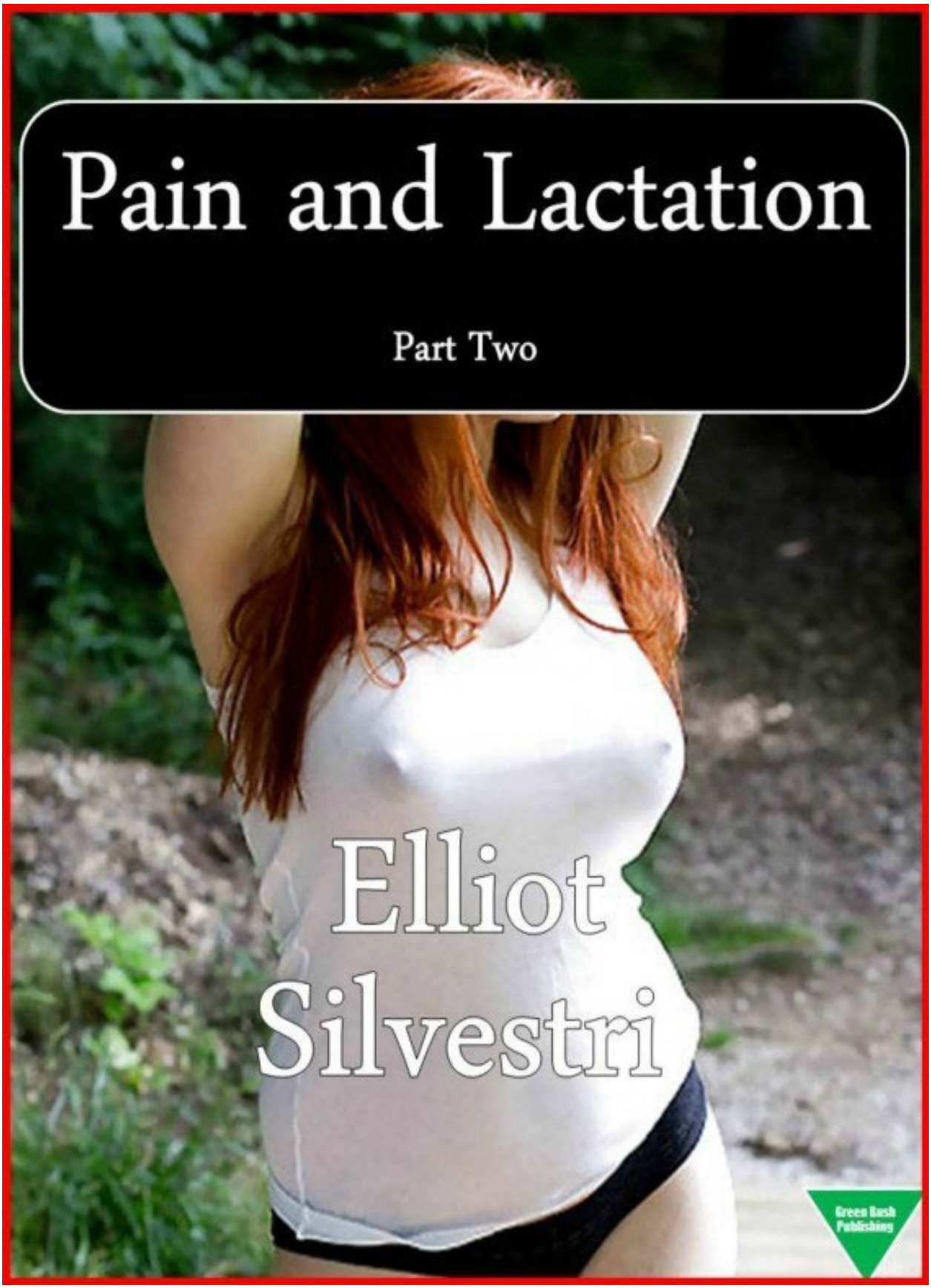
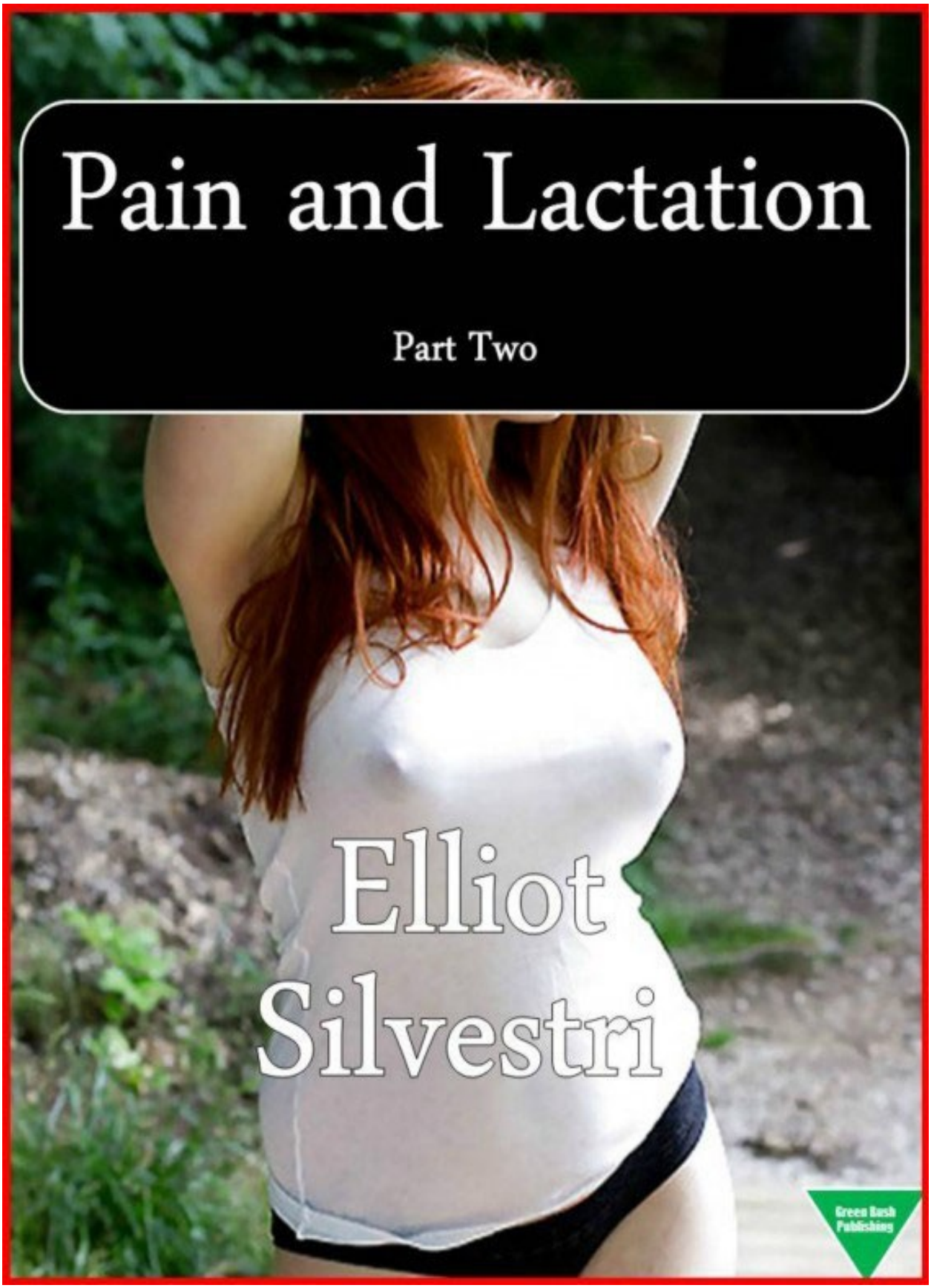

Pain and Lactation
Part Two
Elliot Silvestri
Green Bush Publishing


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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Part Two

Chapter Seven

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You sure?"

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

come out sounding too much like “no.”

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

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

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

“Stop.”

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

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

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

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

“Don’t stop,” he said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Brenda.

Vickie went to sleep happy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yeah. That's the one."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

confidence.

“How’s that working out?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yeah…”

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

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

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

“Otherwise I’ll lose my nerve.”

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

“No, but I want to do it.”

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

Chapter Eight

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Naked?"

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

Vickie just nodded.

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

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

"Aren't we going to…?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Not at all," Vickie lied.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

breasts a couple times and then dropped them.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Three years now."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Vix," she said boldly.

"And one for Vix," he said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Why?”

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

“Oh.”

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

“Ready?” Jason asked.

“Always.”

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

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

“A few more for each?” Jason asked.

“Yes.”

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

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

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

Jason turned to her. "Are you ready?"

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

"Take off your shirt," Brenda said quietly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“It hasn’t come in yet.”

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

“Don’t worry about it.”

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

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

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

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

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

“I want to stop,” she unexpectedly blubbered.

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

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

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

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

But it still hurt.

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

“Good?” Brenda asked.

“No.” Vickie shook her head.

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

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

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

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

“It hurts,” she whined.

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

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

“No,” she breathed. “Don’t.”

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

so much more intense."

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

"Do it," she said softly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Vickie nodded.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I met up with Brenda, like I said.”

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

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

His eyebrows went up. “Is it bad?”

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

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

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

“Yes. Of course.”

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

“I’m not sure I want them.”

“Why not. Are you still in pain?”

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

“A good pain?”

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

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

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

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

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

Rob double blinked. “Ever?”

“Only when they have guests over.”

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

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

“What did you said,” he grinned.

“Yes.”

“That’s hot.”

“Very mature of you.”

“Thanks.”

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

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

“He paddled her tits.”

“What? Wow.”

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

“Holy shit. Did it hurt her?”

“I’d say yes. She was crying.”

“What?”

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

“Okay…”

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

redness.

“Oh my god. Did it—?”

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

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

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

“Wow.”

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

Rob was clearly stunned. “What?”

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

“And you didn’t stop her?”

“I wanted her to do it.”

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

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

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

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

“Holy fucking shit.”

“It was hot.”

“And I missed it.”

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

“Take them off for a while.”

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

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

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

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

“Thank you. You’re very understanding.”

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

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

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

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

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

it?”

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

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

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

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

He looked up at her. “Really?”

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

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

Chapter Nine

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

worried about Rob's reactions.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Naked? Right away?”

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

“Entertaining guests,” he repeated thoughtfully.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Nipple clamps."

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

Jason leered at her. "I would."

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

"Nipple clamps?" Rob asked, intrigued.

"You want to see them?" Jason offered.

"Yeah!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Plans change."

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

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

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

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

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

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

“They already know.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Oh.”

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

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

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

“You can wait,” Vickie informed him.

Rob play-pouted in response.

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

“How much can they hurt?” Rob asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Shut up. You love it."

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

"Yes," Brenda replied through gritted teeth.

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

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

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

"Yes," Rob said.

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

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

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

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

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

“You dressed for the occasion,” noted Brenda.

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

“Good idea.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Comfortable?” Jason asked.

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

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

“That’s better,” she said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

details of the couple's private life.

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

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

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

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

"So…can I?"

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

"Wouldn't have it any other way."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Should we…?” Rob asked.

Jason shook his head. “No. Wait.”

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

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

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

“Do you want me to stop?”

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

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

“Thank you,” Vickie giggled.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Of course!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jason nodded. “It’s true, I do.”

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

Brenda nodded. Jason snickered.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Are you sure you can withstand it?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

“You’re beautiful.”

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

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

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

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

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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