

Where to start. I would guess you want to know a bit about me. My name is Marie. I am 29 years old. Dirty blonde. Quite petite. I wear my hair short in a pixie sort of way. I am told I am very cute.

I guess my story starts when I was around 12 years old. My parents were going away for the weekend and had decided that since we had relatives living near-by that I would be fine by myself. I can't tell you how excited I was by this prospect.

I had just recently discovered the pleasures of masturbation. My titties had just begun to develop. Mostly my nipples were puffy, and I noticed my tee-shirts were tighter on my chest. My Mom must have noticed also, because she had bought me several training bras that I for the most part refused to wear except to school and such.

Mom and Dad left early on Friday afternoon and were gone when I came in from school. The fridge was stocked with food and the pantry had several large bottles of my favorite beverage. I also noticed that the door to their liquor cabinet was ajar. Hmmm.... That might prove interesting later. I wasted no time stripping down to my panties and going outside to relax on the deck. I had fixed a large coke and was thumbing through a true romance magazine that my Mother always read, that I was forbidden to read. They were ok, but I was in the mood for something a little more exciting.

I went to their room and started searching through things. My first discovery was in the dirty clothes hamper. I found a pair of my mother panties that she had placed there. They were stained in the crotch and even had a little bit of a brown stripe. The type that she was always scolding me about. On impulse I slipped out of my panties and slipped my mother's on. They were loose on me, but it made my pussy tingle thinking about the stains. I then kept searching on till I found gold. I found my Dad's stash of dirty magazines. I grabbed the whole stack and headed back out to the back deck. On the way through the kitchen I got a wild idea and stopped long enough to pour a large dose of whiskey into my coke. I had never drank before, but if I was old enough to stay by myself, I was old enough to try a "few " new things.

Out on the deck, I started thumbing through the dirty books. I was amazed at the things I saw and was reading. One article in a magazine showed a woman peeing herself and had a story that went along with several pictures. I was immediately horny as all get out and didn't even know why. I would discover years later that my Mom had a horrible time potty training me, but that's another story for another day perhaps.

## Chapter two:

It was a beautiful afternoon and perfect for laying outside in my mother's panties drinking whiskey and coke and reading dirty magazines. It wasn't long before my hand found it's way to one of my titties and I slowly rubbed the nipple as I read . then I moved my hand into the nasty panties and started rubbing myself. I could feel my juices oozing out and joining the stains already there. I had evidently mixed the

drink very strong, because I was feeling very relaxed and hadn't noticed that I had a urge to pee , until I needed to go badly. Now this is where it gets weird. For the first time I could remember, I decided that it would be fun to just not bother going into the house to the toilet to pee. As I fingered my pussy, I started to pee. At first it barely came out. But then it really started to gush out of me. I was struck by a massive orgasm. I was peeing and coming at the same time. As I started to come down a bit , I slipped my hand out and smelled it. It smelled of my excited little pussy, but also of my pee. On impulse I licked my fingers. All I can say is it was like my whole world turned upside down. I forced some more pee out into my hand and slurped it up. Then I figured what I really needed was to fill myself back up, so I greedily drank down my coke and whiskey. I guess it was a combination of the alcohol and the warm afternoon sun, but when I got up I stumbled all over the deck. And was giggling uncontrollably. Suddenly everything was funny. I managed to get into the kitchen and fixed a huge pitcher of iced tea. Not wanting my theft of the booze to be evident, I chose vodka this time to add .

Within an hour, I had drunk nearly a gallon of tea. I have to say at this point, I was one very drunk little girl. I peed myself several more times over the course of the afternoon. And fingered myself. My pussy was on fire and I kept going at myself and at some point I guess I went deeper than I had ever gone. I felt a slight sting and looked down to find my fingers covered in blood. Well... so much for being a virgin. This set off another fit of giggles. I just wiped the blood on the stolen panties and I must have drifted off to sleep (read passed out). When I woke up I found myself smelly. Wearing a pair of nasty stolen panties that I had peed in no telling how many times. Common sense would have dictated that I go in and shower. But what I really wanted to be was a nasty ,finger fucking little pee slut. Insert more giggles here. I was TERRIBLE!!!

I did have the presence of mind to eat some of the food that Mom had left. It was still light out, so I went back out and was drinking on my second pitcher of tea and vodka. I continued to read my Dad's nasty books. If he only had any idea what his little girl was doing he would have a major fit! While drinking and reading I had another one of those I've never even considered this moments.

I suddenly got that sort of heavy feeling in my bottom. You know the feeling you get when you need to poop. At this point I figured I was totally screwed up anyways and just kinda relaxed my bottom. I guess the alcohol and all the liquids and loosened me up a bit and I felt a not small amount of runny poop slide out of my ass and into the stolen panties. OMG! I slammed my hand into my panties and started fingering myself like crazy! Just when I felt my orgasm about to explode, I pushed for all I was worth and I felt that loose pair of nasty stolen panties fill way up. I finally started to come down a little and realized I had just shit myself. Here I was a 12 year old girl and had shit my mother's panties full of my squishy smelly shit. I thought it was wonderful!!!

I finally did decide it was time to clean myself up . When I sat up to get out of the lawn chair. The poop squished up and into my pussy. MMMMMMMMMMMM I loved being nasty!

I finally got myself showered and had washed out the panties in the shower a little. It took me until the water turned cold to rinse all the poop down the drain in the shower. I was still pretty drunk, and managed to get myself into bed

### Chapter 3: Saturday

When I finally woke up on Saturday morning, I needed to pee something awful. I managed to get to the bathroom, but instead of sitting on the toilet, I jumped in the shower and managed to jerk on the still damp panties just in time to pee. It broke through the cotton material and ran down both my legs. Without removing the now ruined panties, I pulled on a pair of cut off jeans that I had worn the previous year. The crotch was immediately damp and warm. Again, that felt wonderful. I went to the kitchen and made a huge bowl of oatmeal. I only managed to eat about half and was about to throw away the rest when I had an idea.

I pulled down my shorts and panties and dumped the rest of the warm oatmeal inside and pulled them back up. Mmmmmm wonderful! Now all I needed to do was decide what to do all day. I walked around the house and felt the oatmeal as it distributed itself in my panties. I felt some of it work its way into my pussy, which gave me a wicked idea. I went to the kitchen and proceeded to fix a huge batch of oatmeal. After it was done and had cooled to the point that it wouldn't burn me, I then filled my panties as full as they would go and then pulled them up. I tossed my tight shorts to the side and pulled on a pair of sweat pants. I figured they would contain the mess better. The only problem I had was that there was a good bit of oatmeal left over. After a minute I headed for the dirty clothes hamper again. I dug around till I found one of Mom's bras. She isn't what you would call blessed in the boob department, so it wasn't like it was just hanging on me. I took up the straps as much as I could, then headed back to the kitchen. I filled each cup with the remaining oatmeal, then pulled on a tee-shirt and tucked it in to the sweat pants. This way, I could roam about the house without worrying if "something" might plop out.

Feeling all that oatmeal squishing around was having its effect on me. I was rubbing my little titties through the bra and getting all wet and itchy you know, down there. I looked around and decided that the arm of my dad's chair was just the ticket. While I was rubbing my titties and pinching my nipples through the bra and oatmeal, I was humping the arm of my Dad's chair like there was no tomorrow. It wasn't very long till I had an orgasm that left me weak in the knees. I literally melted to the floor and just laid there for several minutes.

The need to pee brought me back to myself. I went out the back door and into the morning sunshine and just stood there and let my pee flow into the oatmeal filled panties. Wow, only 9am and I had all day to play.

## Chapter 4: My discovery

I decided to go back and search through my parents room some more. After a few minutes, I discovered a box behind some stuff in the back of my Mom's closet. When I peeked inside, I knew I had found the mother load!! There were a few books, that I would look through in a bit. But the most amazing discovery was a pile of what I was later to learn were dildos of different sizes and shapes. Some even had vibrators in them I figured if I were to be caught with one, it wasn't going to be any worse if I were caught with all of them . So out to the back deck I went with the box of treasures in hand. I fixed a gallon of tea and I was all set. I looked through the box and realized I didn't know what a lot of this stuff was.... Well any of it really. I did know though that I was totally horny at the idea of finding out.

The first thing I did was insert a small egg shaped thingy into my pussy. When I pushed it in, oatmeal oozed out of my pussy. MMMMMmmmm I loved being nasty! I turned the switch on and was almost driven to my knees when it started vibrating. I managed to turn the settings down so as not to completely lose control of myself. Then I started looking through Mom's books.

Hmmm,,,, my Mom had a kinky side it seems. There were pictures of women kissing and even one picture of a woman wearing one of those dildo things attached to a belt of something. She had it stuffed inside the other woman's ass!! Oh my! I found myself constantly rearranging the vibrating egg and all that oatmeal. OK! So I was actually just rubbing myself. It felt great. After I had a nice orgasm during which I peed myself some more. I kept digging through the box. Toward the bottom, I found a large envelope full of pictures that had evidently been printed from a computer, along with a couple of DVD's

I started looking through the pictures and was completely shocked to realize they were pictures of my parents with several other people that I recognized from various parties and cookouts at our house. Only these weren't from any back yard BBQ at all. Most were pictures of all of them naked and engaged in all sorts of sex acts. All of a sudden I noticed that in one picture of my Mom she was stepping out of the very panties that I was this very minute wearing! Seeing that gave my pussy a jolt. There were pictures of my Dad fucking several women and my Mom fucking different men. Toward the bottom of the stack, there were pictures of my Mom kissing a woman! That is soooooo HOT! They both were rubbing the others pussy while they kissed.

I guess my oatmeal breakfast was working through me. I felt the need to fart. While still looking at the pictures and absent mindedly rubbing my nasty little pussy I raised up and was going to fart. Only it wasn't a fart at all. I felt a turd pushing at my oatmeal loaded panties. Mmmmmmm wonderful. I pushed and felt a nice size piece of poop force it's way into my stolen panties and sweats. I stopped before I completely emptied my bowels and rocked around until I felt the shit mixed with all that oatmeal and was frigging myself looking at my Mom and the other woman. When I came, I loved the idea that there were no constraints on what I did, so I peed myself again while I fingered my stuffed pussy and had a nice orgasm.

Next on my list was the DVD's that were in the box. For this I would need to go to the den. I looked in the mirror and saw that my sweats and tee shirt were a mess. All wet and the back of my sweats had a nice brown stain on my bottom. I went out to the garage and got some huge trash bags that Dad used when he raked the yard I spread a couple of them on the floor in front of the big screen TV and inserted the first DVD in and pushed play. It started out with a bunch of people that I knew just sitting around on our back deck visiting and sipping drinks. But after only about a minute, my Mom went to straddle a woman that OMG!! That is my 6<sup>th</sup> grade teacher!! Mom straddled her lap and OMG! She started peeing through her jeans and it was soaking Ms Patterson. Instead of being mad, Ms Patterson put her hand on my Mom's pussy and let it fill with pee , and she put it to her mouth and noisily sucked it up. Then she and my Mom proceeded to put on a show for the whole group. Well so much for why I liked to be nasty. I had nothing on them. After my Mom peed herself and soaked them both, she pulled her jeans off and threw them out into the yard. Ms Patterson took hers off as well. They were both by now only wearing panties and evidently tee shirts with no bras, as I could clearly see their titties and dark nipples through the wet material. They changed places and Ms Patterson then peed on my Mom, who stuck her face into Ms Patterson's crotch and was greedily lapping at the pee. When Ms Patterson was empty of pee, she didn't attempt to move at all. It wasn't very long I saw why. Mom was rubbing Ms Patterson's nipples through her wet tee shirt. I noticed that Ms. Patterson's panties were slowly starting to push out in the back. She was shitting herself ! Before long, her panties were so full that some of her shit was pushing out through the leg bands. My mom reached back and started rubbing Ms. Patterson's shit on her legs and back. Then she brought her shit covered hands around and rubbed some of the shit all over her wet tee shirt covered titties.

By this time, I had one hand inside my nasty panties and one rubbing my tittie. I couldn't resist reaching deeper in my panties and feeling the mashed up shit in my own panties mixed with oatmeal and pee . I was having one orgasm after another!

I glued my eyes back on the screen and was watching my mother and Ms. Patterson. My mom got a look of intense concentration on her face, and within seconds I could see her panties filling with shit too. As she was still sitting down, the shit came forward and covered her pussy and some even pushed up out the back waist band. Ms. Patterson reached and got a big handful and was rubbing her titties with my Mom's shit. By this time almost everyone was getting naked and making out with one person or another. Some woman I didn't know had my Dad's dick in her mouth and I saw that she was dribbling pee out around his dick. He was peeing right into her mouth!

This was all just more than my 12 year old mind could handle at once. I needed a drink. LOL . I went into the kitchen and looked in the liquor cabinet again. Not wanting to give away that I was drinking, I found another bottle called single malt scotch . what did I care, I poured it into the pitcher of tea and proceeded to drink several glasses. It wasn't long before I could tell I was drunk again. I stumbled my way back into the den and laid back down on the plastic sacks I had put down. I peed myself some and turned the DVD back on.

The vibrating egg thingy in my pussy had evidently gone dead. I pulled it out and started fingering my pussy and watching people on the screen , including my partents engaged in all forms of sex and nastiness. I loved it!

Chapter 5 I go out.

I must have passed out and when I woke up it was well past lunch time. Not that I was hungry at all. What I was, was covered in half dried oatmeal, shit and pee. I got up and stumbled to the shower. Wow I really like being drunk! I stripped off my clothes and threw them in the corner of the shower, I took a long shower and by the time I was finished I felt a tiny bit more in control of my self.

I got out and dried myself off and put on a pair of bike shorts and a tee shirt. After looking at the tee shirt, I took it off and cut the bottom half off. Then put it back on. Now it barely covered my puffy titties. Perfect! I slipped a few dollars into the bike shorts. BTW, I didn't bother with panties at all. I got my bike and rode the three miles to the nearest convience store. I went in and searched around and got a big bottle of Gator aid. I also got a chocolate bar. I went back out and noticed a couple of guys staring at me. Why wouldn't they? I was for the most part half naked and sweaty from my bike ride. I proceeded to drink the Gator aid and eat the candy bar. It was pretty hot out , so the chocolate melted on my hands. When I finished it, I looked at the boys and just wiped my hands on my titties, leaving a brown mess on my cut off tee shirt. Now on to my next mission, that was to take a long way home. I diliberatly planned to ride home and get myself into a desperate situation that would end in an "accident" . I had drank some of the spiked tea before I left home, It was a wonder I could ride at all. After that and a whole 32oz. of the sports drink, I was feeling quite full.

I started home the long way. I looked back and the older boys were following me on their bikes. This I had not planned on. I had just meant to tease them a bit. I managed to stay a good was ahead of them, but by now I was desperate to pee. If I was going to avoid being caught, there was no way I could stop. Without even giving it much thought. I started peeing myself through my bike shorts. Mmmmmm I love being nasty! After about another mile or so they gave up. They had been riding the little trick bikes. I had been on my 18 speed mountain bike. It really wasn't much of a contest. I was by now riding through a wooded local park. There were lots of families having fun. There was no way I could stop. People would see just how nasty I was, so I kept riding. Thanks again to my oatmeal, I now need to poop. I decided that if I could pee while I rode, I could poop while I rode. I thought to just push a tiny bit out so that I could get comfortable. My body had other ideas. I pushed and was awarded with a hot squirt of runny shit into my bike shorts. Mmmmmmm I love being nasty. It took me about another 15 or 20 minutes to get home. I don't think anyone saw me , as we live pretty much out in the country.

When I got home, I walked to the back yard and turned on the garden hose and stuck it into my bike shorts and for the most part washed out the shit that I had done in them a few minutes earlier. I figured it was time to see what was on the other DVD.

I fixed myself a large glass of the spiked tea and settled on the plastic sacks I had put down and turned the tv on.

## Chapter 6 Mom gets dirty

This time the DVD was just my mom and some woman I didn't know at all. This time they were in a room that reminded me of our basement, but something just didn't fit. The camera panned around to catch my mom as she was pouring liberal amounts of cooking oil over her body. I was right! There was a door, and I did recognize our basement through it, but I had never seen the room that they were in right now. There was a shower, and a drain in the middle of the room. This I would have to do my best Nancy Drew to find after I watched the film.

Mom and the other woman were slathered in oil and all shiny. They started kissing and was rubbing their hands all over each other. I could hear them moaning like they were totally into each other. I could also hear my dad saying to someone that this made his dick hard just watching. I think he was running the camera.

Mom and the woman more or less ended up on the floor and Mom was on bottom. They got into what I now know was a 69 position and it was only a few seconds till they were both peeing and sucking each others pussies. I know what Dad meant. This made me sooooo horny! Then I heard them both kinda making grunting noises and I saw that their panties were bulging out. Then is when I was shocked. They both gathered a big handful of each others shit and started eating it! I couldn't decide if this part was hot, or if I was going to be sick.

They both were mashing the shit around and squishing it between their fingers. That was when my Mom literally buried her face against the womans ass and I could see her chewing on the womans panties. I could see brown runny paste leaking from her mouth and ... ok I got sick. I puked my guts up all over myself and luckily the plastic bags I had spread. But I couldn't take my eyes off of the TV at the same time

It was the most disgusting thing I had ever seen. I mean really! Eating shit? It was also at the same time so erotic I was glued to the picture before me. Then the woman turned around and she and my mother kissed and were maoning into each others mouths. It was then that I saw my dad and another man step into the picture. Evidently they had gotten a little ahead of the game. Both of them had shit themselves and their briefs were sagging from the weight. Now all four of them were entwined and kissing. Everyone was smearing shit on each other. At one point, they all laughed and called chinese fire drill and everyone pulled their shit fill panties and briefs off and traded with the person next to them. My Dad ended up with the panties that the woman had been wearing and my Mom was wearing the other guys briefs. Then there was more smearing and squishing. ..

What I needed now was a drink! I went to the kitchen after wiping as much of the puke off and said “the hell with mixed. I tipped a bottle of something up and took several big swigs. It burned like fire, but it was only a minute or two and I felt the alcohol going to my brain. I went back to the den and watched both DVD’s again.

It was a nice day out, so I opened the house up and let all the smells air out, while I figured out how I could continue my games. In my mind, I knew that warm oatmeal felt a lot like soft shit, but that didn’t solve the problem of wanting to shit. After a little thought I remembered a caulking type thing that dad would fill with stuff and inject it in hard to get to places to seal them up. I walked out to the garage in my messy clothes and peed myself on the way and even squatted down and squeezed out a tiny bit more shit into my shorts. I reached back to feel it , and when I looked at my hand , it was coated in brown goo. Being drunk evidently lowers my revulsion to things. I just giggled and wiped my shitty hand on my puke covered tee shirt.

When I got to the garage, I dug around and found the caulking tool and carried it back into the house. I cooked a large batch of oatmeal and also a pot of rice. When they had cooled a bit, I filled up the caulking tube. Then I went to a mirror in the den and bent over and eased the nozzle into my tight little ass hole. I then started squeezing the handle and I could feel the mixture being forced into my ass. After refilling it three times I was so full it hurt. My belly look distended . Then to put the icing on the cake I drank about a liter of tea followed by a couple of big drinks from another bottle in the liqueur cabinet. Surely Mom and Dad wouldn’t notice.

When I walked back into the house, I looked at myself in the mirror. I was a complete mess. I had puke stuck in my hair and all down the front of my shirt. I could see where I had smeared the chocolate across the front of my shirt, (which looked like smeared shit) My bike shorts were stained beyond repair . Mmmmm I love being nasty.

I decided to replay the DVD’s once again. When I got to the part where my Mom was eating that woman’s shit, I gagged again, but this time I was ready and intentially forced another gag and puked. Then in the middle of the puking as my stomach cramped up I lost total control of my body and when I came back to myself, I had shit out all the oatmeal and rice along with a nice amount of shit. I was laying in a puddle of warm pee, and I know I had had a massive orgasm!

I lazily rubbed my shit and puke all over myself. I was just too drunk to care. I must have laid there for at least another hour before I had sobered enough to crawl to the bathroom to clean myself up. After I had showered up, I grabbed a nice 7 inch dildo from my Mom’s toy box and stuffed in my tight little 12 year old cunt. I was so going to let that Jimmy kid down the road fuck me as soon as I could! But he was going to just have to like being as nasty as me if he was going to get my pussy. I pulled on a clean pair of panties and laid down and went to sleep. I guess I must have slept about 10 hours. When I woke up, it was about sunup on Sunday.

As much as I wanted to explore my new found hobby of being a nasty little piss and shit slut, I needed to clean this place up I did manage to pee myself a few times during the clean up though. After all was back as I remembered, I washed what I could and just stashed it all in the back of my closet for another

time. My bike shorts panties, Mom's panties and bra. I put all the bottles I had drank from back as near as I could remember where they had been. All ready for Mom and Dad to return.

They got home around four that afternoon and I greeted them at the door. Mom ask if I had behaved. I smiled and told her of course not. I thought I was home free and all of a sudden as I was sitting in the den, my Mom stepped into the room. She was holding the pair of cut off jeans I had tossed to the side of the deck the day before. I could see that in their faded state, that the crotch was yellow, and the back had a large shit stain. My Mom looked at me and sternly said I think we need to have a long talk young lady! I got up and walked toward the back of the house and Mom followed. She was a bit surprised when instead of walking into my room, I went to her and Dad's room. I walked over to the closet and pulled out the secret box. Reached in and pulled out the DVD's and looked at my Mom and said, I think you are right, we do need to talk.

More to follow if any of you are interested. Parts of this story are true, some are totally fiction. It's up to you to decide what is what.