**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 8**

After breakfast, my mom was shocked that I offered to clear the table and load the dishwasher. I did the best I could to pull my shirt down enough that it didn’t rise up and fully reveal my white panties – and when I bent over, I carefully bent at the knees.

Joe watched disapprovingly. I didn’t want to cause a scene at breakfast.

I also took out the trash WITHOUT changing. I took it all the way to the curb wearing nothing but a tee shirt and panties. It would have been the most daring thing I’d ever done if you didn’t count sucking or sitting on my brother’s dick.

My neighbor saw me and waved. He watched me walk all the way back into the house as if waiting for a peek or a flash of my undies. I was strangely flattered that he’d smiled at me. He was an older man and handsome too. I knew that to him I’d always been just a silly girl – at least until this morning.

“Thanks for taking out the trash for me,” Kevin said when I got back inside. He was shocked I’d done it without asking for anything in exchange. I think he was waiting for me to tell him he’d have to do my chores now.

“No problem,” I smiled at my little brother.

“Barbie likes being helpful! She did a few of my chores for me earlier too!” Joe smirked. The chores I did for him were unspeakable sex acts between a brother and a sister.

“Barbie?” my mom questioned his new nickname for me. Ariel smiled and defended it sweetly.

“Yeah, like a Barbie Doll! She even has real blonde hair!”

“Barbie Dolls also have real big plastic tits!” Kevin reminded her sarcastically. My little sister frowned, and my mom told him to watch his language. “Well, they do!”

“Anyway, Barbie told me she wanted to try out a new nickname. If you don’t think she fits the description of a Barbie, what about calling her, Nikki?” Joe asked my family.

“I think Barbara is a wonderfully classic name. That was my grandmother’s name and she taught me so many amazing things. They don’t make them like her any longer,” My mom assured him I didn’t need a nickname.

“Yep, they don’t make them like Grandma Barbara anymore, so why would we call Nikki by the same name?” Joe asked her.

“I don’t see why you would want to throw away a dignified name for something trashy like Nikki,” my mom scolded me as if it was MY fault for suggesting it.

“I don’t think it’s trashy! My sister is Pinkerbell and no one minds calling her that,” I added.

“We’ve been calling your sister that since she was a baby! Those nicknames sound like stripper names!” my mother insisted. I didn’t tell her that had been my thought too.

“Barbie is not a stripper! She is an astronaut who runs her own business!” my little sister was a big fan of the entire Barbie doll line by Mattel and she was NOT about to let anyone discredit her favorite doll’s abilities, even if they were just make believe.

“Helen, it’s too early for this, this morning. If the girl wants to try out a different name, there are worse things she could be into. Can’t you just let it go?” Dad kissed my mom on the cheek. He told us he was running late for work so we’d need to take the bus to school.

We weren’t used to riding the bus in Chicago. School buses can be scary there, and my parents always drove us to school before we moved to Florida.

“Well, we’ve got about fifteen minutes to make the bus stop. Unless you want to wear what you have on to school, you need to get upstairs and change, Barbie!” Joe smiled at me.

It was done – I was now Barbie. It was official as far as I was concerned. It may have been played off as a silly new nickname, but names have power to me, and this cemented that my new role with my brother had become official.

Once upstairs, my brother invited himself into my room without a second thought. “Strip, slut!” he told me as he started throwing my clothes down from their hangers and digging through them. I quickly removed my t-shirt and waited.

“Panties too! When I say strip, I mean naked!” my brother smacked my ass hard. It got my attention and I apologized as I fumbled to pull them off.

“No more bending at the knee! I saw how you crouched down when you loaded the dishwasher! You’ll be hand washing those tonight for that! You will say that you want to make sure they sparkle!” He said.

“If I bent over, then everyone would have seen my panties! Sir,” I reminded him.

“Yes, of course! That’s the idea, slut. Do you think you are allowed modesty? You only have privacy because I permit it. If I wanted you to change with the door open, I would open the door. Do you have a problem with me being in control?” he asked.

“No, Sir!” I replied without hesitation.

He threw some clothes at me. “These outfits are pathetic. There isn’t anything in here worth saving. Those hello kitty panties are the worst. You can wear them after all,” he said as if the only reason he was allowing it was because they looked so childish.

I was surprised by my brother’s leniency until he told me to ball them up and shove them in my cunt. My pussy is very tight, and it took a lot of effort to get them inside of me. I could feel them every time I took a step. “You don’t like wearing panties?” he asked.

“It’s hard to walk like this, Sir,” I said.

“Oh, is it? take them out again,” Joe said. I handed him the panties and he sniffed them. “Your cunt smells delicious. I can’t wait to eat it later.” He handed my panties back and told me to ball them up and hold them in my mouth this time.

“You’ll learn to do as you are told and walk with panties in your pussy. Your holes belong to me. Since it is too difficult, I want you to put these in your cock hole, and you can throw them away when you get to school. I never want to see them ever again covering your ass,” he insisted.

I balled up the panties and put them in my mouth. I probably looked like a little chipmunk with my cheeks stuffed. “Whatfff iffff someone talkth to meeeffff, Thiiir?” I mumbled.

“Huh? I can’t understand you,” Joe laughed.

“Now, onto a more serious matter. Last night I gave you eight spanks on your ass and promised you I’d double it if you didn’t beg for a spanking first thing this morning. This morning I even prompted you but still you didn’t beg,” he reminded me.

Fiddlesticks! I’d forgotten! How was that even possible? Fantasies of how I’d ask for it had been what I’d finally passed out with. “Thooooory thiiiir!” I wanted to spit out the panties and clearly beg for a spanking but I knew that would be worse than having forgotten to beg in the first place.

I had really WANTED the spanking to prove to my Master that I was committed but I’d been so caught up in everything else that had happened today that it had just never seemed like the time to ask. Or maybe I’d been scared to ask and have him laugh at me? No. Definitely not, I was sure of that. Just scared, period.

I was interrupted in my introspection by Joseph asking a question. “You decide. Sixteen on your ass or four spanks to each tit,” he offered. “You still have to suck my cock and we need to get to the bus stop or we’ll be late because of you. What’s it to be? Point to your ass or tits.”

His suggestion was as bad as him telling me I had to beg for a spanking in the first place! Now I was being given the task of making it clear where I wanted him to spank me. The eight spanks from last night had turned me into a quivering mass of jello, confused as to whether I loved it or hated it. But the other option was a spanking right on my boobies. Maybe if I chose them, my pussy wouldn’t drool like it had last night when he’d spanked my bottom? I scrunched my eyes shut and brought my hands up to my boobs, lightly cupping them as if offering them to him.

“Good choice, slut! It’s where I was going to spank you anyway!” My brother assured me.

The titty spanking was quick but very effective. It hurt way more than him spanking my bottom even though I think he spanked them more softly than he had, my bottom. Still, feeling his palm slam against my nipples sent electricity flowing directly to my pussy and I nearly came! It was so much harder staying still when he spanked me there but somehow I managed not to fall over. Until after the last one where I dropped to my knees and practically tore my brother’s cock free of his pants in my haste to get it inside my mouth. He didn’t complain or even last long. He was as ready to cum after I’d ridden his penis this morning, as I was although he never gave me permission to touch myself. I almost did anyway. A few times.

When he came I swallowed almost without gagging or thought. I had hoped he’d tell me I’d done a good job but instead, he just told me to get dressed. “I will talk for you. You can nod or smile,” he said as if the spanking or blowjob hadn’t even registered as an interruption. “I want you to sit on my lap on the bus today. In the future, I might make you offer to sit on some other boy’s lap,” he insisted.

I’ve seen girls from the trailer park sit on their boyfriend’s laps before. Our bus driver doesn’t give a shit. The bus is crowded, but it isn’t THAT crowded. I smiled at him with the panties in my mouth and got dressed as he handed me items to wear.

Joe chose my shortest skirt. It was pleated and denim and something I had outgrown the year before. I doubt I’d worn it more than once. He found a tight shirt for me that did nothing to hide my tits. He could sense my apprehension.

“Your boobs are blossoming! In some cultures, that is celebrated. Don’t be ashamed of those tits. They belong to me now,” he said as he squeezed my nipple through the shirt. I’d have never gone to school without panties or a bra but right now, my nipples were so hard from the spanking they’d received that they were making tents in the material of my shirt!

In Indian River County, where we live, the school is pretty liberal about their dress code. It’s Florida, and it is hot here, so I think they cut us some slack on skimpy outfits.

I’ve seen girls wearing much less than what I had on. Becky was a classic example of someone who didn’t wear a bra most of the time, either. As far as I knew, she didn’t flash boys or anything like that. I suspected she just liked to get them to look at her so she could sneer at them for gawking at her body.

The problem was getting past my mother like this. Joe picked some formal two-inch heels for me. They were totally not comfortable for school and hurt my feet. Joe said he couldn’t wait to get me some proper slut clothes.

On the way out of the house, my mother held up a finger to complain, but Joe baffled her with some bullshit about us being late and we hustled out of the house. I wanted to giggle, but my mouth was full at the time.

Kevin and Ariel ride the bus with us. “Hey Barbie!” my little sister grinned and asked if I could play Barbie dolls with her after school. It was not something I would ordinarily do.

I shrugged like I didn’t know. “Barbie is going to have a lot to do tonight. She has to get ready for Homecoming tomorrow! I am sure she’ll make time to play Barbies with you this weekend instead,” Joe assured her with a wicked grin on his face.

I smiled at my little sister. Kevin seemed reluctant to engage me about how I was dressed or acting. It was as if he was unsure what was going on, and he wanted to study me a little before making a wisecrack.

I was thankful for that. We avoided them on the bus and I sat in Joe’s lap as ordered. I smiled at the boy next to us. He didn’t ask me any questions. We were so new to the area that most students probably didn’t know Joe was my brother. They may not have cared anyway.

The first stop after ours was the trailer park where Dylan, Becky and a few other kids got on. It’s super close to our house. I saw Becky and Ariel’s friend Marylin briefly bicker and Becky told her to get her “stinky ass out of her face”, but Ariel had saved a seat for her so she chose to ignore Becky’s harassment and sat down next to Ariel instead of standing up to Becky the bully. Ariel and Marylin were quickly lost in conversation.

Dylan noticed I was sitting on Joe’s lap. He raised an eyebrow like he was shocked and a little jealous. He didn’t say anything about it and found a seat in the back of the bus.

On the way to school, Joe reminded me that I belonged to him by whispering in my ear. “You will be controlled even at school. I am going to introduce you to a new diet and you will eat it at school.”

I wanted to ask him what it was. I couldn’t because I was nearly gagged with my own soaked panties. Joe said he liked it when I could only listen and nod. “You will sit with your legs slightly wider in class than you had at home. You will bend over at the waist without bending your knees much. I don’t care if someone sees your cunt or your ass. I want them to see it. If someone does, just smile or ask them why they are looking up your skirt.”

I grunted disapprovingly. Joe could sense my frustration.

“I don’t want you to get suspended but your teachers are all going to see your muff! Today that’s just going to look like a wet slit with a lot of hair! Tomorrow it will be smooth and bald. The ones who want to look are going to look. The ones who won’t, will not look. They aren’t going to call you out for it because then they’d have to admit they were looking up your skirt,” Joe said they wouldn’t want to bring that up.

I wanted to remind him that some of my female teachers might take issue with how I was sitting.

“Here is my rule of thumb,” Joe explained his new idea of a limit. “You wanted limits and boundaries. I need to be able to train you to be my perfect slut. You wanted to be more outgoing and like Becky – well, this is part of the training. You will do EXACTLY what I tell you, HOW I tell you, and WHEN I tell you,” Joe insisted. He brought his knee up on my cunt to bump me in the seat. I could feel his hard dick under my skirt.

He reached under my skirt with his hand. The boy sitting next to us clearly saw what he was doing. Joe smiled right at him and raised my skirt a little. Joe jammed his finger into my pussy, and finger-banged me. He was discreet enough that only the boy in the seat next to us could see. I was lucky we were in a window seat, and he was on the outside to keep other eyes from watching, but I don’t think Joe cared.

The boy stared at the show we were providing him.

“I know this kid. He is a little pervert. I knew he wouldn’t complain. IF someone complains about it when you follow my rules, I will decide whether to suspend your rules temporarily,” my brother promised me.

That seemed fair but I wondered what about when he wasn’t there? We had cell phones and I could text him but there were so many variables. I couldn’t ask about them because I was gagged.

“Mom is always going to complain, so she is a special case. It has to be to the point where she is going to restrict you or forbid you from doing things before I will consider amending the rules for her. Today, you did very well at the table. You need to speak up more for yourself. I want you to always be HONEST with me. I don’t expect you to tell Mom you are doing what I tell you at the dinner table to become a perfect slut for me. I am going to cut you some slack about being creative if you need to make an excuse for your behavior. That doesn’t mean I want you to STOP that behavior,” he whispered in my ear.

The boy next to us was mesmerized by my pussy. He wasn’t paying attention to what my brother was telling me.

“I want you to give consistent answers because if you tell a lie to one person and a different lie to another person and they ever compare notes, it is not going to go well. I’ll be practicing with you because I know you are worried. Don’t be – I have a plan, and it involves change. Change is good and difficult, but nothing worth doing was ever easy, Barbie.”

My spine shivered when he called me Barbie. It sounded like it didn’t fit me – not yet anyway.

My brother wiped his fingers in my hair and continued playing with me on the way to school. He went over other rules he had in mind for me. He wanted me to finally get a proper bikini instead of a one-piece. He wanted me to join the cheerleader squad. I had no idea how that would work with the current ban on panties. I was hoping that ban wouldn’t extend to the spanks that cheerleaders all wear. Ariel had joined the junior varsity squad pretty quickly. She is also well trained at cheerleading. I was hoping it was a “no-cut” squad, and I could be in the back. I groaned a little.

Joe reminded me that he expected me to borrow some panties from Becky for Homecoming. “See if she has a dildo you can have, too!” he asked.

I moaned a little. That would be a horrifying conversation. I was getting so heated from the finger fucking though that I was in full surrender mode and melted on my brother’s fingers.

“We have a lot of work to do – you and I. There are many changes that will start for you. I will be teaching you how to walk, talk, shit, shave, sit, dance, eat, and everything else, Barbie. You have to unlearn all your old behaviors,” Joe sounded convinced of this.

It helped make me more confident I had placed my trust in him properly. This transition had all been my idea at first, but Joe seemed to be embracing it now. I did my best to make sure no one saw me spit the panties into my hand before I threw them away.

Throwing away those girlie cotton panties felt like yet another milestone on my new journey to a new me. It was a symbol I was discarding another outdated vestige of who I once was.

At school, no one seemed to notice that I was dressed differently. I am a wallflower and shy by nature, so I haven’t made any friends. The outfit wasn’t so outlandish that people really noticed. There were black girls in skin-tight Lycra booty shorts with stripper boots. There were redneck girls in trashy outfits that made mine seem very conservative.

The only thing that really made me stand out was how I was expected to sit. The first two classes were pretty easy to get through. One teacher did stare at me the entire time and do a few double takes, but he said nothing. He shook his head once or twice. The other teacher ignored me and frowned as if he was disappointed in me. That hurt my feelings, but I suspect he is gay.

There were a few boys who noticed, as well. The number of boys who sharpen their pencil and drop it near me had to have tripled by second period. I knew they were looking up my skirt, but I pretended to be oblivious. I doubted they could see much more than the outline of a tuft of my pubic hair. It was probably the idea that I was sitting open-legged and willing to let them look that drove them to keep trying to look up my skirt.

Bending over to get my books was a new experience for me.

“Sebastian High has a crack problem,” one girl said with derision when she noticed my butt as I bent over. I tried not to let it worry me. My brother said I had to do this and I was going to obey him. I’ve literally NEVER been in trouble at school. I hoped it would stay that way for as long as possible. I was willing to get in trouble if it came to that to keep my word to Joe.

At lunch, I usually sit alone with a few nerdy boys and Joe. Today, I sought out Becky. I knew she had a lunch period with me.

Becky sat sourly with her arms folded. She had no lunch. She was dressed much like I was in a tank-top with no bra and a short denim skirt. There wasn’t anyone sitting around her.

Becky Simmons had been bubbly last night at her trailer. She was back to her dour, grim self now that she was at school. It was quite a dichotomy between her personas. She exuded a sort of, ‘You don’t really want to mess with me’, look.

“Are you a lezzie or something?” Becky sneered as I sat down with her.

“No,” I smiled and asked if she minded if I sat with her.

“It’s a free country, but just because you are banging my brother doesn’t mean we are friends,” Becky insisted.

“I am not having sex with Dylan,” I assured her.

“You will be, or Dylan won’t call you again,” Becky chuckled. She leaned in close to me and whispered, “You didn’t tell anyone about what you saw me do last night, did you?” Her question sounded like an implied threat of immediate bodily harm if the answer was yes.

“No, nothing like that,” I insisted.

“Yeah, well, we’ll see. Pretty little do-good bitches like you can never seem to keep their mouths shut. You probably think it was pretty fucked up?” she asked.

“No, I thought it was kind of cool,” I admitted. I didn’t want to tell her that I’d asked my brother to treat me the same way. “I think you are cool,” I added.

“Okay, cut the shit. You want something,” Becky concluded. She was right. I did want something.

“I really do think you are cool and we may have a lot in common,” I assured her.

“Bitch, the only thing we got in common is we both bleed once a month and my brother’s dick. So what is it you want?” she asked. Becky was incredibly observant. And blunt.

“I know this is going to sound weird, but I was hoping I could borrow some panties? I need some thong panties and my mom would never let me buy any,” I said. I promised I would return them.

“Dylan won’t care if you don’t wear panties!” Becky shrugged and sat back at the table.

“It isn’t for Dylan,” I assured her.

Becky rolled her eyes and reached under the table. I didn’t realize what she was doing at first until she handed me a pair of panties under the table. “You better give these back!” she insisted.

I didn’t mean for her to take off what she was wearing but I thanked her profusely anyway.

“You aren’t going to sell these to the janitor, are you?” she asked. I thought she might be joking at first, but she wasn’t. I told her it was nothing like that.

“I already have a deal with him so if you are planning to undercut me and try to sell my used panties on the cheap, you will wish you hadn’t,” she promised.

“Why would I sell your used panties when I can sell my own?” I asked.

“Bitch, my cunt tastes like filet mignon, and yours probably tastes like tuna. I have no fucking idea why anyone does anything. You are the one asking for second-hand panties,” she rolled her eyes.

She was right. “I have one more thing to ask for,” I said.

“You want to go down on me?” Becky asked sarcastically like she knew that was the next question.

“No, I mean, I’m flattered that you would offer,” I stumbled nervously. I had to ask her something very personal, and my heart was beating through my chest even though Becky was being so blunt and raw with the way she was talking herself.

“Bitch, I didn’t offer. You’d have to pay like anybody else,” Becky looked like she was bored and done with the conversation.

“I need a dildo. I was hoping I could use one of yours?” I blurted before I could chicken out.

“Why would I need a dildo when I can catch a dick anytime I want? All I have to do is talk to a guy and make the offer to get down,” Becky rolled her eyes in disgust at me for daring to ask the question.

I was ashamed of myself for asking. I apologized. “Of course you wouldn’t need one,” I agreed with her feeling completely humiliated for not considering that obvious fact.

“Bitch, I am just teasing you. A dildo doesn’t talk back, dildo doesn’t steal your cigarettes and most important, a dildo doesn’t want you to cuddle after you are done using it. What kind you want? I only have small ones at school,” she opened her purse and showed me.

She had little butt plugs, a purple one that was at least two inches longer than my brother, and a pink jelly-filled one that was nine inches long and had a dick-head shaped tip on either end. “You can’t borrow my pink one,” she said.

I chose the purple one. I felt so dirty, trying to hide it in my books.

“Thank you, Becky,” I was very grateful even though I was blushing profusely.

“Well, you owe me now,” Becky rolled her eyes and got up from the table. I smiled as she walked away. I quickly walked over to where my brother was sitting to tell him how it went.

I didn’t question why Becky was so willing to do something nice for me although it did seem a little odd. I think she had very few real friends and perhaps this was her way of actually being nice to someone. She also said now I owed her - so maybe it was merely to me indebted to her in the future. I had no time for trepidation about why Becky Simmons did anything. I had accomplished what my brother sent me to do and I wanted to celebrate my victory!

“I got it, Sir!” I hissed to my brother under my breath. He could tell how excited I was and he smiled. Still, he seemed to feel the need to put me in my place.

“Which rule is it that says you have to be explicit when you talk to me? I don’t quite remember,” he said, lifting his hand and cupping his chin as if deeply thoughtful.

“I got a ... a ... a dildo, Sir!” I replied after apologizing for my behavior and my Master thankfully let my lapse drop. I was both excited to use the word out loud and petrified that someone other than my Master would hear me. I definitely felt put in my place, though. It was both embarrassing and exciting. Master was doing a superb job of keeping me focused.

My head was in the clouds from my success with Becky, but at the same time, I was acutely aware of all the people around and that I was hiding an actual, real dildo. I felt as naughty as if I’d had a packet of cigarettes hidden within my books.

“Did you ask about the panties too?” Master wondered aloud, surprising me. I’d had visions of him making me show him the dildo. I mean, I was relieved he didn’t, but I’d already started mentally preparing myself to let him peek.

Only then did I realize the still-warm pair of panties was clutched in my hand! There was even a little lace hanging out of my closed fist as if trying to be set free.

It seemed easier to show him those. It was like I was letting him see Becky’s panties, not my own, even though I was the one holding them. I knew that if anyone else saw them, they’d think they were mine but thinking something was different to KNOWING it. I could mentally separate the minuscule swatch of cloth from the dildo I was hiding, in a way, I couldn’t completely understand myself. The panties were Becky’s, but for right that minute, the dildo was mine.

“Why aren’t you wearing them then?” My brother asked.

“You said to ask her, and I did, Sir. I even GOT a pair. But I need your permission before I actually wear them,” I assured him.

Some people call me pedantic and detail-oriented like it’s a flaw, but when Master smiled and called me a good girl, I actually shuddered in pleasure.

“You have just earned yourself five minutes of pussy playtime in the girls’ bathroom, slut,” he said quietly. “But do not cum. If I find out you did...” he let the threat hang.

Right then I knew that if I came, I’d tell him. It’d likely be the only possible way for him to discover the truth but I wasn’t a bad slut like Becky, her mom, her aunt, and maybe even her little sister who I hadn’t yet been introduced to. I was a good slut and that meant if I broke Master’s trust, I’d immediately admit it and face the consequences.

At least I felt confident at that moment that I would. It’s funny how sometimes we think we’ll do things, and then we chicken out, but I was under discipline, so I WOULDN’T chicken out with my brother’s help. It’d be a test only if I failed the first half, and I wasn’t going to do that either.

“What did you do with the other pairs?” He asked.

“I only got one pair right now,” I explained that Becky had slipped them right off under the table and had given them to me, without even asking twenty questions first.

“So when are you picking up the others?” He wanted to know.

“I ... I didn’t...” I stopped. My brother had told me to ask for SOME pairs of panties. I’d asked for just the one, and I’d been so overjoyed at immediately getting a pair that failing to ask for SOME pairs just never occurred to me. My euphoria dissolved. I’d let my Master down again already. Botheration!

“I’m sorry, Master. I haven’t asked her yet,” I admitted.

“So you had the opportunity, and you chickened out? What am I to do with you, Barbie?” He asked rhetorically, shaking his head sadly.

To me, it was like he was asking me to pick a punishment. Thoughts rushed through my head of things I could suggest from a spanking to ... to ... well to a spanking. My mind had gone blank.

“You could give me a spanking?” I asked, hopefully. Not hopeful I’d get one, although not hopeful that I wouldn’t, either. That part was still confusing to me. I was mostly picturing him lifting my skirt and spanking me right in front of everyone in the cafeteria. My hoo ... pussy ... began to get wet at the thought even as I wondered if he’d really spank me on school grounds at all.

“It wasn’t an actual question, slut,” he chuckled. “But thank you for offering. No, we’ll talk to Becky together after school or something. I’ve decided if I’m going to Homecoming with her, I’d better tell her, so she has time to put something together.”

The way my brother said he was going to tell her, not ask her, gave me a shiver. It wasn’t like him at all. Around girls, he was always so shy, but our agreement seemed to have prompted a change at HIS core too. On top of that, he was casually telling me that I would have to ask such an embarrassing and intimate question all over again, but this time for multiple pairs of panties and not in a whisper. I’d have to do it in front of him like it was an oral exam. Like he would be testing me. I gulped, my throat suddenly constricted.

**Chapter 9**

Hurry along to the bathroom, Barbie. There’s only ten minutes left of lunch, and I want to see you back here before next period. We have something to discuss.” Joe dismissed his sister, and Barbie nearly called him Master before catching herself and calling him Joseph, the way she had been told to address him at school.

Barbie closed the bathroom stall door, sat on the toilet, and finally got her first real look at Becky’s dildo. It was what Becky had called one of her “small” ones, yet it was easily as long as Joe’s cock when fully erect, although it was possibly thicker too.

The purple color and slick surface ensured it would never be mistaken for a real cock, but Barbie couldn’t ignore the fact that it had been specifically designed to go into a cunt and had been in Becky’s already. Barbie parted her lips and slipped the tip into her mouth, half expecting to taste Becky on it. She was a little disappointed to taste nothing at all except maybe rubber, but that was more likely her imagination as well.

Barbie pushed the dildo as far into her mouth as she could, forcing herself to gag quietly. She had already discovered that her thickest spit was at the top of her throat, and even though she was very wet already, she wanted to ensure the toy was well lubricated.

With one hand, she parted her nether lips, and with the dildo in the other, she lined it up with her hole and pressed it into the opening. Barbie had to scoot forward in the seat then lean back to be able to force the (to her) massive object into her channel.

In her mind, there were no thoughts that she was taking her own virginity even though her maidenhead was long gone thanks to the bicycle accident she’d had after her father had bought her a bike for her twelfth birthday. She’d put fingers inside herself but never anything larger.

This was the fist cock-sized object she’d experimented with, and it felt HUGE! And AWESOME! When the dildo was all the way in, Barbie moved her spare fingers towards her clit, slowly sliding them up her labia to find her button. She could feel her nipples now against her shirt. They’d already engorged and were in need of her fingers, but she had none to spare.

There was a time when Barbie wanted to be pure and unspoiled for her future husband. That time had passed for her now, and she desperately wanted to be very well experienced in giving pleasure for a future husband. She didn’t want to think about whether or not Joe would permit that – it was too far in the future to give serious thought.

She’d barely touched her clit when her phone chirped, giving her the one-minute warning! Not fair! She’d set her alarm for five minutes, and she’d used four already? Barbie quickly abandoned her slow, sensuous movements in preference for experiencing what a fake cock inside her would feel like if she was actually being fucked. She began to jerk the dildo back and forth on her tunnel, but it was a little disappointing.

Then her phone chirped again. Shit! How could she learn how to use a dildo in five minutes? She considered ignoring her phone but Master ... Joseph ... was waiting. She immediately yanked the dildo out of her cunt and popped it onto her mouth as she stood and flushed. Her juices were thick on the dildo, and she was now officially running late.

With absolute trepidation, the fake cock still in her mouth, her frantically sucking and licking it to get it clean, she opened the stall door to find ... no one. The bathroom was mercifully empty. She’d had no idea how she would have explained having a dildo in her mouth but was certainly glad she didn’t need to.

When she returned to Joseph, he was peering at his watch. “Five minutes, Barbie, not eight! Did you get off?”

“No, Sir,” she demurely replied then added, “It took a minute to get to the bathroom and another to get back. I barely had time to do anything!” Barbie heard her own voice sounding whiny, and she quickly apologized, making sure she thanked him for giving her the opportunity too.

“You can tell me later what the dildo felt like, okay?” He asked.

“Yes, sir,” she replied, hoping no one had heard him use the word dildo.

Joe grinned like she’d already answered a question he hadn’t asked. “Just one more thing, Barbie. What’s my name at school?” He asked, raising his eyebrow questioningly.

“Joseph, Sir?” Barbie answered immediately.

“No. It’s just Joseph, and that’s the first time you’ve used it all lunch period. We have rules for a reason, and you’ve just broken three of them. It’s why treats aren’t the only way to teach you. After school, we’ll review properly, but I want you to be able to tell me what three rules you broke when you meet me after final period.” As if to punctuate Joe’s words, the bell rang.

Chemistry was Barbie’s next class, and she had to stand, so there was no chance of her getting in trouble. In fact, it wasn’t until the last class of the day with Mrs. Crowe that Barbie had any problems at all.

Barbie liked Mrs. Crowe, but she already knew the gossip was that Mrs. Crowe was over a hundred years old and as conservative as Barbie’s mother. That had never been a problem before, but when Barbie sat in the front row like she always did, but this time conscious of having her knees apart, Mrs. Crowe cleared her throat a few times while flashing her eyes from Barbie’s own to her bare legs.

It was clear to Barbie what Mrs. Crowe was doing, but she could only feign ignorance while keeping her knees apart. She did blush a little, though.

“I think you need to take that empty seat at the back of the class today, Barbara. I really don’t know what’s come over you, but if you’re intent on not protecting your modesty, I’m certainly capable of dealing with it myself! Move, young lady!”

Barbie’s face reacted to being called out in class as if she’d been suddenly sunburned. Her blush reached clear down to her chest as she gathered her textbook and stood up.

It was only then that she realized most of the class’s females were already sitting in the rear half of the classroom. Barbie had never noticed before! The only three other females sitting near the front were copies of herself as Barbara, the prim and proper schoolgirl. Mrs. Crowe never spoke to her again in class that day, ignoring her when she raised a hand to answer a question and instead picked someone else to do so.

Barbie felt bad that she’d angered the teacher but, at the same time, pleased that she hadn’t broken yet another rule. She’d figured out what the third mistake she’d made was too. She’d been late back from the bathroom. She’d forgotten to call her Master, Joseph, and instead had kept calling him Sir. Lastly, she’d used the dildo without express permission. She had been rewarded with a pussy playtime, but Joseph had never said anything about actually USING the dildo!

After school, she met Joe at the bus line and gave him the amended rules to read. “It is ironic that you broke our speech rules so quickly today, and yet you seem obsessed with defining rules,” he observed.

Barbie felt dejected and looked at her shoes. Joe patted her butt and then made her lift up her head as they waited to get on the bus home. “We’ve only just begun our lessons. You are going to make mistakes. I could cut you some slack, but that would set a dangerous precedent. I have to teach you a lesson in obedience,” Joe assured her.

“Yes,” Barbie agreed. She felt inclined to call him Master even then. It felt right to her, and yet that was the very reason she was in trouble. Joe’s rules called for him to be referred to as simply as Joseph in general protocol.

“Unless you want to be in pet mode all the time? Perhaps you would like to call every boy you meet, Sir?” Joe asked. The rules stipulated that in pet mode, that is exactly what she had to do.

“No, Joseph, it is just that you have been acting so much like my Master it is hard to think of you by just your first name. You are something more than that to me now,” Barbie told him what was on her mind. It was the truth to Barbie.

Things had advanced so rapidly since last night for both of them. Joe was flattered but reminded her he made the rules for a reason. “If you accidentally let it slip at the dinner table and mom finds out, then what happens?” he asked.

Barbie didn’t want to think about that possibility. It would probably raise more questions and create a lot of drama. “You are right, Joseph, and I am sorry.”

“I am in a hurry to get your training moving just like you are, Barbie,” Joe assured his crestfallen sister. “You brought up an idea that appeals to me on many levels last night. I wanted to add even stricter rules to the list,” he assured her.

The thought of even stricter rules, both terrified and appealed to his sister for a variety of reasons. She knew she wasn’t ready to commit to live like Tammy and be caged, but she was also quite jealous that they had the freedom to do things like that at their trailer. She felt that Dylan’s family was quite accepting and even supportive of these things and that her family would NEVER understand her desire to submit – especially to her brother.

The thought of asking Dylan to take charge of her had never entered her mind. It wasn’t that Barbie had a sexual interest in Joe before yesterday. She would never have thought of incest either. He was quite simply the big brother who had always looked out for her. Joe taught her to ride a bike.

She still remembered when Joe promised he would be behind her holding up her bike after he took off her training wheels. He guided Barbie a few feet, and once she was pedaling, let her do it on her own. The moment she looked back and realized he had taught her to ride the bike on her own was a tremendous bonding moment for the pair. It was years ago, and it was one of dozens of examples she had recently started remembering that had made Joe the only choice she could ever trust with her obedience.

That is why, as she boarded the bus, she was willing to accept any punishment he felt necessary – even if he wanted her to strip and let him spank her on the bus. As ludicrous as it sounded, she would have done as he instructed.

The boy who had sat with them in the morning was waiting like a hungry pelican waits for a fish for whatever seat that Joe chose to ride home.

“Hello Duncan, do you mind taking the window seat today? I need to read something my sister wrote for me, and I’d prefer no distractions,” Joe casually asked the boy when he saw that he was following them.

“Uh, Sure?” Duncan smiled. He was chubby and shy, very nerdy. At first, Barbie thought her punishment would be to sit on her brother’s lap in the aisle seat. She was terrified he’d finger fuck her where dozens of students could watch but willing to allow him to do it if he felt it was an appropriate punishment. She gritted her teeth and prepared herself for that ordeal.

Her little brother and sister was also going to be on the bus. Becky and Dylan were too, and even if they were not, rumors would travel fast. She’d have to accept the consequences of them discovering her new rules whatever they may be. She knew that may be an eventuality, but she wasn’t entirely ready for it to happen so fast.

When Barbie moved to sit on her brother’s lap, he pointed to Duncan. “No, sit there,” he said.

“Do you mind?” Barbie was red-faced and mortified.

Duncan could barely believe he was being asked if he minded if a pretty girl sat on his lap. He was so tongue-tied he could only fluster and nod that would be fine.

Barbie would have been flattered if she didn’t realize this was part of her lesson today. She was new to behaving slutty, and she had only ever done so for her brother. Barbie felt tremendous apprehension as she slid past her brother and sat on Duncan’s lap.

“You are in pet mode,” Joe told her and tapped the rules. The pet mode is applied to situations in public as well as in private. She didn’t have to strip, but her speech protocol was much different.

Once the bus was loaded and packed, Joe asked Barbie to show him her panties. Barbie reluctantly showed him Becky’s panties she had with her. “Read them to Duncan, what do they say?”

Barbie could feel butterflies in the pit of her stomach; she didn’t even know existed. “It won’t lick itself,” she smiled.

“No, try again and hold them up so he can see them. You are in pet mode. How do you address Duncan?” Joe asked.

“It won’t lick itself, Sir,” she smiled again. It was clearly a pained smile. She showed him the panties as discreetly as she could.

“Now show Duncan and I the dildo you borrowed,” Joe said calmly.

Barbie could feel Duncan shift his weight underneath her as his dick got increasingly hard. She was mortified but removed the purple dildo from behind the books she was using to hide them. She didn’t have a purse with her today.

“Did you use the toy again after your pussy time during lunch?” Joe asked her calmly.

“No, Sir,” Barbie’s face was so red, and she wanted to curl up a little ball as she held the dildo and panties low in the hopes no other students on the bus noticed them.

There was enough laughter and chit-chat on the bus that Joe felt no one was eavesdropping on their conversation.

Duncan’s mind was blown. He was too bashful to ask a lot of questions.

“Duncan, do you mind helping me today? I have to check the work my sister did for me,” Joe said.

Joe had barely ever spoken to Duncan before. Joe was the kind of guy who remembered names and was a good judge of character. He assumed Duncan was not exactly popular with the ladies and was not inclined to spread rumors. He also assumed even if Duncan did that, his friends wouldn’t be likely to believe a pretty, smart girl like Barbara Chipman let him see her dildo on the bus.

“Uh yeah,” Duncan managed a nervous reply.

“You are a saint, Dunc,” Joe laughed. “I am trying to teach my sister a lesson in how to speak to her betters. She thinks she can pick and choose when to do that at her discretion. Can you believe that?” he asked.

Duncan had no idea what Joe was talking about, but he picked up Joe’s body language that this was unacceptable and shook his head in confused disbelief.

“I just need you to do two things for me on the way home, Duncan. I want you to talk to my sister. She is going to answer every one of your questions by calling you, Master. Anytime she doesn’t, I want you to pinch her nipples through her shirt. Do you mind?” Joe acted like this would be a tedious chore and that it was a simple mundane request.

Duncan was baffled but absolutely willing to do as he was asked.

“The other thing I need to ask would be a huge favor, and I wish I had time to handle it myself,” Joe smiled at Duncan. He could see that Duncan was confused, and that made what he was about to ask all the more delightful.

“Anything,” Duncan blurted out with a stammer.

“Oh good,” Joe smiled at him and at his sister. Barbie was terrified of what the second request would be if it was going to be even bigger than the first request. “My sister is a liar. She told me she would obey my rules, but she ignored them on the first day, Duncan. I can’t trust her to do anything,” Joe said.

Duncan licked his lips in anticipation of what he might be asked to do. He didn’t question what rules were broken.

“She used that dildo at lunch today. Do you mind sniffing it and then finger fucking my sister to see if the smell on the dildo is fresh? I have a feeling she used it again without permission before she got on the bus.”

“I didn’t Master,” Barbie pleaded. She hated to be in trouble. She would never have sat on a boy like Duncan’s lap and certainly not let him finger fuck her before today. Barbie didn’t question doing that for her brother. She just didn’t want him to infer she was cheating and using the dildo without permission.

“You see how convincing she is? I almost believe her,” Joe said. He pinched his sister’s nipple through her shirt. “You don’t know when to call me Master and when to call me Joseph. I want you to call me Sir for the duration of the bus ride. Duncan is your Master now. He is going to pinch your tits any time you forget to address him properly or anytime he thinks you are lying to him. I think that is a fair lesson for today, don’t you?” he asked and released his sister’s buddy nipple.

“Yes, Sir,” Barbie swallowed.

Joe began to read through the rules that Barbie had submitted. They were his notes codified and organized into two sections. One for general (all the time) and one for Pet Mode – which she was in at his discretion. There was also a section for pleasures (treats), punishments, and a clause on when the rules might be suspended. It was all very well structured, but Joe began to tweak them just like he had his sister’s nipples. He scrawled in the margin and began crossing things out like a teacher grading a term paper.

Meanwhile, Duncan was slowly creeping his fingers under Barbie’s skirt. The anticipation of his chubby fingers reaching her pussy was driving her crazy. Duncan was worried she might still refuse him.

“You can touch me, Master,” she whispered in his ear. The word Master felt like poison on her lips applied to anyone else.

“Louder, I want to be able to hear your answers. No one on the bus is paying attention. They are either looking at cell phones or talking amongst themselves,” Joe didn’t look up from the rules.

“Yes, Sir,” Barbie felt so sorry that she referred to her brother inappropriately at lunch. She was just so excited to begin her new arrangement. She admitted she told him it was okay to touch her.

“Duncan, take your time if you want to, but I really must know if she played with herself more recently than lunchtime,” Joe reminded him politely.

Duncan feared he might be replaced sitting next to the two freaky kids. He rushed and jabbed a finger into her pussy. Barbie was already wet when his hand began exploring under her skirt.

“Your skirt is fairly long considering what you’ll be wearing tomorrow. Lift it up a little for Duncan,” he said.

Duncan was shocked when Barbie pulled up her skirt so that he had full access to her pussy.

“Did you play with yourself?” Duncan wasn’t sure what to ask her. He sniffed the dildo and then his fingers and concluded that they smelled good, but he had no idea how to tell if it was recent.

“No Master, not since lunch,” Barbie felt sick to her stomach, calling anyone but Duncan, her Master. She would have preferred the bare-ass spanking compared to the torture of thinking of anyone else in charge of her.

“I don’t know if she did or not, Joe,” Duncan shrugged and removed his wet fingers from the girl.

“Well, keep checking. I am sure you two can talk about something – whatever pops up. We’ve got a long bus ride, and I really do not want any distractions,” Joe smirked. He implied he knew that Duncan’s dick had popped up.

“Do you like it when I do this?” Duncan asked his next question after returning his stubby fingertips to her pussy.

Duncan was nervous, and even with practice, he would have seemed clumsy and oafish around Barbie’s delicate pussy. He was simply tapping his fingers on her pussy and pushing her lips around without purpose. It was hardly creating orgasmic sensations for her.

“Your cock ... feels very nice under me,” Barbie said quietly to Duncan, at first trying to separate herself from the feeling of a stranger’s finger in her pussy. She was very confused. Her Master has already relinquished ownership to the first person who’d come along, and that made her angry enough to want to strike back at Joe by saying something about Duncan’s penis. Something he was sure to hear.

But she wasn’t sure if the pet rules made it a requirement for her to call Duncan’s penis a cock. She had to be explicit about her own body parts but did that extend to calling a penis a cock or a dick of a boner? She also didn’t want to embarrass Duncan any more than he already was.

His face was red, and she imagined Joe sounding like one of the bullies that politely terrorized kids like Duncan even though she knew Joe hadn’t intended it that way. She imagined Duncan ready to cower when Joe asked him why he had a finger in his sister, and even though she knew Joe wasn’t like that, she felt compelled to assure Duncan he wasn’t doing anything wrong.

“Do you like it?” Duncan asked suddenly. Barbie didn’t know whether he meant his finger or his cock.

“It feels nice, Master,” she replied, almost choking on her words. Choking because she was calling someone else, Master. Part of her wanted to scramble off Duncan’s lap and give Joe a piece of her mind. Had she really been that awful to him, calling him sir instead of Joseph? Had him giving her away really been justified because she’d used a dildo without permission or taken too long in the bathroom?

“I’m not hurting you am I?” Duncan asked like he was afraid to touch Barbie because she was made of delicate lace. His uncertainty and lack of confidence was a tremendous turn off to Barbie. She might have appreciated Duncan seeking consent and being concerned but she wanted him to just take her and use her instead. She just couldn’t tell Duncan that and it frustrated her.

“No, Master. Thank you for putting your finger in my dirty cunt,” she replied. Being forced to answer every question was hard but using explicit terms for her girl parts was harder still. Even though she was shy, she was at least always able to reply to direct questions but hearing herself call her vagina, a cunt caused a spasm to run down her spine and into her core.

“Hey, you squeezed me!” Duncan exclaimed, a little louder than she had expected. She saw Joe smile, but he otherwise didn’t acknowledge the comment.

“Yes, Master. It’s what would happen if I had a cock in there, too. In my cunt, I mean,” she quickly corrected herself.

Duncan continued to pump her pussy with his finger, lost for questions to ask. Barbie continued to think about why Joe would give her away, but she was well aware that Joe had pushed an opportunity on her for her to talk to people, and she realized that he’d specifically chosen Duncan because he was shy like her.

“It feels very nice what you’re doing for me, Master. Thank you,” she said, beginning to grind herself on his erection. I’m not too heavy, am I?”

“No! You feel great,” he assured her. “But why’d you sit on my lap and let me do nasty things to you,” he asked, not for a moment pausing his finger movements.

“Because I chose to change my life, and Sir is helping me,” she replied honestly.

Duncan reached out with his spare hand and grabbed her nipple through my shirt. He didn’t grab it hard, but there was no doubt he had it pinned between his fingers. “I’m supposed to twist if I think you’re lying, right?” He asked as if somehow asking for permission even though it wasn’t her who’d told him that.

“Yes, Master, but I’m not lying,” she assured him.

“That wasn’t what your brother said. He said if I thought you were lying. And I think you are, no matter what you say.” He lightly twisted her nipple, almost making her laugh.

Barbie sucked in a breath at the boy’s words. He knew Joe was her brother! Duncan smiled, thinking his nipple tweak had caused her gasp, but it was too gentle for it to hurt at all. At least he was right, though, she realized. What mattered at that moment was what HE thought.

Barbie’s pussy was slowly getting a little dry from the fingering he was giving it because he hadn’t changed anything about the way he was fingering it. In other words, his efforts to arouse her were falling flat. He had felt her squeeze his finger and assumed that if he kept doing exactly what he’d done, he’d keep getting the same reaction.

“Thank you for twisting my nipple, Master, but was it supposed to hurt because it didn’t at all. You’re being very gentle with me, and I appreciate that, but it’s not a punishment if I don’t feel it,” Barbie admitted.

“I don’t want to punish you!” Duncan vehemently denied the suggestion that he would hurt a girl. He even pulled his finger out of her in shame.

“Sometimes, if we want to help people, we have to do things we’d rather not do. I can tell you enjoyed playing with my cunt, and I think you enjoyed playing with my nipple too, Master. But as soon as I said I was being punished, you stopped because you didn’t want to be responsible for hurting me. But you’re not, Master. It’s more hurtful to me if I’m not amusing you.”

“So, you WANT me to hurt you?” Duncan asked in surprise.

“Well, if it makes any difference, I was a bad girl today, and I needed punishment so I won’t feel so bad about letting my brother down. Again. He gave me to you so that you could have some fun at my expense, and I really do want you to, Master.”

While Barbie was telling him about why she was okay with him touching her the way he was, it suddenly occurred to her that her brother hadn’t given her away to Duncan because he was bored or sick of her but because he wanted her to appreciate the difference between him and other guys.

He’d been clear that he WOULD make her sit on other boys’ laps. At the time, it hadn’t registered that those other boys could feel her up, but she’d agreed anyway. Maybe Joe thought he was punishing her by making her serve another boy but the more she considered the idea, the more she wanted to show Joe that he was training a good slut. A perfect slut, he’d said she would be.

Barbie decided to push herself, just as Joe had hoped when he’d selected Duncan’s lap for her to sit on. “If you pull and twist my cunt lips, it’ll make me wetter - only if you want me wetter though, Master. What you did with my nipple was teasing. If you’d grab it and really twist it, I couldn’t help but appreciate that you were owning me as my brother intended,” she confided in the shy boy. “I won’t break if you want to experiment,” she added.

Duncan seemed to find it easier to tug on her pussy lips than pull and twist her nipples because her skirt hid his view, and he was forced to rely on her expressions instead of what he was seeing directly. This time he didn’t just do it once and stop the way he had with her nipple.

He got so confident while treating her cunt like a stress toy that Barbie eventually had to bite her lip to stifle a moan of pain. At the same time, her pussy practically gushed, resulting in a very pleased Duncan.

“You really do like it more like this!” He accused her.

“Yes, Master! Thank you, Master!” She managed, feeling much closer to orgasm than she’d managed by herself in the girls’ bathroom at lunchtime.

By the time they reached their stop, Duncan was becoming somewhat of an expert at alternating between plunging two fingers into her and pulling on her lower lips. Even though his fingers were much smaller than Joe’s, Duncan was producing some very stimulating feelings between her legs. Barbie had to clamp her hand over her mouth the next time Duncan’s free fingers gripped her nipple and pulled it away from her chest while rotating his wrist.

Duncan had stopped asking questions a while back, preferring instead to play than to talk. It was the best bus ride he’d ever had.

Barbie was close. Very close. When Joe told Duncan his time as Master was up, Barbie almost pleaded with him to let Duncan play longer so she could cum. She was beyond worrying what anyone else glancing her way would think. Instead, an orgasm was the most important thing on her mind. Until Duncan dutifully pulled his fingers out of her snatch.

Joe made her lick Duncan’s fingers clean and Barbie dutifully did as she was told, lovingly licking all the juices she could find off them before Joe offered her long hair for Duncan to wipe his hands with.

Duncan had a wet spot on his pants from Barbie’s secretions but also another where Duncan had clearly ejaculated at some point. Despite the mess in and on his pants, Dylan was grinning from ear to ear, and it was clear he was still hard.

“That was supposed to be a punishment, slut. It looks like I’ll need to re-evaluate what you consider a punishment,” he smiled, taking her hand and pulling her the rest of the way off of Duncan’s lap so they could leave the bus.

“Thanks, Duncan, for watching over my sister while I read over her new rules. I hope you had at least half as much fun as Barbie did. Now she owes you one,” he winked at Duncan without saying what exactly Duncan needed to do to call in the marker he’d somehow earned. Duncan didn’t care about that. He was busy being speechless.

Duncan would have been happy that Joe knew his name. He was ecstatic that he got to play with his sister. He didn’t really understand the game they were playing, but he liked it.

He was used to people playing practical jokes at his expense. Duncan suspected at first they were goofing on him, but after finger fucking Barbie for 20 minutes he didn’t care if it WAS A joke.

**Chapter 10**

THE FIRST RULES FOR A PERFECT SLUT

RULES

OWNERS MANUAL FOR “BARBIE” AKA Barbara Nicole Chipman

I Barbara N. Chipman agree to give myself freely to my brother Joseph to own my body, mind and soul. I agree to obey him in everything and respect him as my owner. I crave his leadership and submit to his rule over me.

I seek to shed my girlish and foolish ways to become his perfect slut. I accept the name Barbie as my pet name and all that entails. I understand that by surrendering my dignity, pride, vanity and will to my brother is the best opportunity to become the person I should have been. I agree to obey all of these rules and accept my Brother’s authority as long as he continues to take responsibility for disciplining and guiding me.

These rules do not expire unless both parties mutually agree to suspend the agreement.

They are organized into two primary sections. The general section applies at ALL times.

The pet section only applies when I am to be placed in Pet Mode by my brother. Unless specifically stated all general rules still apply during pet mode.

GENERAL SECTION:

PROTOCOL RULES:

Sleeping: Barbie will sleep nude. She may have a cover and pillow but she will be handcuffed and her legs tied to the bed so she cannot get up or masturbate during the night. She cannot be trusted yet. I will wake her up in the morning.

Eating and diet: Barbie must get used to eating whatever she is provided and showing gratitude. She will have a high protein diet that includes copious amounts of semen and oats. She may use a knife and fork and sit at a table as long as she is seated according to her protocols.

Talking: Barbie must be respectful and considerate to family and friends. She must refer to me as Joseph in public or at home. She should make eye contact while talking and not look at her feet. She must answer honestly and give very explicit responses to questions without being dismissive.

The exception to this is when she may need to reveal the nature of our relationship. That is something I will advise her on.

Barbie must stop using terms like powdering her nose to shit and piss in the bathroom and hooha to describe her vagina. Everyone knows she isn’t powdering her nose and hooha is something a little girl would say. She will practice frequently talking dirty and be expected to speak about her body like a good slut –words like cunt, asshole, titties, and cock are expected in general conversation when applicable.

Barbie may not call anyone else a dirty name or insult anyone.

Joe will not repeat himself – if he has to do he will punish Barbie.

Walking: Head held high, eyes open, chin slightly up, preferably lips slightly parted, hands at side or behind her back, and wiggling while walking. I want to see ass sway back and forth. Tits should be pushed out slightly.

When walking with me she should be slightly in front and to my right where I can easily smack her ass. She should always try to ensure she remains close to me when we are together.

Sitting: Barbie has the privilege of sitting without first asking permission. She must keep her legs open at all times.

At home, the distance is I can stand between her knees.

At school or in public without our parents present, she should sit a little wider and lift her skirt slightly so that there is a hint of her pussy visible.

Facial Features: Barbie must remain pleasant and bubbly. She should smile more often and show her beautiful teeth. This should appear natural and never forced. Obviously, there are times when I need to dress her down and I do not want her to smile like a jackass at me while I am doing that.

LIFESTYLE RULES:

Hygiene: Barbie must shower with me, she must wash me then dry me then return and dry herself while I shit, shave and direct her in the shower.

All hair below the neck must be removed to make it easier to access her body.

All holes should be ready for use – cock hole, cum hole, shit hole.

Dressing: Barbie’s clothes will be chosen by me. They will consist primarily of sexy clothes to enhance her physical appearance. She will almost never wear a bra or panties. The only panties permitted are thong style.

At home, she will wear a shirt that covers her hips only (not a nightee) and a pair of thong panties. There are no exceptions to this except when she is preparing to leave the house or returning home. She should immediately seek me out and ask to be inspected in private when she returns home.

She is to remain naked at all times in my room. Hands at her side and never covering her nudity.

Barbie will wear a skimpy bikini and trash her one piece bathing suits.

Cheer Leading: Barbie may seek office in our new school as class treasurer and transfer to honor society. She must also try out for and obtain a position on the cheerleading team. She is not to wear panties or a bra with her uniform and must wear the uniform to school on game days.

This includes all sports where cheerleaders are included.

Athletic Training:

Daily regimen will include at least one jog with her brother – wearing tight lycra jogging shorts.

Push-ups with a dildo in her mouth as she goes down on it to practice deep throating and squatting over a dildo.

Flexibility and endurance training will begin on a regular basis.

Service Training: Barbie is to volunteer to do ALL household chores including yard work from now on. She will be graded on how well they were executed as well as her demeanor. She will never expect a thank you for this work.

She will spend 30 minutes with parents per day talking and telling them about her day.

She will spend up to 1 hour per week with Kevin doing whatever he wants her to do. Bike-riding, going on a walk, etc.

She will spend up to 1 hour per week with Ariel doing whatever she wants her to do. Playing dress-up, whatever.

She will fetch for Joe, and and carry for him (book bag, tie his shoes if his laces get loose. She will sit on his lap on the bus.

FLIRTY-FUN RULES:

Sexual Training: Barbie will get on regular birth control. Until then no penis inside vagina from anyone.

Barbie will always swallow cum and practice deep-throating/rough throat fucking.

Barbie will learn to take it up the ass and practice regularly with large objects under my supervision.

Barbie may not train sexually without my supervision.

Cum is never to be wasted – even if it lands on her face she is to eat it after receiving permission.

If she uses it she cleans it – any sex toy or cock that has been used on her is cleaned by her mouth.

Barbie will gladly submit to a full body inspection to check her from head to toe on command. In public this can be done over clothes.

Masturbation: Barbie will masturbate her asshole, pussy and tits on command but never do so without permission.

PLEASURES:

Rewards for exceptional behavior and progress: Pleasure at Joe’s hands, self pleasure, allowed to eat candy, petting and praise. Gold stars may be tracked to show progress over time.

PRIVATE PUNISHMENTS:{br}

Punishments are spankings, being made to do one thing that’s outside their agreed boundaries or wearing something to make her aware she’s being punished ... for example, something in her pussy, asshole or clipped to her most sensitive flesh like a clothes pin on her clit or on her nips. The boundary is originally that it can’t be something that stands out - like clothes pins on her nipples under a tee shirt. When Joe pulls out her favorite sweatshirt, she knows what’s coming.

HOME PUNISHMENTS:{br}

Sent to a corner at home

Tied up in her room

Forbidden from eating desert – must refuse if offered.

Ben gay on the clit under clothes

Rubber bands on the clit or nipples under clothes{br}

Clothes pins on the clit under clothes{br}

Something shoved up ass all day at school

Additional time 1:1 with Kevin or Mom

SCHOOL PUNISHMENTS:{br}

Must perform twerking/cheerleader routine at lunch or outside as school starts/end

Ben gay on the clit under clothes

Rubber bands on the clit or nipples under clothes{br}

Clothes pins on the clit under clothes{br}

Something shoved up ass all day at school

PET SECTION:

PROTOCOL RULES:

Sleeping: No changes.

Eating and diet: Barbie will eat from the floor/dish and wink her asshole and pussy the entire time. She should always face her ass toward Joe so that he can observe. She will be punished if she stops. She will be limited on time to finish.

Talking: Barbie will refer to Joe as Sir/Master. All males as Sir, all females as Ma’am.

Exception: Other three hole whores and sluts.

Barbie will be gagged frequently.

Barbie may not speak in pet mode unless explicitly told to speak. She may bark, moan, nod and use gestures to communicate.

Walking: No changes other than Barbie will crawl on command. Clit and asshole should be visible to anyone from any angle whenever possible.

Sitting: Barbie will be instructed to sit and how. She should assume standing unless given permission. She is never to sit on furniture or a couch in his mode.

Facial Features: No changes – prefer mouth slightly open as if ready to suck anything placed in it.

LIFESTYLE RULES:

Hygiene: Barbie will piss and shit outside by squatting – no toilet paper. If anyone catches her she will tell them that she flushed too much toilet paper/tampons down the toilet and this is her punishment. She will smile and wave. If she is caught a second time she will say she has not yet learned her lesson.

Dressing: Barbie will by default be nude unless in public. In public she must actively bend over and try to expose herself to strangers.

BOUNDARY CLAUSE

GENERAL: If someone complains about something Barbie is doing Joe may suspend that rule while that person is present or strike the rule permanently.

Helen Chipman: Barbie’s mother is expected to complain – she has to threaten to punish, restrict or in some way freak out for this clause to be invoked.

School: Anything that earns Barbie a detention, suspension or visit to Principals office will be removed from the rules.

Bruises: Joe will try to focus most bruises strictly on ass, cunt and tits to limit their exposure.

Street Legal: Barbie will have to flash during pet mode and may “accidentally” expose herself in general mode. She will be street legal in public, school and home around the rest of the family – meaning her nipples, vagina and ass crack will be covered (mostly).

NEW RULES:

Joe will review Barbie’s performance. She must listen without being defensive and accept his criticisms. Barbie will be permitted to respectfully make any observations or suggestions. This is the ONLY time she may suggest new rules.

Joe will introduce new rules and may ignore her suggestion. If both parties agree to the new rule they will be added to the list. This list is intended as a starting place.

Barbie will keep the rules hand-written and be expected to make a handwritten copy of them WEEKLY to prove she is committing them to memory.

COMMANDS/POSITIONS

READY:

Legs spread as far as they can be apart.

Hands behind head, fingers interlaced.

Mouth wide open and looking straight ahead

Eyes wide open

Tits pushed out and back arched slightly.

Ass cheeks relaxed and not clenched.

Clit pulled out where I can see it.

“Full Ready” is completed fully nude no matter where Barbie is at the time or in what mode she is in.

PET POSITION:

On Hands and Knees

Palms flat on the ground

Ass up and parted - so that asshole and pussy is visible.

Clit should be pulled out.

Nipples should touch the carpet unless crawling

Mouth slightly parted unless gagged.

“Full Pet” is completed fully nude no matter where Barbie is at the time or in what mode she is in.

HEEL POSITION

Butt sitting on ankles

Back straight and tits pushed out

Hands on thighs so she can leap to her feet fast/bounce to her feet

“Full Heel” is completed fully nude no matter where Barbie is at the time or in what mode she is in.

SHOW GIRL POSITION

Stand with one leg forward, knee bent

Foot slightly turned outward touching the floor directly in front of her back foot, while resting her weight on her back foot.

Hands are behind her head, fingers interlaced, elbows back and extended like wings.

“Full Show Girl” is completed fully nude no matter where Barbie is at the time or in what mode she is in.

READY TO PLEASE

Knees spread, bent forward slightly with both hands crossed between legs – palms flat on the ground and tits bunched together to enhance cleavage.

Mouth open wide, eyes straight ahead, inviting expression on face.

Cunt and Ass lifted off the ground a few inches so that both holes are visible from behind.

“Full Ready to Please” is completed fully nude no matter where Barbie is at the time or in what mode she is in.

We have renamed and rebranded the story The Confession and Re-Education of a Perfect Slut. It was "Keeping the womenfolk in line: my sister's tail"

However, that name just does not do it justice. You will frequently see a short story embedded within this story from Barbie's perspective. The title will evolve and change over time

I think you will agree that the story title matches much better and informs the reader of what this story is about.