

Masochist Mansion

Crimson Rose

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Stopping at the heavily reinforced closed wooden gate, William looked from his girlfriend in the passenger seat to the intercom on his left before speaking the phrase that would let them in. "Pride invites pain." No sooner were the words out of his mouth than the gate slid nearly soundlessly open allowing him to drive that much closer to an evening that – for better or worse, would irrevocably change the course of their lives. Suddenly feeling the weight of the chastity cage that had kept his genitals off limits for the last two months, he shifted uneasily in his seat. "This better be the best fucking party in the history of parties."

"Trust me, babe, neither of us will forget this weekend for as long as we live," Stephanie replied. Just remember, once inside we're free to use and be used by everyone else but each other. I couldn't help but notice the way you're shifting uncomfortably. Believe me, I want out of chastity every bit as much as you do so hurry up and park so we can get inside."

"Yes Ma'am." And with that, William pulled into the first available spot to the right of the driveway and immediately began stripping while his girlfriend did the same. Once down to just the chastity devices they wore – him a cage, and she a belt and shields over her pierced nipples, they hot out and quickly made their way to the front door which opened before either of them had a chance to knock.

"Names?" a tall, busty naked brunette holding an iPad asked.

"William Hayes and Stephanie Cummings," Stephanie answered.

Quickly accessing the tablet, the woman found the couple and matched the photos on file to the man and woman now standing in front of her. "Is all the information submitted correct?"

"Yes Ma'am," William answered.

"Yes Ma'am," Stephanie confirmed.

"And you agree to obey each and every rule to the letter?"

"Yes Ma'am," the couple said in unison.

Reaching off to the side, the woman put on a heavy leather glove, withdrew a short metal rod from a ceramic-lined container, and then without warning pressed it against Stephanie's right breast just above the shielded areola causing her to inhale sharply as the freezing cold shot through her now trembling body.

"W-What are you doing?"

"Branding you like the rest of the guest now hold still or you'll be disciplined," the woman explained.

"T-This... this wasn't in the rules!"

"Of course it is. All guests agree to being free use without limits or inhibitions of any kind for the duration of the party. On the bright side, cryogenic branding doesn't break the skin so you're free to jump right into the party without fear of it becoming infected," the woman said as she pulled the branding iron away revealing the words FREE USE FUCKSLAVE now permanently frozen into Stephanie's flesh. Putting it back in the container, she withdrew another which she then used to brand William's right breast.

"I... this is... I'm not a fuckslave!" Stephanie stammered. "I'm the dominant one in our relationship!"

"That may be so, but here all guests are fuckslaves."

"I don't see a brand on your tit!"

"Because I'm not a guest. I'm Mistress Marina and this is my house and my party. That being said, I'll tell you one time and one time only to check the attitude at the door."

“Y-Yes Mistress,” a now blushing Stephanie replied.

Pulling the cold metal from William’s chiseled chest, Mistress Marina smiled. “Welcome to the Masochist Mansion and the seventh annual Painful Pleasures Party,” she said, stepping aside to let the latest arrivals inside.

“Thank you, Mistress,” William said as he motioned for his dominant girlfriend to enter first. Following close behind, he pulled the door shut as his eyes went to the other naked guests engaged in everything from kissing and groping to full-on gang bangs, canings and even one man being fisted up his ass by a petite blonde woman wearing long black latex gloves.

“Holy hell!” William gasped as he watched the woman’s arm disappear to the elbow up the man’s obviously well-used backside. “How is that even possible?”

“Lots and lots of practice,” Mistress Marina answered. “The party extends to every room of the mansion so feel free to explore to your heart’s content and don’t be afraid to experiment with things far outside of your comfort zone.”

“Thank you, Mistress. So, just to be clear, everyone here is free to use by everyone else, but we’re not permitted to play with our own partners?” Stephanie asked.

“That is correct.”

Smiling, Stephanie put the thick leather glove on and then withdrew the metal rod from the container she watched Marina place it back into, and then pressed it into the Mistress’ right breast. “Grinning wider, she stared the dominant woman in the eyes as the freezing cold metal did it’s job. “Just making sure everyone knows you’re on the menu.”

“STEPHANIE!” a shocked William exclaimed.

“It’s okay,” Mistress Marina calmly stated. “She’s right. I am on the menu and pulling away or disciplining her for would make me the biggest hypocrite in the world.”

Cock growing uncomfortably in its cage; William finally took the contraption off and instantly grew to his full nine inches. Stepping behind the stunning host, he grabbed her by the hips, and then pulled her back onto his throbbing manhood. “Oh sweet fucking Jesus it feels good to be in a pussy again!” he explained while thrusting in and out of her tight womanhood. “I sincerely hope you’re not on birth control because you’re about to get two months of pent-up baby batter, Mistress!” Looking up at his girlfriend even as he pumped his seed into their Marina, William smirked. “Sorry, babe, but since we’re not allowed to touch each other for the whole weekend I’ve got to give it to someone and who better than our gracious host?”

“Enjoy breeding her, babe,” Stephanie said as she pulled the branding iron away. “I’ll be mingling with the other guests seeing what sorts of perversions I can get myself into.”

“Have fun. Sorry, Mistress, I’m far from a minute man, but after two months in chastity I couldn’t hold back.”

“I’m sure you’ll have another chance to prove yourself later,” Marina said as she slowly slid off of William’s still hard cock.

“Why not prove it right now, Mistress?” William said as he pulled the busty brunette back. Grabbing her by the hair, he slammed into her hard and fast for several seconds before guiding her onto all fours. Seeing her asshole quickly winking open, he spit on it before shoving three fingers in. “How much can you take in your ass, Mistress?”

“A fist, but only if you use plenty of lube,” Marina said as she pointed to her right.

Eyes following the host’s finger, William saw the bottles of lube but did not want to pull out for fear of someone else taking his place. “Perhaps you’ll have a chance to prove it later, Mistress.”

“W-Why not... uhn... uhn... no time like the present, fuckslave!” Marina grunted between hard thrusts.

“Honestly? I don’t want to pull out, Mistress.”

“I don’t blame you, fuckslave, but if you want to fist me then grab the lube and fucking do it!”

Immediately pulling out of Marina’s tightly clenching womanhood, William quickly grabbed a bottle of lube and then rammed right back into her. Generously coating her ass and his hands, he scrunched his fingers together just as he did when fisting his girlfriend, and then with minimal pressure his entire hand was enveloped. “Fucking hell that’s hot!”

“Glad you like it, fuckslave because when you’re finished with me I’m going to utterly wreck your ass!”

“I’ve never taken anything up my ass before, Mistress, but given the rules I agreed to follow I won’t argue.”

“Good boy. Now fuck me silly and don’t you dare come again until I do.”

“Yes Mistress.”

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Leaving her boyfriend with their host, Stephanie wandered throughout the house looking for something to pique her perverse interests when something, or rather someone found her instead. Going down one of the mansion’s many hallways, she had just turned to the left when she ran into a group of four naked women covered head to toe in wicked welts and bruises from the very canes and cat ‘o nines they carried. “Apologies ladies,” Stephanie said as she stepped aside to let them pass. A beat later and she felt a stinging pain in her back as the hardened leather tips of a cat ‘o nine bit hard into flesh. “Ghaahhggghhhh! Fucking hell that hurt!” she wailed as she turned to face the women

“Good to know you’re not a masochist like us,” a blonde said as she gave Stephanie’s breasts a swat of the cane causing a long red welt to almost instantly raise. “Let’s take her to the room and have some fun!”

Before she could collect her thoughts enough to protest – not that it would’ve done her any good, Stephanie was grabbed by the left arm and practically dragged down the hallway and into a large room straight out of a medieval horror movie complete with rack, iron chair and maiden, sawhorse, and dozens of smaller yet no less painful devices such as thumbscrews and the infamous pear of anguish. Heart racing in her chest so hard she felt it in her toes, she looked back at the closing door while resigning herself to whatever fate the women had in store for her. “I know it’ll probably only make matters worse for me, but I’ve never done anything like this in my life and genuinely have a very low pain threshold so can you please work me up to the more agonizing stuff?”

“Don’t you worry your pretty little head off,” a woman with long, jet-black hair and piercing blue eyes said. “I’m Gina. And you are?”

“S-Stephanie.”

“I’m Bianca,” the blonde introduced herself. “And these are our friends Heather and Paige,” she added, motioning to the brunette and redhead respectively. “And we’re the rare blend of sado-masochist that loves inflicting and receiving pain equally.”

Grabbing a bamboo cane from a hook on the wall to her right, Stephanie swung and made contact with Bianca’s breasts. “Good to know. Not that I’m a sadist or anything, but when it comes to pain I’d rather give than receive.”

“By the time we’re done your wires will be so crossed you’ll spend the rest of your life registering pain as pleasure to the point you just might have spontaneous orgasms every time you stub a toe,” Gina said as she yanked the cane from Stephanie’s hand and then proceeded to go to town on her breasts and belly.

“Be honest, fuckslave, what’s the largest you can take in your holes?”

“A f-fist.” Stephanie wailed as Gina delivered one agonizing swat after another. “My... m-my boyfriend... he’s been fisting me for nearly a year.”

“How old are you, fuckslave?” Heather asked as she grabbed a pair of long black nitrile gloves from a shelf.

“N-Nineteen.”

“And already well on your way to becoming a well-used fuckslave,” Paige said as she grabbed a bottle of lube and two pears from a shelf. “Head down, ass up.”

“I want to see how much she can take on the sawhorse so for now only stuff her ass,” Gina commanded.

Eyes going to the sturdy wooden sawhorse with a triangular top bar designed to dig deep into the victim’s genitals, Stephanie gulped hard as she got on the floor with head down, ass raised, and legs spread to give the four women easy access to her nether region. Lube hitting her asshole causing her to instinctively clench and bite into her lower lip, she nevertheless remained silent and in position as the cold metal of the pear pressed against her tightly puckered hole. Even after relaxing to make penetration easier, it still felt as if she was being fisted right off the bat. The largest part of the torture device inserted, it was then slowly screwed open until she screeched in agony.

“Nothing hotter than a hugely gaping asshole!” Paige exclaimed.

“Time to see what sort of punishment that useless cunt of yours can take so crawl to the sawhorse and then straddle it,” Gina commanded.

Grabbing and lubing the second pear, Stephanie crawled across the room, but instead of going to the sawhorse, she went behind the raven-haired beauty and promptly shoved the torture device up her tormentor’s ass before quickly expanding it. “If the four of you are going to torture me, then I’m sure as hell going to give as well as I receive,” she said as she watched Gina’s asshole stretching wider and wider with every turn of the screw. “Of course, you can always use the safeword, but where’s the fun in that?” she asked as she crawled to the sawhorse, stood, and then straddled the piece of equipment. No sooner was she in place, then she felt the cold metal lining the top peak painfully biting into her womanhood.

Flipping up and locking pegs into place on either side, Bianca gave Stephanie a wicked smirk. “Lean forward and hold onto the pegs for balance,” she instructed as she gently raised Stephanie’s right leg to secure it in place.

Grabbing the pegs, and no longer able to use her legs for support, Stephanie felt the metal top of the sawhorse biting even harder into her womanhood causing her to let out a low, guttural groan as her left leg was strapped to the side of the device. Then came the needles. Seven on each side loaded up with tiny teardrop shaped weights pulling her inner labia down further than she thought possible.

“Enjoying yourself, fuckslave?” Bianca asked as she unceremoniously pushed a thick needle through Stephanie’s left nipple.

“N-No! I... uuhhnn... I’ve never... oh God, this hurts!”

“You can always use the safeword, but where’s the fun in that?” Bianca mocked the bound woman as she pierced her right nipple. Then came the 12-gauge rings to which strings

were attached and then pulled through a ring at the front of the sawhorse immediately stretching Stephanie's new piercings and causing her to groan even louder and more often. "Now that you're securely in place, we're going to use the cat 'o nine, flogger, cane, and belt on every inch of your gorgeous body until you either pass out or use the safeword. Understood?"

"You might as well knock me out now as I'll never use the safeword," Stephanie said – knowing that to do so would mean being evicted from the party alongside her boyfriend not only depriving them of the chance to fully explore their every perverse desire, but the prize at the end as well.

"We'll see about that, fuckslave," Heather said as she used the cat 'o nine to deliver the first hard swat to Stephanie's back.