**Community Service**

by Eddie Davidson

Copyright© 2020 by Eddie Davidson

**Chapter 1**

My sister Kimberly and I were at the community pool in our subdivision early on Sunday morning. It’s something we’ve been doing for the last six weeks. It was my father’s idea that we volunteer to clean the pool area – sort of public community service –with a twist.

It might seem pretty routine to most people. Just two kids skimming the pool, checking the filters, removing trash, cleaning the bathrooms and shower area, and straightening the noodles and deck chairs.

The thing is I don’t really do anything. I am just there to supervise my sister Kimberly and make sure she does a good job. This morning like every time we’d done it before, she was wearing an exceptionally small swimsuit. It’s called a Sassy Assy Hot Pink Micro Slingshot G String Bikini.

It is precisely what you might picture in your head but in case you don’t have a clue, here is a picture.

https://brunei.desertcart.com/products/60209989-sassy-assy-hot-pink-micro-slingshot-g-string-bikini

My sister doesn’t look anything like that model. She looks almost exactly like Dana Plato from the old TV show, Different strokes. She has ash blonde hair, a slightly turned-up nose that makes her look like a stuck up princess, and a few freckles dotting her pretty face.

It isn’t something she would have chosen for herself usually. I got to pick it out for her today. I still haven’t gotten used to seeing my sister’s tight little body on display like this, and I love to watch her bend over and clean up the pool area in tight teeny bikinis that make her look more naked than even if she was wearing nothing.

I especially enjoy it when someone is there early in the morning. She starts to blush when they make no secret they are watching her wiggle and jiggle around the pool area as I direct her on what to do next.

“Kimberly? Kimberly Stafford? Is that you?” a boy about our age called out to her. He had just set his towel down on a deck chair. We were the only other people at the pool. It was a nice warm day, so it would fill up soon, but right now, everything was quiet and calm.

My sister rolled her eyes and ignored him. My sister is a little stubborn, and she doesn’t always embrace her new rules like she should. “Kim, someone wants your attention,” I said calmly.

My older sister might have ignored me, too except she knew what would happen if she did.

She turned on her heel abruptly and sashayed over to the kid calling her name. My sister reminded me of one of those waitresses at a chain restaurant in that moment.

You know the kind who have a sour face and curse the customer behind their back, but as soon as they walk out into the dining room they slap a warm smile on their faces and kiss everyone’s ass?

“Jim isn’t it?” she asked.

“Jeff, actually. We’ve been in the same classes since 8th grade,” he seemed baffled. She wouldn’t know his first name. It was just like my sister to not pay attention to his name, but it was more likely she knew it all along and just wanted him to feel like she barely noticed him. It was a bad behavior, and one of the reasons she was dressed as she was doing community service.

She stood in front of him, waiting for him to ask her a question. He was clearly stunned by my sister’s boobs. She doesn’t have big tits, but the bikini didn’t cover most of the side or any of her cleavage. His jaw hung down.

“Okay, well, Hi,” she waved at him again and went back to work cleaning.

“Sis, I think you should skim the pool over there,” I pointed to right where Jeff was sitting.

“I’ve already done that, Sir,” my sister replied. She had to call me Sir, and I loved that. She was supposed to call all men Sir and speak respectfully to them now, but she frequently chose not to do that either.

“I think you missed a few spots,” I hinted that I wanted her to re-do it for Jeff’s benefit. My sister sighed and picked up the large hose she uses to skim and clean the pool. It was very phallic like a monster horse dick in her hands. She struggled to bring it over, and then she had to bend over in front of Jeff to turn it on.

My sister knew what I wanted her to do. She held the pose bending over long enough that he could see the thong material between her cheeks didn’t fully cover the rim of her asshole. I could tell from Jeff’s pleased expression he liked looking at my sister’s ass crack as much as I did. She was close enough to him when she bent over that he probably noticed the base of the stainless steel butt plug in her ass.

He licked his lips and picked up his cell phone very discreetly. I assumed he snapped a few pictures. My sister didn’t notice, and even if she did, she wouldn’t have been able to tell him to stop. That would have been my job.

“Did you just take a picture of my sister?” I walked over to Jeff like I was a badass. I am actually not that physically impressive. I am a little chubby and not even as tall as my sister. Jeff is a year older than me and could probably have kicked my ass. I knew he wouldn’t, though.

Kim stopped what she was doing and looked over her shoulder at him.

“No,” Jeff got nervous, and he started to turn a little red in the face.

“Oh, okay, I thought you did,” I said. I wanted him to be a little nervous. It was delicious to me when he stuttered and tried to pretend he had never touched his cell phone at all. “If you wanted to take pictures of her, all you have to do is ask. My sister has community service, and you are a member of the community,” I smiled at him. I had seen Jeff around the neighborhood and on my bus stop, so I assumed he lived here.

“Really?” he seemed puzzled. There were a lot of girls, my sister’s age who were not camera shy and loved taking selfies or posing for pictures. Kimberly would have called them attention whores before this summer began. My sister wasn’t exactly known at school as the most outgoing or pleasant person to be around.

“Yeah, did you want her to come closer so you can get a better shot of her butt?” I asked.

Jeff’s face turned three shades of red. He looked at my sister, and she smiled at him cautiously. She knew she would have to obey me, and she didn’t refuse when I ordered her to stand a few feet away from his deck chair.

“Bend over like you were checking the filter! Not with your knees, dumb-dumb, spread your legs and bend at the waist,” I slapped her bottom playfully. My sister placed her hands flat on the warm pool tile and bent over to expose her plump little ass to Jeff.

“When you are ready for her to change positions, just tell her which one you want next. I’m going to go check how well Kim cleaned the bathrooms,” I said as I excused myself.

“Why are you doing this?” Jeff asked as soon as I had moved away. This is what Kim told me he asked her after I left.

“I have to do community service, Sir,” my sister looked straight ahead.

“Why?” he asked.

“It’s a really long story, Sir. Are you sure you want to hear it? or would you rather just look up my butt for a while?” she asked with a trace of her trademark sarcasm.

“Can I do both?” he asked.

“Yes, you can, Sir but would you rather I do another position for you?” she asked.

“No, I kind of like this one,” Jeff snickered a little. He wasn’t sure why Kimberly was acting so strangely, but he wouldn’t look a gift horse in the mouth when he could look it in the ass.

“Just before school ended last year, I asked my father to put me on community service. So now I have to do whatever he tells me. My dad told me that my brother Dan gets to manage my work at the pool on Sundays, so I have to do whatever he tells me. My brother Dan told me I have to pose for your pictures until he tells me to stop. So I have to stand in any pose you want. Does that make sense?” she asked hopefully.

“Nope,” Jeff admitted with a wicked grin. “If I told you to pull your thong out of the crack of your ass, would you?” he asked. He was already getting hard just thinking about this pretty teenager bending over with her ass toward the sun simply because she had been told to obey him.

“Yes, I would, sir,” she said – but she didn’t do it.

“Okay, so do it,” Jeff replied.

Kim let out a small sigh and pulled her thong to the side, revealing the metal butt plug that was in her ass. Jeff had already seen the stainless steel base because the thong didn’t offer any modesty. He could see there was a red jewel in the center of the base quite clearly now.

“What is that?” he asked.

“That is my butt plug, Sir,” she said very succinctly.

Jeff had the internet and had seen sex toys and copious amounts of porn. He had never seen a woman wear a butt plug in person before. He’d never really seen a naked ass before either.

“Why are you wearing a butt plug?” he asked with a bemused look on his face.

“It is part of my community service, Sir” Kim didn’t want to volunteer any more information than she absolutely had too. The fact that she was unwilling to come forth with a clear answer only made Jeff more curious. If she had said that she got off on it, he would have let it drop and moved on.

“What did you do to get community service?” Jeff snapped a few pictures of Kim’s stuffed ass after sliding her thong bottoms to the side. She shivered with humiliation. She’d been doing things like this for months, but she still hadn’t grown immune to the constant embarrassment of being exposed as a slut in public.

“You probably aren’t going to believe me, Sir, but I asked my father to make me do it,” Kim admitted. Kim was embarrassed, showing her ass to a classmate who knew her, but it was nothing compared to having to admit this was all her idea in the first place.

“I don’t understand.”

“Sometimes I don’t either, Sir,” she smiled. “Have you looked at my butt long enough, Sir?” she asked.

“Don’t be mad at me, but no, I haven’t” Jeff liked asses, and she had a nice ripe little round ass.

“I am not mad, Sir. I was just checking. I don’t think you would believe me if I told you the truth. I wouldn’t believe me, either. I’ve told this story so many times before, and I still find myself questioning my logic. I guess you could say we are kind of a strange family. Have you ever heard of girl’s cutting themselves in the bathroom?”

“Yeah,” Jeff replied. It wasn’t common, but some girls had developed a nasty habit of cut themselves with razor blades to feel pain -some like my sister even became addicted to it.

“It was pain I could control. I’ve also been bulimic and intentionally made myself throw up so I could stay thin. I’ve also had kleptomania. I love to shoplift. Usually, it is just stupid shit that I don’t even need. The thrill of possibly getting caught gives me an adrenalin rush. I am also a pathological liar, and sometimes I lie when telling the truth is easier. If you say something happened on Tuesday, I might insist it was Wednesday even though you have proof,” she admitted reluctantly.

“Then how do I know you are telling the truth?”

“You don’t, Sir,” she admitted. “I don’t know why anyone would admit to being such a mixed-up crazy bitch, but when my brother comes back, he can verify my story. If he was here right now, he’d insist I tell you every little detail. I doubt you want to hear that, do you?” she asked.

“Yeah, I do! I have nothing else going on! I was just bored and thought I’d grab a seat at the pool before it fills up. Once I saw you, I thought I’d stay and gawk, and wow, I am glad I did,” Jeff said.

“Stop flattering me, Sir. You’ll give me a big head,” Kim blushed. “I suppose I should explain what happened right before I volunteered. It may help to bring you over to my house. Then you would know I am not making any of this up. Right now, I am just a dumb girl with a metal tube in her butt holding her thong to the side. I think if you meet my parents, you’ll understand why I asked my father for community service,” she said.

“You’d let me come over to your house and meet your parents?” Jeff asked.

“It isn’t up to me. It’s up to my wonderful brother. You can ask him. I have about thirty more minutes of chores to do here. I am happy to stand here all day and show you my butt if that is what you want, but if you’d rather talk while I clean, I am sure you will find out more than you ever cared to know about me at my house,” she said.

Jeff did have a crush on Kimberly. He knew she would never reciprocate his unrequited feelings. She was cute, and he was ordinary. She wasn’t the most popular girl in school by any stretch of the imagination, but she could have been. Kim had mostly kept to herself around school or with a small group of like-minded sour-bitch friends.

He was frankly more shocked she invited to him to her house than he was that she was showing him her butt.

“Sure, stand up and turn around first,” he said.

Kimberly stood up and faced him. She pulled her thong out and adjusted the strap to cover her ass cheeks.

“Flip-up your top for me,” he said.

Kimberly didn’t gasp, but she wanted to sigh. She kept a pretty smile on her face as she lifted the bottom of her bikini top to reveal her cherry red puffy nipples. She had metal piercings in each one.

“Noice!” Jeff said. Kim was flattered by his reaction. She was quite proud of the piercings. “Do you like those?”

“They feel like two fire ants who have crawled down my titty onto my nipple who are jabbing me with their stingers 24 hours a day, so yes, I like them, Sir,” she told the truth. The constant stimulation frequently turned her on. She held her top up while he took pictures of her.

“Are you going to be mad if I ask you to pull your thong to the side in the front?” he asked her.

“I haven’t been mad when you asked to see my asshole or my tits, Sir. I won’t be mad that you asked to see my cunt either,” she admitted. Jeff was shocked Kim chose to use such a vulgar word to describe her pussy. “I really don’t have a choice. What I am telling you is that any pose that you want me in, I will do. You just have to tell me to do it, Sir.”

“Okay, show me your pussy or uh, cunt?” Jeff said the word cunt lightly as if he was afraid anyone would hear him. There was no one else in the pool area because it was still quite early. Cunt was a shameful word to him that he had been taught calling a woman was almost as bad as calling a black person nigger.

It was a word Kim would never have used for herself but had frequently called other girls and even her mother until recently.

Kim pulled her bikini bottoms down. The suit was already angled perfectly so that the material around the crotch stopped just at the top of her pussy and revealed most of her body. Her pussy was hairless, and her pussy lips were well defined and meaty. She had two rings in either side of her labia hanging down that matched the ones in her nipples. The stainless steel gauge was thicker and the hoops were wider.

Jeff hadn’t expected it to be so beautiful. He wanted to get up close and sniff it, taste it, touch it, smack it. He didn’t dare even though she was willing to show him her body. She said nothing about touching, and he didn’t want to risk pushing things.

“Did you want to take pictures, Sir, or is my cunt too beat up and puffy for you?” Kim asked. Her pussy was pink from morning spankings and frequent use, but it looked really good to Jeff.

“Oh yeah,” Jeff was thankful for the reminder and snapped some fully body shots of her. He wasn’t sure anyone would believe him that Kimberly Stafford really showed her pussy to him even if he showed the pictures. They would probably think the images were made to look like that in Photoshop.

“I can’t stop you from sharing those pictures, and next year at school I will probably get a whole new level of dirty reputation that makes them seem tame. I would ask that if you do come to my house and find out how about my community service you consider keeping it to yourself, Sir?” she asked politely.

He nodded politely. Kim wasn’t sure if he would keep his word, but it was no longer up to her if he did. She’d made her request politely, and that was quite an improvement from what she might have done a few weeks ago.

“Do you have something in your Cunt like that butt plug?” Jeff was making awkward conversation and changing the subject while he drank in the teenagers puffy little pussy.

“Yes Sir, Ben Wa balls and my piercings,” she jingled the two metal hoops playfully. She liked the way they felt. They were like two queen ants who had burrowed into her pussy lips and liked to constantly pull them down.

“What are Ben Wa balls?”

“Hard to explain Sir, they are two stainless steel balls on a string. They create micro-vibrations by the inner ball rolling gently within the outer ball,” she said.

“Can I see them?”

“Yes, Sir, but you have to tell me to show them to you,” Kimberly reminded him.

“Show me your balls,” Jeff asked.

She liked that

joke and had to stop herself from laughing. She had made the same joke herself many times that she had a set of balls now.

“They aren’t brass, but here they are,” she said as she fished them out of her pussy with a long finger.

https://www.amazon.com/Trinity-Vibes-Silver-Vaginal-Kegel/dp/B00AZVADME

The balls were dripping with her cunt juice as she offered them to him.

Jeff was stunned when he saw she’d really do that. He shouldn’t have been since she had shown him this much. Anyone could have walked past the pool and seen her standing with her bikini bottoms pulled to the side, holding these balls.

“I don’t get why you wear those for community service,” he said.

“Then ask me why am I wearing these for community service, Sir” Kimberly smiled at him. Jeff phrased his observation in the form of a question. “The same reason I wear a butt plug, sir. My cunt is constantly filled unless I am pissing. Even when I am asleep, I have something inside both holes. My cunt is usually stuffed with something I can’t remove to prevent me from masturbating. I COULD take the balls out on my own but I like them because theyhelp teach me pussy control,” Kim demonstrated by rolling her pussy with a Kegel exercise and using her muscles to open her pussy flaps without touching them.

“Oh my god,” Jeff said with shock.

“Yeah, if that shocks you wait until you get to my house, Sir,” she laughed. “Still sure you want to meet my Dad?”

**Chapter 2**

Danny and Kimberly had prepared Jeff for what he might see at their house after she finished cleaning the pool area. She excused herself as they walked up to the front door.

“I will meet you around back, Sir,” she told her brother. He slapped her playfully on her sun-kissed butt-cheeks.

“Maybe,” he laughed.

“Please don’t leave me out there long. The neighbors are having a picnic or something. I can hear them, Sir,” she laughed.

“So? It wouldn’t be the first time the saw you sunbathing, Sis,” Danny laughed.

“I won’t be sunbathing, Sir,” she replied with pursed lips like she thought it was slightly funny.

Danny opened the door to his house carefully. The door was unlocked, and he called out, “Mom? Dad? We have a visitor,” as a warning to them.

Even with the short explanations that Jeff received before visiting the Stafford House, he was not prepared for the spectacle in the living room.

He recognized Kimberly’s mother right away. She was a teacher at his high school.

Now she was completely naked and had her legs spread for a web camera. She was holding a metal spreader in her pussy, forcing it incredibly wide open. She had a spider gag in her mouth that forced her mouth open. She was using her hand to force an impossibly long dildo into her mouth and periodically gagging and spitting up on her tits.

She had quite a few more tattoos and piercings than this, but it is a close approximation.

https://twitter.com/dirtygardengirl/status/1306360817730936834?s=20

She barely looked up to acknowledge her son when he walked in. She didn’t seem alarmed that A boy who had once attended her classes was with her son either. She acted like this were a perfectly routine thing to be doing when receiving visitors.

Mike Stafford introduced himself to Jeff. He had been directing his wife in the background and was fully dressed. “Okay, I got your text. Is this Pigerly’s school chum?” he asked.

It was the first time that Jeff had heard the name Pigerly. That was now Kim’s new nickname. “I hope you don’t take offense to Bunny?” he asked. Jeff’s delighted expression told him he was shocked, a little embarrassed, but definitely impressed.

“Bunny?” Jeff assumed he was referring to his former teacher Helen.

“Helen is gone. She doesn’t live here anymore. Address unknown, return to the sender. I thought my son had a little talk with you before you got here?” Mike looked at his son with disappointment.

“Yeah, but I was kind of stunned, so I may not have picked up on everything. What exactly is happening right now? Is this one of those Camera shows where Carbanaro comes out and tells me this was all an optical illusion or something?” Jeff mused.

“You mean Alan Funt?” Mike was old-school and remembered the days of Candid Candid Camera when they tried to shock people and film their reactions to seeing women flash tits. He assumed that was what Jeff was talking about. “Hang on, go let Pigerly in,” Mike told his son. “It’s almost time for their regular beatings. We can have a nice long talk then, Jeff.”

“You beat your wife?” Jeff asked with surprise. Bunny was busy gagging herself and finger fucking her piss-hole with one of her fingernails for the camera.

“I am not married any longer. I don’t have a wife. That is my pet on the floor. She’ll explain after she finishes her set on the camera. This is how she makes her living now. There is a lot more money to made as a twitter whore than there is teaching,” Mike explained.

He showed Jeff her twitter feed that he had up on his cell phone. It was full of clips of his former wife doing impossibly degrading humiliations and fetish acts with links to Onlyfans site where people can buy full-length videos. There were even some that included Kim!

“You may take a break, cunt!” Mike turned off the camera. His wife breathed a sigh of relief. Her pussy was coated in her own juices. She had spit dribbling down her chin and all over her tits. “Thank you Master,” Bunny was surprisingly adept at talking with her chin. She knew Jeff. She had him in a few of the classes she taught.

“I am sure what I am doing shocks you, Sir?” she asked him without closing her legs or removing the metal spreader she had inserted in her pussy. He noticed she had similar piercings to her daughter in her cunt and pussy as well – only much larger.

“Yeah, kind of,” Jeff raised his eyebrows a few time excitedly.

“Apparently, Jeff wants to hear why you are such a disgusting piece of filth now,” Mike said.

Despite Bunny’s shameless exhibition on camera she was still feeling mortified. She had grown used to being talked to this way by everyone in her family. There was a time her daughter even used to do it. She tried not to let on that she was embarrassed and those words chilled her to the bone. She kept a bubbly demeanor and asked her husband if she could remove her gag and cunt spreader.

Danny walked his sister into the living room. She was naked and crawling on all fours like a dog. Her ass was stuck up in the air. She wore a dog’s spiked collar that read Pigerly around her next. Danny had attached a leash to the collar and was walking her around playfully. She had her nose to the ground and her tits dragged the carpet. It didn’t look like she was enjoying herself.

“So you call your sister Pigerly now?” Jeff was shocked.

“Pig, Piggy, Piglet, Piggenstein, Piggy McPiggerbee,” Danny laughed and swatted his sister hard with a riding crop he was holding. “Just at home though, most people might not appreciate it but the name certainly fits,” he said.

“Except you have your sister on a leash like a dog,” Jeff observed.

“No, I have her on a leash like a pig. Oink for me, Piggy! C’mon, Soo-eee, Soo-Soo, Soo-Eeeeee!” Danny cracked the riding crop between his sister’s butt cheeks. It made a wicked sound when it connected and she shuddered before oinking playfully for him.

“Wow, this is blowing my mind,” Jeff admitted.

“Would you like a beer or something?” Mike asked him.

“Sure, that would be great!” Jeff smiled.

“Fine, Are you twenty one?” Mike smiled.

“No.”

“Okay, well how about a coke?” Mike laughed. He was just playing with Jeff and trying to break the ice. He sent his daughter to go bring two cokes and a beer for the men. He didn’t ask her what she or Bunny wanted.

Pigerly answered him politely and stood up. She raced into the kitchen with her tits bouncing and her ass cheeks flapping. Jeff could still see the butt plug in her ass as she dashed into the kitchen to bring them a drink.

Mike reluctantly removed the gag from his wife and gave her permission to take off the pussy spreader. He made her lick them clean while the guys sat down and waited for the drink.

When Piggy returned she was holding a tray with the drinks very gracefully. She bent down with her knee politely and served her father first, then their guest her brother. Then without being asked she got down on all fours and balanced the tray on her back so they could use her as a coffee table.

“You do have your uses, Piggy!” Mike said as he set his beer on her back.

“Thank you Daddy,” Piggy replied with a satisfied expression on her face.

“Well, it is family confessional time again. This went well when your brother visited so let’s try that same format,” Mike instructed Bunny. She was finishing lapping up her pussy juices on the spreader bar.

“Should I stuff something up my ass and cunt first, Master?” Bunny asked.

“Your thirsty cunt hole has been empty too long huh?” Mike looked around for a household object or sex toy. They had plenty lying around including whips, chains, duct tape, sex lube and dildos. “Sure, what should we use,”

“How about an entire block of cheddar cheese up the ass and her fist in her cunt?” Danny had absolutely no sympathy for his mother when he made that suggestion. It sounded outrageous to Jeff but Bunny seemed to actually like that.

“You just want to be able to eat the cheese after no one else wants it,” Mike suggested that his wife would be willing to accept a humiliation like that so she could eat the food that had been up her ass when it was all over.

“One fist in ass, one fist in pussy! If you are a good little bitch and tell the full story to Jeff I’ll give you a SLICE of cheese after you finish,” he said. He ordered his wife into what he called the Pretzel position.

Bunny appeared to be incredibly limber when it came to spreading her legs and arms. She rolled herself into an impossibly compact position with her legs behind her head and her ass and cunt exposed. She licked both hands and slid them effortlessly deep into her cunt and ass up to the wrist while smiling about it.

https://www.xvideos.com/video28405231/selena\_beautiful\_flexible\_girl\_doing\_the\_pretzel

Jeff had to shift his seated position because his dick had sprung to life in his shorts Bunny noticed and smiled intently at him.

He noticed she had a lot of tattoos on her body. They were mostly of cocks, and nude women. There were some dirty women including “Semen Monkey”. The one that stood out the most was on her buttocks. It was obviously an Ace of Spades but the word “Bunny” was spelled out at the bottom in black cocks. The letters “BBC” were in the center of it but the font that was used was also in the shape of big dicks. The tattoo dominated most of her left butt cheek.

“I am a sex addict, Jeff,” Bunny admitted like she was part of a 12-step program. She noticed Jeff was shocked. “It’s not that unusual. A lot of women are afflicted with it and for me it was life consuming!”

Mike used a whip to slash her tit while remaining seated and reminded her that in the house she is below everyone. “No first names!” he insisted.

“I am sorry, Master! I wanted Mr. Jeff to know that I was speaking to him directly. Mr. Jeff, I am not permitted to address you simply by your first name any longer. I know that may sound awkward but I am about to tell you how I fucked myself and my marriage down the toilet. If you will indulge an old, dumb whore like me the chance to tell you the story you will see that I am actually the lucky one right now. If you want me to stop so you can ask a question or take a piss or something just ask my husband to whip me, please?” she offered politely.

Jeff nodded his willingness to do that but he wasn’t sure he wanted to see his former teacher whipped.

BUNNY “Helen” Stafford’s Story

I think I’ve always been a sex-addict. I remember playing Doctor when I was a little girl. I loved being examined and playing with myself. When people asked me what I wanted to be when I grew up I said I wanted to be a Doctor so I could play with boys cocks. I had some naughty uncles who helped give me an education in proctology as well! I wanted to be a butt doctor more than anything. I grew up before video games were popular so most of us played outside and in tree forts. I was the girl who always suggested cowboys and Indians because I’d eventually get tied up. I was the girl who was always showing her tits in school and I got pregnant early with Pigerly. I thought settling down would tame me and make me become a good mom.

It did for a little while but before I knew it I was trying to find ways to indulge my fantasies. Once I got Facebook, I was messaging old high school flames and trying to arrange for trysts. My husband was open to swinging, and we did plenty of that too. Threesomes, orgies, gang bangs, you name it. It just wasn’t enough for me. I liked the adrenalin rush of sneaking around, and when Mike knew about my secret obsessions, it made it less fun.

I got caught plenty of times. We separated, we got couples counseling. I even joined sex addicts anonymous. It is a 12-step program like alcoholics anonymous. I got kicked out because I was using it to arrange random hookups and ruining everyone’s recovery.

My husband was beside me during my addictions and tribulations. He never gave up on me. He was patient and loving and understood I genuinely have an addiction. It is not ever likely to go away.

I was so permissive and slutty that I fucked my principal and every teacher at school. A lot of student-athletes. I love teenage cock, Sir. I love it. I can’t get enough pussy, ass or tongue either. I loved being dirty and nasty.

I’ve fucked all of my friends and their husbands – and usually not at the same time. I loved to seduce them. It made me feel wanted to pursue them and have them let me catch them. I ruined so many marriages by fucking both partners and carelessly dumping them both after they no longer amused me.

Things came to a head when I went to a bachelorette party in Las Vegas with some of my slutty girlfriends. You know how they say what happens in Vegas stays in Vegas? That wasn’t true in my case. There are videos floating all over the Internet of me sucking stripper cocks and then kissing the cream pie into my best friend’s mouth before she kisses it back in mine.

I didn’t call my husband the entire time I was there. It was supposed to last three days. I was gone seventeen days. Every night I went out and got blackout shit-faced. I woke up with a busted pussy and ass and then put on my make up and went back out looking for cock in the morning. I fucked strangers, old men, homeless guys. I charged money for it, I gave it away free, I even paid for it sometimes.

I started getting tattoos, and every day I would wake up and not realize what I had done to myself the night before. I had no concern for how my family might take some of these. I’ve got the words “Cum whore” written on my shoulder where anyone can easily see it. The big black tattoo on my ass was the final straw. I woke up surrounded by a dozen black guys I did not recognize.

I had not only fucked them but made a porno with them. They wrote nasty words all over me, and at first, I hope that this was just something that could eventually wash off.

When I finally drained our savings, I returned home. If I had more money, I would have kept fucking and sucking my way through Vegas. I almost did anyway and probably should have stayed out there walking track in some busted motel outside of Reno. It would have saved my family some heartbreak.

When I got home, I acted like nothing was wrong and that I had every right to go spend our savings as I saw fit. I was absolutely horrible. Master offered to get me some help, but I knew that all the rehabs and sex addict groups would do is act as a temporary buffy to my cravings.

I eventually couldn’t stand looking in the mirror. I had reached a sort of rock bottom because even as Master forgave me and tried to help save our marriage, I was already plotting ways to get fucked. I started turning tricks and fucking my students at school. I don’t know if you and I ever had sex because it was a blur. I would have fucked anyone who so much as bumped into me if they wanted it.

I began to write down the rules to my new life. They sounded pretty harsh, but it was also necessary and essential that I make a drastic change if I wanted drastically different results. Anything was better than giving into my addictions and destroying everyone and everything I came into contact with.

I submitted the rules to my husband, and he said there was no way he could do that to his wife. I told him that if he wanted to divorce me, that would be fine, but the only way I’d ever straighten my ass out is to make an extreme change in my life and never be permitted to back out.

At first, Master tried to cure me of my addictions. He realized that would not be possible. We needed to find a way to live with them. Three years ago, I began living this way around the house. I started doing webcam work on the side and turning tricks but only supervised by Master.

It became apparent to my family that I was changing and told Pigerly and Mr. Dan, what I am telling you now. I told them that I would surrender all parental authority because I don’t deserve authority over anyone – even myself. I surrendered my rights as a wife and a person and became my husband’s pet – Bunny. I gave up my old life, and as Master said, Helen doesn’t live here any longer.

This year I was quietly fired by the school board after the rumors got to great to handle that I was fucking most of the school. I live this way full time now, 24 hours a day, seven days a week.

There was a sudden whip-crack, and she instantly shut up. Mike gave Jeff a chance to ask questions or run away.

“Do you like living this way?” he asked.

“I wouldn’t have it any other way, Sir. If I had known I could do this so many years ago thing of how much less trouble and mayhem I could have caused. Think of how many marriages I would not have ruined?

“Yeah, but do you like being on the floor with your body like that?” Jeff clarified.

“You were always so bright. I am delighted to live as a human fuck doll and cum rag. I please instead of tease. I can no longer hurt anyone only serve and fuck. This is what I was born to be, Jeff. This life is what I should have been but never dared to do. It is what I’ve always dreamed of doing but never had the courage to do on my own,” she explained that the rules meant she couldn’t just quit when she wanted to now.

“If you are trying to deal with your addictions, why would you have sex all the time? Why not cut you off entirely?” Jeff said.

“I am lucky that my Master indulges my addictions. The only way I could have lived with them was to confront them. He channels my addictions by restricting what I can and cannot do and ensuring that I get less pleasure than I give. I suppose it is a little like a heroin addiction. You don’t quit cold turkey. You use methadone because once you are hooked, there is no getting unhooked. It’s much safer, and no one gets hurt in the process.”

Once Jeff adjusted his pants again to allow for his impossible boner Mike said it was Pigerly’s turn to tell her story.

“Is it the same as her mother?” Jeff asked Mike. It seemed they were both getting the same treatment.

“Oh no, quite the opposite!” Mike smiled and smacked his daughter’s pert ass. “Wake up, Piglet. It is storytime!”

**Chapter 3**

Pigerly “Kimberly” Stafford’s Story

“I told you earlier that I was a pathological liar. I was addicted to shoplifting. I was addicted to losing weight and controlling it through bulimia. I was cutting myself on the wrists and legs, and I was generally difficult to be around,” Pigerly began.

“That’s just my sister’s GOOD qualities,” Danny joked. She smirked and didn’t disagree.

“I didn’t say that the cutting was a direct result of my guilt. It was pain I could control and focus. I was punishing myself because I knew I was a little shit. When Mom started her training, I laughed at her. I predicted she’d quit in a week and be out fucking some guy that weekend. When that didn’t happen, I said she was only doing it to get her rocks off. Like you, I assumed she was just indulging her most wicked perversions, and this was simply an excuse by Dad to enable her once again.

I wasn’t very supportive of her because I wanted to believe she was simply a piece of shit like me, and that is what a piece of shit would do.

Earlier today, I knew your name. I knew exactly who you are. I said the wrong name because I have an instinct in my brain that tells me to do shit like that. I wanted you to feel pathetic and unworthy of my attention. My brother wasn’t listening, and I could play it off as an accident. I am telling you now because I am working on my own addictions.

One of them is lying, and it is tough for me to admit the truth. You have no reason to believe me, but my father and brother can confirm for you everything I am saying is true. I suppose at first I was amused by my mother’s state. I took advantage of her and made her my bitch.

I even tried to set her up to fail by inviting boys over to fuck her when Dad wasn’t home. I thought if I could get her to fall off the wagon and revert back to her old ways I could prove she was really a piece of shit who didn’t want to change just like me. I just didn’t want to admit I was the piece of shit – not to myself or anyone.

I started getting online so that I did not have to deal with watching my mother’s training. Guys would start talking to me, and I took it as an opportunity to make them feel like garbage. Misery loves company, and anytime I could get a guy to pursue me and make him feel like trash was a victory to me.

Most assumed I was either a guy catfishing them because no pretty teenage girl was going to talk to them anyway or that I wasn’t worth the trouble of getting to know them. That was fine with me. The Internet was simply a way to let off some steam and troll some people. I liked hurting feelings, and it let me do that from far away.

A few of those guys liked it when I was mean to them. They liked it so much they offered to pay me to tell them to fuck off. The more I berated them and found fault in them, the more they loved it.

Eventually, one offered to buy a bottle of my piss. I had nothing to lose. I drank a coke and pissed in the bottle and mailed it to him. If he paid me a hundred dollars, that was bank, and if he didn’t, I lost the time and postage only.

I found out very quickly that almost anything you can harvest off of a female body from eyelashes to fingernails could be sold online. There is an alternative e-bay site that lets me put hairs plucked out of my butt crack online and auction them off. All I had to do was take pictures to prove it.

That is where Mr. Danny comes in. I couldn’t let Danny think he was getting over on me by taking my picture in these humiliating ways. I blackmailed him and made him feel obligated to help me get the images of me plucking my pussy hair out or pissing in a jar to prove it was mine but still keep them secret from Dad.

Naturally, like any good scheme, it came to a head when my Dad found my Twitter and all the money I was making online. I think I wanted to get caught. I had been hurting myself, and my body was covered in cut marks. I used to make such wonderfully ornate designs in my own skin, and I had a variety of razors and needles to suit my mood.

My Dad was willing to suspend me, take my computer away, and forgive me. He took it seriously, but he also knew that I was hurting myself. He offered to get me counseling My mom would have seduced and fucked her counselor. I wanted to mind-fuck him by giving him all the false-positives to every possible mental illness there was and then try to accuse him of touching me.

I had no interest in change or being helped. I was thinking of ways to get my computer back so that I could get back to doing what I liked to do in my comfort zone.

I guess three months before school, I was being a total brat around the house. I had just got caught shoplifting, and a cop escorted me home. I played totally innocent and blew smoke up the officer’s ass so he’d let me get away with it.

When I got home, my Dad threatened to punish me. I laughed and suggested he spank me. Dad said he might just do that.

“Well, Dad, that’s just it. You MIGHT do a lot of things, but you don’t,” I think I said. He picked me up by my neck with one hand and flipped me over. He gave me the most mighty spanking against my ass that I’ve ever had. It was over my clothes at first.

I demanded he do it harder and show me what a real man he was. I was egging him on. I even pulled my jeans down so he could spank me over my panties. His hand felt totally different when he started striking my ass over the panty material. I was naked by the time he was done, but he didn’t undress me. I did.

I accused him of doing to me what he did to mom and yelled at him. Then I locked myself in my room. When I came out, he wasn’t angry, and he didn’t yell at me. I was still naked.

“I’d like you to start spanking me like that every day, Dad,” I said. My ass was still tingling from the powerful spanking he gave me. There had been so many raw emotions during that first ordeal that I was only sure of one thing – I no longer felt guilty. I felt like I had been punished properly, and I no longer felt the urge to hurt myself. I felt at peace and content for once.

“You are not going to say please?” he smiled.

“Not until you knock some sense in to me,” I assured him.

My Dad made up similar rules for me like my mom. The first draft was pretty different than the rules today. They were much lighter, and I wouldn’t have to undress in the backyard or crawl like a pig on the floor. I was still Kimberly then.

At first, I didn’t want Mr. Danny to boss me around. I was willing to do just about anything else besides become my brother’s bitch. Master insisted that I be supervised by him as well. “I don’t have time to watch you and your mother full time. If you want to be disciplined, you will submit and be trained. If Danny fucks up and shirks his responsibilities I’ll forbid him to say a word to you.

I’d been such a little shit to him over the years that I should have just accepted that and let him get some payback.

Instead, I plotted to get him into trouble. I tempted my brother to push me harder and harder. I tried to bully him into making me do these outrageously humiliating things in the hopes Dad would catch us both and suspend his right to boss me around.

Every day the two of them spanked my ass several times a day, and I started to behave myself. The pain was good – it muted my rage. It made me more caring about the pain I caused others. I started to enjoy obeying them and making them happy, and I didn’t know why.

The problem was I didn’t think I deserved happiness. I intentionally tried to disrupt and introduce chaos into the family dynamic. I started fucking with my mom, and I put her in the car. It used to be her car before she became Bunny. I basically stole it and started to drive to Las Vegas. I was going to whore her out and live on my own. I thought I knew best.

Three days into it, a Highway patrolman called my father. I had been caught shoplifting in a gas station and left my mother naked in a dog cage in the back of the car.

When my Dad picked me up, he didn’t say a word. He didn’t scold me. He didn’t want to enforce the rules on me again.

I started to realize the only time I was truly happy had been the first few weeks of my training. I literally begged him to train me, and he refused. I offered to live exactly like my mother, and he said I simply wasn’t ready for that intense of an experience. I stripped off my clothes and began to oink and snort like a pig. It was something I made my mother do. I insisted Dad stop the car.

He did, and I got out and ran down the hill into the canal.

There on Highway 87, I rutted around in the mud down in a canal butt naked until he finally agreed to take me home and make me Pigerly.

Unfortunately, like they said, most people would think it was them that are being mean if they called me that. My mom can get away with going by Bunny in public.

So that is my story, Sir, and I am sticking to it.