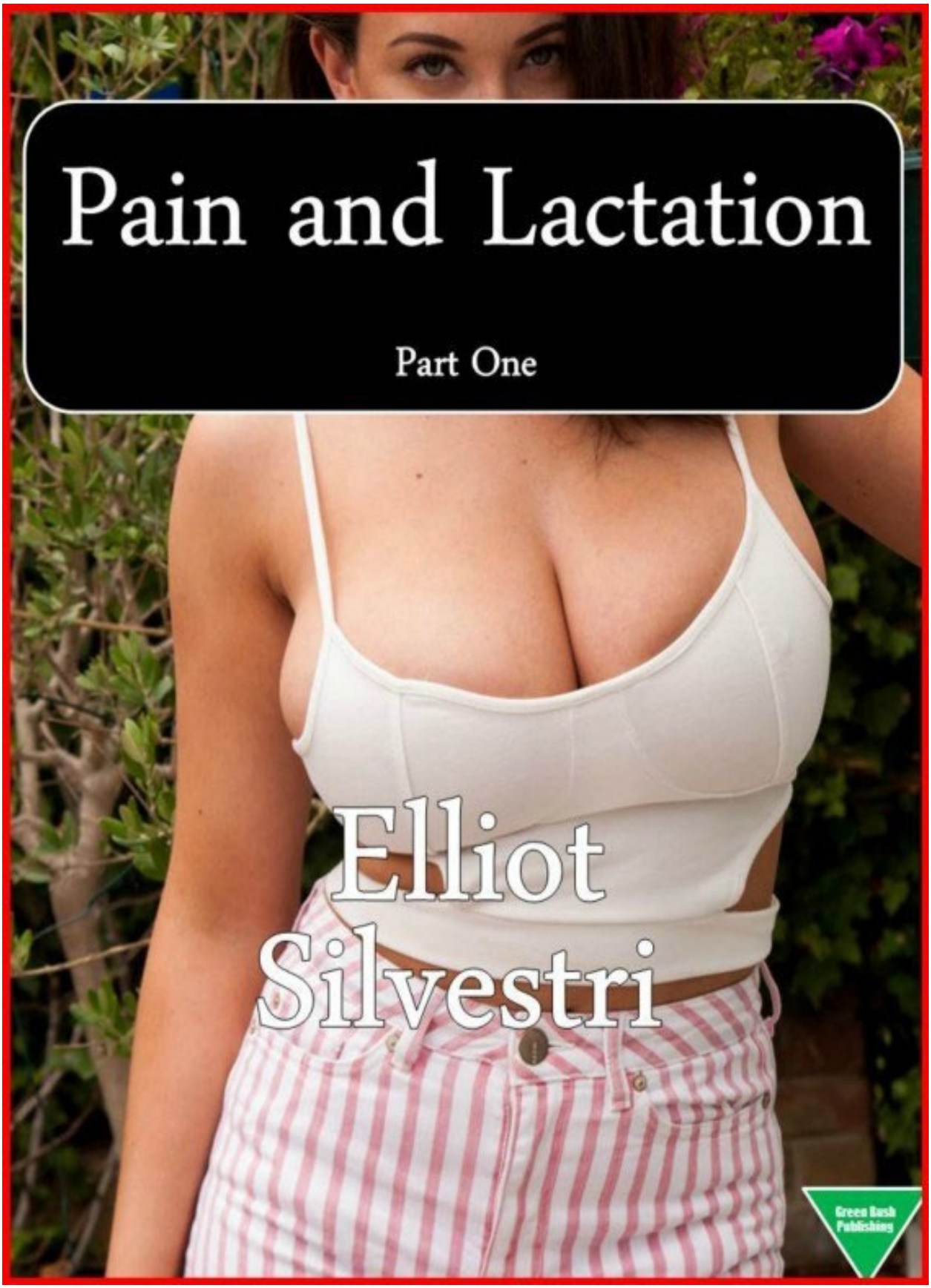
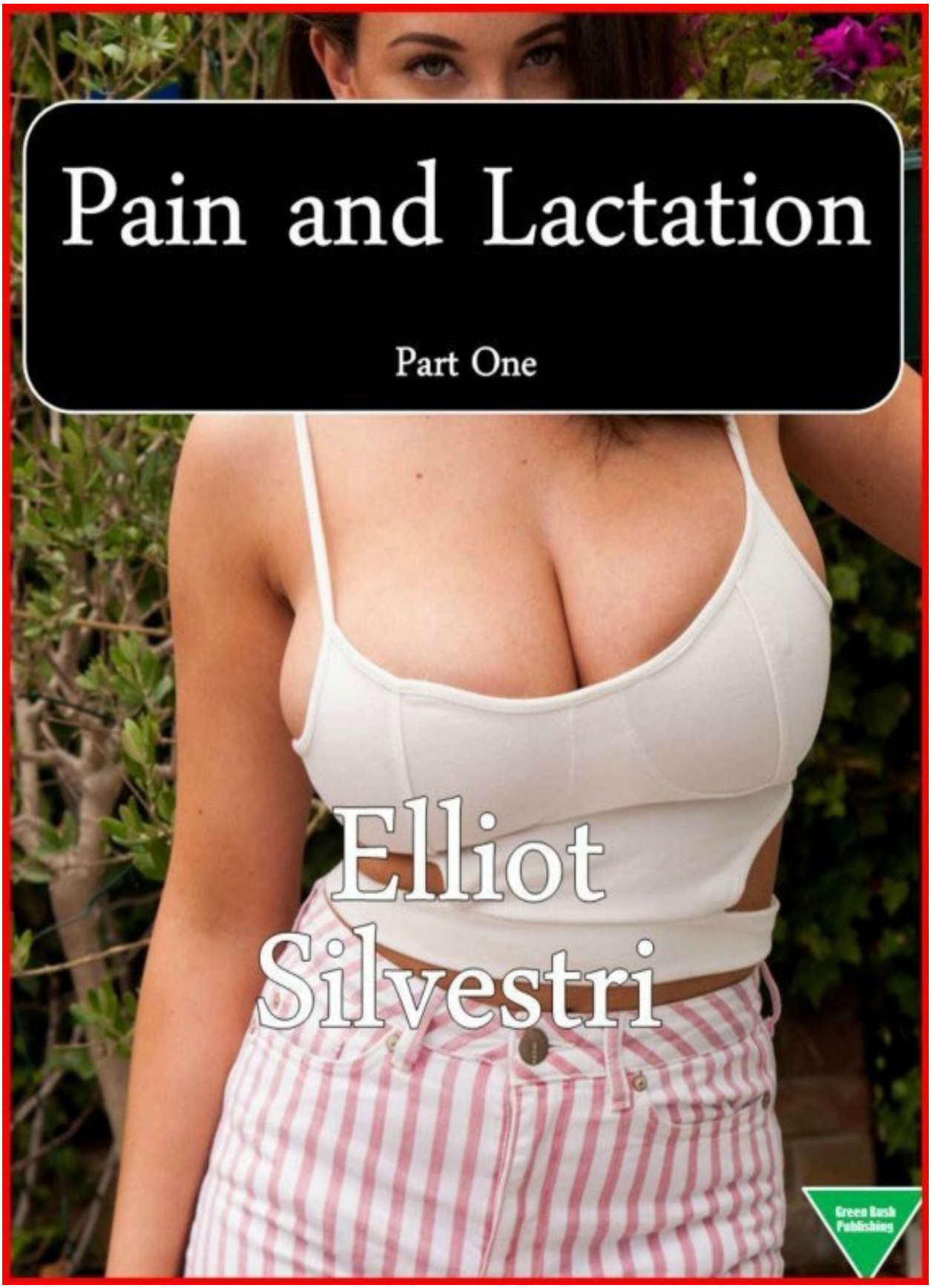

Pain and Lactation
Part One
Elliot Silvestri
Green Bush Publishing


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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Part One

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.

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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