**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 29**

“Oh my gosh, thank you so much!” Tammy immediately rose from the floor. She could hardly believe Dylan’s date was offering to take her place and stripping down. Everyone in the kitchen was a little confused, but no one stopped Barbie from joining the other naked girls on the floor.

Tammy was still naked. Her huge tits were bobbing with excitement at her sudden reprieve. “Harlan, can I eat at the table tonight?” she pleaded. She had very meaty pussy flaps that were well used and still quite wet. There are some times in art or museums when the nude form is artistic and refined. It was difficult to see Tammy naked and not immediately think of raunchy, wet, wild sex.

“Fuck, that was unexpected!” Candy blurted out before Harlan had a chance to respond. Candy’s fat pussy was wide open as she remained on all fours on the kitchen floor. Her nipples dragged the tile, and she had her ass facing the people seated at the dining table.

“Little Miss Pretty Kitty is joining us?” Becky seemed surprised, as well. She and Candy were both loudmouths despite having a submissive side. They were the first to respond to Barbie undressing and offering to join them.

The rest of Harlan’s family was shocked as well. Brody’s eyes bulged out. He was used to seeing naked women around the house, but Barbie was a pretty young teenager that he had never seen, AND she wasn’t a blood relative. Dylan was surprised that his previously shy and bookish date was stripping in front of his family. It wasn’t the weirdest thing that happened at his dinner table before, though. He offered her an approving grin.

Joe hadn’t given his sister the order to join the girls on the ground. He was planning to scold her after the Dinner. He could see how delighted Barbie was to undress and join the girls on the floor, though, and he wanted to see how this all played out.

“Fuck woman, If I could get a god-damned word in edgewise,” Harlan finally had a chance to speak to his wife. “You can sit your fat ass at the dinner table, but there isn’t any need for you to put on clothes!”

“Why not?” Tammy asked as she sat down.

“I like seeing your nipples touching the dinner table,” Harlan grinned like a horny teenager at his wife of 20 years. Tammy grinned back. Her boobs once stuck straight up and out, much like Becky and Barbie’s tits did now. They hung down now, and she let her hard nipples drag on the dinner table.

“So what’s Flappy Friday, and how does that fit into dinner time?” Joe finally asked as his sister joined the other girls on all fours at his feet.

“It’s a long story. I think it started as a bet between Candy and Tammy,” Harlan was about to explain.

“It started because you are a horn dog, and you like seeing our pussy flaps spread apart, Harlan!” Candy teased playfully. Her voice was a little hoarse, which made her sound extra–trashy. She made a V with two of her fingers and began to rub her pussy lips while keeping her legs spread and remaining on all fours. “Just show him so we can get this over with,” Candy harrumphed.

“You that eager to eat leftovers, slut?” Harlan kicked his sister’s plump buttocks playfully. She growled back at him, but the interaction was very playful.

“Gross, why does it always have to be leftovers? Why can’t we just eat what y’all eat?” Candy croaked with her saucy demeanor. She didn’t stop rubbing her pussy flaps. Becky quietly began masturbating, and so did Barbie when she noticed the other girls were rubbing themselves.

“Hogs eat slop. They don’t ask the Farmer to cook them a culinary gourmet meal!” Harlan laughed playfully at his sister’s predicament naked on all fours.

“What exactly are leftovers?” Joe asked. He had given his sister a rule that she had to recycle any cum she collected in condoms. He imagined that Harlan had some elaborate rule that the women had to collect cum in containers, store it, and then eat it at Dinner. He’d read about women who felt more submissive when they gobbled up copious amounts of cum. He also heard it was good for the skin and hair and had health benefits. Joe assumed that Harlan’s family was so kinky that they had a fridge full of stored cum for Dinner.

“My wife’s cooking is so bad that it might seem like a punishment just to make her eat what we couldn’t choke down at dinner,” Harlan laughed as he looked straight at Tammy and playfully kicked her feet with his under the table. Tammy couldn’t return his gaze. She seemed to openly admit to being guilty of being a bad cook when he accused her.

“It’s hard to make Hamburger Helper taste good when you ain’t got no god-damned Hamburger,” Candy defended her sister-in-law.

“You burn the helper because you are too busy smoking and shooting the shit with each other,” Harlan scolded his sister. He explained that since the everyday food was so awful, he had to think of something extra disgusting to make the girls aware of their lousy cooking and behavior. “They aren’t always nasty, so they don’t always have to eat left-overs, but I guess it’s getting to be a regular meal for you, isn’t it, Tammy?” he asked.

“When I don’t have a feedbag strapped to my face,” Tammy grunted disapprovingly about the feedbag she was forced to wear at the last Dinner Joe and Barbie attended.

“Keep talking shit, and I’ll get it out,” Harlan threatened his wife, and she immediately grew quiet and submissive at the table. It was fascinating for Joe to watch because Tammy seemed so salty and outspoken any other time. She and Candy were definitely alpha females who would bitch at the drop of a hat. Becky wasn’t any different. Yet, they all obeyed Harlan around the trailer, and he was very intrigued by the power dynamic between them.

“Get your fat ass up and get them the bananas,” Harlan demanded of his wife.

“We ain’t got no bananas!” Tammy replied as she stood up.

“Fuck woman, you know I like seeing Bananas shoved in your tailpipes. Okay, Hot Dogs it is, but I want you to choke one down too!” Harlan insisted.

“Haw, Tammy has to go raw dog!” Brody laughed as his Aunt retrieved a pack of cheap Oscar Meier Wieners from the fridge.

“It’s the only way to go,” Tammy winked at her nephew and shook her massive butt. She had many tattoos on her ass, and most of them were erotic in nature. “Is Barbie going to eat leftovers too?” Tammy held some of the hot dogs in her fingers and pushed one of them down her throat without swallowing. It was incredibly erotic to watch her take the entire thing without swallowing. The tip of the Weiner could be seen on Tammy’s pink tongue, and she did not chew.

“I am not the boss of Barbie,” Harlan laughed. “Now, if she tried to live under my roof, that is one thing, but she is a guest.” He looked down at the pretty teenager’s ass and asked her if she wanted leftovers or not.

“Whatever Joe decides, Sir,” Barbie answered politely. It was the first time the family realized that Joe was in charge of Barbie. Up until this moment, they thought she was acting on her own. Dylan raised an approving eyebrow as he looked at Joe with newfound respect.

Becky, on the other hand, suddenly felt jealous and wondered if Joe expected to take control of her.

“Yeah, I’d like to see how leftovers work,” Joe admitted. He snickered as he looked down at his sister. She seemed quite red-faced even though it had been her idea to voluntarily strip and eat off the floor. He wanted to see just how far she would go for him.

Tammy squatted down and spread her legs so that her bald pussy was easily visible to those seated at the table. Candy looked up at her and opened her mouth. Tammy locked lips with her sister-in-law and kissed the hot dog into Candy’s mouth. Candy sucked it back into her throat without touching it. She continued playing with her pussy lips and frequently stretched her pussy lips with two fingers.

Candy, in turn, kissed the hot dog into Becky’s mouth. Becky could mumble, but she couldn’t talk as well as Candy and Tammy did with a hot dog sticking out of her throat. “Get ready bitch. I hope you can deepffff throafff,” Becky kissed Barbie’s mouth and pushed the hot dog into her mouth.

Barbie choked, gasped, and grunted in dismay as the hot dog blocked her airway. The other women chuckled over her discomfort. “Practice makes perfect bitch,” Becky smiled at her as her slobber ran down her chin and onto her tits.

Barbie wasn’t sure what to do with the hot dog. Tammy pointed at Candy’s mouth, and the young teenager dutifully crawled over and kissed the hot dog into the pregnant woman’s mouth. There was a strong odor of vodka and cigarettes in Candy’s kiss.

Tammy sat back down at the table. Harlan, Dylan, and Brody were already eating their food. Joe was stunned as he watched the girls pass the hot dog between them slowly like relay runners passing a baton. Harlan insisted that Tammy stuff a hot dog down her own throat while she remained seated at the table. It was quite evident that Tammy could easily deep throat a massive cock by the way she handled the hot dog. She could continue to carry on a conversation quite naturally, but she did not eat her food. She had difficulty pronouncing things, but it was clear she had a lot of practice talking with a dick or a gag in her mouth.

“Hi, I am Candy, and my farts are off the charts for the grossest and stinkiest cheese of all time! I love the smell of my own ass blasts!” Brody imitated his mother with an exaggerated southern accent that made her sound equally trashy and stupid. Candy looked over her shoulder with a disapproving frown even though she flapped her pussy lips in time with her son’s joke at her expense.

Harlan and Dylan laughed, and Harlan reached down and slapped his sister’s ass. “Hand me one of those hot dogs, Tammy!” he reached for one.

“Hang on, I wasn’t ready, Harlan! God damn, you didn’t even say we were starting,” Candy grunted angrily. “I didn’t even have the hot dog in my mouth,” she whined.

“We started fifteen minutes ago. You’ve been rubbing yourself and rules are rules,” he said. He pushed a hot dog into his sister’s asshole. She relaxed her sphincter, and the hot dog slid down into her butthole without being squished. Candy made a disgusted face but accepted the hot dog in her ass. Harlan told Brody to wait until she had the hot dog before imitating her again.

Joe was confused by what was happening, and so was Barbie. She was starting to get worried. She gasped and choked every time Becky kissed the dog into her mouth. It was getting more and more disgusting each time it made the rotation between the three girls.

“I am Becky, and I’ve got pimples on my butt. I sure wish you would pop them,” Dylan imitated his sister’s voice. His version of his sister’s voice was a hyper-exaggerated version of a belligerent slut. Becky didn’t complain. She had the hot dog in her mouth. She used two fingers to move her meaty pussy flaps in time with his voice as if her pussy was speaking the words. She looked humiliated but suppressed a slight grin.

After she passed the hot dog to Barbie, she sarcastically thanked her brother Dylan for noticing. It was apparent Becky didn’t like being the butt of the joke but she put up with it anyway.

“No talking during Flappy Friday,” Harlan chuckled. He grabbed his daughter by the hips. She wiggled and resisted as he mounted a fresh hot dog in her asshole. “Stop wiggling so much, or it will get smushed!” he smacked her butt.

“You let everyone else talk,” Becky whined with a disgusted look on her face. The hot dog did not slide easily into her asshole. The tip that was in her ass disintegrated and the tip that was hanging out hung down like a floppy puppy dog tail.

“The only thing on you that can talk is those pussy flaps! Engage that hole on your face one more time and see how many hot dogs I can fit in this stink box of yours!” Harlan threatened. Becky shut up and went back to waiting on the ground.

Every time a hot dog was passed to one of the girls on the floor, someone at the table imitated them. The girls would try to move their pussy lips in time with the words as if they were speaking them.

Harlan said that his sister’s pussy looked like a French Bulldog with no teeth trying to eat a quarter-pound of Mayonnaise. Joe nearly spit his drink out of his nose, he laughed so hard. Candy was difficult to embarrass. Still, even she turned red in the face with embarrassment over that comment.

“All right, pussy, pussy, pussy! Come on in pussy lovers! Here at the Titty Twister, we’re slashing pussy in half! Give us an offer on our vast selection of pussy. This is a pussy blow out! All right, we got white pussy, black pussy, Spanish pussy, yellow pussy, we got hot pussy, cold pussy, we got wet pussy, we got...” Harlan sniffed “smelly pussy, we got hairy pussy, bloody pussy, we got snappin’ pussy, we got silk pussy, velvet pussy, Naugahyde pussy, we even got horse pussy, dog pussy, chicken pussy! Come on, you want pussy, come on in, pussy lovers! If we don’t got it, you don’t want it! Come on in, pussy lovers!”

Everyone laughed – it was a quote from one of Harlan’s favorite movies that he often repeated.

“Hi, I am Becky, and my Pussy looks like an Arby’s Roast Beef and Cheddar if it were covered in mayonnaise,” Harlan imitated his daughter.

“Hey, I am Candy, and I think my shit don’t stink!” Dylan imitated Candy’s sassy southern twang, and his aunt pulled her pussy lips apart in time with his words to make it seem her cunt was speaking for her. It was playful and funny – despite being kind of mean.

“This is me, Becky, and whatever I did, it was YOUR FAULT BRODY,” Brody teased Becky. She held her pussy lips extra-wide while he pretended she was shouting at him. She giggled and looked over her shoulder. It was a violation of the rules for her to talk about. The expression on Becky’s face suggested she acknowledged he was right – she did blame him for things she did wrong.

“Is that herpes or zits on her ass?” Dylan asked Brody about his sister’s ass. Becky looked like an Alligator that was going to jump out of the swamp and bite her older brother’s ass, but she didn’t complain or take the bait. It was common practice during Flappy Friday to tease the girls about their body parts.

Harlan offered a joke of his own. [Ringtone sound] “Hi baby, you’ve reached Tammy ... No, I am NOT interested in reducing my student debt ... Oh, you sound like a healthy black stud ... oooh, you ARE black? Well in that case, come on over! I’ll fit you in. Any hole, any time, baby! Black Dicks Matter! ALL black dicks Matter!!” Harlan sounded a bit peeved at his wife’s obsession with black guys, but it was all in fun and good-natured. Tammy nodded in agreement while she worked her pussy lips to make it look like her pussy was speaking the words to her imaginary answering machine.

The girls laughed a lot at most of the imitations of them even though they seemed incredibly insulting. “Aint nobody going to imitate Princess Bald Beaver?” Becky asked Barbie. It was a violation of the rules for her to talk about.

Her father shoved another hot dog into her ass with the first one when she spoke. It seemed evident to Joe that talking or disobedience resulted in a hot dog being shoved in their assholes.

“Joe is free to imitate her. I don’t really know her well enough to make fun of her,” Harlan answered his daughter’s question even though he punished her for asking it. Harlan explained that the idea of Flappy Friday has evolved over time. “It started as a way to tell them what we thought of them. The girls don’t really listen to us though. So we make them pass a hot dog back and forth to keep their mouths shut. Then they use their pussy lips to mouth the words. That way we know that they at least heard us,” he explained.

Brody and Dylan continued to imitate Candy and Becky but didn’t imitate Barbie when it was her turn with the hot dog. “They don’t get hard feelings about the things you guys say?” Joe asked. Some of what they said was downright mean spirited even though it was said in a playful manner.

Tammy answered the question for Harlan. “I’d rather they be honest with us. We know we do a lot of hateful, spiteful shit around the house. Saying it out loud is a way to put it behind us and laugh about it. If everyone bottles up their feelings and never says anything, then we really will think our shit doesn’t stink. When I am down there on Flappy Fridays, I am usually laughing because Dylan does a spot-on impression of me,” she smiled.

Dylan interrupted and said, “Hi, I am Mom, and I love big black dicks so much! Mmmmmm, I’ll do anything for a big black cock!”

“Yeah, like that,” Tammy chuckled. She still had a hot dog stuffed in her throat as she agreed with her son. “Look, I know it sounds weird, but it actually works. I know my son is exaggerating a little, but I really do obsess over black cock,” she laughed.

“She sure does,” Harlan admitted. “I took her to an Earth Wind and Fire concert once, and she thought it was a god damned buffet!”

Tammy laughed so hard she almost choked on her hot dog.

“Hi, I am Barbie, and I love being a slut,” Joe said in a girly voice when Barbie got the hot dog in her mouth. She was getting better at choking it down her throat before pushing it into Candy’s mouth. She moved her pussy lips in time with his voice. It wasn’t funny, but it made Barbie feel less awkward about participating.

Joe joined in with the others, making fun of the girls. “I am Candy, and like I am so pregnant, y’all. You can all kiss my entire ass! Hot dogs and all!”

Harlan and Dylan smiled. Joe was starting to get it. Their criticisms were a little funnier.

“I am Becky, and I am such a dim-wit that I picked up a mirror and thought the face looked familiar,” Dylan imitated his sister while she moved her pussy lips in time to his joke. She hadn’t really done that, but some of the jokes were intended to be funny and playful and blow off steam as well.

“I am Candy, and I am such a pecker head that when Becky handed me the mirror, I told her she was wrong. It was ME in the mirror instead of her,”

“I am Barbie, and my tits look like two itty bitty mosquito bites,” Brody was the first of the Simmons family to imitate Barbie. She started laughing so hard she nearly spit out the hot dog. Harlan let his wife replace it after they had used it enough times.

Tammy picked up the spent hot dog with her mouth and spit it into a bowl that she kept in the fridge. “You asked what leftovers are. That is a leftover,” Harlan chuckled.

Tammy had a bowl of dirty carrots, overripe bananas, cucumbers, and it was covered in oats and bits of dried toast. She kept it in the fridge. There was even a couple cigarette butts on top of the mess. It looked disgusting and smelled even worse.

“Do you put cum in their food too?” Joe asked. He imagined the fridge was full of semen collected from all the fucking the women of the house probably did.

“What? And waste good cum?” Tammy asked him with a smile and a wink as she bent over deeply and spread her legs as she stood in front of the fridge. Her bald pussy was dripping down her thigh slightly.

“The other day, Tammy was walking down the road and carrying a pig in her arms. As she passed the truck stop, someone asked, ‘where did you get that?’ The pig said he paid twenty bucks and picked her up on I-95 like any other whore.

Tammy moved her pussy lips in time to the joke and giggled.

“Get down on the floor and join the other girls,” Harlan insisted.

Tammy didn’t protest. She playfully took her place next to Barbie. Then it was her who had to crawl to Candy and kiss the hot dog into her sister-in-law’s mouth.

“Hey, I am Tammy, and I almost stepped in dog shit. I wasn’t sure if it was dog shit, so I got down on my hands and knees and smelled it. It sure smelled like dog shit. I tasted it, and it sure tasted like dog shit. That’s when I decided to step over it. Good thing I didn’t step in dog shit,” Harlan quipped at his wife in an imitation of her voice.

“Are we going to play this fucking game all night? We’ve got Homecoming, Daddy!” Becky pouted. She sounded so much like her little sister Marilyn at that point that it was uncanny. She knew she had broken the rules of the game they were playing and was willing to suffer the consequences.

“Are we going to play this fucking game all night? We’ve got Homecoming, Daddy!” Harlan

mocked his daughter’s whiny voice. He held her hips in his hands and tried to shove a third hot dog into her asshole. “God Damned, tight ass!” he complained and shoved the third hot dog into her very wet pussy. Her thighs were very creamy from the constant masturbation and the excitement of being exposed on the floor this way. It was nothing new for her to be naked in front of her family, but Joe added a new element of unpredictability that Becky secretly enjoyed.

“So you want to skip right past eating whip cream out of each other’s asshole and get to the dance? What’s going on down there? Some kind of gang bang?” Harlan chuckled playfully.

Becky didn’t dare answer him. He was waiting to shove another hot dog into his daughter’s pussy if she did.

“I am just kidding. You did good tonight! Lighten up,” He slapped her bottom playfully and told Tammy to fill their bowls with leftovers. Tammy stood up and retrieved a single bowl of leftovers from the fridge. She bent deeply at the waist and put the bowl on the floor.

Harlan insisted his wife join the other girls even though Barbie had agreed to take her place. Tammy spit the hot dog that was in her mouth into the bowl.

Harlan ordered the girls to squat over the bowls and let the hot dogs drop out of their pussies and assholes. Barbie didn’t get punished, and she remained on all fours.

“Aww, how cute! Little baby Barbie wants to hang with the big girls tonight,” Becky teased her friend. She was gaining respect for Barbie even though she didn’t want to admit it. Becky wasn’t used to anyone doing anything for altruistic reasons. The concept was unheard of to her. She assumed that Barbie had some ulterior motive for the participation in tonight’s strange little dinner table games.

Barbie politely remained quiet while Becky teased her. “Yo are still going to have to eat a hot dog that has been up my ass. Is that what you are into?” Becky sneered as she let a hot dog drop out of her butt cheeks and let it slosh in the bowl.

“Kind of, Ma’am,” Barbie said with a wistful expression on her face. She was embarrassed to admit our load that she fantasized about doing something like this.

**Chapter 30**

“Don’t call me ma’am. I am just going on one date with your brother. We aren’t boyfriend and girlfriend or anything,” Becky said. She liked Joe, and she hoped he would like her too. She just didn’t want to let on that was going to be possible.

“Sorry,” Becky replied in a contrite tone. “I guess when I was here the last time, I kind of wanted to see what it was like,” she admitted.

“You are a dumbass then,” Candy laughed at her as she let her hot dog drop into the bowl.

The girls were only permitted to use their faces to eat. They stuck their noses into the stainless steel bowl and one by one, began to slurp and eat the disgusting muck. It was edible, but just barely. “This tastes like dog food,” Candy complained to everyone.

“Surprise! All the food you cook us tastes like low-grade dog food. So your leftovers should taste like dog food that has been shoved up your fat ass,” Harlan reminded Candy. Candy, Becky, and Tammy had eaten like this many times before. They pushed their asses up and spread their legs wide as they huffed down their food. Barbie struggled to eat and chew the sloppy mess, and a few times she had to pause for a second to stop herself hurling. It really was that awful.

“So you guys like how we live? You’ve only been here one other time. How would you even have any idea about how we live?” Dylan asked Joe quite pointedly.

“I didn’t say that. Barbie did,” Joe clarified quite seriously. “Barbie wanted to come out of her shell and learn to be more adventurous. I agreed to take charge of her and teach her. I think seeing how your mom and sister live, was the catalyst for her wanting to behave like a good slut,” Joe admitted.

“Hey, don’t forget aunt Candy!” Candy farted exceptionally loudly. Everyone groaned in disgust, even Joe and Barbie. She wafted it with her hand toward the others.

“Some role model you are, mom,” Brody teased his mother.

“You love the smell of my farts, and you know it, Brody!” Candy teased her son as if it was no big deal to be naked in front of him and it wasn’t – at least to any of them.

Joe imagined his own mother in the same position on the floor during dinner. Helen was very uptight and was raised very conservatively. She had blonde hair and a slightly upturned nose that made her look very regal and stuck-up, just like Barbie. He snickered at the thought of the kinds of things Kevin and Ariel might pretend she was saying with her pussy lips while they watched her pull them apart during such a performance.

It was so far removed from his own realm of possibility, and yet the very fantasy of his mother joining Barbie like that during dinner, gave him an impossible to manage boner.

Joe was so caught up in the back and forth between Brody and his mother that he almost didn’t notice until Harlan insisted Candy stand up and stop eating. She had obviously offered some hateful comments toward Brody that were offensive even by the standards of the Simmons family.

Candy’s personality reminded Joe of the singer Courtney Love. She was brash, rude, inconsiderate, and yet she usually obeyed her brother when he gave her an order.

Her pretty nose and mouth were covered in the slop she had been eating and a little of it had dripped down onto her swollen tits. “Fine. If you want to play the big man, go on and spank me, Harlan. I don’t give a damn,” Candy put her hands on her knees and bent over – sticking her big ass out, only a few inches from Joe’s face. Candy didn’t seem the least bit humiliated by spreading her legs in front of her brother. She only appeared impatient, as if she wanted to him to hurry up and get this exercise over as quickly as possible so she could get back to doing something else.

“Oh no. You have been talking back to Brody and pushing his buttons all day,” Harlan reminded her. “It’s about time he got to spank your fat ass!”

“C’mon Harlan, that’s just how I joke with the little booger burglar,” Candy didn’t stand up straight. She kept her knees bent, and her ass stuck out. She looked over shoulder and implored Harlan not to let her own son spank her.

“Yeah, and joking is fine to a point. You don’t have any respect for him at all,” Harlan insisted.

“I don’t have any respect for you either,” Candy tried to contain her laughter, but she couldn’t. She looked straight ahead. “Just give me ten hard ones so I can finish eating, get dressed and go make you some fucking money, Harlan. Stop trying to show off for your guests,” Candy inferred that Harlan was putting on a bit of a show for Joe and Barbie’s sake.

“I ain’t showing off! You get spanked almost every night at Dinner!” Harlan insisted.

“Yeah, but you’ve never told Brody he could step up to the plate and slap my ass before, Harlan! How about you let Joe have a turn instead?” Candy cooed invitingly. It was clear she wanted to fuck Joe – it would definitely drive Becky crazy with jealousy, if she did.

“You called Brody a cock-sucking gerbil monkey, so he is the one who gets to spank you! It is about time he learn to keep the womenfolk of the house in line,” Harlan insisted. He told Brody to stop eating and stand up. Brody was busy stuffing his face nervously. He liked making wise-cracks, but he looked incredibly nervous when singled out.

“I call him worse all the time. Brody knows I don’t mean nothing by it,” Candy harrumphed. Still, she sighed and surrendered to her brother’s decision. “Go ahead and get it over with, Brody,” she said.

“You sure?” Brody seemed skeptical as he approached his mother’s ass. He was almost fearful.

“This is a one-time thing, though, right?” Candy was clearly asking Harlan and not Brody.

“Sure it is,” Harlan smiled at her generously but added with a wicked grin “As long as you start watching your tone around your son.”

“You bastard!” Candy gritted her teeth and admonished her brother. “You know there is no way I can talk to that little freckle pecker without making fun of him. It’s how I show my affection.”

“Then you will have a pretty pink ass to match your sexy thighs,” Harlan grinned.

“You think my thighs are sexy?” Candy was a sucker for a genuine compliment. Candy’s thighs were exceptionally well contoured from frequently wearing high heels as a dancer.

She had been a stripper since she was a teenager, and even before then, her mother had insisted she regularly wear high heels. Candy had a muscle divot that ran down the side of her thighs and well-toned calves as well.

“Quit stalling and grab your ankles,” Harlan insisted.

“I am pregnant, Harlan,” Candy insisted with her swollen belly. It was quite challenging for her to grab her ankles.

“You’d grab your ankles and pull them over your head if I let Joe plow you,” Harlan joked.

“Well, yeah! But that’s a different story,” Candy looked over her shoulder and smiled invitingly at Joe – she even winked at him. Candy sighed and grabbed her ankles and spread her legs wide so that the pink folds of her pussy were fully exposed. She looked straight ahead and pretended this wasn’t incredibly humiliating.

“My Daddy taught me how to spank an ass about the time I was your age,” Harlan explained some of the finer points of applying a hand to a woman’s bottom. Joe took notes as well. “When you connect with their ass, leave your hand in place and press down into the flesh at the moment of impact. This will drive the force of the impact right through their body, making them feel the full power of your strike! Second, right as you make maximum contact with your hand, pull it away. This will do the opposite of the first, giving the person being spanked a very sharp stingy feel without the intense thud. It is short, sweet, and oh so noticeable,”’he assured his nephew.

“Shit, you still don’t know how to do it proper, Harlan!” Candy challenged her brother. She was trying to goad him into spanking her instead of letting her son do it. Tammy and Becky both laughed in unison while they continued to eat from the slop bowl with Barbie, who was doing her best to keep up with the other girls and not knock heads with them while they shared the same dish.

Brody was much smaller than his mother. Candy looked a little like a giantess in part because of her swollen tits and belly due to her pregnancy. Candy had a very healthy glow about her despite eating slop or junk food, smoking heavily, and drinking mostly vodka and beer. He looked intimidated by his mother’s sizable rump rather than the fact it was his MOTHER’S rump he was preparing to spank.

The first time Brody spanked his mother, he ignored everything Harlan had told him. He slapped her ass with the flat of his hand. It caused a nice thud and sting both at the same time, but it barely registered with Candy. She was used to being spanked, and she rolled her eyes. “Let me know when you start, Brody!” she teased.

“You will count all twenty out and do a proper affirmation,” Harlan insisted that his sister stop joking around and take this punishment seriously.

“I don’t mind twenty but do we really need to do an affirmation? I’ve got to get to work, and these little rugrats want to get to their little dance,” Candy suggested. She didn’t really give a shit about the others in the room getting to the dance. She was just using it as another excuse to hurry things along.

“What is an affirmation, Uncle Harlan?” Brody asked.

“Shit, Boy! You watch me give them to the girls all the fucking time. Where have you been?” Harlan seemed disappointed. Brody wasn’t the brightest bulb in the lampshade.

“Is that where you ask a bunch of questions, and they have to answer them?” Brody guessed.

“Harlan, seriously. The little fart sniffer isn’t ready for this! Can’t YOU just do it? I’m starting to fall asleep,” Candy chuckled. She planted her feet further apart as if trying to intimidate her son with the sight of her spread open pussy while he was standing so close.

“You know how on Flappy Friday you make fun of your mom for the way she behaves?” Harlan explained simply to Brody, “All you do differently for this is ask her questions about her shortcomings and make her admit what she does wrong. You’ve seen me do it a million times. Now cup your hand like I showed you and try again.” Harlan believed in the sink or swim method of learning - throwing someone in the pond and letting them figure it out.

“Why are you such a bitch to me?” Brody’s first question was punctuated by a much more impressive swat to his mother’s ass. The sound was noticeably louder, and Candy’s sudden jump was a sign that it shocked her as well.

“I am an equal opportunity bitch, Brody. I make fun of everyone. You just have the misfortune to be around me all the time,” Candy admitted with a churlish grin.

Brody looked up at Harlan for approval.

“The spankings don’t count unless you count them,” Harlan reminded his sister.

“Two, thank you, Brody!” Candy added reluctantly.

“You can’t count after they’ve been delivered, and you will call Brody ‘Sir’ while he is spanking your ass,” Harlan assured his sister.

She rolled her eyes, and Brody delivered another swat on her bottom with his cupped hand. “How do I know you are telling the truth?”

“One, thank you, sir,” Candy’s tone was measured and forced as if she were saying the words without meaning them. She was humoring her brother. “You don’t. I lie like an Alabama whore at a klan meeting,” she admitted to her son.

“These girls lie all the time. It is their nature, but when you apply enough pain to them and ask the questions in rapid succession, you can start to get them to admit the truth. If you think an answer isn’t good enough or is bullshit, you can spank her over again,” Harlan assured Brody.

Brody seemed reluctant as he raised his hand again to spank his mother. “I don’t know what else to ask,” he said.

Candy laughed and said that she didn’t think he would. Harlan said it was okay if he couldn’t think of a question every time. “It is more effective if you can, though. The first thing you need to do is work on your form.”

Candy counted the slaps to her ass, and Brody laid out three more silent slaps. Even though he didn’t ask questions, he seemed to be growing in confidence but Candy never seemed impressed. Her remarks as she counted the swat were defiant but only to a point. It was quickly apparent she wasn’t trying to prolong the spanking her son was giving her. It was humiliating for Candy, but she didn’t want to let on just how much.

Even the girls on the floor were looking up between bites, watching as Brody spanked his mom’s ass again.

“Are you Harlan’s slave?” Joe asked on the seventh swat.

“Seven, thank you, Sir!” Candy smiled as she said that. “Shit no, I am not Harlan’s slave!” she answered the guest in her home.

Brody delivered another spank. “Then why do you do what he tells you?” Joe asked a followup question.

“Eight, thank you, Sir!” Candy looked at Joe as if it were him she was thanking, when she said, Sir. She didn’t look behind her to confirm that it was still her son Brody delivering the spanks. “If a man at the titty bar has a hundred bucks, I do what he tells me. This ain’t much different. It’s Harlan’s trailer, and he likes to play little titty-slap games around the house and they’re not hurting no one,” she admitted.

Brody spanked his mother again, and Joe asked another question. “You don’t mind letting your son watch you eat off the floor and play flappy Friday?”

“Nine, thank you, Sir! Why? Brody has downloaded more porn than Bill Gates and Steve Jobs combined. This ain’t nothing he hasn’t seen before and this ain’t nothing I wouldn’t do at the club if the price was right,” she mused as her son hit her again across the ass.

“You don’t mind that your son spanks you?” Joe asked.

“Yeah, I mind, but Harlan wanted to show off and I am late for work. It’s a bit late now to act like a virgin on prom night and say I won’t do it, because I’m obviously doing it already,” Candy admitted with a smirk.

“She forgot to count that one, uncle Harlan.” Brody stopped spanking and looked at Harlan.

“I was just seeing if you were paying attention or you fell asleep back there, Ten, thank you, Sir!” Candy rushed her count and offer of gratitude – clearly not meaning any of it.

Harlan told him to start all the way over.

“Fuck! Seriously?” Candy asked rhetorically, already knowing the answer.

Brody said he would do the tenth one over and asked Joe if he could ask more questions. Joe politely replied that it was Brody who was running the show and thanked the teen for letting him ask questions too.

Harlan swiped bottom up between his legs with his hand under his sister’s cooch to demonstrate a swiping spank. “Your spanking, your rules, but do a few of them underhanded like this.”

Brody’s hand connected with his mother’s wet, meaty pussy, and there was a wicked difference in the sound and a clear, sploshing sound. Candy flinched and counted, “Ten, thank you, Sir.” It almost sounded like she finally meant it.

“Why do you have to thank me every time I spank you?” Brody asked as he slapped up on his mother’s pussy. He had heard Harlan ask this question before when he spanked the girls. Harlan liked to affirm that the women knew their places and why they were being punished. He also liked them to repeat out loud, why it had to be administered a certain way.

“Eleven, ouchie! Damn, thank you, Sir! I have to thank you because you are taking the time out of your dinner to correct me in front of the others. You are not the bad guy. I am the one who is in trouble, and I’ve got to show my gratitude when you attempt to correct my sour attitude, Sir!”

Candy was paraphrasing a standard answer that she had heard her sister-in-law and Becky frequently say during their own spankings.

“You aren’t going to try to get even with me later for spanking you like this?” Brody asked cautiously as he spanked his mother again.

“Twelve, thank you, sir! Sure, I was thinking about it, yes, Sir – maybe when you are sleeping, I’ll probably fart on your head after I get home from work,” Candy admitted with a half-smirk.

“You do that anyway,” Brody laughed playfully. He spanked his mother hard enough that she shifted slightly and had to adjust her clit a little.

Joe had thought Candy had been about to cover her ass to stop Brody from spanking her again. If she had, Joe knew there would have been nothing Brody could do about it. He wasn’t physically strong enough to hold his mother’s hands away from her body much less do that AND spank her. Joe knew that Harlan was big enough that he could have, but it seemed that Harlan only needed to bark an order and his sister would comply.

But Candy was just adjusting her most private of girl parts with no concern that her own son, much less a guest at the trailer, was watching her do it. To Joe, it seemed that she not only had no modesty, but just like Flappy Friday, she didn’t care that her son could see her fingering her own pussy. It was done without thought and didn’t distract her from her conversation with her son while he spanked his mother’s ass and wet cunt.

“Thirteen, thank you, sir! You know I do that? How come you never wake up?” she asked.

“It’s just how you are! A rotten bitch,” Brody was joking, but Joe saw his words had stung his mom. Candy realized at that moment that her son accepted her as the grouchy and rude bitch she truly was at heart. It made her wish she really could change.

Becky was just as sassy but not nearly as vulgar as Candy. Her niece frequently talked about having her bitch button reset and how the spankings and discipline sometimes helped make her feel less inclined to be a raging bitch. Candy had never understood Becky’s point of view. The spankings she accepted around the house were just something she let Harlan do, in exchange for a place to stay. They were fun sometimes, and other times they were annoying. At that moment, Candy almost experienced an epiphany about the point of the affirmations for self-reflection and as attitude adjustments.

Harlan interrupted before Candy could say something from her heart to Brody. She might have apologized for being such a crude mother. She might have promised to try to change her behavior.

“During a bare-handed spanking, don’t leave out any parts of the ass. Most people concentrate on the very center of the glutes. It’s a good spot to go for because it’s so fleshy, but you have other options. Don’t ignore it where the ass meets the leg. There’s a crease in the flesh that’s wonderful if you like to give a good solid stinging sensation. Don’t forget the inner thighs either. That’s another good spot to land a few zingers,” Harlan offered the advice to Brody as if he was a father teaching his son how to change a tire.

Brody continued experimenting with applying the spanking to his mother’s thighs and other spots on her body. He asked her questions but the moment had been lost. Nothing came as close to exposing Candy’s thoughts and making her genuinely wonder if there was truly some benefit to being called out like this. Over the course of the next few spanks, Candy convinced herself she was just putting on another dirty little show for her brother’s amusement.

Harlan and Candy had been raised in a BDSM kink-friendly home. Candy had been spanked on the bare ass since she was a little girl but never had any real interest in submission or obedience. It was just something she did during sex to get something from a man. If he wanted a submissive in the bed, she could pretend to be one. If he wanted a dominant woman to take control, she could easily do that too.

For Joe, the spanking was the highlight of dinner although he did enjoy it when Tammy cleaned up by licking the faces and tits of the other girls, while they cleared off the table. Harlan told Joe that he was very impressed with Barbie and that she was welcome at the trailer anytime.

“Daddy, we are going to be late for the dance,” Becky warned her father.

“You don’t want to get there at the very start. Only nerds and weirdos get there on time,” Candy teased her niece.

“What would you know about getting somewhere on time?” Becky challenged Candy as the two pinched each other around the kitchen. They liked to tease each other playfully. Harlan raised an eyebrow when Tammy offered to clean up so they could all get ready.

Harlan also offered to drop them off at the dance before he dropped his sister off at the Landing Strip so she could work. “Thank you, Sir!” Joe smiled at him. Harlan said he wanted to hurry this along so he could check back at Fred’s house to see if he could borrow some money after that black guy finished fucking Fred’s wife.

“I’ll offer him my sympathy,” Harlan chuckled. He had been the one who sent the black guy over to Fred’s wife’s house.

Becky, Candy, and Barbie cleaned up in Becky’s room. They applied make-up and did their hair. Becky shared the room with her little sister Marilyn. The inside walls of their trailer were made up of a cheap faux-plywood and in Becky’s room, they were decorated with familiar posters and mirrors from the county fair that someone might expect teenage girls would use to personalize their space.

Barbie looked around and saw that the bunk beds were not made and that the room was cluttered but otherwise fairly typical.

“What did you think? That me and my sister sleep in cages every night?” Becky sarcastically noticed that Barbie was observing the room as if judging her. She was powdering her tits with makeup base to cover up her freckles and some bruises from being spanked.

“No, not at all,” Barbie replied politely. She had wondered just how pervasive the BDSM training and domestic discipline really was around their house. She was shocked anyone would live this way but now she was envious that they could.