**Naked in the Trailer Park 3**

by Eddie Davidson

**Chapter 1**

“That little rat-faced turd!!” Julie fumed as she tossed a bottle of pills on her bed. She had discovered the bottle while snooping in her little brother’s room. She found it under his bed, where he hides his porno magazines.

“Let me guess? That’s some magic mind control pill,” Tyra chuckled. Tyra and Julie had to share a room in their single-wide trailer.

“How did you know?” Julie seemed puzzled. The box was labeled Spanish Fly. It promised to compel any woman to do anything you desire. It was obviously some cheap placebo.

“He tried it out on me earlier,” Tyra said. Tyra is a Senior in high school. She is blonde, pretty, with blue eyes and a strong demeanor. She could best be described as a teenage version of the actress Adrianne Palicki.

“What did you do?” Julie seethed with rage. Her little brother Justin had tried to convince her to drink some tea. She immediately suspected he was up to something because Justin never did anything nice for his sisters. Julie is a Sophomore in High School.

She is blonde and pretty like her sister but not as brash and daring.

Tyra pantomimed, entering a trance-like state. She lifted her leg and then rubbed her belly. “Justin told me to spin around, touch my head, silly stuff like that,” she shrugged like it was no big deal.

Julie was horrified and shocked. “The little perv was trying to control his own sisters!”

“The pills don’t work,” Tyra shrugged. She was checking herself out in the mirror and fixing her makeup. It was Saturday afternoon, and she was looking forward to heading to the mall before going out for the evening. “What is the big deal? He was doing one of his dumb experiments.”

Their younger brother Justin is a dweeby, bookish, nerdy Freshman in High School. The family only recently moved to the trailer park, and he hasn’t been able to fit in with most of the rednecks and trailer trash that live in the park. He loves Science and is often conducting strange and unusual science experiments, although they are always relatively harmless. The rest of the family tolerates his behavior.

Tyra tossed a notebook she stole from her brother’s room just recently onto the bed. “Here you can read all about it,” she said flippantly. It was not a big deal to Tyra. She humored her little brother and made him think his experiment was successful. As far as she was concerned, she was in on the joke, and it wasn’t anything to concern herself with.

Julie began leafing through the notebook, and her anger only grew as she read page after page of supposed experiments. “These experiments are on US!” she said in shock and horror. Most of the experiments were relatively benign observational experiments.

Examples from Justin’s notebook:

SUBJECT: Julie

Hypothesis: Can my sister stop looking at herself when she notices a mirror.

Test #1 – I have installed a mirror in the kitchen facing my sister’s chair. Total time observing herself at breakfast 4:20 seconds, total time eating 8: 15 seconds.

Test #2 – Lunch total time observing self 3:30, total time eating 3:30

SUBJECT: Tyra

Hypothesis: Does Cantharidin extract create submissive tendencies in females

Test #1 – The subject drank the tea with 12g of extract. I observed her and questioned her about her day. She had her usual flat affect but did not call me a rude name. I asked her to stand up. The subject stood up. I told her to lift her leg. The subject lifted her leg and did not question me. I must run further trials to establish the efficacy of Cantharidan. I will increase the dose and repeat the experiment.

“You are just feeding into this weirdo’s little fantasies that he can control women!” Julie demanded her sister be just as outraged as she was about it.

Tyra shrugged and laughed. “The first time he tries it on some girl at school, and she punches him in the mouth, his experiment will end. I was just fucking with his head. You should do it with me,” Tyra smirked.

“You can’t possibly be serious, Tyra! You want to obey that little fuckwad?” Julie didn’t understand.

“I could smoke a little pot, shoplift a little, do all the normal shit that we do to kill time before going out tonight. I’ve done it a million times, and this little dirt scrub town bores me shitless. They think Applebees and a Wal-mart is fancy. I am willing to stay home this afternoon and make a little bet with you if you have the balls to play along,” Tyra turned to her younger sister and looked her in her pretty blue eyes.

“I don’t have BALLS,” Julie reminded her sister.

“You can say that again,” Tyra turned her back on her sister and continued doing her makeup.

“Okay, so what is the bet?” Julie couldn’t resist asking the question.

“Drink Justin’s tea when he offers it. I’ll do the same thing. We’ll do whatever he says. The first one to chicken out and quit loses,” Tyra explained. “If I win, you do whatever I tell you tomorrow as If you drank MY tea. If you win, I’ll do whatever you tell me!”

Julie was shocked by her sister’s bold offer. “What if he tells us to show him our tits?” she asked.

Tyra pulled her shirt up, revealing her bra-less, perky, and natural fat jugs. “I’ve got a lot more to show, then you do. If he dares go that far, then you show him. I can assure you if you lose the bet, I’ll make you show way more than that to my friends tomorrow,” Tyra had a wicked smirk on her face.

Julie wanted to hang out with Seniors. Tyra had never included her with the popular upperclassmen she hung around with. Tyra was incredibly slutty and had a reputation for fucking around. It was mostly unfounded rumors, but Tyra had never sweated being known as the class-slut.

“How long are you willing to do whatever Justin tells you?” Julie asked her sister. She was curious but mortified at the prospect of showing her little brother her boobs.

“We can pretend the pills wear off after four hours. I doubt you would make it that long, but if you do, I’ll say you automatically win the bet,” Tyra said.

“You’ll do whatever I tell you tomorrow?” Julie wanted to make sure Tyra was serious. The girls were hyper-competitive and often made little bets with one another. They had never done anything this risqué’, though.

“Yeah, anything! Obviously, no tattoos or anything permanent,” Tyra chuckled. She had no intention of losing the bet, so she was willing to promise just about anything.

“What if he orders us to do something in the living room? What will mom think?” Julie asked as she mulled over the bet.

Their mother, Tami, was recently divorced. She had a live-in boyfriend named Buddy, but the girls didn’t care what Buddy might think of them and their game. Tami wasn’t a total prude. She let Tyra and Julie get away with wearing skimpy clothes to school, but Julie assumed she would not let them get too wild around the living mom.

“If Mom or Buddy put a stop to it, then you win,” Tyra added the stipulation without a second thought.

“What about Tim?” Julie asked about her older brother Tim. Tim is a Junior and a star running back on the local football team. He is gregarious, handsome, and the polar opposite of everything his little brother Justin in all ways.

“Tim would probably laugh his ass off. I’ll tell him about the bet so he can keep us honest. That way, you can’t chicken out when I collect,” Tyra offered. She called Tim into their bedroom and quickly went over the conditions of the Bet.

Tim chuckled and said he didn’t think Julie had the balls to follow through with it.

“Why does everyone keep suggesting I have balls,” Julie stomped her feet and pouted.

“Don’t you love it when Julie gets mad?” Tim patronized his little sister to Tyra. “She turns up her cute little nose, and her freckles darken!” he teased.

“Fine, I’ll do the bet. Are we sure that Justin will even try to dose us both at the same time?” Julie asked.

Tyra sighed when she was asked the question. “You are going to have to play along with me for this to work. Justin is book smart, but he doesn’t have a lick of sense. If you act like you are under his control, he will believe it. Are you ready?” she asked. She spit on her pretty hand and offered it to Julie to shake. Julie accepted the bet.

“JUSTIN!!!!” Tyra screamed loudly for her little brother. The trailer walls were paper thin. Just as Tyra and her sister had to share, so did Tim and Justin. Justin came running into the bedroom with a look of alarm on his face.

“Did you leave this in here, peckerwood?” Tyra tossed his notebook at him.

“You didn’t read it, did you?” Justin had a look of concern on his face.

“Do I look like I want to read your little formula and learn physics or whatever boring shit you write in there all day?” Tyra lied. She had skimmed the notebook. She knew Justin drew pictures of boobs in all the margins as he worked on various mathematical equations and scientific experiments.

Justin accepted Tyra’s response and sighed with relief. He was ready to leave his older siblings alone.

“Do you have any more of that awesome tea you made for me earlier?” Tyra asked her little brother in a polite tone.

Justin noticed the box of his pills was lying on the bed. He assumed that Tyra knew what it was, and she was calling him out about it. Tyra saw that he looked frightened, and she smiled politely.

“I was just telling my skeeze-bag of a little sister how awesome it tasted. She wanted some too,” Tyra asked him if he would be a dear and make them both a cup.

Justin kept eyeing the pills on the bed. He was starting to get nervous that they were going to confront him about what was on the label.

“Is that bottle the tea?

I knew there was a reason my skeeze-bag of a sister stole it out of your room,” Tyra tossed the bottle at Justin. He was so uncoordinated he dropped it but quickly picked it back up and pocketed it.

“Yeah, that is the tea,” Justin hastily exited the bedroom with the promise of making the girls a drink.

“Hey, I want some too,” Tim said with a snicker as his little brother fled the presence of his domineering older sister.

“Well, it’s on like Donkey Kong now,” Tyra assured her little sister that the bet had now officially started. She also told Tim to pretend that the tea has no effect on him. “It’s supposed to only work on girls,” she said.

“Yeah, that makes sense,” Tim chuckled at the implausible idea that a drug would only work on a female.

“Viagra only works on guys,” Tyra shrugged.

“Is that what you have to give your boyfriends so they can get it up long enough to fuck you?” Tim teased his older sister. He was just as brash as she was, and the two of them liked to joke like that.

“Will you do us a favor and get out of here? Maybe go keep Mom and Buddy busy today?” Julie was fidgeting. She was nervous about following through on the bet. She didn’t want the increased humiliation of having to do her little brother’s bidding in front of Tim or her parents.

“Fuck no, I want to see this,” Tim smiled and said he planned to observe the whole thing. “Don’t worry, though. I’ll try to keep Mom and Buddy calm so you two can play your little game,” Tim said.

Julie was about to tell Tim that she’d prefer their mom blew her lid right away because it meant she automatically won the bet. The door opened, and Justin returned carrying a tray with three warm teas. He had heated up some Snapple in the microwave and added a double dose of the pills. It tasted terrible. Tyra nearly spit it out, but she pretended it tasted like delicious elixir. “This is really good! I bet you could sell this for a dollar a glass outside like a lemonade stand!”

Justin was nervous, but a sly smile had started to form on his face. He was anticipating the drugs kicking in any moment.

Tyra was the first to stand at attention. A glossy blank stare formed on her face as she looked straight ahead. It was the same stare she often had in English class when something went completely over her head. Tyra appeared like the perfect, dumb, compliant blonde bimbo.

Julie followed her sister’s lead. She parted her lips slightly and stuck her nose in the air. She tried not to blush as she stood, waiting for her little brother’s orders.

“Whoa, what just happened?” Tim pretended he was astounded by the girl’s sudden transformation.

“Please raise your left leg,” Justin nervously told the girls.

At first, Tyra raised her right leg before realizing she had raised the wrong one and lifting the other. Julie raised her left leg and bent her knee slightly.

“Fascinating,” Justin observed. Tim asked him if this was one of his science experiments. Justin held up a finger to silence his older brother as he grew in confidence. “Lower your left leg and pat your tummy while tapping yourself on the head.” He said.

The girls both did as they were told.

“Yes, this is an experiment. I did not expect this result,” Justin confirmed it was an experiment and frantically scribbled some notes into his notebook.

“You can make them do anything?” Tim pretended to be in awe of his little brother’s extraordinary powers.

“I don’t know the extent of my authority yet,” Justin said.

“Can I try?” Tim asked.

Justin reluctantly agreed and said it would make a good control study.

“Show me your titties!” Tim immediately demanded. He had no idea that was the first thing Julie thought Justin would do with his new-found power. It was the natural first order he’d give.

The girls didn’t move other than to continue rubbing their bellies and tapping their heads.

“Maybe the girls will not do anything that they would not ordinarily do,” Justin hypothesized and took some notes.

“You think they would ordinarily rub their stomachs and pet themselves on the head?” Tim asked skeptically.

Justin began to explain the hypnotic reluctance scale and the principles of forced cognition. It went completely over everyone else’s heads. Justin was essentially saying that a subject’s inhibitions can be boundaries to hypnosis. The more they are stretched, the more control they have over fighting programmed suggestions.

If he pushes too hard, the girls might break free from their controlled state.

“Make us do something else!” Tyra demanded. Her request was mostly because she had a short attention span, and this was boring her.

“Fascinating. The girls are aware they are being controlled but cannot resist their instructions,” Justin observed. “Show me your tits,” Justin repeated his older brother’s orders.

Tyra clicked her lips in frustration. “I didn’t mean you should make me do THAT,” she pulled her shirt up and revealed her bare tits. Her nipples were poking out. Tim had seen his sister’s tits many times when she flashed guys at parties. Julie shared a room with her sister, and they often changed in front of each other.

Justin had seen a lot of porn, but he had never seen tits in person before – these were majestic teenage tits that set up high and perky. The kind of natural young tits that plastic surgeons would love to make, but only mother-nature can create.

Julie was slightly more reluctant. She had to remove her shirt, and she was wearing a black lace bra. She stopped before removing it. Tyra rolled her eyes as she held her shirt up. Her little sister was not nearly as wild as she was. She planned to fix that tomorrow when she was in charge of Julie and brought her over as a plaything for her friends.

“Are you aware that I am controlling you, Julie?” Justin asked his sister.

“Yes,” Julie answered like a disembodied ghost had taken over her mind. It was different than the way Tyra had just blurted out her comments.

“If I tell you to remove your bra will you do it,” Justin asked.

“Yes,” Julie answered reluctantly. Justin was hesitant to make his sister expose her boobs. He wanted to see them, but he was concerned that if his sister’s knew what he was making them do that they would also remember when the drug wore off and seek revenge.

“Will you be angry if I make you remove your bra?” Justin asked.

“Yes,” Julie answered again.

“Oh, for crying out loud, If I have to do it, so should she!” Tyra demanded impatiently.

“Remove your bra,” Justin didn’t think about the order he gave Julie.

Julie reached behind her back and unsnapped it. Her tits were smaller than Tyra but incredibly perky like small pyramids pointing off her chest – her strawberry nipples were shaped like the angular bra cup she wore.

“Holy shit, Dude!” Tim slapped Justin on the back. “This is the discovery of a lifetime! Think of all the Freshman punani you can get at school with this!!”

“I need to first baseline the boundaries of my authority and determine if there are any side effects or conditions that I am not aware of before I try it out on subjects outside of my home,” Justin said.

Julie wanted to stop the experiment right then. It was bad enough that her little brother was dosing her with what he believed was mind control drugs. The thought of him trying to seduce freshmen, girls, with the pill was abhorrent to her. The only reason she didn’t stop it was because she knew ultimately it had no effect, and if she quit now, she would be her sister’s puppet on a string on Sunday.

“All I heard was jibber-jabber, blah-blah, science stuff,” Tim chuckled. He had little patience or interest in Science or school. He intended to skate through school, get a ticket to college by playing football and go pro in the NFL. If that failed, he’d try exploiting his natural good looks and becoming an underwear model or finding a rich sugar mama to support him.

“You may not know much about Science, but since the drug does not work on you, I could use your help on this experiment,” Justin suggested the two of them collaborate.

“Wait, you gave ME mind control too?” Tim asked as if he was angry. He was just play-acting and doing it poorly.

“It was necessary to see if the drug had any effect on the male mind. Your natural testosterone must act as an inhibitor to the drug’s efficacy. I didn’t think it was mind control at first. I thought it simply brought out submissive tendencies, but you may be correct in your hypothesis,” Justin said.

“So let’s test the hypotenuse,” Tim suggested.

“Hypothesis,” Justin clarified.

“That’s what I said,” Tim added with a churlish grin.

“No, you said hypotenuse. You might use the Pythagorean theorem to determine the longest side of a right triangle. I am testing the hypothesis that my sisters must obey my every whim and command,” he clarified.

“I am going to grind your grimey little heiney

into dust when this wears off,” Tyra pretended to be angry with her little brother. She wanted to intimidate him so that he wouldn’t dare make her do ANYTHING. That was something she planned to do to Julie tomorrow when she collected on the bet.

“You better make this experiment count then, little bro! It could be your last,” Tim chuckled.

Tyra’s threat did frighten Justin. He might have simply ended his experiment right there if Tim hadn’t suggested this might be his last opportunity to find out how far the mind control truly went.

“Show me your panties, Tyra!” Justin blurted out the first command that came to his mind.

Tyra let her shirt dropped and sashayed to her dresser. She pulled out a pair of her white lacy thong panties and waved them like a model on the Home Shopping Network.

“No, I mean, remove your shorts and let me see your panties,” Justin clarified.

“I am not wearing panties,” Tyra said churlishly.

“Then take all of your clothes off now,” Justin said. Tyra removed her shirt first and threw it down on the floor. Her beautiful boobs flopped out, and even Tim was impressed when he had a good look at his sister’s tits. She put her thumb in her shorts and pulled them down by stepping out. Her bush was trimmed into a narrow strip, and she had a pretty pussy. She stood in front of her brothers without a hint of shame or humiliation on her face.

“Please don’t make me undress,” Julie squeaked. She wasn’t sure how the mind control was supposed to work, but it appeared that Tyra was making wisecracks. Justin hadn’t responded to a threat and so she thought she’d appeal to his sympathy.

“Take your clothes off too, Julie. I want you to fold them neatly and place them on the bed.” Justin amended his orders. He was trying to see how the girls responded to his outrageous demands.

“Damn, dude! You are hardcore. You just told Julie to strip naked!” Tim smiled at his little brother’s audacious instructions. “You just tell them what to do like they are your slaves!”

“I prefer direct instruction. If I make it a request it could be seen as a vague set of instructions. Suggestions can be resisted when the instructions are too vague. If I were to tell them to do something that is impossible, like fly or turn invisible, they can also resist. If I leave no doubt on what they are expected to do, then they have little choice,” Justin had clearly studied this.

It only made Julie angrier with him. She thought he was a little weasel before this began, but now she was livid. He clearly had done more than just order fake pills off the Internet. He must have spent time reading about the possible uses of those pills!

Julie looked at Tyra to determine if Tyra was ready to call this whole thing off now that it was already getting serious. Her older sister grinned devilishly. Julie was already topless, and her puffy little chipmunk cheeks were turning beet red as she removed her own shorts and panties. She had a thick dark mane of pubic hair. She bent over and folded her clothes and put them on the bed.

“Do you like being naked?” Justin asked his sisters.

“I like being naked but not in front of you, dipshit,” Tyra answered him quite honestly. She only liked being naked when she was getting fucked or getting attention. She looked good, and she knew it, but she didn’t feel the need to show herself to just anybody.

The answer didn’t surprise Justin or Tim.

“No, I don’t want to be naked,” Julie pouted and angled for her brother’s sister.

“Yet, you are naked. Why?” Justin asked her.

“You told me to get naked,” Julie answered as if she didn’t understand the question.

“You have to do what I tell you?” Justin asked.

“I think so,” Julie replied nervously. She wasn’t sure how this game was really supposed to work.

The answer satisfied Justin. “Do you have to do what Tim tells you?” he asked.

“I don’t think so,” Julie pouted.

“Stick your finger in your butt,” Tim demanded Julie do as she was told. She almost did, but this game felt like a sexual version of Simon Sez, and Tim wasn’t Simon as far as she was concerned.

When she refused to do as she was told Tim told Justin to order the girls to obey him as well. “You make an excellent control to the constraints of our dominion over the subjects,” Justin said. He reference to his sisters as subjects seemed impartial and benign to him but outraged Julie.

“C’mon dude, share the wealth,” Tim just wanted to have a little fun with the girls and get a rise out of them. He didn’t think that either of them would take things much further.

“If there is a test scenario you want the subjects to perform just tell me,” Justin said. “Jab your thumb into your butt,” Justin instructed Julie as a means of demonstrating to his older brother that he would accommodate his requests but not give him direct control over his subjects.

Julie reluctantly did as she was told. She didn’t usually play with her ass. She liked masturbating in the tub by laying with her legs spread under the running water, and sometimes it tickled her asshole. She liked that a lot.

“How did you know what thumb to use?” Justin asked her.

“I just picked one,” Julie wasn’t sure how to respond.

“Tyra take your right thumb and shove it up your ass all the way to the base,” Justin demanded his oldest sister follow that instruction.

“You little booger-eater!” Tyra flicked her thumb up and jammed it up her butt. She loved anal sex and frequently let guys fuck her ass when she was dating someone. She assumed that it was technically not cheating because she didn’t let them cum in her pussy. She scrunched her nose and stuck her thumb in her butt.

The two teenage girls stood naked in their bedroom with their thumbs firmly up their butts in front of their brothers. They both felt humiliated, but Tyra didn’t show it on her face.

“LUNCH TIME!” their mother yelled from the kitchen. She expected her kids would come running into the kitchen to eat what she had prepared.

Tyra and Julie looked at each other with apprehension and fear for what would happen next. How would they respond if Justin insists they join their mother for lunch in the nude.

How would their mother respond to that?

Tim laughed in anticipation.

**Chapter 2**

Get a good look now, Justin, because when I go out there and tell Mom what you have done, she is going to let me mow your ass like it is grass!” Tyra challenged her little brother when she heard her mother calling them. She didn’t really plan to tell her mother. That would ruin the game. She just wanted to fuck with her little brother’s head in retaliation for making the game so perverted.

“Yeah, dude,” Tim reminded Justin that he couldn’t just make the girls walk out in the living room completely naked in front of their mother and Buddy.

“Justin doesn’t have the balls to do that,” Julie snickered. She ironically used the term balls because her older brother and sister had said the same thing to them. She didn’t want to walk out of their room naked, but it would probably put an immediate end to the bet with her sister. A bet she was already regretting because she knew that her brother was enjoying watching her uncomfortably stand flat-footed and naked with a thumb up her ass.

Anyone would enjoy seeing her standing naked in front of them. Julie was a pretty girl that favored the actress Aimee Teegarden. Her body was perfect, and she was very athletic and fit.

“What will you tell mom?” Justin asked Tyra. He seemed defeated and perhaps a little regretful about taking his experiment so far.

Tyra ruthlessly laid out how she would string Justin up by his balls for putting the two of them under mind control.

“You can just order them not to say anything about it,” Tim offered a quick suggestion.

“No,” Justin dismissed his brother’s suggestion. He told Tyra to put the panties she showed him on and wear a t-shirt. It didn’t come down far enough to cover her thighs, and if she bent over, her panties would show.

“What am I supposed to do with my thumb?” Tyra said sourly when she plucked it out.

“Suck on it,” Justin smirked as he watched his eldest sister dress. He told Julie to do the same thing. She protested at first because he expected her to wear one of Tyra’s flimsy pairs of panties, but she obeyed him.

Their mother screamed, “LUNCH!” again. Tyra removed her thumb long from her mouth enough to warn her brother that he was almost out of time. “Tick tock, mother fucker! Just wait until I get out there!”

“You will remove your thumbs from your mouth,” Justin said. He seemed much more confident as if his earlier worry over his mother’s discovering he dosed his sister’s with mind control had all been an act. He clearly had a plan, and that worried Julie.

“You are free to tell Mom that I gave you some mind control tea, and you have to do anything I tell you if you want to. I give it less than 2% probability she will believe you. I will deny it. Then I will tell you to strip completely naked and give Buddy a lap-dance. When you do it, who do you think she will blame? Me or you?”

The girls immediately froze in terror. They realized their mom would find this story as unbelievable as they did. They also knew that Buddy liked to ogle both of them and that worried their mother. She liked him, but he couldn’t help himself. He liked looking at her pretty daughters, and Tyra and Julie even flirted with him sometimes as a goof.

Justin scribbled something down in his notebook. Tim asked him what it was. Justin thought nothing of revealing what he observed. “The subjects are incapable of disobedience. However, they are still rational actors. They know right from wrong. They have values and maintain their existing preferences. They can make choices when I give them choices. This is a fascinating experiment.”

He ordered the girls to join him for lunch.

“About time! I was fixing to come in there and drag you lot out!” Tami said. She was secretly happy. All four of her kids were getting along together. They usually bickered or ignored one another. Tim had as much in common with his little brother Justin as a lion, and a dung beetle did. Tyra was often a bad influence on Julie, but it seemed like they were all happy and getting along.

Buddy noticed immediately that the girls were wearing short t-shirts that showed off their legs almost up to their waist. Tami assumed the girls were wearing shorts underneath the shirts. They often slept in long shirts. She knew her eldest daughter especially liked to tease Buddy. Tami felt it was Tyra’s way of testing Buddy to see if he was truly interested in her or had a roving eye for any young thing in a skirt. It still made Tami uncomfortable when Tyra overtly flirted with him.

Julie was a little more subtle about it. She had a naïve, almost virginal approach, where she acted like a helpless teenager who needed a strong or wise man to help her do something. Julie definitely had daddy issues.

Tami is good looking and has the classic MILF look. She could easily be compared to the actress Connie Britton. She has freckles like Julie and frosted medium length blonde hair. She is used to men staring at her and her daughters. It isn’t anything new to her, even though it did feel a little disrespectful when Buddy watched the girl’s bouncing butts as they sashayed across the living room into the kitchen. It was as if he was waiting for that one perfect moment when the t-shirt hem bounced up high enough he’d catch a glimpse of their butts.

The girls frequently wore skimpy bikinis that revealed much more skin anyway. The short t-shirt drew the eye to their waist, though. Tami decided not to mention it. It may only incentivize the girls to seek more attention if she complained about how they were dressed.

Tami’s own upbringing was much more conservative, and the more her father complained about her short skirts when she was young, the more skin she wanted to show.

The girls plopped down in their chair at the table and crossed their legs.

“Why don’t you stand up and help Mom with lunch?” Justin smiled at them with a kind expression that hid his desire to test the girl’s obedience to him.

“Are you asking me or telling me?” Tyra asked Justin.

“Telling,” Justin said.

Tyra sighed and stood up and offered to help her mother. Julie joined her. Tami was so shocked that her daughters were willing to help with chores that she didn’t know what to ask them to do. “Set the table,” she said.

The girls quickly set down paper plates and passed around the plastic spoons and forks. Tami had dishes, but she hated to wash them. The trailer wasn’t equipped with a dishwasher. It was something that shocked the entire family when they first moved in because they assumed ALL homes came equipped with dishwashers.

“Wash the dishes for Mom so that we can stop using so many paper plates,” Justin said to Tyra and Julie.

They abruptly started washing the dishes. Tami was so surprised she didn’t know what to say to them. Buddy noticed that as they scrubbed the dishes, their t-shirt hems lifted slightly, and he could see a little of their round, pert asses peeking out.

“Do you two have bottoms on underneath those t-shirts?” Tami folded her arms as she watched the girls bounce slightly while doing the chores.

“Of course we do,” Tyra rolled her eyes.

Tami remained skeptical. The way her daughter’s t-shirts were positioned she could see just their bare bottoms peeking out.

“Show mom that you have bottoms on. I don’t think she believes you,” Justin said.

Tyra and Julie stopped and looked at each other. Tyra thought nothing of lifting her t-shirt in the back and showing her ass. The white lace thong was clearly taut between her butt-cheeks. Julie, on the other hand, was mortified.

“Girls!!” Tami was shocked. This was surprising behavior for even Tyra. Tyra had always been the kind to run around naked in the sprinklers when they were little. She had to be forced to wear clothes up until she entered puberty and sprouted tits. It still seemed out of character even for her most audacious daughter to moon Buddy and her at the dinner table.

“He told us to do it,” Tyra blamed Justin like he had dared her to do it.

“Do you do everything your brother tells you?” Tami chuckled.

“Yes,” Julie answered.

“I wish. I’d tell him to tell you to mow that grass. It’s getting so long, and my honeydew list is even longer,” Tami looked at Buddy to remind him that he was expected to mow the grass.

“I told you the lawnmower is broken, and I need to get it repaired. Unless you want me out there with a pair of grass clippers there is nothing I can do,” Buddy complained.

“Tyra was just telling me how much she would like to mow grass,” Justin alluded to her threat about mowing his ass like it was grass. Tyra was about to offer some lemony smart-ass remark, but Justin cut her off. “After lunch take the grass clippers and go outside and mow the grass for mom and Buddy,” Justin said.

“I’d love to see that,” Tami chuckled at the outrageous idea.

Tyra and Julie said nothing. They continued washing dishes. There was a LOT of them. They had piled up, and that was one reason Tami was using paper plates and plastic forks today.

“Why don’t you sit down and join us?” Tami asked as the rest of the family watched the girls wash dishes while looking at their grilled cheese sandwiches and potato chips.

“We need to finish washing the dishes first,” Julie said.

Justin happily wrote another observation into his notebook. “The normal hierarchy structure of the family unit does not apply when a command is given to the subjects. The subjects will ignore it when my authority supersedes those orders.”

The family started eating while they watched the girls wash dishes. Julie was intensely aroused by the humiliation, and she was dripping wet. She hated realizing she was turned on by it and that her thighs were quickly becoming sticky. Her nipples were poking through the nearly transparent white t-shirt.

She was tempted to do something so outlandish that her mom would freak out and forbid them from continuing to behave like total sluts in the kitchen. She had to wait for her brother to give such an order, though. The constant tension of waiting for that outlandish order and the possibility it would be so humiliating she wouldn’t dare do it was only intensifying Julie’s arousal for reasons she did not understand at the time.

Buddy, Justin, and Tim ate slow enough that they got to enjoy the entire show at the dishwasher. They occasionally saw the girl’s shirt hems raise when they reached for something. Tami tried not to pay any attention. He was surprised when the girls got up to go outside and mow the grass with the grass cutters. “You don’t really have to do that,” she said.

“You said it needs cutting,” Tyra shrugged. She did not want to do any physical labor, but if it meant winning the bet, she would sweat in the hot sun with her sister and cut grass a few blades at a time with a scissor shaped pair of grass shears.

“You are going to go outside dressed like that?” Tami seemed a little surprised that the girls were seriously going to follow through with the outlandish chore but more so that they planned to do it wearing just a t-shirt and panties.

“I don’t see a problem with it,” Tim and Justin both said. Buddy added his two cents that he didn’t either.

“You wouldn’t,” Tami smirked at them and shrugged. She was just happy it was getting done. “If you want to do it that way, knock yourselves out.”

Buddy offered to go outside to supervise and help, but Tami wouldn’t permit that. She knew exactly what Buddy wanted to look at when the girls started bending over to snip the grass, and it wasn’t the shrubbery.

There was no way the girls could cut the grass without getting down on their hands and knees. Tyra didn’t even try to pull her shirt down. “Suns out, buns out! I may as well get a little tan if I am going to do this silly chore.”

Julie tried in vain to cover up her bottom by tugging and pulling the t-shirt. She settled for trying to be mindful not to face her ass toward the trailer windows where anyone in the house could see. The trailer park they lived in was vast, but most trailers had a minimal yard with a concrete block patio in front and no backyard at all. The yard was about 15 yards long, but only a couple yards wide, and a lot of the grass was just weeds and patches of sand anyway.

The girls joked a little about the dares they performed and Buddy’s reaction. Julie admitted that she underestimated her little brother. “The way he dared us to just tell mom we had to do anything he said. He knew she wouldn’t believe us,” she joked.

“Yeah, but the little fucker thinks we REALLY have to do whatever he tells us. We could knock his block off anytime we like,” Tyra reminded her sister that they really did hold all the cards in this game.

“Yeah, but if you do, then I own your butt for four hours tomorrow!” Julie teased her sister.

They both felt that Tim would act as the referee for their bet. If either of them went back on their word and quit the game now he would call them out. Tim couldn’t actually force either of them to face the consequences of losing the game. He would however badger and remind them the next time they tried to make a bet that they backed out this time.

Tyra said she would gladly pay up if she lost but that she didn’t intend to lose. She didn’t want to tell her sister she planned to make Julie a pass-around party favor as a gift to the guys she hung around with. She already had wicked ideas about how hard she would make things on her sister and it would pale compared to her weird brother’s perverted fantasies of domination.

“I can’t believe I agreed to do this with you,” Julie complained when she was finally alone with her sister.

“You can always quit,” Tyra teased her sister. “Make things easy on yourself and quit now before I waste my time snipping all this grass,” she twitched her nose playfully and snipped her shears playfully.

“No my dear sister, you don’t understand. You’ve already lost and you don’t even know it. I plan to take the rest of the four hours out here, trimming grass one blade at a time,” Julie smiled victoriously as she snipped a single blade of grass.

Tyra realized that if her sister did that it would foil her plans to win this contest with her sister. She had agreed that if they could obey orders for four hours Julie won by default because she didn’t think her little sister would pop her boobies out on command. She had been surprised when she did and even more so that she jammed a thumb in her butt. Tyra had a newfound respect for Julie as a competitor and a newfound desire to beat her at the game.

“I will give you credit, Sis. You are a lot more clever than I gave you credit for,” Tyra said. “How about we go double or nothing?” she asked. Tyra hadn’t intended go double or nothing when she first started this strange little game. She was incredibly competitive and she hated to lose. She could sense defeat was coming and she didn’t want to fail. She wanted to give her little sister enough rope that she eventually lost the bet. Tyra felt if she could just keep offering double or nothing – she would eventually win.

“Oh no,” Julie was sensible, and she realized she could milk this chore until just about four hours were finished and coast into a victory.

“Chicken?” Tyra tried to prod her sister into upping the stakes of their bet.

“I am the one without balls, remember?” Julie ran her hand between her legs to indicate she was in fact, technically ball-less.

“I am willing to give up going out to a party tonight. We play the game until one of us quits. Anytime Justin offers us tea, we drink it. If I quit before you do, I will agree to do whatever you tell me for the DURATION of how long the game lasted,” Tyra said.

Tyra had confidence that her little brother wasn’t going to push things too far beyond the cheesecake of seeing them do naughty little dares. She had done more tawdry things when she played truth or dare in middle school. She also had confidence she could keep this up for a long time. He was treating them like one of his experiments. It was humiliating but she had expected to have to do much worse when she first offered the bet to her little sister.

“Hah, or I could just win the bet, and you are my do-bitch for four hours. I think I’ll go for that option,” Julie snickered. Adrenalin was still pumping through Julie’s veins. She hadn’t enjoyed being her brother’s plaything and sticking her thumb in her butt. She had been mortified parading around her mom and Buddy but at the same time it had given her a secret thrill that she didn’t quite understand at the time.

“Okay, let’s say I’ll concede the four hours. I’ll pretend I drank your special mind control tea tomorrow for four hours,” Tyra offered to amend the bet.

“I am listening,” Julie said. She snipped some grass and tried not to notice Buddy finding excuses to watch them through the window.

“You clearly aren’t going to quit, and I am not either. We will hurry up and finish this chore and go back inside and obey baby brother. If he tells you to do something you do it. You can complain, bitch, even whine or pout, but you obey or lose. The deal is though we play the game until MOM makes us stop OR one of us quits for as long as it takes.”

“What? That’s crazy,” Julie felt a streak of embarrassment run down her spine just imagining her mother finding out she jammed a thumb up her ass in front of her brothers.

“Yeah, I thought you’d chicken out,” Tyra tried to goad her sister into finding out the details of the bet. It worked because Julie asked her how that would even work.

“If mom makes us stop, you win. If I quit, you win. Why are you so afraid? You think baby brother will come up with something harder than crawling around our front yard like dogs trying to snip grass?” she teased.

“Yeah,” Julie smirked adding, “Mom might ground us for life. Then my four hours as the boss of you won’t do me a lot of good.”

“If mom puts us on restriction, you win, and I will pay up when the suspension is over. You can take me out of the house and make me do the dares – even at school. I’ll give you the four hours plus DOUBLE the amount of time you and I played the game. The only thing you can’t do is tell mom or Buddy in order to intentionally get put on restriction,” she said.

Tyra had been on restriction many times. Her mom seldom actually held the girls to the entire length of the punishment. She added one more stipulation “You have to obey ALL of our pudwhacker of a little brother’s orders. If you refuse even once then you lose,” she grinned. Tyra assumed her little sister had way more limits than she did.

Julie considered the double or nothing offer but was reluctant to agree to it.

“So, if this game lasts 24 hours, you will obey me for 48 hours?” Julie asked.

“52 hours because you already got the four hours – if you agree to double or nothing. If you want to pussy out, I’ll take my chances that I can still win,” Tyra said. She reached between her legs and picked her thong panty string out of her ass knowing full well that Buddy was watching from the window.

“If I lose after 24 hours, I have to do this again for 24 hours but serve you?” Julie asked.

“Yep,” Tyra chuckled. “I won’t make it like an experiment though. You are going to be my little slutty do-bitch,” Tyra promised her.

“Even at school?” Julie asked. Her spine was tingling with anticipation of what Tyra might make her do. She scrunched her nose in disgust even though a part of her was excited about it. She wondered what she’d make Tyra do if she owned her for 48 hours and wicked, perverted fantasies began to run through her mind as well.

Tyra was the really popular one but everyone already thought she was a slut anyway. Julie was worried the bet would carry over after the weekend was over.

“Yep, but the time keeps ticking. It is 24 hours straight. That means while you are sleeping or in class, it counts as time,” Tyra was making this up on the fly. Tyra would agree to anything at this point because she had no intention of losing. All she needed to do was convince her sister to double or nothing.

“You can’t make me have sex with any guys I don’t like,” Julie stipulated. She was already thinking about certain guys she did like that hung out with Tyra.

Tyra snickered and said, “How will you know if you like them until you take them for a test drive?”{br}”You wouldn’t really dare make me have sex with guys,” Julie smiled playfully. Julie was already thinking about guys she DID like that Tyra hung around with and the possibility of how much fun she might have if she lost the bet. It would give her an excuse to be a naughty girl like her older sister for a while.

“I might. You’d do the same to me,” Tyra assured Julie.

“I don’t know any guys,” Julie added.

“I am Tyra Riggins. I know some guys, and they would happily plow me if I had to do whatever you tell me. Are you in or out? Do you want to just snip grass and sniff my ass while we crawl on this fucking lawn? Or are you down to play?”

Julie agreed to the terms of the new deal. The girls spit on their hands and shook on it.

“Now, let’s hurry up and finish this stupid fucking chore so we can get back into the trailer so that peckerwood can make us show him our butts until you finally chicken out,” Tyra teased her sister playfully.

**Chapter 3**

A fine lather of sweat had formed on the girl’s bodies by the time they completed the tedious chore. They both had committed themselves to a lengthier bet than either had initially imagined. The sisters continued to talk about the game. They had worked up their enthusiasm to continue messing with their brother’s head. They both agreed on ways they would try to liven things up by pretending to fight his control over them if he pushed them too far. They wanted Justin to really work for it if he was going to humiliate them both.

Their little brother had spent his time preparing more test cases in his notebook while the girls toiled in the hot sun. “Drink this tea. You look dehydrated,” he met them at the door and pretended to be concerned for their well-being. He was mostly worried that the suggestible state he thought they were in did not wear off and ruin his experiments.

“Meet me in your room,” Justin commanded. He was growing in confidence now that he felt confident the mixture was working.

“Can we take a shower first?” Tyra asked as she drank the tea.

“No,” Justin noted. He wondered if the tea was starting to wear off. The girls had been gone for a long time.

Tami noticed how assertive Justin was with his older sister. It was unusual for her not to take his head off if he was snotty. She blithely followed him into her room.

Tim was sitting on their bed, leafing through the notebook. He had helped his brother come up with naughty dares.

“Remove your shirts and toss them in the dirty clothes,” he said. The girls complied and revealed their perfect naturals.

“Remove your panties,” Justin instructed the girls to remove the panties but waited until they were about to toss them into the hamper before telling them to put them in their mouths. The girls were reluctant and looked disgusted by the idea of sucking on their own sweaty panties.

“C’mon, Justin. That isn’t fair,” Tyra said as she stuffed her panties in her mouth. She liked the taste of her pussy but even she was overwhelmed by the musky scent of her sweat.

“You will refer to me as Doctor Riggins or Doctor while in a suggestible state. What is my name, Tyra?” Justin asked.

“Doctor Riggins,” Tyra said the words as if she was trying to resist the urge to say them.

He asked the same question of Julie, and when she answered, she acted like she was trying to claw the words back into her mouth. The girls were actually having a little fun with the game now.

“As your Doctor, I have your well-being at heart. I have every reason to see you nude during our experiments. You will remain naked in this room unless I instruct otherwise. You are a test subject, and this is a clinical study. Do you both understand?” he said.

“Yes, Doctor,” the girls repeated together as if in a trance while mumbling with their panties in their mouth.

“Tim is my lab assistant. If he assists in my tests you will not resist him. He is no threat to you. He must observe these tests. Do you both understand?” Justin asked.

“Yes, Doctor,” the girls repeated. They both rolled their eyes. Justin noted that his subjects were compliant, but their body language often reflected their real desire not to obey him.

“Face each other and spread your legs apart,” Justin ordered the girls to take a position opposite of one another in the bedroom. They did as they were told.

“Bend over and grab your ankles,” Justin instructed them.

Tyra balked but did as she was told. Justin smacked her bottom with a ruler. She jerked in surprise. She didn’t expect him to do that. It bruised her ego much more than it did hurt her bubble butt.

“This is a clinical trial, and you are a test specimen that does what she is told. You have no modesty in this room. Spread your legs wider. You will be introduced to pain if you fail to comply. The pain is not harsh. It is a corrective measure to ensure compliance,” Justin said.

Tyra rolled her eyes. She knew that it was just an excuse to look at her pink little poop hole and pussy lips as she bent over.

Justin provided an example about training a mouse to run a maze. “The test subject is introduced to minor electrical shocks when they turn down the wrong corridor. They receive a reward when they reach the end of the maze. This reinforcement improves the test completion time after repeated exercises,” he said.

Tyra did not listen to a word he said. “Lift your head and get move closer so that your faces are almost touching,” Justin instructed the girls to come close enough to kiss. They waddled closer. He removed the panties from their mouths.

“Stuff this into your pussy,” Justin handed the girls their soaking wet pussies.

“Are you supposed to say pussy during a clinical trial?” Julie asked as she reluctantly began to wad the panties into a ball and push them into her tight pussy.

“Test subjects must have clear instructions in words they can understand. I am speaking in colloquial terms for your benefits, Julie. You will now respond to Test Subject B. If I return to you as subject B or test subject B, you will answer to this name. Do you understand, Test Subject B?” he asked.

Tyra groaned but said she understood. Justin told Tyra she now test subject A. “At least I am A and not B” Tyra chuckled. She was not afraid of pushing the wadded up panties into her wet pussy.

“Push the panties all the way into your pussy. I don’t want to see the strap hanging out. How does that feel, Test Subject A?” he asked.

“Not good,” Tyra grunted. The panties were uncomfortable but not unbearable.

“Would you like it if I told you to remove them,” he asked.

“Yes, Doctor,” Tyra played along.

“How does it make you feel if I tell you that you can’t remove them,” Justin said.

“Like punching you in the face,” Tyra snickered.

“Why haven’t you tried to punch me in the face?” Justin asked.

Tyra didn’t want to admit that she agreed to all of this on the pretense that her sister would chicken out, and then she’d own her ass when she did. “I am your test subject. I can’t hurt you,” Tyra said.

“Fascinating,” Justin scribbled some things down on a notepad. “You didn’t try to kick my ass before I told you that you were my test subject,” Justin observed.

Tyra had no explanation for that. “I might when this tea wears off,” Tyra fully planned to get even with her little brother. She was humoring him and playing his game, but with the intent, she’d win the bet. She already had a list a mile long, forming in her head of ways she was going to get even when it was all over, and she had what she wanted from Julie.

“You like my tea. You love it. You crave it so much that you cannot see a life without it,” Justin said. “You are willing to do anything I tell you and subject yourself to my experiments if I will give you more tea,” he added.

Justin made the girls say they understand.

“I want you to kiss each other,” he said. Tyra had made out with other girls at parties. It wasn’t her favorite thing to do, but she knew it turned guys on, and she liked to seem daring. Julie had never made out with another girl, and she definitely didn’t want to kiss her sister.

Justin smacked Julie’s bottom first with the ruler and left a nice pink mark on her perfect ass. Julie opened her mouth, closed her eyes, and pictured Brad Garrity. A hunky senior that hung out with Tyra.

“Keep your eyes open and look at each other,” Justin said as he walked in circles around the girls randomly smacking their butts. “You enjoy kissing each other. You see it as a reward. You will not kiss each other without my permission. You will obey me so that I will permit you to make out with each other,” he said.

“Oh man, this is fucking awesome,” Tim was secretly recording this on his cell phone and getting aroused. Tyra and Julie kissing in an extended make-out session was incredibly hot even though they were his sisters. Tim had no trouble getting girls of his own, but he was strangely aroused by this. “I have the most awkward boner right now,” he said.

“Gross! We are test subjects, Tim. This isn’t supposed to get you hard,” Tyra teased Tim. She knew Tim was in on the joke, and he was playing along. She was happy. Tim was there because he was her inside man. He could look out for Tyra’s interests and be a voice of reason if Justin went off the deep end.

“The tests involve sexual stimulation and arousal. Your nipples are getting hard, and your pussies are getting wet. You want to play with them, but you cannot,” Justin said.

Tyra was shocked that her pussy was getting wet. It may have been that Julie was such a delicate kisser or that her body was pumping all this adrenalin from being watched. She really did want to fiddle with her clit and play with herself.

“Please, Doctor, can I touch my pussy?” Tyra asked. She was half-joking and half serious. She knew she’d have to do some freaky shit to win the game, or her sister would never quit.

“No, Reach under test subject B and pull her nipples. Test subject B pull Test subject A’s nipples the same way,” Justin said.

Tyra had never been denied in bed. If she wanted a guy to go down on her he always did. She wasn’t used to being told she couldn’t do something when she wanted to do it. The very thought was making her wet for reasons she did not understand.

“Damn it, I am not a cow, Julie! Don’t try to milk me,” Tyra complained when Julie reached under her and begun to tug her sister’s nipples like cow teats.

“You will refer to Julie as Test subject B in this room,” Justin smacked his sister hard on her ass. Tyra seethed with rage and hissed. She almost grabbed that ruler and shoved it up his ass. Instead, she apologized to him. A few minutes later, she started to feel a tingling sensation on her bottom that also felt good for reasons she didn’t understand.

“Whose toys are these?” Justin held up two medium-sized dildos.

“You little fucker. You were snooping through our room!” Tyra didn’t have to admit they were her sex toys. It was pretty evident from her reaction. She had gone to great lengths to hide them. She assumed that meant they also found her weed stash, and Tim probably had that as well.

“This room is now a test laboratory, and everything in it is part of your tests. You will only use these phalluses when I tell you,” Justin said.

“Phalluses?” Tyra balked.

“Dildos,” Justin corrected himself as he remembered that he had to phrase things in terms his sister would understand.

“Rubber ding-a-lings,” Tim added.

“I know what they are, Tim!” Tyra said sarcastically while continuing to lock lips with Julie.

“Do you like to use these dildos on your pussy or put it in your ass?” Justin asked his sister.

Tyra sneered and said that obviously, it went in her pussy.

“You are both now curious about sticking things into your butts. You both want to sit on these dildos and see how far they can go into your ass. You will stop kissing and pick one. You will sit on the floor and spread your legs apart for me,” Justin said.

Julie glared at her sister. The glare only strengthened Tyra’s resolve to collect on the winnings. She felt Julie was close to quitting the game, and this might be the end of it. She was no stranger to anal sex. This would be a piece of cake for her.

The girls sat on the ground facing up with their legs spread apart so that their pussies and assholes were visible.

“Jesus, that looks like a black hole,” Tim commented on Tyra’s asshole.

“My asshole is as pink as my pussy,” Tyra took offense. She had a guy take a picture so she could be sure.

“If you say so,” Tim chuckled.

“Place the tip of the dildo in your mouth,” Justin said. The girls were surprised he didn’t want them to shove it in their ass. “Thrust it as far as it can go into the back of your throat and keep doing that like you are sucking a cock,” he said.

Julie had given several blowjobs, but she was no expert at deep-throat. Tyra, on the other hand, impressed the guys. She could easily have swallowed an entire banana tip to stem.

Once Justin was satisfied, the girls had coated the dildos with their spit and some of their snot. He made them exchange them and place them at the tips of their asshole. “Insert them slowly so that we can observe,” Justin said.

The girls began to push the dildos into their assholes. Tyra had an easy time of it, but Julie’s tight little ass could only take so much.

When Justin reached down between Tyra’s legs, she almost closed her thighs around his head and squashed it like a grape. She was much bigger than her little brother and had the body of a full-grown adult woman. He pulled her clit and stuck his finger in while reminding her that he was a Doctor, and this was part of an experiment. “You do not mind me fingering you. It is necessary for me to see how wet you are,” he said.

Tyra acquiesced and grinned at Julie when Justin did the same thing to her with his left hand. He wiggled his fingers and pulled her clit hood out.

Her brother’s touch wasn’t exactly unpleasant to Tyra. It was awkward, and he WAS her brother. The sooner this ordeal was all over the better, though. Tyra saw an opportunity to push things a little further so that Julie would probably chicken out.

“Don’t just flick our clit hoods. You have to touch the actual clit,” Tyra told him.

“Where is the clit?” Justin asked.

Tyra sighed and jokingly theorized that if she had a dollar for every time, a guy asked that she’d be rich.

“Damn, Tyra! That’s a lot of guys who have played with your clit,” Tim teased his slutty older sister.

Tyra ignored him and lifted her clit hood while holding the dildo in her ass with her other hand. She pulled it out slightly so that her little brother could see it.

“Your clit looks like a penis,” Justin observed in shock. The words humiliated his sister. She was sensitive about her big clit. It was the first time Tyra had actually felt humiliated since this exercise began. She still thought she was calling the shots and would win the contest eventually.

Julie’s pussy was soaked, and she was awash with a fresh wave of humiliation while her brother held her clit hood between his grubby little fingers. “Show me your clit,” he said.

Julie’s clit was much smaller and it was already exposed. She dangled it with her finger silently. She felt so vulnerable and wanted to quit. She just couldn’t let Tyra win now that she had come this far.

Justin enjoyed the feeling of control he had over his sisters. He didn’t intentionally want to inflict pain on them. He did enjoy it though and he pinched both of his sister’s clits very hard without realizing how many nerve endings he was lighting up in their bodies.

“Push the dildo all the way to the base in your ass,” Justin instructed. The dildos were approximately six inches long. It wasn’t hard for Tyra but Julie was stuck at about two inches. She said it was not possible.

“Oh c’mon,” Tyra thought her sister was being a baby about it. Julie wasn’t used to anal sex, and she hadn’t worked up to stretching her tight asshole.

“Stand up, bend over and turn around. Hold your ass cheeks apart,” Justin told them both. His sisters reluctantly complied, and the dildos hung slightly out of their assholes as they spread their cheeks for him. Julie had been blushing the entire time, and now she felt incredibly vulnerable. She was also excited to see what would happen next, and that puzzled her.

“You like having things shoved up your ass,” Justin told them this several times. He was not sure if he could alter their mental programming to the extent he could change their natural desires. The girls held still for him and offered up their butts and that was enough validation to him.

Justin understood dynamics and physics. He assumed once he tried this angle, the dildo would slide in much easier. He began humping it into Julie’s ass doggy-style back and forth until he had it almost completely packed in her asshole.

Julie’s eyes were red slightly as if she wanted to cry. Tyra smirked at her and grinned.

“You will both pack your asses like this in the testing lab unless I tell you otherwise. You will ask me for permission to remove the dildo when you need to use the bathroom,” Justin said. He wanted to see how the girls responded to being told they had to ask for permission.

Julie balked at the instructions. She said she could never keep it in that long. “You will learn to love it. You may pull it out and push it in and play with it when you can get away with it,” he said. Tyra thought better of complaining about it. She had no intention of playing Justin’s game longer than she had to in order to win. She was already planning her revenge and wanted to include ramming that ruler straight up HIS ass.

“Your Dildo is Excalibur. You may not withdraw it from the magic stone. Only I, the rightful King can pull it out unless I give you permission,” Justin made a grandiose gesture like a medieval knight pulling the Dildo out slightly and pushing it back into Tyra’s ass. Tyra gritted her teeth and played along with her knavish brother’s games.

“You will take a fresh pair of panties and ball them up and keep them in your pussy all day as well. You may only remove those with my permission when you need to pee,” he said.

The girls agreed reluctantly. “Can’t you make us do some FUN things too?” Tyra asked. She listed off some suggestions like smoking blunts, getting fucked up, shoplifting, and having sex.

“The tests would be meaningless if I ordered you to do what you already want to do. It is the ONLY reason I have not instructed you to stop complaining. I want to see your natural reactions,” Justin said.

“Oh goodie,” Tyra offered him a sassy grin and wiggled her naked butt impishly.

“You will only wear a t-shirt in the common areas of the house outside of the lab. This is so that you can easily strip and be observed when you enter the lab. You do not mind this. You may complain about it but you think you don’t have anything else to wear,” Justin added. He told them if anyone asks if they have on panties, they will flip up the back of the shirts just as they had in the kitchen earlier. The flash had lasted less than a second, and the thong panties disappeared in their butt cracks. He assumed his mother would not look too closely.

Justin wanted to test the girls to see if they would obey his instructions when someone else said a trigger word that he instructed them to obey. He wanted to observe the trigger word in action and he felt the girls could get away with casually flipping up the back of their shirt when they were asked if they wore panties.

Justin was careful not to load up his sisters with too many instructions at once. He knew his test subjects had limitations and would not remember everything.

The girls were reluctant. “What about when we have to go to school, Doctor?” Julie asked. She didn’t intend for the game to last past the weekend. However, she was beginning to suspect her sister would keep this game going until Julie finally quit.

“You will no longer lock your door. As doctor, I will have access to your room at all times. I will awaken you and select your clothing based on the tests I want to run that day. You will prefer to have your panties shoved into your pussy and keep the dildo in your ass all day if I let you. You will thank me if I allow that,” Justin said.

Justin was not worried about how harsh he was coming off toward his sisters. He was simply concerned he had given them too many instructions for them to remember. He considered the girls to be of lesser intellect, just like Tim. Tim was a jock, and while he had common sense, he was oblivious to Justin’s real motives. He planned to structure the experiment around the girl’s capacity to understand their instructions. If he tried to give them too many trigger words, he assumed they would naturally get confused and possibly resist the treatments and instructions they were being given.

As far as Justin was concerned, the subjects were truly his to command and under his dominion. He had already ordered another batch of mind control pills, and he had almost 300 of them in the bottle. He also had no idea that the girls had made a bet to see how far they would take things. Tim hadn’t let him on it. As far as Justin was concerned, he assumed Tim was hanging around for his own edification and fascination with the results of the experiment.

It was unusual for Tim to hang out with his little brother, though. It should have dawned on Justin that he was not the real puppet master. He was simply too caught up in enjoying the results of his experiment. He was also incredibly turned on by his sisters and their obedience.

“Squat on the ground with your knees as wide apart as you can go,” Justin told them. The girls did as they were told. Justin said they could push the dildos out of their butts without touching them. He made it very clear it was a choice. The girls waited.

“Do you not want to push the dildos out?” he asked.

“No, we like the way it feels in our asses,” Tyra lied. She could sense he was testing them. Justin made it way too obvious. Julie had simply been too embarrassed to fart the dildo out and was waiting to see if Tyra did it first.

“Good, reach behind yourselves, and masturbate the dildo in and out of your ass. Do not stop, no matter who comes in the room.” Justin said as he stood and watched his sister’s fuck their own butts with the dildos. Once he was satisfied, both girls looked like they were enjoying themselves he felt their wet pussies with his hand. He measured their nipples for length and width with his ruler. He measured the distance their pussy lips hung open. He took notes.

The girls were already hot and heavy with arousal after a few minutes. The fact that Justin told them to continue no matter who came in the room was particularly frightening to Julie. Scenarios played out in her mind of Buddy joining Tim and Justin as an audience to watch her do nasty things all Saturday afternoon. It turned her on for reasons she could not quite comprehend.

Tyra, on the other hand, didn’t think about what she was doing in front of her brothers. No one would believe them if they told on her, and if they did she would play it off. She had a reputation as the school slut, and the fact she let her brothers watch her jill off would only enhance it. Instead, she focused on how much nastier she would make things for her little sister when she inevitably won their little contest of wills.

It would make humiliating herself in front of her brothers all afternoon totally worth it – besides she liked playing with herself and this was a good excuse to do it all day.