

*Slut
Delivery*



Slut Delivery

Slut Delivery

Hailey is my GrubHub girl. Actually, she's a case manager at a halfway house for criminals. But she sometimes takes GrubHub, and a few other services, deliveries as well as Uber rides in her spare time. Like a lot of the people I know who do that, she leaves her apps open and only grabs those deliveries and rides that are convenient for her. Meaning she was going that way anyway.

I had no idea she was "working" tonight when I decided to order barbecue for Sophie and me. What can I say, I like barbecue and it's tough to barbecue in a fourth-floor apartment. Yes, I have a balcony, but there isn't a good-sized one anywhere downtown! So I did the only sensible thing. I clicked up an order of barbecue brisket from McMillian's. It's a very small local single-location place that's been run by the same family as long as anyone can remember. Which, in an old city where history is important, like Mobile, says a lot. Unfortunately, its neighborhood took a downturn a few decades back and most tend not to go there without a very desperate reason. But their barbecue is still unbeatable! Plus they're very close to I-65 which runs only a few miles from I-65 right into downtown, emptying out onto Water Street less than a mile from my place.

When the app told me that my driver, Hailey Y., was on her way, I started to think about Hailey. I haven't seen her in about three weeks now. And I usually summon her around once a month. That seems to be the frequency that's right for her. Just often enough to release her kinkier tensions and seldom enough not to put any real demands on her time. I wonder if she recognized the name and address on my order and jumped on it. I might never know.

When she knocks on the door I answer it. Hailey looks a little surprised at that. Sophie almost always gets my door for me, even when my toys are coming to play. I'm pretty sure that in the eight or nine times Hailey has been here now, Sophie has always been the one to get the door. "No wonder!" I snap out with a hard sigh of exasperation. "No wonder my supper is late! Doesn't GrubHub know better than to trust a slut to be on time??? Never mind. Get your slutty butt in here and get the spanking

Slut Delivery

you deserve for your tardiness, slut.”

Without allowing her a second to say anything, I grab her wrist. The one she’s holding my order out in. I pull her forward. She almost stumbles the first step, then gets her feet under her and follows into the apartment. I shove the door shut behind her with a foot. “slave, come get this food before it’s too skanky to eat!” A few seconds later Sophie is taking our order. I tell her to put it in the oven to keep it warm.

In my apartment, there's always a place ready for an impromptu spanking. I keep a small, round-topped wooden stool just beside my desk for that, and a few other, reasons. It's kind of fancy, very nice looking, and very sturdy. It's genuine Amish built. As soon as the food is in Sophie's hands, I pull Hailey in that direction.

Hailey follows demurely. She never dares to say a word, instead resigning herself to whatever fate I have in mind for her. Just like she does when she comes to play. But the tiny little twinkle in her eyes really makes me wonder if she didn't grab my order hoping that I might see her. Especially since I can't imagine why she'd be near McMillian's. There's nothing there, literally within miles, that isn't somewhere closer; and closer also means newer, nicer, cleaner, and safer. See, no reason for her to be there.

At 28-years-old, Hailey is one of the younger girls in my toybox. I'm not certain what her job entails, and frankly, I hope to never find out. But I do know it doesn't involve going anywhere. She stays at the halfway house all day. And she has regular work hours, 8-4, Monday-Friday. It's now around seven on a Monday night. But Hailey is still dressed as she does for work: loose-fitting jeans, slip-on shoes, and a loose-fitting dark blue blouse with $\frac{3}{4}$ sleeves. Yeah, it's modest. I'd dress very modestly too if my job put me around a bunch of guys who haven't seen a woman in a while.

Hailey’s a pretty woman, too. She’s 5’7” and thin at 129 pounds. She has short hair, a very dark brown, but dyed platinum-blond, that

Slut Delivery

comes down just to the bottom of her jaw. Her eyes are blue, almost gray. And she has a fairly wide mouth with full, but light pink, lips. I know she has great curves and breasts, too, but with her almost-baggy blouse, there's no seeing that.

I drop onto my stool with my back to the desk, pulling Hailey down at my right. She's been here enough to know what I want her to do. She drops to her knees. Which has her facing me. I reach down to unbutton and unzip her jeans. "I don't know what slutty things you were up to, and I don't care. You know better than to be tardy with a delivery. Since GrubHub won't punish their delivery-sluts in the proper fashion, we customers have to do it ourselves! I should get a discount for this!"

With a hand to Hailey's shoulder, I pull her forward and lie her across my parted thighs. It does let me feel those pretty boobs of hers as they lie against my left thigh. Hailey lies still as I reach for the waistband of her jeans. I ease her jeans down leisurely to reveal a pair of simple cotton panties. White ones, I see, with baby-blue lace trim and decorated with little blue flowers. They're low-cut, but comfy and modest, almost fully covering her bottom. I let go of her jeans and they fall down around her knees at the floor. Her panties come down the same way, slowly baring the firm and rounded globes now pulled taut as she lies over my knees. I stop those a few inches down her thighs, and that's where they stay. About mid-way between her bottom and her knees.

I caress my hand over her cheeks for a long moment, feeling her silky soft and tight skin. And feeling her firm muscles underneath, with just enough sponginess to them to feel girly instead of manly rock-hard. It's definitely one of the better bottoms for spanking. I caress a little more, feeling Hailey relax at the tender caresses even as I scold her. "It's time you learn to have those slutty little naughty thoughts of yours on your time. GrubHub certainly isn't paying you to let your mind stroll through the gutter! Well, now you've been tardy with the wrong customer. Now your slutty little bottom is going to learn a very good lesson, slut. Ten spankings for that naughty little bottom, slut."

Slut Delivery

I raise my hand up, about halfway to my highest, and slap down on her cheek. Hailey squeals a tiny "mm." with the slapping swat. As I raise my hand up I see a faint pink hand-print that's already starting to fade. Without giving Hailey a rest, I swat her the same on her other cheek, getting another little "mm" squeal from her. I love her squeals. Hailey has a somewhat deep voice, not manly, but more whiskey. Like Stevie Nicks. That's who I always think of when I hear Hailey's voice. Plus she squeals about just everything.

"One, Ma'am. Thank you, Ma'am. I'm sorry for being tardy, Ma'am." Hailey counts the strokes of her spanking.

I pause for a second, caressing my hand over the skin of her cheeks very gently. With the first little motion, I feel Hailey's body, tensed from the swats, fade into relaxed again. After finishing with her globes, I allow my hand to glide up to her back for an instant. Then it's just the tip of a single finger that slowly traces its way down the crack of her bottom. Hailey purrs from that and doesn't even tense as my finger makes its way across her tight ring.

My finger keeps going down, and an inch later it finds the dense jungle of black fur on her lips. While Hailey's body stays relaxed, I feel her lips twitch just the tiniest bit as my finger strokes down the slit where their edges meet. It goes slow, stroking its way fully down the edges of her lips. Eventually, I feel the small bit of her loose folds, where their edges peek beyond her lips. I know that her sensitive nub is somewhere in those folds. I keep my tease very light, barely touching her, so I don't touch that. Not yet. I trace the line all the way down, to where her lips end and my finger is finally touching nothing but furry pubes. Then it's back up as tenderly and slowly as it went down.

When my fingertip finally makes it out the top of her crack, I allow my hand to return to her back. Then I spend a few sweet seconds caressing her cheeks before I lift my hand once again for her second stroke.

Slut Delivery

I swat her bottom just as firmly as I did with her first stroke. I swat her cheeks in rapid succession, one right after the other, giving her barely enough time to squeal her yelp after one before the second is slapping on her other cheek and getting another squeal. She squeals just a hair louder this time, her cheeks still feeling the light sting from her first spank. She obediently counts her stroke, number two, this time letting a hint of aroused honey creep into her voice.

I caress her cheeks again, leisurely and tenderly. Immediately she's relaxed over my knees again. I caress her lightly burning cheeks for another few seconds. Then my finger traces its line down her crack, over her slit and back up again. My finger takes its time, the tease being as leisurely and unhurried as it is affectionate and enticing for her.

Now, as my fingertip finishes its stroke, it reverses. Her second swat deserves a second tease to go along with it. It slips down with the same leisurely pace and tender touch until it passes the tight ring of muscle between those cheeks. Then, as soon as it finds her moist slit, it presses just a little more, slipping in between the edges of her lips, but not going any further than just between those bare edges. It continues tracing downward. This time, as it glides through those wrinkled little folds, I feel the tiny stone-like harness nestled in them. Hailey feels it, too. I hear her suck in a deep gasping-half-moan as my finger fleetingly glides across it. My finger goes all the way down, fully out of her slit and into her pubes, before reversing its way back up for another, slightly deeper teasing stroke.

After that line, and a few seconds of very gentle caressing to her globes, my hand is delivering her third spank. Hailey yelps with each the blossoming arousal in her voice drowning out the faint hint of pain from those swats. As she counts her third stroke out, I lift my hand to see the light pink handprints on her white flesh. Handprints that are still light enough that they'll soon fade away.

Her third spank deserves a third tease. I am not hurried. I am enjoying spanking Hailey like this, probably more than she is enjoying

Slut Delivery

being spanked. So I take my time affectionately caressing her tight cheeks. Then I repeat both of the teasing strokes, doing them exactly as I did before, the first one so lightly touching her, the second one touching a little more. Then it's time for her third tease-stroke. This one is the same, only on this one my finger slips a little more between her lips. Far enough that I can feel the heat of her pinkness behind them, and I feel more of those wrinkles. I feel her little nub, too, and feel her body shiver as my finger glides across its top. As my finger slips back up from her lips after the stroke, it has a coat of her wetness clinging to the very tip of it.

Spanking number four, one firm swat on each of her youthfully taut cheeks, finally turns her squeal from "mm!" to "ow!" as my hand slaps down on her already stinging bottom. But I hear the arousal in her voice, even as she yelps out "ow."

And naturally, a fourth spank deserves a fourth tease. After she "suffers" through a full unhurried repeat of the first three that is. This fourth tease is just as light and gentle through her crack. And just as sweet through her lips. Until it finds that hard little pebble between those folds. Once it finds that, my fingertip takes a brief detour on its way down her damp slit. Just enough of a detour to circle around that nub a single time, stroking affectionately around its edges before resuming its trek over the nub and down her slit. On the way back up, it takes a detour as well. Hailey thanks me for the detour by purr a little moan as I'm teasing that nub.

Her fifth spanking brings slightly more strained squealy yelps of "ow!" from her. But the still-light pinkness of the handprints on her cheeks says it's not really hurting her yet. But she is definitely feeling her punishment.

And of course, there's a fifth tease to go with a fifth stroke! It wouldn't be what I've taken to calling a "slutty spanking" if there wasn't as much teasing as punishment in it! Naturally, I repeat the first four teases exactly as they were done the first time. And I know Hailey is wondering

Slut Delivery

just what more this tease is going to add to that fourth stroke. Almost as soon as my fingertip slides in between her lips, I feel the wetness of her pussy. It's there my finger takes a new detour, tracing an erotically tender and torturously slow circle around the rim of its entrance, not slipping into her pussy, just around the rim of those walls. Hailey moans out a long "oh!" drawing it out the entire time my finger is making that circuit. While she purrs that sweetness, her hips shiver a little harder. Then it's down a bit until it makes a second detour around her clit. And back up, now with two detours in its trek.

Her sixth spank leaves slightly brighter handprints on her bottom and gets the first real, but faint, hint of pain in her voice. Not so much she doesn't submissively keep her bottom very still for me to spank, though, just enough of a hint that I know she's feeling the sting of her spanking.

Whatever sting she's feeling, it's forgotten by the time my finger gets near her asshole on its first teasing stroke. I'm sure by now her body knows quite well that she has five very sweet teases coming. And it gets all five of them.

Then there's the sixth tease. I'm equally sure she knows by now there will be a sixth tease. Just not what it might be. She soon finds out. Almost as soon as my fingertip is in her slit for this stroke, it's making its detour around the rim of her pussy. And the very instant it finishes that lap, my finger is straight and stiff as it starts slowly inching its way inside her pussy. I have small fingers, but I'm a small girl. They're as short as they are narrow. But even as short as my finger is, it takes a moment to slip all the way into her very hot, and nicely wet, pussy. A moment Hailey spends moaning a very honey-laced purr as her hips shiver. My finger stays in constant motion, reversing to ease out of her just as soon as it's all the way inside. Once out, it continues its trek downward to tease her clit, then beyond, before reversing up to tease everything all over again.

The seventh stroke adds a little more strain to Hailey's squeals, and darken my handprints up another faint shade. By now I feel the sting in

Slut Delivery

my hand, so there's no way Hailey isn't feeling it in her bottom. But she stays still over my knees. And the tension still ebbs from her the instant she feels my tender caresses over her newly stung cheeks.

She purrs her soft moans almost as soon as the first tease starts its way down her crack. An eternity before my finger is teasing her clit and another eternity before it's teasing her pussy. For the seventh tease, my finger again slides into her pussy, slowly inching in to its fullest, just as it did for the sixth tease. Then it slips back out again, repeating the tease exactly. Only now it traces around the rim of her pussy a second time, which alone gets a good little anxious shiver from her hips. And then it slips into her pussy again. Only this time, my finger isn't still as its inching into her. The tip of my finger wiggles slightly, massaging the nervy insides of her spongy soft walls as it enters her. And as it slips from her a second time. Hailey barely stays still for it. I can feel her struggling not let her hips squirm as she purrs a very sweet, and eager, moan. She knows not to let her hips wiggle during a spanking. I insist that her bottom stays very still for the entirety of a spanking. I insist that she very submissively lies there and accepts the spanking I've chosen to give her. That she keeps her bottom still to make it easier for me to spank it, no matter how much her bottom stings, or her pussy aches.

Now it's time for her eighth spanking. Even though the pinkness of her cheeks shows me that her bottom is feeling the sting of the spanking, I don't ease up on iota. She gets this one just as firmly as she got the first seven, which is about half as hard as I could make them. It's enough for her to yelp a good squealing "E-ow!" as they slap on her tender cheeks, and I feel her body tense as she flinches from the swats. But it's bad, and she loosens right up at the first gentle touch of my caress on her bottom.

Hailey purrs loudly, and very urgently, through all seven of her teases. Those haven't speed up even a hair, either. They're just as leisurely as they were the first time she felt them tracing up and down her body.

Slut Delivery

As the seventh tease finally ends, I doubt Hailey is thinking much to wonder about the new addition. She's too busy purring loud moans and shivering. And now there's plenty of goosebumps dotting her cheeks to show off just how hot she's getting. My fingertip starts its trek back down her crack. By now her crack is well lubricated to an oily slipperiness with all of the honey my finger has tracked up through it. A honey that leaves a glistening line all the way up between those rounded globes, and coats everything.

My finger takes its new detour atop the tight ring of her butt. Hers is small, but dark purple-brown, and wrinkly with tiny folds of flesh. There isn't a single hair here, her crack always shaven smooth as I demand of my toys. My fingertip presses gently on the edges of her ring, circling slowly around her muscle and massaging it sweetly, right on the edge: the point where her ring curves inward. It never tries to slip into her, only to massage that too-often-overlooked little muscle. Then it's moving downward again, to tease her pussy shamelessly, just as on the other strokes. Her aching, and now throbbing-hungry hard little button as well.

And now it's time for Hailey's ninth spanking. Again she yelps pained "ows," her yelps getting a hair louder, and pants a few quick breaths after this spanking. She counts it off, and then she purrs so happily as the teases begin again. She purrs very eagerly all through them.

The ninth tease begins just as all the teasing treks down her crack and through her lips have begun. I'd hope by now she's been around enough that she has a guess what the newest addition to her teasing is going to be. Or at least a clue. As soon as my finger has finished its circle around the rim of her butt, it slips to the very center of her hole. I press with a steady gentle pressure, and her butt doesn't resist me. Hailey purrs as her muscle allows itself to be gently stretched a little. And as my finger, slick with her honey starts slipping into her bottom. While I feel her muscle snug around my finger, I don't feel it squeezing me or resisting. Just stretched, like a thick rubber band, around me as I enter her there. Just like with her pussy, I allow my finger to inch it's way fully

Slut Delivery

inside her. And with a smooth movement that has my finger seeming to never quite stop, I reverse and slip it back out of her. Then down, to tend to her aching pussy and clit. And back up, teasing everything again before her "rest" ends.

Now it's time for her last spanking. I know Hailey will be glad about that. This time her squeals have not just that note of pain of to them, but I hear a light sobbing creeping into her voice as she counts off this last stroke. A stroke that leaves her cheeks glowing a medium shade of bright pink. It's still nothing that won't fade fairly quickly, but it's also enough that her cheeks will be feeling a pretty decent sting.

Her sobs vanish with the first of my caresses. Her purred moans take over even before my fingertip starts its trek with the first tease. A series of teases she knows will be coming. She gets all nine, just as slowly, and maybe even a hair slower, than last time. And now, it's time for her final tease.

It starts at the instant my fingertip is slipping from asshole. Instead of fully exiting her and moving downward, it reverses for a second slide into her bottom. Hailey purrs. At first, this stroke isn't any different, just an extra one in her backside. Until the tip of my finger emerges from the thick ring of her muscle inside her. No longer surrounded by that tightness, it moves downward a bit, pressing lightly against her insides. The tip of my finger starts massaging her insides with soft, slow, circles. And it's massaging her directly atop those very-excited and nerve-laden walls of her pussy, pressing down lightly, but enough that its massages are felt more in her pussy than anywhere else, as my finger continues sliding deeper into her bottom. Hailey screeches a long and very eager moan. The most sensual and guttural moan I've heard from her yet tonight. My finger keeps going until all of it has slid into her butt, reverses its trek, and slips out of her to continue downward for the rest of her tease.

On its way back, Hailey gets the very same tease. Except that, as

Slut Delivery

this is the end of her spanking, I can't resist tormenting her just a little more. So once my finger is fully inside her bottom, teasing her pussy with its little massages, I stop the tease. And keep my finger right where it, and go right on massaging her with those teases.

I count slowly and silently to ten. Hailey pants out a louder and more needy moan as each second ticks off. And I can feel the shivers, now so constant it's more like a faint trembling, racking her hips. Once I reach ten, I tell Hailey "You don't want to be naughty now!" then I pause a second. "Now apologize for your tardiness, slut." I keep going, the pad of my finger massaging her tingly-eager nerves.

Hailey more moans out than speaks. "I'm sorry for being a bad girl and being tardy with your supper, Ma'am! Thank you so very much for teaching me such a good lesson, Ma'am! I am never going to forget this lesson, Ma'am! Thank you for spanking me like the naughty slut I am, Ma'am!" Hailey knows I like humility, and too much is far better than not enough. Not enough might get her further punishment! I want her apology to be sincere. In that slutty way, of course. Accepting her apology, my finger starts its trek back out of her bottom.

Once it's finished its trek up her crack, I lift Hailey's shoulder up sliding her off my knees and onto hers. She hurries to shuffle her knees and body until she's kneeling the way I taught her I'd expect. I leave her down as I rise and get a wet wipe for my finger.

"Well, it's clear that I was right, slut." I scold lightly as I step in front of the kneeling Hailey and look down on her. "That pussy between your legs is so skanky there no way you were thinking about anything but being a total slut! I suppose now you'd like to diddle it and cum all over my house like some gutter tramp?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Hailey answers with a very hopeful note in her voice.

"Then hurry up, slut, I want my supper. Get on those feet." Hailey about springs up to her feet. Her panties are still around her mid-thighs,

Slut Delivery

but her jeans have fallen all the way to her ankles. Her blouse hangs low in front, but not quite low enough to fully cover her bush. There's no way she can spread her legs for me with her jeans around her ankles. I have her pull them up to mid-thigh, leaving only about two inches of space beneath her pussy. And then I have her spread her feet as wide as she can. Once she has her feet wide, she hurries to get her hands up behind her neck. That pulls her blouse up a bit more and bares most of her dense black bush.

Then Hailey suffers the worst torment yet. She demurely waits for my instruction. I never allow my toys to masturbate unsupervised here. She knows that. Just as she knows that while she's ready this instant, instructions won't be coming until I'm good and ready. And I take my time getting my crop.

Hailey is right-handed. I decide to make her use her left hand. She very eagerly puts the pad of her first finger atop her nub when I tell her to. And when I give her permission to begin, she starts rubbing herself with leisurely circles, her finger only lightly atop her honey-slickened clit.

Hailey has masturbated under my supervision a number of times now. She knows well what I expect of her. The near impossible. I expect her to stand still throughout. And I expect her to be quiet. Just to rub herself very tenderly, not to rush it along, and to excite herself until - hopefully - I tell her to climax.

It's only a few seconds before I see her body starting to tense up. That's the first sign that she's getting very aroused. As the seconds tick off, and Hailey continues forcing herself to stay slow, the tension strengthens until her muscles are so tight they're like steel. Then the light trembling in those tight muscles starts to show. A moment later her teeth are chattering as she sucks noisy, hungry, very fast deep breaths through her mouth. Breaths that have a moaning tone creeping into them no matter how much she doesn't want it to.

A few more seconds tick by. That's when I see her hips wiggle with

Slut Delivery

a crisp and urgent shudder to them. I know then, and guessed before that, that Hailey was eager to cum any second, just trying to behave and wait until I told her to. I swat her already-stinging bottom with my crop, leaving a slightly pinker crop-print on a cheek. She grunts a pained yelp. "Quite squirming like some porno whore!"

It's not long, maybe twenty seconds before those hips snap with another sudden and violent shudder. And Hailey yelps again as a slightly harder crop swat lands on her other cheek. I scold her again for being so trashy.

And then a few seconds less before she fails to stifle a very sultry and very frustrated moan. I immediately pull her hand away from her pussy. Tears well up in her just as fast, as she obediently get her shaking hand up behind her neck. I spare her a stroke of the crop. "Three strikes, slut. You're out!" I laugh hard. Hailey cringes as the tears run down her cheeks. Not even so much because I stopped her, we both know that she'll finish it herself the instant she gets to her car. More because of what she's truly afraid of. That I might keep her here long and tease her further as punishment for being "too slutty."

Which is exactly what I'm going to do. I'd never her leave without that orgasm, and I'd bet she knows it. I sigh out deep, long, and hard, exaggerating my frustration tenfold. "I suppose now you'll want a second chance to diddle your pussy, won't you, slut?"

"Yes, Ma'am, may I please be allowed to diddle my pussy one more time, Ma'am, I promise I'll behave this time, Miss Rodgers. Please, Ma'am, please don't make me suffer any longer. My pussy aches so badly, Ma'am. Please allow me to diddle myself, Ma'am."

"Stop begging, slut! You know better! You know that I don't give second chances. You have to earn one. Now, would you like to earn another chance to diddle yourself?"

"Yes, Miss Rodgers! May I please be allowed to earn another chance to diddle my pussy like a good slut, Ma'am?" Hailey asks in the

Slut Delivery

most pleading and eager of voice.

I sigh again. "Give me your clothes, slut." I hold on hand out. The command "give me your clothes" allows Hailey to undress however she wants, unlike other commands such as "strip" for which I have a very specific expectation of how those clothes are going to come off. It means to get her clothes off quickly, however. I don't care, as long as she naked in under a minute. Preferably well under a minute.

And forty-five seconds later I have a haphazard pile of her clothes in my hands. I summon Sophie and hand them to her without a word. She already knows my rule: visiting toys clothes are to be locked in the file cabinet in the playroom. A cabinet that's always open, but once Sophie pushes that drawer shut, it takes a key only I have to open it again. Hailey knows that too. That she won't be getting her clothes back until I deign to give them to her.

Now she stands up straight with her hands behind the small of her back. Hailey is definitely a pretty woman. And now, with those loose clothes gone, I can see just how pretty she is. I can see all of her slightly long and nice lean legs, of her curvy waist, and her long bare neck. I can see her flat stomach her thin body with its hourglass shape, and especially those breasts I love. Those are ample and rounded, fully filling out the B cups of her 34" bra. They're milky white, probably never having seen the direct sun on them. They have slightly long nipples, a little wide, and nice light-to-medium pink that are sticking straight up, looking the tip of a little finger, and looking more like they're starving for a tongue on them. Those are surrounded by very wide rings a shade lighter that seem to take up half her rounded mounds. And her breasts are firm, pert enough to stand out not hang down against her chest.

I look over her body for a moment. Especially the dense black tangles on her pubes, neatly trimmed inside the crease of her thighs. Her fur is dense and even denser in the center like a strip flowing down to hide the flat mound of her pussy.

Slut Delivery

I use the tips of my fingers to tenderly caress her breasts, one after the other. I watch as goosebumps erupt over the mound with my touch while Hailey struggles to stay still instead of squirming as she feels she must. I tease those nipples, caressing each one softly for several long seconds. They seem to strain for an even stiffer hardness as I touch them.

"You will serve us, slut." I send Sophie to fetch a pair of leg irons and have Sophie lock them around Hailey's ankles as I stand watching Hailey. "My slave and I will be at the table. Start by bringing us nice cold ice teas. We're in no hurry. We'll enjoy our supper, with our wait-slut to serve it. And the service had est be a far sight better than you give for GrubHub, slut. Now go get our teas."

"Yes, Ma'am," Hailey says, her voice betraying her frustration at knowing this is going to be a long earning for that second chance. She shuffles into the kitchen. I take Sophie to the table, and we take seats. Usually, Sophie serves me, and once I have everything, I allow her to join me at the table. At least until I fancy something, then she's hurrying off to fetch it. But there have been a few times I've had a toy serve us. Then, like now, there's no reason for Sophie not to join me. Especially since she's been on her best and most humble behavior today.

Hailey comes out with the two glasses. She starts to lean over and set them on the table. I stop her. I tell her to "quit thinking she a person." and remind her that she's nothing more than a skanky slut I'm giving the privilege of serving my table to. I have her kneel down and offer me the tea atop her palms. To obey, she sets the other tea on the floor. I take my tea. I send her to serve Sophie her tea. Once Hailey in on her knees, I scold her offering my valued slave food off the floor. I make her go get another and serve Sophie.

Sophie thanks Hailey by lightly stroking the top of her head, petting her like a dog, as Hailey waits on her knees, eyes downcast, for her next instruction. After a minute I send her for salads. Then come the plates of barbecue. And then key lime pie I had for dessert. And then a freshly brewed dessert coffee, which I linger while sipping.

Slut Delivery

But that doesn't mean I neglect Hailey while she's serving us. On the contrary, I pay plenty of attention to her. I never miss a chance to caress those breasts. Or her shoulders. Or her back and sides. Pretty much whatever of silky skin is easily at hand gets petted. And I feel the light quivers with my every caress. I have Sophie tease her just as blatantly. And Sophie will tease very very eagerly. She loves teasing a woman.

After the meal, Hailey gets to clear the table and wash the dishes. Dishwashing turns into a sweet ordeal for her when I send Sophie in to supervise so my dishes are spotless. Then Sophie who is so eager to please me with her perfection that she can sometimes take on a hard edge with the toys in care when their performance isn't up to her high standards.

Hailey ends up washing dishes with her feet spread until the chain between them is taut and off the floor. After each dish is washed, rinsed, and dried, Hailey has to submit it to Sophie for inspection. If Sophie finds anything wrong with it, Hailey has to rewash it. But that's the hard edge she gets. The hard edge comes from Sophie's insistence that Hailey not waste any time since I might have some whim that they could cater to at any moment. Every time Hailey's hands aren't moving fast enough for Sophie, Sophie brings a wooden spoon up between Hailey's legs, landing it firmly on those furry lips. Which gets a good yelped cry from Hailey.

While it might seem like Sophie's improvising, she's not. I keep a wooden spoon and a rubber spatula in the kitchen for Sophie to use when supervising toys in there. Needless to say, those never touch food. And I already know that Hailey likes the light strokes on her pussy, despite her yelps of pain with each. I've swatted her there. And she liked it. And I've told Sophie to discipline Hailey like that tonight.

Hailey doesn't take too long to finish the dishes. Once everything is done, Sophie checks my kitchen and takes Hailey by the hand. She leads Hailey out, stands her before me where I'm lazing in my recliner,

Slut Delivery

and drops to her knees. Then Sophie waits until I tell her she may speak to tell me Hailey is done "with her naughty girl chores."

"I suppose that slutty little skank pit between those thighs is still just so horny, isn't it, slut?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Hailey's answer is fast and firm, with a huge heaping of eagerness in her voice.

"I'm not sure if I should believe those skanky lips of yours. You're so slutty you might well try to fudge it just so you could sneak in an orgasm! Show me."

"Yes, Ma'am," Hailey answers before she moves. Then she turns her back to me and makes a little show of sliding her feet wide apart. She leans forward, getting her back flat, and reaches around her thighs. Finally, she pulls her lips wide open, displaying all of her pinkness to me. She's sopping wet. Not quite what I'd term dripping wet, but close enough. And I can see her reddish clit poking its head so eagerly up from its nest of folds. I leave her to stand like that a moment with her pussy on its most immodest display. Eventually, I tell Hailey "that's enough of that skankiness," and she stands up straight and turns back to me.

"Are you smarter than my coffee table, slut?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Hailey answers surely, but with some puzzlement in her voice. As if she's sure of her answer, but lost as to why I'd ask such a thing. It's obvious she's smarter than a hunk of wood, right?

"We'll see about that. On all fours, like a good bitch."

Hailey almost hurries to get down on her hands and knees. This is a specific command I've taught her, too. It means for her to get on her hands and knees, with her thighs straight up and down. Her arms should be straight up and down as well, directly under her shoulders. Then to spread her knees as wide as she can, and her feet the same distance while keeping the rest of her where it is. Once her thighs are spread, she's to move only her hands, forward and outwards the same amount, until her back is taut and flat. And to pick her head up so she's looking forward.

Slut Delivery

And stay. Hailey is eager to get on with this and get to that climax she's dying for, so she's in place fairly quickly.

In place right in front of my recliner. I lift my sock-clad feet up and stretch my legs out, resting them atop the center of Hailey's back. I sigh with satisfaction. "We'll just see if you're smart enough to *be* furniture, slut!" And I giggle.

"Slave... I think it's time for another cup of coffee. Fetch it and serve it like a good slave."

Sophie eagerly agrees and hurries off. I flip some music videos from YouTube on my TV, turning them fairly low. And I relax with my feet up on my new footstool. But I keep my crop handy just in case Hailey isn't smart enough to be furniture. Furniture doesn't squirm or wiggle. At least mine doesn't. After a minute Sophie is back, now fully naked herself, on her knees serving me a steaming hot cup of my addiction.

I sip it. I keep the cup in my hands, not returning it to the table made by Sophie's hands. I sip leisurely. After a couple of minutes, Hailey has managed to stay very still. But not stop herself from getting aroused. One peek under her chest to the rounded melons on her chest, or more accurately the very stiff nipples sticking straight down from them, is all I need to see.

Hailey has been there close to five minutes total. "Slave, I guess you may tip the GrubHub slut." I make a few little motions with my hand. I've owned Sophie long enough, and used her often enough, that I can communicate to her with those little signals, letting her know what I want her to do while keeping a toy in the dark.

Sophie kneels between Hailey's splayed feet. She puts the pad of her finger right on Hailey's clit. I hear Hailey gasp a very erotic breath, but so far stay still. Sophie starts massaging Hailey's clit. Hailey tries hard not to make a sound and to stay still as Sophie pushes her quickly towards the climax she's aching for.

Slut Delivery

I sip my coffee, pretending not to be watching the show, but watching everything. Hailey's show is way too amusing to miss! She tenses to steel the instant Sophie touches her. I so understand that. Sophie has the most delicate, the most feminine skin I've ever felt. Her touch is definitely erotic, more so when she's being sweet and tender. As she is.

In about ten seconds Hailey is breathing more of her deep, urgent moans through clenched teeth. And a few short seconds later, I even see tears at the corner of her eyes. She's still, but I can feel the quivering as it ripples along her muscles. She's noisy, but it's a noisy, moaning breathing, not outward noise. Her mouth finally hangs open as she sucks fast hard breaths through it. The quivers steadily strengthen, slowly creeping towards trembles. I wonder how long she can last before she misbehaves. Surely not much longer!

So I invent a sin. I scold her for letting her toes curl up. As punishment, I have Sophie take her finger away from Hailey's clit. And listen to the beautifully anguished moan Hailey gives me for it. "slave, I think those boobies might be distracting this slut. See if those are giving her a hard time."

Sophie more giggles than answers. She knows. She's seen how merciless and relentless I can be tormenting a toy. She kneels in front of Hailey, which puts Sophie's very shapely breasts right in front of Hailey's eyes. Sophie sits up enough to use both hands. She reaches up under Hailey's shoulders and chest, putting one hand on each of Hailey's breasts. Sophie strokes them lightly. She strokes her entire mounds, taking her time to get all the way down to Hailey's nipples. Not that it matters. They're harder than rocks when Sophie starts, and just as hard when Sophie gently rolls the long nubs between her thumbs and forefingers. Hailey purrs a light moan as Sophie teases her breasts.

I make Hailey wait several minutes. Minutes that do nothing to ease the ache that's torturing her, but does allow her to ebb back a fraction of an inch from the edge of her orgasm. I finish my coffee.

Slut Delivery

I have Sophie return to her place teasing Hailey's clit. Instantly Hailey is back at her full sluttiness, her display just as graphic as when Sophie stopped. It about ten seconds before I'm certain that Hailey is again so eager to cum that she's in agony waiting. I wonder how long it will be before she misbehaves a second time. She gets three strikes, which means it would be a waste of entertainment to allow her to climax before she's used up two of them!

Within a minute I can see her knuckles turning white, even with her fingers straight. She doesn't move, but her body trembles lightly as she holds in the tidal wave that's to be her sweet release. Trembles enough that I can feel it in her back with my feet. Then I see a drip of her honey fall to the floor, even as her hips are still. "You slut!" I scold her, "do you think I can't see those boobs jiggling around under there like they're just begging for someone to play with them. I should whip them instead! Slave, stop. This slut won't be cumming until she behaves her skanky behind!"

Sophie's fingers fly off Hailey's clit. Hailey shudders hard as she cries out in sweet anguish. I have Sophie "check the slut over" which means Sophie lightly caresses every bit of Hailey's bare body. Especially her bottom and breasts. But the rest of her just as eagerly. Hailey purrs while Sophie caresses her.

Hailey again waits several agonizing minutes while Sophie teases her with tenderness. I signal Sophie to get a glove on her hand. She does and gets a little drop of lubricating jelly on the tip of her first finger. As soon as I motioned for her to glove, and pointed at Hailey's bottom, Sophie knew exactly what I have in mind.

When I first met Sophie she was a complete virgin. And she never would have imagined going anywhere near anyone's bottom, let alone allowing anyone into hers. That first weekend I taught her that she liked it when her bottom was properly tended to. Really liked it. Over the next few months, with various toys, I taught her how to tend to a bottom. Male

Slut Delivery

and female. Now, she's eager to get in there. When I allow it, naturally.

"Slut, you are obviously just too trashy of a slut for me to allow that pussy to be touched! I don't care how much it aches for a little orgasm! Slave, see how horny her butt is."

Sophie says a very eager "Yes, Mistress!" and leisurely slips her finger into Hailey's butt. Hailey purrs a moan as Sophie's slender finger slides into her tight ring, but she keeps her bottom still for Sophie. Sophie presses the pad of her finger down, against the backside of Hailey's pussy walls, and starts massaging those slowly and gently.

Hailey takes five seconds to start trembling hard again. IN half a minute her face is scrunched up tight, her eyes squeezed tighter, and her mouth hanging wide open as she pants fast, sucking deep breaths with a very noticeable moaning sweetness to them. Sophie doesn't say anything, but I wouldn't expect her to. Nor do I need her to. I can how tight Hailey's asshole is clamped around Sophie's fingers, almost as if to ensure it stays right where it is. It takes maybe a minute, maybe a little less, before I see another drop of honey fall from her lips. I can't say every woman gets that wet, but some do, and Hailey does. In maybe a quarter minute I see another tiny drop fall of her lips.

I sigh deeply. "Stop dripping skank all over my floor, slut. Just cum and get over with!"

Hailey screams a very tortured, and even sweeter, cry. Her hips buck back, slamming against Sophie's finger, and her body trembles hard. Her elbows give out first, dropping her onto her face and shoulders. I have Sophie take her finger out quickly. Hailey lies there, panting fast breaths and shivering hard. I rest my feet on the floor now, Hailey being far too wiggly to be a good footstool now.

Ten minutes later, Hailey is standing along the wall, pulling her clothes on piece by piece as Sophie returns them to her. I watch. Hailey doesn't dare say anything when Sophie "forgets" Hailey's panties and hand Hailey her jeans. She just pulls her jeans on. Then Sophie hands her

Slut Delivery

panties over, and with eyes wide in surprise, Hailey pulls them on over her jeans. Sophie returns the rest of her clothes.

“Those panties should advertise just how slutty you’ve been to the world!” I taunt Hailey. “Hopefully you’ve learned to make your deliveries on time, slut. Slave, kick her to the curb.”

Sophie all but pushes Hailey out of the apartment. She slams the door behind Hailey. I’ll bet those panties are off before Hailey makes it to the elevator!