

Training Lexie

Crimson Rose

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Lexie had just finished breakfast and was about to do the dishes when a knock at the front door distracted her from her least favorite chore. Not expecting anyone, she quickly put on her mask as she put her left eye to the peep hole where she saw two women she did not recognize. "You do realize we're in the middle of a pandemic, right?" she said without opening the door. "I'm not interested in whatever it is you're selling."

"We're not selling anything, Ma'am," the brunette on the left replied. "We're actually here to make a delivery."

"I'm not expecting any deliveries."

"We have a delivery for a Ms. Lexie Anderson at 5739 Brookes Drive," the same brunette said as she held up the delivery form.

"Like I said, I'm not expecting anything so please get off my property before I call the police. You should also know I have a gun and am trained to use it." Reaching into the drawer of the stand next to the door, Lexie wrapped her fingers around the grip of her .22 pistol and then with the tip of the barrel pointed up, tapped it against the window. "I won't ask you again."

"We're not here to rob you Ma'am," the same brunette said with remarkable calm for someone staring at a gun. "Look out your window. We have a delivery truck. Kirsten, go open it to show her we really are here to make a delivery. And do it slowly please."

"Where's the delivery from?"

"DF Productions and from the note on the invoice it appears to be a gift from a secret admirer. May I please place the invoice against the window so that you can see it for yourself?"

"Go ahead but no funny moves."

"I'm not looking to get shot so please just keep that thing pointed up," the woman said as she slowly raised the clipboard in her right hand and placed it against the window.

Eyes darting from the woman standing on her porch to the clipboard to the blonde walking down the driveway and the delivery truck and then back to the clipboard, Lexie carefully read the invoice addressed to her from a place called DF Productions containing seventeen boxes. "What's in the boxes?"

"Sorry Ma'am, but I'm not at liberty to say," the brunette said as she slowly pulled the first page back to reveal a second. "As you can see in the notes section I can be fired if I disclose the contents before they are opened and we do the installations."

"Installations?"

"All part of the service, Ma'am. All I can say is several pieces require assembly and we've been paid to ensure everything is put together correctly. Believe me, I understand how this may look but we just want to do our job so if you want to keep the gun on us then so be it but may we please unload the truck?"

Not liking any of this, Lexie was a sucker for free gifts. "You may. You should also know I have cameras watching everything you do so keep that in mind before doing anything stupid."

"As I said, Ma'am, we're just here to do our job and as soon as we're finished we'll be on our way. Should we leave the packages on the porch?"

"I thought you said there was some assembly?"

"There is, but I got the impression you weren't going to be comfortable letting us in."

"I'm not, but I'm not exactly mechanically inclined either so if that's part of the job then you may bring them inside. How much room am I going to need for this stuff?"

“Um, probably an entire room once assembled. I’m going to go help Kristen now. I’m Natalia by the way,” the woman said, pointing to the nametag over her left breast.

Stepping back from the window, Lexie took a deep breath and then slowly exhaled before unlocking and opening the front door. *An entire room*, she thought as she watched the two women loading up dollies. *No time to clean the basement so I guess that just leaves the back room*. Which was a sixteen by thirty-foot room that had remained empty since she bought the house eighteen months ago because she had no idea what to use it for.

Kirsten struggled a bit to roll the heavy dolly up the stairs and onto the porch, but she eventually got there. Not wanting to make a mess in the house, she stopped in front of the door and unloaded the boxes one at a time – sitting them where Lexie pointed before going back for more. Natalia did the same. Back and forth the two women went until the last of them were piled in the living room.

“I know I’m probably being paranoid, but I’d like to frisk you to make sure you’re not carrying weapons,” Lexie said. To her surprise the two delivery women spread their legs and raised their arms out to the sides. “Thank you.” The gun in the waistband of her jeans, she patted each woman down and then took a step back. “Okay, so the only room I have that’s empty and clean is in the back. How long do you think installation will take?”

“Several hours at least,” Natalia answered.

“I feel bad for the way I’ve treated the two of you so let me know what I can do to help and if you’re still here around noon I’ll order us some pizza.”

“That would be greatly appreciated, Ma’am.”

“Please, call me Lexie. “So, now that you’re in my house and going to set this stuff up can you tell me what it is?”

“Not yet. Can you show us to the room you’d like us to set up in?”

“Sure.”

“Grab a box,” Natalia told Kirsten as she grabbed one herself.

A couple of minutes later the two delivery women found themselves standing just inside a large empty room with tiled floor and three sets of shelves set into each of the longer walls. “This will do nicely,” Natalia smiled. “Come on, let’s get the rest of it in here and start setting up.”

“Um, when are you going to tell her the rest?” Kirsten asked as the three women walked back in the direction of the living room.

“The rest?” Lexie said, her voice suddenly suspicious. “What’s she talking about? What’s the rest? Who the hell are you and why are you really here?”

“We’re delivery women from DF Productions and we’re here to set up your gifts,” Natalia answered. “As for the rest, I’m not at liberty to say until we’re finished or we’ll be fired. But please believe me when I say it’s nothing nefarious. Besides, you’re the one with the gun. So, may we please continue?”

“Go ahead, but I’ll be watching everything you do.”

Twenty minutes later all of the boxes were in the back room. Knives in hand, the delivery women sliced through the tape of each. Unpacking the contents of a thin one, Kirsten began assembling a metal chair while Natalia put together some sort of bench. Standing in the doorway, Lexie watched in confused interest that turned to shock when Kirsten attached two huge dildos to the seat of the chair which she could now see had dozens of little pointed nubs built into it. “W-What the hell is that?”

“We call it a dildo seat,” Kirsten answered. “This is the deluxe model.”

“Meaning?”

“The seat has nubs that will press into your ass and thighs when fully seated and the dildos are capable of delivering a gentle current to maximize pleasure.”

“Right. And what are you putting together?” Lexie asked Natalia.

“This is a spanking bench.”

“A spank...oh god damn it! Selena put you up to this didn’t she? Well, you can tell her that...”

“I’m sorry, Selena?” Kirsten asked.

“Don’t play stupid. I know you’re working for my best friend so you might as well admit it.”

“I can assure you we only work for DF Productions,” Natalia replied.

“What exactly is DF Productions?”

“Ever hear of the Domination Farm?”

“I KNEW IT! She knows I’m not into that sort of thing. Wait, let me guess, the rest of what you have to tell me is that I have to have sex with you. Am I right?”

“Got it in one,” Kirsten smiled in reply. “It’s part of the services ordered and paid for so you might as well get the most out of it.”

“I’m not into bdsm.”

“What about women?”

“I had a girlfriend in college.”

“Nice,” Kirsten smiled. “I guess you should know that by several hours Natalia actually meant three days. We’re yours to do with as you please until midnight Sunday. Standing, she unbuttoned the top button of her uniform shirt. “We’re going to get all hot and sweaty so do you mind if we take our clothes off before finishing?” Before getting a reply she undid another button. “This way you can be absolutely certain we’re not armed.” A third button opened and her large breasts could clearly be seen.

“You’re insane!”

“Nah. These are my only clothes and I don’t want to wear them for three days straight.” Untucking her shirt, Kirsten undid the last two buttons and then let the garment slide down her arms to the floor. She then picked up the dildo chair and a bottle of lube and carried them over to Lexie. “Please, have a seat and enjoy the show.”

“You really are crazy if you think I can take those things.”

“Says everyone that visits the Domination Farm, but they all do eventually. Just relax and take them at your own pace and I promise you’ll have a good time. Here, let me help.” Kneeling, Kirsten reached up, unbuttoned Lexie’s jeans and then hooked her fingers in the waistband. She saw their confused host open her mouth to say something, probably to tell her to stop, but before any words came out she swiftly tugged jeans and panties down to knees. “Oh nice! I love a pierced hood. Anything else pierced?” she asked as she continued tugging Lexie’s pants and panties down.

“M-My nipples. And what do you think you’re doing? I didn’t say you could take my clothes off.”

“You didn’t say I couldn’t,” Kirsten grinned. “Put your hands on my shoulders,” she said as she raised Lexie’s left foot. “That’s it, use me to keep balance.” A moment later she tossed pants and panties aside and then leaned in. “Will you let me get you ready for the chair?”

“You’re supposed to be helping me set this stuff up,” Natalia said, looking back over her right shoulder.