

Crimson Rose



TRAINING LEXIE

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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 ready 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,” Lexia 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.

“And we’re supposed to give her the weekend of her life. No one said we had to do it in any particular order. So, may I get you ready or would you just like to go for it and take those big boys all at once?”

“There’s no way in hell those things are going to fit.”

“Maybe not in one go unless you’re able to easily take a fist, but as you can see they’re tapered to open you up gradually. Why don’t we see how deep you can take them and then go from there? Go on, there’s no need to be afraid. Just lube them up and take a seat. Taking Lexie by the hips, Kirsten slowly shifted her towards the chair. Leaning in, she gently bit the ring in Lexie’s hood and gave it a tug while pouring lube in the palm of her right hand. Lexie inhaled sharply, mind racing at what was going on and the possibilities of where it could go. But she did not pull away. Kirsten leaned in a little more. “I’m going to suck your clit until you’re so weak in the knees you have no choice but to sit down.”

And that is exactly what Kirsten did. Meanwhile, she moved her hands up and down the tapered shafts of the dildos in preparation. Curious, she grabbed Lexie’s ass and then teased her asshole with a fingertip. A beat later her index finger was buried knuckle deep causing Lexie to moan in pleasure. A second finger was added. Then a third before it became too tight to fit any more.

“Mmmm, nice. You’re already halfway to taking my fist. Which means you’re also halfway to taking the dildos.” Fucking her fingers in and out of Lexie’s ass, Kirsten sucked and nibbled on the now panting woman’s hooded clit. Now

curious just how much Lexie could really take, Kirsten scrunched the fingers of her left hand into a tight cone and then pushed them into Lexie's pussy, getting nearly to the knuckles before a wince made her back off. "I'm going to count while fingering your pussy. When I reach ten I want you to exhale. Understood?"

"Y-Yes," Lexie panted, the pleasure she was feeling erasing any notion she had of telling the delivery woman to stop.

"One." Kirsten's fingers withdrew until only the tips remained.

"Two." They went back in as deep as they would go without causing Lexie too much discomfort.

"Three." Out. "Four." In. "Five." Out. "Six." In deeper. "Seven." Out. "Eight." Deeper still. "Nine." Out. "Ten." As Lexie exhaled Kirsten pushed hard and fast and watched as her entire hand disappeared.

The pain was intense, but so too was the pleasure coursing through Lexie's vulva which was now gushing like a broken hose. Her knees weakened. She stumbled back in the direction of the chair. Looking down, she saw Kirsten's wrist, but not her hand. "W-What the...how?" she moaned as another orgasm tore through her.

"When I pull out I want you to sit on those fat fucking dildos. Is that understood, slave?" Not waiting for an answer, Kirsten pulled out.

Lexie had another orgasm and out of sheer pleasure and need to sit before falling down, she positioned herself and then the two large toys were sliding into pussy and asshole. Stunned that she had actually been fisted, she kept going until feeling the slightly rounded nubs on the seat pressing into her thighs while her ass was still raised with the dildo little more than halfway in her backside. "J-Jesus Christ! I can't believe..."

"Believe it, babe. I knew you could do it. Now just relax and enjoy the ride while we set up the rest of your play room. And no stopping until you're fully seated for at least ten minutes or we finish or you'll be disciplined. Is that understood, slave?"

"I...I'm n-not a slave."

"I asked if you understood my instructions, slave. A simple yes or no will

suffice. Now, do you understand, slave?”

“Y-Yes.”

“Good girl. Now ride those fucking cocks so we can take turns fisting you later. Is that understood, slave?”

“Yes,” Lexie meekly replied as she slowly began fucking herself on the chair. Despite their size, they actually felt pretty good and after getting over the initial shock of being treated like a piece of meat, she was starting to enjoy it. Then she felt the first jolt of electricity. It was not so powerful as to cause pain, but was definitely enough for her to know she was in for one hell of a ride. A moment later another shock caused every muscle to seize. When it stopped and she was able to move, she damn near ripped her asshole open as gravity did its job and she dropped full weight onto the seat. Thankfully, she only took another inch of the increasingly thickening silicone dick. The thought of stopping never once crossed her mind.

Over the course of the next three hours Lexie watched the two butt naked delivery women unbox and then set up various pieces of equipment and furniture including a Saint Andrews, kneeler, pillory, stockade, two more dildo chairs, a bench lined with increasingly larger dildos, a sex swing three types of fucking machines a queening chair and two different types of bondage horses. All the while she fucked herself on the dildo chair until she felt the nubs pressing into ass and thighs. Stunned, she just sat there, knowing beyond a shadow of a doubt she could now take a fist in both holes at the same time. Through the stretching and random jolts, she experienced five more orgasms that left her covered in sweat, and the chair and floor in pussy juices. "I can't believe I actually did it," she panted.

"What did you do, slave?" Kirsten asked with a shit-eating grin.

"Are you blind? I'm sitting on the seat. Which isn't even remotely comfortable by the way. And can you please stop calling me slave?"

"Of course I can see you're sitting on it. I just wanted to hear you say the words. And why would I stop calling you slave when that's what you are? Well, at least for the next three days anyways. I think now's as good a time as any to take a break but before we do I want you to lube your hands, get on all fours, reach back and fist your ass for a full minute before switching hands and fisting your pussy for another minute. Is that understood?"

"Yes."

"That's yes Mistress. And if you understand then why are you still sitting there? Get your ass moving. Or do I need to use the cane to get your sexy ass in gear?"

"I could tell you to get the hell out of my house!" Lexie growled in reply.

"You could. But you're not going to because deep down you love being dominated like the slave that you are." She was going to find a place to hang the cane in her right hand, but instead walked over to Lexie and gave her a hard swat

right across her breasts.

“Ghaahhgghhh! W-What the fucking fuck?” Lexie screeched in agony.

“I told you to get your ass in gear, slave. Now do as you’re told or I’ll give you fifty more.” As incentive, Kirsten gave Lexie’s breasts another swat. This time the thin length of wood struck a hairs width above her pierced nipples.

“GOD DAMN MOTHERFUCKING HELL!” Jumping off the dildos, Lexie fell onto all fours. Quickly lubing her hands, she reached back and shoved the right one into her gaping asshole. It slid in wrist deep and despite the pain and humiliation she was in, she felt her clit throbbing with excitement. What the actual fuck? She thought as she pounded her hand in and out of her ass. Why am I doing this? Why am I listening to this obviously mad woman? Why do I like it? OH GOD! Is Selena right? Am I submissive? I have to be. Why else would I get off being dominated like one? Having no idea how much time passed, she silently counted to one hundred just to make sure she did not stop too early before pulling her hand out of her ass and fucking the left into her pussy. She barely made it past the knuckles before having yet another intense orgasm.

Needing to pee, Natalia decided it was time to introduce their temporary sex slave to another fetish. Rummaging through one of the boxes, she tore open a pack of red plastic cups. Taking one out, she placed it close to her vulva and then let loose the stream.

Lexie immediately looked up and when she saw what was going on knew what was about to happen. The words formed in her brain and that’s where they remained as she listened to the cup filling. This is it, she thought. I know she’s going to tell me to drink it. If I do it then that’s proof I’m submissive. If I tell her to go fuck herself then I’m not and I’ll kick them both out on their asses.

A few long seconds passed before Natalia walked over and held the cup out. “Drink every drop, slave,” she commanded.

The words were formed in her brain. And that’s where they remained as Lexie reached up, took the warm cup and brought it to her lips. Closing her eyes, she drank. She was expecting it to be bitter and gross, but to her surprise it barely tasted of anything at all. As it flowed down her throat, she could only liken it to incredibly watered down, warm apple juice. So, she chugged the contents of the cup until there was nothing left to drink.

“Good girl. Be honest, was that the first time you’ve ever drank pee, slave?”

“Yes.”

“Well, you did great. And it’s yes Mistress. You will not be told again. Is that understood?”

“Y-Yes M-M-Mistress,” Lexie stammered. “I thought it would be nasty but it barely tasted like anything at all.”

“That’s because I’ve had a lot to drink today and have been holding back,” Natalia explained. “The more you drink the clearer your pee will be. The clearer the pee, the less pungent it’ll be. From now on you’ll drink our and your pee whenever we need to go so that you get used to the different tastes. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress.” Once again Lexie’s clit throbbed in delight. “Can I stop fisting myself now please?”

“You may. Since we’re going to be here all weekend what do you think about ordering us that lunch now?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“After lunch we’ll continue setting up your dungeon play room and you’ll, well, you’ll just have to wait and see what you’re going to do next,” Kirsten said. “Now, why don’t you show your Mistresses around?”

“Yes Mistress.” God damn, why am I so fucking turned on by this? Lexie thought as she started to get up.

“Stay on all fours like a sexy puppy.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Wait,” Natalie said. “If she’s going to crawl around like a sexy puppy then she should at least dress the part. “Come on, slave, let’s get you into something more appropriate to your new station in life. Crawl to the middle of the room and sit like a puppy while I get your new outfit.” Turning, Natalia walked over to where several boxes still remained unpacked at the side of the dungeon and began

rooting through them while Lexie crawled to where she pointed and then did her best imitation of a puppy sitting which, for a human, looked pretty damn accurate. A few minutes later, Natalia joined her with a box in hand. Sitting the box on a small cart, she opened it and then pulled out a large, oddly-shaped sex toy. “It’s a good thing you’re able to take a fist otherwise we’d have trouble getting this bad boy in your ass.

Her Mother a veterinarian, her father the owner of an animal rescue farm and her brother a breeder of dogs, Lexie knew exactly what she was looking at and the thought of it going up her ass made her involuntarily shiver. “T-That’s a dog’s cock, Mistress!”

“Well, a butt plug in the shape of one, yes,” Natalia confirmed. “Do you know what this is called?” she asked, pointing to a massive bulge near the base of the huge toy.

“That’s the knot, Mistress. It’s meant to keep the male dog inside of the female to maximize insemination.”

“Very good. And how exactly do you know, that, slave?” Kirsten asked.

“My mother is a vet, my father owns an animal rescue farm, my brother breeds dogs and I’ve been around them my entire life, Mistress. And no, I’ve never done it with a dog and never will so don’t even think about trying or it’ll be the last thing you do. And that’s not a threat.”

“Head down and ass up with arms stretched over your head,” Natalia commanded.

“Yes Mistress.”

“Puppies do not talk and neither will you, slave. From now on you’ll bark once for yes and twice for no. If a question requires more than that you’ll wait until given permission to speak before answering. Is that understood?”

“Arf,” Lexie barked.

“Good girl. You know, for someone claiming not to be a slave you sure are doing a good job following orders. Are you sure you’re not a slave?”

“Arf...arf, arf.”

“Which is it, slave? Yes or no, are you a slave?”

Like a confused puppy Lexie’s head slowly cocked to the right as she stared up at one of her new Mistresses. When she got no response, she lowered her head and slide her hands across the tiled floor until her arms were fully stretched in front of her. Natalia moved behind her with plug in hand. Thanks to the three hours she spent on the dildo chair it went in with little effort until she felt the knot pressing against her recently loosened sphincter. Natalia added pressure and a beat later the knot popped in.

“UHN!” Lexie grunted.

“Good girl. Now I’ll just add the tail and then we can get you into the rest of your clothes,” Natalia said.

“I’m still waiting for an answer to my question, slave,” Kirsten impatiently said.

“I think she needs to say more than yes or now. Am I right slave?”

“Arf,” Lexie barked once for yes.

“Go ahead, slave, you may speak. But before you do you should know the first thing out of your mouth should be thank you Mistress for allowing me to speak. Is that understood slave?”

“Arf. Thank you Mistress for allowing me to speak. I honestly don’t know what I am. Part of me hates this and wants to tell you to get the hell out of my house, by an even bigger part of me is loving everything you’re doing to me. I don’t think I’m a slave, but I have to be submissive to enjoy being treated like this, right?”

“Not necessarily,” Natalia answered. You could just enjoy kinky sex and being humiliated. And there’s nothing wrong with that. Just as there’s nothing wrong with being submissive. Would it surprise you to know Kirsten and I are both submissive?”

“R-Really Mistress?”

“Yep. Switch or versatile, actually. That means we go both ways depending on the situation. Honestly, I prefer to be submissive but we’re under strict orders to spend the next three days giving you every possible lesson you’ll permit us to give so that’s what we’ll do. Just know that if you’re ever uncomfortable there are safewords you may use. And if you really hate it then just tell us to get the fuck out and we will,” Natalia explained as she pulled a brindle patterned thigh-high boot from the box. “If you need us to slow down but not stop altogether you may say yellow. And if something is terribly wrong or you want the scene to immediately stop then say red. And yes, you may say them without permission to speak. And because we’re new to each other we will not use any of the gags on you this weekend that might hinder your ability to say them. That being said, we will be placing cameras around the room to record everything we do so that no one can claim they were forced into anything against their will. Kirsten and I will set them up while you’re taking your break and then I’ll set the software up on your computer so you have access to it at all times while backups are stored to the Domination Farm’s cloud servers for our protection. Is that understood?”

“Arf.”

“You may speak so there’s no misunderstanding.”

“Thank you for allowing me to speak, Mistress. Yes, I understand. May I ask what the Domination Farm will do with the recordings?”

“Absolutely nothing. You, however, are free to do with them as you please and we’ll state so once the cameras are up and running. Now, sit up and put this on,” Natalia said, holding out the boot.

“Yes Mistress.”

∞ ∞ ∞

Knowing that her gift would be delivered today and that the women making the delivery would need at least a few hours to get things at least partially set up, Selena waited until noon to arrive unannounced at her best friend’s house in the hopes of catching her in the act of submission. Parking on the street three houses down, she walked to Lexie’s house and then let herself in with a key she had been given for emergencies. She pushed the door open and stepped into the living room where she saw two naked women sitting on the couch enjoying pizza and Lexie, now dressed in full puppy gear on all fours eating a slice from a

paper plate like the puppy she was not in training to be.

“FUCKING HELL THAT’S HOT!” Selena exclaimed as the door swung closed behind her. She then looked at the two women. “How in the hell did you do it? How did you get her to submit when I’ve tried and failed for years?”

“Um, and you are?” Kirsten asked.

“I’m her best friend Selena and the one that placed the order the two of you delivered this morning. And you are?”

“The two that delivered her toys this morning,” Kirsten replied.

“Oh, for the love of god,” Natalia sighed. “I’m Natalia and the rude one is Kirsten. And to answer your question we really didn’t do anything special. Kirsten just set up the dildo chair, stripped her pants and panties off and then sucked her clit. She seemed pretty willing to comply after that.”

“Seriously? Is that true, Lexie?”

“You may speak,” Natalie said.

“Thank you for allowing me to speak, Mistress.”

“Fuck me!” Selena gasped.

“It’s true,” Lexia said. And as humiliating as it was I fucked myself on that chair until I was sitting fully on the seat. I then fisted myself and drank Mistress Natalia’s pee which was actually not nearly as horrible as I imagined it would be. She then dressed me like this and, well, here we are. I am so sorry I denied you all these years but I swear to god I actually love being treated like a sex slave and I’m all yours if you still want to train me. Seriously. I want you to. And Mistress Natalia said she prefers to be submissive so maybe you can dominate all three of us this weekend, Mistress.”

“I also said I was being paid to dominate you,” Natalia replied.

“I’m the one that gave you those instructions,” Selena said. “So, if you’d rather submit just say the word and I’ll make arrangements to spend the weekend here.”

“She may prefer to submit but I prefer to dominate,” Kirsten said.

“We’re both Farm switches,” Natalia replied. “That means we take the role as the scene dictates and I think the rest of this weekend dictates we submit so stop acting like an entitled bitch.”

“How do we even know she’s the one that placed the order?”

“Because it’s signed your secret admirer,” Selena answered. “But on the copy DF Productions has is signed Selena Morris. And if that isn’t proof enough for you then I can always list everything I bought before we go to wherever it is you’re setting up. Where are you setting up, by the way?”

“The back room, Mistress,” Lexie answered.

“You’re actually being serious aren’t you? You really want to be my submissive?”

“More than anything else in the world, Mistress. Why didn’t you ever tell me it would make me feel this way?”

“And what way would that be?”

“Excited. Free. Completely and totally free. I’ve never felt more alive in my life. Did I mention I fisted myself and drank piss? Pussy and ass! I fisted both, Mistress.”

“Nice.”

Taking another bite of pizza, Lexie weighed her options as she took her time chewing. “Natalia, Kirsten, you may stay for the rest of the weekend and join me in submission if you like but I will only take orders from Mistress Selena from now on. If you can’t accept that then you should probably leave while we’re on good terms.”

“We’ve been paid to stay the entire weekend and while Kirsten might not tell you everything, I will. We have to do as you command so if you want us to submit to your friend here then that’s exactly what we’ll do.”

“God damn it, Nat, why did you have to go and ruin all my fun?” Kirsten huffed.

“Because it’s our job to please the customer, not ourselves.”

“Maybe it would be best if she didn’t stay,” Selena said. To which she watched the color drain from Kirsten’s pretty face. “Oh, someone doesn’t like that idea. Would that be because an unsatisfactory rating will get you punished when you go back? Don’t bother trying to lie. I worked at the Domination Farm for nearly five years so I know how they operate.”

“I’ll stay and submit,” Kirsten replied, though the tone of her voice said she would rather do anything else.”

“Actually, I get the feeling you’re going to do more to ruin our fun than enhance it so I think maybe you should go,” Lexie said.

“I’m not authorized to drive the delivery truck.”

“Then call the Farm and have them send someone to pick you up,” Natalia said. “And not another word unless you want to wear a blue collar instead of a purple one.”

“Um, what does that mean?” Lexie asked.

“Switches like us wear a purple armband and collar at the Domination Farm to symbolize our position. The blue collar is worn by Farm submissives and slaves and once put on may only be exchanged for another color with exceptionally rare permission from the Farm’s owner. And to answer your question, a Farm submissive and slave is someone that basically lives at the resort and spends every waking moment serving everyone that wishes to use them.”

“Please,” Kirsten pleaded “I promise I won’t do anything to ruin your fun. If you want me to submit I’ll submit and do it with a smile. Please just give me a chance to prove it.”

“Only on the condition that you dress up like a puppy and only speak when spoken to,” Lexie replied.

“Unfortunately, we only have one puppy costume, but we have a variety of other animals to choose from,” Natalia explained. “The same basic rules apply no matter the animal so once she’s dressed she won’t be able to speak unless given permission.”

“What animals...”

“I bought you the dog, pony, cow, deer, rabbit, cat, pig and fox costumes,” Selena interrupted her best friend turned submissive. “Which would you like her to wear?”

“Hmmm...I think she’ll look sexy dressed as a pig, Mistress. Also, should I still be talking right now or barking?”

“While on break you are free to talk as much as you like. And pig it is.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

“So, how far along is the dungeon?”

“Most of the furniture and equipment is set up. We just need to clean and then set up the toys. Speaking of which, we’re going to need a lot of hooks if you have any lying around somewhere,” Natalia answered.

“I don’t, but I can run to the store and buy some.”

“I think you might get arrested going out like that, my pet,” Selena smiled down at her best friend. “Enjoy your lunch and I’ll go buy some.”

“If you can find them please get the no damage ones Mistress.”

“I won’t come back without them. And the two of you are not to touch her until I get back. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress,” Kirsten and Natalia said in unison.

“And someone cut her food up so she can actually eat it like she’s supposed to,” Selena commanded as she opened the door and stepped back outside.

After lunch Lexie, Kirsten and Natalia unpacked the numerous sex toys and then went about the tedious process of cleaning them all. The first batch went into the dishwasher, but with more than a hundred remaining, they set up a line where Lexie washed, Natalia rinsed and Kirsten dried. And that is what they were doing when Selena returned from the store with a large bag of no-damage style hooks in hand.

“Hello again Mistress,” Lexie greeted her best friend. “Should we continue cleaning the toys or would you prefer we go back to the, um, dungeon now? Wow, I can’t believe I actually just asked you that.”

“The three of you may continue washing the toys and I’ll go hang these up,” Selena answered, shaking the bag in her right hand.

“Yes Mistress.” Reaching into the sink Lexie wrapped her fingers around the thick, veiny shaft of a big black dildo. “So, how long have the two of you been into bdsm?” she asked as she began washing the toy.

“All my life,” Natalia answered. “I’ve always been submissive and my absolute love of being spanked made my parents come up with alternative methods of discipline that didn’t require bodily contact. Boyfriends and girlfriends loved that about me though so all was good. As far as actually submitting to or dominating someone that didn’t happen until I visited the Domination Farm when I was nineteen. A week later I got a job at DF Productions as a toy tester. That was seven years ago.”

“I can’t claim to have been into it all my life, but I was pretty confident I fit the profile of switch by the age of fifteen. Once I was certain I spent the next three years submitting to and dominating several boyfriends and one-night stands. My mother works at the Domination Farm and got me a job there when I turned eighteen. I started off at an attraction we call Alien Encounters but two years later I took a position at DF Productions. That’s where we met,” Kirsten said with a nod towards Natalia. The Domination Farm is where I learned I wasn’t nearly as straight as I thought I was. What about you?”

“I knew I was submissive the second I took the cup and drank Natalia’s pee,” Lexie answered. I mean, I kind of suspected it from the moment you started undressing me, but that’s when I knew for sure. I actually feel really bad because my best friend, Mistress Selena, has been trying to get me into it for years and I refused her every suggestion only to turn around and submit to the two of you moments after meeting. I can only hope she forgives me.”

“If she’s any kind of friend or Mistress she will,” Natalia replied.

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While her best friend and the two delivery women cleaned toys in the kitchen, Selena stood in the dungeon taking note of the position of the various pieces of furniture and other equipment and where it would make the most sense to hang the hooks. The first batch went to the left and right of the Saint Andrews cross. To ensure there was a gag, pair of clamps, paddle, cane, flogger, cuffs or rope within arm’s reach, she spaced the rest of them around the remaining three walls. When finished, she fished through the remaining boxes and began hanging things up. And that is what she was still doing when she heard the three women walking down the hallway in her direction.

Carrying boxes of toys, Lexie, Kirsten and Natalia walked into the dungeon to see their Mistress had made significant progress. “Looking good, Mistress,” Lexie said. “Nice job on the hooks as well,” she grinned at her own silly joke. “All the toys are clean so once we get them on the shelves we’re yours to do with as you please.”

“You and Natalia can get started while I help Kirsten into her piggy outfit.”

“Yes Mistress. Remember, Natalia, dildos and vibrators on the left, plugs and beads on the right.”

“Since I’m carrying a box of plugs I’ll go right,” Natalia replied.

As Lexie lined the shelves along the left wall with silicone dildos, she watched her best friend pull an oddly-shaped toy from a box. “What in the hell is that, Mistress?” she asked, eyes locked on the pink corkscrew toy.

“This is the plug I’m going to put in Kirsten’s ass just as soon as she gets into position. “You know how the one in your ass is molded after a real canine cock?

Well, this one is based on that of a pig.”

“Seriously? That’s what a pig’s cock looks like, Mistress.”

“Not nearly this thick and the real thing doesn’t expand near the base like this one does to keep it firmly lodged in the ass, but yeah pigs have corkscrew shaped dicks. And just so you know, every animal costume comes with a plug shaped like that animal. I say plug, but realistically they can be used as dildos as well. And the hole for the tail attachment works with the fucking machines.”

“Nice. I heard rumors they train people to have sex with real animals at the Domination Farm. Is that true, Mistress, and have the three of you done it?”

“I can confirm the rumors are true,” Selena answered. “And no, I’ve never done the real thing and have no interest in doing so.”

“You have no idea what you’re missing,” Kirsten said as she got down on all fours. “If you want an idea of what it’s like to get fucked by a dog ask your Mistress to attach your plug to one of the fucking machines and set it on high.”

“If you did it then where’s the mark of completion?” Selena asked.

“I never said I did it at the Farm, Mistress.”

“Fair enough.” Lubing the plug, Selena placed it against Kirsten’s relaxed asshole. Seeing it winking open so much she knew there was going to be no problem inserting the nearly foot long, three-and-a-half-inch thick toy.

Fifteen minutes later Kirsten was wearing matching pink latex thigh-high boots, long opera gloves, headband with pig ears and an open cup bodice that left her breasts on full display. Permitted to stand, she and Selena then spent the next hour filling the shelves with sex toys until there was no more room for the thirty or so that remained. “Um, so, I think you may have overdone it with the toys, Mistress,” Lexie said as she held an enormous purple dildo the size of a two-liter bottle. “Also, you don’t expect me to actually use this thing do you?”

“What do you think?” Selena asked in reply.

“I’ll work on it, Mistress, but I think being able to take fists is enough stretching for one day.”

“Agreed.”

“Thank you Mistress. I’ll buy a few floating shelves for the rest of these but until then how may I serve you?”

“We can start with you eating my pussy, slave.” No sooner were the words out of Selena’s mouth then she felt her clit being sucked into her best friend’s mouth.

“Mmmm,” she moaned, placing a hand on the back of Lexie’s head to keep her from moving away. “Natalia, set up the single fucking machine with the biggest dildo Kirsten can handle and then strap her to the spanking bench.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Stuff the dildo in her pussy and then set the machine to one hour of random fucking.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“I then want you to alternate between flogging her back and paddling her ass until the machine shuts off. Domination Farm rules apply.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“What does that mean, Mistress?” Lexie asked and then resumed licking.

“It means that if I think she’s intentionally going easy on her be disciplined,” Selena answered. “And for stopping without permission you’ll receive ten swats of the cane,” she said, taking a step back. “I guess now’s as good a time as any to introduce you to the punishment position and the rules regarding them.”

Back in the early days when her best friend first brought up the topic of bdsm, Lexie did a fair amount of research into the lifestyle. Part of that research included watching porn and seeing pictures of submissives in all manner of positions. That led her to a more in-depth study of said positions and trying them out for herself. A lot. So much, in fact, that she had them committed to memory and could shift between them as rote. So, when she heard punishment position she immediately dropped onto her knees, lowered her head onto folded arms and raised her feet until on her knees. “I think I already know what to say, Mistress.”

“I see they’ve already taught you how to properly be disciplined,” Selena said as

she walked over to the nearest cane hanging on the wall.

“They didn’t, Mistress. I actually learned on my own years ago but that’s a conversation we can have later.”

“We’ll definitely be having that talk.” Getting into position, Selena aimed and then sliced the cane across her best friend’s ass.

“One. Thank you Mistress,” Lexie said between tightly clenched teeth.

“I’m impressed.”

Knowing better to say anything, Lexie kept her mouth shut until the cane struck for the second time. “Two. Thank you Mistress.”

THWACK!

“Three. Thank you Mistress.”

THWACK!

“Four. Thank you Mistress.”

THWACK!

“Five. Thank you Mistress.”

Aiming a little lower, Selena brought the cane down hard on that tender spot where leg meets behind in the hopes of making her best friend screw up. To her surprise, that did not happen.

“Six! Thank you Mistress,” Lexie groaned.

THWACK!

“Seven. Thank you Mistress.”

THWACK!

“Eight. Thank you Mistress.”

“The last two are going on your breasts so get into position, slave. And while you’re doing so maybe you can tell me how you got the welts on them if they didn’t discipline you.”

Raising up onto all fours, Lexie then sat back and spread her knees as wide apart as possible while moving her arms behind her back with hands holding opposite elbows. Eyes forward, she explained. “I was moving too slowly to suit Kirsten so she gave me a couple swats, Mistress. But she never said it was discipline and I didn’t have to count or give thanks. She said it was incentive to get my ass in gear, or something to that effect.”

“I see.”

THWACK! The thin length of wood bit painfully deep into Lexie’s breasts at the tops of her areolas.

“Nine! Thank you Mistress.”

THWACK!

“Ten. Thank you Mistress.”

“Stay in position, slave. You may stop now if you wish, or you take five more on your breasts to earn a very special prize. Your choice.”

“I’ll take them, Mistress,” Lexie replied.

Selena did not hesitate to administer the next swat.

“One. Thank you Mistress,” Lexie restarted the count based on everything she had seen during her research.

THWACK! This time she was struck across the nipples.

“Two. Thank you Mistress.”

THWACK! Another to the nipples.

“Three. Thank you Mistress.”

THWACK!

“Four. Thank you Mistress.”

THWACK!

“Five. Thank you Mistress.”

“Well done, slave. I’m genuinely impressed you were able to take it without fucking up.”

“Thank you Mistress. The penalty for fucking up is exactly why I couldn’t and didn’t. So, what do I win?”

“Me,” Selena grinned.

“Mistress?”

“We’ve been friends for twenty years, Lexie. We’re both pansexual. I’m dominant and you’re submissive. I think we both know how much I’ve always loved you so why not take it to the next level? So, will you...”

“We can start planning the wedding after this weekend, Mistress,” Lexie cut her best friend off.

“Wedding? Damn! I was just going to ask if you wanted to be my girlfriend, but if you’re proposing marriage then I’m all for it.”

“Sorry Mistress. I guess I got a little too excited and jumped the gun. But then again, why not? After all, you just listed several great reasons we should spend the rest of our lives together. I’ll make it official. Mistress, will you make me the happiest submissive in the world by becoming my wife?”

The cane dropped from Selena’s right hand and as it rolled across the tiled floor she dropped onto her knees in front of her best friend. “Nothing would make me happier.”

“Congratulations!” Natalia said as she worked the bulbous head of a huge dildo into Kirsten’s pussy.

“Thanks!” Lexie replied. “There’s just one thing, Mistress. We both want kids and seeing as how we’re both women...”

“Gang bangs,” Selena smiled in reply. “But not this weekend.”

“Sounds like a plan, Mistress.”

“I think the two of you should commemorate the occasion with a bit of body modification, Mistress,” Natalia said. “Neither of us know how to do it, but someone from the Domination Farm can be here in a couple of hours.”

“Oh, and what exactly do you think we should get?”

“What better way to show your love and commitment to each other than being branded the other’s property, Mistress?”

“BRANDED?” Lexie gasped.

“I’m not too keen on the idea either, but she’s right. It would definitely prove our love and commitment to each other. I say we do it, but that’s just my opinion and I won’t love you any less for saying no. And you can say no, Lexie. I don’t want you doing anything you might later regret.”

“Thank you Mistress. But wouldn’t getting branded ruin the rest of the weekend?”

“Probably. If you want to do it we can put it off until Sunday but I need to know you’re absolutely going to go through with it before I make the call.”

“You really want to be branded, Mistress?”

“For you? That’s not even a question.”

“Thank you Mistress. Make the call. Invite whomever you need to do it.”

“I’m going to invite two women so that we can be branded simultaneously. That way one of us can’t back out.”

“Good idea, Mistress. Until then, how may I serve you?”

“I want you to eat my pussy and don’t stop until you’ve given me at least three orgasms,” Selena said as she lay back on the floor. “I’m going to fist you, Lexie, so grab some lube before getting on top.”

“Yes Mistress. Um, can I fist you or can’t you take that much?”

“Do you think I ordered all those massive toys for nothing?”

That was answer enough for Lexie.

Her internal clock preventing her from sleeping past seven, Lexie woke at three minutes till despite the long night. Gently pulling the covers back, she slowly got out of bed so as to not wake her soundly sleeping Mistress. She tiptoed to her private bathroom where she grabbed one of the red plastic cups she placed there the night before and placed it close to her vulva. A beat later her pinky began to warm. Then her ring finger. Middle finger. When it reached her index finger and the stream was still going she feared an overflow, but it eventually stopped about a quarter inch from the rim. Just as the first time she did it, there was no hesitation as she brought the cup to her lips and drank. The first thing she noticed was how much more pungent it was than her first time. But it still was not nearly as bad as she always imagined it would be.

“That is so fucking hot,” Selena said from the doorway. I hope you’ve got room for more.”

Lexie held up the index finger of her left hand while she continued draining the cup. When she finished, she got down on her knees, spread her knees and put her arms behind her back as she did the previous night before having her breasts caned. Next, she parted her lips to indicate she was ready. When her Mistress placed her vulva against them she resisted the urge to lick. Opening her mouth wider, she formed as tight a seal as possible and then she was drinking her second bladderful of the morning.

“I’ve been thinking about last night and I can’t help but feel as if I’m pressuring you into this and marrying me,” Selena said. “If that’s the case please tell me before it’s too late.”

Knowing she would be disciplined if she stopped before licking her Mistress clean, Lexie did not sit back until she had thoroughly done her job. “I believe I’m the one that proposed to you, Mistress. And you didn’t pressure me into being your sex slave. I did it of my own accord and I don’t regret it for a second.”

“Are you sure?”

“The only thing I regret is not giving it a try the first time you asked, Mistress. I can say in all honesty I love everything I’ve done so far. Including being caned. Not that I like pain or anything, but it’s a damn good motivator to keep me in line and to remember my place. That being said, shall we shower together before breakfast?”

“I love you so fucking much!” Leaning down, Selena kissed her best friend turned submissive turned fiancé hard on the lips. “A shower sounds nice. So does breakfast. And now that we’re engaged we’re going to have to look into getting rings and telling everyone the good news.”

“Ring shopping might be a little hard given the state of things and I figure we can tell everyone over discord or zoom after our guests leave, Mistress,” Lexie said as she crawled over to the tub and turned the water on. “So, will I be dressing as a puppy again today or some other animal? And what do you have planned for me if I may ask.”

“That would be telling,” Selena said with a wicked grin. “As far as what animal you’ll be dressed as I’ll leave that up to you. Just remember the same rules apply no matter which one you choose. Meaning remaining on all fours, eating and drinking from bowls and no talking unless given permission by me to do so. That all being said, I’ve been thinking about something else since last night. You’ve been out of work ever since the pandemic hit and are pretty much at the end of your unemployment so now that you’re into bdsm I think you should get a job at the Farm. You may speak freely.”

“Thank you for allowing me to speak, Mistress. Are they even hiring?”

“Always. Especially since several people quit over the enforced lockdown a few months back. Of course, they’ve hired several people since, but are still looking for more. If you want to be close to me I can try getting you in at DF Productions as a toy tester, or you can apply to one of the other open positions. Your choice.”

“Thank you Mistress. If you can get me in as a toy tester I’d appreciate it.”

“I’ll call Mistress Charlotte after breakfast and we can go from there.”

“Thank you Mistress.” Adjusting the water so that it was a little hotter, Lexie flipped the lever up and the water began pouring from the showerhead above.

“Shower’s ready, Mistress.”

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While Lexie made breakfast for four and Kirsten and Natalie sipped coffee, Selena made a call to her boss at the Domination Farm. By the time Lexie poured the first batch of pancakes her fiancé returned with the biggest grin she had ever seen on anyone. “Good news, Mistress?”

“Very. Mistress Charlotte is definitely interested in hiring you, but you’ll need to go through the interview process first.”

“Cool. Do I need to call and set one up, or?”

“Actually, you’ll go in to work with me Monday and I’ll introduce you to Mistress Charlotte. From there it’s all up to you.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

“My pleasure. Now, while Kirsten eats my pussy I want to hear the story of how you know the positions and what to say when disciplined.”

“Yes Mistress,” Lexie said as she flipped the pancakes. “It all started after the first time you asked me to give bdsm a try. As you know, I said I’d have to think about it. Well, for the next three months that’s exactly what I did. And research everything I could find on the topic including positions. Some of them looked interesting so I tried them for myself. The next thing I know I was practicing them all several times a day. The same goes for being disciplined, Mistress. Everything I watched or read made it clear there were certain standards when it comes to punishing disobedient submissives. I really do know all of the positions. Standard. Pet. The Gorean variants. Hand signals, voice commands. I committed them all to memory.”

“Any yet you said you weren’t interested in the lifestyle.”

“I know, Mistress. I think at the time I was so embarrassed by what I had done that I feared what might happen if I actually became your submissive. Not that I thought for a second that you’d do anything to intentionally hurt me, but There was always the possibility of something going horrible wrong and I didn’t want our friendship to end over it. I meant what I said earlier, Mistress. The only

regret I now have is not accepting your offer all those years ago. Oh, and even though they never actually came up last night, I also know about safewords. Do you use the traffic light ones or something else?”

“Your dungeon, your rules,” Selena purred as the tip of Kirsten’s tongue flicked over her clit. I’m familiar with the traffic light safewords, but then again you’re a slave and slaves don’t have safewords.”

“You all might call me a slave, Mistress, but I think we all know that’s not the case. After all, I have my limits.”

“Do you?”

“Yes Mistress. Off the top of my head, they are no incest, no bestiality, nothing that will cause permanent marks thought I’m making an exception to be branded your property. No cutting, shit play and no extreme pain.”

“That’s a good start. We can refine it as we go.”

“Actually, Mistress, I made a fairly comprehensive list years ago while doing my research. I’ll have to change a couple of things, but most of it still applies as is. If you’d like a copy let me know and I’ll print one out after breakfast.”

“I’d like one.”

“Yes Mistress.” Piling the pancakes on a platter next to a stack of bacon and scrambled eggs, Lexie picked it up and carried it to the table.

“So, what else did you do during your research, Lexie?” Selena asked her submissive best friend.

“A little self-bondage and a great deal of exhibitionism, Mistress. I love walking around wearing a skirt and thin shirt without panties and bra, or even a loose dress and then randomly flash people on the street. Of course, I always went out of town so no one recognized me, but yeah.”

“I’ll keep that in mind during your training. Also, you’ll love the Domination Farm then, because they record everything and also stream it live to their many pay-per-view channels watched by millions the world over. Alright, Kirsten, you may stop now to eat breakfast,” Selena said as she began piling food onto her

plate.

“Thank you Mistress.” Crawling out from under the table, Kirsten, still dressed as a pig sat and waited for her plate to be placed on the floor.

Now that her job of cooking was done, Lexie, once again dressed as a puppy joined her. Food was cut. Plates of food and bowls of water were placed on the floor and the two petgirls dug in while Natalia and Selena watched from the comforts of their chairs.

“After breakfast we’ll cover you up a bit more and then go for a walk around the block,” Selena said. “And then when we get back I’m thinking needles, wax, floggers and fists. Lots and lots of fists. Anyone got a problem with that plan?”

“Sounds good to me, Mistress,” Natalia answered.

“Arf, arf,” Lexie barked.

To her left, Kirsten made a sound like a pig to indicate that she too had no problem with their Mistress’ plan.

“Good girls. Now eat up because you’re going to need your energy for what I have planned for your sexy selves.”

“Yes Mistress,” the three submissives answered, barked and oinked.