**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 11**

Dylan and Becky got off at the stop at the trailer park right before Joe and Barbie’s stop. On the way off the bus, Joe was quite certain that Becky intentionally wafted her pretty big butt in his face and intentionally bumped him.

It reminded him of something he’d said to Barbie earlier in the day. “Do you have Becky’s phone number?” he asked his sister. She was still busy getting finger fucked by Duncan at the time. Duncan occasionally twisted her nipples very lightly like he was turning the dial on an old analog radio.

“No, Sir,” Barbie caught herself before she referred to her brother as Master. She was getting a little breathless. At the time it wasn’t Duncan’s masterful finger play that was exciting her – far from it. At that time he’d still been moving his two stubby fingers in the same boring pattern. It was the fear that someone might look over at them and notice her getting finger banged. She was so thankful most kids had their heads in the cell phones or were distracted by looking out the window and talking to their own friends. She offered him Dylan’s number instead.

“Oh fantastic. Good job, my pet,” Joe smiled at her and texted something into his phone. He asked Dylan for his sister’s phone number and received it back almost immediately. “Duncan, how would you like to cash in on what my sister owes you right now?”

Barbie was aghast. Her brother had essentially given her to someone else and made her call him Master. It made her feel worthless and she was starting to regret trusting him. He had made it clear this would happen but she didn’t think it would happen so soon. The worst part of it was the cavalier way he ignored her while she sat on this boy’s lap. She felt her brother should at least enjoy watching her frustrated torment at this chubby boy’s awkward foreplay.

Duncan was more than happy to accommodate. When the bus stopped they walked to his house. It wasn’t far away. Duncan was the kind of kid who blended in to the background. Barbie had only lived here for a few weeks but she knew most of the kids around their block. She had not even known Duncan got off at their stop.

Joe DID know Duncan. Joe is a handsome, athletic kid. He is usually silent unless he has something to say. He liked Duncan because he was quiet as well. He’d introduced himself weeks ago and the two frequently sat together. The only reason Joe had never engaged Duncan in conversation was the two were both standoffish. He liked Duncan and thought he was a nice guy. It was part of why he felt he could trust him not to take things farther than Joe wanted them to go with his sister.

When they got off the bus stop Kevin and Ariel were surprised that Joe and Barbie weren’t joining them. “We’re just going over to Duncan’s house for a little while. Tell Mom we’ll be home shortly.”

Kevin snickered and said to text her instead. He was just joking around with his brother. They thought nothing of what Barbie would be getting up to with Duncan because they had no reason to suspect it.

All day long Barbie had agonized people might notice differences in her and freak out. The truth was that the outfit she wore was hardly scandalous and most of her actions weren’t that noteworthy. She probably wasn’t even the only girl with a finger inside of her on the bus!

Duncan smiled all the way to his house. His mother was waiting for him when he got home. She was shocked to find out he had some friends over and one of them was a girl. Duncan introduced them as Joe and Barbara.

“Barbie, Ma’am” Barbie corrected him.

“Well that’s great,” Duncan’s mother was so pleased Duncan had friends over that she thought nothing of letting them go upstairs to hang out. On the way to his room, Duncan asked Joe if she could have told his mother that Barbie was his girlfriend now.

“She isn’t your girlfriend,” Joe corrected him.

“Well, I couldn’t say that she is ... was my slave,” Duncan conceded.

“Yeah, well she is only your slave for a little while longer. I’ve got to make a phone call. Would you mind doing me another favor, Duncan?” he asked.

Duncan was skeptical. He wondered if that was the part of the afternoon where they tell him to get naked and wait for her someplace public. He’d fallen for that old trick one too many times to fall for it again but the last ‘favor’ Joe had asked for had been awesome!

“My sister needs practice giving head. Do you mind letting her suck on your dick and let me know how she did on a scale of one to ten? With one being terrible and ten being the most mind blowing astronomical head you ever had in your life?” Joe cavalierly offered his sister’s mouth as if it was a trial subscription to a premium movie channel.

“Yes, but can she tell my mom that she is my girlfriend when she leaves?” he asked enthusiastically.

Joe thought it was cute that Dylan was just as excited at the idea of telling his mom he had a girlfriend, as getting head from Barbie but he didn’t want Dylan getting the wrong idea either.

“She isn’t your girlfriend though,” Joe tried to make that perfectly clear to Duncan.

“I know, I know, it’s just she is so pretty and my mom will wonder what we were doing up here. I’d like to say that she is my girlfriend,” Duncan said.

“My sister is going with someone else to Homecoming tomorrow night but if you don’t mind sharing I suppose she can be your girlfriend,” Joe smiled and sat on the bed. He directed his sister to adopt the, ‘Full Ready to Please’, position that was detailed in her new rules.

Barbie had never been in this position before. When he said Full it meant she had to strip completely. Barbie was reluctant at first and slowly started to remove her top. Only Joe had seen her naked before. Joe smacked her ass and told her to start with the skirt first always from now on. “Don’t make your Master wait to see that pussy!”

That only humiliated Barbie further and made her feel abandoned by Joe. Still, she obeyed her brother and completely undressed for Duncan. Joe had shown Duncan her pussy on the bus but getting completely naked was her biggest challenge yet, because she was baring her body to a practical stranger by her own hand.

She especially dreaded taking her shirt off, hoping he wouldn’t laugh at her small breasts. It was difficult to focus on anything for a minute due to the tears in her eyes but when she saw Joe’s smile through misty eyes, it bolstered her courage and made her feel more confident.

Duncan sat on his bed watching with a huge smile on his happy face. Duncan reminded Barbie of a happy dog waiting for a treat. She offered him a wintry smile of her own in return.

The position Joe had her assume required her to kneel on the floor but push her body forward. Knees spread, bent forward slightly with both hands crossed between legs – palms flat on the ground and tits bunched together so that they looked bigger than they really were. She opened her mouth wide and waited for Duncan to approach her.

“Master, come fill my mouth with your cock please,” she pleaded. It felt hollow to her – like she shouldn’t be saying it to Duncan but it pleased her brother and she would obey him even if it made her feel sick to her stomach.

Duncan was uncertain and reluctant to whip out his cock in front of Joe. Joe acted like it was no sweat to use his sister’s mouth and made a production of focusing on his phone call. Duncan stood up and unzipped his pants. His cock was barely three inches and just as stubby as his fingers. It was more than disappointing. It reminded Barbie of a Vienna sausage and she felt sorry for Duncan.

It made her feel happy to see his eyes brighten when she wrapped her lips around his cock. She was beginning to question the wisdom of serving her brother at all after this but she had committed to giving Duncan head. She began to slurp and lick Duncan’s dick and tried to imagine the look on Joe’s face when she told him that she would remain Duncan’s girlfriend.

Barbie assumed then Joe would realize he had fucked up and want her back. “I probably won’t even let him take charge of me again!” she whispered to herself.

“What?” Duncan asked.

“Your cock tastes like butter, Master” she lied. Duncan was confused but happy with that response.

While Barbie fantasized about telling Joe to go to hell she also realized Duncan was a tremendous dud. He barely moved as he stood there staring down at her. Joe had pulled her hair and pushed her head down on his cock. He talked to her – he made her talk nasty to him. She was hurt by Joe giving her away but not enough to really follow through with giving up on their arrangement.

Duncan was really making her work to get his nut. He knew he couldn’t cum too quickly or she’d laugh at him so he did everything in his power to stave off a quick orgasm. He stood rock still and tried to think of his grandma’s false teeth and the mess their neighbor’s dog had left on their driveway when he’d barfed up a fur ball.

“Hello Becky?” Barbie heard her brother say into his phone. He had bragged that he would just tell Becky to fall in line and go to homecoming with him. Barbie assumed she probably would. She and her sister had been sizing up Joe at the trailer the night before. The fact he was interested in Becky when he had HER right here and right now, made her JEALOUS.

Jealousy wasn’t a good look on Barbie. She had never felt that way before about anything. She felt possessive of Joe and it confused her. He was the one who was supposed to treat HER as a possession and yet she couldn’t reconcile her feelings that Becky was now her rival for her brother’s attention and affection.

She was going to the dance with Dylan and Joe didn’t have a date. It did seem only fair that he go with someone and yesterday before she’d been intimate with Joe, it would have seemed like a perfect solution. She’d even suggested it the night before but now that he was really making the call while she had her mouth around a cock, it was just increasing her humiliation.

She barely knew this boy and she was doing this very dirty thing for him simply because her brother was busy making a call. A call to get a date to a dance with a big-boobed slut. It made her feel like a true object – and even though that is what she had asked Joe to do to her, she was really starting to regret it.

“No, this isn’t David. No, I am not Steve. Will you listen?” Joe couldn’t get in a word edge wise and that helped Barbie’s mood.

A tiny corner of Barbie’s mouth turned into a smirk as she listened to the rest of the call while slurping Duncan’s knob. Duncan eventually started stroking her hair gently and smiled down at her as he stood motionless over her like he was enjoying the attention of a puppy.

“Yeah, this is Joe. No, I don’t have any weed. I don’t smoke weed. Hang on Becky! Jeez, don’t hang up. I have something I want to tell you,” Joe said.

He changed his tactic and said he had something he wanted to ask her. “Do you want to go to homecoming with me tomorrow? I know it is short notice but I thought we could double date with Dylan and Barbie,” he smiled.

“No, I am not going to pay you,” Joe said. He pulled the phone away from his ear as if he was going to hang up but then returned it to his ear. Becky had already hung up on HIM before he could say another word.

Barbie kept her cool and didn’t say anything. She was happy that Joe had been taken down a notch. She felt betrayed by him and didn’t feel any desire to console him. Duncan had an orgasm in her mouth and she barely registered it. The cum was thick like snot and tasted salty. She had to refocus to realize what was in her mouth.

“Ooh, gack, did you cum, Master?” she asked Duncan as he withdrew his small penis from her mouth.

“Don’t swallow,” Joe turned his attention back to his sister and instructed her to show them both the cum on her tongue. He made her spit it into her hand and rub it onto her face. “We want it to be believable that you are Duncan’s girlfriend,” Joe said, smoothly changing gears after Becky’s rejection, back into Barbie’s taskmaster.

“You will walk out of here with your head held high and cum dripping off your nose,” he told her as if his phone call had never happened in front of them.

“What if his mom says something, Sir?” Becky had no trouble not calling her brother Master this time.

“I hope she does. Remember, I’ll only stop the rule if someone complains. In mom’s case, if she threatens to punish you, because you know she’d complain no matter what,” he laughed. That was another rule stipulated in their agreement.

Barbie was permitted to dress and Duncan walked the two of them out. Barbie was incredibly nervous about walking downstairs with cum glistening on her face. There wasn’t much but if someone looked closely they would definitely see it and likely know what it was.

“Leaving so soon? I would love to have you over for dinner!” Duncan’s mom asked from the kitchen.

“No mom, my girlfriend and her brother have to go,” Duncan said as the two left. His mother was halfway out of the kitchen to follow up on that when Joe and Barbie shut the front door behind them. They heard her mother’s enthusiastic shout of joy.

“I think you made his day,” Joe smiled at his sister as they walked back to their house.

“May I speak freely, Sir?” Barbie asked politely.

“Yeah, I guess you earned it. Pet mode is suspended,” he told her. That command didn’t sound right to him. He decided he would have to work on how to officially tell her to enter and exit pet mode.

“Thank you, Sir” Barbie was terse but polite. Joe could tell that something bothered his sister but he had no clue what. As far as he was concerned they’d done something nice for a shy kid and no one would ever believe him if he told them what just happened anyway.

“I know you said you would make me sit on another boy’s lap but you just gave me to him. You made me call him Master! That wasn’t a punishment, that was abandonment,” she sounded devastated and like she was going to collapse in tears at any moment...

Joe didn’t want to break his sister’s spirit. He thought about his words before he spoke. “You think I abandoned you? I never gave you away! I was there the entire time. I knew you belonged to me. You will come to know you belong to me and no temporary loan of your body will change that. You made that kid’s day and possibly his entire week. I knew he wouldn’t overindulge himself and would only go as far as I let him go. If he had, I would have whipped his ass black and blue,” Joe assured her.

Barbie dried her eyes and accepted her brother’s explanation. She felt miserable and dejected but she realized he’d had good intentions. “I am sorry that Becky turned you down for the dance,” she changed the subject.

“Yeah, well it was short notice anyway. I don’t like to dance. I’ll probably go just to watch you shake your tits and ass,” he smiled at her.

His calming, confident smile made Barbie weak at the knees. She had never seen her brother this way but now that they’d shared this intimate fantasy, she totally saw how supportive and nurturing he was. “Are you going to make me dance around with cum on my face too?” she chuckled.

Joe liked it when his sister smiled. He liked it even more that he was the one who could make her smile. He assured her that was a real possibility.

“You need to decide if you want to serve me. I read the rules you submitted and I think they are all there. This is just a start. You are going to have to suck a lot of dicks between now and senior year. You are going to have to do even more than that. Is this something you really want, Barbara?” he asked her seriously.

Barbie stopped and with a frown, asked him not to call her that anymore. “We need a rule that says that isn’t my name and you can’t use it,” she shrugged angrily and didn’t return his gaze. “Is this only until senior year or do you own me even after that?” she asked.

Joe wasn’t sure what to say to that. “If it goes past senior year you have to study at whatever college gives me the best scholarship,” he assured her.

“On one condition,” she smiled.

“Yeah?”

“I can call you Master whenever I think you deserve it! even when I am not in pet mode,” Barbie offered him a warm grin and a big hug – careful not to drip any of Duncan’s cum on his cheek.

Joe told her that he wasn’t going to repeat himself. “I am offering this to you once. If you say yes, and change your mind about it later I am not letting you quit,” he said as they walked up their steps.

“Good, and I am not letting you date Becky and forget about me either, Master” she told him.

“Oh? Was that was this was all about? You are jealous of that skank?” he chuckled.

“No!” she said and then changed her answer to a sigh and a reluctant “Yes.”

“I don’t own anyone else. Even if I did, I would still treat you as a cherished pet,” he assured her.

“Will you ever see me as a sister again?” she asked him. They stopped in front of the door.

It was a very serious question.

“No,” he said calmly. Barbie felt hurt by how promptly he’d decided that. She did want to be his pet but she hadn’t expected such a callous and sudden response, but he wasn’t finished.

“I loved my sister Barbara and there was no one like her. She could be an absolute pain in my ass. She was a stickler for details and a worry wort. Barbie is so much more than my sister. I love you too but you aren’t my sister any longer. You are not my equal. You are my pet and my most treasured possession. I will loan you out but I will never give you away. I will not be monogamous either. I might cage you and go out for a night with my girlfriend. I also don’t have to live by rules you make for me. Tell me now if you can’t handle that?” he asked.

“How are you going to get a cage in your room without mom noticing, Master?” Barbie answered his question by asking one of her own.

He smirked and said that he was sneaky like that. As they walked into the house, Kevin was playing Dance Dance Revolution with his sister in the living room, on their Xbox. They were dancing to Bubble Pop, a K-pop song and stomping on plastic mats in time with the music.

“Wanna dance?” Ariel asked her older sister to join them and play.

Barbie looked over at her brother for the answer to her sister’s question.

“No, Barbie has some work to do,” Joe answered for her.

Kevin pointed out that his sister had some snot on her face.

“Oh thank you, Kevin,” Barbie turned instantly red. The splotch of semen was much more apparent than she realized.

Joe smirked and guided his sister through the living room. He whispered that if someone told her she had snot on her face, she had his permission to wipe it off.

“You said all cum has to be eaten, Sir” she whispered back.

“You can wipe it off and save it for later,” Joe was half-joking. Once they were outside of Kevin and Ariel’s vision she did just that. She opened her mouth and licked her hand.

Their mother materialized as if by magic in a doorway. She had a way of doing that – as if she were hyper-aware of everything going on in the house.

“Gah! You scared me,” Barbie nearly pissed herself. She wondered how much her mother had seen just then. She assumed because her mother wasn’t taking her head off and freaking out, that it wasn’t much.

“Well, you are scaring me. Look at how you are dressed! Where were you? You didn’t come straight home,” she said.

“Mom, we are teenagers. We don’t always come straight home,” Joe answered for her.

“That is fine for you but it isn’t the same for girls. Some strange guy could have grabbed her,” Helen theorized.

“If he did I’d be right there to make sure nothing much happened,” Joe snickered and Barbie stifled a laugh at their inside joke.

“You two think this is a laughing matter but we live right next to that awful trailer park. It’s full of crack whores and meth heads!”

“Well, I am sure some of the whores do meth too,” Joe said with a snide expression on his face. It wasn’t normal for him to joke so much with his mother but he was feeling confident and alive now. His sister had committed to serving him and even wanted this to continue into college.

It was still the first real day of that service though and a lot could change between now and then. He wouldn’t spoil the moment by wondering about it. “Hey, didn’t you say you wanted to help mom out today?” Joe asked.

“Yes Sir,” Barbie replied instinctively. It sounded so natural that her mother assumed it was sarcasm.

“Well, little miss Barbie, if you are willing to pitch in why don’t you empty all the hampers and do laundry for me. That would actually be a big help,” their mother didn’t hesitate to suggest. She was surprised her daughter wanted to help but she wasn’t going to look a gift horse in the mouth.

“I’ll be upstairs working on my homework,” Joe held up the folder containing their rules. Barbie smiled at him and started working around the house.

Once she had all the hampers emptied and the last load of laundry in, she returned to his room and promptly undressed for him. Joe was pleasantly surprised to see that she took her skirt off first.

“I have something to show you, Master” she smiled.

“Oh? I’ve already seen your cunt. I see it still has hair on it, so that isn’t it,” Joe said sarcastically.

She promised she would take care of that tonight but she had something else for him. She was full of exuberant enthusiasm.

She offered him a bank card and told him the pin was 5141.”It is the only four digit number that is reversed in hexadecimal.”

“Fascinating. Why are you telling me this?” Joe didn’t understand. He had a debit card just like it. His parents put their allowance on it because they didn’t want them carrying around cash.

“You own me, so you own the card. It is yours now,” she smiled and told him the balance was three hundred twenty seven dollars and seventeen cents.

“I don’t want your money,” Joe smiled and pushed her card-bearing hand back to her.

“Too bad, Sir. You asked for me – all of me. I am not going to handle my own money. If I need something, I will ask you for permission or you will decide I need it, Master.” She said brightly.

It was something she had thought about extensively before bringing it to him. She concluded it was a natural part of owning her – if she was to be an object she wasn’t going to value material things.

Joe accepted the card graciously. He said he would only use the money for things that she needed for training. “I am sure Harlan would love it if the girls of his house surrendered their money to him. They might even be able to save some of it and not splurge on pointless shit.”

He asked if there was anything else because she was standing there and it looked like she wanted to say something else.

“I’ve done something, I think you need to see it, Sir” she said.

Joe gave her permission to get dressed and she took him to the laundry room. There in one basket was ALL of her clothes besides what she currently had on and the panties that Becky had loaned her.

They were bright pink and had shrunk. Barbie put her finger her in mouth like a dumb bimbo. “I accidentally poured way too much bleach into the laundry machine. I tried to fix it by putting my clothes in the dryer and running it on hot, three times. It only made them smaller! I am sorry Master. I was so naughty. Now all of my clothes are ruined,” she said, batting her big eyes innocently.

Barbie felt like this action along with surrendering her money was another milestone in her acceptance of her brother’s deal with her. There was no going back to Barbara as far as she was concerned and the destruction of her clothes would cement that. There was a symbolism in this act.

Even if her mother insisted she wear something less revealing tomorrow, she wouldn’t be able to. Barbie was quite proud of her decision to sacrifice all of her old clothes and she was quite frankly ready to get rid of them all.

“Yeah, they are,” Joe was shocked. He wondered how his mother would react. “What are you going to wear to school tomorrow? To homecoming?” he asked.

“Will three hundred and twenty seven dollars and seventeen cents be enough to buy this dumb whore a whole new wardrobe? The stores don’t close until at least 9pm even in this tiny little town, Master.”

**Chapter 12**

“Barbie, I think you may have been too overzealous this time,” Joe was shaking his head. “I appreciate the enthusiasm, but you’ve created a quite pickle for us that I didn’t anticipate,” he said.

Barbie was a little confused by his reaction. She thought he’d be overjoyed that she was willing to essentially burn her old clothes as a sign of her sincerity.

Joe was very pleased that Barbie had made such a bold statement with what she’d done, but he also knew their parents hadn’t shared with them any of the family’s fragile financial situation he knew they were in the midst of. To hear his mom talk, there WAS no situation, but Joe knew better. He’d heard his dad’s tone of voice when he’d pleaded with their mom not to go on a spending spree to decorate their new house.

“Mom bought that dress you are going to wear for Homecoming back in Chicago. I know for a fact it is worth about six hundred dollars. It has never been worn, and now it is a pink tie-dyed mess. What do you think she is going to do once she finds out you ruined that the day before the dance?” he asked rhetorically.

His sister became apologetic and even offered to let him punish her for being so presumptuous.

She was just so excited to get started on this new adventure that she hadn’t thought about the repercussions of her actions like Joe would. It only cemented in her mind that she was right to ask him to control her now.

“Oh, I will, but for now we have to be strategic and on the same page about how we handle mom and dad. I am going to need you to help me avoid the monumental tidal wave of motherly drama you might have unleashed.”

Joe was always looking out for her, and this was another prime example to Barbie. She was completely willing to do whatever he suggested without question, to fix this.

“I am going to handle Dad. All you have to do is agree with me and seem a little reluctant to accept my suggestions. I need to talk to him first and get him on our side,” Joe pontificated out loud as he made his plan known to her. His sister nodded and agreed.

“I am going to suggest to them that they let me put you on restriction,” he was interrupted by his sister’s laughter before he could finish.

“I am sorry but as convenient as that would be to your training efforts, our parents will never let you put me on restriction, Sir,” she said.

Joe smacked her tits through her shirt and reminded her NEVER to interrupt him. “That includes when you are in general mode! That’s another punishment coming your way!” Then he continued, “you’re right that mom wouldn’t agree to let me put you on restriction UNLESS I approach things the right way. That means we both have to be on the same page when we talk to them. I am going to suggest it, and the best way to get mom to agree with me is if you don’t immediately capitulate and agree to everything I suggest,” he said.

Joe’s sister was a rule-follower by nature, and he knew that. She rarely got in trouble, but when she did, she was inclined to accept whatever judgment was passed on her by her parents without question. “I am going to need you to whine and pout when I make these suggestions,” he insisted.

“So you want me to basically act like Ariel when she doesn’t get her way, Sir?” she asked.

“Yes, that is a good way of looking at it. You can even throw in a little stubborn refusal at first, but ultimately you are going to accept what I plan for you in front of mom.”

Barbie wasn’t confident she could pull off lying, but Joe made it sound like role-playing, and she liked that. She wanted to practice some of what they would say but there wasn’t time. They heard the garage door and knew their dad was making a surprisingly early entrance home. It was now or never if they wanted to engage their parents one at a time.

Joe had a plan on how to appeal to their dad that he felt confident would work. He’d heard his dad argue that they didn’t need a new living room suite and that he wanted them to live like the locals, but Joe was convinced his dad didn’t even know how the locals lived. Joe’s epiphany was that maybe his dad hadn’t even shared everything about their finances with his own wife.

They met him in the living room. Barbie was still wearing his old Stetson shirt and smiling. Their father looked totally worn out as if he hadn’t merely sat in a big chair in an air conditioned office barking orders to plebs all day. Gerald could tell his kids wanted to bring a new issue to him to solve, and he would always make time for them.

“Tough day, dad? You look beat! Barbie, get dad a drink. He looks like he needs it,” Joe told his sister.

“Yes, Sir,” Barbie said, then took off before her dad could comment on her once again wearing a shirt around the house or that she jumped into action with just a word from her brother. His father thought nothing of her calling him Sir.

One thing Gerald Chipman wasn’t surprised at, was Barbara calling him, or maybe this time her brother, Sir. If there was one thing he thought his daughter was especially good at, it was her manners. It might have been playful sarcasm as well, he assumed. One thing he could tell was that whatever happened between them, it seemed that Barbara was the one who’d done something wrong, because she had her head down.

Long before they’d ever moved to Florida, he’d already begun to see a future for his little Barbara in the customer services field if she could ever get past her own shyness. Seeing her flitting around in a shirt with her long legs completely bare like Pinkerbell always did, was an indication that she was FINALLY breaking out of her shell. In his mind, it was about time. He saw nothing sexual about it. To him, it was perfectly natural for a teenager her age to go through a phase where she stopped acting like such a priss.

At least his two eldest weren’t cause for concern, he thought to himself, then rapped the wooden door frame with his knuckles automatically touching wood. As if he needed more on his plate, he added to himself. He was very proud of both of them. He had never known two more mature young adults, although to be fair, they were really the only two young adults he knew, period.

“Hey, dad? Got a minute?” Joe asked as if wanting to say something before his sister came back.

“Sure, Joe. What’s your sister done this time?” Gerald asked, picking up on Joe’s apparent urgency. He was joking, of course. Barbara was the model child and rarely caused a problem for him and his wife. She got straight A’s in school and had only recently said she wanted to help set the table for dinner.

“Mom’s going to get mad with Barbie soon, but I wanted you to know ahead of time that I have it handled. The last thing any of us need is mom throwing one of her shit fits. Barbie ruined all her own clothes today.”

“Hey, language, son,” his dad reminded him. “What exactly do you mean she ruined her clothes? Which ones? Something her mom especially likes to see her in?” Gerald asked, not particularly interested in the silly dramas of women, although grateful Joe had given him a heads up. Helen could definitely be trying when he had a headache. Like now.

“All of them, dad. Long story short, she over-bleached everything she owns, then she tried to get the bleach out using the dryer and now everything’s tie-dyed and Tonka-sized now. Every item of clothing Barbie owns is toast. Sorry, Dad!”

The implications of Barbara needing a completely new wardrobe suddenly struck like a knife to the gut. “You’re joking, right? Everything? How’s that even possible!” Gerald thought there had to be a mistake. Joe had to be exaggerating, surely.

“I think Barbie thought she could make her clothes look more hip if she washed them all together or something. Her closet and drawers are bare, Dad.”

Joe decided his dad wasn’t shocked enough. “Dad, you realize these aren’t doll clothes we’re talking about here. That was probably about $5,000 worth of premium clothes mom has forked out for her. Even her $600 homecoming dress was ruined,” he added for good measure.

The dress may have been purchased on sale, but it was worth $600, and hearing that much money mentioned at once genuinely caused one of Gerald’s many ulcers to start dancing inside his belly.

Joe had been keeping an eye on the kitchen, and when Barbie reappeared carrying a drink for her dad, Joe subtly shook his head. Barbie got the message and shrank back before her dad noticed her.

Gerald probably wouldn’t have noticed if Barbie had walked in naked to hand him his drink. He was too dumbfounded, and already the repercussions of Helen finding out were too much to consider. His head began to really pound now. Helen might get upset, but then she’d be happier than ever. She’d be able to take Barbara shopping for EVERYTHING!

“Please tell me you’re joking, Joe? Your mom will bankrupt us if she takes Barbara on a shopping expedition to replace all that!” Gerald was suffering acute sticker shock. “What costs a buck, your mom will turn down unless she can find the same thing for ten!”

Joe’s dad looked crestfallen, and although Joe hated to see the panic and fear vying for dominance in his dad’s features, he was also pleased he’d broached the subject with him instead of his mother. He needed the backup his dad could provide.

“I’ve already talked to Barbie about it, and I’ve told her that SHE is going to replace her own stuff. I told her until she’s learned her lesson, I’m putting her on restriction, if that’s okay with you, I mean. I figured you’re too tied up with your new job, and mom will just congratulate her or something. I know mom likes to shop, so I figured I could help out by making sure Barbie learns her lesson the hard way, like you made me when I destroyed my bike in Chicago.”

Gerald had been handed a lifeline, and he clutched it with all his might without wanting to seem desperate. “That sounds like a very good plan, young man! I’ll back you a hundred percent. You don’t need to worry about Helen, son. Have I told you lately how proud of you I am?”

Joe grinned and nodded his head. Barbie accepted that as her signal to bring her dad’s drink in.

“I hear Joe put you on restriction?” He asked Barbie if she was willing to accept her brother’s punishment as if it were his own. Barbie tried not to grin, but she couldn’t help the edges of her mouth rising into a slight smile.

“I’m really sorry, daddy. I just thought\_” she started, but Joe cut her off. Barbie shrugged like an unapologetic dumb bimbo. She was basically imitating Candy Simmons’s reaction when Harlan called her a lazy mother and slut.

“Your problems started by you NOT thinking, Barbie. Now you’re going to pay the price. If you accept your restriction, tell dad,” Joe instructed her sister. “Mom and Dad don’t have time to watch over you every minute of the day. Dad works hard, Mom works hard. I am willing to step up and help out. They will be the ones to set your restriction! I am just going to make sure you actually follow through with it!”

Joe didn’t really intend to let his parents set the terms of her restriction. He would just make them think they had, if at all possible.

Barbie pretended to suddenly take his threat quite seriously. It was difficult for her to keep a straight face because she knew this was all for their father’s benefit. Her body language suggested she was ready to be contrite and accept the gravity of her actions.

“Yes, Sir. I was foolish, and in order to gain your trust back, daddy, I’m going to do everything Joseph tells me to do. He’s even going to choose my replacement clothes so that I won’t end up with things I’ll never wear. He told you I’m paying for them myself, right?” Barbie asked her father.

“He did, and I said I’d ask your mother to leave it to him. I trust you, Joe, and I know your mother does too. I certainly hope you thanked your big brother for looking out for you, Barbara.”

That was exactly the reaction Joe had been hoping for from his father. He needed to make him an ally first before he approached his mother. Gerald would automatically side with Helen if she took umbrage to what he planned to do. The fact he was able to talk man to man with his dad first, was a stroke of genius on his part.

“She is going by Barbie now, dad. I had a LONG talk with her about leaving her stuffed animals and immature ways behind and starting to think about her future. She wants to leave the little girl she was as Barbara behind and start thinking about her future,” Joe offered passionately.

It was true –she did want to stop being a girl and start becoming a woman (and a perfect slut for him!). Joe was talking in his father’s language. Gerald frequently lectured the kids telling them to think about their future and about being more responsible. It was hard for Joe’s father to argue with his own logic.

“Maybe you could help me get mom used to it too? Mom probably wants to baby her as long as she can, and I get that, but we all have to grow up sometime, right, Dad?”

Gerald couldn’t be more proud of his son if he just won a congressional medal of honor. That was the exact right thing to say to him at that moment. So many employees at the plant were just boys trapped in a man’s body. He saw himself reflected in Joe at that moment.

“Barbie, it is then, son. I heard your sister call you Joseph though. Are you wanting to change your name too now?”

“No, Dad,” Joe chuckled. “I just started talking to her like you, and she started calling me Joseph. I kind of like it. It makes me sound like I am more than just a big brother looking out for my little sister and helping her grow up. Maybe if she has to call me Joseph while she is on restriction, before she does anything? Calling me Joseph will force her to think before she speaks too. I still want you and mom to call me Joe.”

His father was about to say that may be going a bit too far to make it part of any restriction, but he approved of his son’s logic.

They were interrupted by the quiet seething rage of Helen Chipman. She didn’t stomp, she didn’t shout. She didn’t make a sound, and yet they could all “hear” her like she was a silent thunderstorm on the way out of the laundry room on a direct course to where they were standing.

Joe licked his lips in apprehension. If his mom had arrived just a few minutes earlier, before he fully had his father’s support, he didn’t doubt things would have been different. Joe thought back to Harlan’s lesson about using different bait and tackle to catch different fish.

His father had been a simple fish, and all he had to do was offer some choice words as bait. His mother was a whale, and he was still uncertain if he could reel her in at all. Joe was quiet by nature, and he rarely spoke unless he had something to talk about.

He wasn’t conniving or clever like his little brother Kevin – at least he didn’t think he was. He was simply applying his logical solution to the dilemma his sister created by jumping the gun on getting rid of her clothes. He would solve this particular pickle, and then he would take it out on his sister’s sweet little ass!

Helen Chipman didn’t need to raise her voice. She wasn’t boisterous like the women in Harlan’s trailer. She was poised, graceful, demure, and when she was angry, she made a face like she had just sucked the most bitter lemon while smelling something rotten.

“Barbara Nicole Chipman! What on Earth did you do to the clothes in the dryer?! You said you were going to help around the house, and I leave you unsupervised for a few minutes, and you do this?” She dumped the pile of ruined clothes in a basket on the floor in the living room. They were obviously totally unsalvageable.

Their mother was livid. Even though Helen appeared calm, everyone in the family, including Gerald, was nervous about pushing her buttons and aggravating her further.

“Why did you ... Where are your bottoms, Barbara?!” Barbie’s mom switched subject matter the moment she saw what her daughter was wearing. The last time she’d seen her daughter, Barbie had still been in her school clothes. She didn’t even give Barbie a chance to answer right away. “This morning was understandable, but ... but ... what is WRONG with you, girl?!” Helen Chipman exploded in exasperation.

Gerald was tempted to allow his wife to unload on Barbara about her state of near undress, but thoughts of letting her really get going were making his head pound even more. Half his headache was already Helen-related. She’d been online ordering knickknacks, and his bank had sent him a low-funds message.

“Helen. Stop for just a minute, will you? I’ve just been having a word about Barbie’s mistake, and Joe’s got it under control, okay?”

Helen wanted to tell her husband that it looked like Barbara had ruined every item of clothing HIS daughter owned, and there was no possible way Joe could have that under control, but at the mention of Joe’s name, Helen did feel immediately better. “That doesn’t answer why Barbara’s practically naked in our living room, though!”

Gerald really had no answer for that. He looked at Barbie, then Joe helplessly. Joe could tell his father’s willingness to support him might be waning in favor of just having some peace and quiet and letting Helen deal with her daughter.

“Mom, I told you I wanted to change out of my school clothes so I wouldn’t get them dirty!” Barbie stuttered. She was play-acting a dumb-bimbo, but she was also quite nervous and uncomfortable lying to her mother. The result was she seemed quite convincing as someone who was fairly cavalier about the whole t-shirt thing.

“Barbie, you’ve shown you have no respect for the clothes that mom bought you with the money that Dad works so hard for!! I know you think it’s funny to run around in a t-shirt. You might not think it is so funny if you have to do ALL your chores dressed like that from now on!” Joe offered. He didn’t wait for his parents to comment.

“Mom, Barbie really doesn’t appreciate the hard work you or Dad do for us day and night. She needs to be put on restriction so she can learn to appreciate exactly what you all do! I know you don’t have time to watch over her night and day, so I talked it over with Dad, and he agrees, she has some ass-kissing to do to make up for this EXPENSIVE little disaster.”

Joe wanted to hit home that this cost them money because he knew that would get his father’s attention again.

“I didn’t use exactly those words, son,” Gerald corrected Joe. “But you’re right. Helen, Joe’s got this. One thing he’s asked is that we respect Barbie’s choice to be known as Barbie from now on. It was very mature and big-hearted of him to ask for that, despite what she’s done. So I want you to call her Barbie in support of your son. I know it’ll be hard to remember. But will you try for me?”

“I am not worried about her little nicknames, Gerald. Would you look at the clothes she ruined? And what about how she is dressed? It’s not proper!” Helen complained, ignoring her husband’s request.

“You see more skin watching gymnastics on TV, mom. We live in Florida now, not windy Chicago. We are like a mile from the beach. Would you rather she put on a bikini and strut around in that?” Joe offered. He wasn’t sure if that was making his case or not.

“Your sister is NOT a gymnast, and this isn’t the pool or beach, Joe,” Helen argued, thinking she needed to nip such ideas in the bud.

“Neither is this house in the middle of a big city, mom. When Barbie ruins something, it’s gone until a major expedition can be planned. Are you really willing to give up what LITTLE time you have to yourself to play Bridge or Racquetball or to just enjoy quiet time with dad on short notice because Barbie was thoughtless? That’s called enabling, mom. We’ve been studying it at school.” Joe knew that giving up her own pastimes was about the LAST thing she’d be willing to do, even for her own daughter.

Joe was appealing to the one thing that Helen frequently complained about most – time for herself. Despite being a stay at home mother, she was always putting out little fires for her kids or running them to soccer practice or ballet.

When Joe’s mom had no immediate response to that, Joe continued. “From now on until we say otherwise,” Joe was sure to include his mom and dad in his instruction, not that he planned to actually allow them to make the decision, “as soon as Barbie gets in the house, she has to change into what she’s wearing now. You DO have underpants on under that shirt, don’t you Barbie?” Joe suddenly looked at Barbie like he was suspicious, even though he knew full well she was wearing Becky’s panties.

“Yes, Sir,” Barbie admitted meekly. She was petrified that he might make her show her parents the sexy panties with their naughty little words on them. She hadn’t intended to call him Sir in front of her parents. She knew it was a rule violation. She also knew she was supposed to be roleplaying, but she felt like the center of attention, and her mother’s scorn felt all too real to her.

“Good. But if I ask in future, you’re to show me if I ask the question. I won’t have my little sister thinking she can get away with making her own rules up after what you’ve done to all your clothes!”

“Joe! You can’t ask your sister to show you her underwear!” Their mother argued.

“Look at it this way, mom. If we were at the beach, we’d see more of her without having to do anything more than look in her direction. It won’t be a problem if she doesn’t decide to ‘forget’ to put panties on!” Joe smiled disarmingly at his mother as if daring her to disagree with him.

Helen didn’t WANT to disagree with him because that would shake her faith in her perfect son, not to mention cause her to worry her daughter might really be such an air-head that she could forget something like that.

“You do have panties on underneath, don’t you, Barbie?” Joe asked again, even more skeptically, as if he was trying to call her bluff.

**Chapter 13**

Barbie’s natural nervousness and desire to be the perfect daughter conflicted with her desire to be his perfect slut. She was clearly sweating. Her mom thought it was possible that her worst fear, her daughter, might actually be bottomless under the shirt. It would have been something she would never have expected from either of her daughters!

“Yes, Joseph! I do have them on!” she had promised to be an obedient slut, but she wished at that moment she could shrink down to the size of a mouse and hide. She hoped he wouldn’t actually make her flip up her shirt. They wouldn’t see any of her private parts, but they might notice that the panties had words written on the front, suggesting that her pussy wouldn’t lick itself.

“Then show us!” Joe said patiently. He deliberately chose the word “us” to establish he was on his parent’s side.

It seemed to the others in the room that Barbie casually flipped up her shirt bottom. There was a split-second flash. It was long enough for her father to glance at her milk-white buttocks for a moment. He felt very guilty that he’s seen his daughter’s shapely ass. He immediately looked away. His mother didn’t see anything except a flash of white.

No anvil dropped from the ceiling. No thunderbolt shot her from the sky for being a naughty little girl and showing off her panties. Years of programming never to show anyone what you had on under your skirt was hard to undo even if she wanted to be free of it – at least around her parents anyway.

It was as humiliating at first to get naked in front of a boy she barely knew like Duncan than it was to just flash a little panty in front of her parents. Yet, she had experienced the rush of adrenalin now. She was being sneaky, and she had just gotten away with doing something she had really never dreamed of doing around her parents. She felt so naughty but also alive for the very first time.

She could tell Joe was happy with her response even though he continued to browbeat her for his parent’s benefit.

“See? That’s all you have to do. You’ll think twice about running around bottomless if you know at any moment one of us can tell you to show us. If you are doing what you are supposed to do, then there is no problem, Barbie!” Joe added and looked at his mother.

“I suppose ... that is fine. How long is this restriction going to go on for?” She looked at Gerald for support.

“For as long as it takes for her to completely replace her wardrobe AND change her ways. Dad agrees that this is the only way to teach her a lesson,” Joe said, daring his father to add his voice to his mother’s voice of concern.

Gerald had not actually agreed to any of this. It had happened so quickly, and he was still standing at his front door in his work clothes, holding a drink he hadn’t even touched yet. He might have just sided with his wife and told her to sort this mess out.

“Look, I am almost a man now, and one day I’ll start a family of my own! I will use you both as my role models because you have taught me right from wrong,” Joe was buttering them up, but he was also telling the truth. “I’ve ALWAYS looked out for Barbie, and my big mistake was covering up her messes, fixing her mistakes, and not holding her accountable. I thought I was doing her a favor, but I realize now that she’d never benefit from that. I want to correct my mistakes! I’ll still look out for my sister, but I can do that best by holding her accountable when she makes a mistake. You two are very busy. We just moved here, and you also have to deal with Kevin and Ariel. I am willing to make sure that Barbie finishes her restriction without you two having to micromanage her or lift a finger!”

Joe’s speech would have might have won him an Oscar. He believed every word of it, and that is what sold it to his parents.

The confident look on Joe’s face convinced his father to trust his son. He or his wife could always intervene if Joe didn’t take it seriously or tried to let her off the hook. He felt Joe was a big softy and knew he really loved his sister. He felt Joe would be fair and not become a little Napoleon.

Gerald felt Kevin, on the other hand, would probably have ran his big sister ragged if he were in the same position as Joe. He tried not to grin just picturing the absurdity of his youngest son suddenly with that much power. He didn’t have trouble picturing Joe being mature with the same responsibility over his sister.

If Joe was willing to take care of his sister’s problem and deal with it, and If Barbie was okay with it, he could live with it. Apart from appearing a little apprehensive when Joe had asked her about her panties, Barbie hadn’t complained at all.

“See? Like I said, honey. Joe’s got this. You should be proud he’s your son,” Joe’s dad smiled, keeping his promise to have his son’s back even though the price was fairly steep.

“Now for the terms of your restriction, Barbie! Don’t’ give me that look! You knew you would have to do more than just your regular chores!” Joe pretended his little sister had given him a sour look. She hadn’t because she was so intimidated and embarrassed being spoken about as if she wasn’t even in the room.

“Well, we can talk about that later, Joseph! We’re going to have to get a move on if we’re going to get Barbara or Barbie or whatever she is today something to wear to school tomorrow,” Helen was secretly excited to do a shopping run. Sebastian was a pretty small town, and they’d have to drive quite a distance to reach a mall before it closed. They’d never make it in time, and she still had dinner to prepare. “I’m so sad that dress was ruined. It would have looked lovely on you. If you are still going to homecoming, I’ve got a few old gowns I could let Barbar ... Barbie use until we can get to Burlington’s this weekend. There’s one just a couple of hours from here we could go to and make a day of it!” Helen exclaimed, realizing her opportunity. “She can probably borrow some of my or Ariel’s clothes for school tomorrow,” she said.

The prospect of Barbie in his mother’s dowdy blouses and stonewashed jeans did not appeal to Joe at all. He looked at his father for help.

“Not this time, honey, Gerald gently told his wife, very glad he’d been primed by Joe. This is Joe’s chance to show us what he’s got. I’ve told him he’s to see to it that Barbie replaces all her ruined clothes herself and if she can’t, she can go to school naked for all I care,” he declared boldly, not meaning a word of it.

Gerald! Our daughter is NOT going to go to school naked!” Helen said, outraged by her husband’s comment.

“It’s just a common-man’s expression,” Gerald assured his wife with a laugh. Joe would never allow his sister to do such a thing. This is JOE, remember?”

“Please, Joe. You won’t do anything that will cause me to become the laughing stock of the Bridge Club, will you?”

“Mooooom. Jeez. Who do you think I am?” Joe said, hiding his smile.

I’ve even decided that Barbie needs to learn that what she did was wrong on multiple levels. What if she’d done that to your eighty dollars bath towels? What if you went to put your racquetball outfit on only to find she’d washed it with the colors? No, she needs to learn how to do laundry PROPERLY, and I’m going to help with that as well.”

“I’d prefer to keep her away from the laundry altogether!” Helen was aghast at the idea it could have been HER clothes that had been ruined.

“And have a daughter that can’t wash her husband’s clothes? Mom! Seriously. No. Barbie’s going to CAREFULLY wash all the clothes, air dry what can be hung on the line, then she’s going to CAREFULLY fold each and every piece of laundry before putting it away in the correct places. That includes Kevin’s skid-marked tighty whities. But she’ll scrub those with a brush if that’s what it takes,” Joe decreed.

Helen was hyper-organized and believed that there should be a place for everything, and everything should be in its place. Joe knew that what he suggested would appeal to his mother. She was also a passionate advocate of the old fashioned idea of hanging things out on the clothesline to dry in the sunshine. There just wasn’t enough time or clothesline to hang EVERYTHING out there. The fact that Joe was going to make sure his sister did such a good job taking care of their laundry really appealed to Helen. She found it hard to argue with that.

“Please, Joseph. Come on! Not Kevin’s underwear. How about if I buy him new shorts each week instead?” Barbie finally added to the discussion. Joe could see that she was having a hard time completely hiding her smile.

“See what I mean, guys?” Joe appealed to his parents. “Barbie doesn’t even understand the idea that waste is causing so much global warming!” He nearly slapped his head in mock frustration and wondered aloud what they were teaching kids in school these days but held himself in check. He didn’t want to oversell the ideas he was putting forth. Instead, he changed tack a little.

“No, Barbie. We aren’t going to bleach Kevin’s underwear to within an inch of uselessness. We aren’t going to run out and buy him new underwear every week either,” he said, ensuring his mom and dad heard him say ‘we’ as if he himself would be helping with the laundry. He figured that would be the biggest persuader to his parents. Then another thought struck him.

“Undergarments will all be hand washed until they look new again!” Joe insisted. “Mom works hard all day to prepare dinner and take care of the house in ways you can’t even imagine,” he patronized his mother. She loved him for noticing that. One of her pet peeves was not getting recognized for all the little things she did.

“You said you wanted to help out yesterday more around the house. Well, you will get your wish, Barbie! You couldn’t even be bothered to half-set up the dinner table yesterday. I want you in there BEFORE every meal-offering to help mom with whatever she can! You might even learn some of her secret recipes for yourself! You can do all the things that she needs to do but never has time for!”

“Joe, that isn’t fair!” Barbie almost forgot she was supposed to argue with her brother. She protested half-heartedly.

“Whoever said life was fair?” Joe quoted another of his father’s favorite lines. “You should be thankful you have your mom to share the years of wisdom she has about home-making with you. Hanging out with her is a master class in how to behave yourself with poise! That should continue even after your restriction!”

Helen loved her children dearly, and even though they often got on her nerves, the one secret fear she had was that they were all growing up far too quickly. She didn’t want to admit that she was longing to spend one on one time with her daughter and pass down her knowledge.

“Dad works his fingers to the bone for this family. He is the sole breadwinner. Do you know how much stress that must be for him? No, of course not! Then to come home and find out you destroyed the clothes paid for with his blood, sweat, and tears because you were careless? “ Joe was laying it on a little too thick, but Gerald loved hearing him say it anyway.

“Then, after he walks in that door, SOLVES all of our problems with Mom IF he has time left over, he has to do all the big chores around the house? Well, I think you know what that means? You are going to bring him and Mom a drink or fetch whatever they need when they ask for it! You’ll hop up off your lazy butt and get it for them right away! Plus, you’ll do anything Dad would normally need to do while he relaxes and reads the news so he can de-stress!”

“Dad!” Barbie could barely protest because she was trying to suppress the slightly upturned smile on her face as she realized that Gerald was laying the groundwork to make her obey his rules right under their noses. She didn’t mind doing nice things for her parents at all and didn’t see it as any sort of sexual expression.

Clearly, his parents didn’t either – they were both on board with that rule being part of her restriction.

“What little Ariel and Kevin do around here you are going to take on! If you see the garbage is full, you take it out without being told! That will free them up to focus on their studies!” Joe said.

Ariel and Kevin got decent grades and had minimal chores. Their mother felt all the kids should have some job to do around the house.

“Wait a second, you are just trying to make me do Kevin and Ariel’s chores so you can say I have to do YOUR chores, Joseph!” Barbie narrowed her eyes at her brother and accused of him of going too far. Naturally, she was just playing the role he told her to play.

“No, I enjoy doing my chores. It gives me an opportunity to show mom and dad how much I appreciate what they do for me. I take time out of my physical training and homework to acknowledge that with my work around the house, mowing the grass, and cleaning up the yard! However, since you suggested it and I am going to spending so much time making sure you don’t cut a FART around here without me knowing about it, then yes – you can do my chores. I’ll make double sure you do them all properly. It may make you appreciate how much other people in this house carry their weight!”

Helen was about to say that was too much for her daughter. They still wanted Barbie to have time for her own homework. Helen believed heavily in equality of the sexes, but she also felt lawn work was better suited to men.

“And another thing,” Joe continued before his mother could intercede for her daughter. “You say you are just wearing that t-shirt, so you won’t get your regular clothes dirty! I think there is another reason you are wearing it!”

Barbie drew a blank on where her brother was going with this. “That I want to attend Stetson one day?”

“Don’t be cute, Barbie!” Joe pretended to lambaste her. “You are trying to prove that girls can do anything boys can do! Just because Kevin or I could walk around in t-shirt and undies, you think you can do it too!”

“Well, you actually do lawn work without even wearing a shirt,” Barbie wasn’t sure if he was suggesting she do the same thing.

“Oh, that’s simply not acceptable,” Helen put her foot down and insisted she’d draw the line on that very notion. His mother had been preaching equal rights for years even though she didn’t practice them - considering herself better than everyone around her - she was very vocal in her opinion that women were unfairly underrepresented as equal to any man. She was also quite conservative in how she dressed, and despite having a great body, she would never flaunt it in public, even at the beach.

“That’s exactly right! So before you get the idea that you can push anyone’s buttons just to get a rise out of us! You’ll keep the shirt ON while you mow the lawn! Is that understood?”

“Yes, Joseph, that’s understood,” Barbie wasn’t sure if she should pretend like she thought her perfect plan to get punished had just been foiled. Hence, she simply let her resistance crumble and appeared willing to behave herself. It satisfied her parents.

“Is there anything else that should be part of her restriction?” Joe was happy with what he got his parents to agree with now. Anything else they added would be gravy.

“Well, doing everyone’s chores and her own seems like you about covered it, son,” Gerald grinned. His own father had been hard on him, and it made him the man he was today.

“You’re lucky our parents are so generous! I’d make you ask permission to leave the house or even go to the bathroom!” Joe insisted.

“You would like that, wouldn’t you, Joseph?” Barbie would like that too. She wanted to obey her brother more than ever now, and she had permission to do so.

“I would!” Joe tried to hide his own smirk that was forming on his face.

“You wouldn’t dare make me ask permission to do things around the house, Joseph!” Barbie thought certainly her mother would take issue.

“Why not? I will be managing your time anyway. You’d have to ask mom or dad before you go someplace around here anyway. You can’t just scurry off to some boy’s house and avoid your chores!” Joe insisted.

“What will you do if I do, Joe? Spank me?” Barbie channeled the same sassiness that Candy and Becky used when they talked back to Harlan after he ordered them to do something at his house. They’d end up doing it anyway, but they’d be a little surly about it. She intentionally called him Joe to make the point, but her parents barely noticed because it was such a subtle breach of her brother’s rules.

“Wait, what is this about a boy’s house?” Helen interrupted before they could address the consequences of failing to obey her brother.

“Yeah, remember the guy she is going to homecoming with?” Joe answered his mother before telling his sister, “And before you ask, Sis. No, I am not so heartless I would ever forbid you from going to the dance, but just like last night, I will be there to chaperone you and make sure no funny business happens!”

Helen let the matter drop. She knew her daughter had a date for the dance, and it was nothing serious. She was uncomfortable with her daughter dating, but she knew it was inevitable. The fact that Joe would chaperone was more than enough to alleviate her fears.

“Oh, Thank you, Great and Mighty Lord Joseph! Whatever might I do if I didn’t have you up my butt, making sure I didn’t have any fun by myself,” Barbie remembered Candy calling Harlan her Great and Mighty Lord or something sarcastic like that in response to one of his commands.

“You might want to quit while you are ahead, Barbie! Go upstairs and ASK Ariel politely for something you can wear while I take you clothes shopping. Don’t expect anything fancy for tomorrow’s dance! You’ll get whatever they have on sale at Goodwill!”

“Goodwill?” Helen was disgusted with the very thought of second-hand clothes. She rarely even let Ariel wear Barbie’s hand me downs. She would never let her daughters be caught dead in Goodill threads.

“Those are what trashy people wear, Joseph!” Barbie protested. She wasn’t sure how far she should take things, but everything seemed to be working so far, so she pouted like her little sister would have about being made to wear something out of style to school.

“They are TRASHY because they work for a living, just like Dylan Simmon’s dad, Harlan. They are six people to a single-wide trailer. They would APPRECIATE having three hundred dollars worth of clothes handed to them tonight! The reason they look trashy is that things cost money, and they have to put food on the table, and that takes priority to looking fancy!” Joe replied.

“Yeah, practical! I like it!” Gerald interceded. He took a sip of his whiskey drink. It was strong like he liked it. His daughter had poured him a double.

“Fine, Joseph! You and Mom and Dad are right,” Barbie wasn’t streetwise, but she was a clever girl. She knew that by saying that she was confirming that her parents agreed with Joseph. They did, but it helped secure it in Gerald and Helen’s mind when she said it too. “I’ll wear whatever you pick out for me! And I’ll do the chores and even ask permission to do anything around the house! You are absolutely right! I won’t even ask how long the restriction needs to last. I’ve been a horrible little sister but at least tell me I can hang out with my friends SOME times?”

Barbie really didn’t have any friends in her new town yet unless you counted Becky, Duncan, and Dylan. She was really just angling to support her brother, managing her time.

“No, you can’t unless I am with you!” Gerald insisted.

“Please? Mom!”

Barbie never pouted and whined, but she did a fantastic imitation of her little sister Ariel, and it was quite convincing.

“That may be a little too much, Gerald!” their mom interceded on her behalf. She felt sorry for Barbie now after she accepted her punishment so graciously.

“Okay, fine! You can hang out with Kevin for one hour a week without ME. It has to be something THEY want to do - not just them hanging out with you while you do whatever you like and ignore THEM. You can hang out with Ariel once a week without me. Obviously, you can spend as much time as you want with Mom and Dad without me. Anywhere else you go, anyone else you want to hang out with, I’ll be right there, making sure you don’t get into more trouble because if you do, then I’ll extend your restriction!”

“I think we’d make that decision, Joe,” Gerald corrected his son. He thought Joe might be going a little too far. He wasn’t aware of how frequently the kids hung out together. In truth, Ariel and Kevin rarely ever spent time with their sister. Joe painted a picture of Barbie dragging her little brother and sister around while she focused on her old interests to help make his case she needed change.

“Oh, absolutely, dad! Obviously, before I did anything like that, I’d talk to you both and tell you exactly what happened! I misspoke,” Joe realized he may have pushed just a little too far and too soon. He decided to wrap up the conversation.

“Now go upstairs and tell Ariel you are on restriction from now on, and any playtime between you and her will need to be scheduled with ME! Then ask her politely for something you can run in. You wasted my usual time jogging this morning coming to my room to gossip! So I may as well get a run in tonight!”

“Jogging!” Barbie was so excited that they were getting away with this charade. She almost sounded enthusiastic about running with her brother.

“Yeah, do you have a problem with that? You should do more athletics! How about proving to our parents you are serious. Every morning report to my room ready to jog with me. See if you can keep up! I get my school work done, work out, train, and play football. You do school work, a few chores, and that’s it. You try going out for Cheerleading and jogging and see how hard it is!”

“I might just do that, Joseph! I see your point,” Barbie tried to pretend to be angry, but she couldn’t quite pull it off. She came across as contrite and that she was backing off of her high horse. It was far more convincing to her parents when she did. “Now, need permission to go upstairs, or are you going to come up with more rules for me?” Barbie suppressed the desire to lick her lips in anticipation of what Joe might make her do next.