**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 14**

**THE CONTINUING EDUCATION OF BARBARA “BARBIE” NICOLE CHIPMAN**

Written by Barbara Nicole Chipman

I have rarely ever been punished in my life. I’ve done a few things wrong, but my parents are pretty forgiving, and in the grand scheme of things, the worst thing that may have happened to me was I was on restriction for a few days. That usually meant I couldn’t go out to my friends, watch T.V., and I might have some extra chores.

It had never been as intense as what my brother just talked my parents into accepting. I don’t even know how he did it. The more I reflected on that scenario, the more I realized that I think a part of me believed Joe wasn’t play-acting.

I wanted to masturbate more than ever. My panties were soaked now. I wasn’t horny because I am an insatiable nymphomaniac all of a sudden. I think I just wanted a quiet time with my brother to let myself decompress from what we just did in front of my parents.

There had been so many first today. They weren’t all great either, but most of them were. I was still uncertain about my feelings about him giving me to Duncan. I know we talked about it, but I didn’t want him to get so bored with me that he wanted to give me away.

Joe had written into the rules before we had this conversation that I’d have to spend time with my family doing whatever they wanted. At the time, I thought very little about that requirement. I often spend time with them, but usually, it is something we both agree about. I knew he was motivated by his desire for them to see some benefit in my training, and they may be more willing to overlook some of my new behaviors.

When he told my parents I’d be required to spend time with them, it started to sink in that he might just give me to them the way he had Duncan. I would never suggest he would give me to them sexually. What I mean is that my sister is a chatty Cathy who can talk a mile a minute. If she had unlimited access to me for a full hour, it would become more than just a little annoying.

My little sister loves rainbows, kittens, unicorns, One Direction, BTS (the Bangtan Boys), Barbie dolls, dancing, ballet, ponies, cheerleading, and all sorts of silly girl stuff. I used to be into all of those things too but never as obsessively as my little sister can be.

Now, I was walking upstairs to ask to borrow her clothing and politely inform her that I’d be at her disposal to do whatever she wanted at least once a week. I wondered what my sister would think about that. She may not even want to hang out with me anymore. She’d be hanging out with this other girl her age who rides our bus a lot.

“Hey Sis, it’s me, Barbie,” I knocked on the door.

“C’mon Barbie,” I heard giggling in her room. She wasn’t alone. I opened the door. The little girl she’s been hanging out with non-stop for the last few weeks was in her room. They were putting on make-up and dancing around, looking at themselves in the mirror. She introduced her friend as Marilyn.

Ariel and Marilyn looked quite a bit alike. They were both petit and had long blonde hair. Right now, Ariel had hers pulled back and braided into a single tight ponytail like JoJo Siwa. They both were starting to develop breasts and were both very shapely and athletic. Marilyn was also a member of the Junior Varsity cheer squad like my sister. They were both cute girls just having a giggle-fest in front of a lighted make-up mirror hanging out. I didn’t want to interrupt my sister, but I was expected to obey my brother, and there was nothing I could do to delay any longer.

My sister’s room is immaculately organized. The best way to describe it is to imagine it as a collection of the girliest things you can imagine. She has Dollhouses, lacey pillows, stuffed animals, doll babies, flowery-things, silky-things, glittery-things, purple things, pink things, purple and pink polka dot things, mirrors, ornate dressers, jewelry boxes, posters on the wall – all the classic girl stuff.

My sister’s chore is to clean up her room. She seldom does, and because my mom spoils her, she ends up cleaning it up for Ariel. Now, no matter whose chore it would actually have been, it was MY chore to do. I was NOT looking forward to that part of my new life.

I’d agreed to be naughty and subservient, but I really didn’t want to deal with the mountain of crap my sister left lying around the floor while she flitted around playfully.

“Omg! Joe is such a jerk! He put you on restriction?” Ariel immediately empathized with me. I felt bad for making my Master look like a demanding jerk. That was never my intention. He had to be the bad guy in that scenario.

“You heard everything?” I said.

“That you have to do MY chores and hang out with me?” Ariel grinned like a ninny. She could seem like an angel, but she had a mischievous streak a mile wide. I knew she probably wanted to rub my nose in it, but she seemed genuinely sympathetic at the moment.

“I wish my Dad would make my sister have to obey ME!” Marilyn joked. She was wearing hot pink shorts and a little black top. They were pulled up around her hips and gave the impression she had a massive camel toe indentation in the front. Mom would have flipped out if Ariel ever wore something like that around the house – I wondered what she would think of me in it. I knew Joe might like it if I could find something like that.

“I don’t have to OBEY Ariel,” I clarified for my sister’s friend’s benefit. I only obey my brother and that was my choice!

“Yeah, but you have to do whatever your brother tells you! Trust me, if my brother could tell me what to do, he’d make me do all kinds of dirty stuff!” Marilyn blushed. She didn’t know the half of it, Barbie thought to herself.

“Well, I am sure Joseph will be fair,” I replied like I was just getting used to the idea for the first time.

“Joe even has you calling Joseph now! What if he expects ME to do that too?” Ariel got a little flustered and agitated.

“Well, don’t make the same mistake that I made with the laundry, and you won’t have to find out. Listen, he is waiting for me downstairs, and you probably heard that I need to find an outfit to change in. I hate to do this to you, but I need to ask to borrow something I can jog to the store in?”

“I can’t believe that lug is making you jog!” my sister started pulling clothes out of her closet and throwing them down on the floor.

“Hey, hey, I am the one who has to clean all that up,” I reminded her.

“I know, that is why it sucks to be you!” My sister continued throwing stuff on the floor and pulling things off their hangers. Her friend and her giggled at my expense. They were not being sadistic – they were just goofing on me, and I knew that.

She eventually came up with some long pink yoga pants with gold glitter lines down the sides. They would have been short on Barbie anyway. They were tight-fitting but hardly sexy, and the glitter made them impractical as something to sweat in.

I texted my brother a picture along with the message “panties on or panties off?”

“Yuck, and definitely off. Find something a little skimpier,” he texted back.

“Do you have anything else?” I asked as I looked through my sister’s stuff. She was smaller than me, and most of her stuff would be skimpy. My mom shops for her just like she did for me, and most of it was super cutesy. She had a pair of aqua colored shorts that might have been perfect if they didn’t have a picture of the characters from the cartoon “Adventure Time” across the butt. It’s hard to look sexy in those.

I had no problem changing in front of my sister. I took my shirt off and kept my panties on for the moment. I wondered how my sister would feel when I took them off to put whatever shorts or jogging pants I was going to wear on.

I started to try on a few things to make sure they would even fit on me. Lycra is very stretchy, but even it has its limits when it was bought for someone shorter than you. Beggars can’t be choosers, and the shorts would have to work. I texted a picture of them to my brother, and he didn’t like those either.

“Who are you texting those pictures to?” Marilyn got nosy.

“My boyfriend,” I lied as I wiggled into the tight little pair of shorts.

“Hey, my sister has panties just like those!” Marilyn noticed the caption right away on my panties. I’d almost forgotten that I had them on. I took a chance and asked if her sister was Becky Simmons.

“Yeah, those are Becky’s panties? Why do you have them?”

“I asked her to loan them to me today.” It made sense that Marilyn wasn’t at the trailer when we visited Dylan the day before. She was probably at my house at the same time. It may seem like an impossible coincidence but remember that Sebastian is a small town. My sister and Marilyn are on the same J.V. cheerleading squad and have similar interests. They ride the same school bus, and they look almost alike.

“They are so funny! It won’t lick itself,” Marilyn cracked up as she read the caption. My little sister turned pink and blushed when she thought about it. “She must really like you to loan you her panties. I would advise you not to lose those!” she said.

I tried to make the shorts work for me, but they looked absolutely absurd. I felt like Big Bird in my sister’s cartoonishly girly clothes.

“You could wear my outfit,” Marilyn was a little bit chestier than my sister, and her clothes looked good.

“What would you wear home?” I asked.

“One of Ariel’s Hello Kitty outfits,” Marilyn smiled. She apparently had her eyes on a pink ensemble. My sister aid it was cool that she and Marilyn traded clothes all the time.

Marilyn was wearing thong-style panties but no bra when she slipped out of her outfit. That didn’t surprise me because the tank top she had on was incredibly sheer, and bra straps would be hard to hide no matter how she wore it. “See if your boyfriend likes this?” she said as she handed me her clothes and stood in front of me in her panties. Her tits were like two puffy ant-hills, and her areola made up almost half of the freshly budding mounds on her chest.

I snapped some photos of her clothes, and my brother texted back a thumbs-up emoji. I held up my thumb, and Marilyn cheered. It was obviously validating for her to have some other girl’s boyfriend like her outfit.

I stepped out of my panties and started to put on Marilyn’s short-shorts.

http://p.upskirtvoyeurpics.com/xx/87/645\_Camel\_2\_GF.jpg

“Whoa, you are going out in my shorts without panties?” Marilyn snickered.

“Yeah,” I blushed. I pretended like that was normal.

“Look in the mirror,” Marilyn pointed to a full-length show mirror that my sister had. She loved to look at herself, and for good reason – she was cute as a button. She looked a little like a young Anna Sophia Robb.

I definitely had camel toe –if you could call it that. I did not have the same single line cleft that Marilyn was sporting. You could see the bulge of my clit through the outfit. I assumed in the shorts might even be sheer enough that a person could see the outline of my ass crack in the back. They were certainly tight enough that it felt that way.

“Mom is going to flip that you are going out in that,” my little sister warned me. I hoped I could dash out of the house in what I had on without her noticing.

I balled up the panties I’d been wearing in my hand and thanked Marilyn. I asked them both if they were going to homecoming.

“Nobody asked me,” Ariel lamented. I doubted my mom would let her go anyway. She only recently let me go, and even then, she wanted to make sure I was not out on my own with some random boy. I would have to stay at the dance and come right home afterward. That was even BEFORE my brother volunteered to chaperone me.

“Yeah, I had a couple boys who wanted to go with me, but they were all perverts,” Marilyn got dressed in my sister’s outfit.

“Well, maybe I will see you tomorrow? I want to try out for cheerleading. Do you girls think you can help me join the Varsity squad?” I asked.

“You have never cheered in your life, and you want to walk on to the Varsity squad as a Sophomore?” my sister rolled her eyes at how impossible that was. I may as well have asked her to help me win American Idol and become a superstar.

“Yeah, fuck those stuck up bitches” Marilyn cussed. I wasn’t used to hearing my little sister say dirty words, and I assumed her friend would be just as squeaky clean as she was. Just glancing at her, it was hard to believe she was Becky’s sister. I could see it now in their blue eyes and similar features. Becky was rougher around the edges, though, and Marilyn looked like the typical All-American girl next door, just like my little sister. “You should be a Cheerio!”

“What is a Cheerio?”

“Big hole in the middle, and you love to eat them?” Marilyn said with a naughty look on her innocent face. My sister blushed and explained that Cheerios was the unofficial nickname of the J.V. squad.

“Yeah, I’d love to help you join Cheerios! It is a no-cut squad, and there are not a lot of us, so the bar is pretty low, sis! You could come to try out during lunch tomorrow if you want!”

I was surprised my little sister gave up her lunch to do cheerleading. She said she always did.

“How do you think we keep these slender figures?” Marilyn smiled and ran her hands down her lithe little body.

I was reminded of how my brother said he sacrificed to do athletics, training, school work, and chores. I realized now my little sister did as well.

“Yeah, I would like that! Thank you! Really! For everything! Both of you! Tell Becky, I said hello! Maybe I will see you at your house sometime?” I told Marilyn as I headed for the door.

“It’s not a house. It is a trailer. Y’all have a swimming pool, working air conditioning, and it isn’t asses to elbows here. You each have your own private room! I don’t know why you’d ever want to come to my trailer, but I am not there unless I have to be!” Marilyn sounded sassy and said that last part with a much more pronounced southern accent that sounded so much like her older sister and Aunt that there was no mistaking them for relatives now. She warned me that it may freak me out a little at her house.

“I’ve been there already,” I said.

“And you still want to come back?” She laughed as I left the two of them and dashed down the hall. I was trying to make it past my mother before she could catch me, leaving in this outrageously tiny pair of running shorts and a loose little top. I slipped on my sneakers at the door because I had yet to destroy those in the laundry.

Joe was waiting impatiently for me at the door. He was already dressed out in running shorts and a tank top. He had almost as few clothes on as I did, but what he was wearing looked very natural on his athletic physique.

“Oh absolutely no way, Barbie!” my mother was hovering around as if anticipating I might try to leave dressed this way. She seemed to materialize out of thin air.

“Hey, Ariel is much smaller than Barbie! You can’t expect a perfect fit. We’ll run straight to the store and be right back, Mom. I won’t even let her wear this home if that is the problem,” Joe assured her, sensing that his mother was going to have a conniption.

“I have a housecoat you can put on over that,” My mother ignored Joe. “It’s scandalous! I can’t believe that Ariel would wear something like that either. What kind of mother would I be if I let Ariel OR you leave the house like that”

“Actually, it belongs to Marilyn. I borrowed it from her, and she is wearing something of Ariel’s home,” I said. “I could go back and tell her that her mother isn’t fit and ask for something else,” I said.

Joe chided me for talking back to my mom and said that we were running out of time. “They are just shorts. It’s not that big of a deal.”

“Oh, I adore Marilyn! Isn’t she wonderful? She’s just a living doll! I didn’t mean anything about her mother. I’ve asked her to let me to speak to her so I can arrange for Ariel to go over to her house sometime! But Marilyn always says her mom is tied up. She must be incredibly busy!” my mom said.

“It’s a small world because the boy that is taking me to Homecoming is her older brother, Dylan!”

“That is a small world. He must be a nice boy if he is related to Marilyn. I actually feel a lot better about that now. I hope I can meet their mom and dad soon! It might be nice to invite them over for dinner!” my mother mused.

I wasn’t sure if I could even contemplate what kind of epic catastrophe that might be. Joe grabbed my hand and led me out the door. “I’d love for you two to stay and talk, but Dad expects me to get her new clothes, and I don’t want Barbie to miss a day of school tomorrow. So unless you want her going to school wearing what she has on, let us go! I promise straight there and right back! It’s almost dark, and we won’t talk to strangers, okay?” Joe was obviously joking about that last part to lighten things up.

“Well, don’t dilly dally!” my mom tried not to look directly at my bottoms.

My brother set the pace, and I ran slightly to the right of him and in front. I didn’t pay attention to the cars or people walking their dogs through my neighborhood. We were just starting down Essex Lane and had a lot of distance to cover, so my brother told me to conserve my energy as this would be a long distance.

“Panties?” Joe asked as we jogged along our street.

I showed them to him. I was holding the panties tightly wadded up in my left hand. “I like the shorts you have on! When we get to the end of the street, I want you to ball those panties up and push them all the way into your pussy!” he said. I thought at first he was joking, but he was quite serious.

“That’s for forgetting your protocol half-way through the talk with Mom and Dad. It was like you wanted to get caught. You kept calling me Sir. I thought you were going to call me, Master!”

“I am sorry, Master! You basically got them to agree to just about everything in your rules. I am surprised you didn’t suggest it!” I smirked as we ran together.

“Do you think I could have made them agree to let you eat only leftovers from the floor?” he seemed to be half-joking.

“Yucky, would you really make me do that, Sir?” I asked.

“Your rules say you will be trained as a pet. How do pets eat?” he asked.

“On the floor, Master!” I answered.

“Harlan’s girls were told they had to eat leftovers. They seemed more concerned about that then they were having to get on the floor naked and wink their assholes in front of us. I’d imagine it is a good test of your willingness to submit to me if you had to eat something you find yucky.” He made a good point.

“Don’t worry, I’d make sure there was plenty of protein in your meal!” Joe touched his dick through his own shorts.

His suggestion made my mind wander. There were so many variables that even knowing his expectations, I still had apprehension building in me about what was to come. I wanted to know what he would make me do next around the house. I wanted to address what had happened earlier today again.

I smiled at him as we ran together. I tried to match his great strides and keep pace with him. It was already difficult. My brother has been training as an athlete all of his life, and I only run when I have to during P.E.

I knew he was going slow for my benefit. I tried not to pay attention to the odd glances and occasional honked horn as perverted old men noticed me bounding down the sidewalk in my short-shorts.

**Chapter 15**

“Your choice was that you wanted me to push you, Barbie. I asked you right at the start if you knew what you were suggesting, and you told me you needed me to push you because you couldn’t do it yourself. That is when you made your choice to be my slut. I’m looking out for you, and I’m forcing you to face your fears. You agreed, and I said once you did, I would hold you to it. You ARE a slut – my slut, and I’m very proud of you for making it through the bus ride, sis,” Joe assured Barbie, and she felt his praise all the way to her toes.

At the corner, they stopped so that Barbie could follow Joe’s instruction and stuff the panties into her cunt. Barbie still had the panties in her hand.

“I know what you want me to do, Master, but have you considered yet HOW I’m going to do what you ordered? You explained what you wanted, and you reminded me of why you want me to push them up inside my pussy, but does it matter how they get there?” She asked, causing Joe to look at her in confusion.

“Just push them up inside! What is so difficult about that? He asked.

“I’m sorry, Master, I wasn’t clear. We’re at the corner, and I’m willing to do what you said even though it won’t be comfortable. The question is, can I hide in the bushes, or am I supposed to just try to do it right out in the open before anyone notices?”

Joe was impressed that she’d asked that. He hadn’t thought about the mechanics of how she’d get the panties inside herself, just that she followed instructions. The fact that she was asking meant that she was learning not to take things for granted.

There weren’t all that many people around, but it wasn’t a ghost town either. Several horns had blown their approval of her outfit already, so it wasn’t like they were being ignored.

“Here will be fine,” he smirked, watching for her reaction. He had expected her to balk at the idea of following instructions right out in public. Barbie steeled herself and summoned all of her courage. She was about to do something so outrageous Barbara would never have dared, but Barbie would do it enthusiastically on command. Her delicate little hand dove into the front of her shorts after a quick look around to make sure no one was watching.

She couldn’t be sure she wouldn’t be seen. It was broad daylight in the suburb just next to the trailer park. Anyone could be watching from their window. A car could be just about to turn down their street!

The shorts were tight on her, being clearly meant for someone much smaller. There wasn’t enough stretch left in them for her to even get her wrist into the front of her shorts. Barbie quickly changed tack, thinking she could stretch the leg hole to the side to get at her pussy. There wasn’t enough stretch left to accomplish that either.

With a nervous look of panic and a few false starts, while she waited for the perfect moment, Barbie peeled the overly tight shorts right off her hips and down her long legs. She remembered to bend at the waist to get the shorts past her knees before they became loose enough to fall to her ankles.

Shaking one foot was enough to get the leg hole off one ankle, and she quickly spread her legs and, with some effort, opened herself up enough to start frantically shoving the panties inside herself. Joe saw that Barbie’s pink pussy was not dry. Even as she publicly pushed the material into her cunt it became wetter and wetter, allowing her easier access.

Cars passed them while Barbara was bottomless on the sidewalk. Her legs spread, forcing the tiny ball of material into her channel. Most only had a driver inside, and they were ignored, but not all drivers were oblivious. One full car of young guys honked its horn, and cheers were heard from the passengers as Barbie followed her brother’s instructions, flustering her even more with their attention.

Joe had thought it’d be maybe one second of work, but it took much more than that to accomplish his instruction. Eventually, she was able to frantically get her shoe back through the leg hole of the too-small shorts and wiggle them back up her legs and back over her hips again, all the while making cute little noises of frustration and consternation. Barbie clearly didn’t want to be half-naked in public.

“Oh my gosh, Master. I did it!” Barbie was very proud of herself even though she looked like she’d just run a marathon. “It feels so weird!”

“Good girl, Barbie. Now come on, we’re losing time. We’ve got clothes shopping to do, and your little show made me horny. I hope you appreciate that now I’m going to have to jog with a boner after that little display. The things we do for our little sisters,” he said with a smile to show he wasn’t really angry with her or care that his dick was hard.

“Sorry, Master. I did it as quickly as I could. Do you want me to suck your cock again, so you don’t have to run while as uncomfortable as I am?” Barbie asked, not sounding like she meant to compare her discomfort to his.

“How do they feel? Does it feel better wearing panties again, even if they’re on the inside?” He smirked.

“It feels weird! Like I’m stuffed or something!” She admitted it was creating a sensation that was making her wetter and wetter.

“You know you fucked up so many times with mom and dad today that I lost count,” Joe said conversationally once they started jogging again.

“I’m sorry, Master. I’ll do better in the future. And I’m sorry I got angry with you this afternoon, too. I could have refused to let Duncan finger bang me. I could have refused to suck his dick. But you knew I wanted to even though I didn’t know it. It’s why you’re my Master and not anyone else, even if you make me call someone else, Master. Please just promise me again you’ll tell me if you really do want to give me away for good.”

“You’re MINE, bitch! You’ll know if I get sick of you long before I kick you to the curb. Your job is to please me so I DON’T get sick of you. But you’ll please me by enthusiastically pleasing those I give you to as well!”

“I’ll try to be a better slut from now on, Sir. What can I do to prove my loyalty and make up for today?” Barbie asked, surprising Joe.

“You won’t try, slut. First, you’ll get that silly idea out of your head. You’ll DO, not try. When I say it pleases me to see you make my friends happy, you WILL make them happy, not merely try. You succeeded with Duncan and you made him happy on a lot of levels even though you don’t know him. THAT makes me happy. Seeing you be the slut you were born to be makes me so happy. I don’t know why. I didn’t know it would until yesterday, but now I am elated and excited and alive! Everything is new. Everything is different. What doesn’t please me is watching you break a bunch of rules because you think you’re better than everyone else or that the rules only apply when you want them to apply.

“If you tell me to suck one of your friends, it’ll really make you happy, not jealous?” Barbie asked, realizing that jealousy was something she hadn’t seen at all on Joe’s face when she’d talked dirty to Duncan and when she’d let him finger bang her right next to her brother.

Joe didn’t reply. He let his sister work through her thoughts and feelings while jogging next to him.

“I’m yours, Master. I want to prove I am, and I want to make up for my mess-ups with mom and dad,” Barbie finally admitted. “Will you punish me so I don’t forget so quickly that you only want what’s best for me?” Barbie puffed quietly while she jogged. “I mean like one big punishment to make up for all the ways I let you down today. It’d help, I think,” Barbie admitted quietly.

“Then I’ll let you choose your punishment,” Joe finally said after more thought. “How does a slut prove to her Master that she’s his property?” Joe asked cryptically.

“I already offered to suck your cock, Master. I’m not sure what else I can offer right now.”

“There’s half a world of cock, Barbie. I like to know you’re mine even when you’re sucking on a strange cock. It pleases me to know you’re doing it for me and not for your own selfish gratification.”

“So, you want me to suck one of your friends off again?” Barbie asked in confusion. “It’s not like they’re just walking around out here waiting to get their dick sucked by your sister!” Barbie laughed.

“No, they’re probably not. But there aren’t many straight guys who would mind a chance to get head from you,” he admitted.

“So you want me to suck a stranger’s dick? I will if that’s what you want,” Barbie promised her brother.

“Is that really a punishment for a slut?” Joe grinned, loving the idea of Barbie’s head bouncing up and down on a stranger’s cock because he’d told her to. “The punishment would be in making YOU find the dick to suck. Not choosing one but cold-calling one. The next-dick-you-see, kind of dick. See that man walking his dog towards us on the other side of the road? Stop and offer to suck his dick.”

“I can’t do that!” Barbie’s eyes bulged at the suggestion.

“No, you mean you aren’t really ready to make amends for your screw-ups,” Joe corrected her.

“But I am! I’m just no good at talking to strangers, Master!” Barbara corrected.

“Don’t tell me what I mean, Barbie. You just cross the road and tell the guy you want to suck his dick. Just like that. No chatting or thinking how you’re going to seduce him. Ask the question and see how he responds.” Joe’s smile was gone. He was all business now, taking his role as Master training his slut very seriously.

Barbie bit her lip, knowing her Master was right. She wasn’t being told to make small talk with a stranger. She was being told to offer her slut mouth for sexual gratification, for her Master’s enjoyment and her own punishment. The worst he could do is refuse, she admitted to herself.

Barbie looked both ways before stepping off the curb and jogging in a diagonal line across the street to intercept the man walking his dog.

“Excuse me, sir, do you have a minute?” She asked when he was within hearing range. She knew she needed to speak loudly enough, so Joe, pausing across the street, would hear.

The man looked her up and down, appreciating her outfit and trim lines. If Barbie had looked down at herself, she would have seen the staining that was beginning to show around her cameltoe. Barbie was wet enough that her juices were soaking into her borrowed shorts.

“Yes, Miss?” He replied.

“I was wondering if ... Ummm ... can I suck your cock, please, Sir?” She finally managed to ask.

The man smiled then frowned, wondering if he’d heard correctly. “Sorry, I think I misheard you. What did you say?”

“May I please suck your dick, sir?” She asked again, her face burning in shame.

“Get on with you, girl!” The man thundered, jerking his dog’s leash and stepping around her, mumbling something about kids and pranks and modern-day muggers.

Barbie turned and watched the man continue down the street. She’d done what Joe had told her, fully prepared to suck her third ever cock. She hadn’t expected to be turned down, and that was every bit as embarrassing as asking had been. She held her hands up to Joe in a ‘what now’ gesture.

The sidewalks were almost entirely empty. Not too many people walked out of necessity in this town, Joe realized. That man had been walking his dog. Although there were a few cars taking their occupants home from work, there weren’t many people just walking about, killing time.

Joe looked further down the street, and in the distance, he finally saw a construction worker. The worker had his colorful vest on and maybe a lunch pail in his hand. Even from this far away, it looked clear to Joe the guy seemed to have just finished a long, hard, hot day.

Joe pointed. Barbie looked, then returned her stare to him with a look that said, ‘seriously’?

Joe began jogging again. Barbie kept pace with him but on the far side of the road until the man was close enough to talk to.

“Heeey, Chica!” The man’s face lit up with a smile. Barbie didn’t even need to open a dialog.

“Hello, Sir. Would you like a blowjob?” She asked bluntly, he features once again heating up.

“Jess, please! From joo?” He asked, grinning widely. He had to be their dad’s age. “Come! Step into my office,” he said without missing a beat as if young girls always bothered him with offers of blowjobs. They were near a low brick wall that separated the street from what was once maybe a residence but was now a vacant lot.

He just stretched out his hand, while the other covered his stomach as if he was the doorman at a fancy hotel indicating that the lady should precede him in clambering over the low, waist-high wall.

Barbie glanced at Joe and saw him smile, before doing as the Mexican construction worker had suggested. He nimbly followed her over the wall as if he scaled walls like that one, a hundred times a day.

Behind the wall was trash that had blown up against the barrier over a very long period of time. The construction worker ignored it and stood on it like it was a carpet, then leaned back against the wall, with his back to the road, setting his pail down on top. He then looked Barbie up and down again.

“You one fine puta,” he said pleasantly. “Well, hoory up! Is not going to suck itself!” He laughed, probably thinking he was calling Barbie’s bluff.

Barbie crouched down and reached for his fly.

“You won’t get it out without undoing the belt and popping the botton,” he instructed helpfully.

When Barbie did what he said, glancing up at him occasionally, she saw that he was happy to have his bluff called even if they were right outside with the occasional car going by.

She knew that from here, she was hidden from the road but that there could be someone watching from the house behind her. The thought made her even more conscious of what she was about to do with a stranger.

The construction worker had a cock that was shorter than Joe’s but much thicker. Barbie had never seen such a beast before. To be fair, Barbie had only ever seen two other cocks live, but she had seen her share online. This one was unique, though, in that it belonged to someone who’s name she didn’t even know. He was a man - an adult man. She’d only ever been with teenagers. This man had never laid eyes on her before. She was putting his sweaty cock in her mouth. It got hard for her so fast! She hadn’t even fumbled with it for a couple of seconds before the uncut cock was fully erect.

It smelled terrible, too! The construction worker had clearly spent a lot of time outside today, sweating hard. Barbie almost changed her mind. It was just too gross! But Joe had said not to try, to DO.

“Joo like? Make me like now, haha!” The man said. “Hooray up puta. I have to get home,” he added after another second.

The cock really stretched her mouth open, and Barbie had a hard time opening wide enough that her teeth didn’t scrape it on its way in. As soon as she had it past her lips, the man took over. With his hands behind her head to hold her on his cock, he simply face fucked her while she spluttered and held on for the ride.

This man wasn’t looking for a long, sensuous blowjob. He wanted to get his nut as quickly as possible, maybe because he knew he was outside, and he couldn’t afford to get in trouble.

He arched his back and unloaded in Barbie’s sucking mouth within two minutes, pumping squirt after squirt into her while holding her head so she couldn’t escape the blasts if she’d wanted to. After the last weak squirt, he pulled her head backwards, smiling as a string of cum clung to the tip of his dick. He just wiped it onto her cheek then pushed her further back.

“I don’ know your game puta, but I’m not paying for it. Be gone, you little tease!” He said, immediately dismissing Barbie.

Barbie, blushing brightly, held his cum in her mouth and scrambled back over the fence then across the road to Joe. Joe watched the man finish adjusting himself, then using one hand on the low wall, nimby jump back over, pick up his pail, and continue on his way as if nothing had happened. He didn’t even look in their direction as if utterly uninterested in where Barbie had gone.

“Thee Mather, I goth it,” Barbie said proudly, holding her mouth open for Joe to see the man’s cum on her tongue.

“Keep it in your mouth while we run, slut. I want you to swish it around like mouthwash. Show me again when we get to Goodwill,” he instructed.

The Mexican’s cum tasted bitter and spicy and not at all like either Joe’s or Duncan’s. Much nastier. But it was cum from a stranger that she’d procured on her own without her Master forcing her to. Barbie wanted to rub herself even more, now and her nipples were so hard under her top that they ached. It wasn’t helpful that she wasn’t wearing a bra. Her tits bouncing under her loose top were really beginning to torment her as she jogged along to the right and just in front of Joe so he could watch her butt jiggle.