**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 19**

When Barbie threw herself into her seat, emulating the way Kevin always did, she made a cute little sound to accompany her warm thighs touching the cold wooden chair. Her mother smiled knowingly.

“Ready to put some clothes on now?” Helen asked her daughter, pointedly, as if she’d been waiting for her daughter to come to her senses.

“That’s not her call right now,” Gerald reminded his wife. “And from what I’ve heard since Barbie got back from the store, she’s not going to be given the luxury of dressing however she pleases any time soon.”

Then he turned his attention to Barbie. “As for you, I’m very disappointed in you, young lady. I don’t know what they’re teaching you at that new school of yours. I would never in a million years have thought you capable of actually setting out to upset your mother. I watch you guys, and I can assure you that I don’t miss a thing, Miss Shock-Your-Mother!”

Gerald had heard both what Kevin had accused Barbie of and her response. Then he’d been right there when his wife asked Barbie if she was ready to put some clothes on but had misunderstood his wife’s comment.

He’d thought she was angry and was gloating about the fact that Barbie now had no choice but to wear just a shirt and panties at home. He wanted to support his wife and ensure Barbie learned her lesson so he took a page out of his own son’s playbook and backed his wife’s comment like a good father should.

“I think you’ll be wearing that little homemaker outfit of yours around the house for at least another week or so just to teach you that it never pays to think you can outsmart your parents! I’m surprised that Joe hasn’t already had enough of your little games, Barbie!” Her dad said, very proud of himself for putting his foot down. He didn’t see Joe’s reaction.

“Daddy! That’s not fair! Joseph was already a meanie-butt to me at the grocery store. You know he made me carry ALL the groceries in the store and didn’t carry any himself. If he was a gentleman, he wouldn’t have LET me carry anything!” She pouted as she was very familiar with seeing her sister do.

“It’s okay, dad. I’m learning a lot about responsibility already. For example, I never realized Barbie was so sneaky until today. She’s always been the perfect little angel, but here she is, running to daddy to complain that I made her appreciate being on restriction. I’m a little surprised she didn’t cry to mom that women should never be held responsible for their actions, too. Of course, mom wouldn’t buy her act anyway, would you mom?”

“Women have to work twice as hard as men to get half the recognition, Barbie,” her mom counseled her daughter before launching into a diatribe about manipulating people instead of accepting the consequences of messing up.

“I’m sorry, but sometimes you have to lay in the bed you’ve made for yourself,” she finished, feeding off her husband and working herself up to the point where she sounded like she ultimately agreed with her husband even though her original intent had been to allow Barbie to go put on a pair of whatever slacks her son had picked out for his sister.

Joe felt very pleased with his sister. A little pouting and a wee bit of complaining had gone a long way to cementing his parents judgment that she was finally showing her true bratty colors.

“Don’t worry, Barbie. You don’t need to get a cold butt from your seat right away. You weren’t given permission to sit anyway,” Joe assured her that she still had jobs to do before she could eat. “You let mom make all this food while you were off lollygagging around town, clothes shopping. The least you could do is insist mom sits down and let you dish dinner and ensure everyone has everything we need. Why should that be mom’s job all the time?”

Barbie knew an instruction when she heard one but couldn’t resist the urge to add just a little more fuel to the fire as she got back to her feet. “See daddy? I’m going to die of starvation if I don’t eat right now!” She said, sounding like a completely spoiled brat. Ariel had used that ploy enough in the past that it just seemed like a perfect opportunity to try it out for herself.

“Don’t be so dramatic, Barbie! You won’t starve if you have to wait for five minutes!” Helen had said the very same thing to Ariel on many occasions. However, she was a little annoyed at Barbie now. The idea of making her daughter wait was becoming more appealing by the moment.

“So, we’re getting a waitress to serve us now?” Kevin grinned at the idea that he could treat his sister like the waitresses he tormented when they went out to eat.

“Barbie is not a waitress, Kevin. Do you see her wearing an apron?” Ariel asked sarcastically. “No, you don’t. That’s because she’s only doing this because she has to. Do you want help, sis?” She asked, sounding like she was suddenly Barbie’s best friend and didn’t want her feeling like she had no one in her corner.

Barbie placed a plate of food in front of her sister then leaned closer as if to talk privately to her. “That’s okay, Pinkerbell, I got this,” she told her sister, using an expression Joe often made use of. “They’re all just jealous I’m so pretty and smart. They’ll forget soon enough, and I’ll be getting my way again before you know it,” she quietly said with a smile as if only intending her sister to hear, even though everyone else clearly did too.

“Enough, Barbie! What’s gotten INTO you lately. First, you ruin your clothes, then you sass your mother, and now you’re boasting? We’ve obviously been much too soft on you! I’d put you over my knee if I didn’t have a bad back,” Gerald threatened his daughter.

“I’ll do it!” Kevin immediately volunteered to spank his older sister.

“You will do no such thing, young man! Your father was joking, right, Gerald?” She asked with some uncertainty.

“I’m not completely sure anymore,” he admitted honestly.

“Well, the answer is no. Violence never solved anything, Kevin. Now eat your dinner. It’s getting cold,” his mother insisted.

Barbie had continued to serve everyone, unsure if Joe had any special requirements for her meal. He’d joked a lot about controlling her food but hadn’t actually told her if there was anything she could or couldn’t eat.

She settled for preparing herself a small plate before she took drink orders from her siblings. Without being told, she poured her mom a glass of wine and another drink for her dad. He’d already had two and looked like he was feeling the effects of the alcohol, yet he downed half of his in a single gulp.

Part of her realized her dad had begun to drink more since they’d moved from the big city, and she worried that he always seemed so stressed lately. It was something she’d never paid attention to before, but since Joe had begun to train her, she’d started noticing more of the smaller things about those around her as if paying attention for the first time in her life.

When she was finally done, Kevin changing his mind a half dozen times about what he wanted to drink, she was finally given permission by Joe to sit.

Dinner was somewhat dull and routine once it got into full swing. Ariel chattered on and on about the Oreos and how much they were learning from the ‘other’ cheerleaders. Kevin had to argue, calling the others ‘real’ cheerleaders, which opened up a heated argument about what being a real cheerleader meant.

Joe and Barbie stayed out of the argument. Neither their mom or dad had anything to add to either, both seeming a little preoccupied. Barbie tried to act like she was ignoring Joe until he drew her into a discussion about the Homecoming dance. Once he got her started, it was like she forgot she was supposed to be a brat and her smile lit up the dinner table once more as she talked about the decorations and band that would be playing.

For Gerald, the distraction was money woes that he couldn’t share. For Helen, it was what her husband had said about laying a hand on his daughter. Helen had been spanked as a child, but the moment she hit puberty, her parents had let her get away with anything. Helen had always thought spanking was barbaric, but now she was beginning to second-guess herself.

She was starting to wonder if a spanking would have been better than acknowledging that their daughter was becoming mouthy, inconsiderate, self-centered, and somewhat annoying, while at the same time, doing nothing to correct those behaviors. Still, she herself had rebelled and had gotten into a lot of trouble in her youth before meeting Gerald, and she’d turned out fine.

She did notice that Joe was able to slip past the bratty exterior Barbie was beginning to erect and wondered if he was going to eventually be the only one able to get her to see the error of her ways even when she didn’t want to. The thought that Barbie would turn out like she was as a young adult worried Helen more than anything else, and she was very relieved that Joe saw past the aloof facade she was projecting while pretending to be an adult.

It suddenly struck her that Joe might quickly be becoming the only one who could effectively deal with his sister. If Barbie stopped following her lead, at least Helen could trust Joe to be there to pick up the pieces when her daughter’s imaginary world came crashing down around her ears.

Part of Helen hoped that it wasn’t already too late to reach her daughter. This restriction had certainly uncovered a part of Barbie that Helen had had no idea was simmering right out in the open. It was Joseph who had said that allowing her to run wild would result in bad things happening, and it was like he had seen the future.

Before she’d even finished eating, Helen had decided she’d give her son some leeway and see if he’d hang himself or set Barbie straight. Helen had unshakable faith in her son doing what was needed to turn Barbie around.

When Helen finished her meal, she got up to start collecting plates, but Joe insisted it should be Barbie’s job while she was on restriction. He pointed out that Barbie was ‘finally’ acting like she was a real member of the family again, and if all it took was a few restrictions, he was happy to keep applying pressure where necessary. Helen beamed at him and agreed, which momentarily confused Joe.

He rolled with it and told Barbie it was time to get off her lazy ass and clean up. “Sorry, I mean lazy bottom,” he corrected himself for his mom’s benefit.

Helen raised an eyebrow and tried not to laugh. She had to admit that his sister dutifully clearing dishes without arguing back was a relief. Helen did a lot around the house that went unnoticed or unrewarded. It might be nice to enjoy a glass of wine and catch up on a little light reading – that is precisely what she did.

Gerald patted Joe on the back before glaring at his daughter one more time. He observed Barbie was moving quickly. Her t-shirt frequently flipped up slightly, revealing just a hint of her buttocks, and so he looked away. His daughter was quite attractive, but he had no interest in looking at her bottom.

Kevin didn’t wait around after dinner, either. He headed off to play video games. Sensing this was his moment to say something, Joe instructed Barbie what her next few chores would be.

“You will clean my room thoroughly. You will clean Ariel’s room after that. Then you will clean Kevin’s room. You will then be permitted to shower and clean up before cleaning your room and doing any homework. This will be how it is after dinner from now on, with the rare exception of homecoming. I hope you know I am not an ogre, Barbie, and I am only doing this for your own good.”

“Yes Sir,” Barbie sighed before realizing she’d accidentally called her brother Sir in front of the rest of the family and without the trademark sarcasm. She instantly recognized her mistake and quickly adopted a bratty expression. “I suppose I’ll be timed in the shower and rationed a certain number of toilet paper sheets, Almighty Lord Joseph?”

“Keep pushing, and we might just do that! If I think you are using bathroom breaks as a way to pad your time and hang out in there to avoid chores, it may just come to that,” Joe threatened.

It was all Barbie could do not to smile with delight at their inside joke. They were playing this little game right under their family’s noses, and no one but she and Joe knew it. It was fiendishly dangerous and taboo, and she loved it.

THE CONFESSION AND EDUCATION OF A PERFECT SLUT

Written by Barbie Chipman

Dinner had been wild. I am sure by Harlan Simmon’s standards, it would have seemed quite dull, but the fact that I sat at my dinner table with my family in just a t-shirt and panties was quite naughty. They either didn’t notice I never crossed my legs, or they thought better of calling me out for it.

This was really happening! What was an outrageous fantasy yesterday was a reality today. I was being re-educated into my brother’s perfect slut. He was eliminating what was Barbara, and I was becoming Barbie. There was still a lot of Barbara in me, and my brother planned to take one thing I had held dear to my heart for years, and I was happy to give to him.

“Okay, you’ve dragged your ass long enough,” my brother stayed and watched me wash dishes by hand even though everyone else in the family had retired to their respective rooms. He either liked to watch me occasionally flip up the back of my t-shirt for him while I washed dishes, or he was trying to ensure if anyone walked into the kitchen, they would see that he was supervising me around the house like he had promised he would.

“Time to come and clean my room! Don’t think you’ll be done quickly either! It’s a real mess in there,” he smiled at me. I knew I’d be doing a lot more than just cleaning.

“Oh, darn,” I snickered. No one could overhear us. I liked his stern old brother act - a LOT. I didn’t like pretending to be a brat, though. It felt so artificial and the opposite of being a well-trained slut.

I wanted it to be fun and playful. There was something almost comical about the cantankerous way that Candy and Becky were sassy with their father. My house felt like the real world, though, and in the real world, it didn’t always work like it did in fantasy.

I didn’t realize it at the time, but I think I was offended by my little sister. She came downstairs in just a t-shirt as a way to be supportive of me and show solidarity. I didn’t thank her for that even though she meant well.

I didn’t want Ariel to do it either because there were times I really did feel quite exposed and vulnerable when bending over. I had put on a brave face around Kevin when he teased me, but I was still quite red-faced about it. I didn’t want my sister to feel that way just to support me.

The worst part was that when I tried being bratty with her, I think I insulted her. She was on my side until I told her that my brother would forget about my punishment soon and that I’d be getting my way soon. I think up until then, she thought my punishment wasn’t fair, and now she thought I justly deserve it.

Then again, maybe that is what she needs to believe, so she doesn’t mount a hunger protest. I kind of like having to do all the chores around the house. Mom once told me she got a thrill out of a well-kept house. I didn’t believe her at the time because of the mountain of work it took to clean up after all of us.

It might have been that somewhere deep in my hormones, a maternal instinct to clean and cook was being awakened along with all the other submissive tendencies that seemed to be surfacing.

I obediently followed my brother to his room, stripped, and stood in the ready position. He didn’t address me right away. Joe made me stand there for a while as he texted on his phone. He snapped a few pictures of me.

“What is that for, Master?” I asked.

“Silence, you are in pet mode when you are in my room. You only speak when spoken to. I want you to be clear, honest, and explicit in your speech in my room. Is that understood?”

“Yes, Master,” I replied.

“That’s not explicit. Try again.”

“Yes, Master, I am sorry. I know I fucked up, and I need correction. I will only speak when spoken to. I will be clear, honest, and explicit in my speech with you when I am in pet mode, Sir!”

“With anyone you speak with,” he corrected. I almost asked him who I might speak with in his room beside him, but I caught myself and acknowledged his order instead.

“Tomorrow night, you will be on a date with a boy you barely know. His sister comes over here on a regular basis. I’ve seen Marilyn on the bus before, but I had no idea that she was his sister. She doesn’t act like Becky even if she looks like her in the face,” he sighed as if thinking out loud.

“Yes, Master, she did seem a little pushy when she was in Ariel’s room. It was her outfit I wore tonight,” I admitted.

“I don’t want it getting back to Mom how things are at their house or what you do with Dylan tomorrow night,” Joe said.

“Yes, Master, or back to Dad,” I replied. He wanted me to be explicit, and I thought that meant pointing out something he may not be aware of.

“Dad has probably no idea who Marilyn is. The chances of them talking about what you did on your date are pretty negligible. Mom, on the other hand, is tenacious like a dog with a bone when she wants to know something. It may not be so bad, though. If Mom thinks you did something nasty with Dylan, it may mean she is more inclined to put you under my direct supervision until you are 25,” he chuckled.

“It might give her a stroke if her precious Barbara wasn’t a virgin when she got married, Sir,” I joked.

“Yeah, we need to do something about that tonight. Get on the floor and hold your legs apart so that I can see your pussy and asshole. Fuck your pussy with Becky’s dildo while I do a little thinking,” he said. He warned me not to cum, not to talk, and not to stop.

We didn’t communicate, and I didn’t even look up at him. I know he watched me play with myself. I touched my nipples and imagined him devouring me. It felt like I was doing this for way too long, and I was frequently close to giving myself an orgasm. I wasn’t sure if I should change the way I humped myself or move positions, so I kept doing the same thing over and over. He never told me to change hands or shift my position, so I didn’t.

“I want you to try out to be a cheerleader. I am going to tell mom that part of the new you is that you are going to be supportive of your school and more outgoing,” Joe decided after about fifteen minutes. “That will also give you a reason to leave the house during your restriction as long as I come along with you,” he decided. “I want you at my football games, and the stands are too far away.”

The possessive way that my brother was thinking about me was an incredible turn on to me now.

“Yes, Master, very clever,” I replied. I had no idea how I’d ever qualify for the varsity squad, so I could cheer for my brother. I was just a sophomore with tiny boobies. There was probably no way I could make the squad, but I didn’t want to tell my brother it was impossible. I’d do anything for him, even the impossible, if I could. I would need to get advice from my little sister. She is on the J.V. squad, but their games are on Monday.

“Come here, slut,” my brother called me over to him. I was on the floor, still masturbating at his feet with the purple dildo that I’ve grown to really become attached to. It fit my pussy so perfectly. I was dripping wet and incredibly horny. I removed the dildo and put it in my mouth to clean it without being told to do it. I was getting used to my own flavor and expecting to taste my pussy juices anytime I masturbated now.

I crawled onto the bed with my brother, and he put me on top of him so that I was straddling his cock like I had in the morning. His dick felt warm, and he was already getting hard. It had been a strange and exciting day of new experiences for me. I was enjoying some quiet, intimate time with my brother in the bedroom after I cleaned up the kitchen and hand washed the dishes.

“You did well today,” he complimented me. I smiled at him and thanked him for saying that. “Are you ready, Barbie?” he asked.

“Yes, Master!” I answered enthusiastically without asking for what. He surprised me by handing me a condom that was still in the package. At first, I didn’t realize he meant for me to put it on him. I became very self-aware that he meant to fuck me, and I didn’t want to seem like a silly girl by blushing, but I am sure I did. He was well aware that not only was I virgin but that I wasn’t on the pill. My brother had purchased a big box of condoms today, and I thought nothing of it at the time, but I had always known they were for me.

The realization that they were to be used by him on me was starting to sink in. I felt like a flower ready to final blossom and open my petals to him. He began to kiss my breasts and seemed to expect me to rip the condom open myself.

“We’re going to do something about that virgin status of yours,” my brother told me. The hair on the back of my neck stood straight up - This was really happening. I would officially never be a virgin again as long as I live. This was it – and I was not sure if I was ready even though I was eager to please him!

**Chapter 20**

“We’re going to do something about that virgin status of yours,” he told me. This was really happening. I would officially never be a virgin again as long as I live. This was it – and I was not sure if I was ready even though I was eager to please my brother.

I started to wrap the condom on to his dick, just like I had seen done on a banana in my sex education class. My brother wagged his finger in my face and admonished me. He told me to open my mouth and stick out my tongue. My brother fit the condom around my tongue and then gently placed my head over his cock so that I could use my mouth to put the condom on him.

I’ve given a few blowjobs, but I am still struggling with taking all of his dick. “Gurkwkrr, Garrrrkk, Gurrkk-”Joe pulled my hair and pushed my face down onto his dick and fucked my face a few times. My eyes were red, and I thought I might puke, but I managed to suppress my gag reflex long enough to get the condom wrapped all the way down to the base of his cock. Without being told, I licked his dick and pulled the edges down as far as I could.

“From now on, I want you to put condoms on boys the same way when you suck their dicks,” he said.

I assumed he was trying to protect me from venereal disease, but he had another reason that I would discover after he finished with me.

“Yes, Master,” I recovered and brushed my hair out of my face. Joe took my hands and shifted me on top of his dick so that I could ride it. I’d been steadily fucking myself for thirty minutes while he watched, so I was more than ready for his pecker to slide into me.

It took me a few times to pick up the rhythm of his thrusts and match his pace. My brother wanted ME to fuck HIM, though. He slapped my face! I instinctively stopped, and he slapped me harder.

“Never stop fucking me until I tell you to stop, bitch!” Joe sounded so mean, and it was terrifying. I didn’t want to stop fucking him or disappoint him, though. I quickened my pace and started really humping him with everything I had in me.

I was already officially no longer a virgin. My brother’s cock had pierced my cunt making it the first cock that had ever been inside me but it had not been romantic, fumbling or with someone who had no idea what he was doing. Nor had it been with someone who acted appreciative of getting the greatest gift a woman could give a man and believe it or not, Master’s cavalier attitude was making me hotter than ever.

“Yes, Master, oh, yes!” I moaned with pleasure. He slapped my face again and hard. I know it was turning pink and there were tears in my eyes but the tears were of joy. Still his slaps made me worry I was being punished for doing it wrong.

“Did I do something wrong, Sir?” I continued to ride him like he was my stallion.

“No, but you are here for my pleasure and not your own. I know you are horny and trying to get yourself off! Fuck my cock, don’t fuck yourself WITH my cock!”

I didn’t understand at the time what he was saying. I thought it was all the same thing.

“This is my first time, Master,” I reminded him.

“You’ve been practicing with that dildo for thirty minutes, and you are still trying to get yourself off. You should be horny and wet, like the slut you are. Talk dirty to me, pig!” he whispered.

I’ve never talked dirty, texted dirty, or read many dirty stories. I didn’t know where to begin.

“You like this, huh? You like it when I fuck your big dick?” I whispered.

“No, not like that,” Joe shook his head like I was not even trying while I thrust myself all the way up to the tip of his cock and back down to the base like I was trying to impale my pussy on a spear tip.

“I want you to be a nasty little whore in the bedroom who will do any filthy thing I want, would you like that, cunt?” he asked.

“Yes, Master,” I put my hands on his muscular chest to hold myself up. He started playing with my tits – squeezing and pulling them hard.

“Whose titties are these?” he asked.

“Yours, Master!” I gasped and tried not to orgasm. I wanted to fuck him and not fuck myself with his dick. I desperately wanted to please him.

“Whose little pussy is on my dick?” he asked.

“Yours, Master!” I replied.

“Are you sure? You know I am going to stretch out that pussy and slap it like I slapped your face. Do you want THAT cunt?”

“Yes, Master, yes, Master!” I started fucking him harder than ever. “You own me, you can do anything like you with me!” I begged him to be rough even though I was afraid of him at that moment.

“Turn around,” he spun me without giving me a chance to fully slide off his dick so that I was facing away and could no longer see him. He could see my asshole and pussy as I rode his dick and looked at his ankles.

“Look at that cute little asshole, Barbie! What if I fuck that ass?” he must have sucked his thumb because he jammed it right in my ass, and it slid right in.

“Oh, yes, Master you can.”

“Tight little stink box! What are you now?” he asked as he slapped my butt with his other hand.

“Three-hole whore? Master!” I guessed. I had heard Tammy call herself that at their trailer. I knew that was what my brother wanted me to be and I accepted it.

“No, say it like you know what you are now,” he slapped my other ass cheek, and I started to frantically fuck him. It wasn’t fair I was going to cum, and he’d know I was having an orgasm on his dick before he got off. I started to get breathless and repeat louder and louder that I was his three-hole whore.

If my parents or siblings had been outside the door, they would have heard. I am not sure if I didn’t care at that moment if they did or if I liked the idea that they might. It was reckless and stupid, but I couldn’t help myself.

“Oh fuck yeah, put your cock deep inside my shithole, and fuck me in half! Treat me like a little fucking whore and slap my tits! Oh god, I can’t stop myself from cumming, please master, May I cum, may I cum, may I cum, may I cum!” I begged repeatedly, and he didn’t answer. His toes curled up, and his legs grew tight.

We were cumming together. “No slut, don’t cum!” he said.

“It’s too late, oh my god, oh my god, I can’t even!” I was lost in ecstasy and so close. Master pushed me off of him and knocked me off the bed onto the floor.

“Hey! Oh!” I pouted in shock.

“You don’t cum until I tell you to,” he scolded me.

“Yes, Master, I am sorry! I couldn’t help it. It felt so good!”

I was a sweaty mess. My hair was all fucked up and my eye makeup was dripping down my face.

“Should I get back on top of you,” I asked, but I was already starting to get on my brother. That is when I noticed the condom had slipped off him.

I began to panic and fished around in between my legs. I pulled out the spent condom and wasn’t sure if the sperm had found its way into my pussy. If it had, it would be too late to stop them.

“Hold up my condom and let me see how much is in there,” Joe didn’t seem too worried about whether I was pregnant. That strangely did not comfort me. I obeyed him, but my mind spun with worry.

There wasn’t much inside the condom – probably less than a spoonful. It was soaked with my juices.

“You are going to learn to recycle,” Joe gave me a new rule to obey. He made me suck the contents of the condom into my mouth and then spit it out onto a dish he had in his room. Then he made me get down on all fours and lick it up. Then I spit it into the condom again.

“When given the order to recycle, you are going to keep doing this until I tell you to stop,” Joe said. He told me that if he fucked me in the ass, I was to squat over the floor and drip it out and then lick it off the ground. He made me gargle it and rubbed some on my lips. “You’ll eventually get so used to eating cum that you won’t make those disgusting faces you are making now,” he said.

I didn’t know I was making a disgusted face, but apparently, I did. I tried to seem more enthusiastic, but Joe was focused on making me frequently pass the cum into my mouth, to something else, and back in the condom. He also made me lick the outside. It had spermicide on it and my pussy juices, so it tasted even more disgusting.

“After you give a blowjob, I want you to fold the condom like this,” Joe showed me how to seal the condom with a clothespin that I was to keep in my purse. “As long as it is sealed, it should keep for at least three or four hours without being refrigerated unless you are at the beach,” he said.

I was busy spitting out and licking up tiny droplets of cum and not able to ask questions about how often this was going to happen, but he made it sound like it would be all the time, and I may have to consolidate the cum into a single condom. “Suck it all out and spit it into one. I’ll tell you when you can finally eat the contents. You ARE never to fuck, suck, kiss, or even hold hands with a boy without my instructions to do so! You are to ALWAYS use a condom with them unless I tell you otherwise – asshole, cum-hole, cunt hole, it doesn’t matter!

You are to always collect the cum after you finish, and I want to be the one to tell you to swallow or play with it. That’s it cunt, blow bubbles with it. Let me see you look like a rabid dog. Drip a little of me down your chin and spit the rest into the condom for later.”

“Yes, Master,” I felt humiliated, used, and strangely disappointed in myself for allowing myself to have a short orgasm when I should have been focused on his pleasure.

“I am not going to constantly tell you what a good whore you are. I am not always going to be nice, Barbie. You aren’t going to make me feel guilty if you cry. Do you want to know why?” he asked. I must have had red-eyes and looked sad.

“Yes, Master,” I slurped his cum off the plate and spat it out, and sucked it back in while he asked me the question.

“Because you are now my whore, and I own that pussy! If you do not please me, you will know it. Even if I slap you, spank you, tie you up, feed you jizz, put you in a cage, or give you to a stranger, you need to know that I love you, Barbie! You are my pet, and I don’t abuse my pet. I threw you on the floor and slapped you because you are my plaything, and it may hurt, and you may get some bruises, but I am never going to do something to really harm you. I need you to TRUST me. I am trusting you with my feelings, you are trusting me with yours, and that takes time. You can’t make me think you are going to quit every time I play a little rough,” he said as he stroked my hair and rubbed my pussy while I was on the ground with my ass up.

I had always wanted my first time to be special. I never really imagined how it would happen. I assumed rose petals and champagne would be involved on my wedding night. That wasn’t special though – that was just the expectations I had been taught to believe were the way things had to be for good girls like me.

I’m not sure if Master was even aware of how special he’d made my first time having actual real sex. He’d taken my virginity seemingly carelessly, despite what I wanted or had imagined. The same way he’d taken my oral virginity. The same as he’d eventually take my anal virginity unless he gave me to someone else for that. I was so wound up and excited by the way he was treating that even if he’d told me to crawl down to Kevin’s room and offer my younger brother my ass, I might have. Master had proven himself to be everything I wanted and needed.

“I am not going to quit, Master,” I promised him.

“You looked like you would when I hit your face,” he said.

“Yeah, well, I am sorry about that, Master. This was my first time ever having actual sex, and I thought it would go differently for my first time and be romantic,” I admitted. A small tear rolled down my cheek and fell into the puddle of semen I’d been slurping.

“Rose petals and champagne?” my brother asked sarcastically. I didn’t know what my first time would be like. It probably would have been in the backseat of a car, but I didn’t think I’d be slapped in the face and regurgitating spent cum.

“No master, I am sorry for being such a drama queen,” I whimpered.

Joe lifted my chin and smiled at me. “It was my first time, too, Barbie. It wasn’t what I was led to believe it would be like, either. It was much, much better,” he smiled at me.

His warm, comforting smile made me feel all goofy inside. I didn’t believe it was his first time. He had some girlfriends in Chicago, and my brother is cool and handsome.

“I knew I’d eventually have sex. It just never seemed worth going all the way with a girl I didn’t really care about,” Joe shrugged.

“It did with me?” I asked him as I dried my eyes.

“I would really like it if you kept letting your tears and snot run into that cum. It’s starting to get pretty thin because you keep swallowing a little every time you fill your mouth with it,” Joe joked. It was a light-hearted moment after a really intense experience.

“You are not going to cum without permission when you are fucking, and that is going to be rare. You are going to recycle my cum like you are doing now. I want you to proudly gargle it in front of me or kneeling at my feet. I am going to use all of your holes. I am going to slap you, pinch you, squeeze your nipples, smack your ass. It’s not going to be pleasant,” He promised me.

“That’s the thing that’s most confusing, Master, and maybe that is why I am crying,” I admitted. He let me explain when I took a couple of short breaths to calm myself. “I thought it would be romantic because I had always been told it was something you do on your wedding night and never before. I would have this big celebration with friends and family and then drive off in a limo with cans tied behind it, proclaiming that I was just married. I’d be carried over the threshold into a master suite, and then, like you said, there would be soft music and candles and roses,” I told him exactly how I had it planned in my head.

“I think I am crying because now I’m sure that would never be enough. I don’t think I’d even like that either. I think I want it even nastier than you did. I can already feel my face tingling like tiny little electrical stimulations, and I don’t want you to slap me again right now, but during sex, I think I’d be disappointed if you didn’t. I would like you to pull my hair too. Is that weird? Am I fucked up? Do I WANT to be abused, Master?” I asked.

I thought that was something people who don’t care about each other do when they want to hurt one another. It was all so confusing because I felt nothing but love and relief and yet remorse and disgust with myself for liking it so much.

“Yeah, I think you are broken and incomplete, Barbie,” my brother said.

I sniffed and started to cry again.

“So am I because I felt ashamed of myself. I was holding myself back because I really wanted to do wicked, almost unspeakable things to you. I felt like you were making me a Monster. I wanted to unleash my beast, and slapping you was part of that. You look like this angel with blonde hair and you seem so innocent. The part of me that wants to protect you was hating the part of me that wanted to pinch your titties until they turned red,” he smiled.

My tits began to throb, and they hurt but in a really good way.

“I was ashamed that I was stripping you of your virginity, and now I realize what the problem has been,” he said.

I was mortified. I thought he was going to tell me we were both sick, and this was all over now – that the sex was the proof we were twisted and needed to stop. It had all come to a head, and I was panicking.

“We are two halves of a perfect whole. You fill in my gaps like the yin and the yang,” he said.

I am a humanities geek. I knew what a Yin Yang was and that it was associated to the concept of Dualism. Seemingly opposite or contrary forces may actually be complementary, interconnected, and interdependent in the natural world, and how they may give rise to each other as they interrelate to one another.

In Taoism, the dark swirl is associated with shadows, femininity, and the trough of a wave; the yang, the light swirl, represents brightness, passion, and growth. It had never occurred to me, but what my brother was describing made so much sense now.

I was incomplete, and I was a freak alone. Together, we were a perfect circle, and I was his perfect slut, and he was my perfect owner.

“You need to have your nose rubbed in the cum and MADE to be nasty! I like making you be a nasty little cum whore, Barbie Chipman. You have brought out desires in me that I never imagined I’d have.” He had such a swagger and confidence when he said it.

“The same,” I tried not to giggle as I washed his cum over my teeth for the seventh time with my tongue and licked my lips.

“Now, get your shirt and panties on. You will clean Ariel’s room first. You can talk to her but remember you are in brat mode around her. You did great telling her that I’d forget about punishing you, and then you’d get your way again,” he said.

I wanted to tell him my feelings of guilt about that and ask about Ariel wearing a t-shirt around the house, but he didn’t give me a chance to ask questions.

“Then you will go to Kevin’s room. He is probably going to tease you. You are just going to have to let him do it. You can tease him back, but the sooner you let him get the last laugh, the sooner that will end. Even I can’t stop Kevin from getting the last laugh with me, and I can whoop his ass if I want to. Do the best job you can in both rooms. I’ll clean up my room while you are doing that.”

“Master, you shouldn’t have to clean up your own room,” I offered sweetly.

“Did I ask your opinion? I have other things for you to do, and we’ve already spent more time than would have ever been necessary. Trust me, I am thinking about what is best for us both.”

“I am sorry, Master,” I said.

“Then, once you finish with their rooms, go to the bathroom and shower, shave, shit, and piss in that order!” he was very explicit. It was strangely hot to be given an order to the way I was to complete things. I think it appealed to my natural tendency to want to have a plan. “I want you to take your toothbrush at the end and put toothpaste on it. Apply it to your cunt for five minutes. Apply it to your asshole for five minutes, and then brush your teeth with it for five minutes. I do not want you to take your eyes off the mirror and your holes. You are a three-hole whore and you will wash all three holes BEFORE you come back to my room.”

That was such a bizarre order and yet so strangely hot to me that I nearly swooned.