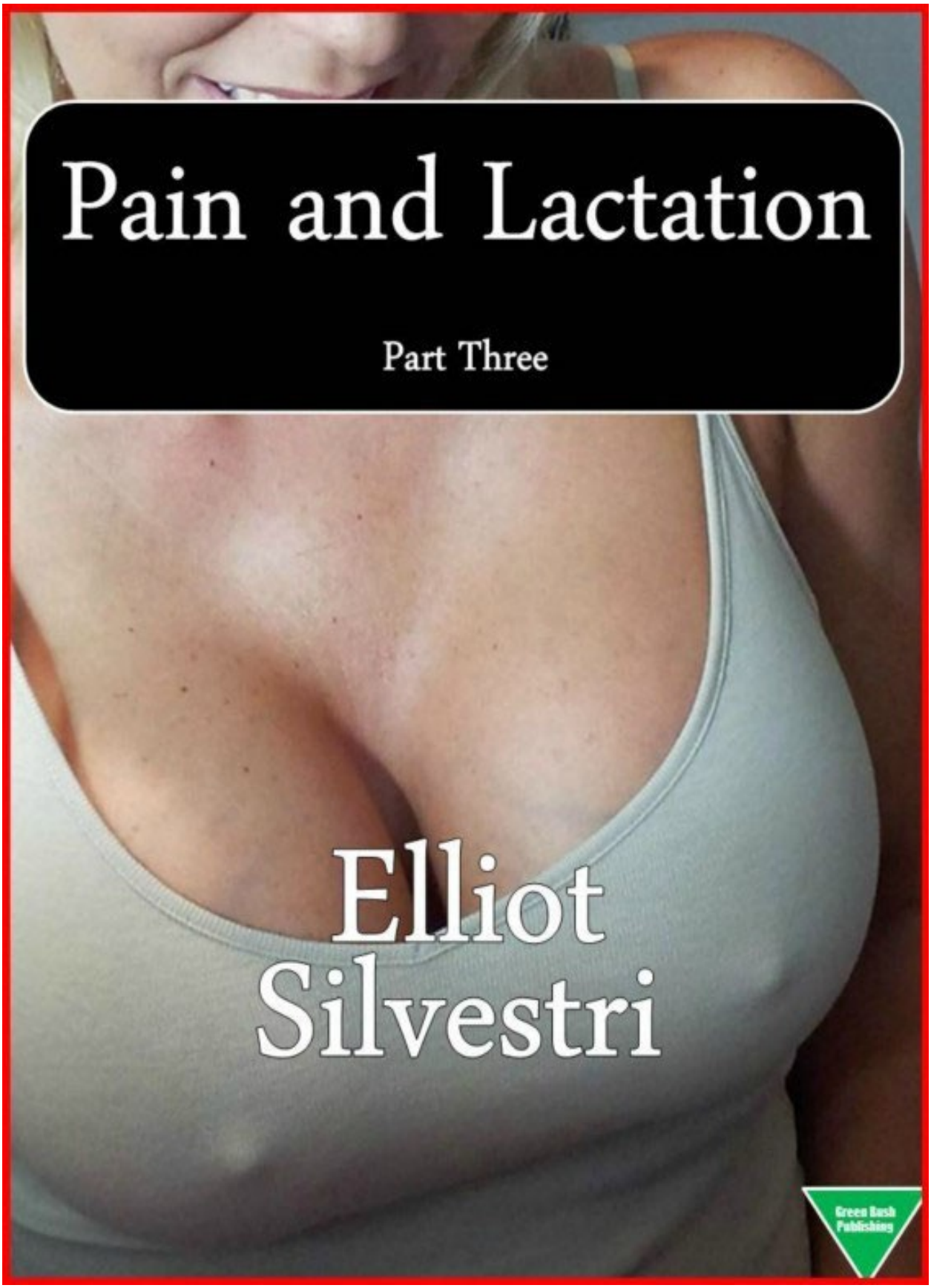
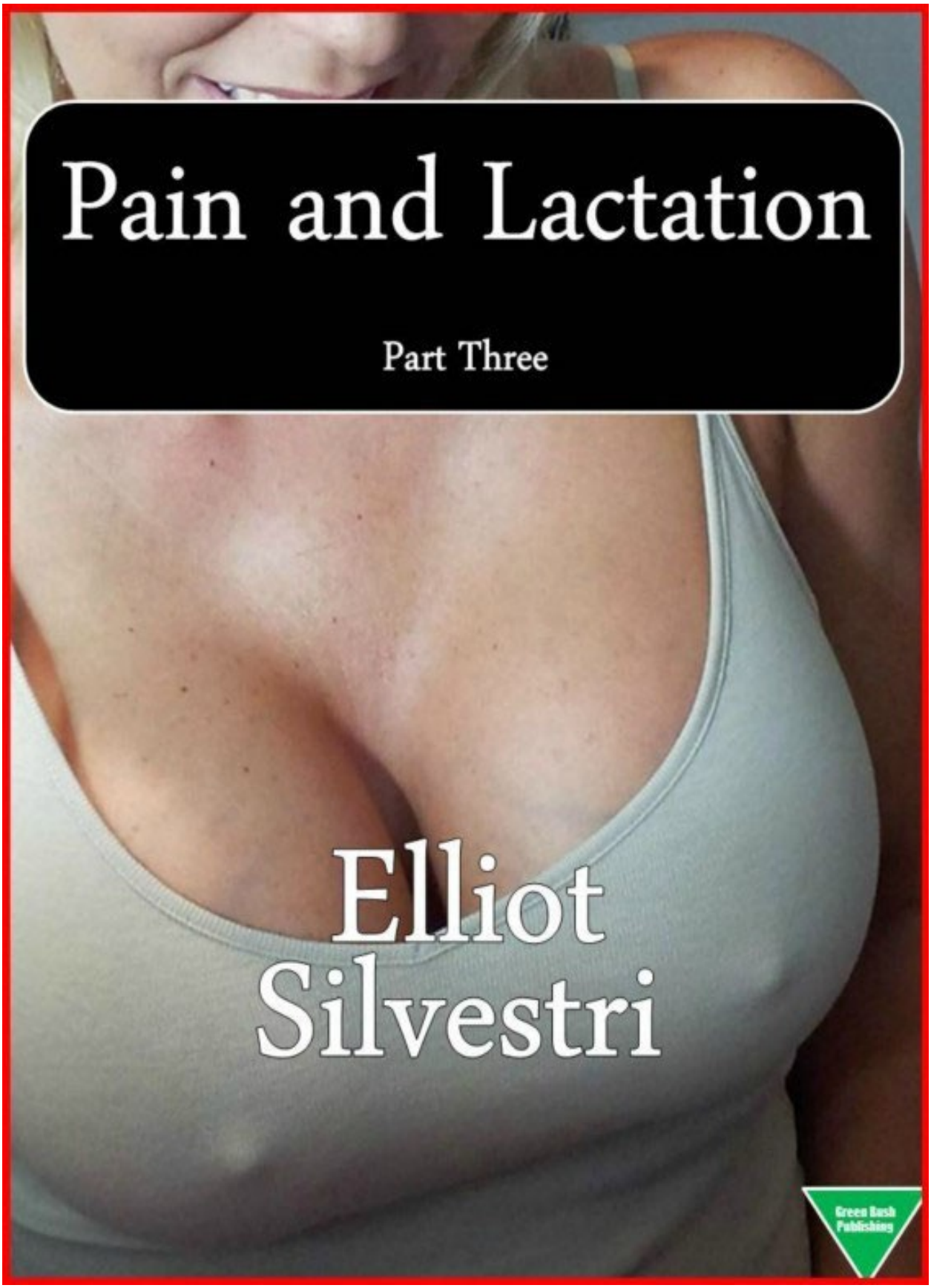

Pain and Lactation
Part Three
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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Part Three

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.

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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The Breast of Day

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