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

A Keeping the Womenfolk in Line

by Eddie Davidson

**The Start of a Lovely Relationship**

*This is when the confessions and re-education begin.*

**Chapter 28**

Harlan’s truck didn’t have a very spacious cabin. It smelled like cigarettes, beer, and old leather. There was a fine layer of motor oil covering parts of the dashboard. The glove box was stuffed full of old cheeseburger wrappers, and Barbie suspected there was a handgun in there. There were old tools and electrical wires all over the floor.

She hopped on Dylan’s lap. He felt pretty good, and his breath on her neck reminded her of Joe.

Becky hopped on Joe’s lap. She did a little “accidental” booty wiggling to try to give Joe a boner. He would have got one too if he hadn’t been so sexually satiated by his own sister. Becky was a little disappointed he wasn’t horny out of the gate.

“Watch the hands!” she warned him.

Joe pointed out he wasn’t touching her with his hands. Becky moved his hands up to cup her boobs. “That is why you need to watch them,” she purred. She wanted Joe to like her, and the fact she couldn’t get him hard right away was a feather in his cap. It only made Becky desire to get make Joe horny for her. She could always shoot him down later if he played all of his cards too soon.

Dylan, on the other hand, was quite a gentleman. His dick was a little hard, and Barbie was flattered. She balanced her crack on the length of his crack.

“We thought we saw the last of you the other night!” Harlan chuckled as he turned on the radio. Some old Hank Williams jr. came warbling out of his shitty little speakers. “We were taking bets how long you would last before you freaked out,” Harlan admitted with a grin. “Most people who live in fancy houses like y’ alls think we are like the god-damned Beverly Hillbillies or something. You know, like Movie Staaz, Swamman Poolz?”

Joe and Barbie had no idea what he was talking about.

“It was a TV show when I was a kid. These rednecks find oil and get so rich they don’t know what to do with all the money. They move into these mansions up in Beverly Hills. They can’t change who they really are inside, though. They have no class. They don’t know how anything works there. They eat dinner on the pool table and think that the pool cues are fancy sticks to pass the vittles to one another,” Harlan explained. “Your mom probably thinks I am a steaming pile of dog shit, and I apologize about that. I don’t’ always give people the best first impression. I really did try, though,” Harlan admitted.

“You guys are cool. Very genuine,” Joe said.

“Well, thank you, Joe,” Harlan admitted. Well, when Dylan brought you over, Candy told me she would either be sucking your dick, or you’d run away scared. I told her you might do both! She and Becky here didn’t think you’d actually stick around long enough to sit down for dinner,” he said.

“Yeah, thanks for that,” Becky rolled her eyes and then raised her hips before dropping all her weight on Joe’s nuts. It was as playful as it was painful.

“Tell him what you had to do?” Harlan grinned.

“Dad!” Becky blushed. Joe had never seen this tough as nail little bitch blush before. He liked it.

“C’mon Bubble Butt, you too afraid to tell him?” Dylan teased his sister.

“Don’t start calling me that again,” Becky didn’t like that nickname at all. Her father had forgotten about using for the last few weeks until Marilyn called her Bubble Butt at their house. “I ain’t afraid to tell anyone anything,” Becky used her tough-talk to camouflage the very vulnerable feeling she had that Joe would think she was some kind of freak.

She was used to boys using her for sex. She used boys for sex. Becky assumed that the way to play the game was to use someone before they can use you. She liked Joe, but she suspected he was just like all other boys at this point and that this date was just him killing time by pretending to be interested in her before he tried to fuck her.

“Well, we bet that we’d belly-crawl naked through the neighborhood if you actually took a bite of your food. A fucking frog jumped on my belly while I was out there, and I got eaten up by gnats, thank you very much. So I underestimated you, Joe. The question is, why do you want to stay at our house overnight? It smells like ass, and there isn’t room to piss yourself,” she admitted.

“Well, to be honest, we were really influenced by your family last time we were there,” Joe said. He said that his sister decided to start going by Barbie and try to be more outgoing and adventurous.

“You got all that from watching me wink my butthole up at you?” Becky sneered at Barbie. She liked Joe, but she was still very unsure of how she felt about Barbie. She thought Barbie had designs on her brother. She thought Barbie might also be a lesbian and have designs on her because every time she looked up and saw Barbie, she had this rosy disposition and seemed to look up to Becky. People only seemed to do that to Becky when they wanted something from her.

“You bring back my panties?” she asked Barbie.

“Got them right here,” she reached in her bag and showed her the thong.

“Hey, that’s the ones I got you for your 14th birthday!” Harlan recognized the caption that said it won’t eat itself on the front of the panties.

“You wash them?” Becky asked skeptically.

“Yes, and hand dried them,” Barbie smiled.

“What about my dildo?” she asked bluntly.

“Right here,” Barbie was reluctant to pull it out, but she knew Harlan’s family wasn’t shy. She let the purple dick flop in her hands. Dylan, Harlan, and Becky didn’t seem shocked at all. Becky sniffed the dildo and said, “You even washed it, huh? Alright, you can hang on to those for now. I thought you were going to tell me you forgot them and try to keep them,” Becky was warming up to Barbie.

She would have kept anything she borrowed from Barbie. It was a pleasant surprise to hear that Barbie was so willing to give them back. Becky still didn’t trust Barbie’s motivations because she did not understand them, but she was starting to warm up to her.

“Do you have a bet to see how long we’ll stay tonight?” Joe asked Becky.

“Fuck no, but if I told you, then the bet would not be valid anyway!” Becky implied that the family frequently bet on things like this and had their own house rules.

Harlan pulled up to a trailer. He put the car in park and told the others to start walking if he wasn’t back in fifteen minutes.

“Fred’s car isn’t even here,” Becky complained.

“I am going to try to fuck his wife, Lucille,” Harlan slicked his hair back and revealed his real reason for being in a hurry. He did intend to borrow money from Fred, but AFTER he fucked Lucille. He started to get out of the truck. He planned to get his best friend Fred back for fucking HIS wife Tammy. The two men frequently had a falling out over money, Tammy, and different scams they pulled on each other. They both owed so much money to one another. No one could even remember how big their debt actually was.

“Dad, just drop us off at the trailer first. It’s like right down the street,” Dylan suggested.

“What? You don’t like a pretty little thing sitting on your junk?” Harlan teased his son. He doted on Dylan more than anyone. “If I go home and your Mom is horny, I won’t get back down here to fuck the shit out of Lucille before Fred gets home,” Harlan insisted.

“Lucille isn’t going to give you a piece of ass,” Becky assured him.

“You never know!”

A young black guy who was wearing only baggy jeans and sneakers opened the door to Fred’s trailer. Lucille was wearing only a lacey negligee in the doorway and kissed him goodbye. She had long dark hair and huge tits.

“Oh fuck, she’s already got company,” Harlan looked angry. He picked up his cell phone and took a quick picture. Then he texted the picture of the two lovers to his best friend – Lucille’s husband.

“Let’s get the fuck out of here before the fireworks start,” Harlan pulled out of the driveway and sang along to the song on the radio while he drove through the trailer park. He didn’t know any of the words, and every fifth lyric was “motherfucker” as far as he was concerned.

Barbie noticed that each trailer looked almost identical. A slender white box made of aluminum. There was usually a wooden deck and a tiny little patch of mostly dead grass between them.

They could easily fit three of these trailers and yards in her family’s front yard. Their grass was a vibrant green, and there was only one type of grass in her yard. It was like that with every house in her neighborhood. Here everything was so different, and it was less than a few miles from her home.

She saw a fight break out between two drunk rednecks on one patio. She saw people sitting outside drinking Budweiser. They shouted a friendly “Fuck you, Asshole!” to Harlan when they recognized his truck.

She saw a pretty woman with big red hair like Peggy Bundy walking with a younger girl with blonde hair. They could have easily been mother and daughter, and they were both wearing a short skirt and blouse like the one Barbie had on. They seemed to be out looking for some sort of trouble to get into.

Becky waved brightly at the blonde girl, and she waved back like they were best friends who were glad to see each other.

“Fucking cunt, I hope she fucking dies of chlamydia,” Becky said through gritted teeth.

“Who was that?” Joe asked.

“Why? You want to fuck her?” Becky asked, quite sharply. Joe explained he was only wondering because they looked so happy to see each other. “Yeah, that’s Savannah. She is my best friend and my biggest fucking enemy,” she said.

“I’ve never seen you with her at school,” Joe said.

“You stalk me at school?” Becky snapped at him angrily. She didn’t wait for an answer. “That nasty bitch dropped out so she could dance with her mom down at Tease. Those cunts work with my Aunt Candy. You can buy a table dance from either of them, and they’ll let you stick the tip of their dick for about twenty-five bucks if you don’t mind catching the clap,” Becky said.

“Gee, why are you so angry all the time?” Joe asked.

“Bubble Butt is probably on her period. Sucks for you tonight!” Dylan laughed. Her own father suggested that there was always anal. Harlan made a farting sound with his mouth.

“Fuck both of you and the horses that gave birth to you,” Becky turned her hands upside down and shot them both upside down middle fingers.

“Well, that would be your grandma and mom, respectively,” Dylan replied dryly. He was just teasing his sister, and she knew it.

“No, I am not on my fucking period,” Becky explained. “I am sitting on your lap, and you aren’t trying to feel me up, or finger fuck me or anything. Are you gay?” she asked Joe.

“What? No!” Joe insisted. “Did you want me to do that to you?” he asked her. He was surprised Harlan didn’t seem to care that his daughter was so graphic and forward with him.

“Well, I am used to guys trying some shit. I would probably slap you shitless for trying, but I figured you would at least try?” she seemed very sensitive even though she was so abrasive. It seemed to Joe she was looking for some reassurance he was interested in her. She wanted to know if he was just shy or didn’t like girls.

“I asked you to the dance. I want to be there with you, Becky. I didn’t ask you so that I could cop a cheap feel in a pick-up truck. I like you, and even though you talk like a dick head, I think you are a cool chick. I want to get to know you better. I am very interested in you. If we are going to do anything, it will be because we both want it and not a bunch of cheap feels,” he explained.

“Damn,” Harlan respected Joe’s answer, and so did Dylan. Becky did, as well. She shrugged and said, “Whatever,” and folded her arms. She would make Joe prove he really liked her.

“What about you, Dylan? How come you are not feeling me up?” Barbie asked him playfully.

“I just didn’t think you were into that,” Dylan said.

“Okay, you’d feel me up while we sit in the hump seat of your truck if I was?” she teased him playfully.

“No, I kind of want to say what Joe said, but he already said what I was going to say,” Dylan became wistful.

When they arrived at their trailer, Barbie expected to be greeted by the sight of Tammy’s big naked ass in the center of the living room on a pedestal. Instead, she was up and walking round.

Tammy wore a lot of makeup, and it made her look like a clownish-whore. She smiled a lot and hugged Becky and Joe when they arrived. She felt Joe up and admired his muscles before letting him go. She had huge tits and a very big ass. She was wearing a denim tube top that barely held her tits in and a short skirt.

“I am so sorry you saw me at my worse the last time you were here,” she apologized for not talking to them. It was against the rules, and she had a feedbag on during dinner.

“That’s okay. I know you were a little tied up,” Barbie offered a double entendre.

“Oh Haw-Haw, Haw-Haw!” Tammy was as quick to laugh as she was to anger. “Yeah, well, when I am naughty, I have a little time out. I just got off restriction!” She had a booming laugh that was hard not to laugh along with. She seemed so extroverted now as she began to ask Barbie and Joe about themselves.

“Tammy is an Extrovert, and I am a Pervert, so it works out quite nicely,” Harlan shut up and sat down in his chair. Tammy was the kind of woman you could picture getting very drunk and very loud in the back of a smoky pool-hall and telling the world to go to hell.

“I am on restriction too,” Barbie smiled at Tammy.

“Yeah, her restriction is so tough she has to wear a t-shirt and panties around the house!” Becky teased her sarcastically.

“Oh, stop being such an asshole, Becky!” Tammy slapped her daughter’s ass. The boisterous and trashy woman was so different than Barbie’s mother. She wondered if she would have turned out like Becky as well if she had been raised by Tammy. “This is why you have no friends! You piss all over everyone,” she chided her daughter.

“Savannah is my friend,” Becky fired back.

“Savannah would sell you and Dylan out for ten dollars worth of crack and an old car radio. You don’t have any real friends because you scare everybody off. Now get your clothes off so your daddy can beat your ass. You need to be brought down a peg or two, so we can tolerate being around you,”

“Mom!” Becky shouted.

“What? They done seen your ass, haven’t they?” Tammy asked her daughter. Then she turned to Barbie and Joe and asked politely if they would mind her daughter getting a beating. “I assure you that you are going to thank me. We have to give her an attitude adjustment every time she walks in the door, or she’ll rip our heads off.”

Becky begrudgingly began stripping. She took her dress and top off without making eye contact. She was wearing a pair of panties but no bra. She looked good naked, although she did have a lot of bruises on her ass.

Becky assumed a position holding her ankles and bent over. Her pretty blue eyes were filled with rage as they burned into her mother. Tammy didn’t see the problem. “If they are going to start coming over, they will know you get your attitude checked. I don’t see what the big deal is?”

Harlan got out his paddle and told Tammy what he thought the problem was. “She told them she gets spanked, so she’ll stop cutting herself,” he said. He warmed up his daughter’s ass and smacked her butt hard.

“Oh, that bullshit,” Tammy shook her head in disbelief. “Why can’t you just admit you need to be kept in line like the rest of us?” she asked her daughter. Tammy had no sympathy for her daughter’s pride or the pain of the spanking.

“One, thank you, Sir!” Becky counted angrily and looked straight ahead.

“Answer her,” Harlan pounded her ass again with the paddle.

“Two, thank you, Sir!” Becky let him pound her ass again two more times before she replied to her mother’s question. Tammy pointed out everyone already knew she was a bitch.

“Five, thank you, Sir! Okay, Joe. I lied to you and Barbie when you came here the first time. I did cut myself a few times before, but that isn’t the reason I get spanked when I get home. I am a fucking brat and a bitch. I shit on everybody and everything, and I talk crazy. I get jealous really easy for no reason, and when someone likes me, I do everything I can to push them away,” she said.

“Becky is a Scorpio,” Tammy explained while her daughter counted out her spankings. “She feels compelled to sting people who get close to her. Her stings are insults, scams, stealing from you, that sort of thing. If they survive her poison, she thinks they may stick around and be worthwhile. She keeps stinging them to make sure they really will. It’s a self-fulfilling prophecy, though. Eventually, people get enough of her sting and say adios! Her father and I are immune to her poison. She’s been stinging us since the first day she dropped out of my pussy. We spank her because a good beating seems to calm her down and make her tolerable. That’s for our benefit, not hers. If you want to date my daughter, you need to know she is going to sting you to - A whole lot!”

“Fuck you, Mom!” Becky’s eyes were red. She looked humiliated. Barbie felt a little sorry for her.

“Would I be able to spank her when she talks back to me”? Joe asked.

“Fuck you too, Joe!” Becky insisted that it was not going to happen.

“I told you the boy had dominant tendencies,” Harlan chuckled. “One Dom can always tell another Dom,” he seemed impressed with Joe. “It is how he doesn’t talk all the time. He only talks when he has something to say,” he described Joe with respect.

“That could just mean he is shy or a fucking moron,” Becky demanded. She yelped and said, “Stop hitting me on the cunt lips! I might need those tonight,” she insisted as she counted the spank and adamantly kept her position.

Candy sashayed out of the bedroom. She was topless but wore a pair of shorts. Her hair was fucked up, and it looked like she was sleeping in her makeup. “Would you fuckers shut up? It’s like 6 p.m. in the morning,” she said as if she had a tremendous hangover and was still drowsy.

“6 p.m. IS the evening, Aunt Candy,” Dylan reminded her with a churlish grin on his face.

“What are you? Doctor, Who the Timelord?” Candy sounded a little drunk. She staggered over to Joe and sat on his lap. “How about we talk about whatever pops up?” She teased.

“Get off, he is MY boyfriend,” Becky demanded. It was the first time she had said, boyfriend.

“Oooh,” Candy said dismissively, but she did get off of Joe’s lap and went to find a smoke. Joe was left wondering if she did consider him a boyfriend or not. He didn’t have to wait long.

“Well, what do you want? An engraved invitation from my Dad. Let’s see if you can make me cry or if you spank like a girl,” Becky offered Joe a chance to spank as she looked straight ahead.

Joe had never used a paddle like the one that Harlan had in his hands. It was thick and heavy like a baseball bat, except it was flat. One side was flat, and the caption read “LOVE”. The other side was crisscrossed and bumpy and said “HATE”. He was hitting his daughter with the flat side of the paddle.

Joe swung the paddle a few times as he stood behind Becky’s pretty ass. She didn’t seem to mind that he was looking straight up her crack and at her pussy. She had offered him a chance to spank her.

Joe flicked his wrist as he spanked her ass and brought it down hard. He worked out daily and was a tremendous athlete. There was a very satisfying cracking sound when he brought the flat paddle down on her bubble-shaped ass. The fat in her butt seemed to collapse and then envelope the paddle.

“God Damn!!!!!!!!!!!!!!” Becky croaked in pain and nearly buckled at the knee.

“Too hard?” he asked.

“Seventeen, thank you, Sir!” was Becky’s reply as she looked straight ahead.

His next hit was even more on target. The paddle forced her ass cheeks apart and tapped a little of the teen’s wet asshole.

“Eighteen, thank you, Sir,” Becky sighed appreciatively. Her ass was stinging after those two. Harlan was strong and good at spanking, but he did it so often that it was repetitive and routine. Joe had something to prove right at that moment.

“Just because I let you spank me does NOT make me your girlfriend,” she said.

His answer was to cane her ass again with the flat of the hate side of the paddle. “You said I was your boyfriend to Candy!”

“Nineteen!!! Thank you, Sir! I say a lot of shit to Candy. I just didn’t want her dripping her pussy juices all over your jeans if that is what you are wearing to the dance! Don’t hit me with the hate side!” she demanded as she held her ankles.

Joe hit her again with the hate side of the paddle and left a lovely welt on her ass with the imprint of the wooden grooves carved into the side of the paddle.

“Twenty, thank you, Sir! I just told you NOT to use that side,” she said.

“Yeah, you did, but you also keep thanking me for doing it,” he hit her again.

“Twenty-one, thank you, Sir! I have to say thank you! It’s just something I say between swats!” Becky was gritting her teeth. She hadn’t been spanked this hard before, and she was standing slightly on her toes as her knees buckled.

“Then, when you learn to mean it, I may use the other side,” Joe insisted. Harlan and Dylan both appreciated that.

By the time Joe finished delivering fifty swats to the girl, she was thanking him profusely, tears were rolling down her face, and begging him to stop. She had a newfound sense of appreciation or him.

“You spanked that ass like you had practice,” Dylan complimented him.

“I have,” Joe handed the paddle back to Harlan.

“Why don’t you hang on to that one. I’ve got others. You may need it at the dance,” Harlan smiled at him. The paddle was well-worn and obviously quite old. Joe told him how much he appreciated it and promised not to lose it.

“I know where you live, so I doubt you would,” Harlan said ominously.

Becky started to get dressed rapidly as she collected herself. She was utterly obliterated by that spanking. She felt like her bitch button had been reset, and her mind was somewhat blank. She’d had three orgasms during the spanking as well, and that was rare for her. Her pussy was soaked, and she was sexually exhausted.

“What are you doing getting dressed? You know there isn’t enough chairs, and when we have company, you are on the floor!” Harlan laughed.

“C’mon, Daddy! it’s Homecoming!” Becky stopped putting her clothes on and pleaded for a special consideration. Her pussy was soaked, and she was all sweaty. She would have had to shower and clean up before she put them on anyway. Her nipples were especially

hard because she was feeling the endorphins from the pain, and they frequently stood up on their own after a powerfully complete spanking.

“Homecoming doesn’t mean jack shit to me. Does it mean jack shit to you, Tammy?” Harlan asked his wife.

“Sure doesn’t,” Tammy laughed.

“Well then, how come you are still dressed, Buffalo Butt? or did you forget you need to get up and cook the fucking meal for us to eat it first?” he asked.

Tammy apologized and quickly started to undress. “Most of this shit just needs to be microwaved,” she told her husband. “I don’t mind cooking naked, but please don’t make me eat leftovers, baby? I just got finished with two days on the pedestal! I was looking forward to my first meal without a feedbag,” she flirted submissively and pleaded with her husband.

“You can look forward to getting your fat ass on the floor and eating whatever you get! God damn it. You are lucky I don’t make you eat leftovers at every meal,” he said.

“Yes, Harlan,” Tammy acknowledged him and seemed to withdraw her concerns.

“Trust me, leftovers are almost as bad as the regular overs! You can’t cook. All you ever make is microwave crap! Marilyn stayed over at the Chipman house for dinner tonight. They are probably having steak,” Harlan was obviously very jealous.

“Who the fuck ARE the Chipmans? They sound like a bunch of stuck up assholes. Some lady named Helen Chipman keeps texting me and asking me to do a bunch of boring bullshit with her. That lady has no fucking life,” Tammy asked sourly. She was already out of her clothes by the time she asked that question.

“They ARE the Chipmans, and that’s their mom,” Becky laughed at their mother

Tammy made a funny face to acknowledge she had just put her foot firmly in her mouth. She apologized profusely and said that she was sure Helen was very nice. She intentionally brushed up against Joe as she passed by where he was sitting on the couch. She put her naked ass right in his face and hovered for a long second.

Her body was covered in new tattoos. There was a new ace of spades tattoo with the letters BBC near her pussy. Joe noticed one of the tattoos on her ass was that of a buffalo with wings.

“She truly is a Buffalo Butt,” Joe observed.

Tammy was flattered and dipped her knee in a quick curtsy before sticking her ass out for Joe. “I grew up in Buffalo, New York, and when Harlan met me, he called me Buffalo Butt. He was the DJ, and I was a stripper on my first day!” Tammy considered it a very romantic day. She didn’t tell the rest of the story. It changed depending on who she was telling the story to and what she remembered of it anyway. She tapped Joe on the seat of his pants before joining her daughter in the kitchen.

Candy was drunkenly searching the kitchen for something to drink. She had just poured some Seagram’s gin from one glass into another glass with crown royal. She had a cigarette hanging out of her mouth and was feeling incredibly hungover. Her tits were hanging out, but she still had on her bottoms. She belched really loudly when Harlan looked at her. Then she ripped an epic level fart and sighed triumphantly at the pleasure of letting the gas escape without offering any apology.

“You too farty butt, strip and get ready to eat leftovers again,” he said.

“Oh fuck you, Harlan,” Candy flipped him off. Her nails were well painted, but everything else about her seemed like a mess. “I don’t want to play fucking winky Wednesday and don’t ever call me farty butt. It isn’t,” she belched drunkenly, “lady-like!”

“All the good names are taken, and you knew the rules when you moved in,” Harlan warned her. He told her it was Flappy Friday tonight, and it was one of his favorite nights of the week.

“Fine,” Candy dropped her shorts and kicked them off. “Call me Candy or Candy ass or something like that. Candy Stripe! Not fucking Farty Butt. That’s gross, Harlan!”

Her son Brody walked into the living room to announce that her baby just shit it’s diaper and won’t stop crying. He was fully dressed and looked annoyed.

“It never fucky fails. Brody magically appears when it is mealtime,” Harlan chuckled.

“Brody, can’t you handle it? Can’t you see I have to play Frappy Friday for your Uncle Harlan?” Candy slurred her words.

“It’s FLAPPY Friday,” Brody corrected her and said that he could, but it was HER baby and not his.

“It’s YOUR little brother,” Candy corrected him. She sounded drunk as she took another shot.

“Little Sister, Mom,” Brody added.

“That’s what I said, isn’t it?” Candy asked.

“Do you mind if I take care of it, Joseph?” Barbie volunteered and asked her brother if she could help. Joe nodded, that would be fine. When Barbie dutifully entered Candy’s room, Becky mocked her as a stuck up prude.

“Do you mind if I take care of it? I am such a little brown nose,” Becky sneered.

Joe was going to stand up for his little sister, but Candy interrupted. She was being loud and asinine. “Hey, Becky, I’m thinking about getting my butthole tattooed!”

“What would you put on it?” Becky replied.

“You’re ugly face so you can kiss my ass! That goofy little bitch didn’t have to lift a fucking finger, and she offered to change my baby’s diaper. In my book, that makes that goofy little bitch a better bitch than you,” Candy stumbled a little and laughed at her own alliteration of the word bitch.

“Jesus, Candy! You’ve been doing more than drinking. You smell like ass, too! Why don’t you take a bath?” Becky told her.

“I would love to, but Harlan wants to me entertain his guests, and that’s what I’ll do,” Candy careened around a little before settling down on her hands and knees in front of a dog dish. She was used to holding this position. Candy stared down into the dog dish and reflected on her actions as she spread her legs wide.

“Dinner is prepared!” Tammy smiled and winked at Joe. “Come and eat all you want,” she touched her hairless pussy and then licked it before getting down on all fours to present her ass to the table.

Barbie emerged from Candy’s bedroom. All she had to do was quickly change the baby. It didn’t take long for the baby to go back to sleep. Now she smelled of baby powder. She saw that the food was ready.

“Joseph, do you mind if I give up my seat so that Tammy can sit down?” she asked her brother.

Joe was a little surprised at first, but he realized that his sister had a heart of gold. He smiled and said that would be fine.

“Thank you, Sir,” she smiled at Joe and intentionally called him Sir. “Am I in Pet Mode?” she asked.

Joe nodded without saying a word.

Barbie removed her skirt first to reveal that she was not wearing panties and her pussy was completely hairless like the other women in the trailer. She stepped out of her shoes and top next and went to the kitchen, where she tapped Tammy on the shoulder.

Dylan’s jaw dropped open. He knew Barbie was interested in becoming more adventurous but getting naked like the other girls was a real surprise.

Three asses were lined up facing the table. Candy, Becky, and Tammy were naked on all fours with their face above metal bowls. The three of them looked like they were not happy about it.

Harlan, Dylan, Brody, and Joe followed them into the kitchen and took seats at the table. Brody couldn’t keep his eyes off Barbie. She was not only the new girl but close to his own age and not a close blood relative.

“Please take a seat, and I’ll take your place, Ma’am” she said.

Tammy was very puzzled. She looked up at her husband for confirmation. Harlan nodded that it was okay. He liked looked at Barbie’s pretty ass.

“Okay, who bet on this dumb little gash voluntarily joining us for leftovers?” Becky smiled over at Barbie when she got down to face level with her and looked each other in the eye.

Barbie wiggled her butt and stuck it out. She pushed her tits down to the tile and put her face in the bowl like the other two girls were doing.

She spread her legs so that her pussy and asshole were visible to those seated at the table. Being naked and exposed would have mortified her, but around this family, she didn’t have that trepidation. They were used to seeing pretty pussies and assholes during dinner.

Barbie had earned Becky’s respect – as long as she didn’t freak out and run away again. “I hope you understand that you are going to eat left-overs for dinner, right?” Becky told her.

“If you can do it, I am sure I can handle it,” Becky sounded brave. Barbie would find out for sure. She looked down into her stainless steel dog bowl and waited for the others to eat.

“So how exactly do we play Flappy Friday, Sir?” Barbie looked over her shoulder at Harlan and locked eyes with him for a moment.