and brought them to her nipples. She rolled on top of him and straddled his hips. "Don't stop," she pleaded. His pants were still on but she could feel his hard cock pressing against her naked pussy. "Fuck me."

"No cock for you until you cum first," he said pinching her nipples once more and then twisting them.

It hurt. It felt good. "Uh-huh," she agreed while grinding her clit down on him. He was going to make her cum and then he'd fuck her. It was perfect.

Chapter Six

What do you need to do to make your boobs look like they were before you had kids?

Vickie looked at the question in her in box. It was from Bread-N-Redd. No one else ever sent her messages on Tumblr.

She decided to answer sarcastically. I'd need to go back in time fifteen years.

No, seriously.

Vickie shook her head as the message came back. I'd need to see a plastic surgeon but that's not going to happen because I'm not going under the knife just for vanity.

Bread-N-Redd came back with an interesting response. Well, what else can you do to get your boobs back to the way you want them?

Vickie thought on that a while. I don't know, but thinking back, my tits looked fantastic when I was breastfeeding. My husband loved how big they were.

Maybe you should have another kid.

She laughed out loud at that. Nope. That's not happening. I'm done with kids. I just want the chest I had when they were latched on to me all the time.

Maybe you should take those drugs that adoptive mothers use to lactate so they can breastfeed their newly adopted babies.

A second laugh caught in Vickie's throat. It was a stupid idea, she knew, but it might work.

That's crazy, she typed back. Where do you get such crazy ideas.

Bread-N-Redd's answer didn't surprise her. My boyfriend is obsessed with tits.

That's no surprise. Most men are.

He really loves mine, Bread-N-Redd sent back.

As long as the two of you are happy…

Bread-N-Redd's next response made Vickie nervous. Do you want to know what he does to me?

Vickie thought about her answer for a long time. That was the nice thing about chatting on a computer. You had time to think about what you were going to say. There wasn't pressure for an immediate reply. You're making me nervous, so I should probably say no. But my curiosity is getting the better of me. Tell me.

Her message back was almost immediate, as if she were waiting for someone to ask that very question. He slaps and pinches my nipples. He uses a leather lash on my tits. He's made me wear nipple clamps. It hurts—all of it—but I love it.

Vickie didn't know how to reply. Wow, was all she wrote.

I didn't upset you did I?

Vickie had always considered herself a strong, brave woman. No. I've never really met someone who was into S&M before.

Just to my tits, she explained. I've never been completely tied up or anything like that.

That's…amazing, I guess.

Would you like to try it sometime?

The casual way that Bread-N-Redd asked the question made Vickie's heart start thumping again. It was strange to be asked to perform some quasi-sexual act by a complete stranger, but it was even stranger still to realize that once the question was asked, she had an intense curiosity to see what it would be like to actually follow through on the request. Still, she couldn't admit all that to an anonymous message conversation through Tumblr.

I don't think so, Vickie carefully replied. I don't think that's my sort of thing. It

sounds interesting though.

The other woman's reply was without anger or disappointment. You're right. It's not for everyone. But try lactating again, your husband will probably be thrilled to see you with big tits again.

After the conversation was over Vickie went back and deleted the long exchange of messages. It was all a fun conversational game, she told herself. No reason to save it. No reason to show it to Rob…or even tell him about it.

Vickie came out of the bathroom wearing nothing but a pair of her tiniest panties. It wasn't the dramatic entrance she had been hoping for. Rob was already in bed, but was reading and didn't notice the theatrical stance she took at the bathroom door. Wincing at having to deal with reality, Vickie cleared her throat and rapped her knuckles on the doorjamb.

Rob lowered his book a bit to glance her way and then lowered the book all the way. She grinned at him and sauntered across the carpet swinging her hips more than was necessary while keeping her shoulders back and spine straight to enhance her deflating tits. She had practiced this move all afternoon and knew it looked decent, but not great. It was more than enough to catch Rob's interest, however.

"What's gotten into you, Vix?" Rob asked when she reached the foot of the bed and started crawling up the covers. He had a wry grin on his face. He had his suspicions of what had gotten into her.

She was on all fours now, her tits hanging down. Vickie didn't especially like the way her breasts looked in this position, but Rob's eyes were focused on them so it was apparently just fine to be doing this.

"Call me Vix," she said. "And we're going to have sex."

"We are?" he asked, playing along, pretending to be the innocent man being seduced by the sexually aggressive woman.

"Yes. If you can please me enough to the point where I want your cock inside me." She met him with a kiss and pressed her naked skin against the t-shirt he

was wearing. It was old and soft and felt good against her nipples. As they continued to kiss she straddled his hips and the bedclothes bunched up between them.

Rob's hands were active, first running up and down her arms, then along her back, and finally down to her rump where he discovered the white satin panties she was wearing were barely panties. They adhered to her ass like a second-skin. Rob couldn't recall for what occasion she had purchased this particular pair of panties, but they fell somewhere in that nether region between traditional bikinis and full thong. The bottoms of her cheeks were fully exposed, but they were modest enough to be almost respectable.

"What brought this on?" Rob asked between kisses.

"Sometimes a girl just needs to be pleased," she told her husband, sitting up and pulling him with her. Kneeling up, Vickie pulled Rob's face down to her tits, making him kiss and suck on them.

"Mmm," she moaned. "Keep going." She started wriggling her hips, grinding her crotch down on the mound of covers between them, rubbing her clit.

He didn't need to do all that much to get her worked up because the moment she walked out the bathroom door she was ready to have sex. Still, Vickie appreciated the attention and effort. She yanked his shirt up over his head to feel his skin on hers. Rob reared up, picking her up off the bed, and then throwing her down on her back, his weight on her. The bedclothes slipped from between them.

"You're eager," she told him.

"Don't you want me to fuck you?" he asked. Her legs were open wide but her pussy was still protected by the thin bit of material. Rob still had his pajama bottoms on, but she could feel his hard cock against her.

"Not yet," she panted. "I don't think my pussy is wet enough yet."

That was a blatant lie but Rob was willing to play along with it. He kissed his way down her body from her breasts to the top edge of her panties where he paused and planted a little kiss on the bulge caused by her hidden pubic hair.

“Keep going,” she encouraged him.

Rob peeled the satin material from her hips, exposing her neatly shaved black triangle topping her pussy. Vickie was happy to spread open her legs and expose herself to her husband. Her labia were already swollen and red with anticipation. The scent of lust wafted up from her cunt and Rob lowered his face into her sex to lap away happily.

With a stretch and a sigh Vickie intertwined her fingers into Rob’s hair, moving his head to the exact spot she wanted. When a man’s face was between her legs, it made Vickie feel powerful and she forgot everything else in the world. Having a cock in her pussy was wonderful and the right man could make her cum that way, but a tongue on her clit was a sure way to make her cum every time.

It wasn’t long before Vickie was panting with desire and lifted her feet off the mattress, letting her thighs open up wide, letting Rob get to exactly where he wanted. Her knees came up to her chest and then she was coming with a stifled wail of pleasure.

Rob lifted his face from her pussy. It was soaking wet with her orgasm. “Good?” he asked her.

“Very good. You can get your cock out now.”

Rob scrambled out of his bottoms, displaying his cock to her before sinking it into her pussy. She didn’t help him at all for she had already determined she was going to be pleasured tonight and it was his job to make that happen.

Her husband fucked her fast and hard. There was no subtlety to his technique. They both wanted to get off as quickly as possible. If he was inside her for two minutes it would have been a long time. She managed to cum a second time just as he finished, driving himself deep into her.

“Oh fuck, oh fuck,” he moaned into the sheets.

“Good?” she asked him now.

“Uh-huh. Very good.”

“Suck my tits again,” she asked him.

“Why?” That wasn’t their usual afterplay activity.

“Because it felt really good and I want it took feel really good again.”

Rob didn’t have any objection so he fell to her breast and started sucking. Once he started Vickie closed her eyes, breathed through her nose, and concentrated on what he was doing to her.

“You did what?” Jason asked her as they ate dinner. As much as he liked having her naked all the time in their apartment her breasts could be a distraction at the dinner table. It was sometimes hard to meet her eyes.

“I told her she should start lactating again. She said her husband really liked her tits when she was breastfeeding so I made the suggestion she get that way again.” She grinned at him and took a bite of the eggplant parmigiana she had prepared.

“Is that really a good idea?”

Brenda shrugged. “Does it matter? I’m not controlling her.”

“But I’d like to see the two of you together,” he reminded his girlfriend.

It took all her willpower to not roll her eyes. “I already told you, you’re not going to get your own lesbian porn show.”

Jason shook his head. “No. I’m past that. I just want to see how well you endure pain compared to another woman.”

A small smile curled around Brenda’s lips. “You know I’ll do better than any other woman.”

“Maybe. But there’s good sport in seeing the competition.”

“You’re incorrigible.”

“And I’ll admit that I’d be happy to torture the tits of a different woman. I might be starting to get bored with yours.”

Brenda shifted in the chair. She was sitting on a towel which was good because it was soaking up the moisture flowing from her pussy. “You’re making me wet.”

“I know. Finish dinner and go get your nipple clamps.”

The pit of Brenda’s stomach tightened up. His words frightened and exited her. She tried not to rush though dinner.

After what she determined was an appropriate amount of time to eat, Brenda stood up from the table and went to the bedroom to retrieve the box holding her nipple clamps. Over the years Jason had bought several sets and tried them all out on her. She wondered which set he would pick today.

Carefully setting the open box just to the side of Jason’s plate, she returned to her seat.

“Do you have a preference for the ones you wear tonight?” he asked her politely.

Brenda shook her head. “No. They all hurt.”

“But they all hurt in different ways.”

“Surprise me.”

Jason nodded thoughtfully. “Come over here,” he said, pointing to the floor next to his chair. “Close your eyes and put your hands behind your head.”

It was a familiar posture for Brenda. It was almost a relief to do it even though she knew pain would shortly be forthcoming.

Her boyfriend took her time. She could hear him fiddling with the clamps and eventually dumped the box on the table. She waited patiently. Eventually Jason grasped her right nipple between index finger and thumb, slipping it between cool metal pinchers.

The bite of the first clamp was a familiar pain, recognized right away. “Can I open my eyes?” she gasped, desperate to see what he had done to her.

“Not yet. Let me put the second one on.”

The second clamp's pain was unexpected—not that she didn't think Jason was going to put one on her left nipple, but because the pain was completely different from the first. A little moan escaped her lips and she opened her eyes without permission, reasoning that such permission was now implied because the second clamp was now applied.

As she expected, the clamp on her right nipple was a familiar cloverleaf design, a spring-loaded mechanism controlled by a pressure screw held two rubber-covered jaws together. The mechanism was attached to a chain. The jaws could be released by disabling the screw and releasing the pressure, but the design of the cloverleaf was such that the user was supposed to pull on the chain thereby increasing the pressure until the rubber-tipped jaws pulled—painfully—off the nipple. Normally the chain on the cloverleaf clamp connected to another clamp of the same design, but today Jason had removed the second cloverleaf and replaced it with crushing vice clamp.

The vice clamp was an open box design that the nipple fitted through. The bottom plate was immobile. The top plate was driven down to the bottom with a simple twisting screw. The advantage of this design was a precise amount of pressure (and subsequent pain) while also being almost impossible to remove without loosening the screw.

As much as she was used to pain and having her tits abused, tears still came to Brenda's eyes every time Jason did something like this. She loved and hated it at the same time.

"Go wash the dishes," he told her. "I'll take them off when you're done." He gave a little tug on the chain that connected the two clamps, stood up, kissed her forehead, and headed to the living room.

Brenda started to clean the kitchen, moving carefully at first to get used to the pain of the clamps and then moving carefully as she became accustomed to the pain so she wouldn't accidentally pull on the chain and cause herself more agony.

There wasn't a huge amount of cleaning to be done, but Brenda had already fixed in her mind that it all needed to be done in twenty minutes. It was a somewhat artificial deadline but one she had to be mindful of. After that mark was when real and permanent damage could occur to her tits and she didn't want

that. She wanted the pain but none of the damage.

As she finished up—the chore having taken a little less than fifteen minutes, but it would have taken as a little as ten if she weren't clamped—Brenda slowed her pace. The only thing worse than having the clamps put on was having them taken off. Eventually she had to face reality and finished the washing to present herself in the living room in front of Jason.

"Done?"

She nodded yes.

"Do you want them off?" he asked.

"Yes." Her voice was little more than a whimper.

Jason reached up and grabbed the crushing clamp. His touch made her shy away, but he already had control of her. A quick twist to the screw freed her nipple causing Brenda to fall to her knees in pain. Her breast throbbed and she grabbed it with both hands. It hurt incredibly so. Her left was still in the cloverleaf clamp and had settled into a dull ache. She knew worse pain was coming.

"Give me the chain," Jason said. She did so with one trembling hand. He smiled down at her. "Ready?"

"No," she cried.

"Too bad. Don't move." Instead of releasing the spring that held the clamp in place Jason chose to pull. It was her natural instinct to move forward with the chain, but Jason put a hand on her breastbone, keeping her in place. "Slow or fast?"

She hated both choices. "Fast," she finally decided.

He tore the clamp free of her nipple. It felt like it snapped down on the very tip and Brenda started crying in earnest. She now held one breast in each hand as she knelt on the carpet.

"Make yourself cum," he commanded. "Jill off."

That would entail removing her hand from her breast but it had to be done. Brenda loved the pain and wanted to highlight it by riding the wave of pain into a peak of pleasure. Her hand went to her shaved cunt and was happy to feel she was already soaking wet. This was a game and custom they had done so many times that it was impossible for her not to enjoy it. Busily rubbing herself between the legs, feeling her hard little clit, it took almost no time at all for Brenda to rise up on a crescendo of pleasure that radiated out from her pussy.

As the orgasm subsided Jason drew her hand out from between her legs and licked her fingers, tasting her pleasure. “Sweet as always,” he told her. “Taste yourself for me.”

Brenda nodded and touched her tongue to her fingers. The familiar flavor of her pussy slithered over her tongue. It was good. She wanted more.

“Ready to be fucked?” Jason asked, standing up in front of her and lowering his zipper.

She reached into his pants, fishing for his cock.

In the semi-shady edges of the internet any sort of non-prescription drug or nutritional supplement could be found. It took Vickie some research time, mostly by combing through message boards on adoption websites, but eventually she determined the most reliable supplier and placed her order.

It was the most mind-blowing experience of her life. She was willingly doing something that would alter her body strictly for her pleasure. That made her wonder if she had crossed the line between normal and kinky.

Crossing that line was a good feeling.

It took a week for the pills to arrive. When they did Vickie didn’t give it a second thought as she tossed one in her mouth and swallowed it with a glass of water. She had already made her decision and she wasn’t turning back now. That night, when Rob kissed her goodnight, she kissed him back and held his face to hers.

“You want to tonight?” he asked.

“Mmm-hmm.” Vickie wondered if the drug was making her just a little extra horny or if it was all in her mind.

Rob kissed her lips, her cheek, and the side of her neck as he ran his hand slowly up and down her side, eventually bringing it up to rest gently on the outside of her nightshirt. That wasn’t good enough for Vickie. “Suck on my tits,” she told him, while softly forcing his head down her torso. She pulled up the nightshirt, exposing her body. She had removed her underwear while getting ready for bed. It was all part of her plan.

“You like that?” her husband asked after a minute of licking and sucking on her slightly deflated breast.

“Yeah. Keep going.” Vickie moved one of his hands to the nipple he wasn’t currently focusing on and his other to between her legs. Her pussy was well on its way to flooding so it was easy for Rob to ease a finger up inside. She sighed and waited, knowing her husband would happily expend his sexual energy on her, drawing her out, making her more excited so she would be willing to have sex with him. It was a largely unnecessary kindness. She had already decided to have sex, everything he was doing was now strictly for her pleasure, but she was happy to deceive him.

When he started to move down her body, Vickie stopped him, keeping his face level with her boobs. “Don’t you want me to go down on you?” he asked while lightly circling her clit with his finger.

“Uh-uh. Play with my tits. It feels really good tonight.”

It didn’t take more than that to convince Rob. “Okay.” He continued to suckle on her while still playing with her pussy. Vickie made all the right noises which was easy because she wanted to make those noises. His cock was hard and pressing against her leg. She knew she didn’t have much more time before he climbed atop her body and shoved it inside her. While she was looking forward to that moment where their bodies joined, she wanted him to pleasure her tits as long as possible.

“Pinch them a little,” she panted. Her voice sounded strange to her ears but that didn’t wipe away the desire deep in her belly.

“What?”

“Pinch my nipples,” she repeated with a bit of shame.

“Won’t that hurt?”

“I want some pain tonight.”

Mentally shrugging, but more than happy to fulfill her request, Rob lightly pinched Vickie’s left nipple. She had tensed herself up for a little jolt of pain, but what he did was nothing more than some light pressure.

“Harder,” she begged.

“Harder?”

“Harder!” The second time it was a command.

Forefinger and thumb closed on her little soft nub. The shock of pain bolted through her body and she arched her back up, knocking Rob’s hand free. She let out a little scream of pain.

The pain shot down from her nipple to her clit and warmed her pussy. It hurt, but it felt so wonderful at the same time.

“Did I hurt you?” exclaimed an overly concerned Rob.

“A little,” she admitted. “But it felt really good too.” She grinned lasciviously at him. “Do it again, but don’t let go this time.” Pulling his hand to her other breast she indicated exactly what she wanted.

“Are you sure?”

“Do it.”

Rob wanted to please his wife with her new, strange request. He brought his finger and thumb together—hard—on her nipple. The reaction was much the same: a hiss of pain, the arching of the back, but this time he didn’t let go. She writhed around and beat the mattress with her fists until:

“Stop! Stop! Fuck that hurt!”

“I thought you wanted me—”

“I did,” she said, grabbing his face and kissing him. “It hurt, but it was good. Now fuck me.” She tugged at his body, encouraging him to mount her.

Rob didn’t need to be giving explicit instructions. He knew what to do and in a moment he was pushing his cock into her slick pussy. “Wow. You’re really wet.”

“Uh-huh,” she agreed. “That always happens when you make me cum.”

“You came?” he asked as he started thrusting into her.

“Oh yeah.”

“From me pinching your nipples?”

“Uh-huh.”

“That’s wild.” He started thrusting like he was about to cum. “I would have thought the opposite.”

“Something new, something good,” she told him. “I hope you liked it because you’re going to be doing more of it.”

That was enough to push Rob over the edge. He came hard, almost painfully hard, and collapsed on his wife. She trailed her fingertips up and down his spine, wondering what she had done.

Chapter Seven

Vickie looked at Bread-N-Redd's blog. She had added a bunch of new pictures, all of herself, but this time with less makeup. Some were just pictures of her body, her tits really. Each one made Vickie jealous, even the ones with the bruises and bright red lines and splotches where she had had her boyfriend abuse her boobs.

Without thinking about it she sent a message. God you have beautiful boobs. After she sent it, she thought it sounded like a pathetic compliment from a boy who didn't know how to approach girls to talk to them. Still, she didn't delete it.

A reply came back in a relatively short span. Thanks. It took me a long time to be proud of them. I wish you'd put some more pics of your tits up.

I'm too embarrassed. And then she added, I had my husband pinch my nipples during sex. It hurt but it made me cum. Vickie looked at the message she had written a long time before she finally sent it. It was a soul-baring confession, but she was also certain that Bread-N-Redd would actually understand.

It seemed like an eternity before another reply came back. So now you understand why I let my boyfriend do it to me.

I think so. Vickie thought it was time to get more information from her new online friend. What's your real name? It was a bold, forthright question, but it bothered Vickie that she didn't know who this other woman was.

I'll tell you when you put some more pictures up on your site.

Vickie's pussy quivered when she read the response. But she knew what she was going to do.

"You sure?"

"Uh-huh." Vickie didn't trust herself enough to actually answer yes. It would

come out sounding too much like “no.”

And so Rob proceeded to take another series of photos of his wife. He liked the change in her. She had always been sexually open, but lately she had been more aggressive than ever. It extended to the bed and to displaying herself. She had started wearing shirts that displayed a touch of cleavage, even when she went to work. It might have been that her boobs were getting bigger, but that was probably just his perception.

Before taking this latest round of pictures Vickie had gone so far as to carefully apply makeup and style her hair. She had obviously planned out the entire event from her outfit to her poses to the routine she went through of stripping off he clothes. This time she had Rob use her phone; she didn’t want to bother with the annoyance of transferring pictures between phones before she could post to her blog. Any step that separated her from posting was another opportunity to chicken out.

Rob enjoyed taking the pictures of his wife. The photo shoot was supposed to tell a little story of a woman coming home from work, slowly stripping off her clothes, and then laying down on her bed. Vickie pretended Rob wasn’t there. It was easier that way. She didn’t mind him focusing on her breasts or the way she dropped the bra from her body or the way she casually disrobed, but when she lay down on the bed and slipped her fingers into the waistband of her panties, she paused.

“Stop.”

“Why?” he asked. He was practically between her knees photographing the one article of clothing still on her body.

“I don’t want to go any further.” In truth, she wanted to, but she was afraid of the consequences.

“Take off your panties,” he encouraged her. “Cover your pussy with your hand.”

She did as he asked. She knew he snuck in a few pictures of her cunt but she said nothing. They were on her phone and she could just delete them. She finally stopped with her hand over her pussy, hiding her sex from view.

“Don’t stop,” he said.

“I’m not going to give you the full gyno,” she flatly informed him.

“Masturbate,” he said. “Jill off for me.”

That would be easy. She was worked up and already wet. But she was afraid.

“Don’t take any pictures,” she begged him even as her finger was circling her clit while her other hand was pinching a nipple.

“No,” he shook his head and continued to click away, recording her actions.

She didn’t mind. She knew she could delete the pictures. It was all a game for her husband.

Rob continued to record her every action. Her fingers busy in her cunt and pinching her nipples. The way her back arched when she was close to the edge and the effort in her face when her orgasm finally washed over her body and she collapsed into a sobbing and happy heap.

“That was incredible,” Rob told her with a kiss. To Vickie’s ears he was either lying or exaggerating. He had seen her masturbate before so this couldn’t have been that different for him. Still, since she was riding on the orgasmic high, her hands reached out for him, fumbling around his waist. There was no denying to him or her what she needed. Masturbation was nice, but a firm cock was so much better.

In the blink of an eye Rob was out of his clothes and plowing into Vickie who encouraged him along with her little mewls of pleasure. Their conversation had ended and what remained was pure, raw sexual energy that could only be relieved in one way.

The next day, when Vickie was going through the many pictures that Rob had taken of her, she was surprised—and happy—with the raw sexuality she displayed. Some she took out, not because they showed too much or were too risqué—she didn’t think that was possible—but because they were out of focus, she was blurred because of a quick motion, or the framing was terrible. In the end she decided to post almost all of them—except the last few where she was obviously masturbating. Oddly, she wasn’t put off by the occasional display of

her pussy in those final few pictures. They were raw and erotic and sensual. No, she was saving them for something else.

Vickie opted to post them on her blog spaced out over the next few days. She sent one of her masturbation photos attached to a message to Bread-N-Redd. It was her favorite photo. Both of her hands were between her legs, busily manipulating her pussy. Her upper arms framed her breasts, pushing them upwards, making them look bigger than normal. There was a look of pure lust on her face. It was one of the last pictures in the set and must have been taken right before she climaxed.

Is this good enough to earn your name? It was a short and direct request. The first few pictures were already appearing on her blog. Bread-N-Redd was sure to see them.

A few hours later a Vickie checked her phone and saw there was a response.

Brenda.

Vickie went to sleep happy.

The next morning she sent her next question. Why do you use the blog name Bread-N-Redd?

Brenda's reply didn't arrive until late in the afternoon. Bread is a transliteration of Brenda, obviously. Redd because I have red hair. What's your name and why "Innocent Vixen"?

Vickie didn't hesitate at all this time. Vickie. My nickname growing up was Vix. So, Vixen, obviously. And Innocent because I'm not.

Makes sense. You never answered my question about living in the Capital District. Are you far from Albany?

The truth was that Vickie had ducked the question before. But now she felt that Brenda was worthy of some of her trust.

Not far. Less than an hour away. What about you?

I live in the city. We should meet up sometime.

Vickie wasn't sure if that was too much. She didn't reply right away.

Jason had pushed her up against the wall after laying the cane into her tits. She looked down and saw six beautiful red stripes across her chest spanning both breasts, one perfectly bisecting both nipples. Down further Jason's face was buried between her legs and his tongue sought out her clit. Her body was on fire with desire. This was how she loved to live. Not like how she had been forced to grow up.

It didn't take long under the direct attention of Jason's tongue for her legs to go weak. When that happened he picked her up and brought her over to the bed, laying her down so that he could strip off his clothes.

"You shaved before I got home," he said as he undressed.

"For you," Brenda told him as she ran her fingers along her bare labia. She knew what was going to happen. Being in charge and important at work was fine, but at home she needed to not be in charge.

When Jason got on the bed next to her he pulled her face down to his crotch. Having a familiar routine was nice, so Brenda knew she was expected to suck his cock which she did so with enthusiasm. As usual after he had abused her tits his cock was ready to be used. He wasn't hard but just a little bit of encouragement from Brenda's warm mouth was enough to get him ready. A minute later she was pushed back down to the mattress and Jason was on top of her, pushing inside her pussy.

It was almost a marvel to Brenda how natural it felt to open up her legs and let him use her. As a girl she had constantly been told and reminded to sit primly with her knees together like a lady. A real lady, she later realized, knew that keeping her legs open and accessible made for a pleasurable life, the complete opposite life of what the shriveled up prunes who told her to keep her knees together were living. There was nothing wrong with getting fucked and being used by a strong man—as long as she wanted it. And she wanted it. She loved to be fucked good and hard.

His weight on her felt good. While it wasn't exactly enjoyable to feel his skin rubbing against her new welts, it was a good feeling knowing that he put them there and wasn't afraid to use her body as he saw fit. The sudden spurts of cum from Jason, pooling inside her pussy, pushed her up over the peak and she climaxed.

"I'm going to meet that girl from the blog tomorrow," she told him as they were drifting off to sleep.

"The one who wants bigger tits?" he asked sleepily.

"Yeah. That's the one."

"Invite her home so I can whip her tits while you watch," he said right before he drifted off to sleep.

As much as she wanted to do just that, Brenda knew that she wouldn't.

Vickie's left leg wouldn't stop bouncing up and down unless she focused exclusively on it. On the table in front of her she had spread out some papers from work and pretended to be reading them. She had worn her bright red jacket as planned, but Brenda was late. Being stood up was a strange feeling for Vickie; it had never really happened to her before. Not that she had dated so much before she got married that getting stood up would have been a common occurrence. The mere fact that it was happening gave Vickie an unsettled feeling; she wasn't sure if she was upset because she was being stood up, being stood up by a woman, or being stood up because she was planning something that was outside the norm.

Realizing that she was enjoying thoughts of doing things outside the norm gave her a warm feeling inside. It was the exact type of warm feeling that kept her wanting to do more things outside the norm.

Making the best of it, Vickie actually started reading the papers in front of her and so was completely distracted when a figure stopped at the edge of the table. "Vickie?"

The woman who stopped at the table was no one that Vickie recognized. She

was fairly short and had dark red hair that in the right light could be mistaken for brown. For a long moment Vickie just looked up at her blankly and when she realized she was staring rudely she answered. “Yes. I’m Vickie. You are…? Oh! Brenda?”

The short redhead nodded and stuck out her hand. It was more than a little peculiar to be shaking the hand of a woman she had already viewed much more intimately, but it was the expected convention out in public. After the brief handshake, Brenda slipped into the chair opposite Vickie; there wasn’t much space left inside Madeline’s coffee shop. The small restaurant was busy with state workers grabbing a quick lunch, but it wasn’t too crowded inside even at their peak midday rush. Even though it was early spring, today was warm enough that the small area on the sidewalk crowded with a few tables was already filled with patrons.

Vickie shuffled her papers around while pretending not to check out her lunch companion. Brenda apparently had no qualms about carefully studying her, however. Vickie could feel Brenda’s eyes on her. “It’s nice to meet you,” Brenda said after a moment of study. She had a nice voice. She modulated it carefully leading Vickie to believe the other woman had some practice in public speaking.

“It’s…strange,” Vickie said as she finished up and finally looked up while she took a sip of her coffee. Brenda had come to the table carrying her own mug and a roll. She paused in speaking. “Meeting like this, I mean,” she added when Brenda looked at her quizzically.

Brenda nodded once in acknowledgement and let her eyes flick down to Vickie’s chest. Underneath her red jacket she was wearing a white blouse that was unbuttoned lower than would be considered appropriate in most offices. Vickie had to force herself not to self-consciously reach up and close a few of the buttons. “You look good,” Brenda said, slightly inclining her head, indicating the other woman’s bustline.

To her embarrassment, Vickie actually blushed. She felt like a schoolgirl unexpectedly encountering her crush outside of the school walls. “Thanks. Good posture and a great bra,” she said in confidence, her voice low.

“Is that it?” Brenda asked with a calculating note in her voice.

“And some hormone pills,” Vickie added. She tried to affect an air of

confidence.

“How’s that working out?”

Trying out her new, bold personality, Vickie rolled her shoulders, bringing Brenda’s eyes back to her chest. “Pretty good. They’re definitely getting bigger. I hope I’m not getting fatter as a result.” She frowned.

Brenda slowly shook her head. “Don’t run yourself down like that.”

Gritting her teeth, Vickie nodded. “You’re right.”

Not wanting to waste time getting caught up in body perception issues, Brenda moved on. “I’d love to see them bare.”

Vickie looked around nervously, but there was enough noise inside Madeline’s that no one could hear their conversation let alone care. “You really want to do this?” The proposal that Brenda had made both excited Vickie and made her intensely wary.

“Of course.” She smiled. “Are you scared?”

“Yes.” She said it more emphatically than she intended.

“I was too my first time. Scare…but excited.”

“Yeah…”

“I don’t want to make you nervous,” Brenda continued. “You know how this is supposed to go. Meet someone online, then meet them in public, and then, after a correct waiting period, you meet them in private.” She sipped at her coffee. “When do you want to meet in private?”

Vickie gave a quick, nervous answer. “Today. Right after work.”

Brenda nearly spit out her drink. “That’s a little too fast.”

“Otherwise I’ll lose my nerve.”

“You sure about this?” Brenda couldn’t believe she was questioning the perfect situation, but it seemed the right thing to do.

“No, but I want to do it.”

With a nod Brenda pulled out her cell phone. “Let me make sure this will work out tonight.”

Chapter Eight

They entered Brenda's apartment together and Brenda immediate took off her light jacket to hang it up in the foyer closet. Vickie offered hers and Brenda politely hung it up as well. Vickie paused politely while Brenda abruptly hesitated, as if she did not know what to do next. Vickie couldn't blame her; she didn't know what was supposed to happen next, but she was expected to be invited in, at least, and perhaps offered a drink while they waited for Jason to appear. She had already informed her husband that she would be home late and that he would have to deal with the children.

"Is something the matter?" Vickie asked graciously when the silence and pause became too much for her to bear.

"Umm. No. Not really. It's just that Jason and I have certain rules about dress and decorum in our home." She smiled uncertainly.

"Oh. Did I do something wrong?" Now Vickie was nervous and started to wonder if Brenda wanted to back out.

"No no no," Brenda assured her. "You're fine. It's me. I don't know what to do next."

"It's your place," Vickie pointed out.

"Right. And when I'm home I'm supposed…this is sort of embarrassing admitting it to you, I really should have said something beforehand…I'm supposed to be naked."

"Naked?"

"Yes, naked. Jason likes me that way." She grimaced then grinned. "You know: men. Right?"

Vickie just nodded.

"Anyway, when I'm home alone or with him, I'm supposed to be naked. But

when we're entertaining guests, it's okay for me to be clothed. Usually he and I work that out beforehand."

"Aren't we going to…?"

Brenda nodded enthusiastically. "Yes. But not right away. It'll be an hour before Jason gets home—though he may rush home because he knows you're hear. If he finds me in a state that he doesn't like, he'll punish me."

"Punish you?" This was all starting to sound more than a little kinky and fun to Vickie. It was rapidly approaching the point of bizarre, fetishistic, and surreal.

"He'll whip my tits," Brenda explained.

"I thought you liked that," Vickie said after a pause.

"Normally I do, but when he punishes me…he makes it hurt more than I like. I'm happy to admit that I'm a bit of a masochist. I like the pain. And he's a sadist; he likes handing it out. Normally our desires intersect fairly closely, but he's not above going beyond my limits to indulge in his."

"I see," said Vickie not at all sure of what she was supposed to be seeing. "Well, he is a man, after all and I'm a guest here for a specific purpose, so I'd say your best bet would be to be naked. He is a man, after all, like you said, and seeing you naked would probably be less of a punishment than if you were to remain clothed," she reasoned. "If I'm understanding your correctly."

Brenda nodded and smiled in relief. "I think you're right. You don't mind if I undress, do you?"

"Not at all," Vickie lied.

With a sigh Brenda said, "Thank you." To Vickie's amazement, though she really shouldn't have been surprised because they just had the conversation, Brenda started stripping right there. She undressed quickly and efficiently. Once she was done, she looked visibly relieved.

"I think I'm a nudist at heart," she said. "Or at least I've spent so much of my time the past few years naked that I'm more comfortable without clothes on."

“Makes sense,” Vickie nodded. It might have been rude to stare, but she couldn’t help herself and given the circumstances, it seemed to be acceptable.

Brenda’s body wasn’t exactly like it appeared in her pictures. The pictures were probably the best of the batch, Vickie reasoned, much like her own. But she still had a nice body: reasonably in shape, no tattoos, no piercings, smooth skin that was decorated on her shoulders, back, and arms with a substantial smattering of freckles to match the ones across her nose and cheeks. The freckles made sense given her dark red hair. What didn’t make sense at first was her complete lack of body hair. Vickie didn’t expect to see any on the redhead’s legs, of course, but had been anticipating a burgundy triangle between her legs. Instead she was bare. A moment later she noted that Brenda’s arms were also hairless.

Spotting her friend’s gaze, Brenda said. “I shave,” she said almost unnecessarily. “Jason likes it that way.” It took all her willpower not to cross her legs and try to hide her sex.

“You do a lot of what he asks,” Vickie pointed out.

“True. But I like doing it. He makes me, but it’s a game we play.”

Vickie nodded and switched her gaze from Brenda’s pussy to her tits. That made both of them more comfortable. “They’re nicer in person,” she said, indicating the woman’s small chest.

That made Brenda laugh, breaking her nervousness. “Thank you. I think they’ll be even better once Jason has given them a little attention.” She took a breath. “What about you? Jason’s going to want to see your boobs. He knows what mine are like. Are you going to be able to show yours off.”

Screwing on her courage, Vickie slipped her red jacket from her shoulders and started unbuttoning her shirt. Brenda watched silently as the shirt came off and Vickie continue to disrobe, reaching behind her back and unhooking her bra, releasing her breasts. She stood up proudly, putting her shoulders back and straightening her spine.

“I think they’re bigger than in the pictures,” she commented.

Vickie brought her hands up to cup the bottoms of her tits. “It’s the hormones,” she said. “I’m positive they’re working. My bras feel tighter.” She hefted her

breasts a couple times and then dropped them.

When Brenda reached out, Vickie was caught unprepared but she didn't shy away or react in any way when the redhead gently touched her breasts. "They feel firm," she commented. Her touch was somewhere between a gentle touch and a clinical inspection. The two women locked eyes. "Do you mind?" Brenda asked but didn't remove her hands.

"No, I just wasn't expecting it."

Brenda ran her thumbs over the other woman's nipples which were now hard—though Vickie was unsure if it was because of the caress or from the cool air—and then let go. Vickie stepped back.

"Maybe we should wait for Jason," she suggested.

"Sure," Brenda agreed. "But I can't hardly wait."

While they waited Brenda started to prepare dinner. She didn't turn on the stove and start cooking. It was all prep work; Vickie wondered if she was planning something unusual. Before she started to work, Brenda offered Vickie a glass of wine which the dark-haired woman happily took. As she sipped from the glass Vickie watched the redhead work. Brenda didn't indulge in alcohol which was probably a good thing judging by how quickly Brenda chopped her knife up and down. Cooking in the nude was new to Vickie, and she wasn't sure if it was erotic on its own or if the wine was giving her a little extra bump for the occasion.

"How long have you been with Jason?" Vickie had put her blouse back on, but left it unbuttoned which allowed a strip of skin to show down her torso, but everything else was modestly—sort of—covered.

"Three years now."

"And how long have you been living this…um…lifestyle…with him?"

Brenda looked up from the green pepper she was chopping. "Three years."

Vickie's eyes bugged out. "What…you two started in on it right away?"

She nodded. "We met online. We both knew what we were seeking out and so we started in on it right away."

"How does that work? I mean, do you put an ad on Craigslist? Single white female looking for a man who will pinch my nipples and slap my breasts?"

The tone and attitude Vickie used caused Brenda to laugh. "Ah. No. We met on Fetlife, our profiles meshed, and we went from online to in real life and then we moved in together." She gestured vaguely with the knife. "It was a little more complicated than that, of course, but that's it essentially."

"I met my husband in college," Vickie offered. "It's not a terribly interesting story."

Brenda was about to reply when the door to the apartment opened and both women turned to the noise. They couldn't see the apartment's entrance from the kitchen, so they waited with anticipation for Jason's appearance.

When he rounded the corner, the muscular man came up short. He was barely taller than Vickie, had a shaved head and deep blue eyes. "I see you brought a friend over, Brenda."

"Someone for you to play with," his girlfriend replied.

His eyes roved over Vickie, pausing at the opening of her shirt. She tried not to shuffle uncomfortably. "Is dinner ready?"

"I wasn't sure if you would want to eat first or play first. I can have dinner ready in fifteen minutes."

"Play first," he said. "Go get a toy for yourself and one for…" he turned expectantly to Vickie.

"Vix," she said boldly.

"And one for Vix," he said.

Brenda disappeared from the kitchen leaving the other two alone. Jason just

looked at Vickie, imagining what she would look naked and how she would react to his treatment of her. Not knowing what to do or say, Vickie just stared back.

Shortly, Brenda reappeared carrying two objects, one in each hand. In her right she held a small paddle, about the size of a table tennis paddle, but with a pattern of small holes drilled through it. In her left she held a length of suede leather, gray and soft, attached to black handle made from stiffer leather.

“In the living room or the bedroom?” Jason asked.

“The living room, I think. The light is better and there’s more room.”

“Excellent choice.” He gestured the way out of the kitchen.

Vickie had been standing with her back against the wall and was afraid to step away from it. Her knees had gone weak and her stomach had become a hard pit of anxiety. She wasn’t sure which tool was to be used on her, but both struck fear in her heart. Sensing what Vickie was going through, Brenda grabbed her friend’s hand and led her out of the kitchen and into the living room.

“I’ll start with Brenda, if that’s okay with you, Vix,” Jason said. “She’ll show you how it’s done.”

That was fine with Vickie. Anything to forestall the event where she would take off her shirt and subject her tits to intense pain. “Is this how your boyfriend normally greets you?” Vickie heard herself saying. “Hi honey. What’s for dinner? How do you want your tits whipped?”

She didn’t know why she was being obnoxious, but she couldn’t help herself. It was a defense mechanism that kicked in when she was nervous.

Brenda gave her a knowing smile. “Sometimes. Well…no. It’s usually how things go.”

Vickie nodded and said nothing else as she watched Jason put down the leather whip and grip the paddle firmly.

“Lace your fingers together like this,” Brenda was saying. Vickie was staring at the paddle. “Put your hands behind your neck and point your elbows out.”

“Why?”

“You’re less likely to try to block me that way,” Jason answered. “Nothing is so annoying as a submissive who won’t take her treatment.”

“Oh.”

Brenda stood in the middle of the living room, hands behind her neck, feet shoulder width apart. Vickie blinked and realized her friend was naked. The living room was dominated by a bank of windows that let in ample sunlight, but also exposed the residents to any prying eyes. Vickie scanned the view and saw plenty of other apartments on the sloping section of the city, but no obvious Peeping Toms. In any event, Brenda didn’t seem worried about it.

“Ready?” Jason asked.

“Always.”

And that was it. No other warm up. Jason stepped to her side, brought back his hand and smacked her left breast with the holed paddle. Brenda gasped but made no other reaction. A second later he brought the paddle back again and smacked her right breast. This time Brenda let out her deep breath of air. Vickie was alarmed at how loud the blows were. Jason waited a moment and then pointed out to Vickie his handiwork. “See how her skin pinks up from the paddle?” he asked her. “Her body knows exactly how to respond.”

Vickie saw the both of Brenda’s breasts were turning an angry red. Her friend still had both hands behind her head and tears welling up in her eyes.

“A few more for each?” Jason asked.

“Yes.”

And he proceeded to do so. Brenda jumped a little bit each time the paddle landed, or she let out a sharp breath, but she didn’t sob or break down or tell him to stop. For some reason Vickie felt incredibly proud and inspired by her friend.

When the paddling was over Brenda was breathing hard and the skin on her entire chest—not just her breasts—had taken on a glowing pink blush. She seemed exhilarated while Jason seemed proud and aroused. Vickie let her eyes

fall to his crotch and the outline his hard cock was readily apparent. She didn't want to admit it to herself, but she could feel a definite dampness inside her panties. Clearly, witnessing this type of treatment was affecting her more than she would have guessed.

Jason turned to her. "Are you ready?"

Upon trying to speak, Vickie found her mouth was too dry. She tried to swallow, but that was impossible as well. Instead, she just nodded but didn't move. Seeing that she wasn't moving, Brenda stepped toward her friend and drew her into the middle of the living room. As she stood next to Brenda, a scent filled the air. It took Vickie a moment to realize it was the redhead's arousal.

"Take off your shirt," Brenda said quietly.

Vickie nodded and let her blouse slip from her shoulders. She tossed it to the couch with a casualness she didn't feel and looked to Jason. He was, naturally, looking at her breasts. Not wanting to appear overly shy or embarrassed or afraid, Vickie squared her shoulders and stood up straight, pushing her breasts forward.

"Very nice," Jason murmured. "They're even better than what you have on your blog."

"Thank you," Vickie replied, finding her voice. She glanced down at her chest. "They're growing."

Laying down the paddle he had used on Brenda, Jason asked, "Why is that?"

"I've been taking hormones to re-lactate." The way she spoke made it seem like it was something every woman did, like buying shoes or taking Tylenol for a headache.

It gave Jason pause. "You want to make milk?" He was confused.

"I want to have bigger tits," she said boldly. "They were big when I was nursing so I decided to try that again."

He nodded and gestured with the leather strap in his hand. "You'll be able to handle this even with milk in your tits?"

“It hasn’t come in yet.”

“A little stimulating pain won’t affect you?” he asked.

“Don’t worry about it.”

With a nod of his head he took a better grip on the strap’s handle and told her, “Lace your fingers behind you neck.”

It was scary to follow his directions, but Vickie did so. She looked down at her chest right as Jason was raising his hand. It occurred to her that in this position, elbows up and spine straight, that her tits must look very good. Then the strap hit her flesh.

The shock was blinding. More than anything else she wanted to pull her hands down and protect her tender flesh, but locking her fingers together prevented that. Instead she was forced to fall to her knees and try to cry out, but her voice failed her. It had happened so quickly she wasn’t ready for the impact. Tears welled up out of her eyes and started spilling down her cheeks. Vickie had never done well with pain.

When she looked down at her right breast, she saw a thick line of pink covering it. She was horrified—and thrilled.

“On your feet,” Jason instructed her. But she couldn’t move. Brenda helped Vickie up.

“I want to stop,” she unexpectedly blubbered.

“No you don’t,” Brenda said. “You can’t stop now. Just a few more strokes and you’ll see how wonderful it can feel.

Vickie silently said no. Neither Jason nor Brenda saw her move her mouth. To help her friend, Brenda stood slightly behind her one hand holding her hands behind her neck and the other on the small of her back. The gentle touches gave Vickie a little extra courage.

“She’s ready,” Brenda reported. Before Vickie could contradict her, Jason lowered the leather again, this time on her left breast.

To her delight it didn’t hurt as badly as the first.

But it still hurt.

And yet she managed to remain on her feet. The tears didn’t stop, but that was okay.

“Good?” Brenda asked.

“No.” Vickie shook her head.

Brenda curled her hand around the other woman’s breast. Vickie was shaking from the adrenaline rush. Her breast was hot to the touch. “You’re doing wonderfully,” she said as she skilled Vickie on the cheek.

The next series of lashes quickly became a blur to Vickie. The pain lanced out and shocked her every time. She screamed and cried and wanted it to stop, but she didn’t want to beg for it. She just wanted Jason to know.

And then it did stop. “Done,” Jason announced. Brenda stepped behind Vickie and softly held the other woman’s breasts. Vickie was crying now, sobbing. She was truly and fully in paid, but every sense of her body was heightened. The softness of Brenda’s skin, her breasts and nipples, pressing against her back soothed her.

“You did wonderfully,” Brenda told her with great admiration.

“It hurts,” she whined.

“But it feels good now that it’s stopped, right?”

Even though Vickie shook her head, the words were oddly accurate. She felt a certain exhilaration that was indescribable. This was a pain she hadn’t gone through before, and she had endured it. Brenda’s hands slid down from her breasts to her waist and smoothly unbuttoned and unzipped her pants. Before she knew what was happening, Brenda’s fingers were edging inside her panties.

“No,” she breathed. “Don’t.”

Brenda paused. “Are you sure? Right after the release of pain, my orgasms are

so much more intense."

Vickie could only stand there and tremble as she felt the heat of Brenda's fingers on her skin. She opened her eyes and saw Jason watching her, waiting for the next step. His cock was bulging against his pants and she wondered what it would feel like inside her pussy.

"Do it," she said softly.

Not questioning the other woman's answer, Brenda pushed her fingers lower, seeking out her pussy, her clit. They slid over her pubic hair, down between her thighs, exploring and teasing and finally penetrating with gentle rubbing. Vickie pushed back against Brenda finally remembering she could put her hands down from behind her neck. She pushed her pants and underwear all the way down her legs, giving Brenda greater access to her pussy.

It normally took Vickie a good amount of time to warm up and be ready for sex. As it was, her pussy was practically dripping in anticipation, quivering with need. Before she knew it, Vickie was cumming, her body shaking, her teeth clenched as she tried to stifle the loud cry that struggled to be released. The orgasm washed over and over her until she finally collapsed back against Brenda who eased down with her to the couch. They laid there a minute with limbs tangled together, Vickie's pants knotted around her ankles.

Jason watched them a minute and started pulling off his clothes. Vickie was too exhausted to do anything but watch. "Knees on the floor, elbows on the cushion, Bren," Jason said.

Gently pushing her new friend to the side, Brenda assumed the position Jason wanted while Vickie watched, not knowing what the correct protocol was at the moment. Instead of sneaking away, she watched the couple. When Jason knelt down behind his girlfriend Vickie noted he was completely hairless: head, chest, arms, legs, crotch. It made his cock look huge she realized. It was large and erect at the moment, but then it disappeared inside Brenda's pussy and Vickie realized she was watching the couple fuck.

At that moment she wanted to stand up, pull on her clothes, and leave, but Brenda reached out and grabbed her hand, holding it tight. The redhead concentrated on what Jason was doing to her, thrusting forward so hard her entire body was shaking. Despite the weirdness of the situation—or perhaps

because of it—Vickie lowered her free hand to her pussy and masturbated while watching the couple. It didn't take them long to reach a peak, Brenda calling out her pleasure with loud grunts and cries, and Vickie timed her orgasm to coincide with theirs. She realized after they were done, that Jason had been watching her the entire time, not his girlfriend.

"That was intense," she said as she stood up. Her fingers were wet and sticky so she wiped them off on her thigh before pulling up her underwear and pants. She made a show of looking at the clock on the wall. "But it's getting late and I need to go home. My husband is waiting for me." She didn't know why she mentioned Rob because at the moment she would have been thrilled if Jason had asked to fuck her. She was positive she would have said yes—and that scared her.

Immediately the two uncoupled and Brenda scrambled to her feet. "I hope you had a good time," she said, taking her friend's hands in hers.

She answered without thinking. "Yes, it was…wow. It was good."

"We're going to do it again sometime, right?"

With her bra in her hand, Vickie thought about what had just happened. She had her tits fondled by a woman she barely knew, then had them whipped by a stranger causing her intense pain. Both breasts were still bright red along with most of her chest. She had her first sexual encounter with another woman who brought her to an intense orgasm with just her hands. She had watched another couple fuck while she was three feet away and holding the woman's hand. And now she was afraid to put on her bra because her nipples felt like they were on fire and the lace would rub painfully against her sore flesh. "Yes, we need to do this again," she said.

Brenda smiled. "Do you want some help with that?" she asked about the bra.

"No." She shook her head. "It'll hurt. I'll just put my blouse on."

Although it was unnecessary, Brenda helped her finish dressing, finding her shirt and shoes. Vickie looked around for Jason, but he had disappeared.

As she was headed for the door, Brenda stopped her, still naked and reeking of sex. "We'll set a time when your husband can come and watch, okay?"

Vickie nodded.

“And participate too, if he wants. Would he like to watch you have sex with Jason?”

Vickie couldn’t answer that. She knew what her answer already was. The drive home to her house in the middle of the woods took less time than normal, the after-work traffic from the city had already cleared. Vickie couldn’t wait until she got home. On the dark highway that wound through the county, she pulled off to the side of the road, held her cell phone up to her ear pretending she was making a call, and pushed her other hand down inside her pants. Still on edge it didn’t take her long to cum again. She had never jilled off on the side of the road before—what reason would she have had to perform such an act before? She had never so much as made out in a car before. Apparently this day was full of firsts for her.

At home things were well in hand. Jason greeted her with a kiss. The kids were in the process of getting ready for bed, but she asked her husband to talk in the bedroom. They made a noise indicating they were grossed out by their parents heading to the bedroom together.

“What do you need?” Rob asked when she closed the door behind her.

“Don’t be upset,” she warned him and quickly lifted her blouse up over her head, exposing her breasts to him. A quick peek told her that they were still red from Jason’s lashing.

“Where’s your bra?” he asked automatically, and then realized what he was seeing. “Why are they red?”

“I met up with Brenda, like I said.”

“Uh-huh.” Rob was having trouble processing what she was implying.

“And things went a lot further than I intended.”

His eyebrows went up. “Is it bad?”

A knock sounded from the door. Instinctively Brenda pulled her blouse back down. “Mom? Dad? Can we have a snack.”

“I’ll tell you more after the kids are in bed.”

“Do they hurt?” he asked as she opened the door.

“Yes. Of course.”

After the kids were put to bed and she had some leftover for dinner—it was late and Vickie was starving—Rob came to her in the bedroom with a pair of icepacks. “For your chest,” he explained.

“I’m not sure I want them.”

“Why not. Are you still in pain?”

“A little,” she admitted. “But it’s a good pain.”

“A good pain?”

She pulled off her shirt once more, dropping it to the floor. The redness had faded to pink. “It was…intense,” she told him as she took one of the packs from the bed where he had laid them. She cautiously applied it to her right breast and sighed at the cooling, soothing presence on her skin. “Okay, I’ll try them,” she agreed. Rob handed the second pack to her and she pressed it to her left breast. “Wow...that feels really good.”

“What happened today?” he asked her, reclining onto the bed.

Vickie stayed upright, but turned to him, feeling a bit ridiculous as she told her tale.

They had earlier discussed her meeting with Brenda and he knew his wife had gone to the other woman’s apartment for an after work drink, or so she had said in her text message to him.

“And it turns out that Brenda doesn’t wear clothes in her apartment.”

Rob double blinked. “Ever?”

“Only when they have guests over.”

“So how would you know that she doesn’t wear clothes in her apartment? Weren’t you a guest?”

“Not that type of guest, I guess, because she asked if it was okay if she stripped down.”

“What did you said,” he grinned.

“Yes.”

“That’s hot.”

“Very mature of you.”

“Thanks.”

“Brenda made dinner while we waited for Jason.” Vickie left out the part of taking off her own shirt. “And then when he arrived home…”

“Yes…?” Rob prompted. Vickie’s gaze went to her husband’s crotch. She knew the signs of him having an erection.

“He paddled her tits.”

“What? Wow.”

“He had a ping pong paddle and he smacked her tits with it.”

“Holy shit. Did it hurt her?”

“I’d say yes. She was crying.”

“What?”

“But it was also pretty hot, intense, and sexy,” Vickie hastened to add. “They were both really turned on by it. I could tell.”

“Okay…”

“Then I took of my shirt and Jason used…well, basically it was a leather belt...on my tits. That’s how they wound up like this.” She indicated the fading

redness.

“Oh my god. Did it—?”

“Hurt? Yes. But Brenda was right. It was hot as hell as well. I was really turned on.”

“How did they make you do it? Did they tie you up?”

“No. I just put my hands like this.” She demonstrated. “And Brenda stood behind me to make sure I didn’t lower my hands and he whipped me. I was really turned on.” Her eyes were shining.

“Wow.”

“And then Brenda put her hands down my pants and jilled me off.”

Rob was clearly stunned. “What?”

“She put her hands down my pants and jilled me off,” Vickie repeated. “She made me cum.”

“And you didn’t stop her?”

“I wanted her to do it.”

“I didn’t think you’d be into another woman doing that with you.”

Vickie looked down at her breasts. “I didn’t either. But I didn’t mind. I wanted it because I was really turned on. I can’t explain it any better. I needed to cum and she was there helping me out.”

“Wow,” he marveled. “I’d have liked to see that.”

A small smile pulled at the corners of her mouth, but Vickie didn’t follow up on her husband’s admission. “I guess getting me off got them worked up too. After she made me cum, Jason fucked her while she knelt on the floor, her arms on the couch,” she paused and added, “while I held her hand.”

“Holy fucking shit.”

“It was hot.”

“And I missed it.”

Once again Vickie didn’t follow up on the opportunity to involve Rob. She lowered the ice packs from her breasts, revealing her nipples to be hard and erect. “Okay, it felt good to have the ice packs on, but now my nipples are really cold and hard.”

“Take them off for a while.”

Vickie put down the packs and briefly held her breasts with her hands. “No good. My hands are cold too.” She grinned at her husband. “Warm them up for me?” she asked.

“Sure.” Rob crawled across the bed to her and pressed his hands to her cold breasts, feeling the erect nipples against his palms.

“No,” she shook her head. “Use your mouth.”

Rob didn’t need to be told twice. He pushed her down to the bed and lowered his mouth on one breast, holding his hand over the other, warming both up. He sucked for a moment and then commented, “You’re sweet.”

“Thank you. You’re very understanding.”

Shaking his head, Rob said, “No. Not sweet like in adorable. Your breast tastes sweet, like they used to when you were breastfeeding.” He switched from one breast to the other, sucking up her sweetness. “Maybe having your tits abused agrees with you. Or at least it makes you horny.

“Maybe,” she said with a sigh. “Maybe it’s the hormones.”

Rob pulled back from her breast. “Hormones?” he asked, alarmed. “You aren’t pregnant, are you?”

She laughed at him. “No, stupid. I’m not pregnant. You know that can’t happen. I’ve been taking hormones to make my breasts bigger.”

For too long a moment Rob just stared. “It doesn’t work like that exactly, does

it?”

She giggled at him again. “No, but the hormones do help my breasts make milk. Don’t you think they look bigger than before?” She pressed her hands to her breasts, creating some artificial cleavage as she lay on her back.

“Well, yeah, I suppose. But I thought that was because they were swollen from being beaten.”

Vickie just shook her head. “Not from that. Not alone. They feel bigger and it felt really good when Jason whipped them and it feels really good when you suck on them.” She pulled his mouth to her breast again. “Keep going.”

Rob made a noise in the back of his throat indicating his happiness. Their bodies pressed together and Vickie could feel his hard cock pressing against her leg. She knew she was going to be fucked before much longer. “And if you’re really good,” she told him as he continued to nurse happily on her sore nipples, “I’ll let you watch when Jason whips my tits again.”

He looked up at her. “Really?”

She kissed him and pushed him back down. “I promise.”

The kiss made her realize that he was correct about her sweetness. She tasted it on his lips.

Chapter Nine

Vickie looked at her blog and saw she now had eight followers. DirtyBert was her husband, Bread-N-Redd was Brenda, and told her that NDArgonaut was Jason, but the other five people were complete strangers.

A moment's reflection told her that she liked the idea of complete strangers looking at her bare tits. She had added some more photos that Rob had taken. She compared all the pictures she had posted and realized that, yes, the more recent ones seemed to show her tits were growing, but maybe it was the angle or the lighting. Rob swore he could taste sweet breast milk whenever he sucked on her nipples, but except for some slight swelling, she hadn't seen any concrete evidence.

Though he had always said that he was happy with her body, Vickie had detected Rob's renewed interest in her tits since they had been swelling due to the hormones. That was fine with her. They were more sensitive and when he touched and sucked on them, both before and during sex, she was incredibly turned on to the point of near-insanity. Rob had never shied away from playing with her tits when she was breastfeeding. When he got an accidental mouthful of milk he never complained. She had actually liked breastfeeding more than she liked to admit. It was a pleasant feeling having her nipples sucked and played with all the time. It had turned her on then and it turned her on now.

And somehow between her blog and Brenda's influence she was now actively seeking out a way to cause pain to her tits. And she welcomed that as well.

Before putting down her phone Vickie sent a message to Brenda. Looking forward to tonight, was all she wrote.

Brenda's response was almost immediate. Do you think your tits will be able to take it?

She knew that Brenda wasn't really looking for a response. They had been planning and talking about the evening's activities for two weeks now. Vickie wasn't worried about enduring the pain that Jason had promised her. She was

worried about Rob's reactions.

Getting a babysitter for the kids was the hardest part of the planning. Rob went along with Vickie's suggestion of meeting with Jason and Brenda. But as always, he was inscrutable. She couldn't figure out exactly why he agreed to what they had proposed. When she pressed him on the issue he simply said he wanted to see it all.

"Are there any limits we should set?" she asked him.

"What, like bloodletting or permanent scarring activities?" It was always hard for Rob to take certain situations seriously.

"No," she said with a firm tone in her voice. "I'm talking about vaginal penetration and the use of condoms and everything else four people could do."

It was only when she put it in those terms did Rob realize how serious she was about how she wanted to explore this side of her sexuality.

"You're not kidding around, are you?"

"No. Brenda asked. "They asked me if it was okay if Jason had sex with me," she told him. "She wants to watch. He wants to fuck me. You can watch if you want. Is that okay with you?" Vickie folded her arms just under her ever-enlarging breasts and waited, defiantly, for him to answer.

Rob opened his mouth several times to speak, but found words had failed him. The more she waited, the more impatient Vickie became. Finally Rob managed to squeak out, "Do you want to do that?"

Vickie had given that answer a lot of thought. "Yes, yes I do. But only if you are okay with it. You don't have to watch, but I'm not going to do it if you don't want me to."

"Can I watch?" he asked. The moment she made the suggestion Rob considered a million possibilities from was it actually cheating to how beautiful she looked in the middle of sex to a hundred negative consequences and a thousand positive ones.

“Yes, I already said that.” She didn’t admit it, but posting nude pictures on her Tumblr blog had brought out an exhibitionist streak in her personality. A private exhibitionist streak. Having her husband watch while she was having sex with another man was something she wanted to do, she wanted to please him that way.

“That could be…hot,” he said, nodding thoughtfully.

“So is there anything I should definitely say no to?” she asked him.

Slowly Rob shook his head. “I trust you.”

Which is what led Vickie and Rob to hire a babysitter to watch the kids, telling the sitter they were going out to dinner with friends. It wasn’t a complete lie, but the sitter didn’t need to know everything. On the drive over to Brenda’s apartment, they talked about everything except what was going to happen on their date.

It was only when they pressed the buzzer to the apartment building did Vickie give her husband a warning. “Brenda will probably be naked when we go in,” she warned him. “Don’t be surprised.”

“Naked? Right away?”

“It’s going to happen anyway. And don’t forget their agreement of how she’s supposed to dress—or not dress—when she’s home.”

“Entertaining guests,” he repeated thoughtfully.

“We’re not the type of guests where she needs to dress up.”

The door buzzed, letting them in. As Vickie had predicted, Brenda did answer the door devoid of clothing. Rob tried to keep his eyes from bugging out but he couldn’t stop staring at her naked body.

“Hello,” she said pleasantly as if this were the most common way to greet anyone at her door. “Please come in.”

Dinner was already on the table. After some uncomfortable shaking of hands and a little small talk, they sat down at the table. Rob couldn’t move his eyes from

Brenda's breasts. "If they're too distracting I can put on a shirt while we eat," she said to him, much to Jason's amusement.

"Oh! Sorry," Rob apologized. "I've never had dinner with a naked woman before." He tried a winning smile, but it felt off to everyone at the table.

"I can cover up her nipples for you, if they're too distracting," Jason offered with a grin.

That puzzled Rob. "How would you do that?"

"Nipple clamps."

Brenda kicked her boyfriend under the table. "You wouldn't!"

Jason leered at her. "I would."

Vickie said nothing, the conversation having taken a turn that was unexpected.

"Nipple clamps?" Rob asked, intrigued.

"You want to see them?" Jason offered.

"Yeah!"

The bald man turned to Brenda. "Go get the box."

Her face soured. "I don't want to wear clamps during dinner."

Jason's face remained pleasant. He was slightly amused at her reticence. It was all a game to him. "I don't care. Go get the box."

Brenda frowned, but then stood up from the table and headed to her bedroom. Rob's eyes didn't leave her naked ass until she turned the corner. "Nipple clamps?" Rob asked Jason. "Won't they hurt her?"

"That's what she likes," Jason said.

"This isn't what we planned," Vickie said, but her objection was barely heard.

"Plans change."

A moment later, Brenda returned with a wooden box half the size of a large loaf of bread. She put it down next to Jason and resumed her seat, eating quickly now because she knew what was about to happen.

Jason opened the box and spun it around to display the contents to the others at the table. Rob looked in, fascinated by the proceedings. Despite herself, Vickie looked in as well, unable to resist seeing what other instruments of torture Brenda willingly submitted herself to. There was a wide variety of different clamps inside the box. Eager to see how he could participate, Rob asked, “Can I pick out the ones you put on her?”

The question alarmed Vickie. She didn’t expect her husband to take to the torture of her friend so quickly and eagerly.

“Actually, I’ve already picked out the ones she’s going to wear,” Jason answered.

“Then why did you make me bring out the whole box?” Brenda asked acidly.

“I wanted them to see how much you like to have your tits abused.”

“They already know.”

“Which ones are you going to use?” Rob asked.

Jason looked over to Brenda who sighed and then reached into the box to pull out a large pair of clamps. They were shaped like cups. At first Rob didn’t understand how they worked, but then Jason opened up one of the cups to display it. The cup was essentially a cover over a small mechanism. The mechanism was a simple metal frame containing within a pair of flat metal bars that were drawn together by dial. The frame was fitted over the nipple, the dial adjusted, pressing the bars together until the correct pressure was achieve. The cup-like cover was then placed over the frame effectively hiding the nipple and areola.

“I can put a chain on the bell covers,” Jason said. “Makes it easy to control her.”

“Yeah, that’s great, Jason,” Brenda answered sarcastically.

“Why are you eating so fast?” Vickie asked her friend.

“It’s hard to eat—or do anything—when you’re wearing them,” Brenda answered, indicating the clamps.

“Oh.”

“Would you like to put them on her?” Jason offered Rob.

Before he could answer Vickie answered, “No, he would not.”

Disappointed Rob asked, “Why not? I thought you said I could participate.”

“You can wait,” Vickie informed him.

Rob play-pouted in response.

“It’s probably better that I put it on her,” Jason said. “You don’t want to damage her nipples. I like them the way they are.”

“How much can they hurt?” Rob asked.

Jason handed him the little device. “Try it out on the meat of your thumb,” he said. “Carefully,” he warned. “It gets very tight, very quick.

Rob did as he was instructed and grimaced when he dialed up the pressure too far. “Fuck! That hurt more than I expected.”

“I told you,” Jason laughed as he took the cunning little device back from Rob. “You’re turn, Bren,” he said to his girlfriend.

“Can I watch?” Rob asked a little too eagerly.

“Of course. Come over here, Bren.” He pointed to the floor next to him.

With an overly exaggerated sigh Brenda finished her last bite of dinner and walked around the table to her boyfriend. She stood next to him, hands crossed behind her back, as he carefully applied the two clamps to her. Except for a slight wince each time Jason tightened up the dial, Brenda gave almost no response.

Everyone was silent during the process up until Jason fitted the silver cups over the cages and effectively hid Brenda’s nipples from view. “The chain too,

tonight, I think," he murmured to himself, dug the chain out of the box, and hooked it to both of the cup-like covers.

"Really playing it up tonight, aren't you?" Brenda asked him.

"Shut up. You love it."

"Doesn't that hurt?" Vickie asked, aghast at what she had just seen even though she knew Brenda liked doing this exact thing and had witnessed Brenda's tits being paddled by Jason two weeks previous.

"Yes," Brenda replied through gritted teeth.

"But it's nothing she can't endure," Jason told her. "Would you like to try out a set?" he offered, turning the box back for Vickie to view.

Brenda resumed her seat at the table but didn't pick up her fork; she was done eating. She drained the contents of her wineglass and waited. Rob continued to stare at her breasts, but somehow that seemed more acceptable now that she was at least partially covered. "If you're thinking of saying yes, finish your dinner first. You won't want to eat once they're on."

"Should I?" Vickie asked. She spoke aloud, but was talking mostly to herself.

"Yes," Rob said.

"I'd be happy to start you out with these," Jason told her, displaying a pair of clamps that looked similar to a clothes pin and were covered with a rubber pad on the end. The tension was controlled by a little screw. They were a combination of plastic and metal, and were bright red and had a sparkling finish.

"I'm not sure," Vickie said warily.

"No, no, she wants to," Rob answered for her. She glared at him. "I thought you said you could endure anything that Brenda could." He glanced at the hostess who had taken on a vacant stare as she endured the pain of the clamps.

"You'll feel some pressure," Jason told her. "But no real pain. Not unless you want to."

With a bit more coaxing, Vickie agreed to take off her top and try out the clamps. Everyone watched as she first took off her shirt revealing a comfortable, but very unsexy bra.

“You dressed for the occasion,” noted Brenda.

“Comfort over fashion,” Vickie retorted as she pulled down the shoulder straps and in a causal and desultory gesture revealed her nipples by folding down the cups and twisting the bra around her torso to reach the hooks on the back strap.

“Good idea.”

It was right then that Vickie realized that all three people staring at her had already seen her bare breasts: her husband, her new friend, and her new friend’s boyfriend. She felt oddly comfortable being topless in the group; it helped that Brenda was naked—except for her full coverage nipple clamps.

“Would you like your husband to put them on?” Jason asked.

“No. You know what you’re doing. He doesn’t.” Vickie stuck her tongue out at her husband.

“Thanks,” Rob answered, but he was happy to let Jason do it. The idea of watching another man handle his wife’s tits excited him to the point of causing an erection in his pants.

Vickie went over to Jason and bent forward slightly, offering her breasts to him. Rob shifted in his chair, loosening his pants to give his erection room to grown. His hands were trembling and his right leg was pistoning up and down as he watched Jason reach out and touch his wife where he had no right to.

If Rob had rubbed himself through his pants right then, he knew he would have cum.

Jason handled Vickie’s breasts in an almost clinical manner, pulling the nipple forward firmly but not painfully, inspecting her size, and then applying the bright red clamp to her light brown nipple. Rob waited for a sharp intake of breath or a pulling away from the clamp, but there was hardly a reaction from Vickie at all.

“Comfortable?” Jason asked.

Vickie frowned. “I can barely feel it at all.” She was disappointed.

“Easily fixed.” Jason removed the clamp, rest the adjustment screw for greater pressure and put it back on. This time Vickie took a deep breath as the clamp bit into her flesh. She let it out with a pleasurable sigh as a content smile crossed her face.

“That’s better,” she said.

“Does it hurt?” Rob asked. He wanted to know everything she was feeling.

His wife turned her head and looked at him. “A little, but it feels good too.” There was an odd look on her face. One he had never seen before. “Put the other one on,” she told Jason as she continued to gaze at her husband.

Jason applied the second clamp with the same results. After it was firmly in place Rob recognized the expression on Vickie’s face. It was near-ecstasy. It was the same expression she had right before orgasm. He had seen it a hundred times before, but never in this context. She was enjoying the pain she was receiving.

“Step back,” Jason said to her, and she did so with a small stumble, unable to have stable feet distracted by the clamps on her nipples. Unlike the orderly and ornamental toys on Brenda, Vickie’s were slightly askew and looked almost silly, one pointing downward and the other off to the side. They shook slightly with her every breath. “Go sit down.”

She managed to return to her seat without incident. Moving her arms carefully, not wanting to disturb the toys, she grabbed her wine glass and gulped down the remaining contents.

“Hers are trainers,” Jason explained to Rob. “They’re meant to introduce her to how nipple clamps feel. Brenda’s are more fashionable, I suppose, but also more painful, or so she says. One could wear them to an orgy, I suppose. They look good and feel good, don’t they, hon?”

“Yeah,” was Brenda’s hazy answer. Rob looked back and forth between the two women. They both had the same unfocused look on their faces, a combination of discomfort and ecstasy but purposely unfocused and distracted.

“Has she worn them to an orgy?” Rob asked, hoping to hear more salacious

details of the couple's private life.

"We've never been to one. We like to play at home, in private."

"Right," Rob said, not knowing what else to say. There was an uncomfortable silence as Jason stared at Vickie's tits. Her nipples had a slight purple tinge to them; she was enduring the clamps well. "What now?" he asked.

Jason didn't answer right away. He continued to gaze at Vickie's tits. They were definitely larger than his wife's. Finally he said, "I was going to ask to fuck your wife, but there's no casual way to bring that into conversation."

"Yeah, that's a tough one to broach."

"So…can I?"

It seemed to Rob that Jason should be asking Vickie if it was okay to fuck her, but since he was being asked for permission, "Yeah. Sure. I'm going to watch, okay?"

"Wouldn't have it any other way."

Jason pushed away from the table and took Vickie's hand in his. She didn't resist at all. Rob was certain she didn't have the willpower to because she was so distracted by the clamps. He led her to the living room where he reached for the button of her jeans, popped it open, lowered the zipper, and had her stepping out of them without a second thought. Rob followed them at a discrete distance, leaving Brenda alone at the table.

By now Jason had Vickie's back on the couch, her feet on the floor, and his face between her legs eating her pussy. She was breathing rapidly, the clamps on her breasts shaking wildly from her every breath and motion. When her eyes opened she briefly met Rob's intense gaze, but then slammed them shut again. Although he knew he was supposed to be upset and jealous, Rob wasn't. He was perfectly fine knowing another man was about to fuck his wife.

And then Jason pulled off his shirt, and pulled down his pants. Rob was startled to see that the burly-chested man was completely hairless, but that didn't distract Vickie at all. Moving forward, Jason was just about to introduce his cock's head into Vickie's cunt when he asked her, "Do I need a condom?"

Vickie shook her head back and forth, reached down for his hairless sack, and pulled him forward. Rob gasped as Jason went all the way into his wife and the two started fucking like familiar lovers. Vickie was moaning and whining from the clamps on her tits and the cock in her cunt. He was completely focused on his wife and the man with her, so it was easy for Brenda to come up behind him and grab his hard cock. “Would you like a blowjob?” she offered.

He was so startled by her appearance and offer he could only say, “What?”

“Would you like a blowjob?” she repeated but didn’t wait for an answer. His cock was hard under her hand, even separated by layers of clothing. She circled around him, knelt down, and opened up his pants to push them down and free his erection. A moment later his cock was in her mouth and he couldn’t focus on his wife any longer. He was hard and ready and right away he knew he wouldn’t last very long. Brenda curved one hand around his ass and used the other to steady his shaft while she bobbed her head up and down.

It was almost embarrassing how quickly he came. He reached his peak and jetted thick ropes of cum into Brenda’s mouth, all of which she eagerly swallowed. It was an incredible orgasm having an intensity of force he hadn’t felt since he was a teenager. Brenda looked up at him in triumph. “Was it good for you?” she asked with an ironic grin.

“Yeah,” he breathed and then switched his gaze to where his wife was still getting fucked on the couch.

Jason was holding her tits now, but kept his hand free of the clamps so that they would shake and pull as he slammed into her.

“I’m gonna cum,” she moaned. Her hands were clutching alternately at the couch and his arms, trying to get a grip that would help her over the edge.

“Let me help,” he said taking his hands away from her tits to hold the twin clamps on her nipples. “Ready?”

“Yeah!” Vickie didn’t know what she was in for.

“It’s going to hurt,” he warned her. Vickie’s eyes snapped open but before she could protest, Jason squeezed the clamps open allowing the blood to rush back to her most sensitive flesh. She screamed in pain and then realized she was

cumming from Jason's cock slamming into her pussy. A moment later he was cumming as well, squirting his seed into her.

After her orgasm passed, Vickie realized she was crying. The climax had been so intense she wasn't able to think straight. Her tits hurt so she softly held them. They were throbbing and she just wanted the pain to go away. Despite what she had gone through, she didn't regret any of it. Exposing herself, enduring the clamps, being fucked by Jason in front of her husband, having him bring her to orgasm. It was all wonderful.

Wiping the tears from her eyes, Vickie looked over to see Brenda standing up while wiping her mouth with the back of her hand. Rob's cock was out; it was obvious she had just given him a blowjob and Vickie was fine with that. What did she have to protest? Jason had just fucked her.

"That was intense," Jason commented with a mischievous smirk. "What's next?"

"Jason, they're starting to hurt," Brenda said, walking to her boyfriend. "They need to come off."

"Aren't they supposed to hurt," Rob commented. Since everyone else was naked he opted to step out of his pants and take off his shirt.

"Yes, but you can't leave them on forever," Jason said as he started to remove the covers to her clamps. "Leave them on too long and there's a risk of permanent tissue damage. And I don't want that. Not on these wonderfully perfect tits." Once the covers were off, Jason smiled sadly at his girlfriend.

"Do it," she said as she braced herself. The clamps came off simultaneously and she cried out in pain when they were free. Like Vickie, she cradled her tits, caressing them, trying to find some relief. "They hurt, don't they?" she asked her friend, still half-sprawled on the couch, as she walked toward her.

"Yes, but I suppose that's something I'll have to deal with, right?" Already in her mind Vickie had envisioned herself as an apprentice of sorts to Brenda: a woman more than happy to push herself to the limits of her endurance to find her boundaries for both pain and pleasure.

"There's ways to deal with the pain," she said siting down on the edge of the couch. "Ice, Tylenol, other pills, and," she said with a quiet smile, "soft kisses

work for me.” She bent down and pressed her lips to Vickie’s. The dark-haired woman kissed back, but only softly, unsure of where her friend was going.

“Does that make you feel better?” Vickie asked when the kiss ended.

“That’s not the kind of kiss I meant,” Brenda said, pushing aside one of Vickie’s hands and gently kissed her friend’s bruised nipple. Vickie didn’t react at first, but then Brenda opened her mouth and carefully, cautiously sucked the ripe nipple into her warm mouth. To her delight Vickie realized that such a kiss did ease the pain a bit.

And then it started feeling extremely good. Vickie sighed a bit while she reached up and ran her fingers through Brenda’s dark red hair. “Don’t stop,” she whispered.

Jason crossed over next to where Rob stood and nudged him with his shoulder. “Women, right?” he asked with a knowing grin.

“Should we…?” Rob asked.

Jason shook his head. “No. Wait.”

The two women drew closer together, Brenda scattering kisses across Vickie’s breasts and suckled on her nipples. Jason indicated to Rob as one of Brenda’s hands drifted down to between Vickie’s legs. The dark haired woman opened her thighs, enjoying the caress.

“You’re wet,” Brenda commented between kisses.

“It’s not all me,” Vickie protested. “Some of that is your boyfriend’s spunk.”

“Do you want me to stop?”

After a happy hesitation and a quick glance at the men, Vickie answered, “No.”

Brenda laughed and ducked her head again, kissing and sucking Vickie’s breasts. “You’re very sweet,” she said.

“Thank you,” Vickie giggled.

“No, really,” Brenda insisted as she took another quick suck at Vickie’s tit. “I can taste your sweetness.” She glanced at Jason and Rob while continuing to busy her hand in Vickie’s pussy.

“My milk,” said Vickie. “I’m lactating again.”

“Oh my,” Brenda commented, unconcerned. “No wonder your tits look bigger.”

“They do look bigger,” Jason commented. He whispered softly to Rob while turning away, “I’ll be right back.” He stepped out of the living room.

“Would you care to try a taste?” Brenda invited Rob, holding up one of Brenda’s tits.

“I’ve had her milk before,” Rob commented. “When she was feeding the children. Is it still as sweet as I remember?” he asked, moving toward the pair.

“Come and taste,” Brenda offered again. “We’ll share her.”

Rob knelt down next to the two women and bowed his head, taking one of Vickie’s breasts into his mouth. He sucked once and was rewarded with a little squirt of milk. “It is as sweet as I remember,” he said to his wife and kissed her. Brenda hadn’t removed her hand from between Vickie’s legs but kept it still as Brenda lowered her mouth again and sucked more milk from Vickie.

The two continued to work on Vickie, sucking her tits while Brenda continued to play with the other woman’s clit. It felt natural to Rob, sharing his wife. Nothing she or he could do would upset this perfect moment.

The artificial sound of a shutter closing disturbed Rob from his reverie. The three looked over to see Jason, still naked, but armed with his cell phone, taking pictures of them in their intimate moment. “Don’t stop because of me,” he insisted.

Rob gave it a moment’s thought, then shrugged, lowered his mouth to Vickie’s breast, and continued sucking. The women barely noticed as Jason took a few more pictures, but then put a stop to the proceedings. “As much as I like watching,” he said, “it’s time for Brenda to receive her treatment.”

“Treatment?” Rob asked lifting his head, intrigued.

“I’ve found that she’s constantly on edge, on the edge of lust, if I give her tits a good beating once every day.”

“I thought that you had done that with the clamps.”

Jason shook his head. “That was just a warm-up.

“I’d like to watch,” Rob said moving away from the pair of women.

“Of course!”

He stood up while the two women cuddled together, partly to comfort one another, partly to enjoy the sensation of skin on skin. Jason picked up a cane where he had set it on the table, retrieved when he had fetched his phone.

“Assume the position, Bren,” Jason told his girlfriend. “You can show our guests how strong and beautiful you are.” He paused. “And then maybe Vix can live up to your standard.”

“Yes, Vix,” said Rob. “Let’s see which of you is stronger.

Extracting her digits from Vickie’s pussy, Brenda stood up, sucked the juice off her fingers, and laced them behind her neck. After a bit of positioning, Jason raised the cane and then sharply landed it across both of Brenda’s tits. She jumped a tiny bit and let out a small squeak in the process.

Sketched across her chest was an angry red line. “That’s not all, is it?” Brenda asked, disappointed.

“Of course not,” Jason answered. “I was thinking a total of ten today.”

“Lay on,” Brenda requested. “Make them quick and fierce.” She stuck out her chest a bit more, full of bravado.

In no time at all Brenda’s tits were an interlaced mess of proud welts. By the end of the process tears were streaming down her cheeks but she took the punishment well.

“You’re crying,” Rob exclaimed when it was over.

“Just a little,” Brenda admitted. “It’s a reaction I can’t stop now.” She held her hands to her breasts, not really in pain, but as the result of force of habit. “Jason likes it when I cry.”

Jason nodded. “It’s true, I do.”

Rob went over to the proud redhead and wiped away her tears. “You’re wet,” he told her.

Brenda nodded. Jason snickered.

“If you want to see wetness, feel between her legs,” said Jason.

Not needing an additional invitation, Rob did so. Brenda shifted her stance, opening up her cunt allowing him to feel the ocean between her legs. “She’s soaked.”

“The only reason I whip her tits,” Jason commented. “Well, not the only one, but the best one.”

Rob gently rubbed the redhead’s clit, feeling not a hint of stubble because she had shaved carefully before the arrival of the guests. “Leave off,” Jason said. “You can have her later, after I’m done with your wife.” He moved his eyes over to the dark-haired woman. “Vix?” He flexed the cane between his hands.

If Vickie had pleaded to escape punishment, Rob would have rushed to her defense and walked out the door without a second thought or look back. But as it was, Vickie bravely stood up and walked to the middle of the room, displacing her husband and Brenda in the process.

“Quick and fierce,” she told Jason. “Just like Bren.”

“Are you sure you can withstand it?”

Vickie put her hands behind her head and nodded once. “Of course I can. Anything she can do, I can do better.”

“We’ll see. Your milk will make it hurt more, don’t you think?” Jason flexed the cane again.

“Your girlfriend and my husband has removed most of it,” she said. “Lay on.” Her chin lifted up and she waited expectantly.

The first blow landed perfectly. The whistle of the cane through the air. The small thunk of bamboo on flesh. A soft whoosh as Vickie’s breath left her lungs. The gasp from Rob. “More,” requested Vickie stoically.

Jason laid the next nine blows down on Vickie just as quickly as he had on Brenda. By the time he was done Vickie was audibly crying and tears were flowing, but she refused to fall to her knees or give in. She looked down at her tits, now lined in bright red and throbbing in pain. Her performance wasn’t the equal of Brenda’s, but she was a neophyte to this game.

Rob went to her and kissed his wife as she sobbed. “It hurts so much,” she confided in him.

“You’re beautiful.”

“Would you like an ice pack?” Brenda offered.

“Yes, please,” Rob answered for his wife.

As Brenda turned away, Jason said, “I’d like a few more pictures if you don’t mind.” He put down his cane and picked up the cell phone again. “I’ll be happy to send them to you, you can post them on your blog.”

Rob stepped behind his wife and lifted up her breasts. Vickie hissed slightly in pain but didn’t shrink away. “Take the pictures,” Rob said. “She’ll happily post them for everyone to see.”

Chapter Ten

Rob looked up from his phone and compared the pictures of his wife's tits on her blog to the reality in front of him. She was walking around the bedroom, topless, as she prepared to get into bed. Vickie had left on her plain white cotton panties and looked almost innocent…except for the purplish bruises that were on her tits. One of the bruises could easily have been explained away, but not the multiple ones she was sporting.

It was the day after he had witnessed Jason abusing his wife's tits with the cane. The red lines had faded away quickly to be replaced by the bruises. Vickie hadn't been the least bit shy about putting the nude pictures of herself on her blog, and then reblogging the ones that Brenda had posted of herself. Rob liked this subtle change in his wife, a newfound confidence in herself and her body. She was less shy. She no longer said anything about the smaller size of her breasts, partly because even he could see that her tits were definitely bigger. He wasn't sure if that was from the milk she was now making or if it was the hormones she was taking or if it was because they were simply getting extra attention from him and Jason. Either way, he liked it.

"You look good," he told her, flashing the pictures at her.

"I know," she said with confidence exuding from her as she inspected her face in the mirror. She briefly brushed her hair back and forth from her forehead, noted the few random strands of gray hair, but ignored them. She turned around and walked to her husband where he was reclining on the bed. "My tits hurt," she told him as she joined him.

"Did Jason go a little hard on you yesterday?"

She shook her head. "That's only part of it. They're pretty full right now."

"Of milk?"

"What else? And I need it out because they're just swelling more and more, I can feel it."

Rob reached over and touched her breast. It was bigger than he remembered and it was definitely hot. “I know how to get the milk out,” he told her, lowering his mouth toward her nipple.

Vickie put out a hand, preventing him from reaching her breast. “Careful,” she warned. “They’re very sore.”

“I can see,” he said, lightly tracing the edge of one bruise. They were oddly intriguing to the eye, he realized.

“Yeah, you can only see half of it,” she told him. “You can’t see the pressure that’s building behind these girls.” She hefted her tits up a bit. “I need some relief.”

“What are you asking for?” Rob asked, confused. She had just stopped him from nursing from her to release her milk.

“I need you to suck my milk,” she said. “But you need to do it gently. You can’t hurt me,” she stressed. “Do it wrong, make my bruises her, and I’ll slap you.”

He tapped his face a few time with his palm. “I can take a slap from you,” he boasted.

“I wasn’t going to slap your face,” she told him, looking meaningfully at the growing bulge in his crotch.

“I’ll be careful,” he promised.

“Okay, then, see that you are.” She pulled her hand away, allowing Rob to lower his face the rest of the way to her breast.

Carefully and softly he kissed the little bruise next to her areola. Vickie watched him carefully. It didn’t hurt. Moving slowly and with great caution he took her nipple in his mouth, tongued the wrinkled ridges as it hardened, and softly sucked with not even the strength he would use to sip from a straw.

Only after his first try did Vickie let out a long, careful sigh. “Good,” she said. “Keep going.”

Rob tried again, drawing the nipple deeper into his mouth. Vickie trembled a bit,

there was some pain, but it still felt good. She was willing to take the risk to let it go further. “More,” she encouraged him.

He sucked again and then she felt it. There was a definitely twinge of pain, possibly from the soreness of her full tits or maybe from the bruises, but it was overcome by the old, familiar sensation of her milk letting down. That was why she loved breastfeeding her children; the letdown sensation was so wonderful that it was worth the time and effort to breastfeed. It was the first time she had letdown for Rob and she made a noise that started as a sigh and turned into a moan of pleasure. Despite the slight pain that had yet to leave her tits Vickie found she loved the treatment that Rob was giving her.

The noise surprised Rob and he pulled off her nipple. “Did I hurt you?” he asked, surprised and nervous that she wouldn’t let him continue.

“No, no,” she reassured him. “Keep going.”

Happily Rob went back to her breast and suckled some more. Now he tasted the milk. It was flowing out of her, filling his mouth and forcing him to swallow. He remembered the flavor of breast milk. It was sweet and perfect, exactly as had been burned into his memory. Before he had been getting the dregs, the leftover from the children when she was done nursing and they had sex and he just had a tiny taste of her. But now, her milk was all for him. It was flowing steadily now and Vickie wrapped her body around his, encouraging him along. It hurt, but it felt incredibly good at the same time. His hand came up and held her free breast. After just a moment of holding her breast, he felt moisture on his fingers and palms.

She placed her hand over his and rolled her fingers in a steady massaging pattern. The moisture increased and Vickie moaned some more.

“You’re leaking milk,” he told her, taking a quick breast from her nipple.

“It feels good,” she said, continuing his forced massage. “Don’t stop.”

Rob didn’t stop massaging her breast, feeling the milk go come out and well up over his fingers. It was a little bit strange but not at all disturbing. He liked the feel of her milk on his hand. He only wished that he could taste the milk they were losing.

“More,” she encouraged him. Her hand went down to his cock and found his balls. She didn’t both to stroke his cock, she didn’t need him harder and she didn’t want him cumming, not just yet, but she wanted him to feel some of the pain she was experiencing through the pleasure he was giving her.

Roughly she squeezed his balls and he gasped in the middle of a long draw on her nipple. The milk dribbled out over his lips and Vickie didn’t release her grip. “It hurts,” he gasped.

“Good,” she told him. “Switch sides. I think you drained the first one.”

Shaking, Rob nodded and moved his lips over to her other breast. She didn’t release his balls, kept a firm grip. He found he didn’t mind and started getting used to the pain. He wondered it that was the same for her.

All too quickly he drained her second breast. At first she was giving milk steadily, but then it abruptly dropped off and he wasn’t sure if he was actually tasting new milk or if it had truly stopped. Either way, Vickie forced his face away from her breast. “Stop,” she ordered. “Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me,” she repeated over and over, pulling on his balls getting him to climb on top of her body. It was a well-practiced position for them and he easily slipped inside her. The buildup to this moment had all but finished Rob before he started. If he thrusted into her for more than a minute it would have been a miracle. He climaxed, emptying his sore balls into her pussy. Normally Rob wanted to last as long as possible to give his wife as many orgasms as possible, but tonight that wasn’t a problem. She climaxed with him and she welcomed the weight of his body on hers. They were both spent.

“Fuck that was good,” Rob exclaimed as he rolled off his wife.

“Do your balls hurt?” Vickie asked him.

“Yeah, a little. You were squeezing them pretty tightly.”

“I meant to. I wanted you in pain.”

“You did?” That admission surprised him a little.

“Of course. I wanted you to know what I felt like.”

“It’s not exactly the same,” he pointed out.

“I know! But didn’t the pain feel good while you were fucking me? Pain and good mixed together?

“I’m not sure I want to do a lot of that,” he admitted.

“Huh. I want to do it more,” she said. “I can’t wait until I get my tits paddled like Brenda did. Jason does it all the time for her. Could you do the same for me?”

Rob didn’t have an answer for her.

Chapter Eleven

“Comfortable?” Jason asked his wife as she settled down on Rob’s cock. It was big and pulsing inside her pussy. It was only a week later and Rob was happy to be back with Jason and Brenda along with his wife. He considered himself the luckiest person at the moment.

“Yes,” she said with a wry grin on her face. While it was Rob’s fantasy ideal to see his wife fucked by another man in front of him, no one had ever consulted Jason on whether or not he was willing to allow his wife to have sex with another man. As it turned out, he was perfectly content with it, as long as he could mix in his own little kink in abusing Brenda at the same time.

Jason was shirtless and held a leather lash in his hand. He called it a cat o’ nine tails even though there were more than nine falls on the handle. H had stated that he was going to use it on Brenda’s tits. In her hands Vix held a flexible riding crop, a simple wooden rod that ended in a piece of folded leather. He assured her that Brenda could easily handle the crop on her ass. He didn’t tell Brenda what she was in for, however.

“We’ve never done this before,” Jason reminded her.

“I’m up for it,” Brenda said as she wiggled her hips on top of Rob. She locked her fingers together and placed them behind her head. Slowly she raised and lowered her hips onto Rob’s. He grabbed her right above her hipbones while raising and lowering his hips. It wasn’t the fast and intense sort of sex, it was slow and languorous, and not because they were taking their time, but because it was critical that Brenda’s motions be as minimal a possible. They didn’t want to spoil Jason’s aim.

“Ready?” he asked her.

“Uh-huh.”

Jason didn’t give her time to reconsider her answer. He immediately struck with the cat and smartly laid the falls right across both breasts. A familiar warmth

spread across her chest. She didn't mind the sensation; she enjoyed it. Normally the mix of heat and pain along with the pleasurable sensations of sex could only be done with her hand while Jason whipped her. This was much better than that. Jason repeated the treatment several more times until Brenda finally took in a sharp inhalation of breath indicating she was finally beginning to be affected by his torment.

"Good?" he asked, pausing.

"Don't stop," she pleaded. Tears were welling up in her eyes but she didn't stop moving her body. It was almost too much, the pain in her tits and the pleasure in her pussy. Rob grinned up at the woman riding his cock. He was relishing every moment of this game. It was Vickie who stood off to the side, holding the crop in her hands, uncertain as to what to do. The show being put on wasn't for her pleasure alone, but there was no reason she couldn't appreciate it either. She just wished she had the courage to join in right away.

Brenda had to keep herself from falling forward to protect her breasts now. The lashing has put her to the end of her endurance and she wanted to cum, needed to cum, but wanted to feel the heat of the cat on her breasts. A large red splotch had spread across her chest, giving the appearance of a sunburn, and she desired an orgasm that spread from her nipples down to her clit rather than the reverse, but the pain was distracting her from the waves of pleasure boiling up from Rob's cock thrusting in and out of her and then abruptly she fell forward, sobbing. While she didn't collapse onto Rob's chest—she managed to brace herself against the bed with locked arms—it was an embarrassment to her, being unable to take the abuse she so desired. Hot tears spilled from her eyes and splashed onto Rob's chest.

"I'm sorry," she sobbed.

Jason was unmoved. "Take her wrists and bend her backwards," Jason said to Rob. Rob was happy to comply and he forced Brenda into a half back-bend, her tits up to the ceiling while he continued to thrust into the redhead's cunt.

"Cum, damn you," Jason cursed at her. "If you cum I'll stop, isn't that what you want?" he asked of his girlfriend.

"No!" she wailed, while in truth it was exactly what she wanted. To Vickie's consternation, Jason increased both the speed and force of his lashes, making her

fear that her friend would suffer serious injury. Both men seemed to be taking too much delight in the redhead's predicament and torture. She opened her mouth to put a stop to the abuse, but then the pitch of Brenda's wails changed and it was obvious to Vickie the redhead was cumming.

Jason laid down one last set of blows as Brenda climaxed, all the while the redhead was panting, "Thank you, thank you, thank you," over and over.

When it was over, she unbent from halfway over Rob's knees and curled up a bit on his chest, protecting her inflamed tits.

"How was it?" Rob asked her, curious to hear her response. He glanced to the side and saw Jason adjusting his cock through his black pants, looking every inch a confident dom.

"It hurt," Brenda confessed. "But I really liked it. Wow."

"We're not done yet," Jason reminded her.

"I know," Brenda told him. "Just let me rest a minute—"

"No time for that," Jason said and nodded to Vickie who suddenly seemed to remember the crop in her hands. "Be careful with your aim," he warned the older woman. "You don't want to damage your husband's cock."

"Right," said Vickie with a wicked grin on her face. She had never used a crop or any similar tool on a person before, but she had agreed with Brenda's plan. When Brenda had made the proposal she had asked why Jason just didn't use both tools, but Brenda told Vickie she wanted a woman's hand holding the tool that would torment her ass.

While Rob continued to shove his cock in and out of Brenda's pussy, Vickie stepped to where Jason had been standing, took careful aim as Brenda's undulating ass, took in a deep breath…and waited.

Her husband and Brenda continued to fuck to the sticky sounds of cock in pussy accompanied by Brenda's now soft sobs. Vickie found she couldn't do it and glanced uncertainly at Jason. His jaw was set and his arms were folded over his chest. There was a hard glint in his eyes. When Vickie dropped her gaze to his crotch, there was a noticeable bulge from his cock. She wanted that cock and she

knew it wasn't going to happen until he was satisfied that his girlfriend had been properly spanked. He had told her that before one article of clothing had been removed. A nod from Jason told her it was time to begin. At that moment she realized it wasn't really her spanking Brenda's ass with the crop. It was Jason. She was merely the instrument holding the crop.

Vickie's arms when up and back in a smooth motion, landing the tip of the crop dead center on Brenda's left ass cheek.

"Oh!" The mixed sound of pleasure and pain escaped Brenda's lips. That caused a little tingle of pleasure between Vickie's legs. Vickie grinned. It wasn't at all bad to do this. She raised her hand again, adjusted her aim, and landed the crop on Brenda's other cheek. There were now twin splotches of pink on her alabaster skin. Vickie found she wanted those splotches to grow.

Vickie now didn't hear the little squeaks of pain from Brenda's lips as she steadily raised and lowered the crop. She found the motion and the rhythm enjoyable, accompanied by the music of Brenda's cries. Slowly the white skin on Brenda's ass changed from pink to red and Vickie wanted to see if bruises would form as well.

It was a completely surprise when Jason grabbed her arm, preventing her from hitting Brenda again. "She came," he told her. "You can stop."

Looking down between their legs, Vickie saw her husband's balls pull up tight to his body. His cock was pulsing inside Brenda's cunt. Not only had Brenda cum, but Rob was cumming as well. With a burst of satisfaction, she realizes she had been instrumental in their coupling.

A second later she realized what she had done to her friend. The crop felt foreign in her hand and she gasped, "Did I hurt you?"

Brenda looked up at her with sad, but satisfied eyes, "Yes, but I wanted you to, remember?" She carefully climbed off Rob's shrinking cock.

"I'm sorry," Vickie apologized again as Brenda took the crop from her.

"Don't apologize," Brenda told her. "Now take off your shirt and bra."

Vickie was afraid for a moment, but saw the red marks all over Brenda's body

and found her courage. She quickly stripped off her top and exposed her breasts. Instead of hitting her with the crop, however, Brenda stepped quickly toward her and gave her a kiss while cupping her breasts. “Can I suck on you a little?”

Relief spread through Vickie’s body, as much as she had looked forward to a little abuse, she wanted her milk out of her tits more. “Yes. Of course.”

Brenda lowered her head and sucked on Vickie’s nipple just enough to get her milk flowing and then stopped. The men watched this little exchange in silence. When Brenda stopped sucking Vickie’s tit continued to pump out milk for two small little spurts. The milk arced in the air to fall down to the bed sheets.

“Why did you stop,” Vickie complained.

“Is it painful to have tits full of milk?” Brenda asked, answering a question with a question.

“Fuck yes.” No one had commented on it, but over the past few weeks everyone had noticed how Vickie’s tits had slowly grown larger. They weren’t ridiculously huge, nothing like a sudden and dramatic change from cosmetic surgery, nor were they oddly shaped. They were just larger, fuller, and more beautiful. Brenda was a bit jealous. Although she had breasts large enough to satisfy almost any man, in the short time they had known each other Vickie had gone from having small, unimpressive tits to a pair that more than rivaled Brenda’s.

“That’s why,” Brenda taunted and then lightly smacked the left nipple with the tip of the crop.

Vickie gasped and grabbed her bare breast. “Fuck! Why’d you do that?!”

“Because your boobs look better than mine,” Brenda heard herself say, surprised at her honesty.

“I wouldn’t say that,” Rob chimed in. Both women looked at him.

“Careful, husband,” Vickie warned.

“You both have beautiful tits,” Rob explained. “Beautiful in their own ways. I’m pretty familiar with yours, Victoria. They’ve gotten bigger recently, and that’s good. But what’s even better is how they contrast with Brenda’s. Hers are maybe

a touch smaller than yours, but look at them. They're perfectly white and topped by tiny pink nipples. It's like they've never seen the sun."

"They haven't," Brenda informed them. "I'm a redhead. I sunburn too easily. No tanning for me."

Jason nodded his head in agreement. "In the summer, she's constantly slathering sunscreen on. It's kind of annoying."

Even with her tit still stinging from the slap, Vickie had a bit of sympathy for her friend. "You've never sunbathed topless?"

"I've never sunbathed period. There's a history of skin cancer in my family."

"That's too bad. I love taking my top off in summer. The sunlight feels so good on my boobs." She cupped her breasts and got a dreamy smile on her face. "The stupid things I did with my shirt off when I was a teenager…and you missed out on all that."

Jason said, "Whatever you were doing as a teenager—normal teen things, I presume?"

Vickie nodded her head.

"Brenda wasn't doing them."

"Why not?"

Brenda answered, "Because my psycho family is far too religious and uptight. I've been disowned literally by my parents and siblings."

Rob frowned and sat up. The conversation had taken an unsexy turn. "You don't mean literally disowned do you? Like written out of the will and all that?"

"Literally disowned," Brenda repeated. "They're good Catholics. I'm not. And by good Catholics I mean mostly hypocritical Catholics who say one thing and do another but then lie about it." She shook her head angrily. "When I started developing boobs my mother always insisted I strap them down and hide them as much as possible. They actually tried to have an arranged marriage for me when I was eighteen. I left home and never looked back." She sighed. "I

managed to get through college even without their help but it was a bitch and a half. Fuckers."

"So, literally then," Rob clarified.

"Literally. I have one cousin I speak to and I think she only talks to me so my family can keep tabs on me. She's a spy."

"Holy shit," Vickie exclaimed.

"Yeah, except they're the opposite of holy," Brenda said, her voice a sneer. Jason remained quiet during her tirade. "Just shit. All because I had big boobs and I let a boy feel me up when I was fourteen." She looked down at the crop in her hands. "Can I use this on you, Vix?"

Vickie put her hands behind her neck and leaned forward slightly. "Go ahead."

The series of resulting smacks quickly turned Vickie's tits bright red, a shade to rival Brenda's hair.

"Like a milkshake," Rob commented.

"Is it still sweet?" Jason asked.

Rob put his mouth on his wife's tit and sucked. "It's still sweet," he declared as he pulled off, milk still dribbling from her nipple.

"Fucking hell that hurts," Vickie complained.

"From the crop or from being too full?"

"Both."

"Let's see if I can help you out with that," Rob said. The three of them took turns sucking the milk from Vickie's tits. She complained all the while, even when they pulled off her pants and played with her pussy as they sucked. The pain in her breasts never went away, but it was alleviated by the pleasure from her pussy. Eventually, when Jason pushed her down on her hands and knees to fuck her from behind while Brenda and Rob watched, it went away. The heat had faded from her tits when she came, but it still added a nice bit of spice to the

occasion.

Later, as the women were gathering ice from the freezer to cool their sore skin, Vickie asked, “Do you really hate your boobs that much?”

“What? I don’t hate them!” Brenda actually looked offended at the question.

“You let your boyfriend abuse them. You get off on the pain. You just told me not a half hour ago that because you have big tits your family tried to make you get married when you were eighteen. Not to get too psychologically deep, but you have a violent and difficult relationship with your body, specially your tits. Now, there’s nothing wrong with enjoying a little pain, it’s your body and your right to do to it whatever you want. But maybe you should give it a little thought.” Vickie applied a pair of cold compresses to her boobs.

Brenda did give it a moment’s thought. “Yeah, you might be right. I might be fucked up in the head about my tits. But for right now, I enjoy what Jason does to me.” She placed an ice pack on her ass moving it back and forth from cheek to cheek. She was accustomed to pain in her tits. Her ass was something new, however. “I can’t imagine not having my nipple pinched and squeezed and slapped during sex. Can you?”

Silently Vickie knew that she could imagine sex without pain, but she wasn’t going to contradict her friend right then. “Maybe not. It’s new to me. It’s fun. I just wanted to make sure you were okay with it.”

“I’m fine.”

Chapter Twelve

“Maybe you should lay off the hormones,” Rob commented as Vickie tore off her bra in frustration. “They’re getting pretty big.”

Vickie glared at him. “I know they’re getting big, and they wouldn’t be so big if you would just lay off them for a day or two!”

Although she was pleased with how her breasts had filled out and enlarged, Vickie was now reaching the point of frustration. She was back to the state she had been when in her early twenties, full and proud. But it came at a cost. She was often sore and needed relief that only could come from Rob’s mouth. Or Jason’s mouth. Or Brenda’s.

Rob had suggested a breast pump, but she didn’t see that happening. It seemed wrong to use a breast pump just to keep her tits enlarged. And she knew that Rob sucking on her tits every night to remove the milk made her feel better—and turned her on to the point where they had sex on a much more regular basis than before—but also perpetuated the cycle of her tits producing more milk that needed to be removed. She loved and hated it. She loved how it looked and felt, but hated dealing with the pain and maintenance.

Plus most of her bras were too small now.

“Why don’t you go buy some new bras?” he asked her.

“Because this is only temporary,” she told him.

“Temporary!?”

Her words brought her up short. In the back of her mind she knew that nothing was forever, including her increased boob size, but she didn’t know for certain how long it would actually last.

“Yeah, temporary.”

“So…for how long?” Rob asked, disappointed that his wife was already calling

an end to the fun.

“I…don’t know,” she admitted.

“Well? How long do you want it to go?”

Vickie opened her mouth to answer but realized she didn’t have one. “I don’t know…maybe a year or two.”

“But not longer than that?”

She didn’t know how long she wanted this little phase in their life to go. “I don’t know. Let’s shoot for a year and see what happens along the way.”

“Oh. Huh. That sounds good.” Rob was immediately on board with her decision.

“What?” She was confused.

“That sounds good,” he repeated. “It took a few months for you to get this way.” He gestured to her breasts. “So another year might be good. Who knows? Maybe we’ll both like it.” He grinned. As it was, he loved it. His wife looked the best she had in years, her mood was better; she was happier more of the time. And he didn’t mind at tall that he got to play with her tits every night and drink her milk. Rob had figured out that he enjoyed drinking his wife’s milk. He didn’t see anything wrong with it. As a secondary consequence to her breast enlargement scheme he also got to fuck another woman on a semi-regular basis and watch his wife have sex with another man as well. Neither of these events would he have ever predicted as something he would have the opportunity to have or enjoy, but here he was. The only thing missing was perhaps to see his wife play with just Brenda while he got to watch—and maybe join in. Jason didn’t need to be present for that.

The one thing in the back of his mind that he found vaguely disturbing was Vickie’s sudden appreciation of pain during sex. He didn’t mind meting it out when she requested it in the moment of desire or passion, but afterwards he had great guilt over what he did to her and what he witnessed happening to her. The marks and bruises afterwards he found unsettling, but Vickie didn’t seem to mind.

“I do like it,” she reminded it.

“Well, then, there’s not really a problem.”

“Except I’m carrying around tits the size of bowling balls,” she complained to him. “You get all the benefits and I have to do all the work.”

Rob was about to give a contradictory answer, but realized she was correct in that assessment. “Okay, true. But I do help with removing the milk,” he said with a grin.

“Yeah. That’s a great help. Thanks.” The corners of her mouth turned down. “Look, this is fun and all, but I can’t promise it’ll last forever”

“That’s all that I could hope for,” Rob answered.

“I’m going to get some new bras and I’m going to get to call the shots on what happens to my boobs,” she reminded him as she pulled on a camisole that was stretched to its limits.

“Which reminds me,” he said, staring at her now hidden breasts. “Have you found Brenda’s limits yet?”

“Not yet,” Vickie reported. “Jason says she’s never used her safe word.”

“What about you, have you found your limit?”

Her verbal answer was, “You’ve found my emotional limit.” But Vickie thought, No, but I intend to find it.

When Brenda admitted Vickie to her apartment, it occurred to the dark-haired woman that she possibly knew Brenda’s body better than her own. She had seen every inch of Brenda’s body and intimately knew most of it.

“Hi. Come on in.”

Vickie still marveled at how easily and casually Brenda opened the door to her apartment when she was naked. She was never nervous about someone possibly passing by and seeing her naked. As far as Vickie knew it had never happened, but it certainly could. Maybe Brenda liked that idea. She was a bit of an

exhibitionist and she probably got a thrill out of the risk of someone seeing her naked.

Normally when Vickie stopped by after work the apartment was filled with the smell of Brenda cooking dinner. Tonight it was strangely scent-free and quiet. “You’re not making anything for dinner?” she asked.

Brenda shook her head and wandered into the kitchen to retrieve her wineglass and offer a drink to Vickie. “Jason has to work late,” she said. “He’s not going to be home until late. I’m supposed to make something for myself or whatever. So I’m having fruit for dinner.”

“Fruit?” Vickie asked, looking around for a fruit platter of some sort.

“Well, mostly grapes. All grapes, really,” Brenda laughed. “Okay, grape juice. With fermentation. Wine. I’m having wine for dinner.” Only now did Vickie pick up on the fact that her friend was inebriated.

“I see,” she said shaking her head. “Maybe I should go and let you get ready for Jason.”

“No, no,” Brenda begged. “Jason won’t be home for a long time and I don’t want to be alone.”

“You don’t want to be alone?”

Brenda tilted her head. “Okay, I don’t mind being alone. It’s just that it doesn’t feel as good when I put on nipple clamps myself. I like it when someone else does it for me.”

“Why are you putting on nipple clamps?” Vickie asked, already knowing the answer.

“Jason told me to. He wants me on edge for when he does get home. Anyway, I like nipple clamps.”

“I know.”

“Would you put them on for me?” Brenda asked.

Vickie sighed and glanced at the ceiling. She had been hoping that dropping by Brenda's would result in a little bit of abuse of her tits and maybe a quick fuck from Jason, but that wasn't going to happen tonight. Still, she could help out her friend. "Sure."

Handling Brenda's boobs was something she had become comfortable with over the past few months. She was as familiar with Brenda's large breasts as she was with her own, which was odd, but Vickie didn't dwell on it too much. The redhead brought her a pair of clamps that Vickie knew to be the most painful of her collection. She had tried them once and vowed they'd never go back on her nipples ever again.

"You sure?" she asked, taking the metal objects from her.

"Positive. The wine makes me a little numb so I need a little extra thrill."

The clamps were little more than spring loaded clips of the variety used by carpenters to hold together pieces of wood glued together. The tips that actually attached to her nipples were textured and bit into the flesh. They were extremely painful. Vickie barely wore them a minute, but she saw Brenda endure them almost ten.

Vickie adjusted the stops so that they weren't pressing to the full extent of the powerful springs. "Are you ready?"

"For this? Always?"

Grabbing Brenda's breast, Vickie squeezed, making the other woman's nipple stick out, and opened the clamp all the way before applying it. Brenda hissed and closed her eyes, shaking slightly. "Does it hurt?"

"Of course it does!" she nearly shouted.

"Want me to take if off?"

"No! Put the other one on."

Vickie did as Brenda requested with much the same result. She looked at her friend, saw tears forming in her eyes, and offered to remove the clamps.

“No. I want this,” she hissed.

“Why?”

“Because it feels good.”

Even though she had gone through many of the same torments as Brenda, Vickie didn’t relish the pain as much as she did. She loved the thrill and the relief, but Brenda seemed to like the pain most of all. But then again, Vickie was still a relative neophyte to the tit torture that Brenda loved. “I can’t imagine it feels that good.”

“You can’t?” Vickie asked, looking up at her. “Here, see how good it feels.” She grabbed Vickie’s hand and thrust it between her legs so the other woman could feel how wet her pussy had become.

As intimate as she was with Brenda’s body, this was really the first time she had intentionally and directly touched the other woman’s pussy. It was nice, not unlike her own, but completely smooth and soaking wet. Without needing instruction Vickie curled a pair of fingers up into Brenda’s pussy and started stroking and rubbing. Brenda sighed and Vickie took satisfaction in knowing she was bringing her friend toward orgasm.

“Want me to stop?”

“No.”

“Want me to take off the clamps?”

“No!”

Vickie laughed at Brenda’s vehement reaction. “What’s so funny?” Brenda demanded. The tone of her voice was off, distracted as she was by Vickie’s busy fingers and the clamps on her nipples.

“You were more insistent about leaving the clamps on than me playing with you. It was funny.”

Brenda closed her eyes, put one hand on Vickie’s shoulder and the other behind her back. “Just make me cum.”

Vickie focused on working the other woman's pussy, doing to her what she liked done to herself, but only in reverse because of the different angle. Brenda must have been right on the edge because it only took Vickie a minute to get Brenda all the way to her peak. She gave a little cry of release as she came and collapsed down to her knees, sobbing with the emotion of the moment.

"Good?" Vickie asked, kneeling down with her friend.

"Very good." They wrapped arms around each other and hugged gently for a minute. Vickie felt the hard metal clamps against her body. It was strange hugging someone like that. Brenda was naked and she had her clothes on and the clamps were between them, but it felt incredibly intimate. Brenda then gave her a kiss on the cheek followed by one on the lips. Vickie didn't pull away, but she didn't give in to the kiss either.

Brenda's hands came up to Vickie's covered breasts. "They've gotten really big," she commented as she gently massaged them through Vickie's shirt and bra.

Much to Vickie's consternation, Brenda's hands felt really good on her. The massage was slow and gentle; since she was full, it was a welcome gesture. Vickie groaned. "Want me to stop?" Brenda asked.

"No," Vickie replied softly. "But I'm so full. I want the milk out."

"Don't you want to save it for Rob? You said he really likes nursing from you."

"I need it now," she whined. Without discussing it further, Vickie lifted her hands up to her shirt to unbutton it. In the process she accidentally bumped her arm against Brenda's clamps. The redhead hissed and pulled away, one clamp was knocked free while the other was only partially dislodged. Vickie gasped and apologized.

Brenda grabbed her freed breast and looked at the nipple. Little spots of blood had formed on pale flesh and pink nipple. Tiny bits of skin had been raked away by the little spikes on the clamp.

"I'm sorry, I'm so sorry!" Vickie kept repeating

"It's okay," Brenda said. She wiped away the blood on her nipple and then wiped

away the tears that had spilled onto her cheeks. Without giving it further thought, she freed the other clamp and felt the blood rush back into her nipple. She hissed in pain and was glad she was already on her knees. A quick inspection showed less damage to this nipple. “It’s a hazard of the game. I’ve had worse.”

Vickie was certain that Brenda was lying about the injury, but she didn’t question the redhead. “What can I do to make it up to you?”

Brenda grinned through her pain. “Take off your shirt.”

In short order they had Vickie topless and Brenda pressed her down into the couch, moving them off their knees from the floor. The redhead lowered her mouth to Vickie’s tit and sucked greedily. Vickie didn’t resist. She was oddly happy at this turn of events. Over the past week her breasts had been getting hard and sore every evening before she and Rob could get to bed and drain her milk. At that point it didn’t matter to Vickie who was sucking on her tits. She wanted the milk out and she wanted it removed with a little pleasure.

Brenda had sucked and tasted Vickie’s milk before, but this time it was with a elation. She did it eagerly and with great skill. After just a few pulls on Vickie’s nipple, the milk started flowing which made Brenda all the more eager. When she let down her milk, a pleasurable warmth always spread over her body and unless there was sufficient pressure on her clit, Vickie couldn’t help herself, she would start working her pussy. When Vickie moved her hand over her crotch to arouse herself, Brenda swatted her hand away. The redhead then burrowed her hand underneath Vickie’s stockings and panties, pushing her hand along the skin, until she was deep enough to feel the heat of Vickie’s panties.

“Oh god,” Vickie moaned. She knew what was happening and wanted it to happen faster, but Brenda’s hand was trapped. There was no room inside Vickie’s pants to move her fingers. Together the two women managed to strip away Vickie’s bottoms while Brenda continued to suck on her tits and drink her milk. Once her sex was exposed Vickie opened up her legs and Brenda was fully able to manipulate the other woman’s clit. “Faster,” Vickie whined.

Brenda took the request to heart and immediately started rubbing her clit so hard and fast Vickie was certain her mind was going to shut down. A moment later she was cumming. Her legs closed on Brenda’s hand which was almost immediately soaked with Vickie’s pussy juices. All the while Brenda never

stopped sucking on Vickie's tits to drink her milk.

"Oh fuck, that was too much," Vickie panted as Brenda rested her fingers atop the dark triangle of Vickie's pubic hair, all the while still sucking on her nipples.

"Are you sure it was too much?" Brenda asked between swallows of milk.

"I've just never done this before."

"Rob's never gotten you off while sucking on your tits?"

"Well, yeah, he has. But you're a woman. It's different."

"Different how?" Brenda teased as she started playing with Vickie's clit again. It still felt good so Vickie didn't stop her. She also playfully bit at Vickie's nipples. After all the abuse Brenda and Jason had heaped upon her tits, she barely registered the pain.

"Well, it's mostly the same, but you're…I don't know…softer?"

Brenda pinched Vickie's clit and bit her nipple at the same time causing the black-haired woman to jump in surprise. "Is that softer?"

"Not really." Vickie relaxed a touch when Brenda went back to carefully massaging her pussy. "I guess it's just because you're a woman. That makes it more than a little bit wrong…and it makes it naught too."

Resting her head on the Vickie's stomach, Brenda asked, "Are you bi?"

"I never really thought of myself as being bi, but after all we've done together…"

"Jason encouraged me to seduce you."

"Rob told me his biggest fantasy was seeing me with another woman. Then again, he has a dozen 'biggest fantasies'." She smiled ruefully. "Are you bi?"

"I suppose so, maybe. I mean, I've enjoyed getting off with you, but I don't think I'd date or marry a woman. Trying it out was fun, but I don't see it happening for the rest of my life. Maybe I'm just bi enough to please my

boyfriend."

"I'm pretty sure I'm not," Vickie stated definitively.

"There's one sure way to find out," Brenda said.

"What's that?"

"Go down on another woman."

"Oh. I don't think—" Vickie started to say.

"Can I go down on you?" Brenda asked quickly, before Vickie or she could get too embarrassed.

"…sure?"

Moving with a surety that she didn't feel, Brenda repositioned the both of them on the couch with her between Vickie's legs. Making sure she didn't give it much thought, she quickly pressed her face into Vickie's sex tasting her directly for the first time. Brenda was familiar with the scent and taste of her own pussy, so she was pleasantly pleased to realize Vickie was much in sync with her. It wasn't an unpleasant flavor, but lust enhanced it and in short order, Vickie was once again rising up towards orgasm. Feeling proud of this little accomplishment, Brenda wrapped her arms around her friend's thighs and pushed her over the edge to ecstasy. Vickie came with a cry muffled against the knuckles of her balled-up fist.

After she recovered from the happy stress, Vickie looked down at a triumphant Brenda grinning up between her legs. "How was that?" she asked in a tone that reeked of self-satisfaction.

Finding a bit of bravado, Vickie replied, "Pretty good."

Laughing, Brenda smacked her friend's thigh, then reached up and tweaked her nipple. Vickie barely noticed. Brenda climbed over her friend's body and kissed her on the lips while her nipples barely touched Vickie's warm skin. "Do you like the way you taste?" Brenda asked.

Vickie wiped the wetness from the redhead's pale face but bright red lips. "Yes, I

taste very sweet. I must be tasting the milk you drank."

Brenda kissed her again. "Your turn," she announced rolling the other woman over so they were half off the couch.

This wasn't what Vickie had bargained for, but she now found herself facing Brenda's very well-groomed pussy and discovered she wasn't shy or repulsed or upset. She was curious. There was only one correct response to curiosity and that was to give in to it. Her initial move was to lick Brenda's pussy from bottom to top, stopping at the apex of her labia to tease her clit with her tongue. Brenda shuddered, obviously enjoying the treatment. Realizing cunnilingus wasn't bad to perform, she leaned into the task and found herself appreciating how much fun it was to give another woman pleasure. She did everything to Brenda she wanted her husband—and her boyfriends from before him—to do to her pussy but they could never do right with their tongues. Apparently she and Brenda delighted in the same treatment of their pussies by limber tongues because she had the redhead cumming in no time at all.

Brenda's pussy was incredibly wet at this point and Vickie had to wipe her face with both hands and then used Brenda's inner thigh as well. Only then did she stand and stretch, knowing she was showing off her body to the other woman. "I didn't expect this afternoon to go this way," she said.

It took Brenda a little longer to stand up, and she did so with shaking legs, but once she was vertical she gave her friend a little kiss and then looked down to her breasts. Bruises were forming and little tiny clot of blood had formed on the nipples where the clamps had dug in a little too hard when Vickie had accidentally ripped them off. "Are you disappointed?" Brenda asked, unable to meet her friend's eyes.

"No, but I really want to go home to my husband so I can have sex with him."

Brenda looked up in alarm. "What?"

Vickie stepped forward and grabbed Brenda's hands. "Don't get me wrong, this was great and all, but I don't see myself as having a career as a lesbian."

"I didn't know you could make money from it," Brenda retorted sarcastically.

Vickie ignored the tone. "Having sex with you was great, but I think I'd rather

do it with Jason and Rob in the room. They can watch. We can put on a show. It'll be even more fun." She sighed and then groaned. "This isn't coming out the way I wanted it to. I mean, I don't regret anything we've done, but I think I'm just a boring straight girl who doesn't mind playing for the girls' team once in a while, but it's not my thing. I'm not upsetting you, am I?"

Shaking her head, Brenda said, "No, it was sounding like you were ashamed or something."

"No, it's not that, it's just I'm not going to go announcing this to everyone on my Facebook page, if you know what I mean."

"So…on your Tumblr blog then, right?"

After she finished laughing, Vickie got dressed and went home. Brenda didn't bother with clothes since she knew Jason wanted her naked.

The first thing Vickie said to Rob, whispered directly into his ear in the kitchen in front of the kids was, "I had sex along with Brenda after work." Surreptitiously she felt his crotch to check his hardness, and then gave him a wink before adding in a normal tone of voice, "I'll tell you more later."

Brenda didn't say a word to Jason about her adventure, but she added a few pictures of her wounded nipples to her blog and wrote a short post saying they were damaged by her first female lover. Jason figured it out from there.

Chapter Thirteen

Rob half watched as Jason suckled from Vickie's breasts, drinking her milk and pinching her nipples, while he attached a pair of nipple clamps to Brenda. Actually, two pair, he realized. They were simple clover clamps with a bright silver finish. Each pair was linked together by a shiny metal chain two feet long. The clover clamps had a strong grip with pinchers that ended in firm rubber pads. They squeezed nicely but didn't cause puncture or similar injuries that Brenda seemed to like. While Vickie had grown to enjoy having her breasts whipped and her nipples pinched, she hadn't taken to Brenda's more aggressive stance on the matter of pain. Vickie always avoided any sort of wounding or anything that risked bloodletting.

He had learned that the best way to apply clover clamps wasn't directly to the nipple, but to grasp the woman's nipple firmly, pull it forward, and apply the clamp into the flesh of the breast as defined by the areola. In that location it held fast but caused slightly less pain which meant the women could endure the torment longer. He liked that.

Today, when he put on the first clamp, the normally stoic Brenda gasped audibly and pulled back a bit. The clamp was on and she didn't pick up her hands to remove it, but her reaction was different from every other time Rob had seen her tits being abused. "Sorry," he said automatically. "Didn't think it would hurt you so much. Is it too tight?"

"No. I just wasn't ready for it." She smiled unconvincingly as the clamp hung down from her nipple, pulling it toward the floor with the weight of the dangling chain and unused clamp. It swayed back and forth with her movements and breathing. Brenda's arms were folded behind her back, her second natural position when having her breasts subjected to pain. Jason preferred her to lock her fingers together behind her neck, but Rob had no objection to Brenda just holding each forearm behind her back; he thought her posture was more natural in that position.

Before putting on the second clamp, Rob glanced over at his wife again. She and Jason were together on the bed. He was still sucking the milk from her tits and

she was obviously enjoying it. Vickie had stripped down to her plain white panties before Jason had started nursing and she now had one hand tucked neatly between her legs, moving her fingers slowly. While he nursed from one breast, Jason pinched the nipple to the other. Vickie's free hand was wrapped behind his head, keeping him in place. They were obviously enjoying themselves.

Vickie had requested this before consenting to any serious—and painful—breast play. The training she had undergone had toughened her breasts and resistance to pain, but she said flat out that she couldn't go through what the men wanted to see unless her milk was drained first. Jason was more than happy to help with that particular request. As much as Rob enjoyed drinking his wife's milk, he couldn't deny that particular pleasure from his friend. They had long ago decided that their bodies and pleasures were to be shared equally. Since Rob had access to Vickie's tits and milk every night, letting Jason indulge on their bi-weekly meetings was an easy favor to grant.

Brenda had the exact same reaction when Rob put on the second clamp. He frowned at her. She immediately came up with an excuse. "I must be at that point in my cycle," she commented.

"What point?" He could be clueless at times.

She rolled her eyes at the ceiling. "Slightly pre-menstrual. They get more sensitive at that time," she told him, slightly exasperated.

"Oh. Right. Do you want me to take them off?"

"Hell no. I'm no baby. I can wait." She lifted her chin proudly and looked at the couple on the bed, not yet having sex but obviously on their way in that directly. "Should we stop them?"

Jason was still fully clothed but Vickie had pushed her panties down to her thighs, exposing her pussy and ass. Brenda, naturally, was already naked. Rob had opened up his shirt but hadn't gotten any further before Brenda had brought him her toys.

"He's not going to fuck her," Rob said with confidence. "You two promised us a little show first." He tugged lightly on her nipple chains, leading her over to the edge of the bed where she stopped respectfully, but grinned down at the two. Vickie had two fingers deep into her pussy, massaging it, and Brenda wanted to

put a stop to her masturbation before it went too far.

“You ready?” Brenda asked Vickie as she reached down, moved Jason’s hand of Vickie’s left breast so she could tweak the dark-haired woman’s nipple.

Vickie groaned and complained. “I want to cum first.”

“Don’t do that,” Vickie warned. “Pain first, then pleasure. You don’t want to cum before putting on clamps.”

Rob asked, “Is she empty yet?”

In response Jason squeezed one breast and forced out a few pearls of her thin milk. “Not completely.”

“It’s good enough,” Brenda declared and pushed her boyfriend off Vickie so she could pull her up off the bed. “Put her clamps on,” she told Jason.

The bald man was torn between continuing to nurse on Vickie’s milk-heavy tits and seeing what torment he could inflict on the two women. Since Brenda was insisting on one path, his choice was obvious. Jason lowered Vickie’s panties the rest of the way off her legs while Brenda and Vickie faced each other, barely a foot apart. Rob handed the two chains over to Jason, who dropped one and tested the pressure on the other clamp. “Ready?” he asked Vickie.

“Sure.”

He squeezed the clamp open, pinched her nipple and pulled it forward, quickly setting the device into place, letting the strong jaws sink deeply into Vickie’s soft brown areola. She barely had a reaction. Jason paused a moment, gauged her reaction, glanced at Rob with a grin, and then set the second clamp into place with smooth, practiced movements. Just like that two women found themselves linked by the short chains, breast to breast, Brenda’s left clamp was linked to Vickie’s right, and vice versa.

Over their time together Vickie had become accustomed to her friend’s reactions and had gotten to know her own body better. She was surprised to see that tears had already formed in Brenda’s eyes. “Are they too tight?”

“No, I’ve just been wearing them longer than you tonight,” Brenda snapped.

Not wanting to have a confrontation, Vickie glanced at the men. “Now what?”

“Back up and see whose clamp comes off first,” Jason said.

“That doesn’t seem like much fun,” Vickie complained.

“Let’s see,” Brenda said with a certain savagery and leaned back, stretching the chains to their full extent.

Vickie gasped at the pull and started to lean forward, but found her courage. Clover clamps were set up to that the more the chain was pulled, the greater pressure was exerted on the jaws. Eventually with enough pulling, the clamp could be removed, but only when the pressure was at its absolute maximum.

“Don’t do that!” she exclaimed.

“That’s the whole idea,” Brenda shot back and took a half step backwards. Vickie grimaced but held her ground. Their chains pulled, their breasts lifted up and stretched out. Both women whined in pain. Unconsciously their hands came up and they gripped each other’s shoulders, half holding them in place, half pushing backwards.

“Keep going,” Jason crowed, rubbing his cock through his pants. Rob loosened his belt and pushed his hand down to his swollen manhood.

“Fuck this hurts,” Vickie complained.

“It’s supposed to,” Brenda said again. Seeing that Vickie was on edge, she suddenly leaned forward and stole a kiss. That caught Vickie off guard and the pain momentarily lessened.

“No kissing,” Jason called. “I want to see some tears and pain.”

Vickie broke the kiss and pushed back against her friend. She briefly thought about what would cause a clamp to slip off. Pulling was merely part of it. Sweat, skin smoothness, how deeply the clamp was pressing into the nipple, all of that. Maybe there was some luck involved. She was certain that Jason had emptied her right breast of more milk than her left and by chance it felt like he had place that clamp a little deeper into her flesh so she pivoted her body a little, moving her right side back, and pushed against Brenda’s shoulders while biting her lip to

help endure the pain.

It hurt. It hurt like hell. Brenda actually let out a little scream of pain as the clover clamp dug into her flesh and then pulled free. Brenda fell to her knees, crying, and in the process pulled off her second clamp. It hurt Vickie just as much, but her clamps stayed in place. She also managed to remain on her feet while Brenda was on the floor, sobbing softly.

“Was it good for you?” Vickie asked her tits throbbing with steady pain from the clamps.

“No, not really.”

“What do I win?” Vickie asked her husband and Jason. She threw her shoulders back proudly, letting the chains dangling and sway, pulling on her nipples.

“You get to watch while we fuck Bren,” Jason declared, pulling his girlfriend to her feet and throwing her to the bed. “You first,” he said to Rob who was still struggling out of his pants.

As Rob finished undressing, Jason grabbed Vickie’s dangling chains and clipped the hanging clamps to the ones already on her breasts. It didn’t hurt, he hadn’t clamped them to flesh, but the additional weight felt right. “You good?” he asked her.

Vickie nodded.

Without permission Jason reached between her legs, checking her pussy. She was wet, which was expected, and her labia parted when he ran his finger along her length. “You’re ready for sex,” he commented.

“Always,” she agreed, but it didn’t go any further at the moment. They both looked at the bed. Rob had finished undressing and was already on top of Brenda, pushing his firmly erect cock into her. They were in missionary position and it would have been a picture of domestic bliss if not for the fact that they weren’t married, that they were having sex in front of their respective partners, that Brenda’s nipples were bright red and in pain, and that Rob was fucking her hard and fast, strictly for his pleasure, not concerned at all in making her cum, because he wanted to see Jason fuck her when he was done.

“What are you going to do to me when you’re done with her?” Vickie asked him softly.

His answer came easily, as if he had prepared it hours before. “Take off your clamps, whip your tits, and make you cum by spanking your pussy. How does that sound?” He was slowly undressing in anticipation of Rob finishing shortly.

It sounded scary as hell to Vickie’s ears, but she said, “That sounds wonderful.”

On the bed Rob came with a straining groan and a couple of hard thrusts into Brenda. He rested a moment and then rolled off the woman when Jason tapped him on the shoulder. Jason was already erect as well and he got between Brenda’s legs, put his cock into her, his entry easy by her copious lubrication along with the spunk that Rob had left behind.

“You’re really wet,” Jason said with mock exuberance. “You must be really turned on.”

“I just got fucked,” Brenda told him unnecessarily.

“Dirty slut.”

“I thought you liked me as a dirty slut?”

“I do.”

Brenda tried to wrap her legs around Jason’s, but instead he flipped her over onto her hands and knees. Before slipping his cock back into her sopping pussy, he slapped her ass sharply, twice, making her jump in surprise and pain. He kept his hands on her hips a few moments, thrusting back and forth, before leaning forward, resting his weight on her back, making her hold him up, while reaching around to find her already sore tits. As he fucked her he pinched and twisted her nipples, making her gasp in appreciation. This was how she liked to be used.

Rob and Vickie watched in silence. He idly fiddled with her chains while Vickie remained dutifully on her feet, waiting, hoping her friend would find climax. It didn’t take Brenda all that long to laboriously start panting and then let out a cry of satisfaction when she came. For a moment Vickie was concerned that Jason had used her too roughly, but then she realized that Brenda had climaxed because she had been so used. The thought made Vickie weak in the knees.

As the unmarried couple recovered, Rob moved behind Vickie, watching the two, and curled his fingers around Vickie's clamps and chains. Just that little bit of stimulation made her pussy quiver. "I don't think Vickie's done cumming yet," he said to Jason.

The bald man looked up at them while pulling his softening cock out of Brenda. "She isn't? What does she need to cum again?" he asked while reached out for Vickie's hot and moist cunt.

Rob grinned. "She needs Brenda's mouth." His cock started to rise again at the idea of using one woman to make the other one cum.

Jason nodded. "Good idea." He pulled Brenda off the bed and put her on her knees in front of Vickie. "Help her out."

The two women exchanged a knowing look. They had a secret the men didn't share. Brenda then looked at down at Vickie's well-manicured pussy, its dark, curly hair shaped into a careful triangle, and started to move her mouth forward, to taste her friend's sex.

"Wait," Rob said abruptly. "She's not ready yet."

Brenda looked up quizzically while Vickie started to ask, "Why no—"

—and Rob abruptly released the pressure on both of Vickie's clamps, allowing the blood to rush back into her nipples. Vickie's question was cut off before she could fully voice it as she collapsed in pain back against Rob, letting out a little whine of agony. Her hands went to her nipples, but Rob held them away. He looked down at Brenda, over Vickie's shoulder. "What are you waiting for?" he asked. "She's in pain and you're causing her to suffer."

Immediately Brenda put her face between Vickie's legs and started licking and sucking, finding the other woman's hidden clit, bringing it out to play. Reaching orgasm was easy for Vickie, she was already keyed up and ready to cum, she just needed a bit of stimulation to satiate the pain in her tits. Brenda's busy tongue admirably did the job on her pussy. She came and ground her pussy against Brenda's face, looking for a bit of extra stimulation, while pushing back against her husband, barely able to stand because her knees had given out.

"Good?" he asked softly in her ear, his voice barely a whisper.

“Very good,” she told him.

“You know we’re not done yet.”

Slowly she shook her head, but her eyes were closed so she didn’t see Jason approaching her with the very flexible, and very hated, cane. He whacked it across both of her already abused tits leaving behind a bright red line. She jerked in surprise, her eyes flying open while she pressed back against her husband looking to escape the punishment.

“Why?” she cried.

“Because you’re beautiful and you deserve it,” Rob told her, twisting her hands away. She had lifted up her arms to protect her breasts, but he wasn’t going to let that happen. “More,” he told Jason.

His friend responded with a series of blows that fell across Vickie’s tits. Brenda didn’t move from between the dark-haired woman’s legs and the viciousness that Jason exerted scared—and excited—her.

When Jason stopped, Brenda shivered. Vickie’s tits didn’t just have a series of lines across them, the normal marks of a good beating, but the lines had seemingly combined into one single mark, leaving both of her tits a burning bright red. It must have hurt, but judging by the way Vickie’s pussy was pulsing and wet, she had also enjoyed the treatment.

Rob released Vickie and helped her fall gently to the bed. She curled up into a ball and lightly wept. For just a moment Brenda was a bit jealous, but then Jason said, “On your feet, Bren. It’s your turn.” When she stood and faced him, Rob stepped behind her. “Hold her wrists, Rob. I don’t want her moving.”

Instead of allowing her to lock her fingers behind her neck, Rob grabbed both of Brenda’s thin wrists and twisted them behind her back, holding the right above her rump. It wasn’t her usual posture, but she knew she could easily endure it. She pushed out her proud tits and prepared herself.

“Open your legs a bit,” Jason told her and she complied without giving his order a second thought. Before she knew what was happening, with his free hand Rob reached from behind her and grabbed her pussy. It felt odd to have his hand coming from behind her legs but his strong fingers found her clit and she almost

melted into him.

The first strike from Jason's cane brought her back to reality. She yelped and tried to pull her hands free from Rob's firm grip. Jason frowned. "I'm disappointed. I thought you were stronger than that, Bren."

Immediately the redhead's eyes went to the floor. "Sorry. This is just a little new."

Jason whacked her again. "What's new exactly? Having your tits whipped or having another man play with your pussy?"

"Neither," she whined. "Both. Having both done at the same time."

Jason laid the cane down on her sensitive flesh a few more times causing her to try to jump and writhe away, but Rob held her fast. "Are you a slut?" he asked.

"Yes," she whined. "I'm sorry."

"No," Jason said cruelly. "I like it. But sluts get that tits whipped until they cum, so you'd better cum fast if you want to stop the pain."

He cracked the cane over her chest again and she cried out. Vickie rolled over to see her friend suffering but didn't have the strength to help her. The conundrum was that she loved the pain and she loved to cum, but the two were choices held apart from each other.

As it was she didn't have much choice in the matter. Her body betrayed her—with the assistance of Rob's agile fingers—and she came so hard her knees gave way. Jason caught his last strike before he hit her across the throat. It was Rob who held her up, partly with his body and partly with his hand between her legs.

"On your feet," Jason barked at Vickie as he put the cane down on the bed and picked up his cell phone from the nightstand. "Stand up next to Brenda, put your arms around each other, and pose of the picture." The two women were slightly confused but they followed Jason's orders. Tears were still leaking from their eyes, their tits were red and sore and swollen from abuse, their pussies were wet with their own juices and the men's cum. They were a mess; they were beautiful. They stood side by side as Jason took the pictures he wanted. Both found a bit of courage they didn't realize they had and pushed out their chests and actually

played with their poses; both knew the photos would be up on their blogs in short order.

“I think your followers would appreciate some kisses,” Rob suggested.

Bren and Vix turned to each other, kissed, kissed deeply, and then continued their play as the men looked on in approval.

I can’t believe we actually did that, Vickie enthused in her message to Brenda the next day. She was looking at the explicit pictures of the two of them. A few months earlier she would have been shocked by how she was displaying herself, but today she was thrilled.

Are you ashamed? Brenda asked. If they had been having the conversation in person maybe her tone would have been a little more obvious.

No. Should I be? Are you? In her mind Vickie was questioning Brenda’s ability to compartmentalize her feelings about sex and relationships.

There was a long break before Brenda replied. I didn’t think it would go this far.

Do you want to stop?

I don’t think I can…

Vickie looked at the message on her phone a long time before she was able to reply. What the hell does that mean?

The message that came back didn’t entirely convince Vickie. Nothing. I’m being overly dramatic. My nipples hurt, my breasts are sore, and I’m feeling under the weather. I need a break from Jason’s attention on my tits for a few days.

So ask him. He loves you. He’ll say yes.

Brenda was certain her friend was correct about Jason’s focus on her tits and her need for a short break. It was the other information that she was scared to give him.

Chapter Fourteen

Vickie hated mall food courts. To her they just screamed of teenage misadventures and bottom line profits accompanied by an ever-present malingering odor of burned grease. The only reason she was in one was because Brenda had invited her out shopping, but then had immediately followed the invitation with a clarification. “I just need to get out of my place and speak with you on neutral ground. You can tell Rob that we’re going shopping. He’ll believe that.”

It bothered Vickie that Brenda had the presumption to know what Rob would or wouldn’t believe. It bothered her even more to realize Brenda was right; Rob didn’t question her at all when she told him she needed to go shopping. For clothes. The addendum immediately dulled his interest in accompanying her. He said he was more than happy to stay home and watch the kids instead of holding her purse.

“Sorry I’m late,” Brenda said as she slid into the hard plastic chair opposite Vickie. The redhead carried a small paper cup of coffee and winced when she sat down.

“Are you hurt?” It had been over two weeks since she had seen her friend so she didn’t know exactly what Brenda and Jason were up to in their home. Brenda had talked about taking a break from their more strenuous activities in the bedroom, but hadn’t mentioned anything after that.

“No, no. I’m fine. The phrasing of what I said…” she drifted off.

“The phrasing?” Vickie was confused.

Brenda sighed and took a sip of her coffee. It almost immediately soured her stomach but she needed the caffeine though she knew it was a terrible choice of beverages at the moment.

“Yeah. A poorly thought out choice of words.”

“I don’t get it.”

Now Brenda frowned at her cup and put it down on the table. “Yeah. I’m late. Two months and it’s not with the rent.”

Vickie looked at her friend uncomprehending for a long moment and then realization dawned on her. “You’re pregnant!” she declared loudly, but not loud enough in the noisy food court for any of the boisterous teenagers or busy legitimate shoppers to notice. She awkwardly lunged across the table and half-hugged her friend who protected her coffee cup from spilling by holding it off to the side. “Congratulations!”

“Thank you,” Brenda replied politely.

Vickie immediately picked up on her friend’s indifference to the news she was reporting. “What’s the matter? Is something wrong?” Her eyes widened in anticipation of something terrible.

“I wasn’t exactly planning this pregnancy,” she began.

With a wave of her hand, Vickie dismissed that concern. “None of my three were either. Half the babies in the world weren’t planned.”

Brenda remained unmoved by Vickie’s words. “That’s just the start of it. I’m having twins.”

Vickie’s smile froze on her face. “Whoa.”

“Yeah.”

“I have a cousin who had twins. She said she didn’t sleep for six months after they were born.” She paused. “Still…it’s not terrible, is it?”

Glancing left and right, making sure there were plenty of people around but not so close that they could hear what she was saying. They were in public so she felt mostly safe. Mostly. “I have a question. Um…when did Rob get a vasectomy?”

“Oh. He didn’t. I had my tubes tied after number three because…” she trailed off as realization dawned upon her.

“I’m not a hundred percent certain who the father is,” Brenda said quietly.

Vickie glared at her, and then her hand lashed out quicker than any of Jason’s floggers or canes, leaving four parallel lines on Brenda’s cheek. Silently Vickie slid out of her seat and left Brenda behind in stunned silence.

She didn’t blame Vickie for her reaction.

Two days later, after ignoring Brenda’s repeated texts and voicemails to apologize, Vickie finally responded. Does Jason know? It was a text message which was certainly not the best way to have a heart-to-heart conversation, but Vickie didn’t trust herself to actually speak civilly.

He knows I’m pregnant, yes. And he’s not stupid. I told him everything. He knows what I’ve been doing. He WATCHED it. He knows the chances.

Vickie replied I can’t believe you did this to us.

It was an accident.

Vickie could hear her pleading through the simple words. She was unmoved. Why weren’t you on some birth control? It was a blunt and honest question.

I just figured that since you never mentioned anything, it must be safe to do it unprotected with Rob. She paused a moment and sent a second message immediately. Can I call you so we can actually talk?

It was Vickie who initiated the call. “I knew I was safe,” she said without any preface. “You should have been protecting yourself.”

“I’ve always been shy about stuff like this,” Brenda blurted.

Vickie didn’t believe her. “The woman with the great state job who allows her boyfriend to beat the shit out of her is shy about talking about birth control. I call bullshit.”

“I know it’s stupid, but it’s true. I was on birth control a couple of years ago, but the hormones really messed me up so I stopped. Jason and I knew the risks, but

we decided we'd deal with the consequences. I think we were secretly hoping that maybe…but then it never happened for month after month and then we just sort of forgot. We figured kids weren't going to happen for us. And then you and Rob came along and…and now this."

"That's all fine and well, but it fucks up my life, doesn't it?"

Brenda dodged the question. "I've done a little research online. The doctor says the twins are fraternal: two sperm and two eggs—"

"I know what fraternal means!"

Brenda ignored Vickie's outburst and continued on. "And it's Jason who I have sex with the most. And maybe my body just finally got used to his semen and sperm. There's a bunch of studies on this sort of thing. Chances are, they're both Jason's."

"What are the chances, exactly?"

"Like seventy five percent they're both his."

"Huh," was Vickie's response. "Which means there's still a chance one—or both—are Rob's."

Brenda nodded and said, "That's true. But chances are—"

"Do you know how fucked up it is that you could be carrying twins from different fathers?"

Tears started to form in Brenda's eyes. She was glad Vickie wasn't in front of her; she couldn't have dealt with that humiliation. "I know, I know."

"When do we find out?"

"Find out what?" Brenda kept her voice from sobbing.

"Find out who the father, or fathers, are?"

"A test can be done now, genetic analysis and all that. But it's pretty dangerous if I want to keep the babies."

There was a long pause on the line. “And do you want to? Keep the babies?”

After another long pause she answered, “Yes.”

“Or a test can be done after birth, right?”

“Yes.”

“You want children?”

“I always thought I did, but when I couldn’t get pregnant, I figured I’d never be a mother…”

“It’s not all unicorns farting rainbows and lollipop rain showers, you know.”

“I know.”

“No, you think you know. I’m the one who actually knows.”

“Right.”

Vickie sighed. “Fuck. This really fucks things up in my life—and Rob’s!”

“I realize that. But maybe not. Maybe not yet.” Brenda paused again. “Have you told Rob yet?”

“No.”

“Do you want me to?”

“No. I want to think on this a bit more.”

She disconnected the call without saying goodbye.

Brenda didn’t blame her.

Chapter Fifteen

As usual when Brenda answered the door she was naked. Jason was home, it was early Saturday night and the couple didn't have reason to go out partying at this point in their lives. She was only mildly surprised to see Vickie and Rob at the door.

"Aren't you going to invite us in?" Vickie asked, her voice demanding to be let in.

"Of course." Vickie stepped to the side and ushered them into the apartment with a wave of her arm. She noticed that Rob barely looked at her.

"How are you feeling?" Vickie asked as they walked into the living room where Jason was on the couch watching television. He looked up, unsure as to what was going to happen.

"I'm fine," Brenda answered warily. Vickie abruptly walked over to her and reached for the red-haired woman's abdomen. She flinched back but Vickie made contact with her belly. There was a smooth layer of fat but beneath that Vickie felt an unmistakable hardness.

"Are you about three months now?"

"Yeah," Brenda said. Vickie looked at her husband and Brenda followed her gaze. "I'm sorry," she apologized.

"Remember these days?" Vickie asked her husband.

His grinned ruefully. "Seeing a naked woman pregnant, yes. But the circumstances were different."

Vickie glared at Brenda. "You're lucky my husband has apparently a deep well of bizarre kinks."

Intrigued, from his position on the couch Jason asked, "What kind of kinks, exactly?"

Rolling her eyes, Vickie said, “Apparently he’s into pregnant women.”

“You should have known that,” Rob interjected. “We had a lot of sex when you were pregnant. A lot of sex. Why do you think that was?”

“Because you’re a pervert.”

“Big tits, big ass, big tummy,” he replied.

“You make it sound like you’re into fat women.”

“Not fat, pregnant,” he corrected her.

Once more Vickie rolled her eyes. “Anyway, Rob still wants to have sex with you,” she told Brenda. “If that’s okay with the both of you,” she added, looking as Jason.

“It’s fine,” Jason said, still intrigued at what this would entail.

“Will it make things worse between us?” Brenda asked warily.

“It can’t get any worse.” Vickie’s answer was tart

“So…what then?” Brenda asked. “Am I just supposed to bend over and let him fuck me?”

“Of course not,” Vickie said as she reached into her bag. “You need a little warm up first, don’t you?”

Jason keyed the remote to turn off the television and looked on with great interest. “Want to take this into the bedroom?” he asked.

“No. Let’s do it out here,” Vickie said. She produced from her bag what looked like two pairs of chopsticks and several elastic hairbands. “This is going to hurt.”

Brenda’s hands shot up to cover her nipples. “No, they’re really sore and sensitive right now.”

“Right,” Vickie agreed. “I want to see you in pain and crying while my husband fucks you.”

“That’s really… brutal,” Jason commented.

“Brutal, vicious, cruel, spiteful,” Vickie said, unconcerned. “If you want to make this up to me, this is what you need to do.”

“Fine,” Brenda smartly answered. “Give the sticks to Jason. He’ll put them on.”

Vickie shook her head. “Nope. I’m doing it.” She laid two of the foot long sticks parallel and wound a hair elastic around one end. She placed Brenda’s nipple between the two sticks and prepared the second elastic. “Ready?” she asked, eager to see Brenda suffer.

Brenda lifted her chin up and affected an air of pride. “Of course I’m ready.”

With a nod Vickie slipped the elastic around the opposite end of the sticks, squeezing the redhead’s nipple between them. Brenda hissed slightly in pain as the tension was increased as Vickie rolled the elastics toward the middle of the sticks. Brenda trembled as Vickie applied the natural wood clamps which pleased the older woman.

“Does it hurt?”

“A little,” Brenda admitted.

“Wow,” Jason marveled. “I’ve seen pictures of those style of clamps before, but I’ve never thought to use them on her.”

“They’re very pretty,” Vickie commented twisting the sticks a little to further torment Brenda’s nipple.

“Let me get my phone. I want to take a few pictures.”

“Certainly,” Vickie replied politely.

Brenda was forced to stand in the middle of the living room in silence while Jason hunted down his phone. The awkward and silent pause seemed to last forever. It was Brenda who broke first. She had to say something, so she asked the most banal question she could think of at the moment. “What are these, fancy chopsticks?” She indicated the two pieces of wood squeezing her nipple.

“Sort of,” Vickie replied. “They’re supposed to be modeled on chopsticks, but I’ve had them for years. They’re old hair sticks. I used to use them to hold my hair in a bun.”

Glancing at Vickie’s short and practical bob cut, Brenda asked, “How long has it been since you had long hair?”

“Since my first baby. Ten years. Long hair’s not practical with kids.”

“Right,” Brenda agreed as she looked down at her suffering nipple. It felt good —painful, but good. It was then Jason reappeared with his phone and started taking pictures. Brenda posed for a few pictures, her smile unconvincing through her pain, before Vickie took her second pair of sticks and prepared to put them on Brenda’s other breast.

“Mind if I take pictures while you work?” Jason asked.

“Go ahead,” Vickie told him as she worked. Brenda found she had to lock her hands behind her head in order to stop herself from reaching out to hold back Vickie’s assault. “Thank you,” Vickie said softly as she squeezed Brenda’s nipple into place.

“What for?”

“For knowing to keep your hands away,” Vickie said absently. She slipped on the second elastic and rolled it down the stick making Brenda hiss in pain. Vickie frowned. “I would have thought you were tougher than that,” Vickie commented. “You’ve been putting your tits on the line for years now.”

“This is new,” Brenda panted. “And my nipples are extra sensitive now because I’m pregnant.”

“Oh. Yeah,” Vickie said drily. “I almost forgot.”

Jason took a few more pictures while Vickie admired her handiwork. Brenda had already produced a few tears because of Vickie’s torture. “Do you like this?” Brenda asked.

“Like what?”

Brenda indicated her bound nipples with her chin. “Hurting me.”

A nod acknowledged Vickie’s satisfaction. “Actually, I do.”

Her admission surprised Brenda, but she knew she shouldn’t have been. “I would have thought that you liked to receive it.”

“I like both,” Vickie admitted as she reached out and adjusted the sticks pinching Brenda’s nipples. They had been slightly askew which bothered her. One was nearly vertical but the other was hanging oddly. She made Brenda stand still as she turned each pair so that they formed a nice V pointing down to her belly button. “Take a few more pictures, Jason,” Vickie said. “They look better now.” Brenda’s face showed the pain she experienced as Vickie had twisted the sticks. Tears were sliding down her cheeks now. “Very pretty,” Vickie said and wiped away her friend’s tears. She turned to Rob. “Do you want to fuck her with the clamps on or off?”

“I don’t get a choice in the matter?” Brenda piped up. She was biting the inside of her cheek, trying to distract herself from the pain in her nipples.

“Of course not.”

“Take them off,” Rob said, feeling some compassion for the woman.

“No, no,” Jason contradicted him. “Leave them on. Fuck her hard and make them come off while you fuck her.”

Brenda glared at her boyfriend. “Why?”

He leered at her. “Because I want to see it.”

Rob shrugged. “Good enough for me.” He grabbed Brenda by her elbow, pushed her over the back of the couch so that her ass was in the air. Her hands were down on the seat cushion and her breasts hung pendulously, the wooden clamps created by Vickie bouncing painfully against the couch and her arms. Rob dropped his pants, pushing down his black boxers to pull out his already hard cock.

“Need any help with that?” Vickie asked her husband.

After reaching between Brenda's legs, he shook his head. "No, she's already plenty wet."

"Apparently this agrees with you," Jason commented to his girlfriend.

"You know it does," she grunted as Rob entered her. As much as Vickie's treatment hurt her nipples, it felt that good to her pussy as Rob started fucking her.

"Fuck her hard," Vickie instructed. "Make it hurt her."

Brenda bit her tongue. She wanted to tell Rob not to fuck her too hard; already she was trying to protect her body for the lives that was growing inside her. She kept her thoughts straight and knew that nothing that Rob could do would hurt her. She needed this abuse and humiliation. It was part of her and to deny it was to live a lie in front of her lovers.

"They're not coming off," Jason commented as his girlfriend's tits shook back and forth from Rob's vigorous thrusts after a few long minutes.

"I can fix that," Vickie said, just as dissatisfied with the progress of Brenda's fucking. She reached out, grabbed both ends of one set of sticks and pulled, stretching out Brenda's breast. It was painful and the redhead let out a wail, but that didn't stop Vickie, she pulled and pulled until finally the elastic gave out and the sticks let go of Brenda's nipple as they snapped together. She cried openly now as Rob fucked her. "Did you like that?" Vickie asked, a thrilled and wicked grin on her face.

Sobbing, Brenda looked up at her friend while Rob continued to fuck her. "Yes," she admitted. Everything they were doing to her felt good.

"Should I tell him to cum right away or should I tell him to last as long as possible?" Vickie asked.

"Don't answer that," Jason told her as he watched his girlfriend get fucked. His cock was hard inside his jeans and he wanted to join in the fun, but he didn't want to interrupt the action either.

Brenda looked fearfully over at him while Rob continued thrusting hard into her. He now pressed his thumb against her anus, not entering her, but putting the

pressure there, making her feel vulnerable.

“He can come when you cum,” Vickie decided. She grabbed the other set of clamps around Brenda’s breast and rotated them which caused her nipple to twist. She screamed out her pain. “Just cum,” Vickie cooed. “Just cum and it’ll be all over.”

As much as she wanted it to be over, she also wanted the torment to last forever. It couldn’t of course, but she could resist as long as she wanted though everything happening to her was almost too much: Rob’s cock in her pussy, his thumb on her ass, the throbbing of blood rushing back to her right nipple while the left was painfully turned by Brenda, and her boyfriend looked on in approval. She noticed his cell phone in his hand; he was taking more pictures.

“Would you like a kiss?” Vickie asked softly in her ear. “Or would you like me to play with your clit?” Vickie moved her hand down toward where Brenda and Rob’s bodies were joined as she moved her lips over Brenda’s cheek to a kiss.

Neither Vickie’s fingers nor lips reached their target before Brenda met her moment of crisis. She came with a screaming cry. When Vickie realized what was happening she yanked off the other set of nipple clamps causing a final thrill of pain to arc through Brenda’s body. As she fought off the pain, reveling in it, Brenda said, “This doesn’t solve anything, does it?”

Vickie answered, “No, it doesn’t. But it makes me feel better.” Inside her shirt she felt a wetness spreading. Her milk was leaking. Quickly and efficiently removing her top Vickie pulled Brenda down to the couch and joined her friend, offering up her breast. “Drink, I’m full and leaking. Fix that for me.”

Brenda did as Vickie asked, putting her head in her friend’s lap, taking her nipple in her mouth, and sucked, tasting her sweet milk and savoring the rich fluid as she drank it down. Vickie leaned back and relaxed.

“I want to fuck you,” Jason told her with his hand down his pants, rubbing his cock.

“Not right now,” she said dreamily.

“Suck his cock,” Rob told her as he wiped away Brenda’s pussy juice from his own cock.

“I don’t want to.”

“I don’t care. I want to see it.”

She sighed. “Fine.”

Jason pulled out his cock and presented it Vickie. She opened her lips and didn’t so much perform fellatio on him as let him fuck her mouth. He didn’t last long, much to Vickie’s satisfaction. When he came he pumped his semen into her mouth in three spurts, and then pulled free. He had two smaller spurts remaining in him; one landed on Vickie’s neck, the other on Brenda’s cheek as she continued to nurse.

After Jason withdrew Rob plopped down on the couch next to his wife. He wiped Jason’s cum off Brenda’s cheek and offered the bit of sticky liquid to his wife. “What are we going to do after this?” he asked her.

She licked up the cum from Rob’s fingers and sighed. “I don’t know. I don’t know.”

Chapter Sixteen

“I’m leaking,” Brenda admitted to Vickie when she admitted her friend to the apartment.

“I don’t think I’ve ever seen you in a bra before,” Vickie said as she looked Brenda over. The bra was nice enough, pure white with some lace overlay, but with the obvious sign of thick nursing pads beneath the material. Other than the bra, Brenda was naked as usual. The real difference in Brenda was her bulging belly. She wasn’t huge, not yet. But she was growing, steadily and quickly. Vickie couldn’t help but rub the other woman’s belly. “I remember these days. Does Jason know you’re wearing a bra?”

Brenda sniffed. “He’s the one who ordered me to. He was tired of me dripping milk everywhere.”

“Well take it off,” she said. “I want to taste you.”

With a grin Brenda did as she was bid. “How are you doing with your milk?” she asked conversationally as Vickie reached out and inspected her breasts, running her hands over their fullness, examining the changes, the swelling.

“Rob nurses me every night. I don’t think I’ve ever been so full.” After her brief inspection of Brenda’s tits, Vickie took her by the hand and led her back to the bedroom. “The boys won’t be back until late, it depends on how terrible the ValleyCats are playing tonight.”

“I’m surprised they’re getting along so well,” Brenda commented. “You know, with my situation and all.”

Vickie shrugged. “In Rob’s mind the babies are yours and Jason’s. Doesn’t matter the truth. They’re yours.”

“And what do you think?” Brenda asked as Vickie pushed her down to the bed and joined her. The sheets smelled vaguely of both Brenda and Jason. Vickie liked that, she liked doing something wrong.

“I’m still pissed. This is going to be your problem.”

“And yet you’re taking me to bed,” Brenda said as Vickie caressed her tits.

“I have needs,” Vickie told her right before pinching her nipple as hard as she could between forefinger and thumb.

“Fuck! That hurt!”

“It was supposed to.” She didn’t let go but lessened the pressure as she lowered her head to Brenda’s other breast were she started nursing gently.

“Oh, okay, that’s better.”

In response Vickie bit down on the nipple.

“Shit!” Brenda nearly screamed at the pain as she pushed Vickie away; the dark-haired woman’s teeth raked across the nipple. “Why’d you do that?”

“You have to ask? I’m still pissed at you.”

“Still?”

“Until I know that both of those kids,” she pointed to Brenda’s enlarged abdomen, “are Jason’s and not Rob’s, I’m going to be pissed.”

“But yet you’ll take me to bed?”

“I have needs,” Vickie told her, pushing her hand between the pregnant woman’s legs, feeling her pussy. She pulled Brenda’s mouth to her breast. She did have needs. Vickie needed Brenda to empty her heavy breasts. “Oh, that’s nice,” she declared as her milk let down. “You know what you’re doing.” Vickie pulled her hand away from Brenda’s pussy and tasted her fingers.

“Is this a good idea?” Brenda asked, taking a break from nursing, but still nuzzling her friend’s breast.

“It’s an excellent idea,” Vickie said, encouraging Brenda to resume nursing. “Breast milk is the best milk for babies.”

“They aren’t born yet.”

“Still good for them.”

“But all the hormones…”

“Have made you beautiful and your belly is growing perfectly.” She caressed Brenda’s belly and then dipped down into her pussy. “I remember being like this. Are you horny all the time?”

“Yes.”

“Isn’t that the best?”

“Yes.”

The two women laughed and then quieted. It was hard to laugh and make love at the same time. Their plan was to have sex and remain in bed until their men came for them. What men wouldn’t be pleased to find their partners naked in bed, euphoric from sex play and ready for more?

Vickie and Brenda were always ready for more.

Chapter Seventeen

With supreme confidence Rob pulled back his hand and brought the lash down as hard as he dared across his wife's chest. Immediately Vickie's skin blushed a beautiful pink. Rob paused in his torment of Vickie's bare breasts to take a picture. She endured the treatment in silence, her hands folded behind her back, a small smile across her face. With a glance down she confirmed she could see where all the individual falls from the lash had marked her skin. They would shortly be blended together in one large red mark covering her torso.

Rob slapped her chest again with the leather falls and took another picture.

"Are you going to stop between each slap?" she asked him, slightly irritated. Her breasts were full and she needed her milk to be released, but Rob wasn't hurrying at all. He had promised her a good beating and only then relief from her swollen tits.

"I promised your followers that I'd fully document one session with the lash," he told her as he slapped her body again.

This time Vickie felt it. She didn't let Rob know that, of course. "Great. Thanks a lot for hacking into my Tumblr and lying to my followers. You're just jealous I have more followers than you."

Her charge was true. Even Vickie was surprise she had over a thousand followers now. It wasn't that surprising, Rob told her. Men were always eager to see new pictures of naked women. His blog was little more than reblogged pictures and posts from others. Vickie's was full of her tits, ass, and pussy, all on display for every casual viewer. She liked that thought. It kept her pussy moist at night.

"It's not hacking," he told her. "Hacking implies the use of software to gain access to secured information. I merely guessed your password and then used your blog for my own amusement. Maybe you shouldn't use the same password for absolutely everything."

“Thanks for the advice,” she wised off. Rob slapped her tits again. She inhaled sharply and looked down at her bare tits. She was standing against the bedroom wall, hands behind her back, palms pressed to the wallboard. It was a pose she had affected many times lately and she enjoyed doing it. Vickie would be forever grateful to Brenda for showing her how strong she could be. Amid the redness spreading across her skin, Vickie noted the tiny beads of milk forming on the tips of her nipples. “I’m letting down.”

“So I see.” Rob nodded. “The lash is going to hurt more when the falls are wet.”

“I know. Don’t stop.” He smacked her again with the lash. “Fuck, okay, I felt that.”

“Good.” He paused and took another picture. “I hate to lose your milk like this.”

“It’ll stop,” she said. “Just keep whipping me.”

He nodded but paused when he raised up his arm again. “Wait. I have a better idea.” Rob went to the drawer of the dresser where they hid their toys.

She knew what he was planning and said no. “That’s a bad idea.”

“No, it’s a great idea,” he grinned at her. “The falls won’t pull the clamps off. It’ll be fine.”

“No,” she protested one more time but didn’t move from the wall nor did she pull her hands from behind her back.

“Hold still,” he said. “This won’t hurt a bit.”

“Liar.”

The clover clamps went on easily. Rob had a practiced hand at it now. He adjusted the tension slightly so they firmly gripped her nipples and pulled down on her tits just a bit. It was the chain that was the heaviest part of the setup. When he bought the clamps for her Rob had opted for the heavier chain, telling Vickie she needed the extra weight to make sure she could truly feel the power of the clamps.

“There,” he said, stepping back and admiring his handiwork. He took another

picture before laying down another swat on her chest. “See, they won’t come off. And look, you’ve stopped leaking.”

“Thanks for pointing out the obvious,” she mouthed off again.

He frowned. “I thought we talked about you being polite when I gave you your treatments.” That’s what he called them, her treatments.

“Hey. This is an adult nursing relationship,” she told him. “I’m not your submissive plaything or slave.”

“Then why are you naked with your nipples clamped?” Rob asked. “I’m still dressed.”

“You’re wearing pajama pants and a t-shirt.”

“It’s more than you’re wearing. New rule: you’re polite when you’re getting your treatments.”

“Or what?” Vickie shot back.

In response Rob swatted at Vickie again, but this time he didn’t raise his arm, he lowered it. The swat was an uppercut and caught her between the legs. The falls heated up her pussy and she jumped in reaction to the unexpected blow. “Did you like that?”

To her surprise, Vickie realized that her pussy didn’t really hurt. There was a slight sting, but she had suffered—and enjoyed—worse. “Kind of. Do it again.”

He swatted her between the legs again and she didn’t flinch again. The pain flashed again, but it was the enjoyable pain she was always chasing after now.

Rob took a picture of her cunt. She leaned back against the wall and opened up her legs a bit, showing off a bit. It wasn’t a graphic display, but it was blatant enough.

“You’re not going to put that on my blog, are you?”

He just grinned at her. “What do you think?” Reaching out Rob released one of the clover clamps allowing her milk to flow. She hissed at the sudden release.

The phone never left his hand as he took a series of pictures of the milk forming on her nipples, flowing together as one large drop, and the sliding down the underslope of her breast to drip on the carpet.

“Are you done?” she asked him. “Because if you are, you either need to use your mouth or the lash on me.” He put the clamp back on her nipple and she grunted in wonder. “Didn’t expect that.”

“You aren’t red enough yet,” Rob said and continued with his whipping of her.

There were more pauses and more pictures. Vickie endured. She was just waiting until Rob was done. Then he’d take off the clamps, her blood would flow back along with her milk. He would nurse from her and the milk would fill his belly.

When the whipping was over, he did just that. The clamps went away. He drained her milk and they had sex. And when that was over she cuddled up to him, ready to drift off to sleep.

“I’m half scared and half excited about those pictures,” she said softly. Over the past few months she had posted many pictures of herself—and her together with Brenda—on the blog, but none as explicit as these.

“If you don’t want them up there, I won’t post them.”

She shook her head. “No, it’s fine. A little fear is good. It’s a thrill ride, exciting and scary at the same time.”

“We haven’t seen much of Brenda and Jason lately. Well, I’ve seen a lot of Brenda, but just on her blog.” He grinned in the darkness.

“Those are old pics,” she said. “I only get a text or two a week from her. The twins are killing her, or so she claims.”

“Exaggeration.”

“Exactly.”

“She’s breast feeding?”

“Of course.”

“How long is she going to keep that up?”

“As long as she can, so she says.”

Rob didn’t reply right away, but Vickie could tell from his breathing that he hadn’t fallen asleep. “What are you thinking?” she asked him.

“Do you really want to know the truth?”

“Just your asking that makes me nervous.”

“Well?”

She sighed. “Okay, tell me what you’re thinking about.”

“I’m thinking about Brenda’s tits. And I’m wondering when she stops breastfeeding her kids if Jason will keep her milk flowing.”

“Why? Aren’t these tits good enough for you?” Vickie asked, lifting up her still red tits a bit. “They’re still perky and full of milk.”

“There’s nothing wrong with a little variety.”

“Don’t depend on it,” she told him. “It’s going to be a long while before she’s ready for sex or anything crazy.”

“I know. I’m patient.”

Vickie, however, wasn’t patient. She gave Brenda her space. But she had needs. And, of course, Jason had his needs as well. Inviting him over to the house when the kids were gone and Rob was at work took some arranging, but it wasn’t an impossible task. When she opened the door after he rang the bell, she was already naked for him.

He grinned in approval. “I approve.”

“I thought you would. Did you bring what I requested?”

Jason held up his bag. “Yes. Is Rob going to know?”

“Eventually, yes. But I wanted to do this in secret, first.”

“He’s going to figure it out when he realizes your tits don’t have any milk tonight.”

“He’s going to figure it out when he sees the stripes you’ve left me.” She grinned up at him and gently lifted up her tits just a bit.

“You like cheating on your husband?”

“He knows you and I have had sex before.”

“Yeah, but he was there every time watching, and sometimes fucking Brenda while he watched. This is different.”

“My life, my risks, my rewards.” She looked down at his bag and plucked the cane from it. “Come on. We don’t have that much time before you have to leave. Are you going to give me what I want?”

With a shrug, Jason took the cane and pushed Brenda to her bedroom. “If that’s what you want.”

“It’s what I want. It’s what I need.”

The first swat hurt the most. After that, every blow from the cane was one of pure pleasure. At first she just bent over the footboard to the bed and he lowered the cane across her ass several times, but they both knew that wasn’t the real show. After a few swats left her with a set of lines across her ass, Vickie stood up and turned around. “On my tits,” she requested. “That’s what I want.”

“I’ve got something new for you,” Jason told her.

Vickie’s eyes lighted up. “Something you’ve used on Brenda before?”

“No.”

“Let’s see it then.” What Jason produced looked like a pair of tiny suction cups. “I don’t get it.”

Jason primed the device and grabbed one of Vickie’s tits. “Snake bites,” he told

her attaching the little cup to her nipple.

It pinched a bit going on, but it wasn't anything that Vickie couldn't endure. "The drink or the poison?"

"They're called snake bites," he said as he adjusted the first one and moved on to the second. "They're based on the tools you find in snake bite treatment kits. Little suction cups to remove the poison. Only these aren't designed to remove poison. They're designed to torment bad girls with naughty nipples." He attached the second one and she felt a little sting as it went on, but quickly became acclimated.

Looking down to inspect the small devices, Vickie was surprised to see that they weren't filling up with her milk. She asked about that.

"I did my research. It can be a risk for some women who are lactating, but you're used to a mouth making your milk flow. This is just a little stimulation to keep you on edge." He tugged a little on the snake bites and they held firm. Vickie was pleased with the way the sensation was telegraphed through her body. Nodding in approval, Jason picked up his cane and told Vickie to put her hands behind her neck.

"Should I trust your aim?" she asked as she assumed the position he liked.

"No."

She just grinned at him and waited for the sting of the cane. It came over her again and again. She jumped and gasped with each strong stroke, but she didn't give in and cry. She considered herself better than Brenda in this regard. She wasn't a weak woman who gave in to a little pain. Though she and Brenda both enjoyed the sting of pain, Vickie considered herself much stronger than the redhead.

Abruptly stopping Jason blurted out, "God you're beautiful."

"Thank you."

Jason placed his hand on her cheek and pulled her face to his, giving her an intimate kiss. Between husband and wife it wouldn't have been notable. Between lovers it would have meant nothing—if Jason had been kissing her in front of her

husband and Brenda, but they were alone. Vickie felt her knees go a little weak. Her sudden jolt of weakness had nothing to do with the snake bites on her nipples or the pain her ass and tits and just received. The kiss was too intimate.

“Get on your knees and suck me off,” Jason ordered, pushing her down.

Vickie was relieved to have orders to follow. She didn’t have to stop to examine her feelings. She just had to please her lover. Jason pulled out his cock and she eagerly fell upon it, sucking the length of it deeply into her mouth, tasting the salty precum, savoring the musk of his manly scent filling her nostrils. He was already half-erect when she started fellating him. Jason was used to her mouth and her technique. In short order he was fully erect and ready to use her.

Abruptly Jason spun her around on her knees, pushed her down so that her hands were on the carpet. A moment later he was kneeling behind her, shoving his cock deep into her pussy, and was fucking her, using her. There was no love between them. There was love of their shared kink, their willingness to be used physically and emotionally. They needed each other to drain their desires.

When Jason came it was a relief to them both. His need was sated and she could continue on. She liked the way he pulled out and wiped his cock on her ass.

“Get on the bed,” he told her.

“Why?” She glanced down at her tits and saw her pale brown nipples were starting to turn purple from the snake bites.

Jason grabbed one of the toys and released the pressure. To Vickie’s alarm her nipple spouted off a little spray of her milk. Instantly Jason fixed his mouth over the spray, drinking it down. He sucked on her sore little nipple a minute and then answered. “I’m not leaving Rob any milk for tonight.”

Vickie touched herself between the legs while Jason sucked on her. She made herself cum three times while he emptied her milk. She wasn’t sure why this pleased her. Maybe it was because she knew it would annoy Rob.

“They’re empty,” Jason pointed out by poking her slightly in the breast. There was no tension underneath the skin. He was right. She was completely empty. He had left nothing for Rob.

“Thanks for pointing out the obvious.”

“I betcha Rob is pissed at you,” he said as he started pulling his clothes back on.

She gave him a doleful glare. “He’s going to be pissed off at you. I’m going to tell him what you did.”

“What? Fucked his wife and drank all her milk? He’ll probably beat off in front of you while you tell him the story.”

Knowing what he was saying was probably true caused Vickie to switch the subject. “How are you doing with Brenda and the twins?”

Jason sighed and flopped back on the bed. “It’s exhausting.”

“I told you. I’m surprised she let you out of the house to come over here and play with me.”

The pause before he replied was too long. Vickie knew something was up. “Yeah. She’s generous that way.”

“She doesn’t know you’re here, does she?”

“No.”

Vickie wiped a stray hair from in front of her face and shook her head. “When was the last time you two had the chance to play?”

“Before the twins were born.”

“I warned you, didn’t I?”

“Yeah…”

“You’re going to catch hell for this,” she informed him.

“Probably…if she finds out.”

“Brenda’s going to find out,” Vickie informed him levelly. “Because you’re going to tell her. And if you don’t, I’ll tell her. I’ll give you a day, but nothing more than that.”

“And if I don’t?” Jason questioned her as he finished dressing.

“Then you won’t get to play with me for a long, long time.”

“That’s a punishment.”

“I know.”

“I miss being able to abuse her tits,” he said. His voice was flat, almost without affect. “She’s got a kid hanging from her almost every minute of the day and night it seems. She doesn’t want to be pinched or caned because she says they hurt too much all the time.”

“It’ll end. I promise.”

“Sure, sure.” Jason dug his shoes out from under the bed where they were half-hidden.

“I’ll make you another promise too.”

“What?”

“Endure this. There’s pain in everyone’s life. This is your pain to endure. Once you get through it we’ll get back to normal. You can have Brenda’s tits again. And mine.” She lifted up her slightly deflated boobs for him to inspect. “Don’t forget your cane. I promise you, you’ll get to use it on me and Brenda again.”

“I hope so.”

After he left Vickie got dressed carefully. It had been a while since she had worn a bra after getting her breasts properly abused. It wasn’t really painful, but if she moved too quickly she was immediately reminded of her mistake.

When Rob arrived home she told him exactly what she and Jason had been up to during the afternoon. They were very good at hiding adult secrets from their kids —not that their children had any real interest in their parents’ private affairs. He made her lift up her shirt and bra in the kitchen so he could give her a quick inspection.

“Slut,” he said with a grin.

She ignored his half insult/half compliment and pulled her clothing back into place before the kids out in the living room could sense anything was amiss. “Jealous,” she shot back at him. “They’re empty, by the way. No milk for you tonight.”

His grin didn’t waver. “I’ve been known to get a little extra out of you when I really wanted it. I’m thinking I’ll need a midnight snack.”

“Don’t count on it,” she told him as she turned back to the stove where she was tending to dinner.

Rob approached her from behind, carefully wrapped his hands around her covered breasts and kissed the side of her neck. “How’d I get so lucky to wind up with you?” he asked her.

“Don’t know. Instead of winning a million dollars in the lottery you got me. There’s your lucky exchange.”

He kissed the other side of her neck. “Are we strange or is the world around us too normal?”

“No, we’re not strange. Everyone in this world is equally weird. We just don’t know their secrets. You know how every few months you hear about some conservative preacher getting busted for hiring a prostitute or a right wing politician getting caught up in some gay love triangle? They aren’t unusual either. They’re hypocrites to be sure, but they aren’t strange. We all have a little strangeness in our lives, some of us just hide it better than others. And for the most part, the world doesn’t care if you have a strange sexual kink.”

“I care,” Rob insisted.

“I know you do, honey. I know you do.”

D.P.

Robert “Bert” “Rob” Selffe Blog: DirtyBert

Victoria “Vickie” “Vix” Selffe, jet-black hair with some gray, prominent light

brown nipples, wanted her deflated tits to grow. Blog: Innocent Vixen

Brenda – small pink nipples, full breasts, short dark red hair – hated them in high school, loves them now. Blog: Bread-N-Redd

Jason- Brenda’s boyfriend, shaved bald head and pubes. Blog: NDArgonaut

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he works and writes, not always at the same time. He has a degree in English Literature and his professors would be appalled at the shoddy construction of his characters and plots for his ebook erotica. His free time is spent with his wife and children, repairing a one hundred year old house, and herding the family's three cats.

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