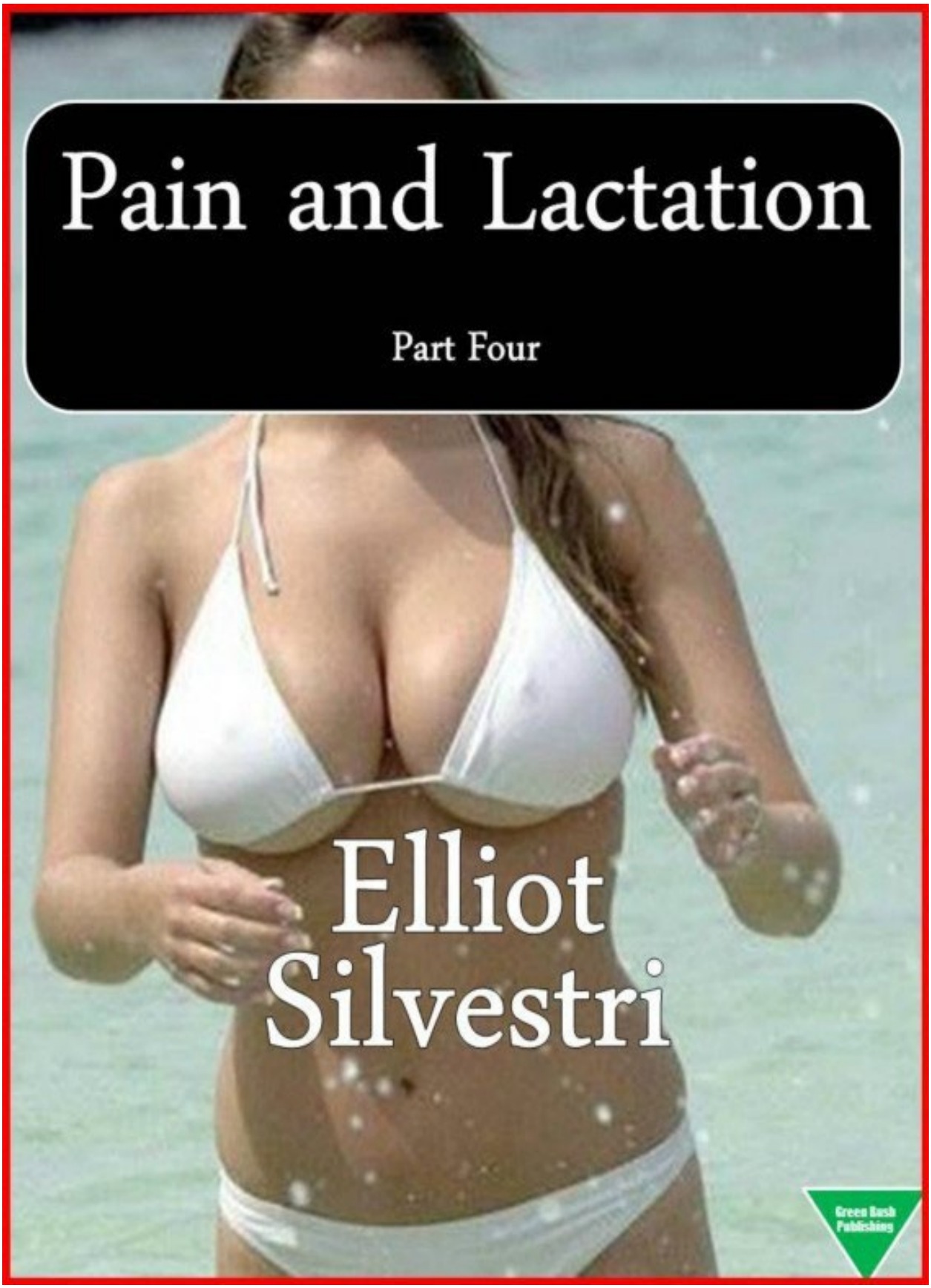
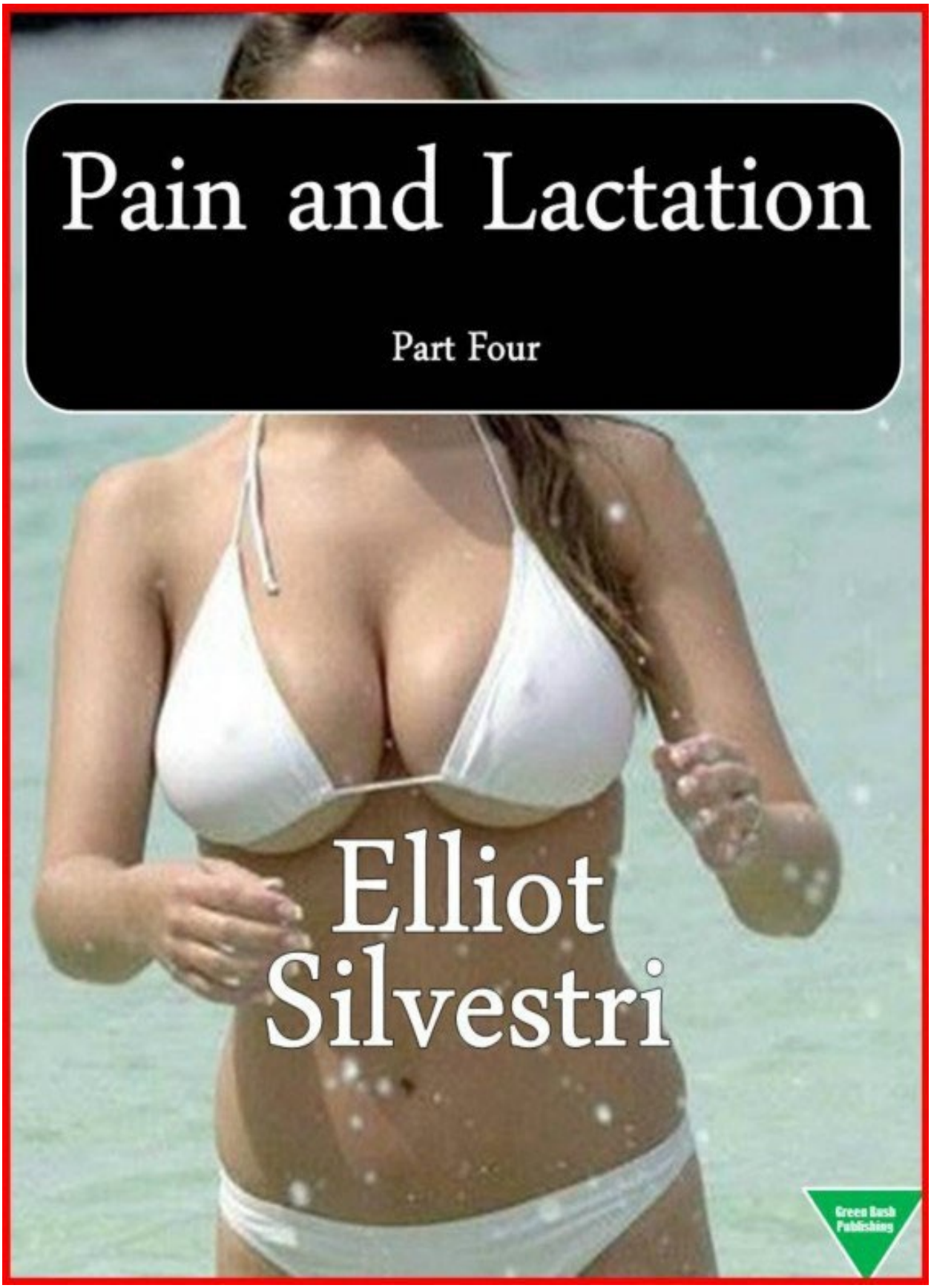

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Part Four
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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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“What’s this flesh? A little crudded milk, fantastical puff- paste.”

—John Webster

Part Four

Chapter Fourteen

Vickie hated mall food courts. To her they just screamed of teenage misadventures and bottom line profits accompanied by an ever-present malingering odor of burned grease. The only reason she was in one was because Brenda had invited her out shopping, but then had immediately followed the invitation with a clarification. “I just need to get out of my place and speak with you on neutral ground. You can tell Rob that we’re going shopping. He’ll believe that.”

It bothered Vickie that Brenda had the presumption to know what Rob would or wouldn’t believe. It bothered her even more to realize Brenda was right; Rob didn’t question her at all when she told him she needed to go shopping. For clothes. The addendum immediately dulled his interest in accompanying her. He said he was more than happy to stay home and watch the kids instead of holding her purse.

“Sorry I’m late,” Brenda said as she slid into the hard plastic chair opposite Vickie. The redhead carried a small paper cup of coffee and winced when she sat down.

“Are you hurt?” It had been over two weeks since she had seen her friend so she didn’t know exactly what Brenda and Jason were up to in their home. Brenda had talked about taking a break from their more strenuous activities in the bedroom, but hadn’t mentioned anything after that.

“No, no. I’m fine. The phrasing of what I said…” she drifted off.

“The phrasing?” Vickie was confused.

Brenda sighed and took a sip of her coffee. It almost immediately soured her stomach but she needed the caffeine though she knew it was a terrible choice of beverages at the moment.

“Yeah. A poorly thought out choice of words.”

“I don’t get it.”

Now Brenda frowned at her cup and put it down on the table. “Yeah. I’m late. Two months and it’s not with the rent.”

Vickie looked at her friend uncomprehending for a long moment and then realization dawned on her. “You’re pregnant!” she declared loudly, but not loud enough in the noisy food court for any of the boisterous teenagers or busy legitimate shoppers to notice. She awkwardly lunged across the table and half-hugged her friend who protected her coffee cup from spilling by holding it off to the side. “Congratulations!”

“Thank you,” Brenda replied politely.

Vickie immediately picked up on her friend’s indifference to the news she was reporting. “What’s the matter? Is something wrong?” Her eyes widened in anticipation of something terrible.

“I wasn’t exactly planning this pregnancy,” she began.

With a wave of her hand, Vickie dismissed that concern. “None of my three were either. Half the babies in the world weren’t planned.”

Brenda remained unmoved by Vickie’s words. “That’s just the start of it. I’m having twins.”

Vickie’s smile froze on her face. “Whoa.”

“Yeah.”

“I have a cousin who had twins. She said she didn’t sleep for six months after they were born.” She paused. “Still…it’s not terrible, is it?”

Glancing left and right, making sure there were plenty of people around but not so close that they could hear what she was saying. They were in public so she felt mostly safe. Mostly. “I have a question. Um…when did Rob get a vasectomy?”

“Oh. He didn’t. I had my tubes tied after number three because…” she trailed off as realization dawned upon her.

“I’m not a hundred percent certain who the father is,” Brenda said quietly.

Vickie glared at her, and then her hand lashed out quicker than any of Jason’s floggers or canes, leaving four parallel lines on Brenda’s cheek. Silently Vickie slid out of her seat and left Brenda behind in stunned silence.

She didn’t blame Vickie for her reaction.

Two days later, after ignoring Brenda’s repeated texts and voicemails to apologize, Vickie finally responded. Does Jason know? It was a text message which was certainly not the best way to have a heart-to-heart conversation, but Vickie didn’t trust herself to actually speak civilly.

He knows I’m pregnant, yes. And he’s not stupid. I told him everything. He knows what I’ve been doing. He WATCHED it. He knows the chances.

Vickie replied I can’t believe you did this to us.

It was an accident.

Vickie could hear her pleading through the simple words. She was unmoved. Why weren’t you on some birth control? It was a blunt and honest question.

I just figured that since you never mentioned anything, it must be safe to do it unprotected with Rob. She paused a moment and sent a second message immediately. Can I call you so we can actually talk?

It was Vickie who initiated the call. “I knew I was safe,” she said without any preface. “You should have been protecting yourself.”

“I’ve always been shy about stuff like this,” Brenda blurted.

Vickie didn’t believe her. “The woman with the great state job who allows her boyfriend to beat the shit out of her is shy about talking about birth control. I call bullshit.”

“I know it’s stupid, but it’s true. I was on birth control a couple of years ago, but the hormones really messed me up so I stopped. Jason and I knew the risks, but

we decided we'd deal with the consequences. I think we were secretly hoping that maybe…but then it never happened for month after month and then we just sort of forgot. We figured kids weren't going to happen for us. And then you and Rob came along and…and now this."

"That's all fine and well, but it fucks up my life, doesn't it?"

Brenda dodged the question. "I've done a little research online. The doctor says the twins are fraternal: two sperm and two eggs—"

"I know what fraternal means!"

Brenda ignored Vickie's outburst and continued on. "And it's Jason who I have sex with the most. And maybe my body just finally got used to his semen and sperm. There's a bunch of studies on this sort of thing. Chances are, they're both Jason's."

"What are the chances, exactly?"

"Like seventy five percent they're both his."

"Huh," was Vickie's response. "Which means there's still a chance one—or both—are Rob's."

Brenda nodded and said, "That's true. But chances are—"

"Do you know how fucked up it is that you could be carrying twins from different fathers?"

Tears started to form in Brenda's eyes. She was glad Vickie wasn't in front of her; she couldn't have dealt with that humiliation. "I know, I know."

"When do we find out?"

"Find out what?" Brenda kept her voice from sobbing.

"Find out who the father, or fathers, are?"

"A test can be done now, genetic analysis and all that. But it's pretty dangerous if I want to keep the babies."

There was a long pause on the line. “And do you want to? Keep the babies?”

After another long pause she answered, “Yes.”

“Or a test can be done after birth, right?”

“Yes.”

“You want children?”

“I always thought I did, but when I couldn’t get pregnant, I figured I’d never be a mother…”

“It’s not all unicorns farting rainbows and lollipop rain showers, you know.”

“I know.”

“No, you think you know. I’m the one who actually knows.”

“Right.”

Vickie sighed. “Fuck. This really fucks things up in my life—and Rob’s!”

“I realize that. But maybe not. Maybe not yet.” Brenda paused again. “Have you told Rob yet?”

“No.”

“Do you want me to?”

“No. I want to think on this a bit more.”

She disconnected the call without saying goodbye.

Brenda didn’t blame her.

Chapter Fifteen

As usual when Brenda answered the door she was naked. Jason was home, it was early Saturday night and the couple didn't have reason to go out partying at this point in their lives. She was only mildly surprised to see Vickie and Rob at the door.

"Aren't you going to invite us in?" Vickie asked, her voice demanding to be let in.

"Of course." Vickie stepped to the side and ushered them into the apartment with a wave of her arm. She noticed that Rob barely looked at her.

"How are you feeling?" Vickie asked as they walked into the living room where Jason was on the couch watching television. He looked up, unsure as to what was going to happen.

"I'm fine," Brenda answered warily. Vickie abruptly walked over to her and reached for the red-haired woman's abdomen. She flinched back but Vickie made contact with her belly. There was a smooth layer of fat but beneath that Vickie felt an unmistakable hardness.

"Are you about three months now?"

"Yeah," Brenda said. Vickie looked at her husband and Brenda followed her gaze. "I'm sorry," she apologized.

"Remember these days?" Vickie asked her husband.

His grinned ruefully. "Seeing a naked woman pregnant, yes. But the circumstances were different."

Vickie glared at Brenda. "You're lucky my husband has apparently a deep well of bizarre kinks."

Intrigued, from his position on the couch Jason asked, "What kind of kinks, exactly?"

Rolling her eyes, Vickie said, “Apparently he’s into pregnant women.”

“You should have known that,” Rob interjected. “We had a lot of sex when you were pregnant. A lot of sex. Why do you think that was?”

“Because you’re a pervert.”

“Big tits, big ass, big tummy,” he replied.

“You make it sound like you’re into fat women.”

“Not fat, pregnant,” he corrected her.

Once more Vickie rolled her eyes. “Anyway, Rob still wants to have sex with you,” she told Brenda. “If that’s okay with the both of you,” she added, looking as Jason.

“It’s fine,” Jason said, still intrigued at what this would entail.

“Will it make things worse between us?” Brenda asked warily.

“It can’t get any worse.” Vickie’s answer was tart.

“So…what then?” Brenda asked. “Am I just supposed to bend over and let him fuck me?”

“Of course not,” Vickie said as she reached into her bag. “You need a little warm up first, don’t you?”

Jason keyed the remote to turn off the television and looked on with great interest. “Want to take this into the bedroom?” he asked.

“No. Let’s do it out here,” Vickie said. She produced from her bag what looked like two pairs of chopsticks and several elastic hairbands. “This is going to hurt.”

Brenda’s hands shot up to cover her nipples. “No, they’re really sore and sensitive right now.”

“Right,” Vickie agreed. “I want to see you in pain and crying while my husband fucks you.”

“That’s really… brutal,” Jason commented.

“Brutal, vicious, cruel, spiteful,” Vickie said, unconcerned. “If you want to make this up to me, this is what you need to do.”

“Fine,” Brenda smartly answered. “Give the sticks to Jason. He’ll put them on.”

Vickie shook her head. “Nope. I’m doing it.” She laid two of the foot long sticks parallel and wound a hair elastic around one end. She placed Brenda’s nipple between the two sticks and prepared the second elastic. “Ready?” she asked, eager to see Brenda suffer.

Brenda lifted her chin up and affected an air of pride. “Of course I’m ready.”

With a nod Vickie slipped the elastic around the opposite end of the sticks, squeezing the redhead’s nipple between them. Brenda hissed slightly in pain as the tension was increased as Vickie rolled the elastics toward the middle of the sticks. Brenda trembled as Vickie applied the natural wood clamps which pleased the older woman.

“Does it hurt?”

“A little,” Brenda admitted.

“Wow,” Jason marveled. “I’ve seen pictures of those style of clamps before, but I’ve never thought to use them on her.”

“They’re very pretty,” Vickie commented twisting the sticks a little to further torment Brenda’s nipple.

“Let me get my phone. I want to take a few pictures.”

“Certainly,” Vickie replied politely.

Brenda was forced to stand in the middle of the living room in silence while Jason hunted down his phone. The awkward and silent pause seemed to last forever. It was Brenda who broke first. She had to say something, so she asked the most banal question she could think of at the moment. “What are these, fancy chopsticks?” She indicated the two pieces of wood squeezing her nipple.

“Sort of,” Vickie replied. “They’re supposed to be modeled on chopsticks, but I’ve had them for years. They’re old hair sticks. I used to use them to hold my hair in a bun.”

Glancing at Vickie’s short and practical bob cut, Brenda asked, “How long has it been since you had long hair?”

“Since my first baby. Ten years. Long hair’s not practical with kids.”

“Right,” Brenda agreed as she looked down at her suffering nipple. It felt good —painful, but good. It was then Jason reappeared with his phone and started taking pictures. Brenda posed for a few pictures, her smile unconvincing through her pain, before Vickie took her second pair of sticks and prepared to put them on Brenda’s other breast.

“Mind if I take pictures while you work?” Jason asked.

“Go ahead,” Vickie told him as she worked. Brenda found she had to lock her hands behind her head in order to stop herself from reaching out to hold back Vickie’s assault. “Thank you,” Vickie said softly as she squeezed Brenda’s nipple into place.

“What for?”

“For knowing to keep your hands away,” Vickie said absently. She slipped on the second elastic and rolled it down the stick making Brenda hiss in pain. Vickie frowned. “I would have thought you were tougher than that,” Vickie commented. “You’ve been putting your tits on the line for years now.”

“This is new,” Brenda panted. “And my nipples are extra sensitive now because I’m pregnant.”

“Oh. Yeah,” Vickie said drily. “I almost forgot.”

Jason took a few more pictures while Vickie admired her handiwork. Brenda had already produced a few tears because of Vickie’s torture. “Do you like this?” Brenda asked.

“Like what?”

Brenda indicated her bound nipples with her chin. “Hurting me.”

A nod acknowledged Vickie’s satisfaction. “Actually, I do.”

Her admission surprised Brenda, but she knew she shouldn’t have been. “I would have thought that you liked to receive it.”

“I like both,” Vickie admitted as she reached out and adjusted the sticks pinching Brenda’s nipples. They had been slightly askew which bothered her. One was nearly vertical but the other was hanging oddly. She made Brenda stand still as she turned each pair so that they formed a nice V pointing down to her belly button. “Take a few more pictures, Jason,” Vickie said. “They look better now.” Brenda’s face showed the pain she experienced as Vickie had twisted the sticks. Tears were sliding down her cheeks now. “Very pretty,” Vickie said and wiped away her friend’s tears. She turned to Rob. “Do you want to fuck her with the clamps on or off?”

“I don’t get a choice in the matter?” Brenda piped up. She was biting the inside of her cheek, trying to distract herself from the pain in her nipples.

“Of course not.”

“Take them off,” Rob said, feeling some compassion for the woman.

“No, no,” Jason contradicted him. “Leave them on. Fuck her hard and make them come off while you fuck her.”

Brenda glared at her boyfriend. “Why?”

He leered at her. “Because I want to see it.”

Rob shrugged. “Good enough for me.” He grabbed Brenda by her elbow, pushed her over the back of the couch so that her ass was in the air. Her hands were down on the seat cushion and her breasts hung pendulously, the wooden clamps created by Vickie bouncing painfully against the couch and her arms. Rob dropped his pants, pushing down his black boxers to pull out his already hard cock.

“Need any help with that?” Vickie asked her husband.

After reaching between Brenda's legs, he shook his head. "No, she's already plenty wet."

"Apparently this agrees with you," Jason commented to his girlfriend.

"You know it does," she grunted as Rob entered her. As much as Vickie's treatment hurt her nipples, it felt that good to her pussy as Rob started fucking her.

"Fuck her hard," Vickie instructed. "Make it hurt her."

Brenda bit her tongue. She wanted to tell Rob not to fuck her too hard; already she was trying to protect her body for the lives that was growing inside her. She kept her thoughts straight and knew that nothing that Rob could do would hurt her. She needed this abuse and humiliation. It was part of her and to deny it was to live a lie in front of her lovers.

"They're not coming off," Jason commented as his girlfriend's tits shook back and forth from Rob's vigorous thrusts after a few long minutes.

"I can fix that," Vickie said, just as dissatisfied with the progress of Brenda's fucking. She reached out, grabbed both ends of one set of sticks and pulled, stretching out Brenda's breast. It was painful and the redhead let out a wail, but that didn't stop Vickie, she pulled and pulled until finally the elastic gave out and the sticks let go of Brenda's nipple as they snapped together. She cried openly now as Rob fucked her. "Did you like that?" Vickie asked, a thrilled and wicked grin on her face.

Sobbing, Brenda looked up at her friend while Rob continued to fuck her. "Yes," she admitted. Everything they were doing to her felt good.

"Should I tell him to cum right away or should I tell him to last as long as possible?" Vickie asked.

"Don't answer that," Jason told her as he watched his girlfriend get fucked. His cock was hard inside his jeans and he wanted to join in the fun, but he didn't want to interrupt the action either.

Brenda looked fearfully over at him while Rob continued thrusting hard into her. He now pressed his thumb against her anus, not entering her, but putting the

pressure there, making her feel vulnerable.

“He can come when you cum,” Vickie decided. She grabbed the other set of clamps around Brenda’s breast and rotated them which caused her nipple to twist. She screamed out her pain. “Just cum,” Vickie cooed. “Just cum and it’ll be all over.”

As much as she wanted it to be over, she also wanted the torment to last forever. It couldn’t of course, but she could resist as long as she wanted though everything happening to her was almost too much: Rob’s cock in her pussy, his thumb on her ass, the throbbing of blood rushing back to her right nipple while the left was painfully turned by Brenda, and her boyfriend looked on in approval. She noticed his cell phone in his hand; he was taking more pictures.

“Would you like a kiss?” Vickie asked softly in her ear. “Or would you like me to play with your clit?” Vickie moved her hand down toward where Brenda and Rob’s bodies were joined as she moved her lips over Brenda’s cheek to a kiss.

Neither Vickie’s fingers nor lips reached their target before Brenda met her moment of crisis. She came with a screaming cry. When Vickie realized what was happening she yanked off the other set of nipple clamps causing a final thrill of pain to arc through Brenda’s body. As she fought off the pain, reveling in it, Brenda said, “This doesn’t solve anything, does it?”

Vickie answered, “No, it doesn’t. But it makes me feel better.” Inside her shirt she felt a wetness spreading. Her milk was leaking. Quickly and efficiently removing her top Vickie pulled Brenda down to the couch and joined her friend, offering up her breast. “Drink, I’m full and leaking. Fix that for me.”

Brenda did as Vickie asked, putting her head in her friend’s lap, taking her nipple in her mouth, and sucked, tasting her sweet milk and savoring the rich fluid as she drank it down. Vickie leaned back and relaxed.

“I want to fuck you,” Jason told her with his hand down his pants, rubbing his cock.

“Not right now,” she said dreamily.

“Suck his cock,” Rob told her as he wiped away Brenda’s pussy juice from his own cock.

“I don’t want to.”

“I don’t care. I want to see it.”

She sighed. “Fine.”

Jason pulled out his cock and presented it Vickie. She opened her lips and didn’t so much perform fellatio on him as let him fuck her mouth. He didn’t last long, much to Vickie’s satisfaction. When he came he pumped his semen into her mouth in three spurts, and then pulled free. He had two smaller spurts remaining in him; one landed on Vickie’s neck, the other on Brenda’s cheek as she continued to nurse.

After Jason withdrew Rob plopped down on the couch next to his wife. He wiped Jason’s cum off Brenda’s cheek and offered the bit of sticky liquid to his wife. “What are we going to do after this?” he asked her.

She licked up the cum from Rob’s fingers and sighed. “I don’t know. I don’t know.”

Chapter Sixteen

“I’m leaking,” Brenda admitted to Vickie when she admitted her friend to the apartment.

“I don’t think I’ve ever seen you in a bra before,” Vickie said as she looked Brenda over. The bra was nice enough, pure white with some lace overlay, but with the obvious sign of thick nursing pads beneath the material. Other than the bra, Brenda was naked as usual. The real difference in Brenda was her bulging belly. She wasn’t huge, not yet. But she was growing, steadily and quickly. Vickie couldn’t help but rub the other woman’s belly. “I remember these days. Does Jason know you’re wearing a bra?”

Brenda sniffed. “He’s the one who ordered me to. He was tired of me dripping milk everywhere.”

“Well take it off,” she said. “I want to taste you.”

With a grin Brenda did as she was bid. “How are you doing with your milk?” she asked conversationally as Vickie reached out and inspected her breasts, running her hands over their fullness, examining the changes, the swelling.

“Rob nurses me every night. I don’t think I’ve ever been so full.” After her brief inspection of Brenda’s tits, Vickie took her by the hand and led her back to the bedroom. “The boys won’t be back until late, it depends on how terrible the ValleyCats are playing tonight.”

“I’m surprised they’re getting along so well,” Brenda commented. “You know, with my situation and all.”

Vickie shrugged. “In Rob’s mind the babies are yours and Jason’s. Doesn’t matter the truth. They’re yours.”

“And what do you think?” Brenda asked as Vickie pushed her down to the bed and joined her. The sheets smelled vaguely of both Brenda and Jason. Vickie liked that, she liked doing something wrong.

“I’m still pissed. This is going to be your problem.”

“And yet you’re taking me to bed,” Brenda said as Vickie caressed her tits.

“I have needs,” Vickie told her right before pinching her nipple as hard as she could between forefinger and thumb.

“Fuck! That hurt!”

“It was supposed to.” She didn’t let go but lessened the pressure as she lowered her head to Brenda’s other breast were she started nursing gently.

“Oh, okay, that’s better.”

In response Vickie bit down on the nipple.

“Shit!” Brenda nearly screamed at the pain as she pushed Vickie away; the dark-haired woman’s teeth raked across the nipple. “Why’d you do that?”

“You have to ask? I’m still pissed at you.”

“Still?”

“Until I know that both of those kids,” she pointed to Brenda’s enlarged abdomen, “are Jason’s and not Rob’s, I’m going to be pissed.”

“But yet you’ll take me to bed?”

“I have needs,” Vickie told her, pushing her hand between the pregnant woman’s legs, feeling her pussy. She pulled Brenda’s mouth to her breast. She did have needs. Vickie needed Brenda to empty her heavy breasts. “Oh, that’s nice,” she declared as her milk let down. “You know what you’re doing.” Vickie pulled her hand away from Brenda’s pussy and tasted her fingers.

“Is this a good idea?” Brenda asked, taking a break from nursing, but still nuzzling her friend’s breast.

“It’s an excellent idea,” Vickie said, encouraging Brenda to resume nursing. “Breast milk is the best milk for babies.”

“They aren’t born yet.”

“Still good for them.”

“But all the hormones…”

“Have made you beautiful and your belly is growing perfectly.” She caressed Brenda’s belly and then dipped down into her pussy. “I remember being like this. Are you horny all the time?”

“Yes.”

“Isn’t that the best?”

“Yes.”

The two women laughed and then quieted. It was hard to laugh and make love at the same time. Their plan was to have sex and remain in bed until their men came for them. What men wouldn’t be pleased to find their partners naked in bed, euphoric from sex play and ready for more?

Vickie and Brenda were always ready for more.

Chapter Seventeen

With supreme confidence Rob pulled back his hand and brought the lash down as hard as he dared across his wife's chest. Immediately Vickie's skin blushed a beautiful pink. Rob paused in his torment of Vickie's bare breasts to take a picture. She endured the treatment in silence, her hands folded behind her back, a small smile across her face. With a glance down she confirmed she could see where all the individual falls from the lash had marked her skin. They would shortly be blended together in one large red mark covering her torso.

Rob slapped her chest again with the leather falls and took another picture.

"Are you going to stop between each slap?" she asked him, slightly irritated. Her breasts were full and she needed her milk to be released, but Rob wasn't hurrying at all. He had promised her a good beating and only then relief from her swollen tits.

"I promised your followers that I'd fully document one session with the lash," he told her as he slapped her body again.

This time Vickie felt it. She didn't let Rob know that, of course. "Great. Thanks a lot for hacking into my Tumblr and lying to my followers. You're just jealous I have more followers than you."

Her charge was true. Even Vickie was surprise she had over a thousand followers now. It wasn't that surprising, Rob told her. Men were always eager to see new pictures of naked women. His blog was little more than reblogged pictures and posts from others. Vickie's was full of her tits, ass, and pussy, all on display for every casual viewer. She liked that thought. It kept her pussy moist at night.

"It's not hacking," he told her. "Hacking implies the use of software to gain access to secured information. I merely guessed your password and then used your blog for my own amusement. Maybe you shouldn't use the same password for absolutely everything."

“Thanks for the advice,” she wised off. Rob slapped her tits again. She inhaled sharply and looked down at her bare tits. She was standing against the bedroom wall, hands behind her back, palms pressed to the wallboard. It was a pose she had affected many times lately and she enjoyed doing it. Vickie would be forever grateful to Brenda for showing her how strong she could be. Amid the redness spreading across her skin, Vickie noted the tiny beads of milk forming on the tips of her nipples. “I’m letting down.”

“So I see.” Rob nodded. “The lash is going to hurt more when the falls are wet.”

“I know. Don’t stop.” He smacked her again with the lash. “Fuck, okay, I felt that.”

“Good.” He paused and took another picture. “I hate to lose your milk like this.”

“It’ll stop,” she said. “Just keep whipping me.”

He nodded but paused when he raised up his arm again. “Wait. I have a better idea.” Rob went to the drawer of the dresser where they hid their toys.

She knew what he was planning and said no. “That’s a bad idea.”

“No, it’s a great idea,” he grinned at her. “The falls won’t pull the clamps off. It’ll be fine.”

“No,” she protested one more time but didn’t move from the wall nor did she pull her hands from behind her back.

“Hold still,” he said. “This won’t hurt a bit.”

“Liar.”

The clover clamps went on easily. Rob had a practiced hand at it now. He adjusted the tension slightly so they firmly gripped her nipples and pulled down on her tits just a bit. It was the chain that was the heaviest part of the setup. When he bought the clamps for her Rob had opted for the heavier chain, telling Vickie she needed the extra weight to make sure she could truly feel the power of the clamps.

“There,” he said, stepping back and admiring his handiwork. He took another

picture before laying down another swat on her chest. “See, they won’t come off. And look, you’ve stopped leaking.”

“Thanks for pointing out the obvious,” she mouthed off again.

He frowned. “I thought we talked about you being polite when I gave you your treatments.” That’s what he called them, her treatments.

“Hey. This is an adult nursing relationship,” she told him. “I’m not your submissive plaything or slave.”

“Then why are you naked with your nipples clamped?” Rob asked. “I’m still dressed.”

“You’re wearing pajama pants and a t-shirt.”

“It’s more than you’re wearing. New rule: you’re polite when you’re getting your treatments.”

“Or what?” Vickie shot back.

In response Rob swatted at Vickie again, but this time he didn’t raise his arm, he lowered it. The swat was an uppercut and caught her between the legs. The falls heated up her pussy and she jumped in reaction to the unexpected blow. “Did you like that?”

To her surprise, Vickie realized that her pussy didn’t really hurt. There was a slight sting, but she had suffered—and enjoyed—worse. “Kind of. Do it again.”

He swatted her between the legs again and she didn’t flinch again. The pain flashed again, but it was the enjoyable pain she was always chasing after now.

Rob took a picture of her cunt. She leaned back against the wall and opened up her legs a bit, showing off a bit. It wasn’t a graphic display, but it was blatant enough.

“You’re not going to put that on my blog, are you?”

He just grinned at her. “What do you think?” Reaching out Rob released one of the clover clamps allowing her milk to flow. She hissed at the sudden release.

The phone never left his hand as he took a series of pictures of the milk forming on her nipples, flowing together as one large drop, and the sliding down the underslope of her breast to drip on the carpet.

“Are you done?” she asked him. “Because if you are, you either need to use your mouth or the lash on me.” He put the clamp back on her nipple and she grunted in wonder. “Didn’t expect that.”

“You aren’t red enough yet,” Rob said and continued with his whipping of her.

There were more pauses and more pictures. Vickie endured. She was just waiting until Rob was done. Then he’d take off the clamps, her blood would flow back along with her milk. He would nurse from her and the milk would fill his belly.

When the whipping was over, he did just that. The clamps went away. He drained her milk and they had sex. And when that was over she cuddled up to him, ready to drift off to sleep.

“I’m half scared and half excited about those pictures,” she said softly. Over the past few months she had posted many pictures of herself—and her together with Brenda—on the blog, but none as explicit as these.

“If you don’t want them up there, I won’t post them.”

She shook her head. “No, it’s fine. A little fear is good. It’s a thrill ride, exciting and scary at the same time.”

“We haven’t seen much of Brenda and Jason lately. Well, I’ve seen a lot of Brenda, but just on her blog.” He grinned in the darkness.

“Those are old pics,” she said. “I only get a text or two a week from her. The twins are killing her, or so she claims.”

“Exaggeration.”

“Exactly.”

“She’s breast feeding?”

“Of course.”

“How long is she going to keep that up?”

“As long as she can, so she says.”

Rob didn’t reply right away, but Vickie could tell from his breathing that he hadn’t fallen asleep. “What are you thinking?” she asked him.

“Do you really want to know the truth?”

“Just your asking that makes me nervous.”

“Well?”

She sighed. “Okay, tell me what you’re thinking about.”

“I’m thinking about Brenda’s tits. And I’m wondering when she stops breastfeeding her kids if Jason will keep her milk flowing.”

“Why? Aren’t these tits good enough for you?” Vickie asked, lifting up her still red tits a bit. “They’re still perky and full of milk.”

“There’s nothing wrong with a little variety.”

“Don’t depend on it,” she told him. “It’s going to be a long while before she’s ready for sex or anything crazy.”

“I know. I’m patient.”

Vickie, however, wasn’t patient. She gave Brenda her space. But she had needs. And, of course, Jason had his needs as well. Inviting him over to the house when the kids were gone and Rob was at work took some arranging, but it wasn’t an impossible task. When she opened the door after he rang the bell, she was already naked for him.

He grinned in approval. “I approve.”

“I thought you would. Did you bring what I requested?”

Jason held up his bag. “Yes. Is Rob going to know?”

“Eventually, yes. But I wanted to do this in secret, first.”

“He’s going to figure it out when he realizes your tits don’t have any milk tonight.”

“He’s going to figure it out when he sees the stripes you’ve left me.” She grinned up at him and gently lifted up her tits just a bit.

“You like cheating on your husband?”

“He knows you and I have had sex before.”

“Yeah, but he was there every time watching, and sometimes fucking Brenda while he watched. This is different.”

“My life, my risks, my rewards.” She looked down at his bag and plucked the cane from it. “Come on. We don’t have that much time before you have to leave. Are you going to give me what I want?”

With a shrug, Jason took the cane and pushed Brenda to her bedroom. “If that’s what you want.”

“It’s what I want. It’s what I need.”

The first swat hurt the most. After that, every blow from the cane was one of pure pleasure. At first she just bent over the footboard to the bed and he lowered the cane across her ass several times, but they both knew that wasn’t the real show. After a few swats left her with a set of lines across her ass, Vickie stood up and turned around. “On my tits,” she requested. “That’s what I want.”

“I’ve got something new for you,” Jason told her.

Vickie’s eyes lighted up. “Something you’ve used on Brenda before?”

“No.”

“Let’s see it then.” What Jason produced looked like a pair of tiny suction cups. “I don’t get it.”

Jason primed the device and grabbed one of Vickie’s tits. “Snake bites,” he told

her attaching the little cup to her nipple.

It pinched a bit going on, but it wasn't anything that Vickie couldn't endure. "The drink or the poison?"

"They're called snake bites," he said as he adjusted the first one and moved on to the second. "They're based on the tools you find in snake bite treatment kits. Little suction cups to remove the poison. Only these aren't designed to remove poison. They're designed to torment bad girls with naughty nipples." He attached the second one and she felt a little sting as it went on, but quickly became acclimated.

Looking down to inspect the small devices, Vickie was surprised to see that they weren't filling up with her milk. She asked about that.

"I did my research. It can be a risk for some women who are lactating, but you're used to a mouth making your milk flow. This is just a little stimulation to keep you on edge." He tugged a little on the snake bites and they held firm. Vickie was pleased with the way the sensation was telegraphed through her body. Nodding in approval, Jason picked up his cane and told Vickie to put her hands behind her neck.

"Should I trust your aim?" she asked as she assumed the position he liked.

"No."

She just grinned at him and waited for the sting of the cane. It came over her again and again. She jumped and gasped with each strong stroke, but she didn't give in and cry. She considered herself better than Brenda in this regard. She wasn't a weak woman who gave in to a little pain. Though she and Brenda both enjoyed the sting of pain, Vickie considered herself much stronger than the redhead.

Abruptly stopping Jason blurted out, "God you're beautiful."

"Thank you."

Jason placed his hand on her cheek and pulled her face to his, giving her an intimate kiss. Between husband and wife it wouldn't have been notable. Between lovers it would have meant nothing—if Jason had been kissing her in front of her

husband and Brenda, but they were alone. Vickie felt her knees go a little weak. Her sudden jolt of weakness had nothing to do with the snake bites on her nipples or the pain her ass and tits and just received. The kiss was too intimate.

“Get on your knees and suck me off,” Jason ordered, pushing her down.

Vickie was relieved to have orders to follow. She didn’t have to stop to examine her feelings. She just had to please her lover. Jason pulled out his cock and she eagerly fell upon it, sucking the length of it deeply into her mouth, tasting the salty precum, savoring the musk of his manly scent filling her nostrils. He was already half-erect when she started fellating him. Jason was used to her mouth and her technique. In short order he was fully erect and ready to use her.

Abruptly Jason spun her around on her knees, pushed her down so that her hands were on the carpet. A moment later he was kneeling behind her, shoving his cock deep into her pussy, and was fucking her, using her. There was no love between them. There was love of their shared kink, their willingness to be used physically and emotionally. They needed each other to drain their desires.

When Jason came it was a relief to them both. His need was sated and she could continue on. She liked the way he pulled out and wiped his cock on her ass.

“Get on the bed,” he told her.

“Why?” She glanced down at her tits and saw her pale brown nipples were starting to turn purple from the snake bites.

Jason grabbed one of the toys and released the pressure. To Vickie’s alarm her nipple spouted off a little spray of her milk. Instantly Jason fixed his mouth over the spray, drinking it down. He sucked on her sore little nipple a minute and then answered. “I’m not leaving Rob any milk for tonight.”

Vickie touched herself between the legs while Jason sucked on her. She made herself cum three times while he emptied her milk. She wasn’t sure why this pleased her. Maybe it was because she knew it would annoy Rob.

“They’re empty,” Jason pointed out by poking her slightly in the breast. There was no tension underneath the skin. He was right. She was completely empty. He had left nothing for Rob.

“Thanks for pointing out the obvious.”

“I betcha Rob is pissed at you,” he said as he started pulling his clothes back on.

She gave him a doleful glare. “He’s going to be pissed off at you. I’m going to tell him what you did.”

“What? Fucked his wife and drank all her milk? He’ll probably beat off in front of you while you tell him the story.”

Knowing what he was saying was probably true caused Vickie to switch the subject. “How are you doing with Brenda and the twins?”

Jason sighed and flopped back on the bed. “It’s exhausting.”

“I told you. I’m surprised she let you out of the house to come over here and play with me.”

The pause before he replied was too long. Vickie knew something was up. “Yeah. She’s generous that way.”

“She doesn’t know you’re here, does she?”

“No.”

Vickie wiped a stray hair from in front of her face and shook her head. “When was the last time you two had the chance to play?”

“Before the twins were born.”

“I warned you, didn’t I?”

“Yeah…”

“You’re going to catch hell for this,” she informed him.

“Probably…if she finds out.”

“Brenda’s going to find out,” Vickie informed him levelly. “Because you’re going to tell her. And if you don’t, I’ll tell her. I’ll give you a day, but nothing more than that.”

“And if I don’t?” Jason questioned her as he finished dressing.

“Then you won’t get to play with me for a long, long time.”

“That’s a punishment.”

“I know.”

“I miss being able to abuse her tits,” he said. His voice was flat, almost without affect. “She’s got a kid hanging from her almost every minute of the day and night it seems. She doesn’t want to be pinched or caned because she says they hurt too much all the time.”

“It’ll end. I promise.”

“Sure, sure.” Jason dug his shoes out from under the bed where they were half-hidden.

“I’ll make you another promise too.”

“What?”

“Endure this. There’s pain in everyone’s life. This is your pain to endure. Once you get through it we’ll get back to normal. You can have Brenda’s tits again. And mine.” She lifted up her slightly deflated boobs for him to inspect. “Don’t forget your cane. I promise you, you’ll get to use it on me and Brenda again.”

“I hope so.”

After he left Vickie got dressed carefully. It had been a while since she had worn a bra after getting her breasts properly abused. It wasn’t really painful, but if she moved too quickly she was immediately reminded of her mistake.

When Rob arrived home she told him exactly what she and Jason had been up to during the afternoon. They were very good at hiding adult secrets from their kids —not that their children had any real interest in their parents’ private affairs. He made her lift up her shirt and bra in the kitchen so he could give her a quick inspection.

“Slut,” he said with a grin.

She ignored his half insult/half compliment and pulled her clothing back into place before the kids out in the living room could sense anything was amiss. “Jealous,” she shot back at him. “They’re empty, by the way. No milk for you tonight.”

His grin didn’t waver. “I’ve been known to get a little extra out of you when I really wanted it. I’m thinking I’ll need a midnight snack.”

“Don’t count on it,” she told him as she turned back to the stove where she was tending to dinner.

Rob approached her from behind, carefully wrapped his hands around her covered breasts and kissed the side of her neck. “How’d I get so lucky to wind up with you?” he asked her.

“Don’t know. Instead of winning a million dollars in the lottery you got me. There’s your lucky exchange.”

He kissed the other side of her neck. “Are we strange or is the world around us too normal?”

“No, we’re not strange. Everyone in this world is equally weird. We just don’t know their secrets. You know how every few months you hear about some conservative preacher getting busted for hiring a prostitute or a right wing politician getting caught up in some gay love triangle? They aren’t unusual either. They’re hypocrites to be sure, but they aren’t strange. We all have a little strangeness in our lives, some of us just hide it better than others. And for the most part, the world doesn’t care if you have a strange sexual kink.”

“I care,” Rob insisted.

“I know you do, honey. I know you do.”

D.P.

Robert “Bert” “Rob” Selffe Blog: DirtyBert

Victoria “Vickie” “Vix” Selffe, jet-black hair with some gray, prominent light

brown nipples, wanted her deflated tits to grow. Blog: Innocent Vixen

Brenda – small pink nipples, full breasts, short dark red hair – hated them in high school, loves them now. Blog: Bread-N-Redd

Jason- Brenda’s boyfriend, shaved bald head and pubes. Blog: NDArgonaut

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he works and writes, not always at the same time. He has a degree in English Literature and his professors would be appalled at the shoddy construction of his characters and plots for his ebook erotica. His free time is spent with his wife and children, repairing a one hundred year old house, and herding the family's three cats.

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