**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 4**

Harlan’s family exploded into a bickering match over whether or not Candy had officially stopped winking her pussy and asshole while the rest of them ate dinner. The excited chatter seemed dysfunctional, but it was apparent the family loved each other and were playful about their seemingly bizarre hyper-sexualized dinner-time competitions.

Barbara was becoming so uncomfortable being around these people that she could hardly eat. The food was like something she would expect to get at the fair from a vendor, not something placed on a dinner table.

While she felt like a snob, it was all just too much, happening too quickly. She’d asked to meet Dylan’s folks, not the Munsters! She certainly didn’t ask to see naked girls as if they were just regular people living their everyday lives!

This was Dylan’s sister, his aunt, and his own mom, too! The worst part was that she was secretly enjoying watching it. She was getting a vicarious thrill watching how these people embraced their trashy existence. She imagined herself being naked on the floor of her own home’s dining room, waiting to be fed scraps by Joe or her father and the thought made her pussy tingle.

It was just so wrong! She knew her father would want to pack up and move again if he ever found out what sort of place he’d moved them to. It was such a surreal fantasy and one that would have never been in her head until she came here that she felt immediately guilty just for dreaming it up.

She wasn’t sure what her father would think of Dylan’s family. She assumed he would think they were riff-raff and trailer trash and forbid her to hang out with them.

Once she’d gotten to know Becky, Harlan, and Tammy, she’d seen more to the Simmons family besides just trailer trash. Even Candy, who had been such a bitch to her, was somehow likable in a weird sort of way.

But she knew her mind was already on overload, and she needed a touch of normalcy again. Her stuffed animals and lacy comforter would be perfect right about now. Or a shower with the detachable sprayer at least. Barbara didn’t know if she wanted to be a ten-year-old again or a horny teen anymore.

If only Joe had been offended by what they’d been exposed to, she could have insisted they leave, but the grin on his face and the tent in his pants told her she’d be leaving alone if she left now. The most embarrassing part to her was that she’d noticed Joe’s erection and hadn’t stopped catching glances of it.

She knew she shouldn’t be looking, and she should have said something, but how? She wasn’t like these people. She couldn’t just casually tell Joe off for having a boner! She wished she COULD be so bold. She WANTED to be that bold, but she just couldn’t be. Right now, she certainly did feel too ‘delicate’ just like Joe always teased her for being.

“Oh my! I almost forgot I’m supposed to babysit tonight, Joe!” She pretended she’d just remembered an important employment date.

While it was true that she was supposed to babysit her first ‘client’ this weekend, it certainly wasn’t tonight. She just hoped Joe would back her up like he always did. She knew he didn’t know whether or not she was lying about having a job to get to.

“Is that tonight? I thought you said ... oh shit. Whatever. We’ve still got time to get home don’t we?” He asked, sounding really concerned for her. It warmed her heart that he was so concerned about her commitments - even make-believe ones.

They excused themselves feeling a little silly for asking, but they’d both been raised to never leave the dining table without permission. She was certain that at least one of these people would be pleased they were bailing early. More table scraps for one of the girls at least, she reminded herself so she wouldn’t feel so bad.

Joe hurried her out of the trailer, and she let him. It wasn’t until they were quite a long way down the road that she told Joe he didn’t need to hurry anymore.

“It takes fifteen minutes to walk home, then you have to shower and change! I know how you are, sis. Every pubic hair in place,” he laughed, having been affected more than he’d realized by Dylan’s family.

“Joe!” Barbara squealed in horror at what he’d said. It was unlike Joe to be so graphic with her. She knew he was that way around his friends but never with her before tonight.

“What? You know that the Harlan character certainly has a point. You girls are all the same in that you take forever to prepare for something that’s not even important. Why do you have to look perfect to meet any little kid’s parents anyway? They’ll be gone a minute after you arrive. Throw on a pair of jeans, a tee-shirt, and you’re ready!”

Joe remembered how Harlan had stressed that women were natural liars and manipulators. He had a few relationships end because he concluded the same thing about those girls.

“Am I really like those girls?” Barbara asked, realizing she’d fallen behind her brother. “I hope not,” she added as she hurried to catch up. “They’re just so...” Barbara didn’t know what word she was looking for, and Joe ended up making a suggestion for her.

“Transparent? They know they’re bitches, but they live in a way that addresses their failings,” he suggested.

“You think?” Barbara asked after a moment. She had been looking for something to describe the family, but that certainly hadn’t been what she’d been trying to pinpoint. Yet Joe’s summary was really accurate, she realized.

“Am I a bitch too, Joe?” She asked quietly.

“You’d have to be noticed before you could ever be a bitch, Barbara,” Joe laughed. You’re just too sensitive to be a bitch.”

“Thanks. I think, bro. But I don’t WANT to be so sensitive,” she blurted out suddenly.

After another moment’s silence where Joe didn’t answer her but kept up his brisk pace, she had finally had enough of trying to keep up with him. “Look, stop, for goodness sake! We’re not in a hurry anymore. I’m not really babysitting tonight. I lied, okay?”

“You? Lied? Not Barbara! Who ARE you, and where’s Barbara? Did I leave her there? Maybe I’d better go back and have a better look around?” He asked, raising his eyebrow the way he did when he wanted her to agree to something. “Do you think she went up inside Candy’s butt by mistake?” Joe laughed.

“No, I certainly did not, Joe! That’s so rude!” She admonished her brother but giggled a little at the way her brother was being more fun than she’d ever heard him be before. “I just couldn’t stay there a minute longer. Those guys are crazy! But I’m sorry I lied. Do you forgive me?”

“Actually, I really liked it there and not just the amount of pussy that ended up on display. They really love each other and aren’t afraid to be themselves. But I know it had to have been hard for you. I’m just surprised you didn’t bolt after the first minute there! Could you ever imagine me speaking my mind like that to dad? Could YOU ever imagine doing that? We just don’t have that sort of life, more’s the pity,” he lamented.

“Why not?” Barbara asked, surprising her brother.

“Huh? What do you mean, why not? There’s NO FUCKING WAY dad would ever be able to deal with that sort of shit!”

“I mean just us two. We could be like Dylan’s family and just be totally transparent with each other,” she suggested.

“I already AM transparent with you, sis. I already told you I kind of like the way they live. Maybe not with that many people in such a small trailer, but still ... so now, how about you be transparent with me too? Did you hate everything about them and their home?”

“No ... I imagined what it’d be like if you...” Barbara couldn’t bring herself to finish her thought.

“If I what, Barbara?” Joe asked, completely stopping so he could study his sister.

“You know...” Barbara answered.

“No, I do not know! That’s why I asked,” Joe said in frustration. “If you want to be transparent with me, you have to actually say what you’re thinking. I’m not a mind reader, and I’m not going to become one any time soon!” He said, sounding frustrated with his sister’s inability to even say what she was thinking when the two of them were alone.

“If you were like Mister Harlan. You know, like you’re being now. Expecting straight answers to hard questions or else,” she admitted shyly.

Joe thought about what she said and joked, “if you don’t tell me what you’re thinking, then I’m going to put you over my knee right here, right now, sis!” He couldn’t help smiling to show he was only joking, but Barbara was looking down and didn’t see his grin.

“Yeah, just like that, Sir. I need help to be more outgoing. I want to meet boys and be like Becky, but something inside me stops me,” she admitted shyly.

“You want to be like Becky?” Joe was flabbergasted. He hadn’t expected his sister to say that at all!

“Yeah. She’s just so confident. She didn’t mind being naked around her brother or anything. I just think I need that too,” she admitted, blushing scarlet.

“She did that because she didn’t have a choice. She’s OCD, Barbara. You’re just ... I dunno, just shy.” Joe stumbled for an answer.

“And I don’t want to be like that anymore! I could, you know ... let you tell me what to do like Mister Harlan does with his daughter and even his own sister! I kind of liked the way Candy heeded him. I could do that for you if you want me to?”

Joe didn’t answer for a long time, instead of thinking about what Barbara was asking. Barbara was starting to feel like she wanted to crawl into a hole and die the longer Joe was quiet. Eventually, she couldn’t take his silence any longer. “Joe?” She started, but Joe cut her off.

“Shush. I’m thinking. Keep your pie hole closed until I ask a question, okay?”

“Mister Harlan called it a cock hole...” Barbara replied helpfully.

“What part of ‘shush’ didn’t you understand? You just earned yourself a spanking when we get home, sis. Anyway, I don’t think you’ve ever had a cock in your mouth, have you?” He asked, this time expecting an answer.

“No, Sir. You know daddy wouldn’t let me date in Chicago. I had some boyfriends but he would never let me go out unsupervised.”

“So you’re a virgin too, then? Thought so. That disqualifies you from being like Becky right there and shows I was right for calling it a pie hole. You have to have sucked a guy off to have a cock hole, you know,” Joe spoke as if he was the voice of experience. At least he’d had sex before.

“So? Will you do it?”

“What? Let you suck my cock?” Joe laughed, knowing she meant the other thing. About him taking control of her and making her be open and honest with him.

“Okay,” Barbara whispered that she would suck her brother’s dick – right here and right now. At that moment it sounded impossible. She was betting everything he wouldn’t call her a crazy pervert. If Joe did, she would be crushed. She wouldn’t blame him for judging her – it seemed absurd to her, but she had all these mixed-up hormones and thoughts in her head.

“So, just like that, you are going to suck my cock?” Joe was shocked by his straight-laced sister. Everything had to be perfectly planned in Barbara’s head before she ever did anything yet here she was, willing to grant his request without hesitation.

“Yeah, I mean, is that what you want me to do, Sir?” Barbara felt conflicted. She had horny feelings she had never had before tonight that felt primal. Instincts that she wasn’t even aware she had yet were telling her that she should be dominated by someone stronger and wiser. She was also dealing with years of indoctrination by her mother and others that told her that good girls don’t do naughty things.

“If we do this, then there is no taking it back between us,” Joe looked in his sister’s pretty blue eyes. “We will always remember the time we crossed that line between brother and sister, and you sucked my cock. We may never speak of it again, but we’ll always know. Are you okay with that?” Joe asked as he took his sister’s hand.

It seemed he was ready for it to Barbara. She would never have considered anything sexual with a family member until tonight. The relaxed way that Dylan’s family joked about going down on each other had been the first time she had ever heard of that idea. It was so taboo and so naughty, and yet Joe was the person she trusted the most in the world.

She could tell him this crazy fantasy and know that he wouldn’t judge her – at least she hoped he wouldn’t. Any other boy might take advantage of her willingness to submit, and then once he got what he wanted, would just abandon her.

Joe had seen many episodes of Jerry Springer. He’d heard about families like Harlan on that TV show. He wasn’t sure any of them were real until tonight. He’d seen nephews that pimped out their aunts and cousins who put on strip shows together on a daily basis when he watched the trashy TV show. It had never been something he would have considered with his own sister, but now she was offering to blow him.

He pulled her behind a nearby tree out of sight of the road and other trailers. She didn’t resist. The trailers were packed tightly together along a narrow road. It was dark outside, and there were no street lamps nearby. There was still a risk of being caught in the act, and that may have been what made it seem appealing to both of them without them realizing it. Their adrenalin was pumping as hard as their teen hormones, and both of them were trying to make sense of it.

“Have you ever even sucked a dick before?” Joe asked again once they were at the tree. His sister squatted down and unzipped his jeans. She was incredibly nervous and worried she’d be caught, but once she unzipped his pants, she felt there was no going back.

“Yes, of course, Sir,” this time she lied, thinking that’s what he preferred to hear. She had been a tremendous prick tease, and she knew it. She had made out with boys before, but she had never given head to anyone. She’d never even let a boy get a finger inside of her. Barbara had had several steady boyfriends who’d got hot and heavy with her, but when she wouldn’t satisfy them, they quickly found reasons to break up with her.

“Who?” Joe asked as he looked down at his pretty sister’s delicate features washed in only the moonlight. She looked so vulnerable as if she needed him – needed his validation as much as his cock.

“Okay, I haven’t sucked anyone’s dick before,” she admitted as she fished around inside his fly and felt the weight of Joe’s cock. His manhood surged in her hand. She felt the veins in his penis and wondered how it would taste as she looked at the tip of it emerging out of his zipper. This was her first blowjob. She felt guilty and knew it was wrong. This was HER brother, and even if it wasn’t, she had been told giving head was something only slutty girls did.

She wanted to be slutty for once. She wanted to do it safely, and in private with someone she knew who wouldn’t blab all over school about it. She knew one day she’d be expected to give head to her husband, and it was something women did. It felt like it was time to learn how to do it.

She licked his dick like a lollipop – just the tip at first. It was a tease, but it was enough to make Joe smile. This was really happening, and it was blowing his mind.

“So why me?” he asked why she wanted him to be the boss of her. He wanted to understand why she had chosen to ask him. He assumed Dylan had far more experience with bossing around his sister.

“I barely know Dylan, Sir” Barbara put her tongue under the tip of his cock and washed the vein on the bottom of his dick with it. She could tell from the look of pleasure on her brother’s face that he liked that, and she continued as she pulled his dick further out of the zipper. “I trust you more than anyone except our parents. If you are going to make a plan for me, it will really be for my own good, Sir.”

“I like how you are calling me, Sir” Joe caressed his sister’s cheek, and she smiled. She looked like she was smoking a cigar as she cradled the head of his dick in her mouth.

“It seems appropriate when we are in private, Sir. I heard how the girl’s address Harlan. They mock him and disrespect him but obey him. I don’t want it to be like that with us. I think it should feel formal like you are above me, Sir” Barbara breathed on his cock and licked the pre-cum from the tip. It was salty and disgusting, but she didn’t mind it. She had not given any thought to her answer when she gave it. It had just seemed like a natural response.

Joe agreed with her sentiment and told her that he would have to think about her rules and tell her them in the morning. The very suggestion she would have new rules to live by sent shivers down Barbara’s spine. It felt so wickedly naughty to have secret rules and so perfect at the same time. All thoughts that Joe would laugh at her or call her perverted for suggesting this arrangement, vanished from her mind.

The confidence allowed her to unbutton his jeans and pull them and his boxers down so that she could see his dick and his balls. Her brother’s pubes were dark and curly. He smelled of man-sweat, and she thought the odor must carry some primal pheromone because even though it wasn’t pleasant, she found herself enjoying it.

She put his cock into her mouth as far as it would go. Just like any teen, she had seen pornography. She hadn’t gone looking for it, but it popped up in chat rooms and online searches. She knew women could deep throat the length of a cock. She just had no idea how SHE could actually fit one down her throat. Joe wasn’t huge, but his was the first cock she’d ever felt in her hands, and it felt bigger than a hot dog!

She got the impression Becky and Candy were going to deep throat those at dinner tonight. Barbara couldn’t imagine being able to do that herself - much less something as big as her brother’s dick.

Barbara clearly didn’t know how to do that. She choked and sputtered and almost gagged at first.

“Easy, easy, start slow. Imagine it’s my finger in your mouth. Take your time,” Joe coaxed his sister to relax and lovingly suck on his dick. He was in no hurry to take things to any extremes. Joe had dated very few girls, but he’d had blowjobs before. They were never that good because they were given to him by teenage girls who barely understood the artform. He was enjoying this one more than any other because he felt like his sister was surrendering her innocence to him, and he was receiving more than just the head.

“So, what is the goal you want to achieve by submitting to me? What am I fishing for in you?” Joe asked. He had heard Harlan’s comparison of fishing to how he handled his women. He wasn’t a fisherman himself, but he understood the metaphor pretty well. His sister wasn’t like Becky or Candy, and she would need an entirely different formula than they did to be controlled.

Barbara continued to suck on his dick. Spit was dribbling down her chin, and she was embarrassed and unsure if that was supposed to happen while she gave him head. Her pussy was incredibly wet as well, and she wasn’t even touching herself. She answered his questions in between licks and slurps. She told her brother she didn’t want to be so shy, reserved, judgmental, or small-minded anymore.

Barbara looked very much like her mother. They both had blonde hair and pretty blue eyes. They both seemed temperate and good-natured. Barbara’s mother was the epitome of uptight, though. She was reserved and incredibly judgmental. Barbara’s mom was one of the primary reasons Barbara had never allowed herself to experiment with her own sexuality beyond masturbating in the bathtub.

She was also the reason Barbara felt so guilty every time she did. Good girls simply wouldn’t do something like that to themselves – at least that is what her mother would have said.

Barbara thought more about what she wanted out of this new relationship with her brother. While slowly jacking her brother’s cock, she said she wanted to be more giving, forgiving, and accepting of others. She also wanted to learn to better express herself and be more confident like Becky.

“I am sure Becky wouldn’t agree that you should be more like her,” her brother chuckled. “You are incredibly beautiful, sis. The fact that you are shy has been a choice of yours. You could be the most popular school if you wanted,” Joe meant that from the bottom of his heart.

“Thank you, Sir” Barbara took a breath then slurped his cock. She had her hands around his dick and cupping his hairy balls. They felt so strange and squeezable in her hands. She wanted to be delicate with them, but she also wanted him to try being rough with her. She had no explanation for why she was feeling what she was feeling.

“I don’t think I can simply push a button and be popular and outgoing any more than Becky can do the same and be a prude like me, Sir,” Barbara observed.

“Well, you aren’t a prude any longer because you are sucking my Johnson!” Joe reminded her.

Barbara smiled and laughed a little. “That’s true, Sir. Do you like it?” she asked.

“Don’t ask me questions like that, Barbara. If I don’t like what you are doing I will correct you,” Joe assured her.

Barbara’s entire spine tingled with apprehension and pleasure when he said that. Those were the exact right words at the moment for this situation.

“I think you should have a new name for me when we are alone like this. Barbara is my old name for when I am a good girl who plays by the rules. I need a new name for when I play by your rules, Sir,” she said teasingly then kissed the base of his cock near his nuts.

“I will have to think about that,” Joe didn’t have all of the answers yet. “Are you sure you want to do this with me? Once you start, you may not like what I make you do,” he assured her.

Barbara admitted she was shocked and offended by what she’d seen tonight at Dylan’s house, but at the same time, highly aroused and guilty for feeling that way. Joe felt the same way she did about that. She said that the girls didn’t always like what they were made to do, but it was what they’d signed up for. She asked him if there could be limits and boundaries to her rules.

“Already thinking of ways to back out if you don’t like what I make you do, Sis?” Joe was careful not to call her Barbara again. He liked it that his sister behaved so submissively, and he didn’t want to kill the mood.

“No, not that. I mean, I don’t know. I just think we should have a clear set of rules, which means there should be boundaries. You can’t just order me to run naked through the trailer park,” she joked. Joe felt her gentle laughter play across the base of his dick, and he loved it.

“I would never do that!” Joe insisted.

“Good, but if you order me to do it, you will put me in a position to say no to you, Sir. I don’t want to have to do that. Do you think Becky or Candy would tell Harlan no if he told them to jog through the trailer park nude and show their tits to everyone?” she asked him. She was rapidly learning how to play his cock like a musical instrument and she was enjoying it tremendously.

She was giving pleasure without taking any for herself, and that gave her a secret pleasure that was different than she got from masturbation. There was something intimately powerful about the feeling of giving herself to a man that she couldn’t describe or even fully understand yet.

“I think they would tell him to go to hell and ask what was in it for them,” Joe theorized. “I suppose in this shit-hole trailer park no one would probably mind,” he laughed. The trailer park was run-down and filled with trashy people.

Joe secretly suspected his own family had fallen on hard times and tried to make a new start here. He’d never told anyone, not even Barbara. His father hadn’t confirmed it, but he was acting differently lately. Joe had a hunch that everything wasn’t perfect for his parents, and they were struggling to provide the lifestyle they thought their kids deserved.

He’d certainly never admitted to his father that he knew something was up. Their home might be all their father could afford at the moment here, but it was still a comparative mansion and a far cry from where they’d lived before with the way property prices had been in the suburbs of Chicago.

“I think that the only way I’m going to understand how to submit myself is to be put in Becky’s position. I can’t understand what she gets out of it without doing what she does, Sir,” Barbara blew on his cock.

“It’s called a blowjob, but you don’t blow air on the dick,” Joe assured her.

“Oh, sorry, Sir. I thought that might feel good,” Barbara was simply trying a new thing to see how he’d react. She went back to what worked earlier - lovingly kissing his dick.

“So, you want me to make you pop your pussy and wink your asshole at the dinner table?” Joe asked. He loved what his sister was doing now. He wished she could deep throat, but this was great. He wasn’t anywhere close to an orgasm. His sister on her knees with his cock in her mouth was still the perfect, and perhaps only, way he could take this conversation seriously.

“No, of course not, Sir!” Barbara knew her parents would never permit that kind of a spectacle in the house anyway. She explained that while she wanted to experience what Becky was doing, she needed training wheels. That is where clearly defined expectations would come in.

Barbara was an honors student who was incredibly organized. She was class treasurer for her Sophomore class back in Chicago simply because everyone knew she was also the most organized student, and no one else wanted the job. She had a very methodical and analytical mind. She made Joe aware that she could obey clear rules, but vague ones that were just, ‘Do whatever I tell you,’ would only lead to confusion and misunderstandings.

“If we are going to really do this, then we are going to do it right,” Joe assured her. He felt he was getting closer to orgasm. “I don’t want an unthinking robot who mindlessly does whatever I say.”

That offer appealed to Barbara. She knew her brother would help her blossom and embrace this new emerging desire in her – or at the very least allow her to understand what it was she was feeling.

“What happens if you get a boyfriend or change your mind about this?” Joe asked skeptically.

“You could get a girlfriend and lose interest in me too, Sir!” Barbara reminded him and let her lips flutter along the base of his shaft. She saw when Joe’s eye lit up, that it was a trigger for him. She didn’t overdo that technique but she was delighted she could press his buttons with her playful technique.

“No. If we are doing this, I am going to focus on straightening you out and overcoming your shortcomings. I will be your coach and trainer,” Joe assured her. He played sports. The best analogy he had for personal development was a physical and mental coach to train her to become her ideal.

Barbara hadn’t thought about a long term commitment when she brought any of this up. It was all new to her, and she had frankly been surprised Joe would be on board with fulfilling her request to live a fantasy with him in private.

So many questions began to race through her mind, and she started to overthink the offer. She wondered if she would still feel this way about doing this with Joe in the morning. He might get cold feet and change his mind.

Barbara contemplated the possibility that someone might find out about them. She wondered how scandalous that would be and if that might only further cement their relationship or destroy it. She wondered how her parents would process it.

She told her brother that she did not have the answer to that question. They would have to stipulate in their rules how they would deal with it if either one of them decided to stop.

“I don’t think it should be easy to just quit,” Joe assured her.

“Then don’t make it easy for me to just quit, Sir,” Barbara suggested with confidence. She was growing increasingly more aggressive about fitting his hard dick in her mouth. She let the tip play at the top of her throat along her tonsils, even though it made her gag a little.

Joe was soon ready to cum. He cradled his sister’s head and guided her open and willing mouth back and forth on his cock at a medium pace. “You will have to accept me as your Lord and Master,” Joe said as he tilted his head back and shut his eyes.

“Mmmhhhhmmmm,” Barbara agreed. She let her head be guided along the shaft.

“You will have to do things that you are uncomfortable doing simply because I told you to do them,” Joe assured her.

“Mmmhhhhmmmm,” she again agreed.

“Obey me, Without question?” Joe wanted to be certain that his sister understood just what she was agreeing to do for him.

“MMMM!! NNnnnnn!!!!” Barbara clearly refused that last stipulation. Joe permitted his sister to take a deep breath and explain why she wouldn’t.

“I will obey whatever we agree are the rules, but I will question, Sir. If I don’t, I won’t understand what you want me to learn and how far you want me to go,” she looked up him with uncertain eyes. The moonlight twinkled in the blue pools of her eyes, and they looked so soft and desirable.

“Good answer,” Joe tapped her on the nose and pushed her head down on his cock again. “You will get new rules once the training wheels are removed. You will know why and get to agree to them, but I will be the one to make these rules. I will own you, Sis!” he assured her.

The phrase “I will own you, Sis,” was forever etched into his sister’s mind. Not just because it was the moment her brother’s hot spunk was released into her throat but because it brought new chills to her spine. The reality of all of this talk had dawned on her. She had committed to do this, and it wasn’t just a game or a fantasy when he said those words.

The timing of his spunk served to make it feel official – like it symbolized her willingness to become someone’s possession and be owned. She would be valued, but she would be forced to submit, and that made her feel unbound joy. She would forever associate the taste of that first cum blast with the feeling of being newly owned from that moment on.

It was incredibly special, but it was short-lived. Somehow she had put one hand under her blouse and began fingering her nipples. Her pussy was dripping wet, and her jeans were soaked. Her brother’s pants were around his ankles.

They heard voices. Someone was coming down the dark road toward them. They were behind a tree, but in this position, they might be seen. They froze in position. Joe’s buttocks tightened up as he panicked a little. He didn’t want to be caught by a total stranger with his pants down and his dick in his sister’s mouth.

The voices were familiar. He distinctly heard the cackle of Candy followed by the taunting of Becky. He couldn’t hear what they were saying to one another or tell if anyone else was with them.

They only had a minute or so before the pair of sluts might come down the road. They dressed quickly and hid in the bushes then waited in the dark.

**Chapter 5**

Joe gave his sister an encouraging smile as if to say, ‘there are times when caution is best.’ Barbara knew exactly what that look meant and stayed as quiet as possible.

From their hiding spot in the bushes, they finally saw two shadows making their way down the street, but the shadows weren’t those caused by two people walking. As if he knew Barbara was about to make a sound, he covered her mouth with his hand just before she squeaked in surprise.

Becky was just in front of Candy, but neither was walking. It had been what had produced the weird shadows. Their feet led the way, but that was the only normal part. The rest was like something out of a B-grade movie. Both girls were naked, and they were on their hands and feet like animals, but even that was an understatement. Both girls were looking towards the sky, for the most part, bellies up. They were carefully making their way along the street in a sort of reverse crabwalk, only leaning their heads forward so they could ensure they stayed on track.

Both girls had something stuck either in their butts or their pussies, Barbara couldn’t tell which, especially in the dim light. Becky spoke to Crystal as they drew close. She was shocked by their behavior even though she had just left their house.

It was dark on the road, but anyone could have walked out of their trailers, or a car might have passed by suddenly. The fact that she and her brother may have been caught hiding behind the tree was enough to get Barbara’s juices pumping. This was an altogether next level risk, and neither girl seemed to sweat the possibility of being exposed this way.

The way they waddled with their bellies facing upward toward the moon was impressive to Joe. Candy’s natural tits jiggled like two jelly-filled sacks on her chest. It was her plump belly with her oversized extended belly button that drew his eye.

Becky also looked so hot. Her long blonde hair was trailing under her. Joe could see her nipples were hard from where he was hiding, thirty feet away!

“I give you a head start because you are pregnant. Now I am ahead of you!” Becky taunted her aunt, “Ready to give it up yet?”

“Pity is for the weak, Beck! The bet was to the stop sign. I’m just drafting you like they do in Nascar!” Candy replied confidently.

“That’s football, dumbass, and no one’s picking you anyway!”

“No, I mean, I’m staying out of the wind by following you, smarty pants!”

“If you hadn’t noticed, I’m not wearing pants, and YOU’RE the one who’s going to feast on my stinky carrot when I win! Why’d you have to bet you could crawl upside down like this anyway? It would have been a hundred times easier to crawl on our hands and knees,” Becky complained.

“And get road rash on my tits and belly? No thanks! Besides, my feet are better suited to all the rocks and shit on this road. It would have been a knee-killer for sure!” Candy panted. It was clear she was on her last legs in this unexpected and unusual race.

“Just give it up, slut, and admit that anything you can do, I can do better!” Becky gloated.

“That will be the day, cunt muffin!” the girls continued on into the darkness past the trailers where Joe and Barbara had hidden.

“Are you going to make me do THAT?” Barbara asked her brother with a broad grin on her face. What those two sluts had done was so spectacularly over the top that both Joe and Barbara couldn’t stop grinning about how hilarious it was to witness.

“I am not going to MAKE you do anything. I don’t MAKE monkeys, I train them,” Joe reminded her of something Harlan said earlier in response to one of their questions.

“Well, let’s say I refuse an order? What will you do, Sir?” Barbara was pie-eyed as she considered all the what-if scenarios that might happen if she committed herself to her brother’s instructions.

He said that would depend on the situation and the number of times she had refused. Joe hadn’t had time to consider all the possible variables to give her an exact answer.

The vagueness of his response made Barbara’s stomach quiver nervously. It was scary not to have an answer. She wanted Joe to have a plan, and despite it being unrealistic, he could have thought of one so quickly she could have it right now. It was the unknowns that were giving her the most fear about whether or not she had made a tremendous mistake asking Joe to start this with her.

Joe could tell his sister was uneasy. He knew her better than anyone. They’d grown up together through thick and thin. He’d always looked out for his little sister. His sister was smarter than him when it came to books, but Joe was calm and confident.

He assured his sister that if he gave her an answer without thinking about it, she wouldn’t like it.

“How do you know, Sir?” Barbara asked playfully. Her eyes twinkled when she smiled like that, and Joe liked that expression on his sister’s face. He’d never thought about her as a sexual person before. She’d always been his pretty sister, but he never thought about her as a woman with desires and sexual needs. It was just something he didn’t think about. That had changed after that incredible blowjob she gave him. He was seeing his sister in a new light, and she was seeing him the same way.

Joe told her that she craved stability and a plan. He assured her he would give her one but that he didn’t want to throw up some half thought out strategy only to have to change it all.

Barbara appreciated his honesty and thanked him. She apologized for being so antsy but reiterated that she was dying to know what he WANTED her to do. “It may help to know what you are thinking the rules should be, Sir,” she teased.

In a way, she was topping from the bottom. The two of them were so new to BDSM that they had no idea what that term meant. It meant that the submissive was trying to assert some authority over the dominant.

In another way, they were collaborating partners in establishing the boundaries to living out their mutual fantasy. Barbara offered to write out the rules and keep them organized if he would tell her his thoughts.

The two of them went in the opposite direction that Candy and Becky were going once they were positive the girls were far enough away that the two of them wouldn’t be noticed. They laughed a lot about what they saw. “You even asked if Harlan would make them go outside naked!” Joe chuckled.

“He doesn’t MAKE monkeys, he just trains them,” they both said simultaneously. It was obvious the girls had concocted that bet themselves, and Harlan was something of a referee.

“Will you be making little bets with me as we go, Sir?” Barbara asked. She frequently forgot to call him Sir, but she always remembered when it was time to ask him a question.

“I am not sure what we’d bet on. I own you, remember? What have you got to offer me that I don’t already possess?” Joe asked.

Barbara acknowledged he had a point. “You could offer me a treat – something you don’t normally let me have, Sir,” she suggested.

“Yes, or I could make you do something that is outside of the normal rules just once – if you lose a bet?” Joe asked.

Barbara didn’t have to answer the question. She thought that was fair. “We could bet for time?” Barbara suggested.

“Time?” Joe didn’t understand what his sister was suggesting.

“You know, like I have to become your slave for four extra hours that day or something?” She suggested sheepishly. Barbara was blushing from ear to ear for being so forward with her suggestion.

“Oh no, you are my slave 24 hours a day,” Joe patted his sister on the butt while they walked. It felt good to him to just pat her on the butt because he felt like it. The thought would never have occurred to him to do that before tonight, but now it seemed almost natural. Barbara didn’t stop him or complain - she smiled.

“Okay, that is true, Sir, but like there is Barbara time when I have to be a good girl around school and my parents. Then there is naughty time when I am whatever pet name you come up with for me. I could offer you more of that time if I lose the bet?” She suggested.

Joe hadn’t thought about how much time she’d spend as his slave like that. When she first suggested the idea, he assumed she meant she’d obey him all the time. He told her that, and even as he said it, he realized that may work in a fantasy scenario, but in reality, they would need to be discreet. His parents would probably flip out.

“You don’t want to be shy, reserved, judgmental, or small-minded. That means you have to change outwardly. If no one notices you’ve changed for the better, then I am not doing my job,” Joe smiled at her.

Barbara nodded and acknowledged that was the goal. It was just so frightening to think of going completely into the deep end and living as her brother’s possession openly. It seemed to the two of them that they were at an impasse – reality may make their fantasy no longer a possibility.

“Here is my deal with you. You have to obey 24 hours a day. There is no off-time for you to backtrack. I’ve seen how Becky acts at school. She is totally different. She acts tough and doesn’t take any shit from anyone. She was downright bubbly and goofy tonight, though!” Joe started.

Barbara was apprehensive but continued to listen to her brother’s idea.

“You will have general rules. These rules are effective at ALL times and no exceptions other than one. If someone notices and COMPLAINS, I will suspend the rule either permanently or temporarily in that situation,” Joe said.

Barbara wasn’t sure what he meant, so she asked for an example.

“If I tell you to wear something sexy and someone complains about what you have on, I may let you put on something a little more like what you USED to wear,” Joe explained.

“Oh? I am getting a whole new wardrobe, Sir?” Barbara seemed delightfully amused by his example.

“You are getting a whole new you. How you dress and act will be a big part of that, are you ready for that, Sis?” he asked.

“Yes, Sir,” she assured her brother. Hearing herself agree out loud made it seem more official in her mind. She could still taste his semen on her breath, and she wanted more. “Are you ready again?” she asked him as she tapped his cock through his jeans.

“Never touch me without my permission again!” Joe held up a finger sternly.

Barbara immediately backed down, but she felt strangely turned on by his refusal to let her choose when to touch him. She would never have been so forward with another boy.

“So, what do I do when it is not general time, Sir?” Barbara asked as the two walked toward their trailer.

“That is pet time, and I am still deciding what the protocol will be and when you must adopt the extra rules. All your general rules will still apply – this will just be even more rules. I will inform you what the rules will be tomorrow and let you review them before you commit to them. I can tell you that you will call me Sir or Master and never by my first name. You will also not touch yourself or me without my permission!” he assured her that would be a rule.

“I am your pet now, am I? I thought I was your possession, Sir?” she asked him playfully.

Joe responded by giving her a hard tap on her juicy little ass. “You are my pet and my possession,” he said, then he patted his sister’s head patronizingly.

She barked a couple times enthusiastically like a happy puppy with a warm smile on her face. “If I can’t touch myself, then what if I have to itch my nose, Master?” Barbara tried out the word Master for the first time. It sounded very unnatural to her. She felt like she was Barbara Eden on I Dream of Jeanie talking to Major Nelson.

“I own your nose. I own your ass. I own your cock hole,” Joe said quite possessively. “You will ask me permission to use MY things. That includes what used to be YOUR things, and you will do so politely!” he said.

“Yes sir!” she said with a candid grin that suggested she was delighted that he was taking this so seriously. She was uneasy at first when she brought it up but now that it was out in the open between them, there felt like there could be no going back on what was promised.

“Will I still be going with Dylan to homecoming, Sir?” Barbara changed the subject.

“Yeah, why wouldn’t you?” Joe seemed surprised she would ask.

“I am your property. It is up to you, Sir”, she offered sweetly. She didn’t want to stand Dylan up, but she had very little interest in pursuing a relationship at this point.

Joe hadn’t given his sister’s social life, much thought. “It’s too late to stand him up, and Dylan is a stand-up guy. You will tell him he has to ask me to date you in the future,” Joe decided.

Barbara would have hated it if her brother told her she couldn’t date Dylan before tonight. Her father had forbidden her from dating in Chicago. She had been a very dutiful and obedient daughter and had agreed. It meant that her boyfriends had very limited times that they could ever see her alone, and it was one of the reasons she had never gone all the way.

Joe was very protective of his little sister, and he would have liked to be able to forbid her from seeing any of those guys back in Chicago too. Many of them were friends of his.

Now that she was his pet and plaything, his protectiveness took on a new dimension. He owned her, so it was only natural that anyone would have to ask his permission to go out with her.

“Are we going to tell Dylan about our arrangement, Sir?” Barbara asked coyly. She wasn’t sure who was going to find out about the changes she was going to be making. She knew she’d have to change her behavior, but she wasn’t sure if anyone would ever discover that it was her brother who was pulling her strings.

“Why wouldn’t we? He bosses his little sister around, doesn’t he?” Joe shrugged.

“Not at school, Sir. I’ve seen her call him all sorts of naughty names,” she admitted.

“What names?” Joe asked.

“You know the kind of names, Sir,” Barbara may have just sucked her first cock but talking dirty was not in her wheelhouse. She seldom cussed and never around her parents.

“I want to hear you say them, slut. You are my slut, and you will talk like a slut,” Joe insisted.

“Cock sucker, Dumb shit, Turd Biter, Gaylord, Motherfucker and Shit-Talking Redneck Dipshit, Master,” Barbara rattled off the profanity in the sweetest, most innocent voice of a perfect angel.

It sounded so wrong coming out of his sister’s mouth, but Joe’s dick throbbed a little when he heard her talk nasty.

“She said all that to just her brother?” Joe seemed shocked. He’d heard Becky talk some shit to people, but he hadn’t paid attention to all of it.

“That’s just the ones I overheard, Master,” Barbara said. The word Master sounded a little more natural when she said it a third time.

Joe didn’t seem to tire of her calling him Master or Sir. He enjoyed it. They only had a few more feet to go before they reached the gate to their new home, or ‘mansion’ as Becky had called it.

They’d both smiled at that reference. It was a truly middle-class home, not a mansion at all. Their mother had been SO disappointed when she’d first seen it, but their dad had insisted he was going to be relatable to the ‘common folk’ as he called regular people and had told their mother to suck it up. At least it had a pool!

“Can I ask which you like better? Becky or his aunt Candy, Sir?” Barbara changed the subject again.

“Oh? You sound a little jealous there, sis,” Joe raised his eyebrows in mock surprise that he was being asked that question.

“It doesn’t seem fair that you won’t have a date for the dance, and I will, Master. I was thinking you might want to ask Becky to the Homecoming, Sir? But if you liked Candy more...” Barbara truly was coming out of her shell. She seemed a little jealous, and she was being more than inquisitive about her brother’s preferences.

“They both have nice pussies,” Joe admitted as he thought about her question. “Candy is like ten years older than me and seven months pregnant,” he shrugged.

“That doesn’t answer the question though, Master,” Barbara reminded him with an impish twinkle in her eye while repeating the word pussy in her head over and over. Her brother had casually compared two women’s pussies right in front of her!

“I would fuck both of them, but I feel like they’d rob me and leave me tied me up in the woods after we finished,” Joe admitted honestly.

The lights were on at their house when they arrived. It was still reasonably early, even though it was dark outside. They wouldn’t be in trouble, but Barbara’s jeans were still lightly stained from when she got wet earlier. She tried to rub it off as they strolled up the front path. She got a little nervous and apprehensive as if her parents might realize what they had been up to.

“Just relax, my pet! Come to my room after we say hello to mom and dad, and I’ll start your inspection and go over the commands I want you to commit to memory,” he said.

Barbara’s blue eyes widened with adoration for her brother. The words he was using sounded so certain of himself and decisive.

“Yes, Master,” she whispered as they walked onto their porch and to the ornate front door with its oval stained glass window.

Maybe that’s why Becky thinks of it as a mansion, Joe wondered to himself. It WAS the most ostentatious feature of the otherwise fairly plain home.

Barbara got lucky once they got inside. Their mother was in the kitchen baking, and she simply called out to them that they should have called if they were going to be late. “I worry, and it’s dark outside, Barbara. If you hadn’t been with your brother, I would have called the police already!” She assured them from the other room.

She didn’t bother to come out and confront them, implicitly trusting that Joe would never let anything bad happen to his sister. Her lack of concern reminded Joe of her words when they’d first arrived, when she’d assured them both that the advantage of living in the country was that it was mercifully, still a place where no one needed to lock their doors.

Joe found it funny that despite her assurances, their mother still treated Barbara like she was a ten year old unless she was with him and that only then did she act like she had absolutely nothing to worry about.

He wondered if his mother would accept Barbara leaving the house with him in a short tight dress that showed off her legs if Joe proclaimed her to be appropriately dressed. He figured that would have to be one of his own initial goals. He’d never taken sides before when his mother had announced that Barbara couldn’t leave the house before changing into something more conservative.

Even some of her long jeans, their mother had frowned at, as if trying to find fault with them for being ‘too tight’ or ‘too provocative.’ Joe’s mother would probably have dressed Barbara in a nun’s habit if their father hadn’t overridden her. At least their dad liked to see his daughter dressed like a normal teen even if he was as overprotective as their mother in other ways.

Joe had never wondered what it had been like to be Barbara growing up. He’d just never had reasons to until now, but suddenly he realized that part of Barbara’s problem was their parents’ influence over her. Their mother wanted Barbara to be just like her, and their father thought no one was good enough to associate with her - except Joe.

“Where’s dad?” Barbara asked, looking into the living room. She had positioned herself so her dad would only have seen her top half over the back of the couch.

“He had to go back into the plant. Some emergency or other,” they both heard the disapproval in their mother’s voice. “Have you eaten already? I made pot roast, but I imagine you’ve already had something by now,” she added, having assumed Joe wouldn’t allow his sister to starve, and they hadn’t demanded dinner the moment they’d come in.

Their younger siblings were upstairs in their rooms. Kevin was probably lost in a world of online video games, trolling forty-year-old men for their inability to play Fortnite properly. Ariel, or ‘Pinkerbell’ as she was affectionately known, was probably in her room playing with her barbies or writing fan letters to the members of One Direction.

Their father had immediately nicknamed Ariel as Tinkerbell because she’d been so small as a newborn. When Ariel had learned to speak, she’d been unable to pronounce the ‘T’ in Tinkerbell and had proudly called herself Pinkerbell to anyone who would listen, totally ignoring her mother’s correction that her name was Ariel. The nickname had stuck with everyone except their mother and Joe. He still called her Ariel.

Joe shrugged and grinned at Barbara. One less parent to worry about. They’d all admitted they liked the idea of their father being home more, but things had certainly changed in the last hour or two and now one less parent to worry about was a relief.

“Yeah, we’ve already had something. Barbara even got dessert,” he chuckled, thinking of the load he’d fed her. “Hey mom? I’m going to help Barbara with some homework, okay? Do you mind keeping it down in there so we can concentrate?” He called into the kitchen, knowing his mother would find the humor in her own words being reflected back to her. He hoped his mom would take the hint and not disturb them too.

Once in the relative safety of his room with the door safely locked, he turned to Barbara. “Okay, sis, inspection time!” Joe had been looking forward to this since his sister’s amazing request.

“What exactly IS an inspection?” Do I have to get on the floor and pretend to be your puppy? You liked that, didn’t you, Master?” She asked, already dropping to her knees.

“No, not right now. I need to see what I’m working with. Take your clothes off!” Joe demanded.

Barbara looked at the locked door as if imagining her mother coming through it at any moment anyway. “I thought we needed to have rules first, Sir?” She said it partly to stall, but partly because she needed rules. That and the fact that no one had seen her naked since she was a little girl playing under the sprinklers, too young to worry about being naked.

Joe wanted to tell her that she’d seen him, so it was only fair that she showed him herself too. Instead, he took a different tack. “You’ll never get over your shyness if you can’t even stand to show your owner what you look like naked, now can you?” He asked condescendingly. “Anyway, how can I come up with rules before I know what I’m working with? That’s like saying there has to be lots of backseat room when you’re car shopping, and you get there, and they only sell sports cars. Come on, strip! I’m going to spank your bottom once for every second it takes you!” He threatened with a smile.

Barbara’s eyes got large. “Will you really spank me,” she asked, reaching for her top to peel it off. It was the first time Joe had actually told her he’d be disciplining her, and she felt a tingle go down her spine right to her hoo-ha.

“Of course! A liberal application of pain will remind you that you have goals to meet. You’ve already said you plan to refuse me sometimes, so of course, there has to be consequences. If I’m not pushing you, you won’t change. If I don’t punish you, there’s no reason you won’t pick and choose when to obey me,” he laughed as if she had asked a ridiculous question.

Barbara had asked because she wanted to hear him say it. Then she couldn’t help herself from asking, “how often will I be spanked? Her words sounded breathless to her own ears. She wasn’t sure if she wanted her brother to know just yet how excited the idea made her. Not the pain, of course. She didn’t like pain, but being taken to task and put over Joe’s knee for things she’d always taken for granted in the past. Her sweet little pussy got damp, just imagining it.

She was now standing in front of her brother wearing her hello kitty panties and plain white bra. She was suddenly glad she wasn’t wearing her padded bra today. Her mother had purchased it for her but then made her wear baggy sweaters over the top so that her lady bumps weren’t too obvious.

Her mother’s contradictions had long since ceased being a source of consternation to her. She just did as she was told. But now she was facing her brother - an actual man - in just her underwear, feeling totally vulnerable and at the same time, very turned on as she drank in the situation as much as Joe was doing with her barely covered body.

“Clock’s still ticking, sis,” he reminded her after a few seconds of contemplation.

“You want me to ... you know, go all the way?” She asked breathlessly.

“You’re not naked yet, and I did stipulate you show me what you look like naked, remember? By my count, you’re already up to thirty spanks!”

Barbara slipped her panties down and off then, with practiced precision, had her bra removed before she could even stop to think about it. Still, her hands found their way to cover the good stuff as if by themselves.

“New rule. No covering the goods, sis. This is NOT the time to be shy! Hands at your sides, feet apart. Back straight and tits out!” He ordered.

For a moment, Barbara thought he was making fun of her, telling her to stick her boobs out. She had always been more self-conscious of her bust than any other part of her body. She was barely a B-cup. Becky had massive titties compared with her. Then it occurred to her that Joe really did just want a good look. She’d seen herself nude countless times in the mirror but only alone in her room.

This was the first time a male had seen her naked. Her sex throbbed as she adopted the stance Joe had ordered. Part of her hoped Joe would strip too. She wanted to see him naked just as much as he seemed to enjoy looking at her. Maybe he’d order her to suck his thing again? Maybe he’d want to put it in her pussy? She absolutely melted at the thought of her brother, slipping it into her cunt.

She melted more, just thinking the dirty word for a woman’s vagina in her head. If her mother had known, she would have had her mouth washed out with soap for even thinking the naughty word. She desperately needed to have a shower and use the spray wand, but Joe had already told her she couldn’t touch herself. Was showering going to be a loophole, she wondered.

“Next rule. No panties or bras in the house. If I have to, I’ll make a stink about it when mom or dad say something about you being braless. The house is supposed to be a place of refuge from having to torture your tits with tight bondage. I think there are medical conditions that are caused by too much chest constriction for prolonged periods, and anyway, if there’s bondage to be done, it’ll be ME that does it!” He laughed. “Just say your boobs are getting bigger, but you don’t want to trouble mom for new bras just yet. She’ll love that you’re thinking about saving money.”

“Tell me what rules we have so far,” Joe insisted she list off the rules they had implemented so far, mostly to remind him of what they were and inspire him to add more.

His sister summarized the general rules that would be consistent all of the time. Many of them were inspired by their trip to Dylan Simmon’s trailer. She would need to change her lifestyle and behavior and become more outgoing, bubbly, and slutty. The “Pet Mode” was still fairly open-ended and ill-defined.

He would be giving her a pet name and challenging her to behave submissively. His mind was spinning with the possibilities. He desperately wanted to read about BDSM relationships online to help guide him. He also wanted to put his own spin on what he felt his sister was asking for and what she really needed.

Joe knew that he was pretty vanilla, and his rules would be tame compared to the rules Barbara and her family lived by, but he didn’t care. He was looking at his naked sister, and in moments, he’d be giving her forty-five swats on her unprotected bottom. He just didn’t know if that’d be before or after he took a good long look at her pussy and asshole. Even the girlfriends he’d had sex with had hid their bottom holes from his gaze.