**Naked in the Trailer Park**

A Naked in the Trailer Park Story

by Eddie Davidson

**Chapter 1**

*Naturism or nudism is a cultural and political movement practicing, advocating and defending social nudity in private and in public. It may also refer to a lifestyle based on personal, family and/or social nudism. Several other terms have been proposed as alternative terms for naturism, but none has found the same widespread public acceptance as the older terms “naturism” and “nudism”. The naturist philosophy has several sources, many of which can be traced back to early 20th century health and fitness philosophies in Germany, though the concepts of returning to nature and creating equality are also cited as inspiration. From Germany the idea spread to the UK, Canada, the United States and beyond where a network of clubs developed. The model of German naturism is to promote naturist family and recreational sports, with the German Association for Free Body Culture being a member of the German Olympic Sport Federation. French naturism developed on the basis of large holiday complexes. This in turn influenced Quebec and the United States. A subsequent development was tourist naturism, where nudist resorts would be built to cater for the nudist tourist, without any local base. This concept is most noticeable in the Caribbean. Nevertheless, most naturist activity takes place at local naturist clubs, especially in Western countries.*

*Naturism is NOT the norm in Jackson Square Mobile Home Trailer Park.*

The Naked in School series began with a high school in Middle America where people are a little more progressive. They have a “Program” that allows for a student to be chosen weekly to go to school naked with a buddy system. This story begins in that Universe but is set in a much different setting where they don’t have that program in public or private school.

“Earl, you fucking perverted asshole!” Tammy said as she slouched in her E-Z chair and took a puff of a Camel Light.

“I am all of those things,” her churlish landlord Earl admitted but he wasn’t going to be intimidated by her sarcastic, southern bitchy attitude. He was smirking and trying to help break the awkward tension in the trailer.

It was Sunday evening, March 31st at the Jackson Square Mobile Home Park and he had spent the last hour at the Davidson’s trailer explaining to them their new situation but they just weren’t having it. They had already gone through the stages of denial. They refused to believe they were behind on the rent.

“You can’t just spring this on us now, Eddie is going to come home any day now with a big fat paycheck from that Alaska Pipeline,” Tammy had said about her latest boyfriend. It sounded like she didn’t even believe her own lie that Eddie was going to return when she said it the fifth time. Trailer park men were unreliable at best and despite her Milfish good looks she had a string of bad-boy relationships that had always failed at some point or another.

“We aren’t. We’ve posted a late notice on your screen door for the last three months and March was your final warning!” Earl was in good-spirits despite the fact he had already told her this seven times already.

“Nobody reads that shit, Earl!” Tammy replied angrily. She had shifted to bargaining when that failed to work. Her kids were in the room with her but she wasn’t known for subtlety. They were all teenagers and they knew what “Can I make this worth your while? Maybe we can work something out, Earl?” in a sexy voice meant.

“I’ve heard you give some of the best blowjobs on Donjay Avenue but I also know with a six pack of Miller Lite, a carton of Newport Menthol Filter Kings and some sweet words you’d be giving me one of those for free,” Earl laughed. He was a portly man at least 15 years older than Tammy.

She scrunched up her face with disgust and scoffed at him but she knew he had a point.

“As if,” Tammy’s eldest daughter Harley stood up for her mother and putting her hands on her hips defiantly told him he’d be lucky to get a pity blowjob from Mrs. Abernathy “And she is so old she farts dust!”

Tammy is blonde, has blue eyes and a fiery streak. She has a lithe body although a little baby fat around her thighs and boobs.

“I am not saying I wouldn’t be lucky to get it, young lady,” Earl didn’t take offense at the high school girl jumping into the conversation. “I am just saying it aint worth four months of back rent.”

“Four? You said three months!” Tammy was in disbelief. She winked at her daughter appreciatively for jumping to her defense. The two of them were very close although at times they could be bitter rivals and often made fun of each other in private. Tammy appreciated her daughter stepping up for her.

“I said it’s BEEN Three months but as of tomorrow you will owe FOUR months’ rent and you all knew that the choice was this or be kicked to the curb. I’ve got Frank and Skinny outside ready to move you out tonight unless you begin immediately.”

“Skinny is so fat he can’t fit inside my screen door and my Uncle Frank is probably six fifths into a fifth of cheap whiskey.”

“It don’t matter, Tammy. All your shit is going to impound for auction and you are leaving her tonight or you can accept the consequences of your actions and work off your debt.”

“This has to be an April Fools Joke,” Tammy’s younger Son Rally looked up from his Xbox one. He had been trying to pretend he wasn’t listening to what was happening. He was thin, geeky and unlike the rest of the family had book smarts.

“It Aint April First yet and this is no joke. They have these programs in fancy schools all around the country and Berkley College even has a nude week where all the students can walk around naked.”

“That’s Berkley University,” Rally corrected Earl before adding “and the high school programs you are talking about are voluntary, experimental programs in progressive high schools where the students are highly monitored. They teach body acceptance and are highly controversial but you are talking about ALL of us having to do this because we didn’t pay rent. It is entirely different.”

“We want you to learn body deliverance and all that too, Rally” Earl condescendingly dismissed Rally’s words. He sounded “faggy” to the most people around the trailer park because he spoke very intelligently and used big words when he didn’t have too. His real name was Robert Lee after the Confederate General but at an early age he wanted to change it. His elder sister began calling him “Rally” and that stuck as his nick name.

“The phrase is body acceptance and you just want to see boobs and asses bouncing around the trailer park,” Rally grimaced.

“Don’t you?” Earl chuckled his response.

“Not my mom and my sisters!” Rally’s reaction was shock and dismay.

“Well, believe me. I am not exactly excited about seeing your beans and weinie hanging out either,” Harley his older sister chided him.

“Well, she is your HALF sister anyway,” Earl reminded the boy that Harley and his older brother had different fathers. It didn’t really matter as far as Rally was concerned because they had all been raised together.

Harley’s twin brother Leonard was sprawled on the couch quietly watching everything. He was handsome and looked a lot like a young Channing Tatum. He was also as dumb and easy going as his twin sister was a spitfire of attitude. Leonard was also the only one who didn’t seem to care one way or the other about this. He burped and laughed at the sound it made.

“Look, I am not shy. You’ve seen my bathing suit down at the pool before you stopped cleaning it,” Tammy said after her three kids had their say. She wasn’t wearing a bra and her big fake boobs jutted out of her shirt displaying her cleavage – which made it fairly obvious she wasn’t shy.

“That wasn’t my job to clean the pool. That is your Uncle Frank’s job and I admit he let it get out of hand,” Earl chuckled at the mental image of a green community swimming pool full of sludge and beer cans. “However, as part of this arrangement you are going to get the pool back!”

“And all we have to do is walk around the trailer naked for a month and then our rent is paid back?” Tammy was being coy. She knew that Earl had already explained it seven times but she wanted to make him say it all again.

“No, you still owe the rent and paying it all off will allow you to voluntarily terminate our agreement as long as you are in behaved status. I’ve explained this to you already. Rally can you do some of that faggy talk and explain it to your Mom?” Earl was still amused because he felt like he held all the cards in this situation. The Davidson’s would either move out and he could sell their entire trailer for a tidy profit or he would make them participate in this new program. He was however getting frustrated at having to repeat himself.

“I don’t need Rally to explain it to me. I aint stupid. I just don’t get what you are offering or why us. I mean I’ve been walking around with just a bra and panties around the house and the kids used to have to take baths together when they were little so it aint like they haven’t seen each other naked. I just don’t get how us walking around the trailer completely bare-butt nekked is going to teach us something or get the rent paid,” Tammy shrugged.

“There is a new owner of the trailer park and these are his rules. If it was up to me, I would just auction your stuff and get a new tenant to pay rent. At the end of the program he assures me that you’ll be model tenants and it will all be worth it.”

“What if the Abernathy’s didn’t pay rent? He gonna make those old bastards strut around naked?” Tammy asked about her elderly neighbors. They were quiet and kept to themselves but they also looked down on the Davidsons since they moved in years ago.

“Yeah, you gonna make some fatties like the Donaldson’s oink up and down Donjay showing off their big fat asses and bellies if they don’t pay rent?” Harley interjected. She often teased her school mates Becky and Heather Donaldson because they were plump girls.

“You are getting this opportunity precisely because you aren’t disgusting to look at but at the same time you are going to serve as an example of what happens if you don’t pay rent or violate the rules around here. Now, you know Becky and Heather are my nieces and they’ve been nothing but nice to you since you moved in here. I don’t want to hear you call them fat-asses! One of the conditions of your agreement is that you have to be nice.”

“Oh fuck nice! They have been total bitches to me,” Harley was exaggerating. The Donaldson girls had stood up to Harley’s relentless teasing but had rarely ever gotten the better of her.”

“Yeah, I think you’d have a better chance of seeing my sister naked then seeing her nice,” Rally joked and Harley chucked a rubber dog ball at his head nearly hitting him in the face.

“Oh real nice! I can’t wait for you to have to walk Champ naked through the neighborhood,” Rally smiled sheepishly as he dodged a second pet toy. Their Dog was outside and Leonard or him generally was the one relegated to walking the dog. Their mother tended to spoil Harley over the two of them. “Missed again!” Rally had said after the second ball whizzed by his head and as he turned a third hit him square in the face and broke the tension with a laugh from everyone – except for Rally. It sounded like Champ even barked a laugh from outside.

“Fuck this! Fuck this right in the ass!” Harley was easily frustrated and now she was angry for being singled out. “We can go down and get fucking welfare and pay all our bills! We don’t need this shit,” she mused.

Her mother just looked at her for a moment with a condescending look of “Baby, you have no idea how the world really works do you?” look on her face. Tammy explained that the welfare system in America doesn’t work where if you don’t want to pay your bills you just walk down to an office, fill out a form and a check arrives for all your expenses. Tammy’s welfare benefits ran out years ago after cut after cut to the program and it became increasingly difficult to meet their impossible work standards. Even if she could apply they were three months in the hole with another month due tomorrow morning. There was just no way was the Government going to give them a hand out big enough, timely enough to make that work.

“Well God damned, I can’t be the only here who doesn’t want to flap my naked ass around the trailer park and be the laughing stock,” Harley stammered.

“Come back tomorrow and we’ll discuss this. If Eddie comes back and finds out I agreed to something like this – I really can’t see him wanting to stay,” Tammy pretended to be polite. It sounded strange coming out of her slightly husky voice.

“No more Dilly-Dallying. You can either drop the linen and start the grinning or Frank and Skinny will lock this place up, escort you off-property and you can spend the night on the street,” Earl said very seriously – all trace of smile had disappeared from his lips.

“Fine, let me see this thing,” Tammy took a drag of her cigarette as she read over the rules.

“The Naked in Trailer Park Program” Tammy said the words as if it was the first time she had heard them and it made no sense to her. It was all they had been talking about for the last hour with Earl.

“You have been selected to participate in the ... yadda yadda ... because you have been delinquent ... yadda.yadda ... and this agreement while voluntary is binding ... oh my god, is the punishment we have to read all of this?” Tammy looked up after skimming the first couple of paragraphs that explained the point of the program. She was half-joking but half-frustrated already with that much reading.

“This isn’t the punishment, that comes later,” Earl chuckled jokingly. “Just skip down to the rules. That is a lot simpler to understand,” their landlord suggested.

The first rule was very clear:

All household members will surrender all clothing for the duration of the program. The participants may wear flat shoes or sandals with no socks when walking around the trailer park grounds and may not cover themselves with hands or any non-approved body paints, unapproved body jewelry or protections from the elements other than clear sunblock. Appropriate hygiene is expected at all times.”

“I thought this was just inside the trailer!” Tammy put the paper down flat on her arm rest as if this was the most absurd thing she had ever read.

“This is a manufactured home community,” even Earl didn’t believe that even though the new sign outside of Donjay Avenue facing the highway said Jackson Mobile Home park was now a “Manufactured Home Community” after the new owner had taken down the old sign and replaced it six months earlier.

“You can rename dog shit to steak but I would advise against eating it,” Tammy pursed her lips and asked “Don’t you think people are going to be shocked when they see us walking around the trailer park and call the law?”

“No one will be shocked because you know how rumors spread around here. We only have 100 lots and if anyone calls the law well the local sheriff is my brother-in-law and they are already well aware and agreed to this.”

“You mean they were paid to look the other way?” Tammy didn’t believe that for one second they agreed to it.

“You don’t need to pay off cops that don’t really give a shit. Why do you think Todd Hoffman gets to sell pot out of his trailer while he is on house arrest? It aint because he is paying off the cops with his big take from selling a dozen dime bags of weeds. It’s because the county is huge and they literally could give two shits about driving this far out into the country to deal with a complaint.”

“Yeah, right!” Tammy didn’t seem to believe him until Earl reminded her about Jeremy the chronic masturbator and “The Swede” who was a notorious peeping tom. “Have you seen them get arrested and they’ve both lived here since before I was landlord.”

“Oh my god, the Swede is going to have a field day with us.” Rally seemed horrified at the idea of the old man who had been notoriously peeking into people’s windows for years finally being allowed to look at him.

“The Swede don’t want to see your ding-a-ling,” his elder sister assured him and with equal confidence reminded him his mother is never going to agree to these terms. “We aren’t going to go everywhere naked. How will we get groceries with our asses hanging out?”

“You didn’t read the agreement,” Earl reminded her.

“Yes, I fucking did,” Harley rolled her eyes at the man and puffed out her lip angrily.

“If you did then you would realize that it extends to the property line of the trailer park. You are permitted to wear clothing when leaving but you may only leave for approved reasons such as school.”

“There is no way I am going to school naked!” Harley was not listening to him. She was already huffing defiantly before Earl could finish explaining that she wouldn’t have too. “Well, if we don’t have to go to school at all maybe I would,” Harley looked a little embarrassed when she realized that she had been arguing a point that wasn’t even a rule and back pedaled.

Members of the program will act legally and morally in public and remain polite at all times regardless of where they are. They will continue with all obligations towards work, school, church and volunteer organizations and every accommodation will be made that these continued unabated.”

“Is Unabate the opposite of Masturbate?” Leonard got off the couch, scratched his wash-boards abs and opened the fridge to pull out some milk.

“That milk is spoiled!” Rally warned his elder brother but Leonard tipped the carton up and let it run down his chin as he swallowed it.

“If I stopped drinking milk just because it was spoiled, we would never have any milk at all, younger brother,” Leonard said good naturedly as he wiped his mouth. It was true that Tammy wasn’t a good housekeeper. She didn’t work and the little food stamps and child support she received was usually spent on cigarettes and makeup before it was on groceries and bills.

“I don’t think you have to worry about us missing church or our volunteer obligations,” Tammy chuckled “But as you can see from our very empty fridge. We don’t have money to keep the lights on much less put food in our bellies and you want us to worry about this program of yours. It doesn’t make sense. I should be looking for a job,” when Tammy said she was going to look for a job even she realized that sounded like a lame excuse. She definitely was not going to look for a job. She was fishing for any kind of reason not to take any of this seriously.

“Your electricity will remain on while you are in good standing in the program,” Earl informed them that it would be provided but added that there would be no internet when Rally cheered being able to continue playing his X-Box.

“That’s okay I steal Wi-fi from the Abernathy’s,” Rally quipped under his breath.

“You will receive a stipend from the owner towards groceries as long as you are in good standing but you will be supervised while at the grocery store and make only approved purchases,” Earl had been reluctant to point this out. He had planned to keep some of the money that was going to be used as an incentive to get the Davidson’s to agree to the program.

“You keep saying while we are in good standing,” Rally noticed that phrase and asked what it meant. “How do you measure good standing?” the younger lad asked.

“I am glad you asked. Every day each of you will earn from 1-3 points based on your behavior and willingness to engage in the program. You get 1 point just for showing up and doing what you are told. You get more if you do more and smile while you are at it. You can have them taken away for infractions. As long as your family is averaging 5 points a day you should be in good standing. However at the middle of the month we are going to do a review and re-evaluate your goals. As long as you are in good standings all you have to do is walk around naked and be nice. If you can’t even do that right then we start penalizing you and you don’t want to go down that road. We don’t want to make it any more difficult and awkward than it already is.”

“You don’t want to make it difficult and awkward but you want us to walk around naked?” Rally found it odd that no one else seemed to get the irony of that comment the way he did. His sister reminded him that he had the least to be worried about because no one really wanted to see what he had between his legs the way they might want to see her or her mother

“What kind of penalties?” Tammy was already thinking about what was implied by that comment.

“We can cross that bridge when we come to it,” Earl told her. “You have some light community service while your kids at are at school. If you start fucking up then I’ll give you some of the shit jobs that Frank or Skinny don’t want to do.”

“So not being your whore or something?” Tammy almost sounded disappointed when she said that. She hadn’t intended to sound disappointed – because she definitely didn’t want to be anyone’s whore. However, she also was a realist and she wouldn’t put it past an old pervert like Earl to expect that of her or her daughter.

“Actually, you aren’t allowed to play with yourselves or have sex without permission,” Earl smiled from ear to ear. They were all floored by this new revelation. He hadn’t brought it up but it was down on the list of rules they had read. “No erections or obvious signs of arousal at any time,” he quoted from the rules.

“What the fuck? This is a free country. I’ll bone whoever I want to bone,” Tammy wasn’t subtle about her comment and the kids had grown in a trailer park and were used to harsh language.

“Not on the program. This is a family friendly program and you will have absolutely no privacy at any time,” Earl insisted with a goofy expression like he knew that would shock the Davidsons.

“Family friendly? I’d have my tits bouncing around!!” Tammy insisted that her double-D’s were anything but family friendly and shook them both under her shirt for emphasis. They were clearly fake and buoyant as they shook in place.

“This is naturism. Your body is natural. You don’t have anything that anyone else hasn’t seen or doesn’t know about. It’s just skin. The moment you make it sexual then it becomes sexual. We aren’t heartless. If you want to bone then you come to the office and get my approval. If it’s a reasonable request then I’ll grant it.”

“What if I just pull down the shades and bone a little in the privacy of my bedroom with a few toys and nobody else?” Tammy smiled as if picturing herself with her favorite vibrator alone in her bedroom.

“That would be an infraction and your family would pay the penalty,” Earl said quite stoically as if that should be self-evident.

“Why should the rest of be penalized if Rally there decides to have a jerk-off fest watching Beach Aerobics on Youtube?” Harley became apprehensive about agreeing to this system. She was herself not very interested in sex but her opinion was all boys were horn dogs.

“That was ONE time and you didn’t even see anything!” Rally became embarrassed and started to defend himself from his teasing. He had started to touch himself after ‘accidentally’ searching Yoga and Aerobics videos on Youtube with his Xbox one day.

“Yeah, because you planned to do some aerobics at the beach did ya?” his sister chided him until Earl interrupted.

“Your family has a tally together because you are in this together. Everyone must learn to do their part. You see how you are competing with each other right now? That stops. This program is going to teach you to see your home as a home and each other as members of the same team. You are going to participate as members of the community in beautification of the grounds. In the end, you are all going to learn a lot about each other and grow.”

“The only thing that is going to grow is the hard-ons from horny old men and the only thing we are going to learn is why you are a perverted asshole,” Harley glared at earl with a lemony expression.

“How long do we have to do this for?” Tammy realized that Harley sounded exactly like her and she didn’t like seeing her face reflected in her daughter’s emotions. She didn’t want to admit it but she liked the idea that they would stop arguing so much and when Earl insisted there was nothing sexual about it she was curious enough to actually be a little open minded about the idea.

“Every week you have an evaluation. You have one mid-month and at the end of the month. Once you have demonstrated mastery of the program values then your restrictions will be lifted and your debt will be lifted.”

“Yeah, but how long do we gotta do it for?” Tammy had only half-paid attention to that last statement. She may have been a little open-minded but she was also a lot close minded about this entire thing. She considered herself pretty street wise and there just had to be some catch. Nobody just wanted to ‘help’ people to be better – not really. Everything came with strings and there was always a hidden agenda as far as she was concerned.

“You could be done in a month but the maximum is 90 days. If at the end of the 90 days if you don’t perform as expected the owner has agreed to help you move out. None of your stuff will be auctioned but don’t expect free hand outs. It’s all in the rules – all you have to do is sign at the bottom and we get started right now.”

“You aren’t really considering this are you?” Harley knew her mother very well and she was shocked that Tammy was actually considering the program. She too was street wise and as far as she was concerned there was definitely something fishy about the entire idea. She was also just contrary and tended to have a rebellious streak.

Tammy started reading the document over without answering her daughter. Tammy could be bull-headed and stubborn and talk down to people but sometimes her own daughter actually intimidated her and she was ignoring Harley’s outrage intentionally.

“I am not doing it. Even if you all sign it, I am not doing this,” Harley insisted angrily.

“You don’t have a choice. If you live in this house then the adults get to sign up for the program and everyone must participate or everything gets auctioned off and your cute little ass gets dumped off-property.”

“So what? I don’t have anything worth a shit,” Harley didn’t have a coveted X-box like her younger brother. She didn’t have many material items she cared about. Her bedroom had been intended for the washer and dryer and was very small. It had a few old Motley Crue and Poison posters and hand-me downs and a mattress. She used to share a room with her twin brother but after a while it made more sense for Leonard and Rally to share the larger room.

“Your mom mentioned being a whore. Guess what happens to pretty little girls who live out on the street around here? They get turned out,” Earl reminded her but Harley wasn’t afraid. “I’ll skin a motherfucker that tries to touch me without my consent,” she insisted. “If I stay here everyone can play grab ass with me!”

“Actually, if you read the rules you would see that while you aren’t permitted to cover your body with your hands but no one can play grab-ass with you. If anyone touches you inappropriately it would be the same as if they did it while you had on clothes and I’d expect you to haul off and let them have it!” Earl smiled at her sweetly. He had a fondess for the spunky girl at times.

“Yeah, but people are more likely to wanna grab the cookie if they can see what is in the jar!” Harley said.

“If they do they will be dealt with. You will come get me, Frank or Skinny and we will address it immediately. If not, you have my word you will automatically be granted immunity from further participation in the program.”

“Your word and a piece of shit is still worth a piece of shit though,” Harley sneered. There was a limit to how much Earl tolerated the girl’s ‘spunkiness’ and he was reaching his. He was about to say something rude to the snotty girl even though he knew it would just escalate into a pissing match but Tammy did it for him.

“I don’t think you understand how fucked we are right now. We are three months behind and tomorrow rent is due. Now, you are not helping by pissing and moaning about how you would have to show your precious little boobies and you won’t do what you are told!” Tammy said firmly to her daughter – asserting herself.

“I am just being like you, dear old mom. You can’t do what the fuck you are told. You think for one minute you are going to get out there and do some light gardening work and beautify this fucking shithole? The very first day you are going to stub your toe or come up with some reason why you can’t get out of bed on time and there we will be naked and the laughing stock of the trailer park and still get kicked out,” Harley had made some good points. Her mother had never been able to keep a steady job over the years any more than she had kept a steady relationship.

“If I put my mind to something I will do it and so will you,” Tammy meant every word of what she just said. She always said she could smoking if she wanted too – she just didn’t want too bad enough. She told herself that if she wanted to do this then she would. “The only reason I won’t is because your precious lilly-white ass may get a sun-burn boo-boo and somebody might laugh at you. I couldn’t have that! Better we get all our shit sold at auction and throw out on the street!” Tammy was not sure as she raised her voice whether she wanted to join the program or not but she was going to make damned sure her daughter knew that if she decided to do it then they all would whether they liked it or not.

“Wait, I thought we had to do it?” Leonard said dumbly – only half paying attention as he watched his little brother play X-box from the couch.

“SHUT UP, LEONARD!” Tammy and Harley both shouted in unison and then locked eyes angrily with one another. He did as he was told without concern – it was typical of Tammy and Harley to argue with each other and Harley was always bossy to her brothers.

“The problem is you think you are the boss here and you need to learn you are not,” Tammy told her daughter that it was not acceptable for her tell Leonard what to do.

“The problem is you think YOU are the boss here and you need to act like it. You can’t really be considering something so crazy as this program!” Harley insisted.

“Why?” Tammy huffed at her daughter.

“Because it’s CRAZY,” was the only reason Harley could come up with to argue back.

“The only reason it seems crazy is because they want to help us get out of this mess we are in. You just don’t want to do it because you can’t handle showing your little bubble butt around the trailer park,” Tammy wasn’t sure she would be okay with it either but she was caught up in the argument.

“You can’t handle any hard work. The moment this gets real is the moment you’ll quit and then we’ll have done it for nothing. I could handle it – I am just not going to do it though,” Harley insisted.

The two argued like this for a solid five minutes. Earl even went outside and came back in a few minutes later and they were still at it. The two had reached a consensus – the other one was the weak link who would give up first.

“Good news,” Earl interrupted “I called the new owner and he has the solution to your petty little disagreement.”

“When did you call him?” Tammy didn’t even notice when Earl had left and her daughter pointed out he must have called when he left. The two almost began arguing over that but Earl stopped them.

“Just now and he said that If one of you consistently falls behind the others then they can be singled out for extra duties. The program was designed so you would all work together but since the two of you are convinced the other is the weakest link then he will give you an assurance that we will address this behavior.”

“What do you mean extra duties?” Harley had her hands on her hips defiantly standing in the kitchen of their single wide trailer.

“You’ll basically be the maid around here. The program calls for everyone to clean up their own mess and take care of the house but all of that will fall to you. You will basically be at everyone’s beck and call and be the house bitch,” Earl’s serious expression turned into a trace of a smile as he pictured Harley having to call her brothers Sir like in a five star resort and behave like a French Maid around the house.

“What do you mean ME? When Mom gets lazy and refuses to do yard work around the house, you mean to tell me somehow she is going to get up and act like a maid around the house when she won’t clean up now? Why would SHE do that?” Harley’s scowl made her otherwise lovely face and button nose look particularly intimidating.

“If one of you fails to perform your extra duties then they shift to other family members,” Earl started to explain but Harley cut him off.

“So wait a minute!” she held up a finger with a laugh “If I was assigned to be the house maid then I didn’t do it the others have too? Well, now you have my interest!” She chuckled at the thought as she pictured her brothers dressed in French Maid costumes curtseying around the house with feather dusters as she commanded them to peel her some grapes.

“The idea is that you would have sympathy that you are the cause of their extra duties and that they may apply peer pressure to you but ultimately if you choose to continue fail then the entire family will fail the program, your stuff will belong to us and you will be ejected.”

“Why don’t you just kick us out now. We are going to fuck up. We are a family of fuck ups. I don’t see any upside to you putting us through this,” Harley insisted.

“I agree, it hardly seems worth it,” Rally looked up from his video game. He was slender, nerdy and shy – this would not go well for him with what few friends he did have at the trailer park. “My friends would never let me live it down.

“Shut up Rally!” Harley insisted and she almost seemed shocked that her mother hadn’t said it at the same time as she did.

“I am agreeing with you sis,” Rally told her. “There just isn’t enough reward for the effort. All you are offering is a chance to get even on the rent in a trailer park. It’s hardly worth it.”

“I thought you were the smart one,” Earl told Rally with a look of concern on his face.

“I am, and what does that have to do with anything?” Rally said. His sister rolled her eyes at the notion her brother was smarter than she was but she knew despite being a few years younger he was better at Academics and Computers.

“Didn’t you read the part where you all get scholarships if you complete the program?” Earl tapped the paper that was currently upside down on top of Rally’s mother’s ashtray.

Rally hastily grabbed the paper and read it.

“He aint even reading it. He isn’t moving his lips,” Leonard laughed as he watched his brother’s astonished face.

“It says we all get four year college tuition including living stipends if we complete the program,” Rally was in awe. Growing up poor he had given up on the notion of going to a University in America.

“I am going to college anyone on a football scholarship, Scro!” Leonard chuckled and flexed his muscles.

“You have to actually BE on the team to get one of those,” Rally reminded his older brother.

“You do? I just thought you know like the colleges would all be like, he dude! You look like you lift. Wanna come be in Football and I’d probably do that,” Leonard was quite serious.

Harley and Tammy shook their heads in disbelief as they felt a little pity for Leonard. He could be smart at times when it came to fixing cars, fishing, or common sense but sometimes he surprised them with how dense he actually was about how the world works. Things just had a way of working out for Leonard though.

“You can still go to Technical school, Leonard.” Earl pointed out and then he had to explain he could learn to be a mechanic and Leonard seemed excited about that.

“I don’t want to go to college,” Harley looked sourly at Earl’s gift. As impressive as it was – she didn’t see herself as a ‘snooty’ college type and had no ambition for higher education.

“Well, don’t worry. There are plenty of Hooter’s that need a day shift waitress or dancer jobs out there,” Earl chuckled. He saw Harley’s blue eyes about to erupt like lava with anger and said that he could work out a job apprenticeship program.

“So they get all that and what do I get?” Tammy’s response shocked the others because it came off selfish.

“You get all your kids to go to college if they want too, Mom!” Rally sounded hurt his mother didn’t realize that.

“So you are saying you want to do the program now?” Tammy asked him.

“No, I mean Yes, I mean, it’s a four year ride anywhere I want to go for any subject,” Rally insisted.

“You still have to qualify to get into the school and do the work. The owner is very clear there will be stipulations about completing the degree or paying him back. You have to want to go to college, Robert.”

“I do,” Rally was sure now that he wanted to do the program.

“As far you, well what about a job as my assistant?” Earl offered Tammy eagerly. He saw that the family was starting to come around to the idea of the program and he knew Tammy was the key.

“You need an Assistant to stand around and scratch your ass and collect rent?” Tammy laughed at the notion that this would lead to a job.

“You would learn to manage the park. I’d get you certified as a bookkeeper and teach you to handle that. I hate using a computer and the new owner has something called Peach Tree he wants me to enter everything into. The job pays $27,000 a year and comes with free rent.”

“It includes utilities?” Tammy asked skeptically – this seemed like a serious offer.

“Why are you even asking? You aren’t going to do it and you aren’t going to make ME do it,” Harley was still the last hold out.

“Why do you want to piss on my chances to go to college?” Rally was the first one to protest his sister’s concerns before Tammy could say anything to challenge her daughter’s claims.

“You want me to walk around naked so you can go to college? That’s real fair, Rally!” Harley knotted up her button nose and stood her ground. She was never going to agree to the program and that was that.

“Give it up, Rally,” Tammy said to her deflated son. “She is too chicken shit to do the program. I am sure you could probably get your own aisle down at the grocery store or something. We’ll figure out something there are places we can go. Shelters and stuff we can stay in.”

“I see what you are trying to do, Mom,” Harley folded her arms across her chest to signal she would not fall for being made to feel guilty about her decision.

“I am not doing anything. You made up your mind and it’s all of us or nothing. We could move to Arizona. I have a cousin out there.”

“Aunt Stella? She is a fucking coke head!” Harley complained adding “It’s not like you were going to strip naked either. Don’t make this like you were going to do it and I am the only one who wouldn’t.”

“I would if you would,” Tammy said after a long pause.

“Bullshit,” Harley smiled slightly to call her mother’s bluff.

“Try me,” Tammy insisted that Harley was wrong.

“You first,” Harley wasn’t going to accept her mother’s goading without proof she would get naked. The suspense was palpable as to whether they would or wouldn’t.

**Chapter 2**

It took another five minutes for the girls to stare down one another but eventually Tammy was the first one to remove her top and reveal her breasts. She was well-tanned with slight freckles and her tits while obviously fake had a large space between them that exposed her chest bone. They bobbed straight out in front of her as the large nipples bounced slightly up and down.

“Hah, you took your top off but drop your shorts?” Harley was clearly a little nervous that her mother was serious about the program now and she was playing her last remaining cards to try to convince her mother to reconsider. Harley was scared and a little nervous but she didn’t let on – she reacted angrily as if she were ready to go naked too but she just needed to be sure her mother would. She was in her heart hoping Tammy would back down and she could say “I told you so! You backed down!”

The jean shorts came off and revealed a pert ass with very little tan lines and a fully shaved pussy. Her labia jutted out slightly and exposed her clit almost like a tiny cock but it looked very feminine and sexual – like a Hibiscus flower gently hanging open about to blossom.

Harley’s eyes went wide and then she shot a look at her brothers who were glaring at her. “Don’t stand there looking at me dummies. You too! I am not doing it only for you jokers to stand there and get a laugh,” she folded her arms.

Leonard wasted no time kicking off his underwear revealing a well shaped dick and slightly curly hair around his nuts. There was nothing about his body that he had to be ashamed of and he knew that.

Rally on the other hand was just as apprehensive as his sister when it came time to actually strip. He hemmed and hawed. He wanted to go to college more than anything but he was also very shy. “Do we have to do it out here? How about I go into my room and undress first?” he said.

“Don’t be a drip,” Harley didn’t respect her little brother’s sensitive nature. “If you can’t handle taking your clothes off though just say so and we’ll stop.” She grabbed her shirt bottom as if to indicate she would take her off if he took his off.

He looked around the house as if trying to build his own confidence and shuffled his feet.

“What are you looking for? Hidden cameras?” Harley chuckled at her brother’s nervousness.

“Those come later,” Earl laughed as well.

Taking a deep breath to steel himself, Rally lifted his shirt and revealed his pale white chest – just a tuft of hair slightly between his breast bone. “Wow, I can see your rib cage,” Harley observed as she removed her own half-top revealing her white bra underneath.

Rally opened his mouth in surprise as if he had just been tricked.

“Hold your horses, I am going to take it off too,” Harley reluctantly unsnapped her bra. “I will probably have to teach you to do that since you won’t get to practice with any normal girls,” She slipped a jagged little insult in as she released the strap and revealed her milky white natural tits. She had a b-cup but they were pert and stood up on their own along with strawberry nipples.

“Wow, you got like porn star nipples, sis,” Leonard said as if it was a compliment.

“Come on, Rally. You gonna make me stand here all day like this before you chicken out or are you going to take your jeans off,” Harley ignored Leonard’s comment although it made her feel strangely empowered to hear it. She liked her tits and while she tended to wear bras she wasn’t sure if they were big enough. It was a secret she didn’t tell anyone because she considered any vulnerability or lack of confidence a weakness.

She was still hesitant to undress and counting on Rally to chicken out so she could put her clothes back on. She was already feeling embarrassed as her nipples hardened after her brother made that comment “And Leonard, stop looking at my tits. This is going to be you turds one and only chance to get a glimpse before I put my bra back on.”

“So wouldn’t I want to look since it’s my one and only chance?” Leonard asked playfully.

“Shut up, Leonard,” Harley sighed and tried to intimidate her little brother by glaring at him angrily. The look on her face was intended to suggest he NOT strip down because if he did then she would and then she would be angry at him.

However, Rally didn’t pick up on that subtle hint from his sister and thought she was just trying to get him to hurry up. He pulled off his jeans and nearly fell over a few times before fumbling down his underwear.

“Magnificent,” his mother said before stopping herself and realizing that sounded misplaced. It had been a gut reaction to seeing the dick without thinking about who it was attached too.

Rally’s dick was python like and dwarfed his older brother by at least three inches while he was soft. You could almost not even see the pubic hair because of the girth of the thing.

“Damn, little dude,” Leonard’s eyes got wide as well.

The comments only made Rally feel even more uncomfortable but at the same time his dick started to get hard on its own.

“Gross, I am not doing it if he is going to walk around with an erection!” Harley started to back pedal as she stared at the giant pecker unfolding like a serpent before her eyes. Rally’s slender size only made it seem all the more huge since his body was not fully grown but his dick was.

“It isn’t even hard yet and you said you would if I did,” Rally glared at his sister angrily.

“I didn’t say I would do anything,” Harley started to protest but she had implied that she would if they would and they had and she knew that she didn’t have much of a leg to stand on. “Fine, but keep it out of my face!” she looked away from her brother’s massive dick and pulled down her own jean shorts and then hooked a thumb into her pink lacey panties and pulled them both down to kick them off with the jean shorts.

Everyone looked a little dumb founded as they looked at her.

She did indeed have a perfect, shapely bubble butt – the kind you could probably a bounce a quarter off and without a blemish on her milky white skin.

However, between her legs was a thick, unshaven brown-haired bush that was a tangle and jumble with just a hint of the upside down V of her clit protruding out like it was hiding inside. There was a definitely strong odor of pussy as she stood there with eye brows raised “What? What? I am naked, okay? So what?”

“I just haven’t seen a bush that hairy since Sturgiss in 1979, is all,” Tammy finally observed comically. They all knew Sturgiss was a famous motorcycle rally and that Tammy had a thing for Motorcycles – claiming at times to be descended from the “Inventor of Harley Davidson” even though as far as she knew she shared the very common last name.

“God damned, I try to do something nice and you turn it into a joke,” Harley was hurt – she didn’t expect them to make fun of her body. She knew she should shave her pussy but she also felt like a slut asking for a razor and didn’t know how to do it. Her mother had just assumed she had been taking care of it on her own.

“Don’t worry baby, I’ll get you my razors and you we can do a little landscaping down there,” Tammy offered apologetically.

“Landscaping? You better get a backhoe and a tree trimmer to chop that bush,” Leonard made a bzzzzzzing sound and Rally laughed a long with him.

Harley flipped them the bird and covered her pussy with her hands.

“That is your first infraction. Good thing we don’t start counting until tomorrow morning, “Earl was excited to get started with the program.

Harley looked confused and had to be reminded that she wasn’t supposed to cover herself even at home. She was going to argue that there would be no way for them to know when they aren’t at the trailer but her mother stopped her.

“Yeah yeah, we won’t cover ourselves. We got it. I’ll sign us up for the program. Notarized and delivered or whatever you need. It’s fine,” She winked at her daughter to suggest she not argue. In Tammy’s mind, the less they argued the sooner Earl would be gone and then they could half-ass this program to get through it quickly. She signed the papers that Earl had provided her and smiled politely as if to suggest he leave now. “We have everything worked out. It’s all good, thank you Earl for this opportunity.”

Harley could empathically tell at times when her mother was grifting someone and she knew that her mother had a plan so she went along with it. She smiled and signed the papers with everyone else.

“Okay, tonight I suggest you sit down and read the handbooks that you signed and then in the morning I expect you to be groomed properly. Can you braid your hair? It isn’t too long but I am afraid if you swat it at people you can use it to cover your chest.”

“Braid? Groom?” Harley hadn’t braided her since she was little and wore it in pig tails.

“Yeah, it was all in what you just signed and we talked about it all night. You have to groom that big mess of hair between your legs. You have more fur down there then Champ!” Earl compared her vagina to that of a Dog’s fur.

“Fuck you Earl, you can kiss my hairy vajay-jay!” Harley made a duck-face and squinted at Earl angrily.

“That is another infraction. You have to be nice. You don’t have to call me Sir but if you have extra duties then you will address me as your better. You will have plenty of time to read the handbook. Skinny and Frank are going to make a few adjustments, clean out your closets and cabinents of articles of clothing to prevent you from being tempted to go back on our agreement. They’ll be out of your hair and then you can be ready in the morning for school.”

“School? Fuck school! How will I even go without any clothes?” Harley protested but Earl tapped the notebook and said it was all in there how they were to report and there would be consequences for tardiness.

“The only tard I see here is...” Harley was about to insult Earl but he turned around and looked at her. “Do you want extra duties already?”

Harley was about to finish her thought when she realized that she had already come this far.

“The owner is a generous guy. He has given you a place to stay and free electricity. All you have to do is follow his rules for a few months. You can make it hard on yourself or you can make it easy on yourselves.”

“We will follow the rules, Sir” Tammy added a Sir at the end. It was the kind of Sir a waitress says when she thinks you are a dick for complaining about the food and service at the restaurant and not intended to be respectful but she had heard Earl say “Sir” earlier and was pretending to be nice.”

“Just to make sure you will, I want to introduce you to your new roommate,” Earl opened the screen door and called for Skinny and Frank to come inside.

Skinny was a very large gentleman who had a difficult time walking up the steps and fitting inside the door. He was wearing a “I fuck on the first date” T-shirt and had a neckbeard. He didn’t say much and he had had been a maintenance guy working for Earl for a few months.

The other gentleman was “Uncle Frank”. He was short, older and often very drunk but today he was sober. The grey haired man was once an electrician and did odd jobs for Earl but he was usually so wasted that he couldn’t do much of anything but pass the time. Uncle Frank was in and out of the local police drunk tank and rehab facilities enough that he was only acknowledged as family.

“Go on and get your look, Uncle Frank” Harley said without looking him in the eye. She knew he would ogle her and she offered the same to Skinny but both men seemed intent to get on with what they had to do.

“I’ll have plenty of time to do that, Roomie” Frank laughed. He didn’t have his teeth in and when he realized they were missing he pulled a top half set of dentures out of his shirt pocket and popped them in. Harley made a disgusted face.

“Frank here will be keeping an eye on you. I am sure you didn’t think we’d just take you at your word that you won’t be hiding yourselves away in here or acting nasty towards one another?” Earl’s smiled said very clearly that he knew that Tammy had thought exactly that when she agreed to this deal.

“Frank is drunk or sleeping half the day. We don’t really need him farting and snoring on our couch all day long, Sir” Tammy said the Sir this time slightly more like she really meant it – but she didn’t. It sounded foreign in her mouth – but it was something she thought would butter up Earl so she said it again.

“The owner has a program for Frank too. Frank has to stay sober. If he doesn’t then you report him and you get a free month off the program and a new supervisor,” Earl assured them.

This deal made Tammy happy because she had already begun imagining how she would tempt Frank into falling off the wagon. It wouldn’t be hard if he was already hanging from the wheels about to fall off anyway.

“I won’t be sleeping on the couch either. I’ll be taking your room,” Frank assured Tammy and the smile faded from her face.

“You want me to sleep in my daughter’s bed? There isn’t enough room!” Tammy started to protest.

“Well, little darling I wouldn’t mind sharing that big old Queen size bed with you but that is a no-no, no fraternization,” Frank most likely intentionally was teasing his niece that she must be suggesting they share a bed together and the very thought made Tammy’s skin crawl.

“No way, that mattress is gross as it is. I am not sleeping with your naked body sweat all pressed up against me in there,” Harley was ready to protest as well when Earl held up a finger and tapped the notebooks.

“You share the common area. The other rooms are off limits without permission for cleaning. The only room where the windows come off is the living room.” Earl acted as if that should be self-evident as he pointed to the large windows in the living room as Skinny started removing the curtains and shades - everything but the screen.

When it was obvious everyone was surprised Earl reminded them that everything that isn’t absolutely necessary to cleaning and living in the house was going to be removed and stored for ‘safe keeping’ so we can auction it off if you decide to change your mind about the agreement. The windows would be taken off and the screen door would be open at all times.

“What if someone tries to break in?” Tammy asked sourly – dropping the “Sirs” from earlier.

“They can walk in freely and look around. There is nothing here of value to take. They are welcome to come in. They don’t have to knock. You don’t get privacy. Did I not make that clear?” Earl seemed perturbed that he was being asked this question but he knew it was going to be a difficult adjustment for them.

“This is America. You can’t just walk in to somebody’s house!” Leonard insisted that didn’t sound right to him either.

“There will be an open house sign outside. It is going to say that you didn’t pay rent and that you voluntarily agreed to be naked at all times and give up your privacy. You said you thought people would be shocked if we sprung this on them. I agree – that is why there will be a PG-13 warning sign around your house so that the pizza guy doesn’t get an eye full of something he isn’t ready for. You think we didn’t think about that?” Earl seemed surprised the family would question the notion of a sign.

“A warning is one thing, an invitation to come on in is another” Tammy was not particularly inclined to have company – in fact she often said she didn’t’ clean up the house for the very reason it kept free loading company from visiting.

“You will receive a stipend of food based on the number of people who come over and interact with you. You are to offer them something to drink and snack on. The more people who visit and have a positive reaction the more groceries you will receive. You live on Hamburger helper and TV dinners now but how would you like fresh fruit and vegetables, steak and chicken?”

Frank rubbed his belly “Yummy” he said as he started carrying out a box from his niece’s bedroom.

“Are there visiting hours? I mean can they come all hours of the day and night?” Tammy was having some serious doubts about this idea as she watched her brick a brack being carted out of the house and Skinny taking down her curtains.

“That will be up to Frank to use his judgment. If the family and there are no restrictions is up then there is no reason a visit cannot be accommodated. If he feels it is in your best interest to get some sleep then you will sleep. You won’t have to make that call. All you have to do is be friendly and open and considerate. Is that so hard?” Earl asked.

“Fuck!” it was going to be hard for Tammy and Harley who were both used to being particularly nasty.

“So Frank can tell us when to turn off the lights and go to bed and we have to go whenever he tells us?” Tammy wasn’t happy about this at all and neither was her daughter.

“it is like you didn’t read anything you signed. No wonder you got caught up in that rent-a-center trap for this ratty furniture...” Earl reminded her that the furniture she had in the living room was rented and that the agreements she made weren’t very favorable. “You don’t show very good judgement. Would you agree?”

“I have common sense! More than Frank! Sir!” Tammy slipped in another Sir to butter up Earl into changing his mind on this idea.

“Hahah, he gets to tell us what you do because you fuck up all the time!” Harley rubbed it in to her mother.

“Frank will tell you when it is bed time but the lights never go off. Why do you think we gave you electricity? The lights will remain on 24/7 or else how can people look in and see you? If you are in favorable status at your mid-month review then we will turn the water back on.”

“No water? How will we wash dishes?” Harley asked angrily.

Earl looked at her skeptically. He paused to give her a moment to consider her question and its absurdity. “Your life is paper plates and plastic cups, little girl. You haven’t washed a dish since the 6th grade if you have at all.”

Harley knew he was right there but added “Then how are we supposed to shower though?” she wanted to call him a dummy but she controlled herself. It was her version of buttering him up to show that much restraint in her choice of words.

“The garden hose will work fine,” Earl said and at that the girls and even Leonard and Rally protested.

“It’s just until the middle of the month. You will have soap and think about all you’ll be saving on laundry bills. I told you that you won’t have privacy. Do you think that means long, private showers?”

“Well no, but are you saying we have to shit and piss out in the yard too?” Tammy asked vulgarly

“Champ does!” Earl joked but added “You can use the restrooms in the community pool area with permission from Frank. He has the key but he will be supervising you. If you fail to meet our expectations then yeah, we’ll get buckets and put them out in the yard. I don’t see why not. Whoever has extra duties definitely will be the one to clean the buckets. Everyone toots – right?” Earl sounded like he was kidding but he really wasn’t.

“Hah, still thing this was a good idea?” Harley chided her mother because she could see that Tammy was regretting her decision. It had the opposite effect though as Tammy only doubled-down on her decision to proceed.

“Does Frank get to decide when we can eat and what we eat?” Tammy asked but now she was hoping the answer was actually yes he did just to piss off her daughter.

“Yes, he certainly does. You won’t be starved and you’ll have good food as long as you behave. If you don’t then you go back to Hamburger Helper without the Helper and Ramen noodles and then we’ll find ways to make it even less unpleasant if you force our hands. However, keep in mind, this isn’t supposed to be horrible or torture but you aren’t going to be eating junk food and snacking when you want. That would be an infraction!”

“Does Uncle Frank get to smack our butts if we get infractions?” Tammy asked. She was really trying to scare her daughter into thinking that she was gung-ho about this new program and at the same time rub her nose in things. She knew the lion share of infractions would be committed by her daughter when she said that.

Frank smiled with a debauched grin and smacked his own butt when he heard that.

“Spanking? No, I don’t think Frank would be very effective at delivering corporal punishment. Do you spank them when they misbehave now?” Earl took her question seriously – which surprised Tammy.

It surprised Harley as well –she folded her arms in front of her and waited for her mom to answer – knowing the answer was she provided zero discipline at all. Even when she gave them restrictions her mom usually forgot long before they did and they were ignored but they had never been spanked.

“No folding arms,” Earl gently reminded her and Harley dropped her arms to her side before asking her mother to explain.

“Well, to me spanking is done for other reasons than discipline, you see,” Tammy smiled – she was picturing knocking the boots in private with a strong man giving her some gentle taps on the ass while he fucks her hard “So I just never thought it was appropriate with my kids. I just uh, don’t believe in it.”

“Well no problem, as long as you are all well behaved and in good standing I don’t see why we would have to address that sort of thing. Obviously, whoever is in extra duties would receive physical corrections for misbehavior, talking back and the like. I’d prefer that be applied by whoever the offended party is and if it’s Frank then I suppose so – but I doubt he could really put much of a sting on there if you know what I mean.”

Tammy’s eyes got very large and she smiled – she was dumb founded. She stopped asking daring questions like that for the rest of the evening.

That night Earl stayed to supervise the changes. They cleaned all the furniture out of the house and replaced the living with four raised mattress. The mattresses were comfortable but they had no sheets only a pillow. They butted up against the windows so that people could look in.

Earl noticed the lack of cleaning supplies and said that they would be going to the store together to purchase all knew supplies, food, and dishes.

The water was still on at the trailer so Earl suggested that Harley shave her “legs” – but what he really meant was that very hairy beaver.

“Why don’t the guys have to shave theirs?” she demanded and she was told they did. This didn’t bother Leonard at all but Rally was having a difficult time not sprouting an erection and was focused on sitting Indian style in the living room now that he had no chair. They allowed him to keep the X-box and TV but said that it would go away if he misbehaved and Frank would decide when he could use it. Rally was warned that when there are guests over it had to be put away and he needed to give them 100% of his attention – he reluctantly agreed and stayed focused on his college goals.

Harley at first insisted she knew how to do it herself but then asked her mother for help. She didn’t ask at first – she demanded help but at Earl and Frank’s insistence came around to asking as politely as was possible for her.

“I think you should call me, Ma’am,” Tammy mused as she agreed to teach her daughter shave.

“I think you should kiss my ass for me but we don’t always get what we want,” Harley insisted as the two of them awkwardly stood in the shower with the door open. The shower curtain had been removed and so had the clouded window pane to the outside. It was night though and as far as they knew no one was watching them.

“I am just saying because when you get extra duties and you will, you will need to be in the habit or smack to the tushy!” Tammy even gave her daughter’s naked wet rump a pat on the butt as a joke while they stood under the water together.

Rally was walking past while Frank and Earl stood in the doorway to supervise and he quickly kept walking. The two older men laughed – they were enjoying the show. Tammy kept as innocent as she could but it was very intimate and at times she had to hold her daughter apart so that she could shave. There were at least two times Harley cussed her out for nearly cutting her but finally she was completely hairless.

Her clit was twice the size of her mothers and stood out like a shapely dick.

“Damn, who has the bigger dick? Rally or Harley?”Earl joked with Frank. Frank seemed to be a nice guy – not very harsh but he was crass and vulgar and he laughed very hard at that joke.

It made Harley self-conscious and made her feel awkward like when her brother called out her “porn star tits” for sticking straight out – except in the opposite way where she felt ashamed of her giant clit.

“Look, it is perfectly natural. Some girls have it all on the inside, yours just kinda hangs out there,” Tammy was trying to console her daughter but she found it hard not to tease her a little.

“Yeah, hangs out there and wobbles too and fro,” Leonard joked as he looked at his sister’s freshly shaved pussy still dripping from the shower. It was hard not to look it – it was pink and rough from the shaving.

“Can you hang it over your shoulder like a continental soldier, can you tie in a bow?” Rally teased his sister too.

Harley huffed and stomped away.

Frank tried to assert himself “That would be an infraction. You stand there until you are dismissed and don’t take anything personally,” he half-whispered.

Earl reminded him to be more assertive and Frank said it again but Harley had heard him the first time. She marched back to the others in the hallway as they laughed and stared at her.

“Okay fine, I am here. Anything you want to say about it?” she slapped her soggy wet clit and it jiggled like jell-o and vibrated. “It’s just skin like he said, right? This is how we are going to walk around out side? You two haven’t even shaved all your pubes off, so I would like to see you look like hairless baby dicks walking around.”

“You didn’t have to shave hairless. You just had to be trimmed and neat,” Earl reminded her. He stifled a laugh as he saw the rage in Harley’s eyes realizing she could have done far less.

“It would have still been exposed anyway, honey. It will all grow back,” Harley tried to console her daughter.

“Fine, Frank can I go now? Are you done looking at my massive pussy I inherited from Queen Vagina’s DNA over there or would you like me to turn around and show you my butt hole too?” Harley said sarcastically.

“I think you could call me Uncle Frank though,” Frank offered as a suggestion.

“More like Drunkle Frank,” Harley rolled her eyes and didn’t look at him but remained standing before him and the others.

“I think you SHOULD call him Sir. You don’t have to do anything I tell you while we are on the program together but you should call him, Sir. He is your better and if you can’t even manage Uncle then I think that would be appropriate,” Tammy wasn’t sure why she said that. It was probably because she heard herself in her daughter’s voice and she hated how it sounded or maybe she just wanted to take Harley down a peg. It definitely bothered her she didn’t get to tell anyone what to do – but no one ever really listened to her anyway.

“Wait, I don’t have to do ANYTHING you tell me?” Harley smiled broadly and forgot about her pouting over her exposed vagina.

“No, I mean. You have to follow the rules but I guess Uncle Frank is in charge, right?” She looked at Earl for confirmation.

“He is a supervisor and I am his boss. Skinny can give you permission for things if one of us is not around but yeah, he is the boss and you aren’t.” Earl hadn’t really intended to say it quite like that but now that she asked that was how it was going to go. “Your mom is still the adult and the parent but she follows the same rules as you unless one of you get extra duties.”

“So if it’s the same rules then we all call him Sir!” Harley insisted.

She was surprised when no one protested. She thought someone else would take issue with it. The word stung like a fart hanging in her mouth when she had to say it and actually mean it. It sounded pretentious and at the same time like she was giving away some of her power to say it. “I mean or Uncle Frank too, that works, right?”

Frank was about to nod his head yes and then Earl added that he would like them to address the three of them as Sir or Mr. Earl, Mr. Skinny or Uncle Frank if they have to make a distinction between which Sir they are talking about.

“Is that in the notebook?” Tammy was joking but Rally pointed to page 39 where it had a section on formal terms of address for superiors. That seem to surprise even Earl who may not have read the handbook as thoroughly as he let on either.

Once that confrontation ended everyone started to get used to seeing each other naked although it was still surreal. They also watched as almost everything they valued was loaded up. Signs were placed around the yard that read “OPEN HOUSE, WALK IN ANYTIME. PLEASE KNOC K FIRST.” along with a warning that the members of this household are voluntarily in a nudist program and if nudity offends or shocks then they should not come inside.

There were also signs that said “WE DID NOT PAY OUR RENT“ in large red letters.

“Everybody is going to know we don’t pay our bills,” Harley shook her head as she watched Skinny driving the signs into the yard.

“Everybody thought we paid our bills on time?” Rally commented with a laugh.

“Fuck what everybody thinks,” Tammy replied and they nodded in agreement.

Their first test came when Earl ordered pizzas to be delivered to the house. It was dark and the signs didn’t have lights so the Dominos guy did not see the warnings when he came up to the door with four steaming hot pizzas.

“I’ll get it,” Leonard jumped up when he heard the car pull up and the dog bark outside. “Oh wait, I aint got no money though,” he pantomimed slapping himself as he checked for pockets on his naked body playfully.

“No, I’ll get it,” Tammy boldly strutted over to the door. The young man wasn’t prepared for a naked woman to appear in the doorway and flash those amazing tits and he nearly dropped the pizzas.

“Oh no, did I make you drop your pizzas? Didn’t you see the signs?” she asked him coyly with a honeyed and sultry voice. He wasn’t much older than Rally most likely and he was all jitters and stutters as he recovered. “Here, let me help you with that,” she started to step outside.

“No, let me help you,” Harley rushed out the door with a grin on her face. The boy was clearly overwhelmed and nervous and she enjoyed making him more uncomfortable than she was. She smiled at him like a cat about to devour a mouse and he nearly dropped the pizzas a second time before they got picked up.

Once inside Earl paid for them and without asking any questions the driver thanked them profusely for making his night before disappearing into the dark.

“Fuck what anybody thinks!” Harley confidently said as she took a bite of cheese pizza triumphantly.