**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 17**

Helen Chipman being Helen Chipman, said she wanted a few things. What she really meant is that if Joe picked up everything on the list, she subsequently texted him, she wouldn’t have to make another trip herself. Joe seriously doubted they needed family-sized bags of frozen peas AND carrots with broccoli to add to their dinner, much less Eggo Waffles or a honeydew and grapes.

He guessed the eggs and bread would be for breakfast, and he liked eggs for breakfast, so he really didn’t mind. Still, he shrugged, and they entered Publix.

“Do you want me to push the cart, Master?” Barbie asked, back to being his helpful slut.

“No, mom just gave me a shortlist of things to bring home to go with dinner. YOU can be the shopping cart this time. The last time mom brought me shopping, she said she only had to get a couple of things and ended up sending me back for a cart when I started dropping things. You WON’T drop anything, will you Barbie?” He asked his sister, sternly.

“No, Sir,” Barbie said, not wanting to tell him she’d try not to even though she had no idea how many items her brother had on his list to go with the bags of clothes she was already carrying.

They started in the produce section. Joe really had no idea how to pick a honeydew, so he hefted the first one he found and held it like a small basketball. “What do you think, Barbie? Is this bigger than one of Becky’s tits?” He asked his sister with a smile.

“I’m not sure that’s how to grade a honeydew,

Master, but yes, I’m sure it is. Aren’t her boobs more the size of this cantaloupe,” She asked with a sexy smile, trailing her fingers over its skin as if looking for its nipple. Joe found the sight very erotic.

“Naughty!” He laughed and then said, “heads up!” He threw the honeydew softly to her, and luckily she caught it without even dropping her clothing bags. “This one will be fine.”

“Was one of these on the list, Master?” Barbie held up a cling-wrapped cucumber that had to be at least eighteen inches long. “They left the condom on too!” She giggled.

“You wish!” Joe laughed back while wondering if it’d be a good idea to buy it just so Barbie could attempt to force that into her pussy. Then he decided against it. He didn’t want her stretching anything before he had a chance to try her out a-la-natural.

Joe selected grapes based on size. He saw a bunch of little ones, but when he found the jumbo red grapes, he was reminded of a movie he’d once watched where the emperor’s slaves had to peel his grapes for him. He imagined having Barbara do that too, but this time he couldn’t think of a good reason not to have Barbie peel his, the same way.”

Barbie felt like she was almost continually popping out of her tiny little outfit or had to adjust it. It was too small for her, and the cold air made her budding nipples stand on end and poke out of her white shirt. It didn’t help that occasionally the panties she had stuffed inside her started to slide out. She had to discreetly push them back up inside her pussy without anyone noticing. If they had, they might have thought she was playing with herself now and then.

The fact Barbie might get caught only heightened her sense of shame, danger, and excitement.

The container of eggs and the bread were a little harder for Barbie to juggle, but it was when they reached the freezer section that things really got fun. Joe handed The pack of frozen waffles to Barbie, then they moved to the far end where the frozen veggies were located.

Joe was just joking that he might buy his sister some dog food.

“You wouldn’t dare, Sir!” Barbie’s face turned red.

Joe was about to explain she was in pet training, and the way he had sweet-talked her parents, she’d be lucky if they didn’t approve of him feeding it to her in the kitchen. He was half-joking, of course.

He didn’t get a chance to finish his joke. They both saw the woman they seen earlier at the red light in the little red sports car. She was moving in slow motion, at least as far as Joe could tell. It was like her tits and ass were in concert with one another. She wasn’t jiggling all over the place like Candy might, but she knew how to maximize her movement to be appealing to the eye.

She was wearing a red silk top with probably too many buttons undone to show a hint of lacy bra underneath. Her lapels were up so the eye would be drawn past the strange but simple chrome-like necklace she wore, towards her cleavage. On her feet, she had the tallest spiked heels Joe had ever seen, and her skirt was as shockingly short as Joe would have dared to make Barbie wear. When she moved, her stocking tops briefly came into view. She didn’t seem to care if anyone noticed and moved with the practiced ease of someone who had walked in high heels all her life.

The woman could best be described as looking like the actress Morgan Fairchild. She had big beautiful breasts and a shapely figure. Her hair was big and blonde, and she had piercingly beautiful blue eyes. You could just tell by looking at her she had heard every compliment for them known to man by this point in her life.

Her nose was sculpted by God in partnership with Michelangelo. It was thin and slightly upturned and complimented her facial symmetry in such a way that made her face impossible to forget. Her makeup was perfect, and she didn’t appear to have a single blemish or wrinkle even though she was probably at least fifty years old.

Joe assumed she was older than his mother, but she wasn’t frumpy like Helen. Her shoulders were back when she walked, and her chin was up. She was obviously comfortable with attention, even though she didn’t act like she wanted it.

Joe licked his lips, finding them suddenly dry. To him, the woman looked like some English teacher who purposefully dressed to make her students pay attention to her. However, none of the teachers at HIS high school would dress in quite such a classy yet slutty manner.

It was pretty evident that the woman was used to such reactions and didn’t wait around to fish for compliments. She moved through the store with a purpose and a grace that set her instantly apart from other shoppers. She was different – that much was evident.

The sexy older woman had one of the same cucumbers he and Barbie had laughed about along with a value sized box of Trojans and a pump bottle of lube in a small shopping basket.

She carried them as if she had no idea the combination would give every male in the place an immediate hard-on thinking about how she would probably make use of that cucumber or as if she simply didn’t care that they knew what she would be using them for.

The last thing Joe could imagine her using it for was to make a salad! She seemed like the kind of lady who ate room service in fancy hotels and didn’t stay at home making meals like his mother.

The woman breezed past without ever looking in the direction of the stunned teens.

Joe forced his attention back to Barbie. “I need a big bag of frozen peas and another of a mix of carrots and broccoli. You’re up Barbie. I don’t want to get cold hands, and since you’re here, why should I?” He grinned at her with her arms full of groceries already.

“Sir? I can’t even open the door with my arms full.” She replied, even while trying to reorganize her load.

“Wah-wah woe is me,” Joe teased his sister before taking pity on her. “Let me help you,” he sighed, acting as if he was doing his sister the favor of her life.

He took the container of eggs and nudged her arm until she lifted it enough that he could wedge the eggs between her upper arm and her torso. Next, he grabbed the box of waffles and pushed it against her thighs. The box of FROZEN waffles was cold! Still, she parted her thighs and pinned the box with a combination smile and look of dread. Then he took the bag of grapes and bread bag and told her to open her mouth and grip them with her teeth.

The honeydew went into the waistband of her shorts, almost ripping them. Barbara had to suck in her breath to make room.

“Hey, you kind of look like Candy but with no tits!” He laughed before standing back and adding, “ta-da! See, free hands! NOW you can grab the veggies. Boy, the things I do to help you out. It’s exhausting!”

Barbie waddled forward and opened the freezer door, being struck with a blast of cold air. Her nipples jumped to attention, pressing themselves hard against her thin shirt. Joe loved her hard little nipples and wished they could always press that hard against whatever shirt she wore.

Barbara grinned in triumph when she pulled out the required bags of vegetables and was able to let the door swing shut again.

“Okay, that’s all we need. Let’s get out of here, slut!” Joe laughed at the look of consternation on his sister’s features.

“It’ll be a while Master, she admitted through clenched teeth, hardly daring to move in case she dropped something.

“I didn’t say you had to walk your silly ass up to the register like that!” Joe clarified. You can redistribute it whenever you want.

“Oh! God, they’re cold!” Barbie grimaced when she clutched the two bags of frozen vegetables to her chest in order to free up a hand for the waffles. Within moments though, Barbie had almost the full load back in her arms, but she had to leave the melon where it was.

She still walked carefully up to the young cashier who she recognized from school.

“Hey, you’re the new girl, right? This your boyfriend?” The pimply-faced teen asked, just making conversation.

Joe smiled, not surprised that Barbie was known as the new girl, whereas he was just another guy in the eyes of the cashier.

Barbie didn’t know what to say. Once again, Joe rescued her. “Don’t be a brat, Barbie. She’s just mad because she doesn’t like it when she’s on restriction,” he shrugged as if to silently apologize to the cashier. Barbie remembered she was supposed to behave like a brat to others because her brother hadn’t told her to stop.

“I am SO not mad, Joseph! I just thought that he was a throwback howdy doody toy, not a real person. Sorry. My mistake. What was the question again? Alfred, is it?” Barbie asked, peering intently at the cashier’s chest as if she couldn’t easily make out that his name was Arthur.

“Don’t mind her, Art. Just ignore her. If you put your scanner to her head, it would read ‘expired’ anyway,” he laughed, making Art laugh as well.

Barbie harrumphed but said nothing more, instead beginning to place her burden on the mechanical conveyer. Once she put down the bags of frozen vegetables, Art’s eyes bulged. The peas and carrots with broccoli had soaked her shirt, and her nipples were clearly visible.

Barbie followed his stare down to her chest and said, “oops!” To Joe, she sounded exactly like Ariel.

Once the groceries were bagged and paid for, Barbie got to carry them outside. She knew there was no way she could jog carrying that lot and Joe even agreed with her.

“Just this once, could we get an Uber, Sir?” Barbie asked politely.

“How far have you’ all got to go?” A female voice behind them asked. As long as little miss hot pants don’t mind riding in the back, I can probably give you a ride?” The way she said it made Joe feel like she meant another sort of ride.

Joe turned his head, and there was the same woman again. Had she been stalking them? “Thank you, ma’am,” he said, his smile lighting his face. “It’s just around the corner,” he said that it was no problem to walk.

“Oh, you never know what you may find around the corner! That’s exactly where I am heading,” she joked playfully. Morgan was no stalker, but she was definitely dangerous in a good way. There was something interesting and provocative about her.

Joe would have been satisfied to jog home, but the way she asked him didn’t feel like a simple offer. It felt like an invitation, and for the first time in his life, Joe realized there was a subtle difference between an offer and an invitation.

Joe felt obliged to politely accept.

Morgan had a way about her of making people feel inclined to accept her invitations – or regret wondering what might happen. She’d always been able to do that since she was Barbie’s age. The pair had no idea about Morgan’s past, obviously, though, and thought nothing of going with her.

“C’mon then, time is money, and money is what makes the world go around,” she said, pointing to her little red TWO SEATER MG in the lot. Her little sports car looked tiny compared to the SUV behind it.

“There’s no back seat in that,” Joe laughed, realizing the woman’s joke.

“I meant the trunk. Wouldn’t be the first time,” she shrugged as if it was no big deal. I’d let you drive, and I’d go in the back, but where’s the fun in that? Anyway, it’s a stick. Ever driven a stick?”

Joe hadn’t. As far as he knew, they no longer even made cars with manual transmissions.

“Could my sister sit on my lap instead?” He asked, not quite ready to make Barbie ride in the trunk, but at the same time, the idea opened a new world of possibilities in his mind.

“Sister? Well, SURE, she can. I’m Morgan. Are you new around here? I can’t believe I’ve never seen you around before,” she said, running her fingertips down Joe’s arm.

“I would like that,” Joe introduced himself and his sister.

“Sister? Is that what she is? I would have thought she was your girlfriend,” Morgan observed. The two of them were both quite embarrassed. Joe wanted his sister to flash in public, but when Morgan suggested they were boyfriend and girlfriend because of how they behaved, he was reminded there was a stigma associated with being brother and sister and doing the things they were doing in public.

The flashing games in the store had been fun, organic, and natural.

**Chapter 18**

“Oh, don’t worry, hon! I am not one to judge. Do I look like a prude to you?” Morgan offered apologetically.

“No, not at all. Thanks for the ride!” Joe replied. She was a sexy older woman, and she carried herself like she was all that and a bag of chips. Her tits were obviously fake, and she carried herself with the confidence of a celebrity that Joe should have recognized but didn’t.

They loaded the trunk, and Joe climbed in, Barbie squeezing herself onto his lap. The MG seats were low and small. Sitting in Joe’s lap left very little room for Barbie’s legs. She ended up with them on the dash. If their mom saw them, they’d both be dead meat, Joe knew.

Morgan hadn’t been joking. She was in a hurry! They roared up State Route 1 as if being chased by police. The wind rushing over the windshield of the topless little car made conversation impossible, but Joe didn’t mind. He got to enjoy Barbie in his lap in addition to studying Morgan.

She looked just like some film star he’d seen in an old movie, but he couldn’t remember which one. That actress would probably be long dead by now anyway, while this woman looked to be barely over the hump of her prime.

Morgan was hot for an older woman. There was no denying that. It was impossible to tell precisely how old she was. She had a timeless quality, and she reminded Barbie of the Spider from the story, Charlotte’s Web. Morgan knew things. She was wise and poised, but she was also confident.

Barbie didn’t want to BE her or even be like her. She was just a silly girl right now. She was willing to be shaped into whatever her brother wanted.

Yet, at the same time, there was something about Morgan that made Barbie feel they might share a connection or a commonality in some way. She chalked it up to overthinking things.

She knew things about the world. She was cultured and experienced.

Barbie felt like a new pig in the barn, just learning about mud for the first time she sat next to her.

Joe was a little nervous to make conversation, but there was an awkward silence. Morgan’s tits didn’t move even though there was a lot of wind. His sister’s tits bounced and jiggled constantly. They could feel every vibration from the tiniest bump in the road in that little car. Every time Morgan shifted gears, there was an almost palpable sexual excitement about how she drove the car so passionately.

Their mother drove her car to get from point A to B in the safest manner possible. Morgan drove to consume the road. Even though she wasn’t careless, there was an element of danger to how she handled the little car like an extension of her body that was exciting to the teens. It was almost like a metaphor for how Morgan might live her life.

Only as the little MG slid to a stop raising a cloud of dust when she slowed down to enter their neighborhood, did Joe see that she had the same chrome bracelets on her wrists as the necklace she wore, Joe could imagine getting Barbie something like that too, but hers would be signs of her submission and not fashion accessories.

“You want to ask about the collar?” Morgan said as if she anticipated the question. She checked herself out in the rearview mirror and smacked her lips to check her lipstick.

“Is that what it is?” he asked. The collar was made of stainless steel and heavily polished. There didn’t appear to be a snap – it was a single perfect circle going all the way around her neck.

“That’s what I said it is,” Morgan sounded so much more worldly than Joe. She exuded confidence and sexuality in a way that made her a little larger than life – like a movie star. “It is an eternity collar, and I have matching wrist and ankle manacles. Don’t worry, I get the question a lot, and it doesn’t offend me. I am an open book, hon. Do you want to ask me anything else, or are you just admiring what you see?” she added very seductively.

Barbie felt a sudden tinge of jealousy shoot down her spine, but she remained quiet.

“Do you wear them all the time?” Joe was a little uncomfortable. He was starting to get a boner.

“I thought you might ask me if you can tie me up with them. The answer is, yes, to both questions. This is an eternity collar, and it never comes off. I sleep with it. I do Yoga with it. I fuck with it. I shop with it. Most people are too polite to ask about them. I like it when people aren’t polite,” Morgan smiled at him like she was ready to gobble him up before she spat him out.

Joe wanted to ask more questions. He wanted to ask why she wore them and who put them on her. He suspected they had something to do with BDSM, and now he knew it. He was tongue-tied for the first time today.

“The way the little gash at your side bats her eyelashes every time you tell her what to do or smack her bottom when she doesn’t, tells me you know something about collars,” Morgan observed bluntly. The dismissive way that Morgan regarded Barbie as a gash felt cold and harsh to Barbie. Yet, it also spoke to the fact Morgan knew she could say it, and Barbie would hold her tongue.

“You noticed all of that, did you?” Joe asked nervously. They had only passed each other for a moment, and Morgan had never looked up at them.

Morgan noticed everything. She was incredibly observant and adept at understanding body language and non-verbal communication. She could tell from their reaction that they were more than brother and sister and that she had been right about her assessment.

“Sugar, everybody in that store noticed. A cute little teenage girl flaunting her butt in Publix is nothing that shocking or original. A cute little girl trying to carry way too many groceries with a pair of panties balled up and hanging out of her snatch because her shorts are two times too small for her is going to get noticed by everyone.”

Barbie blushed. There was only one time the panties dropped out of her pussy a little, and she immediately pushed them back in. She thought no one noticed. It took an effort to clench the panties in her pussy, and they frequently slid or moved as she walked. She had to push them deeper inside her a few times this evening.

“Don’t worry, I told you I am not one to judge. Why do you think I offered you a ride home? If you were a bunch of square pegs high on Jesus, I would never have bothered.”

Joe thanked her as they got out of the car. Barbie retrieved the groceries but said nothing. She was intimidated, jealous, and a little bit in awe at how Morgan seemed to be so confident. At the same time, she also had a submissive quality to her. Barbie was JUST starting to understand her own sexual energy and desires, and she was mystified by Morgan’s worldliness.

“Don’t forget, you owe me one, and I don’t even mind if you bring your cute little sister,” Morgan let them out at the end of their street, and they said their goodbyes so they could run the rest of the way. Joe didn’t want to have to explain to his mother that he’d taken a ride from a stranger.

Morgan giggled as she watched Barbie struggle to carry all the groceries and balance them. She didn’t watch her for long. She lowered her sunglasses a little and admired Joe’s athletic build - especially his butt - a bit much like a female Cheetah might admire a Gazelle’s graceful form just before pouncing to make a meal of him.

“Wow, she was different, Master!” Barbie exclaimed once they were out of earshot. Did you see her tattoo?” she added.

Joe gave her a blank look, prompting her to explain.

“Right on her breast ... boob, Sir. I am surprised you didn’t notice it. You were looking pretty hard at them,” she teased with a trace of jealousy.

Joe smacked her butt playfully.

“The tattoo was mostly hidden by her blouse, but it was a crest! Like a family crest or something. She must really be rich if that’s what it was! Am I going to get a tattoo too, Master?”

“I am considering some kind of sign of ownership,” Joe reflected upon what Morgan told him. “I wouldn’t plan on it anytime soon,” he mused.

Barbie looked so sweet and enthusiastic about the idea. It was another thing Joe had never considered. His sister really wanted to get marked for life. He wondered if she was being naïve about her commitment. There would be no going back once her skin was branded. He liked the idea of a collar more than a tattoo, though.

.Joe swung the door to the house open to let his sister carry in the groceries and clothing. “Set the groceries down. I’ll carry them into the kitchen for you, but you will put them away.”

“Okay, Joseph,” Barbie shifted herself into Brat mode. This behavior was all new to her. As exciting as it was to play-act, she also felt incredibly guilty about the level of dishonesty she had to engage in now. Brat mode WAS infinitely better than just coming clean with her parents about wanting to serve her brother, but she couldn’t help but feel a tinge of guilt about having to act contrary to her emerging submissive nature.

She was also unsure just how far to misbehave. She didn’t want to piss Joe off or go too far. She would follow her brother’s cues and try to please him.

“You nearly walked half of the way back, Barbie! Get your lazy butt upstairs and change into your t-shirt. Mom has already started dinner and it looks like she’ll be setting the table, too, if you don’t hurry. That was supposed to be your job! Move, Move, Move, c’mon, get the lead out!” Joe hustled his sister upstairs so she could change.

“Put those new clothes in MY room for now. I’ll decide what is and isn’t going to fly at school!” Joe added as his sister darted up the stairs. It was a good thing because Joe promised he’d make his sister wear something else on the way home, and he’d delivered. It was a pair of black shorts pulled up high and a sheet-white, nearly see-thru tank top that made it obvious she wasn’t wearing a bra.

https://twitter.com/AssClubDaily/status/1311455974096400384?s=09

Gerald noticed his daughter’s black shorts were pulled up into the crack of her ass like she had a permanent wedgie. Helen and Gerald did not spank their kids, but he recognized her ass was pink as if it had been spanked even as she dashed up the stairs quickly. He felt immediately guilty for looking at his daughter’s ass as she ran up the stairs. He wondered to himself if the reason she seemed so willing to do what her brother said was that Joe had actually spanked his sister. It would be totally inappropriate. He wasn’t sure it was happening, and he definitely didn’t want to know if it was.

He knew Helen probably wouldn’t be as willing to pretend not to notice. Gerald had grown up with strict discipline in his home as a young man. A good old fashioned spanking wouldn’t kill anyone. He decided the less he thought about what might have happened when the siblings went to the store, the better.

The rest of the family was hanging around the living room or the dining area waiting for dinner. Marilyn had left. She may not have gone directly home, but Barbie wondered if she had to strip like Becky and Candy when it was her turn to make dinner or if she was too young to have to join them. The fact they had to shed their clothes entirely for meals, made it easier for Barbie to accept she’d be bra-less in just a white shirt and panties for the rest of the evening.

Helen liked it when her family ate together. She didn’t like anyone to use their cell phones at dinner, and it was a chance to catch up.

“Dang,” Kevin made a sound like a cracking whip. “You really got Barbie running!”

Kevin was clearly amused by his sister’s new restrictions and the fact that it was Joe who was managing her time. He was also calling her by her new nickname without being told to and that was a big plus.

“You guys are such misogynists,” Ariel stuck up her nose in contempt and rolled her eyes like a bored Princess looking down her nose at her mud-covered subjects wallowing in filth.

“You don’t even know what that word means!” Kevin insisted.

“I do! It means, uh...” Ariel was not nearly as smart as her older sister and frequently gave off a vibe as an empty-headed goof-ball. “It means someone who makes women do massages! Massage-o-nist!”

Kevin and Ariel bickered and teased each other while Joe brought the groceries into the kitchen.

“You made your sister carry all of that home by herself?” Helen directed her son where to set the groceries down.

“No, I was right there with her, and yes, she was fully capable of carrying them. Please don’t put them away for her please, mom.” Joe had to stop his mother from instinctively putting the food into the fridge.

“I just wanted to get the milk,” Helen told her son.

“That is HER job now, Mom. It didn’t spoil on the way home, and it won’t spoil now. Barbie will run down those stairs,” He didn’t want to tell his mom what to do and make her feel like they were on two different sides. “I’m just saying the jog was good for her. We talked about why she is on restriction, and she accepted that she deserved it. She wants a chance to prove to you she can be a good girl! Her whole attitude has already started to change,” Joe said.

“Don’t you think you are a little hard on your sister, Joe?” his mother had no idea how it sounded when she said ‘hard-on’ in that context.

Joe did, and he stifled his desire to laugh. “I think Barbie needs a lot more hard-on’s and a lot less excuses!”

“Well, maybe if she’s just a little scared that you MIGHT put her back on restriction is going to be enough?” Helen asked her son for advice on loosening the restrictions. She was concerned they were being too strict and pointed out it was only the one big mistake that was really the issue.

“Mom, if WE back down, then she will know we aren’t serious. It was one mistake this time but it was a big one. If we let her off with only a warning, there will be another careless mistake, and another, and soon it would become a pattern. If you don’t back me up, she will know she can walk all over us, and we were only bluffing,” Joe suggested. He put away the milk for his mother while he was standing there since it was clearly bothering her that it was sitting on the table.

“I also talked to her about Homecoming. She is pretty nervous about making a good first impression. She didn’t want to show up wearing one of your old housecoats!” Joe smirked.

Helen rolled her eyes playfully. “I wouldn’t have sent her to the dance in a housecoat, Joseph!”

“And just questions in general she has about growing up. I appreciate you trusting me to keep my sister in line,” Joe smiled. He was continuing to reinforce that this had all been their brilliant idea.

“What sort of questions? Maybe I could talk to her?” Helen seemed impressed by Joe’s desire to help his sister. She knew he was protective of her, and it didn’t seem all that uncharacteristic of Joe that he’d behave this way if it meant he was really helping Barbie through the application of tough love.

Joe was known to be tough on himself, and he held himself to a high standard of athleticism. His mother could see that coming across in how he implemented the punishment on his sister. She gave Joe more than the benefit of the doubt that he meant well. If it had been Kevin’s idea, Helen would have shot it down immediately because he would have most certainly been doing it as some way to get back at his big sister - or as a prank.

“About life, growing up, what you and dad probably think about her, and stuff like that. I’ll make sure she spends at least an hour with you one-on-one this weekend,” Joe insisted.

His mother was about to tell him he was being presumptive and that she was quite capable of insisting on her daughter’s time if she wanted, when Barbie hurried into the kitchen. She breezed past Ariel and Kevin in her father’s white Stetson t-shirt. The bottoms flew up slightly as she did.

“Sorry, Sorry, I know we ran long. I hurried and changed as quickly as I could, Mom!” Barbie intentionally ignored Joe even though he was standing with his mother by the center Island where the groceries were. She started to put them away.

“Panty Check,” Joe reminded her sternly.

“Tschk,” Barbie made a noise with her mouth that suggested she thought it was unnecessary and pointless while reaching down to the hem of her shirt and flipping it up quickly. The panties she had on were new ones that they’d bought at Goodwill. It happened so fast that his mother didn’t get a good look at them, or she would have realized that they were t-bar stripper panties.

“You changed into fresh ones?” Joe asked his sister.

“Yes, Joseph, sheesh, want to sniff them too?” Barbie laid on her brat mode a little thick.

“Your brother told me that your attitude improved after your little run, but it seems like you became worse. I don’t know what has gotten into you lately, Barbie, but I don’t like it.”

Kevin came skipping in to watch his sister get dressed down. He didn’t hate his sister or anything like that but definitely enjoyed it when it was someone else in trouble instead of him. He noticed she was bending at the waist and putting away the groceries, and he could see his sister’s butt-cheeks while his mother ignored her.

“Hey sis, are you going to be a plumber when you grow up?” Kevin teased his big sister.

“Stop staring at my butt, Kevin!” Barbie knew better than to hide her ass. She waved her hand behind her ass as if trying to shoo his eyeballs away from her cute little rear-end.

“Hey you are the one wearing just a shirt! NOW you don’t want anyone to look at you? Typical girl move,” Kevin lamented and folded his arms in front of him.

“Yeah, I thought it would be fun ONCE. I didn’t realize I’d have to lie in the bed I made for myself and eat my words!” Barbie sounded contrite and apologetic about wearing the outfit.

Helen and Joe were both going to intercede for her and tell Kevin to mind his own business. Helen had several pots on the stove and something in the oven. She was almost ready for dinner to be served.

“You know what Kevin? Go ahead and look at my butt all you want,” Barbie made a big show of bending over and sticking out her cute, white-pantied butt. It was still splotched pink from the spankings she’d received but it happened fast enough that nobody really noticed. “That way, you can be ready to kiss it when I am done with restriction!”

“Oh no, you aren’t going to be off restriction after just one day!” Joe interrupted.

“Why not? I learned my lesson, okay? This is hard! And I don’t want to do it anymore,” Barbie dropped her hands to her sides as if she was giving up and wanted to be lazy. Then she pouted a little more.

“What lesson is that?” Joe asked her.

“Not to put bleach or whatever in the laundry and then check my phone for two hours,” Barbie was laying on brat mode pretty thick. Joe realized he might need a way to tell her to back off of it when she was going too far. He didn’t want his mother to realize this was a big charade.

“That was a symptom of the problem, not the lesson!” Joe rattled off words like responsibility and accountability. “You want to be treated like an adult in this house, but you act like a big baby! Now you are in an insult contest with your little brother, and you are LOSING badly, I may add, instead of getting the groceries put away so you can set the table and help mom serve dinner. I think you have a LOT to learn, Barbie.”

“OMG! So wearing a t-shirt is going to teach me something?” Barbie challenged him scornfully and wrinkled her nose.

Look, the tee shirt and panties thing at breakfast was just an attempt to get attention. Everyone DID look at you, and you hogged all the attention at the expense of Kevin and Ariel.” Joe turned to his mother and asked, “What did Kevin wear to breakfast?” He asked, barely giving his mom a chance to think about it before continuing, “See, you don’t remember because you were understandably, yet absolutely focused on Barbie just like she wanted! So now you want attention Barbie – well, you got it. Just not on your terms.”

Helen was about to tell Joe that he was going overboard with his authority.

“You are right, Joseph! I am sorry. I’ll try to be better,” Barbie looked down at her feet.

Helen held her tongue. Joe had backed her down by talking harshly to her, and she had to admit that his method was effective. She certainly didn’t want to undermine him now.

As soon as Helen and Joe turned their back on her to continue their conversation, she stuck her tongue out at Kevin and made a funny face at him. Kevin quietly made a funny face back at her and stuck his tongue out in retaliation.

When Joe turned around and saw that Kevin was still gawking at his sister’s panties while she pretended not to notice, he told him to ignore his sister. “Look, Barbie wanted attention, and now she has it. It just isn’t the kind she wants. The more you give her of the kind she wants, the more she is going to become vain and selfish. The best thing you can do is let Barbie take care of your chores while ignoring her,” he said.

Joe had no interest in sharing his little sister with Kevin. The more Kevin teased her, the more likely his mother was to get uncomfortable with the new situation.

“What fun is that? And don’t worry, I left the garbage super full, so she has to carry it all out by herself! In nothing but a t-shirt,” Kevin laughed maniacally, shifting his eyes side to side like a cartoon evil genius, and then cracking his knuckles.

“No, Kevin, that isn’t fair! You take that one out, and she can start on that tomorrow,” Helen scolded her youngest son.

“Fair is fair, Mom! I’ll take out the trash. It’s my job now but not in this ridiculous t-shirt,” Barbie stomped her foot petulantly while growing increasingly confused with her own play-acting. The line between the brat character and the real personality was becoming increasingly difficult to define. She was embarrassed to go outside in just a t-shirt and panties, but she would do so quite willingly if Joe told her to do it.

“Why would the t-shirt bother you? You didn’t seem to have a problem flitting around here in it? Are the neighbors likely to see something they shouldn’t?” Joe interceded before his mother could tell her that obviously she wasn’t taking the trash to the curb wearing only a t-shirt.

“Yeah, I still don’t get it,” Kevin added coyly. “You told mom you were wearing the shirt because it was no big deal and you didn’t want to get your clothes dirty. Now you wanna get your clothes dirty taking the trash out to the road and it IS a big deal?” Kevin observed wryly. No one could accuse him of not being devilishly clever.

Barbie was caught in a lie and getting confused. Joe wanted to save her, but he couldn’t think of something to say.

“I know what is really going on here,” Kevin pointed his finger at Joe and Barbie knowingly. They were both shocked and stunned – if he had already figured out their arrangement or been eavesdropping and spilled the beans, they wouldn’t know how to ever live this down.

“You wanted to get a rise out of mom and push her buttons some by shocking her. You got caught, and when you got called out for it, you said you wanted to prove women should be able to wear anything men could wear! You knew mom believes in that equality stuff!. So when Joe told you that you should mow the grass without a shirt like he does, you chickened out. Now you regret it because you HAVE to do something, and you realize it is not as fun as you thought it was in the first place. But mom, dad and Joe are calling your bluff? Does that sum it up?” Kevin asked.

“You caught me, little brother” Barbie couldn’t have explained it better herself if she had been told precisely what to say by Joe.

Kevin had recently intentionally left a bunch of really sick and twisted websites open about tentacle porn, grandmother porn, and sex with tailpipes of cars on his computer when she came to clean his room. He thought it would be hilarious if she hit the roof. Instead, she called his bluff and took his computer. He was mostly basing his observations and theories on his own motivations, but he was glad he had hit the nail on the head.

At least that is what Joe and Barbie wanted him to think.

“Can we just eat? What’s the big deal? It’s just a t-shirt,” Ariel stood in the doorway of the kitchen wearing a short white t-shirt that came down to her mid-thighs. There was a picture of a cute horse named AppleJack from the cartoon, “My Little Pony” on the front of it. Ariel’s nubs were not poking through the material the way that Barbie’s were, but it still looked much too short for Helen’s comfort level.

“You as well?” Helen’s eyes popped out of her head.

“Yeah, panty check – big deal- so what! I am a cheerleader mom. This shirt is longer than my skirt that I wear at school. I do high kicks all day,” Ariel rolled her lovely blue eyes that the family was so concerned about something that seemed so trivial to her. She kicked her left leg up high, and it revealed her white cotton panties when she did. Then she spun on her heel into a perfect split and leaned forward to touch one of her toes with the practiced precision of a skilled Cheerleader.

“Your panties!”

Kevin yucked it up.

“Yeah, it’s just a piece of cloth! Haven’t you ever watched Tennis? Every woman on the court has to jump, prance, dodge, serve, and return the ball in a white skirt with a pair just like I have on. So now that we have that out of the way, can we eat dinner? I’ll wear mine as long as Barbie wears hers. What’s the biggie?”

“Oh, I watch Tennis, alright! Balls flying through the air!” Kevin tried to make it sound dirty. It was a good distraction for Joe because it took his mother’s focus away from Barbie. She told him that she’d wash his mouth out if he didn’t stop talking that way. It was an idle threat, and she’d never made her children hold soap with their mouth.

It was something her mother used to do to her when she was little, and she absolutely hated it.

Ariel making it not a big deal to wear the shirt was all it took to end the discussion around whether it was proper to wear just a t-shirt to Dinner. The food was almost ready, and the table still needed to be set.