**The Confession and Re-Education of a Perfect Slut**

A Keeping the Womenfolk in Line

by Eddie Davidson

**Harlan's Trailer**

*Somewhere in Whispering Pines Trailer Park, Sebastian Florida.*

**Chapter 1**

“Mom, gross!” Dylan exclaimed. As soon as he walked in, he saw his mother on all fours completely naked. Her bald pussy and ass were intentionally faced toward the door. It was the first thing anyone would see as they entered the trailer. She was watching Doctor Phil on the television as if it were perfectly normal to be in this position and for her it was.

“If you don’t like what you see, then don’t look, Dylan,” his mom replied dismissively. Dylan was used to seeing his mother and sisters naked. Their small trailer was pretty close quarters, and the girls in his family weren’t shy about walking around butt naked.

“We have company,” Dylan sighed. He had seen his mother in this position before.

“Well, if they want to stand there and stare, there is a twenty-dollar looky-loo fee,” Dylan’s mom joked. She told him to close the door because there was a breeze.

Tammy didn’t seem entirely concerned about who might be with Dylan. He frequently brought over his friends when she was being punished.

“What did you do wrong this time?” Dylan asked his mom. He knew she was being punished for something.

“Same shit, different day,” his mother sighed. She clearly accepted that she would be exposed on a pedestal like this frequently.

Her husband, Harlan, walked into the living room. “Go on and tell him what you did wrong, Tammy. You are being punished for a reason. Admitting how you fucked up is part of the price you pay,” he said.

“I ordered some things we didn’t need out of a FingerHut catalog, Dylan,” Tammy confessed.

“Three hundred and fifty dollars worth of bullshit that we don’t need and Tammy can’t pay for it unless I put her ass out at the motel down the street. That’s IF she finds some guys hard up enough to pay for what she keeps giving away for free.

Tell them what else you did wrong,” Harlan demanded. He swatted her hard on her big ass. It wasn’t a spanking – more like a friendly reminder she was up shit creek in his book.

“Harlan walked in on me fucking Fred,” Tammy admitted. She didn’t seem that ashamed of her infidelity. It was common knowledge to Dylan that his mom frequently cheated on her husband.

“Who is the one motherfucker from the Moose Lodge that I told you definitely not to fuck with?” Harlan asked.

“Fred,” Tammy replied with her head hung low.

“Who still owes me for all that money I invested with him on his hair-brained get rich quick schemes?” Harlan asked.

“Fred,” Tammy’s was barely audible this time.

“What? I can’t hear you, bitch. Say it again,” Harlan spanked his wife’s ass hard with the flat of his hand. He wasn’t being abusive. Tammy was made of sturdy stuff and even though the spanking stung, it bruised her ego more than it hurt her ass.

“Fred, Sir,” Tammy answered him more clearly. Her nipples were taut, and she was nervous as her husband dressed her down in front of the others.

“Fred, because he borrowed my fucking lawnmower, broke it and then returned it and said that it was fucked up when I loaned it to him. Fred, because he came over to my house and brought a six-pack of Miller Lite – CANS, mind you. Then he proceeded to drink 12 of my ice-cold bottled beers and took home the six cans he brought with him – THAT Fred.”

Harlan pointed out that while his wife was having sex with his former friend, the house was still a mess. “Look around at this trash can. You can’t find a god-damned place to sit down because there is so much bullshit around here. This bitch is home all day while I am out trying to find a job, and she can’t lift a fucking finger to clean up,” Harlan lamented about his wife’s inherent laziness.

The truth was the trailer was simply too small for the family and they had much more stuff than they had space to put it. His wife had told him this before, but Harlan hated excuses.

“Were you out looking for a job or down at the Swamp Buggy drinking with your friends, Dad?” Dylan asked his dad.

“If you want me to strip you down and leave you right next to your momma, you go on and keep talking shit, Dylan!” Harlan huffed. He rarely punished his son, but he frequently punished the girls of the house.

“Now, who the fuck is this with you?” Harlan asked.

“Oh yeah, sorry about that,” Dylan apologized to their new guests before introducing them.

“Dad, this is Barbara and her brother Joe. Barbara, Joe, this is my Dad Harlan. They just moved into the big house down the road. They’re from Chicago, so they don’t know how things work down here yet, but they’re learning. I asked Barbara to the school dance, and she said she had to meet you two first. So I want you to make a good impression, okay?” Dylan had grown up in the trailer and had no idea that not all people lived as he did. Everyone around here was just like him. It was Barbara who was different, but her looks overrode his dislike of different.

Barbara was pretty and blonde. She looked a little like Aubrey Hepburn. She was a smart girl and had an infectious smile.

“You live in that eyesore? The one with the fence all the way around that looks like the White House? Sheeet. La de dah, boy!” Harlan laughed that the girl had even acknowledged Dylan much less agreed to visit ‘Corn Hill,’ as this stretch of trailers was affectionately known. “What brings you to live here?” Harlan directed a real question at Barbara in surprise.

To him, Chicago was a place from TV, not a real place at all. To him, the TV people lived imaginary lives that were so far removed from reality that he often laughed at things not even meant to be funny. Like a wife telling her husband to do something and him listening? Hilarious to Harlan and everyone else in the trailer.

“My dad took a job running the plastics factory, Sir,” Barbara volunteered timidly. She had already been considering fleeing the trailer when she’d first laid eyes on the naked woman, but Dylan had been so blasé about it that she’d decided she was just being too delicate.

Joe always told her she was too ‘delicate,’ and she wanted to finally prove him wrong. It’s why she’d even agreed to meet Dylan’s parents. He was handsome in a ‘country’ way, and she needed to make friends - especially boys. Her mother wouldn’t approve of her dating but Barbara had decided recently she was tired of being so shy.

She was pretty and she had boyfriends back home in Chicago. She never put out for them and once they realized they would never past first base they frequently ditched her. Barbara had been raised to believe even kissing and heavy petting was highly inappropriate for a girl her age.

Her father hadn’t let her date even though she was already nearly fifteen. Now she had a good excuse. Her father’s only vocalized incentive for her to come to this out-of-touch part of the country had been that she’d be allowed to date ‘good, well-mannered country boys’ instead of the ‘gangsta riffraff’ of Chicago. Her father thought that EVERY boy in their old neighborhood was a ‘junkie hoodlum,’ even the boys in her own class at school.

Then Dylan’s dad had walked into the living room. Barbara had felt too intimidated to ditch the place, although she could hardly believe they were talking to each other that way or about a naked mother as if it was not wholly inappropriate for them to do so.

In fact, Barbara was too shocked at first to do anything more than take in what was happening in front of her own eyes. At least it was a distraction when Dylan’s dad had asked a fairly ‘normal’ question.

“She even talks like one of those News bimbos on the TV!” Harlan laughed and slapped his knee. “You just make sure you get her home from that dance before daybreak, ya hear, Dill?” Dylan’s father ordered before breaking down in laughter again.

When he’d somewhat recovered from his own joke, Harlan asked about Joe coming along too. He thought Joe might be Barbara ‘s bodyguard or something, not her brother. “We’re going to be on the same team at school,” Dylan assured his dad. Joe’s okay. Just a little stiff,” Dylan said.

“Hey, for twenty bucks, he can put that stiff in your mom’s mouth,” Harlan half-joked.

Dylan gave his dad a disapproving glare before being unable to suppress a smile any longer. He knew his dad was most likely just messing with Joe. Well, maybe messing with him anyway. Unless Joe actually HAD twenty bucks, of course.

“I take it from your expressions that you aren’t disciplined around the house where you come from?” Harlan asked Joe and Barbara. They were clearly shocked and overwhelmed by the sight of Tammy’s naked ass and full pussy lips in the living room. It was not what they had expected would happen at all.

“No, sir,” Barbara tried to laugh it off. Harlan seemed to her like a brute of a man with a very raunchy sense of humor.

“I am sure in the Ivory towers of someplace fancy like Chicago with all those liberal colleges, you guys get together and talk about your feelings, and everyone gets a participation trophy?” he joked sarcastically.

“Something like that,” Barbara answered, not really understanding what he meant at all. She tried not to look directly at Tammy’s pussy but it was hard not to stare. Joe found himself staring and she promptly stepped on his foot to warn him not to make it so obvious.

“It’s alright. The reason she is on that pedestal is so she can be looked at. That is part of my wife’s punishment. Her ass is too thick for a normal spanking and just about everything else doesn’t work. You can’t tame a hog by dressing it up and putting lipstick on it. You’ve got to treat it like the hog it is,” Harlan said it, as if that should be obvious backwoods wisdom everyone should already know. Barbara and Joe looked confused. Dylan explained that his dad was very strict around the house.

“Damn Skippy,” Harlan nodded approvingly. “A lot of men let their wives run around out here fucking this guy and fucking that guy. I keep my womenfolk in line, don’t I?” he smacked his wife’s butt again.

“Yes, Sir,” Tammy answered.

“How many holes do you have?” he asked her.

“Three Sir,” Tammy answered reluctantly.

“Three hole whore! All three are on display for whoever walks in that motherfucking door. They aren’t special enough to hide. What happens to your privacy when you fuck up, bitch?” he asked.

“It goes away, Sir” Tammy answered.

“Damn straight, your modesty is not my fucking concern,” Harlan assured her.

Barbara and Joe were both uncomfortable and clearly blushing. They had never seen anything like this before. It was so over the top to them that they didn’t know what to say about any of it.

“Every now and then, Tammy gets too big for her britches, and I take her down a notch. Never seen an ass THAT big have ya?” Harlan teased them. Harlan also asked if her Daddy ever whooped either of them for getting uppity. “A cunt like Tammy shows her ass to whoever pleases her at the moment anyway. A punishment like this for her has to be severe and tax her patience as well as her ass. She’ll stay like this for the next two days and longer if she doesn’t learn her lesson!” he promised. “Does the sight of her snatch offend you, two city folks?”

They didn’t get to answer. The door opened and Becky walked in from school. She rolled her eyes as soon as she saw there was company. She immediately recognized Barbara and Joe as the new kids from high school. Becky wanted to offer some explanation for her father’s discipline. “Oh shit, mom, why do you have to constantly get yourself in trouble? We can’t never have company over without them thinking we are bat shit crazy.”

“Becky?” Barbara asked in confusion. “Dylan’s your brother? Well that makes sense now!” She seemed to smile genuinely for the first time since entering the trailer. She visibly relaxed. Becky was tall, blonde, and looked like a young Jaime Pressley.

Barbara had heard that Becky was ‘the’ girl to avoid angering. She didn’t want to make enemies of anyone this early at her new school, but she’d been worried that by talking to Dylan, she’d do exactly that. She’d seen Becky and Dylan arguing at school, and she had thought that Dylan was Becky’s ex or something. If they weren’t exes but brother and sister, then she might just be able to kill two birds with one stone. If she could make a friend of Becky AND get to know Dylan better, she could ensure she wouldn’t be teased too badly.

While the locals’ home lives were to Barbara, like something out of the twilight zone, Becky and Dylan were just regular teens exactly the same as the kids from her old school. You were either ‘in’ or ‘out’ but never both back home, and she expected the same here.

If Becky was as unfazed as Dylan about having a mom showing her ass at home, then it had to be okay and she really HAD just been acting too sensitively. She’d always known she’d have to make adjustments coming to this hick town, but that would be made easier if she did end up dating Dylan. Going with him to the dance seemed even more attractive all of a sudden.

“Did you get a good look?” Becky asked, turning on the pair. Barbara thought she’d been talking to her, but it was immediately clear she was focused on her brother, Joe. Barbara could tell Joe liked Becky, and it was fun to see him knocked down a peg by Becky’s tone.

“Ah, sorry. We just got here, and I didn’t expect...” Joe shrugged, finally tearing his eyes away from Tammy to look at Becky instead. Joe was big, and people always assumed he was a confident jock - and he was - but when it came to girls he liked, he always got shy. It made Barbara giggle to herself.

“So do you ah, spend time on a pedestal at home too?” He asked Becky, trying to sound indifferent to Tammy’s nudity.

“Pervert!” Becky shot back with a grin. “We ain’t hillbillies, you know! But then maybe things is different in your mansion? You probably have all sorts of wild parties and such. Do you know Kanye West? He’s from Chicago, right?”

“We’re not famous or anything,” Joe admitted sheepishly. Part of him had wanted to brag that he did know Kanye and that he was a personal friend, but Joe didn’t even know the rapper was from Chicago. He thought he was from Hollywood or somewhere.

Becky got up close to Joe as if she was about to fawn all over the big guy. Then she tapped him on the nose with a finger and spun away. “‘Sorry, wrong answer!” She laughed and made a buzzing sound. “What’s there to eat? I’m starved!” She pronounced to everyone in general, dismissing the pair.

“Whatever you cunts stocked in the fridge! Let’s eat, I am hungry! And you don’t want me mad, horny AND hongry” Harlan laughed too. “Your mom’s busy being punished, so that makes it YOUR turn to cook, bitch,” he told Becky.

It was so shocking to Barbara in particular that her father would talk like that to her. Barbara’s own dad would never have done anything like that around her or her sister. She wasn’t sure if he’d say he was horny to her brothers but definitely not to her.

“Whatever!” Becky said in a way that made it clear that it wasn’t going to happen. “It’s Candy’s turn anyway!” She insisted.

Barbara looked at her brother, trying to read him. She had thought Dylan must be an only child, what with the trailer being so small. It had been a surprise to find that Becky was his sister but who was Candy? They had THREE kids living in this little dump? Barbara suddenly felt even more sorry for Dylan, having to live here.

**Chapter 2**

“Candy can’t make supper. Your aunt is down at Tease Lounge working dayshift. That makes it your fucking turn, because Tammy’s ass is right where it belongs on this pedestal!” Harlan smacked his wife’s plump rear end yet again.

“Good for her. Someone has to make money around here,” Becky huffed at her father. She started to leave. “I can’t wait until I am old enough to get a job down there. I may as well get paid for shaking my ass.”

“You ain’t charging boys like Joe to take a look already?” Harlan teased his daughter.

Becky was wearing short-shorts. It was common at her school this time of year. She stuck her butt out towards her father and brother playfully. Then while facing away from them, reached between her legs and shot them both the bird.

She was already almost out of the living room and down the hall when her father cleared his throat. The sound made her freeze her in tracks.

“Very funny, Becky. Aren’t you forgetting something?” Harlan asked his daughter after she finished her angry introduction at the door.

“Oh Man, not in front of the new kids, Daddy?” Becky asked him sweetly.

“You only call me Daddy when you want to get your way,” Harlan ignored his daughter’s pleading.

Becky placed her hands at the hem of her blouse and started to pull it over her head.

“We should probably get going,” Barbara offered politely. She had most certainly seen enough. She had thought it might be a good idea to introduce herself to her date’s parents. Her father would certainly want to meet the boy that was taking her out as well.

“What is your hurry? The show is just getting started,” Harlan offered Barbara politely. “It will help my uppity daughter’s attitude if you stay and watch her punishment.”

Becky pulled her top off, revealing her correctly set big banana-shaped boobs. Her lovely tits jutted off of her chest. She clearly didn’t need to wear a bra for support. “You heard them. They don’t want to stay, Daddy!” Becky complained.

“You hush,” Harlan warned his abrasive daughter to stop talking and keep stripping. “You don’t have to stay if you don’t want to,” he shrugged at Joe and Barbara. Then he promised them a delicious meal later if they would join them for Supper.

Barbara was more than ready to leave, but Joe sensed he’d get to see one of the prettiest redneck girls from school, completely naked. He shyly suggested they stay a little bit longer to be polite. Barbara reluctantly remained. She had to admit watching this family was a little like watching a train wreck, and she would have wondered what happened immediately after she’d left.

Harlan grabbed his daughter’s hands and checked her fingernails. “Just as I thought! You bit them down to the nubs again,” he said. Becky had a compulsive habit of chewing her fingernails.

“We should buy Becky a pack of Lee-Press On Nails so she can snack on them too,” Dylan joked about his older sister. Becky glared at him sharply and continued removing her shorts and panties when her father let go of her wrists.

“Go on and get a good look, new boy. It ain’t nothing that anyone else at school hasn’t already seen,” Becky said. Becky’s body was lithe and athletic with just some minimal fat around her tummy and bodaciously inviting butt cheeks. Becky’s pubic area were mostly bald except for a few wild and unshaved hairs.

“Oh my!” Barbara turned red-faced. The casual way that Becky had undressed in front of her family was more than enough to make Barbara herself embarrassed.

“You don’t get whooped in the living room when you fuck up?” Becky asked Barbara as if it was not that big of a deal to be naked. She grabbed her ankles and bent over so that her legs were spread and her pussy was exposed to her father.

“No, I certainly don’t,” Barbara said adamantly. “Isn’t that abuse?”

“Abuse?” She was surprised when Becky looked over her shoulder accusingly at her. “My Dad ain’t no Chester the Molester if that is what you mean!”

Harlan held up a red paddle. It was faded from years of use, and the wood was well-worn. “This is my Daddy’s paddle. You ain’t never heard of spare the rod, spoil the child?” he asked as he laid a heavy swat on his daughter’s pert ass cheeks.

“One, thank you, Daddy!” Becky rolled her eyes and kept holding her ankles.

“Yes, I’ve heard of that, but what did she do that was so bad?” Barbara asked innocently.

“What DIDN’T she do,” Dylan laughed at his sister’s predicament. Becky didn’t comment. She only counted the next swats just as she had the first.

Harlan explained while he spanked his daughter that, like most of the women in the house, she was inherently lazy, unreliable, selfish, mean-spirited, vain and a general pain in the ass. “That isn’t why she is being punished, though. She has some kind of OCD. She compulsively plucks her eyebrows, pubic hair, leg hair, and chews her fingernails!”

“Toenails too!” Dylan offered with a laugh.

Becky glared at him. She was less embarrassed about having both of her pink holes exposed to strangers than she was about them hearing about her strange compulsions.

“That’s terrible! So you spank her for that?” Barbara seemed horrified.

“Tell Barbara what you used to do before we started your daily punishments,” Harlan commanded as he smacked his daughter’s ass hard with the paddle. The paddle imprint left a big welt on her delicious looking young ass.

“Nine, thank you, Daddy! Do I have to tell, Daddy? Can’t you just spank me a little more? I am almost better now!” Becky implored her father. He was quite serious and said he wouldn’t tell her a second time.

“Ouch, Ten, thank you, Daddy! Well, I used to cut myself all the time. The pain made me feel something. I was carrying a box of razor blades to school and cutting myself in the bathroom. Daddy said if I wanted to feel pain, I could get spanked daily as soon as I got home. I agreed, and now after three months, I am down to just chewing my nails and plucking out my hair, Ouch, Eleven, Thank you, Daddy!”

“So you asked him to do this to you?” Barbara seemed puzzled.

“Twelve, thank you, Daddy!” Becky seethed with anger. “Kind of,” she answered noncommittally.

Harlan prompted her to provide a better explanation with an extra hard wedge strike between her legs, slapping her on her fat cunt lips. “Thirteen, thank you, Daddy! Yes, I get punished for fucked up shit that I do on a regular basis anyway. When he caught me cutting myself, we tried different things to help me stop, and this was the only thing that took. I asked Daddy to give me twenty swats anytime I come in the door, whether I like it or not. Ooh! Damn, I did not like that one, Fourteen, thank you, Daddy!” Becky shivered. Her pussy was dripping wet, and her nipples were hard.

“After she gets settled in, we talk about what she did that day, and if she misbehaved, she gets punished differently for that. I don’t like to mix therapy with punishments!” Harlan laid another powerful swat flat against his daughter’s ass.

“Fifteen, thank you, Daddy! I was good today, Daddy! I promise!” Becky promised.

“You see? If I spared the rod, she’d be rotten at school. Everyone at that school should be thanking me for keeping my bitchy daughter in line. She used to chew out the Principal, all the teachers and constantly bully other girls too!” Harlan said.

“She still does,” Dylan chuckled while he watched his big sister endure her afternoon spanking.

“Sixteen, thank you, Daddy! Not nearly as much as I used to, though!” Becky still seethed with anger, but she submitted to yet another spanking on her bare ass.

“So, is this why you punish your wife too?” Barbara asked.

“No, she is being punished because she is a bitch,” Harlan chuckled as he spanked his daughter’s ass again.

Just then, the door to one of the bedrooms opened.

Goddammit, why do you all have to stomp around and shout at the top of your lungs when I’m trying to sleep, you selfish fucks!” Candy came out of the bedroom, rubbing her eyes.

Her long blonde hair was an absolute matted mess, and there was still glitter sticking to it in places while part of it looked as stiff as a board. When she took her hands away from her face, it was clear she was still wearing what was left of the previous day’s makeup.

Most of her mascara had run in streams down either side of her cute little upturned nose, and she looked like she’d been ridden hard and put away wet. She didn’t seem to care that she was only wearing a thong and a babydoll tee-shirt that barely covered her tits. Her nipples were erect and visible through the thin material. She looked pregnant, and that’s because she was - seven months.

“You were supposed to be at work,” Harlan accused her.

“Morning sickness. I got to work this morning and immediately got sick of Brad, trying to find out how dilated I was. I’m going back in tonight instead. It was dead there this afternoon, so I’ll drop in around nine and make bank on the perverts who like mother’s milk straight from the faucet. Who this? You look like a fine young man,” Candy’s voice changed when she focused on Joe.

“Give it a rest, sis. He’s still a kid,” Harlan admonished her.

“Benjamin Franklin doesn’t care if the hands he leaves are young or old, and neither do I,” she smiled, trying to look sexy and somehow managing.

Joe wasn’t sure where to look now. Becky had just counted her seventeenth spank, and Tammy was still crouched on the pedestal. Even though this new person was wearing clothing of a sort, in a way, she looked even more naked than ether others. Joe decided it was how she moved that made her stand out.

Who are you anyway? Is that your girlfriend, or is that woody for me?” She asked in a sultry voice.

Joe immediately covered his crotch with his hands and stammered something about having been invited by Mister Harlan to stay for dinner.

“Oh, you hear that, Harlan? He called you, Mister! I would have thought that’d make you hard if nothing else does!” She laughed at her brother. “Hi,” she wiggled her fingers at Joe. “I’m Candy with a ‘Y.’ Why? Because I taste so good!” She laughed at her own joke. No one else laughed except a soft titter from Barbara. They’d all heard that one a million times. “When’s chow? I’m starved!” She exclaimed, suggesting she was eating for two or maybe three.

“Harlan’s your brother?” Barbara finally broke her silence.

“If you believe the bloodwork, but I think the doc was just screwing with mom. And screwing with mom too, if you know what I mean,” she replied with a wink. “Are you coming down to the lounge with me tonight? You look a little young. I hope your ID’s a good one. They already turned Becky down twice,” she said, grinning at her niece.

“I still got three more coming if you would shut your cock hole for a minute and let daddy finish,” Becky complained.

“Here is a kiss for you, Becky,” Candy stuck her rather large ass in front of her niece’s face and let one rip. “You are definitely a Simmons. I won’t deny that! The sound of Candy’s fart was hardly petit or muted. She pulled her thong out of her ass crack and adjusted it slightly after trumpeting the fart proudly in her nieces face.

“Gross! Wait until Daddy finishes!” Becky warned her aunt and made a particularly lemony face. They weren’t that far apart in age. Candy was in her earlier twenties. It wasn’t clear to Barbara whether Candy was Harlan or Tammy’s sister.

“No, because as soon as I get done spanking you, your real punishments will begin!” Harlan spanked her again.

“Ah, eighteen, thank you, daddy! What for?” she asked politely.

“Fighting with your aunt for one thing,” Harlan chuckled. He explained it was Candy’s turn to cook dinner and he was hungry. Any attempts to delay that should result in an immediate punishment.

“You have to let me kick her ass first to punish me for that,” Becky laughed.

“Bring it on, baby doll,” Candy strutted around in her short top with her panties on and stuck her butt out playfully at her niece.

“Who is this little muff-rag?” Candy finally acknowledged Barbara. She had seen the pretty teenager when she first entered the living room. She just chose not to acknowledge her until she had received as much attention as possible from what she assumed was Barbara ‘s boyfriend.

“That’s Barbara. We are going on a date,” Dylan said.

“A date? That’s rich! How much is he paying you for a blowjob?” Candy asked sarcastically.

Dylan smacked his aunt on the butt playfully and said that it was a real date.

“Shit. You going to take her to the Sizzler or go all out and take her to Applebees?” Harlan laughed his question as he spanked his daughter once more.

“We are going to homecoming, Dad!” Dylan insisted.

“Well, that sounds fancy as shit. I suppose you need me to rent you a fancy tuxedo and all that kind of horse shit?” Harlan asked his son.

“No, dad, I’ve got a suit and tie I can wear. I earned a little money doing odd jobs,” Dylan beamed with pride.

“More like blowjobs,” Candy opened her mouth and inserted an invisible cock. She pantomimed, sucking it as she looked right at Joe.

Becky stood up and thanked her father for spanking her ass. “Do I really have any more punishments, Daddy?” she asked him sweetly. Her ass was glowing rosy red after the hard pounding it received, and her thighs were still moist with her pussy juices.

“Hell yeah, you do! But right now get your pretty, little ass in there with your aunt and fix us up something delicious. I will think about not hanging you by your tits while we eat dinner!” Harlan joked, and he patted his daughter on the butt. She remained naked and skitted off with her aunt to the kitchen. There wasn’t much privacy. Barbara could see the two of them in the kitchen from where she was standing.

“Well, don’t just stand there. Take a load off,” Harlan offered his couch to Joe and Barbara. They were both beside themselves with what they had seen. Tammy was still silently naked like a coffee table on her hands and knees with her ass and pussy exposed.

Once Harlan sat down in his EZ-chair and put his feet up on his wife’s back, they realized why she was positioned precisely as she was. It was to make it easy for Harlan to use her like an Ottoman. “Beer me,” he called into the kitchen.

“Coming oh Great and wise Harlan,” Candy sashayed back into the living room and casually handed her brother a beer.

“You should hold that between those big jugs of yours,” he chuckled.

“Make me,” Candy winked at him and then jiggled her tits with a saucy grin on her face like she was daring Harlan to get up and actually make her hold the beer between her tits.

“Don’t tempt me, little sis! You may be about to pop, but that doesn’t mean your ass can’t take a few extra blisters!” Harlan called after her as his sister walked away from him. She wiggled her butt, playfully like a sexy cat.

“Sounds like fun,” Candy sighed as she returned to the kitchen.

“Do you see why I have to do more than just spank them? Women with asses as big as Candy and Tammy get too big of a thrill for it to be an effective source of punishment,” he said.

“That isn’t true,” Tammy finally interrupted. She had been silent for quite some time.

“Bullshit, woman! You nearly creamed your panties when I spanked you this morning!” Harlan challenged his wife’s opinion. He brought his hand down hard on the flat of her ass and it made a mighty clapping sound. His wife’s ass jiggled, and she absorbed the pain willingly.

“Yeah, you just need to hit a little harder is all,” Tammy smiled.

There was a long, silent pause. Barbara felt the need to fill it with a question. “You like being spanked?” Barbara asked Tammy.

“It depends on who is doing it and how. I don’t mind it most of the time and I have learned to like some of it. I know there are times when I am bad, that I need scolding. You seem a little prissy.

Haven’t you EVER had a man spank that ripe little ass of yours?” she asked.

Barbara blushed and eventually answered that she hadn’t.

“Well, there is something for you to do before your date, Dylan!” Tammy smirked. Dylan blushed a little too.

Barbara was too chagrined to even respond to the suggestion. She wrote it off as an inappropriate joke. Joe bristled uneasily with the suggestion Dylan could lay one finger on his sister. He assumed she wouldn’t be dating him anyway after she saw how he lived.

He felt like he was living inside a real-life episode of Jerry Springer. It was fascinating to watch but he wanted to leave after he had his fill of looking at redneck butts and boobs.

Joe was incredibly protective of his sister and insisted that no one would be spanking his little sister. “Oh, Joe, they are just joking ... I think!” Barbara admonished him for getting upset while being secretly overjoyed that her big brother was so protective of her.

“When my sister acts like a brat, I don’t consider it being mean to spank her,” Dylan admitted.

“Oh, you spank like a girl anyway,” Becky teased him playfully from the kitchen. They were clearly eavesdropping on the conversation.

“Less talking, more cooking!” Harlan warned the two sluts in the kitchen.

“It doesn’t take any effort to microwave dinner, Daddy,” Becky offered a sassy response to her father.

“Cook me some real food, god-damn it. How about a steak or a fucking prime rib!?” Harlan yelled from the living room.

“How about you get down on your knees and start turning tricks so we can buy steak and prime rib, and then we’ll see how long it takes to microwave one,” Candy chuckled.

“Keep on poking the bear and see what happens,” Harlan warned her.

“What happens, big brother?” Candy asked him playfully.

“You draw back a nub. That is what happens,” Harlan offered.

Yet another person emerged from the room Candy had just come out of. It was her eldest son Brody. “Mom, the baby is crying!” he shouted. Brody was a little tubby and much younger than Barbara and Joe. He had a crew cut and reminded Barbara of Pugsley Addams. The sound of the baby wailing was evident to everyone. The walls were paper thin.

“Then give it some formula. I am a little busy,” Candy said. She was just standing around, waiting for the food in the microwave.

“It has a shitty diaper, too!” Brody said.

“Then go and change it,” Candy told him.

“Gross, no way!” Brody put his finger over his nose and walked into the living room. He approached Barbara as if he was trying to get a better look at her body.

“I changed your dirty diaper! It is only fair you change your little brother’s diaper!” Candy said.

“Wait a goddamn minute, Candy! I changed most of Brody’s diapers. You were out working in a Las Vegas whorehouse!” Tammy reminded her sister-in-law.

“Well, that’s because I looked damn good!” Candy rolled her hands over her stomach as if to suggest she was still extremely hot. “I used to be able to name any price back then,” Candy sounded quite proud of herself.

“You should have named yourself enough money for your own goddamn trailer then, so you wouldn’t be living in mine!” Harlan insisted.

“Oh fuck you, Harlan. You know you love me living here,” Candy offered him a lemony grin and an impish wink.

“Oh yeah, I love the smell of that baby’s stinky diaper and Brody eating up all my god-damned candy bars!”

“I never did!” Brody insisted.

“Bullshit. Don’t bullshit a bullshitter, boy. You got brown right here all over your nose. If that ain’t candy bar, it’s gotta be shit from your momma’s ass,” Harlan joked as he scratched his own nose with a hearty laugh.

“Hilarious, Uncle Harlan!” Brody grimaced.

“No, seriously, though. You ate all my fucking Hundred Grand bars, didn’t you? I went down to Sam’s Warehouse and bought those, especially because I like them.”

“I swear I didn’t eat them,” Brody insisted.

“Well, who in the ever-loving fuck did?” Harlan demanded an explanation.

“Oh, give it a break Harlan. You’ve been going on about those candy bars for weeks now. If there ever WAS any candy,” Candy replied, suggesting Harlan had made up the Great Candy Purchase even though she knew there was. He’d only brought it up for the first time that morning.

“I bet it was you, you bitch,” Harlan grumped at his sister.

“If it’s Candy you want, it’s right here. Sweetest Candy you can buy,” she giggled in reply, using her two middle fingers pointing down in almost a v-shape, towards her tiny thong while effectively flipping her brother off. “Honey drops in the front and chocolate in back!” She laughed, not caring her son was there to hear.

“No one’s wanted to BUY that candy in weeks,” Harlan replied deadpan, causing Candy to frown a little as if taking Harlan seriously.

“You’re such an asshole, Harlan! I got you the rent money last week!”

“If you got money, it sure as hell didn’t go on the rent. I’ve got to send Tammy down there later to settle the late fee. Again. Maybe I should send you both down. Hey, maybe if all three of you go down, he’ll call it even?”

“He’d last ten seconds around Becky and renege afterwards, Tammy put in helpfully. “HE’S the real asshole here, not Harlan,” Harlan’s wife called out to ensure Candy in the kitchen could hear her defend her man.

“Hey dad, there’s only five dinners. We wasn’t expecting company again this week,” Becky said.

“So make some goddamn oats as well then! Just mix it in with the last one and share it between yourselves! Shit. Why are you bothering me with the details?”

“Well, mom...”

“Your mom has to eat too, and Brody’s a growing boy. We got guests, and it ain’t my fault you bitches didn’t keep the freezer stocked.”

“What about Dylan then?” Becky insisted.

“They’re HIS company!” Harlan said in exasperation.

“But I don’t want beef, beans, and oats! That sounds gross!” Becky stomped her foot.

“Eeewww. Woe is me! I don’t want to make do!” Harlan used a bad falsetto to mock his daughter. “You’ll eat what you make, or I’ll feed it to you myself. And that goes for all of you stuck up bitches! And put your mom’s in the feed bag. She can eat where she is,” he ordered, then mumbled something about high falutin’ princesses.

“That’s alright, Mister Harlan. We don’t need to stay,” Barbara assured the man.

“Nonsense! We want to get to know Dylan’s new girlfriend,” he insisted.

“I’m not his girlfriend yet, sir! We only just met officially today,” Barbara didn’t want Harlan getting the wrong idea.

“Are you saying Dylan isn’t a catch?” Harlan asked, his tone growing ominous.

“No! Just that\_” Barbara started to backpedal before Harlan stopped her.

“I’m just joshing ya, girl. But you heard Becky. We’ve got plenty, and no one under this roof is going to go hungry, especially guests!”

“Then I should get a proper dinner too,” Candy said. “I’m a guest!”

“You’re a sister—different thing. YOU should be eating the leftovers. Actually, that’s not a bad idea. Leftovers for the bitch who ditched work today,” Harlan decreed.

“Harlannnnn!” Candy argued she was eating for two now.

“I suppose you’re right. Leftovers for Tammy tomorrow then, but you owe me, sis!” Harlan assured his sister.

Joe wasn’t sure what to make of the look the two shared. It was like there was some unspoken message connected to Harlan’s offer. Candy sure pepped up when Harlan said it.

**Chapter 3**

“Excuse me, the baby is still crying,” Barbara pointed out politely. No one had stopped to deal with the crying baby in the other room. It was yet another example of how drastically different Barbara’s home life was to Becky. Barbara’s mother would never have permitted the baby’s needs to wait for even a moment. She was a helicopter parent always hovering and watching over her kids – perhaps too much.

“Oh? Would you be a dear and check on my son? What was your name again? Ruth?” Candy asked Barbara sweetly. She had intentionally forgotten the pretty girl’s name. She told her there was baby formula and diapers in her room.

Barbara liked kids, and she made money babysitting on the side. She didn’t mind helping out. She knew Candy was trying to wind her up and be snotty, but Barbara was trying to be polite. “I thought you said you are lactating? Why don’t you breastfeed the baby?” she asked as she stood up.

“Waste these big naturals on an actual baby?” Candy put her thumbs on her shirt and tapped her erect nipples. They were protruding through the little baby doll tee she was wearing.

“Yeah Bitch, Why do you waste money on baby formula when you got two fat milk sacks?” Harlan demanded of his sister.

She scoffed and told him that the Enfamil was free because she received welfare and WIC. Harlan was fine with that. His only concern was if she was getting food stamps, why didn’t he have some steaks every now and then.

“They don’t give steak away you know! I smoke and food stamps don’t cover them either. Steak is probably not considered healthy or some shit like that either,” Candy chuckled.

“I told you I can break you of that habit. All you need to do is agree to 90 days of pet training,” Harlan snickered.

“Yeah, we tried that before. I ended up with a busted pussy, a prolapsed asshole, and went right back to smoking! Ninety days of eating dog food and barking like an idiot for nothing!” Candy scoffed.

“It wasn’t for nothing! We made quite a bit of money off the video clips!” Harlan assured his sister.

“I still haven’t seen a penny of it!” Candy argued back.

“I am still waiting on that check from Fred! My asshole friend Fred!” Harlan kicked his wife’s naked butt. “Who was it that told me to go into business with Fred?” he asked his wife.

“I did, but I didn’t know he would rip you off!” Tammy lowered her head again, in shame.

“You sure didn’t mind fucking him today,” Harlan reminded her.

“It was a one-time thing. I thought if I fucked him, maybe he’d pay you back some of the money he owes you!” Tammy sounded convincing.

“You can’t bullshit a bullshitter. You were lonely. He was Johnny on the spot. He said some nice things and blew smoke up your ass, then wham-bam, you were riding his pony!” Harlan assured his wife that his version of the events of the day were far more likely.

“Yes, Sir, I am sorry for lying. How long do I have to stay like this?” Tammy asked with a contrite tone in her voice. It was obviously fake and for her husband’s benefit. She had been extremely salty when her son initially got home.

“What would you say, Dylan? Is your mom going to learn her lesson after just one day on the pedestal?” Harlan asked his son casually about how long his mother should be punished.

Dylan seemed nonplussed by the question. His dad frequently asked for his input into how he punished the girls around the house. Harlan sometimes punished Dylan as well, but he was clearly his father’s favorite in the household.

Joe was so shocked that these people lived this way that he could not even form a comment of surprise.

“I guess maybe two days on the pedestal and the cage at night?” Dylan suggested.

“Inside or outside?” Harlan asked.

“The outside cage,” Dylan didn’t hesitate to suggest it for his mother. They had already been shocked but it was a fresh new surprise to Joe and Barbara that the family had TWO cages specifically for this purpose and one of them was outside of the trailer. Dylan acted like it was not that big of a deal.

“Oh honey, there are mosquitos, gnats and all sorts of creepy crawlies out there at night! Can’t I be in the inside cage?” Tammy pled with her husband once she’d heard her son’s suggestion.

“Don’t honey me! You wanted to be put on a pedestal! Well, you are going to be put on a pedestal for everyone to see!” Harlan said.

“That was one comment I made on our anniversary three fucking years ago! I just said I wish you would put me on a pedestal. I didn’t mean naked with my ass in the air for everyone to see, baby!” Tammy pleaded with her husband. Her tone became slightly more casual as she dropped the submissive act.

“I know what you MEANT. You wanted to be put above all others and act like your shit don’t stink. Well, it does, and that’s why you aren’t going to be in the inside cage at night any longer!” Harlan made a PU sound and held his nose.

“If you give me an enema before you put me in the cage, it won’t be a problem. I promise!” Tammy assured her husband.

“Your promises don’t mean jack shit!” Harlan leaned up from his chair and pulled his wife’s ass cheeks apart as wide as they would go. Joe could see every intimate part of Tammy’s asshole when Harlan did that. Harlan spit right on her asshole. “You’ve got two days on the pedestal with two luxurious nights in the outdoor cage! Want to go for three?”

“Haw-Haw!” Candy laughed heartily, and so did Becky.

“There is room in that cage for both of you, Turd blossoms,” Harlan threatened.

“Promises, promises!” Candy harrumphed. “Chow’s ready!” she yelled. The table wasn’t set, but the food was piping hot.

“Daddy, can I finally get dressed now? We’ve got company, after all!” Becky asked.

“Fuck no, you’ve got punishment right after Dinner. You’re just practicing to be a stripper like your aunt anyway,” Harlan insisted.

Dylan interceded on his sister’s behalf. “Joe and Barbara just seem a little uncomfortable, Dad,” Dylan said. He wasn’t naïve. He knew his family was a little eccentric, but he’d been to other trailers in his trailer park and they had been just as casual about nudity.

His next-door neighbor turned tricks and smoked meth and she had three sons about Brody’s age living with her. Very few trailers had anyone as strict as his dad running things but part of the reason he was strict was to keep the women from running wild like his next-door neighbor Katie.

“You see that mirror?” Harlan pointed up to a collection of carnival mirrors he had won at the fair. How he won them was a matter of conjecture. His story was that he was a crack shot with the BB gun. Most people believed Harlan stole them after ordering Tammy to blow all the carnies behind the booth to distract them.

“The one that says Home Sweet Home? That’s a Motley Crue mirror. So what?” Becky shrugged.

“No, the one next to that. It says Live Free or Die Free! I am not going to change a goddamn thing for nobody. I don’t care if President Obama walks through that fucking door. You are going to stay naked because I say so,” Harlan insisted. He shook his finger at his daughter in the kitchen to emphasize his point.

“Obama hasn’t been President for like four years!” Becky laughed at her father. He ignored her and rolled his eyes.

“Whatever. The point is I don’t give a shit. If people don’t like how I live, they can kiss my ass. It’s the same thing I told that government lady when she checked on us. There ain’t nothing they can do. You ain’t being abused and I don’t need anybody putting their nose up at me for keeping you on the straight and narrow! You need a lot of structure, little girl!”

“Geez, Fine!” Becky shrugged and accepted she would remain naked. She told Joe that she’d prefer he not blab about her all over school. Joe nodded silently.

Barbara returned to the living room and said that they were out of diapers but the baby was taken care of for now. She liked babysitting but she thought Candy’s room was gross. It smelled of dried milk, cigarettes and pussy.

“Good, let’s fucking eat!” Harlan grinned.

“Is it Table Tuesday, daddy?” Becky asked hopefully, knowing it was Wednesday but hoping her dad wouldn’t remember.

“That was yesterday, you brat,” Candy answered for her brother. “Today, it’s Winky Wednesday! Hah! Thought I’d forgotten your bet, hadn’t you?” She gloated, referring to the bet she’d won the day before when she was forced to be Becky’s dinner table. Tonight Becky had to be HER table.

“But, we’ve got guests!” Becky complained. It sounded more like an excuse than a complaint.

“Yet you want me to be YOUR table again? I don’t think so! Now get on the floor and start that winker winking!”

“What’s Winky Wednesday?” Joe asked, not understanding what the two were fighting about. He figured it was something to do with Becky batting her eyelashes or something. The idea sounded like something he wanted to see. Becky was so pretty that to have an image of her naked AND winking at him suggestively burned into his brain would be excellent spank material for later on at home.

It’s an exercise that Becky said she could do all night. I bet her she couldn’t even do it for a whole mealtime, and I won, so tonight she gets to wink her pucker for everyone’s amusement while she eats,” Candy clarified.

“Oh! Do umm ... do you guys make those sorts of bets often?” He asked.

“Well we ain’t got a TV that’s worth watching most of the time, so we make deals, bets, and dares instead. It’s way more entertaining. Much better than Little House on the Prairie or whatever is on that we’re missing.”

“Isn’t that a show from like last century? The seventies or something? I didn’t know they even had that on TV anymore,” Joe mused, looking forward to the alternate entertainment even more than seeing Becky bat her eyelashes.

“Well, we only get three channels, and it’s on the one that’s in Spanish, so I don’t really know. I guess it COULD be a rerun,” she admitted. “But right now, it’s time to cash that check you wrote with your mouth, Becky. There was no stipulation we couldn’t have guests over!”

Barbara poked her brother with her elbow. He was making it very obvious he was a big pervert and had a massive crush on Becky. He was also easily distracted by Candy’s frequent flirting.

Harlan said that Barbara looked an awful lot like a young Olivia Newton-John in the movie Grease. Barbara giggled politely but had no idea who that was.

“Yeah, well, now you see why I don’t keep up with television!” Harlan said.

“Yeah, he’d prefer to watch the boob tube!” Candy flashed her tits with a big smirk on her face.

“A bet is a bet, but fuck if there aren’t enough chairs!” Harlan counted out the number of chairs twice to make sure. He had a big smile on his face when he did.

“That’s fine, I can eat in the living room,” Candy snickered politely. She looked a little uneasy when Harlan suggested that there wasn’t going to be enough chairs.

“You’ll eat in the fucking kitchen with everyone else, and you know exactly how I want you,” Harlan told his sister as he pointed to the floor. He had obviously forgotten his earlier order and told Tammy she could get off her pedestal and come strap on her feedbag as he removed his feet from her back.

“Thank you, Harlan,” Tammy replied politely. She didn’t get up. She continued to crawl behind her husband with her legs spread and parted.

“How come the table isn’t already set?” Harlan demanded as he entered his cramped kitchen. The sink was filled with dirty dishes and the girls were hurrying to put down paper plates and cups.

“Hold your nuts, Harlan!” Candy playfully smacked her brother’s package through his denim jeans. “We just about have it set for everybody,” she said. She started counting and noticed that they were still going to be one chair short.

“Oh shit, no way!” Candy insisted.

“Yes, Way,” Harlan nodded with a grin and pointed to the floor.

“What about Brody? Can’t he eat in the living room or something? I’d like to get to know Dylan’s girlfriend Barf and Joe much better,” Candy said with a haughty and aloof expression.

“It’s Barbara and I am not really his girlfriend,” Barbara reminded her.

“Barbara? Isn’t that what I said?” Candy asked with a straight face. She knew exactly what she’d called Barbara. It had been an intentional slight.

“Oh, I think Joe will get to know you a lot better, eating doggy style,” Harlan pointed again to the floor. Tammy had already begun Kegel style exercises of popping her pussy and asshole open by flexing her cunt muscles without being told.

“If this wasn’t your trailer, Harlan, so help me!” Candy pulled her shirt over her head and acquiesced to his demand. She bent over and pulled down her G-string and tossed it at Joe playfully. “Hold this for me, please,” she said teasingly and got down on the floor next to her sister-in-law.

Becky joined the three of them after she bent over and strapped a feedbag to her mother’s mouth. The feedbag had been modified for human use. It was far more shallow and wide so that someone could eat out of it with only their tongue, teeth and lips. There were only peas, carrots, beef and oats in the bag all mixed together. Tammy was quite used to eating this way and didn’t refuse when her daughter strapped the leather buckles around her head.

“Guys, please don’t tell people at school that I eat off the floor like a dog?” Becky pleaded with Barbara and Joe.

Candy pinched the side of her niece’s boob. “Why? You’re afraid that you will get a bad reputation?” she asked playfully from next to her.

Becky offered her a lemony face. “I’ve had one of those since before I ever started hanging out with you, cuntling! Now get in position properly!”

Joe and Barbara sat down at the table in what might have been Candy and Becky’s normal seats. Dylan sat down next to Barbara. Brody sat across from Barbara, and Harlan sat at the table’s head where he always sat. They had a plate of plain hot dogs without buns, some beef stew, and a warm bowl of oatmeal.

The girls were incredibly competitive and so was Tammy. Tonight Tammy was quiet because she had to wear the feedbag. The fact that she was on display for strangers to watch her eat this way was incredibly humiliating to her – especially because her wet pussy was dripping down her thigh. No one even noticed and the casual way they accepted her being treated like a dog, was in itself quite embarrassing.

Becky had placed her hands flat to hold herself up and had spread her legs. Candy shuffled around so she too was in the same pose. Candy though, began to wink her asshole and pussy. She was expected to keep it up for the entire dinner.

“This isn’t fair. She should be my table! I don’t even get to watch,” Candy lamented after looking past her own hanging udder-like tots and checking her niece’s pretty, bald pussy. Her tits were very full and they drug the dirty tile floor. Candy’s pregnant belly also touched the cracked linoleum.

“Are you going to make me do Winky Wednesday again tomorrow night so aunt Candy can use me as a table?” Becky asked her father.

“Fair is fair, and a bet is a bet, so you bet your sweet little ass,” Harlan chuckled.

Becky sighed and said that she’d like to up the ante then. “Double or nothing, Candy! If I can alternate popping my pussy and winking my wind tunnel longer than you tonight, you are MY table tomorrow! But if you win, I’ll let you go down on me and eat my sweet pussy!”

“Shit, you’d let me eat that pissy little cum hole of yours for a hard pack of Menthol Filter Kings. Make a real bet, or don’t waste my time!” Candy chuckled at her niece.

“Fine. Then first girl to stop has to eat like a doggy for a week!” Becky dared her aunt to take the bet.

“AND be the other girl’s table!” Candy agreed. The two sluts pinky swore over it and began winking their twats and assholes. It was difficult for Joe not to look right at the spasming holes puckering beneath his feet.

“May the best slut win,” Becky smiled enthusiastically as they started their competition to see who could outlast the other.

“That’s fine bitch! I’ve got hemorrhoids something fierce because I am pregnant. I can flap this pussy and ass all night long!” Candy teased.

“Oh, by the way, I love how you set Becky up big time with hot dogs!” Dylan joked as he held up one of the hot dogs and let it jiggle like a big penis. He looked right at his sister and Aunt playing their competitive games at the dinner table and laughed at them.

“Fair is fair. The bitch has done it to me before,” Candy admitted while dipping her back and using her ass cheeks to help her keep popping her asshole.

Barbara and Joe weren’t quite sure what they were talking about. Joe couldn’t stop staring at Becky’s Kegels as she popped her pussy and asshole over and over.

Brody dug into his food as if this was a typical dinnertime event, and for him, it frequently was.

“You don’t mind seeing your mom on the ground like that?” Barbara asked Joe politely. It was such an awkward situation for her that she felt she had to make conversation.

“Brody doesn’t mind seeing me like this as long as his fat ass gets to sit up there and laugh,” Candy answered for her son.

“Dogs don’t talk!” Harlan smacked his sister playfully on the bottom. He was clearly not being a stickler about it, though.

“Dogs can launch a fart! So watch it, Harlan!” Candy replied playfully and then barked to let him know she was only joking. She pointed her asshole right at him and puckered it.

“No, it doesn’t bother me. I mean, at first it was kind of weird even for my mom. When we first moved in here, Uncle Harlan had a lot of rules for his family. He said if we were going to stay, we had to learn to accept the rules or get out,” Brody answered her calmly. He seemed like the most well-adjusted and normal one besides Dylan.

“I said to accept MY rules or get the FUCK out, and don’t let the Good Lord split you where the door hit you!” Harlan pointed his finger to emphasize that the door was through the living room.

“It’s supposed to be, don’t let the DOOR hit you where the good lord split you, Harlan,” Candy corrected him playfully.

“Don’t quote the goddamn bible to me, Candy. Do you want lightning to strike this fucking house? With the shit you pull, I’m surprised God wouldn’t turn you to salt and nuke the whole fucking trailing park to start over,” Harlan chuckled. “You might want to lay low and make sure he doesn’t notice you!”

Barbara observed that the girls didn’t have anything to eat in their bowls yet. She asked if they had been forgotten.

“You can hand feed them if you want to, but normally dogs get leftovers. I’ve got two hot dogs right here for my precious angels,” Harlan held up two hot dogs like he was holding two cocks in his hands.

“Oh, Thank you, almighty powerful Harlan,” Candy offered him a lemony kiss over her shoulder.

Barbara felt like she was living through an episode of the Addam’s Family. Every episode involved some normal person coming to the door and being greeted by Lurch. The more they discovered about the family, the freakier things got and eventually they panicked and ran away with the Addams wondering why the people were so sensitive. It was so over the top and unbelievable to her that she felt she had to say something.

She had been polite, though and she didn’t want to seem overly judgmental to these almost-strangers, so she chose her words carefully.

“It seems kind of unfair that only the girls of the family are made to eat off the floor,” she observed politely.

“You want to see Dylan and Brody’s ass winking during dinner?” Harlan seemed confused by the comment.

“No, I don’t see why anyone should be naked and eating off the floor during dinner at all,” Barbara restated her earlier observation as tactfully as she could.

“Amen to that sister!” Candy high-fived Becky and they both smiled and looked expectantly at Harlan.

“Cry me a god-damned river. Neither of you bitches had a problem with it when you were sitting up here watching someone else on the floor! Candy and Becky, you both laugh louder than Tammy about it!” he said.

“Does Tammy ever get to sit at the table?” Joe asked of Dylan’s mom. She was muffled by the feedbag and struggling to eat.

“Sadly, yes,” Harlan chuckled. “I love that woman with all of my heart although she is a slag, a slut, a true whore, and a pain in my ever-loving ass,” he sighed.

“Then why do you make her eat off the floor like a dog?” Joe seemed confused.

“I don’t make monkeys. I just train them,” Harlan’s answer was well-practiced because he had said that many times before. Joe and Barbara didn’t understand what he meant so he had to explain. “Tammy would tell you if her mouth wasn’t already occupied, gobbling down her food. Years ago, we used to have what you might consider a pretty vanilla relationship. I brought home the bacon and she cooked it up in a pan. You hear what I am saying?”

Joe and Barbara nodded, but they were still confused.

“Then, one day, I catch her fucking my brother,” Harlan explained.

“Which one, James or Louis? James has a really nice cock!” Candy chuckled with a sexy playfulness that suggested she might have fucked her own brothers.

“Do you want to tell this fucking story?” Harlan asked his sister as he arched an eyebrow at her.

“No, you do it better,” Candy replied.

“Then keep opening and closing your pussy and asshole, not your mouth!” Harlan advised her. He continued to explain how his wife was wild and prone to drinking and drugs. “She’d leave for a month and run with some guys from a motorcycle gang, or I’d find her dancing down in Jackson Mississippi, for niggers!” Harlan said. He described Tammy as hot shit back then. “The only thing hotter than my wife was her temper! She would be pissed when I’d come find her and drag her out of whatever whorehouse she’d ended up in.”

“Why did you keep going back for her?” Brody had clearly never heard this story before, either.

“Didn’t you hear me the first time when I said I loved her? Love don’t quit, boy,” Harlan said.

“Awwwww,” Candy and Becky made a sweet but sarcastic gushing sound as they pretended to swoon. Harlan stabbed his daughter’s butt with his fork. He didn’t break the skin but it shut her up.

“We had to come to an understanding. We just had Dylan and Becky, and I wasn’t going to lose my family. I started making rules and my wife agreed to them. She never ran off again. Tammy is still surly, bratty, and selfish, but she sucks cock like a champion, and a man will put up with a lot, for good head,” Harlan explained with a wink.

Becky became incredibly uncomfortable when Harlan openly talked about how good his wife was at doing oral sex. The first thought in her head was that she should make a polite excuse to leave, but she stayed anyway.

“There is more to what I am doing than just getting a good look at my wife’s big, beautiful ass. I am establishing a hierarchy in this house. I am also imposing a value system and order where there wasn’t one. I know it may sound like a lot of bullshit, but there is a method to the madness and a reason I am a madman,” Harlan chuckled. He added that he wasn’t as small-minded and dumb as he looked.”

“That’s debatable!” Candy chuckled and winked her asshole. Harlan gave her a swift kick on her cunt.

“Damnit Harlan, that hurt my kitty-cat!” Candy yelped. Harlan’s work-boot was drenched in his sister’s wet cunt juices when he removed it from her wet, bald and now sore pussy.

“Good, that’s what I am trying to explain to Dylan’s girlfriend. A little pain isn’t going to kill you. If it helps teach a lesson about holding your tongue when your betters are speaking, then it is a lesson worth getting. In your case, you’ll keep getting it over and over because you are slow to learn!” he explained.

Barbara and Joe were mortified by what they were seeing. Uncomfortable, bewildered and a little confused by everything Harlan was telling them. There was a consistent theme of humiliation and BDSM, but it wasn’t like anything they’d ever seen in pictures or heard about. Harlan was suggesting that there was some deeper goal associated with what he was doing. He reinforced that Becky submitted to these humiliations for reasons of her own choosing as opposed to just being an extroverted slut.

On the surface, there was no question that on some level, Becky WAS an extroverted slut. She was literally naked, on all fours as she furiously popped her pussy and asshole to win a competition of her own making with her aunt.

“Have the rules for the girls always been the same?” Barbara wanted to know more. She wasn’t sure why she was so curious, but she couldn’t deny she found his explanations intriguing.

“It’s just like fishing. The more you learn, the better you get at it. You learn new fishing holes. You buy new lures. You get better techniques. The rules have evolved over time, but the goal is the same - to hook the fish before it hooks you!” Harlan shared his sage advice.

Candy reached between her legs and slapped her pussy. “This is the only fish you need!” she joked. Her cunt was still red and puffy from Harlan’s boot.

“So do Becky and Candy live by the same rules as Tammy?” Barbara asked, changing the subject.

“Fuck no,” Becky let a burst of laughter and spit spray out of her mouth.

“You don’t fish for a Catfish the same way you would a Swordfish now would you?” Harlan asked her. Barbara had no idea what he was talking about.

Harlan explained that you bring different tackle, look in a different fishing spot and use a different tactic. “At the end of the day, you still want that fish on the hook but you have to get them there by different means.”

Barbara had no idea what he was talking about.

Harlan said that a fish is a fish and a whore is a whore. “They are all three hole whores – all three of them. Each of them takes a different approach though if you want to catch them and hang on to them,” he explained.

Joe nodded in understanding – that actually did make some sense to him despite being incredibly misogynistic. He couldn’t help but laugh at how honest Harlan was being about his family and the fact that the women around him were basically life support for three holes and two boobs that needed Harlan’s guidance.

He could also tell that on some level he loved and cherished them – especially his wife. As strange as their lives were to Joe it also seemed to make sense for them to live like this.

“I don’t have the same rules for Dylan as I do for Becky because Becky is very different from Dylan. If she was born with a cock and balls between her legs, someone would have slapped that smug look off of her face a long time ago. The fact that she has tits and a slit makes her a different kind of fish and I bring a different kind of bait. Do you hear me?” Harlan asked.

“I hear you,” Barbara smiled, believing she did finally understand.

“Girls have three holes and two titties! They are born with the female condition and taught to manipulate, lie and soften their features to trap a man,” Harlan observed.

It sounded misogynistic to Barbara but it also rang true for these particular girls. “Men get born with a dick and balls and a set of expectations to provide and shelter! It’s been this way since the first caveman smacked the first cavewoman on the head and took her back to the cave to Zug-Zug!” he laughed.

Barbara and Joe politely nodded and smiled – they were flabbergasted by the entire spectacle.

Harlan said that the girls knew the rules and they had agreed to them. He explained he was more of a referee than anything else. “If Candy wants to get the fuck out of here, she can do that any time and I wish she would. I could use the room.”

“Shit, you love me like this and you fucking know it,” Candy wiggled her butt playfully at her brother.

“Candy stopped winking!! Candy stopped winking!” Brody started pointing at his mother’s vagina and shouting with food in his mouth.

“God damnit, Brody! Why do you have to be such a fucking narc?” Candy sounded angry with her son. “It was only for a fucking second, and I was just joking around!”

If we did our jobs properly you won't notice the transition between authors on this story. There are a few times we change from 1st person to 3rd person and back again but only for narrative purposes. We felt we clearly label them appropriately in an attempt to help you get into the motivations of the characters.

This is a story that really breaks the 'formula' for me while re-using the parts that I particularly like. There are some laughs to be had, some tears, lot of sex - please buckle up and settle in for this one.