

Masochist Mollie

Crimson Rose

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Her workday done, Mollie stepped out onto the front porch to check the mail and almost tripped over the smallest of five boxes. Constantly ordering stuff from Amazon, she couldn't recall having any deliveries scheduled for that day, but figured she must've forgotten. Grabbing the mail from the box, she picked the packages up and carried them inside. Fetching a knife from the kitchen, she cut the tape on all of the boxes before opening the largest of them. Reaching in, she withdrew a rectangular box with an image of a woman wearing dark purple thigh-high latex boots. Knowing she would never order that type of clothing, she set it aside and began pulling out box after box depicting different pieces of fetishwear.

Opening the next cardboard box, Mollie withdrew a package containing a huge black dildo. Then a set of butt plugs. More dildos made of silicone, glass, and metal. Anal beads. Vibrators. Then came the weird sex toys. Some molded after canine cocks and others horses. Those were followed by various tailed butt plugs. Heart pounding in her chest, Mollie opened the heaviest of the boxes to find a fuck machine, attachments, and numerous dildos ranging in size from a modest six inches to a truly monstrous 14-inch-long, 3.5-inch-thick black beast that made the shocked young woman inhale sharply.

Canes. Floggers. Cat o' nine. Paddles – imprinted with kinky words, and plain leather. Various types of gags and clamps. Coils of rope. Leather and metal cuffs. Arm and leg binders. Spreader bars. Needles. Boxes of nitrile gloves. Metal bowls. Leather harnesses. Bottles of lube. Collars. Rolls of bondage tape. Leather and latex hoods, masks, and blindfolds. Bondage scissors. Enema supplies.

Confident she had opened and gone through someone else's delivery; Mollie checked the labels to see her name and address on each from a company called Extreme Restraints. Worried she might've placed an order one night while drunk, she grabbed her phone off the coffee table and then logged onto her back account. Going back months, she found no large or unrecognizable charges. It was the same with all four of her credit cards. Confusion growing, she stared at the pile of toys and clothing wondering what to do. On the one hand it was a lot of stuff that cost someone a lot of money and it would be a shame to throw it away, but on the other hand most of it – especially those of a bdsm persuasion, would never see use. That's when the 23-year-old freckle-faced redhead realized she had not seen an invoice.

Fuck! What the hell do I do? Mollie thought to herself. *I can't believe people actually use this stuff,* she thought even as she picked up a flogger with long, black and purple tails and matching braided leather handle. Swooshing it through the air several times, she felt a noticeable increase in her heartrate. Twirling it around and up and down, she accidentally swatted her inner left thigh. "Aahhgghhh!" she yelped while hopping back more in shock than any real pain. Looking down, she saw multiple long, thin red welt appearing. "Holy fuck!" Gulping, she brought the flogger up and then brought it down on her inner left thigh slightly harder than the first. "Uuhhnnn! Jesus Christ!"

THWAP! THWAP! THWAP! THWAP! THWAP! Alternating between her left and right thighs, Mollie swung the flogger with wild abandon – each swat making her clit throb more than the previous. THWAP! Swinging upward, she gave her breasts a hard swat and immediately dropped to her knees as a surprise orgasm gushes from her in torrents. "Oh my fucking god! I can't... this isn't... why the hell does it hurt so good?" Dropping the flogger, she picked up the cane and gave her breasts a hard swat. The pain more focused and intense, she let out a guttural wail as a larger welt instantly raised deep red and purple against her pale freckled skin.

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!
Caning her thighs hoping to coax out another intense orgasm, all Mollie ended up with were seven nasty welts and a lot of pain. Grabbing the flogger, she gave her hips and ass several swats leading to another squirting orgasm. “What the actual fuck?” Picking up a SLUT imprint paddle, she got on all fours, reached back and then gave her left ass cheek five hard swats before switching to the right. Clit throbbing, juices flowing, she felt the orgasm building. Dropping the paddle, she picked up the cane and gave her ass, hips, inner and outer thighs and breasts numerous hard swats leading to a third orgasm.

“Ghaahhgghhhh! Oh my fucking God, YES!” Mollie moaned as she hit the floor writhing in orgasm. “Sweet motherfucking Jesus why is this making me cum so fucking much? Picking up a package of corkscrew suckers, she opened it and then withdrew three of the devices with one of them slightly larger than the other two. Quickly reading the instructions, she placed the larger one over her clit and then twisted the top causing immediate suction on her engorged love button. Back arching, she moaned in pleasure-filled surprise. Twisting until it started to hurt, she gave the top one more full turn. Back arching, hips bucking, the orgasm shot a full three feet. “Dear fucking God that hurts so fucking good!” she purred. Adding the other two suckers to her nipples, she bit hard into her lower lip as she eyed the rest of the tows and clothes. *I don't know what the hell is going on with me, but hole hell am I in heaven*, she thought as she snatched up a small box containing a ring gag.

Glancing over the instructions, she opened her mouth as wide as possible and then placed the metal ring behind her teeth. Closing her mouth a little to keep it in place, she tightly buckled the straps behind her head. Lost to the pleasure of her unwitting submission, Mollie put wide leather cuffs around her wrists and ankles before snapping the magnetic ends of a low profile dark purple and black collar with silver o-ring in the front around her neck. Eyes going to a row of boxes containing tailed butt plugs, she slobbered all over the floor, but only because the ring keeping her mouth wide open also allowed her saliva to freely flow. *Am I really going to do this? Am I going to pop my anal cherry? Fuck! I don't want to, but my clit is throbbing even harder just thinking about it. Why is this happening to me? Am I so desperate for sex that I... FUCK!*

Grabbing the box of anal training plugs and a bottle of lube, Mollie opened the former as her attention was drawn to the fuck machine. *If I used that I'd have to let the toy slam into my ass. I'd have no choice but to let it piston in and out of me.* Dropping the box of plugs, she attached a dildo to the end of the metal rod, lubed it, and then got into position with the bulbous head poised for penetration. Referring to the instruction manual, she used the remote to set the depth and speed. “Ready or not...” Pressing start, she felt a hard pinch followed by the pain of her virgin asshole being ripped open to accept the more than 2-inch-thick head and 9-inches of shaft. “Uhn! Uhn! O-Oh God! Uhhnnn! Motherfucking hell! It... uhn... it hurts so fucking much!” *I don't... this isn't... uhn... I want to stop but... uhhnnn... m-maybe it'll start feeling better soon and then I'll have another hole to offer my lovers.* That thought making her pumped clit throb with excitement, she was determined to keep going until getting fucked up the ass felt as good as taking it in her pussy and mouth.

Using the flogger on her back, sides, ass, and outer thighs, Mollie adjusted her position multiple times to make the thrusting dildo feel more pleasurable. Finding the sweet spot, she continued flogging herself to five more orgasms over the course of the hour-long anal training session.

The dildo rapidly thrust in and out of her well-worked backdoor, a heavily panting Mollie fell flat on the floor as she slowly slid off the silicone cock. Her entire sweat-covered body trembling, she hit the power button on the remote and then rolled onto her back. Taking several moments to collect herself and calm down, she removed the gag and then the suckers from her nipples and clit. "I can't... so... that just happened," she forcefully exhaled. "Dear god that was... intense!" she said as she looked down at her welt-covered body. Lightly tracing a finger along a particularly nasty one going across both breasts a hair's width above her areolas, she bit her lip and winced. "I can't believe I flogged and caned myself. And my poor ass," she groaned as she rolled onto all fours before getting to her feet.

Looking down at the clothes and toys spread across the living room floor, Mollie slowly exhaled. *Well, at least now I understand why people use toys like this. Fuck, that was amazing! How the hell could I have to many orgasms from pain? Shit! Was it a fluke brought on by doing something new, or am I a freaking masochist? Only one way to find out.* Bending down, she picked up the flogger and without hesitating began swaying everywhere on her already welt-covered body. It hurt in the best way imaginable, but it wasn't until the tips of the tails struck her clit that she hit the carpeted floor in orgasm. "Fuck me I'm a masochist!" she moaned. "Un-fucking-believable!"

Unpacking the rest of her new toy collection, Mollie carried the dildos, butt plugs, vibrators, and anal beads to the kitchen to be washed. Taking the clothes to her bedroom, she put them away in her walk-in closet. Staring at the pile of bdsm toys, she slowly exhaled while thinking about what to do with them. *I don't have any more room in the closet and there are far too many of them to hide under the bed. And what the hell do I do with the fuck machine? I could put everything in the basement. Turn it into my own personal dungeon playroom. God! Is this really happening? Am I turning into a submissive? Am I really going to make bdsm a part of my sex life?* Looking down at her bruised and welt-covered body, she sighed. *Yes. Yes I am. What's the point in denying it? I fucking loved beating myself to multiple orgasms and aching and exhausted as I am I want to do it again.*

Picking up a canine butt plug with a 2.5-inch knot and a hole in the base, she lubed and shoved it into her ass hard and fast. The knot stretching her painfully, she dropped to her knees on the verge of orgasm. Yanking it out, she shoved it back in. Out. In. Out. In. Out. In. Head hitting the floor, her entire body trembled in orgasm. Pushing the tail into the base, she crawled into the kitchen where she grabbed a bottle of water from the fridge. Opening it, she went to take a drink when an idea popped into her newly perverted mind. Getting up, she fetched a bowl from the cupboard, put it on the floor, filled it with the cold water from the bottle, and then lapped at it like a thirsty puppy. Clit tingling with excitement, she knew this was going to be part of her daily routine moving forward.

Spending the rest of the night cleaning her new sex toys and moving everything into the basement, she used a few unused metal shelves to organize the dildos, butt plugs, vibrators, anal beads, and bottles of lube on one while lining another with gags, clamps, needles, gloves, bowls, and collars. Cuffs, rope, masks, hoods, blindfolds, and binders went on a third. And everything else – canes, floggers, cat o' nine, and paddles were hung on hooks screwed into the walls. Although it seemed like a lot piled up in the living room, down here where there wasn't any other furniture to occupy the space it seemed pitifully lacking. *If I'm really going to do this then I'm going to need more,* she thought as she took everything in.

Returning upstairs, Mollie got on her laptop and then did a Google search for BDSM toys. Extreme Restraints one of the top sites coming up, she immediately clicked on it and then

spent the next hour filling her cart with medical and electro-stim toys, four more types of fuck machine, vertical and horizontal stockade, a neoprene puppy hood, pet crawler bondage kit, and about thirty other items. Checking out, she went back to the Google search and clicked on another link taking her to a website specializing in BDSM furniture. Saint Andrews cross. Pillory. Octopus chair. Kneelers. Spanking bench. Sawhorse. Cages. Concealable bondage bed.

From another online shop she ordered more outfits including puppy and pony gear. Going overboard, she spent far more than she could really afford, but the tingling and throbbing in her clit – which she had spent the last forty minutes slapping to varying degrees of intensity, was impossible to ignore. Shopping done, she gave her clit a hard pinch and damn near slid out of the chair as the orgasm squirt from her like Old Faithful. “Dear fucking lord! I... I’ve never had so many orgasms in my damn life! Shit! My ass has been plugged for hours and it still feels amazing! What in the hell is happening to me?” Briefly thinking about removing the large canine plug, Mollie reached back and grabbed the base. Taking a deep breath, she started to tug it out. Stopping with the knot slowly stretching her sphincter, she pushed it back in and then removed the tail. *Let’s see if I can make it through the entire night with it in*, she thought as she placed the tail on the dresser.