The BDSM Bunch

A jaunty tune filled the air at the Braunty house, or it would have if intro music could be played over the invisible radios of real life. A tall, busty woman with dark brown hair was busy washing some dishes in a kitchen sink. Her lacy pink apron was covering a revealing strapless black dress that accentuated all her features that she knew could be accentuated.

           With another plate done, the woman stepped back from the sink wiping her brow in satisfaction and looked around at her home. Her home was very oddly designed. Three of the walls were very well decorated with furniture and knick knacks, but the fourth was bare, one could say it wasn’t even there. She seamlessly transitioned from her kitchen to her living room sitting down on the sofa. There was pause, as if she was waiting for an invisible title card to fly in front of her.

           Suddenly the brief silence was interrupted by the doorbell. The woman stood up quickly and opened the door, which was situated at angle that one really couldn’t see out of it if they were looking at it from the fourth wall. When the door was opened an average looking man walked in. The two stood in awkward silence for a moment, as if waiting for claps to die down. When the nonexistent cheers died down the man finally spoke up.

“Hey there I’m your new neighbor, Stanley,” The man said holding out his hand.

“Stanley nice to meet you,” The woman took the hand and gave a curtsey. “I’m Molly. It’s a shame you’ve come when my husband isn’t home. I know he would love to meet our new neighbor.”

“Well, I’ll have to come back then,” Stanley said with a smile. “Unfortunately, I’ll have to start off on the wrong foot. I haven’t even met your husband and already I have to ask to borrow some sugar.”

“Oh, it’s no trouble dear,” Molly gave a cute smile. “Did the movers forget it?”

“No just poor planning on my part,” Stanley admitted putting his hand behind his head.

“Well, I’m not sure how much we have, but I know there's a pack of sugar I used for cookies last weekend, you can have what's left,” Molly explained. “Just have a seat down there I’ll fetch it.”

“Thank you, ma’am I really appreciate it.” Stanley said sitting down on the sofa in the center of the living room.

           As Molly was starting to move back into the kitchen a noise was heard coming from the hallway, that was also situated at an angle where one would not be able to see down it if they were looking at it from the fourth wall.

“Bark! Bark! Bark!” came some shouting from the hall. Not actual barking, but someone saying the word “bark.” Which was no doubt a strange occurrence, and Stanley’s expression reflected that, but this oddity was about to be explained shortly.

           Bounding from the hallway came a girl, fully naked except for the dog themed bondage gear she was wearing. If she were unbound, she would only be a little shorter than Molly, and her hair was dyed a bright pink. Her arms and legs were bound so that she was walking on her knees and elbows. The butt plug tail wagged as she eagerly crawled over to Stanley who appeared comically shocked as the dog-girl started to situate herself over Stanley’s foot preparing to grind on it.

“Patty!” Molly called from the kitchen as she came stomping into the living room. “Bad puppy!” Molly grabbed Patty by her collar and started smacking her hard on the ass causing some yelps. “I’m so sorry Stanley,” Molly apologized as she dragged Patty into a kennel and locked it shut. “You know how dogs get.”

“Yeah, I know how dogs get,” Stanley said still not grasping exactly what was happening.

“I only get this way cuz you don’t let me have cummies,” Patty complained from her kennel.

“Oh, she talks,” Stanley stated.

“It’d be weird if I didn’t!” Patty shot back.

“It’s weird enough already,” Stanley responded. There was silence long enough for silent bit of laugh track to die down.

“I’m so sorry about that dear,” Molly apologized. “Normally Patty is so well trained.”

“I know you’re not gonna really punish me with company over,” Patty snickered.

“Listen here you …” Molly began but she was cut off by Stanley.

“Molly dear,” Stanley laughed nervously. “I hate to insist, but weren’t you getting me that sugar.” Stanley reminded, suddenly eager to get back to the safety of his house where no woman trapped in dog bondage would come running out at him.

“Oh, that’s right,” Molly dropped her fury for a moment. “Well with the puppy secured where she belongs, I shouldn’t have any more distractions.” As Molly said this, with almost comedic timing, another man entered from the door.

“Honey I’m home!” The tall man with dark hair dressed in some dusty construction clothes shouted happily. There was another strange silence as everyone waited a moment for unheard applause to die down.

“Oh, Dallas what good timing,” Molly ran into her husbands’ arms. “Our new neighbor stopped by to visit.”

“Oh yeah?” Dallas said getting closer to Molly.

“Yeah, he wanted something, but I forget what exactly is was at the moment,” Molly’s voice died off as the two started making out with enthusiasm. Stanley watched as they fell to the floor behind the couch, he peered over the couch to keep watching as he imagined an invested wooing from onlookers filling the room.

“Uhh the sugar?” Stanley insisted, after a few moments.

“Oh yeah,” Molly said with realization. “We’ll pick this up later Dallas.” The two took a moment to stand back up.

“Right in front of me too,” Patty complained from her cage.

“Patty!” Stanley whined hoping to not distract Molly again.

“See you’re getting into the spirit,” Molly cheered Stanley on as she once again attempted to go into the kitchen to get the bag of sugar. Predictably, she was once again distracted by a voice from the hallway.

“Daddy!” a cheerful squeal came from the hallway and a woman with dark brunette hair tied in pig tails and dressed in a cute pink romper with a pacifier clipped onto it skipped into the living room.

“There’s my baby girl,” Dallas let the excited woman hug him before sniffing the air overdramatically. “Oh, I think someone needs a diaper change.”

“Yeah!” The woman pouted. “Mommy’s being mean and not changing me!”

“Lucy’s full of shit in more ways than one,” Patty remarked from her cage.

“Patty!” Lucy whined at the dog girl.

“Patty’s right little girl,” Molly said with a hand on her hip. “The only reason Mommy didn’t change you is because you kept begging for cummies, and you know that is not appropriate.”

“Are you noticing a common theme here Stanley?” Patty joked from her cage.

“Yeah, but I think we’ve got different themes in mind.” Stanley said slowly running out of surprise.

“Well, I’m sure mommy can change you, but I don’t think you're getting those cummies,” Dallas said with authority.

“Awwww,” Lucy whined and pouted.

“Now hold on there sweetie,” Molly said sternly. “I am in the middle of getting our guest something. What was it dear?”

“Sugar,” Stanley said with a flat, tired, expression.

“Yes. I need to get Stanley here some sugar,” Molly nodded. “How am I going to get him sugar if I’m busy changing Lucy’s diaper?”

“You can get Michael to get the sugar,” Dallas countered.

“Oh god there’s another one?” Stanley put his head in his hands, and after waiting a moment for the hilarious exasperation of Stanly to die down Molly continued to ignore Stanley’s comment beyond the polite wait for the joke to land.

“And you haven’t seen your baby girl all day,” Molly poked Dallas’ chest playfully. “Go spend some time with her.”

“If I’m not getting cummies someone needs to change me,” Lucy piped up. “I’ve been waiting too long.”

“You should have thought of that before trying out this little scheme of yours,” Dallas smirked pressing Lucy’s diaper against her causing a gleeful but surprised “eep.” “Come on let’s get you changed baby girl,” Dallas said happily. Lucy giggled as the two went down the hallway.

“They’re so cute,” Molly sighed lovingly. “Do you have a husband at home Stanley?”

“No, I’m a straight man,” Stanley said plainly. Stanley and Molly were silent for a long moment, waiting for nonexistent laughs to turn to nonexistent cheers at the presence of an exceptionally funny joke.

           When it did another person casually walked out of the hallway. This one a seemingly normal looking man, of slightly small build and blonde hair.

“Oh, hey you must be the new neighbor,” the man said holding out his hand. “I’m Michael.”

“Stanley,” Stanley said shaking Michael's hand with relieved enthusiasm. “I’m so glad to see someone else here that’s normal.”

“Oh, I guess relatively,” Michael said with a knowing smile. Stanley looked past Michael to see Patty snidely giggling in her kennel.

“Don’t be so modest Michael,” Molly said teasingly. “I’m glad you’re hear. Our new neighbor needs something.”

“Just some sug …” Stanley started but he was cut off and his face sank into despair as Molly pulled down Michael's pants to reveal a pair of frilly panties only barley hiding the caged cock behind it. “… gar.” Stanley finished his sentence after an exasperated sigh.

“You have your panties and cage on, but what’s the point of having a bitch maid if I can’t show them off when company is here,” Molly said sternly. “Go put on the maid outfit, the slutty one.” Molly said flatly.

“Yes mommy,” Michael repeated in a tone no unlike an army recruit at boot camp, before running off.

“Really Molly I don’t know if that’s necessary,” Stanley begged.

“Oh, it’s no trouble,” Molly said completely misunderstanding Stanley. “You know it’s important to keep everyone in line. Dallas may pretend to be the head of the household, but it’s the mommy that really keeps things running.”

“I’m starting to see that,” Stanley agreed.

“All clean!” Lucy said happily, emerging from the hallway with Dallas behind her.

“What was that I was overhearing dear?” Dallas asked with a playful smirk.

“Only the truth,” Molly returned the look, and the two started kissing again.

“How long does it take to put on a slutty outfit?” Stanley asked looking down the hallway.

“They still have to look their best,” Patty said smugly.

“I guess after today I have grown hard to impress,” Stanley said sarcastically.

“Oh, there comes big brother,” Lucy said excitedly. “They look so cute I love that outfit.” The outfit in question was revealed as Michael emerged from the hallway in what was basically a bikini loosely themed like a maid’s outfit.

“Oh, you look so good,” Molly said stopping her passionate kissing for a moment.

“The sugar!” Stanley pleaded to Michael.

“Yes sir!” Michael said meekly before running to the kitchen.

“You boss around subs like a natural Stan,” Dallas said with a big smile.

“You guys are certainly bringing it out of me,” Stanley sighed.

“Well, I know I’m easily distracted,” Molly apologized. “But it all worked out in the end, you got to meet the whole family.”

“Yeah, and we can all give you a proper welcome to the neighborhood,” Dallas laughed.

“It’s definitely been a life changing experience,” Stanley remarked.

“At least it wasn't a Lucy changing experience,” Patty added in. Once again there was a wait as nonexistent laughter died down. After that Michael returned with a paper.

“Your sugar sir,” Michael said obediently. Michael handed over an open brown sack, and while Stanley's expression was briefly relieved, that relief soon turned to dread.

“This is flour,” Stanley said defeated. The room went quiet with only overexaggerated looks exchanged between the occupants of the room. The pause was longer than normal, if that were a joke directed at a live studio audience, it would have sent them reeling.

“Silly big brother,” Lucy giggled.

“Very ineffective,” Molly chastised. “I’ll have to punish you for this, then maybe you’ll know what sugar looks like.”

“You know,” Stanley said loudly to cut in. “I need to go to the store anyway. I’ll just get my own sugar there; I don’t want to impose.” Stanley said giving himself an excuse to leave. He rapidly did just that eagerly leaving through the door, shouting “nice to meet you,” from outside as he rushed to the security of his own home.

“He seemed nice,” Lucy said sweetly.

“Very fun,” Patty agreed.

“Yeah. New neighbors are always great,” Molly mused. “Say do you all want to have an orgey?”

“Yes,” Lucy said quickly.

“Yes ma’am” agreed Michael.

“Bark!” Patty chimed in enthusiastically.

“Hell yeah!” Dallas said with a growl. With comedic quickness the group made their way down the hallway. If this were a television sitcom, this would have made a great moment to cut to a commercial break.