**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 6**

My pulse was racing. There were so many unknowns to the questions I had. I didn’t even know what questions I should really be asking. Tonight I asked my brother to take control of my life, my destiny, and my body. I asked him to shape me into something other than the silly girl who was obsessed with rules, timeliness, and order.

There were new desires awakening in me – very perverted and delicious desires. I was feeling curious about exploring all of them and timid about admitting it. I was still unsure of myself and where my new quest of self-discovery would lead me. All I knew for certain was that my brother had taken the role of my keeper, guardian, and now Master quite seriously.

I pleaded with him to let me shower and freshen up before he began what he was calling my inspection. My pussy was soaked. I’d never been this turned on before. The last time I even came close was accidentally discovering the go-cart motors at the Family Fun Center in Chicago vibrated in ways that sent shivers down my spine.

My nipples were so hard they literally ached, and any time my brother tweaked or pinched them, he was rough. Joe wasn’t being mean or brutal with me. He treated me like a specimen to be studied. My brother pulled my nipples and seemed to be measuring them – testing their elasticity. It was playful and curious and a little painful. I loved it.

“I am sorry I’ve got such small tits, Master” I was not proud of my chest. My little sister was already blooming compared to me. I had nothing hanging down like Becky or Candy.

“I love your mosquito bites!” Joe smiled. He said he loved how puffy my nipples were, and he bit one of them. I was not used to be handled like a rag doll. Most boys would have asked before they bit me but not Joe. He just did it, and that secretly thrilled me. I think he could tell from my face how excited I was.

This was all new to both of us. We were both clearly afraid to say everything we were thinking. I knew Joe was trying to seem experienced, and like he already had a journey map for where we were going. That was for my benefit because I am so much like my mother. I love to plan our family vacations, and I thrive on knowing where we are going before we leave.

My father says he plans all day at work, so he prefers to be more spontaneous when we go on vacation. It drives me and my mother bananas.

Joe stuck his finger inside my pussy. “This cunt is NOT a hooha - not anymore! It is just a cunt! A slit, a cock hole, a cum hole. What is this called, Barbara?” He asked me.

I felt so dirty saying the word cunt out loud. I was afraid to hear it escape my lips. I was worried my mother would hear and come into the room.

“Say it louder,” my brother insisted as he wriggled his finger inside of me. No boy would have dared just reach out and play with my pussy even in the heat of my most passionate makeout session. I’ve not had many, but they were always in the dark, and he had to work at it to finally get my permission to go this far. Joe just dug in with his finger like a worm claiming its hole. He tapped my clit and said that it looked like it was telescopic. I have three folds coming out of my clit that end in the tender part of my nub.

“Cunt, Master” I said. He told me that I did well and to never call my pussy a hooha again.

“You may as well get used to being naked in my room. You are never to wear clothes in here,” he said.

“What if Ariel or Kevin come in, Sir?” I wondered out loud. I didn’t want to even suggest the possibility of our parents walking in on us. My father never visited me in my room. My mom usually knocked, but on laundry day, if I was sleeping in, she might. I wasn’t sure if she would afford my brother the same level of privacy. My mom tends to hang around and snoop quite a bit into our lives. She means well, but she is tenacious about it.

“I am sure Ariel has seen you change before?” he asked. I shook my head that she hadn’t. We’ve always had our own rooms. The Simmons family lived in close quarters and were probably used to seeing each other naked for convenience reasons. It just wasn’t something my sister or even my mother and I had ever done since I was little.

“I will give that some thought,” Joe said. I didn’t want to pressure him to have all the answers, but I desperately WANTED the answers now before we started and made a mistake we couldn’t erase. If we were caught without an explanation I couldn’t imagine having to confess to my parents that I was my brother’s willing trainee sex-slave.

“I am sure Kevin would get an education on the birds and the bees and female anatomy,” Joe said as he slipped his finger out of my pussy and pushed it into my mouth so that I could suck it clean for him. I wasn’t used to tasting myself, but I have to admit I liked the flavor of my pussy. “I am certainly enjoying it!”

My eyes grew wide with the hint that Kevin could ever see me like this. It was one thing for my older brother to control me. I didn’t want to be Kevin’s toy as well. He was immature and gross! Joe was just winding me up – at least that is what I told myself.

He pulled my ass cheeks apart roughly. I apologized that I probably smelled sweaty. He told me not to worry about it and that was part of why he wanted to assess me without letting me shower first. “I want to see the real you. I want to drink you in, I want to smell you, I want to taste you,” he assured me. Joe placed his lips at the base of my pussy lips under my anus and gave me a sweet kiss that tickled my spine straight to my brain.

“I like how polite you are, sis,” Master began tapping my butthole. It quivered and puckered for him. “You are a real tight ass, you know that, sis?”

“Yes, Master,” my face was turning red. I was mortified. I’d never considered the butt to have any sexual implications, until tonight. The girls winked their assholes, and the men seemed fascinated that they were willing to expose such a private part of their bodies. I was fascinated that they were so willing to, but for different reasons. It was something I would never have even considered showing a man. I didn’t know guys would want to see the place I used, to do my business.

“This is your shit hole, your cum hole, your asshole, I’ll even let you say butt hole, but I don’t want to hear any baby words for it,” My brother insisted as he tapped my dry butthole. It was so impossibly taboo to imagine anyone touching me there and demanding I call it a vulgar word.

“You asked me to train you as a three-hole whore. Is that what you still want?” He asked me to tell him I still wanted this.

I remembered Harlan calling his wife a three hole whore. I hadn’t explicitly said that was what I wanted to be. I had implied that I wanted to obey my brother, though. “If that is what you think is best for me, Master?” I answered, shivering in anticipation and lust at the idea that I’d do it because it’s what Joe wanted.

The thrill of admitting that I wanted to be trained as a plaything and to have all of my holes used and filled washed over me like a wave followed by the anticipation he would either tell me I was a nasty bitch or that he wanted me that same way.

Joe didn’t respond right away. I couldn’t see his face because he was squatting behind me staring up at my asshole and playing with it. I wondered if I had said something wrong. I was afraid I should have said simply told him yes.

“Good answer,” he finally replied. I felt something other than a finger slide into my asshole. I’ve been to the doctor before and had pelvic and proctology exams. It was never pleasant and certainly not pleasurable to be poked and prodded in my private places by a doctor. I realized my brother had inserted a sharpie marker into my butt.

“That’s it, just relax your sphincter. Don’t fight it!” he said as he worked it in and out. I apologized profusely that my cunt was dripping now more than ever, my own apology embarrassing me even more as I listened to myself apologizing for oozing my juices. All I could smell was my own hoo ... pussy!

“I bet Candy could fit at least thirty of these in that nasty asshole of hers. Do you think you could ever fit thirty in yours?” he asked.

“No, sir,” I replied breathlessly. I imagined thirty magic markers packed up my asshole, and it seemed incredibly wild. I was so confused – did Joe want me to be like Candy and Becky? Did he want me to be something else but capable of the same physical acts as them?

“Does it hurt?” Master asked as he tapped the marker and seated it firmly into my asshole.

“Yes, Sir,” I lied. It didn’t really hurt. It was just so new to have something poked into my asshole that I assumed it would.

“Do you like it?” he asked. It was a curious question considering that I just told him it hurt.

“Yes, Master,” I admitted. It did feel kind of good – like I was full.

“I will have to see how long we can leave it in. Your hole training begins tonight,” he promised. Joe reached between my legs and grabbed a tuft of my pubic hair. “This will be shaved soon. I want all the hair off your body except for your head. That includes all this peach fuzz on your butt cheeks.”

I didn’t even realize I had peach fuzz on my ass. He told me that my cheeks reminded him of a Georgia peach because they had cute dimples. I felt like Joe was sizing me up like I was to be his meal. It felt like my brother wanted to consume me. There was something terrifying and simultaneously electrifying about being the sheep under the wolf’s gaze.

I felt like I was his prey, and he had caught me, and now he could do whatever he wanted with me. It was deeply satisfying. It helped that Joe was saying all the right things. This was as new to him as it was to me. My brother’s decisiveness made this all feel like a natural conclusion to our evening and not an awkward sexual encounter.

Our evening was far from concluded. Joe retrieved some household objects while showing me the ready position. “This is so you will be ready for anything I want,” he said. He made me stick my chest out – as much as I could. He left the magic marker in my ass. He had me spread my legs and put my hands behind my head. I naturally interlaced my fingers as I cradled the back of my skull. It felt strangely appropriate to stand this way.

He said that this is how I will get into the mindset of being ready to do as I am told. I wasn’t sure if he’d ever tell me to do this at school or out of his room. Would I have to do it fully dressed too?

Then he left me in his room. I could have stopped holding the position and nosed through my brother’s things. I assumed that was what Candy or Becky would do if they were unsupervised in the same position. I held the position while he looked around the house.

I was surprised with what he brought back. He applied rubber bands to my nipples and wound them tightly to force my nipples to constrict. It felt amazing. I could not close my mouth while my brother bound my tits.

My mother usually does our laundry. She asks me to help and I do when asked. Even though we have a state of the art washer and dryer, she likes to hang certain clothes on a clothesline in our backyard. She says the fresh air and sunlight makes them feel fresher than dryer sheets. It was the only reason Joe had been able to come up with wooden clothespins – the kind with little jagged teeth that bite.

Joe snapped two of them over the rubber bands on my nipples, and when they sunk their wooden teeth into me, I hissed.

“Does that hurt?” he asked.

“Hell yes, Master,” I closed my eyes tightly and had to work against the urge to flick them straight back off again.

“Good. Pain is part of the training process. If everything was pleasure, then it would be me serving you. I like how you look with these on,” Joe said. He made me open my eyes and look at him. The pain was fleeting, and I’d dealt with it. After he said that, I felt more comfortable and even gazed at them as if appreciating new jewelry.

Then he applied a clothespin to the hood of my clit – the telescoping skin flaps at the top of my pussy lips. OMG! I nearly fainted. I thought I would scream or panic, but instead, I creamed myself. I had what had to be the first endless orgasm of my life. I got weak in the knees and gushed.

My brother couldn’t contain his laughter. He said it was unexpected but a good sign. “I think that may not be a punishment after all. It’s a good thing I plan to give you the rules tomorrow,” he chuckled.

My brother made me hold my mouth open while he examined my teeth. I was proud when he said there were no cavities. I asked him why he was looking at my mouth.

“You are a three-hole whore and you are my property. I am going to look over every crevice of your body tonight. I want to see your boogers, your tonsils, your guts. I am taking a look under the hood. Is this not what you wanted?” he asked.

I felt like I could have told him it wasn’t, and this would all abruptly end. “It is what I wanted, Master. Is it what you want?” I asked him.

Joe looked amused by my question. “That remains to be seen,” he laughed.

My brother was testing my limits and boundaries. He was testing what might break me. He wanted to see what turned me on and what turned me off. I knew that much. I wasn’t sure if he WANTED me broken, but I trusted him to do what needed to be done.

It was an implicit trust yet it made me uncomfortable because I wanted to know what was coming, and the fear of the unknown was pushing my buttons in all of the wrong ways. Fear was the biggest obstacle to my trust.

I’ve skinned my knee before when I was little, and I didn’t like that pain. The humiliation of being examined was so different. It wasn’t pain, and yet it was pain – sublime in that I felt obligated to endure it and happy to meet with his approval.

The discomfort of standing exposed with a marker up my ass and clothespins on my nipples and clit was hard to describe. I suppose you could call it pain. It wasn’t skinned knee pain. It was like “good pain” if there is such a thing.

Joe told me that endorphins were kicking in and that was probably why I was smiling when I should have been frowning.

Master spanked my bottom with the flat of his hand. The slap surprised me and I flinched out of the way defensively.

“You want discipline, and yet you can’t take a simple slap on the ass?” he asked.

I offered my brother my butt again and said I hadn’t been ready that first time – this was all new to me. I pouted a little like my little sister might have when she was being precocious about making a mistake.

“That’s why you are in the ready position. This spanking won’t kill you. Can you take another knowing how bad it feels? How strong is your commitment to change?”

“Do it again, Master! Please?” I begged and kept my hands behind my head.

Master spanked my butt cheeks. They jiggled and closed around the marker. I tightened my muscles.

I could tell that Joe was just as in the dark about this as I was. The boundaries I had asked him for made no sense to him at first. He felt like a slave would do whatever she was told and needed no defined boundaries.

I wanted it to be that simple but I was not sure either of us were mature enough to know implicitly where the line should be drawn. I had no idea what I could take and what I couldn’t take and I am sure Joe didn’t either.

He removed the sharpie from my ass. It had a little poopy on it. He put it in my mouth. I grabbed it and pulled out immediately. “What are you doing, Sir?” I gasped as I stared at the little fudge stain on the tip of the marker.

“Becky and Candy licked clean whatever had been in their ass,” he said. I didn’t see them do that, but I hadn’t been watching as carefully as he had.

“Maybe they’d had an enema beforehand, Master?” I suggested. I wasn’t angry, but my pulse was racing more than ever. I am familiar with enemas and definitely don’t like them.

The grandmother I am named for, used to give them to me on a weekly basis when I was a little girl.

“They look like they are too lazy to use toilet paper unless someone tells them,” Joe said. He was right – the girls probably would lick anything, including a sex toy that had been in their pussies or asses.

Without further complaint I opened my mouth and put the marker back between my lips. It wasn’t the worst thing I had ever tasted. The thought was what disgusted me the most.

“I was just about to tell you that you didn’t have to do that but I am glad that you did. Gold star for you!” he approved.

I wish he hadn’t said that. I am driven to get extra credit, gold stars, bonus points when I am in school. If there was a born teacher’s pet, I am it. I’ve had to work hard not to seem like a brown noser try-hard around other students.

I used to be quite shocked other students didn’t see my efforts to stand out in the class as a positive. I still crave the constant approval of my teacher and gold stars is one way to get it. I wanted more than ever for my brother to make rules for me that included opportunities to earn those gold stars. I’d even take a silver star and a smiley face sticker if that was all I deserved.

I realized I wanted to be judged and I wanted that judgment to be fair and honest. I needed it – the validation. It was something I craved, and it was probably what was making me associate that feeling I had in class with the sexual thoughts I was having toward my older brother now.

“Eight more swats tonight, and I’ll spread them out, okay? You know I have to test my own resolve too because I really don’t want to damage my sister but if I stop when you shed your first tear, I’ll be failing myself as well as you, too.”

“I’ll be good, sir, I promise. But I can’t promise not to scream or cry. I’ll take my punishment for you, sir and even though you won’t know it, I’ll be happy I got through it. For you.”

“Oh, I’ll know, sis. We’ll both know that each of us is proving to the other that we love each other. You’re doing it to show you love me enough to let me, and I’m doing it because I love you enough to let you suffer in order to get what you want. If I didn’t believe you were serious, I’d refuse to spank you at all because you’re the best sister ever.”

“So, do you really have to spank me at all?”

“Absolutely, sis. If I just told you to be more outgoing and less shy, you couldn’t do it. If you know the consequences of failing me, you’ll try harder.”

I wanted gold stars, not punishments. I frowned, but I conceded his point that there should be consequences to failure. It would help me get over my fears if I knew that I would be getting punished if I failed to please.

“I’ll be a good girl, Master, I promise! But the spanking hurts a lot, you know.”

“Don’t be TOO good then. I like spanking you,” he laughed and gave me another. My ass cheeks jiggled. My brother was putting a spin on his swats with his hand and they really stung. In a way it felt good though. Still, I could feel my ass was already turning pink.

“I may have to spank you just to keep you in the right mindset. I am not sure yet, but I feel like you need maintenance spankings!” Joe said.

That sounded strangely satisfying to me. I did have some apprehension about whether or not we were both just horny and excited tonight, and if the feelings of submission would wane once my body was satisfied.

Although confusing, it felt somehow comforting to hear him say I would have to accept being spanked for no specific reason. That was something I could much more easily accept if I knew I hadn’t done anything wrong to deserve it. I told him that would be a good idea, and he spanked my butt again.

“That’s my girl! I knew you were tougher than you look. Look at you being all brave. I’m so proud of you, sis.”

“I don’t feel very brave, Master. Knowing how much it’s going to hurt makes me want to wet myself in fear. But you’re right too. I can’t be trained if I don’t think my trainer is committed to doing what it takes to push me. Please don’t let me wimp out tomorrow. I’ll make a promise to you. If I don’t ask for a spanking by myself tomorrow, you’ll double it?”

I could sense my brother’s pleasure when I made the offer. At least, I assumed it was pleasure. His silence was difficult to read. He may have been worried I was too excited. I felt like so much of this was my idea.

I wondered if I should be making promises and suggestions. I was just trying to help him, and I told him that. I wanted to be honest with my brother about what I needed and wanted. The problem was that I didn’t really know, and I was secretly enjoying this spanking more than I let on.

“If you remember to ask, I’ll do it, then I’ll fuck you. If you don’t, I’ll double the punishment, and you can only suck my dick without getting pleasure for yourself. Deal?”

We’d never talked about him fucking me. It was implied, I suppose, but it seemed like such a jump from oral sex. I was still a virgin!

“I am not on the pill, Master!” I exclaimed. The very real possibility of pregnancy entered my mind and I panicked.

“I never said I would use your cunt, Sis,” he slapped my butt.

Did he mean to fuck my ass? Why was I not refusing to consider that possibility.

“I will remember to ask to be spanked, Master!” I promised. I liked sucking his cock. I liked it a lot. I didn’t mind the sharpie, and I assumed I’d probably like being fucked in the ass, too.

Master demanded another blowjob before finalizing my inspection for the night. He told me that soon he would start tying me up at night so that I couldn’t play with myself. “You are my toy, and nobody plays with my toy without my permission,” he reminded me.

Master kissed me right on my mouth after I swallowed his cum. I’ve kissed and been kissed before, but this was the kiss of ownership. I’d NEVER experienced anything even remotely like the kiss I received from my Master. His lips were hungry, and his tongue even pushed its way into my mouth without my express consent. I nearly creamed myself right then!

He didn’t cum as much as the first time he shot a load in my throat, and I suddenly wondered if he’d tasted his own cum when he’d owned my mouth with his. He never said anything, nor did he make a face. He seemed pleased by my responsiveness, though.

It was so surreal to kiss my brother. We opened our mouths slightly, and his tongue brushed my teeth. I opened my mouth to allow his tongue in. He sucked my breath out and then pushed his tongue into my mouth. It was like he was invading me – filling me like my mouth was a pussy, and his tongue was a dick thrusting in and out.

We hugged for a while. I was still naked, and he had his pants down around his ankles. His spit-soaked, flaccid penis was pressed against my thigh.

“In the morning, I want you to awaken me with a blowjob to cement your commitment. You are to come to my room completely naked. Tomorrow, we are going to take your old clothes to goodwill and get you new ones after school,” he insisted as he removed the rubber bands and clothespins.

There was a sudden relief as the blood rushed back into my body, followed by an intense feeling of missing those little tortures applied to my naked body.

I wasn’t sure my mom would go for that. “It may be better if I accidentally wash them with too much bleach and then over-dry them, so they shrink, Sir,” I suggested. I implied that the accident would be intentional.

“Very naughty! The perfect daughter can be sneaky after all,” Joe smiled.

I smiled because he thought I was so perfect until I realized he didn’t mean it as a compliment. He meant that I lived up to all of my mother’s expectations and was rigid in my thinking like she was. I didn’t want to be a shy bookwormish, over-achieving ninny any longer. I wanted to be his three hole whore and I surprised myself by boldly telling him so.

“So now we don’t have to go to Goodwill. Should I prepare an itinerary for places you might like to take me instead? There’s Hot Topic and\_” he cut me off immediately.

“You’re not going to be a high maintenance slut, sis. I’m sure Goodwill has everything I need,” he assured me.

I was instantly disappointed. I’d already begun to imagine the sale racks at TJ Maxx and Pac Sun as well as Hot Topic and Hollister, where I’d seen a dress I could never before now have imagined actually wearing. “If it’s because the big malls are so far away, we could just limit ourselves to Hollister and Kohl’s, Sir. They have good sales and\_” Master interrupted me again.

“New rule, sis. When I say something, I don’t want to have to repeat myself.”

“Yes, Sir,” I agreed, feeling a little ashamed of myself. I’d only tried to be helpful, but obsessive planning was one of the things I’d specifically told him I needed to change about myself.

He sent me to my room. I dashed across the hall into my room. The first time I crossed the hallway naked, it was like this intense fear rode my back until I got into my room. I had not brought my clothes with me. I’d left them in Joe’s room. If my mother checked on me, I wouldn’t be able to explain myself.

I waited until 2am to run to the bathroom. I was too afraid to shower and make enough noise to wake anyone. I didn’t even want to flush after I finished using the toilet but I did. I could not sleep, anyway. I tossed and turned all night. I wrote this journal. I reflected on what I did right and what I did wrong – mostly what I did wrong.

There were so many things I might have done differently. I wouldn’t have been so timid at times. In hindsight, I wondered why I hadn’t just done them. But I knew. I was afraid. I concluded, though, that I wasn’t able to just change my personality and become an ‘Instant-Becky.’ I would need my brother’s guidance. I didn’t think he wanted me to be exactly like her anyway.

I had so many doubts. I wondered if my parents would figure this out and put an end to the deal we had made with each other. I wondered if Dylan would like the new me. I didn’t really care if he did or not, but I thought Joe may see it as a test. If I could please Dylan and his family, then I would please Joe.

**Chapter 7**

That morning Barbara shivered in anticipation. She’d hardly slept a wink. Today was a new day, and she was supposed to wake her brother up with a blowjob. It had almost felt like a dream she was having and she wondered if any of it was still real.

Even if it wasn’t, what if Joe had changed his mind overnight? What if he was regretting what he’d done with her the previous day and no longer wanted to train her? She knew SHE was more motivated than ever to launch herself into her future. The spanking she’d received had been her farewell to her old life but did Joe still feel the same way? Was he really still going to be her Master, or would he send her away in shame?

It wasn’t easy to crack her door and check the hallway while naked. Outside her room was her new life. But the hallway was one she’d looked out into every day for nearly a month, and it didn’t LOOK different OR new. In fact, it looked so much like her old life that she closed her door and reopened it, hoping something was there to give her courage.

If Joe had been behind her right then, he could have pushed her, but right now, she was reliant on her belief that Joe was still as serious about this as she was. Except that she doubted herself. Setting her jaw, she made up her mind. She’d either crash and burn or fly with Joe as her coach, trainer, and Master. Master Joe. ‘Wow. I’m coming, brother, Sir,’ she said to herself, listening intently for any other sounds that seemed out of place in their new home.

The hallway was silent. She took a tentative step out, ready to leap back to the safety of her room if anyone came along. No one did, and she took another step towards her brother’s closed bedroom door, her pussy already starting to swell and moisten at her outrageous behavior.

The last few steps were done at a rush, and she almost threw open her brother’s bedroom door in her haste to get back out of the hallway. Once inside she closed it as silently as she could, then hugged the closed door, feeling the cool wood against her butt. She certainly could have used the knowledge that the door was so cold after the warming her bottom had received at Master Joe’s hands last night.

After a few dozen heartbeats - she needed to get her breathing under control - she took a step away from the door and looked at her new Master. He was sound asleep, his sheet around his ankles, and he was only wearing a pair of boxer shorts. Through the gaping seam at the front, she could barely discern what she knew to be his penis. It was barely visible, but even in the very dim light of the bedroom, she knew exactly what it looked like now.

Barbara took a deep breath to steady her nerves and tentatively reached forward to part the seam in the front of Joe’s boxers even more. Nestled within his curly pubic hair was the object of her gentle search, all shrunken and innocent for the moment. It was the moment of truth, and Barbie found herself feeling precisely as she’d felt under the tree the evening before. She wanted to prove to her brother that she COULD be outgoing and not so delicate.

Her fingers slithered into the gap she’d made and came out with his penis, cradled lovingly in her palm. Even flaccid, it covered all four of her fingers in length. Joe hadn’t even stirred. She must have really worn him out the night before.

Refusing to double guess herself a moment longer, she opened her mouth and enveloped his shrunken shaft between her soft lips, ensuring her teeth didn’t come into contact with his fantastic appendage. ‘An actual cock is in my mouth once again!’ She said to herself in amazement before bringing her tongue to the party.

Within a minute, he’d thickened and lengthened, and he quietly groaned his appreciation for the sensations she was providing even while still asleep. She wondered if he had begun to have a wet dream while she carefully and gently sucked him to full hardness.

Only then did she begin to wonder if she was to wake him with an orgasm or wake him with the motion of her lips and tongue. She’d been sucking so carefully and appreciatively, but her own need was beginning to affect her, and she wanted to touch herself, if even for a moment.

Maybe he’d be okay with it since she was doing what she’d been told to? He’d never know anyway, right? She answered her own question by reluctantly rejecting the idea. Still, her motions quickly became firmer and more urgent. She wanted him awake so he could tell her to play with herself. A shiver ran down her spine at the thought she now needed permission for such a simple act. ‘This is so hot,’ her inner voice agreed with itself.

THE NEW LIFE OF BARBARA NICOLE CHIPMAN

Written by Barbara Nicole Chipman

“Stop!” A softly barked command from Master made me immediately stop my sucking. I had about half of his cock in my mouth. I hadn’t even known he was awake yet!

“Get off me, slut,” Master Joe whispered gruffly.

My worst nightmare had come true. Joe was rejecting me! I pulled my mouth slowly off my brother’s shaft and dropped off the side of the bed entirely, suddenly very conscious of my nudity again. I was on my knees, but I felt like I wasn’t low enough.

I wanted to cry. I wanted to cover myself. I really wanted to hide in a hole in the floor, but there wasn’t one to hide in. Still, at least I didn’t bolt from his room like the naughty girl that had been caught doing something she wasn’t supposed to.

“I didn’t let you in here, sis. So how’d you get in?” He asked me. I immediately got angry. That was the dumbest question ever!

Your bedroom door?” I asked in reply. “How else was I supposed to wake you with a blow job. LIKE YOU SAID I HAVE TO, SIR!”

I hadn’t meant to say it like that. I was feeling like the one person in the entire world who’d accepted me for me, had suddenly turned on me.

“I mean, I didn’t invite you in,” he clarified calmly.

“That would have defeated the purpose of waking you with a blow job, sir,” I practically spat back, confused by what he was saying.

“Yes, I wanted to be woken with a blow job. No, I didn’t say I wanted to be woken by your cock hole on my dick,” he shot back.

“It’s a big dick but not big enough to reach through the door,” I replied sarcastically. I was on the verge of tears again, and now I had no idea what I’d even done wrong.

Master had, on the one hand, told me he really did want me to train for him, but on the other, was chastising me for coming into his room without permission.

“Conscious is not awake, slut. I’ve been conscious since you leaned your fat ass against the inside of my door!” He hissed. “And watch your mouth! You’re supposed to already know respect. Were you around Dylan’s family too goddamn long yesterday or something?”

“I’m sorry, Master,” I said, hoping that using the term Master, wasn’t going to anger him even more. I was absolutely confused now. Then it suddenly hit me. “Was I supposed to knock and wait in the hall?” I asked, aghast at the very idea of being naked in the hallway where anyone could catch me if they had come out to see what the tapping noise was.

“Ding, ding, ding! And she wins the prize. So why didn’t you?” He demanded quietly but with a sinisterly low and harsh tone to his voice.

“I could have been caught, Sir! What would I say if someone saw me naked, Master?” I knew there was nothing I could have said to anyone seeing me naked that would have been believable.

“Were you caught getting here? Did you hear anyone coming while you were lollygagging about inside my door?” He asked slowly and quietly with that sinister tone practically dripping contempt. My pussy chose that moment to remind me how needy it was as if I was not in the middle of being in trouble for sucking my brother’s dick and being in his room without express permission.

“No, Sir,” I barely squeaked. He was right. There had been zero noises of movement.

“So get that filthy cunt of yours out of my room and try again, bitch!” He managed to roar the words without speaking one iota louder.

I blushed to the bone, scared and thrilled on a whole new level despite still not knowing what I’d do if I was caught in the hallway naked. My Master was in full domination mode, and I’d managed to piss him off already today. That didn’t bode well but, at the same time, made me wetter than ever! I didn’t even check for the coast to be clear when I’d scampered to the door and opened it, putting myself on the appropriate side to knock quietly.

I knew that Joe gets up early every morning to run and do exercises. The only other person who is up at this time is my mother because she likes to make us all breakfast before school. I was still frightened one of the doors in the hallway would open, and I would be discovered naked on take two of entering my brother’s room.

Luckily he only made me stand in the hallway a moment before calling me in. This time I approached my Master and assumed in the ready position. It was what he taught me the night before. “You may sit on my dick,” he said.

“Master, I am not on the pill,” I reminded him. I was panicked – I had never even thought about the possibility I might get pregnant when we proceed with my re-education.

“I didn’t ask you that,” Joe pulled me down to him and slapped me across the face. It stung and not in a good way. “You will keep your answers to me respectful, honest, and address my question. I told you to sit on my dick, not stick it in you,” he said.

I didn’t complain. My face was turning pink, but I think the pain was more from the realization that my brother felt he needed to clarify how I was to respond to him and that I had disappointed him.

I sat my pussy on his cock, his shaft splitting my lips apart. I was wet this morning already, and I imagined the veins and contours of his cock creating an image in my mind just from my sense of touch. I started to wiggle a little as I pushed my weight down on his hard dick. He wasn’t inside me. I pressed my pussy down onto his cock while it was flat under my body and I sat on his pelvis.

He held both of my hands as if to ensure that I could not get away from him – I wasn’t trying.

“You will call me Joseph at breakfast and school,” he said as he stared into my eyes. I nodded.

He squeezed my fingers hard and told me to vocalize my answers to show that I understood.

“Yes, Sir, I understand,” I repeated submissively.

“You will put on a t-shirt and panties to wear to breakfast. Eventually, you’ll have only thongs. For today, wear the smallest pair of panties you have,” he ordered.

This was an instruction that terrified me. He had mentioned changes to my dress several times, but now that It was really going to happen, I was having cold feet. My little sister Ariel could get away with flitting around in a long nightie at breakfast. I doubted I could. I was simply too old, and Joe didn’t say anything about a nightie. He’d said a tee shirt. I asked him if he was sure.

Master looked at me a moment, clearly irritated that I’d asked before confirming his orders. “Yes. And you will sit with your legs apart wide enough that I could fit between them if I wanted to. Even if your panties have something written on them, no one should be able to see what they say. At school, you’ll have to sit with your legs spread even more,” he said.

My eyes grew wide in fear and anticipation. I didn’t refuse, but I wanted to. I just wanted Joe to tell me I’d have to do it anyway if I did.

“If you are afraid of doing this, you aren’t ready! Did you think you’d just get to sit on my dick in the morning and play with me?” Joe accused me. I assured him that wasn’t it at all. I was just frightened.

“You can make up something to tell mom. I’ll back you up. Act like it is no big deal, and it won’t be. Do you ever see Ariel act like it is a big deal to wear her nightie at the table?” he asked.

I said she was younger, and that it covered more.

“Ariel isn’t you,” he said. That was true. My little sister was precocious and playful. My parents had given me a stodgy family name. Barbara and Nicole were my grandmothers’ names. My sister was their Disney Princess, and they doted on her. She could do no wrong.

She was prettier than me. She was blonde, graceful, and very athletic. Ariel was a junior varsity cheerleader. She loved dancing, ponies, ballet but also still played silly games with Barbie dolls. She was a good student and well-behaved most of the time.

My sister had a mischievous streak, but she wasn’t devious. She loved to laugh and her practical jokes were always harmless and good-natured.

My little brother Kevin on the other hand, was the devious one. You can best describe Kevin as Bart Simpson crossed with the boy from the movie, Home Alone. He had the face of an angel, just like Ariel. They are fraternal twins, so that makes sense. He wasn’t exactly Damian the Hellchild. I suppose by comparison to some of the kids in the trailer park, Kevin was a downright saint.

He didn’t smoke, steal, do drugs, or any of that sort of thing. Kevin is obsessed with a video game called Fortnite. He is so good at it that he often trolls 40-year-old men. My mother hates hearing a string of obscenities come from him while he sniper shoots grown men and humiliates them online. Kevin’s practical jokes are usually fairly harmless, but they are a little edgier. The worst thing he has ever done to me, was steal my shoes and throw them up onto the roof.

Joe and Kevin frequently get into little practical joke competitions but usually only after Kevin initiates it. Kevin and Ariel are as close as I am with Joe – they even had their own made-up language when they were little.

Joe told me that I would also need to start offering to help set the table and make breakfast. If anyone needs water, orange juice, another fork or something to go with their meal, I will be the one to get it without being told.

We hadn’t discussed that at all. I hadn’t signed up to do extra chores around the house. My mother is a homemaker and she usually takes care of all of those things.

“I am going to train you through service. You are going to start taking care of EVERYONE’s chores around the house. That will make people more inclined to cut you some slack when you start changing in other ways. If Kevin doesn’t have to take out the trash and mom doesn’t have to lift a finger for breakfast, they are not going to be as inclined to be on your case.”

That made sense. I am not lazy – far from it. Everyone in the house has chores though and fair is fair. I normally only do my assigned chores around the house.

I had visions of me flitting around in a naughty French maid costume, dusting, and curtsying as I did. I doubted Becky would abide doing that for HER father. I wondered how my father would feel if he saw me in a costume like that. I doubted he’d allow it, even on Halloween.

Joe promised he would train my body, my mind, and my behavior. “This is a total tear down of what was and a creation of what will be,” he assured me that I would be a good slut for him. Joe promised I would learn to be useful and amusing to him. It sounded so shocking that it strangely turned me on to think of myself as useful and amusing. No one would have ever dared to talk to me this way before.

It was like he was talking down to me, and yet I wanted to hear him say these things to me. The more he told me, the more he was peeling back the layers of the onion and revealing his plans for me, the less uncertainty there was for me.

He had frequently called me a slut after I’d offered to suck his penis. It was something I saw as a negative at first. I suppose that is because it is the bad sluts – the willful ones who hurt people and use them (like Becky) that made me dislike the word. This morning I wanted to be a good slut for my brother more than anything.

“You will also start running with me in the mornings. I am going to give you some exercises. You’ll do push-ups over a dildo. Do you have any sex toys?” he asked. I admitted I didn’t have anything like that, feeling slightly ashamed to be letting him down again.

“We may have to borrow some from Becky! I’m sure she does,” he seemed to brighten at the thought. “See if you can get a few of her thong-style panties too, today. I want you to start wearing those immediately. After breakfast, you’ll report back to my room and I’ll go through what few clothes I am letting you keep and I’ll pick out something for you to wear today,” he said.

“Yes, Master,” I was absentmindedly riding his dick and measuring the length of it in my mind against my slit.

“We don’t have much time today and I’ve already missed my window to go jogging. That begins tomorrow. I wanted you here earlier. We should be running by now,” he lamented. I apologized for making him miss his run.

“I’ll take it out of your ass,” he said as he rubbed my tits and caressed my body. “I wonder if you will be able to handle a titty spanking,” he mused.

I had never heard of such a thing. I thought spankings were only done on the bottom. Master said he laid awake last night thinking about me. I was flattered, but I didn’t tell him that. I didn’t admit that I had done the same thing about him.

“I got online,” he tapped his phone and said he’d done some research. “I have some notes. I am sure you will complain that they aren’t clear enough and ask for clarification. They are a place to start. I want you to transcribe them today and put them in some kind of coherent order. They are a place to start and nothing more. New rules WILL be introduced this weekend after homecoming.

I was so pleased he had already put together his first draft of the rules. I thanked him profusely and asked him if he had thought of a pet name for me.

My little sister’s nickname is ‘Pinkerbell’. Even her fellow classmates and teachers call her that. She has it captioned on her shirts and on posters in her room. It was a name she gave herself when she was a toddler. She even once told Santa one Christmas she wanted to be the Pink Tinkerbell. It was so adorable.

I suppose you could call that a pet name and in my mind, that is what I was thinking about when I asked him.

“I want Barbara to cease to exist,” Joe began. I felt crestfallen. He quickly explained as I squirmed around on his cock and writhed on his lap that he would put an entirely new and improved version of me in her place. I could absolutely get on board with that idea. “You must stop thinking of yourself as Barbara Chipman. You’ll have to pretend to be her at times, but the real you is going to be polished, refined, and shaped by me, for me. Do you agree?” he asked.

“Yes, Master,” I wholeheartedly agreed and I was excited. I am not a terrible person. I am not an unlikeable person. I am however, a boring person and a little old-fashioned. I was ready to redefine myself out of my mother’s image and into something new.

“I am still thinking about your pet name. I like Barbie, and I like Nikki,” he said. Those sounded like the names of strippers to me, not that I personally knew any. It certainly wasn’t what I had imagined, but it was better than being named Spot or Lassie. I cringed a little at the thought of introducing myself by either nickname.

I doubted my mother would call me Barbie. No one ever even called me Barb. I’ve always been boring, Barbara. My middle name is Nicole, but I’ve never considered myself a Nikki. Joe said he even thought he might name me, “Nick-Hole.”

I told him that might be a hard one to spell. I was joking, but Joe wasn’t. He was quite serious.

“I want a name for you that redefines your new personality as my property. I want to redesign you with a new image,” he promised.

That DEFINITELY sounded incredibly exciting to me.

“I need a name that you could go by at school or even around the house,” Joe said.

“I thought pet time was just when you and I are together, Master?” I said. I laid down on his chest but kept rubbing my pussy on his hard dick. We were effectively dry-humping in my brother’s bed at this point but now my boobs were tickling his chest. I’d NEVER been this intimate with a guy before and here I was, laying naked on my brother with my head inches from his and my unprotected pussy sliding along his erection.

“What would give you that impression? Pet MODE is when I feel it is safe to show off your training or punish you like Harlan does his wife,” Joe explained. “You will have to change ALL the time. There is no time where you go back to being Barbara. You are done with her, just like you are with silly words like hooha. Barbara is a girl. You are a woman and a good slut. But that’s not enough. I am going to make you a perfect slut!” he promised. I smiled, loving the idea of being his perfect anything. For the first time, being called a slut made my body vibrate with pleasure.

After he released me, I had to hustle back to my room and dry my pussy off with a towel. I found some Hello Kitty panties. I would probably have to get rid of them after today. They were my favorite pair of white cotton panties. I grabbed a longish t-shirt. Joe had told me it had to be white. I had an old t-shirt from Stetson University that used to belong to my father. It would barely cover my hips, not much more.

I looked into the mirror and did my hair while applying makeup. I put on a little extra to look good for Joe today. I added more blush and some blue eye shadow that was similar to the trashy way Becky did her makeup.

Then I took a last deep breath and ran downstairs. My mom already had breakfast laid out. Joe, Ariel, Kevin and my father were already seated at the table.

At first, no one noticed how I was dressed, or if they did, they didn’t say anything. I thought I would get away with it as I sat down. I spread my legs as Joe told me to do when I was seated. It was a lot harder in reality than I’d imagined. I’d been trained from birth not to sit with my legs spread.

“What on earth do you have on?” My mom said as she emerged from the kitchen.

“Dad’s old tee shirt,” I smiled at my mother and tried not to blush. I am a terrible liar – especially with my mother. She can see right through me.

“Yes, I can see that. Do you have anything on underneath?” my mother didn’t hesitate to call me out.

“Yes, of course!” I insisted. It was true – I wore a simple pair of panties. I wasn’t even wearing a bra and my nipples were quickly getting hard. The adrenalin from being exposed and called out for what I had on was causing my heart to beat quickly. It was sort of like the feeling you get from those dreams you have when you go to school naked on accident and don’t realize until you get there – I am not sure if I am the only one who has those?

“Do you have on an undershirt or a bra?” my mom asked with a horrified expression. I couldn’t hold it back any longer – I was starting to blush, and my pussy was getting soaked. My little brother was giggling a little but Joe had a straight face the entire time as he left me to dangle a little longer in plain sight of my mother.

He finally came to my rescue. “Mom, would you ask Pinkerbell if she has an undershirt on?” Joe defended me when I clammed up.

“That’s different! She ALWAYS wears a nightie to the table!” My mother answered. Ariel wore a pink nightgown with the Care Bears prints on it. She was already slightly more developed than me in the chest but it was pretty clear she also wore an undershirt beneath it.

“Mom, seriously. What’s the big deal? I just ran out of time this morning. I’ll put clothes on after breakfast,” I assured her.

My dad told my mom to leave me alone. He looked grim as he read the news on his cell phone and drank his coffee. He’s normally supportive of my mother but this time he was on my side.

“I’m sorry, I just expect a little more decorum from Barbara at the dining table,” my mother answered him with the most passive-aggressive apology she could mutter.

If Kevin hadn’t farted loudly at the table at that moment, the subject might have continued to be discussed. Instead, there was some giggling, and my mom started scolding Kevin. It was the first time I’d ever been thankful for one of my little brother’s explosive table farts at breakfast!